

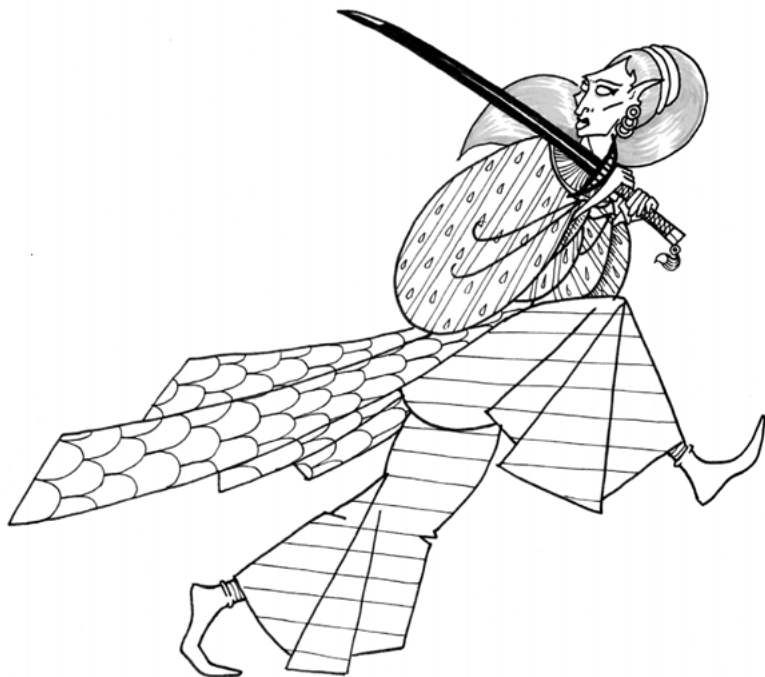
MISTY ISLES THE ELD



**Chris
Kutalik**

Misty Isles of the Eld

A Mini-Sandbox for Labyrinth Lord



Special thanks, again, to the generous support of our sponsors, the Brads: James “Pickle” Aulds, Ben Laurence, James Patterson, Scott Kehl, Scott Martin, Benjamin Armintor, Jeffrey Russell, Taylor Martin, Storapan, Norm Harman, Lloyd Rasmussen, Riley A. Vann, Christopher Western, Christopher R. Conklin, Antoine Pempie, Terry Litchfield, Jason Zavoda, Dennis Higgins, Mark Greenberg, Aleksandr Revzin, Zachary Weber, Harald Wagener, Kreg Mosier, Jacob, and Joe Johnston.

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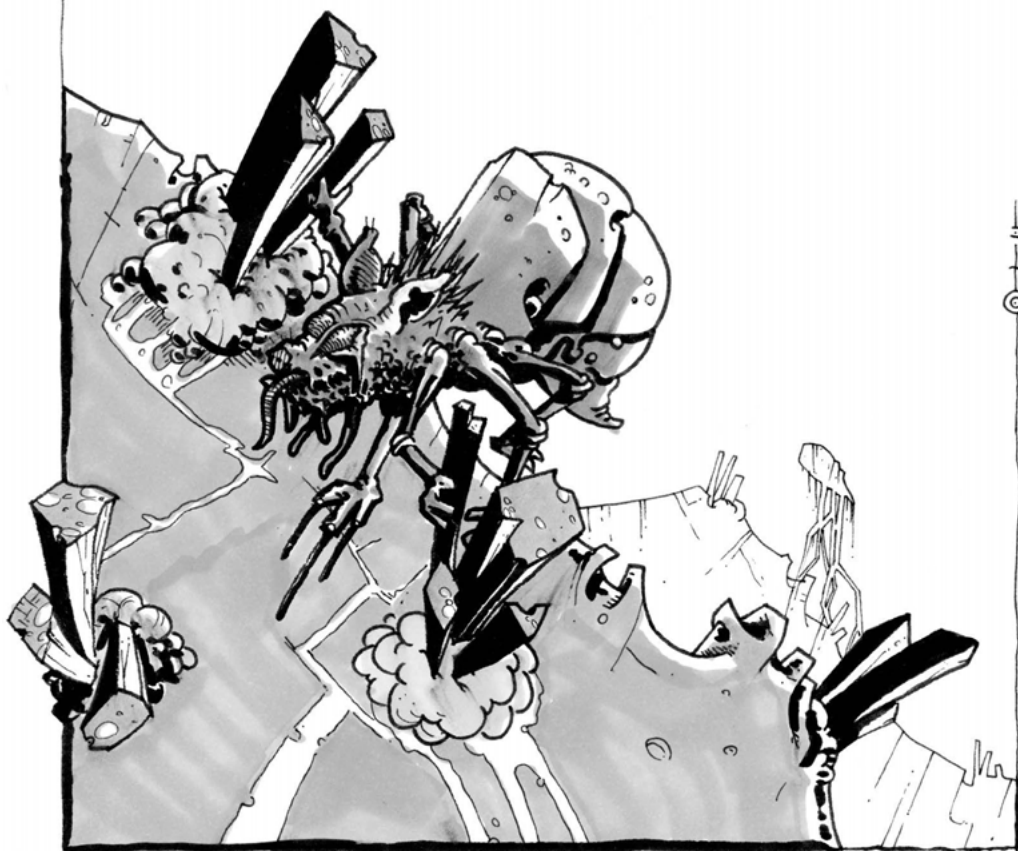
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ABBREVIATIONS

LL - Labyrinth Lord (Goblinoid Games)

AEC - Advanced Edition Compendium (Goblinoid Games)

SUD - Slumbering Ursine Dunes (Hydra Cooperative)

FDM - Fever Dreaming Marlinko (Hydra Cooperative)

HCC - Hill Cantons Cosmology (Hydra Cooperative)

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WELCOME TO THE MISTY ISLES

The Misty Isles of the Eld is an open ended mini-sandbox focused on exploring a pocket plane (a transposed piece of the Cold Hell) which now intersects with the more mundane world of the Hill Cantons. The Isles have brutally displaced a more bucolic mythic wilderness, a suppressed reality that will reassert itself as the players chip away at the power of the masters of the Isles, the Eld (see the Anti-Chaos Index, p. 61).

Though the Isles are situated directly across a sea channel from the *Slumbering Ursine Dunes* (this product is completely compatible with the product of that name and the city-adventure *Fever-Dreaming Marlinko*), the isolated, bounded nature of the Isles make them easy to slot into any large body of water in your own campaign. The Isles also feature four adventure sites (three small sites and one larger “dungeon”); each can be used as an individual site within an existing campaign, ignoring references to other sites and the Isles in general.

The party level should be slightly higher than that of the *Slumbering Ursine Dunes* and *Fever-Dreaming Marlinko*. A party numbering 4-7 PCs, with combined levels of 14-20, should find the adventure tough but not impossible. Some areas, particularly the demon-haunted western half of the Vat Complex, are intentionally designed to be deadly and challenging to even medium-level parties.

Labyrinth Lords unfamiliar with *Slumbering Ursine Dunes* or *Fever-Dreaming Marlinko* may wish to review the descriptions of the Eld (p. 65) and their servitors, the Eldmen (p. 66) and Vatmen (p. 73) before reading further; this will help contextualize much of the module. Unfamiliar but impatient Labyrinth Lords may just go with the one sentence tagline of “Lawful Evil space elves with a taste for bizarre bureaucracy, biomancy, and (David) Bowie” and focus on the details later.

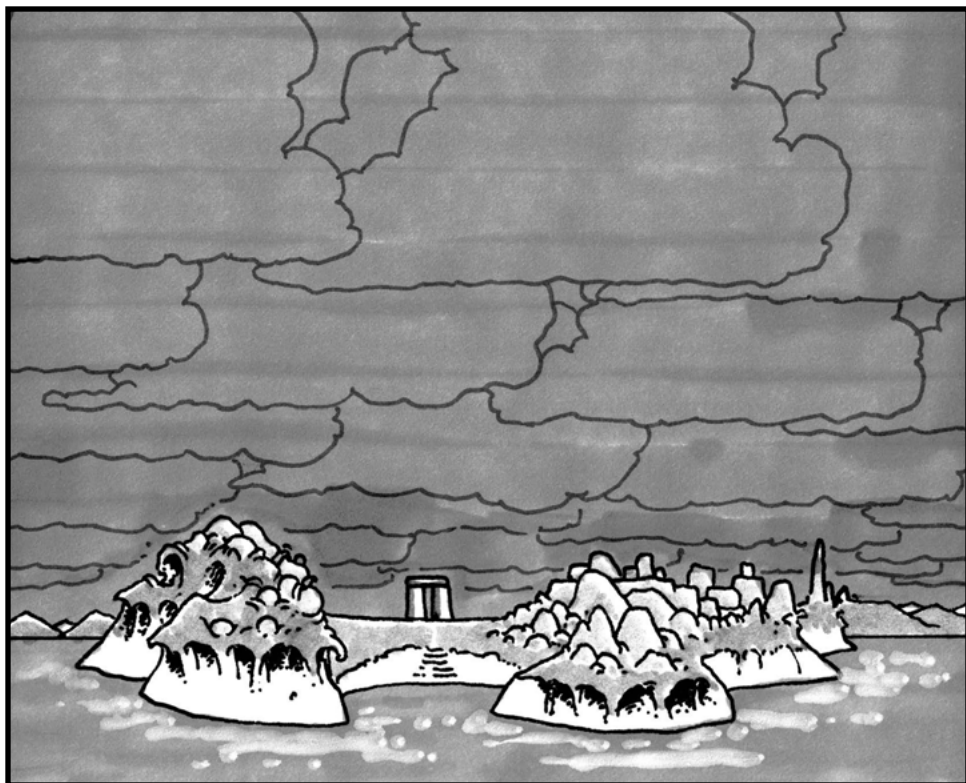
THE MISTY ISLES ON FIRST APPROACH

Thick, seemingly impenetrable mists surround the Isles on all sides in low-lying cumulus clouds. As a vessel approaches within a mile of the Isles, an acrid, sulfurous smell overwhelms the sickly-sweet smell of the Persimmon Sea.

It is widely—and falsely—believed that the Isles are an idyllic place, a faerie land of gentle green and easy plenitude. Indeed, a non-Eld-piloted vessel that penetrates the byzantine safe channels in the mist will see a vision of that easy, pastoral land as it moves within a quarter mile of the shore—only to have the mirage vanish abruptly as the ship passes within a hundred yards of the beach. The actual Isles, a transposed sub-plane of the Eldish homeland of the Cold Hell, will suddenly and dramatically be revealed.

The Isles are a strange and austere land. A heavy charcoal-cloud laden sky hangs over the Isles in an eternal predawn. No wind stirs, and there is an unsettling quiet to the place. Though night never falls, the sun also never appears; while the island holds much flat and empty space, visibility never extends more than a third of a mile (roughly the distance between the nodes on the pointcrawl).

A dull white alkali plain covers much of everything, punctuated here and there by the stark brutalism of Eld structures, and even more dramatically, by the immense bulk of the artificially arranged “ridges”: the massive and unmoving bodies of purple and green ribbed grubs, rising 250 feet in the air and running from a half to three miles in length. Eld landscape-dominators have arranged the grub-ridges in accordance with the supposed energy-channeling and strangely pleasing design art of Xui.



LANDING ON THE ISLAND

There are three safe channels to the island, all marked on any Eld nautical chart. The mists surrounding the island are produced by the rupture between the two realities and, to the great and abiding annoyance of the order-loving Eld, are highly chaotic and unstable in nature. Navigating a known channel is a safe but laborious process, taking up to 12 hours to travel through the half-mile of fog; unfortunately, the terminus shifts between voyages, depositing travelers at different nodes of the pointcrawl.

The confusing, clinging nature of the mists prevents vessels from sailing between different landing sites. Attempts to sail out of the safe channels and into the mists force a roll on the “Fuck, We Sailed Into the Mist” Chart below.

Roll d6	CHANNEL ONE LANDING	CHANNEL TWO LANDING	CHANNEL THREE LANDING
1	Point 1	Point 8	Point 1
2	Point 1	Point 8	Point 8
3	Point 2	Point 15	Point 8
4	Point 2	Point 16	Point 15
5	Point 4	Point 17	Point 15
6	Point 18	Point 18	Point 17

“FUCK, WE SAILED INTO THE MIST!” CHART

d6	EVENT
1	After 1d6 turns of blind travel the ship emerges from the mist, heading away from the point where it entered.
2-3	After 1d4 hours of blind travel the ship emerges from the mist to find itself heading back to land. A channel must be relocated to return to the Isles.
4-5	A strange, multi-colored halo briefly wraps around the vessel. There's a 25% chance that all NPCs on the vessel will be Polymorphed into domestic animals (preferably donkeys).
6	Great serpent shaped arms of fog wrap around the vessel, slowly breaking it apart. The party and crew are reduced to clinging to the wooden remnants of the boat and are swept onto one of the landing points above.

GETTING THE PARTY TO THE ISLES

Enhanced Interrogation of Eld Leader. Interrogating (torture is such an ugly 20th century word, isn't it?) a named Eld leader from either the *Slumbering Ursine Dunes* or *Marlinko* will reveal the safe channels to approach the Isles.

We've Got the Map. Charts or maps make fun clues to have parties chase. A sea channel map can be easily placed into a treasure hoard elsewhere in the campaign.

The Patron. Another device to get the party to the Isles is using a patron who has access to the nautical charts above. For example, the so-called Daughter of Ondrj, niece (perversely) of the wereshark/aspiring godling Ondrj (*SUD* p. 5-7), has outfitted a ship, The Ocular Bat, for an expedition to the Isles. She offers a 100 gp signing bonus to any character who accompanies her and her batshit crazy 30-man crew to the islands, and helps in seeking out what she cryptically calls “fragments” (actually pieces of the space god imprisoned in part in Point 3, p. 26) . (A letter from Ondrj to his niece is included below.)

Daughter of Ondrj: AC: 4 half-plate, DEX bonus, 6th level fighter, Hp: 45, Attk: 1, trident+1 1d8+3 with STR bonus, XP: 320

Sailors of the Ocular Bat: AC: 9, 0-level humans, Hp: 4, hand-axes 1d6, XP: 5

The Golden Barge. If the party beats the odds and manages to free the biomechanical Golden Barge from the Dunes (*SUD* p. 28), the vessel is of sufficient Weird energy and force to penetrate the mists around the Isles without having to follow the sea channels.

Handwave. Of course, the LL can opt to simply handwave away the reasons why the Isles are suddenly accessible. The mists could suddenly lift due to shifts in the supernatural balance, a convenient guide to the mist channels is suddenly found, or, most probably, the Isles can just be slotted in an accessible place in your own campaign (small islands being one of the easiest regions to drop in with little fuss).

My dearest, dearest of daughters nieces,

Please find enclosed the translated fragments of the Eld memorandum we discussed over dinner at that charmingly-delightful sack of Port Muth last month. (I hope the two remoralings I made a present of are nuzzling to your satisfactions.)

While your target, Monument Five (or M5), was originally constructed and styled as The Dextral Inductance of Yrneh, a tribute to the Eld's enduring commitment to their own self-regard [an endless meta-theme and cycle in Eld cultural life], the budget-conscious and utterly boorish Sub-Colonel Zogg the Kelp-Tentacled has been gradually retooling the winged concrete monstrosity as a dual-functioning antiorgone and mauve-odic energy amplifier.

You shan't miss its levitating presence, once inside the exterior mist maze.

Your devoted uncle-father uncle,

Ondrij, Lord of the Waves, One True Sovereign of the Dunes, High Boyar of all Sharkdom

The vast sorcerous energies involved in shoving the Misty Isles into this plane of reality—a significant deviation from Plan X-substroke-38 leaving a time-space deficit of 100 units in the Great Ledger—depleted Sub-Colonel Zogg's discretionary psychic budget. With current expenditures allowing only a daily maximum of 224 Eld in Zem at any given moment, a new three-pronged plan to convert the monument into a mechanism to increase bandwidth has been developed:

Prong One (Benchmark 41, Unsatisfactory)

Marshaling the raw energy of anti-orgone accumulators (an energy fueled by the release of abrupt, awkward and otherwise unsatisfying human orgasms in a 66-mile radius) scattered around the island, receptors in the monument wings were redesigned to float the monument-amplifier to the height of exactly 300 feet. M5 has currently only managed to achieve 106 feet, a terrible setback that has led to the pulping of two senior psychic-technicians. (Our agents are consequently working on plans to immiserate the amorous lives of nearby residents as part of the correction contingency.)

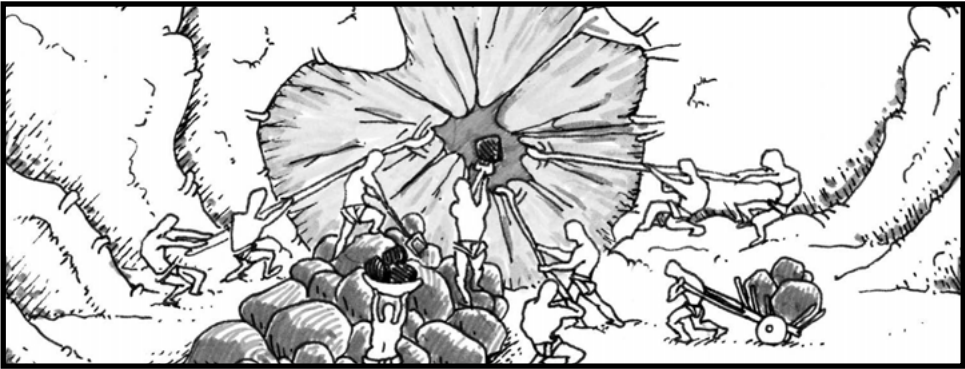
Prong Two (Benchmark 72, Acceptable)

Construction of a micro-atomic reactor inside M5's wings has proceeded mostly on schedule. Supply delays from magical-uranium sources scattered on this plane have been deemed not acceptable however. Kezmarok bureau agents have further signaled a growing concern with the Turko-Fey triangulation.

Prong Three (Benchmark 4, Rudimentary)

Under the useful, but improperly-filed suggestion of Seer-Lieutenant Pahhka-Inultimatx*, operatives working in conjunction with local strigoi Lady Szara have severed a small fraction of soul-force of the layabout space godling, the so-called Fifth Town God of Marlinko (see briefing below). Early field experiments have proven that this god-force is useful both as a fissile agent and as a supplementary energy source for M5. The incessant howling of the specimen is an unfortunate (but necessary) byproduct of the experiment local agents have observed.

*Pulped for misfiling as per Directive 706(a)(iii).



ON GRUB RIDGES AND MEAT MACHINES

Despite initial appearances, the massive grubs dividing up the island are alive but nearly immobile and inert due to their massive bulk and underfeeding. Short of a *Wish* spell, the mile-long creatures are unkillable, and will unfeelingly ignore attempts to climb or attack them. Thieves attempting to climb the grub ridges should roll as normal for each 100 feet scaled (up to a total of 250-300 feet), while other characters will find them unscalable without special equipment. Climbing with appropriate gear and skill requires 10 turns.

Dog sized, green-plated parasites with mosquito-like proboscises plague the grubs. If the grubs are moved (p. 16), huge roaming packs of 3d20 of these flea-like creatures will roam the wastes and be automatically encountered at each new point entered over the next 1d3 hours. Fortunately, the creatures have eyes only for their grub hosts. While they may swarm around the party as they move frantically to the next host (blocking all movement for a turn), they are mostly harmless if unprovoked.

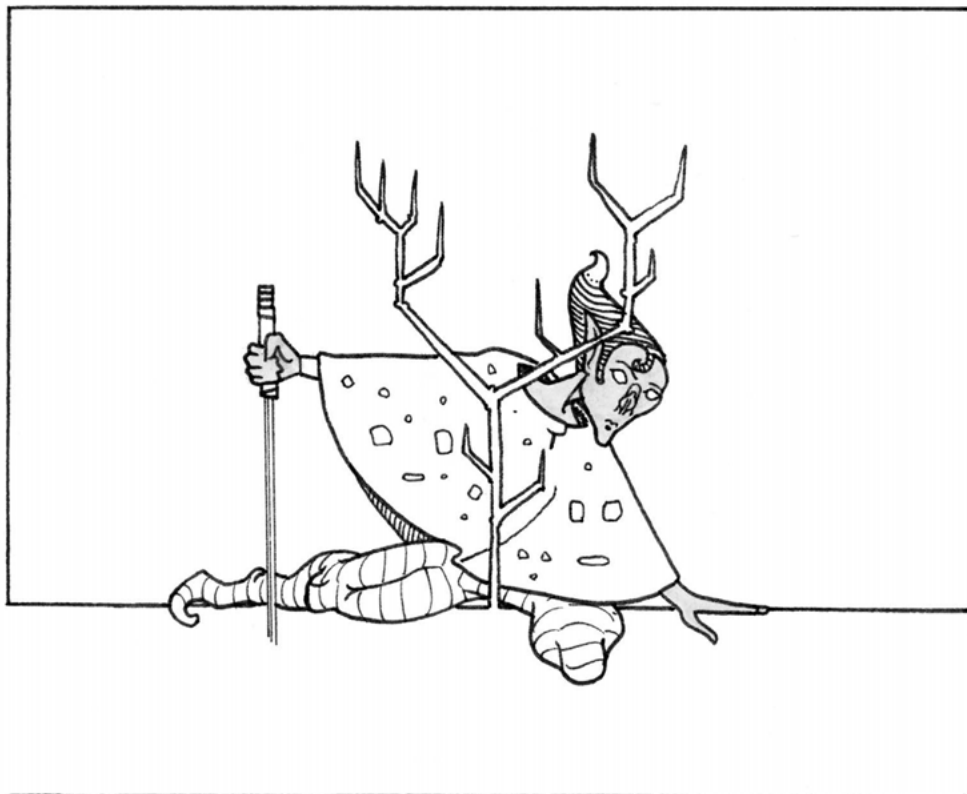
Parasites: AC: 5, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1, proboscis 1d6, XP: 10

ELD COMMAND STRUCTURE

NOTABLE ELD NPCs

Roll d8 or pick. If a named NPC is indicated and has been eliminated or captured, reroll result.

d8	NPC
1	XO THE OUTCAST
2	MID-ALTERN VIRMUUN AND 2d4 ELD WARRIORS
3	UBER-LIEUTENANT MOZZ AND 2d6 ELD WARRIORS
4	SECOND CADET NASHOOL WITH 1d4 ELD WARRIORS OR 1-3 MASOKOCHKAS
5	MINDSEER VIXXEL WITH 1d6 ELDISH WARRIORS OR 1-2 VAT GIANTS
6	OVER-CAPTAIN KLIAX WITH 4d6 ELD WARRIORS AND 1 VAT GIANT OR MASOKOCHKA
7	LORD VUMPF ACCOMPANIED BY EITHER VIXXEL OR KLIAX AND THEIR RESPECTIVE RETINUES.
8	TWO NAMED NPCs TRAVELING TOGETHER.



Xo the Outcast

“Perhaps you hairless apes would be suitable minions for allowing me to extract myself from this location and assume an avocation as a purveyor of sweets.”

AC: 5 silver mesh armor, 5th level psychonaut, Hp: 15, Attk: 1 (weapon), Vibro-epeeé d6+1, Powers: Mindsalve, Surface Skim, Affected Apportation, Sleep Egg, Antiorgasm, Mindtouchery, XP: 500

When first encountered, Xo will be awkwardly attempting to hide behind a paltry leafless thorn bush, wearing a terribly obvious, badly put-together camouflage poncho with glued on small rocks and white alkali soil. His defective second brain—a strangely mild, gentle-souled identity (for an Eld; his reflexive racism and arrogance will still be on parade) that accounts for his exile and self-delusion—will be dominant on first encounter (and 35% of the time on each following day). Disconcertingly, he appears to have what looks like a pulsing vulva in place of a nose.

Xo is on the run from an execution order for the obvious deformative mutations he suffered upon achieving fifth level. Both of Xo’s personas are keenly interested in his survival (which is predicated on his escape into the larger mundane world). He will collaborate with the party to the extent that they make this possible, though a lifetime of conditioning will not allow him to take direct action against a fellow Eld unless attacked. This conditioning extends to offering information about the island and he will only give vague, guarded answers. His original persona (if dominant) is quite ruthless, and will turn on the party if there is an advantage to doing so.

Mid-Altern Virmuun

"Hold still a minute. The short, sharp, shock of my twin blades of death—and then, sweet oblivion. Yours, of course."

AC: 2 ceramic plate, HD: 3, Hp: 17, Attk: 2 (weapons), twin barbed short swords 1d6+1/1d6+1, XP: 65

Derided as "young, dumb and full of mindcum" (a by-product of Eldish mental masturbation), Virmuun is the junior officer of the garrison. He will consistently live down to his reputation by making brash, badly-thought out assaults on the party.

Über-Lieutenant Mozz

"Maintain your rate of fire! Break not your ranks, or it's the protein vats for you!"

AC: 2 ceramic plate, HD: 4, Hp: 27, Attk: 1 (weapon), vibroaxe 1d8+2, XP: 135

Freakishly short and stocky by Eld standards, Mozz is a tough and canny patrol leader. He will seek to avoid direct melee with the party until absolutely necessary, preferring to whittle them away from afar. Any patrol he leads will carry self-cranking metal crossbows (p. 85).

Cadet-Killman Nashool

"Hmm, yes. Let us . . . continue to observe. From a dignified distance. Over there."

AC: 5 silver mesh, 2nd level psychonaut, Hp: 11, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed short sword 1d6+2, blastotube 2d6 in 5' radius (p. 84), Powers: Surface Skim, Hypnotrancifier, XP: 38

Nashool is another junior officer, cautious in approach. Unless under direct orders to close and fight, he will tend to follow or harry the party from afar.

Mindseer Vixxel

"Look at you—so fragile and tiny down there, like delicate little slyph-beetles. Here's the sweet crush of the iron boot, hurtling down on you from above."

AC: 5 silver mesh, 4th level psychonaut, Hp: 19, Attk: 1 (weapon) or 2 (darts), Shock-trident d8+2 electrical (stuns on a natural 20), barbed darts d4+1 (6x), Powers: Duellistic Deduction, Surface Skim, Psychic Bolt and Dehorizontalication, XP: 290

Vixxel is aggressive for a member of the Psychonaut Corps, and favors getting in close for a fight. He will make full use of his Dehorizontalication powers to scout the terrain and rise above a fight that goes south (all the while raining down darts upon his foes).



Over-Captain Kliax

“The True Hedonics care not/For a Hell that lacks what is hot.” “There once was a tube lich from Ghinor/Whose corporeal form I did abhor.” “This precious book of pain, this unbound killer/To beautify only lacks quote filler.”

AC: 2 ceramic plate, HD: 6, Hp: 30, Attk: 1 (weapon), razordisc gun 1d12 (p. 85), barbed short sword 1d6+1, XP: 570

Surprisingly bland Kliax is second in command. A speech disability forces him to lapse into rhymed couplets every 30 seconds or so. Kliax's blandness masks his role as the secret leader of the **Grandfather Tyger cult**, a group of renegade Eld worshipping the demonic overlords of the Hot Hell. As such, he may try to peacefully parlay with the party, attempting to convince them to attack the Vat Complex (p. 46), Plantation House (p. 35) and/or Zogg's bunker in the Pagoda City (p. 39) for his secret, transgressional pleasure and political gain. Kliax will, of course, betray such a temporary and expedient alliance if he senses the party has become too weak to be useful (or powerful enough to pose a threat). Until that time, he will provide the party general information about the location of the sites and misleading intelligence about their relative level of security (always underestimating it, so as to entice the PCs). He will provide secret hand signs for the party to identify themselves to his agents in the Plantation House (p. 35) (who will provide them with fanatical assistance in their rampage).

Lord Vumpf

“Four dimensions have come to our attention for their potential breakpoints in the production chain. Zogg, the proteinized industrial by-products must flow.”

AC: 0 personal forcefield, HD: 6, Hp: 22, Attk: 1 (weapon), blastotube 2d6 (p. 84), SD: Hoverchair (p. 91), 50% magic resistance (personal forcefield), XP: 820

Immensely fat by Eld standards, Lord Vumpf stands outside and above the island's military hierarchy as a liaison from the Eld Overmind. He will never pass up an opportunity to subtly belittle Zogg for any failings in the latter's command of the Misty Isles. While the Eld on the Isle are technically outside his command structure, he will not hesitate to issue orders to them (and all but Zogg will comply).

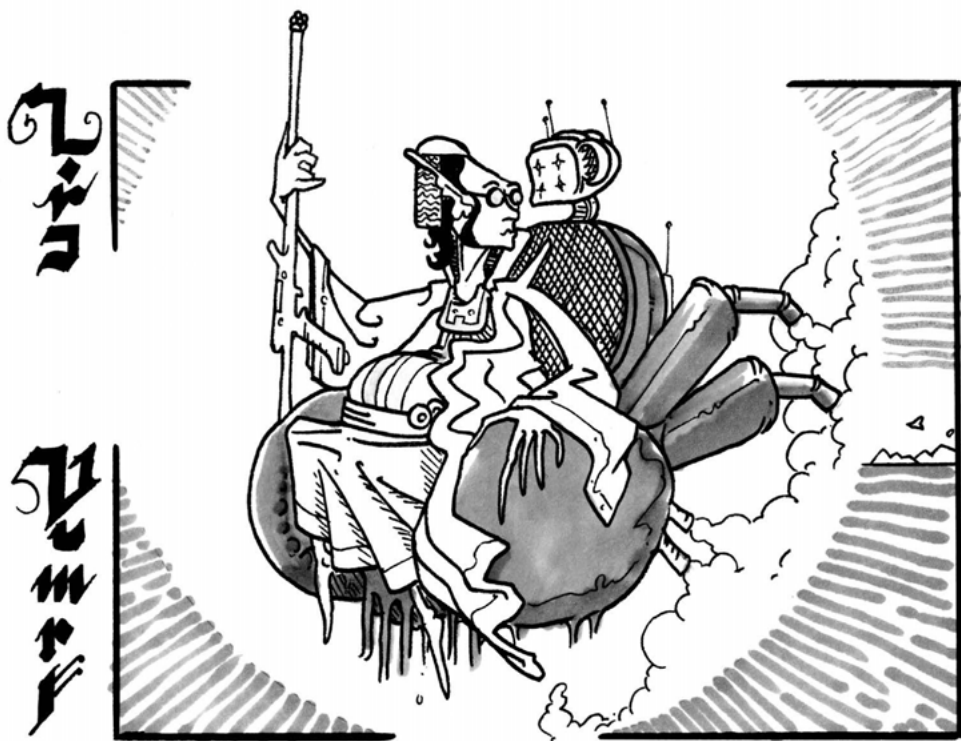
Sub-Colonel Zogg

“Ape-things, you have slain my guards, invaded my bunker and interrupted my work. For your troubles, you will be meted a swift death.”

“What can you know of the sublimity of the World Beyond? You, pathetic meat sacks, with your endless race for the fleeting pleasures of experience and lucre . . . trapped in your meaningless pursuit of 'levels'. I would pity you, but I have neither the time nor capacity.”

AC: 0 ceramic plate + DEX bonus, HD: 10, Hp: 70, Attk: 2 (weapon and tentacle-arm), razordisc gun 1d12 (6 disks, decapitates on natural 20, p. 85), tentacle arm 2d6 (plus 1d6 acid for 1d3 subsequent rounds, spellcasting automatically fails), 4x antiorgone grenades (p. 84), XP: 2,400

Zogg is the tentacle-armed garrison commander and is never encountered on the wandering monster chart. He will always be in his command bunker in the Pagoda City, awake and in psychic connection with the bubblecar crews in the Vat Complex silo.



THE ELD DEFENSE PLAN

The Eld are a rigidly hierarchical, militarized and well ordered society. Their overweening arrogance and deep disdain for other sentients has led to the belief that lesser lifeforms are incapable of navigating the mists and landing on the the islands—and thus they will be caught flat footed (at first). However, they will quickly cobble together an escalating defense plan as their alert level goes up.

