

The Gongfarmer's Almanac



The 2019 Gongfarmer's Almanac:

A Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG Zine

Written, Illustrated, Edited and Produced by
the DCC RPG Communities



DCC LEVEL UP

VOLUME 3 OF FOURTEEN BOOKLETS

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"THE HEIST FOR THE ROYAL JEWELS II"

A Level 1 Adventure

By Judge Joan of Arc the DesTroyer

(Judge's note: use your imagination to bring this adventure to life by adding slimy creatures and diabolical madness!)

BACKGROUND

Hertlepoole is on the north coast of Anglend. A port city bustling with commerce and trade. In “The Heist for the Royal Jewels” (GFA 2018, Vol.5), the Royal Jewels came through Hertlepoole on their way back to the king’s palace. It was at the breakfast table that the townspeople unrolled “The Daily” news and read on the front page: The Royal Jewels to be Moved.

When the townspeople read the headline they thought that they must see the Royal Jewels. “The Daily” wrote that they would be on display at the Crown Bank of Hertlepoole. But on the day before the Royal Jewels were to be displayed, the front page headline of “The Daily” read: Royal Jewels Stolen!

For the Royal Jewels to even come through Hertlepoole, Anglend was a great deal for this little port town. It put Hertlepoole back on the map of Anglend. Unfortunately, it was not in the way which the townspeople would have liked.

You see, the bumbling Bobbies of the town bungled the job of guarding the Royal Jewels and it was up to the townspeople to do something about it.

In the GFA 2018 “The Heist of the Royal Jewels” it was a bag of coal that was found locked in the Crown Bank of Hertlepoole’s vault instead of the Royal Jewels. Where are the Royal Jewels now?

Can the true mystery be solved in “The Heist for the Royal Jewels 2”?

START OF THE ADVENTURE

*It is 1913 Anglend, you are at your breakfast table and have opened “The Daily” news. Front page headline reads: **Foiled! Coal instead of Royal Jewels!***

You think “This can’t be true! We can’t have this for our town! Hertlepoole cannot be the laughing stock of Anglend!”

In your heart, you know that you must find out what happened to the Royal Jewels. They must get back to your king!

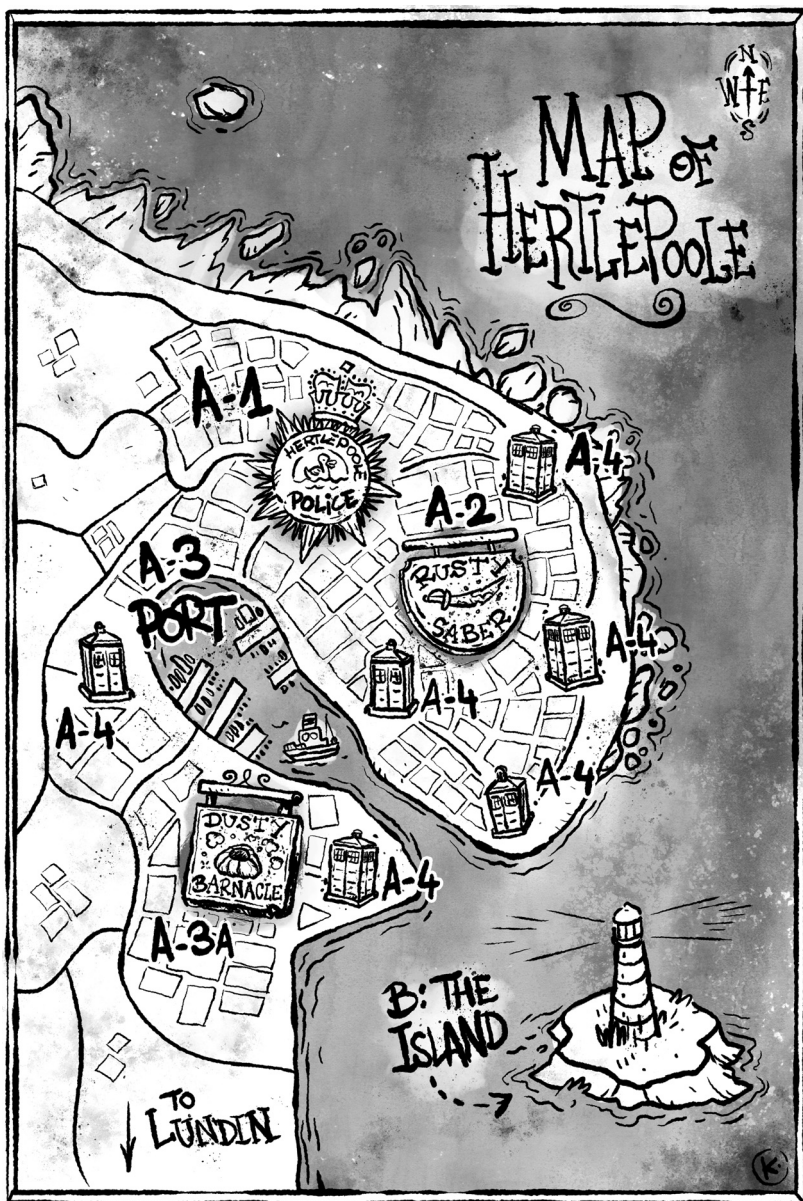


Illustration by Karim Glue

EXPLORING TOWN & ENCOUNTERS

A-1: Police Station - seen in the first adventure, “The Heist for the Royal Jewels” (GFA 2018, Vol.5).

The Police Sergeant: (1): Init +2; Atk billy club +0 melee (1d4+1) or handcuffs +0 melee (-1 Per); **AC** 12; **HD** 1d10; hp 9 ; **MV** 30'; Act 1d20; **SP** whistle (deafens for 1d3 rounds and loss of 1 Personality per round unless targets succeed on a DC 12 Will save); **SV** Ref +2, Fort +1, Will +1; **AL** L.

Carries a ring of keys on his belt. PCs being locked in handcuffs must make an opposed Strength check to escape or be cuffed and placed in custody.

The town and port patrol Bobbies (6): Init +0; **Atk** billy club +0 melee (1d3+1) or badge squirter +0 missile fire (1d4 acid); **AC** 11; **HD** 2d4; hp 6 each; **MV** 30'; Act 1d20; **SP** whistle (deafens for 1d3 rounds and loss of 1 Personality per round unless targets succeed on a DC 12 Will save); **SV** Ref +2, Fort -1, Will -1; **AL** L.

All are a bit unskilled in their profession and inept in any encounter. Each Bobbie carries a ring of keys on his belt. PCs being locked in handcuffs must make an opposed Strength check to escape or be cuffed and placed in custody.



A-2: Pub - “The Rusty Sabre”

Pub owner: Init -3; **Atk** beer mug or wine bottle -2 melee (1d3); **AC** 15; **HD** 2d4; hp 3; **MV** 30'; Act 1d20; **SV** Ref +5, Fort +3, Will +3; **AL** L; the pub owner is more assistive to the PCs than. May know a thing or two about the lives of the townsfolk.

Rumors Heard In The Pub

Roll 1d10	Result
1	You heard that the Royal Jewels never left Lundin.
2	You heard that the Royal Jewels are being disguised in a bag.
3	You heard that the Royal Jewels are taking a different route.
4	You heard that the bank never received them to put on display.
5	You heard that Hertlepoole will not be the final safe place.
6	You heard that there are international spies wanting to get their hands on the Royal Jewels.
7	You heard that the Hertlepoole Bobbies are the ones who have the Royal Jewels.
8	You heard that the Royal Jewels are coming by way of a ship from Lundin.
9	You heard that a route other than over land, sea, or air will be used to take the Royal Jewels to their secured place
10	You heard that there is a reward for finding the Royal Jewels and returning them to Lundin.

A-3: Port - ships, boats, skiffs

Sea Captain: Init +0; Atk short sword +0 melee (1d4); AC 11; HD 2d4, hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP Rum breath (DC 10 Will Save or suffer -1d3 Personality loss from toxic odor); SV Ref +1, Fort +1, Will +1; AL N. Could side with or against the PCs depending how he is treated.

Sailors: Int -2; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 2d4, hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP Rum breath (DC 10 Will save or suffer -1d3 Personality loss from toxic odor); SV Ref +1, Fort +1, Will +1; AL N.

A-3a: Port pub - "The Dusty Barnacle"

Dusty, the pub owner: Init +4; Atk cricket bat +2 melee (1d6); AC 10; HD 2d4, hp 7; MV 30'; Act d20; Ref +3; Fort +3; Will +3; AL N; he also rents the boats and skiffs near the port docks.

If a PC picks up a bar stool as a weapon: Inflicts (1d6 damage) and a 75% chance of breaking on impact.

Rumors heard in “The Dusty Barnacle”

Roll 1d7	Result
1	Caught some town Bobbies down here the other night talking with the lighthouse patrol.
2	The seagull cries thrice at dawn
3	Had some strangers down here the other night asking some strange questions.
4	Had a skiff stolen the night before last three piers over.
5	“Who comes in here and doesn’t drink rum?”
6	They found the skiff over on “Lighthouse Island”.
7	Might want to stay away from that drunkard on the island. He is a strange dude talking all kinds of nonsense about a pirate cave and buried treasure. Ain’t no pirates on that island.

A-4: Police Box (6) - Each police box has a secret trap door leading to the underground sewer (judges may have the various sewer tunnels lead to any part of the town). This could also be the way to the port or a way to sneak out of town. Who knows? The Bobbies might not like that you are out to find the Royal Jewels before they do.



Illustration By Karim Glue

S-1: Sewers under the city

Sewer Large Rats (2): Init +2; Atk bite +2 melee (1d3+1); AC 9; HD 1d6+1; hp 6; MV 40' or climb 20'; SP disease (DC 7 Fort save or infection at the area of the bite); SV Ref +2, Fort +4, Will -1; AL N.

