LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
ADVENTURES
TOWERS TWO
DAVE BROCKIE ~ JOBE BITTMAN

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*of the*
FLAME PRINCESS
ADVENTURES

# TOWERS TWO

*by*

DAVE BROCKIE

*with*

JOBE BITTMAN

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# Author's Introduction

The headline read **"Gwar Singer Dave Brockie, a.k.a. Oderus Urungus, Dead at 50."** I bolted straight up in my chair almost spilling a full cup of coffee. *What the fuck?!?* How can Oderus be dead? Nothing can kill him. I immediately forwarded the sad news to all my friends. Yes. The article says it could be drugs. That stupid selfish fucker!

My history with GWAR goes way back. The first time I saw the band perform was in 1989 at a shithole punk club in Trenton, New Jersey called City Gardens, but everyone called it Shitty Gardens. My family moved around a lot back then. The scene in Trenton was overrun by skinheads the same as back in central Florida. GWAR was opening for GBH and the place was fucking chaos when I walked through the door. My girlfriend at the time, Julie, knew the bartender or something so we sat at the back bar and either got served drinks or poured bottles of liquor into our soda. My memory is pretty hazy. I was fifteen.

I was a big fan of GBH, but I had never heard of GWAR at the time. There was a big banner with block letters spelling out the band's name that I kept mispronouncing as "G War." Then, the lights turned down and the Scumdogs hit the stage. Guitar riffs started sawing the air followed by arterial sprays of blood from some fucked up puppet head thing being decapitated. Holy fuck! I was completely terrified. A fight or flight response was triggered in my adolescent brain. I kept staring at the door. Should I get the fuck out of here? What the fuck is going on? No one else seemed to be freaking out and I didn't want to look silly in front of Julie. Also, fuck you. We didn't have the Internet back then. I wasn't inured to this spectacle by seeing videos of hostages being decapitated and crime scene photos of children at traffic accidents. You know. All the shit you kids take for granted these days.

There was suddenly a lull on the machine gun of sound firing from the amps. Someone on stage was fucking a redneck's favorite sheep in front of him. Then, they chopped the sheep up with an axe and the blood began spewing again. I laughed my ass off and finally relaxed. Over the next hour, I was treated to one of the best shows I'd ever had the privilege of attending. I never did get any closer to the stage than the back of the pit though.

GWAR became my yardstick for measuring whether a girl was cool or not. Years later, I bought tickets for my then-girlfriend, Trish, and myself to a GWAR show in New York City. You've never heard of GWAR? Perfect! I sat on the couch of her Upper East Side basement apartment waiting for her to get ready. She finally comes out of her bedroom dressed in a mini-skirt and a white t-shirt. Yes. I am a complete cock. I said nothing. We missed the opening band and waded through the pit to the front of the stage just before GWAR hit the stage. Forty-five seconds later, I was already at the back bar getting an earful from Trish, both of us drenched from head to toe in red and green ichor. It couldn't have been that bad though. We've been married fifteen years and have three kickass daughters.

The moment after I absorbed the shocking news of Dave Brockie's passing, my first thought was to find out what the status of his role-playing game project was. As a huge tabletop gaming geek, I had been keenly following it for the last year. The IndieGoGo campaign ended before I had even heard of it. The publisher, James Edward Raggi IV, posted an update a couple days later saying the adventure was only half completed. As a freelance tabletop game designer with several published credits, I thought I had a chance at being able to complete the project so I immediately threw my hat in the ring. A week later, I had the job and started poring over the manuscript. Loi-Goi. The Voiden. Why does this sound familiar? I pulled out my copy of Whargoul, Dave Brockie's only novel. The Loi-Goi is the main antagonist of the book. The name is also mentioned in the song, "They Swallowed The Sun," on the last GWAR album, *Battle Maximus*. I picked up my moleskine and started taking notes. I had to do this right for Dave. I watched and rewatched every interview and appearance of Oderus Urungus I could find, including his hilarious guest appearances on Fox's "Red Eye." My research filled me with even more sadness. Brockie possessed a singular humor and intelligence. He was an utterly unique individual the likes of which has never been seen before and likely will never be seen again.

The book you hold in your hands today is my meager attempt to finish *Towers Two* in Dave Brockie's style. Dave had already more than completed half the book and all of the maps for the adventure. His words are almost entirely untouched. I tried to match his tone and writing style using the example of the existing manuscript and his novel. Dave's original concept in written email was that the twin brothers in the adventure are actually the same person, and even dropped hints into the existing manuscript to foreshadow this. All the needles are in the red. It is my sincere hope that my contributions fade into the background to showcase Mr. Brockie's creative genius.

Fly now with Flattus, Oderus, and have sex with the dead.

*Jobe Bittman*
*July 9, 2014*

# ADVENTURE INTRODUCTION

*For centuries the province of Hune has been governed by the famously wealthy family it was named after. The mighty "Towers Two" have stood for centuries as a symbol of stability and prosperity over a world that seems to be increasingly slipping into chaos. But ever since the difficult birth of the initially identical twin brothers Razak and Zal, a shadow has fallen over the family and the land they had ruled for centuries. The brothers quarreled over the power they had inherited from their father (who was rumored to have been murdered), squandered his wealth, and sent the line into decay. The nearby village of Mlag, once happy to call Towers Two and the Family Hune their protectors, now live in fear of the fortress and it inhabitants. It is a fear born from the outrageous rumors that surround this ancient family and provide ample gossip for the sole tavern in the decaying town. But how much truth is there to the tales of strange lights and horrible screams, people disappearing from their homes, of bizarre creatures haunting the fringes of the settlements? Just what the hell is happening up there? A group of local merchants wants to know, and are willing to pay to get the answers…*

# ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

For roughly 434 years the Family Hune has ruled over the seaside village of Mlag. The village was established by the Lord Ragath, who, aided by the rest of his sizable family, carved out a trading post that quickly morphed into a thriving village. Soon the Hunes administered the vast income that came in from the verdant fields around the village and the salt-collecting ponds that lined the beaches. Using this income wisely, they built the Tower, which grew ultimately into the Towers Two, and from the security of these hulking structures they protected the people of Mlag, who began to spread across the region into the province that would ultimately be known as Gar. And for most of these 434 years, both the people of Gar and their protectors had flourished…

Until the reign of Lord Javon. His very rule was born of tragedy as he came to power at the tender age of eight after his parents were devoured by a marauding dragon. For years the province was essentially leaderless, and this was when the chaos began to set in. First the province to the north was lost to the Black Horde, then a series of devastating storms destroyed much of the salt-works and ravaged the local economy. But when the boy became a man he was not afraid to wield power—and wield it poorly. The long rule of Javon was marked by the beginning of the slow decline of the fortunes of the province. The fields went fallow, the fat hogs became feral and started to interbreed with other creatures—successfully in some cases. And as Lord Javon reached middle age and then began to grow old he became frantic in his search for any means to arrest the decay of his line and re-establish the respect his royal house used to command. He saw his only salvation in terms of his being able to produce a healthy male heir with a princess from another royal house. Unfortunately there were few noble families that would bargain their daughters with such a Lord. When Javon took a wife, it was the weak and sickly child-bride Lady Morose from the equally shabby province of Shub-Shub. She arrived half-dead, as a pitiless thunderstorm had followed the royal wedding procession

the entire way from her miserable kingdom. No matter. She was brought straight to the bed-chamber and after a hasty ceremony the quest for a royal heir apparent began in earnest, even as she hacked her lungs out.

No one was surprised that Javon's old and impotent seed found no purchase in her womb. Soon rumors began to fly that Lord Javon was allowing members of his court and even the garrison to "have a go" at the unfortunate girl, so desperate was he for a son. Finally, after months of torturous sex, the Lady began to swell. But this was no cause for celebration; it was merely the beginning of another long and dreadful period as the constantly ill woman almost died several times in the course of her pregnancy. The baby went horribly late, and the screams of Lady Morose's agonizing labor echoed from the Towers Two for days. When it was finally over, she was dead. But the girl had more than done her job. Lord Javon was the proud father to not one but two boys. The Lady was entombed in the catacombs beneath one of the towers, and many evenings Lord Javon could be found at her tomb's side, lashing himself with spiked leather straps and weeping inconsolably. For his new children brought him no comfort.

First was the problem that no one was actually present when the children were born, having long since abandoned the wailing Lady. They found both children locked with their mother in the embrace of death in a puddle of afterbirth on the cold stone floor. Since the order of arrival could not be determined, and Javon lacked the will to declare it himself, there was no way to establish ascendancy. But beyond this was the physical appearance of the boys. Though identical in form, there were differences nonetheless. One child was dark, the other light. Zal, the one of more pleasant disposition, was nonetheless sickly and pale, much like his mother. The other, Razak, was dark-haired and of evil nature, sadistic and cruel, and constantly harried his weaker brother. He was also possessed of a gnarled and withered hand that had turned black by the age of five. Javon hated them both.

As the children grew and the province further settled into decline, Lord Javon fell into senility. As the boys became young men they quarreled and fought, and settled into opposite towers. Their quarrels became the quarrels of the men (and creatures) they led, and gradually two rival houses began to emerge, living right next door to each other. As for the Lord of the land, he shunned both enclaves and spent the rest of his days with his dead wife, or wandering the underground passages that were said to honeycomb the hill beneath the keep. It was from here that Lord Javon made his journey to the other side, or at least it was said so… for the Lord simply stopped picking up his daily bucket of slop and disappeared into the underworld, never to be seen again.

Today, the few remaining people in the town rarely see their two princes, who never sorted out who actually ruled the place. The villagers scratch out what miserable living they can while the two Lordlings continue to amuse themselves by fighting each other, squandering their supposedly immense family fortune by hiring mercenaries, and building war machines which inevitably fail to do anything except burst into flames. This insane fratricidal struggle is waged on the field between the Towers Two as well as the courtyards, corridors and underworlds of this blighted place. But despite the blatant mismanagement of not just a castle but an entire kingdom, the trappings of wealth and power yet remain. Rumors of a royal treasury of immense size are persistent, and the yearly tithe to the Overlord is always paid (in a weird ceremony held on the border

of the kingdom that both brothers actually attend). This seemingly shabby land actually conceals many treasures, and harbors many horrors that must be bested to attain them.

# The Major Players

As the players will soon find out, there are many different factions present in the province of Hune, all with different agendas. Some of them don't even involve eating you! So here's a breakdown of the various alliances and dominant creatures, both human and not-so.

## The Townsfolk of Mlag

The Townsfolk of Mlag are generally a terrorized yet hardy lot, led by the bartender of the only operating business left in the town, Ferd, who runs the Slippery Spot, a combo bar/inn/general store. Less than one hundred of these brave souls remain, and have retreated to the few habitable buildings that remain in the center of the town. From here they vainly attempt to reclaim the salt-works from the Suck-Thing, and plot against their masters on the hill who have brought such misery to their lands.

## The Spooks

The Spooks are a small gang of hooligans and thieves that have claimed a building in the southern half of the town. They have also attracted just about every reasonably attractive woman in the area and are running a cathouse from the ground floor of their headquarters/whorehouse. Thoroughly neutral, they are much more the "good guys" than Ferd's militia. They are led by Dangle, and squeeze what life they can from the surrounding area. Dangle is an educated young man with political interests, a member of yet another disgraced family with dreams of overthrowing the brothers and setting himself up as Lord of Hune. The Spooks often play protectors to the townsfolk, and have collected many bounties from Ferd for the extermination of various monsters. They often tangle with raiding Eloi, usually getting the best of them, and have killed many large pigs in the bocage. For these and other reasons they are still welcome at The Slippery Spot.

Unbeknownst to Dangle, the ranks of his men have recently been infected by an agent of the Loi-Goi, which has infected one of his most trusted comrades and plans a murderous insurrection that shall not only destroy the Spooks but all of the remaining townsfolk.

## The Eloi

The Eloi are a loathsome race of aquatic creatures that are far more numerous in more tropical climates. However a sizable group of them has set up a stronghold in the caverns beneath the ruined Lighthouse of Ham, and from here they raid against their aquatic enemies as well as the surface dwellers. The Eloi are roughly humanoid in appearance (though covered in scales, shell, and spikes), slow on land (and certainly cannot linger there long), and fight with long barbed shafts that inflict terribly painful wounds. They are aided by a vast herd of mutated Starfish, which can be formed into one singular gigantic mass. This creation can follow basic commands that come from the leader of the Eloi, though its worth in battle has yet to be seen. The centerpiece of their community is the great Eloi Queen, who lives far beneath the tower, wallowing in slime and spitting out her unholy brood.

## The Sarkas Family

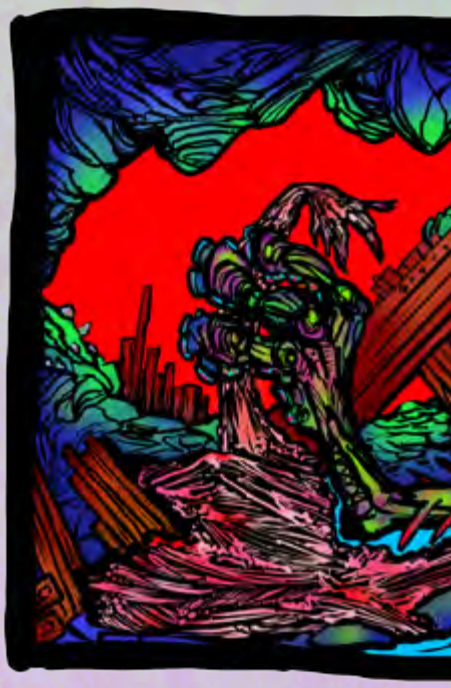
Beneath the southern-most falls that cascade from the Crud Mountains is a large cave that holds the completely vile Sarkas clan, an inbred group of humans that prey on the few unfortunate travelers that still travel on the disused Northern Road. Their lair is littered with the debris of their crimes, and their leader, the foul "Lord Sarkas" holds court amidst the sucked bones of his cannibal brethren's prey. He has assumed a monstrous form, due to his continued exposure to one of the Loi-Goi's feeding tubes.

## The Suck-Thing (The Zinanthi)

Drawn by the residue of harvested minerals that used to provide the town with so much wealth, the Suck-Thing (as it is called by the Townsfolk—its real name is the Zinanthi) now haunts the abandoned salt-works that line the beaches and surround the town. The creature survives by literally sucking its victims of all of their juices, leaving them a deflated sac. At that point the creature assumes the form of the unfortunate victim, which it can maintain for a time before returning to its normal hideous demeanor—a vaguely humanoid blob of corpulent flesh with stubby legs and long, spindly arms ending in huge hands, the palms and fingers of which are covered in suction cups. Its face is insect-like with a great wet hole filled with more suction cups serving as a mouth. A mane of spiny appendages form a semblance of hair. Semi-aquatic, it is rarely seen, only venturing forth from its lair in the northern sluices when hunger compels it. It is immensely strong no matter what form it assumes. There is only one Suck-Thing.

## The Dragonfly

In a cave amongst the highest reaches of the Crud Mountains is the lair of a gigantic Dragonfly, called by the villagers "The Back-Breaker". This predator is feared throughout the region. Incredibly fast, the creature is usually preceded by a deafening buzzing sound as it descends on its prey, which is carried off, dropped from a back-breaking height, (hence the nickname) and then taken back to the creature's lair where the corpse is devoured at the beast's leisure. The creature, well over 20 feet long, has been active for many years, and has been so bold as to steal people from the very shadow of The Slippery Spot. All agree it is a menace that must be destroyed, if there is to be anything like an attempt to revitalize the region.



## OSUKA-BARABAK

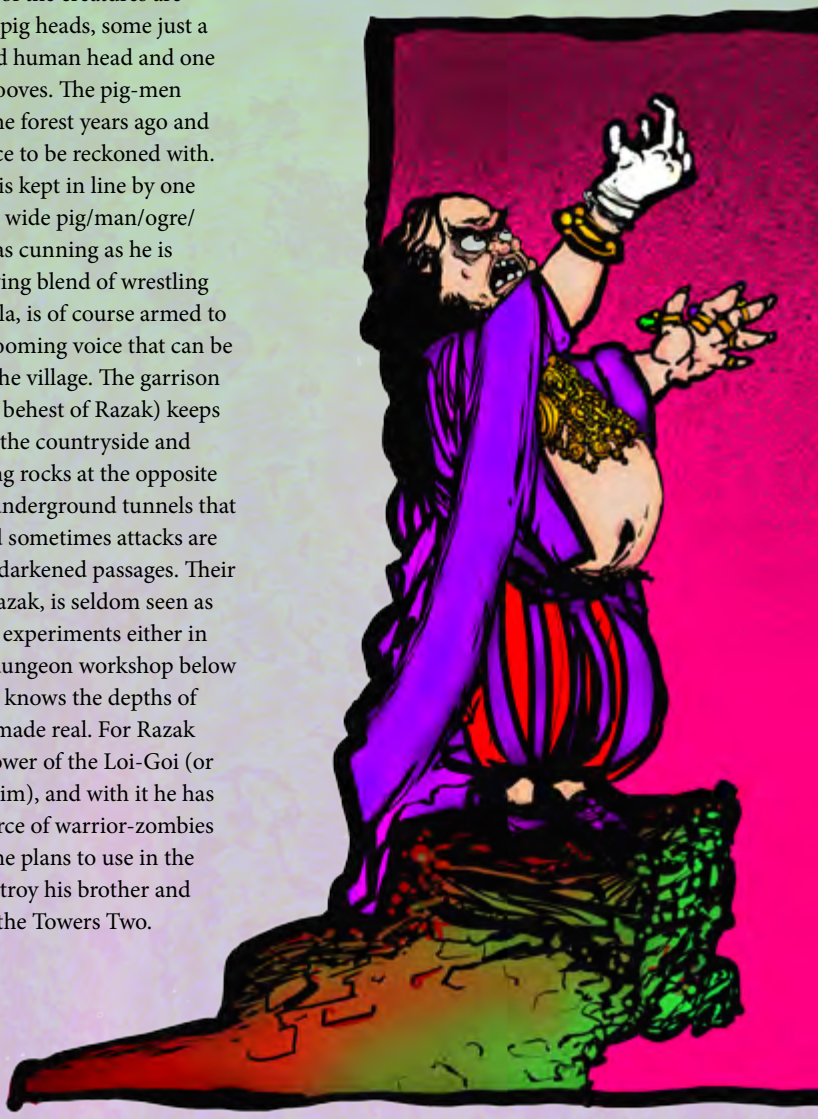
Osuka makes no secret of his presence in the area as most times he can be found sitting on a rock somewhere amongst the Crud Mountains. His pale, closely cropped head can be seen for miles. This creature towers well over 15 feet and his "hallo's" shake the very rocks. Very friendly, Osuka is the most conversant Giant one is ever likely to find and will seek parties out in order to engage them in political discourse, that is when he is not lost in one of his contemplative comas, where he sits motionless for days. Osuka is a great lover of news of the outside world, and is keenly interested in objects and artifacts that come from it. He may even display somewhat ominously objects that he probably shouldn't have. Osuka may even come to the aid of the party (after vigorous discussion of terms and such), but sooner or later will attack and try to carry off members of the party to a gigantic stew pot located in his lair. The locals, if not too abused, may remember to tell the players this. Or they might conveniently forget! After all, Ferd has a secret deal set up with Osuka that keeps him away from the village.

## THE OVERLORD

As another card to throw into this deck of chaos, the Overlord has dispatched two companies (around 50 men) of heavy horse cavalry, led by the grizzled Lord Florg, to find out why so many travelers have brought such awful tales from these parts. While tales of economic failure are common enough, new stories of missing caravans, hideous creatures, and rumors of necromancy most foul have finally stirred the Overlord to action. These guys can arrive per a random dice roll, just show up when it seems appropriate, or never make it at all.

## The Forces of Razak

Razak is our evil sorcerer and commands the northernmost tower of the Towers Two. His main force is comprised by an elite squad of hulking black-skinned pig/human hybrids called the pig-men. No two of the creatures are the same. Some have pig heads, some just a pig snout on a bloated human head and one or more cloven pig hooves. The pig-men began appearing in the forest years ago and quickly became a force to be reckoned with. The monstrous mess is kept in line by one Gorbai, an incredibly wide pig/man/ogre/nasty hybrid, who is as cunning as he is fearsome. This terrifying blend of wrestling hero meets wild gorilla, is of course armed to the teeth and has a booming voice that can be heard as far away as the village. The garrison he commands (at the behest of Razak) keeps itself busy by raiding the countryside and occasionally launching rocks at the opposite keep. There are also underground tunnels that must be guarded, and sometimes attacks are launched from these darkened passages. Their master, the twisted Razak, is seldom seen as he engages in his evil experiments either in his secret studies or dungeon workshop below the keep. Only Razak knows the depths of the depravity he has made real. For Razak has discovered the power of the Loi-Goi (or rather it discovered him), and with it he has created an undead force of warrior-zombies (The Voiden) which he plans to use in the final campaign to destroy his brother and lay absolute claim to the Towers Two.



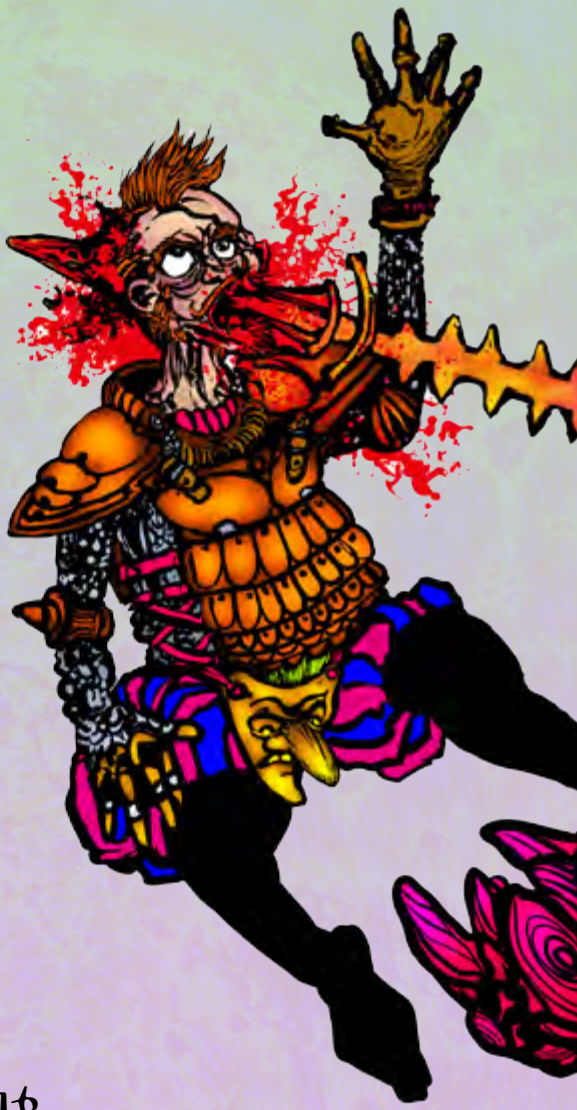
## NESTOR THE IMP

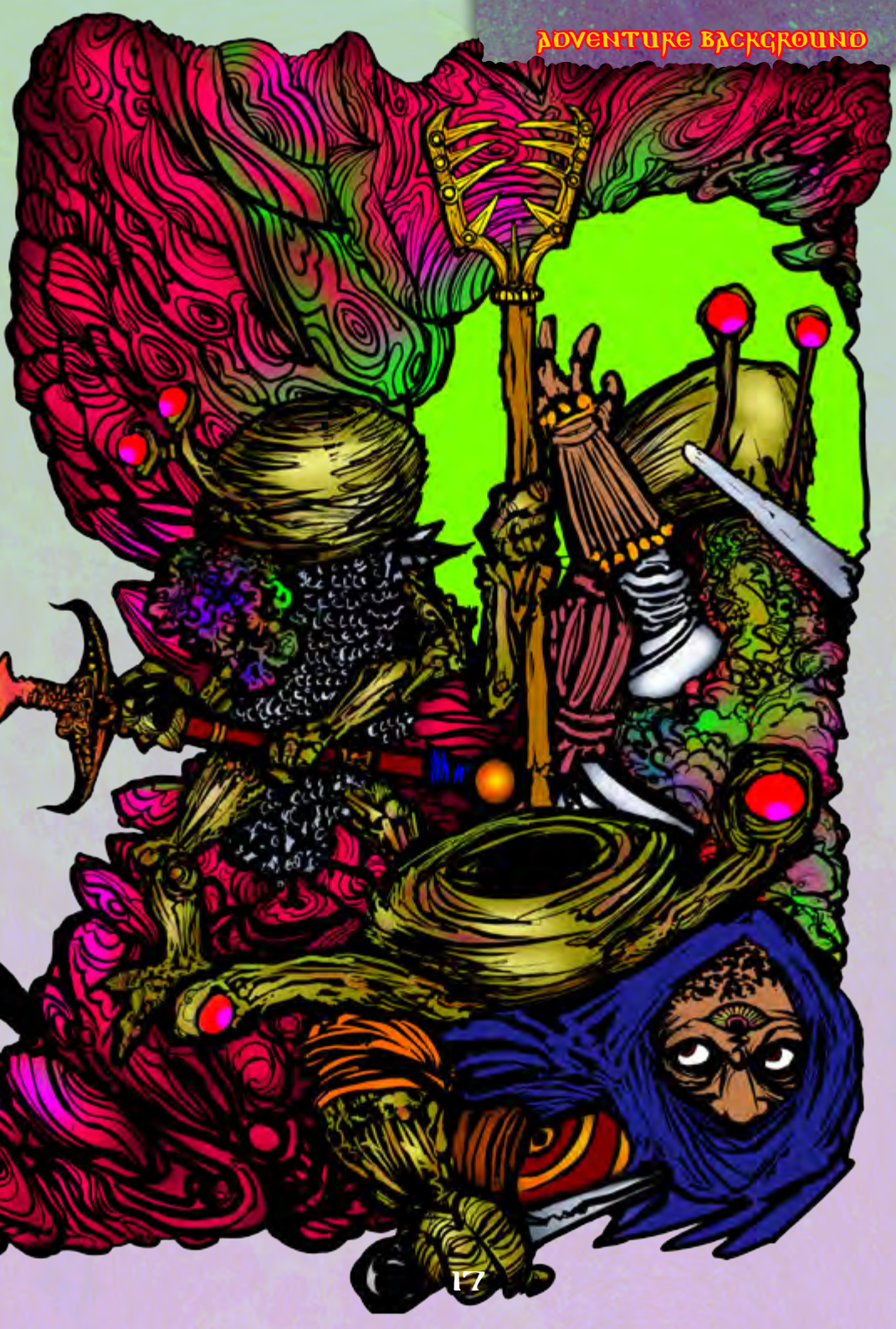
Nestor is Razak's familiar and is seeking the party to first determine their intentions. He will spy on them from a distance until his master, who can see through Nestor's eyes via the Kazza Gem (in Razak's spell-casting chamber), tells him what to do. Evils and neutrals will be enlisted into Razak's cause; more decent folk will be lured into traps and destroyed. Nestor's sole weapon is a blowgun which fires a dart drenched in lotus-powder that can char targets. He also has The Eye of Razak, a gem which he can either place or pin in any location (like a party member's clothes). This gem transmits all it sees back to Razak.

Nestor's hidden chamber is behind the bookcase in Razak's library. It's packed with precious gems he has purloined in his many years as Razak's slave. He will reveal the general location of these gems if his life is threatened. Nestor is blue in color with red hair, and is only about 3 feet tall with bat-like wings. He is very talkative and knows much about the area and its many inhabitants. He has a love for sweets and is easily bribed by them.

## THE VOIDEN

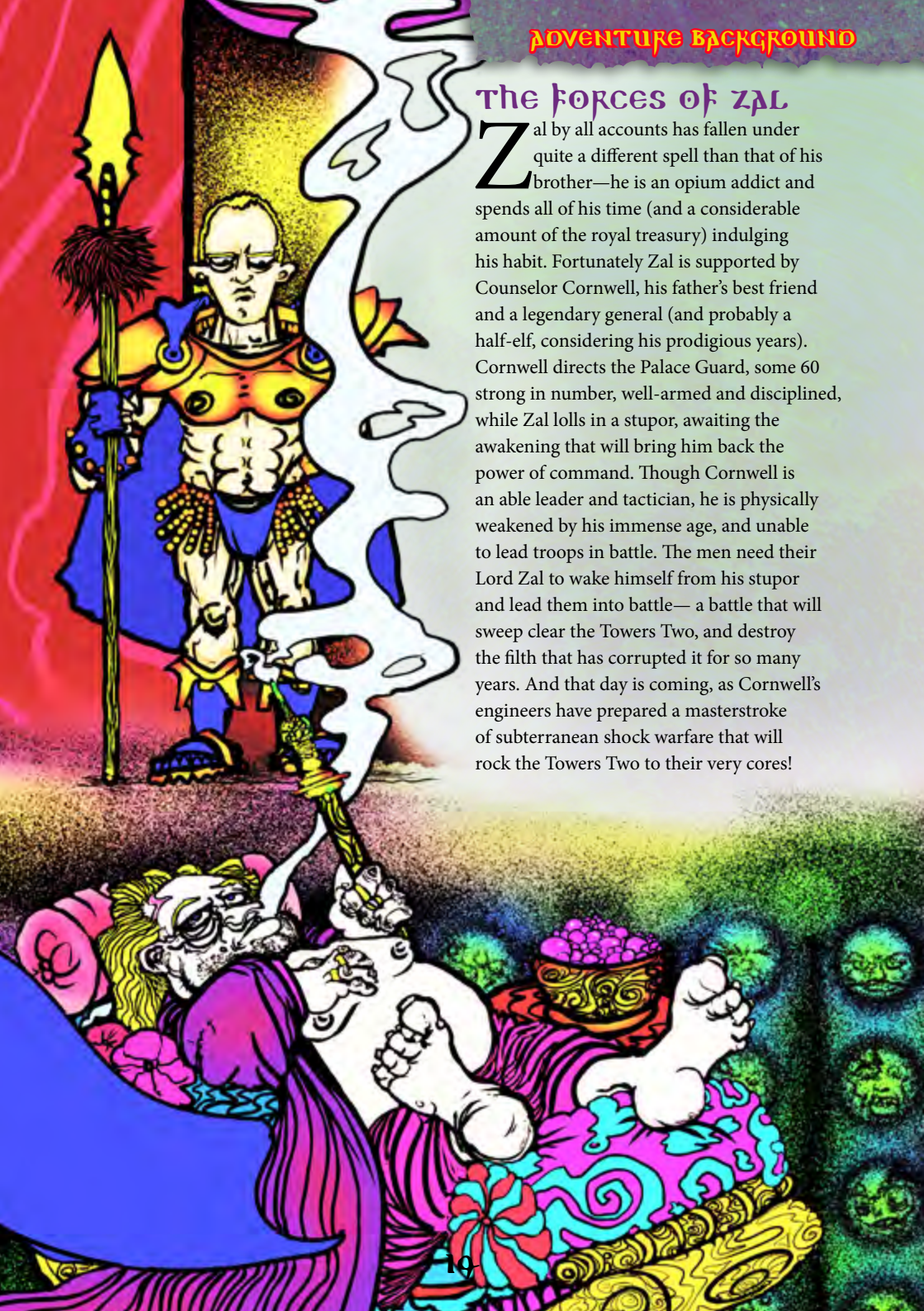
The Voiden are creatures Razak has created in the shops of necromancy he calls home, under the direct guidance of the Loi-Goi, who has reached into Razak's mind through the questing tentacle-pod of the Loi-Goi, which Razak discovered beneath his tower, in the deep catacombs near his mother's tomb. The Voiden are created using the parts of those once alive...they are then bathed in various sorcerous and chemical compounds which merge the various bits and pieces together. They are basically crudely-formed humanoids with olive-drab skin that looks blotched and bubbled with chemicals. They have faces like turnips, slits for mouth, nostrils and ears, and shifty, crab-like eyes on the ends of slender stalks that sometimes protrude from their vision slits. From their mouths hang ghastly masses of unused internal organs that are slowly being vomited out by the creatures. Razak seeks to produce a small army of these things to destroy his brother and finally rule the Towers Two.





## The Forces of Zal

Zal by all accounts has fallen under quite a different spell than that of his brother—he is an opium addict and spends all of his time (and a considerable amount of the royal treasury) indulging his habit. Fortunately Zal is supported by Counselor Cornwell, his father's best friend and a legendary general (and probably a half-elf, considering his prodigious years). Cornwell directs the Palace Guard, some 60 strong in number, well-armed and disciplined, while Zal lolls in a stupor, awaiting the awakening that will bring him back the power of command. Though Cornwell is an able leader and tactician, he is physically weakened by his immense age, and unable to lead troops in battle. The men need their Lord Zal to wake himself from his stupor and lead them into battle— a battle that will sweep clear the Towers Two, and destroy the filth that has corrupted it for so many years. And that day is coming, as Cornwell's engineers have prepared a masterstroke of subterranean shock warfare that will rock the Towers Two to their very cores!



## The Loi-Goi

Loi-Goi are planet-sized jellyfish-like creatures that float around the galaxy with no apparent purpose or means of locomotion. All Loi-Goi hope to be lucky enough to actually bump into a world that is inhabited, so they can fulfill their life's goal—to spread misery and suffering which the creature then feeds off of. Once they have found a host planet, they then burrow deep inside of it, establishing themselves in an immense underground lair from which they begin their evil plan. Soon they begin sending up questing tubes that suck down creatures of the surface world, or in the case of Razak, infect their minds. The Loi-Goi is full of attendant creatures called "Flesh Sculptors" that replicate the surface dwellers, sometimes perfectly, sometimes horrifically, yet always with the same purpose—to spread chaos and disorder that inevitably leads to the wars that the Loi-Goi feeds on. In this adventure two Loi Goi tubes come into play with a variety of results—one feeding the worm-like Lord Sarkas and the other aiding Razak in his undead experiments.

## Death Eye

The Death Eye appears as a large flying eyeball, yellow in color and roped with great greasy red veins. Easily six feet across, this ghastly sphere glistens with slime. A pair of decaying bat-like wings jut from its mass but they never move as it just levitates from place to place. The pupil is set with a oversized demonic skull with fully workable jaws which bristle with dog-like fangs. Burning red coals fill the sockets. The thing is capable of an ear-splitting scream though it usually likes to remain quiet. It will slip in and out of hiding and sometimes be quite obvious. They never work together. They are purely drones.

These creatures were created in the bowels of the earth by the Loi-Goi servants, and usually fly through the subterranean caverns of the under earth (which is the Loi-Goi's domain), sometimes seeking the light of the surface world. Here they carry out missions of reconnaissance for their master, transmitting the images telepathically to the Loi-Goi lurking at the center of the world. The Loi-Goi is a curious creature and has created hundreds of these things to observe the humans. They are constantly traversing the surface, but Death Eyes are far from the only means of obtaining information about the planet it has inherited and the creatures that live upon it. Many pure-strain humans have been taken below over the years. Here they are repurposed, sometimes transformed, and then sent back on various nefarious tasks, with the spread of chaos and carnage always the goal.

Though the mission of the Death Eye is to obtain information it is fully capable of defending itself and also initiating devastating attacks if its master wants it to. Each Death Eye has a Bum Rush, attacking by divebomb crashing into its foes. Its stats are included here as the Death Eye shows up purely at the Referee's discretion and is present on no wandering monster table.