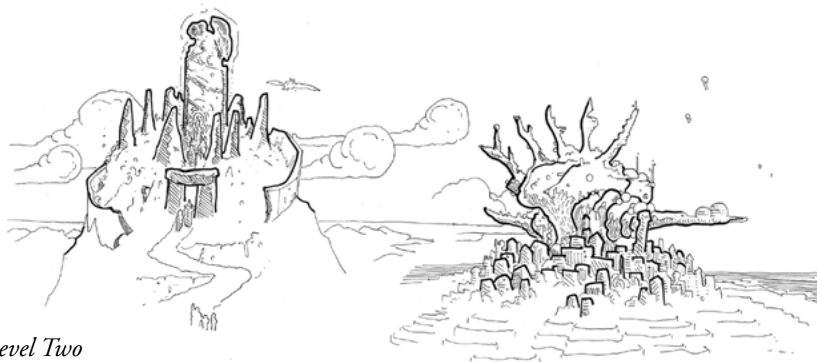
The Eld should be played as a reasonably intelligent and organized foe (if slow to recognize that man-apes have invaded their safe space). The LL should feel free to tailor alterations to the alert levels and encounter areas to fit with what the Eld know about their opponents. For instance, if the party travels primarily by air, the Eld may switch to bubblecar patrols.

Alert Level Zero

This is the default at the beginning of the adventure. The alert level will drop back to this setting if the Eld are at Levels One or Two and consider interlopers to be fully destroyed or repelled. All encounters are at normal surprise levels and the Eld will be taking no special precautions.

Alert Level One

If interlopers are discovered and a report is made back to a named NPC (typically 1d4 hours after an encounter), the Eld will shift to this alert level. The Eld and their servants will be surprised at -1 (usually only on a 1). All Eld patrols and retinues of named NPCs will be at their maximum possible numbers.



Alert Level Two

Alert Level Two will crank into effect 2d4 hours after a party has made a detectable incursion into the Vat Complex, Monument Five, or the Pagoda City. Killing a named NPC will also trigger this state of alert.

The Eld institute systematic patrols, combining seek-and-destroy ground troops with air recon, using the island's two bubblecars. Beyond the usual wandering critter check (which will never be surprised), there is a full 2 in 6 chance of encountering a patrol on the chart below when entering any given node on the pointcrawl.

d6	ELD PATROL
1-2	<p>Eight Eld warriors with two “houndmen” trackers (Vatmen who have been specially mutated to have massively enlarged noses) on long chained leashes. The patrol will seek out the party and find them 80% of the time—even if hiding. However, taking precautions to mask the party’s scent will reduce the chance of discovery to only 20%. They will only engage a weak-seeming party, otherwise retreating and bringing back a larger patrol in an hour (roll again, adding +2 to the result).</p> <p>Eld Warriors: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres 1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65</p> <p>Houndmen: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, cleaver d4+1, XP: 29, p. 71</p>
3	<p>2d8 Eld warriors and 1-2 Masokochkas, led either by Virmuun or Mozz (see above). The patrol will attack and pursue the party regardless of size, but will immediately send one warrior as a runner to alert their superiors and return with a larger patrol in an hour (roll again, adding +2 to the result).</p> <p>Mid-Altern Virmuun: AC: 2 ceramic plate, HD: 3, Hp: 17, Attk: 2 (swords), twin short swords 1d6+1/1d6+1, XP: 65, p. 11</p> <p>Uber-Lieutenant Mozz: AC: 2 ceramic plate, HD: 4, Hp: 27, Attk: 1 (weapon), vibroaxe 1d8+2, XP: 135, p. 11</p> <p>Eld Warriors: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres 1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65</p> <p>Masokochkas: AC: 5, HD: 6, Hp: 27, Attk: 3 (hoof/hoof/bite) 1d3/1d3/1d12, SA surprise on 1-3, XP: 570, p. 69</p>

3d6 Eld warriors and 1-2 Vat Giants, led either by Uber-Lieutenant Mozz or Mindseer Vixxel. The patrol will attack the party regardless of size, while sending back one warrior as a runner to alert their superiors and return with a larger patrol in an hour (roll again, adding +2 to the result).

Uber-Lieutenant Mozz: AC: 2 ceramic plate, HD: 4, Hp: 27, Attk: 1 (weapon), 1d8+2 vibroaxe, XP: 135, p. 11

4

Mindseer Vixxel: AC: 5 silver mesh, 4th level psychonaut, Hp: 19, Attk: 1 (weapon) or 2 (darts), 1d8+2 electrical shock-trident (stuns on natural 20), 1d4+1 darts (6x). Powers: Duellistic Deduction, Surface Skim, Psychic Bolt, Dehorizontalication, XP: 290, p. 11

Vat-Giants: AC: 5, HD: 8, Hp: 40, Attk: 1 (weapon), giant club 2d8, XP: 560, p. 73

Eld Warriors: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), 1d8+1 Eldish sabres, XP: 47, p. 65

6d6 Eld warriors led by Over-Captain Kliax and accompanied by Cadet-Killman Nashool. This patrol will attack any available targets; as the largest unit deployed by the Eld, they will not send for reinforcements.

5

Over-Captain Kliax: AC: 2 ceramic plate, HD: 6, Hp: 30, Attk: 1 (weapon), razordisc 1d12 (decapitates on natural 20, p. 85), barbed short sword 1d6+1, XP: 570, p. 12

Cadet-Killman Nashool: AC: 5 silver mesh, 2nd level psychonaut, Hp: 11, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed short sword 1d6+2, blastotube 2d6 in 5' radius (p.84), Powers: Surface Skim, Hypnotrancifier, XP: 38, p. 11

Eld Warriors: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), 1d8+1 Eldish sabres, XP: 47, p. 65

Bubblecar. The bubblecar will make a single strafing run with its firetube (as 3d6 damage Fireball spell) and then withdraw. It contains two Eld (pilot and gunner). If somehow forced to continue the engagement, the bubblecar has 2d4 additional firetube charges.

6

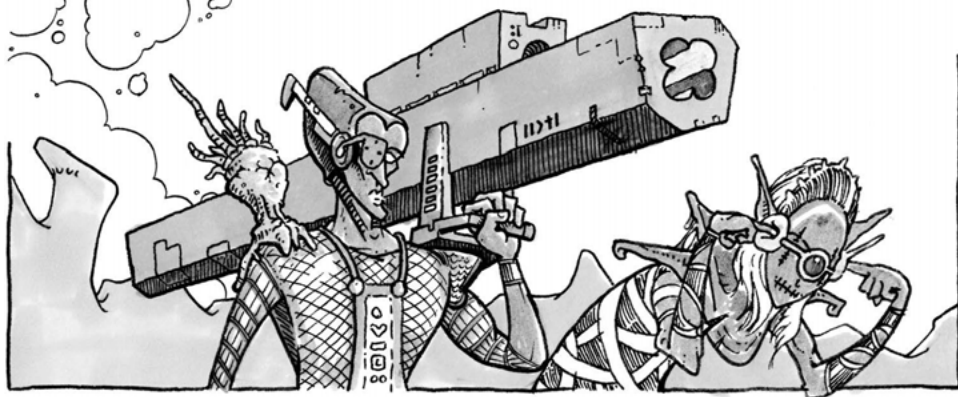
Bubblecar: AC: 0 Eldish bubble crystal, HD: 12, Hp: 70, Attk: 1 (firetube), firetube 3d6, as 3rd-level Fireball (LL p. 31), XP: 2800, p. 91

Eld Crew: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), self-cocking crossbow 1d8+1 (p. 85), XP: 47, p. 65

Alert Level Three

The Eld will only go into the highest level of alert if they perceive that they are losing the overall tactical situation (the Vat Complex and Pagoda City cleared, and/or a majority of named Eld killed). Their posture will shift from the active offense of Alert Level Two to that of a hunkered-down defense.

GLORYGUN



Eld landscape-dominators, given a full day to hatch plans, will begin the laborious process of moving the grub ridge lines. If allowed to do so, all pointcrawl connections leading into Points 10 and 11 will be blocked by a solid ring of grub-ridges, forcing the party to scale or fly over the ridgelines if they want to get inside. Each turn spent scaling the grub-ridges or traversing the new ridgeline circuit has a 3 in 6 chance of drawing the attention of an Eld patrol (rolled on the Alert Level Two table above).

If an Eld-manned position is eliminated under this alert level, Sub-Colonel Zogg (or other named Eld NPC if he is dead or captured) will humiliate himself and ask for reinforcements from the Eld Overmind.

ELD REINFORCEMENT CHART

Roll d6 or pick twice. The LL may deem Eld losses on the Isles high enough for the Overmind to allow for 1-3 additional rolls or choices. Reinforcements will proceed from the Pagoda City plaza to appropriate locations as the LL sees fit. The Overmind will send more reinforcements if the situation seems dire, but will cut its losses after six rolls have been made on the chart. After that point, no further reinforcements will be sent.

d6	REINFORCEMENTS
1	<p>Suicide squad of 12 Eldmen. Dressed in black jumpsuits with a glowing (explosive) crystal embedded in their chest, these Eldmen will divide into four squads of three and rush the party when spotted. If an Eldman rolls a successful hit he will explode, killing himself and inflicting 1d6 damage to all within a 5' radius. The explosion can also detonate other members of the squad, creating a chain reaction.</p> <p>Eldmen: AC: 7 light mesh, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), wavy daggers d4, suicide crystal d6, XP: 10, p. 66</p>

2

Sub-Horde of 24 fledgling Eld cadets. The Eld are an unsentimental race, especially when it comes to their own young. What better way to season up and coming tween cadets than to send them to fight implacable invaders? The sub-horde will rush the party in a frontal wave.

Eld Cadets: AC: 7 **prim white uniform**, HD: 1, Hp: 6, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish training spears 1d6+1, XP: 20, p. 65

3

Squad of 8 Eld snipers. The squad will optimally position themselves on top of structures (like the roof of the Golden Silo). One member of the squad will be armed with a blastotube while the others bear self-cocking crossbows.

Eld Snipers: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), self-cocking crossbow 1d8+1 (p. 85) or blastotube 2d6 in 5' radius (p. 84), XP: 47, p. 65

4

Cocksure squad of four Eld Hell-Marines. Resplendent in sky blue ceramic plate with Geiger-esque helmets, the Hell-Marines are as subtle as a second edition plotted adventure. Expect razordiscs and then a charge.

Eld Hell-Marines: AC: 2 , HD: 4, Hp: 26, Attk: 1 (weapon), razordisc gun 1d12 (decapitate on natural 20, p. 85), vibro-axe d8+2, XP: 80, p. 65

5

Squad of six Eld Hell-Marines. As above, but more of them—and thus more likely to do something brash. The squad leader wields a stylized blastotube emblazoned “Glory Gun” on its barrel, and his subordinates will wait for him to open the combat with a ceremonial ‘first shot’.

Eld Hell-Marines: AC: 2 , HD: 4, Hp: 26, Attk: 1 (weapon), blastotube 2d6 in 5' radius (p. 84), razordisc gun 1d12 (decapitate on natural 20, p. 85), vibro-axe d8+2, XP: 80, p. 65

6

Bubblecar patrol with one pilot and two Eld warriors. The bubblecar crew will sweep the the island from on high, diving down to engage the party with the firetube if it spots them (and leaving the scene to report contact once its ammo is expended). The firetube has 2d4 charges available.

Bubblecar: AC: 0 Eldish bubble crystal, HD: 12, Hp: 70, Attk: 1 (firetube), firetube 3d6, as 3rd-level Fireball (LL p. 31), XP: 2800, p. 91

Eld Warriors: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), self-cocking crossbow 1d8+1 (p. 85), XP: 47, p. 65

MISTY ISLES WANDERING CRITTER ENCOUNTER TABLE

d12	ENCOUNTER
1	2d6 Eldmen work crew
2	2d4 Eld patrol
3	1d6 White Apes
4	1d3 Flesh Blobs
5	1d6 Escaped Slaves
6	1d4 Var Giants
7	1d6 Ugulats and Eld master
8	1d3 Masokochka and Eld master
9	1d4 Eld landscape-dominators with 2d6 Eldmen work crew
10	2d6 Vatmen and 1 Supervisor
11	1d2+1 Bonegrinders patrol
12	Eld NPC (Notable Eld NPCs, p. 9)

ENCOUNTER DESCRIPTIONS

Eldmen Work Crew: The Eldmen are heading to the nearest Adventure Site (p. 29, 35, 39, or 46) to conduct regular repairs and maintenance. Alternatively, if the PCs have already hit one of the Adventure Sites and jacked it up, the Eldmen are bound there to start repairs.

Eldmen: AC: 9, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), hand tools 1d6-1, XP: 10, p. 66

Eld Patrol: 50% chance a routine patrol, 50% chance they are seeking another party. Roll again on the Encounter Table; this party is one node away and may be drawn by the sounds of battle.

Eld Warriors: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres 1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65

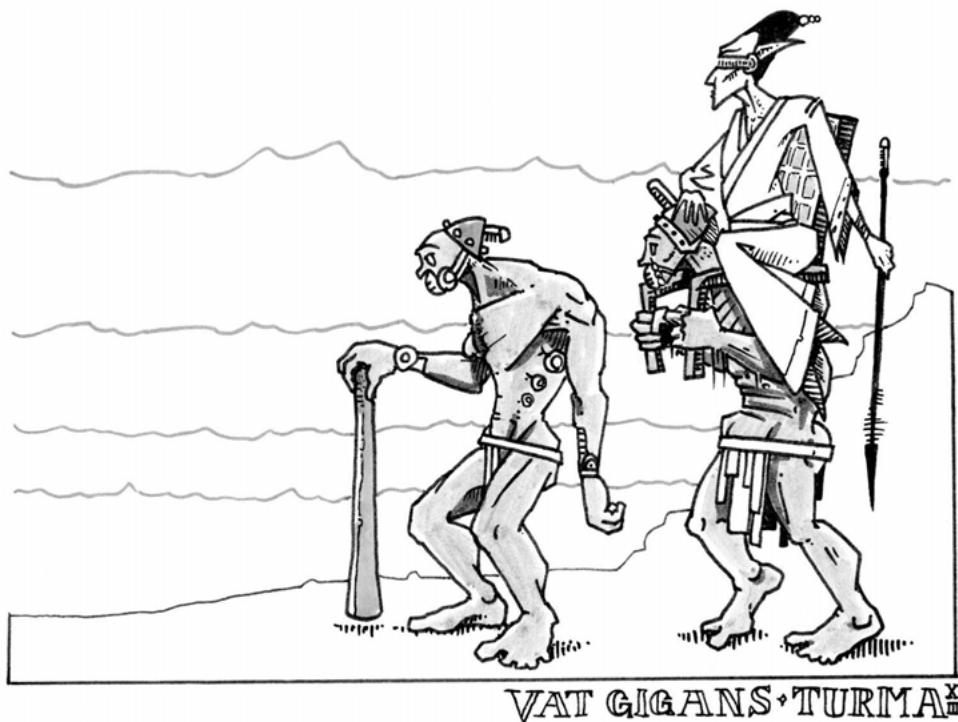
White Apes: These four-armed White Apes have been unleashed to get some exercise by hunting down escaped slaves. Their first instinct will be to pummel anomalous humanoids (like the PCs) and then drag them back to the Plantation House for chastisement.

Four-Armed White Apes: AC: 6, HD: 5, Hp: 19, Attk: 4, pummeling arms 1d6/1d6/1d6/1d6, XP: 350, *SUD* p. 27

Flesh Blobs: The flesh blobs are either serving as the clean-up crew for some unsightly accident or as the means of execution for an escaped slave, insubordinate Eld, or NPC of your choosing. The LL is encouraged to provide some shiny bauble to lure the PCs onwards. If the PCs approach within 15' the flesh blobs attack.

Flesh Blobs: AC: 6, HD: 6/3/1, Hp: 30/15/3, Attk: 1 (acid touch), acid touch 1d10 (hit damages for 1d3 rounds), XP: 820, p. 67

Escaped Slaves: These escaped slaves are desperately fleeing from their Eld overseers. Roll 1d4:



1 The slaves are too traumatized to speak. 2 The slaves think the PCs are working for the Eld and here to take them back. 3 The slaves latch on desperately and won't leave the PCs for any reason. 4 The slaves are scared as hell but also helpful and willing to work with the PCs, even as cannon fodder.

Slaves: AC: 9, 0-level humans, Hp: 2, Attk: 1, fist/kick 1d4, XP: 5.

Vat Giants: The Vat Giants are marching in a circle between two nodes, muttering disjointed nonsense and snatches of opera lyrics; poorly worded orders have generated a mechanical equilibrium between two conflicting sets of imperatives and their positronic brains are stuck. Enemies of the Eld who approach them (like most PCs) are liable to be smashed as a higher imperative presents itself, but a devious party may be able to manipulate the situation.

Vat Giants: AC: 5, HD: 8, Hp: 40, Attk: 1 (weapon), giant club 2d8, XP: 560, p. 73

Ugulats and Eld Master: An Eld handler is running his Ugulats through a training regimen: tossing a small, terrified woodlands animal as a fetch ball; practicing trampling with a staked-down (yet strangely enthusiastic) Eldman; rolling on their backs to be scratched, etc.

Eld Master: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabre 1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65

Ugulats: AC: 7, HD: 1, Hp: 7, Attk: 1 (bite or trample), 1d6 or 1d12, XP: 21, p. 72

Masokochka and Eld Master: An Eld handler wearing a camouflaged poncho is running his meat-kitties through stalking drills. They have a 3 in 6 chance to gain surprise as they emerge from the mist and fog.

Eld Master: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres 1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65

Masokochkas: AC: 5, HD: 6, Hp: 27, Attk: 3 (hoof/hoof/bite) 1d3/1d3/1d12, SA surprise on 1-3, XP: 570, p. 69

Landscape-Dominators: The landscape-dominators are utterly focused on their errand of arranging the grubs into aesthetically pleasing configurations according to Eldish tastes and will be nearly oblivious to their Eldmen servants frantically pointing out the PCs. Clever PCs might be able to disguise themselves as Eldmen or Vatmen and gather new intelligence here.

Eld: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres 1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65

Eldmen: AC: 9, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), hand tools 1d6-1, XP: 10, p. 66

Vatmen: The Vatmen are scurrying to fetch a “left-handed can of steam” for the Eld guards at the Plantation House (p. 35). They have been told that one to four of them will be killed if they don’t return within the hour. They do not realize they’ve been sent on a snipe hunt (another practical joke from the Eld guards) and are getting increasingly desperate—possibly desperate enough to work with outsiders.

Vatmen: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, cleaver d4+1, XP: 20, p. 73

Bonegrinder Patrol: The bonegrinders are lurching forward between points, complaining about a member of the Eld Command Structure (determined randomly, Notable Eld NPCs, p. 9). LLs are encouraged to drop hints about Eld vulnerabilities as the horrendous slug-creatures creep onwards, gossiping.

Bonegrinders: AC: 5, HD: 6, Hp: 30, Attk: 1 (boneshard gun or swallow), 2d8 boneshard gun (100-foot-long, foot-wide blast, all within save vs. breath weapon for half), 1d8 swallow whole (save vs. breath weapon to avoid being swallowed; swallowed victims take 1d6 dmg/round), must spend 1 round to brace for firing or to regain mobility, can expend boneshard ammunition to create 1d3 Ghuls, XP: 1070, p. 63

Ghuls: AC: 5, HD: 3, Hp: 13, Attk: 1 (weapon), bone sword 1d8+1, surprises on 1-3, XP: 65, p. 68

Eld NPC: See Notable Eld NPCs, p. 9.

USING THE POINTCRAWL MAP

Misty Isles of the Eld uses a pointcrawl format, rather than the more common hexcrawl, to present a wilderness for the PCs to explore. In a pointcrawl, the map emphasizes the focused choices of nodes and connections (as opposed to an omni-directional hex map). The lines that run between points represent paths, roads, staircases or what-have-you, abstractly presenting

the tedium of travel, i.e. the longer stretches of a journey that are just background. The nodes or points represent the interesting sites that break up a long trek. A node might contain a full-on adventure site (like a dungeon), a place for an encounter, or just an unusual landmark or piece of geography.

Points on the map represent encounter and site areas that are roughly spaced out 300-400 yards from each other. The paths between points represent a springy, crushed-bone trail-system that enters and exits each area in the rough compass direction they are depicted. LLs should note that **travel times between adjacent points are universally 30 minutes** in length. The LL should halve or double these times for special conditions such as encumbered or Hasted characters. (*Slumbering Ursine Dunes* readers will note that the travel rates are faster on the Isles than in the twistier, rough-hewn trail system of the Dunes.)

The first paragraph of each pointcrawl node contains a basic description of the point, the paths that exit it and some brief visual clues about what can be made out through the murk in neighboring points (if anything).

POINTCRAWL LOCATIONS

FS. Feeding Sites (multiple). Near the mouth-openings of the grub-hills, there is a 50% chance that a hellscape of feeding activity is in full fury. When in use, great gleaming metallic, meat-cloning/processing machines mounted on massive six-foot rubber tires can be seen creating hills of half-rotted flesh. Work crews of **1d6x10 human slaves** in shock collars and loincloths (guarded by **2d6 Eldman slave-guards**) shovel meat into massive gaping sphincter mouths—with those flagging being fed into the maw from time to time. The oral hygiene of the grubs is maintained by sawtoothed scraper-polearms, a dangerous proposition for those involved (who will occasionally be swallowed whole).

Human Slaves: AC: 9, HD: 0-level humans, Hp: 2, Attk: 1, fist/kick 1d4, XP: 5

Eldman Guards: AC: 7 light mesh, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed hand axe 1d6+1, XP: 10, p. 65

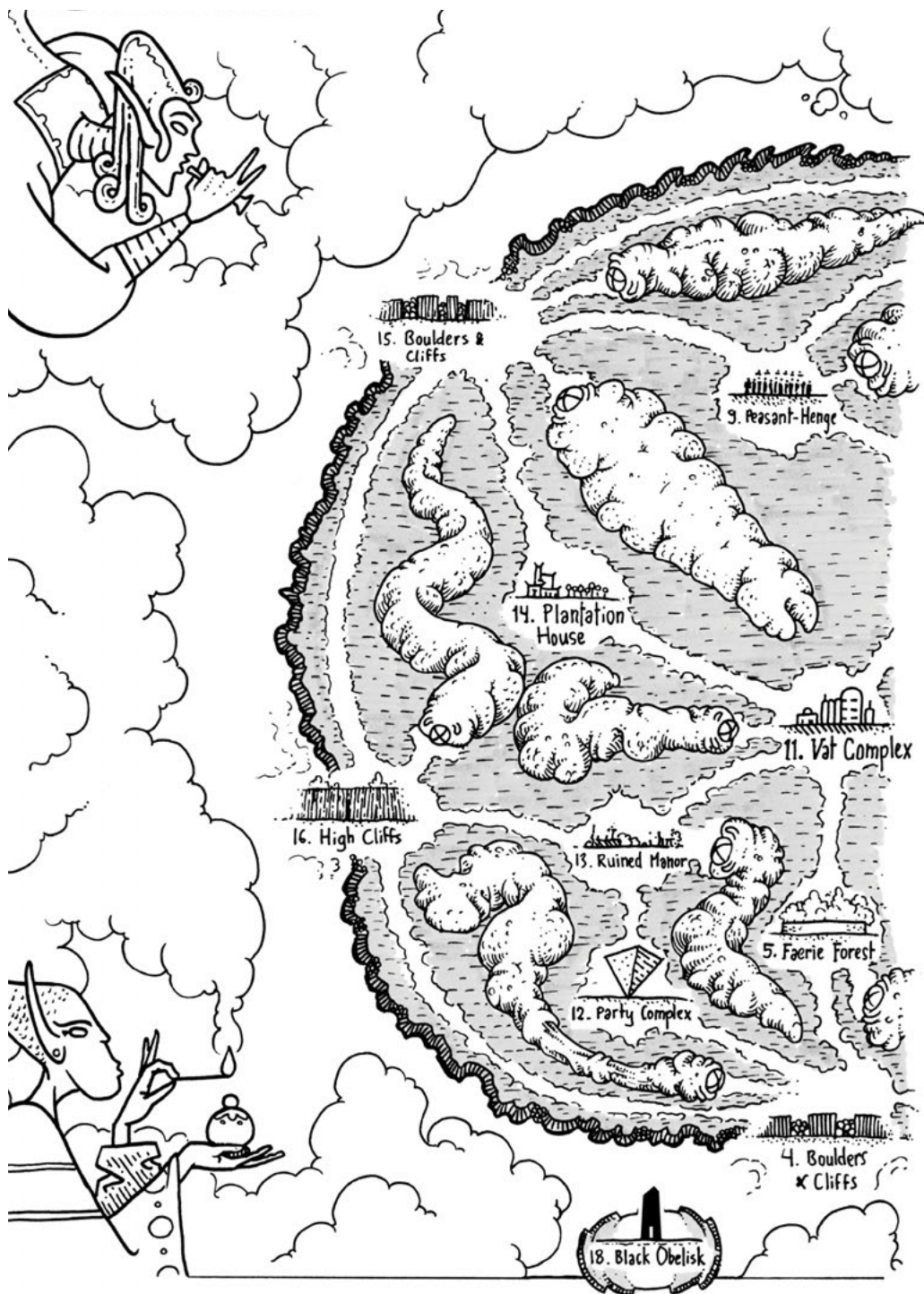
1. Black Sand Beach. A long, dreary strand of coarse, volcanic black sand stretches away to the west and south here. A crushed bone path heads southwest between the bulk of two grub-ridges.

Otherwise empty of fixed encounters and easy-going travel.

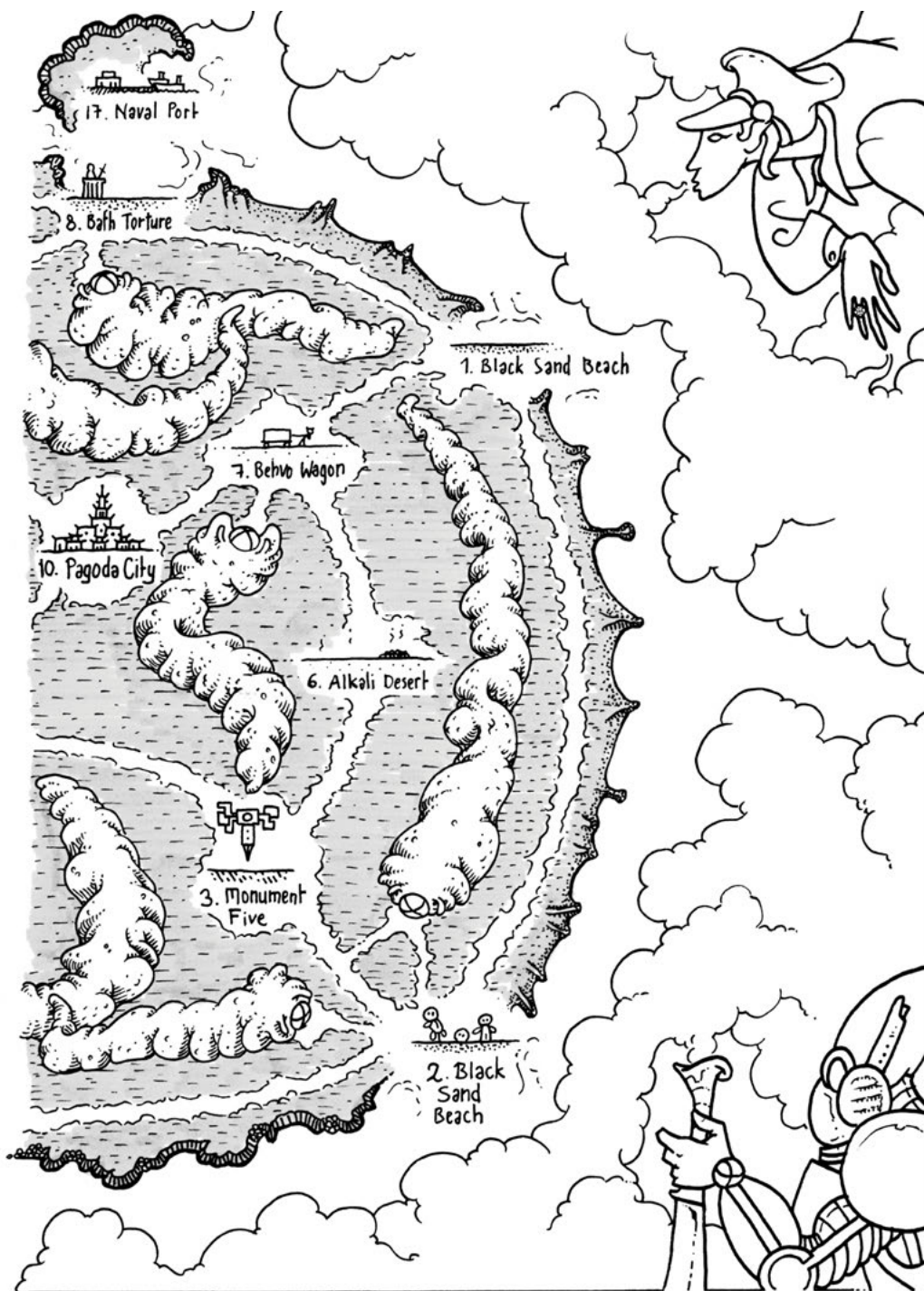
2. Black Sand Beach. A coarse, black sand beach similar in feature to Point 1 above. The beach stretches to the north and to the southwest. Here and there, strewn across the sand, are broken shards of ceramic dolls, heads staring up accusingly. The massive sphincter mouths of the two nearby grub-ridges (along with scaffolding) can just be made out in the murk at the ends of the two short paths leading off the beach. A wider bone mulch path leads off to the northwest where something large and grey is barely visible floating a hundred feet in the air (Monument Five at Point 3).

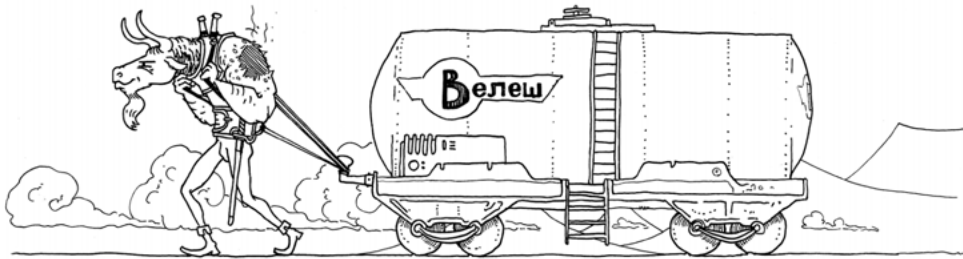
Otherwise empty.

POINTCRAWL MAP OF THE MISTY ISLANDS OF THE ELD



POINTCRAWL MAP OF THE MISTY ISLANDS OF THE ELD





3. Monument Five. Floating precisely 106 feet off the ground here is a strange, abstractly designed concrete structure. Its central edifice sports two fluted wings and a cupolaed main structure with an open entranceway. Two trails branch off here through narrow grub-ridges to the north and northwest, while a path exits to the south through a wider valley. A low, distant moaning can be heard to the north.

See Adventure Site 1 (p. 29).

4. Boulders and Cliffs. Perfectly round, black boulders alternate with severe looking cliffs every hundred yards which appear strangely uniform and artificial. A narrow trail clings to the top of the cliffline to the east and west. A short path to the northwest runs up to a visible grub-ridge maw. Two well maintained bone mulch trails head northwest and northeast. A glowing, concrete walled structure is barely visible to the northeast. To the northwest, an inverted pyramid rises above the alkaline plain.

Rubble fall around the boulders allows for a vessel to unload passengers and cargo from the sea, but the going is rough (requiring extra turn to complete).

5. Faerie Forest/Schadenfreude Arena. Incongruously lush broadleaf woods are encircled behind a 100-yard-wide, 10-foot-high glowing concrete wall topped with steel shards. Spectator stands made of concrete ring the northern part of the wall. The path to the south runs visibly to the shore. To the east along a short path is a grub-ridge mouth feeding station. A golden silo can be seen at the end of the northern trail.

