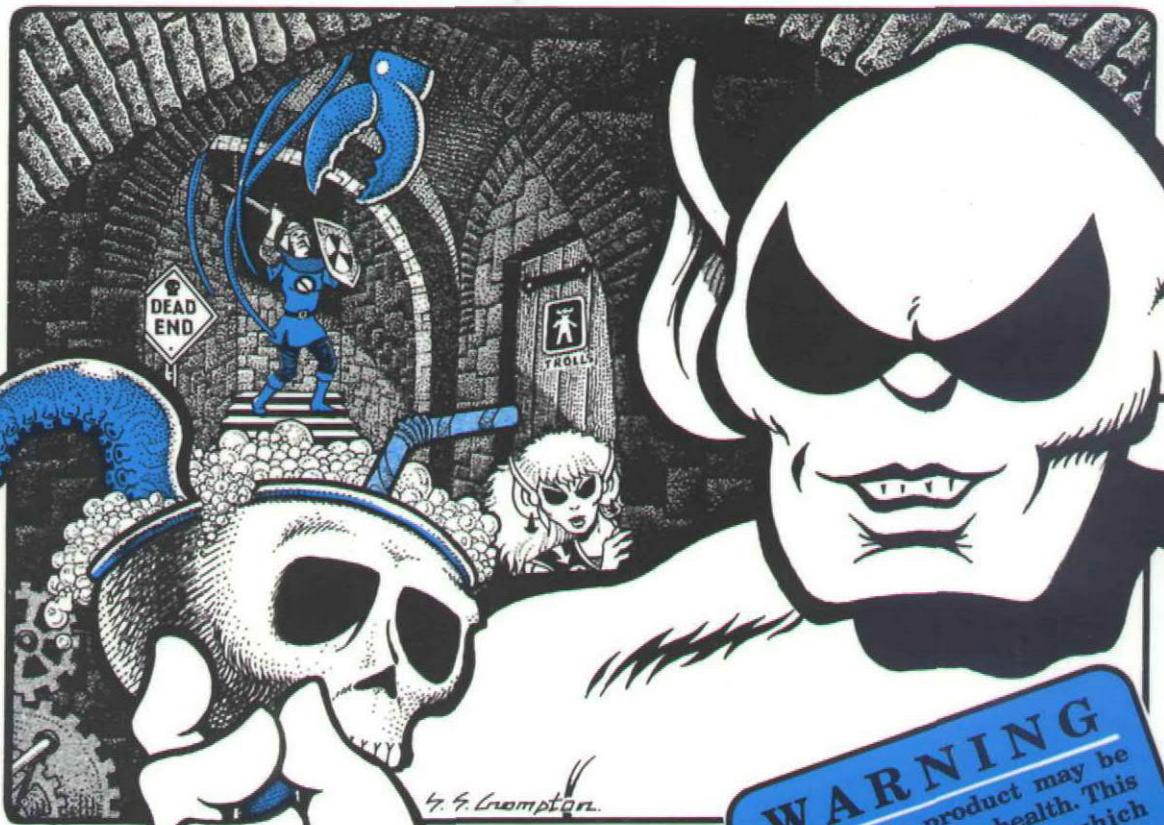


Grimtooth's

# TRAPS

*Pit*



101 Low Sodium, High  
Fiber, traps for use with  
ANY ROLE-PLAYING SYSTEM

## WARNING

Use of this product may be  
hazardous to your health. This  
book contains traps which  
have been determined to cause  
insanity in laboratory role-  
players. DO NOT EAT BOOK!

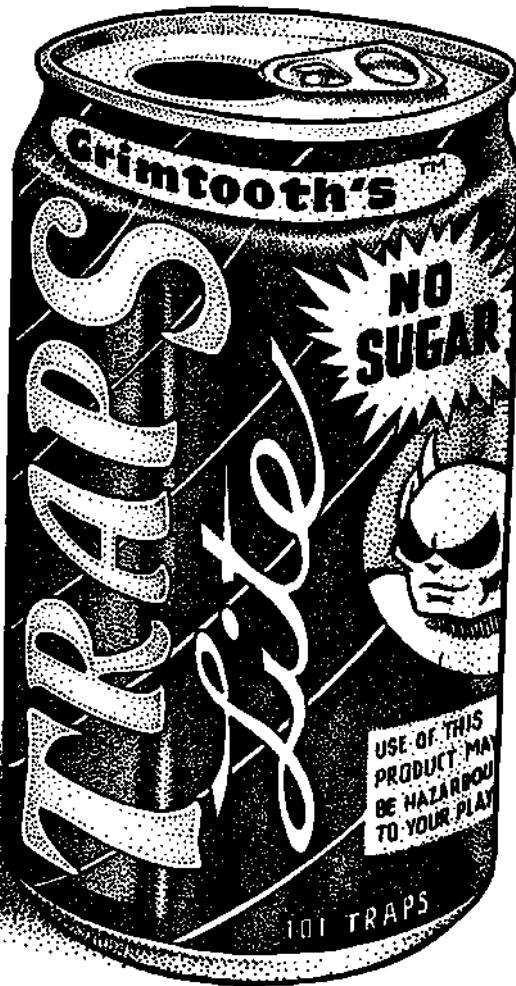
All-System



**catalyst**  
Series

by Flying Buffalo

NO MSG!



**A Game-master's supplement for all Role-Playing systems**

*Edited By Paul Ryan O'Connor  
Illustrated By Steven S. Crompton*



*Produced By Flying Buffalo Inc.*



## ATTENTION

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

Flying Buffalo has four other Traps books available in the series. Each is \$9.95 and is available from your local game store.

<b>Grimtooth's TRAPS</b>	First book in the series.	#8501
<b>Grimtooth's TRAPS TOO</b>	More mayhem & puzzles	#8502
<b>Grimtooth's TRAPS FORE</b>	Even more fiendish traps	#8504
<b>Grimtooth's TRAPS ATE!</b>	Includes Grimtooth's Scrapbook	#8508

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## FREE! BONUS TRAP!



# TRROLL TALK

HOLD IT! TRAPS LITE? LITE?

What's going on here?

GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS wasn't enough for you? TRAPS TOO didn't sate your appetite? TRAPS FORE was a bore?

All right! Everyone who thought TRAPS FORE was a bore can leave. Now.

TRAPS ATE couldn't fill you up? You want still more of this gore? What, you filling up a hollow leg, or something?

I was blissfully retired, you know. TRAPS ATE was the last word in traps manuals. **I mean, after the "Lobster Trap Revisited", what's left to say?**

Some things seem impossible to escape these days. They  
keep going, and going, and going —  
(if a pink rabbit banging a drum and hawking batteries  
marches across your page, you have  
my permission to kill it.)

— but maybe it's best if we accept these things at face  
value. For better or worse,  
the Troll is back with an all-new book of traps.

But TRAPS LITE? LITE?

Okay. After the meaty stuff of TRAPS ATE, you're  
ready for something Lite.  
Something... less filling. Something... less fatal.

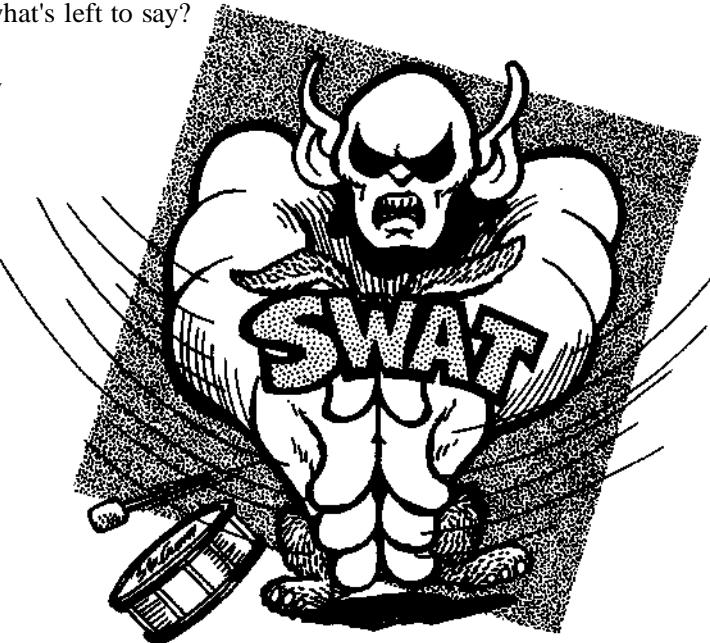
LESS FATAL!!?!!??

I'm outta here! Hurl cream pies if you want, but I'll not lend my name to some mamby-pamby, wrist-slapping collection of bucolic sight gags. Send me your checks, your H.G. Wells awards, and your unrelenting praise — because I deserve it — but reserve your blame for the pinheads at Flying Buffalo. We are with Buffalo again, aren't we? What happened to those Task Force guys? Sheesh, eat an editor and some people get the wrong idea.

Where was I? Oh yeah — fixing blame. TRAPS LITE wasn't my idea. I wanted to do HEAVY METAL TRAPS, a collection of all those SIX-skull traps they wouldn't let me print in my previous four books. I was ready to kick butt and take names. I figure you're ready for it. But, nooooooooo... the publishers are stuck on this TRAPS LITE notion, and there's no moving a Buffalo once the beast squats. Well, he who has the gold pieces makes the rules, so TRAPS LITE it is, and you're welcome to it. You call it TRAPS LITE, I call it something else, but the word they'll let me print is...

...hooey. It's all a bunch of hooey. I want nothing to do with it. I won't even finish this introdu \*

*(editors note: please turn the page, as we have temporarily lost contact with Grimtooth.).*



# Trollette Talk

Hello? Grimtooth's like, been in a bad mood since the Raiders traded for Jay Schroeder. Don't let him bother you. He acts all tough, but he's just a big pussycat. Or maybe he eats big pussycats. I get confused sometimes.

My name is Grimtina. I'm Grimtooth's kid sister. Some of you probably remember me from TRAPS ATE. I was the 102nd Trap. You don't remember? You didn't call me on my toll-free, uninhibited "900" number? Oh well, your loss. I disconnected my chat line months ago. Grimtooth made me. He said it wasn't fair to tease boys like I do. He said it wasn't right to demand my suitors mail me their ears as a token of devotion. What's so bad about that? Van Gogh did it, and he's famous, even if he's crazy and mutilated and dead these days. His paintings are still worth a lot, and it's money that matters, right?



I'm off the point. I get confused, sometimes.

Anyway, seeing as how Big Brother has stalked off in a huff, I guess it's like my job to keep this thing going. Don't worry, I've been watching Grimtooth for years, and there's nothing to his job. Besides, I have a feeling Grimsie will return when he learns the Trollish Bikini Team is helping me present some of the traps. If he doesn't come back, then who needs him? There are plenty of narrators around here — GrimBuck, our cousin from the Far Future; Spike, the GrimDog, and of course there's little old me.....Grimtina.

Stick together and hold hands! Boy, girl, boy, girl. All right, boy, girl, it, boy, girl, it, if you must. Don't mind the invisible chainsaw. I don't use it on my friends.

P.S. In keeping with the "Lite" tone of this volume, we've done away with the "deadliness rating" of past books in favor of rating the "nuisance value" of the trap. Thus you won't see skulls in the margin, like so:



but you will see little businessman icons, representing insurance salesmen, IRS agents, and other annoying influences, like so:



The more suits you see, the more annoying the trap. It's up to you to adapt these generic designs to the mechanics of your favorite game system. For those of you with a slide rule, 3.336 suits equals one skull. Conversion charts will be available in the second edition of this work...,



## ***Room Traps***

*Grimtooth loves room traps, because he works with an unlimited budget, and only a room trap lets him exercise his unhealthy love of giant lobsters. I know Grimtooth told you all to think big when it comes to room traps, but I prefer to think small. You should see my room. It's in a zillion shades of crimson, decorated with posters of the Dead Kids On The Block, and teen idols savaged by wild beasts for Tiger Beat centerfolds. I have my very own Bone Phone, a wardrobe of the cutest little short skirts, and of course more wizards and unicorns than you can shake a stick at. The real thing, of course. No pewter miniatures for THIS girl!*

*If you're very, very good, maybe I'll let you see my room sometime. But don't count on it. And we'll have to leave the door open, no matter what.*

*In the meantime, consider this latest collection of dream rooms...*



## Room Traps

### - NOTES -

The first trap comes from Rory Madden, a young Englishman obviously influenced by his native land's rich mythology. Rory offers **TO HIM UNGROUNDED**, a potentially deadly twist on one of the seminal images of Western folklore — the sword in the stone.

Actually...I didn't write that I captured an English professor who should have known better in the first place and sometimes I make him write the beginning of trap descriptions when I get stuck. Sometimes the white paper makes me afraid. Okay. Now I'm started. Here goes.

A high ceilinged room in your dungeon should contain a vast stone or anvil into which is plunged a great battle blade. The hilt of the blade stands about five feet off the floor, so anyone who wants to try to pull the sword from the stone will have to climb on top of the rock to do it. An inscription on the blade or the stone reads, "To Him Ungrounded", a subtle twist on the legacy of Excalibur, which supposedly belonged "To Him Unconquered" (thanks again, Prof!). To lend atmosphere to this scene, cloak the room in mist, and have storm clouds gather overhead. Wow, this must be a really big room. Rory must be following my brother's advice to "make it big"!



Anyone grasping the sword by blade or hilt will receive an electric shock. The voltage isn't strong enough to kill, but it's potent enough to lock the delver's muscles in place. Most characters won't be able to let go of the sword once they grab it. If the victim's friends try to pull their friend away, then they'll be trapped, too, each locked on the next.

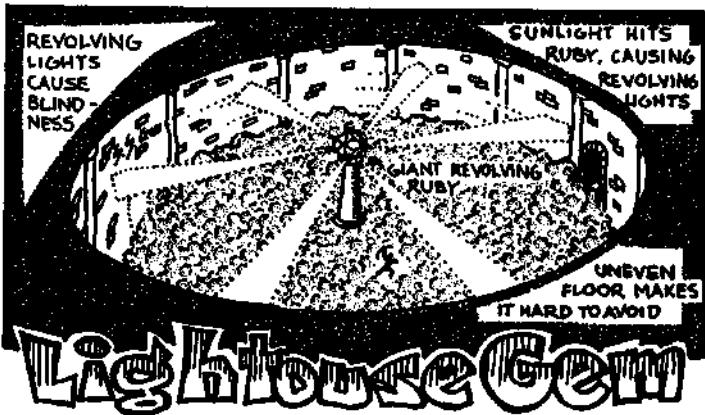
The victim(s) will remain trapped until they find a way to short out the blade, or a wandering monster comes along to make their day. If you want to be mean, have those storm clouds open up with a torrent of rain that floods the room to a height of four feet or so — then you'll see what happens To Him Ungrounded.

I think lighthouses are soooooo romantic. Sometimes I'd like to live far away in a lighthouse all by myself. I'd keep the light burning day and night so mariners would know they'd always be safe with Grimtina on the job. If I got lonely, I'd just wait for some foggy night when there was no moon, then I'd "accidentally" forget to turn on the light. By the time I made it down to the rocks, I'm sure I could fish up a date or two with sailors who just happened to run aground.



The **LIGHTHOUSE GEM** by Dan Lambert is one of those neat theme room traps, where the room is centered around a treasure which is itself a trap. Put this one high up in your dungeon, near the surface where you can get lots of light. A vertical shaft above the room will do the trick, although you could put this one in a genuine lighthouse and it would work just fine.

In the center of a circular, domed room, rises a pedestal. Atop the pedestal is a valuable magic ruby. The ruby is silvered on six facets, and slowly turns clockwise. Sunlight entering the chamber from above is reflected through the ruby and stabs out across the room in six arms of slowly turning light. The light appears gentle, but is actually a low-intensity laser. Being struck by one of the beams is enough to damage the optic nerve in the eye, even if your eyes are held tightly shut. Elves and others with acute vision are especially vulnerable.

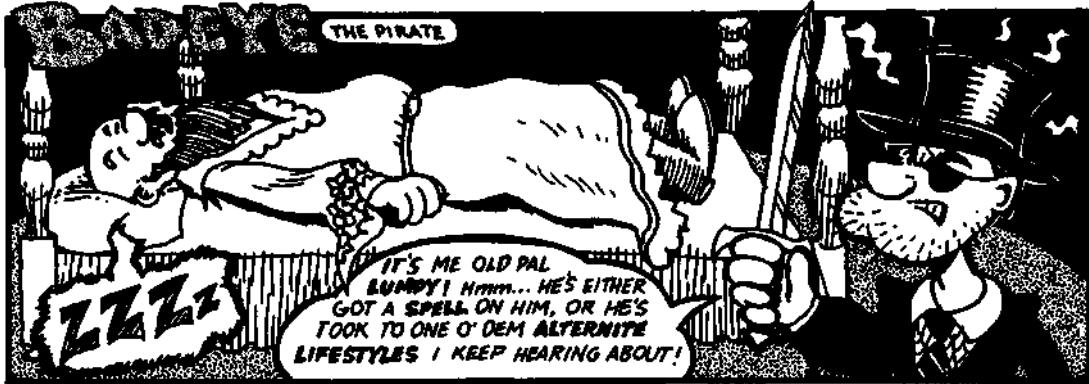


To steal the gem, a thief must enter the room at just the right time, then synchronize his movement with the gem's rotation. An uneven floor makes this more difficult than it might seem. A smart delver might also consider knocking the gem from the pedestal from a distance, or might try to block sunlight from entering the room. If you choose to use this trap, remember to guard the room at night...unless you elect to make the gem run on moonlight, as well.



## Room Traps

- NOTES -



Nowadays marriage isn't hip, but I'd still like to get hitched someday. I want a chance to live life a little first, of course. I want to travel, and have a career, maybe even open a little dungeon of my own. When I do find that special someone and decide to settle down, it will be the shortest marriage on record if my groom decides his wedding vows obligate him to **LOVE, HONOR, AND HURL**.

This Clinton Gaskill room trap is really ridiculous, so I love it First you need capture a delver, which shouldn't be hard, with five volumes of this TRAPS series in print for inspiration. For maximum effect, pick a male delver with a beard. Dwarves are great for this. It also helps to capture someone who takes himself too seriously.

The victim is imprisoned in the bridal suite in the lowest level of your dungeon. Huh? Your dungeon doesn't have a bridal suite? I thought every dungeon had a bridal suite! Well, better get to work building one, Holmes! The victim is also dressed in a white wedding gown and placed under a sleep spell before being layed out on the bed. Dwarves have some nerve wearing white, let me tell you!

Allow the rest of the party a sight of this unlikely circumstance, either through a window or via some magical scrying device. After they've gotten over the giggles they'll get from seeing their dwarf warrior dressed up like a dream bride, they'll realize they must find the bridal room to rescue their comrade. When they finally find their way to the room, they'll find an invisible force field blocks entrance to the suite. Hanging on a rack beside the doorway is a black tuxedo. The only way to enter the room is while wearing the tuxedo. And I mean get it right—down to the bow tie, top hat, and tails. Once properly attired the would-be rescuer can pass back and forth through the door into the room.

Once in the room, the rescuer will find nothing can wake his bridal friend. The only option is to lift the slumbering captive from the bed and carry him across the threshold and out of the suite. At sight of this lovely scene, a magical voice will intone —

"Awww — how romantic! But you cannot carry the bride through the door."

— whereupon reaching the doorway both characters will be knocked back into the room. Experimentation will prove that while the character in the tuxedo can pass back and forth across the threshold, the slumbering bride cannot.

There are two ways to get the bride out of the suite. The more cumbersome way is to dress the sleeping bride to the nines in the tuxedo, then pass him through the door to waiting friends, who then strip the bride and pass the tuxedo back to the delver still in the suite, who can then dress himself and walk out of the room. The quicker method is to hurl the bride through the door, then follow behind him, because while the magic spell prohibits carrying the bride across the threshold, there's nothing against throwing the character across the same.

After rescue, the victim will awaken. He'll have a hard time living this one down, especially if a little goblin photographer appears to click shots of the event, and makes sure all the victim's friends receive a copy.





## Room Traps

### - NOTES -

I don't listen to heavy metal music. It's just so much bad opera to me. I like something with a beat that I can dance to. I don't care about the music so much as the beat. And the way the singer looks, of course. When I watch videos, I turn the sound down.

I don't know much about Lee Russell's music tastes, but you can judge for yourself after examining her DEAF LEOPARD room. The central attraction of the room is a vast circular platform mounted atop a fantastic, clock-like machine. Various mechanical musicians stand inert atop the platform, waiting for someone to activate the machine and bring them to life. The musicians are cast in bronze, and each appears to be a humanoid leopard. The platform and the room itself is decorated in a human hands motif— hands held in some purposeful pose, as if to impart an unguessable message.

Nothing happens here unless someone chooses to turn on the mechanical musicians by throwing a large and obvious switch. Gears turn and hidden bellows pump, bringing the musicians to life. The cavernous room is instantly filled with deafening music, which may cause permanent damage to all characters present. Once turned on, the machine will run its course, playing half a dozen songs before the musicians again grow still.



Perceptive characters might be able to fathom the significance of the various hand depictions decorating the room, after all. The hands deliver a message in sign language, explaining the music is intended for the enjoyment of the deaf, who while they cannot hear the music, can dance to the strong vibrations the mechanical musicians will produce. If the delvers can't decipher this message before they trigger this trap, be sure to explain it to them afterwards!

This next entry is a little weak, but part of the goal of TRAPS LITE is to spoof popular beer commercials, so this one makes the collection as an "editor's choice". Sounds of a loud, argumentative row will be heard clear down the hall from Lee Russell's TELEVISION CULTURE room. Delvers foolish enough to enter the room will see two groups of orcs, standing on opposite sides of the room, swilling beer and howling at the tops of their lungs. One group shouts, "Tastes Great!" The other yells, "Less Filling!" Between the two stands an erudite elven a mortalboard trying without success to mediate the dispute. I don't like boys who drink.

When the characters enter the room, each group of orcs will beg the heroes to settle their disagreement once and for all. This is a no-win situation. If the party chooses one side over the other, the side not chosen will become violent. If the party refuses to get involved, both orc bands turn nasty. If the party behaves sarcastically, the orcs get REALLY nasty. You see, this is a terribly important dispute for the orcs, and they don't take kindly to people looking down on them. Who does?

How does the party get out of this situation? Pin everything on the elf, of course! The professorial elf will ignore the party, but he'll keep up a steady stream of derisive commentary. The orcs don't understand the elf, so they haven't turned on him. A sample of the elf's monologue:

"What a shame. This is what passes for culture. Consumer-crazed morons mouthing commercial slogans like mantras. Yuppies singing the theme from GILLIGAN'S ISLAND. Plateheads seriously trying to follow the continuity of PLANET OF THE APES movies. What has happened to learning in this country...?"



Yup, you guessed it—this is the captive professor I told you about in the TO HIM UNGROUNDED trap!

If the party can convince the orcs that the elf is putting them down, the orcs will turn on the elf long enough for the party to slip out the way they came. Remember the orcs are none too swift, and drunk besides. Doubtless many of them are playing BEERHUNTER (see TRAPS ATE for details). The party won't be able to reason with the orcs. They'll have to find a non-verbal means of turning them on the elf. A boot in the groin is a good start. It's always worked for me.

Girls aren't such a mystery, you know. Boys treat us like we're from another planet. We like simple things. Candy. Flowers. Yachts. And dinners by candlelight.



Rory Madden has the right idea with his **CANDLELIGHT** trap. This is a fatal trap and shouldn't be in this volume, but like I said, girls are suckers for romance. A pair of sloping corridors lead down to this high-ceilinged room. The room is empty save for a wire mesh cage hanging from the rafters. Inside the cage is a beautiful candle, encrusted with diamonds and rubies. The candle provides the only illumination for this room, bathing the party in a warm, happy light.

After the characters have had a chance to view the candle, and maybe hatch a scheme for stealing it, they'll hear a roaring from each corridor entering this room. Great waves of lamp oil then flood the chamber, crashing into the characters with enough force to knock them off their feet. Strong characters might be able to force their way up the now-slick corridors to safety, fighting against the roaring oil, but most likely the party will be knocked off their feet, and find themselves treading oil in a room rapidly filling with the inflammable liquid.

Now, of course, that candle becomes a concern.



As the oil level rises in the room, the party will rise near the candle. They need to find a way to extinguish the candle before the oil reaches it, or they'll be deep fried. Remember the characters will be covered in oil, so if they try to hack open the cage and grab the thing, they'll likely go up in flames. The safest bet is to try to blow out the candle, but the oil level will have to be near the ceiling before a floating character will be near the cage, and he better get it right the first time. I don't know about you, but I'd sure be winded after swimming to keep my head above the oil for an hour or so while the room filled up, and I might not be able to summon the breath to blow out a candle...

Rowdy Rhodes must have used this design to supply his **DEADLINE TRAP** that was published in **TRAPS ATE**. This time, Rowdy assures us his design is more fun than a **BARREL OF INFINITE MONKEYS**. The delvers enter a room heaped high with bananas ripening in bunches, in the middle of which stands an average-sized barrel, no bigger than the barrels in which the Marx Brothers stowed away in *Monkey Business*. The outside of the barrel bears the inscription,

"More Fun Than A..."



The barrel radiates faint magic. If the delvers open the barrel, a monkey pops out. The monkey eats a banana and jabbers at the characters. If the delvers look in the barrel, they'll see it's empty.

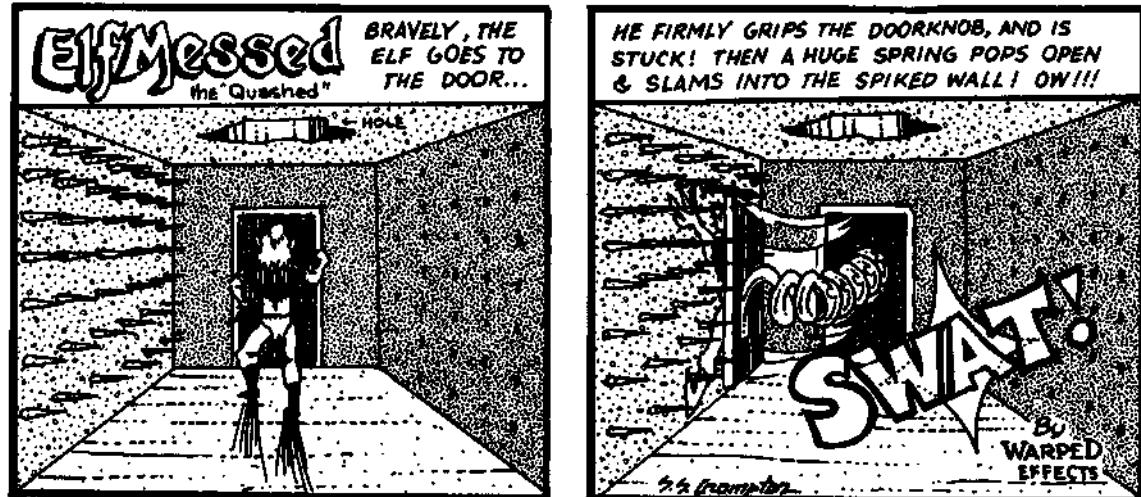
A minute later, two monkeys hop out of the barrel. The barrel is still empty. If the delvers hang around another minute, four monkeys hop out. They, too, eat bananas and fight with each other. What's the trap, here? The monkeys NEVER STOP COMING. Two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, six-four of the things...in no time the whole dungeon, the whole province, the whole world will be overrun by monkeys. I always knew the world wouldn't go out with a bang. It will go out with an ook!





## Room Traps

- NOTES -



The designer of this next submission signs his letters, "I'm Bob Brown and I'm English." I promise not to hold it against you, Bob. I still like your trap, titled the **HOLE AND THE WALL BANG**.

This room belongs on the second or lower level of your dungeon. Upon entering a room, the delvers will notice four things. First, the north wall of the room is covered with cruel metal spikes. Second, the floor of the room is etched with grooves and scrape marks running north/south, making it seem that the spike wall is mobile. Third, the south wall is pitted with holes such as the spikes might cause, and is bloodstained besides. Finally, there is a hole in the ceiling leading through which delvers stumbling into a pit on an upper level would tumble. Putting it all together, the party will reason victims fall through the hole in the ceiling, and are then crunched against the south wall by the moving wall of spikes. "Fortunately" they avoided the pit when they passed above, and now get to laugh at this crude trap because they've entered through the service door.

Let them laugh. I always get even with boys who laugh at me. Especially haughty elf boys.



Who ever tries to open the door leading out of this room is in for a shock. The doorknob is coated with adhesive, which will bond with whatever touches it. Hopefully, this will be the victim's naked hand. Next, the door is battered open from the north by a powerful spring. The door will slam into the victim, who will be unable to release the doorknob, then bang him against the wall of spikes. That should end the laughter.

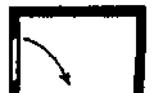
Sebastien Blouin contributes our next trap, called **CAPTAIN'S LOG — HE'S DEAD, JIM**. I'm not sure about the reference, but I think it has something to do with science fiction. If so, I wonder why this isn't in GrimBuck's chapter. Also, I don't see what the title has to do with the trap, aside from the fact the trap features a log. This is typical of kids who are into sci-fi. I find them soooo weird. Why don't they act normal and watch the shows that I like? Golden Girls, for instance, or Designing Women. Guy!

Sebastien's trap is set in a dark room empty save for an old brown log laying in the middle of the floor. I hate it when Grimtooth leaves a brown log in the living room. If the party enters the room, the door will slam shut and lock behind them. Then the walls start to close in. A quick-thinking party will position the log so as to brace the moving walls. And that's when things get fun.

The moving walls have a critical flaw built in along the baseboard. If they press up against either end of the log, the log will punch straight through, spilling the contents of two hidden reservoirs of oil into the room. Reservoir. Is that French? I think French is soooo romantic.



Remember, I said this room was dark. Things will get pretty hot with all that oil flowing into the room if the party is using torches or even lanterns to light their way. You'll have to fry the party if you're going to get anyone with this trap, because the walls will stop moving on their own whether



## Room Traps

- NOTES -



You know what else I find romantic? Boats. Boys who own boats are usually rich. Besides, it's fun to go for a pleasant little row around the pond, just a boy and a girl, alone together under the moon. And the galley slaves, of course. You can't expect us to row our own boat!

