

Dead God Excavation

Venger As'Nas Satanis



Dead God Excavation

If you choose to employ a superfluous "session zero," then I, Venger As'Nas Satanis, triple-headed dog dare you to run this two or three-hour scenario after you've talked about the campaign, generated characters, and are ready to fucking adventure! I was seriously tempted to title this micro-adventure *Session Zero Like A Fucking Boss*, but let's face it... *Dead God Excavation* sounds cooler.

As long as I'm dribbling on, this scenario was tailor-made for *Crimson Dragon Slayer*. However, it should be suitable for any O5R set of rules. You could do worse pairing *Dead God Excavation* with the scenario and random tables found in *Slaves of Tsathoggua*.

At the end, you'll find a clerical rule/mechanic/table that should come in handy during the course of this adventure.

HISTORY

The Kingdom of Voss'th Ekk was considered ancient by the scholar Chanz Kol... even at the time of The Unholy Amaranthine Incursion; and that was some time ago. It stands to reason the realm would contain secrets long buried... powerful and dangerous mysteries that man was not meant to know.

RUMORS

Roll	Result
1	Voss'th Ekk is one of the oldest and greatest kingdoms in the world; it's earned that reputation by adhering to a rigid caste system that keeps the poor and weak masses on the bottom and the rich and powerful few at the top. The players could start their characters as a member of the poor and weak masses looking for a change of fortune.
2	Learned men always seem to be finding lost treasures and strange antiquities underneath the ground. Voss'th Ekk attracts archaeologists from all around the world. The players could be one of those visiting archaeologists coming to see what ruins there are to explore.
3	The City of Flush Petals, a city in the south-eastern province within Voss'th Ekk, is supposed to be the most civilized and refined locality in the kingdom. Even the lowest of travelers are given expensive wine upon entering the city gates. A barbarian outlander seeking adventure from a faraway land could be lured to such a custom.
4	Not long ago, a new constellation appeared in the night sky. Astrologers determined that the stars hung over the Kingdom of Voss'th Ekk. Apprentice astrologers could be coming to study the stars; aspiring cultists to usher in the apocalypse.

'The interior metal of the tomb is an unpleasant gray-green with black veins and red flecks, just like the exterior.'

THE ARRIVAL

Voss'th Ekk, known for its fertile, verdant land and baroque antiquated culture, happens to be near the excavation site of a gigantic tomb. The region hadn't been plagued by earthquakes for many years, but last week's tremor was enough to wake all the demons in Hell. Enough earth shifted to reveal a gargantuan mausoleum.

Bordering several great cities is a barren stretch of land known as Hob's Crossing. The area has long been considered cursed. Peasants still regale thirsty travelers with folk tales of hauntings and unnatural goings on. Those who've lived all their lives within a stone's throw of the place weren't surprised that something like this was hiding underneath Hob's Crossing.

What's interred within is anyone's guess. The following are a few different ways to bring the PCs to the excavation site.

Roll	Result
1	The PCs were traveling nearby and noticed all the commotion surrounding the subterranean tomb.
2	Voss'th Ekk is well known for trading. The PCs have things they want to sell, as well as, things they want to buy.
3	Lords of a nearby realm have heard about the unearthed sepulcher and hire the PCs to investigate on their behalf.
4	The PCs overheard a small gathering of vile cultists discuss the unspeakable contents of the unopened tomb – only sure of one thing... some kind of artifact or relic must be buried within.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

The tomb is so colossal that it can be seen over a mile away on this overcast day. The majority of its slanting surface looks dark and imposing.

A flock of grok-nods (winged monkey-like demons that live as vultures beyond the city) are feeding upon a carcass just off to the side of the road. Normally, these simian creatures mostly come out at

night, but the current of infernal energy released by the tomb's excavation has agitated them.

As the adventurers pass by, a grok-nod gazes at them hungrily.

Grok-Nods (2d6)

Health: 20 **Armor:** 1 (leathery hide)

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: These hateful creatures like to go for the eyes. If a grok-nod scores double-sixes, it manages to pluck out an opponent's eye... and swiftly swallows it.

