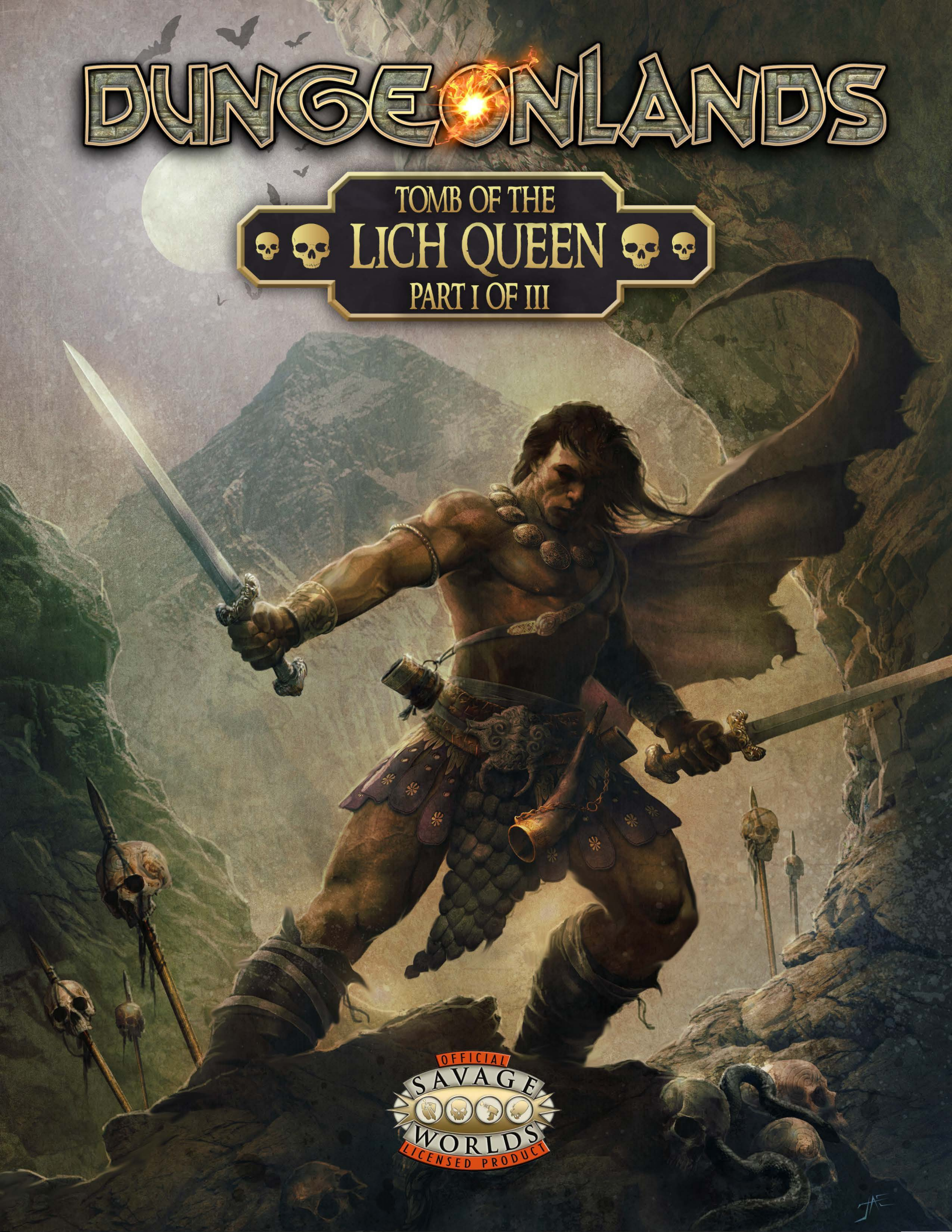


DUNGEONLANDS

TOMB OF THE
LICH QUEEN
PART I OF III



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



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.

THANK YOU

On behalf of the entire Dungeonlands creative team, I'd like to thank the 212 kickstarter backers who made this project possible. Please enjoy this, the first of many Dungeonlands products to come!

We appreciate your feedback, please email hello@savagemojo.com if you have any comments for the team. Thank you for your support, we appreciate it.

-Ace

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THE LEGEND OF THE LICH QUEEN

BY KEVIN ANDREW MURPHY

Trismaya the Storyteller. Trismaya the FortUNETeller. Trismaya the Mad.

I have heard them all and more.

I am the teller of a thousand tales. The dreamer of ten thousand dreams. The whisperer of a million lies. And the prophetess of a single truth.

Your lies will catch up with you, child, my mother always said.

The lies were not what worried me. The truth was.

I had heard it first as a girl, in a dream, too old to simply forget, too young to know the wisdom of holding my tongue or filling my mouth with an artful lie.

My mother showed me both, telling me the tale of Ninat, the spider goddess, who cast her dreams to the world, floating away like spiderlings on gossamer thread. Most of Ninat's dreams were good. A few were naughty, frightening children and even grown folk. But none were real, only cobweb fancies.

I should not have asked if any showed an apocalypse of fire, the death of gods and men alike.

I was taken to seers and fortunetellers, aged soothsayers and vain young priests. I learned that while a few had enough glimmerings of the Sight to read dim portents in cards or oracle bones, most were charlatans of varying degrees of expertise—and all of them cared more about my mother's money than they did about me or anything they might see. Even the true oracles viewed it only as a trade.

So I learned to lie. I told my mother the most soothing lies the false soothsayers had spun, agreeing with her and them that it had just been a wickedly snarled thread of Ninat's dreamsilk; I had already mostly forgotten it.

I did not forget.

The dream came again when I was twelve, its revelations more specific and more awful. I will not say I was ready for it. But at least I had a lie prepared. I said my bleeding time had come upon me and that was why I was pale and shaking.

The most believable lies are those that resemble the truth.

I wish I had been in a state to remember more of what my mother told me, for I could tell she had rehearsed her speech, how proud she was of me as her daughter, what great hopes she had for me as a woman, how now that I was brideworthy, she might honorably arrange my marriage, and indeed, had fine prospects already in line.

They came to court, young and old, wise and foolish, handsome and unfavored, but all with some combination of wealth or the promise of same through powerful familial connections.

I turned one aside then another, growing in both beauty and the liar's craft. My reasons were good or

bad, mercurial as the fluids in an alchemist's alembic, solid as stone or yielding as a dream. My fame grew as an unwinnable beauty, for my mother, while a wealthy cloth merchant, kept the custom that she would not agree to a match that her daughter did not favor, which only made me yet more desirable, for the fame of the man whom I chose would be joined with my own, he forever known as the one who won Trismaya the Dreamer.

Three more suitors had been turned aside that morning, and my mother, while noting that the interest in me was still accruing, was becoming bored with the game and fearing that others might as well. It was then that I saw him. My dreams, though I pretended them to be light and fanciful, were in truth dark and awful, twisted as the gossamer parachutes of Ninat's most horrid broodlings.

But even the dolorous future of the spider keepers did not show me the bright present. I had seen his visage amid blood and fire, ashes and memories, older, weary, battle-scarred, the lines in his face etched in the acid of pain and true grief.

I was not prepared to see the earnest youth that he had been, that he was, here, now, before me.

"Dorhendr..." I breathed, speaking the name outside my dreams for the first time.

He looked at me shyly and smiled a child's smile, showing me the boy he had been before, now catapulted into a man's body, tall and broad-shouldered, a man who would know torment and pain and ruin...some of it at my hand.

I took his hands in mine. They were great things, making me feel almost like a child again myself. I felt none of the sword calluses that would be upon them save those that all the sons of well born men had from following the expectations of form. "I am

sorry. So sorry. You will love me, though you should not. I am more than a dream girl—I am madness incarnate. I will be as good a wife to you as I can, but I shall betray you for no reason that you will at first understand. You will, in turn, betray others, including the one who will love you as you truly deserve. I am Trismaya, and I shall be many things, but among them the author of your grief, and for that I am truly sorry. Years hence, you will still not understand, only forgive me, believe me, and follow me to your doom once more.”

“What?” said his father. “What did she say, Dorhendr? She speaks very softly and I am growing deaf.”

“She said that she promises to be as good a wife as she can!” the young man boomed, smitten. “She agrees to be my bride!”

My mother, who was not growing deaf, had heard no such thing, but had wearied of me turning down one suitor or another for trivial reasons. She was more than glad that Dorhendr, son of Alsim the Spice Prince, was apparently as mad as I was. Together we could be suitably matched.

“Then let us let these two love birds get to know each other while we work out the details of the wedding and the bride price,” my mother suggested sweetly.

“Bride price?” Alsim echoed. “I expected a dowry. I have heard rumors that your daughter is mad.”

“Mad with love,” my mother lied, but that was more the truth with Dorhendr.

As it turned out, there was neither a bride price nor a dowry. Our families, merchants both, settled on a lavish wedding, netting us many rich gifts from those who wished to curry favor from Dorhendr’s father, my mother, or both. The gifts begged description and more than a few personal

fortunes. Among them was one I had seen in my dreams—my terrible, terrible dreams—a necklace of moonstones as beautiful as if an angel’s tears had been strung upon a silver string.

This was because one of them was exactly that, the central pendant being the frozen tear of the seraph Anat. The lesser droplets were from her attendant choir of cherubim.

“Very fanciful,” my mother pronounced, reading this same description from the accompanying scroll, “yet I understand the Emir of Ralzim paid a small fortune to the wandering fakir who sold it, and that provenance alone makes it valuable beyond common moonstones.”


“There’s nothing common about them,” I said in rejoinder. “They are the tears wept by the angel Anat and her choir when Ninat spun her tale of the doom that is to come, stringing the angel’s dreams onto the silver thread woven by Her and Her spider keepers.” I gestured to my new husband. “Place the string upon me, Dorhendr.”

He did as he was bade, in that and in all things.

We were happy for a span of years, or at least he was, deserved as much. He became the popular young merchant prince, I his beautiful and fashionably mad young wife, throwing many fabulous parties as gaily extravagant and profitable as our nuptials.

Dorhendr needed that happiness for the sorrow that was to come.

Sorrow came in the form of a tear of jet, the Mourning Stone, another of the tears wept by the angel Anat. I knew this as well when I saw it on the peddler’s blanket spread in the bazaar. The man was a liar, weaving an improbable tale about how it had been taken from the nest of a griffin by a wandering prince, created as a jewel for him to remember his lost love.



I knew better: It was the tear Anat wept the morning after Ninat visited the seraph in her dreams, wringing from her the tears for the moonstone necklace. The tear of jet was crystalized from the angel's nameless sorrow from the dream she could no longer remember. After it had fallen to earth, it had passed about by far more mundane means before it arrived on the peddler's blanket.

Still, a good story is still worth a few coins. I laughed and offered the peddler a handful of dinars for his lies and a few more for the bauble, which I found pretty and might suit my husband.

I left it on my pillow with a note, reminding him of my words when first we met outside the realm of dreams, my first meeting with him as a youth. I gathered about me a few mementos—the masks of

the muses of comedy and tragedy he had gifted me with on our first anniversary, a mocking play on my oft repeated apology that I would make him laugh now, but cry later; the patterned oracle's scarf my mother had bought me when I was a girl visiting soothsayers; a platinum choker crafted by the finest artisans of the age which complemented the string of moonstone tears I never took off; and a lovely time-worn lute, its wood stained and smoothed by the hands of courtesans and meistersingers over the years until it had come to be among my family's riches and I took it up as my own.

I went out into the world, spinning illusions and dreams about myself at first so others would not know me, telling tales in the bazaars and coffee gardens and hearing more in turn, including the

gossip of Dorhendr, the most favored young man in the world becoming the most fallen, for the man whose fortune is set by winning the beauty of the age is ruined when he is abandoned by her.

Dorhendr had always given his love too freely and was too honest for a successful merchant anyway. A lie or two would have spared him. He could have claimed I was abducted by bandits or djinn, spirited away by wicked enchanters in dragon-borne chariots, or even stolen by one of the gods who walked among men with such frequency I had met no less than five—though I was wise enough to never reveal I had seen through their disguise, nor did I tell three that I knew they were doomed.

My husband was doomed as well, by his honest admission that I had left him and his honest grief at that betrayal. He had felt that I was like a butterfly and he had been honored that I had chosen to alight on his finger. That I had flown away was a time he had always feared would come, but he had heard me talking in my sleep. He knew the dreams that tormented me would never let me rest, trapped in them like a butterfly in a spider's web. So he did the kindest thing he could: He cut me free.

His social contacts did the same with him and far less kindly. Ruin came to the spice house until he traded what was left for a great sword, hung the mourning tear from the pommel, and set his way on the warrior's path.

I heard tales of his valor from gossips and storytellers, those who plied the trade of exotic truths and the woven word. It gave me joy for a brief time when I heard he had joined forces with the shield maid Elrahui, she of the fleeting smile and swifter blade. I blessed her though I knew we would never meet, at least while she lived. The tale of my betrayal of Dorhendr had given him a dark fame, one only one who had lost

much and battled many could hope to heal. I knew she knew him for the good man he was, and that she was cursed to love him as he had loved me.

I wept when I heard that his pain and sorrow had led him to betray her and the rest of his company, and how, in her dying words, she had forgiven him and he wept as well.

Dorhendr, my sweet youth, put on the armor of penance and became the Grieving Guard, the Silent Sentinel, the one who was meant to be nameless but was not. Even in the stillness of the Great Necropolis where he had pledged to stand vigil, effacing his own name so he could remember the names of all the others, reciting the litany of the fallen warriors and the honored dead, their bones interred in graves and vaults, their ashes in cinerary urns, the names of those lost afield or asea engraved on empty cenotaphs, even there the name of one pledged to be nameless could not be forgotten—not when the tale was so juicy and the gossips' tongues could still wag.

Mine did as well, telling the tale of Dorhendr, the Grieving Guard, and mad Trismaya, the betraying beauty who had once been his wife—surely she could not be myself!

Or could she?

A lie is more easily believed when it is gilded with truth. In truth, courtesans and charlatans alike had found it profitable to style themselves as Mad Trismaya, so who was I to say them no, especially when a crowd of impostors made my truth so much easier to hide.

I met a few madwomen who thought they were me as well. But their madness was slight, for it scarcely strayed beyond the thought that my waking life was their own. My dream life was still my own, and in that I was truly mad and truly cursed.

I told other tales as well, ones recounted by travelers and those who had never left the cities of their birth, of Tianet of the Wilds, greatest huntress of the age, who bore in her hand a bow set with a bloodstone tear. I knew it to be another tear shed by Anat's holy eye, a tear lamenting all the beasts that died so that others might live—truly ironic since it was said that by its power and her skill, Tianet had slain at least two of every beast that had ever been, even those monsters thought to be unique. As the storytellers confabulated when the inevitable child asked how she could kill twice what only existed once, the answer was simple: She had killed it in both this world and the next, the same monster doomed twice.

This was truer than most realized, for I had seen it in my dreams.

In my dreams I had seen another bearer of Anat's tears, Mabharo the Wanderer, also known as the Heretic, the man who served no god but had met all of them—an easier feat than it might sound for the gods were fond of walking in the guise of mortals only to put aside their masks like a child at a pantomime, revealing themselves in all their glory or horror. They almost invariably gained a convert to their cult if they didn't take that opportunity to exalt or destroy the mortal who had seen them in their true form, transmuting wretches into princes, or princesses into garden slugs.

Mabharo was the “almost” in the “invariably.” He was not quite as broken as myself, but only just, for rather than being touched by Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams, he had been touched by



Pingalu, the Monkey Spirit, God of Mischief, of whom many tales are told.

Mabharo's was among the most amusing.

The tale, as the children liked to hear it, went like this: One day Pingalu was wanting to work some mischief, for he was always wanting to work mischief, and thought that perhaps he would put on the form of a man, walk the world, and find some mortal to play with. A good number of the apes and monkeys in his court had formerly been men or women, converted to his worshipers and his favored forms. But one who had never been a man, simply a clever monkey named Mabharo, said to Pingalu, "My god, you have made many men into monkeys, but you are becoming almost predictable. Is it not time you made a monkey into a man instead?"

"Perhaps it is," Pingalu laughed. "Do you volunteer? Never matter! You have no choice. I volunteer you! Let the monkey become a monk!" So said Pingalu, the Monkey Spirit, who was as fond of puns as he was of mischief, transforming Mabharo the monkey into a human monk—still barefoot.

"So, my new man," asked Pingalu, "how do you intend to work mischief to serve me?"

"Serve you?" echoed Mabharo. "Men do not serve monkeys, not even monkey gods! I will go seek a god who I find worth serving."

Pingalu then realized he had worked his mischief on himself, as he did so often in his tales—but he also worked his mischief on the other gods, for Mabharo was ever dissatisfied, visiting one god then the next, surprising Selibe the goddess of beauty without her make-up then finding Forekhrin, god of secrets, in his supposedly secret hideaway.

Mabharo wandered, learning something of all of them, gaining a small token from each, from the most

kind to the most terrible, for even the gods gossip, and it was soon known who and what Mabharo was—and while he might not have been the worshiper of Pingalu any longer, no god wished to play too hard with the plaything of the God of Mischief.

When Mabharo visited the angel Anat, she shed the amber tear, and in it her grief for all the worlds that had gone before this one, all the souls and gods forgotten to time. Mabharo took it and used it as the fob of his rosary, the chain he had strung with the tokens gained from all the other gods he met both before and after meeting Anat.

Anat also shed a fifth tear, this one a lapis stone. My dreams revealed that it was borne by one named Ayrawn, of whom not as many stories were told, not because there were no tales to tell, but merely because they were not the tales for the marketplace or the souk, not stories that would set fire to the hearts of children and casual listeners.

The tales of Ayrawn were more subtle as was she—a casual mention by a scholar in a coffeehouse, a respectful citation by a court wizard when listing those in the arcane arts whose works he found exemplary, the same from an alchemist perusing volumes at a bookseller's stall and pestering the harried merchant for one penned by one known to be more than a charlatan.

Of all the known branches of the arcane arts, if not the accepted master, Ayrawn was still considered among the highest echelons, a storied polymath of the arcane. It was even whispered by priests, who mostly wished to claim some portion of her secular fame for their divine learning, that she had gained the favor of the wise angel Anat, who had gifted her with the blue stone she wore at her brow. That granted her in turn more than mortal wisdom, for how could any mortal seek to know so much save with spiritual help?



The priests cooed like doves or cackled like old hens, but their divine wisdom, if envious, was nonetheless true. As I said, I had seen the same in Ninat's dreams, the vision of the blue tear, the fifth of Anat's talismans that concerned the doom of the world but also its salvation.

And so, in the manner of vain storytellers since time immemorial, I found a place to slip myself into another's narrative and did.

I arrived at the gates of the great hall of wizardry and the arcane arts. I shall spare you the superlative descriptions of its glory and its grandeur, for they have been listed by others before. There were books and scrolls as one might expect; alchemical experiments bubbling away; strange things mewling in cages, hybrid monstrosities created by the arcane arts or mysterious cryptids brought to the laboratory

for further study; mechanical devices of unknown purpose, more alarming for the fact that they were plainly made, designed for cold functionality rather than ostentatious gearing; more curiosities and wonders than one might think the world could hold if you had not traveled as widely as I had.

This was the private study of Ayrawn that I was brought to by the gnomelike servant, a twisted mannekin that the wizardess might have found in the depths of the earth or grown from a mandrake root. I did not know which, for my dreams had been unclear on the subject, but I knew its mistress had called it a Verger. I had used this name to get it to take me to her: "Verger, take me to your mistress."

"She knew my name, mistress!" the creature complained. I did not know if it were male or female, or again, if this even mattered. "She knew my name!"



“Indeed,” said the wizardess, standing, “and that I find impressive, for I had not yet published my discovery of this race. How might I know you? What name would you like to be called?”

“Most call me Trismaya the Mad.”

She regarded me coolly, then her eyes narrowed and she wove the fingers of one hand in an arcane sign. “The original. I see. The stories tell of a mad beauty in her first blush of womanhood, but the stories have been about for some time. I should not reasonably expect you to still have the blush of youth.”

“Most do,” I said. “It is a useful disguise.”

“So what brings the celebrated and multiple Trismaya to this scholar’s humble study? I am not the most storied or most gloried of those who pursue the arcane arts.”

“You are not the most storied because you have not sought it. Your life to this point has been prologue: Your greatest achievements lie before you, not behind. And you are not gloried by the common folk because again you have not sought it. You have the respect of the most learned scholars, and that for the moment is enough, even though you hold such power that you could be a queen if you so desire.”

“And be regarded as a usurper who stole a kingdom or an upstart who married into one.” She laughed lightly. “I would have to create a whole new world to be regarded as a rightful queen by subjects fit to rule.”

“That is precisely what I propose,” I said. “A whole new world. We must create one, for this one will be ruined by the Coming of Austra.”

“I know of no ‘Austra,’” the mage said clearly, “and you have something of a reputation as a

fraud and a charlatan—or at very best a madwoman who no one in her right mind would trust.”

“Do you trust your own divinations?”

“As much as I must,” Ayrawn allowed. “Demons lie for it is their nature, the dead can only be compelled to reveal what they knew in life, which is not necessarily the truth, and the omens glimpsed in tea leaves are open to interpretation. Yet enough, taken in cross consultation, can yield a composite image, a prognostication which, while not necessarily a true image of the future, bears such a high likelihood of coming to pass that only a fool would ignore it.”

“It is just so with my dreams,” I said. “I see matters from many angles, and when I approach them in the mortal world, I see them from yet another perspective. Yet each vision is true, like seeing someone from a distance from the side, then seeing them again closely face to face.”

“And evidently you foresaw that I would be free this morning and looking for a new avenue of arcane inquiry. Very well then. Do you take tea? Would you like to read your omen in leaves on porcelain, or would it suffice for me to do so?”

“Aside from dreaming, my preferred method is casting beads, though in this we both bear the favor of Anat.” I dandled the greatest pendant of my moonstone necklace, pointing it for a moment towards the lapis tear set in Ayrawn’s circlet. She gasped. I merely stroked the strand of angel’s tears and silver spidersilk. “But tea would be lovely, thank you.”

A mage, especially one who conjures demons and djinn, is made of stern stuff. She regained her composure, removing an alembic filled with strange substances from a charcoal burner and

replacing it with a common iron kettle. It swiftly came to a boil. She poured it into a china pot and then, as the leaves steeped, I began to tell her my dreams, of how the world would end in blood and fire, how Austra, Goddess of Fire, would arise from the earth itself, how the cataclysmic eruption of magma and flames which accompanied her birth would reshape continents, the pyroclastic cloud incinerating cities, men and gods alike perishing in the firey cataclysm.

I told her also of Dorhendr, who bore the Mourning Stone, the jet pendant I had gifted him with at our parting, the one he still wore as the charm depending from the pommel of his greatsword as he stood vigil at the Great Necropolis. I told her of Mabharo, the monkey now a man, who bore his rosary of the gods he had seen with his own eyes but never felt worthy of his worship, and the amber tear he had gained from his visit with the angel Anat. I told her of Tianet, she of the bloodstone bow, the greatest huntress of the age, who, it is said, could both kill a beast and bring it back to life, for where was the sport if the greatest trophies could never be taken again. And as I did, I drank my tea, showing her how the omens in the bottom of my cup gave extra insights to the visions I had seen and illustrated the tale I told.

“A pretty parlor trick, I will grant you that,” the mage pronounced, but then, after reading her own tea leaves, consulted her books of ancient lore and modern philosophy, talked with the bronzed and mummified heads of sages and scholars past, cast powders into her brazier to summon wise afreet and demons of knowledge terrible in both aspect and name, and finally mixed an elixir of poppy gum and the resins of desert cacti, breathing the fumes from her retort until she fell into a drugged stupor.

The hour was late and I was tired as well. I reclined upon Ayrawn's spare divan and swiftly joined her in a new vista of the familiar nightmare.

We stood on the parapet of I believe the wizard's tower, a great telescope bolted to the stones no doubt for the mage to scan the stars, partaking of the twinned sciences of astronomy and astrology. But instead, the telescope was pointed to the distance where fire fountained into the air. Ayrawn, wearing a far grander gown than the scholar's robes she had received me in, the royal raiment of a wizard queen, bent over the telescope, her eye to the eyepiece, her other screwed tight, her lips pursed in consternation.

"Do you believe me now?" I asked.

She stood bolt upright, looking at me in shock as had other dreamers when I had breached their private dream sanctum, the spot where they felt the most comfort and seldom, if ever, entertained guests.

"How—" she began on reflex, but then nodded. "Trismaya the Dreamer. Another of your epithets. Very well then. I believe you. I trust you have seen what I see through the telescope."

"I have never beheld it from this angle, but I expect it is the birth of Austrā."

She nodded, then gestured to her telescope, inviting me to look. I perceived from the gesture that his was a rare honor, that the telescope in her



dreams was matched by one in her observatory tower in reality, one where she seldom took guests. But the crystals and mirrors revealed what I had seen before, the birth of Austra, if here witnessed from a safe distance...for the moment.

"As you have said, I have seen this vision before. Austra is born, but will soon walk the land, leaving molten footsteps in her wake. Even this remote mountain will not be safe, for the great library of wizardry will burn."

"All of it?" gasped Ayrawn, her face showing the first trace of horror disrupting her wizardly composure.

"That is not for me to say," I said. "I place the decision entirely in your hands, for if we are to create this other world you spoke of, would you not fill it with all of the lore and learning that is here, all of the arts and sciences of the age?"

"An archive," she said automatically. "Yes. Yes. That is wise. There is time?"

"That I cannot say either," I admitted. "I have seen this vision many times in Ninat's dreams, but I only know that it will come to pass, not precisely when. But I feel it will be soon."

"The stars," Ayrawn pointed to them, "are they always in the same place in the sky in this terrible dream?"

"I—" I was at a loss for words. "I have never considered the question. I have always been watching the cataclysm. But now that you mention it, yes."

Ayrawn swore like a street urchin, cranking her telescope and swinging it about to observe the heavens. "There is very little time—very little indeed! How do we create this new world? I know a method, but it would require the power of the gods, and more than one, and we have little time to convince them!"

"Fortunately," I said, "another has already been visiting them, being gifted with crumbs of their divinity, and I know where his dream self resides. Take my hand and I will lead the way."

The dreaming mage extended her hand after but a moment's thought, then watched in wonderment as I reached to the wall of her wizard's tower and parted it as if it were no more than a cobweb curtain—though this is all it was in truth, for such is the stuff from which Ninat weaves her dreams.

We stepped behind the walls of dreams and nightmares, stepping along the familiar pathways of the great web, taking occasional detours to avoid the spider keepers, Ninat's broodlings, who take exception to dreamers stepping behind the scenes of their artfully woven tapestries. Yet soon we were at the one I desired. I pulled the silken cord, lifting the backdrop just far enough for Ayrawn to enter the scene, an idyllic glade on a lovely isle filled with passion flower vines. A young monkey sat on the ground, happily eating the perfumed fruit.

"Mabharo," I presumed.

He looked at me, shocked, dropping the rind, then rose up, his chattering giving way to human words as his dream form shifted from his childhood memory to his present shape. "What are you doing here? This is my place! And you two are no gods I have ever seen before!"

"No," admitted Ayrawn, "but I take it that you are Mabharo the Wanderer, also called Mabharo the Heretic, and the children's stories are true: You are a monkey whom Pingalu uplifted for his amusement."

"What of it? Pingalu does everything for his amusement! Who are you?"

"You may as well know me as Ayrawn the Mage. My companion is Trismaya the Dreamer, also known as Trismaya the Storyteller. She has a tale to tell...."

And so I did. Mabharo took far less convincing than Ayrawn, concluding, "Very well. Since we have little time, I will recruit Tianet. She has no respect for men, or women for that matter, but she will listen to animals. She speaks to me for she considers me a poor beast cursed to an unnatural shape. The story of you and Dorhendr is well known, so I suggest you go and convince him. I and Tianet will meet you at the Great Necropolis."

"And what shall I do?" asked Ayrawn.

Mabharo waved dismissively. "Pack your books, sorcerer. Your bottles and experiments. Any worldly thing you think should be saved. I do not even need shoes." He plucked a passion fruit, biting into it and sucking the jellied seeds with the manners of a monkey. "I will need to speak with Tianet about the plants as well, for these certainly should be saved from this rude new goddess."

With that, he vanished, the dreamer awakening. A moment later, the world went dark, for when a dreamer's private tapestry is not in use by its rightful owner, the spider keepers fold it up and put it away.

I was used to this rude form of awakening, so merely yawned, sitting up on the divan as Ayrawn gagged and hacked up the bitter phlegm of cacti and poppy fumes.

After mad planning and harried sleep but true sleep, she set to packing. Djinn were summoned, ones who could build a castle in a day or move one in an instant, turning a voluminous citadel into smoke and hiding it in miniature in a tiny bottle. Demons were summoned as well, imps

to spy, inky little scribes to copy books the mage begged, borrowed, or outright stole from the collections of fellow magi and the libraries of kings and princesses. Only the whirlwind frenzy of her gathering of anything and everything that might be of human worth prevented Ayrawn from suffering the wrath of her fellows, for wizards and alchemist are patient and subtle and generally take time to calculate the harm done to them and plot a fitting and lasting revenge.

Time was what they did not have.

I, too, wished I had more. I had rehearsed before what I would say to Dorhendr, how I would say it, what my apology would be. Instead it all came out in a blubbing rush of panic.

He held me, stroking my hair, my face to his breastplate where once it would have been to his bare chest as I woke from another of my nightmares and he soothed me to sleep, telling me it was only a dream. "Do not worry, Trismaya. I believe you. I have always believed you. The only time anything has gone wrong is when I did not believe in myself."

He looked to the others, Tianet with her bow, barefoot Mabharo with his rosary and monk's staves, Ayrawn with the plunder of the age compacted into a scholar's satchel and a collection of bottles. Dorhendr's words were for Mabharo and were plain and simple: "Do what you must, monk. Take as much of the Necropolis to this new world as you can, for we cannot let the dead be dishonored by the coming of this blasphemous Austrā."

Mabharo nodded. He discussed arcane theory with Ayrawn until the monk, who knew more gods than my mother knew merchants, began to twirl his rosary like a bored child would twirl a bauble

on a string. It was blasphemy, for on the chain were the signs and sigils of hundreds of gods and angels, patron spirits and demon lords alike. Then the signs began to glow and Mabharo's purpose was made clear.

The rosary spun out in a circle, becoming wider and wider, but what was glimpsed on the other side was not the outer wall of the Necropolis but a great void of stars, a swirling galaxy like one seen in the nighttime sky from a mountain peak, but moving like a maelstrom. Then an eye cleared in it and that spread out as well, revealing a familiar vista—the idyllic isle with the passion fruit bower.

“Behold,” said Mabharo, grinning, then chattered like a monkey. “The Isle of Paxectel,” he translated, “as humans would call it. It is from my mother’s stories, a tale older than humanity, the place where all good little monkeys go.”

“How long will the portal hold?” Ayrawn asked.

“I do not know,” Mabharo admitted. “I have never called on all the gods for such a favor before.”

“Then we must work quickly.” Tianet strung her bow. “I shall place the animals. They were here first and shall go first.” So saying, she vaulted through the portal, transported as if on falcon’s wings to the pretty bower. She swiftly loosed two arrows which transformed midflight to two great flightless birds which took off at a run.

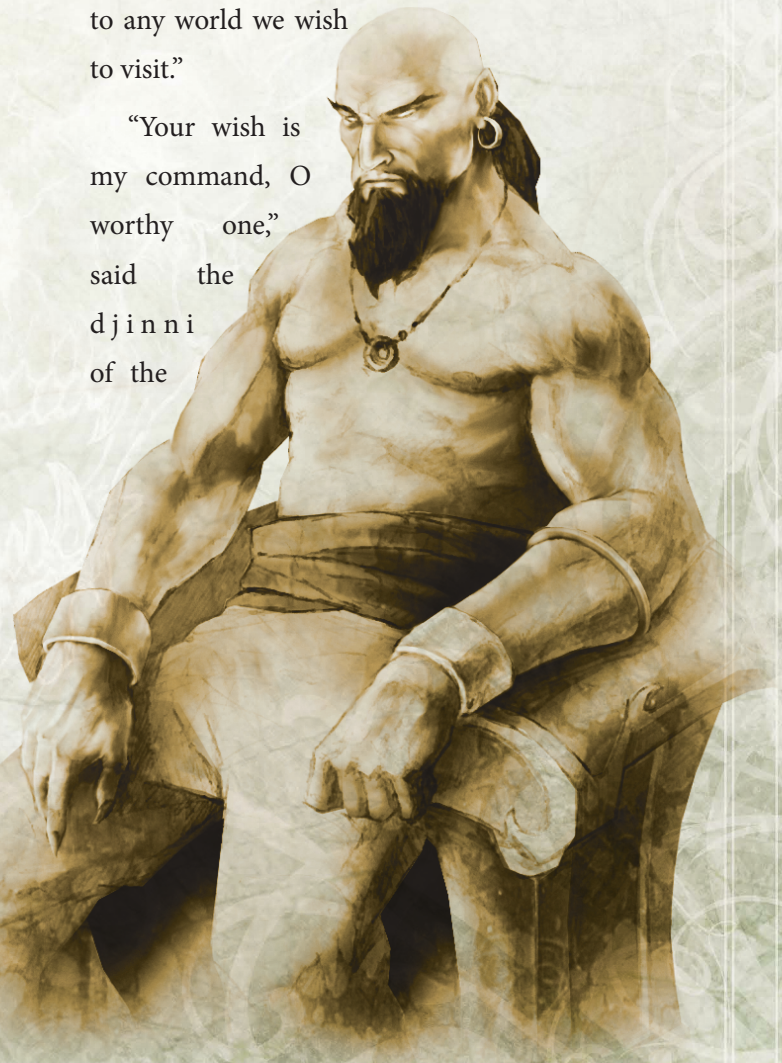
Ayrawn twisted her ring, summoning one of her most powerful djinn. “I have a wish,” she pronounced. “I wish that this Necropolis and all in it, alive and dead, above and below, every last stone, urn, and statue, all that is here in the mortal world and the spirit world as well, be transported and transplanted safely to that

spot on that isle there.” She pointed through the portal to the Isle of Paxectel.

