

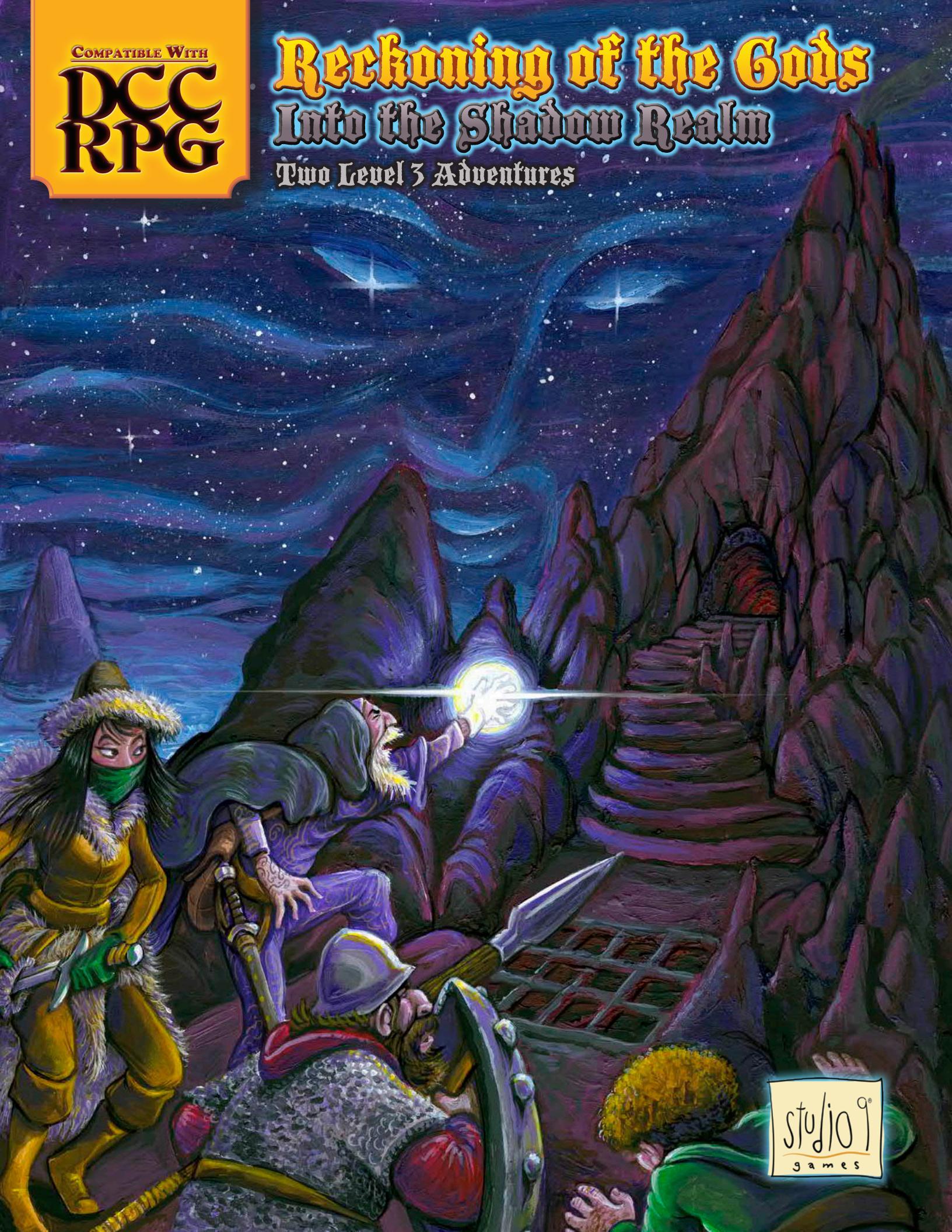
COMPATIBLE WITH

**DCC
RPG**

Reckoning of the Gods

Into the Shadow Realm

Two Level 3 Adventures



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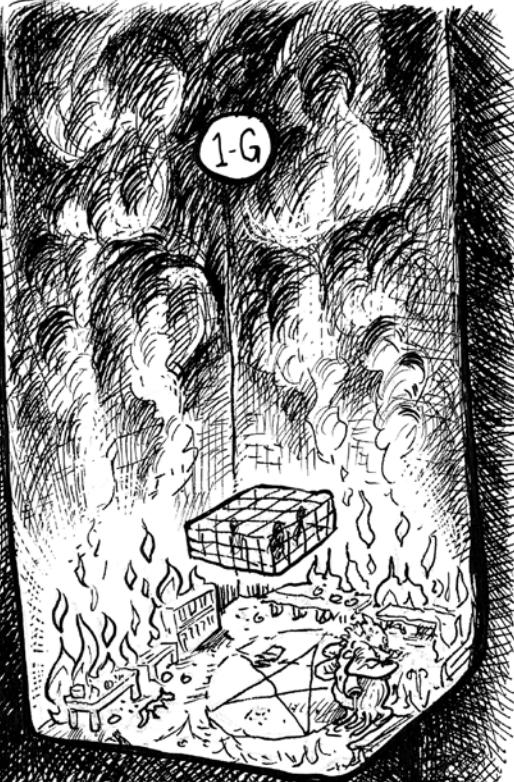


ceiling (floor) plan
of room 1-E

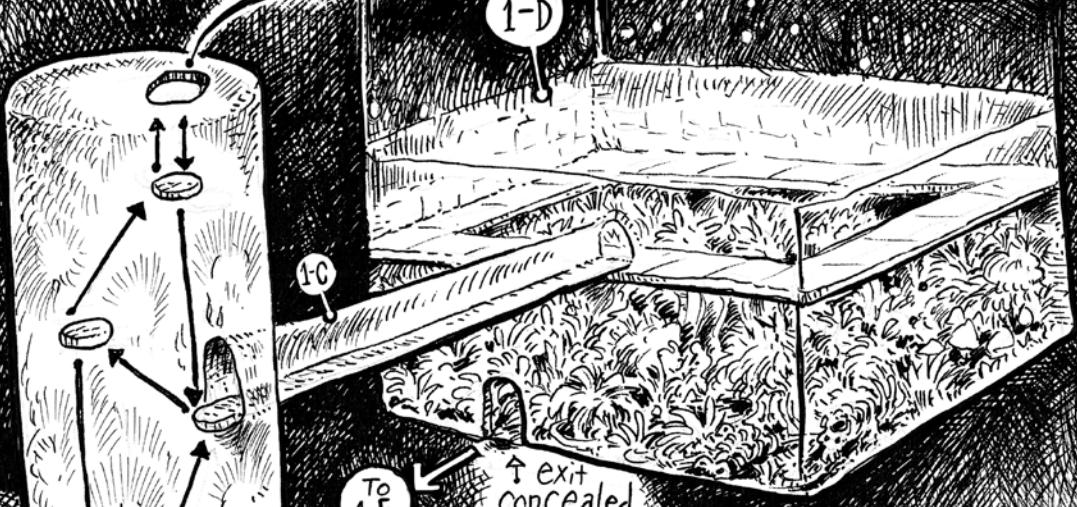
T = torch
O = Landing Spot
Tr = Runic Spot

5 = 5

DOOR 2
TO 1-F



1-G



1-E

1-D

1-C

TO
1-E

exit
concealed
by foliage

TO
1-G

1-B

1-A

1-F

The Pocket Dimension of Moxicotl the Great

Written and Illustrated by C. Aaron Kreader

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ACK

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DCC
RPG

RECKONING OF THE GODS INTO THE SHADOW REALM

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This is a DCC RPG adventure designed for a group of 5 to 7 3rd level characters. A smaller group of 4 to 5 4th level characters or mix of higher and lower levels will work as long as the total levels add up to 16-20. It is also recommended for experienced players. This is an adventure with 2 distinct parts, each with a dramatically different focus and environment. Characters initially will be on a holy quest to right a great wrong universally agreed by the gods as unforgivable. Next they will be tempted into a sophisticated heist using access to a secret parallel universe known as the Shadow Realm.

Moxicotl's Discovery

Moxicotl the Great stole information from the archive of the gods with the aid of a powerful ally, the devil Oggolgag. Oggolgag was once a divine avatar, but his avarice for knowledge damned him to unholy acts and he fell from grace. However, he retained knowledge of the location and access to the archive of the gods and bartered that knowledge in the hope of accessing it once again. Oggolgag aided Moxicotl's heist to find the precious secrets he sought, and in turn, the arch-wizard has attained demigod mastery in the arcane arts.

Part I: The Heretic

Select a cleric in the group. If there are no clerics, select a PC with ties to a patron or divine force. It doesn't matter which god, as they are all outraged and seeking justice.

(Insert PC's name) cleric of (insert god name) suddenly stands before you bathed in a shimmering violet light whilst in the midst of daily morning supplication. The presence is so powerful you collapse and prostrate yourself in a humility that permeates your being. Without delay, you hear a powerful voice not of this world come from deep within (cleric name here). It is so compelling and forceful, you strain to concentrate on the meaning of the words—you sense the message is being repeated until you can compose yourself.

After an unknown span of time, your senses return and the words spoken begin to be comprehended: "...calling upon you and your band of followers to exact divine vengeance on the apostate. His offense is so heinous that it is shameful to relate. Action is to be taken immediately. You are to terminate his life that his soul can be received for an enduring punishment! This act must be done by mortals for reasons now unspeakable. The name

of this heretic is none other than the famed arch-wizard Moxicotl. It is recommended you spend a day in prayer and fasting to prepare for the task. On the apex of the moons rising, face the blood moon and you will be transported to his dwelling—a place unreachable by earthly means. Make haste to prepare!" The violet light fades as does the sense of awe. You realize you have been visited by a powerful divine force.

The name Moxicotl is known across the realms as one of the greatest mages to have ever lived. This reputation comes with a host of rumors and half-truths. The judge should allocate some lore to the PCs: grant 1 lore/PC of Int 9 or higher and modified by each Int modifier. Roll 1D7 and consult the chart below. Note: no PC can have a repeat rumor (give these out to the players after reading **Part 1**).

1. (T/F) He lives in his own created world (actually a world hidden in the folds of this realm).
2. (T/F) He is ancient and has lived for over 300 years—preserved by magic (actually only 97 years, but still extended by magic).
3. (T) He is a close associate of a number of extra-dimensional lords, devils, demons, spirits, and demigods.
4. (T) Has recently discovered secrets which the gods held from mortals.
5. (F) Moxicotl has discovered a means of becoming immortal.
6. (T/F) He is so hideous, that he cannot be seen without evoking horror in the weak of heart (he is rather ugly).
7. (T) He has performed feats so miraculous that he was forced to hide his domain in a pocket dimension to avoid an endless stream of solicitation for help.

In reality, Moxicotl offended so many gods in his hubristic act of larceny that his unusually good luck vanished. Before returning to his workshop, his familiar (a large old cat named Hortus) got in a chase with a mouse. The mouse and cat dashed over a line of salt making up the protective pentagram containing Oggolgag. When Moxicotl finally returned, his theft complete, Oggolgag questioned the arch-wizard to learn what he had discovered, but Moxicotl dismissed the fiend's inquiries as he journaled the precious

secrets in his tome and was so enraptured by his discoveries he failed to see the broken pentagram. A great struggle ensued, setting the room aflame so that as the PCs arrive they witness the violent demise of Moxicotl—as he is being eaten alive (**see Area 1-G**).