Kenneth Ham uses a boat in this trap he calls the **LOWEST BIDDER**. I don't understand the title of Kenneth's trap. I think it has something to do with the news and the military and defense contracting. You know — boy stuff. Bor-ringgg!

This room contains a huge, underground lake. On the far shore, the party can see a way out of the room, or maybe even a pile of treasure. Searching for a way across the lake, the party will find a boat drawn up on the near shore, cloaked in shadows or behind some reeds. An investigation will reveal the boat is structurally sound.

Until the party gets to the middle of the lake, that is. The hull is drilled with a series of holes, each of which is plugged with rock salt. After a few minutes in the water, the rock salt will dissolve, flooding the boat. The party might be able to swim to the shore (after losing most of their equipment and treasure, of course), or maybe they'll be eaten by aquatic beasties. Or maybe they'll just drown.



Hey, what's with this rock salt stuff? I thought this was supposed to be TRAPS LITE. You know, lower in sodium, and that stuff? Well, at least we don't have any of those exploding balls of sodium dropped in water traps. Although, if you wanted to plug the holes in the hull of Kenneth's boat with a mixture of sodium and rock salt, you wouldn't get an argument from this little trollette!



## Room Traps

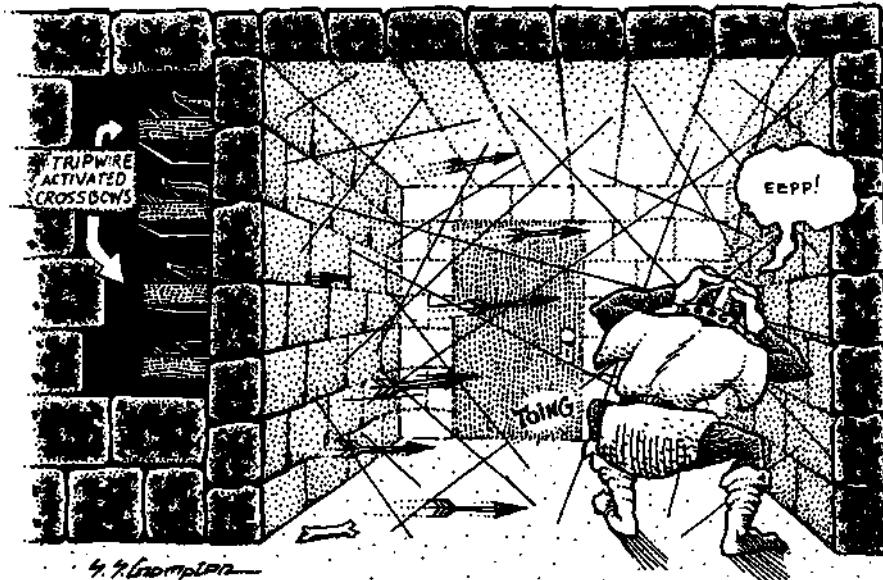
- NOTES



Phil Dean says his **(PERMANENT) GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP** is a trap, but I can't figure what he means. There doesn't seem to be a trap here. I'll describe Phil's idea as best I can, then you tell me if you can find the trap.

Phil describes a luxurious canopied bed, all done up in pink silk sheets, with fluffy pillows and the blankets turned down just so. The head and footboards are carved from exotic wood and engraved with heavenly scenes. About the base of the bed is a delicate dust ruffle, just barely sweeping the floor. The effect of the bed is intoxicating. Anyone looking at the bed will feel an overwhelming desire to nap. The bed will prove too inviting to resist.

Of course, underneath the sheets and goose down comforter, this is a bed of nails. Just like the bed in my room. Phil seems to think that disguising a bed of nails is some sort of a trap, but I can't figure it out. Everyone sleeps on a bed of nails, don't they? Help me on this one.



David Stevens calls his next trap **OH WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE**, which I think is a quote from Shake Spear or maybe President Kennedy but I asked the teacher if it would be on the test and he said no so I didn't bother remembering it. I mean, if it's not going to be on the test, why bother learning it, right?

David fills a room with spider webs. Yuck! I hate spiders! Excluding those spiders I've dated, of course. Sitting on a shelf just outside the door to this room is an atomizer. I know what you're thinking — "Guy, not more science! I never pay attention in science!" Well, I felt the same way, but then I found out an atomizer is really just a fancy name for a perfume spritzer. Science guys call them atomizers because they create a fine spray of mist from a reservoir of liquid, like spraying perfume from a bottle. David doesn't say if the atomizer is bejeweled or of precious glass or anything, but in my dungeon you can bet it will be!



Okay, so we got this room full of webs and a handy atomizer on the outside. What's it all mean? Is this going to be on the test? Tripping any of the webs releases a crossbow bolt from hiding, designed to strike whoever triggered the web. If someone blunders about in the web room, they're going to look like a pin cushion. If some bright boy hits on the standard notion of burning out the spider webs with a torch, all they'll do is release a wave of crossbow bolts. What to do, what to do?

This is where the atomizer comes in. If sprayed with a fine mist of water, the webs, previously near-invisible, will now glisten with reflected light. With the webs now clearly visible, the party can make their way through the room without triggering any of the crossbow bolts. If you want to work a giant spider into this routine, it's up to you, but in keeping with the Lite nature of this book, I'll give it a miss.



Lee Russell's **QUICKSAND BOX** would fit right into your favorite Slayroom. Lee suggests locating an ordinary drinking fountain somewhere in your dungeon. Surround the drinking fountain with a patch of sand. The fountain functions normally, but for every unit of water the victims drinks, ten units of water are pumped from a hidden pipe beneath the surrounding bit of sand. If you haven't guessed, in this case water plus sand equals quicksand, which could prove to be ankle, thigh, or even waist deep depending on how thirsty your victim is. While this trap isn't likely to kill anyone, it should cause a few moment's panic, and will slow the party a bit while the victim is rescued.

David Stevens promises to deliver a **GRATE TREASURE ROOM** with this next offering, and I guess he comes through. Personally, I don't understand what delvers find so attractive about treasure rooms. I mean, why rush past all the monsters just to run barefoot through a room overflowing with gold, and silver, and copper, and jewelry. Boring.

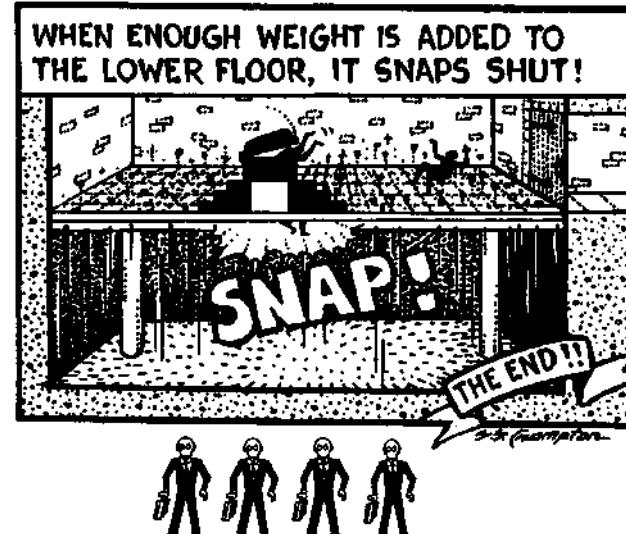
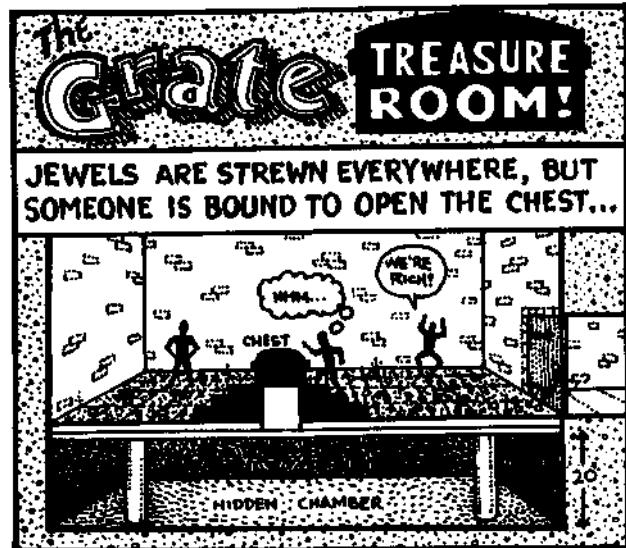
Huh?

Did you say jewelry? You mean someplace in the dungeon gives away jewelry? Man! No wonder Grimtooth won't let me into the treasure room! If I'd know their was jewelry for the taking in that stuffy old chamber, I would have looted it long ago. I sure know where I'm going when my shift is through on this book. Ofcourse, if Grimtooth had laid out his treasure room the way David suggests, I wouldn't be in quite such a hurry.

Right. Imagine a room overflowing with jewelry. Scrap all those coins, it's the diamond and rubies and pearls that matter. Pile the room high with the stuff. In the center of the room should stand a treasure chest, rising high above the piles of loot. The chest should radiate magic, and be guarded by a complex lock. If anyone thinks to look, they'll notice the floor is carved with an inlaid grid pattern forming squares roughly half a foot long on a side. But who's going to look at the tile with all those shiny baubles laying around??

No sooner is the lock picked and the chest opened than the fun begins. Give the party just enough time to recognize the chest is empty, then have the floor drop away. Well, not actually drop away. Remember that inlaid grid on the floor? It really was a grid, which remains stationary while the actual floor drops away twenty feet or so. The party will be able to remain standing on the elevated grid that results, but all the treasure is going to tumble through the gaps in the grid to land on the new floor of the room, out of reach twenty feet below.

The party can stick chewing gum to the ends of ropes and fish for treasure if they like, but a persistent thief might notice the empty treasure chest has a false bottom, and that beneath the bottom is...a trapdoor letting through the grid! So, the party can drop down to the treasure after all...except for the fact that the floor is pressure-sensitive, and when the weight of three normal delvers has been added to it, the floor will rapidly rise back to its original position. This will make the treasure easy to snag once more, but will squish anyone unfortunate enough to be stuck under the grid when the floor snugs back into place. I hope they don't bleed on anything precious.





## Room Traps

### - NOTES -

Sometimes I sneak into Grimtooth's room and listen to his records. He doesn't have much worth listening to. None of the good stuff. No Gloria Estefan or Paula Abdul in my big brother's collection. Grimtooth has a tin ear.



I did find one record I sort of liked. It was by the What or the Why or the How or something like that, some really weird name. I think the song was called PINBALL WIZARD, which may have influenced design of this room trap of the same name by Lee Russell.

The trap begins in a corridor. From up ahead, the party can hear bells and whistles and sirens, and see lights flashing on the walls. Right about now I'd be saying, Oh my god! It's a disco! No doubt the party will rush ahead to join the fun. No sooner do they turn a bend in the corridor, though, than they are thwacked on the behind by a powerful force, knocking them down the last of the tunnel and into the midst of a giant pinball machine!

A hidden wizard controls all this, of course, so how long the party will be buffeted about in the flashing lights and shocking bumpers is anybody's guess. He is a pinball wizard, after all, and he should be able to keep the party in play a long time. Seeing as how the playing field is nearly frictionless, the party should skid and slide all over the place, powerless to bring themselves to a halt, shocked and bruised at each new contact. And those flippers at the bottom of the alley are none-too-gentle, let me tell ya!

Anyway, after a wild ride, the party will find itself deposited in the dead ball gutter, banged up and dazzled but otherwise no worse for the wear. Sort of like going to a disco, after all, but you don't get that yucky smoke smell in your hair. Hey, line me up!

This chapter's final trap is by Norm Strange, and features the TROLLISH BIKINI TEAM, which is really a drag because they're like, you know, offensive to women. I mean, I know they're like totally gorgeous and everything, and they do a killer job of selling beer, but it's wrong to think of women as slabs of meat. Really, it is, boys.



Anyway, Norm says this room should go on the bottom floor of your dungeon, at the end of an increasingly deadly series of rooms and traps. It should come after the treasure room. This is a room where all the delvers' dreams come true. They are serenaded with soft music, they are warmed by a friendly fire, and they are at last allowed to unwind from the perils of the dungeon delve they have just completed. Kegs of beer fall from the sky and break open in never-ending streams. It's at this point in the infamous commercials that some Einstein turns to his mates and says,

"Boys, it doesn't get any better than this." And that's when the Trollish Bikini Team and a crate of ten-thousand pound Maine lobsters falls from the sky, crushing the lot of them...





## **Corridor Traps**

*All right, I'm back. Those troll girls got to me, I must admit. And the lobsters. But don't think for a minute you've found a weakness in Grimtooth's armor! I may be mellowing with old age, but I'm still a mean cuss when I want to be.*

*Stop sniggering!*

*Right. What's next? I can't read Grimtina's handwriting. And I thought trap submissions were scribbled in a palsied hand! Let's see... Hmm. Looking past all the stickers and the black hearts and the "i's" dotted with big open circles, I think I can make some sense of my sister's notes. If this next chapter is a mess, blame Grimtina, and not me. What a scatterbrain. Remind me to scatter her brains on the floor when she comes back.*

*I think this is the corridor chapter. Bear with me. Why? Because I said so, beanhead!*

Rick Loomis calls this trap PLEASE TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE, SON! Rick's first mistake is saying, "Please". His second mistake is phrasing his demand in the form of a question. The only way to get a brat to lift a talon around here is with threats. For instance, "Take out the garbage, rug rat — RIGHT NOW! And no eating on the job!" That ought to get it done.

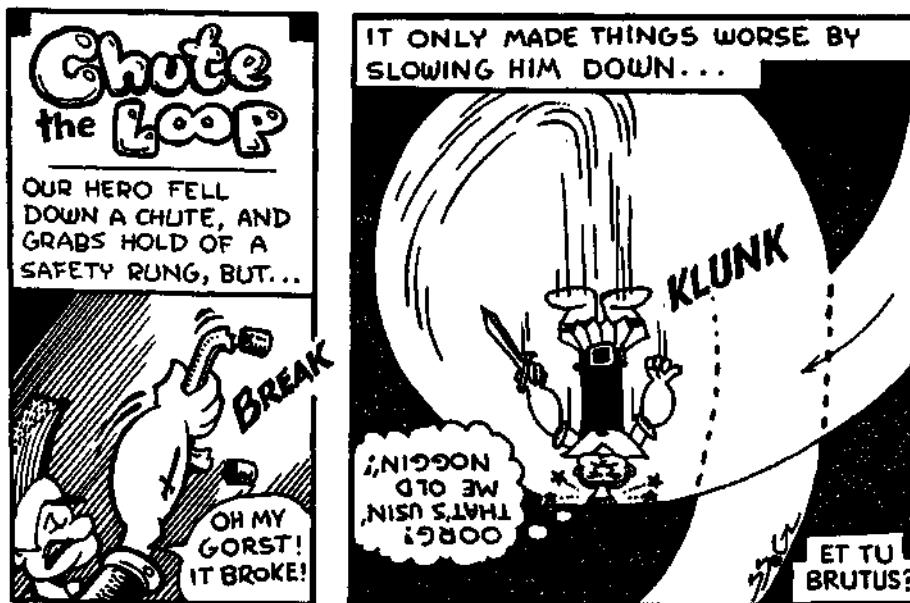


A party heading down a slanting corridor finds the floor rapidly gives way beneath them, dumping the whole group into a steep shoot. Down and down the hapless delvers plunge, passing through narrow portions of the chute lined with sticky brushes loaded with a powerful glue. Thus coated with goop, the party concludes their plunge by landing in a huge garbage heap. The characters will find themselves covered with rubbish.

Not very scary, but when the delvers leave, they will "take out the garbage" with them,

Eric Boyd invites us to CHUTE THE LOOP. I'd rather shoot the editor. "Lite" my ears. I'll never live this down. At least this next trap has some teeth.

This is a simple chute trap with a twist — literally. A corridor pressure plate dumps the party into a steep, greased chute. The victims rapidly gain speed as they plummet into the darkness. Characters who keep their wits about them will notice a series of hand-holds along the roof of the chute. Considering the party's expected downward velocity, even the most dextrous delver shouldn't be able to grasp hold of one of these obvious safety rungs after he's fifty feet or so down the chute. Grabbing a hand hold is easy, because that's where the trap kicks in.



Let the poor sucker think he's safe. For about five seconds. Then the grip breaks.

Once again the delver speeds into darkness. The chute curls abruptly up and opens out on both sides to reveal an open cavity. The chute curls back on itself in a complete 360° loop before continuing on to whatever destination you desire. I suggest it lead to a tank filled with giant lobsters, but even I admit I'm a little fixated on this subject. Delvers who didn't grab a hand hold will have sufficient velocity to shoot around the curl and continue on to safety (or the lobsters). Delvers who broke their fall by grabbing one of the brittle rungs will find they haven't the speed



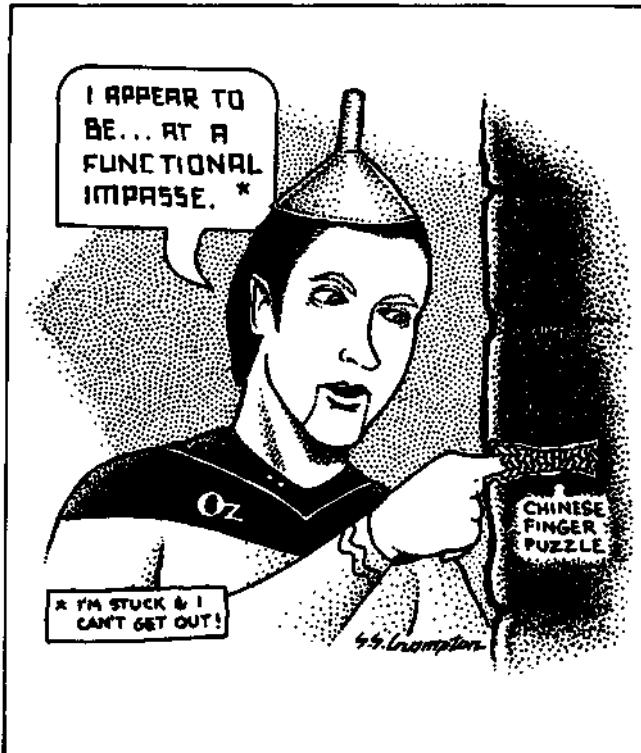
to complete the loop, and will instead drop back down to the bottom of the loop when they reach the apex, which may not kill them, but it won't feel good, either. Those of you who've been with me awhile know well know how to spice this one up with some spikes or fish-hooks, so I'll say no more.

We're all familiar with the story of the boy who stuck his finger in the dike, who with his quick and expedient action saved his village from being washed away by a flood. I hate that little brat. I paid a pack of mutant beavers good money to demolish that dam, and one little Dutch kid happens along and gums up the works. The next time some punk sticks his finger in a leaking hole he's going to get more than he bargained for, I tell you—thanks to Clinton Gaskill's CHINESE FINGER HOLE.

Clinton locates this trap in a corridor, although any old wall will do. Sink finger-sized hole into a wall and put something valuable or interesting in it's depths. A gem or a burrito will do. Delvers

can poke away with tools or knives as long as they wish, but the treasure will remain vexingly stuck in place. If only there were some way to manipulate the thing. Hmm — a little finger action should do the trick. That's when the trap kicks in.

The sides of the hole are lined with clinging fabric similar to a Chinese finger trap. Delvers can slide their finger into the hole, but they'll catch on the fabric when they try to pull their finger back out again. The harder they pull, the more firmly they'll be gripped by the fabric. There are only two ways to free the delver's finger from the hole. One is to hack apart the wall. The other is hack off the finger, which is what the delvers are likely to do if suddenly menaced by wandering monsters or rising water, as I recommend. Now, where's that weasel kid in the wooden shoes...?



This next trap's a little more to my liking, because a fatality or at least an impalement is likely to result from its use. The TRAMPOLINE OF DOOM is Paul O'Connor's idea of good, clean, backyard fun, although Paul chooses to locate his trap in a dungeon corridor.

The corridor is interrupted by a pit, at the bottom of which the delvers see a trampoline. The quickest way to cross the pit is to leap down onto the trampoline and bounce up onto the other side. Of course, this arrangement will holler "trap" to anyone with an ounce of sense...so expect to get plenty of characters with it. Especially dwarves, who are known for lack of sense.

The first character who leaps onto the trampoline will bounce gracefully to the other side. He can even bounce up and down on the thing to his heart's content, should he have a mind to. It's unlikely he'll hear the barely audible sound of hidden gears behind the walls lowering the trampoline approximately two feet. Once back up to the other side of the corridor, it will take a keen eye for detail to notice the trampoline is two feet lower than it was before. The next delver onto the trampoline will likewise probably not notice when the gears lower the thing a further two feet.

The third delver will definitely notice — because the surface of the trampoline will now be located scant inches above a cruel metal spike located beneath the exact center of the trampoline. Anyone leaping onto the thing will push the canvas of the trampoline down onto the spike, and stick themselves a good one. At least, let's hope they do, because this is one of the few chances we have this volume to genuinely bag a delver!



Dan Lambert must have been influenced by the Food Traps chapter of TRAPS ATE when he designed the DUNKIN' DELVER. This is a simple and comical corridor trap activated by a pressure plate or trip wire. If you need to create jobs in your dungeon, you can also hire an orc to standby and activate the thing manually, as in the example.

The first inkling the victim will have of trouble comes when mechanical arms snap out of the ceiling



## Corridor Traps

- NOTES -



and seize him by the collar. If you want to make the arms a little less precise and come off the collar onto the head, you won't get any argument from me. The victim is rudely jerked into the air, as the floor slides away beneath his feet, revealing a pit filled with molten chocolate. Simultaneously, as bin filled with peanut chunks is revealed above the corridor, while an air blower hums to life.

The delver is then immersed in the molten chocolate, which will burn like heck even if the victim is clad head to toe. Once covered with the stuff, the delver is jerked back out of the chocolate, where he can be covered with a spray of peanut chunks scattered by the blower now hanging from the ceiling. The floor then slides back into place and the claws retract, leaving the delver laying on the ground covered in rapidly hardening chocolate with a special garland of peanuts. I'd suggest you blow a hole through the middle of the sucker to complete the doughnut analogy, but this is TRAPS LITE, remember?

Anyway, even if the delver isn't seriously burned by this routine, the party will suffer a delay while they chip their friend out of his chocolate casing. Diets will go by the wayside, no doubt.

I don't usually print fan letters, but for Englishman David Stevens I'll make an exception. David claims to have run a trap consulting business, but it got out of hand. Says David, "...(I) just grew and grew until I couldn't control it any longer. I didn't mean to, honest I didn't, but they kept asking for more. IT WASN'T MY FAULT, GRIMTOOTH! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! But I'm over it now, and I'm giving the business to you, Grimtooth. I hope you can do well with it, and make a living by it, and I hope you can cope with the stress, and the pressure. I really hope you can. I really do. BUT THEY'LL KEEP TRYING TO BREAK YOU. THEY WANT MORE AND MORE UNTIL YOU BECOME OBSESSED!"

This is a wise man.

I gladly accept David's stock of traps, one of which is the **DEATH SLIDE**. Off to a good start, at least. England must have relaxed liability laws, because these things are supposedly a common sight at playgrounds across the pond. A corridor is interrupted by a yawning chasm, the bottom of which is lost in murky depths of water. Crossing the chasm are three ropes, running down steeply at an angle. Wheels are attached to the ropes, and handles to the wheels, such that a character can grab hold of the handles and hang beneath one of the wheels as it zips down the rope to the other side of the chasm.

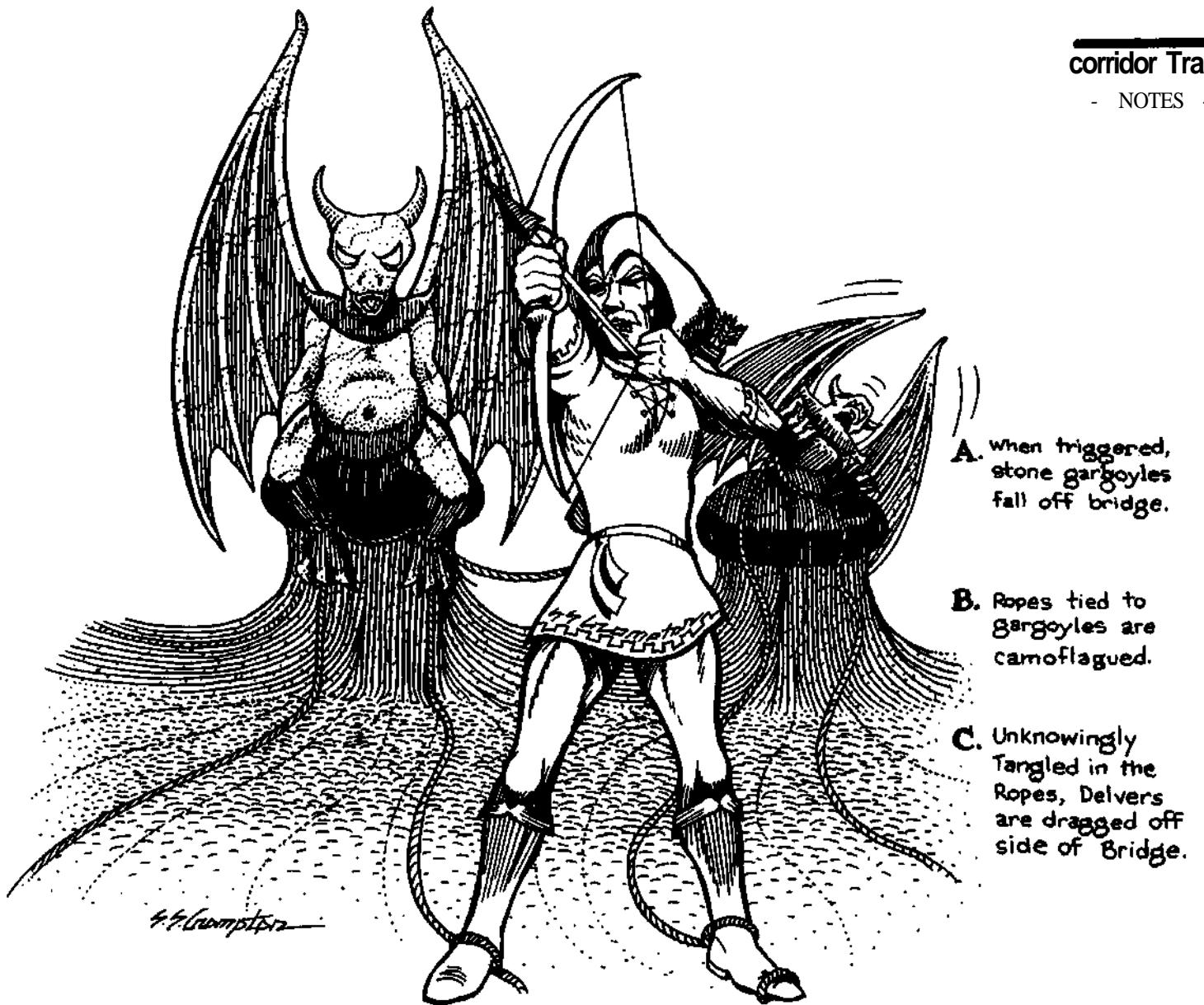


The wheel on the first rope is coated with diamond dust. Expect the delver to make it about half way across the chasm before the wheel cuts through the rope and tumbles the character into the water. The second rope is illusory, so whoever tries to wheel down it goes straight in the drink. The final rope is my favorite — it's made of elastic, so the victim will find he sags right down to water level, and can go no further. What's in the water, you ask? That's up to you. I'd suggest giant lobsters, but of course I'm obsessed, just as David warned in his fan letter.

A simple bit of advice is to **GARGOYLE WITH MOUTHWASH FOR FRESH BREATH**. Which has little to do with the substance of Eric Boyd's trap, but I'm a sucker for bad puns. This is a vast stone bridge crossing the ubiquitous ominous chasm. The bridge is flanked with rows of stone gargoyles — leering brutes that are bound to set the delvers' nerves on edge. The heights of the chamber are occupied by animate gargoyles, swirling, flapping shadows with evil, glowing red eyes. The gargoyles flying in the darkness are intended to distract the party. They mean the characters no harm, but the party will be so fixed on the horrid things they'll blunder right into this one.



The stone gargoyles flanking the bridge are the real threat. Simple grey ropes are tied to each stone gargoyle. The ropes lay strewn across the bridge, tied in open slip nooses. The stone gargoyles are precariously balanced on their perches. When the characters pass near, the vibrations they create will cause the statues to tumble off into the chasm...and if one of the delvers has unwittingly stepped into one of the ail-but invisible nooses laying around on the bridge, he's going to get pulled right into the void on the heels of the plummeting gargoyle. Under normal circumstances a character might not be so incautious, but with all those monsters swirling around overhead, the party will be distracted — and you might get a few of them with this simple trap.



Rob Thorpe's **DROPPING DELVER DICER** was too violent for this collection —

<gasps, coughs, hacks!>

I can't believe I had to say that. They've really pulled my fangs. Anyway, Rob's trap wasn't appropriate in it's original form, so I've softened his design a little. This corridor trap is triggered by the ubiquitous pressure plate, launching a cream pie from a hole in the wall directly at the victim's head. If the victim jumps forward or backwards, he's safe, and the pie will splatter harmlessly against the corridor wall. If he drops straight down, however, the redistribution of his weight on the pressure plate will trigger a spring loaded blade in the wall, which shoots out across the corridor and cuts the delver neatly in half!



How did I soften this trap, you ask? Well, Rob's original plans called for a crossbow bolt to shoot from the wall, which I deemed too vicious. A cream pie is more in keeping with TRAPS LITE, don't you think? And keep your hands off that blade that shoots out of the wall, do you hear? Softening the bolt is enough, I say.