Treasure: The grok-nods were feeding on a golden-robed priest who came by to investigate the tomb earlier this morning. On his person is a small leather pouch containing 45 gold pieces. Their nest isn't too hard to find. It contains 23 gold pieces, 14 silver pieces, a pearl necklace, a fist-sized sapphire, and a platinum letter-opener.



THE TOMB

When the PCs arrive at the tomb, they see one cleric in golden robes, the lead excavator, a dozen men of prominence (well-dressed and manicured) standing around looking out of place, and three times that many commoners with shovels and pickaxes who are dirty and sweaty from hours of digging. All these citizens of the City of Flush Petals, a south-eastern province within Voss'th Ekk, are approximately 50' away from the ominous surface of the tomb.

There are a few prominent nobles who are more outspoken than the rest. They are currently eating caviar, drinking elven wine, and discussing the merits of silk versus satin evening wear...

NOTEWORTHY NOBILITY

Kristoff Carlyle: Tall, lanky, dark-haired older man; a decorated warrior 15 years ago. He is excited about the possibilities for exploration and adventure within the tomb, believing it leads to a lost subterranean city.

Motivation: An end to the boredom.

Leslie Lillywhite: Prim and proper lady whose dead husband used to be the City of Flush Petal's Magister. She's a bored busybody, loves attention, and thinks whatever's in the tomb should be handed over to the nobility.

Motivation: Greed.

Edard Grumsh: Short, stout, ginger-bearded man who comes from a long line of successful merchants. He has no time for common folk or superstitious fools, and believes this is all some kind of hoax.

He is here to make sure a potential business opportunity is not lost and will engage with the party if he believes there is some new angle he can leverage.

Motivation: Idle curiosity.

LEAD EXCAVATOR

The lead excavator has been trying to explain to the nobility that this tomb is far older than any recorded history...

Thorvil Ent: Short, emaciated, and frail; Thorvil is friendly, has a long dark-brown braided beard; he's bald with a light-blue tribal tattoo of serpents on the outskirts of his face. He's studied archaeology and knows something of local history and folklore. Thorvil has determined the tomb's age is approximately five-hundred thousand years old. That's several thousand years before mankind ascended from primitive lifeforms.

Little does anyone know, Thorvil has an alliance with Zirnakanan. The sorcerer plans to take possession of whatever artifacts and relics may be lying around while everything of archaeological significance shall be left to the lead excavator.

Motivations: Curiosity and professional pride.

THE GOLDEN CLERIC

The cleric is a Rosicrucian priest named Timond...

Timond: Medium height, slender, brown hair and beard; he wears brocaded robes that literally contain gold threads. Though the Rosicrucian order is narrow-minded, restrictive, and lusts for power, Timond tries to see the good in all things, but he doesn't like the look of that tomb.

Motivations: Maintaining the status-quo, doing good works, and knowledge.

THE WORKERS

The men carrying shovels and pickaxes are locals. They know Hob's Crossing well, telling stories of terrible sounds, objects moving of their own accord, and ghostly figures appearing out of thin air.

Motivations: Going down the pub and gorging themselves on good food, strong drink, and willing maidens.

If too many PCs die or go insane, players may take on one or more diggers who can either be found standing at the ready just outside the tomb's entrance or returning to the dig for a midnight stroll under the dim illumination of a horned moon.

KORVEX THE SAGE

Only one man is close enough to the tomb to actually touch its surface, gray-green with black veining and blood-red flecks - and he is touching it. With his bare hands, no less! This man is a sage named Korvex. He's also a sorcerer, commissioned by the nobles of Flush Petals to personally investigate the cyclopean sepulcher.

Motivations: Curiosity and his obligations to the City of Flush Petals.

As the PCs come near, Korvex is feeling the raised markings. He has an old, leathery book lying open upon some rocks at his feet. The wizard is attempting to decipher the glyphs. The symbols look both undulant and sharply angled, occasionally curved, yet altogether alien to the languages of this world.

Korvex is friendly, old, and unsure about what might be behind the immense iron (probably) seal or lid. He encourages those brave enough to join him to have a look and see if they can make heads or tails of the tomb.

In passing, Korvex mentions his half-brother Zirnakanan - also a sorcerer, but Zirnakanan practices demonology and black magic. Korvex is a little surprised that Zirnakanan isn't here to examine the tomb himself.

