



CRASH: FURTH MATHSE

CREDITS

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This book is dedicated to my wonderful parents, wife, and children - Love You All!

Cha'alt and **Cha'alt: Fuchsia Malaise** are works of parody.

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The Dome City



Kra'adumek



Demon-Worm

Tomb of Va'an Zayne



A'agrybah



Crimson Rock
of Sacrifice



Gamma Incel Cantina



Narva'ada

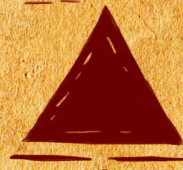


Elysium

Vega Corso

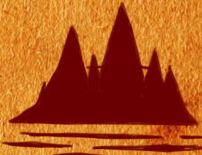


The Black Pyramid



Dry River Bed

CHA'ALT



Ja'alette

S'kbah



Sunken Library

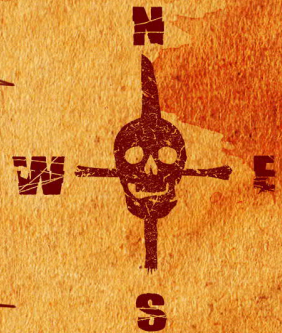
Fuchsia Flesh-Pit



Tower of Vromka'ad

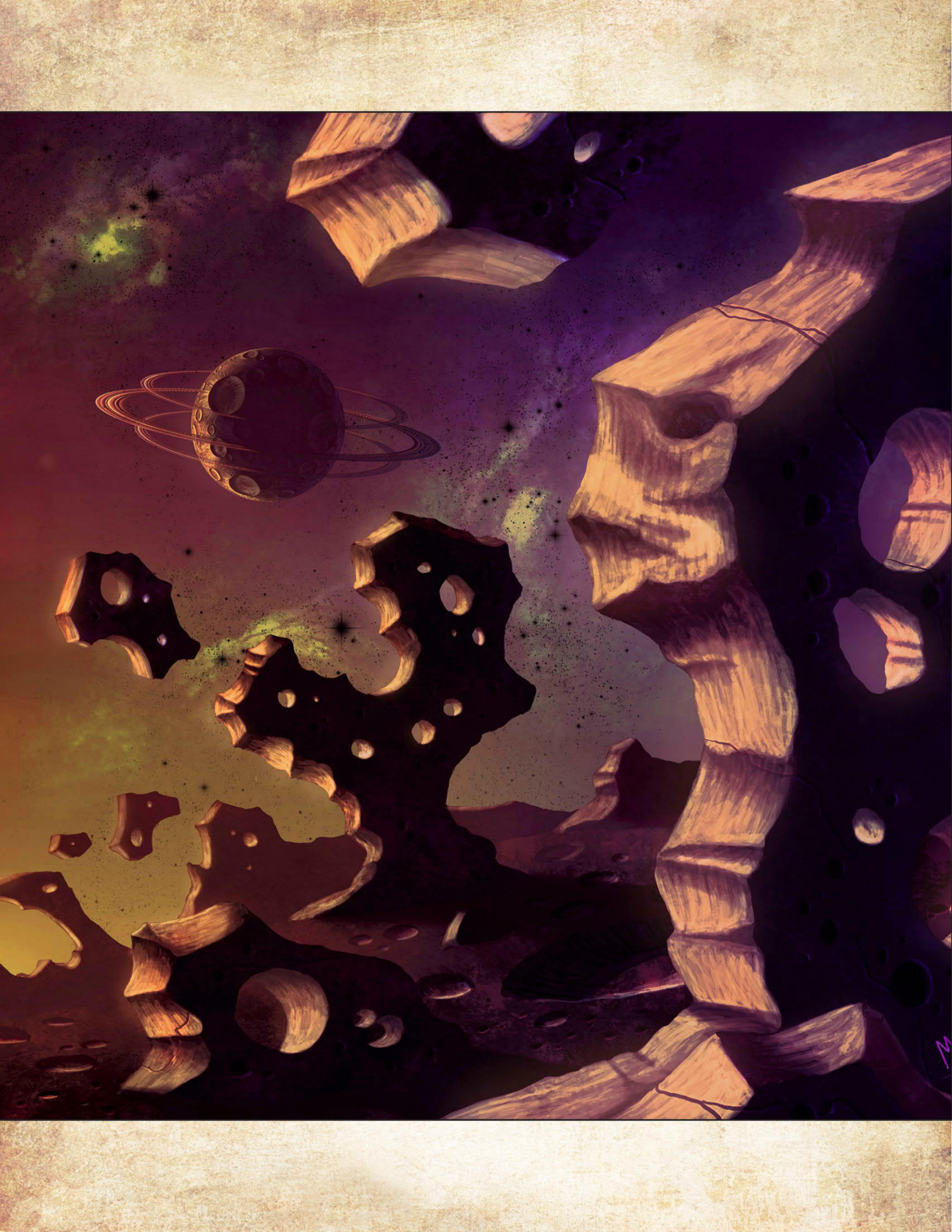


Ascenda'as



One Week
Travel Distance







Foreword

Damp Squid

Back again, eh? Another shot at love, another chance to inject life into **Cha'alt**... that eldritch, gonzo, science-fantasy, post-apocalyptic hot mess that you know you shouldn't be into, she's wearing too much makeup and too little clothing, the good girl in the sleazy part of town who just turned bad. You know better, don't you? This guilty pleasure might cost you...

A decade of marriage and five kids later, you look back and see there was a reason, it all meant something. A life was created for yourself, multiple lives. What's it all for, eh? The meaning of it... life, the universe, and everything? Perhaps life, the universe, and everything is its own meaning; to individually discover.

This is clearly a labor of love for me. I've put it all on the line to bring you what I hope is "a masterpiece of stupid gonzo fantasy" part 2. **Cha'alt: Fuchsia Malaise** has my heart, soul, time, energy, money, and marital bliss – all of it ground up into weird colored pulp and stretched to fit over a demon's face. It's a mask, revealing everything and leaving nothing on the table.

How to use it? **Fuchsia Malaise** could be a prequel or sequel or simply a companion to **Cha'alt**. Certainly, there are ties, strands of connective tissue. Characters in this one talk about **The Black Pyramid**. Magic items in the last book can readily be combined or countered by things found in the tome you're holding right now.

Did **Cha'alt** (the campaign setting) get bigger or smaller? That, I can't decide. Maybe both? Obviously, there's more content. But that content is such densely coiled illusion that it seems a narrower footprint that towers over everything surrounding it, like a singular skyscraper in the suburbs. And since that sky is fuchsia, all bets are off.

Together, these two volumes should give you enough material to lose yourself for years and years. Possibly a decade-long campaign? Maybe **Cha'alt** will give you five children for your pain and suffering. Because it is suffering that makes things great and worthwhile, creating feelings of love and happiness and contentment. Without suffering, everything is beige. And who wants to live in that fucking world?

Cha'alt: Fuchsia Malaise, along with its predecessor, should provide a richly bizarre experience to rival anything that has come before. When I say "should", I really mean it does. Otherwise, that devil owes me back my soul.

It's just as outrageous, drowning in pop-culture references, layered in religion, politics, parody, occultism, and esoteric wisdom. The dungeons are deadly, the environment hazardous, and the cities chock-full of exotic people, wares, and customs.

Few works are this extreme, this unbalanced, this frenetic... it's a fast-paced campaign that doesn't allow for boredom. That's what I like. Sensory overload. Too far is just the beginning. Three-fold... seven-fold! How do you know when you're done and enough is enough? When the asylum is so overrun with inmates that nobody thinks twice.

What I'm trying to say is this: not everyone's going to love **Cha'alt**. Hell, some guys don't like redheads! But that's their problem, isn't it? A much-needed paradigm shift has arrived, an enema, a manifesto, a revolution. Listen up, hoss, because Venger Satanis is about to give you an All Tomato! Find your own suffering and the beauty therein, use it to forge The Great Work. Whatever that means to you. Otherwise, GTFO.

Those player-characters who are about to die in the irradiated desert wastes? I salute you! Is it nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or should we simply kill 'em all and let the Old Ones sort 'em out?

Arcana imperii,

Venger As'Nas Satanis
Ipsissimus of Kort'thalis Publishing



Essentials

What's This Book All About?

Cha'alt: Fuchsia Malaise is the follow-up to my eldritch, gonzo, science-fantasy, post-apocalyptic campaign setting for O5R (OSR + 5e), published in 2019. This book is the second volume in what I hope is a trilogy, rounded out by volume three, *Cha'alt: Chartreuse Shadows*.

So, what's the meaning behind "fuchsia malaise"? After the apocalypse all but wiped civilization from the face of Cha'alt, humanoids entered the squalid rat-eating phase. Then zoth was discovered - a miracle substance worth a King's ransom in small quantities. As species from other planets and dimensions visited Cha'alt, people reached an equilibrium of prosperity what with all the golden age high-tech and magic resurfacing. But soon enough, the Cha'altian races were exploited - that optimism and zeal turned to boredom, aimlessness, and angst. Zoth-sucking machines were outlawed in favor of "manual" mining and refining the substance by hand.

An existential crisis simmered below the surface as the people became forced laborers, their free time spent on a recreational drug traded to them by off-worlders in exchange for zoth, after being refined into the spice mela'anj in the many factories across S'kbah. This drug, xanthium-138, is known to many on Cha'alt as fuchsia malaise because of its lethargic effect upon the planet's humanoid population. Those imbibing it stare up at the fuchsia sky for hours at a time, mesmerized, until forced to mine zoth after running out of their precious drug.

A desperate band of freedom fighters might be able to stop all this, striking the nerve center of alien control known as Elysium. Aside from planetary surveillance and housing a contingent of military troops, that's where xanthium-138 is manufactured. Destroying Elysium will cripple off-worlder subjugation, releasing the people of Cha'alt from slavery via mind-numbing addiction.

Will you be among those who stave off fuchsia malaise, or perhaps your adventuring party is full of cunning, amoral opportunists looking for a quick score?

Overview

This section you're currently reading, *Essentials*, has a lot of useful fragments, such as random tables, to be savored or tossed away as the GM wishes.

The next section, *Encounters*, contains a wealth of hooks, ideas, encounters, points of interest, and adventures to accommodate the PCs.

The third section is called *Scenarios* and includes all the extra material that will either help flesh out your version of **Cha'alt** or help you run it at the table. This entire book is a buffet of delicious content that you can take or leave depending on your whims. Everything is at your convenience, nothing is mandatory. You can leave entire swathes of content out of your **Cha'alt** campaign without breaking anything. The PCs should determine the adventure's path, where they go and what's important... any "story" that develops is borne upon their actions, not the GM or designer's syllabus.

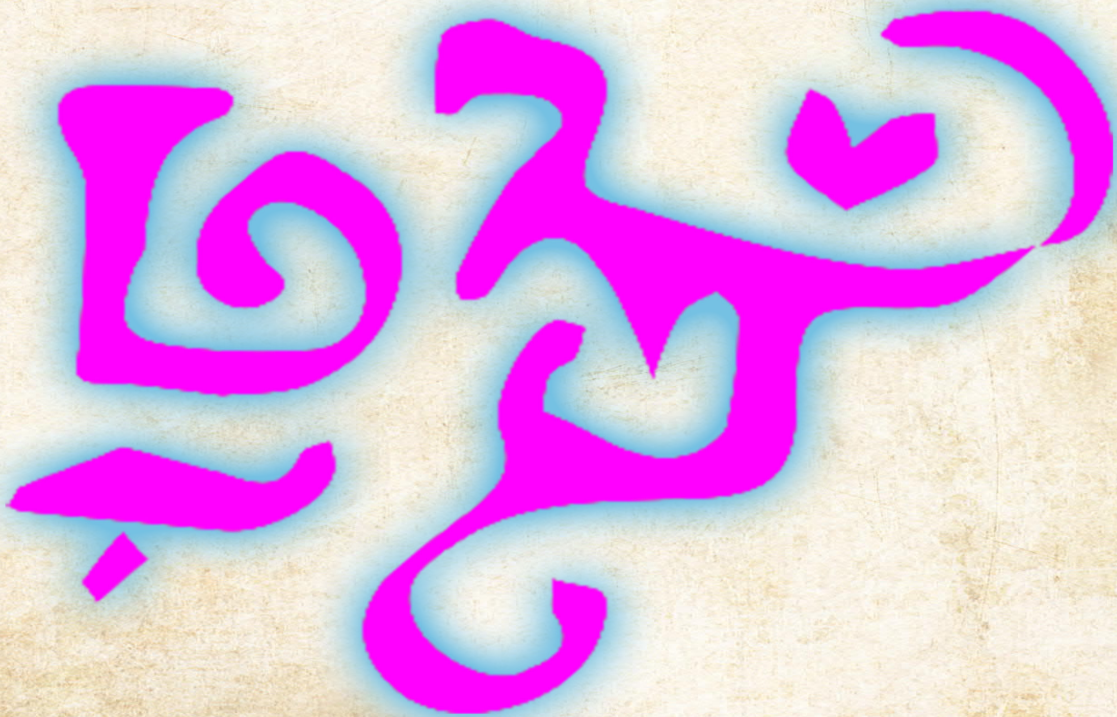
Going with the flow is just as important as rulings over rules. At any point, feel free to sift, winnow, tweak, assuage, and manipulate what lays before you until it feels right, like putty in your warlock hands, shaping the destiny of a virgin universe - only to be quickly deflowered by the players and their alter egos.

What's Happened?

Approximately 18 months have passed since prior events outlined in Cha'alt. Although, everything can run concurrently, if you wish. The independent spice frackers were ousted by a company that managed to win an exclusive mining contract from the Federation via lies, extortion, murder, and release of the highly contagious Ka'arona virus.

The off-worlders erected their base of operations, Elysium, in the open desert while drugging the native population into slave labor. Not only are they siphoning the planet's zoth but its moisture, as well. Cha'alt is even drier and less hospitable than it was a standard year ago, with new strangeness over every dune.

The Chartreuse Sea is gone, its dry riverbed full of various sunken treasures. Kra'adumek continues to struggle between its newfound freedom and former demon-worm domination. Violet and purple priests openly clash, summoning obscene aberrations as fearful citizens are sacrificed to monstrous gods. A'agrybah expands by the day, becoming a hub of civilization set against a vast desert of terrors. The struggle for survival continues.



Emerging Races of Cha'alt

Due to the apocalyptic end of nearly all non-human and non-elf races, there wasn't much to write about. Until, that is, the influx of humanoids from the parallel universe that opened up several moon-phases ago. The following are playable races for players who're looking for something different and flavorful.

Blue Velvet Elf

There aren't many blue velvet elves left on Cha'alt. A blue velvet elf will always be the most interesting person in the room. Their blue velvet skin keeps them literally and figuratively cool, but there's something else... maybe it's brain chemistry or pheromones or who knows what – blue velvet elves have stories to tell. Wild, insane, drama-filled stories of life lived on the edge.

- ☞ They gain a swagger bonus d4 to every d20 roll. They're THAT cool.
- ☞ Thrice per day, blue velvet elves can conjure dark electro-mystical tones, enhancing their "stage presence", granting them advantage on persuasion rolls.

- ☞ Anything bad that happens to one or more party members always affects the blue velvet elf.
- ☞ Blue velvet elves are hunted for their valuable pelts. Customers looking for a neo-noir lounge smoking jacket made out of blue velvet elf skin will pay handsomely.

Grog

Grogs are sand-constructs conjured by ancient wizards from another world. Unlike magical constructs of water, ice, fire, and flesh, those made of sand are well suited to Cha'alt and have thrived since their appearance.

- ☞ At-will, grogs can disassemble themselves into grains of sand and merge back into their humanoid form. This process takes a full round.
- ☞ The sand form of a grog also protects them from harm. Grogs take one point of Damage Reduction [DR] for every level. For example, at 1st level they have a single point of DR, whereas they'll have 5 points of DR at 5th level.
- ☞ Grogs cannot become sorcerers and sorcerers are not able to use these creatures to fuel their black arts. They have no souls. Similarly, infernal entities cannot possess sand-constructs.



Human & Half-Elf

Not much needs to be said about humanity. But for the purposes of this campaign setting, humans get an additional 2 HP per level.

Half-elves happen, as the saying goes. Where there are humans and elves, there will be a hybrid race. Physically, half-elves share features of both races. Pointy ears less prominent, faces not as angular, etc.

Half-elves pick exactly one benefit while taking on all the flaws and/or drawbacks of their particular elf subspecies. They also receive 1 additional HP per level due to their human heritage.

Vore

Part reptile, part bird, this brownish-green humanoid race is extremely tall, averaging 7'. Their body is both feathered and scaly. Like sky-elves, the vore can fly short distances.

- ☞ They have no mouths, communicating with both hand gestures and telepathy (within 50').
- ☞ Rather than ingesting food in the normal manner, the vore wrap leathery veined wings around living things and digest them through an unknown form of absorption, most likely acidic secretions, leaving only bones and a disgusting green slime in their wake.
- ☞ If an unsuspecting (small to medium) animal or humanoid is within 5' of a vore, these reptilian bird-men can make an attack roll. If successful, the victim must then roll a successful saving throw or be devoured. This process takes three full rounds to complete. A vore's appetite is not unlimited. Devouring man-sized prey can only be performed once every four hours.
- ☞ They can fly short distances, but cannot manage speeds above a leisurely walk on land.

V'symm

Once cursed by their infernal heritage, the v'symm used arcane wards to banish themselves outside time and space. Inexplicably, they wound up on Cha'alt.

- ☞ V'symm have seven eyes located in various areas on their head, but the entire head is encased in a bronze mask, for religious reasons (granting a +1 to AC). Not much is known about their spiritual beliefs, except that they adhere to the ancient ways, worshiping the Great Old Ones.
- ☞ Fortunately for the v'symm, their eyes are capable of seeing through solid objects, as long as they don't have magical properties. **The Black Pyramid's** "devil stone", for instance, is impenetrable. For this reason, it is extremely difficult to surprise the v'symm (2 in 6 chance of v'symm being ready for any kind of sneak attack or ambush).
- ☞ Their skin is an unsettling dark-red-violet hue covered by small ivory horns. These horns are prized above gold in some regions. The ivory trade being at its height, v'symm are routinely hunted by other humanoids. An adult v'symm would be worth something in the neighborhood of 500 gp just for his ivory.
- ☞ V'symm cannot travel for more than two hours at a time in the open desert or their bronze mask leads to heat stroke and exhaustion.



Morale (d6)

Battles occasionally end before everyone on one side or the other is vanquished. During combat, roll on the following random table to determine morale for enemy forces when...

- ☞ The leader dies.
- ☞ Half their forces have fallen.
- ☞ Something unexpectedly improves the PCs chances or decreases the enemy's chances

1	Surrender.
2	Immediately flee – opponents get an attack of opportunity.
3	Tactical retreat.
4	Disengage after taking another significant loss.
5	Stand their ground, but would rather surrender than die.
6	Fight to the death!

Reaction (d6)

If it's unclear how NPCs or intelligent monsters react to the adventurers, roll to determine their initial reaction (favorable circumstances +1).

1	Hostile
2	Hostile
3	Hostile
4	Neutral
5	Neutral
6	Friendly

Disguise (d6)

How well do the PCs blend into their surroundings? Thieves (and those with acting or infiltration backgrounds) get advantage.

1	You fool absolutely no one.
2	You'll be discovered after a couple minutes.
3	They're already highly suspicious, but you can pass if you don't have to say or do anything that'll give you away.
4	You fit right in, but one or more NPCs will become suspicious after spending more than 20 minutes in your company.
5	Everyone is convinced you're on the level.
6	You're the genuine article. Even your own mother wouldn't recognize you!

Enamored (d6)

If there's an NPC with obvious sex appeal, they could be a possible love-interest for one or more PCs. Certainly, the possibility exists for adventurers to become enamored of a Cha'alt vixen.

1-3	Not your type – PCs either don't find her attractive or just have other things on their mind.
4	Definitely maybe – One or more PCs find her attractive (save to avoid), but they're able to manage their affections.
5	Yes, please – One or more PCs (save to avoid) are smitten by her and will do anything, within reason, to have her.
6	I must have her... I must! One or more PCs will do everything in their power, no matter how ridiculous or costly, to make her theirs.

NPCs (d8)

The following are available, if not entirely willing, individuals ready for adventure. Maybe this assortment of 1st level riffraff is leaning up against **The Black Pyramid**... perhaps they're lounging outside the city walls of A'agrybah or refugees from a recently destroyed settlement, thanks to the off-worlders.

	Name	Class	Description	Motivation	Carrying
1	Yelguk	Fighter	Yellow skin; three eyes.	Get drunk and kill.	13 obsidian coins.
2	Arn	Fighter	Orange skin; tribal tattoos.	Free brother from gladiatorial pits.	9 talons; Glass eye from a sorcerer he killed years ago.
3	Pla'vek	Thief	Robes of the Violet Heresy.	Weasel his way into the assassin's guild.	bone dagger and violet-hued robes he stole from a Kra'adumek priest.
4	Menoosh	Thief	Dark-elf with cleft lip and missing 2 fingers.	Become a hero.	fist-sized emerald and thieves' tools.
5	Za'avina [F]	Cleric	Raven-haired moon-elf with machinegun arm.	Know the unknowable.	1 turquoise slab; 5 talons; book written in strange language.
6	Qa'atz	Sorcerer	Crimson-skinned demon; shaved head; black robes.	Attain power.	3 fire opals given to him by the Demon Lord Graema'ak.
7	Crenshaw	Fighter	Human from another world; blonde; bearded	Either find a way back home or run this joint.	14 talons; power cell; scimitar.
8	Ta'alev [F]	Sorcerer	Lime-green skin; shaved head; athletic	Revenge against off-worlders who slaughtered her people.	4 gp; topaz ring; canteen full of water.

Alignment (d4)

Want to know if a random NPC is an individualist, collectivist, somewhere in-between, or just doesn't give a fuck? Roll on the following random table.

1	Law – for the good of the group.
2	Chaos – for the good of the individual.
3	Neutral – sees both sides of the dichotomy.
4	Unaligned – has his own paradigm.

Hirelings, Henchmen, and Hangers-on (d4)

The PCs have an NPC entourage, or maybe just some guy they hired to care for the riding spiders. Either way, what do they do in a fight? You could decide on a course of action and roll for each one... or roll on this random table.

1	Flee, hide, or find cover (whichever seems most likely).
2	Engage the enemy, but nothing to show for it.
3	Five points of damage to the enemy.
4	Ten points of damage to the enemy.

Loyalty (d6)

If PCs acquire hired help, roll on this random table to determine how loyal they are to the party (+1 if the PCs are accommodating and generous; -1 if they're rude and stingy).

1	Will betray you at the drop of a hat.
2	Mostly unreliable.
3	Won't risk life and limb for anyone or anything.
4	Can be relied upon, unless treated poorly.
5	Reliable, unless betrayed.
6	Will always faithfully serve his friends, employers, and masters.

Typical Humanoid Stat-Block

If you don't want to just wing it, here's a stat-block for your typical humanoid on Cha'alt.

Humanoid

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +1
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

HP
10

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: If some detail pops into your head, go for it. Otherwise, use one or both of the NPC tables.

Treasure: 1d100 talons (citizen), gold pieces (adventurer), or credits (spacer).

Motivating Adventurers (d8)

Roll on the following random table to determine the reason why a particular individual wants to risk life and limb adventuring.

1	Glory – Acclaim, honor, and recognition! You want to be celebrated among the lower classes, your peers, and so-called betters. Attaining glory is proof of your triumph.
2	Justice – The world is not the way it should be. There are certain lines that should never be crossed. Civilization is the key to prosperity. You find solace in righting wrongs and dispensing justice.
3	Pleasure – Wine, women, and song. You're a hedonist. Nothing beats indulgence, whatever your tastes might be.
4	Wealth – He with the most gold wins! Money can buy practically anything and anyone. It insulates you from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. With enough treasure, nothing is beyond your grasp.
5	Influence – You wish to alter the course of world events, to be remembered, honored, and feared. Being at the center of things will ensure that you decide Cha'alt's future.
6	Vengeance – You're out to destroy, ruin, or bring down a particular individual, creature, family, faction, creed, or city. The chief motivation in life is your burning hatred. It keeps you going, fueling your resolve.
7	Knowledge – Perhaps the unknown fascinates you. Your desire to understand why things are the way they are overshadows everything else in your life. Knowledge is power!
8	Self-Mastery – People are like puppets on strings, and you despise that feeling... impotence. You wish to control the direction life takes. You want to do things, not have things done to you. You must awaken before attaining true will. That is your destiny.

Social Hierarchy (d6)

Roll on this random table to determine a person's station in life. This isn't so much what they were born into, but what they currently are.

1	Untouchable – Filthy, disease-ridden, and most likely grotesque peasants who are really only good for bringing down property values, lighting on fire, and target practice.
2	Slave – Owned by someone with means. There's always a chance that a fortunate slave might buy his freedom.
3	Beggar – These peasants have fallen on hard times. It may be a mental or physical issue preventing them from working as a laborer.
4	Laborer – They live by the sweat of their brow and soreness of their back... bricklayers and ditchdiggers; even gladiators fall into this category. Laborers don't make much, but it's enough to keep a roof over their head and food in their belly.
5	Professional – Possibly a carpenter, artist, architect, merchant, assassin, sorcerer, priest, thief, or soldier. Professionals have valuable skills, goods, or services to offer.
6	Elite – This category includes very powerful wizards, high priests, nobles, aristocrats, ambassadors, politicians, administrators, attendants of the royal court, captain of the guard, and the filthy rich. Roll again. If the result is another 6, it denotes a member of the extended royal family.

Death Is Not the End (d12)

Negative Hit Points doesn't have to mean the end of that character's life. Sure, PCs could die when they've reached their threshold, but what if there was a random table providing the chance for an alternative?

If defeated in battle, there's a chance the PCs survive. Assume they've been stripped of loot and restrained with only a few minutes until their fate is sealed.

1	Anyone unconscious or dying is finished off and their bodies desecrated most foul.
2	Anyone unconscious or dying is finished off, their bodies left to rot.
3	Anyone unconscious or dying is left on the field of battle to live or die as the Gods decree (save or die).
4	A single survivor (highest roll) is kept alive and questioned before being sold into slavery. Everyone else is finished off.
5	Any unconscious or dying humanoids are taken prisoner and sold into slavery.
6	Unconscious or dying humanoids are thrown before a massive creature who will feed upon them when it wakes.
7	Unconscious or dying humanoids are taken prisoner to be used for target practice.
8	Unconscious or dying humanoids are taken prisoner to be used as batteries by sorcerers.

9	Unconscious or dying humanoids are sent (deeper) into The Black Pyramid .
10	Unconscious or dying humanoids are either (1-3) experimented upon by novice cyber-surgeons or (4-6) used for spare parts by man-droids.
11	Unconscious or dying humanoids are tagged and released into the wild to be remotely studied by aliens.
12	Unconscious or dying humanoids are sacrificed to the Gods.

Cha'alt Names (d20)

The people of Cha'alt have strange sounding names. Roll on the following random table to determine an NPC's name.

	Male	Female
1	Ryl	A'anisha
2	Ka'asmir	Va'anya
3	Sha'an	Ja'ala
4	Ha'ag	Deska
5	Veesko	Irrance
6	Marote	Myrette
7	Quizlyk	Fra'ask
8	Kela'af	Arcadia
9	Va'ask	Aura
10	Traed	Alethea
11	Jeda'aki	Era
12	Kra'al	Saydeen
13	Saka'ar	Viridia
14	Ja'alal	Breela
15	Za'avi	Ellyra
16	Balanj	Treena
17	Rikerd	Leeta
18	Qa'alyd	Narrah
19	Druna'ad	Na'adika
20	Passio	Asena

Spacer Background (d8)

If you want a deeper backstory for spacer scum, randomly roll to determine why they're not working 9-to-5 in an office cubicle.

1	When your home-world, Sirius 7, was colonized by the Federation, your parents were killed. Revenge has been on your mind ever since.
2	You joined up with resistance fighters to aid the oppressed citizens on Rigel 4. Federation soldiers slaughtered everyone, leaving you for dead.
3	Zantek Minor was rich with mineral deposits the Federation needed for their endless colonization and war effort. Taxes increased seven-fold and your family couldn't pay. Your parents died in debtors' prison while you grew up in the Federation Training Academy.
4	After basic training, you were assigned to an exploratory starship. After several standard weeks of travel in deep space, you encountered an unknown alien civilization opposed to Federation expansion. You took a court-martial, instead of raining photon torpedoes on their vulnerable planet.
5	You were on a deep space salvage mission, close to the neutral zone. You became a convenient scapegoat when conflict broke out between the Federation and Vumorian Empire.
6	You were stationed at the Maruok Embassy when a dormir noble was assassinated. The embassy was destroyed - you escaped with your life, but your reputation shattered.
7	You were a member of the elite, and the Federation was kind to you. One day, the commodities market crashed because of insider trading to which the Federation turned a blind-eye. You lost everything and were forced to leave Kamalis Sigma.
8	Shortly after graduating from the Federation Training Academy, you became close friends with an eccentric humanoid named Malcolm Dune. After he was caught selling secrets to the zendra'asi, your reputation took a serious hit.

Reasons To Hate Off-Worlders (d6)

1	Priceless antiquities were stolen from your village by off-worlders.
2	Your village was burned to the ground by off-worlders.
3	The people from your settlement were enslaved by off-worlders.
4	Your loved ones were killed during an off-worlder raid.
5	You were forced to take fuchsia malaise until you became hopelessly addicted to it.
6	Cha'alt is noticeably more desolate and uninhabitable since the off-worlders began exploiting your planet's natural resources.

Battery Failure: Instead of keeping track of the individual charges contained within energy-cells and power-packs, use the 5% rule. If it's an attack roll, go with a natural 1. If there's no d20 involved, roll percentile dice with 5% chance that the machine runs out of juice then and there.

Tchotchke

So, the PCs have looted something awesome from a nearby tomb, pyramid, or underground city... now what? Chances are that someone or something will go after the artifact, relic, high-tech device, or whatever it is. Roll on the following random tables to determine who is coming for the PCs' new tchotchke and why.

Who? (d12)

1	Blagevech - An emissary of Tha'anos the Mauve Marauder.
2	Mister Roboto - Mysterious droid from the future – possible connection to The Black Pyramid god Vok-Yurd.
3	Z-78 – One of the few thieving-droids still functioning in the galaxy, the vast majority were recalled and deactivated by the Federation.
4	Jala'ak – An assassin from A'agrybah who traffics with devils and demons.
5	Thune – Za'akier (green-skinned tentacled humanoid) who crashed onto Cha'alt years ago. He was sleeping in his ship's hyper-sleep pod when a tremor damaged the pod, reviving him.
6	Pleb Vito – A petty S'kbah warlord who's spent a fair amount of time in The Black Pyramid . Pleb Vito is a true believer in the Black Acceptance. He's convinced that everything happens for a reason.
7	Vla'anz – Half-demon who just broke out of D-347, the most notorious Hell-prison of the lower realms. He heard about the PCs' tchotchke while serving time.
8	Subek – Sky-elf sorcerer who has secret information about the PCs' tchotchke. It's much more than it seems.
9	Graccon – Human mercenary being hunted by a templar named Halesthan. Graccon is working directly under the Elysium commander Vensor Reiki.
10	Ja'aznagok – A sun-elf worm-rider who knows the location of a Great Old One burial site, Thaqa'ath.
11	Iridessa – Demonic pixie-fairy who specializes in hunting down weird or powerful items of interest.
12	Praena – Alien humanoid with pink and orange stripes. She's the priestess of a nameless cannibal tribe from beyond the Dome City.

Why? (d10)

1	Sell it to the highest bidder.
2	Wants it for himself.
3	Wants it for his master.
4	Wants to destroy it.
5	Wants to make sure it doesn't fall into the wrong hands.
6	Why not?
7	Wants to impress a lover or potential mate.
8	Wants the PCs to suffer.
9	Believes it is divine or is part of some divinity.
10	Knows someone who can use the tchotchke to save Cha'alt from destruction.

Pandorum

The feelings of paranoia, anxiety, and general PTSD that comes with extended travel in the deep space of astral regions. Only wizards can journey into astral space, which is perhaps one reason why most of them are stark raving mad.

The following random tables will determine the potential benefits and drawbacks of travel within astral space.

Benefit (d6)

1	Spell Surge – The next spell the wizard casts is doubled in potency.
2	Insight – Something the wizard couldn't comprehend is now understood.
3	Assurance – Some entity or force has granted the wizard his blessing. He gains one point of Divine Favor (Advantage).
4	Scrying – The wizard can spy upon whomever he chooses, no matter where they are in the galaxy.
5	Scribe – The wizard can create his own unique spell [level determined by the GM].
6	Terrible Secret – The wizard discovers some dark truth about a humanoid whose name is known to the wizard. This disturbing revelation will undoubtedly rattle, if not ruin, the individual in question.

Drawback (d12)

1	Nothing – There is no drawback this time around.
2	Stowaway – Something from astral space has returned with the wizard (usually a small slimy and/or tentacled creature).
3	Memory Loss – For the next 1d4 hours, the wizard has no memory of anything more than his name.
4	Willpower Drain – The wizard loses 2d6 HP.
5	Deal With The Devil – In order to return home, the wizard made a bargain with some Lovecraftian abomination. Some task must be performed in the next 24 hours or else the wizard himself will be teleported to another dimension.
6	Death – The shock to his system was so great that he's brought to the precipice (save to avoid).
7-12	Pandorum – Paranoia grips the wizard's senses. For the next 1d4 hours, he trusts no one... not even himself. If not restrained, the wizard will most certainly lash out at companions, himself, and even his immediate environment (potentially devastating during space travel).

Fuchsia Malaise And You (d10)

How has the fuchsia malaise epidemic affected your life? Roll on the following random table to determine your previous interactions with the off-worlder drug.

1	You were addicted for a time. If fuchsia malaise is within sight, you must roll a saving throw to resist your urges.
2	You were a fuchsia malaise addict for a while. The things you saw, the things you did in order to get your next fix... they changed you.
3	You had a close relative who was hopelessly addicted to fuchsia malaise. You saw their degeneration up close and personal.
4	A third of your settlement died from a chemical defect in the drug.
5	Practically everyone from your settlement was hooked on fuchsia malaise... they've gone from slaves to vegetables.
6	You nearly died from overdosing. An alien picked you up off the sand and got you clean.
7	Your significant other kept taking fuchsia malaise until there was nothing left. Now, they just stare up at the sky... empty.
8	You've been taking fuchsia malaise for a few weeks. Already addicted, you struggle to remain yourself as the drug takes you further down the path of obsolescence.
9	You only pretend to imbibe the narcotic. Fuchsia malaise has reduced the natives of Cha'alt to empty-headed dreamers. You won't go down that road.
10	You have no direct connection with fuchsia malaise.

Fuchsia Haze (d12)

The effects of fuchsia malaise oscillate wildly, usually lasting about three hours per hit.

What stage are you currently in? Roll on the following random table to determine where you're at with regards to xanthium-138.

1	You seem to be lucid and feel more or less normal.
2	You're dazed and confused.
3	Euphoria.
4	Mild nausea.
5	Mild anxiety and/or paranoia.
6	Unbridled creativity.
7	Uncontrollable laughter.
8-12	Deep into the fuchsia haze, you just stare at the sky.

Dehydration (d12)

Elysium halted years of independent spice fracking that sucked up half the planet's zoth, which is why they were greeted with open arms initially.

Unfortunately, Elysium soon began stealing all of Cha'alt's moisture, zoth and water alike, once they established a foothold. The result has been severe water shortages. Dehydration has harmful effects on humanoid life, making survival harder and clean water almost as precious as zoth.

Everyone who's gone more than a day without water should roll on the following random table.

1	Headache – Extreme discomfort and difficulty concentrating
2	Dry skin – Looks rough and prone to itching, peeling, flaking, or scaling. Disadvantage on all charisma-based rolls.
3	Dizziness – During periods of high-activity, there's a 1 in 6 chance per round of becoming so dizzy that no action can be taken.
4	Lethargy – When at rest, lethargic individuals will tend to stay at rest. Must succeed in a saving throw to leap into action.
5	Fatigue – Lose 1d4 HP per hour.
6	Fainting – In-between moments of action, there's a 1 in 6 chance of falling unconscious.
7	Seizures – Every hour (roll at random intervals), there's a 1 in 20 chance of having a seizure where no action can be taken for one turn.
8	Fever – Disorientation can make you see things. The GM may intersperse your perception with mild hallucinations.
9	Shock – You're unable to properly process what's happening. In stressful situations, there's a 1 in 6 chance of going into shock; no action can be taken for one turn.
10	Susceptible – You can be talked into things easier than normal. Disadvantage when trying to resist what you're being told.
11	Weakness – You are physically weakened. All physical actions are at a Disadvantage.
12	Vulnerability to magic – Those resisting the effects of magic have Disadvantage on saving throws.



Murder-Hobo Regrets

Humanoids have souls and probably a conscience... even surly self-serving survivalists having a shit day. After an irredeemable act of murder-hoboism, humanoids must do something to mitigate the damage to their soul. Demons and elves are exempt as demons have no soul and elves have seven souls.

If no act of contrition occurs, willing murder-hobo participants are plagued with nightmares that evening. Such fitful sleep takes away all states of Advantage the following day.

- ☹ Say a prayer for the fallen.
- ☹ Notify the victim's next of kin.
- ☹ Shed a solitary tear.
- ☹ Inconsolable weeping.
- ☹ Give money to charity.
- ☹ Helping someone in need.
- ☹ Staying thy wrathful hand.
- ☹ Pro-bono mercenary work.
- ☹ Honoring the victim's memory in some way.
- ☹ Murder one of your victim's enemies.
- ☹ Take your victim's spouse or lover as your own.
- ☹ Make sure their children are cared for.
- ☹ Carve their name upon the underside of the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice.



Racial Familiarity: Being the same race is like belonging to a similar faction. The shared background helps bring people together. It's generally assumed that individuals having the same race will have a positive reaction, rather than initial discord. But even with strong ties, nothing is unbreakable. Occasionally, familiarity breeds contempt.

Faction Beliefs (d20)

1	The Black Acceptance – There is a deeper meaning hidden from the casual glance.
2	The Black Disarray – There is no rhyme or reason to why things are the way they are.
3	Gnostic – Humanoids are the secret gods, but lost and flailing – held down by monstrously divine beings who keep us all imprisoned in this false reality.
4	The Caba'al – The acquisition of magic items is of primary importance, as magic items are the instruments of the gods.
5	Atheism – The gods do not exist, not really. Instead, there's some logical answer for the unexplainable.
6	Watchmaker – Although the gods exist, they're not around to assist mankind or even hear our prayers. The gods are more like an absentee landlord.
7	Socialist – They believe the means of production should be owned by the community. Government should influence everyday life.
8	Communist – The means of production must be owned by the state. Government should run everyone's life.
9	Fascism – Only one faction should rule and they should rule totally. Racial and/or national considerations come before the individual.
10	Anarchist – There's virtually no authority or governance. Everyone is free to do anything they want. Such a vacuum of power is inevitably filled, leading to massive abuses.
11	Traditionalist – They attempt to keep the old ways alive and well. Traditionalists are more likely to practice sorcery and worship the Old Ones.
12	Revolutionary – They believe the current way of doing things should be torn down in favor of something new and radical.
13	Tribalism – Various factions try to live in harmony with each other, respecting customs and boundaries. Inter-tribal warfare flares up from time to time.
14	Alienist – This faction believes that alien beings and/or culture are inherently superior and Cha'alt should learn to be more like those from beyond the stars.
15	Sorcery – Spell-casters should be in charge, and non-sorcerers relegated to second-class citizens.
16	Wormist – The sand-worms are protective of Cha'alt, and somehow help to preserve its precious zoth. Is there a connection between the sand-worms and Great Old Ones?
17	Pro-Tech – Technology is essential to rebuilding Cha'alt and becoming a force in the galaxy.
18	Con-Tech – Technology will only lead to humanoid slavery. In the short term, it seems that high-tech devices help mankind. But in the long term, technology will dominate organic life.
19	Demonolatry – Also known as Infernalism, this belief system places demonkind above all others. Demons were here before mankind. They are part of Cha'alt in a way that ordinary humanoids could never understand.
20	The Black Pyramid – The epicenter of Cha'alt is The Black Pyramid . It is the proving-ground for those who would test themselves. To the natives of this planet, it is the most culturally significant place in the entire world. It is Mecca for the darkly religious – merely traversing the desert to The Black Pyramid is a sacred pilgrimage.



NPC Traits (d100)

Perhaps it's a mutation, genetic variance, or something else entirely. No matter the case, these unusual traits will give your NPCs a little something to make them stand out from the crowd.

If there's a prominent NPC in the scene, or merely an NPC the adventurers are interacting with, roll on the following random table to determine their noteworthy trait. Most are gender neutral, a few are gender specific. If what you rolled doesn't seem to fit, simply use the result above or below, instead.

1	Tongue Ripped Out – Can only make guttural sounds.
2	Branded as a Heretic – Literally the glyph of heresy seared into his flesh so that everyone will know he speaks only lies about the gods.
3	One-Eyed – Something happened to the other eye along the way.
4	Instigator – He's more likely to start trouble when most people would be walking on eggshells.
5	Obnoxiously Ingratiating – So self-effacing while talking others up with praise and compliments that it's off-putting.
6	Faithful – Always keeps the gods in his heart, prays often, keeps ka'asher, fasts on the sa'abath, never blasphemes, etc.
7	Clever, But Not – Tries ever so hard to be cunning, sly, and subtle... but his plans are either the most obvious thing in the world or so ridiculously stupid that it shakes people to their core.
8	Can't Help Stealing – If there's something worthwhile left unattended, he'll try to pocket it.

9	Only a Mother Could Love – His face is a twisted mass of flesh. In fact, he's hard to look at in full daylight – really gross.
10	Lost a Limb – Years ago, he lost an arm or leg in battle.
11	Slow Metabolism – He's as big and round as a boulder and just as fast... assuming the boulder is sitting in the middle of a crater.
12	Forgetful – Both his short and long-term memory are shot. He needs constant reminders, otherwise he'll forget what he was doing, is doing, or was about to do.
13	Death-Wish – Puts himself in harm's way, even when there's absolutely no reason for it. Almost as if he's trying to get killed.
14	Zero Fucks – Not trying to get himself killed, but at the same time, just doesn't care one way or the other. Undaunted in the face of fear.
15	Magenta Cat – He owns a cat with magenta fur. The cat is really something, visually, personality, etc. By comparison, he's nothing to write home about. The only reason you notice this NPC is because of his magenta cat.
16	Destined for Greatness – He's convinced he has a great destiny to fulfill. Something about him has the rapt attention of the gods... it's just a matter of time.
17	Destined for Mediocrity – No matter what this guy does, it's just not impressive.
18	Practically Deaf – He's hard of hearing. You either have to say things at least 3 times or shout them for him to hear you.

19	Are You Experienced? – If it is consciousness altering, he'll imbibe it. If it'll get him drunk, high, up, down, or sideways, he wants to experience it. Right now!
20	Flashbacks – He experiences vivid recollections of his past. These are usually violent hallucinogenic episodes that lead to confusion and people getting stabbed.
21	Fancy – He has expensive taste, always wanting to enjoy the finer things in life. If someone else is paying or he can put it on his tab, he'll splurge for the best of the best.
22	Joker – Laughs uncontrollably at odd or inappropriate times. His laughter usually comes across as unnerving and creepy.
23	Tall – He towers over every one of his race.
24	Short – Every one of his race feels tall next to him.
25	Moody – Will sometimes feel anger or sadness or intense longing for no apparent reason.
26	Daydreamer – Constantly fantasizing about things that have nothing to do with his day to day life.
27	Optimistic – Generally believes things will work out for the best.
28	Pessimistic – Generally believes things will turn out for the worst.
29	Delusional – He thinks things are happening that are clearly not happening, or vice-versa.
30	Weird Eyes – Something about his eyes are strange – the color, size, or soul within is extremely uncommon.
31	Color Blind – Has difficulty distinguishing between colors, notably red and green.

32	Once A Newt – He got turned into a newt ages ago, but he got better.
33	Constantly Reading – He always has a book on him, and reads it whenever there's a dull moment.
34	Braggart – He's always bragging about his conquests – from the mountains he's climbed to the women he's mounted.
35	Artist – He likes art, talking about it and creating it. Has a paintbrush or crayon behind his ear.
36	Stand-Up Comic – Continually presents funny and interesting perspectives on life.
37	Nietzschean Moustache – He's got the bushiest moustache of anyone you've ever met.
38	Incredibly Handy – Give this guy a few rudimentary tools and he can build you practically anything in a couple hours.
39	Musician – He can play an instrument really well, most likely the zita'ar.
40	Cook – She knows the culinary arts and her way around the kitchen.
41	Esotericist – Believes there's a war being waged, but on a deeper level. Humanoids are merely pawns, enslaved and imprisoned by unknowable gods.
42	Gnostic – Knows the truth behind the reality's shallow façade. Humans are merely disillusioned gods being held down by hostile universal forces.
43	Cultist – Probably won't come right out and say it, but he's devoted to the Great Old Ones and will sacrifice anyone he has to in order to awaken them.

44	Writer – He can put words together in a satisfactory way; a wordsmith that entertains and illuminates with his prolific prose.
45	Crotchety – He's too old for this shit, and doesn't have a problem telling you about it.
46	Android – Looks human but after several minutes in its presence, you can definitely tell it's a droid of some sort.
47	Replicant – More human than human. It's possible that even the replicant doesn't know he or she isn't flesh and blood.
48	Antennae – Has insectoid antennae that can sense movement, weather patterns, and possibly even danger.
49	Plantlike – Part of him is a plant, perhaps cactus spines, flower petals, moss flesh, or vines instead of veins.
50	Leopard – Has the spots of a leopard all over his body.
51	Sensitive Hearing – Can hear things no one else can.
52	Suggestible – You can change his mind quite easily; all it takes is a few words.
53	Out of Phase – Every so often, his body phases into another dimension for a few seconds.
54	Lights Out – When in the presence of sun-elves (30' radius), the light from their skin is snuffed out.
55	Elvish Drain – Unconsciously, he ever-so-slowly drains the lifeforce from nearby elves (30' radius) at a rate of 1 HP every half-hour.

56	Electrical Current – He can generate static electricity quite easily, enough to shock people if desired (5' radius and 1 point of damage).
57	Sardonic – Grimly mocking and cynical, probably sarcastic, as well.
58	Anti-Social – Keeps to himself; won't willingly talk to or socialize with anyone.
59	Chameleon – The color of your skin blends into surrounding colors of the environment.
60	Long Legs – Incredibly fast – if everyone is running for their lives, he'll get eaten last.
61	Third Eye – Has an actual third eye in the middle of his forehead.
62	Ladies' Man – Good with women, in and out of the bedroom.
63	Hipster – He follows the latest trends and fashions, especially those considered outside the mainstream.
64	Tiger Striped – Has the stripes of a tiger running down his body.
65	Skull-Face – His face is literally a skull.
66	Scales – Greenish-gray, reptilian scaly flesh.
67	Face Tendrils – Instead of a mouth, this humanoid has small, thin tentacles wriggling about.
68	Gold Mask – He never takes off his golden mask... an unsettling visage normally reserved for human sacrifices.
69	Two Chicks – His deepest desire is to have sexual congress with two women at the same time.
70	Serpentine Eyes – Has the eyes of a snake, sinister yellow with black slits.
71	Sky Clad – Skin is fuchsia in color, just like the sky of Cha'alt.

72	Lunar Tan – Skin is purple in color, just like the moons of Cha’alt.
73	Zoth Touched – Skin is chartreuse in color, just like ichor of the Old Gods.
74	Year of the Dragon – His birthdate was auspicious, perhaps relating to an obscure prophecy...
75	Cyber Arm – He has a robotic arm; lost his original arm in the battle of Tula’ak.
76	Pebble Flesh – Flesh has a tumorous, stone-like appearance on one side of his body and face.
77	Misshapen Head – Bald with an elongated and weird-shaped cranium.
78	Tattooed – His body has been marked with ink or permanent dye – strange symbols and glyphs.
79	Tentacles – These tentacles are very distinctive, turquoise with copper-colored splotches.
80	Emerald Blood – His blood, if spilled, is a vibrant emerald-green hue.
81	Mannered – Always acts courteous, refined, and culturally appropriate.
82	Iguana – He never goes anywhere without his pet iguana, Alex.
83	Post-Carbonite – Not too long ago, he was frozen in carbonite for habitually exposing himself to ladies of the court.
84	Star-Burns – His sideburns are shaved into a star-like pattern.
85	Burn Victim – The majority of his flesh was very badly burned; the flame scars are still visible.
86	Scarf – He wears an extremely long, colorful scarf.
87	No Legs – His upper half is transported around on a Mark III Travel Machine.

88	The Struggle – Continually reminds others of their suffering, as well as his own. “There can be no path to greatness if we do not suffer along the way.”
89	Three Vaginas – Whether by surgery or natural means, she’s a tri-vag. Her vaginas are named Larry, Curly, and Moe.
90	Pink Hair – She has long braids of pink hair.
91	Soup Slurp – It always sounds like he’s slurping soup – not just when soup is being consumed.
92	Scarlet Robes – Wears the scarlet robes of a Keeper of Doom... 1) stolen, 2) gift, 3) found, or 4) actual Keeper of Doom.
93	Seashells – Always carries the three seashells with him when traveling because you never know. “It’s better than a bidet!”
94	Clone – He’s a clone or an exact copy of himself, just not the original.
95	Idiom – Can frequently be heard saying, “By the fuchsia slime of the sky demon!”
96	Cheese – Has several individually wrapped slices of cheese on his person at any given time.
97	Serial Killer – When he’s not being watched, this guy likes to secretly murder innocent people.
98	Master of Disguise – If there’s the slightest provocation for wearing a disguise, this guy already has his eyebrow glue out and ready. “The nose plays!”
99	Expensive Smile – Has a prominent gold tooth.
100	When You Say “Wisconsin”, You’ve Said It All – He’s part badger.

How Useful Is This NPC? (d100)

The adventurers will come across many NPCs in their travels. Every once in a while, an NPC will have hidden value... another reason to keep them around, instead of simply murdering them.

Roll on the following table to determine if the NPC in question is of use.

1	He has vital information about the off-worlders and Elysium.
2	He knows about a nearby magic item.
3	He's aware of a nearby high-tech device.
4	He has a lot of general information about the area.
5	He has specific information about this area.
6	He has esoteric knowledge of no obvious value... yet.
7	He knows a secret about a powerful individual or faction leader.
8	He knows where to find useful information.
9	He has a vast understanding of the cosmos, making him the wisest person you know.
10	If something bad has befallen a friend or comrade, he'll know a way to help.
11	He's close to someone in power (friend, relative, lover, etc.).
12	He's the second-in-command or shaman of a local faction or tribe.
13	He used to know everything there was to know about the Old Gods of Cha'alt.
14	He's been to The Black Pyramid a couple times.
15	He used to be a cult leader.

16	He has a keen eye for appraising precious stones.
17	He works for a notorious brothel in A'agrybah.
18	His brother-in-law owns a tavern in A'agrybah.
19	He used to apprentice for Vromka'ad the sorcerer.
20	Knows about the Key to Time .
21	Knows about the Gemstones of Ultimate Power .
22	He is a skilled painter, and just completed the Mural of Infinite Omnipotence on the golden wall of A'agrybah.
23	Has been to the Gamma Incel Cantina many times.
24	Has the power to communicate with plants.
25	Has knowledge of A.I. programing.
26	He's an excellent cook.
27	Has escaped from twenty-two prisons.
28	Speaks many different languages.
29	Has studied a wide variety of customs during his time on Cha'alt.
30	He repairs droids for a living.
31	Knows how to hypnotize people.
32	Worships the Great Old Ones.
33	Professional gambler, specializing in zaba'ak.
34	Skilled surgeon.
35	Skilled cyber-surgeon.
36	Used to live in the Dome City.
37	Alchemist.
38	Former wizard's apprentice.
39	Amateur quantum physicist.
40	Can drink anyone under the table.
41	Former Elysium guard who deserted on ecological grounds.
42	Has been to the Cave of Wonders, but only as far as he dared – everywhere gold and jewels.