## Corridor Traps

### - NOTES -

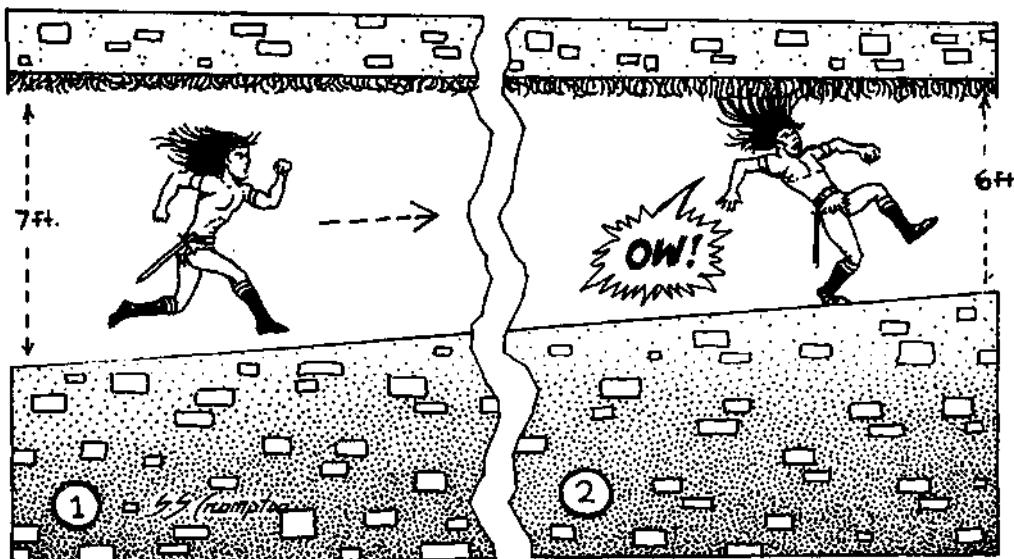
Ari Marmell seems like a literal-minded fellow. His UPS AND DOWNS trap has certain similarities to the GOING DOWN? trap from my very first volume, but it's been a decade since that book was published, and Ari has put a few original twists on his design, so he makes the cut. The party finds an elevator car waiting for them with its doors open. Inside the elevator is a sign, reading —

"Push to go up."



Beneath the sign is a single, black button. If someone pushes the button, the doors slam shut, and the elevator rockets away DOWN so fast the delvers will become momentarily weightless, losing their footing and probably their lunch. When the delvers regain their equilibrium, the elevator will come to an abrupt and violent halt. The sudden, jerking stop of the elevator is enough to cause the floor of the car to give way, tumbling the party into the elevator shaft to face whatever doom you have devised. A bottomless pit should do nicely, but in keeping with the LITE nature of this collection, a feather bed is probably more suitable. Yuck.

By the way, if the delvers follow the literal instructions of the sign, and push the sign itself, the elevator will go up as advertised, delivering the party to a higher level or the safety of the surface as you see fit.



I'll have you know the trolls in my family are naturally bald. A shiny scalp is a sign of virility, you know. I LIKE it this way. The next clown who sends me a brochure for the Hair Club For Men gets a bomb in the mail. I'm serious.



Proof of the superiority of us bald guys is provided by Dan Lambert via his VELCRO CEILING trap. Simply put, this is a corridor that gradually slopes up while the ceiling remains at a constant height. The slope is subtle enough few delvers will notice the encroaching ceiling until it is too late. The ceiling, you see, is covered in Velcro, and will entangle the hair of characters tall enough to scrape against it. Short characters, such as dwarves and hobbits, or chrome domes like me, won't get stuck in the stuff, which is the first and last time you'll catch me comparing myself to a dwarf.

Getting stuck by the hair isn't much of a trap, but you could use this chance to spring a pack of wandering beasties on the party. You can even let the delvers hack a bit of the stuff out of the ceiling to take along as a treasure, if you like. I know a guy that glued a strip of velcro to his bald head to help secure his toupee in place. Now it doesn't come off when he swims, but does tear off with a lovely scraping sound when Willard needs to vacuum his piece.



This next trap is a subtle bit of illusion crafted by Kenny Bolser, and it's guaranteed to saddle your victims with **THE LONG WALK HOME**. This appears to be a long, featureless corridor in which is felt a slight draft. Characters travelling in this corridor will be hard-pressed to notice the floor shifts subtly under their feet, in the manner of a conveyor belt, similar to those leading to distant terminals at airports. The draft the party feels is actually the wind whipping past as they move at an astonishing if difficult to detect rate of speed. The illusion is so complete that when the party thinks they've moved approximately sixty feet down this corridor, they will in fact have travelled nearly one hundred miles! Should the party want to retrace their steps they'll find they're moving against the flow of the moving floor, and only three odd months of non-stop marching will allow them to find their way back out of the corridor. Unless the delvers have packed some serious rations, a trip down this corridor is a one-way affair, destined to deliver the party to whatever delights you have in store for them.

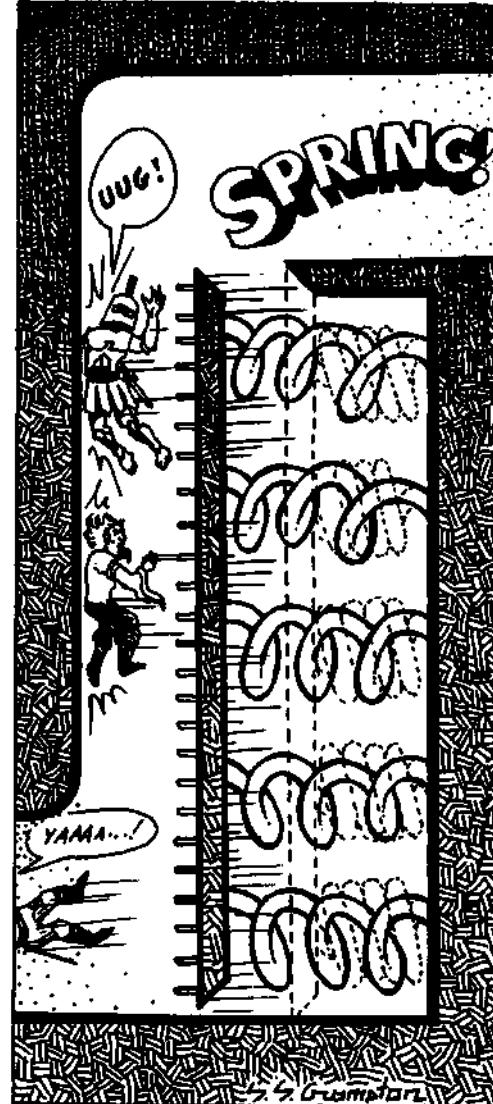
Jason Shannon warns us against **DROPPING (IN) ACID**. This simple trap takes the form of a clear pool of acid in the middle of a dungeon corridor. The pool is so clear it might easily be mistaken for water. In fact, to make this trap especially effective, you might conceal it in a grotto or near an underground river, to lend the impression the pool is filled with benign liquid.

While pools of acid are worth some yucks all by themselves, Jason adds a special twist by putting a magic coin at the bottom of the pool. The magic silver coin is enchanted to resist the corrosive effects of the acid. The enchantment does not extend, however, to the hands of anyone fool enough to reach into the pool after the coin. Just call him stumpy.

Corridors go up and down as well as back and forth, and all too few dungeonmasters fully exploit the trap possibilities inherent with vertical shafts. To correct this oversight, George Andricopoulos offers **SEE YA LADDER**, a vertical corridor trap with a painful punch line.

A vertical shaft contains a ladder set flush into one wall. Iron rungs protrude from the wall, providing steps and hand-holds for delvers wishing to transit the shaft. The rungs are sturdy and will resist even the most diligent attempts to remove them. The middle rung in the ladder, however, is trapped. No sooner does the trapped rung bear the full weight of an average delver than will the entire wall and ladder assembly smash against the opposite side of the shaft, impelled by a hidden battery of springs. Whoever is on the ladder at the time is going to get munched, and might even suffocate to death before his fellows can free him from the crushing pressure of the springs. The rest of the party will find their way up or down the shaft blocked by the now useless ladder and the coils of steel spring behind it. Yowza!

George reveals his Greek heritage with this next trap. I think it was Archimedes of Pythagorus or one of those ancient geeks who remarked, **GIVE ME A LEVER LARGE ENOUGH, AND I'LL MOVE THE WORLD**. Delvers moving the lever in George's clever trap will move themselves into the next world.



## Corridor Traps

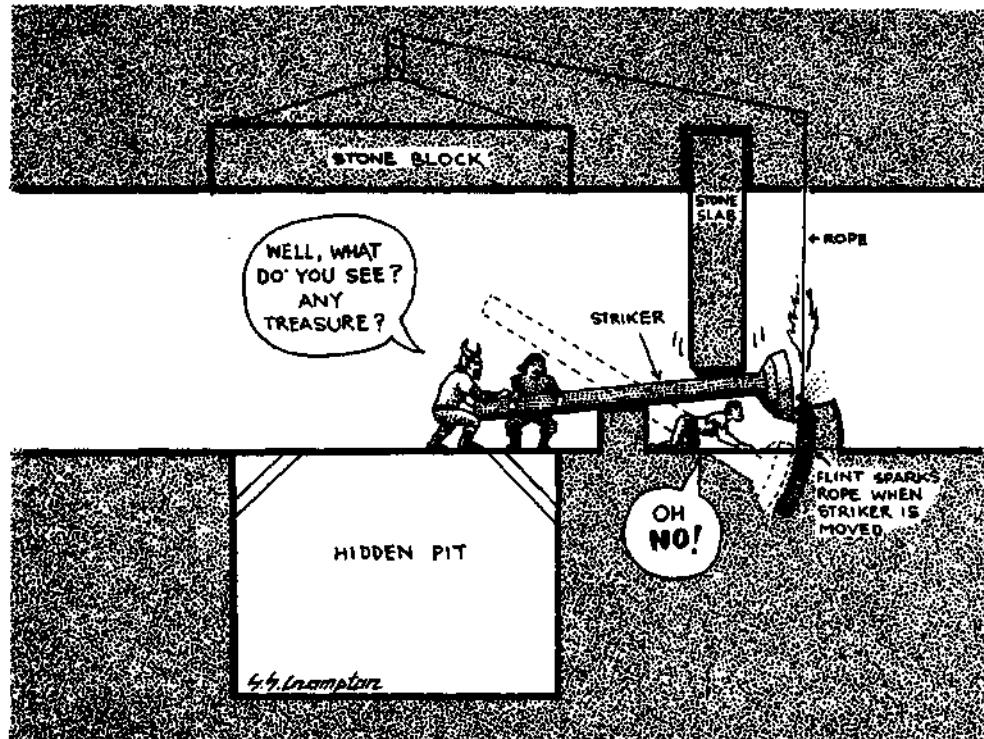
### - NOTES -



The party will encounter a stone slab blocking the corridor with a wooden beam wedged beneath it. The beam in turn rests on a granite fulcrum, encouraging the party to pull down on the beam "lever" and raise the stone slab, thus clearing the way down the corridor. The fulcrum greatly assists this process, and with moderate effort the party will be able to raise the slab high enough to create a two-foot crawl space under the slab. If the delvers want to push even harder on the lever, however, they're in for smashing good time.

Hidden from view, on the far side of the stone slab, the end of the wooden beam is coated with iron. A vigorous push on the beam will cause the iron tip to strike against an block of flint, producing a spark that will quickly consume ropes hidden on the other side of the rock slab. The ropes are all that secures the now free-falling block of stone positioned directly over the party's heads. Should the characters smell burning rope and quickly release the lever before the stone block can fall, the sudden transfer of weight will cause the party to break through into the pit hidden beneath their feet. Then you can laugh it up while the panicked party tries to scramble out of the pit before the slow-burning ropes loose the stone block to entomb them in the pit forever.

Yeah, I know George's trap ain't exactly LITE, but my name's still on the book, right? A troll's got to have some fun, you know.



What would a TRAPS book be without a "Step & Die" trap? All right, maybe not a Step & DIE trap, but how about a Step & Ouch design? Alison McDaniel's HOTFOOT is bound to blow the toes off a delver or two, and will keep the local pirate supply house low on wooden legs for months.



This trap must be located someplace where the victim is likely to hit it on the run. That, at least, shouldn't be hard. When the delver lands on this section of floor, his weight will depress a steel rod hidden beneath the stone. The rod is tipped with a file, and rests in a circular hole lined with flint. Beneath the rod is a reservoir filled with gunpowder, or some equally vile and explosive substance. When the victim hits the pressure plate on the run, he'll depress the rod through the hole, striking a spark into the gunpowder supply. Ammo! Instant gimp. If the victim objects to the notion of a peg leg, threaten to saddle him with a peg head.



Lisa Walker obviously believes in putting delvers to good use. If an adventuring party is going to trundle through your dungeon, the dungeon might as well get something out of it. We all know the best wine is crushed by human (or other) feet, a fact Lisa exploits with her **FEATS OF CREATION** trap.

A normal dungeon corridor abruptly narrows to three or four feet across. The floor is lined with wooden planks. A sign instructs the delvers to remove their footwear and proceed. If the delvers do as instructed, they'll find they've entered the winemaker's guild. The barefoot delvers are invited to help crush grapes, and for their troubles are awarded with a glass of wine and a minor cash prize. If the characters want to make this an excuse for Dionysian revelry, I wouldn't stand in their way.

If the delvers fail to follow instructions, and find themselves in the guild with their shoes on, they'll be reprimanded by the clerks, who will try to bully the party into cleaning the wine vats as penance for the grapes the delvers spoiled by trodding on them in their boots. Where I come from, such requests are likely to end up with clerks drowning in vats of wine, but give it a shot if you think you can get away with it.

Ofcourse, Lisa assumes the stewards of the guild would want every barefoot adventurer that happens along the way to crush their grapes. Lisa's obviously never examined what grows between the toes of your average hobbit. Or maybe she has. Could halfling toejam be that "secret ingredient" that gives Lisa's wine such a distinctive aftertaste...?

David Stevens must have been a pill in school. When that staccato bell started ringing, and the other students dutifully shuffled out of the room to assemble at their pre-determined point, David must have shouted, **SCREW THE FIRE DRILL!** At least, this would account for this wicked twist on a conventional fireman's pole.



A normal, iron pole disappears through a hole in the ground. Examination will prove the pole seems to conduct delvers down to the next level of the dungeon. Characters gleefully sliding down the thing will have a smooth ride for the first fifty feet or so...but the last twenty feet will be a painful experience. This is because the pole tapers to a screw-like point, similar to a corkscrew with sharp edges. Anyone with bare hands and thighs wrapped around this beauty will find himself "in the groove"! This can be fatal or annoying, depending on how high above the floor the delver encounters the screwey portion of the pole, and what lays below the pole itself. I suggest you suspend this device over a tank filled with giant lobsters, but I think I'm repeating myself. The brain goes first, you know.

**BURNIN' DOWN THE HOUSE**, by Rick Loomis, violates state fire codes by it's mere existence, so I suspect Rick will get a visit from the horrible scarred Fire Marshal Bill any day now. A simple dungeon corridor is reinforced with wooden supports. The supports line the walls of the corridor and criss-cross over the ceiling above, in the fashion of deep dwarven mine tunnels. The wooden supports are soaked with a highly flammable substance that will ignite when exposed to even a moderate open flame, such as a delver's torch passing below. Once ignited, the flames will rapidly engulf the corridor, spreading across the ceiling and down the walls. This will instantly choke the corridor with acrid black smoke, disorienting the party. Unless the delvers flee immediately — which won't be easy with all that smoke and flame — they'll be on hand when the fire-weakened supports give way, causing the corridor to collapse. Just as well. Saves you the trouble of sealing off the corridor until you can comply with the fire code.



How does this deathtrap get into TRAPS LITE? Well, it's got "light" in it, right? Anyone got a problem with that? Do I have to go away and leave this thing to Grimtina, again? I didn't think so.

All right, quit complaining. If it's light traps you want, then light traps you'll get. Geeze, I'm turning into Count Floyd. I need to seek other work. Rick says that a "lighter" version of this trap is **CEILINGS, NOTHING MORE THAN CEILINGS**: rather than corridor supports, just the ceiling is flammable. Fill the "attic" above the ceiling with marshmallows, and after the roof burns away, tons of gooey melted marshmallow fall on the hapless invaders. Add this to the Dunkin' Delver trap and you'll have Delver SomeMore's!





## Corridor Traps

- NOTES -



If that's not wimpy enough for you, Dan Lambert's **GLO MOSS** should satisfy you. Bunch of panzies! Glo-moss is a special hybrid strain of luminescent moss, purposefully grown by pirates and sorcerers on the walls of their underground complexes as an early-warning system. Me, I use a machinegun as an early-warning system, but I'm old fashioned. And cranky.

Anyone who ingests the glo-moss, or merely touches it with exposed skin, will notice an allergic reaction within ten minutes. The infected character will glow in the dark. This will make the character stand out like a beacon in underground locales, allowing your monsters to easily locate and intercept the intruding dungeon party. A glowing delver can attempt to ENTIRELY cover himself from head to toe to suppress his radiance, but doing so will doubtless encumber him, and may be more trouble than it's worth.

Happy now, you bunch of lefty weasels?

Now, if you want my idea of how to use stuff growing on walls, take a look at David Stevens' **CREEPING DOWN THE HALL, CREEPING UP THE WALL**. This is more like it. A normal dungeon corridor wall is cloaked in creeping ivy. This won't seem remarkable if the corridor in question is near the surface, where plant roots may very well penetrate your dungeon stone. Setting this corridor on the way to or from a wine cellar is particularly effective. The ivy is unremarkable, aside from being slightly irritating to the touch. There is no indication the ivy is about to animate and attack the party, or some such rot. Delvers can be so paranoid!



Of course, as Dr. Hunter S. Thompson has pointed out, there comes a time in life when so many people are after you that there is no such thing as paranoia anymore. Most delvers have probably reached this point. They will certainly have reached this point when they reach the middle of this ivy-clad hall and step on a pressure plate, causing the corridor to give way beneath them. When faced with the option of tumbling into a pit or leaping onto the ivy, most adventurers will cling to the vines. The ivy will hold firm, and if the delvers are especially strong and dextrous, they'll be able to climb back along the corridor wall to safety. This must entail continuous and intimate contact with the ivy, which will prove to be an especially virulent strain of poison ivy. What seems mildly irritating to a casual touch will prove downright uncomfortable with prolonged contact, either causing the characters to release their grip and tumble into the pit after all, or suffer an itching infection for many weeks after finally escaping the corridor. Either way, the delvers' will be inconvenienced, or worse.

Molly Ringworm is known for her startling red hair, indicative of a fiery temper. Small wonder, then, that Molly is responsible for the **SHORT FUSE** trap, a design that will have its victims at the end of their rope in no time. This is one of those elegantly simple traps that requires little explanation. Simply locate a rope such that it hangs down the middle of a vertical corridor. The corridor is not trapped in any way, and delvers will find the easiest way down is to use the rope.



The bottom end of the rope is tied to a bell, hanging a few inches above the ground. A troll lives in a chamber near the bell, and when he hears the bell ring (indicative of one or more delvers on the rope), the troll springs into action. Grabbing a firebrand from his cooking pit, the troll will set fire to the bottom end of the rope, which in this case will have a startling and violent effect. The rope is no better than a fuse, you see, and the flame will rapidly race up the rope and onto anyone climbing the same. At the very least your victim will be burned. At best, he'll be burned AND he'll drop a couple stories down to the bottom of the shaft, where your dedicated troll can enjoy some good sport. Maybe you'll nail a whole party, if the troll times his actions just right...

I had an argument with GrimBuck over Kenneth Ham's **TUBE CITY**. While this trap uses future technology, construction of this device is within the powers of most pseudo-medieval engineers, and the trap is more thematically at home in a conventional dungeon than the far future. In the end it was a toss-up, so I the trap gets put in my chapter because my name is on the cover, and I'm still Top Troll around here, no matter what my brat sister thinks.

Right. The party finds its way by hook or crook into a perfectly round, tunnel-like corridor. The way is blocked by a metal cylinder that completely fills the corridor, and may only be passed via a

round, hatch-like door. This is a one-way door—the party may pass through, but not back out again, something your victims will discover when they find themselves on the other side.

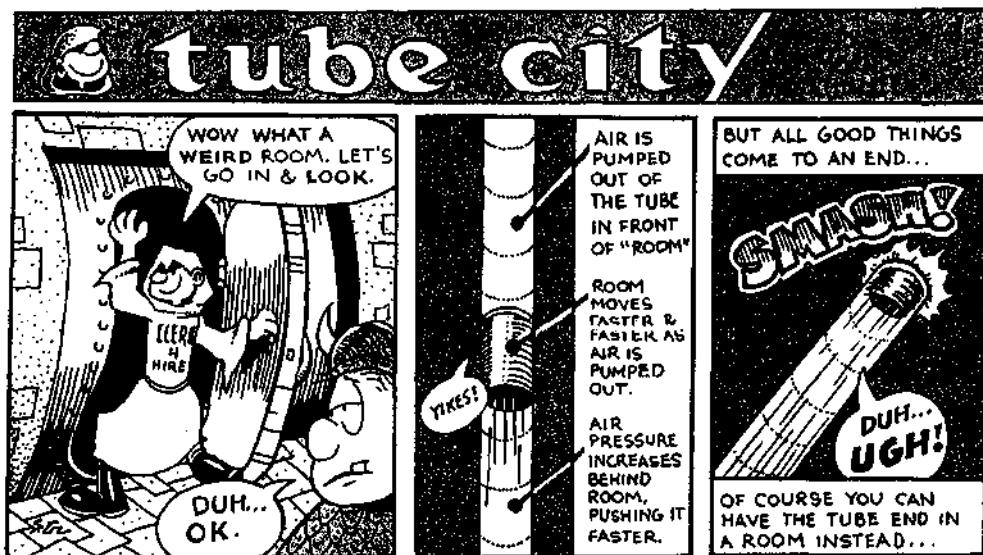
The round portal door lets into a small, cylindrical iron room. The room is devoid of features save for a triple-reinforced glass wall on the wall across from that through which the party entered. Something horrible is going to happen, you see, and it's no fun unless the party can view impending disaster through their very own windshield.

No sooner does the party enter the room than the round corridor sequence through which they were travelling is sealed off. Hidden pumps surge into motion, removing air *from* the closed-off section in front of the room, and raising the pressure behind the room. This creates a partial vacuum, which will impel the room along the tube like the car it actually is when the brakes are released. I suggest the brakes make a startling, sickening, booming thud against the hull of the iron room/car, just to make everyone uneasy as the room lurches into motion.

The room is really nothing more than a container stuck in a pneumatic tube system similar to those used in office buildings. Vacuum impels the car through a series of opening and closing walls, building momentum until the car is moving at breakneck speed. Remember the car can go up, down, or sideways at your discretion. Remember also there's nothing to hang on to inside the featureless iron car. Remember also the party can view their mortal peril through the windshield you've so thoughtfully located in the nose of the car. What fun!



I can get this one into TRAPS LITE because it's up to you to decide where and how this wild ride ends up. My suggestion, as you'd suspect, involves giant lobsters (yet again), but you can deposit the party wherever the whim strikes you.



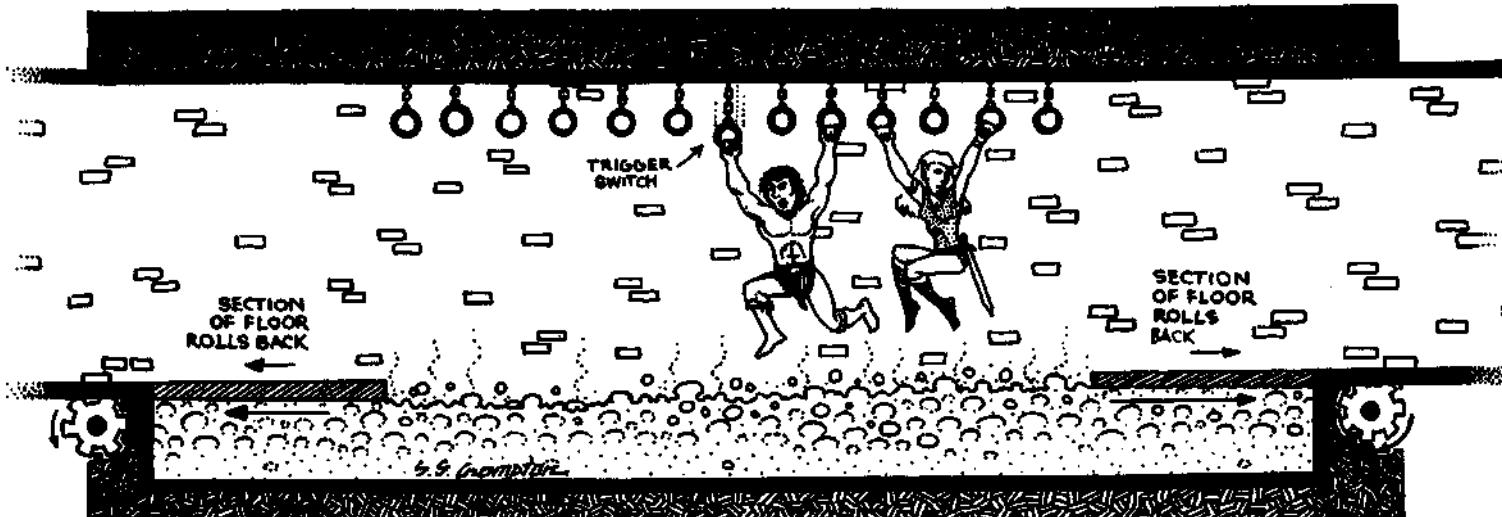
All right, so that last one could be a little rough. Wouldn't want you to soil your skirts, boys, so let me balance things out with a light bit of fluff from Eric Boyd. SEA WHAT I MEAN?, Eric says, when he suggests a simple pit trap filled with sea water. The idea is that if this pit is located deep enough in your dungeon (and it's easier to conduct water down to a lower level than to pump it up to a higher floor), the victim will have come through more than one scrape before he reaches this dangerous level. At least, such will be the case if you plateheads have been paying attention to my series of peerless collections! Anyway, dump some schmuck already cut and skinned on his hands and knees into a briny pit filled with sea water, and he'll howl a blue streak. You're helping him out, of course, as sea water helps cleanse wounds, but don't let that ruin your fun. When I'd cruise on my yacht (when I still had a yacht, before the tax collectors got me), I'd sometimes flog the cabin boy just for yucks, and he never failed to thank me properly for the sea water restorative I offered him after the experience. Arrr, it's a man's life, between endless sea and endless sky. Makes me lust for peg legs and parrots!



David Stevens is back with another nasty trap called **GRAB FOR THE BRASS RING**. A normal dungeon corridor is blocked by a wide stream of fatal liquid. Acid, lava, or even molten diamond supplying the hot tub in the last chapter of this book — take your pick. From the ceiling depend a series of rings on chains leading out over the liquid, offering a way across the deadly stream to where the corridor continues on the other side. Brave characters may attempt to cross via the rings, especially if pursued by sufficiently frightening monsters. Scientologists, maybe.



I'll leave aside the obvious potential of greased rings for David's more insidious suggestion. When the center one in the ring sequence is pulled upon, sections of the corridor floor slide away to reveal the stream of deadly liquid is wider than originally surmised. Whereas before the party could reasonably expect to cross the barrier via the rings, or at least make it back where they started, they're now stranded above the stuff, hanging by rapidly weakening hands, breathing in the hot and toxic steam of whatever bubbles below... well, like I said. I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions about what should happen next. Just to prove this trap is survivable, however, I'll suggest inventive victims might begin by roping themselves to whatever ring they hang from, then consider swinging back and forth until they arc over a safe section of corridor. I must be getting soft in my old age.



Because this is a LITE collection, I can't have any Step & Die traps, but I can come close with Phil Dean's **LOANSHARK'S HELPER**. Phil must be running a numbers racket on the side, because he is uncomfortably familiar with the tactics used to collect debts. Phil was probably the kind of kid who offered you "reasonable" interest rates on some extra milk money in elementary school. My kind of boy.



This trap is best concealed in a flagstone-lined section of corridor. At least one of the flagstones should trigger the trap, rapidly sinking two feet or so into the ground, or roughly knee-level for an average sized delver. Neighboring flagstones then crash together, shattering the victim's knees. The delver is then free to continue, suitably reminded what it means to cross the boss. Remember, if someone owes you money, it does no good to off them, but a broken knee or two can get the message across.

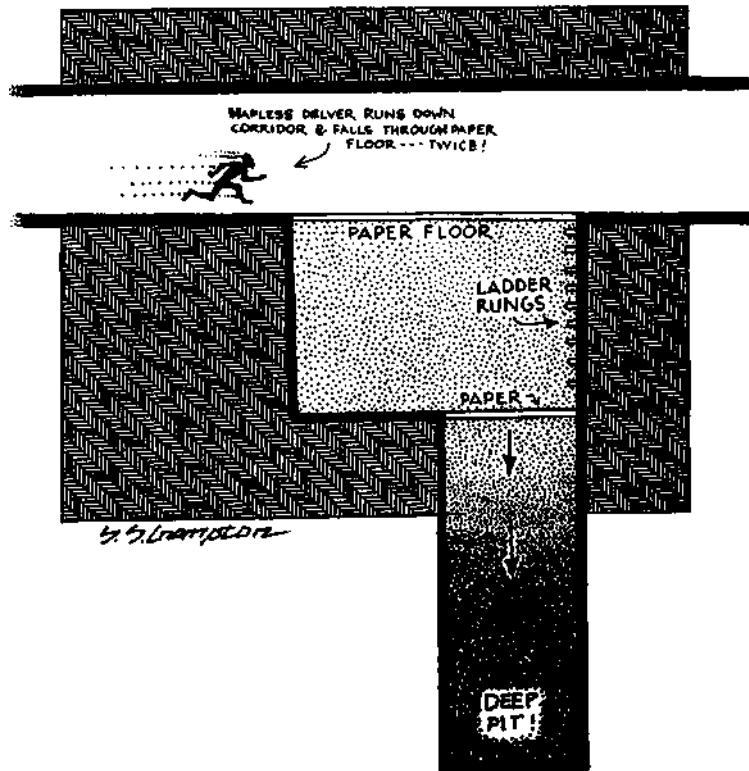
**LIFE IS THE PITS**, says George Andricopoulos, like it's supposed to be some kind of bulletin. If you've any boundless optimists in the next party that delves your dungeon, be sure to introduce them to this bit of wickedness, to ensure they keep their eyes on the corruption of the earth beneath them, rather than the boundless domain of the heavens above. Unless they want to quickly visit heaven, that is.

