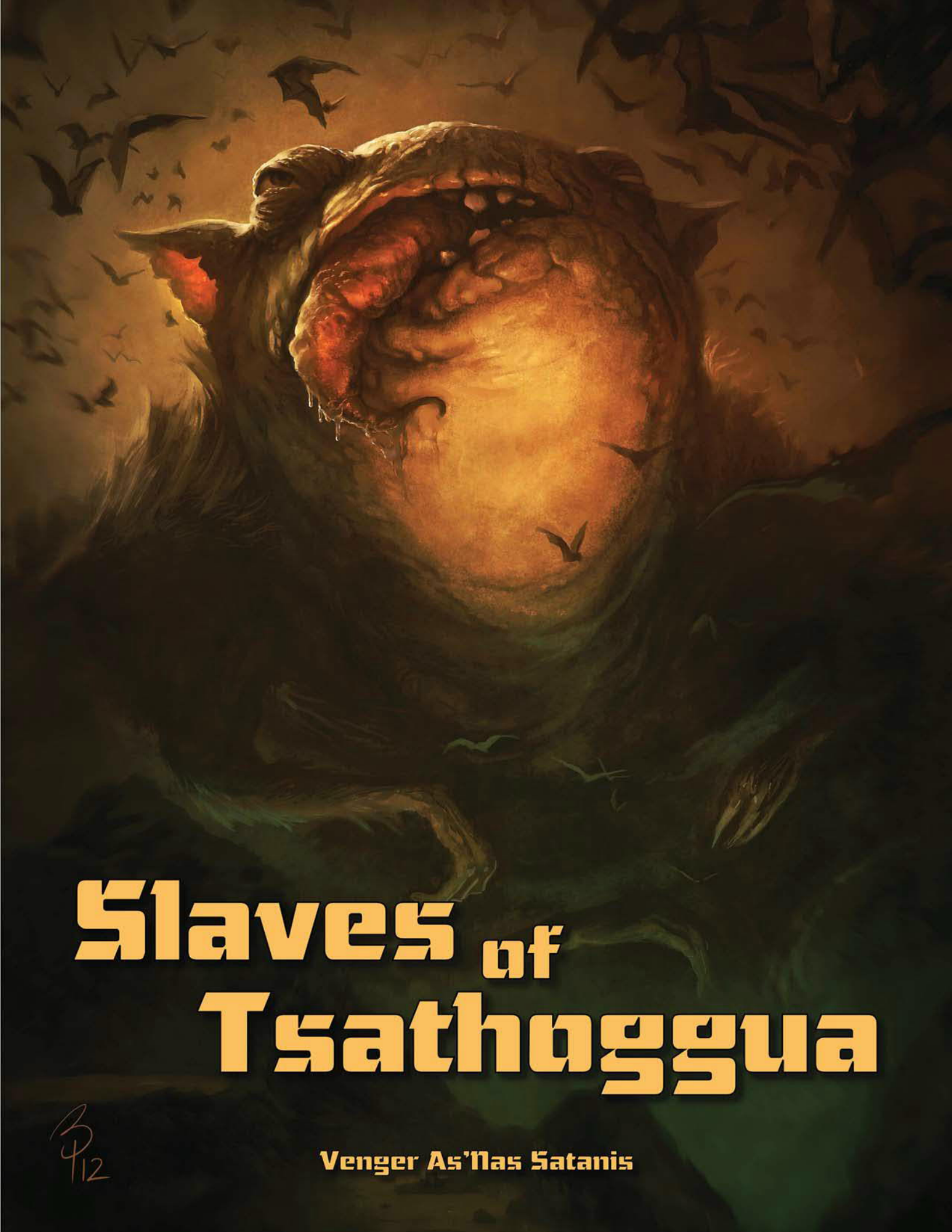




Slaves of Tsathoggua

Venger As'Nas Satanis

B
412

Slaves of Tsathoggua

STARTING AT THE BOTTOM

The majority of NPCs in fantasy RPGs will be peasants - poor, cowardly, degenerate, covered in shit, and nearly worthless when it comes to mighty deeds, conjuring firestorms, and wielding godlike power. That's just how things work. Is this where the PCs started from, as well? Probably.

If this is your character's first adventure, roll once on this random table. With any luck, by the end of this scenario (assuming he doesn't get killed), he'll be less of a peasant and more of a hero.

HOW MUCH OF A PEASANT ARE YOU?

Roll	Result
1	You wear urine-soaked rags.
2	Your best friend is a rat named Vermillion (or Templeton).
3	Your sister is the 4th or 5th most popular prostitute of your village.
4	You live in a cardboard box.
5	You're in debt 1d4 x 100 gold pieces.
6	You're barefoot and can't afford shoes.
7	You can't read or write.
8	You play a musical instrument so badly that it hurts people's ears.
9	Even your dirt has dirt on it.
10	Everyone can smell you from a mile away.
11	Your most prized possession is a small grayish-white rock.
12	At the first sign of violence, you go into the fetal position (lasts 1d4 rounds)
13	You have a gambling problem and lose way more often than you win (disadvantage on games of chance).
14	Your shoes (or bare feet) are covered in shit - to the point where they can't be washed clean by conventional means.