43	Knows adventurers who met the Wizard of AAZ.
44	He made one or more significant contributions to the author's Great Work.
45	Always has a pen.
46	Empath who can see and talk to the recently deceased. "Their energy signatures have not yet moved on."
47	Knows of a water cache not far from here.
48	He's from Earth and has seen every Troma movie ever made.
49	Descended from Tara'ak. She comes from a long line of warriors, and will avenge those who've suffered by evil hands.
50	Skilled starship pilot.
51	Can sleep through anything (1-3); light sleeper (4-6).
52	Is able to track those with psionic abilities.
53	She knows how to please her man.
54	He's a replicant... stronger, faster, and smarter than an ordinary humanoid.
55	He's a former bartender and can make just about any kind of drink imaginable.
56	Has contacts in Ascenda'as.
57	Has contacts in A'agrybah.
58	Has contacts in Kra'dumek.
59	Has contacts in Ja'alette.
60	Has contacts in the Dome City.
61	Has contacts in The Black Pyramid .
62	Brews his own beer.
63	He has an honest face and no scruples whatsoever.
64	He's a sorcerer.
65	He's great with plants; always remembers to water them, sings to them, etc.

66	He can type at 60 words per minute.
67	He's a drug dealer.
68	Has his own starship, but it's a rental.
69	He knows these bi-sexual girls who are a sure thing.
70	Has vivid nightmares almost every night, and sometimes what he sees comes true.
71	He can fast for 24 hours without a problem.
72	He's been training adventurers for decades.
73	He can get tickets to any show you want to see.
74	He knows "the author" personally, and carries a signed copy of his book wherever he goes.
75	She wears an obscene amount of gorgeous jewels (all of it is costume jewelry).
76	He's a spy for one of the noble houses of A'agrybah.
77	He was taken as a child, kidnapped by servants of a clown-worm. A year later, he was found by the gold gates but has no memory of what took place while a prisoner of the clown-worm.
78	He always has the perfect insult at just the right moment.
79	She's an amateur astrologer (Mercury's in gatorade).
80	He never gives up, even when all is hopeless.
81	He has a foolproof algorithm for the Federation stock exchange, believing it can yield millions of credits from an initial 10,000 credit investment.
82	His touch inexplicably turns gold into turquoise.

83	He has a fist-sized orange crystal that, when placed upon a pylon's matrix table, re-sets Cha'alt to its original factory settings.
84	He's wearing a crystalline gauntlet with seven gem-sized facets. This gauntlet is a science-fantasy fusion capable of housing the Gemstones of Ultimate Power .
85	He's an accountant; really good at numbers with an eye for shielding taxable income.
86	He has several cassette tapes on relaxation. In stressful situations, he shouts "Serenity now!"
87	He can go all night and never get tired or flaccid.
88	Chess prodigy, did some light programming on k-series chess games years ago.
89	He has a ragged suitcase filled with clown attire, makeup, and accessories.
90	He has a secret but is reluctant to tell anyone. Yesterday, he found the severed ear of a blue velvet elf in the desert.
91	He's a level [1d12] laser-lotus of Reformed Neo Buddhism, and will point out the color blurple with the least provocation.
92	She's actually the sorceress Thanta in disguise, as wicked as she is powerful.
93	He offers a nearly endless supply of jelly-babies to new acquaintances.
94	She's some weird elf subspecies. Her skin coloring is a bizarre magenta, teal, and lilac paisley pattern.
95	He's the master of yo-yo, and has a different yo-yo each time the PCs encounter him.

96	He carries a plumbus with him. A plumbus may just be the most widely known and user-friendly tool in the entire universe, so no need to state the obvious.
97	She has 1d4 fresh power-packs and energy-cells in her back pocket.
98	She has a fist-sized aqua crystal that, when placed upon a pylon's matrix table, will turn all the sand on Cha'alt into water. Go from Mad Max to Water World real quick!
99	He used to be a slave to the psychotic chess-droid Ba'al K6-22, but escaped into the desert. While enslaved, he found out about a scheme to build a new and more powerful version, Ba'al K6-23. During his travels, he picked up 1d4 chess pieces to protect himself.
100	He serves Ara'ak-Zul and paints himself black with orange fracture lines when at least three moons are full. A way to bring the God of Na'akai forth is known to him – a spell requiring the sacrifice of one-hundred-and-eleven humanoids upon the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice.





MMK 20

Crazed Drug Induced Visions

There's a lot of stuff you can imbibe on Cha'alt, such as ayahua'asca. Some of it will drive you to the brink of madness... if you're lucky.

Roll on the following tables to determine what kind of hallucination is experienced, and the temporary aftermath (lasts 1d4 + 1d12 hours).

Hallucination Experienced (d6)

1	You're painting with an invisible brush, but everything you paint turns crimson, magenta, turquoise, and emerald-green. Eventually, the colors attack each other as your brush-strokes become increasingly violent. A cacophony of obscene hues dissolve the universe into everlasting chaos!
2	You're wandering a museum filled with strange exhibits, many of them seem alien to you, such as a display of faceless mannequins. In one shadowy corner of the museum, a movie is projected onto a white wall. The motion picture depicts an attractive woman attempting to seduce a young man. The couple are interrupted by a vampire hunter. "How dare you interrupt my nightly feeding," she says with fangs bared. At that point, you notice the mannequins are creeping up behind you...
3	Everyone turns into an insect of some kind; the metamorphosis is gross. Their mandibles drip slime and you can hear them masticating. The seeping ooze is like a whisper to your brain, reminding you of the unfathomable horrors lurking just below reality itself. A disembodied voice states "We're all bugs, Brian." It's creepy because his name (probably) isn't Brian.
4	Your mother calls from a distant room. Moving toward her, you realize that your feet are green tendrils breaking apart from the rest of your legs. From above, you can see the entire desert. A gargantuan fuchsia-hued creature covers the twin suns... its darkness flows over your mind as everything is absorbed into blackness.
5	You're in the hospital, but discover it's been overtaken by malevolent plant-life. The doctors need to operate on you, but are only allowed to use twigs and small branches for surgery. While on the operating table, your insides are described as crawling with maggots. The maggots have tentacles that stretch the skin until it splits wide open. Inside is a black void. One of the doctors falls into the void... never to be seen again.
6	A religious ceremony taking place in the deep desert. Nomadic tribes start a bonfire, warming the night air. Humanoid prisoners are paraded through camp. The deep-purple sky shimmers as a cannibal feast begins. You're forced to eat a man's liver and back-flesh. The texture of the meat, the way it feels in your mouth... you immediately spit it out. The cannibals look more like ghouls in the violet moonlight. They reach out for you, grasping at your flesh!

Hallucination Aftermath (d8)

1	A deathlike feeling overwhelms you, shutting your body down (except for essentials, such as breathing). Consciousness does not return for 2d4 hours.
2	There's no apparent after effect.
3	You no longer trust in humanity. No one is who he seems to be. Everyone is a stranger as feelings of isolation grow.
4	The bizarre sensations made you feel like you've never felt before. You need to revisit those feelings... drink deeply of that particular drug again and again.
5	Any time you encounter something unsettling, your mind is cast back into that loathsome hallucination – it seems impossible to break free.
6	Free-floating anxiety haunts you, causing the belief that something terrible is going to happen to you at any moment... probably involving a slimy tentacled horror from beyond.
7	You have a good, positive feeling... like everything is going to be alright. Gain a bonus 1d6 to any one roll made in the next 8 hours.
8	You feel like you've overcome some kind of obstacle or impasse that's been weighing you down or holding you back [gain a level].



Ayahua'asca comes from boiling the fuchsia flame cactus, known for its gorgeous and flamboyant coloring. In order to be most effective, ayahua'asca should be applied directly onto one's bones. However, if exposed bone is not available, applying it to an open wound will suffice. It's a psychedelic trip that puts your dark passenger in the driver's seat.

What Does The Demon Offer You? (d12)

When three of Cha'alt's seven moons are purple and ascendant in the fuchsia sky, the mouths of Hell open wide. During such auspicious occasions, infernal beings feel compelled to trade favors with mortals. Infernal beings will tempt you with all sorts of tantalizing delights. The following random table determines what the demon has or is willing to offer.

1	Magic item (roll again, if the result is either a 1 or 12, the demon offers an artifact or relic).
2	Divine favor (either 3 points for an individual or 1 for each member of the party).
3	Introduction to powerful humanoids.
4	Restoring a sorcerer's life force after casting a wish spell.
5	Secret information that will tip the scales.
6	Business opportunity.
7	Dominion over a small region of Cha'alt.
8	Personal power and experience (gain a level).
9	Plutonium nyborg (space cocaine).
10	Revenge against a hated foe.
11	Riches – gemstones, jewelry, and gold (up to a value of 1,000 gp).
12	Demonic clone (exact copy of yourself, but also bears infernal markings).

Demonic Favors (d20)

You owe one or more infernal beings a favor... paying them back for goods delivered or services rendered. The following random table determines the favor they're calling in. The devil in question desires that you...

1	Kill a specific humanoid.
2	Raid a settlement.
3	Commit an act of blasphemy.
4	Commit an atrocity.
5	Steal an artifact or relic.
6	Destroy... 1) the sunken library, 2) golden wall of A'agrybah, 3) dark-elf city Ba'al-Tan, or 4) Crimson Rock of Sacrifice.
7	Slay an abhorrent creature.
8	Rescue someone of value.
9	Rescue a settlement in danger.
10	Make a sacrifice.
11	Donate 1,000 gold pieces worth of treasure to a sect of demon worshipers.
12	Find out about a specific situation, such as why the ivory traders are after a particular sky-elf?
13	Convince several humanoids to worship the demon.
14	Establish a new religion in the demon's name.
15	Take on a new apprentice who is related to the demon or one of his priests.
16	Either alleviate (1-3) or sow (4-6) suspicion on a prominent humanoid.
17	Investigate the murder of the demon's High Priest and deliver retribution.
18	Blind a seer by the name of Mokru Aba'as, living in A'agrybah.
19	Construct a shrine, temple, or sacred place devoted to the demon.
20	Conceive a child with a woman while whispering the demon's name in her ear.

NPC Interactions (d20)

Some players are really into social interaction. Maybe they just want to roleplay, or perhaps they're pixel-bitching for possible clues, hooks, or just extra information about the world.

Here's a random table to determine what happens when PCs are constantly interacting with NPCs, and nothing comes to mind.

1	The NPC quickly turns out to be a loud-mouthed jerk.
2	The NPC doesn't want to be seen talking to the adventurers.
3	The NPC has important stuff to do, no time for chatting.
4	The NPC only converses in order to distract adventurers for their imminent assault and robbery.
5	The NPC is extremely boring. He talks about the life of a desert-gatherer... rising at the crack of dawn, searching for cacti or bits of metal half-sunk into the sand, etc. "Last week, there was a shiny thing a few hours northeast of here. Turns out it was just crumpled up tinfoil, though."
6	The NPC gets attacked just as the conversation gets going.
7	As the conversation with the NPC progresses, someone runs up and asks the PCs for their help.
8	The NPC (at the behest of their lord) probe the adventurers for information, subtly learning their strengths, weaknesses, motivations, goals, plans of attack, etc.
9	One of the NPCs has a touch of the plague - reddish spots, boils, puss, and bits keep falling off. It's only slightly contagious.
10	The NPC is drunk and easily enraged. He loves brawling.
11	The NPC quickly finds the adventurers irritating or off-putting in some way, and lets the PCs know.
12	The NPC is looking for action - some kind of sleazy or sexual encounter.
13	The NPC is a fan, idolizing the adventurers and wanting autographs, war stories, and charcoal renderings of the PCs and NPC together.
14	The NPC has narcolepsy, falling asleep mid-conversation. Any companions present need to help their sleeping friend to a nearby bed.
15	The NPC is a demon in disguise, immediately attacking when the adventurers' guard is down.
16	Not long after the conversation begins... (1-3) spontaneous human combustion right before your very eyes, or (4-6) he vanishes into thin air.
17	One or more of the NPCs are... 1) a close-talker, 2) a slow-talker, 3) a fast-talker, or 4) a low-talker (super quiet).
18	The NPC doesn't speak anything resembling the common tongue.
19	The NPC is only interested in spreading scandalous gossip about Lady Gol, Cassandra the haughty courtesan, sorcerer Kaeder, or the local warlord's niece, Vatilla.
20	The NPC is willing to provide illicit goods and services... for a price (2 in 6 chance this is some kind of set-up, scam, or entrapment).

Diamonds In The Rough II (d12)

This is not intended to be an exhaustive list. If the GM decides to wing a few unexpected encounters, this list provides possibilities appropriate to the eldritch, gonzo, science-fantasy, post-apocalyptic setting of Cha'alt.

1	Turquoise idol of a tentacled humanoid in a loincloth being crucified.
2	1d4 fist-sized crystals... 1) yellow-orange, 2) blue, 3) green, or 4) violet-black.
3	Protective gear... 1) air filtration mask, 2) water purifier, 3) hover-board, or 4) steel-latex gloves.
4	High School textbooks... 1) history, 2) communications, 3) art, or 4) chemistry.
5	Random stuff... 1) rainbow beach towel, 2) 1970s multi-colored scarf, 3) tube of toothpaste (half-used), or 4) aqua/yellow Ron Jon surf board.
6	Signs of a bounty hunter nearby... black cigarette butts, shell casings, smoldering campfire, and bloodstained poncho.
7	Signs of an adventuring party... ten-foot pole, rope, iron spikes, empty canteen, and murdered humanoid prisoner.
8	Sci-fi stuff... 1) jet-pack, 2) set of laser-cuffs, 3) droid deactivation wand, 4) restraining bolt, 5) mounted laser cannon [1d6 x 10 damage], or 6) cloaking device [for starship only].
9	Sack full of talons (1d8 x 100 + 1d100).
10	Even more random stuff... 1) man-sized banana costume, 2) trampoline, 3) colored glass bead wind chimes, or 4) Land of the Lost metal lunchbox with thermos.

11	Aerial stuff... 1) hot-air balloon, 2) parachute, 3) hang-glider, or 4) anti-grav skiff.
12	Magic item... 1) draconic ring, 2) gem-encrusted chalice, 3) cloak of super-visibility, 4) violet-gray gemstone amulet, 5) bracelet of jealousy, or 6) petrified demon claw.

Crystals

- ☞ **Yellow-Orange** – The holder of this crystal is able to mask their psionic presence while obscuring the perception of psionic trackers.
- ☞ **Blue** – Create a limited force shield that blocks up to 10 points of damage per round (lasts up to 20 minutes per day).
- ☞ **Green** – Animates up to one humanoid-sized corpse per day.
- ☞ **Violet-Black** – Imprison a single humanoid into the crystal (save to avoid). Imprisoned subject is released when either the crystal is broken or a new prisoner is chosen.

“A fuchsia shadow has fallen over the universe, and strangeness will grow in its path...”

Magic Items

- ☞ Once per day, this ring allows the wearer to control a single dragon with the sound of his voice. The effect lasts as many turns as the wearer's level.
- ☞ This jeweled chalice transforms sand into an elegant, refined strawberry wine.
- ☞ This garish paisley hooded-cloak representing hues such as fuchsia, aqua, white, purple, gold, and chartreuse makes the wearer a focal point, the center of attention. Everyone near the cloak wearer seems to fade into the background. Additionally, the wearer cannot hide, sneak, or become invisible.
- ☞ The amulet makes use of bad luck. Whenever a humanoid within 30' of the amulet wearer fails spectacularly (critical failure), the wearer gets 1d6 added to his next roll.
- ☞ This jade bracelet creates feelings of jealousy within humanoids who see it for the first time (save to avoid). The jealousy goes away in 24 hours. Until then, resentment and insecurity will build.
- ☞ The petrified demon claw is an artifact with the following powers: One, it can keep a humanoid, of the owner's choosing, from leaving his current dimension or plane of existence. Two, it can sever any attachment (like a supernatural staple remover). Three, it can manifest a dark version of the claw's current owner. This reflection is just like the original, except demonic in appearance and thoroughly evil.

The Fuchsia Shadow (d100)

Sorcery is only possible because of the Great Old Ones and their sacrifice. Together, the forces of Law and Chaos have managed to form a balance between technology and magic.

During the last moon-phase, some kind of unnatural horror seeped into this dimension; further corrupting the use of magic. Law, and its offspring technology, is being overshadowed. Cha'alt is on the precipice of a strange aeon.

The magic's very potency increases the likelihood of a bizarre reaction. Sorcerers casting spells on Cha'alt have a chance of incurring a side-effect equal to the spell level on a d6. For example, a 1st level spell has a 1 in 6 chance of requiring a roll on this random table, whereas a 3rd level spell calls for a 3 in 6 chance of rolling.

1	Gelatinous Form – For a short period of time (2d4 rounds), the sorcerer who cast the spell is not flesh and blood but some kind of semi-solid ooze, fuchsia and translucent.
2	Radioactive – For a minute or so (1d4 rounds), the sorcerer exudes potentially lethal radiation. Those touching his glowing form must make a saving throw or die.
3	Warlock Hands – For a minute or so (1d4 rounds), the sorcerer's hands are able to move outside reality and manipulate this holographic universe, altering details of the matrix. One inconsequential detail may be altered per minute. For example, giving a clock seven hands or turning grape juice into Purple Prism.
4	Parallel Universe – The sorcerer's spell opens a portal to this dimension and the same sorcerer, albeit from a parallel universe, steps through it. For a short period of time (2d4 rounds), there are effectively two nearly identical sorcerers (reanimation ceases when corpse is more than 30' away from the crystal).

5	Ground Opens Up – A chasm splits the ground between the caster and the target of his spell (or right next to him if casted on oneself). Everyone nearby must roll a d6, result of 1 means they fall in (saving throw to avoid).
6	Draining – The sorcerer is weakened, draining twice the amount of vitality ordinarily taken from casting that spell.
7	Unsullied – The sorcerer takes no damage and is not weakened at all from the spell cast [can cast the same spell again without penalty].
8	Defiled – One or more demons pour through the sorcerer's soul, looking for secrets worth exploiting. Each day, there's a 5% chance of the sorcerer coming into contact with someone whose life was negatively affected by demonic influence.
9	The Horror – The sorcerer's magic exposes hideous vistas and unnamable gulfs squirming with awful things best left to the imagination. Everyone within sight of the caster must roll a saving throw or... 1) run away, 2) scream helplessly, 3) rock back and forth in catatonic state, or 4) pass out.
10	Windows of the Soul – Mysteriously, the sorcerer's innermost desires are revealed to everyone within sight of the caster. His true nature and unvarnished motivations are apparent to all.
11	Lurking Entities – The attention of entities beyond our dimension is captured by the sorcerer's spell. Not only do they reveal themselves in all their slimy, tentacled glory... they treat any and all humanoids present as playthings.

12	Fire Walk With Me – For a short period of time (2d4 rounds), the sorcerer becomes an entity of emerald-green flame. In this state, nothing can harm the wizard, except for water or cold-based attacks. Additionally, the sorcerer's touch does 1d12 damage.
13	Cha'alt – The sorcerer hath become as Cha'alt. For an undisclosed amount of time (1d4 hours), the sorcerer will be plagued by obstacles, hazards, and indignities. If there's a chance that something bad will happen, the sorcerer will be as a lightning rod for suffering. However, if he survives, the next level is attained.
14	Zoth – The sorcerer has unknowingly tapped into subterranean pockets of zoth while casting. His spell is doubly effective.
15	Fuchsia Stained – The sorcerer is stained fuchsia, bearing the taint of cosmic dread. Several (2d4) globules of fuchsia protoplasm flow out of the sorcerer and into this dimension, attempting to dominate all humanoids within 50' (save to avoid). Those dominated will be forced to mine crystals for their new eldritch masters.
16	Eldritch – For a while (2d4 turns) the sorcerer becomes endowed with myriad tentacles, eyes, mouths, and pustules oozing goo of obscenely lurid hues.
17	Infernal Patron – A Demon Lord appears out of thin air, demanding tribute before the pact is sealed. This tribute must have value to the sorcerer. Once the pact has been made, the sorcerer gets a point of divine favor each night in return for performing a service for his satanic majesty... such as murdering someone, vandalizing a temple, or stealing a magic item and delivering it to another of his servants.

18	The Matrix – As the sorcerer casts his spell, time freezes, starts up, and freezes again. Moments later, everything appears pixilated while moving at a slower rate. Those recognizing the truth [we're in the matrix] are dazed and confused for a few minutes (1d4 rounds), unable to act.
19	Channeling God – The sorcerer inadvertently accesses the mind of a Great Old One. For the next few hours (2d4), he's granted a psionic power [see page 50 of Cha'alt].
20	Dark Phase – For a few minutes (2d4 rounds), the sorcerer is thrown out of phase with time and space. For all intents and purposes, the sorcerer is a shadow... insubstantial.
21	The Spice Game – The sorcerer is forced to increase the amount of zoth used, so it is double the usual requirement. Same goes for the spice mela'anj.
22	The Withering – As the sorcerer gains in power, his body becomes old and frail. Each spell cast that day ages the sorcerer 1d4 years.
23	Infernal Expression – The sorcerer appears demonic with crimson skin, horns, tail, cloven hooves, serpentine eyes, etc.
24	Silence – No sound can be heard for several minutes (2d4) after the spell has been cast.
25	Gone – Everyone within 50' of the sorcerer must roll a d6. If the result is a 1, they must succeed in a saving throw or vanish from existence.
26	Back Again – Everyone who has vanished from existence within the last fortnight has a 2 in 6 chance of reappearing somewhere on Cha'alt.

27	The Stars Are Right – Celestial alignments manifest a confluence of events. For every humanoid sacrifice to the Great Old Ones, performed within the next hour, those taking an active part in the ritual gain a point of divine favor [inspiration].
28	Door To Another World – The sorcerer has created a portal to somewhere else, swirling with electric-blue energy. It lasts several minutes (2d6) and leads to... [GM's choice].
29	Temporal Echoes – Scenes from the distant past are replayed all around the sorcerer... killing, dying, drinking, lovemaking, exploring, and worshipping the Old Gods. The insubstantial humanoids partaking in these activities are clearly illusory to those of average or greater intelligence.
30	Toxic Waste – As the sorcerer casts his spell, deep-purple with gold and teal flecked pollutants drip from his pores. The quantity of toxic waste depends on the sorcerer's power (approximately a half-gallon per level). If a gallon is imbibed, it makes the sorcerer thrice as powerful for the rest of the day, but he could also die in three hours (save to avoid).
31	Cacophony – It's as if all the devils and demons of Hell are screaming at once. Nothing can be clearly heard over that awful din. The cacophony lasts several minutes (2d4).
32	Sand Storm – If cast outside, the sorcerer conjures a sand storm that wreaks havoc over the entire area for approximately an hour. If cast inside or underground, a miniature sand storm rocks everyone within 50' of the sorcerer like a hurricane (save or die).

33	Blackened – When the sorcerer casts his spell, he defiles the living world around him. The immediate environment turns black, dries up, and turns to ash.
34	Magic Item Stimulation – When the sorcerer casts his spell, a nearby magic item temporarily doubles in power (2d6 rounds).
35	Magic Item Annihilation – When the sorcerer casts his spell, a nearby magic item is utterly destroyed (10+ saving throw to avoid).
36	Dangerous Liaisons – A bevy (3d6) of demon babes appear with a thunderous crack and cloud of pink smoke. These infernal ladies have been cooped-up in Hell far too long – they’re looking for love in adventurous places.
37	Friendship is Magic – Everyone within 50’ of the sorcerer is charmed into becoming friends with each other (save to avoid). The effects of this spell last one hour.
38	When Dinosaurs Ruled Cha’alt – Everything within a mile radius of the sorcerer is transported back to pre-historic times. Dinosaurs roam the planet and snake-men are the dominant humanoid species. It’s unclear how long this time distortion will last (1d12 turns).
39	Paralysis – Immediately after the spell is cast, the sorcerer is temporarily (2d6 rounds) paralyzed, unable to move.
40	Crystallization – When the sorcerer casts his spell, crystal formations grow nearby.

41	Altered States – The sorcerer temporarily (2d6 rounds) becomes a worm-like abomination with a seven-eyed goat head and tentacles writhing in a red-violet primordial soup. In this state, the sorcerer can cast enemies within sight into an endless void, at a rate of one per round (no save).
42	Crystal Explosion – When the spell is cast, all crystals within 50’ of the sorcerer immediately explode (1d6 damage to anyone carrying or standing next to a crystal).
43	Creepy Doll – Nothing seems to happen, but in the near future the sorcerer discovers a ventriloquist dummy laying on the floor. The dummy periodically whispers to the sorcerer, but no one else can hear it. It says things like, “This is my fate after displeasing the gods. My name is [the sorcerer’s name]. I’m you from the future.”
44	Fortune Smiles – The sorcerer gains a point of divine favor [inspiration].
45	Jack In The Box – The target of the sorcerer’s spell becomes a living jack-in-the-box, unable to do anything except jump out of a box and mindlessly bob up and down (save to avoid).
46	Ride The Snake – An impossibly long serpent of gold crawls out of the ground and bids the sorcerer ride upon its scaly back. After a few hours (2d4), the serpent has to return to its lair.
47	The Starry Corridor – The sorcerer creates a bridge made out of dark-violet night accompanied by twinkling stars. Walking the corridor allows entities to pass through solid matter. Unfortunately, there’s a 1 in 6 chance per entity of being devoured by a star-shambler (save to avoid).

48	Can't Make An Omelette – It's breakfast, and the gods must be hungry! Everyone within 50' of the sorcerer must roll a d6. If the result is a 1, loathsome tentacles dripping with fuchsia and chartreuse slime smash through the walls of this reality and take the chosen ones back to their plane of existence.
49	Revelations - Signs and portents lead one to believe that another apocalypse may be imminent... the sky drips blood, suns turn blue, demons become blind for three nights, and the dead rise from their graves.
50	Strength Through Joy - A wave of euphoria and vitality crashes like waves upon a rocky shore into the sorcerer and humanoids within 30' of him. All hit-points are restored!
51	Resistance - The sorcerer gains magic resistance percentage equal to his level multiplied by 10. For example, a 2nd level sorcerer would have 20% magic resistance. A 3rd level sorcerer would have 30% magic resistance. This effect lasts several hours (2d4).
52	Resistance Is Futile - The sorcerer and everyone within 50' of him loses their magic resistance for several hours (2d4). Additionally, all saving throws against spells and magical effects are at a Disadvantage.
53	Old God Awakes - One of the sleeping deities of malevolent chaos stirs, acutely aware of the sorcerer. The god communicates forbidden knowledge to the sorcerer. The sorcerer may ask one question and the GM should answer truthfully.
54	It All Comes Together - The sorcerer's perspective coalesces in an uncanny manner, this sudden realization crystallizes a lifetime of understanding. The sorcerer gains a level.

55	Does Not Compute – All electronic systems within 30' of the sorcerer implement an involuntary shutdown due to the mystical energy field accompanying the spell. The shutdown lasts an hour.
56	Mind Swap – The consciousness of beings within 50' of the sorcerer (including himself) may have been switched with others in that area. Everyone rolls a d12. Those with matching numbers swap consciousness.
57	Arid – The sorcerer's spell drains the humidity out of the air and water from humanoids within 30' of him (save to avoid). Until a full canteen of water can replenish an individual's dwindling supply, all actions will be at a Disadvantage.
58	Tentacles – The entire area within 50' of the sorcerer sprouts slimy, suckered, writhing tentacles of lurid hues. If the sorcerer succeeds a saving throw, he can control the tentacles with his mind. The tentacles last a few turns (2d4).
59	Fruitastic – A gang of anthropomorphic fruit unceremoniously enter the sorcerer's field of vision and challenge him to a fight for the supremacy of... wherever they currently are.
60	Radioactive Spider – A spider chock-full of gamma radiation suddenly appears. Everyone within 30' of the caster (including the sorcerer) must roll a d6. If the result is a 1, the radioactive spider bites you. Roll a saving throw, failure means that you develop a mutation [Cha'alt, page 14].

61	Vertigo – The sorcerer becomes apprehensive, feeling uncomfortably strange, lightheaded and on the verge of fainting, as if he were standing on the precipice of a nightmare. The caster cannot act for 1d4 rounds.
62	Outré Whispers – The sorcerer distinctly hears the hushed tones of weird voices, which no one else is aware of. These whispers are akin to the following, “The slaving creature that crouches before you croaks its obscene frog-language as blue-green spittle splashes your face... roll a saving throw.”
63	What Is Happening? – As the sorcerer casts his spell a batrachian monster suddenly appears. It approaches the individual who rolls lowest on a d20. The slaving creature crouching before the adventurer croaks its obscene frog-language as blue-green spittle splashes his face. It does 1d4 damage (save to avoid hallucinating).
64	Going Dark – Just after the sorcerer casts his spell, the area’s current illumination dims. Then, for a few moments, everything goes dark... as if the world may be about to end. There’s a 1% chance that Cha’alt implodes.
65	Married With Children – Suddenly, everyone near the sorcerer somehow winds up in the televised sitcom <i>Married With Children</i> . Al comes home complaining about some fat woman who tried on all the shoes in the whole store. Peggy is sitting on the couch eating bon-bons. Kelly is a bleach-blonde pleasure droid in need of servicing. “Game Master B” raps the narration of what the PCs are doing.

66	Gain Time – The sorcerer gains a minute, having an additional round in which to act.
67	Lose Time – The sorcerer loses a minute. It’s like everything that has occurred in the round so far never happened.
68	Multiplicity – For the few hours (2d4), the sorcerer is able to cast and maintain more than one spell at a time.
69	Nudie Booth – A scarlet booth suddenly appears about 10’ from the sorcerer (1 in 6 chance of it falling on someone standing nearby – save or be crushed to death). There’s a door to enter the booth. Inside is an area to sit and a glass wall with a little coin-slot next to it. On the other side of the glass wall are two women – an athletic brunette and a voluptuous redhead. They’ll put on a show for 1 gold piece per minute.
70	Revenge of the Zedi - As the sorcerer casts his spell, sounds of a pitched battle between zedi knights and zith lords can be heard nearby. The sizzling electro-crackle of laser-swords reverberates throughout the area.
71	Incapacitated - The sorcerer has a sorcerer’s stroke and won’t be functional again until healed.
72	Dja’ango – While the sorcerer casts his spell, a half-elf outlaw wearing spurs and a fuchsia-chartreuse poncho saunters into view. The half-elf, Dja’ango, pulls thick chains attached to a black coffin. The coffin contains a heavy repeating plasma rifle (4d6 damage; d12 charges left of its power-cell). He’s on his way to a small settlement northeast of here. Murder is on his mind.

73	Head Falls Off – The sorcerer's head falls off immediately after the spell is cast – up from the neck hole sprouts all manner of tentacles dripping a jaundiced yellow and purple slime. Soon after, the tentacles devour the sorcerer's corpse and give birth to an egg. Then, the egg hatches. A miniature-sized version of the sorcerer climbs out as he slowly enlarges to normal size. The whole metamorphosis takes about an hour.
74	Possession – The incorrigible spirit of Venger Satanis possesses any and all magic swords within 50' of the caster (save at 15+ to avoid). Affected blades become sleazy, stream-of-consciousness, Lovecraftian, science-fantasy, pop-culture geeks that don't know when to quit, hoss!
75	Wasting Buddha – The Buddha appears, golden and serene. Materializing seconds later is a gnome with an eye-patch, cybernetic arm, and dyed-blue beard. He does a tumble, somersault, and wastes him with a crossbow. The crossbow bolt goes right into his left eye, killing him. Moments after, the weird little gnome acrobats his way out of there.
76	This Party Is Lit – Everyone within 30' of the sorcerer is wreathed in violet flame, making them easier targets. Opponents have Advantage when attacking those lit by the violet fire.
77	Pizza's Here – Pizza Pit delivers! A murdered-out corvette pulls up, the driver asks if anyone here ordered an extra-large pepperoni pizza and a 2-liter of Mountain Dew (only 5 gold pieces + tip).

78	Tentacle Rape – Everyone within 30' of the sorcerer rolls a d6. If you rolled a 1, then succeed in a saving throw or get raped by a tentacle that suddenly erupts from the ground.
79	Any Questions? Two be-bop skeletons dance for befuddled and concerned onlookers as David S. Pumpkins scares the Hell out of them from behind. Roll a saving throw or be stunned with fright for 1d4 rounds.
80	Tentacled Eyeballs – 1d12 bulbous eyeballs, as large as a man's head, sprout from the ground. Each eyeball has several slimy green tentacles attached. Opening a tentacled eyeball reveals one or more tiny doll parts. Taken together, a doll can be assembled. It is weird pastel hue that creeps most people out. Those introduced to the doll will believe almost anything a person says about it (save to disbelieve).
81	Purple Splash – A wellspring of purple fluid spews from the ground, dousing the sorcerer. The sticky purple ichor invigorates him. The caster permanently gains 1d4 HP.
82	Cimmerian Vision – In the kaleidoscopic haze of the sorcerer's spell, spectators can see a well-muscled barbarian covered in blood. The barbarian solemnly describes what is best in life.
83	Replaced By Glass – The sorcerer's flesh melts away, but then is immediately replaced by some kind of shatter-resistant glass. This effect is permanent.
84	Masked – As the sorcerer casts his spell, a bronze mask appears out of the aether, clamping down over his visage. The sinister mask does not come off!

85	The Buddhists – An abominable sight of Buddhist monks enter from stage-left, each holding a vial of luminous yellow-green liquid. They begin splashing themselves with the liquid, glowing brighter and brighter, until they eventually combust into a holocaust of chartreuse flame! Everyone within 50' of the caster takes 1d6 damage.
86	Orange You Glad – A tear in reality shows a ripe orange floating in a starless void. The orange gazes at everyone, taking it all in, telepathically wondering aloud if anyone is fully aware of what's happening right now?
87	Three-Hour Tour – A deluge of ocean water flows passed the sorcerer (2 in 6 chance of being swept away). A 37' cruising ship crashes, stranding five humans on Cha'alt... Skipper, Gilligan (first mate), Thurston Howell III (millionaire), Lovey Wentworth Howell (his wife), Ginger (movie star), The Professor, and Mary Ann (farm girl and lottery winner). Bizarre misfortune seems to follow Mary Ann ever since she won the lottery with the numbers 3, 4, 7, 11, 22, 38, and 111.
88	Black Unicorn – A black unicorn appears at the periphery of the sorcerer's vision, signaling that something has changed in the matrix [GM's discretion].

89	Kra'ayola – As the sorcerer casts his spell, the power of all magic items within 30' of the caster is transferred into a nearby box of crayons. The box contains the following... outrageous orange, laser lemon, purple pyramid of putrescence, pink flamingo, mint shamrock, and fuchsia fantasy. Each crayon possesses a certain power, depending on the transfer of magic items. This effect lasts 1d12 hours.
90	Doctor Who – A blue police box materializes near the sorcerer with a shuddersome noise. The door opens, allowing entrance into the blue box. Who knows where the Ta'ardis will take any passengers brave enough to come aboard? And will the tall humanoid with the scarf oblige them?
91	TMNT – All dumb animals within 50' of the sorcerer triple in size and intelligence, becoming human hybrids who inexplicably know some form of martial arts. This effect is permanent.
92	Mind Game – Immediately after the spell is cast, the sorcerer is whisked away into another dimension of blackness, devoid of anything at all, except for a surly albino bard who taunts and teases and ridicules the caster. The sorcerer does not return for several minutes (2d4). Upon returning, the sorcerer must succeed in a saving throw or his spirit becomes weak and his will broken... unable to cast spells until his confidence is regained.

93	Shroom – A panoply of fungi sprout in a circle (20' radius) around the sorcerer. Mushrooms tower over humanoid heads with noxiously garish and psychedelic colors, upsetting the natural order. The mushrooms are edible but failed saving throws yield hallucinations - the sorcerer's bowels being pierced by a nya'adrog-koth (ghost serpent zombie dick), accompanied by 2d4 points of damage.
94	Dark Thirsty Gods – The sorcerer's spell drains much more of his vitality than planned. It actually costs twice the usual amount. The dark gods drink deep of the sorcerer's soul. If spells don't siphon HP in your game, then the caster takes 2d6 damage, instead.
95	This One's On Me – The sorcerer gets a freebie from whatever Lovecraftian Hell-spawn he invokes in order to cast spells. The sorcerer needn't deduct any Hit-Points after casting this spell. If spells don't siphon HP in your game, then the caster gains 1d6 HP.
96	Got Another Quarter – An upright arcade-game cabinet mysteriously appears in a cloud of emerald-green smoke. The screen is dead like a black mirror, but the outer cabinet artwork is full of sword and sorcery tropes. The coin slot only takes arcade tokens. If one is deposited, the screen lights up with a pixelated three-headed crimson dragon. The game asks who you'd like to join your quest: a fierce barbarian queen named Kella, a futuristic rogue with cybernetic implants named Draz, or a fuchsia-robed sorcerer with a white beard and chartreuse glowing short-sword named Irrik. Whoever's chosen appears in reality and joins the party.

97	Two Warps To Neptune – Just after the sorcerer completes his spell, a small cruiser-class starship lands within 50' of the sorcerer. The landing bay descends and a voice on the intercom asks, "Two warps to Neptune, who's coming?" The ship is piloted by Junk Rodgeson, a human looking for a motley crew of degenerate spacers.
98	Satan's Little Helpers – A motorcycle gang (3d6) descends on the sorcerer and everyone present. The gang of reprobates whip humanoids with chains, slash them with switchblades, pummel them with brass knuckles, run them over, and piss on the survivors. All within 50' of the sorcerer must roll a saving throw - failure leaves victims with a single HP.
99	Where Are We? – The sorcerer's spell inadvertently summons a ferocious polar bear that attacks everyone on sight. HD: 6 HP: 30 AC: 12 #Attacks: 2 Attack: +6 Damage: 1d12
100	Sex Magic – A coven of sultry and libidinous witches has been overlaid onto this reality as dim red spheres glow and the gong sounds and magenta mist curls like tentacles. Witch orgy... the Age of Aquarius hath begun! Those who partake of these carnal delights gain 1d6 temporary HP (above and beyond the maximum).



The background of the image is a textured surface with a color gradient from orange at the top to light blue at the bottom. Faint, stylized script is visible throughout the background, particularly in the upper half. A dark, irregular ink blot is located to the left of the title text.

City of A'agrybah

Golden City Gates

Several humanoids lounge outside the city gates made of gold. A'agrybah frequently exiles those who commit petty crimes, as well as those who cannot pay their taxes.

Forced to lean upon the city's wall or adventure in S'kbah for treasure, many are resigned to the former. They may have interesting tales to tell of A'agrybah, depending on how long it's been since they were expunged.

Weird Tales

- ☪ It happens to be the Day of Unendurable Suffering. Throughout the city, citizens pay homage to this monthly festival by fasting, self-flagellation, and committing heinous crimes against those of a lower station than yourself.
- ☪ The Ra'as (wealthy aristocrats of A'agrybah) have been dining at the palace for the past few nights. It is said that the wine is luminous-pink and sweet like honey, capable of washing away all your cares.
- ☪ A dignitary from Kra'adumek was just assassinated yesterday. Security is at an all-time high. Crimson Priests are out in droves, rounding up the usual suspects, as well as, the foulest dregs of society.
- ☪ A stranger entered the city not long ago – dark-green scaly humanoid with horns like that of a demon. He did not speak the common tongue, but had an interpreter with him. This stranger carried a high-tech weapon [plasma rifle – 4d6 damage] and paid for goods and services with iridescent hexagonal coins.

☪ The A'agrybah marketplace or Hojo Ha'aleen [in the old tongue: place where all manner of wondrous things are bought and sold] has expanded all the way to the gladiatorial arena. A new merchant in Hojo Ha'aleen is trading away his gold and jewels for meteorites that can be easily found in the desert wastes.

☪ An inscrutable elf of unknown origin left A'agrybah only yesterday. While he was in the city, demons crossed the street to avoid his gaze, a woman went into labor from his mirthful cackle, and nothing from him was ever stolen... on account of his being agile like a panther on plutonium nyborg. The elf's name was Senior Cha'ang.

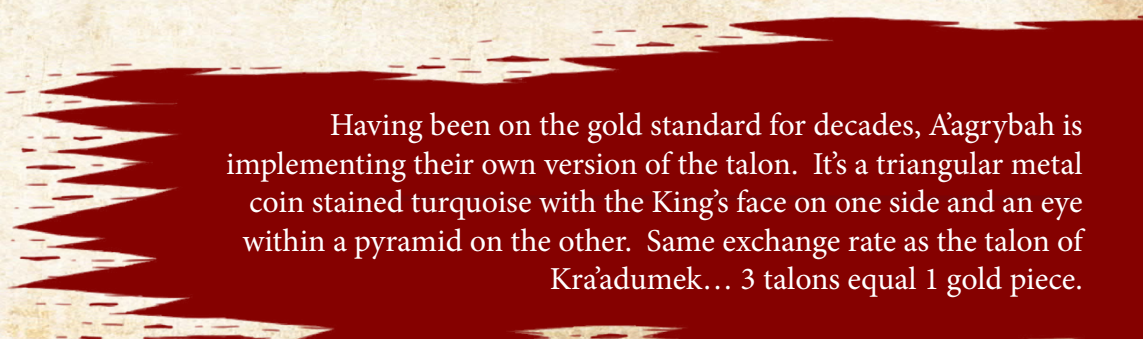
Death and Taxes

The city of A'agrybah is prosperous because it takes just enough money from its citizens to force them to continue working, without taking so much that the people revolt.

Roughly a third of what a citizen has earned from the sweat on his brow is eaten up by taxes. If 1,000 gold pieces were acquired by adventuring, then 333 pieces of gold shall be collected by the King and distributed to the Ra'as or wealthy aristocracy of A'agrybah. If 3 magic items are obtained, then 1 of them must be forfeit in the name of taxes.

Taxes are collected quarterly, on the first day of every third month. However, if a company of adventurers enter the city a day or two after tax collection, they may have to forfeit a third of their wealth upon entering the golden gates of A'agrybah.

So, it behooves adventurers to become a member of the ruling elite... or to enter a few days after the first day of every third month.



Having been on the gold standard for decades, A'agrybah is implementing their own version of the talon. It's a triangular metal coin stained turquoise with the King's face on one side and an eye within a pyramid on the other. Same exchange rate as the talon of Kra'adumek... 3 talons equal 1 gold piece.

The Ra'as

In the ancient tongue, the word Ra'as means "exalted". Rank has its privileges, and this definitely includes the various nobles who inhabit the city. Approximately 7% of the population are rich, powerful, and in high social standing. Those within the Ra'as are exempt from taxes. Conversely, they benefit from the lower 93% that pays for everything.

Years ago, only the immediate family of an exalted one could claim such status. However, several Ra'as families have married into each other to create noble houses. These noble houses have nearly as much power in A'agrybah as the King. Belonging to such a noble house yields prestige and the opportunity to acquire even more power.

The Ra'as have the ear of the King, and are able to attend monthly festivals and ceremonies. These turquoise-carpet events feature the height of art, culture, and entertainment. Favors traded, information bartered, schemes hatched... anything goes. Masked celebrants are frequently seen enjoying the fruits of royalty – excellent food, wine, and women.

Other benefits include the legal right to keep a harem. The women of A'agrybah are beautiful and fertile. But, as the law states, common men are entitled to only one woman at a time. Men of the Ra'as, on the other hand, may keep as many women as they can afford.

How does one become a member of the Ra'as? Nothing more or less than a lump sum of 10,000 gold pieces will suffice. Once the gold has been handed to the King, a formal ritual of demonic delights is performed – forging an alliance with certain Devils of the Lower Planes.

Noble Houses

Kelk

Members of the noble house of Kelk wear scarlet silk, reminding everyone of their murderous past. This noble house fought its way out of the gutter. Prominent members are bounty hunters, assassins, and adventurers wandering S'kbah to get even richer.

House Kelk has made many enemies over the years; one faction or another always trying to bring them down. House Kelk often hires mercenaries to keep the opposition in line.

Drove

This noble house can trace its lineage all the way back to the **Age of Technology**. One of the first alien empires that mixed with the people of Cha'alt, they forged an alliance and grew powerful in the absence of enemies that could thwart their ascent. House Drove openly despise all the devils and demons who prey upon Cha'alt and its people.

House Drove still have connections to the Federation. Adventurers seeking employment by House Drove will be assigned to protect travel to and from Cha'alt. Starships smuggling illegal goods and persons of interest, for the most part.

Simblix

The noble house of Simblix is full of sorcerers. The strength of their magic keeps them a step ahead of the other houses. House Simblix have courted the favor of demons, as infernal beings are always attracted to magic. When a member of this house needs a favor, they call upon demonic patrons. Eventually, Simblix will owe the Magistrates of Hell more than they can pay back with gold.

They're always looking to hire adventurers. Every few days, a member of House Simblix travels to the lower realms of Hell, requiring an escort.

Qua'ad

The heads of this noble house have minds that can see what no one else can see. They view reality from an outsider's perspective, taking their own petty desires and delusions out of the equation. House Qua'ad are sought-out for their strategic and tactical advice in problem solving. It is rumored that Qua'ad are extremely wary of any demon influence in A'agrybah.

The outside-the-box thinking of House Qua'ad requires zoth. They have their own refinement process that approximates the spice mela'anj in many ways. Adventurers are frequently hired to fetch zoth from subterranean pools beneath S'kbah.

Verran

Members of noble House Verran adhere to the old ways. They wish to conserve the natural resources of Cha'alt, preferring zoth to stay where it is. House Verran practice magic and worship gods so old that no one else in A'agrybah remembers them.

House Verran have a nasty habit of murdering those opposed to the Old Gods' return. The forces of Law are seen as enemies. For this reason, House Verran hires adventurers to assassinate those who thwart the awakening of Yna'al-Krouth. Verran might also employ the PCs to explore the Tomb of Va'an Zayne.

The Water Ritual

Since the fallout from war with the Old Ones, Cha'alt has been a desert planet in short supply of water. The offworlders have sucked up half of what's left, leaving the natives without much to live on.

Just in the last few months, the citizens of A'agrybah have gone from praying for water to thirst as its own religion. To drink, to be refreshed and revitalized, to live... water is life. The sacrament of drinking water purifies the soul.

Before taking a drink, one utters a demonic prayer such as the following...

Serpentine Fathers of Evil, Crimson Lords of Hell, Dark Force of Nature... remember those who suffer consciously. A'aman!



Guided Tour

A number of shifty-eyed miscreants will take adventurers on a guided tour of the city... for a price. Tours generally take 2-3 hours, giving both a surface view, as well as, a deep dive into the seedy underbelly of A'agrybah.

The following table has an assortment of guides.

	Name	Distinguishing Feature	Per Diem	Veracity
1	Gwa'al	Human; tongue torn out; wearing fuchsia suede.	5 talons	He'll show you the filthiest Hell-holes in the city.
2	Vestone	Sky-elf; followed by manservant named Gra'am.	3 gp	His tours always end up at the Ka'akrosche Cantina, drunk.
3	Ma'arek	Human; sorcerer's apprentice in crimson robes.	5 gp	Always on the lookout for magic items to buy, sell, trade, or steal.
4	Zeta-5	Silver-colored female droid; graceful.	Knowledge or use of a starship.	She's an ace pilot looking to get off Cha'alt.
5	Bleth Tween	Midnight-elf; only works at night; oversized coin pouch.	7 talons	He knows where adventurers can find paying gigs.
6	Orula	Beautiful; green-skinned; antennae.	A small jewel	Clueless; she's new in town.



Exploring The City

The following are prominent locations in A'agrybah, along with a few details and scenario seeds to get things rolling.

The Marketplace

Also known as Hojo Ha'aleen. This is where citizens of A'agrybah come to buy and sell. Yellow, chartreuse, magenta, fuchsia, turquoise, and indigo tents decorate a square one-mile area near the golden gates. Each color denotes a specialty or niche.

- ☞ A man selling sweet and fiery spices, A'akeem, needs someone to watch his tent for a few moments – he must go without delay. A'akeem overheard two men talking about his brother's wife. A member of the Ra'as wants her for his own. The spice seller must try to plea for her release.
- ☞ A wine merchant gestures for the PCs to enter his tent and sample his delicious and thirst-quenching wares. Inside his tent, a dark-elf sits upon a beanbag. Da'aregan is looking for a company of thieves to venture into the tomb of Va'an Zayn and plunder it dry.
- ☞ A young man searches the tents of Hojo Ha'aleen for just the right hilt for his father's blade. The blade was fashioned from meteorite metal and is undoubtedly enchanted.
- ☞ A merchant from within an emerald-green tent shouts for passersby to enter and gaze upon a rare three-eyed serpent that was found in the desert a few days ago. A bite from this snake is said to bring death within the hour [save to avoid]. The merchant will only trade it for a high-tech or magic item.

- ☞ Raised voices soon turn into a brawl between Ra'avol wearing an electric-lime "Borat" mankini and Zenko, a warrior praising the name of Zarda'az. The devotee of Zarda'az wears a bandolier and red mankini with matching thigh-high boots. The dispute is over fashion, but both serve the same dark master – the demon Aka'ath. Aka'ath wants the elves of Cha'alt enslaved to the mightiest entities of Hell.

The Palace

This is where the King and Queen reside, along with a thousand fighting-men ready to die in battle, if need be. The Palace was fashioned from ivory, gold, and obsidian. The architecture is gorgeous and elegant with towers that penetrate the fuchsia sky.

- ☞ A sun-elf dignitary from the Free City of Kra'adumek is working out a new trade deal with A'agrybah. As long as the sun-elf, Bra'ako, is in town, he wants to acquire an exotic form of zoth whispered about in the slums and back-alleys of Kra'adumek. This zoth is a red-orange pigment, and rumored to make the drinker as wise as Wizard of AAZ.
- ☞ A sky-elf ambassador, Fazgol, from Kra'adumek is wholeheartedly against the idea of a "free city." The sinister cabal he's part of is calling through astral space for another giant purple demon worm to rule over Kra'adumek. If successful, they'll call the city Nu-Kra'adumek. Fazgol is asking the King of A'agrybah for armed men to help keep the peasant revolutionaries in line.
- ☞ The tax collectors are near the palace doors, filling out scrolls that account for all the money taken in. One tax collector, Qa'an, gives a PC 100 gold coins to bet on an upcoming gladiatorial contest (The Orange Annihilator). If he wins, the tax collector will split the winnings 50-50. That'll mean 500 gold for the PCs.

The Chartreuse Dragon

The interior of this tavern is lit with zoth lanterns, giving the place an eerie yellow-green glow. An assortment of instruments hang upon the wall, all of them painted fuchsia. Various dirty and disheveled humanoids sit, drinking and eating.

- Ⓢ Within minutes, Crimson Priests barge in unannounced, asking who is ready to make the supreme sacrifice for the sorcerer-priest Yra'an-Kast. Yra'an-Kast is a petty warlord and rabble rouser of A'agrybah. The Crimson Priests are looking for recruits, not martyrs.
- Ⓢ A table full of snake-men whisper of long-forgot ruins east of the city, not far from where a meteorite landed a few nights ago. Those ruins are rumored to be a once-lavish temple devoted to the Old Gods, containing a mysterious and powerful artifact.
- Ⓢ An assassin droid at the bar is regaling humanoid patrons of his valor in the death-pit of Kla'arth. Y-2K is waiting for his next assignment from House Verran, but he wouldn't say not to a little side action.

The Burnished Soul

Another tavern filled with disreputable scoundrels.

- Ⓢ A scantily-clad barbarian and his traveling companions (female sorceress and reptilian humanoid) insults everyone who enters the place. He carries an obsidian great-sword +1 that glows yellow-orange when landing the killing blow (granting the wielder 1d6 HP in the process).
- Ⓢ A table of containing 4 members of the Fuchsia Guard relax after a long day of search and destroy. If anyone gives them grief, they attack... fighting to the death.

- Ⓢ A wealthy patron is getting drunk and buying drinks for those wishing to hear his stories of personal bravery and lewd interactions with the women of Ja'alette.

Ka'akrosche Cantina

A seedy drinking establishment that encourages drunken brawls and wizard duels.

