



Cave of Life

A Darwin's World Adventure

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INTRODUCTION

The Cave of Life is a complete adventure setting for the post-holocaust role-playing game, *Darwin's World*. The adventure is set in the abandoned remains of an old missile silo, ostensibly somewhere along the fringes of the Grass Plains region, or somewhat further north, perhaps in the Forbidden Lands - though the game master (GM) may certainly set it anywhere that is more convenient to his current campaign.

BACKGROUND

The Cave of Life is meant to be an *introductory* module, a good starting point for beginning a campaign in *Darwin's World*. It briefly introduces the players as members of a "primitive desert tribe", on a quest to prove their worth as warriors by entering the fabled Cave of Life, in search of water for their struggling community. Should they prove able, they will find the legendary water source as directed. Once they have secured the success of their mission, they may become adventurous and continue to explore the "cave", though what they find deep within its recesses may be more nightmarish than they ever imagined!

Alternatively, *The Cave of Life* can serve as a base of operations, a refuge, or for any other purpose the players might come up with should they eventually take it over as their own.

Here are some other ways of introducing the player characters to the old silo:

THE NEW HOME

An increase in raider activity, a prophesized era of increased radioactivity in the area, or perhaps in preparation for an exceptionally harsh nuclear winter, the characters' tribe has decided to abandon its old

village and find a new home - in the caves. The young, valiant PCs are called upon to delve into the dark recesses of the fabled caves, map it thoroughly, and document (and possibly destroy) any dangers they find on their excursion. The hope of the tribe is to find the legendary water supply there intact, as well as enough rooms and subterranean chambers to house the entire community - to become a new "home". If they can manage to get the old air filtration systems up and running again, the caves could conceivably be used on an indefinite basis - a permanent refuge for the tribe!

THE IMPENDING DOOM

Alternatively, the caves could be used separately - not involving a "tribe" at all. Here is an example - the characters, hounded by a pack of exceptionally savage and well-armed raiders, must search for a place to hide and find the "caves" in the process. Unfortunately, they discover their would-be hideout poses even more dangers! The PCs soon realize that they could conceivably retreat into the recesses of the caves, playing cat-and-mouse on the foolishly-brazen raiders who sloppily enter the complex in search of them - leading them into traps, hazardous areas, etc. This optional method of playing *The Cave of Life* has the potential to be one of the most exciting.

HOTEL HELL

This optional setting puts a twist on the typical "find-shelter adventure". The characters, wandering the wastes, see a radiation storm on the horizon, miles high in the sky. Knowing they cannot stay out in the open to face the storm (the rain alone would eat away their flesh), they find shelter by entering the old abandoned silo. As the storm swarms overhead, they realize they will be here for perhaps days, and set out to explore the complex. Returning from a certain venture, they find much of their foodstuffs gone, and

supplies ransacked, and the telltale signs of numerous *intruders*. They are not alone - another group has taken shelter here from the storm as well. To their horror, they find that the group is actually a pack of hideous ghouls, who have followed their scent into the silo. Unable to leave because of the acidic storm, they are forced to either hunt the ghouls down and take them out, or be picked off one by one by the stealthy fiends.

The Cave of Life is especially ideal as an introductory adventure, both because of its introductory beginning (that is, the characters are partaking of their first journey outside the tribe's domain), as well as the relatively low amount of artifacts and dangerous creatures within. Although no less a challenge to accomplish, *The Cave of Life* is not likely to kill off the characters or put them in a position where they are incredibly powerful too soon in the campaign.

You will notice that the actual task of retrieving the water is relatively easy - if the PCs are able to recognize where it's located. However, this is intentional - no community would send its future warriors off to certain death, as this would mean a very low number of warriors indeed! Instead, the PCs should be encouraged by the ease of finding the water cache and motivated to explore the complex for a greater challenge.

PLAYERS INTRODUCTION

The deserts of the post-holocaust world are a dangerous place, where fresh water is scarce and men brave enough to defend it even scarcer. Storms of radiated wind, blights lasting years, and the savage bands of mutated raiders - often well equipped - are just some of the hazards that threaten to squelch good men and communities from rising from the ashes to find a new future.

You and your fellows are a group of youths who have been raised in a small desert community in the wasteland. You have seen the efforts and toil of your forefathers to build this small community into a hopeful future, and you have lived well among the others behind the adobe walls of your desert home. Yet the time comes when you and your friends, nearing adulthood, will be required to pass the rite of manhood that all warriors and heroes of your tribe have taken since ages past.

You must travel to the infamous Cave of Life, and retrieve water from the endless supply said to be hidden deep within the complex's many twisting caves. You must brave the dangers of the cave, its rumored denizens, and bring back at least four full waterskins to your community so that you can take your place among the worthy.

THE CAVES

The legendary "Cave Of Life" has long been a part of the local mythology and folklore; though its true purpose has been lost to antiquity. It is known, however, that *The Cave of Life* was once a place of great importance and secrecy in the times of the Ancients (though again, no one knows exactly why),

and hence the mystery and fear surrounding it even today.

This fear, embedded in the minds of even the hard desert raiders, has not been lost on the locals. As a part of their rites of manhood, when an adolescent member of the tribe is to become a warrior in the eyes of his people, he is sent to *The Cave of Life* to retrieve no less than four flasks of water from its legendary limitless source of water.

This source of fresh clean water has long been known, and was first exploited generations ago by the tribesmen who braved this harsh and hazardous region. But they have also known, from time immemorial, that strange dangers and creatures dwell beneath the earth in *The Cave of Life*.

Thus the characters find themselves arrayed in the desert, under the hot setting sun. Before them runs an ancient cement pathway - a road - overgrown and half-lost to the shifting sands. The elders inform them that this lost road will lead them to *The Cave of Life*, where they will either find their destiny as warriors ... or as victims to the dangers of the Ancients.

The Cave of Life is, in fact, the remnants of an ancient Titan I missile silo somewhere in the American Midwest - now a vast desert of immense proportions that stretches on (nearly) for eternity. During the great cataclysm, the silo expended its salvo of missiles and was itself bombed, but survived very much intact. Abandoned due to high radiation from the attacks, the silo was forgotten until long after mankind vanished as the dominant race on the planet.

Since then, various groups have come and gone. The silo was sometimes used as a temporary shelter by passing wanderers, raiders, or caravans. None stayed long, and few cared to return, for rumors persist that strange mutated creatures and other dangers persist.

Despite this, the old silo hides many treasures that would be priceless in the wasteland, not the

least of which is the vast supply of drinkable water that still remains in the complex from the times of the Ancients. This supply of water, and other odd artifacts which are often discovered now and then, have attracted the attention of the player characters' tribe ... among others.

ABOUT THE CAVES

There are a few notes that the GM should be aware of about the construction and nature of the "caves". Since it was designed to hold a large amount of stuff for long periods of time, and to resist nuclear attack, you should be aware of several vital things:

Indestructibility. All pipes, whether electrical, hydraulic, etc, are mounted on spring mounts to allow them great flexibility during seismic events. This prevented the silo from suffering damage during natural tremors, as well as during bombings or direct nuclear attack (it would prevent pipes from being torn from their grounding). It also prevents much of the silo from collapsing despite its tremendous age. Only massive shock and tremors (not even interior explosions) are likely to cause a cave-in or collapse.

Ventilation Shafts. Nearly every room in the silo is connected to the complex's air filter, through a series of tunnels and vents that hover just above every room. All vents lead back to the filter, and are just three feet in diameter. It is conceivable that a character could navigate these tunnels, but it would require *crawling* the whole way. As these were used solely for ventilation purposes, no garbage or refuse will block these access ways.

