

THE LOST CITY

A Darwin's World Adventure v1.1

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The legendary "Sunken City" can be seen by travelers along the Cartel routes from far away, resting at the bottom of the Great Rift Valley like a cemetery of broken headstones and collapsed skyscrapers. The rift swallowed up the city when it first opened during the Fall, sucked down to the valley bed below in a matter of violent hours. They say the end for the millions living there was like the fall of Pompeii, happening so quickly that no one within was able to escape alive.

Though flattened ruins of the old city surround the Rift crack here, the Sunken City's heart sits at the bottom of a ravine branch nearly a mile wide, along the eastern side of the valley, where jagged cliffs rise straight up for nearly 100 or so feet – the deepest point of the fault line. It is this that mainly keeps travelers and scavengers from descending into the tempting ruins to scavenge, for there has never been found a safe way down to the valley floor where the Sunken City lies. Now and again, traders coming up and down the trails will sometimes speak of strange noises echoing from the sunken ruins in the valley below, as well as sightings of strange, short-lived lights among the darkened ruins.

- From "Bixby's World Almanac", a post-Fall survival guide published in the Free City of Styx

THE LOST CITY

The Lost City is the first fully developed "campaign" adventure and location sourcebook for the post-apocalyptic role-playing game, Darwin's World. It is certainly a true "stand-alone" adventure, though the game master can certainly add on, alter, or expand on the encounter areas detailed within.

A party of four to six characters of level 1-3 should be able to meet and deal with the initial dangers of the Lost City, but later dangers will require characters of much greater levels. The very nature of the city permits characters to carve out a niche or base of operations; permitting a protracted campaign to explore the city and encounter its bizarre troglodilian peoples.

The Lost City details in full the legendary "Sunken City", formerly Bakersfield, California, as described briefly in the Darwin's World Gazetteer, at the foot of the Great Rift Valley. The term, "Lost City", is used synonymously with the previously used term, "Sunken City".

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The plot of The Lost City is a rather fluid one, presenting one of the fabled locations of Darwin's World in a free form, encounter-area format. In effect, this is a sourcebook meant to provide the GM with as much information about the Sunken City location (as described in the Gazetteer) as possible. This will allow the player characters to explore the lost caverns and discover hidden communities, adventure locations, and treasure caches, all at their own pace and whimsy. Such a free-form permits characters to visit again and again, withdraw for healing and recuperation, and face dangers according to their own device.

Getting the characters involved in the affairs of The Lost City is ultimately up to the game's arbitrator, simply because the methods of introducing the adventure will depend on the current point at which the PCs are at in their ongoing campaign. Some suggested hooks include:

Black Gold. The Cartel traders, powerful oil merchants, regularly ply the trade routes north and south throughout the Sierra Gehenna region. They

have long observed from the ridge of the Rift the ashen ruins of the old cities below – Bakersfield included. In recent months, they have come to believe that the area of the Lost City used to be extremely rich in oil facilities from before the Fall. While keeping a low profile to prevent tipping off a horde of oil prospectors or outside competitors, they have begun an effort to move scouts into the region. These small parties are attempting to find a way down into the Rift, into the devastated ruins of Bakersfield, and if possible, to locate any lost reserves of oil still among the rubble or buried in the valley. The PCs could be members of one such small, discreet Cartel expedition assembled for the task (or perhaps they simply learn of the Cartel's secret, either by ambushing a Cartel party or coming across the corpses of a previous expedition with papers revealing their efforts in the area). Either way, once the valley floor is found to be deserted, they locate the caverns to the Lost City and naturally pursue their mission there...

Desperation. The characters, thirsting and starving to death in an ill-fated foray into the Great Rift Valley, stumble upon the Entrance Cave while on their last legs. Taking shelter, they discover that the caves lead deeper into the mountain, revealing the Lost City beyond. Motivated by a need to find supplies, they are captured (or find on their own) the Slavers of Skull Blackthorn and strike a deal with him. If they clear the city of major threats, he will provide them with enough food and water (and directions) to get them to the nearest civilized settlement on the outside.

Heroism. The characters are part of a small community that relies on the regular water shipments of Water Merchants. One month, the Water Merchants fail to come through with the shipment, claiming that their men were waylaid by raiders while passing along the edge of the Great Rift near the ruins of the legendary “Sunken City”. Many of his men were taken as slaves by raiders led by a figure that paints his face “like a skull”. The Water Merchants promise to reward the PCs' community with *double* their regular shipment if the PCs can find and return the caravan's entire water supply, as well as deal with whoever is responsible. The Merchants would also like their men returned, alive if possible.

Greed. The characters find an ancient map that shows an unidentifiable route heading into what is now the Great Rift Valley. Following the fragmented map, they discover a trail that leads down into the canyon and into the haunted ruins below. Searching the valley floor they uncover the Entrance Cave and decide to explore. What they find is the fabled Lost City!

LONG-TERM CONSIDERATIONS

The Lost City is definitely meant to be a campaign setting in its own right. Though limited in size and volume by its very properties (sunk to the bottom of

the Great Rift), the City is a *massive*, sprawling locale with a number of secret spots, hidden dangers, and lost rewards waiting to be uncovered. Characters will likely have to return to the surface on more than one occasion for new supplies and healing, or to recruit new companions to replace those lost in the City.

In addition to numerous forays, it may be important to continued exploration of the Lost City for the player characters to make friendly contact with at least one of the communities in the cavern of the Lost City. Of communities, there are some six or seven separate groups dwelling either in the Lost City or the Upper Caverns leading to it (these include the underlings, slavers, two groups of apemen, plantmen, mongolians, and of course, the ghouls). Making friends is not easy, and generally a task will be required (such as eradicating a neighboring community) before the PCs can join or share in that community's hospitality.

The benefits, however, may prove priceless; a community may not only provide healing and shelter, but also further adventure hooks. For instance, perhaps by befriending the Slavers the PCs are asked to help eradicate, once and for all, the Ghouls. Or, sent to spy on the superiorly armed Mongolians to upset their power and permit the Slavers to take total control of the City.

Other considerations should not be overlooked, however. Groups coming and going from the City are going to raise suspicions and concerns among the remaining communities. Communities that survive one raid will certainly fortify and prepare for the next (consider ambushes and concealed traps along routes PCs are known to take through the City). Other communities, hearing gunshots and battle, will realize one community is weak – and may begin a campaign to swing the balance of power over to their side...

The Lost City is a living setting, in which the various factions vie regularly for control. There is a fragile balance here between the major groups, all of whom are prepared to make war should some outside party unwittingly upset the symmetry...

SUGGESTED COURSE

The Lost City also has varying degrees of dangers, which the referee should be well aware of before beginning play. A few communities in the City are far weaker than others, and a poorly equipped, low-level, or simply unaware party stumbling upon one of the toughest communities after easily defeating a weaker one are in for a BIG surprise.

The game's referee needs to be aware of the party's limitations, weaknesses, and strengths alike. The Lost City is set up with weaker groups nearest the entrance caverns (in the Upper Caverns and on the northern edge of the City cavern), with more difficult encounter areas towards the far side. While this seems self-explanatory and easy to regulate, players often find ways to wander off-course and into water well over their heads.

Here is a suggested list of communities and the general level characters should be when confronting them:

Community	Location(s)	Suggested Level
Apemen	U5, U6	1 st - 3 rd
Underlings	U8 - U10	2 nd - 5 th
Plantmen	Area 4	2 nd - 5 th
Apemen	Area 13	2 nd - 5 th
Slavers	Area 5	4 th - 6 th
Ghouls	Area 12	5 th - 8 th
Mongolians	Area 10	7 th - 11 th

As you can see, a beginning party entering the Upper Caverns will meet low to moderate dangers, but once they are into the Lost City itself they could potentially wander into *very* bad places (the Ghoul quarter, for instance). Characters should be given the chance to retreat, regroup, recuperate, and advance in level between forays against the various communities – this will permit the party to meet the next and increasing threats as they progress in the City.

A HISTORY OF THE “LOST CITY”

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

Once upon a time, the caverns and caves that comprise the Lost City were, in fact, *above ground!* Once a thriving metropolis lying under the cool shadow of the towering Sierra Mountains of California, the first colossal strikes against U.S. territory during the Apocalyptic War made this great city one of thousands of its initial victims. Though this would seem no different than the countless other population centers destroyed in the War, the bizarre nature of the weapons used to strike the cities of central California make its story exceptional.

Super-yield nuclear weapons (100+ megatons), devised secretly by the Great Enemy during the degenerating Years of Entropy, were used to bombard the United States in conjunction with clusters of other more moderate-sized nukes during the Fall. These colossal weapons were deliberately targeted at several key tectonic hotspots on the American continent, in the hopes of causing plate movements to cause more damage on an even greater scale. The concept was simple and sound, as demonstrated by the provocation of violent aftershocks in the wake of underground nuclear testing during the late 1940s and early 1950s. Explosion beneath the earth could create a force felt hundreds of miles away, disrupting underground pipelines, electronics (such as subterranean fiber-optics), etc.

The San Andreas Fault was a prime target for these weapons (though certainly, other fault lines on the North American continent were likewise singled-out for these special strikes). When the Fall finally

came, and all-out war inevitably broke out on a mass scale, the missiles delivered their packages on target. Amidst the other fiery strikes that swept the cities and burned the land, these huge warheads narrowed in on their targets from the outer atmosphere, falling straight down to finish the job at speeds beyond imagining.

When each ground-penetrating warhead sunk into the earth and exploded, it released an unbelievably powerful nuclear blast, sending massive shocks through the crust for scores of miles. These shocks were sufficient not only to shift and displace the entire crust around the point of impact, but sent 8.0 to 9.0 earthquakes all across the nearest fault lines - in turn creating catastrophic tremors, subversions, and collapses that spread out like a spider-web of growing intensity from the detonation point. In some cases, these tremors continued for weeks, even months, long after the people they intended to kill were dead.

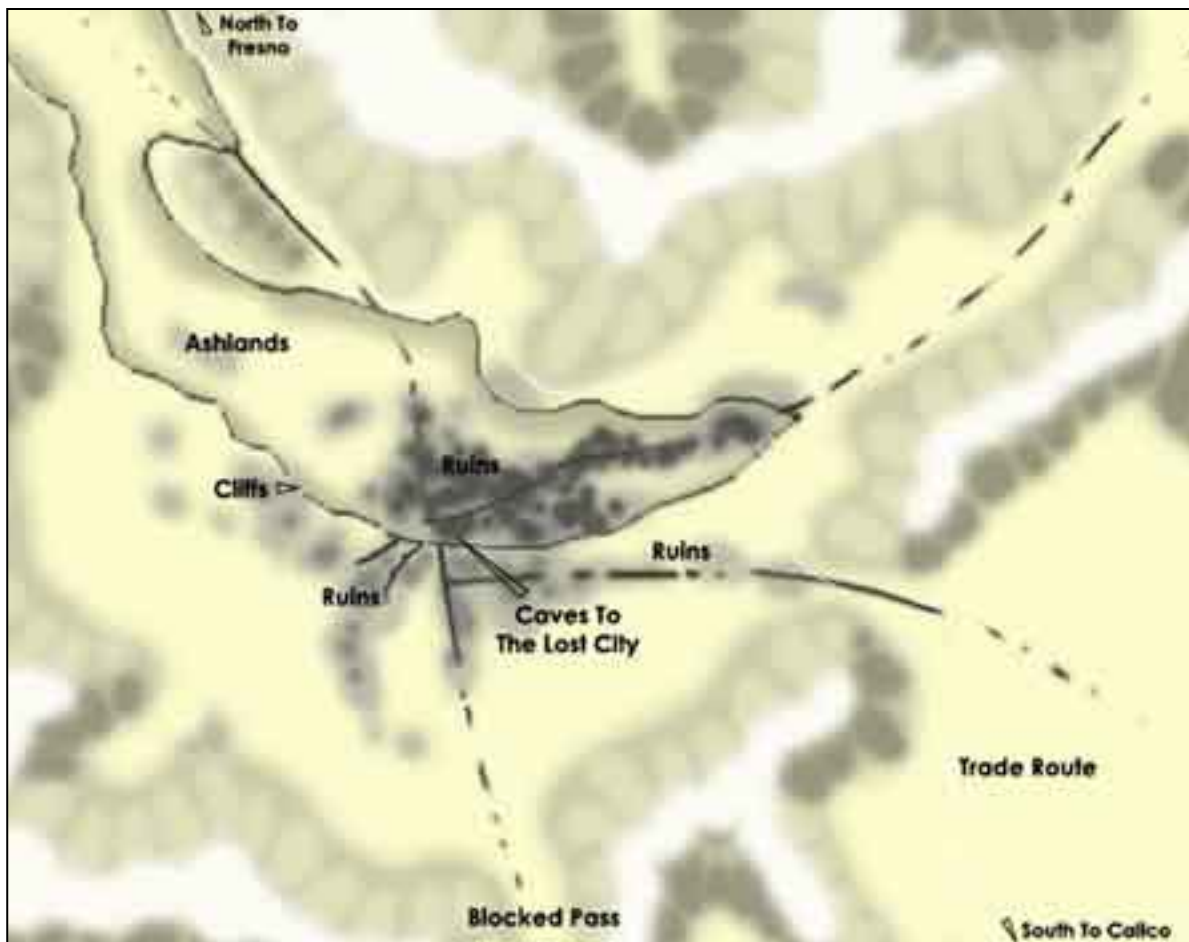
Bakersfield was a magnificent domed metropolis (not unlike many cities encapsulated in domes to protect from the diminishing ozone layer) that was swallowed almost whole in a matter of minutes when one such bomb exploded just miles away. The San Andreas Fault line, which the city literally sat upon, suddenly opened up, here and all along the fault, and the entire metropolis sunk down in a giant sinkhole. Millions of tons of earth, displaced by the rupture, fell back in on the city destroying almost everything that hadn't collapsed in the earth-shaking quake.

The only parts of the city to survive were those that once lay beneath the domes. Like the doomed citizens of ancient Pompeii, the inhabitants were sealed in by the cataclysm and met their ultimate fates in a cold, unforgiving darkness.

Although the Lost City suffered tremendous damage from its fall through the earth (the actual city streets are now almost fifty to seventy feet below their former level), and most of the buildings are in complete ruins, it is a strange, macabre, and fascinating sight - a unique sight to be sure. Concealed beneath the earth in a large cavern, it would make the perfect base of operations for a small community...

RECENT HISTORY

And that is exactly what has taken place. A few years past, a group of slavers - brutally raiding various small communities above ground in the California deserts - were at long last repelled in a great battle by the combined force of several tribal villages. Routed, these slavers fled to the Great Rift, descending into its forbidden depths near the Sunken City to escape total destruction at the hands of the savages who had risen against their reign of tyranny. By total accident these raiders stumbled upon a series of small damp caverns leading beneath the valley floor into darkness. Their leader, Skull Blackthorn, thought the caves might lead to a fresh underground source of water, giving them a place to rest and recuperate before moving on.



What they found, however, proved to be something beyond their wildest dreams.

Blackthorn and his men explored the caverns, finding the Lost City as it lay in the main cavern. Although some of his men fled him on the spot (fearing retribution by the spirits of the Ancients for violating this “city of the dead”), Blackthorn, probably drawn more by greed than curiosity, decided to make the city his *base*.

And it was a perfect base; within striking distance of the surface, Blackthorn and his slavers were able to continue their business of raiding and desert piracy, retreating to the Rift and their hideout whenever resistance was mounted. No large group was ever able to track them into the Rift, and those scattered few who did entirely overlooked the small cave opening (thinking it too small for the large slaver party to hide out in).

Blackthorn and his slavers, while having operated in the caverns for some time, have remained mainly on the northeast side of the Lost City cavern, only moving in and out of their fortified stronghold and into the upper caverns as the need dictates. Blackthorn has been aware for some time of strange noises, cries, and distant eerie lights among the ruins of the sunken domes - but has yet to fully investigate these.

It is thus obvious to Blackthorn and his men that they are not entirely in control of this fantastic

hideout, and that they were not the first inhabitants here either. Recently, slavers have begun to go missing; some claim that they are dragged away at night while on watch, or were lured away by strange lights, or simply deserted, fearing whatever it is that actually lives out there in the ruins.

Blackthorn is determined, one way or another, to both find out what dangers lurk in the sunken Lost City, and to bring the entire underground city under his domination. If he can get the PCs to do the dirty work for him ... so much the better.

NUCLEAR DETONATIONS AND QUAKES

The missiles/bombs mentioned in the text were perhaps the zenith of the pre-war enemy’s arsenal (in terms of massive potential for destruction), and were among the primary reasons for the subtle reshaping of the world and a re-direction of lost rivers and streams; in addition to the localized effects they created upon impact (often creating shallow valleys and flattening entire urban networks), the earth was reshaped over the years just trying to cope with their lasting impression - the very same “massive plate movements, earthquakes, and climactic changes” described in the Darwin’s World timeline.

FALSE LEGENDS

GMs familiar with the Twisted Earth setting of Darwin's World will note that the sourcebook, *Denizens Of The Twisted Earth*, also mentions the Lost City to some extent. This city is, in fact, one and the same as the Lost City of this adventure, though the former legends place the location of the actual city far removed from the Great Rift. Why this is no one can quite be sure, except perhaps that there were in fact more than one such city that suffered from the terrible fate of being swallowed by the earth. If this is the case, then there may be others as well that remain buried under the earth or at the bottom of newly formed valleys and canyons.

GENERAL OVERVIEW OF THE RIFT

The winds that howl through the mountains go largely unanswered in this part of the Rift. The ruins of old Bakersfield (the name all but lost to those who pass along the edge of the Rift and over its crumbled landscape) seem utterly empty, covered in ashes and in many parts buried under tons of sand and loose rock from when the city was swallowed by the Rift. As empty and lifeless as this devastated ruin is, the following are the only real features of this southernmost branch of the Great Rift Valley.

Cliffs. The Rift (in this area) is almost completely composed of steep, dramatic cliffs formed by tectonic action – the result of the super-advanced weapons of the Fall. Broken and treacherous, they provide a significant barrier to large groups hoping to plumb the depths of the valley below.

Various dangers can extend from navigating the cliffs that may prove interesting as challenges for PCs to overcome if the GM feels a need to explore them. The problems of transporting large amounts of goods, vehicles, and mounts are obvious. Unsure footing, frequent landslides, rock falls, and high winds in the valley make the ascent/descent potentially fatal. A party failing to mark its way down (and thus unable to locate a safe way back up to the lip of the Rift) may also prove to be an ironic means of keeping a group longer in the valley below...

The height of the Rift ranges from 75 to 100 feet in most places. Characters attempting to climb these dangerous cliffs do so with great difficulty (Climb check, DC 25). Secret passes and paths exist where trails descend to the bottom of the Rift; the Search DC for locating one of these trails is DC 28.

RUINS OF BAKERSFIELD

The ruins of what was once a huge city cover the valley floor – old high rises and larger buildings are all but gone, but the stony rubble remains like a rolling mess streaked with sandbars, the remains of hundreds of landslides, and huge cracks and fissures descending into unknown depths that range from the size of roadways to the size of entire city

blocks. Bent and jarred street lamps jut out from the ground like the posts of a picket fence gone mad, and the ash-blackened remains of old cars and trucks peek out from growing dunes gathering in the wind-ravaged Rift.

The ruins are eerily empty, day and night. The remoteness of the valley floor prevents all but the natural descendants of animals to live here. Still, eerie, twisted howls, and strange pinpoint lights spark up now and again, feeding stories that the ruins are alive. The GM is free to expand upon these sightings, but in general encounters in these utterly devastated ruins will be with solitary mutant predators or animals – not organized groups (though close encounters among the ruins with small bands of scouting Raiders from the Lost City might be a good way to get the PCs started on their trail).

