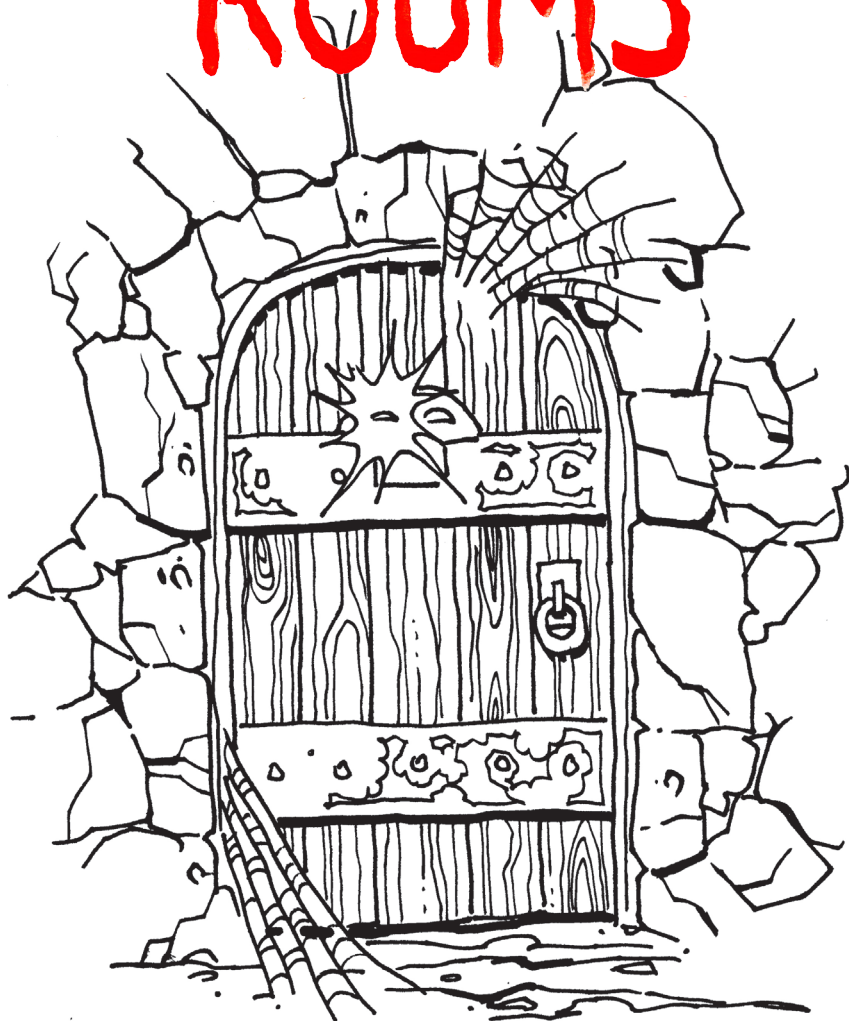


100 CREEPY ROOMS



created by the **FY DIY RPG!** group

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!OPTIONAL RULE!

Roll percentile dice to choose a room at random. If either die falls off the table (or out of the dice tray, or off the book, notebook, etc.), read the die where it falls. It has the same result as the numbered entry in this table, but gravity is reversed.

1. Upon entering this room the first thing that strikes you is that what should be on the floor is on the ceiling and what should be on the ceiling is on the floor. The chandelier hangs just below your knee, lit with candles, the flame tapering towards your head. Above you the room is filled with devices of torture. A large pool of blood has formed in the centre of the room.

2. A room full of alcoves and in each alcove is a skull of someone or something you have killed. Each alcove is lit by a candle. This is the only light in the room.

3. The room has a heart beat. It is too dark to see every corner. The pulsing sound is making you nauseous. [DM's discretion: consider replacing the "heart beat" with a "heat beat."]

4. Making your way through the room, you feel the presence of multiple cold, clammy hands touching your skin, both exposed and under clothing or armor. Otherwise, no entity can be detected, magical or other.

5. A petri dish sits on a pedestal in the center of a carved floor circle with a tiny pink spot in the middle. Magic users might recognize the glyphs in the circle as a blessing to leave a memorable legacy. The moment anyone steps in the circle, the pink spot starts growing into a conjoined however-many-uplet made up of everyone in the room, taking about 60 seconds to move from fetus all the way to adult with "Sloth-from-Goonies-level" intelligence. It wants you to love it, but will eventually try to kill you all one at a time and take all your places like it thinks it's a doppelganger.

6. This room houses a shrine to a dark god. On either side of a dark walnut-crafted chalice, black candles flicker with barely seen black flames. A humanoid in clerical garb sits motionless in one corner. Above the shrine is a rune inscribed in the wall. It is physically painful to look upon the rune.

7. You open the thick, red-stained, iron-bound door and see a grisly sight. The room has creatures and humanoids attached to the walls in varying forms of dissection. Their bodies have been cut upon and they have been left to hang on the walls, attached by leather straps. There is some sort of vein-like string running criss-cross across the floor, inches above the blood-stained flagstones. There is no room to step on the floor where you won't step onto these strings, which seem to be leading into the open wounds on the still living bodies.

At the far end of the room is an exit with a barred portcullis, and a trip of chests, which are open and seem to hold the belongings of the unfortunate souls on the walls. There is a blood-smeared operating table in the center of the room with what looks like organ pipes in the head end of the room. The pipes go down and connect to the floor.

As you step down on the strings it tugs on organs within the bodies, making them moan and wail in pain.

8. Stepping through an archway you are surrounded by the blue tinted glow of bio-luminescent fungi. The dim light reveals a room where every inch of the stone room is covered in warm moist moss save for the spiral stone steps that descend into a flooded stairwell. The stairwell is surrounded by larger mushrooms emitting the same bluish glow.