Sixty fae forest spirits and upright furry animals with dead eyes move half-heartedly in a joyless and eerily silent line dance inside the grove. The animal spirits will voice terse, relieved thanks if the party takes measures to end their lives (1 hp apiece, AC: 9).

6. Alkali Desert and Complaining Mass Graves. Breaking up the monotonous, long, flat, white salt plain is a single 100-yard-long burial trench covered with a high rubble cairn. The dull white wastes stretch out into the gloom to the north. To the south a large, grey structure appears to be floating about a hundred feet in the air (Monument Five at Point 3).

As the party approaches, voices will arise from the mass grave, bitching and moaning about their fate in a campy ghostly tone (“Whhhhhooooa, whyyyy me, lord?”). Disturbing the burial site will only raise the volume of the complaints, increasing the chance of wandering monsters to a 2 in 6 chance (or 4 in 6 chance if on Alert Level Two).

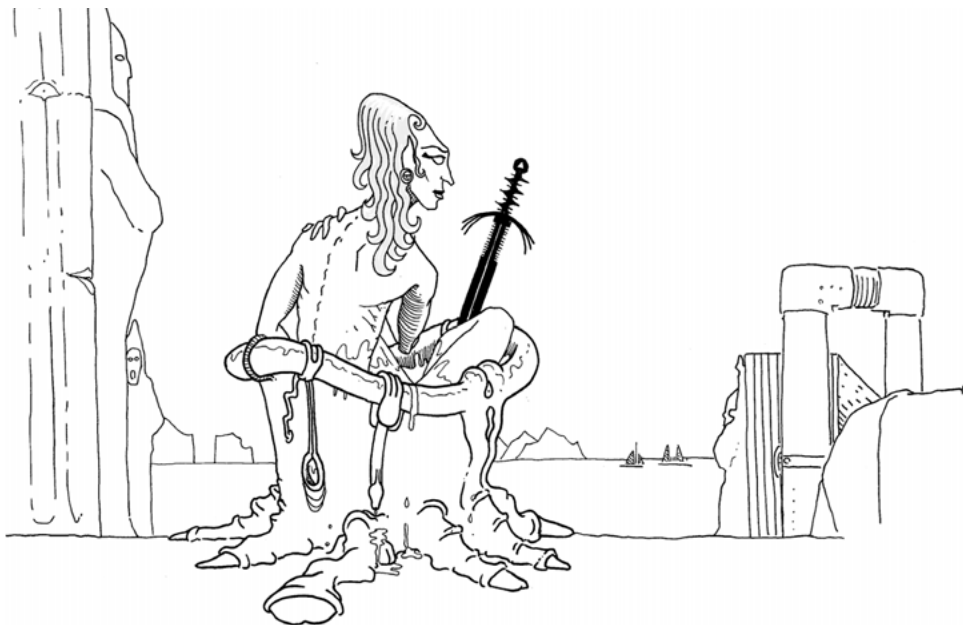
7. Behvo Wagon. A large, fantastically adorned, pagoda-like tower surrounded by a ring of palatial buildings can be made out along the path to the west. A trail heads to the alkali wastes to the south, while a black sand beach can be seen to the northeast. A short path leads off to the southeast toward a grub-ridge feeding station. Behvo, an albino minotaur (and paladin of the Old Pahr underworld god Velesh, *HCC* p. 5) is dragging a charred and empty tank-car wagon along the alkaline plain. His hide is deeply singed on one spot.

Though mute, he will join the party for a single adventure session if they assist him in dragging the wagon to the beach in Point 1 and pushing it solemnly into the sea.

Behvo, albino minotaur paladin of Velesh: AC: 6 hide, HD: 6, Hp: 25, Attk: 2 (horns) or 1 (weapon), gore 1d6/1d6, XP: 320, LL p. 88

8. Black Sand Beach and Bath Torture. A large, pushed-up rock formation dominates this black sand beach. Moored on top is a long, white, porcelain bath tub with a rigid, pale skinned, and nude Eld inside, his eyes distantly locked on the isle to the north. A trail runs east-west along the end of the beach. A bone mulch trail runs into the island interior to the southwest, and a shorter path runs southeast to the sphincter maw of a grub-ridge.

A layer of warmth emitting, rock hard amber sits below the bathtub lip, encasing the Eld's legs and naughty bits. While alive (his eyes will blink), he has been paralyzed by Sub-Colonel Zogg as punishment for a minor infraction. His superb two-handed sword with wavy elaborate flourishes on the blade (d10+2 to damage, non-magical) is sticking upright in the amber and can be removed if a character rolls under their STR on 5d6. Chunks of the amber can be sold for 200 gp total if it is broken up, but the Eld will remain paralyzed.



9. Peasant-Henge. Shellacked, rigidly straight human peasants kidnapped from the mainland are arrayed like columns and arranged in two concentric circles to amplify ley line strength (which all spellcasters will recognize). A large, fantastically adorned pagoda-like tower surrounded by a ring of palatial buildings can be made out along the southeastern trail. A rocky coast can be seen along the paths to the north and west.

Any spells or psychonaut powers cast inside the ring will be doubled in effect and range.

10. Pagoda City. See Adventure Site 2.

11. Vat Complex. See Adventure Site 3.

12. Eld Private Party Complex. A large, inverted pyramid composed of bare concrete dominates this space. A ruined stone structure can just be made out to the north, while a trail leads to the coastal cliffs to the south.



A set of polished steel entry doors lead to the interior of the inverted pyramid, a dark space empty except for six 20- by 30-foot platforms which float in semi-translucent bubbles high in the air. A simple instrument panel at ground level allows the user to call down one of the bubble rooms (which will land lightly, a doorway opening to allow access to the bubble's interior). It will float back into the dark interior once the party has stepped onto the platform. A floor mounted button inside the bubble room will return it to the embarkation point.

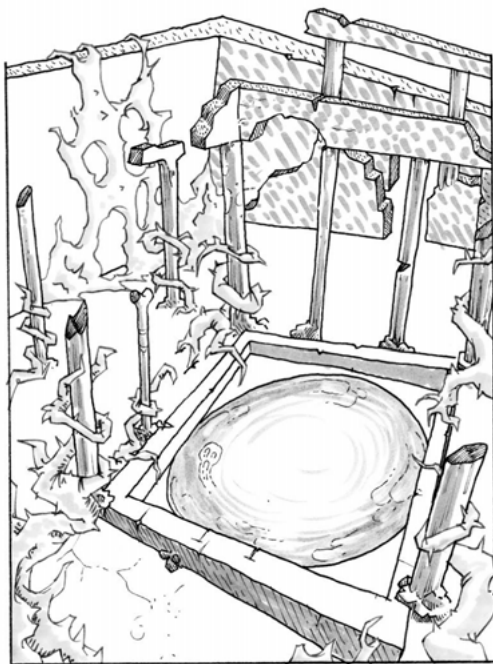
Each platform is a small empty court with velvet pillows stacked tidily in the corners, wall mounts for fiendishly barbed Eldish polearms (50% that 1d4 are present in each room; they deal 1d10 damage), empty steel bins for torture devices, and chain manacles on metal X-shaped crossbeams.

The Eld detest public spectacles, like arenas, and prefer to fight, torture and mock singly or in private parties. The Complex has been abandoned since Sub-Colonel Zogg banned leisure activity as collective punishment for petty infractions of discipline.

13. Ruined Eld Manor and Soul Cesspool.

A forlorn ruined plantation house sits here. The roof has collapsed; only the 30-foot-tall outer walls remain here, encased in a thick growth of purple-hued thorny vines. The wall bears carvings of heavy, geometric bands, interspersed with bas-reliefs of Eld entwined in lewd positions. A golden-looking silo can be seen on the horizon to the northeast, an inverted concrete pyramid to the south. The path to the west appears to run down to the coast.

A 20-yard-wide stone basin, reeking of an earthy fecal smell, sits behind the ruins with a chocolate milk-like liquid swirling inside. Grimacing faces from "waste souls" can be seen bubbling up from time to time.



Wandering monsters have a 2 in 6 chance of being encountered here.

14. Plantation House. Twelve Eldmen work the fields here, picking strange, oversized fruits from massive vines curled around 10-foot-high steel trellises. An Eld plantation house sits in the middle of the rows. A shimmering gold silo can be seen down the path to the southeast. The northwest path runs to the sea.

See Adventure Site 4.

Eldmen: AC: 7 **light mesh**, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (**weapon**), **hand tools** 1d6-1, XP: 10, p. 66

15. Boulders and Cliffs. Perfectly round, black boulders alternate with severe looking cliffs every hundred yards which appear strangely uniform and artificial. (This section of beach is nearly identical to Point Four above). A path runs northeast and south along the edge of the beach. Dark green, vineyard-like trellises contrast starkly with the surrounding white wastes down the trail to the southeast.

16. High Cliffs. Low but precipitous dark gray rock cliffs rise up to 25 feet. The cliff face is rocky with lots of grooves, allowing a thief or other expert climber an easy ascent (95% chance of success for a thief/expert, 50% for all others). The trail runs east to a vine-covered stone ruin and intersects with a north-south trail along the top of the cliffs. A grub-ridge feeding station can be seen to the east.

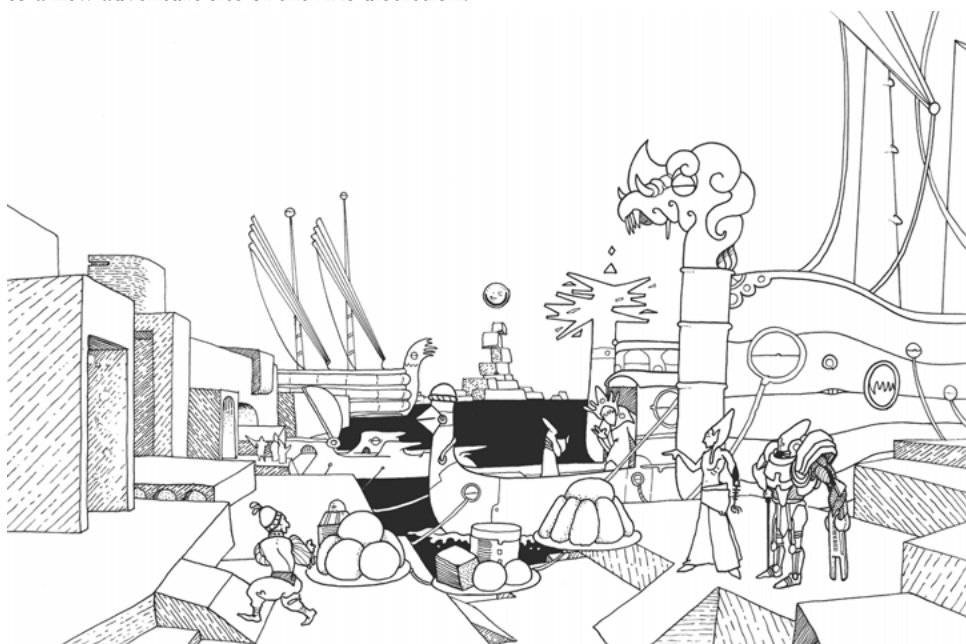
17. Eld Naval Port. Featuring the safest, most convenient harbor of the islands, this islet sports a small empty block bunker/warehouse and a single long concrete pier with two small steel-hulled, psychically-controlled skiffs (treat as artifact type X, worth 1000 gp apiece if the party manages to haul them back to civilization, boat speed is 5 miles per hour).

Two bored **Eld guards** sit crosslegged on the dock here. Two large rooster-prowed, elaborately painted, steel-hulled ships normally moor here but are currently out of port on missions in the surrounding area. Alternatively, the LL can have the ships be docked here at her discretion.

Eld Guards: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres
1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65

18. Black Obelisk. Sitting on this tiny, flat islet is a tall, night-black obelisk with a narrow doorway that contains a shimmering white energy field.

The field is actually an interdimensional gate; the gate can either be left impenetrable, or lead to a new adventure site of the LL's discretion.

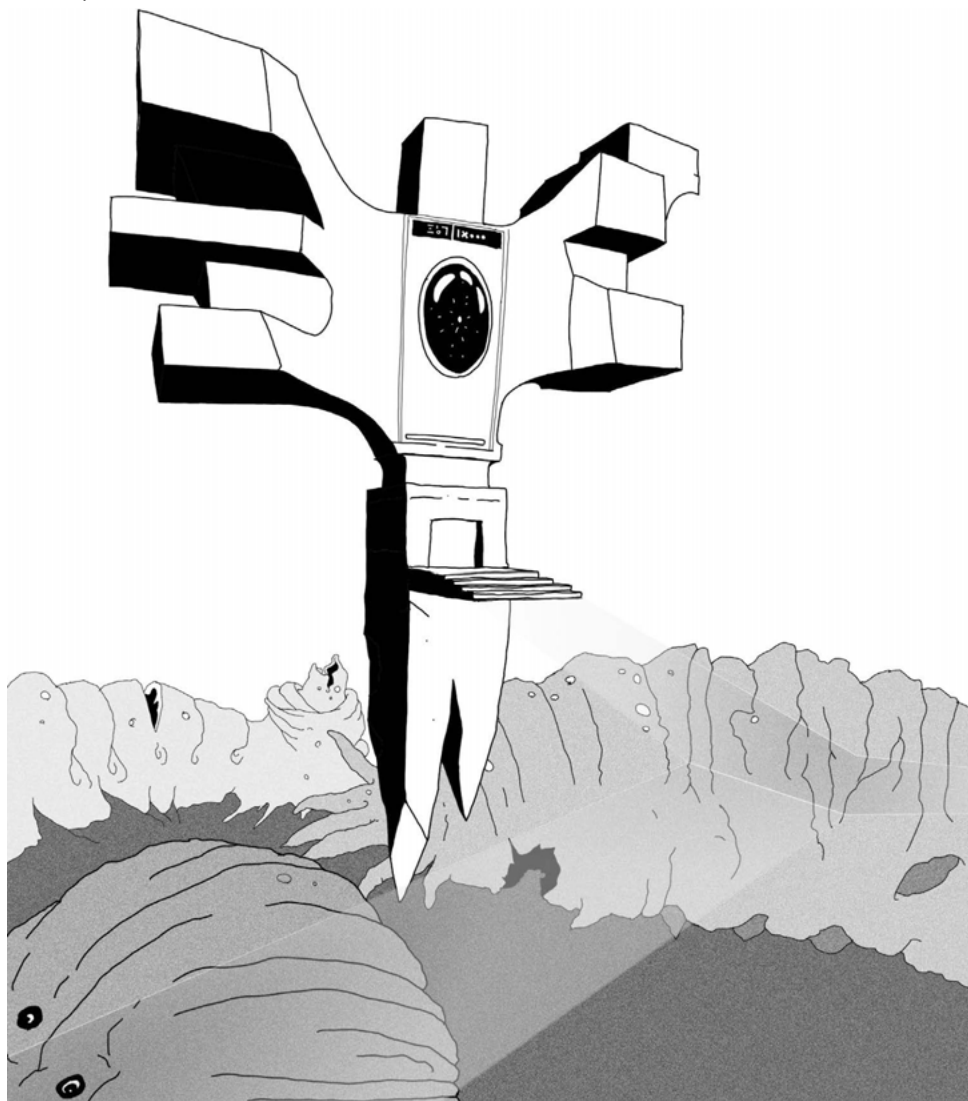


ADVENTURE SITE 1: MONUMENT FIVE

FIRST APPEARANCES

As the party enters the points (1, 6, and 10) bordering this location, they will notice a strange, gray structure hovering unsupported on the horizon 106 feet above the surrounding alkaline plain.

As the party enters Point 3 proper, the monument's features pop into relief: an 80-foot-tall central tower of slate-gray poured concrete supported by two massive, flaring, concrete wings, and pierced in the middle by a large black-domed bay window. An open-faced doorway with a bubblecar hitching post and entry staircase is the only visible entrance. A bellowing, ear-shattering scream of utter pain and pathos intermittently echoes forth from the structure, shaking it visibly.



[Editors Note: The monument, as point of fact, is nearly identical to that of the famous Monument to the Revolution in Podgaric, Croatia, the Eld having psychically implanted the idea with a cerebral boreworm in Macedonian architect Dušan Džamonja's mind on November 27, 1969.]

Mvixx, a bored Eld sentry with wax in his ears, sits on a small shellacked gnome bench just outside the lip of the structure on the open-aired entrance deck. He will most certainly spot any but the stealthiest of characters. Mvixx will not immediately recognize that the party are not Eld and will drop a bolted-down rope ladder if the group waves or moves to the point on the plain beneath the structure.

Mvixx, bored Eld sentry: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 15, Attk: 1, d10+1 eldish polearm, XP: 47, p. 65

Unless a character climbing the ladder is dressed in stolen Eld garb or the party is accompanied by one of the few non-hostile Eld in the adventure, Mvixx will notice his mistake when the group climbs within 20-50 (d4+1 x 10) feet of the deck and will attempt to shake them off. Any character clinging to the ladder will need to roll under their DEX on 3d6 to avoid being thrown loose to their likely-inevitable encounter with horrific (and perhaps hilarious) death. Characters can climb the ladder at a rate of 30 feet per round.

INTERIOR CONDITIONS

Bare dark concrete floors and walls are uniform throughout the monument. The ceilings of each room are covered in a mass of exposed, stainless steel, Gigeresque hoses artfully formed to appear almost organic. Pale blue, gas filled hemispheres (similar to those found in the Vat Complex, p. 46) dimly illuminate each room.

Once inside the howls heard upon approach will reach deafening proportions. There is a 1 in 6 chance per round that the howl reverberates through the Monument, preventing spellcasting and giving all characters without ear protection a -2 to hit.

1. Entrance Lobby. The bare concrete is offset in this room by eight abstract, heavy, elaborately twisted, black metal sculptures (each roughly 3 by 3 feet, weighing 200 pounds and worth 200 gp apiece to a curio dealer with awful taste). A 20-foot-high balcony runs along the north wall, accessible an open faced lift operated with a floor pedal. The area beneath the balcony is walled off and filled with machinery.

Guarding the lift on the balcony are **two Bonegrinders**. They will be alerted if Mvixx engages the party but will not leave their post on any account, preferring to rain missiles down on the party from above.

Bonegrinders: AC: 5, HD: 6, Hp: 30, Attk: 1 (boneshard gun or swallow), 2d8 boneshard gun ((100-foot-long, foot-wide blast, all within save vs. breath weapon for half), 1d8 swallow whole (save vs. breath weapon to avoid being swallowed; swallowed victims take 1d6 dmg/round), must spend 1 round to brace for firing or to regain mobility, can expend boneshard ammunition to create 1d3 Ghuls, XP: 1070, p. 63

Ghuls: AC: 5, Hp: 13, HD: 3, Attk: 1 (weapon), bone sword 1d8+1, surprises on 1-3, XP: 65, p. 68

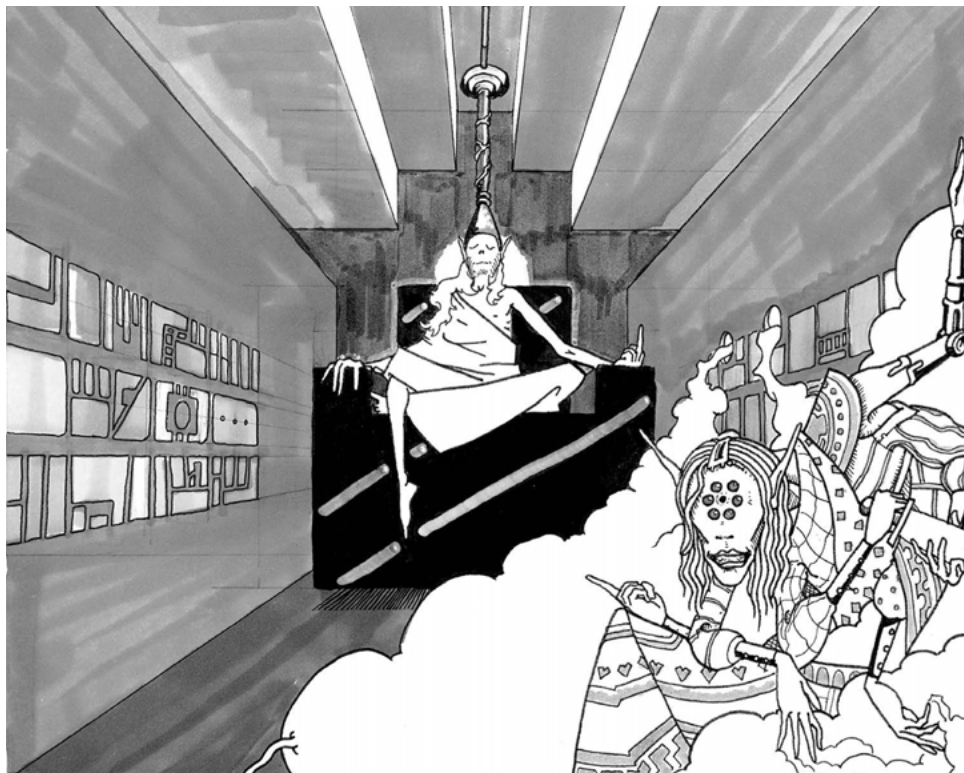
2. Glass Gallery. Six hideous, bulbous, sickly green and mauve glass pillar-sculptures line the walls of the room (each terribly fragile and cumbersome, but strangely worth 500 gp apiece to a collector). A six-foot clear glass egg encases shriveled horse heads in the center of the room. In the northwest corner a three-foot cube sits on a pedestal; despite appearances, it is a living soul-filled creature, the **Soul Cube** (AC: 5, 10 Hp). Approaching within 10 feet of the cube will release 3 energy-construct souls.

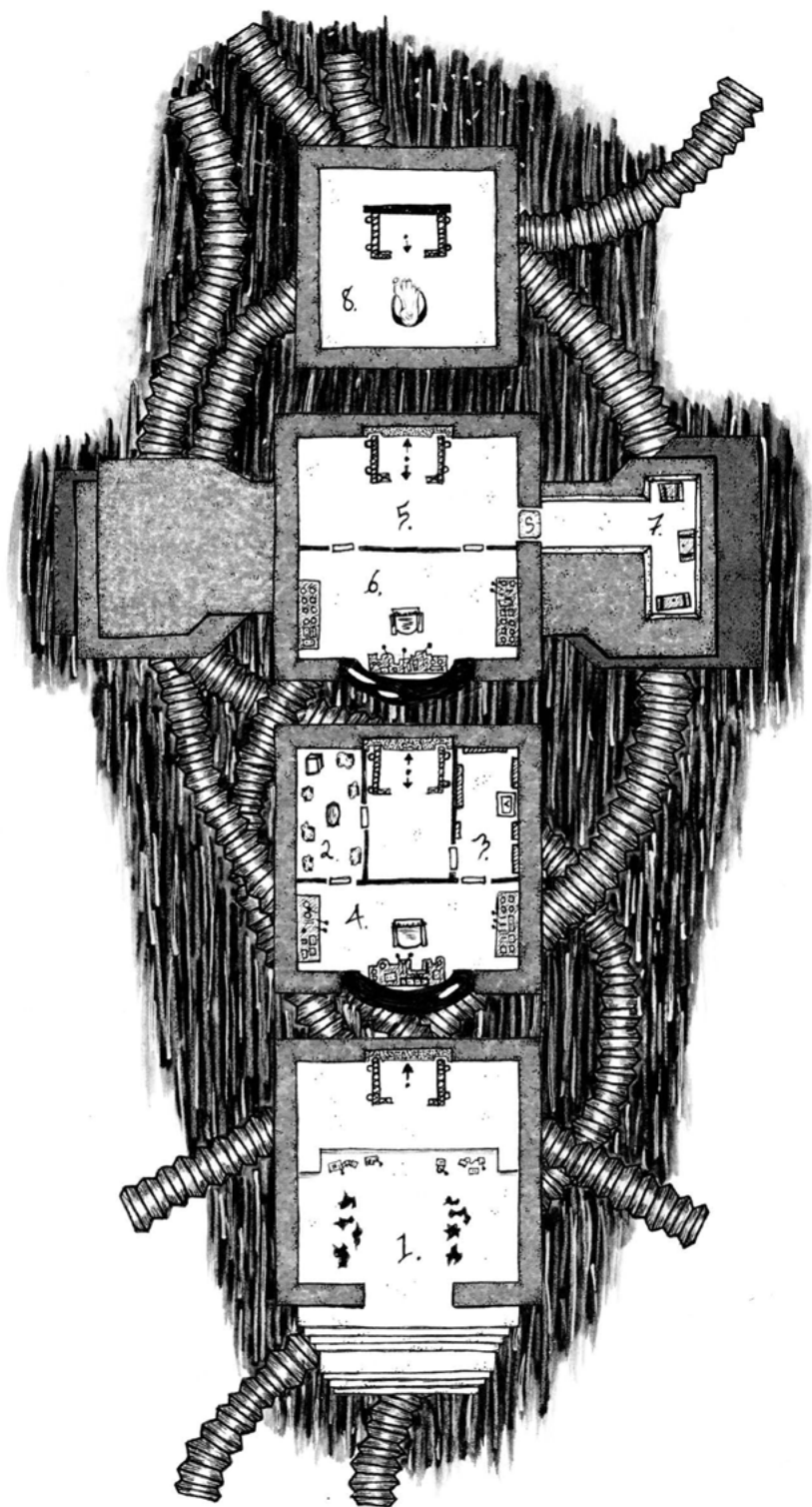
Energy Construct: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, ghostly weapons 1d6+2 x
100 XP, SA: XP drain, SD: only affected by magic weapons, XP: 47, p. 66

3. Orthodontic-Torture Gallery. Luridly painted wall murals composed of one-foot square panels depict close-ups of gaping mouths, each being carved, sliced, gouged, and seared by an array of elaborate thin chrome torture tools.

In a sealed, trapped glass case along the east wall is a heavy gold and ivory filigreed medal with human hair-ribbon inscribed “Best In Show: Vaxx Sabo. To the Adulation of All.” Shattering the case will break a small glass vial in its base, producing a 10-foot cloud of chlorine gas (save vs. poison or die, motherfucker). The medal is worth 2,500 gp.

4. Amplifier Lower Level. Gleaming metal machines with 70s-space-opera-film blinking lights and flashing dials run in banks along each wall. A low bench of featureless, black windowed instrument panels and machinery runs in front of a massive, bulging, black glass bay window. Sitting in a metal chair, wearing a metal skull cap connected to the ceiling by a flesh-like hose, is an **Eld Technician** in a work trance (and thus automatically surprised if not roused).





Placing the cap on a sentient creature's head will produce an enormous flush of psychic energy, requiring the wearer to save vs. spells. If unsuccessful, the poor character will become batshit crazy for 1d6 days. A character which successfully saves (if a magic caster or able to use psionics) is able to tap into the ley line energy being amplified, allowing her to memorize twice as many spells or powers for a day. The amplifier can be used repeatedly, but a save vs spells is required each time the cap is donned.

Eld Technician: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 6, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed shortsword 1d6+1, XP: 47, p. 65

5. Lift Room. Two bonegrinders guard the lift in this otherwise empty room.

Bonegrinders: AC: 5, HD: 6, Hp: 30, Attk: 1 (boneshard gun or swallow), 2d8 boneshard gun ((100-foot-long, foot-wide blast, all within save vs. breath weapon for half), 1d8 swallow whole (save vs. breath weapon to avoid being swallowed; swallowed victims take 1d6 dmg/round), must spend 1 round to brace for firing or to regain mobility, can expend boneshard ammunition to create 1d3 Ghuls, XP: 1070, p. 63

Ghuls: AC: 5, Hp: 13, HD: 3, Attk: 1 (weapon), bone sword 1d8+1, surprises on 1-3, XP: 65, p. 68

6. Amplifier Upper Level. This room is identical in almost every aspect to Room 4 above. **Chukk**, an Eld torture-aesthete, stands in front of the instrument panel, locked into a metal skullcap (connected to the ceiling by a flesh-like hose) and rapturously swaying his slender arms as if conducting a divine orchestra. Due to the depths of his trance, he is automatically surprised if attacked. Unhooking Chukk and smashing the glass panels in this room will end the torture of the Fifth God in Room 8 and cause the ear-shattering howls to end.

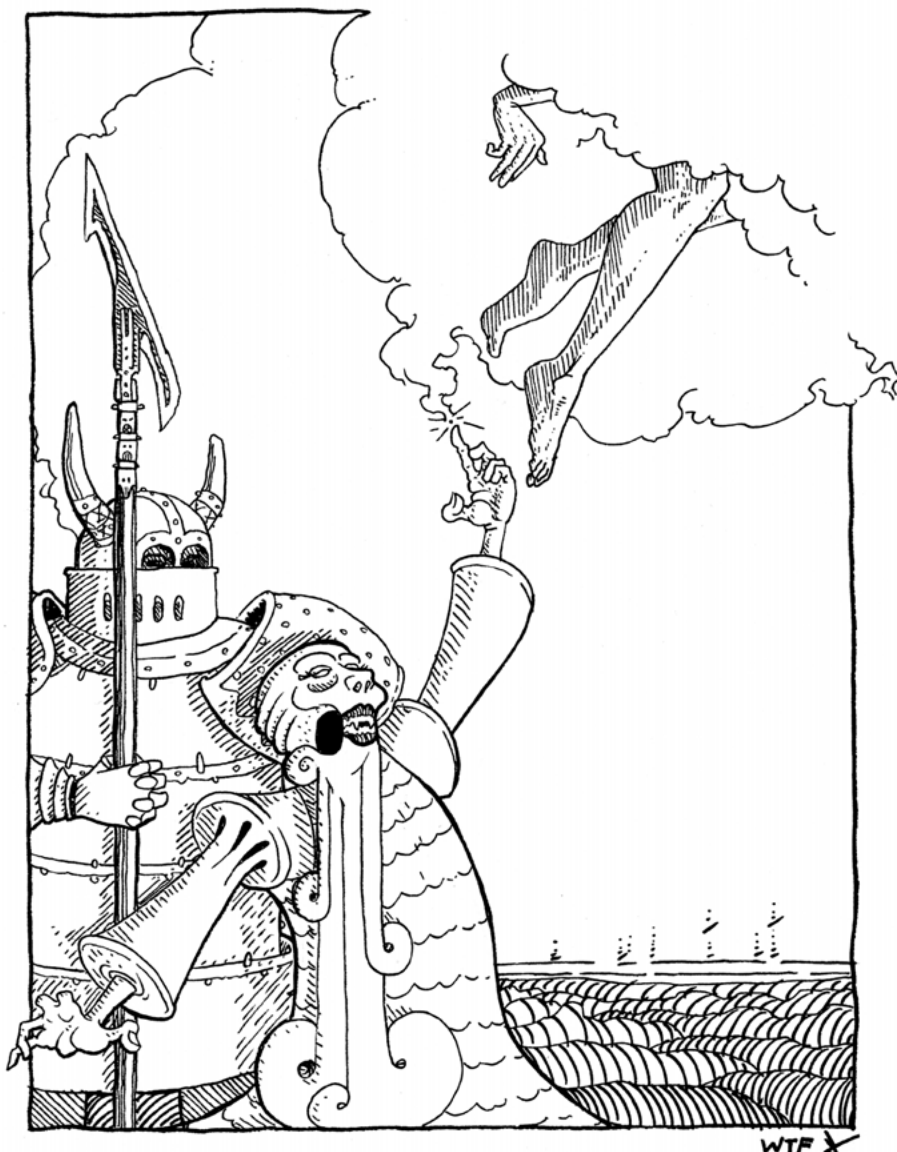
Chukk: AC: 3 ceramic plate, HD: 5, Hp: 25, Attk: 1 (weapon), pain-baton 1d8, save vs spells or suffer paralyzing pain for one round, XP: 350, p. 65

7. Secret Stashroom. A hidden tunnel connects the secret door in Room 6 to the right wing of the monument. Several large metal lockers contain contraband supplies: a control circlet (p. 89), 20 doses of gray lotus power (a powerful narcotic worth 50 gp a dose in an urban black market), three weirdly fluted tungsten smoking pipes (worth 50 gp each), a blastotube (p. 84), three antiorgone grenades (p. 84) and a stack of political tracts written in Eld advocating for the fiery ecstatic abandon of chaotic and evil demon-worship.