ASHLANDS

Northwest of the ruins, the irregular rough terrain of the Rift floor gives way to a region of black, blasted land, dry and scarred. Any buildings that may have stood here were erased by the collapse of the Rift and voracious fires that claimed miles of scrub brush as well – leaving the entire expanse sparse and bare.

This blasted region was once almost a forest of derricks and industrial oil-producing facilities, that went up like a match when the first bombs struck during the Fall. An entire belt of oil reservoirs, pipelines, and storage complexes permitted a wave of flame to spread like an oil slick across the entire valley – adding to the conflagration that consumed the surface ruins of Bakersfield. Underground oil reserves detonated from the heat; in many places blowing enormous holes in the ground that resemble powerful bomb blast and craters.

This region was utterly ravaged by the Fall and the formation of the Rift. Anything found out here would certainly be broken, burned, rusted, and reduced to ash – if not already fused by the tremendous heat of the ancient fires to become a permanent part of the haunting landscape.

INTRODUCTION

The Great Rift Valley, a place of legends, myth, and nightmarish testament to the destruction caused by the Fall. A massive “hole” in the earth, a rip in the very fabric of the continent, that long ago sucked down into its depths entire cities and millions of human lives.

It is with no little fear and doubt that your group finds itself descending deep into the Great Rift. Whoever among you first came up with the idea to plumb the Rift is now judged a fool by the rest; this place is a haunting graveyard of ever-increasing darkness and isolation, and no place for sane men to go. From the Rift's cliff-edge, high above, very little could be seen but the distant

evidence of a lost city at its bottom. This was the lure that brought you, one and all, to band together and probe the upper paths days ago.

A suitable trail was found after three days of exploration and dangerous probes along the cliff-edge. A debate ensued as to the viability of descending into the Rift to explore the ruins. Wild rumors and old legends of lost treasures and priceless technology in the Rift spurred each man into eventual agreement. An expedition would be mounted to the valley floor!

That was countless hours ago. Great care was taken in navigating the paths, until at some point each man realized it was closer to the valley floor than back to the surface. There was no point in turning back now. The blazing sun, deadly and unforgiving, became noticeably strained here, with only a narrow margin to cast its burning light down upon the valley floor. Cool, black shadows came to conceal all manner of dangers along the cliff sides. Night was getting closer, but each man drove himself on.

But now, as you get nearer to the belly of this deep canyon (a canyon that goes on to the limits of vision), the ruins seen from high above are at last within your reach. Desolate, blasted stone, concrete, and twisted metalwork rise from the sifting sand to greet you. Nothing, if anything, bears a resemblance to anything other than complete and utter ruin. Sand covers everything, every last surface.

The destruction of this city was complete. Even hard scavengers and survivalists like you are stunned into mute silence at the sight of this wasted landscape. The city, drawn into the Rift by untold weaponry of savage power, was certainly decimated in a matter of minutes. Nothing could have survived this.

The ugly red sun of twilight now casts a crimson color over the bleak, alien landscape of the fractured canyons. The lonely, natural trail that led you down into the ruins has now given way to an irregular, almost imperceptible rocky path as the depth of your descent shallows and evens; here, deep at the bottom of the Great Rift Valley, the world above seems utterly distant. No animals have been seen anywhere in this new desolate crevasse-country, and only an empty, hollow wind – blowing with unexpected strength and power – echoes through the treacherous valley rubble.

You stand among worthless ruins. There is nothing to be had in this ravaged Pompeii.

But, as you contemplate the long journey back up the mountainous cliffs to the surface, one among you notices a *trail* blazed through the crumbling ruins, headed towards nearby cliffs.

Whoever or whatever blazed this trail, and how long ago it was last traversed, can only be guessed at. The weak footpath seems to stretch on in a

deliberate pattern, broad enough perhaps for even heavily burdened pack animals to travel.

Out of sheer curiosity, your group pursues this path for a time, until it comes to a cluster of boulders and crags at the foot of the cliffs. Here, the shadow of the dying sun is deep, black, and cold. Suspicious of danger, you prepare to withdraw with haste, until suddenly the most unexpected sight is seen ahead – a small, inconspicuous cave lies nestled among the rocks at the cliff's base. Even from this distance, a cool breeze is felt coming from within.

It is almost night. Night in an unfamiliar landscape no doubt rife with nocturnal predators that have watched your coming for hours from their secret hiding places, near and far.

The prospect is unsettling.

You *must* find shelter for the night.

KEYED ENCOUNTERS OF THE UPPER CAVERNS (AREA U1-U16)

The Upper Caverns are home to a variety of mundane life, such as spiders, normal rats, and various forms of harmless fungus. Unlike the latter part of the cave system (the Lost City itself), there will be no encounters in the Upper Caves except those noted under individual area locations.

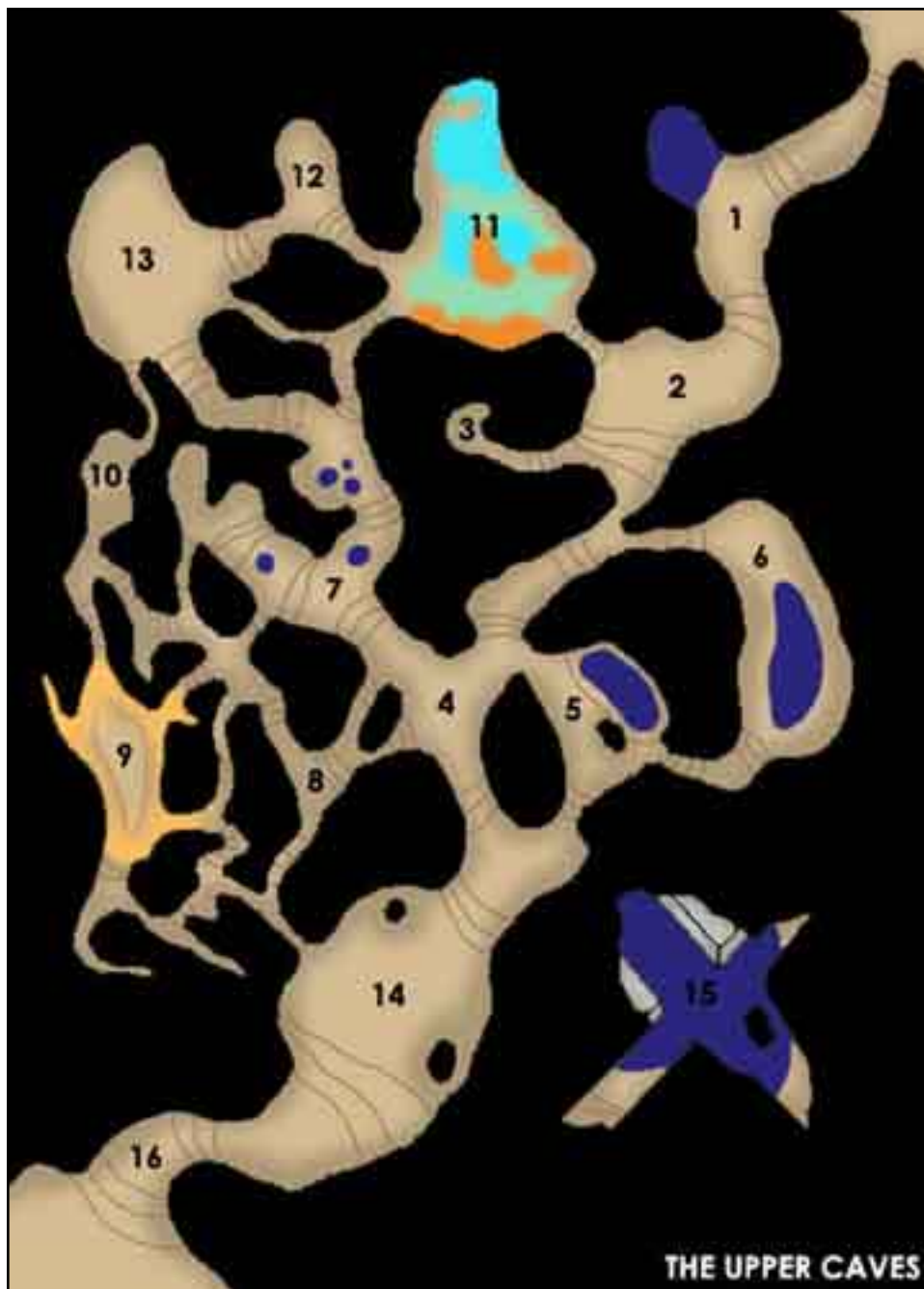
U1. ENTRANCE CAVE

Tracks seem to go through this rugged natural cavern, off to the south. Apparently a lot of commotion has taken place here over the years, as you can see the remnants of old campfires and bits of old discarded refuse. A large pool of clear water, fed by droplets forming on the rocky ceiling above, dominates one large alcove off the main cave - obviously a sheltered water source!

This cave is the first cave in a series that descend into the uplifted mountains of the region. These caves were discovered by Blackthorn and his men not long ago, who used it as a place to refuge before exploring deeper into the cave system.

Blackthorn uses this passage often when he and his men sally out to go on slave raids; the tracks are those of his men and the many slaves marched in and out of the caves. However, Blackthorn and his slavers know better than to use the water in this cave, as Blackthorn has deliberately poisoned the water - anyone taking shelter in the cave and who drinks from the water will soon become ill and die; this is Blackthorn's first method of keeping his lair a secret.

A character taking water from the pool may make a Spot check (DC 18) to notice, at the bottom of the pond, an old canister of toxic chemicals – the water has been *poisoned* (ingested, DC 20, initial 2d6 Con, secondary 3d6 Con + 1d6 Wis *).



U3. SMALL ALCOVE

Several rocks seem to have been piled up to close off this area some time in the past, though the blockage has apparently crumbled, allowing you to pass within. This small cave smells of decay, and water has pooled in several places from the constant dribbling from the ceiling. A skeleton lies near one wall, clad only in ancient rotted furs.

This small alcove, located just off the main cave system, was sealed off to punish a slave that ran away from the slavers when they entered the cave. The merry chase he led the slavers on cost Blackthorn three good men (to the hydra in *Area UI3*), but he was eventually caught and sentenced to die by starvation

- they sealed the troublesome slave in this alcove where he perished. The only evidence linking the remains to the slavers are the metal shackles around its skeletal arms - it has no possessions.

U4. TUNNEL

Various passages lead off from this musty tunnel. The sound of dripping water deceptively echoes in every direction, near and far. Scrapes in the earth underfoot and various disheveled tracks lead to the southeast.

U2. CAVERN

This lower cavern has several branching tunnels that sprout off of it. Tracks go off mainly to the south, into darkness, where the passage descends along natural stone steps - likely created by shifting earth or decades of trickling moisture. The cave itself seems rather barren.

The cavern here is empty, and as such magnifies sound well. Any loud noise created has a 10% chance of being heard by the denizens in *Areas 5, 6, and 8* (roll for each individually), who will take note of the kind of noise and the number of noises perceived, in anticipation of a future ambush or attack.

This tunnel is one of the caves through which the slavers often travel with slave trains. The creatures of the complex know better to venture here, as the slavers respond to any threat brutally - however, the underlings sometimes hide in the darkness or around the corner just spying on passerby, summing them up and otherwise keeping an eye on their movements. The tunnel itself bears nothing else of interest to the PCs, though any character making a Listen check (DC 15) will be able to identify a strange sound coming from the southeast - a distant "rumble", like thunder (this is actually the roar of the waterfalls which empty into the Lost City).

U5. WATER CAVE (EL 4)

The sound of combat comes from this cavern; as you enter, you see a pair of brutish-looking men, clustered around a dim campfire by a small underground pool, firing at a group of screaming and howling apemen coming from a passage to the east. The apes have white fur and pinkish-red eyes - albinos - and attack with hurled stones and sticks. At least one of them lies dead on the cave floor.

A pair of slaver scouts use this cave as a camp before they return to their base in the Lost City. The three-albino apemen are armed with thrown rocks; these specimens are much weaker than their cousins who live in the Lost City, and are in fact outcasts from the tribe (they were too weak to find a place in the tribe's hierarchy). These are part of a small group living in *Area U6*, and are a particularly cowardly and cautious bunch, which have underestimated the strength of the raiders. They will continue to attack any and all things in the cave until only one is left alive, at which time it will retreat to *Area U6* and warn the others.

Neither side will ally with the group, though the slavers will not fire on fellow humanoids until they can recognize that the PCs are not their comrades - at which time they will attack. The slavers will fight to the death; if somehow captured, the slavers will only reveal that they were sent to scout for a week in the nearby desert, and are returning to their boss - Skull Blackthorn - with their reports on nearby caravans. They will not reveal the location of his secret stockade.

The water source here is drinkable, and is used by the slavers often when passing through the caves. A lot of tracks will be seen heading off in various directions. Unknown to anyone, the pool here actually has a tunnel on its bottom (submerged) that leads from this area to *Area U15* to the southeast. Only a search of the pool's bottom (involving diving) will uncover this fact; it takes a good 3d6 rounds to make the trip one way.

🔪 **Slavers (2) Raider2:** CR 2; Medium-size Humanoid (1st Generation Mutant); HD 2d10+2; hp 13; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft; AC 16 (+2 Dex, +3 studded leather, +1 chains and chaps); Atk Nail-

studded bat +4 melee 1d6+3; or black powder rifle +4 ranged 1d12; SQ ½ damage from blunt attacks; AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will -1; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Knowledge (Vehicle Operation) +1, Listen +1, Move Silently +3, Spot +2; Power Attack.

Possessions: Nail-studded bat, black powder rifle (20 shots), studded leather armor.

Mutations and Defects: Sensitive Sight, Increased Body Density, Alopecia, Cystic Fibrosis.

🔪 **Albino Apemen (3):** CR 1; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 3d8; hp 6, 4, and 4; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 30 ft, climb 10 ft; AC 15 (+3 Dex, +2 natural); Atk 2 slams +2 melee 1d3+2; or thrown rock +3 ranged 1d4+2; SQ Dark vision, photosensitive, scent; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will -1; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 6, Wis 6, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Climb +4, Hide +5, Listen +1, Move Silently +4, Spot +1; Multiattack.

Treasure: The slavers guard a small supply of water (four full waterskins), a *flashlight* (half a power cell remaining), six *salt pills*, and two pairs of metal shackles.

U6. MONKEY CAVE (EL 6)

This cave smells of waste, and the echo of chattering can be heard from even the tunnels approaching it. As you enter, you see a small group of mangy white apemen gathered around the shores of a small murky pond, grooming each other or engaging in a squabble over the carcass of a dead rat. Upon sensing your approach, a roar of howls and chatters rises among the group, who begin to gather stones and sticks and attack!

This cave is the home of a small group of five mangy albino apemen who have been expelled from the Lost City - too weak to survive in their tribe (*City Area 13*), they were forced to flee or be killed by their peers. These apemen are especially cowardly, being weaker than their cousins, but will attack to defend their cave from intrusion. Half are armed with thrown rocks, the other half with sticks (treat as clubs).

Besides the drinkable water source that they covet (the pool), the apemen have no other treasures.

🔪 **Albino Apemen (5):** hp 8, 6, 6, 4, and 3. (see U5)

U7. TWISTED CAVERN

This cavern is very bumpy and irregular, even the floor, covered in limestone deposits and water-gouged potholes, isn't evenly placed. Water drips from long conical formations on the ceiling. The sound of water throughout the complex of caverns seems to be magnified here, as is every footstep, move, and shuffle.

in fear of incurring the wrath of the slavers, but may attack if they have seen the party fighting with the slavers in *Area U5*.

The PCs may make Spot checks to get a brief glimpse of the shadowy figures observing them. Note, however, while in these tunnels the underlings receive a +4 circumstance bonus to their Hide checks.

Any noise made in this area will echo loudly throughout the caves below - the hydra dwelling in *Area U13* will certainly hear any intruders in this area, and will remain quiet waiting for them. If this is the case, the hydra will gain automatic surprise when and if the characters go to *Area U13*.

U8. TUNNELS OF THE UNDERLINGS

This small tunnel, like many others in the area, is uncomfortably low and tight, and leads off in a winding manner into thick darkness. Your lights show only twisting passages in the distance, and your ears detect only a faint chattering as well.

These tunnels are all a mere 5' high and 2' wide, and very uncomfortable to traverse, as they are uneven and filled with jagged rocks and broken stone. Any creature above 5' will suffer a -2 to all attack rolls and Dex-related skill checks while in the tunnels. Weapons of M or larger size cannot be used effectively in the tunnels, and suffer a total modifier of -4 to-hit.



These passages lead to the lair of the underling tribe that dwells in the tunnels, in *Areas U9* and *U10*. There are various entrances to the tunnels, all small (with the same effects on tall intruders). These tunnels are watched carefully by the underlings (there will be 1d3 underlings just inside each entrance, armed with a variety of spears and darts). In these alcoves the underlings wait and observe intruders, and if the intruders seem to be making their way towards *Area U9*, they will attack with sling volleys before retreating to *Area U9* to gather their tribe. Any action by the underlings will rouse their high-pitched howls, warning the tribe of the attack.

U9. UNDERLING LAIR (EL 8)

Various tunnels lead to this small irregular cavern, which is home to all manner of strange rock formations and jagged limestone spires. Mold and fungi growths cover some areas of the cave, some of which also phosphoresce, giving the place a subtle orange glow. As you enter, you see a pack of undersized humanoid mutants, sickly white with featureless eyes and wild manes of hair, gathering into a single group, howling and snarling as they prepare to attack!

This cavern is the lair of the underling tribe that dwells in the Upper Caves. The tribe has managed to thrive despite the powerful creatures in the caves by finding a niche in the low caves and remaining out of the affairs of the other beasts - except for the hydra (in *Area U13*) that they have actually come to "worship".

The underlings are aware of the location of the Lost City, though they have never dared venture into that "haunted place" - one scout did many years ago, but he of course never returned. They shun the lower parts of the caves as well, and never interfere with the slavers.

The tribe consists of no less than fourteen male underlings armed with javelins and darts, ten females armed with darts only, and six young (these are so small and weak as to have no combative abilities whatsoever). Any underlings slain from ambush positions in the tunnels (*Area U8*) will be deducted from the total of males above.

The tribe is led by an additional underling, the chief, who arms himself with a nail-studded baseball bat and a pair of *fragmentation grenades* (these he will save until the tribe seems doomed). He wears studded leather armor, increasing his armor class.

It is important to note that the underlings will NOT ally with the PCs! Any stiff resistance or threats by the PCs will only provoke a berserk response by the tribe, who will retreat to their caves and fight to the death in *Area U9* if cornered. They will, however, attempt to lure

the group to *Area U13* to face their “serpent god”. Failing that, they will fight savagely.

If the group is captured, they will be held in *Area U9* for a time while being examined by the tribe and the chieftain, before being inevitably shuffled off through *Area U10* to be sacrificed to the hydra dwelling in *Area U13*.

☠ **Underlings (24):** CR ½; Small Humanoid; HD ½ d8; hp 3 (x14), 2 (x10); Init +3 (Dex); Spd 20 ft; AC 14 (+3 Dex, +1 size); Atk shortspear -2 melee 1d8-2; or dart +3 ranged 1d4; SQ Dark vision, photosensitive; AL CE; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +0; Str 7, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 8, Wis 6, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Hide +9, Listen +1, Move Silently +5, Spot +1; Blind-Fight.

Possessions: Javelins, darts.