**Death Eye:** *Armor 16, 6 Hit Dice, Movement 180' fly, 1 bum rush attack for 1d10, Morale 10.*

# Deathfuck Magic

The presence of the Loi-Goi taints the areas where it breaks the surface of the planet, and enflames base passions for blood, murder, and sex. The Loi-Goi feeds off the misery generated by fighting and warfare that inevitably follows. The Loi-Goi picks the most powerful leaders among the surface dwellers to imbue with its power directly, then it sends a tentacle-pod up the target's ass to inject some of its raw power. The Chosen's mind is stripped away until they become complete murder junkies that hunger ceaselessly for raping and killing. The only way to slake their junk sickness is to suck the brain juice out of their dead victims. Totally corrupted Chosen are sucked through the Loi-Goi's tentacles after death. The flesh sculptors can recreate the Chosen and send it back to continue the Loi-Goi's foul scheme.

Razak has spent years experimenting on prisoners and studying the power of the Loi-Goi in his dungeon workshop. The sorcerer calls his master's power "deathfuck magic," and has created a disturbing array of bizarre weapons fashioned after sex toys and bondage gear to more easily extract and concentrate energy-rich brain juice. These aren't the kind of dongs you would find in your mom's sock drawer unless your mom is a seriously disturbed individual.

Deathfuck weapons draw power from extinguishing life. Each time a creature is killed with a deathfuck weapon, bloody bone straws and meaty gristle erupt from the wielder's flesh and connect to the weapon to absorb the power. The wielder gains a number of deathfuck magic points equal to the number of the slain creature's Hit Dice.

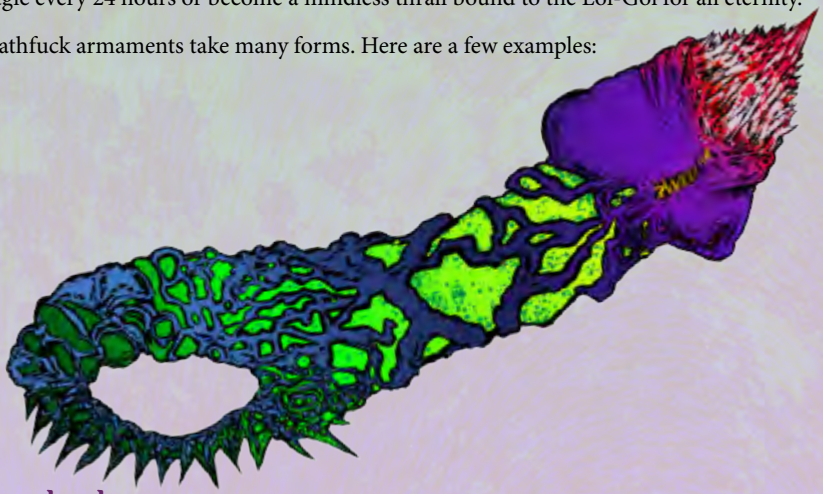
| 1d8 | Deathfuck Corruption |
|---|---|
| 1 | ***Extra mêlée attack:*** The character gains an extra appendage and extra mêlée attack that does 1d10 damage. The Referee can have fun with this one. Make up something new every time like an arm grows another arm that turns into a sword, or a pseudopod tipped by a bonesaw shoots from the chest. |
| 2 | ***Extra ranged attack:*** The character gains an extra appendage and extra ranged attack that does 1d8 damage. A WWII-era German Maschinengewehr 42 might suddenly grow out of the character's back and spray bullets. |
| 3 | ***Ooze flesh:*** The character turns to a fleshy ooze which causes all physical attacks against the character to be reduced by half. |
| 4 | ***Supersized:*** The character rapidly grows in height or girth as new muscles surge over its flesh. Double the character's hit points. |
| 5 | ***Cranked:*** The character becomes a blur moving at double speed, and can't stop grinding their teeth. |
| 6 | ***Acid blood:*** Painful boils and pustules erupt all over the character's body. Any attacks cause acid blood to spray on anyone nearby for +1d4 damage. |
| 7 | ***Blood drinker:*** Cartilaginous straws pointed like needles stick into a nearby creature for +1d4 point damage. Character gains the same number of hit points. |
| 8 | ***Flight:*** Strange wings grow from the character, which look different everytime. One time they might be dragonfly wings, the next raven, and then next bat. |

The character empathically understands that accumulated magic points can be used freely any time to exercise one of the following powers:

- ***Heal Self*** – For each point spent, the character heals 1 hit point.
- ***Cast Lost Spells*** – A spellcaster can recast a spell that has been spent that day by using one magic point per spell level.
- ***Unleash Corruption Power*** – A character may choose to submit to the siren call of deathfuck might, allowing its corrupting influence to take hold of his or her mortal form. At the cost of 1 point, the character invokes a random power on the "Deathfuck Corruption" table that remains active for 5 minutes. Corruption powers are cumulative so the same power can be invoked more than once.

The use of deathfuck magic comes at a dear cost. Once each corruption has been randomly invoked at least once, the character becomes fully corrupted. The character can no longer heal through natural or magical means except by using the "Heal Self" deathfuck power. The character's genitals begin to shrink and wither. Every time fully corrupted characters use a deathfuck power, they must save versus Magic with a -1 cumulative penalty for every corpse on the battlefield. Failure means the character immediately gains 6 random corruption powers (the first becomes permanent), and the character immediately flies into a blind rage for 1d6 round, attacking anyone nearby, friend or foe. The Remove Curse spell is useless on those suffering from full corruption. The corrupted character must save versus Magic every 24 hours or become a mindless thrall bound to the Loi-Goi for all eternity.

Deathfuck armaments take many forms. Here are a few examples:



## Death Phallus

Of all deathfuck weapons, death phalluses are the most numerous. Razak loves cock and spends tens of hours lovingly handcrafting artisanal quality reproductions of the preserved members he has in a display case. Death phalluses are used as spears and give a +4 bonus to hit unless otherwise stated. The weapon must be driven deep into a body to fully extract its cache of power. Impaling the head or spine is the most effective way to unleash the succulent brain juice that concentrates the sweet deathfuck energies.

## CUNT WHIP

Razak bred monsters for a time, but soon grew tired of the upkeep. One of the products from those times was a cross between a succubus and a vampire. Razak flayed the resulting thing and sold the skin. There's a huge market for succubus leather. Who knew? The old sorcerer did keep a large section of the succubus crotch though and went to work on it under the benevolent tutelage of the Loi-Goi tentacle-pod. Through various necromantic spells, Razak reanimated the supple succubus cunt and attached it to the end of a whip woven from unbreakable minotaur hide. All attacks with the cunt whip are at a +3 bonus to hit and do 1d4 points of damage. Furthermore, the undead pussy facehugs the target and stabs its victim with a fang that's hidden by the clitoral hood injecting poison for an additional 1d6 damage. The target must make an immediate save versus Poison or die instantly. Victims are subject to additional automatic attacks in the next round unless they escape. Roll a d20 + mêlée bonus + Strength bonus versus that cunt whip's original attack roll.

# Running the Adventure

This is an adventure for a group of 4-6 players of the corresponding levels. The party should be well-rounded, including a Cleric for healing, a Magic-User to cast all manner of spells, a Specialist to check for traps and do other light-fingered work, and finally plenty of beefcake to hack and bash the numerous monsters and other dangers into bloody submission. The players can be inserted in any number of creative ways. They could find themselves shipwrecked offshore, or be taking the Northern road "just for the hell of it." Whether they tumble out of an inter-dimensional porthole or are drawn to the area by the bizarre stories that come from it makes little difference. This adventure is meant to be easily inserted into any Referee's world, or played through as a one-off, stand-alone adventure.

There are all kinds of ways for characters to approach this. If they are a bunch of do-gooders they are likely to join with Prince Zal and aid in the attempt to overthrow Razak and rid the land of all the monsters plaguing it. If they are evil they well could end up in the service of the mad Razak, or as a party of neutral disposition they can just wander the area and see what the various encounters bring them. The main thing is to keep the game moving. A good way to do this is with the "Random Wilderness Encounters" table. Roll on this chart at noon and midnight each day that the players are anywhere other than in the town or the towers. It doesn't mean the monsters are going to show up that very second, but it does mean that they will show up at some point soon.

| Roll d12 | Random Wilderness Encounters |
|---|---|
| 1 | Townsfolk |
| 2 | Spooks |
| 3 | Palace guards |
| 4 | Suck-Thing |
| 5 | The Dragonfly |
| 6 | Sarkas Clan |
| 7 | Osuka the Talkative |
| 8 | Pig-man raiders |
| 9 | Feral pigs |
| 10 | The Overlord's men |
| 11 | Pig-man scouts |
| 12 | Nestor the Imp |

## Townsfolk

A group of 1d8 men from the town of Mlag are hunting for food. Feral pig meat is their preference, but the huntsmen will bag any game they come across including road kill. The hunters are wary, but genial. They will warn the party about another danger in the area and its general direction. Roll on the Random Wilderness Encounter table now and indicate a random cardinal direction and distance.

***Hunter:*** *Armor 12 (unarmored), Level 0, Movement 120', 1 shortbow attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 7.*

## Spooks

Two members of the Spooks, a local gang based out of Mlag, are stalking the party. They will spy on the party from the shadows and report back anything interesting to their leader. If the party is not paying attention, they will attempt to steal items from their camp or may be so brazen as to pick their pockets. They have three points in Sleight of Hand and Stealth.

***Spook:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Specialist Level 2, Movement 120', 1 rapier attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 9.*

## PALACE GUARDS

A lookout atop the Tower of Zal spotted pig-men in this vicinity. Counselor Cornwell dispatched a squad of palace guards to take them down. The guards have incredible physiques and wear revealing armor. The guards are haughty and ask gruff questions about why the party is in the area. They will also inform the characters that Prince Zal pays 10sp each for severed pig-man snouts.

***Palace Guard:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 10.*

## SUCK-THING

The Suck-Thing still in the form of its latest victim, a 10 year old girl from Mlag, begs to be brought home. Then, it attempts to infiltrate the party and kill a member in the night. It returns to its natural corpulent form in battle and flees after taking any damage. The Suck-Thing can take on the shape of anything it kills.

***Suck-Thing:*** *Armor 20, 7 Hit Dice, Movement 130', 2 attacks: 1 claw attack for 1d12 damage or 1 "suck-job" for 1d10 damage and drains 500 experience points, Morale 5.*

## THE DRAGONFLY

This giant dragonfly, also known as Back-Breaker, is feared throughout the region. The dragonfly makes a single surprise attack on the party (1-3 on a d6) unless they are specifically watching the skies and avoiding open fields. If the dragonfly hits with the attack it immediately flies into the air and drops the character from a great height.

***Back-Breaker:*** *Armor 20, 12 Hit Dice, Movement 180' fly, 1 dive bomb attack for 1d12 damage or 1 drop attack for 1d6 damage per 10' fallen (max 20d6), Morale 11.*

## SARKAS CLAN

Members of Lord Sarkas's dirt-stupid clan attack the party, but only if the odds are heavily stacked in their favor (30% chance of being in an advantageous terrain, or else they hoot to scare off party). 4d6 clan members will attack with shivs, rocks, or makeshift clubs. The clan members are knuckle-dragging submorons, and must make a Morale check every round due to their minuscule attention spans.

***Clan Member:*** *Armor 12, 2 Hit Dice, Movement 100', 1 minor weapon attack for 1d4 damage or 1 rock thrown for 1d2 damage, Morale 5.*

## Osuka the Talkative

The giant that roams these parts is known to the locals as Osuka the Talkative or by his full name, Osuka-Barabak. There is no chance of the hill giant making a surprise attack as he stands over 17' high and the ground trembles when he walks. Osuka might strike up a conversation with the party and try to convince them to dine in his lair (Area W12) mostly because he doesn't want to bother chasing down his vittles.

***Osuka-Barabak:*** *Armor 18, 12 Hit Dice, Movement 140', 1 giant club attack for 2d10+3 damage or 1 hurled stone attack for 1d12 damage, Morale 12.*

## Pig-Man Raiders

A raiding party of 3d4 pig-men rips through the woods on a bloody spree of mayhem. The goons set buildings on fire, rape livestock, and curb stomp the weak and defenseless. There's a 25% chance the raid is led by their ringleader, Gorbai. Each pig-man has 10-60sp concealed somewhere on their body (e.g. in a boot, tucked into their skivvies, under their helmet, etc).

***Gorbai:*** *Armor 18 (plate), Fighter Level 5, Movement 100', 1 scimitar attack for 1d8+3 damage or "bum-rush" attack for 1d10 damage plus 20' to speed or 1 throw spear for 1d6 damage, Morale 12.*

***Pig-man:*** *Armor 17 (chain and shield), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8+1 damage, Morale 10.*

## Feral Pigs

Rutting feral pigs (1d3) charge the party.

***Feral Pig:*** *Armor 14, 4 Hit Dice, Movement 200', 1 bite attack for 1d10 damage or trample for d6 damage and additional trample attacks auto-hit this round, Morale 9.*

## THE OVERLORD'S MEN

A section (3d4) of the Overlord's men hail the party. The military men seek news of the area and also say they are looking for Lord Florg's missing brother, Maximus. There is a 2,000sp reward for his return. There is a 25% chance Lord Florg accompanies the section on his white steed.

***Lord Florg:*** *Armor 18 (plate), Level 3 Fighter, Movement 90', 1 great sword attack for 1d10 damage, Morale 10.*

***Steed:*** *Armor 14, 5 Hit Dice, Movement 240', 1 hoof attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 8.*

***Soldier:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Level 1 Fighter, Movement 90', 1 sword weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 7.*

## PIG-MAN SCOUTS

A scouting party of 1d6 pig-men lies in wait for the party led by Gorbai's second-in-command, Skarg. There is a 2 in 6 chance the scouts surprise the party.

***Skarg:*** *Armor 17 (chain and shield), Level 2 Fighter, Movement 120'. 1 war hammer attack for 1d10 or "grill-bite" 1d6 damage and next bite auto-hits, Morale 9.*

***Pig-man archer:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Fighter Level 2, Movement 120', 1 short bow attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 9.*

### Nestor the Imp

Razak's imp familiar tails the party and attempts to attach the Eye of Razak to a random character.

***Nestor the Imp:*** *Armor 12, 1 Hit Die, Movement 60' ground 120' fly, 1 bite attack for 1d4 damage or 1 blowgun save versus Magic -2 or charmed as Charm Person spell, Morale 6.*

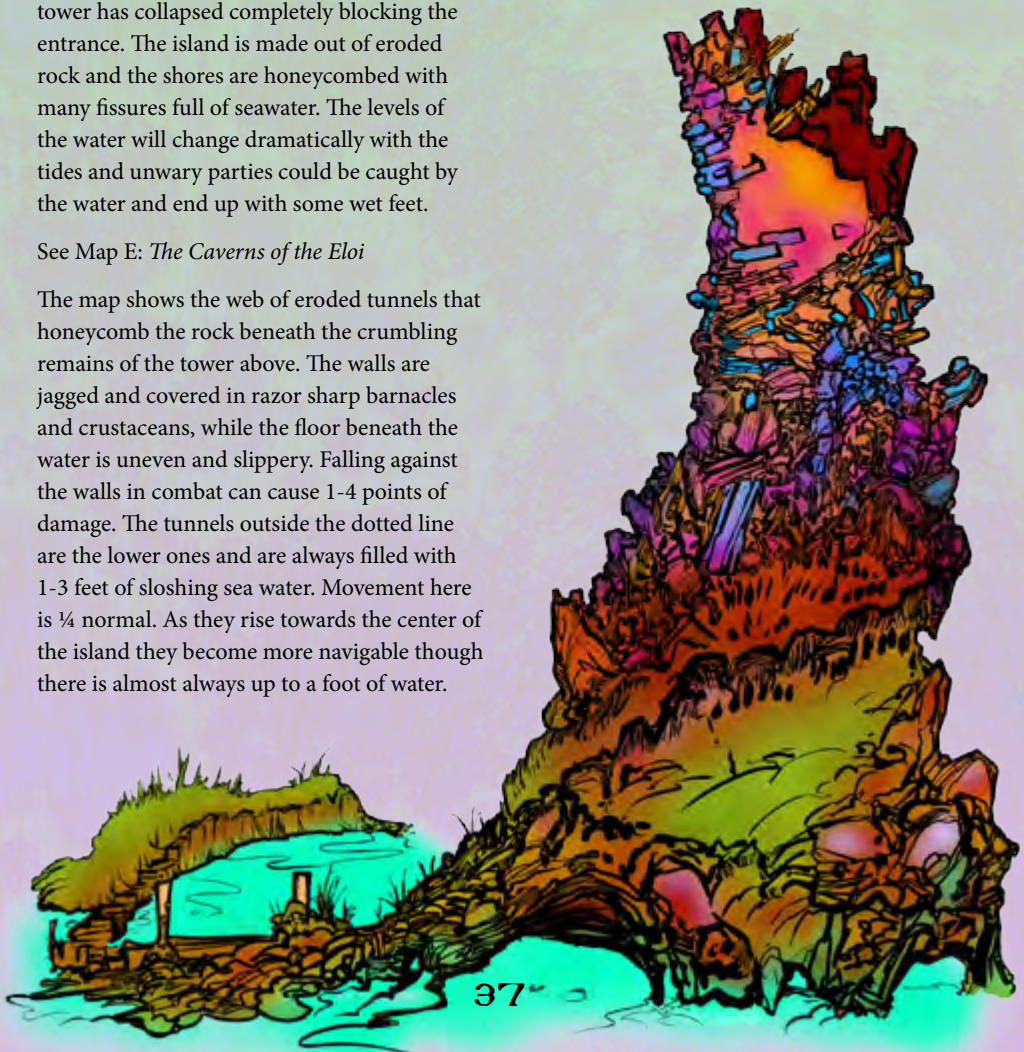
# The Wilderness

## W1. The Abandoned Lighthouse

Two jutting scrubby hills rise from the sea at the tip of the extended peninsula that houses the northern saltworks. Here two rickety wooden footbridges connect the two islands. The first island is devoid of construction save a single rough path that connects it to the second island. On the second island is a three storey stone tower that has been abandoned for many years. The inside of the tower has collapsed completely blocking the entrance. The island is made out of eroded rock and the shores are honeycombed with many fissures full of seawater. The levels of the water will change dramatically with the tides and unwary parties could be caught by the water and end up with some wet feet.

See Map E: *The Caverns of the Eloi*

The map shows the web of eroded tunnels that honeycomb the rock beneath the crumbling remains of the tower above. The walls are jagged and covered in razor sharp barnacles and crustaceans, while the floor beneath the water is uneven and slippery. Falling against the walls in combat can cause 1-4 points of damage. The tunnels outside the dotted line are the lower ones and are always filled with 1-3 feet of sloshing sea water. Movement here is ¼ normal. As they rise towards the center of the island they become more navigable though there is almost always up to a foot of water.



## ENCOUNTERS IN THE CAVERNS

The watery caves are populated by the Eloi,which are slightly larger than man-sized, humanoid gill-breathers. Their mouths are great suckers filled with teeth like the mouth of a lamprey-eel. Their eyes are black pools of ink, and their necks are covered in gills. Spiny protrusions and small fins augment their form, and their whole chest and belly are covered in a scaled armored carapace. Their arms are over-long, and end with great webbed and clawed three-fingered hands. They will be clothed in skins, strings and shells, though it is their hide that gives them their armor resistance. 50% of the time, the Eloi will be armed with a trident which inflicts 1-12 hit points of damage.

***Eloi:*** *Armor 16, 4 Hit Dice, Movement 60' ground 120' swim, 1 claw attack for 1d10 damage, Morale 9.*

The Eloi have a symbiotic relationship with the Starfish in this area which are basically Starfish on steroids, the larger ones being almost a meter wide with a huge hole full of teeth stuck in the center of their mass. The Starfish use their raspy arms to scratch their prey. Their most disconcerting trait is their ability to form their bodies together into one mass. When in combat with them, every turn there is a 1 in 6 chance for a swarm to begin where the creatures will grasp onto each other and become a great tongue of meat covered in mouths which will get larger at the rate of 1-6 creatures per turn. While in "swarm" mode, the creature will attempt to strike by wrapping its body around its prey, inflicting 1-6 bites. To make matters worse anyone bitten (only roll once per day) must save versus Poison or be completely useless for 1-4 days. The creatures take only half damage from edged weapons and none from blunt ones.

***Starfish:*** *Armor 13, 3 Hit Dice, Movement 60' ground 90' swim, 1 bite attack for 1d6 damage or swarm bite attack for 1d6 bite attacks, Morale 7.*

### E1. ELOI GUARD POST

These are open holes (five feet across) that lead to fully submerged passages that pass to the open ocean. They are also Eloi guard posts that conceal 3-6 fighters. The creatures will wait until party members fall into the pit and then attack them by spearing them and then pulling them underwater where they have one mêlée round per Constitution ability point to get air or drown. If parties detect and avoid the pits, the Eloi will follow from behind, sending out messages to other groups of warriors to converge on the party at the Starfish Chamber (Area E3).

***Eloi Fighter:*** *Armor 16, 4 Hit Dice, Movement 60' ground 120' swim, 1 claw attack for 1d10 damage or drown attempt (see text), Morale 9.*

## E2. EGG CHAMBER

The Eloi are rather like ants in that the warrior worker class tends to the Queen, which is located here amongst her spawn. The Queen is a completely helpless blob of flesh, a mass of flaps and fins that rises from the center of the pool that fills the center of this chamber. Her loathsome bulk is built around one huge eyeball set atop a cunt-like maw that continually spits forth a series of eggs which choke the surface of the pool and spill out of it onto the ground around it. The eggs closest to the walls have actually begun to hatch, and there will always be 1-10 babies here. There is also an elite guard of 10 Eloi Fighters on duty at all times. The Queen's attack consists of multiple lashing attacks from one of its 8 barbed tentacles. For each hit, the character must save versus Paralyzation or be stunned for 1d4 rounds.

***Eloi Queen:*** *Armor 18, 15 Hit Dice, Movement 0' ground 120' swim, 3 attacks: 1 tentacle attack for 1d10 damage and save versus Paralyzation or stunned for 1d4 rounds, Morale 12.*

***Eloi Fighter:*** *Armor 16, 4 Hit Dice, Movement 60' ground 120' swim, 1 claw attack for 1d10 damage or drown attempt (see text), Morale 9.*

***Baby Eloi:*** *Armor 12, 0 Hit Dice, Movement 10' ground 20' swim, 1 bite attack for 1d3 damage, Morale 3.*

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

There is a 1 in 6 chance every three Turns of a random encounter occurring. The encounters only occur in non-keyed passageways.

| ROLL D6 | RANDOM ENCOUNTERS |
|---|---|
| **1** | 1d3 Starfish |
| **2** | 2d6 Starfish (in swarm mode) |
| **3** | 1d3 Eloi |
| **4** | Nestor the Imp |
| **5** | 2d6 Eloi |
| **6** | 3d6 Eloi and 2d6 Starfish (in swarm mode) |

***Eloi:*** *Armor 16, 4 Hit Dice, Movement 60' ground 120' swim, 1 claw attack for 1d10 damage, Morale 9.*

***Starfish:*** *Armor 13, 3 Hit Dice, Movement 60' ground 90' swim, 1 bite attack for 1d6 damage or swarm bite attack for 1d6 bite attacks, Morale 7.*

***Nestor the Imp:*** *Armor 12, 1 Hit Die, Movement 60' ground 120' fly, 1 bite attack for 1d4 damage or 1 blowgun save versus Magic -2 or charmed as Charm Person spell, Morale 6. The imp carries the Eye of Razak which he attempts to attach to a party member.*

## E3. STARFISH CHAMBER

Any combat from the Egg Chamber (Area E2) will bring the creature from this chamber, a huge Starfish swarm of over 100 of the creatures which will attack in a whirling giant tongue of death. It will attack only one player at a time and attempt to completely consume its victim before turning its attention to the next player. Remember the Starfish take no damage from blunt weapons and only half from edged ones.

Beneath the surface of the murky water in this room can be seen shining, glittering masses of coin and other metallic objects–some 5,000sp worth of rare Old World coinage. Swimming in broad circles above the loot is a camouflaged, barracuda-like creature, but that's no fish. It's a living deathfuck weapon known as *Cuttlefist*, a tuberous organism propelled from the rear by flouncy cuttlefish fins. The glans-head of the beast is formed from a six-fingered hand clenched into a fist. When *Cuttlefist* is swung in a two-handed grip, a poison barb extends from the fist that does 1d8 points of damage in mêlée combat and injects a soporific venom that the target must save versus Poison against or fall asleep for 1d4 rounds. *Cuttlefist* can also be used to breathe underwater by sucking air from its "blow hole".

***Huge Starfish Swarm:*** *Armor 13, 7 Hit Dice, Movement 60' ground 90' swim, swarm bite attack for 1d12 bite attacks (1d6 damage each), Morale 9.*

## W2. ABANDONED SALTWORKS

For generations the people of Mlag have tended to the salt-making basins that had provided them with the goods that came to be coveted across the world. Long abandoned, the works of the old salt-harvesting basins lay everywhere. These pits are generally about 30' across and slowly drop to about 5' deep in the center. Most of the basins are choked at the bottom with a black slick of water. They are connected by a complex system of sluices and funnels which were used to bring in sea water, and then blocked with wooden plugs to trap it. The seawater would evaporate, and then the salt dried in the sun. It was then harvested by the happy townsfolk, who would sell it worldwide and use it themselves to cure the flesh of the huge pigs which infested the area. But that was many years ago.

Now the area has a new purpose. It is the lair of the Zinanthi (Suck-Thing), who spends its time sucking on the brine encrusted machinery and occasionally venturing out of its domain to hunt for the one thing that assuages its endless thirst: salt. The Suck-Thing's lair is located beneath one of the deepest brine pools under 12' of black, rubble-choked water. Gems, jewelry, and coinage worth 1,500sp make up the creature's hoard.

When the Suck-Thing's victim is dead the corpse deflates and flops to the floor, a lifeless husk. At that point the Zinanthi assumes the form of the deceased which it can retain until it is reduced to 50% of its hit points or one week's time passes. Keep in mind the creature will only attack if conditions are favorable to do so as it much prefers stealth to a blatant assault.

***Suck-Thing:*** *Armor 20, 7 Hit Dice, Movement 130', 2 attacks: 1 claw attack for 1d12 damage or 1 "suck-job" (1d10 damage and drains 500 experience points), Morale 5.*

## W3. The Town of Mlag

The town of Mlag is a mid-sized village of perhaps 100 inhabitants, though the town could easily hold 100s more. 90% of the buildings are abandoned with most of the inhabited structures clustered in the center of the town. Here the remaining villagers have barricaded streets, plugged alleys, and set booby traps to protect their enclave from the various creatures that come here to find prey. In any house explored besides the marked ones, there is a 1 in 6 chance of encountering something from the "Random Mlag Encounters" table.

*(NOTE: The various passageways beneath the village and saltworks are far too complex to map accurately. Many areas have collapsed and even more have been barricaded. The overall idea is to slowly influence a party's travel through the area in the direction of the northern salt pools, where the Suck-Thing hangs out most of the time. As Referee, just draw thumbnail sketches of the surrounding navigable areas and keep an eye on where they are on the Wilderness map.)*

## W4. The Slippery Spot

This is a medium-sized building of rectangular shape about 60'x25'. It has three levels, a basement, and a stable in the courtyard. The street between it and the building to the south has been blocked off by high 12' stake walls with sliding board gates, and a latticework of long branches and stout ropes which form a canopy over the exposed area, in order to provide cover from the rampages of the Dragonfly. There are always 4 guards in the courtyard covering the doors. There is a well in the center of the street that delivers clean water to the people of Mlag.

***Guards:** Armor 13 (buff coat), Fighter Level 1, Movement 120', 1 short sword attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 9.*

Krimkril manages the stables and the few meager horses and several serviceable mules that live in the place. There is also a hidden hatch to the underworld, dropping into a sewer line that runs to the harbor, intersected by many tunnels which come into it at all angles, some unseen. This hatch is hidden underneath a watering barrel. In his personal chamber, Krimkril has an iron strong box with his personal fortune of gems and coin worth 250sp, but far more importantly he possesses a notebook in which the literate Krimkril has written down all of his suspicions about his boss, Ferd, though he knows not exactly what Ferd is up to. He also lists the general history of the area and lists the major monsters.

***Krimkril:** Armor 14 (leather), Fighter Level 3, Movement 120', 1 battle axe attack for 1d8 damage or 1 heavy crossbow attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 11.*

| ROLL D12 | RANDOM HAG ENCOUNTERS |
|---|---|
| 1 | Random noises in the ceiling which waste tons of time and reveal nothing. |
| 2 | A famished Suck-Thing lures the party into room with a collapsing floor, spilling them into a pitch-black mud-pit filled with feces-smeared spikes. Each character that falls suffers +4 attack from the spikes which inflict 1d6 damage and the character must save versus Poison or be sickened (character loses 1 hit point per day until dead or Cure Disease is applied). The Suck-Thing will attempt to pull a party member beneath the mud and commit its horrid "suck-job" emerging as the party member from beneath the slime.<br><br>***Suck-Thing:*** *Armor 20, 7 Hit Dice, Movement 130', 2 attacks: 1 claw attack for 1d12 damage or 1 "suck-job" (1d10 damage and drains 500 experience points), Morale 5.* |
| 3 | 4d4 starving rats tied together by the tail. One has swallowed a ruby worth 500sp.<br><br>***Rats*****:** *Armor 12, ½ Hit Dice, Movement 30', 1 bite attack for 1d4 damage, Morale 4.* |
| 4 | A dying old woman in a stinking-of-piss upstairs room. If comforted, the woman blesses the party conferring +1 bonus to attack rolls for 1d4 days. She will die anyway. No treasure. Fuck you for asking. |
| 5 | Characters discover a hidden tunnel which leads to the vast system beneath the city and the salt-works, utilized by the Suck-Thing, the Spooks, the Eloi, and other unpleasant things. |
| 6 | Spooks carrying various weapons of low grade. They generally spy and observe, but if they find a weakness they will attack to subdue.<br><br>***Spook:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Specialist Level 2, Movement 120', 1 rapier attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 9.* |
| 7 | Nestor the Imp will attempt to pin the *Eye of Razak* to party members' clothes giving Razak the ability to see through it and know wherever the party is… again. Somebody kill this guy already.<br><br>***Nestor the Imp:*** *Armor 12, 1 Hit Die, Movement 60' ground 120' fly, 1 bite attack for 1d4 damage or 1 blowgun save versus Magic -2 or charmed as Charm Person spell, Morale 6.* |
| 8 | Huge feral pig rutting in a back garden, its engorged cork-screwed manhood pulsing in the sun.<br><br>***Horny Feral Pig:*** *Armor 16, 5 Hit Dice, Movement 240', 1 bite attack for 2d10 damage.* |

| ROLL D12 | RANDOM MLAG ENCOUNTERS |
|---|---|
| 9 | The characters discover a fort built by local kids with two of them inside trying to have sex. One of them, Chimpy, is the stable boy at the Slippery Spot, and knows much of Ferd's filthy dealings. |
| 10 | The Dragonfly attacks!<br>✪ ***Back-Breaker:*** *Armor 20, 12 Hit Dice, Movement 180' fly, 1 dive bomb attack for 1d12 damage or 1 drop attack for 1d6 damage per 10' fallen (max 20d6), Morale 11.* |
| 11 | A fortified building containing one seriously pissed-off family. |
| 12 | Characters discover a secret meeting between Ferd and Gorbai (more on this later). |

Ferd, the owner of the Slippery Spot, is a veteran Specialist of great strength and roughly 45 years in age. The wily Specialist has +2 to Sneak Attack and has mastered Tinkering and Stealth. Fat Ferd is bug-eyed and bald-pated, with stringy, greasy strands framing his pallid, sweaty face. Ferd is the owner and operator of the only bar/inn/stable/general store in town. Though friendly enough, Ferd's smiling face conceals evil designs that he believes he is perpetrating for the good of the town. While it is true that much of the wealth Ferd acquires goes as bounty (mostly uncollected) on the various evil and/or hungry creatures (the greatest being "The Back-Breaker", at 10,000sp), it's how he gets the loot that would make a decent person shudder. Ferd has a running deal with Gorbai, leader of the pig-men up the hill. When travelers pass through the "Spot" (as the locals customarily refer to it as) Ferd has Nestor deliver reports to Gorbai. He proceeds to sell them whatever it is that they need, give them directions into Gorbai's planned ambush, and then split the loot with Gorbai and his followers. Generally speaking, the pig-men get the meat and Ferd gets the treasure.

✪ ***Ferd:*** *Armor 16 (chain), Specialist Level 5, Movement 120', 1 rapier attack for 1d8+1 damage, Morale 10.*

Ferd runs the Slippery Spot with the help of "The Old Whore" as Ferd and most of the men refer to her, an ancient-looking woman who is actually only middle-aged. Her real name is Doe, and she bears the cruel brunt of Ferd's evil disposition and the abuse of the local militia. She single-handedly tends to the feeding of the men and the upkeep of the tavern and the town hall. She is also a healer of no small skill and the blood-soaked table in the stable is mute testimony to the many times she has cared for the injured soldiers in Ferd's militia. Sympathy for the "Old Whore" has begun to develop amongst the men, especially from those whose lives have been saved by her. If treated nicely, Doe will reveal her feelings about this place and why the hell it is so cursed. Doe used to be a sorceress of some repute until she lost her skills and half her mind in some long forgotten ritual. But she can only speak in riddles about the presence of the Loi-Goi beneath the town, and how its proximity will slowly drive men to madness and murder. She can also tell of the prophecy of Lord Ragath — if the royal line is ever ended then it is said he will return

from the dead and take a terrible vengeance on those responsible. Her only reason to live is her plan to one day shove a knife into Ferd's back, a knife which is her prize (and only) possession. Hidden in a burrow beneath her miserable bed, it is wrapped in leaves of the dreaded Plague-plant which exudes the rarest and deadliest poison known to the world, and has steeped into the blade to the point where anyone who is struck by the blade must save versus Poison at -4 or die on the spot. The blade will only work once, after which the blade will evaporate. If she is successful in her quest to kill her employer/tormentor, she will drop dead with a big smile on her face.

Ferd's personal quarters are found beneath the Slippery Spot. There is a door behind the bar which reveals a set of stairs descending into a moldy basement. Ferd is not much of a housekeeper and forbids all entrance into his quarters. ("It's a real mess down there!") There is not a hell of a lot down there (besides his most hideous secret) other than his personal effects, and of course an iron box which contains gold, gems and jewelry worth 3,000sp. The box is hidden beneath a cunningly crafted section of floor underneath the bed and is protected by a poisonous snake which attacks with a +6 bonus and delivers a toxic bite of deadly poison which causes paralysis in 10 minutes and death in one hour (save versus Poison at -2). The room has a well-constructed wooden wall which blocks off roughly half the chamber. There is a single door in the middle which is stoutly locked and barred from the bedroom side. Beyond this portal lies Ferd's hideous secret...he has imprisoned three young women down here and uses them as his personal sex-slaves. Even worse, any child which is conceived with these girls is offered up to the giant, Osuka the Talkative, as payment to leave what is left of the town alone. The girls are all 18-24 years old and are kept chained in separate pens. Two were taken from a shipwreck and one was rescued from the Sarkas Clan only to end up here. The girls names are Audrey, Blox and Serene, and all three of them are currently pregnant with Blox about to go into labor at any minute. The only person that knows about the presence of the women is Flaglar, leader of the local militia, who is constantly pestering Ferd to let him have sex with these unfortunate girls, pregnant or not.

### W5. Town Hall

This two-story stone building houses the local militia, 32 militia men led by the Flaglar, a skinny and vicious roustabout. Flaglar possesses a personal treasure of 200sp which he always carries on his person. He is also the master of a huge pit-bull named "Horror." The animal is kept on a short chain out in front of the building and hates his master intensely. The first floor is dominated by a common

area for the men where they can usually be found gambling, fighting, or abusing "The Old Whore". The second floor houses the men and contains their sleeping areas. The quality of the weapons and armor is highly variable.