This is a simple pit trap with a difference. A paper mock-up of an ordinary section of floor covers a pit in the corridor. Anyone stepping on the paper will tumble into the pit below, suffering moderate damage. After picking himself up and dusting himself off, the victim will cast about for a means out of the pit. How considerate — there's a ladder up one side of the pit wall leading back to corridor

level. Optimism rewarded! This is the best of all possible worlds!

Beanhead.

Directly before the ladder is a second pit, again covered with paper, and if you get the same guy a second time, he deserves whatever awaits him at the bottom of your second pit. Maybe the second pit shouldn't even have a bottom, so your optimistic, cheerful victim can tumble through space forever, certain he'll land in a soft space right up until the time he starves to death.



## Corridor Traps

- NOTES -



Rita Moshier says that ONLY A STUPE STOOPS. I'm not so sure about that. American Civil War historian Shelby Foote says General Ulysses S. Grant used to remain in a perpetual stoop while reviewing battle plans in his tent. If Grant was hunched over at his table, and needed a document from across the room, he'd get up and walk over to get his document then return to his table without straightening up, so great was his concentration on the task at hand. Grant may have been a lousy President, but he was an expedient and bloodthirsty general (my favorite flavor), and I wouldn't call him a stupe.

Still, Rita makes her point with this trap. We've all had fun teasing old drunks with a piece of string attached to a wallet. When the geezer bends over to pick up the wallet, we jerk the string, and make the ol' gummer look like a fool. This trap works along similar lines. A thin piece of string is attached to a gold piece, and the gold piece is left in the midst of a normal corridor. When someone thinks to bend over to pick up the coin, a hidden orc gives the string a tug, pulling the coin into the corridor ahead. Most characters will remain bent over as they lunge after the coin. Depending on how determined or stupid they are, they might lunge after the coin two or three times before giving up in disgust, and finally straightening up.

Gotcha!

While the victim is scuttling about with his eyes on the ground, he won't notice that he's been lured into a corridor section with an unusually low ceiling, so that when he straightens up, he'll get a bonk on the head. More humiliating than deadly, I know, but this is a LITE volume, and if you knew Rita, you'd know she's incapable of wishing greater harm on anyone, even some stupid stooping dungeon delver.

Osborne Lone gives hieroglyphics a new twist with his (appropriately named) HIEROGLYPHIC TRAP. The party traverses a corridor decorated with elaborate hieroglyphics, an ominous series of beast-headed humans always viewed in profile. Try as they might, the delvers won't be able to figure what the hieroglyphics relate, although if someone starts to whistle the Bangles' WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN, they should perhaps be spared what happens next.

## corridor Traps

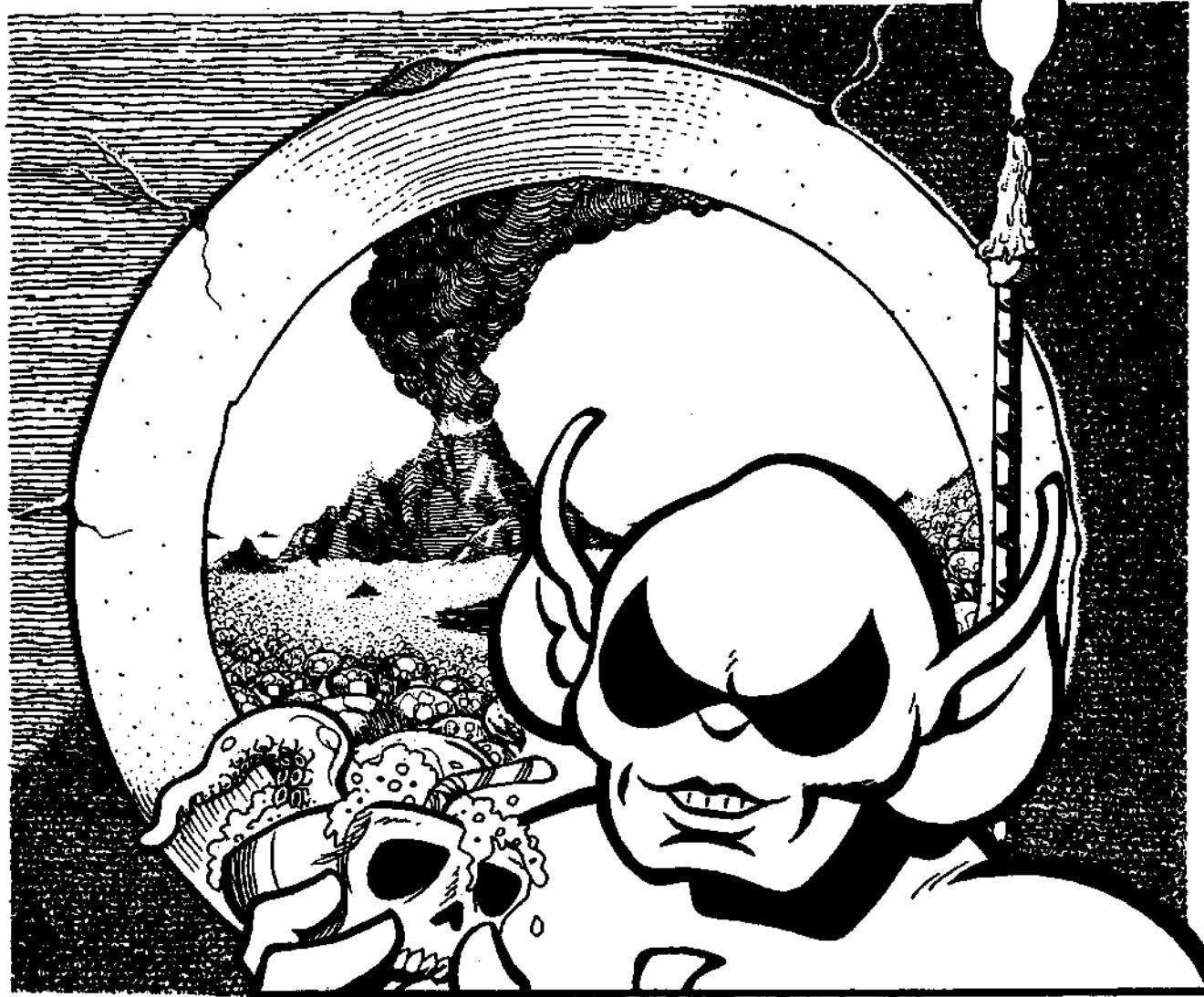
### - NOTES -



The hieroglyphics, you see, are alive. That's right—they're malevolent, two-dimensional creatures from another realm, and they thirst for human blood. When the party is in their midst, they'll spring from their ambush along the walls and set about their victims with a will. The delvers should find this a tough fight, as when the living hieroglyphics turn sideways, they disappear entirely. You must hit a two-dimensional creature head-on if you're to hit them at all. Maybe the hieroglyphics will get the last laugh...

...something long overdue for wall flowers — and role-players — everywhere.





## ***Door Traps***

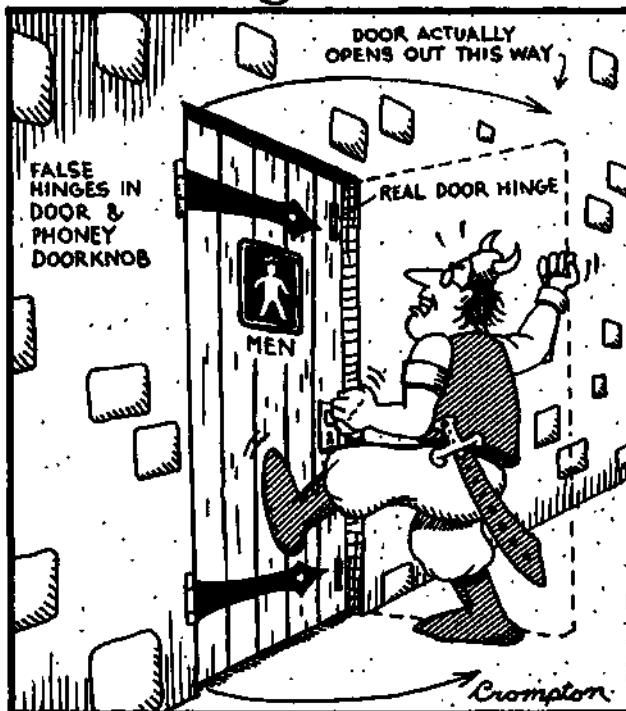
*Door traps require a subtlety of design usually not required of corridor or room designs. Delvers naturally think of doors as gateways to danger. When confronted with a door your average dungeon delving party will conduct a Chinese fire drill, piling out in all directions, ranging themselves along this wall and that, someone watches the rear, someone watches the front, someone watches the amazon's rear, someone stands in front of the door, someone stands besides the door...it really can be a bore, after the second or fifth or tenth time you've seen it, but more often than not the characters protect themselves from harm with their actions. Frequently delvers adopt a standard operating procedure when they reach a door, and go through their preparations wordlessly and without much enthusiasm. That's when their attention begins to wander. Just when they think they're safe—such as after traversing a hall with one hundred untrapped doors—THAT'S when to spring one of these beauties on them...*



**HE WHO GOES FIRST GOES HEADFIRST** is Clinton Gaskill's motto. This simple door trap is best located at the end of a long hallway, just before a stairway to a lower level. In front of this door is a pressure plate upon which a character must stand to open the door. When the doorknob is turned, the pressure plate slams the character against the door, which is in turn broken off its hinges and knocked inwards. Now atop the door, the character will enjoy a wild ride down the stairs on the other side, terminating in a crash landing on the floor below. The victim will get a headache (or worse) while his companions will get a good laugh, if they're anything like the guys I hang with.

When I was just a little troll, before I became independently wealthy, I held a series of jerkwater jobs. I rolled rocks uphill, I helped collect debts, I etched bad poetry on mountainsides, and I worked as a desk clerk in a wholesale torture equipment warehouse. The door to the warehouse was quirky. It looked like you should push it to enter, when in fact you had to pull it to get it open. At first I thought of fixing the door, but then I found it was a lot more fun to watch customers bang into the thing all day, so I left it the way it was.

## The Wrong Side



Try as he might, Melvin the Barbarian  
Could not force his way into the  
Kings throne room.

Jason Shannon's **ONTHEWRONG SIDE** works much the same way. There is no threat involved in this trap, much to my chagrin, but it will make delvers a little nuts. To all intents and purposes this appears to be a standard door. Hinges are visible on the side from which the delvers approach, clearly indicating the direction the door should open. In fact, the hinges are false. The real hinges are located on the opposite side of the door, on the side where the doorknob is located from the character's point of view. Someone grasping the doorknob, then pulling or pushing, will think the door is "stuck", when in fact all he need to do is push on the false "hinges" side of the door, and the thing will open normally. If the delvers are really dense, they'll waste spells and time trying to unlock the door, or maybe they'll go so far as to remove the false hinges — and still be no closer to getting through the door! Oh well...

Sebastien Blouin has the right idea when he warns **SOLICITORS WILL BE IMPALED**. I wish I had this beauty installed at the cave when the tax collectors came to take away my mint condition copy of **ELDRITCH WIZARDRY** (the one with the naked lady on the cover), and my autographed copy of **VICTORIOUS GERMAN ARMS**, by a well-known role playing designer who shall remain nameless on advice of my attorney. Heh! Tax collectors just grab with both hands, you know, and auction your stuff at a fraction of its fair value. All you can do is stand in the driveway, blink, and sway uncertainly from one side to the other. Me and Red Foxx, man.

The victim finds a locked door at the end of a hall. He must stand on a concealed pressure plate to work with the door. The door is unlocked, and appears to be jammed shut. A couple good solid blows should open the thing, but the door stubbornly resists punches, kicks, and even bravado from humanoid wolves who threaten to huff and puff and blow the house down.

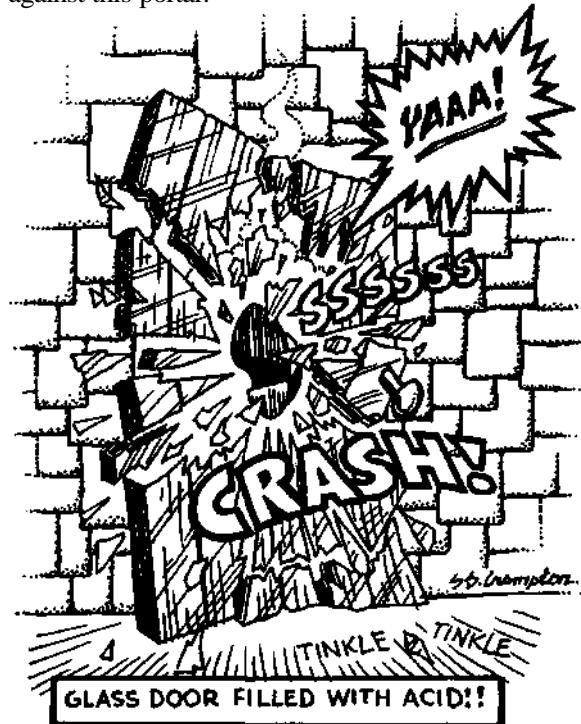


## Door Traps

Eventually some bright boy will hit on the notion of getting a running start, then throwing his weight against the door to batter it open. You can lead your victims to this conclusion by having the door budge just a bit to physical attempts to force it. When the victim runs down the hall to smash into the door, his momentum will ensure he hits the pressure plate with considerably greater weight than when he merely stood on it. There's a formula to explain this phenomena, but you'll have to ask GrimBuck for the numbers, or take it on faith from me. When the pressure plate is finally activated, a wall of spikes is pushed through the door — just in time to impale the delver as he lands against it.

Well, okay, it doesn't actually impale him. This is TRAPS LITE, after all, but it sure will put a lickin' on whoever thought to throw his shoulder against this portal!

Clinton Gaskill has a caustic solution for obnoxious salesmen determined to PUT A FOOT IN THE DOOR. Simply put, Clinton has made a door out of glass, and painted and textured the outside to resemble a common wooden dungeon portal. The door is locked and will resist most attempts to open by skill or stealth. Eventually some bruiser will decide to kick the door down, and then you've got him! Not only will the victim cut the dickens out of his foot when it smashes through the glass, but he'll also be in for some frenzied hopping about when he finds the glass contains a reservoir of fast-acting acid! Install multiple doors of this ilk in your pit and you'll find plenty of takers for the three-legged race at the next company picnic!



Jersey Turnpike has scared himself more than once with what he's seen in the mirror, so he must know whereof he speaks with this LAST OF THE MIMES trap. Place this door in any dungeon corridor. Bolt the door, nail it shut, remove the doorknob, and wedge the thing in place, because behind it lurks the consummate horror. Post signs warning delvers away from this portal. Lace the corridor with explosive pressure pads and post guards beside the door. Do what you must, but make sure the delvers know this door is not to be opened under any circumstances! They'll be sorry!

So, of course, the schmucks will move heaven and earth to open the door.

The door conceals a mirror. That's all, just a mirror. As a victim stares into the mirror, he'll watch as his own features take on a ghostly, white pallor. Dark lines will arch above his eyebrows. The image in the mirror will bring two white-gloved hands to either side of it's suddenly expressive face, and show a round-mouthed display of amazement. That's right The character's mirror-image has been turned into a mime.

Worst of all, it's a ghostly mime. The mime will step from the mirror and dog it's victim, mimicking his double's every move with exaggerated and derogatory grace. When the mime isn't busy making his victim look like a buffoon, he'll walk against the wind, press against an imaginary pane of glass, and peel and eat invisible bananas. What a pain in the neck! And because the mime is a ghost, he cannot be physically done away with.

Breaking the mirror will dispel the mime...at least until the character next observes his own reflection, when the mime will appear again. And again. And again. And again...

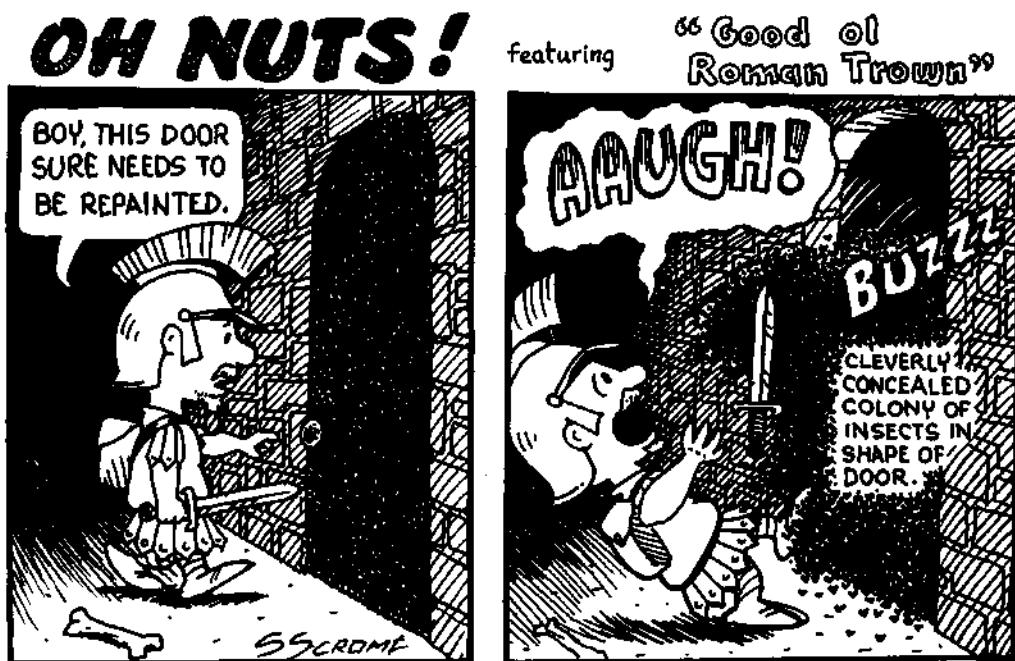




The atomists, Leucippus and Democritus, developed their theory of atomism in answer to the claims of Parmenides, who asserted reality consisted of an indivisible, indestructible mass, wherein change is not possible. To side-step Parmenides' objections to change, and to answer Zeno's infamous paradoxes, the atomists introduced the notion of space, allowing for separation between bodies, and thus both motion and change.



Which has only a little to do with Kenny Bolser's BUG DOOR, apart from relying on the theory of atoms for proper understanding. If atoms are indeed tiny particles of matter packed very close together to form the objects we experience, then the best way to think of Kenny's door is to imagine billions and billions of insects crammed together to make a door. That's right, this door consists of a single mass of uncountable billions of insects, each piled one atop another in a remarkably convincing door-like shape. Someone encountering this bizarre mass blocking a corridor will rightly assume he's met a door with a poor paint job, but when he presses against the door, he'll learn the truth...as those same untold billions of insects collapse from their door-like shape atop the victim. Suffocation may result, unless you choose to make the bugs poisonous. Either way, rely on your bugs reassembling in door form after the offending delver has disappeared, one way or the other.



One of Dr. E. L. Frederick's favorite door tricks can be used anywhere one might want to OPEN THE DOOR. No doubt you are familiar with the mythology of "Demons" in that if you say a Demon's name out loud, there is a chance he will hear you and appear. Suppose you had a Demon named "Opin Thedoar"? Every time your delvers say "We open the door", you make a die roll to see if he shows up. If he does appear, make him a suitably obnoxious but non-fatal sort of creep. He hangs around the party making bad puns and wisecracks until someone pays him to go away. He prefers magical items.



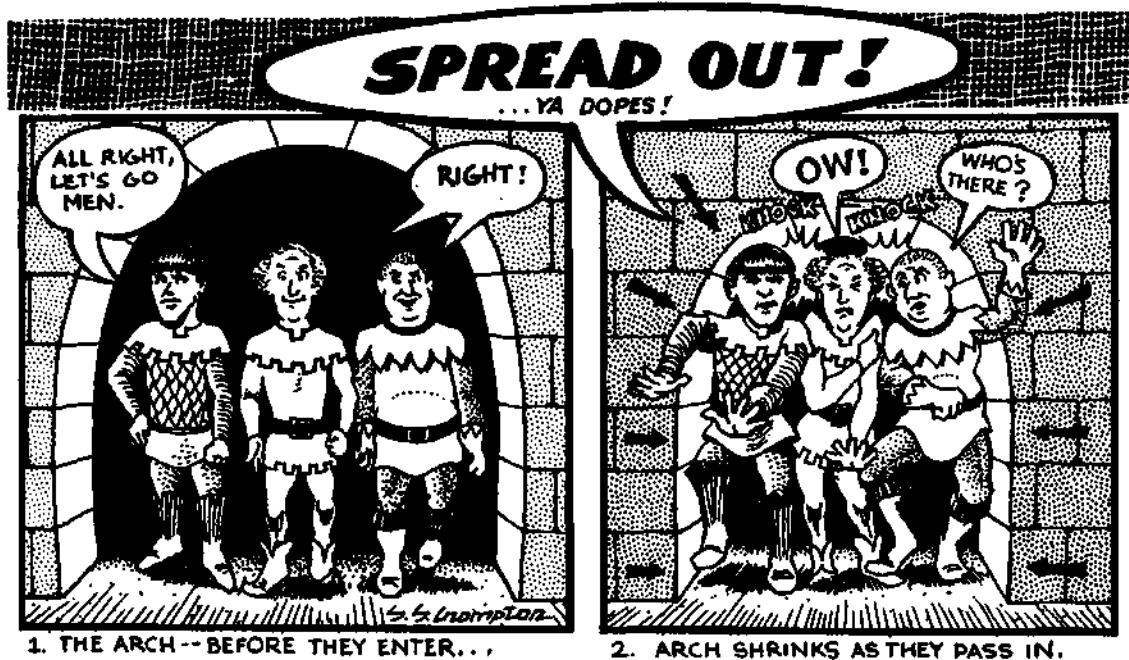
Of course we all know that demons are mythical creatures that only schizophrenics and religious fanatics believe in, which is why religious fanatics try to ban all books that mention demons. So if you know anyone who believes in demons, don't tell him about this page of this book, or we might get picketed. We'd be in all the newspapers, on tv, and all that publicity would be... hmmm. Do I get a royalty on every copy of this book we sell?



Way back in 1981, S.S. Crompton had 'em rolling in the isles with his Achilles' Shield trap, ably assisted by society's greatest stooges. No, I don't mean Congress. I mean those three guys in the Columbia shorts. Short films, not Bermuda shorts! Gee whiz, you guys, broaden your horizons!

Over a decade later, ol' S.S. continues his StoogeQuest with **SPREAD OUT!**, a corridor trap guaranteed to at least annoy your delvers, and possibly do worse. The trap is hidden in a simple open doorjamb. There is no door, merely an open arch. The arch is wide enough to permit multiple characters to pass at one time, and that's just what you want them to do, for when anyone passes through this door, the frame suddenly shrinks to half it's original width. In algebraic terms, let "w" equal the width of the door. When characters pass through the door, the width narrows to  $w/2$ , and as we all know, " $w/2$ " is perilously close to "Woo woo woo woo woo woob", which in turn is close to "Nyuck nyuck nyuck," which is another way of saying, "Spread out!". If you don't understand this relationship, you're either too young to know any better or far too intelligent to be reading this book.

When a couple characters are suddenly crammed shoulder to shoulder trying to pass through this door, they'll likely say something less polite, but if anyone thinks to say, "spread out," offer bonus points and consider letting the poor stooge live another night. With such a culturally bankrupt background, he's of no danger to anyone.



Almost as dear to me as stooges and giant lobsters are bad puns, which drive the **TRAPDOOR RIDDLE** trap by Alison McDaniel. The party finds a stout, oak trapdoor in the midst of a corridor. The door has a bolt, but it is drawn back so the door remains unlocked. Inscribed on the door in silver letters is a message that reads,

"What's the best way to eat a trapdoor?"

Allow the delvers to puzzle over this one for a bit, and when they prove unable to answer the question, have a goblin pop out of the door with the solution on his lips, a chainsaw in his hands, and murder in his heart. "Just bolt it down!" the goblin will howl, as he goes about his bloody work. Should the party anticipate this answer, and actually lock ("bolt down") the door, they'll avoid this rude punchline, but don't bet the farm on it happening.





## Door Traps

### - NOTES -



The final entry in this volume's slim doors chapter is from Jersey Turnpike. Strange, how there are so few doors traps this time around. I guess Oliver Stone already said everything there is to say about the Doors. In my next volume, look for plenty of dead president and conspiracy theory traps. Yeah, kids, stand around on one leg waiting for that one to make it into print.

Jersey's designed the DOGGY DOOR. This powerful magic portal will cut any delver down to size. Place this locked door at the end of any hall. Try as the party might, they won't be able to breach this door. Kick and bash though they may, all the delvers will manage to do is set up a wailing from what sounds like a house cat on the other side of the door. The only way to pass is through the free-swinging flap at the bottom of the door, very much like a large doggy door. Of course, anyone passing through the doggy door is turned into a dog.



Not fair, you say? Too pat and potentially disastrous for this LITE book of traps? Take a pill, pal! To reverse the enchantment, all the doggy delver need do is pass back through the door. Provided he thinks of it. Or has the time. Remember that wailing house cat? Well, the fat little cat exists only to bolt away in a furry frenzy at the first sign of a delver turned into a dog, and no self-respecting dog can resist chasing a cat. Off the delver will go, in pursuit of that cunning cat... Of course, the small cat runs back to its' mother, an over-fed giant, killer cat that just hates dogs. If the dog is lucky it will turn tail and run back. Or the party can crawl through the door looking for their companion, and go four-footing, themselves. It's a dog's life, they say, and maybe someday I'll try it.

In the meantime. I think I hear someone scratching at the door. It could be...

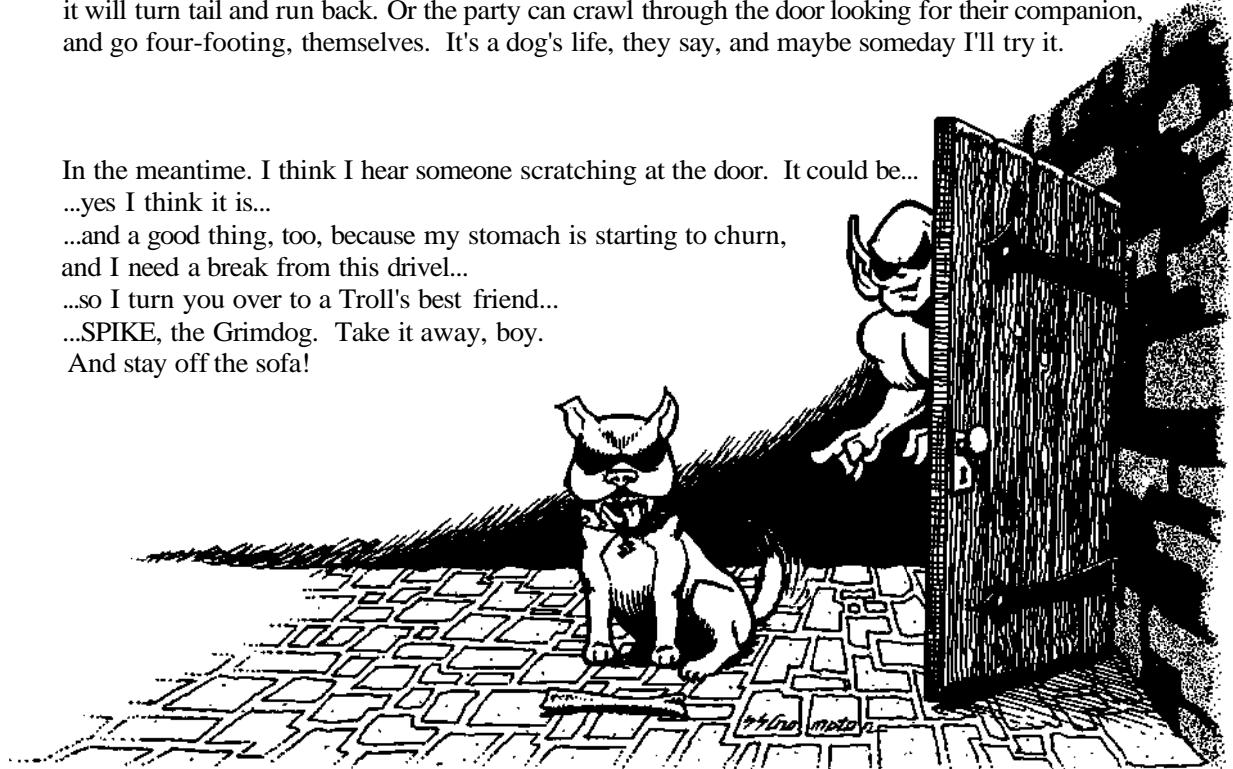
...yes I think it is...

...and a good thing, too, because my stomach is starting to churn, and I need a break from this drivel...

...so I turn you over to a Troll's best friend...

...SPIKE, the Grimdog. Take it away, boy.

And stay off the sofa!



SPIKE

the

Grimdog



## Items and Artifacts

Woof woof bark woof woof bark woof. Grrrr. Woof woof woof woof, bark bark. Bark woof, woof woof woof garowl. Bark! Woof woof bark bark woo\*

POOF!

