



# A September of Short Adventures

2011 OSR Challenge

Ten Short Adventures for use with *Labyrinth Lord*™

**Labyrinth Lord**  
Compatible Product

by **Hereticwerks**

# A Note Before We Begin

The following Ten Short Adventures were originally part of the 2011 OSR Challenge “A September of Short Adventures.” We’ve stayed true to the original material, just as we did when we compiled the first ten adventures for *Mutant Future*™ into a pdf previously. Originally, none of these mini-scenarios included any maps, drawings, charts, or other extraneous materials...though we did add-on a few random tables here and there to help serve as a springboard for adapting or modifying these scenarios for use in your game, at your table, on your terms. The revision of some of these scenarios has broken the ‘no more than 3 paragraphs of details’ rule, but we think it was worth it.

Despite the bit of revision we did on some of these entries, we really tried our best to keep things crisp, clean, and easy to use at the table...which is what we think Matt was intending when he first announced this particular challenge.

# Introduction

## Table of Contents

1. Don't Look Back
2. Beat the Drums
3. The Beer Must Roll
4. Who Goes There?
5. Where There's Smoke
6. A Light in the Darkness
7. Sitting Pretty
8. Elephant in the Hall
9. The Nervous Bride
10. Time for Bed

In 2011 Matt over at the **Asshat Paladins** blog initiated an OSR challenge he called A September of Short Adventures.

His challenge was deviously succinct:

*"...present a month of short adventures, one a day for 25 days. And not just any short adventures, either. Adventures that don't require maps or too much descriptive text or even huge NPC lists. I challenge you to write minimalist adventures that can be used straight from the post."*

No maps. Few NPCs. Make the adventure usable right from the post. Keep description to a minimum. No casts of thousands -- unless it's an invading horde of three-eyed goblins riding purple wombats...

Sounds good, doesn't it?

We thought so...and we were not alone.

Over 20 different RPG bloggers posted more than 300 short adventures, once-a-day for the month of September, featuring nearly 30 different game systems.

You can find out more about the 2011 OSR Challenge at Matt's blog:

<http://asshatpaladins.blogspot.com/2011/07/osr-challenge-september-of-short.html>

For the most part we followed Matt's formula for short adventures that he called the ***Get Ready, Get Set, Go!*** formula:

- **Title**
- **Get Ready** (Limited to 2 sentences.)
- **Get Set** (3 paragraphs of details, with an optional section for any stats.)
- **GO!** (Run it.)

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# Don't Look Back

## Ready

The Player Characters have been exploring a section of ruins, tunnels, or caves that lead them to a narrow corridor that slopes downward in a zig-zagging fashion. Suddenly, a young woman in seriously damaged armor is spotted making her way up the sloping passage – with dozens of skeletons in clattering, rattling pursuit.

## Set

The warrior-woman has her back to the party. The skeletons seem entirely focused on their chosen prey, as if they are driven by some strict eldritch command that will brook no deviation from their pursuit.

The PCs have the initiative. They hold the high ground. Their position is eminently defensible should they choose to remain where they are...but the woman may well fall to the implacable blades of the skeletons should they stand fast.

## Skeleton Soldiers of ParKushwa Daro

1. (1d6) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 9[10] (unarmored), HD 1, ATK 1 (two-handed sword), DG 1d10, SV F1, ML 12]
2. (1d10) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 7[12] (leather), HD 1, ATK 1 (Military Fork), DG 1d6, SV F1, ML 12]
3. (2d6) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 6[13] (Ring mail), HD 1, ATK 1 (Trident), DG 1d6, SV F1, ML 12]
4. (3d6) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 8[11] (padded), HD 1, ATK 1 (spear), DG 1d6, SV F1, ML 12]
5. (2d10) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 5[14] (chain mail), HD 1, ATK 1 (halberd), DG 1d10, SV F1, ML 12]
6. (3d10) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 4[15] (chain mail+shield), HD 1, ATK 1 (short sword), DG 1d6, SV F1, ML 12]

## Go!

The woman is seriously wounded, having already destroyed over two dozen of the skeletons just to reach this point. Thinking strategically, she has eliminated the archers that were among the skeletons, but only at the cost of taking three grievous hits from arrows that can be seen still sticking out of what remains of her ruined chain-mail at the left shoulder, right thigh, and left forearm. She will not make it without assistance. The skeletons will kill her before the PCs' very eyes and drag her body off back below to some dismal, dark fate best left unimagined should they not intervene.

The warrior-woman is Adnil'ed, and she will be extremely grateful for any assistance that the PCs choose to lend her in this fight. Should she be rescued, she will join the party until such time as she has re-paid her debt to them and can leave in good conscience.

Once Adnil'ed is rescued, the PCs have 1d4 turns before the next wave of skeleton soldiers come marching up the sloping passage. Should they get moving before the next wave arrives, there is a chance that there will be no further pursuit. For now.

