

Fight on!



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dedicated to Tom Moldvay,
Lord of Creativity and Adventure Ace

1948-2007

Requiescat in Pace



Sometimes I forget that the *D&D* Fantasy Adventure Game is a game and not a novel I'm reading or a movie I'm watching...the *D&D* game has neither losers nor winners, it has only gamers who relish exercising their imagination. The players and the DM share in creating adventures in fantastic lands where heroes abound and magic really works.

- *Dungeons & Dragons: Basic Rulebook*, 3 December 1980

Damien “Blackhawk” Calypso peered into the shimmering portal. Through the blur he could make out a mutated tyrannosaur terrorizing a midwestern city several miles off. He stepped through the gate. Psychokinetic mass amplification was never easy, but with the custom Ruger at least he didn’t have to think too hard about accuracy.

A snapping twig broke his mind-meld with the carbelium bullet. Two assailants were nearly upon him: a warrior with horned helm and rune-axe raised high on his left, a wiry and vaguely green-skinned adolescent with an oddly dislocated jaw and the tattered remnants of a *Vote for John Cthulhu* t-shirt hanging from his frame on the right. Cursing, Damien emptied the chamber into the greenskin’s chest, twisting his shoulder forward to come under the viking’s blow. The warrior was hugely strong, but so was he, and his nemesis’ momentary unwillingness to loose his axe was all the opening Damien needed to slip his guard and break his neck.

Damien rose and adjusted his sunglasses. The hobbit was there again, pipe loaded with a substance controlled on at least a dozen worlds. “You ready, chief?”

The city was on fire and the dinosaur had retreated into the horizon. Calypso recovered his gun, nodding his head. There was a world to be saved.

The tenth issue of *Fight On!* is here, with sword in hand and a natural 20 on initiative! This issue is jam-packed with new ideas and interesting adventures, and we hope you enjoy it. Please look out for our first fantasy fiction anthology, *Roll the Bones*, hitting the stands this fall! Our abbreviations should be broadly recognizable to lovers of old-school fantasy games; we use DC for Defense Class. We would like to thank Scott Bizar, Geoff McKinney, Dan Proctor, and S. John Ross for their blessings in publishing material for their game systems.

Our authors and artists own all their own work. *Fight On!* only asks for the right to print your work in the issue it’s originally published in, in perpetuity. Authors and artists own all other rights and may re-use and resell their work as they see fit. If you want to contact our authors or artists, drop us a line and we’ll put you in touch (or just contact them directly if you know how): contact us at iggyumlaut@gmail.com or at 1122 Pearl Street, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. *Fight On!* is a journal of shared fantasy. We who read and write for this magazine are a community of role-playing enthusiasts unified by our love of the freewheeling, do-it-yourself approach that birthed this hobby back in the 1970’s. We game – and you’re welcome to join us.

–Ignatius Ümlaut, Publisher and Editor

Table of Contents

Fast Company (Alex Schroeder).....	3
Wear and Tear (Mátyás “Urban” Hartyándi).....	5
Catwomen and Lion-Men (Calithena).....	5
The Time-Displaced (Tim “Sniderman” Snider).....	7
Cult Leader (Lee Reynoldson).....	9
Grogard’s Grimoire (Jensen, Minton, & Rossi).....	10

The Familiar Spirit (James A. Smith).....	11
Knights & Knaves (Duncan Jones & Sean Stidd).....	14
Khosura, Part II (Gabor Lux).....	15
Killing Monsters You Can’t Kill (Jeff Rients).....	39
Creepies & Crawlies (various).....	40
The Godzillas Will Breath On You (Geoff McKinney).....	43
Futa-kuchi-onna (Ian & Andrew Baggley).....	47
Urgent Care Cleric (Jonathan Linneman & Kelvin Green).....	48
Education of a Magic-User (Douglas Cox).....	49
Trolls will be Trolls (Heron Prior).....	50
Time For Tea (Clarabelle Chong).....	51
Heart of Darkness (Lord Kilgore).....	52
Laboratory of the Asmodean Techno-Mage (P. Mullen).....	53
Special Properties of Gemstones (Wayne Rossi).....	54
The Coinage of Ilthar (Calithena).....	55
Artifacts, Adjuncts, & Oddments (various).....	56
Lost Dragonia (James Mishler).....	57
Tables for Fables (Age of Fable).....	79
Weird Treasure Containers (Telecanter).....	81
Moldvay-esque Adventure Generator (Michael David, Jr.).....	81
Dungeon Modules (Geoffrey O. Dale).....	82
Hobgoblin Halls (Joshua Mackay).....	83
The Shrine that Glittered (Patrice Crespy).....	86
Moulin Rouge 1955 (Jerry Stratton).....	94
Random’s Assortment (Thinker, Random, and Jensen).....	98
The Darkness Beneath (Chris Robert).....	100
Merlyn’s Mystical Mirror (Hargrove/Hewlett/Pookie).....	121
Everyone is Here to Have Fun (Paul Stormberg).....	129
One-Off Con Adventures (Tim Kask).....	133
Dougal Must Die! (Steve Robertson).....	135
Dungeon Geomorphs (Tim Ballew).....	137

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Fast Company

quick character generation by Alex Schroeder

Here's a simple, speedy system for generating characters with equipment and background, ready to play. First, roll your ability scores – 3d6 in order being my preferred method. Then, choose between warrior, mage, or priest.

Warriors are good at fighting. Mages can memorize spells from their spellbook. Even though mages are not suited for mêlée, their importance increases as they gain more powerful spells. Priests can fight (though not as well as warriors) and they can work miracles granted by the gods (but their spells are not as powerful as a mage's spells). Roll for hit points and add your Constitution or other bonuses: warriors roll 1d8, mages roll 1d4, priests roll 1d6. Then roll once on each of the tables below!

d8	Warrior	Mage	Priest
1	you're a bandit ; you had to flee your native village and know how to survive in the forest, hunt, and ambush merchants; you own leather armor, a club, a longbow, and twenty arrows	you're a student of the arcane arts; you wear a pointy hat and a black cloak, carry a staff, a large spellbook with an ancient leather binding, and you have a raven familiar	you're a hermit with madly glittering eyes; you lived in a cave for many years; you own a thin blanket to wrap yourself, a sling, and a staff with bells on it which acts as your holy symbol
2	you're a runaway ; you took your uncle's militia equipment and ran away from home; you own leather armor, a shield, and a longsword	you're a rune caster ; you own a set of rune stones, dice, a pouch with small bones, a tattoo needle, and ink; your familiar is a ferret; you have tattooed your spells onto your skin	you're a cleric ; you are well dressed, you have a fresh haircut, and you own a silver holy symbol, a shield and a mace, but no armor; you also belong to a big temple
3	you're a guard ; you joined the militia as a youth and worked your way up; you own chain mail, an excellent helmet, a shield, and a longsword	you're a mystic ; you have black, curly hair with a huge braided beard (if male) or long eyelashes and a mesmerizing gaze (if female); your familiar is a hawk; your spells are inscribed on clay tablets	you're an inquisitor ; you wear chain mail and wield crossbow and mace; you have three bottles of holy water and four wooden stakes in your backpack, as well as garlic and a big silver holy symbol hanging from your neck
4	you're a knight errant ; you own a horse, a lance, a longsword, a battered shield, tarnished plate armor, and a dented helmet; your tabard and shield bear your coat of arms	you're a druid ; you know the secrets of plants and animals; you own a staff, a sling, and a strength potion; your familiar is a white owl; your spellbook is inscribed on dried bark	you're a paladin ; you own a white horse, a longsword, a flail, a steel shield, shining armor, and a helmet with a fancy visor; you carry a holy banner of your church
5	you're a mercenary from humble origins; your company has become a second family to you; you own chain mail, a nice open helmet, a mace, a crossbow, and a polearm	you're a witch ; you own a love potion, a sleeping draught, a healing potion, a broom, a crystal ball, and tarot cards; your familiar is a black cat; your spellbook is your herbarium	you're a bard ; your song is your magic; you have a lyre, leather armor, a longsword, three concealed throwing knives, a nice clean shirt, colorful pants, and beautiful suede boots
6	you're a barbarian ; whenever the harvest fails, your tribe sends young ones out to raid; you own leather armor, a horned helm, two hand axes, and a big, two-handed greataxe	you're a necromancer ; you own a staff with a human skull on it and a heavy cloak; your eyes are practically white; your familiar is a big spider; your spellbook is a moldy tome	you're a half-naked shaman ; your chest and arms are covered in tattoos, you wear a lot of amulets, charms, and bone fetishes; you have a totem animal that provides for you
7	you're an assassin ; you changed your name and history so often you can hardly remember the original; you own black leather armor, a black cloak, lock picks, a dagger, a crossbow, and three tiny vials of poison	you're a pyromancer with big hair; when you're angry little flames flare up around your hands; your familiar is a lizard; you engraved all your spells into the metal rings and bracers you are wearing	you're an oracle ; you can see spirits and hear the gods speak; your sleep is filled with prophetic visions; you own a light tunic, ceremonial short spear, a golden shield, and a golden helmet
8	you're a pirate ; you were shanghaied as a youth and adopted into the ship's family; you own no armor, but you do have a cutlass, a bottle of rum, and an old treasure map	you're a geomancer ; you can feel earth blood like other people feel the wind on their face; you are bald; your familiar is a rat; your spellbook is full of geometric drawings and tables	you're a monk ; you have trained body and soul for many years; you own a staff but no armor; your fists strike like sledgehammers



1d4 Useful Dungeoneering Equipment

- 1 rope, grappling hook, pole
- 2 hammer, spikes, extra blankets
- 3 six torches, chalk
- 4 a lantern and two oil flasks

1d4 Personality, and Other Useful Stuff

- 1 **glutton**, start with extra rations, apples, cooked eggs, and bacon
- 2 **vain**, start with a mirror, razor, soap, perfume, kohl, and lipstick
- 3 **superstitious**, start with an amulet or charm of dubious origin
- 4 **drinker**, start with two bottles of particularly strong booze

1d4 Recent Past

- 1 an uncle just died and left you an **inheritance**; start with 100gp
- 2 you committed a **shameful deed** and had to leave town; start with 20 gp
- 3 you just escaped a **robbery**; start with 0gp
- 4 you decided to be an **explorer**; start with a mule, a map, a shovel, and a 20 gp debt

This system works for higher-level characters as well as firsties, though you may wish to also make a few rolls on a random magic item table if the tasks ahead are stern. Ω

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Wear and Tear

equipment protocols by Mátyás “Urban” Hartyándi

Reading J. Brian Murphy’s “Shields Shall Be Splintered” (FO! #2), it occurred to me that the system described there for shields might be generalized into resource management rules for old school fantasy games more generally. The following equipment degradation system is therefore suggested: every time a PC sacrifices a shield to block damage, a weapon or other item misses a saving throw, a tool gets overused or misused, armor gets damaged by a trap, or the GM otherwise rules that equipment has taken damage without necessarily being destroyed, drop said equipment one status from ‘good’ according to the following system:

Resilience	Equipment Status			
	Good	Damaged	Hampered	Broke
Vulnerable	X			X
Average	X		X	X
Tenacious	X	X	X	X

In other words, Tenacious plate mail caught in a crushing room trap might drop from Good to Damaged. Later, when it fails its save against a Fireball, it drops from Damaged to Hampered, and, finally, when the player pleads to the GM to let it block just one hit point from the Incarnadine Dragon so that his PC can be unconscious rather than dead, the GM drops it to Broke.

Sample ‘Vulnerable’ Items: Wooden weapons, leather armor, scrolls, crystal, glass, herb bundles

Sample ‘Average’ Items: Wood shields, mixed wood/metal weapons, chain mail, thieves’ tools, heavy books

Sample ‘Tenacious’ Items: Metal shields, metal weapons, plate mail, iron spikes, enchanted items (repairing such costs much more and requires special skills)

Good condition items work normally.

Damaged items also work normally except for plate mail, which takes a -2 DC penalty. These can be repaired by PCs with a little time or by craftsfolk very cheaply.

Hampered items cause a -1/5% on all rolls they are involved in, except for chain and plate mail which function as leather armor in this condition. (Note that shields may be semi-useless with a -1 modifier.) Can be repaired for the 1/10 of the original price by a craftsman.

Broke equipment is useless, though it can be repaired for ½ the price of new if retrieved from the depths. Ω



Catwomen and Lion-Men

fantasy feline PC race by Calithena

It’s curious that the most popular beast-men in fantasy have never had a stable incarnation in some of the most popular FRP systems. Up until recently I was still using an old *Dragon* article (#60 – Ig) on Larry Niven’s Kzinti by Robert Plamondon as my default feline race when I needed one in a fantasy environment. In the world I run now, these two archetypes derive from the same stock – the large, muscular lion-men the males, the sultry, slim, and explosively energetic catwomen the females. These creatures can see in dim light and have preternatural hearing and smell. Both sexes are highly acrobatic and can leap 3x their Strength in feet. Males rise to level 8 as Warriors or Thieves, or 6/6 as multi-classed characters, while females can attain level 6 as Warriors or Priests and unlimited level as Thieves. Males favor Narasimha as a deity, while females favor Bast. In general the sexes do not get along particularly well among cat-folk, and both often prefer human lovers to their own kind as a practical matter, though in the right circumstances they will always mate with other cat-folk, regardless of vows sworn, marriages, etc. At GM option, PC lion-men might be restricted to starting at level 2 because of their size and strength: give them +2 Strength and Dexterity but -3 Wisdom regardless. Females receive +3 Dexterity and -2 Wisdom. These creatures will tend towards the Neutral and/or Chaotic Good orientations, depending on what system you are using. Ω

Swords & Wizardry



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The Time-Displaced

new character race for *Mutant Future* by Tim Snider

Hit Dice: 1d6 per point of CON

Mutations: none

Denizens of the *Mutant Future* live amidst the flotsam of Those Who Came Before. Occasionally, a historical out-cast will somehow resurface, finding him- or herself in the post-apocalyptic hellscape. “Time-Displaced” refers to any character or NPC who has been ripped from some period prior to the Final Wars that led to the destruction of society. An ancient Roman senator, a 1950s suburban housewife, and a soldier plucked from the frontlines of the Final Wars would all fall into this category. Obviously, the skill set and technical knowledge each PC of this race possesses will be vastly different, so it will be up to the Mutant Lord to help guide the player in developing a character’s background and abilities. When generating a Time-Displaced character, roll the time period he or she hails from before ability scores. It is more common to encounter a Time-Displaced character from the recent past than from prehistory; however, the occasional “defrosted Viking” has been encountered in the wastes.



d20	Time Period of Displaced Character
1	Stone Age (before 3500 BC)
2	Metal Ages (3500 BC to 1000 AD)
3	Middle Ages (1000 to 1500 AD)
4-6	Age of Discovery (1500 to 1800 AD)
7-13	Modern Age (1800 to 2000 AD)
14-20	Pre-Apocalyptic Age (2000 AD to Final Wars)

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Stone Age characters are strong and hearty from the struggle to survive in the harsh prehistoric world. Stone Age characters receive a +3 bonus to their STR and CON rolls. They also receive a +4 damage bonus when they hit with any hand-held weapon due to their brutishness in combat. However, they have a -15% to their Technology Roll Modifier, having never before encountered anything more complex than a rabbit snare. They may even be frightened or overwhelmed by high-tech equipment, equating it with “magic.”

Metal Age characters are also athletic from a physical existence, but have refined their abilities and fighting skills to reflect the technology of their times. They receive a +3 bonus to their STR and DEX rolls. They also receive a +4 to hit with any handheld weapon to reflect their fighting skills. They have a -5% to their Technology Roll Modifier, but will not fear high-tech, knowing it to be simply machinery they do not understand.

Middle Age characters hail from a time when mankind was beginning to unravel the mysteries of the world around him. Art, civility, and exploring the human condition were central to this way of life. To reflect this, characters from the Middle Ages receive a +4 bonus to their CHA and WIL. Middle Age characters experimented with bows, crossbows, and some primitive firearms, so they receive a +2 to hit with ranged weapons. They also receive a +5% to their Technology Roll Modifier, as they have a basic understanding of some of the mechanical principles at work.

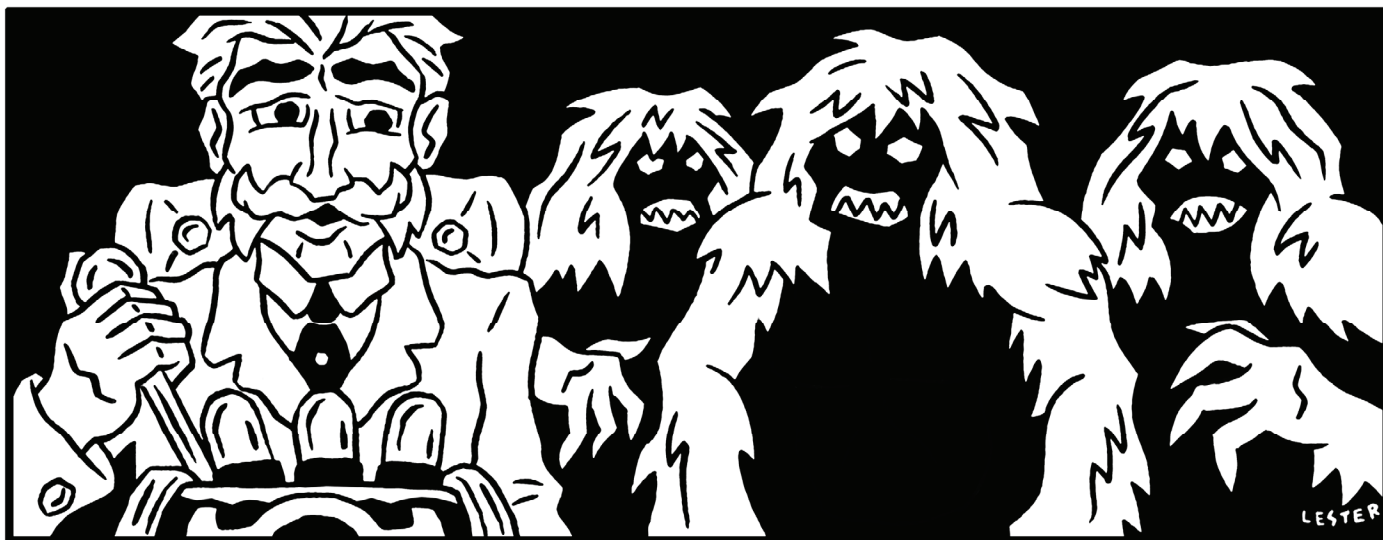
Age of Discovery characters come from a period when humankind spread across the globe. They are known for being nomads and travelers, discovering new lands and cultures. They built up their endurance and dexterity to make these voyages, so they receive a +4 to CON and DEX rolls. Characters from this era have practiced extensively with ranged weapons in order to protect and feed themselves while in the wild, so they receive a +2

damage bonus when using such. They also receive a +10% to their Technology Roll Modifier, as they are on the cusp of the modern age of invention.

Modern Age characters come from the present day. Modern Age characters are headstrong in more ways than one, giving them a +4 bonus to their INT and WIL rolls. Modern Age characters have evolved with a knowledge of most forms of weaponry and thus receive a +1 bonus to hit and +1 to damage with all weapons, both handheld and ranged. They also receive a +15% to their Technology Roll Modifier, as they are very tech-savvy.

Pre-Apocalyptic Age characters come from our future – just before the bombs fell. They are experienced with the advanced tech of that period, having invented most of the high-tech devices, vehicles, and weaponry so coveted by the mutants of the *Mutant Future*. Because of their advanced knowledge and their personal savoir faire, Post-Modern Age characters receive a +4 to their INT and CHA rolls. They receive no bonuses on their combat/to hit rolls (they let their androids do their fighting, or they just dropped bombs from a distance). However, they receive a +25% to their Technology Roll Modifier, as they were responsible for the creation of many of those devices and would have first-hand experience or knowledge of them.

Since Time-Displaced characters were not raised in the harsh, bizarre environment of the *Mutant Future*, they receive -2 on saving throws versus poisons or radiation. Also, no Time-Displaced PCs will have mutations of any kind, and will not mutate if exposed to radiation, though they will take damage. How Time-Displaced characters arrive in the *Mutant Future* is up to the Mutant Lord and/or player to determine. Removal from cryogenic suspension or thawing from a block of prehistoric ice, a time travel machine, falling into a rift in the space-time continuum (did it seal afterwards?), and even biological hyper-longevity and/or immortality are possibilities. Ω



Cult Leader

new character class by Lee Reynoldson

These charismatic, self-appointed high priests use guile and persuasion to fool people into worshipping their (usually) non-existent deity in order to gain riches, followers, and temporal power.

Cult Leader Class Abilities

Weapon and Armour Restrictions: A combination of public expectation and the frequent need to flee means Cult Leaders wear nothing heavier than robes (preferably hooded) and carry only a dagger (of the curved sacrificial variety). A sturdy pair of running sandals is also handy.

Silver Tongue: In any urban setting, Cult Leaders can inveigle free food, drink, and lodging from pious citizens. So silver-tongued are they that their Charisma bonus is doubled for the purpose of NPC or Monster reactions, or any other similar Charisma based check.

Mesmerise: This ability works like a *Charm* spell, but isn't actual magic. Once per day the Cult Leader can use this ability to put someone under their influence. The victim gets a Saving Throw, but the Cult Leader's Charisma Bonus is added to the Saving Throw target number. Mesmerised victims may receive further attempts to break free of the Cult Leader's will; depending on their Intelligence or Wisdom (whichever is higher): a high score of 8 or below allows a new attempt o break free once every game month, 9-12 every game week, 13-18 every game day.

Followers: The main power of the Cult Leader class lies in their ability to attract, control, and manipulate followers. Hirelings and Henchmen are gained as normal with twice the Loyalty and Number Allowed for the Cult Leader's Charisma score. Cult Leaders also deduct their

Cult Leader Advancement Table

Level	XP	HD	Base Hit	Save
1	0	1	+0	16
2	2,500	1+1	+0	15
3	5,000	2	+0	14
4	10,000	2+1	+0	13
5	20,000	3	+1	12
6	40,000	3+1	+1	11
7	80,000	4	+2	10
8	160,000	4+1	+2	9
9	320,000	5	+3	8
10	640,000	5+1	+3	7



level and Charisma bonus from the cost of employment, but may never pay less than half normal price. Cult Leaders attract additional followers as well (see below).

Blessed Believers of the Inner Circle: Along with their faceless Devotees, Cult Leaders attract more useful and dedicated followers. Often the Blessed Believers are less gullible with regard to the Cult Leader's religious overtures and more devoted to his ability to generate cash. As such they expect a share of his ill-gotten gains. Blessed Believers who die can be replaced, though exactly when is at the Referee's discretion.

At 1st level Cult Leaders attract a *Snivelling Toady*: DC 9 [10]; HD 1d3; non-combatant. The Snivelling Toady's main job is to sycophantically agree with anything the Cult Leader says, follow her everywhere, attend to her every whim, accept all manner of verbal and physical abuse, and take the blame for anything that goes wrong. A Snivelling Toady will attempt anything asked of him, but will decline any risk to life or limb out of cowardice.

At 2nd level a Cult Leader attracts the service of a *Mindless Thug*: DC 7 [12]; HD 1+2; Att: 1 Club 1d6.

Mindless Thugs are more than happy to zealously rough up non-believers, people who stand in the way of the (imaginary) deity's will, people the Cult Leader orders them to hurt, or anyone they don't like the look of.

At 4th level a Cult Leader attracts a *Fanatical Bodyguard*: DC 5 [14]; HD 4; Att: 1 sword 1d6. The Cult Leader's Fanatical Bodyguard is always on the watch for threats (imagined or real) to his master, and will accept any opportunity to lay down his life for his beloved leader.

At 8th level Cult Leaders attract a *Stealthy Deadeyed Coldhearted Killer*: DC 3 [16]; HD 6; Att: 1 knife 1d6+1; +1 to stealth and surprise rolls; +4 and double damage on any successful surprise attack. Stealthy Deadeyed Coldhearted Killers are particularly good at problem solving. Anyone who complains about the cult ends up floating face down in the sewer with their throat cut.

Devotees are DC 9 [10]; HP: 1; non-combatants. These are the faceless cultists who hang on their leader's every word and obey without question. They will follow her into any situation and will happily die for her. As non-combatants in dangerous situations or locales, they serve best as human shields or as spear/monster/trap fodder. However, they are usually left in civilized areas, where they can raise cash through begging. At 1st–4th level a Cult Leader can attract 1 devotee per day, week, or month (depending on campaign time scale) spent recruiting in a village, town, or city, up to a maximum equal to the Cult Leader's Charisma. At 5th–8th level the maximum goes up to double their Charisma score, and at 9th–10th level three times their Charisma.

Tithing: The main purpose of Devotees is to generate money, something Cult Leaders also excel at. The ability of Cult Leaders and Devotees to raise funds increases as the Cult Leader rises in power and status. Cult Leaders can earn money by gathering a crowd and righteously haranguing them on behalf of their imaginary deity until the crowd pays up. Devotees accumulate money more slowly by begging for the cult. At 1st–4th level, for each 10 citizens a Cult Leader can gather and harangue he earns 1d6 + Chr bonus in Copper Pieces, and each devotee who spends a week begging earns 1d6 Copper Pieces. At 5th – 8th this becomes silver pieces, and at 9th–10th level gold can be earned in this manner. The money earned by Devotees is profit beyond their meagre living expenses: though the Cult Leader and Blessed Believers of the Inner Circle feast on the finest of fare, all good Devotees know that the deity wants them to abstain in order to better serve the cult.

Saving Throw Bonuses: +4 against Charm spells and +2 against all other mind control spells.

XP Bonus: From Charisma. Ω

Grognard's Grimoire

by Peter S. Jensen, Eric Minton, and Wayne S. Rossi

Inverted Barbs (Level 2, Range 60'): The target's armour and clothing are turned inside-out. In most cases this is only a nuisance, but characters wearing spiked, barbed, toxic, flaming, etc. garb are in for a dreadful experience, as the powers of their raiment will be turned against them with full force and without any underlying protection. Characters will continue to suffer damage until the armor is removed, unless they can avert it by staying very still (e.g. with spikes). This spell also affects creatures with spiky scales or spines, such as dire porcupines or manticores, by pushing the protuberances inwards, though such creatures are almost always immune to their own poison. (Jensen)

Dalturri's Dreadful Fence (Level 4, Range 120', Duration 1 hour/caster level): This spell creates a barrier one inch wide, six feet high, and up to 10 feet long per level of the caster. It can have any contour desired by the caster. Any sentient creature attempting to cross over the Dreadful Fence is immediately confronted with his or her worst fear realized – for instance, a person afraid of heights will imagine that the Fence is on the precipice of an infinitely high cliff, even if it seemed only a moment ago to be on perfectly level ground. Unless he or she makes a save, any character trapped thus is unable to move, although he or she may seem to move in the illusion. Physically moving outside of the narrow strip defined by the Fence, or being forced out of this area, ends the illusion. It does not affect the undead, purely magical creatures, golems, etc. (Rossi)

Labyrinthine Darkness (Level 3, Range 120', Duration 12 turns): Creates a mass of murky, disorienting shadows similar to a darkness spell. The first time a creature tries to move out of the darkened area, it must make a successful saving throw vs. spells to find its way out. On a failed save, the creature meanders around the darkened area, unable to escape. A trapped creature may make another saving throw at the end of any round in which it is attacked. (Minton)

Time Snap (Level 6, 1000 xp to cast): This spell negates the last 1d4 rounds of time, resetting the universe exactly the way it was moments ago. Everything that happened in the missing time period is undone – even death. No-one remembers the missing time, as it never happened, and even the caster will not remember having cast the spell (though it cannot be cast again until spells are regained). (Calithena)

Yoink (Level 1, Range 60'): This spell telekinetically yanks a carpet of any size out from under the feet of whoever is standing on it. These must make saves vs. wand or dexterity checks (with a -1 penalty per 20 lbs of equipment) to avoid being tripped and falling over. At level 5 the more impressive **Greater Yoink** may be learned, which conjures a carpet if one is not there and allows the carpet to work as an entanglement item for 1 round/caster level after the initial yoinking, wrapping opponents in it or pinning them beneath it when they've fallen over. (Jensen) Ω

The Familiar Spirit

alternate rules for summoning familiars by James Smith

Summon Familiar (Mage Level 1, Casting Time 2-24 hours): This ritual is a most puissant conjuration for summoning a spirit, suitable for binding as a Familiar. First, the blood of a horse, dog, or cat must be scattered about a circular area, twenty feet in circumference. The skin of the animal, properly prepared and inscribed with the sigils appropriate to the powers the mage finds most suitable, must be worn by the caster as a cloak or scarf during the working. Perfumes and incense of high value and purity must be burned, and a small bowl, filled with Dragon's blood or syrup from a Dryad's tree, must be set out for the spirit.

If all this is done, the spirit appears in visible but incorporeal form. The mage must negotiate for its services. If the negotiations are satisfactory, the spirit drinks from the bowl, at which point the mage must throw the cloak over the spirit to bind it to him. The spirit shall then serve its new master faithfully and with unswerving loyalty. It is capable of speech and of communicating telepathically with its master. The mage will have access to the Familiar's senses. Additional powers may accrue to the mage from this symbiosis depending on the exact nature of the Familiar (see below).

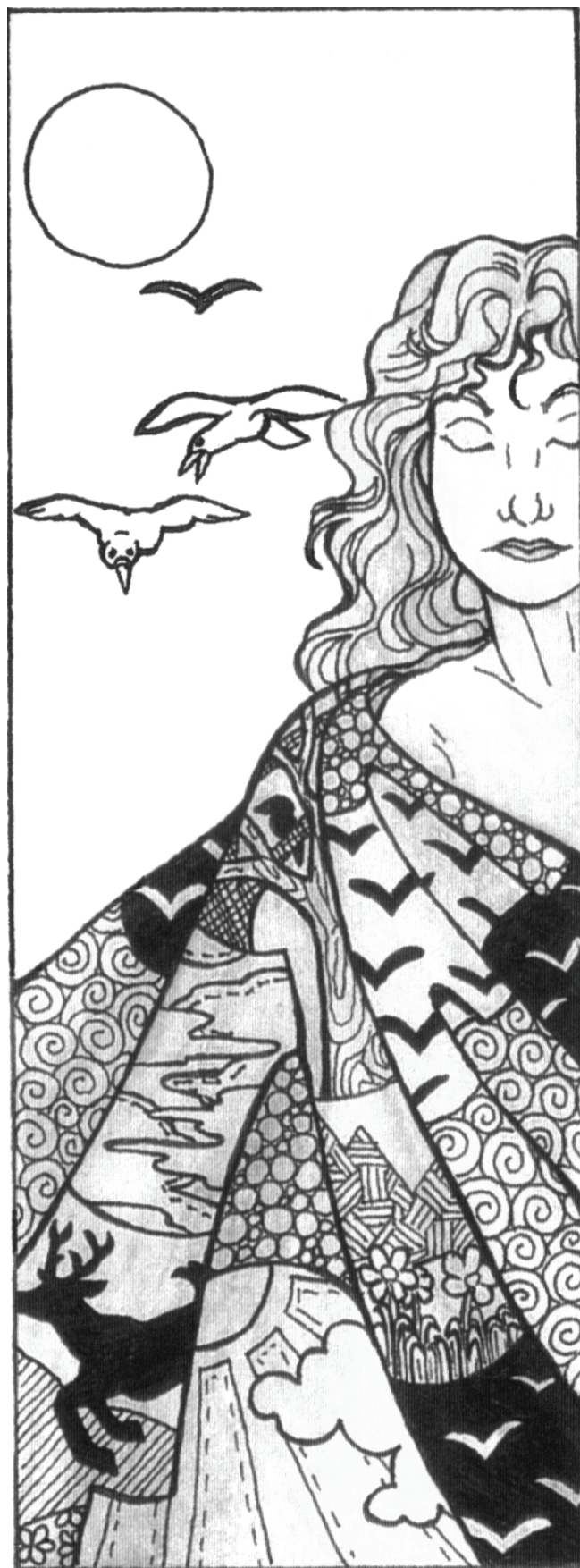
The Familiar is spirit creature taking on physical form. If killed, it reforms its material body in 24 hours. During that time, the mage will lose any benefits he gained from the creature and may suffer some weakening, in health or magical ability, at the discretion of the GM. The mage may, if he wishes, send the Familiar away and break the bond between them. If this is done, he may not attempt to cast the spell again for one year thereafter. Roll 1d20 or choose from the list below to determine what you get, if making up your own creature is not desired:

1. A Small Green Serpent, with red eyes and feet. HD 2, DC 7, Bite 1d2+poison save or fall asleep. **Granted Powers:** Master may memorize one extra 1st level spell.

2. A Small Purple Toad, with yellow teeth and a permanent grin. HD 2, DC 7, Bite 1 hp, can cast spell of Illusionary Forces once/day. **Granted Powers:** The toad's secretions are a powerful entheogen. The mage partakes, learning spells under its effect (the toad is effectively this mage's spellbook). Master is immune to 1st & 2nd level Illusions and gains 10% Magic Resistance.

3. An Obsidian Panther, with yellow eyes. HD 4, DC 4, Claw/Claw/Bite 1d4/1d4/1d6. Expert at hiding and stealthy movement. It can teleport itself (bringing its Master if desired, but no-one else) once/day. **Granted**

Powers: Master can hide and move silently as a thief of half his or her own level.





4. **An Old, Brown Hound.** He looks very sad and lazy. HD 2, DC 7, can communicate with animals and detect poisons. **Granted Powers:** +1 to all saves.

5. **An Undead Brownie**, dressed in brown robes. HD 2, DC 7, undead immunities, turned as if a demonic creature by priests, knows the formula for lichdom, can cast each of the following as a 5th level mage once/day: *Mystic Missile*, *Obliterate Text*, *Ventriloquism*, *Sphere of Darkness*, *Sonic Shattering*, *Implant Suggestive Thoughts*. **Granted Powers:** 30% resistance to charms and sleep-inducing magics; +2 saves vs. fear; reaction bonus when dealing with intelligent undead creatures.

6. **A Miniature Hag**, with very long fingers, toes and nose. HD 1, DC 7, can vomit forth a random potion once/week. Wears a shawl which is always inscribed with 1 random mage spell of 1st or 2nd level (immediately re-inscribed upon casting); only the hag can cast from this "scroll." **Granted Powers:** -20% to costs/time for brewing potions & creating scrolls.

7. **A Silver Hawk**, with black eyes and talons. HD 3, DC 5, Bite 1d3, Sonic Scream twice/day for 3d6. **Granted Powers:** The mage can store up to 3 levels of additional spells inside the hawk's mind.

8. **An Anthropomorphic Squirrel**, dressed in plate mail and wielding a +1 sword. HD 3, DC 0, Miniature Sword 1d4+1. **Granted Powers:** +1 to all saves.

9. **A Small Anthropomorphic Lion**, dressed in leather and chains. HD 2, DC 6, Bite 1d4, Breathe Fire 2d6, can cast the following spells once/day: *Conjure Monster I*, *Detect Dweomer*, *Fan the Flames*, *Multiple Images*, *Slow Fall*. **Granted Powers:** Once/day the mage can also breathe fire, for 2d6 + 2 points/level damage.

10. **A Red Goblin**, naked, with dancing eyes and a disturbing laugh. HD 1, DC 7, see invisible creatures, immune to fire. **Granted Powers:** All mage's fire spells have +10% effect; +2 saves vs. fire; reaction bonus when dealing with creatures from the Plane of Fire.

11. **A Beautiful Humanoid Faery**. HD 2, DC 7, casts *Charm* and *Implant Suggestive Thought* 1/day each. **Granted Powers:** 30% resistance to charm and sleep-inducing magics; all enchantments cast by mage are -2 to save against and +10% effectiveness (in duration, etc.).

12. **A Red, Extremely Furry Bat**, with horns. HD 1, DC 8, detects invisible creatures, Sonic Scream twice/day for 2d6. **Granted Powers:** If the mage has open spell-slots, he may 'duplicate' one of his other currently memorized spells into it once/day.

13. **A Miniature Blue Dragon**, carrying a small blue staff. HD 1, DC 5, Breathe Electricity for 1d6 once/day. **Granted Powers:** The mage can store up to 3 levels of additional spells inside the dragon's mind.

14. A Short, Fat, Bald, Ugly, Naked Humanoid, yellow in color, with horns, a tail, and fur in odd places. HD 2, DC 7, has the powers of a sage specialized in the Outer Planes with a secondary specialization in Culinary Arts. It knows the true names of 1d6 demons. **Granted Powers:** Each time the mage rises in level, he may add one extra spell to his spellbook (in addition to those normally gained, if any). Once/day, the mage may recall one spell which has been previously cast.

15. A Green Jackal. Disturbingly wise. Has the poise of Dr. Who. HD 2, DC 7, Bite 1d4. It sees magical auras and is immune to fear. **Granted Powers:** Mage's spells are at -1 to save against, -2 if they are death effects; mage gains +2 to saves vs. fear.

Is your coin pouch a little light?



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16. A Tiny Yellow and Red Mushroom Man. HD 1, DC 3, secrete contact poison once/day. **Granted Powers:** Mage gains +1 Charisma (permanently) and a reaction bonus when dealing with faerie creatures.

17. A Big Black Cat. White eyes. Its collar has a small obsidian charm. HD 1, DC 6, *Disrupt Magic* once/day, at 11th level. The charm can be used to create a *Sphere of Darkness* once/day. **Granted Powers:** +1 to all saves.

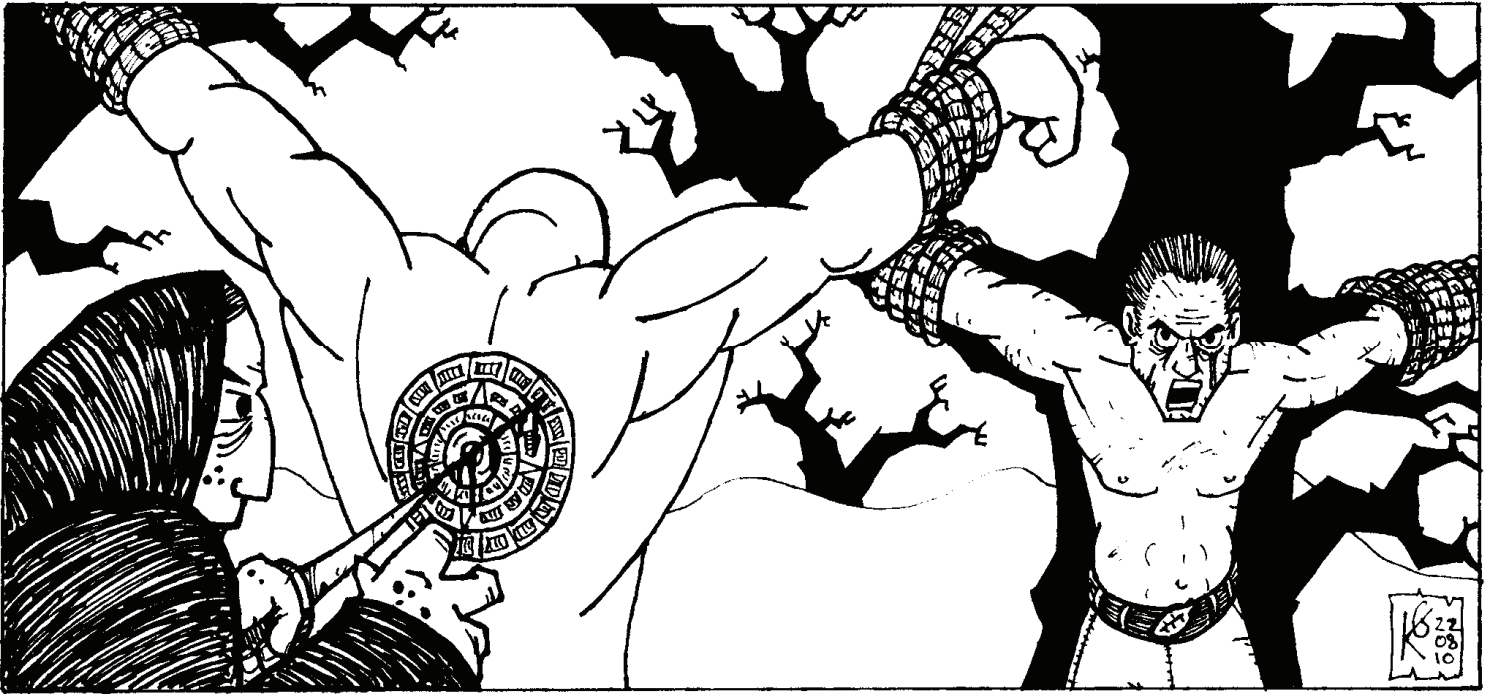
18. A White Mouse, with large ears and golden eyes. HD 1, DC 4, sees magical auras very well and has a 30% chance to identify magic items. **Granted Powers:** Spells cast by the mouse's master do +1 damage per die.

19. An Owl, White and Red. Has ram-like horns. HD 2, DC 6, shoots a pair of mystic missiles from its eyes twice/day for 2d4+2 (automatically hit). **Granted Powers:** Mage receives an extra *Mystic Missile* spell along with her normal spells, and all *Mystic Missiles* cast by this mage fire one more missile than normal for her level..

20. A Miniature Purple Pig. Strange sigils are tattooed in red and yellow along its porcine form. HD 2, DC 7, can eat anything, immune to poison. **Granted Powers:** Master can eat anything and is immune to poison; he may also memorize one extra 1st and 2nd level spell.

Familiar Personality Quirks - d20 (roll once or twice)

1	Amoral; advises Mage to commit questionable acts
2	Feeds on blood
3	Flatulent (and loud about it)
4	Has an alarming habit of charging into battle
5	Extremely protective and jealous of its Master
6	Kleptomaniac
7	Thinks everyone else is an inferior life-form
8	Doesn't understand the concept of lying
9	Likes to amuse itself by plotting ways to kill the other party members
10	Will fall in love with another member of the party
11	Always eating, complains loudly if not fed
12	Narcoleptic
13	Thinks its Master is a god and the other party members are his slaves
14	Practical joker
15	Will attempt to fornicate with anything that lets it
16	Quick to anger, once angry becomes violent if not reined in by its Master
17	Has OCD
18	Paranoid
19	Greedy
20	Has a secret plan which it hides from its Master and everyone else



Knights Knaves

NPCs *non pareil* by Duncan Jones and Sean Stidd

Saint: Level 4 Ex-Paladin; S 18 I 12 W 13 C 16 D 12 Ch 17; hp 39; DC 1; Lawful Good; *Detect Evil* at will, but no other paladin abilities; *Light* at will. Equipment: +2 Silver Longsword, +3 versus Astral and Incorporeal Creatures (which it effects normally), Plate Mail, +1 Shield, Quiver with 5 Javelins (4 silver-tipped, 1 +1), Potions of Heal and Polymorph, Appropriate Adventuring Gear.

Wraith: Level 5 Ranger; S 16 I 13 W 13 C 17 D 17 Ch 12; hp 53; DC 0; Neutral Good; Tracking, Stealth, +6 damage vs. giant class creatures, Improved Surprise. Equipment: +1 Longsword, Dagger of Sharpness (1 in 3 to sever hand (1-2) or neck (3) on natural 20, otherwise double damage), Elvin Chain Mail +2, Composite Longbow (+2 damage from Strength), 20 +1 arrows, Boots of Tracking (90% to follow any set of footprints by retracing their steps), Appropriate Adventuring Gear.

A pair of wandering warriors serving the forces of good, Wraith and Saint are long-time friends and know and trust one another completely. They receive +1 to DC when fighting back-to-back against a superior force. Saint stands 6'3" and has broad, strong shoulders. Square-jawed and extremely handsome, he has a slightly brooding demeanor, but never shies away from what he

thinks must be done. Wraith stands even taller, at 6'6", and moves as swiftly and silently as an elf. He is a bit rougher in mien, though not unattractive, and while he says little his words are well-chosen and to the point.

Both Wraith and Saint are somewhat unworldly. Wraith was brought up in the wilderness, the only son of a woodsman farmer, and served for many years as a mercenary scout, while the orphaned Saint was raised by elderly monks in a small temple high in the Peregrine Peaks. The pair spends much of their time in ruins and wild places, getting by in civilization on their forthright honesty and Saint's considerable charisma. Saint was born with a divine birthmark across his back, a glorious golden sun-disc showing the world's calendar from beginning to end. From his birth, no-one who has met Saint can doubt that he was born for some great destiny, but its nature has not yet revealed itself. Many of Wraith and Saint's adventures involve fighting dark cults and/or searching for lore concerning Saint's origin and destiny.

Over the last year or so, the pair learned many secrets about a network of ancient cults and their subterranean temples from a Ralcorean wizard named Erebor. Erebor helped the pair defeat many evils, but then, on a distant southern island, revealed himself to be an agent of whatever monstrous forces conspire against Saint's destiny. Erebor's magic overwhelmed the two, and the wizard performed a dark ritual in which he mutilated Saint's birthmark and severed his connection to his god. What, if anything, will restore the sun disc and Saint's paladinhood is unclear, but in the meantime the pair pursue the wizard, less for vengeance than to uncover his motives and whatever dark forces he serves. Ω



(In FO! #9 we learned about the city-state itself; now please join Gabor for an adventure into the depths beneath it... - Ig.)

The Undercity: The Undercity of Khosura can be divided into four levels following the city's aboveground topography, and encompasses a total of eight known sectors distributed between them:

- Level I is situated below the Upper City, and includes one sector (**UCI/A**).
- Level II is slightly above the Middle City (the plane of Vashanka's Market); it includes **UCII/A** two levels below the upper city, and **UCII/C-B**, the Catacombs straddling two lower regions and situated within the lesser hill in the south-western part of the city.
- Level III is below the Middle city. It includes **UCIII/A**, three levels below the Upper City, **UCIII/B**, stretching from Vashanka's Market to roughly the lake walls, and **UCIII/C**, a mostly isolated segment of the Undercity below the southwestern city.
- Level IV is approximately above what used to be the Lower City, and is therefore below the waterline. Only isolated sections, far from the lake, remain. **UCIV/A** is four levels below the Upper City, and consists of the Tomb-Complex of Ymmu M'Kursa (described in FO! #1), and The Pits of Lamentation (described here). **UCIV/B** is a half-level located two levels below the northern part of Vashanka's Market.

Keys in the Undercity include level and sector designations; hence **UCIII/A-12** refers to Undercity Level III, Sector A, Area 12. On the maps, level transitions are indicated with Roman numerals, exits with Arabic numerals in a rectangle (referring to the aboveground

locale the exit emerges at). Thick cross-hatching indicates a chasm leading to the next level; thinner marks are a sign for chasms connecting from above.



List of Exits From the Undercity:

2. Bengazar's Columns, to **UCIII/C-2**.
3. The Plaza of Wailing, to **UCII/C-B-1**.
7. Vashanka's Market, to **UCII/A-9** (two entrances).
8. Row of Huts, **UCII/C-B-2**.
12. The Curved Sabre Caravanserai, to **UCIII/B-15**.
18. Beshket's Well, to **UCIII/A-5**.
19. Ostek's Plaza, to **UCI/A-1**.
21. Panthozar's Palace, to **UCI/A**.
22. The Shrine of Uthummaos, to **UCI/A-15**.
26. Ennoikos—Memfer Court, to **UCI/A-14**.



Random Encounters: In addition to fixed encounters, characters adventuring in the Undercity may encounter random monsters (1:6 probability). Roll for an encounter every second turn while the party is moving or when a noisy altercation develops. Isolated rooms are usually safe as long as doors are secured and there is little noise; however, if PCs are careless 1d2 groups should be rolled for, and denizens may even team up for a coordinated siege. Unless called for, roll encounters on the **Undercity** table in general and the **Catacombs** table

in tombs and other undead-inhabited sections. Both tables may call for rolls on the **Special** / **NPC** tables. Three specific areas, the under-temples of **Derceto** and **Uthummaos**, as well as the underground areas of **Panthozar's Palace**, have their own chart.

d12	Undercity
1	Animated Swords (1d10)
2-3	Centipedes, Giant (2d8)
4	Grey Ooze (1)
5	Living Statues (1d6)
6	Men, Robbers (2d8)
7-8	Rats, Giant (2d4x5)
9	Rust Monsters (1d2)
10	<i>Catacombs</i>
11-12	<i>Special</i>

d12	Catacombs
1	Ghouls (2d6)
2	Mummies (1d2)
3	Shadows (1d6)
4-5	Skeletons (3d10)
6	Wights (2d6)
7	Wraiths (1d6)
8-9	Zombies (2d8)
10	<i>Undercity</i>
11-12	<i>Special</i>

d12	Special
1	Battle*
2	Breathstealers (1d4)
3	Corpses**
4	Cultists of Derceto (2d8)
5	Cultists of Uthummaos (2d8)
6	Gelatinous Cube (1)***
7	Golem, Stone (1)****
8-9	Men, Soldiers (2d8)
10	Werewolves (2d4)
11-12	<i>NPC</i>

* Ongoing, two random groups

** 25% useable equipment, 10% treasure on bodies

*** 10% Napalm Cube, explodes for 4d8 when burned

**** Stone behemoth in Overking Srabmar's image, destroys all living things in its path. Only one in Undercity.

d12	NPC (with City residence)
1	Captain Aikamtar the Three-Faced with 2d8 Soldiers (1b)
2-3	Trasymakhos, Menelaion with 2d4 Guards (4)
4-5	Mennen Reimi al-Vars, Annai Delsadora with 2d6 Amazons (11b)

6-7	Valsket, Tolvel and Flink (13)
8-9	Taramis, Mechanical Servant and 8 Black Slaves (17)
10	Naram-men-Khemtri (18)
11	Panthozar with 2d8 Cultists (80%) and/or 1d6 Clerics of Uthummaos (50%) (21)
12	Armentak with 2d8 Cultists (80%) (22)

d12	Under-Temple of Uthummaos
1-2	Breathstealers (1d4)
3-4	Clerics of Uthummaos (1d6)
5-6	Cultists of Uthummaos (2d8)
7	Demon, Shadow (1)
8	Panthozar with 2d8 Cultists (80%) and/or 1d6 Clerics of Uthummaos (50%)
9-10	Shadows (1d6)
11	Shadow Guardian (1)
12	Wraiths (1d6)

d12	Under-Temple of Derceto
1-2	Black Pudding* (1)
3-4	Clerics of Derceto (1d6)
5-10	Cultists of Derceto (2d8)
11-12	Shambling Mound* (1d4)

* Both types are spawn of Derceto, with her general appearance – bulbous rubbery sacs resembling sea anemones of a whale-black colour.

Statistics are only given for monsters and generic NPCs not conforming to a well-known type. Special NPCs from the City State are described in the previous issue.

Animated Swords (1d10): HD 2; DC 5; Atk 1d8.

Breathstealers (1d4): HD 4; DC 6; Atk claws 1d6; Spec breathstealing (save vs. death magic or begin to suffocate; only by defeating the elusive undead can one's breath be regained), immune to cold, silver or +1 to hit.

Cultists of Derceto (2d8): Warrior 2; DC 9 (buckler), Atk scimitar 1d8 or net entanglement (save vs. petrification or -4 to hit and +4 DC).

Cultists of Uthummaos (2d8): Warrior 2; DC 9 (buckler), Atk scimitar 1d8.

Demon, Shadow (1): HD 7; DC 10 (sunlight, can't attack), 5 (artificial light), 0 (dark environs); Atk 2*claws 1d6; Spec 1/day *magic jar*, *darkness 15'*, *fear*, immune to cold and electricity, ½ damage from fire, +1 to hit.

Living Statues (1d10): HD 4; DC 2; Atk 2*hit 1d8; Spec immune to fire and cold, +1 to hit.

Men, Robbers (2d8): Warrior 1; DC 9 (buckler); Atk scimitar 1d8.

Shadow Guardian (1): HD 7; DC 2; Atk touch 1d6 Str and paralysis; Spec +1 to hit, lifesteal once per day (save vs. death or drop unconscious at 0 hp and roll system shock to survive), *silence* 3/day, immune to cold, turned as spectre.

Soldiers (2d8): Warrior 2; DC 5 (chain shirt, shield); Atk scimitar 1d8 or spear 1d6.



Undercity, Level I Sector A

UCI/A-1. Traces of peeling stucco on walls, ochre and black. A statue of a beggar with a bowl in outstretched hand in niche, 5-30 sp, 3d6 electrum (50%) and 3d6 gp (30%) on every occasion. If the coins are stolen, the probability of random encounters increases to 1:3 for this expedition. For every gp value deposited in the bowl, there is a cumulative 1% probability the statue falls forward and shatters; the plaster countenance hides amber bones worth 800 gp (but only 2d4*100 if broken).

UCI/A-2. Domed room, spiral staircase a frequent spot for random encounters (roll every time passing through, encountered group starts 75% here, 25% on Level II). Stucco of reeds, animals and birds.

UCI/A-3. Sitting with their backs to the walls are nine shrivelled corpses with black strings around their necks. All have similar facial features, although they are of variable age – members of a wealthy family. If disturbed, save vs. disease or contract grave fever (fatal in 1d3 weeks, victim turns into zombie/ghoul), and swarms of small black **spiders** infesting the bodies emerge from their orifices to attack. One corpse wears electrum bracers with a scorpion motif (50 gp), another has a silver mirror (50 gp). **Spider Swarms (4):** HD 5; DC 5; Atk swarm 2d4+poison (2*2d6 Hp); Spec ½ damage from S/P weapons; hp 33, 30, 24, 18.

UCI/A-4. Three covered 30' pits before old, cracked frescoes of gates painted on the wall. The first gate bears the image of a ship, the second a city, the third stairs. On the bottom of the first pit are oil-soaked rags; if falling in, there is a 1:2 probability of a conflagration for 2d4 damage/round, 1d3 rounds. The second pit is empty, while the third has a secret exit to **UCII/A**.

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by Robert J. Kuntz

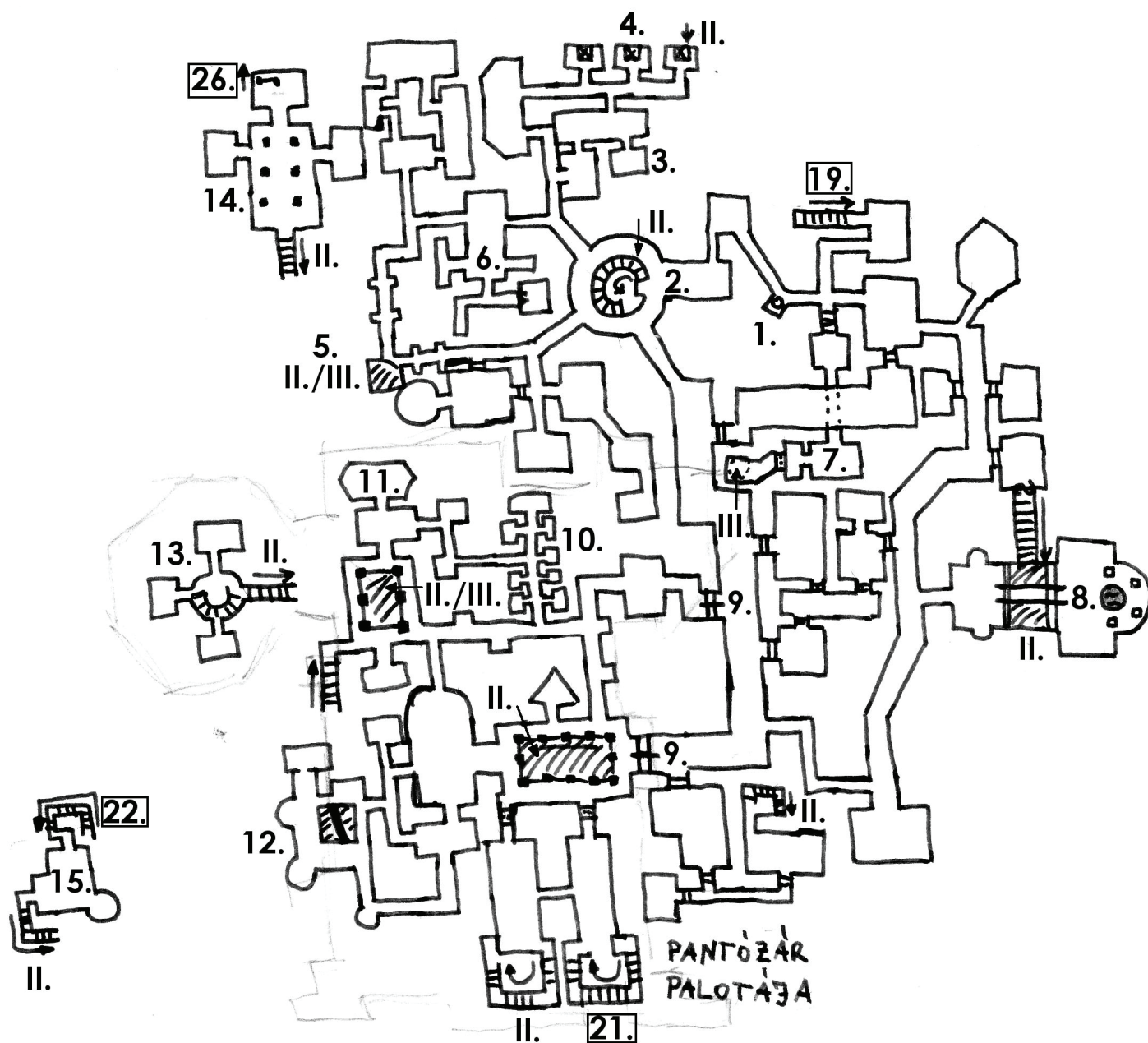
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KHOSURA-A-I./A



UCI/A-5. Wide shaft passing through UCII/A (gallery) and terminating at UCIII/A.

UCI/A-6. One of the dead ends has a secret door that opens with a simple push, but knocks over the bronze full plate resting on the other side (check encounters 1:3). The chamber has the set of armour (dented helmet and greaves, as plate mail until repaired, weight 125% normal), a crate with 7 rusty scimitars and 4 gems underneath (3 tiger eye*10 gp, pearl 100 gp), three rolled-up and worm-eaten carpets with a scorpion pattern (one

roll hides a bundle of scrolls which disintegrate with age if handled), 3 amphorae of scented but rancid oil.

UCI/A-7. Damp chamber with low vaulted ceiling. Outside the barred door are stuccoes of maids bearing sheaves of grain; within are stuccoes of black slaves bearing maids with cut throats. The interior passage leads to a ledge opening to Beshket's Well. Some coins thrown from above can be gathered from here (40 sp, 16 electrum, 6 gp), but the ledge is slippery and unstable; save vs. paralysis or fall into the lake at UCIII/A-5.

UCI/A-8. A temple-like, cool hall decorated with vivid frescoes of blue and purple gridwork and water fowl. The hall is bisected by a chasm; 30' down lies the Tomb of Bel Am Arz. The stone bridge crossing the chasm holds a series of empty stone holders with soot and the remains of candles. On the other side of the bridge, four statues, two of naked women and two of naked men, surround a shallow basin. The pool is decorated with splendid mosaics of gold, indigo and royal purple; on the bottom is the pattern of a medusa's head, and on the rim the following is inscribed: "WITH BLESSINGS AND CURSES, HERE IS THE GIFT OF STONE. THE GAZE TURNS IF IT SEES THE BLESSING, AND THE FOES FALL LIKE EARS OF CORN IF THEY FEEL THE BITE OF THE CURSE." If a *bless* is cast on the waters, they become curative when bathed in (1d8+1) and also bestow a *gaze reflection* spell on the bather which lasts until the next gaze attack. If the reverse spell is used, the waters deal damage to bathers (1d8+1) but will turn a sword or 10 arrows into +1 *weapons* for the duration of one battle (1:2 they break afterwards from the magical strain). If the spell used is *bestow curse*, the effects are double (2d8+3 damage, +2 *enchantment*). The waters lose their potency in 1d3*10 minutes. If the basin is fouled or otherwise harmed, the statues animate and a medusa's head rises from the pool.
Living Statues: HD 4; DC 2; Atk 2*hit 1d8; Spec immune to fire and cold, +1 to hit; hp 11, 18, 22, 18.
Medusa Head: HD 1; DC 4; Spec gaze 1/round (save vs. petrification); hp 3.

UCI/A-9. The underground gates of Panthozar's Palace. These heavy bronze portals are decorated with intricate patterns and cuneiform praising the might of Overking Srabmar, He Who Buys and Sells. They have no lock or pull-ring, but there are brass gongs next to them with heavy metal mallets chained to each. If the portals open, they ring loud bells on the inside, alerting the guards within.

UCI/A-10. Barracks for the low-ranking palace guards. Usually 2d8 men by day and 4d8 by night. Various "cabinet contents" furnishings and treasures.

UCI/A-11. Storage space, typically with caravan wares. Six types from the table at right, 2d6*100 gp value each.

UCI/A-12. Training room. Targets, dummies and a pit with a plank over it for combat practice. 20' fall to sand-covered floor below (50% to take 1d6 damage), save vs. petrification after each hit or fall. 50% chance of 2d8 guards here betting on two combatants having at it.

UCI/A-13. Room complex beneath Panthozar's Tower, heavy with the smells of incense, perfumes and exotic salts. A **shadow guardian** protects it from intruders. In the northern chamber, there are two large stone vats, the

sides heavy with saline encrustations and filled with a thick solution. On a long shelf are various alchemical salts (magnetic, mummy, southern star, harmonic, sulphurous etc. – 8 copper boxes, 1d12*10 value each). In one of the vats lies the body of a young, handsome man who transgressed against the priest-king and is now being mummified. In its present state, it can be controlled with verbal commands as a mindless 4 HD zombie.

The walls of the western chamber are crowded with shelves of the occult: scrolls and papyri dealing with philosophy, religion, divination and similar matters. One scroll is magical, and holds the spells *true seeing* and *travel to other planes*; however, it is protected by a *glyph* inflicting mummy rot. A dusty case on a top shelf contains a sealed glass beaker of opal fluid; the fluid is magical and can store a mind as a *magic jar* spell if *ESP* is used on it. The beaker is relatively resilient.

In the southern chamber, a dark metal mirror stands between two golden candelabra (2*1200 gp). The surface always shows the true nature of those looking into it – evil alignment as a darker, good as a brighter aura, disease and curses as shadows, charm as a veil, the presence of Yol as small phosphorescent globules etc. The mortarless bricks behind the mirror can be removed to reveal a cavity; therein are two *potions of extra-healing*, 3 gems (2*20 gp jade eyes, 90 gp alabaster hand) and a *medallion of ESP*.

UCI/A-14. This hall of columns is the exit from the Crypt of Tellamek Than. Due to an ancient curse, the undead may not go further than the top of the stairs, making this locale safe for rest. The stucco on the walls has been destroyed, and only a sign above the stairs remains: " ... TELLAMEK THAN, THE FOE OF ISHTAR, ... ". The iron ladder to the north leads up inside the pedestal of a king's statue; the exit is sealed by an iron door from the inside (*fire trap*, 1d4+12 hp) and bricked up from the outside.

d100	Caravan Wares Discovered
01-10	alcohol or drugs
11-20	animals
21-25	art
26-30	exotic substances
31-35	materials
36-50	oils and ointments
51-55	religious accessories
56-60	spices
61-70	textiles
71-75	tools
76-78	treasure
79-83	vessels and home wares
84-88	wax
89-95	weapons and armour
96-00	weird objects

UCI/A-15. Black stuccoes and velvety darkness decorate this room beneath the Shrine of Uthummaos. When passing through, a glowing pair of eyes painted in gold appears on the wall, and a hollow voice intones: “I AM THE EMPTY WORD”. Unless the proper answer is uttered (“MAY NONE TROUBLE ITS EMPTINESS”), the eyes cast *hold person* on the infidels, and the voice continues: “FALSEHOOD HAS SNUCK INTO THE PATTERN!”. Subsequently, a new pair of eyes appears each round, casting more and more hold spells. When all in the room are immobilised, their gaze starts to emit *searing light* rays (roll to hit, 2d8 Hp). When escorting unvetted guests, cultists of Uthummaos like to test them if they know the proper phrases. The company descends in groups of three, and a different speaker must speak on each of the three levels.



Undercity, Level II Sector A

UCII/A-1. Three wall niches, each with the bust of a woman, each identical in features and each with the inscription “KHTAL – THE BLIND” underneath. The busts are magical; if their blindness is healed by salve, ointment or spell, the eyes glow in blue radiance. When all three are cured, they retract to reveal crawlways into a small tomb. Within the chamber, a gold-inlaid ebony casket holds the intact if waxy body of a young woman clad in sky blue robes with golden daggers through her eyes. Khtal the Blind is an intact but fragile shell, as the beautiful body has been dried, hollowed out and stuffed with deadly poison dust (if she is “wounded”, kissed on the lips or the daggers removed, the dust escapes, save at -4 or die). The dried lips respond if spoken to, although they only request solitude. Curing Khtal’s blindness and using a *remove curse* or *exorcism* spell, the body crumbles and the poison turns into gold dust worth 1200 gp. The daggers are 200 gp each and of -1 *enchantment*.

UCII/A-2. Vaulted chamber with wall niches containing bits of debris. An empty pedestal stands encircled by the downwards stairs, but the statue is missing. A sign reads: “OVERKING SRABMAR, HE WHO BUYS AND SELLS. GIVE, OR SRABMAR TAKES HIS DUE. SHARE IN HIS PLENTY IF YOU COME WITH HIS SIGN.” From a turn of the stairs, a secret door opens into the Tomb of Ghos-II-Rhen; note the traps in the initial passage.

The pedestal used to be the stand for the restless stone golem which now prowls the Undercity, and the niches each held one living statue. In the pedestal, there is still a metal mesh and a small chute leading to a pit. With a mirror or such, the gleam of gold can be seen from the

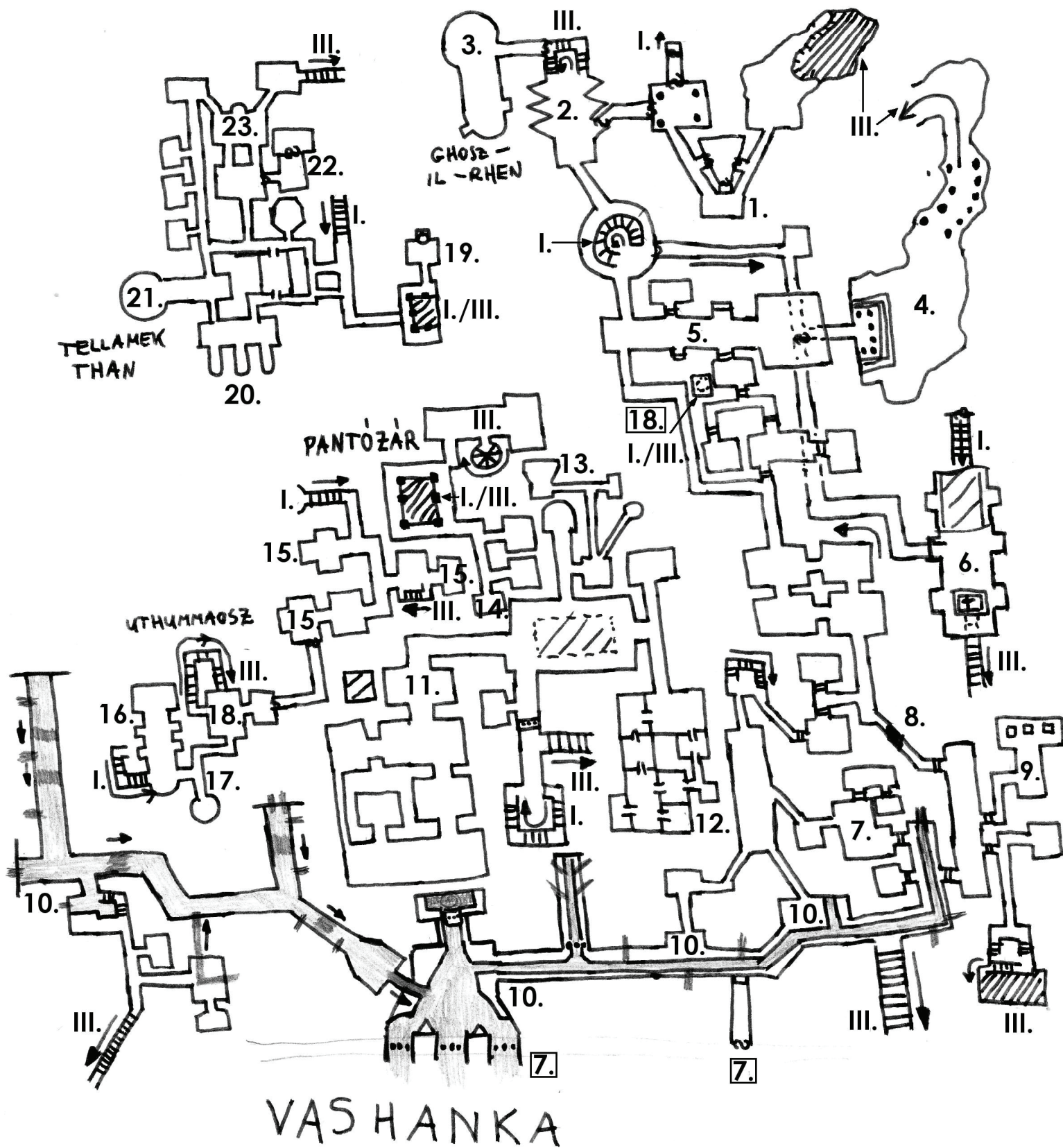
bottom. Displaying Srabmar’s Sceptre (see **UCIII/B-6**) makes the pedestal move to the side and reveal the treasure pit: 1300 sp, 3900 electrum, 3000 gp, 250 pt (in a box on the bottom) and 5 gems (5*350 gp topaz). If someone manages to steal from the treasure without the sceptre, the next random encounter will occur with 10 living statues and the stone golem.

UCII/A-3. This tomb is the resting place of Ghos-II-Rhen, one of Srabmar’s sons who was killed by Vashanka in her campaigns and brought here to be buried in utmost secrecy. The walls are a rich blue stucco painted with stars to imitate the night sky; the ochre and blue tiles on the floor are covered by a layer of mixed animal bones, at least half bovine. In the entry corridor, there is an easily discovered stepping stone that triggers a blade trap at ankle height (attacks at 10th Level for 2d8). However, anyone who jumps across will land on a much more carefully hidden trigger that brings iron skewers through the stucco (save vs. petrification at -4 or 5d8).

Within a brazier in the tomb proper burns an eternal flame with a *fire charm* spell; save vs. spell or remain transfixated for 16 rounds unless intruders purposely avert their eyes. Meanwhile, sensing the party, the bones assemble into **skeletons**, those of the bulls advancing in a shambling upright gait with an angry roar. In the niches to the south are the broken remains of statuettes; around the sarcophagus lie the corpses of three hooded figures skewered by a fusillade of iron bolts. The sarcophagus is no longer trapped: within it, the body of Ghos-II-Rhen still grasps his *mace* +1 and wears a *cloak* +2 (10% of mummy rot without a thorough cleaning).
Skeletons (25): HD 1; DC 7; Atk scimitar 1d8; hp 6, 6, 4, 6, 4, 2, 3, 1, 6, 2, 3, 1, 6, 5, 5, 3, 1, 4, 2, 3, 7, 8, 2, 2, 2.
Bull Skeletons (4): HD 4; DC 7; Atk 2*horn 1d6 and claws 1d6; hp 14, 23, 12, 20.

UCII/A-4. A columned entrance with tympanum emerges in a large cavern descending towards the next level. On the way down, there are pillars on both sides, a brass bowl filled with ashes before each one. The bowls are marked with names – Polykrates, Syndichos, Alkmaion, Archippos, Nikomedes, Mnason, Megastratos and Barbanikos. The ashes are the remains of ancient philosophers; lighting a fire in the bowls or performing some sort of burnt sacrifice brings forth their spirits from the Underworld. The philosophers can answer questions put to them, but the risk is commensurate with the complexity. For a query similar to an *augury* (yes/no or weal/woe), there is a 5% the spirit becomes enraged and attacks; for a *divination* (general questions about an area, object or being), 15%; for an oracle (specific and exact matters of great importance or obscurity), 30%. For multiple questions, the probabilities are cumulative. The philosophers are not omniscient (there is an 80%, 60% and 40% chance for correct answers for the

KHOSURA-A-II/A



three types), but they do not lie. If attacked or enraged, they fight as **spectres**; if the bowls are desecrated, there is a 5% cumulative probability per bowl that all appear to attack. **Spectres (8)**: HD 6; DC 2; Atk touch 1d8+LVL; Spec incorporeal, +1 to hit, immune to cold and mind-affecting; hp 21, 26, 24, 33, 30, 26.

