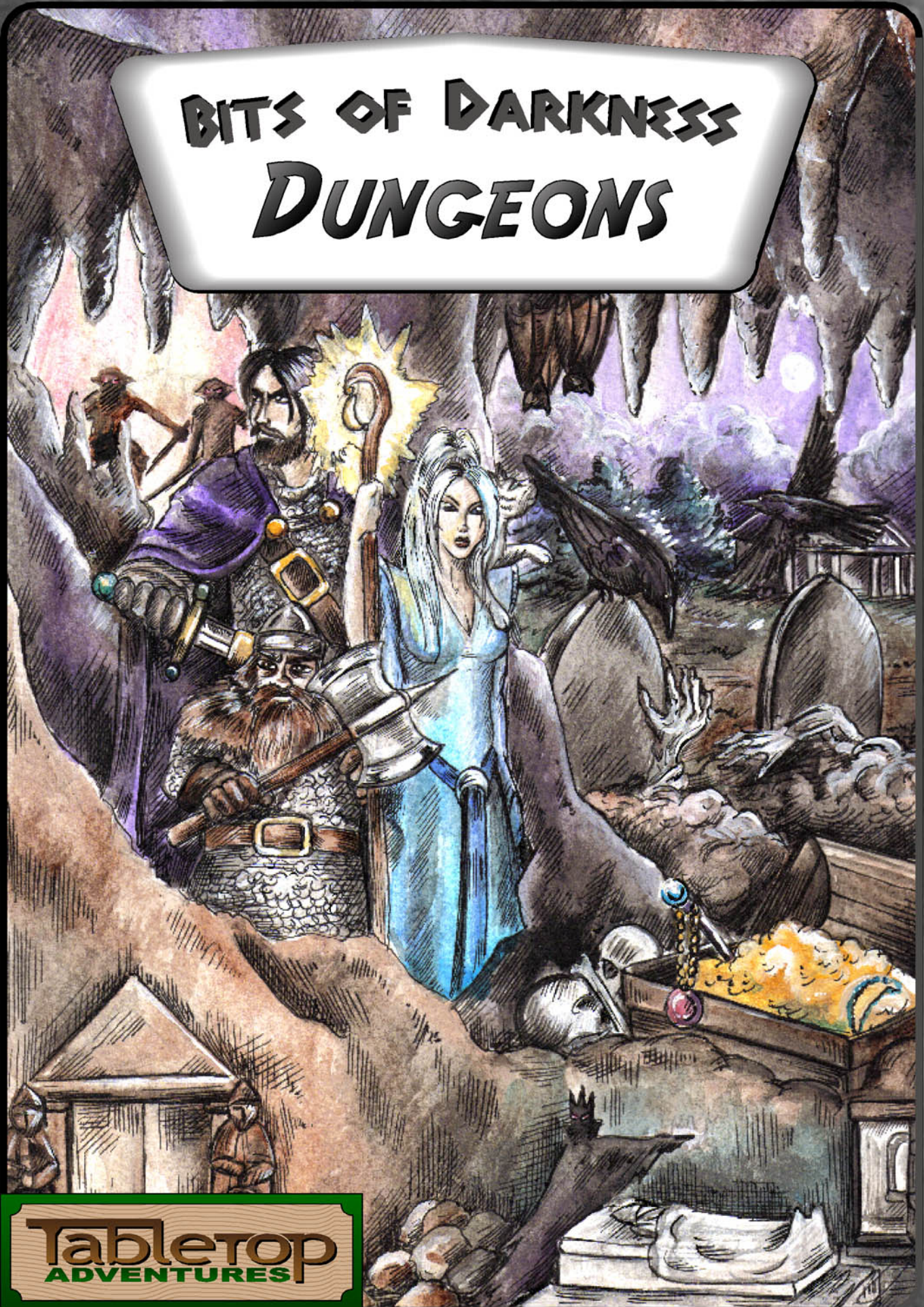


Tabletop Adventures presents

BITS OF DARKNESS *DUNGEONS*



Tabletop
ADVENTURES



BITS OF DARKNESS: DUNGEONS

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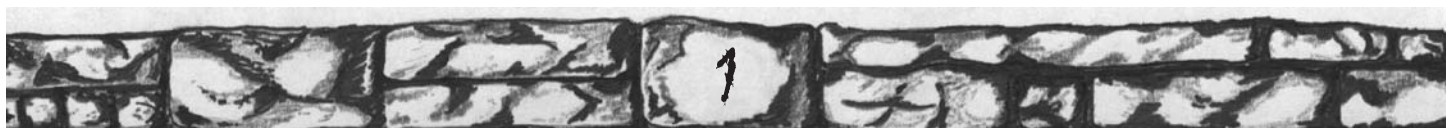
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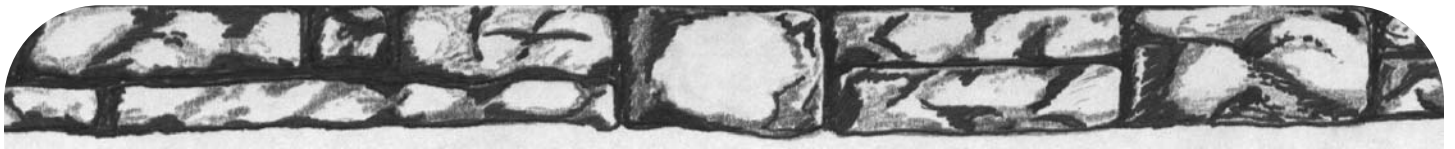


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INTRODUCTION

The Harried Game Master

Have you ever lamented not having enough time to spend on your game? Have you had friends call up when you didn't have anything ready and say, "Hey, let's play tonight; I had a rough day and I want to kill something"? Welcome to Tabletop Adventures' line of products for the Harried Game Master. These Shards and Bits are created for your convenience, as a time-saving but game-enhancing device. It seems that the more rushed or frazzled a GM becomes, the more mechanical the game tends to be. With these Shards and Bits, you can focus on the crunch, while we provide the fluff and atmosphere. You get the best of both worlds even in a pinch.

One thing we have noted in some games and modules was that if a room in a dungeon or building was merely empty, it often had very little description. If the GM or module actually described something, it was usually significant to the story. This occasionally produces interchanges like: "You see a broken arrow lying on the floor." "We draw our swords and fan out!" "Why?" asks the GM. "Uh, we have a psychic premonition that something important is happening?"

While experienced gamers may not be so obvious about their reactions, they still tend to have a general knowledge that something important is about to happen and their demeanor changes accordingly. Now, instead of saying "The room is empty," a GM can whip out one of our descriptions and say, "Lying near the side wall is a backpack that has been slashed to ribbons by a set of sharp objects set parallel to each other [claws]. There are stains on the pack, and if you look closely you can see an old, faded smear leading from that spot to the door [blood]." There is still effectively nothing there, but it's a little more exciting for the players and keeps up their level of interest. It is no longer "just another empty room."

What Are Shards and Bits?

Shards and Bits should be viewed as small pieces of an adventure. Bits are tiny pieces of description that can be thrown in anywhere to provide "color" or add a little excitement to what might otherwise

be a dull spot. They can be plugged in to accent your adventure without substantially changing it. Shards are longer and more elaborate, meant to be selected rather than added randomly. One of the uses of Shards could be to "set the mood" at the start of an encounter or adventure or to "reset the mood" after a break of some kind.

These tools provide the GM with a way to stimulate the characters' senses and the players' imaginations without having to use game-changing information. The descriptions can give players a "feel" for a situation, a better image of what is happening or what their characters are experiencing without all of those experiences leading directly to combat or treasure. While these bits are not intended as occasions for combat, they can enhance role-playing by encouraging character building, reaction, and interaction.

We have also included some Catacombs and Bits of Trouble, extra pieces that are more specific or may require actual planning by the GM. These are extras for you to use as you wish to enhance your game and game planning.

How to Use this Resource

The Bits of Darkness have been numbered so that a GM can roll percentile dice and randomly generate a dash of description to put into an adventure. Indexes are provided in case a bit is needed to fit a particular situation.

These descriptions need not be followed verbatim. The GM should feel free to adapt them however he or she needs in order to use them to greatest effect. For instance, if a body of a fallen adventurer is described, the GM could add to the description of the body so that it fit into the story that was being played out. Similarly, there may be "whisperings" that are heard by adventurers. (Or are their ears just playing tricks on them?) In this case the whisperer could be the spirit of someone who has fallen to a monster ahead. The spirit could even re-appear with a personality if the GM wanted to add it to the story. If the GM has put orcs in the dungeon and drums are heard in the deep, when the orcs are finally discovered perhaps





there is a set of drums in their lair. Even that is not necessary. These bits are for whatever you want! If a piece sparks your imagination (or those of your players) and you want to build on it, then go for it.

These pages can be printed out on regular paper. However, the final pages are formatted to be printed on card stock. As cards they can be shuffled and drawn randomly during play or sorted ahead of time, with the GM selecting certain bits for use and placing them with the appropriate map or other materials. If you don't want to work with cards, you can roll randomly and read the description to the players, or write the appropriate number in the room or hallway of the GM's map and refer to it when the players arrive there.

Shards and Bits are most effective if they are smoothly and subtly woven into the adventure. In other words, if your players don't realize you are about to use one, it will keep their interest high; they will be wondering what this description means for their characters and how to react to it. We have taken care so that the descriptions can be used to enhance most settings without "clashing" with your existing campaign or information. Some statistics are offered for your convenience in places, but you should feel free to adapt them to either the players' situation or game system as needed. Similarly, if you should roll or draw a "bit" that doesn't seem to fit your game or situation then simply roll or draw again and use another. These are made for you, to ease the lives of Harried Game Masters everywhere.

Have fun!

