

CREPUSCULAR

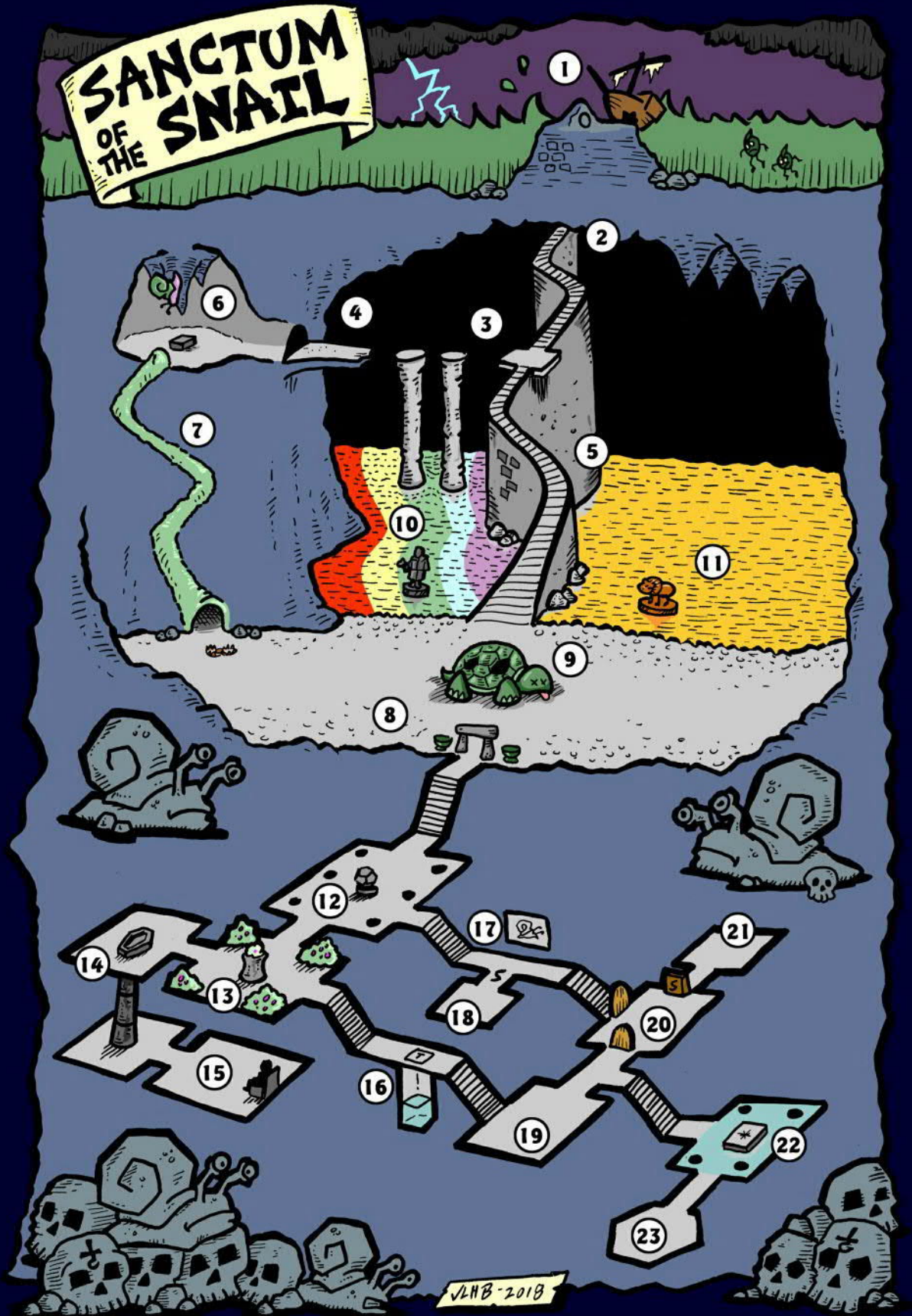
ISSUE #1



SANCTUM OF THE SNAIL



SANCTUM OF THE SNAIL





Bas-Relief from Area 17

Crepuscular (kri-puhs-kyuh-ler)

Adjective. Relating to that state of being between the light and the dark.

-Benwiller Spume, 37th degree lexicographer, Xöthma-Ghül

Within this issue of *Crepuscular* you'll find:

Sanctum of the Snail: a o-level funnel adventure!

Blorgamorg, the Chthonic Snail: a new patron!

New magic items!

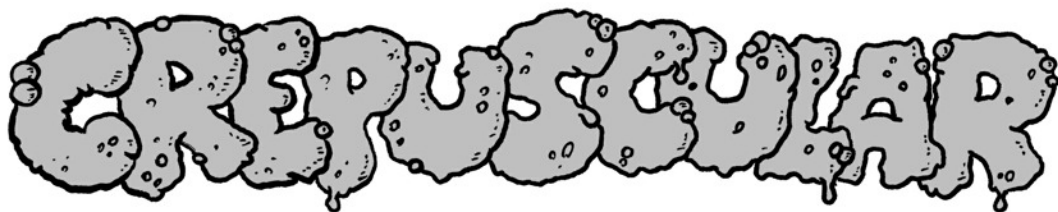
The adventures of Moonblossom & Chance!

30 NPC henchmen for hire!



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Issue #1: Sanctum of the Snail

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Thirty NPCs eager to become your crawlers' new BFFs.

Credits

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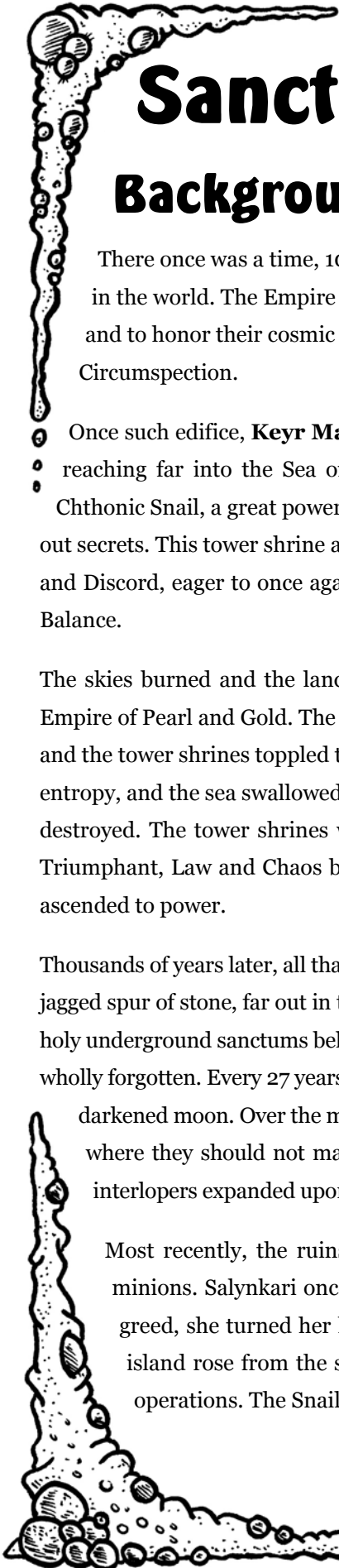
Special Thanks to: Ivy Vynes, Leighton Connor, Carter Newton, and Bradley K. McDevitt.

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Drink of Choice: Gin Gimlet

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Sanctum of the Snail

Background

There once was a time, 10,000 years ago, when the powers of Balance reigned supreme in the world. The Empire of Pearl and Gold was founded by 12 champions of Balance, and to honor their cosmic patrons, they built tower shrines to each of the High Lords of Circumspection.

Once such edifice, **Keyr Malaquio**, was built of shell and granite on a rocky peninsula reaching far into the Sea of Spice. Keyr Malaquio was dedicated to Blorgamorg, the Chthonic Snail, a great power of Balance who crawls the hidden places of the world rooting out secrets. This tower shrine and others like it stood for 500 years before the scions of Order and Discord, eager to once again wage their eternal wars, worked in concert to cast down Balance.

The skies burned and the lands froze, as the powers of Law and Chaos smote down the Empire of Pearl and Gold. The Masters of Stasis stopped the sun and the moons in the sky, and the tower shrines toppled to the ground. The Protean Lords called forth the cold waters of entropy, and the sea swallowed Keyr Malaquio's peninsula. The Empire of Pearl and Gold was destroyed. The tower shrines were no more, and entire continents lay in shattered ruin. Triumphant, Law and Chaos began their eternal war once again. Balance has never since ascended to power.

Thousands of years later, all that remains of Keyr Malaquio is a small island, little more than a jagged spur of stone, far out in the Sea of Spices, with an ancient door that leads to the once-holy underground sanctums below. This island usually remains underwater, but it has not been wholly forgotten. Every 27 years the stone spur rises above the surface for two passings of the darkened moon. Over the millennia, sages, heroes, cultists, and other people who explore where they should not made their way to the island and into the ruins below. These interlopers expanded upon the original construction, building lairs, temples, even tombs.

Most recently, the ruins were occupied by Salynkari the Snail Sorceress and her minions. Salynkari once called Blorgamorg her patron, but tempted by power and greed, she turned her heart to Chaos. Salykari knew of these ruins, and when the island rose from the sea two moons ago, she decided to use them as her base of operations. The Snail Sorceress worships her new dark masters and makes ruinous



plots virtually on Blorgamorg's doorstep. Salynkari's betrayal and audacity greatly insulted the Chthonic Snail, but Its former disciple is protected by powerful new patrons. Since Blorgamorg cannot take direct action against the Snail Sorceress, It must look for new agents to execute Its justice.

Meanwhile, as Salynkari plans her assault on the quiet village of Woodrune, an unrelated group of peasants, merchants, and gongfarmers from a distant land board a ship bound for the great City of Xöthma-Ghül. After a month of boredom and seasickness, a great storm blows in from the south. Their ship is soon wrecked upon a strange stone spur jutting from the Sea of Spice.

Set-Up

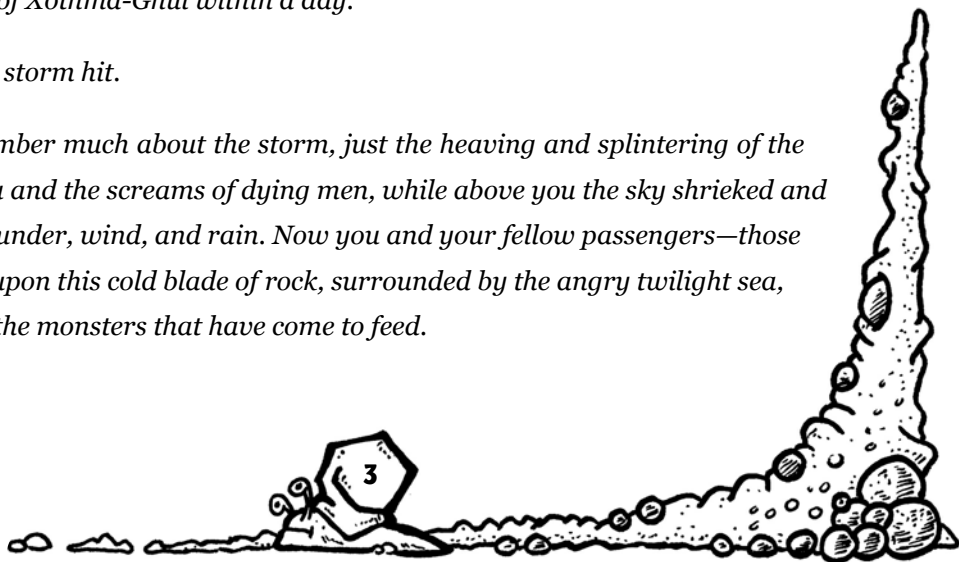
The Sanctum of the Snail is a funnel adventure designed for 12-18 0-level characters. The PCs are all travelers on a ship, the dhow *Starfish*, travelling from their distant homelands to the mighty city of Xöthma-Ghül across the Sea of Spice. There they hope to make their fortunes, or maybe they're trying to escape some horrible fate back home. Regardless of their intentions, the adventure starts when the *Starfish* is wrecked in a storm and the PCs find themselves washed up on a small rocky island in the middle of nowhere. The tide is rapidly rising, and man-eating monsters crawl from sea. Their only escape seems to be a stone door that leads into tunnels beneath the island, into the Sanctum of the Snail.

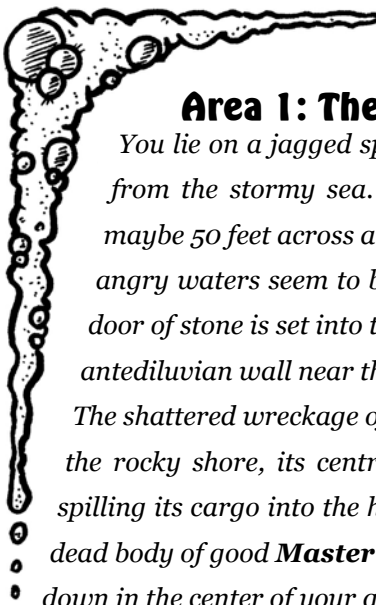
Introduction

*You were so close. You boarded the **Starfish** over a month ago, scraping together your few meager belongings and still fewer coins to make the passage to the great city of Xöthma-Ghül. For the past four weeks you've fought seasickness, sustained only by weak grog, wormy biscuits, and dreams of your new life in the Crespecular City. You were excited when Master Llalthoon, the stern but fair captain of the Starfish, announced that you should reach the ports of Xöthma-Ghül within a day.*

That's when the storm hit.

You don't remember much about the storm, just the heaving and splintering of the decks below you and the screams of dying men, while above you the sky shrieked and crashed with thunder, wind, and rain. Now you and your fellow passengers—those that lived—lay upon this cold blade of rock, surrounded by the angry twilight sea, dead men, and the monsters that have come to feed.





Area 1: The Stone Spur

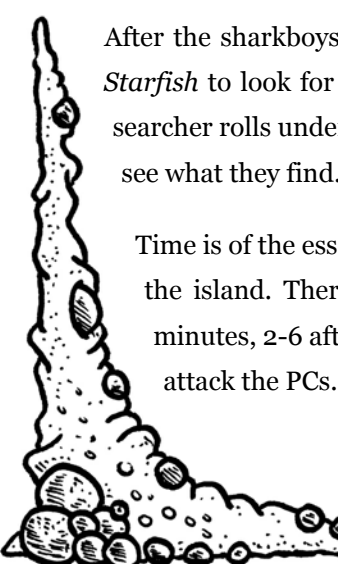
*You lie on a jagged spur of stone jutting from the stormy sea. The tiny island is maybe 50 feet across at its widest, and the angry waters seem to be rising. A curious door of stone is set into the side of a weed-slick antediluvian wall near the center of the island. The shattered wreckage of the Starfish bobs on the rocky shore, its central hold split open, spilling its cargo into the hungry waters. The dead body of good **Master Llalthoon** lies face-down in the center of your group.*

Suddenly, a slurping, gibbering noise draws your attention. Half a dozen scaly semi-humanoids, more shark than man, crawl out of the sea and onto your stony perch. They open wide mouths full of deadly teeth and glare at you with hungry, lantern-bright eyes. Suddenly, they are upon you!

The PCs awaken on the rocky surface with all their zero-level starting equipment. The tide is quickly rising and any sailor or astrologer can tell that the small island will be submerged in 30 minutes (DC: 8 Intelligence check).

The Sharkboys are dumb brutes, but the blood madness is upon them, and they will fight to the death.

Sharkboys (6): Init +0; Atk bite +1 melee (1d6); AC 10; HD 1d8; hp 3 each; MV 20' or swim 40'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -2; AL C.



After the sharkboys are dealt with, the PCs can search through the wreckage of the *Starfish* to look for supplies. Searching requires five minutes and a Luck roll. If the searcher rolls under their current Luck, have them roll 1d16 on the **Salvage Table** to see what they find.

Time is of the essence. Aside from the rising tide, monsters are a constant threat on the island. There is a cumulative 1-in-6 chance every five minutes (1-6 after 5 minutes, 2-6 after 10 minutes, etc.) that 2d3 more sharkboys crawl out of the sea and attack the PCs.

Salvage Table

1	30' of rope
2	Grappling hook
3	Frying pan (as club)
4	Boat oar (as staff)
5	Sailor hat
6	1d3 torches
7	Oil lantern, half-full
8	Belaying pin (as club)
9	Crossbow and 1d6-1 bolts
10	Padded armor
11	Flint and steel
12	10lbs sack of salt
13	Mallet (as club) and 2d4 nails
14	Woolen blanket
15	Cracked spyglass
16	Cutlass (short sword)



The first person to search through Captain Llalhoon's body finds his iron khopesh (longsword), 2d4 silver pieces, and a gold locket shaped like an oyster worth 25gp. Inside is a picture of a handsome middle-aged woman and an inscription reading "Beverly." This is Captain Llalhoon's wife (now widow). She lives in Xöthma-Ghül and will want news of her husband's death. She will reward 50 gold pieces to whoever returns this locket to her.

The door is large and made of stone with no visible hinges. Carved benedictions to the Chthonic Snail once decorated its surface, but the sea long eroded them beyond legibility. A large, snail-shaped knob rests in the middle of the door. It requires a combined Strength of 20 to turn and open, and up to three PCs can team up to try.

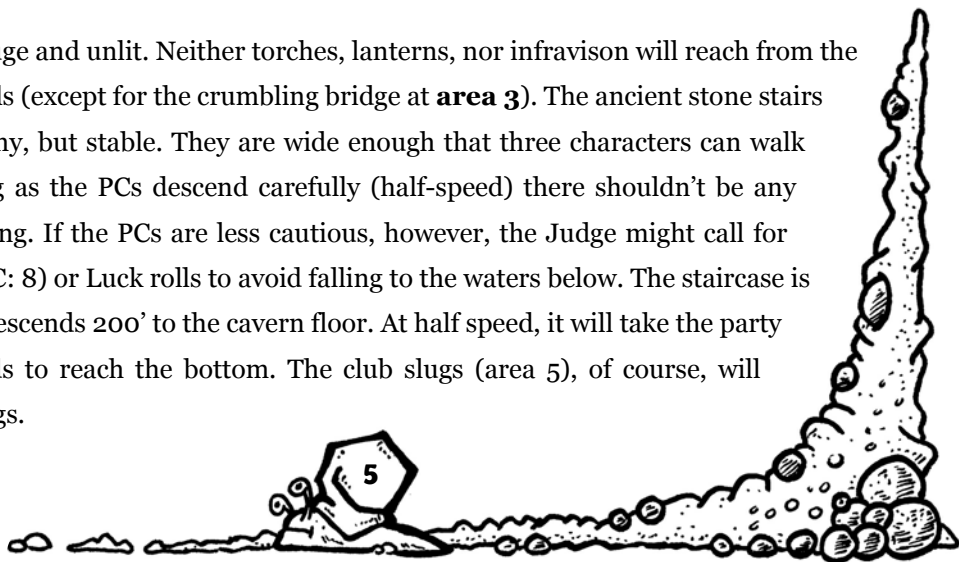
The door opens outward, revealing ancient stone steps leading down into the depths of the stone island. The door is connected to sophisticated counterweights and swings closed if no one holds it open (no Strength requirement to hold it open). It is easy enough for the party to get in and let the water-tight door swing shut behind them. However, once closed, the door cannot be opened from inside. The door is water-tight. If someone spikes the door open, the sea will rush in once the tide rises high enough, drowning everyone inside the Sanctum.