UCII/A-5. False and real stone doors open from an ancient hall. The great chamber at the end was once pure marble, but many of the slabs have been carried away or shattered. A cuneiform inscription on the floor reads: "HERE I HAVE BROUGHT THE BODIES OF THOSE RISEN AGAINST ME; I PILLAGED THEIR KINGDOMS AND PLACED MY FOOT ON THEIR PROUD NECKS BEFORE THE COMING OF THE END." Two stone images of these kings remain on bas-reliefs: the first depicts a stooped, turbaned sage sitting cross-legged with the sign "UNTOK AR ARSIN, KING OF BEL-ATT", the second a pair of sisters holding hands with the sign "IVIZANT AND KEONA, AMAZON-QUEENS OF OOK-ANT." The slabs with the other nine have been carried away long ago or broken beyond recognition.

UCII/A-6. The Tomb of Bel Am Arz: a tall burial vault with the highest parts lost in darkness (and in the north, leading up to **UCI/A-8**). The unadorned stone coffin rests on three stone steps, and its four corners are suspended from long iron chains that rise to the ceiling. The coffin contains a translucent material similar in texture to wax; within, there are faint outlines with the merest hint of a man's presence. The coffin may be lifted with two simultaneous successful open doors checks (the counterweights at the other end of the chains help that much), revealing a steep flight of stairs going down. The other secret passage, a crawlway from the central niche in the western wall, is full of webbing and dead bugs crunching underfoot.

UCII/A-7. This room complex is the lair of a robber band who serve Klaides the Merchant (10) and emerge from the sewers at night to rob and waylay; their spec-

iality is merchant caravans on Ulwar's Plaza (23). There is a 2:3 probability the band is here; otherwise, the innermost storage room remains locked. In addition to mundane supplies and objects, there is 50% chance of a mid-level treasure and 25% for 1d3 types of stolen caravan goods as per **UCI/A-11. Robbers (60)**: Warrior 1; DC 9 (buckler); Atk scimitar 1d8; hp 7, 3, 7, 10, 6, 6, 7, 3, 7, 8, 3, 7, 5, 3, 5, 5, 7, 7, 3, 3, 1, 4, 10, 6, 6, 7, 6, 10, 3, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 4, 10, 5, 2, 3, 2, 10, 8, 1, 7, 8, 7, 9, 2, 1, 4, 10, 4, 3, 6, 10, 6, 6, 10, 9.

UCII/A-8. A 30' pit, too wide to jump across, but there is an unstable ledge – save vs. petrification to get across that way. On the bottom are broken bones and loose rubble. The stonework is unstable down here, and a great explosion or some excavation would open a way to the southeast corner of **UCIII/A-12**.

UCII/A-9. Skeletal remains in room, three statues on top of a flight of steps: armoured figures with skeletal

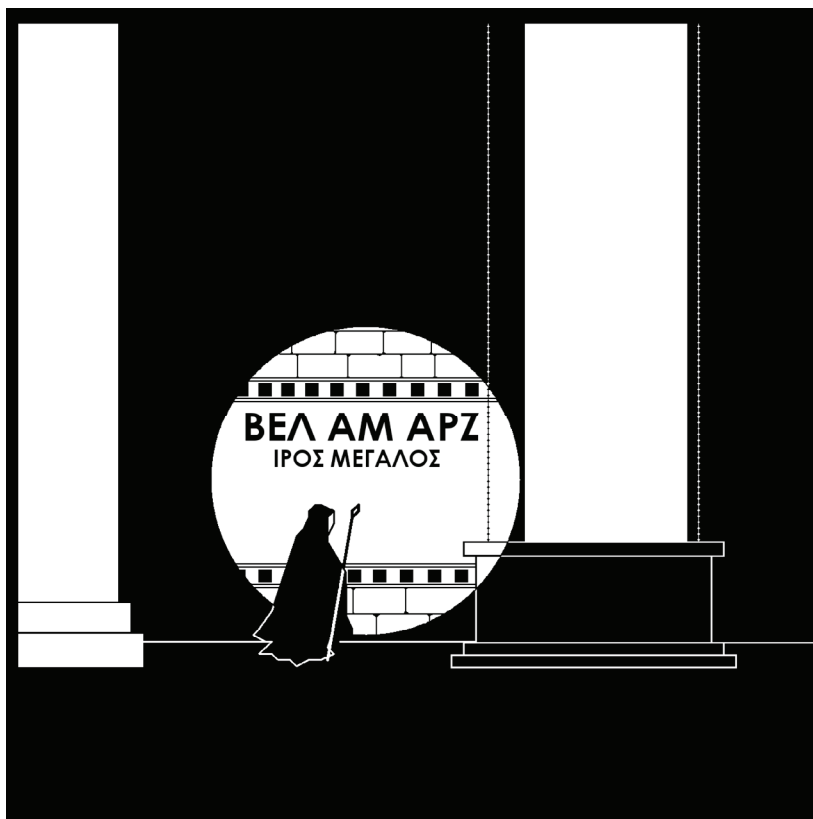
heads and golden headbands (120 gp each). The statues can each cast *hold person* once per day; in the walls are arrow traps which are triggered at the same time someone steps into the wider part of the room and the spells go off (a barrage of 2d4 arrows per person, Atk 5th Lvl, 1d6 damage each).

UCII/A-10. The sewers are much more recent construction than the rest of the Undercity. Sewage, mixed with salt waters, runs in a grey-black mixture in the channels. Opposite the thick grilles through which the flow cas-

cades down to Vashanka's Market, the main source of the waters, an abundant spring, is closed off by a barred gate bearing Panthozar's seal (*glyph*, 22 damage in a fiery explosion). Gurgling sounds.

UCII/A-11. The storerooms of the Palace are packed with all manner of foodstuffs, materials, and mundane equipment.

UCII/A-12. At the end of the disused room-labyrinth filled with dusty crates and other junk is hidden an idol



of Ishtar. The figure, depicting the goddess in all her naked glory, has been covered with a canvas. If heartfelt prayer and sacrifice is performed before it, the goddess imparts one-use spells to the supplicants.

UCII/A-13. An abandoned shrine to Ishtar, the dusty frescoes showing couples making love. The bronze vessels are intact and apparently cared for, there are remains of recently lit candles, but the idol is missing. Someone has disturbed the flagstones in a corner. Underneath a layer of loose dirt is the corpse of a palace guard in full equipment and carrying a *potion of healing*.

UCII/A-14. A palace official's hidden loot cache, embezzled over the years. The iron chest is engraved: "DO NOT BOTHER THE ANCIENT SECRET, FOOLISH MORTAL, ERE THE HORRIFYING REVENGE OF K'SHWR'GG CLAIM YOU!" The chest is magical (*Nasruddin's magic aura*) but untrapped. It contains 600 electrum. In a false bottom is more: 550 gp, 20 pp, a 300 gp gold medal with a hexagram on it, a *potion of polymorph* (cursed, turns user into a flabby giant batrachian), a *potion of cure paralysis* and *Yor's stone* (an opalescent amber gemstone crudely fashioned into a stone-age dagger; *dagger* +1 and grants 18 Strength with fighter combat ability once per day).

UCII/A-15. All three of these chambers beneath the palace hold a sarcophagus decorated with beaten copper sheets and marked with Panthozar's seal (*glyph*, 22 damage in a fiery explosion). They bear the names AKSEL MER SIMRAN, DUILI THE DANCING GIRL and KINHAB BEN BALSAR, the triumvirate who ruled Khosura before the priest-king. They all perished after being only given salt water for drink, and are now **mummies** imprisoned within the sarcophagi. Aksel mer Simran's sarcophagus holds a *scroll* (*fireball**6), Duili the Dancing Girl's a *potion of haste*, and Kinhab ben Balsar's a *wand of magic missiles* (23 charges). If all three mummies are freed from their torment, they reveal the secrets of the salt baths providing the priest-king's unnatural longevity: a shrewd alchemist might accomplish much with this knowledge.

UCII/A-16. The chamber is shrouded in magical silence. The stuccoed walls are a sickly mixture of swirling grey and black shapes; the air is cool and there is a feeling of emptiness. Chains hanging in the internal section can be used to suspend two humans; novices of Uthummaos (who may not see the lowermost shrine until their initiation) are left here in the darkness to learn their god's emptiness while the **shadows** emerge to drain them of their strength. Those who struggle or cannot bear this ordeal are swarmed by the dark shapes and claimed as one of their own. **Shadows (7):** HD 3; DC 7; Atk touch 1d6 Str; Spec silver or +1 to hit; hp 6, 16, 17, 13, 16, 11, 15.

UCII/A-17. A side altar with black-silver sacraments (2*300 gp chalices, 500 gp bowl, black candles). These objects are unbearably cold to touch (1d6 hp and 1d6 Str) and accursed (Strength does not return until the curse is broken).

UCII/A-18. Velvety darkness in a room painted a hue between black and deep purple. The floor is covered in red and black tiles. As in **UCI/A-15**, a pair of glowing golden eyes appears if intruders approach and a voice intones: "I AM THE EMPTY HEART". Unless the proper answer is uttered ("AS A TESTAMENT, I GIVE MY BLOOD") and the character stabs him- or herself in the heart (in which case the weapon slides harmlessly through the heart as cold mist, and only 1 temporary point of Constitution is lost), the eyes cast *hold person* on the infidels, and the voice continues: "FALSEHOOD HAS SNUCK INTO THE PAT-TERN!". Every round, more and more eyes appear to cast more hold spells and then emit a piercing gaze (roll to hit, 1d8+1 damage).

UCII/A-19. Here is the gallery of the shaft starting at **UCI/A-5** and descending to **UCIII/A-7**. The passage to the west is walled up, and beyond waits an eager group of random undead. In the northern room, there is the headless statue of a young, well-built man in a toga. A sign reads: "BEAUTIFUL GLEISTES OF THE SHARP WORDS, WHOM EVEN THE WISE MEN LISTEN TO". If a head or skull of any sort is placed on the neck that would be lower than 18 Charisma, the statue speaks and pronounces a curse on the characters: save vs. polymorph or they will have the same heads they have placed on the stone stump. At 18 Cha, the statue reveals the location of Tellamek Than's tomb (**UCII/A-22**).

Sublevel: The Tomb of Tellamek Than.

This area of the Undercity uses the **Catacombs** encounter table. Additionally, the undead warrior Tellamek Than, accursed foeman of Ishtar, is here with four randomly rolled groups of undead (1:3 in room **UCII/A-21**, otherwise roaming the place); neither he nor the undead in his company can leave the confines of the sublevel. The entire area is covered in ancient, crumbling stucco. **Tellamek Than:** Warrior 6; DC -1 (chainmail +1, natural, shield, Dexterity); Atk 2**bastard sword*+1 2d4+3; Str 18, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 2; hp 49.

UCII/A-20. Faded frescoes of weird fires in the sky above a mountain range. Three cylindrical tomb chambers to the south have been sealed with circular stone disks cemented with resin. One disk is broken, revealing a cavity of distorted human bones with knots, hornlike protrusions and other deformities. The chambers behind the second and third disks are intact, and filled with the

same bones as well as a sickly green-gray mould. Unless purified by fire or great heat (or made temporarily dormant by extreme cold), the mould is infectious; save vs. polymorph or undergo horrid mutations. The second tomb chamber contains 1300 electrum (ancient) and a *Galtan's Punctual Skullcap* (a copper headpiece used as a navigation device to determine surface sector and Solon classification coordinates – hex coordinates – via an ancient but functional satlink); the third contains 1200 electrum and 3 boxes of *diambroid* with detonator attached (6d6 damage; must save vs. fire or all three go off, turning everything within the chamber into a fine dust and exploding outside as a *fireball*).

UCII/A-21. Brass bowls have been set on the perimeter of the room, containing snake bones; non-figurative frescoes of green and blue gridwork adorn the walls. A throne facing the entrance is a favourite of Tellamek Than, and he is often found here brooding about his strange fate.

UCII/A-22. The secret rooms can only be found if a layer of stucco hiding the entrance is first struck down. The first chamber has eight racks of bronze breastplates (DC 5, weight 125% normal) and the same number of bronze mallets. Unless their magic is dispelled, the mallets rise into the air and begin beating the armour when intruders enter, attracting Tellamek Than's group and an additional company of undead every third round afterwards. If the mallets are grabbed, they swing to hit (Atk at 3rd LVL, 1d8+1 Hp). In the interior chamber, around an empty bier, are Tellamek Than's treasures: 500 electrum, 400 gp, a 400 gp electrum drinking horn, a beautiful although heavy set of regal clothing woven from fine gold and silver threads (2500 gp) and a 80 gp brass pitcher with inlaid electrum.

UCII/A-23. A brass skull lies on the flat top of a truncated pyramid in the northern niche. The sides of the pyramid are decorated with painted reliefs of swords. The skull is worth 100 gp for its workmanship, but it attracts undead, doubling chances of random encounters in areas where the Catacombs table is used.



Undercity, Level III Sector A

UCIII/A-1. In the centre of the chamber stands a structure of four upright stone pillars holding four horizontal beams. The structure absorbs all spells directed at it, but if a spellcasting character spends a night underneath, he or she will awaken with one of the absorbed spells in his or her mind. No class boundaries apply, but someone who could not cast a spell of that level yet must save vs.

spell or lose all other memorised magic. The structure can store 20 spells. If it is filled, a random one will get replaced each time it gains more. The current list is:

1. detect magic	11.
2. detect magic	12.
3. Tensor's fl. disk.	13. fireball
4. tongues	14. divination
5. tr. rock to mud	15. exorcism
6. identify	16.
7.	17. magic missile
8. read magic	18. read magic
9. dispel magic	19. wizard eye
10. detect magic	20. telekinesis

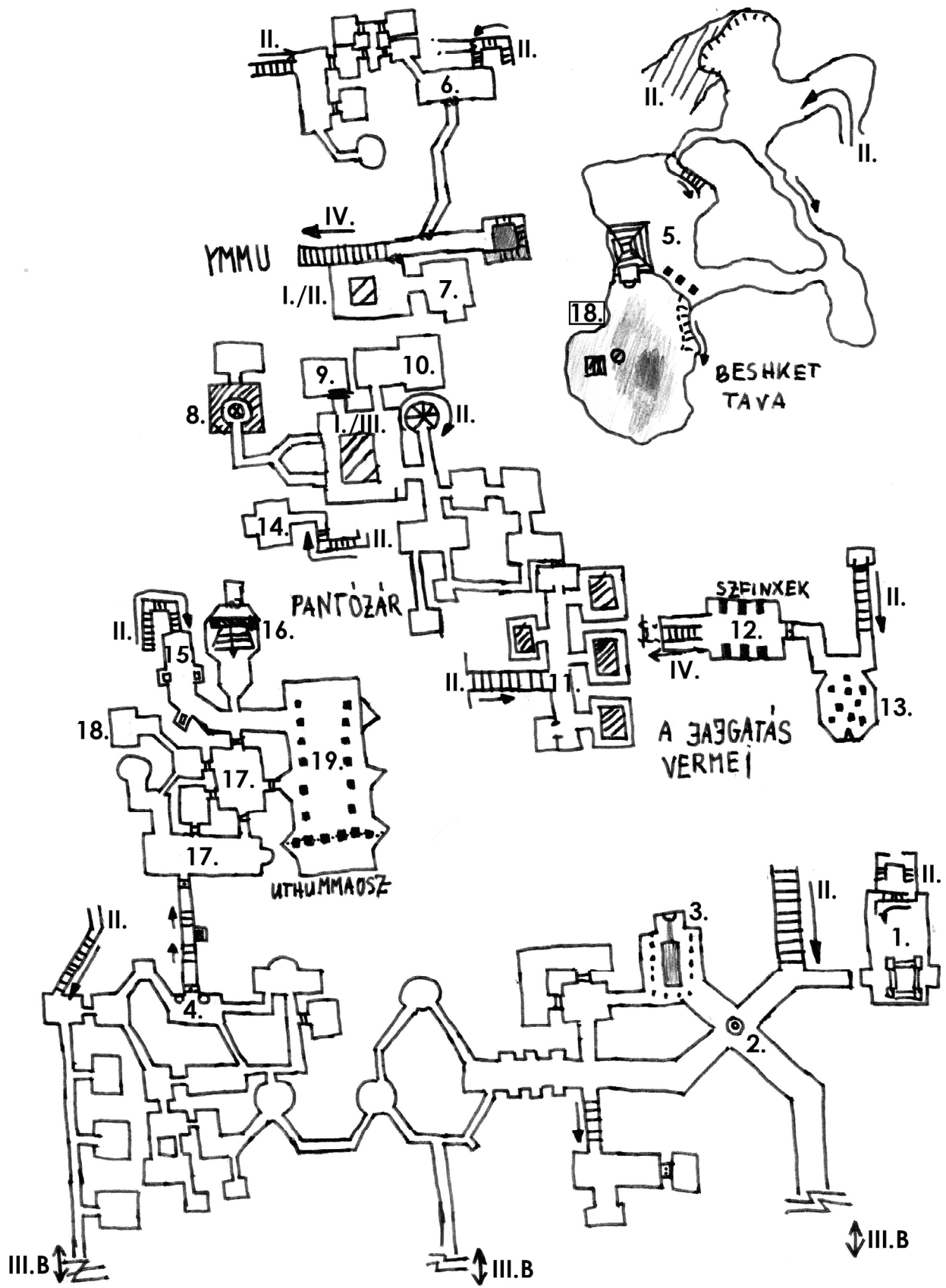
UCIII/A-2. On a pedestal stands the rearing statue of a lion, a monument of poor workmanship. A sign at the base reads: "RAISED BY KUT THE CLOTHMON-GER AS SRABMAR HAS RAISED THIS HALL: SUCH HAS HE EARNED HIS RANK AMONG THE GREAT." The **shadow** of Kut still lurks within the statue, punished by the gods to linger in memory of trying to earn immortality in so cheap a way. He is bound to remain until someone even more niggardly outdoes him (even in jest). In that event, save vs. spell or the character is *magic jarred* into the statue as Kut is freed; otherwise, the shadow attacks (1-4), wails (5) or remains silent (6). If defeated, he reforms in time for the next expedition. **Shadow of Kut:** HD 3; DC 7; Atk touch 1d6 Str; Spec silver or +1 to hit; hp 11.

UCIII/A-3. A spring from a lion's head in the wall feeds a brass basin, which in turn flows into a larger pool of mosaics and tiles. The salty waters have an unpleasant taste and cause weakness (save vs. poison or -3 to all rolls for 1d3 days), but there are valuable encrustations in the pool worth 2d12*10 gp.

UCIII/A-4. Here is a heavy iron door with the symbol of Uthummaos superimposed on it and glyphs smouldering in a golden light (*explosive runes*, 6d4+6 damage, save for ½ in blast radius, no save for reader). They are harmless if the character displays the holy symbol of Uthummaos, and the door opens to the password, "IT IS FINISHED". Otherwise, it is -20% to open and on a failure, the lock breaks pick.

Halfway down the stairs is a hooded black statue emitting an otherworldly cold. The holy symbol must be placed in the idol's upturned palm, or the **shadow** within flees into the Under-Temple, shrieking, "INTRUDERS! MASSSTERR! INTRU-DERS!" If the statue is touched with bare hands, it drains 1d6 Strength as a shadow. **Shadow:** HD 3; DC 7; Atk touch 1d6 Str; Spec silver or +1 to hit; hp 6.

KHOSURA-A-III./A



UCIII/A-5. Beshket's Lake is a large body of water in an enormous cavern halfway between the planes of Levels III and IV. There is a 20% probability the beggar **Naram-men-Khemtri** (c.f. 18) is here, absentmindedly playing with a brass box of 212 pebbles or playing his zither. If caught here, he is more open than on the surface, and may agree to a bargain – permission to dive into the lake and recover treasures for a sacrifice of 10 humans. If he is not present, the box rests next to one of the three pillars by the water. Its loss will drive Naram-men-Khemtri into a blind fury, and he will murder anyone he suspects of taking it.

The water of the lake is potable. Its source is the small step pyramid to the north. In the depths, there lurks an **eight-headed hydra**, which attacks divers 80% of the time and swimmers 20%. A *sleep* spell cast at the lake lulls it to sleep; with his zither, Naram-men-Khemtri is capable of the same. At the bottom of the deep lake is an enormous treasure hoard of coins and items. Someone submerging to take them must roll randomly to find items in the mixture of mud and money. In addition to 8000 sp, 7000 electrum and 5000 gp, there are:

d12	Treasure Found
1	13 gems (10*300, 3*400 in iron box)
2	scimitar with gold pommel and jade grip (300 gp)
3	holy symbol of Ishtar with rubies (2000 gp)
4	electrum cup with encircling serpent (100 gp)
5	silver medal (10 gp)
6	heavy golden chain (300 gp)
7	<i>wand of polymorphisation</i> (29 charges)
8	<i>ring of clumsiness</i>
9	<i>potion of extra-healing</i>
10	<i>mace -1</i> (with human head)
11	<i>scale mail +1</i>
12	warm copper globe

The globe is most important to Naram-men-Khemtri, since it contains his soul; he will spare no expense or effort to obtain it. **8-Headed Hydra:** HD 8; DC 4; Atk 8*bite 1d8; hp 52 (body), 6, 5, 5, 1, 8, 2, 5, 6 (heads).

UCIII/A-6. The rooms to the west of this chamber use the **Catacombs** encounter table. The secret door to the south bears the faded outline of a man; if magic is detected for, the outline glows in faint silvery light, but the image has no other effect.

UCIII/A-7. Floor covered in debris and mould. On the southern wall is a black shape similar to a sea anemone, somewhere between a mural and a mould patch. This symbol of Derceto has the texture of soft felt and is humid with drops of a fragrant material, a powerful

hallucinogen/stimulant. The stuff works on contact: save vs. poison at -4 or go into a paroxysm of murderous frenzy. Every round, the character suffers 2d6 if he or she does not wound someone successfully. There is a 1:10 probability for the effect to wear off each round. If the character is restrained or incapacitated, a system shock roll is called for to avoid death from the convulsions. 1d4 doses of the drug can be removed from the patch; it quickly dries into inert resin unless sealed from the air; otherwise, it can be used as airborne poison.

UCIII/A-8. The treasury of Khosura lies across this 60' pit in a room filled with piles of coins (approximately half of the annual tax revenues, or about 22,500 gp in various denominations). The soft whistle of the wind fills the air. The gap is narrow enough to jump from the central column; the invisible *wall of force* before the treasury, however, may be an inconvenience. Anyone who falls into the pit is attacked by the **air elemental** dwelling therein, and knocked off the wall if trying to climb out. It does not pursue outside this chamber. In the centre of the circular pillar, a square hole accepts the key of the treasury. One of the two copies is kept in Panthozar's tower, the other in the care of his advisor, Anvin Ishambarg (16). Turning the key makes a wall of force descend onto the pillar, forming an invisible bridge over the pit. **Air Elemental:** HD 12; DC 2; Atk winds 2d10; Spec +2 or better to hit, whirlwind save or 2d8/round; hp 53.

UCIII/A-9. The room has been bricked up, but the stonework is obvious to discover and easy to knock down or dismantle. In the room are stacks of dusty coffers, filled with the salt-mummified dead.

UCIII/A-10. A storage room of ancient armaments: corroded sets of bronze armour, swords and spear tips. These would be fit to equip a small army if it were not for their obvious antiquity.

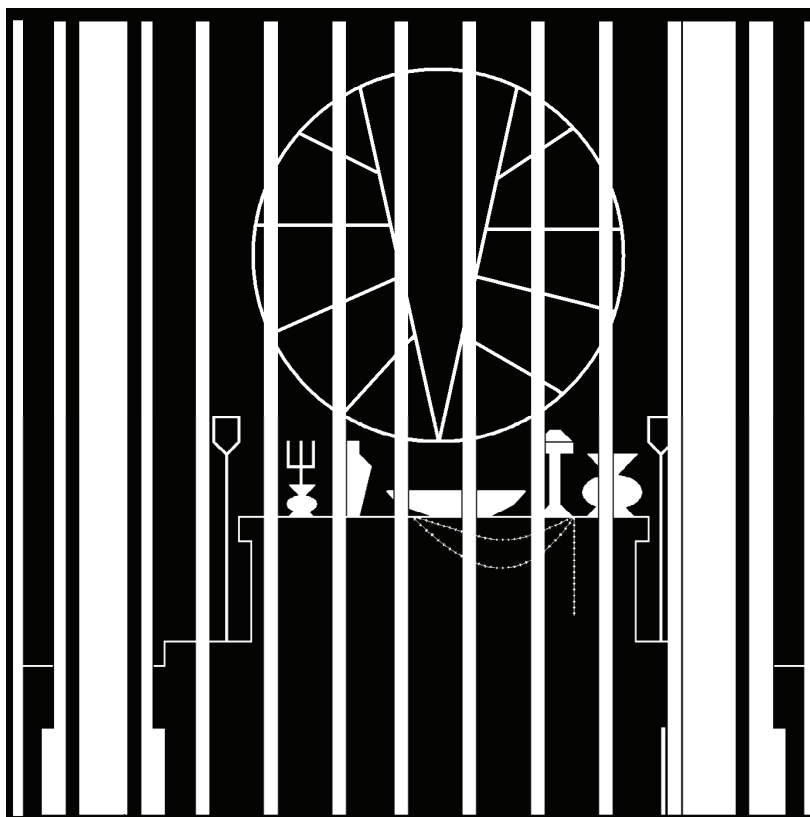
UCIII/A-11. The entrance to the Pits of Lamentation, Khosura's bleak prison. Few of the prisoners led down the stairs ever see the light again. In the side rooms, there are large openings covered by thick grilles. 40' down are the maze-like chambers of the pits. Convicts are lowered in a leather harness 15' above the bottom and ordered to jump. If they do not, they will be pulled up again, but guards will be waiting with halberds, glaives and glaive-guisarmes to make them get off. There are usually **8 guards** in the room at the end of the corridor. The northern door there has no lock and is rusted shut from disuse. Only a bend bars roll, explosives or a *knockspell* can open it. **Guards (8):** Warrior 2; DC 5 (chain shirt, shield); Atk scimitar 1d8 or halberd 1d10 or couteaux de breche 1d6 or glaive-guisarme 2d4; hp 11, 11, 12, 18, 11, 13, 16, 13.

UCIII/A-12. Two rows of black granite sphinxes watch each other motionlessly in a vaulted hall. Between the stone forms on their pedestals, a disturbance in the air picks up heavy, greasy soot. Letters carved into the floor read: “KNOW YOURSELF”. Stepping between a pair of sphinxes, their eyes flash a burning gold and both project heat rays before them for 3d8 damage; save vs. wands for both, with a -4 penalty for the second ray (a *haste* spell negates the penalty). The heat burns through all softer materials and heats up metal. The most effective shield is human flesh; a blind rush of several men through the room will most likely help a lucky few get across. The sphinxes are indestructible. The metal door to the west is locked. If examined, the stonework in the southeast corner of the room proves to be loose, and with some work a large enough hole could be dug to crawl up to the bottom of the pit at **UCII/A-8**.

UCIII/A-13. The room is filled with a forest of thin, rectangular columns distributed seemingly randomly.

Firelight shines from the other side and letters carved into the floor read: “NOTHING IN EXCESS”. If someone steps between the columns, he or she receives a *suggestion* to seek out the source of the fire and be immersed. In the back is a great brazier burning with an eternal flame that has *fiery charm* cast on it; shifting, glowing letters can be seen in the conflagration. Someone failing a save against the *suggestion* and the *fiery charm* will enter the fire and suffer 3d6 points of damage, breaking both spells but necessitating a new one against the

suggestion on the way out. Someone who fails a save against the *suggestion* but not the *fiery charm* may roll a save vs. spell to stay out of the fire. Someone who fails against the *fiery charm* but not the *suggestion* is free to go once the duration of mesmerism expires, but in the following dazed state, the save against the *suggestion* is at -3. No harm comes to those who succeed at both saves, and if they gaze deep into the fire, they may read the letters within and commit into their mind the *fiery charm* spell (this can be copied into spellbooks for mages if desired; others can employ it only once). Staying long



enough also means a save against the *suggestion* will be necessary on the way out.

UCIII/A-14. Here lies Panthozar’s sarcophagus, between two bronze candelabra. It is secured with a seal and a *glyph* (22 damage in lightning). There is a 10% probability the priest-king is present within in trance. Triggering the *glyph* immediately alerts him to the intruders’ presence. The sarcophagus contains a small bagful of the deadliest black lotus (save at -6 or die) and a *periapt of foulest rot*.

Sublevel: The Under-Temple of Uthummaos.

This area of the Undercity is halfway between the planes of Levels III and IV, and uses its own encounter table. Upon entering the complex, a random encounter should be checked for every room except **UCIII/A-15–16**. (that is, 7 times). If the result for **UCIII/A-19** comes up positive, there is a further 1:3 probability of a service being in progress: roll up four groups in attendance, ignoring duplicates.

UCIII/A-15. Velvety darkness in a tall hallway painted a sombre black and gold. The statues in the niches are unnaturally thin. If intruders approach, a pair of glowing golden eyes appears on one of them and a hollow voice intones: “I AM THE EMPTY ABODE”. Unless the proper answer is given (“IT STANDS EMPTY, FOR I SHARE IN ITS EMPTINESS”), the **shadow demons** within two of the three statues attack at once. The demons open with *magic jar*, preferably on well-

armed fighters, using them to dispatch opponents who look like spellcasters. If there are only a few enemies left, they have a 4:6 probability of leaving with a possessed character through the shadow-gate at **UCIII/A-16**. **Shadow Demons (2):** HD 7; DC 10 (sunlight, can’t attack), 5 (artificial light), 0 (dark environs); Atk 2*claws 1d6; Spec 1/day *magic jar*, *darkness 15'*, *fear*, cold & electricity immune, fire ½ dam., +1 to hit; hp 23, 24.

UCIII/A-16. Here on a pedestal stands a great circular gate swirling with inky darkness. The gate, which is two-

way, transports characters stepping through it to the Underworld, next to an immense black chasm burning with a radiant white “negative” light that does not illuminate but helps distinguish individual shades of darkness. This is the domain of Uthummaos, extremely hazardous to visit even for his believers. Behind the gate, there is a secret door opening into a secluded, bare chamber. This area is unknown to everyone in Khosura except Anvin Ishambarg (16) and Taramis, Daughter of Zafar (17) – not even Panthozar is aware of its existence. Since Taramis rarely ventures into the Under-Temple for fear of the other’s treachery, it is now in use by the master wizard, who keeps a spare *staff of frost* (15 charges) here, but might also use it to keep other precious objects secure. If either Ishambarg or Taramis would have to mention the hiding place, they would always use the phrase “*beyond the shadow-gate*” to misdirect the query with ambiguity.

UCIII/A-17. These are ritual meditation chambers for the cultists with bare, cold stone floor to kneel on and chilly baths for their ablutions. Faint magical lights serves as illumination.

UCIII/A-18. The chamber of the high priest is as spartan as anything else here, but it has a small library of occult and religious texts, complex diagrams and other esoterica. As Panthozar tends to avoid the place, it has become the domain of his second, Anvin Ishambarg (16). There are two spellbooks in the library. Spellbook #1 (mage): 1: *detect magic, identify item, read magic, shielding, sleep, invisible servant*; 2: *ESP, invisibility, multiple images, phantasmal hand, ray of enfeeblement*; 3: *animate dead, exploding runes, gaseous form, hold person, suggestion, vampiric touch*; 4: *fear, storm of ice*. Spellbook #2 (illusionist): 1: *audible glamor, colour spray, detect invisibility, detect magic, hypnosis, phantasmal force*; 2: *identify object, improved phantasmal force, ventriloquism*; 3: *hallucinatory terrain, paralysation, spectral force, suggestion*; 4: *rainbow pattern in the dark*.

UCIII/A-19. The vast hall’s slender columns are lost in darkness, the frescoes on the walls a blur of grey and black tones superimposed with golden gridwork. The Under-Temple’s sanctum is separated from the worshippers by a row of pillars and thick metal meshwork. There is no idol, only a 10’ diameter black-silver symbol hanging on the sanctum’s south wall depicting an abstraction of The Chasm of Uthummaos. This object is literally invaluable. Around it are placed 10,000 gp worth of heavy, dust-covered black-silver sacraments: ceremonial bowls, candlesticks etc. These valuables are thrice-accursed. Loud speech is forbidden in the hall and only whispers are tolerated. Those who act otherwise may draw the attention of Uthummaos, whose essence slumbers within the black-silver symbol, half-aware. Unless he is explicitly called to this world, Uthummaos has only two powers here:

- *magic jar* as a shadow demon, save at -3, one person only at one time
- *telekinesis*, one person only at one time (no save, 10’ velocity in the first round, 20’ in the second, 40’ in the third and 80’ thereafter – convert to falling damage)

The two powers may not be employed simultaneously. If a melee develops, there is a cumulative 5% probability after every death that Uthummaos fills the body with his power, animating it at the 10th level of fighting ability and 18 in all ability scores. This warrior is unnaturally swift and his eyes burn with golden fire. If he is personally called by his worshippers (which they, as a general rule, DON’T), there is a 10% of a manifestation, 20% if the caller is Panthozar and only 5% if an infidel. In physical form, Uthummaos resembles a severe old man of gray face and beard, with burning golden eyes and wearing an inky blue cloak. Anything after his appearance is a subject for speculation. **The Champion of Uthummaos:** Warrior 10; DC as previously -3; Atk 2*previous weapon+2; Spec MR 30%; Str 18, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 18; hp 95. **Uthummaos:** HD 15 MAX + 45; DC -7 (natural, Dexterity, *ring* +3, *cloak of the darkest night* [+3 cloak w. *invisibility* 3/day]); Atk incorporeal touch 3d6 Str + 4d6 cold; Spec +2 to hit, Strength drain as shadow, MR 90%, immune to cold, electricity and mind-affecting, ½ from fire; Str 18, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 18; Spells: At will: *continual darkness, darkness 15’ r., hold person*; 3/day: *shadow conjuration (5 shadows), shadow monsters, demi-shadow monsters, phantasmal killer*; hp 135.

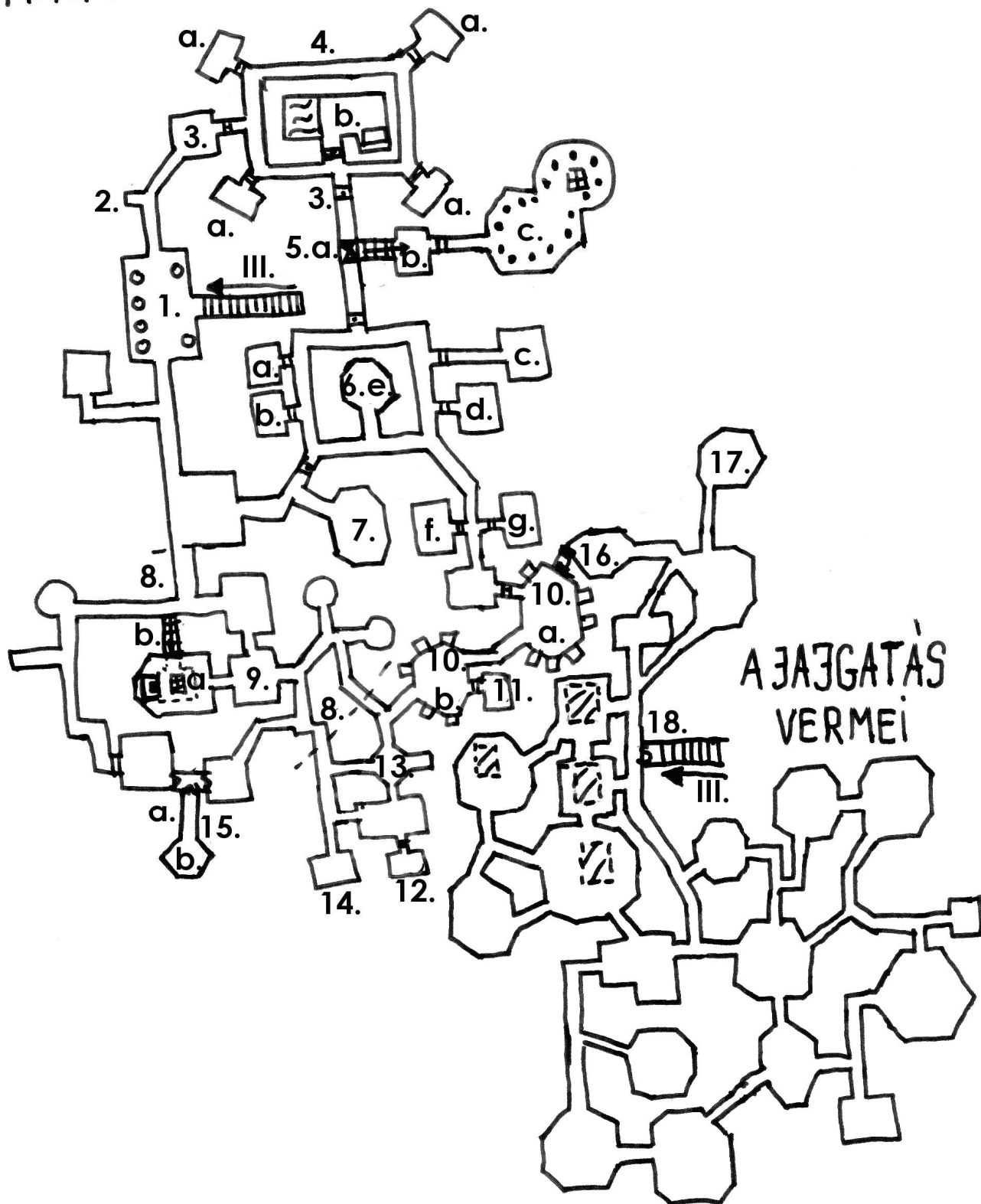
Undercity, Level IV Sector A

Sublevel: The Tomb-Complex of Ymmu M’Kursa. This domain of the dead is discussed in *Fight On!* #1.

Sublevel: The Pits of Lamentation. A labyrinth of black-walled, clammy pits submerged in perpetual gloom. Water leaking from the Lake of Beshket to the north produces a fetid environment of slow moist rot. The inmates are largely shuffling unfortunates, wrecked by months or years of consignment: people thrown here on a whim, too weak to work in the salt evaporators (15), or disappeared with the idea that they may become useful later. Food and torches are cast down with some regularity, but supplies are always low and the prisoners fight tooth and nail to obtain them. The master of the pits is Ong the Gladiator. The former champion of the Arena (UCIII/B-14) and a vicious

KHOSURA-A-IV./A

YMMU M'KURZA S'IRKOMPLEXUMA



brute, he was sent to the pits when, in an inebriated state, he took advantage of the generosity of Kathaggosh Memfer's two daughters (25) after a particularly impressive triumph. As a mark of his station in the pits, he carries a heavy iron trident and a buckler. He has an entourage of seven toughs, and they always take the best of the things that get thrown down from above. The only one here presently who knows a way out of the Pits of Lamentation is Asan the Beggar; formerly a soldier in Khosura's army, then a thief on its streets. His knowledge of this (UCIV/A-18) has done him no good, and he keeps it to himself for the time being. **Ong the Gladiator:** Warrior 7; DC 5 (buckler, Dexterity); Atk trident 1d6+1; Str 16, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 13; hp 47. **Toughs (7):** Warrior 2; DC 10; Atk club 1d6; hp 9, 6, 12, 7, 10, 11, 14. **Wretched Prisoners (25):** HD 1-2; DC 12; Atk stone or knife 1d4-2; hp 1, 4, 1, 5, 4, 4, 5, 4, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 4, 6, 1, 1, 6, 6, 4, 1, 4, 2. **Asan the Beggar:** Thief 3; DC 10; Atk knife 1d4; Str 9, Dex 14, Con 4, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 6; hp 8.

UCIV/A-16. A hexagonal crypt has been set aside for the use of Ong and his men. They have a makeshift barricade to keep out potential thieves, rough bedding made of rags, places to sit in the wall niches where upright sarcophagi used to be, and more food than the other denizens. Such are the luxuries of this sublevel. One of the sarcophagi is still in place, and stores Ong's surplus scraps of food. With some effort that has so far been beyond the lazies loafing about here, its back can be broken through to another sarcophagus, then a walled-off niche with a dried corpse, then The Tomb-Complex of Ymmu M'Kursa, **UCIV/A-10a**. Note that unless adequate precautions are taken, the new connection will be noticed by undesirables on both sides.

UCIV/A-17. The walls are especially wet here, and drops of water from the lake on the other side trickle through into small pools. The walls are sufficiently weak to demolish with great force, draining the lake, flooding the entire sublevel, and consigning everyone therein to death.

UCIV/A-18. Loose bricks may be removed from the wall here to reveal a locked metal door with the sign of an octagram on it. Behind are steep stairs leading up.



Undercity, Level III Sector B

UCIII/B-1. The Under-Temple of Ishtar, constructed in ancient times and now unused (high frequency of encounters, 1:3 each time passing through). The construction is simple and reliant on heavy forms. Ishtar herself

is depicted in a fuller figure than is now customary. From her lifted hand flow pure waters into stone channels in the floor, then into the lake below. The waters are curative for women (1/day, 3d4 hp). If a woman performs sacrifice before the image of Ishtar, she gains the following boon permanently:

d12	Ishtar's Boon
1-6	+1d2 to MAX Hp
7-9	as above and +1 to random save
10-11	as above and +1 to hit
12	as above and +1 Charisma

If a man who has ever committed rape in his life stands before the idol, it intones: "DEPART FROM BEFORE ME, YOU ENEMY OF WOMEN, FOR YOU ARE REPUGNANT TO ISHTAR'S EYES, AND BEAR A THOUSAND SINS ON YOUR SHOULDERS." This curse must be saved against at -4; if unsuccessful, the character has his Strength, Dexterity and Constitution reduced by 3 and the word "knave" appears on his forehead. The curse can only be removed by a 9th level high priestess of Ishtar, and there are none in Khosura save the ghost of Marcella Vil Amnir (**UCIV/B-2**) – a pilgrimage to Ookant or The City of Vultures is called for. If the statue is harmed, the two statues of naked women standing before it animate as hasted **caryatids**. **Caryatids (2):** HD 5 MAX; DC 5; Atk 2*stone bastard sword 2d4; Spec +1 to hit, immunity to magic (50% bounce spells), weapons must save on each hit or break, *rock to mud* destroys unless saved against; hp 40, 40.

UCIII/B-2. A marble hall with colonnade. Marble slabs in the walls depict the life of Vashanka: her birth as the daughter of a slave (1), her escape from the riders (2), the war against the bird-men of KROAX (3), the unification of the tribes of Ookant (4), the laying of Khosura (5), the slaughter of the sons of Srabmar (6, depicted as several smaller figures), a sacrifice before Ishtar (7) and finally Vashanka as queen on her throne (8). The secret door behind the last slab only opens before a *command* spell or a priestess of Ishtar of at least 6th level.

UCIII/B-3. The ancient burial vault of Vashanka is empty and full of dust as the body and valuables have been transported to the above-ground mausoleum. The sarcophagus lid lies broken next to the stone chest. Glowing glyphs on the sarcophagus are implanted with a *suggestion* spell to "Depart this place and forget you have been to it." The writing, if the save is successful, reads: "THE DAUGHTER OF ZAFAR, THE WANTON TARAMIS, WHORE OF ALL, WHOSE BODY IS AS THE ROAD. THE PRISON OF SEVENTY YEARS AWAITS HER FOR FORESAKING PANTHOZAR: MAY HER LOVER, THE YOUNG ALKMAION GUARD HER FOR LESSONS LEFT UN-

LEARNED.” The bones of Alkmaion, who starved to death here, lie in the corner. In his hand is a broken symbol of Uthummaos.

UCIII/B-4. Decorative bronze door with the image of a lion. Letters on the lintel read “THE TOMB OF MERLANE”. There are what seem like thin horizontal slots on the door, and a lock. The lock triggers the blade trap in the door – save vs. paralysis or 3d6 damage. Pulling the opening ring transforms the stairway into a slide which deposits all in the corridor into a hidden pit, and thus the lake at **UCIV/B-1**. The door slides open into the space above if the lock is picked and the opening ring is turned 90° clockwise and pulled up. The Tomb of Merlane itself is decorated with murals of more lions and old battle scenes. The grave goods are lion pelts, fabrics and precious woods, all too aged to be of value. The bier in the centre holds the body of an old grey-bearded man in *chainmail* +1 with a *longsword* +1. In the back niche lies a 2' blue quartz crystal worth 350 gp.

UCIII/B-5. This grandiose hall is the entryway to the Kamnic Mysteries. It is a frequent spot for encounters: check on 1:3 every time passing through. The ceiling is supported by massive yet slender columns; the frescoes on the walls are gold gridwork superimposed on a green base; in the gaps are Hellenic letters painted in gold. At the eastern end above the stairs stand two giant statues, one of a man and one of a woman, both extending their right hand in blessing (?). Over the stairs, there is writing in golden letters embedded into the stones: “THE GROTTTO OF THE KAMNIC MYSTERIES. THOSE WHO BRING OF THE GIFTS SHALL KNOW THEMSELVES AND PROFIT THEREFROM.” Behind the two statues there is a recess with two stelae on the sides. One shows a bearded man sitting on a throne with sceptre in hand and a king’s circlet on his head. The other shows the same figure kneeling on the ground in beggar’s rags, sceptre and circlet broken and hands raised towards the sky. Between them, there is a sign on the wall: “HE WHO IS HIS OWN MASTER IN KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE FREE OF DEATH; HE WHO IS HIS OWN MASTER IN MIND SHALL FIRST SHOW, THEN CONCEAL IT.” The secret way to the east is an *illusionary wall* enchanted with a *finger of death* spell that goes off both way (save or die, 3d8 damage on successful save). Due to the illusion, only someone suspecting a secret portal can step through. Only disciples of the Kamnic Mysteries are exempt from the *finger of death* spell.

UCIII/B-6. In the small onion-domed structure within the tall chamber floats the *sceptre of Overking Srabmar* in a field of golden light. The southern iron door is stamped with the mark of an eye in a hexagram, casting a *suggestion* on those who enter (save or “Depart this place and never return”). The hexagram is surrounded by a circle of

glyphs (*explosive runes*, 6d4+6 damage, save for ½ in blast radius, no save for reader). The golden light’s effect is *enfeeblemind*; only someone who has somehow become catatonic or otherwise suppressed conscious thought can remove the sceptre. The *sceptre of Overking Srabmar* can be used to control or dismiss animated statues and golems as a cleric of the character’s level; 3/day, one end can emit a *dispel magic* spell (9th level) and the other can be used to draw a *protection from evil/good* 10' circle (drawn rightwards/leftwards). The sceptre is worth 4000 gp as a treasure alone, independent of its magical potency.

UCIII/B-7. A side chamber, abandoned. Ashes are strewn on the floor among broken urns, and an invisible hand traces odd patterns into them. Among the non-figurative elements are letters, and if their track is followed, the message is always one asking for help or relief. These are the ashes of unquiet dead. If *remove curse* or a similar spell is cast on the ashes, they release 1d6 hostile **wraiths**. A spell such as *dispel evil* or *raise dead* dismisses them utterly, but they are also subject to other magic without a saving throw – e.g. a *speak with dead* or *magic mouth* lets them communicate, *animate dead* brings them forth under the character’s control etc. **Wraiths (1d6):** HD 5+3; DC 4; Atk touch 1d6+LVL; Spec energy drain, silver or +1 to hit, powerless in sunlight; hp 34, 31, 30, 26, 26, 26.

UCIII/B-8. Gold-inlaid letters above the entrance read “THE TOMB OF XÉ”. This place is a legend among the city-state’s lovers, and a pilgrimage site to make a personal bond stronger, but it gets few visitors due to the danger. On the walls, there are frescoes of myriad songbirds; the relief on the sarcophagus shows Xé herself with her zither. Stubs of candles are placed around the bier, and there is a faint scent of incense. The sarcophagus looks empty, but this is an illusion spell created by Xé’s lover, Oolos, and it is possible to descend into the real tomb (**UCIV/B-5**).

UCIII/B-9. Six men have been left here, half buried in soft sediment under some misplaced flagstones. All wear the cloaks and hoods of thieves, and have matching equipment as well. One wears a serpent bracer made of electrum on an arm (250 gp). Buried two feet underneath is a bag with 500 electrum, all old coins, and 3*30 gp smoke quartz gems.

UCIII/B-10. The badly defaced statue of a fighting man stands in the alcove. Letters on the pedestal read “ZOSIMOS”.

UCIII/B-11. Streams of sewage flow from openings in the wall and disappear down enormous wells that ultimately connect to the lake. The wells are closed off with thick metal grilles.

UCIII/B-12. A chamber of frescoes with a procession of naked, pitiful men with donkeys' heads before the throne of a voluptuous naked woman. To the south is a pool of misty red liquid. Upon drinking or submersion, save vs. polymorph at -4 or the character's head turns to that of a donkey and his Intelligence drops to 7 (if not already lower). Women are unaffected by the water.

UCIII/B-13. A busy section where there is always a 1:3 chance for an encounter. At night, if there is a fight in the northern arena, the way is blocked from both directions by three guards armed with crossbows, swords and alarm horns. In this case, there are also six in the arena and four in the caravanserai basement who will come investigate a disturbance. The room west of the circular corridor was once an ossuary, but this has been looted and turned into a urinal. There is, however, a hidden crawlway behind a broken sarcophagus which leads to the secret domed room in the centre. The dome is decorated with murals depicting several running figures, and the statue of a bronze rider holding laurels on the back of a rearing bull stands to the east. A secret compartment in the pedestal holds three *potions of strength* and a *potion of haste*. **Guards (6):** Warrior 3; DC 4 (breastplate, shield); Atk bastard sword 2d4+1 or crossbow 1d6; hp 15, 19, 6, 13, 13, 11.

UCIII/B-14. This semi-secret arena under the Curved Sabre Caravanserai (12) caters to visitors as well as high society. There is a heavy smell in the air above the sand-covered floor; the overlooking gallery is small and crowded when games are in progress (20% each night). In addition to the guests and their bodyguards, the caravanserai also has six men on hand (with six more guarding the corridors and four the caravanserai basement). Arena combatants have to fight using random equipment, chosen by lot right before each match. Only the champion is an exception, as he always carries a trident, net, and set of plate mail. Favourites can hedge their bets and get +1 from the arena master, and if their situation looks bad, they are given performance drugs to even out the odds. A match is either fought to three wounds or the death. There are frequent intermission rounds where combatants are paired with beggars, cripples etc. Style matters a lot; someone who can work the crowd will be able to pick up much gold from the sand afterwards, and have basically any woman he desires – the place is very popular with bored merchants' wives. Fighters who aren't entertaining are pelted or hindered (e.g. -2 to attacks as spectators call their moves). There are currently six professional gladiators on the roster, although anyone can decide to enter a fight. The champion, Caligula, is on the top of the heap. Caligula is a squat, barrel-chested, and hairy little man with an odd half-smile and mean temperament. Having doomed the former champion, Ong the Gladiator, to imprisonment in the Pits of Lamentation (UCIV/A) by betrayal after

his rival was discovered with the daughters of Kathagosh Memfer, he is now the arena's master.

d8	Weapon
1	manacles and chains (-2 to hit, 1d6 damage)
2	bare hands
3	dagger (25% poisoned, 25% weak, snaps 1:3 each hit)
4	shortsword
5	scimitar
6	spear
7	battleaxe
8	net (entanglement, save vs. petrification or -4 to hit and +4 DC) and reroll

d8	Armour
1	fetters (slowed movement, +2 DC)
2	naked and oiled
3	leather
4	ring mail
5	chainmail
6	breastplate
7	splint mail
8	shield and reroll

d8	Pairing
1	cripples
2–3	beggars
4–5	average joes
6	brutal hack and slash machines
7	the King himself
8	two groups

Guards (6): Warrior 3; DC 4 (breastplate, shield); Atk bastard sword 2d4+1 or crossbow 1d8; hp 13, 15, 11, 18, 13, 12. **Average Joes (3):** Warrior 3; DC by armour; Atk by weapon+1; hp Cato 15, Seneca 19, Marcus Aurelius 16. **Brutal Hack and Slash Machines (2):** Warrior 4; DC by armour; Atk by weapon+2; hp Marius 27, Sulla 28. **Caligula, the King Himself:** Warrior 5; DC 3 (plate mail); Atk trident 1d6+3 or net entanglement, save vs. petrification or -4 to hit and +4 DC); Str 18, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 6; hp 46.

UCIII/B-15. The basement of the caravanserai is stocked with ample provisions and also has a well of drinking water in a side room. At the bottom, buried under a layer of silt, a cage contains the bones of a man still holding an electrum ceremonial orb (400 gp). A holding cell to the north is used to keep kidnapped victims and thieves for arena matches. There are four guards in the basement day and night. **Guards (6):** War-

rior 3; DC 4 (breastplate, shield); Atk bastard sword 2d4+1 or crossbow 1d8; hp 12, 22, 10, 20.

UCIII/B-16. Rough slabs of marble have been left here. The walls have the beginnings of ancient frescoes, but they were never completed. One of the slabs shows the rough outlines of a human face, and a *magical mouth* spell recites tales of woe and abandonment if the visage is touched. There is nothing to do here, and the spell is a malicious prank.

UCIII/B-17. Frescoes on the wall show portals, three to the north and south and one each to the east and west. Those which are painted around real passages are clear, the others shadowy illusions. Barely visible shades of men pass through the room in conjunction with the PCs, but they cannot be meaningfully communicated with and the illusion-portals are inaccessible. In the northern room there lie dark brocades thrown over statues and marble columns. One of the statues is made of a semi-transparent shadow-material, and it can speak in ringing echoes. However, it only commands the characters to leave him and his court. If the statues are harmed, it can use *magic jar* two times a day to possess an intruder. In the south-eastern room, there is a discarded pile of clothes for three men, two shortswords, a falchion, two chain shirts, a set of studded leather, a battered lantern, and a coil of rope that has hardened to the consistency of stone.

UCIII/B-18. A columned hall that has the appearance of a small temple with stone pews and crumbling pillars holding an upper gallery (**UCII/C-B-3**). The pews have been moved to the side and three shallow holes underneath have been looted of all valuables. To the north, there is an old altar and above it an idol of a lion with 18 twisting snakes in place of its head. Six of the snakes have been broken off. On the wall over the idol is a relief depicting a wheel. With great effort, it can be turned. A full clockwise turn has a 1:3 chance of lifting an existing curse off a character, a counter-clockwise one places the weight of one instead. There is, however, a 1:20 probability the entire thing falls off when operated; save vs. petrification or be crushed for 8d8 damage.



Undercity, Level IV Sector B

UCIV/B-1. Still waters below the Under-Temple of Ishtar have collected into a lake, fed from both above and below. The cold, dark liquid is heavier than normal water, making it almost impossible to swim. Characters who slip into the deeper recesses without a rope will get sucked under and be gone.

UCIV/B-2. M. C. Escher memorial stairs (with the letters M.C.E. carved on door lintels in this area): this stairwell keeps on going on and on in both directions in an infinite loop. There are the faint sounds of heavy steps, which belong to the ghost of Marcella Vil Amnir, the former High Priestess of Ishtar. Marcella has been ambushed and killed by cultists of Uthummaos while on an errand in the Undercity; presently, she is invisible, unable to speak and cursed to walk these stairs forever. In her visible form, she looks to be in her early 40s with rough but attractive features and a set of decorative plate mail. *Remove curse* or a similar method frees her, for which she can give absolution to one accursed in the name of Ishtar, heal the characters and gain them the permanent goodwill of the goddess and her followers. If attacked, she uses her *telekinesis* ability to throw opponents down the stairs (3d6 damage) or smash them and their possessions against the walls. **Marcella Vil Amnir, Ghost:** HD 10; DC 0; Atk touch 1d10; Spec +2 to hit, *telekinesis* 1/round; hp 34.

UCIV/B-3. A small candle burning with an eternal flame in the intersection sheds a butter-coloured light which keeps away monsters and characters of evil alignment. Sleeping here restores an extra 2d6 hp and has a 1:6 chance vs. disease and poison. If the light is removed, it goes out and cannot be relit.

UCIV/B-4. The cavern of the Kamnic Mysteries. Letters above the columned entrance read “KAMNOS ☉ MEGAS” with an octogram between the two words. The tympanum shows a set of scales. The entrance is guarded by two mute, immortal guardians, forms in heavy robes who hide their features and hands under a gauze wrapping. The only sounds they make are faint, weird titters from under their wrappings. They can be defeated, but return 1d3 rounds later to full power. They bar the way before anyone who would go in any other way than alone, and bearing gifts.

Inside the cavern, the breath of the Mysteries flows from the recesses of the deep earth and speaks: “STAND NOW BEFORE THE SACRED AIR, THE BREATH OF THE MYSTERIES, AND PRESENT THE SACRIFICE YOU HAVE BROUGHT!” Someone who breathes the slightly hallucinogenic vapours and performs the appropriate sacrifice (five bars of magnetic brass and six pounds of pure mercury) can benefit from its powers. If the sacrificed goods are not the appropriate ones, the Mysteries intone: “THE REQUEST OF THE MYSTERIES IS PRECISE AND IMMUTABLE. BUT IN GREAT NEED, EVEN THESE LIMITS CAN BE TRANSCENDED. DO YOU PAY WITH THE ESSENCE OF YOUR LIFE IF YOU COULD NOT WITH YOUR SACRIFICE?” The character then has the option to leave or lose two levels in exchange for initiation.

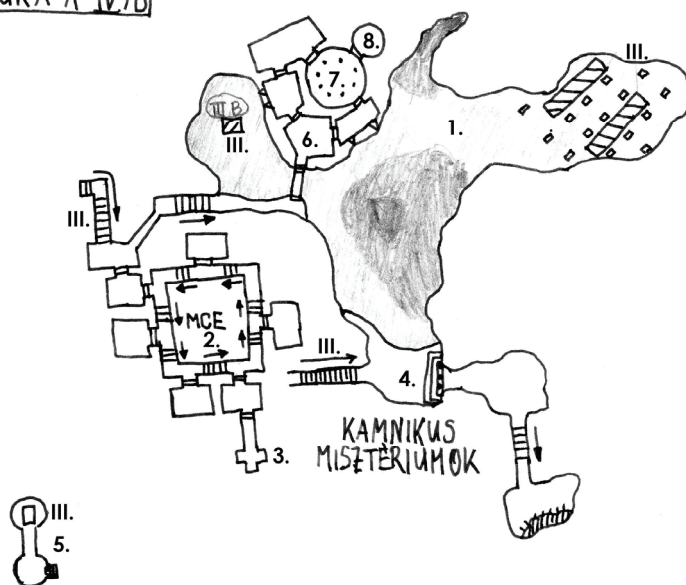
When the sacrifice is complete, the Mysteries continues: “LO, THESE ARE THE SECRETS OF THE KAMNIC MYSTERIES! HE WHO IS LOST CAN RECEIVE ADVICE TO GO ON; HE WHO IS IGNORANT CAN LEARN; AND HE WHO IS WEAK CAN GAIN IN POWER. YET WHAT IS ADVICE TO ONE WHO DOES NOT HEED IT? WHAT IS KNOWLEDGE TO ONE WHO CANNOT USE IT? AND WHAT IS POWER TO ONE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE? ONE CAN ONLY BEAR TWO OF THE THREE: THAT WILL BE ENOUGH!”

- The first secret allows the character to gain insight concerning matters of great importance. Answers are accurate but not always straightforward.
- The second secret allows spellcasters to learn a total 15 levels of new spells, even those the character may not be able to use at his or her current experience level (these can be stored in spellbooks, and also be used one time each just as if the character has memorised them). Non-spellcasters gain 25% of the experience they need for their next level.
- The third mystery has three possible benefits. All spellcasters have the option to make their spells more powerful (opponents to save at -1); magic-users and illusionists have a one-time option to convert to the other class and fill their head to full capacity with new magic of their choice (which can be copied into spellbooks unless used); all other classes get an extra +3 to their maximum Hp.

The Kamnic Mysteries are a secret among the initiates. Someone who has ventured before the breath may never tell of what he or she has seen, but has the right to wear an indigo stripe in his or her turban or other headpiece as a mark of honour. One person may only seek out the Mysteries once, as the next time, the cavern will appear empty. **Immortal Guardians (2):** Warrior 5 MAX; DC 3; Atk 2*claws 2d4+2; Spec revival Str 18, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 18; hp 60, 60.

UCIV/B-5. The real tomb of Xé: walls depict a lush garden of songbirds. Xé’s embalmed body rests on a stone bier, and is intact beyond the slight reddish tint of her skin. She wears a golden necklace (70 gp), *bracers AC 6* (100 gp), a sapphire *ring of protection +2* (600 gp) and holds a golden zither (500 gp). Next to the bier, a stand holds an illusionist spellbook: 1: *audible glamor, colour spray, detect invisibility, detect magic, hypnotism, phantasmal force*; 2: *hypnotic pattern, invisibility, magic mouth, mirror images, misdirection*; 3: *disperception, spectral force*; 4: *improved invisibility*. None of the magic items in the room detect as such due to a special *misdirection* spell placed on them, only three small stones do. If *identified*, they are revealed to be *bracers AC 6*, *ring of protection +2* and an *illusion wall*, respectively.

KHOSURA-A-IV/B



UCIV/B-6. A locked iron door with copper bindings seals the entrance to this underground suite. Inside, everything is covered under a layer of dust, from the old carpets to the brass bowls and low tables and hookahs.

UCIV/B-7. A domed chamber lit by (false) moonlight, with the faded scent of perfumes and incense over a dry pool. A polished brass door opens to the north.

UCIV/B-8. More carpets and cushions. Lying among them is the corpse of a thin, bearded old man wearing heavy robes and a turban with a single indigo stripe. If the corpse is touched, the dead lips move: “Leave me to my rest. What I possessed has been given away to the worthy, and all I desire now is to decay in quiet.” The body is lifeless and the voice is that of a *magic mouth*. There is nothing of value here.

Undercity, Level II Sector C-B

This area of the Undercity uses the **Catacombs** encounter table. Additionally, four randomly rolled groups of undead are always prowling the passages, and are also found nearby on other levels. The dead only retreat if there is a chorus of wailing on the surface, which signals they are to be joined by another of their own. Several wrapped bodies are found in various recesses, pits and stone sarcophagi which are not listed in detail here. They have typically been looted of all valuables, although some may still hold the odd trinket or two.

UCII/C-B-1. The well from the Plaza of Wailing (3) leads here. Unless a rope has been lowered, there is no easy way out, as there are no footholds or ladders.

UCII/B-C-2. These passages exit at a row of huts by a channel of salt waters (8) on the second floor of a ram-shackle building. Near the exit are discarded torch stubs, bits of chalk and tallow. Although the place seems unguarded, 2d8 thugs are always nearby in case something comes out. **Thugs (2d8):** HD 1-1; DC 9; Atk club 1d6 or dagger 1d4; hp 1, 6, 1, 5, 2, 6, 4, 4, 1, 4, 5, 2, 3, 3, 4, 6.

UCII/B-C-3. The gallery of the small temple on the lower level (**UCIII/B-18**), with a balcony across. The entire structure is unsound, and there is a 5% chance for a heavy weight or 15% for a sudden strain to send it tumbling down (2d6 falling damage + 6d6 from the collapse, save vs. paralysis for 1/2). The banister is no better, with 25% to fall (2d6 + 3d6). In both cases there is a 50% chance three random groups of undead from the Catacombs and the thugs from **UCII/B-C-2** investigate.

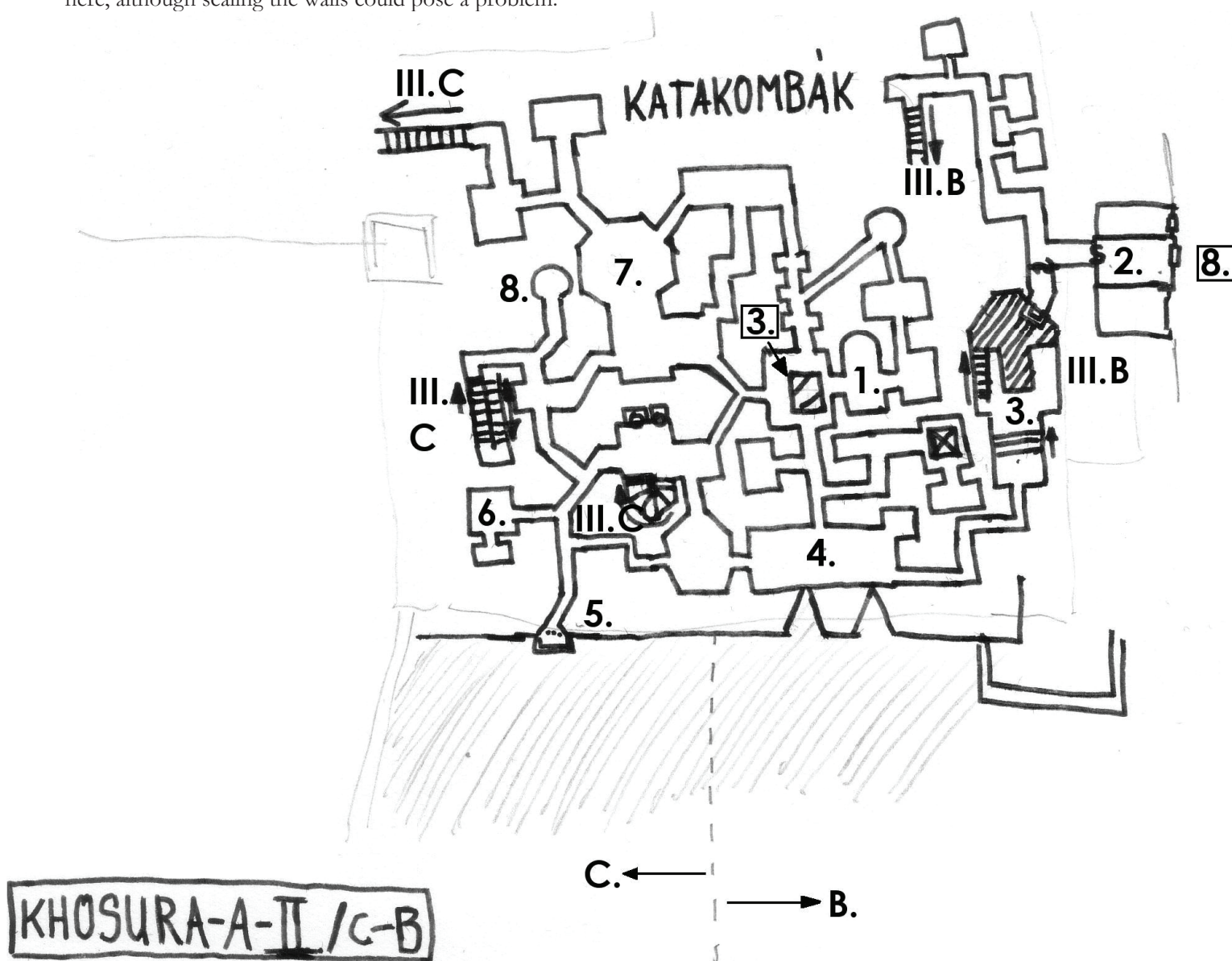
UCII/B-C-4. A large hall overlooking the salt lake through narrow windows. It is possible to climb out here, although scaling the walls could pose a problem.

UCII/B-C-5. Another overlook, sealed with bars. Due to the salt air, the bars are corroded and can be snapped with an open doors roll.

UCII/B-C-6. A recently constructed crypt that has not been looted yet. The deceased, who wears a silvery headband (looks silver at 50 gp, but is in truth platinum and 10x the value) is inanimate... but a **wight** lurks in the side room. **Wight:** HD 4; DC 15; Atk claws 1d6+LVL; Spec silver or +1 to hit; hp 18.

UCII/B-C-7. This large burial complex holds several bodies stacked in piles or propped against the wall. Some of them are undead feigning regular death (a random encounter group, 1:3 for another one).

UCII/B-C-8. Another undisturbed burial vault: a single iron coffer containing bones and wrapped in tight chains. A plaque on the coffer reads: "WRIGGLE OUT OF THIS ONE, YOU INSUFFERABLE HARPY!"



Undercity, Level III Sector C

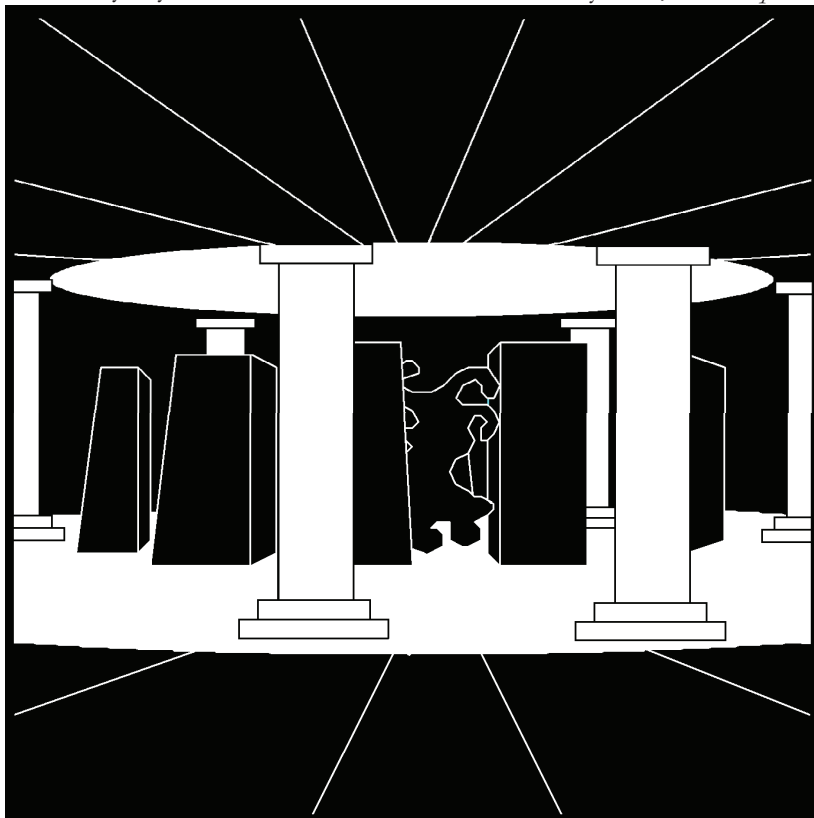
UCIII/C-1. A single torch burns in the recess and the floor is strewn with torch butts, old and new. The ceiling here is sooty.

UCIII/C-2. There is a rickety, unstable rope bridge here over a 40' chasm and a pool of dirty water. The pond is loathsome, with a foamy layer of black filth floating on the top; to the west, there are occasional gurgling sounds as the water gets sucked under and spat back up. Sharp-clawed corpses, **zombies** reach out for anyone who falls in. If fighting near the deep portion where there is strong suction, save each round v. paralysis or get sucked under. **Zombies (16):** HD 2; DC 8; Atk claws 1d8; hp 11, 6, 7, 6, 13, 9, 2, 13, 6, 7, 7, 9, 9, 8, 8, 8.

UCIII/C-3. Grandiose hall with recesses, smashed and tumbled remains of old statuary. At the end, there are double brass doors plated with gold: "OVERKING SRABMAR, DESTROYER OF TWELVE CITIES. EVEN THE GODS WILL THESE GATES SHOULD HOLD HIS REST FOR A MILLENNIUM BEFORE HE WOULD COME FORTH FROM HIS PEACE AND TAKE HIS PLACE AMONG THEIR RANKS" The gates are sealed and utterly impregnable. If, by some miracle, the characters find a way to get through them, Overking Srabmar will have already emerged from his sarcophagus to attack with the soggy black tentacles hanging from his ashen face. Although dangerous, this is all the filthy, mindless, howling and hooting horror that was once a king is capable of. The treasures in the vault have a total value of 150,000 gp, but they bear the curse of the gods, and whosoever would claim them as his own will have to save vs. death at -12 or immediately turn into a rotting, imbecile wreck. **Srabmar:** HD 16 MAX; DC -2; Atk claws 2d6+filth-plague (save at -4 or decompose at the rate of 1d3 Con and Dex per round) or tentacles (these burrow into the flesh at a rapid rate of 1d3 rounds, after which the victim is torn in two for 1d6*20 damage; permanent dismemberment results even if the attack is survived. In the first round, the tentacles may

be removed with *cure disease*, *cure serious wounds* or *remove curse*; Spec +1 to hit, MR 80%, immune to mind-affecting; hp 128.