☠ **Underling Chief (1):** hp 4; AC 16.

Treasure: If the underling lair is searched, the PCs uncover only moldy and flea-infested furs, small sticks and animal bones, polished stones and bits of rotting vegetable matter. Under one of the mats on the north side of the room is a small stash – an *irritant gas grenade*, three *light rods*, and a single *satchel charge C*. This was going to be used in a few days by the chieftain in a devious plan to seal the lower parts of the caverns, forever dismissing their worries about the Lost City altogether! Of course, whether it would have worked or not, is open to speculation...

U10. SACRIFICIAL CAVE

This strange natural cave glows with a few patches of phosphorescent orange fungus on the walls; the illumination here shows strange carvings on the walls, showing little men throwing captured human slaves to a great multi-headed “dragon”. A passage leads off in the other direction, from which comes a distant roar.

This cave leads directly to *Area U13*, though the passage is too narrow for the “god” dwelling there to enter. The underlings in *Areas U8* and *U9* use this chamber to throw sacrifices to their “deity” - the hydra in *Area U13* - to appease it. Small bones litter the ground, but otherwise there is nothing here of interest.

U11. FUNGAL CAVERN

This large cave is damp and rancid; stalactites and other limestone columns decorate the place like a natural hall of wonders. Your light illuminates a virtual blanket of moss and puffy fungus clinging to nearly every exposed bit of rock in the place, patches of which vary in color from orange to blue like a patchwork quilt. Spores floating on the still air drift by like lost parachutes as they cross the path of your light source.

This large chamber has largely been taken over by fungi and other dismal growths - no part of the room is untouched. Although appearing quite hazardous, the fungi and the floating spores are actually mundane and pose no threat to the group.

U12. SMALL CAVE

Jagged limestone columns and stone features conceal the floor and ceiling of this room. A dark tunnel leads off in the opposite direction. This place is strangely devoid of fungus and lichen.

This small cave leads to the *Hydra Lair* below, and is littered with bones and other bits of rotten organic debris. The reason there is no vegetable life here is because of the radiation in *Area U13*, which radiates to a small extent even here - anyone passing through the western part of the room is subject to an immediate accumulation of 100 Rads.

U13. HYDRA LAIR (EL 4)

This gigantic cave is littered with thousands of broken and yellowed bones, and bits of fallen stone and other refuse. The walls are made of a rough and irregular limestone, and various broken columns and stalactites sprout from the floor and ceiling. The air is thick and rancid, smelling like rot, decay, and something pungent - you cannot determine what. As you enter, you hear a low series of roars from the shadows, as a tremendous beast emerges!

This area is the lair of a truly hideous creature - a hydra! Once little more than a subterranean cave newt, the awful effects of this place have caused it to mutate wildly over the years into its current form. This particular specimen has a green slimy body that trails behind it; wild fleshy crests run the length of each neck like some fantastic peacock.

The hydra, having long outgrown the ability to leave the caves, preys on anything and everything that stumbles into its cave. The underlings in *Areas U8*, *U9*, and *U10* have come to fear the creature and naively feed it sacrifices regularly, for fear of “bringing its wrath” (it roars loudly if these feedings are delayed).

The reason for the hydra’s special nature is found on the opposite side of the room, half-buried in fallen rubble - the rusted remains of a smashed *hover car* (useless), its internal fusion engine cracked open. The far part of the room radiates a potent 500 Rads, which has caused the mutation of the creature into its current, dangerous state.

☠ **Five-Headed Hydra (1):** CR 4; Huge Beast; HD 5d10+25; hp 45; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 20 ft; AC 15 (-2 size, +1 Dex, +6 natural); Atk 5 bites +4 melee 1d10+3; SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 17, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 3, Wis 10, Cha 9.

Skills and Feats: Listen +5, Spot +6; Combat Reflexes.

Treasure: Among the bones in the cavern are the remains of several of Blackthorn's slavers who perished here some weeks ago, still clinging to their equipment in their dead, bony hands. A search here will uncover a *black powder rifle*, a *revolver*, a *sport rifle*, and a *gauss pistol Mk1* (no ammo), as well as 12 rounds of lead black powder rifle shot, four revolver cartridges, and a bullet belt with 12 rifle cartridges. In addition, the PCs will also find six gasoline-treated torches, a pair of poorly-made longswords, a single *flashlight* (empty power cell), and a waterskin containing three days worth of fresh, drinkable water.

U14. LOWER CAVERN

The passage here widens into a huge vaulted cavern, the floor of which seems well worn and covered in old tracks. The floor of the cavern also seems to descend to the southwest, and from this direction you can clearly hear the rushing sound of water - much like the roar of several nearby waterfalls. Water drips from various points on the ceiling, forming shallow murky pools throughout the cavern as well, creating even more noise.

This cave is yet another used by the slavers to traffic slaves down to their lair in the Lost City. Various tracks will make it obvious to any observant character that large groups are often moved through this area regularly.

U15. FLOODED STREETS

Emerging from the water you find yourself beholding a terrific yet strangely haunting sight. You wade in what appears to be a flooded lake, in what were once city streets - far beneath the earth! Limestone columns stretch from beneath the water towards the distant ceiling above, vanishing into darkness; you see old storefronts, now totally decayed and deteriorated, just at the edge of sight.

This eerie part of the caverns was, in fact, once part of the Lost City, but the great cataclysm that claimed the city collapsed a large section of it. This cavern is actually a pocket that survived, though it has long been forgotten.

Most of the cave is flooded (to a depth of thirty feet) along the contours of the old city streets - forming a deep dark lake or series of "street canals". At least two ancient storefronts can be seen emerging from the collapsed cavern walls, though these have long accumulated mineral deposits that now obscure the building features; the water, too, has swept away the contents of these structures. Large limestone columns stretch from beneath the water to the dark ceiling above like ghostly sunken tree trunks.

Despite the eerie nature of this cavern, which hints at what lies in the caverns to the southwest (the Lost City), there is nothing of interest here, as the spot is totally secluded - no water life has managed to find

its way here, and none of the dwellers of the Upper Caves come here at all, shunning the place entirely as being "haunted".

U16. EXIT CAVE

The tunnel from the previous cavern leads to this small descending cave, and the tracks you have been following seem to pass straight through this area. As you enter, one by one you are confronted by a colossal and breathtaking sight.

Here, from the tunnel's southern opening, you can see a vast subterranean cavern stretching out from beyond. The cavern is so incredibly large that you cannot see its entirety, though huge limestone columns - as large as ancient skyscrapers - can be seen rising from the cavern floor and into the darkness above.

Even more striking, however, is what lies within the cavern, stretching as far as the eye can see. As you stare, you see the forms of old ruined and decayed buildings - before you an underground city, buried perhaps by some ancient cataclysm! A broad dark river of remarkable hue curls its way through the city, from which stand old buildings straight from the water. A series of three waterfalls on the near cavern wall, just to the west, creates a vast black lake that feeds this river as it passes through the city.

From where you stand, you see various larger buildings in the distance, but you cannot make their exact details out. Strange noises - distant hoots and hollow echoes - can be heard in the distance, coming from somewhere in the Lost City.

This cave leads directly to the Ancient Bridge, *Area I* of the Lost City. The tracks of the slavers seems to pass this way, over to and across the bridge ... and into the ruins of the buried city.

KEYED ENCOUNTERS OF THE LOST CITY (AREA 1-24)

The Lost City, despite having been swallowed up by the earth some generations ago, still manages to harbor a great diversity of subterranean life - in fact, life thrives here to a great extent (there are no less than five communities in the city). With the vast cavern and its many buildings, there are a great number of places for creatures and monsters to hide and make their lairs, a fact which has not been lost on any of the Lost City's numerous denizens.

In addition to the communities that have sprung up in the Lost City, there are other forms of life as well thriving in the darkness and ruins of the old urban area. In addition to blind snakes and blind lake fish, small spiders and mundane rats, there are also wandering packs and isolated creatures that will randomly be met by any explorer of the Lost City.

In game terms, for every half hour spent in the Lost City, roll for an encounter; on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6, an



encounter will occur. To determine the nature of the encounter, roll 1d6 on the random encounter table.

Statistics for new creatures are found at the end of this module under the section NEW CREATURES. Other creatures are found either in the Darwin's World Sourcebooks, or the D20 *Monster Manual*.

Time is not generally a factor for life in the Lost City, as here there is no night or day - only perpetual darkness. Besides the police hover robot (*Area 20*), which follows a regimented schedule from before the cataclysm, the other communities and creatures will operate on loose activity schedules based on the referee's whim.

1. ANCIENT BRIDGE

The giant cave mouth you just left seems like a comfort despite the looming stalagmites and stalactites which make it resemble a great maw, now that you have entered the giant cavern beneath the earth. Water stretches out in a long black lake in each direction, and a small sandy beach lays spread out from the cave entrance, vanishing into the still black waters. A large bridge, made of lashed wooden logs more ancient than your own feeble lifespan, stands over the water connecting the cave entrance to the city beyond the lake. White mold patches and fungus grow on the wooden beams and supports, though no sound – creak or crack – is heard in the silence. A cold mist begins to form beneath the span of the bridge, creeping out over the lake.

This bridge was created long ago by unknown survivors of the cataclysm that claimed the Lost City, or perhaps by creatures who descended here through the Upper Caves. Regardless, the bridge has stood the test of time, and will remain intact for centuries more (unless destroyed by explosives). The bridge is wide enough to permit two large carts to pass across without interference; certainly a large war party or group could pass over it with ease.

Made of wood, it is obvious that whoever created this bridge had some contact with the surface world.

2. LOST COLONY

Coming across the worm-ridden planks to this area, you are overcome by a chill. The water from the waterfalls creates a thick mist of moisture in the dark subterranean air here, but from where you stand, at the end of the strange ancient bridge, you can see, by the light of your torches, the remains of old wooden buildings, probably erected after the great holocaust, now dark and strangely silent.

This area seems to have once been a settlement of some kind, most likely post-holocaust. Many of the old original buildings are nothing but cracked and fallen rubble, while a few old wooden buildings

(some badly decayed and/or damaged) still stand. A rough palisade of logs has been erected all around the old settlement, running the length and broken only in a few places.

It is obvious to anyone searching that this place succumbed to violent attack at some time in the past; humanoid skeletons lay around, badly maimed and broken. Several of the buildings seem to have been damaged seriously, and all were apparently looted and ransacked to the utmost extent. Even the weapons of the fallen are nowhere to be seen.

A search of the ruins uncovers nothing of value; even the small communal dock, located on the eastern part of the lost settlement, bears only reed rafts, having decayed and sunk to a barely visible depth of just a few feet under water.

Some characters may notice the abnormal presence of moldy fungus in the area, and the large amount of decayed vegetable matter laying like piles of refuse among the settlement's silent buildings. In addition, a casual observer will notice a great number of tracks have moved through here recently, to the south, into the city (these are the tracks of the slavers, not the plantmen who actually wiped this place out).

GM's Note - the settlement noted here was formerly set up by a group of desert refugees who stumbled upon the caves in a manner not unlike that of Blackthorn and his slavers, but prior to the latter's actual arrival. They set up their settlement right here, afraid of venturing into the Lost City itself, preferring the proximity to the Upper Caves if ever they might need to escape. One night, however, one of their scouts spotted a strange, "leafy" figure spying him from a line of buildings to the west. The next few nights were spent in trepidation, but no scouts were sent to explore, for fear of thinning their numbers. Then, on one fateful night, an army of plantmen came shambling from the ruins, quickly attacking the small settlement of humans and butchering them. The attack was quick and fierce, and none managed to escape the onslaught. The plantmen, frightened of the human intrusion so close to their lair at Area #4, withdrew soon after, and continue to guard against the presence of others in the city.

3. MAIN STREET

The main street stretches on into darkness, cluttered with fallen rocks, debris from the crumbling buildings and cavernous roof overhead, and old rusted and smashed transport vehicles (all useless). Echoes of an unknown nature sound off in the distance, suggesting the ruins are indeed alive ... in some form or another.

The streets of the Lost City are haunting reminders of the nature of the entire cavern. The old streets, though generally as intact as they were decades ago when they were swallowed by the earth, are cluttered

Roll Encounter

- 1 **Raiders.** The group encounters a handful of raiders (from the hotel at *Area 6*) scouting through the ruins of the Lost City. There will be two raiders (pick from the raiders available, but their leader will never be on a scouting foray), armed randomly. If killed, they should be crossed off from the raiders listed under *Area 6*. They will only fight until they can flee, taking twisted back routes and secret shortcuts back to their base.
- 2 **Apemen.** The party is ambushed by a group of albino apemen from the community at *Area 13*. There will be 2-3 albino apemen foraging for prey, each armed with thrown rocks. The apemen will flee if at least one of their numbers is killed. Any apemen lost from this encounter should be deducted from the total found in *Area 13*.
- 3 **Ghouls.** The PCs hear a strange clanging coming from the mists, like some ritual banging of metal. In moments, from the darkness, they see glowing red eyes and the figures of stooped-over and decrepit creatures - ghouls! There are a total of five ghouls, armed with lead pipes and javelins. The ghouls will attack savagely to the last in search of food. Any ghouls lost from this encounter should be deducted from the community in *Area 12*.
- 4 **Plantmen.** The party is being followed by a small group of plantmen from the Junkyard (*Area 4*). The two plantmen, armed with spears and slings, will only shadow the group, keeping an eye on their movements; if detected (opposed Spot check), they will run away back to the mists of *Area 4*. If the plantmen are pursued and killed, subtract them from the total of warriors at *Area 4*.
- 5 **Giant Mutated Rats.** This part of the ruins is currently being combed by a pack of 1-6+4 giant mutated rats (treat them as *dire rats*). The rats will attack the PCs unless they can present a strong front (creating loud noises, exhibiting strong sources of flame, etc). They have no treasure.
- 6 **Street Battle.** The characters have come across two groups of Lost City denizens fighting. Roll again, twice, to determine the groups involved. They will fire at each other, then take on the PCs, unless they take a side.

with old bits of refuse and debris, shattered glass, and the odd pile of fallen stone from the roof of the caves above. Cracks have formed on nearly every stretch of road in the city, with large sections sometimes upturned or ruptured and uprooted. Despite the decay of the old city roadways, however, the streets of the Lost City remain the most efficient means of moving through the city.

4. JUNKYARD

This eerie corner of the Lost City is almost always surrounded and pervaded by a thick impenetrable mist, an unpleasant side-effect of the waterfalls nearby which create the heavy humidity in the area. Old streets and decaying buildings vanish into the heavy fog; dark alleys and entrances, lifeless husks of cars and storefronts, all appear and disappear as one walks along the eerie, ghostly avenue.

The mists that wind through the streets conceal the lair of a large colony of exceptionally paranoid *plantmen*, living mutated piles of vegetable matter. The plantmen have dwelt in the Lost City for a long time (at least before the Lost Colony at *Area #2*), and always seek to maintain the secrecy of their domain from potential intruders.

The plantmen live in the old junkyard that once served as a temporary waste depository for the Lost City (before being shipped out in truck convoys out

of the domes and to some site well beyond the city), which is now overgrown with fungi, lichen, molds, and other gross substances. Anyone coming near the area (and whom avoids detection) will easily see that a rotted but sturdy composite palisade exists surrounding the great piles of rubbish that can be seen towering from within – *certainly a recent addition...*

The area of the junkyard is always deathly quiet, except for the drone of the distant waterfalls at *Area #14*. However, the Junkyard is not nearly as dead as it seems; there is a 10% chance every round that a small group of 2-4 plantmen will be sneaking through the nearby ruined buildings on patrol, and whom will spot the PCs, retreat, and warn the rest of the camp.

The community in the junkyard consists of some 25 or so plantmen, led by one powerful chief and his aging “shaman” (endowed with the ability to generate mind-altering *spores*). The plantmen live separately from the other denizens of the Lost City, and see any arrival of outsiders as a direct threat to their survival in this dank underworld. Although ostensibly they seek only to be left alone, they have taken drastic measures (due to the advice of their sinister shaman) in the past to eradicate the human/humanoid menace (the ruin of the Lost Colony was their work), and will continue to wage a guerilla war against the other dwellers for dominance of the Lost City.

There is only a slight chance that the PCs can actually convince the plantmen to aid them or even spare them - the shaman despises their kind, and



has great influence over the community. Only by removing the shaman (non-violently) from the discussion could the PCs manage to gain their aid; at most, the chief will release them (if they promise to eventually flee the Lost City for good), and may even warn them of nearby dangers.

J1. Junkyard Gate. The tall wooden, plastic, and stone palisade is solid, despite moldy patches and partly decayed sections of wall, except for one place along the southeastern stretch. Here the old wall has a large gap, leading into the junkyard itself. Because of the mist and fog permeating the ruins, one cannot tell if the gates are guarded or not (they are not; a group of defenders in *Area J2* watches the gates for any sign of intruders).

J2. Guardroom (EL 2). This small mound, like others in the Junkyard compound, is actually hollowed out to allow passage within. Wooden logs and bits of stone have been removed from elsewhere in the ruins to shore up the passages made by the plantmen, allowing the mounds to be used as dwellings.

This small area is set-aside as a guardroom to watch the front gates of the Junkyard. There will be three plantmen warriors, armed with shortspears, in this area, watching from their concealed burrow. Any disturbance or approach will cause them to alert the entire compound.

● **Plantmen (3):** CR ½; Medium Plant; HD 1d10+1; hp 7, 7, and 5; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk Shortspear +1 melee 1d8+1; or javelin +2 ranged 1d6+1; SA Alkaline spittle; SQ Plant; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +2, Hide +4*, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Spot +3.

Possessions: Shortspear, javelin.

J3. Warrior's Quarters (EL 4). This side chamber is reserved as the quarters for some of the plantmen warriors, who reside here whenever not occupied by other duties (scouting forays, patrols of their mold-plagued territory, etc). At any given time, there will be 4-8 plantmen present here, again armed with shortspears, either engaging in spore-stimulated personal conversation or sampling weird slime concoctions (their version of alcohol).

● **Plantmen (8):** hp 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 5, 4, and 4. (see J2)

J4. Guardroom (EL 4). This concealed burrow in the southern mound of garbage is in fact a guardroom, from which reinforcements of plantmen warriors will pour if the front gates are attacked. The room itself is not unlike *Area J2*, but any attack on the front gate will summon its cadre of eight plantmen warriors, armed with shortspears and javelins. If the alarm has been previously raised, these warriors will be joined by the chief's champion

(from *Area J5*), and all will take positions behind nearby rubbish heaps to lay down fire from their slings and missile weapons at the attackers.

☛ **Plantmen (8):** hp 7, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, and 5. (see J2)

J5. Champion's Quarters (EL 1). This chamber is the quarters for the chief's "champion", the second strongest member of the plantmen community. The champion arms himself with a shortspear and a *revolver* (!); he has ten remaining revolver cartridges on a rotted bullet bandolier worn around his chest. His quarters are empty except for moldy furnishings and other accoutrements alien to the human mind.

☛ **Plantman Champion (1):** hp 10. (see J2)

J6. Old Ruin (EL 6). The large-volume doors to this ruin are a pair of battered, blasted, and scorched metalplast portals that apparently were never broken into - the plantmen tried everything, but failed to open them. In fact, the doors require a *stage IIC technician's card* to open, and even if inserted, will only open on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6 due to the damage they have suffered. Otherwise, attempts can be made to open them (see below for the doors' statistics).

Inside, the damaged building is eerily devoid of life; only a sickly reddish-orange lichen covers the area nearest the doors, thinning and vanishing into the darkness. Though now dusty and moldy, the majority of the ruin was once an entirely automated waste-processing center, where solid and liquid waste was readied for shipment and disposal outside the city domes.