Fasting Effects: The apex of the moon is in 20 hours. If a PC fasts, they gain the following: -1 Init, -1 Str, -1 Sta, +1 Per, +2 to spell checks. These effects immediately end when the PC eats or drinks. If a PC fasts for 4 days, they will be required to make a DC 15 Fort save or pass out for 1d4 turns each time they exert themselves.

The characters will be strongly compelled to aid this mission. Clerics will lose all their abilities if they fail to perform this task. Totally cut off from their deity, they will have to restart from 1st level with a new class. Attempts to heal them in the future will always suffer opposite alignment effects, no matter the cleric or god.

Area 1-A—The Hut: *In a flash of amber light, your eyes are blinded by the blood moon. You catch a strong scent of evergold flowers, which carries fruity overtones over a hint of mint. The smell startles you—for evergold is a rare, deadly flower. Its reputation is well known for the occasional foolish farmer who inadvertently trampled it and is found dead—his face puffed with a yellow-orange tint.*

Slowly your eyes blink away the lights and you find



yourself on a hill overlooking a rustic farm, its only crop surrounding you—evergold flowers! They stretch out for hundreds of feet. Skeletons of various creatures pepper the fields of gold.

You stand next to a rustic hut, on a small hill. The dwelling is no more than a single-room cottage with an old fence, wood pile, and smoking brick chimney. The door to its entry is simple and rickety. This appears to be the home of a bankrupt farmer—whose crops are overrun with evergold—not the home of a great wizard. You wonder if your transport could have been done in error, or worse, hijacked by a great force of arcana.

The flowers release pollen if jostled vigorously. Walking through them requires a DC 10 Reflex save. Failure releases toxin. PCs must make a DC 20 Fort save or choke to death. Harvesting them is not easy. They are not toxic through the skin or stomach—only when breathed through the lungs. The pollen is so fine it permeates any makeshift scarf or mask. Note: the best method for harvesting is to carefully place an intact flower into a flask or vial—then throw to release pollen in a 10' radius. This requires a DC 15 Handle Poison check. The result is a slightly less toxic pollen bomb. **Pollen Bomb:** After hitting a hard surface, all within a 10' radius must save DC 10 Ref; failure requires a DC 10 Fortitude save or suffer 1d14 choking damage.

A clever party may find a way to traverse the flowers. They find that after going some 300' in any direction they pass over a copse of trees and see a hut 300' in the distance up a hill next to an evergold flower patch. This magical pocket world simply wraps upon itself—a perpetual graveyard for banished enemies of Moxicotl.

The hut's windows cannot be opened and if the shutters are broken, an impenetrable darkness lies beyond. The wood pile is very old and 2 small poisonous spiders lurk within, ready to bite any curious intruders.

Purple Widow Spider (2): Init +4; Atk bite +0 melee (see below); AC 7; HD 1d2; hp 1 each; MV 5'; Act 1d20; SP nerve poison: DC 13 Fort save or death, otherwise 1d10 temporary Agi damage; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +0; AL N.

Purple widow nerve toxin causes severe loss of motor control, including heart failure. If a DC 13 Fort save is made, the PC takes 1d10 temporary Agi damage. If the save is failed, a purple color covers the victim's face, accompanied with a seizure that lasts 1d4 rounds. After this period of time, the victim dies. Antidotes or a cleric healing of 3 dice or more administered in time may save the victim. Under

the wood pile is a small set of cellar doors. Beyond the doors is inky blackness no light can penetrate, magic or otherwise. This is actually a magic portal that sends those who enter directly to **Area 1-E**.

The front door to the hut opens easily and accesses **Area 1-B**. Burning the hut down proves easy, but the front door and cellar doors remain intact and unaffected. Both doors will still lead travelers to their respective areas.

Area 1-B—The Falling Foyer: *You gaze into the tiny hut and see an impossibly large, dimly lit chamber. Its light sources are candles positioned all around the walls. The first thing you notice is that the entire 15-foot-wide floor is a circular pool filled with dark water—its inky depth unknown.*

The ceiling rises out of view and as you lean into the doorway to eye it, three small platforms are revealed hovering at heights of 10, 30, and 40 feet into the air. The ceiling is 60 feet up and contains an exit in its center, which you can barely make out from the ground. Another exit is visible 20 feet up the wall and features a small stone ledge jutting a few feet into the room. No sign of a guardian is visible.

Floor: The inky water is a powerful illusion. Walking or stepping onto it may not break the illusion without a DC 18 Will check. Failing, the PC will feel as though they are walking on water, their feet getting cold and wet.

Platforms: The party will see the various hovering 4' wide platforms, but cannot see the runes atop each one.



The two runic words are in a demonic tongue (DC 18 Int or Read Languages check to decipher). Speaking the “rise” or “fall” runic word in the demonic language teleports all occupants on the platform to the corresponding platform (see map). Otherwise, the platform begins to crumble, and after 2 rounds anyone standing on it falls, taking damage based on the height of the fall. After 2 more rounds, the platform fully re-assembles.

PCs may attempt to throw a grappling hook to each platform. Allow a roll versus AC 8 to secure the hook to a platform. This roll suffers a -1D if it is a 20' or farther attempt due to range penalties. Only roll to hit if time is a factor. Otherwise, assume a hook can reach any 30' distance if attempted enough times with no time pressure. Attempts to put a grappling hook into the opening in the ceiling will pull the rope up slowly to **Area 1-E**. Any amount of weight on the rope will be slowly pulled up as well.

Area 1-C—The Long Hall: *You peer into a long, narrow hall. Its construction is fashioned from a dull green stone with a bright, wet, mossy yellow coating of algae. Moisture forms along the walls, runs down into specially designed grooves in the floor, then trickles forward into the darkness.*

This 80' long, magically humid hall creates a means to water the terrarium beyond. It is 6' tall and 4' wide, narrow, cramped, and stuffy with humidity. It is unlit.

Area 1-D—Reagent Terrarium: *You emerge from the narrow hall into a massive dimly lit auditorium which opens to the night sky above—a curious fact since you gauge it to be mid-morning. The stars, however, are all wrong, as if from some world far from your own. You stand on a wide 10-foot balcony (without railing) that runs around the perimeter of the massive room. Looking down from the balcony, you see a veritable jungle of rare plants sporting odd fruit, alien colors and exotic forms. In a corner of this wild garden are a number of bones strewn about as a solemn indicator that something down there must be protecting these plants—something entirely hidden from view.*

These are all rare reagent plants nurtured in a perpetual night lit environment. Ten living constrictive vines are hidden away within the foliage. A DC 20 Int check is required to spot the vines, given their natural ability to hide.

Constriction Vine (10) Init +2; Atk bite +1 (1d4 + constrict); AC 13; HD 1d10; hp 7 each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP hide in foliage (DC 20 Int to spot), constrict: (1d4

dam/round, DC 15 Str or Agi check to escape), restrict mobility (for each vine attached: -1 Init, Reflex, Action, and -5" MV; Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1; AL: C

These guardians swarm any intruders at the rate of 3 per round until all 10 are feeding. This is how Moxicotl protects his precious spell reagents. The bones are from previous feedings. Once fed, they lie still for an hour or so, allowing Moxicotl to harvest reagents.

Each vine is independent and therefore all must be killed. They will not roll morale checks and fight to the death.

Fire does -2d damage and will not burn due to the high humidity and moisture in this chamber.

The ledge is 10' above the garden. The balcony has no railing. Due to heavy foliage, jumping down only causes 1d3 damage.

Area 1-E—Flipped Chamber: *As you pass through the portal, you are lifted up slowly by some magical force, emerging into a well-lit chamber where the torches along the walls are all upside down. As you are lifted further, you spot some furniture and odd markings on the ceiling, along with two strange inverted doors on the far end of the room, each also located near the ceiling. Quickly you realize why, as you gently reach the ceiling—which due to some arcane trickery is now the floor!*

Here the gravity is reversed in every area except near the strange markings. In those areas, the magic is subdued and gravity returns to normal. The markings are demonic runes (DC 18 Int or Read Languages check to decipher). Each one is large with a glowing red circle around it and reads “cancel”. These affect an area around them as indicated on the map. Passing over them will trigger a cancellation of the gravity reversal and slam the PC back to the floor. 2d6 damage for a 20' drop. Attempting to jump between markings, such as area A to B marked on the map, requires a DC 10 Reflex save (remember to subtract armor check). Failure triggers the cancel rune and pulls the PC back to the floor for falling damage. If PCs linger here for more than 1 turn, they notice the runes flickering. Devilish judges may reverse gravity after 2 turns.

The chest is bolted down. If opened, a distant giggling sound is heard and the PC opening the chest smells of a rank, fishy odor which follows them for 1d3 days. Within is a tiny note: “A blood sacrifice, please. —Yours, Evets”

The furniture consists of two huge chairs and a large low table. These dangerous cast iron pieces are crafted with

spikes, hooks, and blades in places no chair should have. These are museum oddities from a demonic plane given as gifts to Moxicotl by a sadistic colleague. He placed them here to show them off to visitors but they also snag or hook anyone passing by who fails a DC 8 Reflex save. Failure causes 1 point of damage as they unhook themselves. This occurs automatically to anyone foolish enough to climb, sit in, or use the furniture.

Door 1 appears locked, and cannot be opened by any means. Breaking down the door will reveal a solid wall beyond it. It is a false door.

Door 2 is unlocked and opens easily. Once opened, read or paraphrase the following:

You open the door, and beyond is a shimmering portal of prismatic light. The hues dance and sparkle furiously. As your eyes adjust to the bright glow, you begin to see a small, furnished room beyond—the details are made hazy by the glowing light.

Anyone passing into the portal transports **everyone in this room** to **Area 1-F**.

Area 1-F—Waiting Room: *You suddenly find yourself in a small, lavishly furnished waiting room. Rich oak handcrafted furniture welcomes you, along with velvet drapes covering the walls. To your right, a grand fireplace crackles and fills the space with a warm glow.*

Near you is a bust of the famed Old Master, Sezrekan himself. The statue opens its mouth and speaks through a wide grin: “Make yourself comfortable. The lord of the hut will be right with you.” The mere concept of Sezrekan depicted as a servant is an outrageous sign of your host’s arrogance.

On the opposite side of the room, a large curtain covers a portal-sized space. It radiates a strong magical feel, even to those less sensitive to these arts. Issuing from it is the sound of munching and a faint burning odor. Your gut tells you something is terribly wrong!

Touching the Sezrekan statue or otherwise engaging it with questions will cause the statue to ask, “Do you wish to return to the entrance?” Any affirmative response will teleport that PC to **Area 1-A** outside the hut. Other questions or statements are not answered and Sezrekan’s eyes close—he appears thoughtful. Anyone breaking the statue will get a nod from the Old Master; a boon of +1d to the next 3 combat or saving rolls, and +1 Luck.

The curtain is a magic portal which teleports everyone in this room into **Area 1-G** once touched. If the one who touches it sacrifices blood, all occupants in this room are teleported just inside the entry of **Area 1-G**. Otherwise, they are placed in the cage hovering above **Area 1-G**. This sacrifice requires 1hp loss in blood. This will be revealed to any successful *detect magic*, *invoke patron* questions, or similar means of knowledge. If a character is already wounded in some way, there is a chance (successful Luck check) they will put blood on the curtain and activate the requirement for sacrifice by accident; otherwise, they are sent to the cage. Standing near the curtain a loud munching and crunching sound can be heard, as if someone is eating a whole chicken, bones and all. The smoke scent is also rather strong.

