

Grimtooth's

TRAPS Bazaar

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101
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OF
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2505

TRAPS Bazaar

*Contains over 101 item traps for Fantasy, Occult,
or Cyberpunk games.*

*Plus the complete map & description of
Grimtooth's Bazaar for any role-playing system*

by Grimtooth the Troll

Edited by Debora Wykle

Illustrated by Steven S. Crompton & Scott Jackson

Cover by Steven S. Crompton & Tier 3



Produced by Flying Buffalo

ATTENTION

The traps in this booklet are designed for game purposes only. Actual construction of these traps might prove harmful, and such construction is strongly discouraged



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TROLL TALK



The worst thing I ever did was teach Spike the Grimdog to fetch.

At first it was fun. I'd toss a bone down a hall, a hobbit down a pit. Spike ate it up. But when I tired of the game, he went looking for his own toys. And thanks to all the luckless visitors to my dungeon, Spike found plenty. The dog began raiding bodies, and loyally returning the booty to his beloved master. Me.

Not a night went by that the stupid dog didn't bring me another load of touching personal effects. Sometimes they were good for a laugh. Gimmicks, gizmos, I've seen 'em all. But it was time to clear 'em out and make space for the real business of being the most evil troll in print.

So I put some of these Buffalo people that are always hanging around trying to get my autograph or peek at Grimtina's tattoos to work taking inventory. They told me I'll be surprised at the amount of goods that Spike has stockpiled over the past few months. They said I could open a store with all this stuff. Hmmm ... not a bad idea. There's nothing I like better than parting delvers from their gold ... except for killing 'em, but I've done enough of that in my previous books! So, with very LITTLE help from the minions of Flying Buffalo, I created the Traps Bazaar.

Some of you who aren't too dim may notice that this book is different from my previous offerings. This collection of traps, for which you'd better bow down and grovel in gratitude, even includes some items intended for use against me. In my own dungeon. My hearth and home. Get a clue, questers. Nothing your feeble minds can conceive will ever put one over on Grimtooth. But I generously display these tricks for your benefit. Please feel free to try them on lesser evils, especially those insipid, pink-haired, navel-jeweled roc droppings that presume to be part of the Trollish realm ...

But back to business. I've collected and refined these item traps for your shopping pleasure. This is your opportunity to choose from the best inventory of magical and mechanical contraptions. If you see something you like, make me an offer. Send your sealed bid and any expendable first born to The Grimtooth Collection, c/o Dungeon of Doom: Souvenir Department. The Grimtooth Collection accepts no responsibility for offers that are lost, ridiculed, or altered to your disadvantage, and reserves the right to use any information contained within for purposes of extortion. Our motto is, "buyer beware."

You can start shopping in aisle one. Please finish by midnight, when I lock the doors and let the security wolves loose. That gives you ... oh, how annoying. The clock seems to have stopped. I suppose I'll just have to let the wolves loose now ...





Happy shopping, you hapless fools! Don't crowd, one at a time !

Move along, move along, don't block the aisles ...

What? Are you "just looking?" This ain't no art gallery, bub. Let me help you. (Hmmm ... there seems to be something terribly wrong with that concept!) Nevertheless, in the interest of consumer fairness, follow me. I'll point out some of my favorite items.

Our first stop is in the Dungeon Equipment Accessory Department (DEAD), where you'll find lethal traps for the eradication of sword-swinging and sorcery-slinging delvers. Step carefully over and pay close attention to the bodies on the floor; those floor models will show you the practical effects of many of these traps.



GRIMTOOTH'S BEST SELLERS



The best sort of trap to set is one that seems to yield an object of great value. You can first make getting the object tough (no, make that very tough); then you grudgingly let the gang of delving thugs take that prize. A good candidate for this type of bait is **THE SWORD OF MAGNETIC PERSONALITY**. This sword (with the requisite flashy steel, jeweled pommel, and aura of extraordinary combat prowess) can be thrust into a stone or some other cliché receptacle that will serve to convince the adventurers that it is powerful. The delvers will more than likely beat each other up for possession of this little gem. But wait until the winner uses it in combat ...

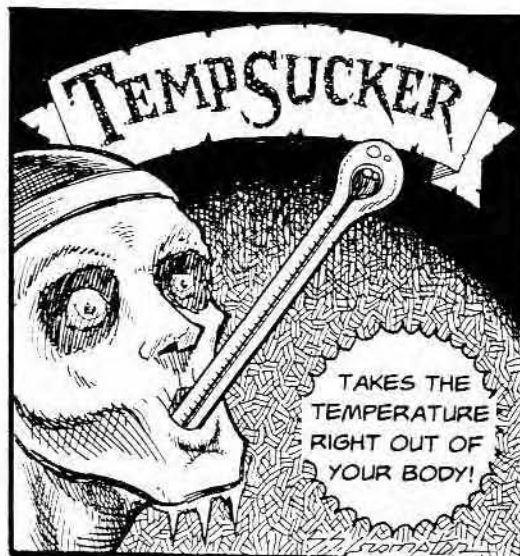


Any time the sword strikes another object, a spell takes effect. The wielder will become magnetized. With every blow, the unfortunate dolt swinging the sword becomes more and more "attractive" to objects made of iron or steel! The attraction factor of the magnetization increases exponentially; filings at first, then nails, then daggers, then swords ... up to steel beams. The mass of metal that will be drawn can really add up - victims often end up looking like walking (if they indeed can walk under such a load) hardware stores. A truly hilarious set up can be engineered by letting the potential victim get the sword in a metal-free environment, and allowing him to use it a great deal before leading the party into the iron foundry!



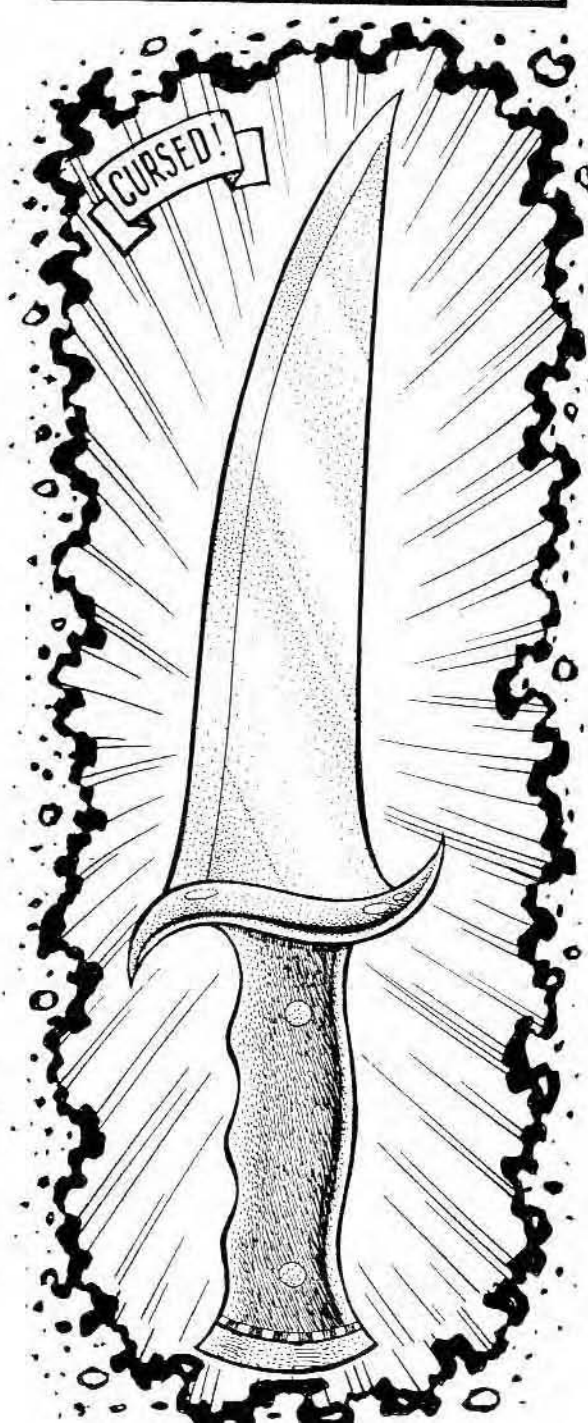
LET ME TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE.

I once sent a case of these to the local healer's guild. Knowing that I had the deepest vaults in the vicinity, they badgered me incessantly for a donation and I gave it to 'em! The leech-pushers were thrilled to receive their box of thermometers, and distributed them to all their masters and apprentices. They eagerly tried them out. After a score or more patients dropped dead during their examinations, the horrified healers finally figured out the cause. When put into a mouth, the thermometers not only register body temperature, but begin to sap that energy away at a rate of 20 degrees per minute! But what really hurts is that the healer gets "stuffed" on his fee!



THE BUTCHER'S KNIFE - Here's a product I push to holy men, paladins, blushing maidens, and other wimps who need a taste of the real world. This knife is cursed, and it turns anyone who touches it into a blood-crazed maniac. The holder will remain in a killing frenzy until he claims a victim. The spell is broken after the first kill, as the wretched murderer looks in horror upon his work. Only a person who has previously suffered the curse of the Butcher's Knife can handle the weapon with no subsequent effects; in fact, we do a brisk business in returns, which keeps this item on the shelves! Of course, our happiest customers for this particular item have been scores of producers from some forest called Hollywood. They seem to be using the butcher's knife as the main attraction in dozens of films that I hear are on the "cutting edge" of motion picture entertainment. Oh well, simple pleasures for simple minds...

Here's a treat for adventurers who need a little guidance in their travels. **MILES TO GO BEFORE YOU SLEEP** makes them easy prey. It is a small stone slab erected along the roadside, similar in appearance to common milestones. Upon inspection, the delver will see a arrow pointing along the road with "1 mile" inscribed below it. However, the name of the town will be obscured by moss, spiderwebs, dirt, or other debris appropriate for the setting. When the traveler touches the stone to brush away this debris, the trap is activated. His name will appear on the stone, the arrow will move to a downward pointing position, and the delver will be teleported into a grave one mile underground!



-NOTES-



And speaking of graves, the **DEATH'S HEAD COMPASS** also points the way to a final resting place. Delvers who find this plain needle set in a faceless disk will naturally assume that it is a compass. However, this pointer does not indicate North, but will unerringly point to any active agents of Death, such as necromancers, zombies, living skeletons, and ghouls. If the needle spins, you are in "grave" peril - you're surrounded!

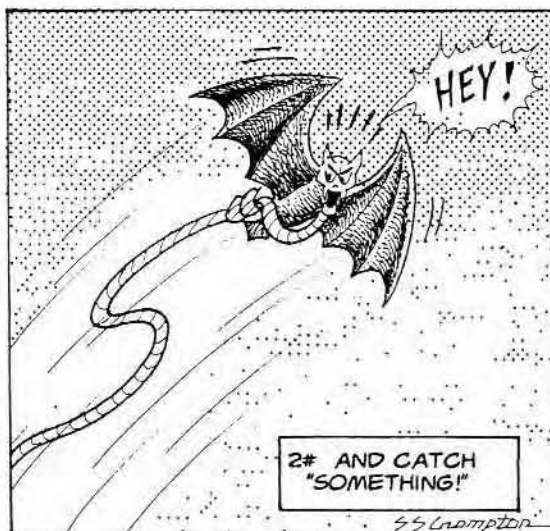
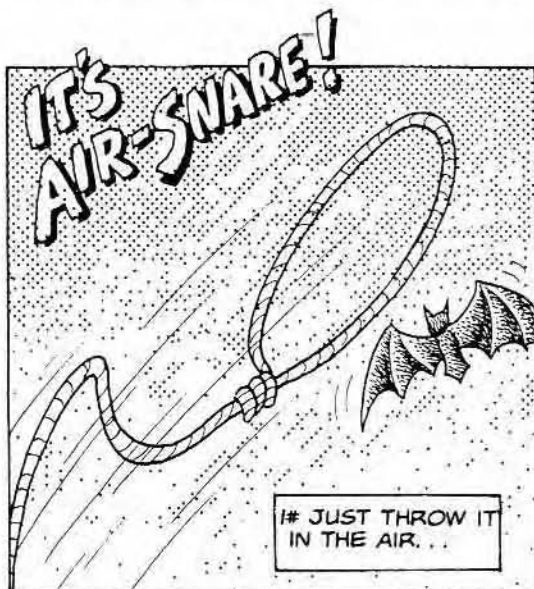


When some insignificant peasant in your service has slaved half his life away to save enough groats to buy his own paltry hovel, may I suggest a **BELLOWS** as a housewarming gift. Another cursed item, these bellows are home to an assortment of poltergeists. When the bellows is pumped, ghosts will be freed one at a time, to the woe of the homeowner. There seems to be an inexhaustible supply of spirits trapped inside. True to the name of this item, the phantoms also make a deafening racket! Within minutes an angry delegation from the neighborhood should appear to demand the noise be quelled. The homeowner's response to this problem will naturally be to toss the Bellows into the nearby fireplace. (You'd be disappointed if I didn't tell you this is the worst course of action to take, wouldn't you?) If the Bellows is set aflame, the poltergeists turn into flame demons which burn the happy home to the ground.



After that poor peasant is made homeless by the Bellows, he will have to take desperate measures to earn his daily bread. I like to make sure he gets his hands on an **AIR SNARE**, a hunting device that will encourage him to take up poaching as a career. This little snare literally snags game right out of the air! Any birds that fly over it, or rabbits that hop across it, will be drawn into this noose. The snare can be spread to a diameter of only 5 feet, so it's not terribly useful for nabbing dragons. However, its tug and sting will certainly irritate bigger critters that cross its line of effect. Sometimes they stay around to check out who was dumb enough to leave such a thing lying about.

One other thing. The snare tends to attract monsters. You will find that harpies and vampire bats are caught about as often as bunnies and ducks. And take it from me the former don't taste very good.



The **NEEDLE'S EYE** is an item that "seams" harmless. When this sewing needle is threaded, a spell is activated which affects the vision of the person who uses the needle. With every stitch, the user's eyesight will falter. The loss will be gradual, and the victim probably won't connect the action of sewing with his malady. The victim will never go completely blind, as he will obviously have to give up sewing long before his vision completely ceases! The lost eyesight cannot be recovered without magical healing.

WHO'S SCRYING NOW? This classic crystal ball is infused with very potent scrying magic. When a properly trained mage activates the ball, they will see only misery. Regardless of what they direct the ball to view, they will see the worst possible suffering in the area. The mage will experience the emotions of the people being viewed, and will be profoundly (albeit unknowingly) affected. He will begin silently weeping, and will be totally unaware of it. He will also be captivated by the scene and cannot put it away. He can redirect the view, but cannot release or deactivate the sphere. Anyone looking directly into the ball will be likewise captured - a casual glance will not entrap them.

This will ultimately kill, perhaps even after only a few hours of exposure. The viewers will die of emotional exhaustion. They will simply have viewed too much sorrow to go on. The solution is for someone unaffected (they didn't look, or they're blind) to place a black cloth over the glass. This will break the link and will deactivate the spell, freeing the viewers. The crystal ball is, needless to say,



QUICKSILVERWARE. This set of two dozen silver utensils will provide the average party with ample forks, knives, and spoons for dining. However, they are enchanted, and any food they touch instantly becomes insubstantial faerie fare. The utensils seem completely normal, and delvers initially blame the problem on the food rather than the silverware. There is another side effect of Quicksilverware that really makes this a wonderful trap. Anyone who eats three consecutive meals with this dinnerware is immediately turned into a fairy! (I love to ship this stuff to barbarian outposts!) indestructible.

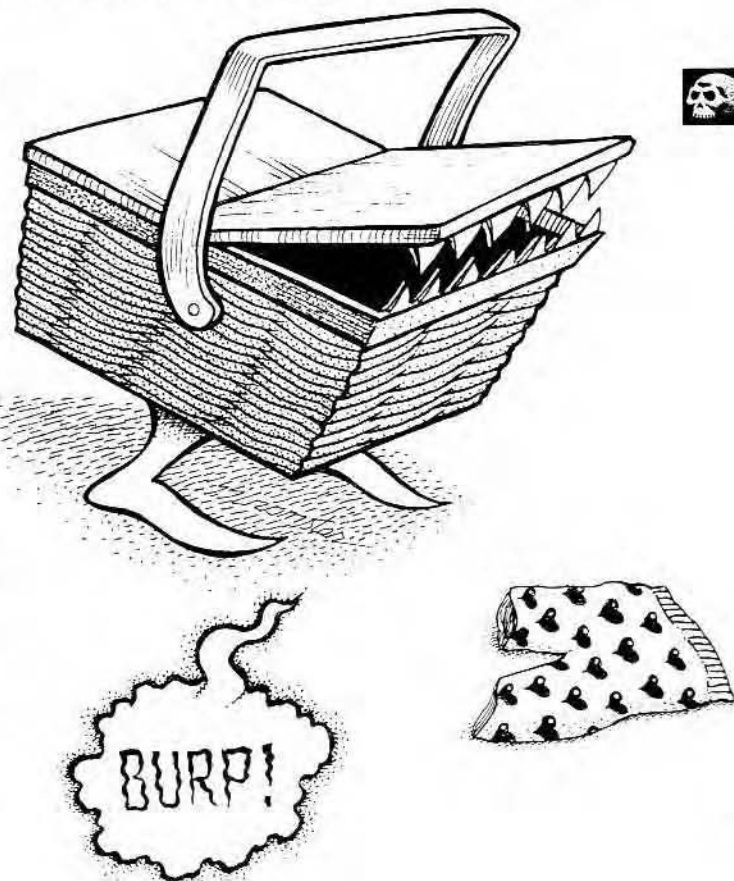


PICK-KNICKERS BASKET. This is a lovely picnic basket. It's sturdy, has wonderful little compartments to put things in, and obviously cost some knock-kneed ponce a lot of money to obtain. It has a subtle geas placed upon it, which causes the owner to invite their most beloved heart-throb on a picnic. Further, the geas spreads and guarantees that the invitee accepts. That's when the fun begins.

As the smitten romeo packs lunch, the basket will transform any beverage placed within into a love philtre. More accurately, it should be called a lust philtre. The picnickers imbibe, stare into each other's eyes with flushed complexions and rapidly increasing breathing, and head for the woods, shucking their clothes as they go to teach the rabbits a thing or two about procreation.

The picnicker basket then walks over to the clothes, eats them, and runs away.

If clothes make the man, what do you suppose they do for a basket?



-NOTES-



SUCK-A-BUS, or, THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED! This trap transports adventurers where they would never willingly venture: Hell. The trap looks like a standard city transit bus. As expected, there are passengers on board, a driver, and a fare is required to get on. That is where all similarity to normality ends. The other passengers are actually illusions maintained by a demon driver, and as soon as the party boards, the door slams shut, the other passengers disappear, and the vehicle takes off at a high rate of speed. While continuing to accelerate, the driver changes the route sign in the front window to read "Express to Hell."

The bus will begin to descend, driving through solid rock, and will eventually stop in, where else? Hell.



Or my dungeon, if you really want to provide a challenge ...

LOUPE-DE-LOOP. This very nice gold jeweler's loupe radiates powerful magic which hints at an ability such as "true sight." Sooner or later someone will stick it in their eye. That's when it activates.

The poor dupe will start screaming in agony as the loupe superheats and fuses with his eye. It won't kill him, but he will be in pain for days. Magic can help alleviate the pain, but it will not be able to remove the monocle or restore the eye. After a week or so, he will have sufficiently recovered to look out of the eye. He will now

see the world through super-magnified vision, and will soon learn that he can will the magnification to various powers, although the enlarged view will never go below 20x normal size. It is also pre-set on an extremely short focus point, which will make it impossible to use as a telescope.

If the victim insists on further delvish activities, they will be forced to wear an eye-patch over the microscopic eye as the discrepancy between vision in each eye will cause excruciating headaches. The loss of stereo vision will decrease their combat abilities until they have had a chance to adjust to (or be trained in) fighting with no depth perception.



BOWLING BALLS OF BOOM. Lest ye of little faith fear that The Grimtooth Collection neglects those enterprising souls whose dungeons require an entire room addition, I now present for purchase your very own bowling alley. The lanes are operated on the mechanism side by small, imprisoned demons who act as pin setters, score keepers, and ball returns. They are magically bound in such a way as to obviously present no threat whatsoever.

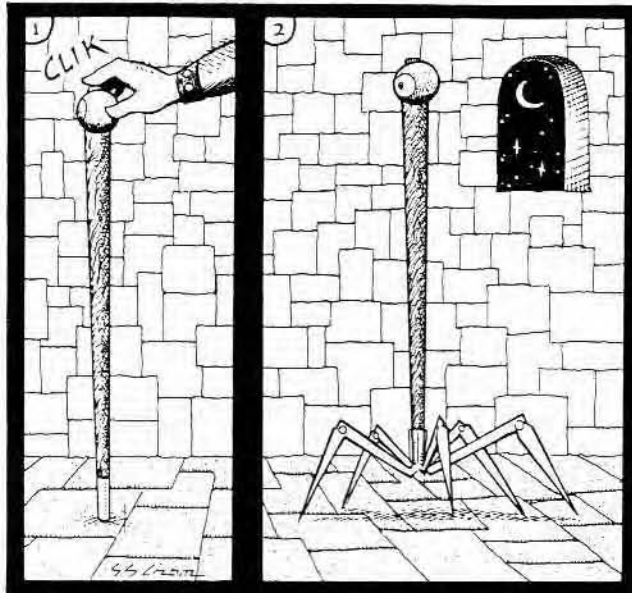
When intruders enter this room, they will be compelled to bowl. The delvers perform according to each one's ability (or agility). The magical alley neither helps nor hinders their scores. The only thing the magic does is assure that the balls are the proper weight for each individual character and fit perfectly. Regardless of which ball they pick up, the holes always seem to be on the other side. While the character is turning the ball over, it adjusts its weight accordingly and positions the holes appropriately. It will even turn their favorite color: after all, it will soon be their final frame.

After the conclusion of the first frame, the trap activates. Although it will seem that the adventurers are always using the same ball, this is not true. For the return chute has shrunk a couple of millimeters, consequently lodging their bowling ball in the chute's throat. Another magical ball is spawned to replace it. When the second ball is likewise recycled and wedged, both balls transform into a very unstable contact explosive. When the third ball is bowled, the demon returning it really puts some speed on it. When the ball hits the two wedged explosives, they detonate, causing enough fragmentation to kill anyone in that lane and severely wound anyone in the two adjoining lanes.

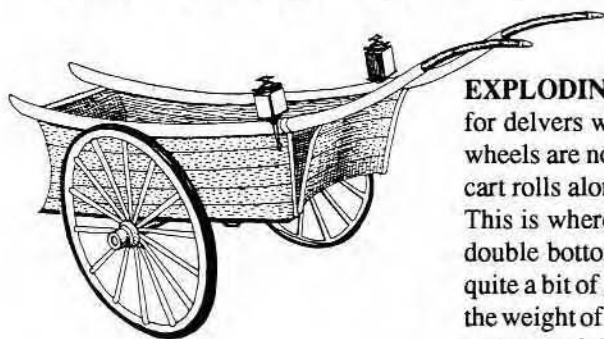


Walking Stick

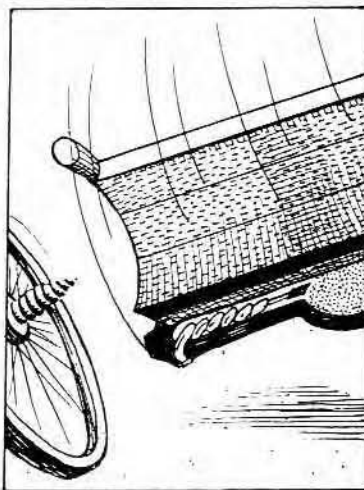
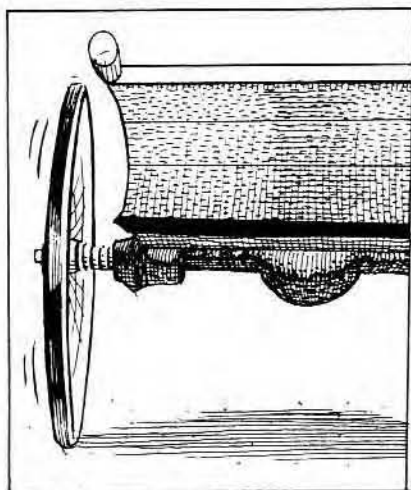
And for dapper delvers, we have the **WALKING STICK**. If the top of this wooden cane is unscrewed, a wind-up mechanism is revealed. By fully winding the works, and then pressing a switch at the tip of the cane, the walking stick will begin to operate. Two panels at the bottom end will retract into the body of the cane, and several articulated metal legs will extend out and down. The walking stick will locomote over passable terrain in whatever direction it is pushed. Although this sounds like a great way to safely trigger corridor traps, there is a drawback. The Walking Stick was granted semi-sentience by a wizard, and is able to sense the location of traps. If the party has abused the stick in any way (used it as a crowbar, beat lackeys with it, used it to probe in cesspools, etc.) it will always head straight for a trap, and avoiding activating it until at least one member of the party is within range. So it always pays to treat your possessions with respect, like yer GrimMom always told you ...



SWITCH PLATE - My product line wouldn't be truly collectable without its own limited edition plate. This beautiful silver platter adds an elegant touch to any dinner table. However, warn the servants not to touch it. Anyone who does will be affected by the spell of absorption which has been placed upon it. They will be sucked inside the plate and trapped there until another unsuspecting victim picks it up. The imprisoned person then switches places with the new victim. The switch plate can be safely carried as long as it is wrapped up or put into a bag. Only touching the actual surface of the platter will trigger the spell. If you wish to be generous, you could have the plate lead into a small pocket universe, filled with riches. Of course, anyone trapped in the plate couldn't bring anything out of the plate, sorry!



EXPLODING CART - This sturdy cart is a tempting acquisition for delvers with lots of loot and gear to haul. Unfortunately, the wheels are not mounted on axles, but on very fine screws. As the cart rolls along, the wheels slowly unscrew and fall off. This is where the problem occurs. You see, the cart has a false, double bottom. Between the real bottom and the fake bottom is quite a bit of gun powder. The cart falling to the ground (under all the weight of the delver's gear) hits some boards rigged at the front and rear of the cart that are actually strikers/igniters. The whole cart "Fall down, go boom!"





EVER-FILLED WINE SKIN - This is the usual grotty old wine skin that's enchanted with an "ever-fill" spell. Of course, there is a catch. Upon the first taste, whether it be a small sip or a great swilling, the drinker's stomach will begin to feel full. Not painfully full, but as if he had consumed as much as he could comfortably hold. A gentle, sloshing sound will issue from beneath his navel.

Within minutes, the consequences of this bellyful of wine will hit the delver. The vintage is champagne-like, mild enough not to be toxic, but the alcoholic effects will be considerable. The unfortunate person will be drunkenly inept and incoherent until the wine goes out of his system. The curse is that this never happens. The stomach will remain "ever-filled."



THE GENUINE QUARTERSTAFF - This little item is a masterpiece of trap technology. It looks like an attractive quarterstaff, as long as the average human is tall. It is made of fine oak, and will fit comfortably into any human-sized hand. Delvers will be drawn to it by its inlaid silver surface. The metal is deeply set into the wood, covering the staff with thin silver lines which gather into knobs at each end of the rod.

The entire staff is enveloped in an aura of magic. Any marginally competent wizard will be able to detect that it is enchanted with a spell of indestructibility. (This will also keep rapacious delvers from trying to pry the silver out of the shaft, or break the knobs off the ends. Grrrr! The lengths we gotta go to prevent vandalism these days! No dungeon is safe!) By now you must be thinking, Gee, ol' Grimtooth is losing his grip, this gizmo is too good to be true! Perish the thought! The true beauty of this device will be revealed the first time it is held diagonally across the body, in the conventional defensive position of high port. Within the staff is a spring loaded blade, thin enough to be mistaken for one of the inlaid lines. It, like the entire quarterstaff, is indestructible. Its edge is razor sharp. As soon as the bearer takes a defensive posture, **KATUNG!** Out pops the blade. It runs the entire length of the staff, and should serve to reduce the length of the wielder's fingers by at least a quarter.