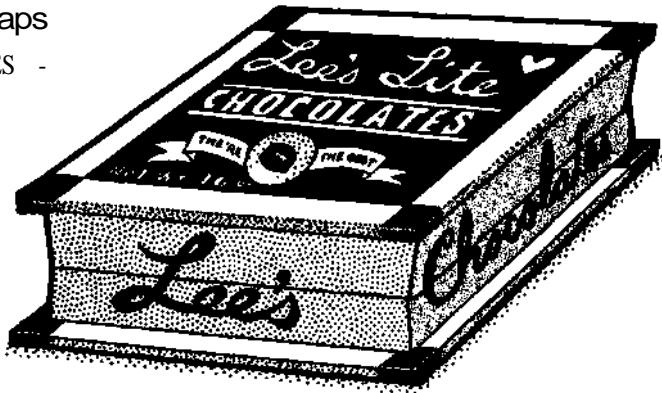
\* good at last Grimtooth's Speech Spell has taken effect. I am Spike the GrimDog and I will host this Items chapter. I am just a dog and not very good at these things so let us get right to it. No guff from you. Remember my favorite bone is in your leg.





## item Traps

### - NOTES -



This trap is a box of chocolates all in a nice pretty wrapper. Leave it anywhere but in the sun because it will melt. The chocolates are impossible to resist even if you only bite half way into them to see what the centers are before chewing the whole thing. Grimtooth left the Halloween candy out on the counter once and I jumped up and ate it and cut the devil out of my throat on the razor blades that somehow got into the candy. The candy box said it was inspected by number fifty-six so I went down the street to house fifty six and expressed my opinion on the lawn in my own inimitable canine manner.

Delvers can not resist this magic box of chocolate. If they smell one piece they must eat one piece. If they eat one piece the must eat all the pieces. With any luck the delvers will struggle over the box. They will punch each other in the nose while any dogs in the party hop around excitedly sideways and bark. The joke is on the delvers because when you eat the chocolates your face instantly bursts out into running sores and blemishes which humans find repulsive but which dogs don't notice at all. Any delver so effected will lose all their charisma which would be an improvement for some of the dungeoneers I have seen in the pits lately. Woof.



Lee Russell wrote the LABYRINTH solo dungeon and deserves respect. She submitted many traps to the last book but Grimtooth took only one of them. Well now I am in charge and I say Lee Russell's traps are the best. Okay here it goes.

Lee Russell gives us the HEY, PIZZA FACE trap. Lee Russell says this is a resubmission of a formerly rejected trap. Lee Russell reasons her trap was not heavy enough for Grimtooth and was rejected but she figures it will fit in just fine with this collection. Nothing is too heavy for Grimtooth to lift so I do not understand this. But I do understand the trap.

Rick Loomis designed the RING OF DOOM. I do not like it when the doorbell rings. I clatter across the cave and put my head down flat on the front hall tiles and bark myself silly when the bell rings. This is a different sort of ring of doom though so I will get right to it.

The party finds a gold ring of exquisite manufacture as part of a treasure trove. The ring is engraved with images of dogs running away with their tails between their legs. I agree this is hitting too close to home but I did not design this trap so do not blame me my doggy friends. The inside of the ring bears an engraving that reads

"RING OF DOOM. Wear on index finger. Point at biggest, nastiest enemy. Shout the worst insult you can think of. The worse the insult, the better the ring will work."

Of course this ring is really just useless junk jewelry. The dog motif is in especially poor taste. The ring has no magical effects but if some poor idiot follows the instructions he should find the ring does indeed ensure his doom. Arrirooooo!



Ari Marmell reminds us that accessories are the key to the sartorial success of every **SHARP DRESSED MAN**. This trap takes the form of a fine pair of soft leather boots inlaid with gold trim found in the wardrobe of some great lord or wizard. My favorite boots belong to Instep du Brain-Brain who is the most bizarre wizard in the world. When Instep du Brain-Brain visited Grimtooth during the Autumnal Dwarf-Tossing Festival I gothold of one of the wizard's size thirty-five boots and chewed it up real good. Instep du Brain-Brain was not pleased and turned me into a man for the week as punishment.

I would not want to chew the boots Ari Marmell describes. Hidden beneath the soul of the boot and running down the exact center of the shoe is a long sharp and thin razor blade. The leather hiding the blade from detection is thick enough the razor will not be discovered when examined with gentle probing pressure but you can bet your bottom dog biscuit the delver will discover the knife when he thrusts his foot into the boot. At the very least this will split open the victim's foot and cripple him or her. Sensible parties will leave such cripples behind or at best drag them along to use for opening doors and triggering pressure plates. Poisoning the blade seems like overkill but in honor of my master Grimtooth I will mention it. Bark!



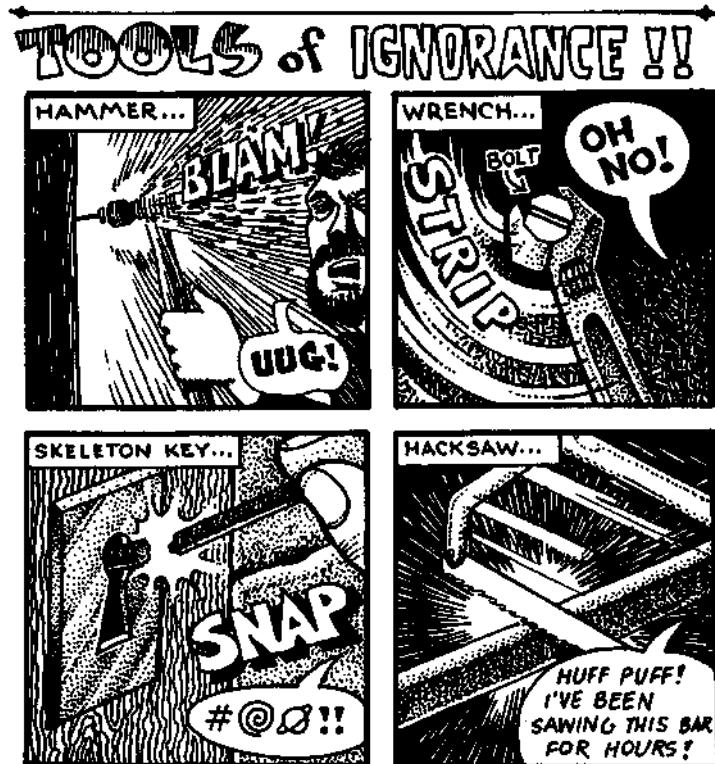
Sir Harry Flashman is Grimtooth's favorite literary hero because he is a cad and a bounder and he gives everyone the business and lives to get away with it. When Grimtooth is not busy bashing delvers I usually find him in his study laughing out loud at one of George MacDonald Fraser's Flashman books. Maybe Kenny Bolser is a Flashman fan too because he designed the **FLASHBLADE**. For the right character finding this magic sword could be the beginning of a fantastic career. The Flashblade is a beautifully crafted cavalry sabre that radiates magic. The sword has a powerful ego and most characters will find they are bewitched by the magic blade. The Flashblade will command its owner to discard all other blades and wield only the Flashblade.

Whoever holds the Flashblade will find his charisma and popularity on the rise. All who meet the wearer of the Flashblade will count that character as a hero among heroes. The blade itself is a potent weapon capable of striking killing blows and routing foes and shooting bolts of lighting and just about anything else you want to allow. The catch is that whenever the bearer of the Flashblade enters combat the blade takes control and forces the user to flee like a craven dog. Hey let's not get personal! Woof! No foe is too weak to inspire fear in the Flashblade not even a grasshopper. If cornered the bearer of the Flashblade will turn and fight but only long enough to clear a path to safety whereupon he must flee again until out of danger. The sight of the character running for the rear will likely ruin his reputation no matter how much the sword makes him seem a hero so the bearer of this blade will have to do some quick thinking to maintain his own good name.



I do not watch baseball. I prefer the dog races. I hear they call catchers' equipment the **TOOLS OF IGNORANCE** but I do not know why. I do know why Steve Layboume chose this for the name of the next trap though. Any thief or second story man foolish enough to use these tools is an ignoramus indeed.

This trap is a collection of finely crafted magic tools carried in a black velvet-lined leather case. Each tool is designed to sucker the victim by working perfectly the first time it is used. After that the tools always backfire. Included is a screwdriver that will remove any screw the first time it is used but



afterwards permanently welds screws in place at the slightest touch. A small hammer will drive one nail straight and true with a single stroke before exploding on the second blow. A crescent wrench will budge even the tightest bolt the first time it is used before automatically stripping any nut to which it is later applied. Skeleton keys are useful for picking locks and the one included with this set will open any lock the first time out. The next time the key is used it will permanently lock whatever it is used to pick. Finally there is a little hacksaw that will cut through anything once but thereafter serves to strengthen whatever material the delver tries to cut. It seems to me that once the true nature of these tools was determined that they could be used for positive purposes. But I am just a dog and what do I know?



Tyrone Shoes says NOTHING GOES AS FAR AS IT USED TO. Tyrone Shoes claims this trap is based on a real life experience he had in his junior high school algebra class. Tyrone Shoes had a math teacher who was obsessed with the demonstrability and measurability of the universe. The math teacher was a frustrated scientist who took solace in the notion of a mechanical cosmos in which all phenomena obeyed rational physical laws.

Hooooooooo! All these big words make my doggy skull ache!

Anyway Tyrone Shoes tells me his math teacher's most prized possession was a stainless steel ruler exactly one foot long. This ruler was the paradigm by which the math teacher's universe was measured. The ruler was exactly one foot long and from that base unit of measurement was all the world measured. The math teacher used his ruler to demonstrate every element of his curriculum with precise straight lines on the blackboard.

The math teacher's life began to go awry when his calculations failed to balance. Try as he might his geometry problems continued to come up short. He should have caught on when he realized he was experiencing a continuous and identical margin of error. At last one afternoon the math teacher noticed his ruler had been broken off exactly one inch on the low end. His one foot ruler was in fact eleven inches long although he never noticed because he looked only at the end that showed the twelve inch mark. With the discovery of this insidious bit of vandalism the math teacher went mad. He was abruptly aware that all his calculations of the last fortnight were wrong. In grief the maddened mathematician took a pair of erasers full of chalk dust and before his horrified students erased himself from existence.

The point of Tyrone Shoe's long anecdote is to alert the devious of how easy it can be to mess up the works of complex engineering products. An eleven inch ruler assumed to be one foot long could seriously damage the calculations of engineers building walls to protect the local town from monster raids from your dungeon. In the right hands such a ruler could likewise ensure maps made of your dungeon were incorrect. If nothing else you could use this item to cheat little kids out of one inch of their foot-long wieners and make yourself rich selling concessions at the ballpark.



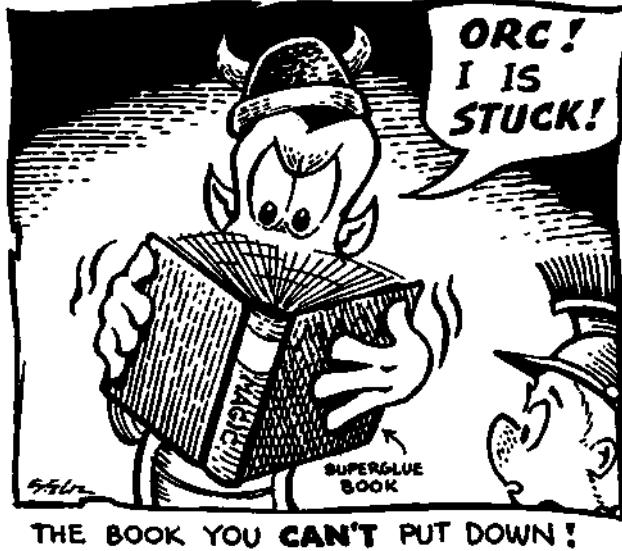
Rowdy Rhodes says his next trap is **ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A RUBBER CRUTCH** and that the title says it all. This trap is just a convincing prop crutch made out of rubber that will of course crumple under the weight of anyone who tries to use it. This seems like a weak trap to me but Rowdy Rhodes says lots of times we publish traps that are really nothing more than bad puns or tired cliches. I would not know because I am a dog and I can not read. Fortunately I can bark dictation. Rowdy Rhodes says he has a million such traps and he will gladly install screen doors in submarines and give a moose a hat rack and haul coals to Newcastle. I do not understand so if you can clue me in please do. Arroooo!

We have all heard that when you find a good book **YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT IT DOWN!** Clinton Gaskill has taken this notion to its logical extreme with his item trap of the same name. I suggest you build a library to house this trap and the other book traps that have appeared in past volumes of this series.

Simply put this is an attractive red leather book that radiates faint magic. The cover should have a pretty picture to attract dwarves and dogs like me. Arrooo! The delver can pick up the book and read it or thumb through it or whatever but when he goes to put it down he will find the book is coated with superglue! Arrruff! Arrruff! No matter what the victim does he will not be able to let go of the book save by peeling the flesh from his bones. Remember the book itself will remain sticky and will bond with anything else that touches it like clothing weapons or the victim's other hand!

Someone who does not have to worry about the previous trap is Tom Keefer because he can not read. He could read when he was a kid but school cured that. I think he also read his own **TOME OF KNOWLEDGE** trap from the last book and made a mental midget of himself.

Anyway Tom Keefer has an item trap he calls **THE LAST UNSIGHTLY BULGE YOU WILL EVER SEE**. This trap has a gun in it so I think it belongs in another chapter but I am just a dog and I have no say in these things. Simply put this is a hunting rifle with a shell already in the chamber and a subtlety tapering barrel. Most delvers will not notice the narrow barrel and certainly will not notice the barrel is in fact smaller at the far end than the bullet that must pass through it. Anyone pulling the trigger of this gun is going to have an explosive surprise right in his face. Woof!



**The HOT BREASTPLATE SPECIAL** is designed by Cinnamon Lynn Allen and even if this were not a good trap I would run it anyway just to suck up to anyone named Cinnamon Lynn Allen. I hope she really exists. Woof!

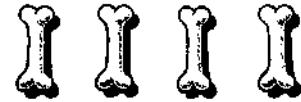
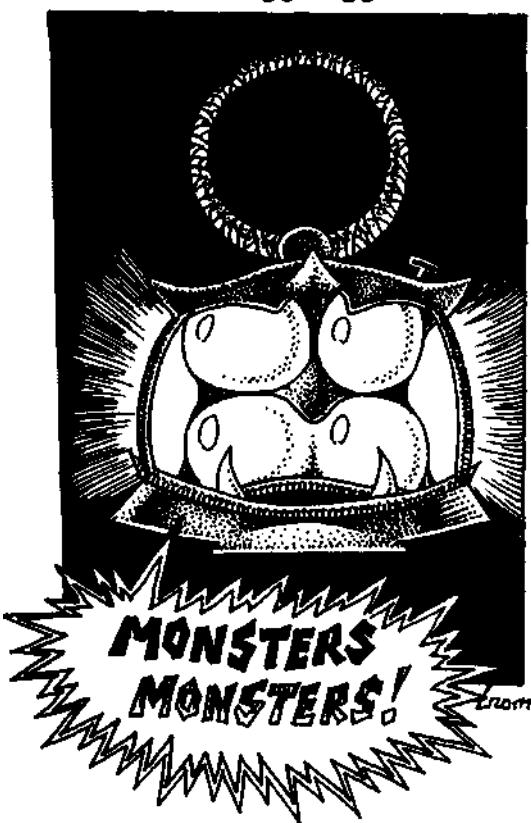
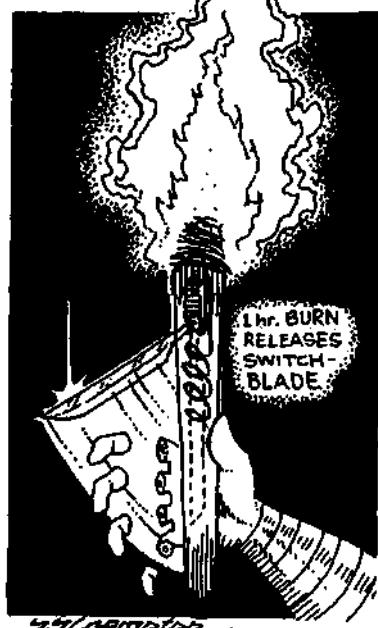
This is an elaborately bejewelled breastplate. In addition to being a work of art the breastplate will offer moderate armor protection. A faint magical aura may also convince some sucker to put this thing on. While in the depths of the dungeon the breastplate will function normally. When the victim leaves the dungeon is when the fun begins. A big ruby set in the middle of the breastplate serves to magnify sunlight like a laser and directs a beam of the stuff into the wearer's chest. This will either burn the delver's chest or punch a hole straight through him depending on the intensity and angle of the sunlight. The laser is not strong enough to be used as a distance weapon but it's more than powerful enough to give whoever wears this breastplate a serious case of heartburn! Arroooo!





## Item Traps

- NOTES -



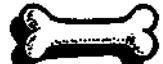
Rick Loomis promises to **CAUTERIZE THE WOUND** with this next item trap. This appears to be a common torch complete with a handle wrapped in cord and a head soaked in oil. The torch will burn normally and cast average light for approximately one hour. At that time the flame will have consumed enough of the torch to release the spring-loaded switchblade hidden in the shaft of the torch. Once released the blade will rapidly swing about and slice through the fingers of anyone holding the torch. If the victim complains for having his fingers cut off tell him how generous you are by providing an open flame to cauterize the wound. Once I heard about a guy who cut his fingers off with a power saw. The doctor said the fingers could have been reattached if the guy had acted fast enough but there was no chance because his dog ate the severed fingers. True story. Arrrooooo!

But Rick Loomis is not done. Rick Loomis says **HERE THERE BE MONSTERS** and backs it up with a magic lantern. The lantern bears an inscription written in Orcish that reads

"When lit, lantern warns of approaching monsters"

When the lantern is lit a disembodied voice will howl "Here there be monsters" unless an orc is present in which case the lantern will remain mum. Human delvers may figure the lantern is broken but they are wrong. After all this lantern is an orcish invention and to orcs **HUMANS** are the monsters! So long as the lantern does not shriek in a high tone or say "Here there be hydrants" we hounds are immune.

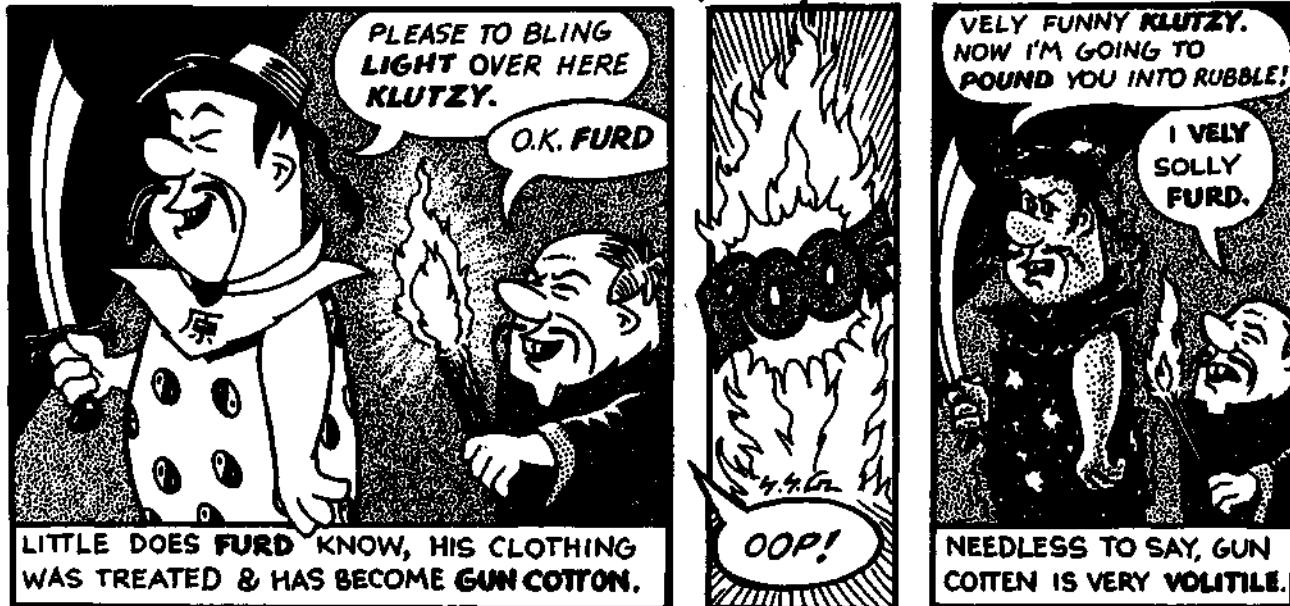
Despite his young age Brian Moroz must have a criminal record because he is familiar with the workings of one-way glass. Anyone who has ever spent time in a police lineup is acquainted with this stuff. I've been hauled into the clink a bunch of time for an expired dog license. From one side this glass appears to be a mirror but from the other side a person can see right through it. Handy for seeing others while not being seen. Brian Moroz uses such glass to construct this **FROM ACROSS THE ROOM THEIR EYES MET** trap which is nothing more than a mirrored shield made of one-way glass. Leave this item laying around your maze where gorgons or other gaze attack monsters dwell. Then howwwwwllll with evil glee when some poor fool picks up the shield to avert a gaze attack only to learn he can see right through the thing to the monster he was trying to avoid. Your victim will have a long time to consider the error of his ways as he will then be fit for little more than occupying the center of a park as a particularly pompous stone statue. I love it when Grimtooth takes me to the park so I can moonwalk backwards on the grass next to trees just before doing my duty. Woof!



Eric Boyd claims to know how to make gunpowder but I am not sure he is telling the truth. Then again I am just a dog and GrimBuck is not around to lend his opinion so here it goes. Eric Boyd says that cotton plus sulfuric acid makes guncotton which is a powerful explosive. Eric Boyd says his **GUNCOTTON SWEATERS** are an accident waiting to happen. All you have to do is spray a delver's cotton clothes with a fine mist of nitric and sulfuric acid then introduce a flame to watch the results of your action. I think Eric Boyd is playing fast and loose with the laws of science but I have no way to check his theory. Give it a try for me and let me know how it comes out. Send your test results to Grimtooth's Doghouse which is located on the lowest level of Grimtooth's Dungeon which is coming soon to a game shop near you or so I am told. Arrrooo!

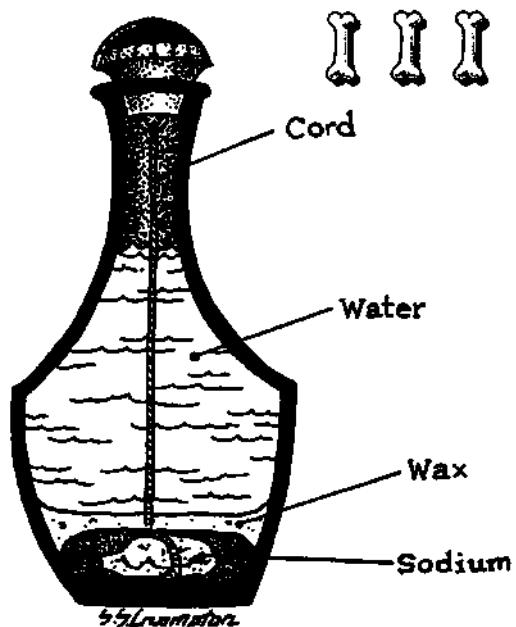
## LONE FURD & KLUTZY

by HANGIN'-BANNANA



The publishers said this book had to be less filling and low in sodium so no sodium traps were allowed. But I am running out of traps so **NICE WINES DON'T EXPLODE** by Alison McDaniel gets my doggy nod. Besides this trap does not use much sodium (and no MSG), so we can still say this is a low sodium collection. I do not understand what all the fuss is about anyway. We dogs do not have heart attacks so often as you humans so maybe you should scrap the sodium angle and live like hounds.

The diagram for this trap really says it all. An opaque flask is closed with a glass stopper. Shaking the flask reveals it is filled with liquid. The liquid is water. What the victim can not see is the thick layer of wax at the bottom of the flask covering a deposit of sodium. A cord attached to the stopper is likewise anchored in the wax seal so that when the stopper is removed the sodium pocket is exposed to the water. An explosion will result. The glass bottle will serve as fragmentation in the blast.



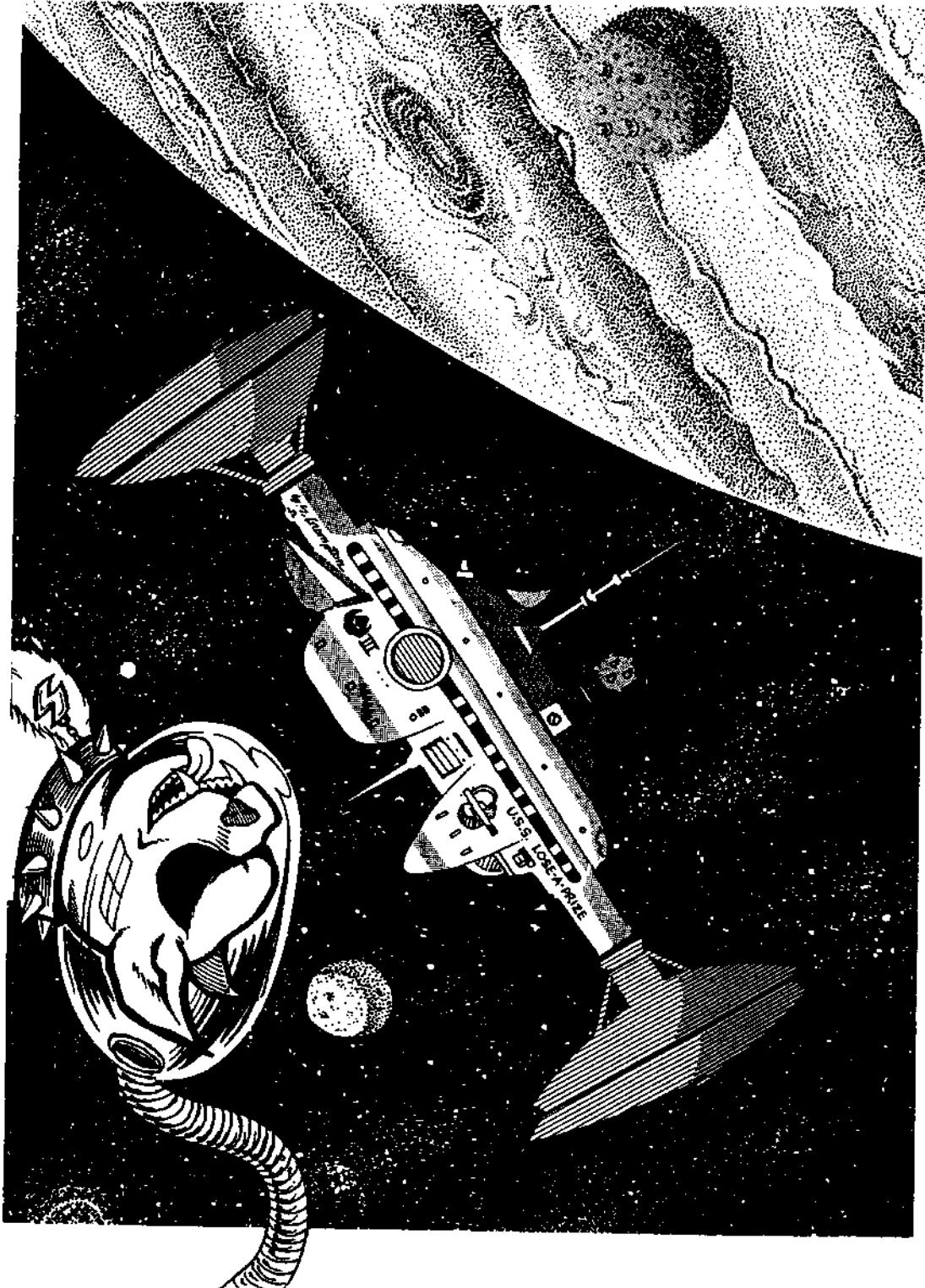


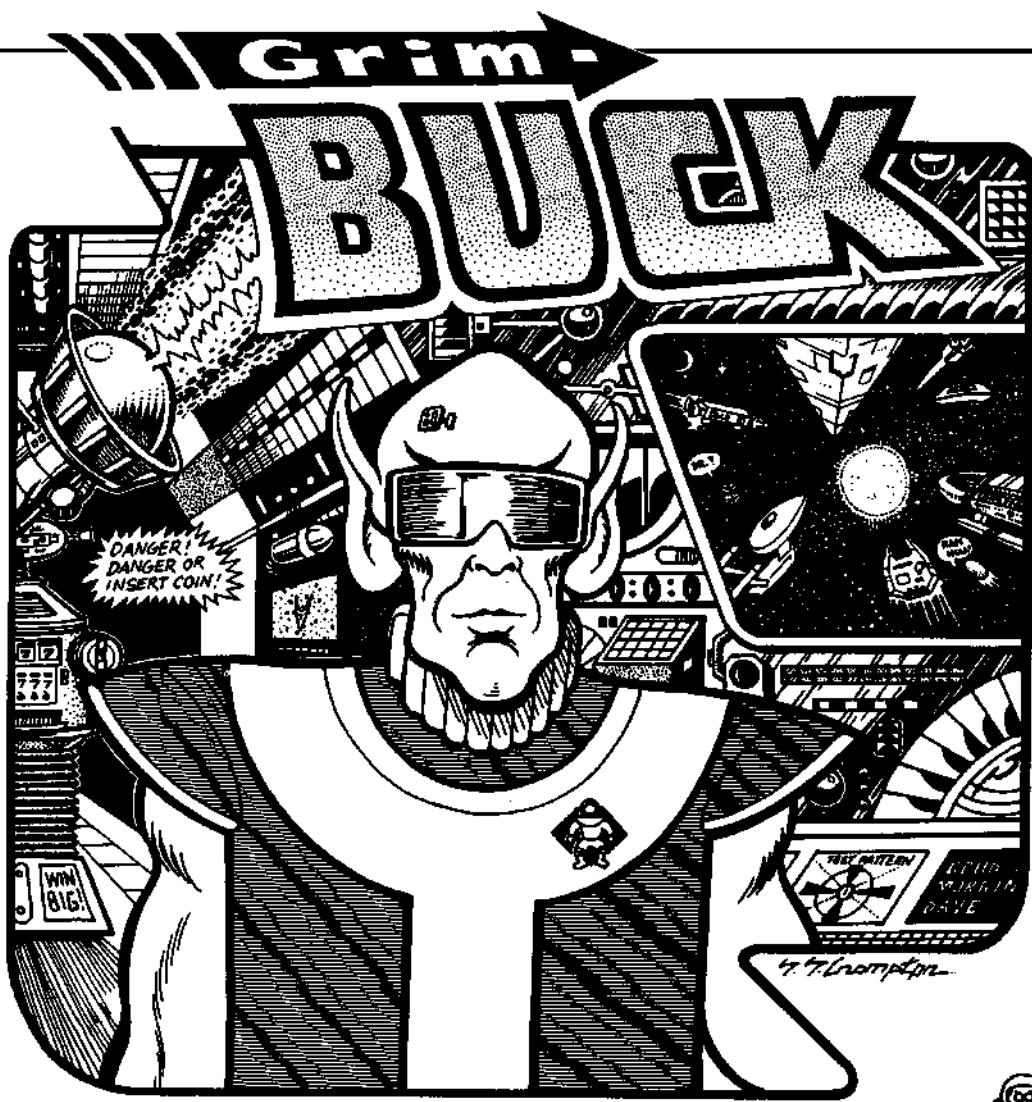
## Item Traps

- NOTES -



All of which is about as much as my doggy jaw can take. It is not easy to talk you know. I hope I have not been barking up the wrong tree with you guys. It really was up to me to host this chapter. Grimtooth would not touch it. And Grimtooth will not do the next chapter either because it takes place in the far future and only one creature is qualified to boldly go where no troll has gone before...