Within a few minutes of the PCs arriving, Korvex starts feeling weak and complains of a migraine. He moves away from the tomb in order to rest, hoping to feel better soon and continue deciphering the glyphs upon the tomb's surface.

PERSONAL INVESTIGATION

Korvex's book is still sitting open on some rocks. With the words *Al Azif* scrawled upon the cover in black lettering, the oversized, leathery tome gives off a sinister aura.

If someone picks up the book (a woman screams the first time it's handled by a PC - she thought she saw a spider) and continues to read it, they notice similar images within the brittle parchment pages. Magic-users can read the archaic writing - it speaks of human sacrifice, fresh blood opening the seal...

blood that must be spilled upon the metal doorway in order to appease the god who resides within.

If the PCs leave the book be, they can explore the tomb with their eyes and hands. Those touching it can feel a sort of dizzying timelessness, like a vertigo of untold age.

It won't take long before the adventurers feel the ill effects borne of contact with this alien metal. Roll on the following random table to determine what (if anything) is experienced.

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

Roll	Result
1	Nausea: There's a 1 in 4 chance of vomiting.
2	Loss of time: Each time a PC wants to take an action, there's a 2 in 6 chance that he's blacked out and won't respond normally until one of his companions shakes him awake.
3	Temporal disorientation: Seconds can seem like hours and hours can seem like only seconds have gone by.
4	Crimson fingers: The character's fingertips turn a diabolic ruby-red, as if he dipped them in fresh blood.
5	Voices from nowhere: The character can hear faint whispers suggesting he do unspeakable things to those around him.
6	No effect: This character's willpower is too strong to be affected by the tomb and what resides within its unsettling walls.

According to some onlookers, things are taking too long. The nobility, priest, excavator, and even some of the diggers come closer to the tomb's disquieting surface in order to see what's going on. This is a good opportunity for the PCs to get acquainted with the NPCs.



ZIRNAKANAN APPROACHES

The wizard's half-brother arrives. He is dressed in black robes with crimson lining and several arcane symbols embroidered upon the luxuriant fabric.

Motivation: The chance to be at the epicenter of an Old One's rising.

As Zirnakanan draws near, the nobles part like the red sea. The sorcerer briskly walks over to the tomb, closely examines its surface, casts an eye upon those currently investigating it, and reaches for *Al Azif*.

Assuming he gets his hands on the book (he'll keep trying until successful), Zirnakanan delicately touches the pages as he reads. After several minutes of consulting *Al Azif*, he responds with the following...

I have determined the tomb unsafe. All further excavation should cease immediately. In fact, the laborers should re-bury the tomb before it's too late.

There are secrets older than our world, even older than the universe itself. I can tell you the tomb's metal is not from this planet, and the runes forged upon its surface speak of forbidden lore that may lead us into a new dark age.

Though I am tempted to plumb its depths, I believe the vast power within the tomb may be too monstrous, alien, and restless for mankind to utilize. One should not tread lightly within the sepulcher of Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na.

After his pronouncement, Korvex rebukes his half-brother. The nobles gathered are easily convinced that Zirnakanan's assessment cannot be trusted. On the other hand, the Rosicrucian cleric Timond cautions patience and discretion. Thorvil is curious, but hesitant - he will go along with the majority. Nevertheless, the suggestion of power and ancient secrets proves too great an enticement for the crowd gathered. The excavation proceeds as planned.

Zirnakanan may stay to watch from a safe distance (approximately 100'). If possible, he'll keep *Al Azif* close to him. If threatened, the sorcerer will leave the area entirely.

Secretly, the black-clad demonologist wants everyone to leave the dig site so that he may investigate its properties alone under the cover of darkness. If the excavation stops, Zirnakanan will return just before midnight to spill a young woman's blood (just enough to open the gateway). Most likely, Torvil will be with him.

Assuming the PCs are present, Zirnakanan will propose a temporary alliance in order to gain entry and plunder the tomb's mysteries.

OPENING THE TOMB

Even if blood is used to unseal the sepulcher, it will only allow itself to be opened at night.

When blood is splattered upon the tomb, the lid will slide open a crack. Of course, the seal is so large that a crack still provides plenty of room for an entire adventuring party to enter.