9. As you move through the room the floor, walls and ceiling fall away. You appear to be standing in space, surrounded by the terrible, lonely, open night sky, with stars above, below, and all around you.

10. Upon a creature entering this room, 1d6 oozes begin to seep from between the seams in the rock wall, including directly above the door.

11. A large tapestry is hanging on the wall. It depicts the wholesale slaughter of an unknown race by a similar, more twisted race. Upon closer inspection, the tapestry is made from muscle sinew and seems to be perpetually sticky to the touch.

12. This room is heaped with treasure; the walls are gilded in silver and gold. The door will automatically shut behind the party and quietly lock. The treasure is illusory; each party member will see every other party member as a foe. The subtle sounds of haunted moaning fill the room.

13. As you enter the room, your clothing vanishes, as all you see before you is an uncomfortable chair pulled up to a large desk, atop which lies a sheet of parchment marked with multiple boxes, a plume, and a bottle of ink.

14. A skeletal figure in rusted plate armour is imbedded waist-deep in the centre of the solid stone floor of this room. The words "Help me" are scrawled in dried blood before it.

15. A small porcelain doll is propped up in the far corner of the room. Though the floor here is dusty, the doll's white lace outfit looks immaculately clean and white.

16. As you enter the 30'-square room, you feel an uncomfortable heat wash over you. There is a thin strip of worked stone under your feet, and in front of you is a 20'-wide river of lava. A handy sign at your elbow, written in some kind of colored wax, says "THE FLOOR IS LAVA." At the far end of the room, sitting on another strip of stone much like what is under your feet, there is a stone chest. The lava is an illusion, covering a pit trap.

17. Peering inside the room, you see—from ceiling to floor—a thick cloud of ancient dusty spider webs holding the many corpses of large insects and rodents. The webs are so dense that you cannot see the walls of the room, but there is a faint green glow pulsing from a hollow stone pedestal that is just barely visible through the strands.

18. As you enter the vaulted room, you can see the faint silhouette of a rock throne. Sitting upon the throne is the thin form of an old man, also carved from stone, but with a greater level of skill. Looking closely, it is evident that the statue possesses human eyes embedded in its sockets. The eyes move, and follow around whoever shed blood last, in an almost judging manner. Should the murderer of an innocent being come before the statue, it is said it'll cry black tears of pure hatred, a single drop capable of bringing forth untold suffering and endless plagued upon the land. It is said the statue changes location from time to time.

19. The walls are lined with shelves, and the floor is a maze of different sized pedestals and tables. Standing on each of these surfaces is a vast multitude of carved idols. They range in size from smaller than a thumb to larger than a hobbit. They comprise a variety of materials: wood, bone, stone, ivory. At first they appear to be mundane, but shortly after anyone enters the room, all idol heads turn to follow the PCs. Some lick their lips in anticipation.

20. Luminescent cobwebs fill the room, providing an eerie glow. Carved into the floor are elderly runes from a language long forgotten. A small keyhole is in the centre of the floor. (In some way, shape, or form, if the keyhole is opened it will raise the floor, opening a small set of steps to a room below. Inside that room is an overly large coffin made of emeralds & stone.)

21. Upon crossing the threshold into the room, the PCs vanish, each in turn. Roll d100 to determine to which room the teleport occurs. [DM's discretion: it could also trigger as last party member enters.]

22. The room is circular in shape; a purplish mist creeps from vents located around the room (ceiling, floor, round walls). In the centre of the room are three long chains. The chains come from the ceiling and appear to be connected to some type of machinery. [DM's discretion as to what these chains do.]



23. The small domed room ahead is adorned with reliefs of the PCs in various stages of their lives depicting their most sorrowful moments.

24. The room contains a statue which looks, to each viewer, like whichever dead relative they miss the most. The statue is continuously crying blood and has the following message inscribed into its base: **DEFEAT THE BEAST THAT I MAY BE FREE.**

25. This room is as non-descript as they come. In fact, it's so utterly bland with its dusty floors and stone walls that you almost miss the one thing that stands out. In a corner sits a small child, slowly taking one grain of sand from a pot and putting it into a large glass cylinder. The child does not respond to any attempts at dialogue, but if you lean in close, you can hear it reciting a familiar sounding nursery rhyme that you've never heard, which relates your own childhood in excruciating detail.

26. Door closes. All light extinguishes. Rustling, crackling, crunching sounds accompanied by howling screams of pain erupt next to each PC. Hoarse, heavy breathing—and some whimpering—slowly replaces the gruesome sounds as light slowly returns. Roll d4 per PC to see how many doppelgangers are standing beside them. [DM's discretion as to what happens next.]

27. Upon opening the thick, polished door the rustle of chains can be heard. Hanging from the high, vaulted ceiling are remains in various states of decomposition. They hang on hooks; the scent of roses is nearly overpowering. Each PC should roll a saving throw [vs. whatever the DM thinks appropriate]. Upon a fail, the PC is mesmerized by one of the gruesome cadavers (roll to determine which) and compelled to enter the room, the cadaver's gaze locked onto the hapless victim. Over X number of rounds, the corpse slowly transforms—to the horror of the mesmerized PC—to look more and more like the PC. As this transference takes place, the PC slowly transforms into the persona of the original victim. If the transfer is completed the original victim may leave the chamber. If saving throw is made the PC may not enter the room and must watch other PCs' transformation from the doorway in horror. [DM's discretion to allow for any number of ways to interrupt the transfer.]

28. Opening the door reveals a plain room with a door straight across. Crumbling faded frescoes of heroic battles decorate the once rich room. As the last PC crosses the threshold, all PCs fall into an enchanted sleep. A light wind begins to rise, carrying smoke and the sounds of battle, bringing the party out of their sleep, surrounded on all sides by the now very real battle depicted in the frescoes. [DM's discretion as to what happens next.]

