The Undercroft



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Contents

- 1 Introduction
- 2-8 Rewriting the Cure Disease Spell
- 9-15 I Want to See My Lawyer!
- 16-22 Barrow of the Old King
- 23-24 Corpse Lions



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Cover Art

Plate from Fairy Tales of India. Jacobs, J. illustrations by John Dickson Batten

III-A-12 by Francesco Bertinatti and Mecco Leone

Layout, editing and design

Daniel Sell

Proof Reading

Daniel Martin Andrew Shipman Andrew Smith

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Contact

kysaduras@live.co.uk www.whatwouldconando.blogspot.com

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In Heaven Everything is Fine

But not here. Here, everything is awful. If you aren't losing your limbs to obscure diseases you're having them lopped off by solicitors and disgruntled historical figures. Life is hard and short. As a consequence of this unfortunately tight schedule we must strive to pack as much misery into players' lives as possible. Their bodies and minds must be broken or at least so damaged as to wish they had been given a more conclusive result.

It's not easy, oh no, but we're here to help. If you've never had a game where a player has retired their character due mental anguish, outraged at the morals they have so flagrantly tossed away, fondly looking back on a time where they had all their limbs, then The Undercroft is the place to go. We can help. Or maybe more accurately, "help".

Today we are showing you an alternative method for inflicting degenerative maladies, donated by the kindly Alex Clements. His take on delayed cruelty and lingering deaths is an inspiration to us all. Further in you will find a favourite of mine: lawyers. Crime has never been quite so fun, I fear it may lead us into a life on the seedy underbelly just for the thrill of being caught and the potential to create a loyal fan-base. Finally we have a little traditional adventure with a less traditional twist.

A great thanks to Tim Shorts for giving us the impetus to create this monstrosity, and Matt Jackson for showing us how to bind it so that it's maleficent evil doesn't seep out and ruin your flooring.

Rewriting the Cure Disease spell

Disease is the great silent actor of history. It shatters empires and sows chaos. It drives humanity to extremes of heroism and depravity. It is ever present and ever hungry. It cannot be be beaten, only survived, and our revulsion towards it is as much a part of us as fear or anger.

In Lamentations of the Flame Princes and other fantasy game systems, diseases are modelled like slow acting poisons. You get worse until you are cured, or you die. This doesn't represent the reality of most diseases. Even the most virulent strains of plague rarely have a greater mortality rate than 50%. Anything greater than that causes them to wipe out populations too quickly to spread any further. Many conditions are chronic, that last for months, or even years.

Putting more accurate diseases in your campaign won't just make your game more realistic, but it will make it more fun and interesting. It gives you a toolbox of ways to disrupt players without making them feel unfairly penalised, forcing new ways of approaching problems. For players, it allows for memorable games and more opportunities for their characters to develop along interesting lines.

It is probably worth reiterating the Cure Disease spell from the LotFP book:

"Through the mercy of the divine powers, this spell allows a Cleric to cast out the sin and degeneracy in a person that allows evil spirits to invade his body and misalign his humours."

The subject must then successfully make a magic save and then they are completely purified of disease.

In order to make diseases a more accurate and interesting part of your game, I suggest the following changes and additions:

First, we make the assumption that diseases exist in the same way that they do in our own world. Bacteria, viruses, fungi, parasites, and the malfunctioning of one's own body. They can also be of demonic origin or magically engineered, but we reject the pre-modern interpretation.

Secondly, diseases have a number of Disease Hit Points (DHP), representing the number of successful applications of Cure Disease that need to be applied before the disease is truly cured. When designing or modelling diseases, unless there is a good reason why it should need multiple applications, a disease's DHP should normally be 1.

Diseases have a specific Vector. This is a condition that determines whether a character contracts a disease. This could be almost anything, from being bitten by an infected host to spending time in a plague ridden city. Characters can have multiple diseases, but unless stated they cannot have multiple infections of the same disease, no matter how many times they meet the Vector criteria.

Suggestions and Selected Diseases

It is always worth remembering that there are many people for whom deadly diseases are a reality. If you are going to use these rules and have disease feature more prominently in your game, then it is important that everyone at the table is comfortable with it. Raise the subject with your play group before you start using them so everyone has a chance to have their say. Especially pertinent if you are planning to use a real world condition like cancer or dementia, it's worth re-checking with your players whether or not this is ok.

SYPHILIS

Disease Hit Points: 10 **Vector:** Skin to skin contact with syphilitic cancors **Infection Save:** Paralysis

Also known as the Great Pox, although it can be treated, the social stigma associated with Syphilis mean that few come forward for healing, especially from a rare (and often terrifying) crusader of god such as a Cleric. Approximately 21 days after becoming infected, the character develops syphilitic cancors at the site of the infection. Every subsequent week the infected character must make another Infection Save. If they fail, they develop secondary syphilis. The associated symptoms, such as fever, lesions and hair loss, confers a -2 to all rolls. The infected continues to make weekly infection saves until they succeed, at which point they are cured of the fever and no longer have cancors, but instead develop latent syphilis. Latent syphilis can no longer be cured by the Cure Disease spell and is considered a permanent condition. The character's nerves are affected conveying a -1 to all attack rolls. They also becomes increasingly mad, and at any point the referee may override one decision the player makes per game that does not directly lead to their immediate death. For every year that passes the referee may override another one decision per game.