An exhalation of gas escapes. It sounds almost as if the antediluvian air were whispering to those near the entrance. It smells of decay and corruption, and there is an undercurrent of some wet, almost sweet, fungal stench, as well.

Assuming Korvex is present, he will not want to go first. However, a visibly shaking Timond will volunteer to enter before the others, gesturing divine sigils in the air as he makes his way into the noxious tomb. Thorvil doesn't rush in, but will be among the first to enter... careful not to disturb such a rare find.

Once inside, the foetid atmosphere feels remarkably warm and humid. Within is blackness, except for a distant ruby glow. The ground is

If the GM isn't sure who is standing where, everyone rolls 1d4. GM, roll for the NPCs. On a result of "1," that character occupied space within the blast-radius at the time of effect.

The same method can also determine who is nearby if a companion needs assistance.

soft, but also crunchy. Looking down, it's akin to walking on half-dried membrane with yellow-green, black, and crimson hues obscenely mixing together.

The interior metal of the tomb is an unpleasant gray-green with black veins and red flecks just like the exterior. There is a subtle vibration humming through those entering, and it feels like something is watching those who enter. A faint drone can also be heard coming from deeper within.

There's so much moisture inside the tomb that drops of liquid frequently fall from the metallic ceiling. For every 15 minutes exploring the interior, 1d6 "raindrops" fall upon each humanoid present. This drizzle of corruption is acidic enough to cause 1 point of damage per drop - unless the PCs devise a way of protecting themselves (i.e. magic shield, scrap of metal held over their head, chainmail plus helmet).

STRANGE OCCURRENCES

This is not simply the inert interior of a giant container full of deceased demonic deity, but an ultra-telluric biosphere somewhere between reality and the place where dead gods dream. For every 15 minutes spent exploring, roll once on the following random table to determine what strangeness occurs within the horrid tomb.

Additionally, every quarter-hour of searching yields 1d3 obsidian bloodstones - shiny black, semi-transparent crystals containing dark red splotches, like fresh bloodstains. Frequently, obsidian bloodstones are used by sorcerers for communicating with entities from other worlds, dimensions, and universes.

WANDERING WITHIN THE TOMB

Roll	Result
1	Incorporeal phantoms of faceless twisted flesh appear out of nowhere and then just as quickly vanish into thin air.
2	Creeping red death! A dreadful crimson mist lingers upon the ground, occasionally wafting up with vaporous tendrils to choke the life out of unfortunate humanoids. There's a 1 in 4 chance of being choked unconscious by the creeping red death. Without immediate assistance, victims will die within three rounds.
3	Tentacles erupt from the noxious floor, reaching for humanoids. There's a 1 in 4 chance of being grabbed and sucked down unless a nearby companion helps out (or some kind of dexterity-based check or saving throw succeeds).
4	The will of Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na manifests within this foul sepulcher. Humanoid minds fully comprehend the flimsy and ephemeral nature of "reality" and its only substance and true center being crimson screams in the outer darkness of forever! 1 in 4 humanoids go temporarily insane... 1) catatonic, 2) mindlessly violent, 3) cowering in fear, or 4) devotee of the Great Old Ones!
5	A deep, booming clanging sound reverberates throughout the tomb as if some force were pounding upon the alien metal.
6	A rift in time and space opens – beyond is fire and the dark red glow of the pit! This is a portal into Hell. There's a 1 in 4 chance per quarter-hour that some slaving, worm-like demon will slither its way through the gate. Demonic Worm-Thing Health: 50 Armor: 2 Attack Dice Pool: 4d6 Special: The creature has potent glands. If the demonic worm-thing rolls double-sixes, its bite releases a neurotoxin causing victims to convulse, foam at the mouth, and bleed from the eyes.

THE DEAD GOD

Deep within, an impossibly large creature lies motionless. Is it dead or merely sleeping? That question can't be discerned without a closer examination.

The thing looks somewhat humanoid, though giant; but parts of its anatomy are wholly inhuman. Yes, there are many tentacles, stalks with what appears to be eyeballs attached to them, various gaping maws hanging open breathlessly, something other than legs upon which it must have moved, scales and fur and slimy pustules growing upon its surface like a rotting mushroom garden. What might be described as the face has a vaguely arachnoid countenance. It seems a malevolent and ultra-telluric beast, reminding those gazing upon it of Devils depicted in fantastical grimoires or half-remembered nightmares.