***Flaglar:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Fighter Level 2, Movement 120', 1 small weapon attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 7.*

***Horror:*** *Armor 12, 1 Hit Dice, Movement 240', 1 bite attack for 2d6 damage, Morale 10.*

***Militia man:*** *Armor 13 (shield), Level 0, Movement 120', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 6.*

## W6. The Sea Slut

This is the single serviceable vessel currently in the harbor: the 30' sloop the "Sea Slut" under the command of Captain Olaf, a ruffian with a crew of 10 men and a cargo of copper ingots, amphorae, and opium taken from the mountains far to the north and bound for the southern kingdoms. Unfortunately the vessel was heavily damaged during a storm and was forced to put into this miserable place for repairs. Since then the Captain has had a hard time keeping his crew at work as they keep wandering off to the tavern and getting wasted.

***Captain Olaf:*** *Armor 14 (chain), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 scimitar weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 8.*

***Sailor:*** *Armor 12 (unarmored), Level 0, Movement 120', 1 short sword attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 5.*

## W7. The Spooks Headquarters

The face of a cowled skull painted on the black flag that hangs on the front of this stoutly built three-storey building might denote it as a place of evil, but it is merely the scary symbol of the local gang, the Spooks, led by the charismatic creep, Dangle, and his lecherous lieutenant Looger who is secretly infected by the Loi-Goi.

Dangle is of a high-born but disgraced family and has exiled himself to Mlag to escape assassins that have murdered every other member of his family. Dangle has gathered the local disaffected youth to him with his charismatic ways and the mixture of courage and skill that he has shown in battle. Dangle is an accomplished adventurer that always has a long dagger and a strangling garrote on him, as well as a second knife hidden in his boot. His lair is on the third and top floor in the northeast corner. He shares this with his girlfriend Hicky. Together they strike a handsome couple and possess a personal fortune of some 3,000sp.

***Dangle:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Specialist Level 4, Movement 120', 1 short sword attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 10.*

***Hicky:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Specialist Level 2, Movement 120', 1 dagger attack for 1d4 damage, Morale 8.*

More importantly, Hicky has met Nestor the Imp on more than one occasion, and has received from him a Kazza Stone which activates when other people possessing similar stones grip the stone tightly, hold it to the sky and invoke the correct ritual words (every stone has a different set of words). The Kazza stone will erupt with a low-intensity burn from which can be seen murky outlines of the face of the one calling...and hear their words! Think of it as a sorcerous cell phone. Two Kazza stones can hook up and you can "see" through the other, but they do all kinds of fun things...butt-dials, accidental calls, conference calls, loud noises at inopportune moments, revealing call histories, etc.— all at the Referee's discretion of course. There are eight Kazza stones possessed in the game area, and they are in the following locations:

1. Hicky (Built into her belt buckle with poisoned prick-stick. Open carefully to avoid contracting a disease (Save versus Poison). And when I say disease I am saying, Referee, have fun with this. I wouldn't even tell him he had failed the saving throw, and slowly the hideous effects would become apparent until the character either gets cured by Doe or drops dead.)
2. Nestor, the roving imp, keeps in mouth and will swallow.
3. Razak, the evil twin who fancies himself a necromancer, wears his openly as a ring on his finger.
4. Gorbai, his trusted servant and chief ogre/pig-thing, a horrific blend of gorilla and wrestling celebrity. Gorbai does not trust his stone, but has figured out its sole war-like application. If thrown with a cross-fingered, left-handed grip the stone strikes a target as a stun grenade, doing 1d6 points of damage, meaning only ¼ is actual damage and the rest wears off in as many turns as the player's character has Constitution points. While stunned all to hits and saves are at -4 and movement is halved. Each Kazza stone comes with 1d10-1 stun charges. Only Cornwell, Razak, and Zal have figured out its destructive capability.
5. Ferd
6. Lost below decks on the half-sunken sloop, "The Slogtar" (*Area W9*).
7. Cornwell
8. Zal

Kazza stones are worth roughly 2,500sp each. They are ruby-like in appearance, with the surface glowing with a blue light when in use.

Dangle's second is the infected Looger who carries two daggers which he can wield and attack with simultaneously. He bunks on the same floor as Dangle in a smaller room where he lies upon his simple iron frame bunk, staring at the ceiling as the Loi-Goi fills his brain with thoughts of murder. During one of his explorations of the catacombs beneath the Towers Two, Looger was infected by the Loi-Goi, which has driven poor Looger quite insane.

***Looger:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Specialist Level 4, Movement 120', 2 attacks: 1 dagger attack for 1d4 damage, Morale 9.*

## W8. STATUE OF LORD RAGATH

A granite sculpture of Hune's most famous ruler towers here. He is reportedly buried deep beneath the structure in an urn. The whole structure including the 10' base/chamber, rises about 20' above the shabby square which is dotted with huge piles of pig shit. The feral pigs are getting bolder, and are now coming into the town at night. The artist did his best to impose a warlike appearance to the angry lord, and the figure points to the north rallying his troops around him as he raises a huge sword. Weathered and covered in bird-shit, the chamber beneath the structure is sometimes occupied by the local militia, sometimes by the Spooks, but more often than not is abandoned. In this chamber, there is a hidden manhole cover which leads into the salt-sewers, and this particular stretch is one of the "Suck-Things" favorite hunting grounds.

The statue is that of Lord Ragath, the warrior-king that initially wrested this province from chaos and led it through its period of greatest success. But he must have had an eye to the future when he paid a pretty penny to have The Overlord himself send his priests to enchant the stone colossus. If ever both

brothers are killed without producing an heir, and the "Old Whore" can steal a baby from Ferd's fuck-basement, bring it to the statue, and slit its throat, the sculpture will animate into a Golem. The creature will go straight to Razak's tower and destroy it by pummeling out a corner support, two if necessary. After that he will kill all of the evil creatures in the area and will do so without rest or a word spoken. When he has completed this task, he will turn on the second tower, and unless it is stopped it will destroy that one too. The creature will then attempt to kill any evil creatures in the party, and can tell who is with its permanent Detect Evil ability. After this busy day, he will return to his spot atop the raised chamber that holds his bones, de-animate, and remain that way forever, his magic utterly spent.

Any self-respecting Referee should take steps, as unfair as they may be, to make sure this happens, and Lord Ragath returns from oblivion, however briefly, to voice his displeasure with the sorry state of the lovely kingdom he left to his worthless offspring. Preferably he should appear at a completely critical moment or even better after the party thinks they have beaten the whole module. Anything for a good game, that's my favorite rule!

***Ragath Golem:*** *Armor 25, 20 Hit Dice (immune to non-magical weapons), Movement 120', 4 attacks: 1 pummel attack for 2d20 damage, immune to mind-affecting spells and poison, all saving throws have a +10 bonus, Morale 12.*

## W9. Half-Sunken Sloop, The Slogtar

At the mouth of the harbor are the remains of the Slogtar, an abandoned 50' two-masted sloop, tilted at a twisted angle as she rots into the muck of the harbor. She is reachable along a rotted pier that is a danger in itself, especially with the swarms of vicious lamprey-eels that writhe out of the depths. The Worms of Chaulk are known to have eaten children and furnish another hideous chapter in the local history, and one needs to travel no further than the Slippery Spot to hear the legend of Captain Chaulk, a captain whose rule caused such derision in his own crew that half rose against him in mutiny, bringing about such a violent upheaval that every man involved in this bloody brawl was killed... every man save the Captain, who, though mortally wounded, lashed himself to the wheel and somehow piloted the ship into the port of Mlag. Here it crashed itself onto the large rock outcropping on the south side of the bay, and has remained there ever since. And even though Captain Chaulk and his crew were given a decent burial, it did not deter the Captain from returning to his duty. Soon there were awful reports of hideous howls and sightings of the skull-faced horror of a Captain staggering about the decks, waving a lantern and screaming into the night.

Captain Chaulk is about 6 ½ feet tall, though his huge captain's hat, set atop his naked skull, gives him a much more imposing look...well, that, and the burning red eyeballs don't hurt the overall effect either. His hulking sea-coat, stained with the filth of years of life, death, and undeath has become completely non-corporeal, as has his cutlass, his broad belt and great boots, and all the rest of him that is doomed to forever wander his slowly crumbling crappy-ass boat and scream at people.

Any creature setting foot aboard the the ship at night will summon the Captain, who will appear in 2-12 rounds. The Captain will not appear until the ship is boarded, and then will do what any good Captain would do– attempt to repel boarders as he rallies his crew about him. However, the Captain's phantom cutlass will cause no damage, though it is a disconcerting sight to see it pass through one's chest. The creature is of such harrowing appearance that merely looking at it will cause one to age "ten years in a heartbeat's time", and anyone surviving an encounter with it will look and feel like they are recovering from the most brutal hangover in history for some time.

Anyone looking at Chaulk (and unless they state they are not looking at him, assume that they are) must save versus Magic at -4 or become utterly horrified, transfixed and screaming while staring directly at the thing's blazing coal-like eyeballs. There is a 1 in 10 chance for every round spent under the effects of the horrifying spell that the creature will suffer a massive heart attack; Roll a d6 on the "Heart Attack" table to determine results.

The phantom only has its power if it is looked at directly. Thankfully the creature does not have the power to sustain such an attack for long, and can only stay for as many rounds as there are human beings in the general vicinity.

| Roll 1d6 | Heart Attack |
|---|---|
| 1 | Paralyzed and fully retarded |
| 2 | Paralyzed but intellectually intact, just sounds like a retard |
| 3 | Lays in coma for two weeks, then wakes up fully recovered |
| 4 | Intense vomiting leads to complete hair-loss– otherwise no ill results reported |
| 5 | Drops dead on the spot |
| 6 | Drops on the spot, goes into coma, seems to get better, gets up, drops dead. |

The boat has been picked clean by the Spooks and any exploration for potential valuables would seem to be fruitless, and certainly unpleasant, of that there can be no doubt. In a heap of slime and rotting timbers of the lower deck an industrious search will lead to the one treasure of the Slogtar: the sixth of the Kazza Stones! The Captain cannot leave the safety of the darkness below decks during daytime and will not leave his ship in any circumstances.

## W10. The Bocage

The town of Mlag was once surrounded by prosperous farms and the local farmers delineated their boundaries by sectioning off their plots, using the stones from the fields which they would pile up in rough fences which they covered in earth and then planted trees in. Over time these hedges have reached around 20' tall with the trees looming considerably higher. Untended, weeds have woven these hedges into impenetrable masses, which can only be navigated by using the paths that the local residents have rutted through them, the local residents being the huge feral pigs which used to be a considerable source of revenue for the local community and are still hunted as a major source of food. These beasts are no joke whose one redeeming feature is that they tend to be loners. Crafty and deceptively fast, these creatures will attack from ambush with lightning speed, seeking to impale smaller party members on their great tusks and drag them back into the undergrowth to devour them. As soon as battle is initiated the "loner" aspect of pig society disappears and the beasts will show up at a rate of 1-3 per turn until the maximum of 12 has been reached.

***Feral Pig:*** *Armor 14, 4 Hit Dice, Movement 200', 1 bite attack for 1d10 damage or trample for d6 damage and additional trample attacks auto-hit this round, Morale 9.*

Even more disturbing are recurring rumors of certain pigs that "don't look right". And for any pig encountered there is a 1 in 6 chance of meeting a mutant feral pig, one that has wandered off into the foothills of the Crud Mountains, where they have been repeatedly raped and brutalized by a seemingly insatiable group of Manticores who live nearby. These creatures are more of the same, just bigger and nastier with a spiked club-tail that hurls spikes up to 60'. A pair of useless and undersized wings jut out from just behind their muscular front legs, which is covered in swaths of warty scales.

***Mutant Feral Pig:*** *Armor 15, 5 Hit Dice, Movement 200', 1 bite attack for 2d4 damage or 1 spike volley attack for 2d6, Morale 10.*

## W11. The Caves of the Sarkas Clan

The long-disused road and several paths to the south all lead to the first of two towering waterfalls that overlook the area. In the area around the base of the falls, there is evidence of activity and habitation...scraps of clothes hang from trees, broken pieces of pottery and smashed furniture litter the pathways and underbrush, and crude displays of skulls and rotting carcasses hang from trees in crude displays of death and corruption. Beneath the falls and invisible during the daytime is a large cave mouth that leads ultimately to the very bowels of the earth and it is here that all paths end. During the day, while the sea is at its highest, there would appear to be nothing but a blank stone face of foam-lashed rock. But in the late afternoon the waters recede, slowly revealing a gaping cave entrance which can be reached using a crudely-fashioned wooden walkway which is completely submerged during the daytime.

This is the lair and "palace" of Lord Sarkas, local cannibal cult leader and recipient of the necrotic blessings of the Loi-Goi's feeding tube which has transformed him into a slug-like horror of what could scarcely be called a human being.

Some 50 years ago, a petty thief Sarkas and his devoted wife, Hole, discovered this cave and set up shop for him and his 18 children. The area was beginning to fall into corruption but there were still travelers and soon Sarkas had a good operation waylaying them, stealing their belongings, and then bringing them and their livestock back to their lair to torture, kill, and ultimately devour. After robbery, murder and cannibalism, inbreeding was also a feature of life in the cave, and soon Sarkas had a family of over 50 hungry mouths. The caves were lavishly festooned with the goods they had pillaged, and the largest rear chamber was set up like some kind of shabby throne room where the now "Lord Sarkas" and his crummy queen held their hideous court. But as the region sank into complete decay, the victims became rarer and rarer, and raids against the village were dangerous. The eyes that had beheld him for so many years as a provider began to see him as something else... something whose power could be usurped to find a new way for the clan to survive. Sensing his imminent doom, Sarkas's matchless self-pity somehow attracted the misery magnet of the Loi-Goi, who sent him aid in the form of a feeding tube that penetrated Sarkas's rectum as he was taking a vile crap behind his throne. The Loi-Goi instantly possessed Sarkas and began to slowly mutate the human into at first just a more ogreish version of his usual fat and disgusting self...a trait that seemed to pass on to his children. Within a year, Sarkas was large enough to devour his wife, and the resulting mutation converged the two sexes in such a way that Sarkas developed "feeding-sacs", which he would use to nourish his tribe of mutated cannibal highwaymen.

The cave complex consists of three areas. There is the first chamber, where the tribe of clan members live. These are the children of Sarkas who act as his first line of defense...large, fat sluggish humanoids, slow but powerful. There are over 50 of them and are armed and clothed with the dizzying spectrum of whatever it is they have plundered off of the road over the last 50 plus years. They sleep in huge piles and roast their victims alive over a flame pit in the center of the chamber. All members of the clan except Sarkas have extremely poor vision and are incredibly stupid. They will attack each other or seemingly forget what they are doing right in the middle of doing it. Usually they will fight until something is dead and then they will start eating it

regardless of whether the battle is over or not. They must make a Morale Check every round due to their short attention spans.

***Clan Member:*** *Armor 12, 2 Hit Dice, Movement 100', 1 minor weapon attack for 1d4 damage or 1 rock thrown for 1d2 damage, Morale 5.*

The second cave, which always has a guard of ten men, is the throne room of Lord Sarkas, who lies on his side in a rotting heap of sodden pillows. Sarkas suffers few to intrude upon his god-like reveries and spends most of his time mouth-breathing and trying to reach his penis, which he thinks he had at one point. Victims are brought to him for judgment, and once a month he summons his children to receive their mind-controlling, mutational ration of Loi-Goi juice. Beneath him, and well concealed by the many rotting layers of his bed, a pinkish tube of musculature protrudes from the ground, entering Sarkas at the asshole. Through this tube the Loi-Goi pumps the infernal elixir that gives Sarkas the power to continue his hellish existence and of course, provide for his family. There is a large "bathing pool" filled with steaming water which Sarkas can flop around in or use as a last ditch escape route, which takes him to the subterranean saltworks or just about any other place that water reaches.

Sarkas, though formidable in his own massive bulging way, has powers pushed far beyond their normal supernatural limits thanks to the spurting bucket loads of Loi-Goi juice delivered rectally by his patron. In fact, the Loi-Goi's tentacle almost never leaves Sarkas's ass, delightfully working his bloated follower like a sock puppet, leaving a trail of pearly emissions. Lord Sarkas breathes a noxious gas cloud from his mouth that can weaken the strongest foes. Throughout any encounter with Sarkas, he emits a constant and ear-splitting howl, effectively ruining any form of spoken communication or spell incantation. Then, Lord Sarkas lets loose with 4 tentacles, flailing ropes of spikes and suckered death. Sarkas also has reasonable telekinesis enough to topple any one of a number of large boulders concealed in the cavern's ceiling. The rocks fall with a +4 to hit bonus and hit for 3d6 damage, but this is only a last-ditch measure.

***Lord Sarkas:*** *Armor 16, 15 Hit Dice, Movement 120', 4 attacks: 1 tentacle attack for 1d8 damage, 1 gas attack for 2d10 damage (and save versus Breath Weapon or all mêlée attacks do half damage), 1 telekinesis attack for 3d6 rock damage, constant howl prevents spellcasting, Morale 8.*

***Clan Guard:*** *Armor 14 (leather), 2 Hit Dice, Movement 100', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 8.*

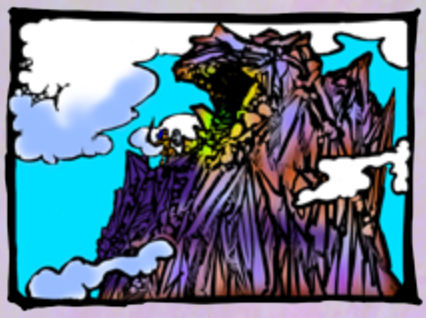
The third chamber is reached by a crack in the cave wall covered by a slime-encrusted tapestry. Here, heaped in an immense pile, is the loot of 50 plus years of banditry–10,000sp worth of coins, jewelry, dinnerware, silver plates, ingots, candlesticks, and strongboxes stuffed with valuable spices and salves. There is also a huge supply of dope worth over 5,000sp just by itself that a certain local lord would do just about ANYTHING for. That's right, Prince Zal is running out of shit, and though bargaining with a creature as vile as Sarkas is repellent to every fiber of Zal's being, Dangle's connection (his usual hook-up) is currently coming up empty...and Zal is a fucking junkie.

Ferd and the locals hate these creatures and if the party is strong enough an alliance between Ferd, his men, Dangle, and the Spooks may be enough to rid this land of these scum once and for all.

## W12. The Lair of Osuka-Barabak

A cluster of giant boulders at the bottom of a vale in between two mountains marks the lair of Osuka. He has rolled and carried huge stones to form a semicircular barrier between him and the outside world he longs to understand. The area is very neat, with the femurs and skulls wired together to form not altogether shitty sculptures. Clay tablets are marked with Osuka's attempts to write and there is even a piano that the creature will bang on in a completely awful attempt at music the whole area is subjected to. A gigantic stew pot sits in the center of the area, and the inside of it bubbles with the reduced and liquefied remains of his victims, which Osuka attempts to make exotic dishes with, using a cookbook which he cannot even read. There are two covered pits blocked by giant stones...one for storing recipe victims and the other for hiding his treasure...gems, jewelry and coinage totaling almost 2,000sp in value.

Osuka has complex relationships with his neighbors. He hates "The Back-Breaker" and would join any effort to destroy it. He does not maraud the village due to Ferd occasionally giving him a human baby conceived with one of the women he keeps confined beneath The Slippery Spot. Osuka has an uneasy peace with the Sarkas clan, kept in place by him occasionally bludgeoning one of them to death. Razak has tried to enlist Osuka to his side but so far Osuka so far has not committed to anyone. Osuka seems content to wander the the countryside, fighting pigs and befriending parties of adventurers to "pick their brains" for "cooking tips". More conversation will eventually led to the inevitable "why don't you guys come by for dinner", which will then usually lead to Osuka taking what he thinks will be the tastiest party member by force.



***Osuka-Barabak:*** *Armor 18, 12 Hit Dice, Movement 140', 1 giant club attack for 2d10+3 damage or 1 hurled stone attack for 1d12 damage, Morale 12.*

## W13. Cave of the Dragonfly

The most terrifying predator in the area is a gigantic Dragonfly referred to by the locals as "The Back-Breaker". Its lair is located in a cave atop the summit of the sheerest mountain in the area, unreachable by anyone except the best of climbers. The cave is full of the forgotten possessions of the countless creatures this gigantic insect has devoured over the years. Full sets of armor, weapons, personal treasures and various other precious objects make this one of the richest booty calls in the whole adventure (20,000sp plus in gems, jewelry, and coins). All you have to do is kill it.

The Back-Breaker has a fiendish method of attack it rarely deviates from. The creature waits for days when the sky is overcast, when it finally leaves its lair unseen. The Bugger hovers in the midst of cloud-cover, biding its time until a victim is selected. The Bugger then dive bombs the target and a successful hit means the creature has grabbed the unfortunate human and borne him skyward. Taking him or her far enough away that they are beyond the help of any of their friends, the victim is dropped from about 200 feet to their bone-shattering deaths, then recovered, flown back to the lair, and devoured at the thing's leisure.

The Back-Breaker is over 25 feet long, with the ability to hover, fly sideways, or perform just about any aerial maneuver. The one weakness is the horrifying sound it makes as it attacks, but warns all within earshot an attack is imminent. The other is the creature's paint job... brightly colored red and yellow bands circle the length of the creature, making it easy to spot against a blue sky.

***Back-Breaker:*** *Armor 20, 12 Hit Dice, Movement 180' fly, 1 dive bomb attack for 1d12 damage or 1 drop attack for 1d6 damage per 10' fallen (max 20d6), Morale 11.*

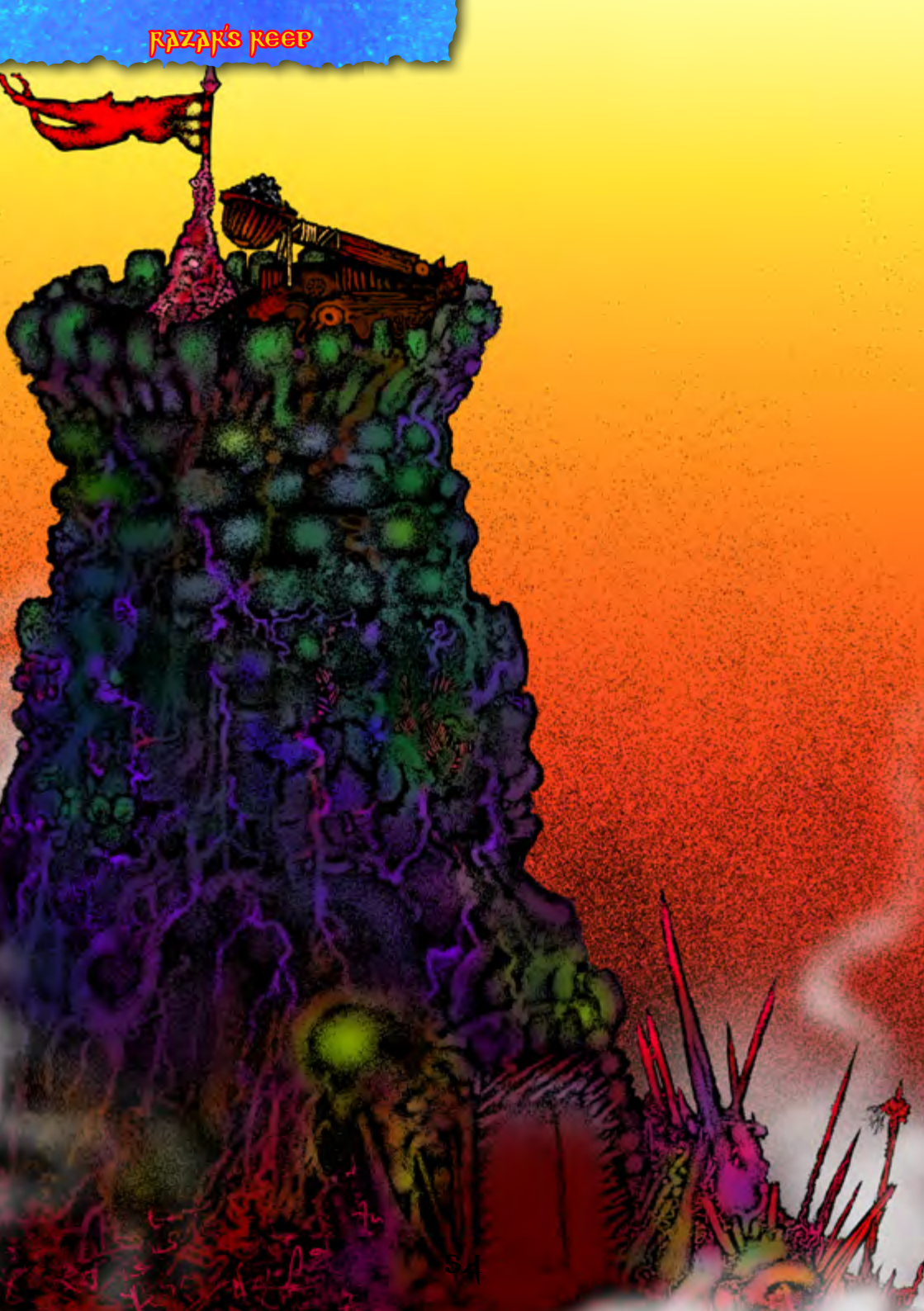
## W14. TOWERS TWO

Razak's Keep was the first tower built and has a more simple and solid look to the construction in general. The architecture is blockier and built for function rather than aesthetics. The outside of the building is pitted and scarred with the many years of battle that has raged around it...mostly impact marks from the huge ballista the followers of Zal use to keep the tower's defenders on their toes. Right now the towers are enjoying a period of relative calm as Zal lolls in his bed-chamber in a drug-induced stupor, and Raz works himself into a lather in his workshop, preparing to unleash his most hideous act of murderous necromancy yet. In this ritual he will abandon every shred of humanity in this final bid to destroy his brother.

The bottom nine feet of each tower is covered in rude graffiti, crude demon faces and splatterings of paint and blood. There used to be a long circular retainer wall that enclosed both of the towers, but it has long since been stripped of any materials and is a mere skeleton of the original fence, with little but the posts remaining. The ground in between The Towers Two is rough and pitted, and in some cases trenches have been dug towards the other tower, and are used in assaults. Broken rocks, forgotten implements of war, and the occasional slime-filled crater obscured by trash as well as various detritus and heaps of rubbish litter the area around the towers, providing plenty of cover. Rats scamper openly in this area, and are often hunted by the inhabitants of Razak's tower. There is a foul stench to the area, as the common method for the evil folk that live in the tower of Razak is to simply dump their excrement over the walls, which leaves great long brown streaks.

The followers of Zal in their opposite tower aren't shitting over the walls, but nevertheless their tower also has a shabby look about it as well. The garrisons on both sides can often be seen on the roofs of the towers, taunting each other by exposing their bare asses and every now and then shooting ballista bolts or hurling catapult stones at each other.

It's time to remember the sordid past of the Towers Two. A story of a sad king who ruled over a broken and impoverished land who could not find a good queen and who finally found a sickly gross one. A queen who in which seed could not find purchase and no heir could be created for the line. Until the king himself felt there must be something wrong with his seed so he went to the rather extreme measure of letting the entire garrison have their way with her. Finally then the pregnancy came...and lingered. It rained all year as the queen went well over term, writhing in agony all the way, until even her own servants shunned her. She was alone when she gave birth to two identical twins — identical except for the fact that one had black hair, and the other blonde. Zal, the light one, the good boy with a gentle soul but sickly and pale. And Razak, the dark child, and the evil one...born with a clenched and withered claw that grew into a blackened fist.



# Razak's Keep

This entire keep has a singular stink to it that seasoned adventurers will immediately recognize …that oily, greasy stink of unwashed flesh, the musty reek of armor lived-in, and the putrid stench of unemptied piss-pots bespeak the presence of the pig-men and plenty of them.

Razak's Keep has four levels. The first floor is a common area and the second is populated by pig-men. But are they home? If away, there will always be 1-8 guards left behind, as well as Skarg's pet, but everybody else will be gone. If they are gone chances are they will be out raiding but there is always a chance they might return—1 in 20 every 10 minutes. Their harsh cries and stamping boots will announce their imminent presence far in advance. Razak occupies the entire third floor. The pig-men are afraid to disturb the sorcerer so they avoid the entire level like the plague unless Razak specficially requests their presence. A staircase in the northwest corner spirals from the first floor to the roof on the fourth. Traversing the stairs is a risky proposition as there is an 80% chance that 1-4 pig-men are clomping down the stairs.

## R1-1. Front Gate

Double 9x9 iron doors studded with huge spikes are smeared with waste.

These doors are stoutly built and will withstand even a battering ram for a time. There are murder holes to stab people with, and sluices above which oil, scalding water, etc. can cascade down on people from.

## R1-2. Entrance Hall

Even if the doors are breached one has to contend with the false ceiling trap which collapses 10 seconds after 400 pounds of weight have entered the room. This weight counter-tips a lever (completely silent) which releases a six-inch thick layer of stone that covers the entire ceiling and which attacks with a +8 Attack Bonus for 2d6 points of damage.

## R1-3. Guard Room

As the dust settles, the door to the north bursts open, and the party is attacked by a Gorilla Bear. This is pretty much what it sounds like, combining the worst features of a gorilla and a bear with a voracious appetite and an unswerving hatred of all things alive.

Covered in patches with rusty scraps of plate mail the beast attacks with its hands, feet, and body, lashing out in all directions. The beast will attack at random until it draws blood and then will concentrate its attacks on that target until it is dead.

By now the whole tower will be on alert and the party can expect an organized attack from the defenders at any moment.

***Gorilla Bear:*** *Armor 16 (thick hide and scraps of plate), 10 Hit Dice, Movement 140', 1 pummel attack for 1d10 damage or 1 fling shit attack 1d6 and you smell, Morale 12.*

## R1-4. Feasting Hall

This is a ruined banquet hall dominated by a scarred wooden table of stout construction. It is littered with garbage, smashed plates, eating utensils, rotting food, etc. At the west end of the table slumps the form of Mung, an extremely hungover Ogre, collapsed forward into a plate of noodles.

Mung has served Razak for many years and has grown fat and bored with the cycles of incessant raiding that never seem to resolve anything. The "war" is limited to occasional skirmishes between the two sides, random catapulting, shit-lobbing, etc. But lately there have been rumors that the master is up to something big... something that will decimate the forces of Zal and his accursed General Cornwell, and finally fill their bellies with hot man-flesh. But it better happen soon. Wine is running low, and too often dinner ends up being what one can catch in the tunnels below the keep or the no-man's land outside, which is at least consistent in its one offering: rat.

The walls are hung with heavy tapestries depicting the royal family hunting, feasting, etc. Wherever possible the torn and slashed tapestries have been defaced and had penises painted on, tits added, etc. In the south west corner there is a three-foot column topped by a bust of Lord Javon, its surface defiled and smeared with foul substances. Crude symbols in the black tongue are scribbled all over it and both cheeks are emblazoned with dicks. The bust is hollow and contains a single silver ring emblazoned with a black skull. This is a ring of Undead Control, two charges left. Any undead creature "controlled" by the ring must follow one order of the caster's choice. Anyone removing the bust from its base releases a 10'x10' cloud of stinking sleep gas which results in a NO saving throw deep vomit and convulsion session of 1-6 turns. Any character with a Constitution of 12 or below is useless, anyone else -1 per point below 19 (ending in 10-60 minutes).

***Mung:*** *Armor 14 (chain and hangover), 5 Hit Dice, Movement 120', 1 great club attack for 2d4 damage, -2 penalty to all attack rolls, Morale 7.*

## R1-5. Shag Room

This is a 5'x5' iron door under a huge, stained and moldy animal-fur rug, which will animate and attack anyone who enters the room other than Deud, Gorbai, or Razak. The Animated Rug needs only to hit once and then will hit automatically after that until the characters makes a successful save versus Magical Device. Anyone surviving this attack will operate at temporary negative

1d6 hit points for one full day of complete discomfort, at which point they will hack up a huge bezoar-like furball. Incapacitated for one hour, they will feel much better once it has passed, and gets their hit points back.

Under the rug is a locked trapdoor, and there are only three that have copies...Dewd, Gorbai, and Razak himself. Once unlocked, the door is heavy and shrieks loudly when opened, belching forth a gust of filthy air and revealing a sheer slab of sloping rock which glistens with grease and disappears into darkness. Anyone being hurled down here cannot stop their descent as the slide soon becomes a deadfall which barely curves out at the greased bottom, sending victims sprawling onto the floor of the lower level amongst a floor-full of broken pottery and shit (Area U2). This trapdoor is a quick way to dispose of prisoners, garbage, and other things that need to be gotten rid of quickly. Things that go to the lower levels rarely return, and it is used by Razak and his followers fairly often..

***Animated Rug:*** *Armor 12, 3 Hit Dice, Movement 120' fly, 1 bite attack for 1d6 damage (and save versus Magical Device or be smothered for 1d4 damage per round while incapacitated), Morale 12.*

## R1-6. Kitchen

There is a sickening stench in this area. This room is meant to be the meal preparation area for the tower's garrison, and it is still used by the tower's current occupants, but considering what pig-men and creatures worse actually eat, it is far from a human kitchen. Gore splatters the walls and questionable looking bones and body parts are on shelves, hung from hooks, or bubbling away in great pots. Deud, from Area R1-7 still prepares his and Razak's meals here but the place is a complete blood-smeared nightmare with rat-fur plastered amongst the wall drippings. Everywhere are sliced-off rat tails, some semi-gnawed, and they litter every surface for Deud keeps a constant Rat-Stew going for "the boys" upstairs. Deud spends at least half his time hunting rats with a stained club. There are always several stewpots whose contents usually consist of a hideous concoction of anything deemed semi-edible. Bubbling and boiling, its hideous smell fills the air, and a face full of it would be a horrific weapon indeed.

On the south side of the room, there is an outcropping of stone set with a heavy iron door with a heavy-duty steel sliding grill set into the door at about 4' from the floor. The key is held by Razak and Gorbai only. It is the more controlled entrance to the dungeon.

## R1-7. Lair of the Deud

All three doors to this room are locked and further protected by hidden peepholes. It is the lair of the permanent drunken Deud, a portly dark-skinned gnome illusionist who usually shuffles around in a loose fitting white fur robe clutching a perpetually flaccid cock. He is the watchman for the upper levels and will try to pull a horse-hair rope hidden amongst the folds of the tapestry that covers the archway in the western corner of the room, alerting all creatures living on the higher levels.

Deud sleeps in a large trunk which he locks from the inside. In here, he has a small personal hoard of loot worth about 500sp. He has been a friend to Raz since the very beginning, and gave him his start in the pursuit of the black arts. But his friend's lust for power and evil soon eclipsed that of his own, and since then Deud has kept his distance from his old friend, afraid of the day that he might end up in one on Razak's experiments. There is a good chance Deud will join any party (besides an overtly good one) planning on attempting to take down Razak, but is likely to betray them at the first available opportunity.