The good people at Tabletop Adventures

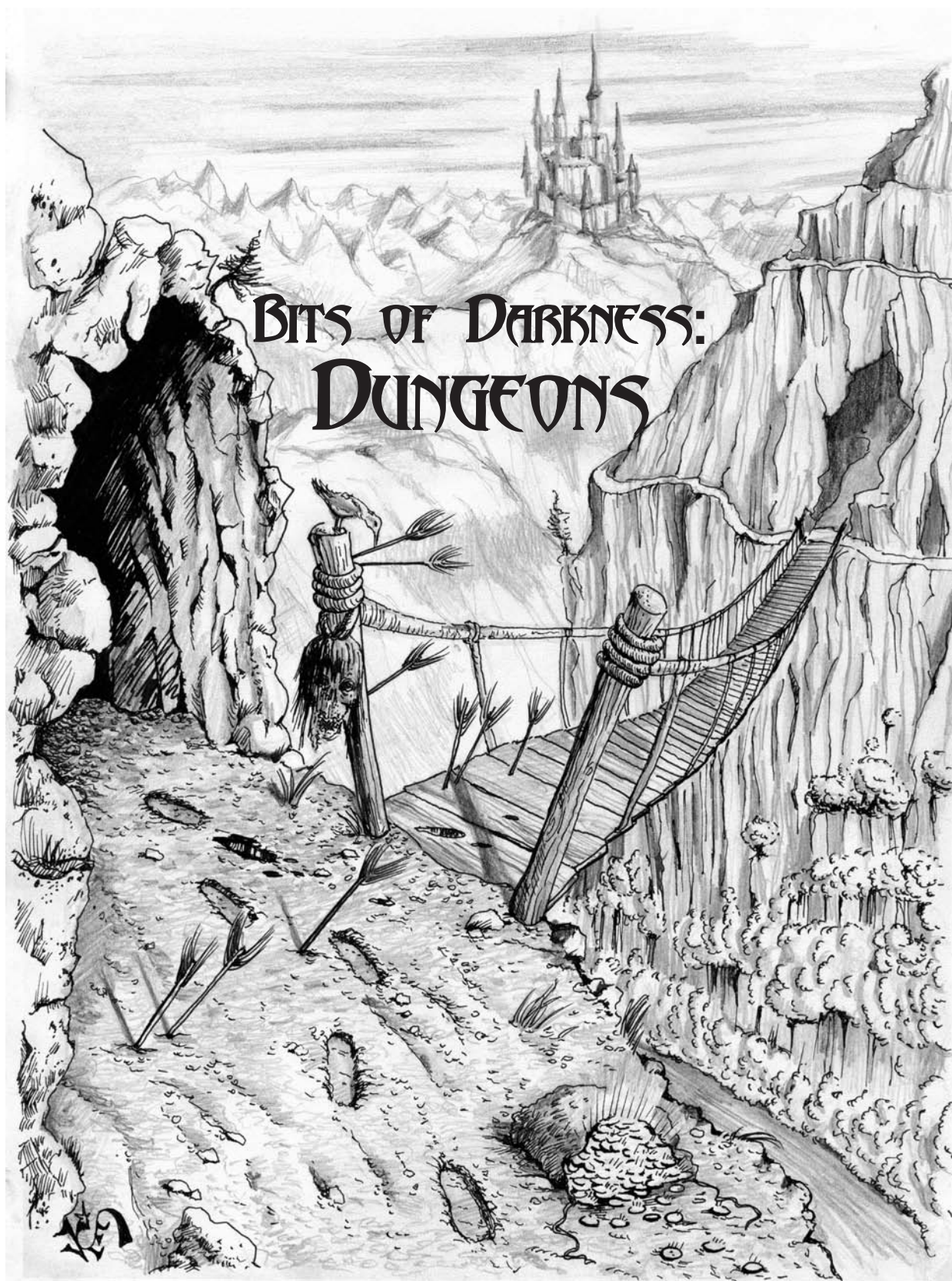
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Upcoming Products from TTA

Be watching for the next product from Tabletop Adventures: **"Bits of Darkness: Caverns."** It takes you underground, with descriptions to liven up adventures in natural caves and caverns. Its release is planned for December, 2004.

In early 2005, be expecting **"Shards of the City,"** which answers the question, "So what do we see as we walk down the street?"





BITS OF DARKNESS: DUNGEONS

“Trail to Adventure” created by Jesus and Javier Carmona-Esteban for use by Tabletop Adventures, LLC.



DUNGEON SHARDS

01. You come to a door that is splintered around the latch and standing slightly open. There are scratches on the stone of the door frame, two sets about four inches from each other. Each group has four scratches, about half an inch apart. The marks do not seem to have been intentionally worked; perhaps they were made by some dull metal scraping against the stone. They are deep enough that they must have been made with some force.

[If the door is examined:] The scratches extend to the door also, where they become deep gouges. In the room, there are some smatterings of dried blood on the floor, and a series of marks as if something heavy and metal was dragged across the floor. The scrape marks lead to the center of the room where a blood-spattered breastplate, severely dented, lies at the edge of a large circular area of red-brown, dried blood.

Looking around the room, you see several common items lying about. Broken candles lie near a leather backpack that has been torn apart. A few bits of moldy food remain, from a package of rations that have been gnawed on and discarded- something too tough for even the denizens of this place. There are arrows lying near a shredded quiver and moldering clothes scattered about. Aside from a few copper pieces [about 8], there seems to be nothing of value here.

[Story hooks:

- The remains of the backpack could still have something interesting tucked in a pocket.
- The breastplate could have a crest on the front belonging to a noble or adventurer who has been missing.]

02. Cobwebs crisscross the hallway, hanging thickly from the walls. They are less thick in the center, where you can see that some have been disturbed and not repaired. Tiny black spiders are scurrying upon the webbing; there must be dozens of them. Beyond the webbing, just at the edge of your light, you vaguely see a human shape in a sitting position against the wall. It is not moving, and does not respond to any noise. It is hard to be sure from this distance, but you don't see any evidence of violence. If the person is dead, as he seems to be,

it looks as though he just sat down against the wall and died.

[The body is that of a human male. One explanation for his death would be an allergic reaction to spider bites. If the death was recent, a close look would show swelling over much of his body, especially where he had been bitten. If the party passes the cobweb mass, they can see more details:] **The body is that of a human male, based on the beard and the general size of the rusty chain mail. On the other side of the body rests a leather pack. Both the body and the pack are covered with tiny webs, filling the crevices of the pack and most of the rings in the chain mail. A short sword lies near by the body's right hand, between the body and the backpack, the hilt covered by the webs joining those two.**

[If the party tries to loot the body they will have to deal with the many spiders that are living on the body beneath the armor and clothes and in the pack. Unless this is a recent death (at the GM's option), the equipment is rusty, dry, spoilt, and in general old and useless.]

Spider Swarm - contains about 1,000 spiders

Size/Type: Diminutive Vermin (Swarm)

Hit Dice: 2d8 (9 hp) Initiative: +3

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares), climb 20 ft.

Armor Class: 17 (+4 size, +3 Dex), touch 17, flat-footed 14

Base Attack/Grapple: +1/

Attack: Swarm (1d6 plus poison)

Full Attack: Swarm (1d6 plus poison)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./0 ft.

Special Attacks: Distraction, poison

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., immune to weapon damage, swarm traits, tremorsense 30 ft., vermin traits

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0 Abilities: Str 1, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 0, Wis 10, Cha 2

Skills: Climb +11, Listen +4, Spot +4

Challenge Rating: 1 Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

COMBAT - A spider swarm seeks to surround and attack any living prey it encounters. A swarm deals 1d6 points of damage to any creature whose space it occupies at the end of its move.

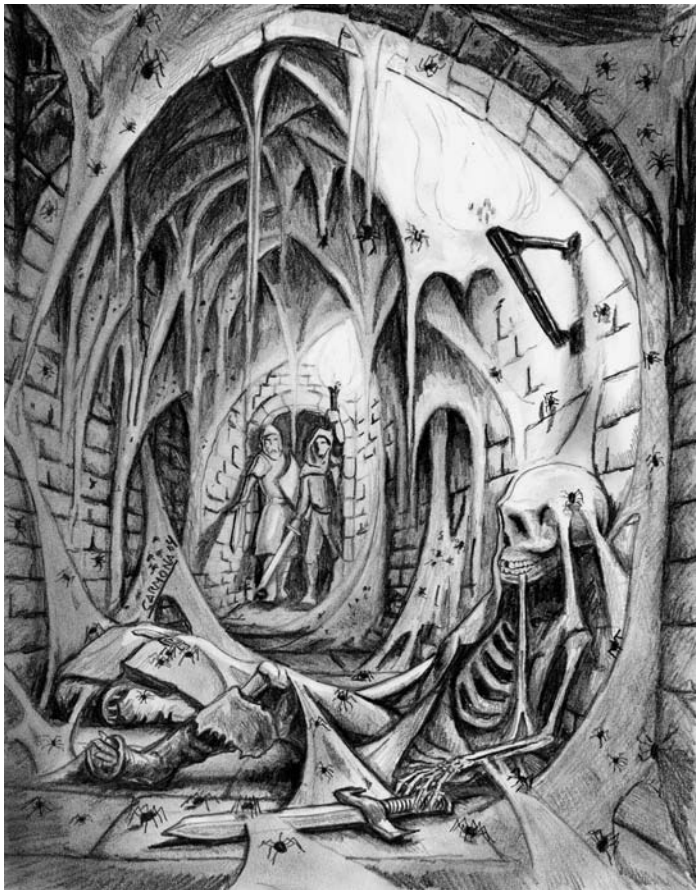
Distraction (Ex) - Any living creature that begins its turn with a spider swarm in its space must succeed on a



DC 11 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1 round.
The save DC is Constitution-based.

Poison (Ex) - Injury, Fortitude DC 11, initial and secondary damage 1d3 Str. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Skills - A spider swarm has a +4 racial bonus on Hide and Spot checks and a +8 racial bonus on Climb checks. It uses its Dexterity modifier instead of its Strength modifier for Climb checks. It can always choose to take 10 on a Climb check, even if rushed or threatened.



03. You smell a faint smell of rotting meat. As you move down the corridor the smell becomes stronger.

[Explorers must make a Fortitude save (at DC 15 with a bonus of +2) or begin to feel ill. Those who fail their saves should cover their noses and mouths with something to filter out the smell, and keep them covered to avoid further nausea. If an adventurer does not do this and tries to tough it out, he or she must save again after one round (at DC 15) with a penalty of the amount by which the previous save was missed. If this second Fortitude save is missed, extreme nausea will set in. If it is missed by 4 or more, the victim will begin to vomit repeatedly, becoming ineffective for any combat and capable of only 1/4 movement unless assisted. Recovery comes after 10 minutes spent in "fresher" air.]

You see a rat up ahead scurry out of the light and down the passage ahead of you. About 10 yards down the passage [or around the next turn] the smell becomes overpowering. [Again everyone must make a Fortitude save (DC 15 with a penalty of -2), with the results the same as the first saving throw.]

From here you can see a heap of bodies - several large carcasses of humanoid monsters [orcs, hobgoblins, ogres or other at the GM's option] **and several smaller bodies belonging to a mixed party of adventures. All the creatures here died either directly by violence or by blood loss. Since then something has been feeding upon them - several 'somethings' actually. A rat raises up on its haunches on the body of what was once a human female wearing some type of robe and no armor. A broken wand lies in what is left of her hand. The eyes are missing and much of the torso is gone, and hers is probably among the more intact of the bodies. The rat bares its teeth and screeches at you, then runs down the far side of the pile and disappears into the darkness.**

04. The door you are trying to open does not even budge. [GM may require a check to tell that the door is not locked, but it should be easy to determine.] **The door is not locked, but it seems to be barred from the inside.** [A Spot check against DC 12 will reveal:] **Often if a door is barred near the center, the top or bottom may move in a little bit when forced, but here the door seems to be blocked along its entire length.** [A single push at DC 20 will jar the door about 1" - not enough to clear the door frame, but enough to show it is obstructed rather than tightly barred. Subsequent pushes will open the door an additional 1" per push. A sustained shove (rather than a series of individual pushes) will open the door 6" on a check at DC20. Both of these will be effective up to a total of 12".] **Now that you have opened the door a little way you can see that there are the many pieces of furniture and boxes set against the door. They are piled precariously and if they can be toppled by something the door would open more easily.**

[Once the adventurers get into the room they find the remains of a party that is long dead. They are in various positions of death. For some reason they barricaded themselves in this room and remained here until they died.]