THE BOOMERAXE - MODEL 1: LAST PITCH EFFORT - - The type of throwing axe called the francesca is a long-shafted, graceful-headed weapon. Not at all like the currently popular, massive, brutal double-bladed broad axe. Why, you may ask, has Grimtooth wandered off into the droll field of weapons design history? It is to prepare you for one of the simplest and most elegant traps I have seen in a weapon format.

This boomeraxe's head is longer and thinner than usual, terminating in a thin leading edge. The handle is long, flat, and comparatively narrow, with a peculiar curve to it. It will have almost exactly the same combat value as any other throwing axe. The trap becomes obvious when the axe is used.

When thrown at a likely target, its special aerodynamic design takes over. It will not hit anything it is thrown at. It will, however, return to the user, at full force. Unless the wielder is most adept at dodging, retrieval of the weapon should pose his heirs no significant difficulty.

THE BOOMERAXE - MODEL 2: THE BIG BANG

Generally the type of weapon which causes the flinty little hearts of dwarven warriors to beat fast, this awesome double-bladed broad axe has a silvered finish inlaid with runes. A wizard of fairly high level will be able to sense that it is under a spell of transformation. Any dwarf will be able to read the runes: Implement of Destruction. Once a victim elects to brandish this weapon the effects of the enchantment will become obvious. The delver will feel a doubling of physical strength, and as long as the axe is kept on his person this benefit will remain in force. Once again you let your impatience run away with you. Grimtooth has not become prematurely senile.

You must be now be familiar with the maxim, "Never give a delver an even break!" Anything you give a delver in a trap must return to haunt him. Even as the spell on the axe is granting this enormous advantage, it is turning the metal in all the victim's other weapons to flawed crystal. If used, they will shatter on contact. This will at first annoy the delving boob, but what the hey he has this bright new axe.

Now comes the best part. When used in combat, the axe explodes on contact with any solid target! The force is equal to twice the new attack capability of the wielding delver. All the beings in direct contact

with the axe, both wielder and target, receive full benefit from this prank. And even if the delver survives his ax-cident, his enhanced strength will disappear and his weapons are still reduced to mere objects d'art.

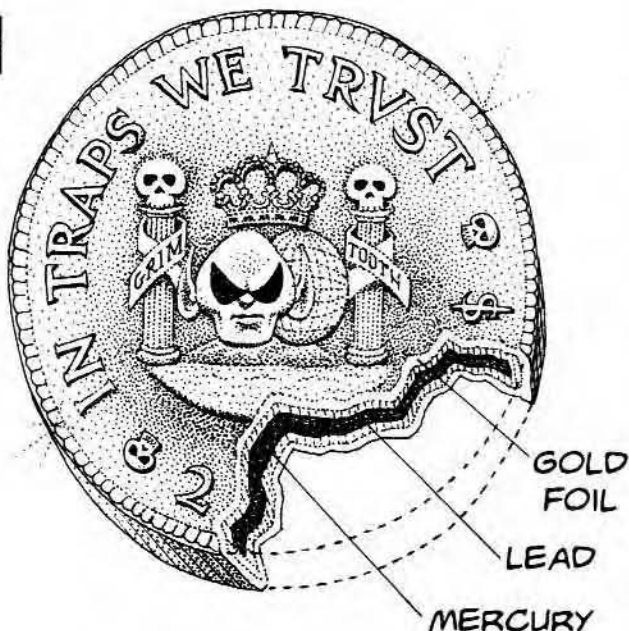


THE LOVE BOTA - This enchanted wineskin actually will keep wine cool and fresh under any conditions, but that's only the bait that hooks the victim. When obtained by an adventurer, the Love Bota needs about a week to bond with him before its true nature will be revealed. After the initial week has passed, a change will come over the first person with whom the Love Bota's owner shares his wine. Tender emotions will begin to stir within their breast (after the requisite hangover, of course). Now this isn't the wimpy type of romance written of in those sickening books that elves are so fond of. This love takes one of two forms.

If the drinker is of the opposite sex, their love for the bota's owner will manifest as a cutsie, cloying, suffocating infatuation that is guaranteed to send the hardest adventurer running for the hills. If of the same sex, their feelings will be the "tough love" of an overly stern parent. They will develop a hypercritical attitude about the behavior of the bota's owner and will be compelled to guide and protect them at every turn. Either attitude is sure to ruin the owner's day.

YELLOW PERIL - These banana peels, scattered on the floor of a dungeon, are there for a fairly obvious purpose. However, for the slow readers, I shall explain. They lie in wait for that party that is in a rush. No one would fall for them? Give me a break! These bananas are specially bred in my underground arboretum. The peels are attracted to ground vibrations of the foot-stomping variety. You might say that they find feet appealing. For being stepped on is the only way these bananas can spread their seeds. They will do their best to slide underfoot, and odds are that some delver will have his duff and his ego bruised by being outsmarted by a banana peel.





COINCOLLECTOR'S NIGHTMARE - Several coins have recently come into my possession from a not-much-missed source named Abdulla. The hardly lamented Abdulla was a trusting soul when it came to money. He trusted his taste for gold and silver most of all, and was in the habit of biting down hard on any coin that came into his possession. Indeed, he did have a rather discerning palate, and could tell with one firm clench the near exact assay value of the coin gracing his dentition. Unfortunately for Abdulla, he came across a few coins minted in my own private coinery by one of my more creative goblins. (not too bad a likeness)

You see, these coins are a special variety, created in three layers. A sandwich of doom, you understand. The innermost layer is one of lead, to give weight. The outermost is of gold foil, to give the facade of value. The middle layer, the meat of the matter, is the kicker. I find

that the most popular flavors are Mercury (which also gives weight and is quite deadly), Sodium (not recommended for those on low-salt diets, and certainly not for anyone whose molars require anything less than nitroglycerine for toothpaste), and assorted bacterial flavors ranging from Anthrax to Hoof and Mouth Disease (my personal favorite).

Even if the delver paid off in these coins doesn't try the tooth test, the coins will eventually cause him grief as the gold foil wears away from jiggling inside his pouch perhaps the next thing he grabs from his purse will be a fistful of mercury (hope he doesn't have any cuts on his hand!).



CROOK'S COBBLER - This magical shoehorn can alter the size of boots, shoes and other footwear. Simply place the shoehorn under your heel to insert your foot smoothly into any shoe for a perfect fit. The shoes will remain sized to your feet forever after. However, the shoehorn's magic will only work on stolen footwear, and works best when used by thieves. Noble knights and inscrutable wizards may still experience a blister or two.

The newly shod bandit will be quite pleased with his clogs until he treads on holy ground. The shoehorn's magic is demonic. Should the shoes touch the grounds of any church or temple, the wearer will find himself reacting like a drop of water on a hot griddle, careening around the grounds on a layer of holy steam! If he manages to flounder off church property, the shoes will revert to their original size, pinning his feet within. Perhaps holy places are best approached on one's knees ...

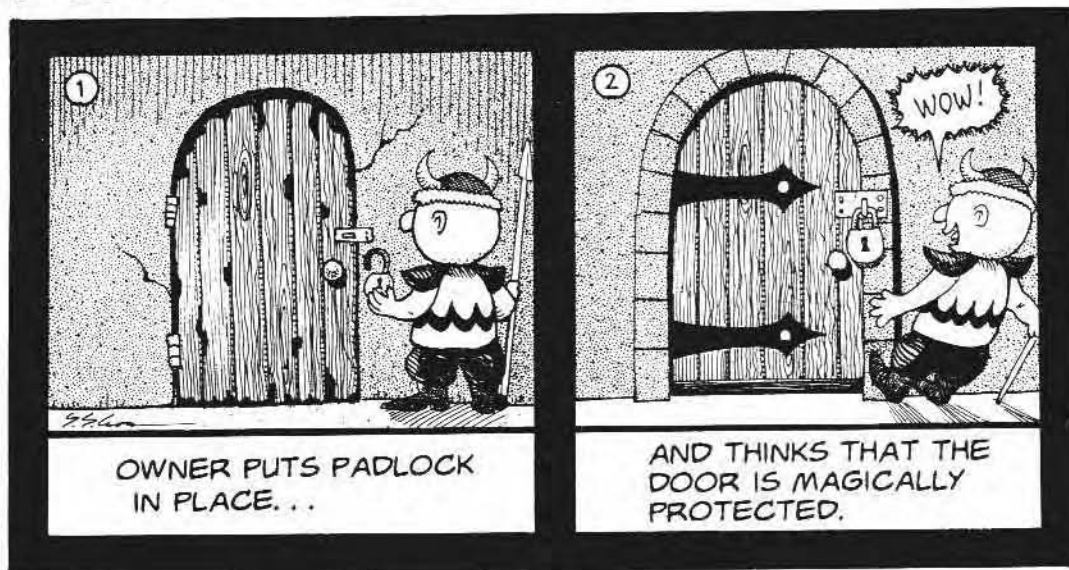


VASE VITALE - Any organic liquid placed inside this enchanted vase will remain forever fresh. It's a great way to save that sentimental bouquet of flowers. Only the absence of any liquid within the vessel would indicate something unusual. For the ghoulish, the Vase Vitale works just as well at preserving body parts. One rather interesting bit of trivia about this item is that not all of the preserved object need be inside the vase. The majority of the body, so to speak, can be on the outside. Only so much as a finger or a tongue would be enough to gain the effects of "freshness" which is actually a form of suspended animation. I like to put these things around the dungeon filled with some sweet liquid like honey, molasses, or maple syrup. When the witless delver dips his finger into the liquid to taste it, he gets "freshness sealed." Or sometimes they will pour the liquid out, and someone will decide to lick the jar. Oh, did I fail to mention that being suspended is not a good thing for the living? A few seconds of suspension will result in brain damage, as the energy that animates the brain is interrupted. A minute or more would result in total brain death. What fun!

POMPOUS PADLOCK - Place this magical lock on any normal door or box and it will create the illusion of impenetrability. Make the outhouse door look like the most secure dungeon cell, or a wicker box appear to be a steel-banded chest. It's useful for temporary security, for putting thieves on the wrong track, or simply for practical joking. Or at least that's how it worked until my little helpers got a hold of it. Now the little beauty effects the perception of its owner only! He sees the impenetrable door and steel chest. Everyone else sees what's really there. Now that's much better!



POMPOUS PADLOCK



Coated with a rare extract from a meat-eating plant, these **STICKY DARTS** will immobilize their targets. The punctured victims will be unable to move, but can speak, hear, eat, etc. normally. The effect is similar to being mired atop fly paper. Only when the dart is removed from their body will they be restored normal movement. One other little thing the extract is rather addictive. Once it's in your system you will begin to crave it within about 24 hours. If you don't get your fix, you will slowly degenerate into a mindless, shambling hulk, good only for target practice in one of my dungeons. By the way, the only way to find more Sticky Darts is to trigger another trap. I like to use them in booby-trapped chests or hallways.



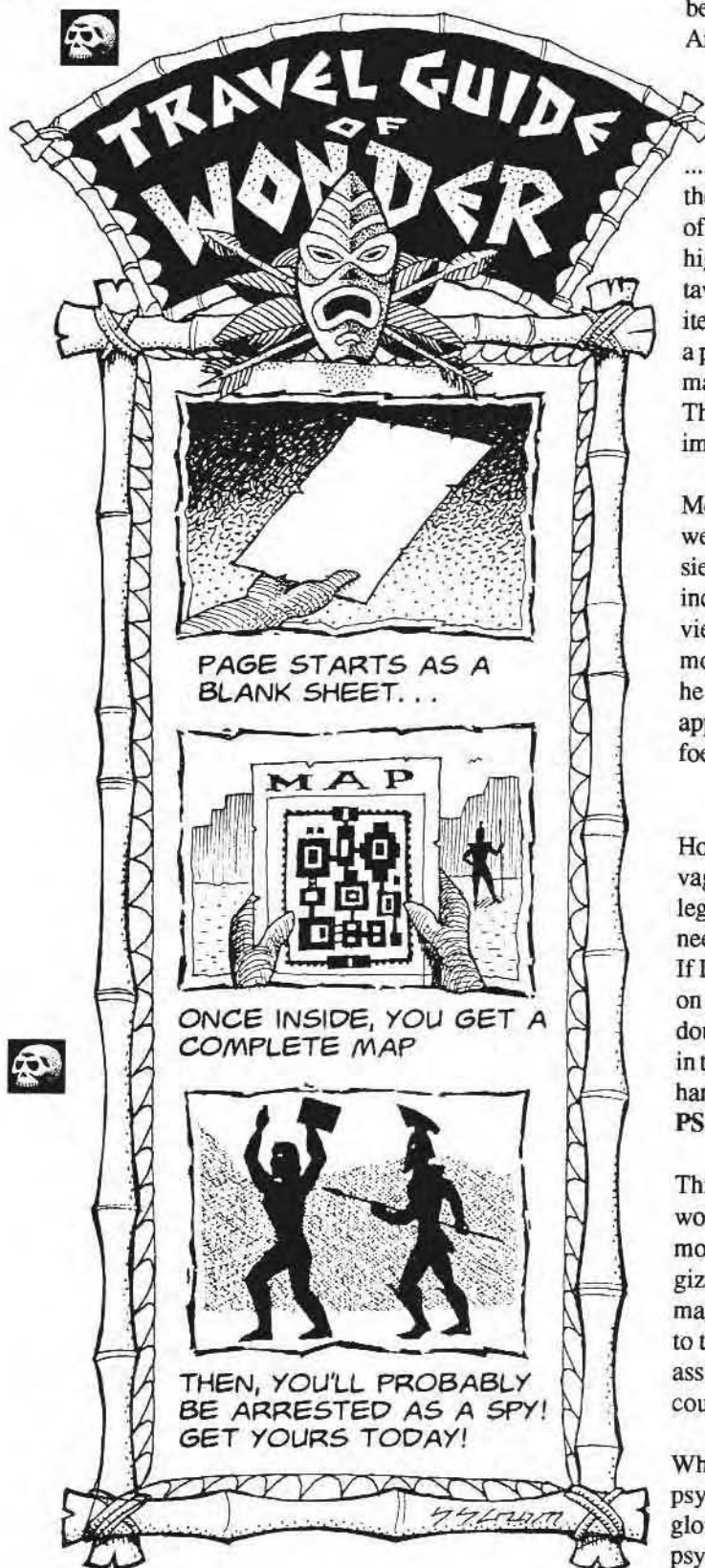
ETERNAL FLAME - You'll always be warm with this brazier which cannot be extinguished. There'll be no more worries about the cook fire going out! The only way to stop the fire is to empty and seal the brazier, thus taking the fuel out of the system. But remember, anything placed within the brazier will add to the flame! Anything at all, even air! Under normal circumstances, this will not be a problem, but if the brazier is open and placed in a closed room, the air in the room will slowly be consumed. If the open brazier is immersed in water, the water will be consumed, which will slowly raise the temperature of the surrounding water to a boil. If your finger is placed in the brazier, it will burn, and your hand will most likely cook! Any rope, string, or whatever that droops into the brazier, even if it is otherwise empty, will burn! Very dangerous to have around.



LUCKY SHOVEL - This shovel will only break the ground if there is treasure buried underneath, causing many a delver to discard it in disgust before its true function is discovered. If the shovel's quirk is identified, it can be employed to get every last drop of treasure from a trove, since it will not cease to remove earth until all the loot has been retrieved, down to the last copper piece.

One other thing. Due to the enchantment on the shovel, it will bind the delver to continue digging until that last copper piece has been found! This effect, somewhat similar to the Shoes of Dancing Forever that are sometimes found, has caused many delvers to expire from exhaustion, searching for a single copper coin buried far beneath the ground. Further, if the delver is alone, who will shore up the walls of the pit? How will he get out of the pit if he digs too deep? How will he get rid of the dirt if the pit is too deep to throw it out? So many questions. But I have the answers: nobody, no way, no how!





TRAVEL GUIDE OF WONDER - This can actually be a useful item, provided the delver can keep it secret. And we all know how careless delvers are ...

The Travel Guide of Wonder is a piece of blank vellum outside a city's walls. But once it is taken ...inside the city gates, it will display an accurate map of the town, drawn properly to scale, with an index of points of interest that are tailored to the owner. A monk will see highlights of temples and monasteries, a fighter inns, taverns, and weapon shops. Contrary to most magic items, this one is not indestructible. It is not fireproof. If a piece is torn off, that piece will not function as a mini-map, and will not work if reattached by gluing or sewing. The map is resistant to soiling and moisture, but total immersion will destroy it.

Most importantly, the map will include diagrams of the weaknesses in the city's defenses, and plans for the sieging, conquering, and sacking of the city. And it includes one other designation that is hidden from the view of the owner the coat of arms or flag of the city's most dangerous enemy. Imagine the delver's surprise as he consults his map in the town square, only to be apprehended by guards who spotted the insignia of their foe! He'd be arrested as a spy and then executed.

How many questers start their journey with only the vaguest directions from their kings or wizards to that legendary place of power where the oh-so-desperately-needed relic of the realm is stashed? Just about all of 'em. If I had a groat for every misguided knight who knocked on my door looking for the Holy Grail I'd be rolling in dough. Since there are so few competent cartographers in these parts, your dungeoneers will be eager to get their hands on this item, unaware that they are about to be .. **PSI-TRACKED!**

This device appears to be a glowing crystal in magical worlds such as mine, or a beeping mechanical box in more technologically-driven lands. In either case, the gizmo is touted as a means to home-in on the local magical or psychic hot spot. As the party travels closer to their goal, the item will glow brighter or beep louder, assuring them that they are on the right track. But, of course, they're not.

What the device really does is slowly suck the magic and psychic abilities from the delvers and their gear. The glow and beep will intensify with each theft of a spell, psychic defense, or enchantment. To add insult to injury, the device is totally useless for locating the object of their search. It is likely that the party will end up in the middle of nowhere, completely relieved of their mystical talents and hardware.

HOLY PAGES - This prayer book appears to be a simple tome containing verses and teachings from a popular religion. But the book possesses a power beyond that of its sacred words. The magic manifests when anyone near the book mentions a god or goddess in a context other than prayer, such as: "By Jove, I think he's got it!" or "Gee, isn't Venus rising late tonight?" Upon speaking the deity's name, the book will use its powers to summon the god or goddess. They will instantaneously appear, demanding to know why they've been yanked from their celestial abode. "Oops, sorry" won't get the delvers very far with an angry immortal. This can lead to some violent divine intervention.



PANIC BUTTONS - We discovered that a tailor in the eastern lands had captured and imprisoned a number of tiny genies in shanked disks that look like simple buttons. These buttons can be carried in a pocket or sewn onto clothing. If one who possesses such a disk finds himself in trouble, and presses the surface of the button, the genie will appear and sound an alarm which will compel anyone in the vicinity to aid its master. The genie will perform this service indefinitely.



Isn't that sweet. I've never been impressed by this good Samaritan stuff. After all, who comes to help my goblins when a bunch of adventuring ne'er-do-wells starts bopping them over the head? They're only guarding my treasure, doing their job. So we discussed this fairness issue with the genies and they agreed to change their ways. They still perform their helpful service to their owner. But, if their master ever hears another being call for help, even an enemy, he will be compelled to go to their aid! I doubt that trapped ogre will really believe the good intentions of that human charging to his side, but that's not our problem, is it?

Here's a raw material that will allow you to create a devious trap in any chamber with a high-ceiling. **RUBBER CEMENT** comes in a 50 gallon vat. Have a minion apply a coat of the gooey slime to the floor, walls, and ceiling of the room. When the goop dries, it will have the extremely springy consistency of a trampoline.



The trap will be "sprung" when the delvers attempt to remove a tempting treasure which you set into the ceiling coat. They will find the prize easy to reach by bouncing higher and higher. But when the treasure is ripped out of the Rubber Cement, a magical chain reaction changes the consistency of the floor, ceiling and walls to concrete. The treasure-snatcher will plummet to a very hard landing. And, the ceiling and wall coats will release their grip on the chamber and rain chunks of cement on the entire party.



Pearls of Wisdom

"Never give a sucker an even break."
W.C. Fields

"Unless it's in the kneecap."
Grimtooth



... so I said to the Count, "Sorry, but in that red armor I thought you were a fire hydrant."

Arf, arf, arf ...

Ah! A customer. I'm Spike the GrimDog! Grimtooth told me to watch the store while he went out for someone to eat. He's been mad at me ever since I started bringing all these things home, but if you buy a lot, maybe he'll forgive me. All of these grr-eat traps relate to animals. So try 'em out and put some wild in your delvers' lives. By the way, none of these traps were tested on animals, for you activists in the audience only human test subjects were used!

MORE BE(A)ST SELLERS

Traps Bazaar once had a children's department, but some parents objected that most of our toys were in poor taste. Personally, I liked our Junior Inquisitor Playset. The toy I'm about to describe hasn't been found to be corrupting to innocent youth yet. A picture of a dragon is painted on this seemingly harmless top. This is a clue to its secret. The life force of a dragon is imprisoned within the toy. If the **TERRIBLE TOP** is spun, the image of the beast will fly off the painted surface and exist in the real world, feeding upon any humans it can get its claws on until the top ceases to rotate, at which time the dragon will be drawn back into the toy. This dragon is always hungry, and will be eager to feed no matter how often he is released into the world.



THE GENUINE CROW BAR - This little baby is one of the most unique items that it has been my good fortune to acquire. To the uninitiated, it seems to be just another piece of metal to be used for typical delver vandalism. As a result, the usual gang of tunnel traipsing thugs will likely take it along despite the fact that it doesn't seem to have any immediate use. It is at this point that our fun begins.

This metal bar is possessed of two spells of significant effect. The first of these, which in and of itself is harmless, is one that masks the sense of smell of any sentient animal. (You will find this hard to believe, but delvers do fall into this general category.) The change is subtle and hard to detect. The second spell is the big whammy. It causes the holder of the crowbar to exude the aroma of ten-day old dead chicken and rancid cow's milk! This is not a perfume designed to make him the life of the party, but bear in mind that they cannot smell him. However, every vulture, carrion crow, and scavenger eagle within 100 leagues can! Soon ol' smelly will be attracting more attention than an extra in The Birds. Stealth will be out of the question. Even in a building or under trees the abiding stench will betray the bearer.

One good trap deserves another, I always say. Here's a variant on the same implement. If dungeon-breakers have forgotten their lock picks and explosives, that ever popular crow bar will be the first tool they reach for. Traps Bazaar carries another trick pry bar that performs as expected as long as it is used for its proper purpose prying things apart. But if the **BLACKBIRD BAR** is used as a weapon or a battering tool, things change. When the bar strikes a hard surface, it transforms into several angry ravens that attack the party. I suppose that's one way to give delvers "the bird."

LITTLE BOY BLUE - This bone horn is inscribed with a scene of a young shepherd blowing a trumpet, surrounded by various wild animals sitting peacefully at his feet. A delver who blows the horn will find that all wild beasts in the area will calmly come to him in response to the sound. However, as soon as the last animal has arrived on the scene, the second part of the enchantment will kick in. The animals will attack the hornsman en masse, doing their best to completely devour him. This is a real hoot if the only fauna in the area are cute bunnies and furry squirrels. It works even better, if the attacking beasts are griffens, dragons and other powerful denizens.

FERAL CRADLE - The curse upon this cradle causes any human infant placed inside it to degenerate into a wild, bestial state. That this is abnormal behavior for a young human brat had to be pointed out to me. I thought they were always that obnoxious when put to bed. At any rate, babies have been known to turn into animals over night, or acquire half-were characteristics from only a few moments in the cradle. Only human children are affected, and there is no known reversal of the cradle's effects.



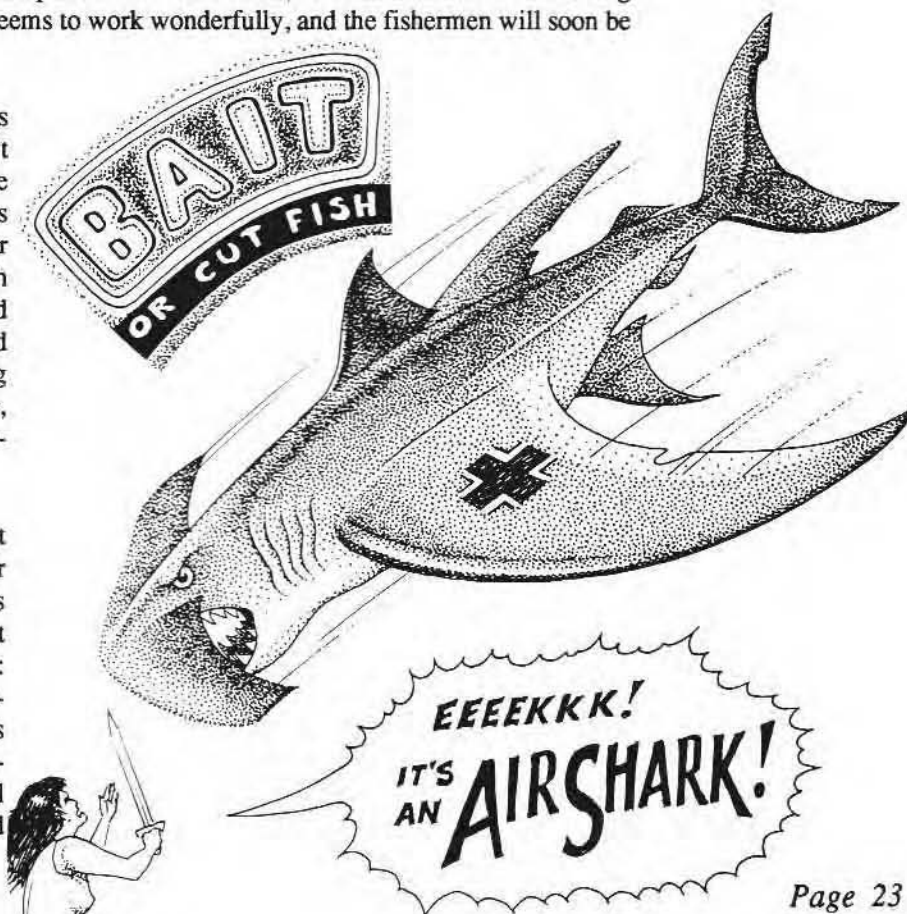
BAIT OR CUT FISH. Here's a wonderful item to protect your favorite shoreside campsite and fishing hole from unwanted squatters. Just set this up on the beach. The delvers will find a box on a stand, with several fishing poles propped against it. A sign on the box reads "Catch thee the golden shark to get to the other side." There are, of course, no boats visible. The box itself is magic. It can be determined that it is enchanted with a preservation spell which keeps the bait inside the box fresh. In addition, the entire area reeks of magic. There is a major flight/teleport nullification spell in effect. To dissuade swimming, delvers will notice shark fins breaking the water's surface (although none of them are golden). The party will decide that the only thing to do is to follow the directions on the box.



All the bait in the box is whole and fresh, and the delvers will have to cut it up to bait the fishing poles. They may notice that the fish guts have a more putrid smell than usual, and that no amount of washing will remove the stench. However, the bait seems to work wonderfully, and the fishermen will soon be reeling in their catches.

Once the first shark is caught, the pole turns the shark gold. Not solid gold, or they couldn't haul it out of the water. Just gold color. Once the shark is caught, a fog bank will roll in. As the bank recedes, a boat emerges heading for the shore. It is unoccupied, and large enough for the whole party. They get in the boat and head for the other side. Upon arrival and disembarkation, the boat sails into another fog bank and disappears. The intrepid delvers, reeking of fish guts, head off for more exploration, danger and excitement.

