

Merry: restore life upon an opponent defeated within the last turn. He wakes up with 1 hit point.

LEVEL 5

Serpents: multiple serpents grow from the priest's body. They spring out and attack those engaged in melee with the priest using his or her own base chance 'to hit'. They deal 1 point of damage only, but those bitten must save vs. poison or die. Duration: 1 round/level.

Tentacles of Demogorgon: a dread demon of the terrible abysses beyond lends the invoking priest the power of his tentacles, by transmuting the priest's arms and legs into similar wormlike extremities. The change in the priest's legs is mostly cosmetic, but the priest can strike with each arm-tentacle each round and they hit as flails for full regular damage. In addition, the strike of the tentacles causes a terrible wasting disease which does an additional 1d6 wound points per round until a save vs. polymorph is made; if several saves in a row are failed opponent's limbs may rot off entirely. A spell to cure diseases will automatically stop the wasting disease from doing any further damage.

Enchanted Holy Symbols

by Jeff Rients

A player in my group (Doug Vandebergh) recently observed that despite their ubiquity as clerical equipment, magical holy symbols are rare (non-existent?) in published materials. Here are my own attempts to fill that void.

Lunar Ankh of Ramudo - This silver holy symbol is decorated with seven moonstones that glow slightly under the night sky. A lawful cleric of at least 3rd level may use this device to turn lycanthropes once per day. Werewolves and wereboars turn as wraiths, weretigers as mummies, and werebears as spectres. Lycanthropes in human form are unaffected.

Sacred Scripture of St. Woostarian - This smallish sacred text has covers inlaid with silver. In addition to containing holy epistles, this book functions as a holy symbol of Law. Furthermore, in the hands of a Patriarch or Matriarch it may be used as an enchanted bludgeon, smiting foes normally only vulnerable to magic weapons.

Talisman of Thirteen Runes - This device has been inscribed the sacred runes of all gods of the pantheon known as the Twelve, and may be used as a holy symbol by a cleric of any alignment who is devoted to any member of the Twelve. The owner may store a single clerical spell of any level within the talisman, a

thirteenth rune appearing when the talisman contains a spell. Casting the spell works like using a scroll.

Wicked Frog Totem - This small stone statue of a grinning ithyphallic toad may be used by anti-clerics as an unholy symbol. The Frog Totem only works when mounted upon the top of a rod or staff. In addition to its use as an unholy symbol, an anti-cleric may use it cast Charm Monster once a week.

Silvered Skull of Azerg - This relic of the anti-saint Azerg is decorated with a silver inlay of the eight-pointed Arrow of Chaos. When held in the left hand it functions as an unholy symbol and any allied undead within 3" of the wielder are immune to turning.



Nature's Nasty Node

by Makofan

This wilderness encounter is designed to challenge parties of Rank 4-7. It can be dropped into any campaign. The encounter revolves around an attempt by the PC's to purify a warped nature node. Nature nodes are magical pools of pure power, normally found in deep nature – sylvan woods, virgin forests, dense

marshes and hidden valleys. They increase growth in plants in a one mile radius, and provide renewable mana for creatures of nature like sylphs, dryads and fauns. This nature node has been corrupted by the powers of Chaos, and unnaturally twists everything it touches.

The Twisted Nature Node

All creatures who bathe or live more than one month within 1 mile of the twisted node, gain one Rank/WD and one point of intelligence. They are also converted to chaos if not chaotic already. All spells cast by non-chaotic characters within this radius have a one-third chance of failing. The monster stats given below have already had the chaos node effect built in.

No affected creature will ever leave this 1 mile radius voluntarily. If forced to leave, a save against magic at -4 will successfully dispel the enchantment, and the creature immediately loses the Rank, intelligence point, and alignment change. Lawful priests must seek some sort of atonement before gaining any more experience. Failing the save will drive the person back to the node as soon as they are unrestrained. Magic that removes curses can overcome these problems.

Adventure Hook

The adventure begins when the PC's are setting up evening camp. A nature-priest steps into the clearing and asks for help cleansing a dark spot in the forest. If they are reluctant, he adds the following inducements: they are close to the lair, so they are already in danger, and there is sure to be lots of magical treasure at the site. Cruimlach (Rank 7, DC 6, wp 31, Priestly Sickle +1) will never participate in combat, explaining that he is saving his resources for the cleansing.