15	Your body is covered in boils.
16	You are literally starving - emaciated and weak from malnutrition (disadvantage on anything strength related).
17	Your back is scarred from countless lashes of the whip.
18	You have 2d6 teeth remaining.
19	You have a severe speech impediment.
20	When it comes to survival, you're one unlucky bastard (disadvantage on saving throws).

DARK SKIES

The party has been traveling for nearly a week. They could be on their way to a festival, funeral, wedding, or the next dungeon.

It's been raining off and on all day. The road is muddy and the air smells like worms. The adventurers are walking (or riding) in wet clothes. The sky looks increasingly black as they come across a village. Everyone knows it's about to rain. They can feel it. Perhaps even a torrential downpour.

This village turns out to be Needham.

A PRIEST HAS DIED

Before the adventurers can get close enough to see the humble shacks of Needham, they encounter a funeral procession. There must be 50 or so people (mostly human), trudging through the mud, carrying an ornate, black coffin across the road and up a hill.

The villagers are moving away from Needham, so you're not sure where they're carrying the coffin or why.

If the adventurers inquire, they're told that Father Cillian wished to be buried outside of the church graveyard. Yes, he was a firm believer and a pillar of the community. Nevertheless, Father Cillian must reside just outside the cave. Just as "the cave" is mentioned, a crack of lightning streaks across the dark sky, setting a distant oak tree on fire.

If they ask another villager, they're told that this is the way of things - those who enter the cave in life are doomed to watch over the cavern's entrance in the hereafter.

Pressing the villagers for more information about the cave or why Father Cillian entered it before he died are met with a cold silence. Although, an elderly woman offers the adventurers shelter and food before the weather gets worse.

RUMORS

The following rumors can be given either before the PCs set foot in the village or after they've talked to various townsfolk. Roll once per adventurer.

Roll	Result
1	Legend states that only a saint may leave the cave once entered.
2	Whatever is in that cave be evil. Evil, I says!
3	There's a curse upon this land - ever since that cave was excavated a long time ago.
4	The people of Needham are afraid of what outsiders think of them.
5	Some of the villagers have an odd look to them - one generation becomes stranger in appearance than the last.
6	Old John went into the cave once and was never the same after that.
7	The cave collects odd beasts and vaguely human-shaped things.
8	Long time ago there was a learned man who studied the caves, but it turns out he was part of some cult worshiping a toad god and burned alive in the town square.

NEEDHAM

The village of Needham is home to around 300 people. About half of them are farmers, the rest owning various shops like the baker or providing services such as the blacksmith.

It may be the charcoal skies, but everything about Needham seems gray and lifeless. Nine out of ten times, a villager won't make eye contact with strangers. But that tenth time, he or she will stare intently at them - with wide, round, glassy eyes.

THE MAGISTRATE

If the PCs decide to make for the village without bothering the mourners, they're greeted by one of the village magistrates, Sir Basinol.

Sir Basinol is mildly interested in why the adventurers are visiting Needham. As long as they're just passing through, he doesn't have a problem with it. However, if the PCs were brought here because of some rumor they've heard, Sir Basinol tries to put their minds at ease.

"Needham is a pleasant, quiet, god-fearing village. We're no different than Ecklestein or Green Bridge. Feel free to enjoy our hospitality for a night or two, but then please be on your way."

If pressed for information, Sir Basinol only reveals that something evil has been brewing for decades, maybe even centuries. It's buried deep down in the ground and that's probably where it shall stay for decades or centuries to come.

THE CORNFIELD

On the west side of Needham is a cornfield. Dried husks, now wet with rain, flap in the wind and blow through the streets, evoking an autumnal disquietude. Especially when the adventurers notice a trail of blood leading from the cave to the cornfield.

A man lies bleeding to death just inside the outer rows of cornstalks. When found, the man (Slate) is turned over on his back, a dagger embedded in his stomach.

His wound is self-inflicted. While exploring the cave, Slate talked to a comely but strange woman who showed him things that no man should see. The truth she showed caused him to commit suicide.

Before dying, Slate beckons a single adventurer to bend down to hear his last words, "What if I'm not the cause of all this misery? A trick perhaps... an illusion." Whoever listens to the man say those words will have a better chance of refuting the oracle in the cave, if encountered.

THE TAVERN

There's really only one place that the villagers of Needham can congregate, socialize, and drink - a local tavern named The Brazen Wench, its origins rooted in happier times. This is also where adventurers can find a place to sleep at 5 pieces of silver a night.

Shortly after entering, the PCs witness a man enter The Brazen Wench and start talking to the barkeep, Jonah. Jonah is a quiet, burly sort of man with a wild, bushy beard. He pours ale, polishes mugs, and listens to those who wish to speak in his tavern.