Area 1-G—Workshop: Whether from the cage or the entry area, the PCs will see the following:

You instantly find yourself in a vast room blazing with heat and light. All around you, a large workshop is ablaze. Relics, precious papers, books and vials are on the verge of being consumed in the fire. And countless more are being eaten by flame. Yet others lay broken and shattered or strewn about as if a great battle just occurred. The palpable feel of arcana fills the room. In the center of the room is a large pentagram of blood-red salt. Near it, a large journal sits. In one corner of the room is a massive dead cat with one eye. In the other corner is an abominable, demonic form devouring the object of your quest—Moxicotl himself.

In the cage: The cage hovers by enchantment 20' above the floor. A DC 17 Str check is required to bend the bars. A halfling can escape on a DC 10 Agi check.

Ceiling: The walls appear to rise endlessly towards an infinite space; therefore, smoke will not fill the room. This is a magic ceiling, and those attempting to fly up will never find an end.

Depending on how fast PCs move, their actions could save an item or two of value. Allow PCs to take it all in and then ask questions concerning details of the room. After that, ask for actions.

The fire is ravaging a 10' wide berth around the perimeter of the room. The middle of the room, while hot, has nothing flammable and the ceiling eliminates smoke and heat. Anyone running into the flames to save goods must select a firefighting technique below and then roll 1d14 on the loot chart.



Reach in: A successful DC 12 Agi check to reach in and save an item intact. Failure means 1d6 burning damage (1d6 damage each round until DC 10 Reflex save is rolled).

Douse (once per water skin) or **Smother** (once per cloak or large cloth, then ruined): DC 5 Agi check to save an object; otherwise, it is destroyed.

Waving or stomping out: DC 8 Agi check to save an object; otherwise, it is destroyed. On a natural 1, 2, or 3 (regardless of whether the item is saved) the PC has caught fire for 1d6 burning damage. (1d6 damage each round until DC 10 Reflex save is rolled).

If they roll a burnt item, they arrive too late. If they roll an item someone else already found, select the next item closest in the chart (up if the PC has a Luck score of 10+, down if Luck is 9 or less).

Moxicotl Burning Loot Chart

- 1 Cookies! You saved them from burning. They are extremely tasty: eat to gain +1 hp.
- 2 Valued reagents: 1d5x100 in gold value.
- 3 Burning spell book! Save a random spell. Roll d100: 1-75% level 1 spell, 76-95% level 2 spell, 96-99% level 3 spell, 100% level 4 spell.
- 4-6 Healing salves (3): These special salves heal 1d7 hit points. If the healing exceeds the PC's hp max, they feel euphoric and gain the excess in temporary hit points.
- 7-8 Cloak of Windwalking: gain +10' MV, +2 Init.
- 9 Journal of Moxicotl: Illegible title written in code—it won't even open (see below).
- 10 The Maker's Glove: A white glove which appears to be immune to fire and radiates a strong magic (see below).
- 11-13 Owl scroll: Owl bones with tiny engraved runes (A *read magic* spell for ease of deciphering Moxicotl's encoded journal, adds +1d to spell check if spell already known).
- 14 Staff of the Infinite: Stops aging process and allows user of any spell casting class to cast *shadow reach & step* 1/day as if they had the spell (see Appendix S2).

This encounter alters at the *end* of each round due to the raging fire and Oggolgag's preoccupation. Use this sequence to mark off items above which are consumed after each round and to track the developing action. Begin this sequence after PCs enter the room.

Round 1: Oggolgag finishes consuming Moxicotl, is totally preoccupied by with its meal, and will not attack. PCs can see the devil is wounded—missing one of his four pincer claws. Any attacks on Oggolgag gain surprise.

Round 2: If anyone in the group is on the ground or attacked last round, the demon attacks. Roll initiative.

Round 3: Moxicotl's spell book (#3) is totally destroyed by fire.

Round 4: The Cloak of Windwalking (#7) and valued reagents (#2) are consumed.

Round 5: If not saved, The Staff of the Infinite (#14) heats up and explodes! PCs must succeed a DC 12 Reflex save or suffer 1d6 damage from the arcane force. Some very tasty cookies (#1) get burnt to a crisp!

Round 6: The heat boils away 1d3 healing salves (#4).

Round 7 and beyond: The only items to survive past this point are the journal (#9—in the middle of the room away from the fire), The Maker's Glove (#10—totally fire resistant), and the owl scroll (#11).

Oggolgag is an imposing 9' tall Crawlfie Devil with one bloodshot eye and 3 massive crablike pincers (usually four, but one was severed in the previous fight). The fiend ambulates on a slick mass of hundreds of tiny tentacles. His slimy form is covered in spines and crustaceous ridges. If severely wounded, Oggolgag will teleport away from the battle just before a death blow.

Type II Devil, Crawlfie: Init: +4; Atk claw +6 melee (1d6+3+d3 vs Lawful) or bite melee +8 (1d12); AC 18; HD 6d12; HP: 30 (40 max); MV 30' (teleport at will); Act 2d20 + 1d16; SP improved crit range 19-20, immune to non-magic or less than 3HD attacks, half damage from fire, acid, cold, electricity, or gas attack, *detect law* (+8 check), teleport away from death (free action), toadfiend disease (see pg 402); SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +8; AL C.

The crawlfie is an abomination fusing various aspects of crabs and octopi with that of man. It seeks to consume anything alive and smaller than itself. Its appetite is endless and without control. Crawlfieids grow from spawn by fighting and consuming hundreds of siblings until large enough to emerge from their spawning pits. This was Oggolgag's hellish beginning after being cast out by the gods.

Crawlfieids tend to attack whoever is closest and wearing the brightest or shiniest colors. Their ability to teleport makes ranged attacks short-lived.

Moxicotl's death and that of his accomplice, Oggolgag, grants a favor from the gods. Clerics receive 3 points of Luck while all other classes receive 1 point.

The Maker's Glove, the Journal, and the owl bones: The bright white glove shines like a lamp, while the interior is pitch black, like a hole in space. The item is heavily resistant to fire and all forms of energy. It is like no ma-

terial known. The Journal can only be opened by the one wearing the glove and is readable only when the complex magic code is deciphered using *read magic* or *read languages*. A skilled thief can decipher (DC 18). When the party looks at the journal, read the following in order:

Once decoded, cover text reads; “Unlocked by the white hand” (clue to use the glove to open the book).

The journal outlines the discovery of a strange glove, how Oggolgag the devil was coerced into sharing a place (the Athenaeum) where the glove’s origin and powers could be understood. Give players **Handout 1**: The Maker’s Glove.

Next the book outlines a plot to enter the fabled lair of an ancient worm and steal its loot by escaping into something called the Shadow Realm.

The final page of the journal is a warning that the Shadow Realm has different laws from the character’s world, followed by the poem below. Give players **Handout 2**: Final Poem.

By voice and power, beyond place
Infused by phlogiston ebon grace
Release all potency with this tome
And take us to Woetalon’s home.



Once this is read aloud, read:

You feel a swirling wind surround you as the final page of the journal is enveloped in a blue flame which chills the air, and suddenly you find yourselves outside in the sulfuric vapors of a volcanic mountain. Flames dance before ancient stairs which rise into a passage cut into the rock. Two winding cliffside trails run away from this fiery entrance—one up the mountain and another down.

You look down to a note under the poem on the final page of the journal, which reads “Warning! Do not read the poem of conveyance, with glove on, in the workshop until fully ready to traverse to Woetalon’s lair.” Then there is an unfinished list of what appears to be items for the journey: “extra socks, the good apples, some LARGE bags.”

Part II: The Volcanic Lair of Woetalon

Lost in the eons of time is the knowledge of the ancient gods who built the universe atop another reality known as the Shadow Realm—a gray simulacrum, a sketch of the world around us. This coterminous reality is tethered by forces of magic and shadow to our own in dark nightmares and odd confluences of the lunar cycle and dark constellations. Some even gain passage to this dimension where and when our darker reality is in tandem with the Shadow Realm.

Even the gods seldom gaze into this dim reach—all but forgotten, save by the Old Ones. It was also crafted as the sketch for other parallel dimensions and thus connects many worlds and times.

By pure chance, a misspoken incantation to a shadow patron of the 77th Hell revealed its existence to the great Moxicotl. He then spent years tracking a means to its access—leading him to an ancient dead planet and the location of The Maker’s Glove, the very relic used to craft whole dimensions by servitors of the gods. But its exact location and usage only became available when his patron helped him access the Athenaeum. An archive of the secrets held by the gods. With these discoveries, a plan was hatched. Moxicotl plotted to heist one of the greatest known treasures—the hoard of Woetalon, the elder worm of Mount Karkaroc.

Woetalon made playful sport of the ancient dwarven empire for centuries before tiring of the game and eradicating it entirely. Since then, no shortage of schemes and cam-

paigns, scouts and spies have been deployed to steal his treasure—and all have failed.

Woetalon is a legend, and rumors surround him. Give these rumors to the players and let them argue what is real or false. Refer to the notes below on who should receive the rumor prior to giving them out secretly:

1. Woetalon is held by many to be long dead.
(Half the party, at random, heard this rumor.)
2. Woetalon is an undying and eternal deity.
(The other half of the party heard this rumor.)
3. No shortage of heroes has set off to claim Woetalon's fortune. (All PCs heard this rumor.)
4. If Woetalon is alive, he is an elder worm—extremely powerful. (All PCs heard this rumor.)
5. Woetalon sleeps for long years and awakens in a stupor. (One PC heard this rumor, at random from those who heard rumor #2.)
6. His treasures won and lands secured, he is weary of life itself, thus the thrill of a visit is something he would cherish, and play with. (Two PCs heard this rumor, at random from those who heard rumor #2.)
7. Any direct encounter with Woetalon would likely be fatal. (All PCs heard this rumor.)
8. Woetalon had enemies of all races, but none foolish enough to raise his ire. The regions around him were once civilized, but Woetalon has made them a smoking, volcanic ruin. (Two PCs heard this rumor, at random from those who heard rumor #1.)

Shadow Realm: The Shadow Realm is a parallel world with its own laws and rules. See **Appendix S** on page **26** and get familiar with these laws and rules. PCs should discover these laws as they go and not be forewarned.

Note to the Judge: To use the maps for the areas within the mountain, keep a careful note of whether the PCs are in the normal or Shadow Realm. Refer to that location below. If the PCs traverse from one realm to another, use the maps' corresponding location to reveal what they encounter. For example, if the PCs are in **Area B1** and they enter the Shadow Realm, this will place them in corresponding

Area BB1. If they then move into to **Area BB2** and exit the Shadow Realm, they will find themselves in **Area B2**.

The PCs begin on Mount Karkaroc near **Area A1**, where the mountain path forks up and down the mountain.

Area A1—Old Forge of Kog Bourl: *You approach the stairs rising into an old archway, but are held back by the scorching heat of a fire which blazes up from a pit covered by a massive metal grill lying on the ground before the stairway. The heavy metallic grate is clearly of dwarven construction, as are the runes over the archway beyond.*

To any dwarf, read or paraphrase the following:

The grate is constructed of a mithril alloy which can bear the inferno without melting. This is a defensive measure fed by a volcanic forge deep below. Most likely it never turned cold after the place fell eons ago, ever fueled by open gates into a live lava-filled shaft.

Reading the runes proves impossible from this distance. The grill is at least 40' square. Attempts to dash through will cause 5d6 fire damage and a DC 20 Reflex save must be rolled or the PC catches fire (1d6 damage) for 1d3 rounds, or until the save is made.