Gas pockets (6): Swollen bladders float in the sewage. If attacked the bladders explode with noxious gas causing -1d3 to Stamina. Moving 30' away will decrease Stamina damage to 1. Staying in the noxious gas will continue -1d3 Stamina damage every 1d3 rounds.



ISLAND ENCOUNTERS

B-1: Lighthouse

Lighthouse keeper - Init +2; Atk staff +0 melee (1d4) or +0 missile fog horn (1d4 and deafness/stun 1d3 rounds); AC 10; HD 1d4; hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Ref +2, Fort +1, Will +3; AL N.

Getting to the top of the lighthouse allows the PCs to see the map of the island.



Illustration By Karim Glue

B-2: Beach hut

The Drunkard (Ole' Windy): Init -2; Atk beer mug -2 melee (1d3); AC 10; HD 1d4; hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP stunning breath (answers incorrectly occasionally to the questions being asked by PCs as he is most inebriated), clumsy but spot on with directions (the drunkard knows the island like the back of his hand); SV Ref +5, Fort +3, Will +3; AL C. Unpredictable and shifting loyalties.



Ole' Windy will tell tales of an old pirate living on the other side of the island and add false rumors to this true one.

B-3: A small village of islanders

Islanders: Int +5; Atk broom/staff/shovel +0 melee (1d4) or fists +0 melee (1d3); AC 10; HD 2d4; hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Ref +5, Fort +3, Will +3.

B-4: The Trail going into The Island

Quicksand: Can be noticed if the PCs are looking for footprints (DC 10 Int check). Footprints will be human bare feet.

PCs that do not see the footprints and are not looking for them will fall into the trap. Reflex save (DC 12) required to prevent from falling into the quicksand. While in the quicksand, the PC(s) make Reflex saves (DC 12) each turn or continue to sink into the quicksand. With sinking into the quicksand, the PC will need to make a Fort save (DC 12) to hold their breath until saved from the quicksand. Other PCs can help the trapped PC escape the quicksand. The more gonzo the style of getting the PC free from the quicksand should award the PCs with extra XP.

Snakes, salamanders (5): Init +0; Atk bite +3 melee; Dmg 1d4; AC 11; HD 1d4+1, hp 4; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP venom - paralyzing DC 10 Fort save to avoid paralysis; SV Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +4; AL L.

Bushwhacking: to clear a path or advance through the thick jungle by chopping at the bushes and branches, the PCs need to make a Strength check to chop the jungle vines.

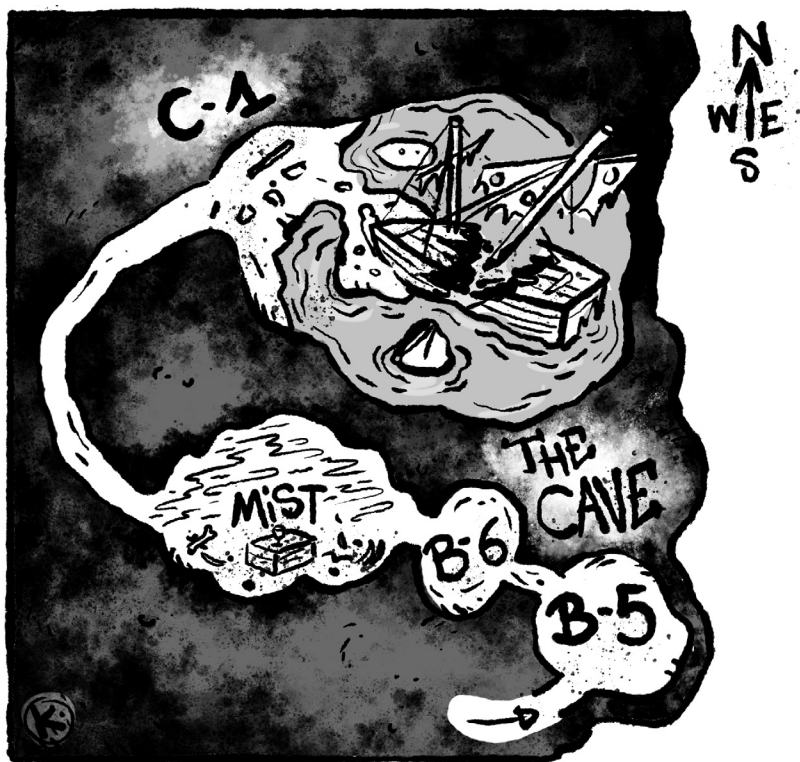
Jungle vines: Str DC 10 to break through; Roll 1d3+1 rounds before The Bushwacker appears to attack by surprise. Just before The Bushwacker attacks, the PCs can see a clearing with what looks like a cave entrance some 60' away.

The Bushwacker(1): it attacks the PCs by surprise as it looks like the jungle flora and fauna.

Init +1; Atk slashing branches +2 melee (1d6); AC 13; HD 3d8, hp 14; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP blunt and piercing weapons inflict half damage; slashing weapons cause double damage; SV Ref +4, Fort +3, Will +1; AL N.



Illustration By Karim Glue



C-1: The Cave Entrance

Bamboo trap: comes down from above the cave entrance. Spiked bamboo drops down on the first PC to go through the cave entrance. Triggered by tripping on the vine which crosses the sand. DC 15 Int to spot the vine. Reflex save DC 12 to jump out of the way. If missed, PC receives 1d6 damage and must be freed before any other PCs may enter the cave.

Moving further into the cave, you see markings on the walls.



"KEEP OUT"

C-2: Cave interior

As the PCs move further into the cave they will come across piles of dry bones. On closer inspection (easy Int DC 5), they see a useless leather eye patch, a termite-riddled wooden peg leg, a leather satchel (1d5 silver coins), a few daggers (1d5), in one of the skulls there is an emerald gem worth 5 gp.

As the PCs riffle through the dusty bones, the bones begin to animate (Int DC 12 to realize the movement. If failed, the skeletons gain the initiative and attack first).

Skeletons (5): Init +0; Atk claw +0 melee (1d3) or by weapon +0 melee; AC 9; HD 1d6, hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead, half damage from piercing and slashing weapons; SV Ref +0, Fort +0, Will +0; AL C.

As the PCs move further into the cave they will come across a mist. Through the mist, the PCs see a golden goblet.

Through the mist, you see a golden goblet.

Mist: hangs 2' above the sandy cave floor (Int DC 10) to notice. Must crawl under the mist, which is 5'x 2' thick or take gaseous poison damage (1d3).

The goblet sits upon a wooden chest.

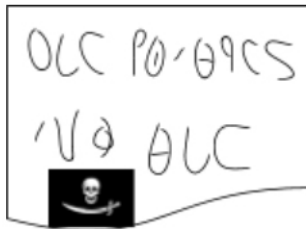
The chest is trapped. When the goblet is lifted, the lock on the lid fires a dart into the abdomen of the PC. PC takes 1d3 damage.

In the golden goblet is "Golden Mead".

Golden Mead: If drank, when the mead hits the stomach, it becomes molten gold. The PC must make a Reflex save DC 13 to vomit it out. On failure, the PC takes 1d8 damage. May continue to attempt vomiting. (The golden 'nugget', which can be retrieved for treasure, is worth 50 gp).

Inside the wooden chest are old brown bottles. Each bottle is a healing potion. The number of healing potions is 1 less than the number of PCs.

Each bottle has this written on it:



(the labels read: ole pirates rum ale)

As the bottles are removed from the bottom of the chest, a trap door opens. The bottles have been holding the trap door shut. Spring mechanisms along the sides of the wooden chest swing the trap door open when the weight of the bottles no longer hold the trap door closed.

You see that the cave goes further underground. Dim light can be seen coming into the cave tunnel from a distance away.

As the PCs go further into the cave, the tunnel is not level but continues to descend. The PCs have to go single file along this 120' tunnel until it opens up into a large sea cavern. The dim light they saw before descending into the cave tunnel is now the sun's light reflecting off the sea and is lighting the cave.

C-3: The Ship - "The Ghastly Maiden"

As you enter this large underground cavern, you see that it opens to the sea. Sitting partially on the dry ground and in the sea, there is a wreck of a ship. On the front of the ship is a carved wooden maiden.

If the PCs walk around the outside of the ship they will come across the large sign with the name of the ship on it: The Ghastly Maiden. It is very easy to enter the ship as there doesn't seem to be too much left of it. It looks like a huge skeleton sitting on the shore of this underground cavern.

Entering the ship will trigger the ghost of the ole' pirate and his parrot. The pirate will be guarding some treasure. He will tell of tales from long ago with some interesting recent activity within the ship.

Intact portions of the ship are:

- The Captain's quarters and the Aft-storage.
- The ole' pirate occupies the Captain's quarter with his parrot.
- The ole' pirate with his parrot can appear anywhere as the PCs approach the ship. He could wait until the PCs enter the ship, enter the Captain's quarters or the Aft-storage.

The ole' pirate will guard the treasure in whatever area the PCs enter. This is to be the end of the adventure.

Ye ole' pirate with a parrot (un-dead): Init +2; Atk rusty sword +0 melee (1d5); AC 10; HD 1d6, hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP crystal, silver, gems, and gold (15% chance of the PCs trading for a piece of royal jewelry thus changing the end of the adventure); SV Reflex +0, Fort +0, Will +2; AL C. SPELLS KNOWN: (CL +3, Int +2) Ray of Enfeeblement, Scorching Ray, Spider Web.

Parrot: Init +2; Atk beak and claws +2 melee (1d3+2); AC 20; HD 1d4, hp 2; MV 60' fly; Act 1d20; SP empathic link, share spells, improved evasion, alertness, deliver touch spells, speak with master; SV Reflex +3, Fort +0, Will +2; AL C.

END OF THE ADVENTURE

Whoever has stolen the Royal Jewels woke the long sleeping pirate and his parrot and may have had to trade a jewel or two with the ole' pirate to win their escape from the island.

End of the real adventure? Probably not. Could be.
You make that decision.