Graffiti. Graffiti has been scrawled nearly everywhere on the interior of the silo - doors, doorways, ladders, stairs. Apparently the silo was used and struck during the Great War, but through the years desert scavengers and passing wanderers have ventured into the place to explore. The fate of the writers, however, can only be guessed at, and most

messages are illegible due to time and decay (though the GM may decide to devise messages or writings that may have significance, should he be so creative).

Flooding. Invariably, the silo has flooded over time in some places with natural groundwater. This water is generally not drinkable (to do so would result in low-grade chemical contamination), is cold, and very dark. Anything living in a body of water in the silo is unlikely to be noticed until it swims very close to the surface.

Powerless. Unless otherwise stated, the power in the complex has shut down (though the complex's main power source, located beneath the silo itself in a series of unreachable tunnels, is still operating) and computers, devices, and light systems will not work.

Searching. Searching any given stretch of tunnel or room (Search DC 20), in addition to artifacts referred to in the room description, will turn up one item on the following table (roll randomly).

Obviously, none of the items found are of immediate value to the PCs, though industrious players may surprise you and find feasible uses.

KEYED ENCOUNTERS (AREA A-W)

Entrance to the cave is accomplished through a single portal at the cavern's summit, an ancient hatchway leading to the ruins of the installation above – all but blasted flat by war, time, and the elements. This installation, completely gone now, nonetheless hides the cave entrance, **area A**.

A. CAVE ENTRANCE.

Following the words of your elders, half concealed in deep spiritual poetry and deceptive metaphors, you have at last found what must be the entrance to the legendary Cave of Life. Here,

Roll	Silo Finds
1	2d6 asbestos-lined 10'x1' wiring pipes (worth 10 cp each).
2	Smashed computer console, roughly 3'x2'x5' (worthless).
3	Wooden spool containing 2d100 yards of copper wiring (worth 2 cp per 20 yards).
4	Collection of 2d4 heavy-duty springs and coils (worthless).
5	Small box containing 2d12 replacement computer light bulbs (worth 2 cp each).
6	Box containing 2d4 replacement ceiling light bulbs (worth 15 cp each).
7	Pile of rubbish; 1d3 aluminum cans and other junk (worthless).
8	1d6 3'x0.5' lead pipes (worth 5 cp each).
9	Pile of rusted and useless hydraulic machine parts (worthless).
10	Scavenged computer console minus screen, certain keys, etc (worth 50 cp).

the flat level expanse of nothingness suddenly gives way to isolated bumps and rises, as if the sands themselves were acting to hide some secret just beneath their surface. A few hundred paces up ahead, silhouetted by the rays of the dying sun, can be seen distant metal "pillars", perhaps fifteen feet high or so, jutting from the sand in the distance.

Nearby, amid the circle of rubble where the wind cannot groom the sand completely flat, the observant among you spot something of quieting wonder – a section of cracked stone, cleared of sand, at the center of which lies a huge "hatch" of thick metal, almost as large as a man. Jammed open by thick flakes of age-old rust on its heavy iron hinges, it seems to beckon your approach with an almost "malevolent" impatience.

This surely must be *The Cave of Life*.

This is the ancient hatchway that leads into *The Cave of Life* - the characters roughly recognize it from the descriptions of past warriors and heroes of their tribe, all of whom are now near legendary. The main entrance, wherever it may have once lain, is now lost

in sand (see map), as are the main elevator doors (see below). This single hatch, ominous in its loneliness among the ruins, is apparently the only way in.

Characters searching (DC 12) the area around the hatch find the signs of past visits; an old campfire, its fire logs lost to time; stone rubble with bare twisted stone skeletal structuring peeking out from the sand and reaching into the sky. On a few of these stony guardians can be seen graffiti, recent and old; a Search check (DC 10) notices a familiar name (some past figure many of the youngsters looked up to in their tribe, before vanishing on his trial of manhood), proclaiming he made it this far and was now entering the Cave by the will of the Gods. It is a chilling reminder that he was never seen again.

GM's Note - The distant "pillars" are in fact the old ventilation ducts that rose fifteen feet or so off the ground (to prevent ground clutter from clogging them) all over the site. They are only a few inches wide here, however, and so there is no chance of entering through these musty ducts. In addition, sand and dust have clogged them over the decades, and thus they provide little ventilation whatsoever.

B. ENTRANCEWAY.

A narrow shaft, made of some remarkably smooth stone – no doubt worked by some unknown hand – descends into the cold darkness below. One by one you descend on old iron rungs set straight into the stone, aware of the growing blackness and increasing chill.

Finally, at the bottom, you find what appears to be a series of small empty chambers, each filled with dust and accumulated debris – bits of stone, rotted trash, and bundles of wiring, piping, and twisted iron bars fused in some great catastrophe long, long ago.

Your footsteps echo eerily into the darkness, but there is a slight comfort – a comfort in knowing that past heroes of your people once passed this way as well in search of the cave's eternal source of water.

The outer entry chambers to the silo number three separate “rooms”. The shaft the PCs enter by is actually the old emergency hatchway, which is a narrow concrete tunnel with a rusted but intact ladder running down its length to the small circular room beneath – nearly forty feet, vertically. Narrow passages lead from each of these garbage-filled, empty rooms to **area C** (**area C** being the third of the rooms).

The furthest chamber (formerly the main stairway), set deeper down and into the rock, has all but collapsed. Dust from the desert outside manages to powder the clammy floor here, causing footsteps to echo with an odd crunching sound. Inside, this final chamber is completely black, the old placards on the walls having decayed or faded into obscurity long ago. The stairwell, which once connected to the surface via a huge sliding concrete block, has rusted completely,

and is now buried under tons of collapsed concrete and soil. It is obvious there is no way to clear this area.

The central room, in which the PCs enter, is likewise extensively damaged. A huge block of thick, cracked concrete has fallen down the tunnel and obscured much of the final few feet of the shaft. As one descends by ladder, he must slide down the sloped column of concrete to reach this level. It is obvious that leaving will not be easy. In fact, when the PCs return, it requires a Climb check (DC 15) to scale back up the smooth slab to reach the bottom rungs of the shaft's ladder.

C. ELEVATOR SHAFT.

The cold and unfeeling silence of concrete has given way to an even colder and more menacing nothingness. A metal platform sits here, ringed by a slender, weakened railing of rusted iron, over the edge of which you can only see plummeting darkness with seemingly no end – up or down. A small set of rusted stairs appears to descend into pitch blackness as well, running along the insides of the inner wall – from this height, with your meager lights (torch or lantern), your eyes can barely see the level below where the stairs level off, but you cannot make out any distinct features.

The old “elevator” is merely an open cage that once descended into the silo complex – for quick transport of installation personnel. A flight of stairs, in case of emergencies (such as a power outage) leads along the outside of the elevator, along the wall, as an alternative method of descending the huge shaft. The actual elevator itself is enclosed in a metal cage, so there is no danger of falling over the railing to one's death, but the elevator has long ceased to function. It

remains firmly in place at the top of the shaft, at the landing leading to the entry chambers. Thus, the stairs must be used to enter the complex.

Passage up and down the stairs is a precarious undertaking, even for the nimble of foot, requiring yet another Climb check (DC 10). Any character failing slips, trips, or simply falls straight through a rusted section of stairs. The fall deals 3d6 damage and the unfortunate PC will need to swim to reach the walkway at the bottom.

If the characters mention that their characters look *up* from the top platform, they will be able to see up the elevator shaft to the huge concrete doors high above, firmly closed (and buried under tons of sand), with heavy rusted cables dangling downwards like vines in a metal jungle. These doors were once capable of opening the passage of the elevator to the silo surface, where large amounts of personnel or other equipment could be loaded for quicker transport to the levels below.

