

EB4



The Blight

Richard Pett's Crooked City

EB4: The Crucible



Swords
& Wizardry

Richard Pett



FROG GOD
GAMES

The Blight

Richard Pett's Crooked City

EB4: The Crucible

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These were the first unfortunates to walk the crooked streets of the Blight, much love and thanks to you for an awesome session at PaizoCon UK— Brett Andrews, Andrew Green, Clare Jones, Mark Laverock, Pete Pollard and Ben Wenham. *You were lucky Brett, next time I won't roll a 1...*

Special Thanks

Pete Pollard, Fellow Conspirator

Special Dedication

Felipe Gaona's excellent painting "Umbrella" is dedicated to the creator of the "Burning Woman in the Rain" image that served as the inspiration for this cover. I have seen the original piece as a wallpaper online in many locations and thought it perfectly captured the atmosphere of *The Crucible*, but I have never been able to track down the identity of the creator. So here's to you, mystery artist. You managed to capture a tiny piece of Richard Pett's brain with your art, an extremely dangerous thing to do. May his tentacled cosmic overlords never succeed in finding you.

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The Blight

Richard Pett's Crooked City

EB4: The Crucible

By Richard Pett



“...You’ve just entered the wrong side of town...”

The Crucible is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure designed for a party of four to six 6th-level characters. It serves as a companion adventure to Richard’s Pett’s *The Blight* and takes place in that twisted city as revealed in the campaign setting published by **Frog God Games**.

Introduction

The furnace thundered, heat raging like fury from within. A column of black iron rising into the arched roof of the giant windmill, hanging in the cradle of four vast chains, swayed like a goliath metal coffin. Yet as I approached, I suddenly became aware of another noise above the roar of the fire: the howl of hunger. The furnace itself was alive ...

— *The Artificer*

The streets of the Blight abound lately with stories of dreadful immolations: of people rising in the night and suddenly becoming balls of living flame; of searing, screaming souls blazing through the streets being burnt alive. There seems to be no explanation for this spontaneous combustion. Good people shiver in their beds for fear of suddenly catching fire; folk shake on church pews hoping they will not be the next to burst into flames. This nightmare is real, and it's happening now to the good people of this city, what few there might be ...

The Crucible focuses upon events surrounding a ragefire elemental, a new monster imprisoned within a massive crucible, an item created by the Artificer, the chief villain of the adventure. The characters experience various locations around Festival and the Great Lyme River: the high-gables of the Festival parish during a rooftop chase; a site where fossilized Leviathans are being exhumed; and a pleasure pier with a rotting caravel in imminent danger of collapse into hungry mouths in the river below. The adventure reaches its climax in one of the abandoned Great Windmills on the Lyme as it becomes a raging inferno.

In *The Blight* campaign, *The Crucible* primarily takes place in Festival — the carnival isle of wererats. Two events also occur nearby on the Great Lyme River, but all the information you need is included here. The adventure can easily be modified for other urban settings, and suggestions are given on how to use *The Crucible* in other campaign settings. The story of *The Crucible* has a strongly evil theme and is ideally suited to paladins and Lawful clerics.

Influences and inspirations

Some of the key influences on, and inspirations for, this adventure are listed below for Referees who would like additional source material on how to portray various NPCs and convey the flavour of the adventure:

- The original 1931 *Frankenstein* film, starring Boris Karloff.
- True histories of the Elephant Man, and the excellent film by David Lynch.
- Images of claimed spontaneous human combustion, including from the cases of Mary Reeser, Anna Martin, and Dr. J. Irving Bentley in particular.

Adventure Background

The Artificer was, originally, only a minor user of magic, of a caste barely above the street illusionists and corner-mages seen across the whole of the Blight. Her only talent lay in her zealous research — an addiction to scouring the ancient shops of BookTown, squinting through mouldering shelves heady with the scent of old tomes and manuscripts for clues and secrets, unknown spells, and hidden orders.

The years, however, had rolled by and, as her faculties depleted, she grew to loathe her lowly background and station in life, and the city and its people that had caused them. Knowing that she had been destined for great things, but now convinced that she would achieve none of them, she sank into a deep depression. As her misery grew, she lost her lodgings and began to roam the streets, often breaking into the book-filled corridors and backrooms of the antiquarian booksellers and bibliophiles simply to find shelter and rest. Until the night she found the *tome*.

The tome seemed little more than a collection of children's fairy stories, though richly illustrated with etchings and with faded gilt-edged pages. Unfortunately, it had been left somewhere damp; its binding hemorrhaged, its pages stained. By the feeble light of a tallow candle, she read of princes and dragons in tales of glory and betrayal until eventually, the tome itself died through her use of it — collapsing into ruin in her lap, its pages falling, its spine snapping.

The Artificer moved the pieces to one side, preparing to make a fire of what was left, when she noticed something within the corpse of the tome. It was a diagram — or rather a series of diagrams, and instructions written in ancient text — depicting a metal object of great size: a crucible. As the tome had collapsed, so had the magic that had obscured its true text with fairy stories! As the Artificer struggled in the gloom to translate the words, fumbling with obscure phrases and technical terms, she grew feverish as their meaning was revealed. In her growing excitement, the years of anguish fell away to be replaced by feelings of hope, of ambition, and a realization dawned upon her that Fortune had, finally, kissed her and given her a gift that could be her salvation.

This crucible was no mere melting pot for alchemy, no mundane container for molten iron; it was a design for a prison, a prison for ragefire, an intelligent, evil fire both terrible and beautiful, a sentient flame, a whirlwind blaze created, the tome said, by drawing and combining the blood of demons and efreet. The Artificer realized that the crucible could be configured to draw this rarest of hateful elementals into the world and then made to force the creature to multiply. It would make her the master of creatures that feast on the living, that immolate what they touch, and that grow — getting larger and larger as they gorge until they are firestorms that can destroy entire cities, and leave nothing but ash. Drunk on dreams of power and revenge, alive with hope and dizzy with ideas, the Artificer carefully gathered the instructions and, hiding them on her person, sank into an untroubled sleep for the first time in years.

The cold dawn and an encounter with a caretaker refocused the Artificer on her plight. She was alone, weak, and helpless. Yet she held in her hands a secret of power. With control over ragefire, her fortune could be made. She could use the elementals as weapons, harnessing their lethality, killing at her whim. The Artificer — who had long ago given up her true name as a worthless anchor from her earlier years — convinced herself that she would only have to threaten the use of ragefire, that she would be benevolent, and use the elemental not only for her own good, but for those of others like her. She would use the gift wisely, and not for spite or anger.

The Artificer had few friends. One, however, had shown kindness, of a sort, in the past — the Organ Grinder, a low-caste street performer who worked in the Lyme River pleasure town of Festival. The Artificer hid aboard the chain ferry out to the island and discussed things with her old acquaintance. The Organ Grinder, seeing a great personal opportunity, invested what funds he had in the enterprise, hoping it would enable him to eventually pay for the advancement of his study of golem-stitching.

The Organ Grinder suggested the use of a great windmill as a base. The great windmills, which lie in the broad part of the Lyme River, were often used by golem-stitchers and homuncule-wives as places to carry out their more troubling experiments undisturbed. The Organ Grinder arranged for the present inhabitant of one great windmill to be “removed,” ensuring it was vacant.

For a year, the pair invested stolen wealth into the construction of their crucible and, only last month, installed the final part before drawing a

THE BLIGHT: RICHARD PETT'S CROOKED CITY

ragefire elemental into the physical world. The creature was furious, and railed against its imprisonment, but its hunger was all-consuming. The creature's hunger amazed the Artificer, who grieved at the choice that circumstance had now given her: Feed the creature she had worked for so long to summon to the Material Plane, or see it die.

At first she fed the creature's hungry demands with animal flesh — pigs mostly — but the creature refused to devour ignorant flesh; it hungered for the suffering that went with death by fire, a pain that fed it properly. Soon the Artificer relented and fed the creature a tramp who happened her way. As she saw the ragefire devour him and grow on his suffering, she knew that to gain the power she wanted, she would have to — regrettably, of course — make some sacrifices: the sacrifice of others.

While the Artificer continued her research and plotting, the Organ Grinder carried out her commands. He organized regular shipments of coal and timber to sate the creature's most basic needs, and with the help of Mahaas, a grotesquely deformed murderer with a penchant for dissection, kidnapped citizens for her to sacrifice to it to make it grow. After a few months, the creature reached a size where its spawn could be harvested. The Artificer began carefully testing the ragefire spawn upon those she thought would be little missed — orphaned waifs and strays, prostitutes and beggars selected for her by the Organ Grinder. With each attack, she was careful to ensure that the spawn was slain by her magic after its deed was done — and careful to cast it whilst veiled from sight. On two occasions, she was simply able to push her burning victims into the Great Lyme River. On others, her water- and cold-based magic sufficed to quench it. Her careful work ensured that no suspicion fell on her, but rumours of spontaneous combustion spread to every street corner with the blame placed variously on witches of the Great Coven, demons, devils, and acts of the angry gods that walked the streets of the Blight unseen.

Now, however, the Artificer's experiments are at an end, and she has chosen her first blackmail victim: Savant Edwina Spitewinter of the Royal Underneath Society, who is presently working on Festival at a great Leviathan dig. Following a demonstration of the power of ragefire, the blackmail is going well, and the Organ Grinder has been able to collect 2000 gold shekels from the Savant so far — money the accomplices intend to use to land an even wealthier victim. Yesterday, however, an unfortunate accident occurred.

In a fit of pique, Mahaas used a ragefire spawn to immolate the uncooperative apple of his eye at a mainland ghat, with the burning prostitute running through the corpses of the area like a howling spirit. While mere threats with the ragefire have worked admirably in blackmailing Spitewinter for money, Mahaas was not so circumspect, and word has now spread like proverbial wildfire that the dead are rising to walk and burn as well as the living. This, inevitably, has led to dire consequences for the ghat owner who is looking for help to solve the riddle and restore his trade.

And thus, as a gruel-dawn rises across the Lyme, word reaches the characters that the game is afoot ...

Adventure Summary

The adventure begins with the characters called in to investigate the case of a corpse that burst into flames and then inexplicably rose and ran — screaming — into the Lyme. Following initial clues, the characters learn that it was not a corpse, but a prostitute last seen in the company of a deformed local man known as Mahaas. They may also discover further clues by working with the constabulary and by making a visit to a creepy river morgue.

The characters find Mahaas' lodgings on Festival in the tenements of pawnbroker Uriah Mean, a bathchair-bound halfling magic-user with a miserly disposition. Mahaas has already piqued the halfling's interest; Mean spied on his tenant and learned that the deformed freak has some "great treasure" in his grasp. Mean tries to befriend the characters, but with the intention of having them tailed throughout their investigations so that he can attempt to take this alleged treasure when they find it. Learning where



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Mahaas lives, a fight breaks out in the claustrophobic and trapped attic garret, during which the characters may first encounter a ragefire elemental, and leads to a chase through the tenement, across rooftops, and into the streets of Festival. Whether Mahaas escapes or not, the characters discover the source of the fires and a link to the Leviathan Dig, an excavation of a colossal fossilized skeleton from the banks of the Lyme River.

The Leviathan Dig is being conducted by the Royal Underneath Society, which is led by Savant Edwina Spitewinter, The Organ Grinder, who has already caused a terrible fire in Spitewinter's private museum, is blackmailing her. Unless the characters handle the situation cleverly, they trigger a fight with Spitewinter's overly zealous guards. By questioning Spitewinter and searching her burnt museum, the characters discover clues leading them to the Organ Grinder.

The Organ Grinder is well known on Festival for his strange performance that involves his curious musical instrument and a grotesque monkey, and the characters may even have seen the duo during their chase of Mahaas. The characters eventually find his strange home: a decaying caravel lashed vertically to the end of the Dislocated Pier. The Organ Grinder is studying to become a golem-stitcher, and his hovel is crammed with jars filled with preserved organs and limbs. Here, the characters are attacked by the Organ Grinder, his monkey cohort, and the twisted results of his awful experiments — both failures and successes — including a twisted creature he constructed from the corpses of a minotaur and an ankheg. If desperate, the Organ Grinder also releases a ragefire elemental into the fray, risking burning down his home and the entire pier but perhaps trapping the characters in the inferno.

As the battle progresses, the rotten ship might collapse into the alchemical silt around the river. Here, in the poisonous slime, a wallow-whale takes a passing interest in events and could make trouble for the characters. Victorious, the characters learn that the Organ Grinder regularly sailed to one of the great windmills and, therefore, head there to locate the source of the ragefire.

Within the great windmill is the crucible, which hangs on great chains, 6-inches thick. The Artificer and a wing of loyal gargoyles fight furiously to defend her creation, but in the heat of the battle (pun thoroughly intended), the ragefire elemental escapes. Free, the hateful creature rampages, setting the mill alight. As their investigation reaches its climax, the characters must choose between facing the poisonous waters of the Lyme and its foul inhabitants, or trying to quench the raging conflagration and prevent an Abyssal terror from ravaging the city.

The Holy Inquisition

This opening is suitable for paladins and clerics devoted to a Lawful deity. The holy order of a character's god wishes a full investigation to take place of all the burning victims. A church intermediary approaches the characters and charges them with finding out if the matter is skullduggery aimed at somehow profiting from the incidents, some act of wickedness which must be punished, or if it could potentially be regarded as a miracle, in which case it must be properly recorded and catalogued to qualify as an official miraculous sign. The characters are furnished with lodgings, religious authority, or simply money, and provided with the rumours about Singhh, and about the previous victims (see the rumour sideboxes in **Chapters 1** and **2**).

Rumours in the Blight

Rumour sideboxes appear throughout this adventure. Rumours are essentially idle talk or gossip, and is the staple of daily life in most places, but particularly in a crowded place like a city the size of Castorhage. Roll 1d20 once on the rumour tables and give the characters all the information with a target number equal to or lower than the number rolled.

The Sponsor

This opening is suitable for all characters. The Honourable and Most Holy Guild of Crematoria Masters, who are very concerned about corpses returning to life while in the charge of their members — not to mention possible demands for refunds — charge the party with ensuring that the issue goes away. They pay suitable remuneration, provide for reasonable expenses throughout the investigation, and point the party toward their member, Ghatmaster Singhh, as someone with whom to begin their enquiries.

For the Referee: Troubleshooting

The Crucible is an urban horror mystery adventure. Clues lead the players from one part of the investigation to the next, and even if some are missed, the players should be able to unravel the mystery and reach the climax at the great windmill. However, if the investigation comes to a dead-end, you can use one or more of the following options:

- Someone other than the characters, such as Constable Crop, finds a clue and, knowing the characters are investigating the matter, hands the clue over.
- A clue or hint to a clue goes over and over at the back of a character's mind. The character might wake with an image of the room that held the clue in his mind, for example. The character is haunted by this image until the location of the clue is revisited.
- An important NPC such as Mahaas or the Organ Grinder seeks out and attacks the characters rather than waiting to be identified. The NPC trusts intermediaries to finish off the characters, however, and the characters can capture and compel these hirelings into revealing the location of the NPC. Alternatively, an NPC gets more ambitious and commits a new crime through which the characters discover a new clue.
- The characters fail to resolve the mystery. Occasional failure can be a good thing, particularly in a long-running campaign, as it provides the option to reintroduce the NPC (who may have become more powerful) at a later date so he can haughtily remind the characters that he beat them before ...

Adventure Hooks

The adventure begins at the Burning Ghats, which lie on the banks of the River Lyme, approximately half a mile away from Town Bridge on the true right bank of the river. Use one, or a combination, of the following three openings depending upon the goals and alignments of the characters.

The Long Arm of the Law

This opening is suitable for characters motivated to help the authorities, or at least to gain their favour.

The characters are approached by **Constable of the Watch Fidelus Crop** (N male human Ftr3, 20hp), the local city watch constable acting under the instructions of **Streetclerk Felicia Kent** (N female human Thf3, 8hp), who is in charge of law enforcement and other local matters in this area. Kent is disinterested in what she sees as a trivial issue, but Crop is greatly worried; he does not like the idea of walking corpses or people burning to death on his watch and is looking for help. He is already inundated with work (assaults and murders are common in the Blight), and word has reached him about the characters' exploits and prowess. While he cannot offer much in the way of financial reward, the friendship of the Office of the Watch could prove useful in the long run for the characters. Crop informs the characters of the location of Singhh's ghat and also indicates that previous victims are currently held at the Grime Street Morgue. The ghat is detailed in **Chapter 1** of this adventure, the morgue in **Chapter 2**.

Sights, Sounds, and Smells in the Blight

Seasons and the Weather

This adventure takes place around the vile Great Lyme River, a ubiquitous, filthy backdrop to the events of the investigation. The chemical, excrement stench from its foul flow is a regular reminder of its roiling presence; the distracting splashes and squelches of its lurking denizens are frequent warnings of the horrors that call it home. The corpses that occasionally roll into view from its turbid depths, only to be dragged back under by some wan devourer, are chilling evidence of the brutality of life along its course and the truth of sailors' tales of its flesh-eating monsters. The more familiar the characters are with the dark occupants of the deep, the more frightening the specific parts of the adventure will be where they face falling in.

Festival is very noisy and smells of sugar, tar, and sweat. *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City* details this area of the Blight and provides Referees with more information to present its many locations and rich flavour.

Running The Crucible in Other Cities

For a Referee who wishes to run *The Crucible* for his players but does not want to set it specifically in a Blight campaign, the locations within this adventure could easily appear in another town or city.

The Burning Ghats: A ghat is a religious site consisting of a set of steps leading to water used for various purposes, including cremation. Any crematoria or similar corpse-burning area can be substituted, as can a site connected to a holy building appropriate to your campaign, such as a small riverside temple. The site should have few possible witnesses.

The Pawnbroker's Tenement: Any building with a high rooftop is suitable, such as a tall manor divided into poor lodgings, a tower, or townhouse. Some of the details of the chase may also need to be modified.

The Leviathan Dig: The dig can be moved quite easily or changed without altering the flavour of the adventure. Instead of mysterious ancient beings, the Leviathans could be giants, dragons, dinosaurs or other more commonly known creatures. This area could also be changed into an ancient dungeon setting with the characters helping to open the chambers below.

The Dislocated Pier: The *Limpet* can be put on any pier or docklands.

The Great Windmill: If colossal feats of engineering are inappropriate for your campaign, substitute a riverside tower or a lighthouse for the windmill. No machinery is inside, but the crucible hangs within the structure.

Although the basics of the adventure should remain unchanged, the season when this adventure takes place may affect various encounters.

Winter: Winter is cold, with a 50% chance each day for a cold snap that lowers the temperature by a further 10° F. There is regular precipitation, most commonly as freezing fog or snow, but occasionally as hail, sleet, or heavy snow. The Lyme is nearly frozen, and anyone immersed in the water must deal with the cold as well as its denizens. Snow and ice hang on the rooftops, making climbing more difficult.

Spring: The spring weather is damp. Rain falls throughout the adventure, which influences ranged attacks, visibility and balance on the wet rooftops. Fires take longer to spread, having only a 75% chance of spreading to surrounding squares each round (see **Fire and Water** in **Chapter 6**).

Summer: The final encounter in the great windmill takes place when it is tinder dry. Fires spread twice as quickly, spreading to one adjacent 5ft square per round for every square that is already burning. It is also very dusty.

Autumn: Strong winds slash the city, and it rains often. These two factors offset each other in respect to the spreading of fires, so there are no game effects from that standpoint. However, if you determine it to be raining or windy during any outdoor encounters, apply penalties as you see fit to attacks, climbing, etc.

Chapter One: The Burning Ghats

This chapter covers the investigation as the characters seek out the source of the latest burning rumours and look into the case involving the ghat of M'hajeet Singh. It is primarily roleplaying and skill-based activities, so XP awards are designated for the characters uncovering certain clues.

The Strange Case of M'hajeet Singh

The initial investigation of the characters should begin at the ghat of the holy man M'hajeet Singh (Area A1). If the characters wish to gather information on the ghatmaster and the previous day's events before going to the scene, use the rumour table in the sidebar to determine the information they acquire.

Rumours about Singh

1d20	Rumour
8	"Did you hear about the ghat that Singh runs? Well, yesterday he was busy burning the dead and preparing them for the river when one of those corpses stood up and ran! Why, Beltane himself never made so bold a robbery!"
12	"I heard Singh has paid dearly for his walking corpse, and now locals won't go near his ghat at Angelsgate unless they're going to the Angel Church. Who can blame them? Once someone's dead they should have the decency to remain so."
17	"Some say Singh has fallen on hard times and pulled the stunt himself using a niece of his. I heard that a member of the Watch suggested that stringing him up and asking questions afterward would likely reveal a more natural than supernatural cause for this walking corpse."

A1. Singh's Ghat

Locating Singh's ghat at Angelsgate on the banks of the Lyme is simple. If the characters aren't locals and don't already know, anyone they ask can point them in the right direction.

Here, the poisoned river gurgles at the foot of a line of stone steps, their surfaces smoothed by age and tattooed with colourful tikkas and dyes. Above, the streets frown upon a singular space; within are six great slabs, and one bears a corpse laid atop a huge pyre of sweet-smelling timber, straw and spices. The redolence of sandalwood and exotic oils mingles with the more subtle smell of putrefaction from the body and, stronger, the distant stink of the river. Nearby, a painted and singing holy man is lighting coals.

Angelsgate is named for the stone angel atop the nearby Angel Church, and also because it connects the streets beyond to the river and was once used as a dock. Originally called "Angel Gate," it ceased to be a viable dockland area after the Angel Gate Fire in 1596, which consumed a dozen warehouses that lay not far from the dock and which were reached via a broad cobbled street that still remains today. A disused drinking trough in the shape of a whale lies about 50ft away from the ghat; faded markings state that it was "Donated by the Angel Gate Import and Storage Company" in 1582. The ghat has been here since 1597 when the local traders, the ancestors of the current Singh running the place, became more pious in the hope of work returning. Their prayers were answered in 1599 when renowned miller Halibut Quentin Crane (1534–1601) built a dye works on the land left by the warehouses. Unfortunately for Crane, a succubus enthralled him, stole his soul and took him to the Abyss. His eldest son, Sald Crane (1590–1688), took over. The dye works are still active today but use the canals for transportation.



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The holy man is the ghatmaster **M'hajeet Singhh** (N male human MU4, 13hp), who owns and operates the ghat here on the riverbank at Angelsgate. Singhh, who is usually very cheerful, is a slight but strong man of Jaata descent. However, the events of yesterday have robbed him of his spirits and trade. Anyone taking an interest in the ghatmaster soon finds themselves overwhelmed by his thanks and worries. The ghatmaster had at least five corpses to cremate this morning, but after yesterday's events, four people have withdrawn their loved ones for fear of them getting up and coming home. Singhh is so anxious to get his story out and so grateful for any potential help and interest that he babbles excitedly. Characters may need to use magic or find some way to calm Singhh to calm him sufficiently to get the bulk of his story out in a concise manner.

The "rising corpse" mentioned in the rumour was on a raised stone slab at **Point X** on the map. Singhh sleeps in a small, improvised flotsam shack (actually nothing more than four posts and a roof of wood and barrel parts) at **Point S**.

Singhh's Story

Singhh's life fell apart yesterday morning at the 6th hour of the prime (6 AM). He remembers the Angel Church clock (**Area A2**) striking the hour. It was very misty — he could barely see farther than his hands before his face — and the morning was still. He could hear that the workers repairing the church (**Area A3**) had just started their work.

If pressed to describe what happened when the corpse rose, he recalls that he heard voices — two voices, in fact: a man and a woman — and that they might have been arguing, though he did not hear any of the details of the exchange. He admits he had only just awoken.

Lenice Quarn — the corpse in question — was wearing a white pyre gown, a common burial attire, then arose, dashing past him wreathed in fire. She screamed, ran down the steps, and leapt into the water. The constabulary later assumed the corpse was taken by slop-sharks (see sidebar) because they couldn't find the body when they dragged the water. In fact, Lyme Constable Crop, the local Constable of the Watch, sent a couple of lads out in a boat with a hook and chain. But these searchers

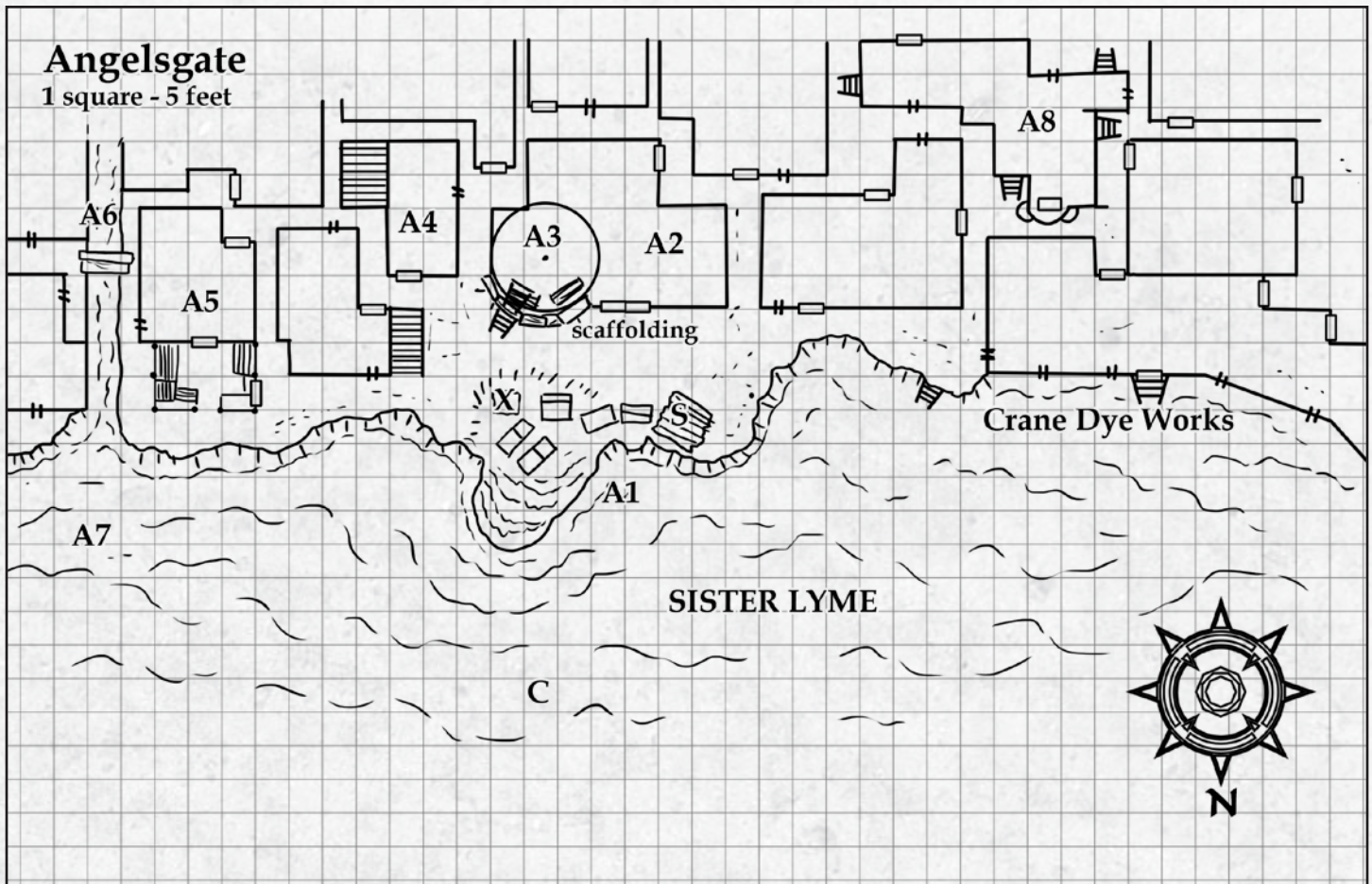
spent little more than 5 minutes looking, partly due to fear and partly due to the stench and stinging in their eyes caused by the recent dumping of a load of alchemical rot in the river here. Singhh thought the dragging was somewhat cursory, and assumes they would have looked harder if Crop had stayed to supervise. If questioned about the local gossip that his niece was the walking corpse, Singhh looks confused and explains that he has no niece.

What Really Happened

Yesterday, Mahaas, the deformed hireling of the Organ Grinder, waylaid the prostitute Constance Chanterelle near the ghats just before the 6th bell. The air was thick with the Canker; visibility was a handful of feet. Constance wore a plain white dress, which in the light could easily be mistaken for a funeral shroud like Lenice's. Mahaas was obsessed with Constance — many men were — but she found him repulsive and always refused his advances. After she had done so again yesterday, Mahaas threatened her with a vial of fire he had stolen from the Organ Grinder. Constance started to run, and Mahaas, in a fit of frustration, threw the vial at her, little knowing what would happen. The vial smashed when it struck the girl, releasing a tiny ragefire spawn (see **Appendix A**) that immediately attached to her flesh and clothing. As the poor girl struggled, consumed in the devilish fire, she staggered into Singhh's view, her face wreathed in flame and obscured. Screaming, she ran to the water and leapt in. As she plunged under the water, she was carried by a submerged current and became caught in the rusting embrace of an old iron fishing vessel sunken just off shore. While the ragefire spawn was destroyed, extinguished by its immersion in the water, the damage had been done and, too weak to escape the snag, there the poor girl drowned.

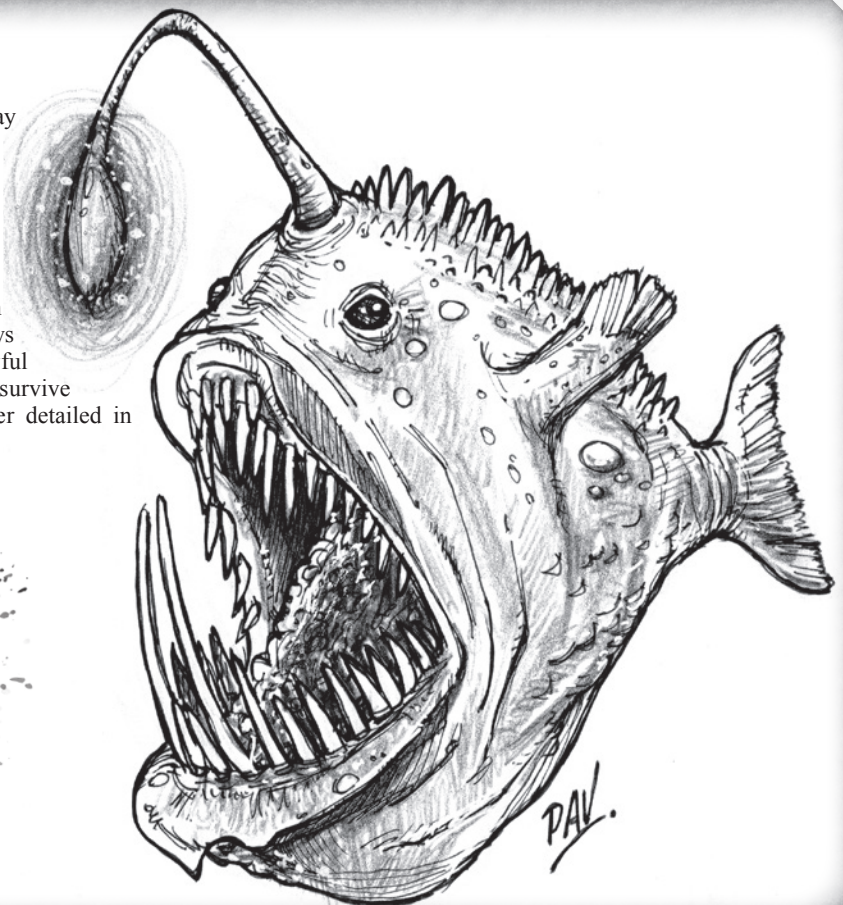
Singhh's attention was on the dress: a white dress identical — so he thought — to one worn by one of his clients' corpses. While Singhh's attention was wholly taken by what the ghatmaster thought was one of his charges — risen, burning, and screaming — Mahaas saw the corpse in the white dress and spontaneously contrived a plan. He quickly snatched the white-shrouded corpse, stuffing it into a nearby handcart belonging to





Slop-Sharks

The terror of all who use the river as their main way across the city, slop-sharks are one of the many predators lurking just beneath the rubbish and waste-strewn surface of the Lyme. Also known as Lyme anglers, from the smaller juveniles to the massive specimens that are the stuff of nightmares, all slop-sharks resemble ragged sacks of putrid flesh about to burst open with a glowing lantern-like appendage dangling from between their eyes. They have great wide mouths filled with rows of ragged teeth, and their horrific diseased bite causes awful infections that frequently kill anyone lucky enough to survive the trauma. Lyme anglers (aka slop-sharks) are further detailed in *The Tome of Blighted Horrors* by Frog God Games.



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the pie-seller Master Cookcroft (**Area A4**). He then fled with it into the Canker. Having hidden the stolen corpse in the river upstream, Mahaas believed he had committed the perfect murder and returned to his home on Festival.