## Adnil'ed

[Human female, AL L, MV 120' (40'), AC 7, HD 8, ATK 1 (battle axe +1), DG 1d8+1, SV F8, ML 9]

**Note:** At the start of this encounter Adnil'ed has only 12 hp left and her armor is beyond repair.

What Adnil'ed will not willingly reveal is that she is in fact the Mirror Opposite of her very evil 'real' self, having escaped from a chamber down below where she left her true self imprisoned within a *Mirror of Opposition* (LLp. 119). She is also pregnant. The father is a doppelganger sorcerer of ParKushwa Daro who is in league with Aleedri, of whom we will learn more later...

# Beat the Drums

*Let loose the wombats of war!*

## Ready

The Player Characters seem to have wandered behind the lines of battle in a small-scale war between two rival tribes of goblinoids.

## Set

Just ahead, in a slight clearing are a group of (2d4) goblin war-minstrels setting up their ***Drums of Panic*** (LL p. 118).

A little discrete scouting will reveal that the war-minstrels are guarded by (1d4) goblins with wickedly barbed spears, and there are (2d10) shaggy purple wombats milling about behind the next ridge. All of the beasts are barded with studded leather harnesses and rigged-up to serve as mounts for some odd-ball form of goblin cavalry.

What the discrete bit of scouting won't reveal is that there are another (1d4) goblins with nasty spears patrolling the perimeter of this site and there is a cumulative 25% chance per every 10 minutes that the patrol will spot the PCs as it makes its rounds.

## Go!

Right at the start of this scenario the PCs have a distinct advantage and they have the initiative. If they manage to seize or destroy the ***Drums of Panic***, this particular goblin horde will most likely lose to their enemies who have cheated and hired-on a few hobgoblin mercenaries.

If the PCs hide and try to wait it out, they will fall under the effect of the ***Drums of Panic*** and run serious risk of getting noticed by one or both warring bands of goblins, with predictably dire repercussions. (Base 30% chance that both hordes gang-up in order to pursue the PCs, double that if they've destroyed the ***Drums of Panic*** and 100% likelihood of massed pursuit if the Player Characters have the Drums in their possession – those Drums are a goblin-esque doomsday weapon that neither side can afford to let get out of their grasp as it could potentially empower some other horde to destroy either of them)...

## Goblin Horde One

Goblin War-Minstrels (2d4) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 6, HD 1-1, ATK 1 (short sword), DG 1d6, SV F1, ML 7]

Goblin Guards (1d4) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 5, HD 2, ATK 1 (spear), DG 1d6, SV F2, ML 9]

Goblin Horde (6d10) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 6, HD 1-1, ATK 1 (mixed blades), DG 1d6, SV 0-lvl human, ML 7]

Goblin Wombat-Riders (2d10) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 5, HD 3, ATK 1 (lance), DG 1d6, SV F3, ML 8]

Purple Wombats (2d10) [AL C, MV 160' (50'), AC 5, HD 2+2, ATK 1 (bite), DG 1d4, SV F1, ML 6]

## Goblin Horde Two

The Other Goblin Horde (4d10) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 6, HD 1-1, ATK 1 (mixed blades), DG 1d6, SV 0-lvl human, ML 7] (LLp. 78)

Hobgoblin Mercenaries (1d6) [AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 6, HD 1+1, ATK 1 (mixed blades), DG 1d8, SV F1, ML 8] (LLp. 82)

Hobgoblin Archers (3d6) [AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 6, HD 1+1, ATK 1 (short bows & handaxes), DG 1d6/1d4, SV F1, ML 8] (LLp. 82)

This might be your chance to use the Chases in the Wilderness rules and the handy ***Wilderness Retreat Table*** from p. 52 of ***Labyrinth Lord***.

# The Beer Must Roll

## Ready

The Player Characters reach a rutted and muddy road that they believe will lead to a walled-city only a few more miles away. But less than a mile down the road they encounter a cluster of six heavily-laden ox-wagons mired in the mud.

## Set

The wagons are carrying a load of beer to the walled-city which is suffering from a terrible outbreak of plague due to contaminated wells. The water has gone bad and people are dying of illness and thirst. The wagon-master is grimly determined to get the beer into the city no matter what, but the weather has made the roads all but impassable and now his guards have spotted orc scouts off to the west. Several of the guards have already deserted. If there are orcs up in the hills ahead, things could get very, very bloody.

## Go!

The guards will resent the PCs at first, at least until the orcs attack, but Wagon-Master Burt will welcome them heartily and quickly explain the situation and request their assistance.

If the PCs run off and leave the wagons behind, the orcs will slaughter everyone, take the beer, and launch into a full-out siege of the walled-city. There is a 20% chance that Burt will survive, maimed, angry, and determined to hunt down the cowardly curs who left him and his people to die like dogs.

If the PCs join the little caravan and help defend it, they will earn Burt's respect, gratitude and friendship for life, which they will eventually learn is no small thing.

Should the first party of orc scouts be completely killed before they can return to camp, the orcs will march in the wrong direction and the wagons will have an extra 3d4 hours to get through the muck, the mud, and the blood to the walled-city.