The rear part of the place, however, holds a strange occupant - a large fat metal being, with long spidery arms and short squat legs, its eyes blinking in various shades of red, green, and yellow. The "being" is in fact a malfunctioning *industrial robot*, which was severely damaged in the cataclysm. The atomic power unit of the robot has leaked, permeating a two-meter radius area (the entire back room) with 200 Rads of radiation - anyone passing into the rear part of the building automatically becomes radiated!

The robot will not act, even if approached by the group. It requires a reprogramming (*stage IIC ID*, as well as knowledge of *Computers* and *Electrician*) to be put back into action; in any case, if reactivated, it will scoot right out the doors in an attempt to clean up the junkyard, sweeping up plantmen and PCs alike and tossing them into neat piles (for later processing) or over the palisade - resorting to lethal

attacks with its huge fists if they resist!

☛ **Two-Armed Industrial Robot (1):** CR 6; Large Construct; HD 6d10; hp 60 (down to 43 due to damage); Init +1 (Dex); Spd 20 ft; AC 20 (+1 Dex, -1 size, +10 natural); Atk 2 slams +16 melee 1d8+10; SQ Berserk, command level (IIC), damage reduction -/5, elemental immunity, facing, frightful presence, repair vs. healing, sputtering death; AL N; SV Fort -, Ref +6, Will -; Str 30, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills and Feats: No skills; Computer Link, Crushing Strength, Internal Power Source, Multiattack, Remote Computer Link, Robot Armor (Light).

♥ **Steel Doors:** 5 in. Thick; Hardness 25; hp 90 (each down to 71); Break DC 30; Open Lock DC 20.

Treasure: The rest of the processing center reveals little of note, except for a *chemical sensor* (no power cell) in a wooden storage crate in one corner of the industrial robot's area (within the radiated area).

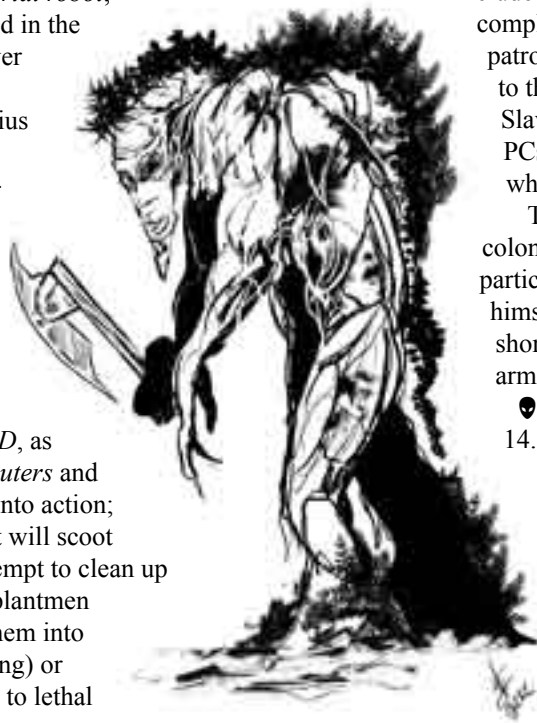
J7. Chief's Mound (EL 1). This central mound seems more ornate than the others, with skulls and poles sticking out of it, decorated with strings of animal teeth and the flayed flesh of past prisoners of the tribe. It is, in fact, where the chief of the plantmen tribe resides, his personal mound. Inside, a dome-shaped inner chamber, lined with shaggy mosses of a pale ugly green and orange, dominates the place.

A small side room serves as the chief's war room, where he meets with the shaman to discuss matters concerning the community. A small rotten wooden stump serves a table for planning, on which the skin of a human has been placed and tacked, marked like a map. The map roughly depicts the Lost City, with markings in certain areas. The areas marked include a triangle for the Junkyard complex, a dotted line showing the patrol route of the police hover robot to the south, and a circle around the Slaver compound far to the east. The PCs, however, are unlikely to realize what these symbols represent.

The "chief" of the plantmen colony usually resides here, a particularly large specimen, arming himself with a longsword and shortspear, and wearing leather armor.

☛ **Plantman Chief (1):** hp 11; AC 14. (see J2)

Treasure: The chief keeps a hidden stash (Search check, DC 20) of two *energy grenades* and two *minifusion cells* - all items he cannot currently use but knows are of some future value.



J8. Fungus Cultures. This large cavernous chamber built under one of the junk mounds is warm, humid, and dank. Those who enter will find themselves treading on neat rows of mushrooms, lichen, and other fungus, all separated in some organized manner for some unknown reason. The room, though dark and huge, seems unoccupied.

This area is where the plantmen cultivate their specialized food, edible fungi and mushrooms. At least 25% of the fungus is also edible to humans and humanoids, though to discern the difference a Wilderness Lore (DC 20) or Knowledge (nature) (DC 15) check would be required (a Scav's *Nature Sense* will also suffice). There are nearly 90 days worth of fungus-rations currently growing here.

J9. Collapsed Mound (EL 3). This mound seems to be a ruin, for no other reason could account for the large amount of debris and junk laying near and around it. However, the true nature of the mound is only revealed once one enters - the place is the abode of a colony of living gelatin, a *gelatinous cube*, cultivated by the plantmen for garbage disposal. Unwanted prisoners, taboo items (i.e. advanced gear), and bits of discarded refuse are simply thrown into the mound to be consumed by the creature. Those thrown into the mound will automatically be considered within range of the creature's attacks. The cube itself has no treasure or artifacts imbedded within it, though a well-placed light beam on its surface will reveal the partially melted (and recently dead) form of a humanoid female, apparently a recent victim...

In times of attack, the plantmen will prod and move the acid slime out of this mound and to the fore of its attack parties, rolling over the unwitting defenders and eating them alive (this is what happened at *Area 2*).

☠ **Gelatinous Cube (1):** CR 3; Huge Ooze; HD 4d10+36; hp 45; Init -5; Spd 15 ft; AC 3 (-7 Dex); Atk Slam +1 melee 1d6+4 and 1d6 acid; SA Engulf, paralysis, acid; SQ Blindsight, transparency, electricity immunity, ooze; AL N; SV Fort -, Ref +1, Will -4; Str 12, Dex 1, Con 11, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills and Feats: None.

J10. Prison (EL 2). This large mound of sifting vegetable and metallic debris has been hollowed out near the middle to allow for a small, slimy, and smelly chamber for the holding of prisoners. Any PCs captured by the plantmen will be taken here and thrown in to languish until the shaman and chief can figure out what to do with them. The room is barren except for a few old bones and globs of harmless mold (mostly attached to the wood shoring), and the door is kept locked by a crossbar on the outside. The place is always guarded by at least 2-3 plantmen warriors with shortspears when there are prisoners present.

☠ **Plantmen (3):** hp 6, 5, and 5. (see J2)

J11. Great Meeting Hall. This huge domed mound is covered in jagged bones and poles topped by skulls, with strings of moss and vegetation running their length like sickly vines. Inside, the tight passages open to a large domed area ringed with strange squat mushrooms and piles of rotting vegetable matter (seats). Circular stones and small pieces of bone litter the floor.

This place is the religious/communal meeting place of the tribe, where they meet for worship of their strange fungal deities or celebrate victory after a successful raid on the other City communities. It will be empty except following a raid, at which time 4-16 plantmen will be present (numbers taken from other areas, of course).

J12. Zombie Guardians (EL 1). This small chamber is lit by eerie green and orange glows from a variety of strange phosphorescent globules of slime and fungus covering the walls (these can be collected, and will last for 2d4 days as long as they remain out of contact with natural sunlight).

When the PCs enter, the silence of the place will be broken only by a slight shuffling, as a pair of limp and jerky apemen move towards them. The two albino apemen (not unlike those seen in the Upper Caverns) appear horrific, however; they seem to be impregnated with strange white and green spores, which have consumed their eyes (leaving empty sockets), matted their fur in places, and begun dribbling from their open ears!

The apemen were captives of the plantmen, whom the shaman impregnated with special spores of his own creation to become mindless guardians. The two-zombie apemen are "activated" by nearby heat (such as humanoid bodies let off), and will pursue the PCs until killed.

☠ **Zombies (2):** CR ½; Medium-Size Undead; HD 2d12+3; hp 16; Init -1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft; AC 11 (-1 Dex, +2 natural); Atk Slam +2 melee 1d6+1; SQ Undead, partial actions only; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha -. *Skills and Feats:* Toughness.

J13. Shaman's Quarters (EL 3). This decayed old structure is covered in old molds and fungus, and the entrance is inaccessible from outside (the rubbish heap covers the entrance; a tunnel from within the mound at *Areas 11/12* leads to the building proper). Here the shaman of the plantmen community makes his abode, in the dark and smelly confines of the old musty structure.

This area is the personal quarters of the tribe's *shaman*, a particularly old and withered specimen of the race. This old brownish-gray creature appears evil, even to the innocent eye, for it is stooped and withered, and wears about it necklaces of humanoid bones, teeth, and shriveled ears. The shaman walks with a gnarled wooden staff, but prefers to use its *spore* attacks to confound attackers in combat; those

whom it can isolate for 2d4 minutes will be subject to this shaman's special spores (flung from a pouch around its neck, these spores require a Fortitude save, DC 16, or be slowly transformed into *zombies* similar to those found in *Area J12* after a period of 1d4 days).

☠ **Plantman Shaman (1):** CR 3; Medium Plant; HD 1d10+1; hp 9; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk Quarterstaff +1 melee 1d6+1; or thrown spores +2 ranged *special*; SA Alkaline spittle, mind-affecting spores (*confusion*); SQ Plant; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +2, Hide +4*, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Spot +3.

Possessions: Quarterstaff, pouch of 1d3 special spores.

Treasure: The shaman guards a small cache of interesting items that the plantmen consider "holy artifacts". Amid a collection of unexceptional skulls and bones, polished rocks and tiny bits of colored glass, the cache contains a *language translator* (no cell), a folded up pamphlet (actually a pre-war visitor's guide to the downtown area of the city; this identifies the exact location of the police station, stadium, industrial quarter, city library, and city shelters), a *negation grenade*, and three fully charged *power clips*.

In addition, the shaman cultivates his own specially-bred fungi growths in the back part of the old building, in darkness, which he uses as medicine and drugs for the tribe; a variety of *black lichen* (equivalent to four doses of *antitoxin*, to be eaten), a nauseating *greenish fungal slime* (equivalent to ten doses of *hercurin*, to be boiled into a broth and drunk), large *bone white toadstools* (equivalent to two doses of *juju salve*, to be eaten - poisonous if ingested by humans and humanoid mutants; DC 16, initial 1d6 Str, secondary 1d6 Str), and a variety of small colorful *toadstools* (equivalent to six doses of *juju salves*, also to be eaten). Do not tell the PCs the effects of the fungus, as they should be forced to experiment with the stuff!

J14. Collapsed. This building (once a compactor unit) has long been collapsed and is buried under tons of rubble and debris.

5. SLAVERS STOCKADE

The eerily vacant streets are shrouded in a heavy darkness, deepened by the tall buildings in this area. Hollow windows stare out over the streets you walk along, until you come around the corner to see a palisade of scavenged wooden planks, corrugated iron, chain link fences, and broken stone - a stockade of some sort stands here, dominating this side of the city. Torches can be

seen burning on the walls, while above this stands a great rusted water tower; a single sentry (too distant to make out) walks about at this height, spying the buildings all around.

This part of the city, formerly a part of the Lost City's industrial sector, was a great mass of ruined buildings and rubble. Now, it is a testament to the power of the slavers under Skull Blackthorn.

The stockade is surrounded by a palisade of thick sturdy walls, made of a few logs from the surface, iron sheets from old cars, fencing, and crumbled masonry, bound by rope and in some places even cemented together or nailed tight. Elevated guard posts (really just wooden huts on stilts) overlook strategic parts of the stockade, allowing the occupants to watch for movement in the dark streets surrounding their lair. One or two tall wooden gates, overlooked by patrolling sentries, allow the only entrance to the place.

S1. Guard towers (EL 3). There are three or four small wooden guard towers placed around the perimeter of the slaver's stockade, allowing lookouts to warn of the approach of possible threats to the community (including the PCs). Each tower is simply a small covered structure accessed by a narrow ladder, in which patrols 1-2 slavers, armed with *blackpowder rifles* and nail-studded bats. Any disturbance noticed by the tower guards will immediately be reported to Blackthorn and his men - as they are all on edge due to recent disappearances in the darkness.

☠ **Slavers (2):** hp 15 and 13. (see U5)

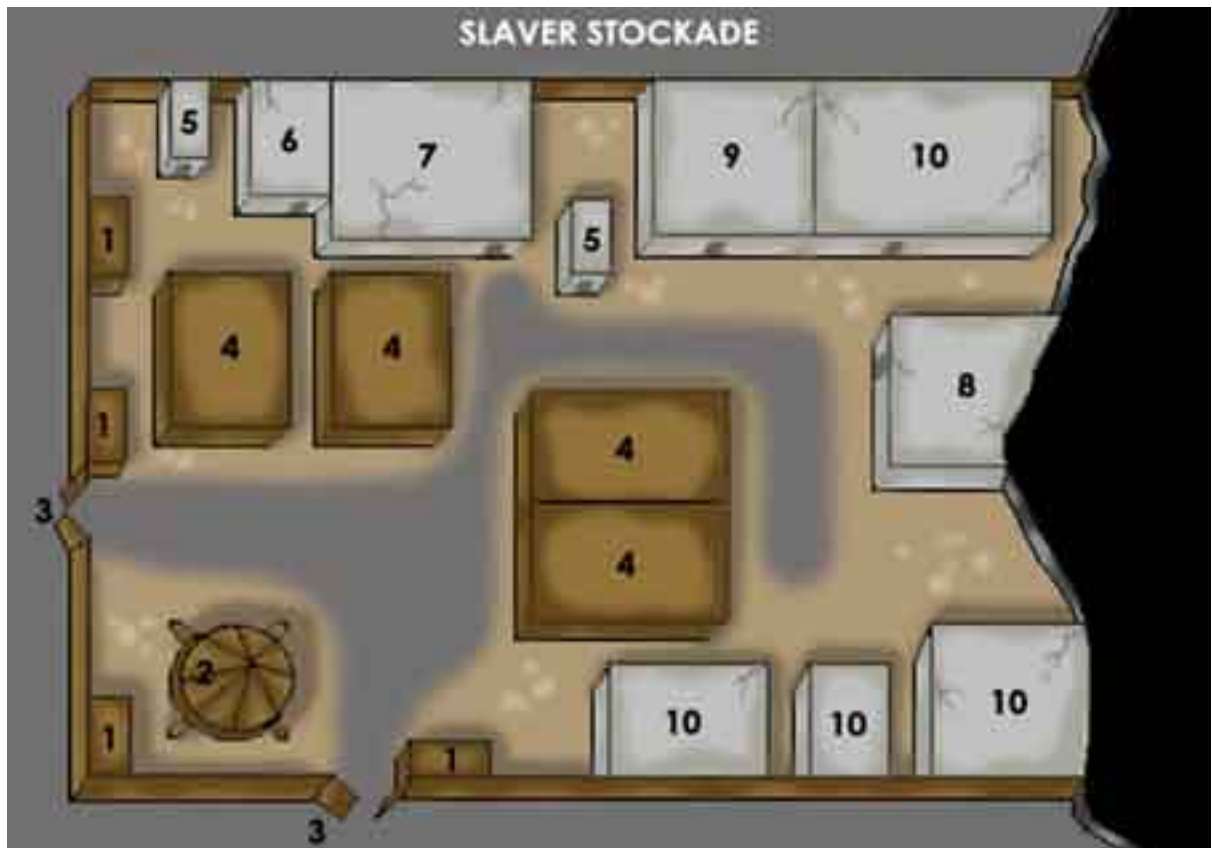
S2. Water tower (EL 2). The most notable feature from afar is the tall water tower - a remnant of the Lost City that managed to survive the sinking of the city into the caverns. Tall, ungainly, and rusted almost through, the old empty tower permits the slavers a bird's-eye view of the underground city - allowing them to spot the movement of creatures even far away in the city. A single **slaver** will be on guard here, armed with a *blackpowder rifle*.

☠ **Slaver (1):** hp 13. (see U5)

S3. Gates (EL 4). There are two gates leading into the compound, kept securely bolted at all times against intrusion. In general, two or three slavers will prowl about behind the gates, ready to defend, armed with *black powder rifles* and nail-studded bats. They keep in constant visual contact with the men in the towers, so any attack will likely alert the entire garrison of the stockade.

☠ **Slavers (3):** hp 13, 13, and 11. (see U5)

♥ **Strong Wooden Doors:** 3 in. Thick; Hardness 5; hp 30; Break DC 25; Open Lock DC 15.



S4. Barracks (EL 10). Each barracks is a long wooden structure with a door on each end. Inside, it is obvious the nature of the place - rows of bedding and scrounged mattresses line the walls, with mats laid down so the boys can play games of cards or dice (if they even know how). Each barracks houses some ten to fifteen slavers, operating in rotating shifts of guard duty, patrol, and recreation. All seem on edge, looking forward to the next excursion above ground (they are all quite afraid of the dark down here in the city). They will be irritable and looking for a fight.

Each guard is typically unarmed except for a personal melee weapon (greataxe, morningstar, club, nail-studded bat, etc), and wearing a hodge-podge of studded leather armor. Firearms are only broken out from the *Armory* (*Area S6*) when Blackthorn has called the alarm. There are roughly thirty-five slavers in all among the barracks.

☠ **Slavers (35):** hp 12. (see U5)

S5. Latrines. These buildings are reserved for the conveniences of the slavers. They are otherwise unexceptional.

S6. Mess. This low building is a mess hall for the slavers, and reflects this in its shabby condition and nauseating odor. Meals are served regularly or at the whim of Blackthorn, with slaves (typically females) making the meals from whatever the slavers have scrounged.

S7. Stockade. The stockade is simply an old ruined building whose walls still stand; formerly two-story, the second floor fell in, leaving it large and open inside. Here the slaves of Blackthorn's operation are kept, usually either shackled or just thrown into mangy corners among the rat-infested rubble. The only door leads out to the drill yard, and is kept locked (DC 12), except at meals. Guards peer in through the windows every now and then to taunt and check on their quarry.

Slaves are kept in miserable condition, day and night, but have begun to form sympathy amongst themselves despite their wide and varied appearances and state of mutation. All would willingly fight if given the chance - none favor Blackthorn or his men. Despite this, only a handful are capable of much assistance; a pair of first-generation mutant slaves named "Sergeant" and "Bo" (the GM should feel free to generate a pair of quick mutant characters for these two if they join the group).

☠ **Slaves (44):** hp 2.

☠ **"Sergeant" and "Bo" (2):** hp 6 and 5.

S8. Armory (EL 3). The armory is a secure stone structure kept under lock and key by Blackthorn and his men. It is now used as an armory, mainly because it suffered only minimal damage over the decades. There will always be at least 1-2 slavers outside the armory, armed as typical slaver watchmen (see *Area S2*).

☠ **Slavers (2):** hp 15 and 12. (see U5)

☠ **Strong Wooden Door:** 2 in. Thick; Hardness 5; hp 20; Break DC 25; Open Lock DC 18.