UCIII/C-4. Corroded metal door with no lock or handle, only the faint outline of something that might be a sea anemone. This is the entrance to the Under-Temple of Derceto, and opens to the display of Derceto's symbol, a *knockspell* or brute force.



Sublevel: The Under-Temple of Derceto

This area of the Undercity uses its own encounter table. The northern part lies approximately half a level under the plane of **UCIII/C**, and exits to the Underworld.

UCIII/C-5. A meditation chamber with the faded image of a spawn of Derceto on the western wall and figures of naked men and women dancing around the form as it stuffs one of them into its gaping maw.

The fresco hides a secret door to a chamber where Bengazar, the former high priest, hid some valuables: *goatfoot boots* (allows leaps 20' but turns wearer's legs into those of a goat) and a *robe of a thousand eyes* (this particular specimen looks like a black leather mantle and is a living parasitic organism preying on its wearer).

UCIII/C-6. Round channel crossed by small bridges; eight black marble statues depicting gyrating half-beings that are like satyrs from the waist down and amorphous, smooth blobs from the waist up. From the central chamber, an exit emerges to Bengazar's Columns (2); two open doors check to push the dark basalt column out from below.

UCIII/C-7. Ritual bath; basin of clear, scented water with a slightly hallucinogenic quality.

UCIII/C-8. Cells holding sacrificial victims, usually 1d6 in number. They are under the effects of drugs which render them dazed, lustful and vulgar. In the end room, there are chains, robes, tallow candles, oil, and stimulants mixed with opium. From the middle cell, a loose

KHOSURA-A-III.1C

shadows; if a ritual is in progress (10%), inarticulate cries of pipes echo from below.

UCIII/C-10. A series of octagonal vaults, the stones black from mould, the ground packed earth.

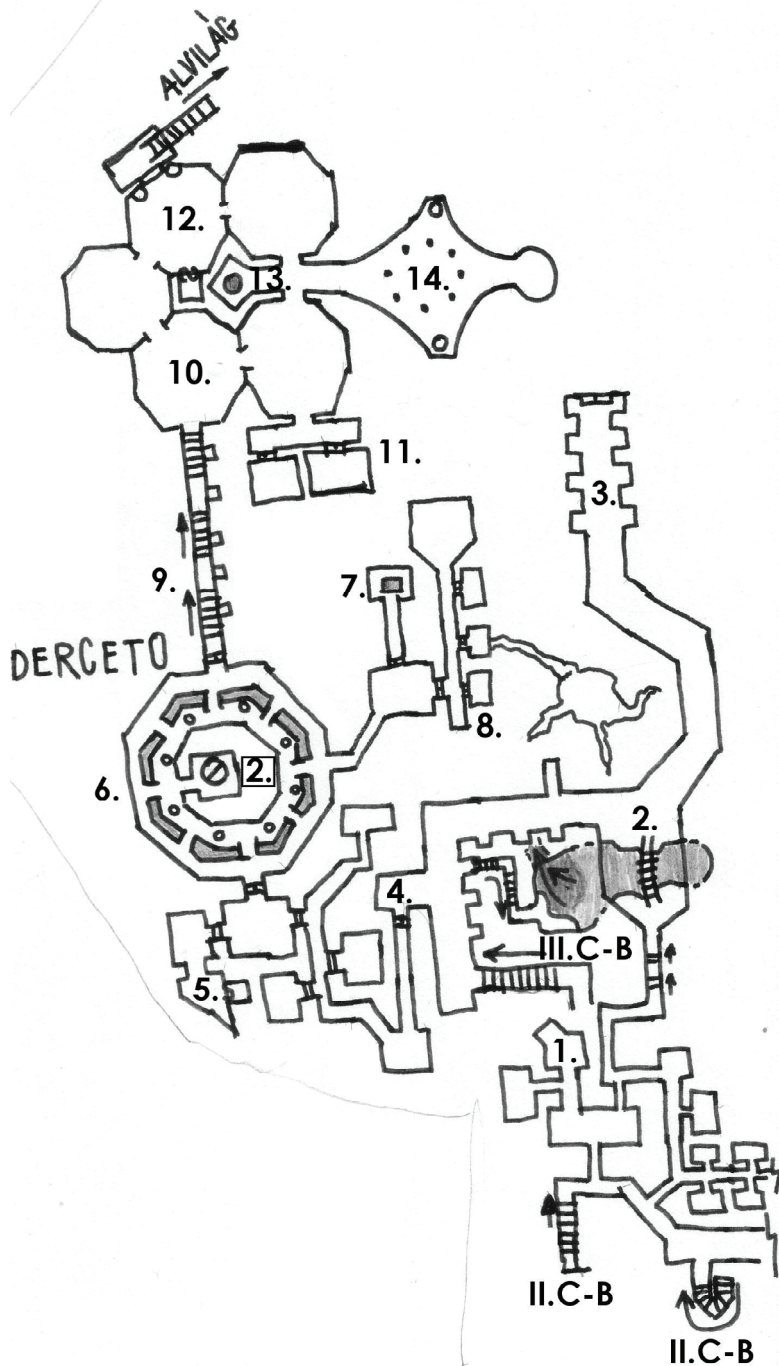
UCIII/C-11. These cells are set aside for important captives to participate in the rituals. There is only a 5% probability there is someone here.

UCIII/C-12. To the northwest, the statues of two satyr-blob hybrids flank an arched entrance opening on rambling stairs descending downwards and downwards, slowly morphing into natural cave passages that leave into the Underworld – through the Kingdom of the Ghouls to the Land of a Hundred and Seventy Pits. To the south, a relief of thick foliage hidden by the mass of mould sticking to the wall hides a secret door, and a chamber with 550 gp, 3*500 gp platinum ingots, 2 *potions of love* and 2 philters of *oil of slipperiness*.

UCIII/C-13. A second bath, used just before rituals.

UCIII/C-14. In the Under-Temple of Derceto, a circle of black slabs lies in the chamber's centre. To the north and south, there are hybrid statues holding metal pipes that sound when a ritual is in progress. There is a 75% probability of 1d2 spawn of Derceto lurking in the area. If combat develops, there is a 5% probability Derceto, the Dark Mother herself pays the intruders a visit. If there is a ritual, there are always 1d3 spawn and a 10% of Derceto twisting and pulsating within the circle. If a battle develops between characters and cultists, the chance of Derceto appearing goes up to 25%. Derceto is not intelligent. If she is reduced to ½ hp, she retreats through the round eastern teleportation room to the Underworld. Those who wish are welcome to follow!

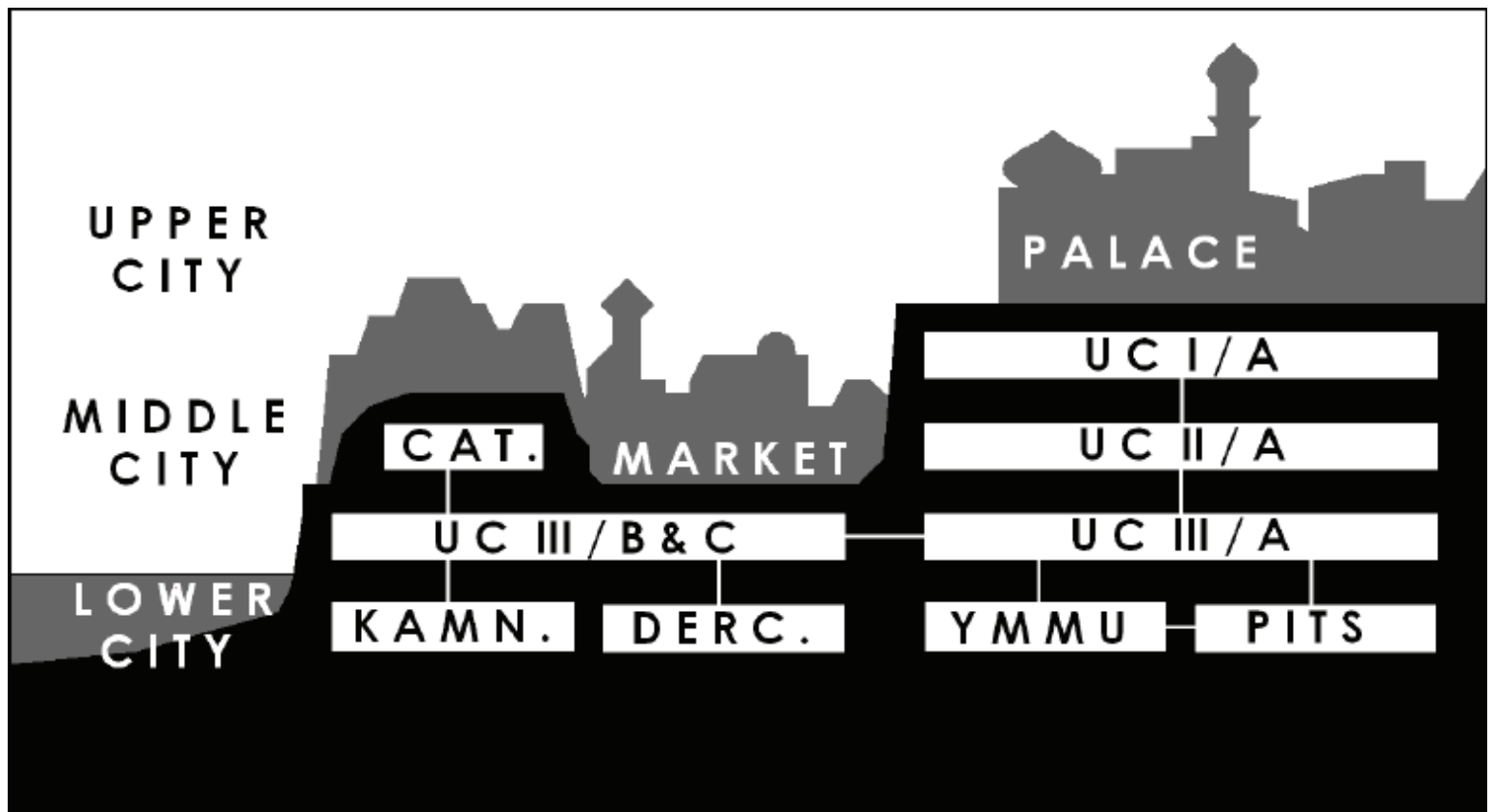
Derceto: HD 20 MAX+40; DC 6; Atk 4*tentacles 4d6+4 and grab; Spec +1 to hit, MR 80%, immune to electricity, swallow (6d8/round due to acids); *charm monsters* and *feeblemind* 3/day via piping sounds; hp 200. Ω



brick reveals a crawlspace emerging in a globular spider nest with the body of the unfortunate tunneler sucked dry by the creamy yellow arachnids. **Spider Swarms (4):** HD 5; DC 5; Atk swarm 2d4+poison (2*2d6 Hp); Spec ½ damage from S/P weapons; hp 20, 22, 24, 32.

UCIII/C-9. Steep stairway descending into the under-
earth, lit by candles in wall niches. Oily, dancing





Killing Monsters You Can't Kill

tips for switching things up by Jeff Rients

Every so often it can be good to give your players a foe who can't be hurt by conventional attacks, but who can be vinced through smart combat tactics. Sometimes random encounters will give them such a foe all on their own, if the PCs lack the right magic tools for the job. This is different from throwing an invincible foe at your players to see if they have the wisdom to run away – this is about testing your players' creativity in finding new ways to deal with the unknown. Here are a few ideas:

- Drop something big and heavy on the monster, like when Luke kills the Rancor in *Return of the Jedi*.
- Trap the monster. Shape/sizechanging beings can be tricked into shrinking down and entering a bottle or box. Slap on the lid and Bob's your father's brother! I hear crap like that happens to arrogant efreet all the time. Or maybe the PCs discover that the wight haunting the downs can be trapped in his own barrow by putting that stone slab back over the entrance and having a Lawful cleric *bless* the seal.
- Push/trip the monster so it falls into a bottomless pit. Hopefully "bottomless" doesn't turn out to actually mean "two levels down."

- Carry more poison, acid, flasks of oil. Just don't be surprised when you stumble down a staircase and simultaneously melt, burst into flame and die.
- Find the MacGuffin that sustains the monster's existence in this world. Maybe a daemonic guardian will return to its home plane if you deface the magic runes carved into the stone plinth in **32b**. Or maybe all those undead on levels 4 and 5 will deactivate if you cast *dispel magic* on the necromantic orb on level 6.
- Find out what the monster wants and give it to them. That rampaging roc may be a mother hen looking for a stolen egg. The giant who lives on Hangman's Hill would probably be a crapload less grumpy if you helped it woo the giantess in the next duchy over.
- Turns out the spectre in the castle is the spirit of the king who died there. He'll bother the living no more if one of his descendants lays claim to the place. Otherwise the PCs could get by with wearing his livery and pretending to be his servants whenever he appears. Of course folks loyal to the current dynasty might not take a liking to that.
- Stop being such a tightwad and drop some money on spell research. You may only use the spell *Dismiss Grotoblonx, Third Cousin of Demogorgon Twice Removed* once in the campaign, but if you whip up a spell that specific you know it's gonna get the job done.
- Do what good *Call of Cthulhu* investigators and try to find the monster's hidden weakness. Hit up sages, bards and local know-it-alls for rumors, legends and

advice. Maybe the monster is allergic to zinc for some reason. Or maybe old wives' tales say the ghost can be killed with the same sword that killed him the first time. Maybe the clay golem can be destroyed by erasing one of the glyphs written across its forehead.

- If you're brave enough, try talking to the monster to find out what its deal is. Maybe the dragon is just looking for his missing cup and might be talked into accepting a substitute treasure (of much greater value, of course) in exchange for not burning down the town. And some parties will gladly trade a local virgin for a less belligerent wyrm.
- And while I'm always for killing monsters as a key component of a good FRP game, sometimes players need to step back and ask themselves how badly they need to overcome this particular critter. Maybe the best course is to let sleeping tarrasques lie. Maybe the Plot Point treasure can be retrieved without a confrontation via stealth or magic. Maybe you just need to get over this particular encounter and get on with your lives.

I don't think every session needs a foe requiring special tactics, but they certainly make a nice switch-up from swording orcs. A final note: some players will never consider any of these options unless you make the critters obviously and completely immune to their weapons. Ω



by Jason Sholtis, Geoffrey McKinney, Kesher, and Peter Schmidt Jensen

The Circle of Death (McKinney)

Number: 12

Size: Small

HD: 5 (d4); hp 17, 17, 17, 17, 13, 13, 12, 12, 11, 10, 8, 8

Speed: 6

DC: 10

Attacks: Slam 1d3

Special: Circle of Death, Immune to Fire

Saves: as Priest

Intelligence: Animal

Orientation: Neutral

Type: Plant

XP: 200 + 5/hp

Description: These weird monstrosities consist of transparent mold formed into a dozen 18" tall humanoids. They are so unnatural that they cannot abide the existence of humans (though any magically affected human [cursed, polymorphed, etc.] will not be attacked by them except in self-defense). In combat each will attack the foe that inflicted the most damage with its most recent attack. Failing that, they will attack the foe with the most remaining hit points. In melee these creatures are quite ineffective, flailing with their small fists. In lieu of a melee attack, seven or more of these monsters acting in concert can generate a *Circle of Death*. Any creature within this area must make a charisma saving throw or save vs. death or die instantly. This attack can be centered on a point up to 70' away from the monster, affecting everyone within a 70' radius. This attack can be used an unlimited number of times.

Mantipedes (Kesher)

Number: Colony + 1-4 Mantipedes

Size: Medium+

HD: 1

Speed: 6

DC: 8

Attacks: Centipede Slam 1 hp + special

Special: Pain Poison

Saves: as Warrior

Intelligence: Semi-

Orientation: Neutral

Type: Plant

XP: 50/colony + 50/mantipede

Description: These bizarre creatures are formed when magical waste products seep into sources of water. Com-

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posed of loathsomely large and aggressive centipedes, the swarm rises from the pool as a hideous, composite mockery of vaguely human shape and shambles towards whoever has crossed the line of their territory. A given colony can produce from 1-4 mantipedes to defend itself. Each caricature, if deprived of hit points, dissolves into its constituent members, and takes from 1-3 combat rounds to reform. Each time it reforms it loses one permanent hp, and once it reaches zero or less it can no longer function. Mantipedes will always lose initiative, but if they hit a foe they dissolve into an angered clump of individual centipedes each seeking a warm, moist spot to bite. In addition to taking one point of damage, the victim must save vs. poison or be crippled by blinding pain for 1-3 turns. Mantipedes that dissolve on attacking may also reform 1-3 rounds later in defense of the colony. There are some who claim to have seen gigantic mantipedes formed from giant centipedes...

Sepulcrow (Jensen)

Number: 1, 1-4 (lair), or 2-40 (army)

Size: Small (Medium)

HD: 4 (6)

Speed: 1 (but rides corpse mount if it can)

DC: 4 (2)

Attacks: Peck 1d4+1 (1d6+1)

Special: Animate Dead (plus Mummy Rot)

Saves: as Mage

Intelligence: High

Orientation: Neutral Evil

Type: Undead

XP: 150 (350)

Description: Necromancers create these monstrosities to act as their lieutenants, leading squads of mindless undead slaves into combat. The 'body' of this construct is traditionally an oxen's skull, with the horns replaced by stocky dwarven arm bones. Black crow or raven feathers are glued on the arms, while a bird beak is placed where the oxen's tongue used to be, lending a decidedly morbid air to the creature which matches its cruel and sadistic personality. It can walk, or rather hop, 10' per round, using its arms as crude legs (think of the AT-ST 'Chicken' Walkers from *Return of the Jedi*), but prefers perching on other undead, using them as vehicles as it employs its simple-minded intelligence to instruct them. Sepulcrows can *Animate Dead* by touch, affecting up to 4 HD worth per hand. The corpses affected rise as Zombies and Skeletons, as appropriate, remaining animate at the Sepulcrow's pleasure as long as they stay within 360' of it. Sepulcrows often choose the biggest corpse at their disposal as their 'mount', leading groups of other undead minions into combat, but also enjoy *Animating* dead birds or bats to give them aerial supremacy. Sepulcrows prefer hit-and-run tactics, using traps and ambushes to their best advantage, as they are keenly aware of their own frailty. Rumor has it that



larger and more dangerous versions of the Sepulcrow exist; these specimens are said to be made of embalmed Gorgons' skulls with Duergar mages' arm bones, with the ability to *Animate* much larger undead servants (6 HD per hand) and rotting foes as do mummies, even spreading this contagion through their undead 'mounts'.

Thunderswine (Jason Sholtis)

Number: 2-12

Size: Large

HD: 4

Speed: 9 (charge 18)

DC: 5

Attacks: Gore 1d8, Trample 2d6

Saves: as Warrior

Intelligence: Average

Orientation: Neutral, Chaotic, and/or Evil

Type: Beast

XP: 200 (250 for alpha male)

Description: Terrible in their fury and utterly fearless, these huge albino cousins of terrestrial warthogs also possess a surprisingly high level of intelligence and the rudiments of culture. They communicate with subtle oinks, snorts, and grunts and utilize a simple cuneiform-

like written language of hoof-scratchings on cave walls and floors. As this has yet to be translated, no one knows what wisdom the thunderswine have accumulated. They are certainly intelligent enough to understand (if not actually speak) the languages of goblins, orcs, and the like, and sometimes make pacts with such. In their native underworld, thunderswine occupy the top tier among scavengers, always claiming the choicest carrion from other subterranean vermin. They supplement this food source with cultivated and tended fungi gardens, which they regularly visit and jealously guard from interlopers. Thunderswine find giant centipedes and mantipedes intolerable and destroy them on sight. When encountered, thunderswine give a ferocious display, ritualized to the point of being dance-like, stampeding back and forth and trumpeting warnings at deafening volume. They will attack any foe who fails to flee from this spectacle. Each clan of 2d6 individuals is led by a massive alpha boar (double damage on charging gore, +1 hp to every hit die) and his harem of equally vicious sows.

Weaver Spider, Giant (Jason Sholtis)

Number: 1, 3, or 4-16

Size: Medium

HD: 2

Speed: 12

DC: 6

Attacks: Bite 1d4 + poison

Saves: as Mage

Intelligence: High

Orientation: Neutral

Type: Insect (well, Arachnid, anyway)

XP: 150

Description: Giant weaver spiders create exquisitely crafted couture garments for those who can pay their price. The silk of a master tailor spider is totally devoid of stickiness, of a quality finer than any available from other sources, and several times stronger than steel. Spider-lore attributes this adaptation to centuries of enslavement to human (or pre-human) masters in the distant past. Garments fashioned from this material generally provide the same protection as chain mail, but weigh no more than normal clothing and can be worn by characters of any class. Not averse to dickering, weaver spiders generally start the bidding at a dozen fat hogs or a pair of cows for a single garment. As the spiders dwell deep in the underworld, the logistics of such an exchange can be quite burdensome, and the spiders take great delight in inconveniencing their human clientele. Legend tells of garments with much greater protective qualities, but warn that the spiders will only accept living humans in trade for these masterworks. These wily arachnids are often served by other species of giant spider. Their poison is weak, requiring a save vs. 1d4 turns of delirious agony on the first bite and a save at +2 vs. 1d4 turns of paralysis on each subsequent bite. Ω

THE GODZILLAS WILL BREATHE ON YOU!

Critical Encounter 383 for *ENCOUNTER CRITICAL*
by Geoffrey McKinney

The following is the 383rd of 1,000 incomparable encounters that the Author has compiled in his *Encounter Critical* campaign notebook, stretching back three decades now. The present article presents a single encounter area that the Journey Master can drop into his own game wherever it is deemed desired. Thus, this room is truly “modular”, as it is a module that can be inserted with scientific precision into any adventure scenario, whether invented by the Journey Master or purchased from one of various vendors.

Physical dimensions of encounter area: At least 810,000 square feet (or the equivalent of a square with sides the length of three football fields – 300 yards or 900 feet). You’ll see why. It is a simple matter for the Journey Master to draw or supply an appropriately-sized space that fits in with his present scenario.

Description of encounter area: The massive chamber is filled with complex and colorful high-technological devices on a grand scale. Jack Kirby drew this room. On one side of the room is a gigantic chunk of ice, inside of which are two shadowy shapes that look like 50 meter tall tyrannosaurus rexes with large dorsal fins (in reality, Godzillas). When going into the vast chamber a quantum mechanics experiment is broken. The presence of a Planetary Ape or of a Cyaborg Planetary Ape or of a Half Planetary Ape-Half Something Else makes the quark go up (see *Wave Function Collapse A* below). Otherwise the quark goes down (see *Wave Function Collapse B* below). (At the Journey Master’s option, the presence of a Wooky will also make the quark go up, as everyone knows that a Wooky is just a damn dirty ape.) This quantum wave function collapse is merely one example of *Encounter Critical*’s true scientific realism!

Wave Function Collapse A: The two Godzillas are in a giant, melting chunk of ice. Within two minutes they will be free. On the opposite side of the room is a 50 meter tall, humanoid-shaped chamber with a tiny doorway open and empty. Pointing at it is a large, cannon-like ray gun labeled EMBIGGERATOR RAY. What to do is put a Planetary Ape (whether cyaborg or not) in the chamber. When you shoot him with the ray, the chamber glows bright yellow. Ten seconds later the chamber door swivels open and reverberates with a loud “KONNNNNNGGGGG!” The now-50 meter tall Planetary Ape (only the ape, not his clothing or possessions) has the following statistics:

ATT: 2
ATT %: 95%
Damage: 6-600/6-600
Hit Points: 1,801
Save: 97%

After the Godzillas (or Planetary Ape Kong) are killed, the Planetary Ape shrinks back to his normal size, but is now a Cave Planetary Ape.

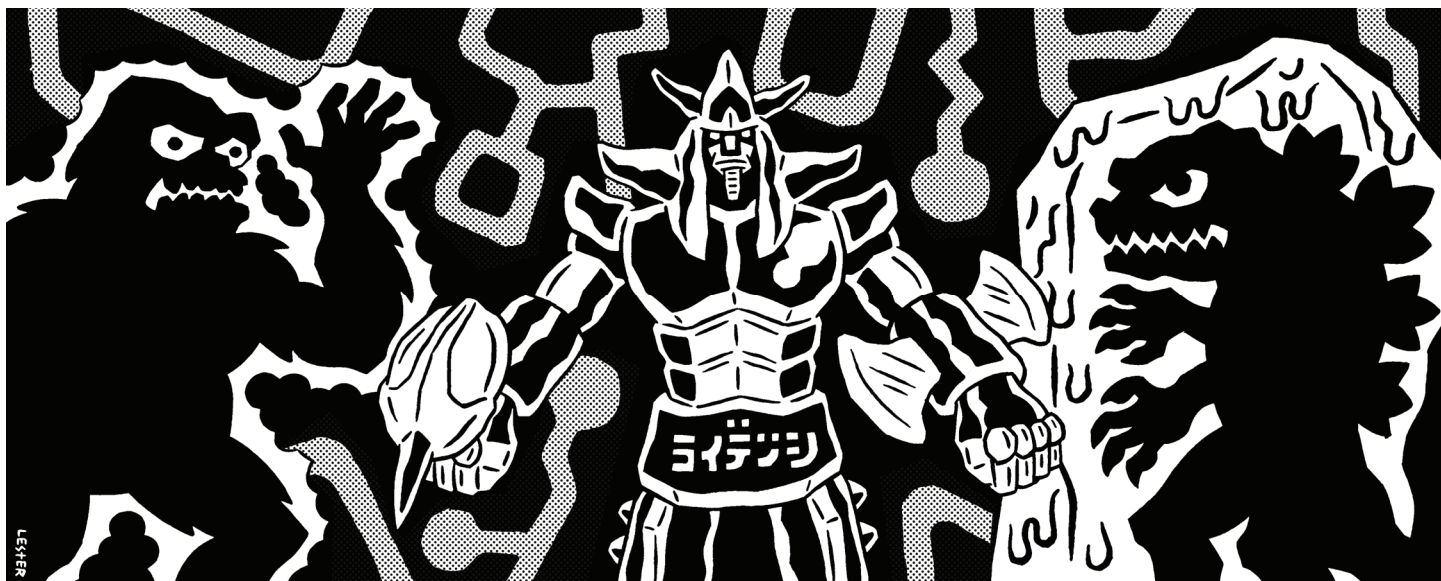
Wave Function Collapse B: The Godzillas are just like in B above. Instead of the Embiggerator Ray and the chamber, however, a 50 meter tall robot stands opposite the Godzillas. It has painted on its belt in golden Japanese characters the name Ray Dean. It is gleaming blue, red, and yellow, looking rather Samurai-ish, with a double-bladed axe built into its left arm and a spiked buckler built into its right. A prominent missile launcher is visible in its chest. A ladder leads up to its head. A character can climb inside the robot and rev it up to take care of the Godzillas. (A full set of control panels and control helmet are inside the robot’s head. The eyes

serve as view-ports.) The robot Ray Dean is one of the Shotgun Warriors and has the following statistics:

ATT: 2
ATT %: 98%
Damage: 5-500/5-500
Hit Points: 2,001
Save: 98%
Special: The non-replaceable missile in its chest causes 7-700 points of damage.

When Ray Dean drops to fewer than 1,000 hit points, its axe and buckler automatically fold into its arms to be replaced by a double-barreled, sawed-off shotgun that allows two shots per round and does 6-600 points of damage per cartridge. When this happens Ray Dean booms out in a loud voice, “Now you’ve done it. You varmints have gone and made me angry!” After the Godzillas are killed, Ray Dean ceases to function.

Treasure! Inside of the two hungry Godzillas is a total of 1,000,000 plus 1-12 gold credits. If the Journey Master feels this is too much gold for his campaign, he can carefully consider reducing the amount to 1,000,000 plus 1-8 gold credits, or even (for the truly heartless and stingy Journey Master) 1,000,000 plus 1-4 gold credits. The defeat of the Godzillas causes the computerized systems in the chamber to go haywire, and it starts a 5 minute countdown (aloud so the players will know about it). A test: how many coins can they pocket and still not be too heavy to run away with in 5 minutes? Any character inside the chamber takes 1-100 points of damage from the explosion, which blows-up all the gold credits, too. Ω

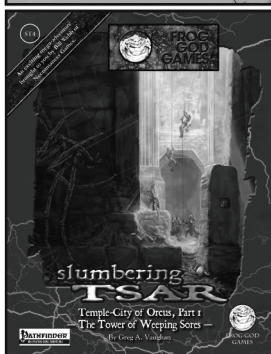




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TACK, IT LEADS YOU INTO AN ANCIENT DUNGEON WHERE YOU
UNCOVER ANCIENT SECRETS AND HARBORED GRUDGES

BY CARLA HARKER



怪物

Baggley 10

Futa-kuchi-onna

a new Legendary Creature for the *Bushido* RPG, written by Ian and Andrew Baggleley and with art by Ian Baggleley

BAP: 7+ Budo MNA: 2 ZAN: 1 BMA: 5
AC: 1D3 HPT: 10 + 3 per Budo BUDO: 1D6 (base)

SPIRIT RANK: Equal to Budo

Attack:	BCS:	DAM:
Tantojutsu/Tessenjutsu <i>plus, in close combat</i>	8 + Budo	-
Bite (Second Mouth)	10 + Budo	DAM: 1D5
Hair	12 + Budo	Entangle
Magic (if applicable)	12 + Budo	

Description: The *futa-kuchi-onna* is the result of a curse or spiritual disease that only happens to women. Nippon mythology holds that it strikes women who have caused the death of a child, in retribution for which an evil spirit lodges in her body. It manifests as a horrible second mouth in the back or side of the head beneath the hair. Eventually the woman's hair begins to move like serpents, functioning as appendages. The *futa-kuchi-onna* does not care whether the child's death was caused intentionally or through neglect, and will sometimes strike other women close to the perpetrator (such as a daughter or close friend) instead of the killer herself. These spirits will either totally dominate the host personality, using her as a cover for its covetous ambitions, or if the host has a strong enough will could end up working out some sort of alliance to increase their mutual power. Weaker versions of this creature usually try to keep their secret hidden, while more powerful *futa-kuchi-onna* may openly flaunt their mutation with little fear of mob justice. There are suspicions that the *futa-kuchi-onna* engages in cannibalism, consuming the brains of those shugenja and gakusho unlucky enough to fall into its clutches, and thus gains their knowledge.

Characterization: A *futa-kuchi-onna*'s hair acts like appendages. Each phase one attack can be made by the hair, either by wielding a smaller weapon or using the mass of twisting locks to entangle foes. Range is as a long weapon, but with no disadvantage to close combat. Ten points of damage is required to cut through each hair appendage if entangled. On standard *futa-kuchi-onna* there are four hair appendages which comprise its head of hair, though individuals may vary. Hair attacks are **in addition** to other attacks made that phase, including hand-held weapons, spells, etc. Attacks on Secondary Actions for the hair are still at half BCS, if applicable. Entangled victims are considered prone for further attack purposes.

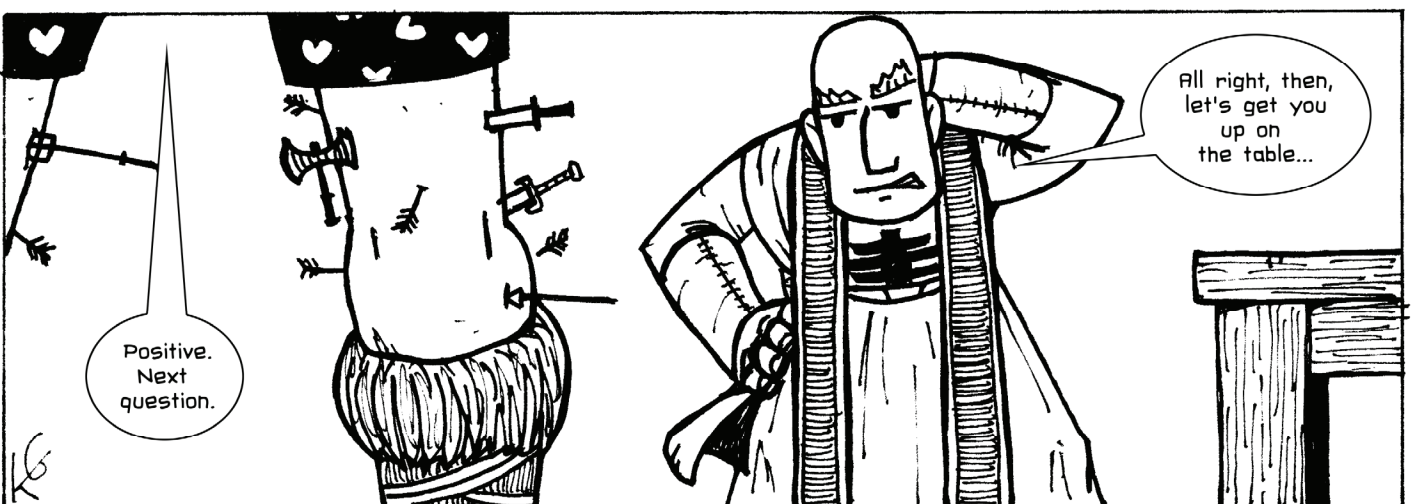
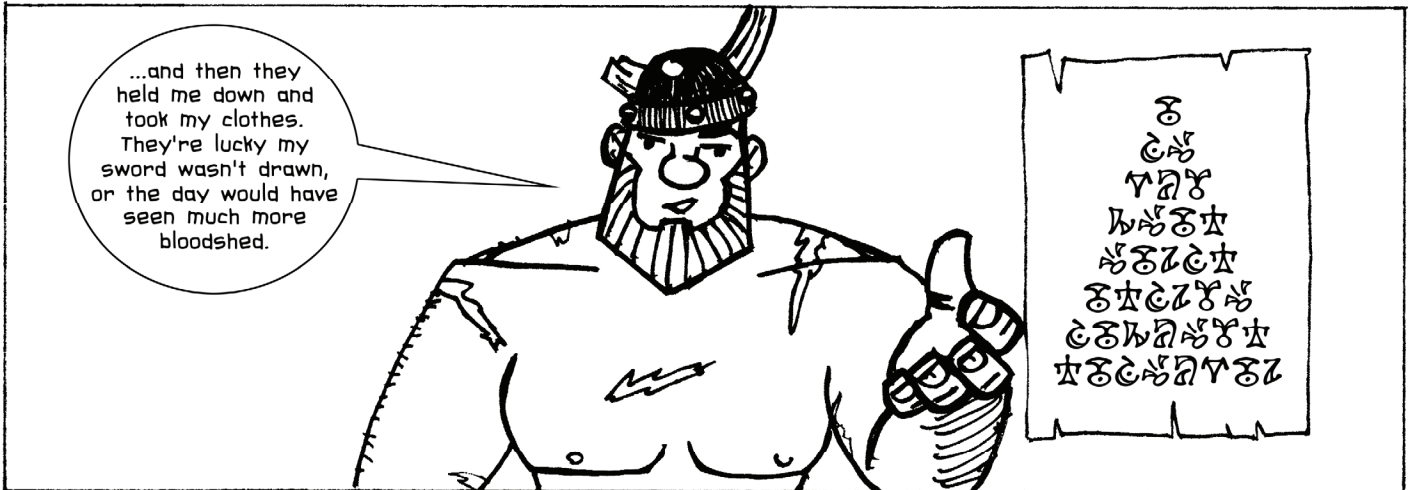
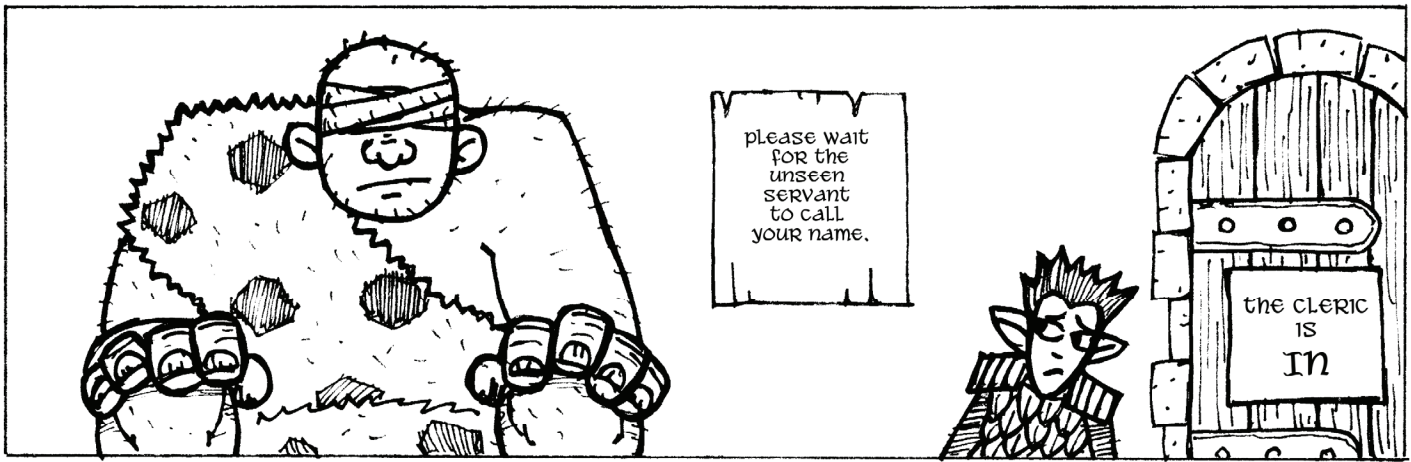
Exorcism causes distraction to a *futa-kuchi-onna*. The exorcist makes their magic BCS roll vs. the creatures Spirit Rank as defense, and this effect number plus the exorcist's spell level is the distraction effect value. Regular distraction rules apply. Will saves are determined as per all legendary creatures. *Futa-kuchi-onna* have average to crafty intelligence depending on power level and are usually solitary fiends, although 2D3 + 1 have been found on rare occasions being lead by the most dominating and vicious. About 50% of *futa-kuchi-onna* have additional special abilities; if such a specimen is present roll on the table below to determine additional abilities:

d100	Special Ability
01-20	Spells: The Futa-kuchi-onna has knowledge of magic. Level equal to Budo value and power equal to 10 times Budo. Knowledge of 1d3 spells plus Budo. (+1 BUDO)
21-30	Spit Poison: Fast Lethal Poison This attack is from the second mouth. PB range is 5 yards short, 7 short and 10 long. Half Budo value for intensity. Bite carries this poison as well. BCS is 8 + Budo. (+ 1 BUDO)
31-50	Extra Hair: In addition to the four regular appendages, add an extra d5. Number of hair attacks per phase increases to 2. (+1 BUDO)
51-60	Hand: In addition to a hidden mouth beneath the hair, there is also a hand or forearm within the mouth, or with a mouth in the palm. These can retract when desired.
61-70	Eyes: 1D2 eyes are attached inside or outside the mouth, perhaps on the tongue. These eyes allow the <i>futa-kuchi-onna</i> to see the astral plane and negate attackers' bonuses from the side and behind, while allowing the <i>futa-kuchi-onna</i> to make attacks those ways without penalty.
71-85	Scream: Causes distractions with a BCS of 5+ BUDO to all those within 15 yards.
86-90	Additional Head: Usually appears as a mutated tumorous mess erupting out of the head or neck –haphazard eyes, large lolling tongue, perhaps a hand protruding somewhere...MNA increases to 3 and Zan is 2. (+2 BUDO)
91-95	Roll twice, ignoring rolls of 91% and higher.
96-00	Roll 1d6+1 times, ignoring rolls of 91%+.

Futa-Kuchi-Onna: HD 7; DC, SPD as host; Attacks with weapons/magic as host plus bite 1d6 and hair entangle (open doors to break free or 10+ hp damage to cut loose, until then immobile/prone, FKO bites at +4); Priests can 'turn' FKOs as Spectres, but success simply confuses the creature for 1 round; treat BUDO bonuses from the special ability table as extra hit dice, otherwise translate accordingly. Ω

DOXY, Urgent Care Cleric

by Jonathan Linneman & Kelvin Green



Education of a Magic-User

Part the Eighth: Testing Magic Items

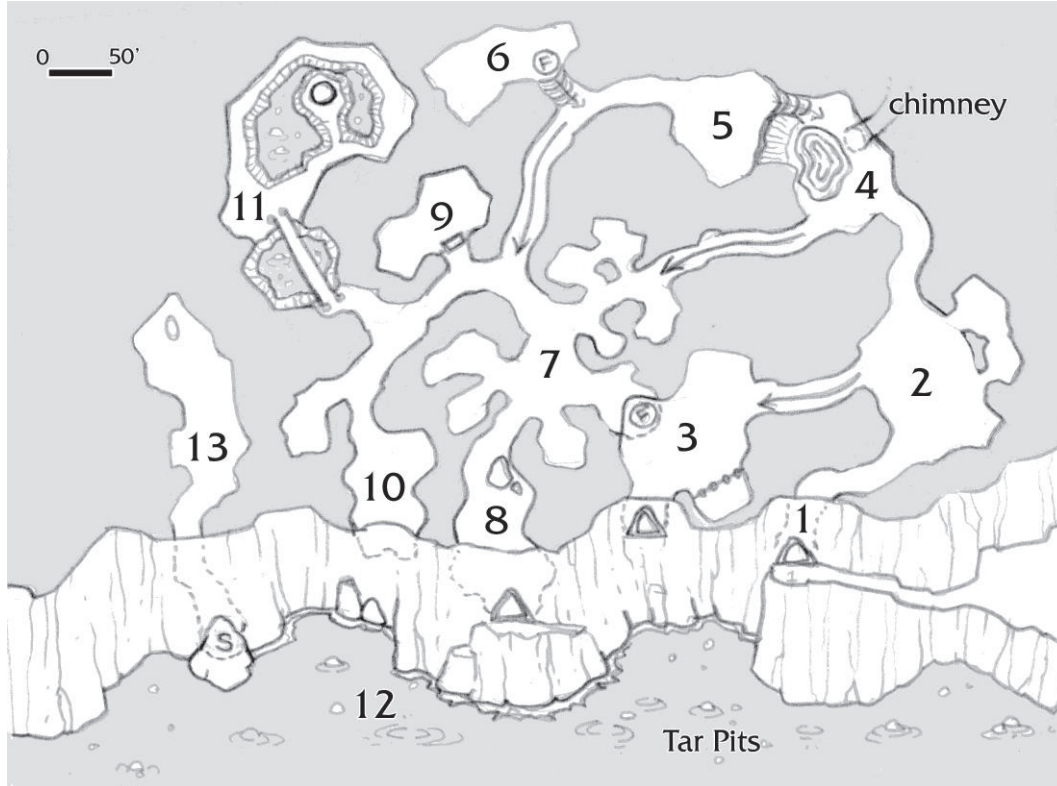


TROLLS WILL BE TROLLS

-- A One-Page Dungeon by Heron Prior

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Background:

Vulture's Crag sits at the outer edge of civilized lands, looming over a vast plain of tar pits and boiling mud. It's said Trolls have dwelt in its timeworn caverns for millennia, but they had caused little trouble in recent times. Now, with the arrival of the Troll witch, Stencheye, those troubles have begun anew. Stencheye's children ravage the holdings of the nearby Lords, devouring cattle, serfs, and men-at-arms. Worse, they have begun looting caravans on the Imperial Road, threatening trade with neighboring lands.

Expeditions by the Lords' own garrisons have proved disastrous. In desperation, they have posted a sizeable bounty on Stencheye's head. Adventurers and mercenaries have begun to gather, some drawn by the bounty, and some by rumors of more precious cargo, looted from the Imperial caravans...

Common features:

Vulture's Crag is a steep-walled mesa, riddled with caves and crowned with the nests of countless scavenger birds. Red-painted pictographs and Troll symbols cover the surrounding cliff-side. Tunnels are sized for giants, at least 15' wide and 20' high, with hard packed earthen floors. All are smooth and worn from centuries of use, and many bear ancient markings in an unknown script. Roars and sounds of fighting are commonplace, but lightning, explosions, and other unusual sounds may bring investigation from adjacent rooms.

Stencheye -- Stencheye is a notorious Troll witchdoctor of unusual cunning and ability. She is never without her *amulet of fire resistance*, hidden beneath layers of fur and rags, and wears a filthy *Robe of Eyes* as a shawl. Stencheye is crafty, and does not hesitate to flee for reinforcements. Seldom idle, she is typically found roaming throughout the caverns (roll 1d4 for her location: 1. meeting with *Molly Longfingers*; 2. Just leaving the Tusk, on the outer bridge; 3. In the Reeking Dens, flogging a juvenile Troll; 4. dallying in her chambers with one of her lovers). When outside her quarters, she has a bodyguard of 2 large trolls.

Half-Trolls - Stencheye's children have many fathers, and not all are trolls. Appearances vary, but most are smaller and less regenerative than their brothers, and armed with banded mail, longbows (often with arrows treated with a *Slow poison*), and polearms. Much less common, **Devil-Trolls** have additional spell-like abilities, and are marked by demonic or diabolic features. Devil-Trolls attack with spell-like powers or their natural weaponry.

1. Treacherous Ascent. A narrow ledge climbs steeply to a large cave mouth. Kelgg the Gatekeeper, a **giant 2 headed troll**, stands guard. He hoots and snorts happily as he rolls boulders down upon intruders. If approached, he rushes out to hurl enemies from the ledge. Coiled around his shoulders is a **giant constrictor snake**, which he tosses at lightly armored foes. Kelgg is too stupid to summon aid.

2. Upper Guardroom. Cracks in the ceiling provide dim light. A **drunken troll** slumps against the wall, singing loudly. He ignores the party, but any "cultured" characters are horrified by his performance. 3 **half-troll warriors** throw horseshoes, their ears plugged with cloth. A **Cave Bear** pet sits chewing bones. Sounds of combat may awaken 2 **Trolls** from the connecting caves, but only if the singing is silenced. One of the caves doubles as a latrine, and emits an eye-watering stench.

3. The Grisly Larder. Curtains of stiff, uncured hides screen the entrances. A large fire-pit holds a spit and huge cook pot. Butchered horses and a human torso hang from a wooden rack. Tending a chopping block is Meat-Hacker Yog, a deranged, hog-headed **Hill Giant** (the head was a Faerie curse) in a chainmail apron. 2 **Troll** assistants and a **Dire Boar** rush enemies while Yog grabs his arbalest. A trapdoor reveals a notched log, serving as a ladder down to area 7. A wooden cage holds 2 would-be troll-hunters. One has a severed leg, and is delirious with fever. The other is lucid, but has a broken collarbone and cannot fight. If rescued, he describes a spear and beaded satchel taken by his captors, both of which would be useful against Trolls.

4. Cistern. A natural chimney rises 30' to the top of the crag. Water, 12' deep, collects below in a natural cistern. A natural ledge allows those in area 5 to look down into this lower chamber, but no one appears to be watching. Observant characters notice someone has lowered a rope down the chimney, but there is no one in sight.

5. The Drinking Room. A **Giant Troll** sits munching live chickens from a pen, while 2 **half-troll archers** and a thorny-skinned female **Devil-Troll** drink and play dice. The Giant Troll hurls intruders into the cistern, then tosses rocks. A crude still sits in one corner, along with 3 jugs of *troll moonshine* (treat as a highly-flammable, low-grade poison). A small collection of coins and jewelry sits on a stone table.

6. Stencheye's Chambers. A 200 lb. stone lid blocks the entry hatch. A glowing dagger imbedded in a crate lights the room, revealing rich tapestries and thick (though soiled) carpets. Two censers waft narcotic incense throughout the chamber, causing those unused to the effects to hit at -2. One of Stencheye's lovers will be here, lounging in a heap of soiled furs (roll 1d4: 1. A **Minotaur Chieftan**; 2. A **Type III Demon**; 3. An **Ogre Mage Warlord**; 4. The **Scrapplebeard Brothers**, a pair of insane, lecherous **Dwarven Warriors**). Stencheye's treasure is in a triple-locked iron chest on a shadowed ledge, 12' up. Within are gems, jewelry, and several potions, but if a hidden catch is not released, a second compartment releases a puff of **yellow mold**.

7. The Reeking Dens. These disgusting caverns house most of the Trolls. Mounds of furs, straw, and soiled bedding lie in lice-ridden heaps. 1d6 **Trolls** snore peacefully.

8. Lower Guardroom. 2 **Trolls** wrestle for the hundredth time while a blue-scaled **Devil-Troll** and 2 **Dire Wolves** look on in boredom. The Devil-Troll has a paralytic touch and a poison bite. A stout gate of logs blocks an exit onto the cliff-side. The entire place reeks of troll urine.

9. The Plunder Trove. A heavy stone door stands slightly ajar. Inside lie three dismembered and acid-scorched Trolls. The cave is piled with looted goods, awaiting trade to parties unknown. Two thieves are already here, rifling through boxes. They are *Feargus the Cutter* (a **Human Thief**) and his **Spriggan** partner, *Droopteats*. Both are villains of the worst sort, and neither likes to share a score. The loot includes valuable silks, spices, ingots, amphorae of wine and oils, and piles of weapons and armor (total contents and value to be determined by the referee). If players know to look, they can spot the troll-hunter's satchel (holds 6 acid vials and 2 *potions of fire breathing*). Otherwise, a search takes hours, and is certain to be interrupted.

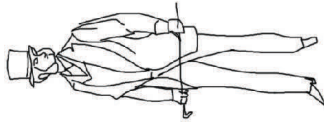
10. Visiting Giantess. These are temporary quarters for *Molly Longfingers*, a powerful **Annis** seeking Stencheye's aid. To ease negotiations, she appears as a statuesque Troll queen in a dress of bones. Accompanying her are two eunuch **Ogre Champions** (plate armor, 2-handed swords). If her Ogres are killed, she may parley. A locked chest holds gold and gems intended as tribute for Stencheye.

11. The Tusk of Gwall. A gleaming, ivory spike, 20' wide and 40' high, thrusts up through the center of this vaulted cavern. Ledges circle the walls, dropping to steaming pits of boiling mud, 15' below. The Tusk is considered holy by many Trolls and Ogres, though they will not explain its importance. It vibrates with a high, keening sound, affecting Trolls as a *Chant* spell. Along the outer wall, 3 **Trolls** hoot and pound on drums, while a visiting **Ogre Mage** meditates near the Tusk. Perched near the ceiling is a winged **Devil Troll** (gaseous breath; magic resistance). The Ogre Mage waits to assess the party's strength before committing to combat. ...The Tusk is unbreakable, but if struck it releases one of several **primordial troll spirits** (banshees). Its base is heaped with gold, silver, and numerous bloody offerings.

12. Littered Shoreline. Mounds of half-submerged detritus poke from the shallow mud, including several splintered wagons. 15' from the shoreline, a pole with an ornamented grip sticks up from the tar. It is the troll-hunter's spear - a *flametongue lance*. Anyone trying to wade out to it becomes stuck in the tar.

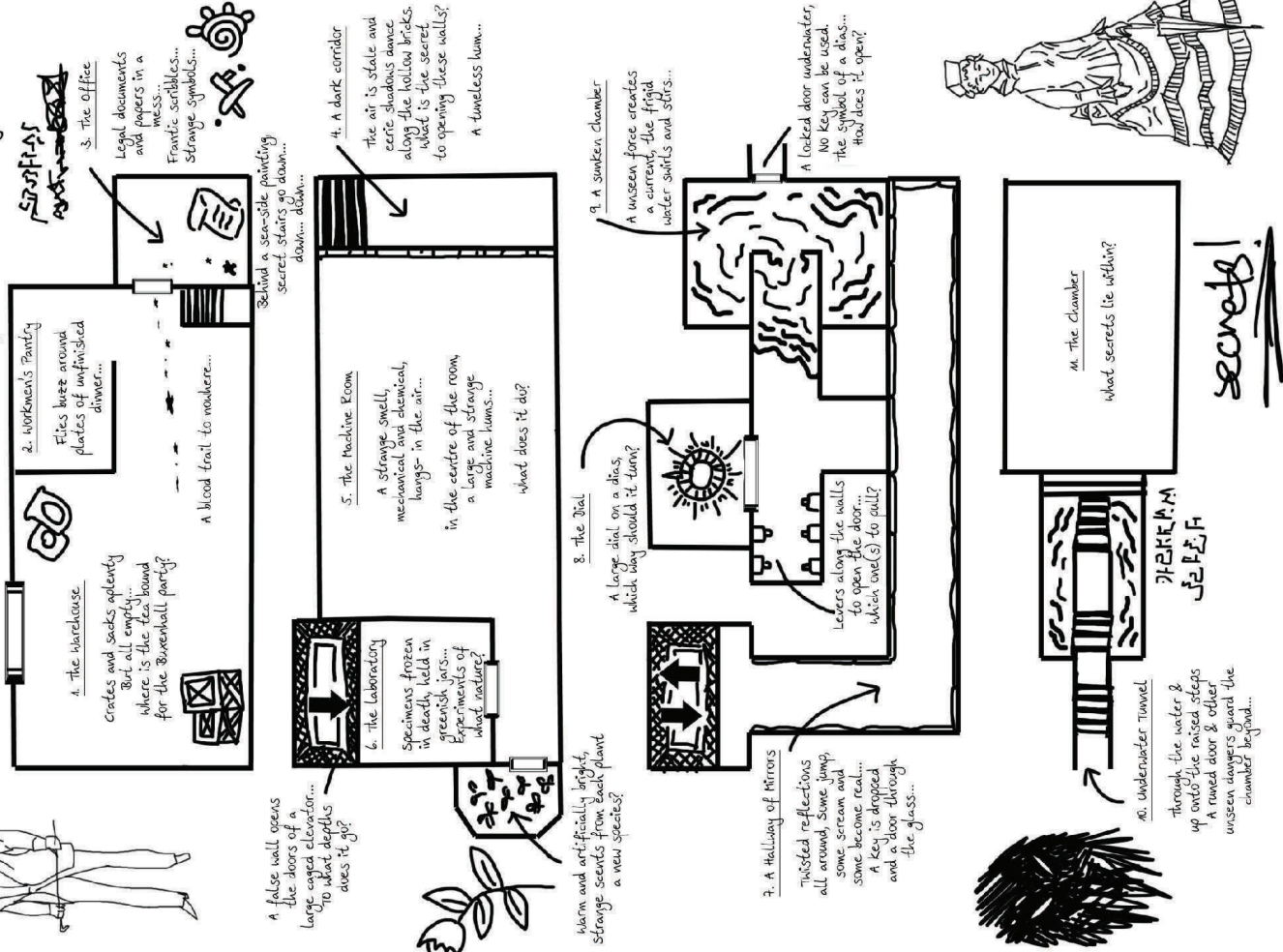
13. Ancestral Barrow. Hidden behind an illusionary wall is an undiscovered cave, its walls lined with ancient cave paintings of animals and Trolls. Three images hold bound **Animal Spirits**, which attempt to possess intruders (one attack per spirit; those possessed run out into the tar and immerse themselves). ...At the far end, a set of fossilized Troll bones lies on a heap of flint shards, flanked by disintegrating mammoth tusks. Within the remains sit a bone necklace and a green stone club. If approached, flint shards swirl up and begin to spin around the body. Passing through them on the first round does minimal damage, but the shards accelerate rapidly, becoming a *Blade Barrier*. If players retreat at least 30', the shards settle until approached again. By darting in and out when the shards first rise, a player can grab a single item with only minor cuts. The necklace acts as a *Ring of Free Action*, while the club functions like a *Staff of Striking* (24 charges).

Notes for Further Development: Returning raiders replenish the population by 1d4 per day (max. 16). If Stencheye is displaced, a rival band of Ogre Magi may seize control. Vulture's Crag is ancient, and larger than the area shown. Its numerous caves hold more Trolls, Giants, and many forgotten secrets...



Blueprints of the Empire Trading Warehouse

* Notes from a leather journal



TIME 4 TEA

A game of tea, cakes and deadly secrets



In commemoration

Of Her Majesty's Reign

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Buxenhall

Gardens

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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

missing. Contains scribbles of the recently interred Dr. Voln. If found please contact Empire Trading Co.

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Tea smuggling and tea piracy has grown to be highly profitable within the Crown. Sailors tell of meeting cruel "tea pirates" who hijack shipments of tea while officials remain baffled by the increase of smuggled tea to the colonies.

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THE HEART OF DARKNESS

by Lord Kilgore

www.lordkilgore.com

Adventure in the treacherous valley of an immense river snaking deep into an unknown continent






0118 START: Trading post town serving ivory hunters, prospectors, and explorers. Tales of untold riches attract those seeking glory and adventure.
0215 Boat with load of ivory beached on east shore. Crewed by ghouls.
0216 Stones and sandbars. Piloting check to avoid grounding. Half move.
0218 Band of brigands on north shore. Friendly native tribe on south shore.
0219 Rumor claims that a tower in this area has a large labyrinth below it.
0312 A man raised in the wild rules a huge tribe of apes. He is fiercely territorial and might attempt to take attractive female PC as a mate.
0313 Shrine on hill visible from river. Occupied by peaceful friars who become vampire monks by night. They guard a hoard of gold and ivory.
0316 Giant statue of snake man waist-deep in middle of river.
0414 Small ivory collection camp is last permanent outpost of civilization.
0417 Statue of elephant with golden tusks is a stone golem with double HD.
0514 20% chance 1d6 giant eagles from mountains in 0513 attack any boats on river. Legend says nests are lined with ancient gold.
0515 100' square stone platform atop 20' columns. Origin unknown.
0614 Ruined temple complex on north bank. Home to savage beastmen.
0712 Fallen iron tower buried in a sandbar is actually a primitive submarine.
0713 Hut of a hunter with huge ivory hoard and a tribe of loyal native followers. He is ill and hopelessly insane from his isolation. Each day he is equally likely to be either a sickly old man or a powerful, megalomaniacal sorcerer. He is revered as a god by locals and envied by other ivory hunters.
0812 Giant octopus lairs in cave in river bed. 1 in 6 chance of attacking.
0813 Tribe of cannibalistic natives patrols this hex looking for next meal.
0814 Gigantic sinkhole. Entrance to extensive megadungeon near bottom.
0816 Tribe of stone age tech snake-men will attempt to sacrifice any females they capture to the volcano. They are in awe of snake-men further upriver.
0906 Legendary Graveyard of the Elephants. Protected by fanatic natives.
0907 Astute observers may be able to make out an overgrown terrace city on the mountainside. It is inhabited by evil spirits with much treasure.
0909 Family of green dragons lair here and patrol surrounding 2 hexes.
0912 Malarial swamp containing an overgrown manor house from ages past. Each hour spent in swamp doubles chance of contracting malaria.
0914 Ancient stone bridge spans river. Spirits haunt it at night.
0915 Rumbling volcano spews smoke and ash. 10% chance/week for major eruption. Castle partly buried in hardened lava half-way up the east side.
1005 Jade tower inhabited by otherworldly shaman and his charmed slaves.
1006 Sunken graveyard inhabited by undead snake-men that rise out of the river to attack. Mausoleum contains swamp mummy lord and cursed gold.
1008 Large tribe of civilized snake-men led by snake-woman druid.
1011 Giant pyramid, possibly part of a tomb complex. No entrance evident.
1013 Spider Mountain. Entire hex crawling with various giant spiders ruled by a horrible woman/spider queen living in a temple covered with web.
1014 & 1015 Ash and devastation from volcano in 0915. Totally barren.
1015 Clan of fire demon worshipping dwarves lair in mountain tunnels.

1 hex = 5 miles

The river is an average of 500' wide, 25'-40' deep in the center, and flows at 3 mph.

Boats with a full crew of rowers can travel upstream 10 miles per day and downstream 15 miles per day.

The Heart of Darkness is ripe for your own creations, published adventures, and especially other 1-Page Dungeons.

-  Heavy Forest
 -  Forest Hills
 -  Forest Mountains
 -  Mountains
 -  Volcano
- Map created with Hexographer Pro

1111 100' obelisk has fallen into river. Base conceals stairs leading down to tunnel network.
1115 Small island is home to barbaric but noble elves who battle the dwarves in 1015.
1205 Huge iron chain on east bank leads upward and disappears out of sight into the sky.
1213 Pier jutting into river connects to paved road leading northwest into the unknown.
1216 A giant is manacled to the side of a mountain. His bellowing can be heard for many miles. He is the deposed king of the fire giants, his throne taken wrongfully by his sister.
1403 Small tribe of natives live in fear of snake-men who live to the northeast.
1404 Band of raiders led by native ranger lord battle against snake-men from city in 1502.
1501 Giant lizards are very common here. A tyrannosaur roams the hex.
1502 Advanced tribe of snake-men ruling an ancient crumbling city on the southern bank allow none to travel upriver.

LABORATORY OF THE ASMODEAN TECHNO-MAGE

A PLACE OF WIERD SCIENCE,
DARK SORCERY, AND EVIL ALCHEMY!!





Special Properties of Gemstones

by Wayne S. Rossi

Treasure hoards often contain precious gems and stones which glitter to the eye and are coveted for their value. Yet even gems that do not have a specific enchantment often have properties far beyond their luster. Most of these are minor, and may not even be noticed; others, as with the rare Fire Stones, can hardly be missed! Not every gemstone may have the properties listed below. Only a perfect specimen - chance to be determined by the referee, but 5% recommended at most - of a stone will provide the listed benefit. Other stones have no effect (or, if you prefer, may even have a chance to be flawed and do the opposite!). Unless otherwise noted, the effects of stones are permanent, but generally a character should only receive the benefit of 1 gem at a time.

Agate: An agate tied to a rope and dropped into the sea will reveal where a pearl lies.

Amethyst: A character wearing a perfect amethyst will never become badly drunk.

Bloodstone: Characters bearing a bloodstone who rush a foe to directly help an ally reduced to half or fewer hp receive +2 on all attacks until the ally is safe.

Carbuncle: A red carbuncle held to a character's forehead provides about 5' of illumination.

Diamond: Demons may not enter into a room containing a diamond.

Emerald: A true emerald will dispel illusions in a 5' radius around it.

Fire Stones: If two of these dull grey stones are brought together, they will ignite a fire that will burn for at least 1d6 turns.

Indian Stone: A rare, bluish stone that, if tied to a character, will absorb any illness in 6 turns. It must be left in the sun for 3 hours before it can be re-used.

Iolite: A character peering through a purple iolite stone has +1 on all rolls to see secret doors and on any rolls related to searching etc.

Jade: A character wearing this stone has +1 to all loyalty checks.

Lapis Lazuli: A character wearing this stone has +1 on reaction rolls.

Onyx: A black onyx will provide a character +1 to save vs. charm spells.

Opal: A character possessing an opal has +1 to save vs. lightning bolts.

Pearl: A character who possesses a pearl has +1 to save vs. dragon breath, fireballs, etc.

Petoskey Stone: A character wearing this stone has a +1 to save vs. petrification.

Pounamu: A pendant made out of this marbled green stone may repel tigers.

Peridot: If strung on a jackass's hair and worn tied to the left arm, peridot will keep evil spirits (ghosts etc) away as if turned.

Ruby: A character possessing a ruby will never contract plague.

Sapphire: A character wearing a sapphire gets +1 to save vs. spells.

Topaz: A true topaz will lose its gold color when brought within 5' of poison. When removed from the proximity of poison it will regain its color.

Tourmaline: An amulet made from a tourmaline will allow its wearer to see through all smoke and ash. Ω

The Coinage of Ilthar

wherein Calithena shows you the money

One great way to develop your fantasy campaign is just to make up details as you dream them up. There's nothing wrong with huge maps and sprawling histories, but often it's the little things that help your game come alive. What calendars are in use? What do PCs see when they look up at the sky? What are the names of the taverns in your home city of operation? What coins do people use?

Here's the coin list from one of the kingdoms in my shared-GM Advent campaign. There are at least six common sources of coinage in Ilthar. Aside from the King's Mint, the Dwarves, Goblins, and Elves all make their own coins, mostly for internal use but often coming out into the common mix; the Duke of Erebinthia has his strange coinage of jade and coral; and finally, the Empire of Solara has lain to the north and west long enough that a certain amount of its coin has trickled into Ilthar as well. I follow a convention wherein Silver is the main form of exchange, with Gold relatively valuable and rare. If you use a 'gold standard' price list, change prices to silver or reset at 1/10 what's listed, unless you think some things (like full plate or warhorses) should be exorbitantly costly. All Exchange Rates below are given in terms of Silver Heroes, a coin which would buy a room for two people with simple dinner and breakfast at an inn, fifty feet of hemp rope, a guardsman's patience with your friend's drunkenness, or a week's wages for an above-average common laborer.

Ilthar	Name	SH Value
<i>Gem-in-Glass</i>	Gem-in-Glass	100-2000
<i>Gold</i>	Measure	400
	Sovereign	20
<i>Gold w/ Silver Rim</i>	Noble	10
<i>Silver</i>	Measure	20
	Rod	4
	Medallion	2
	Hero	1
	Bit	1/2*
	Half-Bit	1/4*
<i>Copper</i>	Measure	2
	Penny	1/10
	Ha'Penny	1/20*
	Quarter	1/40*

* These common 'coins' are actually halved and quartered Heroes and Pennies. Heroes are embossed with pictures of those who have done great service to the King, though not always the people; the common expression "two-bit hero" arose for this reason. Dwarves never, ever do this or accept same.

Elvish Tirianon	Name	SH Value
<i>Enchanted Crystal</i>	Lumina	1500+
<i>Platinum</i>	Guardian	162
<i>Silver</i>	Plateau	18
	Tree	2
	Laker	1/3

Erebinthia	Name	SH Value
<i>Onyx</i>	Nocturne	450
<i>Jade</i>	Salar	30
<i>Silver</i>	Ducal	2
<i>Coral</i>	Rainbow	1/3
<i>Copper</i>	Well	1/15

Dwarven Clans	Name	SH Value
<i>Flamegold</i>	Polyhedron	500
<i>Gold</i>	Cross	50
	Spike	25
	Button	2
<i>Electrum</i>	Pyramid	10
<i>Copper</i>	Trinket	1/10
<i>Brass</i>	Nob	1/50

Goblin Freeholds	Name	SH Value
<i>Gold</i>	Ducal	15
<i>Silver</i>	Freeholder	1
<i>Copper</i>	Mountain	1/10

Empire of Solara	Name	SH Value
<i>Platinum</i>	Imperial	100
<i>Gold</i>	Provincial	20
<i>Electrum</i>	Merchant	10
<i>Silver</i>	Charioteer	1
<i>Copper</i>	Dram	1/10



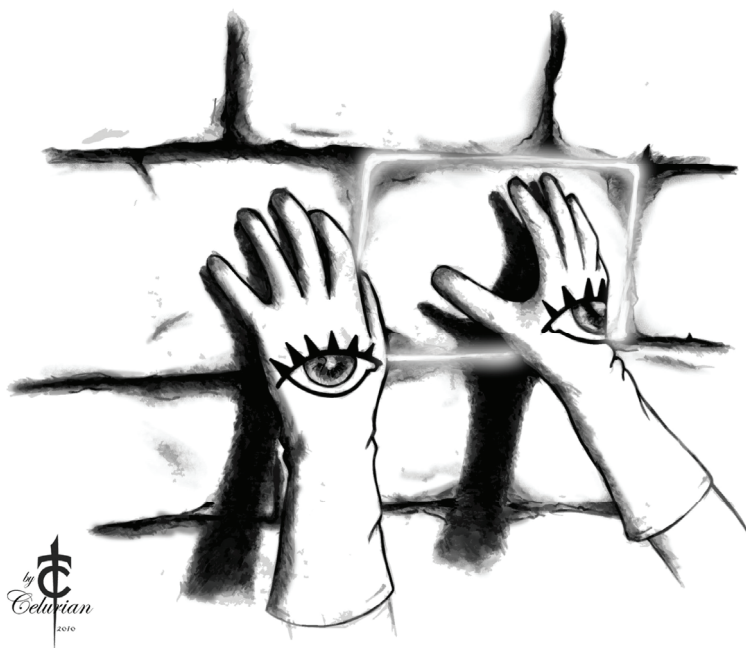
Artifacts, Adjuncts, & Oddment

by Jason Sholtis, Carlos Torreblanca, and Kelvin Green

Blind Gloves (Carlos “Celurian” Torreblanca): These fine silk gloves grant an extra-sensitive touch. The wearer gains +2/6, +5/20, or +25/100 on search checks when looking for secret doors or compartments, as long as she is touching the surface she searches. In addition, the gloves allow their wearer to read languages up to 3x/day simply by running her fingers over the text.

Discus of Uncertainty (Jason Sholtis): This beautifully crafted steel discus, with a grim chaos rune engraved in the center of each polished side, radiates a powerful if inscrutable dweomer. When hurled in anger, the player must roll a d6. On a 1-5 the discus strikes unerringly, doing 1d6 damage. The first time a 6 is rolled it explodes in a fiery burst, doing 6d6 to anything within 30’.

Elwood’s Spectacles (Kelvin Green): A pair of spectacles with lenses made of dark glass, these protect against the glare of bright light, including magical light (such as *flash* spells and their ilk). On the other hand, the glasses only make darkness worse, turning low light conditions into effective darkness when worn. The spectacles’ chief ability is more subtle, only evident through magical detection. The wearer projects an air of confidence which impresses or intimidates those around



him; if he knows this he can modify any reaction/morale/intimidation roll by +/-2. More powerful versions, known as **Nada’s Spectacles**, also allow the wearer to *Detect Invisible* as per the spell and bestow the ability to *Detect Lies*, but only in written material. Both abilities work at 4th level and can be used 2x/day each.

Potion of Sanity (Jason Sholtis): Developed at great expense by an interdisciplinary team of wizards, holy men, witch-doctors, et. al. as a last-ditch effort to return a deranged sorcerer to mental health, this potion is empowered to counteract any spell, magical effect, or other malignancy that impacts the mind of the imbiber. Non-magical madness is temporarily suppressed (1d12 days), although the underlying causes of any such impairment must be addressed (magically or perhaps even surgically) during this period or symptoms will return.

Singing Swords (Kelvin Green) are in most ways like any other intelligent blades, except that they communicate only in song. Unlike most magical swords, which are jealously guarded by their owners, these are often found abandoned at the bottom of deep pits.

The Cloak Impervious (Jason Sholtis): Woven from trans-dimensional materials on the legendary Sky Loom, this luxurious garment, black, long, and glowing with a twinkling star field design, imparts upon its wearer the following continuous enhancements: *protection from evil*, *shield*, *protection from normal missiles*, a 50% magic resistance, and a defense class bonus of +3. Unknown effects from exposure to the alien materials composing the cloak cause a loss of 1 hp for each day of continuous wear. These wounds cannot be healed at all while the cloak is worn, and magic short of a *wish* cannot bring them back faster than a PC’s natural healing rate. Ω



Lost Dragonia

adventure setting by James Mishler

Since the earliest days of role-playing games, the themes and creatures of Lost Worlds have featured prominently in many adventures and campaign settings. Whether found at the heart of a hollow world, ringed by mighty mountains on some lost ice-bound continent, or hidden on the other side of the moon, Lost Worlds call to game masters and players on many levels. Ancient treasures, hidden and terrible secrets, strange races, beautiful cave women, terrible beasts, bloody warfare, and savage lands to tame and from which to build an empire – all are meat and potatoes to men and women of adventure!

James Mishler's Isles of Ages campaign setting, of which *Lost Dragonia* is a part, is just such a Lost World. The Isles of Ages presume that a standard, moderately advanced High Medieval to Early Renaissance setting, home to the adventuring party, exists elsewhere in the world. The Isles of Ages can be placed anywhere in relation to this “heartland” setting, preferably several days or weeks sail just beyond the horizon from the furthest charted portions of the known world. Since their weather is magically distinct, the Isles can be placed in icy, frozen northern seas, southerly tropics, or anywhere in between – wherever a game master needs them, so long as there is room enough on the map.

The countless islands, isles, and islets of the Isles of Ages and their surrounding Elder Seas are home to archaic human tribes, scattered lost and decadent colonies of ancient civilizations, colonies of more recent and virile Outside World cultures, and unknown and terrible inhuman races... though in the Isles, man, in whatever form, is distinctly in the minority. For the Isles are also home to the creatures of ages long since passed in the Outside World. The classic staple Lost World creatures are all here, in abundance, from the saber-toothed tiger to the pterodactyl, the mastodon to the tyrannosaurus rex, and every ancient creature in-between that ever trod upon a first grader's dreams and nightmares; they are all here, in profusion... and *hungry*.