Should any of the orc scouts get away, it will take 1d4 hours for the regular orc infantry-types to come marching on the double to cut the wagons off from the walled-city, with more orc scouts running in to harry and harass the guards, hoping to draw them off and ambush them in the trees or around a bend in the road, etc.

The Three-Eyed Orc Raiders will reach the wagons exactly one hour after the rest of their forces have already engaged.

The Wagons will make progress as determined by the Random Road Conditions table (Right, Above).

Just how far it is to the walled-city, and what forces might be available to rush out to the assistance of the beer wagons is left to the DM's discretion and imagination. One thing will be certain however; by the completion of this adventure the PCs will very likely need a drink.

Random Road Conditions	
1	Clear stretch; all wagons make 1d4 miles progress without getting stuck.
2	Partly dried mud; each wagon-driver must roll Save or skid off the road. Delay of 1d4 hours as everyone must work to get the wagons back on the road and to re-adjust their loads which may have shifted.
3	Axle breaks on one wagon. It will have to be abandoned.
4	Rough Patch; Wagon-drivers need to make Save or get stuck (50%) or break a wheel (50%).
5	One wagon loses a wheel. It can be repaired in 1d4 hours. (50% chance of 1d6 Orc Scouts harassing the wagons during this process.)
6	Deep mud; 1d4 wagons stuck up to their axles. It will take 1d6 hours to get them unstuck, with a base 25% chance of damaging the axles of each of them, slowing those damaged to half normal movement.
7	Fallen Tree; 50% chance this is an ambush set-up by 2d6 Orc Scouts. Requires 1 hour to clear.
8	Uphill slope; movement rate reduced by 25%.
9	Loose gravel; base 20% chance to lose control of any given wagon.
10	Rain starts up again. Movement reduced to half normal movement. Base 25% chance of 1d4 wagons getting stuck every hour of continued movement.
11	Road washed out ahead; requires 2d4 hours to make passable. Base 30% chance of Orc Scouts ambushing the wagons while they sit idle.
12	Random Wilderness Monster Encounter. (Creature was stirred-up by advancing orc troops...)

**Wagon-Master Burt** [Half-dwarf AL N, MV 60' (20'), AC6, HD 4, ATK 1 (hammer), DG 1d6, SV F2, ML 7]

**Wagon Guards** (3d4) [AL N, MV 60' (20'), AC 5, HD 2, ATK 1 (spear), DG 1d6, SV F2, ML 6]

**Wagon Drivers** (6) [AL N, MV 60' (20'), AC 6, HD 1-1, ATK 1 (slings), DG 1d4, SV 0-lvl human, ML 8]

**Orc Scouts** (3d6) [AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 7, HD 2, ATK 1 (short bow), DG 1d6, SV F1, ML 8]

**Orc Infantry** (1d6x10) [AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 6, HD 1, ATK 1 (weapon), DG 1d6, SV F1, ML 8] (LL p.90)

**Three-Eyed Orc Raiders** (4d10) [AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 4, HD 3, ATK 1 (serrated scimitar), DG 1d6+2 (bonus to damage only), SV F3, ML 8, special: *Detect Magic* as a free action, 1 in 4 have 1d4 random spells.]



# Who Goes There?

## Ready

The Player Characters are out in the wilderness either on the way towards or returning from a trip to the local ruined pile or dungeon complex and have made camp for the night. Shortly after darkness the ominous growling and weird hooting starts...

## Set

Congratulations—you've set-up camp practically smack-dab on top of a den of owlbears (LLp. 91).

## Go!

Either kill or subdue the owlbears or get eaten. Duh!

The owlbears' den is literally right beneath the camp-site and there is a base 30% chance of it caving-in during the course of any struggles. This will convert what was pleasantly flat terrain to treacherously tumbled rocks, loose soil, and gaping pits that open up at random as things slump further downwards into the void that was once a very shallow cave at the periphery of a much more extensive (and much deeper) cave complex...

Inside the wrecked den there are 1d6 unbroken, unhatched, and unclaimed owlbear eggs.

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Instead of just another random encounter with a wild beast intent on mauling and munching on the player characters, this could be a chance to rescue some fledgling Owlbear young, or recover some eggs. Are owlbear eggs tasty? Would anyone buy a fledgling?

If the Owlbear family is trapped by the collapsing terrain or injured by falling into the caverns below, the party might consider rescuing the beasts with an eye towards nursing them back to health and possibly training them to serve as guard-beasts (animal companions?), or to sell to a gladiatorial arena or whatever.

There could also be a Ranger, Druid, or some other NPC in the area looking for these creatures and in the chaos and confusion of the collapsing soil and cave-in of the den, this person might find themselves requiring some assistance.