The body of a woman, long dead, leans against the wall in the corner. Her hands clutch at a piece of





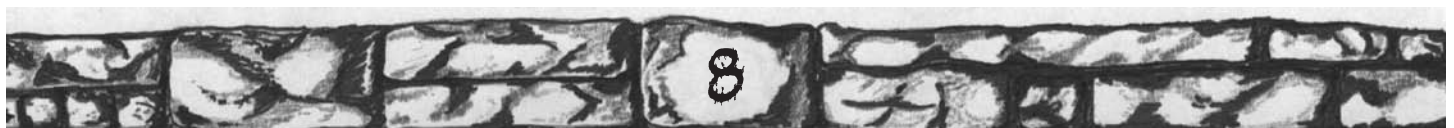
brittle parchment. Laid out as if for a state funeral are the bodies of two other adventurers, now only skeletons. Their clothes are moldy rags and their equipment has rusted badly.

a second you feel a sense of kinship with the fly in the spider's trap! Then your hand strays to your weapon, and you remind yourself that you are the hunter here.

[If the players look at the parchment:] **In common it says:** *"We are now too weak to fight our way out. We can still hear the beast in the hall occasionally anyway; none of us are willing to face it again. The others have asked that I write our names here so that we may be remembered by anyone brave and powerful enough to slay our tormenter and claim its hoard. We are Talric of the Sword, Inarra the Enchantress, and Trax the Mighty. Srandal, Faruth, and Carbin all fell in the first onslaught of the beast before we even knew. How can anything so big move so quietly?"* [The GM can decide if they had anything of value which the mold and rust might not have destroyed.]

05. A shadowy passage descends into the darkness below. The stairs are cracked and worn while the walls appear cold and uninviting. A chill draft emanates from the depths and the air that it brings up speaks of decay and death. Shadows play along the wall as if they were alive and dancing at the edge of the flickering light that you bring. A silvery wisp of spider web sways slowly in the moving air, but (since the web has been broken and never repaired) the spider itself is probably gone. It is hard to imagine that treasure, or anything good, might rest in the depths that lie before you. For an irrational moment you have a powerful urge to leave – a strong feeling that you and your light are not wanted here and that something horrible lies in the darkness. You look at your companions but are unable to tell if they felt it too. In any event, the strength of the feeling has passed.

06. Here a stairwell rises up from the level on which you stand. The stairs look worn, even ancient, as do the walls which rise along the sides. Mortar crumbles from between some of the stones and there are a few cracks almost big enough to put your finger into. There is not a noticeable breeze here and you are unsure if this is a way out or if it just leads to another section of the dungeon. An old iron torch sconce sits empty and rusting at about head level on your right and, judging by the webs crisscrossing the metalwork, a spider is using it for a home. You notice a tiny movement there; a fly is struggling in the web and a small black spider moves rapidly forward to attack. For





DUNGEON BITS

SIGHTS

01. A misty haze gathers in corded wisps upon the floor, which snake along almost like serpents but devoid of purpose or direction. They seem to twist and swirl out of the way of your steps as you walk along.

02. The remains of a battle litter the floor, broken arrows and crudely-made clubs and spears. The corroded shards of a sword rest at your feet. Proud bronze eagles of some past empire lie fallen, covered with verdigris and decay.

03. Here are the ashes of a fire [d6: 1-2=still warm, 3=cold, 4-6=long cold], made by something unknown. A broken bone that looks very much like a human shin bone lies beside the fire, its marrow sucked out. Other bones are scattered around. As you approach, a rat scurries away from a bone that still has some meat hanging on it. While you cannot be sure how long the fire smoldered after it was used, it does seem clear that whatever ate here did so in the last day.

04. The walls glisten in the light as droplets of moisture like tiny beads of sweat gather upon the walls [floor]. It is damp and uncomfortable here. Hosts of centipedes scurry away from you on the floor as you approach.

05. Thin wisps of cobwebs stretch across the passage. Those in the center are broken by your passage, or rapidly burn away in fires of your torch, but other strands still caress your face invisibly. They cling stickily to your face and clothes. You seem to feel something tiny scurrying upon your exposed neck.

06. A large stain lies upon the stone floor, extending unevenly outward from a central point. At one spot the stain has spread only as far as a person's arm; in another place it has spread out at least the length of a spear. Various bits of cloth and some tiny wooden pieces lie upon the stain. [Anyone with a wisdom of ten or more who examines the stain and bits should be able to identify the stain as blood; whatever happened here produced a great deal of it. The bits of cloth and wood

seem to be scraps of material and buttons torn from clothing.]

07. As you glance at the walls and ceiling, you see huge cracks have formed in the stone. The floor is littered with small stones and gravel. [If anyone says anything or makes any noise, dust and a trickle of gravel fall from the cracks in the ceiling. There is a possibility of a cave in, especially in the case of loud noises or battle. Falling rock is a genuine danger to the party and damage should be assessed accordingly. Damage and the difficulty of avoiding it should be determined by the situation:

Situation	Reflex save to avoid falling rocks	Possible damage taken
Talking	DC 5	about 10% of Hit Points
Loud talking or arguing	DC 10	about 25% of Hit Points
Full-fledged battle	DC 15	not to exceed 50% of Hit Points

There could be a chance of the cave in sealing off this passage at the choice of the GM.]

08. The dust here is thick and undisturbed. As you walk across it, you feel that yours are the first feet to do so in centuries. With the motion the dust rises in clouds into the air. [Adventurers should make a Fortitude save at DC8 or take -3 to hit while in the area, due to coughing and sneezing.]

09. Mold clings to the spaces between the stones of the wall. It also grows across the rough surface of the stone. Beads of moisture cover the fuzzy mold and the stone is damp. [If the mold is touched, a powdery dust will rise into the air and cling to the person disturbing it, especially to exposed sweaty skin. It has no other effect.]

10. A small black puddle of water glistens in a low spot on the floor. It reflects the light as you approach.

11. A crudely-made arrow lies on the floor, broken. The arrow has an iron barb with a reddish stain on it. The shaft is painted black with the remains of poorly made black-feathered fletching. You notice scratches on the stone made by iron-shod feet.





12. A rotting cloth drapery hangs in tatters over the doorway. As you look, you see something tiny scurry up the rotting fabric. The damp smell of decay fills the corridor as the heavy cloth is disturbed. You cannot pass through without touching the material.

13. There is a dark furry mass about the size of your fist lying on the floor of the hallway. It is unmoving and stinks. Close examination shows it is a mass of flesh torn from some coarse-haired fur-bearing creature. Something has gnawed on it and now it is starting to rot.

14. Rags have been gathered together in a bed of sorts. The mass has a terrible odor and the pungent smell of unwashed bodies is repulsive. Examining it, even from a distance, you can see that the pile is full of fleas and lice. A tiny speck jumps towards you. Now that you have noticed, the room seems to be thick with them. [After this encounter, the GM should send random notes to players telling them that they have an itch. You can roll randomly for where it is or just pick a spot. The characters can actually have acquired the parasites or they can just be reacting psychologically to the threat; it is up to you.]

15. There seems to be some kind of mossy growth on the floor. Looking closely, you can see it is the remains of a carpet. Slime and mold have grown up on it. It is damp and slick and a smell of rotting garbage fills the air.

16. Chairs, boxes, and tables are piled up in such a haphazard arrangement that it implies that it was not a rational mind that arranged them. [Place piles randomly.] The obstructions make it impossible to spread out in a good fighting formation; to move across the room will require the party either to go in single file or to split up. Much of the furniture is broken and jumbled as if treated very roughly.

The chaos casts innumerable shadows and you hear a scurrying and scratching noise. [To find the source of the noise, a character must be looking below table level. On a Spot check (DC 10), things are seen which flit at the edge of light but are not discernable. If the check would have succeeded at DC15, the viewer sees grey shapes about the size of a small dog are seen but disappear rapidly into shadows. If the debris is cleared, the shapes (large rats) stay in the shadows, fleeing to a small, jagged hole at floor level. It turns sharply to the right, so nothing can be seen by looking into it.]

17. You come upon a group of eight dead and decomposed bodies in the hallway. Six are wearing different types of armor, though the metal has rusted and the leather largely decomposed. Any weapons they had are missing. Each seems to have had severe wounds, but each has also had its skull crushed. Many of the corpses are missing limbs and some thoroughly-gnawed bones are scattered among the bodies. [The GM may plant a plot device on one of the corpses.]

18. There are two faint drawings on the wall of the hallway, done in charcoal. The first depicts a small quadruped creature bending over a sword and armor. In the other picture the same creature is bending over a pile of something that looks like ash and appears to be eating it. The drawings are underlined twice with an arrow pointing to the left. Any details of the creature are not clear from the drawings.

19. There is a broken up table here, its legs cracked and splintered and the top broken into pieces. You see parts of a smashed box as well. Other than using it as firewood there is nothing of value. [If the adventurers pick up the wood they notice hundreds of minute insects and centipedes crawling over the wood. It could still be used to make a fire but they will probably not want to carry it with them.]

20. On the floor lies a dusty cracked vial of blue-glazed ceramic. Surrounding it is a flat patch of a dry, white powdery substance about two feet across.

21. The door before you is well mounted, with iron fittings. You notice that something has been clawing at the lower half of the door, as if it was trying to get at what was on the other side. The claw marks are gouged half an inch deep into the wood in some places.

22. In this doorway a door lies where it has fallen. It is partially in the room and partially out. From what you can see, it is as if all of the metal on the door just disappeared. There are some slight traces of rust on the door where the metal should have been, and it looks like something has clawed or gnawed at these areas. The wood of the door seems to have been cut from a solid piece.

23. As you prepare to pass through into the next area, your eyes are attracted to an archway. It is





not characteristic of the rest of the dungeon. The stones of the archway have crudely-carved faces on them with heavy, vicious features. [They resemble some form of totem stones.] Careful examination shows the carvings were done in the stones of the archway and set into the wall, which makes you think that the carving was done after the wall had been constructed.

24. There is a dark opening measuring about 2 feet by 2 feet, roughly six feet above the floor. When you first look at it there are two red eyes peering out at you from the inky blackness. The eyes are set about 5 inches apart, and disappear as soon as someone makes a move in that direction. [If the explorers examine the opening:] You find a tunnel that narrows quickly to about one foot by one foot and turns to the left after five feet.

25. There is a long chain hanging suspended from the ceiling, which ends about four feet from the floor. [It is held in the ceiling by an eye-bolt.] The links are two inches in diameter, and seem to be made of iron, because they are quite rusty. The bottom link is broken open.

26. On the floor of the hallway there is a painted circular area about two feet wide in total. The center is black, one foot in diameter, and is surrounded by three concentric bands of yellow, red and white, each about four inches wide. In the ceiling directly above this spot is a two-foot-wide circular opening into the darkness above.

27. There is greenish water oozing out of a low crack in the wall and dribbling onto the floor. Instead of pooling there it meanders along a low area at the base of the right hand wall. The fluid stinks of decomposition and the area is green and slimy. Eventually the liquid disappears into a crack in the floor but neither its original source nor its destination can be determined.

28. A tiny stream of water trickles down the stairs and drains away into a crack near your feet. You hear an ominous 'thud' from above, and suddenly the rivulet turns deep crimson. [If the adventurers investigate, they could find a body, or merely a pool of blood showing where a body had lain. If no stairs are present, this could be changed to water trickling down a wall from an opening above.]