The Doom of Dragonia: Even though man is more often prey than predator in the Isles, still men do seek them for gold and glory. Compared to the ancient realms of the Outside World, the Isles are virgin territory, replete with a wealth of metals, gems, rare woods, hides, unusual herbs and more unusual creatures, and other great treasures, all for the taking – or so it is believed – by a bold man armed with steel. And so the brave and the foolish, the daring and the damned make their way to these near-mythical Isles to seek their for-

tunes. Most find death, or worse, but the tales of those who become rich as kings fuel even further exploration.

Lost Dragonia is one of many lost colonies in the Isles of Ages; though not the most recent, it is perhaps the most storied. Dragonia was founded 25 years ago by Principe Alfonso del Xaragoz, “The Prince in Exile,” in the greatest colonial effort undertaken by the Conquistador peoples to date. Loser of a civil war, his victorious and magnanimous brother allowed him to flee their homeland with his followers in a great flotilla. Though they had lost more than half their numbers by the time they passed through the Veil of Ages into the Elder Seas, they were still greater in number and power than any three Corsair fleets. They remained unchallenged as they sailed to the Great Island at the heart of the Isles of Ages, there to found their city upon the Ivory Horn, where a number of the prince's companions had adventured some years prior.

As his workmen built a great city to be capital of his new kingdom, the prince went forth with his soldiers to conquer new land. They built many forts of stone and wood deep into the hills and plains of the Ivory Horn. They defiled the windswept graves of the great mastodons, sending home wain after groaning wain of ivory. They slaughtered or enslaved every native tribe they found, friendly or no, for they considered the native Cavemen little more than beasts. Wherever they found a spot with a fine spring and sweet grass they built a villa, to be ruled by the Capitáns as a new nobility. Within 10 years the whole of the Ivory Horn was under their rule, with hordes of slaves, mostly of the Ul'Dar-Gan, working villa plantations to support the burgeoning population of Ciudad Dragonia. Ciudad Dragonia became the destination for every company of Conquistadores newly arrived in the Isles. And a true city it was, with broad avenues, wharves for Conquistador, Viking, and Corsair ships, palaces for the Nuevo Nobleza, and a great cathedral to the Sun King, its dome of gold and ivory freshly looted from the newly-conquered lands.

The Doom of Dragonia struck in the 15th and final year of the city. For more than a decade, loyal shamans of the Great Woolly Mountain had sought to summon him to their aid against the fierce newcomers. Finally, they succeeded... even as the continual onslaught of civilization upon the Great Island caught the attention of the Thunder God! As it happened, both of these great and terrible Elder Powers arrived in Ciudad Dragonia at the same time. The Great Woolly Mountain crushed villas and forts en route from the Plains of Mist, while the Thunder God dashed to flinders all the ships in the harbor as it arrived unexpectedly from the depths of the Inner Sea. Great was the battle between those two titans when they met, and the city died in their wake. The outer settlements were razed by vengeful tribes and their



liberated brethren, while such survivors as there were in the city, once the Great Woolly Mountain and the Thunder God had been separated by a rare appearance of the Butterfly Queen, were swept up in raids by the Black Corsairs and sold on the slave blocks of Sham'Zham. Ten years after the Doom, the ruins of Ciudad Dragonia are overgrown by weeds and home to vermin and monsters. Great treasures, lost in the conflagration, can still be found buried under ruined brick and stone, there and in the outlying forts and villas. But the tribes of the Ivory Coast have neither forgotten nor forgiven the Conquistadores, and paint all Outside World peoples with the same brush.

The Veil of Ages: The Isles of Ages and the Elder Seas are hidden behind the Veil of Ages, a vast permanent belt of fog and mist, smoke and steam encircling the whole region. The Veil ranges from one to scores of miles thick, and fills the air from wind-swept sea to cloud-covered skies above the great reef system that surrounds the Isles. No mortal magic can affect the Veil, and within its environs, which sometimes includes bits and pieces or swaths of some or all the Elder Seas and Isles of Ages, strange effects occur. First, within the lands encircled by the fog and mist of the Veil (i.e., all of the Isles of Ages and the Elder Seas) no “detect/find/know” spells or powers of any form function, including but not limited to: *arcane eye*, *clairvoyance*, *detect evil*, *detect invisible*, *detect/undetectable lie*, *detect magic*, *ESP*, *find/lose the path*, *find traps*, *know alignment*, *locate object*, or *true seeing*. The spell or power either fails completely or provides an erroneous and often impossible answer. Compasses and similar devices are useless, simply spinning about madly and wildly. This affects even any “bump of direction” or other similar ability or skill a character may possess, until he has been within the Veil for at least one moon. Native creatures such as birds and fish that use such abilities are unaffected, save within the fog of the Veil itself where the effect is greatest. Second, dimension travel, teleportation, and even blinking and extra-dimensional communication and summoning powers, including but not limited to *commune*, *contact other plane*, *dimension door*, *instant summons*, *invisible stalker*, *maze*, *phase door*, *raise dead*, *reincarnation*, *resurrection*, *teleport*, or *word of recall* are useless within the lands surrounded by and under the Veil. However, sometimes a dimensional travel spell or teleportation spell gone awry cast outside the Veil transports the victims to the lands within the Veil! Other spells and powers that fail while within the fog and mist of the Veil but are useful elsewhere in the Isles of Ages and the Elder Seas include *conjure animals*, *conjure elemental*, *control weather*, and *create food and water*. *Conjure animals* and *conjure elementals* can only be used to summon creatures native to the Isles and Elder Seas; use of these and *control weather* may well catch the attention of Elder Powers, their Spawn, or their Shamans. *Fly* and *wind walk*

spells and similar magical forms of flight work fine in the lands within the Veil, but fail while within the fog and mist of the Veil itself, usually suddenly, without warning, and quite fatally. A *phantasmal force* cast within the fog and mist of the Veil assumes the physical form of a nightmarish creature from the Isles of Ages and attacks the caster, existing for one round per caster level, having an DC, HD, and hp equal to that of the caster, and dealing appropriate damage according to the nature of the nightmare itself.

Cavemen of the Isles of Ages: The most commonly encountered variety of Men native to the Isles and Elder Seas are the Cavemen, an archaic race of humans akin to Neanderthals – though not adapted to a glacial climate, and few of them actually live in caves. Cavemen conform in all statistical ways to the Neanderthal type, though there are five sub-varieties, said to be ancestral to the modern human races, differentiated by their skin color and broad cultural type. All are very human in form, with pronounced brow ridges, craggy cheeks, thick jaw lines, strong heavy bones, and massive musculature, and they tend to be rather hirsute. Individual Cavemen vary in particulars and can be short or tall, thin or fat. While most are Neutral, some are Lawful and others are Chaotic, but all do what they must to survive in the harsh, primitive conditions of the Isles of Ages, regardless of ethical or moral considerations. The fol-

lowing weapons are found among the Cavemen, though always made from stone rather than metal: battle axe, hand axe, club, dagger, light hammer, war hammer, javelin, mace, sling, and spear. When a stone-tipped weapon other than a hammer or mace is used against metal armor (or shield) and the roll to hit strikes the target but does not pierce the armor, there is a chance the weapon may break. Roll a d20; if the roll is greater than the number rolled to hit including all bonuses and penalties, the weapon breaks and becomes useless (or functions as a club at best). Enchanted stone weapons will not break on metal armor. Roll on the table on page 60 for each Caveman encountered to determine arms; note that all Cavemen carry at least 1d3 stone daggers in addition to other weapons. Leader types have a 3% chance per level or HD of having a magical version of their primary weapon. Many tribes also use “tooth-edged clubs,” heavy clubs in which the teeth of dinosaurs, sharks, saber-toothed cats, cave bears, or obsidian stone shards have been inserted to add extra damage to each attack. Such weapons deal 2d4 points of damage to each attack, but when used against metal armor, may be damaged as per stone weapons and lose the extra 1d4 points from the sharp bits. One weapon that Cavemen use that is not commonly found elsewhere is the throwing stick. When using a throwing stick, a javelin or spear deals 1d8 points of damage and range is increased 50%.



Caveman Weapon Table roll 1d6: 1-2 melee, 3 missile, 4-6 both		
d12	Melee Weapon	Missile Weapon
1-2	Stone Battle Axe	Stone Hand Axe
3	d2 Stone Hand Axes	2 Stone Hand Axes
4-5	Wooden Club (50% Tooth Edged)	Stone-Tipped Spear w/ Throwing Stick
6	d2 Stone Light Hammers	2 Stone-Tipped Spears w/ Throwing Stick
7	Stone Mace	Sling w/3d10 Stones
8-9	Stone War Hammer	2 Stone-Tipped Javelins w/ T. Stick
10-11	Stone-Tipped Spear	3 Stone-Tipped Javelins w/ T. Stick
12	Outlander Metal Melee Weapon	Outlander Missile Weapon

White Cavemen (the most commonly found in Lost Dragonia) usually wear armor of thin hides (DC 8) or thick furs (DC 7); some great chiefs wear Mastodon, Woolly Rhino, or An'Lak hide armor (DC 6). Most tribes make use of hide shields, which act as normal shields, except that if one is struck by a slashing metal weapon (i.e., if an attack against a shield-bearer misses by 1), the shield is destroyed. Equipment of the Cavemen is otherwise quite primitive, though utilitarian. A shoulder sling of hide can hold up to 20 pounds. "Blankets" for the cold northern regions are made of various animal furs, as are water skins. The use of flint and steel to make fire is unknown, as they have no steel; instead, the tribes use a drill bow to make fire (takes 2d6+3 rounds). The tribes know not the use of the wheel, and have no beasts of burden, but have developed the use of the travois (a skin wrapped around two poles and dragged by one or carried by two).

Tribal Shamans: Tribal shamans revere the Elder Powers, terrible inhuman titans of ages long passed, such as the Thunder God, the Great Gray Ape, the Great Woolly Mountain, and the Shadow King. They have all the standard abilities of a priest, though they gain access to some mage spells to make up for the loss of many priest spells (see "The Veil of Ages" above), and instead of turning undead they use the same mechanics to command creatures of the nature of their Elder Power (Thunder God = Dinosaurs, Great Gray Ape = Apes, Great Woolly Mountain = Mastodons, *etc.*) as though they were of half normal HD, rounded up (i.e., a 12 HD Sto-Lak counts as though he were only 6 HD when rolling to determine command). Shamans of the Shadow King command Undead at their normal HD rather than at halved HD, due to the great power of the Undead; and similarly, shamans of the Great Ice God and Great Magma God command their respective elementals at full normal HD values. Shamanic command

power can work against Lesser Spawn of the Elder Power, but never against Greater Spawn, let alone the Elder Power itself! Any creature of the appropriate type beyond the regular HD command level of the shaman (i.e., where they normally have no chance to turn or command), can be commanded if the shaman rolls a natural 12 when trying to command. However, in such cases, if a natural 2 is rolled (or a roll of 7 or less for Lesser Spawn), the creature seeks to slay the shaman for his presumption! [These numbers are natural 20 and natural 1 (or 10 or less for Lesser Spawn), respectively, when using a d20 based system.] When a shaman must roll 3 or better [2 or better on d20], to command, the creature accepts only a single, simple, short-term command ("Kill the infidels!" or "Let me ride upon your shoulders until sundown"). The shaman must still roll on a T, D, or any sort of "automatic" turn result, with a 2 [1] resulting in failure. On a successful T result, he can command the creature until the next New Moon; on a successful D result, the command is permanent; in either the T or D cases, he can choose instead to make a short, simple command that does not affect his total long-term command HD limit. A shaman can hold and keep long-term command of no more HD of creatures than double his number of shaman levels (or equal to his levels in the case of undead and elementals). A shaman may retain command of a single creature of HD greater than he has levels, but cannot command any other creatures. When a new creature is commanded on a long-term basis that causes the shaman to exceed his maximum HD, previously controlled creatures sufficient to bring the total under control below the Shaman's total will be freed. These usually simply flee, though if they were maltreated by the shaman, they may well attack! For example, Sto'Mar the Mad, a 12th level Shaman of the Thunder God, can possess long-term command a total of 24 HD of dinosaurs at one time, or a single dinosaur of 25 or more HD. He currently has long-term command of a Lar'Sto-Lak (16 HD) and two Sil'Sto-Laks (4 HD each), for a total of 24 HD, his limit. If he gains long-term command of a 12 HD Lar'Tak-Lak, he loses command of the Lar'Sto-Lak.

Quick Guide to the An'Laks: An'Lak is the White Cavemen term for "Dinosaur," An'Laks is plural for "Dinosaurs." **Sto-Laks** are usually Therapods (two-legged fast carnivorous dinosaurs, such as Tyrannosaurus Rex, Allosaurus, and Raptors), with **Ter'Sto-Laks** being flying carnivorous reptiles, such as Pteranodons and Pterodactyls. **Na'Sto-Laks**, as a broad group, are all other An'Laks, being "beasts you might eat" rather than "beasts that want to eat you," and include: **Par-Laks**, generally Sauropods (long-necked slow quadrupeds, i.e., Apatosaurus and the like); **Nor-Laks**, the Ornithopoids (short-necked biped or quadruped relatively fast herbivores, such as the various Duck-Billed Dinosaurs); **Gar-**

Laks, Ankylosaurians (armored); **Har-Laks**, Stegosaurians (plated); and **Tak-Laks**, Ceraptosian (horned) quadruped herbivores. Finally, all giant aquatic reptiles are lumped under the term **War-Laks**, whether Ichthyosaur, Mosasaur, or Plesiosaur. All An'Laks are further divided by size through the simple use of a prefix: **Grel'** meaning "great," **Lar'** meaning "large," **Mil'** meaning "man-sized," **Sil'** meaning "small," and **Tal'** meaning "tiny." Thus, a Grel'Sto-Lak is a "really big fast dinosaur that wants to eat you," likely a Tyrannosaurus Rex or a close cousin, while a Sil'Par-Lak is a small Sauropod, probably the size of a goat, that would make for a nice meal for a small band. Most other creatures of the Isles and Elder Seas are similarly associated and differently named, though for now I shan't burden you with the full Caveman taxonomy!

Languages: The Cavemen of the Isles of Ages are broken into five broad groups along general racial and linguistic lines: Black, Brown, Red, White, and Yellow. Each broad group is itself divided into tribes, who have related and generally mutually intelligible languages; thus a speaker of UP'Dar-Gan could fairly easily understand a speaker of Rholgarz, as both are White Caveman dialects, but each would have a very distinct accent and set of specialized words for their local region. Similarly, each tribe is broken into numerous clans and bands, each of which has its own dialect. If there can be said to be a "common tongue" across the length and breadth of the Isles of Ages, it is Corsair Patois. Most clan leaders and shamans speak Corsair, as do many Conquistadores. Conquistadores speak Iberoño. Iberoño and the basal Corsair tongue are closely related (think Spanish as related to Italian), so very basic speech is possible between speakers of Corsair and Iberoño, though much of the terminology of Corsair borrowed locally (i.e., Cavemen terms) will be almost impossible to understand without a lot of explanation and pantomime. One other language features somewhat prominently in the region, that of the Vikings. Noerka, as the tongue is known, is spoken generally only by Vikings, though some White Cavemen, as allies or former thralls, speak it as well.

Geography of Lost Dragonia: This region is a peninsula that juts out from the Great Island into the Inner Sea; the whole is known as "Lost Dragonia" or sometimes by its older name, the "Ivory Horn." The south is warmed by hot winds and currents, the north by cold winds and currents. Much of the time the peninsula is covered in heavy fog and mist (4 in 6 chance), with visibility being limited to 1d100x10 yards. The south, especially the Backchannel Lands, is almost subtropical due to the influence of the Swampy Sea (south and east off the map); during the New Moon, when the Moon Bridge is fully submerged and warm currents flow in from the Swampy Sea, the southern lands and isles are

very warm, and the fog quite dense. In the north, it is more of a mist, with regular light drizzle feeding the tall, green grasses of the Ivory Coast and Plains of Mist. Thunderstorms are great and powerful in spring and autumn, though snow is relatively rare, save in the depths of winter and even then only upon the Ivory Coast and Plains of Mist. These lands are thus quite popular with the UP'Dar-Gan White Cavemen in the winter, as the snows if any are not deep and the hunting is quite good in the Backchannel Lands even in winter.

An'Lun-Brak, the Moon Bridge: The straits between the Swampy Sea to the south and east and the Inner Sea to the west have long been known to rise and fall with the waxing and waning of the moon; none know why this is so, it has simply always been so. Even the Doom of Dragonia and the ruin of half the peninsula changed its cycles not one whit. When the moon is new, the lands of the straits are at their lowest, and the warm currents of the Swampy Sea bring with them southern fishes and beasts. When the moon is full, the lands are at their highest, and form a bridge between the Great Island and the Isle of Horses (until recently, known as the Isle of Rats). As the land rises with the waxing of the moon, the waters of the rivers flowing into the Great Backchannel Swamp back up, inundating the nearby lands and turning the swamp into a lake; as the land subsides, the waters flow again to the seas, and the swamp drains. During the week when a bridge completely crosses the straits, beasts sometimes cross, with hunters following them; as the sinking process is quite slow, only the slowest of beasts has any need to fear drowning. Many Sto-Laks hop onto the bridge shortly after it rises to feed on fish caught in pools on the slowly-drying lands. Of course, Outside World sailors who do not know of the Moon Bridge might well be caught high and dry, should they anchor in the straits at the wrong time!

Brag'Dan-Lan, the Ivory Coast: For long ages this stretch of coastline, the northern shore of the Ivory Horn, has been a favored place for old mastodons to come and die. Some believe they love to listen to the crash of the surf as they breathe their last, others that there is some mystical force drawing them thence. Whatever the reason, the northern coast is liberally peppered with the bleached skeletons and ivory tusks of countless mastodons, which the local White tribes hold taboo. After numerous battles with these tribes, the Vikings and Corsairs, too, count the piles of bone and ivory as taboo. But when the Conquistadores arrived decades ago, they could not be dissuaded by their Corsair guides from looting the ancient, easily-gathered treasure. Thus it was that the richest, greatest colony of Dragonia was founded upon the horn of the peninsula at the western edge of this coast (0709); refer to the above history for its terrible fate. Today the Ivory Coast is known as much for the bleached bones and teeth of the Conquistadores

and their White Cavemen victims as for the remaining bones and tusks of the mastodons, which continue to come here to die as they have for ages immemorial.

Brag'Dan-Lars, the Ivory Isles: This chain of nine small islands and countless micro-islets was once home to the Chu'Chu, a vicious tribe of pint-sized cannibalistic White Cavemen (0912). When the Conquistadores arrived to settle Dragonia 25 years ago, they tried to wipe out the Chu'Chu, and would have succeeded had not the Doom of Dragonia befallen. Today the isles are home to the much-reduced Chu'Chu; the exiled Mala'Malo tribe from the south; Skull Port, a small Corsair settlement; and the unquiet dead Chu'Chu who seek vengeance on their Conquistador slayers. The local seas are replete with fish, and Giant Crabs are found in large numbers on the micro-islets of the local reefs. While the Chu'Chu are much reduced in the Ivory Isles (today holding only five of the nine), there are numerous isles further south and west, as well as several Unfixed Isles, that are home to isolated Chu'Chu bands and clans.

Grul-Dek Lan, the Burning Waste: Formerly fertile fields of grass and rolling forested hills watered by numerous springs, the Doom of Dragonia wrecked the western lands of the Ivory Horn, shattering the bedrock and drawing forth the lifeblood of the Great Magma God. Grul-Dek, the Spawn of the Thunder God, was born together with the burning wastes, and to this day he wanders them, though he lairs in the Great Volcano (1109). In the north and west stand ruined settlements of the Conquistadors; in the south and east, the burned and shattered forested hills once wandered by the peaceful Toklok Man-Apes (1607). Save for the ruins along the edge of the wastelands, all that remains in the burned forts and tumbledown villas are charred skeletons, burned goods, and melted metal. Here and there across the land, great canyons scar the earth, sometimes filled with puddles of lava. Now and again, a field of hardened lava surrounding a dark, deep tunnel, whence once upon a day Grul-Dek burst forth upon some unhappy travelers. There is a 1 in 12 chance per mile traveled of a great cloud of stinking, noxious yellow-orange fumes belching forth from a crack in the ground 1d20x1d10 yards from the party, filling a 1d6x20 yard diameter area with noxious gas. The effect is as per a *cloudkill* spell, lasting 1d12 turns. Encounters otherwise occur in this area only on a roll of 1 on a d12, checked once per day. If an encounter is rolled, there is a 4 in 6 chance it is a creature wandering off the Plains of Mist or the Ivory Coast; otherwise, the encounter is with Grul-Dek, with a 50/50 chance he is encountered on the surface at 4d6x20 yards or at 1d6x10 yards as he bursts forth from the ground in a shower of lava!

Nameless Cliffs: The cliffs on the southern shore of the peninsula are unnamed, except for the section near

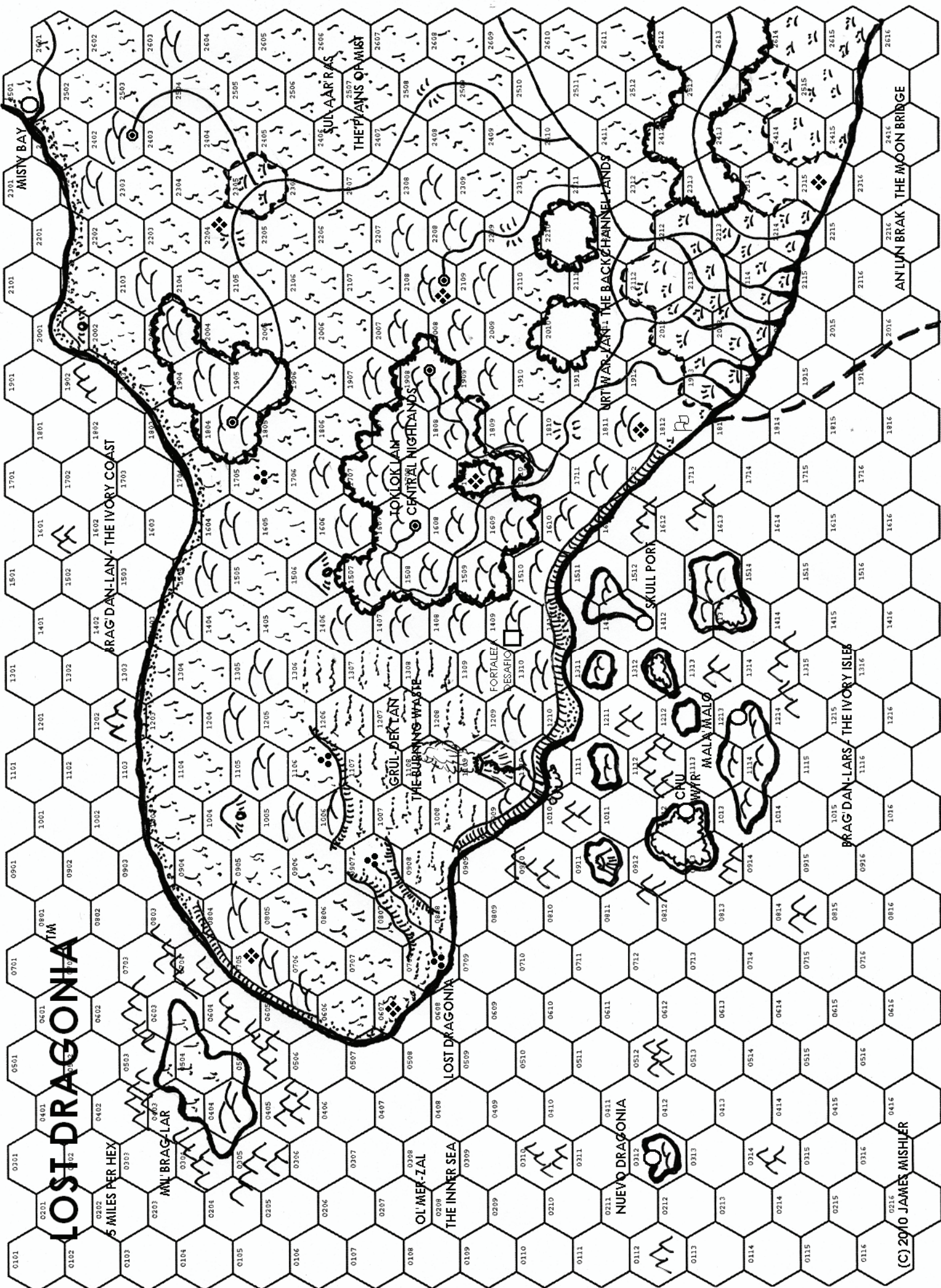
where rivers of lava from the Great Volcano flow into the sea, called the Flaming Cliffs. The cliffs rise quickly and abruptly out of the waters of the Inner Sea, with only two small, rocky beaches for most of their length (1210 and 1410), plus a sandy beach along the eastern verge (1712). For most of their length, the cliffs stand 300 feet above the waters of the Inner Sea. The cliffs along 1009 and 1110 are home to the Mephits (1110), while the cliffs east and west of these are preferred roosting for Ter'Sto-Laks, both Pterodactyls and Pteranodons. Hundreds of Ter'Sto-Laks roost along these cliffs, diving into the waters of the Inner Sea for fish, and from time to time plucking an unlucky Chu'Chu warrior from his canoe or even a Chu'Chu woman or child from a nearby island. As the Ter'Sto-Laks bring their prey back to their roost to eat, there are many shelves and shallow caves upon the cliffs where troves of spears and other weapons can be found beside the disarticulated skeletons of hapless victims; some of these include the remains and treasures of Conquistadores, Vikings, Corsairs, and other men.

Ol'Mer-Zal, the Inner Sea: This portion of the Elder Seas is bound in the north by the Sea of Mist, in the south by the Burning Sea, in the east by the Swampy Sea, and in the west by the Sea of Shadows. Of these, it is the least remarkable, though it is still home to countless creatures long extinct in the outside world. Being in the midst of the Elder Seas of the West, creatures of all sorts are home in these waters, from the northern Megalodon to the southern Ichthyosaur and Plesiosaur. Currents cold and warm meet in this middle sea, causing great storms and waterspouts with little to no warning. Ships of the Black Corsairs of Sham'Zham, Amazons, Corsairs, Conquistadors, Vikings, and White, Brown, Black, and even Red Cavemen can be found crossing in every direction. Of course, since the Doom of Dragonia, few ply the waters too close to the Ivory Coast Horn!

Sul'Aar-Ras, the Plains of Mist: The portion of this great plain found on the peninsula is but a small inlet of the vast ocean of grasses and scrub that dominates the north-central portion of the Great Island. Home to great herds of Pleistocene and other elder mammalian creatures, the Plains of Mist are the homeland of the White Cavemen; of these, the U'Dar-Gan tribe is the most prominent on the Ivory Horn, though like most tribes of the Plains of Mist they are nomadic, and follow the great herds to and fro as the seasons take them. Mastodons, Sabre-Tooth Tigers, Woolly Rhinos, and a host of other prehistoric mammals are also native to the plains. The great and often terrible An'Laks are more at home in the southerly regions, especially the Plains of Ash far to the south of the Plains of Mist, but they, too, can be found this far north, especially the rapacious, predatory Sto-Laks. Many local Sto-Laks adapted to the cooler weather long ago; these can be differentiated from wandering

LOST DRAGONIA™

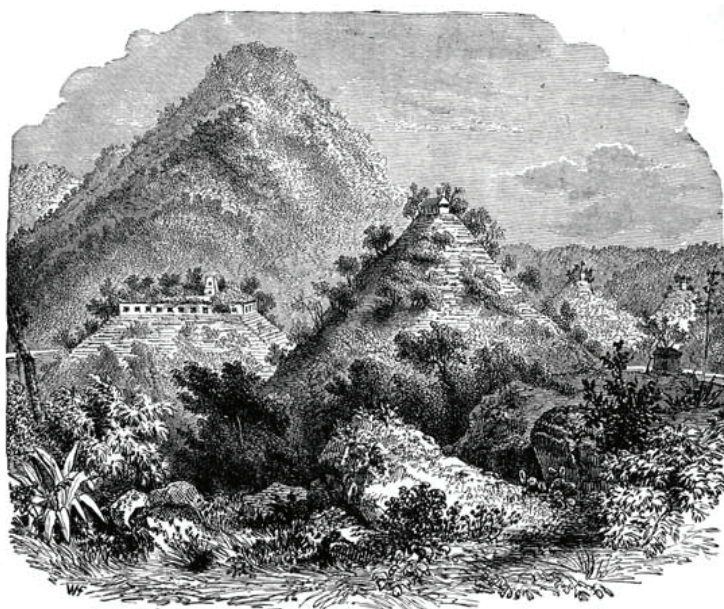
5 MILES PER HEX



southern Sto-Laks by their colorful plumage, which is worn by the smallest to the greatest of the northern Sto-Laks. Due to the recent wholesale slaughter and enslavement of the local White Cavemen by the Conquistadores of Dragonia, the Ul'Dar-Gan and other local tribes are very leery of Outlanders. Unless a member of the party is already in good standing with that specific clan, the game master should roll twice for reaction, taking the worst of the rolls. The Plains of Mist are very fertile; even if a fixed or random encounter is not indicated in a hex, there are always at least 1d20 mammalian herbivores munching away on grasses in each hex.

Toklok Lan, the Central Highlands: The central region of the peninsula is filled with tall, craggy hills interspersed with taller, conical tors. Most of the central highlands were once covered deeply in heavy mixed northern rain forest. Since the Doom of Dragonia, however, the western highlands were lost to the Burning Wastes, while the eastern forest has been thinning out, due to loss of many springs with the shifting of the deep earths far below. Thus, the native Toklok Man-Apes, a pacifistic and generally xenophobic people, have lost more than half their land. This has not been troublesome as of yet, nor should it be for several generations, as almost half the Tokloks died in the initial encounters with the Conquistadores before the Prince of Dragonia came to their aid and made the highlands sacrosanct as a Royal Preserve. Unfortunately, more than half the remaining Tokloks died in the Doom of Dragonia when their forests were knocked down then burned with the eruption of the Great Volcano. The few that remain know that their people have little hope for the future, for there are not enough of them to continue on as a viable community. Were it not for the hopeful leadership of Tokmuk, and the energetic youth and verve of their adopted human, Toksim, most of the Tokloks would have given up years ago. But Tokmuk and Toksim keep the remaining Tokloks safe from incursions of Ul'Dar-Gans, Conquistadores, and others, with the hope that one day the forest can be restored and the Tokloks can look forward to a future for their people once again.

Urt'War-Lan, the Backchannel Lands: The south-eastern lands of the peninsula are very warm year round; they are also very wet, as the waters of the Toklok Highlands and the eastern portion of the peninsula empty into the straits between the Inner Sea and the Swampy Sea right at the Moon Bridge. Thus these are known as the Backchannel Lands, for when the Moon Bridge rises, the waters of the rivers back up onto the land, turning everything into a great swampy morass. At such times, all the river hexes save for hill lands are swamped and bordering plains and forest hexes are half-inundated, while the Great Backchannel Swamp temporarily becomes the Great Backchannel Lake! These lands are home to northern-ranging Na'Sto-Laks, especially the



great Par-Laks who prefer to live in wide-open swamps. It is thus a favored hunting ground of the Ul'Dar-Gan White Cavemen and the Chu'Chu Dwarf Cannibals of the Ivory Isles. They must compete, of course, with Sto-Laks, Sabre-Tooth Tigers, and other predatory beasts. Besides the predators and the great herbivorous Par-Laks (who often as not in their great herds could run over an entire party of Conquistadores and never notice them), travelers in this area must deal with pools of quicksand and the fast-rising waters of the straits when the moon waxes. The Backchannel Lands are very fertile; even if a fixed or random encounter is not indicated in a hex, there are always at least 1d20 various Na'Sto-Laks of various sizes munching away on grasses and shrubbery in each hex, double that in a riverine hex.

Random Encounters: Random encounters happen more often in the Isles of Ages and the Elder Seas; refer to the numbers following the name of each encounter region for the chance on a roll of d6 for an encounter; check every six hours or so, more often if the party is making a lot of noise or is very large (20+, including specialists, mercenaries, and steeds). If an encounter is indicated, roll another d6; on a 1, roll two encounters, and determine based on the nature of the encounters how the two are interacting. For example, if two encounters on the Ivory Coast calls for Bones and Conquistadores, likely the Conquistadores are looting the tusks of dead Mastodons and/or bodies of the dead warriors; Cavemen and Bones indicates the Cavemen likely have a Shaman with them to pray for the dead warriors and/or Mastodons. **All herd animals encountered will be of the Pleistocene variety, usually bigger and tougher than 'contemporary' equivalents.** Likewise, the Lizard Men indicated on the table are an advanced, southern subspecies, the Sss'shah'haa, often foes to the White Cavemen.

Lost Dragonia Random Encounters

1d20	Backchannel Lands (1-4)	Central Highlands (1-3)	Inner Sea (1-3)	Ivory Coast (1 or 2)	Plains of Mist (1 or 2)
1	Sabre-tooth Tiger	Sabre-Tooth Tiger	Crab, Giant	Bones ³	Sabre-Tooth Tiger
2	Herd Animal	Sabre-Tooth Tiger	Crocodile, Giant	Sabre-Tooth Tiger	Sabre-Tooth Tiger
3	Leech, Giant	Grab Vines	Dragon Turtle	Sabre-Tooth Tiger	Sabre-Tooth Tiger
4	Lizard, Giant Draco	Herd Animal	Hawk, Giant	Grel'Sto-Lak	Herd Animal
5	Lizard Men	Herd Animal	Ichthyosaur	Herd Animal	Herd Animal
6	Mastodon	Herd Animal	Black Corsairs	Herd Animal	Herd Animal
7	Conquistadores	Man-Ape	Conquistadores	Mastodon	Herd Animal
8	Cavemen	Man-Ape	Corsairs	Mastodon	Man-Ape
9	Cavemen	Man-Ape	Cavemen	Mastodon	Mastodon
10	Cavemen	Man-Ape	Vikings ²	Mastodon	Mastodon
11	Mosquito, Giant	Mastodon	Mososaur	Conquistadores	Mastodon
12	Na'Sto-Lak	Conquistadores	NPC Party	Corsairs	Conquistadores
13	Na'Sto-Lak	Cavemen	Octopus, Giant	Cavemen	Cavemen
14	Na'Sto-Lak	Cavemen	Plesiosaur	Cavemen	Cavemen
15	Na'Sto-Lak	Mil'Sto-Lak	Plesiosaur	Cavemen	Cavemen
16	Quicksand ¹	Shaman	Shark (any)	Vikings ²	Sto-Lak
17	Sto-Lak	Sil'Sto-Lak	Squid, Giant	Ruined Villa ⁴	Sto-Lak
18	Sto-Lak	Sto-Lak	Ter'Sto-Lak	Shaman	Sto-Lak
19	Sto-Lak	Ter'Sto-Lak	Ter'Sto-Lak	Sto-Lak	Ter'Sto-Lak
20	Ter'Sto-Lak	Toksim (1607)	Whale (any)	Ter'Sto-Lak	Weasel, Giant

Notes

1. When quicksand is encountered, each party member and animal in the front rank must roll a d6; on a 1 or 2, they have stepped into it and must make a saving throw versus petrification or be caught. If the entire front rank succumbs, the second rank must check, and so on. Unless assisted by members of the party not entrapped, a handy spell or magic item comes to the rescue, or, perhaps, a vine or branch overreaches their location (1 in 6 chance), those caught sink into the quicksand in 10 rounds less one round per point by which the saving throw was failed (0 rounds and less meaning immediate sinking). Unless somehow saved within six rounds of sinking under (+/- Constitution modifier), victims of the quicksand will suffocate and die.

2. 10% chance the Vikings are led by Werewolves or Werebears (75/25)

3. Roll d12: 1-8, remains of 1d4 Mastodons, with a 50% chance that the tusks (two per, worth 2d4x100 gp each) have not been looted; 9, remains of a party of 4d10 Conquistadores, with a 50% chance the remains have not been looted; 10, remains of 3d10 Cavemen, with a 25% chance the remains have not been looted; 11, as 9 and 10, with a 75% chance the remains have not been looted; 12, Mastodons, Conquistadores, and Cavemen as

above all together, with a 90% chance the remains of the Men and Mastodons have not been looted.

4. Scattered around the Ivory Coast region west of the Ruined Fort in **1705** are dozens of ruined villas of Lost Dragonia. All have been torn down or crushed by vengeful Cavemen or the initial attack of the Great Woolly Mountain. Today they offer little more than shelter from rain and wind, though in most cases the wells are still good (85% chance), and in some cases there is still treasure hidden in some trove or lost cellar (2 in 6 chance of an unprotected hidden level-based treasure, roll d6: 1-3 1st level, 4 or 5 = 2nd/3rd level, 6 = 4th/5th level). Troves have a 10% chance per level of being trapped, usually a poisoned needle on the lock of a chest (+4 to the saving throw, due to ravages of time). If the encounter is east of **1705**, treat the encounter as with Bones, #3 above.

Note: Carnivores attack the big, juicy domestic horses, mules, donkeys, and camels of any party first, and if possible prefer to drag off their prey to eat later rather than to stick around and fight.

Gazeteer of Lost Dragonia

0106 A Megalodon regularly swims this area searching for food; it knows well that wooden ships are filled with tasty morsels!

0214 Four Plesiosaurs frolic and play in the sunny waters of a warm southerly current, feasting on large schools of fish.

0304 Mil'Brag Lar, Isle of Pygmy Mastodons is home to several herds of pint-sized (5 HD, 5' tall at the shoulder) cousins of the great beasts of the Plains of Mist. The followers of the Great Woolly Mountain consider this a holy place; a troop of guards from numerous different tribes is found in **0705**, ready with canoes (and intimate knowledge of the dangerous reefs and shoals around the island) to come to defend their charges.

0312 La Isla del Nuevo Dragonia is home to a small hamlet of survivors from Dragonia; 30 men, all fishermen, plus their 34 wives and 65 children subsist off what they can catch, as well as birds and their eggs found in the craggy hills along the southern edge of the isle. While all still wear the golden sun discs of the Sun King, they also sacrifice to the Thunder God at a black stone along the northern shore. As they have few remaining treasures, their wild-eyed shaman, **Verdrugo the Vile** (*Chaotic 4th level Shaman of the Thunder God*) has taken to sacrificing animals, and is considering trying a few human sacrifices to summon a Spawn of the Thunder God to his aid.

0403 A Skeleton of a Shaman of the Great Woolly Mountain lies upon a slab of stone; the skeleton wears a necklace made of saber-tooth and cave-bear claws and has a *magical stone spear +1* at its side.

0404 A herd of 17 Pygmy Mastodons with five young wander this hex.

0408 An Ichthyosaur hunts these waters.

0504 A herd of 28 Pygmy Mastodons with 12 young wander this hex.

0512 A Skeleton of a Shipwrecked Amazon rests in a natural shelter upon a small islet in the reef; the skeleton wears bronze helm, breastplate, bracers, and greaves, a bronze short sword, and a pouch filled with 12 gems (10 gp each). If disturbed, the noise attracts 1d3 Giant Crabs.

0603 A herd of eight Pygmy Mastodons with three young.

0607 A Hidden Camp at the Verge of the Beach and Plains is home to 17 White Cavemen (all middle-aged and experienced with 4 HD). These warriors, of mixed clans of the Ul'Dar-Gan, are survivors of the slavery of the villas of Dragonia. They lost their families and friends years ago and today maintain vigil on this lonely strand to guard against further Conquistador and other Outlander incursions. While they eschew the body armor of the invaders, they still use the steel swords and shields of their former masters though most are rusted and pitted from lack of proper care. They are led by **Sa-Gar the Old**, a grizzled shaman of the Great Woolly Mountain (*Neutral Ul'Dar-Gan 8th level Shaman of the Great Woolly Mountain, Spells: cure light wounds x2, purify food and drink, cause fear, bless, hold person, speak with animal, animal growth, bestow curse x2, confusion, cure serious wounds; wields a magical stone-tipped spear +1/+3 against Outlanders (i.e., non-natives), wears mastodon hide furs and a necklace made from the knucklebones and teeth of Conquistadores*). A glistening pile of coins and treasures from Conquistador victims stands upon a rock on the beach near the camp as a lure to greedy Outlanders; the trove is visible from well into the waters of the sea and far up and down the beach. The trove consists of 12,465 cp, 1,096 sp, 1,044 ep, two gems (100 gp each), and five pieces of jewelry (2x 200, 400, 700, and 1,100 gp).

0614 A Mosasaur swims the waters in this area.

0705 A Camp Upon the Highest Hill in the Area affords an excellent view of the surrounding countryside as well as far over the waters of the Inner Sea, especially over Mil'Brag-Lar, the Isle of Pygmy Mastodons, which is holy to followers of the Great Woolly Mountain. The relative lack of mists in this area is attributed to the will of the Great Woolly Mountain, in order that his followers may better watch over his children. 20 Ul'Dar-Gan White Cavemen (experienced, each with 3 HD) stand guard here, watching over the island and keeping it and its occupants unmolested by all non-believers. They are led by three 1st-level shamans under the leadership of **Mo-Gar, Son of Sa-Gar the Old (0607)** (*Neutral Ul'Dar-Gan 5th level Shaman of the Great Woolly Mountain, Spells: cure light wounds x2, cause fear, bless, hold person, speak with animal, bestow curse*). When interlopers are sighted the guardians quickly reach the rocky beach below, climbing down secret hand and foot grooves carved in the cliff wall. Below they have four long canoes, each capable of carrying eight men. Other than their weapons and a store of dried meat, nuts, and other foods, the guards have no treasure.

0708 The Ruins of Ciudad Dragonia fill the nearly-dried mouth of an ancient river bed, spilling over into the ridges and hills around. After a decade, most of the ruins are overgrown with vines and small shrubbery,

with trees spreading from parklands and saplings breaking through the streets. Here and there are recently burned sections of grass and bracken, spreading from the river district, where burning waters from the Ruined Abbey (0907) have washed ashore. Also scattered about the region are large, deep cracks and pits in the earth, results of the great battle and later encounters with **Grul-Dek, Spawn of the Thunder God (1109)**; near the river these rifts are filled with brackish water, floating and sometimes burning tar, and at times, green slime and other oozes. Those further from the river are usually very deep, and are filled with hungry giant vermin; these tunnels sometimes connect with the Great Underworld Caverns. The ruins themselves are home only to vermin (of normal and giant-size), packs of wild dogs, and such creatures as wander in off the nearby plains or wastes. Because of the powerful aura left here by the battle between the Thunder God, the Great Woolly Mountain, and the Butterfly Queen, other creatures tend to be drawn here. Wandering Encounters should be checked for every hour in the ruined city, and occur on a 1 in 6 chance. Roll 1d6; 1 or 2, the encounter is with some sort of giant vermin (rats, centipedes, spiders, etc.) or wild dogs; 3, roll on the Plains of Mist column; 4, roll on the Central Highlands column; 5 or 6, roll on the Ivory Coast column. Every day spent searching and digging through the ruins there is a 1% chance per 10 full-time diggers of finding a treasure trove. If a trove is discovered, roll on the Unguarded Treasure Table as indicated (d20): 1-10 = Level 1, 11-19 = Level 2/3, 20 = Roll d20 again, 1-10 = Level 4/5, 11-15 = Level 6/7, 16-20 = Level 8/9. Even after 10 years of looting, there still exist 643 such troves to find. Every time a trove is uncovered and looted, it has a percentage chance equal to the total rolled on the treasure table above (i.e., up to 40% chance) of attracting the attention of Grul-Dek, Spawn of the Thunder God, who arrives 1d4+1 hours later, bursting forth from the ground in a shower of molten earth.

0711 A Mosasaur and Plesiosaur are engaged in battle over the floating, bloated carcass of a Sperm Whale; the whale has a *magical bronze spear +1* sticking prominently out of its rotting topside.

0803 Mastodon Bones scattered around the area include 24 tusks each worth 2d4x100 gp; a full hour search in this hex has a 30% chance of yielding 1d6 tusks.

0901 A Ruined Viking Longship drifts randomly in an eddying current at this spot, slowly filling up with water. The mast is broken off at the base and is missing, as are all crew members save one. The rotting body of a Viking is impaled on the broken stump of the dragon's-head prow; careful observers will note that giant sucker wounds are found all over the body, from which the scale mail was obviously ripped most violently, taking

off one arm. Four sea chests remain; each contains sleeping furs, clothing, 1d6 days of iron rations, and a dagger, plus 1d6 rings each of copper and silver (each worth 10 coins of the metal type). One chest also contains two rings of gold, each worth 10 gp. Not immediately visible in the growing pool of water in the bottom is the steel head of a battle axe, broken off from its haft but quite useable if the haft is replaced.

0907 The Ruins of the Abbey and Town of San Domingo de Valdez encircle the last remaining wellspring for the once-great River Dragonia. The waters of the wellspring now burble forth boiling hot, due to damage incurred in the lands below during the ram-paging of the Thunder God. Every now and then (2 in 6 chance per day), a great cloud of stinking, noxious yellow-orange fumes belches forth from the spring, filling the ruins with noxious gas; simultaneously, burning, floating pitch fills the spring and floats down river, to burn grasses along the shore when the pitch strikes land. If caught within the cloud, the effect is as per a *cloudkill* spell throughout the ruins, lasting 1d6 turns. The ruins have rarely been looted or even visited, thus there remain 86 random treasure troves (as per Ciudad Dragonia, above). A 20 followed by a 20 on the roll indicates the party finds the crushed dome of the Great Cathedral, which was covered with a thousand pounds each of ivory and gold! The recoverable remnants include 460 pounds of ivory and 889 pounds of gold, each recoverable at one pound per turn per 10 laborers. The chance of catching the attention of Grul-Dek is half, rounded up, per trove found. Note that otherwise, random encounters in the area are rare, due to the noxious gasses; roll d12 rather than d6 when checking for wandering monsters.

0911 Kala-Kalo Lar, Isle of Fire and Smoke, is home to **six Flame Salamanders, five Fire Imps, two Fire Mephits, six Magma Mephits, and a 16 HD Fire Elemental**, who all live and play in the great pool of lava at the heart of the volcanic isle. When the Thunder God, the Great Woolly Mountain, and the Butterfly Queen battled here 10 years ago, they cracked the lands below and made an opening for the Great Magma God to come forth. This island, together with the Great Volcano (1109) and the Wastelands, result from the Great Magma God's incursion into the northern portion of the Great Island (normally the domain of his brother, the Great Ice God). The Chu'Chu bands native to this isle were incinerated when the volcano erupted with great and sudden force; the current inhabitants have no treasure, as no one has yet been foolish enough to approach the isle.

0912 Chu-Gan Lar, Forest Isle of the Chu'Chu Dwarf Cannibals, is home to the largest remaining concentration of these fierce and vile people. The main

settlement of Chu-Wyr is on the west coast (1012), though small family groups are spread all along the coast of the isle. The Chu'Chu are dwarf White Cavemen, *not* demihuman dwarves; males stand three feet tall at adulthood and females two feet, while all have very pale freckled skin, long blond or red dreadlocked hair, blue or hazel eyes, and filed teeth. They are armed with stone weapons and nets. Being dwarfs, the Chu'Chu have a +1 bonus to hit human-sized or larger targets (females also have a -1 penalty to damage, but gain a +1 bonus to DC). About every half-mile or so along the shores can be found a band of 1d4+4 adult male warriors, with an equal number of adult females and children more or less equal in numbers to adults combined. The band lives in shelters made of driftwood and tree boughs from the interior. Each band has one outrigger canoe, large enough for all the adult males, which is used for fishing and raiding; the Chu'Chu eat fish, shellfish, and game, but prefer the flesh of non-Chu'Chu humans (though when they lack foreign victims, weak Chu'Chu suffice). There are altogether 15 bands that live upon the shores outside the village, with a total of 94 warriors. Since the coming of the Conquistadores, the Chu'Chu like to take shiny coins as trophies of their kills; thus each band has an 80% chance of having 1d20 of each different type of coin kept in its primitive shelter. They also keep the skulls of their gustatory victims; these are piled in a great pyramid at the center of the island, along with the trophy coins of deceased Chu'Chu warriors (see 1012).

1003 Mastodon Bones scattered around the area include 22 tusks each worth 2d4x100 gp; a full hour search in this hex has a 30% chance of yielding 1d6 tusks.

1012 Chu-Wyr, Village of the Chu'Chu Cannibal Dwarfs, is home to 56 Chu'Chu regular adult male warriors (2 HD), 10 adult skilled warriors (4 HD), 68 adult females (1 HD), and 136 juveniles and young (1 HD). The villagers have 10 canoes for fishing and raiding. The Chu'Chu of the isle are led by **Ang'Ur-Chu the Canny** (*Chaotic*, 6 HD), who has sought to rebuild Chu'Chu power after the destruction of many clans by the Conquistadores of Dragonia decades ago. He commands the loyalty of all the clans and bands of the village and the isle, so can muster a total of 160 warriors. The chief lives in the overturned shell of a Conquistador warship, which rests upon a rocky promontory south of the village; his pile of coin trophies consists of 30 cp, 31 sp, 13 ep, 46 gp, and 16 pp, plus a *magical silver-plated suit of plate mail* +1, missing the helmet (see the shamaness' treasure, below). The village is nothing more than an agglomeration of many primitive driftwood and branch shelters, with a circle of six good-sized trees at the center, where captives are tied and tortured before being eaten (raw, and often while still alive and screaming). A path leads through the forest and up the slowly sloping hill; the path and the forest are guarded by **36 Animated**

Chu'Chu Skeletons (1/2 HD, each permanently *basted* as per the spell) armed with stone spears. Any random encounters will be with a party of six skeletons. At the center of the isle is an ancient and huge pyramid built of skulls, of the victims eaten by the Chu'Chu over long centuries. Interspersed among the skulls are many coins, the trophy coins of deceased Chu'Chu warriors. A one-turn search has a 90% chance of turning up 1d20 coins, each of random type. The Chu'Chu shamaness, the gnarled one-foot tall **Ki'Lar-Chu Shadow-Lover** (*Chaotic* 6th level Shaman of the Shadow King, *Dwarfism*: -2 damage, +2 DC, *Spells*: cure light wounds x2, cause fear, hold person, invisibility, mirror image, animate dead, baste), lives in a den hidden deep within the pyramid, riddled with secret passages that only a Chu'Chu (or halfling or very small, thin thief) could negotiate. If the pyramid is disturbed, she first sneaks her way to the village to get help, then returns to slay the defilers. She is armed with a *magical vampiric obsidian dagger* +2 (she heals hit points equal to half the damage dealt). She has lined her den with the skulls of her personal victims and a dozen interesting Outlander helms (one such being a *magical silver-plated full morion* +1), and covered her floor with 487 gp.

1013 Mala'Malo Ambo, Isle of the Exiles, is home to an exiled tribe of peoples from the far south. The Mala'Malo ("Smoky Fire and Burning Shadow") tribe broke away from their native confederation in the far south when they converted from the worship of the Great Magma God to reverence of Mala'Malo, a Greater Spawn of the Shadow King. When they arrived in this far-northern land five years ago, they slaughtered and feasted upon the warriors of the native Chu'Chu clan of the island, sacrificed the women and children, and settled in to stay. The Mala'Malo are descended from a mix of Brown and Black Cavemen, having a cinnamon-colored skin, reddish-black kinky hair, and tall, lean, fine features. Like the Chu'Chu, they are cannibals, though they eat only the flesh of enemy warriors, never their own. There are three hamlets and a village on the island (see 1213 for details on the village). The three hamlets are each home to 18+d6 adult male warriors (2 HD) plus a 4 HD sub-Chief, 20+d6 adult females (2 HD), and 50+2d12 juveniles and young (1 HD). There is a 20% chance that 1d6 female slaves (concubines) of other tribes and peoples are also present in each hamlet. The Mala'Malo live in mud and stone huts covered with driftwood and thatch; the rocky, hilly isle is covered mostly in tall grasses and scrub. The Mala'Malo live by fishing, hunting on the mainland (the isle being hunted clear of large game), the eggs of birds that nest on the isle, and raiding. Females and youths fish and gather eggs, while the men go on hunts and raids. Though they are cannibals and worship a most dire and dreadful power, the Mala'Malo are great family folk; they treasure their children above all else. Females wear shell jewelry, one great multi-looped necklace of pretty shells (1d4x

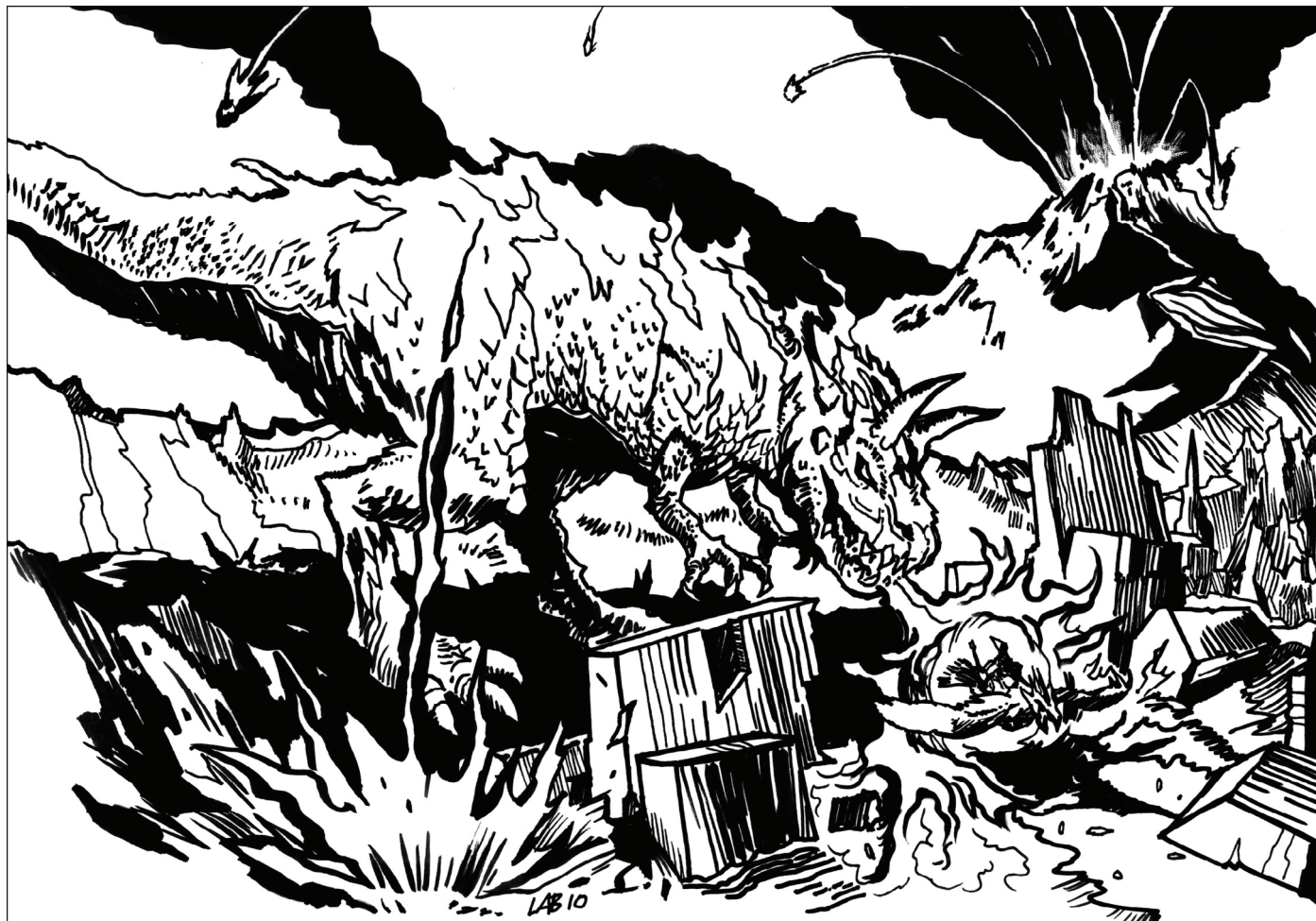
100 gp value) for each child she has birthed; mothers and maidens alike each wear anklets and bracelets of shells (1d4x1d4x10 gp value each). Once per month on the night of the New Moon each hamlet must provide a captive, or one of their own, to the shaman of Mala' Malo at the main village for sacrifice via immolation.

1104 An Ancient Viking Barrow, an obviously man-made structure, stands at the end of a rocky ridge facing the Ivory Coast. Built many centuries ago to hold the remains of a Viking Chief slain in battle with the native Cavemen, the barrow has long been held taboo by the natives, for it is home to the unquiet dead. A **Wight** (3 HD) resides within the 20-foot diameter chamber, seemingly slumbering upon a bed of ivory tusks. The Wight's treasure consists of 40 mastodon tusks (each 2d4x100 gp), 10 rings of copper worth 1 sp each, four silver bracelets worth 10 gp, six gold rings worth 10 gp, and a *magical sword* +2 (*charm person* 3/week), hanging in its rotted scabbard upon the belt of the Wight, which still wears rusted scale mail and a great horned helm.

1106 The Ruins of a Conquistador Fort stand atop a steep, 100' tall cliff. Split in two by the rise of the cliff during the terrible convulsions of the earth that accompanied the battle of the Elder Powers 10 years ago, half the fort lies in dried flinders at the bottom of the cliff.

The other half, a tall wooden palisade with several brick and log buildings providing shelter from the gritty winds of the wastelands, is often (4 in 6 chance) home to a wandering party of **4d4 U'Dar-Gan Hunters** (2 HD each with one 4 HD leader), a pride of **3d4 Sil'Sto-Laks** (Move 15", DC 4, 3 HD, Bite 1d4 and 2 Claws 1d3 each) or **1d4 Sabre-Tooth Tigers**. All avoid the smithy in the northwest corner, where the dying smith, gutted by a Caveman spear, spilled the last of his life's blood into his forge to call forth a great curse against all interlopers. The Great Magma God answered his cries by sending and binding a **Flame Salamander** to guard the smith's forge and body. The flame salamander will not leave the forge chamber, wherein superstitious Cavemen have thrown all the goods they found in the rest of the fort as offerings. Heaped willy-nilly in the smithy (and visible through the door and windows) is 1,498 sp, 111 ep, 680 gp, a *potion of poison*, *oil of slipperiness*, a *ring of invisibility*, a golden plate upon which is scribed a *charm monster* spell (acts as a scroll, requires both read languages and read magic, as it is written in an eldritch tongue of the Lizard Men), and a *wand of fireballs* with 18 charges.

1109 An'Gar-Dak Kal, the Great Volcano of Dragon-ia, is home to Grul-Dek, Lesser Spawn of the Thunder God, a 60-foot tall, 120-feet long Grel'Sto-Lak with flaming red skin, burning red eyes, and long sharp-pointed



horns. Born of the Thunder God's rage 10 years ago, Grul-Dek began life as a simple Grel'Sto-Lak who was caught in the incursion of the Great Magma God when the earth split below him where the volcano currently stands; answering his child's roars of rage at meeting his end in the burning lava, the Thunder God granted Grul-Dek a portion of his essence, that he might not only survive the heat and flames, but gain strength therefrom. Today Grul-Dek exists to ensure the ruins of Ciudad Dragonia remain just that. He has DC 0, HD 60, 279 hp, Move 24", and Bites for 12d6 points of damage or Gores for 12d8 points of damage. When facing a dozen or more man-sized opponents, he either tramples (+4 to hit, 5d8 damage) or breathes fire (50/50 chance of either). He can breathe a cone of fire 120' long and 40' wide that deals 20d8 points of damage (save for half damage) three times per day. So great is the heat of his body that any creature standing within 10 feet that is not immune to fire suffers 1d6 points of heat damage per round. He regenerates 3 hit points per round when resting in the lava pool of the Great Volcano, and 1 hit point per round when upon or within the blasted earth of the Wastelands. Grul-Dek is immune to fire and can burrow through earth, leaving behind a 30-foot wide tunnel; when he first bursts through, all within 360 feet suffer 6d6 points of damage (save for half damage) from flying globs and drops of molten earth. Like all Spawn of the Elder Powers, Grul-Dek is immune to any normal form of mortal mind-control, sleep, hold, charm, death, disintegrate, or similar effects, though there are relics (found elsewhere in the Isles and Elder Seas) that *might* control him. When Grul-Dek is enraged and en route to or in Ciudad Dragonia or the Abbey Ruins, the volcano erupts and billows smoke, such that any living thing within the hex suffers 1d6 points of damage per turn (save versus Dragon Breath for no damage, on a Natural 1, hit by great stone for 6d6 points of damage). He has no treasure, though the area is a nigh-endless trove of sharp black and red obsidian, of great value to the stone-wielding tribes of the Isles.

1110 The Steaming Seas under the Flaming Cliffs of the Great Volcano are home to **12 Steam Mephits**, led by a **10 HD Steam Mephit Chief**. Bastards born of the mindless interaction between the Great Magma God and the Great Ice God, they are loyal to neither, and look out for themselves. The Steam Mephit Chief, who is far more intelligent than the others, has taken the name Uuzi'Uulo and seeks to gain deific power through worship of mortal men. Thus far several foolish shamans have offered him treasures for favors, and a cave half-way up the 300' tall cliff, hidden by waves of heat and billows of steam from the falling runnels of lava, contains four pieces of jewelry (60, 300, 900, and 1,000 gp), a *potion of flying*, a *potion of human control*, a *magical sword* +1 (*light* 30' radius), and a *magical shield* +1 (of bronze, with an Amazon design upon the shield). If his existence

is endangered, Uuzi'Uulo will trade this treasure for his life and freedom.

1111 Chu'Muu Lar, Isle of the Red Flowers of Death, is home to the small Chu'Muu clan of the Chu'Chu (see **0912**), consisting of five bands totaling 34 adult male warriors, 35 adult females, and 70 juveniles and young. As there are few trees on the isle, the Chu'Muu live in caves reinforced with driftwood. The five bands only have three canoes remaining to them, and have no resources to build new ones. Thus their chief, **Nom'Umm-Chu Many-Teeth** (5 HD) seeks alliance with the other remaining Chu'Chu clans of the Ivory Isles. Ang'Ur-Chu the Canny is open to such negotiations, but most of the other tribes are still wary, remembering the internecine battles and feuds that preceded the coming of the Conquistadores. Since the Fall of Dragonia, the ash from the Great Volcano that killed all the trees of the isle blessed the Chu'Muu with a whole new plant: the Red Flowers of Death. These grow in piles of deep ash, and only upon this island. When the petals of the flowers are mashed into a paste with Sto-Lak blood and the paste insinuated into the bloodstream *via* a slashing or piercing weapon, the victim must make a saving throw versus Poison each round or suffer 1d6 points of fire and heat damage until he saves or dies. Each Chu'Muu canoe of warriors has a skull full of this paste, enough for 12 applications on a spear. They call it the **Blood of Grul-Dek**, after his fiery anguish; what they do not know is that if Grul-Dek is thusly poisoned and fails his saving throw, he will immediately thrash about in pain for 1d6 rounds, then explode in a great fireball, dealing 60d8 points of damage to all creatures and structures within 1,200 feet (save for half damage). As for other treasure, check as per standard Chu'Chu warriors (**0912**).

1112 The micro-islets of this reef are home to 27 Giant Crabs.

1210 The rocky 300' deep beach at the foot of the cliffs is home to 21 Giant Crabs.

1212 Kra-Nok Lar, Isle of Skulls, was once the center of worship for the Chu-Chu peoples. Today it is abandoned, for the Lesser Spawn of the Shadow King that resided here and was the focus of Chu'Chu worship was slain by Conquistador heroes 20 years ago. Nothing grows on the island to this day; it is a near featureless bar of sand and rock a little over a mile across. Featureless, save for the countless skulls and bones that cover almost every inch of rock and sand. These rise very gradually towards a nest-like formation at the center of the isle, a crater 300 feet across with sides of bone and skulls 50 feet tall. The bones of the Lesser Spawn, **Hree'Gho-La**, rest at the center of the crater where the beast fell; the jumble of massive bones topped with a Grel'Sto-Lak skull give little clue to the features it possessed when

animate. Amidst the jumble of bones, a great flaming sword stands and burns, its tip buried in the ground about where the heart of the beast would be, had it one. The blade has its name, *Quemador* (“The Burner”), riven in Iberoño upon its blade; the guard is a great disk of gold, inscribed with Iberoño prayers to the Sun King. The sword is a *magical sword +1, flame tongue* (and outside the magic-dampening Veil that bounds the Isles and Elder Seas, it is intelligent and far more potent, with a Motivation to Destroy Chaotic Beings). If this blade is removed from the ground and drawn from the bones, Hree’Gho-La begins to regenerate, 1 hp per turn, though it will not give the least sign of doing so nor rejoin its parts and re-animate fully and attack until it has at least 60 hp (which may be well after the interlopers have left the island). Hree’Gho-La’s full stats are DC -1, HD 20, 119 hp, Move 12”, Fly 24”, with a bite attack (6d6) and two claw attacks (6d6 points of damage each). Three times per day it may breathe a cone of death; save or die immediately, with flesh rotting off and reanimation as a skeleton in 1d6 rounds. If the save is made, the being is merely *slowed*, as per the spell, for 20 rounds. Any being of 4 HD or less who even sees Hree’Gho-La (once he is animated again) must make a saving throw or flee, as though under the effect of the *cause fear* spell, for 20 rounds. When animated, it appears as a 20-foot tall colossus made of various bones with a great Grel’Sto-Lak skull for a head, all knitted together with shadows that also form great bat wings. Once Hree’Gho-La is re-animated, loyal Chu’Chu shamans sense his return, and will return to the isle to offer sacrifices, and thereby gain great power. Unfortunately for foolish explorers, there is no treasure left on the isle; all was claimed by the heroes who defeated Hree’Gho-La.

1213 The Village of the Mala’Malo is home to 62 adult male warriors (2 HD), three sub-Chiefs (4 HD), **Great Chief Mulu’Nola** (7 HD, wields a *magical stone-tipped spear +1*), 77 adult females (2 HD), and 202 juveniles and young (1 HD). There are 25 female slaves (concubines) of other tribes and peoples. Their 60 mud and stone huts are built high upon the steep slope of a cove facing the east to the sea; the tribe’s 20 canoes are beached on the rocky, sandy shore below. At the peak of the cove is a great stone, into which stairs have been carved. Here, tied to a pillar of black stone, six sacrifices are immolated in the dark of the New Moon by the tribal shaman, **Mala’Mako** (*Chaotic Mala’Malo 7th level Shaman of Mala’Malo, Spells: cure light wounds x2, cause fear, darkness, hold person, resist fire x2, fire ball x2, wall of fire*) through the use of his *fire ball* spell; first, however, they are enveloped in magical *darkness*, that they know the terror of the dark. He has a *wand of fire balls* with 10+1d10 charges; it is fully recharged by his grim deity every New Moon when he uses his personal *fire ball* spell to immolate the sacrifices. All the treasure looted by the Mala’Malo on raids during the previous moon is also

sacrificed to Mala’Malo, though it is stored in a cave under the great sacrifice stone (here, too, lives the shaman): 3,840 sp, five gems (2x 10, 25, 50, and 75 gp), four pieces of jewelry (200, 2x 700, and 1,000 gp), a *ring of fire resistance*, and a *scroll of ward against undead*. The warrior who brings in the greatest value of treasure for the sacrifice each moon gains the ability to cast *darkness* once per day, each day, for the following moon. See **1013** for details on personal treasure of the women of the village.

1301 A Narwhal and a Great White Shark are engaged in battle.

1305 The Ruins of a Conquistador Fort stand atop a tall butte overlooking the plains between this ridge of hills and the Toklok Highlands to the south. A lone, long and winding ramp is the only passage up to the butte; the ramp is littered with the bones of Cavemen and Conquistadores, for the fort was destroyed at a great cost in life to both sides. All that remains of the burned structure, in which the dead are yet found in heaps, is the main gate, above which are crossed two huge mastodon tusks (each worth 1,000 gp). The weapons and armor of the dead Conquistadores are all rusted and ruined, though each hour of searching will turn up 1d10 gp worth of various coins (mostly copper and silver) from the pouches of the dead conquistadors, up to a total of 769 gp value in coins.

1311 Chu’Mor Lar, Isle of the Great Spear Tribe, is home to the Chu’Mor clan of the Chu’Chu (see **0912**), consisting of four bands totaling 26 adult male warriors, 23 adult females, and 49 juveniles and young. As there are few trees on the isle, the Chu’Mor live in caves reinforced with driftwood. The four bands each have a canoe. Their chief, **Hat’Chu-Mor Blood-Spear** (5 HD, *wields a magical stone-tipped spear +2*), was a great hero of the battles against the Conquistadors a generation ago; he forged this small tribe together from the remnants of several tribes after the Doom of Dragonia. As the Chu’Mor have been at the forefront of revenge-driven raids against Conquistadores and other non-Cavemen in the last 10 years, their numbers have steadily declined, though they remain fanatical to their cause. As a result, each warrior has 1d100 each of cp, sp, ep, and gp, plus 1d20 pp, as in this tribe, coin trophies are inherited by the man who kills the warrior who killed the Chu’Mor. Additionally, the silted-over and dry lagoon at the center of the isle is piled randomly with the armor, weapons, and other equipment looted from the victims of the Chu’Mor. At any one time, there will be 1d20-1 miscellaneous usable “modern” weapons of Conquistador, Corsair, or Viking types, as well as 1d8-1d4 random suits of armor in useable condition; after a month or two, the salt, seawater, and heat ruins most weapons and armor.

1312 Chu’Gor Lar, Isle of the Ugliest Clan, is home to the small, vicious, and heavily inbred Chu’Gor clan of the Chu’Chu (see **0912**), consisting of five bands totaling 33 adult male warriors, 32 adult females, and 60 juveniles and young. As the isle is fairly well forested, and the Chu’Gor are quite small, the Chu’Gor live in warrens carved amidst the roots of the trees. The five bands only have one canoe remaining to them, and have not the skill to build new ones; they brawl each morning for the honor of going fishing, hunting, or raiding with their one canoe. The tribe was considered odd by their fellows even before the coming of the Conquistadors; now they are considered vile even by their fellow Chu’Chu. Their chief, **Pah’Chu-Gor All-Father** (4 HD) is a horrifically lecherous monster among a clan of lecherous monsters. The Chu’Gor are thoroughly inbred, and all are hideously ugly, deformed, and very short even for Chu’Chu, males and females being but two feet tall. However, they are abnormally strong, and receive a +1 to damage. They also have weak intellect and will, suffering a -3 penalty on all saving throws against mind control and illusion effects (charm, suggestion, *phantasmal forces*, etc.) As they have but the one canoe, they rarely go on raids, and thus are very hungry for manflesh (other than weak Chu’Gor, of course).

1403 Mastodon Bones scattered around the area include 20 tusks each worth 2d4x100 gp; a full hour search in this hex has a 30% chance of yielding 1d6 tusks.

1409 Fortaleza Desafio is the last remaining permanent settlement of Conquistadores in Lost Dragonia. It is ruled with an iron fist by **Capitan-Gobernador Don Malévolo Hidalgo del Zegova** (*Chaotic Conquistador 9th level Warrior, magical plate mail +1 and magical shield +1, magical sword +1 flame tongue, potion of invulnerability*), who was driven mad during the Doom of Dragonia and is now paranoid of everyone and everything, save for his daughter. The only reason the fort and its people have not been destroyed is because of the efforts of his daughter, **Doña Luisa Hidalgo y Romanos del Dragonia** (*Chaotic 5th level Mage, Spells: charm person, sleep, invisibility, mirror image, lightning bolt; wand of illusion with nine charges, ring of animal command, potion of healing, Age 27, Charisma 17*) to preserve the status quo, mostly because she revels in the abject fear that the soldiers and peasants feel in her presence, for she holds over them the absolute power of life and death. The fortress was the only such built fully of stone, and withstood the Doom of Dragonia quite handily, being far from the city itself and off the path beaten by the Great Woolly Mountain. The large three-story keep, with an inner and outer bailey and four towers at each corner of each curtain wall, sits atop the veritable mother lode, a mine that produces gold, natural electrum, silver, fine grade iron, coal, and no few gems of middling value. **400 Peasants** (including a Milicia of 80 spearmen) live in the village

around the keep, tending to gardens, orchards of oranges and apples, vineyards, and terraced fields of grain; in winter and when not otherwise occupied on their lands they work in the mines. The **80 Well-Paid Soldiers of the Keep** (*Conquistador 1st level Warriors, all fully decked in fine steel plate mail and shield with sword and either light crossbow or spear*) guard the farmlands, mines, and keep from incursions of Sto-Laks, Sabre-Tooth Tigers, and other dangerous predators. They also supplement the settlement’s diet through weekly mastodon hunts. As all the settlement’s horses were eaten by predators long ago, the farmers use native Aurochs, captured and raised from birth, to plow their fields and pull their wagons. Attempts to train Mil’Sto-Laks as steeds, even from birth, have been disastrous and lethal. There are no true secondary leaders among the soldiers or peasantry; Luisa will not brook any threat to her absolute power. However, she is getting lonely, and a charismatic warrior-hero might turn her head at least for a while, until she imagines him (rightly or not) trying to usurp her power. The settlement regularly trades with the Corsairs of Skull Port (**1411**) so they have goods and news of the recent sort. The treasury, hidden deep in the mines in a secret chamber behind rows of coal bins, consists of 3,872 pounds of raw iron, 303 pounds of raw silver, 565 pounds of raw electrum, 515 pounds of raw gold, and 57 uncut gems (75 to 250 gp value when cut). They supplement their available funds with a little slave-taking from the local Ul’Dar-Gan tribes when the quarterly trade caravan makes its way to meet the Grinning Skull Corsairs at Sandy Beach (**1812**).