Ye ole' pirate's writing:

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
sa	dy	ju	be	do	ge	wy	zo	ja	mi	ly		
bus	gym	rule	baby	elder	go	vivid	zone	job	mother	illy		
a (8)	y	u	b	d	g			j	m	l		
C	O	0	P	q	x	↑	S	7	6	●		
te	co	fi	po	ta	ku	fe	su	ce	nu	hifu		
bed	know	sleepy	lip	tie	kin	fool	soon	chin	no	full		
e	o	i	p	t (9)	k	f	s	c	n	stop		
I	l	+	±	T	I	7	I	Λ				
hofa	hofe	hofy	hofs	hofu	owf	hosu	hose	oli				
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	decimal				

A LEVEL 2 ADVENTURE IN THE SHUDDER MOUNTAINS



SPOILS OF TEMPTATION

BY
IAN BURGESS

Illustration by Matt Sutton

The adventure has the party arriving at a small and quiet hamlet in the heart of the Shudder Mountains. They have responded to a call to assist in finding and recovering several coal miners who have gone missing. They will also learn that there are others who have set up a Witch Liquor still in a nearby Spoil. All is not as it seems, however, and the PCs will have a lot more on their hands than looking for a few lost souls. Clues will lead them to discover various fell-beasts, a burn-spoil, and even Anector, the Third of Three. The PCs will be presented with some difficult choices if they are able to parlay well and manage to return.

THE TALE

“Ma told me tales ‘bout them Spoils. Places of darkness and woe. She said them was made when a witch, or conjure-man did something really big or reached a bit too far beyond their means. Bad places. Wicked places. Some were even beyond what you can imagine. They can turn a man into somethin’ from beyond. Somethin’ evil and twisted.

Word around here is that ‘dose miner boys ran into something really bad. We haven’t heard a pig’s whistle of them since two days back and folk are startin’ to say that they aren’t ever coming back. If you’re willin’ to give a look-around for them boys I know some of the folk here in the ‘Hole would be much obliged towards you.”

BACKGROUND

The hamlet of Devil’s Hole has existed for years untold, known only to its residents and a few other locals in the vale of the Shudder Mountains. For ages it has been a quiet place for its generations of families who have existed and intermarried over the years. Folks here toil away in the mine harvesting thick seams of black coal and they lead a simple life. This has been how it always has been until lately. Now, it appears as though the Shudfolk have dug too deep in their search for their black coal bounty and a burn spoil has brought upon some horrific and powerful changes.

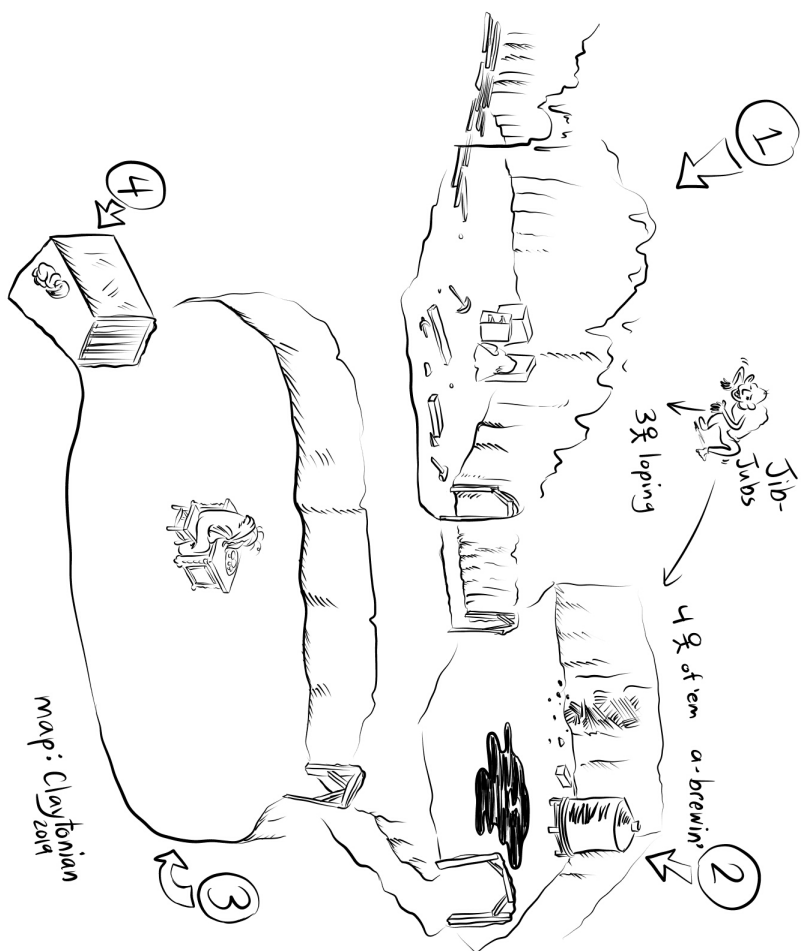
The miners have been mutated. Their souls twisted in a mocking tribute to some dark power born of old magic and sorrow. Never before has the hamlet of Devil's Hole seen such woe brought upon it in such an evil way. In fact, this burn spoil runs so deep and foul that Anector, Third of Three, Devil of Hell has decided to avail herself of the situation.

DEVIL'S HOLE

This tiny hamlet is occupied by a small population of miners eking out their existence by digging coal from underneath the surrounding mountains. Although coal itself is not an overly valuable commodity blacksmiths, armorers, and other metal-workers require it to run their forges, and thus, the majority of the nearby flatlander metal-smiths rely on Shudder Mountains' coal for their work. The miners extract the substance from a number of rich deposits accessed by the natural sinkhole which gives the community its name. Unfortunately for the miners, the main coal seam they are working leads to a particularly large subterranean spoil.

By way of drive, determination, or greed, the miners breached a powerful burn spoil releasing long-cloistered magics not seen since the time of prehistory. Those poor souls who started their day toiling down in the deep are never the same again, for their essence has been twisted and rent. Those who resurface are hell-bent and ready to serve their new dark purpose as a blight upon the land.

PCs inquiring with townsfolk learn that the mine is a mere 45-minute jaunt from the hamlet of Devil's Hole. They can follow a well-trodden path towards the base of a large hillock. At the miner's camp, PCs can clearly see the workings of a well-used mine. Equipment, large piles of coal and the hoppers full of it are in evidence. A corduroy-timber ramp leads downward into the hillside at a 20 degree decline. Unusually, the mine is utterly silent and there is no evidence of any of the half-dozen miners around the surface.



Area 1-1 - Mine Entrance:

A rocky, wood-planked ramp leads downward into the gloom. Black, soot coats everything in a fine patina of filth. The air is damp and smells of mud, burnt-coal, and a hint of decay. A trio of stooped humanoid forms loom at the edge of this roughly 20' square shaped space, their movement is slow and stiff, loping towards you with menace in their white-eyed stare. Mouths, slathered in a thick, black ichor quiver and gape at your arrival.

The mine entrance is guarded by a trio of hell-bent Jib-Jubs. The three former miners have only recently been twisted from their mortal forms to this hellish mockery.

The arrival of the adventurers has stirred them from their near-catatonic state. They fight to defend their mistress within, but due to their recent conversion, they will flee if seriously injured (less than 5 hp remaining).

Former Miners Now Corrupted Into Jib-Jubs (3): **Init** -2; **Atk** club +2 melee (1d6+3); **AC** 12; **HD** 2d8; hp 16, 14, 10; **MV** 20'; Act 1d20; **SP** invoke patron (Anector) at 1d12 or better, infravision 60'; **SV** Fort +3, Ref -1, Will -2; **AL** C.



Illustration by Matt Sutton

The entryway is dark and muddy with mining detritus and timbers littering the entryway in a chaotic mess. Rough-hewn wooden planks have been laid down leading deeper within. The Jib-Jubs will lay in wait until the PCs have made their way about 10 feet beyond the entryway, before swinging from behind old mining equipment.

The mine entrance contains only old timbers, broken pickaxes shovels, coal lumps, and mud. An examination of the floor shows evidence of many footprints passing through here recently. At the rear of the entrance is a small tunnel, 10' wide, leading further into the next chamber of the mine beyond.

Area 1-2 - The Brewery:

This expansive cave once housed the primary extraction area for the colliery. A high ceiling and rough-hewn walls show evidence of what must have been years of excavation and extraction. Bisecting the middle of both cavern walls are large, ebon seams of coal. Large piles of backfill can be found piled against the walls. As the PCs eyes adjust to the wan light, a strange incongruence presents itself: a large black pool, nearly 30' wide bubbles and froths with a fetid dark liquid. Two filthy humanoids attend to stirring duties with long wooden poles. Beyond them towards the back of the cave is a large copper and glass contraption belching out great puffs of gray, dank steam. Another humanoid ladles the black liquid into the boiler, while another extracts a slightly clearer version of the liquid from the other end.

This area serves a twofold purpose. This is a burn spoil which has recently erupted from deep within the mine and boiled up to the surface. Anector's minions have been compelled to develop a witch liquor still here and produce a particularly potent blend of hell-juice. The 4 Jib-Jubs here will attack any interlopers and fight to their deaths. A wood-braced arch leads into a smaller cavern beyond.

Jib-Jub Witch Liquor Brewers (4): see area 1-1 for stats. These Jib-Jubs will do everything within their power to grapple PCs and throw them into the burn spoil. See table 1-1 for burn spoil effects. The brewers have not yet been able to brew any meaningful amount of witch liquor yet, as there has not been sufficient time to do so.