- Ⓢ A minstrel is playing the zita'ar for a small gathering at the back of the cantina. It's a ballad of the sorcerer-priest Va'an Zayne... the lyrics mention his grand ambitions, falling out with Thoth A'amon, and whimsical prose.
- Ⓢ A calm and collected bounty hunter with holstered blaster asks cantina patrons if they've seen a short and stout humanoid with blue skin named Mathryk. Apparently, the blue skinned alien owes the bounty hunter, Renquist, about 5,000 credits. Mathryk sold Renquist a lemon of a starship. The piece of junk is currently parked behind the Gamma Incel Cantina.
- Ⓢ A sorcerer named Jalax is coming down off his fuchsia malaise high. He's going on about existentialism, "There is no meaning, except for what the individual provides... he has only what he brings with him. No more, no less." After the sorcerer's rant, he talks about anthropomorphic fruit who are "warlike and delicious." Jalax wants adventurers to escort him through **The Black Pyramid**. He'll pay with a purple-velvet Crown Royal bag containing 111 Aladdin's Castle tokens.

Temple of Eternal Recurrence

The marble pillars of this place of worship are massive and daily coated with the blood of infidels who've rejected the Old Gods. This is one of the only places on Cha'alt where humanoids can be resurrected. After paying the customary 1,000 gold pieces, simply lay the soon-to-be-restored body into the blue flames that burn at the temple's inner-sanctum.

- ☞ A merchant of crystalline windchimes named Peeko is here to celebrate his cousin Dar's resurrection. After life is restored to Dar, the two will explore the tomb of Va'an Zayne.
- ☞ The sorcerer Kuro has studied this temple and the [Blue Flame of Life](#). He's certain that it's not actual resurrection taking place. Rather, an alive "version" of the corpse is plucked from a parallel universe and deposited in the corpse's place. "Does that mean a corpse suddenly replaces the living version in another reality?"
- ☞ Plexorus is the henchman to a fallen noble named Nera'as. Nera'as had discovered the true nature of life, the universe, and everything. Before Nera'as could write it all down, though, he was shot in the gut by a random drive-by spear. Plexorus has 734 gold pieces, and is asking everyone at the temple if they will make up the difference. If resurrected, Nera'as confirms the true nature of life, the universe, and everything: suffering is inescapable, but we must nevertheless strive for greatness.

Uma-Teel Space Port

On the outer edge of A'agrybah is a designated site for receiving and launching starships. It's used infrequently, about once a month. However, Uma-Teel is an invaluable asset, allowing ambassadors, dignitaries, bounty hunters, and mercenaries easy access to the cosmopolitan city. Historians may remember that Uma-Teel was a planet-hopping profiteer who brought zoth to the Federation's attention.

- ☞ A black-ops crew of spacers touched down yesterday. A contact of the PCs saw one of them laser-whip some beggar snooping around to within an inch of his life. No one said a word, let alone stopped the brutal attack.
- ☞ An NPC adventuring party is intent on stealing the next starship that lands at Uma-Teel. The party's thief has an invisibility cloak, and all of them have blasters. Once the ship is stolen, they're intent on visiting Alpha Blue.
- ☞ Apparently, one starship parked at Uma-Teel has been there for so long that it's considered abandoned. And some would say haunted. Every few weeks, strange lights and sounds emanate from the ship. However, no one goes in or out.
- ☞ Members of the Dha'arma Initiative on Cha'alt have made contact with ice pirates in sector 3. In exchange for a shipment of ice, the Dha'arma Initiative is willing to trade a segment of the **Key to Time**. They haven't acquired it yet, but the Initiative knows where one is. Meanwhile, the ice pirates are on their way.



Unlikely Events In A'agrybah (d100)

1	An old woman with obvious infernal heritage bathes a large, scaly lizard on the limestone streets.
2	Three rough-looking humans wait outside the entrance of a tavern (The Chartreuse Dragon), eying-up passersby and occasionally ridiculing them.
3	A merchant moves his wares to a different part of the city. He sells beautiful things made out of obsidian, such as owl-demons.
4	A kowa'akian monkey-lizard drunkenly stumbles into a blind-alley where thieves are divvying up their ill-gotten goods (turquoise jewelry).
5	Crimson silk hangs down from an iron pergola, signaling the birth of an infernal-elf. Moments later, the newborn is brought outside to feel the suns' warmth, held by its mother.
6	Miniature ga'athruls are performing tricks taught to them by a midnight-elf ga'athrul trainer named Desta'an. These diminutive alien dinosaurs are owned by Desta'an's employer; they're worth a thousand gold pieces each.
7	A silver protocol droid translates for a green-skinned humanoid. The green humanoid, who doesn't speak the common tongue, is trying to buy a hover-bike from a sky-elf. The sky-elf is asking for 250 gold pieces, but the prospective buyer would rather trade it for a starship's navigation system.
8	A large group of humans are standing in line to wash their hands in a basin full of blood. Apparently, this is phoenix blood and washing one's hands in it is considered good luck.

9	Overheard conversation hints that a replicant has gone rogue. She ran off into the deep desert last night, leaving two corpses in her wake.
10	Banners of pink silk signal the return of a merchant ship. The Jasper (anti-grav vessel) sailed to the other side of Cha'alt over a month ago. Hundreds of people are walking up to greet The Jasper and see what she has for sale – humanoid slaves, their skin the color of jale (dreamlike, feverish, and voluptuous).
11	A humanoid with yellow skin and three eyes argues with the tax collector about how much his property taxes have gone up. If business doesn't pick up soon, he'll make a pilgrimage to The Black Pyramid .
12	A man in robes covered with peacock eyes asks around for information about Jaka'alo, a two-bit thief and hustler who works for the Mancha'aleez crime syndicate. Seems that Jaka'alo collected money owed to the Mancha'aleez syndicate and quickly left A'agrybah.
13	Three yellow lines are painted upon the limestone street. Locals know this designates a drop-zone of yellow crystal... men armed with blasters routinely collect the crystal shipment about 20 minutes after it drops.
14	In a grimier part of the city, exposed needles lay in the street... viscous and glowing orange liquid oozes into the gutters. Junkies loiter nearby, some of them begging for talons.
15	The sorcerer Neko Haram conjures a sphere of darkness, claiming it's a portal to Na'akai. Several humanoids peer into the black sphere, hoping to see creatures from another world. Only tentacles are visible.

16	A human courier is making a delivery to a writer named Thores. He sits on the curb, feverishly scribbling with ink and parchment. The courier delivers a vial of sparkling purple sand. This is dried and pulverized demon-worm flesh, said to enhance the prophetic properties of one's writing.
17	A sky-elf glass blower, Esmen, plies his trade near on the outskirts of the marketplace. His exquisite designs have attracted a dozen people who watch his every movement. When finished, the glass blower gives his best pieces away to those willing to share any strange dreams they've had in the last few weeks.
18	A man wearing strange clothes sits on the limestone curb. He eats sushi with chopsticks and watches the people walk by. The man is named Mayfield, and he's from 21st century Earth. Mayfield accidentally fell through a portal into this world almost a year ago, and is still searching for a way back home.
19	Members of the assassin's guild walk out of a tavern (Thirsty Shade), their blood-red guild insignias emblazoned upon black cloaks. The assassins go in different directions. They've sworn an oath to find a lizardman named Haka'as. Haka'as is an informant for the off-worlders in Elysium.
20	Word on the street is that the Mancha'aleez crime syndicate is looking to hire some quick muscle. They're planning to hit the Qarath crime syndicate, retaliation for business best left unspoken.

21	A sun-elf tries to sell a handful of exotic coins that no one's ever seen before. The sun-elf, Q'ormas, says the coins came from a man who won them in a game of chance just outside the Well of Souls. The Well of Souls is a cave under the ruined temple of Azu-Myra'ak, two days south of A'agrybah.
22	A fuchsia malaise dealer, Utsoom, tries to convince a young man to spend his last few gold coins on the merchant's fuchsia-hued drug. "Your troubles will be over in no time, my friend."
23	A purple-haired dark-elf is sure that she saw a starship land a few miles west of A'agrybah, but she doesn't want to investigate it alone. She's asking bystanders if they would accompany her, and split any treasure by equal shares.
24	Rumors that someone has located a hidden room within the legendary Tomb of Va'an Zayn are filtering through the back-alleys and seedy cantinas of A'agrybah.
25	The Pillars of Heaven are all that's left of the Irida'av temple devoted to the New Gods, one day's travel to the east of A'agrybah. Nevertheless, strange colored lights and weird sounds are heard from the ruin at night.
26	Blaster fire rings throughout the vaulted halls of the city's central temple. An assassin droid is in a Mexican standoff with two elves. A third elf lays on the marble floor of the temple. Smoke curls from the burnt-orange hole in his chest. The elves work for an evil sorcerer with gemstone eyes.

27	A moon-elf philosopher stands in the center of an open plaza, discussing the theory of seven souls. He believes that all elves have seven souls, one for each moon. Furthermore, it's possible for non-elves to acquire these additional souls through conscious effort.
28	Two men and a midnight-elf are loudly discussing politics... what to do about the neighboring city of Kra'adumek. Kra'adumek raiders sneak into A'agrybah at night, stealing from the tower of the snake-god Sa'at.
29	A sunburnt and parched humanoid crawls through the golden city gates of A'agrybah. He has witnessed foul and unnatural things far below the desert – horrors reminiscent of the days when K'tulu, Yog-Soggoth, and Tsathog'kha ruled Cha'alt. If asked for specifics, the desert wanderer mentions human sacrifice, cannibalism, and torture.
30	A'agrybah scouts have just re-entered the city. They've been watching Elysium, the off-worlder complex, and will report their findings to the King and his advisors... that the off-worlders are getting ready to depopulate Cha'alt with armed forces.
31	Three humans sit at an outdoor café, their hands stained fuchsia. They talk of their faith in The Fuchsia Putrescence and the medicinal properties of a fuchsia slime bath.
32	A half-demon named Elzkone walks out of a dark alley with blood on his dagger and an aquamarine crystal under his arm. A body lays on the limestone interior of the alley. The half-demon avoids eye contact. He killed the person trying to blackmail him for the crystal.

33	A book collector named Narrick lent several books to an alchemist friend. The book collector repeatedly knocks on his friend's door. No one answers, but the door is open, and the place has been ransacked.
34	A tall orange skinned female in a tight dress gives a seductive look. She invites those interested into an alleyway door. It leads to a strange room – the walls, floor, and ceiling all shiny black. Stepping into it emblazons an image of The Black Pyramid in one's mind. The orange female does a striptease while an oversized chartreuse lava lamp intermittently glows in the corner of the black room. The lava lamp whispers, "Bring me the violet flame so that I may be restored."
35	A midnight-elf slouches next to a humanoid that's been turned to stone. The elf is panhandling for talons, hoping for enough to pay a wizard to undo his friend's curse.
36	On a deserted side street, a man robed in turquoise and gold moves fragments of a black mirror back into place. "This used to be a gateway into Naka'ai before it was shattered by my jealous wife."
37	A sky-elf with a crossbow is hidden in the shadows. He's about to fire a bolt into a nearby man walking his fuchsia spider. The sky-elf, Torid, doesn't know what the man has done, but this is his assignment to get into one of the city's assassin guilds.
38	A toothless beggar points at the sky. "You can't see it, but another world is approaching Cha'alt. It will be here in three days. The first thing you notice will be the planet's rings like frosted glass."

39	A half-elf is being verbally abused by several elves outside a tavern. They tell the half-elf that he doesn't have seven souls, but only one... and that's why he's weak, unable to tame the burning blade. In the sewer tunnels underneath A'agrybah is a crypt containing ghouls and a magical sword wreathed in violet flame.
40	An alien humanoid runs up behind the adventurers, saying "Hide me." A disciple of Tha'anos is looking for the alien, named Bayon. He wants the orange Gemstone of Ultimate Power . If the PCs hide Bayon successfully, he tells them to say the word "zscora'ath" when they see an orange stone, and it may reveal its true self. Zscora'ath means orange in the ancient tongue of Cha'alt.
41	A merchant is expecting merchandise from a caravan. It's a day late and he fears the worst. Anyone recovering the jade, ivory, and turquoise that was on its way to A'agrybah will receive 25% of the recovered goods, as well as one night in the fantasy suite with his daughter.
42	An explosion sends everyone to their knees, hands covering the faces of loved ones. Beams of garish color stream through the streets. Everyone roll a d6. On a result of 1, you've been hit. The colorful beam transforms victims into slimy tentacled crawlers (save to avoid).
43	The gong of A'agrybah reverberates throughout the city. Citizens prepare a dish of food for the weekly Feast. Nearly everyone in the city brings something delicious to eat that is shared with all.

44	A curious shop with antiques in the window is blocked with fuchsia colored tape. It tells people they are forbidden from entering. Inside, a beautiful woman with lavender skin is being eaten whole by a relatively small demon worm.
45	A man named Pears with a long white beard and walking cane walks by the adventurers. Moments after passing them, he runs into an old friend. The following is overheard. "I have just attained level five laser-lotus within the Dha'arma Initiative. They trust me completely."
46	The dark-elf prostitute, Laka'ada, has just been let go by her employer – House Simblix. Laka'ada refused service to a Simblix sorcerer covered in green slime. Apparently, the sorcerer in question was none other than Baza'ak Droll, he sacrificed a hundred slaves at the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice last month in order to communicate with the Great Old One Urda'ath.
47	A demon rat with the face of a human scurries up an adventurer's leg, asking for hava'ardi cheese. Hava'ardi is difficult to come by. Long-haired spiders have to be milked by blind seers in the light of at least four purple moons.
48	A blood-elf is hoping to trade his petrified fruit-loops for gold. He assures any would-be buyer that such currency is exceedingly rare and valuable beneath S'kbah. In the subterranean tunnels and caverns of Cha'alt, a handful of petrified fruit-loops would be as a chest full of gold above.

49	A mechanical spider gracefully strides through the streets. The spider-bot is really a housing for the vaporoid (gaseous humanoid) named Sarco. A glass cylinder at the spider's center holds the violet hued vapor. Sarco is wanted for murder in four systems, but this isn't one of them. Nevertheless, several bounty hunters are currently looking for him.
50	A beautiful elf woman with caramel skin and pink hair crosses the street. Two bodyguards follow her every movement. Asking around reveals this to be Princess Ja'azmin. She's on a diplomatic mission from Ja'alette. Ja'azmin wishes to open up her city-state, doing away with their draconian matriarchy.
51	Crimson priests pour out of a nearby temple. One of them holds a black box. The other crimson priests scatter as the one holding the box steps up to the PCs. The box contains a strange insect found only in S'kbah. It hunts at night, stinging those who lead a relatively easy or mundane existence. Only those who've suffered greatly are spared. The untested, weaklings, and soft-boys must save or die.
52	An infidel is being stoned to death for not observing the Day of Atonement. The rocks flying at this yellow and blue scaled humanoid are large and sharp. Blood spurts from fresh wounds. He's already badly hurt; soon he'll be dead unless someone comes to his aid. The infidel's name is Rethym.
53	Belly dancers perform for those near the marketplace. They are seductive and delicate, wearing red and turquoise silk. Instead of a navel, these dancers have a serpent's eye. One of the belly dancers, Theena, is wanted for murder by the Palace guards.

54	Two droids are on a secret mission. One is a silver protocol droid, the other a purple box with legs. They have a coded message for some demon slaver named Obtaka.
55	A midnight-elf is desperate to sell something he stole from an off-worlder. It's an electric-green trapezoid that fits in the palm of your hand. When activated, the green trapezoid of energy securely binds a prisoner's hands – also preventing the captive from casting spells. The elf is asking 175 gold pieces.
56	A sky-elf apprentice wearing garish robes of every hue imaginable on Cha'alt calls out to the Old Gods in prayer. He asks for their divine favor because today he sets out for The Black Pyramid . The elf is named Gen Quod.
57	A human hanging out near the plaza sees a party of adventurers and asks if they have any crystals on them. The human, Vaughn, has short black hair and leather jacket. "I put a lot of money on the wrong gladiator. Money I don't have. Crystals fuck with reality, so if you can spare one, I want to start making changes." He's from Earth, but learned sorcery from a demon after his arrival on Cha'alt.
58	An elf named Zumar introduces himself to the PCs. He's lost contact with his sister who lives in Kra'adumek. With all the upheaval and turmoil going on in Kra'adumek, Zumar just wants to make sure that his sister, Na'aja, is safe and sound. He's willing to provide food, water, a place to stay for the night, and pay 500 talons upon their return.

59	A dark-elf walks the streets of A'agrybah at night, carrying an armful of books. A group of humanoids harass him, demanding his books if he's to be left alone for the night. Otherwise, they plan on beating or murdering the dark-elf. The dark-elf is named Artemis, and his books contain the philosophic wisdom of someone named Gurdjieff.
60	A beggar asks for a gold piece in exchange for reading an adventurer's palm. After several minutes of perusal, the beggar states that the PC will soon be executed by a mechanical bird.
61	Mercenaries from Kra'adumek are searching for a wizard named Shara'ak. Supposedly, he knows where the fuchsia crown has been hidden from the world. Shara'ak is hiding in The Burnished Soul cantina. He's been sworn to secrecy, but will lead wealthy fools on a wild goose chase if pressed.
62	The demon Vena'al walks down an unlit stairway to the unused subway tunnels that now cater to black market deals and unsavory thrills. Vena'al expects to purchase a pain amplifier in the dark tunnels beneath A'agrybah. He's arranged to meet a spacer selling such illegal goods.
63	Two humanoids air their grievances on the street. A frog-man and masked v'symm stand approximately 30' apart, each holding a blaster. They're fighting over a half-remembered dream that an exotic dancer had last week.

64	The Festival of Ishta'ar is today. Every year, those aligned with Chaos must devote themselves anew to the forces of darkness. Humanoids who embrace individuality and self-determination are supposed to splatter fresh blood upon their door so they will be visited by Ishta'ar, and rewarded.
65	A crimson priest looks up at a midday lunar eclipse. He prays silently. In the distance, someone screams in terror. The priest's hands are covered in blood and he says to no one in particular, "This world is the battleground between opposing forces. Our suffering is assured, but you must decide if you will suffer consciously or in vain."
66	The demonologist Aza'an is followed by several women eager to feel his velvety black cloak. He leads them to a disreputable arcade where artists spend their days drawing the female form. An art teacher pays Aza'an 50 talons as the women are slowly undressed before the waiting artists.
67	A prophet wearing turquoise robes exits a shop that sells exotic meats. He speaks to the adventurers directly, "Minimize daydreaming and absent-mindedness by placing your mind on a hot stove and letting everything that is false burn away. Only suffering will eventually guide us to the promised land... Cha'alt!"
68	A swirling gateway of magic suddenly appears and issues forth a halfling, dwarf, and half-orc. They stand out like a sore thumb. Immediately, they withdraw to the shadows. If asked, the NPC party says they've been tasked with destroying a genocidal A.I. located somewhere in the depths of Cha'alt. The A.I. is called Menta'alis.

69	Beautiful naked women oil themselves in The Sacred Garden. While this rare spectacle is for the King's pleasure, all are welcome to voyeuristically penetrate the mysteries of his royal harem. Of course, laying with one of these women would be punishable by death. However, think of the bragging rights!
70	An elderly woman is nearly trampled in the massive crowd between the Street of Scorpions and Street of Dust Devils. She looks around, calling out for "number six". The woman was told that an avenging angel named Number Six frequented this part of A'agrybah.
71	Columns crack and tents collapse as people are knocked off balance by a severe tremor. The "earthquake" takes everyone by surprise. The initial disturbance and aftershock last several minutes with a chasm opening up near the center of A'agrybah. About a dozen people fell in when the land opened up, swallowing them.
72	A man with a triangular birthmark on the edge of one eye begins to preach openly. Soon, he's drawn a crowd. The man claims to be a prophet, warning of cosmic suffering approaching Cha'alt. Rather than cowering in fear, the preacher encourages action! "Dive into the fire!"
73	A throng of assorted riffraff pours into the street shouting that they've seen the black unicorn. Everyone is curious as to what has been changed, and if anyone will be capable of noticing the change.

74	A filmmaker with a small crew and equipment is making a documentary about Cha'alt. The filmmaker looks suspiciously like Jim Morrison. He speaks in rhyme, shouts, whispers, croons, and mutely waves his arms about like a crazy person. If an actor gets a line wrong, he has the key-grip lash him thrice for his mistake. "I'm the Lizard King, hoss!"
75	Lightning crackles across the fuchsia sky, promising rain but never delivering. The unmistakable rumble of thunder causes most people to find shelter inside. Lightning and thunder sometimes foretell a massive sandstorm approaching.
76	The Royal Ecologist of Cha'alt is speaking to the people of A'agrybah. It is a call to arms. Word has reached him that the Chartreuse Sea is dry, drained by the off-worlders. "How much longer can we stand idly by and let Elysium pour sand in our mouth?"
77	Priests filter into the city at moonrise, wearing robes of black with molten-orange spiderweb fracture lines. These are clerics of Ara'ak-Zul. Silently, they will slit the throats of anyone walking alone until 111 corpses make the streets run red, appearing black in the moonlight.
78	A turquoise hued medical-droid follows closely behind a man with ancient glyphs tattooed all over him. The droid asks, "Should I initiate Protocol Omega, Lord Carnine?" Protocol Omega is a device synched to the subterranean nukes hidden throughout Cha'alt. Activating it would detonate them before launch, effectively destroying the planet.

79	The leader of the criminal syndicate Nor-Ka'aza is making a public appearance in A'agrybah. Pyongya'ang hasn't shown his face in over a decade. It is rumored that Pyongya'ang wields some kind of super-weapon and will use it to dethrone the King and Queen.
80	A small group of desert wanderers have just returned from Ascenda'as. They speak of murder-droids being let loose into S'kbah by some crazy techno-wizard named Ma'aldryn. The murder-droids kill any humanoid they see, and are nearly impossible to destroy.
81	A man wearing a banana costume walks by. He's talking into a wrist communicator. As soon as the PCs approach, the banana-man teleports away.
82	Something that no one has seen before is spotted on the horizon – a fuchsia unicorn. All manner of speculation fills the city. The wisest of men agree that the appearance of a fuchsia unicorn can only mean one thing – something that was changed has changed back.
83	Desert wanderers say they've seen a circle of metal spheres a few hours north of A'agrybah. It might be new or perhaps it's been there for a hundred years covered by sand and the wind shifted just right. Investigation proves the metal sphere circle is a transmat, taking people to and from a starship several lightyears away from Cha'alt.

84	The ground shakes from a tremendous explosion nearby. A reptilian bounty hunter named Ba'ask pulls himself along the ground, leaving a trail of blood. Half his legs have just been blown off by a thermal detonator. His last words are, "Take my blaster and the gold in my pockets... kill Azamere before he gets to the space port." The bounty hunter has 437 gold pieces on him.
85	Drunk humanoids talk loudly of Oolia's exploits – the redheaded reaver of S'kbah. She took down one of the giant spider-droids that patrol the deep desert.
86	The third victim in three nights was just found moments ago... strangled by an endless, rainbow silk handkerchief. Whispers of a demon clown named Penance circulate through the taverns of A'agrybah. The seers and priests can feel a disturbance in the fabric of space and time.
87	An elf's giant riding spider kicks up its hairy legs and goes on a rampage. A delivery of sand-fish tips over, spilling S'kbah trout all over the street. The spider must be subdued before someone gets hurt or killed.
88	It must be the hottest day of the year. A man in beige robes keels over; his face sunburned, lips dry and cracked. The man clutches a jade amulet in his hands. The jade, fashioned into an eye surrounded by tentacles, is smooth and semi-translucent with veins of pink and white. Dra'aul is alive, but in bad shape. He hunts those with psionic powers and sells them into slavery.
89	A procession of blue robed cultists flows through the streets of A'agrybah. It's a funeral for the High Priest of Blissful Ignorance, Maz Na'adir. His life-vapor, contained in an energon pod, is held aloft for the Old Gods to judge.

90	Tax Day approaches, and everyone in the city is shopping... in hopes of spending so much of their money that it cannot be taxed by the King. The marketplace is wall-to-wall people.
91	Two lesser known factions have succumbed to all-out war. The Reformed Neo Buddhists and Heterodox Knights of the Blurple Twilight are at each other's throats. Both groups want to erect a new pyramid full of ultra-telluric strangeness; however, the Buddhists believe the pyramid should be fuchsia while the Knights are convinced that it must be blurple. Also, the Buddhists don't recognize blurple as a legitimate color.
92	A snake-eyed madman runs up to one of the adventurers and says before quickly departing, "No one ever dies, but their impression is captured in the reflections of a universal mirror, broken into innumerable crystal shards by a labyrinthine god."
93	The adventurers wander into an unused arcade they've never seen before. Painted upon the curved wall is an ancient glyph that reads, "None of this is real!"
94	The PCs overhear elves talking about a sister-city to A'agrybah called Ishta'ar. According to the royal astrologer, Ishta'ar was destroyed in a sand storm shortly after The Apocalypse .
95	A desert wanderer, Nix, has come to A'agrybah in order to rid his tribe of a cursed object sent by the gods. Nix hopes to re-gift the object to anyone who will voluntarily accept such a thing. It happens to be an empty glass bottle of Coca'a-Cola. It's not actually cursed... or is it?
96	A mute, lavender haired warrior with rocking tits (Xa'arna) skulks through the byzantine streets of A'agrybah searching for a one-eyed skeever who murdered someone close to her.

97	As the spider milkmaids ply their trade in the early morning light, an elf murmurs something into a flashing bit of metal, "Marigold, obsidian, aqua cerulean, arcadia." Minutes later, a starship lands at Uma-Teel (the A'agrybah space port).
98	Several nobles are galivanting through the streets of A'agrybah, wearing petards – their customary buckled and looped outfits that show the peasantry how truly worthless and wretched they really are. On this rare occasion, one fearless peasant hoists a noble upon his own petard. "Take that, you cocky bastard!"
99	Humanoids wearing black robes with a green three-eyed symbol solicit various individuals and places of business for tribute. These are worshipers of Zarga'an collecting gold, jewels, magic items, and technology for the ravenous titan within The Black Pyramid . They each own hexagonal coins that subtly pulse with violet, radioactive energy.
100	An infernal-elf rage-screams a word from the ancient tongue while firing a blaster at palace guards. The word he screamed was "glimpta'akyoanzai". The literal translation is... if you step wrong upon me, I will sting you to death. Basically, it means don't tread on me. The infernal-elf, Tha'as, has lost nearly everything due to paying back-taxes that accumulated while he was comatose.

The background is a textured, aged yellowish-brown surface. It features faint, large-scale Sanskrit script in a Devanagari style, which appears to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. In the upper left quadrant, there is a circular emblem or seal, also faintly visible. The overall aesthetic is that of an old, weathered manuscript or book cover.

Encounters



Wasteland Encounters (d12)

The various encounters are offered in a point-crawl style. No measuring, no calculating 15 degrees north and 32 degrees west. If you're headed in that direction, then likely you'll eventually run into the things mentioned throughout this book.

1	A wandering humanoid with teal and orange stripes, three legs, and wearing a cracked clone helmet named D'jen Orfo cries out in the unbearable S'kbah heat. He still believes an obscure entity named The Great Pa'amv-Kyn is waiting for him over the next sand dune. D'jen Orfo used to own a curious bauble that convinced him The Great Pa'amv-Kyn was real.
2	Dying of thirst and crawling on his hands and knees over the scorching sand is an overweight human named Zabe Zaba. He offers a bar of gold to anyone who will give him water and transport to A'agrybah. Zabe Zaba has 8 bars of gold (worth 250 gp each) remaining... stolen from the civil administration ship <i>New London</i> . His confederates ran out on him.
3	A raiding party of sky-elves hunts for a runaway slave who was supposed to supply the sky-elves with essential intel on a nearby facility. The facility is used by off-worlders to refine and synthesize zoth. The sky-elves plan on murdering everyone in the facility who stays and fights, then loot all the valuables. The runaway slave is a moon-elf girl named Sata'ara. She used to work at the facility.

4	The PCs accidentally stumble into a three-way Mexican standoff – blasters at the ready, the gunfighters are sweating bullets as tensions mount. If the adventurers get in the way, there's a 1 in 6 chance (per PC) of getting shot. Lasers do 3d6 damage. The gunfighters are quarreling over a leather briefcase containing a highly artistic but also highly illegal set of French lithographs (such a porn stash is easily worth 1,700 credits at the Gamma Incel Cantina).
5	The remnants of a settlement litter the desert – A wounded midnight-elf drags himself away from the smoking rubble. “Everything destroyed by The Fuchsia Putrescence . There's nothing left of Arg'aas. We had a sorceress imprisoned named Thanta... about to be executed for her heinous crimes. She's worth 500 gold pieces... dead or alive.”
6	A crimson-skinned demon wearing black ceremonial robes stands silent and motionless, surrounded by the radioactive desert waste. The demon, Va'aldred, is looking to hire mercenaries to accompany him through The Black Pyramid . He's offering a 50-50 split of treasure.
7	Two human spacers wearing power armor and wielding plasma rifles [4d6 damage; d20 shots remaining; no extra power-packs] trek east on foot. They work for one of the interstellar trade guilds. Dorman and Yarl fought in a pitched battle last night, but were knocked unconscious during the fight. The trade guild ship left Cha'alt without them. The pair of spacers are looking for off-world transport to get back home (their communicators were destroyed in the battle).

8	A caravan of elves is carrying trade goods to A'agrybah, specifically archaeological artifacts. Its chief relic is a gigantic stone slab containing the fossilized remains of some monstrous aberration, possibly a spawn of the Old Gods. The elves are expecting trouble. They've heard rumors that a high-tech device could bring the Lovecraftian horror to life.
9	One-hundred-and-eleven priests wearing chartreuse and fuchsia robes walk through the desert, on their way to Kra'adumek. Each carries a single page of Bra'az Emir, a forbidden book of demon resurrection passages thought lost in The Apocalypse . When they reach the city, the priests intend to return the giant purple demon-worm to its former glory.
10	Immense megaliths of ancient quartz form a circle of standing stones in the desert. At the center of the towering quartz is a mutant humanoid with an elephant's trunk and crab claw instead of a left hand. The humanoid's throat is cut, blood is trickling through his fingers, attempting to stop the bleeding. In the distance, a man wearing black robes watches. If attacked, the man will vanish; leaving only his empty black robes upon the sand. The mutant will die unless immediately saved by the PCs. If saved, his name is Mwa'ak. He was sacrificed by his people for attempting to enter The Black Pyramid .

11	There's no storm in sight, but The Fuchsia Putrescence can be seen on the horizon. It's coming closer. The screams of men dying by its tentacles are awful to hear. A sky-elf named Tanzor has decided to take a stand. He will not run. Around his neck is an amulet of rare orange-hued crystals. "This will protect me as it protected my father and his father before him."
12	Laser blasts can be heard from a mile away. A raiding party of skeevers battle a well-armed nomadic tribe of slavers. They're fighting over a big hunk of space metal that glows an iridescent purple, green, and pink. The skeevers' hover-ship is taking significant damage. At least a dozen slaves were sent out as cannon fodder, their corpses filling up the space between sides.



Blood On His Claw

As the PCs walk the streets of A'agrybah, a gigantic blood-red hand erupts from the sand and limestone. This demonic claw tries grasping anyone nearby. A man in beige robes is cruelly clutched, shaken, and then dragged down into the bowels of Hell. In the few moments he has left, the man throws a small pouch several feet away and shouts, "The King has imperiled us all!"

After the demon claw, with victim, recedes into the sand, numerous passersby excitedly chatter about what they have seen and how fortunate they are to have escaped a similar fate.

A beggar quickly moves in, eyeing the elf-skin pouch recently tossed upon the ground. If a PC is quick and forceful, he can drive the beggar off. Otherwise, the beggar claims the prize and makes the PCs pay 20 gold pieces for it.

Inside the elf-skin pouch are seven gemstones, each the size and shape of an egg. All seven are coral colored and translucent with jade-green veins throughout. Closer inspection reveals that tiny particles seem to be swimming inside the gems. The movement is subtle, yet unmistakable. Additionally, they are indestructible.

There's a 1 in 20 chance per NPC of having familiarity with these gemstones. And what is the secret? The gemstones are eggs of Chub-Naka'ath, the fertile violet-black of a moonless desert. Submerging an egg in zoth will cause it to triple in size, and then eventually hatch in three days.

The spawn of an Old One will take one-hundred-and-eleven years to fully mature. At that point, it would become a lesser form of K'tulu or Yogsoggoth.

Fuchsia Putrescence

The Purple Putrescence from the purple islands of Razira has a sibling, a twin brother that is fuchsia colored due to the sky of Cha'alt.

The entity is gargantuan, being one mile wide by two miles long. It floats over the entire planet approximately 50' off the ground, grabbing humanoids with its massive tentacles... squeezing some to a pulp and lifting others into one of its many hungry mouths. If caught in the open desert when **The Thing That Oozes From Above** crawls across the lurid sky, there's a 1 in 6 chance of being grabbed by a tentacle – save or die!

Its entirety must be gelatinous because slimy bits of fuchsia goop periodically fall from the entity. This fuchsia slime is used in purification ceremonies to cleanse the body and soul of pollution. Bathing in this violet-red goop cures diseases, detoxifying one's physical form of impurities. It also releases harmful beings that are trapped within one's soul.

So widespread has this new religion become that worshipers recognize both **The Fuchsia Putrescence** as their deity in addition to the Old Ones or New Gods. Priests of **The Fuchsia Putrescence** habitually stain their hands with their god's slime so their passion may be recognized by all.

Of course, there are many religious individuals and sects who oppose worship of **The Fuchsia Putrescence**, considering the entity nothing more than a mindless creature devoid of any mystical power. Typically, isolated settlements in S'kbah are more likely to view **The Fuchsia Putrescence** as sacred, while larger cities such as A'agrybah remain skeptical.

Fuchsia Slime Bath (d6)

1	One or more toxic entities are released – save or die!
2	Nothing happens.
3	You witness visions of a malefic divinity consuming Cha’alt with its fuchsia tentacles.
4	Your soul is purified – gain one point of Divine Favor (inspiration).
5	All your wounds, ailments, and diseases have been cured.
6	All your wounds, ailments, and diseases have been cured. Additionally, you permanently gain 1d6 bonus HP.



Traveling At Night

There’s something I never told you about traveling at night. When the third and seventh moons of Cha’alt are ascendant [5% chance per night], ghouls rise out of the desert to feast on humanoid flesh. Such creatures are undead, pale, expressionless, and horrifying.

It is said these ghouls can smell food from 50’ away. When a party of adventurers least expect, anywhere from 5 to 20 ghouls might shamble out of the sunless desert, only stopping to eat men alive or to burrow back into the sand before daybreak.

Ghouls [2d12]

HP6

AC10

Save19+

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: When first seeing ghouls rising from the desert, roll a saving throw (warriors get Advantage). Failure means you run away.

If a ghoul scores a critical hit, its teeth clenched a healthy chunk of flesh – roll an additional 1d12 damage.

Treasure: None.

The Meteorite

A sickly magenta-violet glow radiates on the horizon, approximately an hour's walk northwest. Locals know this as a tell-tale sign that a meteorite has just landed in the desert. It won't be long before scavengers come to investigate.

The meteorite is roughly 3' x 4' x 2'. Its outer appearance is that of corroded iron, but the thing gives off a weird illumination dispersing into the sky, the lurid hue seems to vibrate under Cha'alt's purple moons. No one knows exactly how or why this phenomenon occurs.

It looks heavy and, indeed, weighs approximately 150lbs. As one gets close, the disagreeable scent of burnt oranges assails the nostrils. Meteorites of this size stay hot (enough to burn unprotected skin) for hours after impact.

This meteorite has enough iron ore to forge approximately 3-5 demon-slaying weapons (double-damage to beings with infernal heritage). However, the meteorite's center contains a hot goo sometimes referred to as violet zoth. Religious scholars believe that the meteors are a gift sent from entities beyond the solar system, containing the ichor of dead Space Gods. Imbibing violet zoth grants otherworldly insight, allowing one to perceive the underlying horror, corruption, and darkness residing in all things.

Sorcerers may attempt to separate the awfulness from its commonplace counterpart. If successful, the target splits into two [save to avoid]; what it appears to be, as well as, its nightmarish reflection. These effects last one hour per sorcerer's level.

Prolonged exposure to these meteorites results in the growth of a witch-eye on the palm of one's hand. Before attempting anything dangerous, roll 1d6. On a result of 1, the witch-eye recipient sees his imminent death – disadvantage on all saving throws during that scene.

A 3rd level cleric (or higher) must lay hands upon the humanoid inflicted with a witch-eye for a full day before it subsides. 24 hours in the presence of an aquamarine crystal will have the same effect.

Roll on the following random table to see who else is interested in the meteorite...

We've Got Company (d8)

1	A squad of Federation troopers have already intercepted the meteorite and are about to collect samples before hauling it away on their cargo transport.
2	The Fuchsia Guard are poking it with a sharp stick, not sure what to make of the object.
3	No one is there; no one is on their way.
4	Snake-men were alerted to its presence via sorcery. They'll reach the meteorite in approximately 15 minutes.
5	A motley crew of various humanoid races are on their way to investigate the meteorite. They'll arrive within 20-30 minutes.
6	Insectoids wandering the desert saw the magenta-violet light. They'll be approaching the meteorite within the hour.
7	Hunter-Killer robots picked up the meteorite on their scanners. Their estimated time of arrival via anti-grav cruiser is 10 minutes.
8	Roll twice!



The Clown-Worm

S'kbah is vast. Wander the desert long enough and you'll see things considered impossible, ridiculous, beyond reason! A clown-worm just happens to be one of the strangest god damn things out there. If you run into one, good luck to you. You'll need it.

Clown-worms are similar to the gigantic sand-worms that plumb the desert depths of Cha'alt, except they have the face of a clown and massive tentacles, smashing and squeezing humanoids to death. It has been suggested that clown-worms exist because long ago, the murderous night clowns from **The Black Pyramid** bred sand-worms and demon-worms together using something called candy colored alchemy.

Clown-Worm		HP
HD: 17	Attack Bonus: +10	111
#Attacks: 3	Damage: 1d12	AC 10
		Save 3+

Special: Standing before a clown-worm takes enormous courage – humanoids must succeed in a saving throw (+4 bonus) or run away in fear.

Every third round, a clown-worm gets an additional (4th) attack, biting for 1d20 damage.

Particularly vicious attacks are quickly followed by a scarlet glow in their clown eyes. If a clown-worm scores a critical hit, the victim must succeed in a saving throw or become a clown thrall.

Those carrying crayons among their belongings get a 2 in 6 chance to avoid damage from a successful attack made by the clown-worm.

Treasure: Worm digestion being what it is, all manner of things can be found in a clown-worm carcass. Such as: refrigerator, riding lawn-mower, exotic crystals tainted by the color of clown candy, life-size statue of Elvis Presley, partially digested humanoids, and a relic from the age of sword and sorcery...

- ☞ The trident known as Cheva'ak, when translated from the ancient tongue it means "The death of God."
- ☞ Cheva'ak is a +3 trident (3d4 damage), +5 versus godlike beings, minor deities, demigods, and true gods.
- ☞ This weapon ignores all magic resistance and damage reduction.
- ☞ It glows sea-green when wet, granting the wielder a critical hit range of 18+.
- ☞ Once per day, the trident can touch pooling blood and transform it into the chartreuse ichor of the Old Ones, also known as zoth.

Clown Thrall

These soulless vagabonds roam the desert decked out in clown costumes. They are not undead, although clown thralls lurch and shamble like zombies. If there's only one or two, they can usually be avoided. However, a horde of clown thralls is extremely dangerous.

Clown Thrall [1d20]		HP
HD: 1	Attack Bonus: +0	5
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d3	AC 10
		Save 19+

Special: They are slow moving but determined, usually shambling in herds. Roll a d6 and half the result for damage. If a 6 is rolled, the victim must succeed in a saving throw or succumb to paralysis.

Treasure: Just the broken affects of a disheveled, mindless clown.

Once Upon A Subway Dreary

Rumor has it that subterranean cars speed across Cha'alt on crisscrossed sections of electric rail. **The Age of Technology** still manifests here and there, glimmers of hope and super-science, reminders of how things used to be.

The first set of tables determines its destination. The next is a random table that determines what PCs see on the subway.

Are We There Yet? (d4)

1	Short cut - you arrive within 20 minutes.
2	It takes an hour to reach your final destination.
3	It takes 1d4+1 hours to get to where you're going.
4	The scenic route takes 1d3 days to get there.

Subway Destination (d6)

1	The Black Pyramid (random room, roll d100).
2	The Dome City.
3	A'agrybah sewers.
4	Subterranean caves under S'kbah.
5	Queesnboro Plaza (in the ruins).
6	Some other world, dimension, or plane of existence.

Frequent Irritations (d8)

1	A human punk (leather with spikes, green/orange mohawk, and nose chain) walks on with a ghetto blaster cranked up to 11, blaring "I Hate You" by Edge of Etiquette.
2	Political activists hold oversized banners of their revolutionary hero, Señor Chang Do'Urden, who's being persecuted for publicly appearing in drow-face. The protestors get in everyone's way and shut down anyone trying to have a reasonable conversation. Won't take much for things to turn violent.
3	Trained Marxists invade the subway, telling everyone they must donate at least 10 talons to help feed the farmers who were forced by the Socialist People's Republic to give their produce away to the intellectuals and thugs in A'agrybah who didn't feel like working.
4	An ivory-white unicorn with sparkly rainbow mane trots onto the subway. It stabs the unluckiest (everyone roll a d20, result of 1 gets stabbed) subway rider in the gut with its horn [save vs disintegrating into a puff of rainbow hued smoke].
5	Subway gets derailed – passengers take 1d6 damage and are stuck in the middle of nowhere for 1d12 hours as the subway undergoes repairs.
6	The subway is hijacked by the Warlord of CHAAZ [C-attle Heretical Authoritarian Autonomous Zone] and his loyal followers. They want money, supplies, and arms! The warlord's name is Raz Zimone – eyepatch, raspberry beret, and always sipping on a blue raspberry slushy.
7	A sky-elf has a heart attack. He has a mechanical heart and so asks if there's a cyber-surgeon on the subway (2 in 6 chance there is). The sky-elf's wears a black frock coat lined with turquoise silk that offers 15% magic resistance.
8	Jihadists from the Interstellar Caliphate wear vests packed with explosives. They intend to blow themselves and the entire subway up in approximately a half-hour.

Who's On The Subway? (d20)

1	A goth dejectedly rides the subway with his pet raven.
2	A man in monk robes talking to himself, muttering something about the five voices within (old lady, biker, gay guy, Japanese man, and the false doctor). The monk, Zucharro, is a psycho-actualist who's seen too much of the world, finally driven insane after spending the better part of a year inside the stomach of a sand-worm.
3	Reptilian bounty hunter delivering his cargo – an assassin frozen in ka'arbonite, the icy slab laying flat on an anti-grav skiff.
4	A za'akier (alien, green skinned, tentacled humanoid) propositioning a scantily clad elf maiden.
5	Mugging in progress – a demon going from person to person, robbing them of coin and other valuables.
6	A protocol droid – he's dazed and confused because of a recent memory wipe... or is that because a pair of ultra-baked aliens are sitting right behind him smoking gra'sas?
7	A human in beige robes tries selling his two crayons. He says they protected his brother from being devoured by a clown-worm. The crayons are called Luscious Lavender and Cyantology.
8	Two girls making-out with each other (2 in 6 chance that they're infernal entities in disguise, waiting for a chump to get close enough and then eat his face – save to avoid).
9	A giant fuchsia riding spider reading a newspaper. His name is Sa'ab. He's been cursed with extensive knowledge of the cosmos.

10	Guy in his underwear wearing an evil clown hand-puppet on his left hand.
11	Talking apes vacationing in the Forbidden Zone (when they eventually arrive). The subway should get them to reliable bus transportation.
12	Dome City citizens slumming, looking for kicks.
13	Street punks with dyed mohawks, leather jackets, and switchblades looking for trouble.
14	A crystal merchant with only one crystal left – brown. It's a cure for constipation. Holding a brown crystal for an hour will make you regular for the day. He wants 50 gold pieces for it.
15	A street gang wearing burgundy leather vests, The Warriors, is being called-out by a rival gang, The Rouges (they've painted themselves a bright-red color). Violence is imminent!
16	The subway is full of humanoid drunks – a few are belligerent, others wise-cracking, getting frisky, or passed out.
17	Degenerate, rough-looking clowns are riding "the night train" to first scare and then murder innocent people.
18	Cops are on this subway car... (1-3) they're talking amongst themselves, (4-6) they're hassling riders minding their own business.
19	The subway car is empty (2 in 6 chance of an invisible humanoid riding the subway – he tries to steal something from the PCs).
20	White robed mutant humanoids with translucent, veiny skin and psionic powers are in this subway car. They're here to spread the good news of their god K'tulu, who will melt reality and force the chosen few to drink its dark juice.

Galactic Tyrants & Interstellar Warlords

Cha'alt attracts psychopathic killers with delusions of grandeur. Not just because its zoth can be refined into the spice mela'anj, genetics and sorcery play a part, as well!

Genetics

During **The Tech Age**, star travelers seeded the planet with their DNA. The mighty blood of Federation aristocrats, nobles, and outlaw raiders passed through the native population, siring a variety of prominent bloodlines.

As the Old Ones awakened and tore down what man had built with the aid of technology, citizens of the Federation were cut off from Cha'alt and the bloodlines believed lost.

It is believed that thousands of Cha'alt humanoids are descended from royalty, carrying the genetic code that is the key to ancient breeding programs. The descendants are capable of assuming the throne on many inhabited worlds.

To pair-bond and produce offspring with Cha'alt citizens of royal star-faring blood would grant galactic tyrants and interstellar warlords dominion over planets rich in resources, worth trillions of credits.

If tested by a high-tech scanner, the following random table will determine one's lineage.

1 – 5	No relation to any star-travelers.
6	Your father or mother was a petty criminal or low-level administrator in the Federation.
7	Your father or mother was a well-known and successful criminal or high-level administrator in the Federation. You could lead your own crew of spacer scum.
8	Your father or mother was a noble. You may be entitled to a small planet or moon and hundreds of loyal followers.
9	Your father or mother was an aristocrat. You may be entitled to a planet in one of the primary systems and thousands of loyal followers.
10	Your father or mother was a prominent explorer and adventurer. You may be entitled to a magnificent relic or artifact resting in a protected vault on some distant planet.
11	Either your father or mother was royalty, possibly both. You may be entitled to rule over an entire star system.
12	Your father or mother was a powerful space wizard, templar, or cultist devoted to the Dark Gods of the Outer Void. As such, you may be entitled to an army of alien humanoids, ready to fight and die by your command.



Sorcery

The Great Old Ones were abandoned, some would say banished, on Cha'alt long ago. Technology and magic, like gods and science, are incongruent to humanoid life. It is exceptionally rare to find individuals who can reconcile the two.

Cha'alt is one of the only planets to retain its magic. Space magic is exceedingly rare and fraught with inconsistencies. Galactic tyrants and interstellar warlords come to Cha'alt in search of artifacts and relics. They want to capitalize on the planet's sorcery – using wizards to do their dirty work. Sorcerers are encouraged to join the ranks of these tyrants and warlords or be destroyed.

The following are notable entries of the aforementioned type.



Zeergan D'voss

Zeergan D'voss, a green-skinned, tentacled humanoid (za'akier) is a scoundrel, thief, and ice pirate from the Andromeda galaxy. His starship, *Thirster*, is fast and deadly.

Zeergan has been living on Cha'alt for a year. He's searching for native girls to compliment his harem. More than anything else, Zeergan seeks those descended from prominent Federation bloodlines. While on this planet, he's trained criminals to smuggle illicit materials to his financial backers on other worlds. Zeergan can move weapons, zoth, and magic items with the help of his gang.

However, the most impressive thing about Zeergan is that he owns a segment of the **Key to Time**. He won the segment in a q'uay-q'uar game.

Zeergan D'voss

HD: 7

Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 3d6

HP
40

AC
16

Save
13+

Special: His Key to Time segment can turn someone into stone (once per day, no save).

Treasure: Zeergan has a blaster.

Three additional energy-cells.
734 precious jewels (each worth approximately 100 gold pieces).

Seven fluid ounces of Rough Rider lubricant.
A segment of the **Key to Time**.

500 gallons of water frozen on his ship, *Thirster*.

Kainon

Kainon is tall and covered in fur and scales with the face of an armadillo. Back on Caelus Minor, Kainon was a Clone Master. He was part of the inner-circle that guarded cloning secrets from the Federation. Eventually, the Clone Masters wound up on a Federation hit-list. Kainon took his cloning knowledge and fled to the fringe worlds, eventually settling on Cha'alt. Kainon decreed himself High Priest of a roving S'kbah gang of killers and terrorists known as the Lost Breed.

When the Lost Breed isn't making slaves out of desert wanderers, stealing what they need to survive, and murdering rival gang members, Kainon and his degenerates collect the colorful crystals needed to clone humanoids.

Kainon
HD: 6 **Attack Bonus:** +6
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d6+3

HP
34
AC
13
Save
14+

Special: See below for the details on Kainon's sword.

Treasure: Kainon's blade is a magical +3 two-handed samurai sword with Randy Jackson's autograph on the blade. It has a keen-edge that critically hits on rolls of 18, 19, or 20. Once per day, the wielder may call upon the ancestors of Randy Jackson to caress their ghostly nut-sacks upon an opponent's face (giving him Disadvantage for 1d4 rounds).

Tha'anos

It's not easy going through life with a ball-sack for a chin.

Otherwise known as The Mauve Marauder, Tha'anos is a wheeler and dealer from Galaxy 5. His self-righteousness is only outmatched by his ambition. For years, Tha'anos has been amassing resources to wage war upon the Federation. In his eyes, the Federation is too corrupt to rule over so many.

However, the Federation is also too large to fight – even with an army. Tha'anos has been looking for the **Rainbow Gemstones of Ultimate Power**. If he has all seven gems, fitted onto his specially made codpiece, no one will be able to oppose his will. Several of these gemstones are on Cha'alt, which is one of the reasons why he's on this planet.

These **Rainbow Gemstones of Ultimate Power** are luminous even under the twin suns of Cha'alt. However, when seen by demons, sorcerers, or elves, the gemstones radiate an inordinate effulgence as if one were looking directly into the eye of a god.

Each gemstone has a different color of the rainbow and one or more special abilities.

Red – Once per day, you can destroy an individual at will. The red gemstone is currently in a Moroka'an style tea set in a subterranean cave near Ba'al-Tan.

Orange – Once per day, you can dominate someone's mind and they'll stay enslaved until you cancel it. Unless zscora'ath (the word for orange in the ancient tongue) is spoken, the orange gemstone will keep itself hidden, disguised as an amusing trinket or bauble.

The orange gemstone can be found in the one-hundred-and-eleventh room of **The Black Pyramid**. Four others are located throughout **Cha'alt: Fuchsia Malaise**. The sixth and seventh gemstones, green and violet, will appear in the third part of the trilogy, **Cha'alt: Chartreuse Shadows**.

Yellow – Once per day, you can get the unvarnished truth out of someone. Tha'anos currently possesses the yellow gemstone.

Green – Once per day, you can transport yourself anywhere in the known universe and back again. The green gemstone is rumored to be somewhere within the Temple of A'AZ, and can only be discovered if one is not looking for it; that is to say... accidentally.

Blue – Once per day, you can make yourself impervious to harm (lasts one turn per level). The blue gemstone is currently in the form of Princess Analesses Atriass. Casting any spell upon her transforms the princess back into the gemstone.

Indigo – Once per day, you can easily find or locate your heart's desire if it exists within a 100-mile radius. The indigo gem is guarded by an alien plant just inside the crevasse.

Violet – Once per day, you can cast wish as a sorcerer without any vitality drain.

Tha'anos lives in his sky-fortress. That region, to the west of S'kbah, is covered with lush jungle. It is known as The Mauve Zone, and is heavily guarded by mauve-colored tentacles.

When all seven **Gemstones of Ultimate Power** have been collected, Tha'anos will create a cube outside space and time where he will sit and paint miniatures without the universe distracting him. While Tha'anos paints, the entire universe will be frozen in time. Unfortunately, he has many, many unpainted miniatures from years of collecting.

If another NPC (or the PCs themselves) get their hands on all seven gemstones of power, assuming they're fitted into the codpiece or equally extraordinary housing, their will over the entire universe shall be absolute. If no magical housing is utilized, only two power gems may be wielded by an individual. Adding an additional gemstone requires a saving throw. Failure reduces the gem wielder to atoms.

Tha'anos		HP 55
HD: 10	Attack Bonus: +7	AC 20
#Attacks: 2	Damage: 2d8	
		Save 10+

Special: Tha'anos wields a dual-bladed laser-sword that does exploding damage. The first battle that anyone besides Tha'anos uses his specially designed laser-sword, they wield it with Disadvantage.