1410 The rocky 200’ deep beach at the foot of the cliffs is home to five Giant Crabs.

1410 Chu’Mar Lar, the Isle of Grinning Skulls, was once home to a large clan of Chu’Chu Dwarf Cannibals; every last man, woman, and child were slaughtered 14 years ago by Conquistadores from Dragonia. Following the Doom of Dragonia, a new clan of Corsairs set up a small trading post on the southern tip of the isle; the isle is otherwise left alone, save for gatherers of bird and Ter’Sto-Lak eggs. The Chu’Mar clan was known for collecting and polishing skulls, which they placed along the beaches of the isle as a warning to trespassers; thus the isle’s name.

1411 Skull Port, Home of the Grinning Skull Corsair Clan, formed from the dregs and outcasts of other Corsair clans. The clan is led by **Captain-Matriarch Trinidad O’Jones** (*Chaotic Corsair 8th level Warrior, studied leather armor, scimitar, dagger, two javelins, Age 32, Charisma 18*); like their leader, many of the sailors of the clan are female. This is regarded as unusual by the Corsairs, though female leadership is not unknown among the clans (even if most matriarchs are not also captains). The clan consists of 379 common sailors, twelve 4th level



Warriors, seven 5th level Warriors, and the **Captain-Matriarch's Magist, Beltrán the Black** (*Chaotic Conquistador 9th level Mage, Spells: charm person, floating disk, shield, magelock, invisibility, webs, fly, paralyze person, protection from missiles, charm monster, remove curse, cloudkill; philter of love, potion of gaseous form, ring of fire resistance, wand of cold with nine charges, bag of holding*). Beltrán has contacts among the Black Corsairs, who seek to turn the Grinning Skull clan to their cause. He has gained some influence over Trinidad, as she seeks the love of Doña Luisa of Fortaleza Desafío (1409), and has promised her a love potion if he gains ownership of one of the clan's galleys (which would make him a captain and give him a vote on the clan council). They have three small galleys and a dozen minor ships (mostly fishing boats); they sail a grinning crimson skull over a crimson scimitar on a white sail. The town is built atop a tall hill on a long spit of land; the wharves radiate out from the hill like the spokes of a wheel. The Captain-Matriarch's house at the top of the hill is built of stone and wood from wrecked ships; the rest of the buildings are of stone and drift-wood make, though infinitely better than anything the Chu'Chu ever built. The skulls left by the Chu'Mar to ward off trespassers have been integrated into the construction of the buildings, such that some seem built of nothing more than skulls and mortar. The **Crimson Skull & Scimitar**, the only inn in town, serves grog in cups made from these skulls. The population of the town is altogether

around 1,600, though as most of the time the ships are out raiding or trading, the number of regular residents is more like 1,200 (of these, 300 are militia quality, though armed with daggers, staffs, and clubs). The clan is made up of Old Blood Corsairs, Conquistadores, Vikings, Cavemen (Black, Brown, and White), a handful of Savages (a score each from the Yatyat Tribe and the Gaskohns Tribe), a dozen Man-Apes of Mholom-Ghuu (who insist on wearing their gold-plated plate mail even at sea), and a single Sss'shah'haa (Advanced Lizardman) named Red-Eye. The other two captains of the clan live in houses just beneath the Captain-Matriarch's; below these are the houses of the other officers, then the wealthier merchants and craftsmen, and finally the laborers, harlots, and hangers-on living in shanties or tents along the shore, between three large, well-guarded warehouse complexes.

1412 Ur'Chu Isle, said to be the original home of the Chu'Chu Dwarf Cannibals, is today a quiet, wild island, home to birds, Ter'Sto-Laks, giant rats, and a small hamlet of Grinning Skull Corsairs. The Corsairs are not here permanently; they have a few wharves on the western coast, beside which are facilities for raising and sculling and repairing their galleys. Great piles of seasoned lumber act as a wall of sorts for the half-dozen simple buildings in the clearing facing the wharves. As needed, an entire crew, with a few added craftsmen,

settles in to work on their ship for a week or a month. Otherwise, only **Salty Salvador** (*Neutral Corsair 3rd level Thief*) remains on the isle as a caretaker of sorts; mostly he stays here because he enjoys the peace and quiet. Besides his small fishing boat he has a keg of pipeweed, a scimitar, dagger, 1d20 each of cp, sp, and gp, and a hunting mastiff, **Pasqual**, who keeps away the rats; he lives off fish and birds eggs, wild nuts and berries, and the produce from a small garden.

1506 A Huge, Ancient Viking Barrow stands along the edge of the Toklok Highlands. Though half covered with thick vines and shrubs, and ancient (perhaps the oldest such barrow on the Ivory Coast), it is still obviously a man-made structure. Buried within 100' of the 50-foot tall barrow are scores of dead Vikings and U'Dar-Gan Cavemen from the first great battle between these peoples shortly after the Vikings arrived in the Isles of Ages. There is evidence of recent digging along the northern slope of the barrow; whatever the diggers found, they did not like, as the hole was resealed with a single large stone, hastily placed, upon which sits a golden Sun Disk of the Sun King (a holy symbol, worth 250 gp) as a seal of sorts against evil. Around the opening can be seen rusted picks, shovels, and other such tools, left in haste. If the tunnel is opened and followed down into the earth, it ends in a large 40' diameter chamber. The chamber is filled with the bones of hundreds of dead, and is the lair of **four Wights and a Wraith**. No treasure is evident, as it is buried 10 feet below the center of the floor of the barrow chamber, requiring 160 man hours of labor to uncover and bring out of the barrow: 280 stone javelin tips, 190 stone spear tips, 138 copper rings (1 sp each), 56 copper bracelets (10 sp each), four copper torcs (25 sp each), 52 silver rings (1 gp each), 24 silver bracelets (10 gp each), four silver torcs (25 gp each), 12 gold rings (10 gp each), two gold bracelets (100 gp each), one gold torc (250 gp), 12 mammoth tusks (2x 200, 2x 300, 500, 5x 600, and 2x 700 gp), a polished walrus tusk with a silver-inlay map of the Frost Maze (priceless), a *magical sword* +1/+2 *versus spell casters*, a *magical battle axe* +1, and a *magical shield* +3 (these last three items amidst a jumble of rusted and pitted swords, shields, and scale mail armor).

1607 The Lair of the Toklok Man-Apes and Home of Toksim, Last Scion of Dragonia is found in the rocky verdant hill from which springs the western branch of the Backchannel River. The Tokloks are a peaceful tribe of Man-Apes; they have very human eyes, forehead, cranium, hair upon their heads, and hands, with a very chimpanzee-like jaw structure and furry body with a very long and prehensile tail. Early during his exploration of the Ivory Horn, the Prince of Dragonia encountered these beings and befriended them. He declared their lands sacrosanct, and in return, they taught his followers about healing herbs and plants native to

the Horn. When Dragonia fell, the Prince sent forth his six-year old son and only child, Fernando, in the care of his most trusted guard, Francisco Lopez. Mortally injured during an encounter with rampaging White Cavemen slaves, Francisco fled to the highlands with young Fernando, and before dying gave him into the hands of the Tokloks for safety. Re-named Toksim by the Tokloks, Fernando grew tall and strong in the wild, steeped in the savage wisdom of the Toklok Man-Apes. The Tokloks are led by an old, gray-haired Toklok named **Tokmuk**, (*Lanful 6 HD Toklok with the abilities of a 6th level Shaman of Hlom-Ongah, speaks Toklok Man-Ape, U'Dar-Gan, and Corsair Patois*). There are 16 adult male Tokloks (3 HD), 19 adult females (2 HD), and 28 juveniles and young (1 HD) resident at the spring, while five times that number can be found wandering in the forests of the Central Highlands (usually singularly or in groups of 1d3+1). They wander the forested highlands, eating berries, fruits, roots, and wild vegetables; they rarely step foot on the ground, as they brachiate through the tree canopy using their great prehensile tails and arms. Toksim has also learned to travel through the canopy using vines and leaping from branch to branch. Though only 16 years of age, **Fernando/Toksim** is nearly man-grown at 6' tall, with a lean, wiry build and sun-bronzed skin (*Lanful Conquistador 4th level Warrior*); he is very intelligent, and speaks Iberoño, Toklok Man-Ape, U'Dar-Gan, Corsair Patois, and thanks to training with Tokmuk can speak with mammals at will. He remembers his childhood as though it were a dream. He knows of the Lost Treasure of Dragonia (**1908**) in the Temple above the Eastern Spring, but remembers that Francisco told him to await those who would come to help him reclaim his birthright. The local U'Dar-Gan White Cavemen know of Toksim; some loathe him for his Conquistador heritage, others are friendly. They know him as a great supporter of humans in general against the Lizardfolk of the south (off the map), and know that he is no friend of Capitan-Gobernador Malévolos or his daughter Luisa of Fortaleza Desafío (**1409**, note that they do not know who he is, but think him merely some feral child. If they knew his heritage, they would do everything in their power to capture him).

1705 A Ruined Fort of Dragonia, Stomped Flat by the Great Woolly Mountain in his Rage, remains visible amidst the tall grasses, as plants refuse to grow atop the ruins. Crumbled bricks and rotting flinders of great palisade logs are all that remains to be seen of the once mighty border fortress; here and there are small pits, dug by Conquistadores and Vikings, who looted the last crushed remnants of gold, silver, and other metals from the ruins several years ago.

1709 The Tar'Tan Clan of U'Dar-Gan White Cavemen camp in a small, grassy bowl amidst the rocky hills. The Tar'Tan have adopted use of cleared limbs to

hold up their hide tents, rather than mastodon bones, and pitch their camp in an orderly fashion designed with defense in mind. **30 warriors** (2 HD) are led by **Mo-Gar the Mighty** (Neutral 7 HD, magical *Sto-Lak* tooth-edged club +1, magical *Sabre-Tooth Tiger Skin* DC 3; speaks *Ul'Dar-Gan*, *Ibereño*, and *Corsair Patois*), a great hero of the battle against the Conquistadores of Dragonia. The warriors hunt in the fertile Backchannel Lands to the south, while their 35 women and 68 juveniles and young gather nuts, berries, eggs, and other provender from the nearby fields and forests. Mo-Gar is one of the few *Ul'Dar-Gan* to befriend the *Tokloks* and *Toksim*; he does not go out of his way to help them, but if asked, he comes to their aid, as *Toksim* rescued him from a patch of quicksand in the *Urt'War-Lan* two years ago, and last year rescued his mate and child from a *Grel'Sto-Lak*, so he owes *Toksim* several lives. Like most *Ul'Dar-Gan*, the *Tar'Tan* do not collect the accursed things the Conquistadores value; instead they destroy them on sight!

1803 Mastodon Bones scattered around the area include 32 tusks each worth 2d4x100 gp; a full hour search in this hex has a 30% chance of yielding 1d6 tusks.

1811 A Party of 70 Viking Warriors camps in a hollow in the southern hills. They have been here a few days, and are scouting out the best path to *Fortaleza Desafío*, which they hope to plunder, if not raze. The Viking leader, **Sven'Tor-Grim** (Neutral Viking 9th level Warrior, scale mail, shield, sword, spear, two gold rings (10 gp each), two gold bracelets (100 gp each), and gold torc (250 gp); Speaks *Viking*, *Ibereño*, *Corsair Patois*, and *Ul'Dar-Gan*) is more concerned with maintaining the integrity and numbers of his group than with a complete victory, so his plan is to attack in stages, continuing an attack only if each stage goes well. First, he plans to use the power of his shaman to slaughter many of the soldiers with controlled *Sto-Laks*; they then loot the bodies of the victims for armor and metal weapons, and after repeating sufficiently to arm all his men thus, attack the weakened forces of the fort and finish them. If things go poorly, a quick raid for slaves, fruits, and grains against the outlying farms might well be enough. He is at loggerheads with his shaman over the plan, however, as **Magne'Sto-Lak** (Chaotic 8th level Shaman of the Thunder God, Spells: *cure lighter wounds* x2, *cause fear*, *shielding*, *speak with animal* x3, *grow animal* x2, *curse*, *cure serious wounds*, *hallucinatory terrain*; wears breastplate



made of Gar-Lak hide that provides DC 4, wields a mace topped with a spiked Gar-Lak tail, silver torc (25 gp)) prefers quick, savage, all-out assaults, damning caution and well-laid plans...though he likes the part about commanding Sto-Laks to slaughter Conquistadores. Of the other 68 Warriors, 60 are 1st level, five are 3rd level, and three are 5th level; most are of mixed Viking-White Caveman blood. The 1st level Warriors wear leather armor, carry hide shields, and wield stone-tipped spears, stone hand-axes, and three stone-tipped javelins. The eight higher-level fighters wear a mix of metal armor and shields that provide DC 5, wield metal swords, battle-axes, and spears, and each carries a small horn. All the men carry sea-chests strapped as packs containing sleeping furs, clothing, a dagger (stone in the case of the lower-level warriors), and each 1d6 rings of copper and silver (the upper-level warriors each also having 1d6 bracelets of silver, 1d4 rings of gold, and a silver torc (25 gp)).

1812 A Viking Longship drawn up onto a Sandy Beach. The Vikings are camped in the hills several miles north (1811); only a handful of warriors remain here to guard the ship. The ship is drawn up far enough to avoid even the highest tides and waves at the worst of the Full Moon bridge rising. It stands next to a Corsair Obelisk, a 10' tall stone upon which a sailed ship has been carved. These obelisks are regular sites where Corsairs come to meet and trade with the native Cavemen; in this case, it is also the location where the Conquistadores of Fortaleza Desafio meet to trade with the Corsairs of Skull Port every three moons, at the Quarter Moon. The Vikings have put in here, hoping to find the fort and loot it, or at least, raid the surrounding farms for grain, fruits, and slaves. The ship guards consist of **Wo'Dan-Thor** (*Neutral 3rd level Warrior, scale mail and shield, sword and stone-tipped spear, three gold rings (10 gp each) and a silver torc (25 gp), speaks Viking and Corsair Patois*) and **four Vikings** (*Neutral 2nd level Warriors, scale mail and shield, stone-tipped spear*). They camp in the lee of the ship, using their sea chests for seats and sleeping on furs; each chest contains a mix of clothing and 2d4 days of iron rations. Sil'Par-Lak ribs roast above the crackling fire at the middle of the small camp. The other 70 men are at the northern camp. The longship is in good shape and well cared for; it seats 75 men, and has 70 oars, a removable canvas awning for storage and inclement weather, a dozen barrels for fresh water, four large fishing nets stowed in the stern, and an extra sail stowed in the prow.

1905 A family of seven adult Giant Sloths and four young browse the trees and shrubs of this copse.

1908 Hidden Temple of Hlom-Ongah and the Lost Treasure of Dragonia stand in a cave high above the burbling spring that feeds the eastern branch of the river that flows to the Backchannel Lands. A 240' tall and 120' diameter (at the base) conical prominence stands

high above the canopy, atop the tallest hill in the Toklok Highlands; from its peak, on a clear day, one can see far over the Ivory Isles into the Inner Sea. The spring debouches from a cave at the base; the shadows of the tall ceiling of the cave hide a passage, accessible only by a long climb, to a 30' diameter chamber, at the northeastern corner of which stands a 12' tall rough-hewn stone likeness of Hlom-Ongah, the Great Gray Ape, an Elder Power of the Isles of Ages and Elder Seas. He is seated in meditation, with his hands held out and together palms-up above his belly and crossed legs. A sword sits in his hands; the scabbard is jeweled (worth 1,000 gp) and bears the Royal Crest of Dragonia. The sword itself is a *magical sword +1 luck blade* with one wish remaining. Hidden behind the statue is a chest containing a gold-plated suit of Conquistador-style *magical plate mail +1*, complete with a gold-plated full morion bearing the Royal Crest of Dragonia. A sack in the morion contains twenty 500 gp gems. A hidden compartment in the bottom of the chest contains the Royal Charter of Dragonia, the Royal Signet Ring, and a book with the complete genealogy of the Royal Family down to the last member, Fernando, six years of age at the Doom of Dragonia. Opposite the statue is a small cairn, under which rest the bones of Francisco Lopez, the Companion of the Prince who brought Fernando hence. His armor and shield are rusted, but his trusty *magical sword +1* is as sharp as ever within its rotting scabbard.

1913 The Great Backchannel Swamp is a lowland area along the southern Plains of Mist hard on the edge of the Moon Bridge. Even when the Moon Bridge rises during the Full Moon, the lands of the swamp remain low, and thus fill quickly with the waters of the three rivers that drain into it. At such times it is a shallow lake. At all times, it is home to countless Na'Sto-Laks, the Sto-Laks and Sabre-Tooth Tigers that hunt them, Giant Mosquitoes (treat as per stirges), and countless birds and Ter'Sto-Laks feeding on normal and giant fish, frogs, and insects. Too, the land draws Cavemen from all around the region, as the hunting is very good... though it is all too easy for the hunter to become the hunted! As noted in the Backchannel Encounter Chart, above, quicksand is also a great danger for any travelers in the area, there being an additional 1 in 12 chance per day of an encounter with a pool of quicksand in a swamp hex in addition to any other random encounters.

2001 An Ancient Viking Barrow stands above a Sandy Beach facing the Cold North. This obviously man-made structure sticks out like a sore thumb on the verge between sandy beach and lonely flat plain. Long centuries ago, the floor of the barrow gave way and fell through the ceiling of a cavern immediately below. This cavern is connected to the sea by a long underground and underwater tunnel. The bodies and any undead guardians washed out into the depths, and since then the

barrow chamber, now merely a rim around the ceiling of the cavern below, has usually (5 in 6 chance each visit) been occupied by **1d6 Giant Crabs**. Excavators should get a good clue as to the potential circumstances when they open the stone barrow door and get a strong whiff of sea water and dead fish. The glowing lichen of the long tunnel now invades the 30' diameter burial chamber, and the whole has a very fey appearance. 1d6 rings each of copper, silver, and gold (1 sp, 1 gp, and 10 gp value, respectively) remain of the treasure, embedded in the walls, crusted over with salt and stone, each requiring 1d6 rounds to prize free. Any fighting within the barrow or digging for the rings or to find other treasure has a 1% cumulative chance per 10 rounds of collapsing the whole barrow down into the tunnel, dealing 6d20 points of damage to all within (no save).

2005 A Great Pleistocene Herd of 65 Aurochs and 21 young, 47 Wild Horses with 15 young, 33 Mastodons and 16 young, seven Woolly Rhinos and four young, and five Baluchitheriums and two young drink at the river crossing this patch of plains. Several males from each group are continually on watch for predators (including Men), ready to warn the group with their bellows and cries. The herd usually (5 in 6 chance) runs away from the predators, but sometimes runs en masse *toward* the predators, hoping to trample them into the dirt.

2108 The Kar'Gum Clan of Ul'Dar-Gan White Cavemen camp atop a small mesa amidst the rocky hills; the mesa is accessible only through a long cave at the base that winds its way up to debouch in a pit at the center of the butte. Rocky ridges along the edge of the mesa protect the camp from sight and winds; the Kar'Gum live in mastodon bone and hide dome tents scattered willy-nilly across the mesa. **22 warriors** (2 HD) are led by **Ol-Ham Great-Fang** (*Chaotic 4 HD, has very large jaw with very large canine teeth and can bite for 1d6 points of damage, speaks Ul'Dar-Gan and Corsair Patois*), a savage and brutal clan chief. The warriors split their time hunting in the fertile Backchannel Lands to the south or the Plains of Mist to the north, while their 25 women and 53 juveniles and young gather nuts, berries, eggs, and other provender from the nearby fields and forests. Ol-Ham is as likely to lead his warriors on a raid against other Ul'Dar-Gan as against Conquistadores; the Kar'Gum are not a popular clan, to say the least. The Kar'Gum are unusual among the Ul'Dar-Gan in that they collect, but do not use, the items of Outside World peoples, keeping them as trophies. Each of the 23 tents has a 10% chance of containing 1d4 weapons, a suit of metal armor, 1d100 random coins, or 1d4 other items of Conquistador, Corsair, Viking, or other foreign sort (check for each class of item). Ol-Ham's tent contains a sword, a dagger, a battle-axe, a suit of scale mail armor, 33 sp, 22 gp, a grappling hook, a shovel, and five iron spikes.

2112 Herd of 17 Grel'Par-Laks with 14 young

2114 Four Giant Crocodiles float in the river delta.

2204 The Tum'Rum Clan of Ul'Dar-Gan White Cavemen camp alongside a slow-flowing stream; their mastodon bone and hide domed tents are scattered along the northern shore of a good ford. **23 warriors** (2 HD) are led by **Lum-Go True-Speaker** (*Lanful 4 HD, wields a huge Grel'Sto-Lak tooth as a sword, speaks Ul'Dar-Gan, Iberoño, and Corsair Patois*), a peaceful and honorable clan chief. The warriors hunt the Plains of Mist, while their 27 women and 54 juveniles and young gather wild grains, bird eggs, fish, frogs and other provender from the nearby fields and marsh. Most of the Tum'Rum warriors are honorable like their leader, but the younger ones are hot-headed and often get into trouble, as they have a minor feud brewing with the Kar'Gum over a Kar'Gum girl who wants to be the mate of a young Tum'Rum warrior, though Ol-Ham has an old dislike for Lum-Go and so has not given his approval to the arrangement. If the young Tum'Rum warrior helps the girl run away, there may be war between the clans.

2211 A Great Mixed Na'Sto-Lak Herd is drinking and bathing on the north bank of the river, and consists of seven Grel'Par-Laks with four young, six Lar'Par-Laks with two young, 12 Mil'Par-Laks with four young, 24 Lar'Nor-Laks with eight young, a Grel'Gar-Lak, three Lar'Har-Laks with one young, and seven Lar'Tak-Laks with three young... plus two Aurochs cows with a young bull Aurochs! The crushed remnants of a Lar'Sto-Lak, who sought to take one of the Grel'Par-Lak young, can be found a mile north of the group, near the verge of the copse of trees; a pack of seven Sil'Sto-Laks feasts upon the remnants of their larger cousin.

2305 A herd of five Toxodons and three young swim and splash in the marshy river.

2306 A herd of 15 Mastodons with three young placidly munches on tall green grasses along the banks of the river. **An Ul'Dar-Gan shaman, Go-Zak of the Ul'Zar** (*Neutral Ul'Dar-Gan 5th level Shaman of the Great Woolly Mountain, club, Spells: cure light wounds, purify food and drink, remove fear, speak with animal x2, remove curse*) meditates among them. The Mastodons know him as a friend, and will come to his defense (and vice-versa).

2312 A hungry and canny Grel'Sto-Lak hunts in this area.

2313 A clan of eight Giant Beavers with three young are building a huge dam across the river in this hex.

2325 The Stalgarz Clan of Rholgarz White Cavemen camp stands atop a small hill at the verge of the Moon

Bridge; their aurochs-hide teepees are arranged in a circle for defense. **18 warriors** (2 HD) are led by **Tolztor Red-Beard** (*Lanful 6 HD, metal-tipped spear, magical Pak-Lak hide shield +1/+3 versus Sto-Laks; speaks Rholgarz and Corsair Patois*), a valiant and haunted clan chief. The warriors used to hunt the Plains of Mist far to the east, but after losing a clan feud they fled to the edge of their known world. Now, rather than hunting Aurochs on the plains, the warriors hunt Pak-Laks in the marshy areas while their 24 women and 46 juveniles and young gather wild rice, turtle eggs, fish, frogs and other provender from the nearby marsh; all work together to gather fish trapped in the pools that form when the Moon Bridge rises. The Stalgarz have only thus far encountered the Kar'Gum clan of the Ul'Dar-Gan, and so are not impressed with the honor and trustworthiness of their distant cousins. Fortunately, any crossing of the deep if slow Great Horn River is not an easy prospect, as there are no good fords in this region, so contact with the northern clans is usually minimal. Each Stalgarz clan warrior wears 1d8 Sto-Lak plumes (Tolztor wears 12), each plume being worth 1d6 gp.

2407 A pride of three Sabre-Tooth Tigers stalks the tall grasses, searching for prey.

2501 The Corsair Trading Post of Misty Bay stands on the verge between the sandy strand and the grassy plains, bordered on two sides by the River of Mist. Once thought to be a potential full clan settlement by younger, less wise captains, the Doom of Dragonia taught them all a harsh lesson, and so today the largest Corsair settlement actually on the mainland in this region remains a simple trading post. Built around a 40' tall Corsair Obelisk, the hamlet-sized trading post is surrounded by a wooden palisade of four walls, with a guard tower at each corner and two gates, one in the east facing the plains, the other in the west facing the sea. The walls are 20' tall, with a walk all along the inside, under which is piled many cords of driftwood for the cold winters. Each of the eight Corsair clans that regularly trade at Misty Bay has a large warehouse next to the seaside wall; these eight large buildings form the four blocks of the Seaside Quarter. The traders of Misty Bay deal mostly in ivory, furs, and Sto-Lak plumes, trading common goods worth coppers in the Outside World for items worth many gold pieces. They are (usually) wise enough to trade honorably with the Cavemen for ivory rather than hunt it or loot it themselves. The other three quarters are: the Barracks Quarter, filled with barracks for sailors; The Jig and Jug Quarter, filled with grog houses, brothels, a general store, the **Spuming Nooga Inn** (a low-class dive), trinket shops, a tattoo parlor, and pipeweed shops; and the Plainside Quarter, home to merchant houses, craftsmen shops and homes, several fine taverns, and the **Taut Sails Inn** (middle and upper-class). The strand between the post and the sea is home

to shanties and tents of drifters, harlots, broken men, and fishermen. In addition to **80 Guards** (1st level warriors armed with scale mail, shield, sword, and crossbow or spear), there are 200 or so men and women (and a couple dozen children, mostly orphans) resident in the trading post; when all eight of the wharves are full, this number can readily increase fivefold! The master of this small domain is **Senior Trader and Chairman Niccolo Jakes** (*Neutral Corsair 9th level Thief*), though his power is far from absolute, as he is merely first among equals of the eight-member Board of Traders (each of which is appointed by one of the clans who founded the post). Most general merchandise is available at the post, though at exorbitant prices: roll 1d6+4 to determine the multiplier to the base price from the book to determine the asking price!

2504 A Great Pleistocene Herd of 52 Aurochs and 17 young, 32 Wild Horses with seven young, 27 Mastodons and 12 young, three Woolly Rhinos and two young, a Baluchitherium, and a small herd of five Feral Horses descended from the steeds of Dragonia drink and frolic in the shallow waters of the stream in this hex. Several males from each group are continually on watch for predators (including Men), ready to warn the group with their bellows and cries. The herd usually (5 in 6 chance) runs away from the predators, but sometimes runs en masse *toward* the predators, hoping to trample them into the dirt.

2510 Herd of 14 Lar'Har-Laks with six young.

2514 Herd of nine Lar'Tak-Laks with four young. Ω

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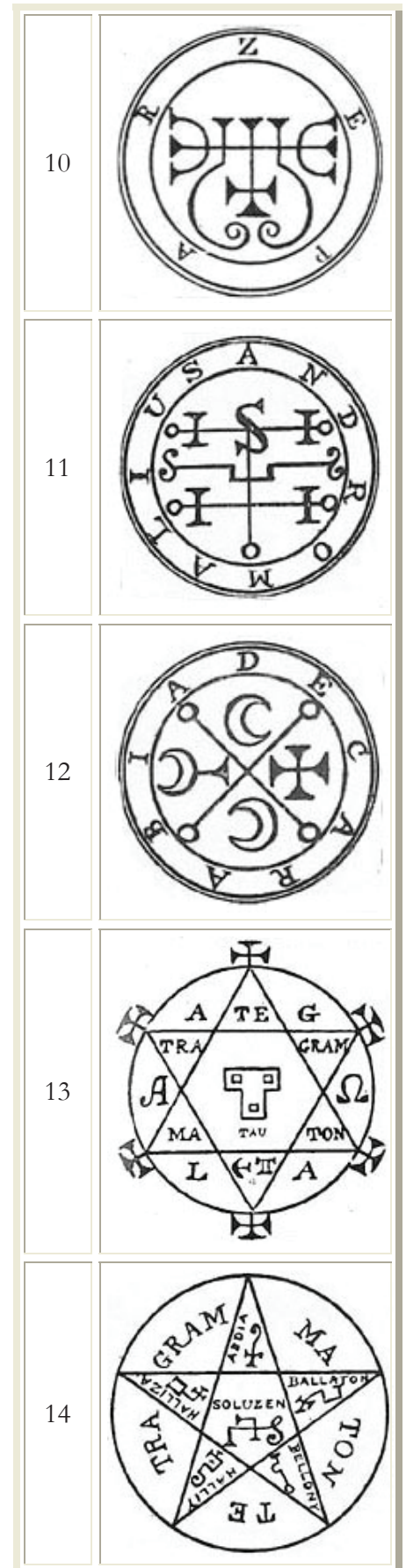
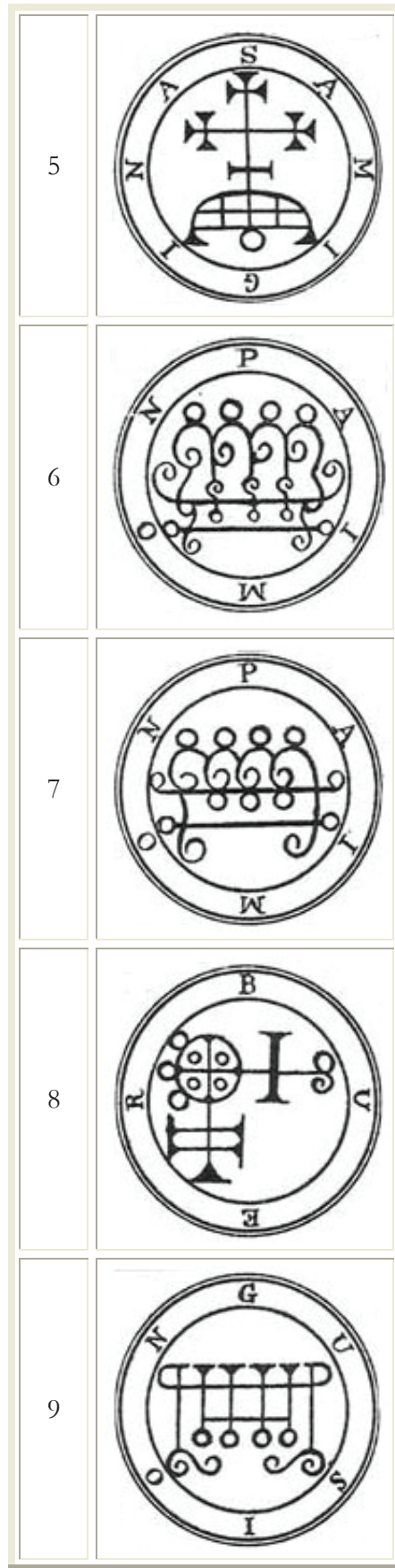
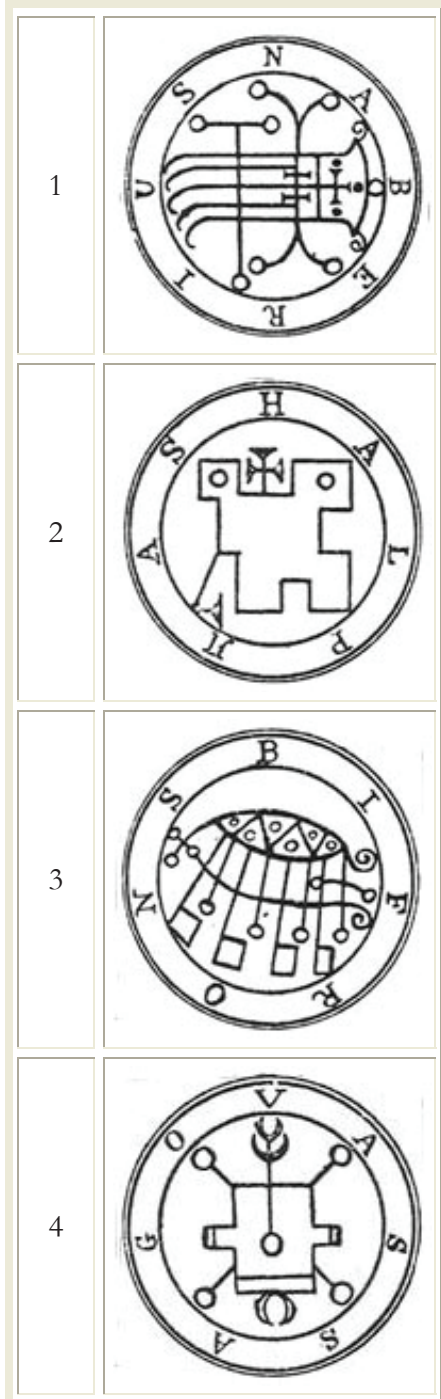
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Magic Symbols (d24)



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Combining Magic Potions (d12)

1	The potions explode
2	The potions create a cloud of deadly gas
3	The potions create a cloud of poisonous, but most

	likely not fatal, gas
4	Neither potion has any effect
5-6	One potion (randomly determine which one) has its normal effect, the other has no effect
7-8	Both potions have half their normal effect
9-10	Both potions have their full normal effect
11	One potion (randomly determine which one) has no effect, the other has twice its normal effect
12	Combining the potions makes a new effect, which is not the effect of either potion

Medical Treatments (d12)

1	Roll d6: 1-2 starvation; 3-4 all-water diet; 5-6 bread and water (or rice and water) diet
2	Roll d6: 1-2 prayer; 3-4 fasting; 5-6 prayer and fasting
3	Leeches
4	Surgery
5	Having a dog lick the wound
6	A broth of herbs
7	Making a sacrifice
8	Making a doll and magically transferring the ailment to it
9	Bleeding
10	Finding the enemy who has cursed you
11	A pilgrimage
12	Random spell component

Weird Treasure Containers (d40)

by Telecanter

1	submersed in a barrel of brine
2	in a dimensional pocket visible from only one direction
3	as parcels, each piece, including coins, individually wrapped in silk
4	sewn inside a limbless, headless, mummified torso
5	suspended in the air from long bamboo poles, each individual piece on a separate pole
6	completely encased by an insect hive
7	in a tapered coffer carved from a giant tusk
8	completely encased in mineral deposits
9	completely encased in amber
10	in a Japanese style puzzle box
11	enclosed in a bag woven from hair
12	inside the hollow brass figure of a common animal
13	inside a carved, giant nut
14	completely encased in tar
15	in a bag sewn from the whole hide of a humanoid
16	inside a living shellfish
17	fashioned into a moving automaton
18	arranged on the floor as a treasure map
19	arranged on the floor encoding a rare spell
20	in a coffer fashioned from platemail welded together by lightning
21	bricked up in a small shrine
22	sealed inside clay spheres
23	fashioned into windchimes
24	rolled up in a musty carpet
25	stacked precariously around a deep hole
26	sealed in sheets of crimped lead
27	arrayed the petrified statues of the original owners
28	sealed in a clear glass sphere
29	in a cage constructed of bones
30	hidden in wooden dolls arranged in dioramas
31	in a continuously writhing clump of worms
32	levitating
33	strapped to the backs of several monkeys trained to evade
34	in a coffer carved from a giant oak burl
35	wrapped in a parcel of fresh, green leaves that sting and numb bare flesh
36	encased in a cube of wax
37	in the chitinous husk of a giant insect
38	floating on crystal rafts in a pool of acid
39	bound together in a clump with platinum wire
40	<i>just</i> tossed into a fire

Moldvay-esque Adventure Helper (d20)

by Michael David, Jr.

1	A portal opens to a random elemental plane: Roll d6: 1 Earth, 2 Air, 3 Fire, 4 Water, 5 Elemental Blend, 6 GM-created Elemental Plane.
2	The Wild Hunt attacks! 1d3 Hounds and assorted beasts per player.
3	Anachronistic devices added to treasure-troves.
4	Strange prophetic dreams begin for the most intelligent player in the party. They can be useful, terrifying, or both.
5	The vehicle the characters are traveling in is intelligent or a transforming robot.
6	A portal to the Plane of Shadow opens! Roll d6: 1 terrifying visions, 2 players take cold damage (GM choice how much), 3 1d6 Shadows attack, 4 Shadow maelstrom – everyone sucked into the Plane of Shadows!, 5 Random PC haunted by a Schattendoppleganger; 6 Nothing, just some trippy descriptive passages
7	Ghouls attack! 1d6 Ghouls attack the party.
8	Random famous historical or fictional character interacts with the PCs.
9	Different versions of a creature or character meet and fight!
10	Genre mash. Think gun slinging orcs, cyborg elves, biotech dungeons, and/or haunted graveyards in a post apocalyptic city.
11	Portal to a parallel earth opens! GM Choice where it leads. Nazis are probably involved.
12	A mysterious benefactor and/or adversary chooses PCs as their representatives in a grand conflict.
13	Random gates littered through the campaign world.
14	A portal to the Realms of the Gods opens. Roll d12 for Mythos: 1 Greco Roman, 2 Egyptian, 3 Chinese, 4 Japanese, 5 Babylonian/Sumerian, 6 Celtic, 7 American, 8 Voudoun (the Loas), 9 Lesser known Earth pantheon, 10 Animal/Plant/Elemental Lords, 11 Lovecraftian (Not Good), 12 GM Invented Pantheon or Neutral Ground.
15	Portal opens that leads to a planet across the galaxy
16	Suddenly, dinosaurs attack! A whole bunch.
17	All or part of the scenario is a tribute/homage to a popular book, movie or TV show.
18	Take every monster book in your RPG collection. Pick 5-15 (2d6+3) monsters and sprinkle them throughout the scenario however you can.
19	Portal to a world based on a fictional setting opens. This can be an exact simulation of the setting, or one that is darker or lighter than the actual setting.
20	GMs choice – but choose the weirdest setup or event you can possibly think of.

Dungeon Modules

plug-in underground locale by Geoffrey O. Dale

Toll Bridge Across an Underground Chasm: Deep in the underground is a chasm at least 2000' high, 4000' long, and more than 350' across. An arched dungeon passage approaches the chasm from either side, connected by a simple arched stone bridge. Adventurers are prevented from using the bridge at either end by a heavy iron portcullis, found in the lowered position (weight 1600 pounds, bar spacing too narrow for a Halfling or Gnome to slip through, magically-hardened, requires 500 points of damage to break through and bend bars only works at half normal chances (round down)). A lit green-glass lantern hangs on from a hook on the right wall, a twenty-inch brass bell hangs from a monkey-shaped wall bracket attached to the left wall with a black rope pull-cord, and a two-inch wide metal (speaker) grille is set into the left wall, 5' from the floor (the pipe goes down to the Cave Room beneath the passage).

In front of each portcullis the passage roof slopes upwards 15-20' to an iron-barred window (10' wide by 22" tall) set in front of, and above, the portcullis. Behind the window is a rectangular room, the Troll Booth, 35' wide by 30' deep by 16' tall; a similar window looks out from the Booth on the chasm side of the room (a red 'burning' glow is seen reflected in the window). The room is furnished with rough wood tables with chairs, a cot, a barrel of beer, and contains a winch mechanism for the portcullis below; a 30-pound iron rod through the floor acts as a lock to prevent raising the portcullis (cannot 'pick the lock' to raise the portcullis). The room also holds two cauldrons on a flaming charcoal bed, one filled with mutton stew, the other filled with bubbling oil – a spigot leads to one-inch murder holes in the floor designed to spray oil on adventurers trying to break down the portcullis (1d12 damage/round for 1d12+3 rounds or until cleaned off). A 1' square door is set into the Booth's floor in front of the portcullis, through which the occupants lower a collection plate by rope. In addition to common furnishings, the Treasure in this room includes: an iron strongbox (-10% pick lock) holding 1d12+44 gp, bullseye lantern with three oil flasks, six pewter mugs, a silver goblet (28 sp), a large guitar, a large fiddle and bow, a silver-bladed dirk, three vials of Holy Water, two smoke bombs (1d12+4 rounds), a long-handled war hammer, two cavalry bows, two quivers of arrows (x20), and a scroll (*lightning, cause blindness*).

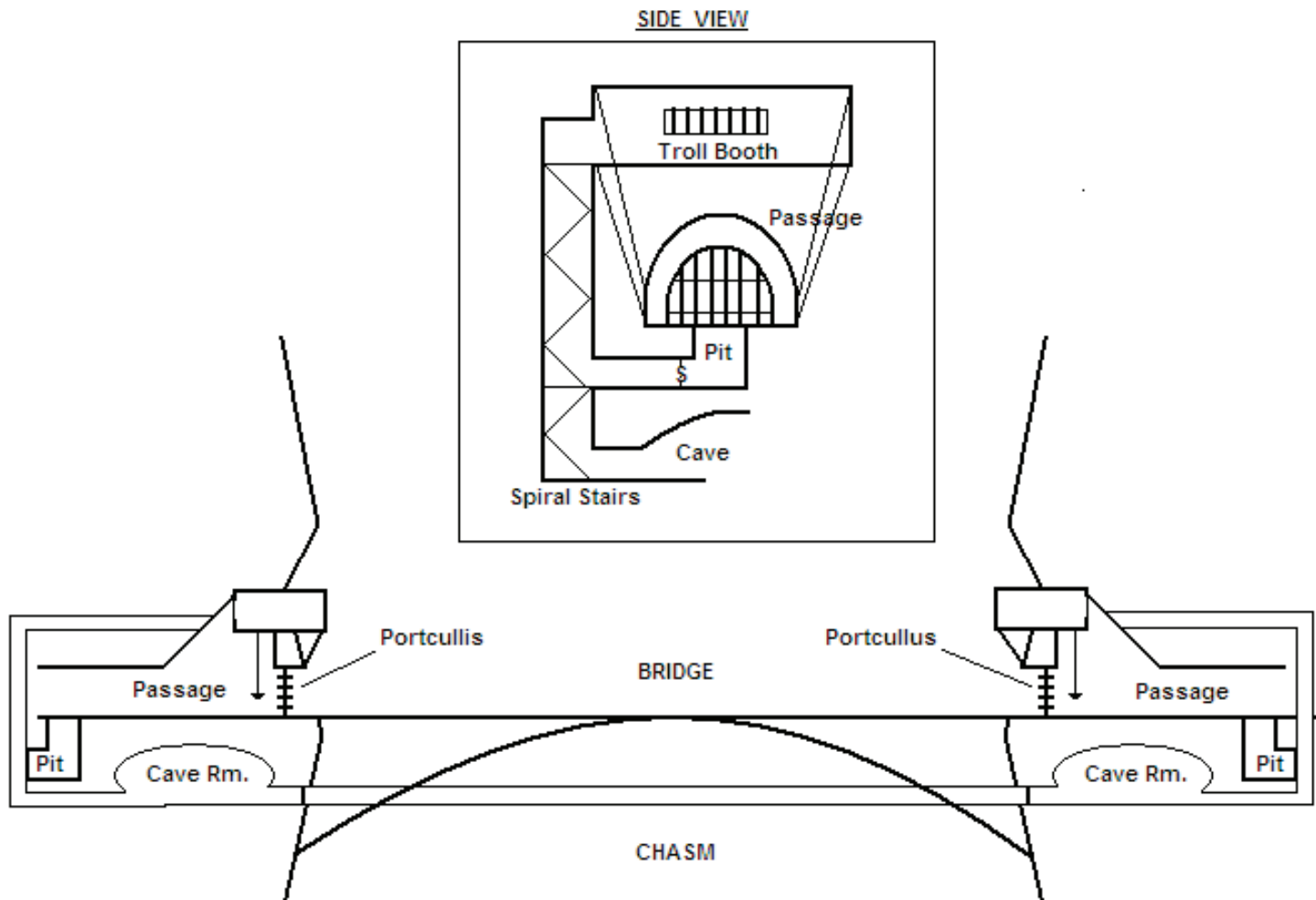
The complex is staffed by four Berg Trolls, the brothers Georg, Arkory, Serfonnik, and Teliurn, along with two Ogres (Hromnoc and Rymagsson) and five Bugbears (Cimree, Nejton, Feller, Azgra, and Isizwar). Berg Trolls



are about a foot taller than regular trolls (+1 HD), with dark grey skin and six fingers and toes, and usually dress in shabby short-sleeved woolen tunics with leather belts and boots; other than that all creatures are as normal. A Troll is always in each Troll Booth; determine the initial location of each remaining individual using 1d100:

01-12	Away from Bridge, returns in d20*10 minutes
13-25	In the near Troll Booth
26-46	In the far Troll Booth
47-75	In Cave Room One (50% asleep)
76-95	In Cave Room Two (33.3% asleep)
96-98	On the Lower Bridge
99-00	On the Upper Bridge

When adventurers pay the bridge toll (2 gp/person, or somewhat more if the adventurers look or act loaded, but generally at the high end of reasonable), the near portcullis is raised to allow access to the Bridge then lowered behind them, and the Booth occupant signals the booth at the opposite end to open the far portcullis. The bridge is 14' wide without railing or wall. Winds in the chasm blow violently up or downwards, changing unpredictably; adventurers may be swept into the chasm unless they make some kind of dexterity/agility/dragon breath check. There is also a 1 in 8 chance of a random encounter on the bridge (see Chasm Encounter Table).



Chasm Encounter Table (d20)

1	Armorpeckers (1d10)
2	Bats, Giant (1d2)
3	Bats, Spectral (1d6)
4	Bats, Vampire (1d10)
5	Bees, Huge (1d20)
6	Birds, Spitting (1d4)
7	Birds, Stinging (1d6)
8	Birds, Wolf (1d3)
9	Flies, Scorpion (2d12)
10	Fungus Flies, Giant (3d20)
11	Gargoyles (2d20)
12	Ghost Moths (d20)
13	Harazon (1d6)
14	Harpies (1d20)
15	Monkeys, Flying Medusa (1d12)
16	Petradons (1d10)
17	Snakes, Winged (1d8)
18	Unicorns, Winged (1d4)
19	Vultures, Giant (1d10)
20	Wyverns (1d3)

The **Troll Booth** over each portcullis is reached from a horizontal tunnel, 7' wide by 12' tall that extends to a vertical metal spiral staircase; this stair connects the elevation of the Booth to a horizontal tunnel parallel to and below the dungeon passage; this lower tunnel connects to a Cave Room. The stair also connects to a secret door in the side wall at the bottom of a 20' deep pit (8' by 9') located up-tunnel of the portcullis; finding this door takes a substantial penalty (-1/6, -4/20, -20%) and picking its lock is at -35%. The pit wall has recessed handholds to allow the trolls, ogre, and bugbears to climb in/out. It takes five minutes to travel from a Cave Room to the associated Troll Booth.

Each Cave Room has a sturdy wood/metal door with iron hardware and keyhole between the cave and the chasm; these doors are found closed and locked (-20% to pick). The two Cave Rooms are connected by a 10' wide sub-bridge parallel to the main span, located 45' below; the sub-bridge is made of thick wood planks and has a wood ceiling 14' high (no sides walls; there is no physical connection to the main span above). **Cave Room One** is an oval room 45' long by 22' wide by 18' high, and contains six long cots with blankets, two square wood tables, three barrels of beer, five wood chairs, an old couch covered by a sheet, two tall stools, and a garbage barrel. Six wood chests rest against the

south wall, all with brass keyholes and hardware (found locked, -15% to pick; four are covered by linen cloths); together the chests contain: a selection of clothing sized for Trolls and Ogres, 458 cp, 302 sp, 237 gp, two rubies (8930 gp, 13,025 gp), four cats' eyes (each 1d100*1d12 gp), seven white pearls (each 1d20*1d100 gp), a piece of topaz (572 gp), five pieces of polished jade (each 1d100*1d100 gp), a long-stemmed ivory pipe (3218 gp), a short sword, a heavy mace, a morning star, ogre-sized leather armor +3, troll-sized studded leather gauntlets, a sword belt with scabbard, a troll-sized open +2 *Helm of Water Breathing*, a troll-sized black shirt (*Plate Mail Clothing*), a *Dart of Ice*, *David's Sling of Giant-Slaying*, ogre-sized *Boots of Spider Walking*, a *Cloak of Delusion*, troll-sized black leather *Shocking Gloves*, a silver *Charm against Inebriation*, *Pipes of Rat Charming*, *Salve of Animation*, *Tonic of Disease Reversal* x2, *Potion of Greater Healing*, *Potion of Invisibility*, *Physic of Lycanthropy* (Bear), *Pipeweed of Calm* x2, a *Shapeshifting Potion* (Giant Rat), and a platinum *Ring of Disease Immunity*. Three torches in wall brackets are lit and six are unlit. An 8' diameter well filled with cold water is located at the room's center.

Cave Room Two is a rectangular room 38' by 19' wide by 21' high, and contains six long cots with blankets, two square wood tables, a barrel of water, a barrel of mead, six wood chairs, a stuffed recliner, two padded benches, an upright mirror, and an iron stove; also in the room is two open vats of coal, and ten crates of various foodstuffs (enough for 150 trail ration meals). Five wood chests are against the north wall (for the Bugbears) with brass keyholes and hardware; three of the chests are found open (-10% to pick the locked ones); together the chests contain: a variety of Bugbear clothes, 310 cp, 106 sp, 41 gp, four emeralds (each 3d100*10 gp), a diamond (11,500 gp), three short swords (one is +1 *Mage Scourge*), two dirks in scabbards, two throwing stars, a light mace, a steel cap, an open-face helm, studded-leather gauntlets, a switchblade, two flint/steel sets, two flasks of oil, 10 trail rations, four QT canteens, four 40-pound backpacks, 100' good rope, 20 iron spikes, *Bracers of Webcasting*, *Gloves of Curse Handling*, four *Arrows of Exploding*, a *Blanket of Heat*, a *Cloak of the Night*, a *False Warning Stone*, a vial of *Elven Death Dust*, a *Physic of Armorskin* +12, a *Potion of Giant Strength*, a *Physic of Mind Control*, a set of *Dwarven Lockpicks*, a *Skeleton Doorknob*, and a *Bag of Thief Grabbing*. Three torches in wall brackets are lit and six are unlit.

Ogres and bugbears slain can be replaced over time. If adventurers kill off all the Berg Trolls, though, the next time they visit the area a permanent *wall of stone* completely blocks the passage at one end of the Upper Bridge, and the shell of the Lower Bridge is found burned (75% to break under PCs as they try to cross, possibly more than once). Ω

Hobgoblin Halls

hamlet and swampy environs by Joshua Mackay

Hobgoblin Halls is a village that formed around a ruined estate in the middle of a temperate swamp. The most notable feature of the swamp is the fact that it regularly regurgitates *residuum*, a kind of magical essence. This has created a small 'residuum rush' around these ruins. Almost 100 wanderers, thrill-seekers, merchants, and adventurers make a permanent home in the Halls. The town elects a mayor and sheriff, although the length of their stay in office depends on how popular they are. The only generally agreed-on law here is that murderers and claim jumpers hang. There is no town militia, but most of the inhabitants of Hobgoblins Halls have been in and out of many tight scrapes, and will defend their holdings from wanderers and monsters alike.

Aside from the crumbling manse, the two most important buildings in town are the Leaky Roof Tavern and the Seeker's Temple. The Leaky Roof acts as bar, brothel, general store, and inn for the community, and although it doesn't do any of those things well, it also doesn't have any competition. The Seeker's Refuge is not so much a temple as a ramshackle combination of idols, bones, carved messages, and benches. The rotting central estate around which Hobgoblin Halls is built consists of two gigantic wings in a sprawling, multi-floor gothic style. Years of neglect has made the interior of this ancient mansion just as 'wild' as the swamp around the town, with Hobgoblin Halls a belt of something vaguely resembling civilization in between, although the Leaky Roof is connected to and uses one of the old kitchens in the manor through a broken outer wall. A noose stands at the entrance to the mansion grounds, serving as a grim reminder of local justice. Some prominent NPCs in Hobgoblin Halls include:

Mister Samuels, proprietor of the Leaky Roof. Samuels is a round and crook-nosed man who, by virtue of being the first to set up shop, had his choice of location. This causes no shortage of resentment, but Samuels is somewhat immune to backlash, as he is the only person in town who seems able to reliably procure supplies, especially foodstuffs, for the Halls.

Lady Reverend Faulkner tends to the shrines in the Seeker's Temple as best she can, surviving on what donations the locals can afford her. Faulkner is in her mid-30's, with a haggard face and dark skin. Although she is one of the few women in camp, she is not pestered or bothered by the lonely men, leading some to say that she works dark magic among the shrines when no one can see her. She is the only thing approaching a saw-bones and apothecary in Hobgoblin Halls, though, and

Eudora looks out for her, so like Mr. Samuels she doesn't take as much trouble from such rumors as she might.

The current Mayor is **Welty**, a short taciturn man who looks more like a bookkeeper than a mayor. His job is to manage the system of claims and counter-claims that the prospectors have worked out amongst themselves, and to represent the interests of the workers, merchants, and camp followers against those of the prospectors. Although Welty was originally selected as a wet-behind-the-ears paper-pusher, he has developed considerable backbone since taking office. No one knows if he will last long, but he's currently making Hobgoblin Halls a better place with his good judgment.

The Sheriff is **Eudora**, a short slim woman with a hangman's scar across her neck and other scars and brands across her face and scalp. Her right hand has been amputated, and tattoos cover her left hand and arm. Everyone can see that she has been branded a thief, murderer, and liar and as a result, they tend to keep a wide berth of her and try not to offend her. For her part she seldom interferes in the affairs of the Prospectors unless women or children are involved. She is tough as iron, of course, and fits a punch-dagger over her stump in a fight.

Behind the Temple a graveyard begins and does not end. A few recent graves near the town belong to prospectors and camp followers, but after those the freshest tomb-

stones date to a little over a hundred years ago, with the oldest discernible death over five hundred, and many more illegible stones that appear to be older still. Like the swamp, the graveyard is damp and dangerous. Sudden sink holes open up without warning, and it is obvious in places that there was an extensive catacomb system in place here at one time. While the catacombs are no longer entirely passable, sections of them may be, and regardless their contents are constantly being uncovered: dead bodies often drift out to settle in unlikely locations in the swamp. Many prospectors supplement their residuum take with grave robbing.

Beyond all this is the swamp itself. Sometimes called "Skull Swamp" due to the bodies mentioned above, white oak, cottonwood, and black willow are the most common trees here. The water is brackish and flows in no discernible direction. Relatively peaceful by day, the swamp comes alive at night with the sounds of dangerous animals and prospectors harvesting residuum. Will'o'Wispes are common in the swamp, and they tend to float right above residuum springs, marking the sites where fortunes might be made. Unfortunately, these springs feed numerous magical ecologies: mutant swamp beasts, elementals, fey, and reanimated dead from the graveyard being their most common participants. And who knows how far beneath ruins, graveyard, and swamp this menagerie goes, or what other mysteries might dwell deep beneath Hobgoblin Halls? Ω



THE SHRINE THAT GLITTERED

0° Compatible

**Swords
& Wizardry**

Labyrinth Lord
Compatible Product



Combat Level 5+



Many spellcasting monsters

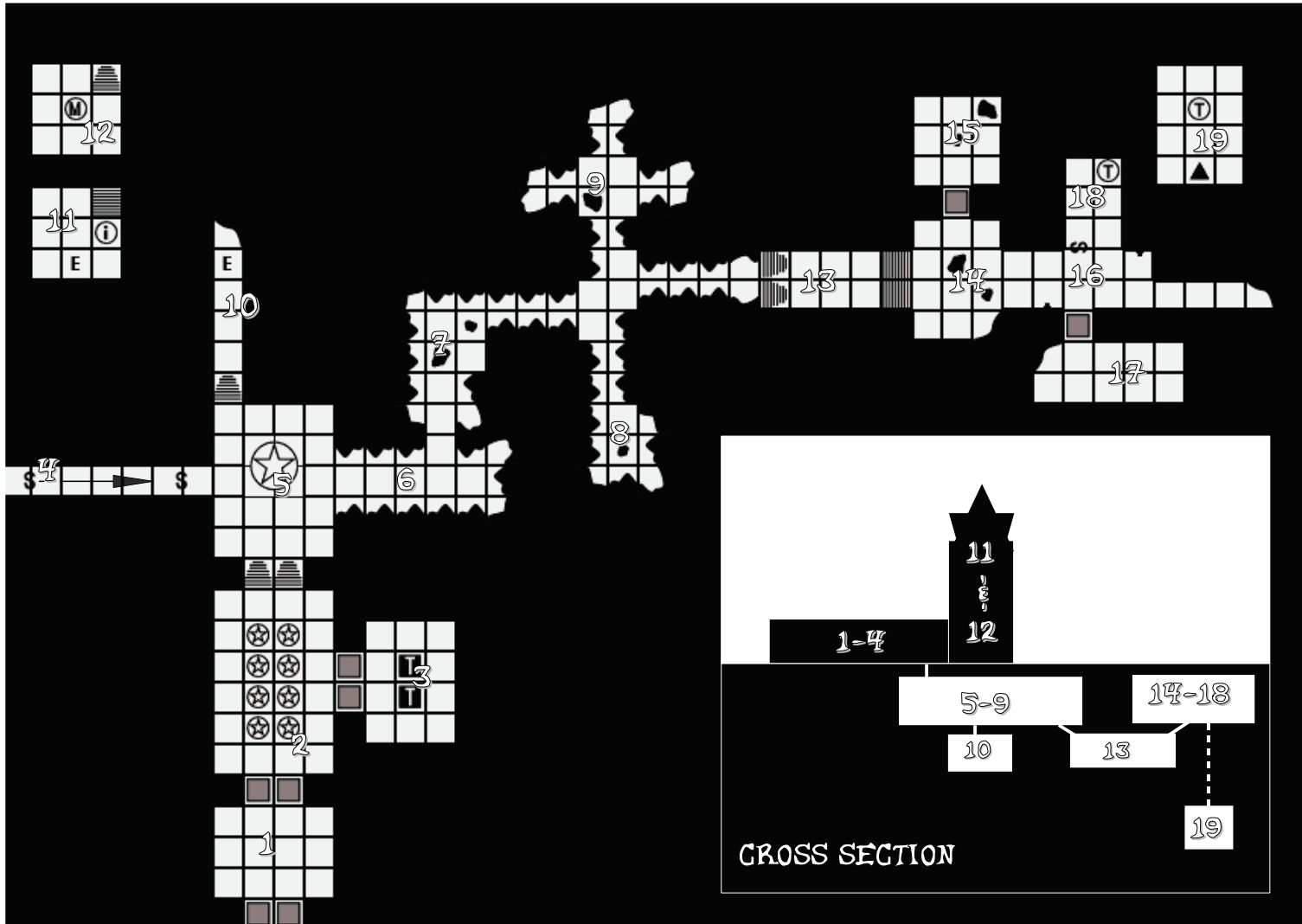


Secret areas

Map & text by Patrice Crespy

<http://kaiserkabuki.blogspot.com>

Pics by Y. Zogg



BLURB

Sparkling like a beacon in the frozen light, the nameless shrine glitters all over the rift, its gem-studded ivory walls sheltering splendors from another age. Equally famous are the chilling tales of its dwellers, forbidden simian prowlers intent on slavery and cunning deceit. There's glory to be won, fortunes to be heaped and death to be met into the fray. Will you stand fast against the horrors of the Shrine That Glittered? Time will tell.

WHERE?

The Shrine That Glittered is a Lost World Sword & Sorcery styled adventure. It involves a probably extinct civilization, fiendish cavemen slavers and a few monsters from another time or dimension. Set it somewhere really cold and remote on your campaign map if you use any or just play it as is if you don't.

START

It's been ages that you were looking for a path to the glacier below in the snowy recesses of the rift. At long last, you've found it in the rear of a cave and delved your way to its glazing fields of ice. Right in the middle, the shrine glistens like hell, almost beckoning you. Its main building, a stern rectangle of ivory, stretches over 120 feet upon the ice, tiny arched slits lining its flat roof at regular intervals. A slender tower looms 90 feet above its hindmost part, thousands of glassy beads and gems on its surface reflecting the sunlight miles and miles away.

If you have a hard time setting *The Shrine That Glittered* in motion, consider the following hooks: the player characters might be Neanderthals if you're playing *The Shrine That Glittered* as a one-shot adventure and creating new characters, or they may be greedy scoundrels following an old and tattered map. They're perhaps fleeing something big, a Frost Giant for instance, or adventurers exploring a science fantasy setting such as the one you find in **Mutant Future**.

WANDERING MONSTERS

Encounter occurs 1 in 1d6, check each turn.

1. Cavemen raid (2d6 **Neanderthal Cavemen**)
2. 2d6 **Giant Albino Rats**
3. 1d4+1 shackled & insane **Bugbears**
4. 1 **Elder Gargoyle**
5. 2d4 **Morlocks**
6. 1 **Morlock Savant** & 1d3+1 **Morlocks**
7. 1d4+1 **Morlocks** with 1d3 Neanderthal Cavemen slaves
8. 1 **Mutant Medusae**

1. CAVEMEN RAID

Neanderthal cavemen are raiding the shrine. Their purpose is perhaps to rescue their enslaved kindred or to kill the morlock savants in an attempt to win a decisive victory upon their enemies. Though of benign disposition in general, they are on a war raid and might consider the player characters as foes as well if approached without caution.

NEANDERTHAL CAVEMEN

Armor class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 9 each
Attacks: Stone axe (1d8+1)
Saving Throw: 16/F1
Special: None
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 7
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

2. GIANT ALBINO RATS

Morlocks use giant albino rats as pets. Some of them are scuttling on their own in the shrine. They never attack morlocks.

STATEMENT OF INTENT

This adventure is intentionally vague and sketchy. Its background details are scant and distilled all over the text tiny bit after tiny bit. Sometimes, there's a clue to the background in a word, a name or a piece of description but don't expect much more than this. This adventure is yours to master and to weave together. You won't find detailed read-aloud descriptions either — except for the START section —, leaving the monsters, the locations, and the items to be as you imagine them on the spot. As you'll see a bit later, for instance, there are morlocks in this adventure. What are the morlocks like? Are they crossbreds of humans and apes barely able to mutter a few words? Blind wildmen scouring the shade with leather drums? Twisted fighters from another age all about curved swords thin as needles, mental powers and marble-like armor? Where do they come from? Now read on, and begin the game with START, sooner or later, they're going to take shape before your very eyes.

GIANT ALBINO RATS

Armor class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 6 each
Attacks: Bite (1d4+1)
Saving Throw: 17/F1
Special: Disease 5%
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 8
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Giant albino rats have darkvision 60' (infravision 60' if you use the **Labyrinth Lord** rules). The effects of the disease are decided by the Referee.

3. BUGBEARS

These insane bugbears seem on the run and still wear their shackles. Are they traitors, slaves used for experiments by the morlock savants or captured enemies from a nearby tribe? Are they really on the run or is this a trap?

BUGBEARS

Armor class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 3+1
Hit Points: 14 each

Attacks: Bite (2d4)
Saving Throw: 14/F3
Special: Surprise opponents on a 1-3
Move: 9 – 90' (30')
Morale: 9
Challenge Level/XP: 3/120

4. ELDER GARGOYLE

Gargoyles of the elder seem like the statues found in various areas of the shrine. They look like ivory or alabaster and are studded with gems. The gems crumble to useless dust as soon as they are taken away.

ELDER GARGOYLE

Armor class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 4+4
Hit Points: 19
Attacks: 1 claw (1d3), 1 sword (1d8), 1 bite (1d4), 1 horn (1d6)
Saving Throw: 13/F8
Special: Flight, immune to non-magic weapons
Move: 9 – 90' (30')/Flight 15 – 150' (50')
Morale: 11
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

5. MORLOCKS

They might be morlocks from the shrine itself moving from area to area on a patrol, emissaries coming from another cave network, or religious adepts on their way to a ceremony.

MORLOCKS

Armor class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 6 each
Attacks: Spear (1d6)
Saving Throw: 17/F1
Special: Darkvision 90' (infravision 90'), -2 in daylight
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 9
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

6. MORLOCK SAVANT & MORLOCKS

Morlocks escort one of their witch doctor savant. They have a +2 morale bonus when defending her.

MORLOCK SAVANT

Armor class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 24
Attacks: Sword (1d8)
Saving Throw: 13/F3
Special: Darkvision 90' (infravision 90'), -2 in daylight, spellcasting (see below), spell turning (see below)
Move: 12 – 120' (40')

Morale: 11
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Morlock savants cast spells as a 3rd level character. In addition, any spell (other than a wand or other item) directly aimed at them is partially reflected back at the caster. Roll a percentile dice to see how much of the spell's power bounces back. The exact determination of what happens is up to the referee. This morlock savant can cast the following spells: *hold portal*, *shield*, *invisibility*.

Use the stat blocks of the morlocks above for her escort.

7. MORLOCKS & NEANDERTHAL SLAVES

A morlock expedition brings Neanderthal cavemen slaves to the shrine. If a fight breaks, the cavemen may cower in fear or join the assault. Use the stat blocks of the morlocks above for the slavers and the stat blocks you find under the **Wandering Monsters #1** key for the cavemen, except that they have no weapon and inflict only 1 hp damage when they attack with their bare fists.

8. MUTANT MEDUSAE

This medusea is unlike any other. Does she come from another time or dimension? Is she lost or searching for something precise in the shrine precincts? Furthermore, she can change her appearance to look like a normal female human. Is she transformed when the players characters meet her or under her true fiendish guise? What does she want? Whatever it is, she's up to no good.

MUTANT MEDUSAE

Armor class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 29
Attacks: Hammer, war (1d4+1/1d6 if you use the **Labyrinth Lord** rules)
Saving Throw: 12/F5
Special: Change self, poisonous extra attack, ray attack
Move: 9 – 90' (30')
Morale: 8
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

In addition to the mutant medusae war hammer attack, her snake-like hair make one attack per round, causing no damage but poisoning their victim with a successful hit (saving throw applies), the victim dying after 1 turn. Instead of these both attacks, the mutant medusae can cast rays of fiery purple radiance with her eyes three times a day. These rays covers everything in a line 5 ft wide and 30 ft long and inflict 2d6 damage. The mutant medusae can assume the shape of a normal female human in 2 rounds at will.

SHRINE KEY

The shrine is constructed of ivory-like smooth stone. Large slabs of black stone make for doors inside. When closed, a combined efforts of 26 strength points and a turn of efforts are necessary to push them aside. Secret doors are mere holes covered by a stony surface akin to the walls. Areas are all pitch dark unless stated otherwise. Areas 1-4 encompass the whole surface-level building.

1. FRONT ENTRANCE

This arched entrance isn't guarded nor occupied except at some hours of the night when morlocks from nearby tribes come to offer flesh, slaves and riches to the shrine. Combine **Wandering Monsters** #5 and #6 keys to simulate this meeting if it fits your needs. The walls of the room are lined with four smooth obsidian thrones. The third throne is still imbued with residual elder magic and begins to *levitate* at 5' off the ground whenever a character sits inside.

2. STATUES HALLWAY

Eight bugbears guard the temple and the offerings vault from this room. They keep metal cases of gray powder in their bags and use it to coat their skin, weapons, and armor when they hear intruders with a bit of advance, making them look like statues.

BUGBEARS (8)

Armor class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 3+1
Hit Points: 14 each
Attacks: Bite (2d4)
Saving Throw: 14/F3
Special: Surprise opponents on a 1-3 (1-5 when using the powder)
Move: 9 – 90' (30')
Morale: 9
Challenge Level/XP: 3/120

GRAYSTONE POWDER

The bugbears have 10 doses of graystone powder. When using the powder on a stone background, a character gains +2 bonus to surprise his opponents.

3. OFFERINGS VAULT

Offerings of morlock devotees are scattered in this room: cloaks and rugs of silvery fur, heavy bronze coins, small flint statues, a dozen rough uncut turquoises and a bone scroll case. One of the cloaks is actually a blood mimic. In addition, the middle of the room is trapped with a potent gas. The gas causes sleep, hilarious fits, confusion or berserker rage at the Referee's appreciation. The scroll case is trapped with a poisoned needle and holds a treasure map.

BLOOD MIMIC

Armor class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 27
Attacks: Paralysis
Saving Throw: 12/F3
Special: Drain blood (2d6)
Move: 2 – 20' (5')
Morale: 11
Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Blood mimics are able to assume the shape of any piece of clothing like a dress or a cloak. Once donned, they attack with a paralyzing touch and begin draining their victim's blood every round. They redden as they slowly bloat themselves while feeding.

SILVERY FURS

These furs can be sold 800gp to a trader.

HEAVY BRONZE COINS

Bronze coins are worth 1gp each but they weight ten times as much. There are 500 coins in the vault.

SMALL FLINT STATUES

There are 9 statues cut in gross hybrid shapes. Each statue is worth 10gp.

ROUGH UN CUT TURQUOISES

Turquoises are worth 75gp each. Once properly cut, their value doubles.

TREASURE MAP

The map leads to a small treasure in a lair located on the upper slopes of the glacier. The treasure contains a *ring of fire resistance*, a *+1 flaming sword* and 2,000gp worth of reddened silver helms. The lair is about frost salamanders, a young white dragon and ice-carved tunnels. The map describes it as *The Coldflame Aerie*.

4. SECRET PASSAGE

The morlocks haven't found this secret passage. While slanted, icy, and crumbling, one can walk it down safely upon 2' wide ledges up to another secret door leading directly into the temple below.

Areas 5-9 extend below the surface level. The temple (5) is constructed as the rest of the shrine is but the areas 6-9 have been dug later by the morlocks in earlier rubble, connecting the temple to the most secret wards of the shrine. Unlike the rest of the shrine, these areas are damp caves carved in rough granite stone. They are utterly dark as well.

5. TEMPLE

Roll twice for wandering monsters. A large gem-studded gargoyle of alabaster stands at the end of the temple hall, facing the entrance. The statue is actually an elder gargoyle frozen in time. It doesn't wake if barely touched, but wakes when someone tries to take one of the gems or directly attacks it. Any noise attracts the monstrosly huge rats from area #7.

ELDER GARGOYLE

Armor class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 4+4
Hit Points: 36
Attacks: 1 claw (1d3), 1 sword (1d8), 1 bite (1d4), 1 horn (1d6)
Saving Throw: 13/F8
Special: Flight, immune to non-magic weapons
Move: 9 – 90' (30')/Flight 15 — 150' (50')
Morale: 11
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

6. RUSSET CAVE

The walls of this cave are covered with a russet slightly glowing mold. The mold is edible, albeit extremely sour and is one of the main components of *plant control* potions. Sold to the right person, this patch might be worth as much as 500gp. Once scraped from the wall, the mold still glows for 1 month.

7. MUSKY CAVE

A couple of monstrosly huge albino rats live in this cave. They obey morlocks.

MONSTROUSLY HUGE ALBINO RATS (2)

Armor class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 25 each
Attacks: 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d6)
Saving Throw: 14/F3
Special: Disease 5%
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 9
Challenge Level/XP: 4/240

Monstrosly huge albino rats have darkvision 60' (infravision 60' if you use the Labyrinth Lord rules). The effects of the disease are decided by the Referee.

8. SLAVE PENS

Morlock slaves are shackled to the walls of this cave. They include 6 Neanderthal cavemen, a renegade bugbear and a half-eaten dwarf.