Recovering the Body

Constance's body has not been eaten by slop-sharks yet because of the foul alchemic effluent dumped here last night (which also quickly drove the searchers off), and it is still lodged in the rusting skeleton of a small fishing vessel 30ft out from Singhh's ghat (**Point C**) and under 15ft of water. This is where she died and where the ragefire spawn was likewise snuffed out.

Local children sagely inform anyone they see examining or entering the river here that it is full of slop-sharks in these parts and warn them against swimming out. If the characters are nice to the children or reward them for their volunteered information, one of them remembers seeing some men from the local dye works dumping some barrels into the river upstream the day before yesterday. The child overheard them laughing and saying "It's not like anyone drinks from the river, 'cept the sharks, o' course, and this'll give 'em what for! They'll be outta' here like a flash!"

The waters are inky black, and visibility beneath the surface is only 2ft, beyond which is total darkness without a light source. Anyone in the cold water can feel things moving about around them, and objects suddenly come into their view — an odd boot (perhaps with a foot still in it), a corn doll, a blind white slug. The party has a 10% chance per character searching in the water to locate Constance's body. If successful, it suddenly appears — wan and terribly burnt — out of the murky waters. The corpse can be disentangled easily from the metal and dragged back to shore. The majority of burns are on her face and neck, and the shape of these burns resemble claw marks. The cause of death was drowning from the water in her lungs. When Constance leapt into water, the ragefire was snuffed out, and she was close to death. Too weak to swim or fight the minimal current, she was pulled under, became lodged in the wreck, passed out, and ultimately drowned. What remains of her dress is white and plain, and she wears no shoes. The wreckage of her face is drawn into an eternal, silent scream. On the back of her shoulder is a crudely rendered tattoo with the image of a black rose.

Development: If the characters find Constance's body, they can find a local able to identify her. But identifying a body is an unpleasant business, and the characters stir up suspicion, anger, and resentment, triggering **Event 1** below.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters successfully determine the cause of death as drowning, award each of them 30 XP. If they correctly identify the body, award them 60 XP.

Constance and Speak with Dead

The characters can learn what happened to Constance by using *speak with the dead* on her corpse. When the spell is cast, the corpse animates with a scream before it is consumed with sobs and moans. Coughing up foul river water, it answers the characters' questions in a gurgling voice that a deformed man called Mahaas abused her with colourful language when she refused his advances, and threatened her with a "burning terror in a crystal flask" before she turned to run. Then the flask hit her, and she was engulfed in flames that tore at her neck like claws. She jumped into the river and the fire went out, but she became caught on something and couldn't get free. Other than describing Mahaas' appearance (see **Area B8-13**), the corpse knows little else of use to the characters.

A2. Church of the Angel

Currently wreathed in bamboo scaffolding (**Area A3**), the church steeple is being repaired. A lightning strike caused the damage. The church is consecrated to Maelstrom, the Archangel of Vengeance. The interior decoration and stained-glass windows speak of revenge and the punishment of sin.

A3. The Workmen

Enoch and Dillard Sheldon (N male humans, 6hp each), 2 steeplejacks from the East Ending, are currently repairing the church steeple. Both are men of few words and do not like to stop working to talk, as they are paid upon completion of the job, not by the hour. They do not respond to shouts from the street below.

Characters wishing to question them must scale a series of three thin ladders that ascend 60ft before meeting sparse bamboo scaffolding to traverse, which extends outward from the spire over the street below via an overhang. Non-thief characters who try to climb up to the men must make 3 checks during the climb with a 15% chance of slipping. If a character slips, he must make a saving throw to grab hold of an outcropping or rung. Otherwise, he takes 4d6 points of damage from the fall (as he crashes through the ladders and bounces off the stone walls) and ends up on a ledge. Of course, they could use some other means of reaching the men. Alternatively, characters can wait until the end of the day when the pair descend. However, at this time, both are anxious to return to their families and move briskly through the city streets, not stopping without good reason.

The characters must somehow get the taciturn brothers speaking to learn what they know. Dillard was working on the upper steeple in the morning when, alerted by screams and Singhh's yells, he saw the burning figure run and leap into the river. Enoch, however, also recalls seeing a hooded man in a multi-coloured patchwork coat hastily pushing a handcart away from the ghat just afterward. He assumes it was a local thief, taking advantage of the diversion.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters acquire this information from the workmen, award them 30 XP each.

A4. The Pieman

Master Cookcroft (N male human cook, 11hp) is a huge, bald man who makes fine pies, including a mint lamb and a very passable minced beef and ale that he sells for 1sp each in his nearby shop. If the characters enquire about his handcart, the pieman tells the characters that his cart vanished yesterday while he was making a delivery near the ghats, but that he found it later near the river upstream where the amiable Cookcroft suspects that children were playing a trick and hid it. Examining the cart reveals curious oil stains on the top. These stains are traces of the perfumed oils and resins used by Jaata holy men to prepare corpses for cremation. More stains are within the cart. Cookcroft can show the characters where he found the cart (**Area A6**) if they ask. The route goes right past a fruiterer's shop (**Area A5**).

Ad Hoc XP Award: Finding and identifying the oil stains earns the characters 15 XP each.

A5. Gorse & Sons Fruit

Making enquiries at the fruiterer's reveals that Gorse, the owner, saw the hooded man in the patchwork coat pushing the pieman's cart up the street at about 6th hour but didn't want to get involved. He, too, assumes it was a thief who soon slipped over a nearby rickety canal bridge (**Area A6**) and into the Canker. He lets the characters know that he's seen this hooded man before, hanging around the working girls at Armington's Tenements (**Area A7**).

A6. Rickety Canal Bridge

A pair of planks cross an open sewer here. Presently, a dead dog lies beached on an isle of filth 10ft directly below the bridge, which creaks ominously as it is crossed but remains whole and sound.

A7. Corpse of Lenice Quarn

If the characters search the river near where the cart was found, they have a cumulative 10% chance per 10 minutes they search of uncovering the body of Lenice Quarn, the corpse Singh was supposed to cremate and which he thought had burst into flames and run into the river. Like Constance's body, it, too, has remained unmolested by aquatic predators due to the dye factory's chemical dumping upstream. Heavy stones from the docks have been used to keep the corpse, still clad in its white but now stained and dirty funeral dress, from floating to the surface. It has patches of abraded skin and several dislocated joints that reveals that the corpse recently was forced into a small space.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters correctly deduce that the body had been stowed in the pie cart resulting in its damaged state, award them each 60 XP.

A8. The Angelsgate Working Girls

The local doxies lodge in Armington's Tenements, which lie two streets back from the river, close to the Crane Dye Works. The dye workers are good customers of the girls, and nights can get rowdy in the seemingly endless number of local gin shops, alehouses, and taverns. After dark, thieves or worse set upon characters who become embroiled in the violent drunkenness that plagues this district.

Talking with the girls (and offering coin readily gets them to talk) reveals that Constance was being plagued by a vile character by the name of Mahaas, a two-headed freak who lives somewhere on Festival. However, unless the characters are careful not to implicate Mahaas in Constance's murder, the girls may decide to visit vengeance upon Mahaas themselves.

Event 1: Street Justice

If the locals learn that the characters have Constance's body, the Angelsgate working girls soon arrive with their pimp and his gang. They do not want the body interfered with, especially by vile and unnatural *speaking with the dead* spells, and demand that it be cremated properly. They are prepared to fight for it if necessary. The group consists of **12 Angelsgate doxies** and a trio of burly **Angel Gang enforcers**. Their pimp and gang leader, a strange-looking fellow known as the **Cherub**, leads them. Muscled and tattooed, he is an albino, his shock of white hair and unblemished pale skin making him look almost angelic, but his knowing smile is anything but. If the characters do not accede to the gang's wishes, they are willing to take the body by force, cheered on by the rowdy girls, who will not balk at the odd kick, punch and choice language.

The Cherub (Thf5): HP 16; AC 7[12]; Atk +1 *short sword* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** backstab (x3), +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 89%, Tasks/Traps 35%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 30%, Silent 40%, Locks 30%.

Equipment: leather armor, dandy attire, heavy waxed fisherman's coat, +1 *short sword*, *potion of slipperiness*, fine gold ring depicting a whale swallowing a ship full of nuns (700gp), coil of black pudding in a brown paper bag

Note: The Cherub fights haughtily, singing hymns of the Holy Mother as he does so. He prefers to single out opponents, and challenges them to duels of "just you and me." Of course, he cheats whenever he can. Strangely, he is fair and much loved by his girls, and when he succeeds in any great way in combat, he moves to one of the girls to receive a kiss.

Too important to die, the Cherub bows and tries to flee if reduced to half his hit points, and bows and surrenders if reduced to 10 or fewer hit points, knowing his friends in high places will pay his ransom. How this develops is left to you.

Lemon, Kind Karg, and Fetid (Angel Gang Enforcers) (Ftr4): HP 30, 27, 23; AC 7[12]; Atk battleaxe (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (4) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: leather armor, shield, battleaxe, pouch with 30+2d10gp in assorted coins, knick-knacks such as a lucky human toe mounted in a silver plate worth 12gp (Lemon), a set of worn dice carved with rude images (Kind Karg), and a jar of roll-mop herrings (Fetid)

If the Cherub flees or is defeated, the enforcers flee or surrender; otherwise, they fight to the death.

Angelsgate Daxies (12): HD 1d6hp; HP 6, 5x3, 4x3, 3x4, 2; AC 9[10]; Atk dagger (1d4) or sap (1d2); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/10; **Special:** none.

Equipment: dagger, sap, 1d6sp.

The doxies shout abuse at anyone fighting the gang and protect any badly injured friends by trying to shield them with their bodies and provide cover for them, attacking anyone who comes too close with their saps and daggers. If the Cherub flees or is defeated, or if half their number are defeated, the doxies flee or surrender.

Tactics: The group, like most in the Blight, automatically assume the characters have some dirty reason for taking the girl's body, or worse, are responsible for her death and come calling like a baying mob. The characters can diffuse the situation by convincing the Cherub of their authority or good intentions, but, aided by his gang and girls, he is difficult to convince. Showing a symbol of some sort of office in the investigation, such as a written authority by Lyme Constable Crop, goes a long way to convincing him. Any attempt to intimidate the gang, however, immediately leads to hostility. If the characters manage to escape them with the body, the gang resorts to finding where the characters lodge

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through their extensive list of local contacts if necessary. You can assume in this case that unless the characters left the area magically, or used some cunning escape that you feel deserves a reward for ingenuity, they find them within 1d6 hours.

Development: Fighting these thugs causes complications both immediately as locals refuse to speak to the characters for fear of gang reprisals, and at later dates as relatives and friends of the gang and their girls come looking to settle the score. How and when this reprisal occurs is left to you, but it should involve an encounter with thieves from the local arm of the Thieves' Guild (a.k.a. The Guild).

The Trail of Mahaas

Having learnt the identity of the murderer, the characters likely wish to gather information about Mahaas. If so, use the results in the sidebar table but impose a -5 penalty to the roll if the information gathering is not conducted on Festival.

Rumours about Mahaas

1d20	Rumour
7	"One can only pity so poor a soul, stricken as he is with the second-head fluke*. He hides that terrible second face away under a great hood, which he wears to spare the fear of those he passes. He has many such hoods — some bright and gay, some dark and shadowy."
12	"That freak has been seen lurking around Festival for years. They say his second head is alive and that it talks to birds and beasts!"
17	"There's more to him than meets the eye. He has lodgings with that Uriah Mean, and we all know about that miserly pawnbroker. They say Mahaas keeps the same sort of dark company and has friends willing to die for him."

*See *The Tome of Blighted Horrors* by Frog God Games

Chapter Two:

The Grime Street Morgue

If the characters wish to gather information about any similar burning deaths in recent weeks, use the results in the sidebar table.

Rumours about Previous Victims

1d20	Rumour
5	"The constabulary have five previous victims of spontaneous combustion interred in the Grime Street Morgue."
10	"The five victims were all loners."
15	"Did you hear about the strange rain that fell on the nights they died? Storms whipping out of nowhere and vanishing as soon as they started. Mighty strange coincidence if you ask me."

At the Morgue

Characters can easily obtain directions to the Grime Street Morgue if they don't already have them. Run by **Underclerk Ernest R. Wigmore** (N male human mortician, 4hp), the morgue rests at the edge of the Hollow and Broken Hills district of the city, roughly 100 yards from the Chain Ferry, and consists of a small office cluttered with wooden filing drawers and ledgers. A locked door leads to a short flight of steps down to a large lime-washed cellar with a dozen wooden biers for incoming bodies. Ernest is a stickler for duty, and for the characters to gain any kind of access to the cellar, he must be convinced of their good intentions. Mentioning Lyme Constable Crop's name automatically convinces him to let the characters pass.

So far, the first three bodies have been subjected to *Speak with the Dead* spells by the authorities and all questions and answers studiously recorded in a ledger. Characters can gain access to the ledger only by stealing it. The ledger reveals that, in each case, a standard set of questions was asked and the answers were similar:

Q: Were you attacked? **A:** Yes
Q: Did you know your attacker? **A:** No.
Q: What attacked you? **A:** Living fire. It burnt so bad!
Q: Did the living fire say anything? **A:** No.

If the characters have some spell that might allow them further question the corpses, the basic story is the same for each victim. They were sleeping alone in the streets and awoke under attack from a fire creature that hung onto their flesh and burnt them to death. In their suffering, none of the victims saw the Artificer nearby, carefully noting the effects of her vile attack.

If asked, Ernest can confirm that the bodies were all found on the isle of Festival. Characters have a 1-in-6 chance to notice that Ernest becomes unsettled when he mentions the name Festival. In truth, the Underclerk has

heard the rumours about the isle — that it is home to a nest of wererats. If pressed, he reveals that getting the bodies back over to the morgue was an issue. The current Festival Watch Captain, Edrin Grast (see **Area F5**), is luckily dealing with an internal matter, and the main City Watch were able to demand the bodies. In truth, Ernest suspects that knowing the Watch over on the island, this matter would not have come to light but for the hysteria that greeted it.

The bodies retain their clothes, mostly charred to nothing in places with bits of metal from rings or necklaces actually melted into the scorched flesh, but shreds do remain. Any belongings are kept in a drawer in the corpse's bier clearly marked as "Victim's Personal Effects" and are detailed below.

Each victim marked **W** shows signs of the water elemental the Artificer summoned to quench the fire and kill the ragefire. These effects are detailed on the first victim Rosie for reference.

Victim #1, Rosie Weft (W): The horribly burnt body of this young woman shows signs of the Artificer's use of a summoned water elemental to extinguish the ragefire elemental. Characters inexplicably find signs that the body was immersed in water although it was found on dry land. Her clothing has been burnt, but close checking reveals curious bruising and tearing of her subcutaneous tissues consistent with being struck by a force from the front, more or less evenly across her whole body. The burns resemble claws digging into flesh in at least two places.

Victim #2, Edmund Hyde: The Artificer pushed this victim into the Lyme. The corpse again shows signs of fiery claws that characters can discover. Edmund's burnt clothes are the ragged garb of a low-caste person or beggar. Ernest can confirm that the constabulary knew Edmund, and he was a sad case. His wife ran away with a sailor 12 years ago, and he'd been drowning his sorrows in gin ever since. If asked, Ernest can provide the characters with the address of the Grinning Lacedon, a public house on Festival where Hyde was known to drink. For more information on that ghastly drinking pit, see **Further Leads** below.

When hired by the Organ Grinder, Mahaas told him of a number of people on Festival whom he thought "could easily go missing," and two were people he'd seen frequenting Mean's pawnshop. Hyde was one of them, and the other was the navvy (Victim #5 below).

Victim #3, Eugene Wolkman (W): Eugene was a loner who slept on the docks where he worked. Three locals saw him running through the streets, his body a blazing pyre of flame. Their statements are included in Ernest's ledger. All three witnesses claim to have seen a watery figure the size of a man strike the victim, quenching the flames, and believe it was a sign from the gods to protect them from injury. One witness, Goodwife Blacksyrup, claims to have heard a strange chanting just before the watery creature struck.

Victim #4, N.N. Number One: An apparent tramp, this young man's corpse shows all the hallmarks of a ragefire attack. The head is terribly burnt, in particular. He was found floating among the docks last week.

Victim #5, N.N. Number Two (W): Apparently a navvy (dock labourer), this victim was found 3 days ago. He shows the signs of the ragefire's attacking claws. A search of the victim's belongings uncovers a pawnbroker's ticket along with 3gp, 7sp, and an iron key, all of which have also been logged by Ernest. The ticket is for a rapier pawned for 5gp and is signed "Uriah Mean, Riverside Tenement Pawnbroker, Festival."

Non Nominis

The designation "N.N." is used in the City-State of Castorhage to indicate an individual whose name is not known, much like the use of John Doe in the United States. It is from the ancient language of High Boros and means "Non Nominus," or "Name Unknown."

Go Far, Go Good?

By this stage of their investigation, it is hoped the characters should know two key pieces of information. First that they are searching for a man called Mahaas who suffers from second-head fluke and who lives somewhere on Festival, and second that there is a link from two previous victims to a pawnbroker on the same isle. Luckily for the characters, visiting the pawnbroker's tenement on Festival leads them straight to their quarry. The characters can get to Festival on the Chain Ferry (see sidebar), which costs 1sp per passenger; they can also arrange a more private and convenient crossing by private charter for 10gp.

The Chain Ferry

The Chain Ferry to Festival is a large, flat-bottomed barge pulled by a chain across the river. It is teeming with pleasure seekers, and has a large number of traders, puppeteers, and actors who ply their trades during its 10-minute crossing, which costs 1sp. *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City* gives more details of this ferry and the occupants.

Festival

When the characters finally reach Festival, read or paraphrase the following description:

Festival up close is even more insane than seems feasible. A vast bloated isle of garish colour rises from a wide, crowded shore of bright buildings, seemingly a freak gust of wind away from tumbling into the silty waters about her. Banners and hoardings and signs proclaim the last chance to see the "Dreadful Supper of Four Broken Men as One," the "Awful Whale-Girl," and "Foul Mother Broken." These signs compete for height and colour and size, obscuring Festival as it rises through crooked streets to a great fayre at its summit.

And as the chain ferry clanks to the harbour, there is a rush of entertainers: a dwarf in red cries out an invitation to see the Great Ape of Dark Libynos; an impossibly tall man wearing a hood with a single eyehole holds out a vast hand for alms; and a curious and ugly organ grinder sends his human-faced monkey to collect coppers while he plays his strange-looking organ.

The organ player is in fact the **Organ Grinder**, an NPC with a significant role in the adventure, with his pet Blight monkey. Whilst presently he has no interest to the characters, nor any knowledge of them, them later recalling this meeting may help the characters to deduce where the villain's performing patch encompasses. More information is detailed further in this adventure.

If the characters wish to gather information on the pawnbroker, Uriah Mean, use the table in the sidebar to determine the information they acquire.

Rumours about Uriah Mean

1d20	Rumour
5	"Mean by name, mean by nature. He has no soul, that vile gnome. All he loves is money, and his every waking thought is driven by how to acquire more of it. His tenement lies at the edge of the Isle of Festival, very near the Chain Ferry in a part of the district known as the Footings. You can't miss it — it's the place that looks like it's falling into the river. It's one of the worst in the area. Leaks and holes, rot and mould — that's what thrives there. I wouldn't give you a fourthling to spend a night there although he lives in that barge outside."
10	"They say Mean was crippled during a hunt and that he can't stand by himself, but I've heard different. I've heard he dabbles in magic of a most dark sort, and that his injuries were inflicted by a cat which caught him when he was scuttling about in the form of a rat!"
13	"Some people say Mean is one of the Family — the ruling clan of wererats who have Festival held in their small sharp teeth. The Family take care of their own, they say, and to cross any of them is dangerous."
17	"Oh, he's in the Family alright! He has that thug Mister Mackerel to watch over his affairs and to deal with anyone who annoys him. You need to tread lightly 'round old Mean lest you're paid a visit in the night."

Other Possible Leads on Festival

The locations of the locales used across Festival are detailed on the area map. Two locations have been mentioned in passing: the Grinning Lacedon and the Festival Watch Station, both of which are detailed below and numbered accordingly to their tag on the overall map of the city provided in *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City*.

The Grinning Lacedon

The Lacedon lurks in a mouldy corner of the Footings. Even from the outside, it looks to be on its last legs; within, it is even more decayed.

Here is a curiosity: This building literally sags. It leans between its neighbours, a dying building of dying timber and dying stone. The stone resembles rotting teeth in a swollen timber mouth. Above hangs a revolting object, a mummified ghoul, its leering face grinning directly down at the doorway.

Within, the twisted ornamentation grows and festers. Here is an obsessive collector's lifetime of obsession — about lacedons. There are paintings of their demise at the blades of heroic nobles, several bones in walnut cabinets, an obsessive amount of religious protection from both Brine and Mother Grace, and in one corner is a whole preserved lacedon skeleton labelled as a curiosity from the Physician's Institute in BookTown (**Area B18**).

THE CRUCIBLE

Wintry Theram (L female human barkeep, 14hp), a sour-faced old witch who last smiled in 1693 accordingly to local legend, owns the Lacedon. Characters seeing Theram can discern her breeding beneath the decay in her bearing and may even spot a ratty old fur coat hanging behind the bar. Theram hates her station in life, and longs for the Capitol from which — regrettably — she was exiled after offending a member of the Tredici Family. The comings and goings and base humour of commoners revolts her, but if someone notes her breeding and uses the correct etiquette, they may get her to open up. Characters of high caste (if you use such characters) automatically know the right way to do things. Theram takes a shine to such characters and brings out a bottle of fine vintage wine (only offering it to the characters that impressed her, and drinking most of it herself), although she soon gets boring with her one-track talk about the magnificence of the Capitol and her grand stained-glass windows, lofty gardens and good manners.

The aloof owner recalls that Hyde (she never refers to anyone by their first name) had been flush with coin recently, having sold his wife's dresses to the pawnbroker Uriah Mean. "What a revolting, degenerate thing to do and to what a revolting and degenerate individual," she editorializes. She barred Mean from the Lacedon on sight, but she does know where he lives and can provide the characters with details (see **Chapter 3**).

§5. The Festival Watch

A squat, rather dirty stone tower rises from the quayside. It has become home to seagulls and crows, and its sides are streaked with years of their droppings.

Some of these fowl operate as eyes and ears for members of the Family; it pays to know what is occurring in the local watch.

The Festival Watch consists of **32 constables**, recognizable by their emblazoned grey and green uniforms and the short scourges they wield to carry out their duties — which generally revolve around dealing with drunks and minor scuffles. There are also **5 Sergeants of the Watch** led by **Watch Captain Edrin Grast**.

Grast is presently away — at the behest of one of the ruling families of Festival — and his place is taken by **Acting Captain Pleasant Fumitory**. Fumitory is a classic bully, and easily kowtowed by another. He knows little (and frankly cares less) about the strange deaths; strange deaths happen all the time on Festival, and a talk with him reveals little except his love of licorice — which he stuffs in his fat mouth constantly. The characters should really come away with how indifferent the Watch are — they may even make jokes about the victims. This should give the characters a higher personal sense of justice and worth than the local law; if it were left to them, the deaths would remain unsolved.

Acting Captain Pleasant Fumitory (Halfling Wererat): HD 6; HP 39; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d3), short sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** control rats, lycanthropy, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

Equipment: leather armor, short sword, 2d6gp.

Watch Captain Edrin Grast (Halfling Wererat): HD 8; HP 57; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d3), short sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** control rats, lycanthropy, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

Equipment: leather armor, short sword, 2d6gp.

Sergeants of the Watch (Male Halfling) (Ftr4/Thf2) (5): HP 20; AC 7[12]; Atk scourge (whip) (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** backstab (x2), +4 save vs. magic, +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.

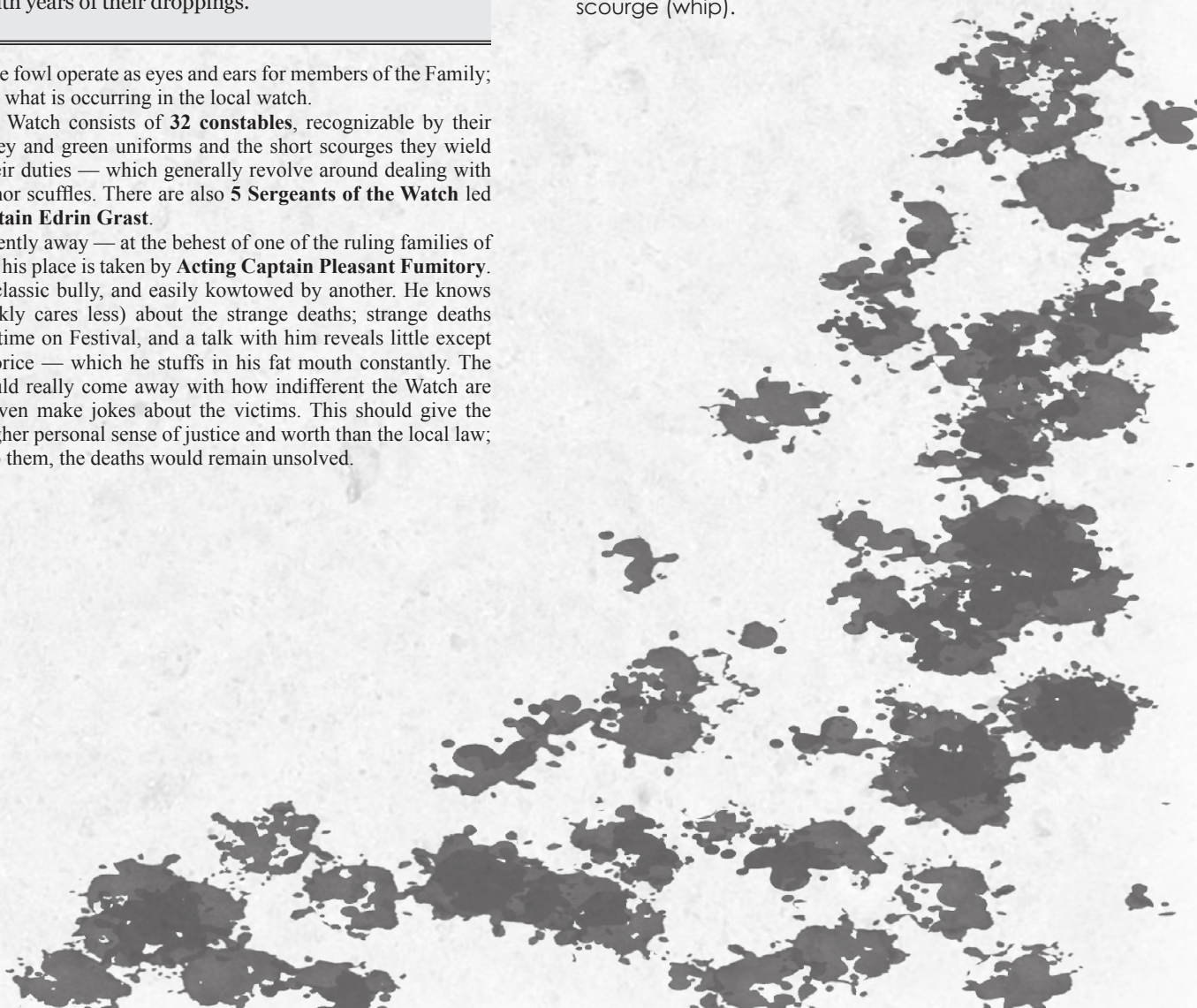
Thieving Skills: Climb 86%, Tasks/Traps 25%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 25%, Silent 35%, Locks 25%;

Equipment: grey and green uniform, leather armor, scourge (whip).

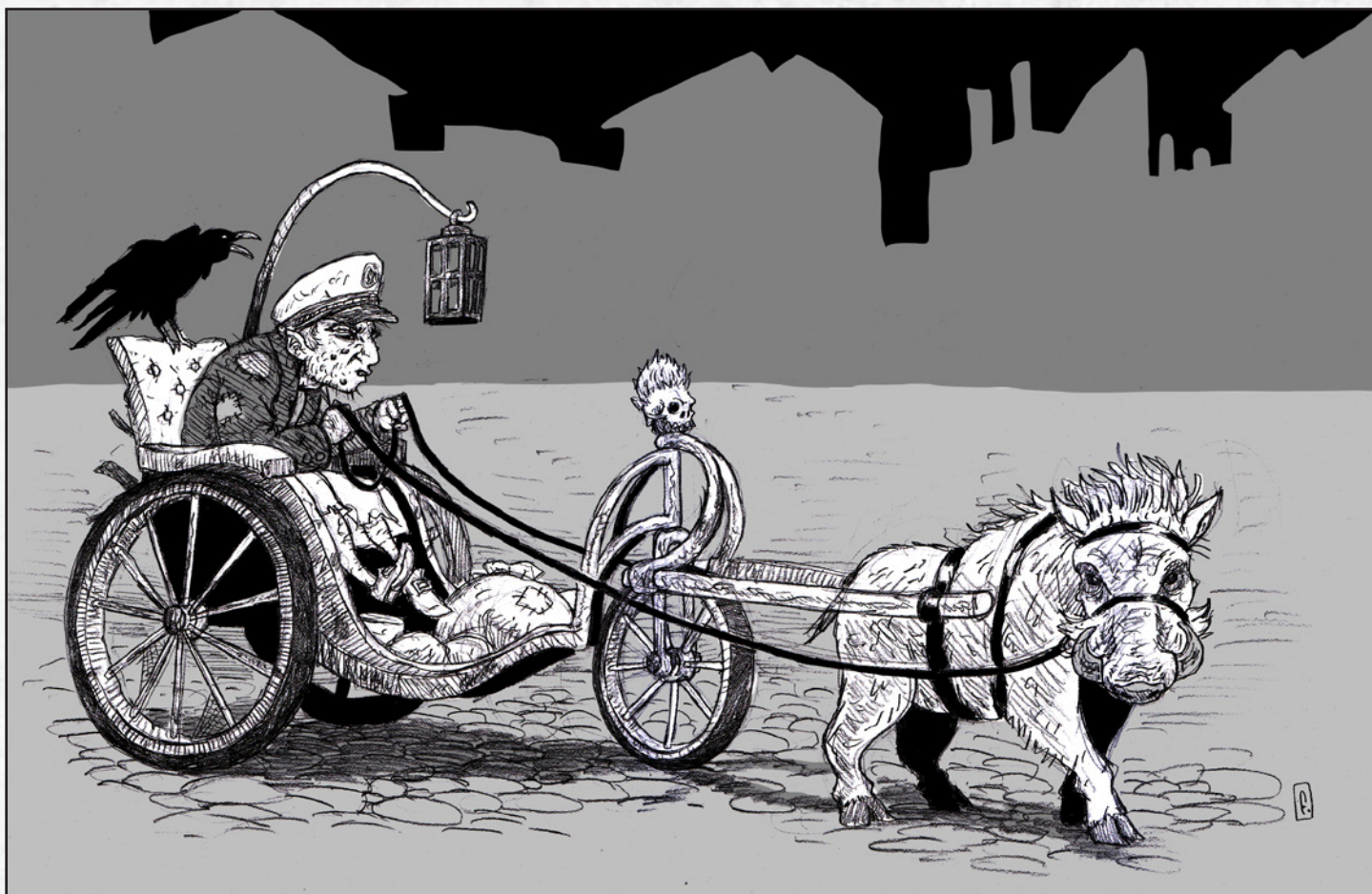
Constables (Male Halfling) (Ftr2/Thf1) (32): HP 10; AC 7[12]; Atk scourge (whip) (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** backstab (x2), +4 save vs. magic, +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 85%, Tasks/Traps 20%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 20%, Silent 30%, Locks 20%;

Equipment: grey and green uniform, leather armor, scourge (whip).



Chapter Three: The Pawnbroker's Tenement



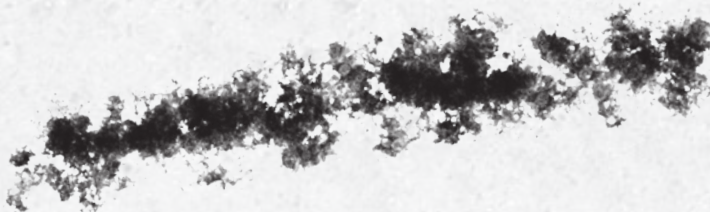
Bath-chairs and Pawnbrokers

A bath-chair is an early type of wheelchair for invalids. They are usually pulled by an animal that the driver controls with reins, like a light, one-man cart. Fairly rare in other parts of Akados (though not entirely unheard of among the most cosmopolitan population centres), they occasion little comment within the urban sprawl of Castorhage.

A pawnbroker offers secured loans to people, with items of personal property used as collateral. If an item is pawned for a loan, the pawnier may redeem it for the amount of the loan plus some agreed-upon amount for interest within a certain contractual period of time. The amount of time and rate of interest is usually governed by the pawnbroker's policies. If the loan is not paid (or extended, if applicable) within the time period, the pawned item is offered for sale by the pawnbroker. Pawnbrokers may also sell items that have been sold outright to them by customers. The most famous (or infamous) pawnshop in Castorhage is the Soiled Sow Inn on Festival.