8. God-Jail. The lift opens onto a white tiled room with no ceiling. Instead, jarringly above an endless cosmic void twinkles with sad, distant stars, slow streaking comets and strangely disturbing nebulae. Dominating the center of the room and reaching up into the void is a high steel pillar covered with a profusion of metal hoses and machinery, Kirbyesque cosmic crackle erupting around it. On top of the pillar is a single large golden foot surrounded in a near-blinding nimbus of light. The foot is chained to the pillar's pedestal with slender silver chains. If the torture performance is not halted in Room 6, the foot will be squirming and dancing and the horrific screams of pain erupting from it (the energy crackle will further push back anyone attempted to scale the pillar). Once the performance has been halted the pillar may be scaled.

The silver chains which bind the golden foot negate all magical effects on contact (as per *Dispel Magic*, LL p. 22) but are rendered inert once removed from Monument 5 (though still worth 500 gp). These silver chains may be broken with a combined STR of 32, freeing the foot (which is the mysterious The One Leftover or Fifth God of Marlinko (*FDM* p. 37). If freed, the foot will sail off into the void but not before rewarding the party (including NPCs) with 2,000 XP each, and solemnly promising them a single divine favor while within the walls of Marlinko (its only domain).

The favor will be limited to what a god's foot could accomplish: the fervent, maybe literal asskicking of foes, punting boulders, stomping out fires, karate kicking walls, etc. Furthermore, the god is also a notorious flake, and will only show up to provide said favor 50% of the time. (If the foot flakes out, the favor is not used up, but the PCs will have to try another time.)



ADVENTURE SITE 2: ELD PLANTATION HOUSE

FIRST APPEARANCES

Set back among the long trellises of oversized fruit vines in Point 5 is a 60-foot-high concrete edifice, much like a rounded half-egg sitting on a squat, one story pedestal—the country estate of Sub-Colonel Zogg, the Eld commander on the island. A shallow, stagnant reflecting pool stretches out in front of it. Three smaller red bricked, bee hive-shaped buildings and a barrel arched longhouse huddle behind the structure.

INTERIOR CONDITIONS

The walls, floor and ceiling of the house's interior are covered in a spotlessly clean white tile. The typical dim blue lighting of most Eld structures is replaced by the harsh white glare of glass globes suspended every 10 feet from the ceiling, containing shriveled, dead-but-luminous fairies with sad, wilted wings.

1. Foyer. This high-ceilinged room extends upward into the second floor, providing balcony access to the salon 15 feet above (Room 11), giving an almost pleasurable open feel to the room. Heavy, uncomfortable, bulbous couches and divans festooned with garish orange and purple vinyl mar any architectural appeal. **Three Eld guards** are doubled over in laughter, congratulating themselves on their practical joke (see Room 7 for details).

Eld Guards: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 12, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres
1d8+1, XP: 47, p. 65

2. Dining Room. A 40-foot-long dinner table made from the pale pink, petrified tongue of some great beast dominates this room. Incongruously dainty stone chairs sculpted to look like flowery butter cups are arranged around it. Four abstractly designed, electrum and tungsten candelabras (worth 250 gp apiece) are arranged against the west wall on black marble pedestals.

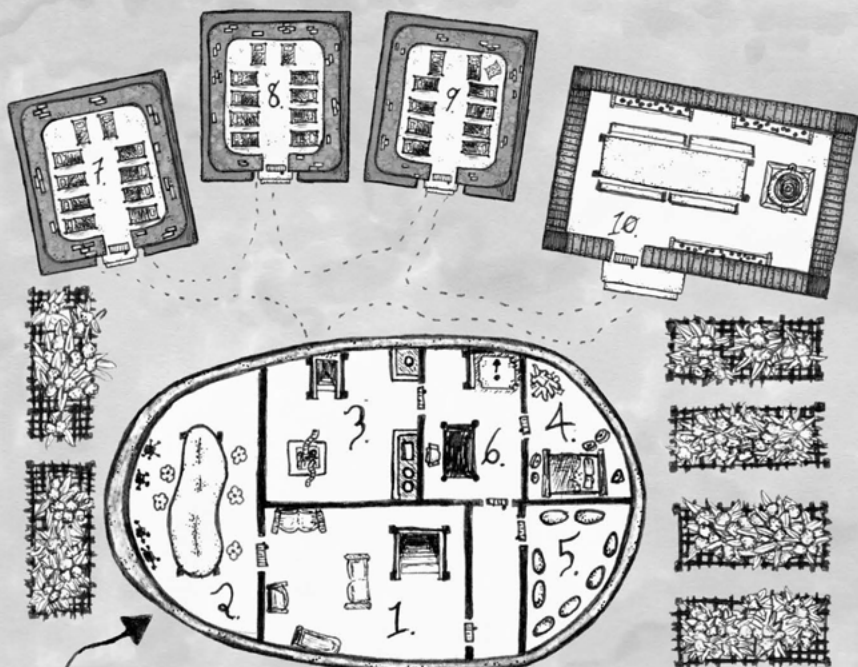
Five Eldmen are meticulously scrubbing the chairs in this room with gnome-hair toothbrushes.

Eldmen: AC: 7 light mesh, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed hand axe
1d6+1, XP: 10, p. 66

3. Kitchen. A large, gleaming metal box with fleshy hoses extrudes the putty-like, cotton candy tasting, protein mush that is a staple of the Eld diet. A more conventional kitchen with an open range and cutting stations is arranged in the eastern half of the room. With the master away, it is currently not in use.

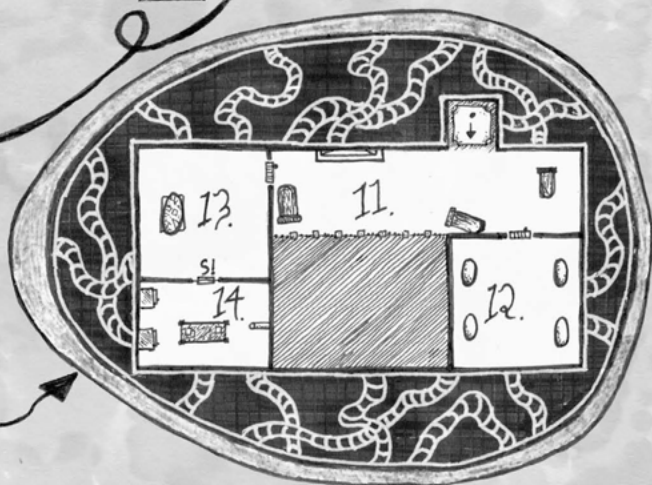
4. Boss Quarters. The heavy rancor of body odor hangs over this room. A queen-sized wooden sleeping platform is strewn with crusted protein gruel bowls and suspiciously soiled rags. Rank Eldman overseer jumpsuits are piled in a corner. In the pocket of one suit is an oversized electrum coin that has been rubbed clean of all features. The coin is a **magical luck coin** and will provide a +1 to all saving throws if rubbed in a free hand.

5. Eld Guard Quarters. Eight Eld egg-like sleep capsules are arranged against the walls here. The room is otherwise empty.



FLOOR ONE

FLOOR TWO



ELEVATION

6. Boss Office. Boss Hawgvkxs, an immense and hideously obese Eldman and resident overseer of the plantation, sits behind a cluttered, black volcanic glass desk. The boss is berating four Eldmen for petty hygiene infractions. (Despite the chastisement, the Eldmen will rally to attack any who menace the boss and the plantation.)

Boss Hawgvkxs: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 5, Hp: 26, Attk: 1 (weapon), Imploder Rod (p. 85), barbed hand axe 1d6+1, XP: 350.

Eldmen: AC: 7 light mesh, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed hand axe 1d6+1, XP: 10, p. 66

Immense stacks of plantation accounts rendered in triplicate with carbon paper lie on the desk, obscuring a solid gold paperweight (worth 100 gp) and a **Psi-Nullifier** (p. 88).

A lift runs up to the second floor from here.

7. Eldman Slave Quarters. This room is one of three identical beehive-shaped outbuildings. When first approached from the surrounding fields or through the back door of the main structure, the horrifically pained (and slightly muffled) sound of a hound baying will be heard emanating from a large, asbestos sack sitting on the doorstep.

Inside the sack is the Eld equivalent of a practical joke, a **Stygian Hound**. The dog is macabrely engulfed in an eternal blue flame but will obediently follow the party if released. Unless it is slain, the pitiful creature's incessant howling will increase the chance of a wandering monster by 2 on any d6 check. Furthermore, there is a 50% chance that the Stygian Hound will accidentally set fire to any combustible material within three feet.

Stygian Hound: AC: 7, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: none (touch deals 1d4 points flame), XP: nil, p. 71

Inside the building, 10 triple layered, wooden bunk beds line the room. Four off-duty Eldmen are attempting to shut out the baying with sand-filled pillows over their heads (and so are instantly surprised). In 1d6 hours, they will break down and stomp the creature to death with their boots.

Eldmen: AC: 9 unarmored, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed hand axe 1d6+1, XP: 10, p. 66

8. Eldman Slave Quarters. Identical to Room 7 above (but sans flaming dog). 1d8 Eldmen are resting here at any particular point.

Eldmen: AC: 9 unarmored, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed hand axe 1d6+1, XP: 10, p. 66

9. Eldman Slave Quarters. Identical to Room 7 in contents. Awkwardly wedged behind the northeastern corner bunk bed with a woolen blanket is a crude clay statue of Grandfather Tyger, the patron demon of an evil and chaotic Eld opposition sect. The Six Eldmen currently in Room 9 are all secret adherents of the cult and are led by Over-Captain Kliax (and thus may be temporarily friendly if the party has aligned with him). The Eldman have hidden two antiorgone grenades (p. 84) under a loose flagstone for use in any chaotic mischief.

Eldmen: AC: 7 light mesh, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed hand axe 1d6+1, XP: 10, p. 66

10. Fruit Preservation and Mess Hall. Ten Eldmen are taking their daily meal here at a long, bare, concrete table with matching benches. Steel racks holding 80 jars of vivid purple stim-jam line the walls. A massive, steel, boiling vat and empty glass jars dominate the back eastern half of the structure.

While vile tasting (an unwholesome, saccharine sweetness with a tarry aftertaste) stim-jam is both nourishing (a single jar can sustain a person for two days) and a powerful stimulant (add 30' to movement, +1 to hit and +1 to initiative for 8 hours). The jam does have the unfortunate side effect of producing insomnia, rapid speech, the desire to smack gum and hustle money off of friends. On the third (and each subsequent) meal of the jam, a save vs. spells is necessary to avoid addiction. Addiction will force the user to consume a jar every other day or face withdrawal (-1 to INT, WIS and CHA for each week away from the jam, down to a minimum of 3). *Dispel Magic*, *Remove Curse*, or *Cure Meth-Head* will break the addiction.

Eldmen: AC: 7 light mesh, HD: 1, Hp: 5, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed hand axe 1d6+1, XP: 10, p. 66

11. Salon. A long, white, shag-carpeted gallery with red velvet divans scattered around the room which are almost comfortable (unlike most Eld furniture). A large, gold framed, highly idealized painting of Sub-Colonel Zogg (a power-armored Eld Lord with a black tentacle arm and overdone heroic pose) sits in the middle of the north wall. The frame can be sold for 500 gp. To the south, a balcony with metal railing looks down on Room 1.

12. Eld Guest Quarters. Four sleeping eggs are arrayed here in the corners. The room is otherwise empty.

13. Zogg Quarters. A stylish, white sleeping egg with elaborate uranium geometric inlays and plush shag carpeting sits on a dais here. The secret door to the south is protected by a **modified blastogun trap** that pops out from a barely visible ceiling panel (noticeable only if the party looks up, 2d6 damage to any within 11 feet of the door, save vs breath weapons negates). Knocking on the secret door three times will disarm the trap.

14. Secret Office. This spartan room features a simple steel desk with tidly stacked papers. Two tall, locked metal cabinets sit against the western wall. A one-foot-long stainless steel pipe lined internally with rosy pink, flesh-like matter projects from the eastern wall.

Amongst the papers (bureaucratic minutiae) is a precise blueprint map of Zogg's bunker in the Pagoda City (p. 39) and the Eld memo (p. 8), naturally written in Eldish. The lefthand cabinet, boringly, contains more paperwork. The righthand cabinet contains a minor hoard of artifacts: a **razordisc gun** with a full magazine of 3 discs, a **Skin Suit**, and a **Crown of Eyes** (p. 85 - 88 for details).

Due to his high status, Zogg is granted the privilege of committing unspeakable acts on the fleshy pipe. *[The author followed this suggestive enough statement regarding Zogg and the pipe with an even more blatant and crude elaboration. We have spared your sensibilities.—The Editors]* His seed is teleported through the device to the Eld Overmind's Breed-Vats. The skin-like membrane is highly acidic and will burn any organic matter it touches other than Eld naughty bits.

Zogg (stats p. 12) will be here if he has fled his Command Bunker in Adventure Site 3 (see below).

ADVENTURE SITE 3: THE PAGODA CITY

FIRST APPEARANCES

From surrounding points this location will appear to be a compact but visually impressive city of massive, ancient, red granite, palatial structures fronted with thick, geometrically banded, columned arcades and gabled in verdigris-covered bronze roofs. The palaces are built side by side along six spacious, half-mile-long boulevards radiating from a large central square.

Soaring from the central square is a 160-foot-tall pagoda-like vertical structure. Pale porphyry cut in cylopean blocks—interspersed with black volcanic glass panels—runs up the sides of the tower. The exterior stone siding is a bewilderingly complicated display of slender spires, thick columns, semi-elliptical arches, elaborate corbels, and faux-balconies. The whole structure rests on a tall, square base of alternating white and black marble.

An empty stillness hangs over the city. Not a soul can be seen moving in the city and the only illumination cutting through the usual gloom of the Isles is a soft glow from the pagoda.

WHAT’S GOING ON HERE

Despite first appearances the city is in reality an empty shell, a showcase of architectural force designed to impress/bedazzle/intimidate lesser species—and to reassure Eld assigned to the Isles of their racial potency. Psychic budget limitations from the Eld Overmind limit the amount of Eld servitors that can exist in the mundane world; therefore, they make do with this Potemkin Village . . . for the time being, bwahaha.

On closer inspection each of the palaces fronting the boulevards are not just similarly styled but *completely* identical in design: 400 feet wide, 50 feet tall, windowless, with deeply weathered, bronze, double locked doors as entrances. Picking the locks, scaling the walls, or otherwise gaining a vertical vantage point reveals that each of the structures is nothing more than a movie set-like facade lacking even roofs and floors. *The LL is advised to consider handwaving the party’s explorations after the second or a third entry with “they all seem to be the same empty space” like statement.*

The Pagoda itself does harbor activity in the command bunker of the deeply paranoid Sub-Colonel Zogg and the upper tower-cone, a yet-to-be-constructed antiorgone particle accelerator designed to psychically pummel human settlements hundreds of miles away. The only visible entrances into the Pagoda are a single narrow staircase cut into the southern side of the square base and a bubblecar mooring platform near the tower top. A secret trapdoor to Room 16 is hidden among the flagstones on the plaza just to the west of the bunker.

As the city is empty when not in use as a showcase, roll no wandering monster checks while passing through it. Normal Eld patrol conditions do, however, apply here when Eld Alert Levels Two and Three are in effect (p. 14 - 15).

SUB-COLONEL ZOGG’S COMMAND BUNKER

BUNKER INTERIOR CONDITIONS

Internal lighting, flooring and other physical dress is nearly identical to the bare-bones industrial aesthetic of the Vat Complex (p. 46). Thick, nearly indestructible steel doors have been placed in key points throughout the complex and are designed to be swung closed and internally bolted by Zogg’s psychic attendant in Room 10 at a moment’s notice.



All steel bunkers doors will be bolted closed if the Eld are on Alert Level 2 or 3 (p. 14 - 15) or if the alarm is sounded in Room 3, 7, or 12. Once bolted, these doors can only be reopened by a Knock spell, moving the internal bolt through Telekinesis or other magic, or by using the control array in Room 10. No Eld will be surprised while the alarm is raised. Lockdown conditions remain in effect until a relief patrol of 3d6 Eld warriors arrives in 1d6 hours and Zogg is convinced that no threat exists.

There are no wandering monster checks inside the building. Eld stationed in the guardrooms will, however, investigate disturbances in nearby rooms or corridors unless the bunker is in lockdown.

1. Foyer. A meticulously swept, crimson-tiled open space sits at the top of the stairs. The east and west steel doors are closed (but not bolted) under normal conditions while the northern steel door stands invitingly open.

2. Entrance Trap. Extending the width of this 10-foot square is a pressure plate alarm trigger. If the alarm is set off a distant, muffled gong will be heard.

A tiny hieroglyphic inscription is carved right above the door, depicting three small fists striking a surface. The inscription, carved by oppositionists aligned with Over-Captain Kliax (p. 12), can only be found through close inspection.

1d6 rounds after activating the alarm, the eastern and western doors will be remotely bolted and the complex will enter lockdown. The door the party entered through will, however, remain unbolted until the party moves to open the fake doors at 2a and 2b. If either of those doors are touched, the entrance door will slam shut and bolt if the psychonaut in Room 10 is still alive. The door (damage resistance 30, 10 Hp) can be opened by quickly knocking three times on its center. If the trap is sprung, the 14 Eld warriors in Room 3 will mass just outside the door in the entry plaza, waiting to assault their foes.

If the party fails to escape the trap the LL may, according to her relative malevolence, allow for the party to make daily checks against their INT to spot the door code. Otherwise, the Eld will attempt to capture them after waiting 2d4 days (hoping the party will be sufficiently weakened by hunger and thirst). The assault will be led by the Room 3 warriors and reinforced by the guards from Room 7.

3. Enlisted Mess. Two long concrete tables set with steel bowls and human bone spoons run north-south here. A large, silver box with playdoh-like extruders dispenses protein gruel on the eastern wall. Fourteen Eld warriors are silently eating here, fatigued from working the triple shifts demanded of them by the martinet Zogg (2 in 6 surprise chance).

There is a 25% chance that one of the Eld holds a key to the lockers in Room 4 below.

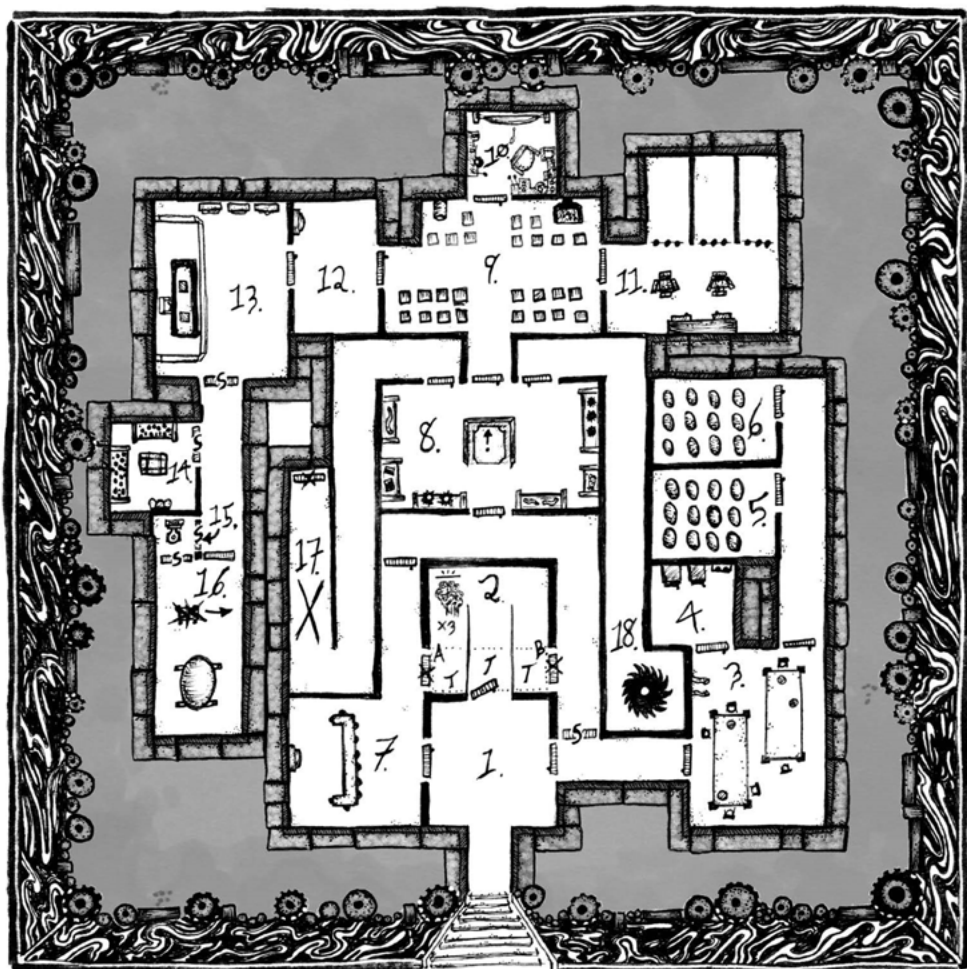
Eld Warriors: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 15, Attk: 1, d6+1 barbed shortswords, XP: 47, p. 65

4. Armory and Storage. The eastern half of the room is filled with Eld spare parts, dried protein mush, and other (not particularly valuable) goods. Along the northern wall are racks holding 20 Eldish polearms (1d10+1) and two locked steel cabinets containing 12 self-loading crossbows, 1,000 crossbow bolts, and four antiorgone grenades (Artifacts, p. 84).

5. Enlisted Quarters. 12 sleeping eggs are crammed into this room (the staff sleeps in shifts). There are currently 1d6 Eld resting here at any moment (who can be slain automatically while in their sleep trances).

Eld Warriors: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 15, Attk: 1, d6+1 barbed shortswords, XP: 47, p. 65

6. Enlisted Quarters. This room is identical to Room 5 above.



7. Outer Guardroom. A waist-high, concrete barrier runs 20 feet north-south 10 feet from the eastern wall.

Behind the barricade are six Eld guards and a guard-sergeant. They are on constant alert and can only be surprised by invisible characters. The guards will attempt to use the barricade to their advantage, tossing both of their antiorgone grenades (p. 84) at intruders while crouching to fully shield themselves from the grenade's 15-foot area of effect. The guard captain stationed near the northern end of the barricade (and outside the grenade blast) will attempt to open up on the party with a blastotube (p. 84). The barricade provides +2 to AC for those behind it.

In the first round of combat, one of the Eld guards will use their action to press a big, shiny, mauve button just behind the barrier. A muffled gong will be heard and the general alarm/lockdown will commence in 1d6 rounds.

Eld Warriors: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 15, Attk: 1 (weapon), barbed shortswords d6+1, XP: 47, p. 66

Eld Guard-Sergeant: AC: 3, HD: 4, Hp: 28, Attk: 1, blastotube 2d6 in 5' radius (p. 84) or vibroaxe d8+2, XP: 135, p. 66

8. Pagoda Lift and Parts Storage. Open steel shelves line the walls and are crammed full of oddly shaped vat-complex parts, organic tissue hoses, gears and small panels of black glass. A large lift runs upward from here and stops at two points: the floor of the pagoda above (currently just a vast and empty soaring shell) and the rooftop cupola (which harbors a bubble car landing spot).

9. Secretarial Pool. A cacophony of urgent staccato typing sounds and hooting can be heard emanating from this room even before the door is opened.

Inside, chained to white-metal desks, sit 30 tiny, purple furred, four eyed pseudo-monkeys with metal skullcaps fused into their shaved heads, madly punching away at typewriters. Two lumbering Vat Giant pages dimly circle the room with steel push carts collecting typed memos, putting a quarter of them either into the foot-wide steel tube protruding at an angle from the northern wall (which teleports paperwork to the Eld Overmind) or, more frequently, into an open incinerator in the northeastern corner.

The monkeys will not fight even if attacked, instead continuing to hammer at their typewriters. The Vat Giants will attack anyone they do not recognize, hurling their carts at intruders first and then rushing in to attack with large steel file binders.

Pseudo-Monkey Typists: AC 9, HD 1-1, Hp: 1, Attk: 0, XP: 0

Vat Giant Pages: AC: 5 hide, HD: 8, Hp: 35, Attk: 1, 2d6+5 thrown metal cart, d3+5 steel binders, XP: 560, p. 73

10. Psychic Array. The door leading into this room is locked. This room is crammed tight with hoses and instrument arrays, all centered around a high backed metal chair with wide dial-covered arms. The northern wall is taken up by an enormous brass alarm gong (which will sound if the alarm is raised anywhere in the complex). The massive bulk of a severed, mummified giant's arm clenching a mallet protrudes from the floor just in front of the gong (the striking mechanism).

Slumped into the chair in a perpetual trance is a painfully emaciated Eld psychonaut, Uxv the Hij, with a face so deformed and cramped that it appears to have partially imploded. Three hoses lead directly into his skull. Uxv can telepathically communicate with any Eld on the Isle (with the exception of the psychonaut in the Golden Silo, who must initiate contact himself). He holds no other power and will not physically resist attack (though he will desperately signal all in the complex for relief).

Uxv the Hij: AC: 9 unarmored, 5th level psychonaut, Hp: 10, Attk: 0, XP: 200, p. 65

11. Torture Recreation and Cells. A gleaming, lovingly polished steel cabinet is centered on the southern wall. Two adjustable chairs, much like those found in a modern dentist's office, are bolted to the center of the floor. There are three holding cells with metal, grated doors to the north. All three will be empty, unless a PC or hireling has been captured by the Eld (or if the LL needs a convenient place to introduce a new PC).

The cabinet contains an array of ominous, plastic, slender-shafted cones (with retractable barbs, hooks and blades), cheese grater-like skin removers, metal tongs, hand drills, scalpels and transcribed interviews of Serious Artists expounding on the virtues of their work.

12. Inner Guardroom. Six handpicked Eld warriors are alert and at attention here at all times. A big shiny alarm button is mounted on the western wall.

Eld Handpicked Guards: AC: 3 ceramic plate, HD: 4, Hp: 28, Attk: 1, vibro-axe d8+2, XP: 80, p. 65

13. Inner Sanctum. A high, raised, red marble dais along the western wall dominates the room. A relatively spartan (though immense) desk sits on the platform. Man sized, amber-looking blocks have been erected along the northern wall, each encasing a number of shriveled human notables including a shirtless, coral necklaced, dark haired, pouty faced man in ultra-tight leather pants; a golden skinned, elderly gentleman in the richly embroidered robe of an orthodox cleric; a chubby, balding, bearded fellow in a Sumerian-like kilt; and an obese bureaucrat in the robe and pig-mask of a Kezmaroki autarch.

There is a 65% chance that Zogg is sitting at his desk (the remainder of the time he will be leisurely taking his time in the secret toilet in Room 15). Zogg sits resplendently in his elaborate, embossed ceramic plate armor. Slender, black tentacles hang from his prosthetic left arm, while a heavy razordisc gun is strapped to his right wrist.

Three Eldman pages are always present, lying face down on the floor with their arms spread wide in supplication before the dais, chanting bureaucratic reports and ritual praise alternately. A random Eld NPC leader (roll on the chart, p. 9) will also be on hand. Two small mahogany boxes carved with leering faces sit on the desk. Inside the lowerbox's plush, velvet-lined interior lie two braids of long black (and magical) hair, the **Mustache of Grappling**. The upper box contains **two cerebral boreworms** (beloved pets of Zogg). A small crystal bowl containing dried brain flakes (boreworm food) and a delicate spoon sits next to the box.

Sub-Colonel Zogg: AC: 0 ceramic plate + DEX bonus, HD: 10, Hp: 70, Attk: 2 (weapon and tentacle-arm), razordisc gun 1d12 (decapitates on natural 20, 6 discs, p. 85), tentacle arm 2d6 (plus 1d6 acid for 1d3 subsequent rounds, spellcasting automatically fails), 4x antiorgone grenades (p. 84), XP: 2,400, p. 12

Eld Leader: Roll on chart, p. 9.

Eldman Pages: AC: 7, HD: 2, Hp: 12, Attk: 1 (weapon), Eldish sabres 1d8+1, XP: 20, p. 66

Cerebral Boreworms: AC 9, HD: 0, Hp: 1, Attk: 1, burrow 1d2, XP: 6, p. 64

14. Treasury. An immense, locked, bolted-down steel chest sits here. Shelving runs along the north and west walls holding 140 jars of Eldman stim-jam (p. 38), a dainty porcelain tea set with a cloying bulldog motif (worth 500 gold pieces), and a collection of gold plated fondue forks (worth 300 gold pieces). A handsome, comfortably cushioned, ivory sedan chair, the **Sedan of Opulent Luxury** (p. 88) is nestled against the southern wall.

Inside the metal chest are tidy compartments containing:

- 6,200 gold pieces (bribe money, in varying human-minted coins appropriate to the region).
- 32,300 silver pieces (also of varying mintage).
- 2,000 copper pieces stuffed into a rat-fleece sock.
- 20 large polished and copper veined pieces of jasper (also called the Throves of Vigbrand) worth 60 gp each.



15. Forbidden Water Closet. A gold-plated toilet sits inside this secret alcove. A handsome, black wood side table next to it houses a pile of illustrated Eld landscape-domination magazines and double-ply nymph-skin toilet paper. An armor rack hangs on the wall.

As noted on p. 46, the Eld consider themselves too superior of a race to defecate or urinate. However rank has its privileges, even for death penalty infractions. As such, this secret room houses Zogg's most closely guarded secret. Though difficult to remove (1d4 turns) and bulky (40 pounds and encumbering in its awkwardness), the toilet is worth 2000 gold pieces.

If Zogg is here taking his "me time," he will be aware of anyone who is not magically silenced entering into Room 16 and will wait for them to leave, hoping to prepare a surprise ambush from behind for any intruders or to escape in the secret tunnel in Room 16 if he appears to be greatly overpowered. It will take him 1d4+1 rounds to don his armor.

16. Zogg Bedchambers. A massive, shag carpet-lined, gilded sleeping egg sits here collecting dust (Zogg never sleeps due to his steady consumption of stimulant-jam). A waist-high, black iron sculpture composed of severe looking, razor sharp blades sits on a pedestal. The pedestal, which is on small rollers, can be rotated to reveal a secret trap door. This trap door reveals a small escape tunnel which leads to a hidden surface exit to the west of the bunker. If Zogg escapes from this tunnel out of the bunker, he will make his way to his secret office in the Plantation House (p. 35).

17. Gelatinous Cube Trap. At the northern end of this corridor is another false door. When the door is touched, two large ceiling panels (the hinges of which are visible on a 1 in 6 chance if the party is looking up as they pass by), marked by the X on the map, swing open, dumping a Gelatinous Cube that will fill and block the corridor.

Gelatinous Cube: AC: 8, HD: 4, Hp: 30, Attk: 1, 2d4 plus paralyze, XP: 245,
LL p. 76

18. Unfinished Trap. A massive, unattached buzzsaw blade and a pile of gears and widgets sit in the corner here. Zogg is totally going to get around to finishing it one of these days. Maybe Vizlkix Day, when he has some time off.