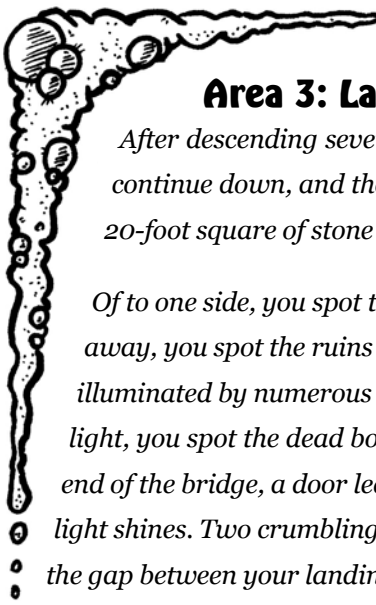
Shortly after the party enters the sanctum, the waters rise. Everyone feels a rumbling in the stones as the island and door sink beneath the waves for another 27 years. The PCs are well and truly trapped and must hope to find another way out somewhere in the ruins of Keyr Malaquiu.

Area 2: The Stairs

The stones rumble and the sea rages behind the heavy door as you descend into the ancient ruins on well-worn slimy, briny stairs. The cyclopean blocks quickly give way to native stone. After a few short minutes, the walls fall away, and the stairway opens into a great cavern. The stairs continue to meander downward into the darkness, but no rails or guards separate you from the abyss at your left and right. The low grumbling of churning waters echoes from the darkness below.

The cavern is huge and unlit. Neither torches, lanterns, nor infravision will reach from the stairs to the walls (except for the crumbling bridge at **area 3**). The ancient stone stairs are wet and slimy, but stable. They are wide enough that three characters can walk abreast. As long as the PCs descend carefully (half-speed) there shouldn't be any danger of slipping. If the PCs are less cautious, however, the Judge might call for Reflex saves (DC: 8) or Luck rolls to avoid falling to the waters below. The staircase is 600' long and descends 200' to the cavern floor. At half speed, it will take the party about 40 rounds to reach the bottom. The club slugs (area 5), of course, will complicate things.





Area 3: Landing and Pillars

After descending several hundred stairs, you come to a square landing. The stairs continue down, and the noisome abyss still yawns all around you, but for now, this 20-foot square of stone gives you some respite.

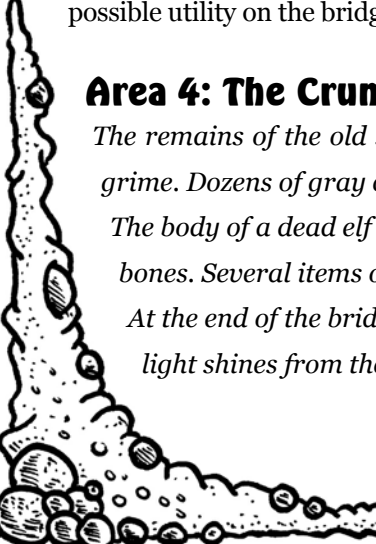
Of to one side, you spot the first light you've seen since entering this place. Some 24 feet away, you spot the ruins of an ancient stone bridge reaching towards your landing and illuminated by numerous candles running along its guard rails. In their flickering gray light, you spot the dead body lying among a pile of miscellaneous hardware. At the far end of the bridge, a door leads into the raw rock face of the cavern, through which golden light shines. Two crumbling stone pillars, the remnants of the bridge's supports, stand in the gap between your landing and the remains of the bridge.

To get to the bridge, A PC needs to span the gap somehow, or leap from ruined column to ruined column. The ceiling is too high above to throw a rope and/or swing across. The pillars are only three feet in diameter, and six feet of open space lie between the landing and one pillar, between each pillar, and from the other pillar to the bridge. To leap or stretch across each gap requires a DC: 6 Agility check. Failure indicates the character comes short and falls to their death in the waters below (**area: 10**).

The tops of the pillars are only 3 feet across, and can safely accommodate only one person at a time. While old and crumbly, the pillar nearest the landing is structurally sound. The pillar nearest the bridge, however, is badly eroded and will collapse under the weight of anything heavier than a halfling (about 50 lbs), dropping the unfortunate victim to their death. A dwarf can detect this fatal flaw, should he choose to look, with a DC: 13 Intelligence check.

To leap across the gap between the sturdy pillar and the bridge requires a DC: 15 Agility check.

Ideally, once one PC makes their way to the bridge, they will come up with a plan to get the others across that doesn't require a series of repetitive dice rolls. There are several items of possible utility on the bridge that may or may not facilitate this.



Area 4: The Crumbling Bridge

The remains of the old stone bridge seem fairly sturdy, but covered with years of grime. Dozens of gray candles line the guard rails. Only the gods know who lit them. The body of a dead elf lies in the middle of the bridge, all the flesh stripped from his bones. Several items of miscellaneous hardware also lie scattered along the bridge. At the end of the bridge, a doorway is carved into the stone wall. Inviting golden light shines from the corridor beyond the open portal.



The first PC to start investigating the bridge and its treasures will be attacked by a swarm of **carnivorous snails**. The PC must make a Luck roll or be surprised as the snails crawl up over the side of the bridge to attack!

Carnivorous Snail Swarm: Init -1; Atk swarming nibbles +0, ignores artificial armor (1d6); AC 9; HD 3d8; hp 14; MV 20'; SP Only takes 1 hp from piercing weapons, half damage from slashing; SV Fort +1; Ref -1, Will +0, AL N.

The male elf was killed by a snail swarm when the sanctum last rose above the waves 27 years ago. The elf was reduced to bones, but his armor and gear are still intact.

Man-skin armor: This sturdy leather armor is fashioned from human hide. It is sized for an elf or slender human, but can be adjusted to fit another demihuman by an armorsmith or leatherworker with 30 minutes of work. The armor functions as leather armor, but grants an additional +1 AC (+3 total) if worn by a non-human. A lawful character who dons it loses 1 point of Luck, regardless of race.

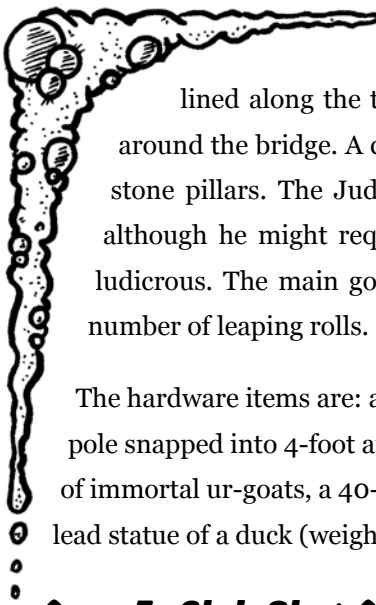


Elven Glassword: This curved sword is made of indestructible elven glass from Nibiru. It is beautiful but non-magical and functions as a longsword.

Control Crystal: A finger-length point of black quartz is wrapped in silver lace. With a DC: 13 Intelligence check, an elf will recognize this as the control crystal for an elven star-dhow from Nibiru. It is left to the individual Judge to determine the star-dhow's current location and condition.

Coins: The elf also has a pouch containing 6 moon-shaped mithral coins from the old Elven Empire. Each are worth 17gp, but finding a moneychanger or merchant who accepts them will be difficult.





Twenty-six gray candles made of rendered slug tallow are lined along the top of each guard rail. Several hardware items lie scattered around the bridge. A clever player might use these to help span the gap across the stone pillars. The Judge should allow any reasonably creative solution to work, although he might require a Luck or other roll if the plan is somewhat risky or ludicrous. The main goal is to get the players to avoid having to make an excessive number of leaping rolls.

The hardware items are: a 20-foot length of heavy copper chain (worth 2gp), a ten-foot pole snapped into 4-foot and 6-foot lengths, a heavy dwarven blanket made from the wool of immortal ur-goats, a 40-gallon empty oak barrel, 3 iron spikes, 1 flask of oil, a life-sized lead statue of a duck (weighs 60lbs), and a rusty wheelbarrow.

Area 5: Club Slug Attack!

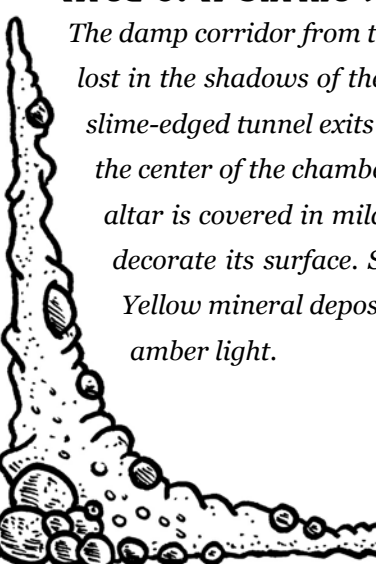
Approximately two-third of the way down the stairs, four **club slugs** will slither up the sides of the staircase and attack the party. Unless one or more PCs were specifically watching down the sides of the stairs, all the PCs must make Luck rolls. Those who fail are surprised for the first round of combat.

Suddenly, four slugs the size of large dogs slither over the sides of the staircase! They have lurid orange and yellow hides and heavy bone knobs at the ends of their long tails. The club slugs attack!

Club Slugs: Init -1; Atk tail club +0 melee (1d3, plus knockdown); AC 9; HD 1d8; hp 5 each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref -1, Will +0; AL N.

Anyone struck by a club slug is automatically knocked prone. This is especially dangerous on the crowded stairs. Anyone on the stairs who is knocked down by a club slug must make a DC:10 Reflex save or fall over the side to their death.

Area 6: A Shrine to the Chthonic Snail



The damp corridor from the north opens into a large natural cavern. Its high ceiling is lost in the shadows of the dripping stalagmites that hang above your heads. A low, slime-edged tunnel exits the chamber from the south. A heavy, slab-like altar lurks in the center of the chamber, about 15 feet beneath the largest, central stalagmite. The altar is covered in mildew and mold, almost obscuring the swirling etchings that decorate its surface. Several weapons of questionable quality sit atop the altar. Yellow mineral deposits clumped along the walls of the cavern glow with a warm amber light.



The altar is dedicated to **Blorgamorg, the Chthonic**

Snail, a powerful entity of neutrality. A beadle, scribe, astrologer, or similar will recognize the symbols on the altar as representing a powerful force of Balance with a DC: 7 Intelligence check. Three rusty daggers in unusable condition rest on the altar along with a baked clay amulet depicting a snail. Any offerings of value were stolen from the altar decades ago.

Any dwarf or alchemist will recognize the glowing mineral deposits as *sunpietor*, a luminescent form of niter that loses its candle-brightness about an hour after being scraped from the wall.

As the PCs examine the room, the character with the highest luck will notice a large shadow roll across the stalagmites. A massive snail the size of an elephant with gemstone eyes slides down the largest stalagmite and regards the PCs. This is an avatar of Blorgamorg, the Chthonic Snail. It will address the PCs in a slimy, bubbling voice that crawls through their minds: *“Peace, minor beings. **Blorgamorg** would request a task from you.”*

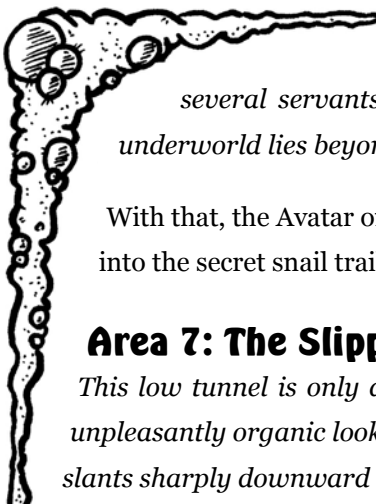
The Avatar of Blorgamorg bears no ill intentions toward the PCs. In fact, if they foolishly attack it, the Avatar will tolerate three rounds of assault, politely asking them to stop, before it retaliates with a disappointed sigh. If forced into combat it will attack with its full strength, slaughtering any attackers until they stop such foolishness.

Lesser Avatar of Blorgamorg: Init +3; Atk eye beams +10 ranged (4d6) or rasp +14 melee (1d8+8); AC 20; HD 10d12; hp 75; MV 30'; Act 2d20; Regenerates 1d8 hp per round; SV Fort +13, Ref +5, Will +10, AL N.

Once the PCs engage the avatar peaceably, it tells them a short tale and asks a task of them. *“Some time ago, my best-loved acolyte, **Salynkari**, forsook my patronage and threw her lot with the loathsome powers of Chaos. She has dared to return here and establish her sanctum at my very threshold. The powers of Balance are ever patient, but this insult cannot go unpunished. Remove Salynkari, and you will find Blorgamorg to be generous with Its favor.”*

Any PCs who agree to this task will receive a Luck point, but the Chthonic Snail will bear no grudge to any who politely decline. The PCs might have more questions for Blorgamorg, but the Chthonic Snail isn't forthcoming with many secrets, as it values servants who are self-sufficient. *“I would not have trusted you with this task if I did not have faith in your abilities, and Blorgamorg values Its secrets. I will say but this: Salynkari makes her lair further below, deeper within the sanctum, where*





others long ago built upon my works. She has brought several servants of Chaos to aid her. Your safe passage out of this underworld lies beyond her sanctum”

With that, the Avatar of Blorgamorg slides back up into the shadows and disappears into the secret snail trails that run below the universe.

Area 7: The Slippery Slimy Slide

This low tunnel is only about four feet high and wide. Its smooth sides have an unpleasantly organic look to them and are covered in cold, slippery-looking slime. It slants sharply downward and twists away into darkness.

The tunnel is very slippery indeed. Anyone leaning in to investigate the tunnel from the top (area 6) must make a Luck roll or lose their footing and slip into the tunnel. The slide down is perfectly safe, and actually kind of fun after the initial shock wears off. A character who already has a dagger, spike, or other such implement in hand can try to stop their decent somewhere along the middle of the tunnel with a successful Luck roll. Climbing back up (or slowly down) the tunnel requires a DC: 15 climb roll, or they begin to slide once again.

While the slide is safe, the very large spring jaw trap at the bottom of the tunnel is not. The rusty iron contraption is much like a giant bear trap. A character sliding out the bottom of the tunnel must make a DC: 13 Reflex save or be caught by the trap. A trapped character takes 2d4 damage and (assuming they survive) are stuck immobile as the rusty steel jaws clamp onto their midsection. Getting out of the trap requires a DC: 13 Strength check by the trapped character or a friend. Each failed escape roll inflicts another 1d3 points of damage.

Climbing back up the tunnel from the bottom requires two DC: 15 climb rolls, with failure indicating that they slide back down.

Area 8: The Subterranean Shore

A wide pebble beach lies at the bottom of the winding stairs. To the north churn two small lakes, separated by the mighty staircase. A statue rises a short distance from shore of each lake, and the waters glow faintly. On the shore near the bottom of the stairs rests the rotting corpse of some great terrapin monster. At the far west end of the stony cavern a low, slime-stained tunnel opens in one wall. A much larger, square-cut doorway opens in the south wall of the mighty cavern, flanked by burning braziers.

A large, rusty steel-jaw trap sits in front of the slimy tunnel entrance. It is detailed in **Area 7**. The braziers that flank the entrance to **Area 12** are made of heavily tarnished bronze and burn a sour smelling resin. They weigh 30lbs, are carved with images of snails, and are worth 100gp each.

Area 9: Dead Giant Turtle

The rotting carcass of a turtle twice size of a buffalo lies forlornly on the beach. Yellow bones show through its despoiled flesh and the mighty plates of its shell lie in ruin.

An animal trainer, farmer, or similar occupation can tell that this **giant underdark turtle** died of malnutrition with a DC 8 Intellect roll. The poor beast was infected with tapeworms, and the giant parasites still pose a threat to any interlopers. The **giant tapeworms** will attack as soon as anyone comes within 15' of the turtle carcass. All PCs must make a Luck roll or be caught by surprise.

Giant Tapeworms (8): Init +0; Atk force feed +2 melee (1 damage, plus 1 more each round); AC 8; HD 1d4; hp 2 each; MV 5'; Act 1d20; SP immune to blunt weapons; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

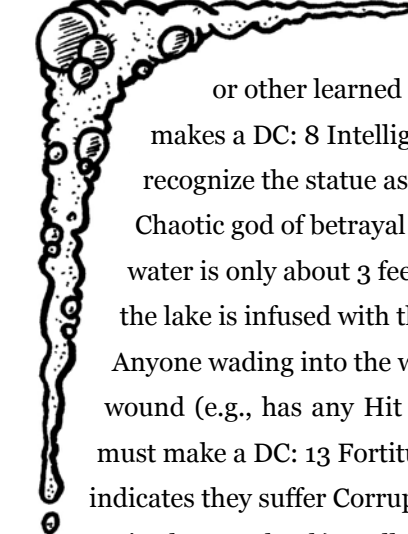
On its first round of combat, the giant tapeworm can lunge up to 30' to make an attack from a hiding spot. When the giant tapeworm hits with an attack, it forces its way into the target's mouth and begins to squirm down their throat. On subsequent rounds, it automatically inflicts another 1 point of damage as it forces its way down the target's digestive track. The target or another character can forcefully pull the worm out with a DC: 9 Strength check. After three rounds, the giant tapeworm will make its way completely inside the target, where it continues to inflict 1hp each turn. Surgery or a cleric's *Lay on Hands* is required to remove a completely swallowed tapeworm.

Treasure: One character can make a Luck roll to find 1d3 gizzard stones within the turtle's rotten remains. Each bright-purple stone is worth 25gp. A blacksmith, armorer, or any dwarf can make a DC: 10 Intellect roll to find enough shell plates and giant turtle sinew to fashion 1d4 shields with 30 minutes of work.

Area 10: The Waters of Chaos

The churning, roiling water of this small lake glows with a faint rainbow luminescence. About 20' from the shore, a statue of black granite stands on a short plinth rising from the water. The statue depicts a handsome bald man with a sardonic smile wearing a greatcoat and holding a dagger behind his back. His other arm extends towards you, and a black iron medallion dangles from his open hand.