29. The door seems held, but not by a bar or lock. A hearty pull opens the door to show a chamber covered in vines—creeping across furniture, covering the floor, and even interwoven into the old tapestries. Under torchlight they seem odd, but under good lighting they are remarkably liver-red in colour. The true horror is they seem to be growing out of an oversized heart (about nine inches across—probably not human, maybe that of a cow or other large mammal) squished into the far corner of the room, as if hiding from those looking for the source of the infestation.

30. While in this plain room, the PCs are randomly struck in the head with droplets of blood, one drop every 30-45 seconds. These droplets defeat any magical or mundane attempt to shield oneself from them or to clean them off. There is no visible source for this blood.

31. This rectangular room has 4 doors leading into it. The room appears to be carved from a form of alabaster; it glows dimly in the torch light. On the floor of the room are 13 bottles of clear liquid. Each bottle is filled to a different height. The bottles stand about 12 inches off the ground. Once inside the room, all exits from room disappear, leaving the PCs trapped in the room with the bottles.

32. The door feels hot to the touch and requires some force to slowly open. As soon as it's open, a blast of hot, smoky, choking air hits your face, instantly warming the group uncomfortably. Covering the floor of this long rectangular dark room is a bed of thick glowing embers, adding smoke and heat to the room. Along the sides of the room are barred cell doors that you can see through to the horrors within. Each cell contains a humanoid creature, writhing in pain, being consumed by a fierce fire, although no sound can be heard other than the crackling of the flame. The only light in the room is emanating from the tortured beings in the cells and the glowing embers on the floor. On closer inspection you can see the embers swirling back & forth, as if something is moving, or perhaps swimming in them.

33. This wide chamber's walls are covered with strange, whirring boxes and crates. Lights flicker and flash across their sides. In the center of the room are the remains of three massive glass cylinders. Broken glass and greenish ooze surround them, and from them strange footprints lead off into the darkness...

34. There is no door to this room but as you cross the threshold a chill hits your body. As you enter the room you see that it is completely covered in mirrors, the mirrors all hold a reflection of the rooms occupant, upon close inspection the reflections are not 100% accurate and if there are multiple occupants, no two people are showed in the same mirror. If you turn around the way in has disappeared.

35. EVERYTHING IS SCREAMING.

36. Upon entering the circular chamber the players feel a cool, breeze, which smells faintly like the ocean. A large iron orb hovers near the domed ceiling. PCs' vision is randomly exchanged and they see through each other's eyes causing tremendous disorientation. A buzz and hum from the orb grows louder and small ports open in its rune carved surface. Things emerge.

37. Notched into the very edge of the wooden door frame is the number 37. There are a few barrels with cloth in the room. One window is covered in a light white cloth, and it floats from a breeze. Peering closer out the window you see the thing that scares you the most. (While this is happening the cloth slowly entangles itself around your body, squeezing).

38. The floor bubbles and pops, swaying back and forth slowly. A yellowish liquid laps at your boots. At either end of the room are a set of double doors with brass handles. On the walls opposite of the doors are 2 large stone heads, one female and one male. They each have a grotesque look, as if they were paralyzed long ago.

39. Entering the room all light sources are dimmed; even magical ones seem to flicker. At first glance it seems like a square room with a door set in the middle of each wall. It seems empty, but as you move through it you almost feel like somebody is watching you in between the flickers of light. After exactly 20 steps you hear a rasping voice say "WELCOME."

40. Upon opening the odd, narrow, high door with complex hinges and latch, you see a fairly long room receding into darkness. Whispers and voices can occasionally be heard by those with high perception. The room is quite empty, except for a raised dais in the center, with a small, silver hexagonal box sitting upon a hexagonal altar. The stones making up the walls are somewhat unusual, resembling a patchwork of color and odd sizes. Upon closer inspection by someone with high perception, or magical sight, it can be seen that each stone contains a face: a face writhing in agony, silently screaming. For the most part.

41. The floor of this room appears to be made of highly polished, clear glass. Under the floor there is nothing—just a black pit of unknown depth. Anyone attempting to cross the room will see—and hear—the jagged splintering of glass as cracks appear beneath their feet. The sound will attract attention from Something Beneath the Floor. (This is all an illusion...Or is it?)

42. You open the door and see your favorite tavern in the next room. All of your best friends and favorite family members are here enjoying themselves and each other's company. You approach one of them and they frown and back away as if they don't recognize you. One of them asks, "Can we help you?" You feel confused and shrug off their question as you head to the nearby privy. You enter and walk up to the mirror and a stranger gazes back at you.

43. The floor of this room is made of concentric circles, and parts of a jumbled painting can be seen. The individual rings rotate, and when properly assembled, a large glyph forms and takes effect.

44. The north wall of this room is encrusted with tumescent, fungoid growths, each one a different garish colour—fuchsia, magenta, lavender, lilac, and puce. Lodged in each tumorous mass is a single human-like eye. Together dozens of these eyes stud the crumbling masonry, and as one they swivel in their putrescent sockets to regard you coolly.

45. You enter the room, and it is empty like the previous room. Dust coats the stone floor. The room has the same exits as the previous room. As you make your way across the room to the door on the opposite side, footprints slowly appear in the dust before you that you are sure match your boots. Peering through the next door, you see the same scene.