Those foolish enough to touch the Great Old One's flesh with theirs must save or die!

If all the PCs are resolved not to lay hands upon Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na, Korvex eventually decides to satisfy his curiosity (if Korvex is absent, then Thorvil will do likewise). The sage's flesh glows bright-red as if consumed by molten lava. Moments later, it cools... turning into a porous gray stone. Finally, the volcanic rock explodes into scorching fragments of Hell (3d6 damage to everyone standing within 30' of the wizard).

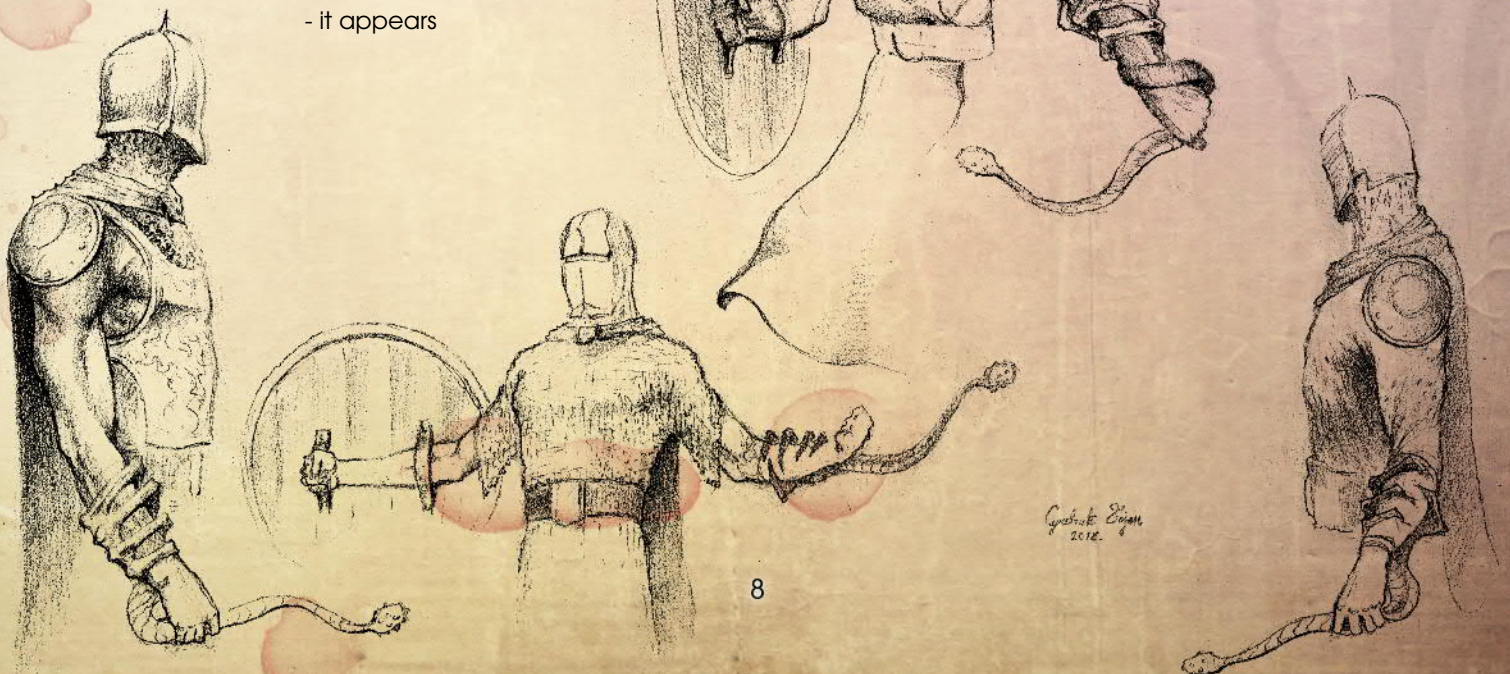
Surrounding the creature are piles of disgusting muck - it appears

as though faintly throbbing entrails and offal are strewn upon the floor as if one were walking upon coagulated mucus (the liquified remnants of the dead god's army). Egg-shaped things sprout from the revolting sludge.