Well, they're about to get their fill of the last two. You see, the smell is going to attract air sharks. These air sharks are magical creatures which swim through the air. They will not attack anyone who did not handle the fish: they can't smell them and have terrible eyesight. If the fight drags on for several rounds between the air sharks and the intended victims, even more wounds on both sides will result in attracting more air sharks. Could turn into quite a feeding frenzy ...



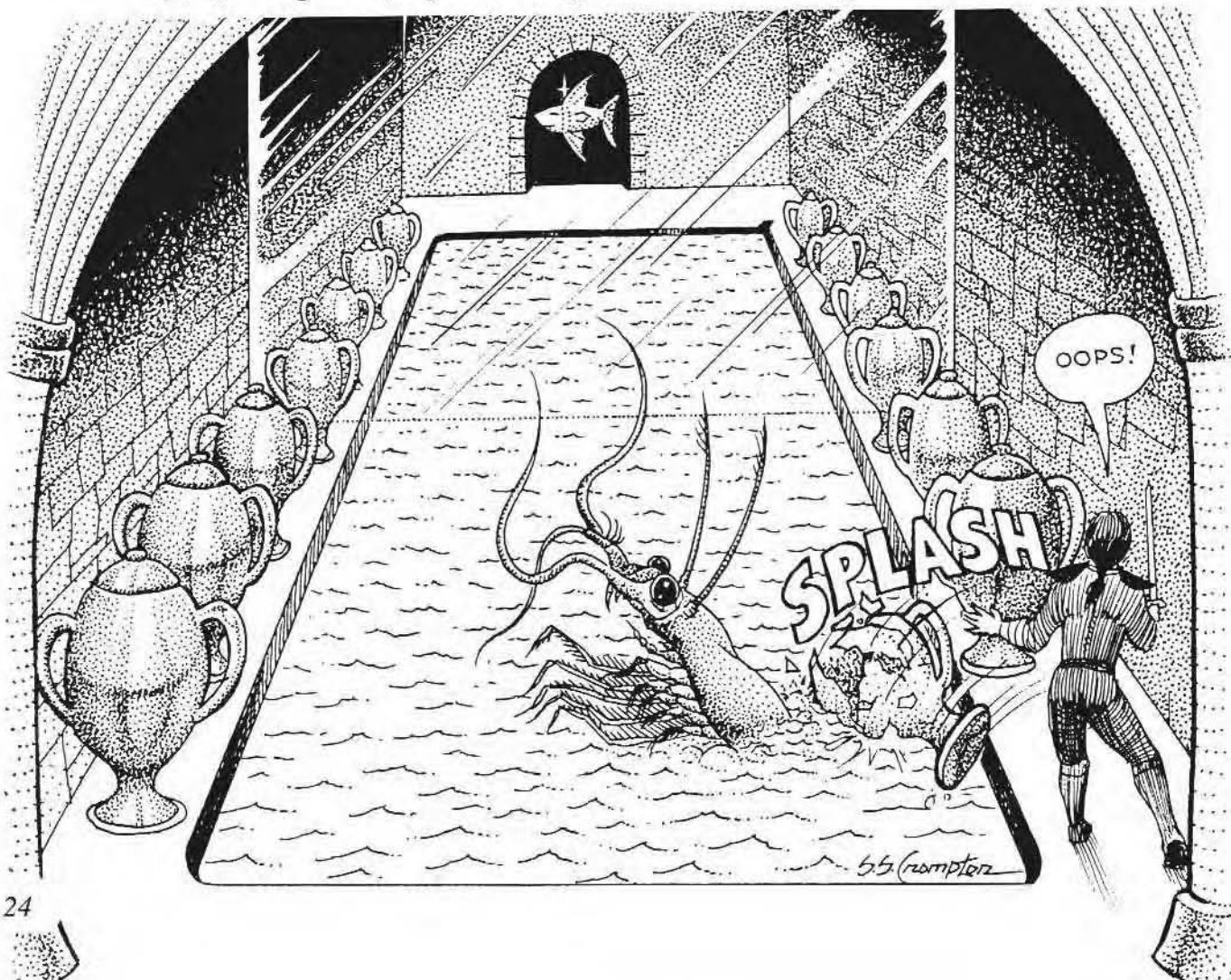


CAR-PET - One of the most annoying traits of dungeon delvers is their obsession with gathering souvenirs from the places they trespass. Here's one that will stay with them whether they want it or not. When the intruders enter the room, they will see a rolled-up rug leaning against a wall. As they explore, the rug will fall to the floor and unroll itself. It will appear to the adventurers that this happened accidentally due to their movements in the room; there will be no suggestion of magic. The rug is 4 x 6 feet with white fringe at its edge, and is made from some type of animal skin. It will lie quite still on the floor, and will stay that way if no one touches it. However, if any curious characters decide to pick up the rug, or wipe their feet on it, it will suddenly come to life. The poor rug is indeed living, and is lonely for some company. It will follow its new friend the way a persistent puppy slavishly leaps and bounds when its master comes home. The rug will spend the rest of the adventure shuffling along the floor, rubbing up against its master in search of attention. If the rug does not receive enough devotion from its friend, it will whine, flap in protest, and bunch up underneath its master's feet to get his full attention.

The Car-Pet is partial to female ownership and may gravitate toward a female member of the party if its master continues to ignore it. It has all the intelligence of a kitten, and will get into all sorts of playful mischief. And what does a Car-Pet eat? Just what you'd expect: dust, pollen, and common bacteria, all of which settle into its fur and metabolize through its pores. Some in the party will inevitably want to kill the creature and be done with it. However, the Car-Pet has a secret power that weakens the will of most mortals; it's insufferably cute. It's hard to kill something so loving and friendly, and the cad who does is bound to lose a bunch of charisma in the eyes of the others.



EGGS OVER EASY - Have a swimming pool in the basement of your castle keep? Here's an accessory to teach uninvited beach bums a lesson. The intruders will find their access to the pool blocked by a row of tall clay urns around all its sides. The urns are big enough to block all walkways which lead around the pool. Gazing across the depths, the delvers will see their bait a golden statue of a fish in a nook across the room. To get there, they will have to get those urns out of the way.

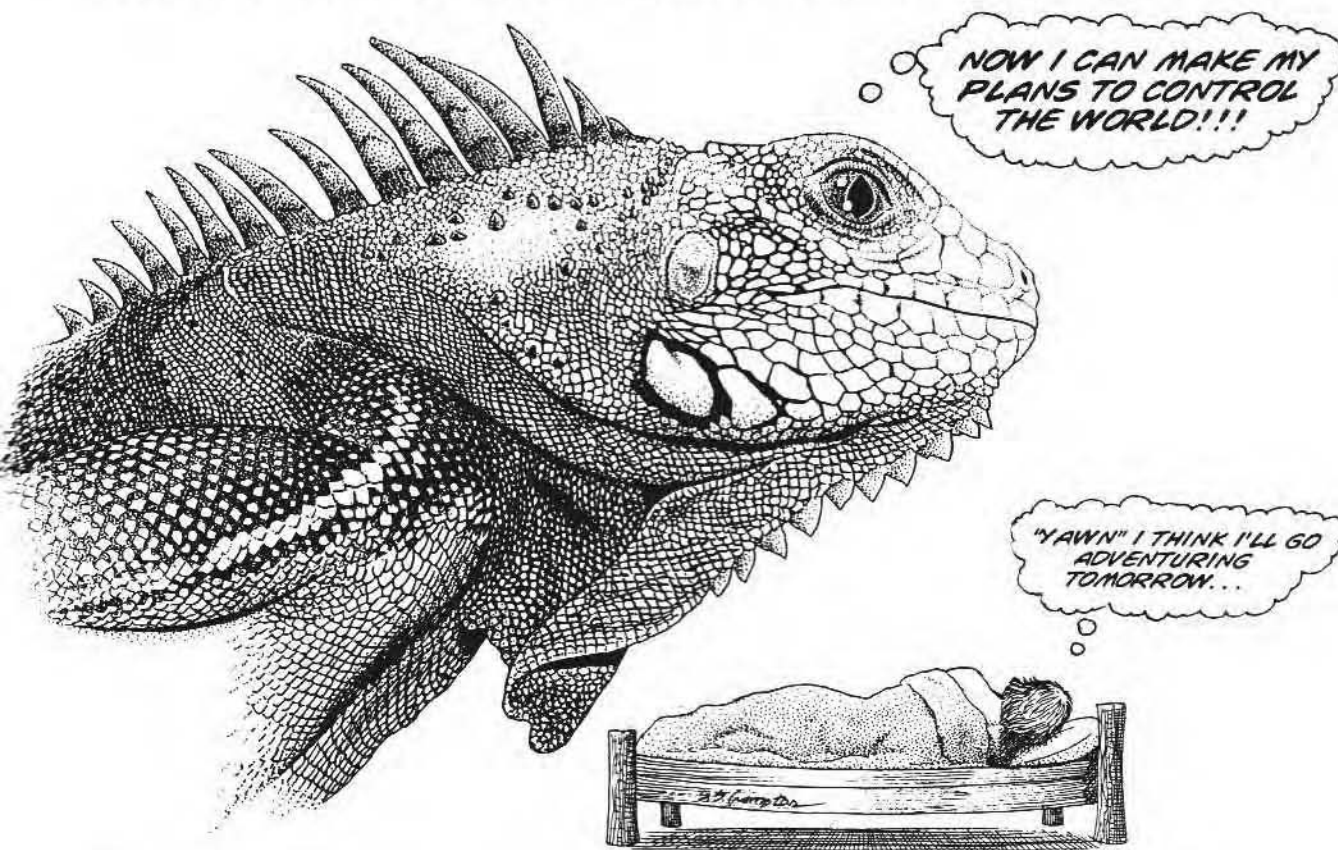


Upon inspection, the delvers will find that the urns are filled with fragile crystal spheres, each about one inch in diameter. They are cloudy white, and will crush into a powdery dust if stepped on. They seem harmless, and not particularly valuable. The delvers will also discover that the clay urns are just as fragile as their contents. If they try and move the urns out of the way, they will crack and shatter. And, they tip over easily, which is the key to the delvers' doom.

If any of the urns or their crystal contents are dumped into the pool, the eggs inside them will give birth to a nasty surprise. The water will churn and bubble, ghastly high-pitched squealing noises will echo throughout the chamber, and very large shrimp will emerge from the depths. These will be about 10 feet long and quite hungry. A handful of crystals will produce 1 - 6 sea monkeys. An entire urn could generate up to a hundred. If more than one urn was dumped in, the adventurers had best run fast!

And by the way, if any of the delvers can fly, there's a special surprise for them if they try to get to the other side of the pool! Halfway across the pool hangs a clear glass pane, reaching to about a foot above the water's surface. Watch the winged wonders slam into it, quite possibly knocking themselves unconscious to hurtle insensate into the water. This is particularly amusing to watch if the sea monkeys have already been set free!

THERE IS NOTHING WORSE IN LIFE THAN A BORED IGUANA. This is a marvelously detailed, life-size statue of a young iguana, overall length around 20" with 9 or 10 of that being tail. It is warm to the touch and has a strangely appealing texture when stroked, but it is undeniably a statue.



It has a minor geas for the first person who touches it. They will want to keep it and take it home. So home they go. As night falls, the statue's new owner will grow increasingly tired. While the character is sleeping, the statue comes alive. No, it doesn't run around the house tearing up furniture and ripping people's throats open; green iguanas are normally vegetarians. It simply crawls over and stares at the owner. When the owner awakes, the statue is back where it belongs in whatever pose it was before. But the owner will be strangely lethargic, not wanting to go out carousing, preferring to putter around the house and rest.

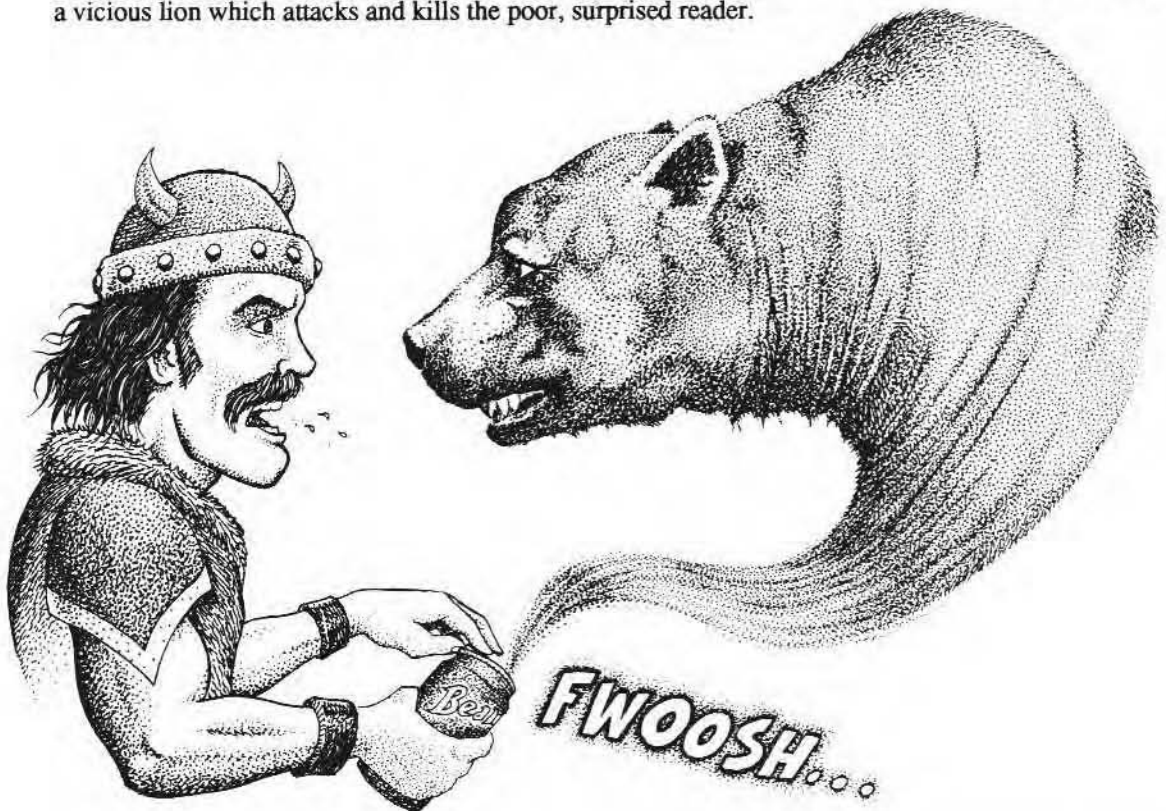
You see, the iguana is bored. It has suffered for ages under the spell that turns it into a statue by day, and is taking it out on its new owner. The iguana is stealing the owner's ambition and motivation. After suffering the lizard's stare, he just won't feel like going out and doing something. Anyway, it's all the same. Break into a dungeon, kill a few orcs, steal a bunch of gold, then blow it all on drink, women and gambling. His thoughts turn to taking up macrame.

At this point the rest of the group should get suspicious. No one makes macrame their career choice. So someone will investigate and discover that the iguana statue has something to do with their friend's choice for a new career. Problem is that it's hard to outsmart a bored iguana. The iguana will put the investigator to sleep, then suck their ambition also.



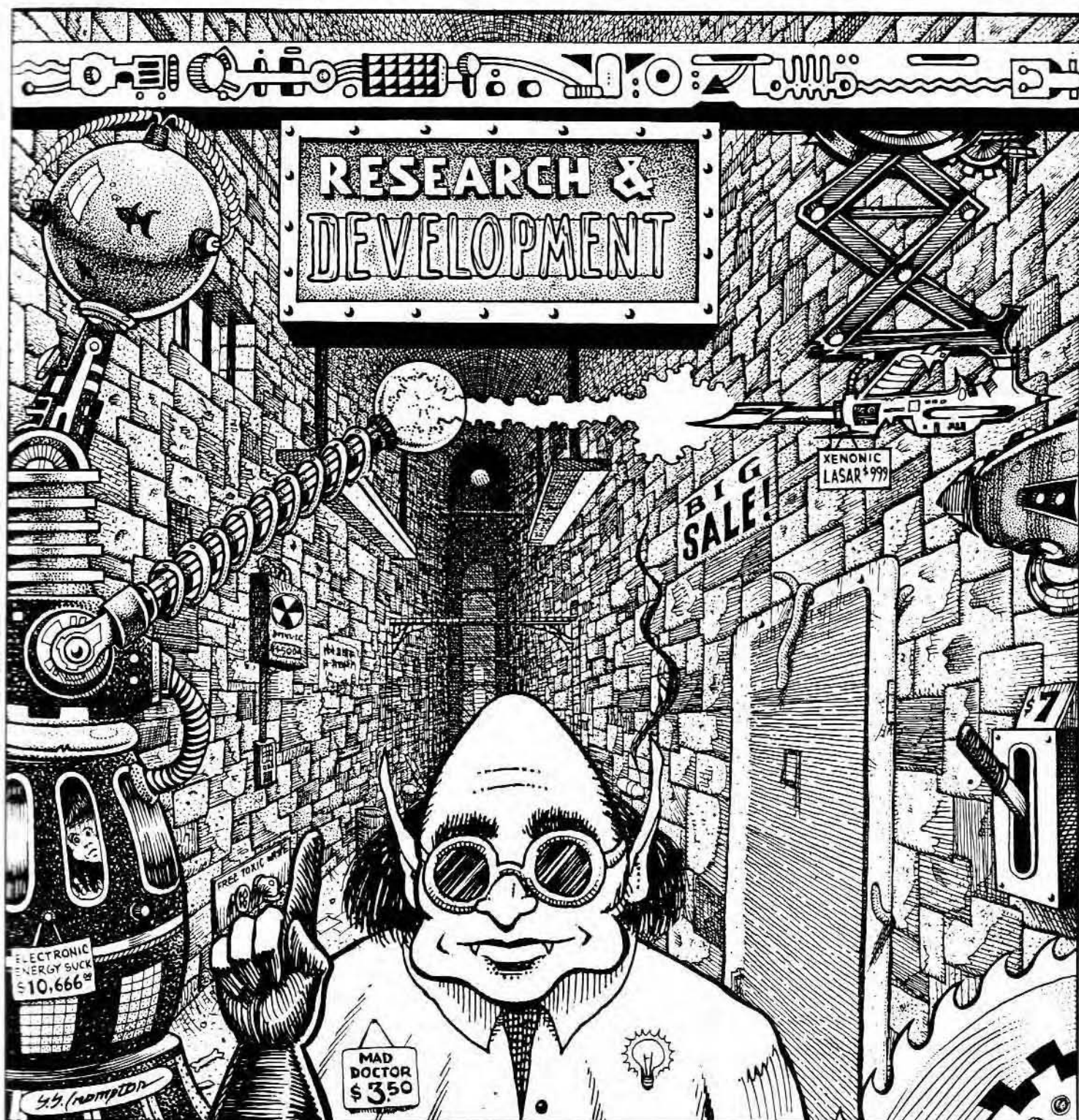
PUR-LIONED LETTER - This letter was found on the body of a dead messenger the morning after a full moon. The messenger was mauled to death, and the letter emits powerful magic. The writing is magically scrambled and will take some time to decipher; time is the important element here. For even with the means to read the writing, other restrictions apply.

The letter can only be read under moonlight, and only by a lone person. The clever delver that overcomes all these obstacles will discover that the text is a transformation spell one that transforms the letter into a vicious lion which attacks and kills the poor, surprised reader.



SIX-PACK OF BEAR - The adventurers, whilst delving, work up a powerful thirst. And what do they find in the next monster lair? Why, what else but a white magic box that has an imprisoned ice elemental to chill its contents. And what might be the contents of said box? Why, what else save six cold cans with ring-tops for easy opening. The cans are not all the same. There is a white one, a black one, a brown one, a brown one with white and yellow spots, a black and white one, and a gray one. When opened, each can will pleasantly pop and fizz. Then out will spew not the expected beer, but rather a rapidly-growing bear.

None of the bears are happy about being trapped in such a small space for so long, and the meaner ones will immediately attack. The polar (white), grizzly (brown), and black (get it?) bears will be plenty of trouble for any party. The sun bear (spotted), panda (black and white) and koala (gray) are little more than an annoying surprise, and will probably just run away upon release. So the next time Grimtooth offers you a cold, frosty one, either ask for one without too much bite or JUST SAY NO!



Welcome to the Traps Bazaar Research and Development lab. Some of the traps we've discovered have required extensive research and study to determine their inner workings. These one-of-a-kind character killers have been meticulously tested to meet my approval. When any trap falls short of my standards, my assistants Groodni Grimgri the Mad Dwarf and Grimmaldi, a standout among his fellow goblins, add their special touches. You'll really appreciate their hard work as you browse through:

CUSTOM CORNER



THE THIEF'S TOOLS - Catmas the thief was having a hard time learning how to steal from locked chests. He just couldn't get the hang of picking the locks. Eventually, his complaints were overheard by the wizard Baldar. Baldar was a weird old cuss, a real fruit cake. He remembered his youth, and how hard it had been to learn the basics of magic. That touched a nerve. Baldar decided to create a set of lock picks that would make it child's play for Catmas to pick locks.

When Catmas received the wizard's gift, he was ecstatic. He instantly journeyed to the nearest Place of Mystery and tried out the tools. They worked perfectly! Every lock Catmas probed opened as easily as an eggshell. Unfortunately, Catmas neglected to take other precautions during his burglary and was apprehended. He pleaded with the angry lord of the manor to spare his life, and explained that he had only chosen this particular Place of Mystery to test his tools, it being the most safely guarded of any keep in the land. (He laid on the charm as thick as he could!) The lord took away his tools and threw Catmas in a dungeon cell for a few days.

Catmas was surprised when he was suddenly released, his tools returned and a few days of traveling provisions generously bestowed upon him. He gratefully fled the keep, and continued his thievery in other neighborhoods. But he was never quite the same after his experience. As the weeks passed, Catmas began to notice that his hair was graying, his face wrinkling, and his butt falling. Uncontrollable urges for prune juice and mah-jong games plagued his mind as he feverishly tried to determine what was causing his calamity. He never figured out that the lord of the keep (yours truly - he had the misfortune to trespass in my Dungeon of Doom) had spent those few days casting spells to link the use of the tools to the thief's lifeline. Each time a lock was picked, a year drained away from his life. Catmas had a very profitable but very short career. His tools are still enchanted. Would you care to give them a try?



TARANWN'S MAGIC LAMP - Long ago, in a land far to the south of the known world, there lived a djinn child named Taranwn. She was a helpful little imp, giving her all to the service of her mother and grandmother, despite her tender years. Alas, this is a tragic story, one in which goodness has no reward and evil is triumphant. (Otherwise, why would I have listened to it?)



One day, as Taranwn flew to fetch figs for the dinner table, an evil vizier noticed her and uttered the words of binding that captured the tiny wind spirit. Try as she might, Taranwn could not return to her happy home. She was forced into a life of slavery, bound to the vizier's will. But all was not grand for the vizier. Being a young spirit not yet at her full capability, Taranwn was restricted in the services that she could provide. She could only be used to "make" things. Walls, ramps, huts, tables, feasts, and such. She could not grant wishes, blow away armies, or summon up sand storms. She simply did not have the power for such things.

Eventually the vizier was slain, as such men always are, and the little lamp into which Taranwn had been bound was lost in the desert. From time to time it makes its way into bazaars, and is now offered here. Anyone who obtains this lamp will tend to assume that it grants wishes, and will probably make some. In trying to carry out these wishes, Taranwn will inevitably cause more trouble than she is worth. If asked for treasure, she will most likely steal it from the nearest monster, which just might follow her back to her owner ...

Only if the wishes are simple "build a wall to protect me" or "give me food and shelter" will Taranwn be able to comply.

I have a soft spot for weapons that erratically backfire on the overconfident muscle that wields them. **THE WIZARD ALAZO'S STICK** is a personal favorite. Alazo created a magical stick that would inflict a grievous wound on any living thing it struck. This wound would often be mortal. To discourage theft of his stick, Alazo also placed a curse on it. (Of course it was stolen by some big dummy who didn't believe in curses.) The curse is that the wound will sometimes appear on the wielder instead of the target. This risk can be avoided by thinking a secret word of power while striking your target. The only way to determine the secret word of power involves payments to expensive sages who can perform powerful spells of divination. Or you can help me find the directions, which have been lost in my Dungeon of Doom for thousands of days.

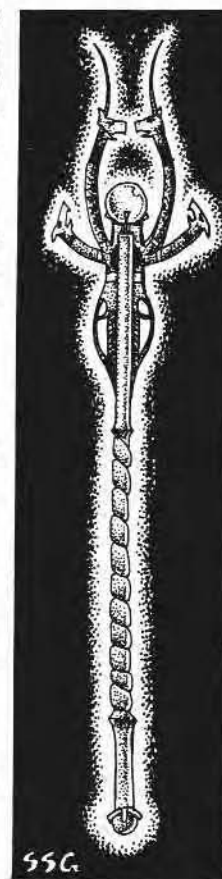
The Books Of Hjalpyar - In the last decade of the existence of the southern isles, the wizard Hjalpyar gathered together the best of the books and scrolls from the Library of Knowledge at Southport. His purpose was to protect the volumes from destruction at the hands of the religious fanatics who were growing in power and violence as the old king grew weak.

Knowing that he had little time, Hjalpyar had the books loaded aboard a ship and ordered the captain to take him and his cargo to the far away kingdom of Nordhiem. The captain agreed when offered a great fee to be paid in gold and magic. Unfortunately, the wizard did not know that the captain had already converted to the new faith. Three days after sailing, he broke into Hjalpyar's cabin and dragged him onto the deck of the ship.

The unfortunate bibliophile was forced to watch as his books and scrolls were tossed into the ocean. Then he was cast into the ink-stained water. His last breath was a curse on the captain and each of the members of his crew. Such was the power of the curse that not all of the books were destroyed. Many of them were transformed into even more powerful magic tomes. Several hundred still exist.

These books fall into three categories. **SNAPPERS** rest quietly on the shelves of any library. At midnight, they snap open disgorging weird little worms. These are demonic bookworms which devour the ink from the pages of magical tomes, erasing the text and slowly rendering the book worthless. At dawn, they return to their own book which snaps shut. In some cases, they regurgitate the ink onto its pages.

The next type are the **CRUMBLERS**. These books are cursed to grow heavier and heavier, slowly becoming far too heavy to lift. This is but one facet of their curse. The other involves where the extra weight comes from. The book will slowly leach the fat from any living beings near it. This fat is magically processed into ink, which is stored on the books' pages. Each page is enchanted to hold as much as 16 oz. of ink on each side, with each page weighing in at 2 lbs. There will be upwards of 200 pages in each book. If the crumbler is jiggled or moved, the ink will spill out. Where's the trap, you ask? Have you ever seen what happens to an anorexic?





The last type of book is a **MUNCHER**. Left anywhere near other books, it will absorb one book per day. The eaten book will be transported to interdimensional space where it must remain until Hjalpyar is reborn to release it. At first the clueless owner of the muncher will assume that someone is borrowing or stealing his books. It should be quite some time before he begins to suspect the muncher. At that point, nothing will return the lost books. However, the muncher can be discarded, preventing further losses.



THE ATHENIAN AMPHORA - This large pottery jug is about 30" high, 24" in diameter at its widest point, and is very heavy for its size. Painted around the circumference of the amphora are 10 greek warriors in full battle armor. A large snake decorates the neck of the jug, its fangs forming one handle, its tail forming the other.

Nobody really knows where the amphora was made or who made it. All that is known is its history. It was first found about 100 years ago by a merchant in the far east. He sold it to a man who collected artifacts and relics in a port city in the south. It came into my hands some years later. The rest of the story is far more interesting.