Uriah Mean, the infamous pawnbroker, is a bath-chair-bound halfling wererat magic-user and an honorary member of the Family — the amalgamation of wererat clans who rule Festival. The infamous pleasure island secretly operates in the name of the Rat Queen — one of the so-called “gods” of the Blight who, like many of its deities, actually physically live in the city.

Mean operates from his river barge, which is anchored at a small jetty at the foot of his tenement building that overlooks the Chain Ferry as marked on the map. As is frequently seen across the urban sprawl of the Blight, structures have converged and Mean's barge has merged with and become a part of his tenement building. It is a mass of alterations and extensions, enhancements, add-ons, and botched improvements. Mahaas lodges in the attic garret of the tenement and is one of Mean's many tenants.



Uriah Mean, a Villain for All Seasons

Uriah Mean is an ugly old halfling with withered, useless legs and bushy white eyebrows that prop up a faded old sea captain's cap. He slumps in a rusted bath-chair resting on squeaking wheels. A harnessed boar with tiny, bloodshot eyes, coarse grey fur and yellow tusks pulls the contraption. The halfling uses reins tied to the boar's tusks to control the beast. A large black crow perches on the back of the chair, struggling to keep its balance and cawing loudly as the contraption lurches with every snap of the reins in the gnome's hands.

Uriah Mean (Halfling Wererat MU7): HD 8; HP 41; AC 6[13] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** bite (1d3), dagger (1d4); **Move** 3 (bath-chair) or 15 (pulled by Mange in boar form); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** control rats, lycanthropy, +2 saves (spells, wands, staves), silver or +1 or better weapons to hit, spells (4/3/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile*, *read languages*, *shield*, *sleep*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*fly*, *lightning bolt*; 4th—*wizard eye*.

Equipment: **Combat Gear** +1 dagger, *lenses of charming*, *potion of extra healing*, *wand of lightning bolt* (2 charges, 4d6 damage), spell component pouch, key ring with keys to door of barge (**Area B1**) and trunk (**Area B3**)

Note: Anyone struck by Mean's bath chair when it is pulled by Mange the imp in boar form must make a saving throw or take 1d4 points of damage.

Lovely (Crow): HD B1d6hp; HP 4; AC 8[11]; **Atk** bite (1d2); **Move** 6 (flying 18); **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special:** none.

Mange (Imp): HD 2; HP 13; AC 2[17]; **Atk** sting (1d4 plus poison); **Move** 6 (flying 16); **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** immune to fire, poison tail (1d4 damage, save resists), polymorph (2 animal forms), regenerate (1hp/round), silver or +1 or better magical weapons to hit. (**Monstrosities** 262)

Note: As it rarely leaves his presence, Mean's thrall is usually encountered as a boar pulling its master's bath-chair. It can escape its harness by changing back into imp form, which it does as soon as it is aware of an attack.

The notorious pawnbroker and slum tyrant Uriah Mean is a bitter and miserly cripple whose apparent obsession with crushing his tenants and debtors' hopes for better lives is matched only by his acquisitive, endless greed. Whilst in rat form, a huge tomcat (the magically enhanced pet of a local wizard) mauled the halfling, leaving him unable to use his legs — and with an irrational fear of cats. He spends most of his time confined to a rickety bath-chair that is pulled around by a trained boar (actually an imp called Mange) that rarely leaves his presence.

His pet crow, Lovely, who always perches at his side during business deals and negotiations, is known to sometimes accost visitors to Mean's barge, demanding to know their business in its screeching voice, and to deliver messages for its master. With its ability to talk to other birds, it has become the matriarch of a large murder of crows that roost on Mean's tenement building, teaching them to hunt stray cats and cry warnings of intruders.

A member of the Family, Mean's claims of "powerful friends" are no idle boast. If Mean survives the events of this adventure, he may become a recurring villain in the campaign, complicating the characters' lives with his manipulations and greed. For more information about the Family, see *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City*.

Tactics: Mean casts *shield* before meeting with anyone, if possible. A competent liar, Mean tries to talk his way out of threatening situations before resorting to violence. During combat, Mean casts *invisibility* and then casts *fly* as soon as he can, allowing Mange to cover his retreat out of his enemies' reach. Once clear, he releases Dogg (**Area B2**), and then casts his attack spells as appropriate.

Mean is able to use his crippled legs slightly but at a greatly reduced speed. He highly values his own life and seeks to escape if severely injured. If prevented from fleeing, he curls into a cringing ball and begs for mercy, though it will certainly not be long before he is plotting his revenge if permitted to live.

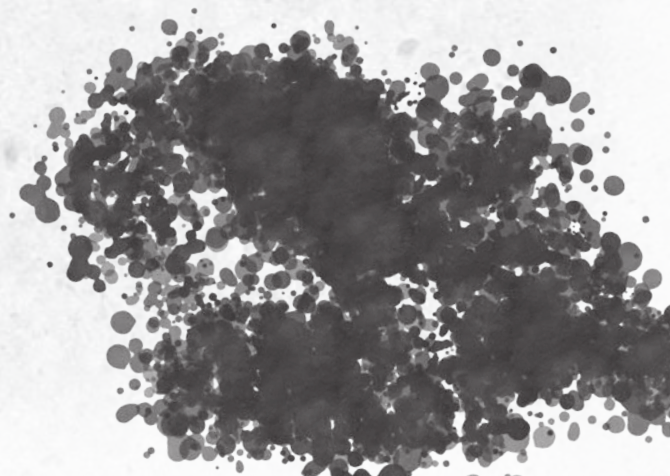
Of potential interest to characters is that Mean is terrified of cats. If he sees one, he shrieks in fear and either demands its removal or attacks it using his *wand of lightning bolts* or by commanding Mange to attack. In either case, he is afraid for as long as the cat is within sight and for 1d4+2 minutes thereafter.

Development: When the characters first meet Mean, he acts friendly and obsequious toward them, just the typical oily junk dealer looking to score some coin from potential customers. However, Mean is cunning and wants to know what the characters know. He asks questions, offers help, and may even sponsor the characters financially if he feels it would bear fruit, though ultimately he betrays them. If the characters start asking questions about missing customers, Mean secretly recalls both but claims to know nothing about either of them. If told of their murders, he becomes very interested and asks many questions, trying to glean what the characters know about them. If asked about Mahaas, Mean says he may be able to help, but wants to know as much as the characters will reveal about why they want to locate him and what their motives are. When he has gleaned as much information from them as he thinks he can, he'll reveal that Mahaas is his tenant and that his garret can be reached by climbing the ladder at the front of the tenement (**Area B4**). Regardless of the outcome of this initial meeting, if he survives, Mean arranges for the characters to be followed.

If the characters have learnt that Mahaas lodges in Mean's tenement though gathering information, it is possible that they may not seek out Mean and begin searching through the building instead. If this occurs, Lovely accosts the characters and demands that they seek permission to enter the building from its owner lest they be treated as thieves. If the characters do not comply, Lovely informs Mean, who prepares for combat and seeks them out, with Dogg (**Area B2**) in tow. If the characters do not treat the halfling with respect, combat may ensue.

Assuming that Mean survives his meeting with the characters, a number of events are likely to follow. Mean sends his crow familiar to tail the characters and report back on a regular basis what they are doing. Lovely surrounds herself with other ravens and crows as she follows them, ensuring that without specific investigation, the characters will not realize that they are being watched; crows are a common sight in the Blight after all. If discovered, however, Lovely flees back to Mean. If the characters discover the raven before attacking the Organ Grinder (see **Chapter 5**), Mean reluctantly gives up. However, he may attempt to resume his surveillance if the characters involve him again.

If Mean is attacked and killed, the Family learns about it unless the characters have been sufficiently careful in covering their tracks and likely come looking for them. If Lovely is still watching the characters when they learn about the great windmill, she arranges for Mean's mob (see **Event 5** in **Chapter 6**) to follow them there.



B. Barge Pawnshop and Tenement

Read the following when the characters first lay eyes on the abode of Uriah Mean.

A river barge hangs crippled at the foot of an exhausted stone tenement that rises spastically beneath dislocated gables. The whole structure appears diseased — thick lichens hang from walls from which stones protrude like broken limbs. A chain lashes the barge tightly to the slum, so that the vessel is suspended partly above the tainted waters, almost as though it appears reluctant to touch them. The whole place — building and barge — are strangled by straining moss-choked timbers that look as if they could snap at any moment and bring the whole place down.

Three iron balls — the guild-sign of the pawnbroker — hang over the barge. Pails, cast-iron street lanterns, handcars, rope, and a confusion of other miscellany are all marked for sale, and the whole structure seems to groan under the sheer mass of the wares. Everything, it seems, has a price, even down to the hastily chalk-scrawled “10 shekels” on the rusting iron anchor of the barge itself.

An unkindness of mangy ravens lurks on the teetering gable above, cawing as you approach, and picking at the remains of what looks like a dead alley cat.

Disguised among the ravens is Lovely, Mean's pet crow. The familiar lurks, ever watchful for trouble, and if it senses it — someone sneaking about, a group of people acting unusual or suspicious, or weapons being drawn — it shares the information with its master, who readies for combat accordingly.

Lovely (Crow): HD B1d6hp; **HP** 4; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** bite (1d2); **Move** 6 (flying 18); **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special:** none.

Mean's river-barge is of the type commonly used by river-gypsies here in the city. It has an upper deck that is little more than a flat outer level built around the central cabin, its own floor some 3ft below the surrounding deck. This cabin is divided into two areas, one for living quarters and one for cargo. Mean's barge is rotten, and if two of the four chains holding it to the dock are broken (AC 3[16], 15hp each), the entire vessel begins to sink and go fully under after 1 minute. Outside the cabin, the deck is covered in goods, making space so cramped that anyone moving at greater than half speed must roll below their dexterity on 4d6 or trip and fall prone. Mean himself is used to the cramped living and ignores this effect.

Upon the barge, the air smells of damp and rot, the miasma of the vessel's own decrepitude. Those who search among the goods risk disturbing powdered rat droppings and breathing in the filth (1d4 damage per hour until healed, save avoids). The entire boat is so cramped and filthy, inside and out, that it imposes a -2 penalty on attacks with two-handed weapons and ranged attacks.

The tenement building fares little better. Built of stone which is rapidly being eaten by the acidic smog of the river and Blight stonemites (see sidebar), the tenement is falling apart. The surface of the walls is so crumbly and unstable that a non-thief character has a 20% chance of falling while trying to scale them. The building has five stories plus an attic space (which has been converted into Mahaas' garret), is 75ft high at the peak of its roof, 120ft long, and 40ft wide. It has four dwellings per floor (not including the attic), each 20ft wide and 50ft long. A rotting interior stair, a trio of exposed ladders outside, a knotted rope ladder, and a small timber bridge, can be used to reach the apartments within the tenement. The tenants of this riverside tenement are mostly meek, mild, and afraid of Mean and of the consequences of talking about him or the Family to strangers.

Blight Stonemites

In a city as dismal as Castorhage, where it is almost constantly damp, foggy, and chilled — except for when it's unbearably hot and muggy, thick with the smells of decomposing garbage, unwashed bodies, and worse things — and nicknamed for a particularly hazardous strain of fungus*, it's really not particularly surprising to anyone that even something as pernicious and annoying as termites have their ugly stepbrother. That stepbrother would be the Blight stonemite.

Never confirmed to exist anywhere else beyond the bounds of the city, the Blight stonemite is a horrible, blood-red insect about 6in long that make an unsettling grinding noise as it gnaws through solid stone masonry and the softer mortar between. These creatures work much slower than a termite in their destruction but are no easier to remove once an infestation occurs. They are thought to be a favoured food of the Blight's other ubiquitous dweller of cellars and crawlspaces, the night-slug**, proving at least some use for those disgusting scavengers. Stonemites are not only damaging to structures in the long term, they have a tendency to swarm when it gets very hot and humid, resulting in the collapse of major civic buildings on several occasions over the centuries during unusually sultry summers. Stonemites are not particularly dangerous to humanoids beyond causing itching and annoying welts from bites for those who sleep too close to a nest of the feeding insects. Nevertheless, apocryphal stories exist of unfortunate stonemasons or exterminators who have fallen victim to voracious swarms of the vermin, being reduced to little more than boneless, bloodless bags of flesh riddled with the tiny burrows of the creatures in their delving to feed on the calcification of the victim's skeletal structure.

*See Blight in *The Tome of Blighted Horrors*.

**See Night-Slug in *The Tome of Blighted Horrors*.

A framework of rotting timbers — the remains of scaffolding put up years ago — strangle the whole place, barge and tenement. A timber plank of one of these scaffolds breaks as soon as weight of at least 50 lbs. is placed upon it. What windows there are, are barred with 1in-thick iron bars, and so grimy they cannot be seen through.

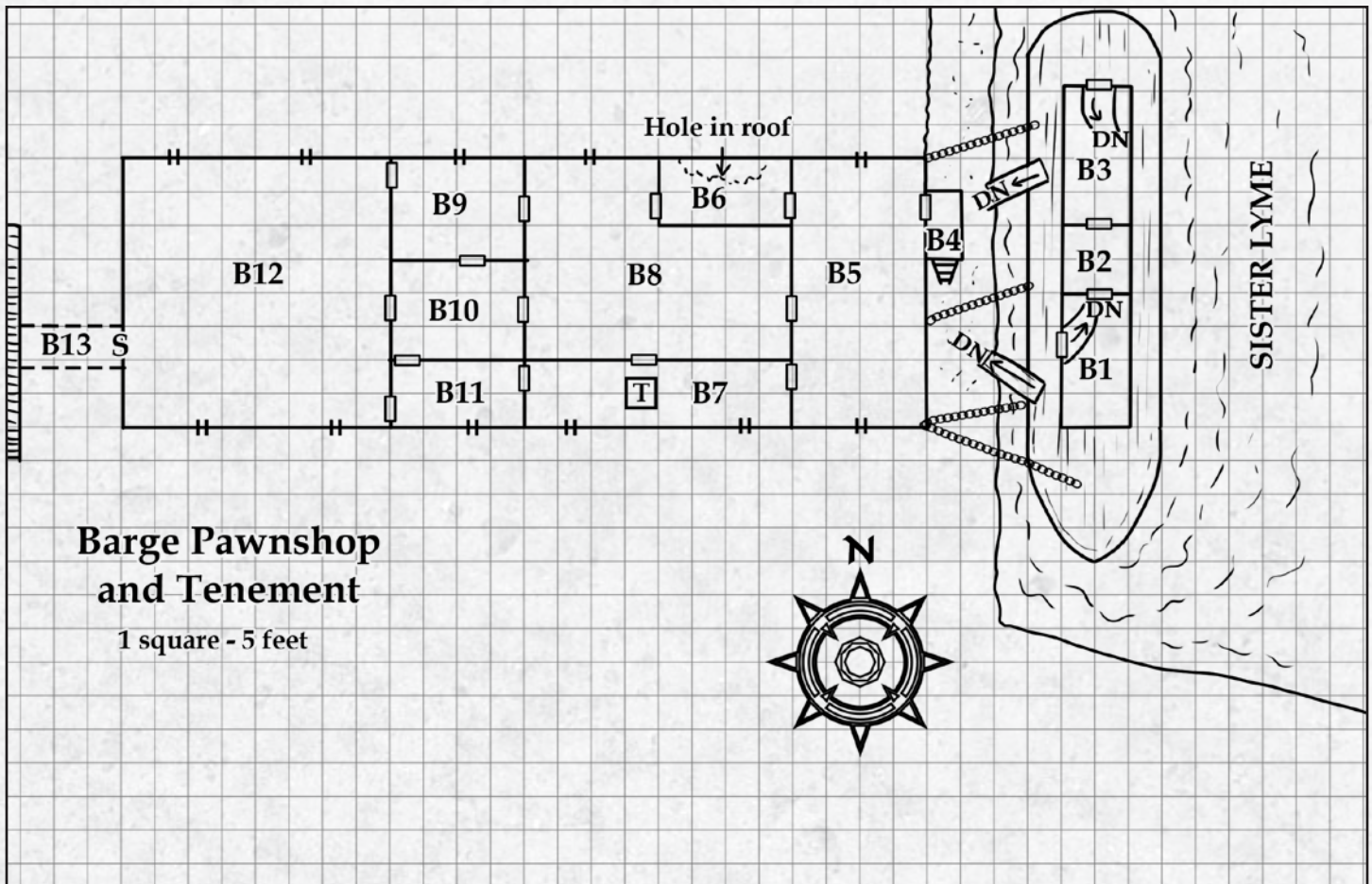
B1. Pawnshop and Living Area

The deck of the mouldering boat is cluttered with countless mundane or strange objects, but pathways along the sides are clear to allow passage. A small ramp enters the barge's cabin. Beyond in the murk inside, the place looks even more cluttered.

This is where Mean spends most of his day. Countless objects from ratraps to wedding dresses, hatpins to grandfather clocks clutter the deck. A simple hatch (usually open during daylight hours) allows access within via a steep ramp. The hatch can be closed and locked with a lock, to which Mean carries the only key, and it usually is locked at night. Below, amongst even more junk, a hefty oak counter stands along one wall, and a small door leads to the kennel (**Area B2**).

Uriah Mean is a local tyrant and may become a recurring villain if he survives and the Referee so chooses. Motivated solely by profit, he is a hard bargainer but is always interested in new stock; he generally pawns an item for 25% of his assessment of its value. His tenant Mahaas already intrigues Mean, and the arrival of the characters with their questions further piques this interest. He has already learnt something of Mahaas' value through scrying. Over the past couple of days, Mean has heard Mahaas talking to himself (which he frequently does) about some “new

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weapon” and a fortune that’s to be had. Mean intends to keep an ear and an eye on Mahaas to learn more. With Mean when the characters first encounter him are his crow familiar **Lovely** and his “boar” **Mange**.

Uriah Mean (Halfling Wererat MU7): HD 8; HP 41; AC 6[13] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** bite (1d3), dagger (1d4); **Move** 3 (bath-chair) or 15 (pulled by Mange in boar form); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** control rats, lycanthropy, +2 saves (spells, wands, staves), silver or +1 or better weapons to hit, spells (4/3/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile*, *read languages*, *shield*, *sleep*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*fly*, *lightning bolt*; 4th—*wizard eye*.

Equipment: **Combat Gear** +1 dagger, *lenses of charming*, *potion of extra healing*, *wand of lightning bolt* (2 charges, 4d6 damage), spell component pouch, key ring with keys to door of barge (**Area B1**) and trunk (**Area B3**)

Note: Anyone struck by Mean’s bath chair when it is pulled by Mange the imp in boar form must make a saving throw or take 1d4 points of damage.

Lovely (Crow): HD B1d6hp; HP 4; AC 8[11]; **Atk** bite (1d2); **Move** 6 (flying 18); **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special:** none.

Mange (Imp): HD 2; HP 13; AC 2[17]; **Atk** sting (1d4 plus poison); **Move** 6 (flying 16); **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** immune to fire, poison tail (1d4 damage, save resists), polymorph (2 animal forms), regenerate (1hp/round), silver or +1 or better magical weapons to hit. (*Monstrosities* 262)

Note: As it rarely leaves his presence, Mean’s thrall is usually encountered as a boar pulling its master’s bath-chair. It can escape its harness by changing back into imp form, which it does as soon as it is aware of an attack.

Treasure: The pawnshop’s stock is worth around 1000gp in total but it would take several weeks to sell in its entirety. A small till hidden behind the counter contains 25gp, 25sp and 25cp.



B2. Kennel

Nothing more than a kennel, this section of the boat's cabin has been left to fill with excrement and shed dog hair. The stench of an animal pen fills the air.

The floor is profusely covered in a dog's mess, requiring characters to roll beneath their dexterity on 5d6 to move herein at anything greater than half speed. Mean keeps a particularly large and nasty guard dog chained up in this room: a **retch hound**, a sickly looking, four-eyed canine with oozing sores covering its mangy hide. Mean subdued the beast by long years of cruel training, and now the creature, which he calls Dogg, obeys its master's instructions out of fear. If Mean is present and being attacked, he instructs Dogg to defend him. Dogg's chain is long enough to allow him to reach any point in **Areas B1–B3**.

Dogg (Retch Hound): HD 3+2; HP 21; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (1d8); Move 18; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** breath weapon (10ft cone, 2d6 damage, save for half), stench (30ft radius, save or nauseated, –1 to hit and saves). (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 462)

B3. Bedchamber

A filthy four-poster bed dancing with lice-covered furs fills this chamber. A chamber pot sits by its side along with a large iron trunk. An improvised ramp rises to a small hatch at the rear of the barge.

The rear ramp leads to an entrance that is always locked with a lock and is swollen shut with the dampness (Open Doors with +2 penalty to check). The room is filthy, with nothing of value or interest beyond the iron trunk

and a small dagger coated in poison lodged between the headboard of the bed and the mattress.

Trap: The trunk is locked and is trapped. Unless the key that Mean keeps on his person is turned two complete clockwise revolutions, a number of hidden blades are launched across the room, targeting everyone in the chamber. Each character in the room must make a saving throw or be hit by 1d6 spinning blades (1d4 points of damage per blade). Giant wasp poison coats the blades (saving throw or paralyzed for 1d4+1 days).

Treasure: Mean keeps his funds in the locked iron trunk in six neat leather bags, each containing 200gp. These lie above his spellbook, which contains all his prepared spells.

B4. Perilous Ascent

A rusting ladder, clumsily anchored to the powdery and crumbling outer walls of the tenement, climbs 60 feet up the side to a balcony off the attic.

Due to the corroded stone, the ladder is not secure. It is easy to climb, but if more than 1 creature climbs upon it at the same time, it breaks away from the wall after the topmost climber has ascended 1d6x10ft, dropping anyone on it to the jetty below.

A narrow balcony hangs 60ft above the jetty. Mahaas has greased the roof above the balcony with pig grease, which characters within 10ft have a 1-in-6 chance to notice. While the climb onto the roof from the balcony is relatively easy, anyone crossing the greased area must make a saving throw or slip and slide toward the edge of the roof. A character sliding toward the roof must make another saving throw to prevent a fall to the ground 60ft below.

An unlocked door with flaking red paint leads into the garret.

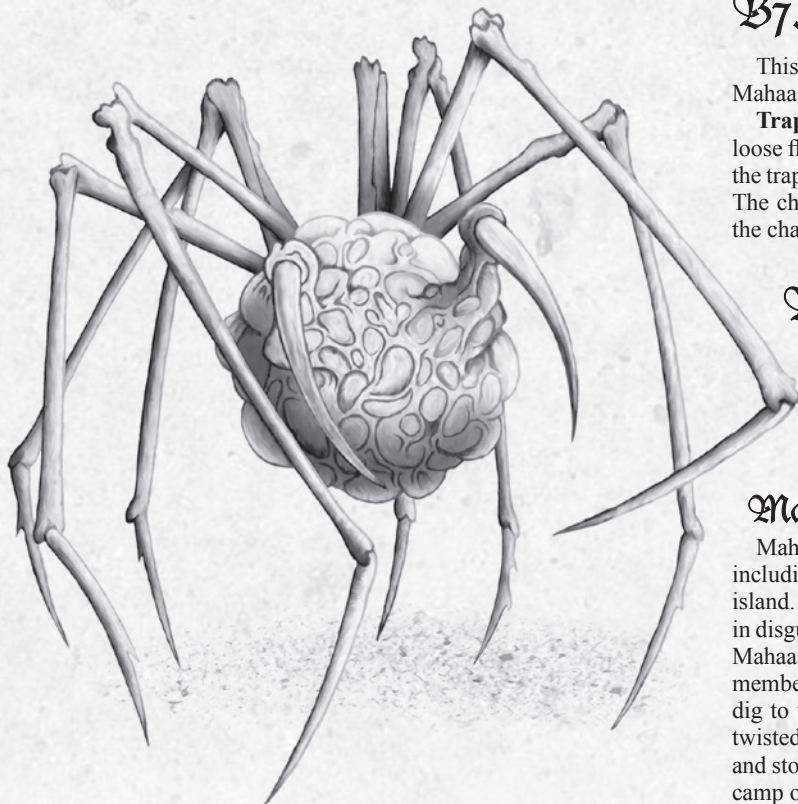
THE CRUCIBLE

B5. Kitchen

The room beyond the red door is a vile place. At least forty mangy street cats skulk in a large number of cages behind piles of rubbish, and a pair of wild-looking terriers stare out from the ruptured decay of a horsehair chair. Below a glass window so thick with grime that it resembles a blackboard sits a larder-cupboard and a tiny iron stove. Nearby, a dripping tap fills an iron pot to the brim with rust-coloured water.

Mahaas cooks and eats in here with the help of some of his pets (which occasionally make more of a contribution than just assistance). The larder-cupboard is very well stocked at present with a whole ham and three jugs of cider. The **2 Blight terriers** bark if they detect intruders on the balcony or entering the room, though they are fairly cowardly and try to escape attackers or cower and whimper if prevented from doing so. They are far more scared of something other than the characters, though. Mahaas has a pet he stole from a flesh dealer in BookTown — a monstrous abomination that the dealer referred to as the **Child of Spines**. Like many Between creatures, the Child possesses a rudimentary intelligence. This one's Between gate, a fragmentary and fickle gateway near a place children use to play, is perhaps why the thing giggles and mumbles nursery rhymes to itself occasionally. The creature is small and revolting, superficially resembling a boneneedle but with a distended flaccid fleshy sack within which can be seen rudimentary childlike hands — and occasionally a childlike face — trying to push outward. When it was captured, its previous owner trained it like a dog. These beatings left it fearful of whoever wears a *Between ring* like that which Mahaas also stole. The caged cats are used to feed the thing; the dogs just try to stay out of its way. When the characters first enter the room, rangers or druids automatically notice the terriers are looking at the oven within which the Child of Spines lurks. All other characters have a 1-in-6 chance to notice this.

Blight Terriers (2): HD 1; HP 6, 5; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d3 plus death shake); Move 15; Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; Special: death shake (grapple after bite, additional 2d3 damage). (See Appendix A)



Child of Spines (Between Boneneedle): HD 3; HP 19; AC 8[11]; Atk bite (1d3 plus marrow poisoning); Move 18; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: aversion to daylight, Between gate (can create opening to Between), marrow poisoning (save or additional +2 damage from each successful attack), spell-like abilities. (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 70)
Spell-like abilities: 1/day—mirror image; 3/day—invisibility.

Tactics: The Child of Spines lurks in cover behind the oven, waiting for a chance to take lone prey; this includes any of the animals herein, although the frequent beatings it has taken at the hands of its owners has honed its hatred for men and it always attacks humans in preference to others. It prefers to quickly move, attack with poison, and then escape. However, it does not attack anyone wearing the *Between ring* Mahaas presently wears, and ideally waits undiscovered until the characters pass and then scuttles out behind them to attack. The Child is quite cowardly, and seeks escape over attack. If the opportunity of a wide-open door presents itself, the thing scuttles away, a flaccid body on too many legs. If this occurs, make sure a character sees it fleeing.

B6. Aviary

The roof is fractured here, and a long rotting purlin is exposed to the elements. Birds fly in and out of the hollow this opening has created.

Mahaas keeps many animals, and his stirges are his favourites. This room has a ruptured ceiling with a few holes that allow the **12 stirges** who roost here to go in and out. The floor is littered with the bloody droppings that remain from their hunts in addition to the bones and carcasses of rodents, gulls, pigeons and small cats that they were able to carry away. Lovely's murder knows to keep away from this place.

Stirges (12): HD 1+1; HP 9x2, 8, 7x3, 6x4, 5, 4; AC 7[12]; Atk proboscis (1d3); Move 3 (fly 18); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; Special: +2 to hit bonus, blood drain (1d4).

B7. Trapped Corridor

This dusty, rubbish-strewn corridor bears a trap left by the paranoid Mahaas. He never comes this way himself.

Trap: Halfway along the corridor, a small pressure plate beneath a loose floorboard triggers a poison vapor trap. All characters within 10ft of the trap must make a saving throw or inhale the gas and begin to suffocate. The character takes 1d4 points of damage per round until healed. When the character takes damage equal to his constitution score, he dies.

B8–13. Attic Living Areas

Mahaas spends most of his time in his private chambers with his accomplices, **2 wererats** that are outcasts from the Family, and his **demon thrall Lump**. Whilst he can be encountered anywhere in the garret, he spends most of his time in the living area (**Area B12**).

Mahaas' Story

Mahaas is friendly with a number of unsavory characters on Festival, including two outcasts of the Family, the group of wererats who rule this island. One other associate prefers to keep his distance and does business in disguise: the Organ Grinder. The Organ Grinder has recently been using Mahaas to assist in extorting money from Savant Edwina Spitewinter, a member of the Royal Underneath Society. Spitewinter is conducting a dig to uncover the fossilized remains of a Leviathan, one of a huge and twisted ancient species whose bodies occasionally emerge from the silt and stone of Castorhage's bedrock. Spitewinter has organised a temporary camp on Festival to excavate it.

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The Organ Grinder has been paying Mahaas to help. They visited Spitewinter and, after causing a fire with a ragefire spawn, persuaded the savant to part with cash for protection. On the last three occasions, the Organ Grinder has had a pair of quartz flasks in his possession and has suggested to the savant that, unless she pays, he will smash the flasks for her to see what caused the fire. Afterward, Mahaas stole one of the flasks so that he could carry out the Organ Grinder's threats if it came to it. Unable to control his anger in an unrelated incident, however, Mahaas smashed one of the flasks at the ghats yesterday, resulting in the death of the prostitute Constance Chanterelle. The Organ Grinder is not aware of this incident.

If the characters manage to intimidate and question Mahaas, he knows only that his employer is generous, and required a little ugly help to persuade a wealthy toff to part with some money. This toff, Savant Edwina Spitewinter, is at a nearby worksite digging into the rock under the city. He can provide directions to it. Mahaas does not know where the Organ Grinder is, but knows he performs across Festival.

Mahaas is a poor soul unmade by the gods. His voluminous attire is colourful, if faded, with sewn remnants of at least a hundred other items made into one eye-catching patchwork. However, not one but two heads fight for space through his torn collar, and while one is handsome, with an oiled moustache and neatly groomed hair, the second is a sack of cankerous flesh. At least three mouths open up from this monstrosity, and a look of blind idiocy crosses the abstract features of this unwelcome additional visage. Mahaas wears a dull grey metal *Between ring* on his left index finger. Occasionally, the ring tightens up so much that it hurts.

Mahaas (MU5/Thf2): HP 21; AC 7[12] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** short sword (1d6 plus poison) or dagger (1d4 plus poison) or strike (1d6) [lethal strike on natural 20, save avoids but 3d6 damage]; **Move** 12; **Save** 9 (+2, cloak) [7 vs *Between* creatures]; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** backstab (x2), spells (4/2/1), +2 saves (spells, wands, staves, traps, magical devices), second-head fluke (1-in-6

chance second head bites for 1d4 damage), thieving skills.

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *light*, *magic missile*, *shield*; 2nd—*phantasmal force*, *pyrotechnics*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*.

Thieving Skills: Climb 86%, Tasks/Traps 20%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 15%, Silent 25%, Locks 15%.

Equipment: *cloak of protection* +2, short sword, dagger, *Between ring* (see **Appendix B**), *potion of healing*, *wand of magic missiles* (6 charges), bottled ragefire spawn, black adder venom (x5) (saving throw at +2 or death), 5gp.

Note: Mahaas has dexterity 17 for purposes of the chase detailed below.

Entrail (Giant Weasel): HD 3+3; HP 24; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (2d6 plus blood drain); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** drain blood. (*Monstrosities* 506)

Lump (Dretch Demon): HD 4; HP 29; AC 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** Magical abilities. (*Monstrosities* 92)

Mahaas carries a bottle holding a trapped **ragefire spawn**. If the bottle is broken, the ragefire spawn emerges and immediately begins taking out its anger on anyone in sight.

Ragefire Spawn: HD 2; AC 5[14]; **Atk** attach (1d3); **Move** 15; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** vulnerable to water (extinguished). (See sidebar or **Appendix A**)

Ragefire Spawn

A ragefire spawn is a tiny fragment of elemental fire that attacks and latches onto a victim to burn them to death. If a ragefire spawn hits a creature, the target must make a saving throw or the spawn latches on and begins burning the target for 1d3 points of damage each round. Dousing the target in a large amount of water (Referee's discretion) extinguishes the ragefire spawn. If the spawn kills the target it is latched onto, it feeds off the creature's body to become an 8HD ragefire elemental.

Ragefire Spawn: HD 2; AC 5[14]; **Atk** attach (1d3); **Move** 15; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** vulnerable to water (extinguished).

Outcasts of the Family (Halfling Wererats) (2): HD 3; HP 21, 18; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d3), short sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** control rats, lycanthropy, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

Equipment: short sword, 1d6sp.

B8. Junk Room

This room and its jumbled contents lie under a thick film of lichen and mould caused by leaks in the roof. It is filled with junk.

A thorough search finds a saw, a file, and two spades.