These doors are now permanently shut (the machinery used to open them has long rusted shut), and far too heavy for even tons of sand and rubble to punch through.

D. BLAST DOORS.

Your long descent into darkness, though precarious and terrifying, has finally come to an end at the great central shaft's end. But the area at the bottom of the rickety iron stairs is no less cold and lifeless as the chambers above. What few lights you have illuminate the open metal elevator shaft that continues on down past this area as well into more darkness below. A careful look over the edge shows a calm, black water has filled up the shaft nearly to this level, and there is no telling what lies further down the flooded shaft

underwater. The stairs, too, continue on under the murky water, slipping out of sight due to the weakness of your lights.

Along the surface of the walls of this area, you find a small alcove; here stands a pair of truly *gigantic* metal doors, each several feet larger than the tallest man, with powerful hand wheels on the outer surface on each door. The metal surface of the doors is marked by old graffiti from unknown visitors to the caves, no doubt many of which are decades old.

Luckily, the massive metal doors stand permanently ajar; beyond, only darkness can be seen.

The bottom of the shaft's emergency stairs is a small area where the old elevator could let off passengers/equipment before proceeding even further down into the subterranean installation (most likely to old maintenance or heavy machinery areas below).

The characters will ultimately be able to take in the whole entirety of this new area as they first come into the place. The stairs and the elevator shaft both continue on past this point, but water has flooded the rest of the shaft, making it impossible to continue that way.

At the bottom of the stairs (and at the bottom of the elevator shaft) lie the *main blast doors* that lead into the main silo complex. The doors are each a foot thick of solid steel, operated by hand wheels; luckily, the doors remain open, bearing heavy damage as if the doors were battered and the lock mechanism cut out

with a metal torch long ago.

A single person can pass through the narrow opening between the two jammed doors at a time.

E. ENTRANCE TUNNEL.

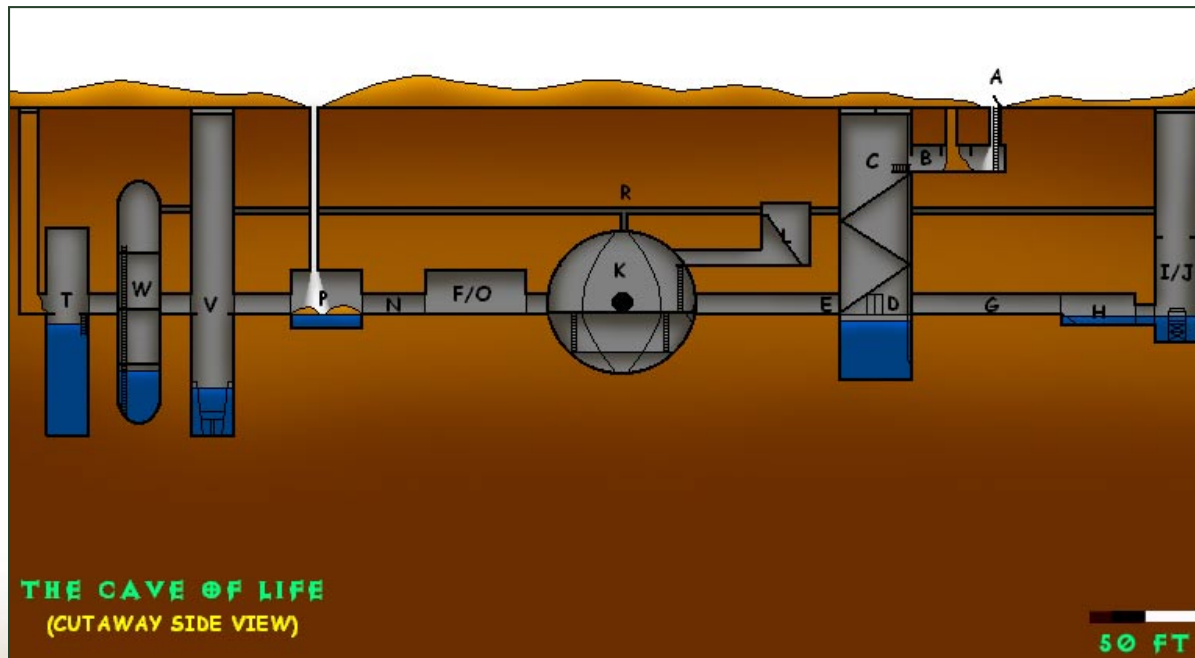
Beyond the massive portals of steel lies a strange tunnel, itself leading off into more unrelenting darkness. Each person present gets a strange sense here, as if you have entered a place long...forgotten. Indeed, the very nature of the tunnel seems strange to your unaccustomed eyes - not at all like the naturally occurring caves you have seen or heard of in the desert.

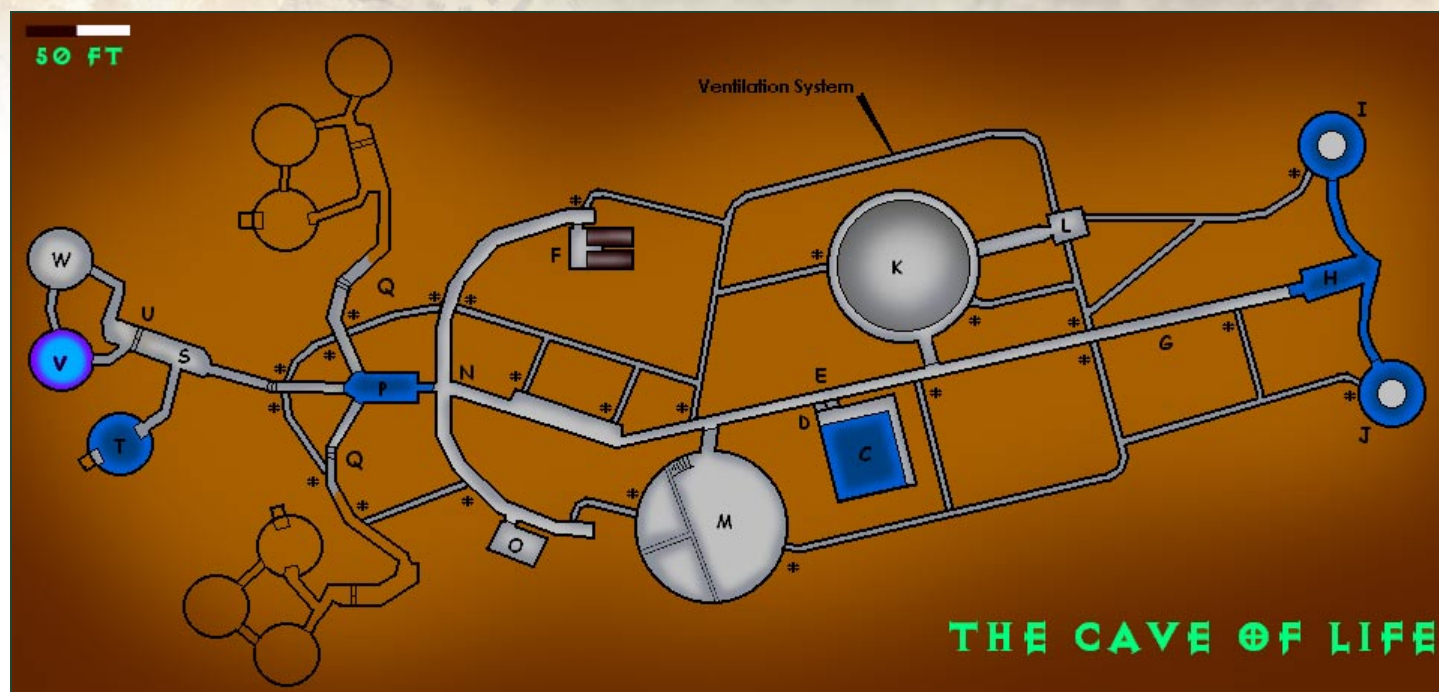
This tunnel is *oval* in its bizarre shape, and seems to actually be made of a corrugated *metal* - heavily rusted, but easily differentiated from the stone you expected to see.