A beadle, scribe,

or other learned profession who makes a DC: 8 Intelligence check will recognize the statue as **Xantanos**, the Chaotic god of betrayal and murder. The water is only about 3 feet deep. However, the lake is infused with the power of chaos. Anyone wading into the water with an open wound (e.g., has any Hit Point damage) must make a DC: 13 Fortitude save. Failure indicates they suffer Corruption (page 116-119 in the core book). Roll 1d6: 1-3 means minor corruption, 4-5 means moderate corruption, 6 means major corruption. Anyone who dares to drink the Waters of Chaos suffers major corruption with no save. A character may be exposed to the Waters of Chaos more than once. If they fail their save or drink the water a second time, they gain a second corruption. However, a third failed save or drink will cause the character to die, exploding in an putrescent fireball. Any character within 10' of the exploding victim takes 3d6 damage (DC: 10 Reflex save for half damage).

The bodies of any characters that fell off the pillars in **Area 3** will lie in the water here.

The medallion in the statue's hand is the **Talisman of Blame**, and is easy to take.

Talisman of Blame: This disk of black tungsten is etched with chaos runes that glow like green embers and hangs from a cord woven of angel gut. When a chaotic wearer miscasts a cleric spell and would gain disapproval, the caster may immediately choose one friend or ally that they can see (a real friend or ally, not someone charmed or coerced). That person takes 1d6 damage for each point of Disapproval the caster currently has (DC: 13 Willpower Save for half damage). The caster does not gain disapproval, and the spellcasting roll is treated as though the caster rolled the minimum number required to cast the spell successfully. The power works once per day, refreshing at midnight.

Wannabe Clerics

A funnel adventure should give would-be heroes a chance to try out future class abilities. The Talismans of Blame and Contrition give 0-level PCs a chance to try turning unholy in a limited manner. When a PC forcefully presents one of these talismans to a laughing skull, the corpse sludge, a chaos man-slug, or the saber-toothed frost-breathing demon slug, they should roll 1d10 and add their Personality modifier. The targeted monster must make a Willpower save equal to this total, or be struck immobile for a round (+1d on the dice chain to hit an immobilized target.) The affected monster is either frightened by the awful power of Law, or overawed by the character's mighty connection to Chaos.

Area 11: The Waters of Law

The churning, roiling water of this small lake glows with a faint golden luminescence. About 20' from the shore, a statue of red sandstone stands on a short plinth rising from the water. The statue depicts a mighty lion with a mane sculpted like flames. A red-gold medallion dangles from the lion's open mouth.

A beadle, scribe, or other learned profession who makes a DC: 8 Intelligence check will recognize the statue as **Zarthura**, the lawful god of creation, fire, and kings. The water is only about 3 feet deep. However, the lake is infused with the power of Law. Anyone wading into the water with an open wound (e.g., has any Hit Point damage) must make a DC: 13 Fortitude save. Failure indicates that the character's Ability scores are averaged, as the power of Law imposes cosmic conformity upon their corpus. Add together the character's Strength, Agility, Stamina, Personality, Intelligence, and current Luck, then divide the total by 6 and drop any remainder. That's the character's new score in each of their abilities. On the plus side, they are also purged of any disease or parasitic infection they may suffer (but not corruption!). A character who drinks the water suffers this change without a save.

The medallion in the statue's mouth is the **Talisman of Contrition**, and is easy to take.

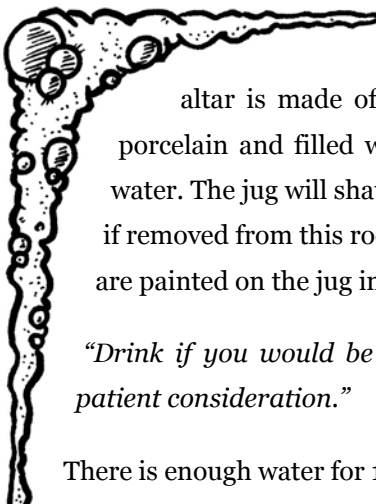
Talisman of Contrition: This disk of red gold is etched with Law runes that glow with a faint amber light and hangs from a cord woven from unicorn hair. When a lawful wearer miscasts a cleric spell and would gain disapproval, the caster may immediately choose to instead take 1d4 points damage for each point of Disapproval they currently have (no save). The caster does not gain disapproval, and the spellcasting roll is treated as though the caster rolled the minimum number required to cast the spell successfully. This power works once per day, refreshing at dawn.

Area 12: The Shrine of Neutrality

This large square chamber of unmortared stone has exits to the south and east. Six undecorated stone pillars hold up the vaulted ceiling. In the center of the room, a giant stone dodecahedron hovers in the air over a squat stone altar. Each of the stone's 12 sides is three feet across and etched with runes. The whole thing glows with a steady silver light. A ceramic jug sits on the altar, directly below the dodecahedron.

This shrine is dedicated to the powers of Neutrality. An astrologer, beadle, scribe, or other learned profession can make a DC: 10 Intelligence check to recognize the runes on the dodecahedron as representations of the Twelve Champions of Balance. The dodecahedron hovers over the altar with no visible means of support. No force the PCs have access to can move it.





The jug on the altar is made of quality white porcelain and filled with cool, clear water. The jug will shatter immediately if removed from this room. These words are painted on the jug in blue glaze:

“Drink if you would be rewarded for patient consideration.”

There is enough water for $1d3+2$ characters to drink. A character that drinks from the pitcher is affected by **The Curse of Thoughtful Deliberation**. A character so affected will find they are unable to act in the face of danger as they pause to reflect and consider all points of view. In combat, a character will pause, unable to act until they make a DC: 10 Willpower save. Attackers are +2 to attack a character so lost in thought. Characters suffer this curse until they successfully make the Willpower save 4 times. Once a character makes enough saves, they are rewarded for their patience. They earn 2 points of Luck and may add 1 point to the Ability score of their choice.

Sluggy Mutations

2: Your tongue is a sentient slug that gives running commentary on all your life decisions. The slug has $2d6+1$ INT and PER, is chaotic in alignment, and is unhelpful in most respects.

3: Your fingers are fused into mitten-like pads. -2 to any actions requiring fine manipulation, including spellcasting.

4: Your mouth is a slobbery, circular maw with a toothed tongue. -2 PER.

5: You have rubbery cartilage instead of bones. +1d3 hit points and +1 to Reflex saves, but -2 to STR and CON.

6-8: No mutation

9: You are completely hairless with disturbingly moist skin.

10: Your eyes are completely black and can extend on short stalks to comedic/horrific effect

11: Your hands and feet exude a sticky slime at all times. +1 to climb, pick pockets, or avoid disarmament.

12: Your skin is gray, rubbery, and slug-like. +1 AC.

Area 13: Chaos Man-Slug Egg Clutch

This dank stone chamber is illuminated by the sickly green light that radiates from the thick strands of slime and mucus that crisscross the room. The slimy strands all radiate from a head-sized nodule on a tall stone pillar in the center of the room and connect to several weird, man-sized pods attached to the walls and ceiling. The leathery green pods glow faintly with an eldritch pink inner light.

With a DC: 8 Intelligence check, a farmer, gongfarmer, or gravedigger can tell that these pods resemble worm eggs, though that doesn't explain their size or the glow. Salynkari uses these man-sized egg-pods to transform people into **chaos man-slugs**, and she brought many captive peasants to this place to build her army.

The pods are easy to cut open with a sword or dagger, but most of the peasants are in a hideous half-stage between (demi)human and man-slug and die within seconds of being cut free.

However, if the Judge feels that the party's ranks are getting thin and needs replenishing, the pods might hold some people who are still in early enough stages of transformation to be viable characters (1d3 0-level characters per player, or however many the Judge thinks the party needs). Roll up 0-level characters as normal, but they have no equipment. Each newly freed character should roll 2d6 on the **Sluggy Mutations** table to see what their time in the pods has done to them.

The large slime nodule on the pillar in the center of the room holds hidden treasure. **The Thorium Eye of Elzar Badd** is a minor artifact of Chaos, and Salynkari uses its ambient magic to charge the transmutation pods. Climbing to the top of the slimy 12' stone pillar requires a DC: 10 climb check. Once at the top of the pillar, digging through the slimy nodule to find the eye is easy, but messy. A character digging through the slime to find the eye must make a DC: 12 Fortitude save or suffer a minor corruption.

Thorium Eye of Elzar Badd: This false eyeball belonged to one of the Cancer Lords of the Glowing Wastes. It is made of silvery, radioactive thorium with a topaz iris. If a wizard or elf replaces one of their own eyes with the Thorium Eye of Elzar Badd, they gain a +2 to all spellcasting rolls but also suffer a -2 to all corruption rolls.

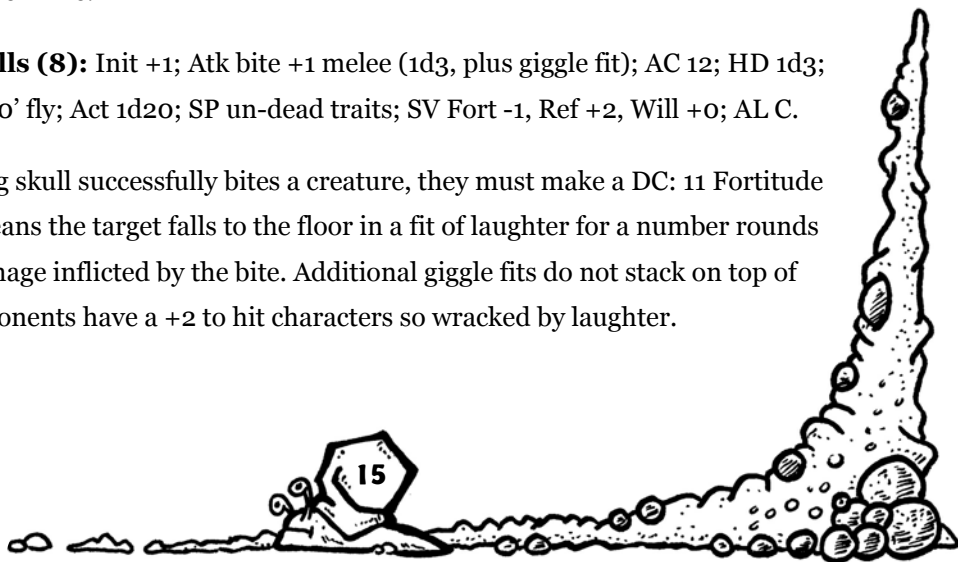
Area 14: Sepulcher of the Laughing Skulls

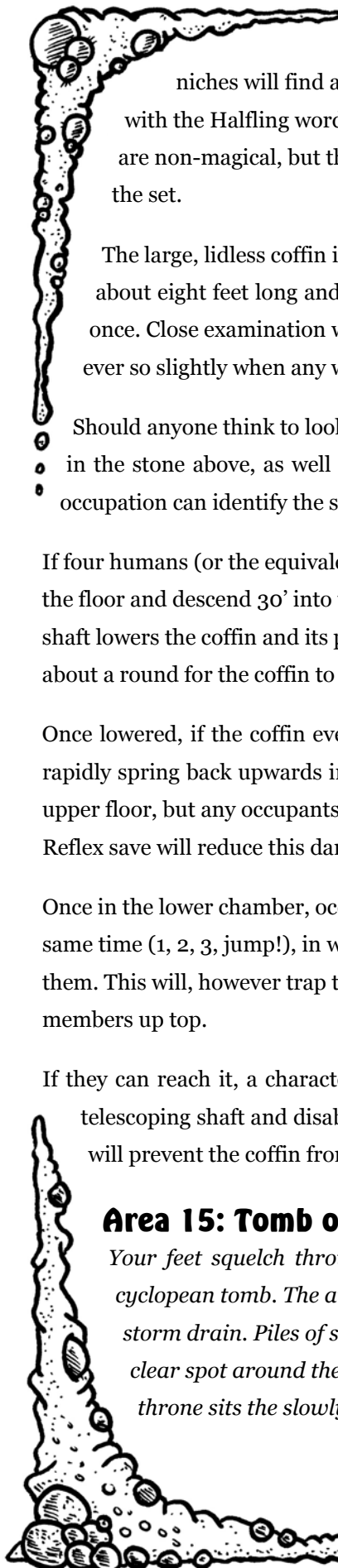
This large, vaulted chamber seems to be carved from the native stone. The walls are primitive images of skulls, bones, and other death imagery. Niches line the walls at irregular intervals, each filled with numerous skulls, yellowed and cracked with age. A massive stone coffin rests on the floor in the center of the tomb, large enough to hold an ogre.

Several of the skulls are animated by dark magic. They fly to attack the PCs, laughing maniacally all the while.

Laughing Skulls (8): Init +1; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3, plus giggle fit); AC 12; HD 1d3; hp 1 each; MV 30' fly; Act 1d20; SP un-dead traits; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL C.

When a laughing skull successfully bites a creature, they must make a DC: 11 Fortitude save. Failure means the target falls to the floor in a fit of laughter for a number rounds equal to the damage inflicted by the bite. Additional giggle fits do not stack on top of each other. Opponents have a +2 to hit characters so wracked by laughter.





The character with the highest Luck poking through the skull niches will find a matched pair of exquisite short swords. One blade is etched with the Halfling word for “love,” the other with the Halfling word for “hate.” They are non-magical, but their artistic quality makes them worth 20gp each or 50gp for the set.

The large, lidless coffin in the middle of the chamber is made of undecorated stone. It is about eight feet long and four feet across at its widest. Four people can stand in it at once. Close examination will reveal that the coffin is built directly into the floor and rocks ever so slightly when any weight is placed in it (DC: 8 Intelligence check).

Should anyone think to look at the ceiling above the coffin, they will notice several cracks in the stone above, as well as some ominous dark stains. A butcher, healer, or similar occupation can identify the stains as very old blood with a DC: 13 Intellect check.

If four humans (or the equivalent weight, about 700lbs) enter the coffin it will slowly sink into the floor and descend 30' into the chamber below. A thick, metal, spring-loaded telescoping shaft lowers the coffin and its passengers to the floor below with a ratcheting noise. It takes about a round for the coffin to reach the lower floor.

Once lowered, if the coffin ever holds *less* than the weight of four humans the coffin will rapidly spring back upwards into the upper chamber. The coffin will stop its ascent at the upper floor, but any occupants will be flung into the stone ceiling for 2d4 damage. A DC: 15 Reflex save will reduce this damage by half.

Once in the lower chamber, occupants of the coffin can easily coordinate and jump out at the same time (1, 2, 3, jump!), in which case the coffin will spring back to the upper floor without them. This will, however trap them in the bottom chamber. Hopefully they've left some party members up top.

If they can reach it, a character can jam an iron spike, dagger, or similar object into the telescoping shaft and disable the mechanism. This requires a DC: 13 Agility check, and will prevent the coffin from further rising or falling.

Area 15: Tomb of Glortho the Corpulent

Your feet squelch through an inch of disgusting black muck as you enter this cyclopean tomb. The air is thick with the scent of decay and rot, like the bottom of a storm drain. Piles of shattered and decayed bones litter every surface, except for a clear spot around the immense stone throne in the back of the chamber. Upon this throne sits the slowly rotting corpse of a bearded warrior—a massive and obese

man, maybe 40 stone and seven feet tall in life. A great horned helmet of blue metal rests on his head and a massive war axe rests across his lap. Words in an ancient script are carved into the wall behind him.

As the PCs enter the tomb, a **corpse sludge** will drop from the ceiling and attack the character with the lowest Luck. Unless they are specifically keeping an eye on the ceiling, the PCs will be surprised.

Corpse Sludge: Init +0; Atk pseudopod +3 melee (1d8) or gas cloud; AC 8; HD 4d8; hp 20; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP Immune to piercing weapons, combustible, un-dead traits; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; AL C.

Grumchomp, the Hungry Blade

Grumchomp is an enchanted battleaxe crafted 3000 years ago for the warlord Vorgo the Immense. The massive, double-beaked axe is made from tyrannosaurus bones and wrapped with hodag skin. The heavy bone blade is carved in the likeness of a demon or dragon. This fearsome weapon is constantly hungry. It prefers the blood and flesh of its owner's enemies, but is quite content to sit in a bowl of stew or plate of cutlets while it waits for a worthy foe.

Grumchomp possesses several magical properties:

Intelligence: 6

Alignment: Neutral

Communication: Telepathy, in a voice not unlike Randy Savage's.

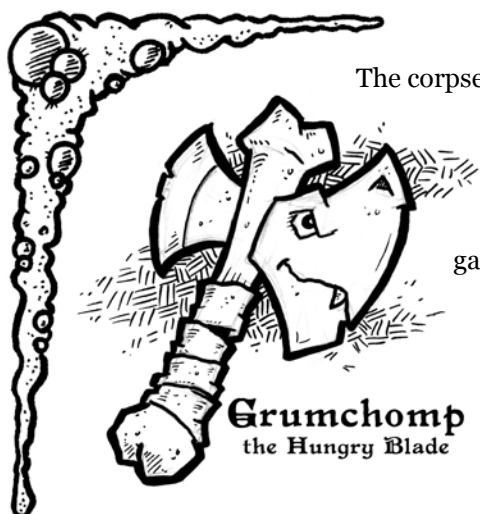
Desires: To fight and/or eat greater and greater foes. It urges its owner into gluttony and overindulgence.

While in the hands of a warrior or dwarf who is at least 50 pounds overweight, the axe increases its wielder's Deed Die by +1d (to a maximum of 1d10+6 at level 10). When used by an appropriately overweight 0-level character, it grants them a 1d3 Deed Die.

On a Critical Hit, in addition to the normal critical hit effects, Grumchomp feeds on the flesh, blood, and spirit of the target and shares this vitality with its wielder. The wielder of Grumchomp does not need to eat or drink for a number of days equal to the damage inflicted by the critical hit.

Once per day, Grumchomp can tell its owner where the best restaurant in town is.





The corpse sludge is an unholy pile of rotten slime composed of the semi-solid decayed remains of the unrighteous dead. In addition to lashing out with a necrotic pseudopod, it can release a cloud of noxious death gas. Every creature within 10' of the corpse sludge must make a DC: 10 Fortitude save or take 1d3 points of poison damage and be unable to take any actions for an equal number of rounds as they choke and gag. The corpse sludge is highly combustible. If hit by a fire attack, it must make a Fortitude save with a DC equal

to 10+ the damage inflicted. If it fails the save, the sludge explodes and dies. Anyone within 10' of the exploding sludge must make a DC 8 Reflex save or take 1d6 points of damage.

The dead warrior is the remains of **Glortho the Corpulent**, a mighty hero from Times of Old. He is quite dead and has been for some time. Glortho's henchmen built his subaquatic tomb 500 years ago at his request. The hero had a very literal interpretation of "burial at sea."