B9. Library Laboratory

Hundreds of books line shelves in this room. The books glower over a peculiarly fleshy alchemist's laboratory while grinning masks and hoods hang from hooks nearby.

Most of the books here are about alchemy, anatomy, surgery, or vivisection. Many are deeply disturbing, showing an absolute lack of empathy for the subjects. Some, however, are valuable. Three books are worth 100gp each to an appropriate buyer: Hugot's *Thrall Pacts*, Spade's *Making Animals Useful* and Palwin's *Alchymye in Scyence*.

There are many more hoods than masks, and most of the hoods are double ones. Among the disturbingly fleshy pigskin hoods, hoods made from sacks with eyes cut out, and single huge hoods is a saggy double hood that has had the second hood sewn into it at some time. The first hood is identical in effect to a *helm of reading magic and languages*. Although he rarely uses it, Mahaas is aware of its effects. The laboratory is presently being used to experiment on cats.

B10. Stores

This is another junk room cluttered with oddments Mahaas has collected.

Treasure: A trio of gold earrings set with tiny jet stones worth 25gp each have fallen down the back of a horsehair seat. A small tapestry worth 50gp that depicts knights on chargers and a stuffed teddy bear are easily found. The teddy bear has a silvered dagger hidden in its mouldering chest cavity.

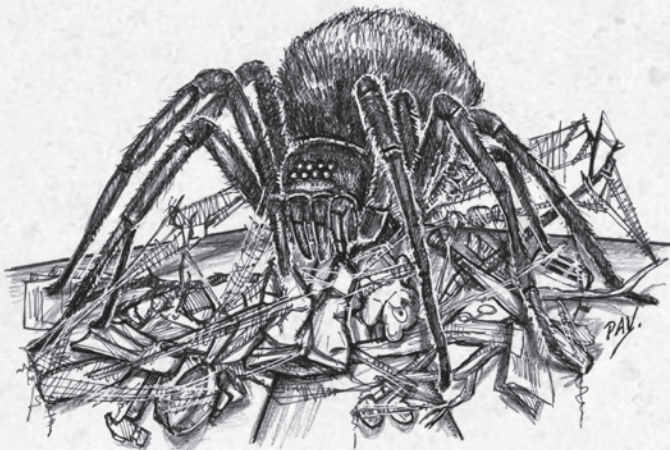
B11. Bedroom

A mangy horsehair bed with goose-down pillows dominates this room. A large tarpaulin stretches across several small leaks in the roof to prevent rain dripping onto the bed.

B12. Living Area and Menagerie

This is a cluttered living room with comfortable oak chairs, a large table, and a small stove. The walls have several cupboards, while across the chamber are several cages and huge bell jars; the animals within are screaming and yelling and howling.

The animals, fish and vermin herein reflect the diverse nature of the city and Sister Lyme. Among the various blind fish, mice and enormous vermin are a **small gable spider**, a **half dozen giant fleas**, and a **spore rat**. Hidden in a bell jar under a faded tapestry depicting the Capitol is a **floating eye** that, if uncovered, uses its hypnotic gaze attack.



Spider, Gable (Small): HD 1; HP 5; AC 8[11]; **Atk** bite (1d4 plus lethal poison); **Move** 9 (climbing 6); **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** poison (save or die), sticky globule (30ft range, save or movement halved). (See **Appendix A**)

Fleas, Giant (6): HD 1d6; HP 6, 5x2, 4x3; AC 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d2 plus blood drain); **Move** 6 (or leap 18); **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/10; **Special:** blood drain (automatic 1d4 damage after bite per round, maximum 4 points of damage), disease (5% chance), leap. (**Monstrosities** 247)

Spore Rat: HD 3; HP 20; AC 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d2 plus poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** poison (nausea for 1 round, save avoids), spore cloud (2/day—5ft cloud of spores, 1d4 damage). (**The Tome of Horrors Complete** 455)

Floating Eye: HD 1d6; HP 4; AC 3[16]; **Atk** bite (1d2); **Move** 24 (swimming); **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** hypnotic gaze (dazed 1d6+1 rounds, save resists), surprise on 1–5 on 1d6. (**The Tome of Horrors Complete** 249)



Treasure: Tossed about the room are a sack of 250sp, a pair of copper candlesticks depicting swans worth 30gp, and a small tapestry depicting The Ice Fayre of Castorhage worth 75gp. An alchemy lab and a set of thieves' tools are on the table. Sitting by the stove is a curious large object: a fossil that looks like a tail covered in barbs, with holes for eyes, or maybe mouths, and ending in a sphincter with teeth. The object has clearly only recently been dug up as it still has mud on it. This fossil was taken from the excavation of a Leviathan — an ancient species whose fossilized remains are occasionally found in the silt of the city — currently taking place not far from here. Above the entrance to **Area B9** is a hidden cupboard. The cupboard door is hinged to the ceiling and contains 4 bags of gold shekels (400gp in each).

B13. Roof Bridge

A clockwork mechanism connects to a secret door on the outside. A tiny metal stud operates it. If the stud is pressed, the door opens and a clockwork bridge snaps forward across to the adjacent rooftop, stretching 15ft from sill to sill, 60ft above the cobbled street below. A 15ft-long jump is required to cross. If pressed, Mahaas and his henchmen flee this way to escape across the rooftops (see **Rooftop Chase** below for more details). As he crosses the bridge, Mahaas hits another hidden trigger that causes the bridge to collapse behind him, leaving the 15ft gap to somehow be navigated.

B14. Tenement Roofs

Beyond the secret entrance, jagged rooftops and gables spill away over the streets far below.

Event 2: Rooftop Chase

When running a chase encounter, it is important to remember that there are many other ways in which characters might move or overcome obstacles. Detailed descriptions are provided to help the players understand each stage of the chase, including the route it is taking and any obstacles encountered. Of course, spells such as *fly* or *dimension door* could alleviate the need for checks altogether.

Structure of the Chase

The chase occurs in stages over the rooftops of Festival. It has a number of different routes that different characters may choose — or be forced — to take as they come to each obstacle. The chase assumes Mahaas

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opens his secret door, and gets across the bridge. For every round of delay Mahaas gets a further stage away (assuming he also doesn't fail each check). The chase assumes a speed of 40ft (Movement 12), and each stage is roughly 120ft in length for the purposes of spells and ranged weapons. The characters can see one stage ahead of where they are in the chase. A character moving only 30ft (Movement 9) falls behind by 1 stage for every 3 stages traveled. A character traveling 40ft in the round needs to make 3 checks to finish each 120ft section; someone traveling 30ft must make one additional check for each section. Each section listed below lists the number of checks needed to make it safely across, assuming a character is moving at 40ft per round. If a character loses a round by failing a check, he can attempt the check again during the next round, or he can attempt one of the other paths (or use magic or some other means to cross safely).

If Mahaas gets 3 or more stages ahead, he escapes but is very likely to tail the characters and come back afterward. If he reaches the final stage ahead of the characters, he descends to a busy Festival crowd and tries to slink away.

Chase Stages

Skills marked with a superscript ^M are the options that Mahaas attempts under normal circumstances unless the characters somehow prevent him from doing so.

A. Over the Bridge (1 check to cross)

This crosses the initial 15ft gap from **Area B13**. Mahaas crosses without difficulty since the bridge is still in place when he does so. Everyone else must roll below their dexterity on 3d6 to jump the 15ft-gap. The drop is 60ft.

B. To Higher Ground (3 checks to cross)

This route involves ascending to the higher roof peaks of the building across from Mahaas' flat and past its smoking chimneystacks. It has three different route options:

1. Around the narrow edges: Non-thief or monk characters have a 20% chance of slipping and losing ground as they have to try again during the next round to skirt roofline.

2. Up the drainpipe:^M Non-thief or monk characters have a 15% chance of slipping and falling (1d6 points of damage) and losing 1 round in the chase.

3. Between the smoky chimneystacks: Characters must make a saving throw or get smoke in their eyes and lose 1 round.

C. Jump, Man, Jump! (1 check)

This crosses from the roof of one building to the next over a 20ft gap. The drop is 120ft. It has three different options:

1. Jump the gap: Roll below dexterity on 4d6 or fall, taking 4d6 points of damage and landing on a ledge (and losing 1 round).

2. Balance over the washing line: Non-thief or monk characters must roll below their dexterity on 5d6 or fall and take 3d6 points of damage (they can attempt a saving throw to grab the line and halt their fall without taking damage, however). Thieves and monks can use their Climb Walls check to balance on the line.

3. Swing on the hidden rope:^M All characters must roll below their dexterity on 3d6 to grab the rope and swing across. Failure means they fall 1 round behind in the chase.

D. Alley Bridges (3 checks)

Rickety bridges cross an alley from one roof to the other. They span a 60ft-wide gap. The drop is 120ft. It has three different bridge options:

1. The broad path: This bridge is deliberately weakened. A character has a 1-in-6 chance to avoid the weak spot, and must make a saving throw to avoid a fall if the weak spot is stepped on. Failure means the character falls 40ft and takes 4d6 points of damage (and loses 1 round).

2. The narrow path:^M The character must roll below his dexterity on 4d6 or lose 1 round.

3. The winding path: The character must roll below his dexterity on 3d6 but loses 1 round.

E. Over the Pleasure Wheel (3 checks)

A small Ferris wheel straddles a street, its axle mounted into the buildings on either side. To cross requires climbing down onto the axle and then through its spokes to come out on the other side; timing a jump down to try to pass between two of its spokes and land on the axle on the far side; or simply making an all-out jump for the top of the wheel and trying to skip directly across to the opposite roof. The drop is 40ft from the axle or 60ft from the top of the wheel.

1. Cautious climbing: Non-thief or monk characters have a 75% chance to climb, but lose 2 rounds from taking the easiest way (losing 80ft in the chase). Failure means they lose an additional round.

2. Time the jump: Characters must roll below their dexterity on 3d6, but lose 1 round to take the safer course.

3. Go for it:^M Characters must roll below their dexterity on 4d6. Failure means they take 4d6 points of damage but don't lose any time.

F. Up the High Wall (1 check)

A high wall blocks the wall and must be surmounted with either a ladder, a stairway, or by climbing. Any fall is 1d6 x 10ft.

1. Up the stair: Lose 1 round. (Does not require an additional check for this stage during the next round.)

2. Up the ladder: The ladder is loose; saving throw required to avoid falling and losing 1 round.

3. Straight up the wall:^M Non-thief or monk characters have a 40% chance of climbing the wall. Those who fail fall and take damage.

G. Down, down, deeper and down (1 check)

The path leads down from the high rooftops and onto the crowded upper streets of Festival. The roofs here are 60ft above ground level. There are three possible methods:

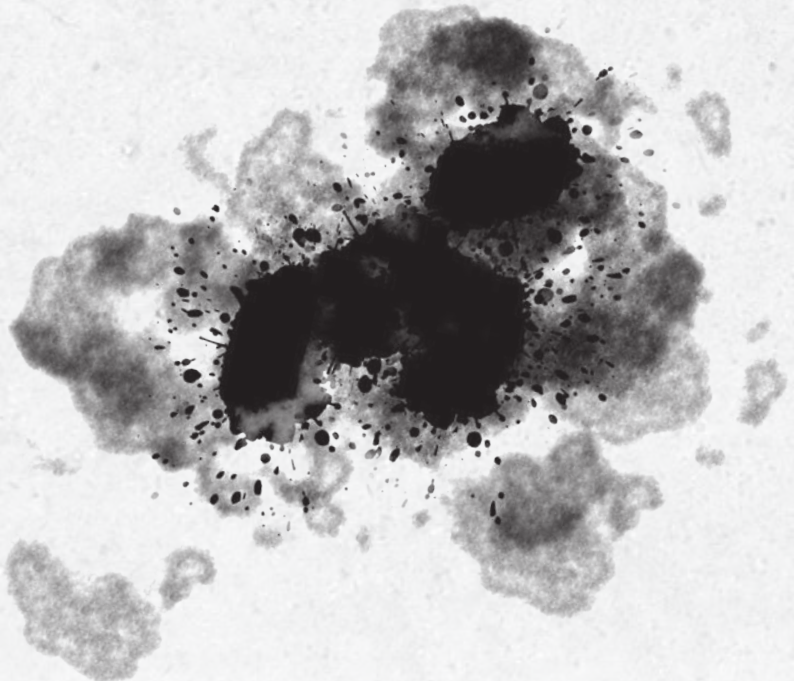
1. Descend the rickety ladders: Lose 1 round

2. Rappel down a rope:^M 80% chance for all characters. Failure means the character slips and must grab the rope as he loses 1 round.

3. Take the plunge: Jump from the roof for 4d6 points of falling damage (or save for half), but gain 1 round

1G: Through the Crowded Streets

If Mahaas makes it here before the characters, he has a chance to escape. He moves into the crowd and vanishes. If the pursuing characters are right behind him, they can make a saving throw to spot him before he disappears into the crowd. The save is made at a -1 for every round the characters are behind Mahaas in the chase.



Chapter Four: The Leviathan Dig

A member of the Royal Underneath Society, Savant Edwina Spitewinter is a noted expert on the Ancients — creatures of old also referred to as Leviathans. These huge fossilized horrors are found occasionally beneath the silt and stone of the city, and are sometimes the subject of furious and unsubstantiated rumours.

Rumours about the Leviathan Dig

1d20	Rumour
4	"Just what are they digging for? These Savants are the cause of all the trouble in this city! They'll not be happy until they've dug their way to Hell."
8	"They say they've found one of the Ancients, like the one they dug up at the Seminary last year. Unholy things of teeth and tusk, with great bloated heads. I've heard them Savants say these creatures came from the stars. Came from Hell, more like!"
12	"They've found some sort of object with this one — an idol or totem, or some such thing. I say what's buried should stay buried!"
16	"I've heard tell that they've been having trouble at the dig, and Savant Spitewinter has had to hire guards — what for I can't guess!"

A Royal Underneath Society Dig

Spitewinter uncovered this particular site by accident while spending time on Festival with her children. As she strolled the Merry-Go-Round, the streets and boardwalks that lie at the foot of the Festival itself, at low tide she spotted what she thought was an Ancient in a nearby sandbar and soon began to dig furiously from a raft at an exposed embankment of river silt. Now, two months into the dig, three strange creatures are being uncovered.

Recently, however, Spitewinter has been subject to blackmail from the Organ Grinder, who has been threatening to ruin the dig and destroy Spitewinter's work unless paid handsomely to protect it. Up until recently, Spitewinter has paid the Organ Grinder; however, after having paid 2000gp and realising that the blackmail was unlikely to stop, Spitewinter has brought in some hired muscle to protect the site. Her nervousness is being transmitted to these hired men, and they have already deposited three sightseers into the river through an "attack first and question later" policy.

C1. Guarded Dock

The festering footings overlook a curious site, an excavation of some sort on a sandbar some way from shore. It seems to have excited a lot of local interest based on the many onlookers keeping a careful distance from the bridge that leads out to the dig.

Anyone observed approaching this area is accosted by **4 mercenary guards** who lurk on the dock. They are wary of the characters, and draw their weapons and threaten to attack if pressed. They follow through with this threat unless visitors leave immediately. If characters can convince them of their good intentions, they lead visitors to the dig site.

Albright Guardianship Company Guards (Ftr5) (4): HP 33, 29, 28, 24; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+2) or light crossbow (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: chainmail, shield, longsword, light crossbow, 20 crossbow bolts.

C2. The Flotsam Walkway

A precarious walkway of timber planks is lashed to a number of inflated pigs' bladders and sealed barrels. It links the isle that is the focus of activity to the shore.

An iron dock ladder leads down between 15ft and 20ft (depending on the tide). The planks beyond are not so easy to use, as they move about

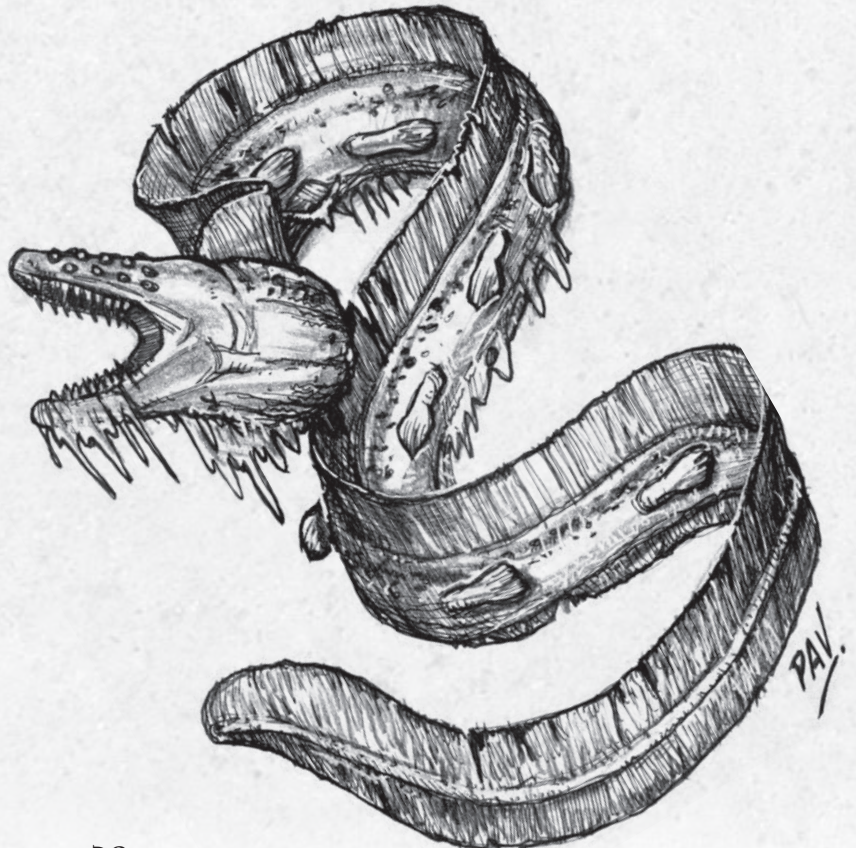
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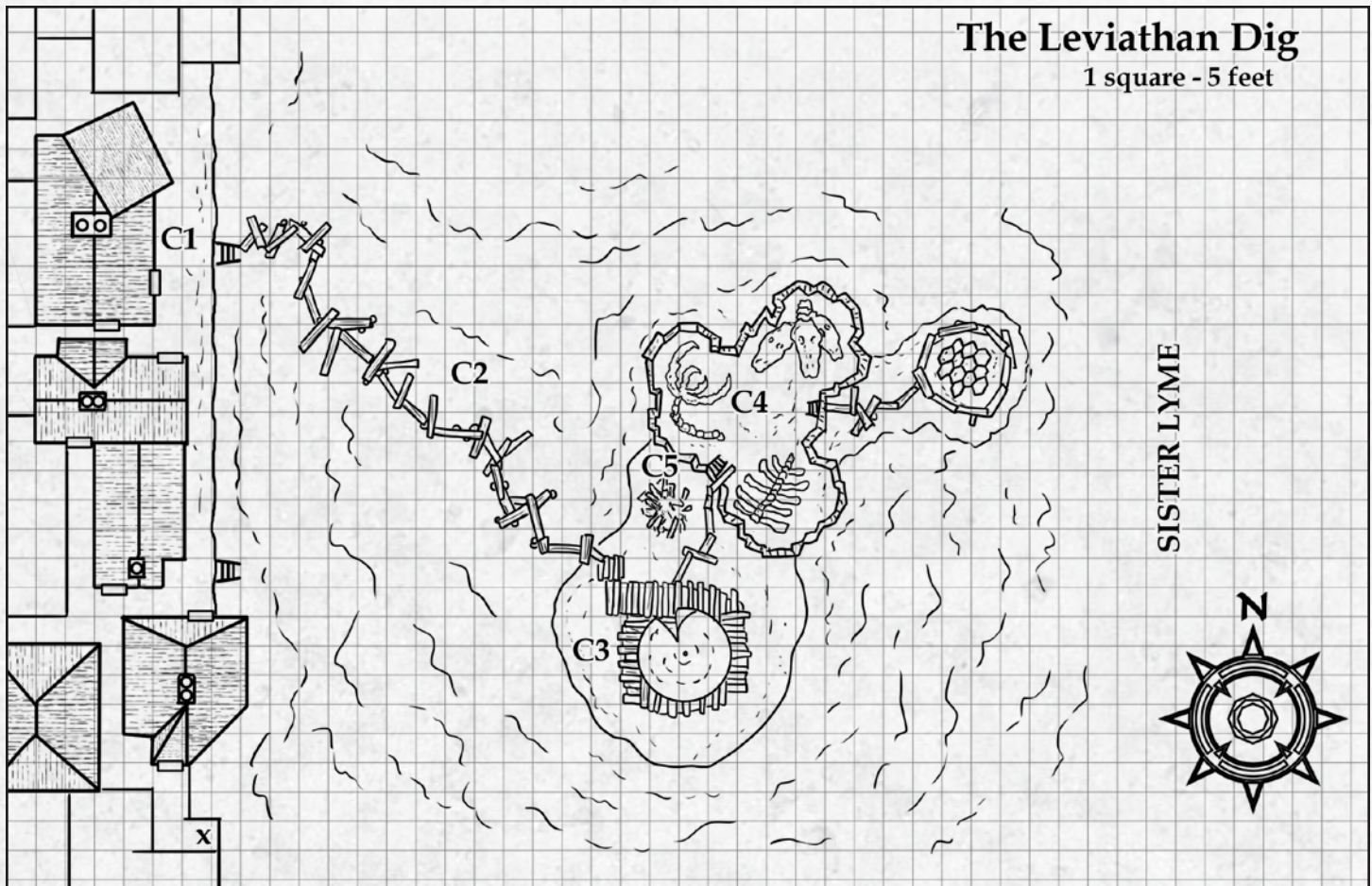


unpredictably. Characters must make a saving throw to cross them without falling. Characters falling at high tide must swim back to the dock and clamber back onto the walkway (saving throw with a -2 penalty). At low tide, it is a different matter: Characters fall waist deep into the cloying silt of the bay here. The silt behaves exactly like quicksand. Characters are sucked under the silt in 1d4+2 rounds unless they are helped free.

Characters watching the shore for a while notice that several dirty children throw offal and the odd creatures (but not rats or cats — they have differing fortunes here on Festival; rats abound, cats do not) such as mangy old chickens and the odd stray puppy into the water and watch the fun develop. A **pair of sough-eels** has taken to catching and eating the prey, and ignoring the odd rock throw by the children. The sough-eels are close by, and if anything drops into the water, they appear 1d3 rounds later.

Sough-Eels (2): HD 8; HP 61, 51; AC 5[14]; **Melee** bite (2d6 plus disease); **Move** 6 (swim 15); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** disease (1d4 damage plus 1d2 charisma until successful save), grab (automatic 1d8 damage after bite), swallow whole (2-in-6 chance after grab and bite, 4d6 damage). (See **Appendix A**)





C3. Dig Site

Barely visible above low tide waters is a mucky islet, little more than a sandbank in Sister Lyme. Yet this sandbank is now a hive of activity: A raised area of timbers has been lashed together and a tent has been erected on it, while nearby is the burnt-out husk of a shed. Not far away, a large hole has been dug below the water level, though a wall of high planks holds the river back. A dark stack of strange, hexagonal stones stands nearby on the edge of the sandbank.

The islet is reached by a rickety set of boardwalks, planks, and barrel-lids supported by bladders and sealed barrels (**Area C2**). The dig site is on a sandbar that provides relatively stable footing. All other areas beyond the dig, though, are thick, black Blight mud, which has the same properties as quicksand. All boardwalks, barrel-lids and planks are unfixed and wobbly.

Savant Edwina Spitewinter (N female human archaeologist, 22hp) presently resides in a small tent on the dig site itself. She has two reasons for this: First, she is afraid of being attacked, and second, the dig is reaching an exciting phase, with parts of a third most-unusual creature being revealed. Objects clutter Spitewinter's tent; she has been labelling and cataloguing the most interesting fragments from the dig. A dozen large trunks containing hundreds of small sample boxes fill the interior.

Spitewinter is a tall, slender woman who favours dark, foul-smelling Black Radge Shag tobacco in her pipe, and who walks with the aid of a cane. At the dig, she is usually found covered in malodorous mud and wielding a small trowel. She is a Savant of the Royal Underneath Society. An expert in her field, she has overseen a dozen digs in the city. This dig, however, particularly excites her as she has not only uncovered a shard of a honeycomb totem, but also a type of Leviathan she has never seen before.

If the characters can convince her they are friends and that they are here to help rather than sabotage her dig, she tells them what she knows

about her blackmailer (see below). If the characters return the Leviathan tail sample from Mahaas' garret to her, she immediately becomes friendly.

What Spitewinter Knows

Although she does not know his name, Spitewinter has made several observations. First, she knows what the Organ Grinder looks like (see below) and that he has a curious monkey following him — a monkey with an unsettlingly human appearance. Secondly, she believes her blackmailer must be local, as his drawl is unmistakably a Festival accent. Finally, she knows he has an accomplice, a vile-looking fellow who appears to have second-head fluke — a most regrettable sickness (see Mahaas, **Area C8-13**). She is particularly annoyed at this accomplice who took it upon himself to take a beautiful tail sample that she had recovered. She would dearly like it returned if the vile man is ever brought to justice. Spitewinter has considered having the men tailed but is so engrossed in the dig that so far she has only taken the step of hiring guards, incensed after the men almost destroyed her samples.

Spitewinter had been using a wooden shed to store samples that she has discovered here and shows its burnt remains to anyone she feels is trying to help her (**Area C5**).

Spitewinter plays no further role in this adventure, but you may wish to use her and her dig as a way of introducing future adventures to your

Becoming a Savant

Savant is a title seldom given. To earn the title, the claimant must have performed some valuable or acclaimed service for one of the Universities, most of which are located in BookTown.

Savants receive a salary of 1d4+1 x 100gp per month to conduct their studies, lodgings at the University that sponsors them, unlimited time to study (occasionally interrupted by a requirement to lecture), and the use of the University's facilities.

players — perhaps she unearths a glass vessel in the dig, an opaque thing that intrigues her. She accidentally drops the glass one night, breaking it, and something terrible emerges and slithers into the city night. Horrified, she remembers the strangers and their confidence — and she seeks them out to help her find the escaped thing.

C5. Burnt Sample Store

Little is left of this plank building save charred wood, ash, and ruin.

C4. The Leviathans

Three Ancients are being unearthed here, their fossilized remains exposed and the tidal waters kept back by thick plank dikes. The first was a hulking snake-like brute with an enormous maw. The second was more jaw than body, with three tooth-filled mouths. The final creature is barely visible, but clearly unusual. Its flank and tail were covered in small-tusked mouths, and it had a triple tail ending in four bony scythes, and what appears to be a shoulder structure that looks like it connected to a wing.

The fossilized skeletal remains of three Leviathans are being unearthed here by the Royal Underneath Society. During the day, **2d4+2 student volunteers** (N male or female humans, 1d4hp) are around, assisting in the dig. At the eastern end of the dig is the “honeycomb totem” (see below).

Leviathans, Ancients, and Fossils

The terrible Ancients are buried beneath the city streets; their fossilized bodies have laid, it is speculated, for eons beneath the ground. Practically nothing is known about the creatures save the clues given by their fossilized bones and the strange ruins that occasionally lie nearby. Their forms were an affront to the gods — indeed many cults and religions have ascribed their demise to some offended deity. Their bodies take several forms, yet all are linked by some commonality. They are always large — at least 10ft long — and often much, much larger. They show signs of both reptilian and insectoid ancestry. Their bodies were covered in barbed chitinous plates, and their jaws were able to dislocate to enable them to swallow large prey. Some show snake-like forms, whilst others resemble lizards. Some are so strange to look upon that it has been impossible to categorise them as anything other than aberrations. Various worthies have discussed the creatures, and continue to conjecture, but as more information appears, the mystery deepens and the number of questions increases.

Honeycomb Totem

At the edge of the site, a small shard of dark stone rises from a series of hexagonal granite slabs. Weathered hexagons, rather like those found in a beehive, cover the shard itself.

These structures, known as honeycomb totems, are a common feature of Leviathan sites. Their significance has not yet been determined.

Spitewinter relates the events that occurred here as she sees them. Ten days ago, she noticed a plume of smoke from the store and quickly ran to it to save her specimens. When she arrived, the blackmailer appeared with his accomplice and monkey, said that fires in the Festival were spreading and that, unless he was paid 2000gp, he could not guarantee that the Savant herself would not be caught in some fire and horribly burnt. He added that “some fires burn where they are told to.” Panicked, she agreed and, after saving her most precious specimens, paid the men who then left. This event prompted her to hire guards.

A search of the charred wreckage finds little, but characters do find a very strange curiosity: the silhouette of something burnt upon the remains of one wall — a thing vaguely humanoid in shape, with long claws.

Gathering information in the immediate vicinity brings a pair of local waifs — **Jib** and **Grag** (NE male human afflicted wererats) — to the characters’ attention. The youths claim to have seen something.

“We was playin’ hoopla when we saw ‘em — a man, a monkey wiv an ‘orrible human face, an’ a fella wiv two ‘eads — enter the building. Finkin’ ‘em a bit odd, we spied on ‘em frew a gap in t’ wall and saw t’ ‘ooded man fling a vial against t’ wall. The stuff inside looked strange and sticky an’ when it hit t’ wall, it gave out a sort of baby-like cry, and then, suddenly, it was a flamin’ gargoyle thing that started burning everythin’. Then t’ ‘ooded man got worried and said somefin’ about it growin’ an’ ‘think what it could do if left to feed’ ‘e said. ‘e looked a’scared suddenly, and ran. We were about to leg it too, but the heavens opened and a cold rain splashed down t’ save us all.”

The boys describe the Organ Grinder’s use of the ragefire elemental and a lucky rainstorm that extinguished the ragefire spawn before it could grow. Embellish these details as much as you wish.

Locating the Organ Grinder

In a parish full of freakshows, street entertainers, and diversions, finding a man with a human-faced monkey is not as easy as it might seem. However, the **Organ Grinder** has to earn a living — including returning to his blackmail victim for more money. The characters have options to locate the man that include laying low near the site and awaiting his return or by getting out onto the streets of Festival and trying to see him in action. The Grinder is alert; he’s aware that Spitewinter has hired some thugs and that she might just send them after him. The problem he has is that people watch him — that’s his job after all.

The **organ** the Grinder uses is a curious animated object that offers a further option to pursue the Grinder back to his lair — if the characters wish to do so. The Grinder has his organ with him only when he works.

Bear in mind finally that the Blight is a violent place, low-life street attacks occur daily — particularly in Festival — and the characters are almost certainly going to be witnessed if they attack, but no one is likely to lift a finger to help their victim.

Development: The characters can scour Festival, but it’s a big place. Most street performers have particular territories — except puppeteers, who are a different bunch entirely — so that similar acts don’t clash. If the characters have already seen the Organ Grinder as they arrived and remember him (don’t prompt them but reward them if they mention it), then they know he must be local anyway. Otherwise, they may go off around Festival looking and have other encounters as you see fit. In addition, the characters can attempt to gain the local gossip on the Organ Grinder by asking around (see sidebar).

Rumours about the Organ Grinder

1d20	Rumour
5	"He's a strange one that Organ Grinder. They say he's addicted to absinthe and that his monkey talks to him. He looks odd too, got a nose too big for his face; a fat face at that, which looks like it's about to burst, and those red spectacles. There's something up with that chap."
10	"He's not called the Organ Grinder for nothing. He 'angs around the Seminary hoping to get tips from the Physicians. They say 'e's a golem-stitcher!"
17	"He lives in an old ship hung on the Dislocated Pier. Have you seen it? 'angs above the water as though waitin' to drop in. I wouldn't send my worst enemy into that dangerous place. We all know the things that live in t'river ..."

A suggested locale to find the Organ Grinder is indicated on the Festival Map for the encounter. If he is located and followed, the Grinder has a 2-in-6 chance to spot anyone following him. If he makes 2 checks in a row, he drinks his *potion of invisibility* and flees back to his lodgings (see **Chapter 5**). At that stage, his monkey and organ also flee via the rooftops. If you like, you could run a short chase to resolve this pursuit as the characters follow the Grinder or his monkey back to the Dislocated Pier in **Chapter 5**.

If the characters have not yet located him, the Grinder appears 4 days after the characters arrive at the dig to strong-arm Spitewinter, but doesn't go himself — he sends his monkey at night to her tent. It tells Spitewinter to get a gem worth 1000gp ready for the night after, or there'll be big trouble. As his monkey delivers the message, the Organ Grinder watches from the point marked **X** at the southwest corner of the Leviathan Dig map. He returns the night after, sending the monkey with the elemental in a flask. If the gem isn't handed over, the flask is smashed in Spitewinter's face.

The Organ Grinder

This man's face appears almost like a caricature: His head is too fat for his body, and a pendulous, bulbous nose dangles on it like a swaying sack. His attire is fairly mundane for a performer, but his top hat is held at a rakish angle to his fat face as he plies his instrument.