**Owlbear** (1d4) [AL N, MV 120' (40'), AC 5, HD 5, ATK 3 (2 claws, 1 bite), DG 1d8/1d8/1d8, SV F3, ML 9] (LLp. 91)

**Mama Owlbear** (1) [AL N, MV 120' (40'), AC 4, HD 6, ATK 3 (2 claws, 1 bite), DG 1d8/1d8/1d8, SV F3, ML 12]

**Daddy Owlbear** (1) [AL N, MV 120' (40'), AC 5, HD 7, ATK 3 (2 claws, 1 bite), DG 1d8/1d8/1d8, SV F4, ML 10]

## Hazardous Terrain

1	Pit: 1d4x10' deep, inflicts 1d4/10' drop.
2	Sliding gravel and small stones: Save vs DEX or be knocked prone.
3	Ground opens up exposing Owlbear Den 10' below surface. Roll for Initiative, no DEX benefits for anyone.
4	Falling Tree: DEX Save or get struck for 1d6 damage (50%), Stunned for 2d6 minutes (25%), or get pinned underneath and unable to get free for 1d6 minutes (25%).
5	Immediate area becomes a steeply sloping chute down 6d10' into caverns below the Owlbear den. Lots of offal, bones, and random debris and decomposing leaves down there. Requires triple the usual time/effort to climb out of here due to soft soil and other conditions.
6	Pit: 3d6' deep, inflicts 1d4/10' drop. 30% chance of cave-in every half hour. Roll again.
7	Muddy Pit: 3d6' deep ends in cold mud that is 2d4' deep. Every hour stuck in this mud requires 1d4 hours rest to recover.
8	Owlbears attempt to ambush camp-site in middle of night only to have the ground collapse under them.
9	Jumbled terrain reduces travel to 1/2 normal rate, roll again.
10	Ground subsides in 120' radius, slow enough to cause no damage, but carrying anyone caught within the area 6d10' deep into a cavern that opens into a series of 3d6 smaller chambers and niches.
11	Roof gives way in 10' radius dropping victim directly into Owlbear den. The creatures are surprised, so make the most of it.
12	Collapsing rubble: Everyone in 10' radius must make Save/DEX check or suffer 1d6 damage.

## **Ready**

The Bee Keepers of Connallarra have a problem. Autumn is fast approaching and they need to transfer the prize queen-bees out of the flimsy summer apiaries into the recently re-built winter hives. Perhaps the Player Characters could be prevailed upon to assist them in this effort. The pay is pretty decent and includes all the top-quality mead they can guzzle...but no one probably mentioned that these are Giant Bees that they keep...

## **Set**

The old Winter Hives were sabotaged last season. No culprit was ever caught. The sabotage was carried out by agents of Aleedri, a mysterious criminal mastermind determined to set up an extortion racket whereby she will sell each of the local bee-keeper villages 'protection' from any further unfortunate "accidents."

The Council of Combs that runs things in this village has received a letter offering them 'protection' against further off-season calamities. The letter is elegantly inscribed on an expensive sheet of custom-made vellum and magically cleansed to confound any attempt to trace its origins.

At first the Council was going to stay quiet and ignore the letter, but then one of the Summer Hives was set on fire in the middle of the night. Now the Council is split between those willing to pay the extortion and those who want to fight back.

## **Go!**

The Player Characters have been approached to help with the transferring of the Queen Bees. If they hire-on, then they can help with the insect-wrangling and hopefully mount a defense against any further 'interference' by the agents of Aleedri.

If the PCs turn down the opportunity to help out with the transfer, there is a 50% chance that things go hay-wire due to more sabotage and one or more of the Queens are destroyed or injured. This will provoke a -2 penalty on all future Reaction Rolls in the village as the Bee-Keepers won't appreciate the PCs not helping them out and might even begin to blame them, or sus-

pect them of being behind the sabotage. If the transfer goes off without a hitch, the Council will consider hiring the PCs to investigate whomever is behind the sabotage.

If the PCs dither and try not to get involved, they will very likely wind up making themselves excellent fall-guys and scapegoats for Aleedri's agents to set-up in order to hide their own tracks and to continue stirring-up trouble.

The sabotage will continue and even escalate until the Council gives in and pays Aleedri, or the bees are all driven-off or dead and the Bee-Keepers are ruined.

Rogue Bees will be a regular problem and a constant encounter (once every hour or so) until things get settled once and for all, or the PCs leave the village behind them. Of course, if they do leave the village, the informers will alert Aleedri's agents who will in turn alert the bandits who'll prepare a suitable ambush for them somewhere down the road. (If the party is exceptionally well-equipped and obviously outclasses the bandits, they might attempt to recruit the party...)

Aleedri has at least one agent in the village, and possibly 1d4 conspiratorial informers/collaborators who are getting paid in foreign coins for their passing along information and keeping an eye on things.

Aleedri's letter specifies that the village's payment is to be several hundred gold pieces bundled into a stout leather sack to be left hanging from an old, gnarly oak tree just down the road about five miles south of the village, in a heavily overgrown area that is a perfect ambush-site.

Since the agents and informers have had a chance to notice the PCs, the letter might specify one or more of them as the preferred money-carriers, or perhaps the Council wishes to hire the PCs to deliver the money because none of them trust one another or are too afraid to make the drop on their own.

The bandits that are watching the old oak tree for the



# Where There's Smoke

village's payment will have 1d4 of Aleedri's agents in their midst and there's a good chance that the PCs could learn a clue or two from these bandits if they take a prisoner for questioning, or possibly from examining their remains.