GODRICKSON'S CORRUPTION

Disease Hit Points: 3

Vector: Touching or eating spores Infection Save: Poison -5

Created by the alchemist-mage Franz Godrickson in order to blackmail city officials, the corruption itself is a horrific and incredibly deadly disease, however it is entirely asymptomatic until the body of the infected is exposed to a very specific sonic frequency. Vials of the spores are normally sold (for extremely high sums) with a tuning fork that vibrates just so.

The infected character must make an Infection Save every hour, but will show no sign of ill health until they are exposed to the frequency, at which point they suffer the consequences, listed in the table below, in full. If they survive, the disease continues to progress, but it is reduced to 1 DHP and the Infection Save is made without the -5 modifier.

Number of failed saves	Body parts liquified
1	Finger prints, eye-lashes, most hair is left permanently patchy.
2	All hair and the tips of fingers and toes. Survivors suffer a permanent -1 to attack rolls and any other physical tasks. They always count as being 1 encumbrance level higher.
3	Fingers, toes, the tip of the nose and tongue. They can no longer speak well enough to cast spells and cannot hold any items. They always count as being 3 encumbrance levels higher.
4	Hands, feet, nose, lips, tongue, eyelids and male genitalia. They can no longer speak at all and count as being immobilized.
5	Limbs up to forearms/calves. Ears are sealed and eyes are useless. The character is considered blind and helpless.
6	Arms and legs entirely. Lower jaw entirely. No organs function except the heart, lungs and brain. The character will die within a few hours. If in a clean room with someone to give them water, they will survive one to two days.
7	Sploosh! All that is left of the character is their brain and nervous system, which is left utterly unaffected by the corruption, lying in a pool of stinking goo.

The Mark

Being a visible carrier of disease can drastically alter the way a person is perceived by the rest of the world. Individuals unlucky enough to be marked this way are forced into isolation, or to scratch out a living on the fringes of society. Player characters themselves could be marked with the pock marks and scarring of an old illness (adventurers would certainly count as those on the fringes) as could NPCs. Do you venture into the leper colony in order to uncover a vital piece of information, or dare not risk it?

There are also those who would choose to be known by all as somehow other, as apart form the rest of the world. Perhaps a mage is interested in allowing organisms to grow in his body that bolster his magical potential?

THE DEVIL'S FACE TUMOUR

Disease Hit points: 20

Vector: Contact of The Devil's Face Tumour and an open wound. **Infection Save:** Poison

There are certain foul humans who seek to curry favour with demons that have entered into our world by transplanting its flesh into their own. Little is known about the progenitor, indeed, there are stories of it having been banished hundreds of years ago, but its cancerous lineage still lives on. The tumours themselves concentrate around the face so that when the infected bite an unbeliever it is easily transferred.

A week after being infected, the tumour becomes visible. Every day the infected creature must make another Infection Save, if they fail they progress on the following chart. If they succeed, it gets no worse, but neither does it improve.

Failed infection saves	Effect
1-7	The unsightly growths signify that the character has been touched by dark powers and suffers a -1 to Charisma
8-14	Larger growths make it difficult to see and additionally give a -1 to all attack rolls
15-20	The tumour reaches the brain, driving the infected insane. Unless restrained, they mindlessly attack anyone near them, trying to bite at their face and neck.
21	Death. The body, riddled with tumours, is now more demon than human. Unless the corpse is sanctified with holy water and burned, it will reanimate as a demon as per the Magic User spell, Summon. It always has the Organic Rot form and has the same hit dice as the infected character (minimum 1).

Plague

Throughout all pre-modern history, there has been essentially the same response to plague. Densely populated cities were dangerous places to be, so people fled. This in turn resulted in floods of refugees heading to, and often infecting, clean towns and cities. Local and national governments, such as they were, would try to contain this by closing roads and blocking refugees from entering. Still, there was only so much they could do and this distribution of humanity was a boon for bandits who preyed on people carrying all their belongings on their backs.

One of few reasons people stayed in towns was because loved ones - or fellow party members - had already been struck down, and could not be moved. Many simply did not want to risk the road, and their property had to be defended. The rich, on the other hand, could hire guards to protect their mansions.



BUBONIC PLAGUE

Disease Hit Points: 1

Vector: spending 24 hours in an infected city. **Infection save:** Poison +8

For the first 24 hours after infection, the infected suffers fever and -2 to all rolls. Every subsequent 24 hours they must make another infection save (now with the -2 fever penalty). If they fail, they die. If they succeed, they are rendered helpless. If they make three successful saves they recover, but weakened and retain the -2 to all rolls for 48 hours.