NEANDERTHAL CAVEMEN (6)

Armor class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 3 each
Attacks: Fists (1)

Saving Throw: 16/F1
Special: None
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 4
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

RENEGADE BUGBEAR

Armor class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 3+1
Hit Points: 7
Attacks: Bite (2d4)
Saving Throw: 14/F3
Special: Surprise opponents on a 1-3
Move: 9 – 90' (30')
Morale: 6
Challenge Level/XP: 3/120

HALF-EATEN DWARF

Armor class: 9 [10]
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 1
Attacks: Fists (1)
Saving Throw: 17/D1
Special: Detects attribute of stonework
Move: 6 – 60' (20')
Morale: 3
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

9. OVERSEER'S CAVE

Five morlocks and a morlock savant live in this room, keeping watch upon the slave pens. The side caves are lined with furs and antique rugs. There's a silver chest under the rugs of the western one.

MORLOCKS (5)

Armor class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 8 each
Attacks: Sword (1d8)
Saving Throw: 17/F1
Special: Darkvision 90' (infravision 90'), -2 in daylight
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 9
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

MORLOCK SAVANT

Armor class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 27
Attacks: Sword (1d8)
Saving Throw: 13/F3
Special: Darkvision 90' (infravision 90'), -2 in daylight, spellcasting (see below), spell turning
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 11
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

This morlock savant can cast the following spells: *cure light wounds*, *detect magic*, *mirror image*. He wears a glass-like dark and shiny pointed *helm of reading magic and languages* crafted by the elders. Morlocks have a +2 morale bonus when defending the savant.

SILVER CHEST

The chest itself is worth 500gp. It contains four small malachite necklaces worth 25gp each.

10. CIRCULAR SHAFT

A flight of stone stairs leads from the temple to this dead-end rubble corridor. A 10' wide circular pattern of glyphs is hidden in the dust just before the corridor ends. A shaft matching its size and shape directly opens in the ceiling above, leading to the tower landing. Whenever a character standing in the circular pattern concentrates and wishes to go up, the shaft allows him to *levitate* as by the spell. This spell-like effects stops when the character leaves the shaft. From the landing, one can use the shaft's magic to *levitate* safely to the ground.

11. TOWER LANDING

When the player characters step inside this stern elder-styled landing, they trigger the illusion of an elder priestess. She "runs" into the stairs, looking at the shaft in terror. The illusion dissolves as soon as it reaches the area #12.

12. TOWER, UPPER FLOOR

A black rock monolith adorned with tiny sparkling skulls stands at the middle of this room. Two morlock savants circle around, mumbling enthralling prayers. The savants are able to channel the monolith's energy and to summon 1 crippling shadow every round when cooperating. While doing so, the savants cannot attempt any other action. The shadows always fight on the savants' side.

MORLOCK SAVANTS (2)

Armor class: 6 [13]

Hit Dice: 4

Hit Points: 15 each

Attacks: Sword (1d8)

Saving Throw: 13/F3

Special: Darkvision 90' (infravision 90'), -2 in daylight, spellcasting (see below), spell turning

Move: 12 – 120' (40')

Morale: 11

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

The first morlock savant can cast the following spells: *magic missile*, *slow*. The second morlock savant can cast the following spells: *charm person*, *shield*, *silence 15' radius*. These morlock savants cast spells as a 5th level character.

CRIPPLING SHADOWS

Armor class: 7 [12]

Hit Dice: 3+3

Hit Points: 16 each

Attacks: Touch (1d4 + Dex drain)

Saving Throw: 14/F2

Special: Drain 1 Dex with hit, immune to non-magical weapons, immune to *charm* and *sleep*, surprise opponents on 1-5

Move: 12 – 120' (40')

Morale: 12

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

One of the smallest skulls is magical and may be detached from the monolith and worn as a brooch or medallion. It confers its wearer the same powers as a *medallion of ESP*.

Areas 13-19 are built in a shiny reflective white matter. They are deeper and more secluded parts of the shrine, now connected to the main temple by the morlock tunnels. The morlocks don't know about the areas #18 and #19 and haven't yet managed to clear the rubble at the end of the eastern corridor. It leads to whatever the Referee imagines.

13. EBONY HALL

The area #14 is visible from the furthest part of this hall. Black ebony shields hang upon its walls. One of the shield is *cursed*, causing its user to charge blindly whenever a combat breaks.



14. CEREMONY HALL

Four ice trolls and a dozen morlocks use this hall as their barracks, sleeping on fur mats and eating raw flesh when it isn't used for ceremonies. Ceremonies involve cannibal sacrifices, morlock savants and a small morlock crowd. Gather together all the creatures encountered in the **Wandering Monsters** #5 key and the areas #14 and #17 if you plan to make a ceremony happen when the player characters stumble in. Make sure to throw in masks, feathers, weird ritual dances, cruel flint daggers and the like.

ICE TROLLS (4)

Armor class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 12 each
Attacks: 2 claws (1d8 each) or bow (1d6)
Saving Throw: 16/F2
Special: Regenerates (2 hit points/round), immune to cold, immune to non-magical weapons, takes double damage from fire, darkvision 90' (infravision 90')
Move: 9 – 90' (30')
Morale: 9
Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

MORLOCKS (12)

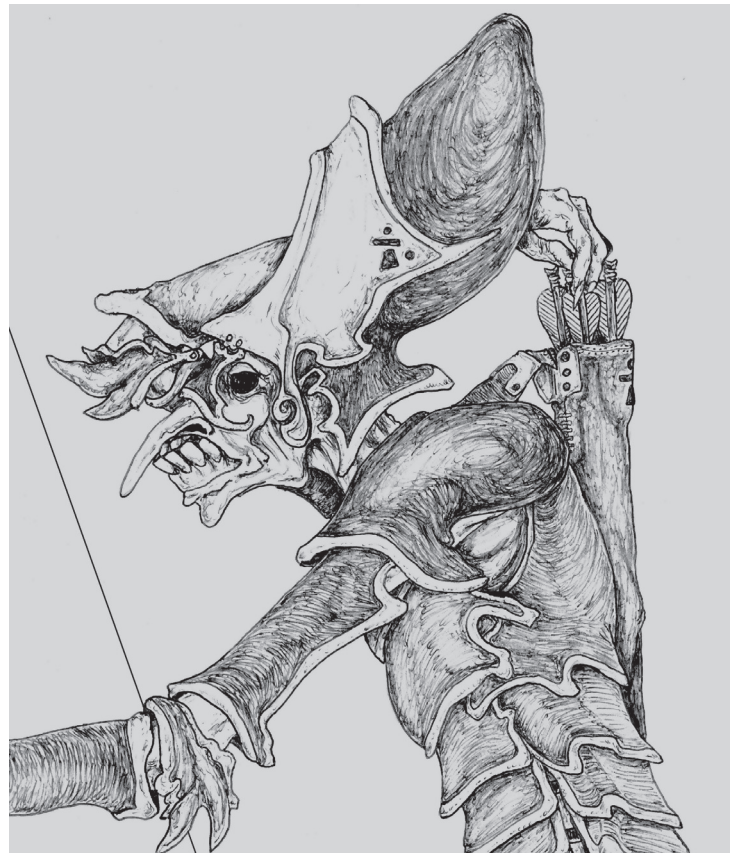
Armor class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 6 each
Attacks: Sword (1d8)
Saving Throw: 17/F1
Special: Darkvision 90' (infravision 90'), -2 in daylight
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 9
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

15. SAVANTS QUARTERS

This room is dressed with a couple of ivory thrones and a permanent, but hopelessly unmovable *floating disc* upon which stands a third throne. A secret socket in the throne's back shelters a *chime of opening* and a small emerald worth 750gp.

16. HALLWAY

Two secret switch mechanisms are hidden under wall paintings on the south and north walls of this hallway. They can be detected as standard secret doors. Using the first one highlights the secret door set in the north wall, the second one opening it. The secret door can't be opened, even by magic, nor detected if it isn't highlighted, as if the door weren't existing before the first switch is turned on. Once highlighted, standard means such as opening locks, a *knock* spell or a *chime of opening* function normally. Noise in this hallway corridor attracts the morlock savants from area #17.



17. STONE LIBRARY

This long partly crumbled room is lined with alabaster shelves. Two morlock savants are here, studying the stone books of the elders.

MORLOCK SAVANTS (2)

Armor class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 22 each
Attacks: Staff (1d6)
Saving Throw: 13/F3
Special: Darkvision 90' (infravision 90'), -2 in daylight, spellcasting (see below), spell turning
Move: 12 – 120' (40')
Morale: 11
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

The first morlock savant can cast the following spells: *cause light wounds*, *read magic*, *phantasmal force*. The second morlock savant can cast the following spells: *resist cold*, *bleed*, *lightning bolt*. These morlock savants cast spells as a 5th level character.

STONE BOOKS OF THE ELDERS

These “books” are little more than engraved stone blocks written in an ancient and unknown language. When translated, they can be studied as a wizard or an elf would his spellbook. They contain the following spells: *charm person*, *magic missile*, *read magic*, *shield*, *phantasmal force*, *lightning bolt*, *slow*, *confusion*, *wall of ice*. Being made of stone, they weight 10 times a standard spellbook's weight.

18. AMBER WARD

The secret passage opens into an amber-colored room. Red spheres floating at the ceiling's level light it, projecting vibrant hues upon the surface of a large toad-like amber statue. The statue is a golem intent on protecting the room and springs into action as soon as a character enters it. A black gem is set in the wall of the northeast corner of the ward. Touching it instantly teleports the characters present in the room to the area #19.

AMBER TOAD GOLEM

Armor class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 50 hit points (6HD)
Attacks: 2 claws (1d8), 1 bite (2d6)
Saving Throw: 8/F5
Special: Immune to non-magical weapons, immune to *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, paralysis, poison and gases, detects invisibility 60', track (see below)
Move: 9 – 90' (30')
Morale: 12
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Amber toad golems don't use standard senses but a magical vision enabling them to detect invisibility at 60' and to track any character.

19. ALABASTER CLOCKWORK

A huge sundial stands in the middle of this room, a long staff tipped with a small purple lens at its side. When the lens is used to reflect a source of light upon the sundial, tiny writings appear on its surface. Moving the staff in such a way that the reflected light hits the writings activate the sundial. When that occurs, roll 1d6 or choose:

1. FLASH

The sundial flashes with a bright light, blinding onlookers for 1 turn.

2. SUMMON

The sundial's magic wakes the elder gargoyle statue in area #5 and the amber toad golem in area #18 if they're still alive and teleports them into the room where they join their forces against the intruders.

3. PAST

All the creatures in the room are instantly transported back in area #18 in a time where the elders were still alive. At this time, the shrine is used as a temple by about 30 elder devotees and in mint condition. At the Referee's discretion, the elders might be a peaceful race or cruel evil creatures. At this time, the shrine is fully functional and guarded by elder gargoyles. Are the morlocks already here as slaves or animal pets? What would happen should the characters warn the elders about the morlocks? After 2d6 turns, the characters are teleported back to their own time in area #19 and every subsequent attempts to travel in the past fail.

ELDERS

Armor class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 5+1
Hit Points: 27 each
Attacks: By weapon
Saving Throw: 11/E5
Special: Spellcasting
Morale: 8
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

A single elder typically has the following spells: *detect magic*, *light*, *shield*, *sleep*, *ESP*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt* and a single *minor magic item*.

4. FUTURE

All the creatures in the room are instantly transported back in area #18 in a distant future. All that remains of the shrine are areas #14-18 and these areas are on surface level. Around, the land is still frozen, but gargantuan towers of glass and metal shine in the distance. Two mutant medusae claim the place as their own and attack as soon as they spot the characters. The first mutant medusae fights with a *vibro-sword*. There's a cigarette lighter in an empty hidden box in area #17. After 2d6 turns, the characters are teleported back to their own time in area #19 and every subsequent attempts to travel in the future fail.

MUTANT MEDUSAE (2)

Armor class: 6 [13]
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 27 each
Attacks: Hammer, war (1d4+1/1d6 if you use the **Labyrinth Lord** rules) or *vibro-sword* (1st Mutant Medusae) (1d8+1d6)
Saving Throw: 12/F5
Special: Change self, poisonous extra attack, ray attack
Move: 9 – 90' (30')
Morale: 8
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

VIBRO-SWORD

This sword is activated by a trigger switch hidden in its handle. When activated, it confers a +2 "to hit" bonus and inflicts +1d6 damage. The sword has enough energy for 12 turns, after which it becomes a standard but good-looking sword.

CIGARETTE LIGHTER

This device creates a steady flame even in wet or windy conditions due to a shielded cover. It has 47 charges.

5-6. AWAY

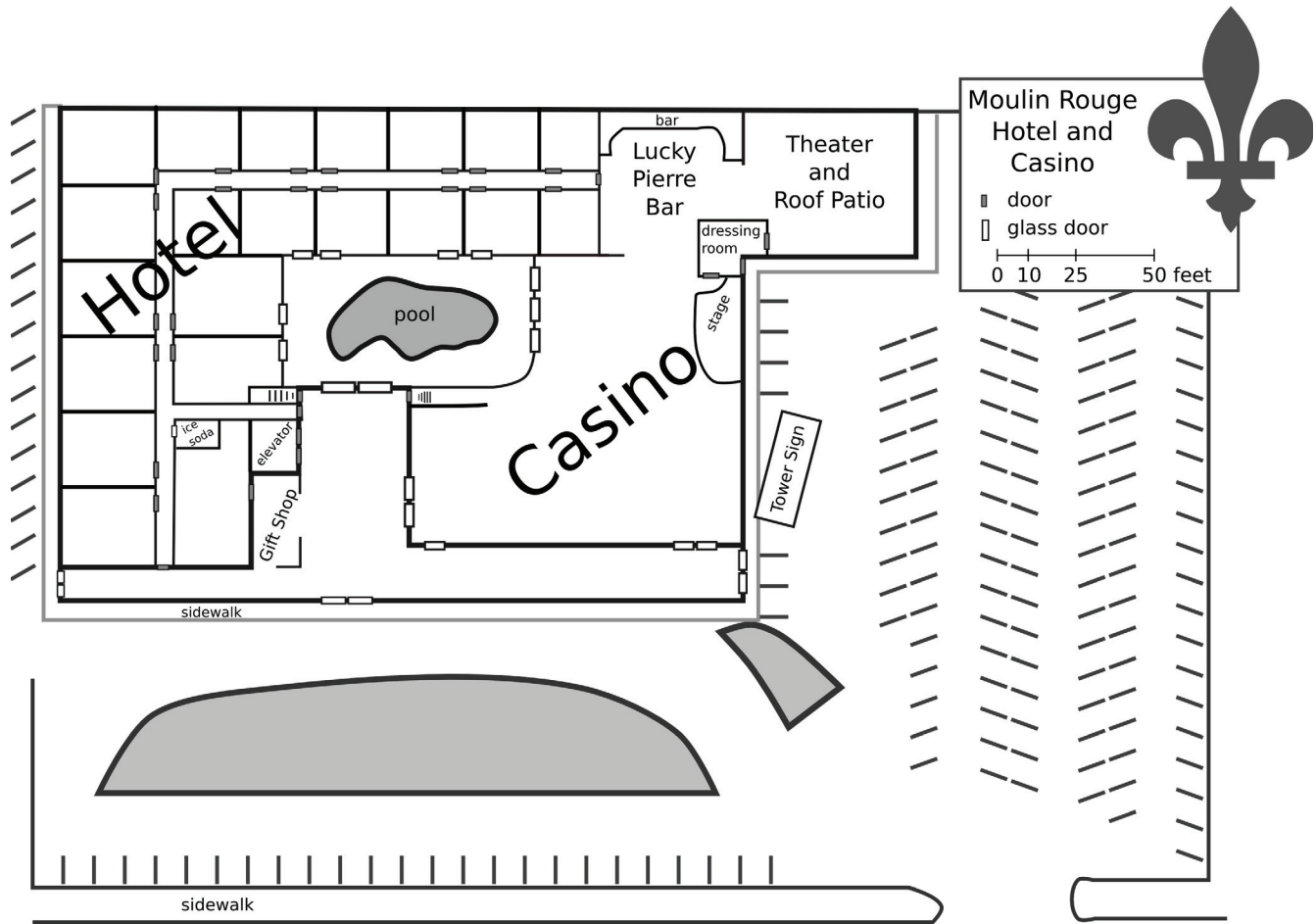
The sundial teleports all the creatures in the room 24 miles away in a random direction.

LENS-TIPPED STAFF OF THE ELDER

The lens of this staff may be used as a *gem of seeing* with 11 charges or as *eyes of charming* with only 1 lens (Referee's choice). The staff otherwise functions as a +1 staff.

MOULIN ROUGE 1955

Somebody was always across the railroad tracks.



The map is fictional, but the Moulin Rouge was real. Vegas's "first truly cosmopolitan hotel", it made the cover of Life Magazine, was wildly successful, and failed within six months of opening.

The Moulin Rouge was in Westside. Vegas was segregated, and Westside contained the black casinos, businesses, and people. Black entertainers couldn't stay in the Strip hotels they played in; they weren't allowed in Strip casinos after their shows.

The Moulin Rouge provided black entertainers with a place to stay and relax after shows. White entertainers followed. Show-girls came, and gamblers followed. If you want to mingle with the cool crowd in '55, the Moulin Rouge is the place. Casino producer William Bailey said:

After the last show on the Strip, everyone gathered at the Moulin Rouge. It went on till seven, eight, nine in the morning. It was something out of a storybook. You had to have been there to really be able to properly articulate the kind of atmosphere, the kind of electricity that was generated at this hotel.

I stumble over myself verbally when I start thinking about the thrill I used to get when I'd walk out on the stage for a third show. They started at two o'clock in the morning. It would be nothing to walk out and see Gregory Peck, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra. You name it, they were there. It was so exciting to entertain people at this level that had come over to the Westside to enjoy themselves, let their hair down and just be people. It was a glorious six months.

The Moulin Rouge attracted standing-room only crowds, opening a third show when most hotels had two. But one day in October, employees came to work to discover the doors chained shut. The money had disappeared. "Somebody was milking the pig."

Descriptions

The outside of the Moulin Rouge has a wide parking area and lights everywhere advertising itself.

A gigantic sign across the roof sheds light across the lot, a wide expanse filled with bulbous wheeled contrivances. The sign reads "Moulin Rouge". Lower and to its left more writing says "Casino Dining Theatre". A smaller sign by the road reads "Moulin Rouge presents Tropi Can Can. A dazzling revue with cast of over 60 by Clarence Robinson. Your host Joe Louis."

The inside is even more impressive. There is a café (the Café Rouge), a stage, a bar, and a theater, as well as the casino area. The west end is the hotel area, and between the hotel and casino wings is a large pool.

Massive clusters of crystals hang from the ceilings throwing bright light over the hallway. The ceilings are lavender, covered in row upon row of stylized yellow flowers resembling ornate spear-heads.

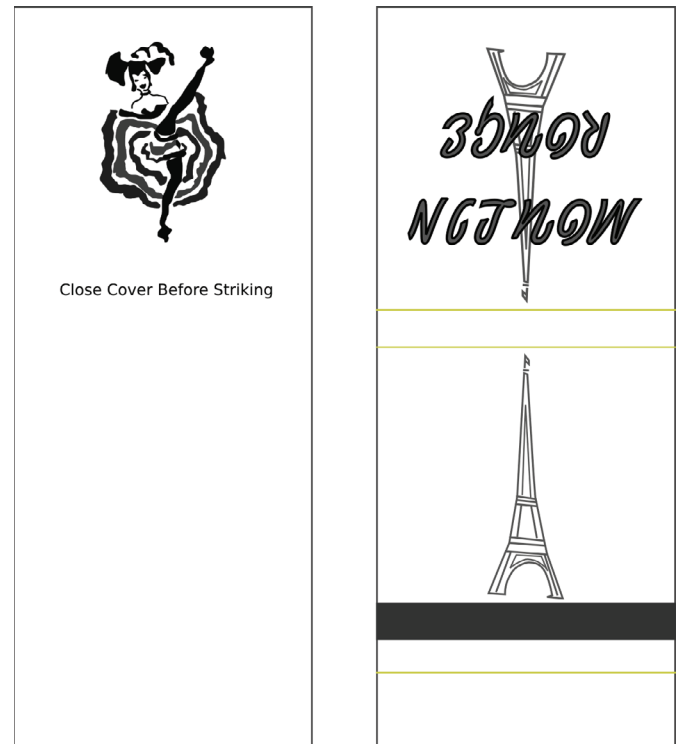
You step through an arch down wide stairs into a room filled with people and gambling tables. Wheels spin; dice roll; men in black and red yellow-lined suits deal cards. The room is filled with smoke; everyone is laying down brightly-colored coins to place their bets.

Employees

Everyone who works at the Moulin Rouge is black. Most are dressed in costume. The doormen, waiters, dealers, greeters (except Joe Louis), and guards wear the "gaudy colors" of the French Foreign Legion. The floor show signature dance is the Can-Can; another number is the Watusi, in which dancers "in feather tails writhe through a violent sequence of jumps and contortions. At the climax a medicine man bounds out brandishing two live squawking

chickens." Floor show producer Clarence Robinson also directed shows at the Paris Moulin Rouge.

Benny Carter's band backs up the special guests who stream to the Moulin Rouge. Bob Bailey is master of ceremonies and the stage manager is Wally Ogle.



Partners

The two most visible partners in this fictional Moulin Rouge, besides Joe Louis, are Hadrian Reuben and Biz "the Boss" Bismieux. If Louis needs to convince his partners to empty the floor, he'll "go upstairs" to talk to them. You can use this to take Louis off the floor so that the characters are on their own when the action starts.

Reuben is a Harlem restaurateur who sees integration as the future of entertainment. He started as a chef before becoming a restaurant owner and then nightclub mogul. He's honest, but is not above a brawl when he knows he's right. Growing up black in the thirties he also recognizes the need for discretion and the usefulness of appearing to back down in order to regroup and come back stronger. Reuben and Louis have become good friends.

Bismieux past is murkier, having come out of construction in New Orleans. He's a mafia front-man.

He creates bad shares of ownership in the Moulin Rouge and sells them according to the mob's instructions. He'll move to the Desert Inn after the Moulin Rouge fails. Bismeaux is a great talker and con artist, the kind of man who can happily shake your hand and slip off your watch in the process.

THE SUMMIT

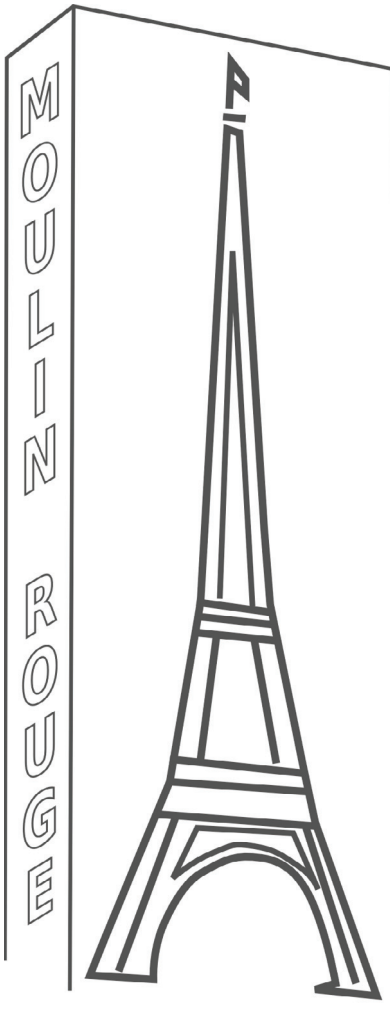
In our game, the Moulin Rouge was targeted by interdimensional bugs trying to start a race war. A massacre at the Moulin Rouge would include entertainers such as Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, and Cary Grant. Everyone came to the Moulin Rouge after hours. The bugs' ultimate aim was weakening the roots of the world-tree.

Player character intervention resulted in the formation of the Summit. The Summit's core was at the Moulin Rouge the night of the failed massacre: Sammy Davis, Jr., Joe Louis, and Frank Sinatra. The player characters earlier met a Summit operative in 1969 San Francisco, a 22-year-old girl they later rescued from the bugs in 1955.

It's important that the player characters be the stars. Only Joe Louis should be at or near the player characters' levels. I made sure he was injured by having the player characters run across him after he had been captured and interrogated by the bugs.

Sammy Davis, Jr. and Frank Sinatra are first or second level warriors, depending on what the average person with a tough upbringing has in your world. Louis is a warrior with a level at or just below the player character level, though not above superheroic levels; probably no more than fourth to sixth level.

The Summit will work behind the scenes to end racism as well as alleviate the nuclear tensions of the cold war. They will be more successful at the former than the latter. They will support John F. Kennedy, but Kennedy will sever ties with the Summit once he takes office. He will escalate the cold war in South America and in Asia. He will also encourage Congressional harassment of Sinatra.



The Summit will then support Richard Nixon, who will campaign to end the Vietnam war. Nixon will instead extend the war into Cambodia at the same time as he tries to defuse tension between the United States, Russia, and China. Nixon will eventually end the war—in a manner that ensures another decade of cold war.

After Vietnam, the Summit's backroom power will wane along with their entertainment draw. However, Summit support for Ronald Reagan in sixties California will have paved the way for a successful White House bid in 1980 and the dissolution of the Soviet Union.

The Summit's fight for integration will be more successful. Sinatra and Davis will refuse to stay at hotels and perform at clubs that don't accept black patrons. They will encourage their rat pack friends to do the same. Their activism will lead clubs and casinos throughout the United States to end racist policies and usher in the integrated United States of the seventies.

Sammy Davis, Jr.

Being a star has made it possible for me to get insulted in places where the average Negro could never hope to get insulted.

Of the Summit members who met at the Moulin Rouge, the most crucial is Sammy Davis, Jr. With the Moulin Rouge experience behind him, Davis will campaign against segregation and be the first black actor to star in episodic television—a show which their enemies will fight to keep off the air. He will also marry a white actress in the sixties.

Following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in 1968, Davis will help defuse the race riots that sweep the nation. In 1969 he will be on the Manson Family's hit list of blacks who need to be killed to usher in a new America.

When things become informal, he enjoys getting on stage and taking over the drums for a bit.

Joe Louis

Fear is standing across the ring from Joe Louis and knowing he wants to go home early.—Max Baer



The Brown Bomber was 41 in 1955. He had retired from boxing, but tax trouble forced him back. Harry Reuben offered him part ownership in the Moulin Rouge in return for being a greeter at the casino. After the Moulin Rouge closes, continually hounded by the IRS, Louis will become a professional wrestler. He will, however, remain friends with Sinatra.

That's in our "real" world. In the game, Louis is aware of problems in the Moulin Rouge financial structure. He knows money is disappearing, and he thinks there's a mafia connection. He's making contact with Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis, Jr. to see if they would like to take part ownership and use their influence to clean the place up.

If the player characters can block the massacre and save Louis, Sinatra, and Davis, the trio will form a far more important organization. Their "Summit" will try, and often fail, to oppose evil in this world. Their real victory will likely be their successor(s), who will meet the player characters again in other times.

Louis is famous for saying, during World War II, "We're going to do our part, and we'll win because we're on God's side." The Moulin Rouge was Louis's

chance at picking up his post-boxing life, but when the need for war reappears he'll do his part. He will never regain his fortune, but he will die with good friends and the knowledge of a life lived right.

Joe makes a great choice for a player character if you have a sporadic player who needs a temporary PC.

Dexterity: 17; Charisma: 14; Constitution: 17; Intelligence: 13; Strength: 17; Wisdom: 15; Moral Code: Ordered Good; Age: 41; Height: 6' 1.5"; Weight: 197.

Frank Sinatra

The highest aspiration of man is freedom. Weigh everything in government and law and economic theory on one scale: it should not offer sanctuary or security in exchange for your right to fly as high and as far as your own strength and ability will take you.

Sinatra, while volatile, is loyal to his friends. He will remain friends with Joe Louis, paying Louis's medical bills several times. His money and tenacity will finance the Summit and its operatives.

While some of his best movies involve people at odds with the mafia, Sinatra will be hounded by rumors of mafia connections throughout his life. Most of these rumors will be created by the mafia itself.

LAS VEGAS

Vegas in 1955 is not as bright and neon-covered as it is today, but it is amazing compared to medieval villages. The Eldorado and the El Cortez are just across the tracks. So is the Flamingo, although you may find it useful to replace the Flamingo with your own casino run by "the enemy", whoever that is.

Disneyland opened July 17 in Anaheim. Giant talking mice might be on the news. Sinatra, Davis, and other rat packers were at the opening.

The Riviera is the first Vegas high-rise. It opened April 20. Its nine stories stand out across town.

A shorter version of this article appeared in Alarums & Excursions 398. The Gods & Monsters adventure that uses the Moulin Rouge is Helter Skelter, available at hoboes.com/Skelter/. All people are completely fictional, with the obvious exceptions of Louis, Davis, and Sinatra, who are merely mostly fictional.

Random's Assortment

tricks and traps by PS Jensen, Random, and Thinker

Wizard's Lock (Jensen): A statue of a wizard stands in a corridor opposite a door. However, the door is locked – magically! Astute PCs may notice that the wizard-statue is surreptitiously pointing a finger at the door from under the folds of his long-sleeved robe; if they snap off the finger, the portal-locking spell is broken. *Dispel* or *Opening Charm* can also open the door, but it will relock after 10 minutes or so... potentially locking the PCs in on the other side. If they keep the finger, it can be used as a *Wand of Portal Holding* with 2d12+7 charges.

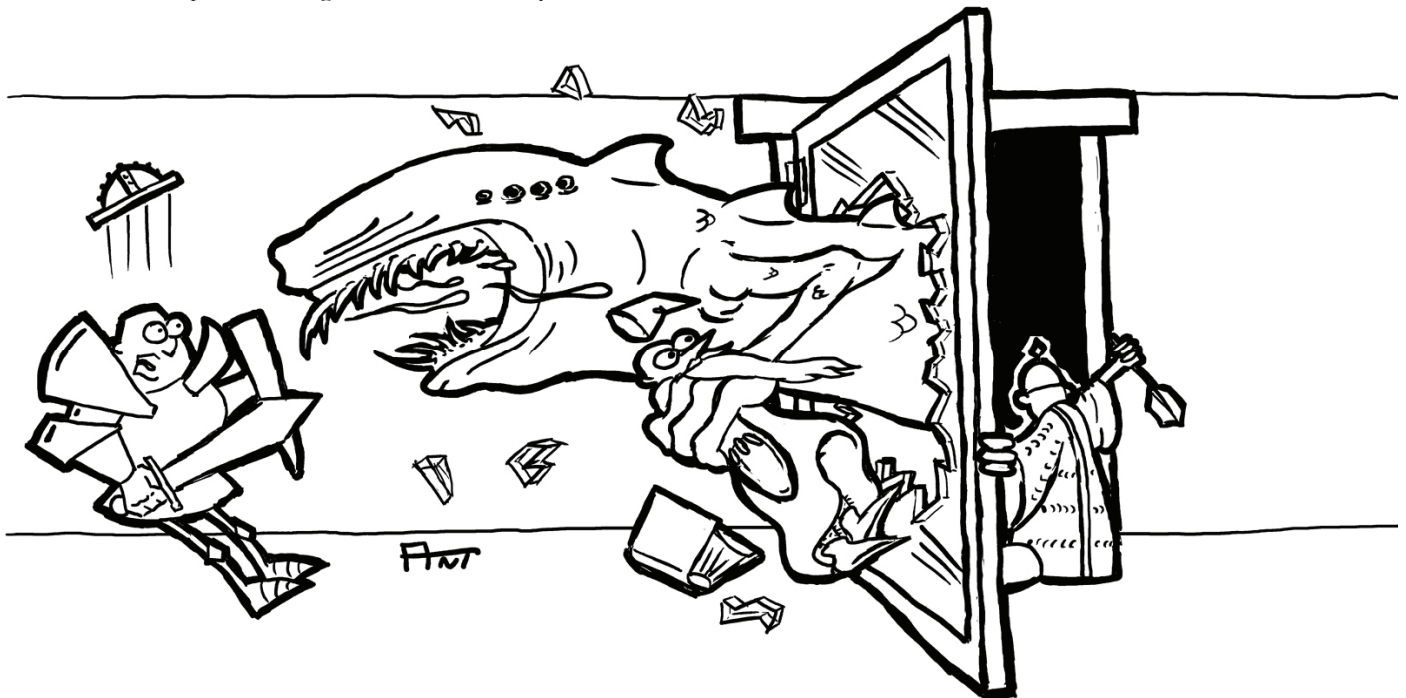
Unicorn Rampant (Jensen): In the center of a room stands a marble statue of a noble knight, bedecked in fine armor and a blazing white surcoat. He is mounted on a unicorn with a foot-long horn. The horn is a lever which opens a secret passageway when pulled. The front hooves are also movable; if one hoof is lifted, the slow-acting, agonizing poison traps cleverly concealed in the passageway will be disarmed. The second hoof disarms the practically invisible, insanely quick, instant-kill traps hidden *underneath* the other traps in the secret passage. Riddles or rumors might be helpful with this one.

Shattering Entry (Jensen): A door in the dungeon is fitted with a window, essentially a large pane of glass in a wooden frame. The handle and hinges are all attached. When someone peers through the window, they'll see a

monstrous brute lumbering around on the other side, seemingly oblivious to their presence. Gleaming jewels and rivers of gold coins spill from heavy coffer in the center of the chamber. If the door is opened, the party finds nothing but an empty room, but if the glass is broken, the monster will be freed from its extradimensional bondage and ferociously attack.

Reversed Golem (Random): An extra-large flesh golem (hp/HD as per clay golem) is outfitted with a body-covering suit of iron. While this extra weight allows it to attack only once per turn, it also causes it to physically appear *exactly* as a powerful Iron Golem, spelling disaster for any players foolish enough to zap it with lightning! **Or**, an Iron Golem has a layer of gnarly skin stretched over it, causing it to appear exactly as a Flesh Golem. Fire will restore damage as usual, but will also reveal the Iron Golem for what it truly is.

Schrödinger's Golem Chamber (Random): This room contains a quantum superposition of golems, with equal amplitudes for each type (in other words, roll d4 or whatever die suits the golem types available in your world). When the door is opened, the superposition collapses and only one particular golem is observed in the chamber. Closing the chamber door (while not inside) will return the chamber to its original superposition, collapsing once again upon observation by prying adventurers. Once a golem type is slain, it reappears slain, but the other types are unaffected. (This room is useful because it presents PCs with multiple foes over time, and because if the PCs slam the door to prepare and work out a plan of attack, they may burst through and hit their new opponent with the wrong magic.)





Golemedusa (Random): A Flesh Golem is created using the head of a Medusa, which should entertain any GM as his players (pointlessly, the head has no power) fight the beast (at penalty) with their eyes averted.

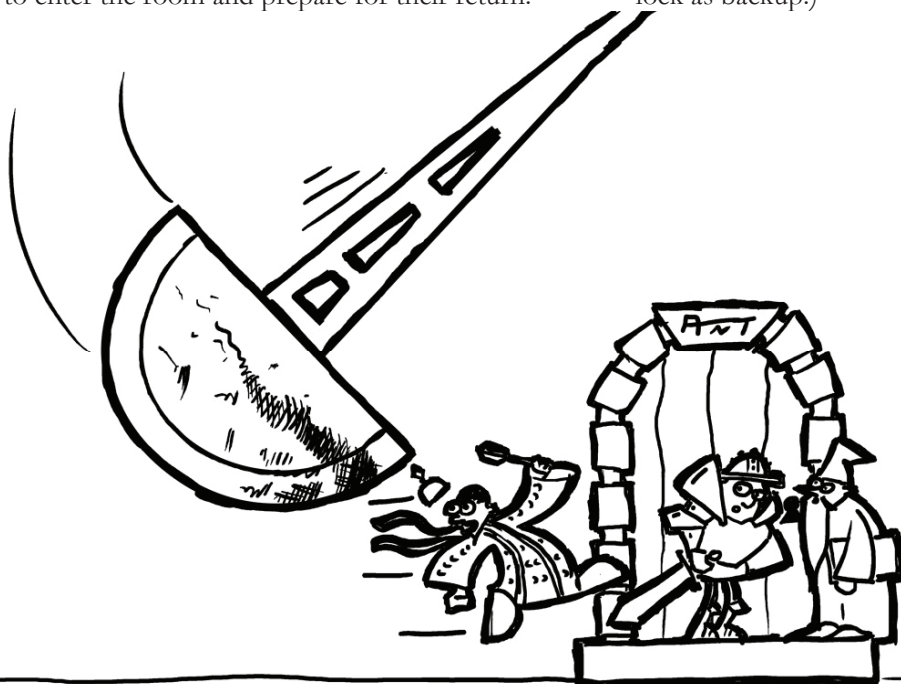
Choke on This (Random): A statue is found depicting a man gagging and clutching at his neck. Close inspection inside the mouth will reveal a gemstone (type and value determined randomly) "stuck" in the statue's throat. Dislodging it will cause virulently poisonous gas to spray out in a 10'+ diameter cloud around the statue.

Time Out (Random): This dungeon chamber randomly throws adventurers 1d4 turns into the future. This time shift will be accompanied by an alarm, drawing nearby monsters to enter the room and prepare for their return.

Jacinth of Inestimable Stickiness (Thinker): A gem of extreme value is found. However, it cannot be removed from an adventurer's hand once picked up.

Eat Your Colors (Thinker): A garden full of fruiting plants is discovered; eating one piece will heal 1d8 hp once/day. However, your skin turns the color of the fruit ingested (banana=yellow, grape=purple, etc.).

Quick Pick...or Snick! (Thinker): A door with an easy lock has a pendulum trap in front of it, which deals 3d6 damage (dodge roll/save for half) to anyone in front of the door. It swings every few seconds, so there is very little time to pick the lock between swings. (If you are feeling really nasty, put a paralytic poison needle in the lock as backup.)



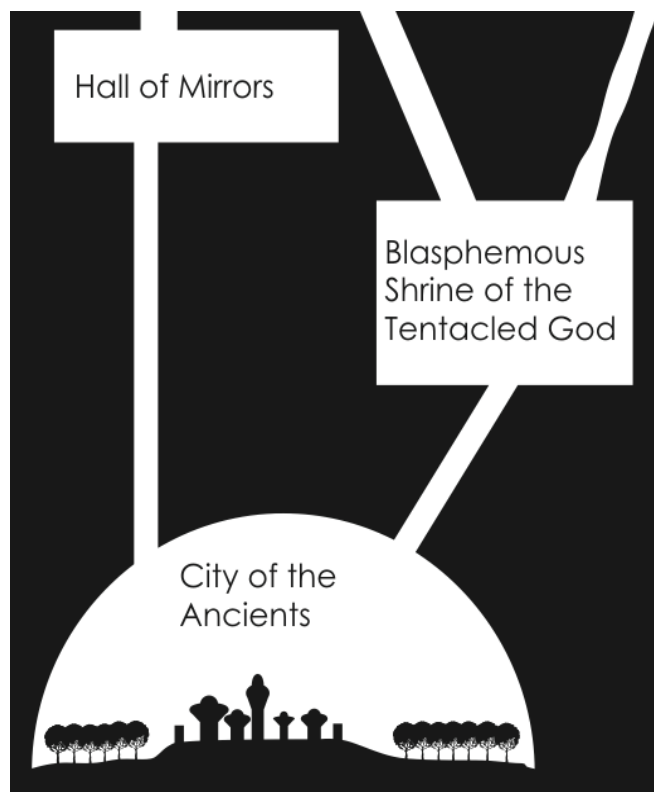
THE DARKNESS BENEATH

City of the Ancients

Carcosan megadungeon installment by Chris Robert

Introduction: Welcome to “City of the Ancients,” level 14 of *The Darkness Beneath*. The defining characteristic of the City is a tumultuous mixture of genres – swords & sorcery, post-apocalyptic, science-fiction, and fantasy – inspired by Geoffrey McKinney’s outstanding **Supplement V: Carcosa**. Although designed for use as part of *The Darkness Beneath*, City of the Ancients is suitable for use in any game inspired by the collision of Old School mechanics with gonzo aesthetics.

Within the City and its environs, a wide range of challenges await, from both the environment itself and the inhabitants within. The dangers here can be extreme, and players will soon learn that discretion is the better part of valor...particularly if their PCs are robbed of their most potent magical powers and items. Accordingly, lower level PCs – should they somehow make their way to the City – are not at an insurmountable disadvantage, but they will certainly have a harder time of it than a more experienced party. But the bottom line is, this adventure is going to be deadly for any who wade in heedlessly looking for a fight.



Background: The origins of the City of the Ancients are shrouded in mystery. It was founded upon the dread planet Carcosa, a cursed world torn between technology and sorcery, apocalypse and oblivion. It is a citadel erected by the hand of some ancient tribe of Man, although no men upon that blasted world today could create its like. Today, the City of the Ancients is... here. The Space Alien factions who contest the City had discovered it, abandoned, upon Carcosa. They probed... experimented... contemplated... tinkered... and eventually disturbed something beyond the powers of their vast technology to rationalize. The City was propelled through time & space to its current location deep within *The Darkness Beneath*.

For a time, the Space Aliens worked to reverse whatever effect had thrust them amok. Years became decades... and then centuries... and yet, their technology and toil offered no insights. Certain of the greatest minds among them began to doubt the capacity of logic to provide a solution – this faction dubbed themselves the ‘Irrationalists’, and they commenced secret studies into sorcery and related highly disordered energies. The schism between the ‘true’ Space Aliens and the Irrationalists was impossible to bridge. Mutual mistrust soon evolved into open hostility, and the Irrationalists were banished from positions of prominence; they responded with ever more irresponsible excursions into forbidden knowledge & techniques. Their travesties became impossible to ignore, and internecine warfare flared into the open. The two sides battled one another ferociously, eventually barricading themselves into opposite sides of the City in an uneasy stalemate. For over two hundred years, they have remained separate, launching endless patrols and excursions, sniping at one another’s flanks, but incapable of dealing a decisive blow to upset the balance of power. Occasionally, interlopers wander in from the lower levels of *The Darkness Beneath*, but they never survive long – neither the Space Aliens nor the Irrationalists desire interference from the unclean things of this unknown world...although those attitudes may be changing.

Getting to Level 14: This section may be ignored if you are plugging the City of the Ancients into your own megadungeon or setting. There are two entrances to Level 14 – one from “The Hall of Mirrors” (FO! #8) and another from “The Blasphemous Shrine of the Tentacled God” (FO! #9):

1. The Way of The Guardian. The floor hatch in the Hall of Mirrors opens to a sturdy metal ladder descending straight down through a narrow tunnel into the depths. Including stops to rest it takes five hours to safely descend the two-mile length of ladder. The bottom deposits climbers into a chilly, 15’ wide x 10’ high x 300’ long passage with a metal catwalk floor, and walls & ceiling of softly glowing icy white crystal. Visibility is no greater than 30’ due to frigid vapors that rise from a

river of liquid nitrogen beneath the catwalk (inaccessible unless catwalk is destroyed). 50' in, further passage is blocked by a man dressed in heavy fur robes and carrying a silver scepter. He doesn't look that tough...

The Guardian responds to any attempts to proceed by firing emerald beams from his scepter at the PCs. The exertion of combat will cause The Guardian to gradually shed flesh and robes, revealing a construct of metal and technology beneath. It will defend the entrance to the City of the Ancients to the death. At the end of this passage is a ladder up and metal hatch that opens into the UnderJungle. **The Guardian:** DC 4, SPD 9 (3), HD 10 [45hp], ATT gamma radiation beam scepter [3 dice] or crushing grip [2 dice], SD ½ damage from fire, cold, & electricity attacks; charm/sleep immunity; full suite of special detection systems, SV D10, ML 12, AL L.

2. The Exposed Balcony. The broad stone staircase leading from The Blasphemous Shrine of the Tentacled God narrows quickly into an increasingly steep stair that seems to plummet endlessly, deep into the underground. The descent is two miles of torturous switchbacks and spiraling steps that takes four hours (including rest stops) to navigate safely. At the bottom, the passage lets out into an exposed natural balcony that juts out from the side of the uneven cavern wall 75' above the floor of the UnderJungle. A thief will be able to climb down without much trouble, and there are ample crevices to secure a grappling hook & rope to allow others to rappel down. On the underside of the balcony are several Piercers, who will attack anyone who attempts to descend the cavern wall. There are several treasures amidst the heaped bones and stony debris at the foot of the wall: 94cp, 231sp, 72gp, a *Ring of Water Walking*, a *Wand of Cold* [2 charges], a battle axe, 21 arrows, and several worthless scraps of rusting chainmail. **9 Piercers:** DC 3, SPD 10' (3'), HD 3, ATT death drop [3 dice], SV F3, ML 10, AL N [unintelligent].

Overview of Level 14

Layout: The cavern is a five mile diameter rough half-sphere, partly natural and partly expanded and engineered by succeeding generations of Space Alien technicians. The ceiling is over a mile above the floor at its highest point. Water trickles down from above in generous quantities: drips fall like rain, trickles & splashes tumble down the walls, and roiling vapors frequently erupt from thermal vents in the floor. Dense mists and drifting fog sometimes obscure sight, though never for long. The one mile diameter City is visible from most points within the cavern, and many points within the jungle – finding it is never a challenge. Five towers are readily discernible, in varying states of visible decrepitude. Strange lights, whooshing Space Alien Anti-

Grav Sleds, and solitary explosions can be witnessed at odd intervals, if anyone watches long enough.

Visibility: In the first years of their confinement in this new place, the Space Aliens created a small artificial sun to bring light to the vast cavern. In the center of the ceiling, a mile above the cavern floor, they installed various machineries that generate and sustain a white hole, which spews filtered photonic radiation in abundant quantities. This radiation provides prodigious light & heat, but is free of more dangerous radiations. The Space Aliens designed the artificial sun to mimic conditions on their native world. A 'day' in the cavern lasts 24 hours: 18 hours of bright daylight followed by 6 hours of relatively dim light equivalent to a clear night with a full moon. Temperatures never stray from a balmy range that is generally tolerable. There is a very abrupt event horizon surrounding the white hole – anything approaching closer than 100' will be overwhelmed by radiant energy and destroyed.

Magic & Sorcery: The Space Aliens control the use of magic in the City with their Order Generator, a hi-tech artifact that emits energy on a highly-structured wavelength disruptive to magical & sorcerous emanations. Within their citadel, the machine is infallible, and all magic is canceled out; with distance, the effects of the machine are diminished, and magical energies may or may not be allowed. Localized effects of the Generator:

The UnderJungle: The effects of the Order Generator do not extend beyond the City, and the UnderJungle is slightly magical in nature itself. Magic & sorcery function as normal here.

Dead City: The effect of the machine is greater here, but not overwhelming. Artifacts function normally. The 'pluses' of magical weapons & armor also function normally. Lesser magical items, special magical powers of weapons & armor, and magical abilities of monsters and the like may malfunction if used (roll per use): 50% they function normally, 40% they are rendered inert for 1d12 hours, after which time they function normally, 10% they are permanently demagicked. Spells & rituals may malfunction. The caster will sense resistance and may voluntarily halt casting to ensure safety. If casting continues, caster level x5% is the chance that the casting is successful. Failed casting of a spell means the spell is lost and the caster is dazed for 1d2 turns. Rituals fail 50% of the time, although even in failure the caster still unnaturally ages as if casting was successful.

Sanctum of the Irrationalists: Over the centuries, the Irrationalists have devised makeshift solutions to the problem of the Order Generator: they have imbued their lair with persistent magical energies and

developed substances from certain rare elements that reflect the energies the machine emits. The base effects are as in the Dead City, but magic items, monsters, and spellcasters within the Sanctum roll twice when determining any effects of the Order Machine, keeping the result of their choice. Rituals may be cast as normal, without the additional chance of failure.

Citadel of the Space Aliens: The power of the Order Generator is insurmountable here. Magical artifacts teleport themselves away through time and/or space to a safe location – the level of the owning PC is the % chance that its new location is known (getting there to recover it is another question). Lesser magical items will be destroyed instantly: they may glow red-hot and explode, vaporize in a spray of raw magic, or simply be rendered inert, GM's choice. Monsters with innate magical abilities will be de-magicked, and must save vs. spell or suffer an immediate reaction of utmost terror. Monsters of surpassing power (Titans, ancient Dragons, unique Demons and Devils, etc.) will instantly depart for greener pastures, as with artifacts. Spells & rituals will malfunction violently. Caster must save vs. spells – success means magical feedback provides a warning and casting of the spell/ritual may be halted safely, failure means there is no warning, the spell/ritual automatically fails, and the caster takes 1 die damage per spell level, or 6 dice damage for a ritual. Caster is also rendered comatose for 1d6 days.

These rules are brief and cannot cover every situation, and the GM is encouraged to use common sense and best judgment when ruling on unique cases.

The UnderJungle: Decades ago, the Irrationalists engaged in a sorcerous ritual that ran wild. They had intended to transport the City to a new location in time & space, a magic-laden jungle world that had appeared to them amidst fevered dreams born of narcotic fumes. Instead, a portion of that world was brought to *The Darkness Beneath*, and the UnderJungle was born. In the years since, the jungle has thrived under the nourishing radiation of the 'sun' built by the Space Aliens, and it is now as much a part of Level 14 as is the City itself.

Movement in the UnderJungle is as normal for dense jungle, i.e. at ½ the normal rate. The chance of losing direction is diminished to 10%, due to the unique nature of the cavern. Water occasionally collects in the UnderJungle. There are minor streams, small pools, and areas of swampy terrain. Most of this water, however, is fouled by various slimes and fungi that make it unpalatable to drink. Water collected before it strikes the ground is safe to consume.

UnderJungle Random Encounters: Roll 1d100 once every six hours, or whenever the PCs engage in behavior that is likely to draw attention (fighting, arguing, lighting a campfire, etc.) and consult the following descriptions:

01-70 No Encounter.

71-75 Dinner. The UnderJungle is home to only a few species of what might be considered game animals: capybaras, hobtoads, slugfish, and olive jellies. The PCs stumble across 1d6 of a randomly-determined species – if they hunt quickly and skillfully, they may keep what they kill.

76-78 Slime Pool. A riot of tangled vines and mosses conceals a deep pool of mucous-y slime. If the party is moving cautiously, only the lead PC will fall in on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6. If they are moving carelessly, each PC must roll 1d6, with a result of 1-4 indicating they have fallen in. Victims will sink & suffocate in 3d4 rounds (heavily encumbered victims sink twice as fast), unless they are helped out by someone outside the pool, or can devise some other means of escape.

79-80 Giant Jungle Ant Column. A rapacious column of Giant Jungle Ants surges through the jungle. If left undisturbed, they will not attack; if interlopers approach within 30', they will attack with gusto. Their path can be easily tracked back to the Giant Jungle Ant Colony (area 6 below). **1d10x100 Giant Jungle Ants:** DC 6, SPD 150' (50'), HD 1, ATT bite [2 dice, save vs. poison for ½ damage], SV F1, ML 12, AL N [unintelligent].

81-90 Implacable Hunter. Years ago, a humanoid combat droid achieved sentience and escaped from its Space Alien masters. Now it fancies itself the protector of the Jungle, and it stalks and slays any creature that trespasses in its domain. The droid relishes the thrill of the hunt – it will snipe at enemies for 2d6 rounds, close for a single melee attack, and then disappear again into the leafy depths, leaving its victims to wonder what the hell just hit them. It collects trophies from kills and displays them in its lair (7). **Droid XXA-936Ω/H.7:** DC 3, SPD 150' (50'), HD 10 [45hp], ATT x-ray pulse rifle [2 dice]; vibro-shortsword [2 dice, ignores armor], SD invisibility; infrared+long-distance vision; self-destruct [10 dice to any within 300'], SV D10, ML 12, AL L.

91-92 Fungus-Men Watchers. The glint of reflective eyes betrays the presence of several Fungus-Men among the surrounding foliage... just watching. Their motives and methods are inscrutable – the Fungus-Men flee into the jungle if pursued, and defy all attempts at capture or violence.

93-94 Gross Beast. Trolls that make their home in the UnderJungle become a part of it, so completely covered in bizarre growths, drooping vines, shaggy mold, and rotting slime that they are virtually indistinguishable from the surrounding flora. If one hits with its bite attack, it will vomit green slime onto the victim. **Mutant Troll** DC 4, SPD 120' (40'), HD 6+3, ATT 2 claws + bite [1 dice each / 2 dice], SA green slime vomit; surprise on 1-5, SD regeneration, SV F6, ML 10, AL C.

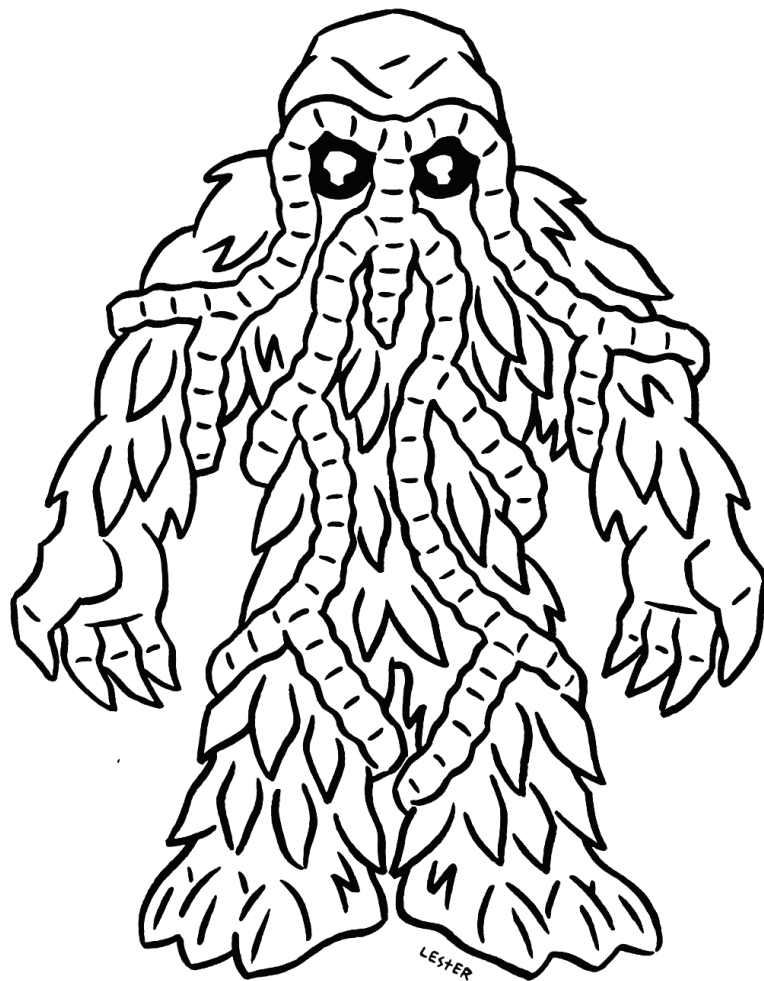
95-96 Rotting Plant Monster. Sounds like it's in the right place...**Ambling Shambling Mound:** DC 0, SPD 60' (20'), HD 11, ATT 2 bashes [2 dice each], SA smother, SD ½ damage from weapons; electrical growth; damage immunities, SV F11, ML 12, AL N.

97-98 Confused War Party. A war herd of Minotaurs wanders the jungle, transported here randomly by an enemy wizard in the heat of battle. They wear a hodgepodge of chain and plate armor, and wield heavy chopping blades. The Minotaurs' usual savagery has only been increased by the confusion of their current circumstances, and they fight with an additional +2 on all to hit rolls, and an additional +2 damage. Each Minotaur possesses gems and crude jewelry worth 1d100gp. **8 Minotaurs:** DC 4, SPD 90' (30'), HD 6, ATT chopper [2 dice+4] or gore + bite [1 dice+2 / 1 dice+2], SV F6, ML 12, AL C.

99-00 Search Party. Several Irrationalist Space Aliens are diligently searching for the *Totem of the Putrescent Blooms*, the existence of which was recently delivered in a fever-dream. They will barter for information regarding its whereabouts, but will inevitably seek to capture any humans, demi-humans, or humanoids they encounter (with special attention paid to any Purple Men or similarly hued beings among them). There is an 80% chance that one will be armed with a *Mutation Inducer*. Each Irrationalist carries 5d10gp in jewelry and trinkets. **4d4 Irrationalist Space Aliens:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 9, AL C.

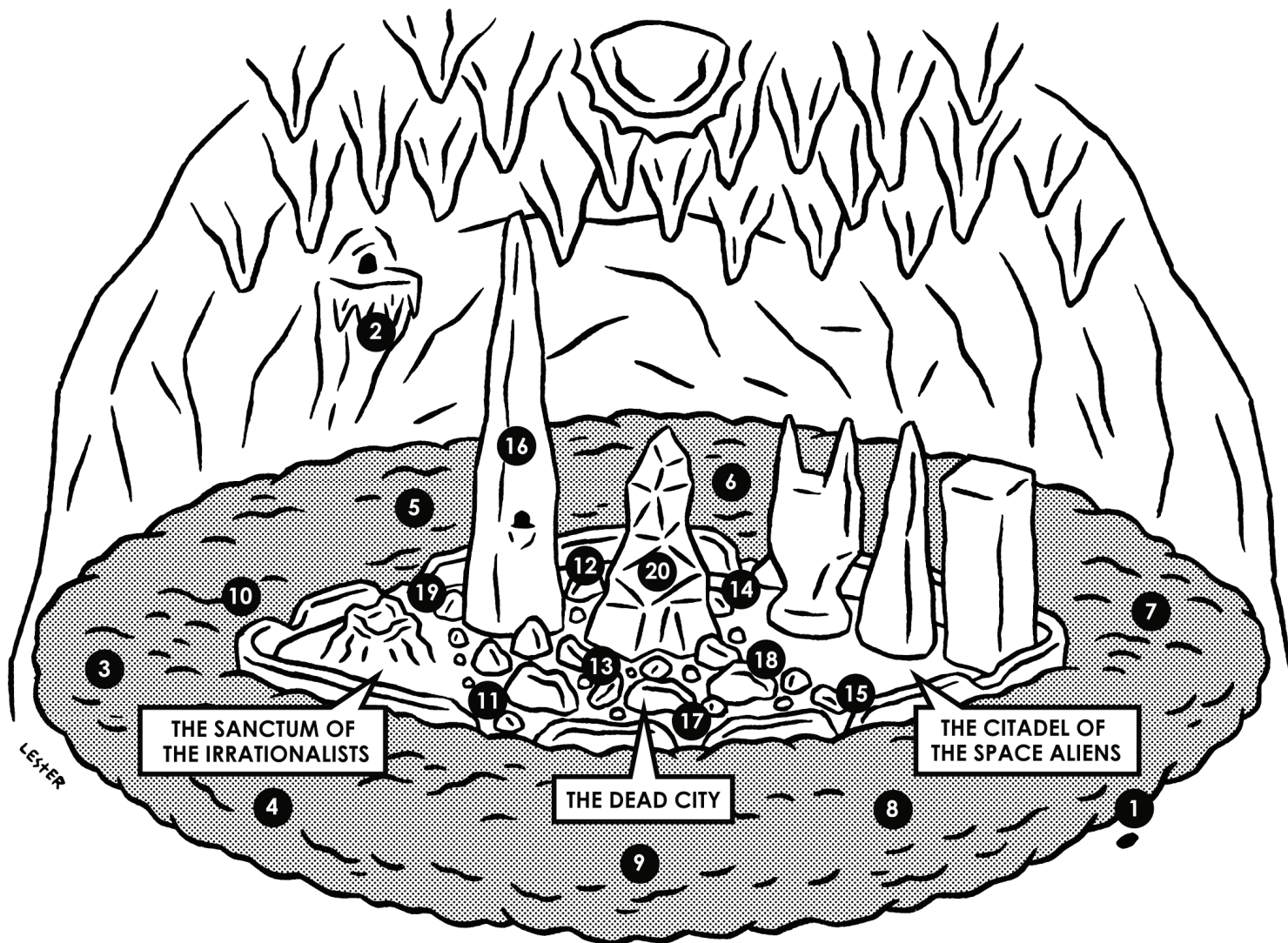
UnderJungle Keyed Encounters:

3. Corrupted Treefolk. Long ago, several Treants arrived in the jungle from parts unknown. Being stranded, they did their best to survive, and that struggle has twisted and scarred them. They have descended into savagery, and will attack lesser beings with ferocious enthusiasm. This tribe lairs within a dense portion of the jungle – they are of hardwood stock, and the GM may allow keen-eyed PCs a chance to notice them among the tropical flora. Their leader is particularly powerful & reckless, and wields a laser weapon taken from a vanquished Space Alien. The group venerates a make-



shift altar that is topped by a huge spur of unfinished jade, worth 8500gp. **Boss Mistreant:** DC 0, SPD 60' (20'), HD 10, ATT ulfire laser beam bazooka [3 dice, 6 charges remaining] or 2 crushing blows [2 dice each], SA surprise on 1-3; animate trees, SV F10, ML 12, AL C. **7 Mistreants:** DC 2, SPD 60' (20'), HD 8, ATT 2 crushing blows [2 dice each], SA surprise on 1-3; animate trees, SV F8, ML 9, AL C.

4. Hidden Nest. Without warning, the ground beneath the PCs collapses into a large, musty, fungus & mold-filled chamber (no damage from soft landing). This is the nest of a pack of Boring Beetles, who attack ferociously in defense of their home. PCs may attempt to scramble up the pile of dirt & debris and out of the nest. After two rounds (during which no attacks or spell-casting is permitted), save vs. petrify to escape; failure means the PC slides back down into the nest to attempt escape again, or else to face and fight the beetles. A refuse pile contains treasures: 92sp, 34gp, 10 lumps of unfinished sardonyx worth 35gp each, and a leather headband with platinum bangles worth 95gp. The beetles will not leave their nest to pursue enemies. **9 Boring Beetles:** DC 3, SPD 60' (20'), HD 5, ATT bite [2 dice], SV F5, ML 7, AL N [unintelligent].



5. Lost Flying Machine. At the center of a particularly dense tangle of giant spiny palms, curtained mosses, and dripping slime molds (3d6 turns to hack through) rests a *Space Alien Anti-Grav Sled*. Though abandoned for decades and slightly battered, it is still in working order. It will require a further 6d6 turns of effort to free the vehicle so that it may fly. If the machine is activated, it will broadcast a locating signal that will attract a substantial Space Alien patrol in 2d12 hours, consisting of several sleds and a cohort of combat droids.

6. Giant Jungle Ant Colony. A 40' high, 80' wide irregular mound of mud and debris marks the site of a large colony of Giant Jungle Ants. Extensive tunnels exist beneath the surface. Ants will emerge at the rate of 1d10 per round from each of five different openings to deal with intruders, who will be attacked savagely, but not pursued more than 100' from the nest. If a substantial threat to the colony materializes, the Giant Jungle Ant Queen will attack psionically from deep beneath the earth. Divided between several rooms within the colony are numerous treasures amounting to Horde Classes X, XII & XIII. **1d100x100 Giant Jungle Ants:**

DC 6, SPD 150' (50'), HD 1, ATT bite [2 dice, save vs. poison ½ damage], SV F1, ML 12, AL N [unintelligent].

7. Predator's Lair. The jungle thins slightly around a small rise that is crowned with several tumbled boulders and slabs of natural granite. This is the lair of the robotic hunter, as might be evident from the profusion of skulls that are carefully maintained here. Some dangle from tall trees, some are heaped in tidy pyramids, and others are arranged in geometric patterns on the litter-strewn floor. There are several dozen Space Alien skulls, half as many human skulls, and several others as well, some identifiable (Dwarf, Minotaur, Tentacle Faced Brain Eater, Orc) and some not. There is a 30% chance that the robotic hunter is encountered here, and it will defend its lair to the death. It has assembled further trophies and a small cache of treasure in a cubby beneath a granite slab: an elaborate bronze helmet with silver accents (250gp value), a platinum medallion with a skull motif (450gp), 2 exquisite rubies (1200gp each), a *Periapt of Wound Closure*, a mithril belt buckle (300gp), a Naga-skin headband featuring 4 large opals (2250gp), a pink & green *Ioun Stone*, 7 titanium torcs of Space Alien design (1300gp each), and an obscene gold and emerald pendant (950gp).

8. Suicide Pool. Moisture is everywhere in the Under Jungle, but it collects into clean pools in very few places. This attractive watering hole is quite large and inviting; however, incautious drinkers will be ambushed by the Aquatic Hydra that has made its home here. Treasures have collected in the muck at the (35' deep) bottom of the pool: 13cp, 44sp, 9ep, 139gp, 10pp, an Ogre-sized ornamental club of bronze and carnelian worth 410gp, a tarnished +1 *buckler*, a *Helm of Teleportation*, and 3 large black pearls worth 250gp each. **Aquatic Hydra:** DC 5, SPD 120' (40") [swim], HD 9, AT'T 9 bites [2 dice each], SV F9, ML 9, AL N [unintelligent].

9. Detestable Bog. After thickening notably, the Under Jungle clears a bit here, and a gentle rise marks the lip of a broad bowl of shallow, slime-befouled water. Several twisted, tentacular fungi of remarkable size emerge from the muck; though harmless, they can be observed to writhe and squirm with subtle malignity. At the center of this bowl, the fallen shaft of a massive tree sits partially submerged. Known to sorcerers as the *Totem of the Putrescent Blooms*, despite the soggy conditions it shows no sign of decay. Weird glyphs, sinister runes, and obscene pictographs are carved upon its entire length. Sprouting from the underside of this trunk are six types of fungi required for the ritual *Conjuration of the Foul Putrescence*. If any of these blooms are removed, a Fungal Obscenity will bubble up from the mire and attack. Treasure amounting to Horde Class XXII is scattered in the muck. **Fungal Obscenity:** DC 7, SPD 60' (20"), HD 9, AT'T 3 bashing extrusions [1 die each, if victim is hit with all three in a round save vs. petrify or unconscious for 1d10 rounds], SA spew Yellow Mold spore cloud 3x per day, SD charm/sleep immunity, SV F9, ML 12, AL C.

10. Rude Camp. Several 'beds' of heaped muck and damp moss mark the campsite of a group of Deep Ones. They were brought to the City of the Ancients via the Irrationalists' sorcery, and are now negotiating the performance of various uncouth deeds on their behalf, but prefer the comfort of the bog for their accommodations. The group totals eighteen members – if a lesser number are encountered here, the remainder are off conspiring with their confederates, and will flee back into the Sanctum in great haste if they return to discover their campsite has been destroyed. A sealed ceramic urn contains mixed coins and small gems of 230gp total value. **3d6 Deep Ones:** DC 5, SPD 90' (30") or 240' (80") [swim], HD 1+1, AT'T coral clubs [1 dice+3], SA +3 STR bonus to hit, SV D1, ML 10, AL C.

City of the Ancients: Near the center of the UnderJungle, the ground rises gently and the foliage clears to reveal the City of the Ancients. It will be plain to observers that the City is largely in ruins: the wall is battered and crumbling, rubble is piled high, and the few

remaining towers are visibly in disrepair – an air of decay and dissolution permeates the area. The City is divided into three zones:

The Citadel of the Space Aliens is where these visitors from another world have pledged to make their last stand, protected (for now) only by the potency of their technology. Their three towers are partially restored, some rubble has been cleared, and the area is thick with detection devices and automated defenses.

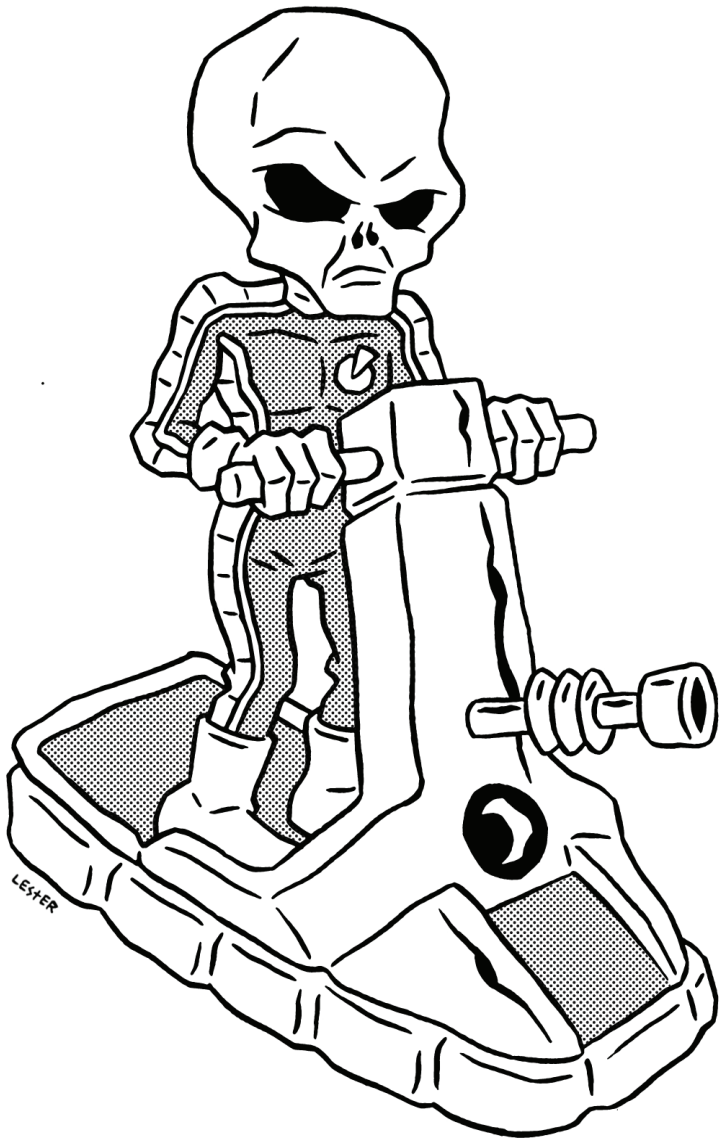
The Sanctum of the Irrationalists is a shattered tower that has been occupied and excavated by deranged Space Aliens who have turned their backs on logic, reason, and science in favor of sorcery, emotionalism, and unrestrained savagery. The approaches to this fastness are guarded by fell beasts and stealthy watchers.

The Dead City is the ruined remainder of the metropolis – across its rubble-strewn boulevards and crumbled splendor, the Space Aliens do battle with the Irrationalists, while interlopers from the levels above and mutated beasts from the City gnaw away at both and each other. One mighty tower remains intact, but its obsidian walls are dark and forbidding. Another tower, of a cloudy ruby-colored crystal, shows obvious battle-damage, and a foul effluent erupts from its upper reaches at irregular intervals – it leans noticeably to one side, and how it stays standing is anyone's guess.

The City of the Ancients is not huge by any means, but traversing its length takes quite some time, as movement is constrained by the dangerous terrain – streets are clogged with rubble, unstable buildings threaten constant collapse, and hazards abound. In order to avoid these dangers, PCs must move with extra caution. Safe movement occurs at 1/3rd the normal rate. This does not completely guarantee safety, and movement at this rate requires each PC to save vs. breath attack once every six hours, with failure requiring a roll on the City Movement Hazard Table on the next page. There is no chance of losing direction, as the remaining towers are obvious landmarks. If PCs insist on moving faster (either by impatience or the need to flee more immediate dangers), each must save vs. breath attack once per turn or roll on the city movement hazard table. The perimeter areas around the Citadel and the Sanctum are somewhat clear of rubble and less dangerous – normal movement rules should be used, and there is no need for saving throws.

Affecting the Balance of Power: PCs are under no obligation to become involved in the larger struggle gripping the City. They can attack both sides, try to ignore each, skulk among the ruins and plunder & raid as opportunities allow, or depart as quickly as possible. The City is a (tremendously dangerous) playground, and PCs should be free to conduct themselves as they see fit.

d12	City Movement Hazard
1-3	Road Rash. Minor bumps, bruises, and scrapes add up to 1d2 damage.
4-6	Twisted Ankle. 1d4 damage, movement reduced by ½, all attack rolls and saving throws suffer a -1 penalty until healing is received.
7-8	Broken Leg. 1 die damage, no movement, attack rolls and saves at -4 until lost hp are healed.
9-10	Cracked Skull. A nasty spill ends in a head-first landing. 1 die damage, knocked unconscious for 1d6 rounds, and thereafter attack rolls and saving throws are at -4 until lost hp are healed. If the victim is wearing a helmet, all effects are halved.
11	Trapped. The ground collapses and the PC drops into a narrow crevasse. 1 die damage, and they're gonna need some help getting out.
12	Collapsing Building. An unstable ruin turns into an ad hoc deadfall trap, take 4 dice damage (save vs. breath for ½). Award the PCs one free roll on the dead city scavenging table (opposite).