Treasure: Inside this warehouse, Blackthorn and his men have stacked crates of ammunition, racks of weapons, and piles of war supplies gleaned from their various raids and scrounging parties on the surface. The armory contains three *revolvers*, seven *automatic pistols*, a *submachinegun*, four *sport rifles*, two *shotguns*, a *laser pistol Mk1*, a *laser rifle*, ten *fragmentation grenades*, four *concussion grenades*, and a *stun grenade*. In addition, there are 36 cartridges of revolver ammo, 500 cartridges of automatic pistol ammo, 100 cartridges of submachinegun ammo, 240 sport rifle cartridges, 250 shotgun shells, and three *power clips*. Blackthorn also keeps three sticks of *dynamite* and five *Molotov cocktails* here in case of emergencies.

S9. Blackthorn's Building (EL 8). This stone building, guarded at all times by at least 4-6 slaver guards (each armed with either a *sport rifle* or *automatic pistol*), is the private "palace" of Skull Blackthorn, leader of the slavers. Inside, the place is a dump, an old damaged ruin, its walls reinforced with metal and wooden shoring and planks. In one room, Blackthorn keeps his private quarters, where he enjoys women stolen in raids at his leisure, or taunts and tortures other victims of his cruelty.

☠ **Slavers (6):** hp 20, 20, 18, 15, 15, and 15.

☠ **Skull Blackthorn (1) Raider7:** CR 7;

Medium-size Humanoid (1st Generation Mutant); HD 7d10+14; hp 58; Init +6 (Dex, Improved Initiative); Spd 20 ft; AC 18 (+2 Dex, +5 breastplate armor, +1 chains and chaps); Atk chainsword +9/+4 melee 2d6, or automatic pistol +9/+4 ranged 1d10; SQ ½ damage from blunt attacks; AL NE; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 17, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +4, Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +5, Innuendo +5, Intimidate +8, Listen +4, Ride +9, Spot +7; Chains and Chaps*, Boarding Party*, Slaver*, Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack.

Possessions: Breastplate armor, *chainsword*, *power beltpack* (full charge), *automatic pistol*, belt holster, 14 cartridges of automatic pistol ammo, key to Area S8.

Mutations and Defects: Bilirubin imbalance, cystic fibrosis, independent cerebral control, neural empathy.

Blackthorn is surprisingly youthful and handsome for a man of so many raids on the desert communities and ruthless reputation. He often paints his face to take on the appearance of a skull (hence his name) to frighten those he would rob. He is a black-hearted slaver, and a cunning tactician. To anyone who meets him, it is obvious that, if left unchallenged, he may lead his Slavers to become a major power in the wasteland.

Treasure: In addition to the items he carries on his person, his private apartments are luxuriously appointed (by post-holocaust standards at any rate) with hangings and throw pillows, as well as bronze pots and flagons for the wines and rare foods he has gleaned. In a secret cache (hidden behind a loose stone in one wall; Search DC 25), Blackthorn keeps two full *power clips*, another *power beltpack*, six ready-syringes of *stimshot A*, and a single ready-syringe of *rad-purge shot*.

S10. Ruined Buildings. Various other buildings lie in the rear of the compound, in various states of serious decay and structural damage. Blackthorn has seen that the gaps and holes in the outer walls have been filled with log shoring, cement, and scavenged wire grilles to prevent the sneaky intrusion of any of the Lost City's mysterious denizen. If need be, Blackthorn could conceivably use these areas for surplus slaves, hired hands, etc.

One of these buildings holds several huge metal tanks, used to contain water stolen from Water Merchants by Blackthorn's slavers over many months. There are some six thousand gallons total of fresh water!

6. HOTEL (EL 7)

The wreckage of old cars lie rusted and blasted along the cracked street, where stone from the cavern roof has fallen in times past to collapse storefronts and knock over streetlights all around. Standing above all this is the reddish brick facade of some ancient building, atop which stands a great arch of metal beams with a dark neon light proclaiming "H-O-T-E-L" in fanciful letters. All windows facing the street are broken open from some ancient blast and the interior pitch black and apparently lifeless.

What was once a nice hotel in the downtown area of the Lost City is now actually the hideout for a small group of raiders, who have holed up here for nearly two weeks now. They originally came to the Lost City after following the trail of the slavers (whom they planned to ambush at some point along the route). The group is currently spying on the slavers, assessing their strengths, etc. Their leader, a particularly cunning bandit, is planning to attack the slavers the next time a slaver expedition leaves for the desert, to usurp their supplies and hopefully gain control of the stockade.

The bandits occupy the top level of the hotel, and watch from darkened rooms with an old pair of *binoculars*, operating in rotating shifts. They live in the old hotel rooms, though they will be aware of any intrusion into the lower floors of the hotel because they have set up an ingenious web of bells and jingles on concealed tripwires that will alert them to the presence of intruders (see below for trap details) –

this same bell system suggests someone or something dwells in the hollow ruins of the place!

There are six raiders, armed with various weapons - two are armed with *shotguns* (12 shells each) and knives, one with a *revolver* (six cartridges left) and shortspear, one with a shortspear and knife, and two with *black powder rifles* (50 shots each) and longswords. The bandits are led by their muscled and canny leader, "Spitz" (stats as a typical raider), who uses a decorative obsidian-inlaid Russian Tokarev *automatic pistol* (21 cartridges and one clip left) and a *power fist* (full *power belt* pack). He also has a *fragmentation grenade*, but will only use it in the direst circumstances.

⊗ **Bell Alarm:** CR ½; Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 20).

💀 **Raiders (6):** hp 22, 14, 14, 21, 10, and 9. (see U5)

Treasure: The raiders have a small cache of loot concealed (Search check, DC 12) in the upper level of the old crumbling hotel, consisting of twelve packaged *readi-meals* in a crate, a box of 20 bandages, a single dose of *antitoxin* (in a ready-syringe), and a *fire extinguisher* salvaged from the ruins of the hotel.

7. BUBBLE CAR SKYWAY

Towering above the city streets runs this smoky glass cylindrical concourse, some ancient elevated highway or skyway of some sort. It cannot be reached from the ground, though bats and other dark avian of unknown kind can be heard nesting within.

Four stories above the ruined streets of the Lost City stands this broken section of ancient skyway - a covered concourse through which ran bubble trains running from Northern California to Los Angeles (now the ill-fated "Necropolis"). Now the marvel of ancient transportation technology is but an opaque plastic-glass tube on high rusting struts. If any creature were able to reach either end of the broken skyway, they would only find an empty rail track.

There is nothing of interest here, though the view from this elevation might provide insights into the surrounding ruin - for instance, from this height one can see that the roof of the entire city is held up by a colossal yet deteriorating dome of Ancient construction. Cracks and minute fractions give testament to the strength of the great dome, which may well last another century or so.

8. GREAT UNDERGROUND LAKE (EL 11)

From shore, this great expanse of dark brackish water appears to sit calmly and motionless, reflecting what little light is shone at it. The sound of dripping water, and the distant waterfalls, echoes through the darkness at all hours. In the distance, at the edge of torch and lantern light, the dim silhouettes of old ruined buildings, jutting from the dark glassy water, can be seen just out of sight.

This large area was formerly a large portion of the city, but when the place collapsed, soon flooded with water from the newly formed waterfalls (*Area #14*). Nearly all the buildings sank beneath the new water level, with only a few tall spires rising above the dark waves.

In this area, the water slows as it enters the basin that forms the lake itself. As a result of the slow current, a large amount of algae and sediment has managed to thrive in the lake, turning it a vibrant green in color; the farthest part (the western edge of the lake) turns darker and darker as the floor of the lake descends, turning a deeper green in color.

Although it seems lifeless, surrounded by old dead buildings both above and below the water, the lake is indeed home to various forms of life. In addition to the blind fish, frogs, and small colonies of mundane fungus and algae that thrive just a few inches or feet below the water at various points, there are several living molds and other insidious beings that live in the hollow shells of old buildings now deep beneath the tepid water.

Among the various dangers of the lake is a particularly gigantic *amoeba*, which dwells contentedly in the absolute darkness of one of the old shattered buildings that now lies almost completely under the waves, feeding off small fish and some other colonies of fungus. The slime will emerge, however, if it senses light on or near the surface of the water, quietly moving just beneath the water to spy movement on the shore or to attack any boats moving across the water.

💧 **Giant Amoeba (1):** CR 11; Gargantuan Ooze; HD 12d10+102; hp 142; Init -2 (Dex); Spd 5 ft, swim 10 ft; AC 4 (-2 Dex, -4 size); Atk 1d3 pseudopods +16 melee 2d8+11; SA Acid, improved grab, swallow whole; SQ Random attacks, blindsight, tremorsense; AL N; SV Fort +10, Ref +2, Will -1; Str 32, Dex 6, Con 22, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills and Feats: None

Treasure: If the giant amoeba is somehow defeated, and a investigation of its lair undertaken (something that will certainly require diving and a boat), its lair will be found to contain the remains of many past victims, as well as some of their possessions, corroded but still usable - four *light rods*, two ready-syringes of *hercurin*, and two fully-charged *power clips*.

9. POWER STATION

Rising from the cobalt blue waters of the dim underground river stands this small rubble-strewn island, dominated by the sloping structure of some ancient building. No sign of a dock or landing is at all evident, though bats take to the air at the approach of light, vanishing into the vaulted cavern air above with a thundering of flapping wings.

A gigantic column of steel and concrete, no doubt once tall enough to reach the roof of the cavern, now stands broken somewhere above in the deepening darkness.

Landing on the island is a treacherous task, because the rubble extends from the “beach” even into the water, threaten to gut any boat approaching. It requires a Knowledge (Vehicle Operation) check, DC 18, just to make landfall at all. A critical failure means the boat tears out its bottom and sinks, leaving the group stranded on the island’s rocky shore. Only three attempts can be made before the group is forced to give up and move on downriver.

If and when a group steps out onto the island, it is obvious this place was once some kind of city power station, though it is now *totally* destroyed. An entrance leads into the rubble, however...

Treasure: Amid the rubble on the first floor appears to be some kind of open garage, where an old military jeep and field ambulance appear to be parked (both are operable, but their power sources are totally drained; treat them as a *racer* and *large car* respectively). In the back of the jeep is found a supply of power sources, including ten *power clips*, a *power backpack*, and two *minifusion cells* – all fully charged. Around the vehicle, rows of hastily erected tables have been set up, along with rows of stretchers lined with skeletons in rotted dusty military uniforms. No weapons are evident, though a search (DC 16) uncovers a medical cache consisting of ten unused *ready-syringes*, four doses of *stimshot A* (in a glass bottle), and ten doses of local anesthetic. There are also some 25 bandages as well in sterile packaging.

A rear room, partially collapsed, contains a number of skeletons in torn and faded military uniforms, all apparently killed when the building collapsed. This was the power control center, which the personnel were attempting to bring back online when it caved-in. Among the ruined figures can be found a *gauss automatic rifle*, with a full clip of 50 GAR needles (rounds; no power source is found, however). In addition, a Search check (DC 30) allows a character to discover the bronze *stage IIIM access card* in the shirt-pocket of one of the skeletons.

Other than the lifeless skeletons, the island is totally uninhabited.

10. STADIUM

This part of the Lost City seems particularly silent and dismal; a swamp of marshy ground, ruined buildings, and thick mist rolling in from the underground river cutting it off from the rest of the city. The distant hoots and hollers of unknown city creatures seem lost here. Dominating the cracked and ruined rooftops is a huge domed building in the distance, to the south.

The old stadium lies in the lost southern quarter of the city, separated from the rest of the ruins by the great underground river. Even from afar, the tall structures in this part of city seem particularly damaged, decayed, and eerily lifeless.

Despite the appearance of this quarter of the Lost City, it is far from dead. Dominating the rubble-cluttered streets and other crumbling structures is the Stadium, a place where the Ancients once gathered to indulge in sporting games and arena matches of daring exploits and dangers. The great domed structure has obviously suffered much from the cataclysm that claimed the city, but remarkably the awesome site has managed to stand firm over the decades of entrapment beneath the earth.

The stadium is, in fact, the home of a large and powerful community of mongolians, mutated underground inhabitants that are gigantic in size and strength, as well as brutality. Particularly well-organized for their species, the mongolians have managed to carve a niche from this part of the Lost City and pose a great threat to all the inhabitants of the city in general.

The mongolians have cleared much of this part of the city for their own use, and have made a strong fortification of the old stadium, having burrowed into the rock and built substantial defenses from old existing masonry. Salvaged technology from the area has also enabled them to fend off would-be scavengers and attackers.

The mongolians, though feared by all communities in the Lost City, are currently willing only to cultivate their own strength and see to the dominion of this part of the city. They have made contact with the Slavers, and both sides enjoy a profitable if somewhat shaky alliance - the mongolians are keen on the slaves the Slavers can provide them, for use as food, entertainment, or as arena fighters in the stadium. In return, the mongolians have been convinced to trade food and other bits of advanced weaponry to the Slavers (though Blackthorn has hoarded almost everything given by the mongolians to enhance his personal power).

The mongolians, though they manage to get along with the Slavers, are NOT friendly folk! They are particularly fond of human flesh, and will not hesitate to kill small parties or frail-looking individuals on sight. Those that pose a challenge may be captured for use as slaves or future entertainment at their



stadium complex. Rarely will the mongolians agree to let small groups (such as the PCs) roam their territory freely...

LS1. Gates (EL 6). The tall wooden palisade surrounding the mongolian complex is nearly three meters tall, and cannot generally be surmounted without special climbing gear (Climb check, DC 25).

The walls possess only one gate, consisting of two huge doors. These doors are normally closed, but behind it are three mongolians, charged with guarding the approaches to the stadium. The first mongolian is armed with a *gauss SMG*, *power backpack*, and four clips of gauss ammo (20 rounds in each), the second with a *laser pistol Mk2* and three *power clips*, and the third with a huge crudely made greataxe.

Any approach towards the compound will cause the mongolians to alert the entire complex. Movement in the ruins outside will cause the mongolians to send one of their number (the second of the three) out to investigate. If ambushed, the mongolian scout will attempt to rush back to the compound and alert the rest of the community.

☛ **Mongolians (3):** CR 3; Large Giant; HD 5d8+25; hp 55, 50, and 48; Init +0; Spd 20 ft; AC 15 (+3 natural, -1 size, +3 studded leather); Atk Greataxe +9 melee 1d12+8; or +2 ranged *varies*; SQ Dark vision, mutant body; AL LE; SV Fort +11, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 21, Dex 11, Con 21, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9.

Skills and Feats: Listen +6, Spot +5; Great Fortitude.

Possessions: Varies.

♥ **Strong Wooden Doors:** 3 in. Thick; Hardness 5; hp 30; Break DC 25; Open Lock DC 15.

LS2. Lookout (EL 6). This low ruined building has actually been somewhat refurbished by the mongolians to serve as a lookout tower of sorts, overseeing the approaches to the stadium by river. The building has a clear view of the underground river as it passes to the south and west, and atop the building (at any given time) are three mongolians. The first is armed with a greatsword and an *automatic pistol* with a single clip (full) of ammo. The latter two mongolians man an exceptional piece of defensive equipment - a *gauss cannon*, on a swiveling mount! The third actually mans the weapon; while the second is busy using the spin wheel to turn the gun to face whatever direction is needed (if one is killed, the gun becomes stuck facing whatever direction it was in). The *gauss cannon* is hooked up to a single *power pack*, with eight gauss cannon needles laying in a crate nearby.

The lookouts here will notice any traffic coming from upriver, and will spy movement as far as the flooded quarter (*Area 11*). They will only open fire and call the alarm if the PCs seem to be closing in on the stadium region. In any case, any fire by the cannon will alert the community to intruders.

☛ **Mongolians (3):** hp 46, 42, and 38. (see LS1)

LS3. Main Entrance (EL 4). This area presents a forbidding picture to those who approach - the full might of the giant stadium, jutting from the rocks, its huge pillars and ancient architecture decayed but intact. This area, once the entrance for ticket-holders, has gradually fallen away leaving just a giant opening leading to the interior of the stadium's giant dome.

Two mongoliant will always be on duty at this spot at any given time. Both are armed with longswords and a single *fragmentation grenade* each. They will mainly be watching the approaches to *Area LS1*, and will raise the alarm ("oy, boss!") if trouble there is sighted.

☠ **Mongoliant (2):** hp 56 and 55. (see LS1)

LS4. Sheep Pen (EL 5). This fenced-off area is filled with nearly three dozen heads of livestock (sheep, goats, cattle) of varying breeds, either gathered and bred by the mongoliant in early times or bought from the slavers. The mongoliant have a peculiar reliance on such animals despite being underground dwellers, and since the early history of their community in the Lost City have raised these animals for wool, leather, meat, or simply as pets to supplement their sparse community resources. These animals, normally docile, make ideal pets for the basically simple minds of the mongoliant. Any creature these animals do not recognize (i.e. not a mongoliant) will cause the sickly, malnourished flock to begin bleating or baying loudly, and move to the opposite side of the pen.

LS5. Slave Pens. These two large fenced-off areas are slave pens, used by the mongoliant to keep their humanoid slaves (in much the same way they keep their livestock). Although the guards in Areas LS11 and LS3 overlook the pens, the masses of slaves here are pretty much left to their own devices - as such, rebellion and dissent are rife in the ranks.

There are a total of twenty males in *Area LS5*, and eleven females in *Area LS5 (A)*. They are in various stages of health, and are normally docile in the presence of the mongoliant, who force them (brutally; failure to comply results in the rebel being eaten) to refurbish the dilapidated passages beneath the citadel. Any characters captured by the mongoliant at any point will be stripped and brought here to serve alongside the slaves - any talk of revolt or escape will likely be met with agreement among the slaves. It is even not uncommon for the mongoliant to overlook the nightly escapes of the odd slave or two (who can slip out of the pens easily), but large groups will of course attract their attention.

☠ **Slaves (31):** hp 2.

LS6. Arena. This large open area - once the floor of the stadium - is littered with rotted bodies, bones, and bits of fallen stone. The mongoliant use this place to pit fit slaves against each other for their amusement;



armed with spears and swords, slaves that display a certain fighting spirit are forced to kill one another here in full view of the other slaves. Such arena matches often bring the entire group of mongoliant here (except for those at *Area LS1*, of course).

LS7. Concessions. This old building, now heavy damaged and decayed, once held the concession stand. The interior smells of rot, and old foodstuffs (that were not already scavenged by the mongoliant or other creatures) no longer remain. Only broken glass, old faded posters (depicting sports heroes from the times of the Ancients), and rusted water pipes litter the place.

LS8. Guard Station (EL 4). This ruined area is now used by the mongoliant as a kind of "guard station", and is lit by two crude coal braziers. At any given time there will be two mongoliant on duty here, the first armed with a *shotgun* and bandolier with 24 shells, while the second is armed with a greataxe and a *fragmentation grenade*. In addition, a crate of *Molotov cocktails* (twelve total, prepared by the mongoliant's slaves) sits in the room for the use of the guards should the alarm be called. Another crate contains twenty-four gauss cannon needles, for use in the cannon at *Area LS2*.

☠ **Mongoliant (2):** hp 40 and 36. (see LS1)

LS9. Guardhouse (EL 6). This small building (the original purpose of which has long been forgotten) has no doors, and much of the wall around the old

portals has been smashed in to permit larger figures passage within. Inside, the mongolians have turned this place into a “guardhouse” of sorts, where the sentries can reside when off duty.

There are three mongolians here; the first is armed with a *laser rifle* and *power beltpack*, the second with a *submachinegun* and a single clip with 20 rounds, and the third with a greataxe and *Molotov cocktail*. Unless the alarm has been triggered, they will be surprised when encountered, as they are busy partaking of a meal or loudly bragging about their prowess as warriors. *Area LS9 (A)* is where the refuse of their meals (or arguments) is haphazardly thrown.