29. This room feels damp and a shroud of green

moss covers everything – the walls, the floor, the inside of the door, the pile of corpses rotting in the middle of the room [If a player insists that a character will investigate, emphasize the foul odor of the room and the disgusting condition of the corpses. The corpses have already been despoiled of anything of value.]

30. You come across a metal plate set in the wall about 4 feet up from the floor. Someone has written "Danger: do not press" above it. Below it, in a different hand, shaky and smudged, you see an addendum: "again." [The metal plate does nothing. It may be an inoperative pressure plate for a hidden trap or a secret door, or not.]

31. As you're walking along, you find a large wooden shield lying in the middle of the passageway. It is dusty, with a large crack across it. Just ahead, you see what appears to be a bedroll, now torn and dirty, lying in a heap on the floor as if discarded. A bit beyond that, you see a rucksack tossed aside. It looks like someone was running away from something. Something coming from behind you...

32. The color of the stones on the right hand wall changes at this point. The lower section is a dusty yellow, with a light pink stone starting about halfway up the wall. This combination continues the rest of the way down the corridor.

33. A large, very dead rat lies in the center of the corridor, pierced with a dozen tiny darts.

34. Out of the corner of your eye, you see a gold coin lying on the floor. [If the coin is picked up:] You hear a soft, ominous 'Click'. What do you do? [Regardless of what the characters do, nothing happens. The GM is welcome to play up the suspense.]

35. A 3-foot tall pyramid of small skulls stands at the end of a 7-foot long mound of stones. Someone has written 'Erlander' in the common script on the wall above the cairn. The skulls are smaller than human size. [They are goblin skulls. Someone buried a fallen comrade here, but not until after they removed his valuables for his next-of-kin.]

36. Sitting on the floor with its back against the wall is a corpse wearing rusty full plate armor. In the center of the breastplate is a hole that looks like it could have been made by a bladed arrowhead. [The armor is very rusty. If it is handled it will start

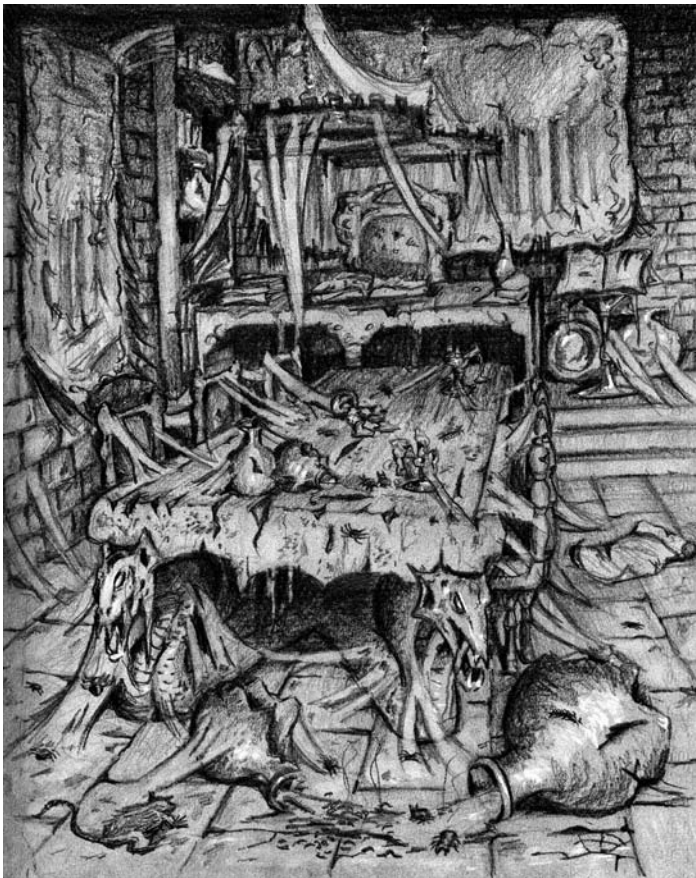




to come apart. Nothing else of value is with the corpse – most of the gear was removed long ago.]

37. Every few feet, someone has placed a small, white stone on the floor. This goes on for about 100 feet, after which you see no more of the stones.

38. You have entered what was once a finely decorated room. A faded tapestry depicting a woodland scene is now frayed but hints at former luxury as do the desk, chair, and table. Dim light reflects off the very tarnished silver and brass fittings. A slightly sweet smell of decay permeates the room. [Any attempt to move or manipulate one of the furnishings causes that item to crumble into an unidentifiable heap of rotten pieces and bugs. Searching the remains of all items will yield 6-36 silver fittings and knobs each worth 5 silver pieces (once they are cleaned). However, a search will not reveal any clues as to who might have furnished this room or why.]



39. You approach a place in a hallway where an armored figure lies. It seems to be the remains of a fighter, clutching a crossbow quarrel which is

embedded through his chest and into his spine. All the flesh has long since rotted from his bones. [His ringmail, simple helm and broadsword are barely serviceable.] **In the wall near the body there are five, 1-inch diameter holes staggered and at varied heights from two to five feet off the ground. On the wall opposite are four deep nicks, with four broken quarrels lying on the ground.** [A search of the body reveals a pouch, dried and fragile, containing 4 coppers and a rock-hard piece of something that may once have been bread.]

40. On the wall of the stone hallway you see a stick figure drawn on the wall with a chalky substance. The figure is of a winged and taloned creature with a stick figure of a man in his mouth. Under the rough picture is an arrow pointing to the left.

41. You see something small stuck in a crack in the wall of the hallway, about four feet off the ground. It is a scrap of parchment, folded over several times. When opened it reads in hastily scrawled Elvish, "This way out."

42. Some sort of oily liquid is dripping from the center of the ceiling in this area of the hallway. There is a shallow trough worn down the middle of the hallway, and the fluid trickles along it for about fifteen feet before disappearing into a crack in the floor.

43. You come to a "T" intersection and see a steel-headed javelin, longer than a man is tall, standing out of the end wall. The head is deeply embedded into the stone, nearly the length of a foot. The back of the javelin is fletched with two-inch-high wooden fletches. There is a groove in the back end of the javelin. It seems to have come from straight up the leg of the "T". [You may have a ballista cocked and ready at the other end of the hall, or behind a door with a hole in it at the other end of the hall with a trigger point in the hall somewhere, or the ballista could have been taken away long ago. To dislodge the ballista javelin would require a successful Strength check at DC 25.]

44. As you look into [enter] the room, you are astonished to see the entire floor of the room is done in mosaic tile, depicting the sun, clouds and birds on the wing. When you look up, you see that the ceiling has also been done in mosaic, but with a forest motif. [The party may very well spend some time here, arguing about the safest way to cross the





room. This could be nothing, or the room could have a magical effect in it which reverses gravity.]

45. At an intersection of corridors, your flickering light reveals a charcoal mark upon the wall. It appears to have been made by either a stick plucked from a fire or from the the burned out stub of a torch. The smeared mark is about five feet from the floor and forms an arrow that points back the way that you have come. There is no indication as to who could have made it.

46. Before you, at the edge of your light, something lies upon the stones of the floor. As you approach you discover the scattered pieces of a skeleton. Parts are still encased in rusting plate armor, though the breastplate seems to have had its leather straps bitten through or ripped to remove it from the body. Not all of the ribs and limbs are present but the skull rests against the wall, still grinning in its helmet. A bony hand is curled around a piece of chalk. Something has been written on the floor but not all of the letters can be made out. It seems to say: "In the gods nam*** go ba*k befo** *****" [The stars represent letters that cannot be made out by the adventurers. The writing ends in a smear where something wiped across it.]

47. You come across a backpack that appears to have been ripped open by a clawed hand and teeth. Its worthless contents have been scattered around, torn, and trampled. There are scraps of cloth, a broken flask and some straps of leather but nothing of value. There is also nothing to indicate who the former owner was nor who (or what) the vandal may have been.

48. An area about one-third of the way across the room is blackened, with streaks spreading unevenly from the center. In the black area, and scattered around the room, are small shards and bits of clay pottery, which are also more or less blackened and scorched-looking.

49. You see a small lump lying on the floor near the wall. It is a bit larger than a man's hand spread wide, oddly shaped, and covered with a thick layer of dust. There is also a long, narrow tail (or something) trailing off from it. [If someone picks up the item:] As you pick it up, dust puffs off of it, but it rapidly assumes a familiar shape. It is a waterskin [or wineskin], and the "tail" is its braided strap, pulled loose from one end. The skin is stiff,

and as you look it over you can see it is already split on the bottom.

50. On the floor you see a small pile. A closer look shows it is pieces of leather, old and stiff. With careful examination, you can determine that it was originally a backpack. The outside of it has been slashed into ribbon-like pieces, which crumble slightly as they are handled. The piece which would have been against the wearer's back is deeply gouged on the inside. In several places it is sliced through completely, and those slashes are stained with something dark. The straps of the pack have been cut across the shoulders, sawn through rather than slashed.

SOUNDS

51. Dripping sounds come from somewhere in front of you. They are faint at first, but grow stronger as you move along. Something seems to be dripping incessantly and plopping into an unseen pool.

52. You hear a scurrying as you move on, and, in a grey blur, a creature the size of a small dog, holding something in its mouth, slips back into the shadows. Scraps of some inhuman flesh and internal organs lie in a pool of thick blood. A trail of blood crossed by the bloody pawprints of a giant rat leads off into the darkness where the animal disappeared.

53. You seem to hear the distant sound of chanting. It rises and falls in a rhythmic pattern but is very difficult to hear; it is just barely audible. You cannot determine the language without silence and concentration. [If the GM does not want to build on this, the chanting can stop as soon as the party pauses to listen.]

54. You hear a loud click and the creak of a door opening. The noise originated somewhere behind you. There is the fall of footsteps and the creak of another door, followed by the sound of a door closing and a latch falling into place.

55. Drums echo faintly through the halls – thum budda budda budda, thum budda budda budda. This repeats four times and then is gone.

56. You hear a shuffling sound, and the grating of metal upon stone. It is repeated, becoming fainter. If you were to guess, it is as if something is walking





and dragging a foot behind it, which in turn is dragging a chain across the stone.

57. A piercing hiss cuts through the darkness, followed by the sound of coils gliding across the stone floor. The hiss is obviously a warning and came from something large enough to sound as loud as the hiss of an overactive tea kettle. No serpent under 6 feet in length could have made that sound. Of course, it could be larger. As you move on, you see a broken stone where the wall meets the floor and behind it the opening of a dark hole. You cannot see into its blackness unless you get your face down even with the hole. [If someone investigates, he or she finds the hole narrows to about 8 inches in diameter and turns sharply, making it impossible to see further by normal means.]

58. Suddenly you hear the scurrying of small animals. It sounds like many rodents – possibly hundreds– racing off into the darkness ahead of your torchlight. You see rat droppings thick upon the floor and the place smells like a rodent den.

59. You hear a sound like sobbing and whimpering echoing through the corridor. It is distant and the source is unclear. [If the adventurers stop and listen, the sound fades away; if someone calls out it will stop abruptly.]

60. [Pick one of the players and tell them:] **A whispering sound comes to your ears, but it is unintelligible and faint. It sends a chill down your spine and tugs at something deep within you. You look at the others, but no one else seems to have heard it...**

61. A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. Beware!
2. Danger!
3. Death awaits!
4. Halt – go back.
5. It lives! It cannot be killed.
6. Many enter but no one leaves.