Parasites

The horror of something, or a colony of things, living inside of one's own body is perhaps the most viscerally disgusting. The ingenuity of parasites is almost limitless; crustaceans that eat a fish's tongue and then replace it, gobbling up food for itself (Tongue-eating louse); Wasps that inject brain washing chemicals into cockroaches compelling them to burrow deeper, deeper into the earth where they can be consumed by the wasp's larvae (Emerald cockroach wasp); worms that are asymptomatic in their primary hosts, but infect other creatures, causing seizures (Raccoon roundworm).

Such parasites can also be symbiotes, conferring some benefit to the host. Of course, nothing is without a price, but adventurers are often willing to go to extremes in order to meet their goals.



DEATH EYE WORM

Disease Hit Points: 1

Vector: swimming in or washing with infected water **Infection save:** Paralysis

Death Eye Worms are tiny parasites that live in the vast lagoons that bubble up in the cave systems beneath the surface world. In such dark and evil places it is little wonder that there appear cracks in the fabric of reality which have spawned such creatures, or perhaps altered the native fauna to its own ends.

An hour after infection the victim will be able to see up to ten feet in perfect darkness. However, all living things will appear to them as rotted and putrefying corpses. So disturbing are these images, the infected suffers a -1 to hit all targets except undead, who appear as they did in life.

The worm can also be removed by gouging out the infected eye. The worm lives inside one eye, and only ever one eye per host, but it is almost impossible to tell which, so there is a 50% chance of guessing correctly.

Demihuman Curse

In most game worlds it is humans that dominate, with elves, dwarves and others in the sidelines. There are certain diseases that affect only specific human populations, so it stands to reason that there would be afflictions that only affect particular demihumans. Perhaps the reason there are so few dwarves left is because of the congenital Gold Madness (and associated rages) that have ravaged their once proud underground cities.

Other than their height, the most characteristic feature of halflings are their large, hairy feet, and tendency to walk everywhere barefoot. This leaves them vulnerable to parasites and fungal infection. Obviously this wouldn't be a common occurrence otherwise halflings would take more precautions, but imagine the terror you could strike into a halfling's heart with the possibility of a magically engineered athlete's foot leaving their feet hobbled, rotten and bald.

Elves, at least in LotFP, are inherently magical and immortal, so it stands to reason that they be immune to normal diseases, but suffer from their own magical fevers. Most elves live in isolated communities, far apart from each other, but those who seek the life of an adventurer are in a position to make contact with lost tribes who have not contacted one another for centuries, perhaps millennia. Unfortunately, whilst the body of an elf is unchanging, the forces of disease and corruption never stand still, and these encounters can lead to new infections passing among populations.

ELFISH FLUX

Disease Hit Points: 1

Vector: Being the successful target of a spell by an infected elf. **Infection Save:** Magic

Elves rarely discuss the Elfish Flux with one another, and never with outsiders or lesser races. The most significant symptom of the flux is the great shame associated with it. Bringing it into the community can cause an elf to be exiledfor immortal beings, there can be no worse punishment.

Elfish Flux can only infect Elves, and is only transmitted by spell contact with another elf. There is no physical limit to this, so spells such as Message can transmit the disease long distances, but the subject must be directly targeted, so spells such as Clairvoyance would not come with a risk of infection.

The infected normally feels manic and energised, but whenever they cast a spell, they must make a magic save or a second copy of the spell will be cast with a 33% chance of targeting the original target, 33% chance of firing in a random direction, and a 33% of targeting the caster. The Elfish Flux can be starved out by not memorising any spells for seven consecutive days.

The Wager of Battle

by Daniel Sell

Down in Yongardy they do things differently. They respect the law.

Every morning there is a queue outside the court ticket office. Every Yongardy worth his pantaloons is there to get a seat to see the up-andcomers, the old hands, the love-to-hate heels, all set to punctuate their compelling discourse with three feet of steel. They avidly follow the careers of their favourite solicitors, watch all their cases, collect their portraits and sneak into the court after hours to dab the patches of blood on the crisp white handkerchiefs.

In Yongardy they love the law.

Guild law

Formation, dissolution, fees and all other legal aspects of the administration of guilds.

The typical guild lawyer (aka Barristers) will be sporting the latest in puffy jacket and pantaloons, accompanied by a fine blade with ornamental hilt, all of which will be the best their money can buy. This conspicuous expenditure serves to advertise the fact that they have had a long, successful career and possess a mind to spend their wealth before their lives come to an end on the blade of another barrister.

Guild law is the most profitable and one of the most dangerous (see common law) areas of law in Yongardy. The various guilds and their bickering provide ample opportunity for the guild lawyer to earn his fortune.

A guild duel will usually be to first blood for most things with death being reserved for only the most important cases. However accidents happen, feuds arise, and some press their cases too hard.

Guild law is a staple exhibition and always guaranteed good ticket sales.



Common law

All acts sanctioned under criminal codes and defined as illegal, such as assault, rape, murder, theft etc.