Table 1-1: Spoil Effect on Living Subjects

Roll 1d7	Spoil's Effect
1	Imparts a random form of corruption. Roll 1d6: 1-3) use Table 5-3: Minor Corruption (DCC RPG p. 116) to determine effect; 4-5) use Table 5-4: Major Corruption (DCC RPG p. 118) to determine effect; 6) use Table 5-5: Greater Corruption (DCC RPG p. 119) to determine effect.
2	Mind-wipe. The subject loses all memories up to and including the incident leading up to this effect.
3	Imparts the ability to cast a random 1st-level spell once per day. Subject uses a d16 to determine the spellcheck of this incantation.
4	Fury of Hellfire. The subject's body is limned with purple hellfire. All within 10' of the subject suffer 1d6 of infernal fire damage, including allies.
5	Permanently transforms the subject into a Jib-Jub.
6	Blessing of Anector. The subject receives the blessing of Anector and is compelled to seek of the Third of Three as their patron. This grants a 1-step die chain increase to any dealings including Invoke Patron with respect to Anector.
7	Subject is transported to the Purple Planet, Hsaal, Umerica, Trapsylvania, or whatever other fiendish realm the Judge wishes to inflict upon this poor PC.

Table 1-2: Spoil Effect on Inanimate Subjects

Roll 1d5	Spoil's Effect
1	The object defies gravity. It will now always float about as if it were weightless in zero-gravity.
2	The object oozes black goo. This begins with a trickle but worsens with time eventually releasing 4-gallons worth over a 24-hour period.
3	The object becomes forgotten. Anyone holding the object will instantly forget about it, leading it to be constantly left behind. Other individuals may see the object and pick it up, however upon touching it they will then also be subject to forgetting it.
4	The object explodes inflicting 8d6 damage to everything in a 20' diameter.
5	Rolling bones. The object grants a +1 to any rolling the body roll made by its possessor.

Area 1-3 - Anector's Counsel Room:

A short and downward-sloping tunnel leads 15' towards an oddly out of place circular chamber, 50' in diameter. The walls are smooth and perfectly masoned. In the center of the room sits an ancient woman hunched over an ornate, ebony carved desk. Her hair is a tangled mess of grey locks and her face wears the wrinkles of ages long past. A tattered brown cloak covers head and body and she stares at you with warm, black eyes. She licks her lips with a slow loll and speaks to you in a gravelly voice. "Your arrival here was foretold to me long ago and you are now in the very moment where you will decide what fate will be yours." The old hag emphasizes the last statement by raising a dented pewter platter holding a variety of slime-coated mushrooms. "Receive ma's blessings and partake of nature's bounty. I will forever be at your side to grant you aid in your times of need. Accept my patronage!" A barred door looms behind the hag against the back wall.

Anector, Third of Three, in her guise as The Tattered Hag, eagerly awaits the PC's decisions. Should the PCs accept her offer and partake of the fungi they will have begun their dark paths towards the Patronage of Anector. See

below for patron information. If the PCs refuse her offer, how Anector handles this will depend on their approach. Violence will be met in kind, whereas indifference will be met with a wry smile and Anector slowly fading away with a whispered cackle. Woe be to he who dares the devil to join in a scrape. . .

Area 1-4 - Holding Pen:

A rusted-iron bar door blocks entry into this small and awful-smelling pen. Within, one of the miners lays crumpled against the rear wall. Her eyes stare hauntingly at you and she makes a feeble attempt to speak. . . “Help me, please. . . “

This is Gertie, one of the missing miners from Devil’s Hole. She is the sole survivor of this horrid ordeal, and only out of sheer luck. She was next to be put to work in the spoil and had not yet been twisted into a Jib-Jub. Returning her to the hamlet would be very well received and set the PCs up for great success in any endeavors they undertake in the Shudder Mountains in the future.

Anector, the Third of Three (The Tattered Hag)

Anector, the Third of the Three, and known in the Shudder Mountains as “The Tattered Hag” is one of the devilish triumvirate claiming the ancient mountains as part of their worldly domain. Anector prefers direct choice and decision over persuasion, leaving such fanciful pursuits to her two infernal fellows, Haade and Modeca. Anector’s sole objective is to bind as many mortal souls into eternal servitude as possible, swelling the numbers obliged to her in Hell. Mortals seeking a patron bond with Anector are required to sup upon mushrooms with this devil, swearing their eternal souls to her. Unlike others who contract themselves to Anector, these special servants enjoy a prolonged grace period before she claims her due. So long as they endeavor to lure others into infernal bondage. Failing in this matter inevitably causes Anector to invoke an overlooked loophole in their contracts and claim what is owed to her sooner than expected.

Invoke Patron check results:

Roll	Result
12-13	Anector grants the caster a small fraction of her wisdom, knowledge, and insight, raising the character's Intelligence to 20 (+4 bonus) for 1d6 turns.
14-17	Anector sends spores of fetid fungus spreading upon the caster's skin, inflicting 1 hp of searing damage. The spores grant the caster a +4 AC bonus for 1d6 turns, fading away when the duration elapses
18-19	Anector sends a flurry of Junebugs which swarm and swirl around the character bearing them afar, up to 100' away in a random direction in the air . They then fly off and disappear into the hills.
20-23	Anector evokes a haunting melody of dulcimer and washboard, causing all enemies to cover their heads in anguish and sorrow for 1 round in which they can perform no actions.
24-27	Anector gesticulates wildly with her hands, inscribing an invisible conjuring upon the character's forehead. All enemies who view this are struck dumb for 1 round, losing 1d7 Intelligence for 1d5 rounds.
28-29	Anector delivers a blast of hellfire against the caster's enemies. Up to three targets within 50' of the caster suffer 5d6 points of damage (no save).
30-31	The Third of Three sends an avatar (see below). This gray-skinned old hag appears before the character to attack the caster's enemies. It remains for 2d6 rounds, during which time it fights with absolute resolve.
32+	Anector freezes time for all but the caster for 2d4 rounds. During that period, the caster can act normally, but all others are effectively paused in time and space, unable to move or defend themselves. Time returns to normal once the duration elapses.

Ol' Hag Avatar (type IV demon, Anector): **Init** +6; **Atk** claw +12 melee (dmg 3d8+6); **AC** 20; **HD** 10d12; **MV** 60'; Act 2d20; **SP** disease, spells (+8 spell check): detect good, choking cloud, scare, demon traits; **SV** Fort +12, Ref +10, Will +12; **AL** C.

The avatar of the Ol' Hag appears as an ashen-faced and venerable cloaked woman with only but a few teeth and one cloudy eye, dressed in tattered rags. She speaks little and attends to her violence immediately with nary a break. The Ol' Hag avatar can cast: detect good, choking cloud, and scare with a +8 spell check. Any creature wounded by her claws must make a DC 20 Fort save or contract the Fever of the Fens. The disease manifests 1d7 days later as terrible shakes and shivers, inflicting a -4 penalty to Strength and Agility until cured by magical means.

Patron Taint: Anector

Anector is an ambitious and fierce devil, and she requires success from her followers. Failing to stay in Anector's good graces, either by displaying ineptitude in one's actions or inadequately assisting her goal of ensnaring mortal souls, is likely to cause the devil to reveal her displeasure in the form of supernatural taint.

When a patron taint is indicated, roll 1d6 on the table below. When the caster has acquired all six levels of effect, there is no need to continue rolling any more. On the next patron taint result, Anector appears to claim her servant's soul, calling the caster's debt due regardless of time remaining in their infernal agreement.

Roll	Result
1	The caster's hair grows long, grey, and unruly. It is a matted oily mess no matter what care is taken afterwards. Shudfolk observing the filthy locks shun the PC fiercely, knowing his soul is no longer his own. Finding headwear to cover the change becomes a challenge.
2	The caster's flesh assumes a wrinkled, shallow hue replete with boils, liver spots, and moles. This new flesh texture trumps all other corruption taints altering the caster's natural skin tone. As above, this taint is recognized by the Shudfolk as a sign of infernal servitude and the caster is treated with abhorrence and occasionally outright violence.

3	The caster no longer casts a shadow, true proof he no longer possesses a soul of his own. The caster's shadow cannot be seen in any lit environment, natural or otherwise. As with the above taints, Shudfolk easily identify the caster as a servant of Anector. In other regions, he may be mistaken for a vampire or other supernatural creature, earning him a stake through the heart and decapitation by frightened locals.
4	The caster gains a supernatural intolerance of silver. Simply touching the metal inflicts 1d4 points of damage, and silver weapons striking the caster cause double damage. If a silver object is brandished at the caster by a Lawful individual, he must make a DC 10 Will save or flee the presence of the individual for 1 turn.
5	The caster's presence causes unease and sorrow to all who encounter him. Any attempt to produce meaningful conversation, persuasion, or spells which target a person's Personality/Will are done with a -4 penalty on any checks including spell checks. Animals will also avoid the caster and seek to leave his proximity.
6	The daunting banality of the caster's life in the Shudder Mountains draws what is left of their soul down into the depths. The caster must declare a common substance (coal, water, cotton, gold, silver, wood, leather, meat, etc.) and declare it accursed. Strong juju accompanies this substance and it cannot be abided!