Off to the side sits a creature made of disgusting puckered orifices, gazing eyes, and horns - it is a slimy green hue mixed with tones of purple and blue. Its tentacled hands grip some sort of musical instrument, and the creature blows into it like a flute, though it sounds more like the horn of the wild hunt. The being does not seem hostile, merely content to accompany the exploration with discordant thrumming.

Beyond the massive corpse-god glows a sinister red... organ. It looks like a cross between an alien device and some kind of living creature. It's a greenish-brown hue with red veins. Alongside the curious organ are humanoid bones so old they've nearly turned to dust.

The organic device responds to the first person picking it up - an insectoid claw grasps the forearm. Instead of an arm, the "wrist" extends into a tentacle or stalk terminating in what appears to be a smooth lobe, brain-like sensory organ, or ungainly circumcised penis.



Wizards have a 15% chance of recognizing it on sight, but the weapon is best described within the yellowed pages of *Al Azif*. It's called kosh t'nah, an instrument of death wielded by servants of Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na. The kosh t'nah is an alien being subservient to its wielder.

THE KOSH T'NAH OF IX'ATHOG NAAR

This red-glowing organic device was owned by the humanoid high priest, named Ix'athog Naar, who worshipped the god when it was still alive and entombed within this cyclopean structure. The high priest was so powerful that his essence was ensouled within the alien weapon.

The kosh t'nah of Ix'athog Naar is, indeed, an artifact of enviable power. Only those with sufficient self-discipline have mastered it.

- Once per day, the wielder can stop time for 2d4 rounds.
- Thrice per day, the device can create an egg of Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na just by waving it over a recent corpse.
- The device invariably emanates a satanic ruby-red hue, but can be either dimmed low or fully illuminated as the wielder wishes.
- When using this as a weapon, roll a 1d6. On a result of "6," the alien device instantly kills whatever (non-deity) creature is attacked. Results of 1-5 are taken as self-inflicted damage - the insectoid talons tightly grip, digging into the flesh. Additionally, when the alien device kills an opponent, the wielder's life-force is simultaneously drained (3d6 damage).

HIGH PRIEST IX'ATHOG NAAR

Either using magic to speak with the high priest's ghost or imbibing his essential salts reveals a one-sided depiction of his god's glory and their extra-terrestrial empire far older than this planet.

Motivation: Ix'athog Naar desires to live again so that he may continue to worship Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na.

The High Priest may be revived by sprinkling his remains upon an obsidian bloodstone and pouring fresh blood upon it. Such information can be learned in *Al Azif* or one of many diabolical texts found within the sunken library of the City of Flush Petals.

EGGS OF Q'UAVAZROOMTH HOOREK'NA

The spores of Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na surround the slimy surface of the tomb, usually hidden under a bizarre covering of discarded and rotting meat, blood, viscera, and unknown organic matter.

Once an egg is found, a hatchling (sensing life nearby) breaks through within 2d6 rounds. Hatchlings are greenish-black tentacles about 1' long. They have arms, legs, a tail, wings, and many eyes running down its length. Its tiny jaws are located where one would assume its anus would be.



Hatchling

Health: 15 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: Hatchlings sense living beings and are attracted to movement; those who stand still are passed over in favor of moving victims. Fire hurts them normally, but all other non-magical methods of destruction take a 1d6 penalty to their attack dice pool. If a hatchling isn't destroyed within 24 hours (and has fed upon human flesh), it will triple in size.

Treasure: If not utterly destroyed, there is a black heart within each hatchling. When exposed to the air, the heart soon becomes petrified with a greenish-obsidian appearance. These are rumored to be valuable to sorcerers who practice the eldritch arts of extra-dimensional magic.

BACK WALL

Upon the back wall are raised glyphs several orders of magnitude larger than the ones on the door outside.

Whereas the outer glyphs were totally alien to all who saw them, these inner glyphs seem to be interspersed with more recognizable symbols. Given a half-hour, a wizard or sage could decipher them.

The glyphs are a spell. When the more familiar words are spoken and fresh blood splattered upon the alien markings, the eldritch runes glow crimson and the speaker casts *Flesh and the Power it Holds*.

If Zirnakanan got there first, he will have *Flesh and the Power it Holds* in his spell-book. If the sorcerer in black reaches the back wall of the tomb along with the adventurers, he will attempt to decipher and transcribe the spell as quickly as possible, so that he can use it upon anyone who dares interfere.