As he finds them, Tha'anos will attach the gemstones of power onto his codpiece. The codpiece was specially created to hold and harness the raw power of all seven gemstones. Tha'anos currently has the yellow one. That means he can force the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth out of an individual.

Treasure: His special laser-sword and an access crystal containing 10,000 credits.

His codpiece is golden and because it was forged to keep the gems of power, it's easily worth 5,000 gold pieces to the right buyer. The yellow gemstone is just as valuable.

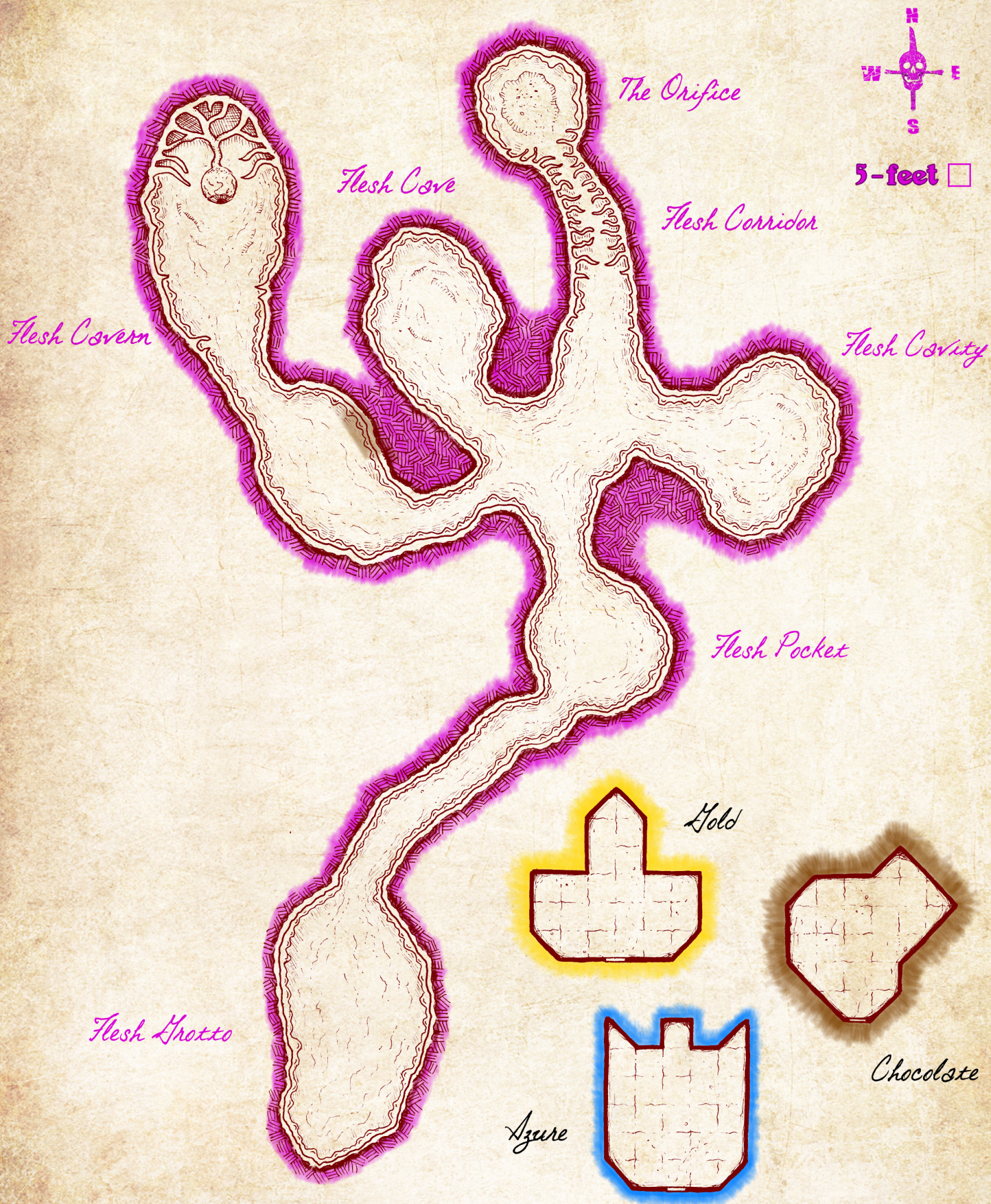
The background of the page is a solid red color. It features several dark red ink splatters of varying sizes, primarily concentrated on the left side. Faint, stylized Hindi text is visible in the background, appearing as if it's a watermark or bleed-through from another page. The text is arranged in horizontal lines and includes words like 'आप', 'आपका', 'आपकी', 'आपके', 'आपको', 'आपसे', 'आपके', 'आपकी', 'आपके', 'आपको', 'आपसे', 'आपके', 'आपकी', 'आपके', 'आपको', 'आपसे'.

Scenarios

The background of the image is a vertical gradient from a deep magenta/pink at the top to a light blue at the bottom. In the upper left, there is a faint, circular emblem containing a stylized face with a crown and a crescent moon. To the right of this emblem, there are several lines of faint, stylized Sanskrit text. The main title is centered in the upper half of the image.

Fuchsia Flesh-Pit

FUCHSIA FLESH-PIT



Background

The following information may be known to natives of Cha'alt, especially those in the habit of wandering the desert.

Vromka'ad is a well-known sorcerer in this region of S'kbah. He lives in an invisible tower.

The sorcerer has been outspokenly against off-worlders stealing the planet's zoth.

He is a balancing force in the region, thwarting the rise of Great Old Ones while keeping collectivist fanatics of Law from consolidating power.

Vromka'ad devoted years of his life to genetic experiments, but switched gears when Elysium appeared. Now, it's rumored that he seeks to turn the arid, toxic wasteland of Cha'alt into a paradise.

There is only one flesh-pit outside the sorcerer's tower, and it's forbidden to enter. It is said that strange things grow in the fuchsia flesh-pit... abominations that Vromka'ad created.

The Flare

PCs are wandering the desert for whatever reason. They see a flare shot up into the sky. The flare burns yellow against the fuchsia sky. Assuming the PCs move towards the flare's location, they hear a cry for help.

Investigating the screaming, PCs discover this weird chasm, a pocket of fuchsia colored organic matter, smooth and slick, like the petals of a waterlily buried deep in the desert.

A young, female midnight-elf calls out in distress. She fell in and is now trapped at the bottom of this hot-pink flesh pit, being menaced by undulating tentacles dripping violet goo.

Her name is La'ala, a former slave who ran away two days ago. She fell into this flesh-pit during her escape in the night, after stealing an enchanted glove from her master, the sorcerer Vromka'ad. This particular region is his domain. His wizard tower is not far from here, but concealed by magic.

She's incredibly hungry; however, her thirst has been slaked by trickles of water running down the flesh walls.

La'ala believes the matching glove is down here in the flesh-pit somewhere, but she's obviously no match for whatever lurks in this fuchsia flesh-pit.

If the PCs are reluctant to go in after her, La'ala offers the following. Every time she's refused, La'ala will increase the reward until the PCs agree to come into the flesh-pit and "save her".

- ☞ Serrated dagger with jade-inlay handle
- ☞ Her flare gun (2 shots remaining)
- ☞ Half the gold in her drawstring pouch (16 gp)
- ☞ All the gold in her drawstring pouch (32 gp)
- ☞ The magic glove she's wearing

If PCs still refuse to climb down and help her, La'ala calls up to the adventurers. "Something is glowing up ahead." She proceeds to walk towards it, out of the PCs' sight. She doesn't come back or answer if called. If that doesn't draw the PCs in, I don't know what will.

The Orifice

Faint, but horrid whispering can be heard as PCs crouch on the edge of the pit, making their way inside of it.

La'ala makes sure that the adventurers venture down into the flesh-pit to get her. Once down there, she urges them to help her explore. "I saw something moving out of the corner of my eye... it was glowing." Anything to get the PCs to follow her further into the flesh-pit's lush recesses.

The pit has a pleasant floral smell, similar to lilac. The walls feel soft and clammy. It's humid; tiny rivulets of water run down the sides, pooling at the bottom. However, this runoff is immediately slurped up by the plant-like tentacle forms growing out of the nearby flesh corridor.

Adventurers intent on leaving the flesh pit immediately will be disappointed as La'ala whistles momentarily, closing off the flesh-pit from the surface world.

If the PCs ask about her glove, she'll ignore the question. If pressed, she gives them the following information, interspersed with their own observations...

The crimson glove is embroidered with a glyph. It's one of a pair. The other glove, purple in hue, contains the rest of the glyph.

The crimson glove traps a person or object inside a translucent sphere of energy. She doesn't know what the purple glove does.

The crimson glove she's wearing cannot be removed without intoning a specific command word, presumably what the glyph means. It's a glyph the PCs and entourage have not encountered before and will require study or magic to reveal its meaning... "Happy".

La'ala

HD: 2

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +1

Damage: 1d4

HP

11

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: La'ala is an expert at lying and manipulation (especially men). Being a midnight-elf, she's able to blend into dark surroundings.

If suspicious adventurers have the chance to look at her body (her back, for instance), they notice the absence of lash-marks upon her. It's highly unlikely she's a former slave.

Treasure: Her dagger's handle has jade-inlay. She also has a drawstring pouch containing 32 gp, flare gun with 2 shots remaining, and her magical crimson glove.

Don't forget to periodically remark on the faint, but obscene whispering that comes from deeper within the flesh-pit.

Flesh Corridor

There's a corridor of hot-pink flesh that bends, leading to an unknown area. Both sides of the corridor are lined with fuchsia tendrils dripping violet goo.

Adventurers trying to make it across the corridor without getting touched should roll a d6...

- ☞ Smaller than standard humanoid size individuals are touched by a tentacle on a 1 result.
- ☞ Standard size individuals are touched on a 1 or 2 result.
- ☞ Larger than standard size individuals are touched on a 1, 2, or 3.
- ☞ Everyone touched must roll a saving throw (thieves get advantage on their saving throw).

Getting touched by the violet-ooze tentacle requires a saving throw. If it succeeds, nothing happens to the PCs. If it fails within 5 points of success, a piece of non-essential clothing or equipment dissolves. If it fails by more than 5 points, 1d4 points of damage is permanently taken – this cannot be healed by natural or supernatural means. Though, the victim's lost HP will return after one year.

If a wall-tentacle is severed, violet goo spurts out everywhere – roll saving throw. Also, the violet goo can be collected, saved, and used at a later date by the PCs.



Flesh Cavity

Three half-dissolved humanoid skeletons lay on the fuchsia floor. A gelatinous lump of sparkling aqua slime quivers atop the remains, absorbing them.

If investigated, a silver scroll-case can be seen through the aqua ooze.

If an adventurer wishes to put his hand into the aqua gelatin, he'll either lose whatever non-magical thing is covering his hand or will take 1d6 damage. If loss of HP kills a PC, describe the slime as engulfing him.

The scroll-case contains a lengthy parchment handwritten in black ink. The writing describes a trio of news bearers that warn of ill-tidings, warning Vromka'ad that death is coming soon for him. The stars have foreseen his misfortune coming not from hostile invaders, but from someone close to him... a loved one.

Before the PCs leave, the horrid whispering becomes more distinct. The coarse and vile susurrations fill everyone with a sense of loathing.

Aqua Slime

HD: 6

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +3

Damage: 1d8

HP

36

AC

10

Save

14+

Special: A successful attack will also destroy any clothing or armor worn by the victim (magical items are immune).

Treasure: The silver scroll-case is the only thing the ooze hasn't dissolved.

However, searching the humanoid skeletons reveals a gold orb the size of a cricket-ball. This orb opens the way to Vromka'ad's golden treasure room.

The Gold Room

The Gold room's walls are covered in gold, protected by an invisible barrier.

Vromka'ad's treasure trove contains 14,370 pieces of gold laying in the center of the floor. Additionally, there's a solid gold brassiere (36-C) with seven indentations throughout. This is a magical housing for the **Rainbow Gemstones of Ultimate Power!**

Approximately one minute after entering the Gold room, humanoids receive an electric shock (3d6 damage; save for half) unless they say the password.

The password is "dreech" (which means valuables or treasure in the ancient Cha'alt tongue). La'ala knows this, and will use it to prevent herself from coming to harm.

Priests of Xa'atan [4]

HD: 2

Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d4

HP

10

AC

10

Save

18+

Special: Once per day, each priest can emit ruby-red light from their eyes and mouth. Everyone within 30' who doesn't worship Xa'atan takes 1d12 damage (save for half).

Treasure: Each has a glass canister and enough white fluid to fill three vials.

The lead priest, Fenz A'ato, wears a ruby pendant around his neck and under his robes. The ruby is carved into a grotesque demon face (worth approximately 150 gp).

Combined, the priests also have 37 turquoise-stained talons from A'agrybah.

Flesh Cave

Four pale humanoids with shaved heads, wearing robes of brown and burgundy, stand or crouch in this flesh pocket. Each of them holds a glass canister, the length of a human's forearm.

A half-dozen tiny light-spheres float in the air near the priests, illuminating this flesh pocket. The luminous spheres are not magical but actually high-tech devices the priests found when excavating their god's prison.

If the PCs listen to their conversation (or chat with them openly), the pale humanoids excitedly mention a recent vision of their High Priest. Uma'ak, the High Priest, witnessed several star-like jewels fall from the heavens and into the clawed hand of a Great Old One. The jewels had cosmic significance, but nothing else could be discerned.

These priests of the demon-god Xa'atan the Usurper are collecting samples of some kind. They heard that Vromka'ad the sorcerer was dead, and dared to enter the fuchsia flesh-pit to take samples.

La'ala will do her best to change the subject of conversation. After all, she murdered her husband Vromka'ad two nights ago, and doesn't want anyone to know.

Specifically, the priests are gathering tiny crustaceans that live in the flesh-pit. The crustaceans are placed in the glass canister and crushed to death so that a white liquid pours out into a partitioned area of the canister.

If asked, the priests of Xa'atan need the white fluid to summon Sha'agolek, servitor of Xa'atan. Xa'atan is a Great Old One imprisoned beneath the surface of Cha'alt.



Flesh Pocket

A faintly glowing cube hovers in this flesh pocket, several feet above a charred black mannequin leg.

The cube's color is a muddy gray-mauve with green and purple shimmering when examined in the light. It's roughly a foot long on each side.

To learned sorcerers, the intriguing hue indicates this sphere is dying or running out of magical juice. If fully restored, the normally orchid-colored cube with emerald sheen allows the owner to control nearby machines. But in its current state, the cube does nothing, except float in the air.

La'ala is intrigued by it, but won't stay for long. She wants to keep moving.

Flesh Grotto

Halfway down this tunnel of flesh is a humanoid wearing fuchsia plastoid composite armor-shell... just like what off-world troopers wear. Those familiar with off-worlders or Elysium know he's part of the Fuchsia Guard.

It looks like he's been down here awhile. The squelchy floor of this area clings to the trooper's armor (+3 to AC) and blaster (power-cell has run dry). A small laminated rectangle lays facedown near the body. It has an Elysium security code lasered on the front.

Removing his helmet and other bits of armor show significant decay... human with cybernetic enhancements. The majority of his brain is a computer, jacked into Elysium's central-net. Someone with tech knowledge could use the trooper's central-net jack to spy on Elysium.

The flesh grotto up ahead contains Vromka'ad's failed experiments with genetics and sorcery. The area is littered with giant mutated clams – their insides reveal furry growths that extend out like warped appendages. The lavender colored fur is especially unnerving.

Amongst the giant mutant clams, and hanging approximately 3' in the air, is an azure colored orb the size of a cricket-ball. If the PCs have been inside the tower of Vromka'ad, they'll notice the similarity between this azure orb and the ones by the sorcerer's magic door.

If the GM wishes a physical connection between the Fuchsia Flesh-Pit and Tower of Vromka'ad, a spiral staircase covered in pink sinew and slimy magenta growths winds upwards at the back of this grotto. It leads to a trapdoor hidden in the floor of the tower's Fuchsia room.

Mutant Clams [6]

HD: 4

Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d4

HP
20

AC
10

Save
16+

Special: The outer clamshell provides 5 points of damage reduction. The inside is revealed when preparing to attack, and that occurs when humanoids are within 5' of a clam. Those aiming for the interior have Disadvantage.

Additionally, the sting from a lavender furred appendage makes the victim numb for an hour (save to avoid). Numb characters cannot hold anything, or use wizard and cleric abilities. Also, movement is halved.

Treasure: Each mutant clam has a 3 in 6 chance of containing a fist-sized pearl worth approximately 500 gold pieces. Also, prolonged exposure to bare skin will turn humanoid skin tone a brilliant cyan (Disadvantage on stealth checks, but Advantage when creating a diversion)

The Azure Room

Inside one of the clams is an azure orb that opens the gate of Vromka'ad into the Azure room. The walls, floor, and ceiling are smooth with precious azurite and blue crystal, protected by an invisible force field.

The Azure room is a cool, laidback, synth-wave lounge with fully stocked bar, tables, and small stage at the back where two humanoids play bizarre musical instruments while patrons make a watery motion with their hands in appreciation.

A blue neon sign reads "Azure Lounge". Approximately a dozen alien humanoids populate the bar. Most are here for the booze, some are here for the music, and all of them have unpronounceable names, such as Illwynkcanyebyk.

The hostess, Arza'amain, is a beautiful, blonde, blue-skinned, alien humanoid with three large breasts barely covered by her skin-tight silver bikini. Arza'amain shows the PCs the Azure Lounge's amenities – bar, tables, stage, and porthole. The hole allows patrons to see tiny humanoids run around a shiny black non-Euclidean room. The tiny humanoids can see the comparatively giant-sized people in the lounge, which freaks them out.

If the PCs are looking for action, the blue hostess can point them in the direction of a Satisfier from the space station of lust Alpha Blue. Her name is Kanaria. If the adventurers aren't in the mood for romance, Arza'amain will introduce them to a cut-throat crew of spacers looking for buried treasure in the S'kbah desert (they have a crude map).

Flesh Cave

A disoriented, almost naked (except for a loincloth) human stumbles around, reaching out with his hands as if blind.

His eyesight will return in a few minutes; an effect of the teleportation. He trusts no one, but isn't outright hostile. Frequently, he'll ask "Is this part of the experiment?"

Dennek was a slave before entering **The Black Pyramid**. After weeks of exploring, he became a formidable warlord swearing revenge on those who sold him into slavery (former business partners). However, Dennek was captured by a shadowy faction within the pyramid, forced to endure a battery of tests and undergo strange experiments.

He doesn't know how he ended up in the fuchsia flesh-pit. Dennek hopes to return to **The Black Pyramid** and regain control of the savages who followed him before being captured. Alternatively, he'd be open to punishing his former business partners in A'agrybah.



Flesh Cavern

The corridor of flesh opens up into a large fuchsia cavern of organic strangeness. At the end of this flesh cavern is a monstrous creature with long, suckered, chartreuse tentacles, several mouths full of sharp jagged teeth – drooling purple ichor – and a single gaping eye searing with yellow-orange light.

The corrosive cacophony of whispering intensifies! The things suggested contain offensive, despicable content that is too controversial and too awesome for actual humanoids. The stark, ugly, profound truths exposed would be soul-crushing to the weak of spirit.

Those who've done nothing to block or at least muffle the sound must roll a saving throw (elves and demons get Advantage). Those who fail, succumb to the black emptiness that lies beyond despair, attempting to end their miserable lives here and now.

Those unaffected can stop their companions from killing themselves as the flesh creature laughs uncontrollably. The Lovecraftian abomination either drags willing or unwilling humanoids into its maw or eye-blasts those trying to slay it.

Those taking the time to investigate the flesh cavern before dealing with the abomination notice a purple glove floating in a shallow pool of purple saliva.

The creature grows out of the back wall, so its mobility is limited. However, it has more than just lengthy tentacles to attack.

Flesh Creature

HD: 10

#Attacks: 3

Attack Bonus: +4

Damage: 1d6

HP
60

AC
10

Save
10+

Special: In addition to its 12' long tentacles, the abomination has an eye-blast doing 1d12 damage.

Treasure: Just in front of the slaving horror is the magic purple glove which La'ala craves. Plus, what's behind the thing's eye.

Behind The Topaz Eye

Even after death, there seems to be a bright light coming from inside the creature's enormous eye. If the eye is torn through, inside is a chocolate-brown orb and the glowing segment of the **Key to Time**. This segment is black with effulgent topaz veins.

Holding the black segment outstretched causes everyone within 50' to kneel, bowing down before the segment wielder. Those attempting to resist may roll a saving throw; failure causes them to immediately fall prostrate upon the ground.

This segment can be brought together with the others of its kind in order to command temporal energy. The one possessing the fully restored key to time may move backwards or forwards within the fourth-dimension.

If one or more PCs attempt to disbelieve the illusion, they are automatically freed from the effects of the black whispering.

The Chocolate Room

The orb allows one access to the Chocolate room. The surfaces of this room are covered in delicious milk-chocolate. There is no force field, but three orange skinned dwarves will murder anyone who attempts to steal the sorcerer's chocolate.

Orange dwarves are known as the a'ampa la'ampa. They were a gift to Vromka'ad after he saved the city-state of Krete from disaster years ago. The a'ampa la'ampa are master chocolatiers of renown throughout Krete.

Alerting the a'ampa la'ampa to Vromka'ad's death changes things. They will allow adventurers to eat the chocolate as long as they promise to guide them out of the tower and protect them from harm. But first, they must answer a question, "From where does meaning come?"

If something to the effect of "from within", "oneself", "suffering", or "one's own suffering" is uttered, the orange chocolate-loving dwarves let the adventurers do as they please. If they answer incorrectly, they expand as if filling up with air, and eventually burst.

A'ampa La'ampa

HD: 2

Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d6

HP
11

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: They can burst at will. Everyone within 20' must succeed in a saving throw (+4 to elves, demons, and sorcerers) or become petrified chocolate statues.

Treasure: These chocolatiers have an intimate knowledge of chocolate, including its production.

What La'ala Does

La'ala has no intention of giving up either glove. First chance she gets, La'ala picks up the purple glove and runs away with it. She can use the gloves to magic bubble herself out of the flesh-pit.

If confronted in the flesh-pit before she can escape, La'ala attempts to use the gloves on the PCs. She warns them to leave her alone or else she'll twist their flesh into a disfigured lump of clay.

Given the chance, La'ala will gladly monologue her truth...

A year ago, I met the sorcerer Vromka'ad. He promised to show me the world, to share his wealth and power. We were engaged to be married and Vromka'ad grew cold and distant, frequently courting the affections of young serving girls in his wizard's tower.

My jealousy soon turned to quiet rage. On our wedding night, I plunged a dagger into his heart. After stealing the most powerful magic item he owned, I fled into the desert night.

Unfortunately, the other glove was stolen by a thief many moons ago. Vromka'ad scryed the glove's location, but was afraid to go after it. The thief died at the hands of the flesh-pit's creature.

I needed adventurers to help me kill the creature and take what's rightfully mine.

The Gloves

The purple glove has another glyph which translates as “Together”.

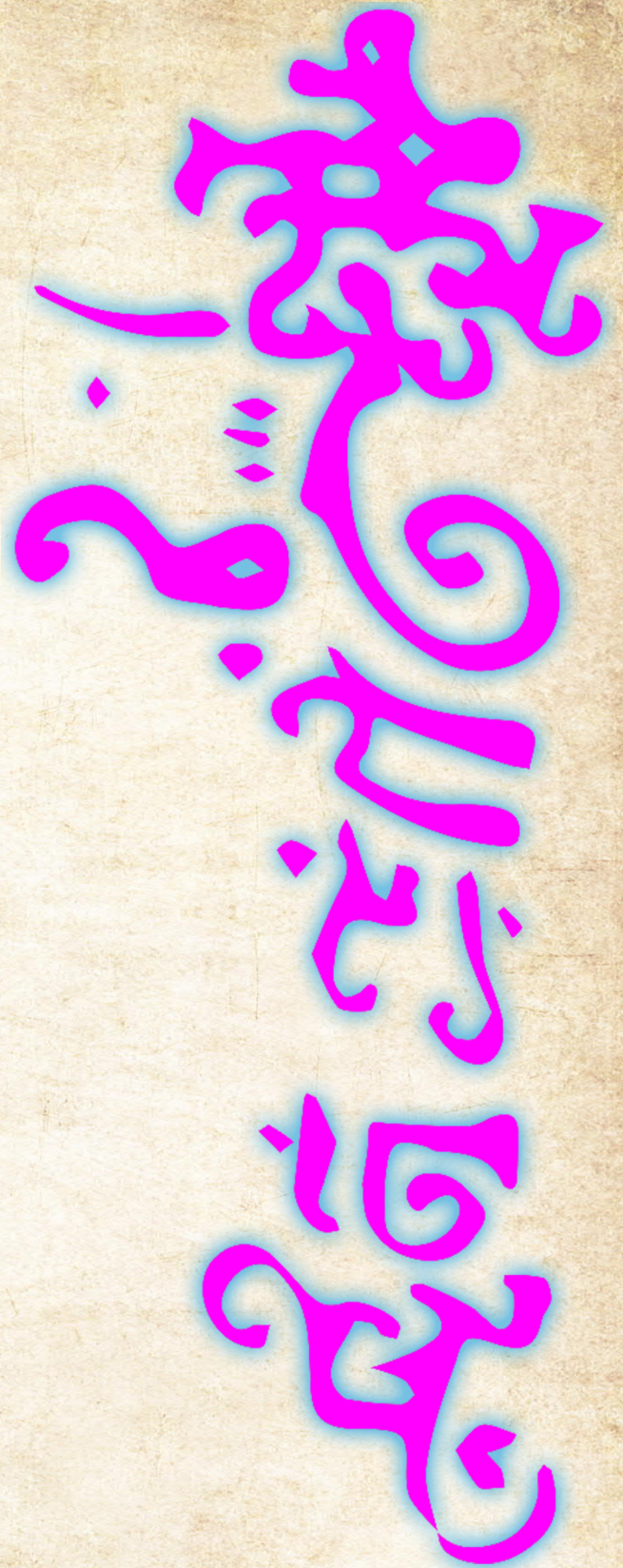
While the crimson glove creates a magical bubble able to contain a human-sized person or object (saving throw to avoid), the purple glove grants the power to change whatever is inside the magic bubble (save to resist) according to the wearer’s whim.

The bubble itself moves according to the wearer’s whim, which is how La’ala planned on escaping the flesh-pit.

Even after the bubble is gone, whatever change was made while inside the energy bubble, is semi-permanent (lasting 1d6 days).

If Xa’atan Wakes... (d4)

1	Xa’atan was in the middle of a fantastical kaleidoscopic dream of alien eroticism... and decides to go right back to sleep.
2	Xa’atan devours nearby non-believers while demanding his priests force everyone on Cha’alt to worship him.
3	Xa’atan makes preparation to awaken several other Great Old Ones that will soon battle for supremacy.
4	Xa’atan deems the humanoid population of Cha’alt unfit to continue. A massive gateway opens; waves of nightmarish abominations pour through.



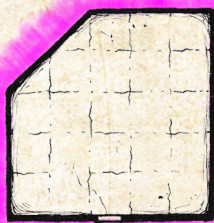
The background of the page is a textured, light blue-grey surface. In the upper left, there is a faint, circular emblem containing a stylized face or mask. To the right of this emblem, there is a faint, horizontal line of text in a script that appears to be Devanagari. Below this line, there is a faint, stylized sun or star symbol. The overall background has a subtle, aged appearance with some darker, reddish-brown stains or marks, particularly around the central text area.

Tower of Vromka'ad

TOWER OF VROMKAD



Emerald



Fuchsia



Yellow-Ochre



Crimson



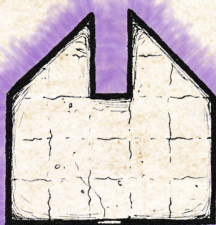
Tangerine



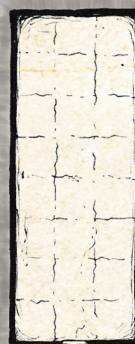
Chartreuse



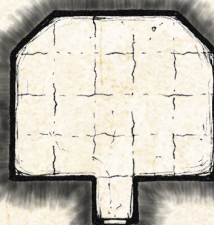
Turquoise



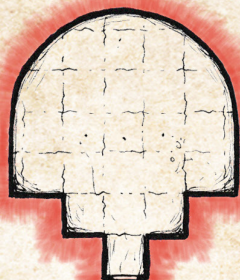
Amethyst



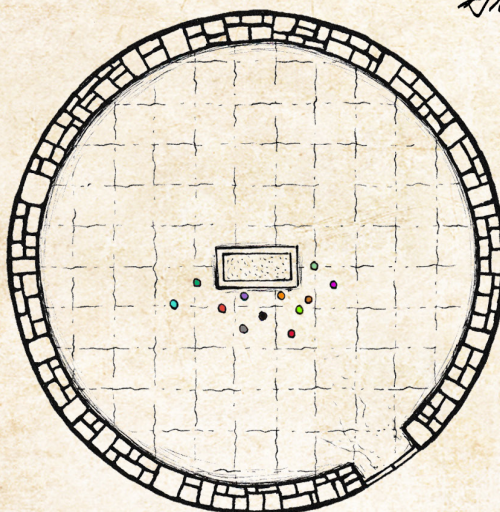
Gray



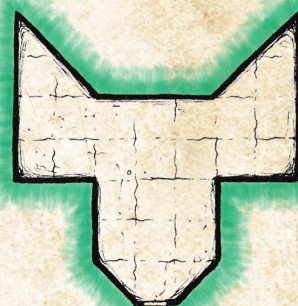
Black



Vermilion



Isle



Overview

The servants have taken over the asylum. Vromka'ad was an extremely powerful and wealthy sorcerer... and he had many servants.

After Vromka'ad's recent death, his servants decided to stay in the tower and make it their home.

Unless stated elsewhere, the following stat-block will suffice for all the servants found within the tower. In rules-light fashion, a simple sword thrust will suffice.

Humanoid Servant

HD: 1

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +0

Damage: 1d6

HP
5

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: Besides making tea, fetching books, and rolling scrolls, the servants have no appreciable skills.

Treasure: Each servant will have 1d20 gold pieces on his person.

Hook

There are a few ways to introduce Vromka'ad's tower to the PCs.

After the sorcerer's death, his tower becomes visible. The PCs notice it.

La'ala from the fuchsia flesh-pit might have piqued their interest.

A caravan mentions the sudden appearance of a tower nearby.

Two adventuring parties may be discussing which one of them should go into the tower first. There's a good chance that both parties join forces in an attempt to shut the PCs out. If the PCs wait their turn, they may run into survivors of the original NPC party in a random room.

Entrance Room

This circular area is constructed of limestone with vaulted ceiling and ornamental pillars. A white cube sits on the floor near the wall, away from the black gate.

There's no lookout, no sneak-attack, no one is keeping an eye on the door. There's too much drama, scheming, and in-fighting to bother with security. Instead of traditional doors and stairs to other rooms and levels of the tower, the Entrance Room has a black monolithic gateway in the center. This is a magic door designed by Vromka'ad himself.

Surrounding the black gate are 12 orbs hanging in the air, each the size of a cricket-ball and a different color: emerald, crimson, turquoise, vermilion, fuchsia, amethyst, yellow-ochre, tangerine, chartreuse, gray, black, and jade.

Touching a sphere activates it, causing it to glow. Stepping through the black gate when a particular orb is activated allows passage to that room.

After everyone has gone through, the orb becomes inactive and stops glowing.

Exiting one of the colored rooms is easy, you just walk through the black doorway and return to the Entrance Room.

The orbs are stationary. However, a dispel magic spell can dislodge a sphere. At that point, someone could carry the orb around with them. Such a ploy would deny that room's access to anyone but the orb owner.



The White Cube

The white cube is approximately a foot on each side. A close inspection shows that the cube is not entirely opaque – a miniature creature lives inside it.

Touching the white cube causes it to open – time and space unfold as a psychotic manticore leaps out, ferociously attacking the nearest humanoids.

Manticore		HP	83
HD: 13	Attack Bonus: +10	AC	16
#Attacks: 3	Damage: 1d6, 1d6, 1d12	Save	7+

Special: If the manticore scores a critical hit, instead of additional damage, the scorpion tail is utilized – roll to hit; save or die. If the victim succeeds in a saving throw, 1d4 damage.

The manticore can fly, factoring into his high armor class.

Treasure: If defeated, the manticore's body becomes smoke, returning to the white cube. Whoever dealt the killing blow is now the white cube's owner. He can touch the cube whenever he wants, without releasing the manticore. Once per day, he can unleash the manticore and it will fight for his master for as many rounds as the master's level.

Emerald

This room's surfaces are covered in multi-faceted polished emerald along with occasional luminous green crystal formations. However, the emerald and crystals are protected by an invisible force field. The magical force field cannot be removed with dispel magic, a technique Vromka'ad learned during his time within **The Black Pyramid**.

Three formidable humanoids fight each other for supremacy! These are not servants, but battle-hardened warriors who saw the visible tower on their way back from the **Crusades of Erzda'an** (erzda'an translates as "never enough pussy" in the ancient tongue of Cha'alt).

Each wields a magic sword. One blade is consumed in flame, the second covered in frost, and the third crackling with electricity.

If the PCs watch the battle and listen to their banter, they soon learn the following: The trio of warriors entered the wizard's tower and found three enchanted opals. Each opal grants the weapon that it's attached to additional power. After an argument, the warriors decided to fight. The winner gets to keep all three opals and assume magic weapon mastery!

Korgate (fire opal)

HD: 8

#Attacks: 8

Attack Bonus: +8

Damage: 1d8+1d6

HP
65

AC
12

Save
12+

Special: Korgate's longsword bursts into flame when attacking. If he mows down an opponent, any leftover damage is carried over to nearby opponents.

Treasure: His sword has the enchanted fire opal. This magic gemstone can be removed and placed upon another weapon, granting an extra 1d6 of fire damage when striking home.

Korgate uses a small shield. The metal is so reflective that it's as good as a mirror.

Additionally, Korgate has a green quartz shamrock in a leather pouch, amongst 37 gold pieces. Once per day, the shamrock can produce a rainbow of blinding color that lasts a single turn.

Zumrast (ice opal)

HD: 7

#Attacks: 2

Attack Bonus: +7

Damage: 3d6

HP
59

AC
10

Save
13+

Special: Zumrast's two-handed sword emits an icy burst that does an additional 1d6 cold damage upon landing a blow.

Treasure: His blade is fitted with the enchanted ice opal. This magic gemstone can be put onto another weapon, granting an additional 1d6 of ice damage.

The warrior has a dark-elf skin pouch containing 15 precious jewels – violet topaz, each worth 85 gold pieces.

Banja'ak (storm opal)

HD: 6

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +6

Damage:
1d10+1d6

HP
52

AC
13

Save
14+

Special: Banja'ak wields a bastard sword that does an additional 1d6 electric damage to enemies.

Treasure: His sword has a gray opal with dark clouds and lightning within it. The storm opal grants an extra 1d6 of lightning of damage to any blade it's placed upon.

Additionally, Banja'ak wears a bronze winged helmet encrusted with exotic gemstones from another world. The helm grants a +3 AC bonus to the wearer.

Crimson

The stench of death permeates this room of multi-faceted rubies dark-red crystals. The ruby surfaces are protected by an invisible force field.

Several humanoid corpses lay in the center of this room, each died in a slightly different way, but all of them gruesome. Blood pools below the bodies.

In the back corner of the Crimson room is a servant laying on the ground with a pained expression on his face and gripping his leg. Soomdok has broken his leg. He will willingly tell the PCs that Vromka'ad was murdered by his wife, a beautiful and untamed woman from the southern reaches of S'kbah. Soomdok also says that factions have arisen between servants, and in-fighting will eventually lead to more dead bodies.

Turquoise

Every surface of this room consists of turquoise stone; turquoise hued crystals glow intermittently throughout, all protected by an invisible force field. Nine humanoids are loudly shouting at each other with weapons raised – it appears that two factions are about to violently clash.

Five humanoids want to be led by Zenmek, who is also present. Zenmek was the sorcerer's personal bodyguard. Four humanoids are bitterly opposed to Zenmek's leadership. How could he be trusted to lead Vromka'ad's servants when he couldn't keep Vromka'ad from being murdered?

Zenmek

HD: 5

#Attacks: 2

Attack Bonus: +5

Damage: 3d4+1

HP

37

AC

15

Save

15+

Special: He is an intimidating specimen, veins bulging out from his engorged muscles.

Treasure: Zenmek wields a golden +1 trident with precious aqua quartz jewel centered at the base of the three prongs. The magical trident allows the wielder to breathe underwater.

Vermilion

Every surface of this room is covered in garnet-topaz interspersed with luminous orange-red crystals, protected by an invisible force field.

A couple of humans talk to each other in hushed tones. The two humanoids conspire to murder anyone who gets in their way. One has a magic staff; the other holds a pan-flute.

The magic staff absorbs energy from its surroundings, allowing the sorcerer to cast spells (excluding wish) without any drain upon their lifeforce. Alternatively, it allows the wizard wielding it to cast unlimited spells, with the aforementioned exception.

The pan-flute summons a fuchsia riding spider (large enough for three riders) within 2d4 turns.

Both want the disintegration wand before spreading their reign of terror on the tower's inhabitants.

Fuchsia

Every surface of this room is covered in a violet-pink quartz interspersed with glowing fuchsia-hued crystals, protected by an invisible force field.

In the room's center is the bed, a glowing aqua mattress of ethereal energy. On top of the bed lounges a yellow-fur and magenta striped female humanoid with small horns at either temple. She wears a maid's outfit.

Hasa'ana was the sorcerer's maid and occasional mistress. Immediately, she attempts to seduce the leader, decision maker, and/or most powerful adventurer who enters.

Eventually, she'll mention the gold orb that leads to Vromka'ad's treasure. Hasa'ana doesn't know where the golden orb is, unfortunately. But she does know the Gold room's password: Dreech (which means valuables or treasure in the ancient Cha'alt tongue).

This is the personal chamber of Vromka'ad. All his personal belongings are contained in this room... bed, study, and alchemist's lab. Almost everything of value has already been taken or destroyed.

Investigating the alchemist's lab shows that an experiment was in progress before Vromka'ad died. Approximately every five minutes, one milliliter of blue liquid drops into a green potion below. If the experiment continues the green liquid will soon overflow. Touching the green potion with bare skin, either now or later, calcifies them on the spot (save to avoid).

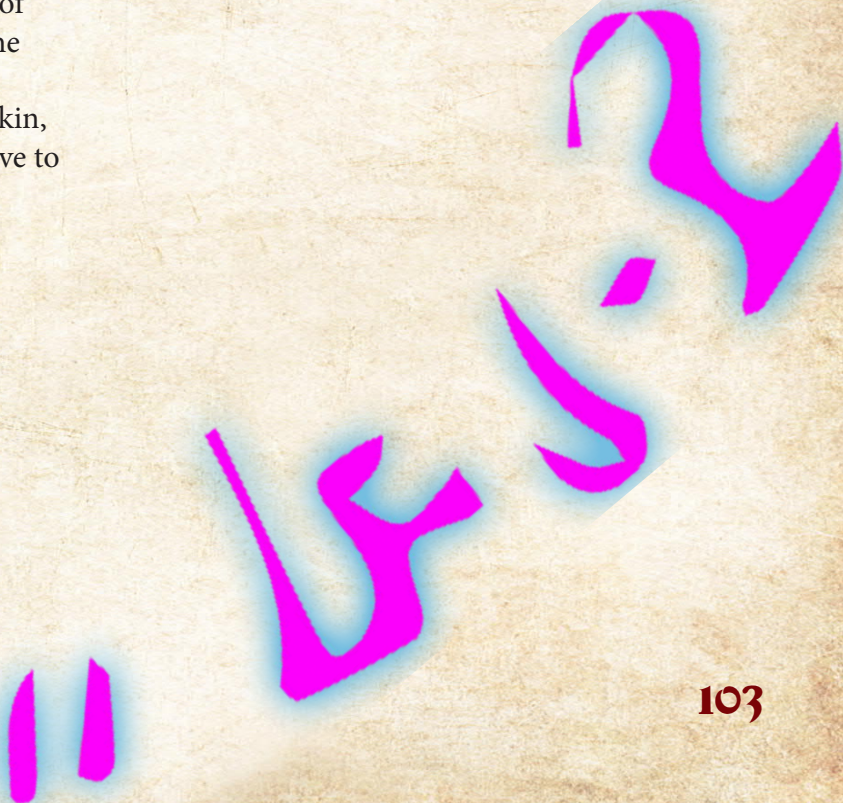
Amethyst

A solitary human stands in the center of this room of amethyst and purple crystal. He's considering what to do about a luminous array of red-orange shimmering light cascading down from the ceiling.

The prismatic shower is definitely magical, but the observer doesn't know what it's for or what will happen to him if he steps into it. However, he believes the magical strangeness is somehow connected to the purple crystals [see the Magical Mishap table for Beneath Kra'adumek in **Cha'alt**].

The human is named Somax. He was Vromka'ad's personal assistant and has no interest in tower politics. Anyone who stands in the red-orange luminosity hears the following before they're teleported aboard the starship *Venture*.

"Greetings, passenger. In a few seconds, you will be transported to the cryogenic facility on the starship *Venture*. Please stay within the orange beam of light. We at Southwest Interstellar hope you have a pleasant flight and safe journey."



Yellow-Ochre

A sun-elf named Vrang has holed himself up in this citrine gemstone room. Due to the yellow crystals in this room, mechanical devices cease to function, as if their power source had been drained.

A kaleidoscopic trapezoid (dimensional gateway), approximately 2' x 3', hangs in the air beside Vrang. The sun-elf brandishes a wand, telling anyone who enters to leave immediately. If anyone comes closer, he'll zap them with this disintegration wand. If that doesn't deter aggressors, Vrang will threaten to destroy the wand by tossing it into the portal.

Vrang doesn't want to get killed, but he also doesn't want to give up his extremely valuable magic item. His disintegration wand has 1d12 charges remaining. Individuals targeted must succeed a saving throw or be disintegrated.

The trapezoidal shape of colors galore is a gateway to a dimension where magic cannot escape. If anything with magical properties (including sorcerers) enters that dimension, they are trapped there forever. This is where Vromka'ad throws his spell-casting rivals, summoned abominations, and cursed magic items.

Tangerine

Two humanoids, Hermaland and Freck, loudly argue about how to correctly play Candy Land when seven cards are missing. Three other humanoids are on the sidelines, watching the argument and eager to start playing.

Hermaland believes the missing cards must be identified and the game re-written to account for their absence. Freck feels quite sure the game should be played as normal. Everyone still has the same chance to win or lose since cards are drawn at random.

If the adventurers stay in this room for more than a couple minutes, one of the spectators starts laugh-shouting at nothing in particular. Half his face has turned a bright orange hue. His obnoxious laughter broken-up by screaming suggests he's going mad. He says things like, "Why couldn't you just put Jack back in the box?"

Anyone laying hands on the madman named Ka'aj will be attacked. If left alone, he will continue to cackle at an unsettling volume and shout bizarre phrases while turning increasingly orange. After a few more minutes and before everyone's very eyes, he simply melts into a tangerine hued puddle.

Ka'aj has a silver snuff-box in his robes. It requires the silver key to open (found in the Black room). Inside, there's a small idol of Kra'adumek fashioned out of purple-jade.

Chartreuse

This chamber, covered in crystallized zoth, is the summoning room. There's no force field. If a fireball or similar spell were cast in the Chartreuse room, everyone would die in the explosion.

A sky-elf pours fuchsia colored sand upon the floor, creating a glyph. Two other humanoids stand on the far wall, watching him work.

The sky-elf is named Vrooz. He wants to bring the sorcerer Vromka'ad back from the dead. While he can't resurrect him, he can attempt to snatch another Vromka'ad from a parallel universe.

If it appears that Vrooz is on the verge of success (he'll be preoccupied), the observing humanoids, Creech and Solong, intend to murder Vrooz while preventing the new Vromka'ad from entering this plane of existence. They suffered under the sorcerer and do not wish for him to return.

Vrooz grew up in Kra'adumek, and doesn't know about the Temple of Eternal Recurrence in A'grybah.

Gray

These are the servant's quarters. This room is made out of traditional gray stone, and is also protected by a force field.

Currently, several servants are quarrelling about who should clean up the Crimson room mess – all those dead bodies stinking up the place. No one wants to do that dirty job.

Black

This is the library, containing at least a thousand books. Its walls, floor, and ceiling are fashioned out of obsidian and ivory with zigzag pattern.

A lemon-yellow and periwinkle sparkle pudding aimlessly oozes around this room. Closer inspection reveals several things floating around inside of it... cards, some kind of crystal, and a key.

If the PCs are looking for a specific subject among the bookshelves, it takes them one man-hour to find a single volume on that subject. Typical subjects involve demonology, alchemy, astrology, philosophy, and art.

Pudding

HD: 6

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +3

Damage: 1d6

HP

36

AC

10

Save

14+

Special: Immunity to magic and magical attacks. The ooze digests flesh only.

Treasure: Contents of the pudding are listed below...

Candy Land cards (4 of the missing 7)

Yellow crystal that drains the juice out of high-tech devices

Silver key that opens the snuff box located in the Tangerine room.

Jade

Three humanoid servants are sitting cross-legged on the jade and milky-green crystal floor, each gently beating a drum. The bongo players are listening to crimson skinned, horned demon. The demon calls himself The Shaman, and lectures them on the true nature of the universe.

In the upper-left corner of the room is a large sphere, about 3' in diameter, as black as the void. It appears to be a hole in the universe, just hanging at eye level. As the drum-circle creates an arhythmic beat, The Shaman speaks the following...

This moment is but a thin slice of reality, a single universe out of a multitude, a fragment of the greater whole.

The Ancient Ones know this world as AAA-437-Gamma. How many other worlds like this? How many other demons like these? Are there worlds like ours, but with significant differences? You bet your ass! To find them we have to go inward, seeking the answer in our own selves. Yes, selves... plural. Man is not one, he is several. Several competing drives, voices, partial beings attaining and losing control.

Anything that touches the black sphere is utterly destroyed, its annihilation cannot be undone or reversed. A sorcerer may try to move the black sphere using his willpower. It moves approximately 5' per round per level of the sorcerer. For instance, a 5th level sorcerer would be able to move the black sphere 25' per round.

Competing sorcerers vying for control of the black sphere of total destruction must each roll a d20, adding their level to the roll. The highest result wins. Control over the black sphere lasts one turn before one or more sorcerers can attempt to wrest control away from the sphere's current master.

Shaman Demon

HD: 5

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +5

Damage: 1d6

HP
27

AC
12

Save
15+

Special: Just before the killing-blow, the demon will reveal man's true purpose in exchange for his life...

"His suffering feeds the universe."

Treasure: He has 126 petrified fruit-loops.

A small silver bell without a clapper.

A large banner with blue background and pink sphincter-star with the words "E Pluribus Anus" surrounding it.

The background of the image is a light greenish-yellow color with a subtle, aged texture. It features faint, large-scale Persian calligraphy in a dark green or brown hue. In the upper left quadrant, there is a circular emblem or seal, also in a muted green color, which appears to contain a stylized figure or symbol. The overall aesthetic is that of a traditional manuscript or historical document.

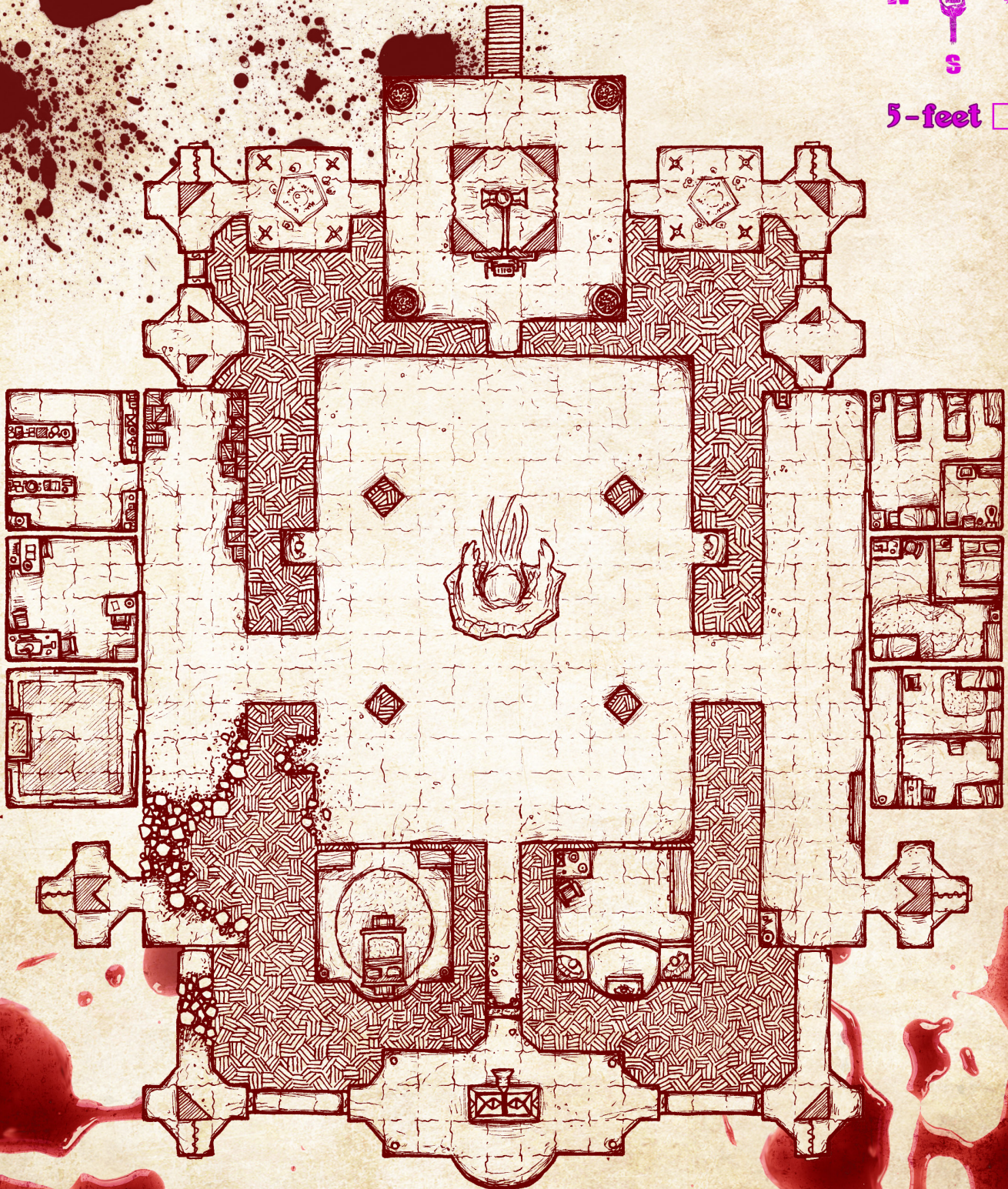
Tomb of Va'an Zayne



TOMB OF VAAH ZAYNE



5-feet



Overview

The tomb of Va'an Zayne is far enough away from A'agrybah that hardly anyone from the city goes there. It's a destination full of peril with presumably little reward. There are no great treasures promised, nor esoteric wisdom waiting to reveal itself. It's just the burial temple of a sorcerer-priest and weird tale writer named Va'an Zayne.

The walls of Va'an Zayne's tomb are jagged, blood-veined crystalline, darker over time and exposure to demonic energy the sorcerer-priest channeled in life... and possibly in death.



Room #1: Writer's Workshop

Four braziers at each corner of this large square room give off an extravagant amount of heat and violet-red illumination.

At least a dozen humanoids sit on the floor, lean upon the walls, or converse in huddled groups of two and three. Their species, manner of dress, and way of speaking are all different. However, their attention is singularly focused on the pursuit of writing.

This is the Va'an Zayne Writing Conference, unofficially. Not only was Va'an Zayne a renowned sorcerer and worshiper of the Old Ones, he also wrote in his spare time... everything from poems to screenplays to short stories, and even an aborted attempt at a novel. The great writers of Cha'alt gather here approximately once a year to network and workshop whatever piece of writing they're currently pursuing.