NO COWARD, BUT A FOOL

The rest of the evening is spent telling tales of daring quests and romantic exploits. However, before the adventurers head upstairs for some shut-eye, they overhear a heated argument between several men leaning against the bar.

One man, Atsop, is branded a coward by three others. Instead of fighting back when a thief broke into his house to steal a few gold coins, the man hid until it was over. The thief was caught and hanged soon after, but the shame of not confronting the robber directly is still with him.

The man they call a coward replies, "I'll show you I'm not afraid. I'll go up to the cave... and I'll go inside it, exploring until I've found something... a souvenir. Would a coward to that?"

Those not too drunk to listen respond by yelling Huzzah and such, raising their mugs in camaraderie.

Atsop walks over to the tavern door and opens it. Everyone can see the black sky of night and hear the soft raindrops hitting wet grass. It's obviously been raining for some time. At the moment, however, the rain isn't coming down that hard.

If the PCs are reluctant to follow, one of the not-too-drunk villagers tells them that something awful will inevitably happen - it always does when someone goes into the cave.

With lightning shattering the sky, Atsop fearlessly marches towards the cave and at least a half-dozen villagers walk quickly behind, not wanting to miss any of the possibly horror that may befall one of their own.

The folk of Needham arrive at the cave mouth soon enough. It's even blacker than the heavens above. Atsop walks in part of the way, feeling about in the darkness as he doesn't have a torch or anything.

A handful of minutes go by as everyone else waits at least 10' away from the opening. Eventually, there's a small cry from within. Surprised and with a look of astonishment upon his face, Atsop exits the cave - his right hand covered in a semi-translucent, gelatinous aqua-colored slime.

Atsop remarks that it feels quite cold and that his hand tingles right up through the arm. A couple of the villagers get a closer look, examining his hand with due trepidation. The others run back to the village, possibly the tavern.

A long and curious minute later, everyone standing around Atsop can see the aqua ooze melt his hand away like it was nothing at all. Atsop screams, runs about the place, and faints. The slime still adhering to the man's stump, it appears as if the aqua-hued gelatin is continuing to digest Atsop.

One small mercy is that his body is numb, so if Atsop wakes up, he can't feel much of anything, though he's slowly being eaten alive by the slime. Within an hour, there won't be anything left of Atsop. Before going, he mutters, "It whispered to me," over and over again without elaborating.

Once he's gone, the remaining villagers walk slowly in the rain, through the mud to their village. The Brazen Wench calls to them as they've just witnessed a hideous sight and need to drown the horror with ale.

At this point, the PCs might want to investigate the cave themselves. Or, they may prefer to wait until morning. Either is fine.

**‘Writhing
tentacles
erupting
out of the skin.’**

THE CAVE

A variety of alien species have been collected and imprisoned here in this system of caves. At the center of the cavern is a dimensional nexus, a field generator that scoops individuals from their own space/time coordinates and deposits them here. Sometimes, "individuals" are grabbed in small groups if they were in close proximity to each other when beamed across the galaxy.

Whenever a creature dies, another is scooped up and placed in the caves to take its place.

The dimensional nexus was created and programmed by a long-dead servant of Tsathoggua. It has been working steadily for hundreds of years.

The Dragon Master should take note that going up against all these foes, one after another without aid, will surely mean the adventurers' deaths. If they're going to survive, they'll need to form alliances, find weaknesses, and use other creatures as cannon fodder.

A force field prevents anyone from leaving the system of caves. However, this particular force field (unlike the one protecting the scoop) is faulty. Every time a being attempts to escape, roll 2d6. If it's snake-eyes, the being is disintegrated. If it's 10+, the being escapes.

Why do these abducted creatures remain in their caves? Some are very new; others have been around for a long time. Everyone has claimed their territory. Of course, territories are subject to change, but where they are is where they are when the adventurers stumble across them.

However, if the Dragon Master wishes to have all manner of beasties running around the caves looking for food, victims, treasure or entertainment, that's his prerogative. Below is a handy table just in case the inmates are running wild or, alternatively, the DM wants to add even more creatures!

WHAT DOES THIS CREATURE WANT?

Roll	Result
1	Survival! Some kind of nourishment, shelter, or protection from danger.
2	To kill, destroy, and cause mayhem.
3	It wants loot - anything of value!
4	Pleasurable experiences, distractions, biological needs met, etc.

MAKING THESE CAVES STANDOUT

For those who want to really change things up and make this system of caves even more weird, I've got this random table. Roll a d8 just before the PCs enter a specific cave to determine significant features.