The Organ Grinder (MU4/Thf7): HP 35; AC 2[17]; Atk +1 short sword (1d6+1 plus poison) or light crossbow (1d4 plus poison); Move 12; Save 7 (+2, ring); AL C; CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** backstab (x3), spells (3/2), +2 saves (spells, wands, staves, traps, magical devices), thieving skills.

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2); 2nd—*mirror image*, *phantasmal force*.

Thieving Skills: Climb 91%, Tasks/Traps 45%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 40%, Silent 50%, Locks 40%.

Equipment: bracers of defense AC 4[15], entertainer's outfit, +1 short sword, light crossbow, 10 bolts, bowl of controlling elementals, *potion of invisibility*, ragefire spawn in bottle, *ring of protection* +2, poison (+2 save or paralyzed for 1d6 hours), spell component pouch, surgeon's tools, thieves' tools, key to **Area D1** designed to look like a wallow-whale devouring the sun with copper and obsidian eyes worth 75gp.

Note: The Organ Grinder is fearful of breaking the ragefire spawn bottle unless he has summoned a water elemental in advance to extinguish it.

Organ Grinder's Monkey

The Organ Grinder's pet is a vile little creature: a bald, pink-faced monkey, with clever fingers, and a long mangy tail covered in balding patches. The thing has an altogether unsettling human look about it, right down to its fez and clown's costume. Called Scat by the Organ Grinder, the creature is a homunculus created in the form of a monkey with a human face. This homunculus can talk, albeit in a strangled, somewhat stuttering way. It sounds like a squeaky child's toy with words thrown in at random.

Scat (Blight Monkey Homunculus): HD 5; HP 31; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d3 plus disease), or excrement (disease); Move 12 (climbing 12); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** disease (itching, red skin, -2 to hit and saves, save avoids), enraged screech (30ft radius, -1 to hit, damage and saves for 1d3 rounds, save avoids). (See **Appendix A**)

Equipment: clown's outfit, fez, tin cup.

The Organ

There's something unsettlingly dislocated in the way this object sits. It's made up of a grinning devil body, with many-jointed limbs and a grinning face within the mouth of which is a kitten. The limbs are clearly preserved flesh from some sort of monster. It has wheels, but almost looks like it could get up and walk of its own accord.

The Organ (Animated Object): HD 2; AC 6[13]; Atk slam (1d4); Move 12 (climb 9); Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** none.

Note: The Organ is very cowardly, with no interest in fighting. It usually sits quietly out of the way hoping it won't be seen, like a sloth in the jungle. If it takes damage, the Organ flees, its legs unfolding below the wheels. It likes to climb, as it knows the rooftops are safer — usually. If separated from the Organ Grinder, it slips across rooftops back to the *Limpet* (**Chapter 5**).

Ragefire Spawn: HD 2; AC 5[14]; Atk attach (1d3); Move 15; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** vulnerable to water (extinguished). (See **Appendix A**)

Chapter Five:

The Dislocated Pier

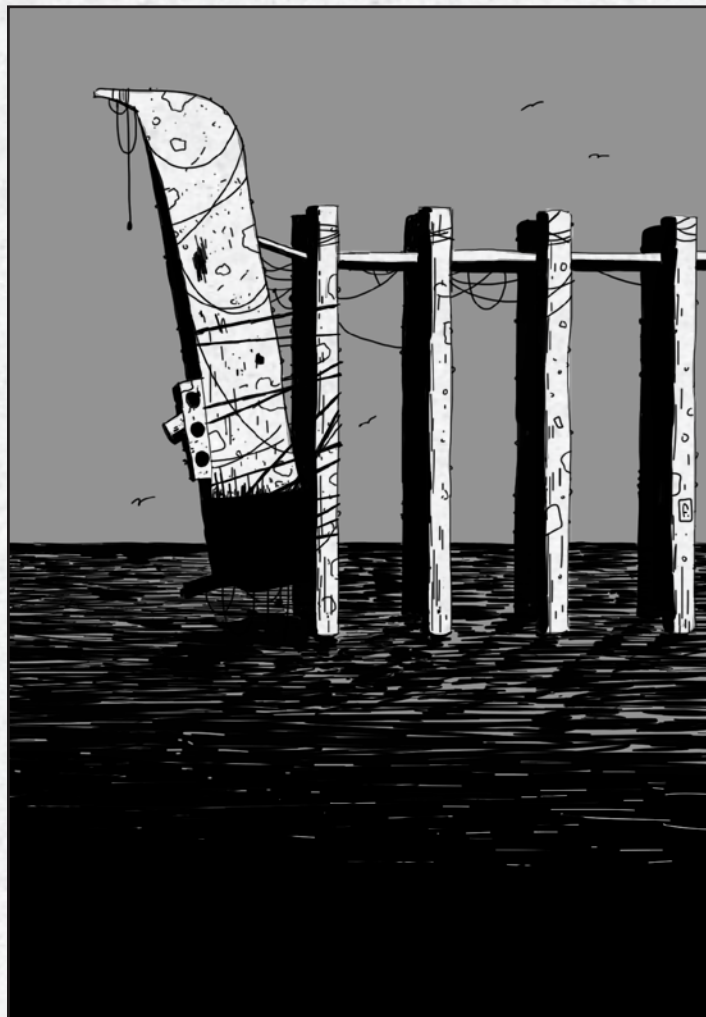
The Dislocated Pier is one of hundreds of piers that thrust intrusively out into the Lyne. These piers allow further real-estate development out over the waters, but so expensive is their maintenance cost that many are in terrible states of repair and are dangerous to use. Some have officially been closed, although such places, of course, make useful places to hide.

The Dislocated Pier lies in Liquorice, a part of Festival famous for imported liquorice. As well as several nearby merchants and traders, this pier specialises in gaudy freakshows and minor plays in tiny theaters. The *Limpet* — the Organ Grinder's boat home — itself lies at the very end of the pier, and while the journey to it is by no means dangerous, the fragility of these structures is readily apparent.

This pier leans and sags as it drags itself away from Festival and out over the sick, black waters of the Lyne. Like a dislocated limb, it writhes and bends its way for a hundred feet above the water, its back groaning beneath a confusion of stalls and shops, tiny theaters and freak shows. The pier ends abruptly — like a broken arm with a severed hand — above the river, its final palsied moments spent in obeisance to the sky above, its entrails exposed to the air and rotting.

Lashed to the end of this ruined appendage is a ship — the carcass of a mildewed keelboat — bow raised as though praying to the gods themselves for release. This prisoner, wreathed in iron and wire, rope and rust, hangs perilously from the broken pier, looking as though at any moment its confinement will end and its stern will drop into the poisonous embrace of the dark waters beneath.

The Lyne's current is sluggish around the dislocated pier. The lower piers are slippery with seaweed and rot, however, and a character must make a saving throw to get out of the river onto them. A mud bank lies 120ft from the end of the pier with the shore 60ft farther on. Any character entering the mud is slowed to half his movement.



The Limpet

The *Limpet* is an old keelboat raised from the water vertically, lashed to the pier, and converted for use as a dwelling. The interior is thus a confusing stack of rooms, and poor alterations to its architecture have made it dangerous. The whole structure is in danger of collapse, with tie lines, chains, and ropes badly corroded or worn. Coal dust and wood chips lie in plentiful amounts throughout the *Limpet*. This is the result of the Organ Grinder's frequent visits to the great windmill aboard the *Blackleg*, a coal and timber merchant's vessel (see the end of the chapter for further details).

The stairs are tricky to use; they have not been properly converted. Characters must make a saving throw to safely navigate them, with a failure resulting in a fall. The Organ Grinder and his followers have grown used to this inconvenience and do not need to make any checks. The inner walls of the ship are infested with hundreds of old fittings, planks and remnants of interior walls that thieves or monks can clamber along with a Climb Walls check.

The doors are damp and tend to stick; they must be forced open with an Open Doors check.

Siklight cockroaches (see sidebar) light all the rooms.

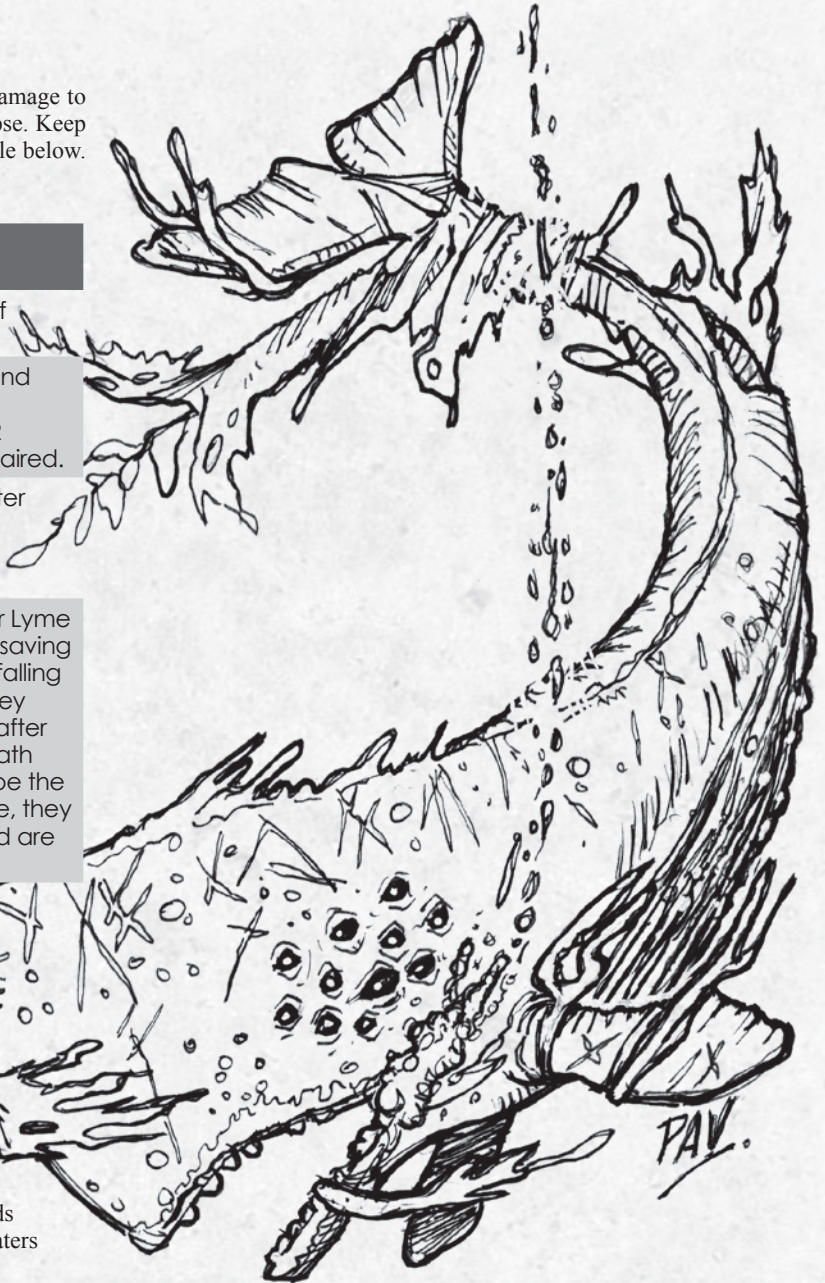
Siklight Cockroaches

Smaller, more nauseating cousins of the giant fire beetle, these creatures feed on waste and give off an insipid, pallid light when they are awake. Siklight cockroaches are a common sight in poorer parts of the Blight. A siklight cockroach costs 8cp and, if properly cared for, will live for a year or more. Siklight cockroaches have a hard chitinous shell and 1hp. If their shell is pierced, the cockroaches explode. The cockroaches are also prone to sudden changes in temperature and certain conditions of the Canker (see *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City*), and small explosions and fires are a common sight in areas lit by them. For this reason, the siklight cockroach has many nicknames among the populace, including Devil's Spark, Trust-Me-Not, Tricklight, Mother's Misery, Beltane's Fart and a host of other, less-polite curses and cant-words.

Combat in the Limpet

So ruptured, rotten, and unstable is the ship that any major damage to the *Limpet*, such as by an area effect spell, can cause it to collapse. Keep a running total of the damage of such spells and consult the table below. Remember that not just the characters' attacks damage the ship.

Total Damage	Effect
5–24	The ship shakes and groans; plates fall off tables, and mice scuttle for cover.
25–49	Ropes securing the ship to the pier snap, and the whole structure becomes unstable. All attack rolls made while onboard take a –2 penalty until the damage to the ship is repaired.
50–74	The whole ship sags forward. Any character who tries to move more than half his movement must make a saving throw or fall prone.
75+	The whole structure collapses into the River Lyme (see below). Those onboard must make a saving throw or take 2d6 points of damage from falling objects and the fall into the river, where they may be trapped and drown. Each round after the fall, those onboard must hold their breath and make an Open Doors check to escape the wreckage of the ship. On a successful save, they take only 1d6 points of falling damage and are thrown clear of the ship.



Event 3: A Lyme Bath

If the *Limpet* sustains more than 50 points of damage, objects falling from it into the water attract a **wallow-whale**. The whale arrives 2d6 rounds later and attacks anything that drops into the water — objects and creatures alike. If the *Limpet* itself falls into the river, the wallow-whale takes 8d8 points of damage as the stern rams into it (save for half). The wallow-whale is not hungry, just curious, and will not use its swallow whole ability. If it gets into a fight with the characters, it loses interest after 1d4 rounds or after taking 40hp of damage and slips back into the black waters to swim away.

Wallow-Whale: HD 15; HP 104; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (2d8 plus disease); Move 15 (swimming); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** capsize, disease (2d6 damage/hour), swallow whole (15 or above to hit, automatic bite damage and 3d6 damage each round). (See **Appendix**)

D1. Entry

The bow rises ten feet above the pier, and a single hefty oak door inset in the vessel's deck forms a grand entrance. This portal has iron bindings and a six-inch-square, leaded-glass window. A small, carved wooden gargoyle sits on the lintel and smiles wickedly.

The door is locked and **trapped**. If someone tries the handle of the door without first unlocking it, a poison arrow trap is triggered. The arrow attacks as a 4HD creature, does 1d8 points of damage, and is coated with wyvern poison (+2 save or death).

D2. Lesser Hold

Beyond the door is a cluttered chamber. Racks of knives lie under piles of books, and iron-shod boots hang, laces taut, from the arms of an iron octopus. A tight little spiral stair descends through an access point in the floor.

Hanging directly above the entry door, the Organ Grinder has hung a foul exhibit — the head and forelegs from a lion, neatly sawn in half and mounted on a varnished wooden plaque. This **lion trophy** is a creation of golem-stitching called a Made (see sidebox), mummified in an alchymic wash, and attacks with its rending ghoulish claws and bite. It grabs paralyzed prey and tries to feed on it, ignoring other opponents. If the Organ Grinder is expecting a visitor, he removes the lion trophy for storage in a closet to ensure their safety.

Lion-Trophy Made: HD 5+2; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 plus paralysis), bite (1d8 plus paralysis); Move 6; Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** paralysis (3d6 turns, save resists), vulnerable to fire (200%).

The Limpet

1 square - 5 feet

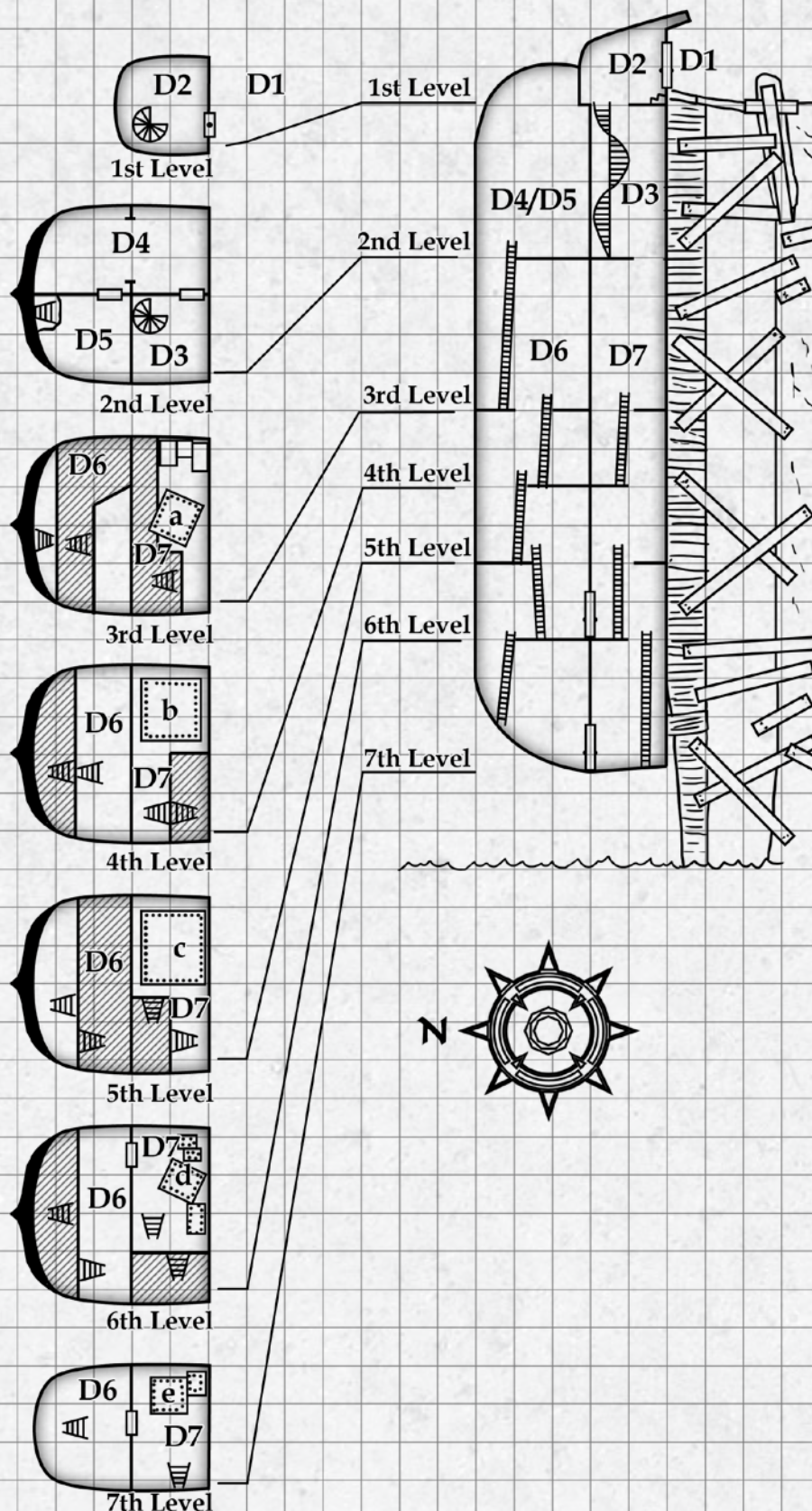
Plan View

Side View

Hatched Areas - Open to Below

Cages:

- a - Dire Wolverine
- b - Dire Ape
- c - Lion
- d - Dire Weasel
- e - Krenshar



Treasure: Searching among the confusion of objects cluttering the room reveals a fine gold candlestick worth 200gp, a stag's head with an old purse inside its mouth containing 4 amethysts worth 100gp each, a single (right) *boot of speed*.

Golem-Stitching and the Made

As well as being his home, the interior of the *Limpet* is a gallery for the Organ Grinder's twisted art of golem-stitching, a sadly growing trade in the city and one which demands increasing amounts of flesh to sculpt. The creations of golem-stitchers are called Made and vary greatly depending upon the power of the creator. "Made" is actually a catchall term for a variety of animated dead and constructs. Some made are zombies, some are flesh or carrion golems or even homunculi, others are stranger still. The art of golem-stitching is one that transcends the boundaries of art, guardianship, and trap with such creations often fulfilling all three functions at once. There is a flourishing market in Made, and these monstrosities can be bought and sold at the Flea Markets and Souks in Golem Town. The Organ Grinder learnt his trade through the acquisition of a secret (see **Area D5**).

The spiral stair descends to **Area D3** and is completely exposed, without railing or cover. This room has a guardian instructed to remain here and deter visitors, an alchemically preserved **four-armed gargoyle zombie** the Organ Grinder refers to as the Crooked Doorman. It is a new addition to the *Limpet*, its corpse having been recently given to the Organ Grinder by the Artificer as partial payment for his services. It reeks of an acrid preservative fluid.

The Crooked Doorman (4-Armed Gargoyle Zombie): HD 10; AC 5[14]; Atk 4 claws (1d3), bite (1d4), horn (1d6); **Move** 9 (flying 15); **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** immune to sleep and charm, +1 or better weapon to hit.

Note: If anyone knocks on the door, the Crooked Doorman answers in a hissing troubled breath that the master isn't at home.

D3. Storage

A narrow spiral stair descends into this room, which is crammed with objects, piled in tea chests, hanging from beams or forced onto crude crooked shelving.

This room is so cluttered that when the door is opened several objects fall to the ground. Within the clutter are three street signs (Three Needles Street, Folgate Road, and Fanshaw Street), a portable ram with a head like a twisted giant's, a battered leather backpack containing straw, numerous household items, a large jar of very hefty coach-bolts and long nails, a pair of wall supports, and a large amount of rubbish. An enormous number of spiders are in this room, but whilst they are big, fast, hairy, and demonstrate an uncanny ability to settle on anyone with arachnophobia, they are otherwise harmless.

D4. Dissectory

In this polished chamber's centre is a dissecting table, complete with straps. A bloody white tarpaulin on the table covers something larger and feral smelling. Shelves around the room are crowded with a gruesome display of pickled or mummified body parts in glass jars. Some of the specimens still wriggle and move, even though they are simple biological forms such as tentacles, the forepaws of a cat, a human tongue, or a monkey's hand. In one corner, an object lies covered by a hefty woolen throw with swirling red and orange woven patterns.

The Organ Grinder keeps his workshop for creating Made scrupulously clean. The specimens are Made created by the Organ Grinder and are pathetically poor things worth nothing to anyone.

Currently, the Grinder is amusing himself most of the time with his latest creation — a collage of body parts from a minotaur and an ankheg that he, unimaginatively, calls an **ankhetaur**. To protect himself, he has fitted the creature with an iron muzzle and straps that hold it in place. While muzzled, the creature cannot attack. Four straps bind the creature's hands and feet.

Ankhetaur: HD 7; HP 49; AC 2[17], underside 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (3d6), gore (1d6); **Move** 12 (burrow 9); **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** spits acid (1/day, 5d6 damage, save for half). (**Monstrosities** 14 and 330)

Note: The ankhetaur is muzzled and strapped down. If a strap is severed, the creature is able to use its claws to release the other straps in 1 round. If reduced to 20hp or fewer, the creature's instinct kicks in and it burrows through the ship using both its claws to try to tear through the hull and escape. If it breaches a section of the hull, it leaps into the river to escape (and likely feeds the wallow-whale in **Event 3**). If it escapes in this way, remember to add this damage to the overall ship damage as detailed above.

Development: The object beneath the throw is a wooden pedestal supporting a great jar of vinegar with the head of a still-living, alchymically preserved **medusa vargouille** trapped within. The jar is secured by an iron screw-top lid sealed with wax; an Open Doors check is required to open it (the occupant cannot open it from the inside). If the Organ Grinder retreats through this room, he may choose to knock the jar from its pedestal and then close the door behind him, trapping Leyak within to attack any pursuers.

Whenever the characters first see the trapped head, read the following:

The severed head of an ebony-skinned woman floats in a sealed glass jar filled with an amber fluid. Floating viscera trails from the ragged stump of her neck. Her hair is a multitude of grey eel-like serpents that twist and writhe to fix their gaze upon you as the woman's eyes suddenly flick open, though they close again just as suddenly. She is alive! She begins desperately mouthing pleas for help, her expression one of indescribable anguish and fear with her eyes clenched tightly shut.

This creature is Leyak, and she has been trapped in this jar for many years. Her host body was destroyed long ago. Her petrifying gaze is ineffective through the distortion of the glass. She has been traded around the golem-stitching community ever since she was first sold by her initial captor but none of her "owners" has been brave enough to release her. The Organ Grinder won her several months ago and still hasn't decided what to do with her.

Leyak's voice is just audible through the thick glass. She pleads for release, promising anything they require of her, including information on anything or anyone they seek. She explains that she was a human

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slave brought to Castorhage and that she is not truly a monster but has been experimented upon to look as she does. She is a consummate liar, however, and unfortunately, her promises are all false. If she is released, her awful hunger utterly consumes her and she attacks without mercy, unfurling her wings from the cloudy viscera clinging to her from the jar.

Leyak (Vargouille Medusa): HD 8; AC 8[11]; Atk bite (1d4), snakes (lethal poison); **Move** 12 (flying); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** permanent hit point loss (bite, no save), poison (save or die), turn to stone (gaze, save avoids). (**Monstrosities** 324 and 500)

Note: Aware of what lies beneath the tarpaulin, Leyak's first action if freed is to bite through one strap.

D5. Study

This study is crammed with books and dominated by a fine roll-top desk. The complete skeleton of an ape hangs from a beam, its articulated bones held together by wire, and glass cases display two preserved and stuffed exotic birds. A ladder descends steeply into the gloom via a hole broken in the floor.

The ladder descends 20ft to **Area D6**. The desk contains several ledgers that show that, over the past several months, the Organ Grinder has been ordering several tons of coal each week from Sallow & Son Coal and Timber Factors to be delivered to a single location. Each order for a barge load of coal and timber lists a charge of 100gp, and there have been 15 total orders. The latest order is due for delivery tomorrow to the usual place: one of the great windmills at the mouth of the Lyme.

One of the birds is an albino dodo and the other is a paradise cockatrice. A paradise cockatrice is identical to its more mundane cousin save in one regard: It has the most exquisite plumage — a rainbow display of violet, turquoise, and emerald. Costumers and spellcasters alike prize their feathers. The Organ Grinder keeps the key to the chest hidden in his chamber (**Area D6**) in the dodo's mouth. The silver key is tiny and can be found only if the characters specifically search the dodo.

Treasure: The desk has a very fine writing set worth 75gp and three bottles of Devil's Wormwood absinthe (see sidebar). Only two of the bottles still contain a worm as the Organ Grinder has already eaten one and gained its benefits. The desk itself has a hidden cache (the hidden door that lies behind a section of removable shelving). Within the space is a small leather-bound book containing *The Secret of Creation* (see sidebar). The stuffed birds are worth 100gp and 500gp to the right collector.

D6. Organ Grinder's Chamber

This chamber takes up much of the old lower hold of the ship. It comprises three levels connected by rickety ladders, with an open central section such that it is possible to leap between them. Each floor is cluttered with oddments and objects, including a large amount of books and several crude canvases.

The ladders are not tied to the walls and can easily be knocked down. The bottom floor is the sloped stern of the ship, and its surface is slick and requires characters to make a saving throw to move on at greater than half speed. The **Organ Grinder**, his monkey-like **familiar Scat**, and his **mephith thrall Lott**, spend most of their time here. In addition, his barrel **organ** usually shuffles about in this chamber when he is present. When the Organ Grinder is out, Lott generally remains within the *Limpet* feeding (or more usually, tormenting) the creatures in the menagerie (**Area D7**).

The Organ Grinder (MU4/Thf7): HP 35; AC 2[17]; Atk +1 short sword (1d6+1 plus poison) or light crossbow (1d4 plus poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 7 (+2, ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700;

New Tome

The Secret of Creation

This book, bound in the softest goatskin, contains a curious codex of sigils, runes and oddly disturbing drawings. The golem-stitchers of Castorhage use copies of this tome to fashion weird constructions from stitched-together parts of various creatures.

In addition, the owner of the book is troubled by dreams in which the animated parts of created creatures stalk him. This has no game effect and is unpleasant enough to warrant the owner being constantly troubled about keeping the tome.

The Secret of Creation is worth 1300gp.

New Drug: Absinthe

This highly intoxicating green beverage is common in the Blight. It is usually taken with water and is commonly called "green fairy" or "Devil's wormwood." A shot can cost anywhere from 1gp to 30gp but various magically or alchemically enhanced versions exist which cost a lot more. A few of the more specialized versions of absinthe are detailed below. Their effects and damage given are alchemic in nature.

Green Fairy

Green fairy is taken by artists who claim it enhances creativity. Any imbibor must make a saving throw or suffer a -1 penalty to attacks and saves. Spellcasters must make a saving throw with a -1 penalty to successfully cast a spell.

Price 20gp

Devil's Wormwood

Said to have been distilled in Hell, this vile liquid has a fat worm floating in each bottle. Eating the worm exposes the consumer to a poison which may extend the effects of the drug if it doesn't commit them to a nightmare-filled coma (see Devil's Worm below). The imbibor suffers a -2 penalty to attacks and saves for 12 hours. Spellcasters must make a saving throw with a -2 penalty to successfully cast a spell.

Price 500gp

Devil's Worm

Each bottle of Devil's wormwood contains a poisonous Devil's worm. A person under the effects of the Devil's wormwood who consumes a Devil's worm extends the duration of the drug's effects by 1-3 months.

Special: backstab (x3), spells (3/2), +2 saves (spells, wands, staves, traps, magical devices), thieving skills.

Spells: 1st—charm person, magic missile (x2); 2nd—mirror image, phantasmal force.

Thieving Skills: Climb 91%, Tasks/Traps 45%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 40%, Silent 50%, Locks 40%.

Equipment: bracers of defense AC 4[15], entertainer's outfit, +1 short sword, light crossbow, 10 bolts, bowl of controlling elementals, potion of invisibility, ragefire spawn in bottle, ring of protection +2, poison (+2 save or paralyzed for 1d6 hours), spell component pouch, surgeon's tools, thieves' tools, key to **Area D1** designed to look like a wallow-whale devouring the sun with copper and obsidian eyes worth 75gp.

Note: The Organ Grinder is fearful of breaking the

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ragefire spawn bottle unless he has summoned a water elemental in advance to extinguish it.

Scat (Blight Monkey Homunculus): HD 5; HP 31; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d3 plus disease), or excrement (disease); **Move** 12 (climbing 12); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** disease (itching, red skin, -2 to hit and saves, save avoids), enraged screech (30ft radius, -1 to hit, damage and saves for 1d3 rounds, save avoids). (See **Appendix A**)
Equipment: clown's outfit, fez, tin cup.

The Organ (Animated Object): HD 2; AC 6[13]; **Atk** slam (1d4); **Move** 12 (climb 9); **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** none.

Note: The Organ is very cowardly, with no interest in fighting. It usually sits quietly out of the way hoping it won't be seen, like a sloth in the jungle. If it takes damage, the Organ flees, its legs unfolding below the wheels.

Ragefire Spawn: HD 2; AC 5[14]; **Atk** attach (1d3); **Move** 15; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** vulnerable to water (extinguished). (See **Appendix A**)

Loff (Brimstone Mephit): HD 3; AC 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3); **Move** 12 (flying 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** breathe gas cloud (1d8+1 damage, save for half), gaseous form. (**Monstrosities** 327)

Note: The mephit is careful to use only its gas cloud attack when the Organ Grinder is more than 30ft away — it is not remotely concerned about the others — but itches to see the effects of its special attack. In general, it moves away from the Grinder and uses this ability early in combat if it can.

Treasure: The books are generally about anatomy, healing and alchemy. However, a few are notable. The first — *Granthim's Treatise upon Outsider's Souls* — is richly illustrated in gilt and crimson diagrams and is worth 350gp. The second, a huge, untitled folio of images of speculative beasts of Between is worth 400gp. Finally, a copy of *Kathrill's Arcanum* contains the spells *polymorph self*, *cloudkill*, *dimension door* and *control weather*.

The Organ Grinder keeps his treasure in a chest hidden behind a small secret panel. It is locked with a lock (-20% Open Locks) that has a tiny keyhole, the key to which is hidden in his stuffed dodo's mouth (**Area D5**). Within the chest, he keeps his formulae book; 1250gp in a large leather sack; a whalebone and walrus tusk jaggling wheel set with gold bands worth 600gp; an engraved whale-tooth depicting a swarm of ravens with obsidian-encrusted wings worth 700gp; and three smoky coloured and decorated achairai eggs set with tiny emeralds and gold filigree, each worth 500gp.

D7. Bold Menagerie

A feral stench prowls this room, and a dozen rickety wooden cages line the trio of clumsily made wooden floors that were clearly once the ship's bulkheads. Again, planks and ladders connect this crooked space, while buckets of water, coarse tubers and plants, and fly-speckled cuts of meat hang from nails variously spaced along the walls.

The Organ Grinder is very proud of his menagerie of animals that he has collected from around the known world. It fills the old upper hold of the ship, which contains 12 wooden cages each held shut by a simple wooden peg. The bars of the cages are close enough to prevent attack by the creatures within, and the cages are as tall as they are wide. If the Organ Grinder retreats here, he releases one caged animal at a time while

climbing away if attacked. While not all animals here are aggressive (caged birds make up the rest of the menagerie), those that are offer him a last line of defence and are detailed below. He releases these in preference to any others although, if desperate, he may release other creatures in the hope that their flight distracts enemies. Each released creature emerges from its cage to look for food. It attacks anyone it can reach. The cages with creatures (and their occupants) are marked on the map.