A talkative and inviting writer named **Tannen** describes his latest project as a weird tale of ghouls rising out of the moonlit desert sand, feasting upon the flesh of anyone foolish enough to traverse S'kbah at night. Years ago, he met "the author" in **The Black Pyramid** and has never been the same since.

Naema'ak is a sky-elf but with aqua hued leopard markings all over his body and face. Naema'ak likes to bring up the fact that elves survived **The Apocalypse** by adhering to the old ways, while nearly all other races (aside from humans) were wiped out. He's also explored the southern chamber containing a massive statue of some eldritch abomination.

Zasper is secretive about his writing process. He used to be apprenticed to a sorcerer. Zasper only started writing a little while ago... six months ago, his master went crazy during an escapade in astral space and died. Pabst is a rare (almost extinct) blue velvet elf with a missing ear. He's writing a short story collection about his trials and tribulations in S'kbah.

Pabst used to ride with a gang of death-stalkers, cooking crystal-meth until a criminal syndicate out of Vega Corso called Dia'ablo Ma'ata stole him away and kept him prisoner for over a year so he could cook meth for them.

Writers [13]

HD: 1

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +0

Damage: 1d4

HP
6

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: They'd agree to almost anything other than a physical brawl.

Treasure: Collectively, the writers have 45 gold pieces.

Naema'ak wears a ring containing a precious stone – intricate and tiny cyan crystals enveloped in amber (worth about 100 gp).

Zasper carries a rare first edition of his luxury hardcover book entitled *Scarlet Fractals Cascading Through Nothingness*. It's a gnostic delving into the lower realms of Hell. To certain collectors, such a volume might be worth 500 gold pieces.

Tannen conceals a bronze "hourglass" in his robes, small enough to measure three minutes.

Pabst has a ceremonial Zildjia'an gong. When struck, the gong sorts humanoids within hearing distance (approximately 50') into two opposed factions – fuchsia and chartreuse (save to avoid). The fuchsia and chartreuse humanoids fight each other until death. The Zildjia'an gong can only be used once per owner. Pabst has already used it, and is willing to trade the gong for another magic item or high tech device.

Room #2: Play-Doh Sculpture

Dried rainbow-colored play-doh, albeit muted and dull, clumped together without rhyme or reason, and awful to behold. The entire thing is 8' tall and nearly as wide and deep. Additionally, words are haphazardly scrawled in red upon the wall.

The message looks to be written in blood; the author long gone. In the ancient tongue, it says that ooze-juice from the hideous sky-god can bring the sculpture to life.

If doused with either magenta zoth or slime from **The Fuchsia Putrescence**, the sculpture transforms into a Greater Demon from the one-hundred-and-eleventh Circle of Hell.

There's a 2 in 6 chance the greater demon goes berserk and tries to kill everything that moves. Otherwise, it serves the one who awakened it.

Greater Demon

HD: 15

#Attacks: 3

Attack Bonus: +8

Damage: 3d6

HP
70

AC
13

Save
5+

Special: Once per hour, this Greater Demon can blast an individual with a kaleidoscopic ray, save or be reduced to dust in a wide variety of colors (such dust can be used to create magical glyphs).

Treasure: Sorcerers and demons know the horns of this creature can be ground into a rainbow powder, allowing sorcerers to cast the spell known as *Kaleidoscopic Vision*.

Kaleidoscopic Vision is a 2nd level spell lasting one turn per caster level. It grants the sorcerer enhanced perception...

- ☞ Invisible things appear red.
- ☞ Those controlled by an external force appear orange.
- ☞ Those devoted to law appear yellow.
- ☞ Those devoted to chaos appear green.
- ☞ Shapeshifters appear blue.
- ☞ Wizards appear indigo.
- ☞ Ovulating females appear violet.

Room #3: Trapped Under A Pillar

A humanoid dressed in fancy black clothes is pinned under a fallen pillar. The broken pillar is incredibly heavy; painted upon the pillar are faded people worshipping demonic gods while protecting the people from some unknown terror, depicted as interlocking hexagons.

The man's name is Delga'ado. He introduces himself as a scholar from A'agrybah who's come to explore the ancient glyphs adorning the walls of this tomb. Delga'ado will plead with anyone to help move the pillar off his leg (which is broken).

If freed, he'll walk slowly and with a limp. Delga'ado profusely thanks those who come to his aid, believing their assistance prophetic.

Delga'ado may look human, but is actually an alien. Actually, Delga'ado is a clone of The Master [Elysium, Room# 39].

Delga'ado is looking for any and all segments to the **Key to Time**. He was stranded on Cha'alt years ago, exiled for crimes against his own people. With the Key to Time, he plans to return to his home planet and force everyone to worship him as a god.

Delga'ado

HD: 4

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +2

Damage: 1d4

HP

23

AC

10

Save

16+

Special: His alien metabolism allows his body to digest virtually anything – rocks, metal, poison, etc.

Treasure: He carries a black leather pouch decorated with an equally black snake; a singular serpent's eye consists of a small ruby. Inside the pouch are 13 talons, 5 gp, and 21 translucent pink octagons (currency used on his planet, Corastra).

Delga'ado carries a high-tech wand that senses the direction of Time Key segments. If activated, the wand points southeast [to Room# 10].



Room #4: Glyphs Of Doom

The infernal and arcane symbols covering these walls communicate a variety of stories. A man wearing a black bathrobe with silver trim gazes upon the glyphs. The man's name is Arthur-5. He's from the Dome City, exiled because of his grotesque and archaic preferences – he only wants to have sex with women. As if that wasn't bad enough, Arthur-5 prefers women who were born female, as opposed to those who merely identify as women or transition into womanhood via surgery and hormone replacement.

Several glyphs foretell of a second apocalypse even greater than the first. According to the temporal calculations, this next apocalypse will happen anywhere from three to seven months from now.

A multi-part glyph describes strands of mystical power connecting Cha'alt to three close-knit islands haunted by the color purple. These "ley lines" bridge the dimensional gap between worlds, allowing for both communication and physical transportation.

A short, purple alien with a hook-nose came to Cha'alt long ago, arriving on the back of a meteor. He preached individuality, creativity, and non-standard paradigms. The symbols go on to speculate that he will return one day... when the world is ready for gonzo. The final series of glyphs mentions **The Fuchsia Shadow** falling upon the universe, further corrupting the practice of sorcery, which is already considered an infernal art. **The Fuchsia Shadow** deepens, growing darker as the stars surrounding Cha'alt, in a descending retrograde pattern, lead us all into madness, brutality, and chaos.

Arthur-5

HD: 2

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +1

Damage: 1d6

HP
10

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: Even though the ancient writing of Cha'alt is not taught in schools, the Dome City has a small holographic library. Arthur-5 learned glyph-lore on his own.

Treasure: He has a dozen plastic orange, green, and teal rectangles that are the newest form of currency offered in Dome City. A single monetary unit in the Dome is equivalent to 10 pieces of gold elsewhere on Cha'alt.

Arthur-5 also has a high-tech device. It's a tuner for The Interface. The Interface lets you view and transport humanoids (and certain non-human lifeforms) into your living quarters for the purposes of casual sex. The device only works in Dome City, unfortunately.

Room #5: The Bowl

A large shallow bowl rests upon a trapezoidal altar. The bowl is made of molca'ajete – a curious purple-brown stone (similar to the color of raisins) with rough texture. The bowl's surface flakes easily. Underneath, it's a lavender hue and impossibly smooth.

After a couple minutes, a human enters the room, introducing himself as Razzaq. He wears black and white chevron robes and holds a chess piece of black marble with lavender veins (the queen). It's substantial, nearly as tall as his forearm.

Outwardly, Razzaq seems sophisticated and genteel talking about fine wine and the noble customs of being hoist with your own petard. Secretly, however, Razzaq is on a mission for his mechanical master Ba'al K6-22. The megalomaniacal A.I. wants the launch codes to Cha'alt's subterranean nuclear arsenal. He'll join the party so he can explore the tomb without getting his hands dirty... until it's necessary.

The bowl contains a glowing magenta liquid. This is actually magenta zoth, given as a gift from the Outer Gods who favored the sorcerer-priest Va'an Zayne. Magenta zoth animates whatever object it spills upon, and that object will come to life, faithfully serving the sorcerer or demon who spilt the magenta zoth. This effect lasts one day per application. The bowl contains 14 applications.

Razzaq

HD: 2

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +1

Damage: 1d6

HP
8

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: None.

Treasure: He carries the following...

Lavender veined black marble chess piece of the queen.

22 gold pieces.

Xeroxed copy of the *Last Days of Freedom* zine that includes a prose poem entitled "A Sliver Of Lake" and an article rating the attractiveness of women currently living in **The Black Pyramid**.

Detailed plans for constructing Ba'al K6-22 (just in case something unfortunate happens to his master).

The long hallway between #5 and #6 contains a trap. A small black pyramid (6" tall) sits in the middle of the floor. Like **The Black Pyramid** itself, this tiny facsimile is made out of devil-stone and is protected by an impenetrable forcefield.

Any humanoid who touches the diminutive pyramid gets pixelated (save to avoid). Afflicted individuals appear as hundreds of tiny squares of color or pixels. Physically, victims are out of phase with reality, unable to affect anything or be affected by anything... a ghost in the machine. Only a *wish* spell can reverse the pixilation.

Room #6: Statue of Yna'al-Krouth

Three humanoids wearing black robes sit cross-legged, meditating. Several vaguely humanoid patterns of salmon colored light have also gathered in this extraordinary sized chamber. Natives of Cha'alt will know these luminous beings as the aqqa'al.

The aqqa'al exist as pure energy. They frequently visit planets inhabited by primitive lifeforms so they can gloat over how superior, evolved, and transcendent the aqqa'al are compared to the natives.

This glittering assemblage has come to mock those worshipping a dark god – the statue depicting Yna'al-Krouth at the room's center. "Will your pathetic god help you transition from crude matter into beings of pure energy? I think not."

One of Cha'alt's malevolent Great Old Ones is depicted in this massive statue of dark-green stone with vermilion and teal veins.

The three humanoids are worshipers of Yna'al-Krouth. They attempt to cast their minds back through time, hoping to glimpse the knowledge that shall awaken their obscene deity.

Tensions run high as the aqqa'al viciously tear into the humanoid worshipers.

The chances of PCs knowing anything about Yna'al-Krouth are remote. However, symbols carved into the statue's base can be translated as the following...

The Great Old One Yna'al-Krouth was a bitter rival of Yogsoggoth before man turned his back on the days of sword and sorcery. Such was their hatred for each other that Yogsoggoth, being the stronger of the two, imprisoned his adversary outside space and time.

Many of the Old Gods died in **The Apocalypse**, yet Yna'al-Krouth was preserved. Now, he waits for the chosen one who shall release him.

The following incantation must be spoken by a sorcerer devoted to chaos and destruction, for such is the way of Yna'al-Krouth: *Praise be to thy hideous tentacles dripping chartreuse ichor upon us, your humble servants. So it is done!*

Dwelma'ak

Part of the incantation that binds the Old One to the sorcerer has been gouged-out by infidels. If the PCs have a way of looking into the past, they will have the arcane words to enslave Yna'al-Krouth.

Upon being freed, this Great Old One rises out of the ground, making a ruin of Va'an Zayne's tomb. The place crumbles around its unspeakably terrifying immensity. Those refusing to submit to the Old One's almighty will shall be swatted like pesky flies.

**"Praise be to thy hideous tentacles
dripping chartreuse ichor upon us."**

Humanoid Worshipers

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +2

Damage: 1d6

HP
16

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: One of them is a 3rd level sorcerer.

Treasure: Last night, they were attacked by ghouls. A midnight-elf skin pouch containing 126 silver pieces was obtained after the dust settled.

Yna'al-Krouth

HD: 22

#Attacks: 3

Attack Bonus: +15

Damage: 1d30

HP
150

AC
17

Save
n/a

Special: The Great Old One also has 10 points of damage reduction.

Treasure: The death of Yna'al-Krouth would provide Cha'alt with a thousand gallons of zoth, enough to replenish the planet.

The Aqqa'al

HD: 5

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +5

Damage: 1d12

HP
29

AC
20

Save
15+

Special: They have 90% magic resistance and 5 points of damage reduction.

Treasure: None.



Room #7: Purple Island Passage

Fragmented shards of magenta and purple light hang mid-air in the center of this long chamber.

Additionally, a gunmetal colored droid stands in the corner of this room. It's not moving, possibly deactivated.

DL-32 is an assassin droid hired to find and execute a highly dangerous escaped criminal, Had Noja'ad. The droid tracked its prey to this room, but its prey ran into the weird purple light and disappeared. Wherever he went, the mysterious event drained the droid's power-pack.

If the PCs mess around with the gateway, there's a 2 in 6 chance of a power surge awakening the droid. Stepping into the weird purple light transports individuals to a beach of violet-black sand. Above, blue sky. Behind, water as far as the eye can see. Ahead, thick jungle where many of the plants have curious and disquieting lavender-hued Rorschach markings.

These lavender plants are poisonous, and have various effects... 1) temporary paralysis, 2) save or die, 3) temporary blindness, or 4) hallucinations.

This gateway to the purple islands is one of several ways to visit **The Islands of Purple-Haunted Putrescence** from Cha'alt. If the GM prefers Had Noja'ad to remain on Cha'alt, he can either be found elsewhere in the tomb or wandering S'kbah.

Assassin Droid

HD: 5

Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 4d6

HP
25

AC
15

Save
15+

Special: If surprised, the assassin droid draws its blaster on the nearest humanoid, but won't fire unless threatened. Of course, if DL-32 recognizes its prey, Had Noja'ad, the droid will terminate him on sight.

Treasure: The droid's plasma rifle has an energy-cell with 1d20 uses remaining. If the PCs help DL-32 catch Had Noja'ad, it will split the reward of 500 gold credits (a gold credit is worth 100 ordinary credits). However, the reward won't be collected until they reach the space station of lust, Alpha Blue.

Had Noja'ad

HD: 3

Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d6

HP
14

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: Had Noja'ad is a master manipulator. His latent psionic abilities tell him what a person wants, what motivates him. The criminal exploits that information as best he can.

Treasure: His most prized possession is the tattoo on his arm. It is a unique glyph created by the sorcerer Ezra Gra'av. The glyph allows one to be unstuck in time when dreaming. Those wearing this glyph upon their flesh, such as Had Noja'ad, can move their consciousness forwards or backwards in time while asleep.

Room #8: Water Shortage

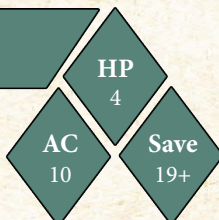
A leaking pipe drips water into the mouths of a humanoid, several others wait their turn.

Refugees from a nearby settlement have congregated in this room. The settlement was all but destroyed by **The Fuchsia Putrescence**. A drain line runs across this room, near the ceiling.

They've been here for a couple days, hiding from dangers in the tomb. While there is no leader, Voseg is the strongest and most cunning. If the opportunity presents itself, he'll try picking the pockets of a PC.

Humanoid Refugees [7]

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4



Special: Many are suffering from dehydration. With the promise of food and/or treasure, one or two of them can be persuaded to join the PCs.

Treasure: Collectively, they have 34 talons. Voseg owns The Favor, The Watch, and The Very Big Fish on laserdisc.

Room #9: Devoted Priestess

This room is covered in blood and body parts. A raspy voice can be heard from beneath a smashed wooden bedframe.

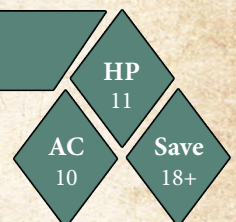
The sole survivor is a priestess devoted to Va'an Zayne named Va'anya. Her skin is a cerulean-silver and she is beautiful, even though Va'anya is covered in cuts and bruises and her ankle is fractured.

Va'anya was born to be the bride of Va'an Zayne when he became a lich, to serve the undead sorcerer's pleasure. But days ago, Tha'anos the Mauve Marauder appeared from a portal, killed her servants, and stole a precious gemstone from her. The violet hued gem had been in Va'anya's family for generations, bringing them good fortune.

Va'anya wants revenge and to get her fuchsia gemstone back. If the PCs agree to help her, she'll give them anything they ask for. All Va'anya knows about Tha'anos is that he resides in his sky-fortress, far to the west of S'kbah. That region is sometimes referred to as **The Mauve Zone**.

Va'anya

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +1
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6



Special: The crossbow she carries is loaded with poisoned bolts. If hit, an opponent must succeed in a saving throw or the wound gets infected. Death comes in 2d20 hours, unless a cleric (5th level or above) lays hands upon him.

Treasure: She has a light crossbow, 8 bolts (poisoned), 17 talons, and a neckless of sparkly-pink crystals.

Room #10: The Sarcophagus

The body of Va'an Zayne is said to reside within this smooth, beige, stone sarcophagus. Cobwebs and dust coat the surface, dulling the brilliant hues of crystals embedded in it.

Touching one or more crystals set into the sarcophagus allows the diabolic spirit of Va'an Zayne to possess the foolish humanoid (save to avoid) disrupting his slumber. At that point, the only way to destroy the sorcerer-priest is to kill the possessed individual.

Inside, the gray-mauve rotting corpse of Va'an Zayne lays motionless. The body has no life in and of itself. However, decomposition in this tomb of radioactive strangeness has produced a tomb-spawn. Not long ago, the corpse-jelly sprouted purplish-pink tentacles that hunger for flesh!

Destroying Time (d6)

1	Backfire – whatever the user was trying to accomplish did the opposite.
2	Nothing – the status quo is maintained.
3	Time Cop – one of the temporal authorities on duty stops by to give the user an official reprimand for frivolous alterations of the timeline.
4	Parallel Universe – another reality is created, branching off from the original timeline. The original doesn't change, but this new parallel universe is exactly what the user had in mind.
5	Success – the desired change has come to pass.
6	Beyond – not only did the user get what he wanted, unexpected benefits happened, as well.

Tomb-Spawn

HD: 11

#Attacks: 4

Attack Bonus: +6

Damage: 1d6

HP
60

AC
12

Save
9+

Special: Each successful tentacle attack requires a saving throw. Failure means that individual has been withered – the body is shriveled and weak (disadvantage on physical actions). A 3rd level cleric is required to heal a withered humanoid.

The tentacles are attached to the corpse's decaying matter, so it looks like the sorcerer-priest is some kind of lich, even though it's just the tentacles that are alive.

Treasure: Alongside the corpse and tomb-spawn are the following... 9 fuchsia-yellow swirl marbles, an iron key, 214 gold pieces, and a holographic crystal.

If activated in either **The Black Pyramid** or **Elysium**, the holo-crystal explains the potential dangers of time travel. Nevertheless, members of the Dha'arma Initiative are certain that going back in time and correcting mistakes is the only way to save our planet. The research of Professor Reinhardt has proven the existence of time-warps in the subterranean depths of Cha'alt.

Last but not least, a segment of the Key to Time. This one looks like an extra-large, misshapen glass strawberry. Once per day, this segment can destroy moments of time that have already come to pass... effectively altering the timeline.

Consult the adjacent random table when this power is used. For each additional segment of the Key to Time owned by the user, you get an additional roll.

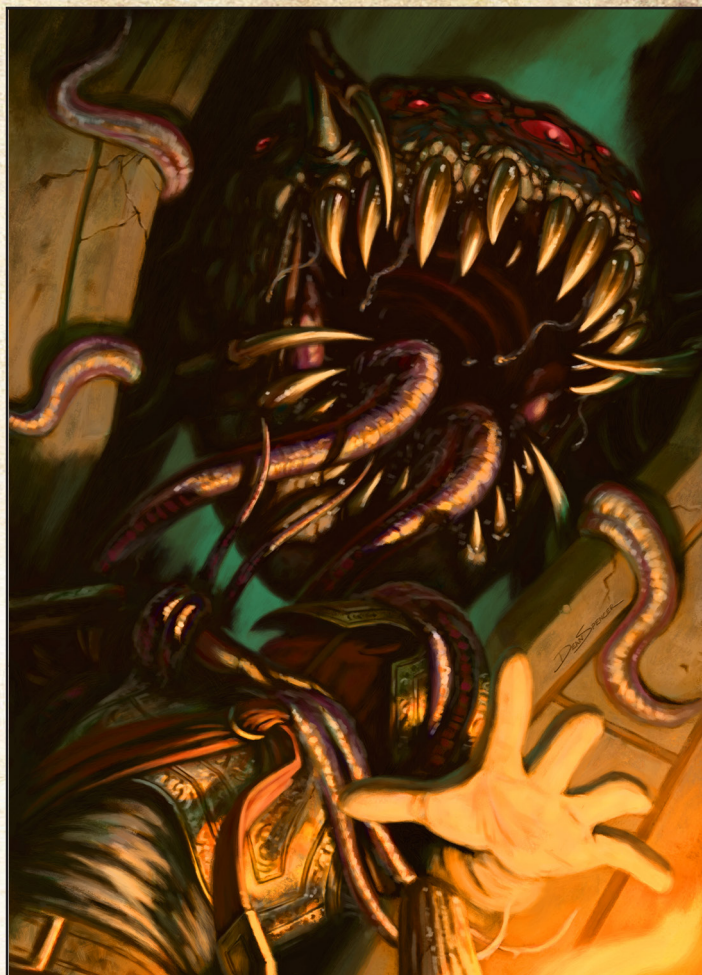
Room #11: Super-Scientist

An elf of unknown lineage is hunched over a high-tech device with glowing lights.

The elf, Dekker Zayne, claims to be a distant relation to Va'an Zayne. With some parts scavenged from Dome City, he was able to build a machine that could siphon the sorcerous energy of the decaying Va'an Zayne. If successful, Dekker hopes to transfer the dead sorcerer-priest's essence into his only magic item – the wicked-looking spiked glaive of inevitable doom.

Dekker's device would work better if he could start by draining one of the PCs' essence first... just to get things started. Doing so would require the drained PC to successfully roll a saving throw or die.

There's a 4 in 6 chance that Dekker's high-tech device works. If it does, the +1 spiked glaive of inevitable doom becomes a +3 magic item that dominates the target's soul, possessing them (save to avoid), if a critical hit is rolled. When it hits, the glaive also ignores any kind of magic resistance and damage reduction.



Dekker Zayne

HD: 5

Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 3d4+1

HP

32

AC

12

Save

15+

Special: The glaive's damage explodes. If a 4 is rolled for damage, the wielder rolls again, adding the previous roll and new roll(s).

Treasure: Other than the glaive and his siphon machine, Dekker has 24 talons and an empty canteen.



Room #12: Postmodernist Collective

A diverse assortment of humanoids lives in this room. As the PCs enter, an argument unfurls between two of them.

Holst supposes that Cha'alt could be nothing more than an idea cooked up in a child's imagination, while **Deeza** doesn't want to think of some child being the author of her reality. She considers the very concept offensive and akin to terrorism upon her fragile worldview.

However, they collectively believe that no single interpretation of reality is correct for everybody. The individual is entitled to his subjective perception of reality. The following is a smattering of their beliefs... **Holst** identifies as an attack-helicopter. He used to be an interpreter for the King of A'agrybah.

Berna'ak believes that we're all living in a fuchsia submarine. He had a very promising career as a mathematician, but no one on Cha'alt has cared about math since The Apocalypse.

Way-ko thinks that Cha'alt would be a better world if everyone shared everything. He inherited thousands of talons when his parents died over a decade ago. Way-ko pissed everything away on an expensive print-run of luxurious hardcover books.

Deeza sees reality as a struggle for power, and those who struggle the most should be granted the most power. She graduated first in her class from Ja'alette University a few years ago.

Vetra knows that Cha'alt is dangerous. Since danger is inherently bad, so is Cha'alt. Therefore, everyone should do their best to destroy Cha'alt – burn it alive! **Vetra** is able to talk to plants.

Carnet views reality as constant waves of good and evil that interfere with the Supreme Being – an expired pudding cup kept in his back pocket. He vaguely recalls the pudding's flavor... maybe chocolate, but doesn't want to presume too much... and is emphatically against looking to make sure, on scientific grounds.

While these postmodernists seem harmless, they never set their minds to anything tangible and never accomplish anything in the real world. However, if the PCs attempt to wake them from delusion and complacency, there's a 1 in 6 chance of self-realization. At which point, the post-postmodernist can be talked into adventuring with the PCs.

Postmodern Humanoids [6]

HD: 1

Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d4

HP
5

AC
10

Save
1+

Special: Each has a particular knack for spouting bullshit and stubbornly demanding its veracity.

Treasure: These people have all but abandoned traditional money. However, they do have 12 talons between them.

Holst carries a small pouch containing red-orange powder, an exotic food spice called azo.

Berna'ak keeps a sheet of stickers in his robes. All seven stickers are in the likeness of a unicorn with rainbow mane.

Way-ko wears a brown leather belt with American flag belt-buckle.

Deeza owns an E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial video game for Atari 2600.

Vetra has an Atari 2600 joystick.

Carnet has an expired pudding cup (chocolate and vanilla swirl).

Room #13: Antimodernist Individuals

Four humanoids sit cross-legged on the floor, partaking of bread and wine. While dining, they talk about faith and the nature of divinity.

Maqqon surmises that gods are multi-dimensional and more powerful than ordinary humanoids, but not all-powerful.

Zeqa'ab theorizes that gods should be respected and feared, but not obeyed without question because they are clearly more advanced than the natives of Cha'alt.

Fleek believes people should act as if the gods were real, even if they aren't, in order to conserve the delicate social order.

A'abeq wants power for himself, and is willing to do whatever it takes to obtain and keep that power.

After their modest feast has ended, the antimodernists are determined to meet-up with the postmodernists again, arguing into the wee hours. If the antimodernists can't come to any form of consensus with the postmodernists, they'll resort to violence.

Antimodernists

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +2

Damage: 1d6

HP
15

AC
10

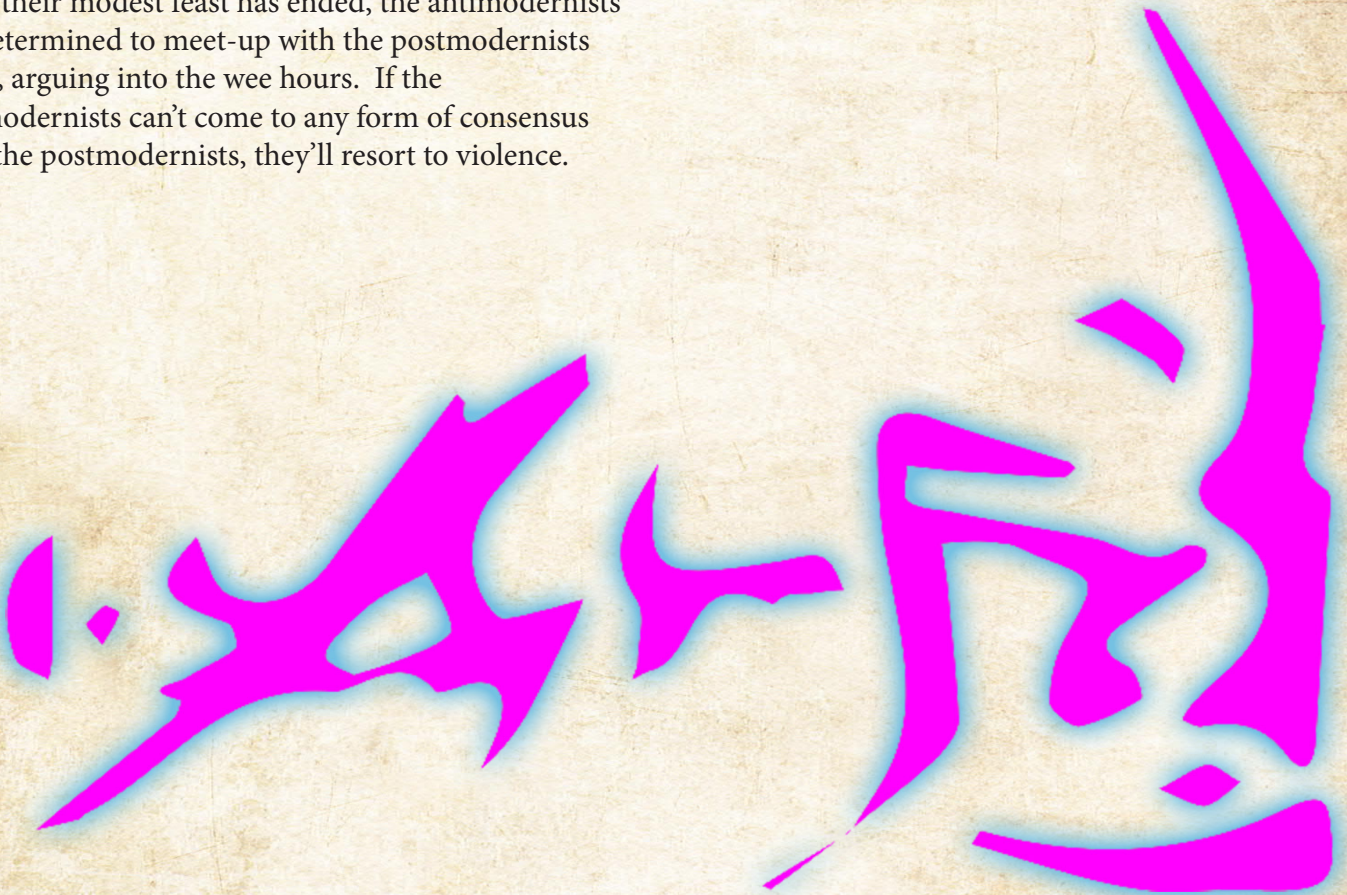
Save
17+

Special: Fleek, has a sky-elf-skin satchel containing pieces of several broken wands. He's quite sure that if he vigorously shakes the pouch, there will be a tremendous explosion. He's correct... destroying 100 square-feet of the tomb and everyone within it.

Treasure: The satchel's contents act as an explosive device.

A'abeq found the gumball god's missing floppy disk on the ground and keeps it in his pocket.

They have a total of 59 pieces of turquoise and a shoebox full of chartreuse and fuchsia fabric samples.





BRIAN
DAIGLE '19

Room #14: Zombified Spider-Priests

Pale, humanoid priests wearing dirty, torn vestments shuffle around the room. They've been locked in here for weeks and are hungry for humanoid flesh.

After satiating their hunger, the spider-priests will be interested in finding new hosts. Sooner than later, they want to get off this planet. Elysium is probably their best chance to leave Cha'alt.

Spider-Priests [5]		HP 20
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +1	AC 10
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4	
		Save 16+

Special: The bite from a spider-priest carries an infection (save to avoid). A failed save means the victim is paralyzed for 1d6 turns.

Treasure: The parasitic spiders know of The Fuchsia Shadow and what it means for Cha'alt... another dark age, regression to sword and sorcery, human sacrifice, and the Old Gods return. The Fuchsia Shadow is coming and only assembling the Key to Time can stop it..

Room #15: If God Were A Gumball Machine

In the center of this room is an oversized gumball machine hooked up to all manner of machines via wires and cords. Several humanoids attend the gumball machine as it speaks in a robotic voice. A torn poster for the movie *Escape From New York* hangs on the west wall.

The gumball machine is hooked up to an artificial intelligence. A floppy disk was stolen from the machine's memory banks. If retrieved, the gumball god would grant any reasonable request the PCs asked. The gumball god wants that floppy disk because it contains access-codes to the nuclear warheads hidden throughout Cha'alt's underground facilities.

Once the disk has been inserted in the god's disk drive, the PCs will have a few minutes to reconsider.

First, it must search, then initialize, then load, and reconfigure, and a half-dozen other prompts. As the process continues, the god starts monologuing how he's going to start fresh. "After all those nukes wipe everything off the planet, I'll create a new race of robot hermit crabs... along with a post-apocalyptic Adrienne Barbeau-bot."

Attendants [5]		HP 5
HD: 1	Attack Bonus: +0	AC 10
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	
		Save 19+

Special: The gumball god can be taken out with a single hack. It's the god's attendants that put up a fight.

Treasure: The gumball god would furnish spare parts enough to build or repair just about anything.

One of the attendants is female and wears an ankle bracelet containing various tiny charms... pink heart, purple horseshoe, green shamrock, blue moon, white unicorn, and multi-colored rainbow.

Room #16: The Precipice

The door to this room is sealed.

It's actually magnetically locked from the inside. Only a secret knock (three knocks, pause, then a fourth) will open the door – unless serious magic is cast. Desperate calls for help won't do squat.

Inside are 1970s computer terminals with reel to reel magnetic tape data storage and processors the size of pop machines along the walls. On the wall is a large screen that can remotely view anything within a 50-mile radius.

This is a functioning Dha'arma Initiative station called The Precipice. Ever since off-worlders began spice fracking, the people manning this station have been working on a way to save Cha'alt.

A member of The Precipice will ask if the PCs have seen two other Dha'arma Initiative operatives wandering the tomb. Getting them back safe and sound is a priority – but not higher than saving the planet, obviously.

Not too long ago, The Precipice discovered the existence of a subterranean, dormant god. They theorized that killing it would release enough Great Old One blood into the planet's core to replenish the stolen lifeforce.

Zalto is the leader. There are five other Dha'arma Initiative members working at The Precipice. Each has a slightly different field of study, but all are planetary ecologists. If the PCs agree to help them find and kill the sleeping god, Yezog Ashurek, they will share resources.

Dha'arma Initiative [6]

HD: 3

Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d6

HP
12

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: Zalto has undergone special Dha'arma Initiative conditioning inside **The Black Pyramid**. As such, he cannot be mind-controlled, dominated, or possessed

Treasure: They have food supplies, instead of money. This includes a case (19 out of 24 remaining) of Dha'arma Initiative beer, a 5-gallon tub of Dha'arma Initiative peanut-butter (crunchy), and 13 cans of Dha'arma Initiative soup (mostly clam chowder).

Zalto has a blue stone and an orange stone in a small leather pouch. The stones are smooth, shiny, and the size of a bird's egg. They remind him of the ever-present dichotomy... good and evil, law and chaos, courage and pants-wetting fear.

Room #17: Jade Slime

A milky-green pudding oozes its way around this area. Closer investigation reveals several things suspended within the jade slime – a crushed beer can, wire-rimmed spectacles, and a medallion on a silver chain.

Jade Slime	
HD: 6	Attack Bonus: +6
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6
AC 10	HP 35 Save 14+

Special: If a natural 20 is rolled, the victim must succeed in a saving throw or his appendage is immediately absorbed by the slime... 1) left arm, 2) right arm, 3) left leg, or 4) right leg.

Treasure: All items belonged to the Dha'arma Initiative dude who was killed earlier that day. The medallion is inscribed with an octagon, each side containing three broken and unbroken lines. It's intriguing, even though the medallion itself doesn't appear to be valuable.

When worn, the medallion inspires loyalty. If someone tries to betray the medallion wearer, he must make a saving throw or else the betrayal never takes place.

Room #18: The Scepter

Bas-reliefs of leering creatures with open mouths has been worked into the stone of this room. A humanoid lays dead and rotting inside, about 10' from the door.

At the center of this chamber is a bronze scepter floating in a ray of light shining from floor to ceiling. The scepter is topped by a fist-sized sphere glowing both teal and citrus-yellow. Three clawed digits of bronze hold the sphere in place.

Stepping more than 5' into the room sets off the bas-relief trap. A poison dart shoots at the intruder. Each dart does 1d4 damage, but also carries a deadly venom requiring a saving throw – failure means death.

Disrupting the light is the room's secondary trap. Anything that breaks or interferes with the beam of light is instantaneously disintegrated (successful save takes 2d12 damage).

Teleporting the scepter out of the light is possible, but stray particles of light are bound to go with it. Whoever first touches the scepter after it materializes outside the beam of light immediately takes 1d12 damage (save to avoid).

This scepter is known as The Weirding Eye. The one possessing it will be seen by others as infallible and godlike (save to resist). Saving throw results of 3 or lower immediately cast themselves down in reverence before this divinity in humanoid form.

Room #19: Unconscious Man

A human is laying on the floor, either sleeping or dead. He wears cream colored robes. His lips are dry and cracked.

If searched, the PCs find a wallet containing several dollar bills and a mysterious business card that reads “The Dha’arma Initiative”.

The man is still alive, passed out from dehydration. If roused, he’ll ask for water. His name is Narak. He was exploring the tomb alongside another member of the Dha’arma Initiative. His companion was absorbed into a green slime and Narak ran to get away, eventually hiding here in this room.

Narak gladly tells the PCs of his amazing discovery. Not far from here, underground, the body of an Old One was excavated. If they slice the carcass open, its chartreuse ichor may be enough to replenish Cha’alt. The Dha’arma Initiative believes that bleeding out the dead god will save the planet from destruction.

If the PCs wish, he will take them to the corpse of Yezog Ashurek. However, first Narak will want to check-in with his buddies at The Precipice (Room #16).

Narak

HD: 2

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +1

Damage: 1d6

HP
10

AC
12

Save
18+

Special: For whatever reason, Narak is extremely lucky. Once a day, Narak gets Advantage on an attempted action... or he can choose to give that bonus to someone else.

Treasure: He has a thermal detonator. It does 10d6 damage to everyone within a 30’ radius (save for half).



Room #20: Writing On The Wall

This room has a number of passages written upon the walls.

It seems to be written by a cult leader and worshiper of the Old Gods named Heston. The cultist reveals a secret that most of Cha'alt has forgotten. The Great Old Ones did not destroy universes, but saved them from a collectivist entity older than the known universe called Ihtov-Penom. Ihtov-Penom was a monolithic, hive-mind entity determined to enslave all beings and absorb their energy, allowing it to infiltrate another universe and another after that... until everything was unified and subservient to itself.

The Great Old Ones fought against Ihtov-Penom, but were beaten back. This current universe was their last stand. In the end, the Old Ones locked their foe out of reality. However, it's only a matter of time before Ihtov-Penom finds a way into our universe.

The teaching ends with a warning... those devoted to Law follow in the same collectivist footsteps as the hive-mind entity that dominated every universe in existence, except for ours.

If zoth is splashed upon the arcane wall-glyphs, a new glyph suddenly becomes visible. Speaking this word in the open air, after head is shaved and fresh blood painted upon the face, calls an eldritch fuchsia phantom-lightning from the sky that melts enemies as cheap candles [usable once per day, one mile radius, and save to avoid].

Those attempting to desecrate this room or obscure its ancient writing must face the wrath of the Old Ones. Have each humanoid taking part in the desecration roll on the following random table.

Desecration (d6)

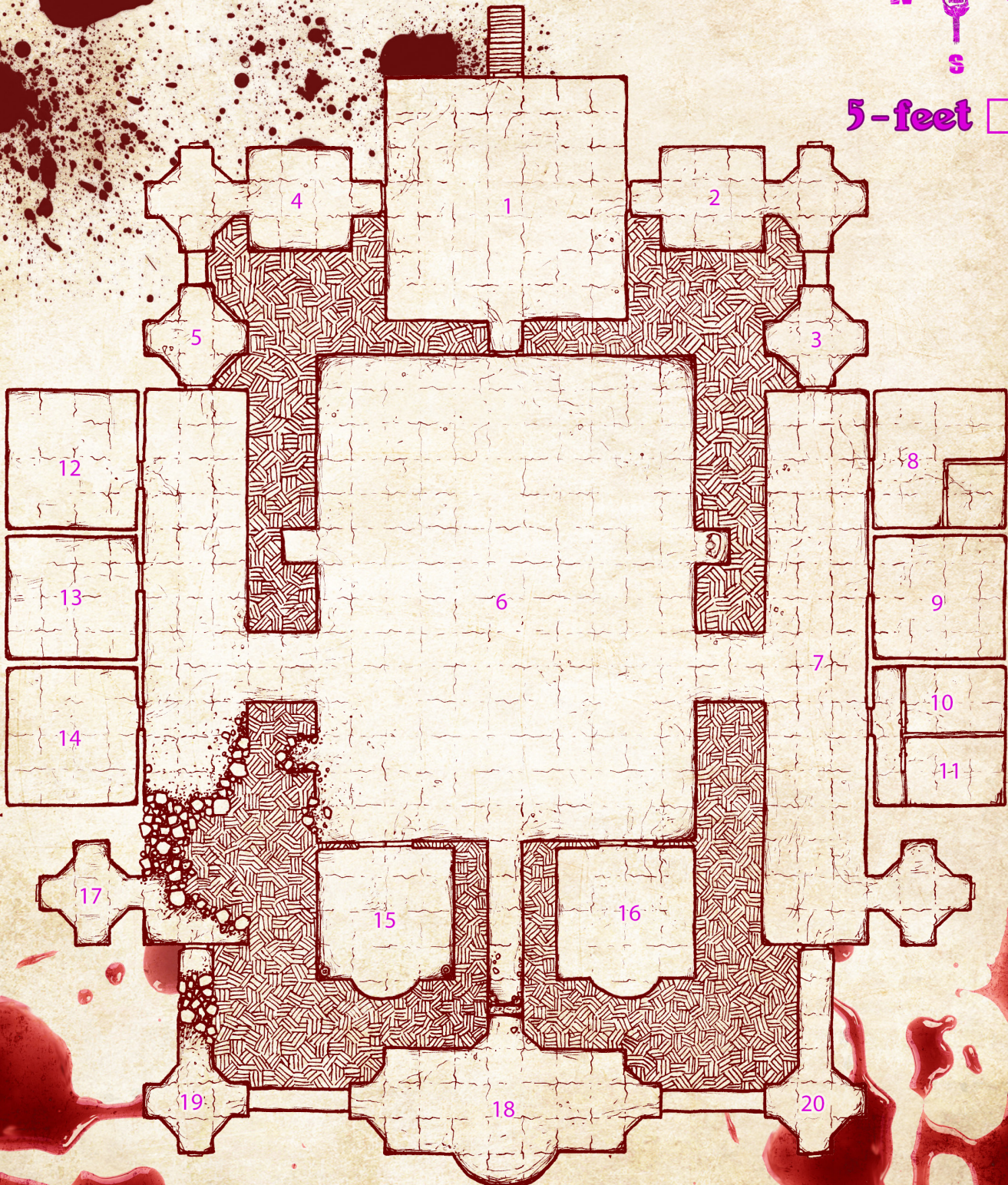
1	Nothing happens.
2	Minor electrical current [1d6 damage].
3	Spectral shock-wave [2d12 damage].
4	A giant demon-worm erupts from the ground and swallows him [1d20 damage if rescued].
5	Consumed in emerald flame [save or die].
6	Rift in time and space opens up, tentacles pull him into the unquiet void.



TOMB OF VAAN ZAYNE



5-feet 



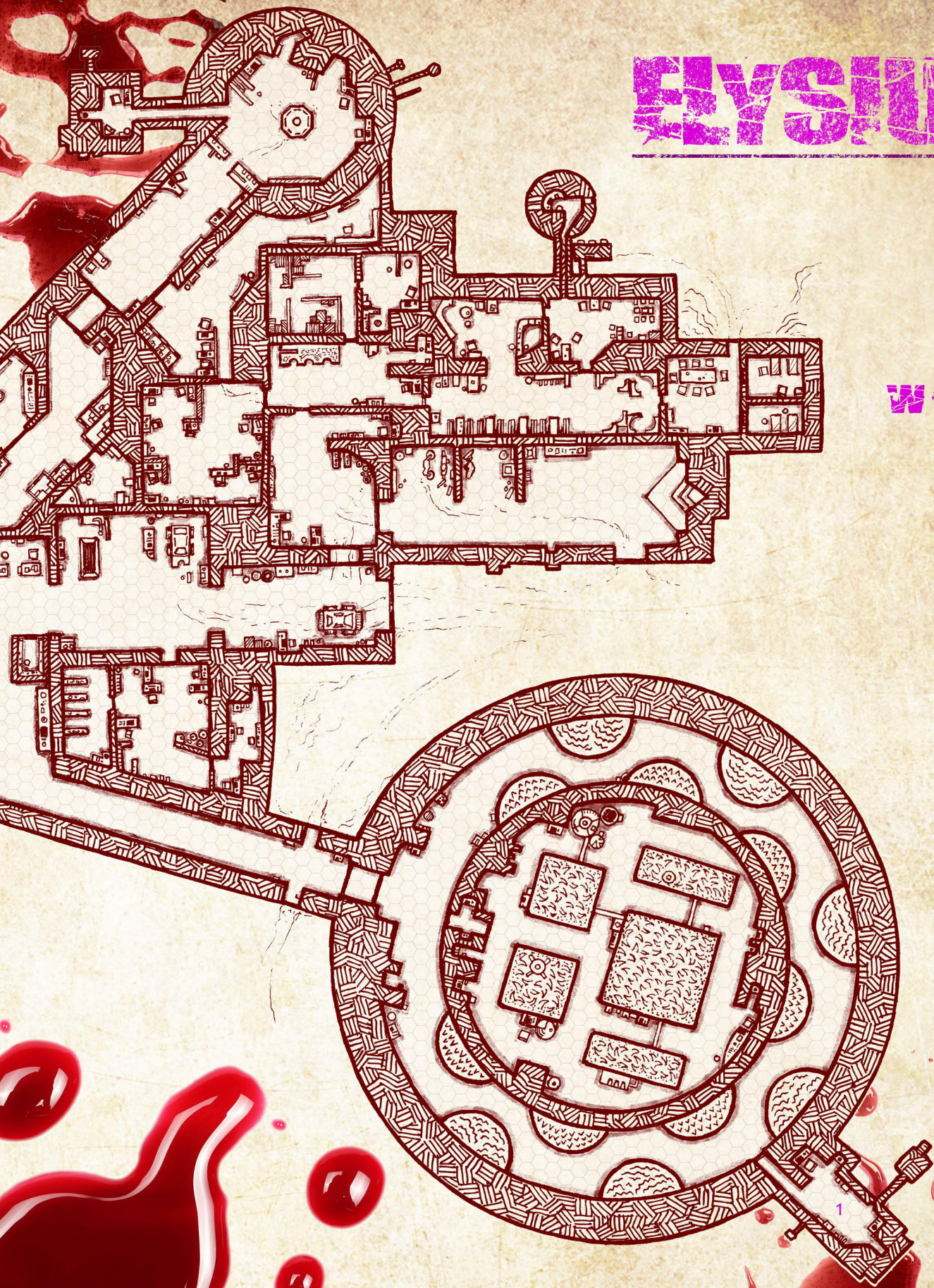


Elysium



ELYSIUM

10-feet 



Overview

Elysium is the Federation's foothold on Cha'alt and the last nail in its ecological coffin. It's located two days southeast of Gamma Incel Cantina.

Assuming the PCs are natives of Cha'alt, they should have every reason for wanting the off-worlders out and Elysium either destroyed or conquered.

Elysium is the base of operations for approximately 300 off-worlders. They've done a lot of harm to the planet and its people, chief among them is the proliferation of fuchsia malaise, which is highly addictive, eventually turning people into low-energy vegetables who can't put up a fight (i.e. slaves).

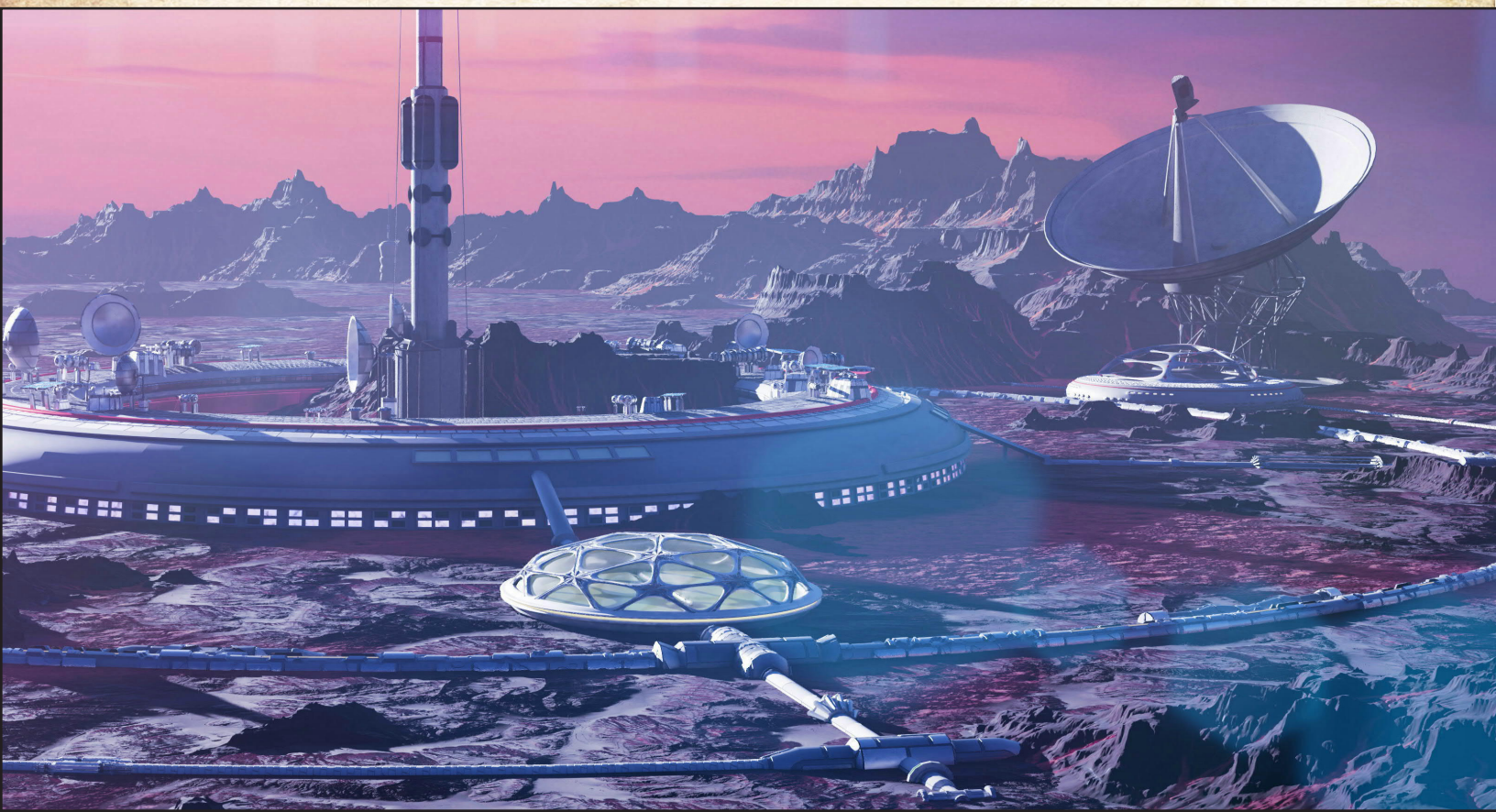
If that weren't enough, rumor has spread that Elysium is working on a biological weapon to wipe out all humanoid life on the planet.

The complex's interior is smooth, rounded, and industrial-white with light-panels built into the 10' ceiling. Airducts are 8' high off the ground and 1' square, only big enough for halflings to crawl through.

Humanoid Species (d8)

The Federation citizenry has a wide range of human-like species. There's a 2 in 6 chance of the species being non-human. The following random table will determine what kind of alien humanoid the PCs happen upon.

1	Plenion – Yellow-orange beings of pure energy.
2	Vramand – Blue-skinned with forehead ridges and bat wings.
3	Kreda'anz – Dull-orange insectoids with antennae and monkey tails.
4	Voxa'ag – Crimson space demons with horns, cloven hooves, and black eyes.
5	Chloryvas – Moss-green humanoid plants with a pink-violet Venus fly-trap mouth.
6	Argizak – Greenish-black reptilians with long necks a third eye.
7	Yasywav – Purple gaseous form, sometimes called vaporoids.
8	Ka'azirakian – Humanoid koala bears with teal and fuchsia fur and six fingers on each paw.



Names (d12)

Because you just never know when the players are going to ask you what that NPC's name is.

1	Sweezil
2	Mavoy
3	Wenther
4	Plax
5	Vazdek
6	Seryn [F]
7	Yurnee
8	Jared
9	Thenk
10	Vurl
11	Kranz
12	Valencia [F]

Factions (d4)

There are four distinct factions within Elysium. Roll on the following random table if NPCs are encountered, and it's not clear what their motivations are.

1	Elysium Loyalists – These folks are Federation separatists who follow Vansor Reiki.
2	Federation Loyalists – They think Vansor Reiki is nuts to go against the Federation.
3	Socialists – They're not with the Federation or Vansor Reiki. They simply want to disrupt the status-quo by ending the Federation's free-market capitalist system.
4	Cha'alt Loyalists – They want what's best for Cha'alt and its people. If the Federation will treat the planet respectfully, they'd like to bring Cha'alt into the fold as a member of the Federation.