46. As the party enters this room players discover to their surprise the interior of a simply accommodated, common, single-room home. White plaster covers the inside walls while brown painted sheafs of wheat adorn the doorframe and corners. A cold, stone-lined cooking hearth clean of ash sits in the center of the room while a set of poor copper pans and wooden utensils are hung on a rack next to a low iron spit. In one corner is a thick, straw-filled mattress is neatly made with homely floral patterns painted on to the linen sheets. Under it is concealed a fat little leather purse heavy with coins, a heavy oak axe handle, a sleek dagger in a polished wooden sheath, and a touching—if slightly racy—love letter. A pair of good but well-worn, oiled rain cloaks hangs gathering dust by the door next to a set of gardening tools propped by the entry. Most peculiarly a window is set into one wall where a window by all rights ought not sensibly belong. Bright sunshine pours through the warped bubbled glass and between the leaded panes, the party can see a nice vegetable garden, split rail fence, and beyond a vast green hayfield perhaps a month out from harvest.

The window is simple enough to unlatch, but on the other side players find nothing like that pastoral scene. When opened, the GM should drop a D8 (or any other dice) onto your dungeon map. Where ever the dice lands, a magical portal silently irises open on a wall in that room allowing access to anyone who steps through from either direction. The number on the dice corresponds to the number of creatures who may safely pass through it. After this point, the portal is clearly unstable and will collapse calamitously onto anyone who tests its capacity. Closing or opening the window again has no effect on either the portal or the illusion in the otherwise mundane glass, but perhaps if the players find a party of hungry bugbears staring them down from the opposite side of the portal the tranquil scene will make them feel better.

47. The room is mirrored: floor, walls, ceilings. Additional mirrors stand throughout the room. The door vanishes once the PCs enter the room; once this happens, PCs will begin to see strange, horrifying creatures stalking their reflections, although no such creature can be seen in the room itself. If the creatures successfully attack a PC's reflection, the PC will begin to take damage, although slower than if they were physically attacked.

48. The chamber is long but low, shrouded in shadow. On each side of the room stand a row of six large glass jars, easily as high as a tall man, each filled to the top with a murky, amniotic fluid. The light from your lantern fails to penetrate the viscous liquid, revealing only churning particulate within. Suddenly, a malformed limb thumps up against the interior of the jar that you are inspecting!

49. A pentagonal room, with heaps of bones and skulls, the smell and stains of blood, and a pentagram carved into the very red-black stone floor. Old candles are scattered about the room; some are lighted. The walls have chains with collars for captured victims. A cold chill fills the room. A feeling of being watched grows as the group explores the room. There is blood on the chains, and bits of torn flesh and fresh blood on the ground. The light of torches flicker in the massive chamber, casting long shadows. Something was summoned and it is still here; a deep, hellish snarl echoes from a dark corner.

50. You find yourselves in the room. Literally yourselves. Somehow through the mad machinations of the foul creature who created this place you have crossed paths with yourselves.

51. The wooden door falls apart as you open it, having rotted from the conditions of the room. You smell damp dirt, rotten vegetation, and stagnant water as you enter. Inside is a large cavernous room, with a spot of light coming down from a hole in the center of the high vaulted ceiling, shining down on a large gnarled tree. Dead and void of any leaves, it bears one lone shiny piece of fruit, the only bit of color in the entire room, hanging just low enough for you to reach it. As you step closer, a small breeze blows, stirring the mounds of leaves on the rough stone floor.

52. Fingers. The walls of this room are fingers. So are the ceiling and floor. Thousands—maybe millions—of them. Different colors and different sizes; they are all seemingly attached to an unseen surface at the point where they would join a hand, yet no hands or similar structure are visible. Neither are the surfaces to which they're attached: no walls, floor, or ceilings. Just fingers, dense enough to walk upon, but only fingers. Moving fingers. Grasping fingers. And each one wears a ring.

53. As you pass through the ancient stone archway adorned with hideous gargoyle statues, you enter a graveyard. Hundreds of gravestones, many dead trees, bones, and skulls are scattered across the ground, which is musty old earth. What's truly striking is the ceiling: it's open sky, with a full, pale orange moon hanging low over hills to the left of your. In the distance are old mausoleums. Broken statues decorate the landscape as well.

However, the PCs are not alone: shadows and gaunt figures lurk among the graves, growls and low moans draw closer, the red eyes of undead things increase in number.

In the background ahead there stands some grand old stone structure. Unfortunately the way back is gone. The stone archway has disappeared. (PCs who succeed at a disbelief illusions check find that this is no illusion, it's real)

54. Entering this small, cozy room you suddenly hear your mother call you.

55. The chamber fits in comfortably in any high-end household, with white furniture, gold gilding around the most important items, and portraits on the walls every seven feet or so along the 50-some feet of the room's length.

Except the portraits are of eyes. Just the eye. A single eye in each painting, with eyelids, eyelashes and all, painted at a scale that makes the eye take up almost the entire space available (and in some cases overwhelming the canvas, cutting part of the eye out of the picture, looking nothing more than like a giant trying to get a better glimpse through the small frame).

56. The first thing that enters your mind when you see this room is despair. 4 bodies are all tied together near the middle of the room. They are blind folded and emaciated, their hands tied behind their backs. Screams fill your ears, along with the sound of a long dragging screech, as a mechanical assembly scratches a set of nails across a piece of slate, over and over again.

57. A gentle, yet ice-cold breeze constantly blows and swirls through this room from an unidentifiable source. The room appears to be a bedroom, with a small bed, a tiny rocking chair, toys, and other smallish and juvenile decor. In the far corner is a massive richly-appointed chest promising great riches. It glows with a strong magic aura to anyone with an arcane sight. Any PC that enters this room will soon feel ghostly fingers touching their hands, as if a small child is grasping to hold them. At random times, an unearthly, child-like giggle will be heard.

58. The room is all made of human teeth, but it smells like mint. In the center is a fountain that pours a sticky substance, almost like a goo. Actually, that is what it is: a gelatinous amorph, that feeds on the flesh of visitors. It is special, as it has intelligence above that of an animal, so it keeps the teeth of those it dissolves as material to build the room. The only light is cast by small holes in the walls, as not all of the teeth fit perfectly together.