☠ **Mongolians (3):** hp 50, 39, and 37. (see LS1)

LS10. Boat Dock (EL 2). This small cove is actually a hidden dock, constructed by the mongolians. The dock itself is made of lashed wooden logs and is very sturdy, and to it are moored three long wooden boats (each large enough to carry ten human-sized creatures, or four mongolians), complete with oars. The mongolians use these boats to trade with the slavers, and to raid the ghouls on occasion. They also provide the mongolians with dominance over this stretch of the river, and for the very rare excursion to the other parts of the Lost City for exploration or supply scavenging.

The boats are not left unguarded, however. At any given time there will be at least one mongolian watching the approach to the dock, armed with a longspear - more like a pike to a human - and a *laser pistol Mk1* with two full *power clips*. The mongolian will fire at any unidentified parties approaching the docks for two rounds, then retreat to *Area LS8* for reinforcements.

☠ **Mongolian (1):** hp 33. (see LS1)

LS11. Citadel (EL 10). This huge area appears to literally be a “castle” jutting from the back wall of the collapsed stadium. Months of effort by mongolians and slaves have created a fortress facade, defending the entrance to the lair of the mongolian community. Two tall towers (almost half the height of the stadium dome) overlook the stadium arena (*Area LS6*), while two huge wooden gates bar entrance.

Area A in the citadel is the lavatory - a simple narrow pit leads off into darkness, and a strong smell (unbearable to humanoids) rises from below. The floor is littered with soiled and sullied magazines and sports posters of the ancients (only one holds any value, an advanced text on customs and culture, though several pages have been torn out to be used as toilet paper...).

Area B is the barracks of the citadel, a squalid home to some eight mongolians, all armed with greataxes. Other weapons are only broken out when needed from *Area E*.

Both locations marked *Area C* are the towers. Each tower is basically an empty building, the tops

of which are only reachable by ascending the wooden stairs inside the compound. Atop each tower will always be stationed two mongolians, armed with *sport rifles*, each with 20 shots on a bullet belt. In addition, each sentry on the tower tops is also equipped with a *Molotov cocktail*, for use in throwing down at attackers.

Area D is the guard’s mess, dominated by a stone table and a few odd stools made from boulders. The place is filled with litter and debris, and is unoccupied except at regular meal times. It is not uncommon to find the body of a humanoid on the table instead of the typical sheep!

Area E is the guard officer’s “office”. A particularly tough mongolian, who bullies the others into submission and obedience, makes this place his home. Needless to say the room is a pigsty, filled with junk, bits of old food, and discarded bones. The huge mongolian “officer” arms himself with a *revolver* (with 12 rounds on a bullet belt), two *fragmentation grenades*, and a *shotgun* with 40 shells. He also wears an *energy shield B*, with a full *power beltpack*, and has metal plates surgically inserted in his head and torso increasing his armor class by +2 (thanks to his loving master, Lord Sogor – see below).

The bullish officer, being rather pig-headed, will try to deal with all threats himself, opting not to call for aid from reinforcements below (and thus making himself look like a “pansy”). A quick and forceful attack on the compound could result in their sound defeat, as the officer and his mongolians will refuse to call for aid unless all seems totally lost!

☠ **Mongolians, Area B (8):** hp 51, 47, 40, 40, 40, 39, and 35. (see LS1)

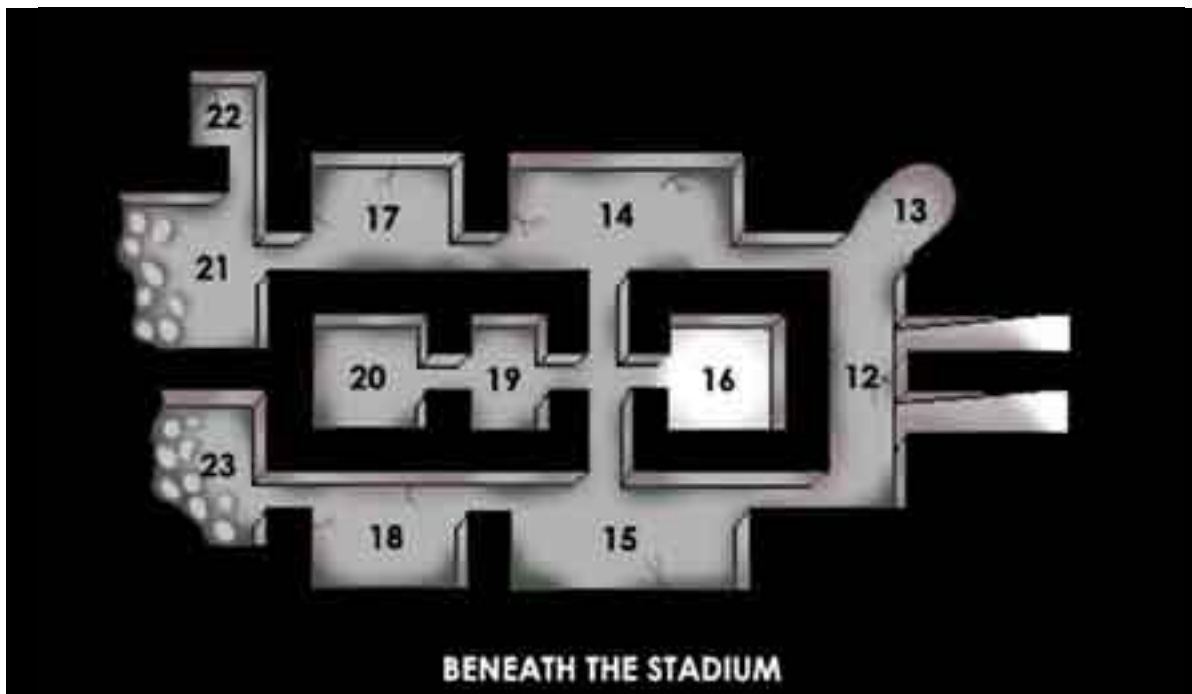
☠ **Mongolians, Area C (4):** hp 49, 45, 45, and 42. (see LS1)

☠ **Mongolian Officer, Area E (1):** hp 60; AC 17. (see LS1)

LS12. Entrance Cave. This dark chamber echoes with the sound of any intruders’ footsteps (unless a Move Silently check is made, this will alert the mongolians at *Area LS13*). Passages lead off in both directions. Black and red letters painted on the concrete western wall have long faded, leaving only the first three “W-E-L”.

LS13. Guard Cave (EL 7). This small, dark side chamber has been burrowed out of the rock by the mongolians to serve as a convenient watch post. Anyone coming down the steps from the Stadium will be immediately flanked by the 3-4 mongolians stationed here. Each is armed with a greataxe. The cave itself is featureless except for a few stubby stools and a low metal table, and various junk items scattered about.

☠ **Mongolians (4):** hp 46, 46, 46, and 40. (see LS1)



LS14. Locker Room A (EL 10). The concrete northern wall of this room bears a long black stripe, with the fading words “L-O-C-K-E-R R-O-O-M-S” painted all along the stripe’s length. Rusted and battered lockers and old rows of benches have been turned into a kind of barrack-house for the mutant giant occupants. At any given time 8-10 mongoliant will be found here, eating and drinking. There is a 50% chance that the food being served is one of the humanoid slaves from the pens. Roughly ½ of the mongoliant present will be armed with greataxes, while another half are armed with javelins.

♥ **Mongoliant (10):** hp 44. (see LS1)

Treasure: A search (DC 10) of the lockers will turn up a *canister* of irritant gas (as grenade, but sprays gas up to three times into a 10’ x 10’ cloud), two empty *ready-syringes*, and six clips of gauss pistol ammo (20 rounds each).

LS15. Locker Room B (EL 10). This ruined room has long served as a dwelling for mongoliant warriors, the lockers and benches transformed into makeshift beds and storage spaces. Some 10-12 mongoliant will be found here at any given time, eating, drinking, or playing simple games of chance. Roughly 1/3 will be armed with greataxes, while another 1/3 are armed with javelins. The latter third are armed with *fragmentation grenades* (one grenade each).

♥ **Mongoliant (12):** hp 44. (see LS1)

Treasure: A search (DC 10) of the lockers in the room will uncover three *power clips* and a single *power fist*.

LS16. Infirmary (EL 4). This large room is rather bright compared to the others in the subterranean lair, the walls being done in cracked and discolored white

tile. Several beds sit along the walls, with numerous cabinets and lockers against the eastern half of the room.

This place was and is an infirmary, though the mongoliant use it to treat their wounded. At any given time there will be 1-2 mongoliant here, recuperating. These will be unarmed but will attack intruders on sight.

A number of corpses of slaves sit about on dolleys near the rear of the room. These were victims of the mongoliant leaders’ surgical curiosity, and bear horrific wounds with an almost total re-arrangement of their internal organs, or metallic implants to test how tissue will receive them. Needless to say, none survived for very long.

♥ **Mongoliant (2):** hp 18 and 12 (both are wounded). (see LS1)

Treasure: A search (DC 10) of the room will turn up an amazing cache of meds, including ten unused *ready-syringes*, two doses of *hercurin*, two canisters of *medi-spray (healing)*, one canister of *medi-spray (spore neutralization)*, three doses of *superegen*, eight doses of *stimshot A*, and two doses of *stimshot B*. There is also a spray hypo, though it is missing its CO2 cartridge, and a damaged *diagnostic scanner* (50% chance of successful operation when used) with no power source.

LS17. Showers A. Shaggy mold has grown from the cracked ceiling, draping over old rusted showerheads along the tiled walls. Bits of crumbled and shattered porcelain lies scattered about among stores of weapons and supplies. The room is unguarded.

Treasure: Among the stuff present are a box of *ready-meals* (ten total), six *power clips*, a *maser pistol*, and a half-empty crate of six *fragmentation grenades*. There is also a crate of eight *Molotov*

cocktails, and a stack of three *power packs* (all at half charge, however) against one wall, badly rusted.

LS18. Showers B (EL 2). The cold tiled walls of this chamber are cracked and tinted with old mold (white and green mostly) and fungus seeping through the cracks. It is always guarded by at least one mongoliant, armed with a *laser rifle* and *power belt-pack*. Stacked throughout the chamber are olive drab military crates, containing numerous munitions and weapons stockpiled by the mongolians – the origin of these items is unknown.

☛ **Mongoliant (1):** hp 43. (see LS1)

Treasure: Among these are a crate of twelve *fragmentation grenades*, a crate of six *energy grenades*, three *laser rifles*, three pairs of *IR goggles*, eighteen *power clips*, two *minifusion cells*, three *power belt-packs*, and two *power backpacks*.

LS19. Equipment Storage. This old chamber is kept locked (the mongoliant leader having the only key), the metal door still intact. It is currently being used as a munitions stockpile.

♥ **Steel Door:** 5 in. Thick; Hardness 25; hp 90; Break DC 30; Open Lock DC 20.

Treasure: Within are kept two crates of 200 sport rifle cartridges (400 rounds total) and two crates of 50 fully loaded submachinegun clips – for a total of 3000 SMG rounds!

LS20. Power Control (EL 8). This inner chamber has been taken over by the self-styled “emperor” of the mongolians, “Lord Sogor”, a particularly massive (and intelligent) specimen - who is also quite psychotic! The chief arms himself with a *plasma pistol* in one hand, and a *greataxe* in the other. He also wears a *magnetic shield* hooked up to a *power belt-pack* around his waist, and a suit of custom-made half-plate armor. He also keeps three *minifusion cells* in a pouch hanging from his belt – a belt conspicuously made from tanned humanoid flesh.

Although the warlord of the mongolians dwells here alone, his chamber is a sty of its own caliber. Trash and bits of electronics lay scattered about the chamber (remnants of the Stadium power control center), in various states of cunning reverse engineering (apparently the Lord has an interest in learning the secrets of the Ancients)! Sparks sometimes stream out from old computer consoles on the walls, illuminating the chief as he tinkers or pores curiously over a collection of badly-soiled books – including Sun Tzu’s *Art of War*, an ancient history of Alexander the Great, an in-depth biography of Clausewitz, medical and surgical texts, etc.

Unless the alarm has been raised, the chief will be surprised in his sleep 20% of the time, in which case he will be unarmed.

GMs Note - It should be obvious that this “warlord” is in fact the brains behind the entire mongoliant community, and his removal/death would

likely bring an end to their technological dominance over the Lost City. Without this unusually intelligent master, the mongolians would certainly break apart as a result of internal struggle.

☛ **“Lord Sogor”, Mongoliant Warlord Grd4 (1):** CR 8; Large Giant; HD 4d10+5d8+45; HP 96; Init 0; Spd 20ft; AC 19(+3 natural, -1 size, +7 half-plate); ATK Greataxe +14/+9 melee 1d12+8 (x3); or Plasma pistol +7 ranged 2d12 (x3); 5 ft by 5 ft / 10 ft; SQ Dark vision, mutant body; SV - Fort 15, Ref 2, Wil 2; Str 21, Dex 10, Con 21, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9
Skills and Feats: Listen +8, Sense Motive +3, Spot +3, Great Fortitude, Defender, Power Attack, Cleave, Sunder, Weapon Focus (Greataxe).

Possessions: Plasma pistol, plutonium clip (full charge), greataxe, magnetic shield B, power belt-pack (full charge), Large half-plate armor, three minifusion cells, keys to stadium doors.

Treasure: In addition to his personal belongings, Lord Sogor keeps a collection of rare military texts that would be worth upwards of 10,000 cp to a collector. Old bits of electronic gear, though not working, would be ideal for repairing weapons and gizmos, worth an additional 2,500 cp to a mechanic or electrician.

LS21. Collapsed Cave A (EL 10). This large concrete chamber, partially collapsed, is filled with straw bedding and bits of refuse – bones and other organic remains. Within dwell some ten mongoliant females (they fight just as regular mongolians), though they are armed only with their bare fists. They will fight furiously if they or their young (*Area LS22*) are threatened. They hoard no valuables.

☛ **Mongoliant Females (10):** hp 32. (see LS1)

LS22. Security Office (EL 6). This small room was formerly a security office for the Stadium, but has been turned into the young chamber by the mongolians. Within reside some six young mongolians, which will fight with burly bravado if the sounds of combat reach their ears. Otherwise they will play with the PCs (rough-housing) for 2d4 rounds before tiring and trying to eat them.

☛ **Mongoliant Young (6):** hp 12, 9, 9, 8, 6, and 4. (see LS1)

Treasure: The chamber is empty except for various junk items and a broken *shotgun* used as a toy (it could be repaired with a Craft Weaponsmithing check, DC 21).

LS23. Collapsed Cave B. This cave (walls are concrete) has collapsed several meters down its length, totally obstructing the tunnel leading in that direction (there is absolutely no known way to clear it). Despite this, over the decades fresh water seeping through the rocks here has created a small pond, which the mongolians use (sparingly) as a water source and reserve. The water is totally uncontaminated.

11. FLOODED QUARTER

This part of the city has apparently been flooded by water from the underground river for decades, as water builds up on this side of the great cavern. Various buildings stand from the cold dark water; invariably, their bottom floors vanish into the dark waves, their doors and old storefronts long lost to the rising water level.

Here, the city is like long-lost Venice; the streets are long gone, deep beneath the cold subterranean waters, and one can only navigate by using a boat or raft. Needless to say, travel in this part of the city is slow and dismal, and no one can be sure what lies around the next corner; as there are no obvious settlements in the area, no light shines in this dark part of the caverns.

It is up to the game's referee to place encounters in this area of the city. Although seemingly devoid of life (almost all the buildings were flooded, after all), the buildings in this area do, in fact, harbor a wide and strange variety of life. Water creatures dwell in the flooded lower levels of some of the buildings, and prowl the watery canal-streets in search of prey. Mutated crocodiles (having found their way from the old city sewers perhaps), blindfish, lampreys, etc. might inhabit the dark waters of this quarter.

The water in this flooded quarter, unlike elsewhere, is relatively clean - a torch or flashlight held close to the lapping waves will show the water to be clear of some of the thicker sediment in the city's other waters, shining deep down into the depths.

12. INDUSTRIAL QUARTER

Twisted and abandoned streets and alleys lead to this part of the city, which seems strangely desolate even in comparison to the ruins of the entire cavern. Silence hangs still in the dead air for moments, then a strange noise - barely audible - can be heard rising in the distance. The sound of clanging metal, perhaps pipes being struck together. Clang-clag, clang-clang, clang-clang ...

This part of the Lost City is "ghoul corner". For as long as most inhabitants remember there have been ghouls in the cavern, though only recently have independent efforts by the mongolians (*Area 10*) and the slavers (*Area 5*) restricted their presence to this quarter only. The slavers have erected barriers to keep the ghouls in this rather large abandoned quarter, and they believe this is sufficient to keep the stealthy night creepers in check.

Not so, however. The ghouls (being rather sneaky and industrious) have found ways out of their quarter, and continue to snatch unwary raiders and other Lost City denizens for meals. Most are either eaten on the spot or dragged back to the Industrial Quarter to be eaten.

11. Blockade. All streets and alleys leading to the Industrial Quarter eventually come to a tall makeshift blockade of corrugated iron, barbed wire, metal pipes, shoring, and hastily erected wooden walls. Often, wrecked cars or rubble have been wheeled up to the wall to brace it from some force from beyond - but even a casual observer will notice that such reinforcement is done from the *outside*, not the inside ... as if the creatures of the Lost City sought desperately to keep the inhabitants within this quarter.

Each blockade is some fifteen feet high, with glass and barbed wire along the tops, preventing scaling attempts. There is a chance, however (generally 1 in 6), that a given blockade will found to have a small hole in it, just large enough for a man to squeeze through. Apparently the creatures dwelling in this part of the city have been fooling everyone...

12. Ruins. This part of the ghoul complex was once reserved for industrial power lines to supply the factory with power, but these collapsed into rubble with the cataclysm that swallowed the Lost City. Now all that remains is a large open area of rubble, perfect for hiding or sneaking along. Anyone moving along this patch receives +10 to Hide checks.

13. Warehouses (EL 9). A number of old warehouses run the length of the cracked dry street of the Industrial Quarter, once housing tons and tons of goods to be shipped across the country. Now they are cracked and crumbling shells, their ventilation systems rusted and collapsed and their windows either broken out or boarded up. Still, they are no longer abandoned...