Each common lawyer (aka solicitor) wields a thick duelling knife while holding a knotted rope that his opponent is similarly gripping. Their court cases are characterful and bloody, with the solicitors pulling and slashing and spinning. The loser is the first to let go of the rope, alive or dead.

Criminal lawyers are often characterised as being as bad as the clients they represent, going so far as to establish firms in the roughest parts of town and rubbing shoulders with those they may one day defend or send to the gallows.

They take pride in the many scars they sport on their faces and arms, you can often find them in the markets wearing sleeveless garments to better attract potential clients.

The court is often packed out. Though it's considered uncouth to watch such a bloodbath, you will often find disguised well-to-do citizens skulking at the back.



Tort Law

Intentional or unintentional wrongdoing that affects individuals. Cases involve the likes of quack chirurgeons/wisewomen/astrologers, accidental harm, shoddy workmanship, wrongful death, workplace injury etc.

A tort lawyer (aka Plodds, named after the creature whose hide their whips are made from) defends his case with a thick leather sjambok, thick breeches and a loose white shirt. The breeches are to protect their nethers while the shirt is to better illustrate the horrific injuries this weapon inflicts by tearing and showing off the blood.

Tort lawyers are easily spotted due to their terribly scared and welted skin that has the appearance of thick serpents trapped and crawling beneath their skin. Tort cases are performed until surrender, however some Tort lawyers are so inured to pain that cases are settled out of court once each party is made aware of which lawyer each party has retained. A particularly senior and leathery tort lawyer is enough to settle even the most heinous case.

When a tort case actually makes it to court they are always popular amongst those who have the stomach for them.

Family Law

Child welfare, adoption, inheritance, wills and divorce.

Family lawyers look a lot like tort lawyers, similarly bare chested and leather breeched, however they tend towards muscle and baldness. Only a very green or confident family lawyer would keep a head of hair in a free-for-all brawl, after all. Fights are greased up and bare fisted but otherwise no holds barred and continue until one lawyer is forced from the arena. Often it's merely a formality for the winner to drag his unconscious opponent out and declare the case closed. On particularly memorable days they are hurled into the docks, much to the amusement of the crowd.

Cases are bloody and long, and thus popular with the public who almost always manage to pack out the court. Ticket sales alone ensure the lawyers make a comfortable income, even if they aren't the most often used.

Family lawyers are known for being a close knit group who often exchange case notes with their prospective opponent. Their size belies their distinct sense of justice, and one often finds cases of blatant child mistreatment settled by one lawyer walking out of the ring before a blow is thrown. Consequentially these cases rarely make it to court, for good or bad.

Kings Law

Treason, poaching, destruction of public property, banditry and all other crimes against the state.

Kings lawyers fight to submission with great swords and plate armour, leading to very long and mostly non-fatal fights. Kings court therefore rarely brings significant crowds unless a particularly popular bandit has decided to forgo representation and defend himself, which is not unheard of.

All the best kings lawyers are prosecutors working on permanent retainer for the state, leaving only the newest or disgraced to fight for the defence. As can be surmised, the defence rarely wins a case.

Because of the prohibitive set-up costs (plate armour and plate armour repairs are expensive) and relative comfort afforded, lawyers from other areas often "retire" to practise kings law when they are past their prime. As a result there is a preponderance of old skilled practitioners, some of whom are occasionally disillusioned or bored enough to stand up to the prosecution merely to cause some trouble in their dotage.

Estate Law

Land or construction ownership disputes, development rights, tenant rights, or landlord disputes.

Estate lawyers (aka Doormen) argue with huge hammers and shields, unwieldy for practical combat outside the court room. The shields can be as large as the lawyer, so large that it is more a mobile barrier that is shuffled toward the opponent whereupon the doormen then swing their massive mauls out from behind their barricades, hoping to shatter their peer's shield or head. The fight continues until one of them is incapacitated or their shield is shattered.

Lawyers in this field often work on retainer for the city or wealthy landowners, used mostly as a deterrent to rowdy tenants. Because of the comparatively low cost (anyone can buy a sledgehammer and an old bit of wood) and risk involved in estate law you often find people representing themselves. Doormen are considered to be the lowest field of law by other practitioners, who think it unskilled and dull.

Because of the rarity of death or injury and the plodding pace of a case it doesn't have many dedicated fans, usually only drawing significant crowds when an individual defending themselves has a large extended family.



I want to see my lawyer!

Need legal aid in a hurry? Has the state confiscated your baleful artefacts you just liberated from the local temple of ancient evil? Well I recommend you grab a d30 and roll three times on the following table. You're in good hands.