The merchant had elected to keep the amphora, and had installed it as a decoration in a guest bedroom in his home. Under compulsion, he told me of a caliph who was murdered under mysterious circumstances in that room. It was only with the greatest of difficulty that he was able to escape prosecution for the poor man's murder. The dealer quickly sold the jug to another merchant.



The new buyer kept the jug in his showroom for only two days. Late in the night, a great deal of noise was heard coming from the showroom. When guards burst into the room, they were greeted by a scene of butchery. The night watchmen and their dogs were all slaughtered, hacked and stabbed to death by swords and spears. Knowing my interest in things arcane and murderous, the dealer quickly bought this incident to my attention. I was quickly able to determine that the jug was in fact a complex bit of performance art. On certain nights, when the moon is full and large in the sky, the jug shows its true nature. It is formed of a strange clay which can take on the form of any creature that is drawn on it, or molded from it. The clay has no life or mind of its own. However, it does react to the fears of those near it. Thus, a caliph who feared assassins was assassinated, & watchmen who feared robbers, slain. Try to think pleasant thoughts, if you can.



MIRRORS OF THE SOUL - There was once a young lady from Kzan who was rather taken by her own reflection in mirrors. She could spend hours sitting in her room, grooming her hair, fixing her make-up, and plucking her lashes. One day she tired of her mirror and decided to obtain a new one.

On the way to the market she chanced to cross paths with a gentleman of strange demeanor. His complexion was pasty, and he had long pointy fangs in need of a good brushing. She never did get to the market that day, and when she returned home she discovered that her reflection was absent from all the mirrors in the house. Enraged, she went to the local witch and demanded a cure.

The witch had no idea how to cure the girl's condition, but being a good businesswoman she never let on. Instead, she set out to correct the visual symptom of the girl's vampiric curse. She enchanted several mirrors to show the soul of the person gazing upon them, rather than their physical reflection. Unaware of the girl's obsessive vanity, the witch failed to consider that a conceited soul might not be as beautiful as its wrapping.

When the girl gazed into the mirror, she saw the ugliness of her narcissism and flew into a rage. She killed the witch by bludgeoning her with the mirror. Nothing was ever seen of the girl again. Some say the sight of her vanity-ridden soul caused her to commit suicide. Others say she was captured by the witch's master and enslaved in a bottle. The enchanted mirrors, however, still exist. Leave one in your dungeon to test the purity of those white knights; they may not cope well with what they see. Though personally, I think I look rather handsome in my mirror.



I never cease to be amazed at the lengths to which humans will go to compensate for their near blindness in the dark. As a troll, I have never feared true darkness, and in fact, consider it a bit of a comfort. Anyway, this item called **NIGHT LIGHT** was whipped up by my goblin artificer Grimmaldi in a fit of pique after a party at Grimtina's.



Any normal candle that is placed in the Night Light holder will illuminate the shadows while cloaking the person holding it in darkness. If the candle flame is snuffed, the lighting immediately returns to normal. A beneficial side-effect of the Night Light, at least from a thief's point of view, is that it tends to induce fright in those who see its eerie flame. The truly superstitious have been known to abandoned entire castles after seeing the Night Light in operation. Sounds great, doesn't it? Is this Grimmaldi a good guy, inventing dungeon-busting gizmos for adventurers? Nope.

The Night Light is working its own will on the thief as he goes about his burglary. It secrets a special potion from its handle. As the flesh of the thief's hand suffers repeated exposure to the serum, he will begin to transform into the specter that the Night Light seems to create. After six or seven uses, he will find himself becoming gaunt, haggard, pasty-faced. After a dozen uses, his skin will take on a greenish tinge. He will become increasingly cadaverous, and the effects will spread to his senses of smell, sight, taste, and touch. After the 18th use, he will be completely transformed into an undead being.

CARPET BAG - This rug looks like any other carpet. However, anything that can fit under its edges will be completely concealed. The illusion spell which enchants it smooths out all those unsightly bulges associated with hidden loot. So far, a rather mundane and uninteresting adventure into simple illusionary interior design. With a few modifications added by my own favorite decorator, Groodni Grimgri the Mad Dwarf, this carpet becomes a must for any really chic dungeon.



You can indeed put anything that will fit under it into hiding. But try finding it! Grimgri added a few little traps into the weave to ensnare any reaching or clutching hands. Those folks feeling around for goodies will inevitably grasp one of Grimgri's traps which will send a shot of electricity coursing through their paw sufficient to knock a good sized troll for a loop! The carpet recharges itself by absorbing and storing the static electricity generated from people walking over it. Let the delvers see you hide your gold here, then sneak around the corner and watch the fun.



One of the victims of my dungeon was carrying an **ALCHEMICAL HOURGLASS**. I discovered that the hourglass had an interesting peculiarity. Any sand run repeatedly through it eventually turned to gold dust. How long did this process take? Let's just say I cooked a lot of 3-minute lizard eggs. After satisfying my curiosity, I turned this item over to Grimmaldi. He came up with this little twist: whenever the hourglass is opened to add more sand or remove gold dust, it releases a gas byproduct of the metamorphosis process which causes heavy metals to slowly accumulate in the user's body through inhalation. Ever so slowly, lead, mercury, gold, bismuth, osmium, and uranium will deposit in the owner's tissues, causing cancer, liver disease, kidney failure, blood disorders, and brain tumors. At least his heirs will live to enjoy the wealth.



SOUL CAMERA - When this camera is used to snap a picture, it also snatches a soul. The person in the picture will be unable to mount any psychic or magical defense against the person or entity in possession of his photo. The victim will find himself in thrall once the film is developed. The printed image must be destroyed to negate the effects; destroying the negative has no effect. The cleverest of Svengalis will complicate their victim's release by ordering multiple prints at the photo lab!

Grimgri was able to incorporate this little beauty into the molding of one of my more popular dungeons, the Dungeon of Doom. I had a hold over most of the little twits who entered that place. But I worried that one of these cameras might fall into the hands of a delver. That could spell disaster for the inhabitants of any self-respecting dungeon.

Grimmaldi was able to come up with a solution to this problem in short order. Simply put a mirror in the camera, situated such that any photo taken by a living cameraman will include the image of the photographer! Thus, two souls with one photo! Of course, any instruction given to the victim will affect the photographer as well! In testing, Grimmaldi photographed Grimgri, developed the film, then ordered the dwarf to turn over his purse to the Association for the Advancement of Goblinoid. Grimmaldi knew his command worked, for he found himself standing in line behind the dwarf as he was compelled to do the same.

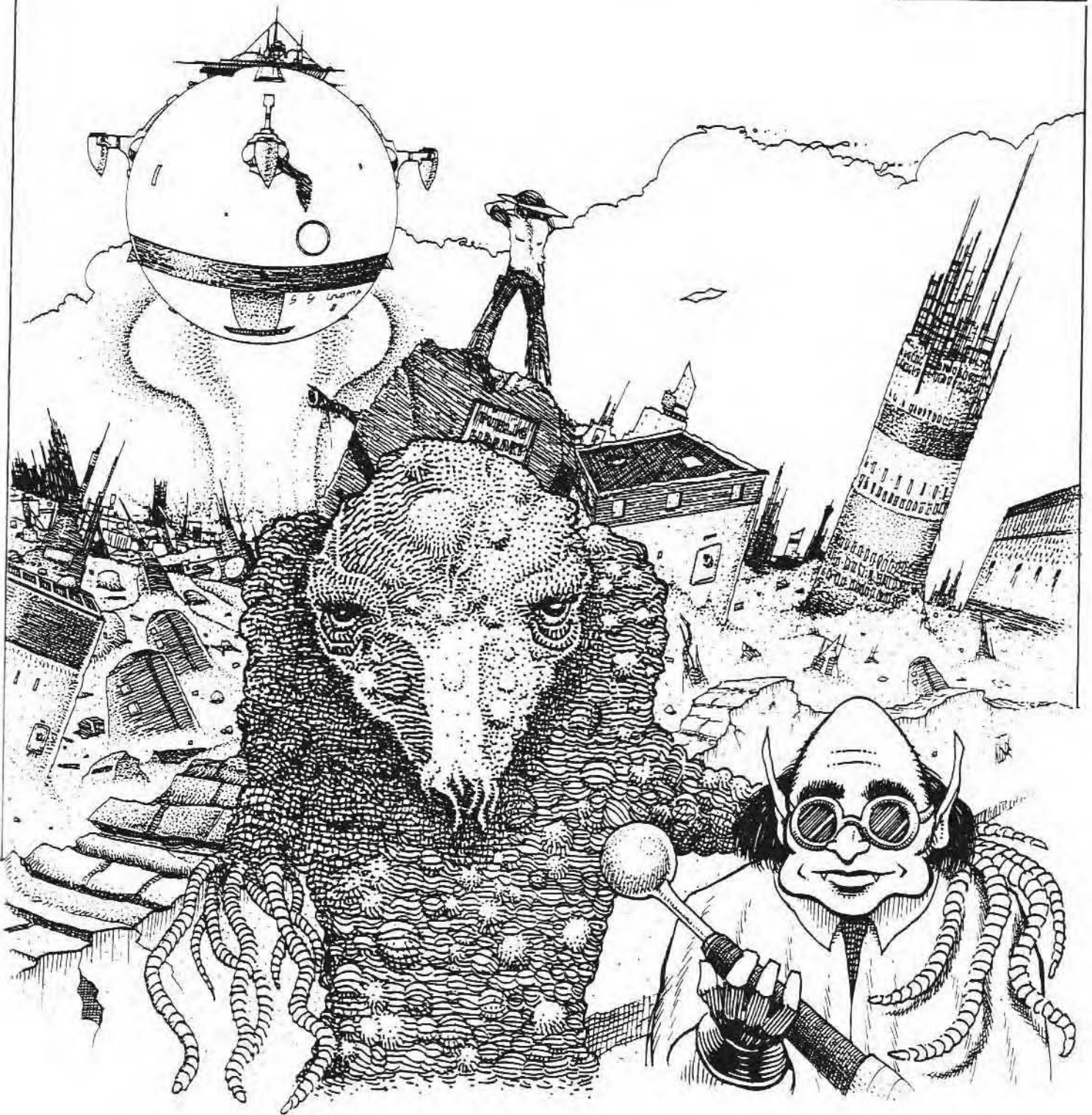


HE'S A NEW MAN - Grimmaldi invented this item for a puling little hobgoblin who was always whining because he had no big brothers to pull his scaly hide out of trouble. Despite everyone's insistence that even if he had kin, they'd never bother to help such a loser as he, the hobgoblin whimpered and begged until Grimmaldi took his own kind of pity upon him. After a long night in the workshop, Grimmaldi delivered a beautiful full-length mirror to the hobgoblin's hole, and hung it on his closet door. He instructed the lonely hob to look at his reflection. Grimmaldi explained that it was a vision of the brother that was to come, and went back to his workshop.

The hobgoblin saw only himself in the mirror, and was immediately disappointed. He was so depressed that he drank a gallon of bogwater ale and passed out for an hour or two. When he awoke, he felt many strange sensations, but attributing them to his hangover, he suffered stoically and thought nothing was amiss. Two weeks later, the hobgoblin suddenly dropped dead for no apparent reason. I mentioned this to Grimmaldi, who filled me in on the joke.

He had enchanted the mirror to create a doppelganger of the first being to look into it. Unbeknownst to the hobgoblin, his double had been growing inside the closet all the while he was drinking, sleeping, and suffering the effects of his "hangover." But many of the symptoms he experienced were actually the growing pains of his double - teething pains, the discomfort of rapid bone growth, and the hormonal upsets of puberty. After 24 hours, the doppelganger was fully grown. Grimmaldi figured the double then left the closet and went on its merry way.

Then I understood. Most doppelgangers have little life experience and no common sense. Therefore, they are oblivious to danger. It never takes long for them to become victimized by beings bigger or hungrier than themselves. No doubt the double was killed in some idiotic manner befitting its stupidity. The duplication spell had linked the two life forces together, and the hob was doomed to perish with his "brother." In his own way, Grimmaldi had made sure that the hob would never be picked on or lonely again ...



Some of the goods I've confiscated have been new-fangled techno gizmos which must have been smuggled into Trolldom from some future time. Luckily, Groodni Grimgri the Mad Dwarf has a talent for deciphering boxes that buzz and buttons that blink. Here are some ruinous contraptions you can throw at your enemies.



INFERNAL MACHINES

Over the years I have observed with amusement that delvers never think twice about putting on unfamiliar gear or girding unknown weapons to their loins. Even the hardware Einsteins from machine universes give little thought to plugging themselves into the nearest socket. That's why I like **DVORAK STRIKES AGAIN!** The greedy cyberpunk who finds it will eagerly hook up to this attractive keyboard. He'll be gratified to discover that its unusual layout will allow him to type faster. But he won't appreciate the feature hidden deep in this gadget's circuitry. It's a built-in virus capable of affecting wetware, or what we common folk call the brain. The keyboard will begin sapping the user's knowledge of computer access protocols and procedures. This may first manifest as a forgotten password or an increase in typographical errors. Once the user catches on to his brain drain and dumps the keyboard, the loss of skill does not immediately return. It will take as long as the decker owned the unit to recover his skill fully.



55/compLIX

Devilish boxes, VCRs. Setting them correctly is more troublesome than cracking a runic code. But for those smug types who have mastered program recording, Traps Bazaar offers **FAST-FORWARDED TO DEATH, AKA, THE VCR OF DORIAN GRAY**. This video recording unit is packaged in a plain, brown box. Regardless of what the owner records on it, the playback will be something different, although tapes recorded on another deck will play back normally.



This machine can see the future, from a television point of view. Let's say you recorded last night's evening news. Play back the tape, and you will see not yesterday's broadcast, but the information to be seen on tomorrow's show. The same effect applies should you record a program broadcast from a specific location, say a game from the local stadium. When played back, you will see whatever will happen in that location in the immediate future. (Just the thing to use before the Troll Cup Playoff.) The tape counter is a real-time counter, so it is easy to accurately find the precise time of any future occurrence. However,

there's always a price to pay for these glimpses into the future. The deck subtracts one month of life for every hour viewed. Excessive use will see the delver getting a bit older, a bit grayer, a bit more jowly. Anti-eugenics treatments will not prevent or reverse the condition; it is a curse. The machine can be simply thrown away. It can also be smashed, broken, shot, or otherwise destroyed. But the next morning will find it at the owner's back door, where it will stay until someone else takes it.



It is said that music has charms to sooth the savage beast, and even though that isn't the exact quote, (look it up) music is a wonderful way of giving delvers a false sense of security.

If you've always wanted to give your adventurers a new experience in un-easy listening pleasure, then do we have just the right item in mind. **HEADPHONES OF DOOM**. More accurately the Headphones of Death. This portable music player has attached headphones. It contains a recording of the finder's favorite group and a new, unreleased song. The character puts on the headphones and presses play. If he turns the volume up past five (on a scale of one to ten), the headphones will start squeezing the sides of his skull. It is impossible for the character to remove them due to the severity of the pain.



Any passerby can take them off, but if the wearer is alone, he is dead. It will look like someone bashed in both sides of his head then put a pair of headphones on him (the headphones release their grip upon their victim's death). Quite a crack-up, don't you agree?



MOMITER. Put your red pen away that's no typo. Named in tribute to nosey mothers everywhere, this is a rather unique computer monitor. It has the highest resolution, best featured, flat screen monitor. It can be connected to any computer or cyberdeck. It is also undetectably bugged. It has a partner, a hand-held LCD tv with a built-in recorder. Whenever the desktop monitor is in use, the portable tv unit vibrates or buzzes to alert the owner that something is going on. The owner can see on the screen of the portable tv whatever is being typed or moused on the monitor. This includes hidden fields, so passwords can be obtained in this manner. The portable can even record the session.

There is one problem with the unit. The prankster who designed it put in a two-way transmitter. There is a slight random chance that the person using the monitor will glance at the screen and see the image of the person spying on them with the portable. They may realize that they're being bugged, and will probably do their level best to find and punish the spy. At the very least, this little package will result in some kind of mayhem. And that's what keeps us in business ...



One of the most despicable trends modern adventurers have to deal with is "plastic money." There's a dearth of bags of gold, and barely a fistful of gems to be found. I think the whole system is an insult to dungeon keepers everywhere, and in response I offer **OVERDRAWN AT THE MEMORY BANK.** Yes, it's one of those stinkin' electronic credit cards with the symbol of one of the world's strongest financial institutions emblazoned on it. A little examination with the proper equipment and skills (based on analyzing electronic circuitry) will reveal that the card is a self-contained code-breaker that is designed for thwarting bank computer security.

When inserted into the equivalent of a cash dispenser, it will transfer from the bank's reserves as much money to the user's account as desired (they will have to provide their own account information for the smart card to know where to put the money). The thief will immediately try to raid his inflated account, but will find that a 72-hour hold has been placed on it. He will have to cool his heels for a time.

Unknown to the user, the card has a tracer that is activated upon use. The bank will see the transaction occur but cannot stop it. They will see where the money goes, but a block exists to prevent the money from being transferred out except by the account owner. This really riles the bank's computer security people, and boy are those guys well-armed. Investigations and surveillance will be initiated to catch up with the thief. But even if the thief evades the bank investigators, he's in for a rude surprise. Exactly 72 hours after the first transaction, instructions provided by the initial use of the card will drain the entire user's account and shoot the money into the account of a local orphanage.



RADIO SCRAMBLERS - This crate of innocuous, high-tech radios comes complete with batteries, chargers and instructions. And guess what? The radios are scrambled! Not impressed? Where's your confidence in trusty Grimtooth? Be assured it's a great scrambling system; only radios originating from the same crate can listen in. The chips that provide the scrambling are encrypted to prevent duplication. There's only one problem. After any one radio is used for more than 13 hours, it sends a signal to all its brother radios that permanently shuts off the scrambling function. No doubt this will happen when the party is deep in an enemy compound and relying on encrypted communications for survival. Nothing beats a little public broadcasting!



One of my great joys is to see the look on a delver's face when his magic shield fails to protect his sorry hide. But the reaction of one who uses **THE UMBRELLA OF KEVLAR** is the ultimate reward. This plain black umbrella, when opened, activates a device which generates a force field that is impenetrable by missile or gas attacks. Unfortunately, the field also blocks the flow of oxygen to the user, and any activity will cause him to faint in minutes. Since he and the umbrella are contained within the same force field, there is no avenue of escape. The umbrella can be turned off by a user who is a whiz at locating, identifying, and bypassing circuitry; but the chances that anyone can successfully fiddle with the works before succumbing to oxygen deprivation from the exertion are slim.

CY-BEAR TRAP - Pilfering a problem at your work site? Shrinkage setting you back? The Cy-Bear Trap is designed especially for thieves out to line their pockets with profits from your hard-earned data. The Trap appears to be a perfectly harmless plastic case of data disks, just beckoning some industrial spy or disgruntled employee to help himself to the easy pickings of this unprotected primo data. The "disks" are, however, nothing more than bait, and if disturbed act much like the trigger of a leg-hold trap. A powerful spring clamps the box down upon the miscreant's hand, securely attaching the trap. Since the Trap may be bolted to any solid surface, the victim finds himself with two simple options: 1) wait around for your security guards to apprehend him at their leisure or 2) start gnawing ... In either case, you wind up with a good set of fingerprints!



THE CY-BEAR TRAP



DISASTER DOOR CARD - This is a security ID card with the usual magnetic strip on the back. Its purpose must be to open locks requiring a passcard swipe through a reader. Locks, however, can be deceiving, and this card was never designed to open any door ...



Concealed in the body of the card is a coil of room-temperature superconducting poly-ceramic, into which a charge of electricity has been introduced. In essence, the card is a rather large capacitor, ready to shoot its entire load in a single nanosecond. When swiped through any reader, instead of passively being read like any normal magnetic strip, the coil discharges, sending several megavolts (possibly even gigavolts) directly into the lock's data files. Depending on what the lock is connected to, the resulting damage can range from simply disabling the lock to frying an entire network.

But a card of this size cannot contain enough insulation to protect the user from the discharge, which will fry the user's nervous system as efficiently as the lock's electronics. It is heartily recommended that the user not be told of this unfortunate feature.

-NOTES-



SYNTHESIZING SCISSORS - What appears to be a pair of high-quality scissors is actually a miniature matter replicating device. When the scissors cut into something, a sample of its matter is taken and analyzed by the device's inner workings, housed in the scissor's handles. The sampled material will be automatically replicated the next time the scissors are used to cut into a different material - effectively bestowing the ability to indeed make gold from straw!

But as good as this sounds, it's not perfect (if it was, would it be listed here?). The material produced by these scissors is unstable and can be detected by any device capable of picking up trace amounts of radiation. Even if undetected, the material will decompose and disintegrate in an hour. Also, a sample is only good for one reproduction. Once you cut into that bedsheet to produce cloth-of-gold, your scissors are now programmed for cotton! In addition, the scissors cannot be used to replicate anything living. It should be noted that taking a snip out of an ancient spell book will only reproduce the sheet of fine vellum, not the arcane text!



REMOTE CONCEAL - Some whiz kid (how I hate those superior little know-it-alls) finally did it - he invented a portable cloaking device. Point the device at a human-sized object, press the button, and an energy field is formed that will bend light around the subject rendering it invisible. This effect will last as long as the device is on and pointed at the subject (note: if something is interposed between the device and the subject, the energy field is blocked). You can use it on yourself, but the device itself can never be rendered invisible since it must remain outside the field. Unfortunately, the Remote Conceal's energy field produces heat as well as trapping it. This causes the subject to stand out quite strongly to any heat detectors nearby (watch out for those sprinkler heads!). It will also cause a quickly growing discomfort for the subject. My tests show that an average human will collapse from heat exhaustion after fifteen minutes.

And let me point out something for those of you who need a hand computer to count your fingers: the Remote Conceal forms an energy field that bends light around the subject which means that none reaches the subject. That's right. The subject is invisible, blind, and hot under the collar.



LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE -

Some people wear hats and sunscreen to protect themselves from the damaging UV rays of the sun; others stay underground where they belong. But such precautions are of no defense against this item. The trap consists of a number of chained solar batteries which are triggered into operation when anything crosses their boundaries. Focused rays of stored sunlight will project from the cells, sending high intensity beams of UV radiation at the trespassing victim. The delver will experience a "warm glow," which he may be tempted to bask in, especially if this trap is laid in a cool place. If the victim merely walks through the field of the cells, he will suffer a nasty sunburn. Longer exposure will produce blistering and cancerous melanoma. But it's a dry heat ...

-NOTES-



FISH-O-MATIC — IT SLICES, IT DICES! (just look at those tomatoes!) You've seen it advertised on tv, you've seen it in the papers. Your next-door neighbor probably has one. It's the amazing Fish-O-Matic! A very high-tech fishing rod that has all of the goodies built-in: sonar for locating fish, a spring-loaded lure ejector, and a variable gearing assist for hauling in that really big catch. But wait! There's more! Buried into the neoprene handle that prevents annoying blisters, are some very sharp razors, poisoned at no extra charge! As the prince of casting, sometimes known as the fisher king, continues to use it, the razors slowly work their way out until they are only restrained by the slightly thicker skin of the handle. As the next big fish is caught, one firm tug to seat the hook in the fishie's mouth will imbed the poisoned blades in the sportsman's hands, and the fisher king becomes food for the fishes.

TOO MUCH TIME ON YOUR HANDS. This is a wonderful watch: chronometer, stop watch, barometer, and horoscope plotter! Its quality metal band is guaranteed never to break or loosen. It has all the product integrity that you'd expect from an establishment like Traps Bazaar, including a very unique added feature. When the sun goes down, the band begins tightening. In a very short period of time the wearer will be in excruciating pain. Bones will break and the wearer's hand ultimately will be severed. After the hand pops off, the band instantly expands to normal size, allowing the victim (now known as "Lefty") to begin bleeding to death, assuming they survived the shock from the slow bone crushing. How do they prevent this terrible fate? Could they hijack a supersonic long-range plane and fly for the solar terminator? Perhaps the best solution would be to simply amputate the hand just above the band!



AND NOW A WORD FROM
JOHN "SKELETON" SWAYZEE...

AND REMEMBER KIDDIES...
GIVES 'EM A GRIPPING, AND
KEEPS ON
TICKING!



Pearls of Wisdom

"Politics are almost as exciting as war,
and quite as dangerous. In war you can only be killed once,
but in politics many times."

- *Winston Churchill*

"I knew there was something I liked about politics."

- *Grimtooth*

"Poli-tics? Like, isn't that something that dogs get?"

- *Grimtina*



I love shopping! And it's even more fun when I get an employee discount! I promised big brother I wouldn't take too many goodies for myself, but some of them are hard to resist. My bedroom closets are just filled with new toys that I can try out on my boyfriends. They never seem to last very long, though. The boyfriends, that is. Traps Bazaar products come with an iron-clad guarantee. If any of my big brother's traps should break or malfunction, you can be sure that it's entirely your fault, and not the result of any defects. What kinda joint do ya think we're running here? Geez, why don't you just look at these great clothes and quit complaining!

GRIMTINA'S FASHIONS TO-DIE-FOR



EPHOS CLOAK - This satyr's cloak will make the wearer invisible. While wearing the garment, he will not be detectable by non-magical methods. But since satyrs are, shall we say, naturalists, the only suit that can be worn under this cloak is a birthday suit. Any other clothing or item will render the charm ineffectual. Another rather problematic side effect has to do with the nature of satyrs. The wearer will become extremely excited in the presence of women. His self-control will be sorely tested for the cloak cannot be removed until the satyr spirit that powers it has been satisfied. Completely. (By the way, the cloak will not work on women at all.)



MESMER EYES - These contact lenses are the perfect "look" for any aspiring hypnotist. When this hypnotic eyewear is worn, the wearer will have the ability to force his thoughts into the minds of others. At first, the wearer will have to concentrate mightily to work his will on another. But with repeated use, the lenses transmit his thoughts with greater ease. Soon he can have others doing his bidding with just the flicker of a thought.

As the lenses adjust to the wearer, the hypnotic process becomes not only faster but more encompassing. The lenses begin to transmit more than just the delver's commands. Other thoughts are dragged along in the telepathic stream. His victims will find their senses assaulted with all sorts of random notions that may even interfere with the original command. Eventually the lenses will become so adept at their brain drain that they will suck the wearer's consciousness dry, and he will be found staring at his last victim, slack-jawed, insensate, and mesmerized.



BOOTS OF BRAVADO - This pair of very attractive, knee-high, doe skin boots has a hard leather sole. They are magical, and will compel the first person who touches them to put them on. The delver will be pleased with the comfortable fit, and may get many pleasurable years of wear out of them unless he has the misfortune to encounter an attack by massed vermin, such as rats, snakes, or crawling insects. On that occasion, the boots will suddenly extend three-inch spikes in all directions around the foot, as if the delver was wearing porcupines on his feet. With this wonderful combat advantage, the delver will most likely be the first to charge into the fray, expecting to make good use of the deadly points surrounding his feet. This is where his bravado leads him to his doom.

The valiant delver will indeed find that by kicking and stomping his foe with the spiked boots he does considerable damage; unfortunately, his advantage lasts for only 15 seconds. Then, the spikes reverse direction and skewer his feet, incapacitating him and dropping him like a hot potato. Which is probably what he tastes like to the vermin who will happily begin to chew on him!

BOOTS OF BRAVADO



The trusting nature of most delvers leads them to take foolish chances, especially if they believe their precious hides are protected by a magic amulet. This one works just well enough to get the daring delver off his guard. The **FEATHER WEIGHT** is a leather necklace which suspends a cluster of feathers. When worn, the charm bestows buoyancy in air and water. Thieves will find it simple to slowly drop from rooftops to the streets below. Swimmers will stay afloat with nearly no effort. However, the Feather Weight accomplishes these feats by transforming the wearer's body mass to that of a feather and any force that can effect a feather, can now effect the wearer! A brisk breeze will carry them off. They will be at the mercy of the tides. Best of all, any blows they inflict will have all the punch of a feather pillow.