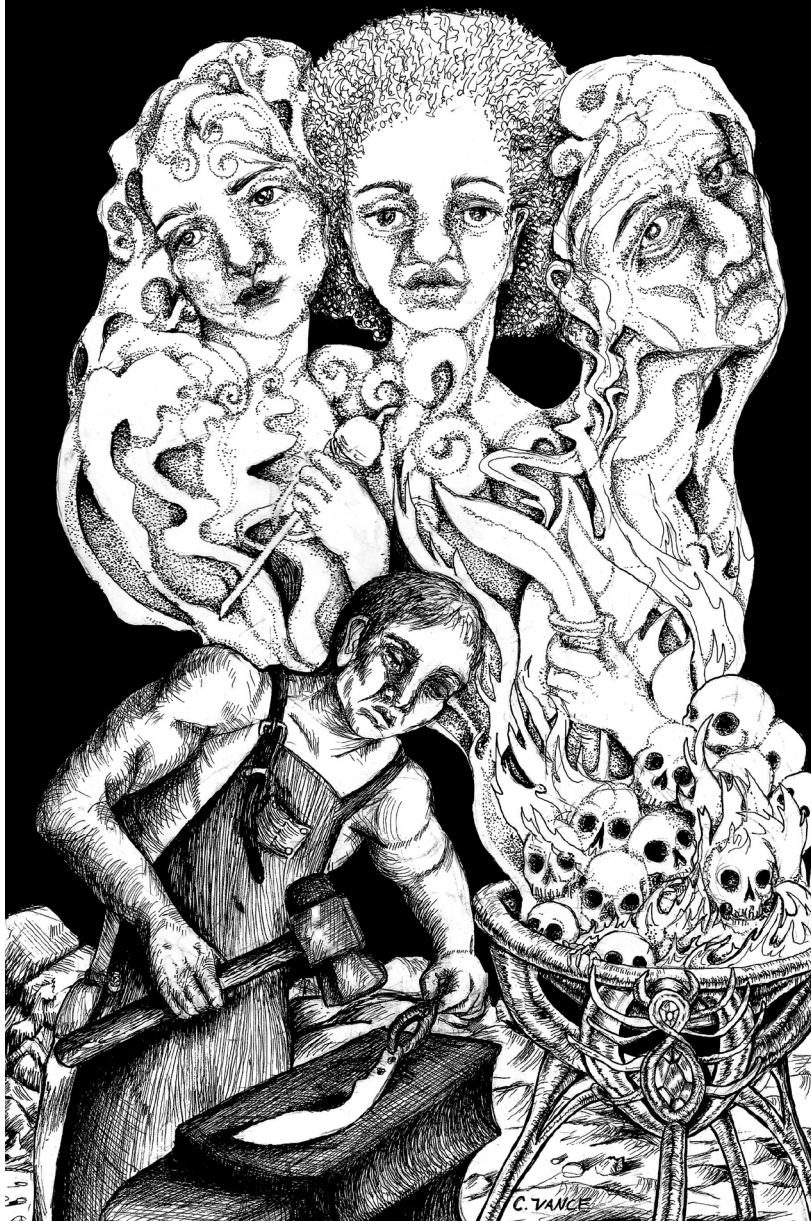
WRAPPING UP

En route to returning to Devil's Hole, Gertie becomes more lucid and awakens from her fugue state. She grasps what has happened and is ever so grateful for being saved. As a token of her thanks, she teaches the PCs a little bit of Gramaree and sings them one of her ma's songs:

"Be still, O Tremblin' Heart" (DC 14; three minutes): This song helps protect the performer and up to 3+ Personality modifier others from the attacks of Chaotic creatures. All chaotic creatures suffer a -2 penalty to attack the protected individuals for 1 turn.

Sun Smith's Forge

By Chris Jeffers



Artwork by Carmin Vance

INTRO

Sun Smith's Forge is an adventure for either **Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG** or **Mutant Crawl Classics RPG**; designed for 4-7 characters of 3rd level. The adventure deals with difficult choices, based on alignment, moral obligations and the big picture, versus the plight of those known to the PCs. It places the PCs in a tavern within a great city; this can be known location within your world already, or potential city worth of investigation by the PCs. Residents are in the midst of celebrating the week-long death and rebirth festival, the apex of which marks the death and renewal of the Great Sky Orbs, coming only once every 186 years. However, the festivities are brought quickly to a halt by the ensuing carnage, caused by the operation of the Sun Smith's forge.

BACKGROUND

The Sun Smith once was just like as any other person, crafting and honing his skill. Exotic and elegant wares were a common sight on his anvil. With time, his decorative swords, ornate daggers and fine jewelry became gifts fitted for monarchs and emperors of lands both known and foreign. Countless offers of lands and titles, and great riches too, were offered to him, yet he accepted none.

One day the Smith was approached by a woman of unearthly beauty. Although dressed in common clothing, she possessed a presence far greater than any he had known. She spun for him a tale of three sisters and of their great strife against the forces of chaos, a conflict older than time itself. She requested his aid in the creation of three weapons to help combat that threat. There would be no riches, no glory, and his name would be lost to time. Though his arms and implements would be used to hold back the enemies of which she spoke, for him, there would be the knowledge that he took part against forces beyond his wildest dreams. Seemly enchanted by the woman, he agreed and packed his meager belongings, setting forth in the direction she bade him.

He went with a clear vision in his mind of two large Old World towers. One with a chimney to expel the excess heat, the other topped with large lenses, beneath which there was a pool of liquid mirrored-like metal, over which was forge itself. That would be his destination. For countless days he worked his way across great plains, daunting mountains and merciless deserts. He never slept, never hungered nor thirsted. The weariness caused by rugged

terrain was eased by the thought of the otherworldly sisters and his quest.

As he crested the last dune he came upon an oasis at the edge of which stood the towers, just as he had envisioned. Knowing where to look, he dug into the soft silt ground for the hidden entrance, exactly where he knew it would be. Once inside, the sisters came to him once more, guiding him through the subterranean maze to the forge. They taught him how to use it and of its magics - technology they called it - of the Old World.

He practiced those strange crafts, committing them to memory. The sisters told him the forge would only ignite when the sun was at its brightest - this would be during the death and rebirth of the Great Sky Orbs. So he learned all he could - the functions of every illuminated dial and button within his new sanctuary. In time, one of the sisters began to show a familiar disposition toward the smith, similar to that of a betrothed.

Gradually, while waiting for the first alignment, he opened a path to the entrance of his sanctuary. He also carved a great marble statue to cover its top, erecting a simple temple to the Fates, with stain glass windows depicting how to open the building should the sisters send others in the future.

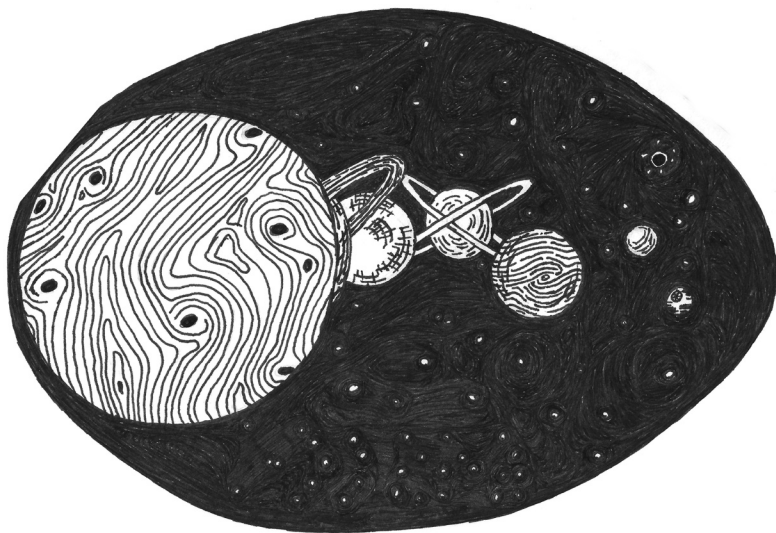


Illustration By Chris Jeffers

GREAT SKY ORBS, THEIR DEATH & REBIRTH

The Great Sky Orbs are the other planets in the solar system. Their alignment is marked by their “death” and “rebirth”. This happens every 186 years, two of which have come to pass during the time the smith has been at the forge.

In the Great City it has been ruled by the overlord that the death and rebirth of the Orbs shall be a time for celebration and merriment, with many public events and spectacles. Few remember the last time the alignment occurred, and those who do are thought old and senile, even by the court wizards.

THE SUBTERRANEAN BUILDING

The PCs may choose to enter the subterranean building by way of the grates around the temple leading them to area 7 or through one of the towers. There is also the hidden door within the Temple of Fates.

The tower topped with the focusing lenses is easy enough to enter once on the top of it. However, given that the lenses are used to focus the power of the sun throughout the stack, practical PCs may think of a way to block the sun from entering the tower.

The chimney is far more perilous to enter. It is a straight shot down into the furnace in area 4b and then into the liquid metals of the Sun Forge in area 6a. The temperatures inside of the forge are dangerously high, requiring a DC 12 Fort save each round or causing 1d3 temporary Stamina damage from the noxious gases.

The towers are sheer on both outside and inside. The lenses in the focusing tower are 20ft apart. The towers are 200ft tall, plus 300ft below the surface of the land. There are two cracked lenses within the tower causing all but halflings and elves to make an Agility or Luck check (up to the Judge) when landing on them. Breaking the lenses triggers a DC 15 Ref save to prevent taking 3d6 damage from the shattered glass landing on them on the next lens.

THE SUN FORGE

The forge is of from Old World, made to be continuously lit by the sun through a series of amplifying lenses in a large 500ft stack. Though now the forge can only be fired when the sun is as bright as it once was, or during the Death and Rebirth of the Great Sky Orbs. When the thorium particles in the thermosphere are pulled away by the gravity of the aligned planets, it allows a great deal more of light through the atmosphere.

Different people, different settings

Your sun may not be about to burn out and bring about the Long Night, but that's OK. The thorium in the thermosphere may just be blocking certain wavelengths, naturally these are the ones reacting with the liquid metal.

The great pool of liquid metal reacts with the amplified light greatly accelerating the speed of the metal particles, thus increasing its temperature. This allowed the smith to craft harder metals, imbued with the power of the old sun. Though with great power comes great destruction.

As the Old World forge is heated rapidly, rather than slowly as designed, it violently shakes the ground that has consumed its ancient structure over the eons. Anything around it of weaker design would be leveled.

HOOKING THE PLAYERS

Whether your players have a city they frequent, or if they're murderhobos waiting on the road for their next victim, they'll come into contact with a group of people.

Here are 1d4 hooks for getting your players to the Great City for the Death and Rebirth celebration: (1) a caravan of six merchant carts is heading towards the Great City hoping the festival brings the masses and their coin (2) dark magic will be at its strongest when the Great Sky Orbs die before their rebirth; (3) legend has it the Old World magic returns in each death of the Great Sky Orbs in order to replace them in the sky; (4) a ropemaker's wife was kidnapped by thieves and he must bring the ransom to the Slumbering Drake Inn or they'll cook the poor woman and feed her to the masses at the festival.