ADVENTURE SITE 4: THE VAT COMPLEX

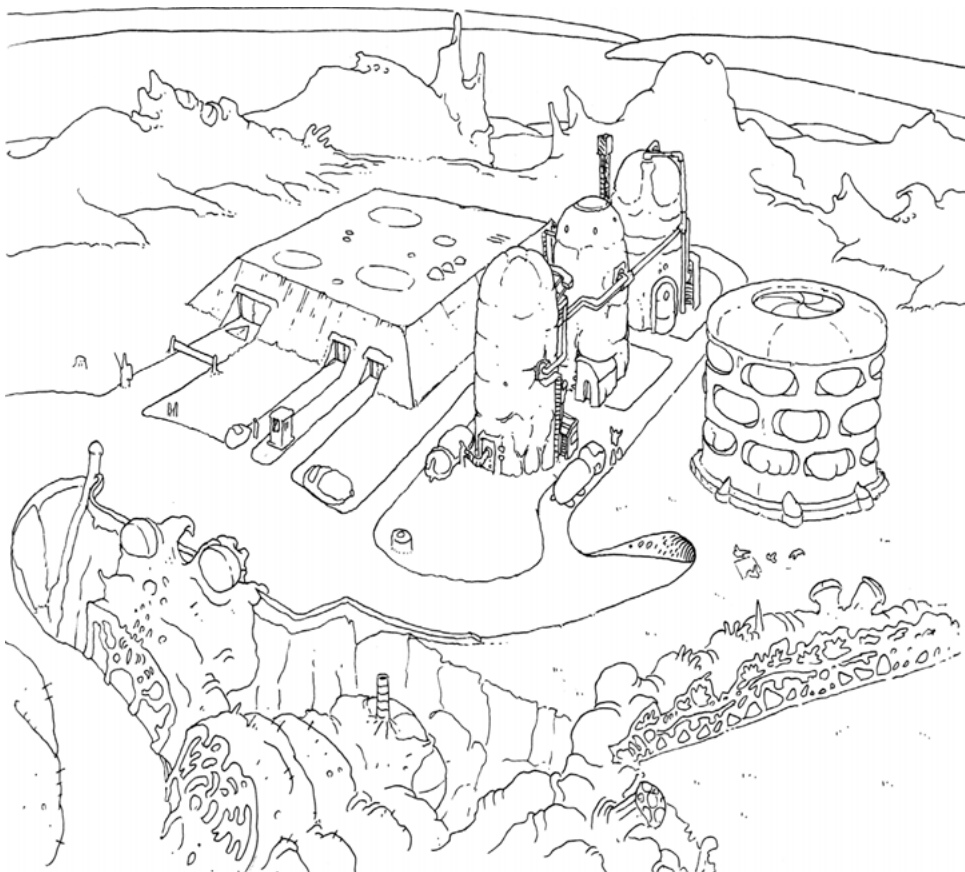
FIRST APPEARANCES

The main Eld vat complex for the Isles has the ugly, brutally functional appearance of a half-buried concrete bunker surrounded by three gleaming white metal silos—and a larger metallic “panopticon” tower.

Three staircases leading down through the southern side of the complex are the only obvious entrances. Close study of the alkali soil at the top of the staircase will reveal obvious heavy traffic around the staircase to Room 1 from the boots of the Eld and their servants, but no recent disturbances to those leading to Rooms 2 and 3 (these have been abandoned by the Eld themselves due to the quarantine of the western half of the complex).

The flat roof is easily accessible by scrambling up the sloping sides of the complex, although the bunker lacks any rooftop access points. Because the roof is so clearly visible from the tower, wandering monsters have a 3 in 6 chance to arrive each turn the party spends exploring it.

No bathrooms exist in the complex. The Eld refuse to pass waste as a matter of principled contempt for natural biological function. (The Vatmen, however, surreptitiously urinate into the vats when not supervised.)



WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THIS PLACE?

The Vat Complex is a small “bio-transmogrification plant,” an Eld euphemism for the melting and reconfiguration of the body matter and soul energy of subservient or conquered sophonts for a variety of practical functions, many horrifying banal (grub-food, meat cloning, building materials, decorative soap dishes, anti-erotic toys and the like).

Fifteen years before the section of the Cold Hell that is the Isles (and the Complex which stood on it) was moved into this reality, the facility suffered from what has been euphemistically referred to as “The Incident.” The corpse of a small human child melting in Vat 3 was, to the terrible inconvenience—and soon fiery oblivion—of the Vatmen working the vat, discovered to be harboring Bav, a potent demonic parasite from the rival Hot Hell. The released being gorged itself on the entire shift before rampaging through the complex. Though unable to defeat the quickly-growing demon, through a variety of stratagems and great loss of life the local Eld garrison managed to contain and quarantine the demon—at the cost of the western side of the complex.



This uneasy status quo remains in effect as the scenario begins.

THE PRODUCTION PROCESS

Raw materials—i.e. the bodies and souls of sentient beings—are fed into the eponymous vats. Bodies are dumped from a corpse warehouse pocket plane (described in Lower Level Room 4) into chutes that lead to Lower Level Rooms 1-3.

Inside the vats, corpses are slowly melted down by microscopic devils (in maroon togas and silver hairnets) wielding tiny flaming khopeshes over a period of 24-48 hours. Soul juice (a tangible milky liquid) is slowly extracted from lamprey-mouthed hoses set into the vat walls, then sent to Lower Level Room 6 for processing into spirit-fuel for Eld bubblecars.

Corpse gore begins settling out after the soul matter is siphoned with vigorous stirring from Vatmen working on the walkways with their long vat hooks. The yellowish globs gradually coalesce into three skimmable layers: the top five feet being that of the most venal and thus lightest of souls (thieves, hucksters, publishers, etc), the second and largest being the bulk and a small “premium” level of exceptionally talented or ethical souls being burned on the bottom.

Thick, lamprey-mouthed hoses suck out globs from each layer and send them along chutes to the die-casting and molding room in Lower Level Room 5. Individual pieces are assembled on a human hand conveyor belt and then dumped into a vat-goods inventory pocket plane in Lower Level Room 8.

And that, kids, is the magic of vat production!

WANDERING CRITTERS

Wandering monsters are rolled on the following chart when the party is in the Eastern Half of the Complex or on the roof of the bunker. The Western Half is abandoned, shunned by the Eld and their servants, and as such will be devoid of wandering monsters even if the seals are broken and the doors wide open.

There is a limited supply of wandering monsters in the complex. As they are encountered and defeated reduce their number accordingly from the roster below.

- 30 Vatmen
- 5 Vatman supervisors
- 3 Vat-Giants
- 10 Eld technicians
- 8 Eld soldiers

d8	ENCOUNTER
1	1d6 Mutated human “sucking devices,” will only fight to defend themselves. [AC: 9, HD: 1, Hp: 4, Attk: 1, suction mouths 1d3, XP: 10]
2	2d4 Vatman work crew [AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, cleaver d4+1, XP: 20, p. 73]
3	Vatman supervisor [AC: 6, HD: 4, Hp: 21, Attk: 2, barbed whips d6/d6 (save vs. paralysis 1d4 rounds on hit), XP: 190, p. 73] and 1d6 Vatmen [AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, cleaver d4+1, XP: 20, p. 73]
4	1d2 Vat-Giants [AC: 5, HD: 8, Hp: 35, Attk: 1, club 2d8, XP: 560, p. 73]
5	1d8 Eld technicians [AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 9, Attk: 1, barbed short sword d6+1, XP: 47, p. 65]
6	2d4 Eld security patrol [AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 9, Attk: 1, polearm d10+1, XP: 47, p. 65]
7	Eld sub-altern [AC: 3, HD: 4, Hp: 22, Attk: 1, vibroaxe d8+2, XP: 135, p. 65] and 1d8 Eld warriors [AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 9, Attk: 1, polearm d10+1, XP: 47, p. 65]
8	Moans and other auditory emanations.

SPECIAL INTERIOR CONDITIONS

Lighting

Small, glowing, hemispherical domes with swirling sky blue gas are spaced every 10 feet through the complex, illuminating it enough to not limit line of sight. Smashing the fragile glass domes renders the gas inert, ruining the lighting effect.

Valve Doors

Doors in the complex (unless otherwise noted) are valved metal pressure doors with a single spinning opening wheel in the center (appearing much like those from WW2-era submarines). Parties who have explored the Golden Barge (*SUD* p. 20) will recognize these doors as being identical. These doors are soundproof, but may on occasion (1 in 4 chance) be rusty, forcing an Open Doors check. The resulting horrendous grinding noise causes an instant wandering monster check.



EASTERN HALF OF THE COMPLEX (SITE KEY)

1. Main Entrance. The staircase leads down through the sloping sides of the bunker into a small open air vestibule.

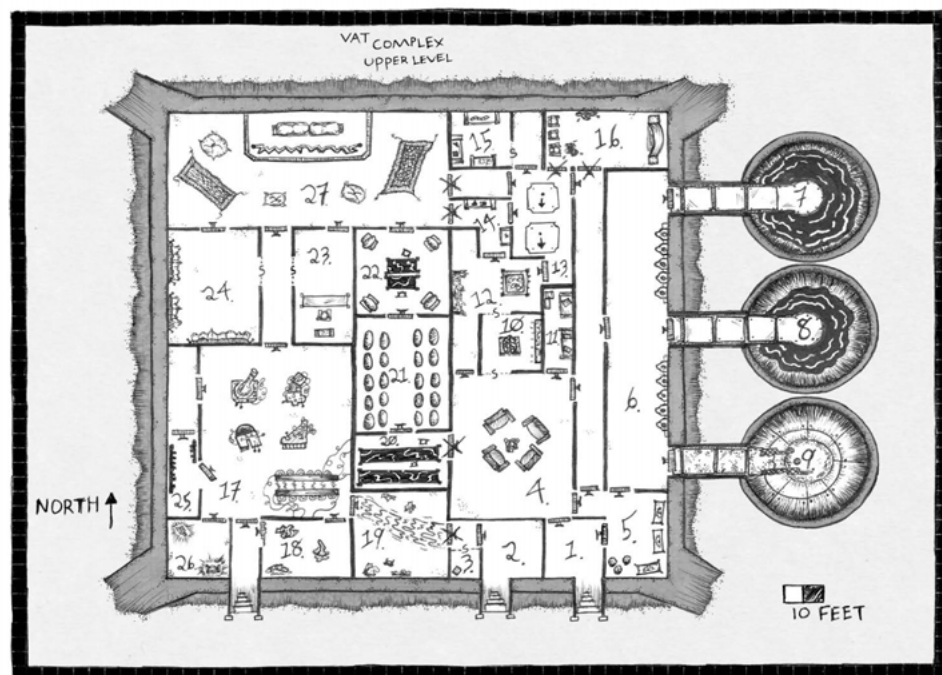
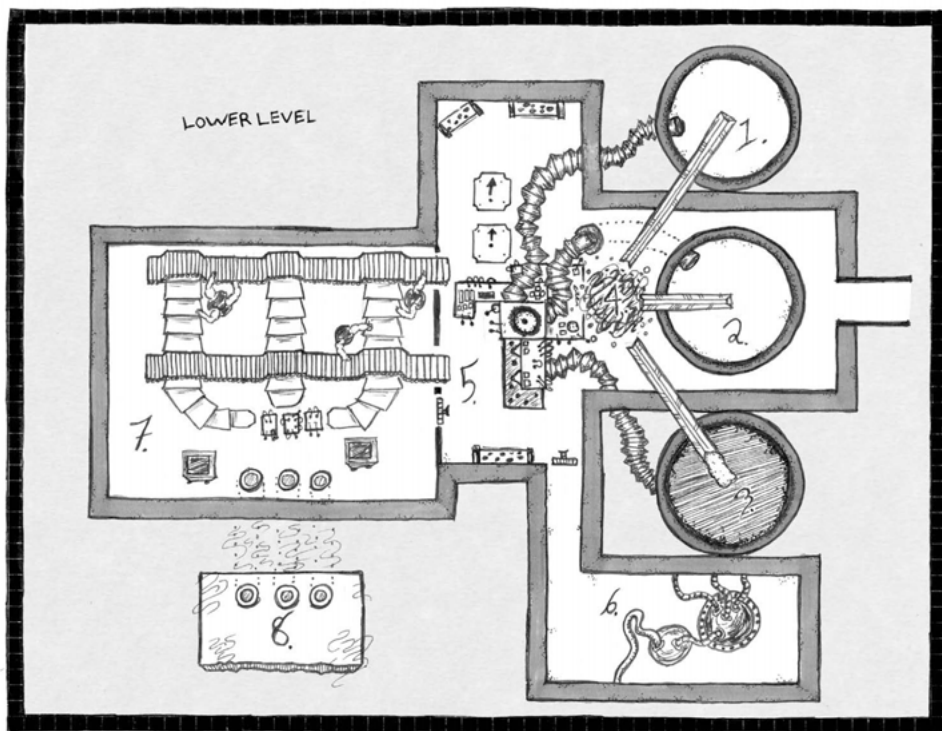
2. Secondary Entrance. Identical to that in Room One above. Fewer tracks will be visible from this entrance.

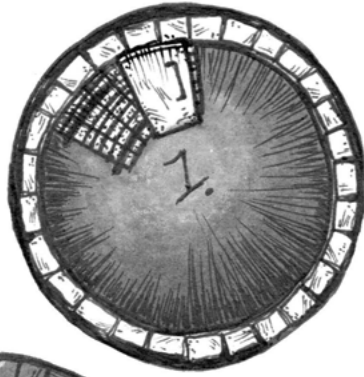
3. Secret Alcove. A **trapped secret panel** sits on the southern wall of this short corridor hiding a small alcove. A thin copper wire runs just inside the lip of the panel door. Unless disarmed, the trap issues an electric charge that arcs wildly. All inside a 10-foot cube in front of the panel will take 3d6 damage (save vs breath weapons for half). Inside are three slender, strangely bulbous (at the business end) maces made of a greenish-tinted steel (1d6+1/+2 against extra-planar and demonic creatures, excluding the Eld and their servitors) and a small metal chest containing 12 silver bars (worth 100 gp each). The door to the west is welded shut and impassable.

4. Assembly Room. Intensely uncomfortable steel couches are arranged in a circle in the middle of the room. Dead center in the ceiling is a 10 by 10-foot hemispherical projection of the target world that the party plays on (Zěm, in the case of the original campaign, is portrayed as a massive turtle carrying the half-dome of the heavens on a land-mass-covered flat plate). A small pillar with glowing bubbles embedded in its surface allows the viewer to rotate the projection by turning the various bubbles. Though otherwise empty, there is an increased chance of encountering wandering monsters in this room (2 in 6). The door to the west is welded shut, and cannot be opened except through magical means.

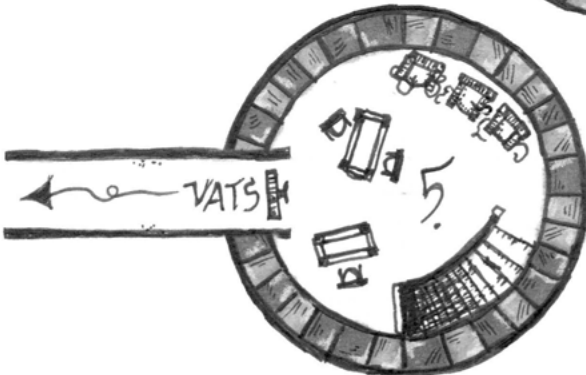
5. Gore Prep. Stainless steel work tables surround the walls which have six diamond-tipped band saws built into them (useless when removed but easy to operate and capable of cutting through most any non-magical material; worth 200 gp each to a collector). Meticulously cleaning specks of blood off the tables with tiny wet wipes are four Vatmen. Next to the Vatmen are 3 steel buckets filled with chunks of gore from a largish humanoid (perhaps an ogre). Strange, vaguely gynecological-looking metal instruments are arrayed in wall sockets (worth 500 gp if sold to an eccentric collector).

Vatmen: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, cleaver d4+1, XP: 20, p. 73

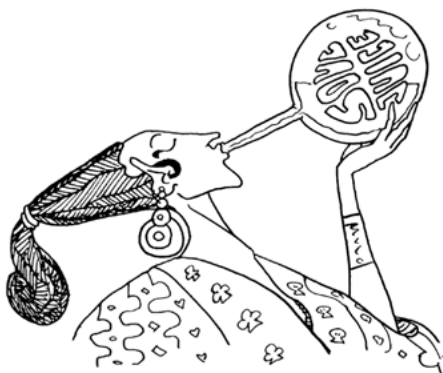




GOLDEN
SILO



6. Soul-Juice Drainage. This long, white tiled chamber is dominated by gleaming, metal, urinal-like fountains dribbling a thin, pink fluid from the tops into small reservoirs (before draining into Lower Level Room 6). Consuming the Soul Juice will fill the imbiber with trace amounts of the highly confused and distraught souls of the vat corpses; save vs. poison to avoid becoming hopelessly and permanently batshit insane (minus a *Remove Curse* spell). Extra-thick steel valve doors open into the vat rooms.



7. Vat 1. An exposed metal walkway (with no safety rail) juts out from here into the silo-like vat structure. The gut wrenching smell of death hangs on the uncomfortably hot and humid air. A concrete dome stretches above to a height of 20 feet while vat gore bobbles roughly 12 feet below the walkway (and extends to a depth of 30 feet). Five sleep-deprived, cranky Vatmen—deep into their 203rd consecutive double-shift—are working here breaking up tough globs of gore with 20-foot-long retractable hook/cutting poles (like modern-day tree trimmers, worth 20 gp). They will attack if disturbed.

Vatmen: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, hook-pole d6+1, XP: 20, p. 73

The top five feet of goo are intensely uncomfortable and will deal 1d4 damage every third round to any character immersed into it. Should a PC dive further into the vat goo they will find it extremely hot, causing 1d4 damage each round and drowning anyone foolish enough to stay down there for more than 4 rounds.

8. Vat 2. Identical to Room 7 above, though there are currently only two Vatmen working here.

Vatmen: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, hook-pole d6+1, XP: 20, p. 73

9. Vat 3. The door into this vat is locked. The walkway is twisted and burnt and the silo is completely empty, exposing the bare concrete floor 30 feet below.

10. Program Management. A large silver box sits in the middle of this room. Dead center in the top of the box is a large brain floating in a light-green briny jar. A dramatic profusion of small hoses extends from the jar into the box. Two Vatmen supervisors (not terribly bright creatures) stand transfixed reminding themselves about the Vat Complex production process by reading a colorful, cheerful wall-mosaic abstractly depicting the production chain in detail.

The brain micromanages the complex production process. Destroying it (AC: 4, Hp: 20) will halt the assembly lines and machinery on the lower level (the vats and extra-planar chutes operate autonomously and will not be affected). It will take the Eld roughly 1d6 turns to notice the disruption, after which the alert level on the Isles will be raised by 1 (p. 13). A work party of 2d4 Eld technicians (drawn from the wandering monster pool) will attempt to replace the brain with a back-up in 1d8 hours and, if allowed to do so, will immediately start production again.

Vatmen: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, cleavers d4+1, XP: 20, p. 73

11. Supply Room. Shiny metal cartons arranged on floor-to-ceiling shelves hold Eld office supplies: human-skin dot matrix paper, fingernail paper clips, squid-like fountain pens, sharpened humanoid-bone pencils, hand-sized abacuses with congealed fat balls, and countless, endless reams of blank bureaucratic forms with triplicate carbon paper. Roll once on the Random Eld Artifact Table (p. 92) each turn for searches (up to three such searches can be made).

12. Eld Rec Room. A couch made of shellacked human priests runs along the west wall. A glass topped table dominates the center of the room. The table contains one-inch-tall lump headed humanoids (wearing competing red and black jerseys) aligned on either side and a child-faced ladybug (“the ball”) sitting in the middle. Small buttons on either side of the table shock the figures into action, quite often ending with their deaths for no apparently noticeable reason. The bug-ball never moves nor is touched by the humanoids and no scoring seems to be in effect.

13. Power Lifts. Two 10 by 10-foot platforms extend down to the Lower Level from here. A floor pedal on each lift operates them (Eld and Vat Supervisors can also psychically summon them to rise or lower). There is an increased chance (2 in 6) of wandering monsters in this room.

14. Storage. Industrial parts made from vat byproduct are arrayed here on open metal shelves. The parts will appear to be a uniform battleship gray though shaped in a range of cylinders, cones, squares and flattened disks. Strange-looking hard raised knobs, gear teeth, hose connection ports, sharp blades, flanges, and hinges pepper the parts in wild, seemingly impractical combinations.

15. Storage. Identical to Room 14 above. Two spare Tubes of Inguement (p. 86) have rolled under one of the shelves and will be easily found if moved.

16. Gate and “Gate”. Both doors leading into this room are locked and sealed with lead to contain the creature inside. Three high backed metal chairs lined up against the western wall contain the slumped over remains of Eld psychonauts slain in the Incident while in telepathic trances. Standing dead center in the room is a humanoid shaped creature that seems to be entirely composed of a starry void. The creature, an Eld transformed by a psychic surge (while operating the portal below), is batshit insane and will attack anyone who enters the room. The eastern wall is taken up by a silver arch containing a white glowing dimensional portal.

Sentient Gate: AC: 4, HD: 8, Hp: 48, Attk: 1, 2d4 touch, gate effect (save vs spells or be teleported elsewhere), all objects within 10’ drawn towards gate, wielder of nonmagical weapon striking gate must save vs spells or weapon is lost, p.70

The portal leads to the a small artificial island on a sea of sulfuric-like, hot pink acid on Zëm’s reddish moon. The World Turtle humping the four quarter sections of Zëm dramatically and massively rises on the horizon (naturally, the LL can substitute a satellite of her choice). The isle contains a single wide plaza surmounted by a 100-foot-wide semi-translucent golden dome. A single locked metal door leads into the dome and is opened by a slender red control rod (foot-long slender rods used to open doors and gates, to be placed in treasure hauls elsewhere in your campaign). Details of the dome are left to the druthers of the LL.

WESTERN HALF OF THE COMPLEX (MORE SITE KEY!)

The exterior entry valve door is locked and sealed in lead, an (easily breakable) ward against the demon and ghosts inside.

17. Machine Room. Four bulky pieces of Eld high-tech hardware take up the center of the room. A burnt out, 20-foot-long, generator-like machine with great copper coils (10 total, each weighing 50 pounds and worth 50 gold pieces to a coppersmith or Detroit-area salvage company) sits in the southeast corner. A giant, featureless globe sits in a square, low vat of long crusted human fat in the southeast, while a blasted, twisted, heavy six by six-foot cube sits in the southwest.

The only functional (though also malfunctioning) piece is a large “force cannon,” a heavy-bored artillery piece that appears much like a souped-up version of a clown-shooting circus cannon on a 360 degree pivoting platform. A character must roll under their INT on 4d6 to operate the cannon. The cannon will automatically hit anything it is fired at, dealing a whopping 10d6 damage (significantly, it can penetrate the magical resistance of Bav). The gun’s recoil is highly dangerous (having lost its gyro-stabilizers in the mad melee of the Incident). The firing character (who must be in contact with the hand plate on the back end) must roll under their DEX on 4d6 or take 1d8 hp damage. The gun will tremble and whine ominously, with a 10% cumulative chance after the first shot that it will partially explode, rendering it inoperable and causing 4d6 shrapnel damage to all within 20 feet. The gun is a foot too wide to fit through the exterior doors of the complex.

18. Burnt Out Roomage. The door leading into this room is partially melted and the entire room is burned floor to ceiling black from fire damage. Melted lumps of machinery dot the floor.

19. Wreckage. Broken shards of uncomfortable Eld furniture line the north and south walls and seem to have been pushed aside by a large creature. A long hardened slime trail leads from the welded eastern door to the west door.

20. Mess Hall. Long, black, marble tables run the length of this room. Bowls of now-fossilized protein gruel sit half eaten on the table. Three crystal decanters of greenish wine (aged with trace hints of soul juice, berries and tar) sit on the table (worth 200 gp each).

21. Barracks. Twenty white, egg-like sleeping capsules are lined in rows here. All but one of the eggs is empty. The last contains **Kriikx, an Eld technician in a healing trance** who was not awoken during the Incident.

It is conceivable that a wily party could trick this Rip Van Winkle character into aiding them. He is proficient enough to be able to repair minor damage to Eld equipment in the Vat Complex. He carries a plasma welder which is able to



weld shut doors in 1d6 rounds and may be used as a weapon in combat (it only carries 12 rounds worth of fuel). Kriikx can repair minor damage in the complex, such as a single broken machine, in 1d6 turns.

Kriikx, Eld Technician: AC: 5 silver mesh, HD: 2, Hp: 7, Attk: 1 (weapon), d12 plasma welder, XP: 47, p. 65

22. Officer Barracks. Four plushly-carpeted sleep eggs sit in each corner. Two black marble desks sit back to back in the middle of this room and the psychic remnants of three Eld officers play gnome-bone dominoes around them. They will become irritated and attack if the party moves within 15 feet of them but otherwise will continue to play. The desks contain an Imploder Rod (p. 85), two Antiorgone Grenades (p. 84) and two printed booklets of Eld torture porn.

Eld Officer Psy-Remnants: AC: 2, HD: 6, Hp: 20, Attk: 1, 1d8 ghost touch, SA level drain, XP: 1070, as *Spectre* (LL, p. 96)

23. Payroll and Eldish Resources. The door to this room is locked and trapped. A small pressure plate will set off a sprinkler-like device above, spraying acid on all in the 10-foot cube in front of the door for 1d6 damage/round for three rounds unless neutralized with urine or alcohol.

The room itself is dominated by a long, spartan steel desk. Behind it sits a thin-bodied, metallic Eldish Resources robot with a featureless, vaguely feminine white porcelain face. The robot immediately asks the party “grievances?” in Eldish and then cycles through languages (including Common) asking the same terse question. Any answer that can be even vaguely construed as negative will be met with an immediate force blast from the bot.

Eldish Resources Bot: AC: 3, HD: 5, Hp: 26, Attk: 1, 2d6 force blast, XP: 350

Behind the desk is a locked white-metal chest containing a large pile of one-inch plastic chits, Eld “company scrip” (incredibly light and worth the equivalent of 75,000 gold pieces, but only of value to the Eld).

24. Chamber of Mother. White sheets nailed to the walls billow ominously upon the party’s approach. Standing in the center of this room is a tall, pale, woman-like ghost who is sobbing and groaning inconsolably. A former (male) Eld commander’s spirit force has been drafted by Bav’s powerful id into playing the grieving mother. She will attack any who cross the threshold of the room with a vengeance but will not leave the chamber otherwise.

Eld mommy ghost: AC: 0, HD: 7, Hp: 25, Attk: 1, d8 chill touch, SA keening (save vs. death), fear, XP: 1490, as *Groaning Spirit* (AEC p. 128).

25. Weapons Locker. The door into this room is ajar. Racks line the walls, empty except for one in the southwestern corner which contains two suits of white-enameled Eld ceramic plate armor (p. 90) and a stun rod.

26. Ruined Room. Blasted, charred furniture litters this room. Inexplicably, the door shows no damage and is closed. An Eld skeleton whose rib cage is splattered with molten gold is slumped against the wall (worth 300 gp as a macabre art piece).

27. Audience Chamber. A richly carpeted room with small, plush pillows strewn around, much as if a massive pillow fight had occurred. A four-foot-high dais rises against the north wall with a delicately paneled, pale green jade and copper screen running along its southern border, cutting off all view of the platform from the entrance doors. The screen takes three turns to dismantle. Each of the screen's three panels weigh 250 pounds and are worth 2,000 gp.

Reclining on two large divans behind the jade screen is **Bav**, a morbidly obese, slow moving, acne infested demon who speaks with a high, creepstastic child's voice. He will entreat the party to "come play" behind the curtain in an obviously sinister tone. Despite his entreaties, Bav (unsurprisingly) is utterly malicious and homicidally single minded. He will actively pursue the party and do his utmost to destroy them. If the party manages to shake him (Bav is very slow), the demon will rampage in the immediate area for 1d4 hours, killing any creature he sees before returning to this room.

Bav, Demon of the Hot Hell: AC: -2, HD: 9, Hp: 70, Attk: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite), 1d3/1d3 claws, 4d4 bite, SA *Darkness Globe* (AEC p. 60), *Detect Invisibility* (LL p. 30), *Fear* (AEC p. 60), *Levitate* (LL p. 33) and *Telekinesis* (300 lbs, LL p. 40), moves at 60' only, XP: 3100, as *Demon, Hezrou* (AEC p. 111).

Stuffed under the divans is the amassed loot of the western complex: 3,000 large heavy silver crescent coins (worth 9,000 gp to a coin collector of means), ugly glass sculptures inexplicably worth 600 gp, "third-eye drops" (a small vial of a liquid that can be used to memorize an additional 1st or 2nd level spell for a day if dabbed into the eyes, three doses) and the **Magnificent Hand of Burnoos the Birddog**, a rhinestone flecked magical gauntlet that can replace a severed hand (performing the full range of functions of a normal limb), but is locked in an index pointing position when at rest. Every third day the user can cast *Locate Object* (AEC p. 62).

GOLDEN SILO

This 80-foot-high silo-like tower is mounted by a retractable, golden, shimmering dome. Internally, the silo rooms are sided and floored with silvery metal. Blue dome lights (similar to those found in the main complex, p. 46) illuminate the interior.

1. Silo Roof. A three-foot-wide catwalk rings the silo dome roof. A single, hopelessly bored Eld guard walks the circuit of the causeway. The dome can only be opened from Silo Room 2.

Eld Guard: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 10, Attk: 1, d6+1 self-loading crossbow, d6+1 barbed short sword, XP: 47, p. 65

2. Control Pod. This small alcove is filled floor to ceiling with hoses, instrument panels and boxes with madly blinking lights. Sitting in a squat control chair with a metal skull cap (attached to the boxes by numerous hoses) is Traffic-Control-Führer Xixn'ose, a blind psychonaut. The preoccupied psychic will only become aware of the party 1d3 rounds after their entry. The bubblecars in Room 3 and the globe roof in Room 1 can only be used if Xixn'ose is defeated and the skullcap's function mastered (requiring a roll under their INT on 5d6).



Traffic-Control-Führer Xixn'ose: AC: 3, 5th level psychonaut, Hp: 22, wicked dagger d4+1, -2 to hit due to blindness, Powers: Hypnotrancifier, Affected Appotation, Surface Skim, Antiorasm, Mindreceiver, Master Mindfuckery, XP: 350, p. 65

3. Bubblecar Hangar. Three Eld bubblecars (p. 91) hang two feet above the ground here. Large 8-foot plastic tanks filled with soul juice fuel are arrayed along the walls between racks of vat-product spare parts. Six Eld technicians are pretending to work on the vehicles, but are actually elaborately belittling each other through a series of cutting jokes.

Eld Technicians: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, plasma welder 1d12, XP: 47, p. 65

4. Eld Barracks. Twenty egg-shaped sleep capsules are arrayed here. 1d8 Eld technicians will be sleeping at any time of day.

Eld Technicians: AC: 5, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, barbed short sword d6+1, XP: 47, p. 65

5. Pilot Break Room. Uncomfortable couches jostle for space with a protein gruel auto-dispenser (looks like a giant ketchup pump), formica-topped mess tables, and three testosterone injectors: chair devices with robotic, syringe-tipped arms that inject a dose of Eld hormones (two doses total in each). The hormones add +2 to STR and DEX for 1d6 hours, and induce super-macho behavior in those injected, causing them to randomly punch items/people, call people by terse, manly nicknames (like "chief"), and mansplain known facts in great detail to those around them. At the end of the jag, the injectee will suffer 1d4 hit points damage from the gut wrenching, deflating hangover.



LOWER LEVEL

1. Lower Vat 1 Service. A low, concrete domed roof rises to a height of seven feet. A steel ladder is bolted into the center of the floor and extends to a metal maintenance trapdoor in the ceiling. The trapdoor opens into a 3-foot-wide chute that slopes to the west toward a shimmering energy field (an extradimensional portal entering into Lower Level Room 4). The eastern end of the chute is a one-way magic barrier which leads directly into the the vat of Upper Level Room 7.

There is a 1 in 6 chance per round spent in the chute that a frozen corpse will come hurtling down it; all characters in the chute must roll under their DEX on 4d6 to avoid being swept through the magic barrier and into the vat. The vat goo is intensely hot and will cause 1d4 damage each round spent in the middle or bottom (and drowning any character foolish enough to stay down there in 5 rounds). The top five feet of goo, while intensely uncomfortable, only deal 1d4 damage every third round.

2. Lower Vat 2 Service. Identical to that of Lower Level Room 1.

3. Lower Vat 3 Service. Identical to that of Lower Level Room 1 with the notable exception that the trap door is warped and can only be forced with an open doors check. The eastern part of the chute ends in poured concrete and no corpses will be thrown through.