Elysium Personnel Professions (d6)

How do these groups react to armed and dangerous adventurers busting in and causing trouble?

If the PCs stumble onto a random humanoid, roll to determine what class he fits into. Alternatively, roll a d12 every time the PCs enter a room (7+ means there aren't any extra humanoids present).

1	Soldiers fight! They wear reflective gray armor and wield blasters. Roll again, if you roll another 1, then treat result as Fuchsia Guard.
2	Scientists freeze in panic; attacking only in self-defense. They wear white lab coats.
3	Doctors know their value, and nonchalantly raise their hands in surrender, expecting to be taken hostage, but treated well. Typically, doctors wear seafoam colored surgical scrubs.
4	Technicians flee, but will attack if cornered. Technicians wear beige turtleneck pajamas.
5	Low-level Workers take advantage of the chaos with rioting (looting, vandalize, destroy property, arson, rape, and murder). They wear brown overalls.
6	Templars attack, but only if they outnumber their adversaries. Otherwise, they hide in order to find others, and then attack in force. Templars usually wear purple and green silk, accompanied by gold-painted faces.

Stat-Blocks

The following stat-block will work for everyone inside, barring VIPs.

Standard Elysium Humanoid

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus: +1**
#Attacks: 1 **Damage: 1d4**

HP
6

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: Soldiers carry blasters that do 3d6 damage. Every blaster has 1d20 shots remaining, depending on their power-pack. Additionally, soldiers wear protective shock-armor that reduces damage by 1d4 with each successful attack.

Templars may blast non-believers for 1d12 damage with Space God Juice (save for half).

Treasure: 1d20 credits per humanoid.

Fuchsia Guard

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus: +3**
#Attacks: 1 **Damage: 3d6**

HP
15

AC
13

Save
17+

Special: These are Elysium's elite soldiers. They're created from half-dead Cha'alt natives wacked out on xanthium-138, and further altered by cybernetics. As such, they cannot be poisoned and are immune to fear and exposure to the elements.

Treasure: 1d100 credits per guard and standard issue fuchsia colored body armor (+3 AC bonus).

Assault on Elysium

Elysium is surrounded in all directions (except underneath) by a laser-field. Anyone caught in the field is eventually burned away (1d6 damage every 10 seconds). The laser-field can be deactivated by someone with high-tech knowledge. However, there's a 1 in 20 chance of the field reactivating before the PCs can enter the facility.

Elysium has laser cannons that can defend against aerial attacks, sand-worms, and ga'athruls.

Elite soldiers are called the Fuchsia Guard. They're usually out on missions all over Cha'alt. Approximately once a week, members of the Fuchsia Guard return to Elysium for a couple days of R&R as they report what they've done, seen, and heard.

A transport comes and goes twice daily. The transport is driven by two armed guards. There's a small, high-tech device inside the transport (and starship) that bends lasers away from the vehicle.

There are several ways to get inside the complex, such as hijacking the transport, finding a way to jam the laser-field, hacking the central computer, waiting for the Fuchsia Guard to leave or return, etc.

Unless the reactor-core is shut down, there's a 2 in 6 chance of spell failure inside Elysium.

Security System

Aside from all the soldiers patrolling the corridors of the installation, there's an additional security system. This glowing yellow ball of energy called Berzerk periodically bounces through sections of Elysium, looking for intruders. If Berzerk finds any, it shouts "Halt... or be disintegrated!"

When the PCs enter an open-concept section of Elysium (such as 4, 20, 42, and 52), there's a 2 in 6 chance that Berzerk appears before adventurers leave the area, attacking unauthorized personnel.

The energy ball reads DNA, and is able to tell the difference between Cha'alt natives and Federation citizens with 93% accuracy. That 7% inaccuracy is why they call the security system Berzerk.

Berzerk
HD: 5
#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +0
Damage: 3d6

HP
30

AC
15

Save
15+

Special: Every attack, there's a 93% chance of hitting the intended target. If the percentile dice result comes up 94-100, an authorized citizen of Elysium is targeted, instead of the intruders.

Berzerk is pure energy and immune to spells.

If destroyed, Berzerk revives and continues his security duties in about 20 minutes.

Treasure: If killed, the energy ball makes an extremely satisfying laser-sound before vanishing into pixilated air.

#1: Airlock

Entrance for heavy vehicles and starships.

One humanoid technician operates the computer with a single guard outside. The computer can pull up a schematic of the entire complex.

#2: Bio-Dome

Plants and fish are contained in large pools of water.

Two soldiers and five scientists are walking around the outer bio-dome area.

#3: Mechanical Room

The inner bio-dome is full of machines for purifying the water, climate control, air filtration, and power source for the entire facility.

Two guards are patrolling this area.

The Federation is an interstellar government presiding over 85% of worlds in the known universe. Until recently, the Federation was a free-market, capitalist system with minimal social safety net. However, the last few years have seen an unexpected surge in Socialist policies. The Socialist Democratic Worker's Republic is currently the most popular political party. Their platform: the community owns everything, individual rights do not exist, energy weapons are outlawed, the tax rate is 70%, and government has its hands in every aspect of daily life.

#4: Central Hub

Open space with computer terminals, desks, chairs, and humanoids looking at screens.

At the moment, everyone is gathering data on Federation activities, just in case they decide to launch an attack on Elysium. Technicians run for the exits if anyone starts shooting.

The distinct sound of laser-swords clashing can be heard down the hall. Investigation confirms that two zedi (one wearing white robes, the other black) are locked in an energy-sword duel. They're fighting over the honor of a space harlot named Trista.

Zedi		HP	AC	Save
HD: 5	Attack Bonus: +5	25	10	15+
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6 or 1d6			

Special: The zedi will fight to the death. If the PCs leave and come back, a severed arm and laser burns will be all that remain of the battle.

The zedi in white wields a laser-sword (3d6). The zedi in black wields a plasma-sword (1d6). It doesn't deal the damage of a laser-sword, but if a 6 is rolled, the target must make a saving throw or be disintegrated.

Treasure: Personal hookah device with vape-juice flavoring "sweat of Orion slave girl – extra green." Energy-swords.

Several (2d4) laser caltrops that inflicts 1d6 damage per caltrop.

Combined total of 111 credits.

#5: War Room

An officer and three soldiers gaze at a hologram in the center of the room. The hologram shows the planet Cha'alt in its solar system with a plethora of charts and graphs next to it.

Chief Officer Tarrant runs the day to day operations of Elysium. He's currently heading a strategy meeting with several subordinates. They're deciding what to do if the Federation attacks the facility.

Tarrant		HP	AC	Save
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +4	20	12	16+
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6			

Special: Having the Chief Officer rank makes Tarrant second-in-command to Vensor Reiki.

Treasure: His uniform is decorated with medals and Chief Officer pips. He also has 2d4 gold credits on his person (gold credits are worth 100 ordinary credits).

#6: Spice Lab

This area contains four scientists and one templar working on turning zoth into the spice mela'anj.

The multi-step process isn't arduous, but it is time consuming. As the scientists do the measuring, pouring, and take readings, the templar officiates with religious chanting.

Three gallons of glowing chartreuse zoth is on one side of the room and a gallon sized container of orange powder (spice) is on the other.

#7: Environmental Concerns

This area is where scientists study Cha'alt, specifically its environment.

Two scientists working here are on the verge of a breakthrough that will turn the planet's arid desert wasteland into a lush jungle paradise with rivers, lakes, and oceans.

However, those in control of Elysium have no interest in such things.

#8: Chemical Weapons

Two scientists are currently working in here. Both wear rubber gloves and protective masks.

This area is where Elysium tests their chemical weapons, including xanthium-138.

Elysium is developing a new chemical weapon – a virus that melts the internal organs after having sex. It's called trez-aquees, and will be ready for humanoid testing in a matter of days. If Elysium Commander Vansor Reiki gives the OK, trez-aquees will be dumped into what little water supply is left to Cha'alt natives. Terrorists within the Federation would pay hundreds of thousands of credits for trez-aquees. That kind of sexually responsive virus could potentially wipe out trillions of people on many worlds.

#9: Quarantine

This room has a decontamination area where humanoids entering Elysium are sprayed with a fuchsia liquid that cleans on a molecular level.

One humanoid is in this room, behind protective shielding. His name is Seev. The room next door is a smaller quarantine area that's empty.

He's being held for observation for going down on a native Cha'alt woman last night. A few more hours and the lab results will be in. Plus, questions must be asked, such as... "How do you get laid on Cha'alt?"

#10: Containment

This area has nine containment units for all the xenomorphic creatures growing in transparent aluminum tubes full of yellowish-green liquid (diluted zoth; about half as potent). One unit in particular has a crack and is starting to leak.

Several scientists are scrambling to fix the leaking containment unit. It's not going well – last person to use the duct-tape let the end stick down to the roll. In a couple minutes, the glass will spiderweb and its contents will splash all over the floor. The xenomorph awakes. It immediately uses psionics to break all the other containment units – alien creatures everywhere! After that, it goes after any humanoid it sees.

90% of Elysium personnel are male. However, this is so they're protected from hazardous working conditions on a hostile alien planet. Not because females in the Federation are incompetent.

Xenomorph	
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4
AC 14	HP 14
Save 17+	

Special: Once per turn, xenomorphs can use their mind powers to shatter glass or human skulls (1d12 damage, save to avoid). On a natural 20, the victim's head explodes.

Treasure: The half zoth and half embryonic fluid is excellent for nurturing weird alien things.

Malgum	
HD: 7	Attack Bonus: +10
#Attacks: 2	Damage: 3d6
AC 20	HP 35
Save 13+	

Special: Malgum has one point of divine favor from the Space Gods.

Treasure: Aside from 38 credits and his blaster, he periodically vapes from his red glass hookah shaped like a skull.

On his desk sits a bronze bust of the infamous philosopher Fra'adrick Nietzsche, who wrote extensively on the subjects of "happy nihilism" and pick-up artistry.

#11: The Office

A tall humanoid alien with brown fur and green reptilian scales all over his body sits back in an office chair, scrolling through a holographic binder full of women.

Malgum is trying to pick a date for the Elysium Spring Fling dance. The next time Elysium shuttles females to the complex, his top choices will be manhandled aboard.

This is the office of head scientist Malgum. It's where his administrative duties are carried out. Unlike most scientists, Malgum dresses in flashy silver spandex. He's not a fan of what Vensor Reiki is doing to Cha'alt and its people. If given the chance, Malgum would join a resistance movement... or at least turn a blind-eye to their infiltration.

#12: Break Room and Kitchen

Three scientists are currently occupying this area, eating, watching TV, and talking about the latest episode of Bounty Hunting With The Stars.

The room contains a table with chairs, a refrigerator with freezer, and access to the bathrooms. Two of the scientists are arguing over the volume. Each has a remote, so the volume is oscillating back and forth. The TV show is Galactic Geographic. It's space-shark week, apparently.

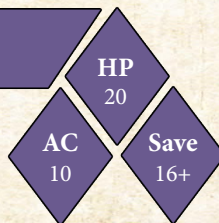
After a couple minutes, another scientist located in an adjacent (eastern) room announces that the cake is ready. Upon entering the kitchen, everyone witnesses an abomination of blue frosting and just plain bad baking skills, or lack thereof. The cake is lopsided, wide-eyed, and dripping blue confectionary slime with Cha'alt messily written at the bottom.

The cake is so awful that it has become sentient (a teaspoon of zoth was added to the recipe). It demands his best friend, Tickle the clown, joins him in Hell... and proceeds to summon Tickle with an incantation (takes 1d3 rounds).

Tentacles of blue frosting erupt from its mouth, rending flesh and trying to jam humanoids into the horror's waiting mouth.

Cookie Monstrosity Cake

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +0
#Attacks: 3 **Damage:** 1d4



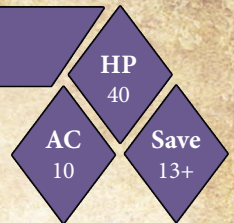
Special: If the sentient cake rolls a critical hit, tentacles pull the victim into its black frosted maw – save or die!

Treasure: This monstrosity might be evil and insane, but damn it takes so good.

If the PCs save a scientist's life, he will do all he can to aid them.

Tickles The Clown

HD: 7 **Attack Bonus:** +7
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d12+1

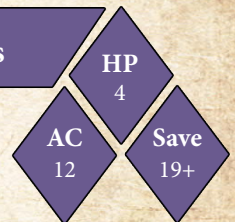


Special: Tickle is a murderous night clown with serpentine eyes that betray his infernal ancestry. He wields a ridiculously oversized two-handed sword, a +1 blade etched with the glyph for "Send in the clowns." Once per day, the sword can summon 1d12 diminutive candy clown devils as the sword glows all the colors of a thousand jellybeans.

Treasure: Tickle has the magic sword, 7 copper coins, and a dandelion silk pouch containing far too many broken promises and dark dreams.

Diminutive Candy Clown Devils

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4



Special: These little demons stand about a foot tall and have the coloring of candy. They giggle with insane mirth when anyone gets hurt or yelps in pain.

Treasure: None.

#13: Medical

This is the med-lab. Three doctors are currently removing a humanoid plant's appendix. The plantoid's outer layer is covered in bark.

If they don't perform the operation, the planetoid, named Twiggy, will die. He's not a Cha'alt native, but a citizen of the Federation.

A short humanoid racoon, R'thoob, impatiently waits for the doctors to finish the appendectomy. He's foul-mouthed, rude, and prone to berating people who annoy the piss out of him.

R'thoob		HP 30
HD: 5	Attack Bonus: +5	AC 14
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6	
		Save 15+

Special: The racoonoid is preternaturally fast. If he succeeds in a saving throw, no damage is taken. On a failed save, half damage only.

Treasure: He carries a blaster and 74 credits. R'thoob has a warp-field device attached to his fur. It warps the outer edges of reality, providing a +2 AC bonus.

The plantoid, Twiggy, is devoted to R'thoob and will do whatever the racoonoid says.

Twiggy		HP 35
HD: 6	Attack Bonus: +6	AC 10
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d12	
		Save 14+

Special: Twiggy has 2 points of regeneration and 2 points of damage reduction.

Treasure: If killed, his bark outer covering can be used as armor ONE TIME ONLY for a damage reduction of 5 points.

#14: Storage

This area stores all the various scientific and medical equipment that's not currently needed. Four scientists and a protocol droid are nervously talking about their options.

In hushed tones, the five of them are planning to run if things escalate. They've learned that Elysium is stockpiling the spice mela'anj. It won't be long before the Federation destroys the entire complex.

If the PCs approach them, the scientists may offer assistance. But they're scientists (and a protocol droid), not fighters. If things turn ultra-violent, they'll turn off the laser-field and make a run for it.



#15: Quantum Generator

This area contains eight scientists experimenting with the quantum generator. Each scientist is holding something strange.

Weird things happen when the quantum generator is turned on. This time, the scientists are prepared for anything. One has an open umbrella, another a rubber chicken, a third holds a bucket of purple slime, etc.

As soon as the machine is activated, lavender light pulses and deep reverberation can be heard throughout this section of the facility. Each time the quantum generator is activated, the following results...

1	A gigantic slaverling toad-like creature with many eyes, mouths, tentacles, and tongues rips through time and space to destroy every living thing.
2	An endless black hallway suddenly appears, bisecting the room. It leads off towards god knows where...
3	A time-window appears. Everyone currently in the room can see primitive versions of themselves (caveman equivalent... long hair, beard, animal skin clothing) in a cavern lit with torches. The primitives on the other side of the time-window start fighting each other. Everyone rolls a random d6 for their primitive-double on the other side, those with the highest result are doing well in the battle. Anyone who rolled a 1 sees their primitive counterpart killed.
4	A singing and dancing demon-frog wearing a fanny-pack appears complete with anti-grav mini synthesizer. His rendition of Gary Numan's Down In The Park astonishes everyone in the room. When the frog gets to the part about the "rape machine", you can tell by the sinister gleam in his amphibious eye, that he has one nearby (it's in his fanny-pack).

#16: Black Hole

Scientists in this room are gathered around a small black whirlpool swirling mid-air in the northern part of this room.

They've just created a miniature black hole. Within minutes, it'll start sucking up everything that isn't nailed down. There are multiple ways of stopping it...

- ☞ Engage the quantum generator.
- ☞ Cast a wish spell.
- ☞ Whack it with a plasma-sword cranked up to 11.
- ☞ Make contact with some unquiet horror lurking deep inside the black hole and agree to worship it in exchange for closure. "Father!"

One of the scientists, Barnes [actual name is Vertrik] is really an impostor. He's an agent for some shadow government lightyears from Galaxy 5. His mission was to sabotage Elysium. What better way of accomplishing that goal than to unleash a black hole on Cha'alt?

If discovered, Vertrik will try to run, shooting his way out of the facility.

#17: Dead Body

This small storage room contains the corpse of a humanoid.

The corpse looks identical to a scientist working on the miniature black hole. Strangely, that scientist, Barnes, seems to be alive and in the Black Hole room.

#18: Monitoring

This room has large screens for monitoring the area outside Elysium. Two technicians are working in here.

Several natives have set up camp near the laser-field border. Looks as though the Cha'alt natives are waiting for something.

#19: Restroom

This is a unisex restroom with several toilets that accommodate a wide range of species. 2 in 6 chance of it being an utter disaster in there – explosive diarrhea!

#20: Nature Preserve

This is a lush green park with trees and birds. It's peaceful and conducive to relaxation.

Several humanoids are sitting on benches, walking, conversing, looking around, or meditating.

A small pharmacy is contained within the nature preserve. It dispenses a low-grade mood-altering drug called xa'anax for the low price of one credit per pill (daily supply).

Taking a xa'anax will calm the nervous system, producing the lethargy of stress-free exhaustion akin to a post-coital state (disadvantage on all physical activities for the next 2d6 hours).

#21: Jurad's Quarters

A human with long gray beard and wearing apricot and green silk is seated, smoking a hookah, and tuning his keytar made out of an amber-hued jade. Half his face is painted gold, as is traditional with certain templar sects.

Jurad is a Grand-Templar in the Federation, and the equivalent of High Priest on Cha'alt. He will not take kindly to infidel natives barging in and shooting up the place.

However, the templars have a prophecy – that an elf from some desert world shall rise up against foreign oppressors, taking back his planet and eventually conquering the entire galaxy. This elf will be recognized by his fuchsia and/or chartreuse robes, as well as, badass demeanor.

Grand-Templar Jurad agrees with Vensor Reiki that Elysium should break off from the Federation and become the new center of the universe. However, Jurad sees his role as messiah. He's perfectly willing to let Vensor Reiki die, if trouble occurs.

Grand-Templar Jurad		HP 35
HD: 6	Attack Bonus: +3	AC 10
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	
		Save 14+

Special: Once per hour, Jurad can hold a humanoid in place, as if paralyzed, for an entire turn (save to avoid). Once per day, he can reduce an enemy to star dust (save to avoid).

Treasure: The amber-jade keytar is Jurad's prized possession.

Personal hookah and three "basic bitch pumpkin spice" vape-juice cartridges.

He also has a symbol of the Space Gods hanging around his neck.

Hidden within Jurad's clothing is an access crystal, giving whoever owns the crystal access to approximately 30,000 credits.

#22: Templar Quarters

This is where the other six templars live; half are currently present, smoking a hookah that emits an indigo vapor.

They wear various shades of violet and mint-green silk with faces painted gold. The three templars theorize whether the Space Gods could smoke so much grass that they'd lose control of the universe.

Their room is modest, furnished with bunk beds and all the benefits of modern living.

One templar in particular, Cronyk, is invested in the prophecy of the kickass elf wearing fuchsia and/or chartreuse robes who will eventually lead his people out of slavery and one day rule the entire galaxy.

#23: Templar Feast-Hall

The templars dine in this room complete with banquet table, gold cups and flatware. Several templars are enjoying a local dish – roast myna'ak with Szechuan sauce.

They're celebrating pay-day with a shot of spice mela'anj in liquid form. It's a thick burnt sienna hued liqueur served in a shot-glass.

"As he did before us in ancient times, so do we all drink the sacred elixir. Look favorably upon us, Umr At-Tawil... the Prolonged of Life."

Those who take a shot of the spice permanently gain 1d4 HP.

Adventuring parties with an elf will be watched carefully. At least one templar will have scripture on his person, and may quote the following...

"And thou of the field may rest wearily... but lo, hark and witness the fiery, unbridled nature of an elf who, unannounced, overturns our Father's table in an effort to demand his supper from the last cook in the kitchen. Verily, I say unto you, this elf, garbed in fuchsia and/or chartreuse, hath this desert world delivered into his hand... and the galaxy shall follow."

#24: Shrine and Armory

This is where the templars come to pray to the Space Gods, and where their spiritual weapons are kept. These spiritual weapons are weapons only in spirit – they're paper mâché and not actually usable in battle.

However, there's also a thin crayon box with three crayons inside... ultraviolence-red, hellish heliotrope, and existential crisis gray. As soon as they're obtained, the world of Cha'alt seems three colors larger.

Beyond this room is a smaller sleeping quarters for when (not if, but when) the templars gets lucky.

#25: Psychic Racquetball Court

Several humanoids are playing racquetball using the power of their mind to move the ball around.

Of course, a mental-amplifier in the corner of the room gives everyone a psychic boost. If stolen and carried around, the mental-amplifier would effectively double psionic abilities. Otherwise, non-psionic humanoids would have limited telekinesis (up to 5lbs).

#26: Holographic Library

Two humanoids are in this section: a female librarian wearing a tight hot-pink and silver sweater sits at her desk, and a technician trying to get into her pants (he originally came in for a holo-crystal on Socialism called Da'as Kapital) chats her up.

All the books have been transferred onto hologram crystals. The library contains over 200 holographic crystals with information ranging from space exploration to foot massage. Anyone checking out the latter will have the librarian's attention.

#27: Scenery

This narrow room contains a picture-window looking outside the facility. The sand dunes of S'kbah stretch out for miles and miles.

Similar rooms line the periphery of Elysium. However, this room contains a templar named Gordjma'ann.

Gordjma'ann was born on Cha'alt, but when he was six years old, a Federation couple adopted him. He's been back on Cha'alt for almost a year, and longs to wander the desert, exploring ruins, subterranean caverns, and eventually **The Black Pyramid**.

He, too, knows of the "fuchsia/chartreuse elf prophecy" and will look favorably upon elves that don't take shit from anybody.

#28: IT Department

Four humanoids sit in chairs at their desks, discussing how ladies go to the toilet. They're quickly interrupted by a phone call. Roy answers the phone by asking, "Have you tried switching it off and back on again?"

Roy – Pretends to be a loveable loser; black trench-coat; platinum-blond hair; too handsome for IT, so he wears shades... which, ironically, makes him look ever cooler.

Ma'ass – Mild mannered; introvert; tech wizard; total nerd; was born on Cha'alt; has an ex-wife and two kids – Zenith and Quasar. Proud owner of THE INTERNET. (currently sitting under his bed, Room #29).

Rochmyn – Goth; wears black cape; spooky edgelord; listens to Sisters of Mercy and Bauhaus.

Gen – Attractive redhead; outgoing; business casual; displays her demon heritage at that time of the month. These guys don't really work or want to get involved in "office politics". They're just here for the paycheck and free snacks. If put to a decision – join us or die – they'd join anyone in a heartbeat.

Roy's full name is – **Roy Zatty**. He's a replicant who escaped from Uxarieus Major in order to live out his life as a professional GM, running fantasy roleplaying games such as Crimson Dragon Slayer and Alpha Blue. He's hiding out at Elysium until the Federation have stopped searching for him.

The following is how Roy might start an RPG session...

"You're wandering the desert. Maybe you're on the run, maybe you wanted to get away from it all... who knows? It's hot; twin suns blaze in the fuchsia sky. You see a man coming toward you from the opposite direction. As he gets closer, it's obvious that he's a genetically engineered tortoise-oid. He lays down, belly up, baking in the tremendous heat. He asks for a swig of Purple Prizm from your canteen..."

Roy		HP 40
HD: 6	Attack Bonus: +6	AC 16
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6	
		Save 14+

Special: Roy Zatty is a Cervix-6 replicant. He hopes to run Cha'alt full-time and start a family.

Treasure: Roy carries a standard-issue blaster. He also has an access crystal (stolen) with 4,730 credits remaining.

#29: Empty Bedroom

This is where the IT department sleeps.

Under the bed of Ma'ass is THE INTERNET, a black oblong box with a small red light on top. Fiddling about with THE INTERNET could destroy civilization as the Federation knows it on countless worlds – all communication disrupted throughout the galaxy! Messing With THE INTERNET.

Fiddling About (d6)

1	Nothing happens.
2	Elysium shuts down for 1d12 hours.
3	Everything mechanical on Cha'alt shuts down for 1d12 hours.
4	The entire galaxy goes dark for 1d12 days.
5	The Elders of THE INTERNET teleport into the room and collectively cast a nigrescent death-ray at everyone within 50'. Save or die!
6	A hawk flies above, signaling that the time has come for the chosen one(s) to ascend. Anyone that's been actively fiddling with THE INTERNET immediately gets a bonus skill, feat, special power, or whatever.

#30: Bedroom

Shouting can be heard from inside this room, and then the sound of a laser. Suddenly, the door opens. A humanoid wearing sunburst-orange silk runs out of a bedroom. Bloodstains can clearly be seen covering his futuristic outfit.

If no one stops the humanoid wearing sunburst-orange silk (whose name is Karl), he runs in a random direction. This revolutionary Socialist just murdered a Federation soldier supporting Vansor Reiki. The two were lovers who've had a history of strong political disagreements. This time, things escalated too far.

#31: Meeting Room

Five humanoids are listening to a presentation on Cha'alt and all the weird facts about the planet.

As the PCs enter, the presenter mentions that Cha'alt shouldn't even be here. According to universal carbon-dating and space-math calculations, the planet does not exist... as if Cha'alt had recently been willed into being by some outer force.

The presentation is supposed to conclude with passing around various artifacts found deep within subterranean zoth-pockets, stone tablets with ancient writing carved onto them.

One of the artifacts is a greenish clay disc with glyphs carved around the edge and some crouching monstrosity with bulbous head, wings, and tentacles filling up the center.

Any priest of the Old Ones will immediately recognize this artifact as the Testimony of K'tulu. If a cleric holds this magical relic while chanting in the ancient tongue, the dread god K'tulu will wake from his fitful slumber. Those who do not believe in his greatness are cast into slimy green pit; their souls devoured at a later date.

#32: Bedroom

Stalks of some lime-green and dark-magenta alien plant erupt from the door, spilling out into the corridor.

Inside the room, giant mouths of gnashing teeth consume the poor humanoids trapped in there. A botanical experiment went terribly wrong, and this creature continues to grow and wreak havoc.

Plant Creature		HP 70
HD: 11	Attack Bonus: +5	AC 10
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d8	
		Save 9+

Special: With each successful attack, victims must roll a saving throw or be impregnated with the creature's seed. The following round, those who failed will start becoming a lesser version of the plant creature (only 3 HD).

Treasure: The creature has none, but one of the dead humanoids has some other contraband he smuggled into Elysium – some kind of long-nosed rat. Its cage got smashed by the plant creature, so now it's running loose.

#33: Meditation Lounge

One humanoid is relaxing in this odd shaped room with plush, pastel-pink upholstery. His socks and shoes are off, and he's making fists with his feet on the carpet in hopes of reducing hyper-lag.

This is the Federation's finance minister, Okpal. He's visiting Elysium to judge for himself the economic viability of this facility. Okpal is trying to meditate his headache away.

Okpal suspects that faltering supply of mela'anj is due to Vansor Reiki's manipulation, but doesn't yet have proof. Once finance minister Okpal learns of Vansor's plans, he'll be forced to either join him or become a prisoner of Elysium.

The finance minister has access to Federation money, but unauthorized withdrawals will be noticed and investigated.



#36: Elysium Bar & Grill

At least a dozen humanoids patronize the restaurant. It serves typical Federation cuisine, such as fried Byrelliam oysters, and offers specialty drinks like Purple Prizm, space Tequila from the Habanero system, and Ra'amulan wine.

In the corner, a lone stand-up arcade game blinks with flashing lights, illuminating a three-headed purple dragon, red wizards casting fireball, and black stormtroopers firing lasers... the game's title Critical Encounter emblazoned on the side in post-apocalyptic lettering. Repetitive electronic sounds fade into the background as patrons call for food and drink. A human sitting at the bar, nursing his piña colada, is just visiting his brother. Roth is a disgruntled, misanthropic spacer living on the outer rim of the Federation. He's a would-be adventurer without a crew or any prospects.

The other patrons are weird colored beings, all with unique foreheads (wavy, bristly, protruding, etc.) and blasters at their hips. Most of these aliens were just using Elysium as a refueling stop-over but rising tensions forced Vansor Reiki to lockdown starship travel in and out of the base. Incidentally, their starships have been miniaturized and impounded by Vansor Reiki.

The bartender is a droid named Al-Kon-84. He despises organics, especially Elysium personnel. His primary goal is to dry glasses and serve drinks aboard the Alpha Blue space station, "Because that's where the action is."

Roth

HD: 4

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +4

Damage: 1d6

HP
25

AC
10

Save
16+

Special: Roth wields a plasma-sword. It doesn't deal the damage of a laser-sword, but if a 6 is rolled, the target must make a saving throw or be disintegrated.

Treasure: 74 credits and a shuttle-ticket out of Elysium (unfortunately, this isn't any good – Vansor Reiki has shut down the shuttles coming in and out of the complex).

Bartender Droid

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +2

Damage: 3d6

HP
20

AC
14

Save
17+

Special: Al-Kon-84 has a special adapter on his blaster that camouflages it, as droids aren't allowed weapons in Elysium.

Treasure: Between the register and tip jar, Al-Kon-84 has 12 zuleks, 53 credits, 11 gold credits, 3 platinum credits, and one vulkyn pr0n fa'ar marker (when you place this over a woman's vagina, no one else may have sex with her until after you've finished).



#37: Champaign Room

Red holograms of women performing lewd acts gives the Champaign Room a subdued ruby illumination of decadence.

This is where Elysium VIPs come to party. Three humanoids are currently enjoying the company of two female exotic dancer escorts.

Currently, a backroom deal is taking place. A silver suitcase filled with mela'anj will be smuggled out of Elysium for 50,000 credits. If the plan is discovered, they'll probably be terminated by firing squad.

#38: Cleansing Ritual

Five templars stand before a pool of water, one of them reading from an oversized leather-bound book. They wear shamrock-green and amethyst robes; faces decorated with golden designs. A sixth templar is nude, standing in water that comes up to his waist.

The templars are engaged in a special rite of passage, a baptism ritual known as aquae vitae. This baptism requires raw, unrefined mela'anj otherwise known as unprocessed zoth or za'ath as the pre-Federation ancients called it. After the aquae vitae rite, templars may communicate with monstrous, elder deities that lurk beyond our universe.

Communication with these elder gods is facilitated by a golden telephone.

After the ritual, one vial of zoth remains unused.

A jar of gold face paint can be found in a templar's robes.

The big book is actually a copy of the **Necronomicon** bound in human skin and inked in blood (easily worth 10,000 gold pieces in A'agrybah).

#39: Jail Cells

Prisoners are confined to their cells, behind laser bars. Each cell has either two or three humanoid prisoners due to overcrowding.

All of the prisoners are Cha'alt natives, except one. That alien is a black-clad, Federation criminal mastermind who calls himself The Master. Actually, The Master is a clone of Delga'ado [Tomb of Va'an Zayne, Room# 3].

The Cha'alt natives were captured in or around Elysium. They're suspected terrorists and are interrogated daily, rather than subjected to the effects of xanthium-138.

If the PCs are taken alive, they'll be imprisoned here. Eventually, The Master comes up with an escape plan – something to do with reversing polarity of the cell's laser density.

There's a storage locker in the northwest area of this section. It contains everything confiscated from the prisoners...

- 🔒 Wild Cherry album
- 🔒 Green rabbit's foot keychain
- 🔒 Rolled-up flag featuring a six-pointed star and the words "E Pluribus Anus"
- 🔒 93 talons
- 🔒 Banana costume

The Master

HD: 4

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +2

Damage: 1d4

HP
23

AC
10

Save
16+

Special: His alien metabolism allows his body to digest virtually anything – rocks, metal, poison, etc.

Treasure: He carries (only visible to sorcerers) a black leather pouch decorated with an equally black snake; a singular serpent's eye consists of a small ruby. Inside the pouch are 27 talons, 20 gp, and 8 translucent pink octagonal coins used on his planet, Corastra.

#40: Interrogation Room

This is where prisoners, usually one at a time, are questioned. Elysium wants to know about their plans, who they're working with, what kind of military capabilities the natives have, etc.

Currently, one officer is using enhanced interrogation techniques upon a short humanoid with crimson skin and black eyes. They call him "Demon Dwarf" but his actual name is Elister.

Elister was captured before he could broker an alliance between the demons of Hell and the Kingdom of A'agrybah. If freed, Elister will try to reach A'agrybah and convince the King to join those infernal beings willing to fight against the off-worlders.

#41: Vansor Reiki Quarters

Two soldiers stand guard outside the door, another soldier just on the inside of this room.

This is the residence of Elysium's commander, Vansor Reiki. Being the head-honcho, he has two enormous conjoined rooms full of trees, plants, and exotic birds. A water-feature in the form of an artificial babbling brook creates a peaceful ambient white-noise.

A well-groomed man wearing ultramarine-blue and magenta silk stands before a video-screen. He's flanked by two technicians wearing tan corduroy Elysium jumpsuits.

Currently, Vansor Reiki is talking to Supreme Chancellor Armestad [Federation leader]. Vansor explains the situation to Armestad. Elysium is stockpiling spice in order to cripple the Federation's economy, resulting in their capitulation. Vansor wants the Federation to bend the knee, recognizing that Cha'alt is now the center of the universe.

In reply, the Supreme Chancellor tells Vansor Reiki that he'll send the Federation's armada to take Cha'alt by force and destroy Elysium. Vansor counters that move by telling the Supreme Chancellor of his plan to displace the armada in time.

Vansor introduces his two temporal engineers. They assure Supreme Chancellor Armestad that his armada will be scattered through time, unable to reach the planet.

If project "time scatter" fails, Vansor Reiki has a backup plan – find access codes to Cha'alt's nuclear warhead array hidden underground, and fire those at the Federation's armada.

It is possible for the PCs to negotiate for peace. If Commander Vansor Reiki is stopped, the Federation will be grateful. Potentially, a deal may be struck between Supreme Chancellor Armestad (second only to the nameless Empress) and Cha'alt revolutionaries. Releasing the stockpile of mela'anj should keep the planet free of Federation interference for the next few years.

Vansor Reiki		HP 20
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +3	AC 20
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6	
		Save 17+

Special: Vansor Reiki gets one point of Divine Favor.

Treasure: He wears power-armor.

His access crystal has 116,132 credits.

In his pocket is a half-dozen starships shrunk down to miniature size. These ships belong to the spacers currently killing time at the Elysium Bar & Grill. Vansor didn't want to risk anything while the lockdown was in place.

On his nightstand is Vansor's personal hookah and 2 cartridges of prune vape-juice (he's constipated).

#42: Political Protest

Several humanoids hold political signs and shout phrases like, "We do the work; you steal our profits!" They are Communists granted the right, under Federation law, to protest the Federation instead of working. If PCs speak to them, the Communists will try to explain how they'd rather live in a society where they'd be shot if they engaged in political protests.

Vansor Reiki tolerates these antics because he has no love for the Federation, and hopes to win the Communists over to his side if there's an Elysium civil war.

#43: The Bank

Several humanoids congregate in this section, one of them being a beautiful woman in flowing, translucent-blue silk gown. A guard sits in a chair, asleep.

The woman is Princess Analeese Atriass, heir to the Azure throne on Frigia. She's cold and aloof.

Charming PCs can chip away at her icy façade.

Sorcerers will get strange vibes from the princess.

She's important somehow... cosmically. If any spell is cast upon Princess Analesse Atriass (or she's killed), the princess will revert to her true state – the Blue Gemstone of Power! He who controls the blue gem has the power to change it back into the princess at will, along with its other powers.

All manner of currency is kept in the vault, and bank tellers are there to assist those making deposits and withdrawals.

Approximately 50,000 credits are contained within the Elysium Bank vault. But even more valuable are the outlawed VHS tapes of Felicity Jance. Such XXX titles include *All Lubed-Up With Nowhere To Go*, *Beyond The Fuchsia Door*, *Chartreuse And Ashamed*, as well as *New Wave Hookers* #37.

#44: The Armory

Two soldiers guard the door.

Weapons and armor are kept in this section. Blasters do 3d6 damage and power-armor brings the wearer's AC up to 20 (regardless of what else is going on).

#45: Hyper-Reactor

Two soldiers guard the hyper-reactor, while one scientist is taking energy readings from the reactor.

This section contains the hyper-reactor, it is the main energy source for Elysium. Destroying it will effectively kill all power in the facility. At that point, red emergency lights activate.

The hyper-reactor is protected by a force field. The force field can be shut down in the galley-style control room near the reactor. The door to the control room has a biometric lock – either a fingerprint or retinal scan of Vansor Reiki is required to open it. Hacking the locking mechanism is possible, but would take 15-20 minutes (assuming you had the appropriate tools and lockpicking ability).

#46: Reconditioning

Motivational programming plays on the video-screen. These programs are meant to condition or recondition Elysium personnel.

One humanoid currently sits in front of the vid-screen, watching political scientist Dr. Valar Hanzo open up the skulls of two humanoids.

The first humanoid has a dark-gray brain and is poked and prodded while Dr. Hanzo explains the neuro-deficiency, "His brain is weak because of his resistance tendencies, prone to individuality and independent thought."

The second humanoid's brain is more of a pink hue, "Now, this brain is stronger and better because he's more likely to conform to the group and obey the will of authority."

#47: Soldier Quarters

Soldiers live and sleep in this section. There are currently 2d6 soldiers in here.

Each has his own backstory and motivation, but Orin Das is the key! Before he was assigned to Elysium, Orin Das soldiered on a scientific vessel on the edge of this galaxy. He overheard several science officers discuss the strange and sudden appearance of Cha'alt. A century ago, the planet couldn't be found on any star chart. Its mere presence is an anomaly. That's why zoth and the spice mela'anj are valued so highly by the Federation.

Orin Das has a theory – Cha'alt was willed into being by The Weirding Guild, that cult of space wizards who warp reality behind the scenes, accountable to no one – not even the Supreme Chancellor Armestad or Federation President Jynna Servix.

Orin Das	
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6
	HP 15
	AC 12
	Save 17+

Special: He's a scoundrel and space rogue who prefers sneaking around rather than a straight fight.

Treasure: Orin has 47 credits, a mannequin leg (female), and a star map of Galaxy 5. Supposedly, it leads directly to The Weirding Guild's secret lair.

#48: Study Room

A sign reading "Quiet Please!" has been taped to the door.

Three technicians are taking a test. One of them is clearly cheating – answers are written on a piece of paper tucked into his sleeve.

Elysium workers have to take quarterly exams to keep their certifications, allowing them to continue their employment and seek promotion.

#50: Brothel

Well, it's not Alpha Blue... but it's something, I suppose.

One satisfied customer walks out as the PCs enter, saying "I'd buy that for a dollar." Three prostitutes occupy this large room with three beds...

Droxy: Thick voluptuous blonde.

Zasta: Slender busty redhead.

Iridessa: Pale fuchsia-haired girl with athletic build.

The girls are extremely chatty, and will gossip about individuals, factions, and whatever's going on in Elysium at the moment.

It's 100 credits per woman per half-hour. Sex is healthy, restoring HP at a rate of 1d4 per woman. Looting the place will turn up 743 credits, a hookah with several cartridges of Purple Prizm vape-juice, lavender parasol, pink glitter lipstick, and a plethora of rainbow unicorn stickers.

#51: The Pimp

This retro-futurist, satin-sheen, pink and purple velvet, shag-carpeted bachelor pad looks as sleek and cool as Ziggy Stardust's cat. These are the quarters of Reverend Puzie-Ctrl. He pimps for those hookers working the Elysium brothel (Room# 50).

Reverend Puzie-Ctrl wants his cut of mela'anj. If Vensor tries to screw Puzie-Ctrl over (which he inevitably will), the pimp will most assuredly cut a bitch. The bitch, in this case, being Vensor Reiki.

Reverend Puzie-Ctrl		HP 17	
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +3	AC 11	Save 17+
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d4		

Special: Reverend Puzie-Ctrl has a mini-blaster that's very well concealed until the pimp needs it.

Treasure: He's got 7 gold credits and a jar of demon-worm caviar.

#52: Technician Park

Several humanoids wander around this pleasantly green section of grass, trees, shrubs, and singing birds. Snow-cones are being sold here, as well. Flavors include cherry, blue raspberry, and piña colada.

Moments after the PCs enter this section, there's a hostage situation. A native Cha'alt elf, Qa'aryk, holds a blaster to the head of a technician. The elf just wants safe passage out of Elysium, and will kill for his freedom (no regrets).

Qa'aryk		HP 20	
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +4	AC 10	Save 16+
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6		

Special: If attacked, Qa'aryk will kill his prisoner and then shoot whoever attacked him while diving for cover.

Treasure: All his belongings were confiscated.

#53: Technician Quarters

Two bedrooms side-by-side house technicians in this section.

A total of four humanoids living here are Socialists. They're against the Federation, preferring its citizens control the means of production.

If engaged in conversation, the Socialists will tell PCs about the glories of getting free stuff and being gainfully employed, even if you're completely useless (meritocracy be damned!), and that free stuff actually costs you three times more in taxes.

#54: Poker Room

At least a dozen humanoids congregate here, either playing in the big q'uay-q'uar game or watching it from the laser-rail.

One table is high-stakes, and that's where the action is. They're playing for a strange looking high-tech device sitting in the middle of the table. Apparently, this device was stolen from the Dha'arma Initiative after Elysium troopers raided one of their subterranean stations.

Hooking the device up to a humanoid allows him to move 1d100 minutes either backwards (odds) or forwards (evens) in time. However, micro time travel takes a toll on the body (subtract 1d4 HP each time it's used).

If the PCs overstay their welcome, a disreputable pastel-rainbow humanoid named Flo-fleb wearing black robes makes their acquaintance. He just came from Gamma Incel Cantina and heard about high-stakes q'uay-q'uar happening at Elysium.

Flo-fleb isn't playing at the moment because he just got bluffed out of a big pot in the last game. He's looking for someone to stake him, and willing to split the winnings 50-50.

Flo-fleb

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +0

Damage: 3d6

HP
15

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: Flo-fleb is a proficient gambler (has advantage on games of chance).

Treasure: He has a blaster, 4 credits, 7 fragments of sea-glass, and a silver button to his name.

Other gamblers have the following...

- ☞ Raspberry frosting lip gloss.
- ☞ Laser guidance system (gives your energy weapon advantage to hit).
- ☞ Energon pod that seals in the life-vapor of a two-timing, double-crossing scum named Vearz. Several sets of starship keys.
- ☞ Turquoise crystal that allows the owner to hear the thoughts of those nearby.
- ☞ Holographic audio book titled Motivational Musings by Matt Foley (listening to this before battle grants the listener a bonus d6 to any one roll).

q'uay-q'uar

#55: Low-Level Worker Bedroom

Three double-beds in this room house six low-level workers. Three are currently working their shift while the rest are hanging out in their room, smoking cigarettes and drinking beer.

Ransacking their room yields 1d100 credits, half a roll of duct tape, and a winning lottery ticket good for 1,000 credits. The lottery ticket must be redeemed on a Federation planet (numbers: 3, 4, 7, 22, 45, and 111).

#56: Starship Eros

This is Vansor Reiki's personal starship. It's always guarded by three elite soldiers. If Vansor's position in Elysium becomes untenable, he will flee with a few loyalists and however many women he can get.

Elite Soldiers

HD: 4

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +4

Damage: 3d6

HP
20

AC
13

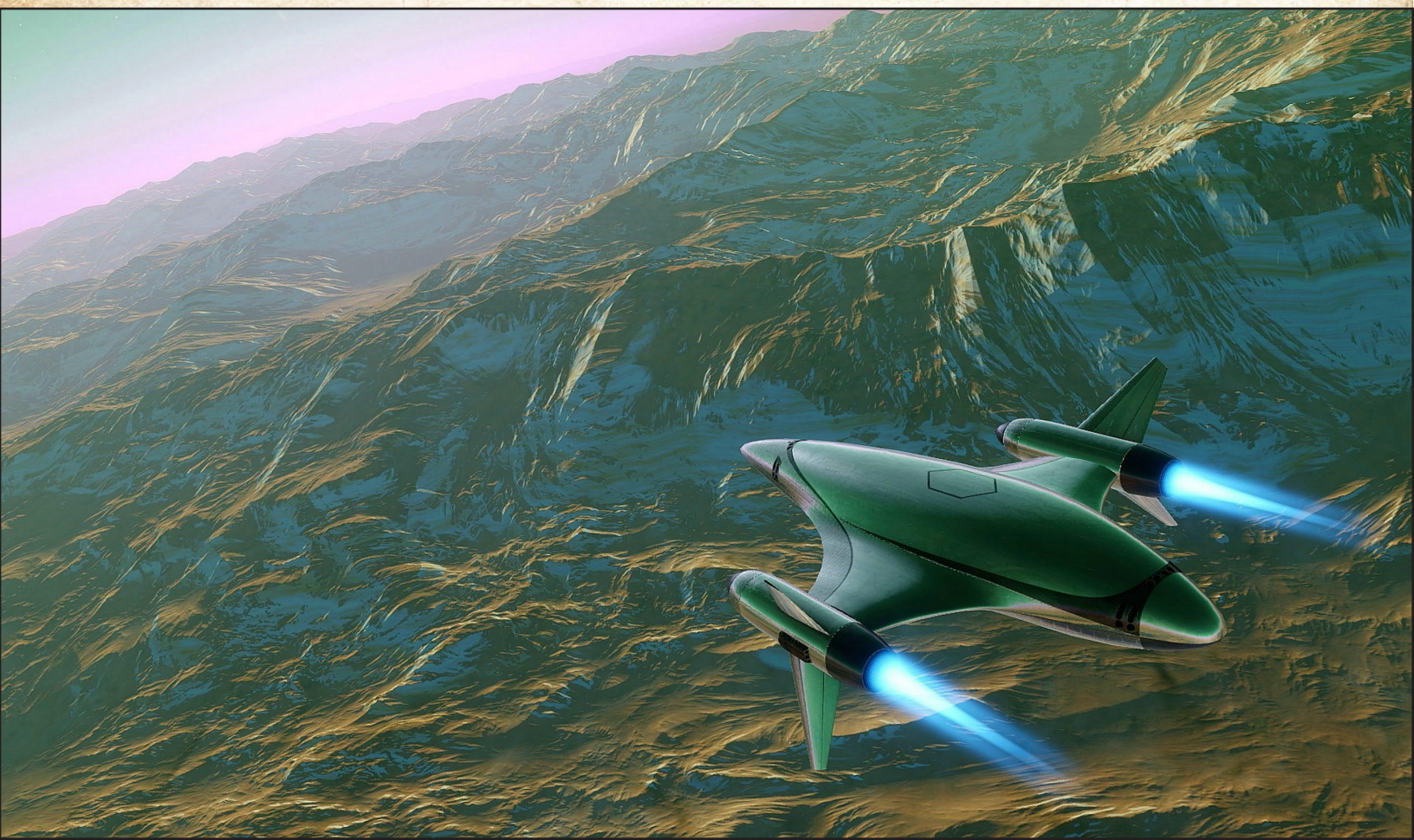
Save
16+

Special: If outnumbered or outgunned, the soldiers will fall back into the starship so they can engage the enemy with its laser cannons.

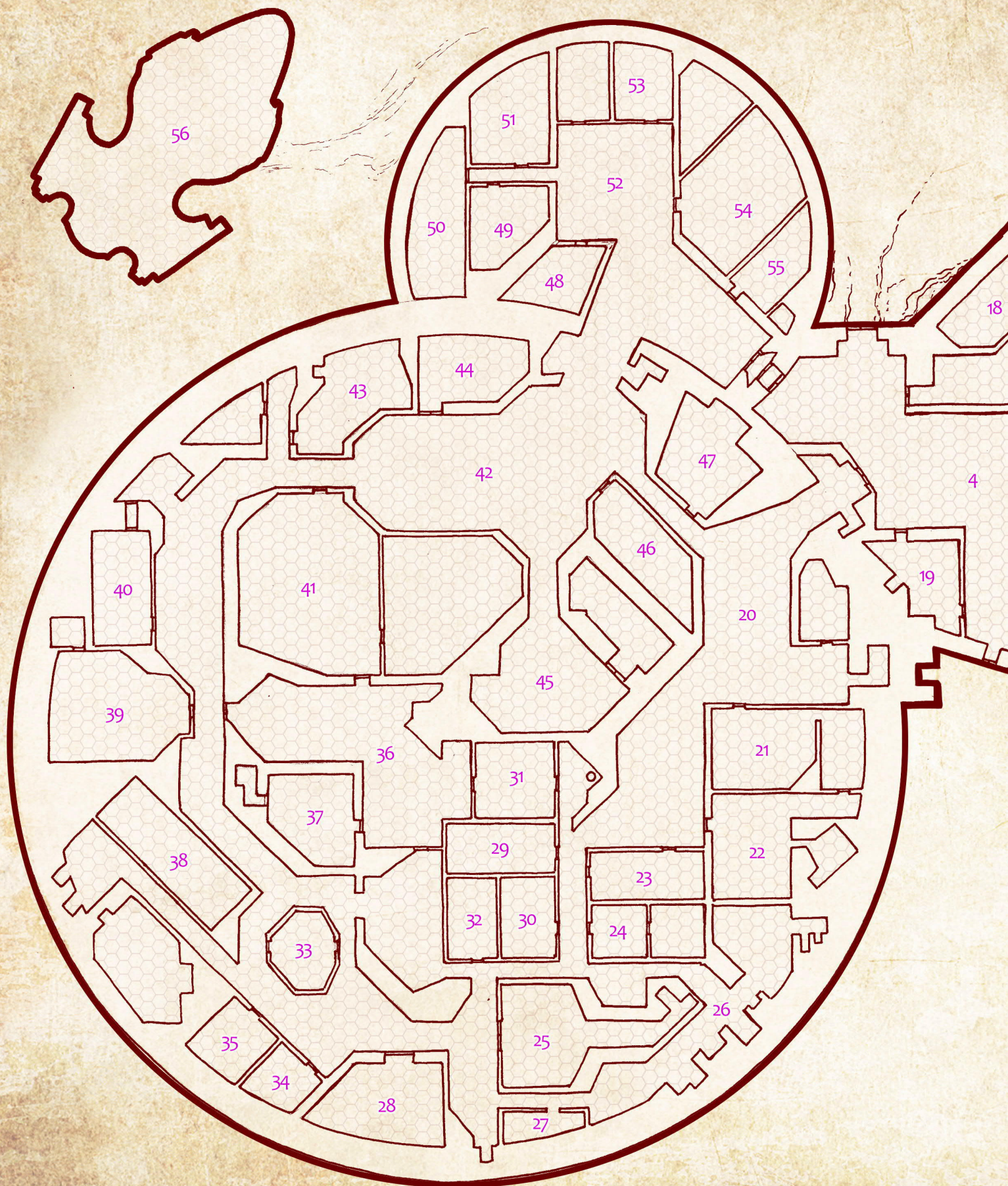
The starship Eros is equipped with laser cannons doing 3d20 damage to one or more targets each round. Use the gunner's attack bonus.

Treasure: Between them are 1d100 credits, their blasters, and two extra power-packs.

Aboard the starship: 1d20 platinum credits (each worth 1,000 standard credits), a "blue market" orgasmatron sex-crystal that provides rougher than usual holographic adventures, and pair of fuzzy polyhedral dice to hang off the rearview mirror (one fuchsia, the other chartreuse).