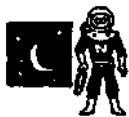


## Sci-Fi Traps



*In the beginning of the eightieth decade of the nineteenth century AD. (old earth reckoning), the barbarous inhabitants of the ancient city of Phoenix, Arizona, produced GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS, which they asserted was suitable for use with ALL role-playing systems. Being but simple and unevolved children, the editors of the original TRAPS book can of course be for given for their conceit. As all residents of the future realize, GRIMTOOTH'S TRAPS was far from compatible with ALL game systems, because no provision was made for imaginary contests set in the future.*

*Thanks to a call from Grimtooth on the TimePhone, I — GrimBuck — have the opportunity to correct this oversight. In this chapter we'll examine traps and tricks with a futuristic slant. If your dungeon supports high tech items you can use these in your dark age contests, as well, but for our purposes we'll focus on traps suited to the Final Frontier...*



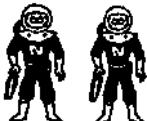
The **HOLOBLADE** is the creation of Dan Lambert, who while a resident of twentieth century earth, is obviously wearing his future thinking cap. Due to some spurious bit of film space opera from your era, adventurers are forever searching for "Lite Sabres" left behind by the vanished "Jed Clampet" knights. Please forgive me if I mangle your precious cultural icons, but research into the entertainment of your era has been spotty, and a few inconsistencies are inevitable.

In any case, the victim finds a palm-sized duraluminum tube with a button on the handle. Eagerly anticipating what must come next, the character will point the open end of the tube away from him and press the button. As expected, a shaft of light approximately three feet long will leap from the handle, accompanied by a humming sound reminiscent of a great bumblethrax. The heft and weight of the thing will convince the character he has indeed found a legendary Lite Sabre, and unless he takes care to test the blade straight away, he is doomed to learn of his error at the worst possible moment.

The blade is in fact no more than a projected hologram, a carefully constructed illusion designed to deceive even the most discerning eye. Several million of these gag gifts were dumped on the market last Halloween, when a cousin of mine from Alpha Centauri hoped to make a killing with Jed Clampet costumes for the little tykes. Alas, then as in your own century, the kids all wanted to dress as martial Asian turtles, for no reason anyone can determine. Research into this phenomena indicates the custom may originate in your era, for which you have our eternal enmity.

Similar to Dan's phoney blade is the **UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING**, by Tyrone Shoes. Aside from the title, Tyrone's trap has nothing to do with Milan Kundera's 20th century novel of the same name. In fact, this really isn't a trap so much as a concept that can be used in a variety of ways.

One of the problems with illusion traps in the pseudo-medieval environment is the tell-tale register of magical vibrations. Even simple enchantments are bound to leave a magical "signature" which can be detected by items, spells, and sensitive magic-users. The presence of magic in an unlikely place usually spells trouble, so many otherwise clever traps are placed at a disadvantage if they must rely on magical illusions.



In my day, of course, convincing illusions are possible without resorting to magic. Even a child's holographic projector is capable of creating realistic illusions. Unlike magical illusions, projected holographs are almost impossible to recognize as fakes until it is too late. A few of my favorite applications are to project the image of a bridge crossing a chasm, or the image of an arm chair in front of my desk. There's nothing better for getting a face-to-face meeting off to an uproarious start than having a client sit on a chair that isn't there.

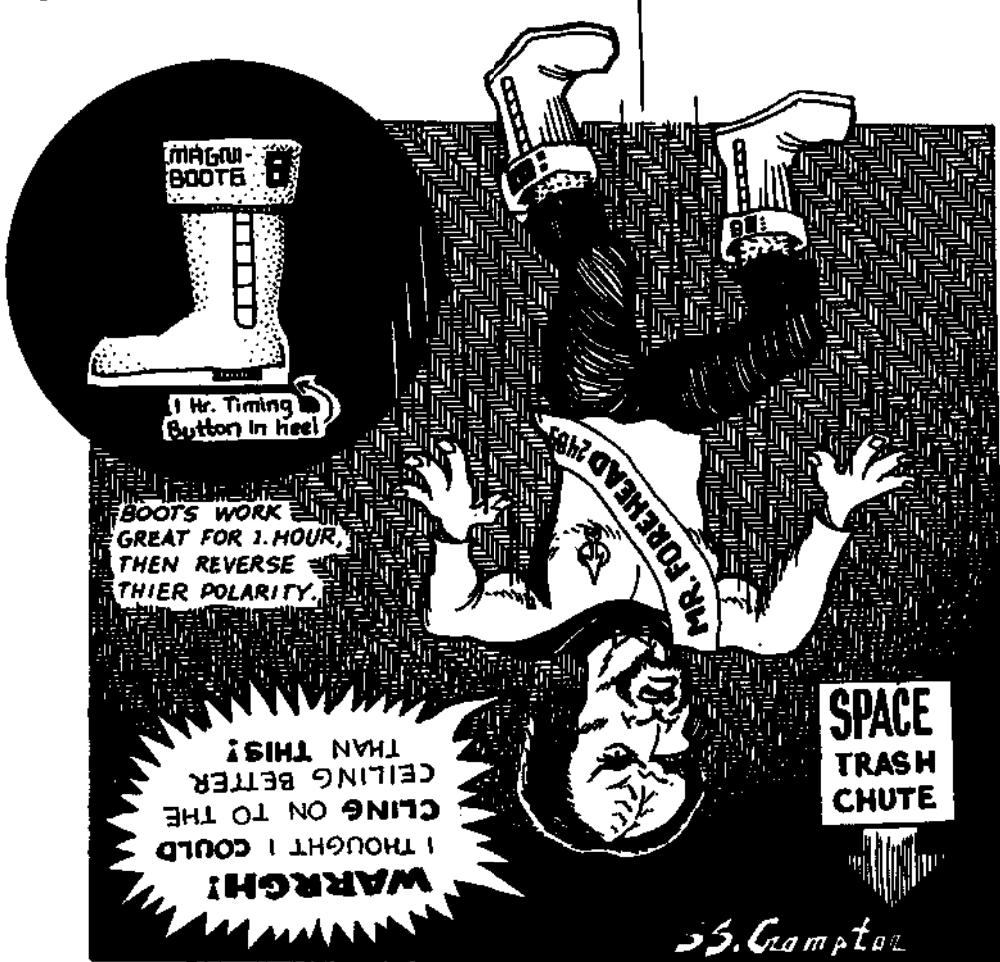
Magnetic boots are essential apparel for most EVA activities — whether it's adjusting your main communications array or just going for a recreational space walk. Without magnetic boots to adhere you to the surface of your ship, you're courting disaster with any sort of extra-vehicular activity. I hate it when that happens.

Norm Strange's **ANTI-MAGNETIC BOOTS** are no help at all. These appear in every way to be a normal set of standard-issue magnetic boots. Hidden inside the sole of the boot, however, is a



pressure-sensitive timer. The timer is located directly under where the wearer's heel must go. When a character thrusts his foot into the boot and starts walking around, he's bound to activate the timer.

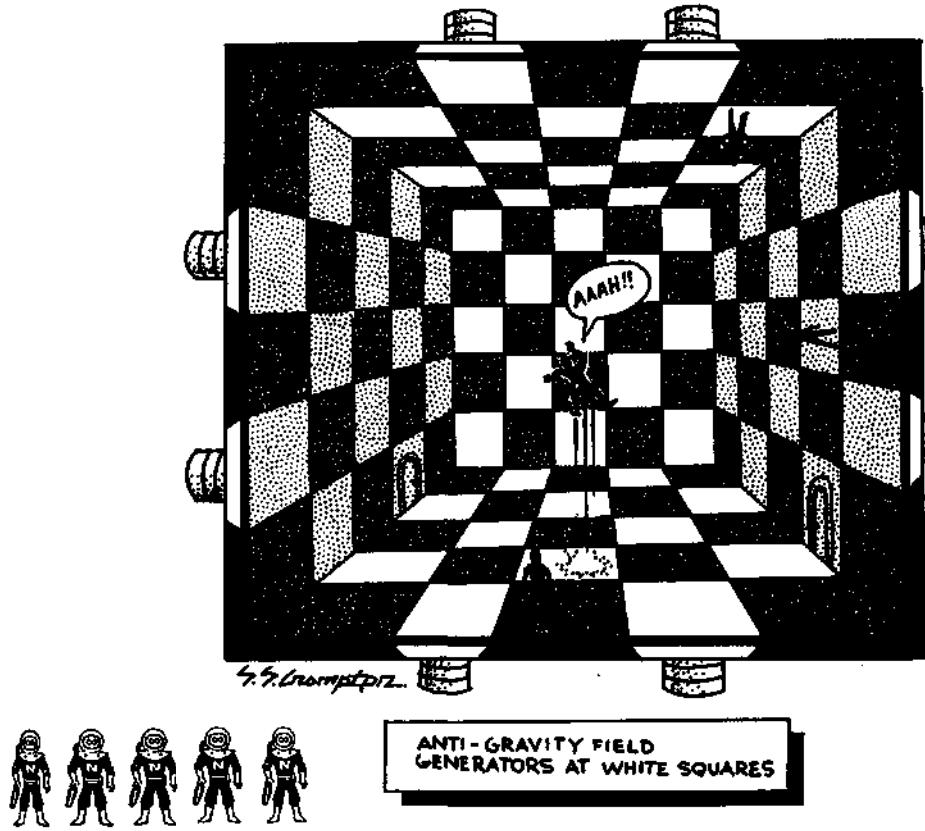
Nothing unfortunate will happen for one standard hour. Note that is one "standard" hour, not to be confused with one "earth hour", one "earth minute", or one "earth hotdog". Once a standard hour has elapsed, the timer triggers a microscopic electronic device hidden in the sole of the boot which reverses the polarity of the boot's magnets. Whatever was formerly attracted to the boots (such as the hull of a ship) will now be repelled, and vice-versa. With luck, your victim will find himself jettisoned into space. If nothing else, the character could find himself floating in zero-G inside some ship corridor at an inconvenient moment.



**ONE STEP BEYOND** is really a door trap, but it's also a future trap, so I get to explain it. Suppose you have a door that is also a special time travel machine. The first person who walks through it, gets teleported one hour into the future. However, the machine uses all of its stored energy transporting the first victim, and will take one to six hours to recharge. To the party, it looks like their "point man" has disappeared, and of course to him it looks like the rest of the party has disappeared. Most likely, one or the other will wander off before the hour is up and they may never find each other again. S. S. Crompton says for even more fun, you can have the time machine work with decreasing efficiency with each delver, so that the first one goes one hour away, and the next one goes 30 minutes away, etc. But I wouldn't want to try to keep track of more than two simultaneously! If you really want to get complicated, suppose the first person who steps through the time gate looks around, sees everyone has disappeared, and steps back through the gate. Since in real time, an hour has passed, the time gate may be recharged already! That means if the first adventurer steps through again, he will now be two hours ahead of the rest of the group instead of one! You can see how monstrous this simple trap can become.



Here's a fun use for the artificial gravity generators aboard your ship. Jason Shannon's NEGATIVE G-WHIZ room is a perfect 50' x 50' x 50' cube. The floor is laid out in an alternating black and white checkerboard pattern, with each square measuring ten feet on a side. Two doors—one leading into the room, the other leading out—are located on white tiles on opposite sides of the room.



The black squares have positive gravity. That is to say, characters stepping on a black square will be oriented toward the normal "down" direction on your ship. The white squares have negative gravity. Characters stepping onto a white square will suddenly find the ceiling is "down", and will fall up to the ceiling and adhere to the same. Remember this room is a perfect 50' cube, so falling up to the ceiling could be a violent experience. Working your way across the room, from one "ceiling" to the next, will be difficult. Especially difficult will be getting through one of the doors, as they are at "normal" ground level in the room, although they occupy white squares, meaning the characters who want to use them will be sticking to the "ceiling" fifty feet above the door! This trap isn't likely to terminate anyone, but it will slow the party down, and could make for some laughs. To make things really interesting, douse the lights in this room...

If my information is correct, it was in your era that the notion of Virtual Reality got its start. It's a common enough thing today, of course, but for those of you not in touch with technology—or if I'm missing the mark with this thing by a decade or two—let me explain.

Virtual Reality is a means by which a computer user is transported into an artificial realm created by a computer. Originally, the user donned a pair of goggles that displayed an artificial landscape generated by a computer directly before the user's eyes. When the user moved his head, the landscape shifted to mimic the motion. Sensor attached to the user's body, usually in the form of a "data glove", continued the illusion by translating body movement into the "virtual universe" of which the user was now a part.

Great things were predicted for Virtual Reality. It was supposed to change lives, eliminate television and novels, and revolutionize industry and space exploration. Not quite. It killed role-playing, but television is stronger than ever. Never underestimate the passivity of a couch potato. All they want to do is lay back and watch the same stories over and over again. Certainly no one wanted to step INTO a re-run of *I Love Lucy*! "Choose your own adventure" shows went the way of American car manufacturers and the Soviet Union around 2005.

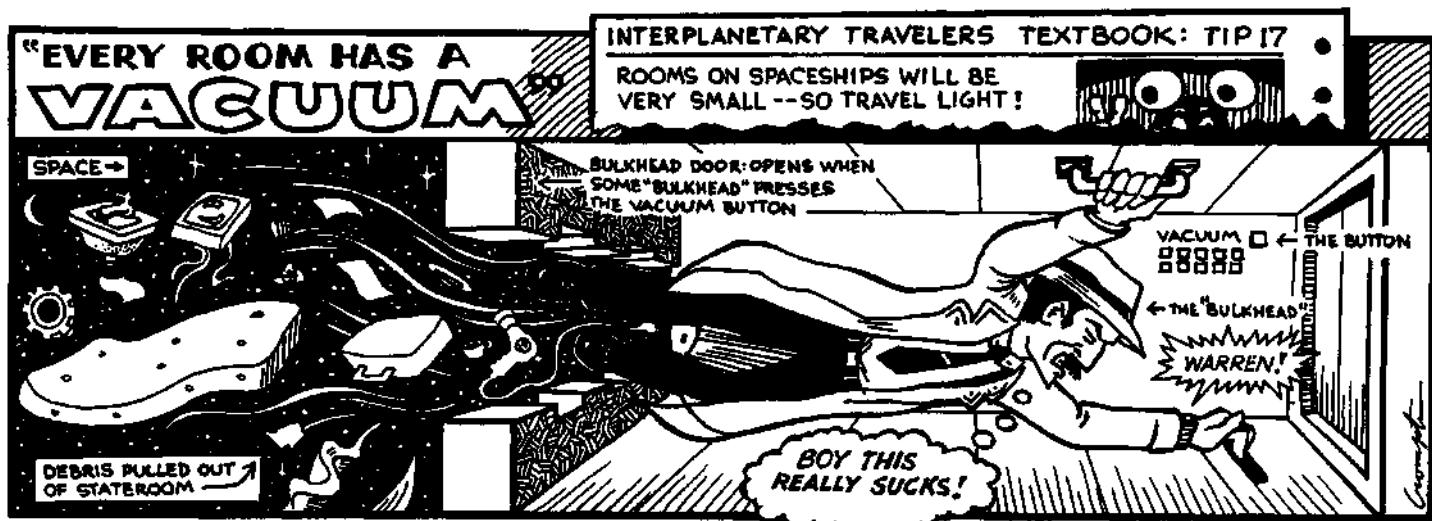
In my era, of course, Virtual Reality is a common and underappreciated phenomena. Thrill seekers still use the thing to enter imaginary worlds where they can fly, battle monsters, survive in deep space, and generally behave in a god-like and irrational manner. The cumbersome goggles and data gloves of your era have been replaced with micro-fine attachments all but invisible to the unaided eye. It is in such an environment that Molly Ringworm's NOT-SO VIRTUAL REALITY should thrive.



Simply put, you need merely construct an ACTUAL fantasy land, then permit victims to enter it only after they've been convinced they're in a "virtual" environment. The first time the victim tries to fly or walk through fire he'll be in for a rude awakening. This trap is especially effective if you intermix virtual and genuine elements of reality, letting the victims fly about for a bit before transporting them unknowing to your genuine killing ground.

Back on old Earth, the Japanese really got something started with their notion of mini-hotels. They started in airports and quickly moved into Tokyo itself. Given the lack of room in that old metropolis, I suppose it was only natural hotel rooms little bigger than coffins should become a success. Businessmen on layovers in the airport for half a day or so found it convenient to rent one of these little boxes in which they could sleep, watch television, or read in relative privacy from the thronging masses outside. If you weren't claustrophobic, the notion was a godsend.

Now, of course, the original Japanese mini-hotel is the model for most space-borne accommodations. Space is at a premium in orbital facilities, and the luxury of expansive staterooms sank along with the Queen Mary in the Great California Earthquake of 2029. The best lodgers can hope for when staying off-planet is a little box scarcely more advanced than those the Japanese designed, although made for palatable by Virtual Reality hookups and the like. As part of their bitter competition to lure customers, hotels of my era engage in advertising wars. Jersey Turnpike might attract some customers with his claim that **EVERY ROOM HAS A VACUUM**, but he better get his guests to pay on the way in. They'll be in no condition to pay on their way out.



Jersey suggests you set up an automated hotel with ultra-low prices. Advertise that each room comes complete with a series of automatic functions, including a vacuum. When a victim checks into his box, he'll find the place is a bit of a mess from the last guest. No problem, asserts the management — just shut the door, and press the "vacuum" button. Victims doing so will find their room is neatly cleaned as the entire box is exposed to the vacuum of space. Sure straightens up a room in a hurry to blast all that rubbish — including the victim — into an unstable orbit!

Tom Keefer once told me of his shocking experience from whizzing on an electric fence, so Tom knows whereof he speaks when he describes his **SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT** trap. This is a simple electric fence, such as that used to surround penal institutions, or ward off hostile beasts from a fledgling colony. Characters inspecting the fence should be told the barrier appears to be defective. The fence is not fully juiced, but rather seems to pulse with current at regular intervals. Observant characters will time these intervals, and arrive at the conclusion they can clamber over the fence between bursts of electricity.



They could not be more wrong.

The fence is pressure-sensitive. After bearing weight equal to approximately one character, the fence shuts off. For thirty seconds. Then the fence comes on, full voltage, and remains on for five full minutes. The height of the fence ensures even the most agile character will be no better than half way up the fence when the voltage kicks in. A shocking development, indeed.

An Marmell has obviously never written a set of game rules. If he had, he'd know his **DEVIOUS DE-SIGNS** trap would have little chance of working. In your day scarcely anyone took the time to read, and in my era the situation is little better. It's not that the populace is illiterate. It's that no one bothers to READ. No wonder Grim tooth went bald pulling his hair out. Don't let my antediluvian cousin give you any nonsense about being naturally bald.

Ari's trap is located in one of those air-tight rooms so common to space stations or colonies on exotic worlds. After your victims enter the room, slam and bolt shut the door behind them. Then flood the room with chlorine gas and begin to lower the ceiling.

Across the room, through the swirling gas, the party will see a vast sign light up. The sign reads, "Only by following these instructions can you save yourselves."

Beside the glowing sign is a glowing arrow, pointing toward a second, smaller sign. The party will have to cross the room, wasting precious breath and seconds, to read what is written on the second sign:



"Do not read these instructions".

That's right—anyone who fails to act immediately by bashing down the bolted door is a dead, pure and simple. But don't worry. No one reads anymore, anyways.

Crowd control is as much a problem in my era as in the ancient realm you inhabit. We still have not found a way around the necessity of having citizens stand in line when seeking important information or goods. Some lines are so long — such as those to secure a RS-39/HJF form as ordered by the Internal Revenue Service Line Reduction Act of 2033—that patrons have been known to fall asleep or even starve while awaiting vital services.

To ease the burden of chronic line-standing, Dr. Cosmo McMoon has created **SUSPENDED ALIGNMENT**, a well-meaning notion that is easily perverted into a trap. Applicants joining the back of the line are frozen solid by dipping them in a super-scientific substance similar to liquid nitrogen. The applicant then enters a zero-time state, permitting him to wait in line indefinitely without noticing the passage of time, and without growing hungry, tired, or even older. The frozen applicants are placed on a conveyor belt, and conducted one-by-one to the head of the line, where they are thawed and dealt with efficiently and at the top of their form.

The crux of the trap is in the conveyor belt. Doctor McMoon suggests you freeze every part of the applicant's body except his head. Then place him standing up on the conveyor belt and ignore his complaints as he's trundled off into darkness along with the rest of his frozen line-mates. What frozen folks don't realize is these conveyor belts aren't the smoothest things around, starting and stopping as they do with sudden jerks. Those jerks cause the belt's frozen cargo to wobble...and as a frozen body has the consistency of fine crystal, a tumble from the conveyor belt would be a shattering experience. If a character is frozen solid, of course, he's no way of knowing he's in danger. But if your victim has a thawed head, and can see the possible doom that awaits him, yet is unable to move in any way...well, that's more like it! Start the belt, stop the belt, start the belt, stop the belt. Each time the frozen line of statues wobbles ever so slightly, threatening to tumble into each other or off the belt to the floor below. Lovely.

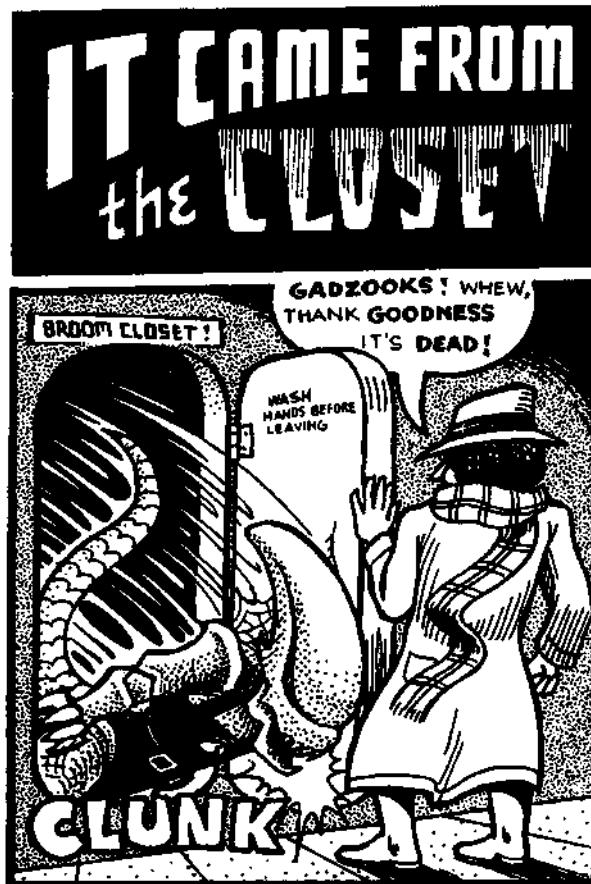




This next trap by Kenneth Ham is a bit of advanced super-science possibly best employed in the conventional medieval environment. With **COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET**, Kenneth resurrects one of the oldest and most over-used monsters in the genre, but with a special twist.

Use this trap anywhere you have a closet, be it a ship's locker or the upstairs cupboard at your dear great-grandma's house. Anyone opening the closet door will be greeted by the hoariest of horror movie cliches: a corpse pitching out of the closet. The poor dead guy was propped against the door, and when the door was opened, he fell right over. The stiff has been stiff for some time, judging by his stiffness. The party will shout, laugh, or search the corpse's pockets (perhaps all three) before moving on. Possibly they'll notice a broken bottle of oily fluid in the corpse's pocket, that broke when the body hit the floor, soaking the corpse to the skin.

Then the corpse gets up. It will trail the party at a discrete distance for a time before closing in search of what every ghoul wants. Fresh brains, of course. What sets apart this zombie-with-a-difference is that he is a creation of SCIENCE! That bottle in its pocket contains the miracle ingredient RetroGrow. Originally designed to grow hair on heavy-gravity worlds, RetroGrow is potent enough to animate a corpse, at least for a little while. If encountered in a medieval environment, the clerical members of the party may feel they can turn aside this apparition from the grave with a casual gesture, but as this zombie is a scientific creation, they'll find it is unaffected by the usual magic and religion. And if you use this zombie in the far future, no one will know the first thing about magic — although they may understand enough to burn this fellow down with a sidearm.



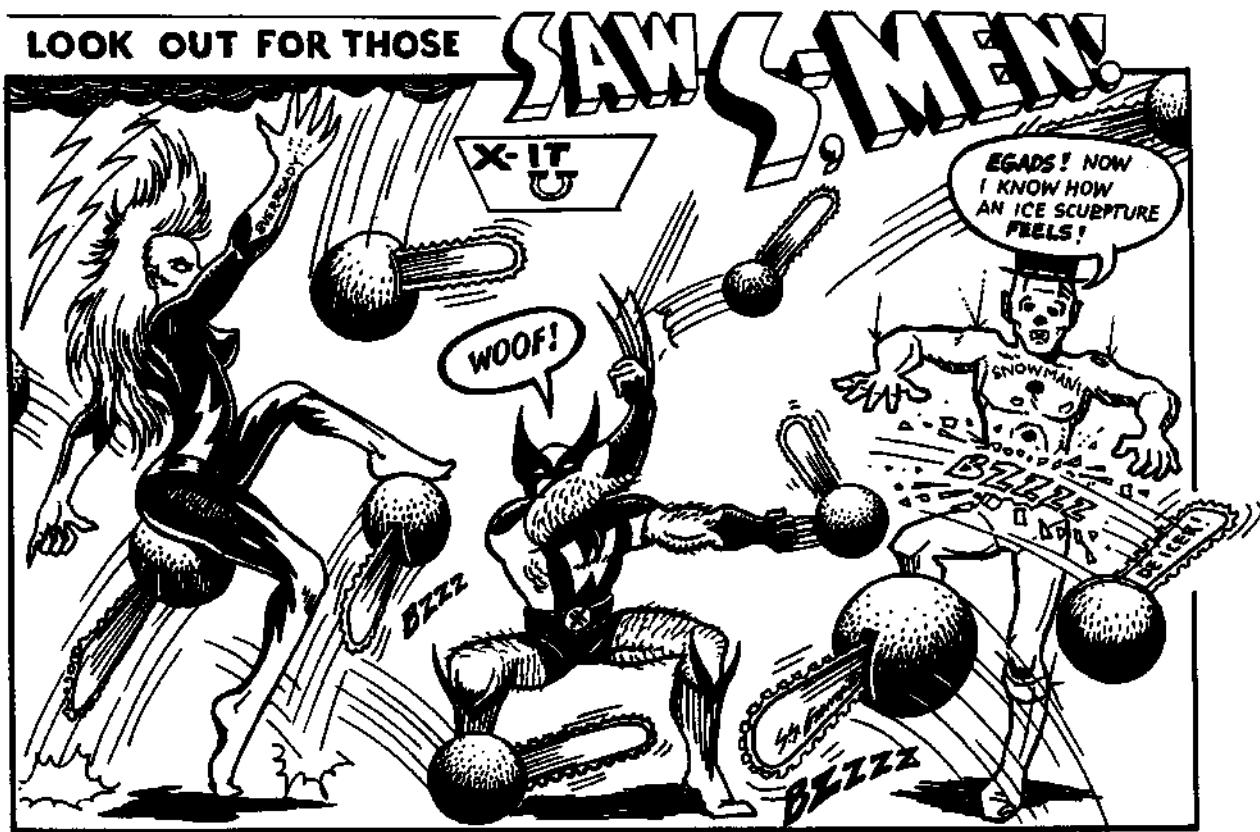
Corey Tex reminds us we can have **FUN WITH THE AIR SUPPLY**. This point seems so obvious it hardly needs making, but sometimes the most obvious traps are the most brilliant, and the most frequently overlooked. Corey suggests replacing part of the oxygen supply in any spacer's suit with a canister of nitrous oxide. Leave enough oxygen that the spacer won't die, so you'll be able to enjoy the spectacle as he overdoses on laughing gas. Your victims will begin laughing uncontrollably, after which they'll find themselves impervious to pain, which will come in handy if the fools have torn a hole in their suits while staggering around with the giggles. For a more savage and complex variation on this scheme, you can arrange for spacesuits to gradually empty of oxygen, rather than providing fresh stuff to breathe, resulting in suffocation leading to death. But this is supposed to be a LITE collection, so we'll stick with the joy juice.



Jay Dahmer invites us to **BITE THE BULLET** with a pair of traps that will have your victims beaming up to the dentist. If the dentist can replace a missing jaw, that is. Jay suggests modifying objects that are commonly clenched in the teeth to devastating effect. For instance, a jawbreaker candy ball with a special nitro glycerin core lacks subtlety, but it does evoke a pleasing image. Likewise, constructing an athlete's mouthpiece from super-strong epoxy that is activated when bitten upon could have delirious consequences. Whether your victim never opens his mouth again, or doesn't have a mouth to open, you'll not have to listen to his complaints.