One of the bandits is carrying a map of the route to be used in Short Adventure 9: The Nervous Bride, and yes, there might well be a potential connection between the two scenarios if you like.

## Puffers

The Bee-Keepers use a Smoke-Bellows or 'Puffer' in order to mollify the giant bees. A Puffer is a small bronze pan affixed to a bellows, the pan holds a few smoldering coals and the keeper adds bundles of dried herbs or some resinous incense to the pan in order to produce smoke they puff at the bees. The smoke causes the bees to become manageably docile for 1d6 turns which allows Bee-Wranglers to get them moved and transferred from hive to hive, etc.

Sabotage and Nefarious Goings On...	
1	The new winter-hives have been set on fire.
2	Tainted pollen was found smeared over one of the summer apiaries. 3d6 Giant Bees have died, and there is a 25% chance of losing a Queen.
3	Someone has poisoned the village well with a bloated pig carcass. Anyone drinking the water has a 75% chance to contract a random illness until the well is cleared.
4	One of the Council of Combs elders has disappeared. (50%) They are being held by the bandits, (25%) They are trapped in an Owlbear Den (see Adventure 4: Who Goes There?), (25%) They have decided to leave but their note was removed by an agent of Aleedri who may attempt to impersonate them.
5	Someone has stuffed toxic mold spores into half the Bee Keeper's Puffers making the smoke lethal to everyone.
6	(1d4) Bee Keepers have woken up with a fancy dagger jammed into their sleeping mat next to their head which has frightened everyone considerably.
7	The Meadery has been set on fire.
8	Someone has placed severed giant bee heads into the barrels of mead that have been in storage over the winter. This doesn't ruin the mead, but is fatal to the bees and upsets the Keepers a great deal.

## Comb-Stone

A 3' long section of fossilized honey-comb is kept within the home of whomever currently leads the Council. This stone is enchanted to emanate a strong *Sympathy* effect that only affects Bees (giant and otherwise), attracting them to the area and making them comfortable with the people in the area.

It would be a pity if the Comb-Stone were stolen or lost. It would be very bad indeed if one of the PCs was either implicated or found to have had the Comb-Stone planted on them. An angry mob intent on a lynching can almost be guaranteed.

What would Aleedri want with the Comb Stone?

**Rogue Giant Killer Bees** (1d6/10d6) [AL N, MV 150' (50'), AC 7, HD 1d4 hit points, ATK 1(sting), DG 1d3+poison, SV F1, ML 9] (LLp. 65)

**Queen Bee** (2d4 – but only one in any hive) [AL N, MV 150' (50'), AC 6, HD 6, ATK 1 (sting), DG 1d8+Poison, SV F3, ML 12]

**Doppleganger Agents of Aleedri** (1d4) [AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 5, HD 5, ATK 1, DG 1d12, SV F10, ML 10] Uses a small polished bronze enchanted mirror to contact their mistress via a variant form of embedded *Arcane Eye* spell (LL p. 27).

**Bandits of the Old Forest** (6d10)[AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 6, HD 3, ATK 1 (Short bow or spear), DG 1d6/1d6, SV F3, ML 7] Mostly human with some slight scaliness here and there on some of them, which suggests some sort of ancestral hybridization or de-generation of some sort...

If you need a few random villagers you might consider trying out **Chaotic Shiny's Random Generator for Crowds**: <http://chaoticshiny.com/crowdgen.php>

# A Light in the Darkness

## Ready

Your group just entered a series of cold, dark, and drafty caverns. All your torches are pretty-much useless, even if they can stay lit. There's something peculiar about the very wet, very black surfaces of these caverns...

## Set

The walls are covered with a thick, viscous black slime with the consistency of body-temperature tar. The air becomes slightly warmer, denser, more humid as the group progresses and the floor is soon covered in this stuff as well. It is highly sticky, and quickly coats everything it comes into contact with, but at least it is not animated or immediately toxic.

The draft blowing through these passages is persistent until the group gets past the section coated with the black residue seeping through the walls and ceiling.

Once the party reaches the nearest section past the black residue, the draft will taper off and their torches can be lit normally and everything goes back to normal.

## Go!

While within the area under the influence of the nasty black seepage, a constant draft will make lighting a torch impossible.

Carrying an already burning torch, lantern, candles or other source of open flame within 10' of the tarry black residue requires a roll on the "**Where There's Fire...**" table to the right.

## Or...

...there might instead be a base 5% chance of a massive explosion that runs away from the PCs back the way they just came, collapsing tunnels and shaking things up enough that 1d4 random/wandering monsters will come out from the devastated area in an attempt to flee the destruction. Every 10 minutes or 30' traversed could then add another 5% to the chances of an explosion...

Such an explosion will deafen everyone within 30' of the residue for 1d4 turns, but otherwise will not cause any damage to the PCs directly.

The creatures driven out of their nests and dens and lairs by the explosion, well, that's an entirely different matter.

There is also a good chance, DM willing, that the explosion might open-up an otherwise unknown and hither-to unexplored section of dungeon or a passage to some new sub-level, etc.