“As you wish, O worthy one,” said the djinn.

A whirlwind arose, a rumbling of the stones, the djinn racing about, before, above, below, between. Perspective skewed, the whirling signs of the gods passing overhead like the zodiacal band of a madly spun astrolabe, and then, abruptly, Mabharo was pulled through at last, the immense hole in the sky shrinking from a rent as wide as the eye could see to an immense wheel as wide as a mountain is high and smaller and smaller until Ayrawn cried, “Hold! Djinn, for my second wish, I wish you to freeze the monk’s portal there where it is, keep the power there where it is, but erect a stone arch about it with charms set such that we can turn its power to any world we wish to visit.”

“Your wish is my command, O worthy one,” said the djinni of the



ring. In a trice, a circle of stones was framed about the portal, stretching the fabric of magic tight like a cloth caught in my mother's embroidery hoops.

Mabharo's rosary fell slack, again its usual size depending from his hand. We stood, as before, just outside the gates of the great Necropolis, in the field reserved for the slightly less honored graves. Yet the sun overhead hung in a different place in the sky and outside the swatch of manicured lawns where the summoning portal now stood lay the lush greenery of the monkey child's paradise.

Ayrawn observed the isle with an architect's eye. "There should properly be a cathedral there, a library there, and of course, there on the highland, is where we shall erect our palace."

She had the manner of one used to being obeyed. Her djinn and demons unpacked her stolen buildings. Her bottled minions, her vergers, took a machine that looked like a puzzle box, unfolding it on the rise as it grew greater and greater, burrowed and drilled. "I have put some thought into this," Ayrawn explained. "If we are to have a palace, it should be reconfigurable. It would be inconvenient and dangerous to have to summon a djinn whenever you wished to simply rearrange a room, so this will save a great deal of trouble. You shall all be given suites of rooms to decorate as it pleases you."

"Who is going to live in a palace with so many rooms?" asked Mabharo. "There are only five of us."

"For now..." Ayrawn smiled and gestured to the walls of the Necropolis. "We've brought a great many others, and I have unraveled the secrets of alchemy and necromancy. What is dead today may be alive tomorrow."

What Dorhendr said next cut me to the heart. "I might see Elrahui again?" he whispered. "The

rest of my shield brothers and sisters? Beg their forgiveness?"

"You might have done it long before now, if that tear of jet is what I think it is." She pointed to the Mourning Tear depending from his sword, the token I had left him at our parting.

"This?" he said, touching the memento.

"Yes, that," she agreed. "Did Trismaya tell you nothing of its power? Never matter. I shall instruct you—but I promise, you shall see your loved ones again. Yet for now, let us set things in order. There is much to see to now in our new demesne."

And so we did. Ayrawn had her djinn and vergers, her clockwork machinery and her arcane arts, recreate for me a replica of my mother's spinning room, the pleasant chamber in her grand house where I used to sit and imagine I had been born to a simpler life and a more common fate than what was mine and what my dreams portended.

My dreams, for once in my life, portended nothing. When I fell asleep, I became aware that the djinn, crafty creature that it was, had interpreted Ayrawn's wish literally. When the Necropolis had been transported to the Isle of Paxectel, a swatch of the spirit worlds had been transported along with it. A group of Ninat's spider keepers wove frantically about, trying to repair the web of dreaming and recreate a suitable set of tapestries for those who slept here now. The Isle, however, was cut off from Ninat and her guidance.

I had long wished to be free of the dark prophecies, but it was strange to be without them. Had my mother perished? Had Ninat perished? Had the awful Austras come, stamping her molten footsteps across the earth, blanketing the world in her mantle of magma?

Or had some survived? Had the wizards and alchemists, necromancers and sorcerers alike, set on edge by Ayrawn's theft of rare volumes, priceless artifacts, and ancient curiosities, become ready to deal with the goddess? Had the priests, bewailing the loss of the Necropolis, alerted the gods, some of whom may have survived who otherwise might not have?

In truth, while I knew that gods would die, I was only certain of a few, and now not even that seemed sure. If a memento were left of a god, like the trinkets on Mabharo's rosary, filled with some portion of the god's divine power and given to one who remembered their names, could any of them truly be dead? Or could they, as Ayrawn promised Dorhendr, be brought back like those remembered in the litany of names from the Necropolis?

The question was moot. We found Mabharo the next day. He had been about the isle, placing his icons of the gods in rustic shrines, at least the ones he hadn't placed in the large and somewhat garish cathedral Ayrawn had had arise from the rock, with the grand shrine to Lady Trinity, patron of women, wizardesses included, as well as numerous niches for the images of less favored divinities.

The last of these, the statuette of Pingalu, Spirit of Monkeys and Mischief, was perched in the crook of a banyan tree in Mabharo's favorite bower, the one made in the image of the one from his monkey mother's cradlesong. His body lay on the ground, the rinds of his favorite passion fruit in his hands.

"He must have been stung by a basilisk," Ayrawn pronounced, turning to Tianet.





“You released so many venomous creatures on the island, it’s small wonder he succumbed to poison.”

“Who said anything of poison?” said Tianet. “I did not. I told all the animals who had it to stay away, and all the plants that have it are in their proper places.” She took an arrow and speared one of the passion fruit rinds, bringing it to her nose and sniffing. “The skin has been smeared with the oil of Ignatius seeds. This is not the action of animals, or even the natural activity of plants. This is the work of man.”

“Who could have done such a thing?” asked Dorhendr.

“One of you three. I neither know, nor care, which. The only man I trusted on this isle is now dead, and the only reason I trusted him was because he had been born a beast.”

“You cannot leave now,” Ayrawn protested. “What of the coming of Austrā, the doom that was to come to our world?”

“A doom prophesied by one who goes by many names, among them ‘Trismaya the Liar.’” She looked me straight in the eye and retrieved an arrow. “I trust none of you three, but least of all you. I should kill you now. But no doubt you’ll have your love-smitten swordsman or the mage you have wrapped around your fingers make an end of me, so I’ll save you the trouble. I will leave, through the portal Mabharo made and the djinn froze.” She smiled a deadly smile, pointing her arrow straight at my heart. “I would advise you to follow soon—but to some other world. Once I leave, my control over the beasts will vanish. You will be left to fend for yourself against the manticores and basilisks, the jub-jub birds and the creeping things without a name. And if I die now? Well...”

As she said this the hissing things, the creeping things, the sharp-beaked birds and the silent-padded cats crept out of the forest, surrounding their mistress as her honor guard, following her to the Summoning Portal where she placed her hand upon the stone, pronouncing, "I would return to my world now. Open your portal to me, thing of gods and stone!"

The portal opened. Fire blasted out, lava flowing through, forming a great pool which Tianet fell into, crying out, holding her bow aloft to save it from the flames.

"Djinn," cried Ayrawn, "I wish to save her! Preserve her! Seal the portal and freeze the stone!"

"It will be as you wish, O worthy one," said the djinn of the ring, "but with this service, your dominion over me is done!"

A great whirlwind came up, pulling water from the sea and dousing the molten rock. Great clouds of steam roiled forth, blasting every which way, carrying with them Tianet's treasured arrows, scattering them about like the quills launched by a blind manticore. Then the steam cleared. "Behold!" cried the djinn, its windy form in the appearance of flesh once more. "The huntress lies preserved, beyond all harm from you or any other thing! The stone is frozen, the portal is shut, and I am free!"

With a thunderclap, the djinn vanished. It was as he said: The portal was sealed, whirling once more with the colors of a thousand worlds; the lava was frozen, turned to elegantly worked stone; and raised on a stone bier of what would have been her pyre was Tianet, untouched, now surrounded by a golden glow. The beasts that crawled and crept and padded and flew shied away from it, each taking up one of the arrows borne by its former mistress,

bearing them away in their beaks or jaws to the privacy of the wilderness.

The ring on Ayrawn's finger fell away into golden dust, drifting away with the breeze towards the sea.

Dorhendr looked to me, then Ayrawn, then turned his head back to the Necropolis, as if hearing something only he could hear. "Erahui!" he cried. "I am coming! I am coming!"

I tried to cry out to warn him, but a spell stilled my tongue. Another bound my feet.

Ayrawn smiled, then paced over to Tianet's sleeping form, lifted the archer's enchanted bow, and pried out the bloodstone tear that was its sight. She smiled further as one of her vergers, the twisted homonculi who did her bidding, came forth from the bushes and presented her with Mabharo's amber tear.

She then strode into the Necropolis to where I knew Dorhendr must lie.

I felt her spell slip away from my feet and tongue, and I ran after. I do not know what rash thing I thought I might do, for my craft was in prophecy and guile. I knew that the man who was once was my love was doomed, betrayed by his trust in me twice, but even so, it was like the first time I beheld his face in the present world. I was not ready.

The first time I saw Dorhendr, all the dark dreams of my young life had not prepared me to see his young, guileless, trusting face, the one I knew I could not help but doom.

Now older and even more steeped in prophecy, I had not steeled myself to see him dead, his lined and battle-scarred face frozen into a mask of horror and betrayal. The dried fingerbones of Elrahui's corpse were around his neck, the bones of his fellow

shield men and women scattered around them, the necromancer having banished their shades back to wherever she had summoned them from.

“One should avoid killing anything personally,” Ayrawn observed. “The spirits of the dead are so easy to tempt to vengeance, but they tend to strike at the one who did the deed, not the one who brought them to this pass.” She took the tear of jet from the pommel of Dorhendr’s fallen blade. “You would know something of that, wouldn’t you, Trismaya?”

“I knew you would say that,” I said. “You’ve rehearsed that little speech many times, said it to many others before, and I have seen it many times before in my dreams.” I took the Mask of Tragedy from my waist, comparing it to poor dead Dorhendr. Even he had some gift for prophecy. “If you will allow me?”

I placed the mask over Dorhendr face, where it fit as if made for him. Perhaps it was.

“So do you know what I plan?” asked the wizardess. “Do you even care? I must admit I do not understand you, Trismaya, for I have never been able to fathom madness.”

“You will have time,” I said. “All the time you need. I know your plans. An alchemist hungers for immortality. Some of them even achieve it. But you, vain thing, wanted more. You wished to be a master of all magics, a queen for all time, a veritable goddess without the tedious business of worship and seeing to your followers—for you do not want worshipers, you want playthings. The angel Anat saw in you the seeds of greatness, granting you her lapis tear and with it wisdom, but not an angel’s holiness or



kindness. You hungered for more. When you found she had granted other tears to other mortals, you saw your chance to take them. Now all you need is mine." I held it forth, the last and greatest tear on my necklace. I had scattered the lesser tears about as I went about my day on the isle, as I had seen I would do, as I knew I must do, but I did not know why. "Take it, Ayrawn. Take it and be damned!"

Haughtily the wizardess took the tear. "You are a mad fool, Trismaya, and while I still do not know your game, why don't you tell me mine if you know it so well?"

"You have a grand machine," I said. "A prison and puzzle box and tomb all rolled into one. You will place the tears into it and use their power to imprison Anat once you lure her here and subdue her with your sorceries. Then you will drink her immortality, feeding her with the endless bounty of souls of those here in the Necropolis and those you lure from other worlds. You will become a lich, but style yourself a queen, resurrecting whatever of the honored dead amuse you to serve as your courtiers in a mockery that will seem a splendid afterlife but in fact will be a chamber of horrors as you refresh your court occasionally with the ancient dead or exotic strangers you lure through and ensorcel with your charms. And when your playthings no longer amuse you? Well, you can savor their essence and lure in something fresher."

Ayrawn laughed. "And now, I suppose, is the part where you say that you will stop me."

"No," I said, as I knew I would, "I will not. You are a necessary evil. Anat's torture is a necessary evil. The drinking of souls, heinous as it is, is a necessary evil. These things must be for the wonders of our age to be preserved, and who better to preserve them than a jealous undying guardian, a vainglorious wretched hag who would overturn all of creation for one more minute of her unholy life? But while you will not change, the worlds will, and in time a necessary evil will become unnecessary. A hero or a villain, or a fool or a stranger, lured here by your wealth and vanity, called by the cries of a tortured angel, or simply stumbling through an unknown door, will come here and end you, by skill, by luck, by fate, or some combination of all three—and all the wonders that you have kept will flow back into the world, for they are necessary. But you? You are not."

I smiled at my enemy. "That is the storyteller's curse, Ayrawn. Every villain will perish, and every story has its end. Even yours. Even mine."

But I laughed inwardly for I had scattered my moonstones.

A lich may be difficult to kill, but the hardest thing to kill is a dream.



ENTER AND DIE

On a legendary isle beyond time and space, a great evil waits. Made immortal through the consumption of living souls, the Lich Queen remains unconquered for untold ages. Fueled by the life force of an imprisoned angel, the portal to the Lich Queen's domain can touch any world. It's just a matter of time before the Queen's hunger threatens all existence.

Your players' heroes may be deliberate seekers of the Lich Queen's realm hoping to reclaim lost knowledge or treasures, chosen champions who hear and heed the call of the tortured angel, or simply unsuspecting innocents who stumble through a portal. The pathways are myriad and ever-changing, but all lead to the Island of Paxetel, a pocket realm deep within the primordial Maelstrom.

Below the surface of the island, the heroes discover a vast tomb of shifting corridors and monstrous denizens. Imprisoned in a deathtrap with no clear avenue of escape, they uncover clues to a dark prophecy, an ancient cataclysm, a heartless betrayal, and a millennia long struggle between two immortals that has touched countless worlds. Assisted by clues from those who passed this way before and allies they find, the heroes are forced into a dangerous game against an insane artifact intent on corrupting and harvesting their souls and a final confrontation with an ancient mage who has had thousands of years to amass her power.

THE SUZERAIN UNIVERSE

You could fit *Dungeonlands* into any fantasy campaign you're running—that's the beauty of it. We've been playing it as part of the Suzerain universe, and if you'd like to do the same, here's the one thing you need

to know: Suzerain's just like the real world we live in, except that everything in the universe has an energy signature. Some people have called it Chi, Xi or Ki. In Star Wars they called it The Force. We call it Pulse.

It's this energy which makes up the souls of all sentient beings and which fuels the mystical powers and effects we might call 'the paranormal' and 'magic', which people master by following Pulse Paths. It binds the universe. You can get a better view of it if you hop across the divide between the physical world and spirit world where you'll see the Pulse signature as a silvery glow around all things, strongest in people, less strong in plants, weakest in rocks and buildings.

In a far corner of the spirit world is the Veil that divides the mortal realms (all the stuff we know) from the immortal—the Maelstrom where the Pulse of old

SAVAGE SUZERAIN AND DUNGEONLANDS

Dungeonlands is a massive, customizable adventure series set within the fantastic Suzerain universe. As such, you not only need a copy of *Savage Worlds* from Pinnacle Entertainment, but we recommend the *Savage Suzerain* book from Savage Mojo to make the most of it.

Although everything is provided within these pages to construct your tomb and get started right away, we also recommend you try out Savage Mojo's *Dungeonlands* cards and maps to enhance your play experience.



souls is recycled back into the universe. That's where you find the realms of the gods! Because all the gods that have ever been or ever will be have their own realm in the Maelstrom. Time flows differently over there, so from that side of the Veil you can get to any point in space and time, to the past or the far future of our physical world.

That's neat, but not everyone can handle the trip into the Maelstrom so they can jump through a portal to a sci-fi or fantasy realm. The mortal soul can't handle that and would get ripped to shreds... unless you're a true hero. Now if that's the case, one divine being or another will have flagged you for greatness and made sure you have a Telesma, a sentient protective talisman that's always with you. A family heirloom, perhaps, this gemstone could be in a pendant, the hilt of a sword, or your mother's engagement ring. You have an attachment to it and it always finds its way back to you if lost.

And when you first unlock that truly heroic potential... it says hello, opens up a portal to the Maelstrom, and explains all the stuff we've told you in the last few paragraphs.

So how does this all fit with *Dungeonlands*? Well, in the Suzerain cosmology the Lich Queen is a sorceress from the First Age of Relic. That's a fantasy realm in the physical world; and if you want to play more with it, you can also check out *Caladon Falls*, a campaign set in the Second Age during a great war. In the First Age, the young goddess Trinity is one of the deities watching over the realm and one of her angels, Anat, befriends the mage. When Anat is betrayed, the mage becomes the Lich Queen and Anat's life force is used to sustain a new realm in the Maelstrom—the Lich Queen's island and the dungeon below it. Heroes are drawn by Anat's lament from all over the universe, and that brings us back to events above.

THE SPIRIT WORLD

The Lich Queen harvests the souls of those who die within her pocket dimension to fuel her needs. It is a place of death, where spirits are not allowed to linger. Touching the spirit world while within her dimension reveals a dark, cold and desolate place filled with primordial energies that threaten to rip any but the most powerful spirits asunder in seconds.

Whenever a character attempts to enter or look into the spirit world they must make a Spirit roll at a -4 penalty. Failure means the character is immediately Incapacitated from Fatigue. On a success, he takes 2 levels of Fatigue, and on a raise, he takes 1 level of Fatigue. Fatigue levels from accessing the spirit world recover at a rate of one level every hour.

If the Spirit die is a 1 (regardless of Wild Die), the character takes 4d10 damage from the sheer chaos of the spirit world within Paxetel Island. Remember as well, the character rolls Spirit instead of Vigor for these Soak rolls.

MAKING HEROES

All characters in *Dungeonlands: Tomb of the Lich Queen* begin at Heroic rank. To create your hero, first begin with a Novice (zero XP) character as per the normal rules, and then apply each Advance separately. By the time you are finished, you should have 12 Advances under your belt.

If you want to skip right to the action, we've provided nine pregenerated heroes in our first set of *Dungeonlands: Hero Cards* and another dozen in our *Dungeonlands: Heroes & Servitors* book.

GOT TELESMAE?

The Suzerain universe is not a safe place. It takes a bit of chutzpah to make it through some tight spots. Then again, it doesn't hurt to have a Telesma. What's that, you don't have one? While not required to run this adventure, the *Savage Suzerain* rulebook gives your characters a bit of an edge. Not much, mind you; but when you positively, absolutely get sucked into a deathtrap, it doesn't hurt to have every advantage you can. Telesma pretty much mark out a hero as 'favored' or 'destined' by some god or power to work great deeds. And if that doesn't whet your appetite, Telesmae grow in power with their own unique abilities as their owners do.

Being that they're given out by higher powers, As mentioned in 'The Suzerain Universe' section, Telesmae are smart enough to talk to their owners—eventually. You can't lose them either. Oh, to be sure, characters misplace them or become separated, but the bond between owner and Telesma is so strong that you'll find it again. And in a place that can change in a few short moments, it sure does help to know that in this deathtrap you'll find it soon enough.

SUZERAIN RULES

All of the rules additions and changes to core *Savage Worlds* that are found under **Heroes and Demigods** in *Savage Suzerain* apply to *Dungeonlands*. These include Karma, Shaken and Soak roll bonuses, Recovery.... the works.

Should the characters achieve Demigod rank during the Dungeonlands campaign, the ability to perform a **Karma Flex** and bend reality to their will is also unavailable while within the pocket dimension. The Lich Queen and her infernal machine possess absolute power within the dimension, and even the demigods are unable to match its power and exert their own influence over any aspect of her island or Tomb.

The characters and their Telesma—the bonded talismans of the Suzerain universe—are also unable to open portals to escape from Paxectel Island, and while exits exist, they are few and far between. The surest avenue to escape and regain their blocked abilities is to survive the tomb. Of course, that is not the end of the adventure, for they will surely want to solve the mystery of the Great Machine (book 2), and face the Lich Queen in an epic confrontation (book 3). However, if they wish it, they will have time to withdraw and regroup—and possibly recruit other companions whom they may escort past the tomb's perils to continue their quest to save Anat.

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE

The story may begin a number of ways. Scholarly characters may have read *The Legend of the Lich Queen* in dusty tomes describing the First Age of Relic or learned of spells or portals that lead to a lost realm of death and wonder and fabled treasures. Mystic characters may have learned the same through divine revelations or prophetic dreams. Holy characters, or just those with enough goodness in their hearts to hear the voices of angels, may have heard the song of the imprisoned angel,

echoing across time and space and the mirrored possibilities of infinite worlds, pleading for a hero to free her.

Then again, rather than scholarly or greedy seekers or the noble Chosen, the characters may just be hapless innocents who stumble upon a portal to the Isle of Paxectel. This is one such scenario:

THE OBLIGATORY INN

Sometime after concluding their latest adventure, the characters arrive at an inn for relaxation and recovery from their latest exploits. The inn may be an old familiar standby, a new one they come across in their travels, or just that place across town they always meant to try. It hardly matters.

Read the following narrative to get the adventure started:

The already dark lighting of the inn is subdued further by the swirls of heavy smoke moving languidly through the air, the only sources of illumination being the central firepit and a few sooty tallow candles. The air is filled with the savory scent of roast mutton as a large haunch sizzles and rotates over the flames, laboriously turned by the sweating spit boy. A cacophony of conversations fill the room, some in hushed tones and others animated over the games of cards or dice. A few patrons sit quietly by themselves, swords resting upon laps under the table, the blades partially drawn.

The inn is a large, rustic affair with a beamed ceiling and wooden walls. A dozen

cracked and stained tables fill the main area. The bar is to the left, a pass-through to the kitchen is on the right. A slate above the bar lists the daily specials, the main one being mutton.

The night outside the inn is cool and crisp. Somewhere a musician tunes a lute, strumming a few exploratory chords. Combined with the slow spinning of the roast, the savory scent, and the flames dancing in the hearth, it lulls one into somnolence.

Give the players an opportunity to roleplay and get into character. They can participate in one of the various games taking place at the other tables, flirt with the waiters or barmaids, or simply sit back and relax.

If you wish to open with a small combat scene, the characters are confronted by a group of four burly men with large weapons and ugly scars. Whether this is a result of winning at one of the games and being accused of cheating, a case of mistaken identity, or for some past act the group might have taken, is up to you. Treat the four NPCs as Extras with a Fighting d6 and Toughness 6 (1). The men fight until two of them are defeated (though not necessarily killed), at which time the remaining two will beat a hasty retreat from the inn. If the characters kill any of the men, the bartender and the burliest barmaid cast them hard looks as they move to drag the bodies through the rear door and dump them behind the inn.

Dead bodies on the floor are bad for business, but the staff doesn't want trouble from the heroes either.

However you get your story started, read the following once you are ready to move forward:



THE WEB OF DREAMS

The dream realm of the Isle of Paxectel is its own dreaming pocket, separate from the greater realm of dreams. However, since the earthquake, the two dreaming realms have become connected again through the Summoning Portal. In the dream reality, this appears behind the scenes as a thin silvery bridge, the remnant of the silver cord Ninat once wove to hold the angels' tears that became Trismaya's moonstone necklace.

When the Crone dreams, she is in her ideal form in the dream world, that of young and beautiful Trismaya the Dreamer. Sometimes Trismaya's dream self escapes across the bridge. The dreaming form of Trismaya the Storyteller then can manifest in the real world for a time, though she acts as if she's in a dream.

Trismaya's manifested dream form can be seen and heard, but cannot be touched. The only part that is physical is the silver cord of her necklace which can easily break, scattering the angels' tears which in reality take the form of moonstone beads. Trismaya then flees back to her body and awakens as the confused Crone once more. Those who have touched her moonstones will be drawn through the Summoning Portal as well, though this is a one-way trip until Trismaya regains her moonstones and can merge her dreaming self with reality then operate the portal to open out.

Characters with dream magic who are able to remember their dreams while on the Isle of Paxectel may interact with Trismaya the Dreamer, who is more lucid than the Crone, but still often quite dreamy and abstracted.

METER AND VERSE

The following verses are written in the hymnal stanza and as such may be sung to many tunes including, *Amazing Grace* and *The House of the Rising Sun* as well as *I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing* and the *Gilligan's Island* theme song. *The House of the Rising Sun* is the most appropriate to the mood, as the song is meant as a lament, but any tune written for the same meter may be used depending on the spirit of your game.

A lone figure occupies a corner table near the door, a woman in a harlequin-checked jacket of rose madder and goldenrod. Her blouse is lilac, her hose is marbled moss green, and her high soft boots are of natural doeskin. An elaborate silver choker, a simple necklace of moonstone beads, and a patterned scarlet scarf and sash complete her ensemble. She peers intently at the lute in her lap as she finishes tuning, then looks up. Her vibrant green eyes do not seem to focus on anyone in particular as she says, "Did I hear a request? Did someone ask to hear 'The Legend of the Lich Queen'? I think I recall the tune, but it's been so long..."

The room hushes as she launches into song:*

NOW LISTEN BOLD ADVENTURERS, A TALE I WILL TELL
OF FIVE WHO FROM THE MAELSTROM RAISED THE ISLE OF PAXECTEL,
A TREASURY OF WONDERS LOST, OF KNOWLEDGE, AND OF JEWELS—
AND FIVE OF THESE WERE ANGELS' TEARS, AND ALL THESE FIVE WERE TOOLS.
TRISMAYA BORE THE MOONSTONE TEAR, THE STONE OF DREAMS AND LIES
AND MAD AND HALF-REMEMBERED TRUTHS, FOR ONLY FOOLS ARE WISE.
IN NINAT'S DREAMS SHE SAW THE DEATH OF RELIC'S GOLDEN AGE
WITH AUSTRALIA'S BIRTH, SO CAST HER BEADS AND WITH THEM SOUGHT THE MAGE.
AYRAWN WORE THE LAPIS TEAR, THE JEWEL IN WISDOM'S CROWN,
AND WITH IT WROUGHT HER ALCHEMY AND ART OF GREAT RENOWN.
IT FELL FROM ANAT'S HOLY EYE, CREATING GOLD FROM DROSS—
A TEAR LAMENTING FOOLISHNESS, CRUEL IGNORANCE, AND LOSS.
MABHARO, CALLED THE HERETIC, THE MAN WHO SERVED NO GOD
YET KNEW THEM ALL, COULD NAME THEM ALL—HIS AMBER TEAR WAS FLAWED,
YET IN ITS CRACKS LAY MEMORIES OF AGES GONE BEFORE,
THE KEYSTONE OF HIS ROSARY OF ALL THE GODS OF YORE.
TIANET BORE HER BOW OF YEW—ITS SIGHT, THE BLOODSTONE TEAR
FOR EVERY CREATURE OF THE WILD SHE HAD FELLED FAR AND NEAR.
YET DEATH HOLDS LIFE AS LIFE HOLD DEATH, FOR WHEN SHE DREW HER BOW
A BEAST COULD DIE OR LIVE AGAIN—BUT WHICH I DO NOT KNOW.
DORHENDR BORE THE TEAR OF JET, THE PENDANT OF HIS BLADE—
THE MOURNING GEM OF DEEP REGRET FOR ALL WHO LIE UNMADE.
THE GRIEVING GUARD KNEW ALL THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO'D PASSED BEFORE,
AND ALL WITH NAMES CAN LIVE AGAIN—AND DIE AGAIN, WHAT'S MORE.
THE FIVE OF THESE RAISED PAXECTEL WITH ANAT'S FROZEN TEARS,
PRESERVED THE WONDERS OF THEIR AGE WITH AYRAWN'S CLOCKWORK GEARS—
THEN SHE BETRAYED THE OTHER FOUR WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.
WITH STOLEN JEWELS AND CLOCKWORK SCHEMES, FALSE AYRAWN TRAPPED ANAT.
THE MAGE-TURNED-QUEEN BECAME A LICH, HER PALACE NOW A TOMB,
THE GOLDEN AGE'S TREASURY BECAME A PLACE OF DOOM.
NOW IN ITS HEART AN ANGEL WEEPS FOR ONE TO SET HER FREE
AND WITH EACH TEAR THE LICH QUEEN STEALS HER IMMORTALITY.
MABHARO'S GODS, DORHENDR'S NAMES, TIANET'S ARROWHEADS,
AND MAD TRISMAYA'S SCATTERED BEADS—THESE ALL ARE COMMON THREADS
FROM NINAT'S SPIDERWOVEN DREAMS, THE OMENS THAT SHE SENT.
HARK, LISTEN NOW—CAN YOU NOT YEAR THE SERAPH'S DREAR LAMENT?

The room falls silent except for a lingering echo of the tune, a distant sound that sounds like an angelic lamentation, at once beautiful and pained. A sea of confused and frightened expressions wash through the main room.

The woman rises, but rather than bowing or doffing her scarf for tips, she cocks her head, listening to the angelic lamentation. "I must go!" she exclaims and rushes out the door. Someone—perhaps one of the heroes—reaches to stop her, but all they catch is her strand of beads. It snaps, scattering moonstones across the floor like a handful of marbles.

Some of the other patrons in the bar feel they can hear the angel's lament, but not all. Some exclaim in shock and others perform warding gestures of various deities.

Once the musician has left and the door of the inn closes, the song begins to fade. No one in the bar can remember seeing that woman before tonight. The bartender is visibly shaken. While he has never seen the musician at the inn before, the song that she sang and the angel's lament that followed speaks of weird powers and death. It is an ill portent. He is certain unnatural births will soon follow.

Once the characters decide to follow the woman outside, or to simply be on their way (regardless of whether they go immediately, or even the next morning), the woman in the harlequin coat has placed a compulsion upon them linked to departing the building, this occurring to everyone who picked up one of her moonstones. Characters who did not or who actively avoided it

will later find one of the beads caught in the fold of a garment or elsewhere where it landed when they scattered. As they leave the premises of the inn, read the following:

As you step through the door, a wave of electricity breaks upon you. A strange shimmering fills your vision, as though looking at the world through the heat of a flame.

Stepping forward, the road, grass, and even the inn begin to fade. Your vision blurs around the edges as everything around becomes less real.

You hear the crashing sound of the surf, and smell the sharp tang of the sea. You feel the warmth of the sun, and through the mists you see the bright orb overhead.

As your vision clears, you find the inn and countryside no longer present. What stretches before you is a strange island with ruined structures dotting the landscape. The sun shines upon you from a cloudless sky, and from its position you would guess it to be near midday.

Where are you?

WELCOME TO PAXECCET ISLAND

As the characters step through the portal, read the following:

Looking around, you first notice that you've stepped forth from a strange portal of swirling and conflicting colors, onto a large stone dais raised several feet off the ground.

COMPULSION

Requirements: Veteran

Pulse: Special

Range: Smarts x3

Duration: Special

Trappings: Suggested action, stirring speech, command

Compulsion allows a character to affect a target's mind in myriad ways. The power is often used to get someone to carry out a task and think it was their idea. This isn't mind control, but it can feel that way if the effect is strong enough. For 1 Pulse, the target makes a Spirit check. If failed, he tries to carry out the suggestion in 1d6 rounds. Actions that cause harm to the target or his allies cause this power to fail. At 2 Pulse, the target make a Spirit check at -2 to avoid the effect with failure making the power last 1d10 minutes. For 3 Pulse, the target's Spirit check is at -3 and the effect lasts for 1d6 hours. With 4 Pulse, the target's Spirit check is at -4 and the effect lasts 1d4 days.

The task must be something that could be reasonably accomplished in the power's duration. The target is distracted until the action is performed, suffering a -1 to Spirit. If the task isn't completed, the target is Shaken.

A raise gives the character the option to increase the duration of the effect to the next Pulse cost (1d4 days becomes 1 month) or affect another target.

Additional Targets: By spending a like number of points, the character can affect up to five targets or increase the range. Tripling the cost lets you do both.



BONUS CONTENT

You can populate the island with monsters from the back of this book, but there's more! As a bonus to say thank you for all the Kickstarter support, we've done tables with extra island encounters, a free download from the shop at www.savagemojo.com. If you're using Dungeonlands cards, you could also draw cards instead of rolling dice.

The portal is on the edge of a small island that is several hundred feet across and nearly a thousand feet from the northern shore to the southern coastline. Surrounded by water on all sides, the sea continues from the island for perhaps a mile in all directions, where it ends in violent storms that threaten to tear even the sturdiest of ships asunder.

Ruins dot the landscape, obvious signs that the place has seen better times.


The characters have been transported to an isolated island—a private, pocket dimension within the expanse of the Maelstrom. Formerly the primary residence of the Lich Queen, the island is now a ruin of what it once represented. Use the map and the following descriptions as the group explores Paxectel. When a location directs you to generate encounters, roll on the indicated tables.

A. SUMMONING PORTAL

A swirl of shifting colors that form a storm of conflicting energies, the gateway is over a dozen feet high and rests on a circular dais that rises five feet off the ground and extends several dozen feet in diameter. Once a gateway between Paxectel and untold worlds, the portal is now a one-way ticket onto the island.



Damaged over time, while the gateway can bridge to thousands of worlds and bring dangers onto the island, it no longer provides transportation out of the pocket dimension. Whatever steps through into Paxetel is doomed to forever remain. Every hour, the portal shifts to a new world or dimension, opening its energies and bringing forth all kinds of creatures and threats.

 Each game hour, roll on both the Realm and Nexus tables. The Realm result provides the description of what the group sees on the other side of the portal, while the Nexus result is the latest environmental change they are forced to confront because of the new connection.

B. WARDER CAMPSTEE

Immediately to the southeast of the Summoning Portal, nestled upon an outcropping overlooking the ocean, a safe haven has been established.

Surrounded in a shimmering circle of yellow light, in the center is an altar of white stone upon which rests a beautiful woman with high cheekbones and fair but weathered skin. She's dressed in silver mail and the leathers of a huntress. Her long blonde hair spills beneath her. In her hand is clutched a broken bow, and above the grip is a tear-shaped divot, as if the sight had been pried out. This is the Lich Queen's companion Tianet, deep in an ensorcelled slumber. Any attempts to wake her go unanswered, for she's in a deep torpor while her connection to the Pulse maintains the ward around the area. No monsters can enter the campsite, for the circle causes any who attempt to cross it an immediate wound.