The Approach

The nature node is deep within a cavern. Untold years ago, a tower was built on this site by those seeking to control it, but it has long since crumbled to ruin. The area around the clearing is a meadow overgrown with grass and flowers higher than a man's head. The grass is red and purple, while the flowers are a riotous confusion of colours. Many ruined stone statues are scattered about, unrecognizable now to any newcomers. Each round of searching will reveal 1-2 of these, but also incur another check for the basilisk roaming. There is a base 50% chance that the party will encounter the basilisk from room 9 doing his evening hunt for prey, not counting further searching. Roll surprise naturally for both sides, but encounter distance will be 10 feet.

The Tower

The small tower's upper stories have collapsed, but the ground level walls are jagged but intact, being some 8-10 feet in height. All open-air rooms (rooms 1-4 and 7) have webs for ceilings, where a nest of 6 giant spiders

spend their time. The spiders are reasonably well camouflaged from both the air and the ground. Burning the webs will send them scurrying quickly to the stone walls, which they will then use to avoid the flames and converge on the party en masse. The party will be attacked immediately by a spider when they enter room 1, and then each round of combat will see 1-2 more spiders until all are in the fray. Circling the ruins will reveal a cave 20' up in the hill covering the rock caverns, with bear tracks leading to it (If asked, Cruimlach will identify the tracks as large bears). Characters who enter from the bear cave (rooms 5 & 6) will only be attacked by the spiders if they investigate room 4 or 7. (6 Giant Spiders: WD 5, DC 6, Move 15, Damage 1-6 plus save vs. poison or take 2d6 additional.)

1. Entrance. There is a bit of a bare patch in front of this open doorway, otherwise the room is unremarkable except for its gloominess due to the overhead webs, and the way its walls, like in all of the rooms, are set into the hillside encompassing the cavern.

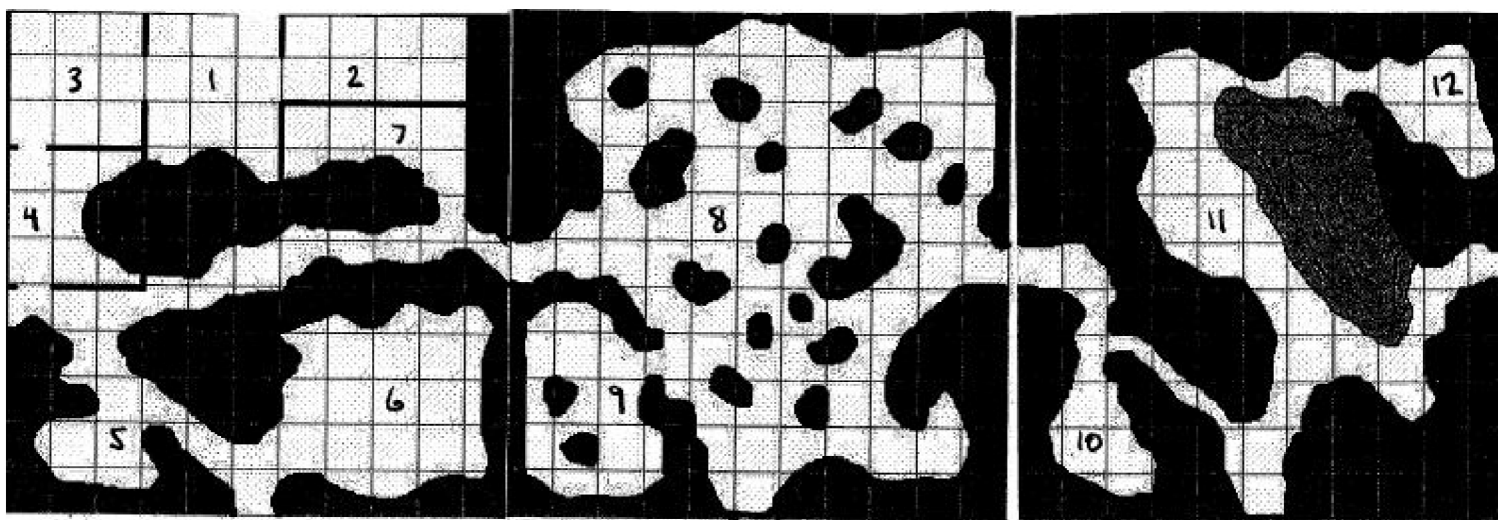
2. Barracks. Nothing remains of the former occupants except some obscure rusting metal parts. Tossed in and among the debris are 6200 copper pieces – the pixies in charge of the lair steal all of the treasure from the spider's victims, and toss the unwanted copper in here.

3. Well. An uncovered well is in the middle of this room. Drinking the brackish water (30' down in the 90' deep well) will cause vomiting and weakness (fight at -2 for the rest of the adventure unless save vs poison) but will give the twisted node's powers for 7-12 turns. This water loses its potency when removed from the node.