4. Corpse Pocket Planet. The three chutes leading from the Lower Vat rooms open up into what appears to be an outdoor space: a misty, freezing cold plain covered with a light sprinkling of unpleasantly gray, depressing snow. Rigid corpses are tied off into 15-foot cordons and stacked like firewood. This space is, in fact, a tiny, spherical planetoid five miles in diameter suspended with a pocket plane. The planetoid's surface is covered with piles of the dead which are stored here until being unceremoniously dumped down the chutes and into the vats. The planet's small size creates two odd effects: first, the horizon appears uncomfortably close (about a quarter-mile) and second, walking in a straight line for five miles will bring the PCs back to their starting point.

Moaning in the stacks, half-frozen and near death is English poet and literary critic **Samuel Taylor Coleridge**. Suffering from opium withdrawal, he believes himself to have died and has no recollection of how he ended up here. Clutched in his frost-covered hand is a delicate porcelain tea cup (worth 50 gp) containing two fried eggs sprinkled with crushed cayenne. Unless aided, he will die in 1d6 hours from hypothermia.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge: AC: 9, 0-level human, Hp: 1, XP: 0

Two overworked and depressed **Ice Devils** are stacking corpses and will occasionally toss bodies down the chutes. They will defend themselves if attacked, but will otherwise ignore the party. One of the devils carries a Freezinator (see p. 86) in a zipped plastic tote-bag.

Ice Devils: AC: -4, HD: 11, Hp: 45, Attk: 4 (2 claws, mandibles, tail), 1d4/1d4/1d4/3d4, SA *Detect Invisibility* (AEC p. 60), *Detect Magic* (LL p. 30), *Fear* aura 10' radius (as *Fear*, AEC p. 62), *Fly* (LL p. 31), *Polymorph Self* (LL p. 36), *Wall of Ice* (LL p. 41), XP: 4,800, AEC p. 119

Once an hour, a black gate will appear 50 feet in the air above the center of the pocket plane and a pallet of fresh corpses will be dumped airlift-style.

5. Die-making and Moulding. The sound of grinding gears and wheezing bellows can be clearly heard upon approaching this room. Once inside, the industrial noises are near deafening and characters must shout to be heard.

This high-ceilinged room is dominated by a 25-foot-wide and tall pumping and molding machine straight out of Rube Goldberg's dreams. Foot-thick black hoses bring corpse goo from the vats and into a central floor-to-ceiling accordion-like machine (the source of the bellowing noise). The goo is pumped into a series of foot-wide moulds arrayed on a three-foot-high metal table which encircle the central machine. Extra moulds not in use are stacked on metal shelves along the walls.

A crew of 24 Vatmen manically remove pressed items and place them onto two grub-skin conveyor belts that run through the west wall into Lower Level Room 7. The noise and intensity of their work will allow a cautious party a 5 in 6 chance to sneak around them. Terrified of stopping the line and facing the pain of supervisory torture, only a third of the Vatmen will attack intruders as the rest feverishly continue working.

Vatmen: AC: 6, HD: 2, Hp: 8, Attk: 1, cleaver d4+1, XP: 20, p. 73

6. Soul-Juice Refinery. This room is dominated by an intensely complicated glass and copper still 50 feet in diameter. Foot-thick hoses in the north wall feed soul-juice from the vats above into the still (where it is refined into bubblecar fuel). Once distilled, the fuel is pumped through an insulated metal pipeline into the southern wall (which ultimately leads to unseen storage tanks below). Violently rupturing the pipe (AC: 5, Hp: 6) or still (AC: 5, Hp: 20) will cause a 30-foot "psychic explosion" from the breakage point—an intense but invisible rippling sensation causing 2d6 damage and requiring a save versus breath weapons to avoid temporary insanity that will last 1d6 hours (LL determines exact affliction). Such a rupture will instantly alert the Eld in the Golden Silo and they will be on high alert.

On the plus side, the explosion will ruin soul fuel refining and ground all Eld bubblecars on the Isles in 48 hours (after fuel supplies dwindle). If left unmolested, 2d6 Eld technicians will be found repairing the mechanism for 1d3 days following the explosion, after which time the refinery will be back online.

7. Final Assembly. When the PCs enter this room they will be confronted with a surreal and complex factory scene. Eardrum-pounding industrial noises fill the room, creating a cacophony of abrasive and cartoonish sounds (such as great whoops and blaring horns). The din is so overwhelming that it causes a -2 to attacks and savings throws to anyone within.

Molded parts are fed from Lower Level Room 5 by two grub-hide conveyor belts which run east-west across the northern half of this room. Additionally, three perpendicular north-south assembly lines intersect with the east-west belts. At each intersection the belts are flanked by 8-foot-tall columnal machines from which a profusion of human arms emanate. These arms pick out industrial parts sent from Lower Level Room 5 and place them onto the north-south assembly lines. From there the molded parts are conveyed southward into a series of metal boxes positioned in the center of the room. These boxes, which are the source of the noise mentioned above, are comprised of a fantastic and bewildering array of pistons, translucent

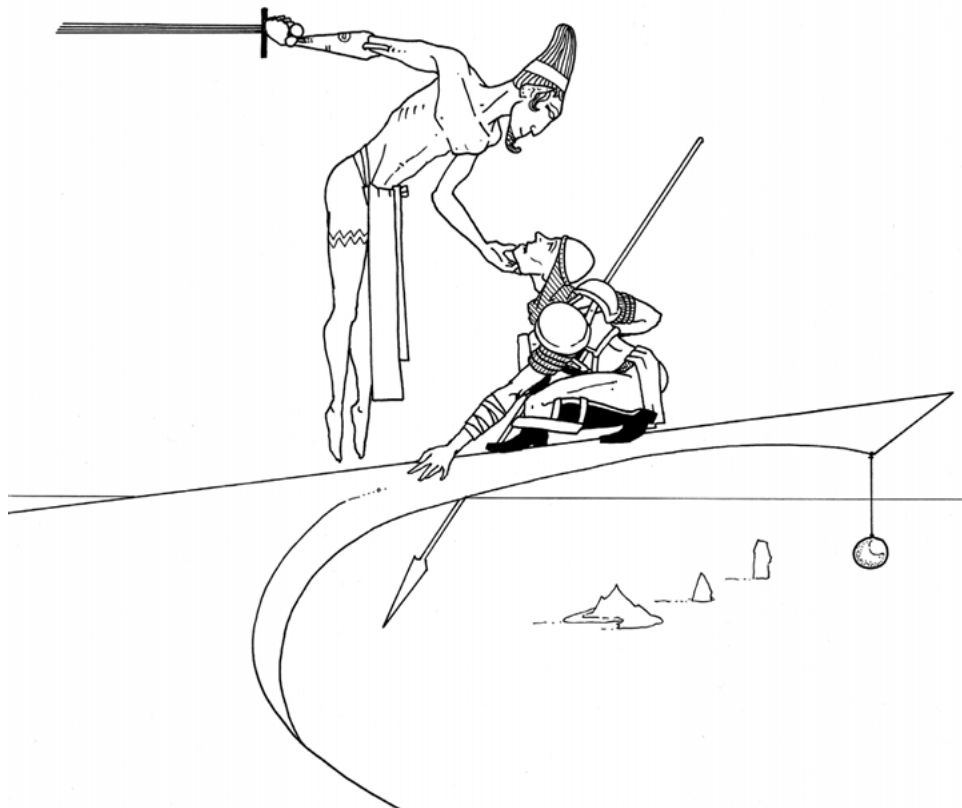
hoses, gears and sharp metal flanges. Within these boxes die cast parts are assembled into various Eld industrial products and fed into 10-foot-wide movable bins at the south end of the room.

Six specially-deafened vat giants move the bins to downward chutes set into the south wall. At the end of these chutes are extradimensional gates that connect to Lower Level Room 8. The giants will defend themselves only if attacked and have a 4 in 6 chance to be surprised.

Vat Giants: AC: 5, HD: 8, Hp: 25, Attk: 1, **giant metal monkeywrench 2d6**, XP: 560, p. 73

8. Inventory Pocket Plane. A flat, square shaped pocket plane that, for all intents and purposes, has the look of a concrete floored warehouse (with massive gray walls on the distant horizon stretching three miles in any direction). Miles and miles of vat complex products are tidily stacked here in cartons. Along the horizon-walls are shimmering, white extradimensional gates every 500 feet leading directly to the Eld home plane in the Cold Hell.

Five hundred Lemures (*AEC* p. 120) are moving and stacking cartons in a painfully slow, shuffling manner throughout the plane. They will not defend themselves even if attacked and will seem strangely (if passively) happy to be freed from a further eternity of work here. Experience points cannot be earned from such dull sport, however (you sadist).



ANTI-CHAOS INDEX

Slumbering Ursine Dunes and *Fever-Dreaming Marlanko* introduced the idea of modeling supernatural dynamism in the sandbox by use of a Chaos Index. As party actions triggered various events introducing chaos into the respective regions, the Index rose and created escalating weird events.

The Misty Isles have a similar escalation, but for entirely different reasons. The miserable murky reality that is the Isles at the beginning of the adventure is only held in place through tremendous psychic energy expenditures by the Eld. Disrupting Eld plans and sites on the Isles cause them to increasingly lose control. As that control is lost, the previous bucolic mythic wilds of the isles will start to reassert itself. Unlike in previous products, the Index here does not naturally move back toward zero, but is purely influenced by events as they occur in-game.

Events that move the Index closer to zero will reverse previous transformations and increasingly restore the region back to the conditions at the scenario's start.

INDEX TRIGGERS:

Each PC killed on the Isles -1

Each PC captured and tortured on the Isles -2 (as long as they are held captive)

Each time the Eld Overmind opens a gate and sends in reinforcements -2

Temporarily halting production at the Vat Complex +1

Permanently halting production at the Vat Complex +3

Freeing the Fifth God +4

Killing any named Eld leader 4HD and under +1

Killing any named Eld leader over 4HD +2

Killing Sub-Colonel Zogg +4

Clearing the Vat Complex or Pagoda City Bunker of all Eld +2



THE INDEX

ANTI-CHAOS SCORE	EFFECTS
1 and under (Scenario Start)	The Eld hold complete reality control over the Isles. Sites and forces appear as listed in the scenario descriptions.
2-4 Thaw	Outdoor temperatures rise to around 55 degrees Fahrenheit. The hanging pre-dawn gloom will lighten slightly but noticeably. There is a 10% chance at each point on the pointcrawl that small, fledgling patches of new grass will be seen poking their way through the wasteland soil.
5-9 Springtime	Temperatures will rise to 60 degrees and feel almost pleasant. Grass and small bushes will be seen taking hold in all outdoor points.
10-13 Full Bloom	<p>The alkali wastes will now be covered in light, airy woods with little undergrowth. Eld on the Isles will become noticeably languid and sickly (having 2/3rds of their listed hit points).</p> <p>Monument Five (p. 29) will begin to sink, losing 10 feet of altitude an hour before slamming into the ground with a loud thud.</p> <p>The Eld ruins in Point 13 will suddenly transform into a gaily-painted stone temple dedicated to Velesh, the Old Pahr pagan god of cattle, wealth, and sorcery (or substitute a borderline benign deity of your own choosing). While unmanned by clergy, the Eld will avoid it out of fear, providing the party a safe haven on the Isles.</p>
14 and up (Transformation)	<p>The grub ridges grow massive, miles-long steely cocoons. In 1d3 days the cocoons crack open simultaneously in ear-shattering avalanches. Quarter-mile-wide gossamer moths burst forthin a richly saturated, hyper vivid profusion of day-glo oranges, yellows and blood reds. Wildly hooting and hollering are tiny, bearded, old pagan gods which ride the moths Slim Pickens-style as they ascend into the sky. Deeply wooded (but climbable) hills remain in the spaces where the grub ridges lain.</p> <p>Springs of slivoce (plum brandy) will begin bubbling up around the Vat Complex and Pagoda City sites and flow seaward in creeks toward the sea. Bushes covered in sweet kolache rolls bloom along the banks, and a riot of electric blue and canary wildflowers take crop in long fields.</p> <p>All Eld sites begin to disintegrate and will be reduced to empty shattered ruins in three weeks time. Any Eld on the island will attempt to converge on the Pagoda City plaza to evacuate into the Cold Hell. The Eld will abandon the Isles completely at this point.</p> <p>The surrounding mists dissipate immediately, allowing unrestricted passage for sea travelers. “Normal” monsters appearing in wooded areas will populate the Isles (choose an appropriate chart for wandering monsters). If SUD is used, Medved, Master of the Dunes, will send his minions to the Isles to preserve it from civilized exploitation (and thus can be encountered).</p>



APPENDIX A: BESTIARY

BONEGRINDER

No. Encountered	1 (1d2)
Alignment	Lawful (Evil)
Movement	60' (20")
Armor Class	5
Hit Dice	6
Attacks	1 (bone shards) / 1 (swallow whole)
Damage	2d8 / 1d8
Save	F5
Morale	7
Experience Points	1070
Hoard Class	XX + 2000 gp

A vat-born guard of Eldish construction, a Bonegrinder appears to be a massive, bloated face with tiny baby arms beneath the jowls. A Bonegrinder has an exoskeletal column of bone-ridges along its spine that terminate in a gatling gun-like configuration of bone atop its skull. The similarity is not simply cosmetic, as Bonegrinders can fire a stream of bone splinters and teeth in a 100' line (those caught in the line of fire may save vs breath weapons to take half damage).

Bonegrinders eat their victims whole and may attempt to swallow an opponent in melee range; the victim must save vs breath weapon to avoid being drawn into their gullet (which will inflict 1d6 damage / round). The skeletal remains of their victims are broken down into shards and stored in the gullet (acting as ammunition for the gatling-skull).

Additionally, Bonegrinders may spend a round to cough up 1d3 Ghuls to serve its whims; however, this consumes the Bonegrinder's reserves of ammunition and it cannot fire its gatling-skull without devouring another victim.

Capable of ponderous movement with a tongue-like rough muscle on its underside, the Bonegrinder cannot fire while mobile due to the tremendous recoil of their gatling-skulls. If caught while on the move, the Bonegrinder must spend one round driving spinal bone-spurs into the ground to brace itself. Similarly, the Bonegrinder's skeletal supports can be extricated from the earth over the course of a single round.

Bonegrinders are lazy and talkative creatures with a love for luxury, although a tad too self-congratulatory and over-convinced of their own cunning. Bonegrinders are cowardly and quick to anger if tricked or not treated with the proper deference; however, as long as the Bonegrinder believes it has the upper hand, it is happy to chat with its victims.

CEREBRAL BOREWORM	
No. Encountered	1 (1d3)
Alignment	Neutral
Movement	3' (1')
Armor Class	9
Hit Dice	1 Hp
Attacks	1
Damage	1d2 + burrow
Save	F1
Morale	7
Experience Points	6
Hoard Class	None

A semi-intelligent, three-inch maggot-like parasite with dozens of tiny centipede legs. Its miniscule pinkish head possesses the visage of an extremely aged man. When encountered in the wild, cerebral boreworms target sleeping humanoids, inching their way into the nasal cavity and onward into the brain. This is a painful process, inflicting 1-2 damage (Boreworms are incapable of attacking otherwise).

Once a cerebral boreworm has been implanted, the creature establishes a psychic rapport with its host, telepathically sharing its problem-solving skills and granting the host +2 INT. However, the boreworm may now influence its host's thoughts (able to cast *Suggestion*, *AEC* p. 78, once a week, no save). The common boreworm is a simple creature, caring for little beyond its host's continued survival and well-being, and will do little to interfere with their host's daily affairs. The one exception is in combat, for if the boreworm fails its Morale it will psychically flood the host with terror (treat as *Fear*, *AEC* p. 62).

The most dangerous boreworms, however, are those that have been bred by the Eld. Spies from the Cold Hells have trained these creatures to do their bidding, and an Eld-controlled boreworm will often be used to shape an unsuspecting victim to their will through their ability to implant *Suggestion*.



ELD, ANTI-CANTONAL

No. Encountered	1d10 (2d10x10)
Alignment	Lawful (Evil)
Movement	90' (30')
Armor Class	3-5
Hit Dice	2-6
Attacks	1 (weapon)
Damage	As weapon
Save	E2-E6
Morale	10
Experience Points	2HD: 47; 3HD: 95; 4HD: 245; 5HD: 550; 6HD: 1070
Hoard Class	XVIII

Hailing from beyond the Veil that hangs between our world and the dark, fell place where life runs on rigid iron rails along great and horrible paths of adventure, the Eld rule over vast estates piled high with tower-manses, monoliths, slave pens, protein vats and baroque, gargantuan, gleaming metal vessel-machines. Life in their home plane, the Cold Hell, is organized in rigid hierarchies leading up to the apex, the Overmind, a massive floating brain that created from the projected will of the Eld as a race. The Eld utilize strange hybrid technologies, often combining manipulated organic matter with industrial production cycles to create bizarre (yet perfectly tailored) mechanisms which are shockingly cruel in implication.

Physically, the Eld are lithe humanoids with pale-whitish skin, long backward-sloping skulls, delicate digits, and heights around seven feet. They also favor bright, single colors and enameled armor.

The Eld heavily favor long, ultra-slender sabres, short, nastily barbed stabbing swords, and elaborately flourished polearms. Expert craftsmanship gives such weapons +1 to damage. Groups over seven Eld have a 25% chance for one of the Eld to carry a piece of eldritch technology (p. 92). Groups over 15 have a 30% chance of being accompanied by a leader of 4 hit dice or 1st-3rd level psychonaut (p. 75).

All Eld are immune to the effects of sleep, charm, suggestion, and acid-based attacks.

ELDMEN

No. Encountered	1d8 (2d8)
Alignment	Lawful (Evil)
Movement	120' (40')
Armor Class	7
Hit Dice	1-2
Attacks	1
Damage	Weapon
Save	F1 or F2
Morale	8
Experience Points	10-20
Hoard Class	XIX

Human slaves that adore the Eld to the extent that they wear comical fake bulb heads in imitation of their masters. At the turn of each century, the Eld hold a traditional hunt festival in which they boil and eat arm-sized mollusks and sweep through remote human villages, shellacking the old and enslaving the very young—who are indoctrinated and raised as true Eldmen (or, if deemed unworthy, mutated into Vatmen).

ENERGY CONSTRUCT

No. Encountered	1d3 (1d6)
Alignment	Chaotic (Evil)
Movement	Fly 150' (50')
Armor Class	6
Hit Dice	2
Attacks	1
Damage	1d6+2 x 100 XP
Save	F3
Morale	9
Experience Points	47
Hoard Class	None (if bound to a Soul Cube) / XXI (unfettered)

Housed within the Soul Cube (p. 89) are the twisted spirits of the Eld's favorite victims which spend the majority of their days languishing within its confines in a state of anguish. These victims can be temporarily released, however, manifesting as twisted shades of pure psychic energy. While resembling their former selves, Energy-Constructs are distinctly inhuman, being translucent, floating three-dimensional apparitions.

Energy-Constructs are psychic vampires, draining the souls of any they touch (thus inflicting XP damage). Being immaterial, they can only be affected by spells and magic weapons, and if reduced to 0 Hp will dissipate, returning to their Soul Cube (which cannot project the Energy-Construct again for 24 hours).

Should a Soul Cube be destroyed, any Energy-Constructs that have manifested at the moment of destruction will persist, although they continually degrade, losing 1 Hp / day unless they consume an intelligent being's soul to maintain their integrity. Driven to a malicious insanity by their imprisonment, unfettered Energy-Constructs possess all of their intelligence but despise the living. Exceedingly rare are those Energy-Constructs that persist for any length of time beyond the destruction of a Soul Cube, though campfire tales of Energy Constructs grown fat on the souls of unwitting Eld are as popular as "Hook on the Bubblecar". Should such creatures exist, they could possess up to 6 HD and would add +1 to damage per additional HD.

FLESH BLOB

No. Encountered	1d6 (2d6)
Alignment	Chaotic (Evil)
Movement	120' (40')
Armor Class	6
Hit Dice	6/3/1
Attacks	1 (acid touch)
Damage	1d10, special
Save	F3
Morale	12
Experience Points	820
Hoard Class	XX

These creatures appear as amorphous blobs composed of peach and tan flesh strewn together with red gore and viscera. They will always be the largest size (6 hit dice) when first encountered and, if reduced to half their original hit points, will split into two three hit dice creatures (who will themselves divide into two one hit dice creatures (at half Hp) before finally expiring).

A successful hit by a flesh blob will secrete a corrosive acid on the affected target, producing 1d10 damage for 1d3 rounds unless measures are taken to neutralize it.

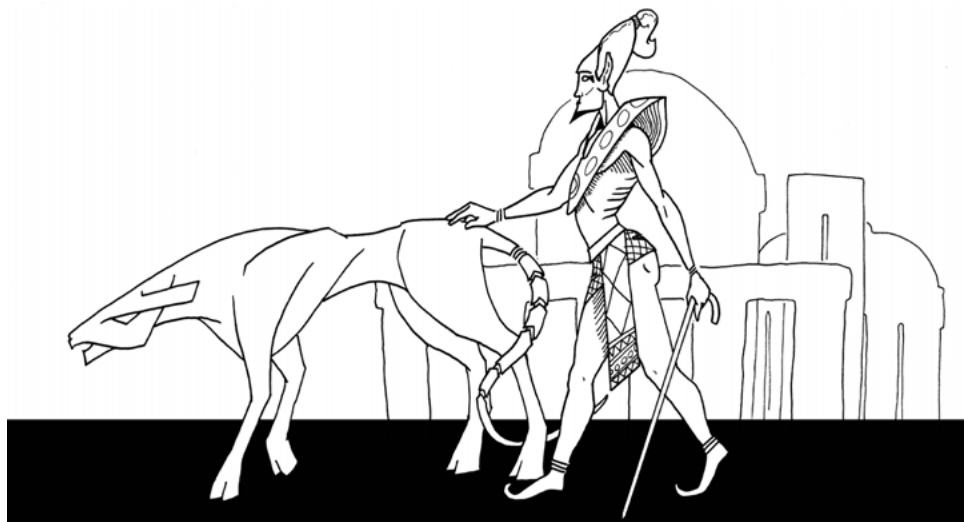
GHUL

No. Encountered	1d6 (5d6)
Alignment	Lawful (Evil)
Movement	90' (30')
Armor Class	5
Hit Dice	3
Attacks	1 (weapon)
Damage	As weapon +1
Save	F3
Morale	11
Experience Points	65
Hoard Class	XXI

Ghuls are a standard biomechanical servitor template used by the Eld. Despite appearing like dull pink skeletons, ghuls are not undead. Instead, Ghul flesh is wholly composed of a near-invisible translucent goo, leaving only their skeleton for others to view. Because of this translucence, they are nearly invisible if not in motion, and have a 3 in 6 chance to achieve surprise.

Though the Ghuls on the Isles are created entirely at the behest of Bonegrinders, they thoroughly detest their lazy, uncouth progenitors. Nevertheless, Ghuls birthed by the Bonegrinders are subservient to their creators and will defend them in combat (but are not above cutting remarks). All Ghuls believe themselves to be the practitioners of the Illuminated Doctrine of the Septuagint Anthropophagite (Authentic). By liberating (eating) human and demi-human males of their flesh—women are believed to be inherently too corrupted while hobbits are a delicious veal-like delicacy—they believe that they are making the Isles a spiritually uplifted place. Resistance is seen as a corrupted mental trick of the meat-demons and is dealt with by an upright and furious force. This practice is of course not extended to the Eld, although Ghuls have been known to cast covetous eyes towards the delectable flesh of their overlords upon occasion. For their part, the Eld make a point of deliberately ignoring Ghul religious beliefs (while repeatedly trying in vain to excise them from the Ghul creation process).

Ghuls are highly intelligent and are inordinately fond of debating amongst themselves and others the fine points of their doctrine—even in the midst of a forcible “liberation”. Once engaged in combat, Ghuls maintain a steady stream of locution about the urgency and inherent rightness of their doctrine until their dying breath.



MASOKOCHKA (MEATKITTY)

No. Encountered	1d4 (1d4)
Alignment	Neutral
Movement	210' (70')
Armor Class	5
Hit Dice	6
Attacks	3 (2 hooves, 1 bite)
Damage	1d3/1d3/1d12
Save	F3
Morale	9
Experience Points	570
Hoard Class	VI

Cloven hoofed, vaguely panther-like creatures with sharp, streamlined features. They are retained by the Eld as both pets and guard animals.

Their keen senses make them impossible to surprise, while their hunting instincts and reflexes give them a 3 in 6 chance to surprise their opponents.

SENTIENT GATE

No. Encountered	1
Alignment	Chaotic (Evil)
Movement	Fly 120' (40')
Armor Class	4
Hit Dice	8
Attacks	1 (touch)
Damage	2d4
Save	F7
Morale	10
Experience Points	2560
Hoard Class	XXII (magic items only)

A magical fluke, created when a permanent *Gate* spontaneously becomes self-aware, a Sentient Gate appears to be a humanoid shape comprised wholly of a starry void.

A Sentient Gate constantly draws objects towards itself like an open airlock, consuming everything within its path. All characters will be dragged 10' towards the Gate per round unless properly braced, and loose objects will be cast into the void. Further, all non-magical flames are extinguished in a 50' radius around the Gate, as the oxygen is drained from the area. Should the Sentient Gate touch a creature they will take 2d4 cold damage from exposure to the void, and must also save vs spells or be launched into space, emerging from a randomly-determined *Gate* elsewhere in the LL's campaign world. While the Gate is vulnerable to non-magical weapons, the wielder must save vs spell each attack or the weapon is lost forever (magic weapons are immune to this effect). When slain, a Sentient Gate will disgorge its Hoard; scholars posit that such treasures are kept in a personal pocket plane.

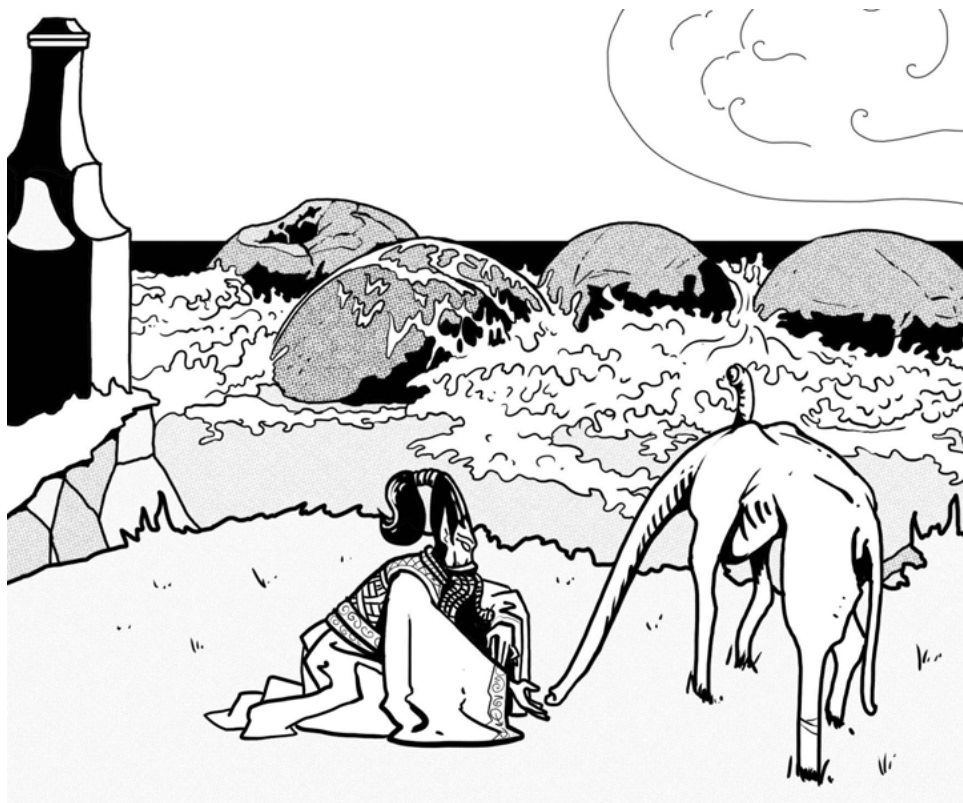
Sentient Gates possess an alien and dreadful intelligence, desiring the complete collapse of space and time. Often they will appear and perform seemingly unintelligible acts which further their bizarre agenda in an occult fashion.

STYGIAN HOUND

No. Encountered	1d6 (1d6)
Alignment	Neutral
Movement	120' (40')
Armor Class	7
Hit Dice	2
Attacks	None
Damage	1d4
Save	F1
Morale	6
Experience Points	29
Hoard Class	None

A hoary Eld practical joke akin to cow tipping, Stygian Hounds are a perfect example of their sadistic whimsy. Stygian Hounds are dogs which have been cursed so that they are perpetually aflame but are never consumed by the fire that engulfs them. In a state of endless, agonizing pain, flaming hounds are most often seen in flight, futilely attempting to escape their torment.

While not malicious creatures, Stygian Hounds are a hazard within the narrow confines of a dungeon as they unintentionally set everything they touch on fire. If a Hound rushes through an area, all creatures within 5' of the Hound must save vs breath weapon or take 1d6 fire damage; each Hound after the first adds +1 to the damage inflicted.



UGULAT

No. Encountered	2d6 (6d6)
Alignment	Lawful (Evil)
Movement	180' (60')
Armor Class	7
Hit Dice	1
Attacks	1, special (trample)
Damage	1d6
Save	F1
Morale	8
Experience Points	21
Hoard Class	None

Seemingly docile, chest-high, smooth skinned herd animals with long, shrivelled, trunk-like heads kept as beloved pets by the Eld. Despite appearances, Ugulats love nothing more than to trick and trample both servitors and enemies of the Eld alike.

When moving as a herd Ugulats will attempt to trample opponents in the first round they make contact. A successful hit will cause 1d12 damage and knock the character down.

VAT GIANT

No. Encountered	1d2 (1d6)
Alignment	Lawful (Evil)
Movement	120' (40')
Armor Class	5
Hit Dice	8
Attacks	1 (giant club)
Damage	2d8
Save	F4
Morale	10
Experience Points	560
Hoard Class	XX

Ten feet tall and covered in thick hair, these giants appear to be somewhere below the neanderthal in the evolutionary chain.

Vat Giants have silver mesh skullcaps embedded into the back of their heads. Through these devices, Eld technicians can remotely possess the enslaved giants in a five mile radius, seeing directly through their eyes. Forcible removal of the skull cup (roll under STR on 4d6) will instantly kill the poor creature. The skull cap, if removed and examined, will reveal six half-inch-wide, four-inch-long black tendrils wrapped around the lobes of the creature's brain. The caps may be sold to demented wizardly types and curio dealers for 100 gp a piece.

VATMEN

No. Encountered	2d6 (4d6)
Alignment	Lawful (Evil) to Neutral
Movement	120' (40')
Armor Class	6
Hit Dice	2
Attacks	1 (weapon) or horn
Damage	Weapon or d4
Save	F1
Morale	8
Experience Points	20 (normal) / 190 (straw boss)
Hoard Class	XIX

Vatmen are deformed and mutated human slaves of the Eld that are too lowly to be considered for Eldman status. They appear to be covered in a black, vinyl-like material that only exposes their pallid human faces. A single short horn extends from their forehead which oddly expresses the Vatman's current emotional state: a sagging horn indicating a morose state of mind, a perky one showing off a gung-ho attitude for the Vat Complex team effort, etc.

They will frequently wield hook-like polearms (d10) that double as weapons and work instruments. Otherwise they will use a heavy meat cleaver (d4+1 damage) as a sidearm.

A group of 10 or more of the Vatmen will be accompanied by a “straw boss” (a supervisor), a 4 hit dice Vatman who employs two barbed whips (d6, saving vs. paralysis or be entangled for 1d4 rounds) to motivate his team.

If encountered in late autumn, the Great Vat Pumpkin may join the Vatmen to receive their adulation and help select Vatmen ascend to the vatuous state of bliss. The Great Vat Pumpkin will prefer to avoid direct combat.