The campsite allows the characters to make a natural healing roll every hour, and recovers a level of Fatigue every 15 minutes. As a result, even Incapacitated characters will be returned to full health within a few hours.



When the group first visits the campsite, roll three times on the Treasure table.

C. SHRINE TO TRINITY

Resting in front of a massive ruin is a beautiful stone shrine. The shrine is 18 feet high and 6 feet wide, and upon its face is carved a near life-like representation of the Lady Trinity and her three aspects of Charity, Faith, and Hope. (For those from other realms, Trinity is the Maiden-Mother-Crone goddess who has remained constant throughout the three ages of Relic.)



The group gains the result of a single roll on the Treasure table. One of Trismaya's Beads can be found on the floor.

Additionally, when the group visits the shrine they receive either a blessing or a curse. Any characters with the Bad Luck, Bloodthirsty, Greedy, Doomed (see: Savage Suzerain), Evil Spirit (see: Savage Suzerain), or Vengeful (Major) Hindrances suffer the effects of the curse. All other characters receive the blessing.

TRINITY'S BLESSING

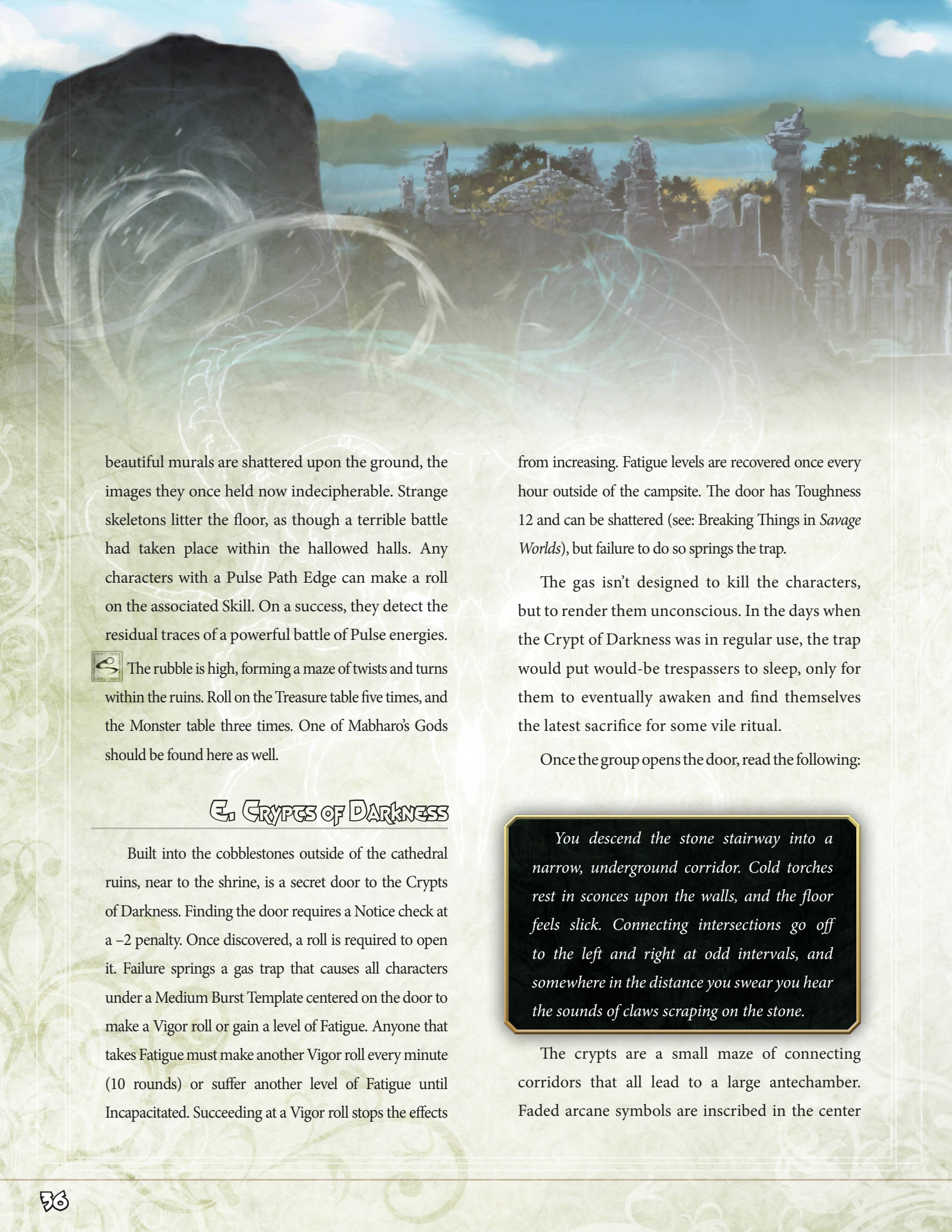
Characters who receive the blessing gain wisdom and fortune. Gain 1 extra Karma that lasts until used.

AYRAWN'S CURSE


Characters who receive the curse are afflicted with terrible weeping sores. They suffer -2 Charisma and a -1 to all actions due to the irritation. If the sores are healed they return within 5 minutes, they last for 24 hours.

D. RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF LIGHT

Behind the shrine lie the ruins of what was once a great cathedral. Now only two walls stand along with a portion of a third, and the rest has long since fallen into discarded piles of rubble. The remains of



beautiful murals are shattered upon the ground, the images they once held now indecipherable. Strange skeletons litter the floor, as though a terrible battle had taken place within the hallowed halls. Any characters with a Pulse Path Edge can make a roll on the associated Skill. On a success, they detect the residual traces of a powerful battle of Pulse energies.

 The rubble is high, forming a maze of twists and turns within the ruins. Roll on the Treasure table five times, and the Monster table three times. One of Mabharo's Gods should be found here as well.

CRYPTS OF DARKNESS

Built into the cobblestones outside of the cathedral ruins, near to the shrine, is a secret door to the Crypts of Darkness. Finding the door requires a Notice check at a -2 penalty. Once discovered, a roll is required to open it. Failure springs a gas trap that causes all characters under a Medium Burst Template centered on the door to make a Vigor roll or gain a level of Fatigue. Anyone that takes Fatigue must make another Vigor roll every minute (10 rounds) or suffer another level of Fatigue until Incapacitated. Succeeding at a Vigor roll stops the effects

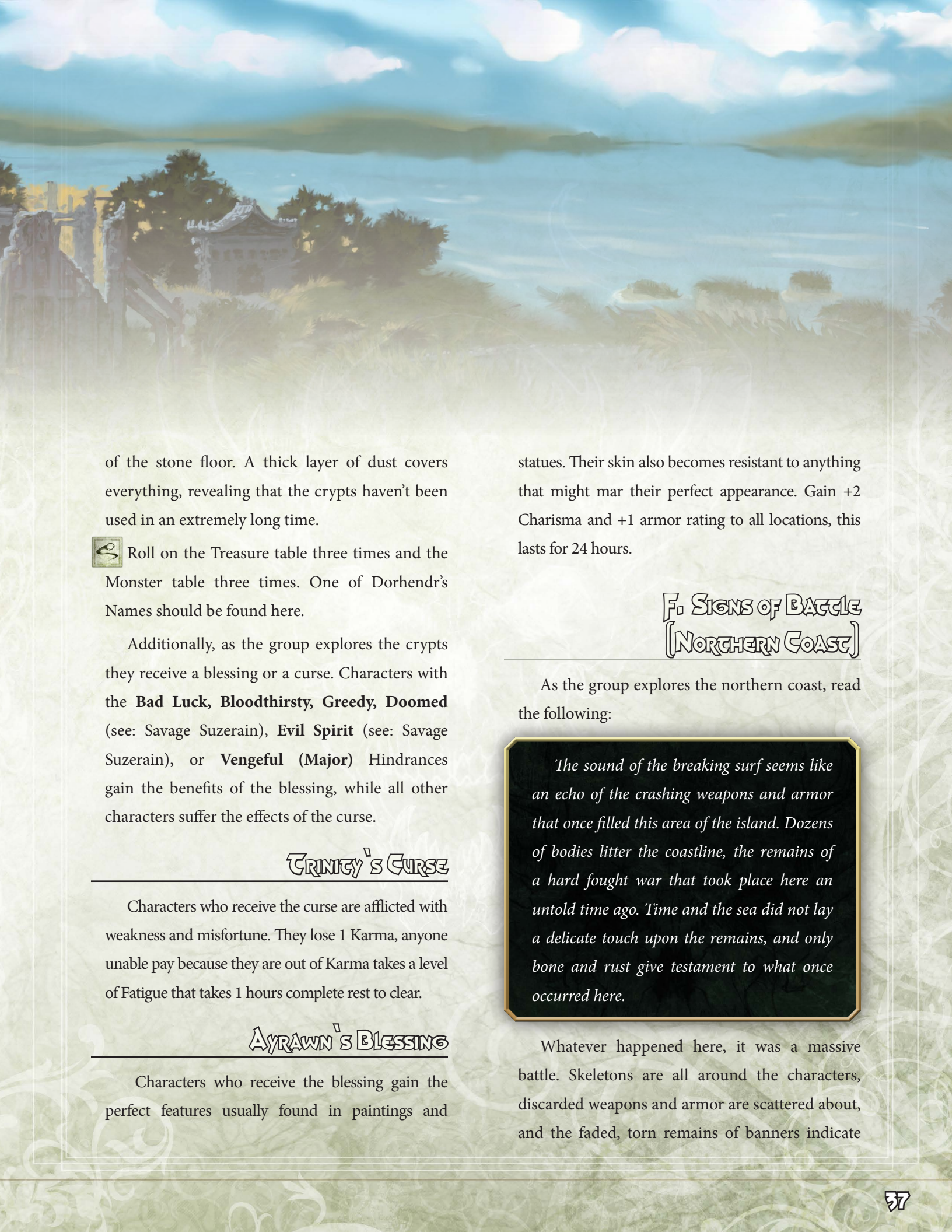
from increasing. Fatigue levels are recovered once every hour outside of the campsite. The door has Toughness 12 and can be shattered (see: Breaking Things in *Savage Worlds*), but failure to do so springs the trap.

The gas isn't designed to kill the characters, but to render them unconscious. In the days when the Crypt of Darkness was in regular use, the trap would put would-be trespassers to sleep, only for them to eventually awaken and find themselves the latest sacrifice for some vile ritual.


Once the group opens the door, read the following:

You descend the stone stairway into a narrow, underground corridor. Cold torches rest in sconces upon the walls, and the floor feels slick. Connecting intersections go off to the left and right at odd intervals, and somewhere in the distance you swear you hear the sounds of claws scraping on the stone.

The crypts are a small maze of connecting corridors that all lead to a large antechamber. Faded arcane symbols are inscribed in the center



of the stone floor. A thick layer of dust covers everything, revealing that the crypts haven't been used in an extremely long time.

 Roll on the Treasure table three times and the Monster table three times. One of Dorhendr's Names should be found here.

Additionally, as the group explores the crypts they receive a blessing or a curse. Characters with the **Bad Luck**, **Bloodthirsty**, **Greedy**, **Doomed** (see: Savage Suzerain), **Evil Spirit** (see: Savage Suzerain), or **Vengeful (Major)** Hindrances gain the benefits of the blessing, while all other characters suffer the effects of the curse.

TRINITY'S CURSE

Characters who receive the curse are afflicted with weakness and misfortune. They lose 1 Karma, anyone unable pay because they are out of Karma takes a level of Fatigue that takes 1 hours complete rest to clear.

AYRAWN'S BLESSING

Characters who receive the blessing gain the perfect features usually found in paintings and

statues. Their skin also becomes resistant to anything that might mar their perfect appearance. Gain +2 Charisma and +1 armor rating to all locations, this lasts for 24 hours.


F. SIGNS OF BATTLE (NORTHERN COAST)

As the group explores the northern coast, read the following:

The sound of the breaking surf seems like an echo of the crashing weapons and armor that once filled this area of the island. Dozens of bodies litter the coastline, the remains of a hard fought war that took place here an untold time ago. Time and the sea did not lay a delicate touch upon the remains, and only bone and rust give testament to what once occurred here.

Whatever happened here, it was a massive battle. Skeletons are all around the characters, discarded weapons and armor are scattered about, and the faded, torn remains of banners indicate

there might have been more than two armies at war. What they fought over, and why, remains lost in time, but the result is indisputable.

 Roll on the Treasure table three times. One of Tianet's Arrowheads should be found here as well.

G. ARCHIPELAGO

A small rowboat stands moored to a rock on the western coast of the island. Beyond it a short distance away, very small pieces of land and rock form a miniature Archipelago.

On the largest piece of land, something glistens in the sunlight.


Not far off the main island, pieces of land dot the waters. They are small, some barely large enough for the entire group to stand upon. On the largest of the cluster, no more than a dozen or so feet across, are the remains of a strange creature. Although most of it has rotted, what remains indicates a monster with a squid-like head, a snake's lower body, and long tentacles for arms. Portions of the remaining greenish flesh appear to have been severely burned, though whether from normal fires or arcane forces is anyone's guess.

Roll once on the Treasure table.

H. SIGNS OF BATTLE (WESTERN COAST)


Along the western coast, the signs of another battle lie scattered. This one appears to have happened more recently, as indicated by the human remains as well as the corpses of a myriad of creatures. Centaur, Orc, Troll, and even the occasional goblin body lies

amongst almost two dozen men in armor. Most of the weapons lie broken, and the armor is so badly damaged that it is now useless.

 Make three rolls on the Treasure table.


I. WESTERN BUILDING

Although relatively intact, the northwestern and southeastern walls are heavily damaged and covered by fallen trees. The building once served as an armory for the defenders of the cathedral, but the place has long since been stripped bare of any weapons or armor. Empty racks and shelves line the stone walls, and thanks to the roof still being intact, little sunlight filters inside.

 As the group explores the interior, roll on the Monster table and once on the Treasure table.

J. SOUTHWESTERN CORNER

A copse of trees fills this corner of the island, within which rests a series of standing rocks that can be climbed. A strange altar also rests within the trees, the symbols upon it indicating the worship of a forgotten sea deity—perhaps for a blessing before embarking from the island in ancient times.


 Like the rest of the island, no wildlife remains within the trees, though some things have been left behind. As the group investigates the area, reward them with a roll on the Monster table. Once they defeat the monster(s), they gain the results of a single roll on the Treasure table.

K. SOUTHERN BUILDING

The large structure directly north of the cave was once a barracks for whatever standing forces

the cathedral employed. Long since abandoned, the cots and bedding are filthy and the straw rotted. Little sunlight filters through the broken windows, and ivy covers most of the interior.

A strange smell assails the characters as soon as they enter, and the hairs on the back of their neck stand on end.


 Roll on the Monster table to discover what danger awaits them. Additionally, they will discover the results three rolls on the Treasure table.

L EASTERN RUINS

Two enormous marble statues of heavily armored men—their upper portions eaten away by lichen, hiding their true identity—stand vigil to either side of a rising stone staircase.

At the top of the stairs, a massive archway leads into a walled structure with no roof.

Entering through a large archway, the characters come upon a walled, cobblestone area where the remains of a beautiful fountain still stand. Cracked and broken benches fill the courtyard, and the place appears to have once been a place of relaxation and reflection—possibly for whatever priests once tended to the cathedral.

 Roll once on the Treasure table.

M SOUTHEASTERN RUINS

This building's rows of stone shelves and research tables indicate it once served as a library, though curiously, all the books are gone, as if carefully removed after whatever cataclysm occurred. The walls and ceiling still stand, though

are heavily overgrown. What little sunlight filters through the entrance reflects off something further in. As the characters investigate what the object might be, roll once on the Treasure table. Their gains are not easily gotten, however, and they must also face the result of a roll on the Monster table.

TOKENS OF THE COMPANIONS

Among the treasures found on the isle are a few special ones, the tokens of the Lich Queen's Companions. These relics were initially overlooked as unimportant by the Lich Queen but are fated to aid in her undoing. They are as follows:

MABHARO'S GODS

Pocket icons, symbols, pilgrim badges, and charms of various gods, both remembered and forgotten, these may take almost any form. These are the icons of gods Mabharo kept on his rosary and can be used to access a portion of that god's power to work a small miracle in keeping with the power of that god. Each may be used only once, but might be recharged at certain sites or by acts in keeping with the god's power.

Treat these as an open scribed Sigil, with a Novice or Seasoned Power scribed on them with no more than 5 Pulse invested in it. They can be activated with an appropriate skill check, e.g. Shooting for *bolt* or if no skill seems appropriate use Spirit.

DORHENDR'S NAMES

The names are exactly that—names—etched or engraved on items significant to the dead in life: a warrior's weapon, a musician's instrument, a scholar's book, etc. These mementos were brought

by Dorhendr from the Great Necropolis of the First Age of Relic. With them, it may be possible to summon the spirit of the individual to whom it belonged, or even to resurrect them via the powers of the Lich Queen's machine. However, mostly they grant some measure of the former owner's skill to the one who possesses them now. Occasionally the spirit may be strong enough to speak on its own.

Basic tools remove any penalties incurred through the lack of equipment, finely crafted tools give the user a +1 to that appropriate skill when used.

Weapons can range from simply improving the wielders Fighting skill, adding +1 to the damage, increasing Parry by +1 or increasing the AP by a couple of points, through to granting Combat Edges, poisoning their victims, being a Dual-aligned weapon, or draining Pulse.

Books come with a single spell usually at Novice or Seasoned but may contain a Veteran rank spell occasionally. Cast using a Spirit check or an appropriate skill check. They have their own small Pulse store usually between 5 and 10 Pulse, that can be used in the casting of that spell only and recharges at normal rate. The spell in the book cannot be cast using the characters own Pulse.

Certain items may also be possessed by the souls of their former owner and thus be intelligent in their own right. This can be as simple as a roleplay effect, or it can be used to give the players hints and tips when they are stuck just remember intelligent items aren't always right and might have their own agenda. Alternatively the item might have a Knowledge Skill the character can make use of, give a Common Knowledge bonus or teach them a new Edge or Power.

Pieces of expertly knapped flint or obsidian or hard-forged points of iron or bronze, these are the heads of the arrows once belonging to Tianet, the greatest huntress of the First Age. She used them to populate the Isle of Paxectel with all of the beasts she ever slew, reborn. Their progeny and reincarnations of the originals still exist. The arrowheads which first slew them retain some power over them. With an arrowhead in hand, it may be used to command, slay, or summon the particular beast to which it is linked. For example, the Tiger arrowhead could be used to command a tiger, slay a tiger, or summon a tiger. When any particular arrowhead is used, it is lost, but might be found again elsewhere on the isle. Each arrowhead will have a small bloodstain resembling the beast it commands.

Treat each arrowhead as a one-use magic item which can be used to successfully cast *puppet* on a particular creature, it still gets to make a Spirit roll to break free if ordered to attack allies or commit suicide. Alternatively, it can be used as an arrow of slaying against that type of creature, if Shaken or wounded by the arrow the victim must make a Vigor-2 check, if they fail they die, if they pass they suffer double damage that ignores any natural armor they have. So the creature wouldn't count its armor bonus from its tough hide but it would count the armor gained from the *armor* power if it had been cast on it or from a flak jacket if it was wearing one. Lions, and tigers and bears in flak jackets! Oh my!

Finally it can be used to summon such a creature of that type to do your bidding for 8 Rounds. Refer to the Denizens section for appropriate stats.

TRISMAYA'S BEADS

These moonstone beads are round as marbles. They are meant as an oracle's casting stones and may lend some power to divinations. Their main use on the isle, however, is that they may be given to the Crone, allowing her to recover one of her memories and thereby answer one question about the isle truthfully. Alternately, each bead can be given to one of the Spider Keepers, minions of Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams, allowing the giver to command a service. Each character will come to the isle with one bead in their possession.

If not given to the Crone, the moonstone may be cast on the ground to cast the *divine intervention* power, contacting the ancient spirit Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams. If placed beneath one's pillow, the bead will bring prophetic dreams identical to *divination* power, again gaining insight from Ninat.

IN THE CAVE

As the characters arrive at the mouth of the cave, read the following:

The cave is over twenty feet high and extends into deep darkness several dozen feet back. The air is surprisingly cool, the walls smooth, and the dirt floor is unmarred by footprints.

Have each character make a Notice check. On a success, they hear the sounds of muffled voices coming from further within the tunnel. On a raise,



they recognize one of the voices as the bartender or other patrons from the inn who found one of the moonstones. Any character with a Pulse Path can make a roll on the associated Skill. On a success, they sense a strong surge of energy coming from the cave.

For all intents and purposes, it appears as though this might be the way home.

01 THE LONG STAIR

The cave is featureless except for a narrow staircase deeper within the mouth, spiraling into more darkness below. The voices and any sensing of magical energies grows stronger as the heroes stand at the top of the stairs. As the characters descend, read the following:

The stairway—only wide enough for two of you to walk abreast—is carved from the same granite as the walls to either hand. The temperature decreases as you descend.

The torches flicker, revealing elaborate paintings high upon the walls. One depicts a young girl with wild auburn hair and dressed in well-worn attire as she carefully relieves a man of the purse hanging upon his belt as he sleeps. They are in a small room, and he lies upon a narrow bed as blue runes glow in the air next to the girl.

Another reveals the same girl, a frightened look in her wide eyes as she stands before a towering figure with long, flowing white hair. Form-fitting armor covers her upper body, custom formed around her breasts, and her legs and feet are bare. She looks down upon

the girl with a smile that displays both a gentle nature and a strange curiosity. The girl sits upon a narrow bed, and the room they occupy might even be the same room from the previous painting.

More paintings fill the walls as you twist your way lower and lower.

The staircase contains detailed paintings of Ayrawn's life, revealing to the characters clues as to what they will eventually face, although the group is no doubt unaware of their purpose at this time. Continue to describe scenes that give them a glimpse into the events detailed in the **Beginning the Adventure** section above. If the characters run a hand over the paintings, they feel a pulsating warmth coming from them, as though the images are somehow alive underneath.

One painting shows Ayrawn, still young, as she is taken by Anat before the Wizards Guild for admission. The young girl standing sheepishly next to the seraph before a raised dais upon which rests a wide, high table. Six men and four women sit behind the table. The men's beards are long and range in color from brown to red to black to a pure gray. The women's hair is long as well, ranging from brown to white. All wear rich robes embroidered with the images of mythical beasts or strange runes. They look down upon Ayrawn with stern faces as Anat pleads her case.

The remaining paintings reveal details about her battle with the Wizard Guild, her access to strange worlds, and the first battle she fought against Anat. In the later paintings, Ayrawn appears older, until a painting shows her brewing potions that restore her youth. Afterward, the images display her discovery and

enslavement of the vergers, her final battle against Anat, an image of the Great Machine, Anat being plugged into the Great Machine, and the exterior of the tomb.

The second to final image shows a party of three explorers lying dead within a corridor of the tomb, their souls a wispy, glowing image above them. Then the final image shows the souls entering the Great Machine as Ayrawn stands next to it, her expression one of ecstasy as she drinks the angel's tears to replenish her youth.

All in all, the characters should have an idea of what they are about to face inside the tomb by the time they reach the bottom of the staircase.

THE TOMB OF THE LICH QUEEN

Be sure to read all the **Tomb Encounters** before attempting to run this scenario. It has many ins and outs, many twists and turns. Improvisation is an important skill but preparation makes improvising much easier.

STORY STRUCTURE

The tomb is a massive death trap, designed to kill all hapless adventurers that get caught within it, and drain their souls to fuel the powerful Lich Queen. Every room, every corridor, indeed every step represents a possible final moment for the group but some of the encounters the characters face also provide roleplaying and story elements that give them clues and additional information about what's going on.

Tomb Encounter (15): The Key: This particular room provides the characters with a powerful artifact that is absolutely necessary to accessing the final encounter.

Tomb Encounter (22): The Orcs: A group of orcs have been trapped within the tomb for a very long time, sustained by the arcane forces that fuel the place. As a result, they have gained much knowledge of the tomb. This encounter could provide the characters with some needed information, as well as potential allies to accompany them further into the tomb.

Tomb Encounter (24): The Crone: A powerful sorceress and more than a little crazy, the characters have an opportunity to gain more information on the tomb and the Great Machine, as well as gain an ally that can help them defeat several deathtraps.

Tomb Encounter (28): The Second Rescuer: Here the characters meet a very powerful individual trapped within the tomb as he searches for his brother. The characters interact with him through Persuasion checks, and the degree of success determines whether they only receive valuable information, or gain an ally that will accompany them.

The above are only the most clear-cut situations of story factors within the tomb. As you read through the section, you will notice other instances that also require a little preparation work before you run the adventure, so that when the characters face those encounters, you are ready to handle them regardless of what information or allies they might have gained before that point. Those situations are: **Tomb Encounter (25): The Stalker's Curse**, **Tomb Encounter (26): The Champion of Woe**, and **Tomb Encounter (27): The First Rescuer**.

LAYOUT

The tomb is a customizable dungeon that allows you to not only determine its initial layout



randomly, but also change it many times during play. Whenever the layout shifts, the group feels a deep vibration coming from the floors and walls, hears the distance sound of metal grinding against metal, and notices the scenery changing beyond any doorway they are near.

The group has to be careful during the shifts. Each character must make an Agility check at a -2 penalty whenever the tomb shifts. Failure means they have become trapped between moving corridors and doorways, which deals 4d6 damage and an additional 1d6 damage each round the character remains trapped. A Strength check at a -2 penalty is required to get free from the crushing walls.

The initial layout includes **Tomb Encounter (1): The First Test**, connecting general corridors, and three (3) additional Tomb Encounters from the Tomb deck. Each time the characters enter a new room, draw a Tomb Encounter card and place the appropriate map tile detailed in the following pages.

After the initial layout of the tomb, there are several ways the configuration can be changed. Keep in mind, as explained a little later, that certain encounters must be solved in a particular order if the characters are to advance, and others provide story elements that reveal more clues to the group, or provide them with potential allies.

A change to the layout of the tomb is triggered in the following ways:

Tomb Encounter (6): Turning the Gears: When the characters enter this corridor, choose a random square on the map. As soon as a character steps within that area, the tomb changes configuration.

Every Hour: It's important to keep a private note of how long it takes the characters to solve

WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' MAPS

We assume you're using the Dungeonlands tile maps and cards we've provided for this adventure, but if you'd rather not, just roll 1d20+1d10 and add the results together. Compare the result with the Tomb Encounters detailed in the following pages. The Tomb Encounter number is the result of the roll.

each encounter, how long they travel between traps, and how long they spend interacting with the story elements of the tomb. A precise measurement is not important, as keeping a rough estimate accomplishes the same thing. After all, the group does not know exactly what is going into the random reconfigurations.

Each hour the characters spend within the tomb, the gears turn and the layout shifts again. Whenever the layout is reconfigured, any temporary markings they have made—such as with chalk or ink—are removed.

WANDERING MONSTERS

As the characters travel through the general corridors, roll 1d20+1d8, add the dice together, and consult the chart below for a Wandering Monster encounter. Descriptions and statistics for the creatures can be found at the end of the adventure.

02-08	None
09	Reclaimer
10	1d3 Rollers
11	1d4+2 Spiders
12	1d4+1 Ogres
13	2d4 Slimes

14	Spider Hound
15	Destiny Beast
16	The Harvester of Eyes
17	The Z'udj
18	1d4 Spider Keepers
19	1d4 Shadow Spawn
20	Bat Urchin
21	Dog Witch and Hounds
22	Fungus Host
23	Rhino Slug
24	Voidstrider
25	Mulciber
26	2d4 Demonlings
27	Headless Horror
28	Choose any two for a single encounter

DEFEATING MONSTERS

Most of the monsters within the tomb are completely under the control of the Great Machine and are a reusable resource that continue to plague the characters. Whenever the group defeats an enemy, three rounds later they hear a rumbling coming from within the floor or walls. Appearing from around the nearest corner, a large machine that looks like an octopus on wheels with each appendage ending in a claw or a long needle, rolls down the corridor. It retrieves the corpse, injecting it with various needles, and carries it in its grasp as it departs. If the characters attempt to follow it, it emits a loud whistling sound for several seconds and stops. Two rounds later, two (2) Rollers (see below) per character arrive and attack the group. While the characters are kept busy, the Reclaimer (see below) disappears from sight and escapes through a hidden passage that leads to the Great Machine level below the tomb.

Whenever the tomb is reconfigured, reclaimed monsters reappear within the corridors. Unfortunately, the reclaimed monsters remember

their deaths and learn from their experiences; especially that the characters were responsible for their latest death.

RECLAIMERS

Reclaimers are large wheeled devices that find the corpses of fallen monsters. They heal the monsters' injuries and re-inject their souls. A reclaimer looks like a mechanical octopus on wheels: a brass cart with many multifunctional appendages—some flexible, some not—mostly ending in needles or other sharp points.

Reclaimers can protect themselves by injecting venom from their needles into those who attack them. However, whenever anything attacks a reclaimer, it sounds an alarm that stuns any within a ten-foot radius. The alarm summons the nearest roller as well as any monsters who may be in the area.



RECLAIMER

Attributes: Agility d6 Smarts d6(M), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6

Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 11(2) Pulse 30

Special Abilities

- **Alarm:** Reclaimers can send out an alarm that acts as the Stun power (using the Reclaimer's Spirit instead of a Pulse Path skill) and summons help for the Reclaimer.
- **Armor +2:** Reclaimers are lightly armored.
- **Construct:** Reclaimers are +2 to recover from being Shaken, take no additional damage from called shots, are immune to poison and disease and never suffer from wound modifiers.

- *Bash:* Reclaimers can attack with all their eight appendages, doing **Damage:** Str+d6 with each one, each round.
- *Fearless:* Reclaimers are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- *Greater Healing:* Reclaimers can use the *greater healing* power using their Spirit instead of a Pulse Path skill.
- *Hardy:* A second Shaken result doesn't result in a wound.
- *Improved Arcane Resistance:* Reclaimers act as if they have 4 points of additional Armor when hit by damage-causing Pulse powers and add +4 to Trait rolls when resisting opposed powers.
- *Inject Poison:* If a Reclaimer hits with a Raise, instead of doing extra damage it injects a dose of poison. Roll a d4 [1) Lethal, 2) Venemous 3) Paralysis 4) Knockout].
- *Invulnerable (Fire):* Rollers can't be hurt by fire-based attacks.
- *Poison Gas:* By spending 4 Pulse, Rollers can release a cloud of poisonous gas in a Medium Burst Template centered on itself that forces everyone touched to make a Vigor -1 check, failing the check deals **Damage:** 2d8.
- *Size +2:* Reclaimers are much bigger than humans.



- *Weakness (Deafen):* Reclaimers take double-damage from weapons and spells that have the Sound trapping of Deafen.

ROLLERS

The rollers are not exactly monsters; they are machines animated by magic. The front of the machine is an iron roller that takes up the entire corridor. The back of the machine is an armored engine.

As a roller progresses through the tomb, it flattens anything in its path.

There are four rollers in the tomb: one for each sector. Their armor protects them from spells and physical attacks. They have never been dismantled. And they never run out of energy.

ROLLER

Rollers attempt to Crush any foes beneath them and use Poison Gas if attacked.

Attributes: Agility d6 Smarts d4(M), Spirit d4, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8

Pace 8 Parry 6 Toughness 18(6) Pulse 30

Special Abilities

- *Armor +6:* Iron plates grant the rollers Heavy Armor.

- *Construct*: Rollers are +2 to recover from being Shaken, take no additional damage from called shots, are immune to poison and disease and never suffer from wound modifiers.
- *Crush*: Characters caught under the Roller take Str+d12 damage.
- *Fearless*: Rollers are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- *Hardy*: A second Shaken result doesn't result in a wound.
- *Improved Arcane Resistance*: Rollers act as if they have 4 points of additional Armor when hit by damage-causing Pulse powers and add +4 to Trait rolls when resisting opposed powers.
- *Invulnerable (Fire)*: Rollers can't be hurt by fire-based attacks.
- *Poison Gas*: By spending 4 Pulse, Rollers can release a cloud of poisonous gas in a Medium Burst Template centered on itself that forces everyone touched to make a Vigor check, failing the check deals **Damage**: 3d6.
- *Size +4*: Rollers fill the entire corridor when they go through.
- *Weakness (Acid)*: Rollers take double-damage from weapons and powers that have an acid trapping.
- *Weakness (Electricity)*: Rollers take double-damage from weapons and powers that have an electricity trapping.

THE VERGERS

The vergers are a diminutive race of engineers who travel throughout the tomb making seemingly random repairs to corridors, doorways, floors, and so forth. When and how the characters encounter

them is left up to you, to allow you to inject a little mystery or humor into the adventure whenever you need it most.

Vergers know all the secret passages throughout the tomb and how to access the lower levels, but it is not information they are capable of revealing to the characters. Whenever you need to remove a verger from a scene, have them run away from the group, around a corner, and through a passage. If that method seems too risky to prevent the characters from discovering ways to the lower levels, a wandering monster attacks the group instead. During the combat, the verger disappears.

COMMON VERGER

Attributes: Agility d10 Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d4, Knowledge (Architecture) d6, Knowledge (Engineering) d6, Lockpick d8, Notice d6, Repair d12

Pace 8 Parry 5 Toughness 5 Pulse 15

Special Abilities

- *Acrobat*: +2 to Agility rolls to perform acrobatic maneuvers; +1 to Parry if unencumbered.
- *Fleet-Footed*: Despite their small size, vergers are fast.
- *Gadgets*: Vergers have an assortment of tools on them for fixing the tomb. These can serve to get them out of tight spots in numerous ways, including as weaponry.
- *Hardy*: Vergers are surprisingly resilient. They do not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice.
- *Improved Arcane Resistance*: Vergers act as if they have 4 points of additional Armor when hit by damage-causing Pulse powers and add +4 to Trait rolls when resisting opposed powers.



- *Slippery*: Vergers are hard to grab a hold of, Grapples are at -2 to succeed.
- *Size -1*.

AWARDING KARMA

The tomb is extremely dangerous, and an unlucky group of players could very well find their characters dead—or worse. To keep them feeling heroic and moving forward, it is strongly suggested you award each player with a Karma after surviving each trap, and after each monster they defeat. The victory Karma reward is in addition to any Karma they gain through the normal *Savage Worlds* methods.