Trash, bits of fallen stone, and lengths of discarded pipe lie everywhere. Your first careless footsteps echo through the eerie emptiness, answered only by the gloomy sound of dripping *water* in the distance.

The entrance tunnel is the first hint that the "Cave Of Life" is not what it seems - the tunnel is obviously reinforced (but for some unknown reason), and not some natural cavern complex as might have previously been thought. This place is ancient, older than the PCs surely and perhaps even older than their people...

The open blast doors lead directly into the entrance tunnel of the complex; as the PCs pass beyond the doors, they see a main tunnel leading off in each direction.





F. WATER TANKS.

Much to your collective surprise, a large alcove lies here off from the main tunnel. Peering within, holding up lamps and torches, you see a series of old rusted pipes leading from the roof to a pair of *gigantic*, black, cylindrical tanks set straight into the metallic wall.

Murky water and runny mud pools on the ground at the base of these giant metal tanks, while a trickle of ice-cold water can be seen dripping from various points on the old wall pipes.

This must be the legendary wellspring of your people!

This is, in fact, the same legendary source of endless water the PCs have heard of throughout their lives; all the greatest warriors of the past and the tribe's most notable heroes came here as part of their own rites of manhood, taking their fill of the fresh clean water here and leaving *The Cave of Life* alive.

Each of these giant black tanks are actually just the exposed ends of two *huge* sunken water reservoirs - originally containing some 30,000 gallons of fresh water for the occupants of the silo during "lock-down". Over the years, the supply has moderately decreased, of course (though the locals have no idea of this; they believe the water to be virtually endless) to around 38,000 gallons between them both. Obviously, there is no immediate threat of the supply

running out.

Retrieving the water from the great cavernous tanks is not a simple matter, however; the mass of pipes is greatly confusing, and getting the water to pour freely requires one of three checks; a Craft (mechanics) check at DC 16, a Knowledge (Technology) check at DC 18, or an Intelligence check at DC 20. If failed, 1d10 gallons from the underground tanks will be lost, per round, until an entirely separate check can be passed to turn the flow *off* (you may want to keep track if you plan to use the silo as part of a long-term campaign).

If the skill check ends in a critical failure (any natural roll of 1), the PCs have somehow managed to activate a backup system that channels the water

supply towards the Fuel Silo to flood that area (in case of fire); 1d10x10 gallons will be lost *per round*, pouring uselessly into the *Fuel Silo*, until turned off. This latter effect can be very hazardous, however, as there will be no way to tell that this process is happening (the water comes out a great distance away in the complex, and may not even be detected at all).

Any successful Knowledge (Technology) check indicates the PCs have figured the water system out and can fill their skins and canteens as needed.

G. COMMUNICATIONS TUNNEL.

This tunnel stretches off into darkness. The walls appear to be made of the same corrugated metal as elsewhere in the “caves”. Long sections of rusted pipe line at least one whole section of the tunnel, also stretching off into darkness. You can hear the sound of dripping water far in the distance.

The communications tunnel leads from the main junction just inside the silo blast doors (**area D**) for about 100 meters.

H. JUNCTION.

Your long and careful progress down the narrow tunnel seems to have panned out somewhat - you stand at the junction of two tunnels, a small stone room reinforced by a jumble of old rusted pipes and cables, the purpose of which is long forgotten. The room here seems to have flooded long ago, as a deep level of calm black water fills the entire room; metal steps lead from your elevated tunnel entrance and into the water below. A narrow “ledge” of stacked pipes leads off along one wall to the right tunnel; the other tunnel has no such ledge.

You hear water dripping from both directions.

This small room splits off to lead to the antenna silos (**areas I and J**). The room is entirely flooded with scummy black water, and thus there is nothing to be found within of value.

It is impossible to access the tunnel to the right except by entering the cold murky water and swimming. The tunnel to the left (leading to **area I**) can be reached by daring the ledge of rusted pipes, but this requires a Balance check (DC 16) for every 10' traversed - or else the character falls into the water. Falling into the water, while not inflicting any damage (other than a sudden and unexpected chill; the water has remained out of the sun's warmth for decades), causes all objects on the person to become wet (objects susceptible to being ruined from water immersion will be ruined 75% of the time), and may (50% of the time) attract the attention of the giant mutant rats living in **area J**.

I. ANTENNA SILO A.

The flooded tunnel you have been following leads to what appears to be a dead end. Lifting a light reveals, with murky dimness, a large iron portal at the corridor's far end, standing only slightly open - just wide enough for a slender person, perhaps, to slip through.

Entering with great caution, abandoning your bulkier gear outside, you see the chamber here to also be flooded like the rest of this section of the caves; the water appears deeper here, however, and much *darker*.

This cavern is smoothly cylindrical in nature, extending far up and into impenetrable darkness, the concrete walls ringed with rusted metal pipes, a maze of cables, etc.

A short metal platform (with a submerged stair leading from beneath the water to the platform's level) sits in the center of the room almost like an island.

For those characters who can read the language of the Ancients, there is an obvious sign on the massive steel door that reads “ANTENNA SILO A/DANGER HIGH PRESSURE”. The meaning of this message cannot be understood, of course, by such primitive minds - in any event, whatever purpose this place once served is now of no consequence - it is a flooded, abandoned ruin.

A close examination will show that the thick door is actually *rounded*, allowing it to fit perfectly against the cylindrical wall of the antenna silo - this is a feature which allows the door to resist high pressure, preventing it from being blown open by force from outside.

As stated, a set of short metal stairs leads up from the waters to a central platform - formerly the antenna array, mounted on an elevator that rose high up and out of the complex. Looking up, one can see the tremendous height of this shaft, as well as old rusted machinery and a second-story catwalk high overhead that is no longer accessible - the old stairs having long fallen away.

GM Note - In Ancient times, the communications antenna here was mounted on a movable elevator platform. When activated, the platform raised and the doors to the shaft opened, deploying the antenna on the surface. In an attack, the antenna was, of course, retracted to safety, the shaft doors closing in behind it. The antenna has long been scavenged, and only rusted pipes and metal parts remain. Neither the lift nor the door machinery works any longer.

The machinery to operate the antenna lift is located beneath the platform, mostly heavy hydraulic equipment, under water. The water in the room is about seven feet deep, but despite being eerily dark, is totally lifeless.

J. ANTENNA SILO B.

At the end of the long waterlogged tunnel, a circular portal – now missing – leads into a darkened abyss. Entering, you see that this chamber, too, is entirely flooded. An old metal platform sits in the center of the cylindrical tunnel, but the roof above – if there is one – cannot be seen.

The sound of dripping water and loud squeaks echoes throughout. As you raise your torch for a better view, the darkness around the platform comes alive with nearly a dozen sets of glowing red eyes!

This antenna silo is almost identical to **area I**; all the machinery was long ago abandoned as well, and the same damage seems to have consumed the place. However, on the platform and on the odd surfaced pipe thrives a pack of mutated rats, refugees from the inhospitable deserts above, which will attack any creature intruding into their secret lair!