A PC with flight could reach the stairs, but climbing the walls is not possible without taking fire damage. The key is to walk into the Shadow Realm.

Area AA1—Cold Forge: *You now see a simple grate made of a strong, blackened iron on the ground before you. It is cold and easily crossable. Beyond rise shadowy stairs vanishing into a dark archway. It is impossible to see the details of the portal from this distance. Oddly, this entire world is cast in a hazy moonlit glow, despite the absence of any visible light source.*

The grate weighs several tons and is bolted down. It is impossible to remove by mortal means. Those able to get into the pit beyond find a 100' shaft that ends in a vast, dark, oily lake with no exits. The lake is so cold that it drains life at a rate of 1d6 cold damage per round of swimming. Great beastly eyes glare up from the depths. Anyone diving down to meet it is consumed by a greater ancient shadow created by the Old Ones for the sole purpose of eradicating unwanted creations.

Area A2—The Fire Gate: *An old archway crosses over the stairs. It is decked with dwarven runes written in an outdated style and script. The letters are crafted in gold leaf.*

Dwarves can smell the thick gold leaf inlay which by superior craft or magic still sets into the runes. The dwerven text reads, "The Gold Mine of Dul-Dohm." Anyone taking the time to carve out the inlay gains 1d100gp + their Luck score. Any thief class or professional craftsman is able to scrape out an added 30gp. This will also make an echoing clamor which alerts the Cai-Men in **Area B1**,

who ready themselves to ambush intruders.

Area AA2—The Dark Gate: An old archway crosses over the ancient stairs decked with chaotic runes, and various signs and crude symbols for destruction and decay. The graffiti is the work of many hands, or a miasma of despair from a single, insane mind.



Anyone proficient in chaos languages, or who can decipher the scrawlings, discerns the script under the graffiti as "The Mine of Wretched Decay." This was, in fact, a waste yard for the Shadow Realm, the purpose of which is lost in the minds of the Old Ones.

Area A3—The Drop: *The path moving down the mountain halts before a sharp drop out of view. Carefully gazing over, you see the drop of 300 or so feet ends where sharp rocks rise up.*

Climbing without the aid of rope is a DC 20 Strength check. If enough rope is provided, drop the DC by 10 due to harsh wind and slick surfaces. Damage from a fall should be calculated by re-rolling any die that rolls a 1 to represent the sharp rocks below. The next civilized area is a 10-day journey through barren wastes, and without adequate supplies, the party will perish.

Area AA3—The Drop: *The path moving down the mountain passes into darkness. Quite suddenly you find yourself over a vast precipice—which catches your breath. Your feet stop inches before the edge of the cliff, kicking stones that plummet into a dark, rock-filled pass.*

As **Area A3**, but this climb down takes more time than allowed in the realm of shadow (see Appendix S). The PCs will get very drowsy after 15 minutes of climbing and are very near sleep. Those persisting fall asleep before reaching the bottom.

Area A4 (and AA4)—Climbing Karkaroc:

Whether in the Shadow Realm or normal, this entry is the same, but the PCs notice the terrain is slightly different.

The path is replete with dangerous sharp spires as if the entire mountain was fanged.

The distance up the mountain is a 2-hour journey—not possible in the Shadow Realm before falling asleep (see Appendix S). In the normal realm, the rocks are volcanically heated. All PCs must roll a DC 10 Reflex save or suffer 1d4 burn damage from hard-to-spot hot rock patches. These patches occur 4 times along the path up the mountain. Once discovered, the PCs can avoid the patches on the way back down.

Area A5—Volcanic Entry: *You travel the path up through towering fangs of stone. The vista is obscured by clouds, but mountain spires press up for miles around your position. You zigzag past smoldering rocks, and*

finally reach the top. There, an enormous volcanic vent descends into darkness. The overwhelming odor of sulfur and burnt stone assaults your nose and eyes, which tear up, making it hard to see.

This is a 200' drop into **Area H**, Woetalon's lair. A DC 15 Strength check is needed to climb down. This is reduced to DC 8 with the aid of ropes. Woetalon is bored and eager for "entertainment," so he feigns slumber and allows the PCs into his chamber before annihilating them. His senses are very keen. If he detects a retreat, he lets out a roar and moves about, pretending to rise (his wings flap and create a great gust of air). He is not interested in giving chase at this time, but amuses himself with the prank. PCs must roll initiative and list actions. The group may be climbing when this occurs, and an accelerated retreat becomes dangerous (increase to DC 16). If a PC falls due to Woetalon's ruse, this will greatly amuse him. He cackles with a cacophony that shakes the mountain.

Area AA5—Volcanic Entry: *You rise to the mountain top, but gain no great view. It is too dark to make out any details from the mountains around you. Oddly, no stars or moon are visible above—only a chalky gray mist.*

In the Shadow Realm, no volcanic vent is here. Anyone in the vent when attempting to enter the Shadow Realm is unable to make the journey and has a splitting headache (see Appendix S).

Area B1—The Cai-Men: *The sounds of your approach echo from a wide natural hallway into a vast space which extends beyond your range of vision. This great cave is*





filled with dank-smelling water and stagnant air. At your feet, near the edge of the water, a long bone is stuck into the earth. Atop it rests a brittle dwarven skull. Something about the totem conveys a spiritual or ritualistic aspect beyond that of a simple grim warning. At some distance across the shallow lake is the sound of water falling.

The waters are 3' to 3½' deep and home to 10 Cai-Men, a race of aggressive alligator-like men. Noise will attract the denizens of this chamber, and if clamor was made near the gate, they lie in ambush just under the dark waters. Entering the water will also alert them. They came here long ago, attracted by Woetalon's strong aura. Content to serve as an occasional meal to the great worm, they have little desire for wealth. They bring all gold and valuables to Woetalon, whose bidding they follow with the devotion of worshippers. They also enjoy feeding on a litany of cave fish, as well as

the hapless creatures who wander into the caves.

They have fashioned a skull shrine in the center of the lake, where the ground rises up to form an island. Once the PCs reach halfway between the entrance and the island, the Cai-Men swim forth to surround the PCs. Read or paraphrase the following:

Your light falls on an island in the lake, where a number of skulls sit on the end of bones, forming a primitive shrine. Cai-Men, human, orc, elf, dwarf and a variety of hard-to-identify skulls cover the island. Suddenly the water around you is disturbed as long-snouted, man-like alligators lurch out to add you to their shrine!

Have the PCs roll initiative. Note: the Cai-Men will attempt to attack from the water. They are less effective on land.

Cai-Men (10): Init +3 (+0 on land); Atk bite +2 melee (1d8+1); AC 14 (12 on land); HD 2d8; hp 15, 12, 11, 10, 9, 9, 8, 7, 5; MV 40' swim (20' land); Act 1d20; SP sneak +10 in water; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

These Cai-Men patrol the waters out of sight. They are highly sensitive to water vibrations and motion and will alert any sleeping mates to surround and attack intruders from all sides. Give them surprise if PCs don't spot them closing in.

Statue: On the far end of the chamber is a massive stone sculpture of an enormous seated dwarven lord holding a large offering bowl. The bowl is filled with discarded bones. The statue's beard, once cast in gold, has been removed. Parts of the shrine are reclaimed by lime and eroded by water. All PCs who take time to clean the shrine (3 turns of work) gain a boon from an old dwarven god: +1d to their next 5 rolls.

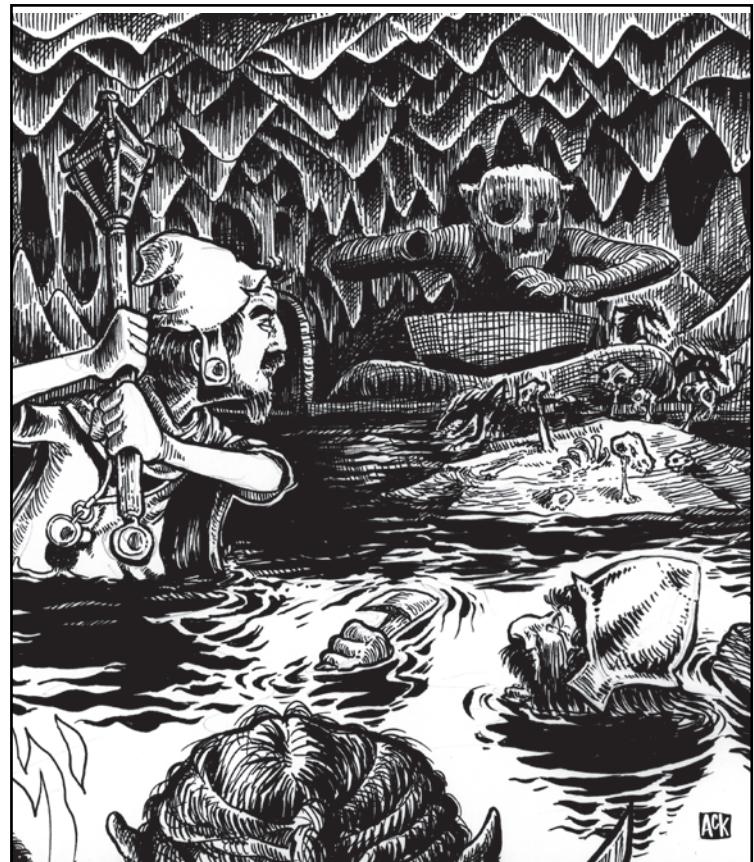
Water: A few turns of search in the waters may reveal a lost, forgotten, or fallen item from a previous victim of the Cai-Men. Allow PCs a DC 15 Luck check (allow dwarves a DC 10 due to their ability to smell gold). If successful, roll 1d5 and consult the list below. Otherwise, they simply find a body part covered in moldy clothing.

1. 1d30 + Luck mod of gold coins.
2. Muck-covered boot (if cleaned, runes are revealed) The runes grant waterwalking. A DC 10 Int check is required to read and activate the boot; casters may add their level to the roll. Anyone who can read the runes can activate the boot, or teach another how to read the runes. Once read, while wearing the boot, the wearer is able to move at half their speed over water (hopping required, for there is only 1 boot). This effect lasts for 10 rounds and can be used 3 times before the boot succumbs to age and falls apart.
3. Dagger of Dwarven Might: +2 to hit and 1d8

Fighting in 3 Feet of Water:

Humans and Elves: -1d to hit in melee or ranged combat, -2 on spell checks, -10' MV (to a minimum of 5')

Dwarves and Halflings: -2d to hit, can move or take other actions in a round, but cannot do both in a round.



damage in the hands of a dwarf. Otherwise, it appears as a normal, if not broad, dagger.

4. Small precious gem worth 1d100 gold.
5. A selection of 3d8 gold teeth, 2gp each.

Area BB1—Spirit Chamber: This vast chamber is dry and lifeless. In the middle, a grim island of skulls mounted on bones looks over the entire cavern. In the back of the cave is an enormous sculpture of a beardless dwarf crying out in pain to the heavens.

So many tormented souls have perished in this room from the dragon's wrath, then later from the Cai-Men tribe, that it has tethered dark energy here. The shadow spirits are angry and violent—the PCs feel a great force of anger and danger here. The Cai-Men priest inadvertently birthed these shadows from his dark rituals. Passing over or near the island or the statue causes dark black forms of quivering shadow to rise up. 16 Shadow Spirits attack without fear or morale checks. They can be turned with a roll of 3 dice higher than their HD.