Like **Area D6**, the bottom floor is the sloped stern of the ship, its surface slick with a slurry and animal droppings, and requires a saving throw to move upon at more than half speed.

Giant Wolverine: HD 6; HP 41; AC 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** musk (irritates eyes and lungs, 10ft spray, -1 to hit, save avoids), +4 to hit. (**Monstrosities** 517)

Gorilla: HD 4; HP 29; AC 6[13]; **Atk** 2 hands (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** hug and rend (2 hits, rend for additional 1d6 damage). (**Monstrosities** 17)

Lion: HD 5+2; HP 33; AC 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 297)

Giant Weasel: HD 3+3; HP 23; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (2d6 plus blood drain); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** drain blood (automatic 2d6 damage per round after bite). (**Monstrosities** 506)

Leucrota: HD 6; HP 40; AC 4[15]; **Atk** bite (3d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 293)

Development: If the characters defeat the Organ Grinder, they can interrogate him. He is essentially a coward and pleads for his life, providing them with the information he knows in return for their mercy. The information he spills includes the location of the Artificer, the "creator of the living fire," at the great windmill (**Chapter 6**). He explains about the "strange metal contraption that she calls the Crucible," and the constant supply of coal and timber that is required to keep it alight. He admits that he was to sail with a new shipment from Sallow & Son to the mill on the morrow.

If the characters kill the Organ Grinder, they might recover some of this information by using *speak with the dead*, but the corpse has a 1-in-6 chance to attempt to deceive them, and its answers will be brief and cryptic if not. The link to Sallow & Son Coal and Timber Factors can also be gleaned from the ledgers on his study desk (**Area D5**). If the characters want to head straight to the great windmill, boats and skiffs are easy to hire at only 5gp per day, or the characters may make arrangements to buy a boat for themselves. Alternatively, they may decide to first visit Sallow & Son.

Sallow & Son Coal and Timber Factors

The ragefire elemental requires a constant supply of combustible material to be forced to spawn, and coal and timber have been used in huge quantities to that effect. The Artificer has used Sallow & Son Coal and Timber Factors, as she knew their business was on its last legs and likely would go under without her patronage. John and Jacob Sallows' loyalty is therefore assured through their fear of bankruptcy and personal ruin.

The merchants' warehouse, a shoddy building with living accommodation upstairs and a 6ft-high wall surrounding it is indicated on the Festival map. Unpopular, but not an enemy of the wererats, the warehouse is rundown within and clearly understocked for the size of the yard. It contains no timber at all. A low iron gate, which is never locked,

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opens into the yard. The *Blackleg*, the pair's ship, moors just outside the warehouse. The pair have a large, emaciated **heavy fighting dog** loose in the yard; it is very hungry and aggressive, and attacks anyone who tries to enter the yard without one of the pair present. Killing the dog lowers the pair's attitude toward strangers by one category.

Pit-Mastiff (Heavy Fighting Dog): HD 4; HP 27; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6+2 plus jawlock); Move 15; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** jawlock (automatic bite damage after hit). (See Appendix A)

Development: The coal merchants are dupes in the plot and desperate enough to appear secretive. **John Sallow** (N male human merchant, 9hp) is a tall, sturdy man whose usual attire is coal dust. His son **Jacob** (N male briny* merchant, 12hp) is quick-tempered. Getting any kind of information out of the coal merchants is not easy. They have been sworn to secrecy, and John knows that without his regular order from his "friends at the Great Windmill," he will go out of business and be at the mercy of his ruthless creditors and the bankruptcy courts — and he is not sure which is worse. While the men are civil, they are unfriendly. If the characters can come up with a clever ruse (such as posing as a friend of the

Organ Grinder and insisting on accompanying the latest shipment), force the information out of the pair, or explain what they're involved in as an appeal to their better natures, they can be made to reluctantly talk.

If convinced to talk, John and Jacob reveal that they have been delivering coal and timber for months to one of the great windmills and acquiesce to take the characters in their coal barge with tomorrow's delivery. They can give a description of their employer, the Artificer (see Area E2), and relate that she has told them she is "engaged upon an arcane experimentation" that requires a constant supply of tinder. Jacob has caught a brief glimpse of the crucible and can give them a very basic description of the crucible itself, swearing by the all saints that he thought the device was alive, sure that he heard deep roars from within.

Thick iron plates on the *Blackleg's* hull reinforce the merchant's vessel to enable the pair to safely draw their barge up to the windmill and make deliveries without their ship being smashed by the rocks.

* See *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City* for details.



Chapter Six: The Great Windmill



If the characters wish to gather information about the Great Windmills, use the information in the sidebox. No information is available on the Artificer, however, as she has done well in keeping her identity and activities secret.

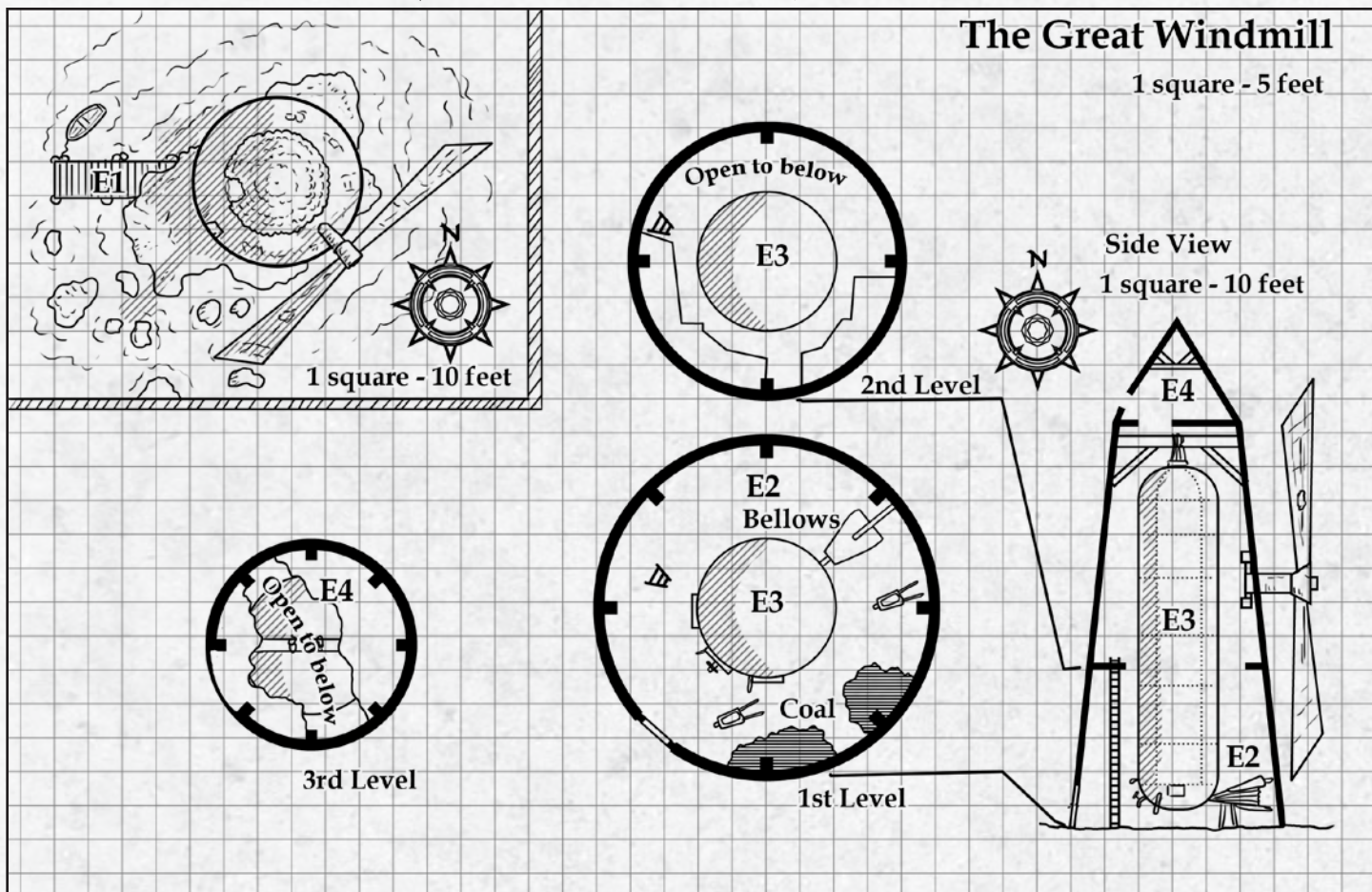
The Great Windmill is a vast building that stands in the mouth of the Great Lyme River on a squat manmade island located in the estuary of the river, approximately 4 miles from Festival and shown on the location map. The isle is little wider than the windmill itself, with a short timber jetty allowing access by boat.

Built of heavy timbers soaked in oil to prevent rot, the mill is 100ft tall and 30ft wide with a stout wooden door at its base. A steeply conical roof of slate tiles rise 25ft farther. The walls are easy to climb, the roof less so due to its slippery nature (it has been treated often with grease to keep out rain).

The central floors of the structure have been removed to accommodate the crucible, leaving only stubby balconies connected by ladders tied to them with wire. The entire place is very hot, and if anyone unprotected from severe heat enters the building, they immediately begin to sweat and must make a saving throw once every 10 minutes (cumulative -1 penalty for each previous save) or take 1d4 points of damage.

Rumours about the Great Windmills

1d20	Rumour
6	"You can see 'em from most eastern parts of the city — vast places built on manmade islands in the river. Many of 'em have burnt down, or been blown over, or fallen, but there must be a good score of 'em left."
10	"Most were built about seventy years ago. The mills were supposed to replace water power for the millers. Course, most of the bigger millers use accursed fleshgines and foul treadmills now so they became obsolete. They milled their last flour over forty years ago, I'd guess."
12	"D...d...dangerous places! One exploded. Exploded! They say the hot machinery ignited the flour dust and the place just blew!"
16	"One of the main reasons for their demise was how awkward it was to land at 'em. Now, o' course, they're places best avoided: pirates, smugglers, briny-boys, golem-stitchers, and even sea-devils are rumoured to populate 'em. Hah, one of the things that made 'em so awkward is now one of their strengths! Handy bases for keeping outta sight if ya wanna do unseen things ..."



Reaching the Great Windmill

The estuary is a tricky place to navigate at times, as the Canker springs up and curious — but still hazardous — sandbanks form. Some even say sea devils or skum deliberately form the sandbanks to trap vessels when the Canker is at her deepest. If the characters are travelling by their own means, you could make this part of the adventure as tricky or easy as you wish. As written, the characters either go with the coal merchants or under the own methods, and since these could vary considerably, the approach is left open for you to consider.

When the characters draw within 200 yards of the Great Windmill, read or paraphrase the following description:

A vast dark shape looms from the water; like some primal dragon or kraken, it is monstrous and brooding. Its great sails hang ossified on her seaward side, barely moving in the wind. Whilst its flanks soar into the sky to nearly 130 feet, its feet grip the stone upon which it is built almost in desperation. This structure has a tiny footprint and virtually suffocates the rock upon which it perches. A low jetty seems to be the only landing point on this strange outpost, yet even this looks a tricky proposition as the tide is rough and the rocks about it are jagged.

As the characters draw even closer to the island, anyone looking over the boat's side notices that the water around the island seems more populated than expected with dark shapes that swim below. The Artificer

and her gargoyle accomplices, eager to ensure that unwanted visitors are kept away, have been chumming the waters to draw predators.

E1. Jetty

A low timber jetty with a single moored jolly boat extends out from the foot of a vast towering edifice of great timber beams, which squats like a cuckoo in an inadequate nest. The jetty sits atop razor-like rocks. This great windmill almost appears to be dipping its toes into the waters and, by the look of the salt scars around its base, the place is frequently inundated by storms.

The rocks, like many forming isles hereabouts, are indeed razor sharp. Any boat drawing up to the island grinds its hull against the rocks. The rocks have a 25% chance of breaching the boat's hull and causing the vessel to sink in 3d6 rounds. Anyone ending up in the water immediately find out the identities of the dark shapes lurking below.

Even if all the characters safely disembark, they still are left with the problem of what to do with their vessel. If they allow it to drift, it soon gets dragged away by the strong currents. If they leave it moored, it is soon damaged beyond repair by being repeatedly ground against the rocks by the actions of the waves. If the characters arrive aboard the *Blackleg*, they discover that its reinforced, iron-plated hull foregoes the need for any of the normal checks and can remain lashed to the jetty for hours if need be. In addition, its gangplank also allows access from the boat to the jetty without any sort of check.

If the characters examine the outer walls of the Great Windmill, they notice a heavy metal flue emerging from the roof and rising 30ft above the mill. This flue vents off the crucible's smoke and is easily visible during daylight hours. It is a recent modification added to the windmill. A balcony sits high above. This perch (**Area E4**) hangs 100ft above the ground entrance. The wind sails of the mill are each 70ft long and

Fire and Water

Fire

A fire elemental or ragefire elemental, including ragefire spawn, sets alight any combustible material if it remains in one place for a full round. These fires may then spread. Each round, the fires spread to one adjacent 10ft square for every two squares that are already burning, rounded down (for example, a fire of four 10ft squares ignites two more, a fire of seven 10ft squares ignites three more, and so on). A fire burning in only a single 10ft square has a 50% chance per round of spreading to an adjacent square.

Whenever a character moves into a square that is on fire, he must make a saving throw or catch on fire, taking 1d6 points of damage that round and every round he remains on fire.

If half or more of the squares in an area are on fire, at the Referee's discretion, the smoke may become too thick to breathe without effort; characters must make a saving throw (–1 per previous attempt) at the beginning of each round or spend that round choking and coughing. A character who chokes for 2 consecutive rounds takes 1d6 points of damage.

If fires grow too large, the burning debris creates thick black smoke that pours into the sky above Castorhage, and a fire brigade eventually arrives, followed by one or more units of the City Watch. Characters emerging from burning areas after the authorities have arrived may be detained and have some explaining to do.

Water

The ragefire elemental (see **Appendix A**) is an Abyssal variant of the fire elemental, but is extremely susceptible to water:

Create water does 1d6 points of damage per level (4d6 points of damage for the cleric version; 2d6 points of damage for the druid version).

A water elemental's strike does 6d10 points of damage.

A *decanter of endless water* does 2d6 points of damage per round.

Immersing the ragefire elemental in a body of water (such as the Lyme) inflicts 6d6 points of damage each round to the creature.

The Referee should use his discretion if the players find other creative uses for water-based spells.



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25ft wide at their distal ends, and they move with almost imperceptible slowness. Characters who are able to reach them can climb along them to reach their intersection at the base of **Area E4**.

A **gargoyle** sits on watch, hidden amongst the rocks of the shore (1-in-6 chance to spot) keeping an eye out for unexpected visitors. In addition, the waters around the island are infested with aquatic carnivores, the most dangerous of which are **3 slop-sharks** that keep the other predators at bay and move quickly to attack anyone they perceive in the water. The slop-sharks are bloated and have an unpleasant crimson hue.

Gargoyle: HD 4; HP 27; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4), horn (1d6); **Move** 9 (flying 15); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +1 or better magical weapon to hit.

Note: The gargoyle is used to seeing John and Jacob Sallow on the *Blackleg*, but not a full crew. If it sees more than three people, it flies quickly to the perch (**Area E4**) to alert the Artificer.

Lyme Anglers (Slop-Sharks) (3): HD 6; HP 44, 41, 39; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (2d6 plus disease); **Move** 12 (swimming); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** disease (brine misery, save or extreme itching, -1 to hit, saves and damage until healed), lantern lure (save or mesmerized, automatically lose initiative). (See **Appendix A**)

E2. Main Chamber

The interior of the great windmill has been stripped of furnishings and floors to accommodate a singular construction — a cyst of iron, a vast metal cocoon that gives off a nimbus of heat and the smell of hot iron — which dominates the space. This cyclopean object is suspended from great timber beams high above by a single iron chain and has heavy doors sealed at its base, where it hangs just above the floor. Several large scars and dents mar the iron plating of the construction as if something powerful within had tried to escape in the past. Piles of coal and several wheelbarrows lie nearby, ready to feed the inferno within. What were once the upper floors of the mill are now little more than a single balcony connected by a rickety ladder. Most disturbing of all though is the noise — the steady hateful roar of something within the object itself.

The entire area is sweltering from proximity to the crucible. Characters immediately begin to sweat and must make a saving throw once every 10 minutes (cumulative -1 penalty for each previous save) or take 1d4 points of damage. Characters in heavy clothing or armor of any sort take a -4 penalty on this save. The occupants of the room have grown acclimated to these effects.

The coal piles are used to feed the elemental within the crucible. Lying amongst them is a heavy cloth the gargoyles use to open the door levers to ensure they do not take damage while doing so (see **Area E3** below). The ladder is safe, and the floor above creaks but is solid enough. The mechanism that holds the mill's great sails is a rusting mass of iron 60ft above the floor.

The **Artificer** spends her every waking hour attending the thing she has created, and is now nurturing it with the intention of drawing off a large number of ragefire spawn. With these, she intends to attack shipping far out to sea where there will be no witnesses and no way for her elementals to escape after the carnage. She is helped in her task by **2 quasit thralls** and a small wing of **3 gargoyles** that fear and respect her ever since she killed their four-armed patriarch and fed several more dissenters to the crucible. While most of the remaining gargoyles are now loyal to the Artificer, they are petty, treacherous and vindictive creatures and remain ready to exploit any perceived weakness. One in particular, the old matriarch, is waiting for an opportunity that the characters are likely to create.

The Artificer is busy tending her beloved elemental; however, it is getting angrier and angrier. She's managed to quell it over the last few days with use of her *wand of cold*, but knows the thing wants to escape.

The outer shell of the crucible is already scored with unnaturally large punch marks from within. Unfortunately, the gargoyles, sick of the beatings they get and extremely amused by what may happen if the thing within is freed, have already plotted to help it (see "Tactics" below for more details). The Artificer is obsessive about her prisoner, and knows it is her way to fortune and power. She'll never give it up.

When first seen, the Artificer is almost shocking in her near nakedness. She's lithe and oily and dirty, and has grown accustomed to working in the intense heat of the windmill. She wears hefty boots and a cloak that barely covers her body. A leather belt from which dangle a few pouches and tools hangs at her waist.

The Artificer (Female MU11): HP 38; AC 5[14] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; Atk dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring, cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** spells (4/4/4/3/3), +2 save (spells, wands, staves).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile* (x2), *read languages*, *shield*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *mirror image*, *pyrotechnics*, *strength*; 3rd—*fireball*, *fly*, *haste*, *lightning bolt*; 4th—*dimension door*, *fear*, *ice storm*; 5th—*conjunction of elementals* (x2), *feeblemind*.

Equipment: *cloak of protection* +2, dagger, *decanter of endless water*, *ring of protection* +2, 3 quartz flasks containing ragefire spawns, *ring of fire resistance*, *wand of cold* (20 charges).

Note: This is the Artificer's only chance of power; she's been wretched before and knows how hard that is in this city of all places. She'll die before abandoning her plans at the windmill.

Suffer and Grieve (Quasits) (2): HD 3; HP 21, 19; AC 2[17]; Atk 2 claws (1d2 plus non-lethal poison), bite (1d3); **Move** 14; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** magic resistance (25%), non-lethal poison (save or cumulative -1 to hit and damage), regenerate (1hp/round), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: at will—*invisibility*, *polymorph self*; 1/day—*fear*.

Gargoyles (3): HD 4; HP 30, 28, 24; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4), horn (1d6); **Move** 9 (flying 15); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +1 or better magical weapon to hit.

Ragefire Spawn (3): HD 2; HP 14, 13, 10; AC 5[14]; Atk attach (1d3); **Move** 15; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** vulnerable to water (extinguished). (See **Appendix A**)

Tactics: Each of the gargoyles (including the one attending the bellows at **Area E3**) agrees that it would be highly amusing to see the elemental in action. They know how to fully open the crucible, and the arrival of any sword- and spell-wielding foes grants them cover to see their plan to fruition. One (or all) of them move toward the main opening lever and pull it, releasing the ragefire elemental (see **Area E3** below) and then scatter to watch the ensuing chaos. They regroup at the Perch (**Area E4**) to watch. They leave this position only if attacked, in which case they attack as a quartet, fleeing if any one of their group is slain.

Treasure: The Artificer's gear is scattered across the chamber, including her formulae book and an unlocked iron chest containing 2500gp and copies of various shipping ledgers that detail voyages that the Company of Honourable Seamen are due to make in the next 2 months. Three of these voyages are circled, with the words "spice," "silk," and "brandy" scribbled beside them, and the word "valuable" written and underlined beside them. These are the first ships the Artificer plans to attack and rob as soon as they sail.

E3. The Crucible

A vast construct of riveted iron plates fills the interior of the windmill like a great metal child inside its womb. A great chain holds it to the beams high above, while below it is so close to the ground it can barely be crawled under. At the base, three 5-foot-wide doors are shut fast, levers at their sides, while a curious brass tap protrudes just below. To one side, a set of bellows can be pumped to keep the fires within roaring. The entire contraption gives off an intense heat, while something inside growls angrily.

This vast construction is the crucible. A furnace lies within the base of the crucible; the three iron doors allow access, only one of which can be open at a time. Two doors are used to feed the furnace, and the third is used to open the crucible and feed its prisoner. Iron valves permit fumes to escape but keep the creature trapped within. The tap is used to draw off essences of the ragefire as ragefire spawn with a command word known by the Artificer. The iron chain at its top is 6in thick (90 points of damage causes the chain to snap under the weight of the crucible), and the beams from which it hangs are 2ft thick (120 points of damage causes the beam to snap under the weight of the crucible). If the chain or beams can be severed or fail, the furnace falls and ruptures, allowing the elemental to escape and filling the ground floor with burning coals to a depth of 5ft (exposure to which inflicts 10d6 points of damage per round). Characters making a saving throw manage to dive out the door or leap onto an exposed beam fragment (Referee's discretion) and take only half damage; how those who make their escape manage to stay away from the coals, which burn for another hour unless extinguished, is between them and the Referee. If the coals are dumped, the building also catches fire (see the **Fire and Water** sidebox above).

The **gargoyle matriarch** attends the bellows that power the furnace and feeds it fuel. This gargoyle, **Shlarch**, is drenched in sweat and filth. She is the old matriarch of the wing who still burns with anger at the Artificer for slaying her mate. Shlarch has been working the crucible for the Artificer, observing, biding her time and plotting with her gargoyle followers. Not only has she overheard and memorized the command word to make the tap work, but she has also overheard the Artificer describing some of the functions of the crucible to the Organ Grinder, including how the bound creature can be released. When the characters enter the mill and confront the Artificer, Shlarch realizes that her opportunity has come. Anyone touching the metal shell of the crucible or one of the levers takes 2d6 points of fire damage unless they are suitable protected (for example, by using the cloth lying in the coal heap in **Area E2**). Anyone entering the crucible takes 10d6 points of fire damage each round.

Shlarch (Maggog Gargoyle): HD 5+1; HP 38; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d8); **Move** 12 (flying 18); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (4/2/1). (**Monstrosities** 186)

Spells: 1st—charm person, magic missile (x2), sleep; 2nd—darkness 15ft radius, mirror image; 3rd—lightning bolt.

Development: When combat starts in the room, a gargoyle opens the tap to release the elemental. The ragefire elemental starts to pour out through these doors at the base of the crucible like liquid flame and pools beneath. At this stage, a character can try to close the tap. Those attempting this take 6d6 points of fire damage as the elemental and contents boil outward. If the elemental is not stopped, 3 rounds later, an **8HD ragefire elemental** emerges from the pool and joins the fray (see **Event 4** below). When this occurs, the other gargoyles retreat from the fight to watch, with glee, what happens.

E4. The Perch

A larger fragment of the windmill's flooring stands virtually intact near the roof. Through a hole in the floor can be seen the beams supporting the great behemoth in the room below. The shimmer of super-heated air rises up through this hole and makes this room uncomfortably warm.

This room is considered to be severe heat like the rest of the tower due to the vast crucible below. A narrow balcony has been made by the gargoyles to allow their frequent raids into the city to collect carrion, steal trophies to line their lair, abduct beggars and vagabonds to feed on, or to find insects and small birds and mammals to slowly pull apart.

Treasure: The gargoyles have kept various objects from victims fed into the furnace, including a scorched wooden clog; a silver monocle set with carved swans and angels that functions as *lenses of charming*; a glove-puppet two-headed crow bearing a minor illusion that occasionally shouts out cuss-words for no discernible reason; a silver stirrup cup shaped like a fox eating a dove worth 500gp; a large bloody and soot-damaged smock; a desiccated human hand; and a fine pinafore dress set with obsidians worth 200gp and, again, stained with blood (the value increases to 400gp if properly cleaned and restored).

Event 4: The Ragefire Freed

As the ragefire elemental has fed, it has grown and with this increase in size has come an increase in its cunning. It wants nothing less than to destroy its prison, kill the Artificer, and wreak havoc. It is about to get its chance ...

Elemental, Ragefire (8HD): HD 8; HP 57; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** feed (5% cumulative chance per victim incinerated of becoming 12HD)



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elemental), immune to fire, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water (200%). (See **Appendix A**)

Tactics: The ragefire elemental and the ragefire spawn set the mill alight. The walls, ladders, upper floors, and structural beams of the structure are all made of wood that is very ready to burn. Any interior surface that is adjacent to an elemental begins to burn. Refer to the **Fire and Water** sidebar for rules on determining the speed with which the fire spreads. Rules for tracking the effects of the fire as it spreads throughout the mill follow. All effects are cumulative.

Squares Affected	Effect
1–10	The building is on fire and anyone inside experiences severe heat; embers and smoke begin to fill the interior. If the crucible ruptures, refer to Area E3 for additional effects.
11–20	The flames spread, and anyone inside the mill experiences extreme heat; smoke fills the room and obscures vision, giving concealment (20% miss chance) to anyone within it.
21–30	Over half the building is now on fire, and the smoke has become too thick to breathe without effort; anyone inside must make a saving throw (–1 per previous attempt) at the beginning of their turn each round or spend that round choking and coughing. A character who chokes for 2 consecutive rounds takes 1d6 points of damage.
31–40	Most of the building is now aflame; breathing air in these temperatures deals 1d6 points of fire damage per round (no save); the characters also take 1d6 points of damage from the smoke effects (no save) but must make a save each round to avoid coughing and choking due to the smoke.
41+	The building is now completely engulfed in fire, and anyone within (regardless of what square they're in) catches on fire. After 10 rounds of burning at this intensity, debris begins to fall, and anyone within must make a saving throw each round or be struck for 1d6 points of damage. Anyone injured by falling debris has a 50% chance of being knocked prone. If knocked down, a character has a 50% chance of being pinned. A pinned character takes an additional 1d6 points of fire damage each round (regardless of other damage being taken) because of the burning wood that pins them. A pinned character can escape by making an Open Doors check. After 15 minutes of burning at this intensity, the roof of the great windmill collapses, taking the structural beams with it. The windmill collapse covers the entire surface of the isle. Anyone upon the island when this occurs takes 8d6 points of damage (save for half). Characters take 1d6 points of fire damage per round while buried.

Development: Once the windmill collapses, and the Artificer is dead, the ragefire elemental seeks to escape the island. If Mean's Mob are waiting (see **Event 5** below), they flee from the elemental rather than engage it. If the elemental is not fleeing, it attempts to kill them. Ten minutes into combat, a caravel (the *Filthy Drake*) approaches the isle's jetty, eager to help save anyone from the fire. The ship comes to within 25ft of the isle in this case. The elemental leaps onto the ship, killing any of the crew who don't immediately leap overboard (whom the slop-sharks rapidly take care of), and the burning ship begins drifting toward the city.

If the elemental is not destroyed, in 20 minutes the fragments of burning caravel draws close enough to a shore and the elemental leaps off and onto the city docks. A large fire then breaks out in the city as the elemental begins killing everyone in sight. If it is not destroyed swiftly, the number of lives it may claim could transform it into a 16HD ragefire elemental. These developments are dealt with in the **Conclusion** below.

Event 5: An Unexpected Complicaiton

If Uriah Mean was able to have the party followed (see **Chapter 3**), 5 minutes after the characters reach the island, Mean's Mob arrives on the jetty behind them. They scuttle any other boats at the jetty with heavy spikes driven through the hull and, if a fight has already started within the windmill, wait outside to deal with the victor and take the spoils. If a fight has not yet broken out, they enter the windmill and start one. They flee to the jetty if the windmill catches fire and depart entirely on their boat if it becomes fully engulfed in flame and in danger of collapse.

Mean's Mob

Uriah Mean keeps strange company, and has particular associates within the lower echelons of the Family. He is particularly close to the Krabs, a **quartet of wererats** of the little known Pensil Fair. The Krabs are, in turn, close friends with Mister Mackerel, an **ogre mage** who wanders the town as a tall fisherman who wears a long waxed coat.

Mister Mackerel (Ogre Mage): HD 5+4; HP 40; AC 4[15]; **Atk** +1 longsword (1d12+1) or longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12 (flying 18); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** cone of frost (60ft cone, 8d6 damage, save for half), regenerate (1hp/round), spells-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: 1/day—*charm person*, *darkness* 15ft radius, *invisibility*, *polymorph self*, *sleep*.

Equipment: +1 longsword, longbow with 20 arrows

The Krabs (Wererats) (4): HD 3; HP 23, 21, 20, 18; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d3), 2 short swords (1d6) or light crossbow (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** control rats, lycanthropy, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

Equipment: 2 short swords, light crossbow with 10 bolts, 1d6sp.

Tactics: Mackerel leads the group with *invisibility*, attempting to assess the situation, and flies back to report and plan the best ambush. He tries to charm any particularly tough fighters to step out of the way before melee. The Krabs attack as a group, attempting to shift combat quickly by overpowering single opponents and tumbling into position to try to gain advantage from the flanks. If reduced below 20 hp, Mister Mackerel attempts to flee by *flying* or using *darkness* 15ft radius as needed. No heroes, a Krab flees if reduced to 10 hp; if two flee, so do the rest.

Development: If Mister Mackerel escapes, he may ask his oldest friend, the Bilge Prince (see **Conclusion**), to help him exact his revenge.

Conclusion

Destroying the ragefire elemental and the Artificer ends this adventure. However, the characters may still need to make a quick escape from the burning isle, and may be glad of help from the *Filthy Drake*, which approaches the isle if it sees flames. Characters offering up the notes from among the Artificer's possession to the Company of Honourable Seamen receive a 500gp reward and may open up future opportunities for adventure with the Company.

If anyone from Mean's Mob escapes, consider that they return to their master and, if Mean is still around, he becomes an enemy for the characters. Mean is a nasty person to cross, but never likes to openly fight if he can avoid it. He'll send the occasional trouble the characters' way by means of his shady connections.

If the ragefire elemental escapes into the city, a great fire sweeps through

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the East Ending, a poor district of the city. Many people are killed in the 2 days of fire that grips the district. If the characters do not seek it out and slay it, the elemental escapes into the Underneath where, having advanced to become a 16HD ragefire elemental, it hunts the denizens therein to try to raise a brood of ragefire spawn with which to launch another attack. The characters should hear about this and must decide if they are willing to brave the depths of the terrible Underneath to track it and kill it lest it unleash another terrifying inferno on the citizens of the Blight. If they do not, sooner or later a family of dwarves from Choketown (Area U9), who suffer greatly before finally vanquishing the creature, trace back what happened. **Elder Bartholomew Rothgrorr Haggrudd Formel Choke** instructs a party of dwarves to track down those responsible. The characters soon find themselves hunted by dwarves eager to place blame for their woes. How this develops is left to the Referee.

Word of the characters' exploits eventually reaches the ears of the affable **Quentin Ruben Sollerman Hubbard, KC*** (N male human Rgr12) who has need of associates to gather obscure items from across the known world (see **Area F21**). He offers the characters a chance to join him on a voyage of discovery into the Unsea, an aspect of Between he is desperate to fish and explore. The pay should be high enough to tempt the characters. How that adventure develops is left to the Referee.

* Knight of the City, a minor and obscure noble title of Castorhage

Finally, if Mister Mackeral survives, he may have informed his friend the **Bilge Prince** of their actions, at the Referee's discretion. If so, the Bilge Prince takes umbrage at the assault upon his boon companion and seeks vengeance upon the characters at some inopportune time when they are on or near the water. The Bilge Prince is a four-armed mutant sahuagin and can be used as a long-term adversary of the Referees if you choose.

The Bilge Prince (4-armed Sahuagin): HD 8; HP 57; AC 4[15]; **Atk** trident (1d8), net (entangle), 4 claws (1d6); **Move** 12 (swimming 18); **Save** 7 (+1, ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 407)

Equipment: trident, net, eel-hide armor, *ring of protection* +1, heavy crossbow, 10 crossbow bolts

Large Shark (8HD): HD 8; HP 58; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d8+4); **Move** 0 (swimming 24); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** feeding frenzy (50% chance 2d6 sharks arrive in 1d6 rounds).