Roll D30	He/she's known for	And	But
1	outwitting their opponents and pleasing the crowd	is desperate for work	is a hopeless drunk. Always turns up at court drunk. It's a wonder they're still alive
2	their great discretion	is quite young for a lawyer	a complete misanthrope
3	being eager to please	eis too old for this shit	a total bigot (choose specific bigotry)
4	their efficient combat style. Not so popular with the crowds but they get the job done	being hard-boiled as they come. Nothing rattles them	suffers panic attacks before appearing at court
5	never having lost a case.	being an ascetic. All they need is a sharp blade and a client	bribes his opponents to take the fall. Is otherwise a terrible lawyer and will certainly lose when someone refuses
6	_	champions an experimental discourse style that hasn't caught on yet	is the spoiled scion of a fancy law school
7	owning the famous weapon of a historical figure	comes from a foreign land.	is very lazy
8	always being impeccably dressed	is vocally and not unjustly proud of their talents	is a member of an underground death cult. They dedicate each case to their patron
9	being handsome, and rightly proud of it. Not a single scar!	being very aggressive in cour	
10	being loyal to their client, un-bribable	entirely unambitious and content with their lot	is an excessive womaniser/man eater

Roll He/she's known for... And...

D30

11	-	has a very conservative discourse style. Not very popular with the jury	callous. Their opponent is just a lump of meat and their cause is irrelevant if they get paid.
12	being a well respected instructor in a famous law school	highly religious. Their career may conflict with this, but it's all they know	is in debt to a criminal outfit
13	being articulate and well read. Lectures in the Hidden University on weekends	a solitary law practitioner, refusing to join a firm	is brutal. They always inflict as much pain as possible. The fans love it.
14	being charitable with their earnings, and community minded. Well known and liked	getting emotionally involved with cases	is fatalistic. They didn't expect to live this long
15	being an amiable dilitante	is retiring after this case	cheats at court. Razorblades in the sleeves, needles under the tongue. It's a wonder they haven't been disbarred
16	being worldly, has studied law abroad and brought back strange discourse	practises multiple fields of law. Their skill varies	shockingly naive, highly trusting
17	being an old hand, well respected and liked on the court	has been known to be involved in some "extra-judicial discourse"	is genuinely too old for this shit
18	their love of culture, often invited to the best tea rooms because of it	supports a young family. Has a portrait of their beautiful baby in their breast pocket	endlessly argumentative. They always know best
19	always sparing their opponents lives if possible	is a member of a famous law school	is melancholic for the good old days when swords drawn was a last recourse
20	being passionate about their work. It's never just a job	is terribly scared (if a plodd or solicitor, then extra-specially disfigured)	-

But...

Roll D30	He/she's known for	And	But
21	their signature florish before a case. Always earns them applause	has progressive views on human rights / race / women / men / bloodless law (!)	is greedy. Very easily bribed
22	their clean and pure lifestyle off the court	is fiercely patriotic. Will refuse to represent traitors or foreigners they believe to be guilty	incredibly abrasive. Nobody likes them
23	their huge muscles. Built like an ox and knows how to use it	very absent minded. Often has to send their secretary to get their back-up sword	operates out of a shady neighbourhood and has an equally shady assortment of legal staff
24	being patient in court, waiting for their opponent to over extend themselves	likes a drink or three	has an inflated opinion of their own skill. Often gets them into cases out of their league and will eventually get them killed
25	their energetic defence	does this job because of a death in the family. Hell bent on bringing the justice they did not find	likes a sniff of the lotus before, after and during a l court appearance
26	their unusually high birth. Soliciting is far below their supposed station	being politically motivated	has a serious gambling problem
27	their witty remarks to the crowd, making them a fan favourite	has "connections"	has a morbid fascination with death
28	a sentimental streak. Wears their instructors bloodied sleeve on their belt	this is their first case	is an outright criminal off the court (racketeer, hired assassin, drug dealer etc.)
29	their optimism. No case is too tough	is always straight to business	s is obsessive over an unrelated hobby. So much so it affects their work
30	being a shrewd negotiator. Has never failed to press for first blood over fatality	is terribly quiet. It's hard to tell if they're shy, crazy or just don't like you	

Barrow of the Old King

An adventure suitable for all levels. Death and brutal maulings are all that awaits your players in the halls of the old king.

The party has been sent on a jolly jaunt to fetch the ring of an obscure historical figure, the King who slew the giants. Though in his day he was quite

the celebrity, now only a footnote to all but the most specialised of historians. So respected was he that they erected an enormous burial mound to his glory at the very spot of his death, entombing all he loved to accompany him on his journey to the city of the dead.

Unfortunately for your players it won't be a routine



defilement. Recently a nest of corpse lions (pg. 24) has burrowed into the tomb and made off with everything they can carry, including the old king and much of the local village. The village itself is now abandoned, the survivors having packed their bags and left, but the corpse lions are still feeding off the rich strata of rotting death they tapped in the hidden chambers of the barrow.

Finding nothing of interest in the local village other than an exhumed graveyard and a recent orderly egress, the players continue on to the barrow to get the damnable ring. I hope it's worth the trouble.