***Deud:*** *Armor 12, Magic-User Level 3, Movement 90', 1 staff attack for 1d4 damage, Morale 8.*

*Deud always carries his pearl inlaid staff, the end of which is tipped with a spiked barb laced with a toxic poison...Save versus Poison or be incapacitated for1d4 days.*

**1st level:** *Faerie Fire, Magic Missile*
**2nd level:** *Wall of Fog*

## R2-1. Empty Guard Chamber

The door to the room is painted black and made of heavy oak, and is locked. There is a hidden peep-hole set in the door, set inside the white outlines of a crude painting of a horned demon-face–an image thatappears all over the inside of the keep and seems to be the favored symbol of these creatures. This room is empty except for two battered wooden chairs and a notched and stained workbench, cluttered with broken pottery and other useless items. The floor is strewn with garbage and broken wine bottles. There is an arrow-holder set on the wall with room for 50 shafts, but with only 13 arrows in it. Leaning up against it is a long bow, black and

of crude design—cunningly made though shabby in appearance. One of the arrows is a great treasure: an Arrow of Monster-Slaying. This thing will kill any monster up to 10 HD that fails a save versus Magical Device if a successful hit is scored (and it has a +4 to hit, as it is attracted to monsters in general and will automatically seek the most powerful monster to strike, even going around corners to do so. Evil humans do not count as monsters). The arrow can be collected after an unsuccessful attempt to hit. The arrow is identical to all of the other arrows except for a single rune upon the shaft, and it can only be found with a close inspection. If the arrow goes undetected, the Referee is going to have to keep track of the person using the arrows, and decide randomly when the Arrow of Monster-Slaying is used. It will be pretty obvious to everybody that the arrow is unique as it explodes with a great roar and flash of flame upon achieving a hit.

The two side doors are identical to the entry door, stoutly built, locked with peepholes in both. Grunts, cursing, and brutish laughter can be heard through both doors. There is the occasional clash of metal, the sounds of brief outbreaks of violence usually followed by the howls of the bested, along with the sounds of things breaking.

### R2-2. Barracks

This level is occupied by a strong group of pig-men that comprise most of the muscle in Razak's garrison. The creatures, calling themselves "Gorbai's Gutters", are 28 in number (not including their leader). The Gutters are the worst of their kind…bigger, meaner, and more cunning than their feral cousins in the woods They stand anywhere from 6-6 ½' tall and are powerfully built, and it is not uncommon to have a 7' specimen (usually in a leadership role, like Skarg, Gorbai's second-in-command). In these halls, the group enjoys all kinds of recreational activities like torturing people, getting drunk, gambling, and brawling with each other. When the group works together, the group is successful, and when they are they get to indulge in their favorite pastime… devouring raw and bloody man-flesh. The pig-men like the bleak surroundings and the terror the remaining humans of Mlag have of them. The pig-men are probably the only other thriving community in the area, with the exception of the Sarkas Clan. Still, there are always those who grumble. Why not just attack the village, killing and then eating the entire population? Using a deft mixture of fear and finesse, Gorbai and Skarg somehow keep the band together.

Pig-men like to carry their valuables on them and each will have 50-150sp on them. But 50% are carrying only 1-20sp and wear the rest in their mouths in the form of gangster-style tooth grills made by the pig-men's armorer and second-in-command, Skarg. The pig-men do this not only as a fashion statement and a way to safeguard their valuables, but also as a weapon to augment the naturally vicious nature of their dental plan. Anybody getting bit by a pig-man with a grill will suffer 1d3 hit points of damage per round, and the hits are automatic after a successful first attack. And you guessed it, the creature will continue to deal damage for 1d4 rounds after death. Pig-men are not allowed to own a grill until the group agrees they have earned the right.

There are several piles of straw scattered about the room and two actual bed frames filled with more dirty straw and shredded pieces of cloth. Any encounter on this level will be with 1d4 pig-men, with 1d4 arriving every round until everyone on the level is present.

Searching through the straw piles will reveal nothing as pig-men tend to carry their valuables on them, and rarely if ever remove their armor. Whenever possible pig-men like to melt down their precious metals and wear them as teeth in their mouths. Pig-men love a good grill. Set against the wall beneath a pile of trash there are several bottles of shitty liquor, six in all in varying states of fullness. This fiery liquid will bring back 1d6 hit points to the imbiber, but can only be used twice a day. There are 1-6 doses in each black bottle. In the tower section of room number two there are several battered weapons hanging from a rack on the wall. There are two heavy bows and four spears. There is also something else in the guard tower turret. One of the pig-men has stashed ("for later") a murdered human child of about four years old, wrapped up inside a section of ragged canvas and then disguised with garbage. The nude and brutalized child is a little girl, and appears to have been dead for three or four days. One of her legs is missing.

The troops in general care little for their seldom-seen master and are busy using the tower as a base for their own operations against the village and the surrounding countryside, while earning their keep by putting on a good show of war with the tower next door. The pig-men love the taste of man-flesh, and there are baser motives for conflict than the senseless war the brothers wage against each other. There are occasional raids, and about once a month one side or the other will launch a major assault. These affairs are usually more show than go, but creatures still get crushed. Presently both sides are enjoying a period of relative calm, while unbeknownst to each other both sides are preparing for a "final assault", both designed to bring an end to this protracted and pointless conflict.

Recently a couple of their number has gone missing, which is a strange for a close-knit group of pig-men very far from home. If they knew the truth…that Razak had kidnapped these creatures and for use in his horrible experiments they would probably be pretty pissed off…maybe pissed-off enough to bum-rush the upper levels of the fortress and make a midnight snack of the skinny sorcerer.

Of course there are a dizzying array of pig-man personalities on display. There is the fat one, the skinny one, the one that gets picked on all the time (and may aid the party) and of course the one that farts a lot. Actually that would be all of them.

***Pig-man:*** *Armor 17 (chain and shield), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8+1 damage, Morale 10.*

## R2-3. Main Gathering Hall

This is the main gathering/sleeping place for the pig-men. Both doors are standard tower issue but are unlocked, and the door to location four is usually left open. There is a large fireplace against the east wall that fills the room with smoke every time it is used (visibility halved), and stacked against the walls are kegs of beer and various boxes of provisions. There are two weapons racks against the west wall, and a beat-up table and a collection of various chairs are strewn around the room. In the southeast corner sits an overflowing piss-pot which is surrounded by a growing puddle of urine and shit.

The turret area is filled with straw, and used by the pig-men for sleeping. An even viler smell than normal comes out of this area, and there is always at least one pig-man completely drunk and passed out in here. The table is for rape!

At any time there will be 2 to 10 creatures

in here, drinking black ale, playing various games involving knives, dice and money, and screaming at each other. These "conversations" (and there are usually several going on at once) often blow-up into brawling, and brawling will sometimes lead to blades. But the battles are usually non-lethal; there is a rude but real camaraderie amongst the troops. They have fought hard to get here, and learned to value their comrades along the way. Pig-men don't get along with anybody except other pig-men, and only then when ordered to do so.

The pig-men talk about their more memorable raids on the village, speculate about what "the boss" has in store for them, and wonder when they will be summoned to attack the other tower. There are rumors of something big coming up, and powerful new allies should be joining them soon. More conversation will reveal details of the comings and goings in the tower...how there is a man imprisoned in the dungeon below that the boys would love to eat...stories of how "the master" has not been seen for weeks as he prepares powerful sorcery to use in the upcoming assault. There are grumblings. The boys are sick of eating rat stew and crave man-flesh more than ever. And even though Gorbai forbids any raid he does not command or at least approve of, his troops are determined to get their meat not by cracking the tough nut next-door, but by continuing to attack the village in an even more blatant manner.

Only half of the creatures encountered here will be fully armored though all will have weapons. Any mêlée here will bring reinforcements at a rate of 1d4 pig-men every 1d4 rounds. Half of all pig-men encountered will be drunk, giving them a -3 on their to hit attack but a +3 hit points to their damage.

Right now the pig-men are fixated on an event occurring right in front of the fireplace. Turgarg has bet Munch "hummers for life" that he cannot eat an entire bucket of shit. Pig-man sexuality is a weird thing and the boys think nothing of going at it with each other, often in front of everybody. Their women are for breeding purposes only and are kept in caves.

***Drunk pig-man:*** *Armor 12 (unarmored), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8-2 damage, -3 penalty to all attack rolls, Morale 8.*

## R2-4. Armory

This is the pig-men's armory and storeroom and also home to the towering form of Skarg, armorer and second-in-command of the bunch. Skarg can usually be found repairing or creating weapons, tending the forge on the west wall, cranking out grills, and keeping an eye on the supplies.

If the pig-men are home, Skarg will (80% chance) be found in front of the hearth. Skarg is currently involved in making a painful mouth mold for an upcoming grill, and the soon-to-be-owner of this grill sits strapped in a chair, straining against his bonds as Skarg expertly pours an overly-hot combination of wax and fecal matter into his mouth.

The armorer and second-in-command of the pig-men. Skarg is the tallest of the lot, coming in at over 7' tall. He is of a wiry build, broad yet thin, and appears to have survived until middle-aged (rare for his race–Skarg is about 50 years old in human years. Pig-men can live for 100+ years but rarely get the chance to do so). Skarg usually goes shirtless, his black body glistening with sweat channeled by the countless scars that crisscross his body from head to toe. It is hot in this room, and the area around the forge and bellows is sweltering when they are in use. Usually all the doors

except for the one to Gorbai's chamber are open to help with ventilation, but also so Skarg can keep an eye on the boys and occasionally stop them from killing each other.

***Skarg:*** *Armor 17 (chain and shield), Level 2 Fighter, Movement 120', 1 war hammer attack for 1d10 or "grill-bite" 1d6 damage and next bite auto-hits, Morale 9.*

Usually within 10 feet of him, or kept on a length of stout chain in the southwest corner, will be his "pet", Mangle, a giant Death Dog. This hulking beast, which resembles nothing so much as an mutant pit-bull the size of a cow, with a set of over-sized jaws bristling with fangs that are constantly coursing with a never-ending river of vicious-smelling slaver. When fully armored in its custom made war-suit (and yes, he has a grill) the beast is well over 300 pounds.

***Mangle:*** *Armor 16 (chain), 8 Hit Dice, Movement 240', 1 bite attack for 1d8 damage or 1 bum rush attack for 1d10 damage and pinned, Morale 12.*

There is a large stone hearth/fireplace on the west wall with a forge and anvil set up in front of it. The north wall is lined with two huge storage shelves stacked with all sorts of materials for the maintenance of the pig-men's arsenal—chunks of metal, rolls of leather, an endless array of tools, all at the disposal of Skarg, who is a master craftsman. The pig-men pride themselves on their metalworking, and their weapons are both fearsome to behold and deadly in application. Directly to the south of the work area is a long workbench, its surface cluttered with tools and materials. On the east wall opposite the hearth is a huge pile of boxes, barrels and crates. There are four more sets of shelves just to the south, all overflowing with crap. In the southwest corner there are two screens that block off the corner. Here there are piles of moldy furs and a large footlocker with a large lock securing it. Within are Skarg's personal effects and his extensive selection of grills made from a variety of metals, worth 1,500sp. There are also four full bottles of healing liquor with a full 24 doses apiece (heals 1d6 hit points).

The pig-men are well provisioned with kegs of ale and dried meat of dubious origin. There is plenty of "barrel beef", as well as other foodstuffs ranging from strange grains to turnips that look like they came from a human kitchen. Much of what is found here is loot from the surrounding countryside and of human manufacture. Parties will have at least a 50% chance of finding something that they need per turn of searching. There is a dizzying array of weapons and tools, including maces, halberds, spears and various broken weapons awaiting repair. They are mostly racked on the shelves and walls, and are at the party's disposal. Remember all weapons the pig-men manufacture strike at +1 chance to hit, and do an additional hit point of damage once the hit is secured.

The door to the east is painted black and has the same crude demon face seen throughout the keep, in addition to the usual collection of evil symbols and graffiti.

This is the door to the chamber housing Skarg's boss, the fearsome Gorbai.

## R2-5. Gorbai's Room

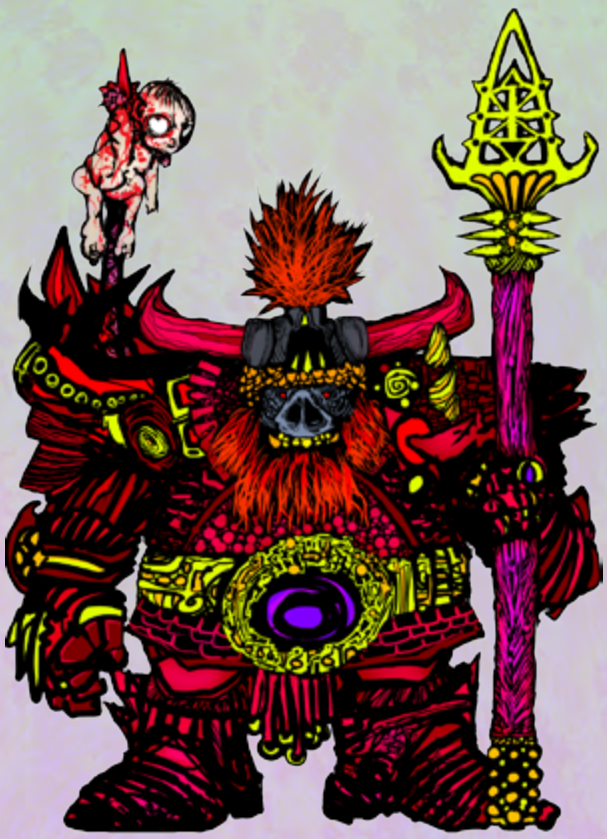
These are the quarters of Gorbai, leader of the pig-men. He is medium sized but of great girth, giving him an almost square silhouette. Twin bull-horns set upon his iron helm set him apart, and he will sometimes use them in combat, bull-charging his foe and attempting to impale them. He is never seen unless fully armored.

Gorbai possesses a Kazza Stone, which he uses to stay abreast of the latest developments in his domain. He also has a scheme going with Ferd, the owner of The Slippery Spot, to waylay and kill travelers through the area.

He fights with a huge spear which he will attempt to throw first. He will then follow that up with his famous (he has bested many rivals in this way) "bum-rush" attack, attempting to impale the opponent with his bull-horn helmet..He will then pull out his huge scimitar. Gorbai constantly harasses his followers into submission with his great booming voice (which can be heard echoing throughout the entire tower) and the occasional brutal beating. He is backed without question by Skarg.

***Gorbai:*** *Armor 18 (plate), Fighter Level 5, Movement 100', 1 scimitar attack for 1d8+3 damage or "bum-rush" attack for 1d10 damage plus 20' to speed or throw spear for 1d6 damage, Morale 12.*

Gorbai's quarters are fairly spartan. The walls are covered in bloodied and ripped war banners, damaged shields, and broken weapons and armor he has taken from his vanquished foes. There is a large black wooden desk on the southern side of the room. It is covered in dirty plates and mugs as Gorbai and Skarg will share meals here often. Searching the desk will reveal a map of the floor plans of both towers (essentially the Referee's map). There are three chairs scattered about the room as well as a good selection of functional weapons. Against the west wall, there is a large leather chest filled with skins, various tools, and random crap that pig-men covet, as well as a half-full gallon bottle of strong liquor in a straw casing (24 doses. No healing. It just get you shit-faced). The trunk has a rather obvious false bottom,



and removing it reveals many little canvas bags filled with loot. There are 5 bags filled with various gems and jewels worth 1,000sp. There is also a small iron box containing a small stone evil-looking talisman which gives the wearer a +3 on any saving throw from any magical attack launched from an evil creature. It is a crude stone image of the same demonic face painted all over the keep, and sometimes Gorbai wears this on a leather thong around his neck beneath his armor. He stole it from the shrine upstairs feeling in his gut that it might be useful if Razak is ever successful in summoning a demon to help him in his campaign against his brother. Razak has not noticed its disappearance yet, and would be pretty pissed if he knew where it had ended up.

Attempting to pick anything inside the box releases a razor-sharp pair of blades which scythe across the inside of the box like an over-sized pair of scissors. It attacks with a +6 attack bonus and does 2d6 points of damage. Scoring over 8 points of damage means one hand is useless for next 1d10 turns. More than 10 points of damage means both hands are useless for 1d10 turns, and a 12 damage means one of the hands is completely cut off. It is a fiendish trap, cunningly designed by Skarg for his good buddy.

The southeast corner of the room has a heavy and locked iron door, which leads to the turret-chamber where Gorbai sleeps on a huge pile of furs and skins. There are three more chests in here, all locked, and these contain the accumulated "community wealth" of the troop, of which all have an equal share. There is almost 5,000sp worth of various copper, silver, and gold pieces as well as various gems and jewels as well as an enormous ornamental pig-man cock with rivets running around the naturally corkscrewing ridges of the shaft. Skarg bronzed the member for Razak who used it in some sort of secret research. Gorbai stole it and hid it here. You guessed right…it's another death phallus which, besides its normal deathfucking abilities, begins vibrating whenever Lawful-aligned creatures are within 100'. The boys started calling it *The Salaminizer* and the name stuck.

## R3-1. Guard Post

This entire floor stinks of death and permeates with evil. The pig-men are supposed to cycle a single man through guard duty in this room, but there is a 25% chance they have gone missing. Even the pig-men are creeped out by Razak and his necromantic and necro-romantic creations. If a guard is present, they sit on a chair in the southeast corner next to a bell rope. If any intruders exit the stairs, the guard pulls the rope to alert Razak, but there is a 10% chance the guard is passed out drunk at his post.

***Drunk pig-man:*** *Armor 12 (unarmored), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8-2 damage, -3 penalty to all attack rolls, Morale 8.*

## R3-2. Razak's Throne Room

Blood red banners embroidered with runes in golden thread hang on each wall. The walls and ceiling have been painted back here. Red candles burn on the floor placed at the intersection of every line of a geometric pattern inscribed in white chalk on the floor. Razak spends most of the day learning to control his undead soldiers. Voiden warriors shamble and battle within the pattern on the floor while the mad sorcerer cackles and twists his hands in the air like a puppeteer working invisible strings.

Razak sits on a tall black iron throne inlaid with mother of pearl demonic runes, his face pudgy and ghost white. Greasy black hair hangs around his bald pate and spills down over his shoulders. Drool dribbles from Razak's mouth, packed with gold teeth, and runs down his chin onto his bare chest laden with gold chains stacked on a loud purple scarf. Striped pantaloons—in the same obnoxious purple as the scarf and an even louder red— balloon at his waist. Gold rings pinch the fat sausage-like fingers on his left hand. A single white glove on his right hand conceals a withered black claw hand.

Razak will be well aware of the character's approach if Nestor succeeded in pinning the "Eye of Razak" to a member of the group. Razak can see through the pin by peering into his Kazza stone ring. The sorcerer will prepare an ambush for the party before it arrives if they seem intent on ending him.

Razak is willing to parley with the party. His only desire is to reclaim the Towers Two and will pay the party handsomely for their assistance: 10,000sp. Razak reveals his twin brother Zal's weakness for partying and opiates… especially opiates. He gives the group a folded piece of tin foil bulging with black tar heroin that smells like it was cut with rat turds. He insists the assassins chop off Zal's prick and stuff it in his mouth like a floppy cigar before they kill him. He won't pay the group unless they do as he says.

If the party is here to carry out Zal's scheme to dismember Razak's member, the sorcerer will gleefully agree to any proposed interlude. Razak retires to his chambers with his amorous interest while the rest of the group is detained by the Voiden.

If the players attack Razak, make sure you read the "Final Confrontation" section before proceeding with the battle. Razak's 20 Voiden Warrior-Zombies will immediately

join the mêlée and fight to the death. A group of 1d4 of Gorbai's Gutters rushes to join the fray every three rounds. Razak wears a skeleton key that opens all doors in the keep. If the battle is going poorly, Razak flees via the escape hatch inside the secret treasure room behind his throne. The secret door is opened by pushing on a wall panel near the floor.

***Voiden Warrior-Zombie:*** *Armor 15 (decaying chain), 2d4 Hit Dice, Movement 60', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d6 damage, energy drain 1 level on a critical hit, Morale 12.*

***Razak:*** *Armor 12, Magic-User Level 10, Movement 120', 1 Fuckblade attack or withered claw attack for 1d6 damage plus save versus Poison or take 1d8 additional damage, Morale 9. Magic items and spells prepared, see text.*

Razak wields a death phallus dubbed *Fuckblade* which attacks as a rapier with a +5 to hit bonus after depressing a button on the shaft, which causes a slashing blade to telescope from the tip. Razak has access to all deathfuck powers when wielding Fuckblade, and has already accumulated 5 deathfuck magic points. Razak has the following prepared spells remaining:

**1st level:** *Enlarge, Hold Portal, Magic Missile, Shield, Summon*
**2nd level:** *Stinking Cloud*
**3rd level:** *Army of One*

## R3-3. Treasure Room

This small room is hidden by a secret wall behind Razak's throne. The room contains Razak's horde of filthy lucre and I do mean filthy; half the treasure is covered in dried viscera and stinks like armpits and vomit. Razak dumped most of the valuables in a large sack in case he had to make a quick getaway. The sack holds 7,500sp in coins and gems. A smaller metal coffer jammed behind a loose stone in the wall holds 2,500sp and another 1,000sp of IOUs from Ferd in the village of Mlag. Coiled neatly on a wall peg is a prized deathfuck weapon, the *Cunt Whip* (see "Deathfuck Magic" section for abilities).

There is an escape hatch connected to a spiraling greased chute that eventually opens into the midden pit in the caverns below the keep (area U1). If Razak flees through the escape hatch, he takes the treasure sack and runs to his workshop (Area U4), then the underground post (Area U1) to gather troops to kill the characters. If all of his minions are dead, he will beseech the Loi-Goi to send help whom will send 15 mutant creatures under his control (Area U6).

## R3-4. Razak's Chambers

The dark sorcerer's chambers are equal parts library and fuck dungeon. Shelves of dusty tomes crowd the walls. Manacles hang from the extremities of a saltire cross crusted with brown and white effluvia. A cold draft makes a sex swing and trapeze bar slowly twist in the air.

A long banquet table stands in the center of the room covered in wine-stained vellum, quills, butt plugs, and librams. This is a rape table +4! The bloated quadruple amputee snoring on the table is Razak's latest creation: a transgendered clone of himself turned monstrous. The sorcerer began this little experiment to create a guardian for his chambers that wouldn't disturb his research by sexually arousing him, but in that he utterly failed. At least, the monster makes an excellent guard. Entering the room without Razak alerts the guardian who then springs into action. Hairy tarantula legs extend from holes in the clone's amputated stumps and hoist the flabby torso into the air. The skin of the face retracts like a foreskin as prolapsed appendages capped by slavering

kraken beaks are birthed from every orifice.

If Razak enters this chamber for a rendez-vous with a party member, there's a 20% chance he smothers the character from behind with a chloroform soaked rag just after they enter the room. The character awakes helplessly manacled to the saltire cross while Razak is cutting off their clothing with Fuckblade. If a character is wearing Prince Zal's invisible Chastity Belt of the Dentata, the ruse will fail if Razak inserts anything but his cock in it. Sucessfully chopping off Razak's cock causes the Voiden warriors and other party members to rush into the room for the battle detailed in the "Final Confrontation" section.

The library shelves are filled with magical research. A Magic-User who wishes to transport the library to their own stronghold will find roughly 8 10'x10' shelves of books. Moving the shelves or pulling all the books off the bottom shelf of the bookshelf in the northeast corner reveals the entrance to Nestor the Imp's hiding place.

***Beak-o-puss:*** *Armor 14, 5 Hit Dice, Movement 120', 2 attacks: 1 kraken beak attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 12.*

## R3-5. Nestor's Clutch

Razak's familiar, Nestor the Imp, lairs in this space hidden by a bookshelf. He crawls in through a hole in the bottom shelf then reshelves the books from inside to hide the opening. Nestor has managed to pilfer quite a number of small precious and semiprecious gemstones during his years of service. The imp hides them under the moldy nest of straw he uses as a bed. The gem collection is worth 600sp.

There is a 10% chance that Nestor (if he is still alive) is sleeping here when the characters are in Razak's chambers. Nestor fires his blowgun while hiding at the entrance to his lair.

***Nestor the Imp:*** *Armor 12, 1 Hit Die, Movement 60' ground 120' fly, 1 bite attack for 1d4 damage or 1 blowgun save versus Magic -2 or charmed as Charm Person spell, Morale 6.*

## R3-6. Demon Shrine

This area is smoky with a yellow haze and the odor of brimstone. Little bits of meat hang from barbed deep sea fishing hooks dangling from the ceiling by thick rope. The walls at first appear to be painted rusty brown, but on closer inspection it's layers upon layers of dried blood. An ornate mirror hangs on the wall above a pedestal with a crank handle.

The mirror allows Razak to communicate with an intergalactic bearded devil that calls itself Maloderus Bungus. In exchange for innocent souls, the bearded devil shares his knowledge of necromancy with Razak. Maloderus calls the pedestal with the crank a "baby fax machine." Turning the crank churns meat grinder blades below the hopper on top of the pedestal. The devil only accepts live babies which Razak sometimes obtains from Osuka. Sending it through the grinder transmits the soul to the demon's space ship. Faxing a baby gives Magic-Users a spellcasting bonus; for the next 24 hours, the Magic-User may reroll any random spell effect, but must keep the second roll.

If any creature approaches the mirror, the image of Maloderus appears. The demon has a horrific, twitching beard, wild blue eyes, and a pig nose. Blood endlessly drips from his head from the crown of spikes driven into his skull. Maloderus has a sardonic sense of humor and ends every phrase with an evil chortle. The devil demands to know why he has been summoned. The only correct answers to Maloderus's questions are sarcasm, insults, and rude hand gestures. If Maloderus doesn't like a character's answer, he attacks by remotely manipulating the barbed hooks hanging from the ceiling. The hooks make 10 attacks at +1 against the target of the demon's ire. If an attack hits, it immobilizes its target by hooking deep into flesh. Maloderus says, "Give me one reason why I should let you live." If the answer is insufficiently mocking, Maloderus rips out all the hooks at the same time which causes 1d6 damage per hook, but there is a 10% chance the bearded devil rips the hooks out anyway just for a laugh.

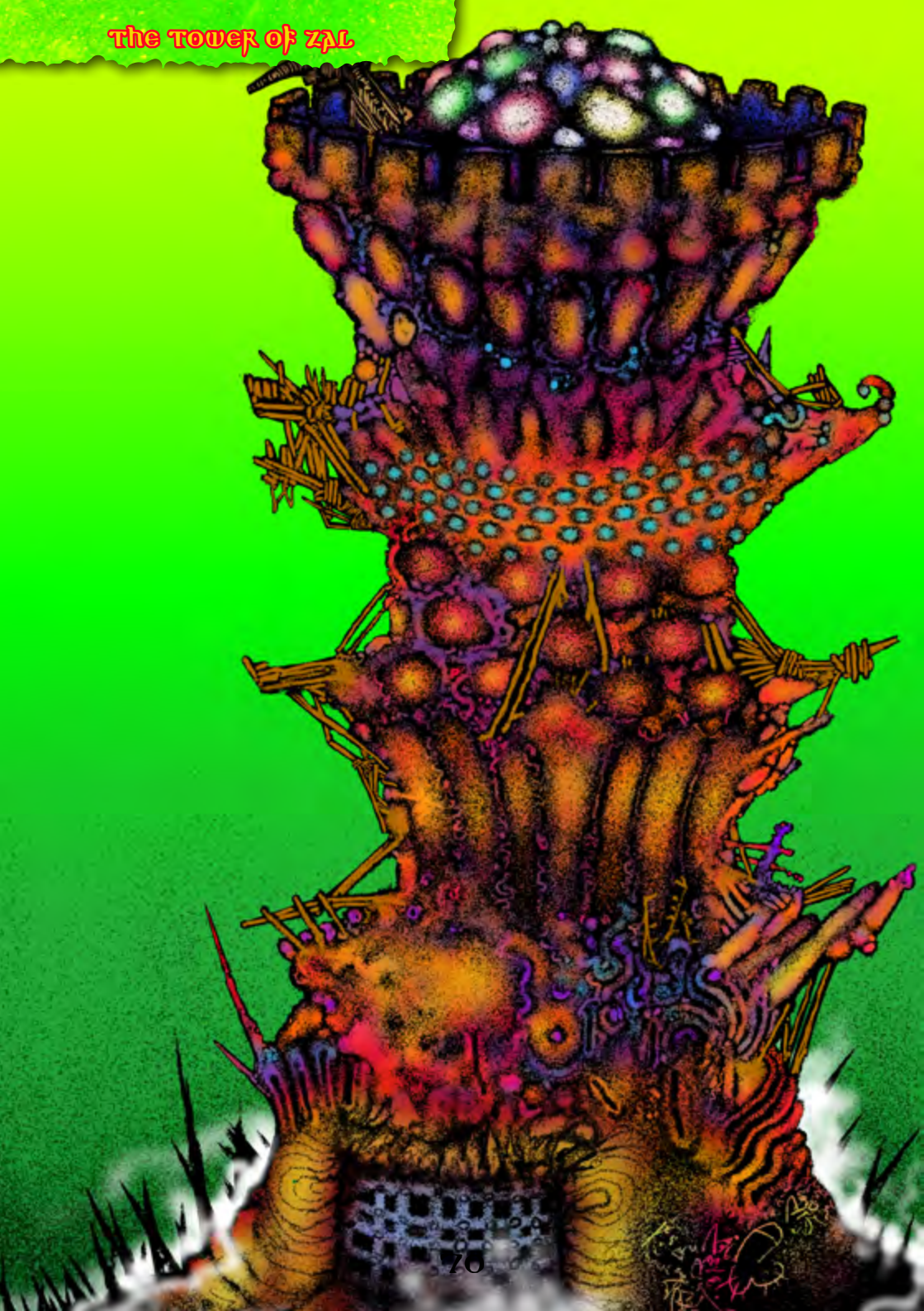
## R4-1. Roof

The roof of Razak's Keep has a far-reaching view of Hune's countryside including the Tower of Zal, the sorcerer's troublesome brother. Razak flies a bright red flag at all times as a declaration of war against his twin. A large catapult has been constructed here. Large piles of boulders are dumped haphazardly across the roof of the keep. 5 pig-man archers are drinking whiskey straight from a small barrel. The archers are taking pot shots at anything they see moving below, even their own mates, but they are lousy shots even when they're sober which isn't often. The pig-men plan to launch the prisoner in the tower cell (Area R4-2) at Zal's tower once they get good and shitfaced. The pig-men spent most of their money on the barrel of whiskey, but they have 250sp of pocket change between them.

***Drunk pig-man archer:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Fighter Level 2, Movement 120', 1 short bow attack for 1d6-1 damage, Morale 9.*

## R4-2. Tower Cell

The northeast turret-chamber is sealed with a door of metal bars. One of Prince Zal's palace guards is the sole occupant. The once handsome guard has been beaten to a bloody pulp. His body and face are lumped with purple welts and his left eye is smashed and leaking from its shattered socket. The guard can only make gurgling noises since his tongue was cut out.



# The Tower of Zal

Prince Zal's tower is divided into 4 levels. The Tower of Zal is shabby, but has retained many of the trappings of its grand past. Prince Zal expects excellence in his subjects. The palace guard is made up in its entirety from well-muscled, ruggedly handsome stock.

A circular staircase in the northwest corner leads from the bottom floor all the way to the roof. There is a 50% chance that 1-6 guards are using the stairs every time they are traversed. The guards will detain anyone they do not know or that does not have a chaperone.

## Z1-1. Front Gate

A corpse of one of the pig-men lies face down in the mud with a back full of arrows 30' away from a set of 10' × 10' stout wooden doors with banded iron reinforcements. A heavy portcullis gate drops in place in front of the door for further protection against a frontal assault. Arrow slits are arranged on both sides. The silk rope hanging to the right of the gate is a nice touch. Pulling the rope rings a bell inside the foyer and summons Blaine the manservant or a palace guard from the guard post. The pig-men make great sport of pulling the rope and running away in the middle of the night so the adventurers might need to ring the bell several times before anyone answers from the little window cut in the door. Do-gooder types will be allowed entrance if they agree to be disarmed.

## Z1-2. Foyer

Everything about this grand entryway screams decaying opulence. An enormous crystal chandelier hangs from the vaulted ceiling with patches of missing shards. Worn settees are pushed against the western wall. A threadbare red carpet runs from the entrance between two dusty suits of armor on pedestals and continues down the hallway to the east. The pair of double doors to the south and the door to the north are made of some expensive wood but the lower portions are scratched and chewed up.

The palace guards throughout the entire tower are flawless physical specimens. Their features are rugged and handsome. Their bodies are well-muscled, tan, and free of body hair. The guards wear filligreed plate armor designed to display their superb physiques with chest plates that stop midriff to expose their chiseled abs and short mail skirts which barely cover their trunk-like legs.

At least one palace guard will be stationed here at all times. If the characters request an audience with Prince Zal, they will be disarmed and their weaponry stored in the guard post to the south. The characters will be treated with hospitality, but they will be made to wait endlessly. After waiting in the foyer, they will eventually be invited to a meal in the mess hall. If the characters become impatient, Counselor Cornwell will appear and offer to give a tour of the tower which he will drag out as long as possible. All demands to see Zal or questions about his whereabouts will be met with a blank-faced stare and the admonition that the prince is not ready to see them yet. Prince Zal is a junkie with a capital H. Most times he's either nodded off in his throne again or has locked the door to his chamber and won't answer. The only way the characters will get to see Zal is if they walk into his throne room of their own accord. Guards and attendants will follow the players and tell them this is highly unusual, but will not physically stop them from entering the throne room.

They are afraid when Zal wakes up, he will fly into one of his rages for mistreating his guests.

***Palace Guard:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 10.*

## Z1-3. Guard Post

Guards who draw the short straws end up on gate duty. There's usually 2-12 guards stationed in this room as well as the manservant, Blaine (Level 0). Cots are pushed against the walls with a few sleeping guards. Faded portraits of Hune family antecedents stare from the walls with patrician indifference. A large round table in the center of the room is littered with playing cards from gambling the guards hope to get back to. There's 250sp piled into a pot in the middle of the table.

***Palace Guard:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 10.*

## Z1-4. Armory

The wooden weapon and armor racks are positioned neatly along the walls of this room. All manner of mundane weapons and armor can be found in this room. High on the east wall is a full-length portrait of Prince Zal in his youth. On the opposite wall, there is an unfaded rectangle of wall roughly the size of Zal's portrait.

A smaller caged weapons locker is positioned in the southwest corner of the room. The character's weapons will be secured here with a small padlock that is easily smashed if they agreed to disarmament.

## Z1-5. Mess Hall

Long tables and benches are gathered in neat military formations in this room. A blazing stone hearth in the center of the north wall floods the room with heat. Landscape paintings line the entire room with panoramic scenes of the saltworks' heyday: a harbor full of ships, beaming peasants working at their sluices, and a raucous street festival in the village of Mlag. Unlike the family paintings, the art in this room will fetch a decent price of 1d6 × 50sp each. There are 6 paintings in total.

The food while not plentiful is delicious and fancilfully presented on immaculate silver trays worth 10sp. Diners will be served a steaming tray fat with succulent braised pork chops. Between 2-7 palace guards will be taking a meal in this room at any time of the day. The guards will clam up when outsiders are around. They are nervous about idle chatter getting back to the prince. Guards who cross Zal have been known to disappear mysteriously. One new recruit might speak with the party, but he seems very confused. He doesn't remember how he got here or where he came from. There is a 1 in 6 chance that Counselor Cornwell is eating here, and a 17% chance that Derks is as well.

***Palace Guard:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 10.*

## Z1-6. Kitchen

Across from the mess hall, Barth, an obese cook (Level 0) with 4 chins, works alone at preparing meals in a lavish, but mostly barren kitchen. Barth rushes to the door to shoo away anyone who enters the room. If the characters insist on conversing, the cook is curt, but polite. If anyone in the group appears to be a Cleric, Barth sheepishly asks if they will do him a small favor: bless his meat. The cook is a god-fearing man and has private misgivings about the food he has been forced by necessity to serve. Poaching has run rampant in the impoverished region and there

is little game available so Barth has turned to secretly serving the corpses of slain pig-men.