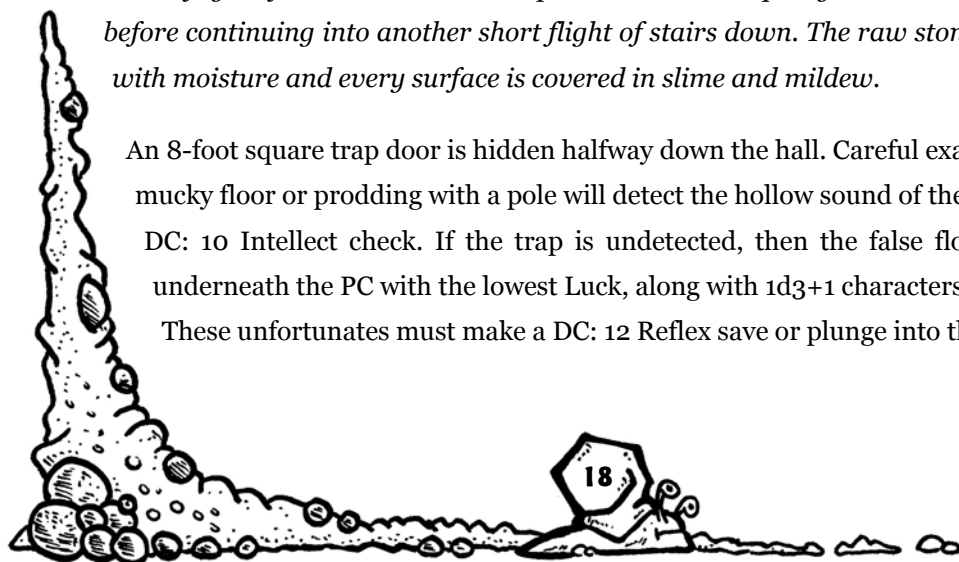
Careful examination of the body will reveal that Blortho was not, in fact, a gigantic man, but an even-more-gigantic Dwarf. The script carved in the wall behind is in an old form of Dwarfish, and reads *"Go into the Ocean. Live there. Die There. –Glortho the Corpulent."*

Glortho's massive corpse is badly decayed, and will fall apart if disturbed. His armor is rusted and ruined, but his helmet and axe remain intact. Glortho's helmet is crafted from the metal skull of a cobalt lizard from the Molten Steppes. "Born to Crit" is etched on the side in Dwarfish. The helmet is of such fine quality and fearsome aspect that it grants +1 AC to anyone who wears it (regardless of class). The axe in his lap is a magical weapon named **Grumchomp, the Hungry Blade**. It is bored, hungry, and eager for a new master.

Area 16: Pit Trap

A short flight of well-carved stone steps leads down to equally short hallway or landing before continuing into another short flight of stairs down. The raw stone walls weep with moisture and every surface is covered in slime and mildew.

An 8-foot square trap door is hidden halfway down the hall. Careful examination of the mucky floor or prodding with a pole will detect the hollow sound of the pit trap with a DC: 10 Intellect check. If the trap is undetected, then the false floor collapses underneath the PC with the lowest Luck, along with 1d3+1 characters around them. These unfortunates must make a DC: 12 Reflex save or plunge into the shaft below.



The shaft is 30 feet deep, but is filled with 8 feet of water.

Anyone falling into the pit takes 1d4 damage. Additionally, the water is covered with a thick layer of flammable snail oil. If any of the characters falling into the shaft carried an open flame, the oil will ignite, inflicting another 1d6 points of damage on anyone in the pool. The flames burn for 2d6 rounds. Characters in the water can avoid the flames by keeping below the surface. Characters purposely staying under water, or any character who fails a DC: 8 Strength-based swim check (modified by armor penalties) must hold their breath to avoid drowning. The Fortitude save to hold one's breath starts at DC: 5 and goes up by 1 each round. Once a character fails this ever-increasing save, they begin to drown and take 1d3 Stamina damage each round.

At the bottom of the pool, the skeleton of a dwarf is pinned to the floor by a large spear. The spear is badly rusted and rotten, as is the dwarf's armor, but the skeleton still clutches a metal strongbox to its chest. The chest is rusted shut and requires a DC: 13 Strength check to bust open. It contains 100 silver pieces and an engraved lead token good for one free drink at the Cock & Titmouse tavern in Xöthma-Ghül.

Area 17: Hallway Decor

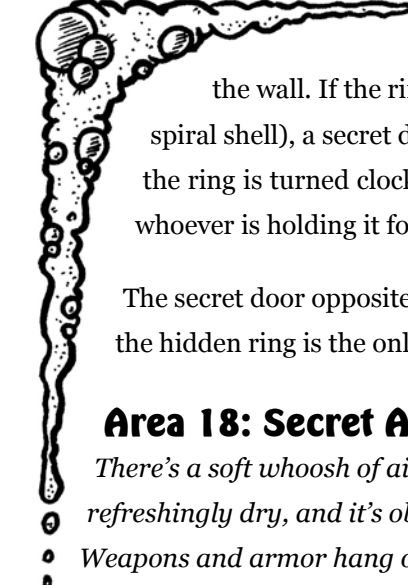
A short flight of well-carved stone steps leads down to an equally short hallway or landing before continuing into another short flight of stairs down. The worked stone walls are damp with moisture, but the elements haven't destroyed the large bas-relief mural carved along one wall.

Even after centuries of exposure to these slimy depths, the mural's contours remain solid and well-defined, although some chunks have crumbled a bit. The carving shows a mighty battle with armored warriors and robed monks fighting giant snails with spiraling shells. The largest snail wears a crown and shoots bolts of lightning from its eyestalks. The lead human warrior blows a mighty warhorn and carries a banner. The banner bears words in an ancient script.

Refer to the player handout on the inside back cover. The banner is written in Old Imperial. A scribe, wizard's apprentice, or other learned profession can translate the words with a DC: 8 Intellect check. The banner reads: "What wouldst thou call a snail with no home?" The answer to this riddle is, of course, "a slug" and serves as a clue to find a secret door.

The shell on the King Snail is removable, which will make the snail a slug. Close examination will reveal that the carving of the shell slides off of the wall like a puzzle piece. A DC: 10 Intelligence check will also find this secret hatch.





In the depression behind the shell, a large iron ring hangs on the wall. If the ring is turned counterclockwise (the direction of the King Snail's spiral shell), a secret door leading to **area 18** opens in the wall opposite the mural. If the ring is turned clockwise, a surge of electricity rushes through the ring, zapping whoever is holding it for 2d4 damage (no save).

The secret door opposite the mural can be found with a DC: 15 Intelligence check, but the hidden ring is the only way to open it.

Area 18: Secret Armory

There's a soft whoosh of air as the secret door slides open. The inside of this chamber is refreshingly dry, and it's obvious that the place has been sealed up for quite some time.

Weapons and armor hang on racks, covered in dust but seemingly intact.

Salynkari doesn't know about this secret cache of weapons, or she would have emptied it a long time ago. The armory contains the gear found below. None of it is magical, but all of it is of good quality. Many of the pieces bear the maker's mark of Yordvick Anvilbangbang, an elderly dwarf who has operated a smithy in Xöthma-Ghül for over 200 years, and does to this day.

Area 19: Man-Slug Quarters

This rectangular chamber smells like a midden, thick with the damp scent of fungus and mollusk musk. Several crude nests are scattered around the room, made of rocks arranged around piles of spongy mold.

Half-a-dozen humanoid creatures—hideous hybrids of man and slug—stand around a clay pot full of slimy mushrooms, eating their dinner. Spotting your entrance, they gather up their spears and attack!

Available Weapons & Armor

- 2 longswords (1d8 damage)
- 1 warhammer (1d8 damage)
- 1 halberd (polearm) (1d10 damage)
- 4 spears (1d8 damage)
- 2 crossbows (1d6 damage)
- 30 quarrels
- 1 longbow of elfish make, shaped like a cobra and strung with human sinew (1d6 damage)
- 20 arrows in a snakeskin quiver with heads made of sharpened finger bone
- 2 suits of studded leather armor (+3 AC)
- 1 suit of scale mail made from 3000 copper pieces dating from the 17th Dynasty of Emperor Bel (+4 AC)
- 1 metal shield decorated with a wicked steel boss that lets the user inflict +1 damage with shield bashes; "SPIKY BITZ!" is etched on the back of the shield in Gutter Dwarfish. (+1 AC)
- 3 lanterns
- 3 sets of flint and steel
- 12 flasks of oil
- 50' silk rope with grapple

The **chaos man-slugs** are Salykari’s favored minions. She has slowly been raising an army to attack the villages around Xöthma-Ghül. Unless the PCs take exceptional actions, neither the party nor the man-slugs will be surprised.

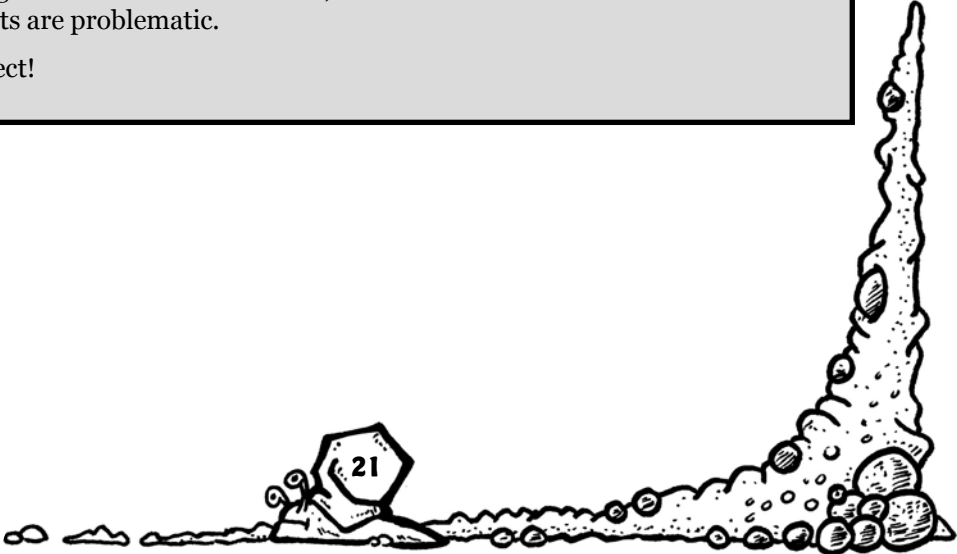
Chaos Man-Slugs (6): Init +0; Atk Spear +1 melee (1d6); AC 11; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30’; Act 1d20; SP half damage from bludgeoning attacks; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -1; AL C.

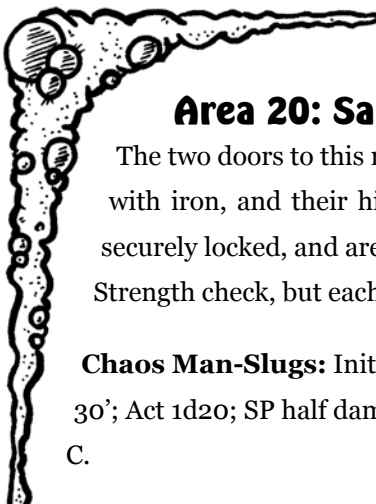
Each of the chaos man-slugs carries a spear and shield and wears a copper amulet bearing the symbol of chaos worth 2 gp. The mold nests are disgusting, but surprisingly comfortable, and hide nothing interesting.

The clay pot holds 2d4+2 large, slimy mushrooms with swirling, multi-colored caps. They smell like strawberries, taste like sausage, and are both toxic and mutagenic to non-slugs. Anyone who eats a mushroom must make a DC: 13 Fortitude save or die. On a success, roll 1d7 on the **Chaos Slug-Shroom Table**.

Chaos Slug-Shroom Table

- 1 Character’s alignment turns Chaotic. If they are already Chaotic, they gain 1 Luck. Either way, all their hair turns lurid purple.
- 2 Character gains infravision 30’. If they already have infravision, its maximum range is increased by 10’. Eyes turn solid, glowing red.
- 3 The character experiences horrific stomach pains, but is otherwise fine. 1d24 hours later, their bowels evacuate 1d30gp worth of gold nuggets.
- 4 The character’s maximum Hit Points increases by 1d4. They gain 2d4x10lbs of dense fat.
- 5 The character gains +1 to a random Ability score (1d5: 1. Strength, 2. Agility, 3. Stamina, 4. Personality; 5. Intelligence). Their voice drops 1d3 octaves.
- 6 1d5 small mushrooms grow out of the top of the character’s head. If cut off, the PC loses 1hp for each mushroom removed. They grow back in 1d3 days. As long as the mushrooms remain, the character is immune to starvation. Helmets are problematic.
- 7 No effect!





Area 20: Salynkari's Bedroom

The two doors to this room are obviously new. They are made of heavy wood banded with iron, and their hinges are located on the inside of the room. The doors are securely locked, and are DC: 13 to pick open. They can be battered down with a DC: 13 Strength check, but each attempt has a 1-in-6 chance of attracting 1d6 chaos slug-men.

Chaos Man-Slugs: Init +0; Atk Spear +1 melee (1d6); AC 11; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP half damage from bludgeoning attacks; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -1; AL C.

This room would be rather nice if it wasn't for the ever-present dampness. It appears to be some sort of bedroom or living chamber. The walls are covered in tapestries. A large, spindle bed sits in the center of the room, covered in quilts and cushions. A large wooden wardrobe rests against one wall.

The six tapestries are decorated with abstract, multicolored fractal patterns. They are well made, but the constant damp has partially damaged them. Each is worth 30gp, but weighs 75lbs. Salynkari's bed is piled with quilts and cushions, but they are all soaked with snail slime. The bed itself is badly warped by weight and humidity. A small iron strongbox is hidden under the bed.

The strongbox is locked and trapped. The fairly simple lock is DC: 10 to pick. The needle trap in the lock is DC: 13 to find and disarm. The character who triggers the trap is jabbed by the spring-loaded needle in the lock. The character takes 1 point of damage and must make a DC: 13 Fortitude save against the poly-poison. If they fail, they are transformed into a mundane garden snail. This transformation can only be undone with magic. The strongbox holds 4 small rubies worth 25gp each, a clay vial holding an orange, fish-flavored potion that allows the drinker to breathe underwater for 2d30 minutes, and a receipt for three paintings from **Spargo Excellerando**, an artist in Xöthma-Ghül who specializes in magical oil paintings.

The wardrobe is in surprisingly good shape. Due to her corruptions, Salynkari can't fit in the clothes

Wannabe Wizards

A funnel adventure should give would-be heroes a chance to try out future class abilities. The Judge may wish to allow an ambitious o-level character to cast a spell directly from Salynkari's spellbook. This requires at least 1 point of spellburn and the character rolls 1d10 plus their Intelligence modifier to determine their spellcasting result. Regardless of success, casting directly from the book like this destroys the spell.

any more, so the contents remain mostly untouched. Simple investigation will show that the wardrobe is bolted to the wall and immobile. The wardrobe holds 1d3 bottles of fancy perfume worth 15gp each. Four fancy silk robes (red, black, yellow, and purple) hang from pegs, perfect clothing for any aspiring wizard. The back of the wardrobe is false, hiding a secret door to **area 21**. Knocking on the back wall will reveal a hollow noise. The peg that holds the black robe is a secret switch that opens the hidden panel (DC: 12 Intelligence check to find otherwise).

Area 21: Salynkari's Study

This smallish chamber appears to be a private study of some kind. A large, battered table against the far wall holds a large, purple-covered book and a tarnished silver candelabrum. A moldering leather easy chair lies overturned and discarded in a corner.

Salynkari's demonic familiar, a wolf-sized crawdad with glowing purple chaos runes etched in its back carapace, hides underneath the overturned chair. It will scuttle out and attack the party, surprising any PCs who fail a Luck roll.

The familiar will telepathically alert Salynkari about the intruders. The sorceress will dispatch 1d3+1 chaos men-slugs to help her familiar dispatch the interlopers. They will arrive in 1d3+2 rounds.

Giant Demonic Crawdad: Init +0; Atk pinchers +4 melee (1d4); AC 15; HD 2d8; hp 15; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL C.

If Salynkari has been slain before the party encounters this room, the familiar will be gone, happily taking the sorceress's soul off to Hell.

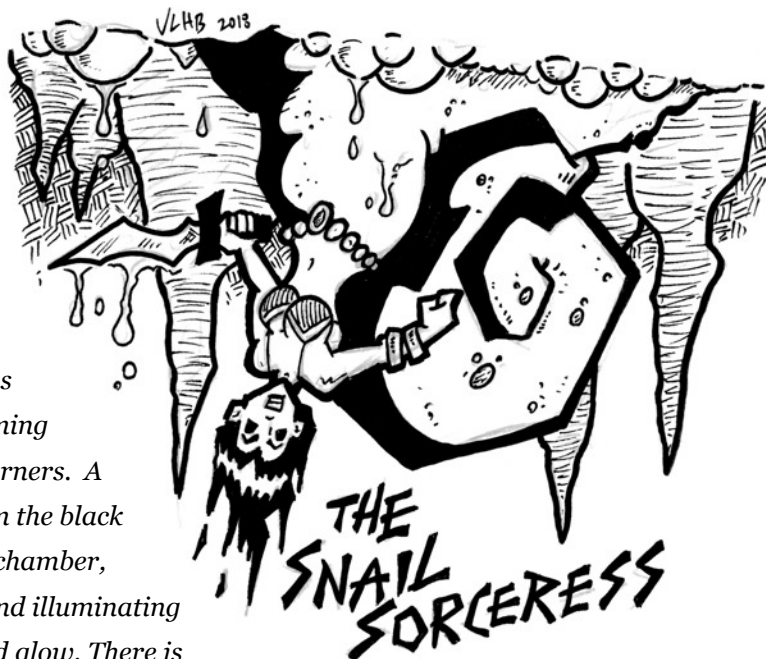
The silver candelabrum is badly tarnished, but is worth 50gp once it's polished up a bit. It holds three slug tallow candles. The purple leather tome is Salynkari's spellbook and contains four spells: *The 37th Incantation of Portable Conflagration* (Burning Hands), *The Abominable Summation of Quasidimensional Mass* (Enlarge), *The Conjunction of the Familiar Spirit* (Find Familiar), and *Benediction of the Chthonic Snail* (Patron Bond: Blorgamorg).



Area 22: Summoning Chamber

This large chamber is filled with cold, brackish water.

Stalactites and stalagmites have grown together, forming stone columns in all four corners. A squarish platform rises from the black water in the center of the chamber, glowing with arcane runes and illuminating the chamber with a hellish red glow. There is another doorway on the left-hand wall of the chamber, and you swear you can smell fresh air blowing through it.