Including the barrow in your games

The barrow is assumed to be placed somewhere remote and cold, but it wouldn't take much imagination to alter those details. The corpse lions may have only just arrived and the surrounding settlements aren't aware of the trouble brewing beneath their feet. The ring itself is a pure and simple maguffin and can be replaced by any item the players need. Plant it in the random encounter table or simply hide it in a refuse pile somewhere. The corpse lions have no need of things, so have it turn up in a most ignoble place.

Random Encounters

A d20 encounter table has been supplied at the end. It's recommended to roll or pick from it at your whim and when entering a location marked with a "*". The nature of the table means that your adventure could end early with a tide of bugs or with your players waltzing in and lifting the ring. Such is life.

Shattered pillars mark the approach to the barrow. Ochre stained engravings can be made out under a dusting of snow on a large flat stone blocking the entrance. It will take some scraping to get a good look at it. When cleared it reveals a stylised picture of a burning chariot driven by a heroic figure and being pulled by huge bears while hundreds of tiny figures flee before them. Looming behind the chariot is a disinterested figure looking over the scene.

$\mathbf{2}.$

Inside, the dry stone walls of the burial mound are smooth and intricately interlocking. Running down the sides of the room are small metal hooks drilled into the floor. Dominating the middle of the room is a chariot drawn by six bears. Each bear is little more than a well preserved sack of bones, each with a heavy metal collar around its neck chained to the floor. The chariot itself looks much like it did when it was in use but closer inspection reveals it to be brittle, falling away at the touch. Anyone standing in the empty drivers position will fall through the floor of the chariot into the 3ft high tunnel leading to #10.

The two doors leading from this room are plain iron, sturdy and severe. By each door, leading through a hole in the ceiling, is a chain with a loop on the end, pulling on which will open the doors quite easily. The loop fits over the metal hooks nicely. They can only be opened from this side so will need to be left hooked open.

3.

This room is filled with countless chest high clay urns. They are all narrow at the bottom and open at the top, revealing that they are full of salt. Moving through the room is difficult due to the precariously balanced pots, requiring a dexterity check/1 in 6 chance of being knocked over. Inside each is a curled up corpse clutching a semi-precious stone (1d6sp), dried out but well preserved. If the gem is taken from the salt mummy it will blindly flail about looking for its gem, each round having a 4 in 6 chance of knocking over and waking further mummies.

Salt Mummy - HP:12 AC:12 Bite +3 1d6/x2 Claw +2 1d3+1

4.

In the middle of the room is a skeleton nailed to a rig, much like a scarecrow. It appears the cause of death was having molten lead pored over their head. The metal now hangs on the corpse like a shawl and has captured the individual's bewildering last expression of blissful quietude. The lead is rather heavy and is worth 5d6sp if sold to the right buyer.

5.

In this small room are three stone chaise lounges, upon which rest gold plated skeletons, their bones riveted together. Each rests in a provocative pose, eagerly watching the door. If the players decide to dismantle one, then the other two will shift into fearful poses, backing towards the wall. They freeze in this pose. A second decapitation will see the third move as though begging for mercy. They will not resist and are not truly animate.

Each is only thinly plated and worth 2d100sp

Vivid scenes of battle cover the wall, carved in relief and painted with red ochre. Giants stride across a battlefield of undead and human soldiers firing light from their eyes and wielding vast weapons. Charioteers are shown charging the giants, bringing them to their knees.

The final panel of the mural depicts a charioteer, more detailed than the rest, with a recognisably specific face, being embraced by an enormous mother-like figure and separated from the battle by her body. All around are fallen giants, crumbled and fallen apart like masonry.

7.

There is another sliding iron door in here, hook and hoop at the ready. However when the door opens bones tumble out. It appears several people's worth of remains are piled against the entrance. On the inside it is a finely accounted room, the walls are painted in attractive geometric shapes and patterns but are marred by what appear to be human claw marks. All about the door are thick tracks of human scrabbling against the door and stones.

The pile of bones if searched will reveal rich fur clothing and jewellery, d100sp worth of which is salvageable.

8.

Packed full of iron statues, all identically sculpted to look like sad or possibly sleeping soldiers.

One has fallen over to reveal hinged doors and an interior filled with sharp studs. A body has poured forth from the mess, a lacquered skeleton. Where the gristly preserved muscles don't cover, the bone has been covered in a shining coat of dark blue lacquer that reflects the lamp light. Its legs have been shattered by the falling statue.

9.

The room has been turned into a diorama. The walls are barren hills dotted with villages and wildlife, mountains and violent blue sky. There is little attention paid to scale and the composition has as much owed to metaphor as it does to observation. Off to the side of the room is a castle, complete with moat. Sparkling in the darkness it is clear the moat is filled with a silvery liquid and is small enough to step over without trouble. The castle itself is made of bone, carved and skilfully arranged though consists of little more than a curtain wall and a courtyard big enough to sit in.