Shadow Spirits (16): Init: +3; Atk ethereal claw +5 melee (1d6), AC 5; HD 3d8; hp 13 each; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SP can only be hit by magic or shadow item attacks, shade fear (10' radius, DC 12 Will or -2 to hit), ethereal claw attack; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +2; AL C.

Shadow Spirits are frightful to see and cause shade fear to all who are within a 10' radius. The PCs must make a DC 12 Will save or suffer a -2 to hit due to jitters. Shadow Spirits attack with ethereal claws which do non-lethal damage. However, once the victim is reduced to 0 hp they are knocked out, collapsing out of the Shadow Realm and into the inky waters of the normal realm **Area B1**. Unless the PC succeeds a DC 20 Fort save, they will be devoured alive by the Cai-Men within 1d4 rounds.

In middle of the sculpture rests a small, midnight-black pouch. This is a shadow pouch, a dimensional pocket of 10' square interior space. Items can be placed inside and taken out while in the Shadow Realm. These items do not vanish or dissipate in the normal realm. In the normal realm, the pouch appears as simple burlap and its dimensional pocket cannot be accessed.

Area B2—Gateway: *You stand before a majestic arched portal with runic writing carved into the stonework. Due to age and water damage, it is difficult to decipher. You do notice that it once housed great wooden double doors which the water rotted away long ago.*

The writing requires a DC 15 Int check to decipher. Any one proficient in dwarven language can also reveal it as an old dwarven prayer if they spend a full turn in study. Give the players **Handout 3: Old Dwarven Prayer**.

Go we under stone or rock
Give us fortune, grant us shield
With your blessing we now give
A portion of our golden mother

Hand the prayer to the players. If read aloud, they get a blessing of +2 on any one roll this day. If the statue is cleaned and 50 or more gold placed in the offering bowl, that PC restores 1 Luck (2 for a dwarf). This can be done only once per PC who completes the full ritual.

Area BB2—Gateway: *You stand before a low archway which has a solid set of wooden doors built into it. Horrific and obscene scrawlings cover the door and archway. They appear to be the work of a foul, simple mind.*

Attempts to decipher this gate invoke an ancient curse. This door has been the product of the dark spirits in **Area BB1**. Here their pain has taken form. Those reading it become fearful and disturbed. A DC 15 Will save is required to avoid going into a catatonic state in a dangerous situation, until the danger passes. This can be treated by a *blessing*, *heal* spell, *remove fear*, or *remove curse*.

Area B3—Waterfall Entry: *A torrent of water rushes down into the chamber from a height of 20 feet. Vaguely visible beyond the waterfall is another cavern. The slime-covered rocks and fast-flowing water make attempts at climbing potentially treacherous.*

Climbing slimy rocks requires a DC 20 Strength check, DC 15 with the aid of ropes. A failed check results in 1d6 damage from slamming into the rocks before ending up back at the base of the waterfall.

Area BB3—Waterfall Entry: *A series of water-smoothed rocks form a natural stairway leading up into another chamber some 20 feet above this one. A waterfall clearly ran down these rocks at one time.*

No check is required to negotiate this climb.

Area C—The Cai-Men Priest and the Scaled Queen: *You climb the old, broken stairs and enter a domed chamber which was once a well-crafted dwarven chapel with a clever natural cistern. Now it is smothered and transformed by lime stalactite growth—stretching down into the room and giving the whole chamber a wet, smooth appearance like the inside of an alligator's mouth. In the center, a large natural pool stands 3 feet high. Fine tiles once adorned the floor—most are now broken and litter the ground in piles. Two holes look out from this room down into the large watery cavern where you entered. You realize these holes are cleverly concealed peep-holes which looked out from the statue's eyes, making them difficult to spot below.*

Dwarves will smell gold in the pool. If approached, read:

The pool explodes in a hail of water as you are set upon by its Cai-Men host.

Unless incredible precautions have been taken, the PCs are surprised before initiative is rolled. The blast of water gives the PCs' initiative a -3 penalty after the surprise round.

The ambush is conducted by the matriarch and the male high priest who reside here and control the affairs of the Cai-Men. Their pool is full of pearls (20 total worth 25gp each), 3 raw gold nuggets (120, 95, and 37 gp), and leathery Cai-Men eggs. They watch over the tribe through the secret viewing holes that look down into **Area B1**.

Cai-Men (matriarch): Init +4; Atk bite +5 melee (1d8+2); AC 14; HD 6d8; hp 28; MV 20' (swim 40'); Act 1d20; SP sneak +10 in water, +6 grapple after hit to drown victim (1d5 temporary Sta loss per round), scaled curse on

death; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +3; AL C.

Cai-Men (high priest): Init +4; Atk bite +4 melee (1d8+1); AC 14; HD 5d8; hp 24; MV 20' (swim 40'); Act 1d20; SP sneak +10 in water, +4 spell check to heal, scaled curse on death; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +4; AL C.

Special: The high priest will attempt to heal (as cleric) the matriarch. Both will attempt to drown their victims, who will now have to fight in 3' of water. Both also cast the scaled curse upon death.

The high priest and the matriarch are wearing pearl and finger bone braided raiment, necklaces and vests. It is possible to salvage pearls for 150 gp with a DC 10 Agi check.

Scaled curse: Upon death, a curse is hissed out at the killer. If a DC 15 Will save fails, scales grow on their skin and the PC will need to be in water after 1 full day. Afterwards, the PC takes 1d4 damage/day they are not submerged in water or until the curse is removed.

Close inspection of the room reveals bones and bits of broken eggshells.

Area CC—Ancient Tools: *You stand in a natural cavern with a large raised pool drained of any water. Within are a few large black gems. The floor is littered with mining equipment. Picks, hammers, and chisels are strewn about. There are no signs of life or exits.*

The gems have a very high value—but only in the Shadow Realm. They turn to dust in the normal realm, as do the 3 picks (1d6), 1 huge pick (1d8 requires 14 Str to use and 2 hands), 2 large hammers (1d5) and 12 chisels (1d4).

These shadow weapons all dissipate in the normal realm unless placed into the shadow pouch (see **Area BB1**). These weapons can strike any creature in the Shadow Realm as if they were magical, delivering their full damage (see Appendix S).

Area D—Cave-in: *A major structural collapse has destroyed the stairs here. Your progress is completely blocked, at least in this realm.*

Area DD—The Lurker: *A strong set of crafted stone stairs descends into a mine entry surrounded by a dark, oily sludge. The dark slime ripples and undulates with life. In front of the mine entrance is a massive cache of treasure, gold, and gems spilling out over the edges of the chest.*



As you make your way down the stairs, huge dark water snakes rise up out of the pool. Roll initiative.

These are actually the tentacles of the Jelly Lurker that lives here. Totally invisible under the black surface, it looks like a gelatinous sludge pile when revealed. Its tentacles seem to constantly be dripping and flowing with a blackened gel.

Gelatinous Lurker: Init +1; Atk tentacle squeeze +4 melee (1); AC 13 (Eye: 15); HD 12d10; hp 60; MV 0'; Act 3d20; SP extended reach; SV Fort +6, Ref -5, Will +3; AL N.

Gelatinous Lurker will not pursue, but can reach all the way to the top of the stairs. Once it is wounded to 20 hp, it will retreat into the water to recover.

Once a PC is hit, the Lurker attempts to drag victims into the pool (opposing Strength checks, +12 Lurker). If suc-

cessful, the PC is pulled into the water on the following round, and each round thereafter suffers 1d5 temporary Stamina loss. If the PC's Stamina reaches 0 they have drowned. Anyone pulled into the water finds themselves close to a mighty set of eyes. Poking an eye (1hp or more) causes the Lurker to release all victims and retreat.

The Lurker has highly sensitive vision and is not outwardly malicious. It is just curious, with no concept of life and death; it merely wants to see ALL the colors. It is an ageless entity once used as labor in the Shadow Realm, but has been forgotten and left here. The Jelly Lurker has powerful mental wish fulfillment energy, which is how it makes the loot appear real. Reading the desires of those around it, it manifests a shadow sketch of those desires—an illusion only in the mind of the viewer. Its only form of communication is via mind energy and the desires of those with strong mental energy. It can also see in a spectrum of emotion, so emotions register clearly in its vision up to 100', even though its many eyes are submerged. If the party finds a way to communicate, and doesn't harm the Lurker, it requests a show of theatrical emotion. If appeased, the Jelly Lurker becomes drunk with contentment and shares details, history, and information about the Shadow Realm and Wurmshade.

Loot: This is a powerful illusion. After a PC holds the items and stashes them away, they quickly fade. If the Lurker is still around, it quite likes the emotional colors of disappointment, and may even poke its head up over the water in what appears to be a strange vibration like laughter. One stick remains after the loot vanishes. It is a club made of simple shade concentrate, trapped in an energy field of magic. It can be used in combat for 1d6+3



damage, and is +3 to hit. On a natural 20, it can stun both the attacker and victim for 1d3 rounds unless they succeed a DC 17 Fort save, as a wave of shadow energy conducts into both consciousnesses. The club can exist in either realm. On a natural 1, the club phases into the Shadow Realm (unless already there), simply disappearing from sight to the user. If entering the Shadow Realm where this occurred, the club can be found nearby.

Area E—The Old Mine: *The stench of rot and death assaults your senses before you reach the precipice. Your light exposes a room some 20 feet below which is partially filled by a mound of discarded bones, excrement, and a host of other vile substances best left undiscovered. No means for entering the small room is visible, but you can barely make out two exits below at the far edge of your field of vision. Each exit is only 3 feet tall. Both are carved with dwarven designs. The chamber itself is primarily a natural cavern with very little work done to it, save some leveling on the floor, and the exits. It was clearly an old mine entrance that was recently converted into a trash room.*

Dropping down into the trash will not incur falling damage—the rancid meat, urine, and fecal matter as well as the fetid fungus mass cushions any fall. The PCs cannot climb or fall down without touching the garbage. It fills this end of the room. Only by clever means or magic will it be avoided. Once it is touched, three effects occur:

First: A DC 15 Fort save or the PC is stunned by the odor for 1d5 rounds. Doubling over and retching, they now add their own purge to the list of horrid elements.

Second: After landing in the mess, a PC who doesn't wash off immediately after exiting will have to make a DC 13 Luck check in 3 days. Failure means they've contracted the Fugel, an aggressive reptilian disease which takes the character out of commission for 1d10 days. Each day they lose 1 point of Stamina, which doesn't begin to return until the Fugel ends. If reduced to 0 Stamina, the PC dies and puts out a stench so foul the body has to be burnt for fear of spreading the Fugel. Nothing short of divine healing can stop the Fugel.

Finally: The PC touching the vile trash will have a nasty smell coming off them that is so tenacious all Personality checks suffer a -5 penalty for the next week. This can end earlier if they can wash up and abandon ALL current clothing, armor, and footwear.

Anyone willing to sift through the trash finds 1d30 silver,

1d30 gold, and 1d10 platinum coins from various adventurers tossed here. A fancy belt is also here, made of strong sturdy leather, which has a magical property of allowing the user to carry and hang 3 times the normal weight off the belt without feeling encumbered; however, it also fills the wearer with a greedy desire for wealth and possessions.

Note: Shifting into the Shadow Realm in this area fails and causes a headache because this area is solid stone (see Appendix S).