59. Steps lead down into this stone block chamber. 2' of dark slimy water fills this room. The walls of this room are covered in skulls stacked tightly together so they all look into the room. The chamber is rectangular in shape, with the entrance & exits on each of the short sides. A long, stone sacrificial table is centered in the room. The table has signs of ancient sacrifices on it. The room is unusually cold.

60. You open the old iron door, carved with many demonic faces, into a circular room, with a ceiling so high you can't see it. There are six massive pillars which surround a depression in the floor. The stone is a dark grey. Each pillar is covered in niches for candles, many lit with purple flame. However what really catches the eye is an ancient stone throne with a single occupant. It is humanoid, bound in chains which glow with red runes. The chains wrap around the throne as well. The occupant is also blindfolded and gagged. Very much alive, its skin and hair is grimy with dirt and sweat. Most disturbing of all: its eyes and tongue were cut out, and it has two bony protrusions on its shoulder blades, as if it once had wings. When it senses you are close, it cries out in wailing moans, shaking its chains, as large stone grinding steps approach out of the darkness behind the throne. The first thing you see is a stone foot stepping forward. A foot as big as a man.

61. Opening the door reveals a wet, fishy-smelling room, with the sound of trickling water. Carved on the walls are intricate depictions of sea battles, river nymphs, and various water creatures. In the middle of the room is a circular stone wall; in the center of it stands a stone statue of a female humanoid, with various streams of water jetting out from holes where the statue's appendages appear to have been broken off. The water is flowing out over the stone wall onto the floor, which is entirely made of a steel grate with holes: holes just large enough for tentacles from beneath.

62. Everything in the room is a shambles—wrecked and tipped over, much of the furniture broken with glass fragments scattered about (probably a large vase of flowers based on the number of dead roses in the mix).

But two small round end-tables stand in the ruins of the room, one on each side of the space, up against the walls. While a little debris is on each, the tables are remarkable in that they are still standing, are still polished, and each holds a single brass figurine. The malevolent 8" tall figurines stare at each other from across the room, practically daring anyone to cross between them. They appear to be rotund pigs with the faces of overfed elven children.

63. You're in a dimly lit cave and your head hurts and you're all fuzzy and only see shadows.

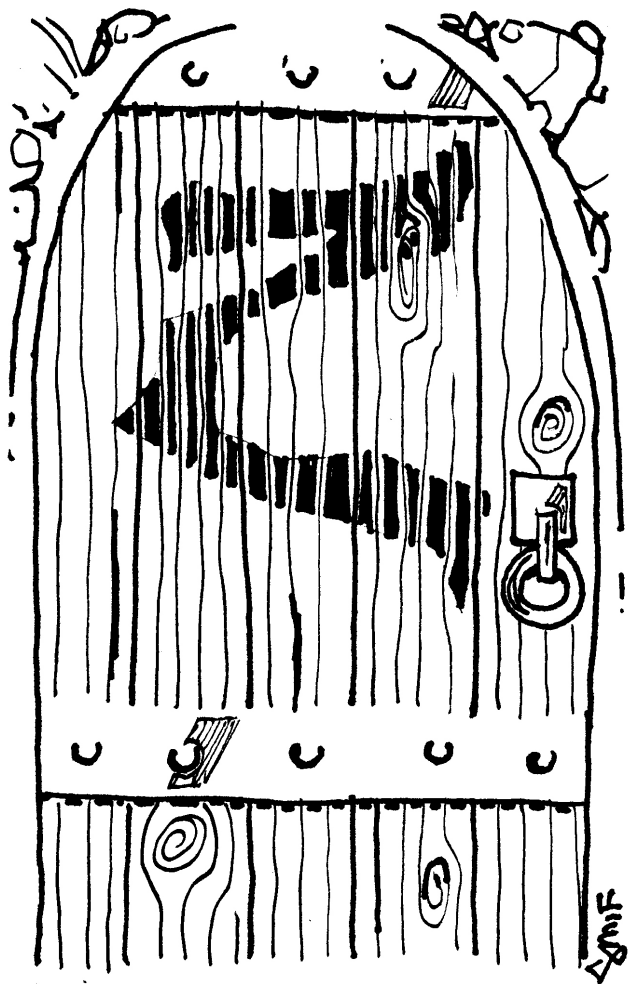
64. Stepping through the portal you are struck by brightness, as though lightning crashed past your cheek. There is no thunderclap, yet all sound is muffled as if one had just occurred and your ears are still adjusting. The air is vibrant and your skin tingles, though not unpleasantly; you are balancing on the edge of goosebumps. As your vision adjusts, you see within the brightness around you white shapes, distinct yet not. There are children playing in an ephemeral field of daises, smiling broadly as only children can. The edge of your mind works to grasp onto their laughter. You don't recognize them, yet deep within you understand they are the children you could have had if you had stayed home and created a life for yourself without adventure and danger. They are playing with the children that could have been, belonging to those you killed along your way. For a moment you cannot help but feel a pang in your heart as you watch them. Then they stop and turn toward you, placid smiles pasted on their beatific faces; their eyes are wide and bright and colorless. They are still as stillbirth. They stare at you without pupils. They are... disappointed. *Roll for initiative*

65. As you make your way down the corridor you hear a crash behind you... quickly you spin around seeing nothing. No matter how hard you look down the corridor you see nothing. You turn around and a polished bronze door is inches away from your face. When you try to open the door nothing works. When you finally concede and turn around...there is a polished bronze door inches away from your face. When you try to open the door nothing works. When you finally concede and turn around...