Anyone stepping inside the castle must save vs. Magic or be assaulted by visions of the dying minutes of the king of this tomb. The poor fellow will ride beside him in his bear chariot as he charges the vast stone war machines casting fire from their eyes. The dead march beside them as they charge through the ranks of humans beside the giants, all covered from head to toe in form fitting shining armour. They could be machines themselves for all the humanity they show. Take 2d8 damage from the battle each turn until a successful magic save is made or 4 turns pass, at which point the king and his passenger is swatted into the sky by a giant hand and die.

Anyone drinking the moat will need to save vs. Poison or die. Don't drink metal.

The room is circled by more iron statues and in the centre a red crystal, about the size of a skull, held by a tripod of swords, points up.

A pale red light illuminates a hole shattered in the wall, the surrounding statues fallen and empty. Amid the debris are three insectoid corpses, each with scorch marks.

The crystal will zap anyone not entering the room on their knees. Save vs. Magic or take 3d8 damage, save for half. If it is knocked off its perch it will shatter and burst, firing shards of itself in all directions. Anyone within 30ft of it must save vs. Device or take 1d8 damage.

11.

There are 8 stone barrels haphazardly spread about this room. The lids can be slid off with some effort. One is open and empty.

Inside they are full of vinegary liquid and three corpses tied together by thick gold threaded rope. Back to back, the rope ties around their open mouths, their necks, and their chests.

If the cord is tampered with in any way they will awaken and batter the players into a fine pulp.

Tri-zombie - HD:5 AC:14 Atk:3xFlail Around While Babbling Hysterically 1d8+1 Tri-zombies cannot be flanked, sneak attacked, or taken by surprise.

12.

The Master's Raiments are at the end of this short hall, hanging on a spike in an alcove. The hall itself is filled with deep holes at irregular intervals. If the armour is removed from its hanger then bars will shoot from the holes, shredding anyone in the hall and blocking passage.

Save vs. Device or spikes spear the player, pulping them to such a degree that their mothers wouldn't recognise them (very dead). Save for 2d10 damage as they somehow manage to avoid being pinned.

The armour is not magic in any way, but it counts as chain and holds historical value to the right buyer. Worth 10d100sp in the right hands.

If you are feeling kind you can have the spikes reset if the armour is returned to its hook.

13.

A short gallery with more iron statues, evenly spread in alcoves. These have been opened and the contents are missing. The end of the gallery has collapsed and leads to a tunnel. There is evidence of heavy traffic through here. The room has a thick darkness that resists attempts to light it. Hanging over a narrow hole, too small to climb down but which blows up a warm draft, is a mace hanging from a chain. The mace is made of a dark metal with silver veins running through.

The Deep Hammer: 2d6 damage, when a double is rolled roll on the following table. All effects are permanent.

1- *And his heart sang of the deep.* You lose 1 wisdom, the mace gains +1 damage permanently.

2- The waves will wash us away. Save vs. Magic or the wielder flies into a murderous rage. If they run out of opponents they will belabour themselves about the head. 1d6 turns.
3- The call of the demon sea. Save vs. Magic or the mace fuses to the wielders hands. You can't remove it by any method short of cutting your hand off.

4- The beaches are littered with the crowns of kings. Save vs. Magic every time you want to not use the mace, or put it down, or not kill someone trying to take it from you.
5- The Tide flows through me. The wielder gains +1 strength and loses -1 wisdom.
6- A fickle mistress, a Whore Queen. The mace kills whomever it just damaged and the wielder gains one permanent hit point.

If the wielder is ever reduced to 0 wisdom they will make their way to the nearest hell mouth and through to the Demon Sea to mount the Phallic Throne of Lok-Oboloth. Gods help anyone who tries to stop them.

15.

Water hole. It's ice cold and tastes marvellous. A tunnel can be seen winding off through to #11.

16.

A thick goo makes a trail from the shattered coffin. Nothing is left of the previous occupant other than a ring worth 2d6sp deep in the goo (search test to find it).

17.

Another shattered, empty tomb. On the floor by the northern exit is a helmet in the shape of a widow fallen on a tomb. Very attractive and worth 3d10sp.

18.

Nothing. Just, nothing.

19.

A dark slope leads down into the earth. Wafts of sweet decay and nutmeg hover heavy in the air.

14.

The room is at the bottom of a steep dirt pile. Embedded in the rubble and soil is shards of armour, weapons and bone. At the bottom of the slope the smooth stones used to construct the tomb are scattered everywhere.

21.

This shallow pit is filled with rotting flesh. Dead corpse lions, travellers, zombies. Dirt has been piled on them, as if someone has tried to bury them. Blue moss covers many of the dead bugs.

Save vs. Poison to anyone digging through the bodies. Failure means they will have an irresistible urge to lay down and die in the moss at #29.

22.

A low room, 2ft high, you must crawl to get through. Passage is made harder by the bones and stones left here and there, reducing your sight to mere feet. D3 corpse lions are resting in here. 4 in 6 chance that they get the drop on the party since they have no trouble skittering through this low room.

23.

A huge cavity filled with crusty brown eggs. There are many already burst open, the young feeding on the rotted remains left by the adults. Smashing eggs or killing the young will summon 2d6 corpse lions. 1d6 adults are already here moving food from #25. The young can not defend themselves.