♥ **Mutated Rats (5):** CR 1/3; Small animal; HD 1d8+1; hp 5; Mas 12; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 10 ft.; Defense 15, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +0; Grap -4; Atk +4 melee (1d4, bite); Full Atk +4 melee (1d4, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ scent, low-light vision; AL none or owner; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 10, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 4.

Skills: Climb +11, Hide +8, Move Silently +4, Swim +11.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite).

K. ENVIRONMENT CONTROL ROOM.

This huge chamber appears to be a sphere in fact, and is completely open; your lights cast eerie shadows across old rusted equipment and heavy machines leading up to the domed ceiling high overhead. Pipes and air ducts form a virtual “web” of metal and plastic everywhere, creating unnerving illusions of shadow and dim light wherever one looks.

A set of narrow rusted stairs lead from the entrance tunnel down to the dusty machine floor below, while a metal catwalk runs from where you stand around the perimeter of the chamber, about ten feet or so above the floor (i.e. cutting the chamber in two). From where you stand, you can see various tunnels on the catwalk level leading off into darkness.

This area is filled with ancient, decaying machines that once ran the air and water systems, as well as the four original diesel power generators (each capable of producing 1 megawatt), that powered the silo complex during the reign of the Ancients. The chamber itself is a hollow sphere, a two-story structure with sound baffling hangings on the ceiling and a floor made of metal wire mesh (thus the floor, unlike the ceiling, is not curved). The shape of this place was intended to protect from seismic shock during a nuclear attack; obviously, it has proven a successful design.

A large metal catwalk runs around the middle of this room, forming a narrow “second level” (the level at which the entrance tunnel connects to the room), off of which stretch old air circulation tunnels. From the catwalk, one can look down on the silent, rusted machines below without concern.

The machinery here, as elsewhere, is useless junk – any attempt by a single PC (or even a small group) will generally NOT be sufficient to activate the old machinery and make the complex “livable”, despite their best efforts. Conceivably this equipment *could* be brought into working order, but not without substantial replacement parts, diesel fuel, and technical know-how – something the group is unlikely to possess.

The tunnels leading off from the upper-level catwalk lead to **area L**.

L. AIR DUCT.

This tunnel is filled with debris and old rotted trash. Coils of rubber hose, broken asbestos pipe sections, and replacement sections of corrugated metal (ostensibly for the repair of the complex) are stacked wherever there is room. A thick layer of dust covers everything. A tunnel leads off into darkness

The tunnel here leads to the main air filtration systems of the complex. At the end of the tunnel lies a small room, dominated by a gigantic fan (larger than a man) that once blew fresh, refined air throughout the whole complex – but which is now dormant. Long metal gutters guide miles and miles of plastic-coated asbestos pipes – many of which have cracked open – and wire bundle cords down the length of the tunnel and its interconnecting side ducts.

Anyone disturbing the air here (any motion greater than careful movements will do) will cause the asbestos dust in the place to pick up and mushroom into the air; anyone without some form of breathing apparatus, or who does not immediately declare his character holds his breath, will inhale the dust automatically. This dust is highly dangerous in

such a concentrated and confined area, causing slow asphyxiation (see below).

⑧ **Concentrated Asbestos Dust:** CR 3; DC 13 Fortitude save to resist, 1d2 Con/1d2 Con.

GM Note – From this junction, numerous smaller passages (air ducts) lead off into the unknown. These are, in fact, the ventilation ducts that spread throughout the complex. If a character chooses to slip in one and navigate them, consult the silo map to see where they lead.

M(A). CREW LIVING AREA.

As you enter this area you smell dampness and rot prevalent in the smothering, musty air.

The chamber is strangely-shaped, as if it were the top part of a giant, cross-sectioned sphere - the floor, extensively damaged and littered with broken stone, discarded pipes, and rusted metal paneling, changes from bare concrete near the entrance tunnel to a black and white checkerboard towards the rear - as if a wall once separated this area into two distinct rooms. The wall, however, is long gone.

The south part of the room is sectioned off by a cracked stonewall, and an open doorway sits empty in its face. A narrow set of stairs, and a fallen-away elevator can be seen near the entrance tunnel, and strange graffiti covers nearly every stretch of wall.

The sound of dripping water can be heard echoing throughout.

This area is nearly identical to the environment control room (**area K**), being a large spherical complex designed to withstand high pressure from nuclear attack and other seismic effects. However, instead of a catwalk and open area, the “crew area” is separated

June 10, 2011. I can’t believe it; it’s finally come to this. I must have been in shock the day the order came because I can’t remember us locking up. All I could think of was dear Judy, my dear, sweet Judy. New York City gone. Completely gone. But we have a job to do, and I must forget ... forget everything, forget it all. It’s all gone now anyway, isn’t it?

June 11, 2012. We were hit last night. Radar tracked the SS coming in. We stand tall, despite the collapse of sections A and B. It doesn’t matter, we’ve already launched. Kiev, Canterbury, and Munich stand in ruins. And it was my order. My goddamn order...

June 16, 2012. No contact. Some of the men are showing signs of strain. Nelson is keeping to himself, too quiet. I wonder about him. McCartney is keeping his hold well, and is taking stock of the supplies with his usual orderliness. If this ends – if it ever ends – I want that man commended.

June 17, 2012. No contact. Sent MacIntyre out today in a suit to check the surface radiation level. He came back with a poor little dog that was dying from the radiation. I could tell the man’s sanity was slipping, but he needed to save something, anything. We’ve kept the poor thing – I think he’s nicknamed it “Survivor”. Even made a nametag for it...

June 18, 2012. Still no contact. Survivor is gone. Nelson said he’s somewhere in the tunnels, but our calls go unanswered. Someone is stealing supplies – if this persists we’re not going to last. Who cares? There’s nothing left anyway. Nothing but a desolate world of radiation and poison. Dear God what have we done?

June 19, 2012. No contact. What’s the use? There’s no one out there, no one left. We’re all alone.

July 20, 2012. Strange noises tonight, echoing in the complex. MacIntyre is losing his cool. Thinks there’s something in the complex with us. McCartney thinks it’s the structure in Silos A and B, just creaking. That must be the cause. Lasted for a few hours, then died out completely.

July 21, 2012. Nelson has failed to report to duty. A search has turned up nothing. He’s gone mad, fled to the surface. None of the suits are missing – he won’t last three hours out there. Poor devil.

July 22, 2012. MacIntyre has cracked. Says he saw Survivor in the tunnels, but ... I fear MacIntyre is suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder and will be detained until he shows some sign of improvement.

July 23, 2012. Strange noises again last night. I think the complex is weakening. I fear we may not have much time left, though we cannot go to the surface yet – Rads registering at 2000. MacIntyre was screaming nearly until dawn about Survivor being “changed”, a “horror”. McCartney is keeping him under. Note to self – are the supplies of morphine running extraordinarily low, or am I imagining it? Did Nelson steal the stock before fleeing? McCartney claims the stock is as it should be.

July 25, 2012. MacIntyre has had an overdose and is comatose. I think McCartney has been dipping into the morphine – he is totally withdrawn.

July 26, 2012. Dear Lord watch over us. Only you can save us now. Confronted McCartney about the morphine. He has confessed to stealing not only morphine, but also water and food. Claims we are going to die no matter what. He’s right. There really is no hope for us – the world outside is gone. May we all burn in Hell for what we have done.

July 28, 2012. Strange noises again last night. I can’t help but wonder what keeps making that awful roar. Sent McCartney into the tunnels to examine the structural damage. He hasn’t returned. Will take gear and find him tomorrow.

July 29, 2012. Put raving MacIntyre out of his misery. Taking pistol into the tunnels. Will find McCartney. Will return and take another surface reading.