66. Down the secret Stairway of Sighs and through the Fulsome Gate can be found the Hall of Opposition. This large cavern is a nexus for twisting, turning passageways that wend their way into the unknown depths. The room features unusual acoustics: even the slightest whisper loudly reverberates throughout the chamber, echoing deafeningly again and again. Except the words that thunder back and forth among the stalactites are the complete opposite of the words originally spoken!

67. The Hell Room—as it's aptly called—carved of blood-red stone, pale red light pours down from an unknown source. And it's hot, yet there is no fire going. There are two doors here, the stone one you just came in through, and the other, which is a large double door of iron, flanked by two massive statues of demonic looking guardians with wings. One on the left bears a lightning shaped sword. The other holds a spear. You can hear the sounds of battle through the walls and ceiling of this hexagonal shaped room.

(Passing through the iron doors has a d6 chance of leading the players to the Abyss(1-2), Avernus(3-4) or the first layer of Hades(5-6) and with any of the destinations being at the edge of a large Blood Wars battle. Though players have a 6-round countdown to get back through the stone door. If they don't return to the Hell room in that time. They are stuck on that plane.)



68. The door to this room is inscribed with a Z-shaped rune. The PCs push open the door and see before them a long, narrow room. On the other end, the PCs see the backs of what can only be another party of adventurers disappearing through a door, which closes behind them. When the door closes behind the PCs, each becomes convinced that the other party is sure to reach the Ultimate Treasure before them. Hurrying through the room and through the door, the PCs see before them a long, narrow room. On the other end, the PCs see the backs of the other party disappearing through another door, which closes behind them. And so on. At some point, someone may happen to recognize their own shoes, armor, etc. on one of the party before them. Which doesn't make it stop, only more frustrating.

69. Listening at the ornate double doors, inlaid with intricate maze-like geometric patterns, one may hear slow dripping, an occasional thick splash; a thin mist occasionally wafts under the door, carrying the smell of burned iron. The door opens at the lightest touch and a knee-high greenish, luminescent mist spills into the corridor. As the last of the party enters the doors slam closed, dissipating the mist and revealing a similar geometric pattern of narrow channels carved into the floor, running with blood. The channel pattern continues up the walls: blood defying gravity and running up the channels; occasional drops and streams of blood escape the floor channels, falling toward the huge, blocky stone idol suspended by massive chains set in the ceiling. [Think Mayan-esque for the designs.]

70. Passing through a vine-covered wooden door with a large brass pull ring on it, you enter a cavern, impossibly vast, waterfalls along the cavern walls, sunlight streaming through veins of clear quartz in the ceiling high above, ferns, redwood trees, pine, various other plants and mushrooms, yet there are no signs of animals, no insects at all. As you walk along the eerie wood and kick up some dirt, you find a layer of bones and can see bones and even rusted weapons, armor, as well as broken magical items sticking out of the ground here and there throughout the forest.

71. Wet stone walls are filled with holes, spaced randomly. As you enter, tiny, flickering, dripping points pop out, then retract. Each round, pointy tube flicks out an inch further. If any point is touched, all the others retract and a long tube lances forth into the eye socket of whomever touched first (save versus Paralysis or equivalent to avoid). If failed, all fluids are drained from the victim immediately and the tube snaps back into the wall. The next round, it starts again. There is an exit door on the opposite side of the room. It is unlocked. Proceed.

72. You find a clean, well-lit, stone room, with corners cut sharp, and walls polished smooth. Torches are lit in each corner, casting light in all areas of the room. In the center of the room is a large, exotic, ivory-colored statue of a deity, with six outstretched arms. In each hand lies a finely cut jewel, sparkling in the dancing lights from the torches. Surrounding the base of the statue are several corpses in various states of decay, having looked like they've died while battling with each other.

73. The smell of soil and vegetation assaults the party as they enter a dimly lit chamber with a vaulted ceiling. Two rows of pews, that have fallen in to disrepair, flank a walk way that leads to an altar. Upon the stone altar lays a large mound of wet soil that has overflowed to the floor. Small saplings have sprung from the floor, the veins of these small leaves are a deep crimson. Rising from the middle of the mound is an ornate dagger with a wooden handle. If the dagger is removed, blood begins to pour from the hole and the saplings begin to screech.

74. A narrow pathway stretches out across a dark chasm. The path is made of stone but is only 8 centimeters wide and 25 meters long. The darkness below seems to hum with anticipation. At the far end of the path is an ornate archway leading further into the structure.

75. As you open the door, a cool, gentle wind blows back at you. Upon looking past the doorway, you see a large stone cobble-walled circular room, with a large open void in the center, having a winding staircase at the room's edge leading down into the darkness. As you peer down into the darkness, you can hear your name being whispered as the wind blows over your ears.

76. You enter a small closet to find your mother-in-law sitting in a lawn chair, who immediately starts chastising you for not living up to her expectations!

77. As you stand in the doorway, you get the scent of fine sweet tobacco and dusty parchment paper. Dimly lit with candles, the room contains a large wooden rectangular table, both side walls lined with bookshelves filled with ancient arcane books. On the table are several large jars of liquid, with medical instruments scattered about, drawings of humanoid anatomy scratched out on the sheets of parchment. The shelves at the back of the room contains rows of similarly shaped jars of liquid, each containing a different severed head, in various conditions of decay and preservation.

1dx: Even numbers: Upon closer review of the wall of jars, there are several empty ones, each labeled with the names of the characters.

1dx: Odd numbers: Upon closer review of the wall of jars, several of them are labeled with the characters' names. The players realize that the heads inside the labeled jars, each resemble their own, and watch the characters as they move around the room. If the players should ask their own jarred heads a question, the heads will mouth the answer, but no sound comes forth.