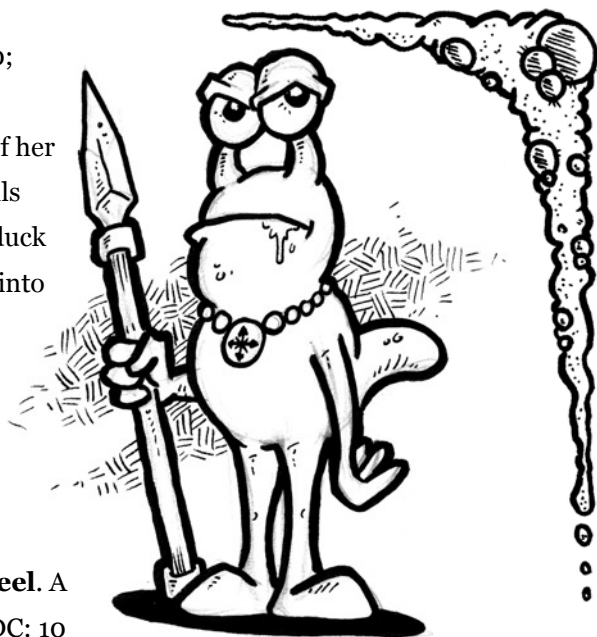


Salynkari used this chamber to summon a Saber-Toothed Frost Breathing Demon Slug, a gift from her new chaotic masters. She will use this monster to march on the village of Woodrune near Xöthma-Ghül. If the PCs have not alerted Salynkari to their presence, then the Slug Demon is on the summoning platform along with four chaos slug-men. Salynkari is on the ceiling, where she will try to remain for the duration of any conflict.

If Salynkari has been alerted to the party's presence in her lair, she will have cast *Enlarge* on the slug-men before the PCs arrive in the summoning chamber (assume the spell will last for the duration of any conflict). The slug-men will hide in waiting under the water, the demon slug will hide behind one of the stone columns, and Salynkari will hide behind another column on the ceiling. The PCs will need to make a DC: 12 Intelligence check to spot them and avoid surprise.

The water that fills the chamber is 3' deep, and will reduce the PC's speed by half. Halflings and other short characters might need to swim. The monsters are unaffected by the water. During the conflict, Salynkari will try to remain on the ceiling, 15' above the PCs and out of reach of melee attacks. Characters will need to use ranged attacks or fancy acrobatics to reach her. A grappling hook or polearm might be used to pull her down with a DC: 13 Strength check.

Salynkari, the Snail Sorceress: Init +0; lysergic steel sword +1 melee (1d8 plus hallucinations); AC 13; HD 4d10; hp 40 (25 if her familiar is killed); MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP spells (+4 spell check: *Flaming Hands*, *Enlarge*), duck and cover (Salynkari spends a round tucked into her shell, her AC increases to 15 and she regains 1d4 hp); SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL C.



Salynkari is partially exhausted from summoning the demon slug, and cannot spellburn. Her sword is made of **lysergic steel**. A character struck by the sword must make a DC: 10 Willpower save or suffer from psychedelic hallucinations for 1d4 rounds. A hallucinating character is -1d on the dice chain for all actions.

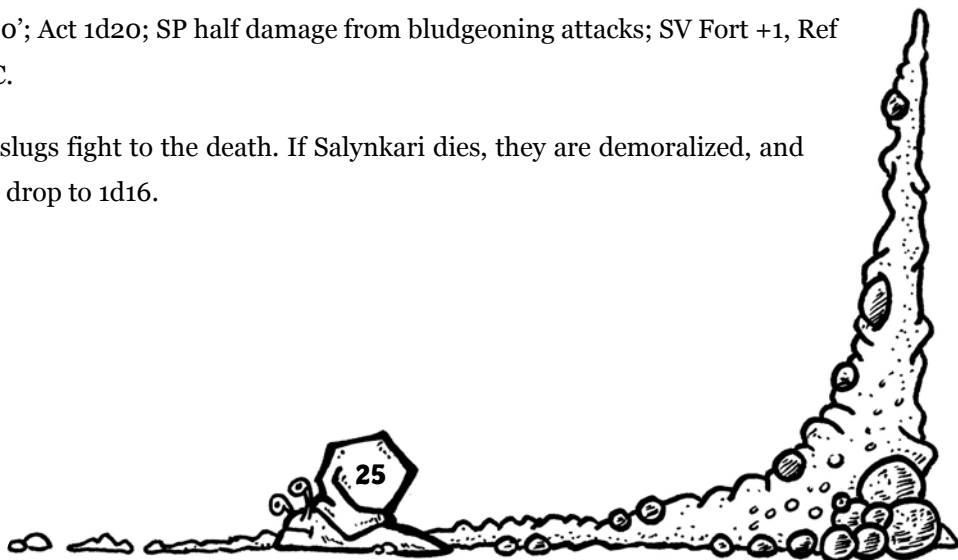
If badly hurt, Salykari will duck into her shell to heal. This raises her AC to 15 and allows her to regain 1d4hp per round. She cannot move or take any other actions while healing.

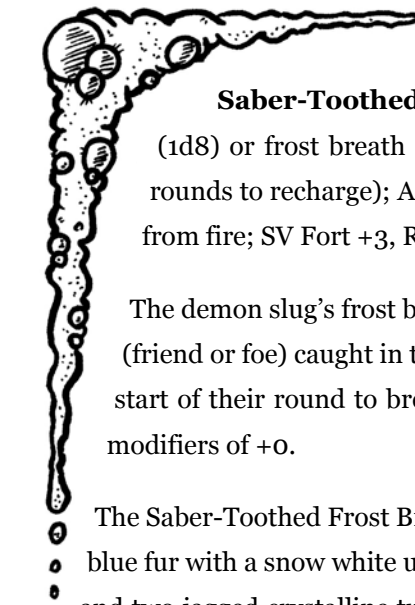
Salynkari looks like some sort of snail centaur—the top half a human woman on the body of a giant snail. Her hair is long, black, and stringy, and her shell is marbled pink and green. Her skin is a mottled rubbery gray. She can climb along walls and ceilings as easily as the floor. Salynkari wears two gold arm bands worth 25gp each and a gold and sapphire necklace worth 50gp. The keys to her bedroom (**area 20**) and the chest under her bed are hidden in a cavity inside her shell.

Chaos Man-Slugs (4): Init +0; Atk Spear +1 melee (1d6); AC 11; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP half damage from bludgeoning attacks; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -1; AL C.

Enlarged Chaos Man-Slugs (4): Init +0; Atk Spear +2 melee (1d6+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP half damage from bludgeoning attacks; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -1; AL C.

The chaos-man slugs fight to the death. If Salynkari dies, they are demoralized, and their action dice drop to 1d16.





Saber-Toothed Frost-Breathing Demon Slug: Init -1; Atk bite +4 melee

(1d8) or frost breath (30' cone, DC: 11 Fortitude save or 2d4 damage, takes 1d4 rounds to recharge); AC 13; HD 4d10; hp 30; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP double damage from fire; SV Fort +3, Ref -1, Will +0; AL C.

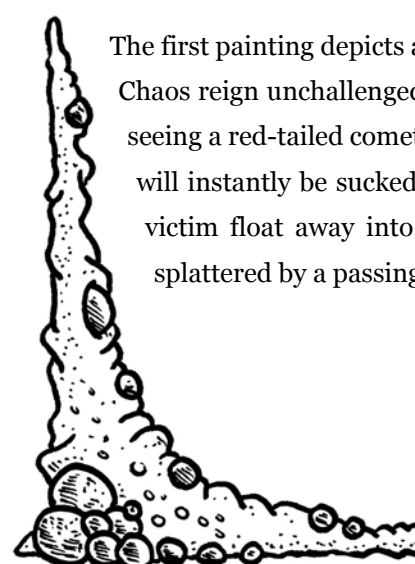
The demon slug's frost breath will freeze any water in its area of effect. Any creatures (friend or foe) caught in the frozen water must make a DC: 11 Strength check at the start of their round to break free. Assume the slug-men and Salynkari have strength modifiers of +0.

The Saber-Toothed Frost Breathing Demon Slug is a bear-sized monster covered in bright blue fur with a snow white underbelly. Three pairs of vestigial bat wings run down its back, and two jagged crystalline tusks jut from its frosty maw. Once defeated, its crystal tusks remain perpetually cold (enough to cool a pitcher of iced tea) and are worth 100gp each.

Area 23: Magical Paintings

This small, hexagonal room is empty except for three large paintings that hang on the walls. The air is surprisingly fresh and lit by an unseen source. The paintings are large, as tall as a man, and half again as wide. One painting depicts an immense black void, speckled with stars and planets, like jewels on velvet. The canvas of the middle painting is tattered and charred, and its image is destroyed. The last picture shows a rolling grassy field beneath the morning sun. In the distance, a small village sits before a mighty forest. It takes you a moment to realize that the light that illuminates this room is coming from the last painting.

These magical paintings act as one-way portals to the location depicted in the image. Through a series of agents and middle-men, Salykari commissioned their creation by the magical artist Spargo Excellerando in Xöthma-Ghül. Each painting weighs over 1000lbs thanks to the trace amounts of white dwarf star material used in the magical pigments. The golden frames are securely bolted to the stone walls with adamantine screws.



The first painting depicts a planetary system 666 light years away, where the powers of Chaos reign unchallenged. A character inspecting the painting has a 1-in-3 chance of seeing a red-tailed comet fly by in inky distance. Any character that touches the painting will instantly be sucked in (no save). The other characters will see the unfortunate victim float away into the distance, rapidly dying of asphyxiation before being splattered by a passing comet 1d6 rounds later.

The second painting was accidentally destroyed by Salynkari in a magical mishap. The gray canvas hangs in burnt tatters. Whatever image it once held remains a mystery. The gold frame is still worth 50gp.

The third painting shows the village of **Woodrune**, three days travel south of the Crepuscular City of Xöthma-Ghül. The small woodland town was set to be the first target of Salyknari's supposed conquest. A character inspecting the painting can smell the fresh air and feel the warm sunlight on their face. If they touch the painting they will be instantly transported to the field one mile outside of Woodrune, relatively safe.

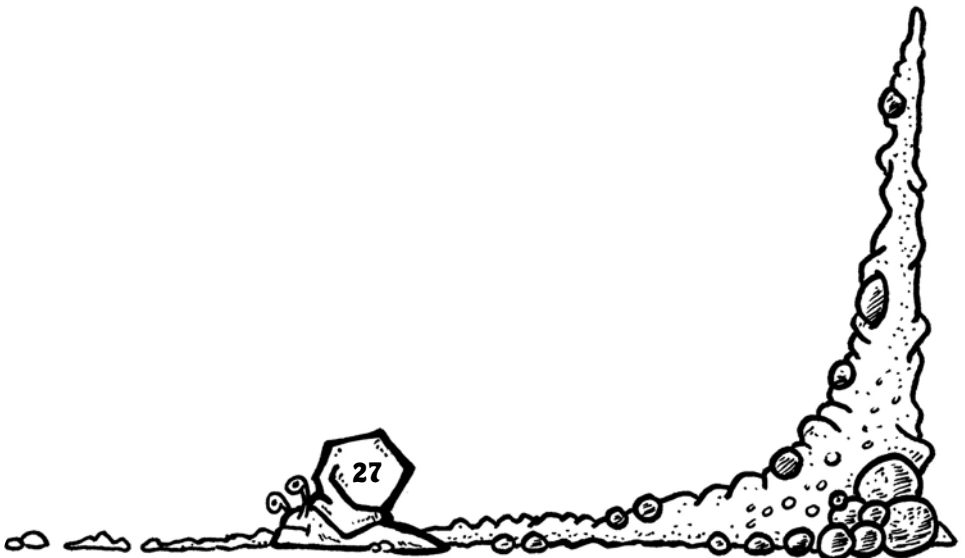
The paintings only provide one-way transportation. Whether in the field or the void, the characters see no sign of the paintings or the sanctum from their current location.

Conclusion

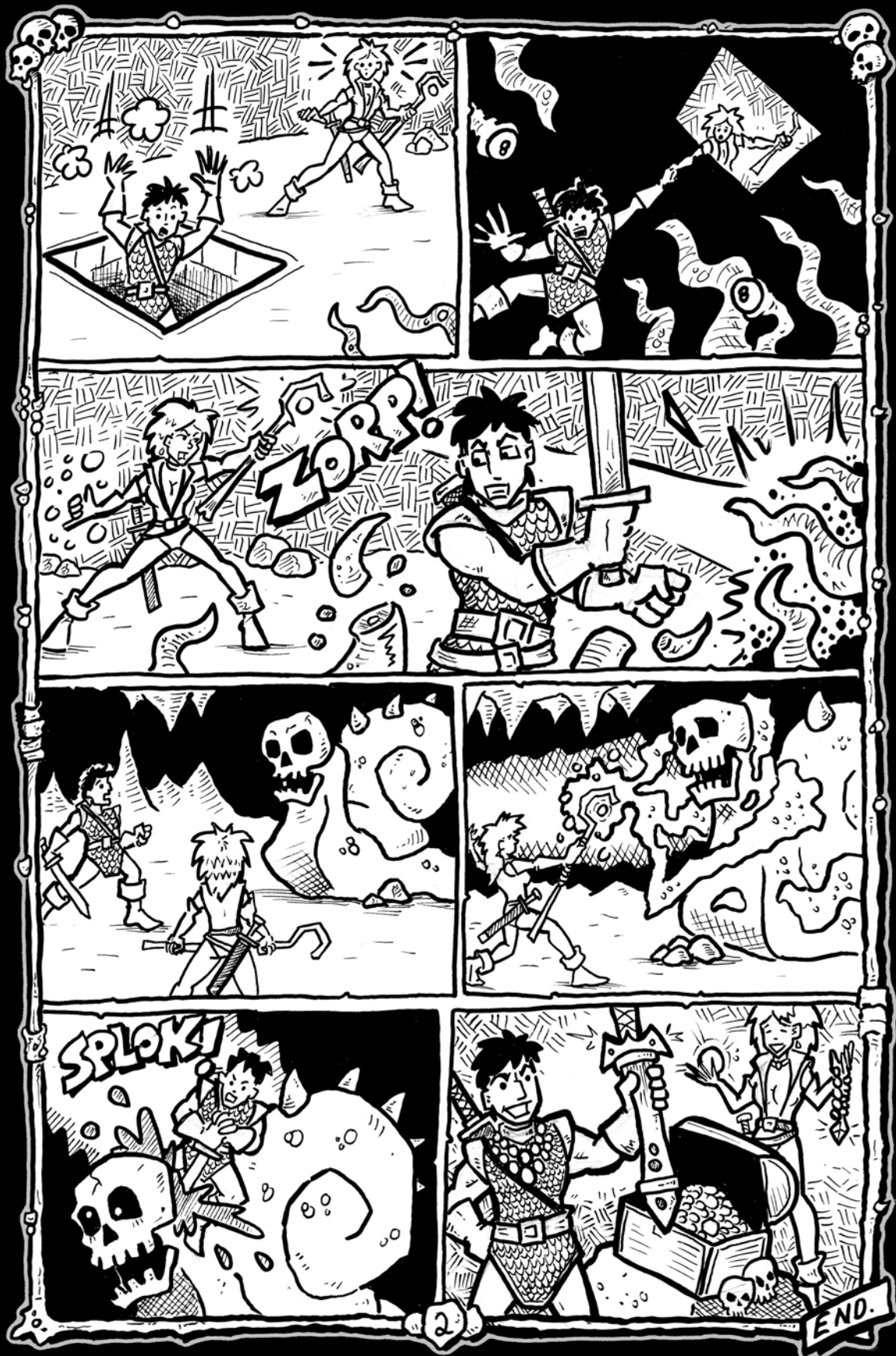
Once the party escapes the dungeon through the painting they find themselves far away from their original location, but relatively near their intended destination. The stone spur that holds the door to the sanctum has sunk beneath the Sea of Spices once more, and will not rise again for another 27 years.

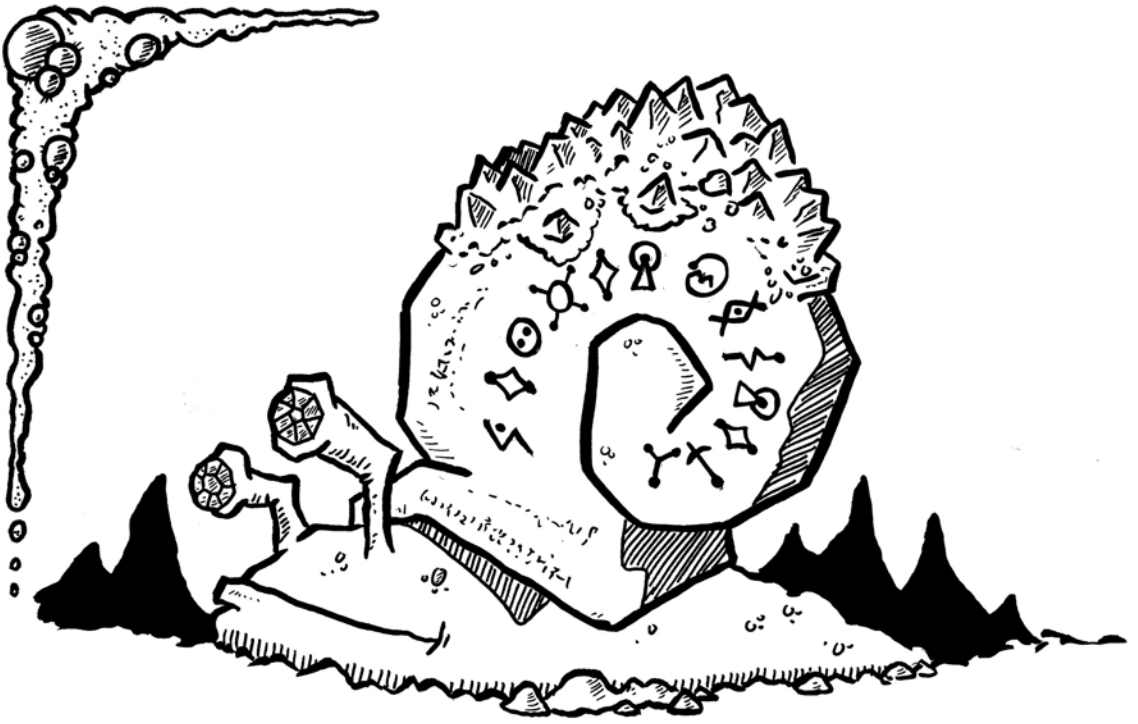
By the end of the adventure, the surviving PCs should all have enough XP to hit level 1. The peaceful village of Woodrune is nearby, and should provide a good and safe location for the PCs to rest, heal, and take on their newly earned character classes. Certainly there's no hidden evil lurking in such a pleasant pastoral community.

If the PCs defeated Salynkari, then they have made some small contribution to restoring Balance to the world. The Lords of Circumspection reward them all with 1 Luck point. If they accepted the quest from Blorgamorg directly, they receive an additional 2 Luck points. Any newly-minted wizards who gained Blorgamorg's favor also have the option to choose *Patron Bond: Blorgamorg* as one of their starting spells, along with a +2 to their roll the first time they cast it.