62. A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. Come to me; come to me here.
2. I once was a man like yourself but I wandered too deep into these halls.
3. Help me! Help me!
4. What are you doing?
5. Have you come to release me?
6. I can feel the freshness of your life.

63. A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. I once was a man like yourself but I wandered too deep into these halls.
2. What are you doing?
3. You cannot help me.
4. It is too late.
5. You shouldn't have come.
6. Why come to die?

64. A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. Beware the deeps!
2. I once was a man like yourself but I wandered too deep into these halls.
3. Beware the fangs of darkness.
4. It is time to feed.
5. Bring us your treasure.
6. Bring us your life.





65. The hallway is deathly still. Nothing moves or has moved here for a very long time. You get the uncomfortable feeling that something here resents your intrusion.

66. The moss is deep, and growth covers walls and floor. Your voices all sound deadened and seem to fall lifeless and still just a few feet away from you. You hear a muted “drip, drip.”

67. From the distance, so faint you can barely hear it, comes the sound of high-pitched shrieks. It sounds like something is being tortured. Suddenly everything falls silent.

68. Suddenly you hear a great roar that seems to come from all around you, and the crashing of wood breaking. You cannot determine the direction.

69. You hear the clatter of rocks falling from the ceiling somewhere not far away. There is a faint whiff of dust in the air, and sand and gravel lie upon the floor that you are crossing.

70. There is a dark opening roughly two feet across and two feet high, placed about six feet above the floor. When you get close to it you can feel air moving. It smells fresh, probably from an outside source. Suddenly a high-pitched scream comes from the vent. The scream dies away after about ten seconds, replaced by loud laughter. [This sequence of sounds is repeated once, after about three minutes.]

71. As you step over the threshold into the room, you hear an ominous, metallic ‘click’. And that is never a good thing. [Nothing unusual happens – unless of course the GM wishes to place a trap or incident here.]

72. You hear the faint scraping of stone against stone for 30 seconds, then all is quiet again.

73. Somewhere in the darkness ahead of you, you hear a loud, sharp CREAK! It sounds like a stiff hinge protesting its treatment. That is followed by a long, soft, cree—ee—eak and a quiet thud, then all is silent once more.

74. From some distance, you hear a high-pitched laugh; more of a giggle, really. It sounds almost like the laughter of a young child, and you feel your lips begin to twitch up. However, considering

where you are, a young child laughing seems unlikely. With a shiver, you realize that what seems funny to a denizen of this place is not likely to be something you would consider humorous at all.

SCENTS

75. A wisp of cold, dank air sends a shiver down your spine as you halt. You carefully try to sense where the breeze has come from, but it is gone, leaving only a dank moldy smell.

76. The smell of manure fills the room, worse than any stable you have ever been in. Here there are no windows or breezes to bring in fresh air and the pungent odor is repulsive. The smell hangs in the air, heavy and oppressive. You see that the floor is covered with waste. Passage will be slippery and staying clean may be difficult. [At the GM’s option, a Reflex save at DC15 could be required for safe passage.]

77. The acrid smell of urine fills the hallway [room], pungent and nauseating. It is obvious that something has been here frequently and there is a wet area about a foot in diameter near the base of the wall. Rivulets of yellowish liquid run along the wall for quite a distance.

78. There is a smoky quality about the air here, and the faint smell of sulfur. Looking around, you see that the wall [or the floor] has been fractured by large cracks in the stone. An eerie reddish light throbs in the cracks and wisps of odorous smoke rise up from the fissure. You begin coughing as the sulfurous smoke reaches your lungs. [Each person exposed must make a fortitude save at DC 15 or temporarily lose 2 points of Constitution. After leaving the room, make a Fortitude save at DC 15 every 10 minutes. The point loss remains until a Fortitude save succeeds or the sufferer has been out of the fumes an hour.]

79. The smell of rotting meat fills the room [hall]. You see a tangled mess that used to be a body, with worms crawling out of the flesh. [Unless a character has the Inured feat, he or she must make a Fortitude save at DC 18 or become violently ill, temporarily losing 2 points of Strength. The illness remains until the victim leaves the area. The points of Strength are regained 30 minutes after the illness subsides.]

Inured (Feat - General):

Prerequisites - Character level 4 or above

Benefit - You have seen so many terrible things in your





life that other disgusting things have largely lost their ability to shock or horrify you. Gain +2 to all saving throws vs. fear effects due to horror, or to other effects due to disgust/horror. For example: Frightful Presence (monster extraordinary ability); Despair (mummy ability); Frightful Moan or Horrific Appearance (ghost abilities.)
Special - This does not apply to spells or effects which simply cause fear without the cause being horrifying in nature. This feat may be taken prior to level 4 with GM permission.

80. The earthy smell of stagnant water fills the hallway as you stride along. Each step you take goes 'splish' in the puddles that have gathered on the floor. When you pause to listen, you hear the tiny chimes of countless droplets falling onto stone.

81. The smell of the dust in the air has changed. Where it used to be the smell of age-old stone, now you smell the dust of new masonry. Something has changed around here, recently.

82. A hint of an odor teases your senses. It is a rich, slightly sweet smell, possibly incense. Just a whiff comes to you, and then the scent disappears.

83. You catch a sudden whiff of something, possibly meat cooking. A slight breeze wafts by you, bringing the scent again, stronger this time – only now it smells burnt. The acrid odor seems to linger in the air.

STUFF

84. The air here is misty with a cold fog that rests thickly upon the ground. Rising from the dampness of the stones, there is a chill that is like the chill of death.

85. The air here is still and unnaturally cold – a place of evil long forgotten, but not dead.

86. The air is getting warmer and humid, like the dense jungles you've heard of in the south. There is a warm steaminess to the air as a vapor rises ahead. Your clothes become wet and sticky as you begin to sweat.

87. The floor here has settled. To cross the room, you must pass through a pool of water that does not appear to be deep. The brackish water reflects your light back at you from its black surface. As

you watch, a ring of ripples moves across the surface of the pool. [The ripples could be caused by air movement, by the landing of an insect on the surface of the pool, or by the movement of something living in the pool...]

88. Your foot slips on a patch of slimy moss and you fall against the wall of the corridor. As you push yourself off, a gooey mucus-like substance covers your hand. It is cold, and seems to cling to your very pores. Your tunic is stained as well as the substance insinuates itself into the porous material. [Both skin and cloth can be cleaned in any usual manner.]

89. The floor has become slippery with moisture. There is a greenish slimy growth of algae on the floor and lower walls of the hallway. Every step must be taken with care or the you will fall. It is as slick as black ice. [Adventurers must make a Reflex save at DC 15 to cross without falling. The slippery area extends for 40 feet.]

90. The wall to your right glistens with moisture.





Beads of some clear substance cling to the wall. It looks thicker than water. [If this substance is touched it is found to be sticky. If the adventurers investigate, they see it appears to be a type of excretion from some form of creature.]

91. There is a gust of wind and your torchlight [lantern] suddenly dances and flares, then sputters and goes out.

92. A sudden gust of wind blows past, bringing the smell of damp earth and something less pleasant. It is vaguely familiar but you're not sure you really want to know.

93. You notice the ceiling of the hallway seems to be moving. When you shine a light on the area, you can see that it is crawling with beetles about as big as your thumb, thousands of them. Some of them loose their grip and fall to the floor, then run over to the wall and climb up to the ceiling again. This goes on for a very large area. They appear to be working at some sticky substance on the ceiling and are coming and going out of cracks above you.

94. The floor here is slick with water and moss. You must walk carefully. You see a 2-foot circle of wetness on the ceiling and from its center water drips, ever so slowly.

95. You come to a pile of stones ranging from pebbles to rocks a foot in diameter. The pile covers ten feet along the corridor and ranges from one to three feet in depth. It is very treacherous because of the pebbles, dust, and jagged rocks. This seems to be a cave in, since the ceiling is very rough here, but you cannot tell what caused it. As you watch, a small rock falls from the ceiling, trailed by a wisp of dust.

96. You notice a slot running along just below the ceiling on the left side of the hall. If you get up to check it, you can see it is 6 inches tall, 6 inches deep, and has a deeply rounded bottom. It runs the length of the hallway in this area. About half way down the hall, on the floor, you see a perfectly spherical piece of stone 4 inches in diameter. It has a hole drilled into the center from one side, 3/4 of the way through the ball and the width of a finger. [If the stone ball is put into the slot it will roll toward the far end of the hallway (around corners if need be) and disappear into a 5-inch diameter hole

at the far end of the corridor. Nothing like this is encountered anywhere else in the dungeon (except at the GM's option). Its purpose is unknown.]

97. The ceiling lowers noticeably here, as the sides of the passage pull away slightly. Obviously this passage was built by dwarves, so headroom is at a premium.

98. The torch [lantern] in your hand sputters and dies. Darkness descends, engulfing you in its velvety embrace. The air around you is still and heavy with the dust of ages.

99. The air is damp and cool and the smell of mold torments your nostrils. The light casts deep shadows and you peer ahead into the darkness beyond. The shadows are unyielding of their secrets and as you strain to listen, all you can hear is the creak of leather and clink of mail as your comrades shift their weight. The area ahead appears to be empty.

100. The air is dry and has an old smell to it – as if nothing living has been this way for a long time. Your light flickers, sending shadows dancing upon the walls. In the dark of the dungeon you can almost pick out human shapes in the shadows that gather to menace you as you approach. Is there something more here than just light and shadow? You cannot be sure.





CATACOMBS

01. As you are walking down the hallway you see a series of seven openings, each two feet wide and one-and-a-half feet high. They are evenly spaced, about a foot and a half apart. The tops of the openings are slightly arched. The openings are all about four and a half feet above the hallway floor. The first opening you come upon is about five feet deep and empty. The second has a collection of bones and old ratty cloth in it. [If someone shines a light into the opening:] When you shine the light into it you can see it is the same depth as the previous hole. There are several tiny pairs of yellow eyes looking out at you. As you continue to look in, the eyes disappear into the pile of bones. There is a scurrying, scratching sound and several rats five to seven inches long rush away through a small hole in the far end of the niche. Of the next five niches, four are occupied by human bodies in various states of decay. The corpses' feet are closest to the openings into which you are looking and the heads are at the far end. They are dressed in decaying cloth that seems at one time to have had bright colors.

02. As you are walking down the hallway you see an indentation in the wall on your right. The indentation is about two and a half feet wide and one and a half feet high, and two inches deep. The shallow niche has a brick backing. In the lower right corner of the niche is a small hole about an inch and a half in diameter, where it seems a corner of a brick has been broken. There is a bit of tattered cloth trailing out of the hole. [If the bricks are removed from the niche the explorers will find the bones of a tall woman, dressed in good clothes.] The bones here must belong to a well-off woman, based on the clothing you see. Her shoes are of good leather, now dry and cracked. The dress she wears is of finely-woven blue cloth which now shows long tears along her legs. It was a scrap of this that first caught your attention. Through the tears you can see the fine linen of her shift. [Further investigation shows the skeleton wears a white veil over long grey hair. She has no jewelry. There is nothing else of value in the niche.]