The cook leads the Cleric to the larder where fresh meat swings from large iron hooks. The only indications of the meat's dubious origin are the flayed skin, heads, hands, and trotters stuffed deep in the waste bin. The condition of the larder and pantry is wretched. The grimy shelves are lined with rotting produce wriggling with ants. A sewer rat has a mouse bent over a moldy block of cheese and is pumping away. A burlap sack of flour has spilled open in the corner and a litter of kittens are suckling at their mother's teats sprawled in the powdery mess. Deathfucking the cat and the entire litter is the equivalent of a 1 Hit Die creature.

If the sounds of fighting are heard by Barth before the kitchen door is opened, the frightened cook charges at the intruders swinging a butcher's cleaver. The cook keeps a hidden cache of exotic spices under a copper pot. There are 5 spice bottles worth 10sp each. There are also silver trays and eating utensils amounting to 400sp.

***Barth:*** *Armor 12 (unarmored), Fighter Level 1, Movement 90', 1 cleaver attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 6.*

## Z1-7. Dungeon Entrance

In the southeast corner of the hall there is a heavy-duty iron door secured by a thick padlock with a poison needle inside the keyhole. It is the main entrance to the caverns below the tower. The two keys are held by Prince Zal and Counselor Cornwell. Behind the door, stone stairs descend into dank blackness. Characters that look at the ceiling 20' above notice the square outline of a wooden platform which is the underside of Zal's secret elevator.

## Z2-1. Kennelmaster's Post

A pair of mastiffs named Killer and Killer Too sniff the air and pace the floor while their kennelmaster Derks sits on a stool cursing and trying to scrape dog shit off his leather boot with a handful of straw. A portrait of Lord Javon adorns the east wall who is portrayed in regal finery holding a dead fox in the air by the tail as a lean hunting dog leers longingly at its quarry. Derks has a long scar across the left side of his face that disappears into a wooly reddish beard…his appearance isn't up to Zal's standards, but this was the most pleasant-looking kennelmaster in the region.

The kennelmaster is not talkative by any stretch of the imagination, and whenever spoken to Derks waits a full 3 seconds before responding. He secretly thinks Prince Zal a fool. The prince keeps the mastiffs for hunting feral pigs, but the prince rarely leaves his room, let alone the tower. In any case, the pay is a little better than in the village of Mlag…which is to say utter crap.

Derks has a quick temper which Killer and Killer Too take on quickly. The mastiffs savage anyone who angers their master, but they wander away a lot so it might not be apparent to someone entering this room that it is guarded by dogs. There's a 20% chance one or both dogs will be in the hall drinking from the fountain, sniffing each other's asses, or licking their own balls. Derks commands his dogs to attack if the sound of fighting is heard downstairs from the stairs.

***Derks:*** *Armor 14 (leather), Specialist Level 3, Movement 120', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 8.*

***Mastiff:*** *Armor 12, 2 Hit Dice, Movement 240', 1 bite attack for 1d8, +1 attack roll when Derks is present, Morale 10.*

## Z2-2. Fountain Hall

A gurgling fountain of white marble tosses water into the air at the central rotunda. At the end of each hall there is a small lookout window. The western most wall has many arrow slits and a good view of Razak's Keep. There's a 50% chance that 1-6 guards will be washing themselves in the fountain.

## Z2-3. Gym

The air in this chamber is heavy with the humidity of man musk. Low shelves of neatly stacked free weights, olympic bars, and other accoutrements of fitness line the walls. Palace guards doff their armor in this room, lift weights, and participate in their favorite sport: wrestling matches. A pair of well-oiled hardbodies is locked in combat in the center of the room almost constantly clothed in merkin-like thongs.

The toughest opponent is Guymenstra, the only female member of the palace guard, who works out more than anyone else. Guymenstra has a deep tawny skin and short-cropped blonde hair. Her entire body is oiled and ripped giving her the appearance of a polished tree trunk. Her breasts have been replaced by ropy sheets of muscle so she doesn't bother wearing a shirt anymore. Guymenstra is a powerhouse on the wrestling mat and takes down her opponents quickly with a bum rush attack. Guymenstra will wager 500sp against anyone that's willing to wrestle her which involves maintaining hold on an opponent for 3 successive rounds. She fights dirty though, so win or lose, any male that fights her moves at half speed for 1d4 hours due to ball scooping.

***Guymenstra:*** *Armor 12 (unarmored), Fighter Level 4, Movement 120', 1 punch attack for 1d4 damage, +2 wrestling attempts, Morale 10.*

## Z2-4. Barracks

This room is packed with rows of bunk beds with steamer trunks at the foot of each. In all there are 20 trunks each filled with worthless baubles, gewgaws, clothing, and 1d8 × 10sp in coins or rings. At any given time, 1d10 guards, glistening and hardbodied, will be sleeping or resting in this room. Looting the trunks will cause chaos 1d4+1 hours later as the guards first accuse each other of stealing, then turn their whiny bitching on visitors to the tower. At the end of the time period, the guards will confront the adventurers then pummel the crap out of them and search their pockets. If they find any of their stuff, they keep all the adventurers' loot, toss them out the front door naked, and blow their war horn to make the pig-men in Razak's Keep think Zal's forces are attacking.

***Palace Guard:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 10.*

### Z2-5. Locker Room

The palace guards store their armor and weapons in lockers here. Ripe wrestling thongs are draped over open locker doors. In one corner, there is a water basin for washing up and in another a gold-plated chamber pot worth 100sp brimming with floaters in a briny puddle of piss. There's a 10% chance that two palace guards are whipping each other's asses with wet towels, waxing their chests, or oiling up each other's back. The characters can find 1d20 mundane weapons here and 1d10 suits of palace guard plate armor. Since the skimpy armor has such little coverage it is only as effective as chain (Base Armor 16) and since it looks so retarded only fetches the price of leather (25sp).

### Z2-6. Counselor's Chambers

As Prince Zal's closest confidant, Counselor Cornwell has been well-provided for. His locked chambers are outfitted with expensive furnishings. The counselor has a private bath, running water, and a toilet. All fixtures are plated with gold and in some cases made of solid gold. Stripping the entire room of gold takes a good ten minutes but yields 1,500sp of the precious metal.

A built-in mahogany bookcase curves against the far wall. Tomes upon tomes pack the shelves with military histories, the journals of famous generals, and treatises on the tactics of war. Pulling a weighty leather-bound book on the top center shelf causes an audible click after which a secret door can be opened by pushing on the center section of the bookshelf. Counselor Cornwell wears the key to his chamber on a cord around his neck.

### Z2-7. Secret Room

Behind the bookshelf, there is a hidden room known only to Prince Zal and Counselor Cornwell. The floor here has a bolted trapdoor. In the room above there is an elevator platform that is raised and lowered with a rope and pulley system much like a dumbwaiter. When the trapdoor is open, the supplies and results of Zal's twisted experiments can be secretly transported between the Prince's hidden laboratory and the caverns beneath the tower. The walls are sheer but have enough handholds to climb. A bit of tinkering is required to open the trapdoor bolt from below.

### Z3-1. Zal's Throne Room

Behind tall double doors embossed with the Hune family crest lies Zal's throne room. The throne room is extravagantly furnished and bustling with life. A sharp-dressed piper capers around the ionic columns that support the cathedral domed ceiling while nubile slave boys in gossamer chitons laugh and chase each other across the marble tiles. A harp virtuoso plucks delicate notes that mingle delicately among the singsong voices of Zal's court. Lithe young women in flowing chiffon dance in a circle waving multicolored ribbons. Twelve of the palace's fittest guards strike imposing stances creating a wall around the dais that supports Zal's high-backed throne of tufted velvet and dazzling gold-leaf trim encrusted with 50 precious stones (worth 10d10sp each).

Zal lolls snoring on his throne, pasty white and bulging at the middle, while a piglet he keeps as a pet curls in his lap. Stringy blonde ringlets of long hair hang from beneath a golden crown encrusted with emeralds. A velveteen robe of royal purple lined with snow leopard fur trim is drawn over Zal's shoulders and clasped with a thick gold chain.

His huge gut has caused several buttons to pop off his silk blouse—a trait he would never suffer in his guards or attendants.

Counselor Cornwell stands at attention on Zal's right side locking the party in his steely blue gaze. Cornwell is much shorter in stature than the feared reputation that procedes him. The counselor has long greying hair brushed straight and, like all of Zal's men, is a superb physical specimen though his tan skin is wrinkled and taut like an old hand bag. The counselor wears a gleaming red Kazza stone on his right hand.

If Cornwell begins to trust the characters, he may attempt to enlist them on a mission to finish Razak once and for all. The prince's alchemist has been producing barrels of explosives that are being stored in the caverns below. Cornwell's plan is to infiltrate Razak's guard post using the catacombs below and detonate the barrels to bring down the northern tower. Unfortuantely, Cornwell's plan is doomed to failure. Igniting the barrels under Razak's Keep does a massive amount of damage to everyone in the area and can blow the doors of Razak's post of the hinges, but the poor quality black powder the alchemist is creating is not strong enough to bring down the structure.

Cornwell gently rouses the lordling when the group enters. Prince Zal will listen to any proposition that the party makes. Zal is either a good listener or sleeping with his eyes open. Zal slurs his speech and he often nods off midsentence invoking a prod from the counselor. Zal offers a fat bounty for his brother Razak's head of 50,000sp, but the treasury doesn't actually have the funds to make the payout. He will offer supplies from the armory as well. If the party offers any drugs, Zal brings the group to his chambers and makes the guards wait outside.

Zal is eager to end Razak's reign and reclaim the Towers Two, and to that end, will reveal how to defeat Razak. Razak has a weakness for sex, and his sorcery is powered by his tiny cock and enormous sac. It looks like a Vienna sausage glued to a softball. Zal gives the group a nasty piece of magic: the invisible Chastity Belt of the Dentata. Anything that passes into its toothed openings is severed by razor blades. If someone can trick Razak into a sexual interlude (it's not that hard really; Razak will fuck anything alive or dead with a quarter inch opening) the chastity belt will chop off his cock

thus destroying his ability to cast spells. To demonstrate, Zal pokes a carrot into unseen front and back entrance, and several inches of the carrot are sliced off by some invisible force.

There is a door hidden by a curtain behind Zal's throne.

If the players attack Zal, move on to the "Final Confrontation" section. The counselor and the elite guard will immediately join the mêlée. A group of 1d6 normal palace guards join every three rounds. The prince wears a master key that opens all doors in the tower.

***Zal:*** *Armor 14 (leather vest), Fighter Level 7, Movement 120', 2 attacks: 1 épée attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 11.*

***Counsellor Cornwell:*** *Armor 18 (plate), Fighter Level 9, Movement 90', 1 great weapon attack for 1d10 damage, Morale 12.*

*Counsellor Cornwell also carries a Kazza stone with 5 stun grenade charges and knows how to use them.*

***Elite Palace Guard:*** *Armor 18 (plate), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 12.*

## Z3-2. Guest's Quarters

Over the years, this room has served as quarters for many guests and foreign dignitaries to the Tower of Zal. Presently, the prince's pet alchemist, Schragel, is in residence (who primarily got the job because he had a smoking hot girlfriend, but she dumped him since he started). The alchemist spends most of the day sleeping and doing research in this room. He's absolute shit as a Magic-User, but he really knows his way around a lab, so he is working on several secret projects for Zal during the wee hours of the night. Schragel loves discussing alchemy, botany, etc. and drones on about any topics that do not concern his secret projects. In a roll-top desk, there is a drawer brimming with 100 steel pieces that the alchemist hopes to one day transmute into gold. A locked drawer contains 2 potions of Cure Light Wounds and a scroll of Delay Poison.

***Schragel:*** *Armor 12, Magic-User Level 1, Movement 120', 1 dagger attack doing 1d4 damage, Morale 8.*

**1st Spells:** *Read Magic.*

## Z3-3. Zal's Bedchamber

Prince Zal's bedchamber is luxurious, but cluttered. A large round bed stands in the center of the room covered in silk pillows and a couple passed out naked chicks. Every tabletop and dresser is covered in used syringes, pipes, spilled hookahs, empty glasses, and wine bottles. The room reeks of spilled mead and stale tobacco smoke. Searching the room for loot turns up 3,000sp in golden knobs, expensive-looking decanters, and gemstones. There are tens of empty vials, but one that rolled under the bed has 5 yellow crystals inside. Smoking a crystal gives the user an exhilarating high and a +4 bonus to all attacks for the next 5 minutes followed by an hour of depression accompanied by -2 penalty to all saving throws.

If the Prince comes to the chambers to party with the party, he greedily cooks up, injects the heroin, and passes out minutes after the door closes. Proceed to the "Final Confrontation" if the party penectomizes and/or kills the helpless prince.

## Z3-4. Royal Bath

The royal bath is steamy and hard to see across. The tile floors are slick with mist and easy to slip on. A large round bathing pool is sunken into the floor at the center. Showerheads line the outer walls and there is a wooden sauna in the eastern most

corner. There's a 12% chance a prostitute (Level 0) with bad teeth and a massive hangover is splashing herself at a bidet while recounting the 42sp in her coin pouch.

### Z3-5. Elite Guard

The entrance to this room is locked and barred from the inside with a thick metal bar. The 4 elite palace guards inside will not unbar the door unless the secret knock is performed: 3 quick slaps followed by 2 slow knocks. A slot is located at the bottom of the door for passing in food and water. Busting the door down is nearly impossible. Prince Zal holds the only key to the door in this room. The guards protect a massive circular vault door. A dial at the door's center is numbered zero through twenty-six. Prince Zal is the only living soul who knows the 4 digit combination to the vault: 7-23-1-18.

***Elite Palace Guard:*** *Armor 18 (plate), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 12.*

### Z3-6. Treasure Room

The vault was built to protect and house millions in gold and jewels. The door and walls are constructed from 5' thick steel. The massive vault is lined with immense shelving units that are completely empty. In fact, the entire vault is barren. A lonely wooden chest is pushed against the eastern most wall. The chest is trapped. If the chest is lifted off the ground or opened without slipping a finger under the right front corner and holding in a button, a poison gas is released in a 10' radius (save versus Poison or take 3d4 damage).

The contents of the chest are paltry. The goodly prince managed to smoke, drink, and shoot most of his inheritance. There are 23 large coin bags holding 500sp each. A few loose gems (1d4+1) are scattered among the bags worth 200-500sp each. There is a false bottom in the chest. An understandably pissed off cobra is trapped inside and strikes the first thing it sees when the bottom is opened. The cobra strikes with a +1 attack roll bonus. If its fangs sink into flesh, the player's character must save versus Poison or die instantly.

### Z3-7. Trapped Passage

A short hallway behind the throne room leads to a locked door. Behind the door is another short hallway that leads to an unlocked door. If anyone looks up they see queer nozzles are embedded in the ceiling. If more than one person stands in this section or a single character in plate armor, a pressure plate in the floor is triggered. Flames burst from the nozzles bathing everyone in this area in fire (save versus Breath Weapon or 2d6 damage). The door to the elevator is unlocked.

### Z3-8. Elevator

Worn wooden planks create a platform here with a square hole in the center. An elevator platform with a winch is roped to a hoist. The elevator can be cranked to lower or raise the platform. A torch sconce to the left of the entrance can be twisted to open a secret door to Prince Zal's secret laboratory. The prince uses the elevator to covertly deliver materials and test subjects between his lab and the caverns below the tower.

### Z3-9. Secret Lab

By all appearances, Prince Zal is the benevolent heir to the Hune dynasty striving to rid the region of his monstrous twin brother, but the reality is quite different behind closed doors due to Zal's indirect exposure to the Loi-Goi (more on this later). Prince Zal

is fixated on rebuilding the region in his own utopian vision of Hune's past. The prince is obsessed with perfection. He will ruminate for days on flawlessness in the abstract while sitting on his throne in an opium daze.

The corrupting influence of the Loi-Goi pushed this obsession to madness. Zal had this secret laboratory built where his alchemist, Schragel, works to realize his vision. In addition to working on a large amount of explosives that Cornwell hopes to use to bring down Razak's Keep, the alchemist works late at night under the direct supervision of the prince at creating the ultimate warrior. Schragel synthesizes the palace guards at his flesh vats by reconstituting kidnapped humans and the strongest feral pigs that can be captured. The technique strips off all the undesirable traits from the human and patches any holes with boar chromosomes. The dominant and desirable traits are grown into the perfect human specimens that make up Zal's palace. The leftover genetic mud is sluiced into another vat where it coalesces into a jumbled bestial hybrid of man and pig, the proto pig-men. Zal hides the hybrids in the caverns below the tower, since one proto pig-man can be used multiple times. Years ago a group escaped from the caverns and reached the woods where they squealed beneath the corkscrewed cock thrusts of feral pigs, interbreeding until they became the large black-skinned pig-men that eventually joined Razak's forces.

The laboratory is filled with tables covered in alembics and beakers. Two 5' tall vats bubble with a watery pink slurry. The liquid is too thick to see through, but fishing in a vat with a staff or one of the long ladles in the room can reveal its contents. One contains

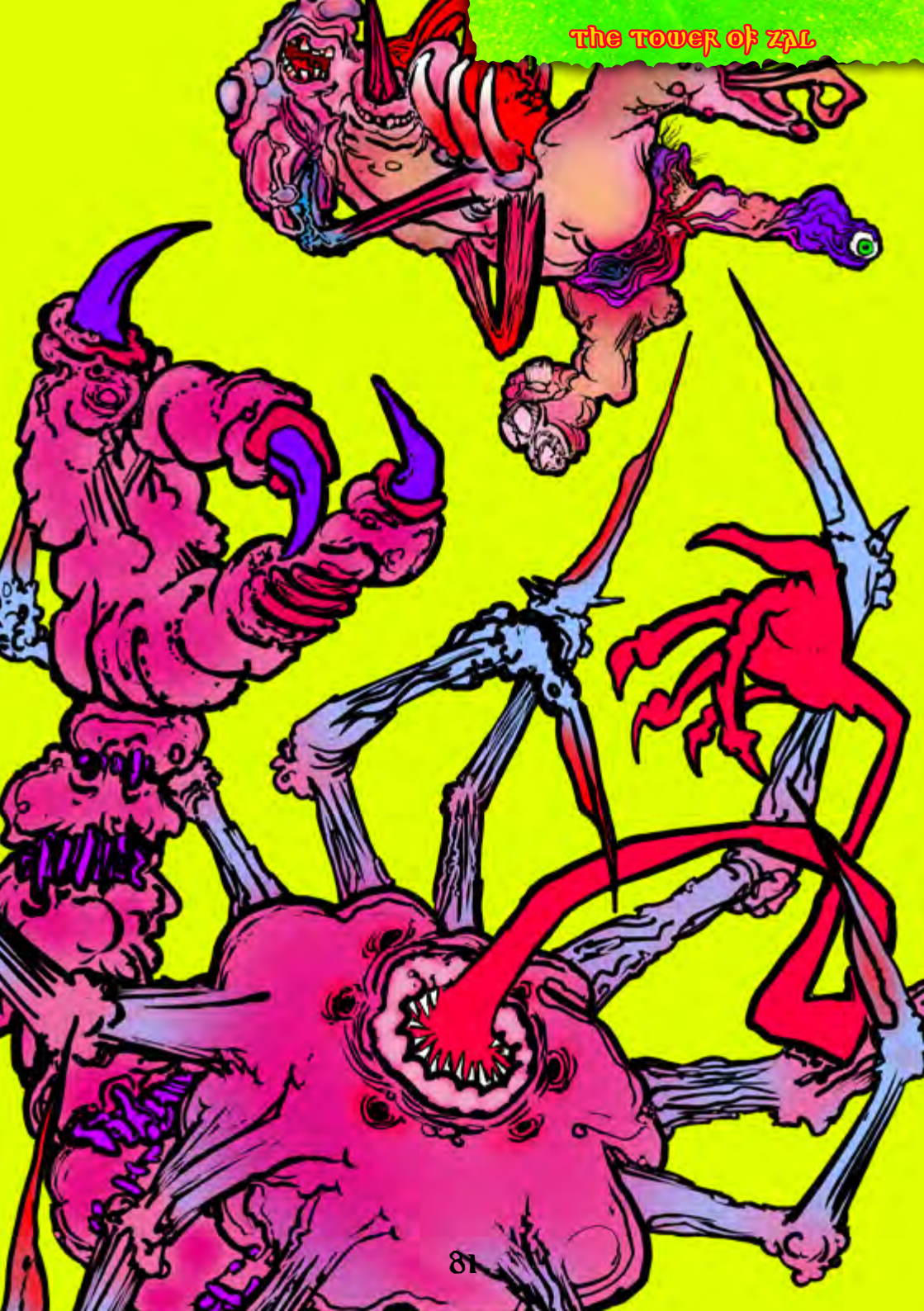
several human fetuses in the second trimester dangling from umbilical cords. The other vat contains stunted proto pig-men fetuses, but through some magic fluke one has developed faster than the others. A berserk proto pig-man baby lurks just beneath the surface of the slurry and launches out of the water like a horny porpoise if anyone gets too close to its vat (surprise attack). The proto pig-man is 2' tall, and has pink rubbery skin. Two pig snouts are crammed into the center of a large head with indistinct features. Its mismatched hands and trotters have webbing in between. If the proto pig-man connects with an attack, it latches on like a hungry infant to its mother's teat and won't let go until slain. All attacks on the creature when its latched carry the same danger as firing into mêlée.

***Proto Pig-man Rage Baby:*** *Armor 12, 1 Hit Die, Movement 60', 1 bite attack for 1d6 damage and latch on until end of combat, Morale 9.*

## Z4-1. Roof

The catherdral dome of Zal's throne room juts from the center of the tower roof. Small windows in the dome let in light during the day. There is a commanding view of the countryside and Razak's Keep topped by a red flag. Two palace archers are always on watch here. A ballista is situated in a gap between the tower's crenellations aiming at the keep. Racks of ballista missiles and barrels filled with arrows are arranged around the floor.

***Palace archer:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage or 1 long bow attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 10.*



# Beneath the Towers

The subterranean catacombs underneath the Towers Two are highly contested. Razak and Zal constantly launch attacks at each other's fortified posts. No one travels to the deeper catacombs where the Hune family tombs are located anymore because bloodthirsty, mutated freaks and worse roam the halls.

## U1. Razak's Post

Tough pig-men thugs stand guard at this post. A pair of thick, reinforced iron double doors are barred with a giant log. A vast array of vicious weapons are stacked against the walls. Gorbai is gearing up for a major offensive.

The Gutters are raucously hooting and rolling bone dice against the wall playing a game they call "King of the Keep". Every round, the winner pisses or shits in a bucket in the corner and drops out of the game. In the last round, the loser gets crowned with the bucket while the winners pummel the new king unconscious, but they are just as happy to coronate intruders.

Stairs here lead up to the kitchen (*Area R1-6*).

***Pig-man:*** *Armor 17 (chain and shield), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8+1 damage, Morale 10.*

## U2. Hidden Pit

The floor here is littered with rotting corpses, smashed pottery, heaps of bones, and fecal matter. Stairs to the west lead up to Razak's dungeon. The only other exit is deeper into the catacombs to the east. The jailer sometimes throws offal and corpses down the stairs here. All the junk Razak's crew dumps down the trapdoor in area Z1-5 slides down a greased chute and falls from a hole in the ceiling here. Falling into the midden pile causes 1d6 damage and makes an awful racket. This almost always (70%) attracts a random monster from areas U6, U7, or U8 who will arrive in 1-10 rounds.

## U3. Jailer's Hall

Razak's dimwitted jailer controls access to this area. The Gutters named this fully retarded human Slutman on account of how many times they have taken advantage of the imbecile. At 6'7" and 320 pounds, Slutman is fat, but solidly built with a sweaty hairy chest and massive gut. He only speaks one word: Hurr! The jailer wears nothing, but a black executioner's hood and a stained cloth diaper. Slutman carries a loop of keys that open the door to the catacombs, the ten heavy padlocks on the workshop door, and the cells within.

Slutman will attack anyone who tries to enter the locked door from the catacombs with a powerful bear hug attack. Fast talkers entering from the north door might be able to convince Slutman to open the door to Razak's workshop. If the characters somehow befriend Slutman, he will follow the group around like a puppy dog opening doors with his keys, but as soon as Razak's forces are encountered Slutman will turn on his new friends. Hurr hurr hurr!

***Slutman:*** *Armor 12 (unarmored), Fighter Level 2, Movement 120', 1 punch attack for 1d6 damage or 1 "Bear hug" attack for 1d4 and save versus Paralyzation or automatic 1d10 damage next round, Morale 10.*

## U4. Workshop

This room smells more like an abattoir than a workshop. The rank air is thick with the stink of rotting flesh and the pungent odor of sorcery. A heavy portcullis is situated at the end of a short hall beyond the door. Razak located the winch and lever that hold it in place on the outside to trap creations when they go mad.

Four jail cells stand beyond the portcullis. The first cell has a captive locked inside. The doors to the other three jail cells are open and have been converted into research areas. There is a bloodstained operating table in one. Torsos, limbs, and unrecognizable body parts are impaled on hooks chained from the ceiling. A black desk rests in another with a display case filled to overflowing with jars of dismembered penises floating in formaldehyde. The desk drawer contains Razak's latest death phallus technology: the *Chinstrap of Accommodation*.

The last cell contains a flayed suit of flesh covered in buzzing flies and a gurgling vat of green acid that dissolves flesh. A bag of bloody golf clubs is propped in the corner.

***The Chinstrap of Accomodation:*** This armored chin plate has a screw base to attach a death phallus. The chinstrap affords no armor bonus, but it does allow the wearer to deathfuck a foe while grabbing them in a wrestling hold.

Drain holes are set in the floor in every cell and down the hole, but the grates have been ripped off to make it easier for the Loi-Goi to visit. There is a 10% chance when entering the room that several feet of cock-like pulsing pink musculature will the slithering around the room from one of the drain holes…a Loi-Goi tentacle-pod. Murals of the horned demon-face that are on every wall in Razak's keep are hanging splattered with dried blood.

### A. Cell 1: Imprisoned Man

A man with sunken eyes and a long beard is bent over and immobilized in a stockade facing the locked cell entrance. He starts pleading in a thick Russian accent for help as soon as anyone approaches. The man is called Maximus and is one of Florg's men captured in battle. The stockade lock is trivial to smash, but anyone that gets a look behind the stockade might think twice. While Maximus's head and hands look normal, Razak has horribly mutilated the captive. Maximus's naked body has been completely stripped of flesh exposing raw muscles and bits of his spine. The man's intestines have been yanked out his asshole and lie on the floor in a pile covered in enormous boils, leaking with pus, and wriggling with larvae. The leg muscles are completely stripped away leaving nothing more than bone. This man will never walk or shit again.

### B. Cell 2: Padded Cell 1

This door is secured by a wooden bar from the outside. There is a closed view slot at eye level. A horde of Razak's mad zombie warriors, the Voiden, can be seen through the slot bumping off each other and the padded walls stained with blood. The Voiden have chemically melted greenish flesh, eye stalks protruding from sockets, and their insides have been vomited out and hang like glazed spaghetti from their mouths. The 10 Voiden trapped here will attack if given the chance.

***Voiden Warrior-Zombie:*** *Armor 15 (decaying chain), 2d4 Hit Dice, Movement 60', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d6 damage, energy drain 1 level on a critical hit, Morale 12.*

### C. Padded Cell 2

This door appears identical to the previous door. Opening the view slot reveals an empty padded room and an ornate wooden chest on the far wall. The chest contains Razak's bondage gear: rope, fetters, a hood, buckled leather straps, and a whip. Razak was interrupted while having a romantic interlude with his latest Voiden creation and carelessly left his bondage box behind. His love interest is still in the room, clinging to the ceiling above the door. When someone opens the door and enters, the Voiden leaps down and moves to padded cell #1 to unbar the door if possible.

***Voiden Warrior-Zombie:*** *Armor 15 (decaying chain), 2d4 Hit Dice, Movement 60', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d6 damage, energy drain 1 level on a critical hit, Morale 12.*

### U5. Chokepoint

This area marks the current front in the battle between Razak and Zal's subterranean battlefield. The front endlessly moves back and forth in the giant hall between the two brother's fortified posts. The catacomb passages to the south and the tunnels to the north are too narrow and dangerous for the troops to use. There is a 40% chance that 1d12 palace guards will be engaged in a mêlée with 1d10 pig-men when travelling through this area.

***Pig-man:*** *Armor 17 (chain and shield), Fighter Level 4, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8+1 damage, Morale 10.*

***Palace Guard:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 10.*

## U6. Mutant Den

This cave filled with bleached bones and mounds of mutant shit is the refuge of the detritus and filth that escapes from the flesh pits of the Loi-Goi. The tribe is made up of the half-formed and mutated. No two creatures look the same. These creatures roam the catacombs looking for fresh meat to drag back to their den and consume. Roll two or three on the Mutant Appearance table and pick a trait from the list to determine the physical appearance of a single mutant and use this appearance to imagine the attacks the freak might have. A generic statblock is listed afterwards. The mutants have no care for money so they let the coins scatter across the floor which fell from the pockets of the victims while being consumed (600sp). Another 2d10 in pearls (worth 10sp each) can be found by sifting the piles of scat.

***Flesh Mutant:*** *Armor 12, 1d3 Hit Dice, Movement 100', 1 generic attack that does between 1 and 1d8 damage, Morale 6.*

| D6 | Mutant Appearance |
|---|---|
| 1 | ***Voiden:*** exposed bones, olive flesh, chemical burns, intestines hang from mouth, eyestalk |
| 2 | ***Eloi:*** spiny starfish carapaces, three-fingered hands, black eyes, lamprey mouths |
| 3 | ***Mythical:*** ogre-sized, manticore tail, succubus wings, minotaur head, unicorn horn |
| 4 | ***Pig-children:*** black-skinned, pig-nosed, hulking, crude weapons, mouth grill, flatulent |
| 5 | ***Oddities:*** metal jaw, turtle shell, dog head, spiked armor, giant lips, endless blood spray |
| 6 | ***Human:*** six-pack abs, muscular, handsome, skimpy armor, multi-armed, screaming |

## U7. Tomb

The Hune family is buried in clusters throughout the catacombs. This junction contains the tomb of the long-suffering Lady Morose. The guilt-stricken Lord Javon spent years weeping beside his dead wife's stone coffin praying for the forgiveness that could never come. He heaped flowers and jewelry on her decaying corpse, but nothing could assuage his undying guilt. The despondent lord finally climbed into his coffin and slashed his own jugular, but even death could not cure his despair. Javon rose weeks later in undeath, cursed for all eternity as a damned thing. The curse allowed the undead lord to raise any corpse back to life except his beloved Lady Morose. Lord Javon brought back the members of the Hune family who to this day skulk in the catacombs with him.

Searching the stone coffins in the area turns up 2,000sp in small gems and a scroll of Protection from Undead.

***The Damned Thing:*** *Armor 17, 5 Hit Dice, Movement 60', 1 claw attack for 1d12 damage, dead bodies are raised after 1d4 rounds in presence of the Damned Thing, Morale 12.*

***Tomb zombie:*** *Armor 12, 1 Hit Dic, Movement 60', 1 bite attack for 1d4 damage, Morale 12.*

## U8. Flesh Pool

This entire cavern has been transformed into an enormous pool of flesh by the Loi-Goi, bobbing with eyeballs, mouths, arms, tits, and penises and continually grow and splash back into the flesh puddle. Loi-Goi tentacle-pods occasionally break the surface and undulate in the air, then choke and spurt out a creature formed by the flesh sculptors deep below. The flesh sculptors of the Loi-Goi form and reform new flesh for the master they call a god. There is a 50% chance 1-6 flesh sculptors will be basking on the shores of the sloshing flesh pit.

Flesh sculptors look like pink segmented chicken feet with ten radial arms each tipped with a scalpel-tipped needle. Their body is a bulbous fleshy sac where their radial arms meet which has a small mouth ringed with sharp teeth. A long red tongue tipped by a five-fingered hand is often seen coming from their mouth that they use to carry their creations. The flesh sculptors lay on their backs holding a chunk of grisly meat and bone in the air while they expertly knit at the corpus with surgical precision, occasionally drawing new threads from a flesh-producing spinneret located in their mouth.

The flesh pool descends deep into the earth and is directly connected to the Loi-

Goi. Living only to feast on the misery of living worlds, the collosal Loi-Goi will continue to send tendrils up all over the planet further spreading its infection of madness. As the entire world becomes engulfed in war, hate, and pain, the Loi-Goi feeds and grows until it cracks the planet like a baby chick hatching from an egg. Only when the planet is utterly destroyed will the Loi-Goi continue its hunt through the galaxy for a new world to consume.

An assault on the Loi-Goi has little hope of success, but it is possible that the characters could end the Loi-Goi now before it gains more power. One or more characters in deathfuck-corrupted form could swim through the flesh pool to fight the Loi-Goi on its own turf. The flesh sculptors will attack the invader in waves of 1d6 at a time. Each flesh sculptor killed adds another corruption to the killer. After fighting 6 waves, the characters will arrive at the center of the Loi-Goi. While fighting the evil god, the character and the Loi-Goi travel through time and space and continually take on the roles of different creatures. Waves of flesh sculptors continue to attack, adding to the character's pool of deathfuck corruption. Characters travelling into the flesh pool could also bring the alchemist's explosive barrels which causes 2d4 × 100 hit points of damage if detonated near the center of the Loi-Goi's mass.

There is no hope of return for characters whom enter the flesh pool.

***Flesh Sculptor:*** *Armor 14, 2 Hit Dice, Movement 120', 2 attacks: 1 scalpel attack for 1d4+1 damage or injection attack (save versus Paralyzation or stunned 1d3 rounds), Morale 9.*

***The Loi-Goi:*** *Armor 25, 125 Hit Dice (immune to mind-affecting spells, poison, and paralysis), Movement 0', 5 attacks: 1 tentacle attack for 2d8 damage, 1 mind scream attack (save versus Magic or lose 1d3 Intelligence), 1 power siphon attack for 1d4 (and save versus Magic or lose 1d4 deathfuck magic points), Morale 12.*

## U9. Zal's Post

10 palace guards are stationed at this post to repel the frequent attacks of Razak's pig-men shock troops that attack the large double doors that are barred on the west wall. Counselor Cornwell must be preparing a large attack since there are stacks of weapons everywhere. The guards have been ordered to stay on high alert.

The southwest door is unlocked and contains 20 suits of the palace guard's armor (Armor 16) that is as heavy as plate armor. The southeast door is locked with Zal's master key. The room contains a wagon filled with explosive powder kegs and a battering ram on front. Counselor Cornwell hopes to bash down the doors at Razak's post and ignite them. Detonating the powder kegs causes 2d4 × 100 damage to everything within 500'. The east door has a slot that opens from the inside and is locked with Zal's master key.

***Palace Guard:*** *Armor 16 (partial plate), Fighter Level 3, Movement 90', 1 medium weapon attack for 1d8 damage, Morale 10.*

## U10. Prison

Prisoners of Prince Zal are kept in this area under close supervision. The prince is adamant that inmates be treated humanely, thus he hired the gentlest jailor he could find eventually settling on a spindly mystic from the Far East named Gusha. The jailor wears a large yellow turban set with a fake, but expensive-looking ruby brooch. He has a placid face, supplicating demeanor, and immaculate purple robes, but this peaceful illusion is shattered by his grating bird-chirpy voice. Gusha bars

entry to all but Zal and Cornwell due to the secrets kept within the prison.