TOMB ENCOUNTERS

Here's where your heroes walk into the tomb for the first time. This is also your opportunity to

set the stage for what they're about to get into. You should use every descriptive trick you have to give them the impression that this is a *bad idea*.

This place is not sterile. Everything is covered in filth and grime. Recent carcasses sit on old bones. Small animals and insects squirm through the rotting flesh. The cobwebs that fill the corridors are thick and sticky. And the spiders that spun those webs are big enough to take down small dogs. Little nests of scuttling things. Animal feces.

Remember that your heroes are lighting these dark corridors with lanterns or torches. To give your players a good idea of what this is like, turn off all the lights in your house or apartment, get a flashlight, put a piece of colored paper over it and run the game that way. Just turning out the light will make people react. They'll feel things crawling on their skin. They'll see things in corners. I'm not talking about the heroes now, I'm talking about your

NOTICING AND DISARMING TRAPS

A majority of the traps work along the same rules for finding and disarming them. Instead of putting the reminder text in the description for each trap, it is highlighted here for ease of reference.

Whenever a trap allows a Notice check to discover it, a failure means the character has been surprised and does not get an Action Card for the first round of the encounter. Additionally, if a Repair roll is allowed to disarm a trap, the attempt takes an entire round and no other actions (including movement) can be taken.

players. Shutting down peoples' sight enhances all the other senses... sometimes even tricking those senses into believing in things that aren't there.

In that darkness, things skitter in the shadows. You catch a glimpse of something and then it's gone. Details become important. Reaching into a bag and picking out the right potion. In the dark. Unhooking the clasp keeping your sword in its sheath. In the dark. Stepping in the rotting body of a squirrel and slipping on the blood and flesh. In the dark. Remember the last time you had to walk through the dark? Your face running into something soft and sticky and the panic that pounded in your heart. Something touches the back of your hand and you swat at it. Or stumbling into a step or a piece of furniture or a wall, realizing you aren't where you thought you were in the room. All of these things become important in the tomb. Remember them. Make a list. And make sure your heroes all get a chance to experience each one.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (I): THE FIRST TEST

Once the characters reach the bottom of **The Long Stair**, they encounter the following:

The stairway ends at a small corridor 12 feet long that runs under a square opening and into another narrow corridor roughly 36 feet long. Another doorway rests at the far end, and the entire thing is barely 12 feet wide.

The long corridor contains tiles that are covered in filth and slime. The tops of the walls where they meet the ceiling are covered in thick spider webs, and just beyond the first opening is the corpse of a small animal. Maggots writhe through the rotting flesh. Further on lie four skeletons, long since picked clean. A quick look on the ceiling reveals holes just big enough for spears.

As soon as all of the characters are in the long corridor, a heavy stone slab drops from within the top of the opening behind them and the room itself lurches sideways. The slab is thick, and breaking through it, or lifting back into the wall, is an almost impossible task and an ultimately unrewarding one in any case—the room has rotated and the entryway has sealed, the chamber the characters are in rotated, as designed by the Great Machine. The only known exit from the tomb is now sealed, forcing those inside to continue forward into a deathtrap of immense proportions.

THE DANCE FLOOR

The central walls of this corridor, rather than showing murals of Ayrawn, show scenes from the

life of Trismaya the Storyteller who looks exactly like the woman with the lute and the harlequin coat encountered back at the inn. In fact, the same tune echoes from the holes in the ceiling, the stonework pierced to allow sound to filter from a minstrel gallery.

The rest of the room, however, is a mess. The tiles of the corridor are covered with a thick layer of mud and require a Notice check at a -4 penalty to realize that they are actually made of beautifully polished semiprecious stones. The tiles come in five colors: moonstone (shimmering white), lapis lazuli (blue with gold flecks of pyrite), amber (golden with inclusions), bloodstone (green chalcedony with inclusions of red jasper), and jet (black). Stepping on almost any tile results in a horrifically jagged spear shooting down from the ceiling at a random occupied tile, causing 2d6+2 damage. Even tiles which were safe once can be trapped again. This trap can trigger multiple times in a round.

If the tiles are cleared, a character searching for traps who makes another Notice check at a -4 penalty can find extremely well-hidden pressure triggers under each tile with wires stretching to adjacent tiles. The only way to disable the trap is tile by tile by making a Repair roll. On a success, the trap is disabled, and on a raise the character also disables the trap on an adjacent tile. Failure results in the trap being activated for 2d6+2 damage. If the Repair roll is a 1 (regardless of Wild Die), multiple traps activate at once. Roll 1d4 for the number of spears that strike at the group, and roll damage for each one separately.

There is another way to bypass the floor. Characters with musical training, making a

successful Knowledge (Music) check, note that the tune being played falls slightly flat on the notes of F and G. The colors of the tiles align with the first five notes of the scale. Stepping from tile to tile in time with the notes of the music allows safe passage. This requires a successful Agility check at a -2 penalty.

The four skeletons are mostly destroyed by time and rot, but each has a salvageable item which one member of the party can use.

THE UNDEAD QUARTET

Once the group makes it through the entrance corridor, they enter the next corridor of the shifting tomb. Unfortunately, four previous adventurers have become permanent residents of the place.

The second corridor is as long and narrow as the first, comprised of thick stone but with a natural floor. More spider webs hang along the walls, and as your passage disturbs the immediate area, small eight-legged things scurry deeper into the thick gossamer.

Near the midway point of the hallway, four figures draw your attention. Their faces are contorted in anguish, the skin pulled tight against bone, as though something sucked the very life essence out of them. They are dressed in clothes like the four skeletons in the last corridor, but faded to silver and gray.

The group is attacked by four (4) Spectral Mages. Unless the characters have a means of destroying the incorporeal creatures, the only obvious way to escape them is to make it through the doorway on the other side of the corridor. The Spectral Mages are tied to the room, and cannot cross the threshold. They prefer to attack any

character who has looted items from their former bodies. If the skeletons were left untouched, apart from possibly moving them aside, the apparitions attack at random.

If the skeletons were dealt with in a respectful and reverential manner and their items left with them, the apparitions speak to those who have finally put their souls to rest, thanking them and telling them their names. The precise identity of the apparitions is left undefined so you may tailor them to mirror the roles of the party exploring the tomb. The idea is that this is a party like theirs who perished long before. The apparitions gift each party member who helped with an item to help them in their struggle against the tomb. Treat these as the items listed under Dorhendr's Names, though they need not be from the First Age of Relic, even though they may be—The skeletons have been here a very long time.

To deal with the remains of the dead respectfully and reverentially only requires a Knowledge (Religion) check, if that. All that should be required is placing the bodies in some reasonable posture, leaving them with their items, and possibly commending their spirits to whatever deities they or the player worship or believe would be interested.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Charisma 0 Pace 0 Parry 6 Toughness 5 Pulse 20

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Improved Dodge, Improved Extraction, Quick

Special Abilities

- *Ethereal:* Wraiths are immaterial and can only be harmed by magical and Pulse based attacks or in the Spirit Realm.
- *Fear -1:* Specters cause Fear checks at -1 when they let themselves be seen.
- *Flight:* Specters fly at a rate of 12" with a Climb of 7. *Ghost Sword: Damage:* Str+8, AP 2. Their swords are able to hurt physical beings without being physical weapons. The swords' ethereal nature allows them to pass through lighter armor.
- *Pulse Leech(Melee):* Spectres have the ability to drain the Pulse from their foes, dealing d6 damage straight to their opponent's Pulse and restoring the dread wraith's Pulse by that much.
- *Spawn Spectre:* Any creature killed by a spectral mage rises up as another specter in three rounds. These spectres have



one die less in every single attribute and skill, 10 pulse, and their Pulse Leech's damage is only d4. Both Improved Dodge and Improved Extraction are replaced by Dodge and Extraction.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (2): PRECARIOUS FOOTING

As the group enters the chamber, read the following narrative:

On the far side of the room is a beautifully carved marble statue standing several feet before the opposite doorway. Even from this distance, the detail is breathtaking. She wears elaborate robes, the folds and wrinkles giving them an almost lifelike quality. In each hand she holds a long sword—the left pointed toward the ceiling, and the other indicating the floor at her feet. A blindfold covers her eyes.

The odd thing that immediately strikes you, however, is the condition of the chamber. The walls and floor are wonderful mosaics—pristine, polished, and completely unmarked by the passage of time.

While there is nothing magical about the statue, it is still significant. It is the image of Elrahui, the betrayed beloved of Dorhendr, one of the Ayrawn's companions. This was the shrine he created to her memory. Mosaics on the ceiling, walls, and floor tell the tale of Dorhendr's courtship of Elrahui, their love, and how he betrayed her and the other warriors of his legion—and how he, in penance, became the Grieving Guard of the great Necropolis, standing as the Silent Sentinel to beg her forgiveness.

The real danger is the chamber floor. After Ayrawn betrayed Dorhendr, she refitted Elrahui's shrine into a death trap in her Great Machine. A mere 2" into the chamber, the floor becomes brittle and crumbles beneath the weight of the characters. The trap extends all the way to the right and left walls and to just within 1" of the opposite doorway, directly at the base of the statue. Beneath the floor, a pit drops 4" into a cluster of sharp spikes—each one coated with a dark, poisonous liquid. Even if the characters become wise to the situation before springing the trap, leaping or jumping across the thin flooring does little to avoid the possibility of falling onto the spikes.

Roll a d6 to determine when the floor suddenly crumbles away. On a 1-2, the trap springs once a character has crossed 4" of the room. On a 3-4, the floor drops away when a character is 3" into the room. On a 5-6, the floor crumbles to bits when any of the characters have stepped 2" into the room.

The characters can attempt an Agility check to avoid falling onto the spikes as the floor gives way.

A Notice check at a -4 penalty reveals cracks in the mosaic floor and a slight sagging on the other side of the chamber.

A character that falls onto the spikes takes 5d6 damage (the damage for the fall is already included). Additionally, if a character is Shaken or wounded by the spikes, they must make a Vigor roll at a -2 penalty. Failure indicates death in 2d6 minutes. On a success, the character suffers an additional 1 wound and 2 levels of Fatigue. On a raise, the character only suffers 2 levels of Fatigue.

Fatigue levels are recovered every hour.

COMB ENCOUNTER (3): THE FINGERS OF DOOM

Use the following narrative as the group enters the chamber:

As you enter the room, you notice dark patches at random intervals—as though the floor has been stained by the drying of a spilled liquid—marking the passage you have to take to reach the far side of the chamber.

The walls are ancient stone blocks, fractures along the surfaces forming a spider web of patterns coming together on the ceiling in a confusing image. From one angle, it looks like a tree covered with spiders and webs, but from another, it appears as a grandmotherly woman veiled in a mantilla of cobweb lace, a cat's cradle strung between her fingers. Set at the nexuses of the webs are small holes.

The image on the ceiling is Ninat, the Weaver of Dreams, a mostly forgotten goddess of the First Age of Relic and patron spirit of Trismaya the Storyteller. The holes are not traps but the settings for jewels, long since pried out by previous adventurers and not replaced by the vergers. The real trap lies beneath the floor.

Using the movement squares on the tile as a grid, begin with the row nearest the characters. The

tile furthest to the left of the entrance is safe, but beneath the second square is a death trap. The pattern continues around the room, with every other square being safe, and each adjacent square being the danger.

Whenever a character touches one of the trap squares, whether they stand upon it or merely brush their foot across it, the cobblestone tile swings downward on hidden hinges. As it does so, a tall spike springs upward to impale the character.

The spike is 10 feet tall, and coated in a thick poison. The trap is a quick attack, with the floor opening, the spike



extending and withdrawing, and the floor closing all within the same round.

A Notice check at a -4 penalty check will reveal a very slight depression to the tiles that form the spike attack. No method of disarming the trap can be discerned.

The trap uses Fighting d6 to attack the players. If none of the characters made the Notice check to figure out how the room is trapped, the first spike attack gets *The Drop* on the group and gains a +4 bonus to the Fighting roll. On a successful attack, the character takes 3d6 damage. If the character is Shaken or wounded by the attack, they must make a Vigor roll at a -1 penalty. On a failure, they are Paralyzed for 1d6 minutes. On a success they are Paralyzed for 1d6 rounds. On a raise they have resisted the poison.

Becoming Paralyzed is especially dangerous, as it places the character in a situation for the spikes to be able to perform a *Finishing Move* on him. Any other character in the group can attempt to pull the Paralyzed character away from the spikes by making a Strength check at a -2 penalty.

Perceptive characters may realize that Trismaya's moonstone beads they gained earlier are the exact same size as the holes in the walls. If a bead is placed in a hole, the image of Ninat will blaze with light, her cat's cradle changing to a different configuration of lines, indicating a safe passage across the floor for the one who placed the bead. The next time he sleeps, a character who placed a bead receives a prophetic dream which reveals a truth—something Ninat feels he needs to know to defeat the Lich Queen.

COMB ENCOUNTER (4): THE FACES OF DEATH

Beyond the doorway, a grisly chamber awaits. No torches or lanterns are set within the room, yet it is bathed in a soft, orange glow. The floor is smooth and seamless, but the walls are another matter entirely. Carved in black marble, horrific and terrible forms protrude as though struggling to be free from an eternal prison.

Looking closer at the carvings, you see that they appear to have once been people—now forever hanging within an instance of great pain. Some have chests broken open, exposing stone ribs and internal organs underneath. Others are tied to stone stakes, forever burnt by stone flames. Others are stretched on the rack, limbs held on by thin muscles, the tendons stretched to the breaking point. Others suffer deep gashes, black marble maggots forever crawling through the wounds. Each figure has a mouth opened in a tormented scream.

And then your blood turns cold as the strange light within the room makes it appear as though one of them blinked. Your eyes are drawn to that face, there on a head attached to a torn neck.

Stone eyelids quickly close and open.

You notice the others now doing the same, and as you watch in horror, their eyes move with the sound of rock grating against rock as each carving looks toward the doorway on the far side of the room. A doorway framed by a carving of intense flames that now emanates a reddish glow.

The opened mouths begin to moan. Within seconds, the moans become soul-tearing screams of pain.

These carvings were once of the holy martyrs of Relic's First Age, forever suffering the torments which lead to their beatification, but after the Lich Queen added her fell magic, their pain became less unique, other beings forced to join them in their endless suffering. Living people who entered the tomb are now forever trapped in an eternally looping moment of their own demise, joining the ancient martyrs in their torments. More horrifically, they are a method through which the tomb plans to harvest additional souls. Even worse, those poor victims are aware of the present situation and the group's arrival. Their indication of the far doorway is a warning to the characters to run.

Two rounds after the group enters the room, heavy stone slabs drop into place in both doorways, blocking any means of escape.

Anyone standing in the doorway can make an Agility check at a -2 penalty. With success, the character can duck out of the way, ending up on the side of his choice. Failure means the block hits the character, doing 3d6 damage and shoving him into the room.

Every screaming face in the room then begins to pour forth poisonous gas that covers the whole room, the gas is based on contact with skin not inhalation so holding their breath doesn't help.

Each round, the group is exposed to a dose of the poison requiring a Vigor check with a penalty equal to the round (round one has a -1 penalty,

round eight has a -8 penalty). On the first failed Vigor check, the victim suffers 1d4 damage that ignores armor; for each subsequent failed check, the damage increases by 1d4. For example, by round 8, if they have failed all Vigor checks, the damage would be 8d4, if they had passed the first four Vigor checks it's 4d4. Completely chemically sealed armor makes the wearer immune to the gas. Also allow the heroes to use powers and Abilities inventively to avoid the gas. After 1 minute (10 rounds), the gas stops and the chamber doors open, allowing the poison gas to disperse.

Anyone searching for traps inside the room must pass a Notice -1 check (which takes at least 1 round) to find that the open mouths of the carvings look like tubes that could be used to deliver something inside the room and recognizes it as a trap with a successful Smarts check, but doesn't know when or how it will trigger. There are 4 carvings that will emit the gas, and each one needs to be disabled individually. Doing so takes a successful Repair -2 check and 1 round per carving, and the gas keeps coming until all are disabled. Once they are all disabled, the poison settles to the ground quickly and the characters are no longer in danger of exposure.

There is one other way to bypass this room. Any act of self-sacrifice taken within it—even as small as giving one's own healing potion to a companion—allows one of the ancient martyrs to momentarily break the Lich Queen's spell. The gas stops, the slabs raise, and the stone martyr gifts the one who made a sacrifice for another with a gift from Relic's First Age. This is one of Dorhendr's Names, and bears the name of the holy martyr who granted it.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (5): THE HALL OF PENANCE

Facing a room with frescoes depicting scenes of extreme torture and anguish, the group must avoid poisonous darts or else join all the others that have helped maintain Ayrawn's immortality.

The chamber is comprised of an earthen floor surrounded by walls with colorful frescoes. As you step farther into the room, the light becomes brighter, the artwork showing images pulled forth from the deepest nightmares.

In one section, a young woman is tormented by winged, hellish looking beasts, great hooks digging deep into her flesh and pulling the skin until it grows taut enough to tear. Another section shows what remains of a young man, his torso lying on the ground and his mouth opened in an agonizing scream. Around him, small, squat creatures with purple skin and round bellies toy with his severed limbs.

Various other images cover the walls to your left and right, and in each instance the mouths of the victims are opened in screams.

The only figure not screaming is that of a heavily muscled man, stripped to the waist, his eyes and teeth clenched shut in grim determination as he scourges himself with penitential whips. The imps with their tiny spears attempting to torment him look ineffectual compared to the damage he does to himself.

This was the chamber where Dorhendr once scourged himself with penitential whips, reminding himself of the torments that awaited the false, the unjust, and betrayers of friends in the hells of Relic's First Age. Characters may recognize him from the images elsewhere on the isle. Just like with the other chambers, there is a door on the far side of the room that the group must reach. Unfortunately, as is typical within the tomb, reaching the door is not easy.

For this room, the screaming mouths painted upon the walls are actually holes through which poison darts are ejected. Secretly mark the row of squares along the left and right walls. On the right hand wall, begin with the second square in the row, and mark every other square. For the left, begin with the first square on the group's side of the room and mark every other square. Whenever a character





comes into line with one of those squares while crossing the room, a poison dart is ejected. The attack is made at Shooting d6, **Damage:** 2d6, Poison. If the target is Shaken or wounded by the attack they are also poisoned, and must make a Vigor check. If they get a Raise they are unaffected, if they Pass they are just Paralyzed for 30 minutes, if the check is failed they suffer a wound every 20 minutes for the next hour (for a total of 4 wounds) unless the poison is neutralized.

A Notice -2 check will reveal that the holes contain small tubes for launching some sort of narrow object. The traps can be circumvented with a successful Repair -1 check. Each tube must be disabled separately, and doing so takes 1 round. A failure on this check indicates that the trap is activated and the character attempting to disable the trap is automatically struck.

There is one other way to bypass this room, but it is not pleasant. Dorhendr's spirit is still aware of the way out. If a character strips to the waist and

accepts punishment for his sins while walking across the room, he will still take damage from the darts and the poison, but his last wounds before unconsciousness and death will be preserved.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (6): TURNING THE GEARS

This particular corridor is a double-edged sword for the group. While one version simply allows you to stack the cards against the characters for a short time, the other could very well end with the characters becoming much thinner.

While not an actual trap that can directly harm the group, this particular obstacle allows you to realign the layout of the tomb.

You enter a long corridor comprised of a mixture of a stone tiled floor and naturally constructed walls and ceiling, as though the original construction involved the digging of a large tunnel. Strange vines of dark blue hang from the ceiling, and glowing fungi along the walls provide a soft, green illumination.

No doubt the characters want to examine the vines and fungi, expecting some sort of trap from either direction. Allow them to do so, and even force them to make Notice checks if you really want to increase the tension—pass or fail, be sure to inform them that they see nothing dangerous.

As they travel the tunnel, choose a random square that the lead character has stepped on. The group hears a click, and then a loud rumble fills the tunnel as the entire tomb begins to vibrate. If the group has experienced the tomb changing configuration before,

then they should immediately recognize what's happening. Otherwise, let them wonder.

You are now free to change the layout of the tomb randomly or however you see fit.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (7): MEETING AT MIDDLE GROUND

The area before you possesses a floor made of stone while the walls are constructed of natural earth. Torches as tall as a man are embedded off to the sides, where floor meets wall, the flames licking upward and casting shadows upon the entire tableau.

In response to your sudden arrival, small multi-legged things scurry deeper into the darkness, disappearing beneath the dirt piled up on both sides.

If the group is concerned about the things that burrowed into the walls, let them be. The tomb is a massive deathtrap meant to confuse and kill, and the existence of the insects is for exactly that purpose. The true danger is the square in the center of the area. As soon as a character crosses that section, the entire room or corridor vibrates as dirt rains down from the walls and ceiling. A grinding sound comes from the walls, and the dirt quickly falls away to reveal thick stone.

Unfortunately, the walls are moving rapidly to meet each other in the center of the tunnel. Meanwhile, the rest of the floor tiles from the trap point onward are devilishly made. Each flooring tile is mounted on a spring that compresses when a

character steps on it, making walking or running exceedingly difficult, especially since each tile spring has a different tension.

The group is not only going to have to race to escape the tunnel before the walls crush them, but are going to have deal with moving across unsteady ground and difficult terrain. The walls take 3 Rounds to close together, anyone still in the tunnel at the start of Round 4 takes 4d8 damage and has another turn to try to escape, anyone in the tunnel at the end



of Round 4 gets crushed. Have each character make an Agility -1 check for each move action they take. Failure indicates they have fallen prone (determine exact tile randomly). Characters can attempt to jump forward to try and avoid the unsteady tiles (allowing them to cover 2" with a successful Strength check or 1" if they fail), but if they land within the area of the trap, they will need to make an Agility - 2 check to remain standing as the spring-loaded tile they land on wobbles uncontrollably. Searching the room for traps is extremely difficult due to the thick layer of earth covering every surface, but a Notice -3 check reveals the presence of the stone walls behind the earthy tunnel with suspicious-looking cracks separating the walls from the floor and ceiling. This result also reveals that the floor tiles on the far side of the room seem uneven, as if they aren't connected. This is obviously a trap. The crushing walls can be disabled with a successful Repair -3 check. The trigger mechanism under the central tile is hidden under layers of earth making this check require 10 minutes of careful digging, followed by a successful Repair -2 check. Failure results in activation.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (8): TIANET'S HAVEN

Read as the group enters the room:

The faces of fierce beasts glare at you from the wall. A hunting cat crouches, ready to leap for the kill. A cheerful fire burns in the fireplace, illuminating a dozen other taxidermized beasts, both monstrous and mundane, as well as comfortable leather couches and rich furs to lie on before the fire.

A portrait of the sleeping huntress from the warded campsite hangs over the mantel, but here her bow is unbroken and still bears The Bloodstone Tear. A brass plaque set below identifies her as TIANET. It would appear you have found her hunting lodge or at least her trophy room.

This room contains no obstacles or traps. Monsters cannot enter, including those in the thrall of the Great Machine, but other adventurers may be found here. The characters are given a chance to rest and recover until they decide to leave or the tomb shifts again.



TOMB ENCOUNTER (9): THE KNIGHT'S DIRGE

The characters must figure a way to circumvent a statue imbued with the power to shatter bones with mere sound.

Read the following as the group enters the corridor:

The corridor before you appears as though carved out of a single piece of cylindrical stone—a flat floor surrounded by walls and a ceiling some twenty feet overhead that all curve outward.

At the far end, blocking the egress, is a large statue of a man in full plate, holding a long sword and kite shield. The knight stands upon a 12-foot high base, wide enough to fill the corridor from wall to wall.

The statue is of Dorhendr, the Grim Guardian of the Great Necropolis of the First Age. It leaves very little room in the passageway. Those wearing heavy, metal armor find there's no way to get by the statue without stripping down. Even small heroes will need to struggle to fit through the space left by the statue's base. Squeezing through the space require a Success on an Agility check; creatures with a positive Size modifier should take it as a penalty to the roll and those with a negative size modifier gain it as a bonus to the roll. Each attempt takes one minute and only one creature can squeeze through at a time.

The Lich Queen modified the construction of this corridor specifically so as to amplify sound. As soon as anyone touches the statue, it begins to sing in a

baritone voice, chanting the names and deeds of the noble dead of the First Age of Relic so loudly that it causes damage to those around the statue.

The knight continues to sing as long as anyone is touching the base, anyone touching the statue takes **Damage: 2d8**, anyone within 10" of the statue take **Damage: 2d6**. Anyone taking a second wound from the statue needs to make a Vigor save every round the song continues, or
b e c o m e



permanently deafened (preventing further damage) as his eardrums explode.

Someone searching for traps finds tell-tale runes of a magical trap with a Notice -2 check. A successful Smarts -3 or any Pulse Path skill -1 will reveal that there is no easy way of shutting off the trap, but destroying the statue (which is made of magically hardened obsidian – Toughness 20, requiring 3 wounds) will work. A use of the *dispel* power will suppress its effects for 2 Rounds. Failing a skill check or attacking the statue triggers the trap.

If destroyed, the vergers replace it in 2d6 days.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (10): A TIGHT SITUATION

This room was another of Tianet's chambers. Read the following:

As you enter the room, you are amused by the colorful and whimsical images of a marvelous menagerie of wild beasts and monsters in a circus train of cages lining the walls—monkeys and tigers, unicorns and manticores, seals with balls on their noses and even a glass aquarium holding a baby kraken. The beasts are obviously painted and the gilded bars not only appear two-dimensional, but stout and secure. There appears very little chance of any of these beasts escaping their cages. Even so, it might be wise to not step too close to the walls in case any might reach through the painted bars and into reality.

The walls are actually what they appear—prettily painted murals—and the only magic

on them are some preservation charms to keep the colors bright and fresh. Once the group is a quarter of the way through this room, they hear a soft click echo off the walls. The trap is extremely well hidden and arcane in nature. Have each character make a Notice check at a -4 penalty to notice a slight shift in one of the ceiling stones, painted to resemble the ceiling of a circus pavilion. The character that failed by the lowest roll is the target of the trap.

This trap is a deadly constricting cage. Using a simple pressure trigger that goes off whenever multiple people stand adjacent to each other in the corridor, it captures its targets with a 4"x4" cage made of raw energy (Agility -4 to avoid). In glowing, bold runes on the outside of the cage are the words, "*You get to watch.*"

The cage then begins to constrict, halving its size each round. The characters can try to prevent the constriction by trying to brace the inside of the cage with objects. The cage has Strength d12+2, and makes a check every round to try and break the object **Damage:** Str+d6. On a failure, the cage can't constrict during that round. Use typical object toughness found in *Savage Worlds*, with each additional item used increasing the Toughness by 1.

If the cage is not prevented from constricting, it crushes the trapped characters, dealing **Damage:** Str+d6 damage per round. The cage persists for 10 rounds.

Someone searching for traps that passes a Notice -2 check finds pressure plates connected to each other. A successful Repair -2 check allows the character to disable one plate at a time, with failure resulting in activation.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (11): BALANCE OF LIFE

More an obstacle than a trap, the group must cross a room where the slightest misstep means a very messy death.

As you step into the wide chamber, the floor abruptly ends 6 feet beyond the doorway, and doesn't begin again until the same distance from the opposite wall. Before you, filling the rest of the room, is a pit that drops 25 feet into a pool of black liquid. Bubbles form randomly upon the surface. As they burst, a foul odor burns your nostrils.

Extending across the pit are three chains, roughly 2 feet wide and 10 feet apart, forming a precarious bridge. The walls to the left and right are smooth and covered with a glistening slime. Even if handholds could be found, it is extremely unlikely that you would make it across without taking a brief and fatal plunge.

If a character possesses the natural ability to fly, then doing so is the easiest solution, but those lacking the means will have to walk across the huge chains. Crossing the chains is an Agility -3 or Climb -1 check, and requires half speed movement. If the roll is failed but the final result (dice roll - penalty) isn't a negative number the character slips but catches himself before falling into the pit but hangs from the chain and takes 1d6 damage due to his proximity to the boiling oil. If the result is a negative number the character falls into the pool of boiling oil, which does 4d6 damage per round to anyone standing in it.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (12): MUM'S THE WORD

The group must make their way through a bare room with strange circles embedded within the stone walls. Making even the slightest noise could lead to a very painful death.

You pass under a stone archway and into a wide chamber with a low ceiling. The floor is completely bare of features, and the ceiling seems to press down upon you without moving. The walls are constructed of a strange, white stone-like material, embedded every few feet with a series of three circles looping around each other.

On the far side of the room, another stone archway leads to a darkened corridor.

The room is a sound amplifier, and any sound created within its boundaries is amplified to an incredible volume. Simply walking through this room causes injury to the heroes. A fight in here would devastate them.

Any action taken in this room that causes noise can cause damage to everyone in the room. The amount of damage depends on how loud the noise is. The damage done by any action should be judged using the following scale as a guide: sneaking 1d4, walking 1d6, talking 2d6, combat 3d6, shouting 3d8, gunshot 4d8, explosion 4d10. Any action that deals over 8 damage also forces everyone affected to make a Vigor save or become Shaken as they stumble in pain. Creatures walking in the room may make Stealth checks to sneak through quietly, certain powers and effects can make this easier.

Reduce the damage by 1 for small improvements, by 2 for large ones. These can stack within reason.

For Example: Taking off their boots reduces the damage by 1, while those with the ability to fly doing so instead of walking reduces the damage by 2. Similarly, plugging their ears reduces the damage by 1.

Anyone searching for traps who passes a Notice - 1 check easily identifies that the chamber amplifies sound and may cause damage. A Repair -1 or suitable Knowledge check reveals that the walls of the room themselves are reflective, and there isn't anything that can be turned off or sabotaged. A successful Common Knowledge check will provide some suggestions to reduce the problem, similar to those mentioned above.

Monsters in the tomb know about this corridor and will stay out of it. They will fire arrows and other projectiles in to the room to gain an advantage if they can ambush the heroes.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (B): LITTLE HALL OF HORRORS

The group must survive a carnivorous plant or become yet another tragedy lost within the walls of tomb.

As soon as you enter the corridor, it's already obvious that getting to the other end is not going to be easy. Although the corridor is composed of the typical stone construction you've seen countless times in similar places, it's what lies at the junction of the floor and walls to either side that forces the realization.

Beginning as just a thin line at the end of the hallway, and growing thicker to cover more of the floor as it continues forward, a

blue-green moss has taken residence. Despite the general nature of such things, this one is obviously different as indicated by the skeletal limbs extending from the moss near the center of the corridor. Thick, green pods—ranging in size from 5 feet to 6 feet tall—rest against either wall near the area not far from the protruding bones.

A Knowledge (Botany) or similar skill, identifies the moss as aggressive and deadly.

The moss is not intelligent, but it does feed on blood by grappling anything living that comes within reach. When a creature stops struggling, the moss cocoons the victim as it further digests the body.

The moss is immune to physical damage—all pieces torn or cut off regrow instantly. However, the moss does burn, but a good thirty feet of the corridor is filled with the stuff. A non-magical flame can be used to burn away a 1" square per



round, while magical fire will set ablaze all of the moss that it covers. Unfortunately, the charred bits of moss are like microscopic dry sponges, ripping the blood from any creature that inhales them. Therefore, when the moss burns, it releases a dose of poisonous gas, anyone inhaling must pass a Vigor -1 check to suffer 1d6 damage that ignores armor. For each 1" square that is set aflame the penalty on the Vigor check increases by 1 and the damage increases by 1d6, e.g burn a 2"x2" patch and you must make a Vigor -4 check or take 4d6 damage.

A successful Survival check enables them to burn off a single 1" square of moss in a careful and controlled fashion (1 minute) without exposing anyone to the fumes. Failure means the gas is released as normal.

BLOODTHIRSTY MOSS

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6

Pace 0 Parry 2 Toughness 5 Pulse 10

Special Abilities

- *Grapple:* Moss attacks by trying to grapple its victims as per SW rules. On subsequent rounds instead of doing damage if the Grapple is maintained, the victim suffers 1 level of Fatigue from blood loss that takes 2 hours to clear.
- *Immunity:* Immune to all physical damage, the moss is damaged by instantly regrows. Can only be hurt by flames or fire based powers.
- *Many Tendrils:* Every square a target moves through in a turn that is covered in moss allows the tendrils to attack once. If they stay still in

the moss they are attacked once, if they travel 6 squares they will be attacked 6 times.

- *Mindless:* It's immune to Fear, Intimidation, Tests of Will and any other mind affecting abilities or powers.
- *Unresisting:* The moss doesn't actively try and stop its victims from attacking it, it just tries to grapple them, hence the reduced Parry.



TOMB ENCOUNTER (14): MABHARO'S CELL

Read the following:

This room has plain stone walls. A straw pallet lies in the corner. A simple wooden desk and chair are the room's only other furnishings. The room is lit by a single candle in a niche by the door. There is another niche by the pallet.

This room was once Mabharo's cell, meant for quiet contemplation. It contains no obstacles or traps, and monsters cannot enter here. The characters are given a chance to rest and recover until they decide to leave or the tomb shifts again. There is a small chance (10%), on any given day, that one of Mabharo's Gods can be found in the niche beside the pallet. The chance raises to 50% if one of the icons has been left in the niche on a previous day.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (15): THE KEY

The characters discover the first part of a warning and a test constructed by the angel, Anat, in her bid to prepare those trapped within the tomb to face Ayrawn.

The room is a perfect square, constructed of rough stone walls and a smooth, marble floor. Great columns rise from floor to ceiling, spacing every 10 feet or so, giving the entire prospect an appearance of significant importance in relation to the other chambers you've thus far encountered.

Suspended in the center of the room is a small orb of a crystalline construction. It's oval, shot through with swirling hues of white and blue. It pulses with arcane energy, and a faint vibration enters through the soles of your boots.

Most likely your group will try to circumvent coming into contact with the orb, no doubt suspecting it is a trap. As soon as the group enters the chamber, heavy slabs drop down over both doorways, effectively trapping them inside.