03. As you are walking down the hallway you see an indentation in the right wall. The indentation

is about two and a half feet wide, one and a half feet high, and two inches deep. The shallow niche has a brick backing. In the lower left corner of the shallow niche a brick has been pushed from its place and lies broken on the floor. From the opening where the brick had been, a skeletal hand is extended. Its wrist is just inside the opening and the fingers of the hand seem to be grasping at the edge of the niche. The hand is motionless now, and should have been for hundreds of years.

04. As you are walking down the hallway you see an indentation in the left wall. The indentation is a foot and a half high, six feet wide and has a depth of two and a half feet. Laying in this niche is a skeleton. The remains of tattered clothing have rotted away from the bones. The skeleton is intact, but there is no tissue left and the bones are white and extremely brittle. You can see the left side of the skull, which contains a rough hole about two and a half inches in diameter.

05. As you are walking down the hallway you see an indentation in the right wall. The indentation is a foot and a half high, six feet wide and has a depth of two and a half feet. All that is left on the ledge are decayed bones and long strands of hair tangled among the rotting tatters of cloth, but on the three flat walls of the niche are bright paintings of a life long gone. Where the feet of the corpse were laid there is a scene of a young girl sitting in a garden. On the back wall a young couple stands framed in an archway, and then the same couple, older, sits with four children. At the head of the tomb is painted a dignified elderly woman dressed in fine clothes and surrounded by many maidens.

06. As you are walking down the hallway you see an indentation in the left wall. The indentation is a foot and a half high, six feet wide and has a depth of two and a half feet. All that is left on the ledge are desiccated bones and bits of hair nestled among rotting tatters of green cloth, but on the three flat walls of the niche are bright paintings of a life long gone. At the foot of the skeleton the wall bears scenes of a young boy racing and wrestling with others. Along the back are a young man in armor, and then in battle. There are also pictures of a





family. At the head of the niche is painted a family crest. The colors are faded, but it looks like two crossed swords above a blue shield, on which appear three stylized red dragons.

07. Here the hallway comes to an abrupt halt. Directly ahead you see a rough-hewn statue of a warrior in armor holding a double-bladed axe in front of his chest. A shield stands at its feet, with the engraving of two rearing and roaring lions back to back, facing the outside of the shield. The statue is actually a part of the wall behind it. Over the statue's head is an inscription, written in the common tongue but in the letters of many years past: "Here lie the warrior brothers Sethl and Rathl, together in battle, together in death." On either side of the statue is a doorway or opening, over which appear a single capital letter, one "S" (to your left) and one "R". Upon entering either opening you come to a stone passage about eight feet long and four feet wide. On the side of the passage away from statue is a shelf opening, seven feet long, four feet deep and four feet high. In the opening are two stone sarcophagi, each with a recumbent effigy on its lid. The effigies each show a warrior armored in full plate, though with no helm, having a long flowing beard and holding a double bladed battle axe to his chest. They seem to be identical. The head of the nearest is to your left; the one in the back has its head to your right. The sarcophagi look to be in very good repair and untouched. [The stone lids are extremely heavy, around 500 pounds apiece. If they are removed the sarcophagi are found to be totally empty.]

08. There is a doorway into a circular room 15 feet in diameter. There are no other doorways in the room. The first things you see are five torches mounted about five feet from the floor, evenly spaced around the room. They are noticeable because of the solid bright blue light that shines from the tops of the torches. They illuminate the room fully. The room is entirely stone, but the floor is only present to a foot from the wall. From that point the floor falls into a dark pool of moving water. In the middle of the pool stands a seven-foot circular dais, on which you can see a stone sarcophagus, with a plain undecorated stone lid. From the middle of the roof above the sarcophagus a steady stream of water rains down upon the lid of the sarcophagus, keeping both the sarcophagus and the dais wet and the room very damp and cold. On the end of the sarcophagus directly opposite

the door is an engraving in an ancient language. [If any of the party can read the language, the engraving says, "Here lies our teacher, the master of water and flow. Woe be to those who attempt to disturb her slumber!" [The pool could be the home of some water creature which will attack if the sarcophagus is damaged by force or the lid removed.]



BITS OF TROUBLE

01. The echo of drums begins to boom up from the depths of the dungeon. It starts off low and continues for many minutes thoom, thoom, tum da thoom...thoom, thoom, tum da thoom. Just as you think the monotony of the beat is going to drive you into insanity, it rises to a savage crescendo as the merciless staccato beating fills the corridor. This continues for about twenty seconds and then all sound stops abruptly. With the echoes it is impossible to tell from which direction the sounds came.

02. As you pass down the hallway you notice a five-foot wide section that seems to be made of white marble. This area completely rings the corridor on the walls, floor and ceiling. *[This stone ring drains magic from items. Any magical item passing through it must make a Will save at DC 15 or be drained of all magical properties. If a creature is holding it at the time, then the item can use the holder's Will save bonus in place of its own if the holder's is better. Drained items can be restored by wish or miracle or may be used to craft another magic item.]*

03. As you pass down the hallway you notice a five-foot wide section that seems to be made of white marble. This area completely rings the corridor on the walls, floor and ceiling. *[Any character passing through this area must make a Fortitude save at DC 15. If it is failed, the character's sex is permanently changed. Once a victim's sex has been changed by the ring, passing through it again has no further effect.]*

04. As you pass down the hallway you notice a five-foot wide section that seems to be made of white marble. This area completely rings the corridor on the walls, floor and ceiling. *[Any character passing through this area must make a Will save at DC 15. If it is failed, the character is teleported to a different area of the dungeon.]*

05. As you pass down the hallway you notice a five-foot wide section that seems to be made of white marble. This area completely rings the corridor on the walls, floor and ceiling. *[Any character passing through this area has his or her consciousness switched with that of another intelligent being within five feet. (Will save at DC 15, Fortitude save at DC 15) Each retains his or her own feats, skills and mental abilities (Int, Wis, Cha) but has the other*

being's body and related statistics (Str, Con, Dex). If no one else is within five feet, there is no effect. The effect can be reversed by having the two switched creatures pass through the ring again, as long as no one else is within five feet. Reversal causes unconsciousness unless a victim makes a Fortitude save at DC 18.]

06. You turn the corner and find the passage blocked by a large fall of stone. Directly in front of you, you find the legs and pelvis of a halfling protruding from beneath the stone. You find it odd that he is wearing no shoes, and has red and white striped socks. *[Further investigation will show that the halfling is dressed in a white shirt, brown knit knee pants, and a gold-and-green-striped dressing gown - odd attire for dungeon delving, indeed. He has nothing in his pockets but a broken briar pipe and an empty pouch that smells of tobacco.]*





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Mood Setters: Bits 01, 04, 06, 08, 10, 53, 60, 65, 66, 69, 75, 80, 84, 85, 91, 92, 98, 99, 100





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DUNGEONS

01

A misty haze gathers in corded wisps upon the floor, which snake along almost like serpents but devoid of purpose or direction. They seem to twist and swirl out of the way of your steps as you walk along.

DUNGEONS

02

The remains of a battle litter the floor, broken arrows and crudely-made clubs and spears. The corroded shards of a sword rest at your feet. Proud bronze eagles of some past empire lie fallen, covered with verdigris and decay.

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DUNGEONS

03

Here are the ashes of a fire [d6: 1-2=still warm, 3=cold, 4-6=long cold], made by something unknown. A broken bone that looks very much like a human shin bone lies beside the fire, its marrow sucked out. Other bones are scattered around. As you approach, a rat scurries away from a bone that still has some meat hanging on it. While you cannot be sure how long the fire smoldered after it was used, it does seem clear that whatever ate here did so in the last day.

DUNGEONS

04

The walls glisten in the light as droplets of moisture like tiny beads of sweat gather upon the walls [floor]. It is damp and uncomfortable here. Hosts of centipedes scurry away from you on the floor as you approach.

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DUNGEONS

05

Thin wisps of cobwebs stretch across the passage. Those in the center are broken by your passage, or rapidly burn away in fires of your torch, but other strands still caress your face invisibly. They cling stickily to your face and clothes. You seem to feel something tiny scurrying upon your exposed neck.

DUNGEONS

06

A large stain lies upon the stone floor, extending unevenly outward from a central point. At one spot the stain has spread only as far as a person's arm; in another place it has spread out at least the length of a spear. Various bits of cloth and some tiny wooden pieces lie upon the stain. [Anyone with a wisdom of ten or more who examines the stain and bits should be able to identify the stain as blood; whatever happened here produced a great deal of it. The bits of cloth and wood seem to be scraps of material and buttons torn from clothing.]

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DUNGEONS

07

As you glance at the walls and ceiling, you see huge cracks have formed in the stone. The floor is littered with small stones and gravel. [If anyone says anything or makes any noise, dust and a trickle of gravel fall from the cracks in the ceiling. There is a possibility of a cave in, especially in the case of loud noises or battle. Falling rock is a genuine danger to the party and damage should be assessed accordingly. Damage and the difficulty of avoiding it should be determined by the situation:

Size of noise	DC	Damage
Talking	DC 5	about 10 of Hit Points
Loud talking or arguing	DC 10	about 25 of Hit Points
Full-fledged battle	DC 15	not to exceed 50 of Hit Points

There could be a chance of the cave in sealing off this passage at the choice of the GM.]

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DUNGEONS

08

The dust here is thick and undisturbed. As you walk across it, you feel that yours are the first feet to do so in centuries. With the motion the dust rises in clouds into the air. [Adventurers should make a Fortitude save at DC8 or take -3 to hit while in the area, due to coughing and sneezing.]

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DUNGEONS

09

Mold clings to the spaces between the stones of the wall. It also grows across the rough surface of the stone. Beads of moisture cover the fuzzy mold and the stone is damp. [If the mold is touched, a powdery dust will rise into the air and cling to the person disturbing it, especially to exposed sweaty skin. It has no other effect.]

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DUNGEONS

10

A small black puddle of water glistens in a low spot on the floor. It reflects the light as you approach.

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DUNGEONS

11

A crudely-made arrow lies on the floor, broken. The arrow has an iron barb with a reddish stain on it. The shaft is painted black with the remains of poorly made black-feathered fletching. You notice scratches on the stone made by iron-shod feet.

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DUNGEONS

12

A rotting cloth drapery hangs in tatters over the doorway. As you look, you see something tiny scurry up the rotting fabric. The damp smell of decay fills the corridor as the heavy cloth is disturbed. You cannot pass through without touching the material.

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There is a dark furry mass about the size of your fist lying on the floor of the hallway. It is unmoving and stinks. Close examination shows it is a mass of flesh torn from some coarse-haired fur-bearing creature. Something has gnawed on it and now it is starting to rot.

There seems to be some kind of mossy growth on the floor. Looking closely, you can see it is the remains of a carpet. Slime and mold have grown up on it. It is damp and slick and a smell of rotting garbage fills the air.

You come upon a group of eight dead and decomposed bodies in the hallway. Six are wearing different types of armor, though the metal has rusted and the leather largely decomposed. Any weapons they had are missing. Each seems to have had severe wounds, but each has also had its skull crushed. Many of the corpses are missing limbs and some thoroughly-gnawed bones are scattered among the bodies. [The GM may plant a plot device on one of the corpses.]