Blorgamorg, the Chthonic Snail

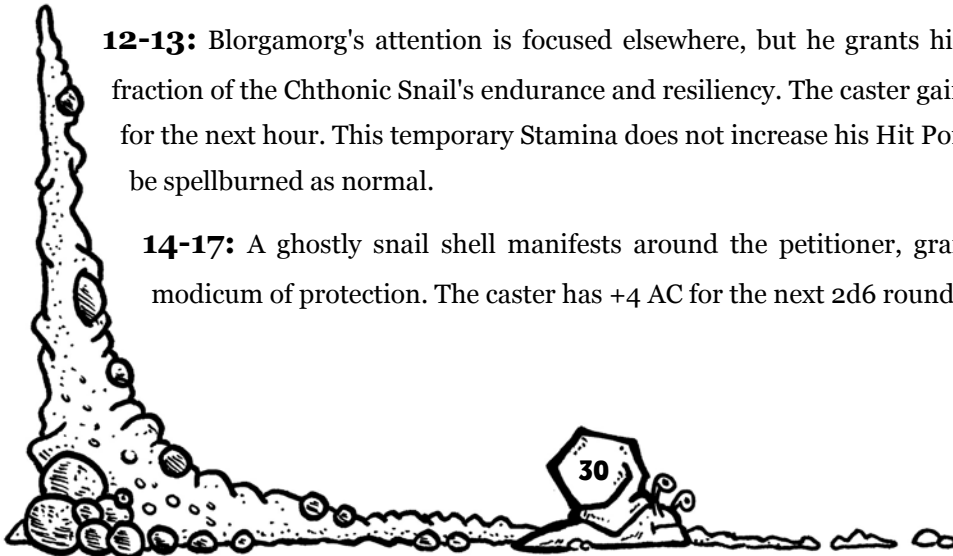
The Chthonic Snail patiently crawls through the hidden places below the earth, always chewing, always listening, always feeding on the secret wisdom of the world. Blorgamorg is a patient and wise entity, who eschews the petty conflicts of law and chaos. He prizes knowledge for the sake of knowledge. Lore sustains him. All secrets are known to him. Blorgamorg values servants who show tenacity, fortitude, and foresight. Rash and hasty minions displease him. Blorgamorg bitterly hates Bobububilz, and followers of the Chthonic Snail must always guard against the machinations of the Demon Lord of Amphibians.

The bonding ritual for The Chthonic Snail must be performed underground in a natural cave where mushrooms and fungus grow.

Invoke Patron results

12-13: Blorgamorg's attention is focused elsewhere, but he grants his petitioner a fraction of the Chthonic Snail's endurance and resiliency. The caster gains +2d4 Stamina for the next hour. This temporary Stamina does not increase his Hit Points, but it can be spellburned as normal.

14-17: A ghostly snail shell manifests around the petitioner, granting him a modicum of protection. The caster has +4 AC for the next 2d6 rounds.



18-19: The Chthonic Snail sends some of his children to aid his servant. 1d4+1 Dire Snails arrive in 1d4 rounds. These snails follow the caster's orders and will remain with him until Blorgamorg recalls them (caster must make DC 20 spell check every hour or they depart; or judge's discretion).

Dire Snail: Init -1; Atk rasp +4 melee (1d6); AC 16; HD 2d8+1; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will +1, AL N.

A tiger-striped snail the size of a goat with a wickedly spiked shell.

20-23: Blorgamorg blesses the petitioner with approximate knowledge of most subjects. For the next hour, the caster can make all untrained skill checks with 1d16 instead of 1d10.

24-27: Blorgamorg "blesses" the caster's enemies with the the speed of snails. All enemies within 30' of the cater must make a Will save with a DC equal to the caster's spell check. If they fail, their movement speed is halved, they can only take actions every other round, and attackers have +4 to hit them. This effect lasts a number of rounds equal to the petitioner's Caster Level.

28-29: The Chthonic Snail sends one of his children to aid his servant. A Hail Snail arrives in 1d4 rounds. The snail follows the caster's orders and will remain with him until Blorgamorg recalls it (caster must make DC 20 spell check every hour or it departs; or judge's discretion).

Hail Snail: Init -1; Atk rasp +6 melee (1d6+1d4 cold); AC 18; HD 8d10; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SP Immune to cold and fire. Once per turn exhale a 30' cone of hailstones (3d8, Ref DC 15 for half); SV Fort +10, Ref +0, Will +5, AL N.

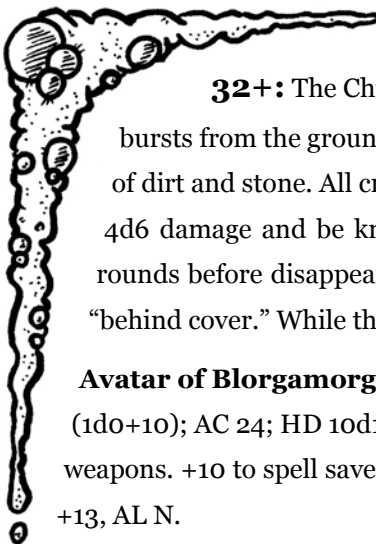
A horse-sized snail, ice blue in color, with a translucent frosty-white shell. It leaves sticky frost wherever it crawls.

30-31: The Chthonic Snail sends one of his children to aid his servant. A Grail Snail immediately arrives in a flash of golden light. All enemies within 15' must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or be blinded for one round. The snail follows the caster's orders for 3d6 rounds before disappearing.

Grail Snail: Init +1; Atk eye beams +10 ranged (2d6); AC 20; HD 8d10; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP Heal its summoner for 2d4 hp each round. Grants its summoner +3 to all Spell Checks while within 10'; SV Fort +13, Ref +2, Will +8, AL N.

A golden-fleshed, buffalo-sized snail with a silvery metallic shell shaped like an elaborate urn or goblet bedecked with jewels. The snail glows with magical energy.





32+: The Chthonic Snail sends an avatar to aid his servant. A gigantic snail bursts from the ground beneath the caster (who now rides upon its back) in a shower of dirt and stone. All creatures within 20 feet must make a DC 15 Reflex save or take 4d6 damage and be knocked prone. The snail follows the caster's orders for 2d6 rounds before disappearing. While the caster rides the snail, he is considered to be “behind cover.” While the avatar is present, the summoner has +5 to all spell checks.

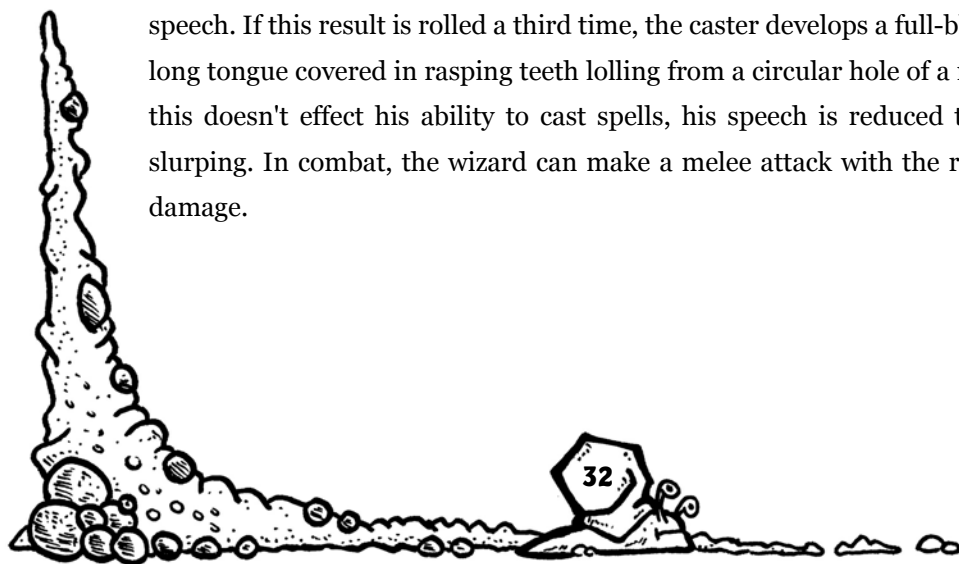
Avatar of Blorgamorg: Init +3; Atk eye beams +12 ranged (4d8) or rasp +16 melee (1d10+10); AC 24; HD 10d12; MV 50'; Act 2d20; SP immune to damage from non-magical weapons. +10 to spell saves. Regenerates 1d10 hp per round; SV Fort +18, Ref +6, Will +13, AL N.

A gigantic, house-sized snail of alien color, covered in scintillating mineral deposits. Its shell is covered in thousands of arcane runes.

Patron Taint: Blorgamorg, the Chthonic Snail

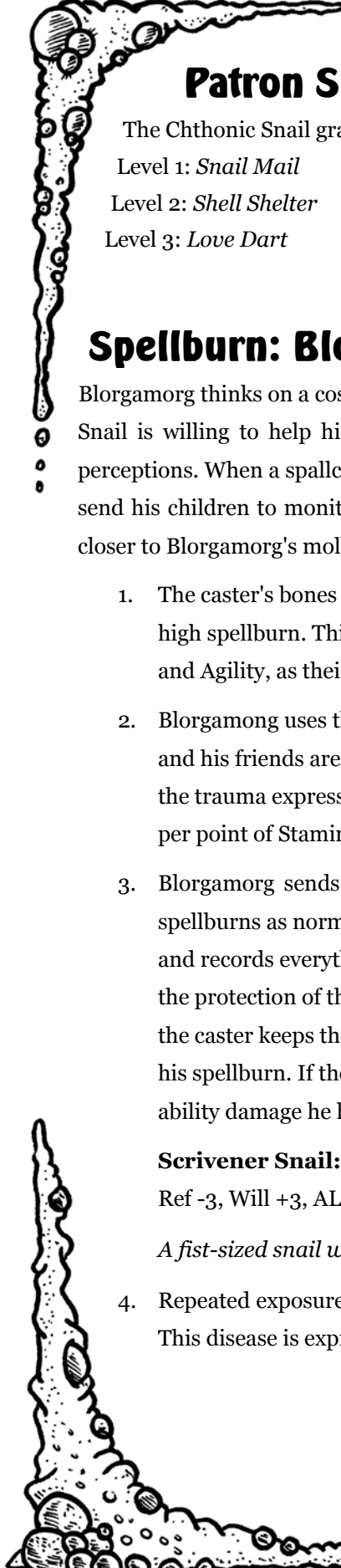
When patron taint is indicated for Blorgamorg, roll 1d6 on the table below. When a caster has acquired all six taints at all levels of effect, there is no need to continue rolling any more.

1. The caster's eyes turn into tiny black orbs that rarely blink. If this result is rolled a second time, the caster's unblinking black eyes begin to notably protrude from his face. If this result is rolled a third time, the caster develops foot-long eyestalks that allow him to see in all directions. Opponents suffer a -2 penalty to sneak up on the caster.
2. The caster's mouth grows smaller as his jaw grows weaker. He can no longer shout or speak loudly, and he has problems chewing tough food. If this result is rolled a second time, The caster grows jagged calcium deposits on his over-swollen tongue. While this doesn't effect this ability to cast spells, strangers may have trouble understanding his speech. If this result is rolled a third time, the caster develops a full-blown radula—a long tongue covered in rasping teeth lolling from a circular hole of a mouth. While this doesn't effect his ability to cast spells, his speech is reduced to molluscoid slurping. In combat, the wizard can make a melee attack with the radula for 1d4 damage.



3. The caster's back becomes bent and stooped as he grows a noticeable hump on his back. This unbalanced posture gives the caster a -1 to his Reflex Saves. If this result is rolled a second time, the lump grows larger and the caster's posture grows ever more bent. He can no longer stand upright and requires a cane or staff to walk properly. The penalty to his Reflex Save increases to -2. If this result is rolled a third time, the caster grows an actual shell on his back. All his clothes must be custom made. The caster still suffers a -2 to his Reflex Saves, but the shell provides a +1 to his AC.
4. Whenever the caster casts any spell, he oozes a thick, viscous mucus from the palms of his hands while slime oozes from his mouth. These excretions can be wiped away with a towel or handkerchief with a round of effort. If this result is rolled a second time, whenever the caster casts a spell, slime oozes from his every pore. His clothes stick to his body and he smells like a damp cellar floor. The caster must thoroughly bathe for several minutes to clean away the slime. If this result is rolled a third time, the caster's constantly oozes a thick layer of dank-smelling slime. Clothes and delicate furniture are ruined within a day, and the caster leaves a sticky trail wherever he walks.
5. The caster's turns grayish brown and takes on the texture of slug-leather. Faint tracings of arcane script begin to appear on his skin. If this result is rolled a second time, the arcane script on his skin spreads and grows darker, detailing all the spells the wizard knows. If this result is rolled a third time the caster's skin becomes completely covered in arcane script, detailing all his spells and life events . If someone were to flay the caster, they could use his skin as a combination grimoire and wizardly biography.
6. The caster's feet turn into round, toeless pads. Normal shoes and boots no longer fit, but the rubbery flesh is resistant enough that footwear is unnecessary. If this result is rolled a second time, his legs fuse from the knees up. His movement is awkward and his speed is reduced by 5'. If this result is rolled a third time, the caster's legs meld into a single, muscular foot, like that of a slug a slug or snail. The caster's speed is reduced a further 5' (-10' total), and he can no longer jump. The caster can, however, climb along walls and ceilings at his normal (now reduced) speed.





Patron Spells: Blorgamorg

The Chthonic Snail grants three unique spells, as follows:

Level 1: *Snail Mail*

Level 2: *Shell Shelter*

Level 3: *Love Dart*

Spellburn: Blorgamorg, the Chthonic Snail

Blorgamorg thinks on a cosmic scale, and his plans unfold over centuries. The Chthonic Snail is willing to help his followers, but doesn't entirely trust their flawed mortal perceptions. When a spallcaster calls upon Blorgamorg's power, the Chthonic Snail will send his children to monitor their progress or subtly change the caster to bring them closer to Blorgamorg's molluscoïd perfection.

1. The caster's bones become soft and rubbery, possibly dissolving completely with high spellburn. This transformation is expressed by reducing the caster's Strength and Agility, as their body becomes floppy and clumsy.
2. Blorgamong uses the caster to bring his children to interesting events. The caster and his friends are interesting events. The caster vomits up dozens of snails, with the trauma expressed as Stamina loss. The caster coughs up six fairly large snails per point of Stamina burned.
3. Blorgamorg sends a Scrivener Snail to record the caster's deeds. The caster spellburns as normal, and the snail appears on his shoulder. The snail observes and records everything the caster does, but it is not a clever creature and requires the protection of the caster. The Scrivener Snail stays with caster for 1d4 days. If the caster keeps the snail alive for the entire time, he will instantly heal back all his spellburn. If the snail dies, the caster will be hit again for the same amount of ability damage he had previously spellburned.

Scrivener Snail: Init -3; Atk none; AC 10; HD 1d4; MV 5'; Act 1d10; SV Fort +0, Ref -3, Will +3, AL N.

A fist-sized snail with an inky shell carrying a tiny quill and scroll.

4. Repeated exposure to giant snails has caused the caster to contract meningitis. This disease is expressed by Strength and Stamina loss.

Snail Mail

Level: 1

Range: varies

Duration: varies

Casting Time: 1 action

Save: none

General: The wizard summons minor servitors of the Chthonic Snail to deliver messages using the secret snail trails that run beneath the universe. The spell does not translate languages between the sender and recipients, and spell formulas and other magical scripts cannot be shared through this spell.

Manifestation: Roll 1d4: 1) The messenger snail appears as a tiny avatar of Blorgamorg, 2) The messenger snail appears as a ghostly phantom mollusk, 3) The messenger snail flies on fiery bat wings, 4) The messenger snail wears a uniform cap and carries a tiny letter bag.

1: Lost, failure, and patron taint.

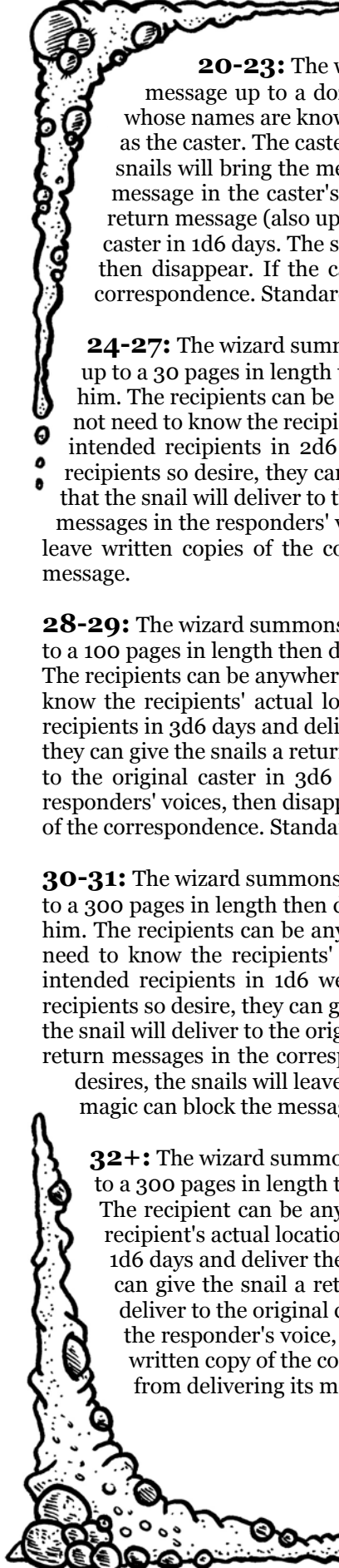
2-11: The wizard summons a single messenger snail. He may speak a message of no longer than 140 characters then designate a single recipient whose name is known to him. The recipient must be within relatively close proximity to the caster (an area about the size of a building or one dungeon level). The caster does not need to know the recipient's actual location. The snail will bring the message to the intended recipient in 1d6 rounds. The snail will repeat the message in the caster's voice, then disappear. A circle of salt around the sender or recipient can block the message, as can standard anti-scriving magic.

12-13: The wizard summons a single messenger snail. He may speak any message that he can say in one breath then designate a single recipient whose name is known to him. The recipient must be fairly local to the caster (an area about the size of a town or dungeon complex). The caster does not need to know the recipient's actual location. The snail will bring the message to the intended recipient in 2d6 turns. The snail will repeat the message in the caster's voice, then disappear. A circle of salt around the sender or recipient can block the message, as can standard anti-scriving magic.

14-17: The wizard summons a small pack of messenger snails. He may speak a message that he can say in one breath then designate a up to six recipients whose names are known to him. The recipients must be fairly local to the caster (an area about the size of a town or dungeon complex). The caster does not need to know the recipients' actual locations. The snails will bring the message to the intended recipients in 2d6 turns. The snails will repeat the message in the caster's voice, then disappear. If the caster so desires, the snails will leave written copies of the correspondence. A circle of salt around the sender or recipient can block the message, as can standard anti-scriving magic.

18-19: The wizard summons a pack of messenger snails. He may speak a message up to a page in length then designate a up to twelve recipients whose names are known to him. The recipients can be fairly distant from the caster (an area about the size of a barony or county). The caster does not need to know the recipients' actual locations. The snails will bring the message to the intended recipients in 2d6 hours and deliver the message in the caster's voice. If the recipients so desire, they can each give the snails a return message (also page-length) that the snail will deliver to the original caster in 2d6 hours. The snails will repeat the return messages in the responders' voices, then disappear. If the caster so desires, the snails will leave written copies of the correspondence. Standard anti-scriving magic can block the message.