Appendix A: New Monsters

Dog, Blight-Bull (Light Fighting Dog)

Hit Dice: 2
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d6 plus jawlock)
Saving Throw: 16
Special: jawlock
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d10+2 (pack)
Challenge Level: 3/60

This vicious-looking dog is heavily muscled and scarred from many battles. They are often outfitted with leather barding. A blight-bull locks its jaws when it bites its prey, doing automatic bite damage each round until it lets loose or is killed.

Blight-Bull (Light Fighting Dog): HD 2; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6 plus jawlock); Move 15; Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** jawlock (automatic bite damage after hit).

Dog, Pit-Mastiff (Heavy Fighting Dog)

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d6+2 plus jawlock)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: jawlock
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d10+2 (pack)
Challenge Level: 4/120

Dogs bred and trained specifically to fight are much tougher than normal breeds. They are typically garbed in light barding and have been taught to lock their jaws to bring opponents down (dealing automatic bite damage). Their training has suppressed some of their natural instincts and rendered them quite specialized; consequently, they aren't of much use for other activities such as tracking, but continue to fight well past the point when other dogs would no longer be able to continue.

Pit-Mastiff (Heavy Fighting Dog): HD 4; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6+2 plus jawlock); Move 15; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** jawlock (automatic bite damage after hit).

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Dog, Terrier

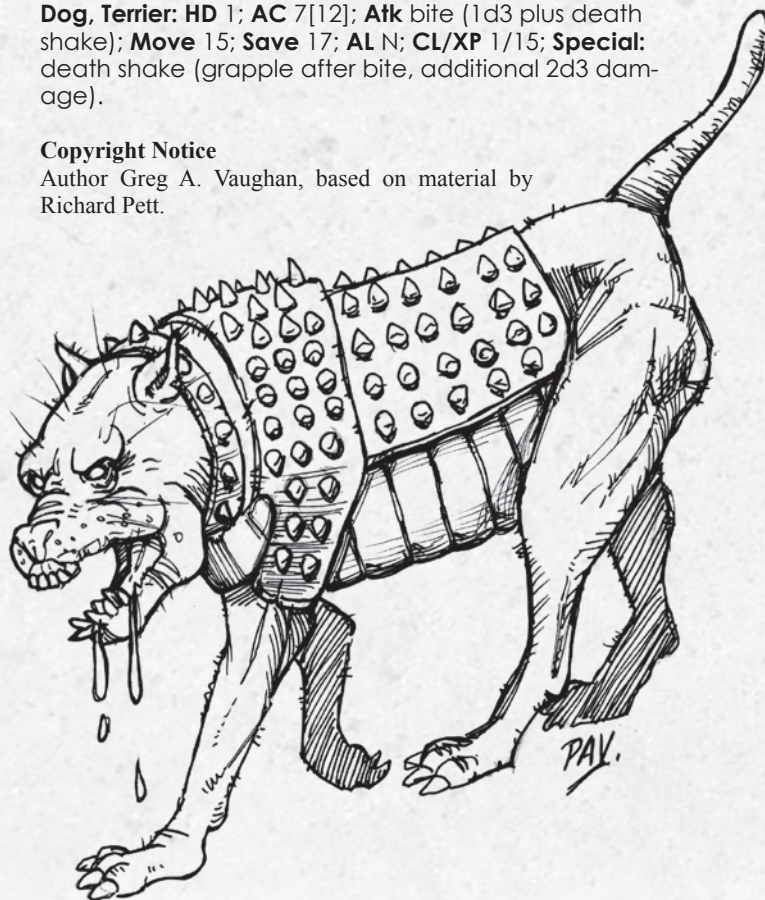
Hit Dice: 1
Armor Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: bite (1d3 plus death shake)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: death shake
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2, or 3d4 (pack)
Challenge Level: 1/15

This small dog's legs are long for its size, and its coat is shaggy and rough. It has a short muzzle and small ears that flop forward. If a terrier makes a successful bite attack against an opponent of its size or smaller, it can make a grapple check against the opponent. If it succeeds, the terrier immediately shakes its head violently in an attempt to break the neck or back of its opponent. This attack deals 2d3 points of damage.

Frequently kept as pets by both the impoverished and well-to-do of Castorhage, these small dogs were originally bred to hunt the rats and other vermin so commonly found in the Blight. They are intelligent and extremely loyal, working well as both trained hunters and family pets. They stand up to 16in tall and usually weigh around 14 lbs.

Dog, Terrier: HD 1; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d3 plus death shake); Move 15; Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** death shake (grapple after bite, additional 2d3 damage).

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Elemental, Ragefire

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 2/30

Hit Dice: 8, 12, or 16**Armor Class:** 2 [17]**Attacks:** strike (3d8)**Saving Throw:** 8, 3, or 3**Special:** feed, immune to fire, +1 or better magical weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water**Move:** 12**Alignment:** Chaos**Number Encountered:** 1, 2 or 1d6+2 (inferno)**Challenge Level:** 8 HD (10/1400), 12 HD (14/2600), or 16 HD (18/3800)

Ragefire elementals embody the chaos and evil of their Abyssal heritage, manifesting in demonic forms of living flame, smoke, ash, and cinders. They exist to incinerate life and, in so doing, grow stronger and more destructive.

A ragefire elemental can incinerate any creature it kills to increase its mass. Every time a ragefire elemental incinerates a victim, it has a 5% cumulative chance of growing into a more powerful elemental (an 8HD elemental becomes a 12HD monster, while a 12HD turns into a 16HD monstrosity). A 16HD ragefire elemental does not advance in this way, but instead regenerates 1d8 hp per creature it incinerates.

A ragefire elemental cannot enter water or any other nonflammable liquid. A body of water is an impassible barrier unless the ragefire elemental can step or jump over it, or if the water is covered with a flammable material (such as a layer of oil). Water and cold attacks deal double damage to ragefire elementals. They are immune to fire and can only be hit by +1 or better magical weapons.

Elemental, Ragefire (8HD): HD 8; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d8); Move 12; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** feed (5% cumulative chance per victim incinerated of becoming 12HD elemental), immune to fire, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water (200%).

Elemental, Ragefire (12HD): HD 12; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d8); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** feed (5% cumulative chance per victim incinerated of becoming 16HD elemental), immune to fire, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water (200%).

Elemental, Ragefire (16HD): HD 16; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d8); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** feed (regenerate 1d8hp per victim incinerated), immune to fire, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water (200%).

Ragefire Spawn

Hit Dice: 2**Armor Class:** 5 [14]**Attacks:** attach (1d3)**Saving Throw:** 16**Special:** vulnerable to water**Move:** 15**Alignment:** Chaos

A ragefire spawn is a tiny fragment of elemental fire that attacks and latches onto a victim to burn them to death. If a ragefire spawn hits a creature, the target must make a saving throw or the spawn latches on and begins burning the target for 1d3 points of damage each round. Dousing the target in a large amount of water (Referee's discretion) extinguishes the ragefire spawn. If the spawn kills the target it is latched onto, it feeds off the creature's body to become an 8HD ragefire elemental.

Ragefire Spawn: HD 2; AC 5[14]; Atk attach (1d3); Move 15; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** vulnerable to water (extinguished).

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Lyme Angler (Slop-Shark)

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: bite (2d6 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: disease, lantern lure

Move: 12 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d4+2 (school)

Challenge Level: 8/800

A lyme angler is a bloated fish with a glowing, fleshy protrusion that extends from the top of its skull and dangles in front of a wide mouth filled with needlelike fangs. The bite of a lyme angler carries the risk of contracting brine misery (save or resists), which causes an extremely

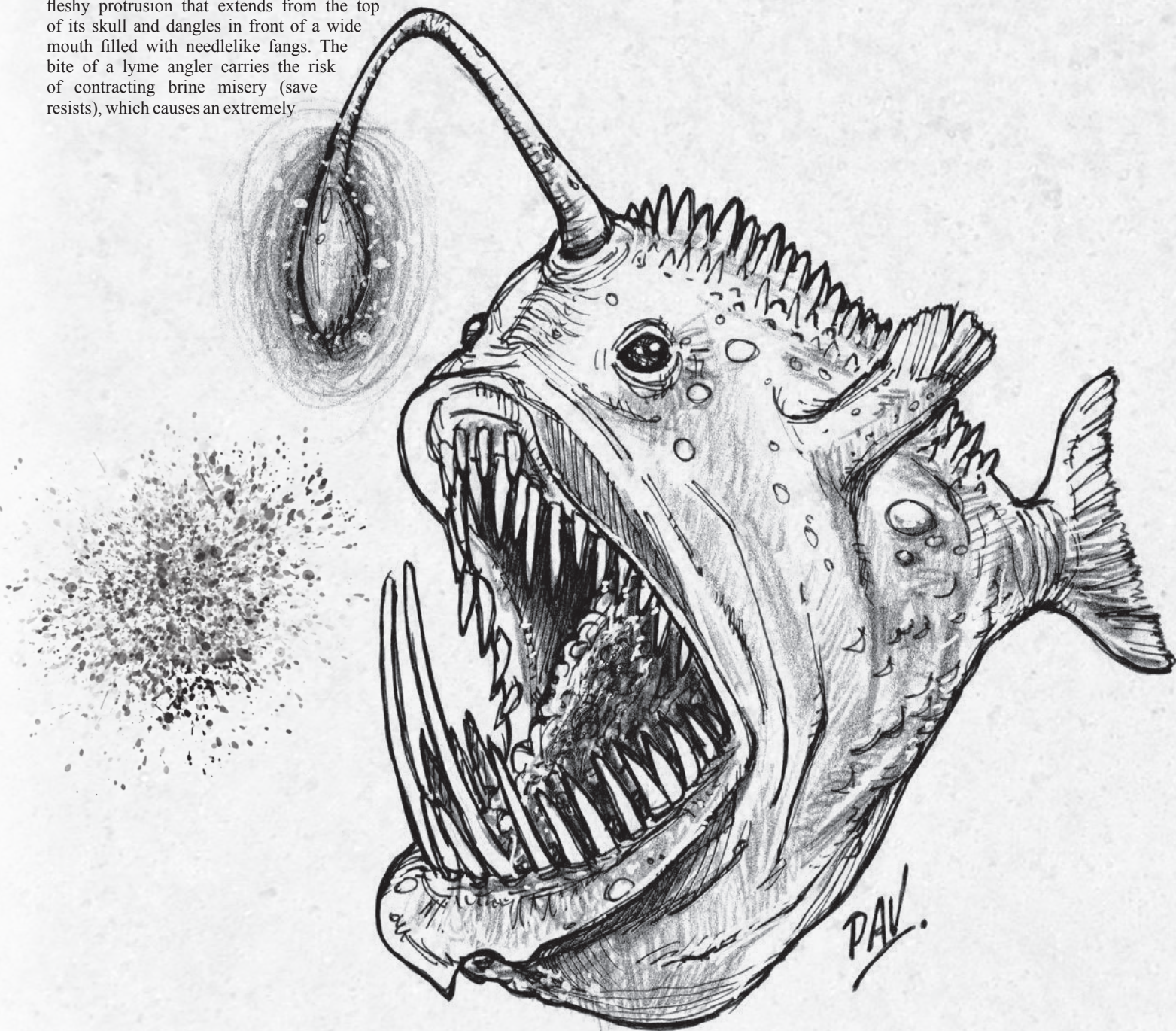
irritating itching at the point of the wound (-1 to hit, saves and damage until healed).

Also known as slop-sharks along the River Lyme, the lyme angler can also illuminate the dangling lure on its forehead with a phosphorescent glow equal to a candle. Any creature seeing the lighted lure must make a saving throw or become mesmerized by the bobbing glow. Mesmerized creatures automatically lose initiative when the lyme angler strikes. One of the most notorious man-eaters of the river, the immense Lyme angler can reach lengths of more than 20ft and weigh up to 5000 lbs.

Lyme Angler (Slop-Shark): HD 6; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (2d6 plus disease); Move 12 (swimming); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** disease (brine misery, save or extreme itching, -1 to hit, saves and damage until healed), lantern lure (save or mesmerized, automatically lose initiative).

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Sough-Eel

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: bite (2d6 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: disease, grab, swallow whole

Move: 6 (swimming 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d6+2 (school)

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

A sough-eel is nearly 20ft long with a pale hide almost translucent like a fish's belly but marred by great areas of sloughing flesh that hang loose in rotten folds. It is eyeless, with a row of small black nodules extending back from its snout. Several small vestigial fins grow sporadically along the length of its body. Its mouth, however, is the most noticeable feature, occupying nearly a quarter of its length, and splayed wide with a crowd of jagged fangs.

These vile predators are found exclusively in the dark, filthy waters of the Great Lyme River and Fetid Sea in the vicinity of the City-State of Castorhage. Some have speculated that they were once a temperate water variety of moray eel that was indigenous to the area until the Lyme was tainted by the noxious effluvia from the metropolis known colloquially as The Blight. Unlike most aquatic species that were unable to survive the poisoning of the waters, the sough-eel population managed to endure the deadly waters but were changed in the process. Their hide is in a constant state of dying and sloughing off in large swaths and layers.

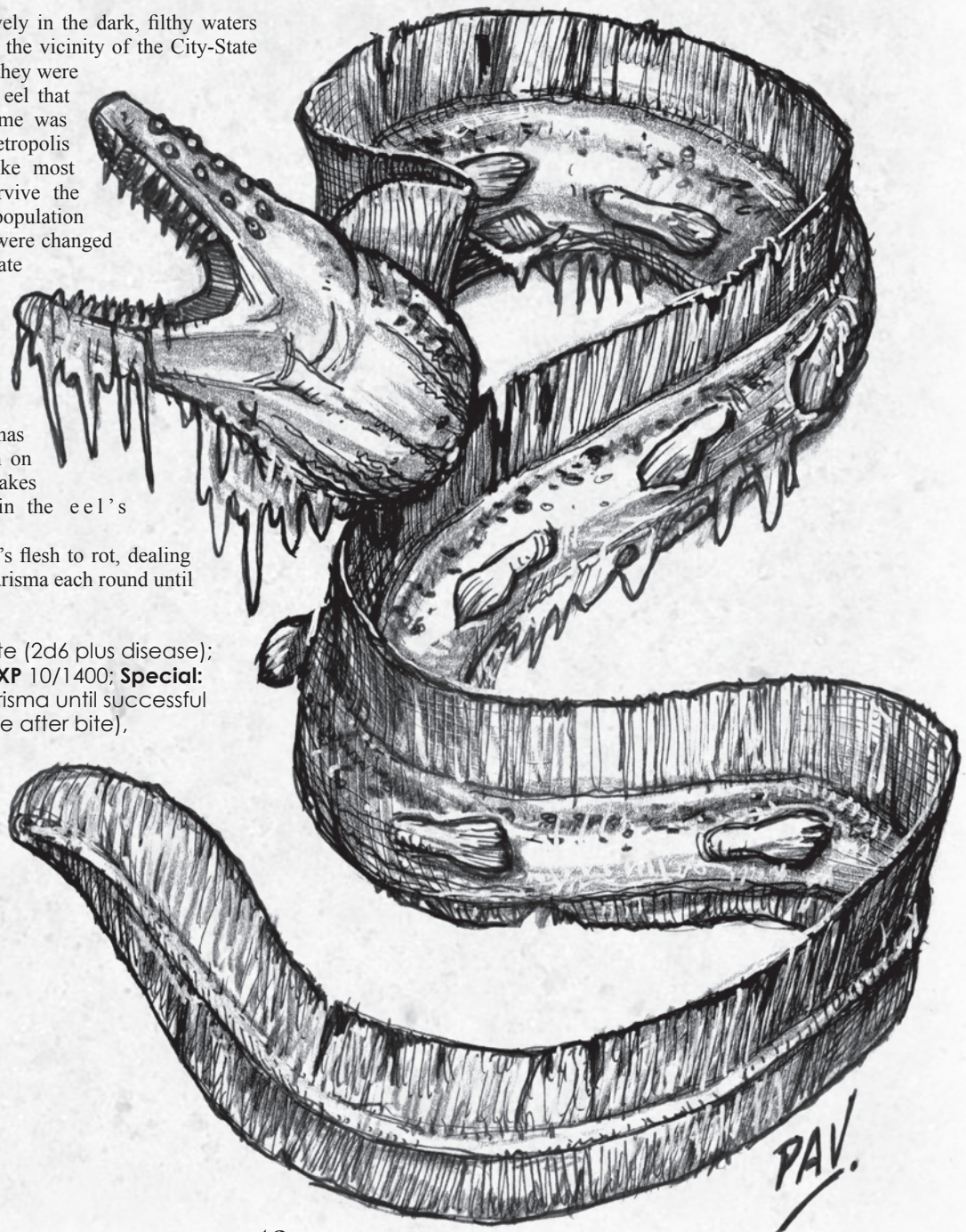
If a sough-eel bites a victim, it grabs hold and automatically inflicts 1d8 points of damage from a second set of jaws in its throat that aid in swallowing. After a sough-eel bites with its second jaws, it has a 2-in-6 chance of swallowing the victim on the next round. Any victim swallowed takes 4d6 points of damage from the acids in the eel's stomach.

The creature's bite also causes a victim's flesh to rot, dealing 1d4 points of damage and a loss of 1d2 charisma each round until the victim makes a saving throw.

Sough-Eel: HD 8; AC 5[14]; **Melee** bite (2d6 plus disease); **Move** 6 (swim 15); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** disease (1d4 damage plus 1d2 charisma until successful save), grab (automatic 1d8 damage after bite), swallow whole (2-in-6 chance after grab and bite, 4d6 damage).

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Spider, Gable

Hit Dice: 1, 3, 5

Armor Class: 8 [11] (1HD); 6 [13] (3HD); or 4 [15] (5HD)

Attacks: 1HD: bite (1d4 plus lethal poison); 3HD: bite (1d6+1 plus lethal poison); 5HD: bite (1d6+2 plus lethal poison)

Saving Throw: 17, 14, or 12

Special: poison, sticky globule

Move: 9/6 (climbing)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d8+2 (colony)

Challenge Level: 1HD: 2/30; 3HD: 4/120; or 5HD: 6/400

Gable spiders are different from other varieties of giant spiders, and it is for this reason that the whole of the city isn't shrouded in endless sheets of webbing. Gable spiders are not web spinners. The size of an alley cat, they are still agile climbers like normal spiders and still live in web-like structures, but they lack spinnerets of their own. Rather, they are instinctively master builders when it comes to stringing together the detritus found in the city's dumps and alleys: frayed ropes, sail cordage, clotheslines, lengths of twisted rags, curtains, sailcloth, and more. Even lengths of chain and bits of lumber construction can be found in the web-like contrivances that the gable spiders build. They combine these myriad materials in twisting, knotted mazes of suspended lines that can shame the largest of spider webs for complexity. They knot and anchor these mismatched lines among the rooftops and with each other to create these swaying-but-stable webs of junk.

However, just because they are not web spinners does not mean the gable spiders are not masters of their domain. Rather than spinnerets, gable spiders have large swollen glands that secrete a sticky fluid they use

to coat their rope and cloth constructions to provide the same benefits of a natural web. Creatures stuck within their depths become easy prey for the gable spiders who are able to move in and among these artificial webs with great agility and speed. Any creature falling into a gable spider's web must make an Open Doors check to escape before the agile spider descends to feed.

The bite of the gable spider delivers a lethal venom.

Once every other round, a gable spider can project a globule of the substance it uses to coat its webs. The spider can project this globule up to 30ft to hit targets. Any creature struck must make a saving throw or find itself covered in the sticky web fluid and slowed to half speed.

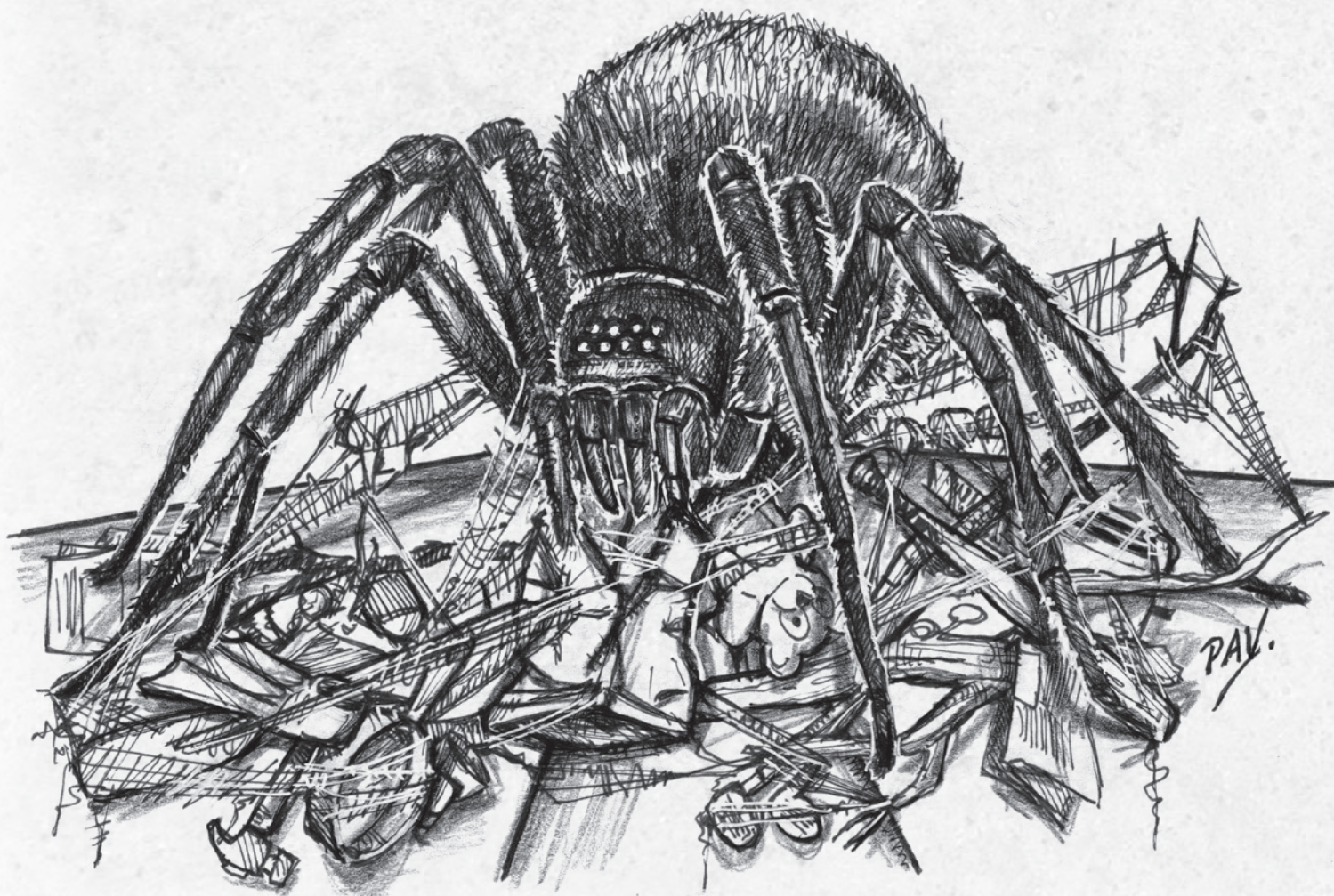
Spider, Gable (Small): HD 1; AC 8[11]; Atk bite (1d4 plus lethal poison); Move 9 (climbing 6); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** poison (save or die), sticky globule (30ft range, save or movement halved).

Spider, Gable (Medium): HD 3; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6+1 plus lethal poison); Move 9 (climbing 6); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** poison (save or die, +1 to save), sticky globule (30ft range, save or movement halved).

Spider, Gable (Large): HD 5; AC 4[15]; Atk bite (1d6+2 plus lethal poison); Move 9 (climbing 6); Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** poison (save or die, +2 to save), sticky globule (30ft range, save or movement halved).

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Wallow-Whale

Hit Dice: 15

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (2d8 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: capsize, disease, swallow whole

Move: 15 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2

Challenge Level: 16/3200

Originally found only in the Unsea of Between before some of these great cetaceans somehow escaped and began reproducing in the mundane world's oceans, wallow-whales are now the terror of the Fetid Sea and one of the primary threats for which the Castorhage Navy diligently patrols those waters. Wallow-whales are offal, carrion, husks, leavings, and scum given life. Stirges are frequently seen circling them when they surface to launch a spume of oily brine, purulence, and clotted fluids from their blowholes, and oozes capable of surviving in the acidic environment can sometimes be found infesting their cathedral-like stomachs. Wallow-whales aren't afraid to venture close to the city to feed upon the excrement, rot, and flotsam that seethes like a gyre around its foundations. Yet despite their foul body habitus, the ambergris of a wallow-whale is a thing both rare and highly valuable, selling for as much as 100gp/pound. Daring or foolhardy whalers armed with cold-iron harpoons hunt these beasts upon the oceans, and in some cases upon the Unsea, with specimens typically yielding 1d6x10 lbs. of the substance, while some have reported whales yielding 3d6x10 lbs.

If a wallow-whale rolls a 15 or above on its bite attack, it grasps a victim in its maw and swallows the creature whole during the next round. A creature swallowed whole automatically takes 3d6 points of damage each round. Anyone bitten or swallowed by a wallow-whale must also make a saving throw or contract a wasting disease from the myriad infections loosed on its body. This disease breaks down the victim's body, doing 2d6 points of damage every hour until cured.

A wallow-whale can rise its massive body below ships to capsize them.

Wallow-Whale: HD 15; AC 3[16];

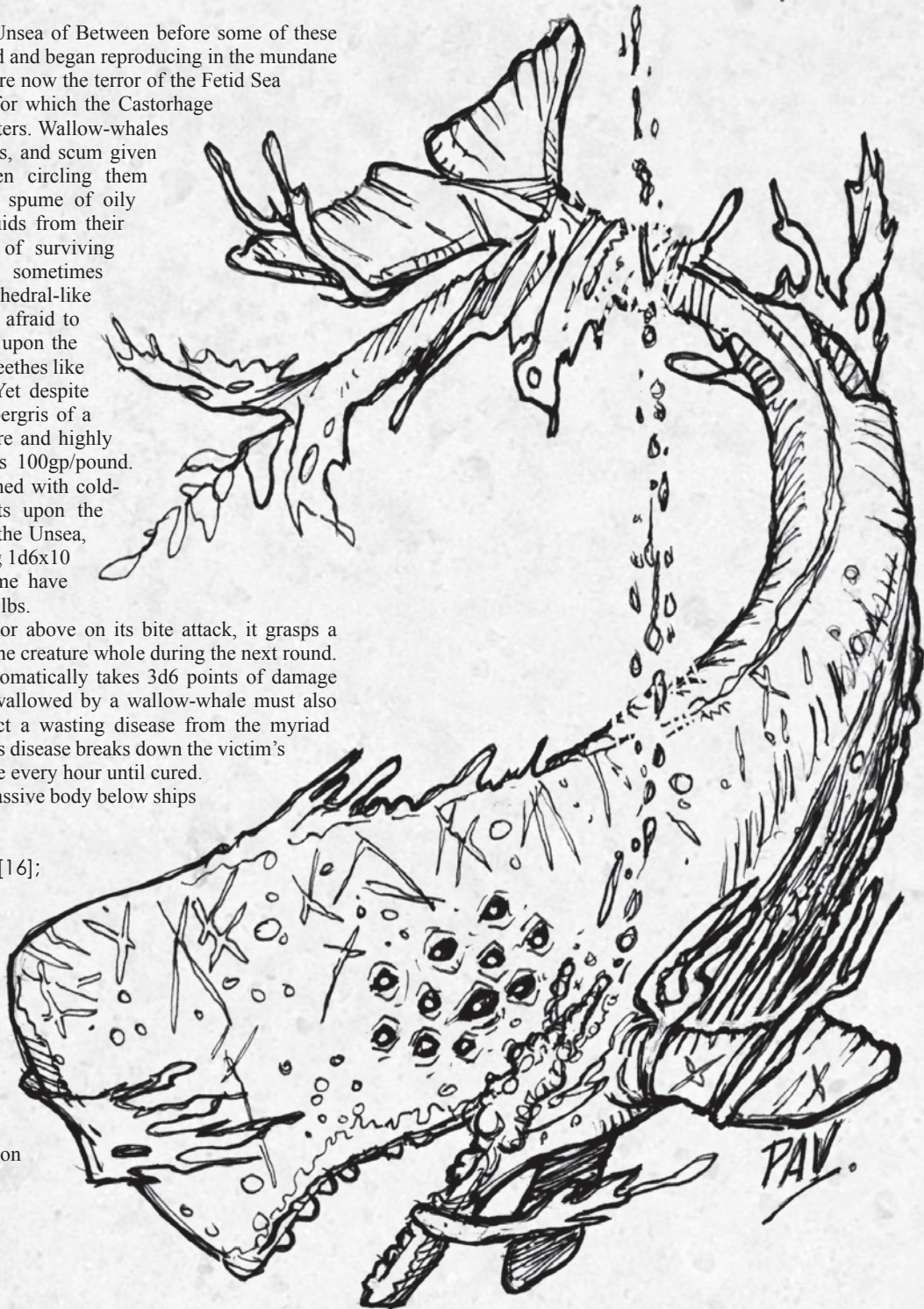
Atk bite (2d8 plus disease);

Move 15 (swimming); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200;

Special: capsize, disease (2d6 damage/hour), swallow whole (15 or above to hit, automatic bite damage and 3d6 damage each round).

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Appendix B: New Magic Items

Ring

Between Ring

This plain, unadorned ring is typically made of iron or some other common metal and bears signs of tarnish, rust, or some flaw that cannot be polished away or repaired. It also includes something of the tainted essence of Between in its composition, giving it a slightly greasy feel to the touch. When a *Between ring* is worn, the wearer must make a saving throw or be unable to voluntarily remove it. It never fits well: sometimes it feels too loose (though it never falls off), and sometimes it squeezes much too tightly, causing pain and a discolouration in the finger. Each day there is a 1-in-20 chance that it tightens, causing 1 point of damage from the constriction. If a *Between ring* ever constricts for 5 days in a row without the wearer receiving any magical healing, the finger it is worn on dies and becomes necrotic, eventually falling off in 1d4+4 days. The loss of this finger deals 2d4 points of damage but is one way for a wearer who has failed his saving throw to remove the ring.

A wearer of a *Between ring* gains a +2 AC bonus against any creature from Between. In addition, the wearer can make an unarmed attack against such a creature with the hand that is wearing the ring, dealing 1d6 points of damage and having a chance of being a lethal hit three times per day if the attacker rolls a natural 20. The target can make a saving throw to avoid being instantly killed, but still take 3d6 points of damage from the strike.