Rags have been gathered together in a bed of sorts. The mass has a terrible odor and the pungent smell of unwashed bodies is repulsive. Examining it, even from a distance, you can see that the pile is full of fleas and lice. A tiny speck jumps towards you. Now that you have noticed, the room seems to be thick with them. [After this encounter, the GM should send random notes to players telling them that they have an itch. You can roll randomly for where it is or just pick a spot. The characters can actually have acquired the parasites or they can just be reacting psychologically to the threat; it is up to you.]

Chairs, boxes, and tables are piled up in such a haphazard arrangement that it implies that it was not a rational mind that arranged them. [Place piles randomly.] The obstructions make it impossible to spread out in a good fighting formation; to move across the room will require the party either to go in single file or to split up. Much of the furniture is broken and jumbled as if treated very roughly. The chaos casts innumerable shadows and you hear a scurrying and scratching noise. [To find the source of the noise, a character must be looking below table level. On a Spot check (DC 10), things are seen which flit at the edge of light but are not discernable. If the check would have succeeded at DC15, the viewer sees grey shapes about the size of a small dog are seen but disappear rapidly into shadows. If the debris is cleared, the shapes (large rats) stay in the shadows, fleeing to a small, jagged hole at floor level. It turns sharply to the right, so nothing can be seen by looking into it.]

There are two faint drawings on the wall of the hallway, done in charcoal. The first depicts a small quadruped creature bending over a sword and armor. In the other picture the same creature is bending over a pile of something that looks like ash and appears to be eating it. The drawings are underlined twice with an arrow pointing to the left. Any details of the creature are not clear from the drawings.

There is a broken up table here, its legs cracked and splintered and the top broken into pieces. You see parts of a smashed box as well. Other than using it as firewood there is nothing of value. [If the adventurers pick up the wood they notice hundreds of minute insects and centipedes crawling over the wood. It could still be used to make a fire but they will probably not want to carry it with them.]

The door before you is well mounted, with iron fittings. You notice that something has been clawing at the lower half of the door, as if it was trying to get at what was on the other side. The claw marks are gouged half an inch deep into the wood in some places.

As you prepare to pass through into the next area, your eyes are attracted to an archway. It is not characteristic of the rest of the dungeon. The stones of the archway have crudely-carved faces on them with heavy, vicious features. [They resemble some form of totem stones.] Careful examination shows the carvings were done in the stones of the archway and set into the wall, which makes you think that the carving was done after the wall had been constructed.

On the floor lies a dusty cracked vial of blue-glazed ceramic. Surrounding it is a flat patch of a dry, white powdery substance about two feet across.

In this doorway a door lies where it has fallen. It is partially in the room and partially out. From what you can see, it is as if all of the metal on the door just disappeared. There are some slight traces of rust on the door where the metal should have been, and it looks like something has clawed or gnawed at these areas. The wood of the door seems to have been cut from a solid piece.

There is a dark opening measuring about 2 feet by 2 feet, roughly six feet above the floor. When you first look at it there are two red eyes peering out at you from the inky blackness. The eyes are set about 5 inches apart, and disappear as soon as someone makes a move in that direction. [If the explorers examine the opening:] You find a tunnel that narrows quickly to about one foot by one foot and turns to the left after five feet.

There is a long chain hanging suspended from the ceiling, which ends about four feet from the floor. [It is held in the ceiling by an eye-bolt.] The links are two inches in diameter, and seem to be made of iron, because they are quite rusty. The bottom link is broken open.

On the floor of the hallway there is a painted circular area about two feet wide in total. The center is black, one foot in diameter, and is surrounded by three concentric bands of yellow, red and white, each about four inches wide. In the ceiling directly above this spot is a two-foot-wide circular opening into the darkness above.

There is greenish water oozing out of a low crack in the wall and dribbling onto the floor. Instead of pooling there it meanders along a low area at the base of the right hand wall. The fluid stinks of decomposition and the area is green and slimy. Eventually the liquid disappears into a crack in the floor but neither its original source nor its destination can be determined.

A tiny stream of water trickles down the stairs and drains away into a crack near your feet. You hear an ominous 'thud' from above, and suddenly the rivulet turns deep crimson. [If the adventurers investigate, they could find a body, or merely a pool of blood showing where a body had lain. If no stairs are present, this could be changed to water trickling down a wall from an opening above.]

This room feels damp and a shroud of green moss covers everything – the walls, the floor, the inside of the door, the pile of corpses rotting in the middle of the room [If a player insists that a character will investigate, emphasize the foul odor of the room and the disgusting condition of the corpses. The corpses have already been despoiled of anything of value.]

You come across a metal plate set in the wall about 4 feet up from the floor. Someone has written "Danger: do not press" above it. Below it, in a different hand, shaky and smudged, you see an addendum: "again." [The metal plate does nothing. It may be an inoperative pressure plate for a hidden trap or a secret door, or not.]

As you're walking along, you find a large wooden shield lying in the middle of the passageway. It is dusty, with a large crack across it. Just ahead, you see what appears to be a bedroll, now torn and dirty, lying in a heap on the floor as if discarded. A bit beyond that, you see a rucksack tossed aside. It looks like someone was running away from something. Something coming from behind you...

A large, very dead rat lies in the center of the corridor, pierced with a dozen tiny darts.

A 3-foot tall pyramid of small skulls stands at the end of a 7-foot long mound of stones. Someone has written 'Erlander' in the common script on the wall above the cairn. The skulls are smaller than human size. [They are goblin skulls. Someone buried a fallen comrade here, but not until after they removed his valuables for his next-of-kin.]

The color of the stones on the right hand wall changes at this point. The lower section is a dusty yellow, with a light pink stone starting about halfway up the wall. This combination continues the rest of the way down the corridor.

Out of the corner of your eye, you see a gold coin lying on the floor. [If the coin is picked up:] You hear a soft, ominous 'Click'. What do you do? [Regardless of what the characters do, nothing happens. The GM is welcome to play up the suspense.]

Sitting on the floor with its back against the wall is a corpse wearing rusty full plate armor. In the center of the breastplate is a hole that looks like it could have been made by a bladed arrowhead. [The armor is very rusty. If it is handled it will start to come apart. Nothing else of value is with the corpse – most of the gear was removed long ago.]

Every few feet, someone has placed a small, white stone on the floor. This goes on for about 100 feet, after which you see no more of the stones.

You have entered what was once a finely decorated room. A faded tapestry depicting a woodland scene is now frayed but hints at former luxury as do the desk, chair, and table. Dim light reflects off the very tarnished silver and brass fittings. A slightly sweet smell of decay permeates the room. [Any attempt to move or manipulate one of the furnishings causes that item to crumble into an unidentifiable heap of rotten pieces and bugs. Searching the remains of all items will yield 6-36 silver fittings and knobs each worth 5 silver pieces (once they are cleaned). However, a search will not reveal any clues as to who might have furnished this room or why.]

You approach a place in a hallway where an armored figure lies. It seems to be the remains of a fighter, clutching a crossbow quarrel which is embedded through his chest and into his spine. All the flesh has long since rotted from his bones. [His ringmail, simple helm and broadsword are barely serviceable.] In the wall near the body there are five, 1-inch diameter holes staggered and at varied heights from two to five feet off the ground. On the wall opposite are four deep nicks, with four broken quarrels lying on the ground. [A search of the body reveals a pouch, dried and fragile, containing 4 coppers and a rock-hard piece of something that may once have been bread.]

On the wall of the stone hallway you see a stick figure drawn on the wall with a chalky substance. The figure is of a winged and taloned creature with a stick figure of a man in his mouth. Under the rough picture is an arrow pointing to the left.

You see something small stuck in a crack in the wall of the hallway, about four feet off the ground. It is a scrap of parchment, folded over several times. When opened it reads in hastily scrawled Elvish, "This way out."

Some sort of oily liquid is dripping from the center of the ceiling in this area of the hallway. There is a shallow trough worn down the middle of the hallway, and the fluid trickles along it for about fifteen feet before disappearing into a crack in the floor.

You come to a “T” intersection and see a steel-headed javelin, longer than a man is tall, standing out of the end wall. The head is deeply embedded into the stone, nearly the length of a foot. The back of the javelin is fletched with two-inch-high wooden fletches. There is a groove in the back end of the javelin. It seems to have come from straight up the leg of the “T”. [You may have a ballista cocked and ready at the other end of the hall, or behind a door with a hole in it at the other end of the hall with a trigger point in the hall somewhere, or the ballista could have been taken away long ago. To dislodge the ballista javelin would require a successful Strength check at DC 25.]

At an intersection of corridors, your flickering light reveals a charcoal mark upon the wall. It appears to have been made by either a stick plucked from a fire or from the the burned out stub of a torch. The smeared mark is about five feet from the floor and forms an arrow that points back the way that you have come. There is no indication as to who could have made it.

You come across a backpack that appears to have been ripped open by a clawed hand and teeth. Its worthless contents have been scattered around, torn, and trampled. There are scraps of cloth, a broken flask and some straps of leather but nothing of value. There is also nothing to indicate who the former owner was nor who (or what) the vandal may have been.

As you look into [enter] the room, you are astonished to see the entire floor of the room is done in mosaic tile, depicting the sun, clouds and birds on the wing. When you look up, you see that the ceiling has also been done in mosaic, but with a forest motif. [The party may very well spend some time here, arguing about the safest way to cross the room. This could be nothing, or the room could have a magical effect in it which reverses gravity.]

Before you, at the edge of your light, something lies upon the stones of the floor. As you approach you discover the scattered pieces of a skeleton. Parts are still encased in rusting plate armor, though the breastplate seems to have had its leather straps bitten through or ripped to remove it from the body. Not all of the ribs and limbs are present but the skull rests against the wall, still grinning in its helmet. A bony hand is curled around a piece of chalk. Something has been written on the floor but not all of the letters can be made out. It seems to say: "In the gods nam*** go ba*k befo** *****" [The stars represent letters that cannot be made out by the adventurers. The writing ends in a smear where something wiped across it.]

An area about one-third of the way across the room is blackened, with streaks spreading unevenly from the center. In the black area, and scattered around the room, are small shards and bits of clay pottery, which are also more or less blackened and scorched-looking.

You see a small lump lying on the floor near the wall. It is a bit larger than a man's hand spread wide, oddly shaped, and covered with a thick layer of dust. There is also a long, narrow tail (or something) trailing off from it. [If someone picks up the item:] As you pick it up, dust puffs off of it, but it rapidly assumes a familiar shape. It is a waterskin [or wineskin], and the "tail" is its braided strap, pulled loose from one end. The skin is stiff, and as you look it over you can see it is already split on the bottom.

Dripping sounds come from somewhere in front of you. They are faint at first, but grow stronger as you move along. Something seems to be dripping incessantly and plopping into an unseen pool.

You seem to hear the distant sound of chanting. It rises and falls in a rhythmic pattern but is very difficult to hear; it is just barely audible. You cannot determine the language without silence and concentration. [If the GM does not want to build on this, the chanting can stop as soon as the party pauses to listen.]

On the floor you see a small pile. A closer look shows it is pieces of leather, old and stiff. With careful examination, you can determine that it was originally a backpack. The outside of it has been slashed into ribbon-like pieces, which crumble slightly as they are handled. The piece which would have been against the wearer's back is deeply gouged on the inside. In several places it is sliced through completely, and those slashes are stained with something dark. The straps of the pack have been cut across the shoulders, sawn through rather than slashed.