Area F—Batragons: *Water flows down a fast-moving stream bisecting this deep, natural cavern. Large stalactites hang down throughout the room, casting long shadows. As your eyes adjust to the darkness, you see dozens of strange bat-like creatures 3 to 5 feet in length hanging sleepily from the ceiling. The whole cave resonates with the sound of what could be a great lion's purr, amplified to a level that shakes the cavern's foundation, causing pebbles to dance about the floor and dust to rain down in a constant flow. The far end of the room appears to have suffered a cave-in.*

This room is full of both Batragon younglings and adults. These are bats warped and mutated by the potent influence of draconic magic emanating from the adjacent cavern room **Area H**. A wizard or elf can feel the intoxicating presence of strong phlogiston flow here. The magic has seeded into generations of bats, mutating them into these horrors.

If the group makes any effort to move quietly, they can explore and even pass this room over. However, any loud noise causes an autonomic reaction—each Batragon relaxes its tail and falls. This releases it from the ceiling, dropping it down for an immediate piercing attack from its horn ears, which act as a two-pronged spear.

This causes 3 Batragon surprise attacks (d20+2) on the noise-making PC (1d6 melee damage per hit). The Batragons then flit about the cave for 3 rounds before settling down. If attacked, 3 more drop down, so that each round in which the noise of combat continues, another 3 Batragons are awakened and drop, swooping down and attacking. Make it clear to the PCs that added noise is activating them.

Batragnons (50): Init -2; Atk drop charge +2 melee (1d6) or bite +2 melee (1d4); AC 13; HD 1d6; hp 4 each; MV 40' (flight); Act 1d20; SP hide +5, surprise drop attack; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will -1; AL N.

This is a potentially deadly situation, as swarms of Batragons could overwhelm a group.

The river: Upstream, the current seems to get faster. The inlet pours water in from a few cracks on the far end of the room—nothing that could easily be navigated. If PCs find a way to get upstream, you can create an area for them to explore or simply block their passage.

The collapsed area of rocks is rather significant. This was caused by Woetalon purposely limiting access to his lair after a few too many adoring Cai-Men visitors intruded. His slumbering purr is highly audible.

Area FF—Mushigag: *A grim cavern split by a dry river bed sprawls out before you. Scattered about are dark skins draped across a rock-covered floor.*

On the far end is a large black mass in front of the only other exit—a low, natural opening. The midnight mass appears to be plant-like. Its stalks wave gently as if it were under water in a slow, hypnotic, steady rhythm.



An unknown duration of time has passed before you realize its mesmerizing effect has transfixed you. Finally you tear away your gaze.

The beast is Mushigag, an incarnation of shadow and darkness. It is one of the dark creations of the Old Ones. Mushigag is a patient and deadly hunter. It can reach up to 20' with its long stalks, but waits for the group to approach the exit before engaging. Its mouth appears in a vast grin when attacking.

Mushigag (shadow beast): Init +5; Atk shadow stalk +4 melee (1d8); AC 10; HD 10d12; hp 60; MV 0' (blink 60'); Act 3d20; SP reach 20', resistant to non-magic/non-shadow attacks, light-sensitive, blink 60', shadow stalk drain, frightful babble: (DC 10 Will save or 1d6 rounds of panic); SV Fort +6, Ref -1, Will +4; AL C.

Mushigag can only be hit by spells, magic items or shadow items. Other items have no effect. It hates light and cringes away from whoever holds the Maker's Glove. If the glove or any other magical light is 5' from Mushigag, it causes him 1d8 damage per round. All light and fire spells roll damage at +2d bonus. Each attack from Mushigag causes shadow damage. Those struck appear as if they are fading away from their corporeal self. If a victim's hp are reduced to 0, they must succeed a DC 13 Will save or become a shade creeper in 1d3 rounds. This can be averted if the PC is healed with divine aid or on a successful roll the body check before time expires.



Mushigag can also use an action to create a frightful babble. This insane gibberish fills the cavern with an echoing cacophony of kids' songs, screams, laughter, questions, complaints, and angry roars that rattle and freak out any sane mind. Anyone in the chamber must succeed a DC 10 Will save or be frozen for 1d6 rounds by panic. Mushigag cannot ambulate, but may use 1 move action to blink to any spot within 60'. It will pursue fleeing characters with glee.

Shade Creeper: Init (as PC); Atk shadow claw +2 (1d8); AC 10; HD (as PC); hp (as PC); MV (as PC); Act 1d20; SP resistant to non-magic/non-shadow attacks, light sensitive, shadow claw drain (as above); SV Fort (as PC), Ref (as PC), Will +1; AL C.

A shade creeper will instantly die in the normal realm. Upon death, a shade skin is created.

Shade Skins: There are 20 shadowy skins around the room. These are the husks of deceased shade creepers. If worn over armor, a +2 to AC is granted in the Shadow Realm. In the normal realm, it does nothing special and looks like a transparent gray cloth, but is not destroyed.

Area G—Panic Tunnels:

These ancient exploratory passages were built eons ago by a smaller subspecies of dwarves looking for veins of precious mithril. The tunnels are purposely crafted to be tight and efficient—no more than a crawlway. They jog up and down, side to side, built in a search for rare ores.

These 3' wide by 3' tall tunnels are no more than a crammed, claustrophobic space. Any elf or human will be prone to panic. The passages allow for single-file crawling movement of a maximum 15' per round. Dwarves and halflings are immune to the panic of these small passages, but each round of travel, panic-prone PCs must make a DC 5 Will save. Each round of movement the DC is increased by 2 and must be rolled again. Once DC reaches 13 and a save is successful, the PC is now immune to the panic effect. However, if failed the PC will attempt to escape, moving backwards at the full 15' per round. If blocked by another character, unwilling to move or unable, the panicked PC begins hyperventilating for 1hp of non-lethal damage per round. At 0 hp, they will pass out for 1d6 minutes before all temporary hp loss is restored. Dragging a passed-out character slows the group to 10' per round. Once awake the PC must immediately make a DC 13 Will save or become panicked again.

Fear resistance magic spells and effects will counter panic.

These halls also reek of dragon magic and dragon fear, so unbeknownst to the PCs, there is a partially magical agent at work here.

These tunnels are so small and the entry into **Area H** is so well concealed behind gold and shadow that Woetalon has no idea there is a passage into his lair, no more than a person would be aware of all the ways a roach can enter their home.

Once the PCs are 30' from **Area H**, they hear a loud, reverberating purring that shakes the tunnels.

Area GG—Panic Tunnels:

This area works in the same way as **Area G**; however, there are more dead ends and fewer extensive passages. There is no clear end-to-end passage through the Shadow Realm tunnels. Transferring from realms proves difficult here (see Appendix S) due to the fact that they don't overlap exactly.

Area H—Woetalon: *The stench of sulfuric fire burns your nose hairs and tears up your eyes. You squint past watery eyes to reveal a shimmering chamber filled with an impossible mass of gold, silver, jewels, artifacts, chests and vases stuffed with items of the highest grade and value mixed with the ivory skeletons of past servants.*

Atop the heap is a pale white titan of scale and claw. The great worm, Woetalon, heaves long, slow, vibrating breaths. His talons are great blood-red swords, his teeth ivory spears. His very presence fills you with hopelessness and dread, awe and panic. He begins to stir at

your arrival, as the heavy air catches in your throat.

The party has 1 round to back up. Woetalon will fall back asleep if they do. If the group entered with stealth, his keen senses will awaken him in 1d3 rounds. Once he is fully awakened, he is impossible to surprise for the next



1d10 turns, after which he will resume slumber.

However, if the party is coming into this room from the Shadow Realm, and has just killed Wurmshade, Woetalon will be dazed and mentally fogged—Wurmshade was his shadow side, and while unaware of its existence, it is still a projection of his ego. This will give the party exactly 1d6 rounds before Woetalon collects himself enough to attack, giving a group precious few moments to loot and run. The PCs who collect loot can roll on the Woetalon loot table once per round, but cannot explore their findings until they leave the lair.

He has slept for years and is quite angry when disturbed. Due to age, he sleeps more than he spends time awake. PCs should be so thoroughly possessed with dread and doom that attacks would seem suicidal. This is an ancient worm of a lost age. His snores evoke a paralyzing fear.

Woetalon will pursue thieves until they are dead or until they have vanished into the Shadow Realm, where his senses cannot reach. Thus he will assume they are dead from a fall or by the hand of another in his domain, or that they have fled by magic.

Woetalon is an impossible foe, but his stats are provided for PCs foolish enough to attempt an attack.

Woetalon: Init +11; Atk claw +12 melee (1d8), bite +12 melee (1d12), tail +12 melee (1d20), wing +12 melee (2d12); AC 26; HD 11d20; hp 99; Act 5d20 attack or breath and 1d30 spell cast; SP 3/day breath: (99 fire damage, Ref save half, 3d6 x 10' length), keen senses, infravision +2 hit by smell and cannot be surprised, as an action 200' throw chests (1d12 damage) as boulders, 100' reptile charm, 100' detect gem, cause earthquake 1/day, Spells: *charm person, detect magic, dispel magic, forget, fireball, magic shield, monster summoning, shatter, transference*; SV Fort +11, Ref +11, Will +11; AL C.

In combat, Woetalon generally refrains from breath, fireball, or earthquake in this area for fear of damaging his precious goods, and because he wants to play with his victims. He would only reserve these actions for desperate measures. He is not threatened by intruders, but feels they are vermin to exterminate as one would a pesky fly.

If anyone submits or gives up, there is a base 10% (Chaotic PCs add 20%, all PCs add 10% per Luck mod, and 10% per personality modifier) chance he will not kill them but instead will enslave them. This applies to non-elves only. He does not hesitate to eat any and all elves, whom he finds rather tasty.

Enslaved characters will be enthralled by magic to serve until the death of Woetalon or themselves. There is a 1% cumulative chance per year that Woetalon dies in conquest or from age (in testing, this gave him an average of 12-17 years of life). PCs can survive shoveling his toxic waste, cleaning his nethers, fetching him meals, and shining his treasure for a number of years equal to their *current* Luck score (thieves and halflings will obviously restore to max). Roll each year to see if Woetalon outlives the PC or not. In the case that he dies in the same year as a PC's Luck value, have the PC make a Luck check to see if Woetalon passed before them. Survivors will then roll on the table below to see what lasting effects this horrific experience has caused. Use the amount of time passed modified by the aging effects modifier, then consult the aging effects table to see which ability scores have altered.

Dragon Enslavement Survival:

Roll 1d30 + Luck modifier:

1-5: Dragon Shock

x3 aging effects*

Gain 1d4 experience points

Draconic creatures create fear in you. DC 10 Will save to act each round you encounter such a creature. If failed, causes a catatonic state. Dragons require a DC 15 Will save each round. Mention of dragons causes trauma and stress, cold sweats and the urge to change the topic of conversation immediately.

6-10: Draconic Stockholm Syndrome

normal aging effects*

Gain 1d10 experience points

You have grown to love, adore, and worship dragons. Now you actively search for a new master. You also vow to never harm a dragon or take any of its loot. Woetalon's lair is now a shrine for you. You are now chaotic if you were not previously.

11-15: Guilt-Ridden

x2 aging effects*

Gain 1d12 experience points

You forever wonder why you survived and others didn't. Lost in the horrors of enslavement, you have no will to continue as an adventurer. Barring some divine intervention, you drown your woes in depressed drunkenness.

16-20: Altered State

normal aging effects*

Gain 1d12 experience points

*Aging Effects:

Human:	Halfling:	Dwarf:
-1AGI/5 yrs	-1AGI/7 yrs	-1AGI /5 yrs
+1 INT/5 yrs	+1 INT/6 yrs	+1 INT/15 yrs
-1 STA/10 yrs	-1 STA/8 yrs	-1 STA/20 yrs

You gain 1d4 minor corruptions and 1 major corruption. The dragon's powerful magical presence has warped you. You touch none of its cursed loot for fear of further taint.