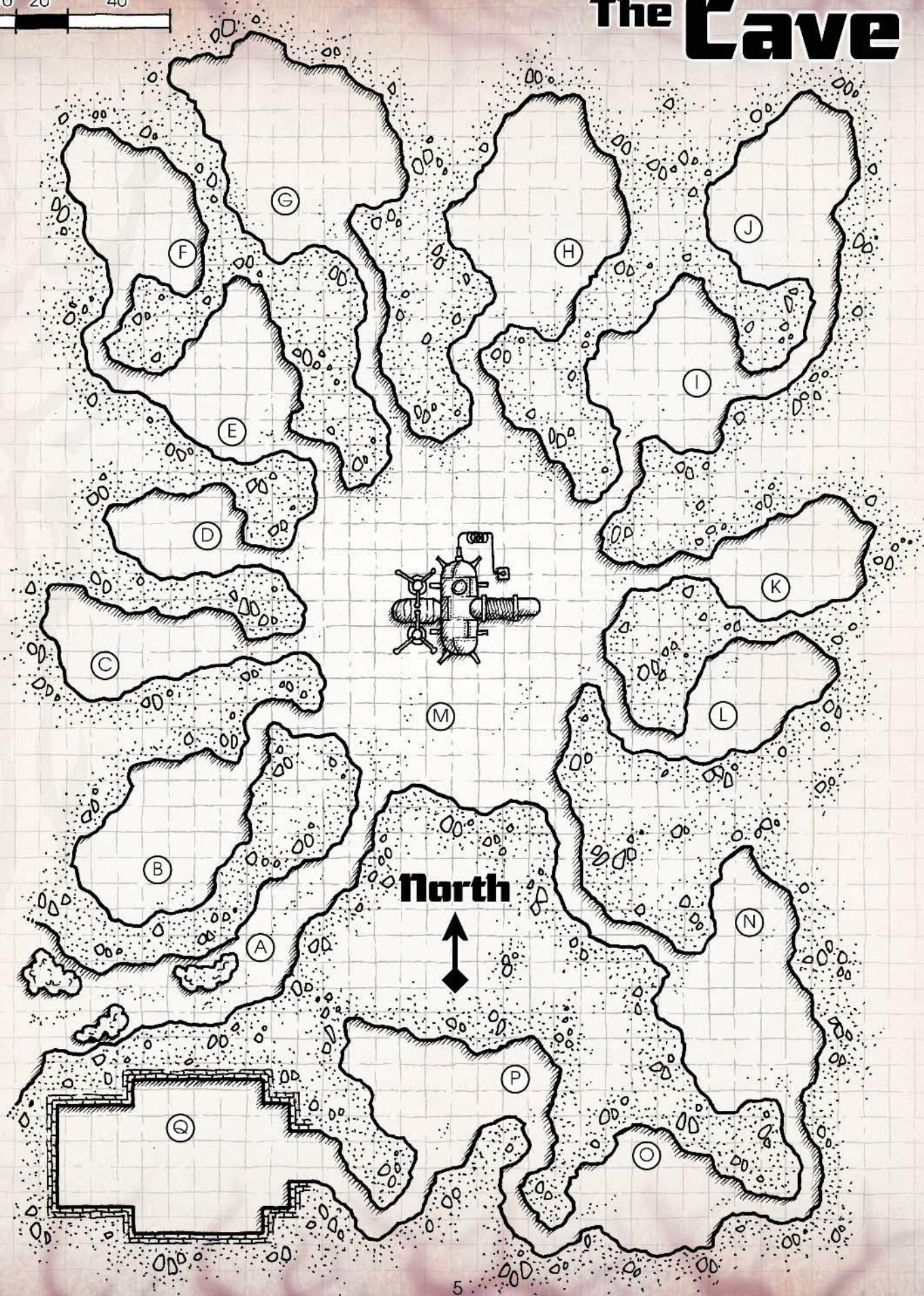
What's the sense of having an unusual environment if it doesn't present unusual challenges whilst adventuring? The Dragon Master should use his own best judgement when PCs are negotiating caves with specific qualities. Some ideas have been provided in brackets. Obviously, frozen things will thaw in a fire cave and so on.

Adhere to whatever properties you think best. For instance, an insect found in an astral cave might glow psychedelic colors or a plant discovered in a horror cave will bear fruit containing large hairy spiders. Perhaps each occupant is better suited to his environment because that's where they wanted to be... or maybe each cave's reality is influenced by its occupant?

**'Fleshy
nodules
squirting
magenta
mucus.'**



The Cave



WHAT KIND OF CAVE IS IT?