FLESH AND THE POWER IT HOLDS

A sinister dark-red illumination spreads from the caster's fingers to everyone around him, casting lurid shadows on the walls. Simultaneously, the spell turns everyone within a 30' radius into a fearful supplicant

powerless to resist whatever cruel fate the caster has in store for him or her.

At which point, the caster feels compelled to torment one or more of the vulnerable weaklings at his feet. If he resists the urge to persecute any of the supplicants affected by the spell, there's a 1 in 6 chance that his face melts away.

The spell lasts one minute per caster level. Saving throw negates the spell's effect. This can easily be transcribed onto a scroll or into a wizard's spell-book.

THE END?

This could very well be the end of civilization... maybe even the end of the world. Certainly, an apocalyptic dark age is upon the inhabitants of Voss'th Ekk unless something can be done.

Sealing up the tomb and re-burying it will delay the inevitable for decades, possibly a century or more. It will take extraordinary magical power to imprison the essence of Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na once again. *Al Azif* can describe how it's done, but the raw force must come from the adventurers themselves... from the self-sacrifice of some brave soul capable of denouncing the inescapable darkness beneath reality's fraudulent veneer.

Having come into contact with Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na and survived (well... perhaps a few), the heroes of Hob's Crossing are forever changed. Can they easily go back to digging ditches, planting crops, and trading wool for sparkling baubles? Kings, warlords, wizards, wealthy merchants, and religious leaders will surely be knocking upon their door, hoping the heroes of Hob's Crossing will rid their holdings of unquiet foulness.

BENEFITS OF HAVING A DEAD GOD UNDER YOUR KINGDOM

The following are possible ramifications to excavating this Great Old One...

- After a time, Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na will start leaking a luminous yellowish-green fluid that wizards call zoth (see *The S'rulyan Vault II* for details).
- All manner of eldritch explorers, nefarious cultists, and baleful sorcerers will come to investigate the tomb and its vile contents.
- The tomb's interior could be an entrance to the mythical underworld... where forgotten dungeons chock-full of monsters and treasure await.
- The tomb's excavation will undoubtedly have a negative impact on the surrounding environment. In fact, the Kingdom of Voss'th Ekk may be lost to corruption within a year... unless adventurers quest for ingredients to a magic ritual of cleansing.
- What will those hatchlings become once they've matured? After a week and plenty of nourishment, they triple in size again!
- Contained within *Al Azif* are demon resurrection passages that could awaken this Great Old One from his death-like slumber. All one has to do is trace the outer glyphs in fresh, human blood upon the beast.
- The unearthing of Q'uavazroomth Hoorek'na is the first Great Old One to be discovered by surface-dwellers. Though, several have been found deep in the underworld. News of the excavation will entice neighboring realms to dig in hopes of finding a dead god of their very own.

EXORCIZING THE ELDRITCH AND INFERNAL

Clerics may use their supernatural abilities to deal with various demons, undead, and abominations by rolling one or more d6 (counting the highest die result, as usual) and consulting this random table. The player must choose the number of d6s in his dice pool before rolling.

A cleric has as many d6 per day as his level. So, a zero or first-level cleric would only get 1d6 per day, while a third-level cleric would get a total of 3d6 per day (unused dice cannot be stored up), to be divided up as he sees fit.

Result	Effect
1	Cleric is possessed.
2	Nothing.
3	Entity will not attack the cleric.
4	Entity will not attack the cleric and his companions.
5	The entity is banished.
6	The entity is destroyed.

'Magic-users can read the archaic writing – it speaks of human sacrifice, fresh blood opening the seal... blood that must be spilled upon the metal doorway in order to appease the god who resides within.'

CREDITS

Dead God Excavation was written by Venger As'Nas Satanis, © 2018

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Layout by Glynn Seal of MonkeyBlood Design

Cover Art by Priest of Terror

Interior Art by Bojan Sucevic, Zarono, Paul "Night Serpent" Carrick, and sirius-sdz.deviantart.com

Creative Contributions and Proofreading by
Martin Teply

Please visit my RPG websites:

<http://vengersatanis.blogspot.com/> and
<http://draconicmagazine.com/>



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