Here the journal ends. No further entries are evident.

by a floor, forming two distinct levels.

The upper, entry-level floor is further split into two halves. The latter half, on the far side, has a floor covered in old cracked black and white checkerboard tiles, where the crew of the silo slept in lines of bunks - all of which are long gone. Various small lockers, beaten and rusted and set into the walls, contained their various personal possessions.

A small room with latrines lays off of this section; the cramped tiled room faintly smells of urine and feces, and it is evident that at some point in the recent past (a few years or so) someone has used this place as a messy urinal. The old fixtures, including stalls and sinks, are either missing or torn out and smashed on the floor.

A Search check (DC 18) reveals a torn and filthy black journal hidden among the rubble (requiring knowledge of the Ancient language to read), which has the following entries left legible (see sidebar).

The other half of the second story was the *control room*; here the ceiling is cluttered with overhanging air ventilation systems and old rusted pipes. Old computers line the walls and fill every corner - it is from here that the missiles were controlled - but these machines are totally ruined from age, ignorant vandalism, and moisture decay.

Most of the electronic equipment cannot be salvaged, but one of the computers is actually a *motion detector* programmed to detect motion anywhere in the silo, displaying movement on a computer-generated map of the complex - this will show a green spot for every moving lifeform detected (the giant mutated rats in **area J**, the life lampreys in **area T**, and the pit creature in **area W**, as well as the location of the PCs or any other intruders in the complex), and will track them as they go as small green blips. A Knowledge (Technology) check, DC 21, is required to repair the computer's link to its power source, at which point it will operate normally and continuously.

♥ **Locker Door:** ½ in. Thick; Hardness 5; hp 15; Break DC 28; Disable Device DC 22.

Treasure: A search of the dozen or so lockers requires a character bash the door open in each case. Most of the lockers are totally empty, but the following items can be recovered - an *automatic pistol*, two full *metal cartridge clips (pistol)*, two sets of blue plastic coveralls (uniforms of the former silo personnel), and a thick plastic binder filled with laminated pages; these pages are covered in launch codes and procedures (totally useless now).

M(B). CREW LIVING AREA (LOWER LEVEL).

Descending into this dismal and noxious place causes each of you to swoon in turn. The stench of decay, heavy rust, and spoiled water is almost overpowering - as is the subtle smell of rotten flesh. Columns of machinery and burnt-out computers rise from ceiling to floor here, creating an almost maze-like labyrinth; coils of heavy wiring dangle precariously from above like spider webs. The sound of dripping water echoes mournfully through the darkness, interrupted suddenly by a momentary "slithering" noise.

The lower level here is occupied by heavy machinery, old and rusted, that once monitored and maintained life support in this part of the complex. A small elevator shaft (the elevator has collapsed to the bottom level, leaving only the shaft) and stairwell lead up into darkness, to the upper level above.

This lower level is almost totally destroyed; most of the old rows of machines have rusted through, and falling concrete panels from above have damaged or flattened the rest. A few millimeters of sickly gray water has collected on the floor from the constant dripping of water from the surrounding rock. A strange fuzzy mold seems to cover several of the computer consoles, and as the PCs approach it seems to "shiver" softly.

The mold is, in fact, not a hazardous form of fungus, but its movement may unsettle spooked transgressors. It also serves to distract from the true horror dwelling in this filthy environment - a gray ooze.

♥ **Gray Ooze (1):** CR 4; Medium Ooze; HD 3d10+15; HP 31; Mas -; Init -5; Spd 10 ft; Defense 5, touch 5, flatfooted 5 (-5 Dex); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1 plus 1d6 acid, slam); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+1 plus 1d6 acid, slam); FS 5ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ acid, improved grab, blindsight, ooze traits, immunity to cold and fire, transparent; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref -4, Will -4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 1, Con 21, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: None.

The ooze is not recognized by the motion scanner in the control room, and thus will not be detected.

Treasure: Laying among the fuzzy moss of the fungus patch, near where the ooze waits in hiding for prey, is the rotted skeleton of one of the tribesmen from the PC's community - one who apparently succumbed to the ooze here and was slowly digested, his remains left bare. His possessions have almost totally deteriorated over time, except for a longspear, a *power clip* (at full charge), a *maser pistol* in a leather holster at his side, and four empty (unused) *ready-syringes*.

GM Note - It is interesting to note that the floor between levels is actually mounted on large springs (to absorb the shock of bombing), and that there is about 6" between the wall and the floor, covered in a rotted rubber "ring", indicating that the floor is actually separate!

N. LAUNCH TUNNEL.

The sound of dripping water echoes here as elsewhere in the haunting subterranean complex; the passage is low, dark, and musty, and the sound of your footsteps echoes in the distance; it is obvious this passage goes on for quite awhile.

A narrow channel of water, no doubt a result of subterranean flooding, leads off into the darkness.

This tunnel leads towards the three separate silos that comprise the main function of the complex (nuclear launch platforms), and features the same shock-absorbing features as the rest of the silo. However, the floor's central section has fallen away, revealing pooled water within - a kind of shallow channel running the length of the tunnel, roughly a foot deep. Anything dropped while going down the tunnel has a 1 in 6 chance of skittering into the channel, being lost in the water or otherwise ruined.

O. FUEL ROOM.

This small room is dominated by many pipes, several empty and overturned fuel cans, and a large black metal tank sunk into the concrete of the wall itself; the smell of kerosene is pervasive...

This room, which connects to the launch tunnel (**area N**), was formerly used to store the fuel used for the complex's generators. Structural damage resulting from the bombing of the silo has caused the old tank to *leak*, and thus very little kerosene remains (just about 100 gallons); the rest has leaked and been soaked through cracks in the concrete.

When the group enters, take note of the number

of open flames carried by the party; for every open flame (such as torches, candles, etc) there is a 10% chance that the flames ignite the potent kerosene fumes permeating the air - resulting in a massive flash fireball that fills the entire room and at least forty feet in each direction down the launch tunnel.

This fireball inflicts an immediate 3d6 points of fire damage in **area O** itself; outside, in **area N**, the damage is only 1d6, up to the extent of the blast (Reflex save DC 15 for half). In addition, if there is an explosion, there is a further 10% chance that this part of the complex *collapses*, burying the PCs under tons of rock - causing immediate death to all!

P. JUNCTION.

This twisted "cavern", filled with inches of black, smelly water, reeks strongly of rot and decay, with pipes hanging with rust "curtains" from the high ceiling overhead. Tunnels lead off in every direction.

A huge pile of trash and garbage rots underneath an open rusted hatch in the ceiling, and weak beams of *sunlight* can be seen piercing through the darkness above!

The hatch overhead leads to a sixty foot-long vertical shaft (barely three feet wide) leading straight to the surface - the egress of which cannot be seen on the surface, as it is highly inconspicuous among the dunes except from up close. Over the years garbage and other trash has managed to find its way into the shaft and down the chute to here, resulting in the gradual build-up of gross debris.

One cannot readily locate the actual floor of this junction-chamber because of the extent of flooding; any attempt to cross the room is potentially hazardous. Unless a Reflex save is made (DC 12), a given PC

falls into a hidden pitfall in the room, suffering 1d2 points of damage and becoming completely wet. There is no danger of drowning as the PC's comrades can easily drag him out of the submerged pitfall.

Q. COLLAPSED TUNNELS.

The tunnel here is abruptly cut off by twisted, corrugated sheeting and huge blocks of smooth, shaped stone; soil and twisted metal clog the passage. Some great cataclysm apparently caused this area to cave in.