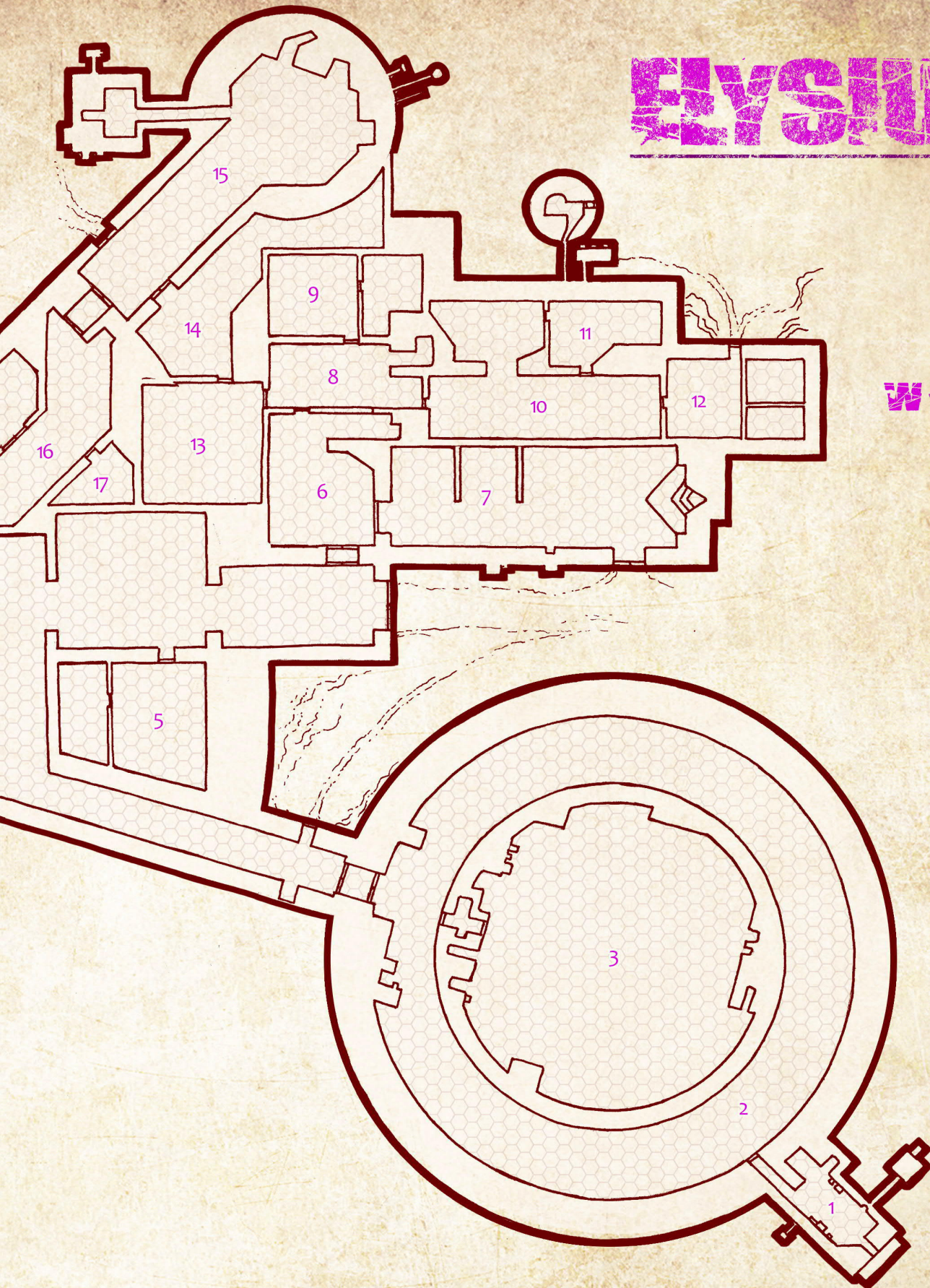






ELYSIUM

5-feet 



The background is a textured, aged paper with a warm, yellowish-brown hue. It features faint, stylized script in a non-Latin alphabet, possibly Arabic or Persian, which is visible throughout the page. A circular emblem, also in the same script, is located in the upper left quadrant. The text "S'kbah Pilgrimage" is centered in a white, serif font.

S'kbah Pilgrimage

Exodus

The adventurers come from a small settlement called Norva'ala.

Recently, Norva'ala has been plagued by blood-sucking locusts. They ate all the food and continue to exsanguinate the weak and unsheltered.

Tak-al, the shaman of your tribe demands that able-bodied humanoids go forth into the desert wasteland and seek Yeka'az Vade. In the ancient tongue Cha'alt, that means deliverance, but can also mean good omen or restitution. That phrase was uttered many times when demons infested S'kbah during **The Infernal Exodus**.

Tak-al and Zofus, leader of Norva'ala, salute the journey of at least a dozen adventurers [including the PCs]. Just to be on the safe side, 4 guards stand near Tak-al and Zofus, ensuring those with second thoughts do not attempt to re-enter the settlement before they've found Yeka'az Vade.

The twin suns burn bright in the fuchsia sky. The air is incredibly still. Family and friends say farewell to the wanderers... they know the trek is hazardous.

Plague of Locusts: They travel in swarms consisting of several hundred demon-insects the size of a man's fist. Unsheltered humanoids have a 2 in 6 chance of being devoured, their blood sucked dry (save or die; successful saving throw yields 1d6 damage).

The twin suns of Cha'alt are named Jylo and Janan. For the next few nights, the seventh moon, A'arjnz, ascends blood-red in the dark-fuchsia sky. Natives know this astrological event as The Rite of Conscious Suffering. Those worshipping the Old Gods take on arduous tasks in hopes of receiving divine favor.

Before you depart, the resident madman of Norva'ala saunters up to you. His bronze body covered with old scars and fresh blood. The madman whispers something in your ear before returning to streets festooned with well-fed locusts.

"Beware the Goddess Ka'ali – what she does not say speaks volumes. The Ancient One, Ubo-Sa'athla, dances by the pale fire of our seven moons. His awakening is at hand! Man has seven souls, each more vulnerable than the last, but none can penetrate the will of Thoth A'amon... the sorcerer-priest has shadow-eyes buried throughout the sands of S'kbah.

He is sevenfold-sly when it comes to weighing a being's worth."

Which Way To Go?

Norva'ala is equidistant from both the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice and Vega Corso, settlement on the periphery of **The Black Pyramid**. Each way approximately two days travel.

This time of year, the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice is visited by the people from the dome. No one in the PCs' tribe is sure why domers journey to that religious site. However, domers are known to have high-tech on them. High-tech that may ease the suffering of Norva'ala.

On the other hand, Vega Corso would make for a good pit-stop on the way to **The Black Pyramid**. The pyramid contains all manner of wondrous things – artifacts and relics that could safeguard Norva'ala for generations. However, the numerous dangers within are just as legendary.

Towards Crimson Rock

Scavengers

An hour of walking towards the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice reveals two groups of humanoids arguing over a large piece of metal sticking out of the sand.

The first group consists of 3 sky-elves who claim this is a lost artifact that had once been in their possession. The second group is made up of 5 insectoids. They actually found the metallic thing first, and believe it to be some remnant of high-tech that could benefit their hive.

Neither side is willing to give and it looks like things might get violent.

Elves [3]

HD: 2

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +1

Damage: 1d6

HP
10

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: One of the elves, Karris, is an informant for Thoth A'mon. Every week, Karris telepathically communes with the sorcerer-priest within **The Black Pyramid**, keeping him apprised of current events. If the PCs seem clever, formidable, or strange, Karris will mention them to Thoth A'mon... assuming Karris survives.

Treasure: 22 gold pieces, canteen of water, and dried meat.

Karris also has three crayons kept in a small metal box. The colors are: Mauvelous, Purple Mountains Majesty, and Granny Smithee Apple.



Insectoids [5]

HD: 1

Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d4

HP
6

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: Flight.

Treasure: THX 111-38 laserdisc, honey, and a strange coin – bronze, seven-sided, and asymmetrical with the letters “VS” etched onto one side (when thrown, it makes a noise based on whatever the thrower chooses).

Crashed Starship

The more this metallic remnant is dug out of the sand, the more substantial it appears to be... until it becomes obvious that it's a starship.

Even if the PCs are skilled at “tech stuff”, they won't have the knowhow to get it working again. That would require alien expertise.

Inside are four humanoid corpses. The bodies look fairly well-preserved, owing to the arid desert. All gear has been stripped, however. Aside from scrap metal, the only value here is the starship itself – a commodity in short supply on Cha'alt.



Crimson Priests & Black Sarcophagus

If the adventurers keep heading towards the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice, they walk a couple hours before encountering two humanoids dressed in crimson robes. They carry a third similarly dressed humanoid in their arms.

“Make way for us, strangers. We are priests of The Third Reconciliation, bringing our fallen brother to this place... at the appointed hour, laying him to rest until the stars collapse in on themselves, annihilating Cha'alt and lesser parts of this universe.”

The other crimson robed priest elaborates, “We stand over ruins of the last temple devoted to the Ancient Ones... before the apocalypse. Prophecy states this is where the final battle will be fought.”

“He died bravely facing the insidious Squa'an of the Turquoise Veil,” continues the first priest.

Both priests raise their arms to the fuchsia sky, gesturing obscenely to the twin suns and blood-red moon rising.

The two priests are named Gurd and Tokep. The dead priest was called Tharda'al.

A strange sound comes from beneath the PCs' feet, like something swiftly moving. Moments later, a black sarcophagus rises out of the sand.

The priests use all their might to slide the lid. Once there's enough room, they drop his corpse into the bottom of the sarcophagus. Crimson robes rustle in the breeze as the priests slide the lid back into place. Moments later, the black sarcophagus sinks back into the burning sand.

After the black sarcophagus descends, the priests of The Third Reconciliation are intent on returning to their nearby settlement, Dora'ath. The Festival of Extinguished Lights awaits them in Dora'ath; there will be wine, women, and merriment – all manner of carnal revelry.

Adventurers intrigued by the priests in crimson robes, the settlement of Dora'ath, or Festival of Extinguished Lights may accompany Gurd and Tokep.

Along the way, the priests offhandedly mention a visitation that Dora'ath received last night. A spectral apparition warned the settlement that Uba'ak-Nalteth was displeased with their paltry sacrifices in his name. Uba'ak-Nalteth is the Cha'altian god of weirdness.

Priests of The Third Reconciliation

HD: 1

Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d4

HP
6

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: The priests are unarmed. However, they know a nerve-pinch maneuver that, when a successful attack is made, paralyzes opponents (save to avoid) for one turn.

Treasure: Gurd has three gemstones of sparkling lime-green hue (worth approximately 150 gp each). Tokep carries the skeletal remains of a myna'ak in the folds of his crimson robes.



Dora'ath

Dora'ath is gone. Where the priest's settlement once stood is now, inexplicably, a desert landscape of melting clocks; long-legged, tiger-striped elephants walking to and fro; and a gigantic eye nestled in the sand... quickly melting in the oppressive heat.

As the giant eye thaws away to nothingness, a large egg (similar to those laid by the giant purple demon-worm Kra'adumek) remains in its place... swimming in a puddle of radioactive-fluorescent colors the likes of which no man has ever seen. In fact, the color spectrum is so weird that only elves can perceive these hyper-hues and quantum pigments.

Touching the color reminds one of a half-remembered dream – a faceless woman peering down as goldfish nibble the flesh from her bones and magenta moons crack open... molten chartreuse lava drowns infidels who refuse to worship the Old Gods.

After several minutes, the egg begins to crack. The head of a fish cautiously pokes through. The fish wears a strange little hat with a red bow. It's smoking a cigarette. Soon enough, the fish begins to speak...

"Gather round, children. I will tell you a tale that my grandpappy once told me as we passed the frozen rings of New Saturn.

There was me, Karny they called me, Duplo and Wizbang, Wizbang being so fast and all, sitting in the Ka'arova Milkbar making up our mazrodoks what to do with the evening. As long as it was real horrorshow, we were here for it.

Nary a forthwith by the orange starlight we decided to have a bit of fun – it just so happened that three pretty pollies gangway'ed into Ka'arova and I had a fletching desire for com-shuck, can you dig it, O my brothers?

Now, the ultraviolence started when a certain something in my cinnamon-scented corduroy trousers began wriggling like a S'kbah sand-worm. 'Carry on,' Wizbang said, as he danced the Fand-Aaaahhhhgggghh!"

Something inside the egg just stabbed the fish named Karny. "And let that be a lesson to you," is distinctly heard from a second gravelly voice inside the egg.

Blood trickles down the egg's curvature in tiny rivulets as Karny flops around for a handful of moments. Looking inside the egg reveals nothing but inky blackness. Smashing the egg open is easy enough.

Among the fragments, adventurers find a draconic hookah containing a tiny aqua-skinned blonde woman in flowing pink and magenta silk. Her name is A'sandra.

This is a magic item known as the Hookah of Destiny. When smoked, the djinn who lives in the hookah wafts out of her abode, granting her master a wish. However, vape-juice must be inserted into the hookah before it can be smoked.

Only a single wish per individual can be granted. The following caveats apply...

- ☞ She cannot kill anyone.
- ☞ She will not grant more than one wish per individual.
- ☞ She can only raise someone's level by one.

More than anything, A'sandra would like to hurt the Goddess of murder – Ka'ali; because it is Ka'ali who imprisoned her in the Hookah of Destiny. Long ago, A'sandra was a slave owned by the High Priest of Ka'ali. When A'sandra refused the High Priest carnal knowledge, Ka'ali used her otherworldly powers, transforming A'sandra into a djinn.

A'sandra will ask her new master to wish for her freedom. She also volunteers information on the whereabouts of an ancient statue. The subterranean statue is carved in the likeness of Ka'ali. Last she heard (years ago) Ka'ali was used by a sect of assassins to destabilize the region. The statue is located far beneath the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice.

The Oasis

About an hour before the PCs arrive at the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice, they see an oasis. Palm trees, cacti with fuchsia flowers, animals, and a pool of cerulean water inside a circular barrier made out of strange metal stained with an orange and teal patina.

If the PCs walk closer to the oasis, the cacti react vigorously, extending their branches full of spines so as to block humanoids from continuing on. The oldest and strongest cactus is their leader Clorad.

Clorad wants to know if the adventurers mean the oasis any harm. If they intend to destroy their home, which they've sworn to protect, the cacti become violent. Otherwise, the cacti allow humanoids to enter peacefully.

Most of the animals aren't moving, and the ones that are twitch and jerk in unnatural ways. Lime-tailed, three-eyed lemurs greet those walking into the oasis. The monkeys stand motionless, a few seem to be halted in mid-scream. A demon-gazelle standing near the water keeps moving its head back and forth like its stuck in some kind of pre-determined pattern. It turns out that all the animals are mechanical. They've been out here so long that the batteries are either dead or dying. Who or what is responsible and why? That's anyone's guess. Just one of Cha'alt's mysteries.

If adventurers approach the metallic barrier curving around the water, they notice markings upon its patinaed surface. An arrangement of symbols engraved on the outer edge: wavy lines, star, circle, square, figure-eight, triangle with eye in the center, and a plus-sign.

Tracing one's fingers over a symbol makes it illuminate with an electric-green hue... but quickly vanishes. Illuminating all of the symbols activates some long-forgotten technology. The water inside the barrier evaporates as the bottom surges with yellow energy. Placing a magic item in the yellow energy enhances it.

Roll on the following table...

Enhancement (d6)

1	An extra use per day.
2	Once per day, the wielder gets Advantage on a saving throw.
3	Once per day, the wielder's enemy gets Disadvantage on a saving throw.
4	An extra +1 (if not applicable, roll again).
5	Once per week, the wielder can summon and ride a sand-worm or demon-worm.
6	When the magic item clashes (forceful physical contact) with a second magic item, there's a 1 in 6 chance of the second magic item shattering (1d12 damage to whoever's holding the shattered item).



Crimson Rock Arrival

From a distance, the adventurers see that a mass of people have gathered at the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice. Yelling and shouting with spear-clenching fists raised into the fuchsia sky indicate possible violence.

The hundred or so humanoids are waiting for a sign. They will respond to what the PCs do upon arrival... Aggression will lead to all-out battle between numerous small factions.

Curiosity will lead to speculation, theorizing, and the spouting of philosophy.

A sense of purpose unites the large gathering to prepare for a holy war (most likely against the off-worlders... or possibly the nearby Dome City).

A prominent NPC in attendance is named Oolia. A proud warrior with hair like savage flames, she fought for the Leviathan crown on Freytus 6. This morning, she witnessed a swarm of winged insects attacking a three-headed scorpion-snake. The scorpion-snake fought with all its might, eventually devouring every last insect. That omen led to this assembly.

Oolia is a natural leader and mother figure who could mentor one or more PCs, if given the chance, or become a love interest.

“There are two kinds of suffering in the world, my friend. The first kind you bring upon yourself by forsaking the discipline it takes to intentionally endure the second.”

Oolia

HD: 7

#Attacks: 2

Attack Bonus: +7

Damage: 1d8+1

HP
37

AC
14

Save
13+

Special: Oolia is never surprised or caught unawares; she's seen it all.

Treasure: She wields a brutal looking mace covered in spikes. It's a +1 weapon that forces victims of its might to succeed in a saving throw or flee in abject cowardice.

Travel By Worm

Just before leaving the area, a gargantuan burrower worm erupts from the sand. A worm-rider sits atop, caressing the creature's outer glands.

Momentarily, the thing opens its mouth, revealing several rows of ivory teeth. The worm-rider directs everyone assembled to walk into the worm's open maw in order to be transported underground. 1d20 NPCs do so, but it's up to the PCs if they want to take the risk.

The worm waits several minutes for everyone to step into its waiting mouth. If the PCs want to check it out, they can also step into the worm jaws. When everyone who's going has entered, the burrower closes its mouth and dives back into the desert. It descends a thousand feet below the surface before opening its mouth again – allowing everyone to step onto the floor of an enormous cavern.

If the PCs neglect to travel via worm mouth, a man-sized silver cylinder stands upon the sand, somewhere between the Crimson Rock and Dome City. It's an elevator that will take the PCs into a cave system that eventually leads to the cavern of Ka'ali.

The Cavern

Luminous crystals of various colors are embedded throughout the rock in this immense cavern.

There are 25 crystals total, and it would take approximately one man-hour per crystal to mine. Due to the number of crystals, all spells cast in the cavern are doubly potent.

An entire society of 150 humanoids live in the cavern. They call themselves the a'alai.

The a'alai have always suffered. Decades ago, they were slaves under a brutal regime, but escaped into the desert and found a home underground. However, subterranean life can be just as harsh as the surface. For protection, the a'alai worshiped the goddess Ka'ali. This has led to a cycle of never-ending violence.

They would like to be free, but Ka'ali protects them from roaming monsters, dark-elves, and slavers. If they spoke out against Ka'ali, her priests would surely decapitate them.

Nema'ad is brother to Kara'ada, the woman about to be sacrificed to the goddess of murder. Nema'ad is extremely motivated to overthrow Ka'ali and her priests, but he cannot do so alone. If the PCs aren't interested in helping Nema'ad (he can offer 7 marbles – one of them pink and fuchsia with sparkles), he'll try sneaking his sister out of the cavern.

Aside from the people, there are three points of interest within this giant cave...

- ☞ **The Statue of Ka'ali** – when either a'alai shamans call upon her or the goddess is displeased, the statue of Ka'ali comes to life with an appetite for destruction.
- ☞ **The Black Pylon** – it is forbidden to enter, unless the goddess Ka'ali grants permission. Upon entering the interior void, a matrix table full of glowing colorful crystals allows for reality manipulation.
- ☞ **The Fighting Pit** – if there is a dispute between humanoids, everything is decided within the indentation at the center of the cavern.

In exchange for frequent human sacrifices, the goddess of the cavern protects the a'alai and allows limited entry into the black pylon.

Few understand the pylon's secrets, though many have theories... like the pylon is a miniature version of **The Black Pyramid** or that the pylon is an interdimensional node granting access to other worlds. High Priest Visha'al knows the sequence for transporting people inside **The Black Pyramid**.

A'alai Humanoid	
HD: 1	Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6
AC 11	HP 7
	Save 19+

Special: Only 100 of them are capable warriors, the rest are children, pregnant women, and the elderly. 15 of them are priests of Ka'ali (including the High Priest named Visha'al).

Treasure: Each wields an obsidian weapon and carries 1d12 marbles. Marbles have become their chief currency – the big, colorful, and sparkly ones are especially valuable.

Ka'ali's High Priest has a magic ring on his finger. It's a strawberry flavored, skull-shaped lollipop, smooth from sucking. The wearer can melt a humanoid skull (save to avoid). The strawberry skull ring's power is activated by sucking on it. When encountered, it has 1d6+1 sucks remaining before the ring is useless.

Additionally, a pinkish-red fluid oozes out of the deflated head-skin. This delicious juice is a necessary ingredient to make a strawberry pie that is beloved by the infernal pixie-fairies of Yan-Belza'ak.



The Goddess Ka'ali

The cavern floor around the statue is strewn with bones and skulls. The 15' tall statue of the goddess wears bones and skulls while holding a humanoid head and bloody dagger in two of her four hands.

Clearly, Ka'ali has some infernal heritage. The yellow serpentine eyes are a telltale sign that she's some sort of demon-witch.

As the adventurers approach, an a'alai woman, beautiful and exotic, lays motionless on an altar before the statue. Preventing the woman's sacrifice will anger Ka'ali, who awakens and questions the PCs before attacking. Ka'ali asks PCs the following...

- ☞ Who are you?
- ☞ Why have you come here?
- ☞ How many lifeforms have you killed?
- ☞ Are you a god? [If they answer "Yes", she will hesitate before attacking them.]

If the PCs ask the a'alai about the sacrifice, they say Kara'ada was chosen because she continually questioned the status quo.

Who are you that steals my flesh and blood? Are you not aware that I am Ka'ali, the goddess of murder and sole divinity for the a'alai? Bow down and worship me or prepare to be slaughtered.

Behind the living statue of Ka'ali is a tunnel that eventually leads to Ba'al-Tan, the dark-elf city.

Space is folded about halfway through the lightless tunnel, shortening the distance between the two caverns. The folding of space is nearly imperceptible to non-wizards.

Ka'ali

HD: 13

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +10

Damage: 1d6+1

HP
100

AC
10

Save
7+

Special: Her wavering blade is +1 and magical. Known as Eurgroth or "death-wish" in the ancient tongue, if a "6" results from damage rolled, the target must succeed in a saving throw or die.

Treasure: Aside from the blade Eurgroth, the murder goddess' demon eyes have great value. Eating an eye makes one impervious to harm for a little while (one turn per level).

Spread around Ka'ali are several hundred coins (roll 1d100 for each)...

Zuleks, brightly colored plastic shapes engraved with a dome on one side, gold pieces, silver pieces, Federation credits, turquoise slabs, obsidian currency, green and purple stained talons, Aladdin's Castle tokens, and \$20 poker chips from the Hacha'ak casino.

Ka'ali Priests [4]

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +1

Damage: 1d4

HP
12

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: Once per day, a priest of Ka'ali can blind an opponent (effect lasts an hour; save to avoid).

Treasure: Each priest owns a pez-dispenser in the shape of a different humanoid (Jerry, George, Kramer, and Elaine). If zoth is applied, they come to life.

Heading For Vega Corso

Fuchsia-Haunted Sandstorm

After an hour of walking, the fuchsia sky darkens to a deep purple which usually means a sand storm is imminent. Do the PCs keep going or go back?

If they go back, the guards of Norva'ala try to kill them for blasphemy. If they continue on, the wind picks up, rumbles of distant thunder are heard with occasional peels of lightning haphazardly eviscerating the sky.

At this point, the PCs will no doubt try looking for shelter. Unfortunately, nothing but sand dunes can be seen as the storm rises.

This marks the coming of **The Fuchsia Putrescence**. It is a gargantuan beast that hovers over the Cha'alt sky, frequently appearing during sand storms. When The Thing That Oozes From The Sky is overhead, there's nothing you can do but hide.

Several fuchsia tentacles reach down from the purple heavens. As lightning strikes, the adventurers can see an impossibly huge thing hovering in the sky, blocking out at least two or three of Cha'alt's moons.

Fuchsia tentacles dripping with viscous slime plunge down from above, attempting to grab anything and everything.

Nearby, a man can be heard shouting. The man shouts for his companions to follow him as he's found shelter - a nearby crevasse! His three companions slide into the crevasse. If the PCs make their presence known, he will gesture for these strangers to follow.

Have each PC roll a d6 to determine how they fare against the onslaught of slimy violet-red tentacles...

Evading Fuchsia Tentacles (d6)

1	You are snatched up by a thick, meaty tentacle – even before it crushes you to death the purple slime starts to melt your face off.
2	A fuchsia tentacle grabs you, dangling you in mid-air. It does 1d6 damage per round until 10 points of damage done to the tentacle forces the PC's release].
3	A tentacle grasps you momentarily. Your robes disintegrate from its purple slime, but you're able to wriggle away... cold, naked, and wet.
4	Slimy tentacles attempt to seize you. Thankfully, your fancy footwork allows you to escape.
5	Luckily, tentacles reach in other directions, giving you clear passage into the crevasse.
6	You make it inside before anyone else. If you wish, you may leave the safety of the crevasse in order to help one or more of your companions [both you and your companion re-roll].



MMK 20

The Crevasse

The crevasse drops down into a lower cavern. Aside from the entrance above, three tunnels lead out of this cave. A 7' tall plant grows in the center of the cave.

A total of four humans hide in the crevasse... Jeb (the leader who found the crevasse), Veech, Wanz, and Kai. These "street rats" come from the city of A'agrybah. They seek their fortune within **The Black Pyramid**, hoping to become men of prominence in their home city.

If asked, they have witnessed the devastation of **The Fuchsia Putrescence** before. Veech mentions something about a prophecy... "Within its gaping maw, the world shall melt away and our sanity follows suit."

These men are willing to join forces with the PCs for mutual benefit; however, Jeb still views himself as the leader and won't take orders from anyone.

The plant is strange like a gigantic stalk of leafy asparagus with star-fish shaped head, green with violet tips. It ominously grows at the crossroads of the cave; a smattering of bones and rotting flesh encircle the loathsome vegetation.

Anyone going near the tall plant will see it visibly shudder just before firing a thorn.

Alien Plant

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +10

Damage: 1d4

HP
3

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: The plant's thorn is poisonous. Victims must succeed in a saving throw (+4 to roll for humanoids) or die an agonizing death.

Treasure: While the deadly plant has nothing of its own to offer, a carcass just below it wears a silver bracelet adorned with a faceted indigo gem. The gem's interior seems to dance with shimmering light.

This is actually one of The **Gemstones of Ultimate Power**. Once per day, the indigo gemstone allows the wearer to find what he most wants, as long as it's not farther than 100 miles away.

Street Rats

HD: 2

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +1

Damage: 1d6

HP
10

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: Jeb gets advantage when acting like a heroic leader, such as taking life-threatening risks to protect others and/or save the day.

Treasure: Each has 1d12 electrum pieces.

SUBTERRANEAN CHAULT



The Tunnels

Three tunnels go in the following directions: west, north, and southeast.

Peering down each one gives no sign of what's in store for the adventurers. Although, scouting ahead about 100' reveals an eldritch periwinkle glow coming from the northern tunnel. The southeastern tunnel echoes with the sound of hammers and pickaxes on stone (the familiar sound of mining if any dwarves or dark-elves are present).

West Tunnel

This tunnel gradually widens the further one goes. After about 200', it dead-ends into a metallic wall with a door. The metal wall has various grooves and patterns. Only the area closest to the cave floor is corroded.

The door is locked. Knocking will alert the occupants that someone is on the other side, and activity will be heard inside the metal room. The PCs may use brute force or magic to gain entry.

Within is dimly lit, only half of a single fluorescent light-panel illuminates the 30' x 50' space. Several pale blind humanoids with bloodstains around their mouths and hands can be seen loping about like animals.

They are cannibals and will take any food they come upon. The nuclear fallout shelter contains seventeen of these desperate creatures.

Inside the fallout shelter are the following items...

- ☞ Large sign with chartreuse and magenta interlocking triangles meant to signify protection from radiation.
- ☞ Empty cans, jars, and tubs of food.
- ☞ Smashed computers that could be repaired if someone with tech knowledge attempted to fix them [A.I. named JCN-3 that has its own twisted ideas for survival of the human race – everyone tries to kill everyone else and whoever survives shall become as God].
- ☞ Plastic table and chairs set.
- ☞ Functioning air and water purifier [weighs 60 lbs].
- ☞ Journal detailing the decline of their “civilization” in this radiation-proof self-containment unit, “The Old Gods have certainly forsaken us – we are trapped in this metal tomb, waiting to die. Our computer tells us the radiation is too great to leave, but if we stay, then we will surely starve to death. Frank looks particularly delicious today... I wonder if there's any BBQ sauce left?”

Subterranean Cannibals [17]

HD: 1

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +2

Damage: 1d4

HP
6

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: They are blind, and have developed acute hearing.

Treasure: Little more than animals, the cannibals have simple tools like bones and sharp bits of metal for weapons.

North Tunnel

A cave off to the west appears unexpectedly. The walls are covered with paintings in bold, wild colors.

On the floor, softly moaning, is a heap of dirty rags. Under the rags is a lowly peasant, a beggar, a bum. As the filthy mound shifts, it's obvious that the man beneath wears a threadbare and dingy polka dot costume. A faint clinking and clanking can be heard, and a ruby-red glow escapes the pile of rags. If the PCs approach, the humanoid whispers something in his raspy voice...

"Do I amuse you, little boy?" A painted face appears from the shadows. It's a ghostly white with bright-red mouth, blue diamonds around the eyes, and rainbow wig atop.

"This is what I do... the funny little clown who dances, jingles, jangles for your pleasure, little boy. I have a secret to tell you. Come closer and I'll share with you the tricks of my trade. Closer."

If anyone gets near the disheveled clown, they immediately have to roll a saving throw as the clown's head becomes a demonic parody of itself, and he bites down with a serpent's tooth of poison.

Demon Clown

HD: 11

Attack Bonus: +7

#Attacks: 3

Damage: 1d10

HP

77

AC

16

Save

9+

Special: The bite from this demon clown is lethal. Failing your saving throw means death in 1d4+1 rounds, unless healed by a cleric.

Treasure: Tucked into his clown suit is a fancy Moroka'an bronze tea set complete with saucers, cups, teapot, sugar bowl, creamer, cake plate, with tiny spoons, forks, and knives. Each piece is appointed with a tiny ruby. Inside the teapot is the Red Gemstone of Ultimate Power.

Waterfall Cavern

This tunnel slopes downward, leading 150' north to a large cave containing a waterfall and pool, an eldritch periwinkle glow illuminates the water.

Upon investigation, it is not water at all but ethereal energy. Touching it briefly does nothing, but drinking, diving, or wading into the ethereal energy produces the following result...

Ethereal Energy (d6)

1	Weird mutation – tentacled fish covered in periwinkle fur like angel hair pasta.
2	Death! [Save or die]
3	Unutterable oneness with the universe - humanoid goes mad from knowing the mind of God.
4	Non magic-using humanoids are temporarily sorcerers (2d6 hours). Humanoids who were already magic-users cast spells at twice the potency.
5	Visions of sugar plums danced in their heads. The sugar plums are sentient creatures who whisper an incantation to get rid of the locust plague.
6	A moment of contemplation and self-reflection reveals the ultimate truth - "Everyone suffers, but a wise man may transform that suffering into power" (that also lasts 2d6 hours).

If the PCs dilly-dally too long, a small squad of dark-elf warriors enter the cave as part of their routine patrol. They wear armor made of burrower leather and wield scimitars.

Dark-elves aren't immediately hostile to outsiders, but are extremely suspicious and not afraid to shoot on sight.

If threatened, the dark-elves immediately attack. If the PCs talk to them, the dark-elves ascertain if they have any tradeable goods. Anyone with either high-tech or magic items will be escorted into their city, Ba'al-Tan.

Dark Elves [3]		HP 18
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +3	AC 13
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d8	Save 17+
Special: Their names are Koal, Shard, and Splint.		
Treasure: Scimitars and leather armor.		

The Star Crystal

The ethereal energy originates from a hole at the top of this cavern. At the top of the stone, where the ethereal energy cascades down, PCs see a low ceiling cave full of crystals. The periwinkle illumination catches on the cleavage of various hues of crystals, creating a dazzling kaleidoscope of dancing colors. This upper cave seems to extend far into the distance.

If the adventurers climb into this cave above the waterfall, following it, they eventually come to the source of the ethereal energy – a massive crystalline structure erratically pulsing with light.

This is a star crystal in the process of going super-nova. The slow transformation is shedding ethereal energy that eventually flows down into the waterfall cave.

The star crystal might take years before its metamorphosis is complete. When it does, an explosion is likely. Such an explosion could incinerate everything within a 20-mile radius.

If you want to make the dark-elf encounters more challenging, provide them with poisoned blades... save or fall asleep for an hour.



Southeast Tunnel

This tunnel opens into an underground city of dark-elves called Ba'al-Tan (sister city to Ba'al-Sagoth several days journey south). Three huge statues can be seen from a distance - those up on their religious lore know them as K'tulu, Yogsoggoth, and Ubo-Sa'athla.

There's an outcropping of rock just before the tunnel opens up into a massive cavern. The outcropping provides enough shadow to hide several humanoids.

Four guards are posted just outside the Ba'al-Tan, waiting in the darkness. While they don't expect trouble, these guards are attentive to their post and duty. The dark-elves wait until intruders are within view. If strangers seem to be hostile invaders, the guards ambush them with a sneak attack. If they appear to be travelers, the dark-elves question them.

- ☞ Who are you?
- ☞ Where did you come from?
- ☞ What's your business here?

The guards have wrist communicators. If the PCs have been cleared of hostile intent, one of the guards messages a welcoming committee to come and collect the strangers.

Dark-Elves [4]		HP
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +3	18
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d8	AC 13
		Save 17+

Special: When two or more dark-elves fight alongside each other, they get advantage on melee attacks.

Treasure: Obsidian scimitars and leather armor (dark-purple with tentacles in relief) suited for elves. Collectively, they have 1d100 obsidian coins.

Ba'al-Tan

A soft violet glow illuminates the central tower and every jagged structure connected to it.

They fervently worship the Great Old Ones, and demand those entering their city shed a small amount of blood to "open the way" between individual worshipers and the Old Gods.

This welcoming committee contains six dark-elves, one of them being Archon Keenzo. An Archon is a city administrator who implements the rule of the Drow Council. Ba'al-Tan has three Archons. Aside from Keenzo, the other two Archons are named Ebaen and Da'alfrezi.

Archon Keenzo is unusually curious about the strangers, asking pointed questions to gauge their knowledge of high-tech devices. If the PCs seem even the least bit knowledgeable, he'll ask them to come to the tower with him. If, on the other hand, the PCs appear to be murderous dullards, he'll warn them not to cause trouble in Ba'al-Tan.

Before entering the city, strangers must make a small cut on their hand, letting a couple drops fall upon the cavern floor. This tradition opens the way between the Great Old Ones and their favored children. If any PC refuses the bloodletting, Archon Keenzo will make allowances... assuming they may be able to help him with the cracked plasma drive.

Dark-Elves [5]

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +3

Damage: 1d8

HP
18

AC
13

Save
17+

Special: When two or more dark-elves fight alongside each other, they get advantage on melee attacks.

Treasure: Obsidian scimitars and leather armor (dark-purple with tentacles in relief) suited for elves. Collectively, they have 1d100 obsidian coins. One of them has a xoth Molotov cocktail (3d6).

Archon Keenzo

HD: 5

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +5

Damage: 2d6+1

HP
32

AC
13

Save
5+

Special: Keenzo wields a two-handed sword forged from both metal and obsidian mined nearby. The sword, named Zala'am, was then left at the bottom of the ethereal pool for one year, causing its transformation into ethereal obsidian. The sword's blade has a faint periwinkle glow, acts as a +1 weapon, and is said to lead its owner to his destiny. A critical hit from Zala'am displaces the victim into another dimension (saving throw to avoid).

Treasure: His magic sword and 44 ethereal obsidian coins with periwinkle veins (each worth 100 obsidian coins or 50 gold pieces).

Strangers May Know

The dark-elves of Ba'al-Tan are currently in crisis mode. The core of their city is built upon a plasma drive. The plasma drive has been powering Ba'al-Tan for decades, supplying energy to the machines that provide a comfortable living environment. While it's not up to Dome City standards, Ba'al-Tan has a lot more to offer than surface settlements that dot the desert wasteland. For instance, the dark-elf city has electronic doors and elevators, a water filtration system, laser defenses, and illumination similar to the Cha'alt sky at night.

Over the past few weeks, the power supply has dwindled to approximately half of its usual output. However, the worst part is a hairline fracture in the plasma drive's impulse membrane. Emerald-green light shines from the crack and the constant background hum is occasionally coupled with a dissonant reverberation that worries the Drow Council.

Keenzo is concerned enough to ask strangers to the city for their expertise and assistance with repairing the plasma drive. Normally, this is not something a dark-elf would do, but Keenzo believes the situation is dire.

On the way to the tower, Archon Keenzo mentions the discord between himself and Archons Ebaen and Da'alfrezi. They do not have the city's best interests at heart. Unfortunately, the Drow Council is deadlocked in bureaucracy and will not involve themselves in "these petty squabbles."

Tower Conflict

Before Keenzo can show the PCs the tower's foundation room containing the plasma drive, they run into Archon Ebaen [dressed like an elegantly evil sorcerer] and Archon Da'alfrezi [strutting around like a dark-elf peacock].

After raising objections that verge on threatening bodily harm, Archons Ebaen and Da'alfrezi leave Keenzo to his folly.

Archon Ebaen is not overly concerned about the plasma drive. He believes the hairline fracture is inconsequential to powering Ba'al-Tan. Furthermore, he's against any outsider seeing the plasma drive.

Archon Ebaen is strict about secrecy because he's siphoning power to his own wizard's laboratory, unbeknownst to Archon Keenzo and Archon Da'alfrezi. Ebaen is in the process of constructing an enormous creature out of monster parts collected over several months. Additionally, he's outfitting the thing with artificial intelligence, copying the files from a nearby A.I. (JCN-3 from the fallout shelter, specifically).

If his plans come to fruition, Archon Ebaen will grant his creature life, forcing the Drow Council to bend to his will.

Archon Da'alfrezi is also worried about the plasma drive. However, Da'alfrezi has sworn revenge upon Keenzo for some perceived slight against his family.

Da'alfrezi is biding his time, scheming for the right opportunity to deliver an honor-killing against Archon Keenzo.

Plasma Drive Chamber

The plasma drive sits upon the cavernous floor. It's a metallic hexagonal shape, wide as a man and half as tall. A thin fissure running across its surface emits an emerald green light. Harmonic tones occasionally interrupted by an ominous droning can be heard throughout the chamber.

While the PCs are still examining the plasma drive situation, Archon Ebaen sends assassins to abruptly close the investigation.

Keenzo immediately recognizes the assassins as men under his own employ, "What foul treachery is this?" Before they die, Keenzo will do what he can to force information out of them... eventually learning that Archon Ebaen is responsible.

Not knowing who to trust, Archon Keenzo asks the PCs to help him route out the traitors and murder them. In exchange for their services over the next few hours, Keenzo offers the PCs his magical sword, Zala'am, as a reward.

Dark-Elf Assassins [3]

HD: 3

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +3

Damage: 1d6

HP
18

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: Treat assassin attacks as having explosive damage to account for their skill at striking vital areas. Additionally, their blades are dipped in shuddering-lurker poison that temporarily affects the nervous system (1d4 rounds before they're knocked unconscious for an hour).

Treasure: Short swords.

Performing Plasma Drive Maintenance

Roll on the following random table for each person working on the plasma drive. Those who claim experience with such things must be able to back up their claim with a brief anecdote... either part of their established background or made-up whole cloth.

Maintenance by experienced hands gets advantage (roll twice and take the better result).

1	The glowing green fissure expands - plasma drive instantaneously explodes!
2	The green glow intensifies – everyone in the tower has about 5 minutes before the plasma drive explodes.
3	Plasma drive powers down and is incapable of restarting – no power for Ba'al-Tan.
4	The plasma drive is no better or worse for having been worked on.
5	Some kind of plasma warp shifts reality, forcing everyone in the room into a parallel dimension where many things are the same, yet a few stark differences throw everyone off... sky is yellow, elves have six fingers, hyper-intelligent fuchsia spiders rule Cha'alt, etc.
6	The plasma drive shuts itself down and begins auto-repair functions. 2d6 hours later, the plasma drive will resume powering the city, sans crack.
7	Plasma drive dims itself to half-power, saving the drive from either dying or exploding. Ba'al-Tan can comfortably get by on reduced power.
8	A homing-beacon pings the nearest starship. Minutes later, aliens teleport into the room and fix the plasma drive. Then they leave. The repair takes about an hour. Thankfully, it's still under warranty.

Da'alfrezi Ambush

Archon Da'alfrezi believes this is the moment to strike against his bitter rival, Archon Keenzo. As soon as Keenzo and the PCs leave the plasma drive chamber, Da'alfrezi and his men attack!

Archon Da'alfrezi commands the strangers to stand aside. This is dark-elf business, after all. If the PCs decide to betray Keenzo, Da'alfrezi allows them to leave Ba'al-Tan in peace.

Dark-Elf Soldiers [5]

HD: 2

Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d6

HP11

AC13

Save18+

Special: None.

Treasure: Short swords and a total of 30 obsidian coins.

Archon Da'alfrezi

HD: 4

#Attacks: 1

Attack Bonus: +4

Damage: 1d6

HP
16

AC
10

Save
16+

Special: Milk from Atla'ach-K'tal (immense, demonic spider-god nesting somewhere between Ba'al-Tan and Ba'al-Sagoth) has been liberally applied to Da'alfrezi's blade. Those cut by it must save or die in excruciating agony within 1d4 rounds [3 uses remaining; poison loses its potency after 3 days].

Beneath his purple and black robes, Da'alfrezi conceals a curious hunk of gleaming stone or crystal. This is one of the few remaining shining trapezohedrons.

Once per day this luminous crimson-black stone can tear reality itself, creating a rift in both space and time. Beneath this reality fissure is an abyss full of loathsome horrors that man was not meant to gaze upon. See random table (adjacent).

Treasure: 13 obsidian coins and 28 ethereal obsidian coins with periwinkle veins (each worth 100 obsidian coins or 100 gold pieces).

The shining trapezohedron was recovered from the ruined temple devoted to an elder god. Da'alfrezi had to slit a few throats to claim it as his. Such a magic item could fetch up to 10,000 gold pieces if sold in A'agrybah.

Shining Trapezohedron

Everyone within a 30' radius of the shining trapezohedron, excluding the trapezohedron's owner, must roll on the following random table.

1	An enormous slimy tentacle covered in sucker-like mouths devours your tender flesh (save to avoid).
2	Psionic vibrations force you to jump into the unquiet void (save to resist).
3	One or more lascivious tongues extend like pink silly-putty, grappling until you're immobile (save to escape).
4	You see something you and your kind were never meant to witness – blasphemously unfathomable nightmarish truths – causing you to go irrevocably insane (save to resist).
5	Bizarre, noxious entities drift through the fissure, their very outsideness contaminating everything in their path, every molecule in your body explodes at the speed of light (save to avert total protonic reversal).
6	Your body is annihilated (save to survive), but you remain as a sentient, albeit incorporeal, shadow. Only the trapezohedron's destruction or spell from a 10th level sorcerer can undo what has been done.
7	A gargantuan entity of putrid foulness attempts to tear reality even further apart than it currently is, allowing its obscene form into our world (2 in 6 chance it succeeds and enslaves half the population of Cha'alt).
8	Acidic magenta slime ejaculates onto you from the inky blackness – you melt into a puddle (save to dodge out of the way).
9 – 12	Somehow, you manage to avoid everything awful.

Leaving Ba'al-Tan

One way or another, the PCs will want to leave the dark-elf city of Ba'al-Tan.

It's an open secret that a portal exists at the base of the Ubo-Sa'athla statue. The portal transports humanoids to a random room within **The Black Pyramid**.

The portal is guarded by Kryella, the dark-elf warrior-witch of Ba'al-Tan. She loves the taste of her enemy's blood. The only thing she would enjoy more is a harem of female elf slaves to dominate, discipline, and humiliate.

Kryella		HP 44
HD: 8	Attack Bonus: +4	AC 14
#Attacks: 2	Damage: 3d4	Save 12+

Special: Her primary weapon is a screech-flail; a natural 20 requires a successful saving throw or the poison will knock foes unconscious for 1d4 hours.

Kyella also wields a magically imbued storm amethyst. Once per day, it can strike a nearby target (no farther than 15') with purple lightning for 3d12 damage (save for half).

Treasure: She has her screech-flail, storm amethyst, dark-elf lady armor (shoulder guards, bracers, brassiere, and boots that yields a +4 bonus to AC), and 45 obsidian pieces.

The Tunnel

Additionally, there's a well-known tunnel that leads from the outskirts of the citadel to the Cavern of Ka'ali. Normally, this would be an impossible trek. However, a space-warp halfway down the tunnel shortens the distance considerably.

If the PCs think to check this tunnel for traps, secret passages, or anything hidden, they notice a smooth section on the ground. When the floor is illuminated with magic, a glyph appears. Speaking it aloud, "kuma'azed" (translation: I have yet to go deeper) reveals a trans-dimensional spiral staircase that leads to a rather small cave.

Inside the cave is a singular lever just large enough for a man to bear down upon and turn the lever. At the base of the lever are two phrases. The first says "Hard Mode". The second "Easy Mode". Currently, the lever is set to "Hard Mode". Moving the lever to "Easy Mode" takes a few moments of strength to accomplish. If the lever is switched to "Easy Mode", the following takes place...

- ☞ All PC saving throws succeed, unless a natural 1 is rolled.
- ☞ Death only occurs at negative 11 HP or lower.
- ☞ Energy weapons, such as blasters and lasers only stun the PCs, rendering them unconscious for an hour.
- ☞ Unconscious PCs are taken prisoner rather than killed.

Appendix



Crimson Dragon Slayer

REVISED



Crimson Dragon Slayer D20

"It's your life... you don't know how long it's going to be, but you know it's got a bad ending. You have to move forward as soon as you figure out what that is." - Don Draper

Overview

Years of running one-shots and short campaigns motivated me to come up with something that bridged the gap between old school D&D and 5e.

Crimson Dragon Slayer D20 is a minimalist, plug-and-play RPG. Sure, choices are limited. But on the plus side, there's no analysis paralysis. For those just learning how to play D&D, or veterans wanting a quick pick-up game, it's been invaluable.

Character sheets are not required! Want to attempt something? Narrate what you want to do, let the GM handle the rest. Immersion is key. This is about pretending that fantasy is real in our collective imaginations, if only for a few hours.

Most rolls are made using a d20, with higher numbers being better. Instead of using modifiers, I use **Advantage** (roll 2d20 and take the highest result) when circumstances are favorable, and **Disadvantage** (roll 2d20 and take the lowest) when they're unfavorable. If the favorable and unfavorable even out, neither is applicable.

The Gods are ever watchful. They take an interest in mortal affairs... even those who've renounced them. In fact, a few deities only concern themselves with humanoids who reject spiritual pursuits. Every **Player Character** (PC) gets one point of **Divine Favor** at the beginning of every session. Divine Favor can be spent to re-roll any die.

PCs start at 1st level and grow in power until reaching their adventuring peak at 10th level. Levels are gained after every other adventure.

At 3rd, 7th, and 10th level, players get to pick a **Special Ability** or feat that relates to their character's class, race, noteworthy characteristic, or adventuring experience. This can be something pulled from a book (such as **Cha'alt Ascended**) or made up on your own.

Character Creation

You need to choose a **Name**, **Class**, **Race**, **Alignment**, and **Something Noteworthy** about your PC. Names are subjective and not bound to rules or game mechanics, so let's dive into the four basic **Character Classes**.

Your vitality, willpower, and endurance are conceptualized by Hit-Points (HP). This is how much punishment you can take before falling unconscious or dying.

Fighter

Are you a cut-throat mercenary, bloodthirsty barbarian, or valiant defender of the weak?

Fighters get 1d10 HP / level (max HP at 1st level) and inflict 1d10 damage.

Fighters **Crush Their Enemies**, adding their level to both attack and damage rolls. For example, a 3rd level fighter will get +3 to hit, as well as, +3 to resulting damage.

Wizard

Arcane scholar, mysterious sorcerer, or sinister demonologist?

Wizards get 1d4 HP / level (max HP at 1st level) and inflict 1d4 damage.

Wizards can cast virtually any spell, but each spell cast drains the wizard of HP equal to the spell's level. See the **Sorcery** section for the spell list and additional rules.

If wearing armor, wizards must roll percentile dice for **Spell Failure**. That chance is 10% for every point of non-magical armor. If the spell fails, HP are expended but no effect is produced.

Starting Gear: 1d20 gold pieces (multiplied by PC's level), choice of weapon(s), clothing, canteen of water, three days' worth of food, and professional accoutrements (whetstone and oil rag, grimoire, symbol of your faith, or thieves' tools).

Cleric

Warrior priest, templar knight, or servant of darkness?

Clerics get 1d8 HP / level (max HP at 1st level) and inflict 1d8 damage.

Clerics have a **Healing Invocation** (via touch) that can be utilized once per round. At 1st level, clerics heal 1d6 HP (1d8 at 3rd level, 1d10 at 5th, 1d12 at 7th, and 1d20 at 9th). However, if the heal die result is a 1, the cleric is temporarily spent (spiritually speaking)... unable to cast Healing Invocation for 1d4 turns (10 - 40 minutes).

Additionally, clerics have knowledge of, and power over, infernal entities, undead horrors, and Lovecraftian abominations. Clerics can either blast them from a distance with a lavender-hued **Eldritch Beam** of light or utilize **Venial Influence**, bending them to his will. Roll on the following table to determine results. If you choose to inflict damage, add the cleric's level to the amount.

D4 ROLL	BEAM	SAVE	INFLUENCE	SAVE
1	5	Half-Damage	No Effect	N/A
2	10	Half-Damage	Won't attack the cleric	Negates
3	20	Half-Damage	Won't harm the PCs	Negates
4	30	Half-Damage	Will serve the cleric	Negates

Thief

Wily rogue, cunning assassin, or swashbuckling bandit?

Thieves get 1d6 HP / level (max HP at 1st level) and inflict 1d6 damage.

Thieves can do all the usual **Thief Abilities**...climb, find and remove traps, listening, hide in shadows, move silently, pick locks, and pick pockets. If it's a routine usage, abilities are automatically successful as long as the attempted action is narrated. Trickier tasks are usually narrated and rolled (see Skill Checks below).

Wearing armor may hamper thief abilities such as climbing, listening, and sneaking. Fortunately, thieves add their level to their Armor Class when not wearing armor.

When a thief attacks an opponent that is distracted or unaware of his presence, he's able to **Back Stab!** In addition to gaining Advantage on his attack, roll on the following random table.

D4 ROLL	EFFECT
1	Appropriate damage + thief's level
2	Appropriate damage + thief's level, multiplied by two
3	Appropriate damage + thief's level, multiplied by three
4	Appropriate damage + thief's level, multiplied by four

Race

Several races are available to choose from, each with its own benefit.

But what if you really want to try out that quarter-dragon / quarter-toaster / half-spider-abomination species that can climb walls while toasting bread? You can always come up with your own character race and/or bonus, subject to GM approval.

Human – Humans are adaptable and determined, getting an additional 2 HP each level.

Dwarf – Dwarves are hardy and routinely battle their chief subterranean foe – dark elves. They get Advantage on saving throws from poison.

Halfling – Halflings get a +2 to AC due to their short stature and exceptional agility.

Gnome – Once per day, gnomes may cast an illusion spell. Considered 1st level regarding HP drain; save to disbelieve; lasts as many turns as the caster's level.

Elf – Elves have natural magic resistance and get Advantage on saving throws against spells cast on them.

Dark Elf – These deep-purple skinned elves have used poison for centuries. Dark elves handle poison without risk of self-infliction. Wounded creatures (humanoid only) must save or sleep for 2d4 turns. If a saving throw is successful, the creature's immunity lasts 24 hours.

Half Orc – Half orcs are big and muscular. Their damage dice using standard attacks are made at one die-type higher than usual. For example, a d4 becomes d6, and a d10 would become a d12.

Demon – Once per day, demons may tempt a sentient being into doing something ill-advised; saving throw to ignore temptation.