For those parties already in the Great City here are 1d3 things they might hear before the celebration: (1) "It's said that the temples will be full. People are calling it the End of Times. The high wizard said it happens every so often but who are you to say he isn't mad?"; (2) "Staying up all night and day waiting for some circles in the sky to disappear and reappear, sounds like an excuse to stay out drinking and carousing."; (3) "It'd be a damn shame if it called for rain."

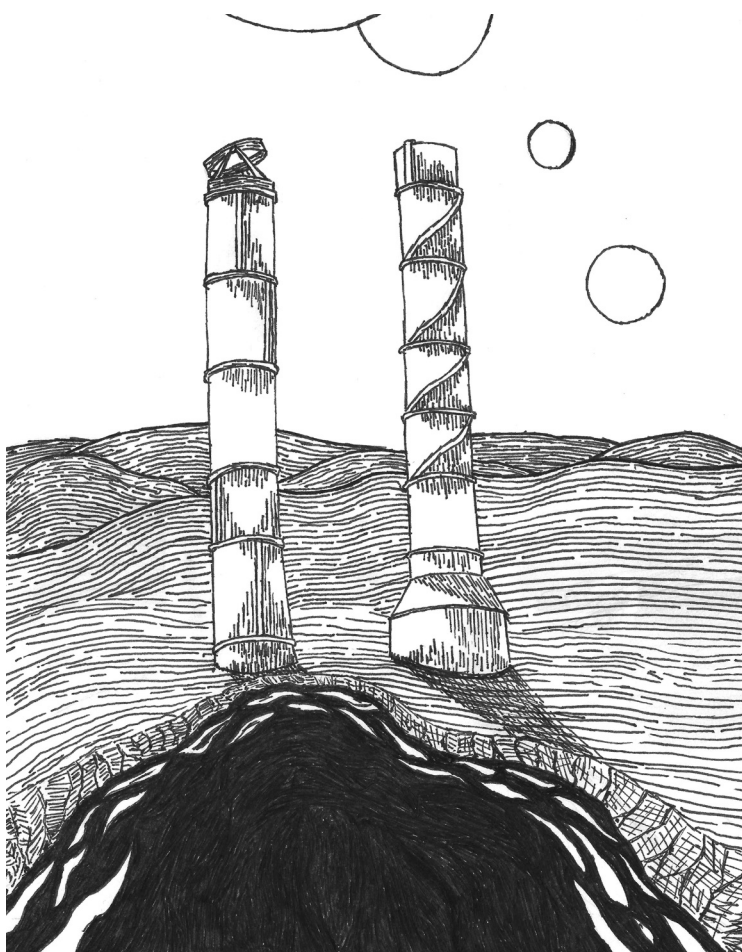


Illustration By Chris Jeffers

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE

The Smith has worked within the subterranean building for 550 years. Gradually he stopped leaving his sanctuary, finding all he needed with the underground halls. In time he forged an encrusted spindle for the first sister, to spin her threads upon the tapestry of the world. For the second, he made a great staff to take the measure of both friend and foe.

Little did the Smith know that during his second work a small village had formed within the oasis. Thus, as he superheated the forge for the second time the village was leveled. However, the residents were stouthearted and rebuilt it stronger; attempting to mimic the ancient ruins at the edge of their oasis.

It eventually became known as the Great City, and engulfed the tower ruins. Some even began to worship at the temple around a most peculiar statue, that a few claimed to be the Sisters of Fate waiting for a smith.

As the adventure starts, the third alignment is but hours away. The magic of the Old World forge begins to stir, bubbling and belching with renewed heat. The time has come to craft the final weapon, a kopis for the Smith's Lover. With the Final Weapon she will shift the outcome of the raging and unseen battle.

PLAYER START

The PCs find themselves in a tavern within the Great City, mere hours away from the apex of the Death and Rebirth celebrations.

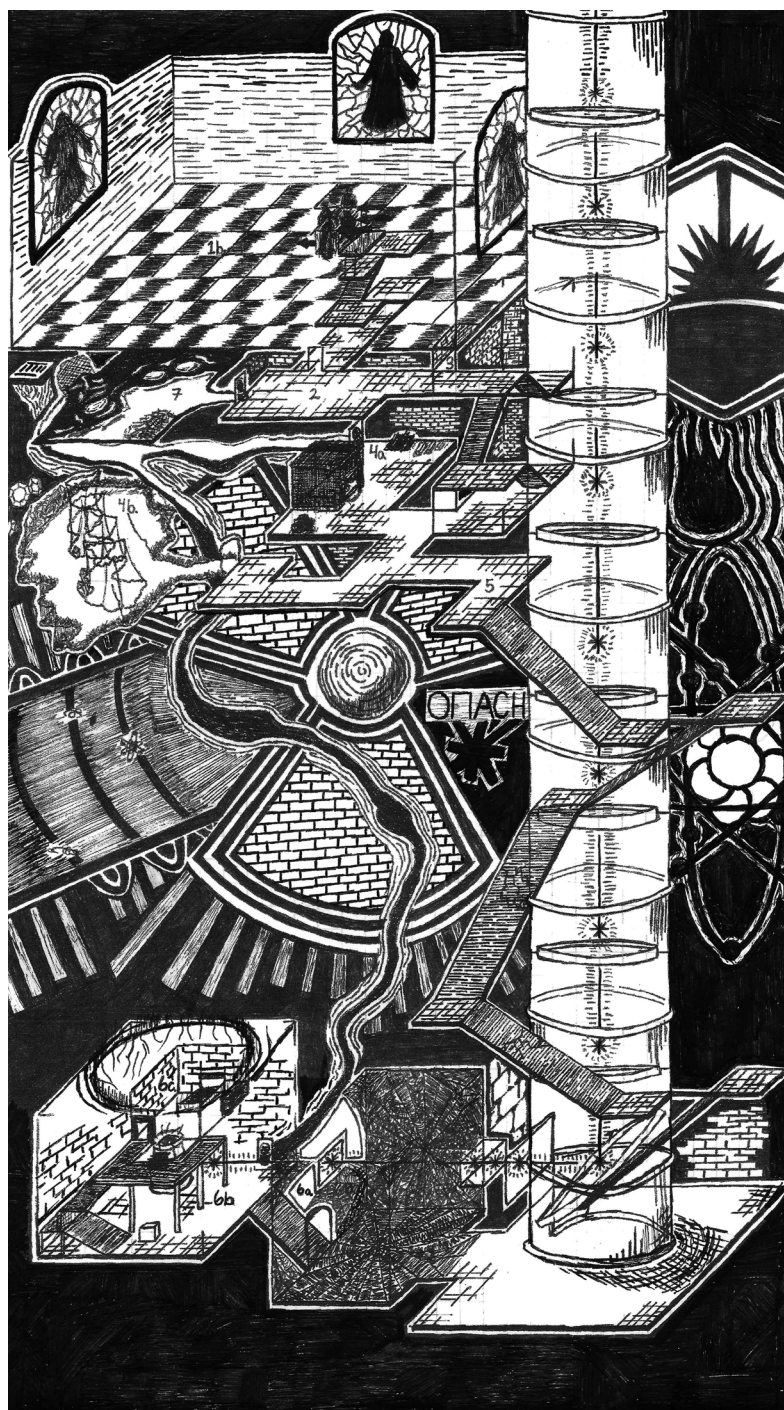
Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

A mass of patrons keep the staff busy. The well-used table and floor cling to you as you wait for a chance to order. Through a break in the roar of the crowd you overhear the withered sac of a man recall the last celebration of Death and Rebirth some decades ago.

“As the great coloured Sky Orbs died, falling behind the sun, it was as if the ground itself awoke from along dead slumber. The sun burned brighter than any could bear. The clear circlet atop one of the temple’s towers seems to drink the solar radiance, sending a beam of light into the tower. We heard a roar that seemed to come from the depths of the world, then the second tower started to belch a great pillar of the blacksted smoke no one had ever seen before.”

If the PCs begin to talk to the old man, he will recount his tale of the last Celebration. He’ll tell of the great beauty and the similar festivities of the occasion. It was a time when the city was young, no more than a small hamlet at the foot of the great towers, a true oasis. However, the merriment quickly turned to horror once the brazen orbs had died falling behind the increasingly bright sun. Taking with them the peace that once had surrounded the town. The ground beneath shook, cloudless thunder began to roar, and by the time it was over not a single building over the height of two men stood.

As the old man finishes his tale, a blinding brightness floods through the dank, grimy windows of the tavern. The sight brings the feeble old man to his feet, as he bellows in prayers for mercy. Then, suddenly, he falls back into his chair like a dropped marionette, dead.



AREA 1A: TEMPLE OF FATES (OUTSIDE)

If the PCs did not talk to the old man, read the following text to them.

You stand outside. The booming hordes around you fall wholly silent as the last of the Great Sky Orbs begin to move toward their death, disappearing from sight.

Light brighter than most had or will ever see engulfs the sky, and the clear circlet atop the mighty tower streams a white hot beam of radiance deep into its belly.

The court wizards had made their predictions that the Sky Orbs would be gone but for a few meager moments, and then the brightness would fade as quickly as its onset. But the blinding and searing light persists. Then, a crack like thunder shook everyone to their bones, coming not from the cloudless sky, but rather from the belly of the world itself. Not a moment later the earth lurches under your feet.

Any PC who chooses to look towards the sky notice smoke rising from the untopped tower. The Temple of Fates is nestled at the base of the two towers, connecting them.

AREA 1B: TEMPLE OF FATES (INSIDE)

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

After a reprieve from what must have felt as the end of all things, you find yourself in the Temple of Fates. Its structure protect you from the harsh blaze outside. Stain glass windows, dulled enough allows rays of light to shine brightly into the room, gathering on the statue at the center of the temple.

The statue beams with the warm glow of the stained light. It depicts a blacksmith at prayer against his anvil, surrounded by three beautiful women. They all touch the smith's back seemingly giving him strength. One holds a spindle with the ball of thread under her hand, another a staff ornately decorated where it meets the earth, and the last holds a kopsis pointed downwards.

The Friar and two Acolytes, kneel before the statue praying.