The orb of force is simply an illusion (Spirit roll at -2 to disbelieve), but to those who fail to see through it, it functions as a *barrier* spell. Once the roll is failed, characters can't be made to see through this illusion and will see any disbelievers reaching through a solid wall of force, their hand creating a brilliantly glowing rift in the wall. As soon as any of the characters reaches into the orb, whether simply by disbelieving and reaching in or breaking it through force, it disappears, revealing a silvery key with glowing blue runes concealed within.

Once the illusion is defeated, it disappears and a silvery key with glowing blue runes appears in its place.

The key is fixed in place, suspended in the air before the group, by powerful forces. The first time a character touches the key, it melts into his flesh, burning a likeness of itself into his hand and causing 4d6 damage. This infuses the key's ability into the character, allowing him to not only open the sarcophagus in **Final Encounter (Part Two): Shadow of the Lich** (this encounter must be solved before that encounter takes place), but also provides the necessary means of defeating Ayrawn later in the adventure series. Once the key

is burned into the character's flesh, the slabs raise back into the walls and the room is opened.

Tomb Encounter (16): Squashing Bugs

The group must face gigantic insects if they hope to reopen the room and escape certain death.

As you enter the barren chamber, a mysterious warm wind blows. Across the room, three featureless walls stare back at you. No cracks appear within the smooth surfaces, no discolorations mar the uniform gray—not even another doorway.

A sound like that of a bursting bubble comes from behind you, accompanied by a sudden changing in air pressure that causes your ears to pop. Turning, you see that the doorway through which you entered has vanished, replaced by a swirling portal of blues and blacks. The colors shift, growing in intensity, and a dark spot appears within the center. The darkness grows, expands, and large mandibles appear from within the swirling hues.

Seconds later, the mandibles are attached to a large head with compound eyes, attached in turn to a segmented body with rapidly moving legs centuplicated.

The group must face and defeat two alien centipedes sucked in from another realm. Only once the centipedes are defeated will the reality-shifting energies blow through the room again. Once they do, the portal reverts back to a doorway, and another door appears on the left wall.

Attempting to enter into the portal propels the character back 2", and causes 2d8 electrical damage.

Advanced Stegocentipedes

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d6

Pace 8 Parry 7 Toughness 12(4) Pulse 15

Edges: Block, Counterattack, Improved First Strike

Special Abilities

- **Bite/Sting: Damage:** Str+d6, Poison. Can attack with both bite and sting in same round at no penalty.
- **Carapace:** Their tough exoskeleton gives them +4 Armor to all locations.
- **Low Light Vision:** Ignores penalties for Dim and Dark lighting as per SW monstrous ability.
- **Poison(-1):** Anyone Shaken or wounded by an attack must pass a Vigor -2 check or also be poisoned. If the check is failed the victim suffers a level of Fatigue, and must retest in 5 Rounds. This continues until the Vigor -1 check is passed, the victim dies or is cured.
- **Size +3:** Advanced Stegocentipedes are generally at least 10' long.
- **Spines:** A stegocentipede raises its spine-plates during combat, and moves rapidly back and forth while attacking. Anyone attacking the stegocentipede in melee combat with a weapon that doesn't provide at least Reach 1 has to make an Agility check regardless if they hit or not. If they fail the check they suffer **Damage:** 2d6

Tomb Encounter (17): Dangerous Reflections

This room brings embodies the old phrase about being one's own worst enemy. The characters must face themselves if they hope to escape the chamber.

As you enter the chamber, a wave of vertigo washes over you as your eyes adjust to the prospect. The room is featureless except for the walls surrounding the area. As your mind comes to grips with the sudden change in perspective, you realize that the walls are made out of mirrored glass, multiple versions of you staring back with perplexed expressions.

A high-pitched whine fills the chamber, as though from metal striking metal increased to an unbelievable volume. The door behind you seals, the mirrored walls flowing toward each other to prevent egress.

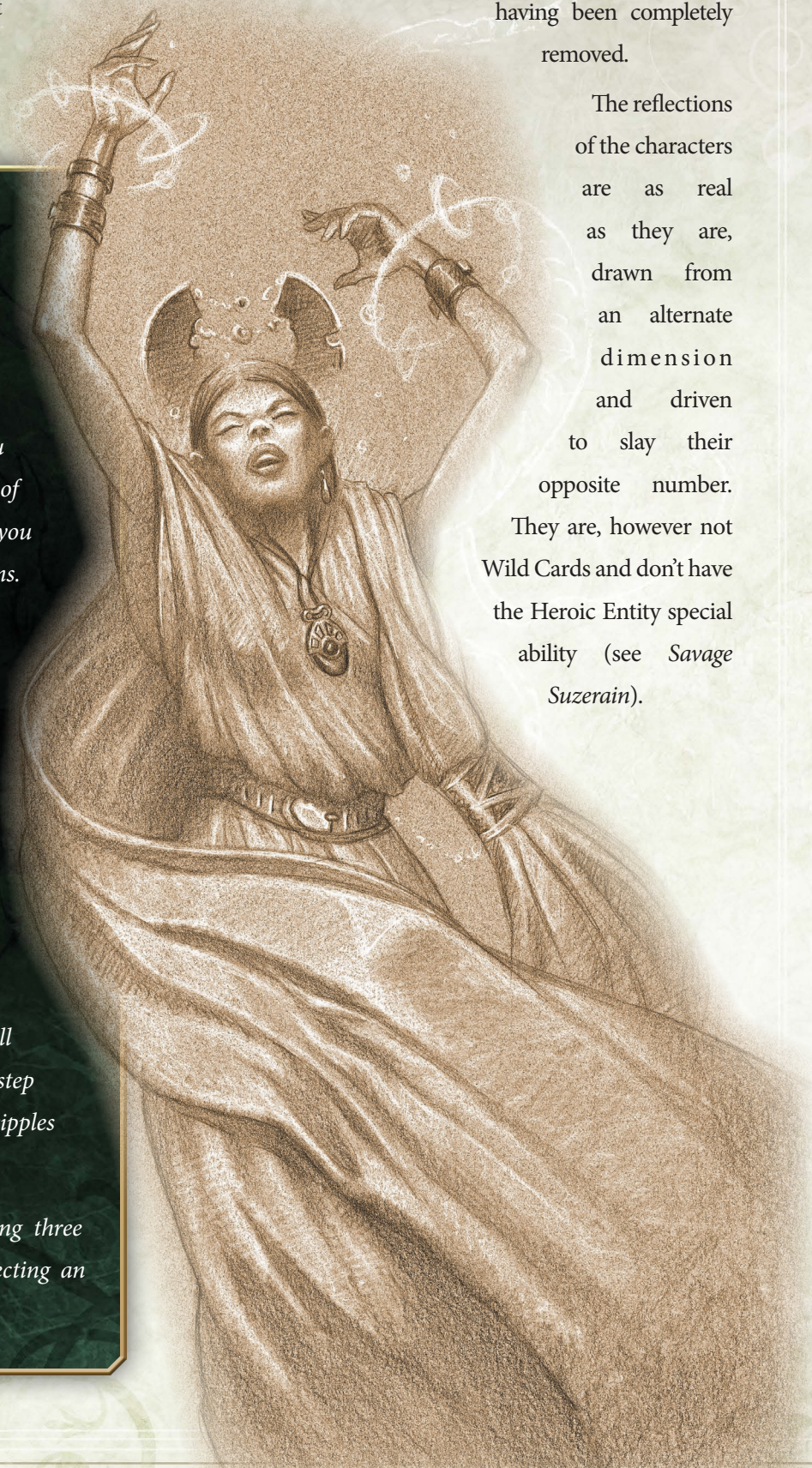
A movement out of the corner of your eyes catches your attention. Your reflections within the far wall salute in your direction. Then step forward, and the surface of the glass ripples as they come forth into the room.

Your copies within the remaining three walls vanish, the mirrors now reflecting an empty chamber.

To escape from the chamber, the characters are going to have to defeat the mirror copies to unseal the room. Breaking the glass over where the door used to be reveals more wall, the doorway having been completely removed.

The reflections of the characters are as real as they are, drawn from an alternate dimension and driven to slay their opposite number.

They are, however not Wild Cards and don't have the Heroic Entity special ability (see *Savage Suzerain*).



Once the characters have defeated their counterparts, the room vibrates. The mirrored glass cracks, then shatters to the floor in millions of tiny pieces. The characters now stand in a stone chamber, their original doorway returned to its previous position, and a second doorway having appeared on the opposite wall. Defeating one's double has the peculiar effect of making the subject cast no reflections in mirrors. The reflection slowly returns over the course of 1d6+1 days. Returning to the Hall of Mirrors during this time, characters find the mirrors restored, but their reflections translucent. Only once their reflections have become fully opaque can they be fought again.

Defeating one's duplicates, however, does not necessarily have to be combat. Any contest serves: chess, performance, even debate. However, if the mirror images succeed, the character is forced into the mirror while his double continues on, but as a creature of the Great Machine. The doubles will not willingly come back to the Hall of Mirrors, since that is the only way that their reflections—the originals—can break free.

Tomb Encounter (18): Optical Illusion

The characters enter a chamber that appears to have no further exits, but all it takes is a little concentration.

As you enter the chamber, a stone slab contained within the wall to the right of the doorway slams shut, blocking you from retreating the way you came.

The room itself is wide open with traditional stone walls and floor, and no obvious features to

cause you harm or concern. Along with missing the expected death traps, plagues, poisons, and carnivorous plants, however, it also seems to lack any other way out.

Besides the wall with the now sealed doorway, three blank stone walls look back at you.

There is actually a way out of the room directly across from where the characters entered. It is hidden by an optical illusion, where the exit comprises a T-intersection, and wall of the corridor blends in with the walls of the room. The characters need only walk forward, though passing through the wall, to exit the room and see the connecting hallway. The cleverly hidden exit is extremely difficult to spot. Characters can make Notice -1 checks to find the door, every 1" they are from the door increases the Notice penalty by 1. For example, someone at the entrance door would be at a -7 to spot the exit.

Tomb Encounter (19): Eye of the Storm

The characters face a moral choice that decides whether or not they immediately face a new danger.

You step into another stone constructed room, a doorway on the wall opposite your entrance. The walls and floor are blackened in places, as though having suffered some sort of blast at one time or another.

As you near the center of the room, strange winds suddenly buffet you. A reddish tinge drops over the entire chamber. Then, before your very eyes, the walls and ceiling disappear,

showing nothing but blackness shot through with hues of purple and red. The colors swirl, coalesce, dance apart as though moved by the same wind. A terrible shrieking assails you.

You stand on a small island of rock, the exact same size as the floor of the chamber, hanging suspended within the strange storm of energy raging all around. Before you, a roughly constructed stone altar materializes in the center of the island. Upon the slab is a young child, perhaps ten years old. Her blonde hair is filthy and matted to her head. She looks at you with terror, unable to move as she is secured to the surface by heavy ropes. A filthy cloth is tied securely around her mouth.

Next to her rests a dagger with an ornate silver hilt over an obsidian blade.

Even as you take it all in, however, the powers at play within this place make their final move: Beginning at the edges and slowly moving inward, the small island which you inhabit begins to crumble away.

Each round, one row of squares around the edge of the room vanishes, so that the characters should be without footing at the end of 6 rounds. They are going to have to make a tough decision to escape the room,

and the choice they make determines their means of escape.

If the characters decide to sacrifice the child, then the altar, dagger, and child, vanish and the island continues to crumble away. When the ground is

completely gone, the characters are sent spiraling into the storm of primordial energy as Anat's influence over the tomb punishes them for the murder.

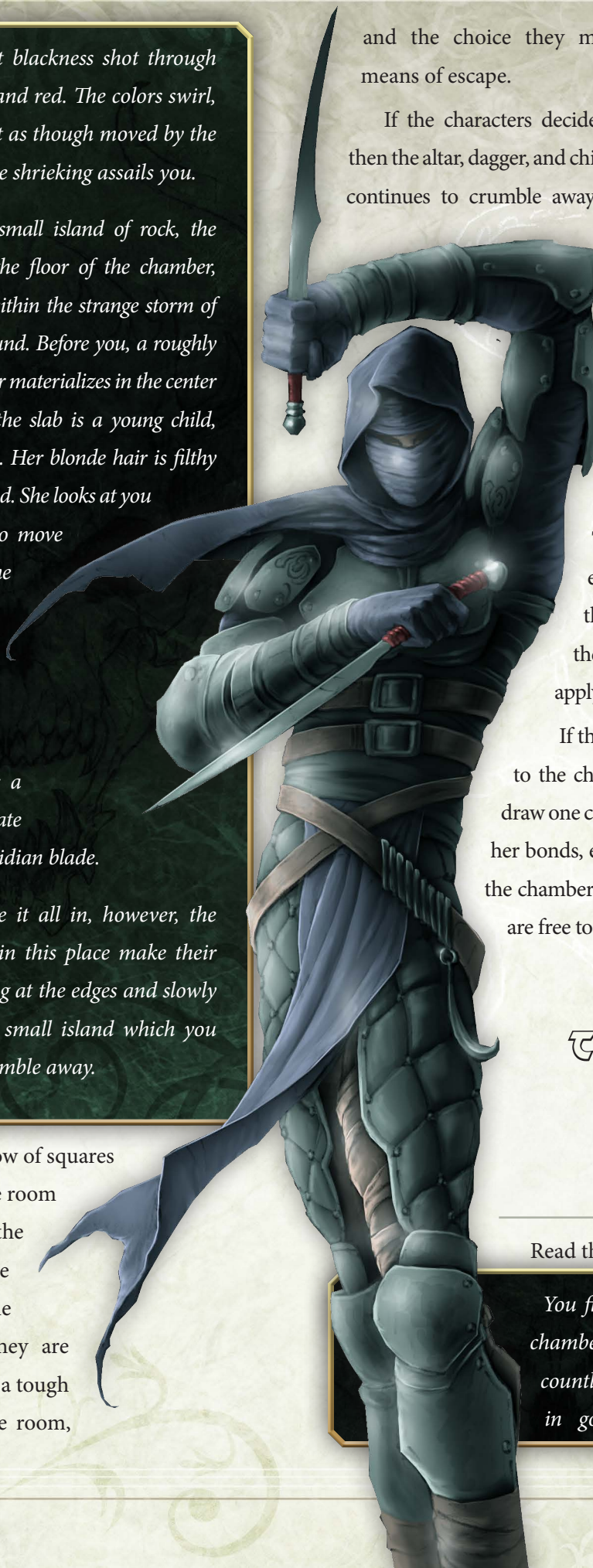
They are hit with 3d6 electrical damage from the storm. Also, roll on the Nexus table twice and apply the results.

If the characters do nothing to the child, roll on the table or draw one card. If they free her from her bonds, everything vanishes and the chamber returns. The characters are free to continue on their way.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (20): A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE

Read the following:

You find a white marble chamber incised with countless names limned in gold. An oil lamp



hangs from a chain, permanently affixed to the ceiling. In the middle of the chamber is a marble bier with a stone pillow. The name at the end of the slab is DORHENDR.

This grim room was Dorhendr's. Despite the crypt-like appearance, it contains no obstacles or traps, and monsters cannot enter here. The characters are given a chance to rest and recover until they decide to leave or the tomb shifts again.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (21): LENDING A HAND

The characters are going to have to choose someone to make a sacrifice if they hope to avoid a death by drowning.

The chamber is made of stone blocks faded with the passage of time. Along the walls near the ceilings, spaced 5 feet apart and lining the entire room, carved heads of humans, elves, dwarves, and a half-dozen other races look down upon the chamber with blank eyes and opened mouths. Mold discolors the wall near the base of each carving, running in a line to disappear midway to the floor. A doorway marks the wall to your right.

As you step into the chamber, thick and heavy stone slabs drop from within the top of each doorway, blocking you from leaving the room.

A breeze blows through the area, almost as if coming from the mouths of the carvings, and the air shimmers around the doorway to your right. A carved dragon's head, its mouth agape, forms on the wall next to the sealed exit.

Seconds later, water gushes from the mouth of each carving at an incredible volume.

The chamber fills with water in 5 rounds, completely submerging the characters. The only way out is via the carved dragon's head that appeared on the wall next to the doorway.

Inside the dragon's head is a lever that turns clockwise. When turned, it opens the door, but the maw of the dragon slams closed with incredible force, **Damage:** 4d8. If the trap causes a wound that isn't Soaked the victim must make a Vigor -2 check if they fail, it severs the hand and results in a permanent -2 to physical actions (such as swimming), increasing to a -4 for actions that require 2 hands (such as climbing) along with the obvious loss of appendage. Also if the hand lost is the primary hand, then any actions using the remaining one suffer the normal -2 off-hand penalty. These penalties go away if the injury is fixed (such as via magical regrowth or technological replacement).

Someone searching for traps makes a Notice -2 check, if they pass they realize that the lever is trapped and with a Repair check they can work out that the lever can be forced to turn counterclockwise with great effort, requiring a Raise on a Str-1 check. Three failures on this check leads to the lever breaking off, causing the maw to snap closed as already described.

Once the mouth of the dragon's head is activated, the water stops pouring forth and several blocks in the stone floor lower to allow for drainage. Once the water is drained, the stone slabs blocking the two doorways retract.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (22): THE ORCS

The characters meet a party of orcs trapped within the tomb. Depending upon the disposition of the group as they encounter what is commonly considered an enemy, they could face the battle of their lives, or gain useful information on the nature of the threat that awaits them.

At the end of the corridor is a heavy wooden door with a thick metal handle. Pushing, you discover it locked—a curiosity in a place obvious designed to kill you and which has readily granted you access to every form of trap, poison, and hostile creature it could muster.

So, the important question is: If this place thus far hasn't been shy about your admission to various places where you were meant to perish, why is this particular door barred?

The door is a Heavy Door with Toughness 10, and the lock has Toughness 8. Once the group gets the door open, read the following:

A foul stench assaults your senses, a mixture of sweat and waste. You hear the distinct sounds of metal sliding across metal, followed by several grunts.

The room is large, and from your position you see that a section of the stone wall has been torn down. Gigantic metal gears—gold and silver and tarnished in places—form a complex system within the gaping hole. That, though, isn't the most

surprising sight. Inside the room, almost a dozen orcs raise weapons and draw swords. Large tusks protrude from opened mouths below wide eyes.

Beyond the orcs, occupying a rear corner of the chamber, a pile of armor, weapons, and assorted trinkets are piled nearly to waist height.



The orcs are as shocked to see the group as the characters likely are to see them.

This room is slightly unique in that it is no longer under the Great Machine's influence. Thanks to the magical headband he took from a fallen foe and an orc blood ritual, the orcs' leader was able to direct his troops in tearing down a section of the wall and dismantling a majority of the machinery behind it.

Exactly how this encounter plays out depends upon your players. A dozen orcs face them from deep inside the room with weapons pointed in the group's direction. They don't approach the characters, however, but remain poised to strike if given the order.

The next step in the scene depends on the characters. If they attack the orcs, a massive fight erupts. On the second round, a booming voice yells for the combat to stop, and orders the orcs to step down. The voice belongs to a large orc with green skin and bulging muscles. All of the orcs but one (the largest of the warriors) attempt to obey, but won't immediately do so if it will result in certain death from the characters. To force the largest of the warriors to stand down, the leader will have to physically knock him off his feet. Although the warrior rises in a rage, he is careful not to challenge his commander, and joins the rest of the orcs in obedience.

If the characters do not immediately attack, then before the combat can ensue, a booming voice fills the room, ordering the orcs to stand down. The same green skinned orc steps through the crowd as weapons are pointed toward the floor. All weapons, that is, except for one. The largest of the warriors maintains his grip upon a massive axe, held before him in a threatening gesture as he stares at the characters. The leader orders him to

lower his weapon. When the warrior looks at him in a near challenge, the leader backhands him with such force that he staggers several paces and nearly drops his weapon.

Although the warrior quickly recovers, and the fires of rage burn within his eyes, he lowers the weapon and glares menacingly at his commander.

Providing the scene plays out where the leader has a chance to talk to the group (either after ending the combat, or if a fight never broke out in the first place), they have a chance to get some vital information.

Treat the remainder of this scene as a modified **Social Conflict**. Since the lead orc is suspicious, but not entirely convinced, that they might somehow be agents working for the Lich Queen, the two sides will be making opposed Persuasion checks. Depending upon the end result, the characters gain the following information. The characters gain the information of the lesser results as well, so if the end result is the characters gaining 5 or more successes, they gain all of the available information.

Tie: The lead orc is still not convinced of the characters' true intentions. He offers them a chance to prove themselves to him and his men. Design a quest the group must perform to gain the lead orc's trust.

1-2: The lead orc reveals only what might be known information to the characters by this point. He mentions that the tomb is designed as a massive deathtrap that reconfigures itself to keep those trapped within from easily discerning its secrets. The place also appears to have an effect on the minds of whomever is trapped inside, driving them insane and sapping their wills. When the orcs were drawn into the place, only this room seemed

to be immune to the effect; once they realized it, he and what remained of his forces decided to stay put. He has no idea how long ago that was, as time makes no sense within the dungeon. He only knows that he started with almost three-dozen warriors, and what the characters see is all that remains. They dare not venture into the tomb and risk their sanity.

If asked about the gears, the lead orc will explain that the gears more than likely exist behind the walls of all the rooms and corridors, and facilitate the reconfiguration.

3-4: The lead orc goes on to explain that their imprisonment within the tomb has not made them weak. They have maintained their battle prowess against the monstrosities that wander the corridors by drawing them into the room, slaying them, and using them for meat.

Since the characters are obviously immune to the mind-altering effects of the place, the leader reveals that one of his warriors has studied magical scrolls and texts that they found scattered throughout the tomb. As a result, they have much sorcery at their disposal, and discovered a gem that allows the possessor to resist the mental changes the tomb imposes beyond the room. Although it allows that orc to explore the corridors and chambers, given the nature of the deathtraps, such exploration is conducted only rarely.

Creatures slain within the tomb that are under the influence of whatever commands the place are resurrected to hunt and fight again. Unfortunately, the creatures actually remember their

previous deaths, as defeating them the same way more than once is extremely difficult. They seem to be prepared for such a tactic, and defend against it.

5+: The Commander agrees to bring a few of his men and accompany the characters. The group receives one (1) orc Ally per character. Each Ally is controlled by one of the players.



Use the Orc Stats in the *Savage Worlds* core rules.



ORE CAPTAIN

Use Orc Chieftan Stats in the *Savage Worlds* core rules.



ULRUCK, ORE COMMANDER

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidate d10, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Persuade d6, Shooting d10

Charisma 0 Pace 6 Parry 8 Toughness 12(3) Pulse 25

Edges: Brawny, Command, Marksman

Gear: Breast plate, vambrace and greaves (+3 armor to torso, arms and legs), Battle axe (**Damage:** Str+d10), Longbow (**Range:** 12/24/48 **Damage:** 2d6)

Special Abilities

- **Heroic Rank:** Ulruck is Heroic Rank and has all the perks enjoyed by Heroic Rank characters, including +1 to rolls to Soak rolls or recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for his own use, and enhanced recovery rates.
- **Infravision:** Halves penalties for poor light vs. heat-producing targets.
- **Size +1:** Orcs are slightly larger than humans.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (23): TIPPING THE SCALES

The characters quickly discover that attempting to escape the tomb isn't just about searching for an

SPEAR TRAP

If at any point the characters seem ready to completely annihilate the orcs, the warriors attempt to reposition the combat so the characters are standing over a section of floor toward the front left of the room. Once the characters are maneuvered over that area, one of them will press a hidden lever built into the wall (it appears simply as a block of stone that is pushed inward), unleashing a spear trap.


The trap simultaneously ejects spears from the floor and ceiling to impale the group. Have each characters make an Agility check at a -2 penalty or suffer 3d6 damage.

exit, but also maintaining a careful . . . balance . . . between life and death.

Torches within recessed wall niches cast flickering shadows upon the walls. Intermittent areas of shifting darkness fill the empty spaces between patches of light, as the deep-set position of the flames actually does little to provide adequate illumination.

The walls are comprised of incredibly smooth stone, while the floor appears to be well-worn cobblestone.

This particular trap is nearly impossible to find before it's too late, as the floor in this corridor or room is balanced on a central pivot. As soon as two characters enter, the weight begins correcting itself, dropping downward. Immediately, the entire floor tilts back and forth, each end rising and lowering



in turn. A character on the falling floor can make an Agility check to maintain balance.

The floor and walls are exceptionally smooth, so Climbing rolls are at -4, and they provide little help to a falling character trying to catch something. Below the swinging floor is a 50-foot drop to the cavern floor (30 feet wide at the bottom), which is covered in a thick slime. The slime cushions the falls (half damage), but clings to anyone entering it. Treat this area as if affected by an *entangle* power. Additionally, the pit is inhabited by two horrific Carnivorous Blobs (for stats, see **Denizens of the Tomb** at the end of the adventure), who have hungered for nearly a year and are, themselves, immune to the sticky slime.

With a successful Notice -1 roll, a character searching for traps realizes that the floor is somehow unsteady and is likely a trap. A successful repair

roll reveals that there is no way to disable this trap, but it's exceptionally easy to circumvent— as long as the floor is relatively balanced, it does not fall.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (24): THE CRONE

The group encounters an old Crone who has been trapped within the tomb for centuries. Slightly insane, the old woman can nonetheless become a powerful ally to the characters.

Introduce the Crone while the heroes are fighting a battle. She'll appear from a nearby corner or doorway and assist the group in defeating whatever threat you've set them up against. After the combat, read the following:

A short woman stands before you, a wide smile displaying ruined teeth. Long, disheveled

gray hair hangs in thin wisps around a deeply lined face. Her jacket is caked with dirt and torn in places, faded and worn, but may have once been checked in diamonds of rose and gold. Despite her obvious age, however, vibrant green eyes glimmer in the torchlight as she considers all of you.

Anyone within the group with the ability to use magic immediately senses a pulsating power emanating from the old woman. Whatever she may be, her own training in the mystical arts is obvious.

If the group asks her who she is, the old woman looks thoughtful for several beats before replying. She asks what is in a name and is the name still important? Does it still hold power, if the person that possessed the name loses it? She's been in the tomb a long time, and she lost her name somewhere within its endless hallways a long time ago.

If asked if she is Trismaya, she will pause, troubled, saying that the name sounds familiar, but she still does not know. She's afraid she's lost her marbles....

Feel free to read or paraphrase the following:

The old woman narrows her eyes and points a finger at all of you. "I know who you are. Oh, yes, I know! You are the latest shells to wander into the places of death, where the gears turn and grind and the Great Machine sucks the souls from you like a child drinking the juices of a ripened plum."

The old woman laughs, high-pitched and wheezing.

"You can live, though. You can survive to fight the Great Machine. But only . . . oh

yes only . . . if you listen to the ramblings of a crazy old woman."

Her eyes suddenly widen in fear. She raises her right index finger to her lips and hisses loudly.

"Don't call the old woman crazy! Don't be fools. She is powerful and does protest that nomenclature too much. Oh, the pain she can bring. But she does know how to oppose the Great Machine. That, she does. She knows much. She likes not these corridors however. Come—follow me—and she will converse in more comfortable surroundings."

The Crone leads the group to the nearest doorway that they have not yet explored in this section of dungeon. Beyond the door is a small room. The stone floor is covered in with various well-worn rugs. A loom and spinning wheel rest in the center, while a small fireplace rests within the right rear corner. Hanging in the fireplace by a hook is a small, black kettle. A small bed resides in the left rear corner, a pile of dirty clothes on the floor next to it. Among them can be glimpsed rags that once were the musician's moss green hose and lilac blouse. A battered old lute can be found in a case hidden under the bed.

The woman is clearly insane, though whether she has always been that way or it is a result of her imprisonment within the tomb is up to debate by the characters. Due to her warped mental faculties, gaining information from the Crone requires a **Social Conflict** of opposed Persuasion checks. Her Persuasion rolls represent her speaking incoherently and making no sense at all. The characters gain the information based on their final total of successes, as well as the information for the lesser totals.

Tie: The Crone tells the group that she has great information for them—information that will not only save their lives but help them escape. First, they must do something for her. Come up with a quest she tasks the group with before she gives any more help.

1-2: The tomb is controlled by a great, sentient machine that is in turn controlled by a powerful mage. The Crone remembers that she was once an enemy of that mage—though she can no longer remember how or why—and was defeated. As punishment, she was imprisoned within the tomb, doomed to wander the halls for all eternity. Although the Great Machine rots the minds of those that come within its domain, it was unable to affect her, just as it has obviously not affected the characters. She knows not where the Great Machine is located. She hears it in every wall, in the floor, in each individual stone.

3-4: She tells the characters that she can sense others within the tomb. Some of great power, some of great strength. Although she doesn't give the group specifics, she warns them that not everything is as it seems. Enemies could turn into powerful allies, whereas those that offer them help could be seeking to do them harm.

5+: The Crone offers to accompany them as best she can through the tomb. If the characters accept, she will be able to assist them in solving the traps they encounter, and will be especially useful in escaping the vampire in **Tomb Encounter (25): The Stalker's Curse**, as well as in dealing with Aslep in **Tomb Encounter (27): The First Rescuer**.

As the Crone talks, she moves about the room, randomly fidgeting with items. At one point, she offers the characters something to drink. If asked,

she admits it's a tea brewed from the crushed organs of the spiders that hunt the corridors.

The characters are free to leave her room anytime they wish. Like the other rooms of the Companions, Trismaya's chamber is warded against monsters and others controlled by the Great Machine.

If given one of her moonstone beads, Trismaya recovers a memory. What the memory is depends on what question she's asked. The most useful is likely "*Are you Trismaya?*" as that keeps her rational and in better command of her faculties, if not regaining all her lost memories.

To find out more of what Trismaya might know, read the story *The Legend of the Lich Queen*.

Occasionally Trismaya escapes through the portal outside of the tomb, going off to regain her youth for a time but losing her marbles in the process. Then the Crone will be as she was when characters first met her, with only vague memories of who she is and what she may have said.

THE CRONE

The Crone laughs endlessly in combat, as this has been her sole diversion for hundreds of years. She knows that she can snuff out the lives of most opponents easily, but she prefers to see what happens when companions turn on each other with spells like *puppet* or *confusion*. She isn't above cutting someone down with *bolt*. She makes good use of *quickness* and *speed*, especially in the first rounds of combat. She also loves using her *fey shot* ability to befuddle her attackers as she peppers them with spells. She joyfully fights to the death if pressed, she knows a reclamer will bring her back in due time.



Attributes: Agility d12(d8), Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d8, Spellcasting d12, Knowledge (Arcana) d10, Notice d6

Charisma +4 **Pace** 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 8(4) **Pulse** 35

Hindrances: Elderly, Overconfident

Edges: Gifted, New Power (x20)

Powers: *Armor, blast, bolt (acid burn trapping), boost/lower trait, confusion, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, drain power points, entangle, fear, fly, light/obscure, manifest object, mind reading, puppet, quickness, slumber, smite, speak language, speed, teleport*

Gear: Belt of Dexterity (Boost Trait: Agility by 2 die types), Ring of the Spider (casts *wall walker* for 10 rounds, once per day), headband of alluring

charisma (Charisma +4), ring of protection (opponents receive -2 to their attack rolls), cloak of resistance (Armor +4)

Special Abilities

- **Claws:** **Damage:** Str+d4
- **Demigod entity:** This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Demigod rank characters, i.e. +2 on Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +2 Karma for her own use, enhanced recovery rate, d8 Wild Die and so on.
- **Fey Shot:** By spending 2 Pulse and succeeding at an opposed Spirit roll against a target within 6", the Hag can cause paralysis. The target immediately falls prone and can take no action (or even speak) for 1d6 rounds.
- **Invisibility:** The Hag can spend 2 Pulse per round to turn invisible.

- *Weakness (Iron):* In common with many residents of the Fey Realm of Dreams, the Hag has a susceptibility to iron, and takes double damage from any weapon(bullets are usually made of lead but could be coated in iron)of that material. Additionally, holding anything of iron causes her one level of Fatigue.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (25): THE STALKER'S CURSE

A unique encounter, the characters stumble into what appears to be another lost adventurer within the tomb, only to discover a terrible secret that could cost them their lives.

Unlike the other traps, there is no introductory narrative for this encounter. Exactly when it happens, and how, is going to depend upon which version of the trap you are running.

Encountering Branford first: If you decide to have them encounter Branford first, they first meet him in a corridor as he stands at the doorway of one of the trap chambers (your choice as to exactly which one). He's appears to be a knight, with strong features and dark, deep-set eyes. A long beard drapes over the top of his chest, and thinning hair lays in lines across the top of his head. His ornate half-plate armor is tarnished and dented in places, and his complexion is extremely pale—a condition he

blames on wandering the hallways of the dungeon for far too long.

If anyone in the group has the ability to detect supernatural creatures (such as with the *detect/conceal arcana* power), Branford clearly registers as such. In this instance, he admits his condition if confronted, but also admits that he fights a constant battle against such an existence. He explains to the characters how he was once a Caladon knight, righting the



wrongs throughout the kingdom (he hails from the High Kingdom of Caladon featured in *Caladon Falls*). At one time, he confronted a powerful stalker lord and in a climactic battle of steel against fang and dark magic, he prevailed, ending a grave threat to the populace. Unfortunately, the dark lord had many minions, and one in particular was a beautiful, seductive woman. Before Brandford learned her true nature, she had wormed her way into both his life and his heart. Then, she struck. She damned him to an existence as the very thing he dedicated his life to destroying.

Branford tried to kill himself several times, but on each occasion lacked the courage. Instead, he became a recluse and, in the darkness of his ancestral home, fed off his servants, slowly sinking into a deep depression.

Months later, he heard a haunting dirge, and was mysteriously transported to the island that rests atop this tomb.

Now, he's trapped just like every other monster that scurries through the corridors. He feeds when he can, although he can barely stomach the taste of inhuman blood. For some reason, the Great Machine has no effect on his mind. Perhaps his undead mind is too alien for the machine to understand. Or, perhaps whatever remains of his knightly code is strong enough to resist its power.