Roll	Result
1	Just an ordinary cave.
2	Ice cave - everything is frozen and slippery (2 in 6 chance per round of slipping on ice)
3	Fire cave - flaming pools of lava throughout (1 in 6 chance per combat of falling into hot magma - roll a saving throw)
4	Astral cave - lurid colors glowing, shifting, and making 1970 sci-fi noises (1 in 6 chance of wild hallucinations)
5	Trap cave - the walls have spikes and occasionally close in on the occupants (1 in 6 chance of being either skewered or crushed - roll a saving throw)
6	Space cave - some areas are open, black, and full of stars, planets, moons, nebulae, etc. (1 in 6 chance of falling through the void)
7	Dimensional cave - this cave contains a magical swirling portal to another world (2 in 6 chance of something coming out of the portal)
8	Lovecraftian cave - furry walls, squelchy underfoot, oozing pores, slimy tentacles, and unconscious nude women about to give birth to some kind of fishy demon-spawn :: (1 in 6 chance of being turned on by weird, gross stuff... and that much closer to worshiping the Great Old Ones!)
9	Lost cave - there's a hatch on the floor with a series of numbers etched into the side; it leads to a subterranean research center (1 in 6 chance of armed men coming out of the hatch and trying to kill them)
10	Water cave - it's flooded with water (2 in 6 chance of some aquatic monstrosity swimming in this cave)
11	Horror cave - the smell of candy; twisted parodies of human beings, flesh ripped open, clown-like smiles with monstrous, disembodied laughter and slurping, slithering noises in the darkness; beneath reality, milky-white eyes hang in space, timelessly watching as the PCs suddenly become puppets on a thousand strings! (1 in 6 chance of temporary insanity)
12	Roll twice and combine results!

JUST BENEATH THE SKIN

Ever wonder what's inside that creature, entity, organism, cyborg, or whatever the Hell it is? Me, too.

The following random table is filled with results that are strange, silly, and will most likely bewilder your unsuspecting players. If you're worried about going too gonzo... well, you probably picked the wrong game. So, don't be shy. Rip that fucker open and let's see what we can see!

WHAT'S INSIDE?

Roll	Result
1	Little white seeds clinging to fibrous material.
2	Reddish-orange pulpy substance (2 in 6 chance there are tiny, black poisonous seeds embedded within).
3	Gelatinous violet slush, bubbling (2 in 6 chance of being highly acidic).
4	Coagulated cheese... and pepperoni.
5	A plethora of multi-colored polyhedron dice.
6	Everything covered in hair.
7	The organs are sprouting some kind of alien flora.
8	Writhing tentacles erupting out of the skin.
9	A white light
10	Crystalline facets emitting a soft glow of pastel colors.
11	Metallic endoskeleton.
12	Golden sponge cake with creamy filling.
13	Flickering, ominous emerald-green illumination.
14	The usual blood and guts (2 in 6 chance of having two hearts).
15	Appears physically identical to the person who killed it.
16	Staring eyes swimming in a mass of blackish-green tendrils.
17	Ichor - like a thick black soup of horror!
18	Fleshy nodules squirting magenta mucus.
19	Endless amounts of bacon.
20	Milk chocolate center.
21	Thick greenish-yellow paste oozing out of membranous sacs.

22	Semi-corporeal shadows.
23	Hungry jaws ready to chomp your fucking hands off, man!
24	Throbbing gristle.
25	A small doll (2 in 6 chance the doll is wearing some kind of grotesque mask)
26	Rings like a tree or layers like an onion (GM's choice)
27	Nothing but spam! Spam! Spam everywhere! Spam!
28	Roll again (including a treasure map or silver key).
29	Circuitry, wires, and flashing buttons.
30	Replicated human organs (non-functional).

‘Every once in a while, he giggles ever so slightly and whispers to himself the word ‘wondrous’.’

A: THE THREE-HEADED TOAD

The first thing the PCs encounter once they've entered the cave is a large, three-headed toad, its heads unnaturally croaking in unison. The toad is top/front heavy and so must drag one or more of its heads along the ground, pushing with its hind legs.

Aside from being an obscenity to the gods, this three-headed toad evokes pity more than fear.

B: THE DAZED MAN AND SIMON

A man wearing the brightly-colored long velvet robes of a wizard. He's wandering about his cave, hands out, smile on his face. It appears as though the elderly, bearded man is looking at something that isn't there - or that can't be seen. Every once in a while, he giggles ever so slightly and whispers to himself the word "wondrous."

In a dark corner of the cave is a medium-sized creature with many eyes and tentacles. He speaks



the common tongue and tells the adventurers that his name is Simon, a noble of his land. Simon isn't sure how he got here or how to get back to his own world.

Simon has been here a couple days, while the dazed man appeared only a few hours ago. Simon can tell the PCs that this system of caves is a collection of all sorts of beings, like a menagerie of monsters.

Being the friendly sort, Simon will come along and help the PCs out, if they ask. If attacked, Simon will retaliate.

Simon

Health: 35 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: Simon gets advantage when it comes to diplomacy, negotiation, and generally being all around charismatic.

C: SILURIAN

Reptilian humanoid from the Silurian period. He is an isolationist, surly and doesn't want anything to do with anybody. The reptilian is carrying some kind of silver-colored device with flashing buttons of various colors.

Silurian

Health: 20 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: If this creature scores a critical hit with his ray-gun, it burns a small hole right through someone - the victim will continue to bleed out at a rate of 1d6 per round until medical attention can be provided.