GAUNTLETS OF POWER -

The delver who dons this matched set of magical gauntlets is both blessed and doomed. The blessing is that the wearer's strength will tremendously increase. He will be able to lift heavy objects and do much more damage with melee weapons. The doom is two-fold. First, the gauntlets can't really be removed. I say "can't really," because that leads us to our second doom.

Unbeknownst to the victim, the gauntlets are extremely brittle. In fact, they are down-right explosive. If the wearer ever decides to show off his prestigious newfound strength by punching through a wall or hammering down a door, the gauntlets will explode, showering the party with high-velocity, sharp, metallic shards. Even better, the soon-to-be-in-agony now has nothing protecting his hands as they slam into that obstacle with excessive force!



FAKE FUR - Next time you envy a dapper delver wearing an animal stole complete with head, feet, and tail, take a closer look. He might be sporting this garment, which retains the spirit of the beast. Fake furs come to life on the yearly anniversary of the animal's death, and immediately attack the wearer and anyone else in the vicinity. The rampage will continue for one hour, or until the shell of the animal is cut into many, many, little pieces. After the hour passes, the stole will be dormant for another year.



HOW'S THIS FOR A LAUGH? - These dentures fit any mouth, with any number of missing teeth. The enchantment on them allows the wearer to bite a combat opponent for three times the damage of a bare fist attack. The strength of the teeth also makes it easy to enjoy all those hard-to-eat foods! But the dentures have a strange vocal side-effect. The wearer's voice will be clearly heard by everyone within a mile radius of his location. It is likely the dentured delver will be accosted by the very guards he's hiding from, townsfolk he's keeping awake, the person he's gossiping about, etc. Remember, if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all!





VAMPIRE TEETH (Glow In The Dark!) - Most delvers can't resist playing Dracula when they find these fanged dentures lying around. Those who try on the oversized canines will be surprised to find themselves endowed with the less disgusting traits of the nosferatu, including the ability to control animals, shapeshift, and enthrall. They'll be awfully impressed with themselves until they happen to suffer a wound while wearing the choppers. They will immediately be impelled to "heal" by sucking the blood of anybody they can get! Once they put the bite on a victim, they are healed. No other form of healing, magical, technological, or natural will work.



Delvers come in all shapes and sizes, and so does my stock of **LIFE SAVERS**. This item is available in the form of a helmet, gauntlet, boot, or breast plate. It looks like standard gear, but either magic or highly complex electronic components will be detectable. In either case, the workings will be beyond the understanding of the finder. When worn, a Life Saver will continually analyze the body part's biomedical statistics. Should this limb take damage, the Life Saver will then begin to effect physiological systems. It will provide oxygenation, remove wastes, provide nutrients, stop shock, and in all ways keep the part of the body it is attached to alive, aware, and feeling. Alas, it cannot repair or regenerate tissues. Severed limbs cannot be re-attached. Pain will not be stopped. This can pose a real problem if the Life Saver is worn as a helmet and your head is severed from your body ...



UNIVERSAL RESPIRATOR - Ah, I love the smell of sulphurous mud in the morning. But for lesser beings with sensitive noses, here's relief. This respiration mask fits as part of any helmet, archaic or high tech. It will provide a tight seal which will allow no gas, liquid, or micro-organism to penetrate from the outside. It can easily be removed at any time. The mask will work as a perfect respirator, so long as the wearer does not engage in strenuous activity. If exertion occurs, the filtration unit which is the heart of the Universal Respirator will become clogged with CO₂, with the obvious result of asphyxiation.



HEART OF STONE - This is a plain, slate-colored charm in the shape of a heart which fixes the emotional state of the wearer. Suspended from a chain and placed on the target's neck, the stone will cause them to remain fiercely set in the feelings they are experiencing at that moment. Be it love, hate, fear or confusion, any emotion will be picked up by the heart and anchored in their mind. It can be used to create devoted slaves or fanatically obsessed assassins. Victims will come to their senses if someone else can remove the charm; it will not occur to them to do it themselves.

The long-term effect of this pendant is even more fun. The longer the charm is worn the stronger the emotion becomes. This is a slow, subtle effect that often takes hours or even days to fully come to term. My favorite use for this item is to place it on someone who is bored.

Aside from passing down some minor tricks of a troll's trade in my books, I have never agreed to take on an apprentice. Who needs some eager, young idiot tugging at your elbow with a million stupid questions? Well, maybe editors do, but the mage whose apprentice created this trap certainly could have done without his protegee. Kaynar the apprentice sneaked a look at his master's grimoire. He came across a spell to enchant ordinary clothing to be impervious to any attack. In his haste to steal the spell, Kaynar omitted some important steps which changed the effects of the magic. Although **KAYNAR'S CLOTHES** are impervious to damage from heavy weapons (morning stars, broadswords, maces, etc.), an assault by a small weapon will succeed for 6 times the weapon's normal damage. Poor Kaynar met his doom one evening when he came home late for dinner and his wife set upon him with a wooden spoon.



GET A GRIP GAUNTLET -

These metal gauntlets, inlaid with silver runes, reek of magic. The enchantment is obvious even to the most incompetent magic-user: invulnerability! Runic scholars will be able to make out inscriptions on the gauntlets' wrist pieces. The word "GRYP" is spelled out on the right hand, the word "GHRASP" on the left.

The gauntlets are genuine one-size-fits-all garments. The gleaming gloves will slide off and on with ease. If tested, they truly are invulnerable. Fire, explosion, even acid will not mar their surface. And the person wearing them will be likewise unaffected in the area covered by the gauntlets. However, once either of these gloves closes around something, it cannot be released. If, for example, the wearer grabs a sword, the gauntlet and sword handle will be as one! This will be a miserable encumbrance at parties, or while eating dinner. After this catastrophe, the delver will try to remove the gauntlets. But the grip on the hand is just as sure. The gauntlets will drop off only when the hand inside them no longer lives.



This is a wonderful trap, but a word to the wise; unless you employ plenty of custodial slaves, play this trick in someone else's dungeon. **THE SEVEN LEAK BOOTS** are made of fine leather, with sturdy, hard-wearing soles, and they are always a perfect fit for the finder. A golden buckle bearing the image of a waterfall adorns the boots, and on the heel, a seven is stamped. In all appearance, these are excellent traveling boots, and would provide the owner with protection from the hazards of the road (i.e. rocks, thorns, snakes, scorpions, etc.). In fact, they deliver all this, plus a slight bit more due to a mild magical spell of protection cast on the wearer. Unfortunately, these boots were made for more than just walking.



They are cursed. Once an adventurer puts on the boots, they cannot be taken off, although they may be removed by cutting them apart (a difficult task). They cause no immediate discomfort or constriction. The curse reveals itself to the wearer only when he tries to walk. Every seven steps, the unlucky delver is stricken with an overwhelming desire to urinate, and **MUST** relieve himself. It will be all he can do to keep from wetting his armor! Incidentally, the urine is magical in nature, and is generated by the boots, not the adventurer's body. He runs no risk of dehydration. The curse may be bypassed if the wearer has a horse to ride, can fly or teleport, or has friends willing to carry him around, thus avoiding taking any steps.



BOOTS OF BLINDING SPEED - This pair of battered shoes is enhanced with a spell that increases the speed of the wearer. The first thing one will notice upon donning the buskins is that any movement involving the feet will immediately accelerate to three times normal speed. The second thing to become apparent is that upon reaching this top speed, one becomes completely blind!

The victim's vision will return to normal when he manages to come to a complete stop usually as a result of colliding with inconvenient obstacles. Accept no substitutes! Look for the Grimtooth and his dog Spike logo inside the shoes!

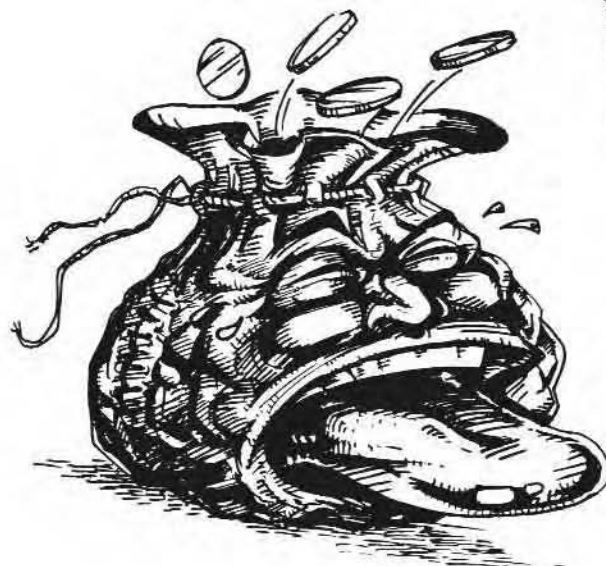


This accessory has the potential to be a "shocking" fashion statement. The **WIZARD'S WIRELESS** is a "crystal set" that transmits the user's voice to a far away friend. The device consists of two enchanted quartz crystal necklaces. The people who wear them will be able to communicate by speaking into the gemstones. Sound great? It is, until the wearers take a swim or get caught in a rainstorm. If the crystals get wet, they will deliver a nasty shock proportional to the amount of water striking their surface. A few raindrops will cause chest pain; total immersion in the bath tub will result in electrocution.



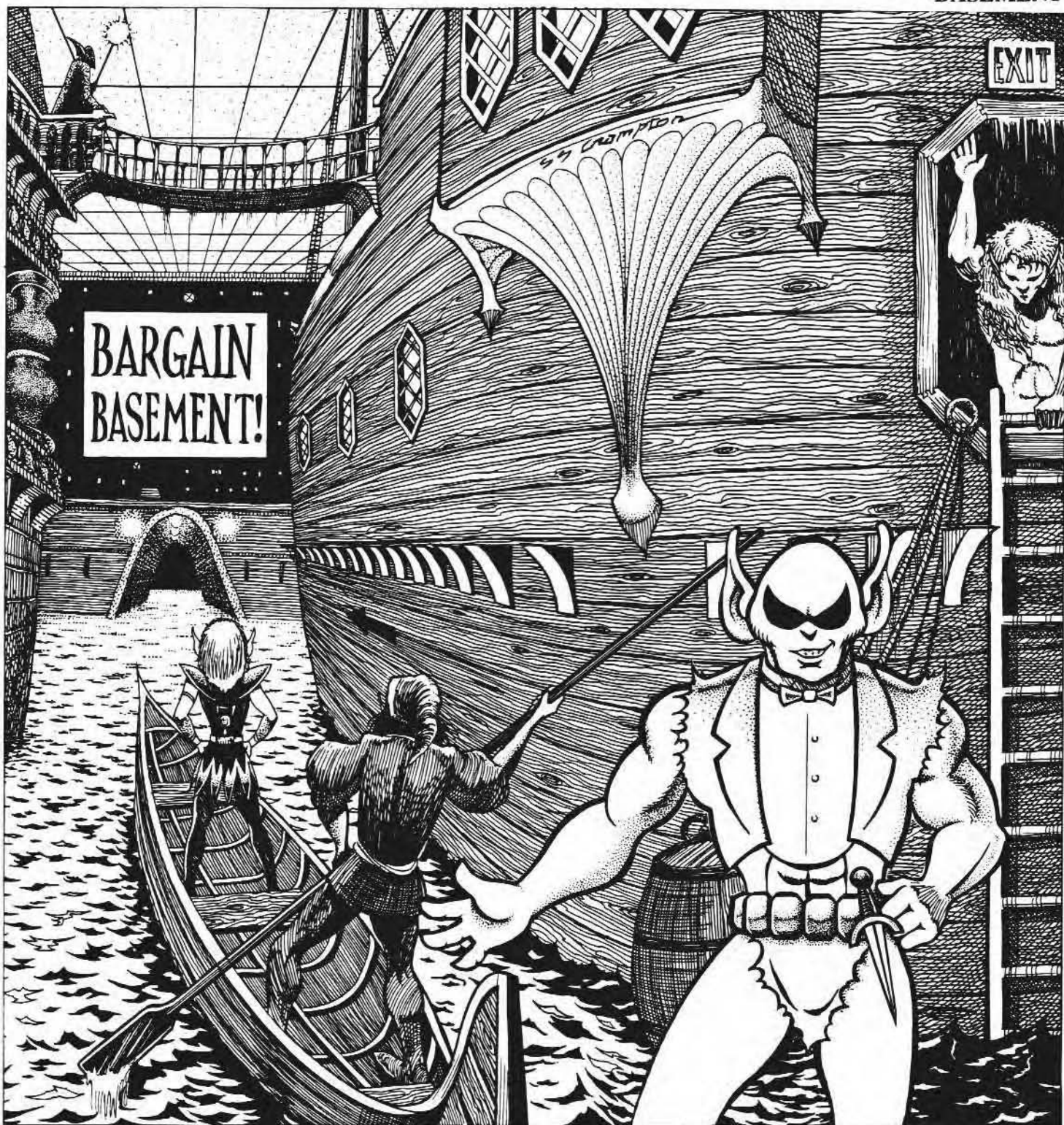
BARTO'S PURSE - Barto, a miserly merchant, engaged a wizard to enchant his purse with a protection against thieves. The spell would ensure that the purse would always have coins in it, and would warn the owner if thieves were nearby. Barto stiffed the wizard on his fee and went laughingly on his way.

The wizard wanted revenge, and though he could not remove the spell, he did modify it. Now the purse will be found to contain stolen coins, and will advertise this by shouting "Thief! Thief!" Toss one in the market square and keep the town guard busy for hours!



THE CLERIC MORDO'S POT - Mordo the Cleric had a natural talent for cooking. At first he enjoyed preparing meals for the visitors to his monastery. But as word spread about his tasty meals, more and more pilgrims dropped by for a free and delicious repast. Mordo became resentful of the long hours he had to spend in the kitchen, and ashamed of the freeloaders abusing his hospitality when they were not truly in need. Mordo then committed a very devious act, which is why I'm happy to include his pot in Traps Bazaar.

Late one night after prayers, he snuck off to the local wizard and had his small camp pot enchanted. When a starving person truly in need of a meal approaches the pot, it fills with what appears to be a vile-smelling stew. But should they go ahead and taste it, they will find it to be delicious and filling. Conversely, any greedy diners who don't really need a charitable meal will smell a savory meal in the pot but upon eating it will discover the stew is severely poisonous. Well ain't it your lucky day ...

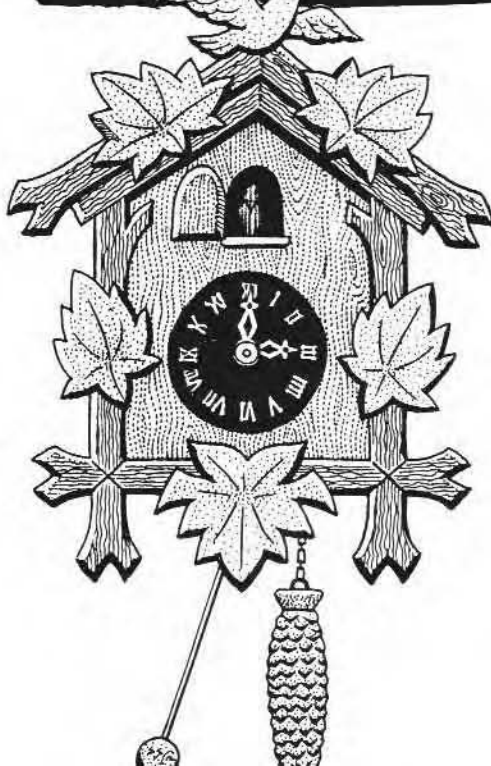


I've put some traps on sale. Just feast yer eyes on these little beauties in the basement. We're moving these out to make room for the deadly nightshade harvest. I've got a backorder the size of middle-earth for the Herbalists' Guild. What you see here is all we've got in stock, so grab fast. There have been a few fights over these traps, so take care not to slip on the bloody stones.

BARGAIN OUBLIETTE



PAN PIPE - Not a musical instrument, but a tobacco pipe which emits an intoxicating smoke. The spell seems to come from the pipe itself, as any leaf fired within it will produce the same result. A drunken malaise will overcome the smoker and all those within smelling distance of the smoke. Normal elements will counteract its effects, such as dampness and good ventilation. Incidentally, I enforce a strict "no smoking" policy. Any one caught near my dungeon with a Pan Pipe will have his bones refashioned into an attractive designer ashtray.



TIME KILLER. Any official who has to deal with a waiting room full of problem clients can benefit from installing this timepiece on the wall. This cuckoo-style clock plays a jaunty tune on the hour. To accompany the melody, a number of mechanical bowmen emerge from several compartments in the body of the timepiece. The little archers string their bows, and aim directly at the spectators in the room. Then they unleash their tiny poisoned darts with murderous intent. Yes, it's cursed! The poison paralyzes immediately, resulting in death unless a timely antidote is administered. After the initial attack, the little men will retreat into the clock. The timepiece cannot be smashed or opened, but it can be removed from the wall and locked away.



BEGGAR'S CUP. Everyone considers a cup a necessary part of their standard delving gear. Perhaps the adventurer found this one in the street, or even bought it from a bazaar. It is an attractive vessel, etched with the scene of a benefactor giving coins to a poor beggar. Unhappily, the cup has a secret. This cup is enchanted to automatically pick the pockets of the richest person in the vicinity. Unfortunately, it performs this trick in a very obvious manner. Invisible hands will roughly tug pouches from belts, and pilfered coins will slowly float away through the air, just out of reach of even the tallest man. The ill-gotten gain will lead anyone who's curious directly to the owner of the cup. If he runs, the stolen items will increase their speed to catch up with him. Only by dropping the cup or taking the time to gather up the items will the thief get rid of his trail, and his angry pursuers.

CUCKOO CLOCK. Here's a fairly standard cuckoo clock with two exceptions. First, it keeps accurate time. Second, it likes insanity. Why do you think they call them cuckoo clocks? It ain't for the silly bird. One person in the party, randomly chosen from those who hear it strike midnight, will go insane for the next one to twelve hours. Noon doesn't do it the clock knows if it is midnight, local time.



This madman will have the strength of ten, and increased speed and resistance. After his bout with insanity is over, the affected person will immediately return to normal and remember everything that happened. The clock is indestructible, but its influence can be counteracted by stopping or removing the pendulum. UMMMMmmmm. Chocolate-covered salamanders. Quit beggin'. I keep this good stuff for myself. But you can have this **CANDY BARR.** This chocolate candy comes in an attractive goldfoil wrapper. If eaten, it will permanently desensitize the eater's taste buds to chocolate. Subsequent ingestion of any form of chocolate will either be totally without taste or the flavor of something so horrible that it will immediately be spewed out, possibly along with anything else the character had eaten that day.



Until the garden variety adventurer develops a taste for his own dead, chances of finding free food in Grimtooth's domain are slim. Unless I provide a **JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD, AND GAS.** These loaves of fresh, tantalizing bread are irresistible to a hungry delver. The problem is it contains unrisen yeast. It reacts to any liquids imbibed and begins producing gas. For the rest of the adventure the group will be burping and flatulating at wildly inappropriate moments. I can just picture a ninja perched over a doorway, waiting for his victim, when a raucous "URRRPP! (sorry)" rings out as his intended victim approaches ...

ACME GRENADES - These cases of grenades were manufactured by the famous (or infamous) Acme corporation that supplies every violent need of the toon worlds. The adventurers will of course want to test the grenades due to the company's spurious reputation. They will pull a pin, throw one at a wall, and observe the nice hole that results. But if the grenades are thrown at guards, monsters, or indeed any living thing a different effect will be seen. There will be a terrific explosion, a huge cloud of smoke, and the targets will stand there looking stunned with the front of their bodies turned black and their hair blown straight back. Suffering the harmless but embarrassing effects of cartoon violence tends to negatively affect their dispositions. You can be sure that retaliation will come in the form of deadly force!



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DAS BOTA - This is a wine skin that never empties for long. When all the wine has been drawn off, the bota will refill itself completely in one hour. The wine itself is of very high quality. The happy owner of this bota is sure to sip his troubles away on a regular basis. Here's what he doesn't know. The wine has very small quantities of lead mixed in. This will have no effect initially, but long-term effects will cause deterioration of the drinker's mental faculties. Gives meaning to that phrase, "drunk and stupid."



LOVE POTION NUMBER NEIN - Spring is in the air, and mischief is in this bottle. This potion will cause the imbiber to give off potent pheromones. These will raise the sexual interest of the drinker as well as sending a sexual signal to others nearby. Unfortunately, these pheromones will only attract and affect those of the same sex as the imbiber, and are not species specific. The effects of the potion will slowly dissipate over time, but not quickly enough to suit the object of unwelcome affections.

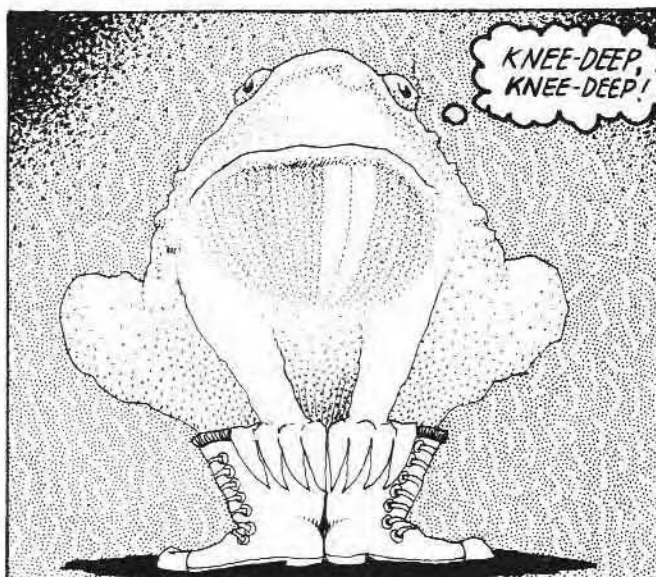
Grimtooth's Special OSHA* Bargains!



This section of the bargain basement is dedicated to OSHA. These are "work safety" items that you will want to have around in case you are visited by any government inspectors. (The only "monsters" at the thought of, even I cringe.)

** For those of you less "enlightened" OSHA is short for Occupational Safety & Health Administration*

First we have a set of **STEEL TOED BOOTS**. These are ordinary looking work boots, with reinforced steel toes, and a bit of magic about them. If anyone puts them on, and stands up, he or she is instantly turned into a statue of a giant steel toad. The only way to rescue someone from this trap is to remove the boots from his feet. But of course, the boots are now underneath this heavy block of steel. The character is still the same size as before, but now shaped like a toad, and thus very squat, heavy, and hard to tip over. This joke is even funnier if someone in the party has already picked up the "Sword of Magnetic Personality"!



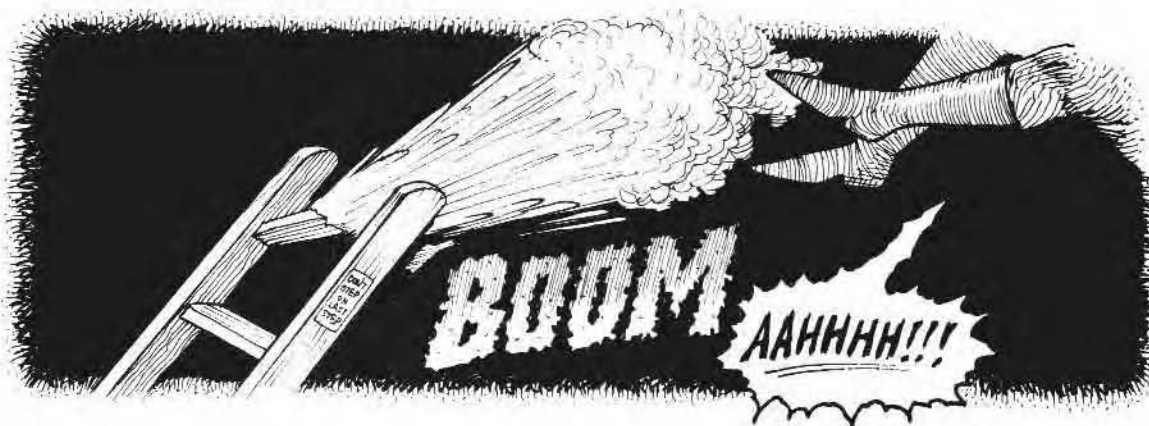
Next is the **EMERGENCY LIGHT**. This is either a torch, lantern, or electric light, depending on the setting of your world. It is clearly marked with a sign "For Emergency Light". If anything alive touches the light, that living flesh spontaneously combusts, creating lots of 'emergency light'.



Naturally every business office or dungeon requires a **FIRE EXTINGUISHER**. This is a tube-shaped, red object with a short hose attached, and a plaque naming it. If anything alive touches THIS little device, all molecular motion in that living creature is instantly stilled, thus freezing the flesh, and 'extinguishing' any fire of life.



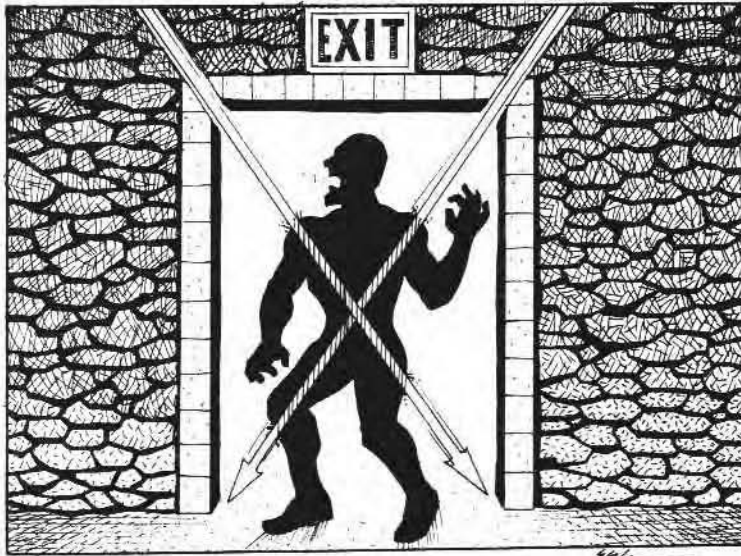
Everyone knows you aren't supposed to step on **THE LAST STEP** of a ladder. This ladder is marked with a handy reminder/warning that says clearly "Don't step on the last step". Which step is the "last" step you ask? Why, the last one you touched, of course! This ladder works perfectly well, but once you leave it, the last step you touched explodes with enough force to blow the ladder apart. I hope you didn't use it to get to some unlikely location where you needed a ladder to get back! (After picking all those splinters out of your legs, of course.)



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Every workplace must have an **EXIT SIGN**. This is a sign that is placed over a doorway, and glows red so that everyone can see it. If anyone walks through the doorway underneath this diabolical sign, two spears are immediately fired diagonally from the two upper corners, making a large "X" right through the hapless delver. "It" has been "x'ed" indeed. (The two spears are just a little bit offset from each other, of course, so they don't hit each other as they skewer whoever is "it".)



Of course, every doorway that isn't an exit must have one of our **KNOT AN EXIT** signs. If anything passes through one of these doorways, a noose drops down. If it happens to fall on anything, it quickly tightens into very small knot. I hope it wasn't around your neck!



I don't know if the **TERRIBLE TOILET SEAT** should be in this section, or in the restrooms section. You may have noticed that your toilet seat at home is round, but toilet seats at work or in public places are usually "U" shaped with an opening in front. This seat has the opening in the front, but if anything (a certain delicate portion of the male anatomy, for instance) should happen to fall into or through this opening, it snaps shut. (Ouch!) Hey, it's only about 1% of your body. How big a loss could that be, right guys?