24.

A dull black crystal, partially exhumed. Causes mild panic to well up in the hearts of those that approach. If touched it will induce religious rapture. Save vs. Magic or convert to worshipping the God Bone. Corpse lions will not approach this room.

25.

Larder. Freshly dead livestock and villagers are left here to ripen strewn about the floor. If the party sifts through the goo they will find one living villager. They will require medical attention and are too traumatised to be of much use. Roll random encounters liberally in these rooms.

26.

Sunlight at the end of the tunnel. The crisp freshness of the outside contrasts heavily with the warm loam of the earth. 4d100sp worth of arms, armour and burial trinkets have been piled around the entrance, frozen solid in compacted snow. This is an excellent alternative location for whatever item the players are here for.

27.

Fresh cold water bubbles up through cracks in the earth forming a cave river. Small blind crabs scamper in the sand. This stream can be followed for a hundred feet to the surface.

Pool fed from a crack in the wall. The crack is iced over allowing a trickle of freezing water through. The ice is in fact an ooze, frozen in place. If the ice is shattered the small pieces will fall into the pool and melt into an angry transparent ooze.

Large frozen ooze- HD:4 AC:16 Atk:1d4 freezing grip. Paralyse save or the ooze wraps around the players feet and starts to freeze again. Save each turn or it travels further up. 1d4 per turn per failed save until it is smashed off or dead.

29.

Luminous blue moss covers the room, it smells loamy and warm. Dead corpse lions litter the area, covered in moss. 2d4 of them will get up and attack anyone not infected by the lichen. The rest are dead.

Random Encounter Table

- 1-10 D6 bugs out for blood. Add +1 to the next roll (cumulative until a result over 10 appears).
- 11 Izio, famous travelling minstrel, glued to the wall. He is actually a spy for a foreign power and will try to kill the party to cover his tracks if given the chance.
- 12 Three corpse lions dragging a polar bear towards #25. It's almost dead and can't do much more than growl.
- 13 Hear the tell-tale shick-shick of corpse lions coming from the tunnels. D6 corpse lions in adition to whatever the next encounter brings.
- 14 The old King, now a badly mauled wight. Covered in bug blood, an arm missing and limping. HD:8 Cold touch: lose d3 constitution. Old shield: 1d4+2 AC: 16
- 15 D6 corpse lions eating a salt mummy in one of the exits to the room. They will ignore the party if they go another way.
- 16 Full of holes about 2 feet across. The holes are filled with goo, you can see feet. Animals, zombies, mummies, villagers.
- 17 1 infected lion being herded by d6 corpse lions. They are pushing it towards the nearest exit while nipping at its heels, always being careful not to get too close.
- 18 Infected lion making way to #29 where it will lie down and try its hardest to die.
- 19 Thick roots infest this chamber, it smells sweet and earthy. Corpse lions are drowsy and placid in their presence.
- 20 Lance of the old king, fully through a dead corpse lion and stuck in the wall. His hand is still holding it. The ring that the party have been looking for is still on the partially eaten hand.



Corpse Lion

Named for their love of decayed flesh, corpse lion's sprawling subterranean nests often tunnel into graveyards and crypts in search of your dear old ancestors.

A corpse lion hive is considered a serious menace by local settlements, so much so that entire villages have uprooted and left in the past. Once their preferred food source is expended, once the forests and graveyards have given up their dead, they come for the living to carry them off to hang in their larders.

No. Encountere	Between one and all of them. A single corpse lion found outside of a nest will edtypically be lost and isolated, often too disoriented to defend itself.
Size	A large dog.
Speed	As fast as a house cat while running, can fly clumsily if need be.
AC	14. Their shell is hard, their organs are simple & robust and they're as fast as hell.
HD	2 (8hp)

Attacks:

Mandibles and claws: 1d6

Gummy resin goo: paralyse save or blinded, further successes against a blind target will disable a limb (randomise).

They like to go for the throat and inner thighs, nicking your blood pipes in order to start the draining process. Once disabled they'll drag you to one of their larders and paste you up to the wall or in a cavity to dry out and get a good strong stink on. If a corpse lion rolls max damage on an attack it will induce 1d3+1 bleeding every turn until someone spends a round and an intelligence test to stem the flow.

Sometimes they won't drain you and instead disable you with their gummy saliva, burrow their heads into your gut and deposit an egg sac. This process leaves you alive long enough to keep the eggs warm, and briefly enough so that you are suitably tasty for when they hatch. The egg sac can be removed with an application of Cure Disease or traumatic ghetto surgery.

Reaction (pg. 56 of LotFP):

-4, unless cornered or outnumbering you 4:1, in which case they will attempt to kill you and take you back to their nest. If you are inside the nest they will perceive you as a threat and put their whole weight into removing you.

Morale:

8. 10 when defending eggs.

Notes:

They smell like old nutmeg and sound like someone trying to light a cigarette lighter unsuccessfully.

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