D: ZYGOTHIAN

A zygothian slug-beast paces back and forth in this rather small cave. It's an orange and peach-colored humanoid slug covered in suckers and oozing nodules. The creature is strong and aggressive, attempting to attack anyone intruding upon its territory.

Zygothian

Health: 30 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: When the zygothian dies, it implodes in a shower of disgusting slime - the spray does 1d6 damage to everyone within a 20' radius.

E: FOLIAGE FROM BEYOND

In the center of this cave is a plant made of long green, orange, and purple tendrils and leaves with a pulpy sort of root in the center. The foliage from beyond is the most recent occupant of these caves.

It's intelligent and soon realized what happened. Rather than lashing out or bemoaning its fate as a prisoner, the plant will attempt to use anyone or anything it finds in this system of caves to escape - especially the PCs. This creature dislikes "meat-based lifeforms."

Plant Monster

Health: 30 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: If this creature scores a critical success, the target is paralyzed for 1d4 rounds... in addition ordinary damage inflicted.

F: FORGOTTEN TECHNOLOGY

This cave contains various scrap metal, circuit boards, and all but the right-arm of a silver man-sized robot. A silent and shifty rat-like being is examining the cave's contents as the PCs enter.

The rat-ling is in no position to fight. If the PCs want him dead, he dies.

A wizard may attempt to awaken this mechanical man, ordering it around via his sorcerous will.

Robot

Health: 20 **Armor:** 4 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

G: FACELESS AND PURPLE

There are three faceless, purple-skinned humanoids with slimy, hairy orifices in the palms of their seven-fingered hands. They serve no purpose other than to seek out a species that has long since died out in this part of the galaxy - or has yet to be born in another. So, they wander around the cave without meaning.

Faceless Purple

Health: 10 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

H: THE INVINCIBLE FOOL

There's a half-naked man with light-blue skin and four arms ending in three-fingered hands standing in this cave. He's waiting for someone to come along and strike him - just so he can prove to the world that he cannot be harmed.

The man asks any who walk by to try and slay him, to stab him right through the heart because he has been made immortal. "I am impervious, my friends. I implore you to lunge your blade into my chest."

Of course, the fool is not invincible and quickly dies after being stabbed with any kind of blade.

I: SERVITORS

Three strange beings lurk in this cave, created long ago by an unknown race. They glow with soft orange, aqua, and magenta hues, taking the form of pentagonal trapezohedron crystals with large worms erupting from their crystalline flesh. Each worm terminates with a human face, the eyes milky white. Oscillating, dark tones emanate from them like music or some kind of language.

Servitors

Health: 45 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 3

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: Mind-altering spells are useless against these servitors. Also, once per encounter a servitor can projectile aqua slime that is highly acidic. Targeted individual must immediately roll a saving throw or be eaten away by the ooze.

J: TWO FROG-LIKE ABOMINATIONS

This cave contains giant twin frogs who have strange forms jutting out of their bodies. These frogs have been warped by the thing in the cave's magic, mutated by a science gone horrible wrong.

The frogs have been trained to let weak-willed or greedy and stupid humanoids through to see The Guardian. If the PCs storm through the caves with weapons drawn, the frogs will not let them through and will attack, instead.

Health: 35 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6

Special: If one of the frog's scores a critical hit (6), it swallows the opponent who is unable to attack until the frog has been killed.

K: HER NAME IS DESPAIR

This cave is modestly decorated with all manner of things - bits of metal, plastic, crystal, as well as artwork such as sculpture, paintings, and statue. It's the nicest lair in the entire system of caves.

Lying sprawled out upon a chaise-lounge is a beautiful woman in a flowing white gown, a ruby brooch fastened over her heart. She has red hair that is styled, braided, and held together with gold.

This is Kyr-ann, though she prefers to call herself The Oracle. She comes from another world and her power is suggestion. She can create emotional illusions which her victims believe wholeheartedly. Kyr-ann tells some that they're responsible for the death of an entire world, that she is their long lost love, or that the adventurers are actually bitter rivals to each other.

Everyone she uses her power on must roll 1d6. On any result but a "6," the individual is convinced that she is correct. The only exception is any PC who bent down to listen to the dying man in the cornfield - that individual is able to resist on any result except for a "1."

Kyr-ann

Health: 20 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6

Treasure: In the back of her cave is a treasure chest. It contains 3,321 gold pieces and 5 rubies (her favorite gem stone) each worth 1,000 gold.

There's a false bottom to this chest. Inside, is a sword that fiercely burns with green flame. It is called Phoenix Jade and adds 1d6 to the attack dice pool of anyone who wields it whilst ignoring an opponent's armor. Phoenix Jade is intelligent with a feminine personality and voice - her temperament is fiery, jealous, and stubborn, but also loyal. Kyr-ann didn't get along with the sword, so she hid it in the lower part of the treasure chest.

L: THE VIOLET-COLORED GAS

This cave is occupied by a being of pure vapor. Its name is Segonk'nal. The violet-colored gas can speak to others using telepathy. It is wise in the ways of the universe and can launch into a monologue about the nature of time, the finite limits of space, the afterlife, wormholes to other universes, etc.