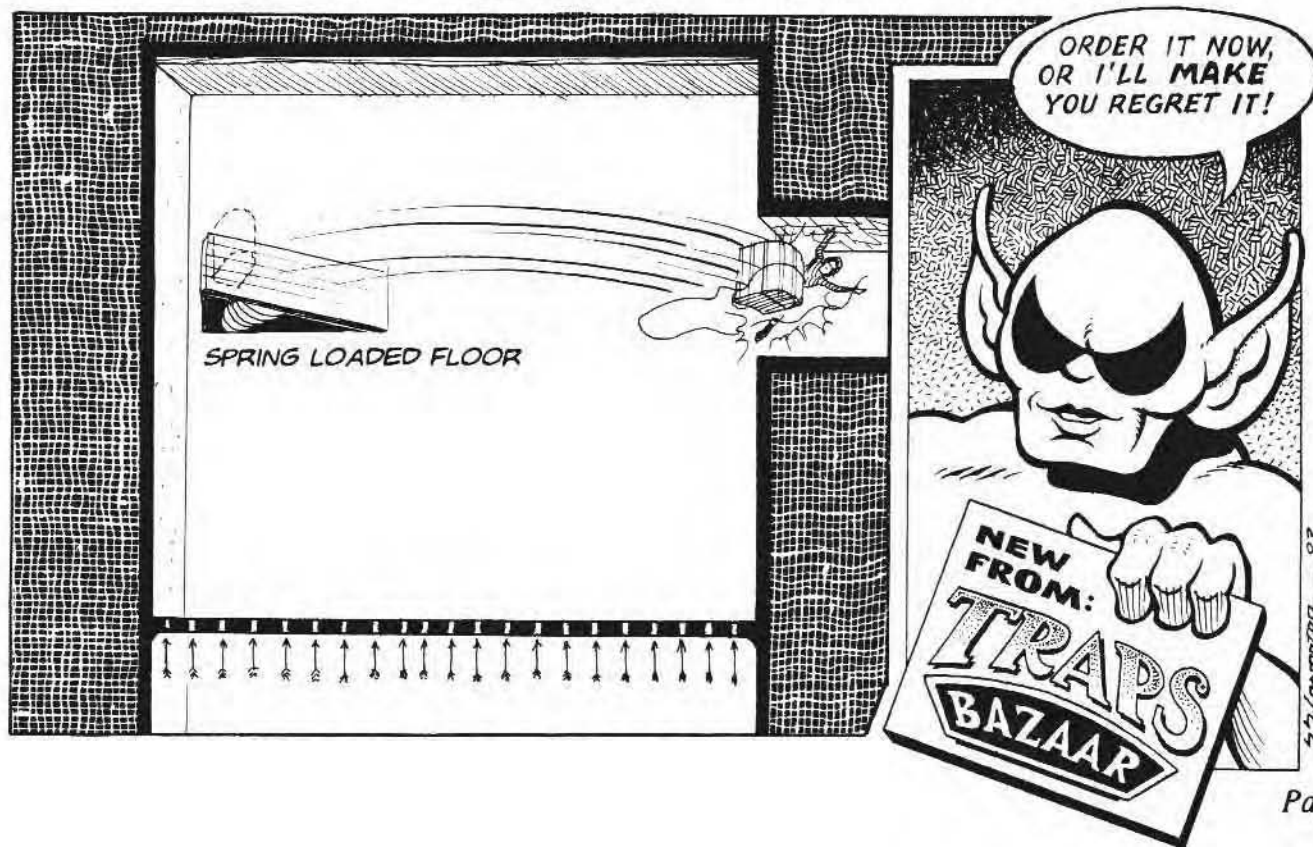
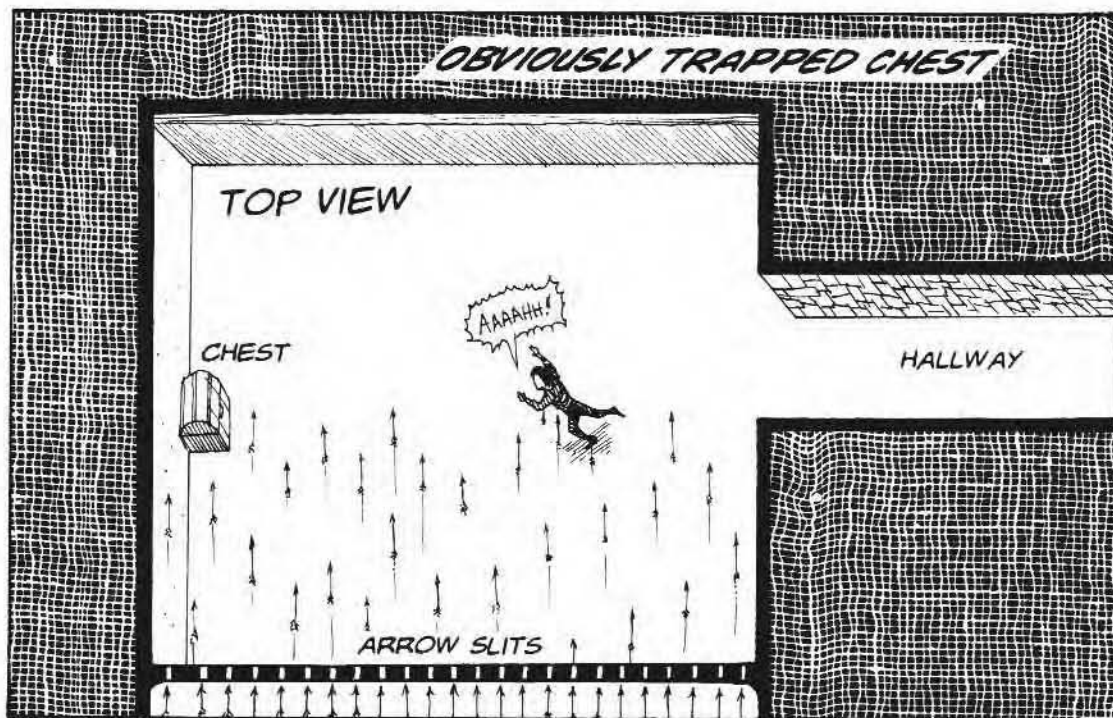
We have a crew of industrious workers who will gladly add a room onto your house or place of business. Prices are reasonable, and the rooms are guaranteed to provide many hours of nefarious entertainment.



There is the basic **OBVIOUSLY TRAPPED CHEST** room, for those who like the old classics. This is a simple 20' by 20' room with a hefty iron chest sitting near the far wall. The left wall of this room is full of little holes and arrow slits. The right wall is a wooden wall, covered with knicks, gouges, cuts, and splinters. Yes, if anyone steps into the room, hundreds of arrows are fired from the left side at all



heights from the ceiling to the floor, making a pincushion of whoever triggered the trap. Every time anything heavier than a gold coin touches the floor, the rain of arrows is repeated. Of course the obvious solution is to get a rope and lasso the chest. Now you find the REAL trap here. As soon as the chest is moved towards the door, the spring-loaded floor is released, throwing the chest THROUGH the door with great force, slamming it against whoever was pulling on the rope. If some clever delver had the ability to fly and was going to pick up the chest without touching the floor, the chest will throw him through the door and against the wall on the far side of the corridor. As a crowning touch, I like to fill the chest with lead bars. The chest itself can be made of gold, painted to look like iron. I do enjoy telling surviving adventurers (if I'm feeling generous, and actually allow any to survive) what that beat-up old chest was actually made of.

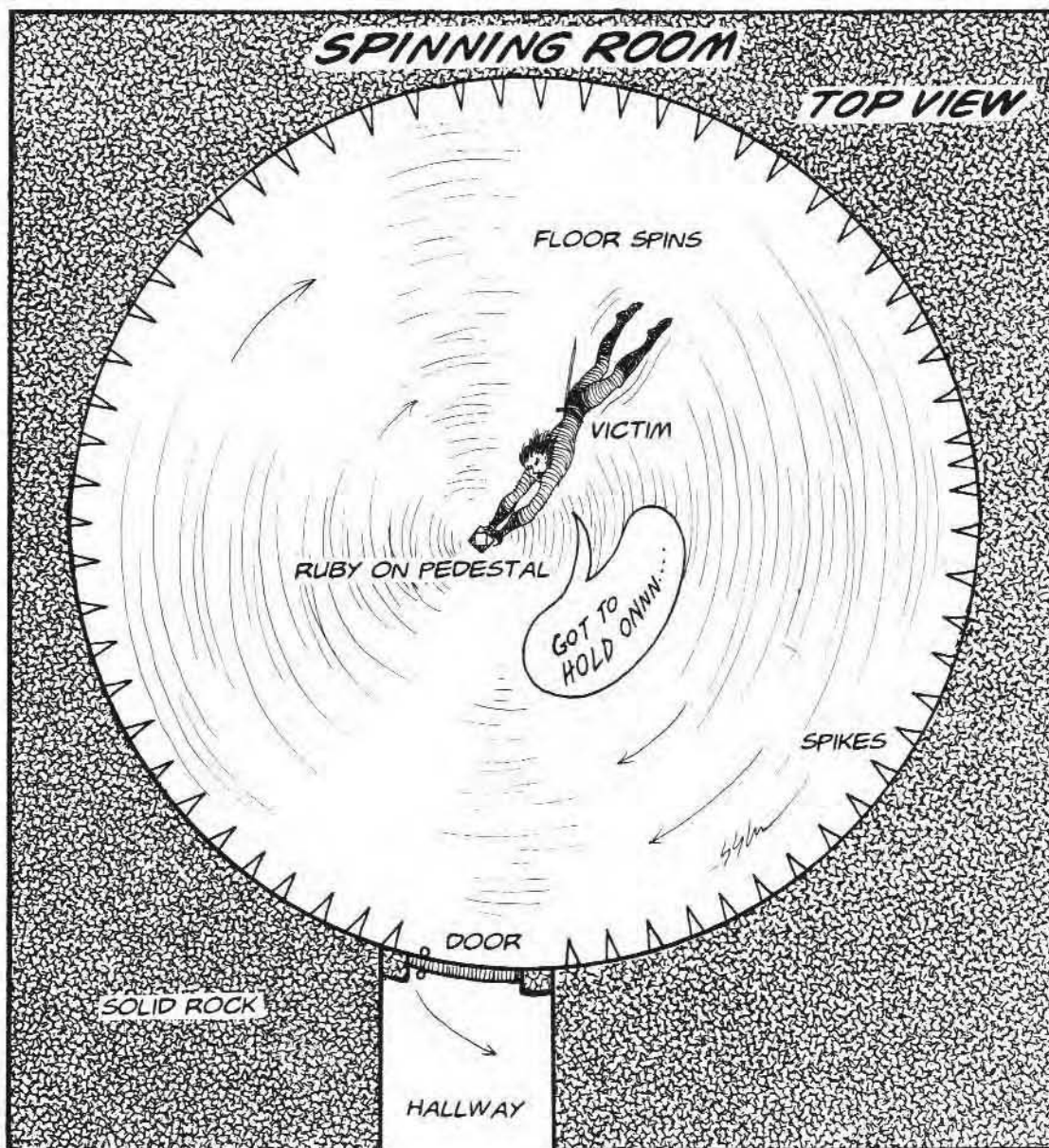




We're having a special on **THE SPINNING ROOM**. This is a round room with a moveable floor, and spikes all over the walls, all the way around. In the center is a pedestal, on top of which is a large ruby. This ruby is attached to the pedestal, but can be removed with some effort. The problem, of course, is that when anyone touches the ruby or pedestal, the floor starts to spin with great velocity, casting whoever is standing on it against the spiked wall. If you got a good grip on the pedestal when you first touched it, you can hang onto it to avoid being delver shish-ke-bob, but how long can you hang on? As long as you are touching the pedestal, the floor keeps spinning. A really dextrous character can hang onto the pedestal while removing the ruby, and throw the ruby through the door to his friends. What a noble sacrifice! There is of course a small chance that you will randomly be flung through the door yourself, instead of against the spikes. I put the odds at about 5%.

Flying into this room, and thus not touching the spinning floor, would be a good idea if it weren't for the ceiling of the room, which happens to be a huge fan. As the floor spins, so does the fan, blowing a powerful wind down at the floor. Unless the miserable aeronaut is a very powerful aviator, he, she, or it will be forced to the floor, and then spun against the wall just like the ground-pounders!

A rope could be used to pull the ruby off, but 'unfortunately' the pedestal is just flexible enough to bend over a little bit when pulled from the top, allowing the rope to slip off the top before it exerts enough force to remove the gem. This should keep the greedy little pests frustratedly busy for a long time.



We have reserved this room in our basement for our seminar series. For just a few shekels, you can listen to a series of lectures telling you how to "do it yourself" to the adventurers in your area. This month, our guest lecturer is famous author Michael Stackpole, who tells us what to do about "mega-characters".



One of the main attractions of FRP games is that they are a challenge to those who play them. When he or she designs the playing area, the Game Master (GM) creates a world that will make players think, that will tax the abilities of characters played in the world, and that will kill some of those characters who make fatal mistakes. Solving problems put before them gives players a sense of accomplishment. Designing traps that successfully destroy characters provides much the same feeling for the GM.

The art of designing challenging scenarios for FRP play can be not too difficult. Normally, one can gauge with ease the adventure for those characters who will face it. Mega-characters, however, make game design the most difficult of all.

What is a mega-character? In *Tunnels & Trolls*, it is a character who has personal combat adds that read like a long distance phone number. Or, it can also be a character who has done every adventure in every solitaire dungeon, and has obtained at least one (maybe more) of each magical item to be had. In *Runequest*, a mega-character has skills which read like the Phoenix summer temperatures (Fahrenheit) and who has a hotline to at least one god (or possibly two or three). The *AD&D* mega-character is a split level thief/bard who has an armor class of -10 and serenades his victims to death while attacking from behind. *GURPS* mega-characters possess attributes akin to gold prices, and also have many diverse skills, notably just the ones they'll need at any given point in time. Mega-characters from a Traveller universe are hardly better — their attributes and skills have ratings with letters from the latter half of the alphabet, along with a fast starship.

By definition, mega-characters are tough to deal with. If a GM designs an adventure to challenge mega-characters, he or she will probably kill off every low-level character who joins that adventure. Conversely, if a GM simply ignores the existence of mega-characters while designing an adventure, and then allows them to participate, treasures will vanish into their pockets with the greatest of ease. Players controlling low-level characters in such situations have nothing to do and quickly grow bored. This article is written in an attempt to lay out some strategies to use when dealing with megacharacters of every stripe. It may also provide a few hints on ways to deal with lesser mortals as well.

Designing traps and situations to deal with mega-characters without destroying the lesser character is not as difficult as it may seem. Most of the ideas presented here come from *Tunnels & Trolls* games. The concepts behind them are summed up in well-known, proverbial phrases, and with a little thought they can be applied to the other game systems mentioned above.

There is one simple way to deal with mega-characters — prohibit them from joining a campaign adventure. However, since a player may have expended no little time and effort building his or her favorite character to mega-character status, that may not be reasonable. Barring that, the following advice should help any GM deal with mega-characters, without causing their campaign to suffer in the least.

Walk softly and carry a big stick

Many mega-characters become difficult to deal with after they manage to obtain a very powerful weapon of some sort. This sort of weapon is designed by GMs who fail to fully think through the possibilities and potentialities of their creations. You may think along one line and consider your weapon logical — but its characteristics can be perverted outlandishly by a recipient whose mind runs in different directions. For instance, a sword that gets damage dice equal to the strength of its wielder is a magnificent weapon. In the hands of a weak character it is fair and manageable — but once the character becomes strong the weapon becomes an ungodly menace.

First and foremost, a GM does not have to allow use of the weapon in his or her adventures. If a bothersome mega-weapon does sneak through, however, you can destroy it (dumping things into the first available volcano generally works). The theft of an item is a bit more difficult to arrange, but works quite well. The canniest GM will give the character a belt and scabbard (made to order) which never allows a weapon placed in it to be drawn.

Making adjustments to weapons and magical items is also allowed. An item found in one universe might not work in quite the same fashion when moved to another universe, to be used in another adventure. The sword that got dice equal to strength might be cut to 1/2 or 1/4 of its power. Or the sword could only get the number of dice equal to the number of strength points the character is willing to put into it (points which may or may not be returned, at the discretion of the GM).

When dealing with mega-weapons, it is *very important* to get a detailed and exact description of each item and its powers. Many characters use an item carelessly because “well, gee, it’s *magic*.” Unless an item is listed as “indestructible,” there is no reason why it cannot be destroyed.

The simplest way to deal with a mega-weapon is to create a situation where the weapon has no use, or if used, will cause more harm than good. Many characters will rely on their super-weapon to cut their foe to pieces, or to cut a path out of their current situation. *Uncle Ugly’s Underground* has its Wall Wardens to discourage acts of desperate vandalism; I like to use channels of pipes in the walls that carry chlorine gas or sodium and water (in separate pipes, of course). These precautions force characters away from relying on their special weapons and back into a position where they must rely on their wits.

Presenting a party with a door or situation that is obviously a puzzle to be thought out can eliminate the use of a mega-weapon right from the start. If the party seems reluctant to try to work out the puzzle, you can warn them that aggressive action taken against the puzzle might be potentially harmful. Few characters will attack a door after that kind of warning, unless they are uncommonly stupid or suicidal. A variation on the theft idea advanced above can provide a way for dealing with a mega-weapon as well

as some interesting adventuring. In a city trip or adventure where some of the NPCs have defined personalities, one or more of them might come to desire the mega-weapon belonging to a player character. This is logical, and can provide both a means for dealing with the mega-weapon, and for a great deal of adventure. Some very interesting incidents can result from an item being stolen from the party, and their subsequent attempts to retrieve it.

Do unto others...

In many adventures the GM tends to have cardboard Non-Player Characters (NPCs). When these encounter player characters, they either kowtow and do anything they are bid, or attack with mindless fury in the face of overwhelming odds. This leads to tedious adventures in which there is either not enough combat, or a continuous series of skirmishes and gang fights.

NPCs have as much right to a full personality as any player character they may encounter. No one in their right mind (read: sane) would single-handedly attack a well-armed group of characters. Instead, the last troll in an attacking group might surrender. In this manner he or she might lead the party into a trap — or escape and attack from ambush. Any action possible is preferable to a suicidal action.

Adding personality to NPCs will provide games with added punch. Create cowardly bullies who challenge characters to duels of honor — and such bullies are notoriously fond of challenging the weak. The world is full of con-men — have someone bilk the player characters! Sell them the Brooklyn Bridge, if they're dumb enough to buy it. (Tell them it's the ultimate weapon...) There will always be those who will enlist the aid of valiant innocents who do not realize they will be used for evil ends. (As a rule, nasty people do not have the legend "NOT NICE" stamped on their foreheads.) The players need not realize what they are getting into.

For example, this is an incident from an actual dungeon adventure. A number of characters stumbled into a cavern, and found an intelligent dragon sprawled amidst piles of glittering treasure. The delvers asked if they could pass through the room, and the dragon told them they'd have to pay gold for passage. *They* told the dragon they'd kill him if he wouldn't let them pass. The dragon seemed terrified and squeaked "No! No! Don't hurt me!" The party swaggered close by him on their way to the exit, confident that the dragon was totally cowed. That was when he fried them.

By working personalities for various NPCs, the GM gives them certain likes and dislikes which influence their actions. The dragon above had always been contemptuous of humans who thought their race was superior to his own. A powerful wizard may bear a grudge against a group of dwarves, and hence will act harshly with dwarves he encounters. A NPC might not take kindly to those who boast of past adventures, or might not like a certain type of attitude, cult status, or alignment. Each of these factors, along with all of the baser emotions available to player characters, should be worked into NPCs to provide a living, breathing, *reacting* world for characters to adventure in.

Fight fire with fire...

Most GMs have had a very large monster chopped down to size by withering missile fire or by a barrage of magic. In T&T, a good DEX and a good bow can create mega-characters who are deadly from long range. And high-level spells (or the upgrading of lower-level spells) can shatter a GM's carefully planned full force assault even before it begins.

It only stands to reason that in a fantasy world where everyday characters could put William Tell to shame, castle lords will try to hire only the best of archers. If a character stood 100 yards from a castle and tried to pick off a guard from a high tower, there is a high probability that the character would find an arrow heading right back at him. And if the lord could not hire the archer that well-trained, he might let loose with a catapult instead, of equivalent range but with more devastating power.

The same concept holds true for the employment of wizards. If a lord cannot afford to hire a high-level wizard, he'd probably hire a group of lesser mages instead. In my dungeon, the Dungeon Security Force employs small groups of wizards to maintain order. Each wizard has a fixed ST and CON, and the minimum IQ and DEX for casting his level's spells. I play them as though they were real characters; I choose the spells they cast and their targets. (To avoid charges of being arbitrary, I have provided a rough protocol for this Dungeon Security. The wizards use the most powerful spell they can and attack pets, elves, fairies, and other wizards, in that order. They would kill the wounded but those are more fun to torture after the rest of the party is dead.)

NPC personalities should remain consistent from trip to trip. The kindly wizard who lives in the corner tower should probably remain kindly if all else remains the same. However, if he is cruelly attacked, it's entirely justifiable for him to react violently in return.

Lastly, single combat between a NPC and a mega-character can serve to do away with the mega-character. A local hero of considerable ability might try to goad some hotshot into a duel, to maintain or build his reputation. Or, more commonly, you might find that the lady your character tried to seduce either has a husband, some brothers, or demands the satisfaction of upholding her own honor. When the latter happens — and the lady is an offended sorceress — look out.

I told you so...

There is a very simple way to get a character to jump into a trap designed to kill him. Tell him there is no way to avoid death by attempting this action, or say that this action has never ever been done before. Mega-characters always seem intent on proving that they're bigger, better, stronger, smarter, and tougher than anything you can throw at them. Sometimes they will even die in an attempt to prove it.

By far the most certain way to kill a character, mega or not, is to place an item within an adventure and post a big sign over it: *"Touch this and die."* While this might not be literally true, anything done using this idea will get at least one character killed. Curiosity kills not only cats.

Placing challenges before mega-characters is akin to waving a flag before a bull. If a GM tells a character that a battle's outcome will almost certainly be fatal, and that character persists — the GM has but one duty. If the GM knows the character's plan won't succeed, he or she must kill the mega-character without mercy. They were warned...

It is a valid point that many mega-characters got to be that way by clean living and discretion in the face of danger. For this type of character, the bold outright challenge may not work. A careful dose of subtlety worked in with ideas from the next two sections should serve to enhance your chances of getting these cautious characters.

The Hand is quicker than the eye...

In the course of adventuring, many players learn simple ways of dealing with certain threats. Whether they look up information about a type of monster in a booklet, or they have simply dealt with that type of threat many times before, they will feel smug, assured that they can dispatch the threat with little or no worry.

A "standard" dungeon room with a mummy guarding treasure can provide a clear example of what is meant here. Almost any party entering the room will light the mummy on fire. They wait for it to burn out and then loot the room's treasure.

However, the mummy might serve only as a decoy. What if it lungs had been filled with sulfur? When torched, the sulfur would create a noxious gas that might harm the party. What if the room had a magical fire-fighting system? When the mummy was lit, all exits were blocked and the room was flooded? A



mummy that has been prepared with flame retardant materials could still burn, and it might attempt to wrestle with and immolate a delver or two. A water demon locked in the chest of the mummy might constantly douse the fire and provide an entertaining problem that varies from the standard fare.

Misdirection does not have to be incredibly complex; in fact, the simpler it is, the greater its chance of working. One of the easiest ways to safeguard a pile of gold coins is to place that pile beneath a pile of copper coins. Very few delvers will pick up copper when gold might yet be had in the future. Paste gems can conceal real gems. A small amount of loot from the bodies of guards can prevent a diligent search of a room — a search that might reveal a massive hoard of treasure. Give them what they think they are looking for and they will not look for anything else.

Out of the frying pan and into the fire...

Unfortunately, FRP adventures can often fall into the rut of "Here is a monster, here is a treasure." Delvers soon learn that when they defeat a monster, they get to loot the chest it was guarding. And within that chest lies gold and treasure.

If a GM takes a good hard look at the action-reward system built into FRP adventures, he or she will notice the clever piece of psychology employed. Players unconsciously believe that once the threat is eliminated they will receive a reward. Their characters play like that, and often are not on their toes once the obvious foe has been defeated.

What if monsters were guarding a box containing something nastier than they were? Their treasure chests might contain things *they* consider valuable (arms, legs, rotten mutton) — or they might be a kind of Pandora's box. At the very least, some sort of booby trap might be appropriate.

The carelessness that makes a party vulnerable to traps where they expect treasure can also be used against them as they travel through the corridors or pathways of an adventure. Often, a party retraces its original path through a dungeon on their way out. Merely because the way was clear the first time does not mean it cannot be full of danger the second time. An ambush would make sense, especially if the party has absconded with a great deal of treasure. A trap which is triggered by an item gained elsewhere during the adventure can be devastating.

Serial traps can be most destructive. A series of different difficult and dangerous traps will demand the use of many skills. A series of traps can be set out as a challenge for acceptance in a group. Or the trap series could act as protection for some very valuable item. In either case, a single error could probably destroy the character who attempts to beat the traps. For example, a long underwater swim that ends in a room full of smoke will hurt the character making the swim — and the character can scarcely avoid such damage unless he or she can breathe water or noxious gases.

Divide and conquer or, there's no honor among thieves...

The *easiest* way to kill off mega-characters is to get them to kill each other.

Every GM has seen parties fall upon themselves. Players often have personality conflicts, and attempt to wipe out each other's characters. While this sort of conflict can affect the quality of play in an adventure, a good GM will exploit such situations.

If a GM draws a player out of the room and imparts to him some information that one of his characters has obtained (information that will allow his characters to prosper while the rest of the party fares less well) the player will probably use that information to his benefit, and his alone. There have been countless occasions where characters have sealed bargains with demons by promising the souls of their fellow delvers.

It is easy for a GM to create suspicion among delvers. If a character opens a chest and sees a gem buried in a pile of gold, the GM might take the player into another room and tell him or her, "You see a gem buried in the pile of gold." Even if that player returns and tells the rest of the party about the gem, the seeds of suspicion are already sown. If the player returns, decides to keep the gem for his character, and tells everyone else that it was "really nothing", someone else will almost certainly begin to plan some sort of attack.

GMs could also provide opportunities for a character to sell the rest of the party down the river. If a character talks to the Thieves Guild in a city and arranges for an ambush, the thieves would probably oblige him. Of course, it is up to the GM to decide whether or not the Thieves Guild shows up, or if they keep their bargain with an outsider who is also a traitor.