You hear a scurrying as you move on, and, in a grey blur, a creature the size of a small dog, holding something in its mouth, slips back into the shadows. Scraps of some inhuman flesh and internal organs lie in a pool of thick blood. A trail of blood crossed by the bloody pawprints of a giant rat leads off into the darkness where the animal disappeared.

You hear a loud click and the creak of a door opening. The noise originated somewhere behind you. There is the fall of footsteps and the creak of another door, followed by the sound of a door closing and a latch falling into place.

Drums echo faintly through the halls – thum budda budda budda, thum budda budda budda. This repeats four times and then is gone

A piercing hiss cuts through the darkness, followed by the sound of coils gliding across the stone floor. The hiss is obviously a warning and came from something large enough to sound as loud as the hiss of an overactive tea kettle. No serpent under 6 feet in length could have made that sound. Of course, it could be larger. As you move on, you see a broken stone where the wall meets the floor and behind it the opening of a dark hole. You cannot see into its blackness unless you get your face down even with the hole. [If someone investigates, he or she finds the hole narrows to about 8 inches in diameter and turns sharply, making it impossible to see further by normal means.]

You hear a sound like sobbing and whimpering echoing through the corridor. It is distant and the source is unclear. [If the adventurers stop and listen, the sound fades away; if someone calls out it will stop abruptly.]

You hear a shuffling sound, and the grating of metal upon stone. It is repeated, becoming fainter. If you were to guess, it is as if something is walking and dragging a foot behind it, which in turn is dragging a chain across the stone.

Suddenly you hear the scurrying of small animals. It sounds like many rodents – possibly hundreds– racing off into the darkness ahead of your torchlight. You see rat droppings thick upon the floor and the place smells like a rodent den.

Pick one of the players and tell them:] **A whispering sound comes to your ears, but it is unintelligible and faint. It sends a chill down your spine and tugs at something deep within you. You look at the others, but no one else seems to have heard it...**

A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. Beware!
2. Danger!
3. Death awaits!
4. Halt – go back.
5. It lives! It cannot be killed.
6. Many enter but no one leaves.

A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. I once was a man like yourself but I wandered too deep into these halls.
2. What are you doing?
3. You cannot help me.
4. It is too late.
5. You shouldn't have come.
6. Why come to die?

The hallway is deathly still. Nothing moves or has moved here for a very long time. You get the uncomfortable feeling that something here resents your intrusion.

A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. Come to me; come to me here.
2. I once was a man like yourself but I wandered too deep into these halls.
3. Help me! Help me!
4. What are you doing?
5. Have you come to release me?
6. I can feel the freshness of your life.

A whispering sound comes to your ears. Listening carefully, you believe you can make out words: [The GM should pick a message, and have it repeat in the whispering. It can be audible to all characters or just one. Conversely, the GM could roll and have the messages change as the party moves along. If you use multiple messages then you should be clear as to whether there is more than one voice speaking, or if the contradictory messages come from a single shattered mind.]

1. Beware the deeps!
2. I once was a man like yourself but I wandered too deep into these halls.
3. Beware the fangs of darkness.
4. It is time to feed.
5. Bring us your treasure.
6. Bring us your life.

The moss is deep, and growth covers walls and floor. Your voices all sound deadened and seem to fall lifeless and still just a few feet away from you. You hear a muted “drip, drip.”

From the distance, so faint you can barely hear it, comes the sound of high-pitched shrieks. It sounds like something is being tortured. Suddenly everything falls silent.

You hear the clatter of rocks falling from the ceiling somewhere not far away. There is a faint whiff of dust in the air, and sand and gravel lie upon the floor that you are crossing.

As you step over the threshold into the room, you hear an ominous, metallic 'click'. And that is never a good thing. [Nothing unusual happens – unless of course the GM wishes to place a trap or incident here.]

Suddenly you hear a great roar that seems to come from all around you, and the crashing of wood breaking. You cannot determine the direction.

There is a dark opening roughly two feet across and two feet high, placed about six feet above the floor. When you get close to it you can feel air moving. It smells fresh, probably from an outside source. Suddenly a high-pitched scream comes from the vent. The scream dies away after about ten seconds, replaced by loud laughter. [This sequence of sounds is repeated once, after about three minutes.]

You hear the faint scraping of stone against stone for 30 seconds, then all is quiet again.

Somewhere in the darkness ahead of you, you hear a loud, sharp CREAK! It sounds like a stiff hinge protesting its treatment. That is followed by a long, soft, cree—ee—eak and a quiet thud, then all is silent once more.

A wisp of cold, dank air sends a shiver down your spine as you halt. You carefully try to sense where the breeze has come from, but it is gone, leaving only a dank moldy smell.

The acrid smell of urine fills the hallway [room], pungent and nauseating. It is obvious that something has been here frequently and there is a wet area about a foot in diameter near the base of the wall. Rivulets of yellowish liquid run along the wall for quite a distance.

From some distance, you hear a high-pitched laugh; more of a giggle, really. It sounds almost like the laughter of a young child, and you feel your lips begin to twitch up. However, considering where you are, a young child laughing seems unlikely. With a shiver, you realize that what seems funny to a denizen of this place is not likely to be something you would consider humorous at all.

The smell of manure fills the room, worse than any stable you have ever been in. Here there are no windows or breezes to bring in fresh air and the pungent odor is repulsive. The smell hangs in the air, heavy and oppressive. You see that the floor is covered with waste. Passage will be slippery and staying clean may be difficult. [At the GM's option, a Reflex save at DC15 could be required for safe passage.]

There is a smoky quality about the air here, and the faint smell of sulfur. Looking around, you see that the wall [or the floor] has been fractured by large cracks in the stone. An eerie reddish light throbs in the cracks and wisps of odorous smoke rise up from the fissure. You begin coughing as the sulfurous smoke reaches your lungs. [Each person exposed must make a fortitude save at DC 15 or temporarily lose 2 points of Constitution. After leaving the room, make a Fortitude save at DC 15 every 10 minutes. The point loss remains until a Fortitude save succeeds or the sufferer has been out of the fumes an hour.]

The smell of rotting meat fills the room [hall]. You see a tangled mess that used to be a body, with worms crawling out of the flesh. *[Unless a character has the Inured feat, he or she must make a Fortitude save at DC 18 or become violently ill, temporarily losing 2 points of Strength. The illness remains until the victim leaves the area. The points of Strength are regained 30 minutes after the illness subsides.]*

Inured (Feat): Gain +2 to all saving throws vs. fear effects due to horror, or to other effects due to disgust/horror.

The smell of the dust in the air has changed. Where it used to be the smell of age-old stone, now you smell the dust of new masonry. Something has changed around here, recently.

You catch a sudden whiff of something, possibly meat cooking. A slight breeze wafts by you, bringing the scent again, stronger this time – only now it smells burnt. The acrid odor seems to linger in the air.

The earthy smell of stagnant water fills the hallway as you stride along. Each step you take goes 'splish' in the puddles that have gathered on the floor. When you pause to listen, you hear the tiny chimes of countless droplets falling onto stone.

A hint of an odor teases your senses. It is a rich, slightly sweet smell, possibly incense. Just a whiff comes to you, and then the scent disappears.

The air here is misty with a cold fog that rests thickly upon the ground. Rising from the dampness of the stones, there is a chill that is like the chill of death.

The air here is still and unnaturally cold – a place of evil long forgotten, but not dead.

The floor here has settled. To cross the room, you must pass through a pool of water that does not appear to be deep. The brackish water reflects your light back at you from its black surface. As you watch, a ring of ripples moves across the surface of the pool. [The ripples could be caused by air movement, by the landing of an insect on the surface of the pool, or by the movement of something living in the pool...]

The floor has become slippery with moisture. There is a greenish slimy growth of algae on the floor and lower walls of the hallway. Every step must be taken with care or the you will fall. It is as slick as black ice. [Adventurers must make a Reflex save at DC 15 to cross without falling. The slippery area extends for 40 feet.]

The air is getting warmer and humid, like the dense jungles you've heard of in the south. There is a warm steaminess to the air as a vapor rises ahead. Your clothes become wet and sticky as you begin to sweat

Your foot slips on a patch of slimy moss and you fall against the wall of the corridor. As you push yourself off, a gooey mucus-like substance covers your hand. It is cold, and seems to cling to your very pores. Your tunic is stained as well as the substance insinuates itself into the porous material. [Both skin and cloth can be cleaned in any usual manner.]

The wall to your right glistens with moisture. Beads of some clear substance cling to the wall. It looks thicker than water. [If this substance is touched it is found to be sticky. If the adventurers investigate, they see it appears to be a type of excretion from some form of creature.]

There is a gust of wind and your torchlight [lantern] suddenly dances and flares, then sputters and goes out.

You notice the ceiling of the hallway seems to be moving. When you shine a light on the area, you can see that it is crawling with beetles about as big as your thumb, thousands of them. Some of them loose their grip and fall to the floor, then run over to the wall and climb up to the ceiling again. This goes on for a very large area. They appear to be working at some sticky substance on the ceiling and are coming and going out of cracks above you.

You come to a pile of stones ranging from pebbles to rocks a foot in diameter. The pile covers ten feet along the corridor and ranges from one to three feet in depth. It is very treacherous because of the pebbles, dust, and jagged rocks. This seems to be a cave in, since the ceiling is very rough here, but you cannot tell what caused it. As you watch, a small rock falls from the ceiling, trailed by a wisp of dust.

A sudden gust of wind blows past, bringing the smell of damp earth and something less pleasant. It is vaguely familiar but you're not sure you really want to know.

The floor here is slick with water and moss. You must walk carefully. You see a 2-foot circle of wetness on the ceiling and from its center water drips, ever so slowly.

You notice a slot running along just below the ceiling on the left side of the hall. If you get up to check it, you can see it is 6 inches tall, 6 inches deep, and has a deeply rounded bottom. It runs the length of the hallway in this area. About half way down the hall, on the floor, you see a perfectly spherical piece of stone 4 inches in diameter. It has a hole drilled into the center from one side, 3/4 of the way through the ball and the width of a finger. [If the stone ball is put into the slot it will roll toward the far end of the hallway (around corners if need be) and disappear into a 5-inch diameter hole at the far end of the corridor. Nothing like this is encountered anywhere else in the dungeon (except at the GM's option). Its purpose is unknown.]

The ceiling lowers noticeably here, as the sides of the passage pull away slightly. Obviously this passage was built by dwarves, so headroom is at a premium.

The air is damp and cool and the smell of mold torments your nostrils. The light casts deep shadows and you peer ahead into the darkness beyond. The shadows are unyielding of their secrets and as you strain to listen, all you can hear is the creak of leather and clink of mail as your comrades shift their weight. The area ahead appears to be empty.

The torch [lantern] in your hand sputters and dies. Darkness descends, engulfing you in its velvety embrace. The air around you is still and heavy with the dust of ages.

The air is dry and has an old smell to it – as if nothing living has been this way for a long time. Your light flickers, sending shadows dancing upon the walls. In the dark of the dungeon you can almost pick out human shapes in the shadows that gather to menace you as you approach. Is there something more here than just light and shadow? You cannot be sure.