However, after two centuries of stalemate, each side is now open to assistance from like-minded outsiders. Should the PCs attempt to make contact with one faction or the other, and display motives and an outlook seemingly in line with their own (Law for the Space Aliens and Chaos for the Irrationalists), an alliance may be formed. Of course, each faction will be ruthlessly true to their own goals – once their nemeses are destroyed, the PCs will be disposed of as quickly as is convenient. The Space Aliens and the Irrationalists know how to destroy one another, they simply lack the means. PCs can tip the balance by accomplishing any of the following:

Helping the Space Aliens

- **Recover the Ytterbium Coil:** The Order Generator is only operating at a fraction of its potential. Recovering the Ytterbium Coil, stolen long ago by the Irrationalists, will allow the effects of the Order Generator to envelop the entire level. Without their sorcery, the Irrationalists would quickly fall.
- **Infiltrate a Nuke:** The Space Aliens have diligently scraped together enough fissionable material to rig a small nuclear bomb. Detonating the bomb outside the Sanctum will not destroy it – they need someone they can trust to get it inside the complex and set it off.

Helping the Irrationalists

- **Destroy the Order Generator:** The Order Generator is the most potent tool the Space Aliens have to hold off the Irrationalists; with magic & sorcery free to run wild, they could be quickly overwhelmed.
- **Destroy the Clone Bank:** No more clone bank would mean the Space Aliens could no longer replace their losses in personnel. From there the Irrationalists could kill off the rest, or even just wait them out.
- **Recruit an Army:** The Irrationalists have tried recruiting allies from among the few humanoids that wander down to the City, but have had no luck in finding help. Powerful PCs might be able to raise an army to cast down the walls of the Space Aliens.

GMs are encouraged to devise additional plots to effect a change in the status quo, particularly if these play to the strengths or motivations of their players' characters.

The Dead City is choked by piled rubble, mostly shattered concrete. In a few places, more exotic debris marks former buildings – fractured obsidian blocks, rusted steel girders, and twisted sheets of unidentifiable metal. There are numerous small pools and damp areas, but these are visibly contaminated with poisonous effluents of every color and consistency. Smoke billows in places from fires that rage deep beneath the rubble. A scattering of buildings still stand, after a fashion. Most are missing at least one wall or the roof, and they are all unstable and prone to collapse – using one for shelter

increases the chance of misfortune. Ancient treasures and forgotten technologies still exist amidst this destruction, but uncovering them is hazardous work. Two towers remain standing in the Dead City, but both the Irrationalists and the Space Aliens give them wide berth.

The Dead City has been warred over for generations, and in that time the ruins have been blasted and picked clean repeatedly. However, much of value remains undisturbed beneath the rubble, and enterprising PCs who do not mind attracting attention to themselves can profit handsomely from excavating the debris. PCs may dig down into the rubble wherever they please. This labor is quite noisy – for each hour spent digging, roll once on the Dead City Random Encounter table. Two cumulative hours of excavating the same location allows the PCs to roll 1d100 on the Dead City Scavenging Table (next page). The GM is free to adjust the amount of digging allowed to match the expectations of the campaign. If you want the PCs to have access to more loot, simply allow more digging; to limit loot, reduce the allowance for excavation. A good benchmark is to allow digging in one spot every 500'. Some encounters reward the PCs with free rolls on this table – in these cases, no additional random encounter rolls need be made, simply roll the dice for scavenging and apply the results.

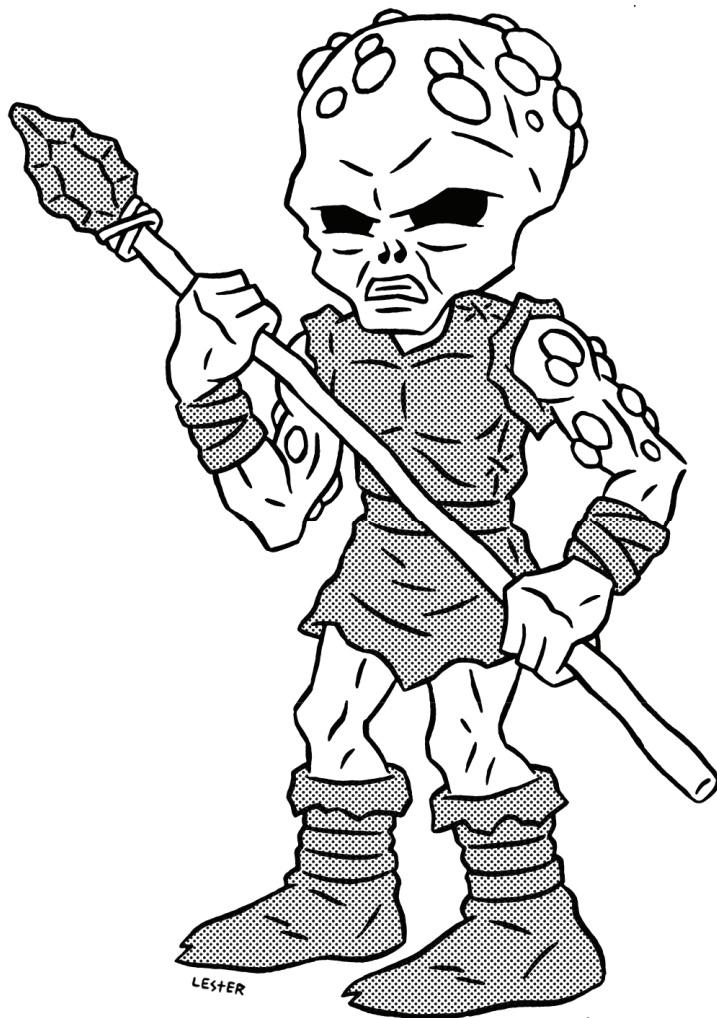
Dead City Random Encounters: Roll 1d100 once every six hours, or whenever the PCs engage in behavior that is likely to draw attention (fighting, arguing, excavating rubble, etc.), and consult the following table:

1-85 No Encounter.

86-88 Ravenous Mynocts. A flight of Mynocts is on the prowl, looking for something to eat. If surprised, they are found picking at the remains of ancient machinery; otherwise they swoop in to attack. **2-16 Mynocts:** DC 6, SPD 180' (60') [fly] and 30' (10') [crawl], HD 3, ATT bite [1 dice x ½], SA electric discharge, SV F3, ML 7, AL N [unintelligent].

89-91 Prowling Beast. Sometimes the monsters created by the Irrationalists escape...and sometimes they are simply turned loose. Generate a **Spawn of Shub-Niggurath** randomly (per *Carcosa* or your own tables).

92-95 Recon Patrol. A Space Alien patrol, ready for trouble. If they meet up with a serious threat, they will retreat to the Citadel, and a much more powerful strike force will be unleashed. **Space Alien on Anti-Grav Sled:** DC 0, SPD 600' (200'), HD 8 [36hp], ATT cosmic radiation pulse rifle [4 dice], SV D10, ML 7, AL L. This Space Alien wears a titanium torc worth 1300gp. **1d4+2 Space Aliens in Battle Armor:** DC 2, SPD 180' (60'), HD 1-1, ATT micro-wave pulse pistol [1 dice] or stun baton [1 dice + save vs. wands or stun-



ned 1d6 rounds], SD 20hp force field; communicator; telescopic+nightvision sights, SV D10, ML 7, AL L.

96-99 Hunting Party. The Irrationalists often infiltrate the Dead City in order to spy on the Space Aliens, probe for weaknesses, and disable detection devices & defenses. They will flee if they meet with more than they can handle. Each Irrationalist carries 5d10gp in jewelry and trinkets. **Tough Irrationalist:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 2+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice], SV MU2, ML 10, AL C. Implanted with a *Command Crystal*. **3d4 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice] or dart [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 10, AL C. 50% chance that one wields a *Mutation Inducer*.

00 Unique Brute. No one knows where this beast came from. Mutated zoo escapee? Irrationalist creation run wild? Some dark demon from parts unknown? It preys upon all that it comes across, and Irrationalists and Aliens alike know to flee its savage wrath. **Dead City Devil:** DC 3, SPD 150' (50'), HD 13, ATT 2 slashing claws+gore [2 dice each/3 dice] or trample [4 dice], SA surprise 1-4; invisible 3x per day, SV F13, ML 12, AL N.

d100	Dead City Items Scavenged
01-75	Nothing found.
76	A melted lump of solid gold worth 1250gp.
77	Snake-Men artifacts: ancient decorative tiles, metal containers, and mundane personal items worth 1500gp to a sophisticated collector.
78	Working jale laser pulse pistol w/drained cell.
79	Set of twelve nested titanium beakers, worth 1000gp to an alchemist.
80	Peculiar and lovely small metallic object d'art of unknown manufacture, has powers that are non-magical but identical to a <i>Periapt of Health</i> .
81	5 lb. solar power cell charger, can recharge energy weapons one charge per hour during daylight (white hole illumination counts).
82	1000' spool of very fine silver wire, 750gp.
83	Crude soapstone idol of Nyarlathotep, utterly foul for non-Chaotics to behold. Once per month it can cast <i>Charm Person</i> , and will direct victims to commit evil acts. Weighs 20 lbs., worth 10,000gp to the wrong type of person.
84	Hi-tech sack of unknown, incorruptible material: waterproof, does not burn, impervious to acid, extremely resistant to tearing & puncturing, can hold volume equivalent to a large sack, though much more weight.
85	Small wood chest containing 294 gold coins – each worth 10 gp due to thickness and purity.
86	Skeleton of long-dead Gnoll hero. Personal effects include <i>sword +1</i> , <i>flame tongue</i> (command word “Zooost!”), <i>leather armor +3</i> , engraved pearl charm bracelet worth 800gp, and 3x <i>potion of healing</i> (more potent with age, if drinking one takes imbiber's hp beyond normal max, extra hp(s) are permanent).
87	A vaguely pistol-shaped EMP device. If aimed at a spell-caster and activated, a burst of magical energy engulfs the target, causing all currently memorized spells to be wiped away. Only works against memorized spells, not spell-like abilities or innate powers. Small dial on grip indicates 6 charges left.
88	Ornate and heavy (17 lbs.) necklace of gold plates and tiger's eye stones. When casting a ritual, the wearer may make a second save to avoid unnatural aging if the first is failed. Worth 1800gp to the uninitiated, but beyond calculable value to a Chaotic spellcaster; any owner will be subject to constant scrutiny and plotting from jealous sorcerers.
89	Small dagger carved from single emerald, worth 8000gp.

90	Barrel-like torso of a deceased Primordial One. Holster contains a curious raygun. Can be fired once/day (recharges by itself), but the odd grip makes it -4 to hit; victim must save vs. spells or be affected as if by the Mage spell <i>Antipathy</i> .
91	Loose gemstones of various types in a rotting satchel: 1d100 gems worth 1d10x10gp each.
92	Holocystal of Space Alien manufacture. When activated, displays a map that shows a secret entrance into Sub-Level 1 of Beta Retreat.
93	Non-magical circlet that functions identically to a <i>Necklace of Adaptation</i> .
94	Space Alien locator beacon – when activated, a strong patrol of several sleds and a cohort of combat droids will arrive 2d12 hours later.
95	1d12 miniaturized Irrationalists encased in amber. Worth 300gp each to a sophisticated buyer. If exposed to significant electrical charge, amber shatters, and the Irrationalist within returns to life at normal size.
96	A very large corpse is entombed in a thick layer of ulfire mold. The mold is harmless, the body is of an Ogre Mage – a thick book chained to its belt contains pages with the spells <i>Fly</i> , <i>Paralyze Person</i> , <i>Icy Storm</i> , <i>Magic Jar</i> , <i>Control Weather</i> , and <i>Vanish</i> .
97	A heavy (50 lbs.) metal canister containing one gallon of thick, lustrous liquid. This is a bizarre type of pure gold that remains liquid at room temperature. Virtually any price can be asked of an alchemist for this fabled substance of sublime potency.
98	Strange tools of obscure, though recognizably human, design. Worth 2500gp to a collector.
99	3d12 tablets in a small metal vial, these are preserved foodstuffs of hi-tech manufacture. Each one of these small tablets provides complete nourishment for a single humanoid for three days.
00	Roll twice, ignoring results less than 76.

Dead City Keyed Encounters:

11. Rusty Lake. A sunken plaza filled with rust-colored water that smells strongly of metallic decay. The water is highly corrosive to metal: immersion causes instant disintegration of anything short of an artifact, a splash requires metal items to save vs. breath (magic items get 'plus' as a bonus) to avoid destruction. Drinking the water requires a save vs. poison to avoid death. Water removed from the lake loses its destructive properties after 24 hours, but remains poisonous indefinitely.

12. Ambush Stairs. What looks at first like a deep pit is actually a very steep set of stairs leading down into the

ground. After 40', the stairs end in an impenetrable clot of rubble, the lair of a **Giant Wolf Spider**. Buried in the debris is an uncut sapphire worth 900gp, a dozen normal arrows, a tarnished silver pitcher worth 125gp, an *Elder Sign*, and the results of one free roll on the Dead City Scavenging Table. **Giant Wolf Spider**: DC 6, SPD 60' (20'), HD 5 [33hp], ATT bite [1 dice], SA paralytic poison, SV F5, ML 10, AL N [unintelligent].

13. Cunning Trap. A dozen dead Space Aliens litter the perimeter of a gently smoking crater; their weaponry and abundant hi-tech supplies are scattered around them, completely intact. This is actually a holographic image projected by a small transmitter at the center of the illusion. If any non-Space Alien entity approaches within 50', a proximity-fused explosive detonates doing 5 dice damage to all within 100' (save v. breath attacks for ½ damage). Hi-tech sensory devices or equivalent magicks may reveal the nature of the deception (GM discretion).

14. Belligerent Droid. A dwarf-sized service droid stumbles among a field of charred and broken plascrete pylons. It has suffered modest damage and extensive program corruption, and acts erratically. It hurls a stream of obscenities (in Space Alien) at any who come within 100', and attacks those approaching closer than 10'. Knowledgeable scavengers can harvest this unit for several useful spare parts. **Droid FTC398.ALPHA**: DC 4, SPD 30' (10'), HD 2 [9hp], ATT two pincers [1 dice x½ each], SV D10, ML 12, AL L.

15. Kaboom! A lone Kobold sits quietly on a rusted beam. If it sees the PCs, it will approach slowly in a non-threatening manner. This is an early prototype of a Space Alien cyborg weapon – if it is allowed to approach within 10' of any humanoid, or if it is killed, an explosive charge in its head will detonate for 3 dice damage to all within 50'. The explosion will disturb the rubble enough to allow one free roll on the Dead City Scavenging Table. **Weaponized Kobold**: DC 7, SPD 30' (10'), HD ½ (2hp), ATT explosive charge [3 dice], SV 0 level Human, ML 12, AL N [unintelligent].

16. Tower Eternal. This looming obsidian needle rises to a height not far short of the cavern ceiling. An open balcony about where the thirteenth level should be is the only apparent entrance. Through a low arched doorway is a small room with yellow plaster walls. Every available surface of this room is covered in bizarre scrawls, nauseating pictographs, and sanity-shaking runic script. Anyone who attempts to decipher any of this, by means magical or mundane, must roll 1d4 on the table at right. A secret panel in the north wall of this room slides open to reveal a small shelf that holds a ceremonial dagger (worth 500gp to a Chaotic buyer), a large chrysoberyl (470gp), a neat stack of 20sp, and a diary including the Mage spells *Duo-Dimension*, *Fiery Cloud*, and *Enmagement*.

17. Safe House. Beneath some light debris is a spiral staircase descending into the ground. The passage is very narrow and menacing, but after winding for 50' opens into a plain 20'x30' concrete vault. If care is taken to replace the debris and camouflage the entrance, this provides a sanctuary of sorts within the Dead City – no random encounter checks need be made while the party is completely within this room. Additionally, valuable items from ages past have been safeguarded here – the PCs are allowed three free rolls on the Dead City Scavenging Table when they first find this room.

18. Sleeping Giant. The PCs clumsy movement awakens a dormant warmachine. A 30' tall arachnid-form robot bursts from beneath the rubble and attacks. Its movement is hampered by three damaged legs, and it only has power for a limited number of shots from its primary weaponry, but it will attack all non-Space Alien targets relentlessly. **Droid A1101010.Σ.X**: DC 5, SPD 60' (20'), HD 20 [90hp], ATT cosmic radiation beam bazooka + blue laser Gatling rifle + flechette cannister gun [5 dice, 5 shots remaining / 6 dice, 3 shots remaining / 4 dice to all within a 30' wide, 100' long cone, 2 shots remaining] or 2 scything leg sweeps [3 dice each], SA surprise on 1-4, SV D10, ML 12, AL L. Any battle with this machine guarantees that both the Space Aliens and the Irrationalists will send patrols to investigate. If defeated, the machine will prove to be a treasure trove of spare parts for technological items. Additionally, the rubble kicked up by this monster allows three free rolls on the Dead City Scavenging Table.

d4	Tower Eternal Reading Table
1	Minions. Several B'yakhee coalesce outside the tower and attack the trespassers. 3d4 B'yakhee : DC 9, SPD 240 (80) [fly]; 90 (30) [land], HD 4, ATT claw [1 dice], SA psionics [1d3+1 powers, 4 times per day], SD teleport, SV F4, ML 9, AL C.
2	Madness. The reader must save vs. spells – failure means drooling, slack-mouthed incoherence for 2d12 hours. Upon recovery, the victim's WIS score is halved permanently, and he suffers terror when confronted with emblems of Hastur.
3	Monster. The reader is transformed into an Avatar of Hastur and attacks all in sight. After 5 rounds, the victim recovers with no memory of what just happened. Avatar of Hastur : DC 2, SPD 240 (80) [fly]; 90 (30) [land], HD 15, ATT 6 throttling tentacles [2 dice each], SA electrical burst [1 dice damage to all within 30']; psionics [all powers once per day], SD immune to charm/sleep, heat, cold & electricity, SV F15, ML 12, AL C.
4	Mold. The walls of the room eject a burst of Yellow Mold spores – all within must save vs. poison or die of suffocation in 6 rounds.

19. Sneaky Pudding. A small pool beneath an exposed water main looks inviting, but a Black Pudding will burst out from the pipe to engulf any who investigate. **Black Pudding:** DC 6, SPD 60 (20), HD 10, ATT acidic smother [3 dice], SA dissolve, SD harmed only by fire; split into smaller puddings, SV F5, ML 12, AL N [unint.].

20. Ruby Tower. Reeking effluent spews occasionally from the upper reaches of this decrepit, crystalline tower, forming a large pool nearly 10' deep in places that surrounds the base of the spire. There are no doors or windows, but gaping holes in several places high in the tower allow entry. Within are narrow corridors comprised of ruby walls that seem to shift and change, and create weird reflections that easily confound trespassers. Any who enter must save vs. spells for each round they walk the corridors. Three failed saves in a row means the victim is lost forever, doomed to wander the endless maze for eternity; three successful saves in a row means a fractured panel of pure ruby is found, worth 1d6x 10,000gp. The top of the tower, and source of the effluent, confounds investigation.

Sanctum of the Irrationalists: Formerly a soaring, slender tower of sublime beauty, this edifice has been hideously altered by battle and the sorcery of the Irrationalists. Now only a stumpy scab of outer wall remains above ground. This wall is bulbous and misshapen, clad in a chitinous sheath of irregular, jagged, giant dolm scales. These scales are impervious to all types of energy weapons and radiant emissions; old scales are regularly shed and replaced with new growth – the outer wall is alive in some uncouth fashion.

Below ground, the Irrationalists have excavated a substantial basement level, wherein they conduct their most obscene rituals and outré sorcerous explorations. They are active – gathering prisoners, planning raids into the City, conducting sorcerous experiments – and intruders will be hard-pressed to remain undiscovered. They will mount a vigorous and intelligent defense of their base, using every opportunity to overcome intruders with guile and strength of numbers. There are 125 Irrationalists in the Sanctum. The entry to the perimeter of the Sanctum is a subtle transition, and most visitors will not realize they are entering an inhabited area until they come under attack. The approaches to the Sanctum are guarded by teams of Irrationalist dart-throwers, as well as bizarre creatures spawned within the complex. The Irrationalists have recently been active in trying to recruit allies to rid the City of the Space Aliens once and for all. Attempts to parley will be greeted enthusiastically; vanquished enemies will be captured and enticed to join the Irrationalists by more direct means. Generally, individual Irrationalists carry 5d10gp in jewelry and trinkets as treasure.

Sanctum Perimeter Random Encounters: 1d10 once per turn. Results may overlap, so that the PCs might e.g. come under attack by dart-throwers for a turn and then be approached by an envoy.

1-4 No Encounter.

5 Envoy. A representative of the Irrationalists emerges, to parley and determine if the PCs would make suitable allies, or simply fodder for experimentation. Total the levels of the PCs in the party – that is the percentage chance that they will be invited in and asked to join in the destruction of the Space Aliens. Those that do not make the cut – or refuse the alliance – will be captured, likely to suffer a fate worse than death. **Tough Irrationalist:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 2+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice] or net [entangle], SV MU2, ML 10, AL C. Also implanted with an *Insanity Crystal* (50% chance) or a *Command Crystal* (50%).

6-8 Dart Patrol. Several Irrationalists attack from cover. **1d4+1 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice] or dart [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 10, AL C.

9-0 Savage Guardian. A product of the Irrationalists' monster factory has caught scent of the PCs and moves in to attack. Generate a **Spawn of Shub-Niggurath** randomly (per *Carcosa* or your own tables).

Sanctum Random Encounters: Roll 1d100 once every six turns, or if the PCs engage in behavior that is likely to draw attention (fighting, arguing, reckless movement, etc.) and consult the following table:

1-80 No Encounter.

81-90 Busy Bodies. Several Irrationalists on a mundane errand. They are not expecting trouble, and are likely to flee any threat to gather reinforcements. **2d4 Irrationalists:** DC 8, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 5, AL C.

91-92 Prisoner Transfer. A group of prisoners is being escorted to the pens in the lower level. If their captors are slain, roll 1d100 for each surviving prisoner: **1-50** terror-stricken, flee in random direction, **51-00** maniacally vengeful, will fight with reckless abandon against Irrationalists and Space Aliens alike. **4 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT spear [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 9, AL C. There is a 75% chance that one is implanted with an *Insanity Crystal*. **3d6 Human Prisoners:** DC 9, SPD 120' (40'), HD 0 [1d4hp], ATT fists [1d3], SV 0 level Human, ML 6, AL N. Generate race/color randomly.

93-96 Outgoing Patrol. Several Irrationalists, headed out into the City and looking for trouble. **Tough Irrationalist:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 2+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice] or net [entangle], SV MU2, ML 10, AL C. Also implanted with an *Insanity Crystal* (50% chance) or a *Command Crystal* (50%). **3d4 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice] or dart [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 10, AL C.

97-98 Routine Inspection. The second in command and several guards make the rounds. If attacked, one will gather reinforcements and the rest will fight. **Call of the Void** – see Excretory Room (32) for stats. **4 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT spear [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 9, AL C. There is a 75% chance that one is implanted with an *Insanity Crystal*.

99-00 Special Inspection. The guy in charge is checking things out. If attacked, one will gather reinforcements and the rest will fight. **Incommensurable Appeal** – see Boss Room (36) for stats. **8 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT spear [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 9, AL C. One is implanted with an *Insanity Crystal* and two others have *Command Crystals*.

Sanctum Lower Level Keyed Descriptions. The lower level is generally well-lit by torches, and the Irrationalists are attentive: missing personnel, signs of battle, and disrupted operations will be noticed, and the Sanctum will be alert to the presence of intruders.

21. Hall of Blasphemers. Crude statues of lacquered offal leer at visitors, who may recognize depictions of the Great Old Ones, various uncouth entities, Astarot, Geryon, and others less notable, if equally repellent. The Irrationalists here are on guard for any trouble. Assorted decorative items (jugs, platters, and the like) are scattered about this hall, worth 100gp total. **1d4+1 Tough Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 2+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice], SV MU2, ML 10, AL C. Also implanted with an *Insanity Crystal* (50% chance) or a *Command Crystal* (50%). **3d6 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT hand weapon [1 dice] or dart [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 10, AL C.

22. Humming Room. A deep bass hum that can be felt from up to 100' away emanates from this room. The source of the hum is a jagged block of obsidian in the center of the floor. The block is circumscribed by a thick ring of coarse salt. Breaking the ring of salt, or removing the block, will cause the hum to cease; if the ring is restored or the block returned, the hum will resume. The block, salt, and room are magical, though no other effects are noteworthy. The obsidian block weighs 700 lbs., and is worth 6000gp. The salt is tasty on prepared meats and vegetables.

23. Prisoner Pens. There are thirteen pens here, with humans of a different race in each – the Irrationalists are diligent in separating one race from the next. If attacked, one of the guards will always try to flee to gather reinforcements. (You may substitute your own campaign races for those of Carcosa if you wish, or use these as special peoples from distant lands.)

a. Black Pen. 1 Black Man occupies this pen, “The Capacity of Precision,” a lawful 4th level Mage. He knows two rituals: *Measureless Chimes of the Uttermost Rim* and *Impediment of the Iridescent Fume*. He is reckless, and will plumb the depths of the Sanctum for hidden knowledge if freed.

b. Blue Pen. 4 Blue Men and 9 Blue Women huddle here. They are terrified and superstitious, and cannot be convinced to leave their pen – only some powerful magic could compel them to emerge.

c. Bone Pen. 1 Bone Man cowers in the corner. If the guards are killed, he can be goaded from the pen, as an animal might, and will follow very simple orders. At the most inopportune time, the fog of dementia will lift and be replaced with murderous rage – he will attack the nearest PC savagely, rolling to hit as a 10 HD monster, and fight to the death.

d. Brown Pen. Empty.

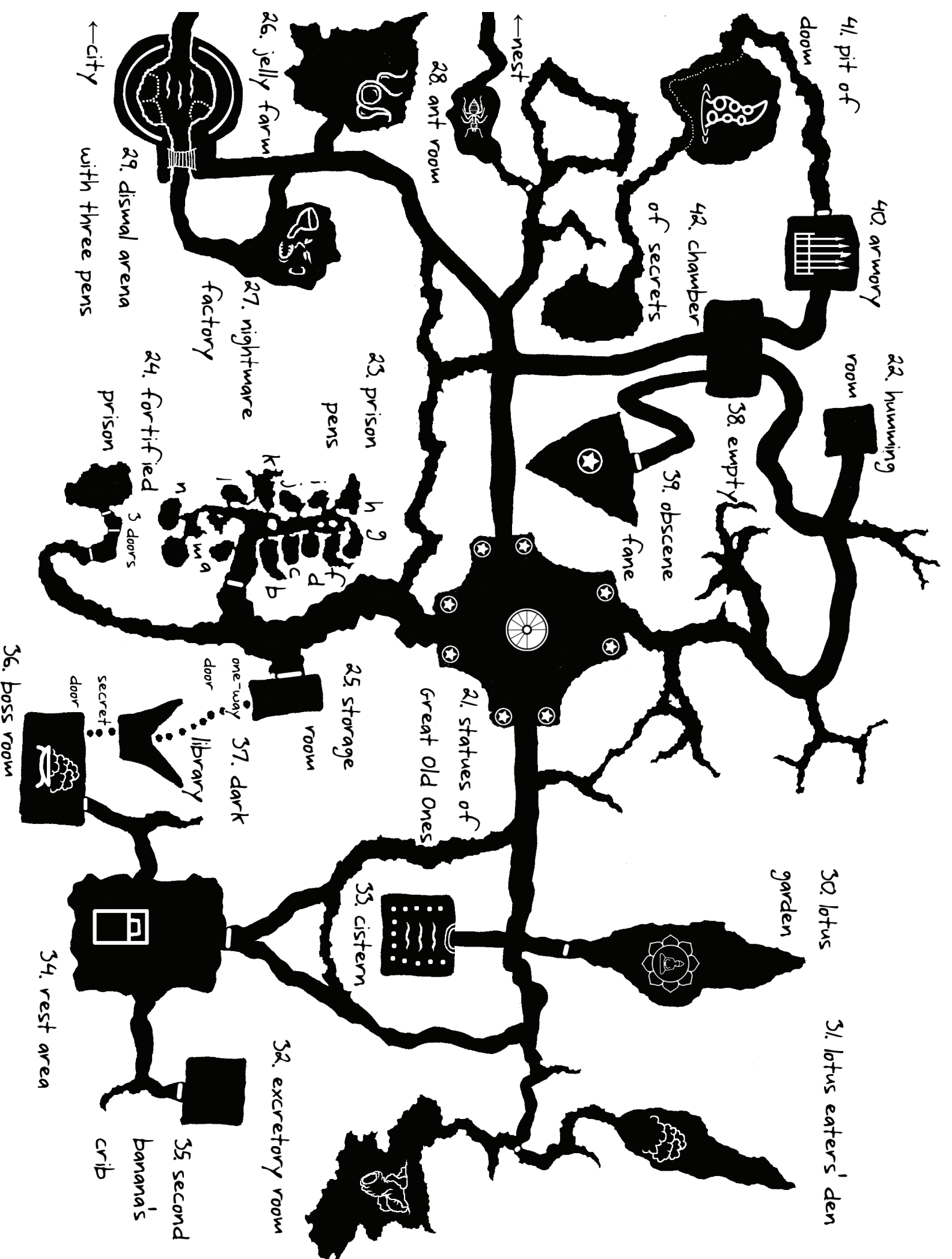
f. Dolm Pen. 14 Dolm Men of martial bent, led by “The Private Desire,” a neutral 5th level Warrior, are confined here. They bear a grudge against the occupants of the Red Pen, who are notorious slavers. If freed, these men will immediately attempt to slay the Red Men – if allowed, they will remain to fight the Irrationalists, otherwise they will turn on any who attempt to restrain them.

g. Green Pen. 6 Green Men pace this pen. If freed, these men will flee immediately, causing a great ruckus in the process.

h. Jale Pen. A single Jale Woman slumps in this pen. She has been experimented upon cruelly, and bears four hideous mutations: her legs have fused into a worm-like lower body, her eyes are bulging and unblinking, her tongue is a tentacle, and she has long, venomous talons. If freed, she will remain to fight the Irrationalists, but kill herself after 2d6 days.

i. Orange Pen. There a single Orange Girl here. She is catatonic, and powerful magics are required to restore her.

j. Purple Pen. Empty.



k. Red Pen. 11 Red Men, led by “Dawn’s Darkest Dream,” a chaotic 3rd level Fighter, plot within this pen. They have burrowed a narrow, concealed tunnel that links with the Ulfire Pen, and together they await an opportunity to strike at their captors. They know the danger posed by the Dolm Men, and will not hesitate to slay them if given the opportunity. Beyond that, they are only interested in escape.

l. Ulfire Pen. The 4 Ulfire Men await word from the Red Men to attempt an escape. If freed, they will flee immediately.

m. White Pen. Empty.

n. Yellow Pen. An aged Yellow Woman squats here, cackling to herself enthusiastically. She will accompany those who free her, and help with non-combat tasks as she can. Although now feeble and insane, she retains some of the powers of the witch she once was – with one hour of uninterrupted ministering to a wounded person, she can heal them for an extra 1d6hp per day. If she is ever led at night into a bog or a swamp, 10d10 Amphibious Ones will erupt from the stagnant water and attempt to drag her back to their watery realm.

2d6 Irrationalists: DC 6, SPD 90’ (30’), HD 1+1, ATT spear [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 9, AL C. One is implanted with an *Insanity Crystal*, and another wields a *Mutation Inducer*. **Prisoners:** Generate stats as normal for type, but reduce hp by 50% owing to torture and deprivation.

24. Fortified Prison. Each of the three doors to this room are particularly stout, double-locked and barred. Within is a captive Ettin – the Irrationalists have been trying to convince it to join with them, but have met with little success. It is covered with numerous heavy manacles, chains, and bindings – while restrained in this fashion, the Ettin cannot attack, can be hit freely, and can only move at SPD 10’ (3’). If freed, it will fight enthusiastically against its captors. The Ettin wears silver bracers with elaborate antique scrollwork, worth 300gp each. **Ettin:** DC 3, SPD 120’ (40’), HD 10 [currently at ½hp], ATT 2 pummeling fists [1 dice+2 & 2 dice+2], SD surprised on 1, SV F10, ML 9, AL C.

25. Storage Room. Some of the lesser possessions of captives and the conquered are stored here: 2 very large clubs, a set of horse barding, 3 backpacks (one contains 3 bricks of *Incense of Meditation*), a 10’ pole, a lightly-damaged canoe, a large rock bearing a crude pictograph of a Troll (worth 500gp to a Troll), a set of cooking pans and utensils, a tattered cloth standard (actually a *Flying Carpet*, command word: “Make it so!”), and a shovel.

26. Jelly Farm. The floor here is spongy, moist, and rank. A dozen or more gently palpitating tumor-like

growths hang from the ceiling via slender, hairy vines, and a yellow translucent jelly bubbles obscenely from the bottom of each into a metal container. A mutated Irrationalist of abnormal strength tends these disgusting blossoms, with the help of a curdled Spawn that typically clings to the ceiling – they will both fight to the death. There are 3 containers filled with *Primal Yellow Jelly* on a low bench. Treasure is secreted in dirty rags, beneath some soil in a corner: a gold medallion with sunburst motif (600gp), a Leprechaun-sized *Shield* +1, and an uncut emerald (350gp). **Mutant Irrationalist:** DC 8, SPD 120’ (40’), HD 3+1, ATT pickax [1 dice+2], SV MU3, ML 12, AL C. **Spawn of Shub-Niggurath:** DC 9, SPD 60’ (20’), HD 4, ATT acidic excretion [1 die], SD harmed only by fire, SV F4, ML 12, AL C: purple ooze with thousands of eyes on tiny stalks and no mouth.

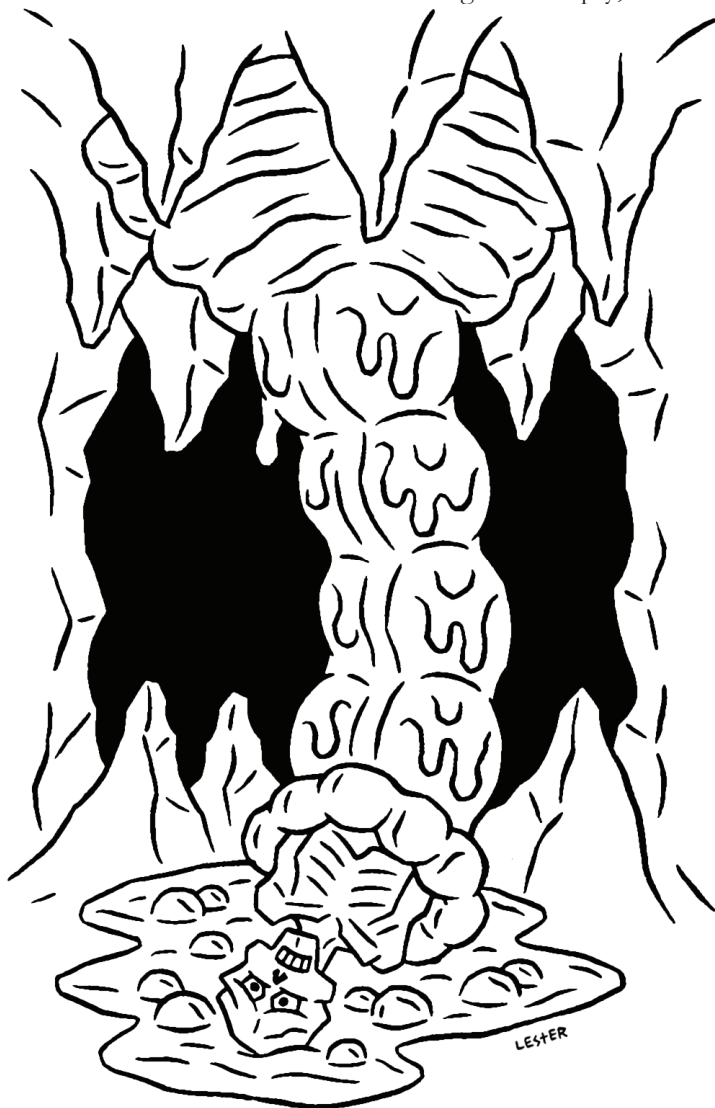
27. Nightmare Factory. Captives are brought to the three restraint-studded tables here and force-fed *Primal Yellow Jelly* in order to create new monsters. 30% chance that 1d3 prisoners and an equal number of attendants are here in the midst of transformative ceremonies – Irrationalists will flee intruders to gather reinforcements. **1d3 Irrationalists:** DC 9, SPD 120’ (40’), HD 1+1, ATT fists [1d2], SV MU1, ML 2, AL C. **Prisoners** – Generate stats as normal for type, but reduce to 1 hp owing to torture and deprivation.

28. Ant Room. This portion of the complex has been long abandoned, so the recent incursion of Giant Jungle Ants here has not yet been noticed. The ants are currently working to expand the tunnels, and they will aggressively attack any intruders. Canny PCs will be able to lure the ants into conflict with the Irrationalists. **1d4x10 Giant Jungle Ants:** DC 6, SPD 150’ (50’), HD 1, ATT bite [2 dice, save vs. poison ½ damage], SV F1, ML 12, AL N [unintelligent].

29. Dismal Arena. The sunken portion of the floor is filled with 1’ of stinking, slimy water (if you use disease/infection rules, anyone that goes down there is gonna get sick). A wooden ramp to access the pit is propped against the east wall. Newly-created Spawn are brought here to fight one another, with the victors kept and groomed for service. Three untrained Spawn currently occupy the pens – the attendants will unleash them upon intruders and then join the attack. If wounded, the Spawn will frenzy and attack a random opponent each round (including other Spawn and Irrationalists). **1d4+2 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90’ (30’), HD 1+1, ATT spear [1 die] or net [entangle], SV MU1, ML 9, AL C. **Spawn of Shub-Niggurath #1:** DC 5, SPD 90’ (30’), HD 7, ATT 2 claws [1 dice each], SV F7, ML 10, AL C: yellow-feathered insectoid with one eye and a tiny suckered mouth. **Spawn of Shub-Niggurath #2:** DC 6, SPD 180’ (60’) [fly], HD 4, ATT savage bite [2 dice], SA touch causes paralysis, SV F4, ML 7, AL C: ulfire-

suckered octopoid with four eyes and a beaked feeding appendage. **Spawn of Shub-Niggurath #3:** DC 2, SPD 60' (20'), HD 7, ATT crushing pincer [3 dice], SD regenerate 1HD every 1d3 rounds, SV F7, ML 8, AL C: black-scaled crustacean with no eyes or mouth.

30. Lotus Garden. A low-ceilinged grow operation, delicate green and blue lotus plants stretch as far as the eye can see. Ornate braziers along the walls burn weird coals that emit an ultraviolet glow for illumination, as well as a dense, smoky fume that nurses the plants. The Irrationalists have bred a minor species of Spawn of Shub-Niggurath to tend and harvest the crop. These monsters are built low to the ground, and have an increased chance at surprise due to the obscuring smoke – they will attack anyone that is not escorted by an Irrationalist. The weird light is not meant for human eyes and may complicate harvesting. Anyone without ultravision (or UV technology) that harvests this lotus has a 10% chance of contaminating the batch with deadly black lotus fragments. The braziers are made of bronze (100 lbs. each) and are worth 250gp apiece. Near the door are several aluminum urns: eight are empty,



nine are filled with raw blue lotus flowers, and three are filled with raw green lotus flowers. Raw lotus flowers are worth quite a bit, exact value depending upon prevailing market prices. **11 Spawn of Shub-Niggurath:** DC 5, SPD 210' (70'), HD 3, ATT 2 scything appendages [1 dice each], SA surprise on 1-4; spew green lotus 3x day [save vs. breath attacks or unconscious 1d4+8 hours, feeble additional 1d4 days], SD immune to poison, SV F4, ML 8, AL N [unintelligent]: jale-furred myriapods with three eyes and a circular gaping maw.

31. Lotus Eaters' Den. A whorl of pungent fumes clouds this chamber, some acrid and bitter, others fragrant and voluptuous. A dozen or more Irrationalists recline here on heaped, ratty cushions, in various states of lotus intoxication – most are deeply unconscious, while a handful are awake but incapacitated. The smoke here is thick and heady, and anyone who remains more than one round will automatically suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls due to a contact high – the effects wear off one turn after leaving. The attendants wear filtering mouthpieces that protect them as they care for the lotus eaters. They will flee intruders to gather reinforcements. 4 doses of *Blue Lotus Powder* and 26 doses of *Green Lotus Powder* can be found in this room, along with 2d4 precious snuff boxes worth 2d10gp each. **3 Irrationalists:** DC 9, SPD 120' (40'), HD 1+1, ATT fists [1d2], SD filter, SV MU1, ML 2, AL C. Mouthpiece filters may be used by any race and offer outstanding protection against inhalants.

32. Excretory Room. The acute stench of death in this room is insufferable, and a stack of partially-masticated corpses is heaped near the entrance. The only other notable feature is a bloated, sticky, membranous entrail that quivers nauseatingly from the ceiling – blood and digestive fluids pool sickeningly beneath it. All of the Irrationalists' prisoners from Carcosa originate from this room. On that doomed planet, a beast known as the *Flapping Maw* preys upon villages near the Bottomless Lochs, devouring men insatiably. Through some bizarre sorcery its digestive tract spans time & space, and the unfortunates it swallows emerge here. Most are dead on arrival, but those unlucky few that were swallowed whole are seized by the Irrationalists, and quickly learn that there are fates worse than death. If the entrail is destroyed, it will grow back in 4d4 days. Guards are on duty here at all times, and the Call of the Void, second in command, supervises their activities. To determine what emerges, roll 1d6 for each six hours spent in this room: **1-3)** nothing, **4-5)** dead victim, **6)** living victim (generate race randomly from list of Carcosan types). **Call of the Void:** DC 4, SPD 90' (30'), HD 4+4, ATT bastard sword [1 dice+2], SV MU4, ML 12, AL C. It has a *Command Crystal*, a single *Javelin of Lightning*, and a *Potion of Invisibility*. It wears ornate bronze bracers (125gp) and a necklace of gold and obsidian (450gp). **1d4+1 Irrationalists:** DC 6, SPD 90' (30'), HD 1+1, ATT

spear [1 dice], SV MU1, ML 9, AL C. There is a 75% chance that one is implanted with an *Insanity Crystal*.

33. Cistern Room. Fresh water is gathered and stored here. If a random encounter is rolled in or near this room, there is a 50% chance that it is 1d3 Spawn from **30**, arriving to siphon water for the plants.

34. Rest Area. Each cubby contains 1d3 Irrationalists as well as their personal effects. Occupants are meditating, conversing quietly, etc.; loud noise in one cubby will attract the attention of the occupants of nearby cubbies. A handful of new Irrationalists arrive periodically, and rested ones depart. **??? Irrationalists:** DC 9, SPD 120' (40'), HD 1+1, ATT fists [1d2], SV MU1, ML 6, AL C.

35. Second Banana's Crib. These are the private chambers of the Call of the Void, second in command of the Irrationalists. There is a 25% chance it will be found in here alone; if PCs camp, roll each hour to check if it arrives, accompanied by 1d4 spear-wielding Irrationalists. The furniture is sparse: a plain cot, a chest containing the loose clothing favored by this race, and a rack containing several ornate examples of common hand weapons (each worth 10x normal value). The chest has a false bottom that is trapped with a small explosive charge (-50% to disarm chance unless from a tech-savvy background, 2 dice damage): within are 35 thin platinum sheets worth 100gp each.

36. Boss Room. This door is strong, and double-locked. These are the private chambers of the Incommensurable Appeal, leader of this coven of Irrationalists. There is a 50% chance it will be found in here alone; if PCs camp, roll each hour to check if it arrives, accompanied by 1d4 spear-wielding Irrationalists. Within is a meditation couch, a brazier filled with the same coals as in the Lotus Garden, a wardrobe filled with simple robes and loose garments, and a hidden chest (under a loose flagstone beneath the heavy couch) that contains 500pp, a *Potion of Gaseous Form*, 6 doses of *Green Lotus Powder*, and 3x *Potion of Healing*. **The Incommensurable Appeal:** DC 8, SPD 120' (40'), HD 5+5, ATT scimitar +2 [1 dice+2] or *Insanity Crystal*, SV MU5, ML 12, AL C. This villain is an Irrationalist sorcerer of sublime talents. In addition to possessing psionic abilities (1d6 powers, 1d6 times per day), it knows all of the rituals associated with the Lurker Amidst the Obsidian Ruins, the Manifestation of the Putrescent Stench, the Lurker of the Putrescent Pits, the God of the Primal Void, the Suckered Abomination, and the Amphibious Ones, and ceaselessly directs its minions to seize the components to enact those foul sorceries. It always carries on its person an *Elder Sign*, a *Necklace of Strangulation* (used for executions), 3 large rubies of uncommon beauty (1600gp, 1950gp, and 2800gp), and a technology-derived *Cube of Force* (which is not magical but functions in the same way).

37. Dark Library. The Incommensurable Appeal has penned many volumes of sorcerous knowledge and gathered many more from lands known and unknown. His own works comprise seven volumes, front and center on an elaborate wooden desk – they are written in the incomprehensible notation of the Space Aliens (GM discretion whether they can be deciphered, but it should take something more profound than *Read Languages*), and contain a full description of each ritual the Incommensurable Appeal knows. Atop one volume is a *Deck of Many Things* in a velveteen bag (the current focus of much study). Other volumes (over 100 in all) are in shelves carved from the rock walls, and include a *Manual of Quickness of Action*, a book of 9 first level and 4 second level Mage spells (determine randomly, written in Gnollish), a tome that describes how to create a Stone Golem, a scroll that includes three different recipes to create a *Potion of Healing*, a chart that details the star system containing the planet Yuggoth, 5 scrolls of Priest spells (determine randomly), and a primer describing the innate vulnerabilities of aviooid-type Spawn of Shub-Niggurath.

38. Empty Room. Seriously... there's nothing in here.

39. Obscene Fane. This temple is dedicated to the Suckered Abomination, and a loathsome idol to this demon, life-size and composed of lacquered offal, dominates the room. A pile of manacles is in one corner, and the floor is caked in dried grime, blood, and waste. This room is very disquieting, and those who do not worship the Suckered Abomination suffer a minor curse for trampling its domain: -1 to all rolls until a bath is taken in fresh, fragrant water along with application of *Remove Curse* magic. The Ytterbium Coil of the Space Aliens is hidden in the base of the idol – the idol must be destroyed to recover it. The Incommensurable Appeal will be instantly psychically aware of anyone who touches the idol, or if the idol is tampered with, and will direct his forces to plan an ambush of intruders.

40. Armory. Several dozen suits of the bizarre bone & carapace armor the Irrationalists wear are stored here. Also here are a number of spare weapons: 92 darts, 14 nets, 12 short swords, 1 battle axe, 6 scimitars, 21 spears, 3 daggers, and 8 clubs. Guards arrive fairly regularly to don or remove armor and exchange weapons.

41. Pit of Doom. A magical gloom that cannot be dispelled pervades this room – all light sources (even magic ones) emit only 1/10th their normal light. A 2' wide pathway of crushed coal (easy to miss against the dark floor) leads around the western perimeter of the room, linking each doorway. Anyone in this room who strays from the coal pathway will be immediately attacked by a swarm of grasping, rending, bashing tentacles that erupt from the depths of the pit. Tentacles attack each target each round in one of three ways:

Grab – No damage on a successful hit, but victim is lifted up and toward the pit. Victim must roll under STR each round to attack or use an item. 20hp of accrued damage are required to free the victim (attackers must state they are targeting the tentacles holding the victim). Any victim held for three consecutive rounds is dragged into the pit, never to be seen again.

Slice – Razor-sharp talons cause extra bleeding. On a successful hit, victim takes 2 dice damage and then loses 2hp/round until receiving some form of healing. Bleeding damage stacks, i.e. on a second slicing hit 4hp/round are lost, third hit 6hp/round lost, etc.

Throw – On a successful hit, the victim is picked up and tossed against the wall (roll 1d12 to determine direction); 2 dice damage, plus save vs. petrify or knocked unconscious for 1d4 rounds (helmet grants a +4 bonus to save).

Once the tentacles sustain 80hp of damage, they will retreat back into the pit and not emerge again for 4d4 days. **Deadly Tentacles:** DC 7, SPD 0, HD 12 [80hp], ATT grab or slice or throw [special], SD charm/sleep/hold/poison immunity, SV F12, ML 12, AL N [unint.].

42. Chamber of Secrets. This room radiates palpable evil, and non-Irrationalists who enter must save vs. spells: success means an effect identical to a Priestly *Curse* takes hold, failure means the subject is affected as by *Cause Fear*. This is the scene of many of Incommensurable Appeals' sorcerous rituals, and obscenely powerful and hateful entities have emerged into existence with the sacrifice of countless lives in this room. The ceiling is over 40' high, and a raised altar sits against the western wall. Manacles and restraints are piled about the floor, which is caked with blood and viscera, and empty braziers line the walls. Rituals occur irregularly, as the Irrationalists only have such sacrifices as are provided by the Excretory Room. Additionally, certain entities have become unruly, having been summoned and then felt the wrath of the Space Aliens technology – they are often more trouble than they are worth. More often, Incommensurable Appeal comes here with several attendants and a like number of prisoners to conduct sorcerous experiments. The GM may wish to schedule rituals or experiments that coincide with a visit by the PCs, either as participants or of a mind to thwart such disturbing proceedings.

Citadel of the Space Aliens: The rubble in this quarter of the city is partially cleared, and the area surrounding the three intact towers here is relatively tidy. Entering the perimeter of the Citadel can be quite deadly – the area is festooned with surveillance devices and automated defenses. The Space Aliens know the differ-

ence between Irrationalists and visitors from the upper levels, but they usually follow a 'shoot first, ask questions later' philosophy. Only five true Space Aliens remain: all of the other Space Aliens here are clones of these five. These Space Aliens know that they face a clock that ticks toward extinction. Their lives have been extended far beyond the usual for their species via the advanced medical technology at their disposal. But even their technology has limits, and decrepitude is setting in. Additionally, the viability of their clones is rapidly declining, as the quality of their own genetic material is diminished by age. PCs may make a concerted effort to contact the Space Aliens. Expressions of non-hostility include not destroying automated defenses and surveillance equipment, repeatedly signaling the desire to communicate, and walking in the open in a non-threatening manner. Attempting to return Space Aliens or Space Alien equipment is guaranteed to create a favorable impression. Non-threatening PCs will not have to roll on the Citadel Perimeter Random Encounters table, and will be invited into Spire Exponential for parley.

Citadel Perimeter Random Encounters: Until the PCs are deemed non-threatening, roll 1d10 once every turn. Results may overlap, i.e. combat versus defense droids may last for a turn, at which point the PCs may also begin to receive automated sniper fire:

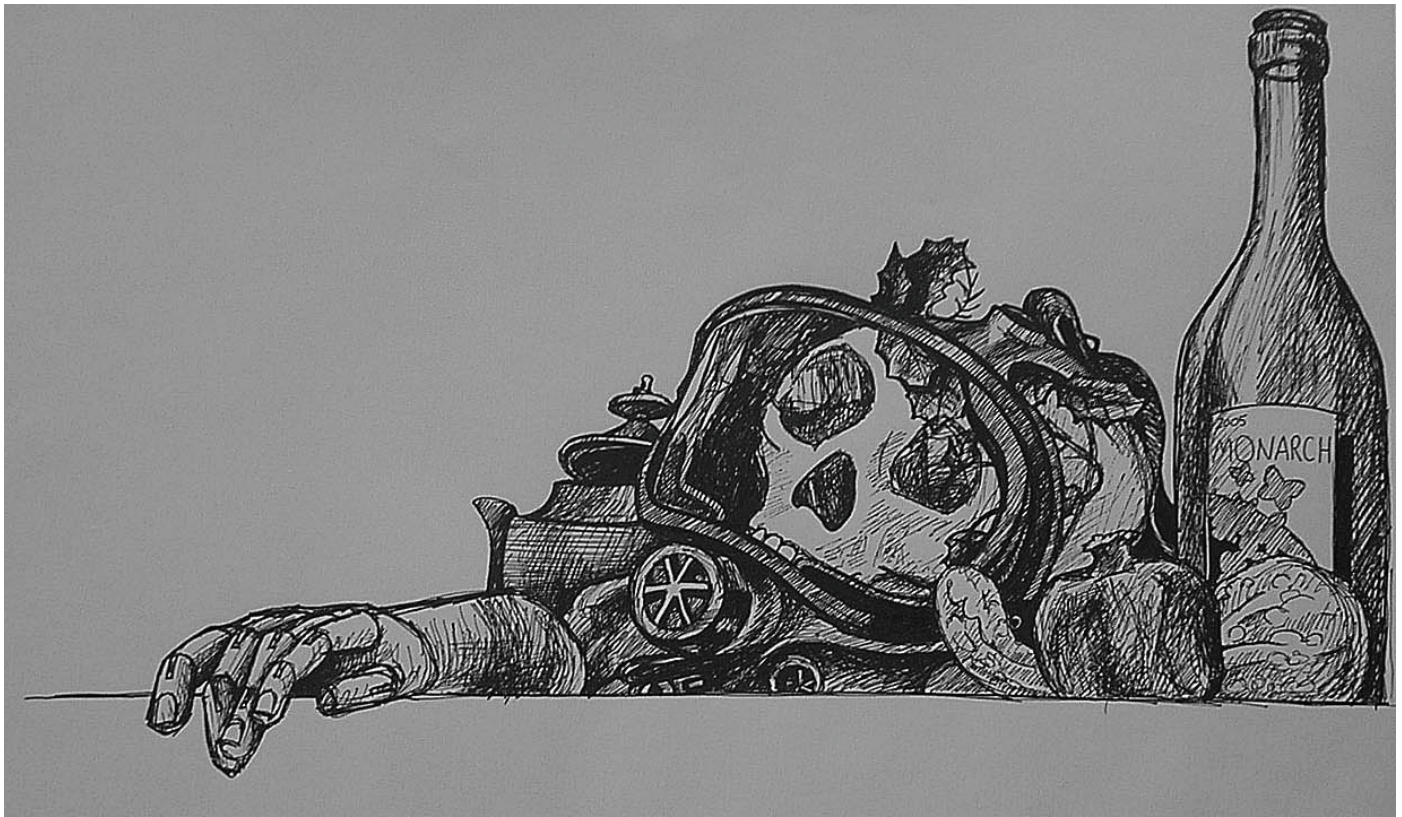
1 No Encounter.

2-3 Nerve Gas. A mortar shell detonates 1d100 feet from the PCs, ejecting a cloud of dense, toxic gas. The initial burst creates a cloud 20' in diameter – this cloud expands by 20' each round, to a maximum size of 500' in diameter. The gas is otherwise identical in all respects to a *Cloudkill* spell.

4-7 Mechassassins. Several insectile attack droids deploy from the roof of one of the towers. They will attack and pursue fleeing enemies until one or the other is dead. **1d4+1 Droid LTC093Φ/V.8:** DC 3, SPD 240' (80') [fly], HD 5 [23hp], ATT microwave beam pistol [1 dice], SD telescopic+nightvision sights, SV D10, ML 12, AL L.

8-9 Sniper. An automated sentry system opens fire on the PCs. It is located 1d10x100 yards away (determine direction randomly). **Autogun Sentry:** DC 4, SPD 0, HD 4 [18hp], ATT x-ray pulse bazooka [3 dice], SV D10, ML 12, AL N [unintelligent].

0 Recon Patrol. A Space Alien patrol, ready for trouble. If they meet with a serious threat, they will signal the Citadel for reinforcements. **Space Alien on Anti-Grav Sled:** DC 0, SPD 600' (200'), HD 8 [36hp], ATT cosmic radiation pulse rifle [4 dice], SV D10, ML 7, AL L. This Space Alien wears a titanium torc worth



1300gp. **1d4+2 Space Aliens in Battle Armor:** DC 2, SPD 180' (60"), HD 1-1, ATT microwave pulse pistol [1 die] or stun baton [1 die + save vs. wands or stunned 1d6 rounds], SD 20hp force field; communicator; telescopic+nightvision sights, SV D10, ML 7, AL L.

Citadel Layout & Adventure Seeds: Entry into the three towers that comprise the Citadel of the Space Aliens is either by invitation or conquest – the monitoring devices of the Space Aliens are omnipresent and nigh-infallible, and the Order Generator prevents the use of magic that might otherwise allow a stealthy incursion. Accordingly, encounters within the Citadel are abstracted. If the PCs make a good impression and are invited to assist the Space Aliens, use the adventure seeds to generate scenarios. If the PCs attack the Citadel, use the layout information to construct the battle.

Spire Exponential

Levels: 75 (40 active)

Space Aliens: Essential Singularity + 89 clones, Irrational Plane + 71 clones, Holonom Gamma + 73 clones.

Portfolio: Command

Description: This soaring titanium tower is the command center for the Space Aliens, housing critical facilities including the Order Generator, the clone banks, and the Space Alien surveillance hub. Outsiders who demonstrate a capacity to assist the Space Aliens in eradicating the Irrationalists will be invited into the lower levels of Spire Exponential to parley. Should an

alliance be forged, the newcomers will be invited to stay in the tower, and will be provided with food, water, and a limited amount of hi-tech weaponry & equipment to help in the fight. Essential Singularity runs a tight ship, enforcing a rigorous protocol that ensures emotion and illogical thought have no place among the Space Aliens. There is tension within the group, and Elliptic Perspective was recently banished to another tower as punishment for entertaining disordered thoughts.

Order Generator (Sub-Level 3): The Order Generator is housed deep beneath Spire Exponential, and is only accessible via a teleporter located in the surveillance hub.

Robot Factory (Levels 3-9): As scavenged materials and scarce elements become available, new droids are cranked out to serve in a variety of roles, including security and research. Essential Singularity favors the use of droids over the fanciful creations of Elliptic Perspective, while Terminal Metric resents the intrusion of either into matters of defense.

Surveillance Hub (Levels 10-11 & 15): The entirety of the City is monitored from these floors, on banks of videoscreens, holo-displays, and analytic devices. The personal quarters of Essential Singularity, Irrational Plane, and Holonom Gamma are also located here, as well as large supply rooms that hold items and treasures accumulated from vanquished foes.

Clone Banks (Levels 27-39, 42-44 & 48-58):

Essential Singularity enforces command over the other Space Aliens by controlling the clone banks. Hundreds of clones of all five original Space Aliens are housed here, in various states of development. These areas are more securely monitored and guarded than any other.

Medical Center (Levels 59 & 60): The life-extension technology developed by the Space Aliens is housed here. Clones are rarely treated, as it is more resource-effective to simply activate a new clone than heal a damaged one. In extraordinary circumstances, allies of the Space Aliens may be offered healing here.

Beta Retreat

Levels: 65 (17 active)

Space Aliens: Terminal Metric + 97 clones

Portfolio: Defense

Description: This sullen tower is composed of a dull, unreflective dolm metal that is impervious to damage. Beta Retreat is the headquarters of the defense infrastructure of the Space Aliens, and is overseen by Terminal Metric, who dwells in seclusion, attended only by a select few of its clones. Terminal Metric is extremely cautious and distrustful of outsiders, and entry to the tower is forbidden under all circumstances.

Space Alien Hover Tank (Sub-Level 1): The Space Aliens' most feared weapon platform is housed in a vault beneath Beta Retreat. The Hover Tank will only be deployed under extreme conditions: imminent or ongoing catastrophic attack, in response to an active god/entity of surpassing power, or to destroy other outsiders who demonstrate surpassing magical power.

Armory (Levels 1-7, 9-11 & 16): Most of the Space Aliens' weaponry and battle armor is stored here. Here also is the machinery used to create new weapons – only shortages of specific elements prevent the Space Aliens from cranking out an endless profusion of hi-tech weaponry. A number of potent magical weapons, claimed from vanquished foes, are held here for examination. A tactical nuclear device is also secreted here, a weapon of last resort.

Surveillance Sub-Command (Levels 41 & 42):

Unknown to the other Space Aliens, Terminal Metric has access to all cameras, detectors, and sensor feeds throughout the City.

Aerie (Levels 63-65): Terminal Metric's personal chambers – these levels have been seen by his eyes alone, and it is rumored it has accumulated substantial treasures to indulge an obscure fancy.

The Lodge of Fractal Persistence

Levels: 42 (9 active)

Space Aliens: Elliptic Perspective + 43 clones

Portfolio: Research/Experimentation

Description: This plain, hardened-concrete tower was only recently re-occupied, and is now the residence of Elliptic Perspective and its clones – Elliptic Perspective was invited to leave Spire Exponential when the other Space Aliens decided that his cyborg experiments were growing increasingly dangerous, if not borderline unsound. Elliptic Perspective is under increased scrutiny from his associates: his thought patterns are straying into Irrationalist territory, and his clones have demonstrated a marked propensity for defecting to the enemy.

Changing Rooms (Levels 33-39): Elliptic Perspective is obsessed with creating cyborg defense systems from available resources, and several specimens are imprisoned here in various states of completion. Soon they will be ready to unleash upon the Irrationalists:

Kobolds – Over a dozen of these little savages have had their craniums hollowed out and their brains replaced with rudimentary guidance electronics and 5lbs. of high explosives. Once the kinks are worked out, these will be used as walking bombs.

Marilith – This captured demoness' six arms have been amputated, and the snake-like lower body has been replaced with a single, wide tank tread. Deployment will proceed once new arms have been fashioned and attached; Elliptic Perspective has several interesting concepts, including two chainsaw arms, a laser Gatling cannon, and a plasma lance. Most of its brain has been lobotomized, but the Marilith is feigning docility – if freed, it will lash out animalistically at the Space Aliens.

Purple Worm – The rear half of this beast remains intact, while the fore portion has been completely replaced with an articulated titanium carapace and whirring diamond-coated oral shears for optimized burrowing. In the head is a cramped cockpit, from which this monstrosity is piloted. Elliptic Perspective's clones are in the final stages of fitting the cybernetic relays that will bond pilot to warmachine.

Personal Quarters (Levels 41 & 42): Elliptic Perspective keeps these two floors for itself, and with good reason – if the other Space Aliens could see the bizarre, engineered creatures it dotes on as pets, they would realize that a descent into irrationality is well underway.

Citadel Adventure Seeds: Pick adventures as needed, create new ones, or roll 1d6 to generate randomly:

1 Hunting Party. Ten of Elliptic Perspective's clones have fled the Citadel, intending to defect to the Irrationalists – this is an increasingly frequent problem, and the Space Aliens are spread thin. Essential Singularity asks the PCs to find and eliminate the clones before they can reach their goal. They are likely accompanied by several outré biomechanical creations.

2 Scavengers. Holonom Gamma is in charge of securing resources to operate the robot factory, and the PCs are offered the chance to help out. The wreck of an ancient warmachine has been located – the PCs will be given directions where to excavate, and porter droids to haul what can be recovered.

3 Guinea Pigs. The Order Generator requires periodic calibration, and Essential Singularity requests that the PCs help with the testing. They are escorted into the Dead City by a team of a dozen Irrotational Plane-clones (monitors) and a handful of Terminal Metric-clones (guards) and asked to cast several spells, activate magic items, etc. They confiscate any items that are rendered inert. This commotion is certain to attract attention, and the Space Aliens are likely to leave their allies behind if the going gets tough.

4 Bug Hunt. Essential Singularity has taken offense at one of Elliptic Perspective's weirder creations, and demands it be exterminated. It is currently loose in the Dead City. Elliptic Perspective's clones will not be cooperative.

5 Intruder Alert. A mob of humanoids has entered the City from the levels above, and the Space Aliens are concerned that they will become allies of the Irrationalists. The PCs are ordered to exterminate them or drive them away.

6. Bug Hunt II. The PCs are dispatched to the UnderJungle, with instructions to capture three specimens of Spawn alive. They will be given appropriate hi-tech weaponry, and surveillance clones will guide the party to their quarry.

Notes on Selected Monsters

B'yakhee (cf. *Carcosa*, p.43): One of the stable species spawned by Shub-Niggurath, these massive bat-like creatures are over 18' tall and can teleport anywhere in the universe. They are dedicated servants of Hastur.

Irrationalists (cf. *Carcosa*, p.84): Space Aliens who reject logic and technology and embrace disorder and sorcery. They wear bone/hide armor cobbled from Spawn parts, and favor primitive weaponry and bizarre, sorcelogical devices.

Mynocts: These loathsome scavengers are a rare nuisance in large subterranean areas. The basic physique is that of an octopus, though the eight tentacles are notably stubby and thick. Broad, leathery wings spanning 4-6' allow for short bursts of flight and long glides. They typically feed on carrion with their short, suckered feeding tubes, but will attack anything that looks meal-worthy. Curiously, they also feed on electricity, which they are able to store within their bodies. If wounded, a Mynoct will respond with an electrical discharge: its next hit will deal 2 dice damage to the victim, who must also save vs. petrify or be dazed for 1d4 rounds. A Mynoct can only generate one such shock attack per day. Mynocts can often be found attached to power conduits and electrical cables in underground hi-tech cities.

Space Aliens (cf. *Carcosa*, p.54): Visitors from other worlds, these fragile, grey humanoids toil at inscrutable agendas. Though enemies of the Great Old Ones and their ilk, these beings are no friends of humans or demi-humans.

Spawn of Shub-Niggurath (cf. *Carcosa*, p.37): Twisted, vile creatures spawned from the quivering, viscid bulk of a pestilential god. They exist in an endless profusion of forms, all of them intent on wanton rapine.

Spiders, Giant Wolf: Giant Wolf Spiders do not spin webs: they are burrowers who dig tunnels from which to strike at passing prey. They prefer soil with a screen of light vegetation, but will also make themselves at home in loose rubble, man-made tunnels, the warrens of humanoids, and the like. Their paralyzing venom is not deadly, although victims will need to be rescued quickly to avoid being eaten. Loose treasure often collects at the bottom of a Giant Wolf Spider's burrow.

Special Magic and Technology

Elder Sign (cf. *Carcosa*, p.67): Flourishing an Elder Sign at any Deep Ones will cause the fiends to immediately flee (no saving throw).

Lotus Powder, Black (cf. *Carcosa*, p. 56): Nature's most lethal toxin, save vs. poison at -6 or die in agony.

Lotus Powder, Blue (Ibid.): Causes the imbiber to fall into a deep stasis, in which years pass as mere hours for the nightmare-haunted sleeper.

Lotus Powder, Green (Ibid.): Inflicts a trancelike stupor upon imbibing and a sickly weakness upon awaking.

Mutation Inducer (cf. *Carcosa*, p. 68): A spiked and bulky contraption, vaguely rifle-shaped, it emits a beam

that requires victims to save vs. poison at -5 or undergo a random mutation.

Primal Yellow Jelly: Any humanoids that consume this disgusting, phlegmy substance must save vs. poison – failure means painful transformation into a randomized Spawn of Shub-Niggurath over the course of two weeks (roll a new characteristic each day). This transformation can only be interrupted and reversed via powerful healing/cleansing magic (*Heal* plus *Cure Disease* or *Neutralize Poison* or similar), or similarly potent medical technology.

Psychic Crystals: These are jagged shards of magical, colored crystal that are stabbed into the base of the brain, with an inch or two left to jut grotesquely from the back of the neck. Once per hour, the wielder can focus on any other sentient within sight and cause them to save vs. wands or suffer an effect based on the crystal type. These crystals work for any sentient being, but the implanting process is a closely-guarded Irrationalist secret – uninformed attempts will likely result in permanent mental disability or immediate death. Novice attempts at removing crystals are equally prone to disaster.

Command Crystal – A deep ruby red in color, and flashes garishly while implanted. A failed save means a single command may be given and will be obeyed, i.e. “shoot yourself,” “stab your companion,” “jump out the window,” etc. The command must be very precise, and able to be accomplished instantly. Lack of common language is not a barrier to using this power.

Insanity Crystal – These crystals are light purple in color, and strobe softly once implanted. Failed save means gibbering insanity for 1d6 hours.

Space Alien Anti-Grav Sled: DC 0, SPD 600' (200'), HD 8 [36hp], ATT cosmic radiation pulse rifle [4 dice], SD 20hp force field; communicator; telescopic+ night vision sights, SV D10. Anti-Grav Sleds are always -2 to hit due to their speed and agility, and a further -2 to hit if moving faster than 300' (100'). Sled controls are easy for anyone to learn to operate, but the extreme high speed and maneuverability of these vehicles often leads novice pilots to disaster. Any hit to a sled or pilot that does 10hp+ damage (after force field penetration), or reduces either to 0 or fewer hp, requires a roll on the Space Alien Anti-Grav Sled Critical Fail Table. Note that reducing the sled to 0 or fewer hp does not automatically destroy it – only critical results can disable or destroy the sled. Additionally, acceleration/deceleration of more than 210' (70') in a round, or a turn greater than ninety degrees while moving faster than 210' (70') by a novice rider requires a save vs. petrify to be made – failure results in an immediate roll on the Space Alien Anti-Grav Sled Critical Fail Table.

Space Alien Hover Tank: DC 2, SPD 240' (80'), HD 40 [180hp], ATT plasma tank gun [4 dice + save vs. breath attacks or immolated]; 2 phosphorus pulse bazookas [3 dice, x2 damage to Blue Men & Brown Men each]; 360° stun emitter; insanity beam; SD 50hp force field; telescopic+nightvision sights; communicator; full suite of special detection systems; room for 3 crew (driver, gunner, commander) and 10 passengers, SV

d8	Anti-Grav Sled Critical Failure Table	Hover Tank Critical Failure Table
1	Hands slip from yoke; sled decelerates by 90' and next chance to fire is lost, but next round is normal.	No movement or weapons fire for 1d6 rounds due to main computer reboot.
2-3	Temporary loss of control. Roll 1d12 to determine new heading, roll 1d3 to determine steep climb, level, or steep descent, roll 1d6x100 to determine new speed.	Tank spins uncontrollably for 3d4 rounds. Firing weapons while out of control results in friendly fire worst-case-scenario (GM choice). Tank is fine once control is regained.
4-5	Controlled crash landing. Roll 1d12 to determine direction of impact site, 1d10x100 reveals distance in feet from last location. Rider suffers 3 dice damage (save vs. breath ½); sled requires major repair to fly again.	Ruptured anti-grav nacelle. Movement is ½ normal, and tank must save vs. spells each turn: failure means complete propulsive breakdown. Call a tow truck.
6-7	Sled bucks wildly, ejecting the rider in a steep, pin-wheeling arc. Unless local terrain includes a large pile of feathers, rider suffers 1 die damage for each 60' of speed and each 10' of altitude; sled is destroyed.	Plasma round detonates in main gun barrel. All occupants suffer 6 dice damage (save vs. breath attacks for ½). Main gun and insanity beam are damaged and cannot be fired again until substantial repairs are performed.
8	Cratering strike. Rider is killed instantly (90% chance), or rendered unconscious for 1d6 turns and left with only 1hp (10%); sled is reduced to confetti.	That tingling sensation lets you know the core breach is working! A fluorescent green inferno eradicates all organic lifeforms within 100 yards, and destroys everything else. For a further 500 yards, structures and machinery are heavily damaged and all organisms must save vs. poison: success means hp are reduced to ½ and roll twice on <i>Mutation Table</i> (results take effect in 1d6 days), failure means hp are reduced to ¼ and death occurs in 1d6 days.