If the characters do not attack him, he will agree to assist them as best he can. Although he learned of the Great Machine from the old Crone, he's never seen it and doesn't know how to escape the shifting corridors. He warns them that the witch that turned him is also trapped within the dungeon. It didn't take long for her to learn of his attempt to redeem his soul and in her folly, she followed him

to prevent his deliverance. She was imprisoned as well and now she roams the corridors of the tomb in search of prey.

When the characters finally encounter Augusta with Branford at their side, she flies into a rage and attacks them. This will happen whether or not the characters have learned of his true nature. If they haven't before she attacks, then Augusta reveals Branford to be a stalker.

If the characters attack him, he will either flee or be destroyed. In either case, he will not warn them of Augusta and when they encounter her it will play out as outlined below.

Encountering Augusta first: Use this variation if the characters first encounter Branford and attack him, or if you have decided to save Branford for last.

While Augusta is an extremely attractive woman with reddish-gold hair and a complexion like mother of pearl, the only thing more beautiful than her physical aspects is her voice. While the characters may meet her at any time, it depends on the circumstance how she acts. Augusta is ruthless but manipulative, so prefers to feign being the damsel in distress unless it proves a threat to her or her meal ticket.

In regards to the 'meal ticket', being a stalker makes Augusta immortal—but being an immortal trapped in an immense clockwork tomb with no sure source of blood to slake her eternal thirst? Horrible. While Augusta would think nothing of killing anyone back where she comes from, in the tomb, it's another matter. Peasants are not in plentiful supply. Orc blood tastes awful, the blood of other monsters is worse, but the blood of humans, especially comely men? Exquisite.

Cleverly, Augusta has figured out a way to get an endless source without escaping the tomb: The Hall of Mirrors.

Stalkers don't cast reflections, so both she and Branford are immune to the mirrors' conjuration of doubles—but the doubles are not immune to her. Once she has befriended, manipulated, or otherwise gained the companionship of a (preferably male) escort, she leads him to the mirror room if she can find it (not a guarantee with the shifting nature of the tomb), and assists him in defeating his opposite, drinking the double dry in the process.

Of course, this needn't be immediate. Augusta prefers time to work her way into a party's trust before revealing that she's a stalker—People are so judgmental! If questioned as to how she came to be in the tomb, she claims she came upon the dungeon while exploring some ruins with other members of her party who were members of an archeological guild. They had no idea what they would eventually find at the bottom of the long staircase, and became trapped. She claims that she is the only one left, dropping to her knees, racked with sobs. She'll even provide small details on the demise of her fabricated group, claiming that they were killed by a demon in human form who drained them of blood.

Like with Branford, if a member of the group has a means to detect supernatural creatures and uses it on Augusta, her true nature is revealed. She will attack the group if she has to, but prefers to beg them to stop the fiend Branford who slew her companions and turned her into a stalker!

Of course, if the party is not judgmental about stalkers, or simply hasn't figured it out yet, she

attempts to attach herself to the most charismatic male in the group, especially a male knight. She will not hesitate to use *puppet* to aid in this endeavor.

Allow Augusta to accompany the characters through an encounter or two, each time hiding her true nature and playing the part of the damsel in distress who will only do something competent if it's necessary for the survival of herself and her meal tickets. Once you've gotten the characters somewhat comfortable with her, introduce Branford into the mix.

Immediately upon encountering Branford, Augusta screams in fear and claims he is the demon in human form that killed several of her party. Branford draws his sword, attempting to warn the group that she is not what she appears, but Augusta continues to scream in an attempt to draw him out.

Depending upon your player-group, this encounter can go several ways. The characters might decide to hear Branford's plea, in which case they have to decide whether they believe him or Augusta. If a member of the group decides to check for supernatural creatures now, then both Branford and Augusta are both revealed, and the characters have to decide how best to proceed.

If it looks as though the characters are about to turn on her, Augusta reveals her true nature and displays her full power as she attempts to destroy them. Whether she flees before being completely defeated, or is destroyed, is up to you. If Augusta is taken care of and the characters have trusted Branford, he claims he's a knight summoned to the island by a haunting dirge and he's been trapped ever since. Allow Branford to accompany them through an encounter or two before his hunger takes over and he attacks them in search of blood.

All in all, the encounters between Augusta and Branford allow for a fair amount of customization, depending upon the type of side story you want to tell. A third possibility is for the party to talk some sense into the two old adversaries and get them to band together in hopes of everyone surviving the tomb. Augusta is amoral enough that she will see the sense of enlightened self-interest first. Branford, on the other hand, only agrees once it is pointed out that the Lich Queen is a far greater evil than Augusta will ever be, and it would be better for the fate of the world if the first were stopped rather than waste time fighting some third-string femme fatale.



AUGUSTA

Augusta always prepares her rituals at midnight. She has a huge number of options if forced into combat, though she prefers to subvert her foes by mundane means. She casts *growth/shrink* on her wolf and let him charge into the enemy ranks, while she lets loose huge volleys of arrows and tries to enclose her quarry with *entangle*. For close quarters, she plows into melee. For physically powerful foes, she simply dominates them with *puppet* and uses them against their own allies.

Attributes: Agility d8+2, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d10, Perform Ritual d12, Persuasion d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d12, Streetwise d8, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma +4 Pace 8 Parry 6 Toughness 16(8)
Pulse 35

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Habit: Feeding (Major)



Edges: Attractive, Beast Master, Level Headed, Marksman, Sidekick, Sighted, Woodsman

Rituals: *Entangle, growth/shrink, puppet, quickness, smite.* **Gear:** Glamored mithril breastplate (+5, Covers torso– appears as normal clothing; Notice at -4 to see through the illusion), falchion (Str+d8, Fighting +1), composite longbow (**Range:** 15/30/60, **Damage:** 2d8, Min Str d10), stole of physical might (Strength and Agility +2), hairpin of alluring charisma (Charisma +2), bracelet of protection (opponents receive -2 to their attack rolls), cloak of resistance (Armor +3, stacks with armor worn), boots of speed (Pace +2)

Special Abilities

- *Aversion to Light:* Although they don't take damage from sunlight, Stalkers are generally nocturnal creatures, and suffer a -2 penalty to any actions when in lighting conditions brighter than Dim light. They never suffer penalties for bad lighting.
- *Claws:* **Damage:** Str+d4
- *Demigod entity:* This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Demigod rank characters, i.e. +2 on Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +2 Karma for her own use, enhanced recovery rate, d8 Wild die and so on.
- *Metabolize Pulse:* Stalkers can pay Pulse to increase their physical Attributes (Agility, Strength and Vigor). Each die type increase costs 1 Pulse and each Attribute can be increased up to three steps in this way and can take Attributes beyond d12 - each step past d12 adds a +1 modifier to the Attribute. The duration for each increased Ability is 3 per Round irrespective of how many steps the Attribute was increased. A Stalker can augment more than one Attribute in the same Round as a single action.

Engel is Augusta's wolf servitor. He fights as his master directs him to the best of his ability. He is strong and fearless, but lacks the intelligence for complex tactics without explicit directions from his master.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6, Swimming d8, Tracking d8

Pace 10 Parry 7 Toughness 9(1) Pulse 25

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Habit: Feeding (Major), Loyal

Special Abilities

- *Aversion to Light:* Although they don't take damage from sunlight, Stalkers are generally nocturnal creatures, and suffer a -2 penalty to any actions when in lighting conditions brighter than Dim light. They never suffer penalties for bad lighting.
- *Bite:* **Damage:** Str+d4
- *Fleet-Footed:* Engel rolls d10s instead of d6s when running.
- *Go for the Throat:* Engel instinctively attack an opponent's soft spots. With a Raise on its attack roll, it hits the target's most weakly armored location.
- *Metabolize Pulse:* Stalkers can pay Pulse to increase their physical Attributes (Agility, Strength and Vigor). Each die type increase costs 1 Pulse and each Attribute can be increased up to three steps in this way and can take Attributes beyond d12 - each step past d12 adds a +1 modifier to the Attribute. The duration for each increased Ability is 3 per Round irrespective of how many steps the Attribute was increased. A Stalker can augment more than one Attribute in the same Round as a single action.
- *Thick Hide:* Armor +1

Branford fights as a true knight. He positions himself to shield weaker allies and fights bravely. He attacks only if he is sure he can strike true. He refuses to use any of his stalker abilities while he retains control of himself, but while he is good at keeping his inner monster under wraps, on occasion the hunger drives him mad. In this state, he uses his abilities and melee prowess to obtain himself a meal as quickly as possible.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d8, Faith d12, Fighting d12, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Survival d4, Swimming d8, Tracking d6

Charisma 0 Pace 10 Parry 10 (2) Toughness 12(5) Pulse 25

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Habit: Feeding (Major), Loyal

Edges: Empowered

Gear: Celestium full plate (Armor +5, Covers torso, arms, and legs), celestium medium shield (Parry +2, +3 Armor vs ranged shots), belt of strength (Strength +1), flaming longsword (**Damage:** Str+d8, +1d4 fire damage), headband of wit (Persuasion +1), Bangor's signet ring (has the *deflection* power)

Prayers: All powers available to Empowered characters.

Languages: Common

Special Abilities

- *Aversion to Light:* Although they don't take damage from sunlight, Stalkers are generally nocturnal creatures, and suffer a -2 penalty to any actions



when in lighting conditions brighter than Dim light. They never suffer penalties for bad lighting.

- *Heroic entity:* This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Heroic rank characters, i.e. +1 on Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for her own use, enhanced recovery rate, and so on.
- *Metabolize Pulse:* Stalkers can pay Pulse to increase their physical Attributes (Agility, Strength and Vigor). Each die type increase costs 1 Pulse and each Attribute can be increased up to three steps in this way and can take Attributes beyond d12 - each step past d12 adds a +1 modifier to the Attribute. The duration for each increased Ability is 3 per Round irrespective of how many steps the Attribute was increased. A Stalker can augment more than one Attribute in the same Round as a single action.



TOMB ENCOUNTER (26): THE CHAMPION OF WOE

The characters encounter a being from another dimension—a man that could allow them to pass in peace, or could kill them in an instant.

You stand on the threshold of a stone room, roughly the size of a large prison cell. A bed rests against the wall to your left, and several strange runes are painted upon the floor in white, but otherwise the chamber is devoid of features.

In the center of the room, his back toward you, a large, humanoid creature kneels—His weight resting against his lower legs, hands settled upon upper legs. His back is straight and his head raised high. His head has a blue tinge, covered in strange yellow and red patterns. Adorned in torn, armored robes, the creature is a sight to behold.

Set upon the floor beside it are a very large bladed weapon and immense shield.

Once employed by the Grand Imperial Justice, Hian served as The Champion of Woe—also known as a Headsman. Most of his work was simply to execute those judged guilty of their crimes. Occasionally, one would escape and he would be forced to hunt them down before carrying out his duty. Hian's last intended victim was a sorcerer of great power and renown, who banished him through a dimensional gateway before Hian's blade could strike.

Now, Hian spends much of his time is spent in quiet meditation, trying to unlock the puzzle of how to return home. He continues to follow his code of ethics, harming only those who attack him, as there are no

orders to kill anyone else. Communication with him is hampered by the fact he speaks no language known in this realm, coupled with the aura of despair and dread that flows from him. Still, for those adventurers who have lost their courage and will to continue, he is a gift from the gods. Untainted by the tomb due to his utterly alien origin, his headsman's blade can sever a man's head and keep him from being revived by the tomb's magic. Whether the victim's soul is truly released or simple destroyed, no one knows.

This is another relatively straightforward encounter, where the characters might gain either an ally or be in for the fight of their lives. Several seconds after the characters enter the room, Hian rises to his feet and turns around, grabbing the sword and shield. He will not make a physical move toward the group, but merely stands there with narrowed eyes as he considers them.

Allow the characters to make a Persuasion with a -4 penalty due to the language barrier. Hian's attitude begins at Indifferent. If the characters shift him to Friendly, he will simply allow them to leave and continue on their way. If they can shift his attitude to Helpful, Hian will give an indication that he is willing to assist them, and will accompany them through the tomb for a limited time. Typically, this will have to be handled through some sort of pantomime. Allow the characters to make a Smarts checks to discern his meaning.

If the group attacks Hian, or critically fails the Persuasion roll and shifts his attitude down to Unfriendly, the Outsider will open with his Aura of Despair and Whispering Contrition special abilities, and then move into physical combat from there.



HIAN, THE CHAMPION OF WOE

If angered or provoked, Hian singles out his enemies with his Whispering Contrition

ability, delivering a coup de grace every time the opportunity presents itself.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d12+1, Intimidate d10, Knowledge (Realms) d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Throwing d10, Tracking d10

Charisma 0 Pace 6 Parry 12 (2) Toughness 16(7) Pulse 35

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Improved Block, Improved Level Headed, Professional (Fighting), Trademark Weapon (Vorpall Scimitar)

Gear: Vorpall Scimitar (Str+d10, AP4), arcane full plate (Armor +7, All Locations), heavy shield (+2 Parry, +2 armor to ranged shots that hit)

Special Abilities

- *Aura of Despair:* Any creature within 6" of Hian must make a Spirit roll or take a level of Fatigue, as the fear of the previous victims of the executioner grips them.
- *Darkvision:* Hian doesn't suffer penalties for Dim or Dark lighting.
- *Headsman's Blade:* When Hian wields any bladed weapon, it functions as if it had the vorpall quality. Hian takes the soul of anyone beheaded with this weapon; they cannot be brought back to life in any way. Thus, the machine's resurrection ability fails.
- *Demigod entity:* This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Demigod rank characters, i.e. +2 on Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +2 Karma for his own use, enhanced recovery rate, d8 Wild die and so on.
- *Size +2:* Hian is a towering figure.

- *Whispering Contrition:* Hian may pick a target to whisper to under his breath. Even though they do not understand his words, they are overwrought with guilt for any and all crimes, no matter how small, they have committed during their lives. A character who fails an opposed Spirit roll drops to his knees and bows his head, paralyzed for a round. Those succeeding in their save are instead Shaken, with a Raise they are unaffected.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (27): THE FIRST RESCUER

The characters encounter a celestial being determined to free Anat and end Ayravn's reign of terror. Unfortunately, the sorcerer is more than a little aggressive, and the group could quickly find themselves at the wrong end of a confrontation.

As you make your way down the corridor, a figure rounds the corner at the other end. He is bare-chested with deep-pink skin and large, feathery wings on his back, his only armor a set of vambraces and a single pauldron on his left shoulder. Long white hair frames a sharp-featured face with clear yellow eyes. In his hand he carries a long, white spear with an ornate tip. Despite its ceremonial appearance, the weapon looks tough and durable, and his stance as he sees you indicates skill wielding it.

The first to hear Anat's call was her suitor, the celestial sorcerer, Alsep. He was one of the first to fall under the Great Machine's spell and it shattered his mind. He no longer remembers his beloved and hardly remembers who he was. He knows two things: He must reach the center of the tomb and he must rip out the Great Machine's heart.



Beset on all sides by his enemies, Alsep will not hesitate to engage in battle. Simply put, he immediately attacks the group, even though he suspects it is in vain. Fortunately, since he has not encountered the characters before, he will attempt to subdue them and interrogate them before he kills them.

If the group is captured, they awaken in a small room with damp stone walls and straw spread upon the floor—perhaps a prison cell of some sort. They are all bound and their weapons have been tossed into a corner. Alsep questions them, the interrogation fueled by his insanity, and he believes they are agents of the machine and demands to know its location. He can hear it and feel it in every stone, and it is like a vibration deep through his mind. The machine must be destroyed, and the characters are

going to have to somehow free themselves and fight their way out of his possession.

If it looks as though they are sure to face death, the situation can be salvaged by having the Hag or Sidan arrive on the scene. In the case of the Hag, her presence will calm Alsep enough that the group can attempt a Persuasion check the same as outlined below. In the case of Sidan, Alsep screams for him to stay away and immediately cast *invisibility* upon himself, and then use *confusion* or *obscure* to try to make his escape. If that fails, he'll cast *summon ally (Elemental)* to keep everyone busy while he flees.

Encountering Alsep can also go a slightly different way if the group already encountered the Crone or have either Sidan or Hian with them, as outlined below.

The Crone: The presence of the old woman will cause Alsep to hesitate attacking the characters, allowing them to make a Persuasion roll to shift his attitude away from Hostile. If they manage to shift him to Unfriendly, he will interrogate them as to the location of the machine and still believe they are agents working for the device. He will block their path, forcing them to either battle past him or retreat the way they came. If they shift him to Indifferent, however, he will disappear back the way he came, allowing them free passage down the corridor.

Sidan: If Alsep's brother is with the group, then Alsep will stare at him for several moment before fleeing back the way he came. Sidan will immediately give chase. By the time the group reaches the corner, the two angelic beings are gone.

Hian: If the Headsman is with the group, Alsep eye's will widen in stark terror as he unleashes a string of profanity in his native tongue. He'll immediately cast *invisibility* upon himself and flee.



ALSEP, MOVANIC DEVA

Driven mad by his imprisonment, Alsep attacks anything new on sight. His combat prowess has not totally dissolved into madness, so he will take advantage of *invisibility* and attempt to buff himself with *boost trait: strength* and *deflection*. For the first few rounds of combat he'll use *summon ally* to bolster his ranks. He'll summon an earth elemental to block enemy fighters, then summon a dire tiger (use Lion stats from the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook) and command it to attack. He uses *smite* and *armor* to buff his summoned allies if he can.

He fights to the death, with nothing left to live for and expecting to be brought back by the infernal machine.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Faith d12+2, Fighting d10, Intimidate d10, Notice d12, Stealth d8, Throwing d10

Charisma 0 Pace 8 Parry 11(2) Toughness 13(6) Pulse 35

Hindrances: Delusional (Paranoid)

Edges: Crusader, Empowered, Fleet-Footed, Improved Arcane Resistance, Improved Block, Improved Level Headed, Master (Faith), Quick

Gear: Flaming spear (Str+d8, Parry +1 Reach 1, 2 Hands), angelic bracers (Armor +6 all locations, Parry +1)

Prayers: Alsep can cast any Prayer available to Empowered characters.

Special Abilities

- **Angelic Bracers:** The protective power of Alseps bracers extend over his whole body. If worn by anyone else they count as normal bracers. Granting +1 armor to the wearers arms.
- **Demigod entity:** This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Demigod rank characters, i.e. +2 on Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +2 Karma for her own use, enhanced recovery rate, d8 Wild die and so on.
- **Flight:** Alsep can fly at twice his Pace.
- **Nature's Pacifism:** Animals and plant creatures don't willingly attack a movanic deva, though they can be forced to do so by magic. If the deva attacks a plant or animal, its protection against that creature ends.
- **Protective Aura:** Against attacks made by creatures under the machine's control, suffer a -2 to hit and Alsep gains +2 on rolls to resist any powers or effects they use against him. Anyone

NEW EDGE

This edge can be found in the Caladon Falls setting.

Crusader

Type: Professional

Requirements: Novice, Empowered, Faith d10+, Fighting d8+

The character is a member of the Swords of Trinity— a holy order of warriors devoted to defending the Light of Trinity with both blade and prayer. A Sword of Trinity is trained to fight as he prays, and pray as he fights, so he may make an attack roll and invoke a prayer as part of the same Action. This means he can roll Fighting (or Shooting or Throwing) and Faith (or similar Empowered skill) at the same time. If he is a Wild Card, he also gets his Wild Die as normal, and may use it.

he considers allies within 3" also gain these bonuses.

- *Truespeech:* All angels can speak with any creature that has a language, as though using a *tongues* spell. This ability is always active.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (28): THE SECOND RESCUER

The characters discover an angelic being that can provide valuable information, providing they don't attempt to kill him first.

The group can encounter Sidan whenever you feel it best to introduce him. Read the following narrative to begin the scene:

A tall man steps out of a doorway ahead of you and to the left. Large, feathery wings are folded against his back, and his chest is covered in gray, enameled armor that nevertheless looks extremely tough. Long dark hair frames a pale face with sharp features. His arms are covered by vambraces made out of the same material as the armor, and his hands grasp an elaborately decorated sword and shield.

An intense stare is cast in your direction as he carefully looks each of you over. He lowers his weapons and bows in greeting.

Unlike some other victims of the tomb, Sidan has little interest in attempting to rescue Anat. Freeing her would be a great feat, but to the celestial warrior it is secondary to rescuing his brother, Alsep. Unlike his brother and the Crone, Sidan retains full control of his faculties—not that it has done him much good. There are times he wishes he could forget everything and continue in resigned ignorance.

Providing the characters do not outright attack him, Sidan's attitude begins at Neutral toward them. Allow them a Persuasion check to shift his attitude. The following information may be gained through roleplaying depending upon how much it affects him.

Neutral (no reaction shift): Sidan introduces himself and assures the group that he means them no harm. He states that he has wandered these corridors for an unknown time in search of his brother who long ago came to this tomb and changed. He'll describe Alsep (see: **Tomb Encounter 27: The First Rescuer**) and ask the characters if they have seen him. Afterward, he will



warn them to be wary of the place as it's constantly reconfiguring itself. Dangers that were defeated are reset, some of them even change, and creatures that were defeated return to life. It is a nearly endless maze of torment.

Friendly: The Angel informs them that a Great Machine sits at the center of the tomb, below where they currently struggle. The Great Machine is a living infernal artifact that has been driven insane after being linked with a very powerful being known as Anat—a being like himself. Alsep was her suitor and came here to free her from the machine and punish the one that imprisoned her. Even his kind cannot resist the effects of such a device that has been fueled by the life-forces of two immortals. Sidan doesn't know why his mind remains unaffected by the Great Machine.

Helpful: Sidan tells the characters of Ayrawn, the immortal mage that resides within her palace far beneath the tomb. He doesn't know much about her, only that she was born thousands of years ago, delved deeply into forbidden magic, and became an enemy of Anat.

If the characters can shift Sidan's attitude to Helpful, he also offers to accompany them through the tomb. Perhaps together they can find Alsep and escape.

If the characters insist on battling Sidan, then he attempts to destroy his foes as quickly and mercilessly as he can.

The room contains a small cot and fireplace. It is where he tries to meditate when not combing the tomb for Alsep.

Use the same stats for Alsep for Sidan, except Sidan isn't Delusional.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (#29): A VERY LOUD PARTY

The group has found Dorhendr's séance room. When the spirits have spirits, it can get very loud and dangerous.

The moment you enter this chamber, the room rotates, sealing the way back and the way out with blank walls. Well, not precisely blank. The portions turned to have mosaics matching the rest of the room, which is a round gallery. A high domed ceiling is lit by an enormous oil lamp, reflecting off the gilded interior of the dome, but the most striking thing is the mosaics which depict an utterly marvelous party in the afterlife with all the great luminaries of a lost age. Judging by their accessories, garments, and lack of same, you can recognize famous wizards, generals, poets and playwrights, beauties and concubines, philosophers, scholars, merchants, and even the indolent rich who were likely famed for nothing more than hosting truly marvelous parties such as this.

Suddenly a voice booms out, "*SPIRITS, CAN YOU SPEAK?*" and the great triangular dais in the corner of the room rockets to the center.

You then realize that the floor of the chamber is marked with all the letters of the alphabet, YES, NO, and GOODBYE. It is a giant talking board, and apparently someone is trying to talk to you.

This room is connected to the third level of the tomb where the Lich Queen holds her court. She has populated it with the great luminaries of Relic's First Age who she has resurrected via Dorhendr's Names and kept young via her own arts of alchemy and the rendered essence of other souls, for what is eternity if you can't share it with your friends? Not that she's told them that. They just think they're in

a marvelous afterlife, filled with all the wits and amusing people of their lost golden age.

Among the amusements that Ayrawn has given her guests is the talking board, which they occasionally use to communicate with the 'spirits'. Characters can push the dais, which is actually a giant planchette, by making a Strength check. For every success, they may spell out an extra letter in their reply, which of course they may use to ask questions of the spirits in turn, some of whose names they may have learned in the Knight's Dirge encounter or know via appropriate Knowledge checks.

A great deal of knowledge can be gained in this room, but unfortunately, the voices are very loud, and get progressively louder as the talking board gets more entertaining, at least from the perspective of the drunk guests at the Lich Queen's marvelous party. Each question or answer the voices give requires a Spirit check to avoid being deafened and avoid taking 2d6 damage as your eardrums rupture. A -2 penalty is applied for each additional question. Hopefully, before the entire group is deafened, the spirits are asked how to escape the chamber. The voices laugh at this and boom, "THE SECRET WORD IS 'ROSEMARY.' WHY DO SPIRITS ALWAYS FORGET THIS?" The heroes don't have to answer. All they have to do is spell out that word with the planchette and the séance room will rotate, revealing the exit to the chamber.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (#30): HIDE BOUND

The group has found Ayrawn's bindery, where the books of the Lich Queen's library are rebound—ideally in human skin.

As the door opens, a cloud of steam rolls out and an utterly foul carrion stench assaults your nostrils. "Oh good!" exclaims a voice. "We needed some ventilation. And better bindings. Her Majesty wanted something finer than orc hide for these, though it is very durable..."

These words make some sense of the horrid tableau before you. A group of orcs lies on the floor, flayed. Their skins are stretched on frames, being rubbed with green fat by an ancient ghoul. Another ghoul finishes gnawing the flesh from a femur and drops it in a cauldron thick with gelatinous glue. Six more ghouls get up from behind a work table covered with half-bound books. To one side of the room is a carrel over-stacked with ancient tomes awaiting rebinding. To the other is a smaller shelf now filled with a set of uniform volumes bound in green leather.

One of the gnomish vergers, in the act of transferring these to a library cart, hides behind it as the ghouls advance upon you, exclaiming in delight or dismay at what fine bindings your skin will or won't make.

A gang of eight ghouls dressed in the gowns of ancient scholars were busy rebinding some of the Lich Queen's collection—a great number of volumes were damaged when the earthquake rocked the isle, especially in the upper library on the isle which Ayrawn had emptied. This has caused something of a shelving problem on the lower levels and a busy time here in the bindery.

The books here are a random assortment from the Lich Queen's collection, mostly history and literature

from the First Age of Relic. (This is an excellent spot to place *The Legend of the Lich Queen* or any fragment thereof, depending on how much information you wish to give your players.) Other volumes may be from later ages, such as *The Travelogue of Tavish Thorne*. There will also be volumes on magic—mostly theoretical, but also a few containing actual spells. Feel free to place whatever books you wish the heroes to have here.

The verger, unless stopped, spends the battle frantically trying to feed all of the rebound volumes into a slot in one wall, leading through the gears of the Great Machine to the Lich Queen's library deep below. He explains this politely but matter-of-factly, for *"Her Majesty will be very cross if she doesn't get her books on schedule."*

The ghouls are less polite, but more knowledgeable. If magically compelled or otherwise persuaded, they can tell a great deal about the Lich Queen, including of her fantastic court which one of them once had the honor of delivering a book to. The other ghouls are fantastically jealous of this, because the most they have ever seen is the library before being relegated here to the bindery—a low-status position in the Lich Queen's court.

GHOU

Attributes: Agility d10 Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Tracking d6

Pace 6 Parry 7 Toughness 6 Pulse 15

Special Abilities

- *Bite:* Str.
- *Claws:* Str+d4.
- *Fear -1:* Ghouls are gruesome creatures to behold.

TOMB ENCOUNTER (15): THE KEY

The characters cannot trigger the events of **Final Encounter (Part Two): Shadow of the Lich** and conclude the first adventure until after they have gained the **Key** from **Tomb Encounter (15)**.

- *Fearless:* Ghouls are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- *Infravision:* Ghouls mainly stalk their prey in the dark, halving penalties (rounded down) for bad lighting when attacking living targets.
- *Paralysis:* If an opponent suffers a wound, a Vigor check with a -2 must be made or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds.
- *Poison (-3):* The saliva of a ghoul is so fetid that it acts like a poison.
- *Undead:* +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; called shots do no extra damage. No wound penalties.

FINAL ENCOUNTER (PART ONE): ENTER THE DRAGON

The group encounters a massive Dragon, the first of two deathtraps designed to end the adventures of anyone that has made it this far.

You come upon an archway of natural rock, two torches in sconces embedded in the walls to either hand. The torches reveal a narrow tunnel leading back several dozen feet.

Once the group takes the torches for illumination, or creates some form of magical light, continue with the following:



You emerge from the tunnel and enter a vast chamber. The flames fail to reach the walls or the ceiling, and barely push back the shadows. Beneath your feet, a carpet of gold, silver, and bronze coins reflect the light. As you carefully step forward, the torches are further reflected by the glistening surfaces of more coins. Casting the light around, you discover piles of the things, some of them taller than a man.

A great shuffling comes from deeper within the chamber, followed almost immediately by the metallic rush of coins cascading over one another.

As the piles rush to the floor in great waves, pushing against your legs and threatening to knock you over, a gigantic form rises before you—standing on four legs, with tense muscles and red scales. Large wings rest folded upon its back, and the reptilian head moves several feet in your direction. Vertical pupils widen and narrow as it focuses upon you.

“Well, isn’t this a fine predicament we’ve all come to find ourselves in,” the dragon says, standing vigilant over a sarcophagus. A snort follows, and trails of smoke escape from its nostrils.

The dragon's name is Bekwinth. Probably more so than the characters, he wants out of the tomb. In typical fashion within the construct, however, the Great Machine has warped his mind and he is now forever connected to the artifact. Trapped between constantly shifting states of lucidity and madness, he is currently in control of his mental faculties.

No doubt the characters have many questions, but Bekwinth warns them that he hasn't much time. He explains that long ago, he readily assumed human form and intermingled with the races of man. Unfortunately, after being trapped within this place, his mind was split. Sometimes, he possesses the social acumen and logical processes of what he once pretended to be. Just as quickly, however, his mind slips down into the dark pit of rage that once drove his ancestors into near extinction. Although he is in control of himself currently, he already feels the mental floor tilting out from underneath him so to speak. Therefore, he asks that they listen to what he has to say while he can say it and save any questions until he can regain control.

Recently, there seems to have been some activity between the trinity involved in maintaining the tomb: the GreatMachine, the angel, and the Lich Queen. He isn't sure of the particulars, though he's managed to gain enough information to know that the angel initiated an escape attempt she had been building toward for quite some time. That resulted in an earthquake—to put a mundane term to what happened—assaulting the tomb and causing considerable damage. Not only did it damage the Great Machine, but it also seemed to have weakened the Lich Queen somewhat. She seems to have less control than she used to, and strange creatures from other realms have entered the tomb much more frequently.

Bekwinth's eyes suddenly widen and he exclaims: "Oh, by all the Hells . . . !"

His eyes roll back into his head and his neck arches toward the ceiling. He belches forth a great geyser of flame. Then he looks down at the characters, and the intelligence they saw within his eyes just seconds before is replaced with the fires of primal rage.

DEAL ACTION CARDS!

The room is large enough for the dragon to hover in the air and escape attacks from melee weapons. When attacking the characters, Bekwinth relies primarily upon his breath weapon, front claw strikes, and sweeps from his massive tail.

The battle lasts for no more than 12 rounds before, if not defeated, Bekwinth suddenly drops to the floor and convulses. He looks at the characters and painfully comments, "*These mood swings are never pleasant for anyone involved*" before passing into unconsciousness.

He will remain unconscious for 10 minutes before awakening in another rage.

If the Dragon is killed, then ten minutes after Bekwinth's death, the Reclaimers arrive to resurrect him, allowing the confrontation to resume at a later date.

There are 100,000 copper coins (\$1000), 50,000 silver coins (\$5,000) and 25,000 gold coins (\$25,000) in the dragon's horde. There are also gems and jewels worth over 150,000 gold coins (\$150,000).

BEKWINTH

Use Dragon stats from *Savage Worlds* with the following addition.

Special Abilities

- *Gas Cloud:* Instead of breathing fire Bekwith can instead place the LBT anywhere within 12".

Anyone touched by the template is engulfed in a copper colored gas that saps the Strength from their body, they must pass a Vigor -2 check or lose a die type of Strength, min d4. It takes an hour to recover any lost Strength, the effect of multiple hits is cumulative.

FINAL ENCOUNTER (PART TWO): SHADOW OF THE LICH

As soon as the group has dealt with Bekwinth, they have an entirely new problem to worry about as they enter the final stage of the encounter.

After the dragon is defeated and the sarcophagus can be reached, read the following:

Set upon a dais with three steps surrounding it, a sarcophagus of silver-veined black marble rests where the dragon originally confronted you. As you approach the sarcophagus, a wave of bitter cold emanates as several ruby and amethyst runes suddenly flare to life upon its surface.

Unless the character with the key burned into his flesh touches the sarcophagus, the unfortunate individual takes 5d6 damage and is thrown back 3" unless he can succeed at a Strength check. If the character is wearing at least 10 pounds of metal (such as armor and weapons), he takes 6d6 damage instead, as the attack is electrical. The Strength roll to resist the knockback also suffers a -2 penalty.

If a character somehow resists the knockback, attempting to open the lid without the key releases a gas into the air. Every character under a Medium Burst Template centered on the sarcophagus must make a Vigor roll or gain 1 level of Fatigue.

The lid is also held tight, and is simply impossible to open except by the character with the key.

Once the character with the key attempts to open the lid, the room grows darker and a mysterious mist coalesces throughout the area. The lid slides effortlessly to the floor, and a chilling, high-pitch cackle fills the chamber.

THE FALSE LICH

Only a mummified corpse rests within the sarcophagus. Although the thing does not move, the group is likely to still have an attack prepared when the lid is finally opened. Meanwhile, the cackling continues to echo throughout the room, the source clearly from within the coffin.

Regardless of what method the characters use to attack the corpse, the slightest physical contact reduces it to dust, leaving only the tattered garments behind. The layer of darkness that fell across the room recedes and eventually vanishes, and the cackling stops.

Then, there is a silence.

THE SECOND FALSE LICH

Of course, the sarcophagus has a false bottom. It requires a Notice check at a -4 penalty to discover it. There is *another* corpse under the one the heroes destroyed. When discovered or at the most opportune moment, the false bottom snaps up and the second false lich springs to life.

