

DUNGEONLANDS



INTO THE
BLACK
BONUS ENCOUNTER



DISCLAIMER

Dungeonlands is not reality. The GM sets a scene in a fictional realm and the players play characters in it. Repeat after me, *"I am not my character. I cannot do the things that my character can do because he is a fictional character in a fictional universe."* Don't try to fly just because your character can fly. Don't kill anyone just because your character is a master of the Scottish claymore. Roleplaying is meant to be fun, but comes with serious responsibilities.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE

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LIZ COURTS



INTO THE BLACK

In a foul and flooded section of the dungeon lies a great dank lake of black, stagnant tar and water. Bones litter the shore as well as untold riches and artifacts where their owners fell. Within the deep, dark pool lies a creature that was monstrous in life and has only become more terrible in undeath.



TOPARKIL [WILD CARD]

The toparkil, as the elves called it, writhes in the sticky murk, playing with its former victims like grotesque puppets and waiting for more trespassers to come within its vile reach.

The toparkil (toh-PAR-kill) was once a somewhat typical aquatic lurker lying at the bottom of this small lake waiting to snag victims with its spiny tentacles. But years ago a seam of tar burst into the pit, smothering the creature in a slow agonizing death. The Lich Queen sensed this powerful creature's demise and cursed it with unlife—and a few of her necromantic powers as well. The toparkil not only snags passersby with its spiny, tarred tentacles—it can raise those it slays as its own thralls!

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8, Throwing d8

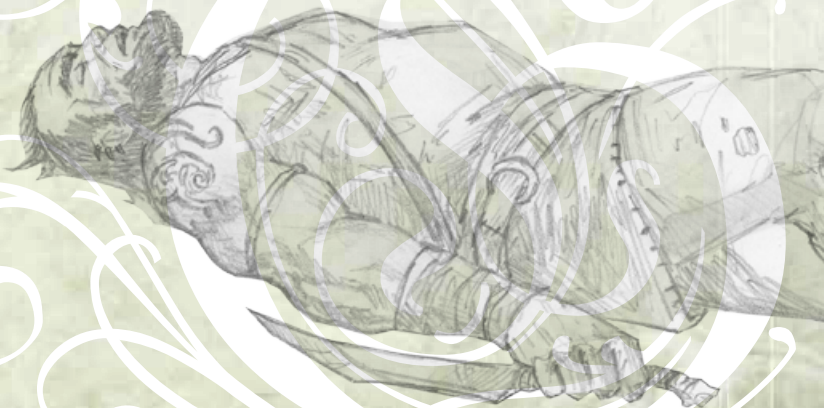
Charisma - Pace 1 Parry 9 Toughness 20 (4) Pulse 35

Special Abilities

- **Armor +4:** The toparkil is a creature of rubbery flesh coated and infused with thick, sticky tar.
- **Huge:** +4 to attacks against its main body (+2 to attacks against the tentacles)
- **Size +6:** The toparkil is a massive beast the size of a small house.
- **Tar:** Anyone grappled by a tentacle is covered in thick tar. Breaking free suffers a penalty of -2.
- **Tentacles:** The toparkil has six remaining tentacles. Each one is the size of a tall tree and has a Toughness of 20, just like the body. A single wound maims or severs it, however, preventing it from being used. The creature can attack up to six targets per round, which otherwise works

just like the Improved Frenzy Edge, and causes Str+d10 damage. A hit with a raise means the tentacle has grappled its foe, but it does not inflict damage while grappling. If the target hasn't freed itself by the thing's next action, however, he's dragged into the tar pool. The action after that, he's bitten by the toparkil's massive maw for Str+d10 damage until he's dead and devoured.

- **Thralls:** Rather than attacking with its tentacles, the toparkil can instead choose to draw one of its undead thralls from the depths and hurl it at its prey. The creature is a typical zombie armed with a short sword, and with the additional power of Tar as outlined above. The things try to grapple their foes and drag them into the pool for their master after weakening them with a slash or two. The toparkil has access to at least 3d6 thralls at any given time.
- **Undead:** +2 Toughness, +2 to recover from being Shaken; ignores called shots, immune to disease and poison.
- **Weakness:** There are two ways to deal with the toparkil (assuming avoiding it entirely is out of the question). The first is to cut off each of its six tentacles—a difficult task indeed. Unfortunately, the thing's necromantic energies regrow them in 2d6 days. The only way to permanently slay the horror is to dive into the tar pool and get inside its massive, blob-like body—a contest of Agility at -4 to avoid being bitten each attempt. Once inside, and assuming the hero doesn't suffocate, he can find the monster's black heart and destroy it (Parry 2, Toughness 8); ending the abomination's existence instantly.



SUZERAIN



SAVAGE
MOJO



The Chosen

We are the protectors, the teachers, the guardians of the light in this universe. Through the mighty element of Light we channel our power to make all of existence a better place. And we are gods, so that is a lot of power I am talking about.

That does not guarantee our success.

You see, there are crazed gods and their followers who would destroy everything we work so hard to nurture, gods who must be found and stopped.

That, above all else, is our sacred duty - to hunt down those who desecrate the Dark, the exiles from our pantheons who we'd forgotten, because they have not forgotten us, and they are planning something. Something terrible.

The mortal realms have their own flow of time, represented in three stages: Timeline, Elements and Catalyst. The immortal realms of the Maelstrom are outside mortal time. According to the philosopher gods, the two intertwine at only two points: when the universe began and when it will cease to exist.

MAELSTROM



We are the unwanted, the discarded, the forgotten gods of a thousand beliefs. We meet in the secret, hidden corners of the mortal realms, spurned by those self-styled 'Chosen' and their arrogant kin.

Discarded by most, yes... but we have our allies too. Great deities who share the power of our common element - Dark. And through the Dark element we work to bring about the only thing that can make this miserable universe better.

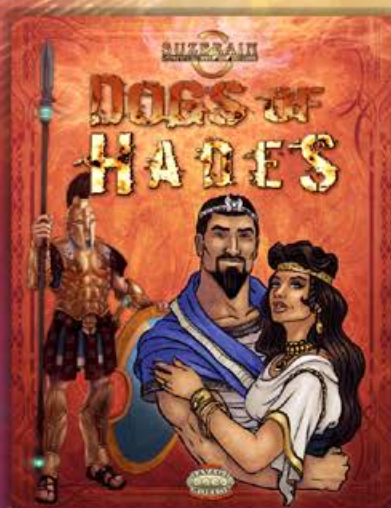
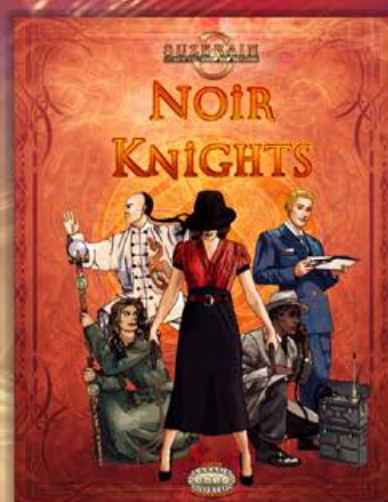
The End Times.

The Chosen will tell you we're insane, but quite the opposite. They're the deluded fools for thinking they can redeem this paltry existence. The End Times is nothing short of a cosmic reset switch, wiping all pain, all wrongs, all mortals and gods alike, replacing it with a new universe, a fresh start. We should seize the chance. We *shall* seize the chance.

The Forgotten



One Savage Metaverse, many Savage Worlds...
Choose your destination.



Savage Suzerain
Where anywhere is just one portal away.



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