As popularized by an over-rated superhero group of the late twentieth century, danger rooms were all the rage for awhile. The theory behind a danger room is simple. Danger rooms provide intensive training for fighting bands by generating a series of increasingly deadly challenges in a controlled environment. When the party is tested to their utmost limit, the danger room automatically cancels the simulation, to ensure no one is seriously hurt. Presumably this helps the team train as a unit.

The problem with danger rooms is that they are either too wimpy to take seriously, or they have minds of their own and keep running amok. A far more sensible (and less expensive) option is to equip a room to handle Bob Brown's **BOUNCIN' CHAINSAWS**. This is a cheap and simple means of testing the skill of any group of characters caught in the room, and you needn't worry about anyone not getting a proper workout.



Transport the party into a rubber-walled room from which the only exit lays in the middle of the ceiling. No sooner does the party get its bearings than the door in the ceiling slides open, and several dozen chainsaws are dumped into the room. But these aren't normal chainsaws, not by any stretch of the imagination. The body of each chainsaw is enclosed in a hardened rubber solution, like a superball, leaving only the whirling blade exposed. When the rubber ball portion of the superball hits one of the rubber walls, you can bet the chainsaw will begin a series of dangerous and impossible-to-predict bounces about the inside of the room. The party will have to work together to escape the room, all the while keeping an eye out for the bouncing chainsaws. And as the chainsaws run on miniature fusion motors—the standard power source here in the far future—characters waiting for the saws to run out of power will wait a long time indeed.





Here in the future, amazing microtechnology permits weapons to me more accurate than ever before. Whereas once homing weapons were so sophisticated only the most powerful nations could afford them, now homing technology is as common in the toy room as the battlefield. Tom Keefer makes good use of cheap homing technology with his **BOOMERANG HANDGRENADE**.

Homing devices are that much more accurate when they have something definite to home in on. This grenade, clearly marked "Homing Grenade", may excite the violent imagination of whoever finds it, but when this baby is lobbed, the party is in for a surprise. The grenade homes, all right—it homes on it's very own pin! User pulls pin, user throws grenade, grenade homes in on pin (usually in user's left hand)...BOOM! Or maybe I should say, BOOM-ERANG!

It's a truism that **YOU RUN INTO DEBT, BUT YOU CRAWL OUT**, as evinced by this next trap by Stu Lateforme. Here in the far future, of course, we've long since swapped to a cashless economy. All commerce is conducted with credits, and credits are electronically tracked through a complex inter-galactic banking system. You think remote charges at ATMs are bad in your era? You should see the fee for using my PlutoCharge at Mercury's Hotside Fern Bar!



With credit machines located on gambling worlds and in virtual reality arcades and all matter of irresponsible places, it's easier than ever before to run up big credit deficits unknowingly. Did you know that at 19 % interest, a \$2000.00 debt on one of your ancient credit cards would take more than **TEN YEARS** to pay off. if you made the minimum monthly payment? Stu suggests you make it even easier by informing your victim they've just won the lottery, and have had their credit account squared or cubed or suddenly expressed with scientific notation (with a **POSITIVE** exponent, of course, unless you're really trying to ruin someone's day). Called the "Lying Lottery", this is really just a vicious method of credit assassination by encouraging the poor victim to spend even more credits he does not have...and creditors are not likely to put much stock in accepting a payoff from some dimly-defined mysterious lottery committee. Seems to me the victim will have to scare up some credits in a hurry or he's going to end up washing magnetic bottles for a loooong time.

I understand whips were all the rage in your century following the success of a movie series featuring an archeologist who got himself into all manner of scrapes in pursuit of lost treasures of antiquity. To judge by this cinematic hero, whips could disarm foes, serve as ropes with which to swing across chasms, and bind adversaries about the shoulder or ankles.

Heroes intent on reproducing such unlikely antics will be in for an unpleasant surprise should they come across Corey Tex's **CORDITE WHIP**. This appears to be a simple bullwhip, but hidden in the handle is a bottle of nitro glycerin, bound beneath a stick of ordinary dynamite. The whip itself contains a fast burning fuse that will be set off the first time someone snaps or cracks the thing in the air. Crack, sssssss, boom! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back, which is more than I can say for the middle movie in the aforementioned series, which was an astroturkey if I ever saw one.





## - NOTES -

Science has revealed we're really no more than bags of chemicals. And like any organic creature, we're subject to stimulus by drugs or more subtle natural agents...

...like pheromones, about which Tom Keefer's **WHAT'S THAT SMELL?** trap revolves. Tom suggests you guard a treasure cabinet with an assortment of the universe's most deadly creatures. Denobian GloopBats should do nicely. Adventurers will think twice about trying to pass by such guardians, but they've really nothing to worry about. The GloopBats are pacified, you see, by a steady stream of pheromones sprayed into the room. These pheromones have no effect on humans (unless dear old dad left some dirty secrets on Denoba), but they keep the GloopBats tranquil.

In the middle of the room, encased in glass so that everyone can see, is a treasure of significant import. The Emperor's Indium Crown should do. A thief spying the crown may very well decide to brave the GloopBats to win such a prize. How delighted he will be to find he can safely walk right past the chamber's guardians and open the very case containing the Crown. Ah, but then...



...then the GloopBats smell the pheromones in the small case with the Crown, pheromones that drive them into a mating frenzy. And as you all know, GloopBat mating rituals are a bloody affair, and something humans would do well to avoid. Being stuck in the middle of a crowd of GloopBats suddenly in the mood should have immediate and unfortunate circumstances. I refer you to your exobiology instructors at the Academy, should you need additional information.

Like so many others with a great future behind him, Jay Dahmer's **FUTURE WAS BRIGHT UNTIL HE WORE SHADES**. See if your local mall optometrist can fill an order for these sinister shades. Jay intended his trap to be worked into a pair of dark sunglasses, but it could as easily be made a part of the blast shield or visor of a spacesuit, particularly those used on worlds where ultraviolet radiation is especially strong.



This trick is simple and effective. Worked into the sunglasses are micro lasers roughly one micron apart from highly sensitive photocells. When the photocells encounter sunlight, they trigger the lasers, which shoot a beam of light into the victim's eyes, dazzling or even blinding him. Higher intensity lasers could punch through the victim's eyeballs altogether and bum a hole into the brain, but I'm having a treatment and my autodoc says avoid excitement, so I won't think about such things.

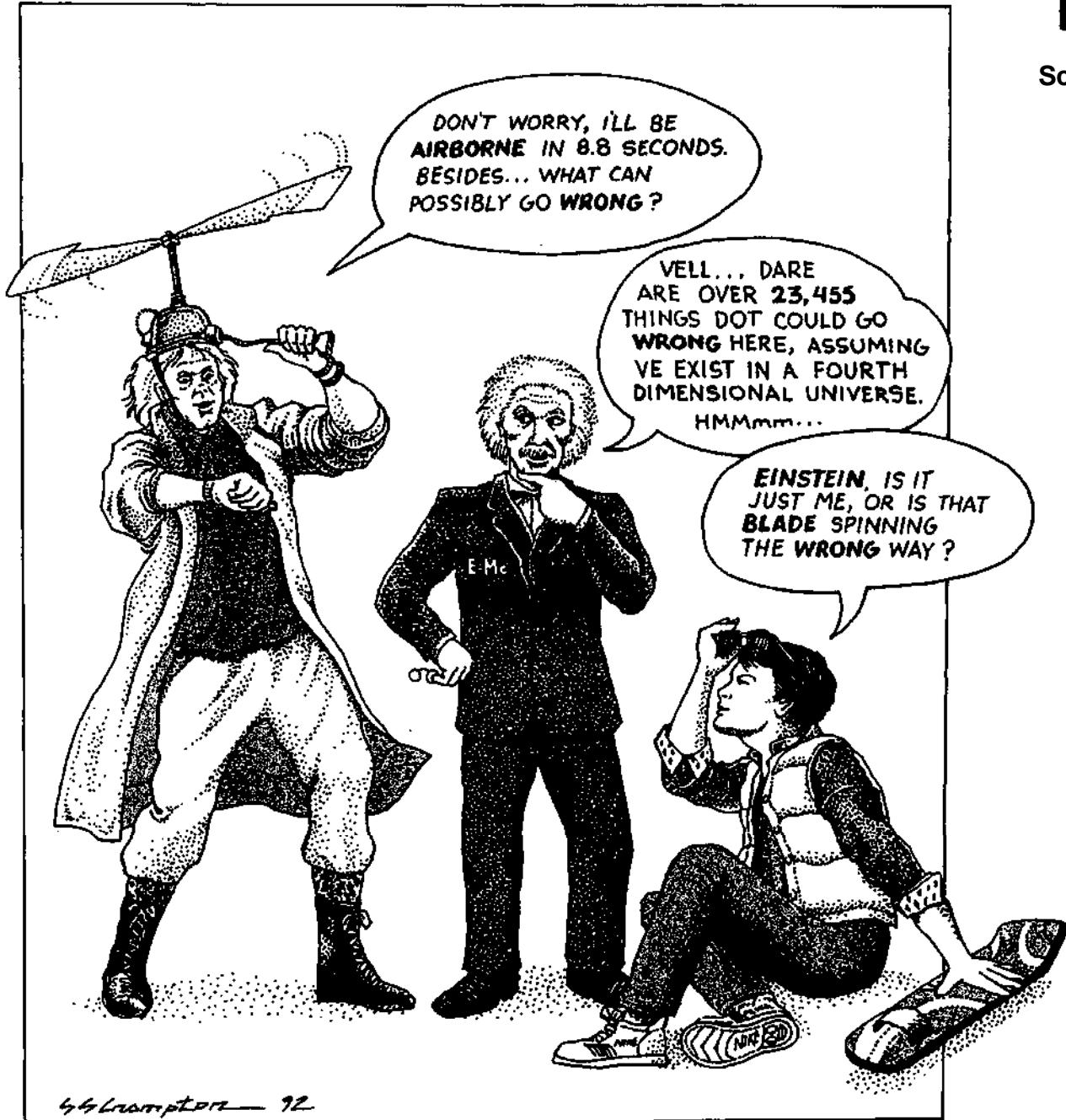
This next trap has absolutely no scientific basis. While this fact hardly sets Norm Strange's **EXPANDING UNIVERSE** trap apart from the rest of this volume, Norm's disregard for the laws of physics is particularly egregious. Norm says he got the idea for this trap from an old **WARLOCK** comic book, but that still doesn't excuse playing dice with the universe.

Still, this trap will provide me with a pseudo-scientific explanation for my marital unit the next time I put on weight, so here it goes. It is remotely possible the universe is expanding. Certainly the galaxies are flying apart from one another. That's not what Norm means. Norm contends the universe — and everything in it — grows larger every moment. As all things expand at an equivalent rate, it is impossible to detect this growth. After all, if you grow just as fast as a voxstalk, how are you to notice the voxstalk is getting taller?



With me so far? Right. Norm goes nuts when he asserts that different regions of the universe expand at different rates. Now we're really into the comic book stuff, but what the hey? If the universe is expanding at different rates in different locales, you need only introduce a long-range teleporter to annoy your friends. Teleport your victim to a region of accelerated expansion for a week, and when you bring him back, his shoes will be too tight. A month in that other place should ruin his entire wardrobe, while after a year he'll have a hard time fitting through doors. Leave your victim in the other realm for a year or more, and you can re-enact Gulliver's arrival in Lilliput.

Of course, Norm presupposes your victim is transported to a realm expanding only slightly faster than our own. Find a portion of the universe that is already radically out of step with the one at hand and you'll encounter genuine scale problems right off the aluminum bat. Like I said, if nothing else this nonsense will help me explain those extra few inches around the waist line after the Venuvian White Dwarf Eating festival.



Congested slide-walks got you down? Exercise your vertical airspace option with Jersey Turnpike's **HELICOPTER BEANIE OF DEATH**. Of course, don't call the fool thing the Helicopter Beanie of Death when you introduce it to your victims, or no one will want to wear it. Actually, I know a dozen guys that would crawl on their bellies across broken plastisteel to wear anything called the Helicopter Beanie of Death, but my friends don't count.



No, I suggest you call this item the Hughes 88/XR Skylifter, or something equally benign. This appears to be a steel cap with a propeller beanie on top, a pull-cord on the side, and a study leather chin strap to hold the contraption firmly on the head. When the user wants to fly, he need only tug on the pull-cord and the cap's internal combustion engine will spring into noisy life. The propeller will whirl about madly, then spin DOWN the propeller shaft, and through the top of the wearer's head, if he doesn't shuck the thing fast enough. Funny how that chin strap fastened so easy, but now doesn't want to work free...



Well, looks like it's time to get back to the future. I intend to make my exit through Molly Ringworm's **REGRESSION MACHINE**, which should appeal to everyone who ever had a nose job or a silicone implant. In my era, it's foreheads that really count, and the bigger your dome, the more esteem society affords you. The best way to increase your brow line is to use an evolution machine such as is popular in children's arcades. You hop in the seat, set the dial to the right, and evolve yourself a couple thousand generations, increasing your brain size and consequently your forehead.



All right, quit gawkin! So I'm a throwback, so what? I've had enough of this wishy-washy cotton candy stuff. The troll is back, and he's in charge. What was supposed to be the next chapter?

Politically Correct and Equal Opportunity Traps? Over my rotting corpse!  
Stop the presses! I'm calling the shots! And there's still room for...





*© G. L. Thompson 92*

## **MEGA-DEATH Traps**

*All right, that's enough! No more guys in suits! No more "nuisance value", no more gently sliding floors, no more paint balls, no more of this "Lite" nonsense. If you're like me, by now you're ready to puke, what with all this goodie-goodie non-fatal traps nonsense. Kinder and gentler, huh? I liked the bad old days better.*

*Fasten your seatbelts, boys. It's time for some REAL traps, the hardcore stuff, the unalloyed six-skull specials that they wouldn't let me print until now. Because nothing less will let me salvage my bloodshot reputation. Because things will get pretty hot around here if I don't get my way.*

*Let's howl.*



Osbome Lone gets us started off with **KILL 'EM ALL, LET THE HOGS SORT THEM OUT**. Now this is more like it! A room trap to beat all room traps, only a giant lobster or two could make this one better!

Like all the traps in this ultra-violent chapter, this baby is best located in the deepest depths of your dungeon. Someplace under the kitchen is ideal. After all, your commissary staff must have someplace to throw the garbage. It's in just such a dank and dreary garbage bin that the delvers find themselves. How they get there is your problem. If you haven't learned how to move delvers against their will after nearly five volumes filled with pitfalls and dropshafts, then there's nothing I can do for you.



Right. We're in a vast chamber filled with rotting vegetables and other kitchen scraps. The floor is thick with mud. Delvers exploring this morass will see the usual garbage and refuse (and maybe even a treasure or two, if you're in a good mood), and certain colossal shapes looming overhead. Close examination will reveal the monolithic structures rearing at every hand are in fact giant rotting vegetables! Forests of carrot greens, towering stalks of brown celery, gigantic tomato rindes, and most disgusting of all, great chewed up cobs of corn laying on their sides like felled redwoods. Yuck! Gooey, chewed up corn cobs, all the kernels gone, spit still glistening on their soiled yellow surfaces, great teeth marks all along the things.

Great teeth marks? What could make such marks?

Giant hogs, of course, who live in this dark chamber and won't take kindly to delvers poking about in their dinner! No sooner do the delvers feel the first prickings of fear than a hundred tons of angry giant swine surges from the darkness, oinking excitedly and questing after the characters with its vast, twitching snout. Maybe the delvers can turn the beast into bacon, and maybe they can't, but most likely you'll wind up killing them all, leaving the hog to sort them out.

Lee Russell brings us the **INSURANCE SALESMAN TRAP**. In my last volume I promised a special chapter just for lawyers and insurance salesmen, but due to space limitations such a dream collection will have to wait for my next collection. Lee's on the right track, though, with this nightmare scenario.

Put it on the bottom floor. Way, deep down in the black pit, under the lobster tank, beneath the giant hogs, way down there in the depths of the void. The party finds itself in a cozy room richly carpeted in thick beige shag. Wood paneled walls are hung with bland, anonymous framed bits of artistic tripe, mostly pictures of lakes and Norman Rockwell Saturday Evening Post Covers. Also present is a framed and impressive set of credentials, which on close inspection will prove to be a literal "License To Steal." Half the room is filled with a starkly modern mahogany desk polished to an inky black shine. Behind the desk, seated in a high-backed naughahyde swivel chair, awaits an eager elf dressed to the nines in a fine Italian suit and yellow tie. His desk is clear save for three number two pencils ranged in strict order like chopped logs floating down a flume and a photograph of a lovely elf family sweet enough to give Willie Wonka diabetes.

The elf rises gracefully, extending one perfectly-manicured hand toward the party while laying everyone low with his devastating grin. If the characters are very powerful or very smart, they might resist the elf's enchantment, but most of the fish who blunder into this office are doomed to shake the insurance salesman's hand. And when they do...

For so long as the enchantment lasts (usually forever and a day, but each state observes its own insurance regulations), the delvers will find their bank accounts depleted by 20% the first of every month. If a delver's bank account bottoms out, a demon bearing a past-due notice will hound the character until he or she can scrape up a few coins, at which time the demon will vanish along with all the delver's cash. In exchange for this shakedown, the delvers allegedly receive "protection" in the form of "insurance", but the language of the policy the elf will provide is Byzantine and impossible to understand, and the delvers will quickly learn it doesn't pay to report a loss because the amount of money they owe each month will immediately double as a direct consequence thereof.



There's no escaping this dread curse save by death, and the elf studiously avoids offering life insurance policies to delvers, citing the abnormally high fatality rate associated with dungeon delving. To make this trap REALLY obnoxious, make insurance coverage mandatory in your dungeon, and authorize your wandering monsters to ticket parties who fail to provide proof of insurance.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll do something I've always wanted to do...



I like traps that can't work, at least not in any sane universe. My best designs rely on the laws of cartoon physics to operate. David Stevens' **BOULDER TRAP** certainly fits this description. No need to write a disclaimer in the front of the book warning kids not to try this one at home. This is a sheer flight of deadly fantasy.

David suggests you spring this trap on your victims just after they've rescued a hundred or so prisoners from the depths of your pit. I must admit this is the only reason I can imagine for releasing your hard-won prisoners. When the escaping party transits down a corridor, slapping themselves on the back and singing old dwarven war songs, dump the lot of them down a chute and into this vast, underground room.

When the party dusts itself off, they'll find the solitary features of the room are a slightly curved floor, a ladder that runs up to a door, and a large boulder that blocks the door. When someone climbs up the ladder and tampers with the boulder, this room becomes the devil's own playground.

First, steel rods burst from beneath the boulder, flinging it into the air. Simultaneously, another rod pushes the ladder away from the wall, causing it to describe a graceful arc as it plunges back into



## Grimtooth's Overkill + !!

# The Boulder Room

FIRST THE ADVENTURERS FALL DOWN A LONG CHUTE...

\* CHUTE SHOULD BE LONGER & STEEPER THAN SHOWN.

AAAH!

AND INTO THIS ROOM...

DOOR

BOULDER

LADDER

I THINK WE CAN GET OUT UP THERE.

CLIMBING THE LADDER TRIGGERS THE BOULDER & LADDER FALL...

WOO WOO WOO!

OH NO!

LADDER FALLING RELEASES NETS...

CRASH!

NETS FALLING, TRIGGERS CROSSBOWS, AS THE BOULDER ROLLS UP THE CHUTE...

UHH... I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M STILL ALIVE.

AND BACK DOWN, SMASHING DOWN THE OTHER WALL & RELEASING POISON GAS !!

AAAH!!!

BOOM

SMASHING THIS WALL ALSO KNOCKS OUT THE PLATFORM SUPPORT, WHICH COLLAPSES,

CRUMBLE

DLOP

IT WILL CLEAN OUT THE ADVENTURERS & YOUR TREASURY IN REPAIRS, BUT WHAT A GREAT TRAP!

BIG  
Repairs on Boulder Trap...  
TOTAL: 1,343,666<sup>99</sup>  
Gold pieces

© 92 S. S. Cromator



the room, hopefully with a couple delvers clinging to it like the Three Stooges hanging on the hook and ladder truck in the climactic moments of IT'S A MAD, MAD WORLD.

When the boulder strikes the ground, it will gather momentum on the curved floor and rush through the midst of any character standing about in shocked confusion. Meanwhile, the falling ladder will have snapped a length of wire stretched taunt near the ceiling, releasing a score of cargo nets from a hidden recess in the roof. The falling nets should entangle anyone standing about in the room, and if you're springing this on a group of escaping prisoners as suggested, there should be quite a few victims to nab.

When the ladder falls all the way flat to the earth, the sides of the thing work like rails to help conduct the boulder along it's way. The great hunk of stone will smash the struggling characters caught beneath the nets and shoot up the chute that conducted the party into this room in the first place. This is the cue for a volley of spears to rain down on the party, which should be good for some laughs.

It's momentum spent in the upward chute, the boulder now retraces it's path, crushing anew anyone who might manage to disentangle themselves from the net, the fallen ladder, and the painful passage of the boulder the first time around. The boulder then crashes through the wall at the base of the door, releasing a cloud of poison gas into the room from the chamber beyond.



Finally, the floors of the room tilt down at a steep angle, spilling the fleshy carnage that was once the party into the middle of the chamber, where they will be crushed to death by the ceiling which now collapses on cue. The wall beneath the door, as well, will collapse, dangerously weakened by the boulder. When the dust settles, I suggest you close off this wing of your dungeon, because there will be no survivors, and cost of resetting this trap will be prohibitive. But what the heck, it was fun while it lasted.

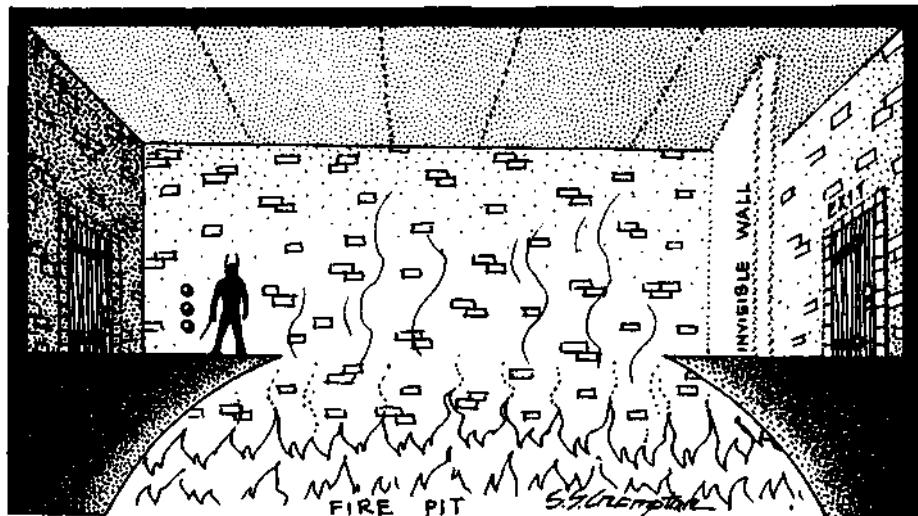
Phil Dean invites us to go to A BRIDGE TOO FAR with a trap for which he cheerfully admits exists no solution. Says Phil, "Can the delvers survive? What, do I have to think of every thing?" Attaboy, Phil!

A door lets into a vast room divided by a pit of fire. The party is able to stand on a ledge just inside the door. A similar ledge projects in front of what is presumably an exit door on the far side of the room, and on the other side of the flames. Accessible from the ledge on which the delvers must stand are three buttons, each identified by a different arcane symbol.

Flying characters will find it difficult to cross the pit of fire. Thermal updrafts disrupt flight, while smoke and heat further complicate the process. Even if a flyer makes it across the pit, he'll smack into the invisible wall protecting the exit door, probably resulting in a dip into the fire. Earthbound characters will concede their only way across the pit lays in manipulating the buttons.

Each button, when pushed, goes flush into the wall and glows. The sequence is not important, although the delvers will certainly believe it is. Encourage this belief. After any three buttons are pushed, a magic bridge will appear, spanning the pit of fire.

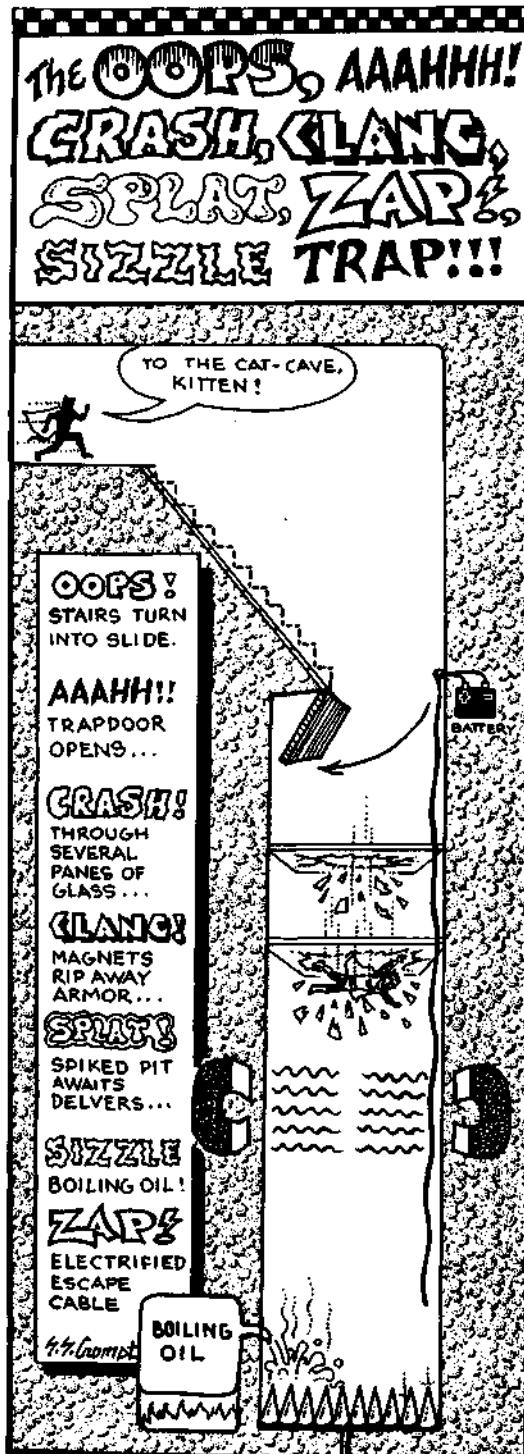
The bridge is an illusion. Anyone stepping on the illusory bridge winds up in the fire. Simultaneously, all three buttons on the wall pop out, encouraging a different sequence.





The next time the three buttons are pushed, another bridge appears. This time the bridge is genuine. For half distance. Then it becomes an illusion again, meaning someone is headed for the flames, and the buttons will pop out once more.

Anyone left? There won't be if the delvers press the three buttons again. This time the entry door will lock, and the ledge on which the party stands will slowly retract into the wall, threatening to tumble everyone into the pit. Simultaneously, the invisible wall guarding the exit door will vanish, meaning delvers can now fly or maybe even leap to safety, but you needn't tell them that. They'll be convinced there's no way across the pit, and that you've stuck them in an inescapable and unfair deathtrap. Oh, boo hoo. I'm really broken up. Honest.



**The OOPS, AAAAHHH!, CRASH, CLANG, SPLAT, ZAP, SIZZLE TRAP** is the title Brian Moroz chose for a design that certainly lives up to its name. If this beastly engine doesn't deserve six skulls, then nothing does. The trap is triggered when the party steps on a pressure plate hidden in a stairway. The stairs then flatten out, becoming a slide ("Oops"). The party will slide down the now-slick stairway and crash through a trap door at the base of the stair, tumbling into a pit ("Aaaaah!"). The victims' fall down the pit is partially broken when they crash through several panes of glass, each of which is coated with alcohol and rock salt ("Crash"). After clearing the glass, a pair of magnets forcefully rip away whatever metal armor the party may be wearing ("Clang"). The fall down the pit terminates on a bed of spikes ("Splat").

But wait, there's more. If anyone is still alive, they'll find the bottom of the pit is being pumped full of boiling oil. The only chance of escape is to grasp a metal cable that dangles just within reach...but the cable is electrified, which should come as quite a shock ("Zap"). By the time the treacherous cable has been found out, the surviving party members should be submerged in boiling oil ("Sizzle"). Once the party has conceded defeat, be sure to explain the name of this trap to them, painfully recounting every last detail if need be.

No wimps allowed with this next trap, by Rob Thorpe. **IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, GET OUT OF THE TUB OF MOLTEN DIAMOND!** This one is sure to nail my pals out in Hollywood, what with their predilection for hot tubs and brie. Remind me to tell you sometime about how the Hollywood Dream Factory broke ye old trollish narrator's stoney heart.



Alas, back to business. Lay out a hot tub in the deepest level of your dungeon. Shoot the works — redwood decks, a curtain of hedges for discrete bathing, and of course a platter of California wine and cheese layed out beside the tub. The room will be strangely warm, but the party can expect such from the bubbling tub in front of them.