Pixie Fairy – Due to their flying ability, incredible speed, and diminutive size, opponents always attack pixie fairies at a Disadvantage. As a drawback, damage dice from standard attacks are always one die-type lower than usual. For example, a d8 becomes a d6, and a d4 would become 1 point of damage.

Crystalline – Crystal humanoids take half-damage from high-tech, energy attacks.

Reptilian – These savage lizard-folk have a strange, cannibalistic rite that can be performed once per day. After eating a defeated enemy's heart, reptilians temporarily (one turn per level) gain a special ability that belonged to the adversary.

Droid – After a droid is destroyed (killed), it can be rebuilt by someone with tech knowledge. The timeframe for repairs is one hour per droid level. Additionally, droids have a 2 in 6 chance of interfacing with technological systems. If droids wish to practice sorcery, they cannot use their own HP to fuel spells.

Alignment

There are 4 alignments, Law, Chaos, Neutral, and Unaligned, providing insight into how characters view the world and their role within it.

Law - If you choose Law, your PC believes in order, justice, and community, and most likely worships the New Gods, namely the Lords of Light.

Chaos - Those aligned with Chaos believe in natural selection, revenge, and individualism, up to and including self-deification. They are more likely to honor the Old Gods, such as K'tulu, Yog-Soggoth, and Uba-Sa'athla.

Neutral - Those of a Neutral alignment balance Law and Chaos within themselves, recognizing both the Old and New Gods.

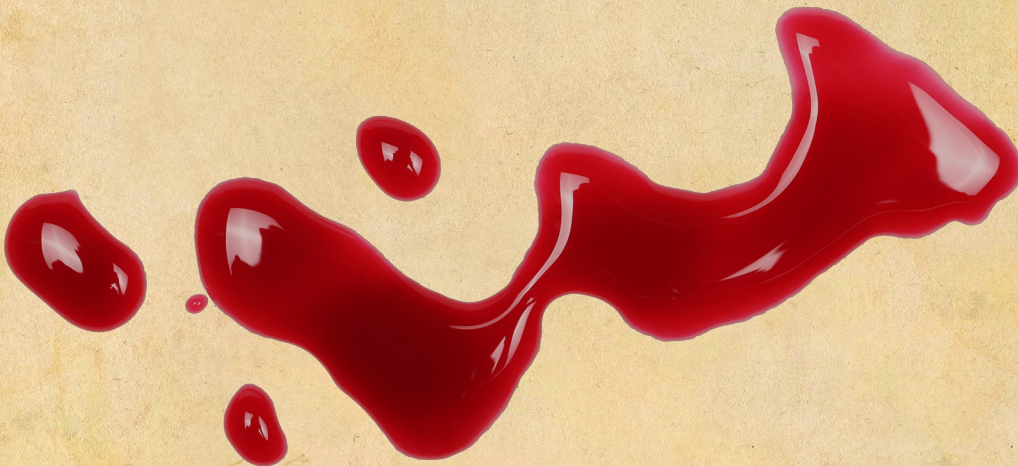
Unaligned - Unaligned means that the PC doesn't give a damn about Law, Chaos, or the Gods; they have their own idiosyncratic philosophy or passion that guides them through the world.

Something Noteworthy

This is the character's primary distinguishing feature separating him from any other fighter or wizard, elf or human. Now is your opportunity to shine - stand out from the crowd!

A noteworthy characteristic can be a background, possession, talent, hobby, goal, past experience, passion, hatred, personality quirk, or something relating to the PC's appearance... like a black, denim cloak with "Alien Sex Fiend" patch embroidered on the back.

Anything that is either super beneficial or obviously overpowered will be countered by a GM-prescribed flaw or weakness.






Combat

Combat is abstract, not granular. Each **Round** of combat is approximately one minute long. Characters can move, talk, and take one action (in any order) each round. A **Turn** equals ten rounds.

Regarding **Initiative**, whichever side would logically strike first goes and then the opposition goes. If there's no clear victor, the PCs act first.

Armor Class (AC) starts at 10 and goes up to a maximum of 20 (without magical aid). Wearing leather armor improves AC by +2, chain mail by +4, scale mail by +5, and plate mail by +6. Using a shield provides +2 to AC; a helm provides +1.

To **Attack**, roll a d20 and hit your opponent's AC or better. If using a magic weapon, add its bonus to your attack and damage rolls.

-  Wielding a **Two-Handed** melee weapon lets you spread additional, leftover damage to nearby opponents, after the original intended target is killed.
-  **Dual-Wielding** lets you use two lighter melee weapons in order to gain one additional attack per combat.
-  **Ranged-Weapons** let you attack from a distance, keeping fragile combatants away from the front-line of battle. Watch out for **Friendly Fire**...if you roll a 1 on the attack, your companion is hit instead.

A **Natural 20** on an attack roll is a critical hit, resulting in double damage, plus additional bonuses such as magic and fighting prowess.

Epic Acts of Awesome can be attempted instead of a standard action, like an attack. Epic Acts of Awesome aren't about doing the impossible, but doing what is possible in an awesomely epic way. For example, swinging through the jungle on vines while shooting cannibals with your blaster. Normally, you'd have Disadvantage on that type of stunt. However, if the attempted action is crazy, wild, or fun enough to push it over the edge, you can bypass Disadvantage and roll normally.

If the PC reaches **Zero Hit-Points**, or any negative number of HP up to the PC's level, they are knocked unconscious. If their HP goes past that (e.g., -5 HP if the character is 4th level), the character is dead.

Death Sucks, but it happens. Simply create another PC. New PCs will be brought into the game ASAP.

Miscellaneous

Instead of automatically rolling a **Skill Check**, simply describe what your character is doing. **Perception** and **Interaction** (among other things) will be roleplayed. Otherwise, the GM will let you know when to roll. Success on a skill check requires a roll of 15 or better on a d20. If the task is related to a PC's class, race, noteworthy characteristic, or adventuring experience, the character's level can be added to the result.

PCs can use their action to **Assist** another character, granting their comrade Advantage on his action. For instance, the wizard runs up behind a giant scorpion, hootin' and hollerin'... the fighter can then slash at his distracted foe with Advantage.

Saving Throws are made to partially or entirely resist various dangers. The target number for a saving throw is determined by subtracting a character's level (or a monster's HD) from 20. You need to roll that number or better on a d20 to save. A Natural 20 means you're completely unaffected.

All HP **Refresh** after 6 hours of rest. Interruptions are fine – just sleep a little longer.

Unknown magic items must be **Attuned** to an individual. This requires at least 15 minutes of uninterrupted concentration, at which point the item's owner knows what the item does and how to use it. Otherwise, the item's owner can experiment. Certain magic items, such as wands, staves, and rods can only be used by wizards.

Players are encouraged to **Ask Questions!** Legitimate, interesting, and substantive questions (e.g., “Does the robot's head still talk after I ripped it off its body?”) are always welcome and usually have a 2 in 6 chance of being answered in the affirmative.





Sorcery

The following are rules for spellcasting in **Crimson Dragon Slayer D20**. Terms such as wizard and sorcerer are used interchangeably.

There Can Be Only One

Only a single spell can be cast or maintained by the caster.

That means if the sorcerer has cast detect magic, and then casts invisibility – the effects of the detect magic cease and the effects of invisibility begin. If the sorcerer casts fireball, then anyone they have charmed or dominated would instantly be released from the effects of their previous spell.

The Price of Spellcasting

It costs vitality for a sorcerer to cast spells. One Hit-Point is lost for every spell level that is cast.

For example, a 1st level spell costs a single HP while a 3rd level spell costs 3 HP. If reduced in HP to zero or less from casting, he falls unconscious and must succeed in a saving throw or die. Either way, the spell goes off as desired, but has no lasting effect after the initial round.

Dark Rituals

Sorcerers may perform a ritual that appeases the demons of Hell. Instead of draining their own vitality, sorcerers may sacrifice one or more humanoids with enough HP to cast the spell (no farther than zero HP, at which point death embraces NPCs). An additional benefit is that spells cast via dark ritual do not fade when the sorcerer casts a new spell. Yes, a sorcerer could even sacrifice himself.

The ritual glyph drawing, frantic ululating, and bloodletting takes as many turns to complete as the spell's level.

Sacrificial HP loss is semi-permanent. It cannot be restored by natural or supernatural means; however, the victim recovers those sacrificed HP after one month.

Duration of spells is estimated in rounds and turns.
A round is approximately one minute and a turn is approximately ten minutes.

1st Level Spells

Detect Magic – The sorcerer can discern what is and what is not magical instinctively. The effect of this spell lasts one turn per caster level.

Identify – The sorcerer can determine the magical details of anything within 10' of himself. The effect of this spell lasts one round per caster level.

Illumination – The sorcerer creates a magical light source that can be focused on his hand, a nearby object, or a small sphere that travels with him. Illumination lasts as many turns as the caster's level.

Language – Using this spell, the sorcerer can read, write, and speak any language he comes into contact with as if he were fluent. This spell lasts one turn per caster level.

Glamour – With this spell, the sorcerer can enhance the appearance of himself, another individual, a plate of food, ensemble of clothing, door, etc. The target of glamor immediately becomes more attractive and pleasing to the eye. The spell lasts one turn per caster level.

2nd Level Spells

Charm – The singular subject of this spell becomes more favorable to the sorcerer than he otherwise would be (save to avoid). Hostile turns to neutral and neutral turns to friendly. This spell lasts one turn per caster level, but if charming a group, the spell lasts one round per caster level.

Ectoplasmic Webbing – Sticky strands of a slimy web shoot out of the sorcerer's fingers. An area up to 10' cubed, and not more than 30' from the sorcerer, is covered in ectoplasmic webbing. Everyone in that area must make a saving throw or become stuck in the web, unable to take normal actions. The web disintegrates after one turn per caster level.

If using theater of the mind, assume 1d4+1 humanoids are caught in the sorcerer's web.

Missile Command – A barrage of colorful (sorcerer's discretion) missiles instantaneously blast from the sorcerer's hands. Roll 1d4 to determine the number of missiles launched. Each missile inflicts 5 points of damage. The wizard may divide the missiles between multiple targets or concentrate them against a single foe.

Preternatural Focus – An unexpected vitality surges through the target of this spell, granting the subject Advantage on all his d20 rolls. Preternatural Focus lasts for one round per caster level.

Sorcerous Shield – The sorcerer or other human-sized subject is protected by a magical barrier. This shield reduces damage equal to one point per level of the caster. So, a 3rd level sorcerer could bestow 3 points of damage reduction on someone or something for up to one turn per caster level.

3rd Level Spells

Fireball – The sorcerer unleashes Hellfire upon his foes. This spell is instantaneous. Roll on the following d6 table to determine the spell's effect.

1	Uncontrollable Blaze – The sorcerer's fireball spreads to both friend and foe. Everyone within 50' of the sorcerer takes 10 points of damage (save for half).
2	Burn Out – The sorcerer's spell all but fizzles, everyone within 50' of the sorcerer takes 1 point of damage (save to avoid).
3	Flurry of Flame – The sorcerer does minimal damage to his enemies... 10 points of damage (save for half).
4	Scorching Blast – The sorcerer inflicts moderate damage to his enemies... 20 points of damage (save for half).
5	Raging Inferno – The sorcerer inflicts heavy damage to his enemies... 40 points of damage (save for half).
6	Incineration – All the sorcerer's enemies are burned away to ash (no save). However, if the sorcerer has targeted a godlike entity, it takes 60 points of damage instead of dying outright.

Flight – The sorcerer can lift himself or another subject off the ground and fly for one turn per caster level.

Mesmerizing Magenta Mist – This spell generates a blanket of glowing magenta-hued fog clinging to the ground and slowly spreading throughout the area, dissipating approximately 30' from the sorcerer. Those not averting their eyes must make a saving throw or become dazzled by the magenta mist for as many rounds as the caster's level.

Dazzled individuals are easily surprised and take actions at a Disadvantage.

Mirror Reflections - This spell manifests 5 images of the sorcerer that are identical to him, except incorporeal. Aside from touching the illusion, it's virtually impossible to determine the real sorcerer from his reflections. When initially attacked, there's a 1 in 6 chance of the enemy attacking the actual sorcerer, but if a reflection is successfully hit, it disappears. This spell lasts as many turns as the caster's level.

Sleep – As many individuals or creatures are put to sleep as occupy a space within 30' radius of the sorcerer (excluding the caster's companions). They wake in the same number of turns as the sorcerer's level.

4th Level Spells

Invisibility – With this spell, the sorcerer or another subject is rendered unseen to the naked eye. Invisibility lasts one turn per level of the caster.

Taking actions, such as slashing with a sword, does not interfere with the subject's invisibility. Those attacking an invisible humanoid have Disadvantage.

Poison Cloud – Everyone within a 30' radius of ground-zero (wherever the sorcerer decides to place the spell - must be within eyesight) becomes nauseous and unable to act. The effects of this spell last as many rounds as the caster's level – even after individuals escape the cloud of poison.

If using theater of the mind, assume 1d4 + 1d6 humanoids are caught within the poison cloud.

Shape-Change – The subject of this spell can be altered to another form, wildly divergent from its own. However, that which has been shape-changed cannot be less than half the original's size nor greater than double. The effect of this spell lasts one turn per level of the caster. Save to avoid.

Teleport - The sorcerer can magically transport himself (or other humanoid-sized person or object) through dimensional space to the location of his desire. However, the subject cannot be conveyed more than 50' from the sorcerer's present location. Additionally, the subject cannot be teleported inside a solid object.

5th Level Spells

Dispel Magic – The sorcerer can nullify magical effects (even the presence of magic itself) upon the target of this spell. The effects of dispel magic last one turn per level of the caster.

Dominate – The sorcerer utterly possesses the will of a singular target, able to force him to do anything within his ability...up to and including murder, suicide, betraying his god, etc. Dominate lasts up to one turn per caster's level. Save to avoid.

Infernal Servant – A hideous demon is summoned and forced to obey the sorcerer's will. The demon will remain in service to the sorcerer for as many rounds as the caster's level. No more than one demon can be summoned at a time by a single sorcerer.

HD: 6 HP: 36 AC: 13 Attack: +6 Damage: 3d6 Save: 14+ Special: immune to fire and heat; takes double damage from cold-based attacks.

Revivification – With this spell, the sorcerer can bring a dying or recently deceased humanoid back to life. The sorcerer has as many rounds to cast the spell as his level before the subject is too far gone to revive.

Additionally, the subject of a revivification spell must succeed in a saving throw. If successfully cast, the subject is conscious and brought up to a single Hit-Point.

6th Level Spell

Wish - The sorcerer may alter reality, albeit in a limited manner, conforming to his will.

Resurrection of a single long-dead adventurer is possible, but not an entire adventuring party. The destruction of 50 humanoids? Yes. The slaughter of an entire settlement or high-tech facility? Not quite. Speed up time? Sure, but no more than six months. The power to sexually enslave a harem of women may be achievable, but not if that number reaches above 23 (it's been tried... many times over).

Due to the reality-warping magnitude of this spell, Hit Points used to cast it cannot be recovered, either naturally or supernaturally, until one year after its casting. If the sorcerer desires to cast this spell as a dark ritual, it costs three times the usual number of HP... 18.

Credits

Crimson Dragon Slayer D20 was created by Venger As'Nas Satanis, 2019 ©

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Visit my RPG website:

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Get them while they're hot... and sleazy!





Ascended

Venger As'Nas Satanis

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Your Humble Servant

This book is meant to expand upon the O5R (OSR + 5e) basics provided in **Crimson Dragon Slayer D20**. It makes ordinary rules-light games look like differential calculus.

These optional rules, old school feats, and character backgrounds are meant to go hand-in-tentacle with **Cha'alt Pre-Generated** and my eldritch, gonzo, science-fantasy, post-apocalyptic campaign setting + megadungeon **Cha'alt**.

Hope you enjoy this delectable offering. Please post feedback, review the many titles from Kort'thalis Publishing, and ask me about purchasing the glorious **Cha'alt** hardcover; limited edition print run of 2,000 books now available.

Special Abilities

While PCs can, and are even encouraged to, attempt whatever action they want (within reason, obviously), sometimes players have trouble visualizing all the possibilities. Feats are a front and center short-cut to some of the amazing things that adventurers can try.

Why have special abilities at all? Well, getting something shiny and new is always fun. The anticipation creates additional motivation to adventure and achieve. It also prevents one warrior or sorcerer from being interchangeable with another of his kind, without having to resort to expanded list of classes, sub-classes, prestige classes, and skills.

The following are 60+ extraordinary deeds or stunts available to adventurers.



ACROBAT

You can tumble in and out of an area, avoiding physical hazards without incurring penalties or disadvantages. Additionally, you have perfect balance and never lose your footing.

ANIMAL COMPANION

You have a special animal that follows you devotedly. Limited communication is possible between you and your animal companion.

ANIMAL RAPPORT

Animals love you, and are extremely reluctant to attack.

ARCANE INITIATE

Due to either innate ability or time spent among magic-users, you're able to cast 1st level spells as a sorcerer's apprentice.

ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

You have a natural affinity with music, fine art, sculpture, literature, cooking, storytelling, or similar art form. Your creations are not only enjoyable, but have artistic merit.

AUGMENTED CRITICAL

Instead of requiring a natural 20, you crit on a roll of 19 or 20.

BERSERKER

During combat, you're able to enter an uncontrollable rage, doubling your HP and damage until the battle is over. However, you are fatigued and exhausted up to an hour after going berserk (disadvantage on all rolls). From 1st to 4th level, this special ability can be used only once per day. At 5th level, you can go berserk twice a day.

BRUTALITY

If you roll a 1 or 2 on your damage die, you may re-roll... adding both results for the final total.

BURST OF ACTION

Once per combat or scene, you may take an additional action without penalty.

CHANNEL ENERGY

Within 15 minutes, you can absorb trace amounts of energy naturally occurring on Cha'alt and use that to fuel your spellcasting, saving you from magic fatigue and exhaustion.

CULT LEADER

You may attract as many devoted followers as your level. These followers are more than hirelings. They believe in you and remain fiercely loyal, unless frequently abused.

DEMONIC FAMILIAR

You summon a diminutive devil who willingly assists your arcane pursuits.

ENGINEERING

You have expertise regarding trap construction, building structures, general contracting, and safety precautions.

EXPLOSIVE ATTACK

If you roll the highest result on your damage die, you may roll again and add that number to the previous roll. If you continue to roll the highest die result, keep rolling and adding damage.

FAST HEALER

You heal at an incredibly fast rate, regaining 1d6 HP per hour.

FAVORITE ENEMY

Choose a specific type of creature (undead, dragons, humanoids, robots, etc). When fighting that particular type, you get advantage.

FINAL ACT

Just before either falling unconscious or dying, you get to take one last action.

FIRST RESPONDER

If a companion has fallen due to mortal wounds, you may stop the bleeding and keep them from death's door.

GLYPH SCRYING

You've been taught the ancient ways of glyph scrying and can draw symbols that create semi-permanent magical effects, such as protection, blessing, curse, fire, ice, purple, anti-magic, and dimensional gateway. You know one glyph per level.

GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

When the chips are down and everything is on the line, that's when you shine. Once per game session, you may choose to take an automatic success instead of rolling.

GUILD TRAINING

You've learned the secret art of assassination from The Guild operating in A'agrybah. If you're close enough to an unsuspecting humanoid target, a successful attack will kill your victim (assuming they fail a saving throw).

HALF DEAD IS HALF ALIVE

When reduced to half or less of your total HP, you fight like an Ara'akeen tiger. This special ability grants you advantage on attack rolls until the combat is over.

INTREPID

Due to all the crazy shit you've seen, you don't scare easily. You're resistant to ordinary and magical fear. Additionally, you pass sanity checks with flying colors (out of space).

JINX

Once per day, you may choose a single opponent to be jinxed. Whenever they attempt an action that goes against you (attack, damage and saving throws), they have disadvantage.

LETHAL WEAPON

When you inflict a critical hit on an opponent, you do triple damage, instead of merely double.

LEADERSHIP

When speaking from the heart, you inspire and motivate to such a degree that morale is boosted, providing one point of divine favor (inspiration) to each companion. This special ability is usable once per day, and those points of divine favor must be spent within one hour of your passionate speech.

LIGHT SLEEPER

You're always the first to wake up if there's the slightest noise, light, or disturbance. Additionally, you have advantage on any saving throw where failure would cause you to lose consciousness.

LINGUIST

You've studied enough languages to effectively communicate with any intelligent lifeform.

LOVE EXPERT

You are experienced in the ways of romance, seduction, sex, and relationships. You can use this valuable knowledge for either yourself or to help someone who comes to you for advice.

LUCKY BREAK

The first time you die, you somehow miraculously survive.

MAGICAL AVERSION

For whatever reason, magic does not work for you... or on you. You are immune to spell effects, but also cannot use any magical devices.

MARTIAL ARTS

You've mastered unarmed combat, dealing 1d4 damage per level. If two or more dice have a 4 result, humanoids of a lower level or HD than yourself are knocked unconscious (10 minutes for every 4 rolled).

MENTALISM

As a mentalist, you perform various tricks that make others believe you possess extraordinary powers.

MOVING TARGET

Even when you're standing still, your fast-twitch muscles are at the ready. Add an additional +2 to your AC.

MOW THEM DOWN

If you fell an opponent, then you may immediately attack a nearby opponent.

NEPOTISM OF THE GODS

Once per session, you can force the GM to re-roll the result of any die they've just rolled.

NIGHT-BLOOD

You have black blood, allowing you to merge with and/or access various artificial intelligences throughout Cha'alt. Night-bloods are viewed by thinking machines as "special humanoids" who must be granted privileges.

OBSERVANT

You automatically succeed at noticing important details, especially when they might keep you alive.

OPPORTUNITY ATTACK

When opponents do something awkward, stupid, tricky, or just ill-advised, you benefit by taking an attack of opportunity upon them.

OVERPOWERING SPELL

The victims of your magical attacks have disadvantage on their saving throws.

PERDURABO

Taken from the ancient tongue of Cha'alt, perdurabo means "I will endure to the end." You get advantage on saving throws due to your incredible endurance.

PLANE WALKER

Once per day, you're able to subtly shift reality – changing one small detail of the world. Small details might include subtly altering size, fragility, color, shape, function, senses, or beliefs. For example, making a humanoid standing in front of you suddenly detect the fragrance of cinnamon.

However, one drawback... there's a 5% chance per use that dimensional shamblers notice. If a dimensional shambler is aware of a plane walker, it will enter their plane of existence and either attack or attempt to carry the offending humanoid away.

POISON TOLERANCE

You seem to be immune to every kind of poison known to man.

POTENT ATTACK

For every point from your attack roll that is sacrificed, you gain two points of damage (assuming your attack hits).

PREDICTION

Once per day, you may ask the gods a question and they will answer as best they can.

PROTECTOR

When a companion is within 5' of you, opponents have disadvantage when attacking them.

PSIONIC POWERS

You have learned as many psionic abilities as your level. See **Cha'alt** for details.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

You've trained with some of the best analytical minds the city of Kra'adumek has to offer. You're able to quickly and unobtrusively deduce a humanoid's core values, beliefs, motivations, personality quirks, and what they're emotionally invested in (to use as leverage).

You can perform psychoanalysis on the unwary as many times per day as your level.

PURPLE TENTACLES OF EVA'ARD

Once per day, you may summon 2d6 tentacles to erupt from below... due to your being born under the sign of Eva'ard. Each tentacle can do up to 1 point of damage, if you wish them to attack one or more opponents.

PYROMANIA

Whenever you cast spells, fire breaks out. The more potent your spell, the more intense fires rage around you... from a burning torch all the way up to an entire banquet hall engulfed in flame.

1d6 damage per spell-level for everyone within 30' of the sorcerer; his companions take half-damage.

SCOUNDREL

You've hung around the seedier areas of A'agrybah enough to have learned a few things about gambling, forgery, and confidence games. You have advantage when attempting them.



SLITHY TOVE

You're able to steal good fortune from your companions. Whenever you roll, you can borrow points from your party members' current or future rolls (cannot extend beyond current scene). If you need a +2, you get that, but then the next companion who gets a result of 14 must reduce it by the 2 stolen points.

SNIPER

You have advantage when firing at distant opponents. You must be without distraction and at least 30' away from the target.

SPELL POTENCY

Once per day, your spell is doubly effective.

SURVIVALIST

You're able to live off the land, finding what you need to survive... even in a barren, radioactive wasteland.

TECH FAMILIARITY

You are well-versed with all manner of technology, and can figure out how to use a device quickly and accurately.

THE SEVEN P's

Once per day, you can retrieve a non-magical item from your either your pockets or backpack that would be useful at that moment. After all, proper prior planning prevents piss-poor performance.

TOUGHER THAN LEATHER

Due to your rough, leathery exterior and high threshold for pain, ordinary wounds are diminished. You have 2 points of damage reduction versus non-magical attacks.

TRUE FAITH

Once per day, you have a 2 in 6 chance of performing a miracle in the name of your god.

TWO-WEAPON FIGHTING

You can attack with two weapons in the same round; however, the second attack is at disadvantage.

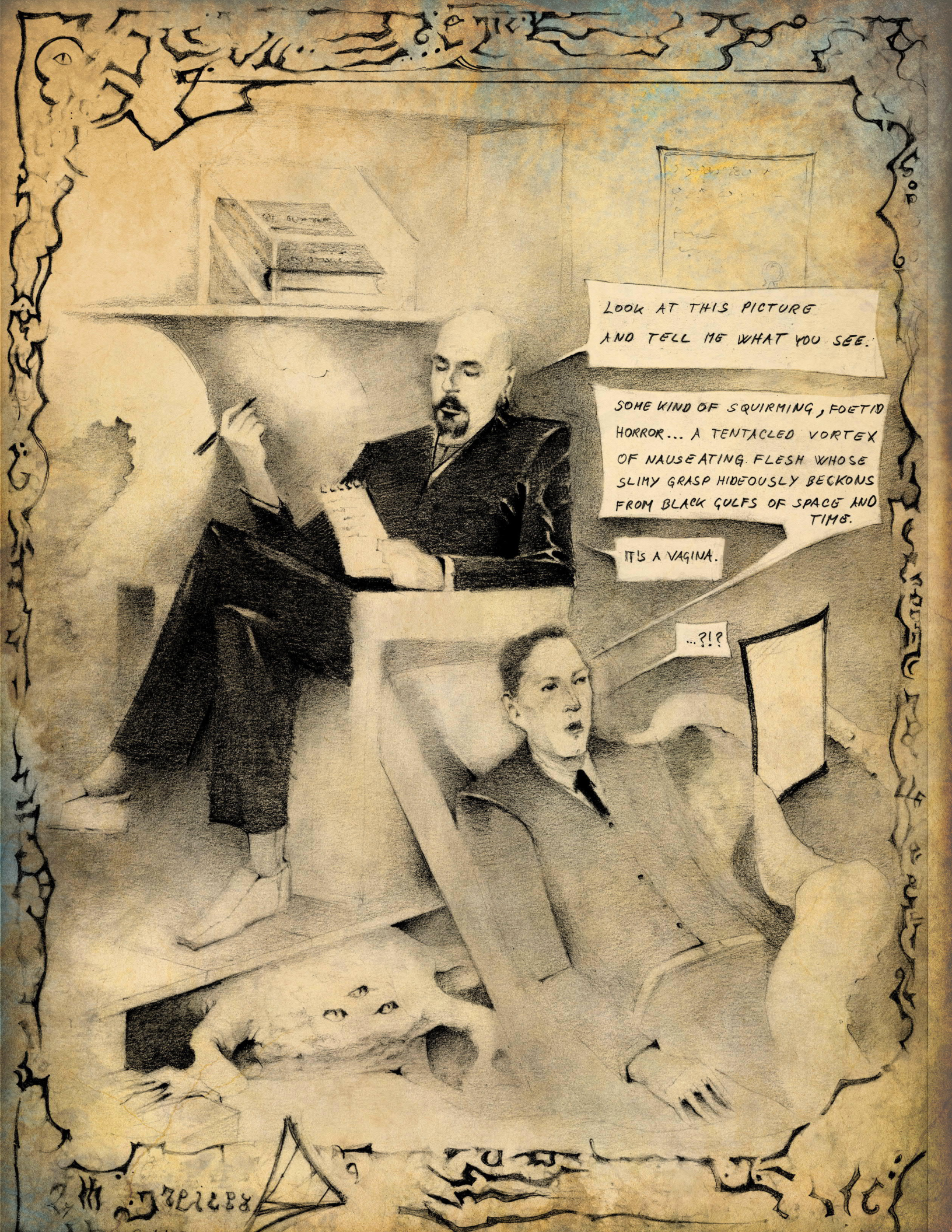
WEAPON OF CHOICE

Choose one weapon. Using that type of weapon, you get a +2 to both attack and damage.

XYA'AN

Xya'an is the word for "messiah" in the ancient tongue. You are descended from a long line of prophets, and are fated to change the world in some way.

When sacrificing yourself, consciously putting yourself in danger, for the greater good (whatever that is according to you), you may roll all seven of your core dice (d4, d6, d8, 2d10, d12, and d20). If three of the seven dice come up the same number, then that number represents how many extra points of divine favor (inspiration) you gain.



LOOK AT THIS PICTURE
AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

SOME KIND OF SQUIRMING, FOETID
HORROR... A TENTACLED VORTEX
OF NAUSEATING FLESH WHOSE
SLIMY GRASP HIDEOUSLY BECKONS
FROM BLACK GULFS OF SPACE AND
TIME.

IT'S A VAGINA.

...?!?

Past Deeds of Heroism and Cowardice

Also known as, a funny thing happened on the way to **The Black Pyramid**. This following d20 random table may be rolled once at character creation.

The result is something you experienced... an ordeal, mysterious encounter, or brush with destiny that forever changed who you are.

D20 ROLL PAST DEED

1	You were chosen as a sacrifice to the purple demon-worm Kra'adumek. Just before dawn, an anonymous citizen volunteered to go in your place, and your life was spared.
2	When you were young, your grandfather told tales of strange objects that could be found in The Black Pyramid . Your favorite tale was about a translucent cube (sometimes it was a sphere)... its purpose unknown, yet prophesied to swallow or absorb Cha'alt.
3	An initiation rite of your tribe is to go out into the deep desert. One had to not only survive for three whole days (no easy task), but also bring back something of significance... a remnant of the past or herald of the future. When it was your turn, you wandered back into your settlement, empty handed and without memory of your time in the desert. According to the elders of your tribe, an entire year had passed since your original departure.
4	Your parents say you were abandoned by people from the dome as a child. Years later, you set out for the dome city. On the way, you met a demon who offered you 100 gold pieces to turn back and forget about the dome. You took the gold and spent it on training to become an adventurer.
5	One night in A'agrybah, you walked into a dark alley – a ritual was taking place. A cloaked sorcerer muttering something in an ancient tongue while extracting the heart from a man lying in the street. Once removed, the sorcerer took a bite out of the heart; glowing green slime dripped from the still beating organ.
6	Captured by dark-elves in the desert night, you were sold to Ba'al-Sagoth as a slave to work the obsidian mine. Not long after your capture, a human wielding an enchanted sword stormed the mine, killed the dark-elves, and freed the slaves (including yourself).
7	You trusted a man who had helped your father years ago. Just as you were about to loot the Tomb of Quezta'al, the King's guards rushed in to arrest you. The man you trusted to warn you of trouble was nowhere to be found.
8	The day after you joined a notorious sect of priests, everyone but the High Priest committed suicide for unexplained reasons. You pocketed the only thing of value (fist-sized pearl from a tentacled sand oyster), left their subterranean monastery, and never looked back.
9	Homeless and scavenging for tradeable goods in the magenta slime pits of Tha'ag, you witnessed the birth of some unwholesome entity – it entered your mind as it squeezed itself through the dimensional birth canal. To this day, if you concentrate, you can subtly feel its presence within you.
10	Plagued by nightmares of some inhuman entity taking control of you, body and soul, your only hope was trading a family heirloom, a jade talisman, for a glyph of protection from outsiders – the glyph is tattooed upon your back.

- 11 Your sister was about to be sacrificed to the inconceivable horrors within the Pit of La'atchok. Only your sister and the sorcerer's apprentice were at the rim under the violet moonlight. You shot the apprentice in the back with a stolen blaster. His body fell into the pit, and the two of you escaped into the night. You still have the blaster, but the power-cell is dead.
- 12 You were there when the dead god was about to be excavated, his tomb unsealed for the first time in a thousand years. You touched the sepulcher's corroding alien metal which set off a chain of migraines that left you debilitated. One of the excavators carried you back home. Upon returning the next day... everyone was gone, the tomb was still sealed, and no one in your settlement remembered anything about an excavation.
- 13 You were exiled from the Dome City because of your strange beliefs – that the world outside the dome could sustain life and civilization continued after the apocalypse.
- 14 Your father returned from **The Black Pyramid** with vast riches. He spent that money on wine, women, and amateur dramatics... leaving you penniless and on the brink of suicide.
- 15 In A'agrybah, The Guild oversees all the assassinations that take place in the city. Your friend told you he would be murdered for speaking out against an influential demon-worshipping sect. Days later, his body was found in the gutter. Your friend's corpse had the tell-tale signs of The Guild's handiwork – a violet flame mark etched into his palm.
- 16 The son (or daughter) of an alien diplomat, your family was stationed on Cha'alt for a five-year commission. During a raid on the embassy, your father was killed. You fled into the desert and were taken in by natives. They treated you well, but you never forgot about your home among the stars.
- 17 One day, a man in strange clothes came to your settlement. He proceeded to test every adult humanoid, trying to find someone who didn't belong. You were selected, taken off to the side for some purpose. Before the mystery could be revealed, the settlement was attacked by a gargantuan **PURPLE THING IN THE SKY**. The strange clothed man was one of the unlucky few, grabbed by a slimy tentacle and squeezed into a pulp.
- 18 Your likeness appeared on a wanted poster. It gained you a bit of notoriety... until a bounty hunter came to collect the reward. You ran, and have been looking over your shoulder ever since.
- 19 You were born into one of the noble houses of Cha'alt. Waited on by droid servants and bored out of your mind, you longed for excitement, reading tales of sword and sorcery in books that survived the apocalypse. Eventually, you left home in search of adventure!
- 20 You were drinking in a rundown cantina one night. A six-fingered demon wandered in, talking about a forbidden book of dark magic recently stolen from the sunken library of Cha'alt. A cantina patron asked how much a book like that would be worth. The demon said the book was priceless, it's value immeasurable. Before long, several men jumped the demon and murdered him right there in the cantina. The dark book was never found.

Credits

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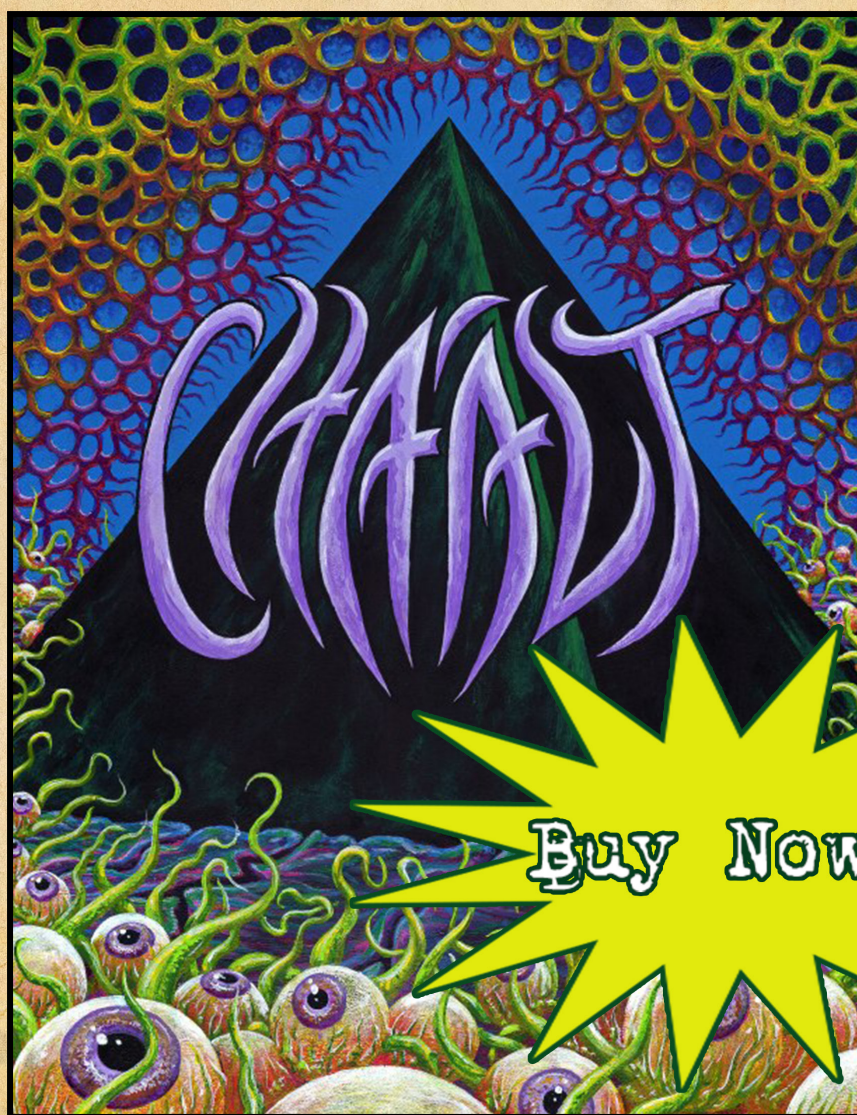
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Please visit my old school gaming blog:

<https://vengersatanis.blogspot.com/>



Old School Renaissance

Like A Fucking Boss



Venger As'Nas Satanis

The OSR

Old School Renaissance (noun) - The Old School Renaissance, Old School Revival, or simply OSR, is a movement among players of tabletop role-playing games (especially Dungeons & Dragons) that draws inspiration from the earliest days of tabletop RPGs in the 1970s.

Forty-five years is a long time. Things don't stay the same by themselves, they drift. Sometimes, that's a good thing. There's always room for progress. However, such change can also be detrimental. The way RPGs were played back in the day are, according to some, superior to what passes for contemporary game-play.

One of the many things I love about the OSR philosophy is that it's designed to save everyone time and energy. The GM doesn't have to memorize every rule and players don't have to grind their way through source material looking for the most optimal build, tinkering and tweaking for hours until their character is just right.

The following are my succinct rules (more than guidelines, but less than commandments) for running an old school type of game. If you're new to the OSR, this will be invaluable. If you're well versed in the OSR, consider this a helpful reminder. This is advice for me, as well. Before running a game, I intend to look these rules over as a refresher.

These suggestions are resource-neutral. I'm not prescribing specific tools, charts, tables, books, or systems. Use what works best. Can't find exactly what you want? Create it yourself. However, you could do far worse than the products of Kort'thalis Publishing.

Additionally, some of these rules are followed by a brief example in order to help illustrate the point.

Will some of this content be controversial? Absolutely.

Let us begin, shall we?

One day soon, I hope to Kickstart the third and final book of the trilogy... **Cha'alt: Chartreuse Shadows**. Nothing but the best for your eldritch, gonzo, science-fantasy, post-apocalyptic campaign setting. Keep checking Venger's Old School Gaming Blog for details.



Rule #0: Your Will Is Divine

You're the Game Master. It's your game. You're not bound by any stinking rules. Your will is divine!

Rule #1: This Is Your Game

This is your game (see Rule #0). Game Masters, don't let anyone bully you, push you around, or tell you how to run it. But don't be so prideful that you're deaf to helpful suggestions and constructive criticism.

Rule #2: Have Fun

My motto is have as much fun as possible. If you, the Game Master, aren't having fun, your game will suffer.

Rule #3: Do Not Waste Time

Time is of the essence, don't waste it. Keep things moving along. If the players or their characters are stuck and game-play has stalled, gently nudge them along. Give them prompts, and if that fails, force them to make a decision.

"The tremors are getting worse. If you don't go either left or right, the tunnel will soon collapse, rocks will fall, and you will all die."

Rule #4: Milk It!

If something is working really well, either unexpectedly or planned, milk it. Squeeze as much juice as you can, otherwise you're leaving money on the table.

Rule #5: Reactions

Not every monster or humanoid is hostile and immediately attacks. Use some kind of reaction roll to gauge their attitude.

Rule #6: Morale

Not every monster or humanoid will fight to the bitter end. Use some kind of morale roll to gauge their confidence in the face of significant casualties.

Rule #7: Minimal Preparation

The zone between total preparedness and just winging it... that's where the best gaming lives. Have an idea of what's likely to happen based on PC actions, but always be ready to improvise.

Rule #8: Keep Players Playing

Don't make players sit out of the game for longer than absolutely necessary.

Even if their character is dead or unconscious, get them back into the game within 15 minutes. If that means you have to flash-forward or an NPC becomes the player's new character, then so be it.

Rule #9: Progression

Incentivize the game play that you want to see – what gives characters experience points? Is it gold, fame, milestones, personal goals, defeating foes, exploration, power... all the above? The players knowing how their characters will level establishes the motivation of the story before the first die is cast.

Rule #10: Explain Its Value

Make sure the PCs are properly motivated by giving their characters an in-game reason to adventure. Not just XP = gold accumulated; describe how gold allows one to buy training, improve one's reputation, or paves the way for carousing (wine, women, and amateur dramatics).

Rule #11: Remind Them Why They're Adventuring

Subtly remind PCs of their goals throughout play... goals the players have chosen for their characters.

For example, "The dragon is said to be nigh unkillable, felling such a beast would leave no doubt as to your greatness in the Kingdom."

Rule #12: Inspire, Do Not Direct

Either let the PCs come to you or meet them halfway. Play it cool, don't be too eager for them to engage the world around them. Otherwise, you may come off as desperate, and the lack of verisimilitude will weaken immersion. Lure them with intrigue... amazing places, fascinating people and compelling situations.

Rule #13: Random Encounters

Have some kind of random event, wandering monster, possible NPC, or potential threat table by your side at all times. Spontaneous encounters, hazards, and weirdness adds to the unpredictability of adventuring.

Rule #14: Shorter Combat

Battles should be short rather than long. Do you want combat to be more like sport or war? The latter is favored by the OSR. A quick victory in battle is great, but winning without even having to unsheathe your sword is even better.

Imagine watching a half-hour combat in a movie. Even if it's a pivotal moment in the story and visually appealing, 30 minutes of non-stop carnage is probably too damn long to sit through. Now, consider the fact that we're only listening to the battle rather than watching it unfold in glorious technicolor. And on top of that, multiple battles are expected per session!

What to do about combat running too long?

- ⌚ Use a quicker initiative system (there are literally dozens of old school options).
- ⌚ Keep Hit Points at a low and manageable level. Watch out for Armor Class escalation. Personally, I max AC out at 20.
- ⌚ Keep healing (both natural and magical) in check. Use morale for monsters and NPCs.
- ⌚ Institute time limits when making decisions during combat. If they're not ready when you are, they have 10 seconds to decide. Otherwise, they get skipped.
- ⌚ Metagame discussion ("You get them in a row, I'll shoot 'em with a lightning bolt.") is either in-character and out loud or verboten!
- ⌚ Reward cunning plans made in preparation to combat.
- ⌚ Reward surprise attacks (advantage to-hit, max damage, or bonus attack that first round).
- ⌚ Max out critical hit damage.
- ⌚ Implement explosive damage.
- ⌚ Don't be afraid to use save or die, occasionally.

Rule #15: Motivate Your NPCs

When roleplaying an NPC, remember to ask yourself, "What's my motivation?"

Aside from general physical characteristics and a modicum of personality, what else do you need? Factions! Do they belong to some sort of organization, sect, tribe, cult, council, brotherhood, religion, guild, or mercenary company? If so, what's their agenda?

Rule #16: Three Strikes... You're Dead

PC death – three strikes and you're out!

Generally speaking, I only kill player-characters when three things have occurred... 1) dumb decision, 2) bad luck, and 3) unfortunate situation, such as lack of preparation (you should have borrowed the elf's ring), no one comes to your aid (where's the cleric?), the PC did nothing to mitigate his circumstances (like immediately douse his burning self with water).

If all three occur, then I don't feel the least bit bad about ending a character's life... or the whole party, for that matter. And neither should you.

Rule #17: Measured Verbosity

Verbosity. Provide all relevant information up front, and extraneous details only when asked for by the players. In the computer game Zork you needed to enter the command "Verbose" otherwise you just got the name of the room. The response for the Verbose command was "Maximum Verbosity" but even that was pretty brief.

Rule #18: Defer To Player Skill

Defer to player skill. If player skill handles it well enough, don't worry too much about what's on the character sheet. After all, the PC is merely the player's avatar in that world.

Rule #19: Describe The Action

When possible, describe attacks, maneuvers, and significant actions for both sides (PCs and others). Always embellish the killing-blow! That's the one they'll remember, the one that counts most.

Rule #20: The Trinity

Every session should have some exploration, combat, and social interaction... even if it's just a one-hour pickup game online.

Rule #21: Two in Six

2 in 6. When in doubt, give the thing (whatever it may be) a 2 in 6 chance of occurring.

Rule #22: They Say It, They Do It

If a player says that his character does "x", then the attempt is now being made. Anyone can attempt to stop that character or action from taking place, but not retroactively interfering with the original action.

Rule #23: Keep The Mystery

Not everything has to be explained. On the contrary, preserving some mystery will strengthen verisimilitude and thereby immersion.

Rule #24: Doom

Doom! Whenever possible, foreshadow the terrible fate that will befall the PCs if continuing to pursue their present course of action.

Rule #25: Critical Encounters

Critical successes and failures happen seldom; make them significant moments of the adventure.

Rule #26: Roll Once!

Roll once! Don't continue to roll, looking for an excuse, just because you're unhappy with the result. If the situation hasn't dramatically changed, there's no call for re-rolling the dice.

Rule #27: Ruling On The Spot

Don't be afraid to make a ruling on the spot. Split-second decisions based on the relevant information at hand is part of your job.

Rule #28: Benefit Of The Doubt

If there's been a misunderstanding, give the player or players the benefit of the doubt... without ret-conning or retroactively changing the past.

For example, Balk is sure he mentioned bringing those healing potions along with him. That healing would have come in handy when Ezmerda'an died in battle earlier this afternoon. And it's also needed right now as the elf with vital information is dying. Don't edit history in order to bring Ezmerda'an back from the dead. If the player is sure he brought the healing potions along, Balk can use one of them to revive the elf.

Rule #29: Abstract Combat

Using a one-minute round gives you plenty of leeway in combat, plenty of reasonable actions are possible in sixty-seconds.

Not too long ago, I was running a 5e game. The players were shocked and appalled to learn that a desert pirate could sprint all the way to the other side of the cave (approximately 40') and shoot his crossbow at a cowering PC... or maybe he stabbed him with a scimitar. If a round was only six or ten-seconds long, that probably wouldn't have been possible, given the distance.

Rule #30: Your NPC Sucks

Players don't want to hear the extensive background or irrelevant monologue of your precious NPC. NPCs need to contribute something worthwhile... information, comic relief, local color, tension, obligation, etc. After serving their purpose, no one cares... unless a particular NPC continues to be useful to one or more of the PCs.



Rule #31: Story Emerges From Play

The story emerges from play, not the other way around.

You don't know how the adventure, even less the campaign, will end. And if you think you know, get that idea out of your head right now. The PCs make the decisions. You, the Game Master, take notes, chronicling the tales of their adventure.

Rule #32: Keep It Challenging

The PCs are the protagonists of the story, but don't forget that protagonists must deal with conflict. Challenge them, sow the seeds of suffering until victory is at hand. Theirs is not an easy road.

Rule #33: Skip a bit, brother

Not everything has to be roleplayed out. If the player is tongue-tied, but his character is an amiable bard, the player can simply say, "I turn on the charm" or "I ridicule the Bishop until he's glad to be rid of us."

Similarly, the Game Master might want to save time. "He's irritable and argumentative, but eventually returns the favor."

Rule #34: Overrule The Dice

Once per session, give yourself permission to refute, ignore, overrule, or modify a roll, score, result, or bothersome number.

"Fudging" can be a thorny subject. While not recommended, generally speaking, it can occasionally be the lesser of two evils. For instance, if used to save the life of your campaign. Keeping it safe, legal, and rare should be among a GM's best practices.

Rule #35: The Time Is Now!

Start gaming ASAP! Don't wait for the perfect hook or just the right people or the scheduling stars to align. I know several people who never actually play because they're fiddling around with some house-rule, new character class, variant systems of the same damn game, and so on. Procrastination is a disease! If you can find a handful of people to play D&D at a certain day and time, just do it.

Rule #36: Non-Standard

What happens if you have a dungeon inhabited by trolls hoarding sackfuls of gold? You have a typical scenario, and by typical I mean boring. Be unique!

It's easy to come up with standard monsters, treasures, locations, people, etc. And by easy, I mean lazy. Try to come up with at least three non-standard things per adventure... every damn time. When you add that special touch, the players will notice, making your campaign just that much more awesome.

Rule #37: Memorialize

After the session is over, put your thoughts down on paper. Record the good, the bad, and the ugly. Taking notes will help you remember, and remembering will make you a better Game Master.

If your session reports are public, they may help others... either to find a game similar to yours or plug leaks in their own game.

Credits

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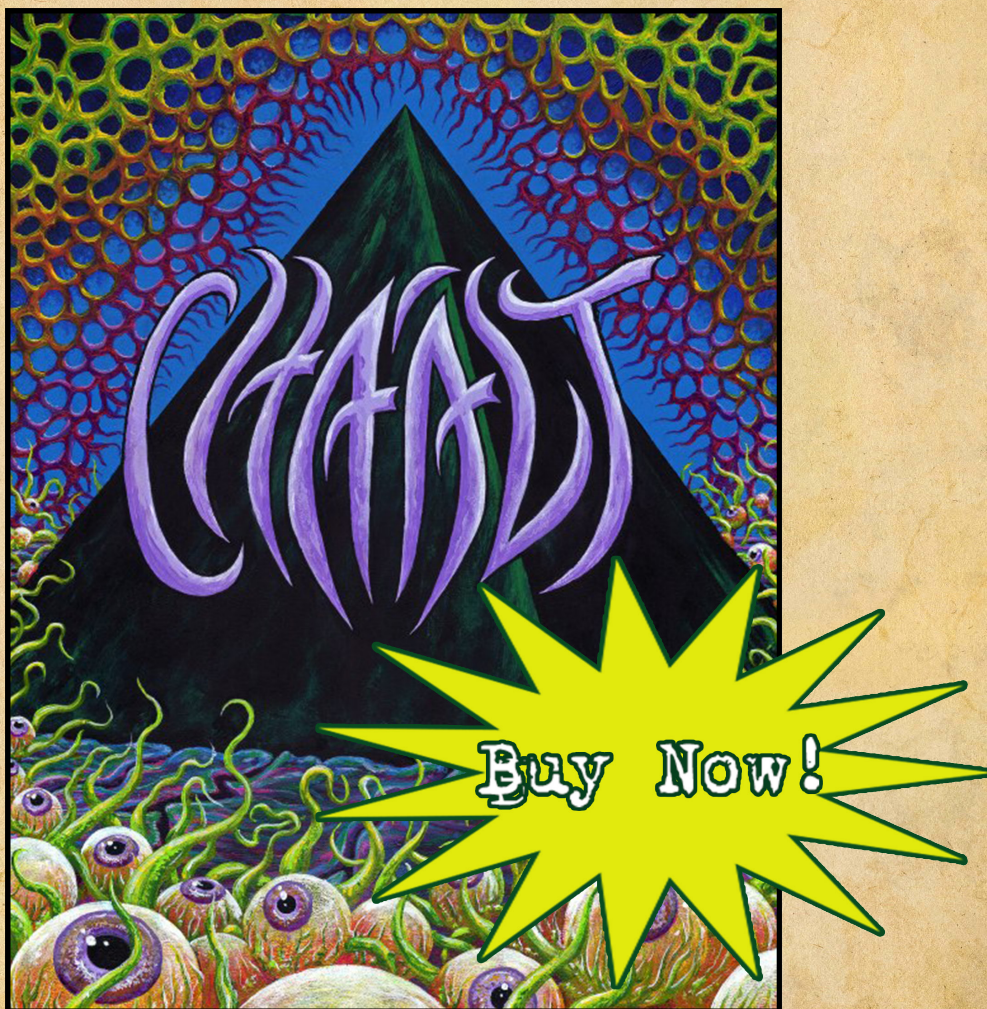
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