4. Feast Hall. The intelligent spiders drag their prey to this room for digestion and consumption. It is foul-smelling and littered knee-deep with corpse-husks.

5. Pool. This natural cavern is where the bears drag any carcasses that they do not finish in one sitting. It stinks of bear feces, and is covered with bones of all types. If entered from the spider area (rooms 1-4), any investigation will bring the bears from room 6 in single file to investigate. A small puddle perhaps 5 feet across contains (half-embedded in the mud) 13 rubies worth 500 gold pieces each which the pixies have missed.

6. Bear Lair. This is where the bears live. There is an exit to the outside, with an opening about 4' high. There is a 1 in 3 chance the bears will be napping, giving the party the opportunity to attack first, or sneak past. (War Bears: WD 7, DC 5, Move 18, 2 attacks for 1-6 damage each, if both attacks hit the bear hugs and automatically hits for 2d6 next round (bear hug!), will keep fighting one round after being killed.)



7. Boring Room. Nothing to see here, folks.

8. Lair of the Basilisk. This is a damp cavern with some limestone drip. If not encountered outside, the basilisk will be here somewhere among the labyrinthine stalactites and stalagmites. Rubble from the adventurers it has stoned then eaten will be trod underfoot, alerting the basilisk, who will then surprise the party on 1-3. Surprised characters will meet its gaze and must save vs Turn to Stone or be turned to stone (go figure). Basilisk: WD 7+1, DC 4, Move 9, Damage 1-6 with claws and/or turn to stone with gaze.



9. The Basilisk's Hoard. Another limestone room, minus the size and rubble. The pixies think of the basilisk as their pet, and let the basilisk keep any magical items they can not use, plus silver and platinum as it likes the color of them. Piled in a nest of orange-coloured pine needles are 5700 silver pieces and 450 platinum pieces, a double-barrelled crossbow +2 (can fire both bolts in same round vs same target, but takes 2 rounds to reload), a Silver Shield of Reflecting +1 (acts like a mirror vs gaze attacks) and a Cursed Scroll which polymorphs the reader into a snake. If read while Cruimlach is around, he will reverse the effect if asked.

10. Guard Post. Two pixies are hovering here, playing darts instead of standing guard. Roll surprise normally. They will turn invisible as soon as they have a chance to act, and will flee to room 11 to warn the others. The room doubles as a larder and has pixie loaves, mead etc. (2 Pixies: WD 2, DC 6, Move 18, 1 attack, either magic pixie darts (ranged, 1d6, 2 per pixie) or sleep daggers (1 point damage and save vs. magic or fall asleep).

11. Nature Node. This natural cavern features a frothing lime-green pool that emits an unnatural, sickly olive mist. Vision here is limited to 20'. Camped here are 10 pixies floating and frolicking (normal chance of surprise unless alerted by the guards in room 10). The leader, a rotund pixie with 3 wound dice, wields a wand of paralyzation (13 charges); the other pixies are as in room 10. Each pixie wears a gold necklace set with emeralds, worth 400 gold pieces.

After the pixies are killed, Cruimlach will purify the node. (If Cruimlach has been slain, perhaps he gave the secret of how to do this to another character, or perhaps an Elf PC can know or roll to know the ritual.) He asks if anybody has a magic sword of neutral or no alignment to sacrifice to ensure the efficacy of his cure. If a player acquiesces, he will permanently gain 1 point to his prime requisite once the pool is purified. If no blade is forthcoming, the druid will grumble but use his own personal magical sickle. He will wait until midnight, then wrap the provided blade in mistletoe, wade waist deep into the pool, chant for an entire hour, then immerse the blade. An incredible fragrant explosion smelling like rose petals will burst forth, and the pool will change to a normal, natural green color. All effected creatures in a 1 mile radius will be cured of their affliction. The druid will thank the party and leave in the morning. The party can not use the cured nature node – only pure creatures of nature will benefit.

12. Pixie Treasure. This room has a normal sized treasure chest, and a pixie-sized chest (both locked – keys on pixie leader). In the large chest are 1400 gold pieces, hidden among which is an angry adder who attempts to bite the first hand to reach in (1 point damage and save vs poison or die). It is DC 7 and has 3 wound points. In the small chest are two rings, a plain silver ring of protection +2, and a red-gold ring of fire resistance. Careful inspection will reveal contact poison on both rings – it can be washed off with alcohol.