78. You enter a room that is made up of oblique angles. None of the joints are at ninety degrees. Depending on where you stand in the room you hear different things outside the room. It appears that there are more walls than there are joints and staring at any corner too long causes vertigo.

79. You enter a room, with a ceiling 200 feet high, even if that extends beyond the confines of the dungeon. On the ceiling, upside down, is a finely furnished sitting room. There are several exits from the sitting room, also upside down.

80. The room is 40 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. The wall across from the exit is covered by an indestructible mirror. As the party studies the mirror they begin to notice small imperfections in their reflections. The only exit from the room is the door the party entered through. If the exit is viewed through the mirror, the reflection shows a star-filled void. If anyone spends too much time in the room a sense of dread comes over them and their visage begins to morph into their imperfect reflection.

81. You enter a room, shaped like a cube. All the walls, the floor, and the ceiling are all glass. There are five other doors leading out. A strange symbol is carved above the other doors. You have the strange sense that four of the five other doors lead to possible doom, one door is the right way out. You also spot strange scratches in the floor and walls – numbers and words, all a jumble. It's hard to figure out what they mean.

82. This room is a 50' x 50' room. If searched by magical means, the room will practically shine with magical auras. There are also hundreds of secret compartments in the room, all of which seem (upon initial search) to contain the promise of a magical treasure. In the center of the room, a child's doll sits on the floor. At first, it is facing the doorway. As the party moves around the room searching, the doll – if not watched – will either rotate to face a random PC or suddenly appear 5' closer to a random PC. The doll never quite reaches any one PC. It remains seated at all times and will resist any attempt by the PCs to move or destroy it.

83. When this room is walked into, those walking in see an immense plateau before them. If they choose to travel they come upon immense wooden structures similar to windowless skyscrapers. They also find cube-shaped objects made of glass topped with spheres of steel. Within one glass are what appear to be huge white crystals. Within the other are what look like peppercorns, 100 times normal size. Anyone approaching the glass filled with black spheres must save vs. poison or collapse in a fit of debilitating sneezes that last 1d10 rounds after which they must save vs. poison again or continue sneezing until taken far from the glass cubes. Further exploration will reveal that they are within a giant's kitchen. There's a 1 in 12 chance each turn of the giant awaking and discovering them.

84. This room – upon opening an ornate wooden door – is a dimly lit hallway, with a black and white checked floor. The squares are a full five feet by five feet. The hallway is 30 feet wide and 150 feet long. The ceiling can't be seen. There are statues at various points along the floor. All in the shapes of peasants, warriors, wizards, priests, etc. However, the faces are twisted in horror and very lifelike.

85. This circular room is full of paintings on the walls, each one showing a different scene of torture, suffering and misery. Names and dates, some long past, some recent, are engraved in the stone below. In the middle of the room stands an easel with a half finished painting on it, depicting the members of the party that found the room first, in a state of horrible anguish. The unfinished state of the painting makes it impossible to identify the cause of their demise. There are a brush and colors next to it, begging to be picked up. [DM may take this literally.] The next time one of the original finders enters this room, there will be a blank spot on the wall, his/her/their name(s) and today's date below.

86. The wall before you is an expanse unlike the rest of the cave system you've traversed. The walls flicker wetly brown in the torchlight, and long cilia embedded in the wall sway to a moist breeze. There is a portal ahead that irises open occasionally. It is approximately 15' up from the floor. It is inset in the wall in a concave section. From this portal emanates a breeze that is warm, wet, and Golgothan in stench. *All make Will/Fortitude/Poison saves or suffer uncontrollable retching that leaves you at -1 CON for 1d10 minutes. For those who make a Perception/Search check while looking through the open irised portal, they notice the following* Beyond the portal a hallway appears the stretch beyond the limits of your torchlight. About 30' in you see what appears to be the skeleton of what may have been a giant rodent, perhaps 10' long, blocking most of the passage. Faint "screeing" is heard in the distance.

87. Opening this door reveals a perfect copy of the place you're currently in, furniture, other doors, characters present and all. The one who opened it looks into his/her own face. The copies do and say exactly the same the originals do and say, but they're NOT mirrored! That means if you reach out with your right hand, your copy does so to, and you could stand in front of the door and shake hands with yourself. Even squeeze PAST yourself. (Also attack yourself, roll against your armor class and both versions suffer the exact same consequences.)

Any character who switches places with his/her copy like that, if not all are doing it, will continue to travel with the copies of his/her companions (who will at all times act exactly the same as the originals). But such a character will experience that any food from the other side tastes too bitter, any drink too sour, and all is altogether inedible. Forcing down a meal means save against poison or die. (Rations taken with yourself from your side are fine though, and of course your copy on the other side experiences EXACTLY the same.) The only remedy is to go back to that door and switch back to your side again. It is up to the the referee to complicate switching back and lure to switch in the first place (silver that passes to the other side becomes gold or something like that).

88. The room is decorated like a nursery. Skeletal and wraith-like children dance and sing, seemingly oblivious to their fate. Upon entering, one child turns abruptly, cocks it head and whispers, "Come play with us."

89. This is a round room walled with cut stone walls and a smooth swept dirt floor. Ornate script-like patterns have been traced into the dirt with the butt of a broomstick which leans against a plain circular stone table in the center of the chamber. A small girl seated there with neatly kept black hair clad in a simple doeskin skirt turns to the party in her seat as the door opens but does not open her eyes. A small gas lamp in the center of the table illuminates the room in a sickly bluish/gold light and an observant player might glimpse thick curls of molasses colored fur running down a slender knee before the girl tugs down her leather hem.

