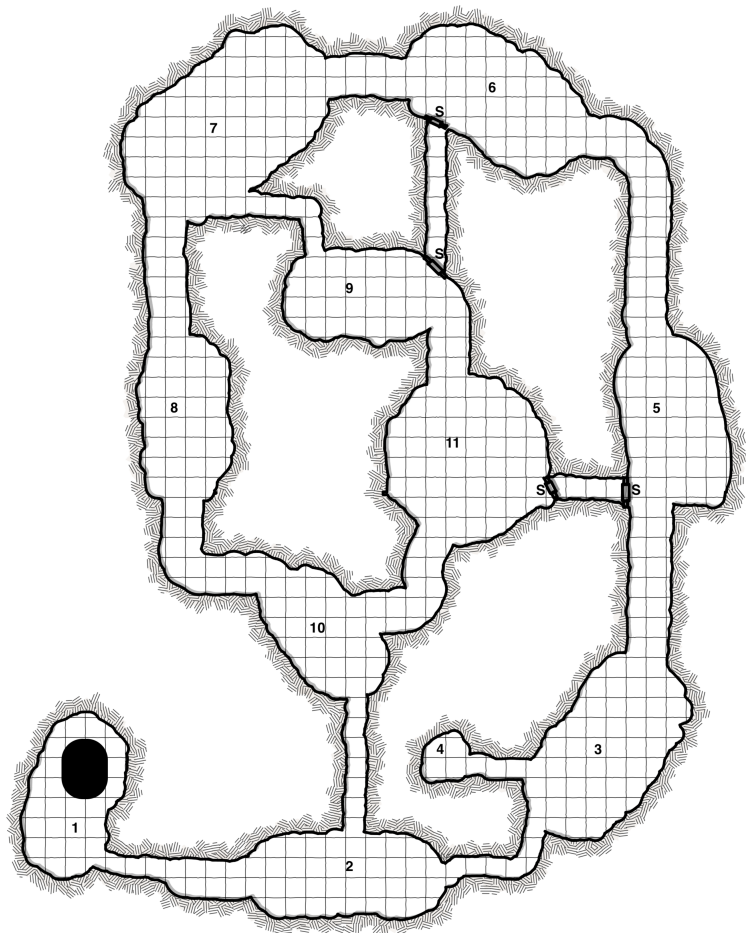


LAIR OF THE BONELESS ONES

a one page dungeon by Alessio Posar
art by Maria Carolina Gasco

Six months ago, a crack opened somewhere on the eastern hills, and the whispers of salvation began. Peasants started to venture there, looking for a way to escape their mortal life, and the madness and the pain that came with it. Rumors say they are no longer human. Rumors say they are happy among the jewels and the gemstones. Rumors say they serve the thing that came from the depths.

1 square = 1.5 mt (5 ft)



1: The pitch-black chasm, at least 30 meters deep. Something came from down there. Exploring it is another, perilous adventure.

2: A thick, old trail of slime from west to east. Some dry drops of slime look like gemstones. Maybe valuable, maybe useful for rituals.

3: A bunch of men and women is guarding this room. They are not completely human, to be honest: some of them are fat and literally sluggish, others have shells growing on their back. Their eyes are blank and forlorn.

4: You came from here – the crack above you. Stench and humidity fill your lungs. You can hear whispers in the air, they want you to surrender and live in peace forever.

5: A translucent slime covers almost all the floor. Touching it might get you paralyzed, leaving you ready to be brought somewhere else. A secret door is hidden on the dirty wall.

6: There are men and women in this crystal-lit room. Some of them cry, some lie helpless, some want to kill. But they all have lost their mind. A secret tunnel cover in slime on the south wall.

7: In this room, human bodies lie in tubs filled with slime and blessed by the Slug God. People are either turned or die.

8: The newborn slug abominations come here to learn how to use their new bodies for the glory of the Slug God: they learn how to climb on walls and how to spit their slime.

9: This cave is full of corroded skeletons (along with the metal objects that once belonged to the dead). It's a place where the slug abominations feed on the ones who are too weak to be transformed.

10: Stalactites made of salt might fall from the ceiling. It's a trap – and a punishment: the slug traitor lies here, eternally suffering for plotting against the Slug God.

11: At the center of this slimy ceremonial room lies the gigantic Slug God. They say It can attack thrice per round. They say It can spit paralyzing slime. They say It whispers of eternal peace.