Zal's vat-grown rejects from his secret lab and feral pigs are brought to the jail cells in the dead of night. When no one is around, Gusha is abusive and forces himself on the most infirm rejects and sleeping boars. When stronger captives are under the mystic's charge, he pleasures himself while peering through the spyholes into each cell accessible from the caverns. Gusha keeps his only worldly treasure tucked safely in his puckered ass: a flawed amethyst worth 500sp. Under his robes, he wears a codpiece with a screw base mount that can accept a death phallus.

***Gusha:*** *Armor 12, Cleric Level 1, Movement 120', 1 mace attack for 1d6 damage, Morale 5.*

# FINAL CONFRONTATION

The final showdown with Zal or Razak will truly be an epic battle your players will remember for years, but first we must take a short jaunt back to memory lane to explore an unrevealed back alley…

In their childhood, the princes Zal and Razak spent a great deal of time together. In fact, they were never seen more than a few feet apart. Everyone thought it was adorable how inseparably they were, but no one besides Lord Javon knew the terrible secret that they were literally inseparable. The princely brothers were born colorectapagus twins… in other words they were conjoined at the rectum by a knotty prolapsed umbilicus.

When the nursemaid presented the freakish whelps to Lord Javon, the disgusted father attempted to sever the ass rope with a blow of his mighty war axe. Incredibly, the blow had no effect on the turgid intestine for it was the product of a magical curse. The Lady Morose though frail in form came from a long line of witchy women. As she lay dying in the throes of labor, the lady exacted her revenge on Javon for all the indignities and atrocities she had suffered in his marital bed. She mumbled a devastating curse against the cruel lord to insure he would never have a clear line of succession: the sons' birth order could never be determined, and they could never be separated.

The lads were raised like any other children, but their condition was kept a secret from the general populace through the clever use of props and wardrobe. As they grew into young men they began to take on very different personalities: the fair-haired Zal, merry and virtuous, and ebon-maned Razak, withdrawn and bilious. On their fourteenth birthday, Lord Javon finally resolved to put an end to his most hated son. Javon ordered his first in command, General Cornwell, to take the boys boar hunting and slay Razak. Though conflicted, the general obeyed his liege. As Cornwell plunged his hunting spear into the boy's back a bizarre thing happened. The slain brother shriveled and shrank as the distended rectal extrusion and the shriveled twin zoomed back inside Zal's ass accompanied by loud slurping sounds. Cornwell returned to Lord Javon seemingly victorious. Zal was named successor and the story was circulated that Razak had left for foreign lands to seek his fortune. No one suspected the other component of the curse: that one brother could never truly die unless they both did.

If not for the arrival of the Loi-Goi, the tale of the two brothers might have ended here. The Loi-Goi's ever-questing tentacle-pod broke ground in Hune and attempted to subjugate the heir apparent. Reaching into the young prince's ass, the Loi-Goi freed Razak who burst from Zal's ass in an explosion of agonizing grunts, thundering farts, and an arterial spray of diarrhea. Razak stood over his shocked brother glistening with brown slick and corn kernels, and strangled the life from Zal with a garrote of their shared rectal cordage which immediately resulted in the reverse absorption of Zal into Razak. Razak declared himself the heir returned and took over the north tower dubbing it Razak's Keep. He studied black magic under the tutelage of the Loi-Goi for months, but the energy radiating off the growing Loi-Goi caused the process to suddenly invert letting Zal once again return as his brother was once again subsumed in an immediate fashion. Zal declared war on Razak's Keep and gathered those followers loyal to his cause in the south tower, the Tower of Zal. And so it has gone on for many

years, each brother taking turns controlling their shared corpus for they are merely two aspects of the same twisted organism. Using the subterranean catacombs to return to their chambers, they are able to secretly return to their abodes with no one the wiser.

Razak and Zal have recently discovered a way to end their codependency for good. The curse that afflicts them is tied to lineage so should the penis of one brother ever be severed, the gelding will forever be trapped in the colonic prison of their sibling. The princes each try to recruit the characters into their causes without telling them the full story. In any case, one minute after the party kills one of the twins without removing their manhood, the princes go through their bowel-churning body-swapping routine in full view of anyone in the room. The "dead" twin gestates in the brother's colon for 1d3 days and then is once again ready to swap dominant positions with his brother. All attempts to rid the princes of their curse with spells and magic items are fruitless.

If the players' characters do succeed in severing a princely member, they inadvertently release an even greater horror, for you see both princes' deepest sexual desire is to be subjected to involuntary penectomies, the realization of which sends the delicate yin-yang balance of the curse into a feedback loop. The twins, dickless and not, begin to rapidly mutate as the years of exposure to the corruption of deathfucking and the Loi-Goi crashes down on their physical forms over the course of just a few seconds. Blood and shit begin raining in a constantly stream for 1d6 hours. If the battle takes place indoors, gravity slowly rotates sending all combatants and a tide of shit and piss up the walls to the ceilings and back to the floor again until the battle is over. Use the combined Razak-Zal statblock below as the basis for the new amalgamated beast, then roll 10 times on the "Deathfuck Corruption" table. Razak-Zal goes mad and randomly attacks everyone in the room including its allies, accumulating more corruption as it kills.

***Razak-Zal:*** *Armor 20, Magic-User Level 10, Movement 240', 3 attacks: 1 épée attack for 1d8 damage, 1 Fuckblade attack or withered claw attack for 1d6 damage plus save versus Poison or take 1d8 additional damage, +7 attack roll bonus, Morale 9. Magic items and spells prepared, see text.*

*Razak-Zal wields a death phallus dubbed Fuckblade which attacks as a rapier with a +5 to hit bonus after depressing a button on the shaft, which causes a slashing blade to telescope from the tip. Razak has access to all deathfuck powers when wielding Fuckblade. Razak has the following prepared spells remaining:*

**1st level:** *Enlarge, Hold Portal, Magic Missile, Shield, Summon*

**2nd level:** *Stinking Cloud*

**3rd level:** *Army of One*

## Conclusion

Slaying Razak-Zal is not the end of the adventure. The pig-men and Zal's palace guard continue to battle over their control of the towers. Greedy characters that attempt to take up residence in the Towers Two will be visited by the Loi-Goi in their sleep which promptly tries to shove its tentacle-pods up the asses of new victims. Targets must make a save versus Magic or take on a permanent random deathfuck corruption. Once a character has received all deathfuck corruptions directly from the Loi-Goi, he or she or s/he becomes hopelessly corrupt and loses all free will. The Loi-Goi hopes to enthrone two new corrupted rulers in the towers to continue the hatefuck jamboree. The only way to stop the Loi-Goi is to dive into the flesh pools (Area U8), reach its domain, and destroy it from within.

# Towers Two

## The Brockie Draft

TOWERS TWO

By Dave Brockie

*(Publisher's Note: Because the final version of this project ended up as a posthumous collaboration, I thought it was only proper to include, in an admittedly unedited and rough form, the latest draft by Brockie's own hand so you can see exactly what was his work, and what was added later.)*

Introduction

For centuries the province of Hune has been governed by the famously wealthy family it was named after. The mighty "Towers Two" have stood for centuries as a symbol of stability and prosperity over a world that seems to be increasingly slipping into chaos. But ever since the difficult birth of the initially identical twin brothers Razak and Zal, a shadow has fallen over the family and the land they had ruled for centuries. The brothers quarreled over the power they had inherited from their father (who was rumored to have been murdered), squandered his wealth, and sent the line into decay. The nearby village of Mlag, once happy to call Towers Two and the Family Hune their protectors now live in fear of the fortress and it inhabitants. It is a fear born from the outrageous rumors that surround this ancient family and provide ample gossip for the sole tavern in the decaying town. But how much truth is there to the tales of strange lights and horrible screams, people disappearing from their homes, of bizarre creatures haunting the fringes of the settlements? Just what the hell is happening up there? A group of local merchants wants to know, and are willing to pay to get the answers…

TOWERS TWO

1)Background

2)The Players

3)The Wilderness

4)The Towers Two

PART ONE – BACKGROUND

For roughly 434 years the Family Hune has ruled over the seaside village of Mlag. The village was established by the Lord Ragath, who, aided by the rest of his sizable family, carved out a trading post that quickly morphed into a thriving village. Soon the Hunes administered the vast income that came in from the verdant fields around the village and the salt-collecting ponds that lined the beaches. Using this income wisely, they built the Tower, which grew ultimately into the Towers Two, and from the security of these hulking structures they protected the people of Mlag, who began to spread across the region into the province that would ultimately be known as Gar. And for most of these 434 years, both the people of Gar and their protectors had flourished.

Until the realm of Lord Javon. His very rule was born of tragedy as he came to power at the tender age of eight after his parents were devoured by a marauding dragon. For years the province was essentially leaderless, and this was when the chaos began to set in. First the province to the north was lost to the Black Horde, then a series of devastating storms destroyed much of the salt-works and ravaged the local economy. But when the boy became a man he was not afraid to wield power—and wield it poorly. The long rule of Javon was marked by the beginning of the slow decline of the fortunes of the province. The fields went fallow, the fat hogs became feral and started to interbreed with other creatures—successfully in some cases. And as Lord Javon reached middle age and then began to grow old he became frantic in his search for any means to arrest the decay of his line and re-establish the respect his royal house used to command. He saw his only salvation in terms of his being able to produce a healthy male heir with a princess from another royal house. Unfortunately there were few noble families that would bargain their daughters with such a Lord. When Javon took a wife, it was the weak and sickly child-bride Lady Morose from the equally shabby province of Shub-Shub. She arrived half-dead, as a pitiless thunderstorm had followed the royal wedding procession the entire way from her miserable kingdom. No matter. She was brought straight to the bed-chamber and after a hasty ceremony the quest for a royal heir apparent began in earnest, even as she hacked her lungs out.

No one was surprised that Javon's old and impotent seed found no purchase in her womb. Soon rumors began to fly that Lord Javon was allowing members of his court and even the garrison to "have a go" at the unfortunate girl, so desperate was he for a son. Finally, after months of torturous sex, the Lady began to swell. But this was no cause for celebration; it was merely the beginning of another long and dreadful period as the constantly ill woman almost died several times in the course of her pregnancy. The baby went horribly late, and the screams of Lady Morose's agonizing labor echoed from the Towers Two for days. When it was finally over, she was dead. But the girl had more than done her job. Lord Javon was the proud father to not one but two boys. The Lady was entombed in the catacombs beneath one of the towers, and many evenings Lord Javon could be found at her tombs side, lashing himself with spiked leather straps and weeping unconsolably. For his new children brought him no comfort.

First was the problem that no one was actually present when the children were born, having long since abandoned the wailing Lady. They found both children locked with their mother in the embrace of death in a puddle of afterbirth on the cold stone floor. Since the order of arrival could not be determined, and Javon lacked the will to declare it himself, there was no way to establish ascendancy. But beyond this was the physical appearance of the boys. Though identical in form, there were differences nonetheless. One child was dark, the other light. Zal, the one of more pleasant disposition, was nonetheless sickly and pale, much like his mother. The other, Razak, was dark-haired and of evil nature, sadistic and cruel, and constantly harried his weaker brother. He was also possessed of a gnarled and withered hand that had turned black by the age of five. Javon hated them both.

As the children grew and the province further settled into decline, Lord Javon fell into senility. As the boys became young men they quarreled and fought, and settled into opposite towers. Their quarrels became the quarrels of the men (and creatures) they led, and gradually two rival houses began to emerge, living right next door to each other. As for the Lord of the land, he shunned both enclaves and spent the rest of his days with his dead wife, or wandering the underground passages that were said to honeycomb the hill beneath the keep. It was from here that Lord Javon made his journey to the other side, or at least it was said so…for the Lord simply stopped picking up his daily bucket of slop and disappeared into the underworld, never to be seen again.

Today, the few remaining people in the town rarely see their two princes, who never sorted out who actually ruled the place. The villagers scratch out what miserable living they can while the two Lordlings continue to amuse themselves by fighting each other, squandering their supposedly immense family fortune by hiring mercenaries, and building war machines which inevitably fail to do anything except burst into flames. This insane fratricidal struggle is waged on the field between the Towers Two as well as the courtyards, corridors and underworlds of this blighted place. But despite the blatant mismanagement of not just a castle but an entire kingdom, the trappings of wealth and power yet remain. Rumors of a royal treasury of immense size are persistent, and the yearly tithe to the Overlord is always paid (in a weird ceremony held on the border of the kingdom that both brothers actually attend). This seemingly shabby land actually conceals many treasures, and harbors many horrors that must be bested to attain them.

THE MAJOR PLAYERS IN "TOWERS TWO"

As the players will soon find out, there are many different factions present in the province of Hune, all with different agendas. Some of them don't even involve eating you! So here's a breakdown of the various alliances and dominant creatures, both human and not-so.

The Townsfolk of Mlag

The Townsfolk of Mlag are generally a terrorized yet hardy lot, led by the bartender of the only operating business left in the town, Ferd, who runs the Slippery Spot, a combo bar/inn/general store. Less than one hundred of these brave souls remain, and have retreated to the few habitable buildings that remain in the center of the town. From here they vainly attempt to reclaim the salt-works from the Suck-Thing, and plot against their masters on the hill who have brought such misery to their lands.

The Spooks

The Spooks are a small gang of hooligans and thieves that have claimed a building in the southern half of the town. They have also attracted just about every reasonably attractive woman in the area and are running a cathouse from the ground floor of their headquarters/whorehouse. Thoroughly neutral, they are much more the "good guys" than Ferd's militia. They are led by the teenage FTR/THV Dangle, and squeeze what life they can from the surrounding area. Dangle is a educated young man with political interests, a member of yet another disgraced family with dreams of overthrowing the brothers and setting himself up as Lord of Hune. The Spooks often play protectors to the townsfolk, and have collected many bounties from Ferd for the extermination of various monsters. They often tangle with raiding Eloi, usually getting the best of them, and have killed many large pigs in the bocage. For these and other reasons they are still welcome at The Slippery Spot.

Unbeknownst to Dangle, the ranks of his men has recently been infected by an agent of the Loi-Goi, which has infected one of his most trusted comrades and plans a murderous insurrection that shall not only destroy the Spooks but all of the remaining townsfolk.

The Eloi

The Eloi are a loathsome race of aquatic creatures that are far more numerous in more tropical climates. However a sizable group of them has set up a stronghold in the caverns beneath the ruined Lighthouse of Ham, and from here they raid against their aquatic enemies as well as the surface dwellers. The Eloi are roughly humanoid in appearance (though covered in scales, shell, and spikes) slow on land (and certainly cannot linger there long), and fight with long barbed shafts that inflict terribly painful wounds. They are aided by a vast herd of mutated Starfish, which can be formed into one singular gigantic mass. This creation can follow basic commands that come from the leader of the Eloi, though it's worth in battle has yet to be seen. The centerpiece of their community is the great Eloi Queen, who lives far beneath the tower, wallowing in slime and spitting out her unholy brood.

The Sarkas Family

Beneath the southern-most falls that cascade from the Crud Mountains is a large cave that holds the completely vile Sarkass clan, an inbred group of humans that prey on the few unfortunate travelers that still travel on the dis-used Northern Road. Their lair is littered with the debris of their crimes, and their leader, the foul "Lord Sarkas" holds court amidst the sucked bones of his cannibal brethren's prey. He has assumed a monstrous form, due to his continued exposure to one of the Loi-Goi's feeding tubes.

The Suck-Thing (the Zinanthi)

Drawn by the residue of harvested minerals that used to provide the town with so much wealth, the Suck-Thing (as it is called by the Townsfolk—it's real name is the Zinanthi) now haunts the abandoned salt-works that line the beaches and surround the town. The creature survives by literally sucking it's victims of all of their juices, leaving them a deflated sac. At that point the creature assumes the form of the unfortunate victim, which it can maintain for a time before returning to it's normal hideous demeanor—a vaguely humanoid blob of corpulent flesh with stubby legs and long, spindly arms ending in huge hands, the palms and fingers

of which are covered in suction cups. It's face is insect-like with a great wet hole filled with more suction cups serving as a mouth. A mane of spiny appendages form a semblance of hair. Semi-aquatic, it is rarely seen, only venturing forth from its lair in the northern sluices when hunger compels it. It is immensely strong no matter what form it assumes.

The Dragonfly

In a cave amongst the highest reaches of the Crud Mountains is the lair of a gigantic Dragonfly, called by the villagers "The Back-Breaker" a predator that is feared throughout the region. Incredibly fast, the creature is usually preceded by a deafening buzzing sound as it descends on its prey, which is carried off, dropped from a back-breaking height, (hence the nickname) and then taken back to the creature's lair where they are devoured at the beast's leisure. The creature, well over 20 feet long, has been active for many years, and has been so bold as to steal people from the very shadow of The Slippery Spot. All agree it is a menace that must be destroyed, if there is to be anything like an attempt to revitalize the region.

Osuka-Barabak

Osuka makes no secret of his presence in the area as most times he can be found sitting on a rock somewhere amongst the Crud Mountains. His pale, closely cropped head can be seen for miles. This creature towers well over 15 feet and his "hallo's" shake the very rocks. Very friendly, Osuka is the most conversant Hill Giant one is ever likely to find and will seek parties out in order to engage them in political discourse, that is when he is not lost in one of his contemplative comas, where he sits motionless for days. Usuka is a great lover of news of the outside world, and keenly interested in objects and artifacts that come from it. He may even display somewhat ominously objects that he probably shouldn't have. Osuka may even come to the aid of the party (after vigorous discussion of terms and such), but sooner or later will attack and try to carry off members of the party to a gigantic stew pot located in his lair. The locals, if not too abused, may remember to tell the players this. Or they might conveniently forget! After all, Ferd has a secret deal set up with Osuka that keeps him away from the village.

The Forces of Razak

Razak is our evil sorcerer and commands the northern-most tower of the Towers Two. His main force is comprised by an elite squad of hulking black-skinned Uruk-orcs, and the monstrous mess is kept in line by one Gorbai, an incredibly wide orc/ogre/nasty hybrid, who is as cunning as he is fearsome. This terrifying blend of wrestling hero meets wild gorilla, is of course armed to the teeth and has a booming voice that can be heard as far away as the village. The garrison he commands (at the behest of Razak) keeps itself busy by raiding the countryside and occasionally launching rocks at the opposite keep. There are also underground tunnels that must be guarded, and sometimes attacks are launched from these darkened passages. Their master, the twisted Razak, is seldom seen as he engages in his evil experiments either in his secret studies or dungeon workshop below the keep. Only Razak knows the depths of the depravity he has made real. For Razak has discovered the power of the Loi-Goi (or rather it discovered him), and with it he has created an undead force of warrior-zombies (The Voiden) which he plans to use in the final campaign to destroy his brother and lay absolute claim to the Towers Two.

NESTOR THE IMP NESTOR THE IMP – AC2 (+7 Dex) HD 6 HTK 28 move 12/24 (flying) all abilities of a 8th level THV

Nestor is Razak's familiar and is seeking the party to first determine their alignment. He will spy on them from a distance until his master, who can see through Nestor's eyes via the Kazza Gem (in Razak's spell-casting chamber) tells him what to do. Evils and neutrals will be enlisted into Razak's cause, more decent folk will be lured into traps and destroyed. Nestor's sole weapon is a blow-gun which fires a dart drenched in lotus-powder save vs. poison at -2 or become be CHARMED by Nestor. He also has a gem which he can either place or pin in any location (like a party member's clothes). This gem transmits all it sees back to Razak.

Nestor's hidden chamber is behind the bookcase in Razaks library. It's packed with precious gems he has purloined in his many years as Razak's slave. He will reveal the general location of these gems if his life is threatened. Nestor is blue in color with red hair, and is only about 3 ft. tall with bat-like wings. He is very talkative and knows much about the area and it's many inhabitants. He has a love for sweeties and is easily bribed by them.

The Voiden - are creatures Razak has created in the shops of necromancy he calls home, under the direct guidance of the Loi-Goi, who has reached into Razak's mind through the questing tentacle-pod of the Loi-Goi, which Razak discovered beneath his tower, in the deep catacombs near his mother's tomb. The Voiden are created using the parts of those once alive...they are then bathed in various sorcerous and chemical compounds which merge the various bits and pieces together. They are basically crudely-formed humanoids with olive-drab skin that looks blotched and bubbled with chemicals. They have faces like turnips, slits for mouth, nostrils and ears, and shifty, crab-like eyes on the ends of slender stalks that sometimes protrude from their vision slits. From their mouths hang ghastly masses of un-used internal organs that are slowly being vomited out by the creatures. Razak seeks to produce a small army of these things the destroy his brother and finally rule the Towers Two.

The Forces of Zal

Zal by all accounts but has fallen under quite a different spell than that of his brother—he is an opium addict and spends all of his time (and a considerable amount of the royal treasury) indulging his habit. Fortunately Zal is supported by Counselor Cornwell, his father's best friend and a legendary general (and probably a half-elf, considering his prodigious years). Cornwell directs the Palace Guard,

some 60 strong in number, well-armed and disciplined, while Zal lolls in a stupor, awaiting the awakening that will bring him back the power of command. Though Cornwell is an able leader and tactician, he is physically weakened by his immense age, and unable to lead troops in battle. The men need their Lord Zal to wake himself from his stupor and lead them into battle--a battle that will sweep clear the Towers Two, and destroy the filth that has corrupted it for so many years. And that day is coming, as Cornwell's engineers have prepared a master stroke of subterranean shock warfare that will rock the Towers Two to their very cores!

Death Eye

The Death Eye appears as a large flying eyeball, yellow in color and roped with great greasy red veins. Easily six feet across, this ghastly sphere glistens with slime. A pair of decaying batlike wings jut from it's mass but they never move as it just levitates from place to place. The pupil is set with a oversized demonic skull with fully workable jaws which bristle with dog-like fangs. Burning red coals fill the sockets. The thing is capable of an ear-splitting scream though it usually likes to remain quiet. It will slip in and out of hiding and sometimes be quite obvious. They never work together. The are purely drones.

These creature was created in the bowels of the earth by the Loi-Goi servants, and it usually flies through the subterranean caverns of the under earth (which is the Loi-Goi's domain), sometimes seeking the light of the surface world. Here they carry out missions of reconnaissance for their master, transmitting the images telepathically to the Loi-Goi lurking at the center if the world. The Loi-Goi is a curious creature and and has created hundreds of these things to observe the humans. They are constantly traversing the surface, but they are far from the only means of obtaining information about the planet it has inherited and the creatures that live upon it. Many pure-strain humans have been taken below over the years. Here they are re-purposed, sometimes transformed, and then and sent back on various nefarious tasks, with the spread of chaos and carnage always the goal.

Though the mission of the Death Eye is to obtain information it is fully capable of defending itself and also initiating devastating attacks if it's master wants it to. Each Death Eye can Bum Rush, attacking as the 6 hit dice monster it is (it's stats are included here as the Death Eye shows up purely at the Refs. discretion and is present on no wandering monster table). This attack inflicts 2-12 points of damage.

The Loi-Goi

Loi-Goi are planet-sized jellyfish-like creatures that float around the galaxy with no apparent purpose or means of locomotion. All Loi-Goi hope to be lucky enough to actually bump into a world that is inhabited, so they can fulfill their life's goal--to spread misery and suffering which the creature then feeds off of. Once they have found a host planet, they then burrow deep inside of it, establishing themselves in an immense underground lair from which they begin their evil plan. Soon they begin sending up questing tubes that suck down creatures of the surface world, or in the case of Razak, infect their minds. The Loi-Goi is full of attendant creatures called "Flesh Sculptors" that replicate the surface dwellers, sometimes perfectly, sometimes horrifically, yet always with the same purpose—to spread chaos and disorder that inevitably leads to the wars that the Loi-Goi feeds on. In this adventure two Loi Goi tubes come into play with a variety of results—one feeding the worm-like Lord Sarkus and the other aiding Razak in his undead experiments.

The Overlord

As a final card to throw into this deck of chaos, the Overlord has dispatched two companies (around 50 men) of heavy horse cavalry, led by the grizzled Lord Florg, to find out why so many travelers have brought such awful tales from these parts. While tales of economic failure are common enough, new stories of missing caravans, hideous creatures, and rumors of necromancy most foul have finally stirred the Overlord to action. These guys can arrive per a random dice roll, just show up when it seems appropriate, or never make it at all.

PART TWO – THE PLAYERS

This is an adventure for a group of 4-6 players of the corresponding levels. The party should be well-rounded, including a cleric for healing, a magic-user to cast all manner of spells, a thief to check for traps and do other light-fingered work, and finally plenty of beefcake to hack and bash the numerous monsters and other dangers into bloody submission. The players can be inserted in any number of creative ways. They could find themselves shipwrecked offshore, or be taking the Northern road "just for the hell of it". Whether they tumble out of an inter-dimensional porthole or are drawn to the area by the bizarre stories that come from it makes little difference. This adventure is meant to be easily inserted into any ref's world, or played through as a one-off, stand-alone adventure.

There are all kinds of ways for characters to approach this. If they are a bunch of do-gooders they are likely to join with Prince Zal and aid in the attempt to overthrow Razak and rid the land of all the monsters plaguing it. If they are evil they well could end up in the service of the mad Razak, or as a party of neutral disposition they can just wander the area and see what the various encounters bring them. The main thing is to keep the game moving. A good way to do this is with the Wandering Monster Chart. Roll on this chart at noon and midnight each day that the players are anywhere other than in the town or the towers. It doesn't mean the monsters are going to show up that very second, but it does mean that they will show up at some point soon.

1) Townsfolk (random group of men out hunting)

2) Spooks (local gang who will spy and pickpocket if possible)

3) Eloi (Raiding party of 10-20 w/ starfish herd of varying size)

4)Suck-Thing (still in the form of it's latest victim, will attempt to infiltrate and kill party members)

5)Dragonfly

6)arkus Clan (20-30 will attack from position of surprise if possible, will only attack if the odds are heavily staked in their favor)

7)Usuka the Talkative

8)Uruk Raiding Party (6-12, led by Gorbai)

9)Feral Pigs

10) " "

11)Uruk scouting party of 1-6 members, led by Gorbai's second-in-command, Skarg.

12)Nestor the Imp

PART THREE – THE WILDERNESS

1)THE ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE

Two jutting scrubby hills rise from the sea at the tip of the extended peninsula that houses the northern salt works. Here two rickety wooden footbridges connect the two islands. The first island is devoid of construction save a single rough path that connects it to the second island. On the second island is a three story stone tower that has been abandoned for many years. The inside of the tower has collapsed completely blocking the entrance. The island is made out of eroded rock and the shores are honey-combed with many fissures full of sea water. The levels of the water will change dramatically with the tides and unwary parties could be caught by the water and end up with some wet feet.

See Map (5) The Caverns of the Eloi

The map shows the web of eroded tunnels that honeycomb the rock beneath the crumbling remains of the tower above. The walls are jagged and covered in razor sharp barnacles and crustaceans, while the floor beneath the water is uneven and slippery. Falling against the walls in combat can cause 1-4 points of damage and attacks as a 4HD monster. The tunnels outside the dotted line are the lower ones and are always filled with 1-3 feet of sloshing sea water. Movement here is ¼ normal. As they rise towards the center of the island they become more navigable though there is almost always a up to a foot of water.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE CAVERNS

THE ELOI / AC 4 /Neutral/ HD 4/ Move 6/12 (swimming) attacks either with two clawed hands 1-6 dam. If both hands hit, the next attack will be a automatic bite attack for 1-8 points. 50% of the time the Eloi will be armed with a trident which inflicts 1-12 hit points of damage.

The Eloi are slightly larger than man-sized, humanoid gill-breathers. Their mouths are great suckers filled with teeth, like the mouth of a lamprey-eel. Their eyes are black pools of ink, and their necks are covered in gills. Spiny protrusions and small fins augment their form, and their whole chest and belly are covered in a scaled armored carapace. Their arms are over-long, and end with great webbed and clawed three-fingered hands. They will be clothed in skins, strings and shells, though it is their hide that gives them their armor resistance.

STARFISH / AC 4 / 12-18 HTK/ Move 3/ Damage 2-12

These are basically Starfish on steroids, the larger ones being almost a meter wide with a huge hole full of teeth stuck in the center of their mass. They use their raspy arms to Their most disconcerting ability is their ability to form their bodies together into one mass. When in prolonged combat with them, every turn there is a 1 in 6 chance for a swarm to begin, where the creatures will grasp onto each other and become a great tongue of meat covered in mouths which will get larger at the rate of 1-6 creatures per turn. While in "swarm" mode, the creature will attempt to strike by wrapping its body around its prey, inflicting 1-6 bites. To make matters worse anyone bitten (only roll once per day) must save vs. poison or be completely useless for 1-4 days. The creatures take only half damage from edged weapons and none from blunt ones.

Roll WM once every 6 squares travelled. 1-6 chance

1)Single Starfish

2)Starfish swarm

3)Single Eloi

4)Nestor the Imp

5)2-12 Eloi

6)3-18 Eloi and Starfish Swarm

Location 1) Eloi Guard Post -- These are open holes (five feet across) that lead to fully submerged passages that pass to the open ocean. They are also Eloi guard posts that conceal 3-6 fighters. The creatures will wait until party members fall into the pit and then attack them by spearing them and then pulling them underwater where they have one melee round per Con. Point to get air or drown. If parties detect and avoid the pits, the Eloi will follow from behind, sending out messages to other groups of warriors to converge on the party at location 3.

Location 2) Egg Chamber – The Eloi are rather like ants in that the warrior worker class tends to the Queen, which is located here amongst her spawn. The Queen (HD 20, AC 9, 100HTK) is a completely helpless blob of flesh, a mass of flaps and fins that rises from the center of the pool that fills the center of this chamber. Her loathsome bulk is built around one huge eyeball set atop a cunt-like maw that continually spits forth a series of eggs which choke the surface of the pool and spill out of it onto the ground around it. The eggs closest to the walls have actually begun to hatch, and there will always be 1-10 1 hit dice baby Eloi (1-4 Bite or claw) here. There is also an elite guard of 10 Eloi on duty at all times. The Queens attack consists of a save vs. Paralyzation, followed by lashing (1-10 damage points) attacks from it's 1-8 barbed tentacles.

Location 3) Starfish Chamber -- Any combat from location

2 will bring the creature from this chamber, a huge Starfish swarm of over 100 of the creatures which will attack as a 10 HD creature w/ 1-6 bite attacks per turn, will attack only one player at a time and attempt to completely consume them before turning it's attention to the next player. Remember they take no damage from blunt weapons and only half from edged ones. Beneath the surface of the murky water in this room can be seen shining, glittering masses of coin and other metallic objects...some 10,000 g.p. worth of loot, a Stone of Smiting (throw as a normal rock, inflicts 2-12 points of damage then returns to throwers hand, 82 charges left, (keep track of them secretly) and a set of +2 chainmail.

2) THE ABANDONED SALT WORKS

For generations the people of Mlag have tended to the salt-making basins that had provided them with the goods that came to be coveted across the world. Long abandoned, the works of the old salt-harvesting basins lay everywhere. These pits are generally about 30 ft. across and slowly drop to about 5 feet deep in the center. Most of the basins are choked at the bottom with a black slick of water. They are connected by a complex system of sluices and funnels which used to bring in sea water, and then be blocked with wooden plugs. The sea water would evaporate, and then the salt dried in the sun. It was then harvested by the happy townsfolk, who would sell it worldwide and use it themselves to cure the flesh of the huge pigs which infested the area. But that was many years ago.

Now the area has a new purpose--it is the lair of the Zinanthi, who spends it's time sucking on the brine encrusted machinery and occasionally venturing out of it's domain to hunt for the one thing that assuages it's endless thirst - salt . It's lair is located beneath one of the deepest brine pools, under twelve feet of black, rubble-choked water. Gems, jewelry, and coinage worth 8500 g.p.'s and an Amulet of Animal Control make up the creatures hoard.

The Zinanthi - AC 2 15 HD 120 HTK attacks with two lashing blows of of it's rasp-covered fists 1 d8 +4 of damage. If both hit, the victim is pulled towards the sucker mouth, which hits automatically for 1-6 points of damage every turn until the victim is dead, at which point they "deflate" and flop to the floor, a lifeless husk. At that point the Zinanthi assumes the form of the deceased, which it can retain until it is reduced to 50% of it's hit points or one weeks time passes.. Keep in mind the creature will only attack if conditions are favorable to do so as it much prefers stealth to a blatant assault.

3)The Town of Mlag

The town of Mlag a mid-sized village of perhaps 100 inhabitants, though the town could easily hold 100's more. 90% of the buildings are abandoned, with most of the inhabited structures clustered in the center of the town. Here the remaining villagers have barricaded streets, plugged alleys, and set booby traps to protect their enclave from the various creatures that come here to find prey. In any house explored besides the marked ones, there is a 1 in 6 chance of encountering something from the following table (roll twelve-sided dice) :

1) Random noises in the ceiling which waste tons of time and reveal nothing

2) Famished Suck-Thing lures party into room with collapsing floor, spilling them into a pitch-black mud-pit filled with feces-smeared spikes. (attack as 1-6 4HD creatures, any wearing leather armor of better impervious, must suffer 1-6 HP and save vs. poison or be sickened (lose 1 HP a day until dead or until 6th LVL Cure Disease is applied) Suck-Thing will attempt to pull a party member beneath the mud and commit it's horrid "suck-job", emerging as the party member from beneath the slime.

3) 4-16 starving rats tied together by the tail, 2HD, 1-6 dam. AC8. One has swallowed a ruby worth 3000 g.p.

4) Dying old woman in stinking-of-piss upstairs room. If comforted will BLESS party +1 to all TO HIT rolls for 3-6 game days. She we die anyway.

5) Discovery of hidden tunnel which leads to the vast system beneath the city and the salt-works, utilized by the Suck-Thing, The Spooks, the Eloi, and other unpleasant things.

6) Spooks 2-12, 3HD, AC 7, various weapons of low grade, will spy and observe, if they find a weakness will attack to subdue.

7) Nestor the Imp, will attempt to pin the "Eye of Razak" to party members clothes, gives Razak the ability to see through it and know wherever the party is.

8) Huge Feral Pig rutting in back garden. AC 4, 10 HD, attacks with two huge tusks, 2-12 dam., if both hit additional attack with maw, now attacks at +2, 2-12 points, if all three hit, trample for 2-12. However pig is attacked at +4 to hit as he can only concentrate on one thing at a time.

9) "Fort", built by local kids, with two of them inside trying to have sex. One of them, Chimpy, 2nd LVL THV, is the stable boy at the Slippery Spot, and knows much of Ferd's filthy dealings.

10) Dragonfly

11) Fortified building containing pissed-off family

12) Secret meeting between Ferd and Gorbai (more on this later)

(NOTE: The various passageways beneath the village and salt works are far too complex to map accurately. Many area's have collapsed and more have been barricaded. The overall idea is to slowly influence a parties travel through the area in the direction of the northern salt pools, where the Suck-Thing hangs out most of the time. As referee just draw thumbnail sketches of the surrounding navigable areas and keep an eye on where they are on the Wilderness map.)

4) The Slippery Spot - This is a medium-sized building of rectangular shape about 60x25 feet. It has three levels, a basement, and a stable in the courtyard. The street between it and the building to the south has been blocked off by high 12' ft. stake walls with sliding board gates, and a latticework of long branches and stout ropes which form a canopy over the exposed area, in order to provide cover for the rampages of the Dragonfly. There are always 2-6 guards in the courtyard covering the doors, 1HD, AC7, short swords, spears, led by a 4th LVL Ftr. There is a well in the center of the street that delivers clean water to the people of Mlag.