APPENDIX B: NEW CLASS

PSYCHONAUT

Requirements: INT 11, WIS 14

Hit Dice: 1d6

Maximum Level: 8

In the Hill Cantons, psionic powers are mutations gained through exposure to “magical” radiation; those who utilize these mental abilities are known as Psychonauts. Since the Eld make heavy use of such fell technologies, they (along with a select elite of Eldman slaves) have organized a corps of Psychonauts who willfully expose themselves to mutagenic doses. Those that survive are rewarded with both incredible powers and grotesque deformities. As the Psychonaut unlocks their psychic potential they continue to mutate, sacrificing their sanity as they evolve into a higher being.

The Psychonaut saves and fights as a cleric, may only use leather armor (shields are forbidden), and can fight with any weapon. Members of this class may wear no protection for their heads beyond a circlet or band.

Each level the Psychonaut gains powers similar to spells, chosen from the list below. However, powers are not mutable/memorizable like spells, and once chosen, will remain in stock in perpetuity. Most powers can be used a variable number of times a day or week (see individual entries below).

Exposure to the mutagens necessary for the original transformation into a Psychonaut leaves lasting effects. Indeed, as the Psychonaut unlocks and masters unused portions of the brain upon achieving new levels, so does he often lose control over the deforming aspects of that transformation. As such a Psychonaut will gain a defective mutation when attaining levels 3, 5, and 7.

LEVEL PROGRESSION CHART

Experience	Level	HD (1d6)	Defective Mutations
0	1	1	0
2,500	2	2	0
5,000	3	3	1
10,000	4	4	1
20,000	5	5	2
40,000	6	6	2
80,000	7	7	3
160,000	8	8	3



DEFECTIVE MUTATION

d6	DEFORMATION
1-4	Physical Deformation d20 Physical Deformation <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Stubby tail: Passable. 2 Third nipple: Passable. 3 Extra toes: Passable. 4 Horrific ass boils: Passable. 5 Vast, strange birthmark below neckline: Passable. 6 Webbed hands: -1 CHA, +30' swimming rate. 7 No body hair: -1 CHA, +1 DEX. 8 Rooster clawed feet: double cost for footwear, -1 CHA, +1 STR. 9 Impossibly acne-infested: -1 CHA, +1 WIS. 10 Exotically-colored irises/pupils: -1 CHA, 30' infravision. 11 Shrunk torso: -1 CON, can employ Mindsalve twice a day if this power is known. 12 Bloated abdomen: -1 CON, +1 WIS, flatulent. 13 Withered arm: -1 STR, may employ Affected Apportation twice a day if this power is known. 14 Vestigial neck gill vents: -1 CHA, can hold breath twice as long underwater. 15 Prehensile monkey tail: -1 CHA, functions as extra limb, apparel needs alteration. 16 Exotic-Hued Skin: -1 CHA, +1 CON, talks compulsively of "dim Carcosa." 17 Third eye: -2 CHA, can use a single 1st level power twice a day. 18 Rotted Nose: -2 CHA, +1 INT and WIS. 19 Third leg: -2 CHA, +30' movement. 20 Bone spikes in arm: -2 CHA, +1 WIS, 1d4+1 damage.
5-6	Mental Deformation. An Eld or Eldman Psychonaut unable to mask such a deformation will be summarily executed. d8 Mental Deformation <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Psychobabble. There is a 25% chance that this character will begin shouting in a manic, incoherent manner each time she opens her mouth to speak (much as though she was speaking in tongues). This condition will persist for 1d6 turns. Strangely, religious zealots and oral health specialists will understand the character just fine. 2 Mumbler. The character is unable to speak in anything beyond a quiet mumble. Creatures of INT 11 and higher can understand the psychonaut if within five feet (all others will not be able to make out what is being said).

3 **Compulsive Contrarian.** The character compulsively disagrees with any direct suggestion, assertion and even basic statement of fact verbally presented to her. Oddly, however, that character is still free to act in any manner that she chooses, even contradicting her verbal contradiction.

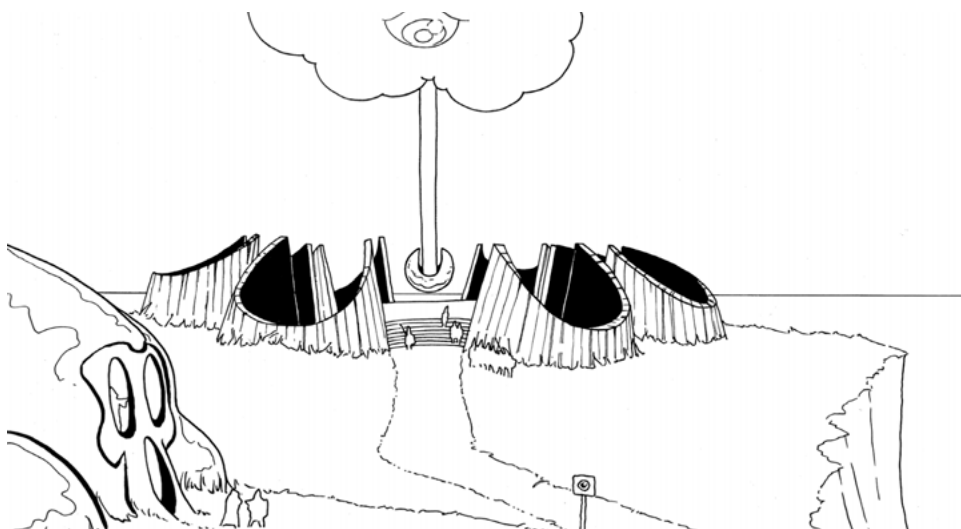
4 **Imposter Syndrome.** The character actively believes that she is a fraud and not really the ranking Psychonaut everyone else believes him to be. If the character unsuccessfully uses a power (the target makes a savings throw, is resistant, etc.), self-doubt will become potentially crippling, and she must roll 4d6 under WIS to use any power in a particular round. This self-doubt lasts a full hour, until enough self-esteem is mustered to function normally.

5 **Phobia.** The character develops a single, persistent and deeply irrational phobia as per the LL's discretion (Wikipedia has a delightfully thorough and weird rundown). The character must make a save vs. spells to avoid fleeing when confronted with her phobia.

6 **Secondary Brain.** The character develops a second brain with its own distinctive personality, alignment, and mannerisms that on occasion hinders his thought processes. Once per month the brain will attempt to wrest control from the primary persona (save vs. spells to resist). If successful the secondary personality will assert itself. Once per day the primary brain can attempt to regain control by rolling another saving throw. The secondary brain will eventually lose control after a week has passed.

7 **Hoarder.** The character becomes possessed by possessions. She will habitually pick up seemingly worthless small objects from adventure locales. Any living space will become quickly cluttered with bric-à-brac. The character must roll under their WIS on 3d6 to sell or toss any particular worthless item picked up during a session.

8 **Narcissism.** The character becomes consumed by an inflated (yet brittle) sense of self. The character considers himself to be clearly superior to those around him, frequently (and habitually) asserting his opinion. Criticism directed toward him will make him alternately despondent and moody. Any discussion of leisure time activities and hobbies will exacerbate symptoms.





POWER LEVEL CHART

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
1	1	0	0	0
2	2	0	0	0
3	2	1	0	0
4	2	2	0	0
5	3	2	1	0
6	3	2	2	0
7	4	3	2	1
8	4	3	3	2

POWER LEVEL 1

Aptitude Accelerant

Range: Self

Duration: 1d12 rounds

Number of Uses: 1/day

The psychonaut is capable of focusing her energies to such a degree that one of her abilities is raised to 18 for this power's duration.

Duellistic Deduction

Range: Self

Duration: 1 turn

Number of Uses: 2/day

During combat the character can anticipate the actions of her foes by attuning herself to minute cues encoded in their body language. This gives her a +2 to hit and +2 to AC. A character may both activate this ability and attack in a single round.

Mindsalve

Range: Self

Duration: 8 hrs

Number of Uses: 3/week

The character may turn her energies inward while resting, allowing her to heal at four times the normal, non-magical rate. She will also be free from physical pain and fatigue for up to 24 hours.

Affected Apportation

Range: 500'

Duration: Instant

Number of Uses: 1/day

The psychonaut can teleport any object 10 pounds or less in view to a known location. The power may not be used to attack an opponent but may be used in indirect offensive actions (such as moving a torch to a pool of oil or dropping a rock from a height).

Surface Skim

Range: 500'

Duration: 1d6 turns

Number of Uses: 2/day

The psychonaut can read the emotional state and surface thoughts of a visible, sentient creature for 1d6 turns. Raw emotions, preparations for violence, and hints of deceit will be revealed, though their precise nature will be unknown. For example, the psychonaut could tell that a given subject is lying, but will be unable to tell the exact nature of the lie.

Hypnotrancifier

Same as *Hypnotism* (AEC p. 51). Usable **once per day**.

POWER LEVEL 2

Sleep Egg

Range: Self

Duration: 1 hour

Number of Uses: 3/week

The character can will herself into a coma, regaining all of her hit points and curing minor afflictions. While in this comatose state a glowing white egg-shaped energy field protects the sleeper from all non-magical attacks.

Psychic Bolt

Range: 60'

Duration: Instant

Number of Uses: 1/day

An unerring bolt of mental energy flies from the psychonaut's forehead and strikes a single visible target, causing saw-like serrations to appear on the victim's forehead for 2d6 damage.

Antiorgasm

Range: Self

Duration: 1d6 turns

Number of Uses: 1/day

The psychonaut releases powerful antiorgasmic energy, telepathically flooding the immediate area with a sense of deep sexual dissatisfaction. All opponents within 20' of the psychonaut must save versus spells or suffer -2 to hit and saving throws for the duration due to the intensely uncomfortable and unsatisfying effects, and will be unable to enjoy amorous activities for 1d6 days after the attack.

Flammifer Firkin

Same as *Pyrotechnics* (AEC p. 46). Usable **twice per day**.

Mindreciever

Same as *ESP* (LL p. 31). Usable **once per day**.

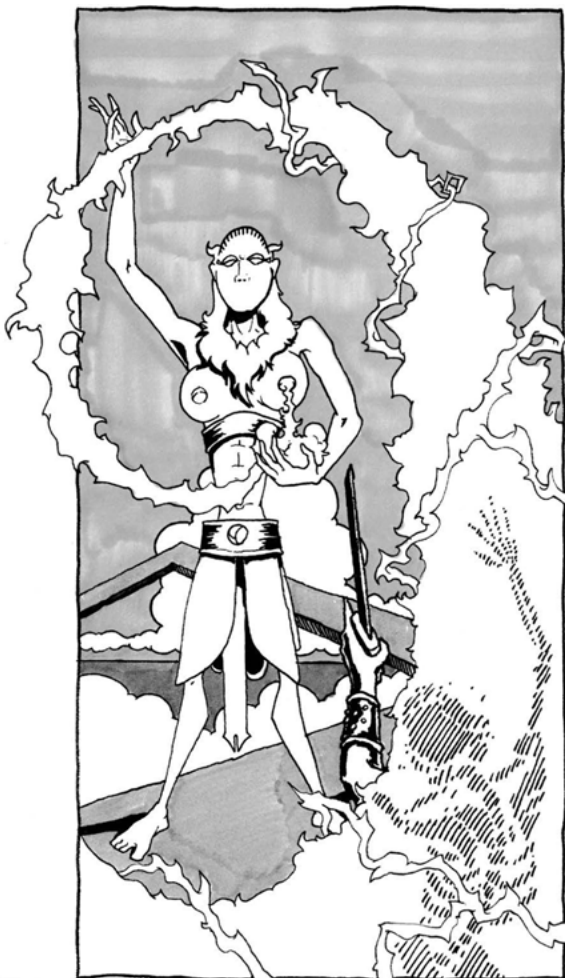
Psychometric Dowser

Same as *Locate Object* (LL p. 34). Usable **twice per day**.

Dehorizontalication

Same as *Levitate* (LL p. 33). Usable **once per day**.

POWER LEVEL 3



Biting Quip

Range: 60'

Duration: 1d6 rounds

Number of Uses: 2/day

A spoken phrase delivered with such psychic force that it cuts to the quick. A target which fails a saving throw versus spells will be unable to move or act for the power's duration. If successfully used twice against the same target they will be reduced to a rocking, babbling, catatonic state for 1d6 days.

Brainsploder

Range: Self

Duration: Instant

Number of Uses: 1/day

The psychonaut can release a burst of violent psychic energy which affects 1d12 living creatures in a 30-foot radius. To be affected, targets must possess three or fewer hit dice or be sentient creatures with WIS 7 or less. Eligible targets must save versus spells or their heads will explode in slow motion, raining pink mist and bits of gore.

Advanced Sandestin Enslavement

Range: 50'

Duration: 5 rounds

Number of Uses: 1/day

The character can lift or move WIS x 10 pounds by grabbing a team of sandestins from

demonospace and psychically enslaving them. Due to demonospace labor regulations, the sandestins will refuse to lift the psychonaut or conduct any sort of aggressive behavior (curiously denoted as actions that might require an “attack roll”). The sandestins’ constant legalistic wrangling is exhausting to the psychonaut, and he must maintain concentration to keep them from escaping through a loophole (and thus prematurely ending the power).

Mindtouchery

Range: 30’

Duration: 2d4 turns

Number of Uses: 2/day

Using this ability, the psychonaut can establish telepathic contact with another creature, allowing them to communicate directly for the power’s duration even if the two creatures speak completely different languages or are of different species.



Master Mindfuckery

Range: 60’

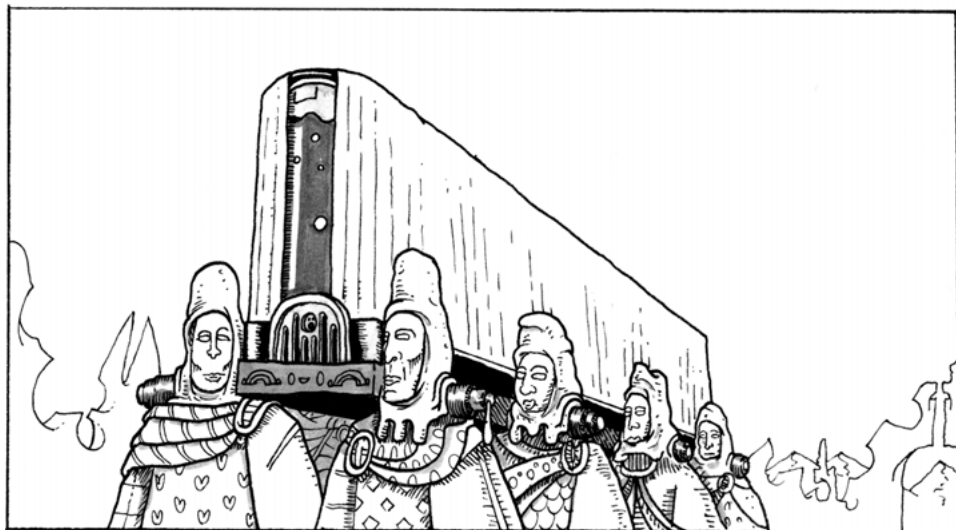
Duration: 1d4 hours

Number of Uses: 1/day

With this power the psychonaut may seize control of another sentient creature’s body. While in possession of the target creature the psychonaut is subject to all of their sensations and experiences; thus, if the creature dies while possessed, the psychonaut dies as well. The psychonaut’s spirit leaves his body for this power’s duration, leaving his body unconscious and vulnerable to attack. He may relinquish psychic control at any time and will instantly return to his own body. Once inside another body the possessor can travel any distance with no ill effects.

Necrocognitive Recall

Same as *Speak with Dead* (AEC p. 39). Usable **once per day**.



POWER LEVEL 4

Retrovlution

Range: 30'

Duration: 1 turn

Number of Uses: 1/week

Retrovlution causes a target creature to move backwards on the evolutionary chain, stripping them of spells, powers, and special abilities. The target creature must save versus spells or lose a spell slot, psionic power or magical ability (determined randomly). Additionally, if the target fails their save they will continue to deteriorate, losing a magical ability each round until either they successfully save or the power's duration expires (at which point the effect ends).

If the target is left with no special powers or abilities they will continue to regress to previous stages of its evolution. For example, a human might become a dimmer-witted caveman, and so forth, until they are reduced to an amoeba.

The target can regain abilities (and evolutionary stages) with a *Remove Curse* spell.

Emoifier

Same as *Implant Emotion* (AEC p. 51). Usable **once per day**.

Glowing Portal

Same as *Dimension Door* (LL p. 30). Usable **once per day**.

Flubification

Same as *Fumble* (AEC p. 64). Usable **once per day**.

Anxiety Amplification

Same as *Fear* (AEC p. 62). Usable **once per day**.

Psychosemantical Befuddlement

Same as *Confusion* (AEC p. 58). Usable **once per day**.



APPENDIX C: ELD ARTIFACTS

Many Eld artifacts found on the Isles are considerably more technologically advanced and deliberately over-complicated in design than the tools and weapons of a typical medieval fantasy world (and thus the knowledge of most parties). Further complicating their use is that a number of artifacts are triggered or guided by the use of fell psychic powers. The following chart details what checks are appropriate for understanding such artifacts.

ARTIFACT CATEGORIES

A	5d6 vs INT. A score equal to or less than the result equals success. This artifact is so complex that it cannot be taught to another character.
B	4d6 vs INT. Use of the artifact can be taught to any character of INT 13 and over without further rolls.
C	3d6 vs. INT. Use of the artifact can be taught to any character of INT 8 and over without further rolls.
X	No roll is needed, but only characters with psionic abilities or a combined INT and WIS of 32 may employ these artifacts. Their use cannot be taught.

In each case, Magic-Users (or characters with appropriately learned or technological backgrounds) subtract their levels from the total. Checks are only made against individual characters. *Failed rolls where the dice come up in triples (or more) destroy the artifact.*

Example: Mad Mox is attempting to use a Tube of Inguement. The tube is a Category B artifact and as such, he tries to roll under his paltry INT of 8 on 4d6. He rolls 3, 6, 3, 3. Not only does Mad Mox fail with a combined total of 15 (way over his INT), but he has rolled triple threes. The tube explodes, leaving a cartoonish black soot all over the face of the chaos monk.

ELD WEAPONS

Antiorgone Grenade

Artifact Category: C

Damage: Special (see below)

Resale Price: 150 gp

A white, plastic, egg-like grenade with a touchpad detonation trigger. The grenade may be thrown up to 90 feet and produces a blast radius of 15 feet. Opponents inside that radius must save versus spells or suffer -3 to hit and saving throws for 1d6 turns due to the intensely uncomfortable and unsatisfying effects, and will be unable to enjoy amorous activities for 1d6 days after the attack.

Blastotube

Artifact Category: B

Damage: 2d6 in 5' radius

Resale Price: 1,000 gp

A disposable tube-like weapon with a hexagonal barrel. It fires a brilliantly technicolor blast of prismatic energy not unlike a roman candle. Most tubes contain d6 charges.



Imploder Rod

Artifact Category: X

Damage: Special (see below)

Resale Price: 1,200 gp, but only to a market catering to those with psionic abilities.

A two-foot-long featureless steel rod which, when pointed at a target creature within 120 feet, causes a grotesque implosion wherein the creature is inwardly crushed into a horrifically compact ball (and painful death). Creatures or characters under 2 hit dice/levels may not save. Creatures 2-4 hit dice/levels can make a save vs. spells to dodge the implosion. It will not affect creatures of 5 or more hit dice/levels. 1d10 charges.

Razordisc Gun

Artifact Category: B

Damage: 1d12, decapitates on natural 20

Resale Price: 1,500 gp

A 10-inch-long and four-inch-high steel rounded box with a short tube, curved handle and velcro-like wrist straps that fires razor sharp serrated discs at high velocity. The weapon holds a magazine of three discs (20% salvageability if fired).

Self-Cranking Crossbow

Artifact Category: C

Damage: 1d8+1

Resale Price: 150 gp

A heavy stainless steel crossbow with a magazine of five bolts. A bony humanoid hand perches upon the stock and magically cranks the winch upon firing, increasing the rate of fire to one bolt per round. The weapon is specifically designed to work in medieval fantasy environments that do not allow chemical explosions.

Tube of Inguement

Artifact Category: B

Damage: Special

Resale: 1000 gp

A two-foot-long, pure white plastic tube. The tube fires a dark blue ball which expands to encase a single individual within 60 feet in a thick, blue goo unless a save vs. paralysis is made. Entrapped individuals are unable to fight, cast spells, or move in any way. The target is trapped permanently, failing the application of boiling hot water or a *Dispel Magic*. Each tube has 2d4 charges.

TOOLS

Freezinator

Artifact Category: B

Resale Price: 1,500 gp

The Freezinator appears to be a one-foot white metal cube with two hard plastic handles affixed on one side. Once per day it can create up to six 10-foot cubed blocks of ice in a 30-foot radius. However, in order to work it must be within 100 feet of a volume of water equal to the number of cubes created.

Mindbox

Artifact Category: X

Resale Price: 1,000 gp

The mindbox is a small glowing cube attached to a white metal headband. If employed by a psychically trained character it can project an effect similar to *Charm Person* (LL p. 28) once per day. While worn, the Mindbox can also illuminate a 40 foot cone emanating from the user's forehead.



Plasma Welder

Artifact Category: B

Damage: 1d12

Resale Price: 300 gp

A stainless steel rod with a foot-long adjustable hose, the plasma welder can be used to weld shut doors and other portals in 1d6 rounds. It can also be employed in melee combat. The welder typically carries 2d20 rounds worth of fuel (both welding and combat count against uses).

MISC. ARTIFACTS

Crown of Eyes

Artifact Category: B

Resale Price: 1,500 gp

A tarnished steel crown with 12 empty jewel insets, the Crown of Eyes is powered when humanoid eyes are placed within the insets (which then merge with the crown). If at least four eyes are inset the user gains 360 degree vision. Additionally, if the eyes of a magic-user are harvested and inset, the wearer of the Crown can cast the last spell employed by the magic-user. Likewise, if the eyes of a monster with a gaze attack (or similar) are inset, their powers are preserved. In either case, once the gaze attack or spell is used the related eyes wither away.

Mustache of Grappling

Alignment: Lawful (Evil)

Intelligence: 10

Psyche: 8

Willpower: 18

Resale Price: 2,000 gp

A reliquary of a long-deceased Eldish Major-Superior, this item appears to be two three-foot-long braids of hair. If applied to a user's upper lip, the mustache (done in a classic Fu Manchu style) will burrow into their face, dealing 1d3 damage, and will become animate. It can be controlled by the user as an extra set of limbs, capable of carrying up to 50 lbs, and can extend itself up to 50 feet. However, the Mustache can be targeted in combat when extended more than 10 feet, possessing 10 Hp (AC 7).

Capable of fine manipulation, the mustache can be used in a variety of ways, including:

- Grappling hook and rope
- An additional pair of hands (although, due to the awkwardness of using a mustache to attack, is treated as possessing Strength 6)
- *Entangle* (AEC p. 43), except that it only affects a single foe
- Act as stilts, raising the user into the air (20' movement rate and the user can be easily toppled)

Inventive players will inevitably devise other uses; the LL must handle these on a case-by-case basis.

An intelligent item (see *LL* p. 121), the Mustache is incapable of telepathic communication, but possesses deft penmanship and will leave missives to its owner. It will work to promote the Eldish agenda and, unlike other intelligent artifacts, is capable of operating while the user is asleep. One former user of the Mustache unwittingly led an Anti-Canton spy ring in the Scarlet Sultanate through an extensive nighttime letter writing campaign.

Psi-Nullifier

Artifact Category: B

Resale Price: 600 gp

A web belt with a buckle that resembles a voltmeter, the Psi-Nullifier is both a torture device and a method for pacifying psionic prisoners. Extending from the buckle are two wires connected to adhesive electrode pads that are designed to be placed on the forehead of the wearer. When the dials are turned an electric shock pulses through the pads into the brain, interrupting concentration (and thereby preventing spellcasting or psionic powers). The Psi-Nullifier also has a positive side effect, as it renders the wearer immune to mind-affecting spells and psionic effects. When in use, it inflicts 1 damage per turn from progressively worse headaches and nosebleeds.

Sedan of Opulent Luxury

Artifact Category: X

Resale Price: 2,000 gp

This thick-cushioned sedan chair made from delicately-carved ivory is designed to be used by Eldish Psychonauts. Once seated within the Sedan, the user can compel any four 0 HD creatures in a 100' vicinity to act as sedan-bearers (save vs spells to resist), treat as *Charm Person* (LL p. 28). Additionally, the user can cast *Levitate* (LL p. 33) on the Sedan once per day.

Skin Suit

Artifact Category: B

Resale Price: 1,500 gp

While this appears to be a foil-covered bivouac sleeping bag at first glance, closer inspection will also reveal a small brass panel at the foot of the bag with two black plastic dials and a circular steel port. Once unzipped, the interior of the bag is revealed to be a bed of quivering, supple flesh.

The Skin Suit is a living creature, an empathic shapeshifter that has been cybernetically modified for the Eld's purposes. If a humanoid is placed within a completely sealed skin suit the bag will fill with liquids and the subject will enter a coma-like state, lasting for six hours. At the end of this time the subject will emerge soaked but refreshed, healing at twice the normal rate. Similarly, a dead body placed within a sealed skin suit will not decay while suspended in the preservative fluids.

While a subject is held within the skin suit, the exterior dials can be calibrated to scan the subject's features, storing them as a template which can be applied to future users (the skin suit can hold up to four of these). Once a template has been stored, correctly adjusting the dials will cause a quarter-inch-thick layer of flesh to be grafted onto future subjects that duplicates the features of the previous subject whose template was captured. Dramatic changes in height and weight cannot be replicated, and sex organs different from that of template will be cosmetic only. This second skin is a living parasitic being that will deal 1 Hp of damage per level to its host each day from blood drain; after three days the second skin will expire, drying up and shedding like a snake. If damaged (from any normal attack), the second skin will bloodily break apart, creating a horrific effect as the 'real' flesh is revealed beneath and the second skin loosely hangs open from the wound.

The Skin Suit only has enough vat materials for 2d4 uses before it must be refilled through the metal port at the base of the bag.

Soul Cube

Artifact Category: X

Resale Price: 5,000 gp to a torturer or evil overlord

A transparent cube approximately 3' x 3', the Soul Cube is an Eldish art object housing the spirits of their favorite victims and/or lackeys, so that their tortures may be preserved beyond death. The control circlet, a golden headband etched with minute patterns that mimic circuitry, allows for the wielder to summon translucent, intangible energy-constructs of those housed within (see Energy Constructs (p. 66) for more details). A Soul Cube is capable of housing up to six souls (one per "face" of the Cube), and at any given time will have 1d6 faces activated.



When inspected closely, the smooth surface of the Cube shifts with the faces of the victims housed within, grimacing horribly (souls that are currently being projected as Energy Constructs will be notably absent). When unattended, the Soul Cube possesses a rudimentary intelligence, acting to protect itself from any Eld-unaffiliated intruders by projecting Energy-Constructs.

Once the control circlet is donned a cube of psychic energy forms in the hand of the user; the LL is advised to pass the player a six-sided die, with each side of the die representing one of the faces of the cube. There are three 'modes' which can be activated by manipulating the cube (die):

- Summon (open hand, palm facing up): The face of the die pointed upwards is unlocked, calling forth the soul within to stand before the user as an Energy Construct.
- Recall (closed fist, palm faced down): The soul housed within the face of the die pointed towards the floor is returned to the Soul Cube.
- Torture (die shaken): When the die is shaken any Energy Constructs currently released from the Soul Cube experience wracking pain; the more vigorous the shaking, the more intense the pain. Eld torture-aesthetes take great pleasure in the variety of agonies that can be achieved through shaking the cube at different speeds, rhythms, and angles.

Should the Soul Cube be destroyed (AC: 5, 10 Hp) it will release the soul-energies of its victims, which will fly howling in all directions. Those who were affected by the Energy Constructs' soul-draining abilities will regain one-half of XP lost, while any surviving Energy Constructs will survive in a bizarre half-life.

ARMOR

Light Mesh

Artifact Category: N/A (use apparent)

AC: 7

Resale Price: 60 gp

A 10 lb suit of light grey, futuristic, form-fitting mesh providing thin but comfortable protection. May be used by thieves.

Silver Mesh

Artifact Category: N/A (use apparent)

AC: 5

Resale Price: 200 gp

Weights 15 lbs

Slightly heavier (15 lbs) than Light Mesh, this form-fitting suit is composed of silvery-appearing mesh offset by high, dramatic, flared shoulder pads.

Ceramic Plate

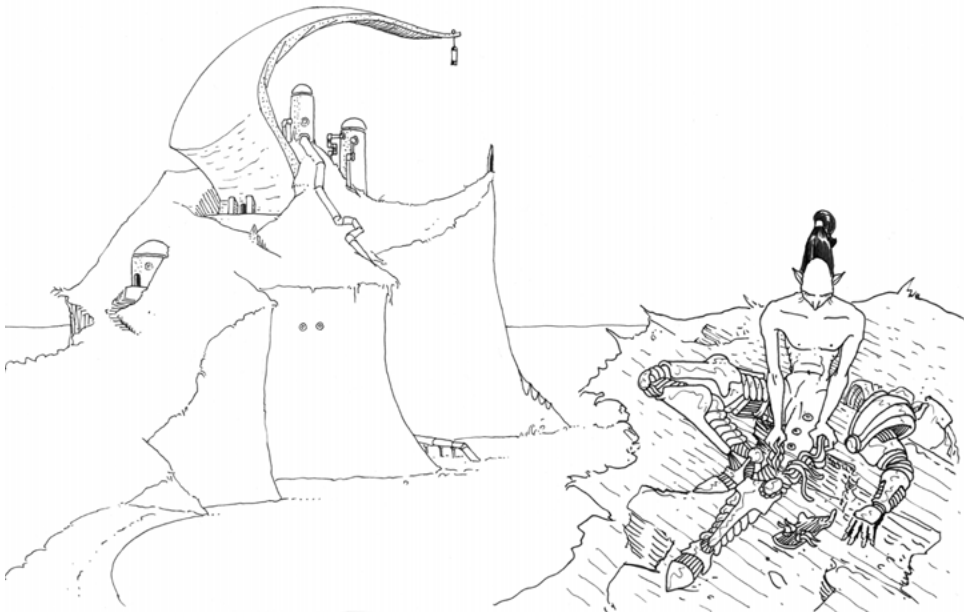
Artifact Category: C

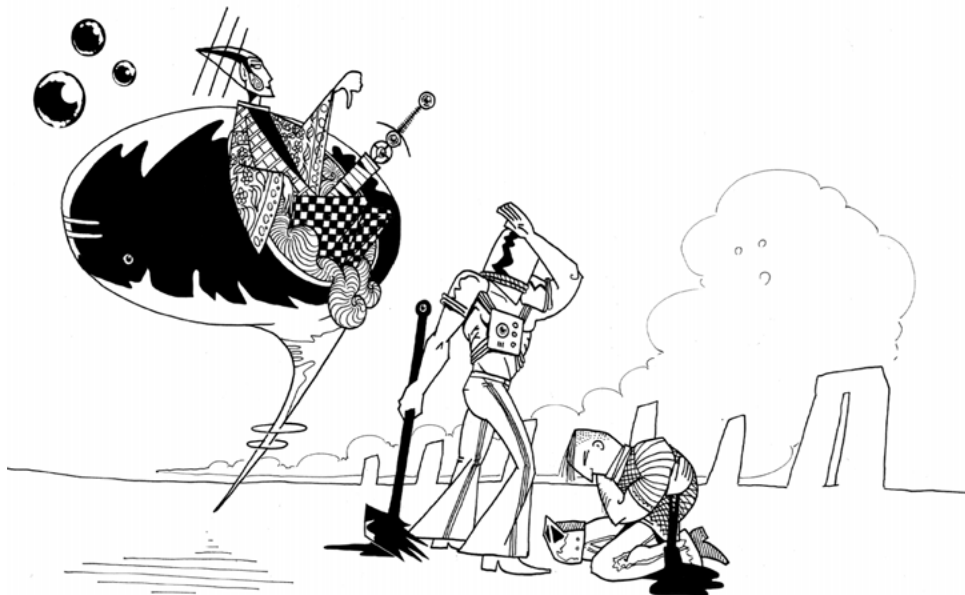
AC: 2

Resale Price: 1,500 gp

Weights 30 lbs

With its tight fitting, fully enclosed helmet (5 lbs) this suit provides complete protection (earning a +1 to all saving throws beyond the AC bonus). The plates covering the suit are invariably highly stylized, often exhibiting a profusion of knobs, blades, spurs and other embellishments. The suit is designed to fit the tall, thin forms of individual Eld and is unsuitable for humans unless a master armorer is paid a fee of 400 gp to custom fit the suit.