The tunnels leading to Silos 1 and 2 are totally collapsed. Silo 1 was destroyed when the complex was struck during the apocalypse, while Silo 2 collapsed only a few decades ago during a slight tremor. Whether or not the Silos themselves are occupied or not, despite being cut off from the rest of the complex, is up to the game's referee; if you wish to expand on this adventure, feel free to detail these areas with all sorts of strange creatures!

R. VENTILATION SYSTEM ACCESS POINTS.

At this point in the corridor a set of metal rungs, driven into the corrugated iron wall, leads up to an open shaft above.

Access points are marked with a star on the main map. At each point, a sign on the ceiling reads "LAUNCHER AIR FILTRATION/WORK CENTER CODE 63123/BUDDY SYSTEM AT ALL TIMES". The various ladders throughout the complex typically lead up a rusted metal shaft and into darkness, finding its way to the winding ventilation shafts above the silos themselves (marked in red on the main map).

S. SILO JUNCTION

The tunnels lead to this wide barren chamber, the floor of which has fallen away in the center. Looking down the hole (which runs the length of the place), you see all manner of trash, fallen debris, and rubble below.

This room leads off to the three main silos, and is unremarkable except for an ancient blood trail (Search, DC 16, to notice) leading off to a nearby alcove. In the alcove is found the brittle remains of an ancient skeleton, a rotted white pouch worn about the back on a deteriorating belt, emblazoned with a large red “cross” – now badly faded. A patch on the uniform reads “MCCARTNEY”.

Treasure: The pack is found to contain some medical supplies – two *ready-syringes* filled with *stimshot A*, and a *ready-syringe* of *K-O shot*.

T. FUEL SILO

From the broken doorway, looking in, you can see that this part of the complex has flooded considerably, almost up to the point where your party now stands; the dark black water is only a few feet or so below the level of the entrance tunnel. Across the dark forbidding water can be seen an old concrete platform; a “doorway” beyond seems to be collapsed, and earth pours out onto the platform itself.

The sound of dripping water fills the entire place, echoing loudly.

As you approach, you see several eerie glows just beneath the surface of the water, which quickly sink deep into the darkness of the murky water as you enter...

This area was once the *fuel silo*, where volatile fuels (approximately 26,000 gallons) for the Titan I missiles were stored. The “earth” seen across the room on the platform is actually loose soil poured down the length of a chute (leading to the surface through which heavy equipment could be passed), now completely collapsed along its entire length.

The entire right side of the silo is made of metal plate, through which passes various pipes (used to pass fuel from this silo into the missile silo for fuel changes), which was meant to protect this silo from flooding when the missile launched (high pressure could threaten to break through the concrete walls).

In the cold black water thrives a group of four life lampreys, which await unwary prey. Anyone falling into the dark waters will immediately attract their voracious attacks, as they converge to feed.

☠ **Life Lampreys (4):** CR 1; Small Aberration; HD 2d8; HP 9; Mas 11; Init +3; Spd swim 40 ft; Defense 15, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +1; Grap -3; Atk +4 melee (2d4, bite); Full Atk +4 melee (2d4, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ attach, immunities, radioactive venom; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 10, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite).

Treasure: It is impossible to get to the opposite platform unless the PCs swim across the silo, build a raft, or somehow manage to swing across. On the wall of the platform is a rusted metal locker, which if forced open will reveal some abandoned safety equipment - three sets of *breathing apparatus* (ten-hour duration each), a *fire extinguisher*, two *acid-resistant large steel shields* (as *acid resistance*), and a silvery body suit (treat this as *acid-resistant leather armor*).

♥ **Locker Door:** ½ in. Thick; Hardness 5; hp 15; Break DC 28; Open Locks DC 22.

U. SILO 3 ENTRY

A large metal door, rusted and jammed in an open position, leads to a small barren room beyond; rusted pipes and creaking overhead ventilation shafts hang precariously from the dripping wet ceiling.

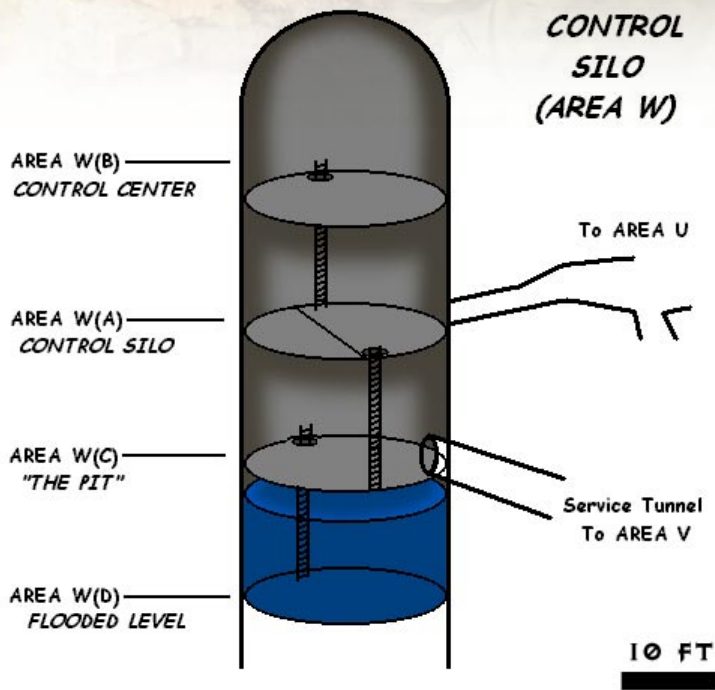
A large metal door leads to this area; on the face of the door can be seen the words “SILO NO.3/WORK CENTER CODES 63150/BUDDY SYSTEM AT ALL TIMES”. The meaning, as with many of the signs in the complex, is unintelligible. The door has a special locking keycard-activated system that permits it only being opened from the inside, but luckily it is jammed - if ever cleared, the door will automatically shut itself, preventing anyone from entering from the outside. A *stage IIIM ID card* would be needed to bypass it.

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

V. ROCKET SILO

Your footsteps echo as you come to the edge of a small platform overlooking a massive cylindrical chamber that stretches up into darkness and down into dark murky water.

The actual silo for the Titan I missile is roughly 165 deep (90 feet of which are under water now). The missile, of course, is long gone! Looking up, one can see that the roof of the silo is nearly inaccessible. The



huge concrete doors (weighing a colossal 116 tons *each*) are still shut after decades of abandonment, but were once designed to throw themselves open at the touch of a button.

Looking down, one can see the silo shaft plummet to cold, dark water below. A metal skeleton of stairs and a small rusted elevator platform lead down into the water, vanishing into darkness.

Just beneath the waves are tall metal machines, barely visible unless a strong light is used to scan the surface of the water. Any character falling takes 3d6 damage from the fall and possible impalement on the jagged rusted machines just beneath the surface (+5 attack, 1d4 impalers per target for 1d4+4 damage each)!

☉ **Radiated Waste Water:** CR 4; in addition to concealing jagged machinery, the water is also highly radiated. Even if a character manages to avoid being impaled, the water radiates a potent 750 Rads (moderate radiation; DC 18, 1d6-1 Con). There is no way to get back up to the platform from the water level except by climbing up the same scaffold of metal bars and pipes, requiring a Climb check, DC 25.

GM's Note - A small service tunnel leads from this room to the Pit level of the control silo; it is VERY cramped. To negotiate it, an Escape Artist check (DC 15) is needed. Even to reach the tunnel, one must scale the maze of exposed pipes and rusted metal bars jutting from the silo wall, requiring a Climb check (DC 25); if failed, the character in question slips and falls to his fate in the waters below...

W(A). CONTROL SILO.