21-25: Blessed Aura

no aging effect*

Gain 1d16 experience points

The gods take favor and lock the worst of your memories away—you never look back and want nothing of the beast's foul loot.

26-29: Heroic Survivor

normal aging effects*

Gain 1d16 experience points

You manage to get some loot before escaping the lair and trying to forget this forsaken place. Roll once on the loot table.

30+: Master of Resilience

no aging effects*

Gain 1d20 experience points

You have no lasting mental scars and also took 2 loads of treasure. Roll on the loot table 2 times and add 25% to each roll.

Woetalon's loot table: Use this table for anyone attempting to loot the lair of Woetalon, or if instructed by the enslavement survival table. Roll 1d100 + Luck.

1-50: A random container with 10d10 gp, 1d20 pp, and 1d30 sp

51-75: A fine box with a dwarven relic jewelry piece or cut gem worth 1d10x100 gp.

76-100: A random container with a magic item of fine value (roll 1d7):

1 **Fongo's Staff** (thin rod of moving water): +1 hit

and damage 1/day cast *read magic* at +2 to the spell check

- 2 **Axe of the Shire, sheath and belt:** +2 damage, and if it misses on a throw, it reappears back in its magic axe sheath and belt.
- 3 **Spear of the 7 Spiders** (carved with arachnids): +1d attack or +1d damage, choose each time you attack. On a natural 10 that hits, treat it like a natural 20.
- 4 **Buckler of Bishop Barnibus:** If user is attacked, the shield automatically casts a 1d30 *shielding spell*. If the attempt fails, the buckler will not cast again that day. Note: Can cause corruptions as normal, otherwise +1 AC as normal shield. Shield has a stern face of a bearded priest on its front.
- 5 **Eye Patch of the Toxophilite** (appears as a jeweled eye patch): Ranged attacks suffer no penalty at medium or long range and gain +2d to hit at short range. However, over time this item weakens the covered eye, which entirely seals over after 1 week of use, leaving a smooth flesh over the eye. After this time, depth perception suffers in hand-to-hand combat, giving the wearer a -2 penalty to hit.
- 6 **Cloak of Flames:** If anyone attempts to grasp or grapple the user, they take 1d8 fire damage automatically. They must make a DC 20 Will save or let go immediately. Holding on continues to deliver 1d8 damage each round. If the user initiates a grapple, however, this effect does not activate.
- 7 **The Sacred Mace of Goulbarg** (head appears as a blackened iron fist): This mace adds +1d to all Turn Unholy attempts. Damage of the mace is a 1d12 when striking anything considered unholy by the cleric's deity.

Area HH—Wurmshade: A great open cavern spans out before you. Its edges dwindle down into tiny niches and natural crevasses, making it impossible to guess the number of exits and entrances.

Moonlight floods in from above, where a night sky opens up high in the ceiling. Nothing stirs in the chamber, yet a dark presence is felt here. A sensation of a heavy spirit fills the space. In the middle of the room, a scroll rests on a rock. It gives off a dark aura—like inverted light.

The dragon's force of presence is so massive that it projects a simulacrum into the realm of shade. Once Wurmshade is encountered, attacked, or killed, Woetalon will feel an odd sensation and unless Wurmshade is killed, Woetalon will be *very* alert. Characters going into **Area H** from here immediately roll initiative if this is the case—making pillaging very hard. However, if the PCs kill Wurmshade, they will find Woetalon stunned for 1d6 rounds.

Wurmshade lurks 50' up within the shadows of the rocks along the wall. For those who actively search the walls that high, allow a DC 15 Intelligence check. Success reveals an emaciated giant snake with claws.

Once the group is in the room near the scroll, Wurmshade drops down to engage (+10 to his initiative on the first round, +4 thereafter). Wurmshade has all the fury of his normal world self, but with certain vulnerabilities. Fire and light damage is doubled. If the Maker's Glove is waved near Wurmshade, he will take 1d8 damage (add another 1d8 + Str mod if he is actually struck by the gloved hand). Note: He will attempt to dark breath (see below) anyone with the Maker's Glove. While the glove is in the darkness, it cannot hurt him.

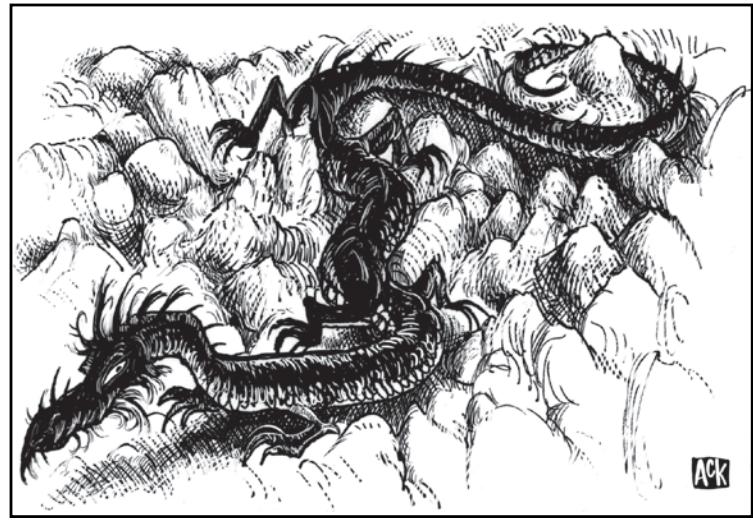
Wurmshade: Init +4; Atk tail slap +2 melee, to all targets behind (1d6), claw +4 melee, to single target on either side (1d8), bite +3 melee, to single target in front (1d10), coil and smother (uses 2 actions) +3 melee, to an adjacent target (1d16); AC 12; HD 10d10; hp 55; MV 50'; Act 3d20; SP dark breath: (1 action, issues a cone of darkness 10' wide at base to 30' wide with a length of 40', those inside the cone have -1d to hit), dark sense: (can sense anything inside darkness), coil and smother: (target hit takes 1d16 damage/round as long as Wurmshade uses 1 action to smother, DC 15 Str or Agi to escape), immune to mundane weapon damage, hide +5, vulnerability: (fire and light issue double damage); SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +5; AL C.

Scroll of Shadow Reach & Step: This rare spell is scrawled in darkness on an enchanted piece of primal matter. It cannot be destroyed. Looking at it, however, requires much light, as it seems to exude darkness.

See Appendix S2 for information on this new 2nd level spell: *shadow reach & step*.

Part III: A Divine Reckoning

Once the PCs exit, or if a divine intervention is used



during the final battle with Wurmshade or Woetalon (perhaps as Woetalon breathes fire in a coup de grace)—the god of the cleric manifests:

A blinding light pours seemingly from every atom and all time stops.

A voice echoes out: "This is a knowledge and relic too potent for mortal possession; its secret is reserved for the gods." Suddenly the Makers Glove and Journal of Moxicolt vanish! A violet light blinds your eyes.

You cannot for the life of you recall any memory of what this voice is speaking about, only the patchy memory of a journey into a dragon's lair. The voice bellows out, bringing you to your knees. "Be grateful, worms, that your mortal curiosity was not punished more severely!" And then you find yourself back in a shady inn.

You indeed feel grateful for the works of the gods, but some lost memory itches at the back of your mind.

Anyone in possession of the scroll of *shadow reach & step* finds it totally shocking and novel—no knowledge of this Shadow Realm is recalled. The PCs don't lose experience because they still have the body memory of the events, but their conscious minds have locked away the realities of the Shadow Realm.

Despite the showy wrath of their god, all PCs gain 1 point of Luck for recovery of the glove (if they still had it) and for stopping Moxicolt's plans. A cleric refusing to have anything to do with the glove or use of the Shadow Realm's forbidden knowledge will gain 3 points of Luck and gain a boon of 1 cleric spell at random. Other PCs who also refused will gain 2 points of Luck and a boon of +1 to their next level hp roll.

Shadow Realm Character Sheet Reference

Name:

You feel
fired. A
nap would
be nice.

Rounds until Slumber:
(Countdown from 30)

New Movement:
(Ex Intelligence)

Your
Mind
Moves
You!

Who
am I?

Weapons found in the Shadow Realm:
(Non-magical weapons are reduced to half damage)

This world
is ephemeral;
nothing seems
real, or
substantial

Your
Senses

are dulled
here.

Shadows are
everywhere . . .

No smell, no
infravision,
no light. Dim
sight for:

30'

New Hide
Check:

+3 Hide
Check

New Hide
Check:

+10 Hide
Check

Your
Senses

are dulled
here.

New Spell
Check:

+2 Spell
Check

New Spell
Check:

-2 Spell
Check

Magical forces are
potent here:

Divine connection
is null here:

Discoveries:

Oddities:

Notes:

It is like
my world,
yet it is
not.

Appendix S: Shadow Realm Laws & Rules

Allow players to discover these as they explore.

Crossing over always occurs in the parallel location in the normal world, and vice versa. (See map location to check where PCs enter and exit each realm.)

Spaces and entities are different. Objects found here dissipate if brought back to the normal world, but if dropped in the Shadow Realm, they remain where they were left. *Magic items or items placed in a dimensional pouch do not dissipate in the normal world.*

Attempts to cross between worlds where the destination contains solid matter results in failure and causes a mild headache (-1 Will save for 1 turn).

No sense of odor exists in this realm. Dwarves smell no gold, even if it's under their nose.

Colors are dim and the world is cold. This realm feels insubstantial and vague.

Thoughts move a person, not their body. Movement rates are 3x Int (armor doesn't affect MV). Round to nearest 5'.

Excessive time in the Shadow Realm causes fatigue. Durations over 30 rounds cause sleep. This is a permanent slumber until removed from the Shadow Realm (5% chance per day of being killed by a malevolent force).

Normal weapons do half damage.

Magic is potent here. Its flow is pent up in this realm, fresh and underused. Spells by elves and wizards gain a +2 to spell checks. The gods dimly tune to this realm and all clerics suffer a -2 to spell checks.

Normal flames (torches, lanterns, fires, etc) are instantly snuffed out in this realm. This does not douse fires with magical origins.

Vision is limited to 30' and infravision yields no effect. It is as if the entire realm is bathed in moonlight—even areas of pitch dark in the normal world have a dim moonlit quality here.

Due to the intense illusory nature of this world, all hide checks are at +3 and get +1d (results in a 1d24 for most thieves and halflings, and a 1d12 for all others). Armor check penalties still apply.

Handout 1: The Maker's Glove

I have found an odd relic of a time long past, made of a material weightless and seeming to be of pure energy. It is in the bearing of a simple glove, yet swells and contracts to abide the size of any hand. It is indestructible under the greatest forces of both magic and might. I suspect it is of divine origin.

Another like it, I have yet to find in the known world. It holds otherworldly properties. Ponder the implications, ye that have minds to know . . .

-While In Our World-

-If the glove's white side is showing, it provides 60 feet of radiance, which is a remarkable pure sunlight glow. Almost blindingly pure.