VEHICLES

Bubblecar

Artifact Category: A

Resale Price: 5,000 gp

The mainstay of the Eld aerial corps is the bubblecar. The bubblecar's spherical 10-foot hull is almost entirely transparent in its normal state. (The pilot may psychically dim all or part of the bubble walls to near-opacity at will.) Two small, white benches and an instrument panel appear to hang without means of suspension in its interior. The vehicle can seat six passengers (including the pilot).

Despite its delicate appearance, the vehicle is AC: 0, Hp: 70. If reduced to 0 Hp, the bubblecar will emit a loud popping noise and begin to crash; an additional 20 damage will break it apart altogether.

The bubblecar can reach speeds of 90 miles per hour in the air and has a maximum range of 270 miles when its soulgas tank is full. It can hover mid-air and land/ascend vertically, much like a helicopter.

Bubblecars are armed with a light blastocannon that traverses in a 360 degree arc around the ship which acts as a 3d6 *Fireball* (LL p. 31) when fired. The cannon contains 2d4 charges in its magazine. The blastocannon requires a separate gunner to operate.

Untrained characters attempting to use the bubblecar (but who succeed with their artifact check) will not be able to pilot the ship at more than half speed or do complicated maneuvers beyond take-offs, landings, and slow gentle banks. Untrained gunners must roll under their INT on 4d6 each round they attempt to use the gun.

Hoverchair

Artifact Category: A

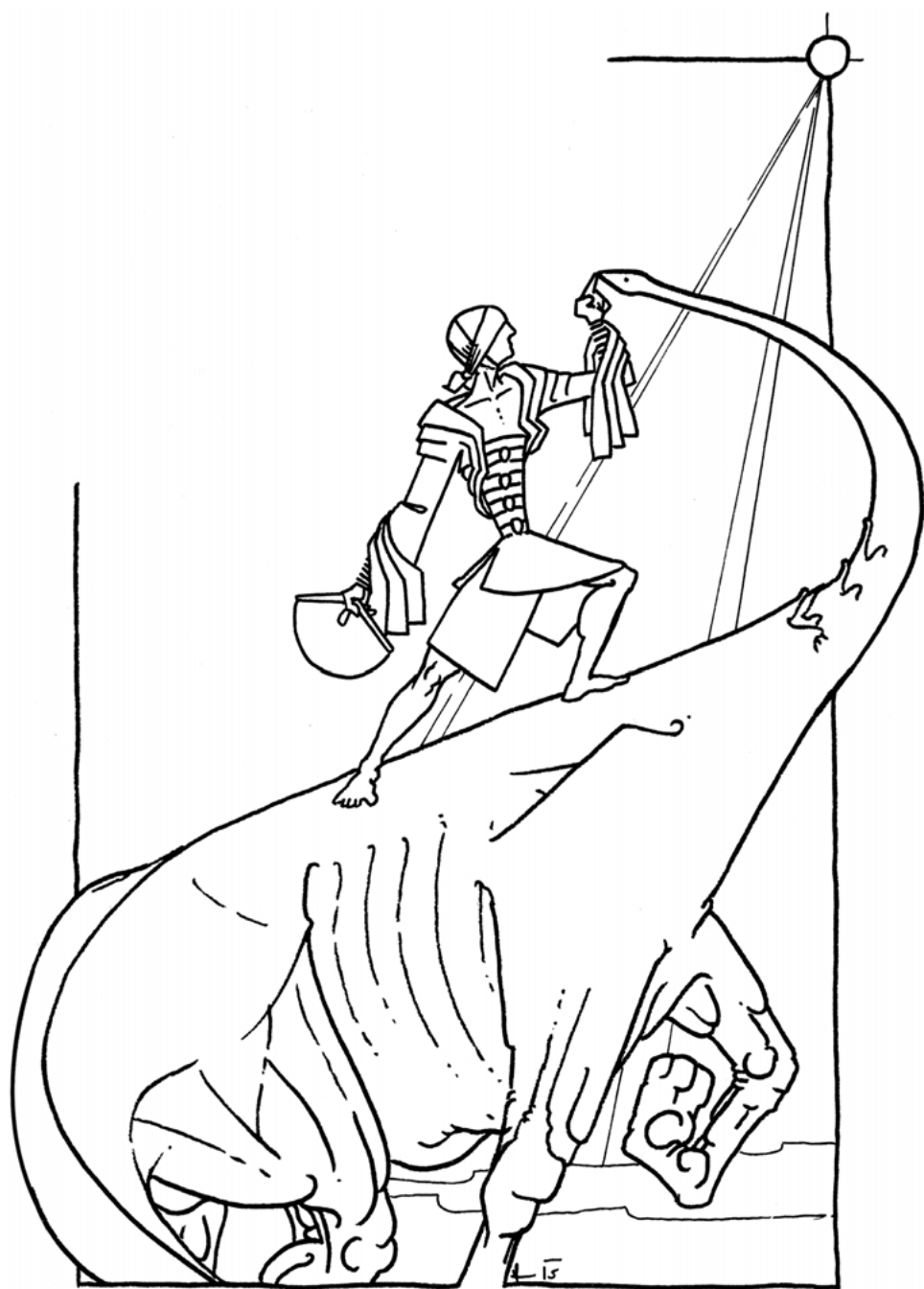
Resale Price: 2,000 gp

The hoverchair is a large circular chair, appearing much as a solid steel beanbag with a glowing instrument panel. The chair can hold a single human-sized individual (or two halfling-sized individuals with few boundary issues). The chair operates much as a *Levitate* spell (LL p. 33) that lasts as long as the chair has soulgas fuel in its tank (1d3 days).

RANDOM ELD ARTIFACT TABLE

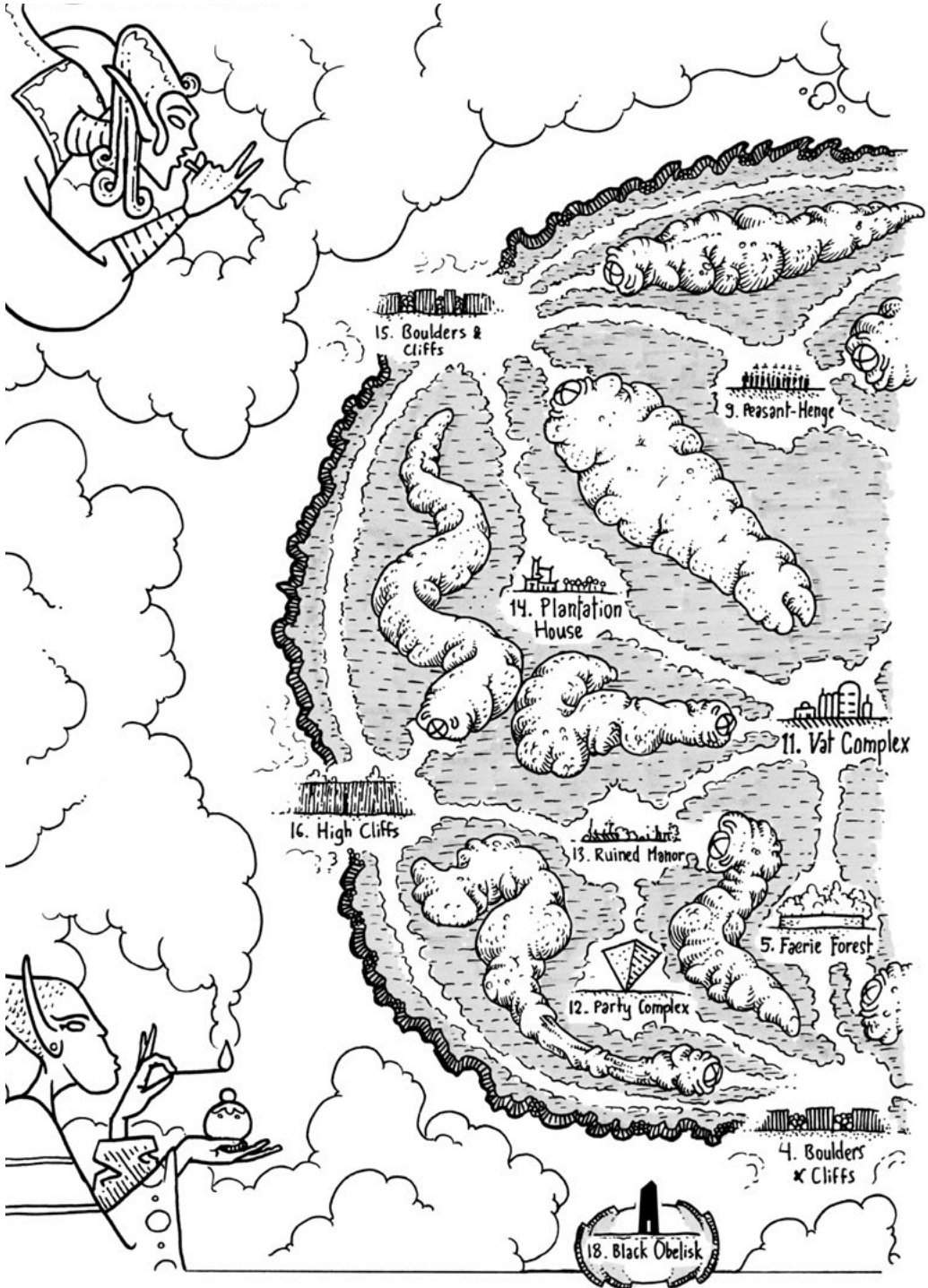
The GM may find herself wanting to sprinkle, restock or otherwise have on hand some of the strange sorcerous devices and other bric-à-brac of the Eld. Embrace the strange combinations, the Eld sense of humor is inclined to the cruelly absurd.

d20	MAKE	FORM	FUNCTION
1	White Enameled	Sheet	Malfunctioning and Dangerous, 10% chance that it will explode in 2' radius for 1d6 damage any given round.
2	Stainless Steel	Disk	Broken beyond Repair
3	Green Steel	Plate	Broken (Roll again if fixed)
4	Bone	Rod	Mysterious, Unknown Use
5	Cloned Meat	Tube	Spare Part for Nearby Heavy Equipment
6	Chitin	Hemisphere	Spare Part for Unknown Device
7	Smoky Quartz	Sphere	Pleasure/Torture/Recreational Use
8	Shellacked Flesh	Small Cube	Fashion Accessory
9	Light Concrete	Box	Art Object
10	Heavy Plastic	Suit	Office Equipment/Supply
11,12	Congealed Mucus	Pyramid	Bubblecar Keys (Disused Model)
13	Construction Paper	Barbed Spike	Slave Disciplinary Device
14	Bloodstone	Polyhedra	Ritual Melee Weapon (strikes for d4 damage)
15	Resin	Star	Collectible (sell for 1d4 x 10 gp, triple value if a matching object found and sold)
16	Thorny Plant Fiber	Panel	Data Storage (treat as Artifact B, psychically imparts information about one Adventure Site, room or Pointcrawl node.)
17	Frog Demon Hide	Knob	Symbol of Eld Authority (can be used once to surprise 2 hit dice Eld if they are parlayed with.)
18	Synthetic Pleather	Widget	Magic Radiation Counter (treat as Artifact B, cast detect magic once)
19	Polyester	Hook	Medical Use (treat as Artifact B, heal 1d3 hit points, 1d2 charges)
20	Lead	Weapon Pommel	Fires energy beam (treat as Artifact B, 2d6 damage within 180 feet, 1d2 charges)

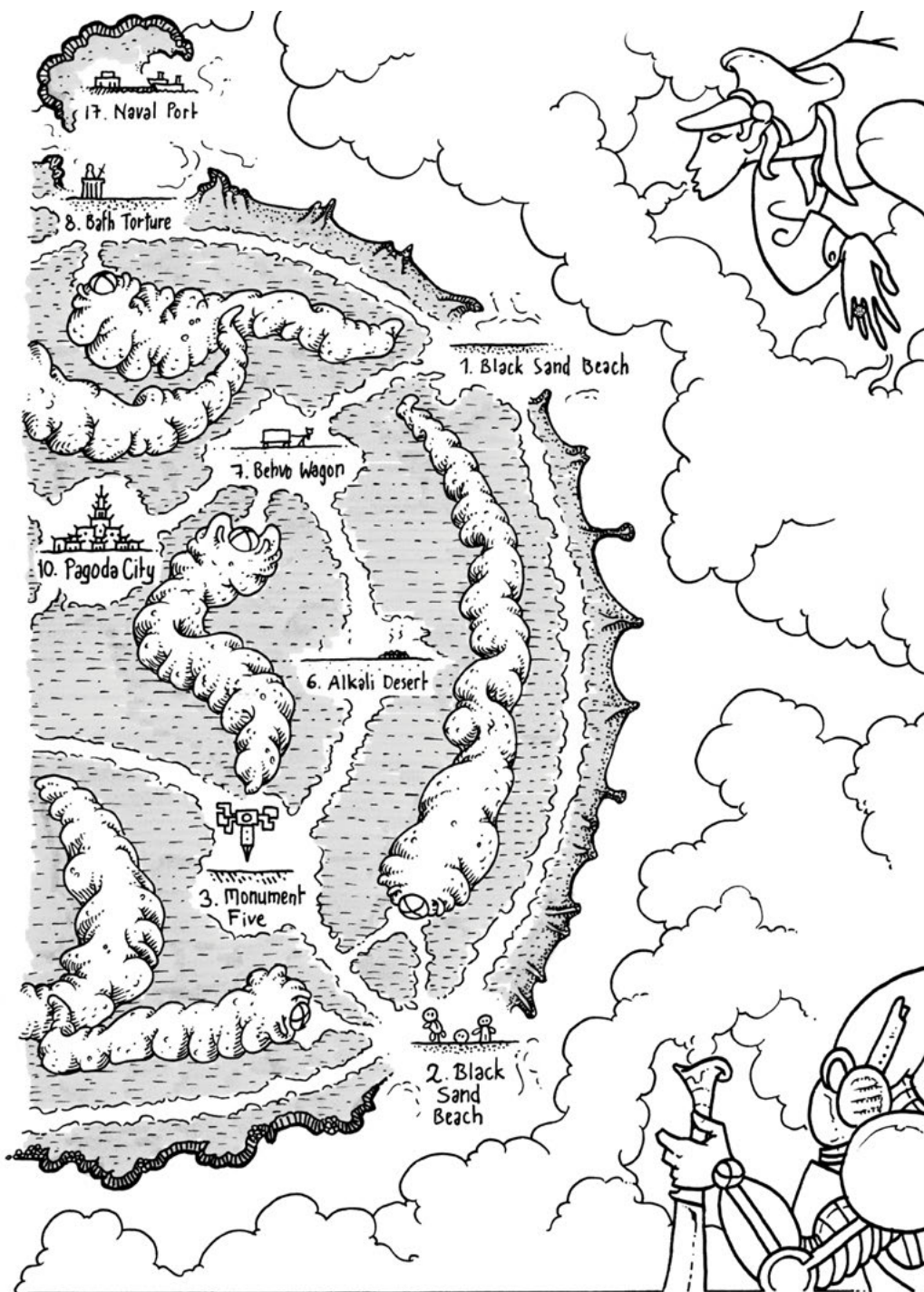


APPENDIX D: MAPS

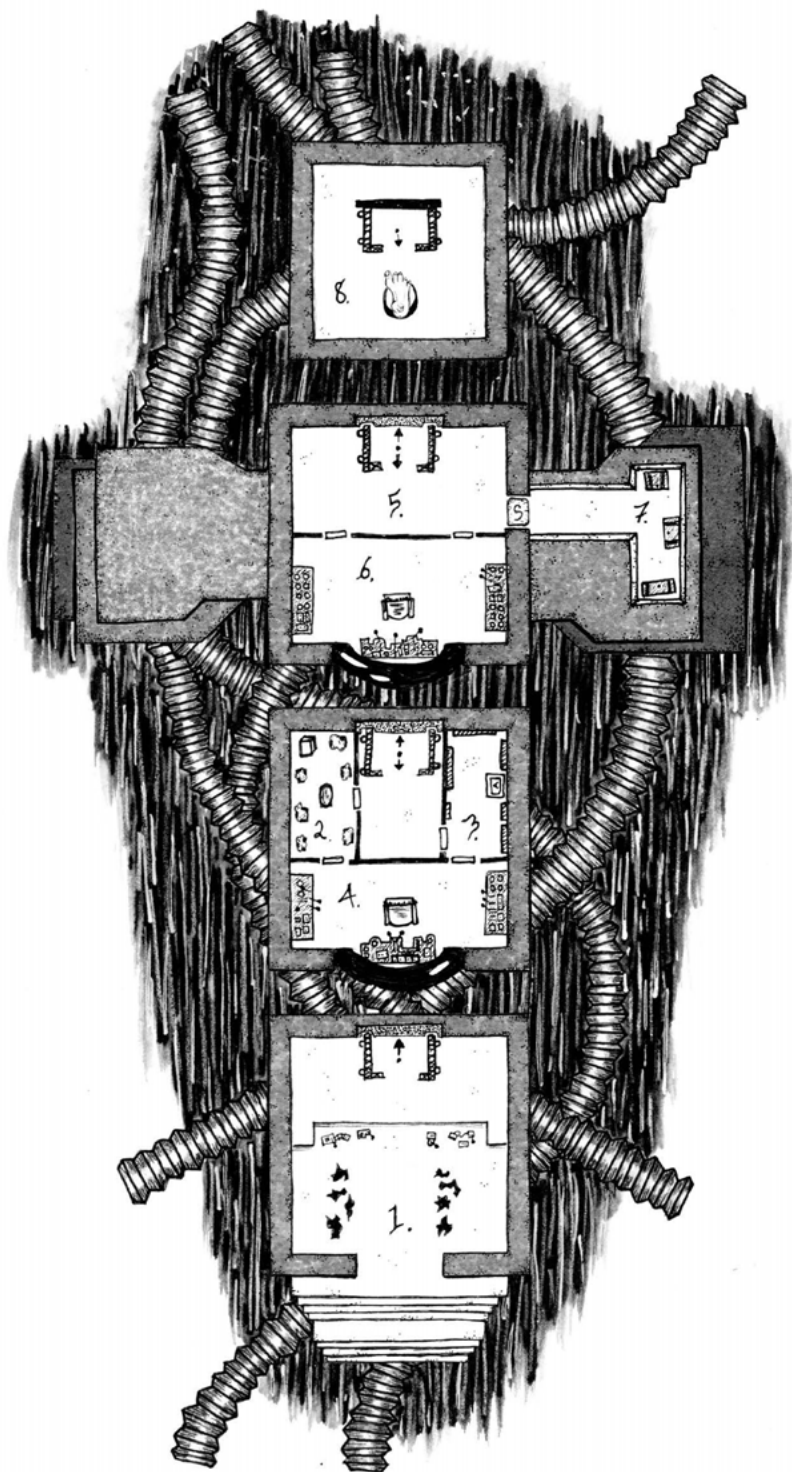
All the maps are duplicated here for easy reference during play.



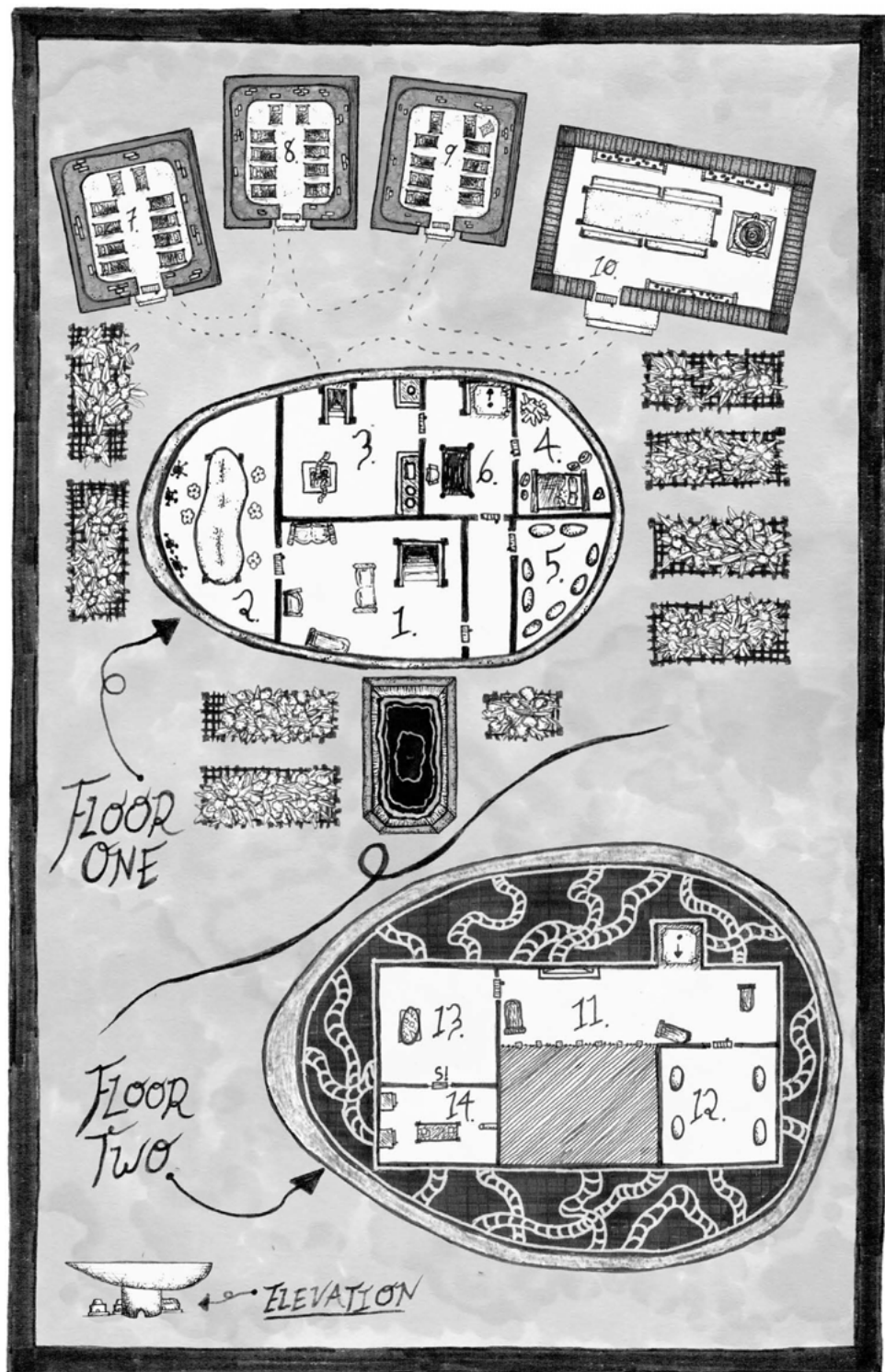
POINTCRAWL MAP OF THE MISTY ISLANDS OF THE ELD



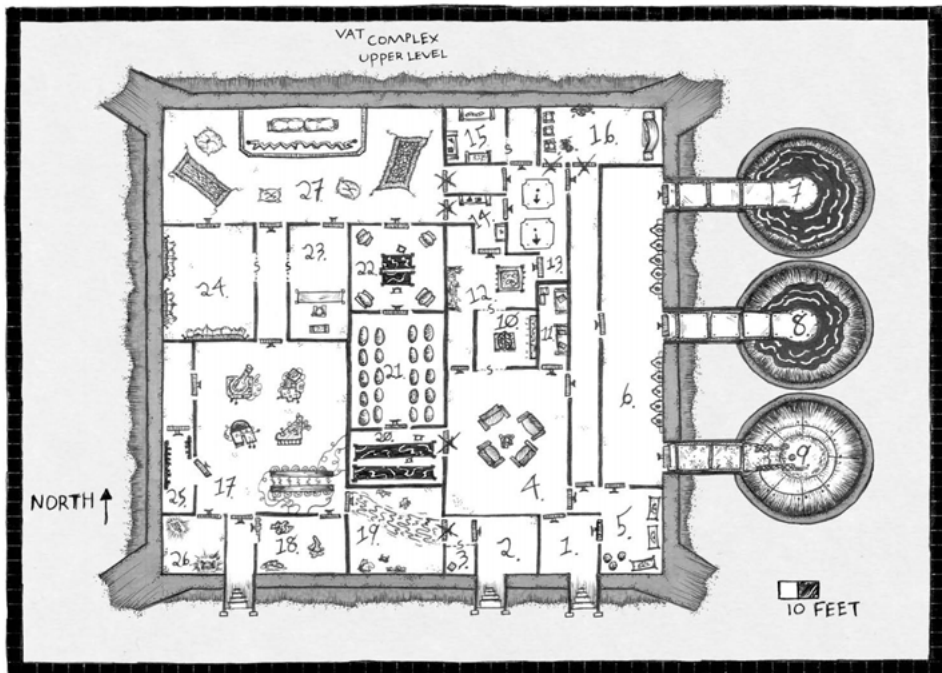
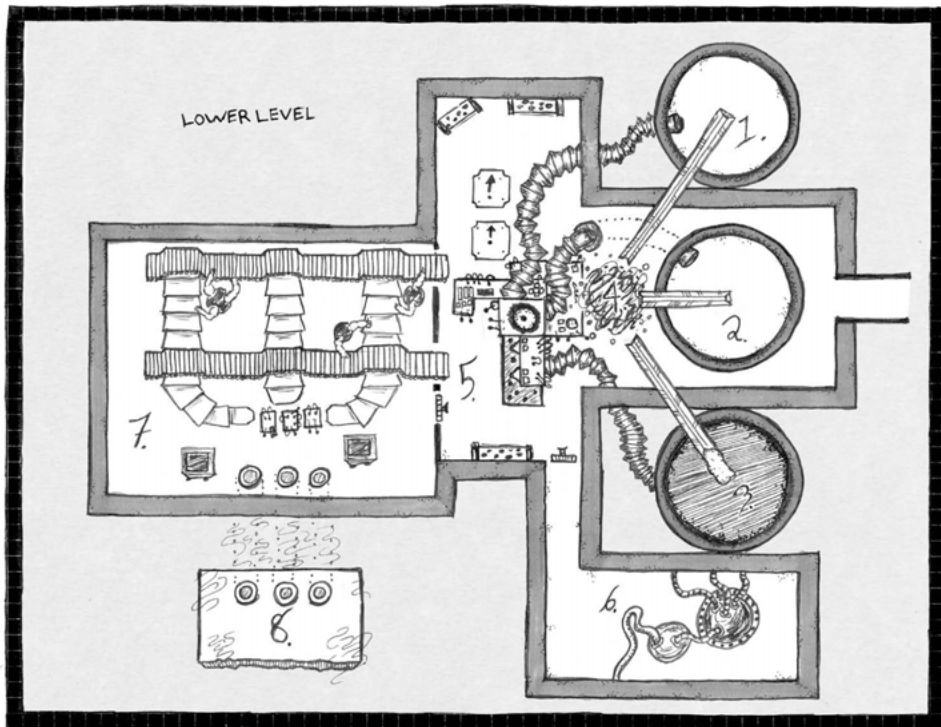
Adventure Site 1: Monument 5

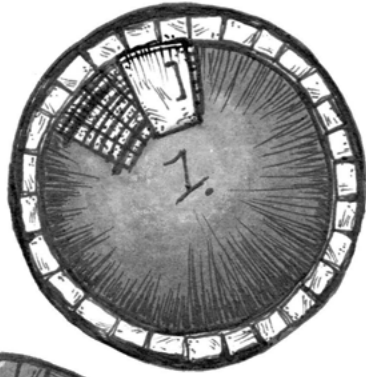


Adventure Site 2: Eld Plantation House

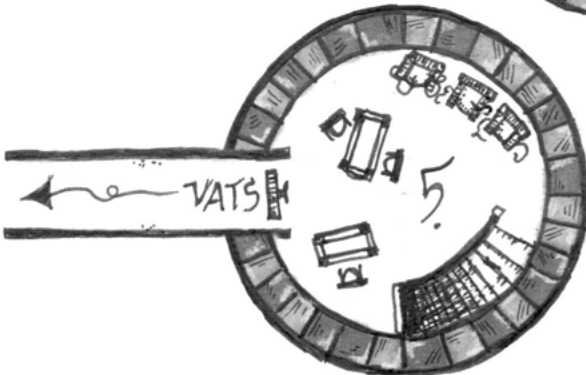


Adventure Site 4: The Vat Complex

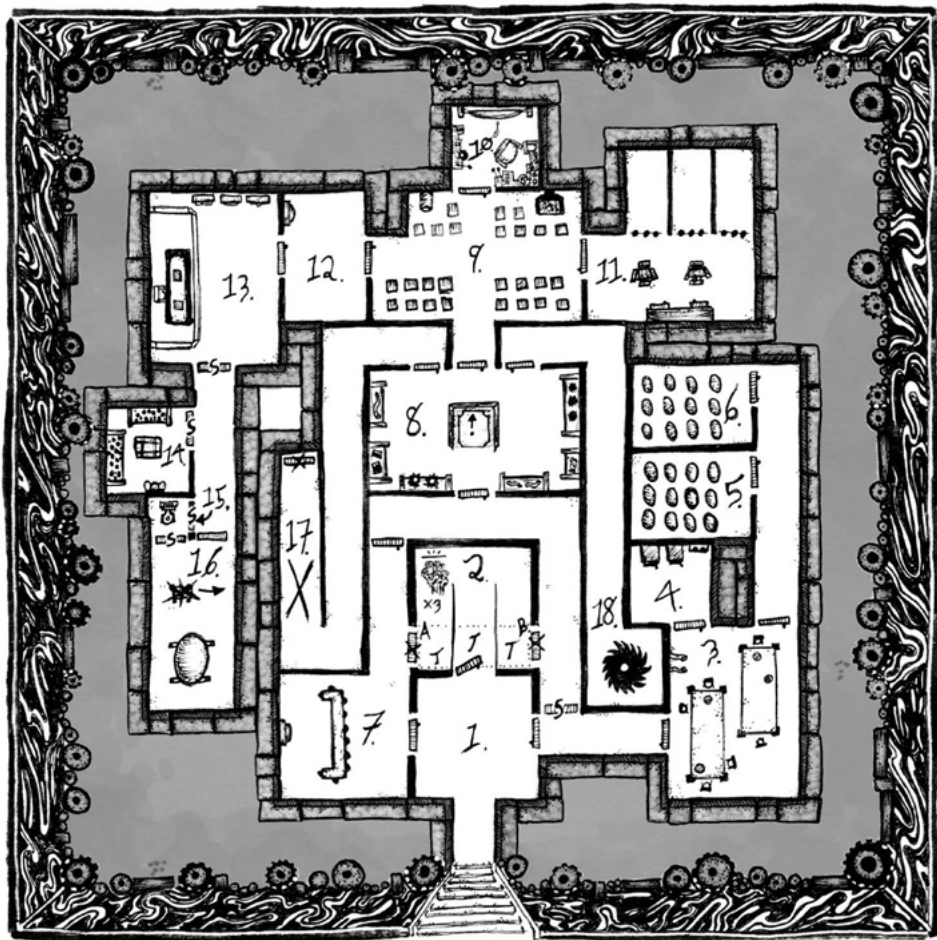




GOLDEN
SILO



Sub-Colonel Zogg's Command Bunker



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