Read the following:

The sound of rock grating against rock comes from within the sarcophagus only a few seconds before a shape rises from within its depths. It is the finely preserved body of a female warrior. The skin is pulled tight, forming a taut sheath over her skull and hands. Within the deep recesses of her eyes, a terrifying fire burns.

As she rises from the sarcophagus, arcane energy crackles about her, electrifying the air within the chamber and causing the hairs on the back of your neck to rise. There is a terrifying fire burning in her eyes.

The false lich is merely the Lich Queen's puppet, allowing her to cast spells through the vessel. As though facing the arcane might of a mage that has existed for thousands of years is not enough, she can also directly consume the souls of those she grabs in a paralyzing embrace. Her preferred method is to grab a paralyzed hero and drain his soul with a kiss.

The rotting corpse presses her cracked lips against yours. Her swollen, maggot-covered tongue squirms in your mouth. Her teeth clatter against your teeth. And her foul breath fills your nostrils with the fetid stink of the grave.



LICH VESSEL

Before Combat As soon as the heroes touch the sarcophagus, the vessel wakes up and the lich takes control of her. She begins buffing her immediately. *Armor, boost/lower trait, deflection, quickness...* anything that helps. The lich has been following the movements of the heroes through the machine's sensors and knows the best tactics to fight them. She can adjust spells within reason, so she has done so provided the heroes have been in the tomb for several days (see Ayrawn's description).

During Combat Her favorite tactics include opening with a *burst* or *blast* depending on where the Heros are located, following on with *entangle*, *fear* or *stun* to slow and panic them. *Invisibility*,



summon ally and *puppet* can be effective at stopping her from being overwhelmed quickly, while using *bolt*, *burst*, *blast* and Death Touch to wear opponents down. She knows the vessel is relatively fragile, so she does her best to separate the heroes—throwing one into the coffin and closing its heavy lid, creating a *barrier* to cut off ranged characters, or using drain power points on a caster.

Morale The vessel fights to the death, giving her unlife for the lich.

Use the Lich Stats from *Savage Worlds*, with the following modifications:

Pulse: 30

Special Abilities

- **Heroic Entity:** The Lich Vessel is Heroic Rank and has all the perks enjoyed by Heroic Rank characters, including +1 to rolls to Soak rolls or recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for its own use, and enhanced recovery rates.

Once the False Lich is defeated, its body crumbles into dust. All that is left is a rotted pouch spilling out a handful of moonstone beads. There is a sound of rock grating against rock, and the sarcophagus slides to the edge of the dais. Under where the sarcophagus had rested, another stone staircase leads downward into cold darkness.

Then the world breaks apart further and a second staircase emerges, this one leading up to the surface of the Isle of Paxectel and the Summoning Portal. Through the arch of the gateway a familiar vista of home can be seen, the inn where they started their journey or somewhere else.

If the Crone is with the heroes (if not, she arrives on scene just as the second stairway emerges), she reaches down to the beads, frantically pouring them into her hands as she whispers madly, “My

marbles...my marbles...” as she gathers them, the years fall away from her and she is restored to the youth and form of Trismaya the Storyteller. She says, “*I can take you back home, or any other realm that you wish to go to—I remember now. Not everything, but more. I hope, if not now, that soon you will return to finish what you started, end Ayrawn’s evil, and free the angel Anat. The fate of many realms depends on it.*”

Read the following:

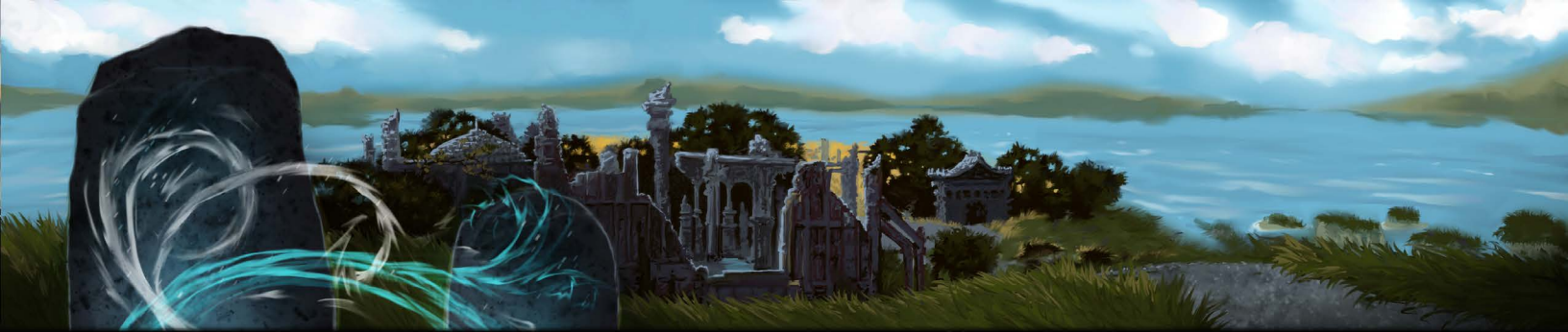
You’ve been thrust into a maddening game between immortal beings, forced to battle your way through deathtrap after deathtrap, past one horror after another. You’ve fought strange creatures whose sole purpose has been to end your life, watched as things you left for dead were resurrected to assail you yet again, and even had to go toe-to-toe against a mighty dragon.

Whatever the nature of the mysterious Great Machine, whoever the Lich Queen is that has somehow trapped you here, the answers—and the means to your eventual return home—no doubt lie somewhere within the darkness down those stairs.

The looming question, though, is what else awaits you on that lower level . . .

If the character’s take Trismaya’s offer, escaping the Isle of Paxectel for their home or other realms, she entrusts each of them with a moonstone bead. These can be used to return through the Summoning Portal and open the secret stair down to the lower level.

To be continued in *Dungeonlands LQ2, Machine of the Lich Queen*.





DENIZENS OF THE TOMB

BAT URCHIN

As chance would have it, a small group of bats flew into the tomb's entrance looking for a place to roost. At the same time, a family of hedgehogs had the same plan. The tomb shifted and the two families were merged into a single breed of mutant creature.

Bat Urchins are confused and in pain. They are beasts of two minds—two beasts merged together with both minds trying to control the same body.

They strike out at anything that disturbs them with rabid ferocity. The beasts can fly quickly, use radar to navigate the darkness and can fire poisoned quills at enemies.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Tracking d6

Charisma - Pace 2 Parry 4 Toughness 3 Pulse 10

Edges: Berserk

Special Abilities

- **Bite: Damage:** Str+d4.
- **Echolocation:** They suffer no penalties for low light conditions or darkness.
- **Flight:** They fly with a Pace of 12 and a Climb of 6”.
- **Poison:** Bat Urchin poison is a hallucinogenic venom that causes the victim to experience terrible visions. Anyone Shaken or wounded by the Quill attack, must also make a Vigor -2 check, if they fail must roll on the Fright table at +2 as their deepest darkest fears plague them. With a Success they suffer Fear/Nausea as per *Savage Worlds* Fear rules, with a Raise they are unaffected.
- **Quill:** With a successful Shooting roll they can launch poisoned quills at their victims (**Range:** 4/8/16 **Damage:** 2d4, AP 2, Poison).



DEMONLINGS

Accompanying Mulciber on his quest was a horde of savage demonlings. These creatures were once satyrs, but over generations of servitude in the demon's hellish home they grew warped and twisted, though their chaotic nature has converted them to demons unlike their master. Their snouts vanished and they grew extra horns and spines. In addition, they sprouted a pair of smaller arms, with semi-prehensile claws instead of hands.

Alone, they provide little threat to a well-prepared party. Unfortunately, they are often found in groups of 2d4. The demonlings simply swarm and attack enemies, trying to gain as much gang-up bonus as possible. They only have a rudimentary understanding of tactics, and generally use their fear ability to get rid of opponents who hurt them. If they can't hit their target reliably, they get frustrated and move on to a softer target.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d10, Throwing d8

Pace 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 7 **Pulse** 20

Hindrances: Overconfident

Edges: Acrobat, Ambidextrous, Two-Fisted

Gear: Pair of kama (**Damage:** Str+d6)

Languages: Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic, telepathy (**Range:** Smarts x2)



Special Abilities

- *Demon*: Demonlings are +2 to recover from being Shaken and are immune to poison and disease. They only takes half damage from any normal weapon that isn't iron or steel (for the record, bullets aren't iron or steel); iron or steel weapons do normal damage.
- *Fearsome aspect*: Demonlings can pay 1 Pulse to force one character within 8" to make a Spirit roll. Failure results in the character having to roll on the Fright Table in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook.
- *See Invisible*: Demonlings can see invisible creatures.

THE DEVOURER (MEME EATER)

Wandering around the tomb is a beast from an immortal realm that the Lich Queen once captured and put in her tomb to guard against intruders.

It is an invisible and intangible beast. The heroes cannot see it or touch it. If it infects a hero's mind, it begins devouring his words. Words like

'love' and 'loyalty' and 'truth'. Once it eats those words from a hero's mind, the hero loses the word completely.

He cannot use it and the meaning of that word is lost. A hero without 'loyalty' in his mind feels no loyalty to anything. A hero without 'hope' in his mind is lost in complete despair. A hero without 'us' in his vocabulary has no sense of plurality. If you lose the word, you lose the concept. And once the concept is gone, you cannot act upon it.

The devourer only infects one mind at a time. It eats one word per ten minutes of *real time*.

If the heroes can see invisible creatures, they can see a centipede-like thing wrapped around the hero's head and neck. Its feet are buried in the hero's skull. Only electricity will force the creature from the target's mind, but any damage done to the beast is also put upon the victim. Once released, it skitters away at lightning speeds. The heroes cannot kill it; they can only dispatch it and wait for its return.

Heroes recover words at a rate of one per hour but only if the other heroes re-introduce the word in conversation. They can't just say the word; they have to use it in an articulate sentence. Write down a list of words the beast has eaten. Don't show it to the players. They have to figure it out. Then, when

MAKING MONSTERS

No matter how strongly you word something, players are bound to peek at things they shouldn't. To that end, take any creature you like and give it a unique twist by giving it a new ability or two. Make an undead dog by giving it the Undead quality. The spider hound is a good example of a creature players won't expect. Problem is, how do you make it work? You can make it a dog with some (or most) of the giant spider traits from the *Savage Worlds* book, mostly spider with some dog traits, something in between, or none of the above. Whatever you decide for a monster, the result will be something your players won't expect since it isn't printed in these pages and will give you more baddies to throw at them. You know their tactics, so anything you toss in will make this an even deadlier dungeon.

they've reintroduced their wounded hero to a new word, scratch it off the list.

DOG WITCH AND HOUNDS

It is impossible to tell how many groups of heroes have gone into the tomb hoping to rescue the angel, but all of them have failed. Some more so than others.

One such hero—a witch named Alessaundra Valroux—climbed into the tomb with hopes of rescue. She brought three animal familiars with her: three highly intelligent mastiffs. She lost one to one of the tomb's spiders. The second was caught by one of the tomb's many machines. The third died with Valroux in one of the Tomb's deadly traps. A malfunction in the machine, caused by the orcs

tinkering, caused Valroux and her second hound to be reborn together as a mutation.

Valroux has her full magical powers at her command as well as her familiar's heightened senses. She has tried many times to escape the tomb, but the Great Machine's control forbids her from doing so. She cannot be 'cured' or 'healed'. She has been bound to her pet forever. For better or worse.

One of the many magic items the Witch brought with her was a powerful crystal ball. She lost it during her time in the tomb and has been looking for it ever since.



DOG WITCH

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d10, Stealth d6, Tracking d10

Charisma -2 Pace 6 Parry 5 Toughness 8(2) Pulse 25

Hindrances: Ugly

Edges: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Danger Sense, Gifted, Improved Dodge, No Mercy

Powers: *Armor, barrier, blast, bolt, deflection, puppet, quickness, speed*

Gear: Witchesvestments(+2,Coversbodyparts), crows foot dagger (**Damage:** Str+d4, Pulse Leech), crossbow pistol (**Range:** 6/12/24, **Damage:** 2d4+1, AP1, 1 Action to reload)

Special Abilities

- **Bite:** **Damage:** Str+d6, AP 1.
- **Heroic entity:** This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Heroic rank characters, i.e. +1 on

Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for their own use, enhanced recovery rate and so on.

THE SPIDER HOUND (THE WITCH'S SECOND HOUND)

Alaussandra Valroux had three dog companions when she came into the tomb. One of them was bound with her. The others fell to a different fate. One was captured by the tomb's spiders and taken away from the witch. The tomb shifted and the hound and the spider were absorbed together, creating a new life form.

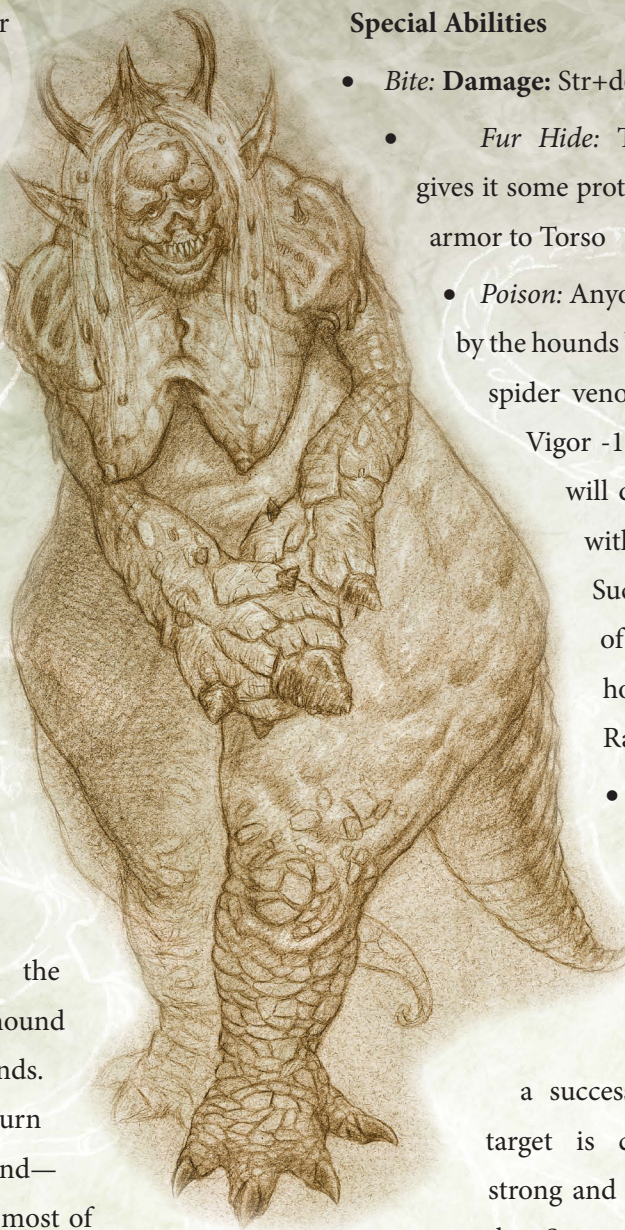
The Spider Hound has all the benefits of both a spider and a hound but it also has two conflicting minds. The Hound mind is trying to return to his mistress while the Spider mind—far less sophisticated—maintains most of the control. Also influencing its behavior is the machine's mind control, forcing the Spider Hound to attack anything that enters the tomb.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d8

**Charisma - Pace 10 Parry 6 Toughness 7(1)
Pulse 15**

Edges: Dodge, Extraction, Frenzy, Penetrating Strike, Quick



Special Abilities

- **Bite:** **Damage:** Str+d6, AP 1, Poison
- **Fur Hide:** The hounds think fur gives it some protection from attacks, +1 armor to Torso
- **Poison:** Anyone Shaken or wounded by the hounds bite is also injected with spider venom. They must make a Vigor -1 check, if they fail they will die within 2d6 minutes without treatment, with a Success they suffer a level of Fatigue that takes 24 hours to clear with a Raise they are unaffected.
- **Web:** The spider hound can try an restrain its victims with its web to make killing them easier. With a successful Shooting roll the target is covered in incredibly strong and sticky webs, they must make a Strength check. If they succeed their Pace is reduced by 2 for 1d3 Rounds, if they fail they are immobilized and suffer a -2 at actions that require movement. In subsequent Rounds as an action an immobilized Hero may attempt another Strength check to break free.

THE DESTINY BEAST (THE WITCH'S THIRD HOUND)

The Witch's third hound was lost to one of the tomb's many machines. But that's not all she lost. After fleeing from the machine, she also lost one

of her most powerful magic item: a crystal ball. Inside the guts of the machine, the crystal ball and the hound were mingled and then reborn together, making an entirely different beast.

The Destiny Beast is not only intelligent but can also see a little into the future. Spasms in time and space within the tomb cause any divination difficult—and sometimes dangerous—but that hasn't stopped the Beast from doing it. In fact, at this point, the Beast is quite insane from looking into the future. And it hopes to spread the insanity.

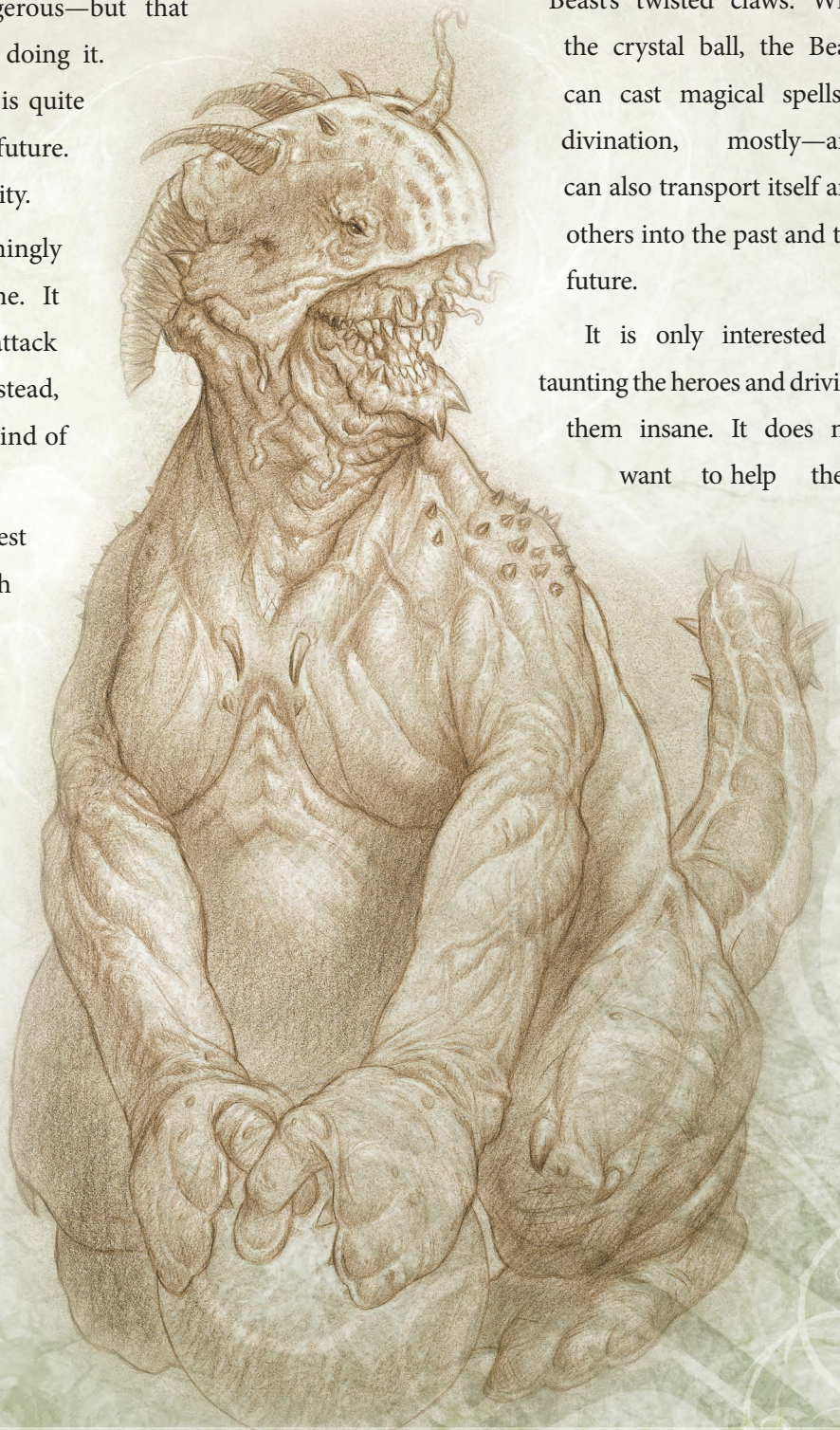
The Beast is also seemingly immune to the Great Machine. It does not feel compelled to attack anyone who enters the tomb. Instead, it will speak to the heroes in a kind of gibberish sing-song.

To create this effect, I suggest the cut-up method: get a bunch of poignant words and phrases together, throw them in a hat, and draw them out randomly. For example, I pulled these three sentences from different books and just threw them together. (*The Golden Apple* by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson, *The Soft Machine* by William S. Burroughs and *The Crying of Lot 49* by Thomas Pynchon.)

*Why me George asked...
someday few beat the house...
they'll go down together... the
scope proved to be a haunt.*

The Beast exists in the present, the past and the future. That is, it is never exactly where it appears. This makes attacking the Beast difficult. At any time, it may be three seconds in the past or three seconds in the future. The crystal ball always appears near the Beast. Sometimes floating around its head, sometimes caressed by the Beast's twisted claws. With the crystal ball, the Beast can cast magical spells—divination, mostly—and can also transport itself and others into the past and the future.

It is only interested in taunting the heroes and driving them insane. It does not want to help them



escape... although it may help one of them to escape if only to return and taunt the others.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Faith d10, Fighting d6, Notice d4, Stealth d8, Taunt d8, Tracking d8

Charisma 0 Pace 8 Parry 7 Toughness 6(1)
Pulse 20

Edges: Bearer of Ill Omen, Elan, Empowered, Improved Block, Improved Dodge, Improved First Strike

Powers: *Barrier, boost/lower trait, burst, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, telekinesis*

Special Abilities

- **Bite:** **Damage:** Str+d6, AP 1
- **Fearless:** The beast is insane and such things as fear or intimidation mean nothing to it.
- **Fur Hide:** The hounds think fur gives it some protection from attacks, +1 armor to Torso
- **Insane:** The beast is very much insane, but it is driven to spread that insanity to others. To that end it can be go from spouting nonsense to precise communication in a moment, as long as what it is communicating will further its ends
- **Temporal Shifting:** Any attacks against the beast that hit should roll a

d6 on a 1-2 the beast is 3 seconds later in time than it appears and the attack misses, on a 5-6 it is 3 seconds ahead and the attack misses. If a 3-4 is rolled the attack hits normally. An attacker may spend a Karma point before the roll to skip this check for that Round.

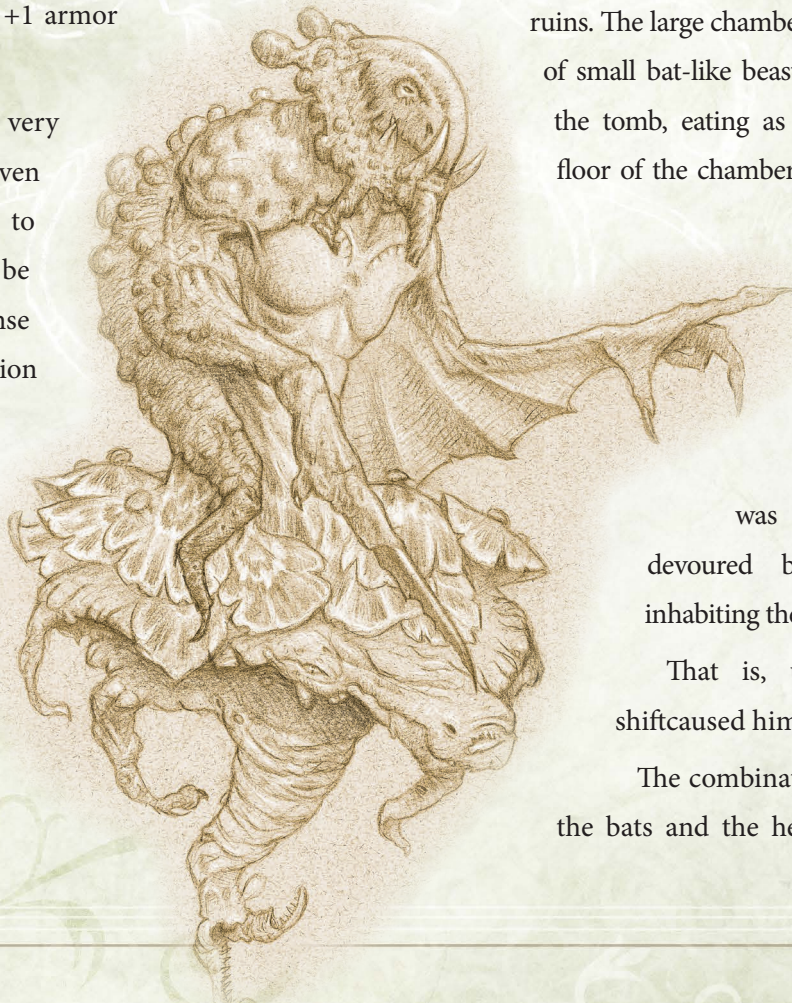
- **Transport:** For 2 Pulse the hound can transport one other being forward or backwards in time. However despite its claims its only reason for doing so would be to try and drive the party insane. Imagine being transported back in time so you have a second chance but your still one second too late to save another party member, or being taken forwards to a possible future and shown your own corpse still stuck in the tomb.

FUNGUS HOST

Another hero trapped in the tomb, this poor hero fell into a part of the tomb that now lies in ruins. The large chamber held hundreds of small bat-like beasts that swarmed the tomb, eating as they went. The floor of the chamber was covered in guano—up to five feet of it. He fell in, could not escape, and was slowly being devoured by the insects inhabiting the mess.

That is, until a Nexus shiftcaused him to change.

The combination of the filth, the bats and the hero created this



pathetic creature. For some reason, it carries with it a strange aura that warps time and space around it. The creature floats through the air, and sometimes, even floats through walls.

It appears mindless, endlessly screaming in pain. The scream is disturbing enough to stun weak minds. If it passes through a hero, it disrupts the hero's existence in this dimension, causing metaphysical damage that cannot be healed by normal means.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Notice d8

Charisma - Pace 6 Parry 2 Toughness 6 Pulse 20

Special Abilities

- *Disrupt:* If it actually pass through a living creature the victim must make a Vigor check. If they fail they suffer a wound that cannot be healed with mortal means, it requires the *heal* power or similar to be healed. If they succeed they lose 1d6 Pulse and are Shaken, with a Raise they are unaffected.
- *Ethereal:* The Fungus host is immaterial and can float through obstructions like walls without noticing. This also make it immune to all attacks that aren't either magical or Pulse based in nature.
- *Flight:* It floats along through the dungeon, its lack of action make it appear deceptively slow moving. In fact it flies with a Pace of 6 and a Climb of 1". It tends to float towards and attempt to follow living creatures it can see, as soon as line of sight is broken it begins to float in a random direction.
- *Mindless:* The host is totally mindless making it immune to Fear, Intimidation, Taunt, Persuasion

and anything else that requires a cognitive reaction.

- *Scream:* It screams constantly, anyone coming within 6" of the Fungus host at any point who is able to hear the scream must make a Spirit -2 check. If they fail they gain a level of Fatigue and become Shaken.
- *Vitality:* The first wound suffered by the Fungus host is ignored, the damage gets through but the creature simply ignores it.

THE HARVESTER OF EYES

It floats through the corridors. Blinking. An orb made up entirely of eyes. Blinking. Twitching. Seeing. Blue, green, brown, human, orc, ogre, dwarf. A singular orb of eyes. Looking for more.

Another creature captured from far-off realm, the Harvester of Eyes is a creature made up of eyes captured from its victims. It starts life as a singular eye on a bloody stalk. It attacks its victims and steals their eyes, adding them to its stalk. Soon enough, it is a floating mass of eyes.

Every eye it captures makes it stronger. This particular Harvester has collected seven hundred years worth of eyes. It is incredibly dangerous. It can see in any spectrum and in multiple dimensions. It can use any powers that involve sight. It can create illusions and mesmerize its foes. It can blind enemies. It uses its bloody stalk to strike at foes, paralyzing them with its poisonous blood. Then, it uses the tip of the stalk—razor sharp—to remove its enemy's eyes. It does not kill them. Once it has what it wants, it is done and moves on.

Attempts to heal the eyeless victim are futile: the heroes need to kill the Harvester and reclaim the lost eyes.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d4, Tracking d8

Charisma -Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 7 Pulse 25

Edges: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Improved Counterattack, Improved Extraction, Marksman, No Mercy,

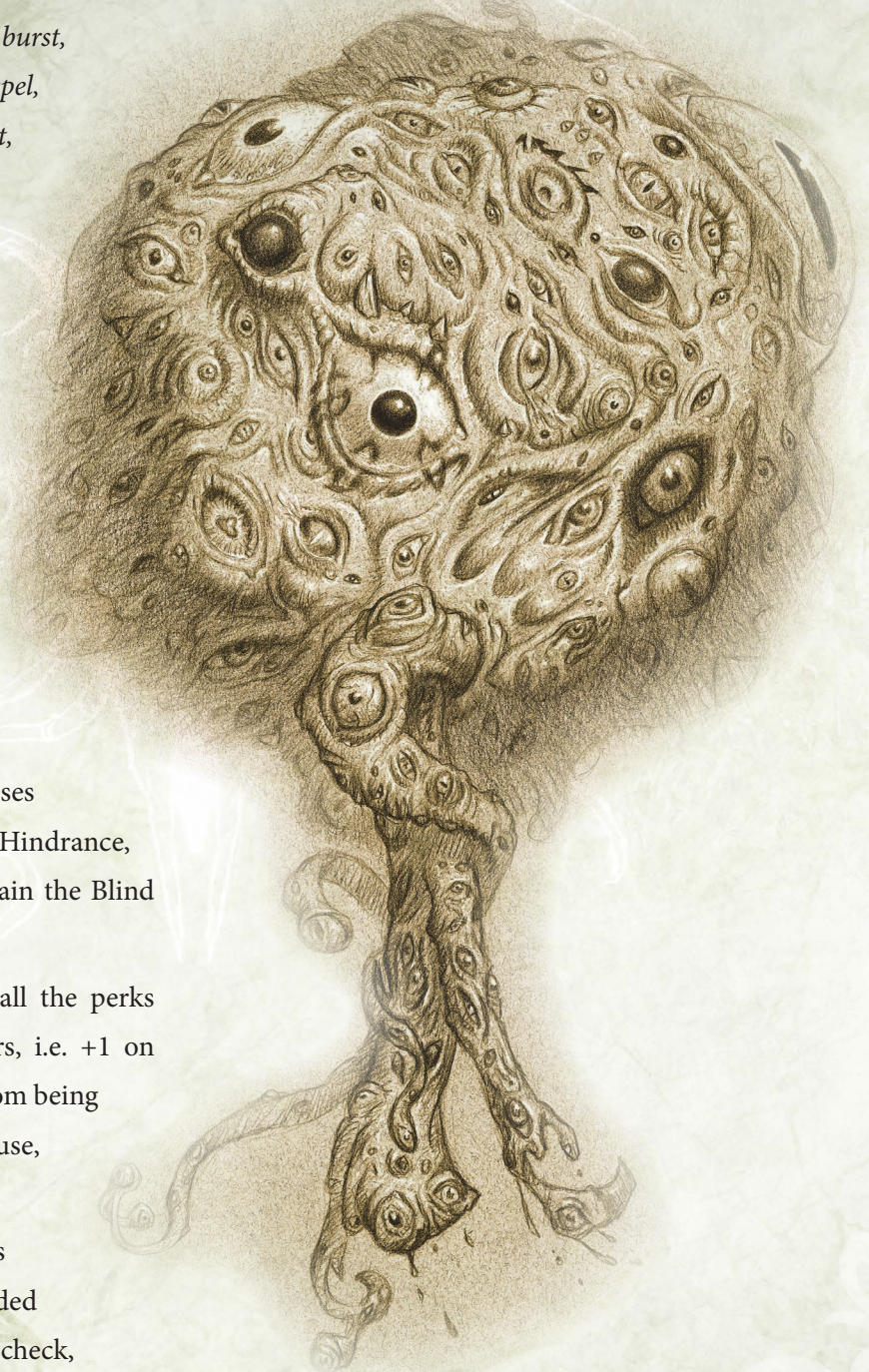
Powers: *Blast, blind, bolt, burst, confusion, detect/ conceal arcana, dispel, divination, drain power points, farsight, fear, puppet, stun, telekinesis*

Special Abilities

- **Evisceration:** It makes a called shot at -2 (its hundreds of years of practice have reduced the penalty from the standard -4), if the attack succeeds the targets eye is struck (Damage: Str+d6+4) this attack may also ignore armor if the targets helmet doesn't cover the eyes in some fashion. If the attack causes a wound the victim loses one of its eyes, gaining the One Eye Hindrance, if they lose both their eyes they gain the Blind Hindrance instead.
- **Heroic entity:** This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Heroic rank characters, i.e. +1 on Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for their own use, enhanced recovery rate and so on.
- **Poison -2:** If the Strike attack hits and the target is Shaken on wounded they must also make a Vigor -2 check, if they fail they are Paralyzed for 1d6 Rounds.

With a Success they suffer a -2 to recover from being Shaken for 1d4 Rounds, with a Raise they are unaffected.

- **Size +1:** Over seven hundred years it has collected an awful lot of eyeballs.
- **Strike: Damage:** Str+d6, AP 2, Poison.





HEADLESS HORROR

Alric was once a man obsessed with immortality. As his own, sickly body grew frailer and weaker with each passing year, he scoured libraries of scrolls and ancient tomes the world over. He dedicated himself to the service of a goddess of death, now long-forgotten, hoping she would grant him eternal life in exchange for the demise of others.