There is a secret entrance underneath the statue that allows the party to continue forward. There are two ways to access it. The party can solve a puzzle which opens the entrance or they can smash the statue that covers it.

The three stained glass windows are clues to solving the puzzle to the secret entrance. One depicts a woman with a spindle thread end up, while another woman measures the thread with a staff, its jeweled end pointing skyward, and the last sister is cutting the measured thread with the kopis, the sharp end against her thumb, its point upwards. By moving the items in each of their hand into the same position as depicted in the windows the statue will rotate revealing a spiral staircase downwards. An DC 12 Intelligence/Find Secret Door check allows the PCs to find the door (if opened this way the Friar and Acolytes are amazed and, if asked, will join the party). A DC 12 Strength check allows the PCs to smash the statue and find the entrance.

The holy men do not know of the secret entrance nor of the existence of the subterranean building. On the first attempt to smash the statue the Friar and Acolytes will attack the party. Any PC that isn't trying to smash or damage the statue can make a DC 9 Intelligence or Luck check to notice the Friar and his Acolytes moving forward to attack them (otherwise they're surprised). If at least one party member is paying attention to the them, then the surprise attempts fails automatically.

After the entrance has been opened the statue would have to be pushed back over the entrance to seal it. The party may choose to take the stone weapons from the statue and use them. Their damage is +1d, though the fumble die is also increased by +1d (the stone weapon shatters along with the first rolled fumble).

Acolyte of Fate (2): Acolyte (DCC RPG Corebook p.443)

Init -1; Atk mace +1 melee (1d4) or charm (see below) or harmful spell (see below); AC 11; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP charm 1/day, harmful spell 2/day; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +2; AL varies.

Friar of Fate (1): Friar (DCC RPG Corebook p. 443)

Init +0; Atk cudgel +3 melee (1d4+1) or sling +3 missile fire (1d4) or harmful spell (see below); AC 13; HD 3d8; hp 12; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP heal 2/day, harmful spell 3/day, turn 3/day; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +4; AL varies.

AREA 2: CLOTHO'S SANCTUARY

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

As you descend the stairs, the deafening song of hissing hot metal rings though your being. The bones of the world shake around you. However, when your feet finally meet the perfectly square stone of the landing you find yourself beset by new feelings of calm and peace.

Before you stands a great mural carved into the grey brick walls. Looking upon it soothes you. It depicts a woman sitting on a fallen tree spinning a glowing thread, the open night sky above her. The stars in the sky, constellations strange to you, are made of set jewels of great variety and cuts.

You realize, after taking in the master work, that it is neither torch nor wick that illuminates the room, but a maze of glowing thread stitched into the ceiling.

The room is lit by the thread of life. If a PC decides to start cutting down the thread they will kill someone for every thread cut. If the Friar and Acolytes joined the party then, on the third thread cut, one of the Acolytes will die. The thread continues to glow when cut and could be used for magical purposes, extending one's own life, a potion for curing whatever ails you, etc.

The jewels can be plucked from their setting given enough time. Anyone who steals them may find themselves the target of traps or spells. After all, they're messing with fate. Anyone in possession of a stolen jewel is considered to be corrupted if not of physical appearance then of the soul. There are 50 jewels, each taking a DC 6 Strength check to pry out. After ten attempts (or if the judge thinks they're delaying), the smith's strikes may start to be heard, getting louder with each minute. Maybe the ceilings starts to fall a bit or cracks show in the ground.

On the opposite wall from the stairs (Area 3) there is a dry fountain, ornately carved into wall. The PCs can break through the fountain's wall with DC 15 Strength check. The passage leads to the Cavern of Things Lost to Time (Area 7).

AREA 3: STAIRWAY FROM AREA 2 TO AREA 5B

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

Decorating the walls of the descending stair is a woman raising a naturally twisted staff crested with a large jewel. Before her, rising from the depths of the stairway, are foul creatures such as demons and monstrosities begotten by the dark magic of chaos itself, things that might have been men once. She blocks their path, her struggle everlasting, bright white light emanating from her staff. The stairs descend into the eerie darkness below.

From the depths another crash sounds, painting its own picture in your mind of the tarnished city falling above your head.

The jewel cresting the staff of Lachesis is a trap (DC 12 Find Trap or Intelligence check to detect and a DC 12 Disarm Trap to disable) set off by a character taller than a dwarf or halfling walking by it. It blasts 1d3 bolts of pure white light at the most corrupted PCs (including those with corrupted souls from stealing the jewels in Area 2), and the PC who set it off, doing 1d5 damage (DC 12 Ref save, if successful take half damage rounding up).

AREA 4A: MINE OF PLENTY

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

The way is dark; some tools of a silvered mirror-like alloy sit at the threshold. The light pouring in reveals veins of metals, and crystalline jewels, all ripe for the taking. The shaft extends further into the fathomless darkness, showing obvious signs of recent work. Never before have you seen such a variety of minerals and tools in one place, the signs point to unnatural powers and the lost craft of Old World.

This is where the metals and jewels used to make the weapons of the Fates were obtained. It is the area where the photomatic reactor once ran. The strange particles and radiation caused the rocks and silt buried herein to undergo fission at different rates. Following the mine the PCs can pick up any number of nuggets of various metals. They may even choose to mine the stone, though this causes unwanted attention from the three beasts that dwell deeper in the mine. The beasts are of stone, ore and gem, but move swiftly as liquid metal. The largest of the group has a great jade mane and glowing teeth. The two others are smaller, though not by much, with large ears and great powerful legs.

Their muscle fibers are visible, as if etched in the rock. If the PCs spend long enough in the mine have a doe made of the same cold liquid rock come bounding by them, followed closely by the aforementioned beasts.

Creature of Stone (3): Init +3; Atk bite +1 (1d6+1) or breath weapon 2/day (DC 12 Fort save or skin begins to turn to pure crystal); AC 15; HD 3d10; hp 15 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

Crystallization: a PC that fails the Fort save gains a transparent crystal-like skin. Bizarre appearances aside, the PC reflects ray attacks directed him, but becomes vulnerable to sonic and blunt strikes, suffering double damage. At each 1d5 hours, the crystallizations process advances, increasing the PC's AC by 1 and reducing his Agility by 1d8. When their Agility reaches 0, the become inert crystal statues.

Its mineral fur shimmers and pulsates as grass against a breeze. The ore, rock and raw gemstones of which its skin is made, change their makeup as you watch. Proud fangs of hard metals protrude from its open maw, as the sound of a rockslide down a steep mountain fills the void around you.

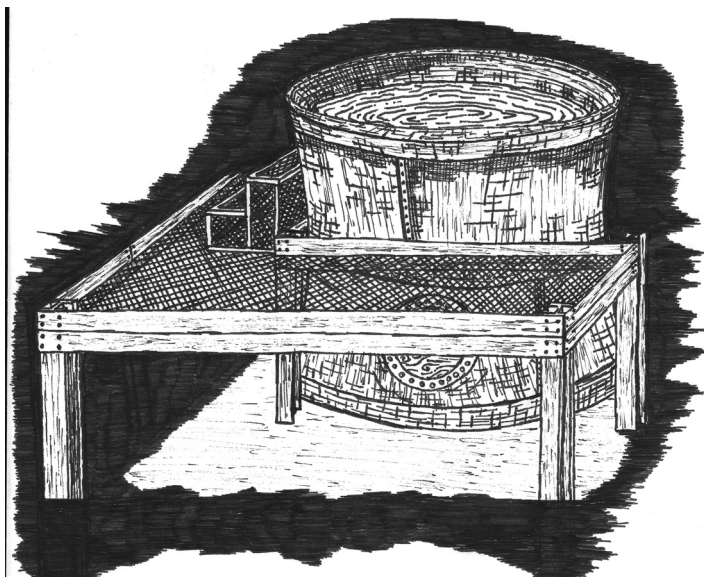


Illustration By Chris Jeffers

AREA 4B: FURNACE ROOM

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

Harsh smoke bites at your eyes as you enter this haze of a room. The stench of smelt hits you like a crashing wave on a cliff face, noxious gasses knotting your stomach. A metallic glint winks at you from across the room. Ores of metal both common and alien lay beside a massive blast furnace. Billets of gold, silver, iron and other queer minerals, far more reflective and lustrous in appearance, can be seen. Some even appear to glow as with the strands you noticed before. They are stacked cautiously beside a fountain similar to the one on the level above, though this one has a hearty flow unlike the other you've encountered.

With this blast furnace and the knowledge bequipped to him the smith is able to craft stainless steel. Due to the fact it's current shape is of billets the PCs will have to find a crafty way to use it should they choose. The other metal billets are gold, copper, iron, silver, chrome, titanium, cobalt, and the glowing metal is plutonium.

If the PCs chooses to inspect the billets or wall fountain they become the prey of the spirits of the blast furnace. Large creatures with skin of fire and bones made of coal and smelt. If the PCs are distracted well enough the flaming bear-like creatures have a chance to surprise them.

Spirit of the Blast Furnace (3): Init -1; Atk claws +3 melee (1d8+2), bite +1 melee (1d10+2), harmful fire spell -3 (2d6); AC 12; HD 4d10+3; hp 25 each; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +1; AL L.

It's bone and teeth of obsidian like coal, with whites flames forming it's sinew and muscle fibers. Fur of licking and spitting orange flame dance around it's form. Pouring from its mouth is a gut-wrenching roar.

AREA 5: THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

You are met with thin air as the heat rises from the deep open stairway below. The sound of hammer on metal still rings periodically in your ears, though the shaking of the world around you has subsided it to a mear swagger, as you descend deeper into the caverns. The spiral stairway appears old and worn by time.

On the 77th step (which is actually a 10' long landing) there is a trap causing nine steps both in front and behind the party to fall away. This is not only a detriment to the party but it also alerts the smith in the halls below. A DC 12 Detect Trap check, followed by a similar Disable Trap can disable the device, though this must be done before the first person steps on the landing. Those on the nine steps ahead or behind must make a DC 9 Reflex save or fall 30' to the landing below (falling damage as per DCC RPG Corebook). PCs may ask for a DC 12 Strength or Agility check to leap across the missing stairs, but if they fail this second check the judge is encouraged to roll a fumble. The 154th stair is a platform similar to the 77th step, trapped similarly and directly under this platform (falling, alive or dead, onto it will trigger it). Fool me once.