The corrugated tunnel you have been following leads into a dark circular chamber, the walls of which are hard, smooth stone. A great deal of trash and debris litters the entire place; the smell is absolutely *horrible*. A metal ladder, rusted in places, leads up to an open trapdoor above; another open trapdoor leads into darkness below. A doorway, the door torn from its hinges long ago, sits across the chamber.

This area is special in that it is a separate “bunker” of sorts; shaped like a giant “cigar” (running vertically with a number of separate levels), the bunker is sheathed in concrete to resist shock and encompasses the *command center* of the missile silo. The bunker is separated into several “floors”, detailed separately.

The entrance chamber has been ransacked and appears empty. Trash and debris litters every corner. Water drips from the roof, and the smell is overpowering. A Fortitude save (DC 12) is required for all entering this place; failure results in a -1 morale penalty to attack rolls and saves for the duration of the PCs’ venture within the sub-complex.

The doorway in the rear leads to a latrine area, which is totally devoid of life; much of the smell of urine and feces comes from this damaged chamber. All fixtures are ruined. The rest of this level appears to have suffered from serious seismic damage and supports no life or anything else of interest.

W(B). CONTROL COMPUTERS.

This dome-shaped chamber is filled with massive computer consoles and heavy electronic equipment along every stretch of wall, rising nearly from floor to ceiling. All of these ancient machines are extensively damaged, rusted, or simply burned-out from time and abandonment, but a strange sense of dire purpose seems evident here – as if this place had once been the heart of the entire cavern complex.

Now, however, it is just a grimy, moist, and rancid ruin.

Roll	Console Label
01-02	Operating panel
03-04	Power panel
05-06	Starts relay chassis
07-08	Start sequencer chassis
09-10	Sequencer checker chassis
11-12	System analyzer chassis
13-14	Checkout No.1
15-16	Checkout No.2
17-18	Voltage monitoring
19-20	Telephone chassis
21-22	Launch power control No.1
23-24	Launch power control No.2
25-26	Checkout No.3
27-28	Fan centrifugal chassis
29-30	Timer sequential launch
31-32	Controller No.1 launch sequence
33-34	Controller No.2 launch sequence
35-36	Recorder time & cycle
37-38	Filter chassis
39-40	Log recorder
41-42	Dummy calibration analyzer
43-44	Signal analyzer flight control
45-46	Programmer command signal flight control
47-48	Signal generator flight control
49-50	Control signal conditioner - selector flight control
51-52	Power supply electric flight control
53-54	Point sensor propellant quantity control
55-56	Master checkout
57-58	Gas manual checkout
59-60	Launch logic
61-62	Fan propeller
63-64	P1611-009 recorder
65-66	P1611-019 recorder
67-68	Master fuel & launch checkout
69-70	Facility lox checkout
71-72	Missile lox checkout
73-00	Empty console

This upper level was the area where the control computers were located. For flavor, if PCs mess with the old computers, you may wish to roll just to determine the label of the system panel (see sidebar).

If you wish, just to scare the PCs, if they do play with the computers, have one blink on suddenly or have their actions set off an old alarm deep in the complex; the effects should not be serious, but may attract the attention of some of the silo's denizens to the area (such as the *pit creature* below)...

W(C). THE PIT.

Creaking metal stairs lead down into a musty, awful chamber below. The cluttered cavernous place is filled with old bashed and battered pieces of heavy electronic machinery, each covered in a thick layer of flaky rust or blackish-green verdigris. Old dials and meters, once brimming with lights, have shattered or rusted completely over, turning the place dark and quiet.

The pitch blackness here is only weakly illuminated by the glow of your torches and lamps, revealing motes of dust suspended in the air, kicked up by something waiting just on the edge of the light...

This area was filled with blowers and other equipment for maintaining the command center during high alert (when each launch section is sealed from the rest of the complex). All of this equipment, of course, is totally ruined.

☉ **Radiated Water:** CR 1; A *mild* level of *radiation* (DC 12, 1d4-2 Con) exists in the room due to the proximity to the radiated waters below; those who enter immediately contract it.

Living in the chamber, among the ruined computers and machines, is a particularly nasty denizen of the silo, which thrives on radiation - a pit creature. This horrible creature, tormented by hunger and madness, will pounce from the darkness upon first detection of intruders.

♥ **Lesser Pit Creature (1):** CR 4; Large Mutant Beast; HD 4d10+12; HP 34; Mas 21; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 11, flatfooted 13 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +4 natural); BAB +4; Grap +12; Atk +7 melee (1d8+4, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d8+4, bite), +5 melee (1d6+2, 2 claws); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ keen sight, immunities; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 5.

Skills: Hide +9, Listen +7, Spot +7.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Multiattack.

Treasure: A Spot check (DC 10) while fighting the creature notices an old tag around its pulsing slimy neck, reading "SURVIVOR". Searching the trash pile in which it broods uncovers a rare find, a *bronze stage IIIM access card*, three *ready-syringes* (unused), a bottle of ten doses of *stimshot A*, and a collection of human and animal bones.

W(D). FLOODED LEVEL.

The final ladder leads down to a completely flooded level of the control silo. The water is too deep to permit trudging or wading (one must literally *dive*), and too dark to allow one to see what features the room might contain.

☉ **Radiated Waste Water:** CR 2; Nothing lives in the water, though it has some latent radiation (the proximity to the radiated launch silo has polluted it) at 200 Rads (Low Radiation; DC 15, 1d6-2).

You may wish to detail the levels below if the characters somehow manage to return at a later date with underwater gear; in this case, you may even wish to say the complex goes much deeper than thought, with various additional underwater levels below!

APPENDIX I: CONVERTED CREATURE

The Gray Ooze is a creature from the d20 fantasy MM. Here is a d20 modern conversion for those that don't possess the MM.

GRAY OOZE

A gray ooze can grow to a diameter of up to 10 feet and a thickness of about 6 inches. A typical specimen weighs about 700 pounds. A gray ooze strikes like a snake, slamming opponents with its body.

SPECIES TRAITS

Pit creatures have the following Traits:

Acid (Ex): A gray ooze secretes a digestive acid that quickly dissolves organic material and metal, but not stone. Any melee hit or constrict attack deals acid damage. Armor or clothing dissolves and becomes useless immediately unless it succeeds on a DC 16 Reflex save. A metal or wooden weapon that strikes a gray ooze also dissolves immediately unless it succeeds on a DC 16 Reflex save. The save DCs are Constitution-based.

The ooze's acidic touch deals 16 points of damage per round to wooden or metal objects, but the ooze must remain in contact with the object for 1 full round to deal this damage.

Constrict (Ex): A gray ooze deals automatic slam and acid damage with a successful grapple check. The opponent's clothing and armor take a -4 penalty on Reflex saves against the acid.

Improved Grab (Ex): To use this ability, a gray ooze must hit with its slam attack. It can then attempt to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it wins the grapple check, it establishes a hold and can constrict.

Transparent (Ex): A gray ooze is hard to identify, even under ideal conditions, and it takes a DC 15 Spot check to notice one. Creatures who fail to notice a gray ooze and walk into it are automatically hit with a melee attack for slam and acid damage.

Gray Ooze: CR 4; Medium Ooze; HD 3d10+15; HP 31; Mas -; Init -5; Spd 10 ft; Defense 5, touch 5, flatfooted 5 (-5 Dex); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1 plus 1d6 acid, slam); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+1 plus 1d6 acid, slam); FS 5ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ acid, improved grab, blindsight, ooze traits, immunity to cold and fire, transparent; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref -4, Will -4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 1, Con 21, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: None.

Advancement: 4–6 HD (Medium); 7–9 HD (Large)

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