20-23: The wizard summons a platoon of messenger snails. He may speak a message up to a dozen pages in length then designate a up to thirty recipients whose names are known to him. The recipients can be anywhere in the same country as the caster. The caster does not need to know the recipients' actual locations. The snails will bring the message to the intended recipients in 1d6 days and deliver the message in the caster's voice. If the recipients so desire, they can give the snails a return message (also up to twelve pages long) that the snail will deliver to the original caster in 1d6 days. The snails will repeat the return messages in the responders' voices, then disappear. If the caster so desires, the snails will leave written copies of the correspondence. Standard anti-scriving magic can block the message.

24-27: The wizard summons a platoon of messenger snails. He may speak a message up to a 30 pages in length then designate a up to 50 recipients whose names are known to him. The recipients can be anywhere on the same continent as the caster. The caster does not need to know the recipients' actual locations. The snails will bring the message to the intended recipients in 2d6 days and deliver the message in the caster's voice. If the recipients so desire, they can give the snails a return message (also up to 30 pages long) that the snail will deliver to the original caster in 1d6 days. The snails will repeat the return messages in the responders' voices, then disappear. If the caster so desires, the snails will leave written copies of the correspondence. Standard anti-scriving magic can block the message.

28-29: The wizard summons a small army of messenger snails. He may speak a message up to a 100 pages in length then designate a up to 100 recipients whose names are known to him. The recipients can be anywhere on the same planet as the caster. The caster does not need to know the recipients' actual locations. The snails will bring the message to the intended recipients in 3d6 days and deliver the message in the caster's voice. If the recipients so desire, they can give the snails a return message (also up to 100 pages long) that the snail will deliver to the original caster in 3d6 days. The snails will repeat the return messages in the responders' voices, then disappear. If the caster so desires, the snails will leave written copies of the correspondence. Standard anti-scriving magic can block the message.

30-31: The wizard summons a small army of messenger snails. He may speak a message up to a 300 pages in length then designate a up to 1000 recipients whose names are known to him. The recipients can be anywhere on the same plane as the caster. The caster does not need to know the recipients' actual locations. The snails will bring the message to the intended recipients in 1d6 weeks and deliver the message in the caster's voice. If the recipients so desire, they can give the snails a return message (also up to 300 pages long) that the snail will deliver to the original caster in 3d6 weeks. The individual snails will repeat the return messages in the corresponding responder's voices, then disappear. If the caster so desires, the snails will leave written copies of the correspondence. Standard anti-scriving magic can block the message.

32+: The wizard summons a cross-planar messenger snail. He may speak a message up to a 300 pages in length then designate a single recipient whose name is known to him. The recipient can be anywhere on any plane. The caster does not need to know the recipient's actual location. The snail will bring the message to the intended recipient in 1d6 days and deliver the message in the caster's voice. If the recipient so desires, they can give the snail a return message (also up to 300 pages long) that the snail will deliver to the original caster in 1d6 days. The snail will repeat the return message in the responder's voice, then disappear. If the caster so desires, the snail will leave a written copy of the correspondence. Only the Gates of the Dead can block the snail from delivering its messages.

Shell Shelter

Level: 2 (Borgamorg)

Range: 5'

Duration: CR x 30 minutes

Casting Time: 1 turn

Save: n/a

General: This spell creates a hyperspace pinch-point that manifests in our local space as a man-portable calcification shaped as a Fibonacci spiral. Or to put it more simply, it makes snail shell that's larger on the inside that you can wear on your back.

Manifestation: Roll 1d4: (1) The shell bursts out of the flesh of the caster's back with an explosion of mucus; (2) The shell is "drawn" into reality through a series of glowing vector lines; (3) A giant snail burrows up through the ground, dies, rots, and leaves its shell behind; (4) The caster coughs a shell up from his gullet, which grows quickly as it sits on the ground.

1: Lost, failure, and patron taint.

2-11: Lost. Failure.

12-13: Failure, but the spell is not lost.

14-15: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell can hold up to 100lbs and a volume equivalent to that of a large backpack. The shell only weighs 5 lbs, no matter how heavy the contents are.

When the spell ends and the shell disappears, the caster must make a Luck roll. On a success, the contents of the shell fall to the ground. On a failure, the contents are cast into the void of null-space, lost forever.

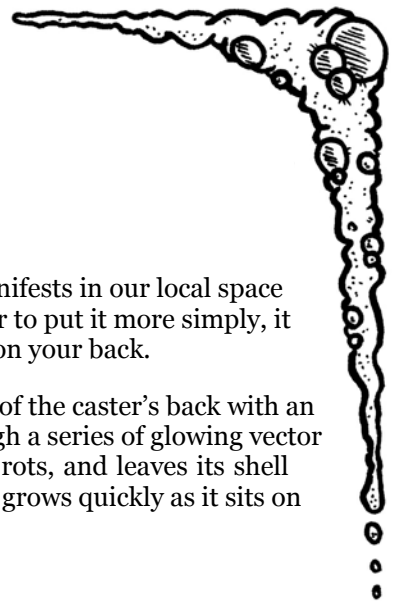
16-19: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell is larger on the inside than the outside and can hold up to 300lbs and a volume equivalent to that of a large chest or steamer trunk. The shell only weighs 5 lbs, no matter how heavy the contents are.

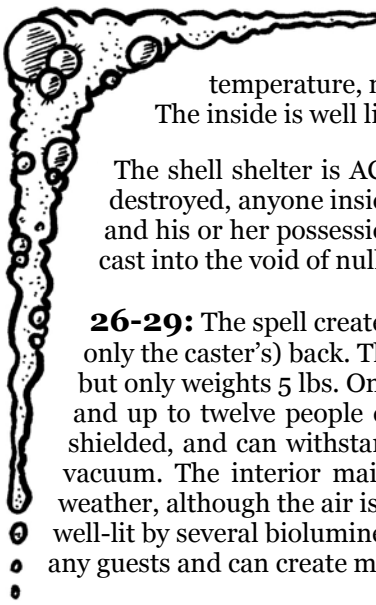
When the spell ends and the shell disappears, the caster must make a Luck roll. On a success, the contents of the shell fall to the ground. On a failure, the contents are cast into the void of null-space, lost forever.

20-21: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell is larger on the inside and has the volume of a tent but only weighs 5 lbs. One person at a time may crawl into the shell through its opening, and up to four people can rest inside comfortably. The interior of the shell is musty and lit by single bioluminescent lamp.

The shell shelter is AC: 10 and has 2d8 hp. When the spell ends or the shelter is destroyed, anyone inside the shell must make a Luck roll. On success, the inhabitant and their possessions are safely ejected outside of the shell, otherwise they are cast into the void of null-space.

22-25: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell is larger on the inside and has the volume of a large hut but only weighs 5 lbs. One person at a time may crawl into the shell through its opening, and up to eight people can rest inside comfortably. The interior





of the shell is climate-controlled and maintains a comfortable temperature, no matter the exterior weather, although the air is a bit humid. The inside is well lit by several bioluminescent lamps.

The shell shelter is AC: 12 and has 4d8 hp. When the spell ends or the shelter is destroyed, anyone inside the shell must make a Luck roll. On success, the inhabitant and his or her possessions are safely ejected outside of the shell, otherwise they are cast into the void of null-space.

26-29: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell is larger on the inside and has the volume of a cottage but only weighs 5 lbs. One person at a time may crawl into the shell through its opening, and up to twelve people can rest inside comfortably. The shelter is environmentally shielded, and can withstand environmental extremes such as the deep ocean or hard vacuum. The interior maintains a comfortable temperature, no matter the exterior weather, although the air is a bit humid. The inside of the shell is tastefully furnished and well-lit by several bioluminescent lamps. Additionally, a 0-level **Snail Butler** attends to any guests and can create meals for up to a dozen people.

The shell shelter is AC: 14 and has 8d8 hp. When the spell ends or the shelter is destroyed, anyone inside the shell must make a Luck roll. On success, the inhabitant and his or her possessions are safely ejected outside of the shell, otherwise they are cast into the void of null-space.

30-31: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell is larger on the inside and has the volume of a large house but only weighs 5 lbs. One person at a time may crawl into the shell through its opening, and up to sixteen people can rest inside comfortably. The shelter is environmentally shielded, and can withstand environmental extremes such as the deep ocean or hard vacuum. The interior maintains a comfortable temperature, no matter the exterior weather, although the air is a bit humid. The inside of the shell contains several tastefully furnished rooms and is well-lit by several bioluminescent lamps. Additionally, a 0-level **Snail Butler** attends to any guests and can create meals for up to a sixteen people.

The shell shelter is AC: 16 and has 12d8 hp. When the spell ends or the shelter is destroyed, anyone inside the shell must make a Luck roll. On success, the inhabitant and his or her possessions are safely ejected outside of the shell, otherwise they are cast into the void of null-space.

32-33: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell is larger on the inside and has the volume of a mansion but only weighs 5 lbs. One person at a time may crawl into the shell through its opening, and up to 24 people can rest inside comfortably. The shelter is environmentally shielded, and can withstand environmental extremes such as the deep ocean or hard vacuum. The interior maintains a comfortable temperature, no matter the exterior weather, although the air is a bit humid. The inside of the shell contains several lavishly furnished rooms and is well-lit by several bioluminescent lamps.

A 0-level staff of 3 **Snail Butlers** and 4d4 **Courtier Slugs** and **Clam Dandies** attend to the needs of all guests, including providing meals and entertainment. While enjoying the comforts of the shell mansion, all natural healing (but not spellburn) is doubled.

The shell shelter is AC: 18 and has 16d8 hp. When the spell ends or the shelter is destroyed, anyone inside the shell must make a Luck roll. On success, the inhabitant and his or her possessions are safely ejected outside of the shell, otherwise they are cast into the void of null-space.

34+: The spell creates a backpack sized shell that can be worn on the caster's (and only the caster's) back. The shell is larger on the inside and has the volume of a small keep but only weights 5 lbs. One person at a time may crawl into the shell through its opening, and up to 50 people can rest inside comfortably. The shelter is environmentally shielded, and can withstand environmental extremes such as the deep ocean or hard vacuum. The interior maintains a comfortable temperature, no matter the exterior weather, although the air is a bit humid. The inside of the shell contains several lavishly furnished rooms and is well-lit by several bioluminescent lamps.

A 0-level staff of 6 **Snail Butlers** and 6d6 **Courtier Slugs** and **Clam Dandies** attend to the needs of all guests, including providing meals and entertainment. While enjoying the comforts of the shell mansion, all natural healing (but not spellburn) is tripled.

The shell shelter is AC: 20 and has 20d8 hp. When the spell ends or the shelter is destroyed, anyone inside the shell must make a Luck roll. On success, the inhabitant and his or her possessions are safely ejected outside of the shell, otherwise they are cast into the void of null-space.

Love Dart

Level: 3 (Blorgamorg)

Range: 10' per CL

Duration: Instant

Casting Time: 1 action

Save: special

General: The wizard launches a large, calcified projectile from their body towards a target. This projectile carries xeno-mollusoid genetic material that infects the target with various sluggish parasites. The wizard's spellcasting roll is treated as an attack roll against the target's AC with a +3 to hit Lawful or Chaotic creatures.

Manifestation: Roll 1d5 to determine from which part of the caster's body the Love Dart projects: (1) Hand; (2) Mouth; (3) Forehead; (4) Heart; (5) Stomach

1: Lost, failure, and patron taint.

2-11: Lost. Failure

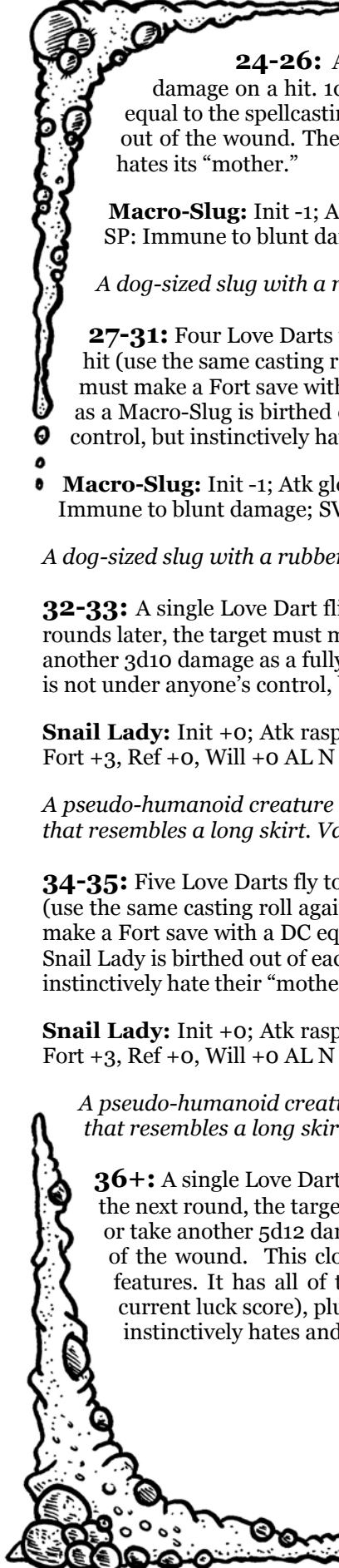
12-15: Failure, but the spell is not lost.

16-17: A single Love Dart flies towards the target and inflicts 4d5 damage on a hit. The target contracts a minor case of the skin slugs, which while embarrassing is completely harmless and will clear up in 1d7 days. While infected, the target suffers a 1d penalty on PER rolls (not counting spellcasting rolls or Will saves). A cleric's *Lay on Hands* ability can cure the infestation.

18-21: A single Love Dart flies towards the target and inflicts 4d6 damage on a hit. 1d6 rounds later, the target must make a Fort save with a DC equal to the spellcasting roll or take another 3d6 damage as large but otherwise mundane snails burst from the wound (one snail per point of damage).

22-23: Three Love Darts fly towards three different targets and inflicts 4d6 damage on a hit (use the same casting roll against their individual ACs). 1d6 rounds later, each target must make a Fort save with a DC equal to the spellcasting roll or take another 3d6 damage as large but otherwise mundane snails burst from the wounds (one snail per point of damage).





24-26: A single Love Dart flies towards the target and inflicts 4d8 damage on a hit. 1d4 rounds later, the target must make a Fort save with a DC equal to the spellcasting roll or take another 3d8 damage as a Macro-Slug is birthed out of the wound. The Macro-Slug is not under anyone's control, but instinctively hates its "mother."

Macro-Slug: Init -1; Atk glomp +4 melee (1d8); AC 14; HD 2d6+1; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP: Immune to blunt damage; SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will +0 AL N

A dog-sized slug with a rubbery mottled hide and calcified knobs along its back.

27-31: Four Love Darts fly towards four different target and inflicts 4d8 damage on a hit (use the same casting roll against their individual ACs). 1d4 rounds later, each target must make a Fort save with a DC equal to the spellcasting roll or take another 3d8 damage as a Macro-Slug is birthed out of each wound. The Macro-Slugs are not under anyone's control, but instinctively hates their "mothers" and "aunts."

Macro-Slug: Init -1; Atk glomp +4 melee (1d8); AC 14; HD 2d6+1; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP: Immune to blunt damage; SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will +0 AL N

A dog-sized slug with a rubbery mottled hide and calcified knobs along its back.

32-33: A single Love Dart flies towards the target and inflicts 4d10 damage on a hit. 1d3 rounds later, the target must make a Fort save with a DC equal to the spellcasting roll or take another 3d10 damage as a fully-grown Snail Lady is birthed out of the wound. The Snail Lady is not under anyone's control, but instinctively hates her "mother."

Snail Lady: Init +0; Atk rasp+5 melee (2d4+1); AC 16; HD 4d8+1; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0 AL N

A pseudo-humanoid creature with a spiral shell on her head and a single molluscoid foot that resembles a long skirt. Vaguely feminine and luridly colored.

34-35: Five Love Darts fly towards five different target and inflicts 4d10 damage on a hit (use the same casting roll against their individual ACs). 1d3 rounds later, each target must make a Fort save with a DC equal to the spellcasting roll or take another 3d10 damage as a Snail Lady is birthed out of each wound. The Snail Ladies are not under anyone's control, but instinctively hate their "mothers" and "aunts."

Snail Lady: Init +0; Atk rasp+5 melee (2d4+1); AC 16; HD 4d8+1; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0 AL N

A pseudo-humanoid creature with a spiral shell on her head and a single molluscoid foot that resembles a long skirt. Vaguely feminine and luridly colored.

36+: A single Love Dart flies towards the target and inflicts 5d12 damage on a hit. On the next round, the target must make a Fort save with a DC equal to the spellcasting roll or take another 5d12 damage as an fully-grown and naked clone of the target bursts out of the wound. This clone greatly resembles its "mother" but has vaguely snailish features. It has all of the target's stats, levels, and abilities (including spells and current luck score), plus the target's current Luck and maximum Hit Points. The clone instinctively hates and resents both its pseudo-parents (the caster and the target).

Items of Interest

The Learned Slug-in-a-Jar of Cornelius Plunk

As its name indicates, this is a well-educated slug suspended in jar full of pink fluid that belonged to the sage Cornelius Plunk in Times of Old. As long as the jar remains sealed and the slug remains suspended in the magical fluid, it requires neither food nor water and is immune to the ravages of time. It is, however, very bored and wracked with ennui. If the slug is removed from the fluid, it dies instantly.

Cornelius Plunk taught the slug well, and canny adventurers can use its knowledge to their advantage.

The slug is very learned in languages. If presented with a text, the slug has a 5-in-6 chance to decipher the writing. It will whisper the translation to anyone pressing their ear to the jar. However, this sluggish murmuring is dangerous to both body and mind. The listener must make a DC: 11 Willpower save or take 1d3 damage to a random Ability score.

The slug is educated on a wide variety of lore. Once per day, an individual can spend a luck point and ask the GM (via the slug) a yes-or-no question about anything in the game world. The GM must answer truthfully.