Krimkril (4th LVL Ftr/thv 38 HTK AC 7 spear, axe, med. bow N.G.) manages the stables and the few meager horses and several serviceable mules that live in the place. There is also a hidden hatch to the underworld (dropping into a sewer line that runs to the harbor, bisected by many tunnels which come into it at all angles, some unseen). This hatch is hidden underneath a watering barrel. In his personal chamber Krimkril has an iron strong box with his personal fortune of gems and coin worth 187 g.p.'s, but far more importantly he possess' a notebook which the literate Krimkril has written down all of his suspicions about his boss, Ferd, though he knows not exactly what Ferd is up to. He also lists the general history of the area and lists the major monsters.

Ferd, the owner of the Slippery Spot, is a 8th LVL FTR/4th LVL thief, about 45 years old, 45 HTK, of great strength and agility (18 +2 hit, +2 to hit, +4 dam. Neutral evil, hidden chain mail shirt, 18 dex -4 = AC 0). Fat Ferd is bug-eyed and bald-pated, with stringy, greasy strands framing his pallid, sweaty face. Ferd is the owner and operator of the only bar/inn/stable/general store in town. Though friendly enough, Ferd's smiling face conceals evil designs that he believes he is perpetrating for the good of the town. While it is true that much of the wealth Ferd acquires goes as bounty (mostly uncollected) on the various evil and/or hungry creatures (the greatest being "The Back-Breaker", or giant Dragonfly - 10,000g.p.), it's how he gets the loot that would make a decent person shudder--Ferd has set up a deal with Gorbai, leader of the Uruks up the hill. When travelers pass through the "Spot", as the locals customarily refer to it as, Ferd has Nestor deliver the news to Gorbai. He proceeds to sell them whatever it is that they need, give them directions into Gorbai's planned ambush, and then split the loot w/ Gorbai and his followers. Generally speaking, the orcs get the meat and Ferd gets the treasure.

Ferd runs the Slippery Spot with the help of "The Old Whore" as Ferd and most of the men refer to her (1 HTK, AC 10), an ancient-looking woman who is actually only middle-aged. Her real name is Doe, and she bears the cruel brunt of Ferd's evil disposition and the abuse of the the local militia. She single-handedly tends to the feeding of the men and the upkeep of the tavern and the town hall. She is also a healer of no small skill and the blood-soaked table in the stable is mute testimony to the many times she has cared for the injured soldiers in Ferd's militia. A sympathy to the "Old Whore" has begun to develop amongst the men, especially from those whose lives have been saved by her. If treated nicely Doe will reveal her feelings about this place and why the hell it is so cursed. Doe used to be a sorceress of some repute until she lost her skills and half her mind in some long forgotten ritual. But she can only speak in riddles about the presence of the Loi Goi beneath the town, and how it's proximity will slowly drive men to madness and murder. She can also tell of the prophecy of Lord Ragath -- if the royal line is ever ended then it is said he will return from the dead and take a terrible vengeance on those responsible. Her only reason to live is her plan to one day shove a knife into Ferd's back, a knife which is her prize (and only) possession. Hidden in a burrow beneath her miserable bed, it is wrapped in leaves of the dreaded Plague-plant, the rarest and deadliest poison known to the world, and has steeped into the blade to the point where anyone who is struck by the blade must save vs. poison at -4 or die on the spot. The blade will only work once, after which the blade will evaporate. If she is successful in her quest to kill her employer/tormentor, she will drop dead with a big smile on her face.

Ferd's personal quarters are found beneath the Slippery Spot. There is a door behind the bar which reveals a set of stairs descending into a moldy basement. Ferd is not much of a housekeeper and forbids all entrance into his quarters ("it's a real mess down there!") There is not a hell of a lot down there (besides his most hideous secret) other than his personal effects and of course an iron box which contains gold, gems and jewelry worth 30,000 g.p.'s. The box is hidden beneath a cunningly crafted section of floor underneath the bed and is protected by a poisonous snake which attacks as a 6HD monster and delivers a toxic bite of deadly poison which causes paralysis in 10 minutes and death in one hour (save vs. poison at -2). The room has a well-constructed wooden wall which blocks off roughly half the chamber. There is a single door in the middle which is stoutly locked and barred from the bedroom side. Beyond this portal lies Ferd's hideous secret...he has imprisoned three young women down here and uses them as his personal sex-slaves. Even worse, any child which is conceived with these girls is offered up to the giant, Usuka the Talkative, as payment to leave what is left of the town alone. The girls are all 18-24 years old and are kept chained in separate pens. Two were taken from a shipwreck and one was rescued from the Sarkas Clan only to end up here. The girls names are Audrey, Blox and Serene, and all three of them are currently pregnant, with Blox about to go into labor at any minute. The only person that knows about the presence of the women is Flaglar, leader of the local militia, who is constantly pestering Ferd to let him have sex with these unfortunate girls, pregnant or not.

5) Town Hall - This two-story stone building houses the local militia, 32 1st level fighters led by the Flaglar, a skinny and vicious NE 4th LVL FTR/THV, 38 HTK, AC 2 (dex. bonus. Flaglar possesses a +2 sword and a personal treasure of 200 gold pieces which he always carries on his person. He is also the master of a huge pit-bull named "Horror"( 30 HTK, AC 4, 2-12 dam. per bite attack). The animal is kept on a short chain out in front of the building and hates his master intensely. The first floor is dominated by a

common area for the men where they can usually be found gambling, fighting, or abusing "The Old Whore". The second floor houses the men and contains their sleeping areas. The quality of the weapons and armor is highly variable.

6) The Sea Slut--this is the single serviceable vessel currently in the harbor, the 30-foot sloop the Sea Slut under the command of Captain Olaf, a N 3rd LVL FTR with crew of 10 men and a cargo of copper ingots, amphorae and opium (!) taken from the mountains far to the north and bound for the southern kingdoms. Unfortunately the vessel was heavily damaged during a storm and was forced to put into this miserable place for repairs. Since then the Captain has had a hard time keeping his crew at work as they keep wandering off to the tavern and getting wasted.

7) Spooks H.Q. -- The face of a cowled skull painted on the black flag that hangs on the front of this stoutly built three-story building might denote it as a place of evil but it is merely the scary symbol of the local "gang", The Spooks, led by the charismatic creep, Dangle, and his lecherous lieutenant Looger (infected by the Loi-Goi).

Dangle/ Armor Class -4 (-4 dexterity bonus combined w/ leather armor, +2 cutlass +2 Ring of Protection) Dangle is of a high-born but disgraced family and has exiled himself here to escape assassins that have murdered every other member of his family. Dangle has gathered the local disaffected youth to him with his 17 charisma and and the mixture of courage and skill that he has shown in battle. (17 strength, 15 wisdom) Dangle is a 6th level FTR and a 4th level thief, and also possess' "The Locket of Slippery Fingers", which gives him a 50% success percentage to any find/disarm trap / detect/open secret door. He also has a long dagger and a strangling garrote on him, as well as a second knife hidden in his boot. His lair is on the third and top floor in the north east corner. He shares this with his girlfriend Hicky, a LVL 3 THV. with 18 dex. and 17 charisma! 10 HTK. Together they strike a handsome couple and possess a personal fortune of some 30,000 g.p.s

More importantly, Hicky (N) has met Nestor the Imp on more than one occasion, and has received from him a Kazza Stone which activates when other people possessing similar stones grip the stone tightly, hold it to the sky and invoke the correct ritual words (every stone has a different set of words), The Kazza stone will erupt with a low-intensity burn from which can be seen murky outlines of the face the one calling...and hear their words! Think of it as a sorcerous cell phone. Two Kazza stones can hook up and you can "see" thru the other, but they do all kinds of fun things...butt-dials, accidental calls, conference calls, loud noises at inopportune moments, revealing call histories, etc.-- all at the Ref's discretion of course. There are eight Kazza stones possessed in the game area, and they are in the following locations :

1) Hicky (built into her belt buckle with poisoned prick-stick. Open carefully or save against disease) And when I say disease I am saying, ref., have fun with this. I wouldn't even tell him he had failed the saving throw, and slowly the hideous effects would become apparent until dude either gets cured by Doe or drops dead

2) Nestor, the roving imp (keeps in mouth, will swallow).

3) Razak, the evil twin who fancies himself a necromancer (he wears his openly as ring on his finger)

4) Gorbai, his trusted servant and chief ogre/orc, a horrific blend of gorilla and wrestling celebrity. Gorbai does not trust his stone but has figured out it's sole war-like application. If thrown with a cross-fingered, left-handed grip the stone strikes target as a STUN grenade, doing 4-24 points of STUN damage, meaning only ¼ is actual damage and the rest wears off in as many turns as the player's character has constitution points. While stunned all to hits and saves are at minus four and movement is halved. Each Kazza stone comes with ten charges STUN charges, of which 1-10 have been used. Only Cornwell, Razak, and Zal have figured out it's destructive capability.

5) Ferd

6) Lost belowdecks on the half-sunken sloop

7) Conwell

8) Zal

Anyone finding a Kazza stone should get a huge experience point bonus and the entire party should get one quarter of that, so the stones are worth 10000 experience points. They are ruby-like in appearance, with the surface glowing with a blue light when in use.

Dangle's second is the infected Looger, a 4th LVL Ftr/Thv, AC 5 +4 dex. bonus, armed w/ double 1-8 damage daggers which he can wield and attack w/ simultaneously. He bunks on the same floor as Dangle in a smaller room where he lies upon his simple iron frame bunk, staring at the ceiling as the Loi-Goi fills his brain with thoughts of murder. During one of his explorations of the Looger was infected by the Loi-Goi, which has driven poor Looger quite insane.

8) Statue/Tomb of Lord Ragath -- this granite sculpture of the regions most famous ruler towers. He is reportedly buried deep beneath the structure in a urn. Sustaining a prolonged burst of dragon-bile will melt first the armor off you and then the flesh off your bones. The whole structure, including 10-foot base/chamber, rises about 20-feet above the shabby square which is dotted with huge piles of pig shit (the Feral Pigs are getting bolder, and are now coming into the town at night). The artist did his best to impose a warlike appearance to the angry Lord, and the figure points to the north, rallying his troops around him as he raises a huge sword. Weathered and covered in bird-shit, the chamber beneath the structure is sometimes occupied by the local militia, sometimes by the Spooks, but more often than not is abandoned. In this chamber there is a hidden manhole cover which leads into the salt-sewers, and this particular stretch is one of the "Suck-Things" favorite hunting grounds.

The statue is that Lord Ragath, the warrior-king that initially

wrested this province from chaos and led it through it's period of greatest success. But he must have had an eye to the future when he paid a pretty penny to have The Overlord himself send his priests to enchant the stone colossus. If ever BOTH brothers are killed without producing an heir, and the "Old Whore" can steal a baby from Ferd's fuck-basement, bring it to the statue, and slit it's throat, the sculpture will animate into a 20 HD Golem with 32 strength and plus 18 damage. Armor class -4, impervious to edged weapons, fire, lightning, charm, control, save at all magic at +10. The creature will go straight to Razak's tower and destroy it by pummeling out a corner support, two if necessary. After that he will kill all of the evil creatures in the area and will do so without rest or a word spoken. When he has completed this task, he will turn on the second tower, and unless it is stopped it will destroy that one too. The creature will then attempt to kill any evil creatures in the party, and can tell who is with it's permanent detect evil ability. After this busy day, he will return to his spot atop the raised chamber that holds his bones, de-animate, and remain that way forever, his magic utterly spent.

Any self-respecting referee should take steps, as unfair as they may be, to make sure this happens, and Lord Ragath returns from oblivion, however briefly, to voice his displeasure with the sorry state of the lovely kingdom he left to his worthless offspring. Preferably he should appear at a completely critical moment or even better after the party thinks they have beaten the whole module. Anything for a good game, that's my favorite rule!

9) Half-sunken Sloop "The Slogtar"

At the mouth of the harbor are the remains the remains of the Slogtar, an abandoned 50-foot two-masted sloop, tilted at a twisted angle as she rots into the muck of the harbor. She is reachable along a rotted pier that is a danger in itself, especially with the swarms of viscous lamprey-eels that writhe out of the depths. The Worms of Chaulk are known to have eaten children and furnish another hideous chapter in the local history, and one needs to travel no further than the Slippery Spot to hear the legend of Captain Chaulk--a captain whose rule caused such derision in his own crew that half rose against him in mutiny, bringing about such a violent upheaval that every man involved in this bloody brawl was killed...every man save the Captain, who, though mortally wounded, lashed himself to the wheel and somehow piloted the ship into the port of Mlag. Here it crashed itself onto the large rock out-cropping on the south side of the bay, and has remained there ever since. And even though Captain Chaulk and his crew were given a decent burial, it did not deter the Captain from returning to his duty. Soon there were awful reports of hideous howls and sightings of the skull-faced horror of a Captain staggering about the decks, waving a lantern and screaming into the night.

Captain Chaulk is about 6 ½ feet tall, though his huge captains hat, set atop his naked skull, gives him a much more imposing look...well, that, and the burning red eyeballs don't hurt the overall effect either. His hulking sea-coat, stained with the filth of years of life, death, and undeath has become completely non-corporeal, as has his cutlass, his broad belt and great boots, and all the rest of him that is doomed to forever wander his slowly crumbling crappy-ass boat and scream at people.

Any creature setting foot aboard the the ship at night will summon the Captain, who will appear in 2-12 rounds. The Captain will not appear until the ship is boarded, and then will do what any good Captain would do--attempt to repel boarders as he rally's his crew about him. However, the Captains phantom cutlass will cause no damage, though it is a disconcerting sight to see it pass through one's chest. The creature is of such harrowing appearance that merely looking at it will cause one to age "ten years in a heartbeat's time", and anyone surviving an encounter with it will look and feel like they are recovering from the most brutal hangover in history for some time. You might want to check your players "constitution" or endurance or whatever these crazy kids are calling it nowadays. Anyone with a 14 + may get a little love from the ref., I leave that up to you…

Anyone looking at it (and unless they state they are not looking at it, assume that they are) must save vs. FEAR at -4 or be PARALYZED, transfixed and screaming, while staring directly at the things blazing coal-like eyeballs. There is a 1 in 10 chance for every round spent under the effects of the FEAR spell that the creature will suffer a massive heart attack. Roll D6 to determine results...

1) Paralyzed and fully retarded

2) Paralyzed but intellectually intact, just sounds like a retard

3) Lays in coma for two weeks, then wakes up fully recovered

4) Intense vomiting leads to complete hair-loss--otherwise no ill results reported

5) Drops dead on the spot

6) Drops on the spot, goes into coma, seems to get better, gets up, drops dead.

The phantom only has it's power if it is looked at directly. Thankfully the creature does not have the power to sustain such an attack for long, and can only stay for as many rounds as there are human beings in the general vicinity.

The boat has been picked clean by the Spooks and any exploration for potential valuables would seem to be fruitless, and certainly unpleasant, of that there can be no doubt. of such harrowing appearance that merely looking at the creature will cause one to age ten years in a heartbeats time. The Captain will not appear until the ship is boarded, and then will do what any good Captain would do--repel boarders. However the Captains phantom cutlass will do no damage, Far more dangerous is the save vs. FEAR at -4 or be PARALYZED, transfixed and screaming, with a 1 in 10 chance every round spent in the creatures power will result in a fatal heart attack. The phantom only has

it's power if it is looked at directly. It will stay for as many turns as there are human beings in the general vicinity.

In a heap of slime and rotting timbers of the lower deck an industrious search will lead to the one treasure of the Slogtar...the sixth of the Kazza Stones! The Captain cannot leave the safety of the darkness below decks during daytime and will not leave his ship in any circumstances.

10) The Bocage - the town of Mlag was once surrounded by prosperous farms and the local farmers delineated their boundaries by sectioning off their plots, using the stones from the fields which they would pile up in rough fences which they covered in earth and then planted trees in. Over time these hedges have reached around 20 feet tall with the trees looming considerably higher. Untended, weeds have woven these hedges into impenetrable masses, which can only be navigated by using the paths that the local residents have rutted through them, the local residents being the huge feral pigs which used to be a considerable source of revenue for the local community and are still hunted as a major source of food. These beasts are no joke whose one redeeming feature is that they tend to be loners. Crafty and deceptively fast, these creatures will attack from ambush with lightning speed, seeking to impale smaller party members on their great tusks and drag them back into the undergrowth to devour them. As soon as battle is initiated the "loner" aspect of pig society disappears and the beasts will show up at a rate of 1-3 per turn until the maximum of 12 has been reached.

FERAL PIG # appearing 1 AC 4 HD 12 3 of attacks 2 Trample-2-12, Bite 1-10 More than 20 dam. points means victim is impaled and is hit automatically from that point on.

Even more disturbing are recurring rumors of certain pigs that "don't look right". And for any pig encountered there is a 1 in 6 chance of meeting a mutant Feral Pig, one that has wandered off into the foothills of the Crud Mountains, where they have been repeatedly raped and brutalized by a seemingly insatiable group of Manticores who live nearby. These creatures are more of the same, just bigger and nastier with a spiked club-tail that hurls 1-6 spikes up to 60 feet doing 2-8 points of damage apiece, or clubbing for 2-24 points. A pair of useless and under-sized wings jut out from just behind their muscular front legs, which is covered in swaths of warty scales.

MUTANT FERAL PIG # appearing 1 AC 0 HD 20, Trample 2-24, bite 2-20 + club tail/missile attack.

11) The Caves of the Sarkas Clan -- The long-disused road and several paths to the south all lead to the first of two towering waterfalls that overlook the area. In the area around the base of the falls there is evidence of activity and habitation... scraps of clothes hang from trees, broken pieces of pottery and smashed furniture litter the pathways and underbrush, and crude displays of skulls and rotting carcasses hang from trees in crude displays of death and corruption. Beneath the falls and invisible during the daytime is a large cave mouth that leads ultimately to the very bowels of the earth and it is here that all paths end. During the day, while the sea is at its highest, there would appear to be nothing but a blank stone face of foam-lashed rock. But in the late afternoon the waters recede, slowly revealing a gaping cave entrance which can be reached using a crudely-fashioned wooden walkway which is completely submerged during the daytime.

This is the lair and "palace" of Lord Sarkus, local cannibal cult leader and recipient of the necrotic blessings of the Loi-Goi's feeding tube, which has transformed him into a slug-like horror of what could scarcely be called a human being.

Some 50 years ago petty thief Sarkus and his devoted wife, Hole, discovered this cave and set up shop for him and his 18 children.. The area was beginning to fall into corruption but there were still travelers and soon Sarkus had a good operation waylaying them, stealing their belongings, and then bringing them and their livestock back to their lair to torture, kill, and ultimately devour. After robbery, murder and cannibalism, inbreeding was also a feature of life in the cave, and soon Sarkus had a family of over 50 hungry mouths. The caves were lavishly festooned with the goods they had pillaged, and the largest rear chamber was set up like some kind of shabby throne room, were the now "Lord Sarkus" and his crummy queen held their hideous court. But as the region sank into complete decay, the victims became rarer and rarer, and raids against the village were dangerous. The eyes that had beheld him for so many years as a provider began to see him as something else...something whose power could be usurped to find a new way for the clan to survive. Sensing his imminent doom, Sarkus' matchless self-pity somehow attracted the misery magnet of the Loi-Goi, who sent him aid in the form of a feeding tube that penetrated Sarkus' rectum as he was taking a vile crap behind his throne. The Loi-Goi instantly possessed Sarkus and began to slowly mutate the human into at first just a more ogreish version of his usual fat and disgusting self...a trait that seemed to pass on to his children. Within a year Sarkus was large enough to devour his wife, and the resulting mutation converged the two sexes in such a way that Sarkus developed "feeding-sacs", which he would use to nourish his tribe of mutated cannibal highwaymen.

Lord Sarkus - AC 4 20 HD 160 HTK attacks with breath weapon save vs. poison or be blinded and sickened for 3-6 rounds, leaving the victim functioning at 50% effectiveness at best.. Throughout any encounter with Sarkus his HOWL will be constant and ear-splitting, effectively ruining any form of spoken communication or spell incantation. Then Sarkus lets loose with his four tentacles, flailing ropes of spikes and suckered death each capable of inflicting 2-12 hit points. Sarkus also has reasonable telekinesis, enough to trigger any one of a number of large boulders concealed in the caverns ceiling. These attack as 4 HD monsters for 3-18 points of damage. These are both last-ditch measures as the first line of defense are his children... large, fat sluggish humanoid, slow but powerful.

SARKUS CLAN MEMBER - 3HD, AC 4-10, weapon 1) spear 2) club 3) axe 4) rock 5) knife 6) sword. All members of the clan except Sarkus have extremely

poor vision and are incredibly stupid. They will attack each other or seemingly forget what they are doing right in the middle of doing it. Usually they will fight until something is dead and then they will start eating it regardless of whether the battle is over or not.

The cave complex consists of three areas. There is the first chamber, where the tribe lives. There are over fifty of them and are armed and clothed with the dizzying spectrum of whatever it is they have plundered off of the road over the last 50+ years. They sleep in huge piles and roast their victims alive over a flame pit in the center of the chamber. The second cave, which always has a guard of ten men, is the throne room of Lord Sarkus, who lies on his side in a rotting heap of sodden pillows. Sarkus suffers few to intrude upon his god-like reveries and spends most of his time mouth-breathing and trying to reach his penis, which he thinks he had at one point. Victims are brought to him for judgement, and once a month he summons his children to receive their mind-controlling, mutational ration of Loi-Goi juice. Beneath him, and well-concealed by the many rotting layers of his bed, a pinkish tube of musculature protrudes from the ground, entering Sarkus at the asshole. Through this tube the Loi-Goi pumps the infernal elixir that gives Sarkus the power to continue his hellish existence and of course, provide for his family. There is a large "bathing pool" filled with steaming water which Sarkus can flop around in or use as a last ditch escape route, which takes him to the subterranean salt-works or just about any other place that water reaches.

The third chamber is reached by a crack in the cave wall covered by a slime-encrusted tapestry. Here, heaped in an immense pile, is the loot of 50 plus years of banditry--over 50,000 g.p.s worth of coins, jewelry, dinnerware, silver plates, gold ingots, candlesticks and strongboxes stuffed with valuable spices and salves. There is also a huge supply of dope worth over 10000 gold pieces just by itself that a certain local Lord would do just about ANYTHING for. Thats right, Prince Zal is running out of shit, and though bargaining with a creature as vile as Sarkus is repellent to every fiber of Zal's being, Dangle's connection (his usual hook-up) is currently coming up empty...and Zal is a fucking junkie.

Ferd and the locals hate these creatures and if the party is strong enough an alliance between Ferd, his men, Dangle and the Spooks may be enough to rid this land of these scum once and for all.

12) The Lair of Usuka-Barabak - A cluster of giant boulders at the bottom of a vale in between two mountains marks the lair of Usuka. He has rolled and carried huge stones to form a semi-circular barrier between him and the outside world he longs to understand. The area is very neat, with the femurs and skulls wired together to form not altogether shitty sculptures. Clay tablets are marked with Usuka's attempts to write and there is even a piano that the creature will bang on in a completely awful attempt at music the whole area is subjected to. A gigantic stew pot sits in the center of the area, and the inside of it bubbles with the reduced and liquefied remains of his victims, which Usaka attempts to make exotic dishes with, using a cookbook which he cannot even read. There are two covered pits blocked by giant stones...one for storing recipe victims and the other for hiding his treasure... gems, jewelry and coinage totalling almost 8000 g.p. in value.

Usaka Barabak - Hill Giant, 17 feet high, 15 HD 120 HTK str 24 (uses huge club 3-18 points +8 dam. bonus) AC 4 / will also hurl stones which attack as 6HD monsters for 3-30 points of damage. His open hand blows deal 2-12 points, his kicks 3-36.

Usaka has complex relationships with his neighbors. He hates "The Back-Breaker" and would join any effort to destroy it. He does not maraud the village due to Ferd occasionally giving him a human baby conceived with one of the women he keeps confined beneath The Slippery Spot. Usaka has an uneasy peace with the Sarkas clan, kept in place by him occasionally bludgeoning one of them to death. Raz has tried to enlist Usaka to his side but so far Usaka so far has not committed to anyone. Usaka seems content to wander the the countryside, fighting pigs and befriending parties of adventurers to "pick their brains" for "cooking tips". More conversation will eventually led to the inevitable "why don't you guys come by for dinner", which will then usually lead to Usaka taking what he thinks will be the tastiest party member by force.

13) The Towers Two (detailed later)

14) Cave of the Dragonfly

The most terrifying predator in the area is a gigantic Dragonfly referred to by the locals as "The Back-Breaker". It's lair is located in a cave atop the summit of the sheerest mountain in the area, unreachable by anyone except the best of climbers. The cave is full of the forgotten possessions of the countless creatures this gigantic insect has devoured over the years. Full sets of armor, weapons, personal treasures and various other precious objects make this one of the richest booty calls in the whole adventure (70,000 plus in gems, jewelry, and coins). All you have to do is kill it.

The Bugger has a fiendish method of attack it rarely deviates from. The creature waits for days when the sky is overcast, when it finally leaves its lair unseen. The Bugger hovers in the midst of cloud-cover, biding it's time until a victim is selected. The Bugger then dive bombs the target and a successful hit means the creature has grabbed the unfortunate human and borne him skyward. Taking him or her far enough away that they are beyond the help of any of their friends, the victim is dropped from about 200 feet to their bone-shattering deaths, then recovered, flown back to the lair, and devoured at the things leisure.

The Back-Breaker is over 25 feet long, which the ability to hover, fly sideways, or perform just about any aerial maneuver. The one weakness is the horrifying sound it makes as it attacks, but warns all within earshot an attack is imminent . The other is the creatures paint job... brightly colored red and yellow bands circle the length of

the creature, making it easy to spot against a blue sky.

The Back-Breaker 20 HD, 140 HTK,
AC 4, special drop attack.

TOWERS TWO

Tower One - The Keep of Razak

This was the first tower built and has a more simple and solid look to the construction in general. The architecture is blockier and built for function rather than aesthetics. The outside of the building is pitted and scarred with the many years of battle that has raged around it...mostly impact marks from the huge arquebus the followers of Zal use to keep the towers defenders on their toes. Right now the towers are enjoying a period of relative calm as Zal lolls in his bed-chamber in a drug-induced stupor, and Raz works himself into a lather in his workshop, preparing to unleash his most hideous act of murderous necromancy yet. In this ritual he will abandon every shred of humanity in this final bid to destroy his brother.

The bottom nine feet of each tower is covered in rude graffiti, crude demon faces and splatterings of paint and blood. There used to be a long circular retainer wall that enclosed both of the towers, but it has long since been stripped of any materials and Is a mere skeleton of the original fence, with little but the posts remaining. The ground in between The Towers Two is rough and pitted, and in some cases trenches have been dug towards the other tower, and are used in assaults. Broken rocks, forgotten implements of war, and the occasional slime-filled crater obscured by trash as well as various detritus and heaps of rubbish litter the area around the towers, providing plenty of cover. Rats scamper openly in this area, and are often hunted by the inhabitants of Razak's tower. There is a foul stench to the area, as the common method for the evil folk that live in the tower of Razak is to simply dump their excrement over the walls, which leaves great long brown streaks. The followers of Zal in their opposite tower aren't shitting over the walls, but nevertheless their tower also has a shabby look about it as well. The garrisons on both sides can often be seen on the roofs of the towers, taunting each other by exposing their bare asses and every now and then shooting ballista bolts or hurling catapult stones at each other.

It's time to remember the sordid past of the Towers Two. A story of a sad king who ruled over a broken and impoverished land who could not find a good queen and who finally found a sickly gross one. A queen who in which seed could not find purchase and no heir could be created for the line. Until the king himself felt there must be something wrong with his seed so he went to the rather extreme measure of letting the entire garrison have their way with her. Finally then the pregnancy came...and lingered. It rained all year as the queen went well over term, writhing in agony all the way, until even her own servants shunned her. She was alone when she gave birth to two identical twins-- identical except for the fact that one had black hair, and the other blonde. Zal, the light one, the good boy with a gentle soul but sickly and pale. And Raz, the dark child, and the evil one...born with a clenched and withered claw that grew into a blackened fist.

Level One

1) FRONT GATE Double 9x9 iron doors studded with huge spikes smeared with waste.

These doors are stoutly built and will withstand even a battering ram for a time. There are murder holes to stab people with, and sluices above which oil, scalding water, etc. can cascade down on people from.

2) ENTRANCE HALL. Even if the doors are breached one has to contend with the false ceiling trap which collapses 10 seconds after 400 pounds of weight have entered the room. This weight counter-tips a lever (completely silent) which releases a six-inch thick layer of stone that covers the entire ceiling and which attacks as a 8HD monster for2-24 points of damage.

3) GUARDROOM As the dust settles, the door to the north bursts open, and the party is attacked by a Gorilla Bear. This is pretty much what it sounds like, combining the worst features of a gorilla and a bear with a voracious appetite and an unswerving hatred of all things alive.

GORILLA BEAR 60 HTK AC4

Covered in patches with rusty scraps of plate mail the beast attacks with its hands, feet, and body, lashing out in all directions as a 10 HD monster for 2-12 points. The beast will attack at random until it draws blood and then will concentrate it's attacks on that target until it is dead.

By now the whole tower will be on alert and the party can expect an organized attack from the defenders at any moment.

4) FEASTING HALL This is a ruined banquet hall dominated by a scarred wooden table of stout construction. It is littered with garbage, smashed plates, eating utensils, rotting food, etc. At the west end of the table slumps the form of MUNG, an Ogre, collapsed forward into a plate of noodles.

MUNG 5 HD AC4 1-12 Club -2 to
attacks as he is extremely hungover.

Mung has served Razak for many years and has grown fat and bored with the cycles of incessant raiding that never seem to resolve anything. The "war" is limited to occasional skirmishes between the two sides, random catapulting, shit-lobbing, etc. But lately there have been rumors that the master is up to something big...something that will decimate the forces of Zal and his accursed General Cornwell, and finally fill their bellies with hot man-flesh. But it better happen soon. Wine is running low, and too often dinner ends up being what one can catch in the tunnels below the keep or the no-man's land outside, which is at least consistent in

it's one offering--rat.

The walls are hung with heavy tapestries depicting the royal family hunting, feasting, etc. Wherever possible the torn and

slashed tapestries have been defaced and had penis' painted on, tits added, etc. In the south west corner there is a three-foot column topped by a bust of Lord Javon, it's surface defiled and smeared with foul substances. Crude symbols in the black tongue are scribbled all over it and both cheeks are emblazoned with dicks. The bust is hollow and contains a single silver ring emblazoned with a black skull. This is a ring of Undead Control, two charges left. Any undead creature "controlled" by the ring must follow one order of the caster's choice. Anyone removing the bust from it's base releases a 10x10 cloud of stinking sleep gas which results in a NO saving throw deep vomit and convulsion session session of 1-6 turns. Any character with a constitution of 12 or below is useless, anyone else -1 per point below 19 (ending in 10-60 minutes).

5) KITCHEN - There is a sickening stench in this room. This room is meant to be the meal preparation area for the towers garrison, and it is still used by the towers current occupants, but considering what Uruks and creatures worse actually eat it is far from a human kitchen. Gore splatters the walls and questionable looking bones and body parts are on shelves, hung from hooks, or bubbling away in great pots. Dewd, from location 6, still prepares his and Razak's meals here but the place is still a complete blood-smeared nightmare with rat-fur plastered amongst the wall drippings. Everywhere are sliced-off rat tails, some semi-gnawed, and they litter every surface, for Dewd keeps a constant Rat-Stew going for "the boys" upstairs. Dewd spends at least half his time hunting rats with a stained club. There are always several stewpots whose contents usually consist of a hideous concoction of anything deemed semi-edible. Bubbling and boiling, it's hideous smell fills the air, and a face full of it would be a horrific weapon indeed. It would also expose the pair of Gauntlets of Dexterity that are hidden to the bottom of the pot.

On the south side of the room there is outcropping of stone set with a heavy iron door with a heavy-duty steel sliding grill set into the door at about four feet from the floor. This key is held by Raz and Gorbai only. It is the more controlled entrance to the dungeon.

6) LAIR OF DEUD - This All three doors to this room are locked and further protected by hidden peepholes. It is the lair of permanent drunken DEUD, a portly LVL 8 illusionist...DEUD is a dark-skinned gnome who is usually shuffles around in a loose fitting white fur robe, clutching a perpetually. He is the watchman for the upper levels and will try to pull a horse-hair rope hidden amongst the folds of the tapestry that covers the archway in the western corner of the room, alerting all creatures living on the higher levels.

Deud sleeps in a large trunk which he locks from the inside. In here he has a small personal hoard of loot worth about 500 g.p.'s.

"Deud" 8HD ac4, 40 HTK, +3 dagger, Neutral evil

Spells - Paralyze, Hypno-pattern, Wall of Fog, Invisibility

Deud always carries his pearl inlaid staff, the end of which is tip with a spiked barb laced w/ a toxic poison... save vs. poison or be incapacitated for 2-8 days.

Deud has been a friend to Raz since the very beginning, and gave him his start in the pursuit of the black arts. But his friends lust for power and evil soon eclipsed that of his own, and since then Deud has kept his distance from his old friend, afraid of the day that he might end up in one on Razak's experiments. There is a good chance Deud will join any party (besides an overtly good one) planning on attempting to take down Razak, but is likely to betray them at the first available opportunity.

7) This is a 5x5 iron door under a huge, stained and moldy animal-fur rug. Will ANIMATE, attacking as a 4-HD creature, successful attack followed by failed saving throw means 1-4 points damage per turn until dead. The creature needs only to hit once and then will hit automatically after that, and will continue to live for 1-6 melee rounds after death. Anyone surviving this attack will operate at temporary negative 2-8 HP for one full day of complete discomfort, at which point they will hack up a furball a huge bezoar-like furball. Incapacitated for a full turn (one hour), they will feel much better once it has passed, and gets their hit points back.

The door is locked and there are only three that have copies... Dewd, Gorbai, and Raz himself. Once unlocked, the door is heavy and shrieks loudly when opened, belching forth a gust of filthy air and revealing a sheer slab of sloping rock which glistens with grease and disappears into darkness. Anyone being hurled down here under 14 dexterity must save vs. injury (roll under or equal dexterity on a 20-sided dice) or take 1-12 points of damage in the fall...as the slide soon becomes a deadfall which barely curves out at the greased bottom, sending victims sprawling onto the floor of the lower level amongst a floor-full of broken pottery and shit. This almost always (70%) attracts the monster guarding that area, who will arrive in 1-10 rounds.

This trapdoor is quick way to dispose of prisoners, garbage, and other things that need to be gotten rid of quickly. Things that go to the lower levels rarely return, and it is used by Raz and his followers fairly often. The Animated Rug will not attack Dewd, Gorbai, or Razak.

Level Two

This entire level has a singular stink to it that seasoned adventurers will …that oily, greasy stink of un-washed flesh, the musty reek of armor lived-in, and the putrid stench of un-emptied piss-pots bespeak the presence of Orcs, black-skinned Uruk Orcs, and plenty of them.

But are they home? If away, there will always be 1-8 guards left behind, as well as Skarg's pet, but everybody else will be gone. If they are gone chances are they will be out raiding but there is always a chance they might return--1 in 20 every 10 minutes. Their harsh cries and stamping boots will announce their imminent presence far in advance.