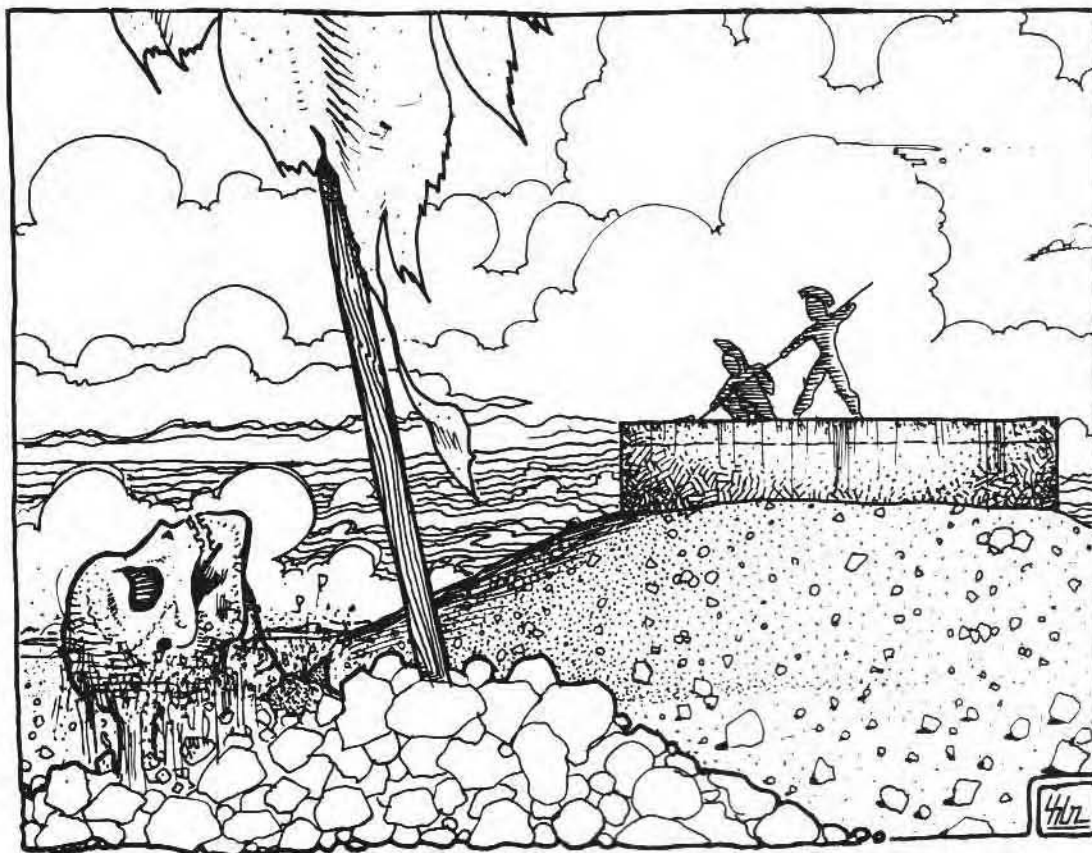
Dividing and conquering also pertains to splitting up parties on an adventure. There is safety in numbers, and if players decide to go their different ways, the adventure might well take a fearful toll. A good GM can also arrange for two groups to meet, either in an ambush situation or with one group believing that the other group is out to get them. (Juggling two or three groups can be very difficult for a GM, and one often runs the risk of boring those who are not in on the action while the other group is playing. If a GM can keep the patter snappy and keep track of more than one group of characters at a time, running multiple parties can be the most exciting and interesting way to play FRP games.)

Nobody lives forever...

Immortal characters are one of the most difficult mega-character types a GM can handle. This immortality can be anything from on-the-spot regeneration to rebirth in a prepared body, to the retention of IQ and EP in a new physical form. Whatever the type, immortals are as annoying as reruns of *Gilligan's Island* — they keep coming back. A GM can rip their atoms apart — the immortals merely smile. Come the next adventure, they'll be there again...

Though immortals live forever, the trick is to radically change the *quality* of that endless life...

Any attempt to kill an immortal character is futile. As noted, they will just return in the next adventure. But instead of trying to kill one — capture him! A room filled with noxious gases (perhaps at the end



of a long swim), or a sleep spell cast upon them by someone they have seduced can easily deliver an immortal into the hands of a GM. If a character knows it cannot be killed, it will take chances that others won't. To take an immortal out of play forever, capture one and store him in a magic dampening cell, while keeping him drugged to the gills. Captured immortals can also provide excellent bait for mega-character rescue attempts.

Players attempting to rescue their captured characters is a great deal of fun for both GM and players. The GM must use all his wit and wisdom in designing a maximum security set-up that will foil all break-out and break-in attempts. In my dungeon, the security set-up is deep (18th level), can be reached only by passing along a very treacherous cliff path (which makes the Eiger look like a ballroom floor), and is contained in a massive and fully garrisoned castle...75% losses have been estimated just getting into the castle — getting out is another matter entirely. Any GM who manages to capture a mega-character has every right to make his ransom high and his prison as strong as he or she feels is justified (either by the prisoner or by the nature of the characters who will try to free the captive character).

In the event that an immortal may return with only his IQ and experience, and nothing else, one additional form of immortal death can be added. A ring or potion that reduces all of a character's attributes to zero means that the immortal will be reborn with an IQ of zero. A T&T *Dum Dum* spell will accomplish the same sort of game-ending situation for such an immortal, it is quickly followed by a knife wound that kills the character.

In summing up today's lecture, there is one point which must be made very clearly to any GM wishing to deal with mega-characters. An adventure that is to be fun and challenging need not kill every character. And a fun adventure relies on the following three points:

1) The GM must have the adventure well thought out. A general framework to guide the adventure is essential. While it is great fun to fly by the seat of your pants and run unprepared adventures, these really only work well with known quantities (low-level characters or well known high-level characters that the GM believes he or she can handle). Mega-characters will run amuck without some sort of prepared guidelines, and the only way to slow them down is to attack them with a powerful opposition and challenge.

2) The GM must be flexible, even though this would seem to be a contradiction of the first point. Mega-characters will have attributes, skills, and/or magical items that will enable them to defeat the most cunning fo traps. You must be able to acknowledge that your trap has been foiled or your monster slain. Rewards should be handed out according to the degree of difficulty the group encountered in solving the problem or how cleverly they circumvented your best-laid traps.

3) No one need be slain to make a trip interesting. A few hits form their CON or hit point totals will remind mega-characters of their mortality. In T&T, one must roll at least a 5 for a saving roll. In *Runequest*, you always have that 5% chance of missing a strike or parry, no matter how skilled the character. No character is totally infallible, and no character can avoid every trap. Keeping characters on their toes by hitting them with monsters, then traps and them more traps or monsters can stop them from thinking too long on any one problem and can force them into situations that you want them to be in, and situations that they might not be able to handle as well as they might have hoped. Cash in on the fact that sooner or later, somebody's bound to get hurt...



The bottom line concerning mega-characters, however, comes right back to the GMs. *Mega-characters are created by GMs.* We are the people who hand out the magnificent magical item that we never thought to set an upper limit on. We are the ones who create rooms to multiply attributes, and we are the ones who created machines allowing a character to parlay their small attributes into social security numbers.

I am positive that all GMs have had a weapon that they created come back and haunt them. I certainly have — and I wish I had looked more closely at the old Slot Machine in *City of Terrors*. All of that is behind me now, and it is up to all of us to provide adventures that will terrify and challenge, and provide enjoyment in whatever system of adventure gaming we choose to play. If we do less than this, we do not deserve to be gods in our own universe.

*"I certainly deserve to be a god in my universe... Well anyway that was today's lecture. I hope you GMs out there **learned something** for a change. Now turn the page and gaze upon the never before revealed maps to **MY TRAPS BAZAAR!!**"*

TRAPS Bazaar

NOW
OPEN

FOR ANY
ROLE-PLAYING
SYSTEM



101
ITEMS
OF
MISFORTUNE

All-System



Catalyst
Series

Traps Bazaar

Traps Bazaar is a most unusual marketplace. Within its borders you can shop for the most devious and evil item traps ever devised. Grimtooth the Troll, famed throughout the land for his many books on delver extermination, has opened this bazaar to supply other dungeon designers with the best security devices blood and money can buy. For your shopping convenience, Grimtooth's loyal staff has composed this guide to point out the highlights of his unusual emporium.

1 Entrance. Just around the corner from the Dungeon of Doom is the front gate of the bazaar. You can leave your horse in the convenient stables located on the northwest side of the building. Hanging on either side are the official Traps Bazaar greeters, recruited from the more attractive prisoners of Grimtooth's dungeon. If they forget to bid you a cheery welcome, please feel free to punch or prod them; that's why they're there!

2 Commercial Order Desk. If you're shopping for your local dark army or wizard's guild, please fill out the simple credit application available at this desk. It will simplify your check out of mass orders of Boomeraxes and Love Botas.

3 Check Out Counter. GrimTina will be happy to ring up your purchases if she happens to be in today, and if she feels like it. Should the counter be unattended, you'd better just wait until she shows up. The last fool who tried to drag her from the employee break room did not live long enough to regret it.

4 Manager's Office. Grimtooth's business office. The contents are none of your business. If you're really curious, I suppose you could try and break in. But there are easier and more pleasant ways to commit suicide. Two secret doors lead to the hidden hallway that runs around most of the Bazaar. Only Grimtooth knows about this hidden corridor, and he uses it to keep an eye on the employees and customers. Within the corridor are a couple of staircases that lead down to the basement area.

5 Research and Development Lab. You may hear some alarming noises from behind these closed doors. Groomni Grimgri

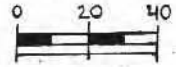
the Mad Dwarf and Grimmaldi the goblin tend to conduct some noisy experiments when they develop new and fiendish traps for the bazaar. Normally, they don't like to be disturbed at their work. But should the doors be open, step right in. They're always looking for a few good volunteers to test their traps. You'll even get a gift certificate for your spending pleasure if you live.

6 Grimtooth's Best Sellers. In this department you'll find magical items, along with booby-trapped weapons and other dungeon miscellany. I'm sure your desire for these goodies will exceed the limits of your purse. If you're tempted to steal an item or two, go ahead! Try it! It keeps our guards on their toes. Your inevitable capture and punishment will provide a moment of entertainment for the other shoppers.

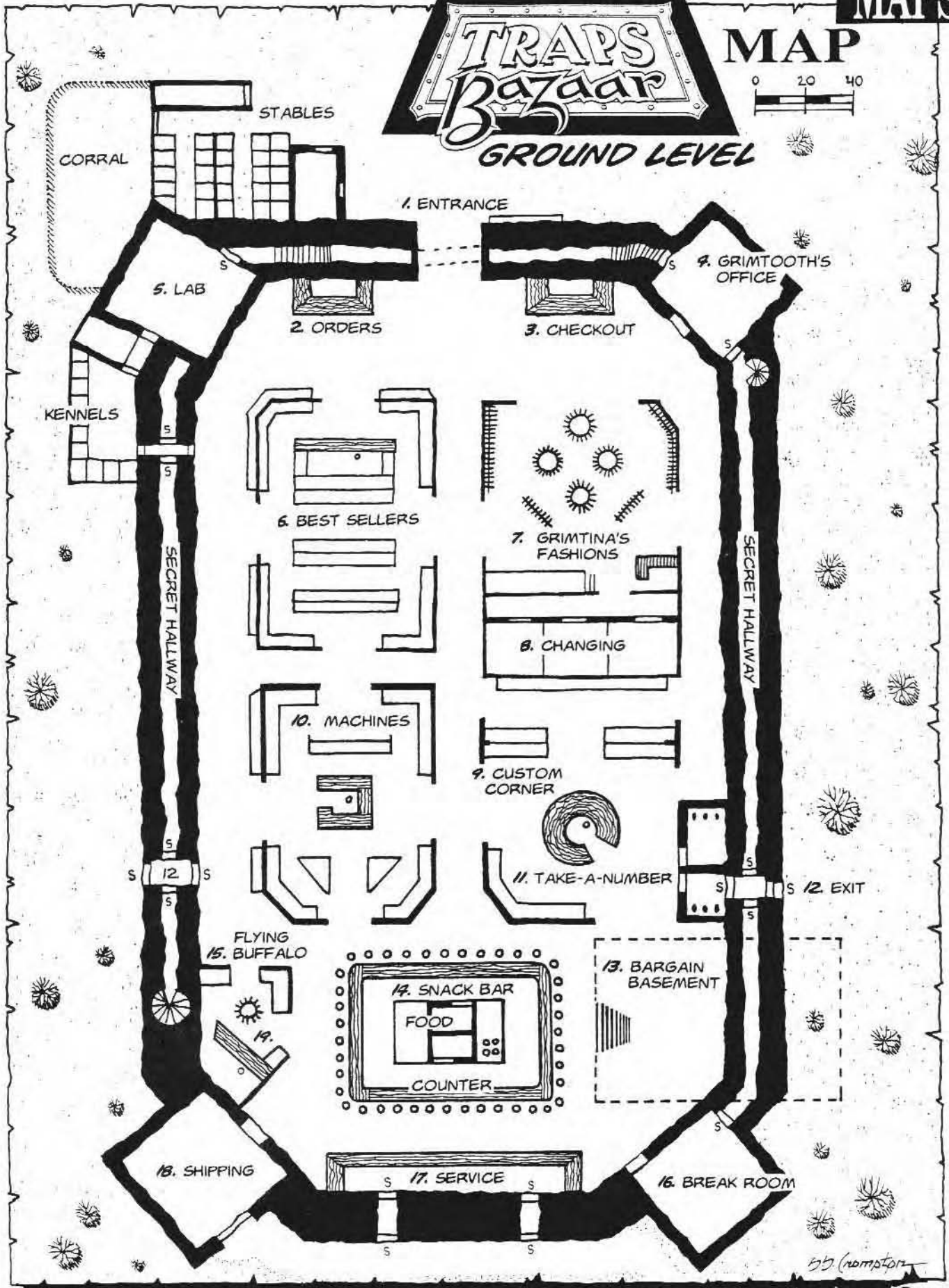
7 GrimTina's Fashions To Die For. Provide tempting outfits for your dungeon breakers from these racks of fashion trappings personally selected by Grimtooth's little sister, GrimTina. Don't miss the Friday afternoon fashion shows, where prisoners from the Dungeon of Doom are forced to model these deadly designer clothes. It gets messy, but it's quite a spectacle.

8 Changing Rooms. Fitting rooms are provided for those who feel compelled to try on attire from the clothing department (and some of the enchanted duds can be very compelling!). There are separate booths for males, females, and those of indeterminate sex. Shapeshifters are welcome to use them if they feel the need to change into another species altogether. You can admire yourself in the full-length mirror provided in each booth. Some of our customers have complained that they've seen eyes peering at them from deep within the mirrors. Naahhhh. It must be their imagination ...

MAP



TRAPS
Bazaar
GROUND LEVEL



9 Custom Corner. This section of the bazaar contains all the one-of-a-kind trap items collected from throughout Grimtooth's realm. Those with thin purses won't find any bargains here. These items are rare and expensive.

10 Infernal Machines. These are the state-of-the-art traps from the Traps Bazaar research and development lab. Please take your purchases home before you start pushing buttons or pulling levers. Handy directions are provided in archaic runic on the inside each package.

11 101st Trap: TAKE A NUMBER - Listen up, Grimtooth here. I installed this trap in the bazaar so as many of my customers as possible could enjoy it. It's one of those "please take a number for service" machines that are so popular nowadays is delicatessens and bakeries. This one is just slightly different, as you may have noticed if you took a number. Instead of counting upwards from one, it counts downwards from 100. And as you probably discovered, your number is no help whatsoever in getting served. Gotta problem with that? Take it to the Complaint Department! Anyway, the magic ticket generator continue spitting out numbers as it counts its way down to zero. 4, 3, 2, 1. And we all know what follows that: BOOM! All of you obedient shoppers who took your number have been in the possession of tickets programmed to explode in unison. What did you do with yours? Stick it in your saddlebag? In your pants pocket? Did you toss it heedlessly to the ground where some innocent child or hungry goat may have found it? No matter. You'll find out when it's time for the big bang.

12 Secret Emergency Exits. Grimtooth's contract with the local volunteer fire department requires that additional exits be available for emergency use. However, the agreement did not state that he had to mark them! A skilled delver should be able to find the hidden pressure-plates which open these passages. [Note: The local fire company is a balrog bucket brigade. Most of the fires they fight for hire are ones they've set themselves!]

13 Bargain Oubliette. Don't overlook what's under this trapdoor. Down a short flight of slimy stone steps is a dank cellar showcasing items for the parsimonious shopper. These are the odd-ball traps and sale items that

Grimtooth is clearing out at discount. Be careful of the phosphorescent fungus on the wall. It's extremely corrosive to unprotected skin.

14 Snack Bar. Who can resist a tasty corn-rat-on-a-stick? The Traps Bazaar snack bar can fill that void in your stomach (or force you to void your stomach) with its exotic culinary offerings. (Many of which can be found in the food section of Traps Ate) Spike the GrimDog is frequently seen here begging scraps. It's in your best interest to feed him, trust us ...

15 Flying Buffalo Booth/Restrooms. When Grimtooth's partners in publishing asked for "booth space" in Traps Bazaar, this wasn't exactly what they had in mind. But, wise folks that they are, they gladly accepted what the troll offered. So while you take care of any physical necessities, feel free to browse through the other fine Flying Buffalo merchandise.

16 Employee Break Room. This chamber in the back is reserved for Grimtooth's trusted employees. It contains the usual amenities including a firepit for cooking and a selection of illuminated manuscripts for those who can read (or those who just like the pretty pictures). There are some crates to sit on and one hammock slung in a corner.

17 Customer Service Desk. So you don't like that trap you bought, huh? Then take it up with the helpful fiends staffing this counter. They will cheerfully listen to your complaints. In fact, they usually get quite a giggle out of your hard-luck stories. Some unhappy complainers just don't have a sense of humor; that's why the Traps Bazaar staff positioned this desk in front of the back doors (i.e., employee escape routes).

18 Shipping and Receiving. You'll find packing crates, straw, nails, and a cheery selection of gift wrap in this back room everything needed to mail your purchases to points near and far. Depending on the size of your bribe, your merchandise will be promptly shipped or left to languish in a corner.

19 Plug. If you liked this description of Grimtooth's Traps Bazaar, then you'll like the books in the Catalyst MAPS series. Each book contains complete layouts of cities and exotic locations, as well as suggested adventure scenarios for use with any roleplaying system. Watch for Maps II: Lands of Legend in 1994.

The Basement

This is the map and description for the bargain basement and the secret area beyond the basement. Most adventurers never realize that this area even exists, but for the few brave souls who are nosy enough to snoop around, they may find some of my lesser known treasures. Feel free to connect this basement domain to my nearby Dungeon of Doom, or even to your own underground caverns.

1 The Bargain Oubliette. Down a short flight of slimy stone steps is a dank cellar showcasing oddball traps and sale items that are being cleared out at a discount. On the north wall is a secret door which leads to a dock and restrooms. The secret door can be located with an appropriate spell or by anyone who spends their free time looking for secret doors.

2 The Dock. This old wooden dock has well-used gondolas tied up to it on one side, with a stone wall and two doors on the other side. One door is marked "humans" and the other is marked "Others". Each door leads to restrooms that are set-up for large monsters or humanoids. The humans restroom has the OSHA toilet seat trap (see pg.) there is about a 1/10 chance of triggering it per use.

3 The Canals. This entire section of the basement is flooded to a level of about six feet. Grimtooth added gondolas and docks to make it easy to get around. On the east wall, is a cavern entrance formed by the dark water that runs through it. The cavern is high enough for a fully loaded gondola to enter the largely unexplored caverns that eventually reach the dock area in the Dungeon of Doom. (See #18 on the map on page 6 if you have Grimtooth's Dungeon of Doom.)

4 Grimtooth's Root Cellar. A secret staircase leads here from the hidden hallway on the level above. This is where Grimtooth keeps a wall to floor collection of herbs, elixirs, medicines, and poisons which are stored in hundreds of bottles, all of which are labeled in code. If anyone takes anything from this room, a ghost who stays here will go and warn Grimtooth of an intruder.

5 Wine Cellar. There are several hundred bottles of wines & liquors that are stored here for Grimtooth's use. About 10% of the bottles are poisoned with an undetectable elixir that will cause bizarre changes (like giant ears, glow in the dark skin, or very fast growing hair) to anyone who drinks from these bottles. Only Grimtooth knows which ones are safe.

6 The Ships. These two ships, one a Galleon, the other a strange Chinese Junk were placed here at Grimtina's request. She likes boats, and thought it would be really cool if there were boats in a flooded basement. The staterooms in the ships are used as overnight rooms for visitors and a few select employees. Some small gems and gold pieces can be found in a few of the rooms. Left there by previous guests. Grimtina often hosts Tea and birthday parties on the upper deck.

It should be noted, that there are all manner of fresh water creatures living in the still waters, many of whom are always looking for a good meal, so try not to fall in. Electro-squids, small death sharks, mega-leeches are some of the most common to be found here.

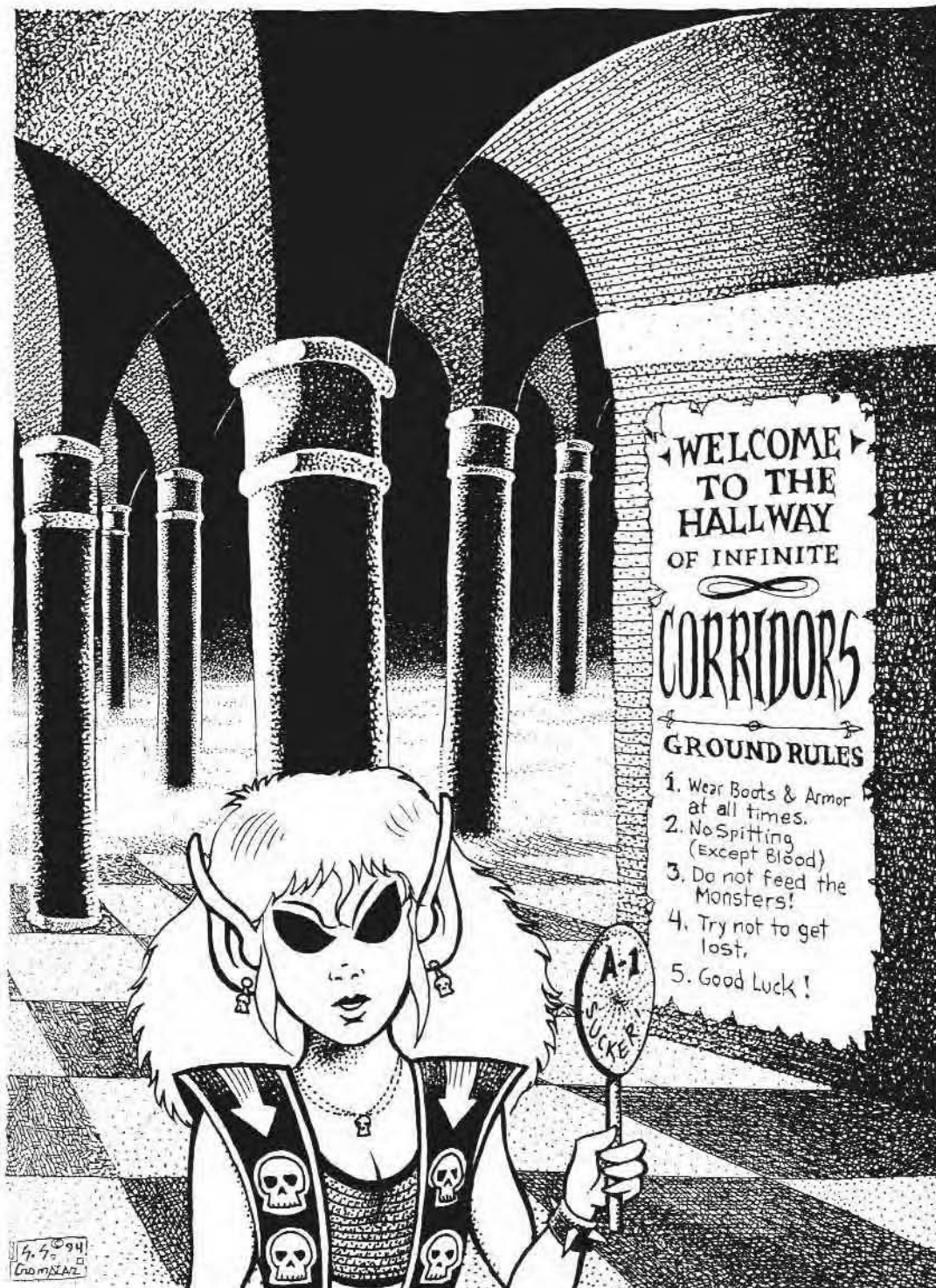
7 The Courtyard "Lagoon". Can be found Just past the arch and under the large Bargain Basement sign is the dock area and series of buildings/rooms. See the illustration on page for a view of the ships and the arch. The wood docks are rather water rotted, so watch your step! Five doors lead into different rooms.

8 Damaged Goods Storage. All sorts of broken and damaged items are haphazardly stored here, with the idea that they might be one day repaired and used or sold. Amongst the piles of items one might find are broken magic swords, damaged armor, cracked magic crystals, and non-working technological devices. (There are lots of these!) On the west wall is a secret staircase that leads up the hidden hallway above.

9 Empty Workshop Once used as a repair shop for the damaged goods in room 8. Contains tools, some repair manuals and other equipment necessary for repairing various broken items. The room is in quite a disarray, so finding anything useful will take a little time. The goblin who worked here was banished to limbo when he spoke to Grimtooth in a surly manner. Grimtooth is currently looking for a new repairman with a more respectful demeanor. Applicants should apply at Grimtooth's Office upstairs.

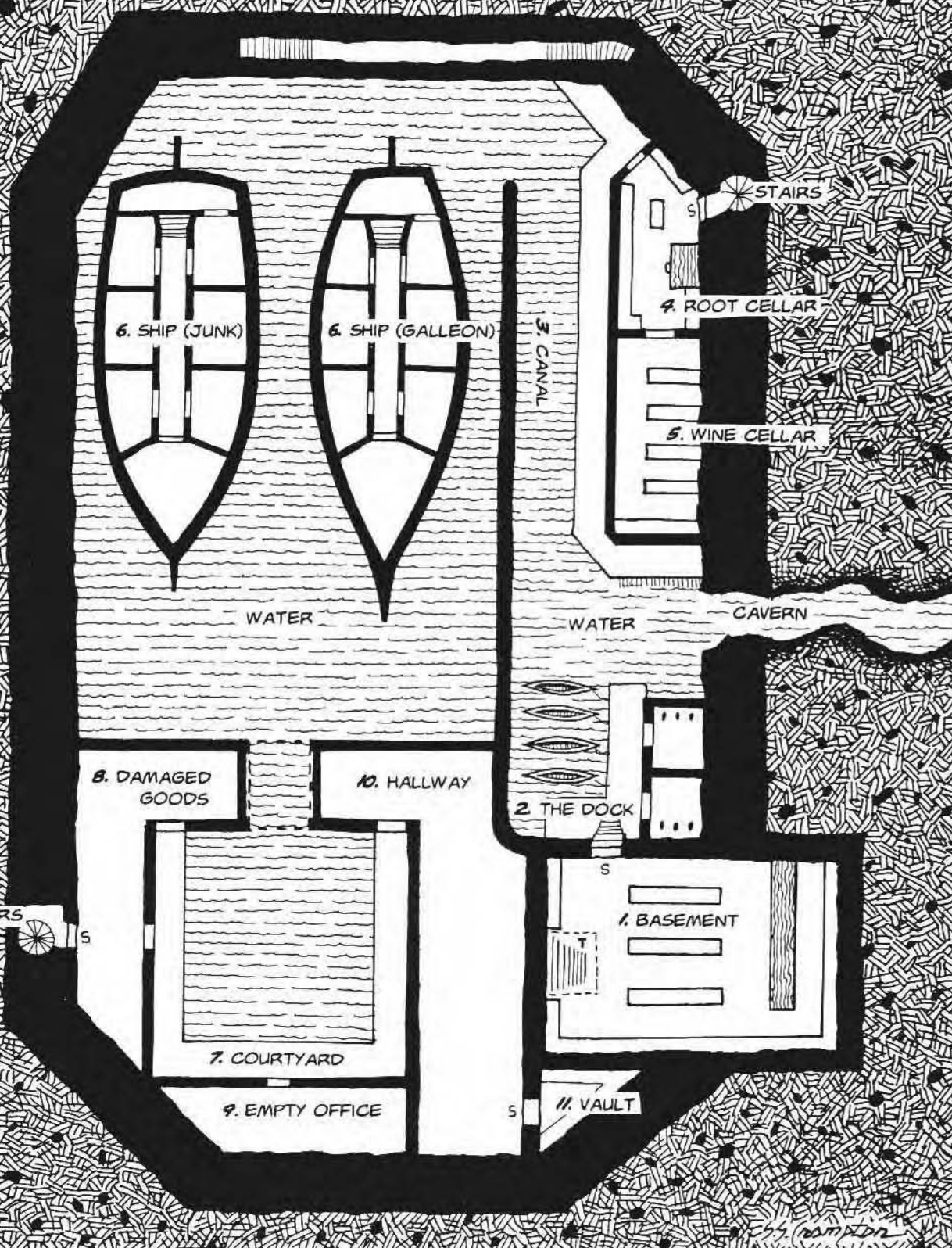
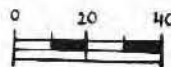
10 Hallway of Infinite Corridors. This hallway of ebony columns is a trap left here by Grimtooth as a way to keep the curious away from the small vault he uses to store valuables and cash. The hallway itself is a magical loop that tricks the visitor into believing that they are walking for miles and passing hundreds of columns, when in fact they are walking past the same 30 corridors over and over. The magic works in any direction, unless you are trying to exit the hallway the way you came in.