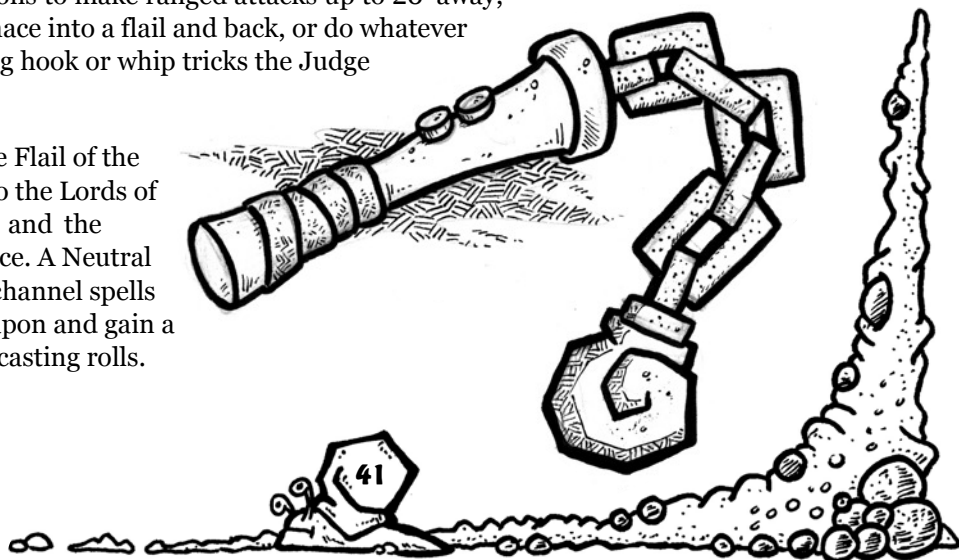
The slug hates what its life has become, and it despises adventurers. Every time the slug-in-a-jar is used, there is a 1-in-20 chance that the slug's angst reaches critical mass. At this point the slug explodes, dies, and inflicts 4d6 damage to everyone in a 5' radius.

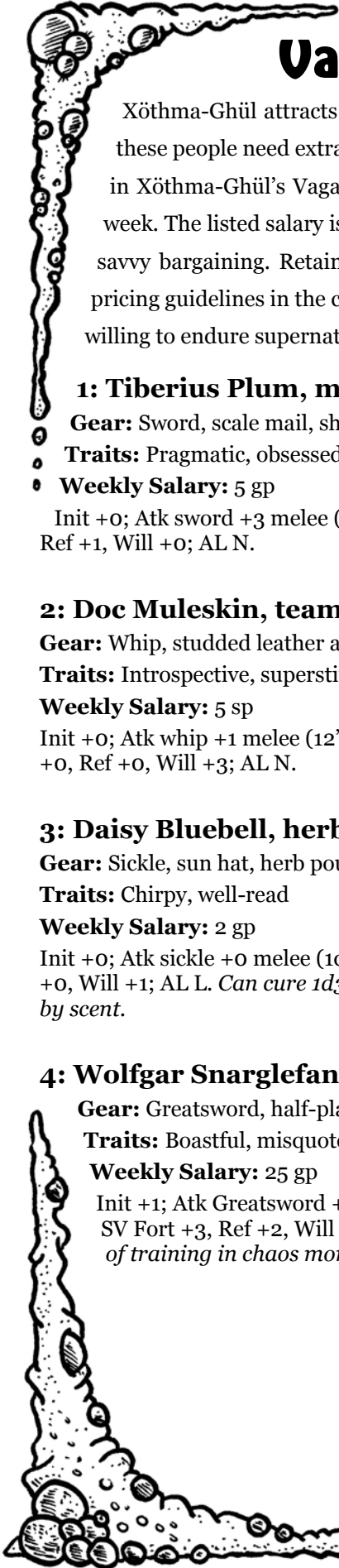


Flail of the Snail

This weapon functions as a mace or flail (1d6 damage), but long-lost weaponsmithing techniques allow it to be used by wizards. The Flail of the Snail is a haft of bronze surmounted by an iron head shaped like a snail shell. The grip is wrapped with slug leather, and two buttons are set along the haft. When the first button is pressed, the spring-loaded iron head launches from the haft, up to a distance of 20 feet. The head is attached to the haft by a length of stout iron chain. The length of the chain is determined by how long the wielder holds down the launch button. The second button retracts the chain back into the haft. The wielder can use these functions to make ranged attacks up to 20' away, transform the mace into a flail and back, or do whatever kind of grappling hook or whip tricks the Judge deems possible.

Additionally, the Flail of the Snail is sacred to the Lords of Circumspection and the powers of Balance. A Neutral spellcaster can channel spells through the weapon and gain a +2 to their spellcasting rolls.





Vagabond District

Xöthma-Ghül attracts travelers from all across the Nameless World, and most of these people need extra coin. On any given week 1d3 would-be hirelings can be found in Xöthma-Ghül's Vagabond District. Roll 1d30 to see who's looking for work this week. The listed salary is a starting point, but can be negotiated up or down through savvy bargaining. Retainers in the Crepuscular City tend to charge more than the pricing guidelines in the core book, but they are (generally) better equipped and more willing to endure supernatural weirdness.

1: Tiberius Plum, man-at arms

Gear: Sword, scale mail, shield (all painted purple)

Traits: Pragmatic, obsessed with the color purple

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +0; Atk sword +3 melee (1d8+1); AC 15; HD 2d8; hp 10; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.

2: Doc Muleskin, teamster

Gear: Whip, studded leather armor, 2 mules, covered wagon, lucky horseshoe

Traits: Introspective, superstitious

Weekly Salary: 5 sp

Init +0; Atk whip +1 melee (12' reach) (1d3); AC 13; HD 1d8; hp 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +3; AL N.

3: Daisy Bluebell, herbalist

Gear: Sickle, sun hat, herb pouch

Traits: Chirpy, well-read

Weekly Salary: 2 gp

Init +0; Atk sickle +0 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 2d4; hp 5; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L. *Can cure 1d3+1 damage, 3/day. She has a 4-in-6 chance to detect poison by scent.*

4: Wolfgar Snarglefang, warrior of CHAOS!

Gear: Greatsword, half-plate armor, lizard helmet

Traits: Boastful, misquotes philosophers

Weekly Salary: 25 gp

Init +1; Atk Greatsword +4 melee (1d10+1); AC 17; HD 3d10; hp 24; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; AL C. *+2 to hit and damage Lawful creatures due to years of training in chaos monasteries.*

5: Hrothguur, barbarian warrior

Gear: Battleaxe, snow weasel loincloth

Traits: Flirtatious, pathological liar

Weekly Salary: 15 gp

Init +2; Atk battleaxe +4 melee (1d10+2); AC 12; HD 2d10; hp 16; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will -2; AL C.

6: Lucas "Beans" Geurglich, cook

Gear: Cleaver, leather apron, stewpot

Traits: Folksy, afraid of snakes

Weekly Salary: 5 sp

Init +0; Atk cleaver +0 melee (1d6); AC 11; HD 1d8; hp 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +1; AL N. *Eating dinner prepared by Beans doubles that day's natural healing (but not Spellburn recovery).*

7: Brother Kalibos, cultist

Gear: Scimitar, black robes, iron mask, unidentifiable holy symbol

Traits: Loquacious, doesn't understand sarcasm

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +0; Atk scimitar +1 melee (1d8); AC 10; HD 3d6; hp 11; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +1; AL C. *Knows the spells **Flaming Hands** and **Darkness** (+4 spell check).*

8: Jackson Keys, Trap-springer

Gear: Shortsword, leather armor, thieves tools, cough medicine

Traits: Sickly, optimistic

Weekly Salary: 2 gp, plus 15% of treasure recovered

Init +3; Atk shortsword +1 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 2d6; hp 5; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref +5, Will +1; AL N. ***Pick Locks**, **Find Traps**, and **Remove Traps** skills at +7.*

9: Sir Kroggulous Pimm, disgraced knight

Gear: Longsword, chainmail, shield, old warhorse

Traits: Morose, knows lots of rambling stories

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +1; Atk longsword +4 melee (1d8); AC 16; HD 4d8; hp 24; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will -3; AL N. *Suffers double the consequences from fear effects.*

10: Jimminy Crunchbucket, linkboy

Gear: Knife, 3 torches, lantern, 1 flask of oil, 10' pole

Traits: Nervous, knows a surprising amount about birds

Weekly Salary: 1 sp

Init +1; Atk knife -1 melee (1d3); AC 11; HD 1d4; hp 2; MV 30'; Act 1d16; SV Fort -1, Ref +3, Will +0; AL L.



11: Mycellella, mushroom priestess

Gear: Staff, fungus armor (as leather), holy symbol, 3 bags of holy spores (serves as holy water)

Traits: Abscent-minded, generous

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +0; Atk staff +1 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 2d8; hp 10; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +3; AL N. *Knows the spells **Blessing**, and **Food of the Gods** (+4 spell check). Can cure 2d4 damage, 2/day.*

12: Mojo Bluehands, halfling troubadour

Gear: Crossbow, 12 quarrels, studded leather armor, guitar, hair grease, jug of moonshine

Traits: Lusty, knows lots of "dad jokes"

Weekly Salary: 6 gp

Init +2; Atk crossbow +3 ranged (1d6); AC 15; HD 2d6; hp 10; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +1; AL N. *Can remove fear effects from all allies within 50', once per day.*

13: Astoranath the Gold, templar of LAW!

Gear: Glaive (polearm), banded mail, golden cloak (worth 200gp)

Traits: Fastidious, brave

Weekly Salary: 25 gp

Init +1; Atk claive +4 melee (1d10+1); AC 16; HD 3d10; hp 24; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +3; AL C. *+2 to hit and damage Chaotic creatures due to years of training in the Armies of Law.*

14: Brandon, dogsbody

Gear: Pointy stick, raggedy clothes

Traits: Cynical, loyal

Weekly Salary: 3 cp

Init -1; Atk pointy stick -1 melee (1d3-1); AC 9; HD 1d4; hp 2; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref -1, Will +10; AL N. *Can die and miraculously return to life 1d30 minutes later, unharmed, a total of nine times ever. He has five uses of this power left. Brandon does not advertise this power, nor is he glad to use it.*

15: Kaiser, warrior ape

Gear: Greatsword, rifle (20 bullets), studded leather armor, warhorse

Traits: Stoic, vengeful

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +1; Atk greatsword +3 melee(1d10+1) or rifle +2 ranged (1d8, 50/100/150 range); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 15; MV 30', climb 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.



16: Iron Steve, bodyguard

Gear: Sleeveless tunic embroidered with a dragon, bandana

Traits: Heavy drinker, beautiful hair

Weekly Salary: 25 gp

Init +1; Atk slam +3 melee (1d4+3); AC 13; HD 3d10; hp 24; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +2; AL N. *When employer within 30' is hit by an attack, Iron Steve can choose to take the damage instead, 3/day.*

17: Barnibel Drej, snail wrangler

Gear: Staff, leather armor, sack of 4d6 large but otherwise mundane snails

Traits: Talkative, tries to set up romantic matches between PCs

Weekly Salary: 8 cp

Init -1; Atk staff +0 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref -1, Will +0; AL N. *Can speak the secret language of snails, slugs, and other mollusks.*

18: Castius the Lesser, man-at-arms

Gear: Crossbow, 20 quarrels, hide armor, fancy hat

Traits: Spiritual-but-not-religious, stutters

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +1; Atk crossbow +3 ranged (1d6); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 12; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.

19: Quvark, humanoid platypus

Gear: Mace, chainmail shirt, shield, viking helmet

Traits: Surly, germaphobe

Weekly Salary: 4 gp

Init +0; Atk mace +2 melee (1d6) or heel-spurs +1 melee (1d3+poison); AC 14; HD 2d6; hp 10; MV 20', swim 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL N. *Targets hit by venomous heel-spurs must make a DC: 12 Fort save or lose 1d3 points of Strength.*



20: Merriwether Twinklebottom, pixie fan-girl

Gear: Thorn dagger, leaf armor (as leather)

Traits: Excitable, totally obsessed with a specific PC

Weekly Salary: 1 gp

Init +1; Atk thorn dagger -1 melee (1); AC 12; HD 1d4; hp 3; MV 5', fly 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N. *Regenerates 1 hp/round in direct sunlight, unless her head is crushed. Knows the **Light** and **Invisibility** spells (+0 spell check)*

21: Gentle Ironthighs, woman-at-arms

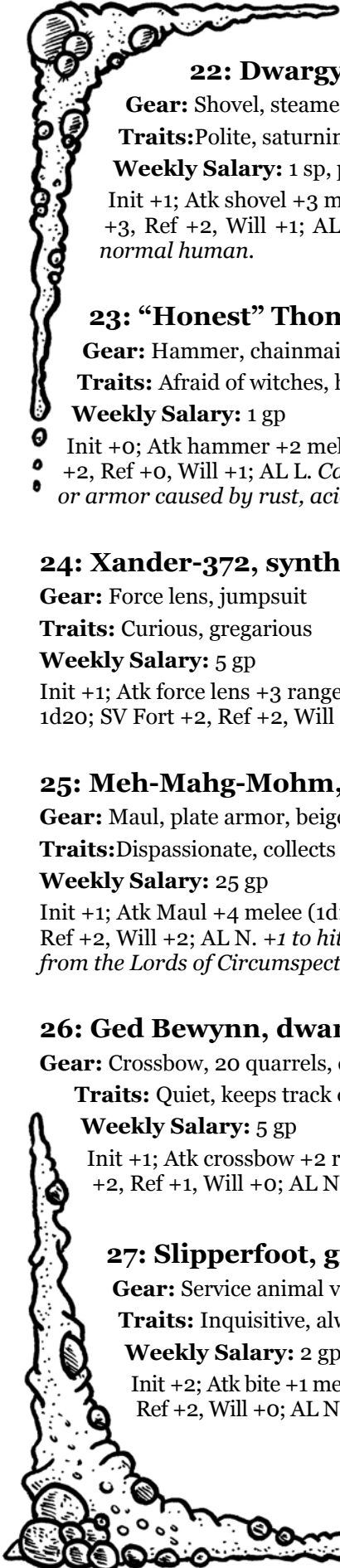
Gear: Flail, half-plate armor, shield, fur cloak

Traits: Well-fed, chuckles under her breath

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +0; Atk flail +4 melee (1d6+1); AC 18; HD 3d8; hp 16; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; AL L.





22: Dwargyr Tooms, ghoulish porter

Gear: Shovel, steamer trunk, top hat and tail coat

Traits: Polite, saturnine

Weekly Salary: 1 sp, plus first dibs on any fresh corpses

Init +1; Atk shovel +3 melee (1d8+1); AC 14; HD 3d8; hp 16; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; AL N. *Un-dead traits. Twice the encumbrance capacity of a normal human.*

23: "Honest" Thom Anyrwrad, dwarf armor-keeper

Gear: Hammer, chainmail overalls, goggles, tortoise-mounted anvil

Traits: Afraid of witches, has a large family

Weekly Salary: 1 gp

Init +0; Atk hammer +2 melee (1d6+2); AC 15; HD 1d8; hp 7; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L. *Can restore 1d3 "steps" of degradation to non-magical weapons or armor caused by rust, acid, etc.*

24: Xander-372, synthetic man

Gear: Force lens, jumpsuit

Traits: Curious, gregarious

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +1; Atk force lens +3 ranged (2d5, 30/60/90 range); AC 13; HD 2d8; hp 10; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2; AL N. *Immune to disease or hunger*

25: Meh-Mahg-Mohm, champion of NEUTRALITY!

Gear: Maul, plate armor, beige snail tabard

Traits: Dispassionate, collects insects

Weekly Salary: 25 gp

Init +1; Atk Maul +4 melee (1d10+1); AC 18; HD 3d10; hp 24; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2; AL N. *+1 to hit and damage Lawful and Chaotic creatures due to blessings from the Lords of Circumspection.*

26: Ged Bewynn, dwarf-at-arms

Gear: Crossbow, 20 quarrels, chainmail, pipe and tobacco pouch

Traits: Quiet, keeps track of all debts in a little book

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +1; Atk crossbow +2 ranged (1d6); AC 16; HD 1d8; hp 6; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.

27: Slipperfoot, giant talking weasel

Gear: Service animal vest, 2d6 weasel treats (heal 1 hp per treat, mustelids only)

Traits: Inquisitive, always hungry

Weekly Salary: 2 gp

Init +2; Atk bite +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 6; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N. *Has the **Sneak Silently** and **Hide in Shadows** skills at +3*

28: Leshy Firewake, elfish scout

Gear: Longbow, 20 arrows, manskin armor, pet parrot

Traits: Snarky, greedy for gems and jewels

Weekly Salary: 7 gp, or 5gp if paid in gems

Init +2; Atk longbow +3 ranged (1d8); AC 16; HD 2d8; hp 9; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SA elf traits; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +1; AL C. *Knows **Sleep** spell (+2 spell check)*

29: Tor Slavislav, cleric of healing

Gear: Mace, scale mail, shield, gold holy symbol of Vespia, hymnal

Traits: Good singing voice, craves affirmation

Weekly Salary: 7 gp

Init +0; Atk mace +1 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 2d8; hp 9; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L. *Knows the spell **Neutralize Poison** (+4 spell check). Can cure 2d6 points of damage, 3/day.*

30: Belladona Pike, woman-at-arms

Gear: Spear, scale mail, shield, 3d6 holy symbols of various gods.

Traits: Religious, sleepy

Weekly Salary: 5 gp

Init +2; Atk spear +3 melee (1d8+1); AC 15; HD 2d8; hp 13; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

Lo, Xöthma-Ghül!

Xöthma-Ghül has been mentioned many times in this publication, but what is it? Xöthma-Ghül is one of the Nameless World's seven great cities. The city sprawls atop a cliff overlooking the Sea of Spices and serves as a hub of trade and travel. Xöthma-Ghül is known as the **Crepuscular City**, for the smoke and smog of 100-thousand people commingle with the mists from the surrounding marshes to cast the city in perpetual twilight. On a more esoteric note, Xöthma-Ghül's dedication to Balance and Neutrality places it in a kind of philosophical gray zone between the light and the dark.

The city was built on the ruins of an ancient necropolis 300 years ago by a champion of Balance named **Imperious Correctus**. He has ruled the city for the past three centuries. It is said that every few decades Imperius Correctus enters the black basilica known as **The House with No Door** to bargain with Death Itself and extend his life.

The older structures in Xöthma-Ghül are large, imposing buildings of gray stone with gothic arches and sculpted facades. The newer construction is made of blue clay brick with domes, spires, and baroque railings of patinated bronze.

Xöthma-Ghül and the surrounding lands will serve as the central setting for most of the adventures in *Crepuscular*. More secrets of the city will be revealed in further issues!



Thank you very much for reading the premiere issue of *Crepuscular*!

If you liked what you found here, you can find my other projects scattered across the internet.

My irregular gaming blog can be found at **bernietheflumph.blogspot.com**

You can add my to your circles at **plus.google.com/+JoshuaBurnett**

I've helped make a lot of stuff with my friends at **Hex Games**, makers of **QAGS**. Check them out at **www.hexgames.com**

I personally recommend *Hobomancer* and *Leopard Women of Venus*!



I love my friends, and I love the things they make.

Check out Steve Johnson's online magazine **The Death Cookie** to read Steve's thoughts on game design, movies, hobos, and just everything.

www.deathcookie.com

For post-apocalypse sci-fi fantasy adventure comic goodness, check out **The Electric Team** by Leighton Connor, Abigail Connor, and Samantha Albert.

www.electricteamcomic.com



Crepuscular will return with Issue 2 and “We Eat Monsters” aka “Dungeon Crawl Cook-Off.”