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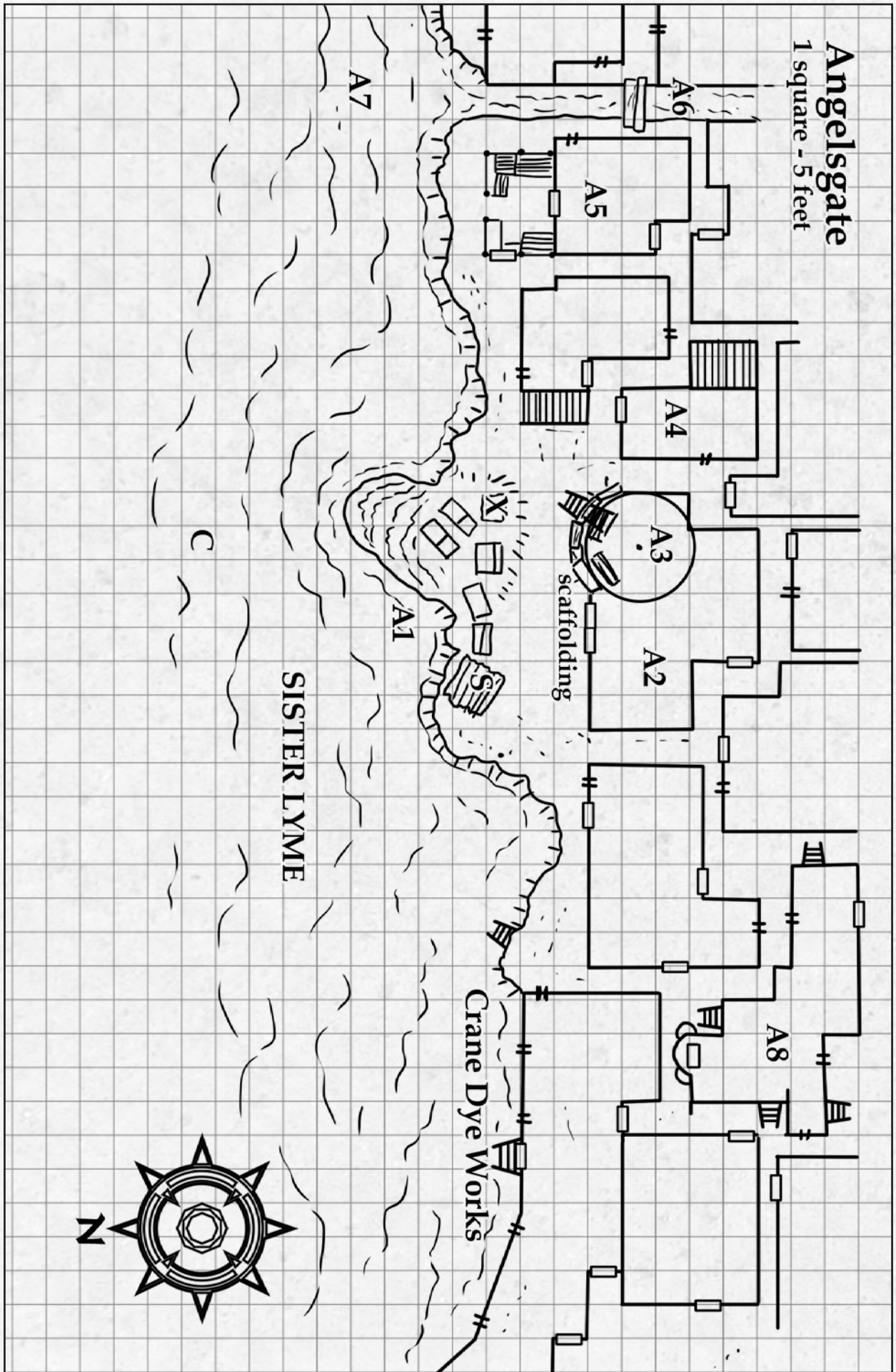
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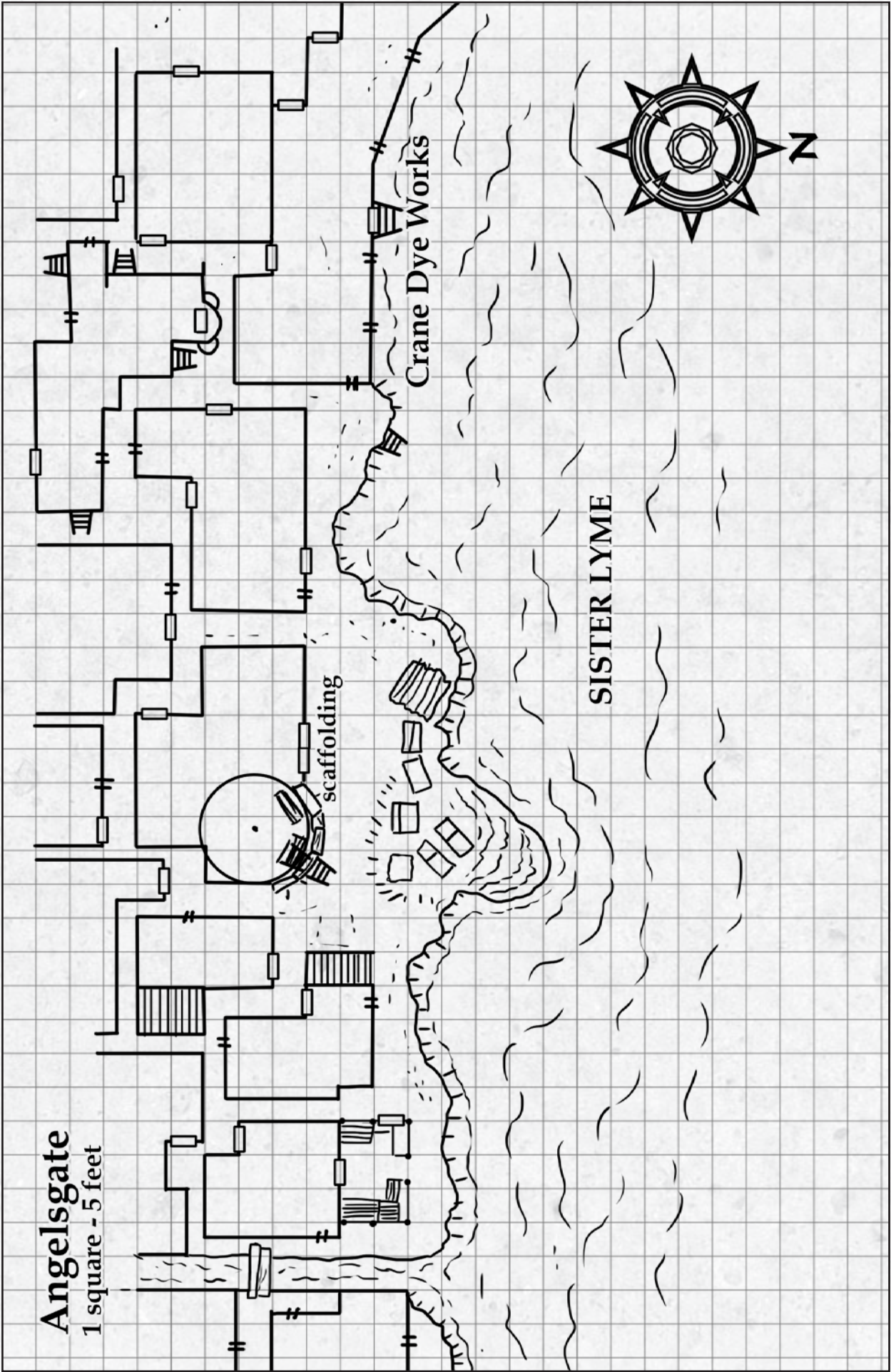
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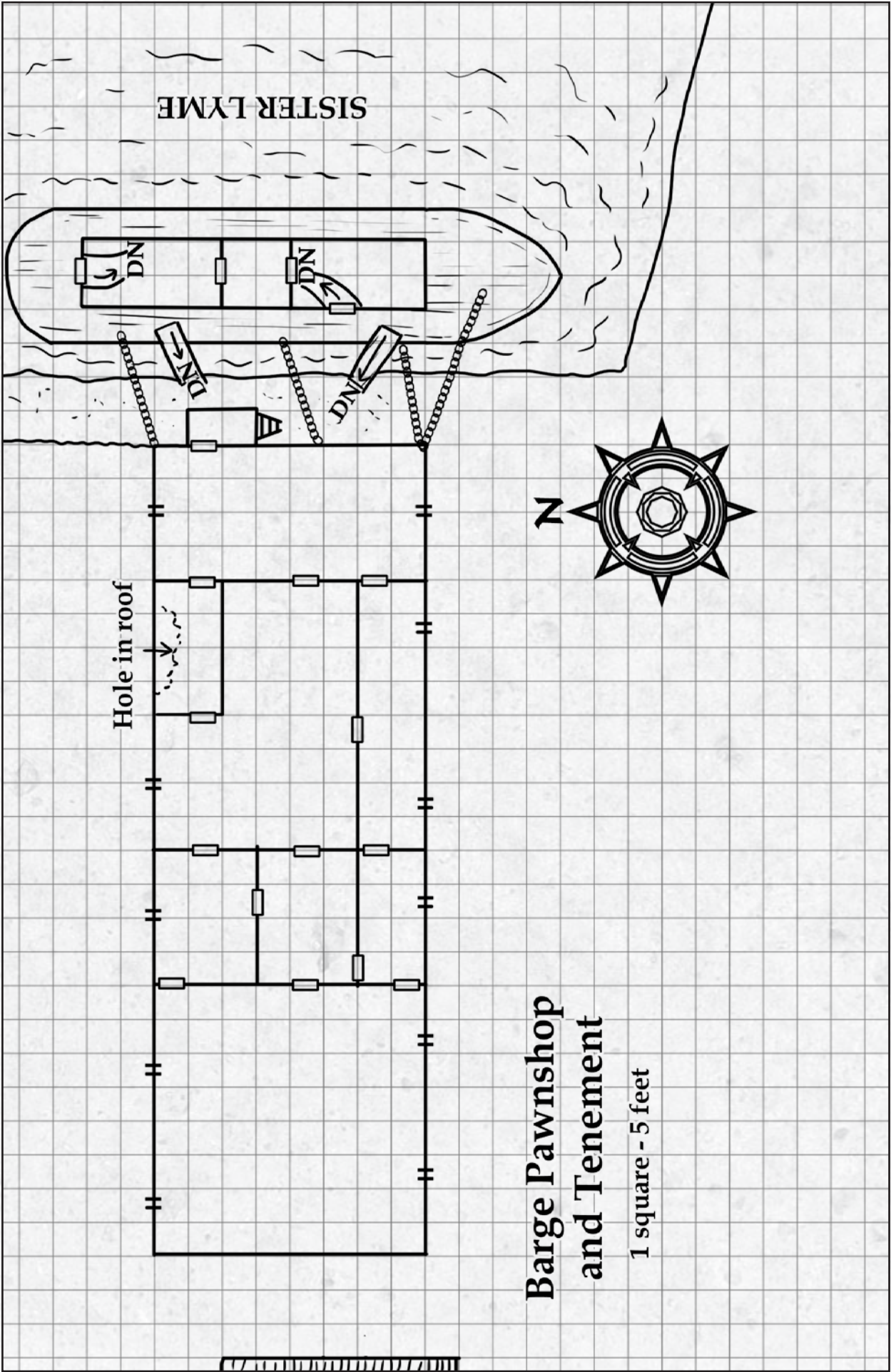
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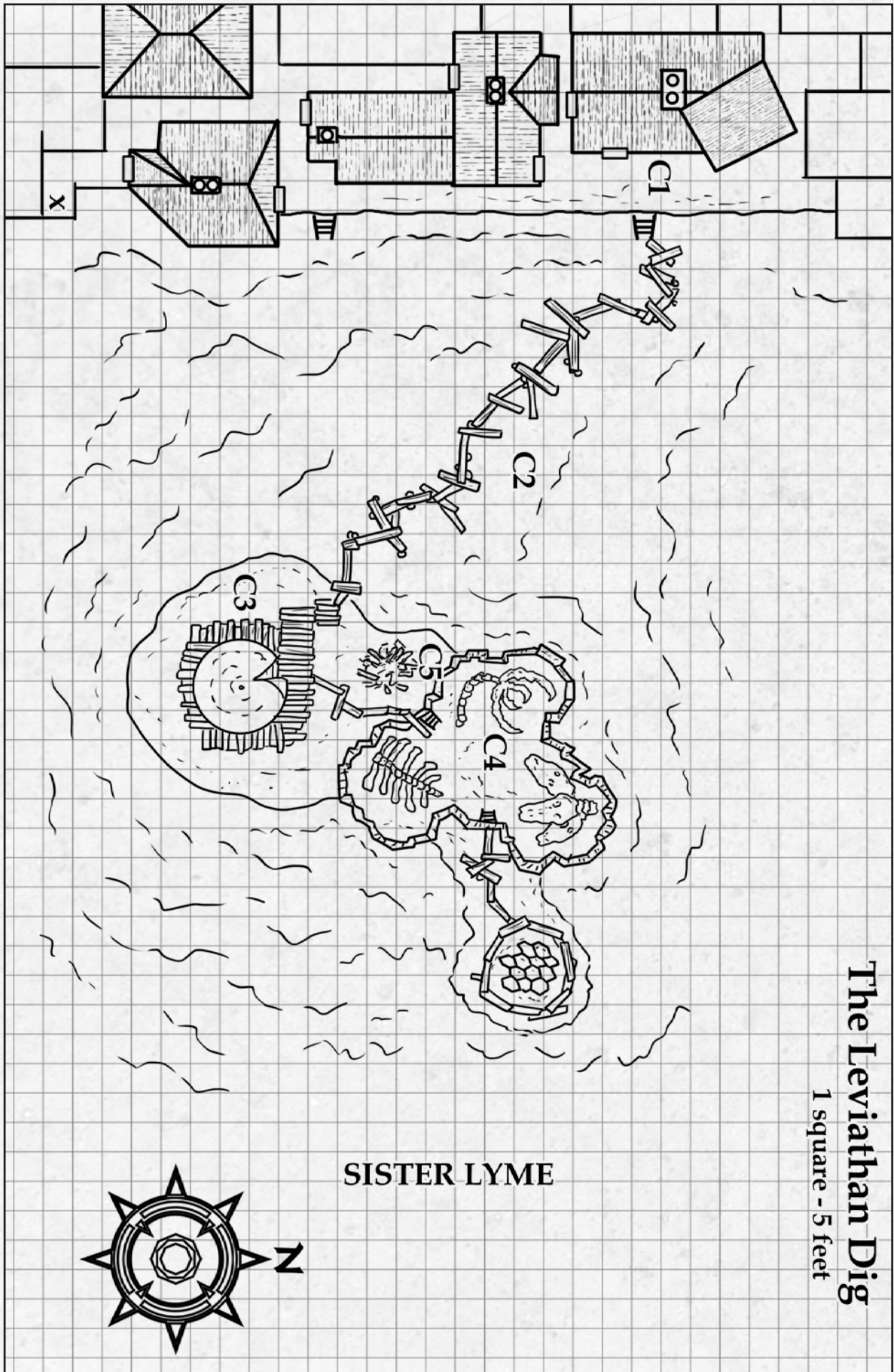
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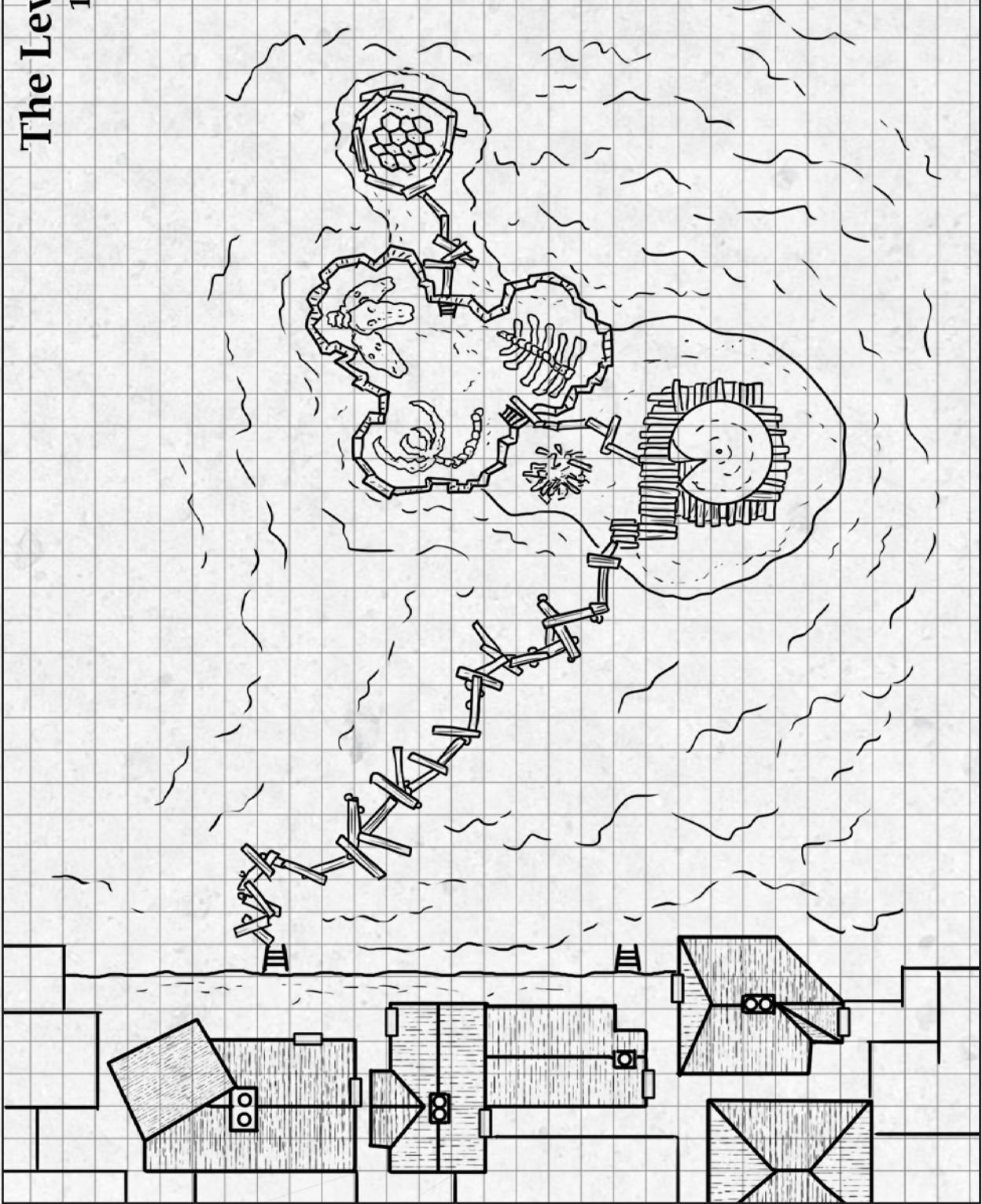


The Leviathan Dig
1 square - 5 feet

The Leviathan Dig

1 square = 5 feet

SISTER LYME



The Limpet

1 square - 5 feet

Plan View

Side View

Hatched Areas - Open to Below

Cages:

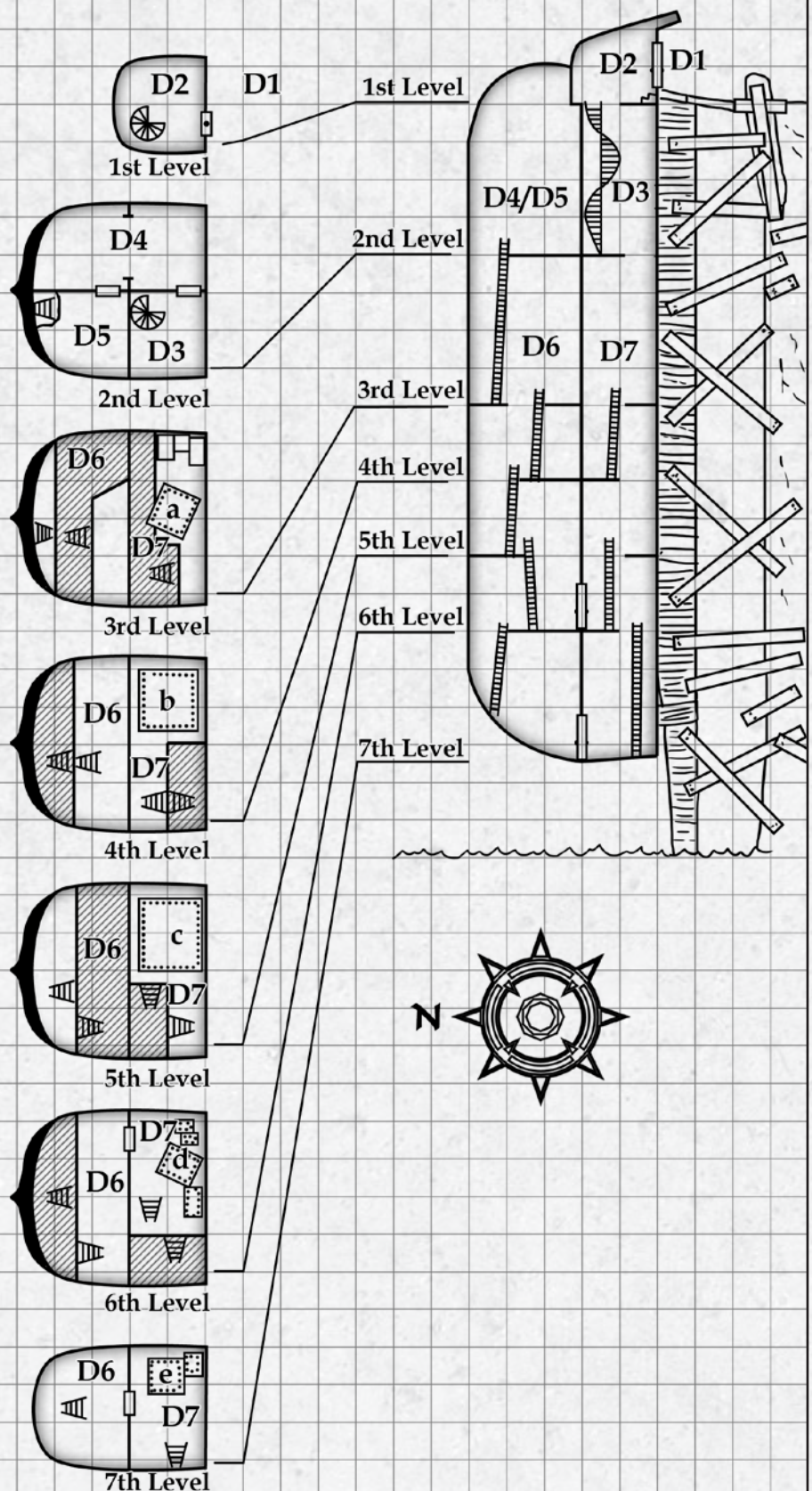
a - Dire Wolverine

b - Dire Ape

c - Lion

d - Dire Weasel

e - Krenshar



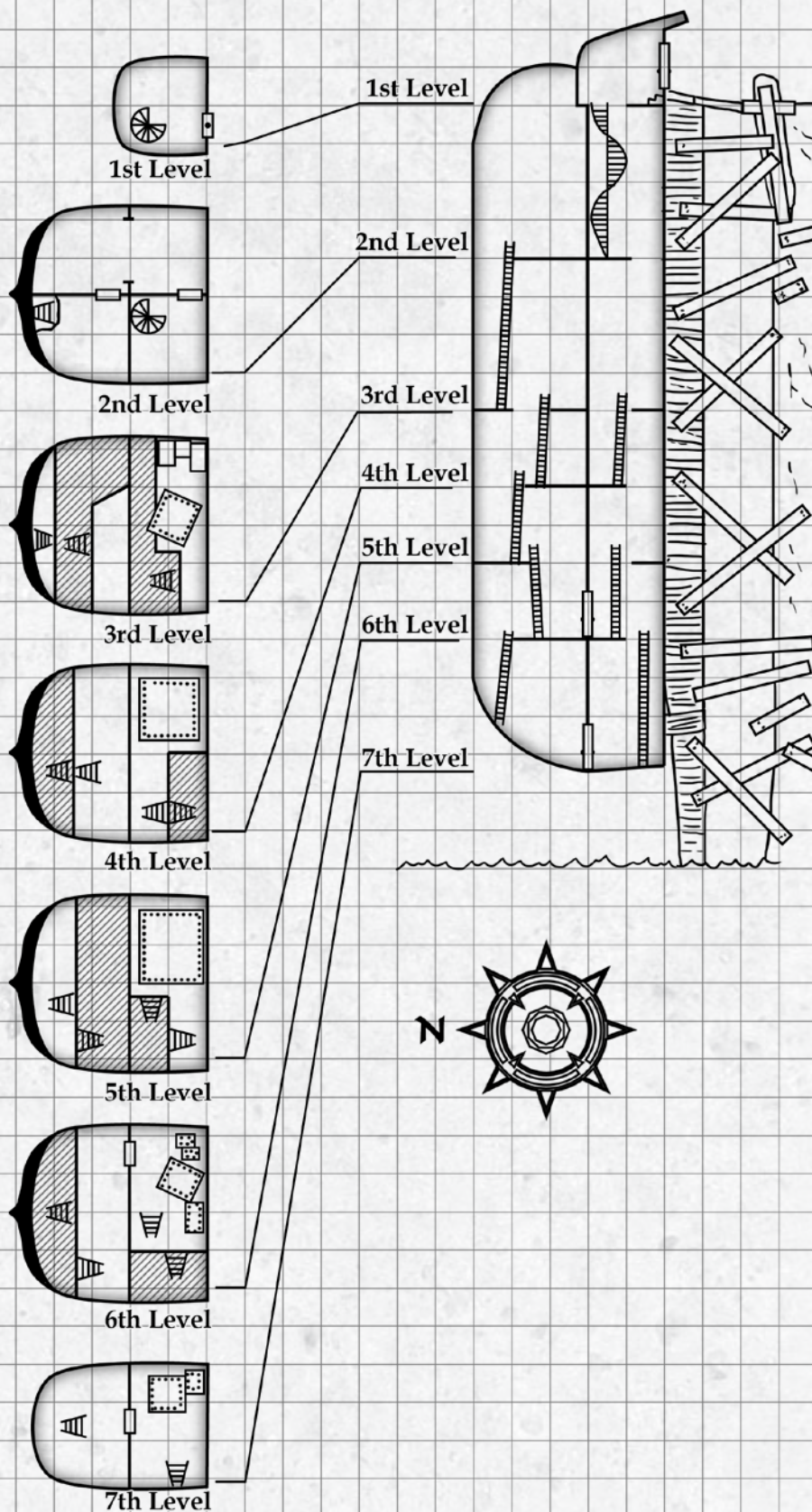
The Limpet

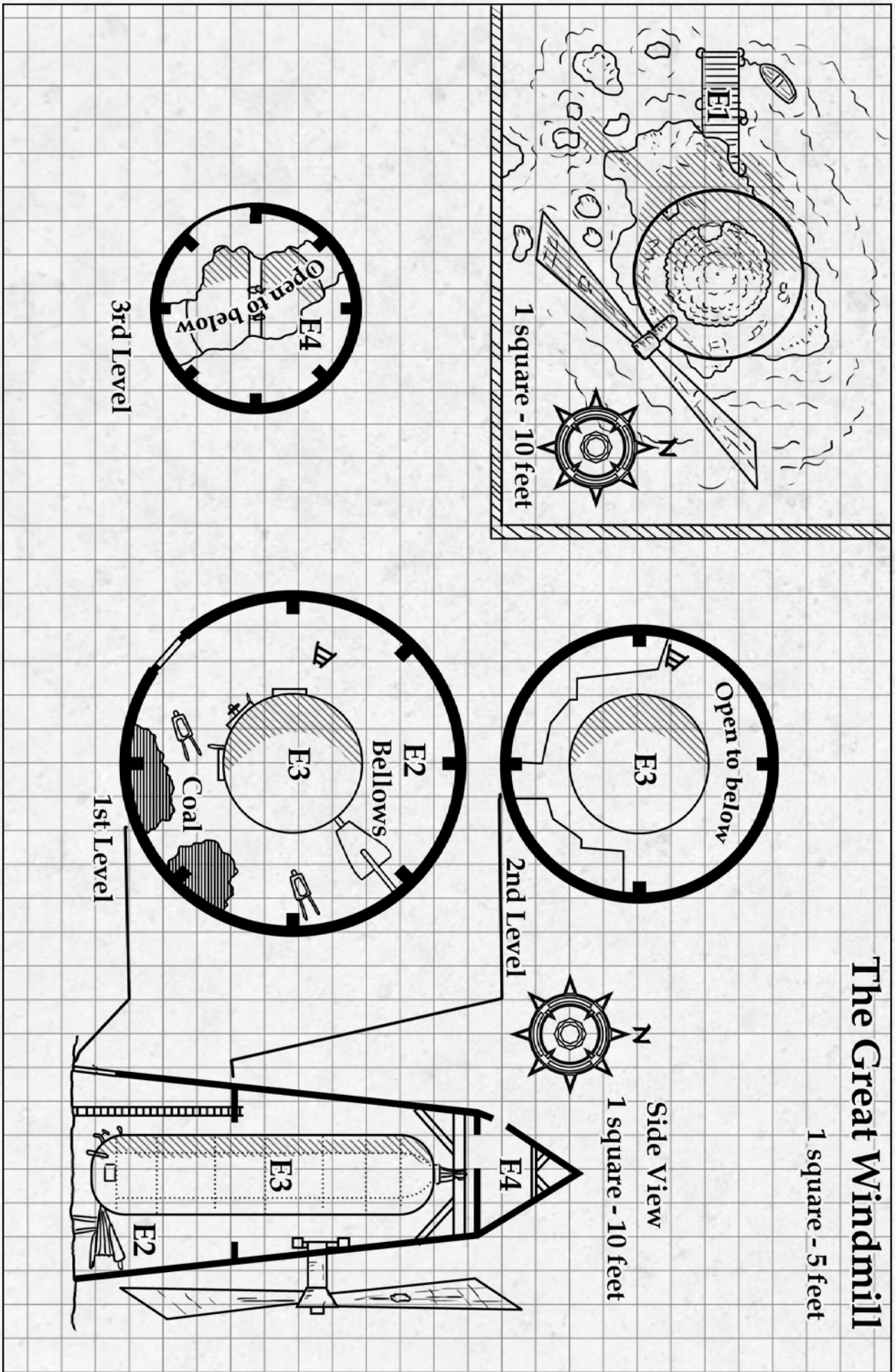
1 square - 5 feet

Plan View

Side View

Hatched Areas - Open to Below



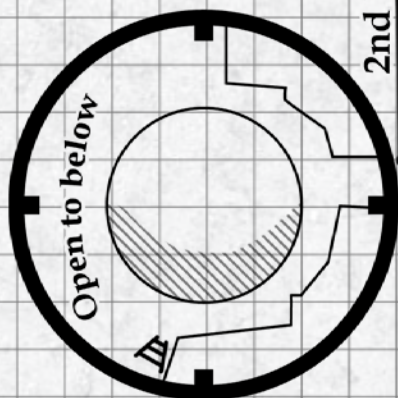


The Great Windmill

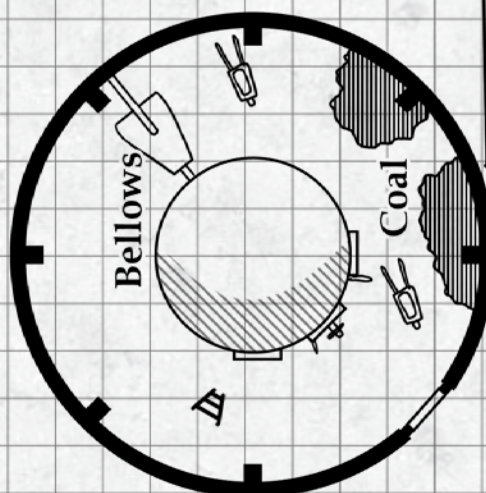
1 square - 5 feet

Side View

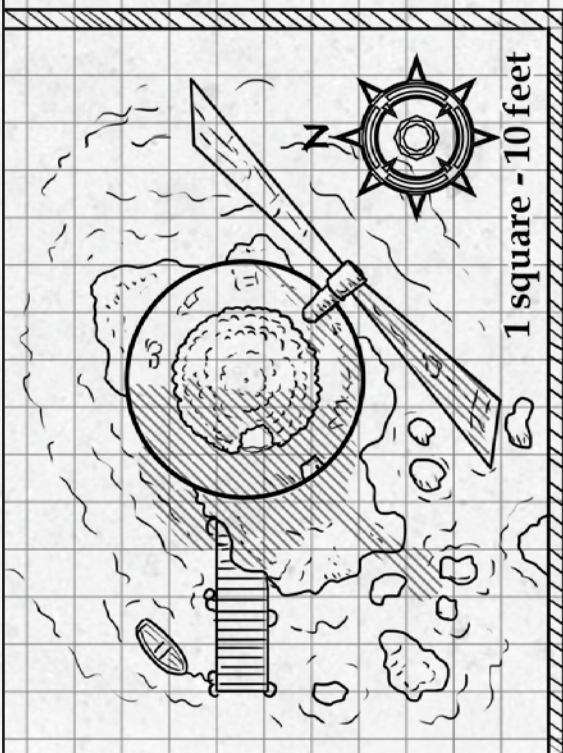
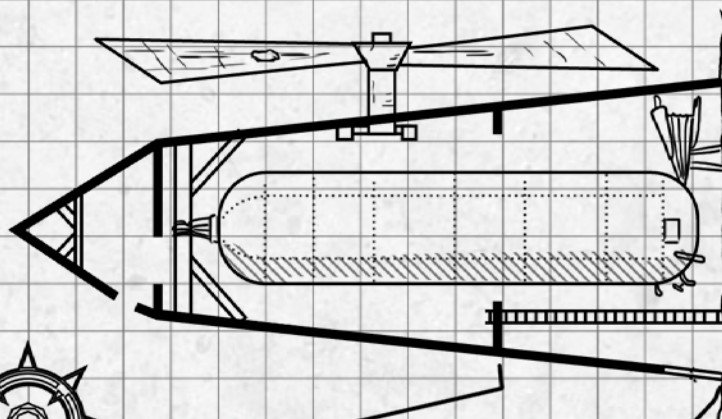
1 square - 10 feet



2nd Level



1st Level



1 square - 10 feet



3rd Level

The Blight

Richard Pett's Crooked City

EB4: The Crucible

Don't go to sleep. Some say dreams of fire
are haunting the night, and that if you dream
of burning, you awaken on fire.

People in the Blight begin to awaken at night burning with an all-too-real fire.

Most of them die horribly, spouses or lovers staring in shocked horror at their sudden death throes in the grip of consuming flames. A few of the truly unlucky actually manage to survive — if living in such a state can be called survival. There seems to be no rhyme or reason in the victims of these incinerating dreams, as those among the high and low fall victim to its touch, and the locals each pray that he or she will not be next.

Now no one dares to sleep.

The Crucible is a stand-alone adventure set in **The Blight** for 4–6 6th-level characters.



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