AREA 6A: HOUSE OF FATES

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

You leave the stair shuttering at what could have been, entering a room on which intense light stems from what you could only call a pole of light. It seems to be reflected from a mirror at the bottom of one of the towers. Looking directly at it feels like you are glaring upon the sun of a bright summer's day, a younger sun, unseen for ages in the world. It carries through a hole in the wall, across from you, close to the ceiling.

Then you see it. . . Glowing threads surround you on all sides and even the floor, like a spider's web, and you are caught. Above, from three bulbous sacks of the thread, there emerge giant flying creatures. Patterned wings as though you are staring into the eyes of Death itself, beating towards you.

These creatures are the avatars of the Three Fates themselves. Giant silkworm moths, they head towards the party meaning to stop or at least slow them from harming their beloved servant, while he still works on the last Tool of Fate. Breaking free from the silk requires a DC 9 Strength check and takes an action. The PCs can still attack while their feet are trapped in the silk, and like any fabric it is flammable. There are clutches of giant silkworm eggs in one of the corners and they give birth to the Children of Fate.

Guardians of the Smith (3): Init +3 (+1d3 with the destruction of each guardian); Atk bite +3 melee (1d6 + an ill-fated destiny), 1/day, binding +3 melee; AC 18; HD 3d12; hp 21 each; MV 10', fly 60'; Act 2d24; SP triple damage from fire attacks, binding (when binding a PC with the thread of life cutting such thread will kill someone the PC knows and cost they 1d6 Luck points, getting out of the binding without cutting it is a DC 12 Strength check), spells (check +3, 1/day per spell: charm person, magic shield, shatter, blade of atropos, curse of moirae, warp & weft); SV Fort -2, Ref +4, Will +7; AL L.

An ill-fated destiny: PCs that lose hit points to a Guardian of the Smith are marked by Fate. Ask the PC to choose a number between 2 and 19. If that number comes on the natural dice roll, the PC triggers a fumble, as if they had rolled a natural 1. The effect wears off after 7 days (or after a proper sacrifice to the Three Fates) or maybe after the PC accomplish some deed for the Sisters.

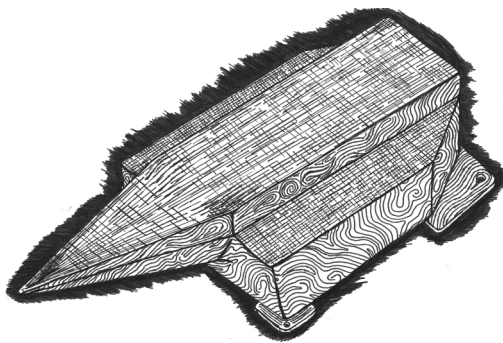
AREA 6B: FORAGING ROOM

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

A beam of focused lights leads to a bath of liquid rock throwing off heat and belching gasses.. Another fountain of the same craftsmanship is set in the wall on the far side, water rushing fiercely from it. A figure no shorter than two average men stands before you, smiting hammer in one hand, white hot kopis in the other. His eyes betray his age, though he could be no elder. He bellows, shaking the air around him, "You will not stop me from bringing about an end to this fated war."

The smith will parley with the PCs should they choose to talk rather than stop him from crafting this final tool. He does not know that outside there are people dying in the streets, as he doesn't know that there was a town there during the crafting of the staff. Though he will consider this and feels great sorrow, he must finish the kopis in hopes that the good done through it will outweigh the cost. If the PCs attack him he will bring forth both the white hot kopis and his hammer to the fight. Due to the kopis being white hot when attacking with it, on the first round it deals an additional 1d5 damage, moving down the dice chain with each round (on the fourth round it is hot steel but does no additional damage). The smith is a Champion of the Fates and knows spells gifted to him.

After hearing him shout about the fated war the Friar and Acolytes (if they accompanied the PCs) will attempt to stall the party by attacking them, giving the smith time to work more of the weapon. He has yet to set the hilt of the kopis with fine cut jewels and which rest beside his anvil, along with gold and other metal wires. There are three large jewels: an emerald, a sapphire, and a ruby. The metal used to craft the kopis is depleted threads of life, melted in the heat of the forge to the shape of the kopis. The wires to decorate it are silver, gold and non-depleted thread of life.



The Sun Smith: Init +3; Atk kopis of Atropos +6 melee (1d12+3+1d5 heat damage), smithing hammer (as warhammer) +3 melee (1d8+3+1d4 heat damage), AC 15; HD 5d12+12; hp 44; MV 30'; Act 2d24; SP heat damage (heat damage from hot metal, heat damage drops a die each round), spells (check +6, 3/day: blade of atropos, curse of moirae, scorching ray, fire resistance); SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +4; AL L.

The Kopis of Atropos: +2 short sword, backstab (1d12) (+4 against chaotic humanoids when wielded by a lawful being)

Traits and Powers: Int 8, Causes obsession for destroying corruption. When wielding the blade the user must make a DC 10+level Will save to retreat from battle against a chaotic humanoid. Critical hits against corrupted humanoids are made as cleric of one level higher. Made of depleted uranium: no mortal can wield it for long without becoming corrupted (DC 10+level Fort save, or roll on the minor corruptions table; after 3 minor corruptions, roll on the major corruptions table and after 1 major corruption, roll on the greater corruption table). A wielder can purge themselves of one corruption after acting in favour of the Fates (as per the judge).

AREA 6C: SMITH'S QUARTERS

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

These seem like common quarters, there is a large bed, chair, desk, all of which are the size to suit a giant of a man. On the desk there are papers with strange symbols and formulae. In the drawers you find uncut gems of great size, some flawed, others perfect. There are also small designs, sketches and drawings of great weapons and beautiful jewelry. In the last drawer is a metal rose expertly crafted of hard metal, the jewel at its center ripples, as if with magic unknown, it feels warm in your hands and draws you in, as if it were gazing back.

The papers are from old books written in a language long forgotten, the formulae are chemical equations of metal alloys for different purposes. The smith believed the jewels here were not adequate to be set into any of the orate tools of the Fates that he had crafted, though they are definitely worth something to treasure hungry PCs. The plans can be taken and sold to smiths, who will be in awe of the designer. The metal rose is something entirely onto itself, it is a lost treasure of some long forgotten world. It is up to the judge to decide what to do with this item of intrigue, whether it is a key to some Old World machinery, magic unknown on this world, a gesture of love from a god to a mortal, or the source of a deadly plague from the distant past or future.

AREA 7: AQUEDUCT CAVERN

Read or paraphrase the following text to your players.

As you cross the threshold a thin layer of water surrounds your feet. The sound of your own breath breaks through the periodic echoing of plummeting droplets of the stalactites above. Old harsh air fills your lungs as you move deeper into the cavern. The darkness is only interrupted by torch and a small hole through which water flows in.

Searching the room reveals there is another passage where the water flows down to area 4b and area 6b. The tunnel is half submerged and there is a strong current descending through the tunnel. Have the PC leading the party roll an DC 12 Intelligence check they step on a massive moss encrusted hippo, being surprised by it and its companions.

When searching the cavern let one PC roll a Luck check. If successful roll a d4 and check below. Hidden in shallow water of the cavern and lost to time itself the lucky PC finds:

A Stoeager Luger .22 cal. automatic pistol, carved in the handle is a circle with a cross through it. Six out of eleven rounds are left in the clip. CM 2, Range 50', Damage 1d8, Ammo .22 LR rounds. A black briefcase with two turnstyle three number locks. The combination is 727 100. The briefcase is filled with scraps of greenish paper on them are strange symbols.

A sword, curved slightly, weighted perfectly and similar to the swords the warriors of the far east use. It seems to have a 'benevolent' nature to it.

A large diamond of yellow hue with slight green overtones. It is the largest precious gem you've ever seen. A jeweler will tell you it's maybe worth 300gp, but your dwarven friend says at least 600gp, he is also drooling.

Hippo (3): **Init** -2; **Atk** slam +3 melee (1d6+2), bite +3 melee (1d4+attempting to drown the victim DC 12 Agility check or 1d3 temporary damage to Stamina per round until out of water); **AC** 18; **HD** 3d8+3; hp 18 each; **MV** 40', swim 30'; Act 1d20; **SP** immune to critical hits; **SV** Fort +6, Ref -1, Will +0; **AL** L.

Moss-encrusted boulders erupt from the reflective and still water's depths. Their petrified skin, home to phluorescent orange and blue fungi that clung so long to the leviathans that they have become but one and the same.

If the players travel though the half-submerged tunnel they will come to a fork. The current is stronger here, leading to area 4b, and the PCs must fight the current to return to the cavern (a DC 12 Strength check). They may also choose to go the other way in the fork leading to area 6b (DC 15 Str check), a third of the way down it becomes completely submerged taking another two rounds to reach the fountain in area 6b. The fountain in area 6b is similar to the other two requiring a DC 15 Strength check to break through. For each round a PC is completely submerged they suffer 1 Stamina temporary damage (when they reach zero they drown; this ability damage recovers completely if the PC can get some air).

ENDING THE ADVENTURE

The cavern and towers begin to crumble in on the party with the fury of the Fates once they have killed the smith. The wall fountains may be drained into a fissure below area 6b or the PCs may have broken them to put out the smith's forge (and thus prevent him from finishing the kopis). This could easily lead to a way out, moving to area 7 and up the grate into a totally different environment. If the PCs were thoughtful and left a way for themselves to escape back to the upper-temple, the threads in the ceiling of area 2 will lower, hanging like nudes waiting for the PCs, as they close in on their exit. Whatever their means of escape, it's up to the judge to discern what happens next, and how best to thrust them into action.

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