Segonk'nal is non-violent but also rather insubstantial. However, Segonk'nal dislikes savage, barbaric humanoids and will position himself into such a person's "air space" in order to mutate them for his pleasure.

M: THE SCOOP

In the center of this cavern is the device the grabs beings from their own space-time coordinates and deposits them here. Originally, there was a purpose, though no one today is quite sure what it was... gladiatorial arena, slave labor, scientific experiments, watching them for entertainment purposes, etc.

There is a force field surrounding the scoop, protecting it from any who would destroy it. The force field not only prevents physical force from damaging the device, but metaphysical, as well.

When all the beings who began in a specific cave die, the scoop finds more after a few hours (1d4). So, there is no shortage of "new blood" within this cavern. The following is a bonus encounter in case the PCs kill a cave's occupant and hang around long enough for another monster to appear...

The next prisoners to be scooped up are the fruities - humanoid fruit from an alternate universe that is a hell of a lot more gonzo than this world. Normally, their inclusion wouldn't be very noteworthy. However, the fruities have seen this kind of thing before and are prepared. They used a fruity magic-user to keep the gateway open long enough for 2d6 fruities to go through. In such numbers, they could become the movers and shakers of this intergalactic prison.

Generally, fruities stick to their own kind. They rarely traffic with non-fruit. However, the fruities may be persuaded to join forces with the PCs (on a temporary basis, of course) in order to slay a common, greater foe.

Fruities

Number Appearing: 2d6 **Health:** 20 **Armor:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6 (3d6)

Special: Some fruities have special powers like disarming opponents with their cuteness... or raging hostility. Also, seduction, invisibility, and making people slip on banana peel grease.

Treasure: at least one fruity will be carrying a machine gun or laser rifle - that will add 1d6 to the user's attack dice pool.

N: THE SLEEPING INSECT

This cave's sole occupant is a giant insect that isn't moving. Perhaps it is sleeping or dead... hard to say without further examination.

Directly below the giant insect is a trident subtly glowing blue-green.

Actually, the insect is neither sleeping nor dead. The insect is attempting to draw fools closer to it, so it can eat them. It cannot be reasoned with because its highest function is merely predatory instinct.

Insect

Health: 50 **Armor:** 3 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: If it gets a critical success, the insect has bitten off someone's head - give damage and have the victim roll a saving throw.

Treasure: This magical trident will give the wielder an extra d6 to attack, plus it has the ability once per day of commanding an aquatic entity. However, there's also a 2 in 6 chance per encounter with a fire-based monster that it will fly into a berserk rage, attacking for an additional 1d4 rounds once all the fiery creatures have been destroyed (this includes traveling companions and even the wielder himself).

O: THE GUARDIAN

The Guardian is the last obstacle before facing the thing itself. The guardian is a handsome, one might say angelic, young man - pale and thin with blue eyes and sand-colored hair. He has a glowing white sword



Сурбук Зоар
01.2016.

sheathed at his side. If any ask for a name, the guardian tells them he's called Umr at-Tawil.

The Guardian explains that the adventurers were destined to find him because he has need of their help. Thousands of years ago, an evil both ancient and powerful usurped his kingdom. He's been trying to reclaim it ever since and is now ready to build an army to take his kingdom back. The PCs are meant to be the generals of his army.

Before they can begin killing, and pillaging, and raping in his glorious name, Umr at-Tawil demands that the adventurers make a small cut upon each of their hands so that he can know them completely. The blood will be used as energy and siphoned off by Umr at-Tawil, leaving the PCs weakened.

If the PCs look formidable, the guardian will use them to further his own ends. If they appear rather weak and useless, he will take out his heavenly blade, ask them to kneel, and decapitate them.

Health: 60 **Armor:** 5 **Attack Dice Pool:** 4d6

Special: There's a 3 in 6 chance that any spell cast directly upon the guardian is repelled.

Treasure: His sword is made out of extra-planar energy and grants an extra 1d6 to the one who wields it, but 3d6 extra attack dice pool dice when striking at an abomination from another dimension or plane of existence (such as the thing in the cave).

P: THE THING

There is a hideous thing dwelling within this cave. As far as the lifespan of man is concerned, this entity has always been here... waiting for some unknowable reason.

The thing changes its shape, sometimes by force of will and other times reflexively. Nearly all of its forms are unnaturally alien - various combinations of arachnid, worm, serpent, insect, ooze, toad, humanoid, and amorphous shape of tentacles and eyes. Yet not one thing can be singularly pointed out as to its form. The thing resembles multiple shapes simultaneously, as well as, nothing recognizable, terrestrially speaking.

This creature doesn't have a name. It wanders within the cavern, whispering unspeakable things and claiming the souls of those named. By the time the adventurers have arrived in Needham, nearly one hundred names have been uttered over the decades. Humans either wander into the cave by mistake or are intent upon discovering what's in there - the thing whispers what it has to say and then asks for a name. Whoever is named loses their soul which is slowly consumed by the entity.