Where There's Fire...	
1	A 30' area in front of the party sputters and smolders for the next 4d6 minutes, during which time anyone entering the area of effect takes 1d4 fire damage.
2	The black residue begins to drip profusely from the ceiling directly above any source of flame or heat, quickly coating it with a sticky layer of tarry nastiness that is highly flammable.
3	The floor catches on fire, producing a billowing cloud of black smoke that quickly fills 120' of consecutive passageway. Anyone exposed must Save to avoid choking for the next 4d6 minutes.
4	The walls in a 90' radius erupt into lurid azure blue flames that persist for the next 1d4 hours and cause 1d4 damage to anyone getting within 10' of the area affected.
5	The oily residue dripping from the ceiling catches fire and emits a foul, greasy mass of smoke that slowly fills a 360' section of caverns and passages and lingers for the next 1d4 days. Exposure to the smoke requires a Save; success results in temporary blindness for 1d4 hours, failure inflicts 1d4 damage due to suffocation.
6	The black goo fizzes and sparks a bit, but quickly goes inert and there seems to be no other ill effects.
7	The oily stuff catches fire and the flames rush away from the party, either (75%) ahead of them, or (25%) behind them. There is a 5% chance that the rushing flames result in an explosion (Treat as Fireball spell).
8	Every surface coated by the black goo burns fitfully, producing a small amount of fetid smoke that is more bothersome than dangerous. The flames are small and wispy and vile green when you look at them through squinted eyes. Contact with the flames inflicts 1 point of damage, so don't touch them. Moving quickly through this area will avoid the worst of the flames and a successful Save will allow a party to pass through the area with minimal distress.

# Sitting Pretty

## Ready

The passage ahead opens out onto a precipitous ledge with one side being a sheer wall going upwards into the gloom for more feet than you have rope, poles or light. The other side is a rough, ragged slope that stops abruptly as it tumbles down to what you think might be a subterranean river far, far below. Across the ledge is another opening flanked by a pillar on each side that support a shelf-like lintel atop of which there appears to be some sort of grotesquely leering statue.

## Set

A quick examination will reveal that the opening on the party's end is pretty much the same as the one all the way across the ledge. They match, more or less.

The ledge is wide enough for only one person to comfortably walk along it at a time. There are no rails, so attempting to squeeze more than one person across at a time will necessitate a DEX check every 10' traversed, with those failing slipping over the edge of the ledge.

The ledge is surprisingly level and nicely paved with cobblestones recovered from an ancient villa that was toppled underground by volcanic eruptions ages ago.

The air is fresh and even a bit chilly no doubt due to the underground river down below.

## Go!

The statues are just that; statues. The nest of gargoyles is located about 140-160' down the sheer face of the vertical drop overlooking the river below. The gargoyles will wait until half the party is across, or strung-out along the ledge and are simply too good a target to ignore before making themselves known.

The gargoyle young will take up positions near the larger statues atop either lintel and lob small rocks at the party from the piles they have already prepared ahead of time. The sporadic hail of rocks will do 1d2 damage to a randomly assigned member of the party, unless you care to roll to hit each one in succession. Your choice.

The adult gargoyles will seek to grab hold of anyone they can catch and dive backwards off the ledge so that even if their victim breaks free, they'll fall into the river or provide a target for attempted mid-air capture by another gargoyle.

These creatures are bored and will cruelly torment anyone who seeks to make their way across the old ledge.

Anyone who can amuse the gargoyles with some sort of daring acrobatic maneuver or perhaps the casting of a particularly impressive-looking spell can opt to attempt to make a Reaction Roll (possibly with a bonus, depending on how entertaining they were) in order to get the gargoyles to let them pass unmolested.

The gargoyles will begrudgingly accept a bribe of gold coins and/or minor magic items in order to let a party pass...but they are really, really bored and may decide to sneak along behind the party in order to ambush them later as a practical joke. These creatures are not known for having particularly well-developed senses of humor.

Gargoyles (2d4) [AL C, MV 90' (30') /Fly 150' (50'), AC 5, HD 4, ATK 4 (2claws, 1 bite, 1 horn), DG 1d3/1d3/1d6/1d4, SV F8, ML 11] (LLp. 75) In the event that the gargoyles are out-matched by the PCs, they will withdraw to their cave-nest below and wait for 2d4 hours and then consider either tracking them down for an ambush in order to avenge the deaths of their fellows (60%), or go on with their lives and try to forget that the whole sorry thing ever happened.

Gargoylettes (1d4) [AL C, MV 60' (20') Fly 120' (40'), AC 6, HD 1, ATK 4 (2 claws, 1 bite), DG 1d2/1d2/1d3/1d2, SV F2, ML 8] Special: The kids won't normally engage in melee except as a last resort. They generally hurl small rocks at intruders as specified above.

# Elephant in the Hall

## Ready

Your group turns the corner of the corridor only to find yourselves faced with...an elephant?

## Set

There is indeed an elephant standing in the middle of the stretch of corridor just up ahead. How it got there or why is unknown.