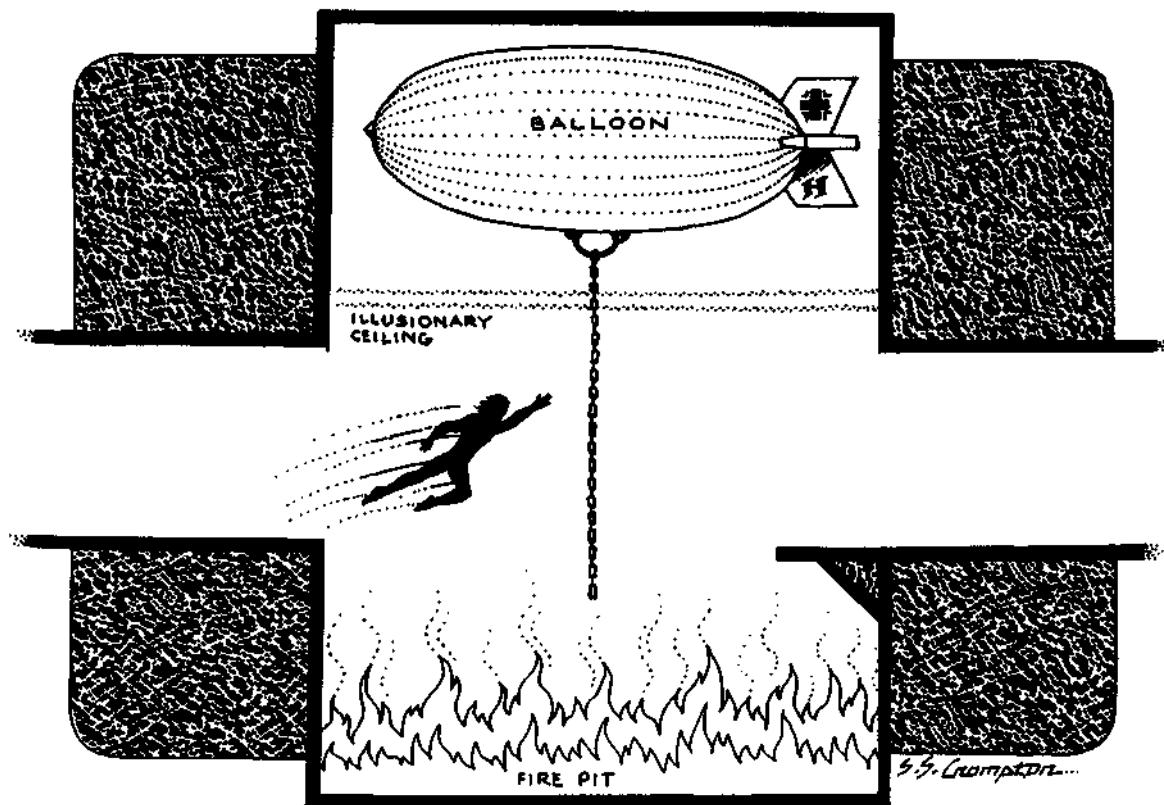
I doubt anyone will be stupid enough to leap into the tub without precautions, but you never know. You might nail some elf girl from the Valley. Entering the tub is immediately fatal. It isn't filled with water, you see, but with molten diamond, the temperature of which I'd need one of GrimBuck's computers to calculate. Anyone entering the tub should be vaporized so fast it might seem they've been teleported out of the room, so if your Valley Elf brought some friends, you might get them all. Radical!

I really like this next one by David Stevens. HINDENBURG REVISITED evokes images of the great days of airship travel, a romantic and mad notion that naturally appeals to trolls like me.

Bisect a corridor with a chasm of fire. The upper reaches of the fire chamber are cloaked in smoke. Visible in the smoke, just above the dancing flames, hangs a chain seemingly fastened to the upper reaches of the fire chamber. Heroic characters may get it in their head to leap out and grab hold of the chain, then use the same to swing across the fire pit to safety, continuing on their way down the corridor.

At least, I sure hope that's the idea.

The chain, you see, isn't anchored to the ceiling at all, but rather depends from a hydrogen balloon hidden above the smoke, in the highest recesses of the fire chamber. When someone leaps onto the chain, they'll pull the balloon down from the recess, dipping themselves into the fire. Furthermore, when the hydrogen balloon is exposed to the naked flames of the pit, you can expect a marvelous explosion, when when channeled down the corridors leading to this pit, should nicely blow to bits any party members that are standing around laughing at their companion who has just been crisped by the flames. Oh, the humanity!





Keith Mosher knows full well the horror of being stuck on the **TREADMILL**, as does anyone who has ever edited one of these TRAPS books. Keith has designed a corridor o' doom right after my own heart. If this trap doesn't get the party coming, it will finish them off when they're goin'!

The party encounters a long corridor with a door clearly visible at the far end. The walls of the corridor are split with irregular, narrow fractures running from floor to ceiling. A cursory inspection will reveal narrow blades occupy each fracture, blades which are triggered by the series of obvious pressure plates that line the floor. Experimentation will reveal that when a pressure plate is triggered, a blade whips out of the corridor wall behind the plate itself, leading the party to believe the trap is intended to murder parties headed the other way down the corridor. From where the party stands, it will seem an easy thing to make their way down the corridor, what with the deadly blades always swinging behind them along the way. The plates and the blades are irregularly placed, and a few close calls will be had, but especially if the party runs, they should make their way to the end of the corridor without serious mishap.

Unfortunately...

...just before the door at the end of the hall is a teleporter pad. When characters hit the pad, they're teleported mid-way back down the hall. Try as they might, they will never reach the door, meaning they'll have to go back the way they came. As should be obvious, going back will not be so easy as the trip in, as the pressure plates and blades are now synchronized to nail the party. Ah, well, such is the fate of all who seek to escape the treadmill.

As a young troll I was far ahead of my contemporaries. What were to others novel concepts were always considered by me to be old news. I was always straining my brain in quest of originality, when in fact a mere regurgitation of what was to me tried and true would have passed as the same with my pinhead peers.

One day, my Nazgul Nursery School teacher solicited all us little darlings for knock-knock jokes. I went to work trying to think of something new. Some little fairy raised his diminutive hand and said,

"Knock Knock."

"Who's there?"

"Dwayne."

"Dwayne, who?"

"Dwayne the bathtub, I'm dwoning!"

At which point my teacher doubled over in laughter for several minutes. So I kicked her in the knee and spit on the fairy, which was only fair. After all, that was a very old joke. I thought of it immediately, then discarded it as trite. Here was this little punk taking credit for a joke that was old when Hector was a pup, making the teacher laugh—something I could have done with half a brain. Come to think of it, the principal often accused me of having half a brain. Too bad about his injury.

All of which is a long way of introducing **PLUG**, by the prolific David Stevens, which will surely result in your heroes being drowned in a bathtub, especially if they try to drain it. Contrive to deliver your victims into a vast, Roman-style bath. Dress the place up with a few potted palms and a pack of toga-boys if you want, it's no matter to me. Just be sure to seal the exits. Otherwise the party won't recognize their peril when the bath begins to fill with water...and more water...and more water.

Most delvers have been through this drill. They'll shuck their armor, tread water, and give swimming lessons to the dwarf. When the room starts to fill with the stuff, they'll start to cast about for a way out of their predicament. Strong swimmers will find that the drain at the bottom of the bath is blocked by a plug. Ah-ha! This must be the reason the room is filling with liquid. A few strong heaves should be enough to dislodge the plug...

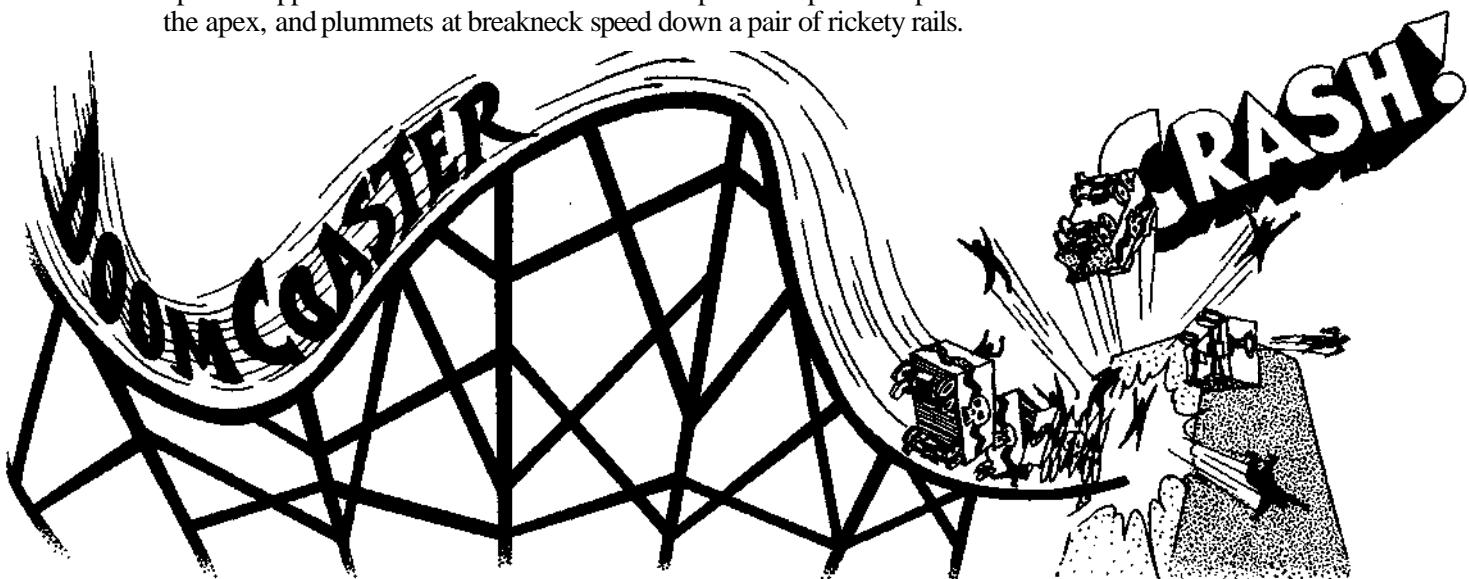
...releasing a geyser of water that fills the room all the quicker. Glug, glug. Dwayne the bathtub I'm dwoning, my fundament!

## Mega Traps



A favorite trap in my late, lamented, legendary Blitz Pitz was the DOOMCOASTER, as designed by that editor of mine Paul O'Connor. The middle level of the Pitz was an Abusement Park, where weary monsters and shrill goblin children could enjoy a variety of lethal thrill rides even as they stalked overmatched dungeon delvers. Always alert for a profit, I of course charged exorbitant rates to ride my many attractions, and when the complaints of my clientele became too strident, I relented and opened a brand new attraction, the DoomCoaster. Best of all, from the celebrants' standpoint, was the fact the DoomCoaster was free! No admission! Not even a lousy E-Ticket required. Step right up, come one come all, step right up...

At first glance, the DoomCoaster looks like a normal rollercoaster. As many victims as you can round up are strapped into a train. The train is hauled up to the top of a steep decline. The train rolls over the apex, and plummets at breakneck speed down a pair of rickety rails.



And smack into a block of solid rock. Elves in the first row, what with their excellent vision and all, sometimes managed to read the following inscription on the stone before they were crushed to death:

"This ride still under construction due to lack of funds afforded by you freeloading amusement park pikers. So sue me."

Never did get a lawsuit out of that one. Like the lawyers say, if you hit a hobbit in the crosswalk, back up and finish him off. It's a lot cheaper to beat a manslaughter rap than to pay damages to someone as long as they live.

And if you want a bit of wisdom, boys and girls, you need read no further.



~ *Grimtooth*



## The 101st Trap

So. Once again I have been asked "What is the 101st Trap?" as if it is something that is somehow owed to you, just because you purchased my latest Tome of Traps. In my first book of traps, I admit I was somewhat hesitant to reveal my sinister secrets, so I included the poisoned pages, in order to eliminate any dull-witted clods who thought to evade my engines of elimination by memorizing the workings described in the book. In an attempt to lighten their final moments, I described this trap as a "bonus trap", one in addition to the 100 that had been promised and paid for.

In Traps Too and Traps Fore, I also included a similar bonus. By Traps Ate, I thought this little joke had worn a bit thin, and denied having a 101st trap. But the letters poured in, demanding to know what the "hidden" trap was, from people who refused to believe that I would skip an opportunity to "get" them. (And if you want to see if you are smarter than all these people, buy a copy of Traps Ate & read the afterword yourself.)

Now my publisher is whining about how everyone is "expecting" a 101st Trap, and that even though we've only contracted for 100, somehow the "usual" 101st has become "standard". Very well. Rather than continue to listen to his plebian pleading, I will resort to that hoariest of ancient ambushes, that perilous pitfall, the venerable Siamese Curse. Some authorities trace this Curse back to chief Phra Ruang who on his deathbed in 1090 cursed the invader Suthammarat who was about to sack the ancient capital of Sukhodaya-Savargalok. Others claim that Phra Ruang was only quoting chief Phraya Thammarat who in 100 BC, used the Curse to destroy his enemies before founding the city, then known only as Savargalok.

But no matter. The important thing is that the Curse is still effective today, many hundreds of years later. And it will work for you. Here it is:

### *"Owa TanaSiam"*

Simple, yes. Of course, you didn't actually LOOK at the words, did you? Oh, my gracious, so sorry. I forgot to warn you. If you look at, or read the words of the Curse, then YOU are the one affected by that curse! Tsk.tsk. You should have known better. Now of course, your hair is going to fallout, you'll grow warts on your nose, and you will be plagued with ingrown toenails. And that's just the FIRST sign of the activities of the Curse. Things will get progressively worse until you find your social life severely curtailed. What a shame. Too bad you insisted on a 101st trap.

I suppose now you'll want me to tell you the cure. Actually, for an Ancient Curse, this one is remarkably easy to stop. All you have to do is right now, before the Curse gets a good foothold, say the words out loud ten times. You must speak in a loud, clear voice, starting slowly, and gradually getting faster until the tenth time you are saying the words as fast as you can get them out of your mouth. If this doesn't work, then you must say them ten more times, even louder. It is possible that you may have to shout the words before the curse is completely cancelled. Some authorities say that the Curse Cancellation works best if done in front of an audience, especially if you still don't understand what's going on here. If, in spite of your best efforts, you find your ears growing longer and pointed, like a donkey, perhaps you are not pronouncing the words correctly. The tricky part is the "Tana" word. The first "a" is an "ah" sound, like in "far" and the second "a" is more of an "eh" sound as in "ask" or "aspirin". If that doesn't work, then you are probably hopeless. Stop making yourself a pain in the... um ... rear, and go hide in a stable or something.

*~ Grinnt*



**FBI**  
COMICS

# Grimtooth's **TRAPS** **COMIC**



7.7. Gromtooth '92



*Since so many of you liked my scrapbook last time , I have allowed  
Flying Buffalo the privilege of presenting one of my  
more recent adventures....*



# "HOSTILE TAKEOVER"



STORY BY PAUL O'CONNOR, BEAR PETERS AND... STEVEN S. CROMPTON

WITH TRAPS LITE COMPLETED, GRIM-TOOTH TAKES GRIM-TINA ON A BRIEF VACATION...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?  
IS THIS NOT A PERFECT PLACE  
FOR A BRIEF RETREAT FROM  
THE DAILY DELVER GRIND?

IT'S SO STORMY  
AND LIKE, BLEAK!  
IT'S REALLY...  
NEATO!

WELCOME TO  
**DEATH**  
ORANGE CLIFF

JUMPERS  
WILL BE  
FINED!

AH... MY NEWLY ACQUIRED AIRSHIP HAS GIVEN ME  
AN EASE OF MOVEMENT I HAVEN'T HAD SINCE I  
HAD THAT HORSE-DRAWN SAILPLANE.

GEE...

I WON THE AIRSHIP IN A BET  
WITH AN OVER-CONFIDENT FOOL  
WHO THOUGHT HE WOULD  
BECOME **MASTER OF THE WORLD**  
OR SOMESUCH. HIS MEN DID  
NOT EVEN GET PAST THE  
FIRST LEVEL OF THE  
DUNGEON!





PLAIN OF **TOMB-MEE**? HEY,  
ISN'T THIS THE PLACE YOU SENT  
ALL THOSE EXPLORERS AND  
ARCHIE-OLOGISTS?

YES,  
YES...

I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW MANY  
MEN HAVE **LOST** THEIR **LIVES** IN VAIN  
ATTEMPTS TO FIND FOR ME THE **LOST**  
**TOMB OF EVINROOD**, THE CURSED.

YOU MEAN THEY ALL DIED IN THIS **BLAZING,**  
**LIFELESS, WASTELAND**, LOOKING FOR  
THE TOMB OF EVINROOD ?

NO... THEY DIED WHEN THEY CAME  
BACK -- I HAD THEM EXECUTED FOR  
**NOT** FINDING EVINROOD'S & STILL  
EXPECTING TO BE PAID !

**GRIMTOOTH & GRIMTINA DESCEND**  
FROM THE FOOTHILLS, UNTO THE GREAT  
UNWASHED PLAIN OF **TOMB-MEE**...

THIS AREA IS **INFESTED**  
WITH POISONOUS SNAKES,  
SCORPIONS, & MAN-EATING  
ARMADILLOS... SO I DON'T  
WANT TO SEE YOU BRINGING  
HOME ANY MORE PETS !

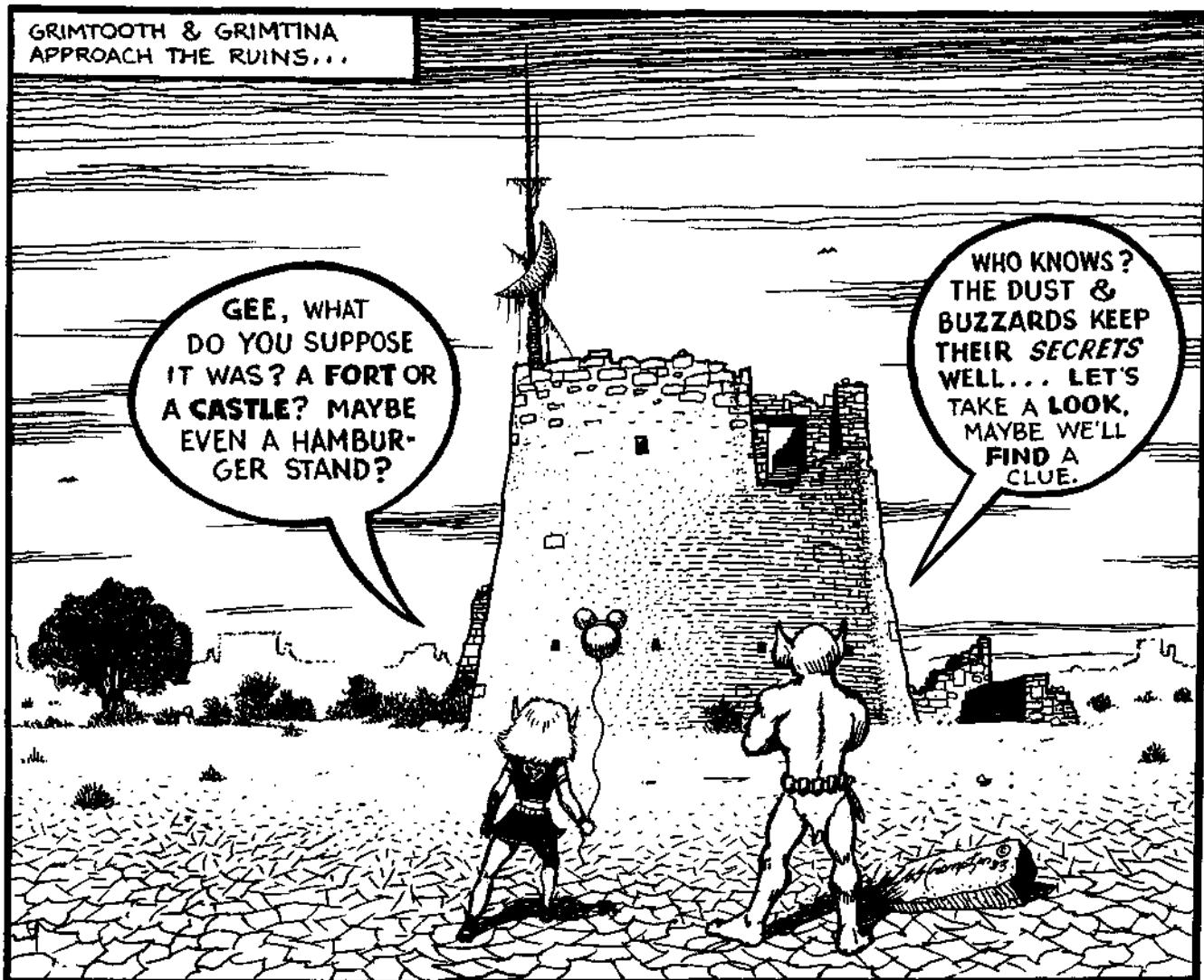
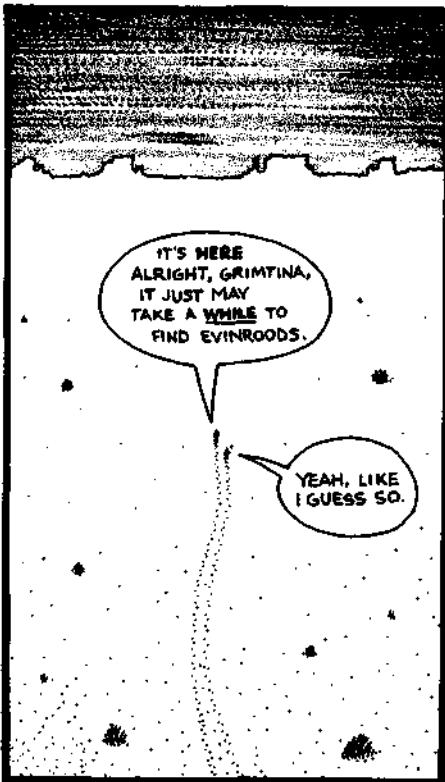
OH, ALL  
RIGHT!...  
**HURUMPH**  
MUMBLE MUMBLE  
MEAN OLD  
BROTHER...

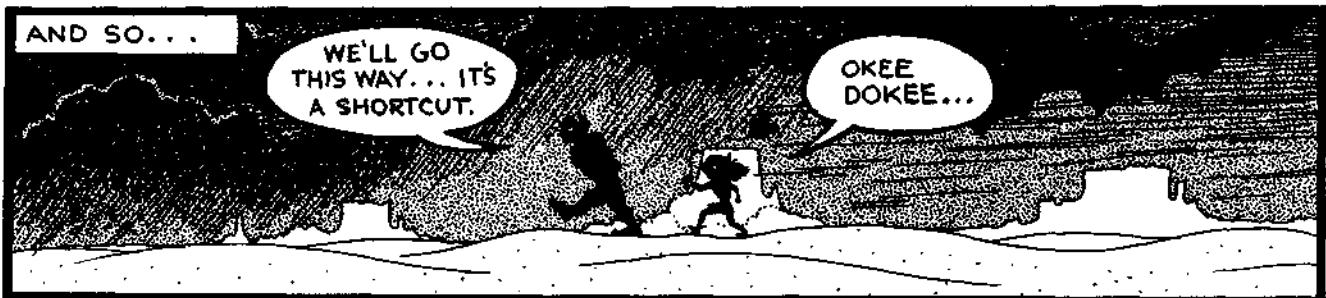
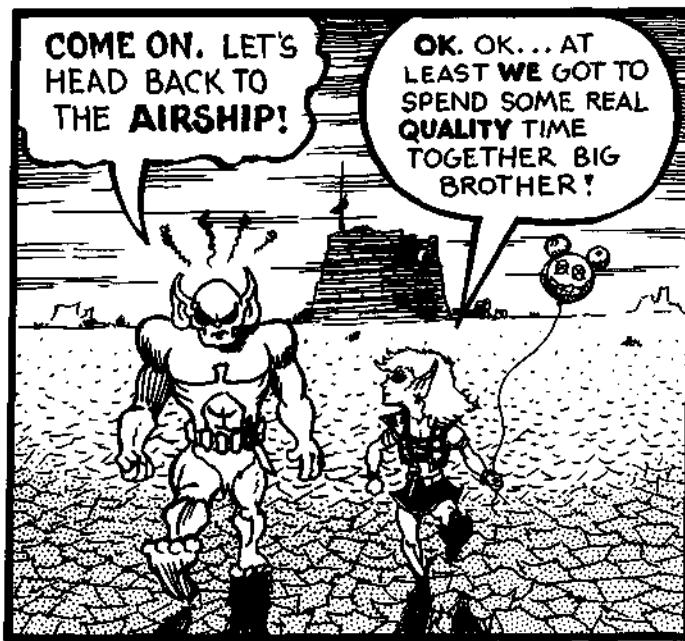
GRRR...

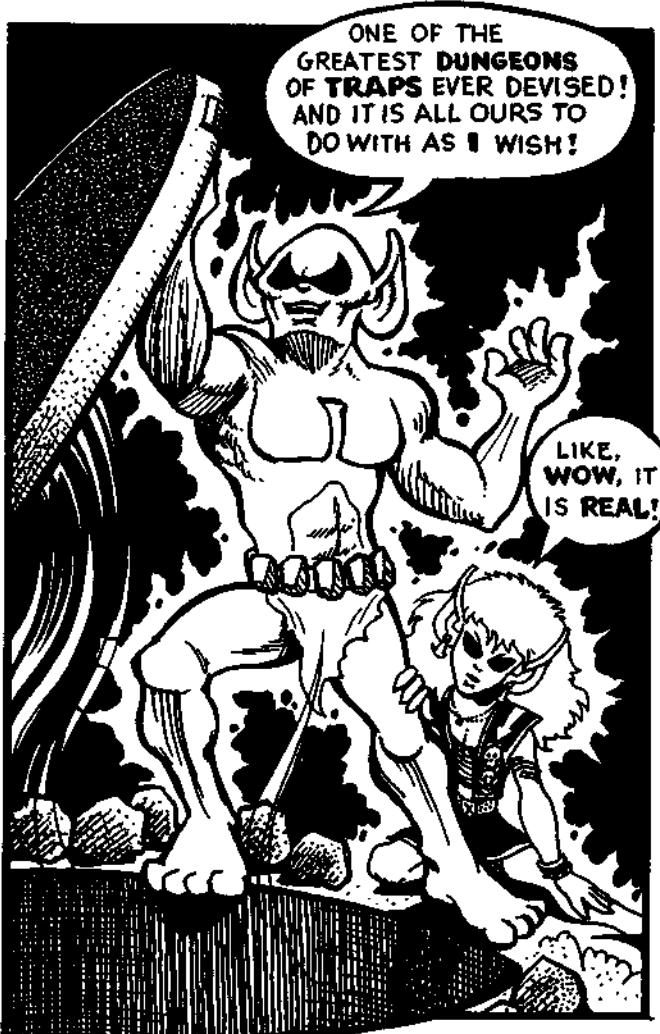
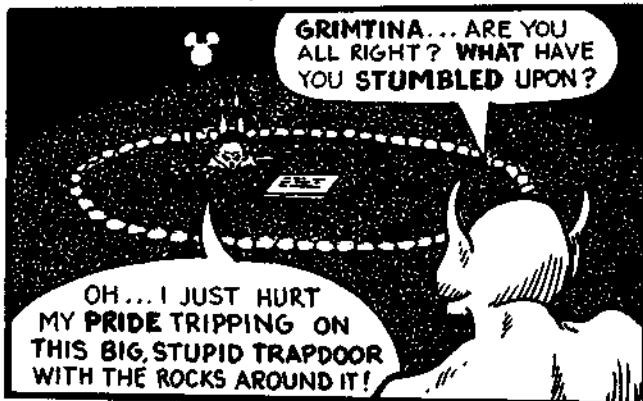
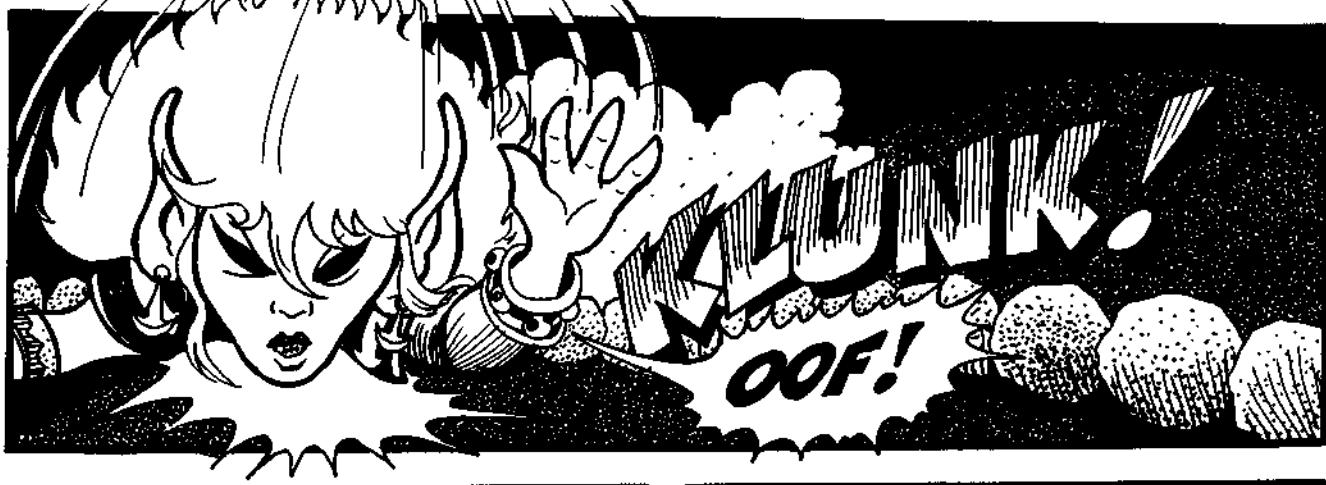
WARNING  
UNWASHED  
PLAIN  
AHEAD

HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS EVER-RUDES  
TOMB IS HERE, ANYHOW? LIKE I MEAN,  
IT MAY **NOT** EVEN EXIST !

I HAVE IN  
MY POSSESSION  
SEVERAL **ANCIENT**  
TEXTS, WHICH TELL  
OF THE **TOMB** OF  
**EVINROODS** & EVEN  
PINPOINT ITS' LOCATION  
AS BEING ON THIS PLAIN.







# The Great Grimtooth's Traps Index

Since you mortals don't have photographic memories, and the titles of all of my traps are so enthralling, I have allowed our editor to create an index of all the traps from my first five volumes. They are coded by title & page number as follows: **Traps = T** **Traps Too = TT**  
**Traps Fore = TF** **Traps Ate = TA** **Traps Lite = TL**



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**the end.**

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