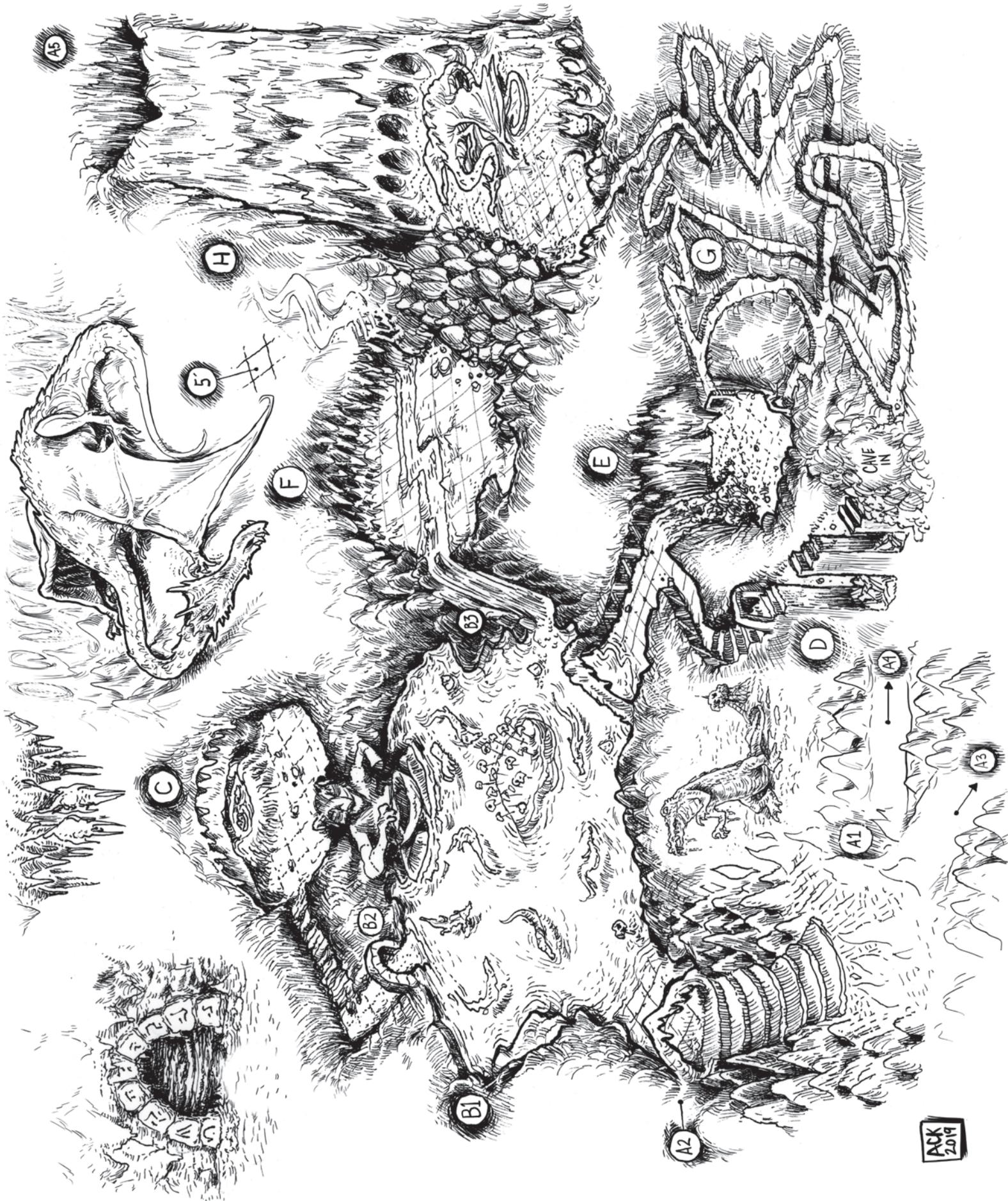
-If it is reversed to black side, the light fades out. Then, if one puts the glove on, the bearer and everyone in direct physical contact will enter the SHADOW REALM at the spot where you stand.

-Within the Shadow World-

-If the glove is on the black side, no special benefit seems to prevail.

-If it is reversed to the white side, a pure 10 feet of radiant light is emitted. If the light glove is put on, the bearer and everyone in direct physical contact will enter the normal world at the spot where you stand.

Volcanic Lair of Woefalon: Normal World



Handout 2: Final Poem

By voice and power, beyond place
Infused by phlogiston ebon grace
Release all potency with this tome
And take us to Woetalon's home.

Handout 3: Old Dwarven Prayer

þor we under stone or rock
þine us fortune, grant us shield
with your blessing we now have
a portion of our golden mother

Appendix S2: Shadow Reach & Step

2nd Level Spell

Range: Self

Duration: See below (variable)

Casting Time: 1 round

Save: None

Manifestation: (1) The caster's shadow begins to move of its own accord; (2) Snake-like shadows within 10' of the caster move and slide about in hypnotic patterns; (3) A hole in space opens in front of the caster, from which nothing can be seen; (4) Light on the caster appears as darkness and shadow appears as light; (5) A black smoke-like matter flows around the caster.

General: This virtually unknown 2nd level spell allows a wizard or elf to perform one of two options selected after the spell is cast. Those options include a shadow step to move about in the Shadow Realm, or shadow reach to stash or retrieve goods from the Shadow Realm—making them virtually undiscoverable.

Misfire: (1) Whatever the caster is holding is thrust into the Shadow Realm; (2) Everything the caster possesses is transferred into the Shadow Realm; (3) The caster must make a DC 17 Fort save or collapse for 1d4 turns.

Spell Check Results:

1 Fail, corruption and misfire

2-13 Fail, spell lost

14-15 Reach: For the next 2 rounds, the caster can reach into the Shadow Realm and place a small bag-sized object for hiding, or retrieve a small bag-sized object from hiding. The caster must be in the same location to recover the object. There is a 10% chance that the object is missing when recovered after this day.

Step: For the next 2 rounds, the caster can enter the Shadow Realm. There is, however, a 50% chance of encountering something dangerous.

16-18 Reach: For the next 5 rounds, the caster can reach into the Shadow Realm and place a large chest-sized object for hiding, or retrieve a large chest-sized object from hiding. The caster must be in the same location to

(Continued on p30...)

Cavern Lair of Wurmshade: Shadow Realm



recover the object. There is a 5% chance that the object is missing when recovered after this day.

Step: For the next turn, the caster can enter the Shadow Realm. There is, however, a 25% chance of encountering something dangerous. Re-entering or re-exiting the Shadow Realm takes 1 action.

19-21 Reach: For the next turn, the caster can reach into the Shadow Realm and place a cartload of goods for hiding, or retrieve a cartload of hidden goods. The caster must be in the same location to recover the object. There is a 2% chance that the objects are missing when recovered after this day.

Step: During this hour, the caster can enter and exit the Shadow Realm. There is, however, a 10% chance of encountering something dangerous. Re-entering or re-exiting the Shadow Realm takes 1 action.

22-25 Reach: For the next hour, the caster can reach into the Shadow Realm and place a caravan of goods for hiding, or retrieve a caravan-load of hidden goods. The caster must be in the same location to recover the object. There is a 0% chance that the objects are missing when recovered after this day.

Step: During this day, the caster can enter and exit the Shadow Realm. There is, however, a 1% chance of encountering something dangerous. Re-entering or re-exiting the Shadow Realm takes 1 action.

26-30 Reach: For the next day, the caster can reach into the Shadow Realm and place any amount of goods for hiding, or retrieve any amount of goods from hiding. The caster must be in the same location to recover the object. There is a 0% chance that the objects are missing when recovered after this day, and a 1% chance that an object of shadow magic will be discovered in this day during a reach. If taken, this item will be tethered to a mighty shadow creature, who now hunts the caster. Add 50% to the probability of item loss or trouble for any future reaching and stepping.

Step: During this week, the caster can enter and exit the Shadow Realm. There is a 0% chance of encountering something dangerous. Re-entering or re-exiting the Shadow Realm takes 1 action. During this time, there is also a +2 to any attempt to invoke patron from the Shadow Realm, as it is highly conducive to magical connection.

31+ Reach: For the next week, the caster can reach into the Shadow Realm and place any amount of goods for hiding, or retrieve any amount of goods from hiding. The caster must be in the same location to recover the object. There is a 0% chance that the objects are missing when recovered after this day, and a 5% chance that an object of shadow magic will be discovered in this week during a reach. If taken, this item will be tethered to a mighty shadow creature, who now hunts the caster. Add 25% to the probability of item loss or trouble for any future reaching and stepping.

Step: During this month, the caster can enter and exit the Shadow Realm. There is a 0% chance of encountering something dangerous. Re-entering or re-exiting the Shadow Realm takes 1 action. During this time there is also a +4 to any *invoke patron* attempt from the Shadow Realm, as it is highly conducive to magical connection.



This module was tested by *yon foolish mortals*: Laura Guichelaar, Jon DeRuiter, David Vreman, Josh Vreman, Jeff DeHeer, Cam Lewis, Jess Koster, Nathan Koster, Trevor Brummel, Josh Stammis, Johnny Cornyn, Brian Beasley, Audrey Cunningham, Adrian Fullmer, Jeremy Pane, and Mike Urbano.

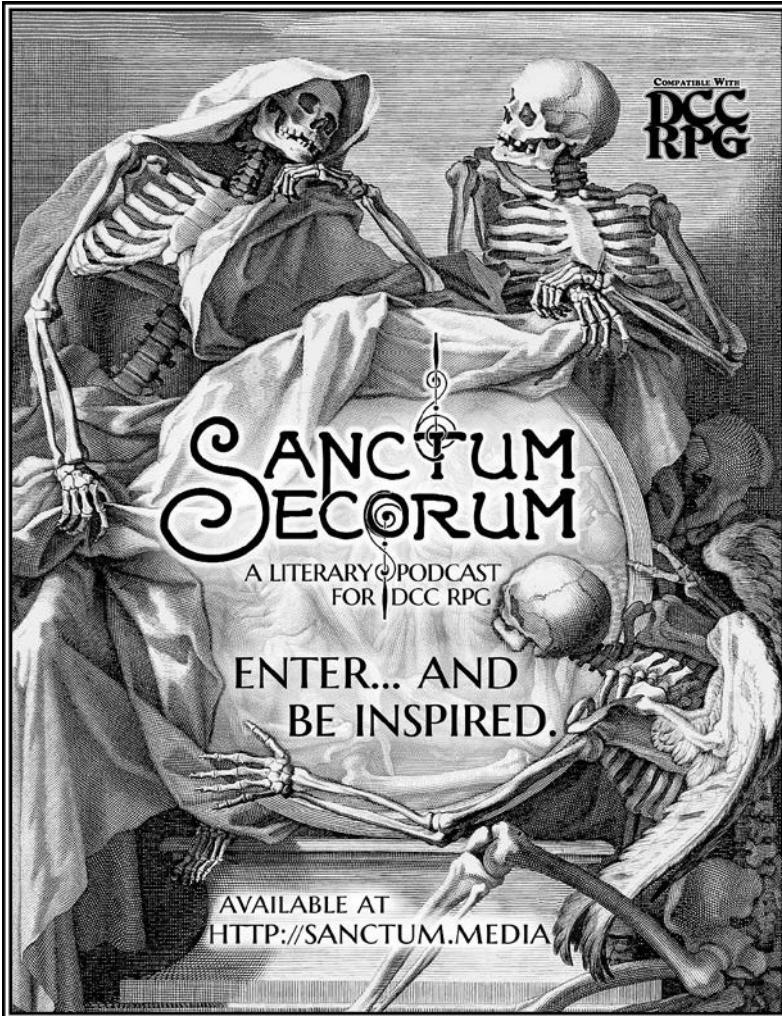
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