## Go!

The elephant grows increasingly skittish and nervous as the seconds tick by and it is not finding that this is all a bad dream.

The elephant is eventually going to go mad from its sudden and completely unforeseen unnatural juxtaposition from the warm savannas of some far off place to this dreary, dismal, and rank-smelling hole in the ground. It doesn't help matters any that the elephant only barely fits into the section of corridor it is in.

If provoked, the elephant will attempt to charge and trample. Right now, just about anything would constitute a provocation.

Optionally there could be a base 25% chance that the elephant in question can speak one random language...

Elephant (1) [AL N, MV 120' (40'), AC 5, HD 9, ATK 2 or 1 (2 tusks, 1 trample), DG 2d4/2d4 or 4d8, SV F5, ML 4] (LLp. 74)

## Befriending the Beast...

A successful Reaction Roll might help soothe the increasingly nervous and potentially belligerent beast.

Someone might also attempt to use their Charisma to enlist the elephant as a retainer, should they be so inclined or, if a player is foolish enough to attempt to cast *Find Familiar* or some similar spell with the intent to make the Elephant their familiar, let them succeed; now they need to figure out how to get the beast out of this place. Good luck!

# The Nervous Bride

## Ready

While resting from their wilderness adventures safely inside the walls of a mid-sized walled city, the group stumbles across the lurid allure of easy money and within no time at all the Player Characters have been engaged to provide protection to a small entourage traveling to a near-by sea port. A young lady of a local noble family is about to get married.

## Set

The Lady is hidden behind a series of veils and ensconced within a richly decorated coach. According to local tradition it would be grossly inappropriate for a male other than her immediate family or her betrothed to see her now that she has been ritually purified and prepared for her wedding ceremony.

The PCs are hired to accompany the coach and a small retinue of family members and servants along the West Road and see that they all get to the wedding safely and on time.

## Go!

The road ahead is easy and well-patrolled. It's a short trip. The weather is excellent. What could go wrong? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Except that the presumed bride-to-be is actually a Medusa in disguise.

To make matters worse, her entourage are all dopplegangers. The real bride is either dead or imprisoned somewhere known only to the Medusa and her minions. Oh, and these nefarious villains intend to not only crash the wedding, but to butcher everyone there and arrange it so that it gets blamed on the bride's family, which the Medusa hopes will start a war between the two city-states.

The Player Characters may escort the 'bride' and her entourage to their destination and part ways without the PCs ever being any the wiser.

However, the Player Characters might discover something of the scheme along the trip to the sea port.

If they choose to meddle, then there's probably going to be a fight and the Medusa may attempt to frame the PCs for the abduction or murder of the actual bride.

If the PCs decide to do nothing more than collect their pay and keep their mouths shut, the Medusa might have need of their services in making a hasty exit from the sea port city-state—or maybe she'll set them up as a distraction so she can escape.

This could either be a very simple scenario, or spin all out of control and grow into a full-fledged campaign of fantastic cloak & dagger/sorcery & espionage/assassination & skullduggery sort of thing depending on what the Player Characters do, or don't do.

**Dopplegangers** (2d4) [AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 5, HD 4, ATK 1 (long sword or short bow), DG 1d6/1d6, SV F10, ML 10] (LLp. 70)

**Xillina the Medusa** (1) [AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 8, HD 6, ATK 1 (bite, weapon, or special), DG 1d6+poison/1d4+poison, SV F4, ML 8] (LLp. 87)  
Gaze attack: Save or be turned to stone. Xillina is a loyal follower of **Aleedri**...



# Time for Bed

## Ready

Warm and snug in the local Inn or Hostelry, the Player Characters pull themselves back from their tables and head off to bed after a good night of well-earned feasting and drinking in celebration of some excellent good luck, fortuitous discoveries, and/or some job well-done.

## Set

Ah, but the life of an adventurer is rarely an easy one. The windows explode inwards as the roof goes up in flames and the entire place erupts into chaos, panic, and much running about with a goodly amount of screaming and all the customary yelling and confusion.

## Go!

The Inn is surrounded by a group of very despicable sorts in grim, morbidly detailed armor who sit astride things that might once have been horses. The Riders just sit there watching the Inn burn. No one leaves for fear of the Riders. They are very obviously waiting for something to happen, or for someone to come out to them. Unfortunately these are seriously **Grim** Riders and long ago lost the ability to speak.

If no one realizes it immediately, The Player Characters could all roll an INT check to get a clue that these Riders are after someone. Burning the Inn is merely a means to an end, not the end itself. This encounter is not really about the Player Characters for a change. They are only collateral damage or innocent by-standers that the Grim Riders don't care about...unless the Player Characters act to draw attention to themselves or deliberately embroil themselves in this matter. In fact, a wise person would most likely attempt to escape from the burning building or perhaps give serious consideration to turning over whomever the Riders are after so they go away and the fire can be put out before it does any serious damage.