D10. The Space Alien Hover Tank is -4 to hit due to its sturdy armor, and is immune to non-hi-tech weaponry. Certain very powerful magical non-hi-tech weapons may do normal damage: +5 or better weapons, items or combos that provide Cloud Giant strength or greater, etc. It only suffers ¼ damage from fire, cold, and electricity attacks. The main gun is turreted, has a range of 10 miles, can fire every other round, and has ammo for 25 shots. The pulse bazookas cover 180° right and left side arcs, have a range of 3000', can fire every round, and have unlimited ammo. The stunner has a range of 150', can fire every round, and can be fired an unlimited number of times. The insanity beam is turreted, has a range of 1000', can fire every round, and has unlimited ammo. The tank can be used as a ram to kill people and destroy other vehicles, smaller buildings, etc. GM discretion determines exact effects. The hover tank's controls are relatively intuitive to use for individuals accustomed to magic, technology, and otherwise weird stuff. GM discretion determines learning curve for rookie operators. Any hit to the tank that does 60hp+ damage (after force field penetration), or any hit that reduces the tank to 0 or fewer hp, requires a roll on the Space Alien Hover Tank Critical Fail Table. Note that reducing the tank to 0 or fewer hp does not automatically destroy it – only critical results can disable or destroy the tank. Ω

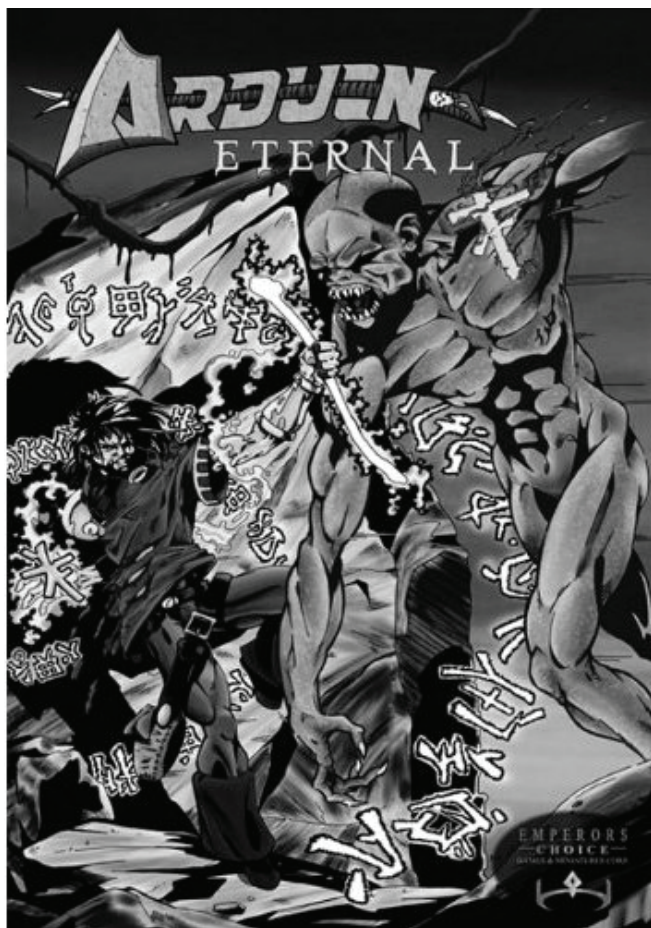


Merlyn's Mystical Mirror

reviews by James D. Hargrove, Rob Hewlett, and Pookie

Arduin Eternal is the fourth and latest incarnation of the Arduin role playing system that started life as a hand-typed, saddle-stitched, document entitled *The Arduin Grimoire* published by Dave Hargrave in 1977, a loose collection of rules that made reference to the then emergent *Dungeons & Dragons* game system. Since that time, the Arduin role playing system has undergone a number of significant revisions, seeing two other new editions along the way and, ultimately, culminating in this massive 822 page core rule book for use by both players and Game Masters alike. The pages of *Arduin Eternal* are dedicated to four general types of information: character creation, action and combat, special effects (e.g., psychic powers, spells, etc), and tools designed to aid the Game Master in running adventures. Finally, a large number of sidebars have been added throughout the book that give valuable insight into the setting of Arduin itself (i.e., Khaas), making the book a useful guide of sorts for those who have not previously ventured into the wilds of the infamous kingdom and its surrounding environs.

The Physical Book: *Arduin Eternal* is a sturdy, digest-sized, hardcover with stitched binding and a glossy black cover depicting a full color image of an intrepid adventurer, surrounded by a swirling vortex of magical sigils, fighting a large, green-skinned, humanoid that is hell bent on making him dinner. This image alone gives the prospective buyer a good idea of what awaits them inside the book, though the back cover teases one's imagination even more, noting that "It's all there; inspiration, blood, guts, glory, and battle! All the feats of derring-do and bare-assed wickedness that made Arduin an infamous legend!" Arduin is *the* original Metal fantasy game and the cover of this most recent incarnation makes no bones about it. As I mention above, this is a *massive* tome. If you have any doubt that you are getting enough content for the asking price of \$74.95 (USD), it will immediately vanish as soon as you actually see the book. Indeed, I have to admit that, when my review copy arrived, I briefly wondered if I had bitten off more than I could chew. The book measures roughly two inches from its front cover to its back cover, ranking it up there with such giants as Monte Cook's *Ptolus* and *The World's Largest Dungeon*. *Arduin Eternal* isn't just a rule book – it's a monster! Finally, *Arduin Eternal* boasts a utilitarian two-column layout and makes use of black and



white line art throughout. While some might argue that for \$74.95, a product should boast glossy pages, fancy layout, and full color artwork, the use of a two-column layout and simple line art has more in common with both the aesthetic established in past Arduin products and with the ‘old school’ aesthetic in general. Given this, the art direction of *Arduin Eternal* makes perfect sense. Having said that, it is important to note that the actual *quality* of the artwork in *Arduin Eternal* is noticeably better than that found in many past Arduin products. I have been told that most of the art in *Arduin Eternal* was commissioned specifically for this title, and I think that it shows in the finished product. I am sufficiently impressed with the production values of *Arduin Eternal*, finding that they both raise the bar for the Arduin product line as a whole and help establish the book as a kind of ‘luxury tome’ without betraying the old school aesthetic that fans of Arduin have come to expect.

The Introduction: It’s worth mentioning, if only in passing, that *Arduin Eternal* includes a standard-issue “What Is Role Playing?” type of introduction. I’m aware that such introductions are frequently frowned upon by jaded old timers in our hobby but it is my opinion that they (i.e., simple introductions, not jaded old timers) are a necessity when it comes to making a given game accessible to hobby newcomers. I have met a *lot* of otherwise intelligent people who have absolutely *no* idea of what a

role playing game is. These are the people for whom the “What Is Role Playing?” type of introduction is written. I’ve tried to explain role playing games to some of these people but being able to point to a clearly written explanation on paper has almost always worked better for me and, with that in mind, I’m glad that *Arduin Eternal* provides one.

Characters: Characters in *Arduin Eternal* are not unlike multifaceted gems. The core aspects of each character are race, attributes, characteristics, cultural influences, professions, paths, skills, secrets, and social dimensions. A character’s race is just what it sounds like – and there are 26 of them to choose from in *Arduin Eternal*, including High Fantasy classics such as Dwarves and Elves, as well as Arduin originals such as Deodanth, Phraints, and Saurigs. And that’s only the tip of the iceberg. A character’s race influences their Attributes and provides some standardized racial abilities, as is standard in a number of fantasy role playing games – but *Arduin Eternal* goes one step further. A player also gets to choose a limited number of special abilities for their character based on their race. To be clear, there isn’t a static list of abilities that each character of X race is endowed with – the player is presented with a list of choices, yes, but they then choose a limited number of abilities from it. In practice, this means that Dave’s elf may be *radically* different than Gary’s elf from the outset. I personally enjoy the approach that *Arduin Eternal* takes regarding character race, as it makes the different races of Arduin come alive in my mind’s eye, rather than simply reducing them to one-dimensional archetypes. The freedom of being allowed to choose special abilities based on race adds extra dimension to characters and the unique nature of those abilities immediately ties a character into the world of Arduin (i.e., Khaas), systemically.

Attributes and characteristics are undoubtedly the least exciting aspects of an *Arduin Eternal* character, but they are necessary to simulate the imaginary physics of the titular setting. Each character has nine attributes rated on a 01-100 (percentage) scale as determined by their race and eight characteristics determined by combining related attribute scores. There are additionally, a few other calculated values, such as saving throws that fall neither fall under the heading of attribute or characteristic, but are likewise determined by a character’s race or attributes. There really isn’t much more to say about attributes and characteristics right now, though I will later explain how they are used in the game.

Each culture in the game’s setting has a list of standardized skill bonuses associated with it, as well as a list of cultural influences that a player may choose from for their character. Cultural influences are a *very* nice feature in *Arduin Eternal*, essentially being ‘packages’ of skill

bonuses or other mechanical options tied to different cultures in the game's setting. A character who has spent a large portion of their life in the Dreaming Isles, for example, may have an *Arcane Birthright* that grants them bonuses to magic-related skills and allows them to read magical languages – or they may take advantage of the region's *Plutocracy*, gaining skill bonuses based on knowledge and increasing their wealth. The mechanical integration of the setting's cultures into *Arduin Eternal*'s core system is to be lauded for a couple of reasons. Most importantly, as was the case with racial special abilities, both the standardized skill bonuses associated with the various cultures and the cultural influences immediately tie an *Arduin Eternal* character into the world of Arduin. Further, the selection of cultures and specific Cultural influences associated with those cultures gives a player several more options for customizing their character, again making it entirely possible that two characters who hail from the same race – and even the same culture – will be *entirely* different from one another. I cannot help but approve of this.

Professions and paths are closely related in *Arduin Eternal*, in that a profession represents a general occupation, while a path represents a specific area of expertise – a character with the profession of *Bard*, for example, may opt to follow the path of the *Assassin*. All characters have a profession by default, though paths are intended to be purchased with Experience Points (EPS) as a character grows over time (at the discretion of the GM, however, a path may be acquired at character creation by sacrificing two of a character's profession options). Mechanically speaking, a profession is a package of skill bonuses, secrets, and special abilities unique to a given occupation. *Arduin Eternal* boasts a total of 15 professions, including the obligatory *Mage*, *Priest*, and *Warrior*, as well as less common fare such as the *Courtesan*, *Techno* (a master of SuperScience), and the *Trader*. Each such profession provides a number of skill bonuses related to the specifics of the occupation detailed, as well as secrets and special abilities known as “profession options.” Profession options work much like the special abilities of a character's race mentioned earlier – the player is presented with a list of choices and they choose a limited number of abilities from it, allowing characters with the same profession to achieve a large degree of mechanical differentiation. A path is, as previously mentioned, a specialized area of expertise linked to a profession and intended to be grown into. As such, in order to pursue a given career path, a character must also possess the linked profession. There are 11 total paths in *Arduin Eternal*, including such exciting options as *Beast Master*, *Saint*, and *Witch Hunter* (as well as the aforementioned *Assassin*). Systemically, paths are very similar to professions, providing skill bonuses, path options, and secrets. Mechanically, these things work the same for paths as they do for professions – which brings us to Skills.

Skills in *Arduin Eternal* are the most straightforward facet of a character, after Attributes and Characteristics. Skills, simply put, represent a character's learned aptitudes. Skills are granted by race, profession, and path or chosen from one of six groups: *Power*, *General*, *Interpersonal*, *Maneuver*, *Mechanical*, or *Undefined*. Skills range from the level of untrained at zero points to legendary levels of aptitude at 150 points or more, with this scale being broken up into different levels referred to as “skill plateaus.” There are eight skill plateaus in *Arduin Eternal*: *Untrained*, *Proficient*, *Trained*, *Experienced*, *Specialist*, *Expert*, *Genius*, and *Legendary*. Each such skill plateau represents a specific level of skill mastery and grants a player access to secrets; special abilities linked to a given skill, professional or otherwise (i.e., the *Bard* skill granted by the *Bard* profession has its own associated list of secrets, as does the *Acrobatics* skill). At this point it is worth mentioning that there is also a special selection of combat skills, known collectively as “martial arts.” Martial arts are, for the purposes of practicality, presented after the section of the rule book dedicated to combat but, with regard to character creation, a martial art works like all other skills *except* that it has prerequisites.

Secrets are special abilities that are linked to a character's skills, with a new selection of secrets available for a player to purchase at the cost of one EPS each made available at every new plateau of skill mastery that their character achieves past Untrained (i.e., secrets associated with a given skill are not available for purchase until that skill has been learned to at least the *Proficient* skill plateau). A player whose character, for example, has the profession *Bard* (and, hence, the profession *skill* Bard) at the Proficient skill plateau may opt to purchase the *Emissary*, *Graceful Exit*, *Perfect*, or *Sharp Memory* secrets at the cost of one EPS each. Every secret in *Arduin Eternal* is effectively its own sub-system, granting a bonus in the form of skill points, flat bonuses to rolls of a specified nature, the ability to ignore standardized roll penalties, and so forth. I've heard at least one person compare secrets in *Arduin Eternal* to the “feats” of *Dungeons & Dragons* and, while it's true that the benefits imparted by each *are* similar, the acquisition of secrets and feats are implemented in different ways. Ultimately, I prefer the implementation of secrets to feats because their distribution is more tightly controlled, but this is merely a matter of personal taste.

The final core aspect of an *Arduin Eternal* character comes in the form of social dimensions. Social dimensions in *Arduin Eternal* address things such as quality of life (Is a character poverty stricken?), though the real focus is on social motifs – special abilities developed during actual play. Examples of social motifs include *Connected*, *Holy*, *Knighted* and *Wealthy*. Each such social motif bestows a special bonus or ability upon a character who possesses it (frex, if a player has the *Connected* social

motif, they gain a new Associate level contact with 5d10 trust for every game month that they spend in an urban area). A character's journey to obtaining a social motif begins when their player chooses a motif for their character to pursue, after which time the player rolls some dice (d100 Lead Intel Skill Advancement Bonuses) any time that the character indulges behavior associated with the chosen motif. If the dice roll result is equal to or greater than the assigned TD (see the discussion of action resolution later in this review), the player rolls some additional dice and adds the result to the Fame rating associated with the social motif. When the Fame rating in question reaches 100 in this manner, the player's character gains the social motif and all benefits associated with it. The concept of social qualities in a tabletop RPG isn't unique, though their implementation in *Arduin Eternal* very well may be. I can't personally recall any RPG that introduces social traits in quite the same manner that *Arduin Eternal* does, making them something that must be worked toward through roleplay, rather than a trait that one can merely pick off of a list prior to actual play. I like this new implementation, as I think it makes social qualities *mean* something in actual play, rather than reducing them to just another ability on the character sheet. That's cool.

As mentioned earlier, the above facets of a character are their *core* aspects – all characters have equipment, some classes have access to magic or other special effects (discussed later in this review, as the rules devoted to special effects comprise a significant portion of the *Arduin Eternal* rule book), other classes have a vested interest in religion, still others have access to martial arts, and so forth. The real meat of character creation in *Arduin Eternal* is, however, laid out above and, as you can see, the authors put a lot on your plate. *Arduin Eternal* provides a wealth of options for players when it comes to character creation. While it's possible that there may be some potential for exploitation lurking in the system due to this same wealth of options, the game boasts tight design that will make finding such potential for exploitation difficult (I wasn't able to immediately ferret any out during my review process). The way that the different character creation options of *Arduin Eternal* compliment one another is clearly the end result of a carefully executed plan, and it shows. Ultimately, I feel that many players, especially those acquainted with modern games, will appreciate the wide array of character creation options available to them in *Arduin Eternal*, though those players more comfortable with characters as simple archetypes may initially feel overwhelmed by the same potential for customization that the system allows. I personally believe that this trade off is worthwhile, though I can understand why it might not appeal to everybody. Luckily, the authors of *Arduin Eternal* thought to address this. Early in the book, there is a section entitled "Arduin Eternal Lite" that advocates

ignoring racial choices, cultural influences, profession options, path options, and secrets to create a slimmed down starting point for people intimidated by the whole system. This section is then followed by advice on how to add those elements back into the mix during actual play to ease a new player into the full system without intimidating them. Really, it's sound advice and it goes a long way toward mitigating the potential problem that I mention above.

Action, Combat, and Martial Arts: All action resolution in *Arduin Eternal* hinges on a very simple mechanic: roll d100, add modifiers to the result, and compare the result to a Target Difficulty (TD) assigned by the Game Master. When a player's character attempts to perform an action that pertains only to raw physical or mental aptitude (including saving throws versus poison, fear, etc), they roll 1d100, add the most appropriate attribute or characteristic value and any bonuses to the result, then compare the final number obtained to the assigned Target Difficulty. If the player's modified roll result is equal to or greater than the TD, the character's action succeeds. Similarly, if a player's character attempts to perform an action based on *learned* aptitude, the player rolls 1d100, adds the appropriate skill ranks and attribute bonus to the result, then compares the final number obtained to the assigned TD. Again, if the player's modified roll result is equal to or greater than the TD, the character's action succeeds. Opposed attribute or skill checks build on the basic action resolution mechanic, calling for the players of both characters engaged in the contest of abilities to roll 1d100 and add the appropriate modifiers, as determined by the GM. The results are then compared, with the character whose player obtained the highest modified die roll result triumphing over their opponent. In the case of a tie result, the character who has the highest number of ranks in the skill being tested or the highest attribute rating, wins the contest.

Now the question: Is unified action resolution a good thing? Personally, I like it – it is my belief that a unified system of action resolution makes for more internal consistency in a game and that, in turn, makes for better gaming. Internally consistent mechanics make it easier for me, as a GM, to put together level-appropriate encounters for characters and to throw together encounters on the fly. Likewise, such internal consistency helps players to suspend their disbelief, as it establishes a mechanical baseline for the game world's reality, one that players can trust will remain the same from one game session to the next. Having made *this* argument, I'm aware that there is another point of view on the matter. Some people feel that a unified system of action resolution makes things too predictable and, when taken to extremes, unfairly favors player characters by *forcing* the GM to create encounters in such a way that makes

them easy to overcome. I don't personally buy into that argument but there are those who do and, for such folks, the action resolution system of *Arduin Eternal* may be a deal breaker. I would urge such individuals to at least give the new system a try before they dismiss it, though.

Combat in *Arduin Eternal* is a natural outgrowth of the basic action resolution mechanic, adding a 'tick-based' system of measuring time in combat based on the Count Factor (CF) of characters. Each CF cycle starts at melee round 40, with the GM counting down to 1, until all characters or creatures involved in the combat have taken their allotted actions as determined by CF. A character with a CF of 20, for example, can take a *normal action* in melee round 20, 13, and 6. Further, for each round that they can take a normal action in, they may also take a *quicken action*. The difference between normal actions and quickened actions is small, but important. A quickened action is a fast, simple, action often defensive in nature (e.g., block, dodge, parry, ready weapon, etc) and a normal action is a more complex action (e.g., attacking an enemy, using a magic item, casting a spell, etc). A character can normally take one normal action during each round that they are allowed to act, per the CF Table (as outlined above) and one quickened action *whenever they want* for each normal action that they are allowed. This particular system of ordering combat is, mechanically, largely a hold over from earlier Arduin games, but it is one of those things that I think *needed* to stick around. Why? Well, in simple terms, *it works*. The CF system is intuitive, simple, and achieves its goal of ordering combat quite well.

Actual action *resolution* in combat occurs almost exactly as it does outside of combat. A player whose character is making an attack, for example, rolls 1d100, adds their player's Coordination (COORD) rating and skill ranks to the roll result, as well as any special bonuses and compares the result to the opponent's Defense (DEF) rating, with that DEF rating serving as the TD. A character that is being attacked can choose to use a quickened action in order to repel that attack, making their own attack roll and putting the rules for opposed action resolution (as previously discussed) into play. In its purest form, the combat system of *Arduin Eternal* is concise, simple, and easy to grasp. If you have already learned how to resolve action outside of combat, you know how to resolve action *in* combat.

There is, however, an added layer of complexity in the form of martial arts, which I briefly touched on earlier. Martial arts are, mechanically speaking, special combat skills that can be acquired after a character meets certain prerequisites. A character with the *Athletics* and *Combat* skills at the *Trained* skill plateau, as well as the *Uruké Culture* skill at the *Experienced* skill plateau, a Strength (STR) rating of 9, and an Adroitness (ADROIT) rating

of 7 can, for instance, acquire the *Mlu-Kjuk* martial arts style of unarmed combat. As previously mentioned, martial arts function largely as normal skills, except that they have prerequisites. They *also* grant bonuses to characteristics, such as Attack (ATK), Count Factor (CF), Defense (DEF), and so on. Like non-combat skills, martial arts have their own selection of secrets based on the plateau of skill mastery that a character achieves in the martial art. Systemically, martial arts add another method to customize your character *and* enhance combat by introducing special maneuvers that make combat less predictable and more exciting.

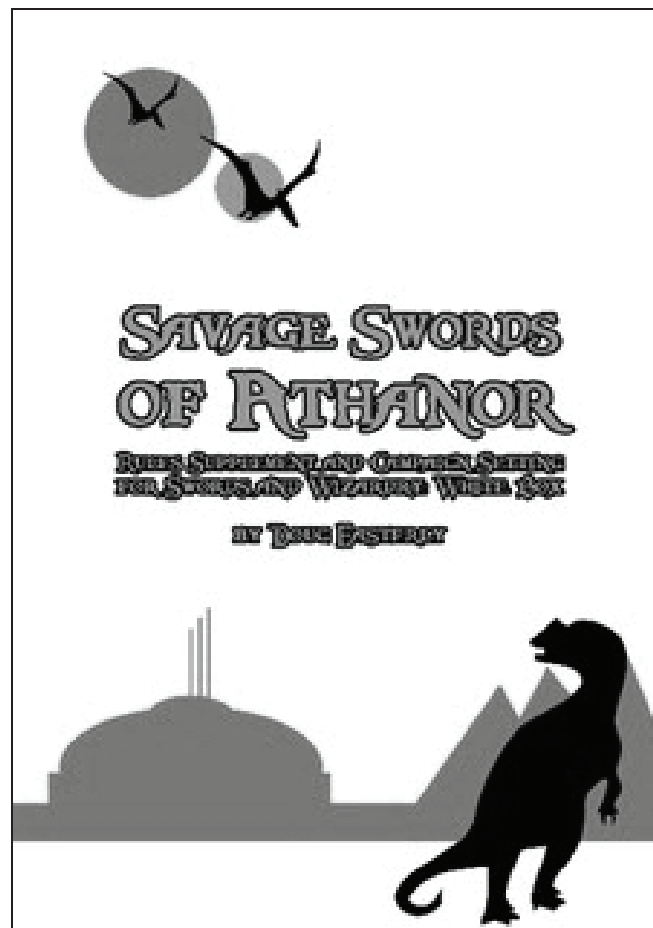
Finally, since grappling rules are a bit of a bugaboo in many game systems, I think it is worth taking a look at *Arduin Eternal's* grappling rules before I move on. In *Arduin Eternal*, grappling is handled via an opposed *Athletics* skill test. Yep. That's it. Make an opposed *Athletics* skill test and, if you succeed, your character has grappled their opponent. This kind of simplicity is a welcome change of pace from what I am familiar with when it comes to grappling rules in RPG. There *are* a few other corner case rulings in combat (e.g., charging, knock-down, wielding a creature as a weapon, etc) but they are all logical extensions of the basic action resolution rules and, as such, do not add much complexity to the system. Even with martial arts added into the mix, the combat resolution in *Arduin Eternal* is just *slightly* more complex than the non-combat action resolution. I like that I can wrap my head around this system. It has just enough moving parts to be tactically interesting without being completely over-whelming. This is a tough balance to strike, but *Arduin Eternal* manages it well.

Special Effects Systems: *Alchemy, Herbalism, Mental Powers, Prayers, Runes, Spells* – special effects can come in many forms and *Arduin Eternal* has them by the boat-load. *Arduin Eternal* covers all of the aforementioned special effects in exhaustive detail, as well as covering *Schematics* (the *Techno* character's art of superscience), *Animate Powers, Fetishes*, and the process of creating permanent special effects in the form of magic items. Indeed, the section of the *Arduin Eternal* book dedicated to detailing the various systems of special effects is a whopping 277 pages long. Broad rules apply to the creation of magic items (including fetishes), mixing alchemical or herbal concoctions, and cobbling together superscience gizmos, with specific deviations noted where appropriate. Likewise, a broad set of rules applies to casting magic in the form of mental powers, prayers, rituals, and spells, with specific deviations being spelled out in the section of the rules dedicated to a given special effect. Only animate powers and runes seem to be truly set apart from the other special effects by virtue of unique rules, though these rules are simple enough that I do not feel they will present any kind of a stumbling block to new players (at any rate, they didn't pose

an issue for me). Special effects in *Arduin Eternal* account for the highest degree of mechanical inconsistency present in the game, although that is not altogether bad – after all, alchemy *should* be different than ritual magic. Special effects cease to be special when they all function in exactly the same way. The good news is that the various special effects systems share *points* of commonality. This alleviates the potential pitfall of mucking up an otherwise simple game system with loads of exception-based rules, while also sidestepping the “everything’s the same” issue. This is, I think, the best solution to both problems that could have been reached and I am personally glad that the designers chose to go this route, rather than shoot for either extreme. I have no complaints with how special effects have been handled in *Arduin Eternal*, especially given the wide selection of such effects. There were plenty of opportunities for the various special effects rules to turn into overly specific, exception-based, sub-systems that would have mired the system in unnecessary complexity. I am glad that didn’t happen. Likewise, I am pleased that the designers didn’t take the easy way out and homogenize special effects by creating a single system to handle *everything*. Having said this, I am aware that my own tastes are not for everybody – those who prefer extremely intricate sub-systems to handle multiple special effects and those who prefer one single, unified, system to handle *all* special effects may find *Arduin Eternal* lacking in this department.

For the Game Master: The last 12 pages of *Arduin Eternal* (not including the character record sheets) are dedicated to the Game Master. Herein you will find common sense advice on issues such as character movement, how to interpret *Knowledge* roll results, how to handle downtime between game sessions, and how to award EPS. Eight of these 12 pages are, however, dedicated to those most infamous of Arduin tables describing critical strikes with blade or spell, weapon fumbles, skill fumbles, and random nexus events. This is, in my opinion, the one area where *Arduin Eternal* falls down. For a book that is intended to serve as the primary rule book for players *and* Game Masters, there is relatively little information presented solely for the Game Master. Arguably, this isn’t a big deal if you’re coming into *Arduin Eternal* with past RPG experience but the lack of detailed guidance for the GM may potentially present a stumbling block that a newcomer simply can’t overcome. This is unfortunate, as *Arduin Eternal* is just the kind of wild and crazy thing I know I would have *loved* to play when I was a hobby newcomer.

Conclusion: Ultimately, as a longtime Arduin fan, I am *immensely* satisfied with *Arduin Eternal*. I feel that this is the book all previous Arduin tomes have been working toward. – JDH



Savage Swords of Athanor: Doug Easterly has published “The Savage Swords of Athanor - Rules Supplement and Campaign Setting for *Swords and Wizardry White Box*.” It’s a 64 page, digest sized book, available in soft cover (as well as PDF) at lulu.com that was released late last year. As far as the book itself goes, the cover art is very simple but appealing. There is no interior art, although there are a couple of black and white maps. Personally, I don’t find this to be a detraction as the primary focus of the book is its utility. The text size and fonts are very readable, as are the tables. Owners of Brave Halfling’s *WhiteBox* box set will be glad to know that this supplement physically fits into its box nicely.

The book’s contents are laid out in a familiar fashion. Its sections follow and are named after the original *OD&D* books: *Men & Magic*, *Monsters & Treasure*, and *Underworld & Wilderness Adventures*. There are no dwarves, elves, or halflings in the Athanor setting. Instead, there are: humans (three races), Mal’ Akkan (seven foot tall, cacti-people), Alemanians (blue-skinned, human-sized arthropods), Throon (nomadic fungi-humanoids), and Earthmen - the latter being visitors to the world of Athanor from our time, arriving through wormholes or by technological or magical accident. Character classes are broken down into Cleric, Fighting-man, Magic-User, and Rogue. Rogues are not a type of thief, but are actually

untrained practitioners of magic. There's a simple skill system based on the saving throw. Having a particular skill gives a character a bonus to the attempted action (any character can attempt any action.) Skills are chosen from two different sets - the Earthman class can choose from an additional set which includes such skills as "Scientist" and "Mechanic."

Mutations are a part of the setting, which happen "as a result of exposure to the Clone Pits, Ancient technology, or irradiated ruin." These aren't as varied as say Mutant Future or Gamma World, but add more than just flavor to game play. An interesting element is the existence of the Clone Pits of Zamora. Zamora is a large, domed, ancient city. There, Vog-Mur the Necromancer offers his services which allow players to duplicate someone or create a new, living body for them.

There are thirty two creatures in the section on Monsters and Treasure. Among these are a variety of dinosaurs and others more familiar to typical *D&D* settings such as dragons (or the Athanoran bat, which is essentially a stirge.) Various new technologies and relics are listed, including such heavies as "The Hand of Death" but also more familiar items like laser pistols. Fans of TSR's *Expedition to the Barrier Peaks* will recognize the "needlers" here.

Physically, the land is covered in plains filled with lichen and fungus. The latter can compose forests ranging in heights up to twenty or thirty feet. The dying sun still reigns over a planet where most of the water has long since disappeared, and most of the cities now lie in ruin. Deities are outlined, as are languages, and even food (commoners subsist mostly on the "meal beetle.") The city-state of Zamora is described in some detail, including its twelve inns and taverns, its nobles, guilds and societies. A number of NPCs of Zamora are described, including the Overlord of Zamora and the aforementioned Vog-Mur.

Toward the end of the supplement can be found a list of twelve adventure seeds. The author explains in yet another section called "Planetary Romance Plots" that the setting is "all about the pulpy planetary romance action." Here he includes a romance plot chart to roll on, and encourages one to loosely and somewhat humorously use the plot style of Edgar Rice Burroughs as a guide. The included and keyed wilderness hex map, random encounter tables, NPCs, and suggested adventure seeds would make this a very easy to use sandbox setting requiring little initial adventure preparation. I really like what Easterly has done here - the setting's various descriptions have the exact right amount of detail. One is glad for them, but still inspired to further make the place your own, and they allow your group to quickly get into a Swords and Sorcery / Science Fantasy campaign.

I highly recommend this to anyone looking to explore the genre in their game. At only \$8 print and \$2 as a PDF, it's a bargain. Even if you're just interested in it as a template of how a campaign setting should be put into print, you should check it out. More information can be found at swordsofathanor.blogspot.com. – RH

Tower of the Stargazer: Among the Old School Renaissance, one of the most highly anticipated releases of 2010 is James Raggi IV's *Weird Fantasy Role-playing*. Included in this boxed set is the setting, *Weird New World* and the scenario *Tower of the Stargazer*. Both are written to support the new rules and the author's design aim to present a setting with more sinister, slightly horrific feel, and go towards making *Weird Fantasy Role-playing* a complete package, but both are also available separately.

Tower of the Stargazer is designed for a party of four to eight characters of first level. It describes an isolated wizard's tower, standing at the centre of a lightning-blasted circle. The building appears abandoned, but it holds more than its fair share of puzzles and secrets. This all sounds like a cliché, and to extent it is, but in Raggi's hands it comes alive – even though in a way, almost nothing is happening! Combat encounters are few and far between, the emphasis being on the puzzles, secrets, and traps. This still leaves plenty for the players



to explore and interact with, and one lesson they will almost surely learn is that too much curiosity can be a dangerous thing. The lack of combat encounters, the emphasis on traps and puzzles, and the lack of treasure are all trademarks of Raggi's naturalistic dungeon design.

The overall design consists of just twenty-six locations, comprising of the area immediately outside the tower, the tower itself, and a small dungeon beneath the tower. It is intended to be placed in a relatively remote area, allowing to be added to almost any campaign. Playing through should take no more than one or two sessions. Mechanically is written for *Weird Fantasy Role-playing*, but it can just as easily be run for any "Edition 0" RPG. What sets *Tower of the Stargazer* apart is that it is written as a "Tutorial" module. As such it is not only is it designed to be played by those new to gaming, but it also is designed to be run by someone new to refereeing. To that end, almost every location described in the adventure is accompanied by a separate box of text wherein Raggi himself steps forth to discuss the elements of the adventure he has written. Primarily, these sections explore what the players might do; the significance of the items to found in each location – of books, in particular; the author's thoughts in designing and writing; as well as giving staging advice. All of this advice should be useful for the neophyte referee, but some of it should also be useful to someone more experienced, and all of it makes for an interesting read around the adventure. So rarely do we get the chance to hear an author's thoughts about the module he has written in media res, rather than as

designer's notes in an afterword. On one level, the advice is not quite enough of a tutorial, but the danger in that is that it could turn into preaching.

Physically, *Tower of the Stargazer* is not quite up to the standards of previous releases from Lamentations of the Flame Princess. The use of a heavy black border and artwork as watermarks on several pages make for quite an oppressive reading experience, very much at odds with sixteen page length of the scenario. The maps inside the folder though, are very clear and well done. True, it would have been nicer if they had been larger as they do feel slightly cluttered. Another issue with the booklet is the lack of artwork except that in the background, as any such artwork could have been used to illustrate some of the locations in the adventure.

What is perhaps most surprising, given the 'introductory' character of the module, is that experienced players are just as likely to enjoy it as neophytes. I think this mostly stems from the attention to detail that the author has brought to what would otherwise be a cliché, making *Tower of the Stargazer* feel fresh and alive. Although designed for first level characters, it could easily be played using characters of second or third level, and given the lightness of the mechanics, it could probably be scaled up for higher levels as well. The combination of the advice and the attention to detail serve to bring *Tower of the Stargazer* to life and to make it very playable. Another fine design from James Raggi IV. – P

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ONE ILLAR ONE

Everyone is Here to Have Fun – Tom Moldvay

retrospective by Paul Stormberg

This article was originally slated for the late Dragon magazine. We thank Paul, a noted auctioneer of gaming treasures (thecollectorstrove.com), for allowing us to publish it here. - Ig

I was busy rescuing the captured maiden when the dragon showed up. Fifty feet of scaled terror glared down at us with smoldering red eyes. Tendrils of smoke drifted out from between fangs larger than daggers. The dragon blocked the only exit from the cave.

That is how Tom Moldvay introduced his special style of game design, one that would bring an entire generation of *Dungeons & Dragons* players to the game, this author included. One of the idiosyncrasies of *D&D*, created by Dave Arneson and Gary Gygax, is that much of the fan base identifies the game they first played solely by the name of the editor of the edition they started with: while those who started with the original *Dungeons & Dragons* set from 1974 or its later printings might say they started with the “three little booklets,” the “wood grain set,” or “the white box,” players of the later Basic Sets identify their versions as “Holmes” or “Moldvay” or “Mentzer.” And why is that? Quite simply, the editor of those editions is the ‘voice’ that taught us the game. So it is with a certain familiarity that we assign credit for the game to its editor. Heck, when I started playing *Dungeons & Dragons* I always thought Tom Moldvay and Dave Cook created the game!

So how is it that Tom Moldvay came to be so fondly remembered by hundreds of thousands of *Dungeons & Dragons* players around the world?

Tom’s father, Thomas, was born in Budapest and later immigrated to the United States with his brother Albert in the late 1930s. According to Tom’s sister, Rebecca, “Tom discovered through research that our family was originally from Moldavia and he always fancied that we were somehow related to Vlad Tepes.” Tom’s uncle Albert later became a renowned staff photographer for *National Geographic*. This love for photography ran in the family and would extend to Tom and his sisters later on. Tom’s mother, Selma, of German and Welsh heritage, was born in Pennsylvania

She had a love for theater and was very active in musicals.

Tom grew up with a vivid imagination, loving all sorts of literature, with science fiction, fantasy, and horror his favorites. All of which he enjoyed sharing with his sisters and, later, with his niece Lauren and nephew David. Tom particularly loved Frank Baum’s *Wizard of Oz*, C.S. Lewis’ *Chronicles of Narnia*, the books of J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Chronicles of Amber* by Roger Zelazny, and the *Averroigne* stories by Clark Ashton Smith. Indeed, the latter two inspired Tom to write one of the most imaginative and wild adventures ever published by TSR, *X2 Castle Amber*. Tom also loved the Old West and the history surrounding it. According to Dave “Zeb” Cook, “Tom had this huge leather cowboy hat he always wore, along with a pair of Frye cowboy boots.” Tom attended Mayfield High school in Akron, Ohio, where he was an outstanding athlete, playing on the varsity baseball team. He also apparently dabbled in a little alchemy while attending Mayfield: Rebecca recalls, “Tom blew a hole in the ceiling of the science lab. When I got there they watched me pretty closely.”

During one summer Tom took a job at Republic Steel, and while working there suffered an injury to his lungs that made him asthmatic and sensitive to his environment. Still, Tom carried on to finish his B.A. and M.A. degrees in Anthropology at Kent State University. He even taught a class on parapsychology at Kent for a while, which dealt with supernatural beliefs, superstitions, and especially, witchcraft. During his time at Kent, Tom became involved with the Society for Creative Anachronism. He loved participating in events, especially dressing the part, and creating swords and shields for his costumes. Always close to his two sisters, they would drive as a group to a local Civil War cemetery, to take photos in period costumes amidst the stone mausoleums and Gothic statuary. This love of photography was shared by his sister Jolan, who later worked for a photography company.

Tom also discovered *D&D* at this time and began to co-write the “Giants in the Earth” column for *The Dragon* magazine with his close friend Lawrence Schick. These columns allowed Tom to bring a vast array of his favorite literary figures into the realm of *Dungeons & Dragons*. (*They are also the inspiration for the Knights & Knaves column right here at Fight On! – Ig.*) Eventually, Lawrence was hired by TSR to design a series of science-fantasy and science fiction style games, and he suggested that Tom apply for a position. Tom was soon hired into TSR’s newly formed design department.



Tom Moldvay, on a card he sent to Zeb Cook from Deadwood

Reviewing the catalog of products Tom designed, edited, and developed, it is clear that his talent was both prolific and diverse. In the short two years from 1980 to 1982 of his employment at TSR, Tom was involved in over 20 products, including writing a new basic set for the *Dungeons & Dragons* game and co-designing the *Gangbusters* role-playing game with Mark Acres and Rick Krebs. He wrote dozens of articles for *The Dragon* magazine as well as several pieces of fiction. His work is also remarkably diverse, matching his taste for fiction and history – in his time at TSR Tom worked on fantasy, science fiction, science-fantasy, roaring '20s pulp fiction, westerns, and historical products.

It is important to note, that in Tom's work on the *D&D* Basic Set – despite his multitudinous influences and interests, and his own ideas about game design – that Tom had a faithfulness to the original game. Reading “Basic *D&D* Points of View” in *Dragon* #52 (August 1981), John Eric Holmes, editor of the first 1977 Basic Set, describes his experience in writing the game as one of limitations that smothered his desires to improve the basic game. On the other hand, Tom instead speaks of the virtues of the original game and admits there was really no improving on the fun *D&D* provided. His goal was to preserve that sense

of wonder and excitement and to make it more accessible to new and younger players.

Sometimes I forget that *D&D* Fantasy Adventure Game is a game and not a novel I'm reading or a movie I'm watching. The original *D&D* rules are a classic. They gave the first gaming system for fantasy role-playing and, in my opinion, are still the best set of rules on the market. When I revised the rules I tried to maintain the spirit of the earlier rules.

Tom's friend and co-worker from that time, Dave Cook, says that “Because Tom was a good designer, he knew what made the *D&D* game work. He knew his job was not to redesign the game but to make it easier to learn.” Indeed, Tom's sister Rebecca noted Tom's desire to bring the game to young players, herself and her sister included. Tom was always going to gatherings and conventions to get new players interested in the game. On one such occasion, Rebecca recalls herself playing her character, Sister Rebecca, and her sister playing Yolanda Mirabilis, alongside several new players: “we all had a great time, but Tom killed my character. I think it was a black dragon.”

When Tom participated in another game with them he had his turn at playing. His character was Morgan Ironwolf, a tough but shrewd female fighter. Of course, all players who started with the Moldvay Basic Set are familiar with Sister Rebecca and Morgan, as they and their adventures are immortalized within the included sample dungeon, “The Haunted Keep”, and they also appear in the sample adventure in the back of the *Dungeon Masters Adventure Log*. Tom went to great lengths to bring elements of fun to his games, even adding an odd prop or two. On one occasion, Eric Shook relates, “Tom was going to run a Boot Hill tournament at Gen Con where the players would find a map in the boot of an old prospector. So to prepare for it, he hand drew this map on a piece of brown paper bag and folded it up and stuck it in his boot. Then every day for about five days he would stop by the *Dungeon Hobby Shop* and pull it out, to see if it had attained an authentic odor.”

According to Dave Reeves, who played with Tom in Akron, “Tom was a very whimsical DM and it was a pleasure to have had the chance to meet him.” He goes on to say, “I try to remember and learn something in every game I play and Tom taught me something very special (or at least made it sink into my skull) in 4 hours of game time, namely that the rules are never as important as convenience to story, as long as everyone is doing it the same way at the table.”

Tom quit after his two-year stint at TSR, believing that the company was too political, which got in the way of designing games and having fun. Despite his departure, Tom continued to pursue game design and writing, and he also kept painting miniatures, one of his favorite hobbies. Per Dave Cook: “Tom had a great love of minis, especially historical minis.” So much so that Tom and Kevin Hendryx won the prize for Best Historical Miniatures at Gen Con in 1981. Tom also started to host huge miniature games at his house, including Dave Cook with his Landsknecht army, Kevin Hendryx with his Scots and Irish, Jeff Perren with his army of Turks, Lawrence Schick with his Late Renaissance army, and Tom playing his beloved Moldavian army – “the last hope of Christendom against the Ottoman Empire.” Zeb relates: “The rules were simple. You could field any army as long as they were painted and you statted them out. Once, Tom constructed and painted up a wild west battlefield. He used the Ral Partha miniature ‘The Dwarf with No Name’ and his opponent’s wizard comes right up to the dwarf and prepares to destroy him, when the dwarf kills him with one shot! The shocked player protested, but Tom explained that he was using the ‘Hit Location’ table from Boot Hill and he rolled a fatal head shot!”

Given his love for multiple genres, it is not surprising that the next game Tom designed was the *Lords of Creation* RPG, published by Avalon Hill in 1983. Jeff Rients reviews this fantastic game as follows:

“Turning the Moldvay weirdness first found in *Castle Amber* up to eleven, *Lords of Creation* was a game of dimension-hopping, time-traveling, multi-genre adventure. Not a generic or universal system, *Lords of Creation* had its own quirky set of powers and skills that were not designed to cover every possibility. Rather the available powers were like the spells in Basic/Expert *D&D*: a good enough selection to get the game started with the implication that the GM could add more as necessary.

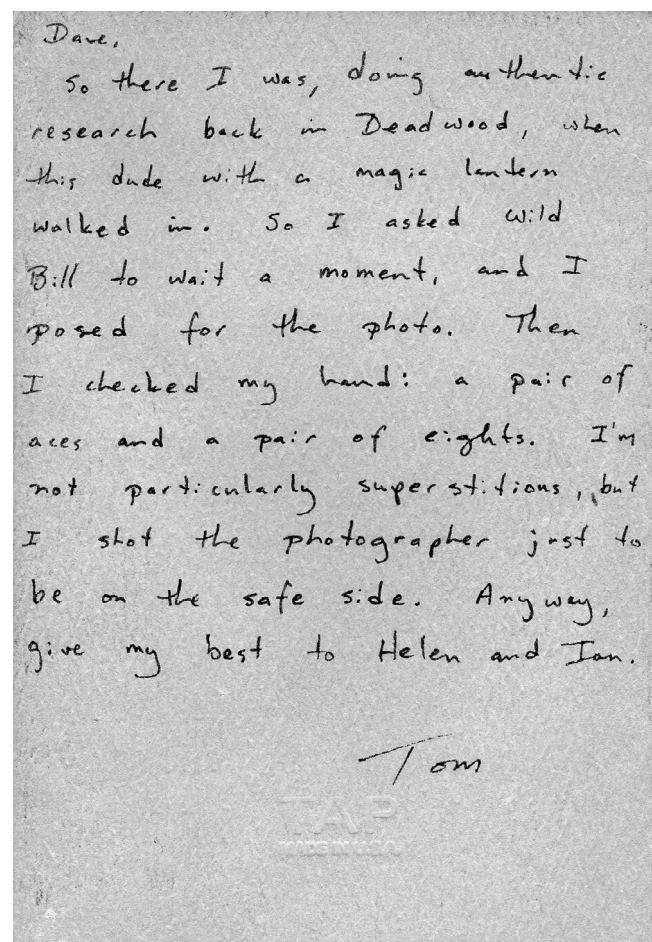
“PCs in *Lords of Creation* worked on different rules than everyone else. They have levels, whereas NPCs do not. Although the PCs start out as simply skilled normal people, each new level unlocks some of the hidden godlike powers contained within them. It’s very Gnostic, really. At level ten you are declared a Lord of Creation and you gain the ability to make your own worlds. This is kinda like the ancient Gyaxian concept of the Junior Dungeon Master, as Lords of Creation are encouraged to GM when the party ventures into their realm. Although you could call achieving the rank of Lord of Creation a victory condition, the real heart of the game is much simpler than that: *Here are the keys to the multiverse, kids. Go out and have fun.*”

Tom wrote three modules to support this game, including *Omegakron* in 1984, an adventure set in a post-nuclear holocaust Akron – Tom’s hometown.

Tom then designed a new fantasy role-playing game, *The Challenges Game System*, published by Tom’s own game company, Challenges International, in 1986. This is a fast and fun system for which Tom planned to produce several modules. Unfortunately, only one of these saw publication, CH2 *Seren Ironband*: a now-rare adventure featuring river pirates allied with drow, a lost dwarven kingdom, cat people, and many interesting challenges. All the while, Tom continued his prolific contributions to role-playing game magazines and writing fantasy and science fiction. At the time of his death he was working on at least two novels, *Tom of Bedlam* and *Holy Oaks*.

Dave Reeves remembers Tom’s philosophy about his career as a game designer: “Tom told me that he loved design games as a lifestyle – it was never just a job to him. He said it never paid well enough to be worth doing for the money, and he was grinning when he said it.”

Despite his failing health, Tom continued to learn and satisfy his thirst for the unexplored. A few weeks before his death, he talked with his nephew David





about relearning to play the guitar, something he had done as a part of a band of minstrels when playing at Renaissance fairs in years past. He was always ready to move on to his next adventure.

Tom Moldvay was the voice that taught an entire generation of kids to play *D&D* at the peak of its popularity. That voice will always ring true to the fond memories and warm sentiments of our youth.

I unwrapped the sword which the mysterious cleric had given me. The sword was golden-tinted steel. Its

hilt was set with a rainbow collection of precious gems. I shouted my battle cry and charged.

My charge caught the dragon by surprise. Its titanic jaws snapped shut inches from my face. I swung the golden sword with both arms. The sword blade bit into the dragon's neck and continued through to the other side. With an earth-shaking crash, the dragon dropped dead at my feet. The magic sword had saved my life and ended the reign of the dragon-tyrant. The countryside was freed and I could return as a hero.

Here's to your heroic return, Tom. Ω

One-Off Con Adventures: A Chance to Map your Boundaries

guest editorial by Tim Kask

When you go to a con and sign up for an RPG, do you do so – other than the general prospect of having fun – to solve the puzzle, kill the monster and get the loot, or do you take the pre-gen you are handed and try to play the role you have been given? Another question about con adventures I would like to explore is: do you go seeking a glorious death, or to get the cheese (*i.e.*, solve the puzzle, save the world, rescue the princess, *etc.*)?

When I played in Gary's *Greyhawk*, I was there to outwit the master, not die spectacularly. When I GM in *The Tower of Gygax* at *GenCon*, I show no mercy and seek to kill them quick and messily; that is completely in keeping with the spirit of the event.

In the earliest days of TSR-run tournaments, before we standardized and leveled them with modules, we judged players on how well they played the role they had been given and not on how well they knew the rules or how clever they were in actual play. It was so subjective that we produced the G Series in an attempt at objectivity. The old style of play did not translate well into tournaments because there was so much subjectivity involved on the part of the GM. From what I know of later editions being so numbers- and charts-driven, that may not be so much of an issue now.

What I am curious about now is the motivations involved in one-offs at cons. I have done a half-dozen in the last two years at *GaryCon*, *NTRPGCon*, and *GenCon* and I



use pre-generated PCs. The normal reaction when I toss the sheets to the center of the table is everyone immediately grabbing as many as they can and poring over them to see whom they want to play. My admiration goes to the occasional player who just says something like “Just hand me one,” “I’ll take whatever is left” or something to that effect. My second-ever *D&D* game found me playing a dwarf, not something that I would have chosen at the time. I played them a lot after that.

Con games take us out of our comfort zone in many ways. We are playing with strangers, we are sitting across the screen from a stranger, we’re not certain of the “house rules” and we are playing with a time constraint that is the antithesis of the first rule of successful RPGing – “live to fight another day”. In addition, we are often judgmental about the play of the other members. I do not think we can help it; we judge “new” against what we know of “old”; that is the way our brains work.

It might be that this group of strangers has six members that are all used to being the “caller” for their group and there is now a surplus of leaders; occasionally the obverse will transpire and have no willing leaders step up. How many times do GMs have to plead for a mapper? Behavioral expectations are a frightening unknown; what will the others think of how I am playing? It is apparent from comments made to me and conversations inadvertently overheard at the last couple of cons that some people really find themselves out of their comfort zone when there is a young, perhaps more-enthusiastic-than-we-are-used-to player in the mix. Well, look at them and try to remember yourself when it was still really new and really, really exciting. Remember their age and give them a break. And while you are at it, enjoy their enthusiasm: it can be contagious.

I have heard of another type of con-player that seems to annoy a lot of RPG’ers, and I cannot understand why. Remember that player I mentioned earlier, the one that said they would take what was left? That type of player is



doing, in my opinion, what role-playing was about; assuming a role. As a GM, I am not at all surprised when the player that got the paladin PC starts acting like a paladin often acts; you know, obnoxious, preachy, holier-than-thou, off to do some nebulous good, etc. When the player picks that PC, they may be doing it to stay within their comfort zone, because they are the one that “always plays the paladin” in their own group; conversely, that player may just be playing something they never play at home because they have the opportunity to stretch their role-playing repertoire. In my last one, as the party dithered, the player that got the paladin and had never played one before, seized the moment, assumed the role and led the party on.

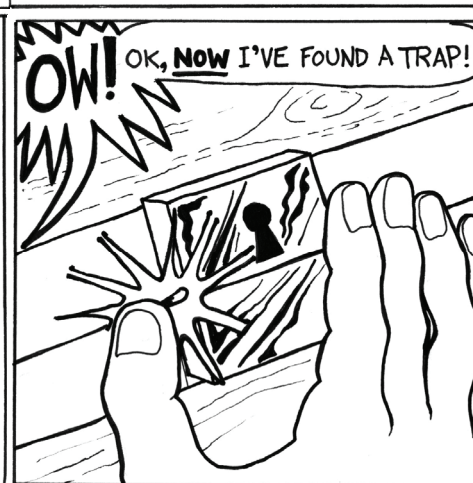
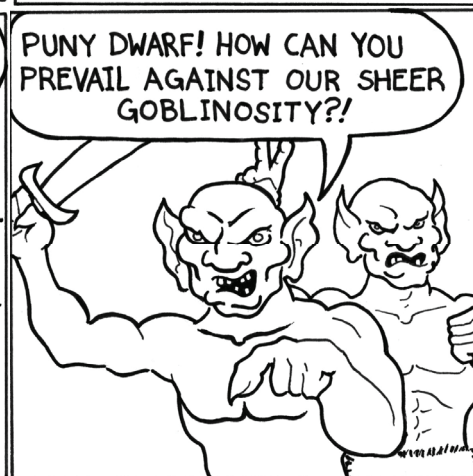
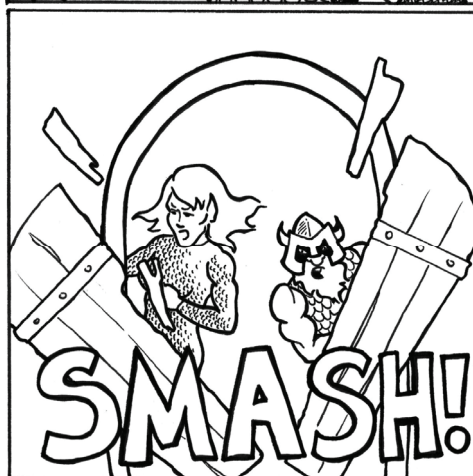
Who wouldn't want to be Groo the Barbarian once in awhile, happily bashing and slaying? If a 300 lb. player wants to be an elf, more power to 'em, if they can be a convincing elf. (Somewhere in the Midwest there is a gentleman just a little younger than I who was about 6'2", 150 lbs soaking wet that played the best hobbit thief ever in any of my games.) The next time you go to a con, large or small, sign up for an RPG one-off and test yourself. Take a PC character type you have never

played before and challenge yourself. If you find yourself in a group with a really enthusiastic younger player, go with the flow and try to see the game through their eyes. I was 25 when I first played *D&D* in 1974. I remember how psyched up I got about taking it back to my college game club and turning them onto the newest thing, role-playing. I cannot begin to imagine how excited I would have been at half that age. I might have wet myself! Take a character class that you might not normally play and expand your horizons. I thought that clerics were like corpsmen, there to keep the party healthy and patched up, until I played one a few times.

For all that, remember two other things. First and foremost, the game is about having fun. Then consider the nature of our hobby community: many of us, myself included, were “different” from the mainstream. We were the geeks, nerds, “brains,” honor-roll fixtures, whatever, and some of us were not very socially adept. Gaming embraced us all as we embrace each other. It gives us the opportunity to learn and practice social skills and experience a sense of exclusive community. The last thing we should be doing is excluding. Ω



Dougal Must Die! by Steve Robertson

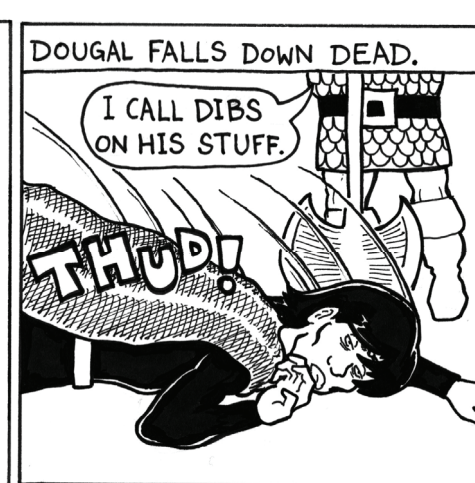




POISON!



I'M DYING!



DOUGAL FALLS DOWN DEAD.

I CALL DIBS ON HIS STUFF.

THUD!



NO, NOT POOR DOUGAL! I DON'T WANNA DIE! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME!



I MUST BE LIKE THE KID IN THAT MOVIE, CUZ "I SEE DEAD PEOPLE." YOU'RE DEAD! NOW GET!



I HATE "SAVE OR DIE" GAMES!

I CALL DIBS ON HER PIZZA.

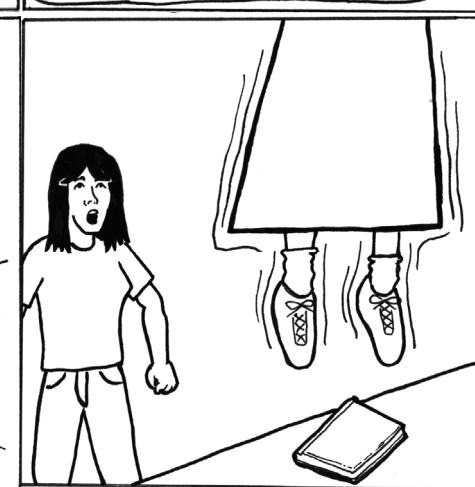


ARE YOU IN THERE, MARCIE?

KNOCK KNOCK



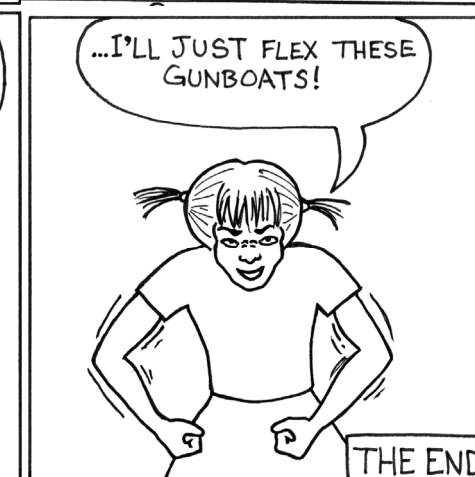
MARCIE?
NOOOOO!



WHAT ARE YOU SCREAMING ABOUT?! I'M JUST DOING SOME CHIN-UPS...

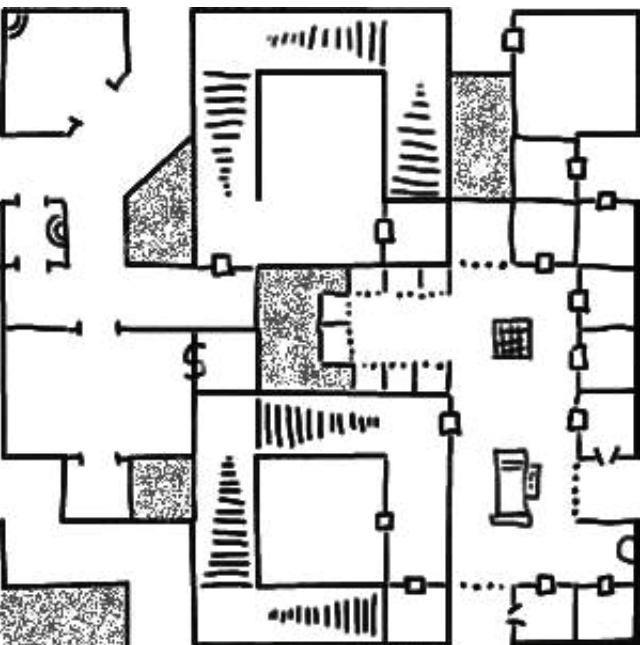
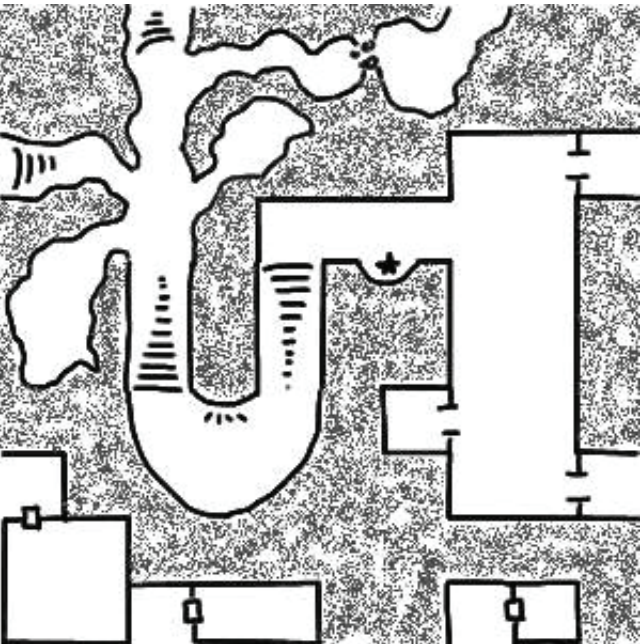
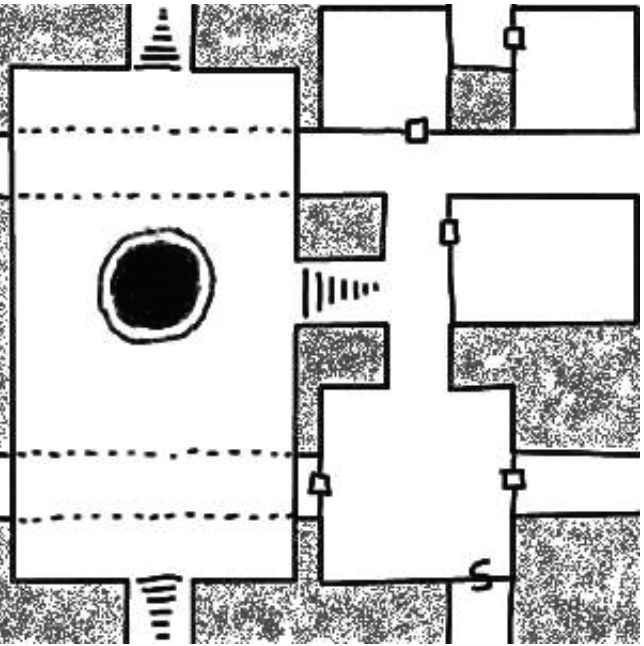
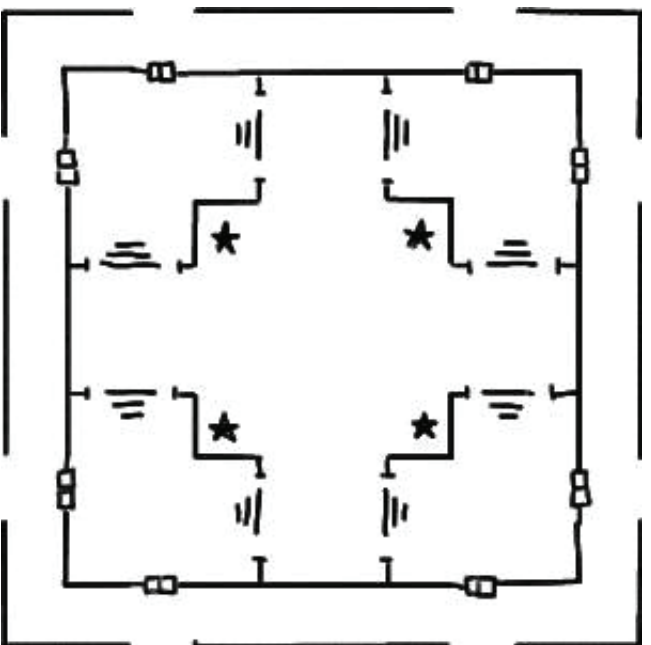
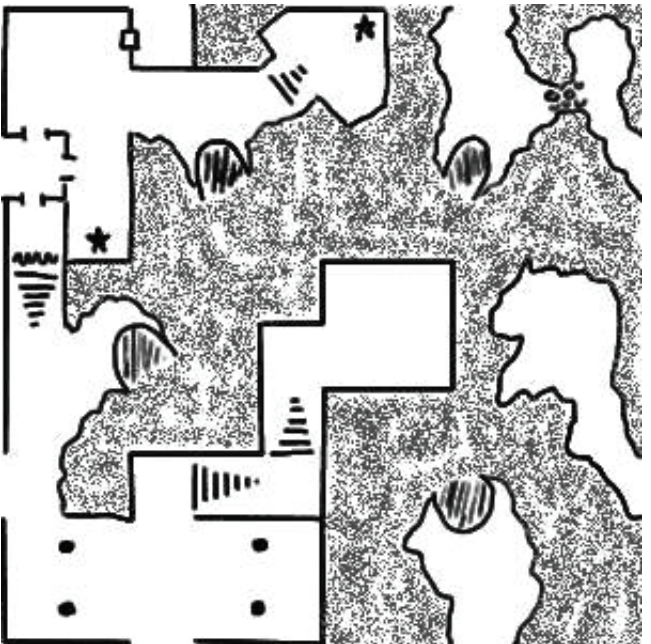
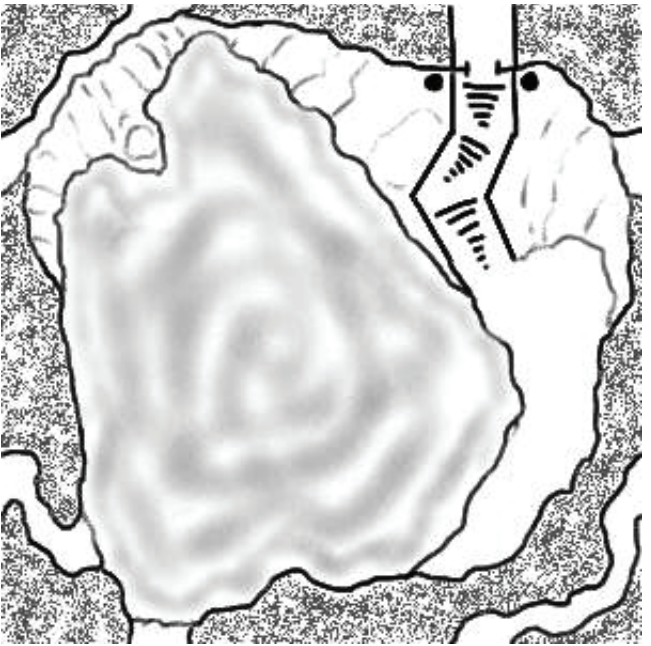


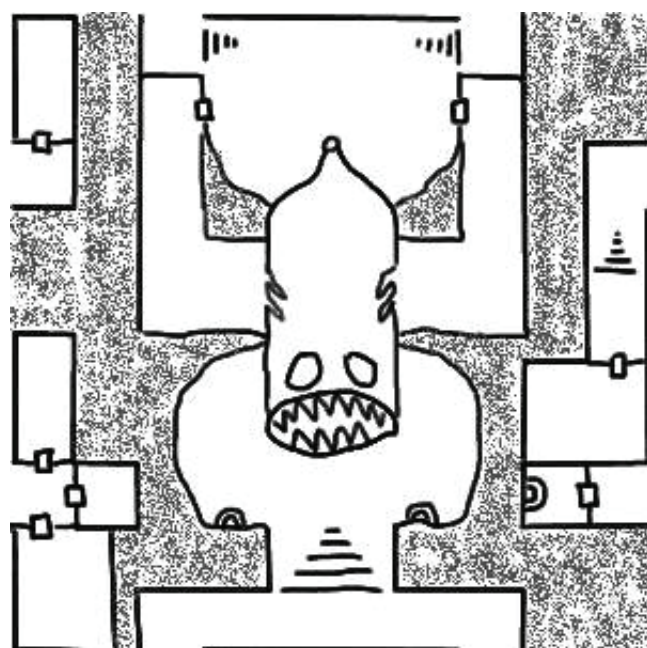
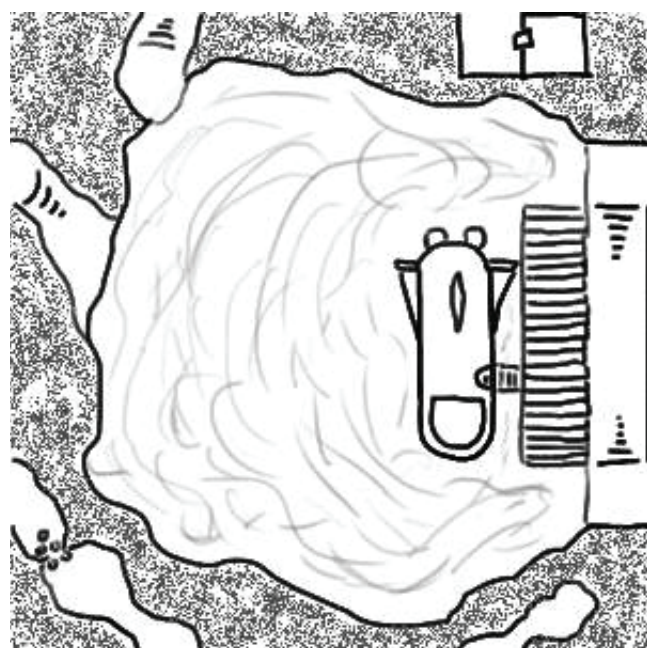
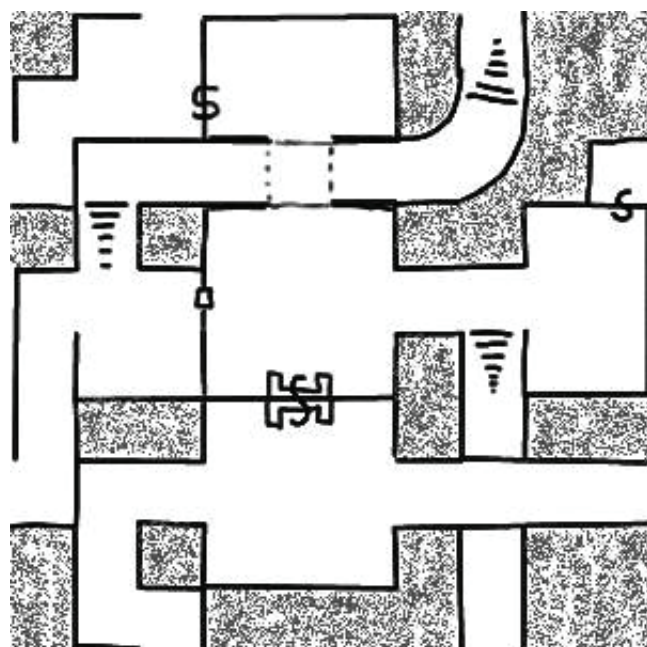
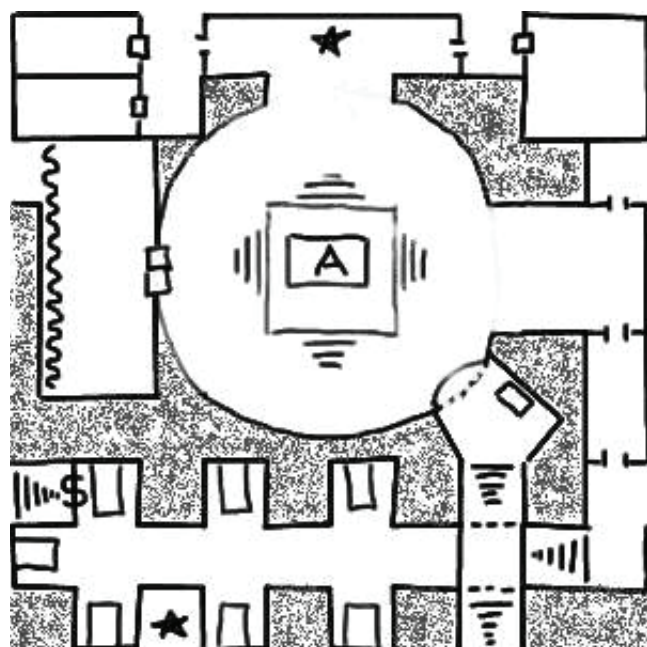
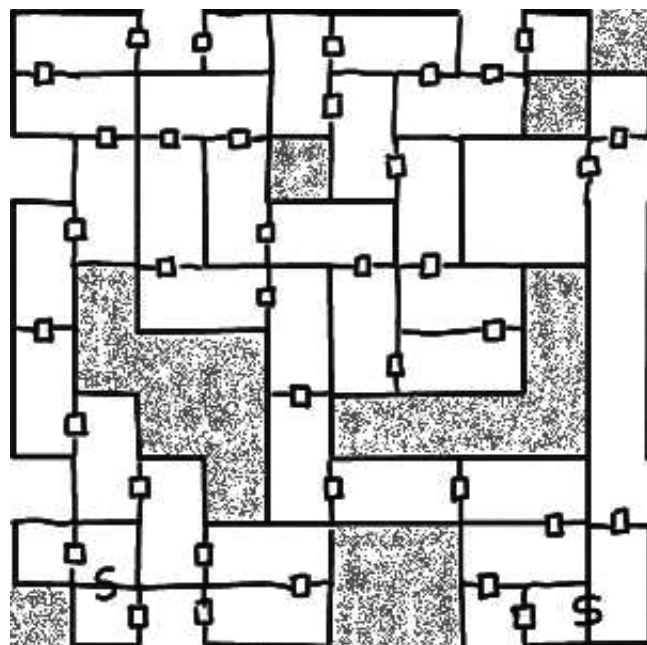
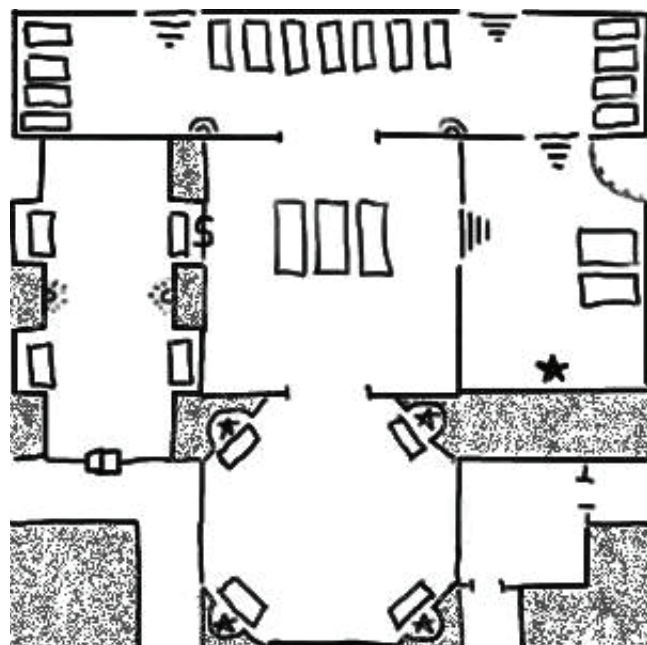
»HUFF« »PUFF« ...SO THE NEXT TIME THE GM EVEN **THINKS** ABOUT KILLING MY CHARACTER...



...I'LL JUST FLEX THESE GUNBOATS!

THE END.





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