11 The Vault. Grimtooth keeps some of the very useful and powerful items that Spike has found in the dungeons. The vault is locked with chains, a combination lock and is magically hidden. Inside, on the many shelves, can be found powerful magical weapons, healing potions a plasma rifle, a chainsaw and many different colored magical gems, and smaller technological items of an undetermined nature. These items are kept here because Grimtooth feels they are too useful for the average adventurer.



TRAPS Bazaar

THE BASEMENT



Adventure Ideas

Upper Level

A The delvers are hired by an anonymous source to break into Traps Bazaar after hours and steal several specific traps. Will they get away with it, or come face to face with Grimtooth?

B GrimTina meets the delvers in a bar, and invites them to come to a private party in the bazaar. She shows them a good time. However, at the end of the night she locks them in the research lab with Groodni Grimgri, who begins his experiments ...

C Stranded in the wastelands, with no food or water, the party stumbles upon the Bazaar and must buy provisions. If the party doesn't have money, they might be hired on as stable hands, or as caretakers at the dog kennel or as misc. drudge workers inside the Bazaar. . . Unless they have special skills that might be useful to Grimtooth.

D A wizard who doesn't know much about Grimtooth, hires the party to go to the Bazaar and purchase the Wizard Alazo's Stick, The Wizard's Wireless and the Ever-Filled Wine-skin. When all of the items backfire, the Wizard blames the party and takes out his wrath on them!

As an alternative to D, the wizard might hire the party to take the items back to the Bazaar for a full refund. (Good Luck!)

E Grimtooth spots the adventurers while they are in the Bazaar and decides that they might do nicely on a mission he has in mind. Grimtooth needs some unusual ingredients for a new elixir he is creating and offers the group a handsome reward if they can find him anything that belongs to a Drag-on Queen, a Merv Griffen or a Gallop Pole. Grimtooth doesn't know exactly where these can be found, but he will send the adventurers to a world where such things exist. They adventurers will end up in the real world! (At least until they find one of the requested items.)

Basement Level

A After finding the secret door to the rest of the basement, the party take a gondola and go exploring the caverns off to the east, running into strange creatures, and eventually ending up at the Dungeon of Doom, or if their lucky finding a way out of the caverns and into the daylight.

B The Adventurers find Grimtooth's wine cellar and sample a couple of bottles. One of the bottles is poisoned and changes anyone who drank from it into ugly goblins. An antidote is in the root cellar, but who knows which of the hundreds of bottles is the right one? Grimtooth will cure the group if they can either pay him enough or work for him for a while. (GM's discretion as to how long "a while" is)

C While in the Root Cellar, the party finds the staircase that leads up to the hidden hallway on the upper level. This gives them access to anywhere in the Bazaar. The adventurers can either: 1) Go exploring and check out the Bazaar, 2) Sneak around via the hallway and cause all sorts of mayhem, until their caught, or 3) Try to impress Grimtooth by breaking into his office and announcing their presence.

D While out in the wastelands, the party meet an old goblin who tells them how he had helped to build Grimtooth's Bazaar. For a price, he will tell them about the secret basement and the vault, which holds all sorts of valuable items. The goblin can even draw a crude map of the basement, although he doesn't know about the cavern on the east wall. Upon hearing this, any adventurers worth their salt will head for the Bazaar in search of the vault.

E One of the ships (the Galleon) in the basement once belonged to D'Estro the buccaneer. Hidden in the lower deck of the ship, amongst the ballast, is a large portion of D'Estro's treasure. The adventurers, hearing about the treasure, track the ship to Grimtina, who bought it at a tax auction. She had it magically transported to the basement, and has no idea that there is any treasure on board. With a little detective work, the party should at least hear rumors about ships being somewhere on the premises of the Bazaar, and will no doubt go there in search of the ship.



TRAPS ITEMIZED PRICE LIST



This list will give you an idea as to the value of all the items mentioned in Traps Bazaar. The price listed shows the value of that particular item, relative to the other listed items. In other words, if you use silver pieces in your campaign, you can make all the items cost that many silvers to purchase. Feel free to adjust the prices to better fit your campaign world.

Jug of Wine Gas	2 (5)	Sticky Darts	250
Candy Barr	2 (5)	Switch Plate	275
Das Bota	4 (7)	Needle's Eye	300
Acme Grenades	5 (10)	Genuine Crow Bar	350
Beggar's Cup	5 (10)	Miles To Go Before You Sleep	400
Love Potion # Nein	8 (15)	Fast Forwarded To Death	400
Pan Pipe	8 (15)	Remote Conceal	400
Time Killer	10 (20)	Dvorak Strikes Again	500
Cuckoo Clock	10 (20)	Wizard's Wireless	550
Heart of Stone	20	Momiter	600
Kaynar's Clothes	25	Overdrawn at Memory Bank	650
Barto's Purse	25	Boomeraxe 1:Pitch	700
Air Snare	30	Boomeraxe 2:Bang	700
Feather Weight	30	Umbrella of Kevlar	750
Cleric Mordo's Pot	30	Travel Guide of Wonder	800
Bored Iguana	30	Bait or Cut Fish	900
Walking Stick	30	Vase Vitale	1,000
Love Bota	30	Bellows	1,100
Pompous Padlock	35	Psi-Tracked	1,200
Blackbird Bar	40	Fish-o-matic	1,300
How's This For A Laugh?	40	Headphones of Doom	1,400
Ever-Filled Wine Skin	45	Disaster Door Card	1,500
Butcher's Knife	45	Boots of Bravado	1,600
Let Me Take Your Temperature	50	Coin Collector's Nightmare	1,700
Feral Cradle	50	Sword of Magnetic Personality	1,800
Panic Buttons	50	Quicksilverware	1,900
Pur-Lioned Letter	60	Seven Leak Boots	2,000
Little Boy Blue	60	Alchemical Hourglass	2,100
Lucky Shovel	75	Soul Camera	2,200
Fake Fur	75	Taranwyn's Magic Lamp	2,200
Vampire Teeth	80	Wizard Alazo's Stick	2,200
Six Pack of Bear	85	Thief's Tools	2,200
Ephos Cloak	90	He's A New Man	2,400
Cy-Bear Trap	90	Mirrors Of The Soul	2,400
Synthesizing Scissors	100	Who's Srying Now?	2,500
Pick-Knickers Basket	110	Night Light	3,000
Gauntlets of Power	120	Athenian Amphora	3,500
Little Ray of Sunshine	125	Bowling Balls of Boom	5,000
Car-Pet	130	Life Savers	5,000
Exploding Cart	150	Loupe-de-Loupe	5,000
Eternal Flame	150	Crumblers	6,000
Crook's Cobbler	150	Muncher	6,000
Death's Head Compass	160	Snappers	6,000
Holy Pages	160	Boots of Blinding Speed	6,200
Radio Scramblers	175	Eggs Over Easy	6,500
Terrible Top	175	Rubber Cement	7,000
Yellow Peril	180	Too Much Time On Your Hands	7,200
Universal Respirator	180	Genuine Quarterstaff	7,400
Mesmer Eyes	190	Suck-a-Bus	10,000
Get A Grip Gauntlet	200		

TRAPS
CREDITS





CREDITS



The Slave Labor Union suggested I recognize the feeble efforts of my hired help to boost their minimal self esteem and deflect attention from those untraceable shortages that keep showing up on their paychecks. So, in honor of my hard-working staff, I'm forced to dedicate this attractive plaque.

I'd also like to say a thing or two about these honorees. You have to be made of pretty strong stuff to remain in my employ for any length of time, especially with my penchant for testing out traps on the handiest warm body. Most of these guys are severely warped and twisted from years of loyal service. Should you ever meet one of them in a dark alley heed these words of warning:

James Walker, Charlotte Walker, and Lisa Walker: This tag team of trap enthusiasts has brought their own special family values to Traps Bazaar values like guile, deceit, and persecution. Without their leadership my humble establishment would be hard pressed to live up to its deadly reputation. In fact, even as we speak they serve as a shining example to us all, extorting money from customers to pay me for this effusive testimonial.

Steve Crompton: At first I felt flattered to serve as an artist's muse, in return for being immortalized in countless tomes of darkness, evil and treachery. Then I wised up and started charging him model's fees. He was more than happy to pay them, since without me he'd have no career at all. [Don't believe it! -ed.] I just better not find out that he's the one responsible for those insulting cartoons of me that turned up on the bathroom wall.

Debora Wykle: Meet the material girl of Traps Bazaar. She's the one who's always checking the books (and I have to admire that; even I don't know where some of those books have been!) and figuring out to the penny what I owe these clowns for their insignificant efforts. But hey. I'm a fair boss. As long as she can snatch the money from under my nose she's welcome to it. HeHeHe. I hope she has good insurance

Joseph Formichella: With his innocent face and smooth manner, Joe could sell depilatory to werewolves. Though I'm not one to fall for any old song and dance, I have to admit amusement at his creative excuses for why he needs a month off for Saint Smithin's Day or why the snack bar should be his personal office. He's worth his weight in brass at the customer service desk; no one can infuriate the shoppers better than Joe.

James "Bear" Peters: At least this one stays out of my way. He usually spends his time sharpening swords, polishing armor and laying traps in the parking lot. Don't ask him for any help. He'll just give you a cheerful grimace and deny all knowledge. Bear is notorious for waxing poetic about those "good old dark ages." Please don't encourage him.

Rusty Watrus: And he seemed like such a nice fellow when we first met ... luckily I was not disappointed. Rusty's devious imagination has only begun to be tapped. I'm sure he'll provide me with plenty of devious traps in the future to keep the shelves of Traps Bazaar full.

Jason Sato: Years of mystic study with eastern trap masters have left their mark on this contributor. This edition of evil contains traps Jason devised while under the guidance of Kung Pao priests. That's about all I could get out of him before he sank into contemplation and levitated to the ceiling.

Wayne West: This guy gives conspicuous consumption a bad name. No trap in the bazaar is ever enough for him. He'll just look at it, shake his head, and disappear. Then a day or two later, he'll be back with an implement that's bigger, shinier, and costlier than anything I've got. Makes me want to slap him. And I have.

Scott Jackson: Somehow he got some artwork in this book. I've only met him once, but anyone who can paint the cover to a game called Nuclear Proliferation can't be all bad.

Rick Loomis: Not only the publisher of my books but submitted the OSHA traps. Believes that pinching pennies is a right, not a privilege. Goes to every game convention in the universe.

Here's a list of who's to blame for what.

By Wayne West:



A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD, AND GAS, ACME GRENADES, BAIT OR CUT FISH, BLACKBIRD BAR, BOOTS OF BRAVADO, BOWLING BALLS OF DOOM, CANDY BARR, CUCKOO CLOCK, DVORAK STRIKES AGAIN! EXPLODING CART, FAST-FORWARDED TO DEATH, FISH-O-MATIC—IT SLICES! IT DICES! GAUNTLETS OF POWER, HEADPHONES OF DOOM, LOUPE-DE-LOOP, MOMITER, OVERDRAWN AT THE MEMORY BANK, PICK-KNICKER'S BASKET, PUR-LIONED LETTER, RADIO SCRAMBLERS, SIX-PACK OF BEAR, SUCK-A-BUS, THERE IS NOTHING WORSE IN LIFE THAN A BORED IGUANA, TOO MUCH TIME ON YOUR HANDS, TRAVEL GUIDE OF WONDER, WHO'S SCRYING NOW?

By Debora Wykle:



AIR SNARE, BEGGAR'S CUP, BELLOWS, BUTCHER'S KNIFE, DEATH'S HEAD COMPASS, FAKE FUR, FERAL CRADLE, HE'S A NEW MAN, HEART OF STONE, HOLY PAGES, LET ME TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE, LITTLE BOY BLUE, LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE, MESMER EYES, MILES TO GO BEFORE YOU SLEEP, NEEDLE'S EYE, PAN PIPE, PANIC BUTTONS, PSI-TRACKED, QUICKSILVERWARE, RUBBER CEMENT, SWITCHPLATE, SYNTHESIZING SCIS-SORS, TERRIBLE TOP, TIME KILLER, WALKING STICK, WIZARD'S WIRELESS

By James Walker and Company:



ALCHEMICAL HOURGLASS, ATHENIAN AMPHORA, BARTO'S PURSE, CARPET BAG, COIN COLLECTOR'S NIGHTMARE, CROOK'S COBBLER, CRUMBLERS, EPHOS CLOAK, ETERNAL FLAME, KAYNAR'S CLOTHES, LIFE SAVERS, LUCKY SHOVEL, MIRRORS OF THE SOUL, MUNCHER, NIGHT LIGHT, POMPOUS PADLOCK, REMOTE CONCEAL, SNAPPERS, SOUL CAMERA, STICKY DARTS, TARANWN'S MAGIC LAMP, THE CLERIC MORDO'S POT, THE WIZARD ALAZO'S STICK, THIEF'S TOOLS, UNIVERSAL RESPIRATOR, VAMPIRE TEETH, VASE VITALE

By James "Bear" Peters:



BOOTS OF BLINDING SPEED, EVER-FILLED WINE SKIN, GET A GRIP GAUNTLET, THE BOOMERAXE: LAST PITCH EFFORT, THE BOOMERAXE: THE BIG BANG, THE GENUINE QUARTERSTAFF, THE GENUINE CROW BAR, THE SWORD OF MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

By Steve Crompton:



CAR-PET, EGGS OVER EASY, YELLOW PERIL, HALLWAY OF INFINITY, THE LOWER LEVEL

By Joseph Formichella:

CY-BEAR TRAP, DISASTER DOOR CARD, SEVEN LEAK BOOTS

By Jason Sato:



DAS BOTA, FEATHER WEIGHT, LOVE POTION NUMBER NEIN, THE LOVE BOTA

By Rusty Watrus:

HOW'S THIS FOR A LAUGH? THE UMBRELLA OF KEVLAR

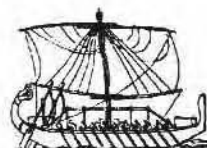
By Rick Loomis:



STEEL TOED BOOTS, EMERGENCY LIGHT, FIRE EXTINGUISHER, LAST STEP, EXIT SIGN, KNOT AN EXIT, TERRIBLE TOILET, THE OBVIOUSLY TRAPPED CHEST, SPINING ROOM

By Michael Stackpole:

Lecture: THE BIGGER THEY ARE... THE HARDER THEY FALL. (Originally published in Sorcerer's Apprentice #8)



By Anita:

TRAPS INDEX

And special thanks to Tier3, Bill Kerr, Trolls R' Us, Evinrood, and the entire Sierra Girls Chior.



TRAPS INDEX



This index includes all the traps in Grimtooth's Traps Bazaar and Grimtooth's Dungeon of Doom.

Traps Bazaar is coded: TB/. Dungeon of Doom is coded DD/.

The numbers refer to the page in that book that you'll find the trap.

101st Trap: TAKE A NUMBER.....	TB/66	HEADPHONES OF DOOM.....	TB/35
A JUG OF WINE, A LOAF OF BREAD, AND GAS.....	TB/48	HEART OF STONE.....	TB/44
A THOUSAND & ONE WAYS TO USE KILLER BEES.....	DD/42	HEATED HARASSMENT HARRIES HAPLESS.....	DD/39
ACME GRENADES.....	TB/49	HITEM AND HITEM.....	DD/56
AIR SNARE.....	TB/10	HOLY PAGES.....	TB/19
ALCHEMICAL HOURGLASS.....	TB/32	HOW'S THIS FOR A LAUGH?.....	TB/43
AND YOU THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE EASY.....	DD/10	HOW LONG CAN YOU TREAD WATER?.....	DD/33
AND YOU THOUGHT YOU GOT AWAY.....	DD/43	I ALWAYS FIGURED TOMB ROBBERS DESERVE	
ARR! HERE BE BARRIED TREASURE.....	DD/57	A GOOD THRASHING.....	DD/54
AS YOU SOW SO SHALL YE REAP.....	DD/70	IF A FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED.....	DD/15
ATHENIAN AMPHORA.....	TB/30	IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT MADE.....	DD/66
BAIT OR CUT FISH.....	TB/23	I'M SURE YOU'LL GET THE POINT!.....	DD/36
BARTO'S PURSE.....	TB/45	IT MAKES ME TINGLY ALL OVER.....	DD/49
BEGGAR'S CUP.....	TB/49	JUST WHAT EVERY DELVER NEEDS.....	DD/38
BELLOWS.....	TB/10	KAYNAR'S CLOTHES.....	TB/44
BLACKBIRD BAR.....	TB/22	KNOT AN EXIT.....	TB/52
BOATING HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS.....	DD/26	LAST STEP.....	TB/51
BOOTS OF BLINDING SPEED.....	TB/45	LEST YOU BECOME TOO COMPLACENT.....	DD/65
BOOTS OF BRAVADO.....	TB/42	LET ME TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE.....	TB/9
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CHECK YOUR DAEMONS AT THE DOOR.....	DD/68	LUCKY SHOVEL.....	TB/17
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CROOK'S COBBLER.....	TB/16	MOMITER.....	TB/36
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DANGER HERE BE CRYSTAL CLEAR.....	DD/37	NIGHT LIGHT.....	TB/31
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DEATH'S HEAD COMPASS.....	TB/10	OH NO, NOT THE CHUTES & RAZORS GAG!.....	DD/57
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FISH-O-MATIC — IT SLICES, IT DICES!.....	TB/39	SNAPPERS.....	TB/29
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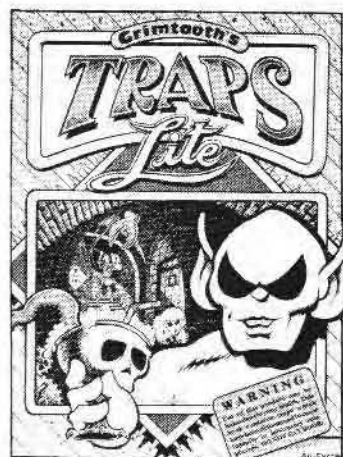
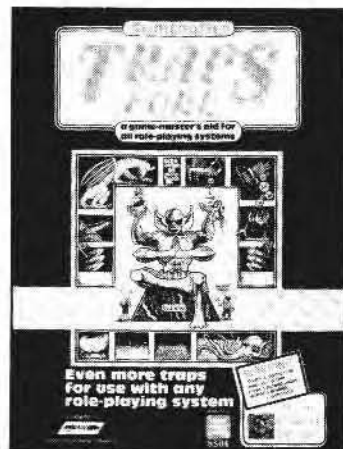
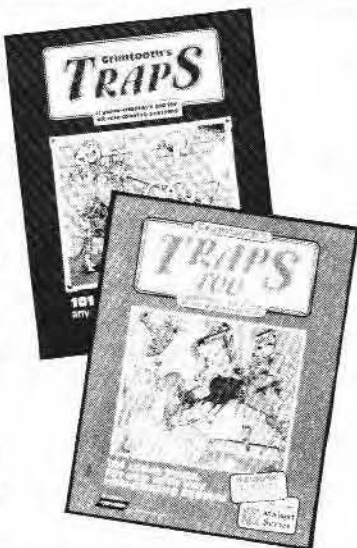
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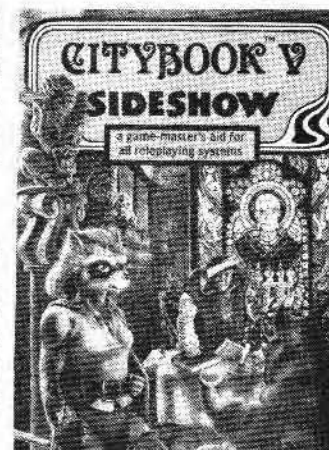
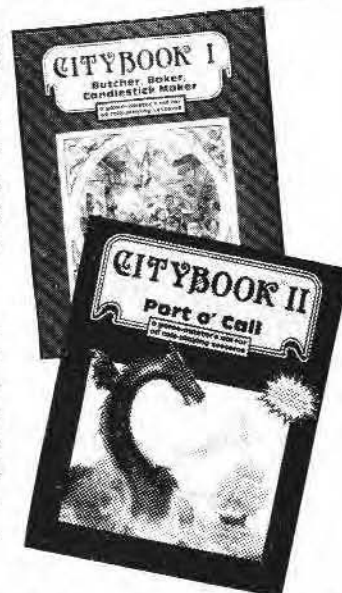
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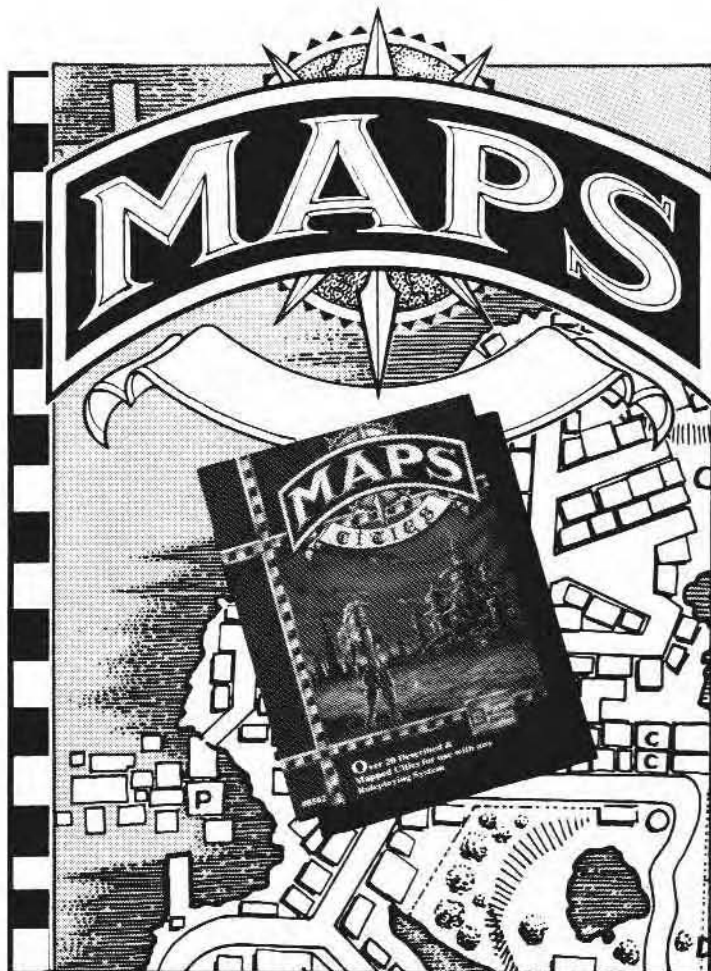
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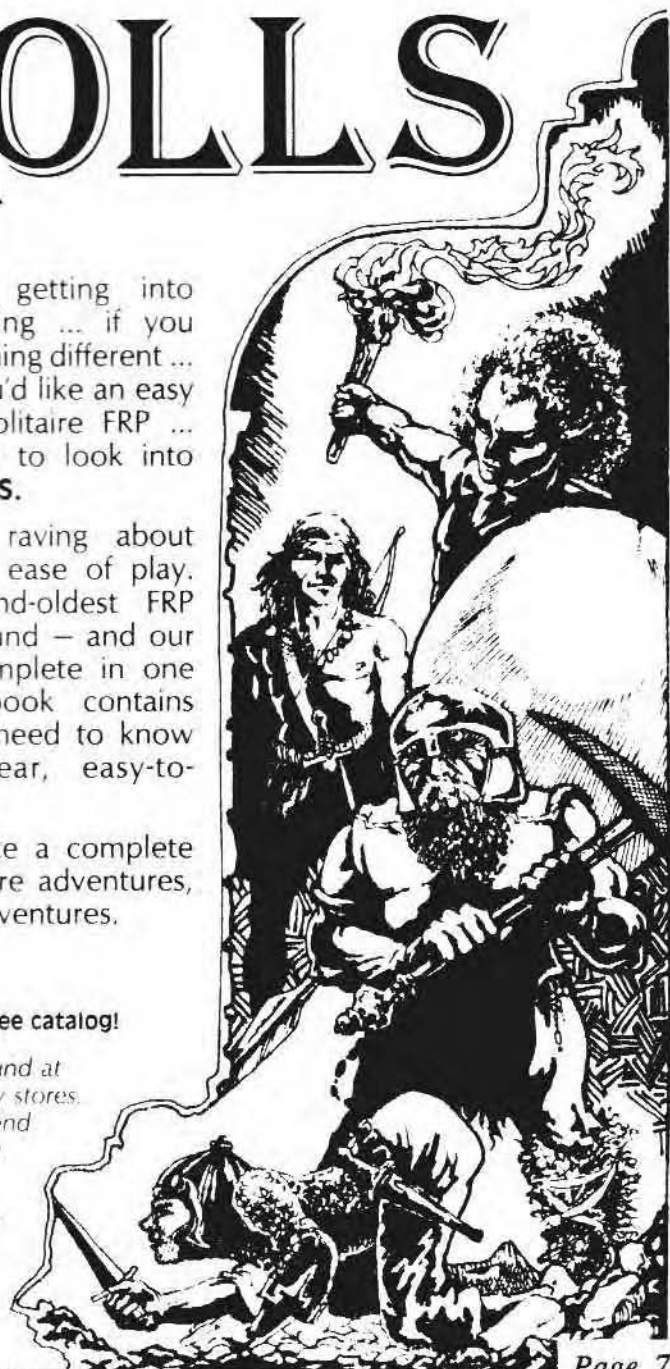
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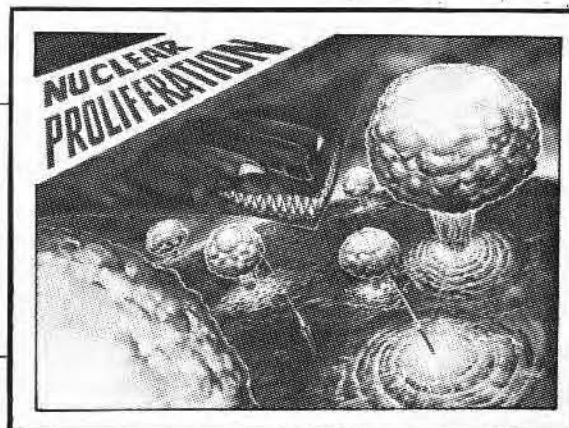
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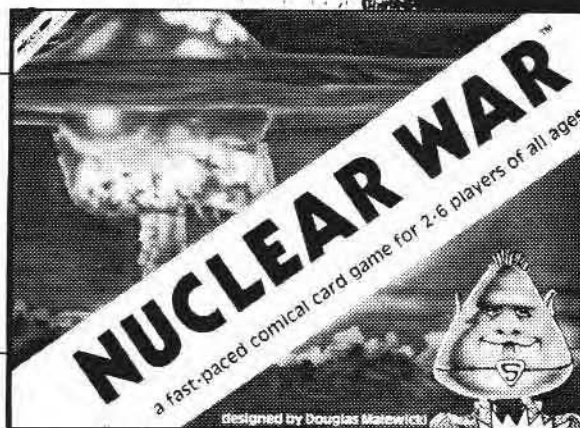
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