1) EMPTY GUARD CHAMBER -

The door to the room is painted black and made of heavy oak, and is locked. There is a hidden peep-hole set in the door, set inside the white outlines of a crude painting of a horned demon-face, an image appears all over the inside of the keep and seems to be the favored symbol of these creatures. This room is empty except for two battered wooden chairs and a notched and stained workbench, cluttered with broken pottery and other useless items. The floor is strewn with garbage and broken wine bottles. There is an arrow-holder set on the wall with room for 50 shafts, but with only 13 arrows in it. Leaning up against it is a +1 heavy bow, black and of Uruk design--cunningly made though crude in appearance. One of the arrows is a great treasure-- an Arrow of Monster-Slaying. This thing will kill any monster up to 20 HD, with no saving throw, if a successful hit is scored (and it has a +4 to hit, as it is attracted to monsters in general and will automatically seek the most powerful monster to strike, even going around corners to do so. Evil humans do not count as monsters) The arrow can be re-collected after an unsuccessful attempt to hit. The arrow is identical to all of the other arrows except for a single rune upon the shaft, and it can only be found with a close inspection. If the arrow goes undetected the referee is going to have to keep track of the person using the arrows, and decide randomly when the Monster-Slaying arrow is used. It will be pretty obvious to everybody that the arrow is unique as it explodes with a great roar and flash of flame upon achieving a hit, dealing six hit dice of damage to anyone within 20 feet of the struck creature.

The two side doors are identical to the entry door, stoutly built, locked with peep holes in both. Grunts, cursing, and brutish laughter can be heard through both doors. There is the occasional clash of metal, the sounds of brief outbreaks of violence usually followed by the howls of the bested, along with the sounds of things breaking.

2) ORC BARRACKS - This level is occupied by a strong group of Black Uruk Orcs that comprise most of the muscle in Razak's garrison. The creatures, calling themselves "Gorbai's Gutters", are 28 in number (not including their leader). These orcs are the worst of their kind…bigger, meaner, and more cunning than their green-skinned cousins to the south. They stand anywhere from six feet to six and a half feet tall and are powerfully built, and it is not uncommon to have a seven-foot specimen (usually in a leadership role, like Skarg, Gorbai's second-in-command). In these halls the group enjoy all kinds of recreational activities like torturing people, getting drunk, gambling, and brawling with each other. When the group works together, the group is successful, and when they are they get to indulge in their favorite pastime… devouring raw and bloody man-flesh. The Uruks like the bleak surroundings and the terror the remaining humans of Mlag have of them. The Uruks are probably the only other thriving community in the area, with the exception of the Sarkus Clan. Still, there are always those who grumble. Why not just attack the village, killing and then eating the entire population? Using a deft mixture of fear and finesse, Gorbai and Skarg somehow keep the band together.

BLACK URUK ORC - 50% will be Armor class 4 (chainmail, sword and shield) 30% will Armor class 5 (chainmail and spear) and the remaining 20% will be AC 7 (leather armor, heavy bow, and short sword) 2-20 hit points. All Uruks get a +2 strength bonus on any damage roll, and a +2 on any magical saving throw due to their high endurance.

Uruks like to carry their valuables on them and each will have 50-150 gold pieces on them. But 50% are carrying only 1-20 gold pieces and wear the rest in their mouths in the form of gangster-style tooth grills made by the Uruk's armorer and second-in-command, Skarg. The Uruks do this not only as a fashion statement and a way to safeguard their valuables, but also as a weapon to augment the naturally vicious nature of their dental plan. Anybody getting bit by an Uruk with a grill will suffer 1-3 hit points of damage per round, and the hits are automatic after a successful first attack. And you guessed it, the creature will continue to deal damage for 1-4 rounds after death. Uruks are not allowed to own a grill until the group agrees they have earned the right.

There are several piles of straw scattered about the room and two actual bed frames filled with more dirty straw and shredded pieces of cloth. Wandering monster chances are double here. Any encounter on this level will be with 1-4 orcs, with 1-4 arriving every round until everyone on the level is present.

Searching through the straw piles will reveal nothing as Uruks tend to carry their valuables on them, and rarely if ever remove their armor. Whenever possible Uruks like to melt down their precious metals and wear them as teeth in their mouths. Uruks love a good grill. Set against the wall beneath a pile of trash there are several bottles of orc liquor, six in all in varying states of fullness. This fiery liquid will bring back 1-6 hit points to the imbiber, but can only be used twice a day. There are 1-6 doses in each black bottle. In the tower section of room number two there are several Uruk weapons hanging from a rack on the wall. There are two heavy bows and four spears. There is also something else in the guard tower turret. One of the Uruks has stashed ("for later") a murdered human child of about four years old, wrapped up inside a section of ragged canvas and then disguised with garbage. The nude and brutalized child is a little girl, and appears to have been dead for three or four days. One of her legs is missing.

The troops in general care little for their seldom-seen master and are busy using the tower as a base for their own operations against the village and the surrounding countryside, while earning their keep by putting on a good show of war with the tower next door. The Uruks love the taste of man-flesh, and there are baser motives for conflict than the senseless war the brothers wage against each other. There are occasional raids, and about once a month one side or the other will launch a major assault. These affairs are usually more show than go, but creatures still get crushed. Presently both sides are enjoying a period of relative calm, while unbeknownst to each other both sides are preparing for a "final assault", both designed to bring an end to this protracted and pointless conflict.

Recently a couple of their number has gone missing , which is a strange for a close-knit group of orcs very far from home. If they knew the truth…that Razak had kidnapped these creatures and for use in his horrible experiments they would probably be pretty pissed off…maybe pissed-off enough to bum-rush the upper levels of the fortress and make a midnight snack of the skinny sorcerer.

Of course there is are a dizzying array of orc personalities on display. There is the fat one, the skinny one, the one that gets picked on all the time (and may aid party) and of course the one that farts a lot. Actually that would be all of them.

3: MAIN GATHERING AREA This is the main gathering/ sleeping place for the Uruks. Both doors are standard tower issue but are unlocked, and the door to location four is usually left open. There is a large fireplace against the east wall that fills the room with smoke every time it is used (visibility halved), and stacked against the walls are kegs of beer and various boxes of provisions. There are two weapons racks against the west wall, and a beat-up table and a collection of various chairs are strewn around the room. In the south- east corner is sits an overflowing piss-pot which is surrounded by a growing puddle of urine and shit.

The turret area is filled with straw, and used by the orcs for sleeping. An even viler smell than normal comes out of this area, and there is always at least one orc completely drunk and passed out in here. The table is for rape!

At any time there will be 2 to 10 creatures in here, drinking black ale, playing various games involving knives, dice and money, and screaming at each other. These "conversations" (and there are usually several going on at once) often blow-up into brawling, and brawling will sometimes lead to blades. But the battles are usually non-lethal; there is a rude but real camaraderie amongst the troops. Far from home, they have fought hard to get here, and learned to value their comrades along the way. Uruks don't get along with anybody except other Uruks, and only then when ordered to do so.

The Uruks talk about their more memorable raids on the village, speculate about what "the boss" has in store for them, and wonder when they will be summoned to attack the other tower. There are rumors of something big coming up, and powerful new allies should be joining them soon. More conversation will reveal details of the comings and goings in the tower...how there is a man imprisoned in the dungeon below that the boys would love to eat...stories of how "the master" has not been seen for weeks as he prepares powerful sorcery to use in the upcoming assault. There are grumblings. The boys are sick of eating rat stew and crave man-flesh more than ever. And even though Gorbai forbids any raid he does not command or at least approve of, his troops are determined to get their meat not by cracking the tough nut next-door, but by continuing to attack the village in an even more blatant manner.

Only half of the creatures encountered here will be fully armored though all will have weapons. Any melee here will bring reinforcements at a rate of 1-4 orcs every 1-4 rounds. Half of all Uruks encountered will be drunk, giving them a -3 on their to hit attack but a +3 hit points to their damage.

Right now the Uruks are fixated on an event occurring right in front of the fireplace. Turgarg has bet Munch "hummers for life" that he cannot eat an entire bucket of shit. Orc sexuality is a weird thing and the boys think nothing of going at it with each other, often in front of everybody. Uruk women are for breeding purposes only and are kept in caves.

ROOM 4: THE ARMORY

This is the Uruk's armory and storeroom and also home to the towering form of Skarg, armorer and second-in-command of the bunch. Skarg can usually be found repairing or creating weapons, tending the forge on the west wall,cranking out grills, and keeping an eye on the supplies.

If the Uruks are home Skarg will 80% be found in front of the hearth, towering over Skarg is currently involved in making a painful mouth mold for an upcoming grill, and the soon-to-be-owner of this grill sits strapped in a chair, straining against his bonds as Skarg expertly pours an overly-hot combination of wax and fecal matter into his mouth.

SKARG : The armorer and second-in-command of the Uruks. Skarg is the tallest of the lot, coming in at over seven feet tall. He is of a wiry build, broad yet thin, and appears to have survived until middle-aged (rare for his race--Skarg is about 50 years old in human years. Uruks can live for 100+ years but rarely get the chance to do so). Skarg usually goes shirtless, his black body glistening with sweat channeled by the countless scars that criss-cross his body from head to toe. It is hot in this room, and the area around the forge and bellows is sweltering when they are in use. Usually all the doors except for the one to Gorbai's chamber are open to help with ventilation, but also so Skarg can keep an eye on the boys and occasionally stop them from killing each other.

SKARG - AC 5 (minus 4 dexterity bonus) while un-armored in his lair/ while "geared-up" for battle or raiding -- AC -2 (chain mail and shield, minus one bonus for special Uruk armor skill which gives all shields and suits of armor a -1) 45 HTK. Skarg wields a +2 damage +2 hit warhammer named "Brain-Breaker", and he wields it with a 19 strength which gives him a +3 to hit +5 damage.

Usually within 10 feet of him, or kept on a length of stout chain in the southwest corner, will be his "pet", MANGLE, a giant Death Dog. This hulking beast, which resembles nothing so much as an mutant pit-bull the size of a cow, with a set of over-sized jaws bristling with fangs that are constantly coursing with a never-ending river of vicious-smelling slaver. When fully armored in it's custom made war-suit (and yes, he has a grill) the beast is well over 300 pounds.

MANGLE - Armor class 5 (chain mail), 35 hits to kill, 8 hit dice monster, attacks with BUM RUSH, 2-8 points of damage. Any successful hit with the BUM RUSH means target must make a dexterity roll or be knocked

off your feet, where you will be attacked by the BITE (2-12 without grill, 2-16 with) with a +4 to hit.

There is a large stone hearth/fireplace on the west wall with a forge and anvil set up in front of it. The north wall is lined with two huge storage shelves stacks with all sorts of materials for the maintenance of the Uruk's arsenal--chunks of metal, rolls of leather, an endless array of tools, all at the disposal of Skarg, who is a master craftsman. The Uruks pride themselves on their metal-working, and their weapons are both fearsome to behold and deadly in application. Directly to the south of the work area is a long workbench, it's surface cluttered with tools and materials. On the east wall opposite the hearth is a huge pile of boxes, barrels and crates. There are four more sets of shelves just to the south, all overflowing with crap. In the south-west corner there are two screens that block off the corner. Here there is a piles of moldy furs and a large foot-locker with a large lock securing it. Within are Skarg's personal effects and his extensive selection of grills made from a variety of metals, worth 2500 g.p.'s. There are also four full bottles of Uruk healing liquor with a full 24 doses apiece.

The Uruks are well provisioned with kegs of ale and dried meat of dubious origin. There is plenty of "barrel beef", as well as other foodstuffs ranging from strange orcish grains to turnips that look like they came from a human kitchen. Much of what is found here is loot from the surrounding countryside and of human manufacture. Parties will have at least a 50% chance of finding something that they need per turn of searching. There is a dizzying array of weapons and tools, including mace's, halberd's,spears and various broken weapons awaiting repair. They are mostly racked on the shelves and walls, and are at the parties disposal. Remember all weapons of Uruk manufacture strike at +1 chance to hit, and do an additional hit point of damage once the hit is secured.

The door to the east is painted black and has the same crude demon face seen throughout the keep, in addition to the usual collection of evil symbols and graffiti.

This is the door to the chamber housing Skarg's boss, the fearsome Gorbai.

5) These are the quarters of Gorbai, leader of the Uruks. he is medium sized but of great girth, giving him an almost square silhouette. Twin bull-horns set upon his iron helm set him apart, and he will sometimes use them in combat, bull-charging his foe and attempting to impale them. He is never seen unless fully armored.

Gorbai possesses a Kazza Stone, which he uses to stay abreast of the latest developments in his domain. . He also has a scheme going with Ferd, the owner of The Slippery Spot, to waylay and kill travelers through the area.

GORBAI - AC 2, (Uruk plate armor gives him a minus one. He fights without a shield.) 8 HD, 60 HTK.

He fights with a huge spear which is +1 to hit, +1 damage, which he will attempt to throw first. He will then follow that up with his famous (he has bested many rivals in this way) "bum-rush" attack, attempting to impale the opponent with his bull-horn helmet. This attack will cause 1-10 damage. He will then pull out his huge scimitar (takes a round to do so) which is +2 to hit and +3 damage. GORBAI also has 19 strength, giving him a +3 to hit and a +5 damage bonus. GORBAI constantly harasses his followers into submission with his great booming voice (which can be heard echoing throughout the entire tower) and the occasional brutal beating. He is backed without question by SKARG.

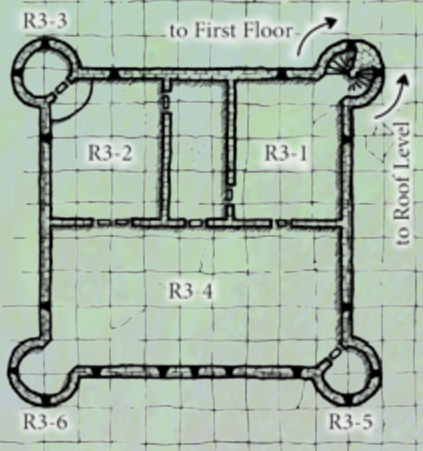
His quarters are fairly Spartan. The walls are covered in bloodied and ripped war banners, damaged shields, and broken weapons and armor he has taken from his vanquished foes. There is a large black wooden desk on the southern side of the room. It is covered in dirty plates and mugs as GORBAI and SKARG will share meals here often. Searching the desk will reveal a map of the floor plans of both towers (essentially the referees map). There are three chairs scattered about the room as well as a good selection of functional weapons. Against the west wall there is a large leather chest filled with skins, various tools and random crap that orcs covet, as well as a half-full gallon bottle of Uruk liquor in a straw casing (24 doses). The trunk has a rather obvious false bottom, and removing it reveals many little canvas bags filled with gold. There are 20 bags containing 100 in each, and there are five additional bags filled with various gems and jewels worth an additional 1500 g.p.'s. There is also a small iron box containing a small stone evil-looking talisman which gives the wearer a +3 on any saving throw from any magical attack launched from an evil creature. It is a crude stone image of the same demonic face painted all over the the keep, and sometimes GORBAI wears this on a leather thong around his neck, beneath his armor. He stole it from the shrine upstairs, feeling in his gut that it might be useful if Razak is ever successful in summoning a demon to help him in his campaign against his brother. Razak has not noticed it's disappearance yet, and would be pretty pissed if he knew where it had ended up.

Attempting to pick anything inside the box releases a razor-sharp pair of blades which scythe across the inside of the box like an over-sized pair of scissors. It attacks as a 6 hit dice monster and does 2-12 damage points. Scoring over 8 points of damage means one hand is useless for next 1-10 turns. More than 10 points of damage means both hands are useless for 1-10 turns, and a 12 damage means one of the hands is completely cut off. It is a fiendish trap, cunningly designed by SKARG for his good buddy.

The southeast corner of the room has a heavy and locked iron door, which leads to the turret-chamber where GORBAI sleeps on a huge pile of furs and skins. There are three more chests in here, all locked, and these contain the accumulated "community wealth" of the troop, of which all have an equal share. There is almost 5000 g.p.'s worth of various copper, silver, and gold pieces as well as various gems and jewels.

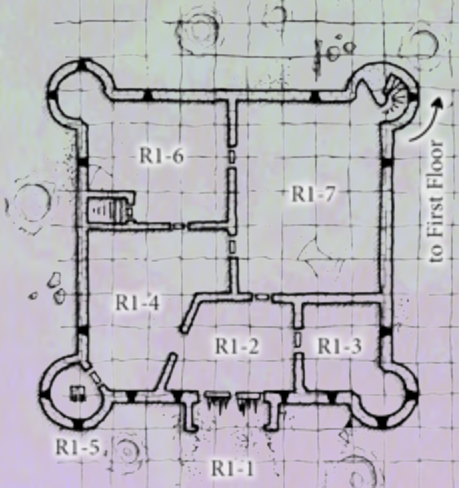
6) This is a treacherous corridor to traverse as some creature is almost always here, and there is an 80% chance the party will run afoul of them.

# Map R – Razak's Keep

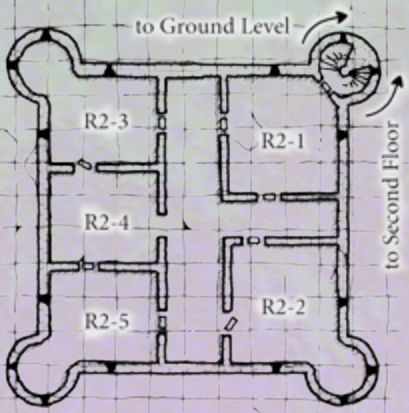



R3 – Second Floor

R4 – Roof Level




R1 – Ground Level

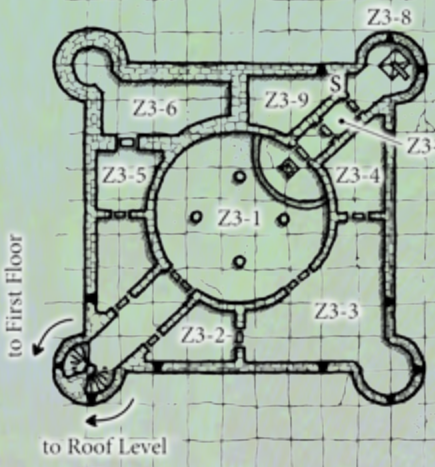



R2 – First Floor

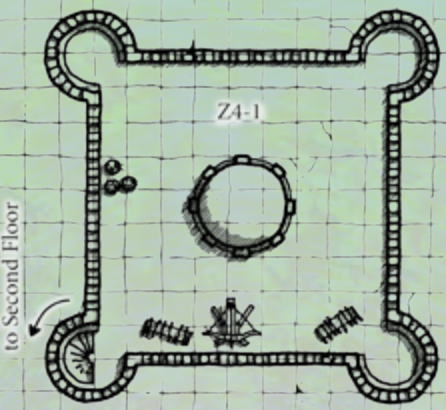
North →

1 square = 10 feet

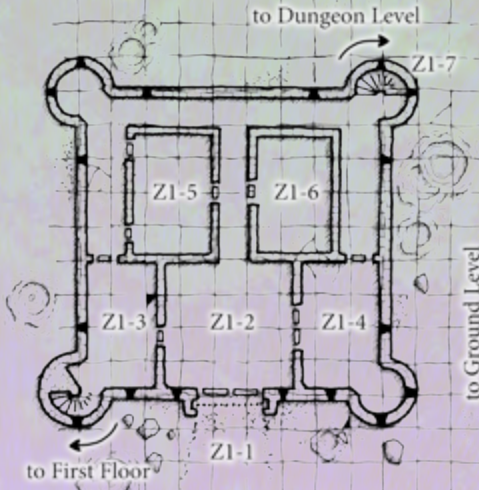
# Map 2 - The Tower of Zal



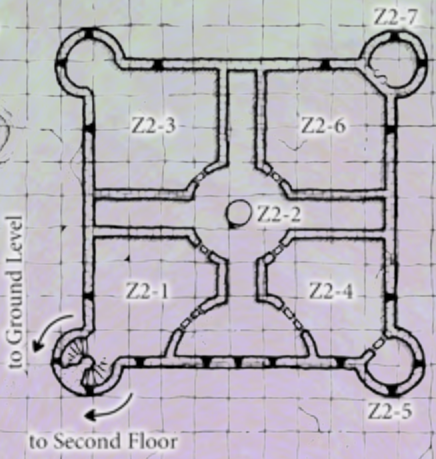

## Z3 - Second Floor




## Z4 - Roof Level



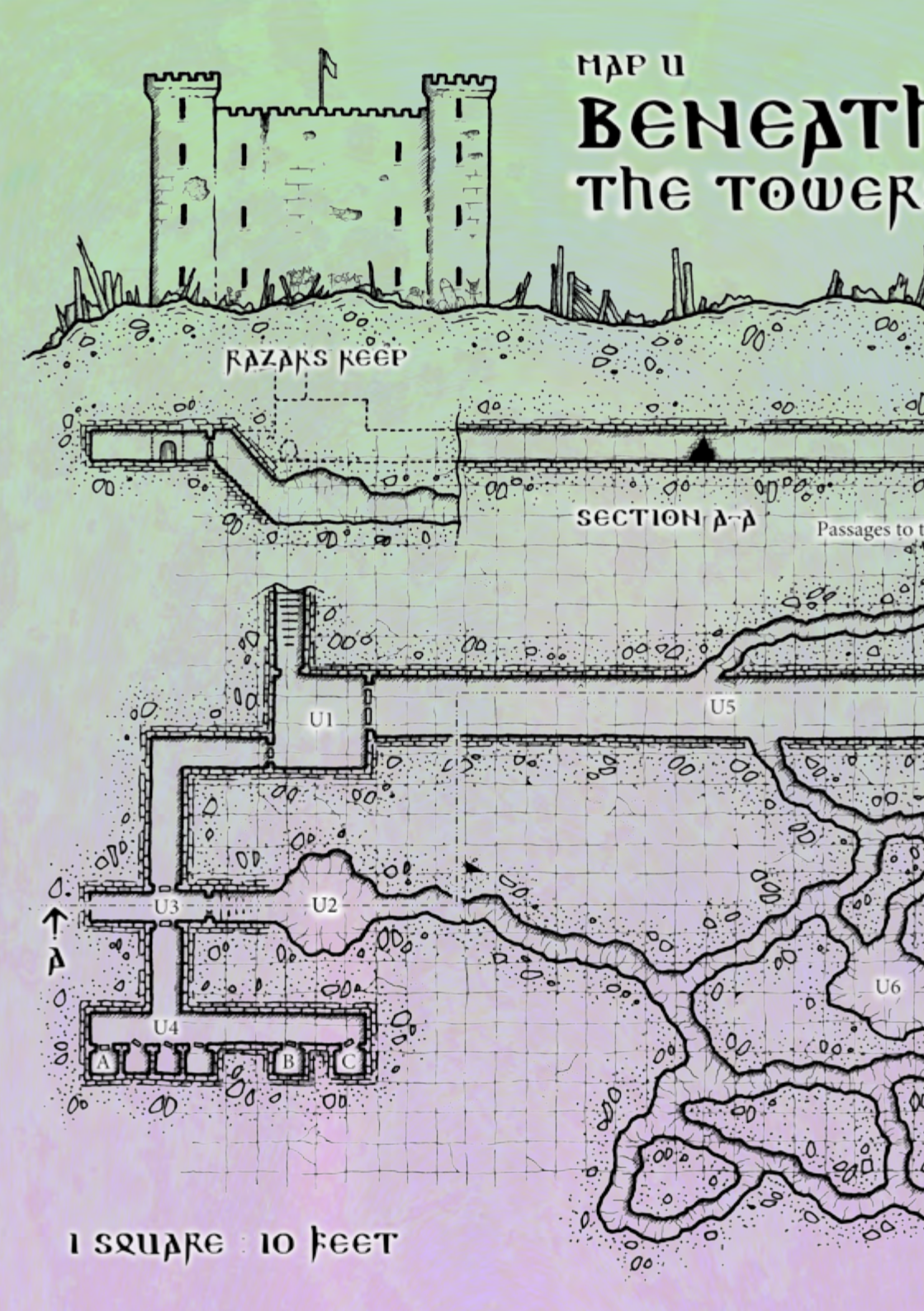

## Z1 - Ground Level

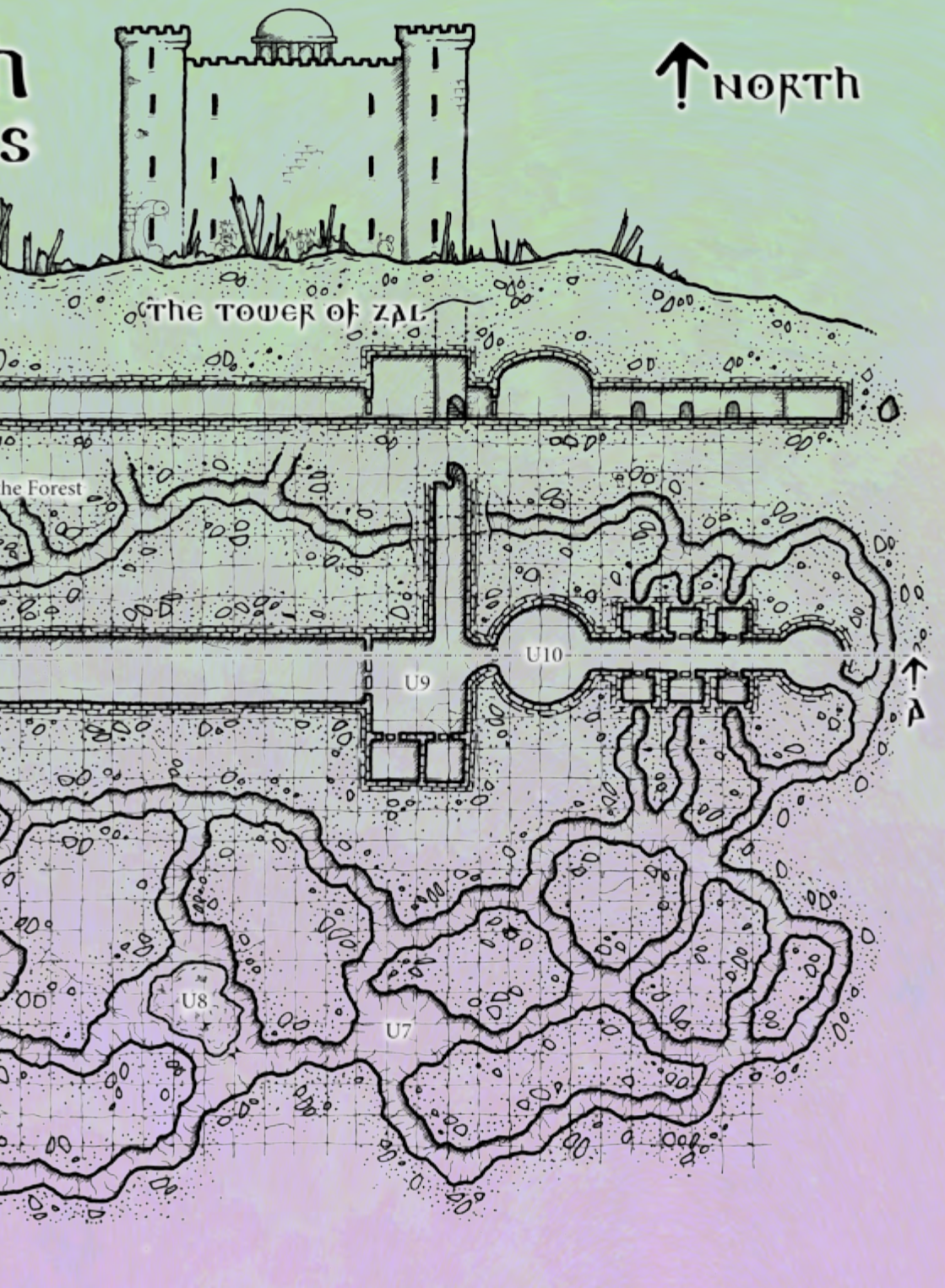



## Z2 - First Floor

North

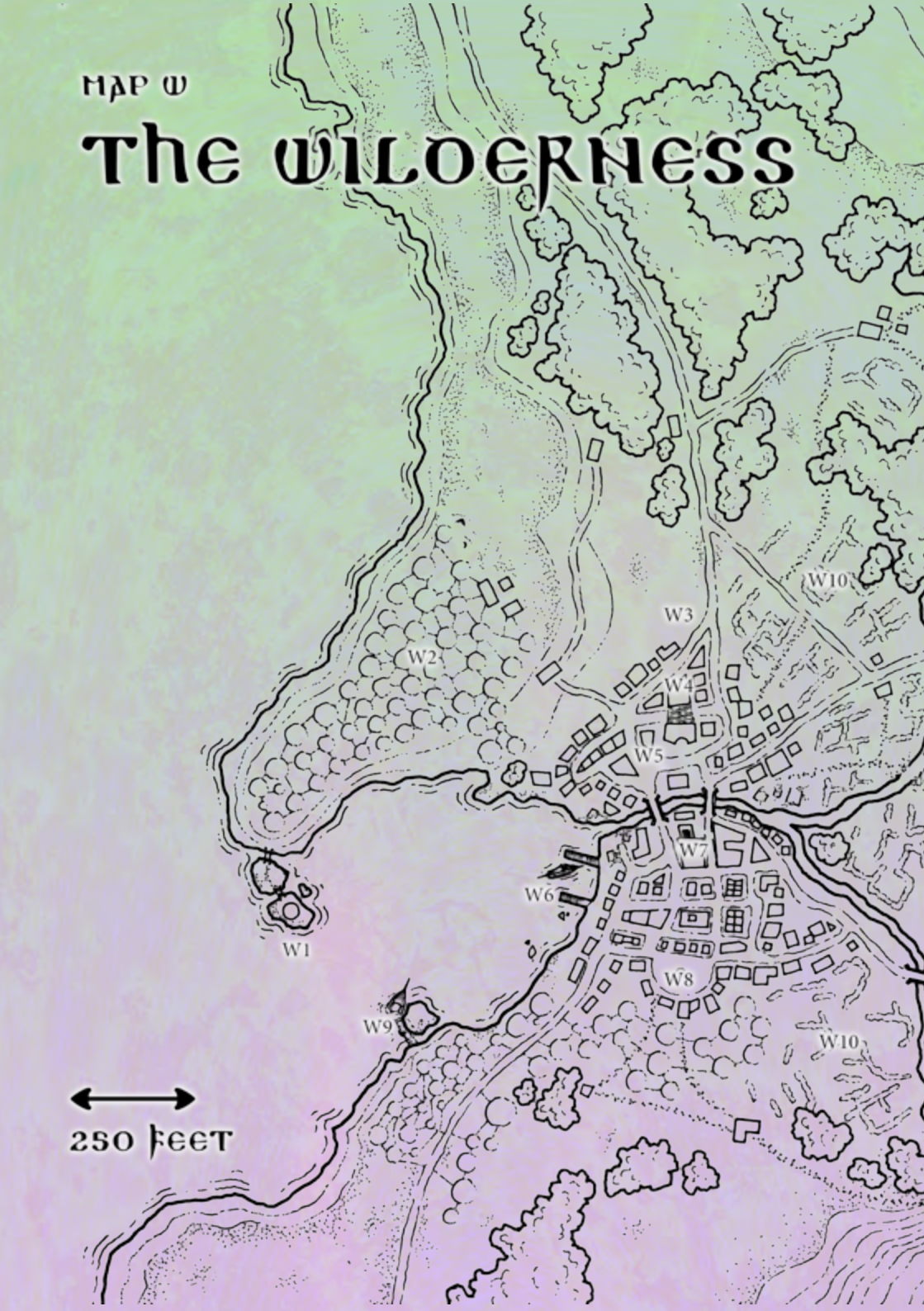
1 square = 10 feet

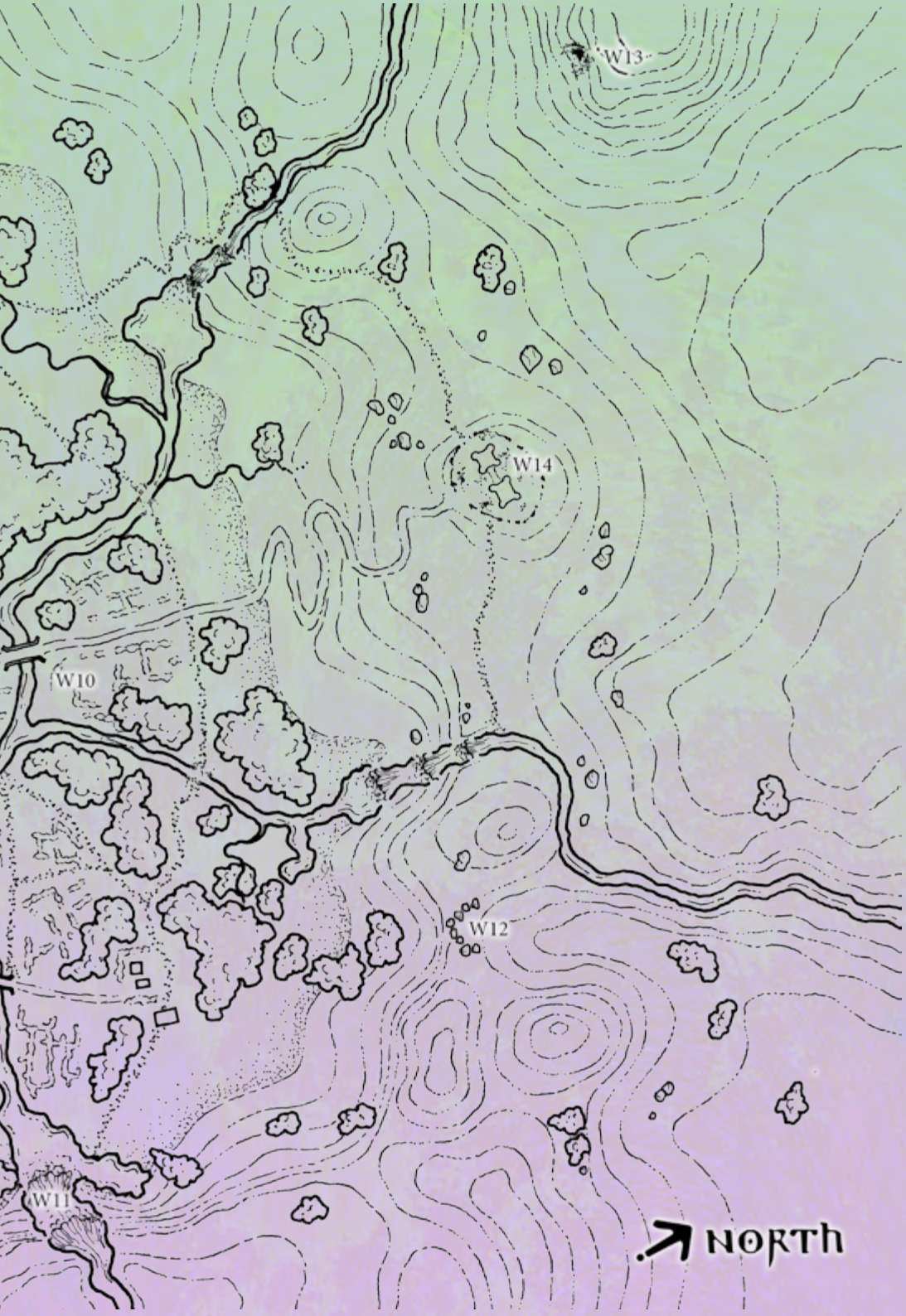

MAP U
BENEATH
THE TOWER
RAZAKS KEEP
SECTION A-A
Passages to t
U1
U2
U3
U4
U5
U6
A
A
B
C
1 SQUARE : 10 FEET


NORTH
THE TOWER OF ZAL
U10
U9
U8
U7

MAP W

# The Wilderness




W13
W14
W10
W12
W11
NORTH

MAP E - CAVERNS OF THE ELOI
Outline of walkway to island
E1
E2
E3
Outline of tower above
NORTH
1 SQUARE 30 FEET

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***Towers Two*** is an adventure for use with Lamentations of the Flame Princess Weird Fantasy Role-Playing and other traditional role-playing games.

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