The Thing

Health: 100 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 5d6

Special: Its mind cannot be altered or controlled. It has powers that may be treated as spell-like abilities (with the inevitable vitality drain).

Treasure: Perpetually worn by the creature, its most prized possessions is a ring with three precious stones - a bloodstone, a moonstone, and an exotic, nameless quartz with orange veins. The wearer of this ring cannot be possessed or dominated and is immune to all forms of magical suggestion.

WHAT IT WHISPERS

- I have taken my revenge upon the night-bathed supplicants of Arcturus Prime.
- Golden splendor is ours, my brothers, as we seep into the external ultra-net.
- Invariably, the risk must equal the reward as the moon is sundered by a runaway comet.
- I have waited for thee... the one chosen to lead Tsathoggua's forces on this planet.

Q: THE ALIEN TEMPLE

Beyond the thing in the cave is some kind of shrine or temple, the walls are smooth, polished stone with large, odd-colored gemstones or crystals showing through. In the center is an altar, also smooth stone - but a kind of shiny, semi-translucent mauve jade. Carved upon the altar are sacred and eldritch glyphs that no man can read unaided.

Touching the alien hieroglyphs in a certain sequence will awaken a deep, raspy voice speaking in an unknown tongue. A wavering, fuchsia image of some



Arbutu Dojan
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humanoid lizard or insect appears as the voice continues.

If a cleric prays or a wizard uses magic to decipher the unknown language, read the following...

Aeons ago, this world was chosen for a dark purpose. Its people were barbaric and cruel. They saw the Outer Traveler as God and decided to worship Him before the Outer Traveler killed everyone on the planet. Great cities were built and fell in the time since the Outer Traveler dwelled here.

Untold wealth and power were stolen from this planet and taken to another - Saturn.

Tsathoggua waits on the other side of this gateway. He was the master of this pathetic world when man first crawled out of his cave, and He is the master still. Saturn keeps the Outer Traveler imprisoned, but He shall be freed soon by His many followers.

Soon enough, a portal opens to somewhere on Saturn... Tsathoggua's domain!

NOT DEAD... YET!

Did you survive that meat-grinder he called a scenario? Well, don't get overconfident. Roll and let's see how you'll be handling your fantasy PTSD.

Alternatively, you could choose what best fits your character and/or situation.

Roll	Result
1	Survivor's guilt - why didn't you die, too? You feel awful that you survived when others have not.
2	Paranoia - everyone's out to get you. Trust no one!
3	Turn to the dark side - you've made a pact with wickedness. Evil is your path now.
4	Catatonic with fear - you're a gibbering mess. The insanity will pass soon, but those who look in your eyes can see that you're scared shitless.
5	Triumphant - nothing can stop you. You feel invulnerable!
6	Fate - obviously, you have some kind of destiny... born for greater things than dying in this fucking cave (or dungeon)!

7	Transcendent - somehow you've risen above it all. Your understanding of the universe goes beyond...
8	Nothingness - you feel empty inside, there's a void where your personality used to shine through.
9	Jokester - you cope with the horror by not taking anything seriously. Life is just one big joke to you now.
10	Indulgence - you fill the emptiness with pleasure... wine, women, and song. You're not picky, any hedonistic distraction will do.
11	Need bigger guns! - you're keen to find super-powerful weapons, magic items, or technological devices. Anything that might keep you alive.
12	Overly cautious - you can't be too careful. Never let your guard down. Everyone must watch their step... all the time!
13	Born again - you've found the Lords of Light and their benevolent divinity guides your path. You gain advantage - once per day - when asking the gods for assistance.
14	Made your peace - your death is inevitable. Eventually, you're going to get unlucky or make a mistake or face an unkillable opponent. The way you see it, you're living on borrowed time.
15	Adrenaline rush - the danger, the risk, the drama, the reward! You get high from adventuring - to the point that not risking your life is intolerably boring.
16	Affinity for Technology - it has become apparent that you're good with some of the ancient tech lying around this planet. You have advantage when experimenting with machines, computers, lasers, etc.
17	Knack for Magic - you've a talent for sorcery, even though you may not have trained as a wizard. You gain the ability - only once per day - to cast spells at 1d6 lower than an ordinary wizard. If you're already a wizard, you gain 1d6 to every spell cast - once per day.

18	Trust no one - you are extremely paranoid. Anyone or anything you come across is suspect and is probably going to kill the party soon.
19	Distorted view - everything you see is not tinged with unspeakable truths that might have seemed awful once, but now seem natural. The world is full of demons, wizards, undead, and evil gods. That's the new normal.
20	Get good or get gone - you're left with only one option... improve your performance. If you don't get better at handling yourself, you're not going to make it. Study, prepare, focus, follow through, and stay lucky. Once per day, you have advantage on any thief ability.

CREDITS

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