Should no one attempt to confront the Grim Riders, attempt an escape, or turn over their victim, the Inn will burn to the ground before midnight and all inside will perish. Then these undead minions of a greater evil sort through the ashes and debris at their leisure before

morning in order to collect the skull or bones or whatever remains of their target.

Simple, direct, effective; the Grim Riders are professionals, military-types with training in strategy and tactics, not chicken-thieves or half-drunk bandits.

The Grim Ones are looking for a very specific person and are utterly ruthless and direct in their approach to recapturing this person. They have every intention of capturing their prisoner, either dead or alive. They are not picky.

Should anyone attempt to communicate with the Grim Ones, the Riders will simultaneously communicate with everyone trapped in the Inn by a form of eldritch telepathy. The Grim Riders have come for someone named 'Taffydaddle Treeroot' (or some such very, very proper Fantasy name). This person is hiding inside the Inn. If the rest of the patrons present this person to the Riders, they will leave in peace and no one need die. Tonight.

Some Questions the Player Characters Might be Asking:

- Who is this person?
- Why are these nasty Riders after them?
- What makes this person so special that someone would send these things out after them in the first place?

What do the Player Characters DO?

- Do they try to find out which of them is this person?
- Do they turn them over to the Riders?
- Do the patrons and PCs band together and attempt to drive off the Riders?\*

\*Of course, someone will very likely/conveniently remember that the Grim Riders cannot stand the light of day. It is also possible that one of the trapped inn guests will know that the Grim Riders are vulnerable to bronze weapons. This might be a bit of local folklore or the like.



Will the Player Characters attempt to hold the Riders off while trying to keep from burning to death before sunrise when the Riders must pull out?

Will the person being hunted by the Grim Riders turn themselves over to them, or will they lie and attempt to hide among the others, or perhaps plead for help escaping from the Riders?

Also keep in mind, no one has to just sit there and burn, nor do they necessarily have to fight the Grim Riders. Perhaps it would be a good time to make an escape?

This might be a good time to use each character's Reaction Roll to see how amenable the Riders are to letting them flee the burning Inn. Anyone not their intended target isn't of any real interest to the Riders, so they might let them pass, if only to make it easier to collect their victim later.

There could be a tunnel or opening to the sewers in the Inn's basement...and anyone smart enough to look for a way out should at least receive the benefit of a chance at escaping.

The Grim Riders are far from omnipotent. But escaping only delays the inevitable questions...and the Grim Riders could very likely return the next night unless they get the person they are after...

If there are any Paladins or Clerics in the Inn, they might take a very dim view of consorting with the Grim Riders. Paladins might also feel strongly that it is everyone's duty to attack the Riders...a viewpoint that not everyone else necessarily shares.

It is suggested that the DM/LL adjust the number of Grim Riders to suit the overall strength of the party/patrons so that they are not a completely overwhelming force, but a challenging obstacle. A smart, determined and clever party should definitely have a good shot at holding these things off until sunrise, or maybe even defeating them. In the event that more than half of the Grim Riders are destroyed and/or Turned, the surviving Grim Riders will withdraw and report back to their Evil Overlord...which will undoubtedly lead to further inconveniences and eldritch interruptions down the road...

## Grim Spectral Riders

(3d4) [AL C, MV 150' (50')/Fly 300' (100')/Ride 600' (200'), AC 2, HD 6, ATK 1 (Touch, Weapon, or Spell), DG 1d8+Level Drain/3d4+Poison/by spell, SV F6, ML11] Immunity: Unharmed by normal weapons, including silver. Immune to *Charm*, *Hold*, or *Sleep*. They each are armed with a +1 Cruelly-Forked Lance that is poisoned with a terrible Necrosis effect similar to the rotting produced by a mummy, but with a +2 on the victims' Save.

Note: Grim Riders take 1d4 damage every turn spent in natural sunlight until destroyed or they get out of the sun. If destroyed in this manner, they are non-recoverable.

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## Eldritch Mounts

(Exactly as many as Grim Riders) [AL C, MV 600' (200'), AC 4, HD 3, ATK 1 (Trample), DG 3d4, SV F8, ML 11] Special: These things are unnatural, twisted semi-intangible parodies of horses who radiate a weak *Fear* effect (Save +2 or suffer effects of *Cause Fear* spell: LLp. 25).

They cannot abide sunlight (take 1d6 damage every turn spent in sunlight, if thus destroyed they are completely unrecoverable). These twisted, loathsome things are devoid of loyalty and lack any volition on their own and thus will do their best to obey any command they are given by whomever mounts them in the most direct and literal manner possible.

---

So after all is said and done, the Grim Riders are either driven off, defeated, or they flee the oncoming sunrise (or the Player Characters flee like cowards). Everyone is left wondering: What exactly did this person do to incur the wrath of the Evil Overlord?

...and the Player Characters might be considering what they might want to do about this matter.

If the Riders do succeed in carrying off their victim, there might be someone in this place who will pay a hefty fee for their safe return.

Some might want to attempt to parley with the Evil Overlord, if only to prevent any further disruptions to local business...others will no doubt prefer to hire some adventurers to destroy these undead interlopers. In any case there are some real opportunities here...



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