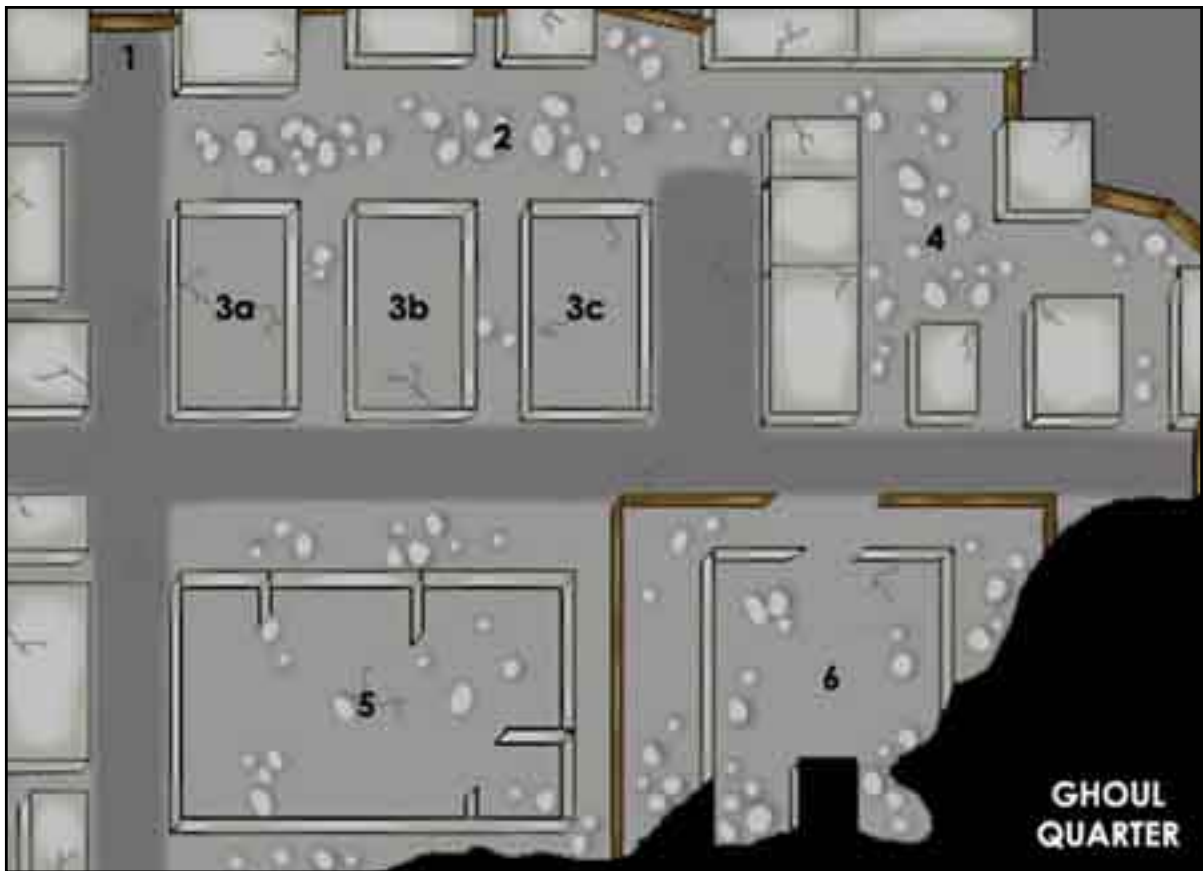
The majority of the ghoul population lives in or around the warehouses. Roughly thirty ghouls, armed with lead pipes and thrown rocks, dwell in the shells of each of these mighty buildings, in absolute squalor (a total of roughly 80 ghouls). The bottom level of each building is littered with broken bits of bone and rotted humanoid organs, where some 3-7 ghouls will be prowling, night or day. The rest of the population will either be on the second floor (reached by a catwalk-style stair and elevated platform running the middle height of the building), hiding or resting in small alcoves or storage rooms.

Area A contains 30 ghouls in its crowded interior.

Area B is home to 30 ghouls, and it is as decayed and crowded as *Area A*. A thorough search of the ruins, however, turns up nothing of interest.

Area C appears to be more heavily damaged than the other warehouses, but nonetheless is home to 20 ghouls dwelling in the crumbling ruins. One of these ghouls (a self-styled "sergeant" of sorts) uses a greataxe instead of his claws.

👹 **Ghouls (80):** CR 1; Medium-Sized Humanoid; HD 2d6; hp 9; Init +0; Spd 20 ft; AC 10; Atk Bite +1 melee 1d4, 2 claws +0 melee 1d4; SA Dark vision; AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will -1; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 11, Wis 8, Cha 3.



Skills and Feats: Listen +5, Spot +2; Alertness, Blind-Fight, Multiattack.

Possessions: None.

Treasure: Among the bones and organic litter on the bottom level of the first building will be found (Search, DC 22) three *ready-syringes* (unused). The second building is empty.

In the warehouse, a small back room lying buried under tons of rock (there is no immediate way to clear the rubble, as it would take days to do so; the ghouls, having short attention spans, have ignored it), contains a number of old crates and boxes, most of which have rotted through and through. A search uncovers eight *light rods*, a crate of six class C *android memory chips* (determine encoded skills randomly), and three power bus parts (*advanced weapon parts* used to repair energy weapons) – all apparently produced here in mass quantities before the Fall - and a *fire extinguisher* on the wall.

I4. Collapsed Buildings (EL 2). This area appears to have once been part of the “slums”, and many of the ramshackle old buildings have collapsed or broken apart. What few shells remain stands only feebly, rising like weak fingers into the dark misty cavern air.

The ghouls do generally not prowl this area from the quarter, though on occasion 1-2 ghouls may be encountered here (25% chance per building searched or entered) scavenging for a few morsels to eat. Any ghouls so encountered will attack only a single opponent; any more and the ghoul will shriek and

alert the entire industrial quarter to their intrusion, before running off towards *Area I3*.

One of the collapsed buildings was a small infirmary for factory workers before the Fall, though it cannot be singled out from the others in its current state. Only a thorough search of this quarter (DC 25, requiring 1d4 days time) will reveal a small cache of ten *ready-syringes*, five doses of *antitoxin*, three doses of *stimshot A*, and three doses of *stimshot B*.

👁 **Ghouls (2):** hp 7 and 5. (see I3)

I5. Factory A (EL 2). The approaches to this decaying and run-down factory are plagued by the heavy scent of rot and human decay. Inside, the sight is a chilling one – an old rusted factory floor, the machinery all stripped and lost, only a large open space remaining. Here the ghouls have thrown the remains of their past victims, a twisted collection of broken skulls, spinal columns, and picked-clean bones from all manner of humanoid bodies. The charnel smell is overpowering (feel free to require PCs to make Fortitude checks, DC 20, to resist nausea and a –2 reduction to all attack rolls and skill checks while present).

When the group enters (and unless the alarm has already been raised), 1-2 ghouls will be found prowling about the piles of bones, looking for something to eat from the maggot-infested remnants. The ghoul(s) will automatically lose initiative, as it is currently sucking the jellified brains out of an eye socket when the group enters, and is thus unaware.

Searching the pile takes 1d4 hours, and turns up

nothing of interest. Everything has been picked clean. The factory itself is likewise empty.

☛ **Ghouls (2):** hp 8 and 7. (see I3)

16. Factory B (EL 12). This ancient factory appears, from a distance, to be utterly buried under tons of cavern rock, as its entire southerly side vanishes under the wall of the cavern. Closer inspection shows, however, that the building has survived nonetheless, as its interior stretches back *underground*, into the very rock itself. Most of the windows are totally blown out, and the roof collapsed in some parts, though otherwise the building is intact.

The dark hollow shell of this factory has been taken over by the “king” of the ghouls and his better warriors, numbering some six ghouls armed with heavy flails and a variety of rocks and stones for throwing.

Four of these ghouls will be lurking in the shadows just out of sight of the main entrance, pouncing unexpectedly on PCs as they enter (making opposed Hide vs. Spot checks to try to catch the PCs flat-footed), while the other two will be on the second level catwalk, tossing stones down on the group as well.

In the rear of the factory, on the second level, is the old floor manager’s office, which has been taken over by the ghoul “king”. The king (treat as a regular ghoul) resides here with his henchman, a second ghoul “seneschal”.

A particularly cunning leader, the king arms himself with a *power sword* in one hand, and a *submachinegun* (30 rounds in a single clip) in the other. Around his waist he wears a *power backpack* (18 discharges remaining), while his left eye has been removed and replaced with a *biomechanical targeter*.

His second in command, a particularly creepy ghoul whose only noise is a string of uncontrollable giggles, arms himself with an *IR Laser* (with a full *power backpack* on his back), and wears *IR goggles* to aid him in firing.

☛ **Ghouls (6):** hp 10, 10, 10, 9, 9, and 7. (see I3)

☛ **Ghoul “King” Scav7 (1):** CR 8; Medium Humanoid; HD 2d6+7d8; HP 44; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 20ft; AC 11 (+1 Dex); ATK Power Sword +8/+3 melee (19-20 x2), Submachinegun +8/+3 ranged 1d10 (x3); 5ft x 5 ft / 5 ft; SA Dark Vision, Sneak attack +2d6, Canny Defense; SQ Nature sense, Radiation Sense; SV - Fort +8, Ref +9, Wil +2; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 9, Cha 9.

Skills/Feats: Appraise 4, Bluff 2, Decipher Script 2, Gather Information 2, Hide 7, Intuit Direction 2, Listen +5, Move Silently 7, Open Lock 7, Pick Pocket 7, Search 8, Spot 6, Wilderness Lore 2, Alertness, Blind-Fight, Multiattack, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack

Possessions: power sword, submachinegun (30 rounds in a single clip), power backpack (18 discharges remaining), biomechanical targeter.

☛ **Ghoul “Seneschal” Rdr5 (1):** CR 6; Medium Humanoid; HD 2d6+5d10; HP 45; Init 2 (Dex); Spd 20ft; AC 12 (+2 Dex); ATK Infra-Red Laser +8 ranged Infra-Red Laser 2d10+1 (x2); 5ft x 5 ft / 5 ft; SA Dark Vision; SQ ; SV - Fort +7, Ref +4, Wil +0; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Skills/Feats: Intimidate +2, Jump +5, Listen +5, Spot +6, Alertness, Blind-Fight, Multiattack, Chains and Chaps*, Boarding Party*, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Room-Broom, Rapid Shot

Possessions: *IR Laser* (with a full *power backpack* on his back), *IR goggles*.

Treasure: Bones and bits of flesh litter the office and the walkways leading to it. Among the rotted trash in the king’s lair are a number of treasures including an *improved discharger*, a flashtube part (*advanced weapon part*, used in repairing laser weapons), and two extra clips of submachinegun ammo (60 cartridges total).

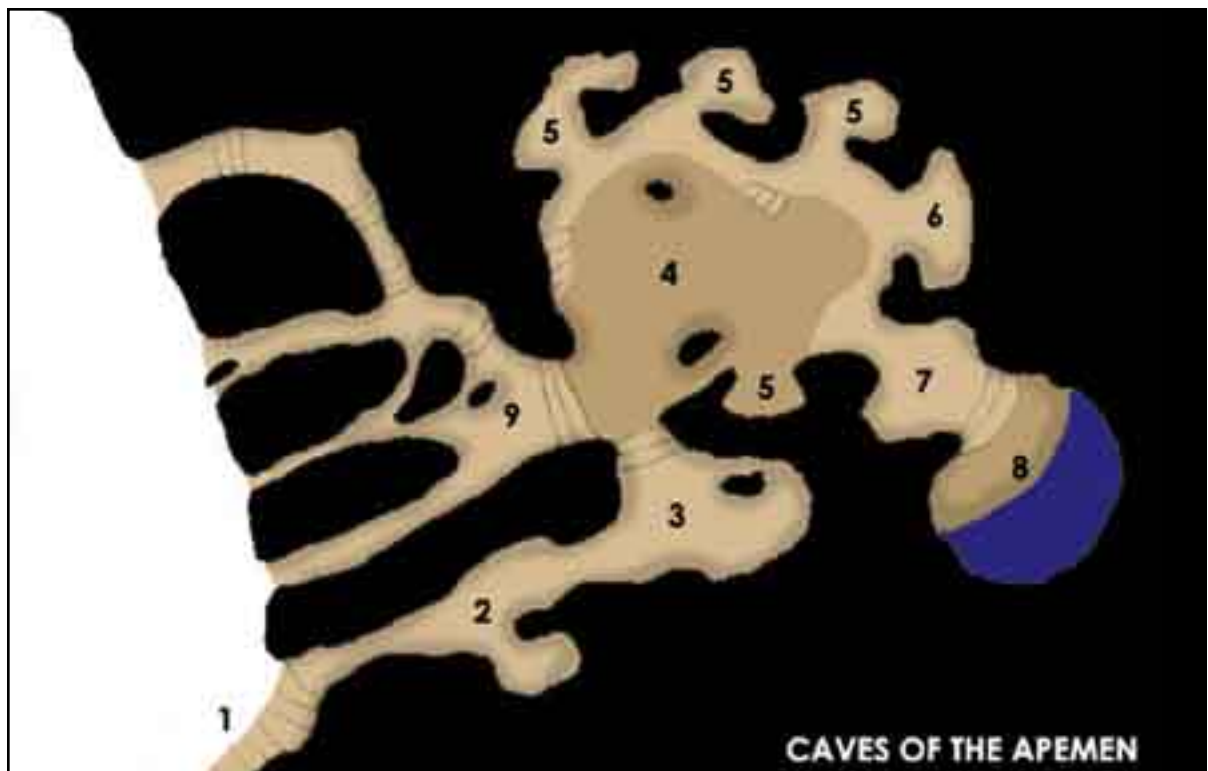
13. CAVES

This part of the city is strangely quiet except for the waterfalls echoing in the distance. The buildings in this area are largely decayed and decrepit, with old cracked and jagged streets filled with rubble and debris. From afar, the caves appear only as a few small dark cave openings in the wall of the massive cavern of the Lost City; moss and vegetation drapes over many of the cave entrances, disguising them and shielding whatever lies within from view.

The caves are, in fact, the stronghold of a community of apemen who ventured here long ago, and who have up to this time managed to survive in the ruins of the Lost City thanks to the isolation of their dwellings - a series of narrow damp caves not unlike the caves primitive humans once dwelt in prehistoric times.

Any obvious intrusion or attack on the apeman stronghold will result in a well-planned and cunning defense by the inhabitants. The chief and a small cadre of warriors will advance to the *Main Cavern*, shielding the young and the females in the *Young Chamber*. A large group of apemen with rocks and sticks will advance to the front of the cave to meet the attackers, hooting and bellowing (in an attempt to scare them off), while several others, led by the chief’s son, proceed through the Tunnels to emerge at the rear of the enemy, to outflank and attack from the rear if need be.

The apemen are not intelligent, or at least not in any way the PCs will be able to cope with. They seek only to survive by holding up in the caves and hunting the nearby ruins for small game. They will fight ferociously and cunningly to defend their racial territory.



C1. Stairs. A long flight of stone “stairs” has been worn out of the rock by the passage of strange creatures. The steps (which vary in both width and height irregularly) are roughly broad enough to allow three men to walk shoulder to shoulder. The stairs hug the wall of the cavern, leading up towards the distant caves.

Traversing the stairs by an unfamiliar character can prove dangerous, as they are invariably covered in slimy lichens and moist grassy fungus; each character must make Balance check (DC 12) while climbing the stairs or fall from them; roll 1d6x10 to determine the height (in feet) of the fall. For every ten feet fallen (round down), 1d6 points of damage are incurred.

C2. Watch post (EL 2). This small side cave is where 1-3 albino apemen males will reside at any given time, watching for approaching threats to the community. If one is seen, the apes retreat back to *Area C4* to rouse the entire populace to defense. The cave itself is basically bare.

♥ **Albino Apemen (3):** hp 15, 14, and 14. (see U5)

C3. Entrance Cavern. This cavern smells terribly of rot and decay; littered bits of bone and old decaying flesh lay in dark murky puddles and pits that pock mark the entire place; old slender stalactites and stalagmites droop down from the irregular roof dripping milky droplets of water.

This is where the apemen discard much of the organic waste - bits of gnawed and broken bone (from small animals and the odd straggler from one of the other communities), discarded broken tools,

etc.

This area is likely where the apes will converge if they detect an attack, as the cavern has the natural ability to reflect sound - any group of apemen will reflect the sound of their own voices, calls, and shuffling as if three times their number were actually present.

Treasure: A search through the clutter of discarded bones (taking 1d4 hours) will turn up a few pieces of interest with a successful Search check (DC 18) - a pair of spent *light rods* (useless), four empty packaged *readi-meals*, and a badly-rusted *power clip* (half charge remaining).

C4. Main Cavern. The main cavern is a huge open area where the apemen congregate for gatherings and meals. Large prey or quantities of prey (such as several crocodiles from the lagoon, for instance) will be dragged here and shared among the community based on each member’s position in the group. Strong males sit exclusively with the chief; outside this circle sit the women, who squabble over leftovers, as well as share with the young, who are typically nestled with and among the females.

If PCs are captured by the apemen they will be brought here where they will be “examined” thoroughly and roughly. After the males examine them (they tire quickly), the females examine them and fight over them. Eventually (after 1d4 days), if they do not manage to escape, they will likely be torn apart and shared for the next meal.

C5. Living Alcoves (EL 8). These various side caves are the dwellings of the population of the apeman colony. Each is a simple affair, lined with decayed

leaves, straw, etc. to make the apemen comfortable. All smell of ape waste and decayed food. None of the caves contain any items of interest.

There are a total of sixteen albino apemen in the community; six males, armed with clubs and thrown rocks; four females (unarmed), and six maturing young (also unarmed), who congregate in this area and the *Main Chamber (Area C4)*. Their dispositions are detailed in the beginning of this section.

👤 **Albino Apemen, Males (16):** hp 14. (see U5)

👤 **Albino Apemen, Females (4):** hp 10, 8, 8, and 7. (see U5)

👤 **Albino Apemen, Young (6):** hp 4, 4, 4, 3, 2 and 2. (see U5)

C6. Chief's Chamber (EL 2) This larger cave is where the dominant male of the tribe and his son reside. The "chief" wields a lead pipe in battle, and his "son" favors thrown rocks. Their small alcove is littered with bits of moss and dried grass for bedding, among which can be found the torn-up remains of an upholstered car seat, a broken golf club, and a soiled mattress.

👤 **Apeman "Chief" (1):** hp 22. (see U5)

👤 **"Chief's" Son (1):** hp 18. (see U5)

C7. Young Chamber. This small chamber is where the young of the community reside at most times. The chamber is littered with dung, small bones, and polished rocks (the latter two being used as toys), as well as twigs, fungus, and moss clumps ripped from their earth to act as bedding. During any attack, a large portion of the group will retreat here, making their last stand with their young.

C8. Subterranean Well. A large dark pool of water dominates this low-ceilinged back cave; only a few bones lie nearby, and it is apparent that this is the main source of water for the apeman community, being secure and away from the prying eyes of the other Lost City enclaves.

The pool is very deep, and the water is clean and fresh. The apemen get nearly all their water from this source, and have done so for years, not appreciating the fact that the water has not yet run out. The reason for this is that the pool is actually fed by runoff from an ancient underground water main that burst during the cataclysm; finding its way through the bedrock, it has continued to pool here for decades. Thus, the pool is in no danger of running out.

C9. Tunnels. A web of tight damp tunnels lead off in various directions from this point; small bones and hanging mosses litter the entire area. Musty damp air moves through the tunnels, denoting nearby exits/entrances. The tunnels were created long ago by water flow in the caves, creating a series of narrow estuaries; after the cataclysm, the crust was thrust up (in respect to the Lost City), cutting off the old estuaries and leaving them high and dry - literally.

The apemen know how to navigate the tunnels, and use them to move around attackers who threaten their dwellings. Thick mosses and shaggy fungi near the cave entrances allow the apemen to swing from tunnel to tunnel (from the outside), towards *Area C1*.

14. WATERFALLS

The source of the strange thundering heard throughout the tunnels of the Upper Caverns and here in the Lost City is now evident – from where you stand you can see a trio of massive caves, from which come a mighty stream of water to form three great waterfalls. These flow down a natural rise to feed the black waters of the lake, which curls off to the east and west. Cold, almost crystalline mist rises where the waterfalls, creating a low hanging fog over the cavern floor.

The thundering heard throughout the Lost City comes from this trio of waterfalls, formerly the branches of an underground river that was split open when the ground gave in when the city sank into the caverns. Now open, the rivers began pouring into the caves, turning into rapid waterfalls and creating a series of lakes below.