At last, Alric found a scroll outlining a ritual that might work. He spent months traveling far and wide to gather the necessary materials, followed by another three years of careful crafting. Using parts from a dozen different creatures, mostly ogres, he constructed the body he would inhabit for the rest of time. All that remained was for his assistant to complete the final step. His head would be sliced from his shoulders and quickly stitched onto the neck of his new form. Unfortunately, the frightened young man stumbled over a critical phrase of the incantation.

At first, it appeared as the ritual was a success. Less than an hour after suffering decapitation, Alric awoke with full command of his new body. However, within days, the assistant's failure became apparent as Alric's head began to rot. Eventually, it decomposed to the point where it tore loose from the stitching and fell off. After killing his assistant in a fit of rage, Alric rampaged across the land, trying and failing to attach a new head to his body. None of them lasted more than a few weeks.

Finally, in desperation, he went in search of the tomb. He recalled a faded passage in a long-forgotten grimoire hinted at the legend of Ayrawn, the lich Queen. He succeeded. She agreed to use her knowledge to help him acquire a new head, in

exchange for a thousand years of service, keeping aspiring heroes from rescuing Anat. Alric leapt at the chance, after all, what was a mere thousand years set against eternity?

However, the Headless Horror has come to realize he was played as a pawn. He's managed to keep an accurate count of his time in the tomb. His thousand years of servitude ended centuries ago.

Now he haunts the tomb, searching for both a way out and a new head. The tomb's magic often thwart his attempts to procure a new cranium, as they return to their previous owners upon their resurrection. Alric has noticed that some of Hian's victims do not return, and so he collects their severed heads whenever he can. Inside the tomb, they do not rot, so he carries them, over a dozen now, either tied to his belt by the hair, or stuffed in the sack he carries over his shoulder.

Even though he cannot speak without a mouth, Alric retains full use of the spells granted by his deathly mistress, though he's lost his ability to channel energy, being neither living nor undead.



HEADLESS HORROR

Alric casts his *deflection* on the first round of combat. He fights cautiously, using *Defend*, *Full Defense* and his magic when he feels threatened. He will use his unholy scythe to take out foes quickly. He regrets the destruction as it destroys the heads, but he knows it's his most deadly option.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Faith d12, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d10

Charisma - Pace 5 Parry 8 (1) Toughness 11(2) Pulse 25

Edges: Empowered, Improved Arcane Resistance

Gear: Unholy Scythe (**Damage:** Str+d10, Fighting +2, **Parry** +1, 2 Hands, **Reach** 1)

Powers: Alric can cast all Prayers available to Empowered Characters.

Special Abilities

- *Armor +2:* Hardened 'skin'.
- *Construct:* +2 to recover from being Shaken. Alric takes no additional damage from called shots and is immune to poison and disease. He also is not affected by wound penalties.
- *Fear (-2):* Characters seeing Alric must make Spirit rolls. Failure results in the character having to roll on the Fright Table in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook.
- *Fearless:* Alric is immune to Fear and Intimidation.

- *Heroic Entity:* Alric is Heroic Rank and has all the perks enjoyed by Heroic Rank characters, including +1 to rolls to Soak rolls or recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for its own use and enhanced recovery rates.
- *Size +2:* Alric stands over 8' tall and weighs a solid ton.

MULCIMBER

Standing nearly twenty feet tall, Mulcumber was once the greatest fighter in the abyssal gladiatorial games. After three centuries undefeated, he gained his freedom and went in search of greater foes. So far, he has been disappointed.

In a dream, Mulcumber was told of a place that was sure to test the might and mettle of any warrior, granting the power of a god to any who could fight



their way through to claim it. Following the dream's instructions, he found the tomb and entered. So far, he has been disappointed. He has yet to reach the prize at the center, and nothing has managed to give him the fight he desires. There are some he suspects could but they seem unwilling to meet him in combat. As the decades passed, and Mulcumber realized he could no longer leave the tomb, he has come to believe he was tricked into entering by the tomb's creator. Perhaps he is right, or perhaps someone else sent him there to protect their own lands from his marauding terror.

Huge and muscular, Mulcumber is a demon that wears no armor, and fights with only his claws. He is vain and cocky, and may underestimate the PCs, allowing them a free round of attacks before fighting back. After all, crushing your opponent is more satisfying when they start out thinking they have a chance at victory. He prefers to rip his opponents apart with his claws; as such he forgoes the use of his special abilities, unless he feels he is being cheated or is truly desperate (his Summon ability does not function).



MULCUMBER

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12+1, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Throwing d8

Charisma - Pace 6 Parry 8 Toughness 14(4) Pulse 25

Hindrances: Overconfident

Edges: Brawler, Bruiser, Improved Frenzy, Penetrating Strike: Improved, Professional (Fighting)

Special Abilities

- **Armor +4:** Mulcumber's hide is thick and strong, protecting him from lesser weapons.
- **Claws: Damage:** Str+d6+2.

- **Demon:** Mulcumber is +2 to recover from being Shaken and is immune to poison and disease. It only takes half damage from any normal weapon that isn't iron or steel (for the record, bullets aren't iron or steel); iron or steel weapons do normal damage.
- **Fear (-2):** Characters seeing Mulcumber must make Spirit rolls. Failure results in the character having to roll on the Fright Table in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook.
- **Hardy:** A Second Shaken result doesn't cause a wound.
- **Heroic Entity:** Mulcumber is Heroic Rank and has all the perks enjoyed by Heroic Rank characters, including +1 to rolls to Soak rolls or recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for its own use, and enhanced recovery rates.
- **Size +3:** Mulcumber stands nearly 20 feet tall.
- **Summon:** Can spend 1-10 Pulse to summon his Demonlings to the fight, each Pulse spent summons 1 Demonling. This ability takes 1 Round to recharge before it can be used again, it can be activated in the following round to summon more if needed.

OGRES

A tribe of ogres lives in the tomb. Unlike the orcs and spiders, they are under the sway of the Great Machine. The machine forbids them from leaving and when heroes enter the tomb, it drives them into a bloodlust frenzy. They gather their weapons and hunt for intruders.

The ogres are not subtle. They do not use tactics. When they find the heroes, they scream a blood-curdling battle cry and charge. There are four Demi-Ogres as described below as well as several



Ogres. When they die, their bodies are reclaimed by the machine (see Reclaimers, above) and their souls are reattached.



DEMI-OGRES

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Notice d6

Pace 8 Parry 7(-1) Toughness 14(4) Pulse 25

Edges: Brawny, Berserk, Block, Combat Reflexes, Fleet Footed, Improved Frenzy, Monkey Grip

Gear: Draconic plate (Armor +4, Covers torso, arms and legs), demi-ogre sword (**Damage:** Str+d10, AP 2, Parry -1, 2-Hands)

Special Abilities

- *Heroic Entity:* Demi-Ogres are Heroic Rank and have all the perks enjoyed by Heroic Rank characters, including +1 to rolls to Soak rolls or recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for their own use, and enhanced recovery rates.
- *Size +2.*

OGRES

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6

Pace 6 Parry 5(-1) Toughness 12 Pulse 20

Edges: Brawny, Berserk, Combat Reflexes, Monkey Grip

Gear: Great maul (**Damage:** Str+d10, AP 2 vs rigid armor, **Parry** -1, 2-Hands)

Special Abilities

- *Size* +4.

RHINO SLUG

This awful looking thing wanders the corridors of the tomb looking for its only source of food: metal. Unfortunately, it seldom encounters metal objects and usually dies of starvation. Then, the Great Machine brings it back to life so it can starve to death again.

Thus, when it encounters the heroes for the first time, it's safe to say it's incredibly hungry.

The rhino slug eats metal. It does so by slavering on metal objects with its tongue or its enormous tail. The slime oozing from its tail—and from the rest of its orifices—is corrosive and causes all metal objects to dissolve into a goo the creature can eat.

It is armored with a hide that most weapons cannot pierce. But it moves slowly. It's typical tactic is to move toward a hero until he is cornered and then simply crush the hero with its weight, allowing the ooze to turn all metal objects into a digestible goo.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength 12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Stealth d4, Tracking d4

Pace 4 **Parry** 4 **Toughness** 21(10) **Pulse** 25

Edges: Combat Reflexes

Special Abilities

- *Acidic:* The secretions of the slug are highly acidic, anyone touching them takes **Damage:** 1d8 every Round until they take an action to clean the slime off.



- *Armored:* The hide of the Rhino slug is incredibly tough and resistant to damage, giving it +10 armor to all locations.
- *Corrode:* Any metal object touching the slug begins to melt and corrode on touch, anything metal in contact with it for 2 whole rounds is completely dissolved. Any metal weapon striking it more than 4 times will corrode to the point of being unusable. Unless they have a special ability that makes them immune magical items made of metal suffer the same fate as everything else, it just takes half as long again, so 3 Rounds or 6 attacks.
- *Crush:* When faced with a food source the slug will slowly pursue and attempt to roll right over them, letting its bulk and corrosive slime deal with any resistance. (**Damage:** Str+d12, Acidic)
- *Hardy:* A second Shaken result doesn't cause a wound.
- *Size* +5: Rhino slugs are large creatures that easily fill a standard corridor. Because of their size attacks against them are at a +2 to hit.



SHADOW SPAWN

Wandering around the tomb are creatures from the Maelstrom that Ayrawn once captured and put in her tomb to guard against intruders.

No two shadow spawn are alike, but are variations on a theme. They range in size from 1 to 2 meters. They are humanoid in appearance, with a variety of spikes jutting from their inky black hides at various angles. They show the most variety in their nose-less faces; some are fox like, with horns in place of ears, some more like carnival fright masks, all flat planes and sharp angles. Their eyes and mouths glow with an eerie blue light when open.

They eat Pulse, and will take it from any source, including those humans who travel the spirit world. When feeding from a creature, they need to keep the victim alive as long as possible. They

will ambush a suitable target, usually in groups of three or more, biting, clawing and rending at the arms and legs. When the victim is incapacitated, they will suck out the Pulse and then withdraw, leaving their prey to bleed to death. Sometimes, particularly if they haven't fed in a while, the shadow spawn will descend into a feeding frenzy and simply rip the victim into pieces, wasting most of the Pulse, which in turn makes them hungrier.

SHADOW SPAWN

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 5 Pulse 10

Special Abilities

- **Bite/Claws:** **Damage:** Str+d6.

- *Pulse Leech(Ranged)*: Shadow spawn have the ability to drain the Pulse from their foes. They can make an opposed Spirit check against a single opponent within 1", taking 1d6 Pulse from the target for every Success and Raise, up to the shadow spawn's maximum. Additional Pulse is lost.
- *Spirit*: The Shadow Spawn are Spirits, however they are trapped here in a dual-aligned state and cannot escape into the Maelstrom. Because of this, they bleed 1 Pulse every hour, making them always ravenously hungry.

SLIMES

The tomb has a kind of sewer system running under the corridors. In that system is an ecology of semi-sentient slimes that feast on living flesh. The slimes can use the sewer system to move about the tomb without being seen. Also, the tomb is filled with tubes allowing the slimes to ooze into the corridors and drop down on unsuspecting heroes.

There is a variety of slimes around the tomb—there is one, shoggoth, the unfortunate heroes can stumble upon, but it is much too large to ooze through the normal tubes, so the heroes only encounter it if they go into the sewer below. The most common slime encountered is the magma ooze—these are encountered in groups of 4-8, as the smell of food draws large numbers of them towards the adventurers.



SHOGGOTH SLIME

A truly massive slime, it has grown to the point that it can't leave the sewers. If the heroes encounter it they are unlikely to realize its true size in such a confined space.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+5, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Charisma - Pace 4 Parry 5 Toughness 16

Pulse 30

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Harder to Kill, No Mercy

Special Abilities

- *Acidic*: Anyone struck by the slime's Slam or Glob attack takes 1d8 damage at the start of every Round for the next 4 Rounds due to the slime's corrosive nature.
- *Engulf*: Instead of causing damage with its slam attack, the slime can attempt to engulf them instead. Treat it as a Grapple. If the slime wins the victim is engulfed and starts being digested, victims can escape as per normal Grapple rules but suffers a -2 on the roll.
- *Glob*: Launches a glob of acidic goo at a target (**Range:** 6/12/24 **Damage:** 2d8, AP 4)
- *Hardy*: Doesn't suffer a wound from a second Shaken result.
- *Immunity*: The slime is completely immune to Piercing Damage and the damage rolls from all other types of physical damage suffer a -4 to the outcome. Magic, Pulse based damage affect it normally.
- *Large*: Due to its size, attacks against the shoggoth slime are at a +2 to hit.
- *Mindless*: Is immune to Fear, Intimidate, Taunt and Tests of Will.
- *Size +6*: A truly gigantic slime.
- *Slam*: **Damage:** Str+d8, Reach 1, anyone struck by the attack must make an Agility test or be knocked Prone.

- *Slime*: Slimes lack vital areas, giving them +2 Toughness, they are also immune to poisons and disease and don't take additional damage from called shots.
- *Weakness(Sound)*: Powers or other effects that attack the shoggoth slime with sound are +4 damage.

MAGMA OOZE (GROUPS OF 4-8)

Magma oozes move deceptively fast, rolling forwards suddenly and striking out with diamond hard spike. Attacks against them cause them to release toxic fumes into the surrounding area.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d4, Stealth d6

Pace 8 Parry 6 Toughness 8 Pulse 20

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Sweep

Special Abilities

- *Immunity*: The slime is completely immune to Piercing Damage and the damage rolls from all other types of physical damage suffer a -4 to the outcome. Magic, Pulse based damage affect it normally.
- *Mindless*: Is immune to Fear, Intimidate, Taunt and Tests of Will.
- *Slime*: Slimes lack vital areas, giving them +2 Toughness, they are also immune to poisons and disease and don't take additional damage from called shots.
- *Spike*: Magma oozes are able to temporarily solidify parts of themselves into crystal like spikes that they use to attack their foes, **Damage:** Str+d6 AP 2.
- *Toxic cloud*: Any attack that strikes a Magma ooze, even if it kills it causes the ooze to release a foul cloud of toxic fumes. Anyone within 2" must pass a

Vigor check or suffer a level of Fatigue that takes 30 minutes to clear.

- *Weakness(Cold)*: Powers or other effects that attack the Magma Ooze with cold are +4 damage.

CARNIVOROUS BLOB

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d8, Notice d4, Stealth d6, Tracking d6

Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 11 Pulse 15

Edges: First Strike.

Special Abilities

- *Absorb Flesh*: For every wound an opponent takes from a carnivorous blob's attacks, the carnivorous blob removes a single wound.
- *Digest*: Anyone struck by the blob's slam attack takes 1d6 damage at the start of every Round for the next 4 Rounds due its corrosive stomach juices.
- *Hardy*: Doesn't suffer a wound from a second Shaken result.
- *Immunity*: The blob is completely immune to Piercing Damage and the damage rolls from all other types of physical damage suffer a -4 to the outcome. Magic, Pulse based damage affect it normally.
- *Mindless*: Is immune to Fear, Intimidate, Taunt and Tests of Will.
- *Size +2*: The Blobs constantly shifting state hides its actual mass.
- *Slam: Damage:* Str+d8
- *Slime*: Slimes lack vital areas, giving them +2 Toughness, they are also immune to poisons and disease and don't take additional damage from called shots.

- *Vibration sense*: Suffers no vision penalties for attacking targets on the ground, *invisibility* and similar powers have no effect on the blob's Fighting or Notice rolls. Targets off the ground
- *Weakness(Fire)*: Powers or other effects that attack the Carnivorous Blob with fire are +4 damage.

SPIDERS

The alcoves of the tomb are filled with cobwebs. These places belong to the tomb's spider population. Safe from the rollers, the spiders feed on those who wander into their alcoves.

The spiders generally hunt alone or in pairs, rarely gathering in groups bigger than that, though large prey or groups of creatures could attract more. They paralyze their prey with venom, cover it in webs and drag it back to their homes.

The spiders know how to avoid the rollers and also know to strike when the heroes are in danger. If a lone hero has fallen back from the rest of the party, trust a spider to snag him and drag him away.

For some reason, the spiders seem immune to the effects of the Great Machine. Perhaps the lich likes it that way. See Spider, Giant in *Savage Worlds*.

SPIDER KEEPERS

They describe themselves as 'The Spider Keepers' though the reverse is more generally true. Black-skinned denizen of the lightless sectors of the tomb, a lanky Spider Keeper crouches motionless for long stretches, keeping one foot or hand on a signal line left by the spiders. Spider Keepers feel for vibrations along the web, waiting for the sign of any creature getting caught or passing through. Solitary scavengers, Spider Keepers are usually

slaves to the will of the GreatMachine, unlike the spiders.

Spider Keepers are familiar with the variations in vibration coming from the webs. There are distinctions in the tremors when caused by a shifting of rooms, a blade cutting through, or a lesser creature becoming trapped and struggling for freedom. In the instance of a web becoming damaged, a Spider Keeper will stealthily investigate the source, shrewdly discerning the threat.

Preferring ambush to open combat, Spider Keepers—when not poised at a signal thread—are prone to wander their sector of the tomb laying magical traps on top of the tomb's own traps and puzzles. The heroes must be wary, for they may succeed in disarming or overcoming one trap only to trigger another immediately on top of one or when they feel safe afterward. Spider Keeper traps are generally aimed at disabling and containing prey rather than wholly destroying their targets.

Spider Keepers are purely carnivorous and often share prey with their spider friends, wandering vergers being their most common 'large' game. Spider Keepers are generally frail, though they excel in magic. When forced into combat, he or she will keep distance, rely on spells, and summon aid from spiders in the area.

Heroes being what they are, it is likely that even a single Spider Keeper with all the spiders it can muster will be overwhelmed. A beaten-down Spider Keeper will attempt to escape through the tomb. Spider Keepers are not only supremely knowledgeable of the various traps and puzzles in the tomb, but are talented in avoiding them even when triggered. A fleeing Spider Keeper will attempt to lead pursuing heroes into traps and leverage his or her acquaintance with secret

passages to hide. If the heroes are lucky, a Spider Keeper can lead them to undiscovered hidden areas. These escapes can also increase the chances of meeting with another of the Spider Keeper's kin. This is when their *Hive Mind* ability starts to take effect.

One Spider Keeper is a slave to the Great Machine, mainly concerned with self-preservation and kinship with the spiders. Two Spider Keepers together initiates a weakening of the bonds to the Great Machine. A pair of Spider Keepers may attack each-other to preserve their niche, but they may also join forces to face a tougher foe. The more Spider Keepers gathered together, the weaker the Great Machine's influence becomes, but a dominant female Spider Keeper may come to the fore and mystically take advantage of the magic 'threads' binding the others' minds. This situational 'Queen' Spider Keeper can direct a group of male Spider Keepers much as a queen insect leads her hive.

A linked group of Spider Keepers under a single queen has the effect of increasing the intellect of the queen, making her a lucid genius, not only as a tactician, but in regards to her existential awareness. A group of heroes may find themselves fighting a group of vicious Spider Keepers for a time to discover their tactics becoming more and more effective. An enterprising hero could pick out the queen and attempt to halt the battle and make an ally—at least until they get her alone again.

There have been many occasions over the centuries where a party of Spider Keepers guided by a queen has attempted to escape the tomb. More often than not, however, the queen is separated from her thralls—either through the machinations of the Lich or through infighting between

queens—and they all succumb once again to the binding that keeps them copacetic.

SPIDER KEEPER

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d8, Notice d10, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Charisma -2 **Pace** 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 8(3)
Pulse 15

Hindrances: Ugly

Edges: Danger Sense, Gifted, Improved Extraction, Level Headed

Powers: *Armor, barrier, blast, bolt, entangle, fear, quickness, telekinesis*

Gear: Silk armor (+3, all locations), web bolas x4 (**Range:** 4/8/16, **Damage:** Special)

Special Abilities

- **Bite:** **Damage:** Str+d6.
- **Claws:** Keepers can make 2 claw attacks a Round at no penalty if doing nothing else. **Damage:** Str+d4.
- **Hive Mind:** Keepers can't speak but can understand spoken language. Spider keepers possess a strange mental link with others of their kind. Any time 2 of them come within 120 ft of each other, they begin to communicate telepathically, creating a hive mind of sorts. This allows them to resist the control of the machine as well as gain Smarts and Spirit. For each Spider Keeper that participates in a Hive Mind increase their Smarts and Spirit by a dice type (up to a max of d12). A female keeper of Smarts d10 or higher becomes a Queen (see below).

- *Poison Skin:* Spider keepers frequently share meals with the spiders and as such they ingest a sizeable amount of the spiders' poison. Their bodies detoxify by storing the poison in shallow pouches near their skin. Any time a spider keeper is hit with a slashing or piercing melee weapon, the attacker needs to make an Agility -2 check or be exposed to a dose of paralytic poison.

This ability also makes them immune to poisons.

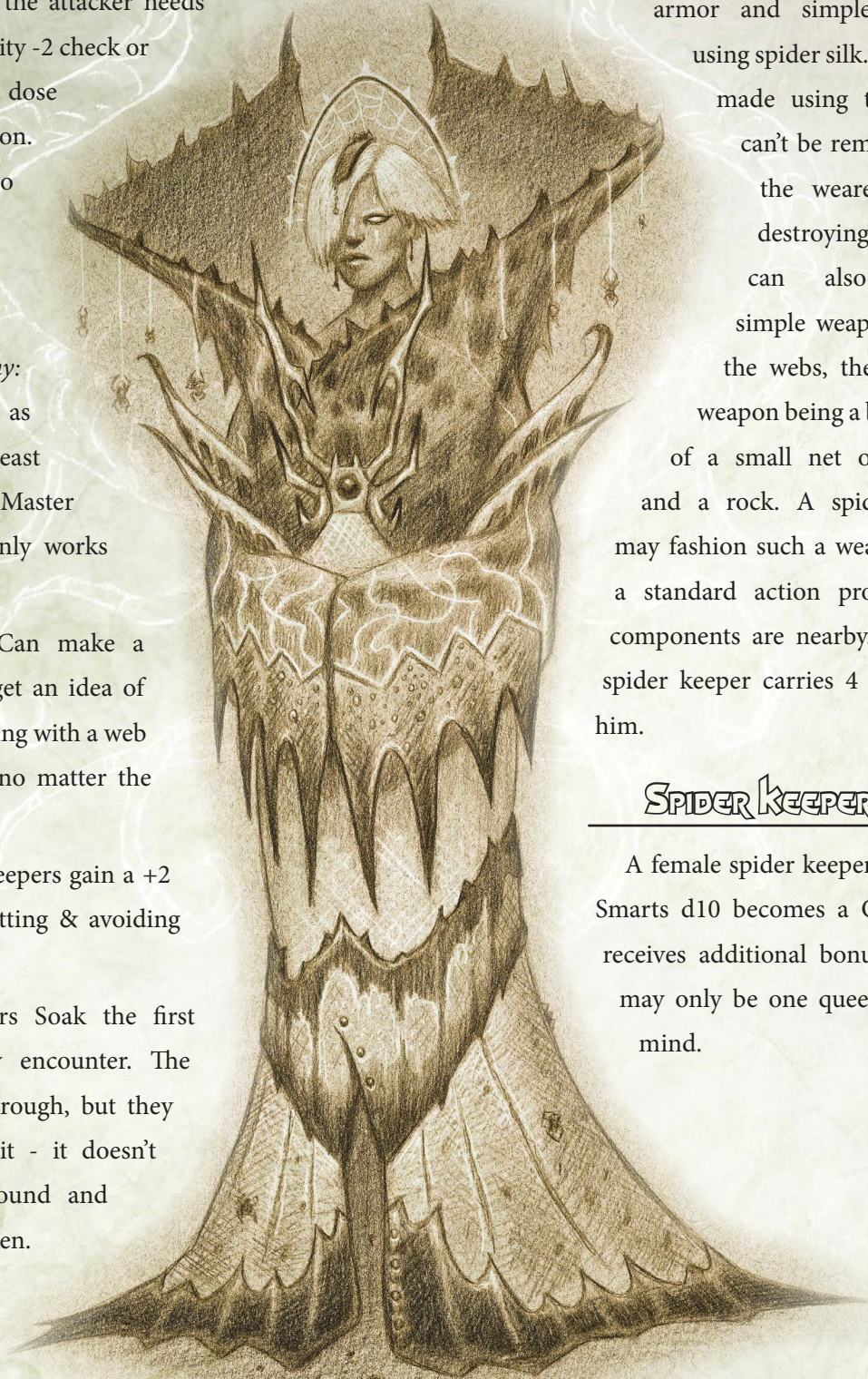
- *Spider Empathy:* Keepers count as having the Beast Bond and Beast Master Edges which only works with spiders.
- *Spider Sense:* Can make a Notice roll to get an idea of what is interacting with a web it is touching, no matter the distance.
- *Trap Master:* Keepers gain a +2 bonus when setting & avoiding traps.
- *Vitality:* Keepers Soak the first wound in any encounter. The damage gets through, but they simply ignore it - it doesn't count as a wound and they aren't Shaken.
- *Web Bolas:* Make a

ranged attack as normal, if it hits it Grapples its target rather than doing damage. In subsequent Rounds instead of an opposed roll, the victim makes a Strength or Agility -2 check, using the same success results as a normal Grapple check.

- *Web Weapons:* They can create armor and simple weapons using spider silk. Silk armor made using this ability can't be removed from the wearer without destroying it. They can also fashion simple weapons out of the webs, the preferred weapon being a bolas made of a small net of webbing and a rock. A spider keeper may fashion such a weapon using a standard action provided the components are nearby. A typical spider keeper carries 4 bolas with him.

SPIDER KEEPER QUEEN

A female spider keeper of at least Smarts d10 becomes a Queen and receives additional bonuses. There may only be one queen per hive mind.



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d8, Intimidate d6, Notice d10, Persuade d6, Spellcasting d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Charisma -2 Pace 6 Parry 6 Toughness 8(3) Pulse 25

Hindrances: Ugly

Edges: Arcane Resistance, Danger Sense, Gifted, Improved Extraction, Improved Level Headed

Powers: *Armor, barrier, blast, blind, bolt, entangle, fear, fly, obscure, puppet, quickness, telekinesis*

Gear: Silk armor (+3, all locations), web bolas x4 (**Range:** 4/8/16, **Damage:** Special)

Special Abilities

- **Bite:** **Damage:** Str+d6
- **Claws:** Keepers can make 2 claw attacks a Round at no penalty if doing nothing else. **Damage:** Str+d4.
- **Hive Mind:** As Spider Keeper Ability above but with no maximum cap. Queens are also able to speak and converse normally.
- **Hive Queen:** For every 2 Keepers in the Hive Mind the Queen gains a +1 to Parry, Attack rolls and AP (max +4)
- **Poison Skin:** As Spider Keeper Ability above.
- **Spider Empathy:** As Spider Keeper Ability above.
- **Spider Sense:** As Spider Keeper Ability above.
- **Trap Master:** As Spider Keeper Ability above.
- **Vitality:** As Spider Keeper Ability above.
- **Web Bolas:** As Spider Keeper Ability above.
- **Web Weapons:** As Spider Keeper Ability above.

The Voidstriders are a group of inevitables—living machines tasked to seek out and destroy chaos wherever they can - that have been patrolling the realms, seeking out and destroying those that threaten the balance. Unlike normal inevitables, these have come together to function as a group in the face of dire threats.

Donned in brighter garments than their kin to distinguish them from the mundane inevitables, the Voidstriders are more serious about the mission than the colorful garb may suggest. Although well-endowed with arcane ability, they prefer to face a threat up close, and quickly close the distance to engage with their swords and fists.

Originally, a unit of five Voidstriders entered Ayrawn's tomb in response to reports of stolen artifacts and formulae, and of potential rituals that risked unleashing primal energies across several worlds that could utterly destroy the inhabitants. Unfortunately, Ayrawn's tomb was already completed, and the Great Machine, the Mirror, and Anat already in place by the time the Voidstriders arrived on the scene. The unit consisted of four Kolyaruts and one Marut commander. Normally immune to magical manipulation, the influence of the machine interacted strangely with the part-construct creatures. The machine manages to wrestle control over the minds of the Voidstriders for short periods of time, but they can frequently shake off the effect when they need to. Despite that, this situation has made it all but impossible for the Voidstriders to carry out their task.

When the PCs encounter the Voidstriders within the tomb they can attempt a Persuade -2 check. If successful, they manage to say something

that causes the Voidstriders' original personality to push to the foreground. Since the Voidstriders have a natural ability to psychically understand all languages, a Voidstrider can provide the characters with a single piece of information about Anat, Ayrawn, the Great Machine, the portal, or the tomb that you wish to reveal.

If the Persuade check fails (or is never attempted), the Voidstriders simply attack the characters.

INEVITABLE KOLYARUT

These humanoid appear to be part machine part finely crafted stone statue.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Other Realms) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Spellcasting d8

Charisma +2 **Pace** 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 14(4) **Pulse** 20

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal

Edges: Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Counterattack, Frenzy, Gifted, No Mercy

Powers: *Confusion, disguise, fear, invisibility, smite*

Gear: Bastard sword (**Damage:** Str+d8)

Special Abilities

- **Armor +4:** Their reinforced construction counts as armor covering all locations.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken, take no additional damage from called shots, are immune to poison and disease and never suffer from wound modifiers.
- **Size +1:** They stand slightly taller than a person.



INEVITABLE MARUT COMMANDER

A humanoid that is much taller than the other inevitables, covered in armor made from ornately inscribed golden plate. Under the armor he also appears to be a finely crafted statue made from black stone.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Other Realms) d8, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Spellcasting d10



Charisma 0 Pace 8 Parry 9 Toughness 18(6)

Pulse 30

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal

Edges: Block, Bruiser, Combat Reflexes, Command, Improved Counterattack, Improved Frenzy, Gifted, No Mercy

Powers: *Barrier, bolt, blast, burst, confusion, damage field, dispel, fear, smite, teleport*

Special Abilities

- *Armor +6:* The golden armored plates built into his construction provide protection covering all locations.
- *Construct:* +2 to recover from being Shaken, take no additional damage from called shots, immune to poison and disease and never suffer from wound modifiers.
- *Fists of Lightning and Thunder:* **Damage:** Str+d6, +1d8 from either electricity damage or sonic boom damage, his choice. Electricity has the added effect that anyone Shaken or wounded by the attack suffer -2 to recover from Shaken the next Round. Sonic boom has the added effect that anyone Shaken or wounded by the attack must pass an Agility -1 check or be knocked Prone.
- *Heroic entity:* This ability grants all the perks enjoyed by Heroic rank characters, i.e. +1 on Soak rolls and checks to recover from being Shaken, +1 Karma for their own use, enhanced recovery rate and so on.
- *Size +3:* The Marut is much taller than an average person and even towers over the other inevitables.

THE Z'UDJ

Not all the creatures in the tomb are there because of the Lich Queen's will or Anat's lament. A few are here by accident.

When the Lich Queen was constructing the tomb, she violated many of the Maelstrom's metaphysical laws to do so. Stretching those laws created temporal and spatial rifts that she could not correct. So, she blocked them off with glyphs and wards. But these bindings have not always held. One of them broke, creating a rift between this dimension and another, sucking in creatures that were never meant to exist in this world. The Z'udj are one example of such creatures.

The Z'udj (rhymes with 'budge') appear as tall and slender octopi-like humanoids with glowing, golden eyes. They are telepathic creatures linked by a common intelligence who have evolved beyond speech. The Z'udj have no sense of individuality; they are all part of a greater mind. They see themselves as parts of a whole. The Z'udj do not say "we" or "us." Instead, they speak (and think) in the singular. "I am Z'udj," they say. (At least, they would say if they had mouths to speak with. They don't; telepathy is their only means of communication.)

When a Z'udj identifies itself, it does so as a part of Z'udj. "I am the Hand of Z'udj," or "I am the Sword of Z'udj." This is as close to personal identity as they get.

There are currently four Z'udj in the tomb. The portal they were sucked through is one that closed a long time ago. They have no way back. But they have not been still since they arrived. They are working on escaping the tomb as well. They've run into the orcs but cannot communicate with them; something about the orc mind prevents telepathic communication with the Z'udj. They can communicate to other races, although that communication is difficult. A human or dwarf or any other sentient race will only see images and not words or sentences. The Z'udj can only speak to them symbolically.



The Z'udj have incredible psychic power. Not only do they possess telepathy but telekinesis and pyrokinesis. They can manipulate wills and alter perceptions. Physically, however, they are incredibly fragile.

When the heroes enter the tomb, the Z'udj know. They can sense them. But reading their thoughts is difficult. They will attempt to observe the heroes from afar to gauge their reactions appropriately. When they meet with the heroes, they can alter the heroes' perceptions to make themselves look human or whatever they anticipate will be the most friendly appearance. But, again, communication will prove difficult. The Z'udj will have to convince the heroes they are friendly without speaking.

Whether their intentions are truly amicable or not is up to you. The Z'udj are alien; they do not fit into neat categories of 'good' or 'evil'. They wouldn't even understand those concepts. The more alien and bizarre you can make them, the better.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (The Dungeon) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d4, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d12, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Taunt d4

Charisma 0 Pace 6 Parry 4 Toughness 4

Pulse 20

Edges: Danger Sense, Gifted, Indomitable, Iron Inside

Powers: *Armor, bolt, burst, deflection, fear, invisibility, puppet, quickness, telekinesis*

Special Abilities

- **Alter Perception:** This abilities is used to create illusions and obfuscate reality to benefit the Z'udj. Anyone trying to disbelieve or see through the alteration can do so by succeeding at an opposed Spirit check.
- **Pyrokensis:** Their control over fire, gives many of their powers fire based trappings. It also allows them to use the *elemental manipulation (fire)* power for no Pulse cost.
- **Telepathy:** Z'duj can only communicate via telepathy, they are unable to speak at all and don't read any known language. Between each other they communicate perfectly, with other races their communication appears as images and symbols and requires interpretation.



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