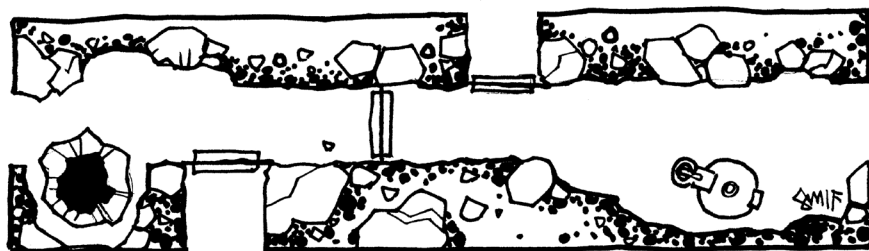
She does not open her eyes as she greets each player in turn by name inviting them to be seated. "I have fortunes to tell," she says with a smile. "I need from you just two things: a gold coin in payment, and either a secret or blood." Only one player needs to have their finger pricked with her dagger and offer up a coin for her to fulfill the fortune.

Upon receipt of payment she tells the party where to find the next room safe enough for rest, however if players pay her in a secret, she will use the knowledge to haunt and taunt them throughout the dungeon afterwards.

90. As you enter the room, you see the floor drops off sharply to a dark bottomless chasm, with an open door on the other side. Hanging from the darkness above, are hundreds of chains, each with a severed arm pierced through the forearm with a sharp metal hook. Dangling, the hands appear to be lifeless until you get close enough to touch one, then they all suddenly come to life and start clenching and unclenching its fist.

If the players simply reach out their hand to grasp one, the hands will pick the players up and pass them from hand to hand, carrying them to the other side unharmed.

Should the players try and attack the hands, they will attempt to grab the players and drop them into the darkness.



91. In the middle of this 20' by 20' room stands a stone pedestal on which lies a spherical object the size of a head, covered by a black sheet. From the object down the side of the pedestal, across the stone floor and up the roughly masoned walls to the 10' high ceiling grow large strings of flesh, covering most of the surface. There is no source of light in this room, except the dim red glow, pulsing from a delicate network of veins in the fleshy substance.

Lifting the sheet uncovers a black glass ball, with small cracks in the lower side, from which the flesh erupts.

If a character gazes into the ball, roll a d6, add +1 for every prior roll on this table (also counting the re-rolls).

1–3: The sphere reveals a useful fact about this dungeon.

4: The sphere shows a flurry of truths about the universe. Save against mind control. Succeed to gain 1 INT and 1 WIS permanently, fail to helplessly murmur to yourself for 1d4 hours. If this character already had this result, roll again.

5: You see yourself rummaging in your bag/purse, finding unexpected gold. The character will find 1d100 extra gp the next time he/she checks the inventory. If this character already had this result, roll again.

6: You see a random room in this dungeon. If the character looks closer, the flesh will quickly grow around him/her, encasing her completely and spitting her out in that room. This is a one way ride.

7: You peer into the chaotic essence of the void that was the cosmos before time and creation came to be. Save against magic or die, on success you helplessly scream for 1d4 hours and lose 1 INT and 1 WIS permanently.

8+: The primordial consciousness trapped in the ball looks back at you, inside you, trying to transfix you in its gaze. Save against mind control. Succeed to break free, you will still bleed from your eyes and lose 1d4 hit points, fail and you stand transfixed, while the thing sucks your soul out of you. You die.

92. This small room is empty except for the skeletal remains of an adventurer slumped against the far wall. Scratched into the stonework above the skeleton is an arrow pointing up and the words, "I'm in the ceiling now."

93. Surrounded by 5 lit braziers there is a deep circular prison pit in the middle of the room, containing a lifeless figure, huddled against the wall. There is a rope ladder heaped at edge, which will reach to the bottom if thrown down.

The figure will only be recognizable close up with a light source. Whoever inspects it first will find that it is an older version of him-/herself, apparently deceased of old age. The clothes are a rotten old version of that character's current clothes, as are any equipment, contents of bags, etc.

Carved into the wall next to the figure, with whatever suitable it (meaning that character) had/has at hand, are the words: "Don't trust the elf!" [Instead of elf maybe use whatever race/ethnicity makes sense in your setting, preferably one present in the party.]

94. This room is a closet with a false wall. When discovered, the wall slides aside to reveal a small room with a desk. On the desk is a piece of parchment that has information vital to the party.

95. You wake to find yourself and your party shoulder to shoulder in a wooden box. It is almost pitch black, raising your head a few inches, you strike the wooden cover of the box and loose earth trickles in between the ill-fitted boards.

96. You enter a large circular room made of dark rough hewn stone. Directly across from you is a massive ornate door trimmed in plated gold. A small table stands before the door holding a small gold plated bowl. Writing engraved on the door reads: "Leave a small donation in the bowl." If a small amount of blood is placed into the bowl, the door opens, anything else and nothing happens.

97. The party enters a small chamber with a dirt floor and rough-hewn stone walls. A low level goblin is cowering between two torches, and offers to bribe the party to forget they ever saw it, whispering "It's a secret to everybody." There are no other exits. The bribe is 30 gold.

98. The interior of this room is a splendid work of art. A large gothic mural has been painted throughout the room, including the floor and ceiling. The walls appear to be a forest at night, there is a slow mist that is creeping from the ground. The ground is littered with forest floor debris, twigs, leaves, sticks. The ceiling above is a dark night sky, with a few twinkling stars and a crescent shaped moon off in the distance. The creepy part of this room is when you step into it and start to move throughout the room, the world starts to extend past what you believe is the wall. When you look back there is no door, no room, no walls. You hear howls off in the distance. A flutter of wings from a nearby tree. And a long low growl makes the hair on the back of your neck stand up.

99. This room has wood paneling. Suspended from the ceiling are several full sized mannequins held by meat hooks in their back.

100. The entry door opens into an inn previously visited by the characters. Everyone inside is dead. If you all enter, the door from which you entered is no longer there. New plan!