The three waterfalls come from large cave openings, roughly circular in shape, that dump out onto a sort of stone "ramp" that was created by continuous erosion (the ramp channels the cold clear water down to the lake below). The caves themselves are nearly impossible to reach; climbing up the ramp (which is incredibly smooth and slick), against the current of the combined falls, would be impossible, and possibly even fatal. Scaling the rocks, too, poses its hazards. None of the denizens of the Lost City have ever tried to negotiate these hazards to explore the source of the cavern's water.

It is up to the GM to decide what, if anything, lies beyond these imposing tunnel entrances.

15. LAGOON

Here lies a great body of blackish water, calm and glassy smooth, almost hauntingly so in a pristine way. Light from torches or flashlights is reflected perfectly off the smoky surface, unable to penetrate the opaque darkness of the bitterly cold waves.

This cold dark blue body of water is kept secluded from the turbulence of the rest of the underground bodies of water mainly by the bridge built at Area #1. An artificial lagoon (created during the same flooding from the waterfalls), it was formerly used by the lost settlers at *Area 2* for fishing.

The lagoon is still populated with a few edible fish, mostly blind cavefish that have lived here for decades. Also, the rare animal that is swept down from the underground waterways may find its way



here, resting in the deep dark waters of the lagoon. Nothing dangerous, however, actually dwells in the lagoon itself.

16. BOMB SHELTERS

This decayed and collapsed building looks no different than the long row of others on this partly flooded street...

A thorough search, however (requiring 1d4 hours *and* a Search check at DC 25) will reveal a remarkable find!

Amid the rubble the PCs will find a standing and secure metalplast door, only chipped and slightly affected by the decades of decay. A vast collection of skeletons lies about the secured blast doors, jumbled and broken. No handle exists on the door; only a thin slit in the metal frame, above which blinks a dim red light, mars the perfect surface.

The metalplast door is actually the secure entrance to a series of forgotten civil bomb shelters located beneath the city. The door is still intact, however, and requires a *stage IIIC access card* to open (the metal slit is where the card is inserted); the PCs may attempt to destroy the door; see below for the blast door's statistics.

Once opened, a musty dark passage is discovered, leading to a set of stairs that descend into darkness. If they proceed down, they find a long hall off of which sit a number of alcoves, stocked with supplies, provisions, and ancient artifacts. Flashes of static from various computer screens along the walls illuminate the passages irregularly and hauntingly.

The shelters were apparently stocked with supplies

and firearms to last through years of chaos on the surface world. Now, though it has been greatly damaged by the cataclysm that swallowed the Lost City, the place still remains as it once was, untouched and unlooted. A quick search by the PCs will uncover a vast stock of useful items in the various niches.

An additional passage leads off into darkness; this tunnel leads to *Area 21* where there exists another entrance to the shelters. Note that areas *B2* and *B3* require *stage IC access cards* to open, while *B4* requires a *stage IIIC access card* to open; otherwise, the intact sliding metalplast doors must be battered down.

♥ **Steel Security Doors:** 5 in. Thick; Hardness 25; hp 90; Break DC 40; Open Lock DC 30.

B1. Control Room. This area is the control room, and is littered with debris and dust from the cataclysm. Various computer consoles (now all destroyed or malfunctioning beyond repair) line the walls.

By the stairs which lead into the room the PCs will find an old computer console (labeled "A"; the monitor still shows a view of the skeletons in front of the main entrance), at which sits the skeleton of an Ancient, slumped over, its clothes rotted and disintegrated. A *laser pistol Mk1* (nine discharges remaining in the *power clip*) is still clenched in its hand, and there is a tell-tale laser hole in its skull (these are the remains of a panicked citizen who got to the shelter first and sealed it, trapping dozens of others outside when the cataclysm occurred - when they died, in front of his eyes, he committed suicide).



B2. Shelter A. This shelter contains a store of small cardboard crates.

Treasure: In these crates are found six *light rods*, a *magnesium firestarter*, a *portable stove*, two *survival kits*, a box of 20 bandages, and a special medical kit (containing two doses of *K-O shot* in a glass bottle, ten doses of liquid antiseptic wash, four doses of a local anesthetic, and four sterile *ready-syringes*).

B3. Shelter B. This alcove contains a number of small cardboard crates, though fungus has begun to grow on a number of them.

Treasure: Of the crates, half are salvageable, containing a total of twenty *power bars*, thirty packaged *ready-meals*, and ten *salt pills*. The other foodstuffs - eighty *ready-meals* - are dangerously tainted with the fuzzy white fungus, and must be discarded (if not, treat the stuff as an ingested poison, DC 13, initial 1 Con, secondary 1d8 Con).

B4. Shelter C. This shelter contains racks of weapons.

Treasure: There are four *flashlights*, eight charged *power cells*, and a rack on one wall holding four *revolvers*, a *sport rifle*, and two *shotguns*. The holder for a single laser pistol is conspicuously empty. Boxes contain 400 revolver cartridges, 200 sport rifle cartridges, and 400 shotgun shells.

B5. Shelters D - F. These areas are filled with neatly made beds and rolled-up mats in small boxes (a total of ten mats in each room), and were intended for the use of shelter inhabitants during the period of fallout. Of course, the shelters were never used, and thus these areas remain totally empty.

17. DESOLATE RUIN (EL 1)

This area of the city seems oddly silent and eerily without life. Not a scurry or crawling creature can be seen, save for the odd large beetle or roach. The buildings here seem to have suffered greatly from whatever past cataclysm swallowed up the Lost City, being shattered, broken, and crumbled into ruin.

This area, shunned by the various inhabitants of the Lost City, is the source of many of the strange and unidentifiable noises and howls heard echoing at night - in fact, it is the lair of a *krenshar*, which has hunted all the nearby prey and created a "dead zone" around its hidden lair, a niche among the crumbled ruins in the center of this city block. The *krenshar* is a keen observer, and will quietly watch and stalk those entering its domain; it will ignore large parties (four or more individuals), only emerging if its lair is threatened, but will otherwise pounce on smaller groups in an attempt to glean its next meal.

☠ **Krenshar (1):** CR 1; Medium-Sized Beast; HD 2d10; hp 16; Init +2; Spd 40 ft; AC 15 (+2 Dex, +3 natural); Atk Bite +2 melee 1d6, 2 claws +0 melee 1d4; SA Scare; SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Hide +4, Jump +4, Listen +4, Move Silently +6, Multiattack.

Treasure: If the *krenshar*'s lair is discovered, it is found to contain various small bones (from past victims, small animals, etc), among which lies a *stage IC access card*, and some sixty or so small pieces of copper and nickel (pre-war coins) littered about to please the *krenshar*'s eye.

18. RUINED STORE (EL 5)

This low building seems to have withstood the test of time relatively well, though the street around is littered with destroyed vehicles and the rubble of nearby structures. It is utterly dark inside.

This low ruined building is now the home of a nesting pair of probing waddlers, which regularly scavenge the ruins all around the area in search of food; although normally used to draining rats and other small creatures, they will seek to drain a larger creature's brains, and preserve the corpse for the laying of their expected brood (the latter waddler is actually about to begin laying eggs). Any creature knocked out by the waddler(s) will be dragged back to this area to await the hatching of the brood, at which time he will be slowly devoured ... but mercifully he'll be dead well before then.

☠ **Probing Waddlers (2):** CR 3; Small Beast; HD 5d10; hp 27; Init +3; Spd 20 ft; AC 15 (+3 Dex, +1 size, +1 natural); Atk Probe +8 melee 1d8+6 and paralysis; SQ Dark vision, paralysis, intelligence drain; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will -3; Str 18, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 2, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Hide +7, Spot +1, Listen +1, Move Silently +2, Swim +1.

Treasure: Although the building, which was once an electronics outlet store, is badly damaged, a thorough search (requiring 1d3 hours, and a Search check DC 20) of the ruin will uncover a small cache of five *power cells* and a *power pack*, fully charged, as well as a *stage IIC access card*.

19. RUINED CITY LIBRARY

This strange building, its tall magnificent stone structure crumbled and cracked, belies a strange eerie feeling as the group nears. Something about it seems ominous, a place where once the Ancients dwelt, quiet and forlorn.

The doors to the library are still intact, requiring at least a *stage IC access card* to enter (otherwise, damage must be done to the doors to crack them open). Inside, the old structure is vaulted,

cobwebbed, and filled with debris from the cataclysm that struck the Lost City. Most of the building, in fact, collapsed or was damaged in the fire that consumed much of the place decades ago. In the central room, on long plastic counters, sit smashed, burnt-out, and melted plastic consoles, as well as hundreds of colored plastic “cards” (computer discs), scattered about at random, all over the place.

A thorough search (DC 22) of the library will uncover that one of these old library computers is actually still operable (Knowledge (Computer) check, DC 10, to operate). However, the discs are so faded and discolored that the labels are no longer legible. Inserting a random disc may prove fruitful; after 1d4 minutes of whirring, clicking, and blinking lights, roll at random.

Roll	Effect
1	The disc only calls up a string of blinking code and numbers, meaningless library directory codes.
2	The disc calls up flashy images of the Ancients, an archive of newspaper advertisements (“futuristic cars!”, “miracle dishwashers!”, “the latest model of pleasure droid!”, etc).
3	The disc calls up miles and miles of text, an archive of newspaper stories from the city paper from 1963 to 2000.
4	The disc doesn’t seem to work; a new one must be inserted.
5	The disc doesn’t seem to work (however, a signal is sent by the console to the main city security computer at the city police station, Area 20, alerting the police robot there that there is an intruder in the library; it arrives in 4d6 rounds).
6	The disc seems to jam up the computer; 1d4 seconds after insertion, the computer shorts and bursts into flames!

These are just ideas of what the discs might do; the referee should consider adding other random effects to this list. There is nothing else of interest in the old library.

♥ **Steel Doors:** 1 in. Thick; Hardness 15; hp 40; Break DC 25; Open Lock DC 15.

20. CITY POLICE STATION (EL 7)

This large building sits quietly among other damaged and crumbling structures near the great underground lake to the west. From afar, it appears no more remarkable than any other crumbling structure.

The city police station suffered as much from the cataclysm that swallowed the Lost City as any other building downtown, killing the complement of law officers instantly and trapping an unfortunate drunk in his cell to starve slowly to death. Despite this (or perhaps as an odd twist of fate), one of the city’s police robots managed to survive the cataclysm (the other was crushed by falling debris), and since the city central computer is still remarkably intact (running on a fusion power cell), still continues making its rounds attempting to “keep order” in its devastated precinct.

The police robot is linked to the city computer, housed amid the ruins of the police station. It continues to patrol its route, leading north along the road and towards the junkyard (*Area 4*). It will fire at any living creature it comes across with its *stun gun* (*concussion grenades* at larger parties; it reserves its *photon grenades* for those groups that “resist arrest”), retrieving stunned bodies to return to the station for incarceration. The plantmen from *Area 4* are used to seeing the robot on its rounds, but are unafraid of it (it does not recognize animated vegetation as living creatures, and thus takes no notice of them at all).

Any creature captured by the police robot is brought back to the station and deposited in one of the empty cells. However, since it is programmed only to bring criminals in (leaving the processing of individuals to its long-dead human masters), it will leave captives here to die! It does not recognize commands by any person, unless she has the proper command card. It remains at the station for twelve hours every day, venturing out from 1200 to 2400 hours (the other shift was covered by its “partner”, which was destroyed long ago). It may, however, be reactivated if the city computer is *alerted* (see *Area 19*).

The station itself is deserted of life. It is still sealed with automatic doors (these metalplast doors require a *stage IIIC civil authority card* to bypass). Most of the rooms have collapsed or are in danger of doing so in the near future. The cells are all empty except for the skeletons of its past victims (even a drunk from before the war starved to death after being trapped here with only the robot to hear his cries); they can only be opened with a *stage IIIC card*. The city computer is concealed in a collapsed room, and cannot be accessed (attempts to do so will freeze it up and summon the police robot to the spot); it can be destroyed, requiring 200 points of damage - doing so stops the robot in its place, though it will remain put and fire at targets within sight.

GM’s Note - the police robot poses a considerable threat to parties of small size or lesser experience, and is actually only intended to maintain the feeling of “danger” in the inner city. The GM should not use the robot lightly; it is, in many ways, the greatest danger to the denizens of the Lost City, and should only be tackled later on in the adventure.

☛ **Police Hover Robot (1):** CR 6; Large Construct; HD 5d10; hp 50; Init +1 (Dex); Spd fly 20 ft; AC 26 (+2 Dex, -1 size, +15 natural); Atk Slam +8 melee 1d8+7; or stun gun +8 ranged 5d6; or grenade launcher +6 ranged *varies*; SQ Berserk, command level (IIC), damage reduction -/5, elemental immunity, frightful presence, magnetic shield, repair vs. healing, sputtering death; AL N; SV Fort -, Ref +6, Will -; Str 20, Dex 15, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills and Feats: No skills; Bio-Sensor, Built-In Weapons (stun gun, grenade launcher), Computer Link, Crushing Strength, Infra-Red Photoreceptors, Internal Power Source, Multiattack, Remote Computer Link, Robot Armor (Light).

☛ **Steel Security Doors:** 1 in. Thick; Hardness 15; hp 40; Break DC 25; Open Lock DC 20.

Treasure: If the party takes 1d4 hours to search through the rubble of the station, they uncover (DC 10) the old police armory, in which can be found two *concussion grenades*, four *stun grenades*, two *laser rifles*, four *revolvers*, a *stun baton*, six *light rods*, a *fire extinguisher*, 200 revolver cartridges, a *power backpack*, and eight *power clips*, all fully charged and operable! In addition, an old locker contains an intact *civil security suit*.

21. VIOLET FUNGUS (EL 2)

This large crumbling building can be seen, from afar, to be largely overgrown with a pale purplish fungus. On closer inspection, the fungus seems to subtly change color towards the front of the place, where its shade turns a more vibrant violet in color.

This part of the fungus patch, which covers nearly the entire front face of the damaged structure, is actually an exceptionally-large colony of violet fungus, which will remain dormant until it senses body heat coming within 15 feet or so, at which time it will attack. It will continue to attack random characters until destroyed.

If the fungus is destroyed and the building investigated, searching (DC 20) uncovers a remarkable find. Below the building, accessed through a narrow stair, are the remains of a huge metalplast door - dented and ripped from its hinges by the force of the Lost City's sinking into the earth - behind which is an old forgotten emergency corridor (unlit) leading 6000 feet to the old civil bomb shelters at *Area #16*.

☛ **Violet Fungus (1):** CR 3; Medium Plant; HD 2d8+6; hp 15; Init -1 (Dex); Spd 10 ft; AC 13 (-1 Dex, +4 natural); Atk 4 tentacles +3 melee 1d6+2 and poison; SQ plant; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref -1, Will -; Str 14, Dex 8, Con 16, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 9.

Skills and Feats: None.

22. ABANDONED BUILDING?

This decayed building is in ruins, lying precariously on the shores of the dark greenish underground lake.

An investigation of the old ruins finds that this place was once inhabited, as is evident in the old blackened fire pit on the bottom floor, rearranged stones and rubble, and boarded up windows. Despite this, no evidence remains as to who (or what) once lived here, and where he (or it) went.

A side door leads out onto a narrow precipice of wood built on the south side of the building, leading out a short distance over the deep murky water - a small improvised dock. A small wooden rowboat (oars intact) sits tethered to the dock, still usable.

Travel by rowboat in the Lost City may actually be an ideal mode of transportation - it allows the PCs to avoid many of the dangers of the city. Characters may use the rowboat to move in any flooded area of the city (the current is never strong enough to prevent passage one way or another). The game referee must be prepared to modify encounters along the shore should the PCs pass land-borne enemies (for instance, ghouls on the shore will notice the boat going by, and will likely throw stones at it as they pass).

23. UNDERGROUND RIVER

The city ruins and rubble-strewn streets abruptly end at the beginnings of a murky, dark waterway. Sediment hangs heavily in the water, suggesting it might not be wise to drink from its shores. The cold still waters seem to stretch as far as the eye can see at this point, creating a barrier to further progress one way or another. Some means will have to be devised to cross this underground river.

The waterfalls feeding the cavern create this natural waterway, which meanders through the south part of the city from the *Underground Lake (Area 8)*. The water is deep (cannot be waded) and *very cold*, though is home to little or no native life other than small guppy-like blind cave fish, and the odd crocodile (very rare). It is not generally suited for consumption by humans and humanoids due to the high content of silt and detritus remaining in it.

There is a 10% chance, however, that loud commotion in or around the banks of the river will draw the attention of the giant amoeba living in the lake (*Area 8*), which will likely slither up the river to investigate!

24. PUBLIC PARKING

Quiet is all that reaches the ears. Here stands an old lot of some sort, under the shadow of the broken buildings standing all around. Trash and rubble litters the ground, where a number of rusted and destroyed vehicles sit, abandoned in whatever cataclysm it was that claimed the Lost City long ago.

This area was once a parking lot, and a number of vehicles remain. Among these are a *small car* (hp 45), two *large cars* (hp 75 and 55), and a *pickup* (hp 45). The pickup is missing its wheels and has had its power source stripped from it, while one of the large cars is likewise powerless and has also been stripped down (no armor whatsoever, not even the AC or Hardness). The small car is in operable condition, though the power source (a *power pack*) has been half-drained. The last large car will not run until repaired (*Craft, Mechanics* check, DC 18), but has a full power source and is otherwise in working condition.

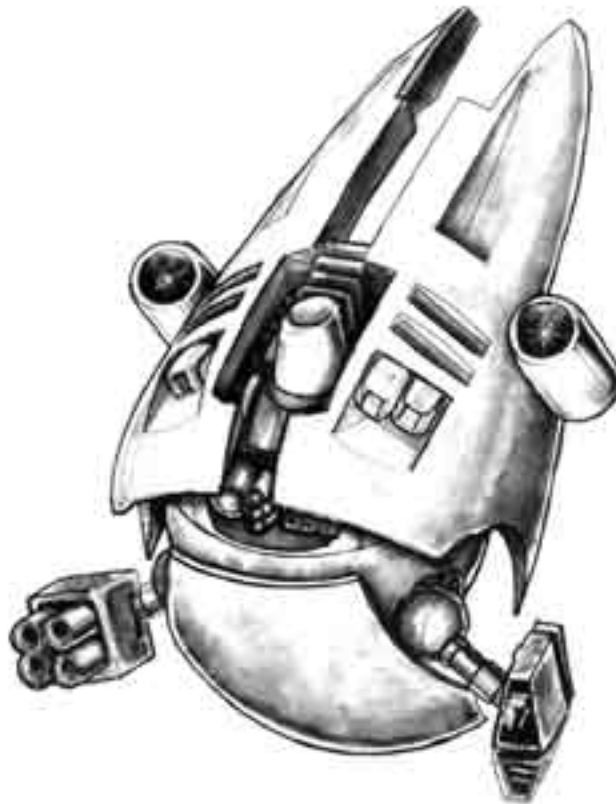
Getting these vehicles out of the city would be a near-impossible task, as the streets are congested

with burned-out and wrecked vehicles, as well as rubble from the collapsed buildings and sections of fallen ceiling from the dome above. Also, getting a car through the Upper Caverns would likewise be a difficult undertaking!

ENDING THE ADVENTURE

What the characters do during their exploration determines the ultimate course of the adventure's outcome. If the characters seek only to "raid" the Lost City for forgotten treasures and artifacts, then the conditions there will not generally change (unless tremendous damage was done). If the PCs become active participants on one side or another, this could very well lead to an all-out war with the various communities taking to the pitch-black ruins in open street warfare.

If one or more communities are left standing after the player characters leave, the future of the Lost City may swing in drastically different directions. Such is the nature of the place.



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