Postscript: Tribute to Bob Bledsaw. In the spirit of the old Judges Guild, create your own node with these random tables! Roll on the Setting Table to find where the node is located. Roll once on the Boss table to see who is in charge of the node, and then on the Fantastical Table to find their pet. Now roll twice on the Normal table for the natural denizens. Remember to give all creatures an extra level. Roll once on the Agent Table for the adventure hook, and how it can cure the node. Now give each normal denizen one roll on the Treasure Table. Give the Fantastical Monster a roll on the Fantastic Treasure, two rolls on the Guarded treasure and one roll on the Normal table. Give the Boss a roll on the Wielded Table, two rolls on the Guarded table, and two rolls on the Normal Table. If you get a result already used earlier, use the treasure in brackets instead. Assign monsters into the areas as you see fit – have fun!

BOSS

1. Stone Giants (1-2)
2. Harpies (1-3)
3. Pixies (2-20)
4. Medusae (1-2)
5. Green Dragon (1)
6. Minotaurs (1-4)

NORMAL MONSTER

1. White Apes (1-4)
2. Giant Spiders (3-12)
3. Giant Toads (3-12)
4. Tiger Beetles (1-3)
5. Giant Pythons (1-4)
6. Cave Bears (1-3)

NORMAL TREASURE

1. 6200 cp (5500 sp)
2. 5700 sp (1600 gp)
3. 1400 gp (500 pp)
4. 450 pp (5800 sp)
5. 13 gems worth d6x100 gold each (1600 gp)
6. 11 pieces of jewelry worth d6x100 gold each (350 pp)

FANTASTIC TREASURE

1. Double-Barreled Magic Crossbow +2 (see area 9)
2. Spear of Dragonslaying

FANTASTICAL

1. Wyvern (1)
2. 5-Head Hydra (1)
3. Gorgon (1)
4. Cockatrice (1)
5. Basilisk (1)
6. Chimera (1)

SETTING

1. Sylvan forest
2. Deep forest
3. Vast swamp
4. Mountain valley
5. Barren desert
6. Badlands

3. Flaming Sword
4. Ring of Walking on Water
5. Wand of Treasure Detection
6. Staff of Healing

GUARDED TREASURE

1. Cursed Scroll (Scroll: Protection from Magic)
2. Potion: Undead Control (Potion: Giant Strength)
3. Potion: Animal Control (Potion: Long Life)
4. Reflecting Shield +1 (Cursed Spear, attacks wielder)
5. Chaotic Sword (int 5 ego 5) +1/+2 vs shape-changers (10 arrows +1)
6. Ring of Fire Resistance (Ring of Delusion)

WIELDED TABLE

1. Shield +2
2. Ring of Protection +2
3. Wand of Paralyzation
4. Chain Mail +2
5. Ring of Invisibility
6. Growth Potion plus Elven Boots

AGENT TABLE

1. Druid/Neutral Magic Sword
2. Elves/Magical Part
3. Unicorn/Dip its horn
4. Treant/fight Earth Elemental
5. Bandits/Rabbit foot (fake cure)
6. Werewolves/Virgin sacrifice (attack party)

It is up to you to breathe life into these rough sketches and ideas, but in 5 minutes you can have a ready-made tailor-made wilderness encounter that may take your party the entire evening!

(Editor's Note: *Bob Bledsaw, founder of Judges Guild and one of the heroes of our hobby, is seriously ill. We wish him all the best and hope for a miraculous recovery, and plan to dedicate the third issue of **Fight On!** to him. – Ignatius.*)

The Space Wizards

by Paul Czege

Introduction: This is a campaign seed, probably for very high-level play, which Paul originally wrote for his Niche Engine RPG – you can read about it online at www.indie-rpgs.com/forum/index.php?topic=22419. We thought it had just the sort of wild psychedelic flavor that characterized some of the best 'epic level' games of olde, and wanted to bring a version of Paul's setting to *Fight On!* You can use this material straight up as situation for your high level game, with appropriate introduction, or you can introduce the power of the space wizards (detailed in a sidebar on the next page) by appropriate magic items for prominent PCs and NPCs

THE TOMB OF IXTANDRAZ



contest winning adventure by Lee Barber
for 4th-6th level characters

From the Chrysolite Tower of Sages, a guarded scroll was stolen and its secret voiced to a family of knaves. Convinced that the information was invaluable, the criminals made duplicates of the scroll and sold them to anyone willing to part with enough gold to burden an ox. Yet in less than one calendrical rotation, the knowledge began to reach the ears of injudicious folk who spread the news to bordering fiefdoms. Now, a fact once known only to aging hierophants can be heard whispered at tavern tables - that the tomb of the Operose Artificer, the High Mage Ixtandraz has been found!

BACKGROUND: The 350 year old scroll is a coastline map leading to a lost temple mound complex, where the Mage Ixtandraz had been known to reside in his later years. At this wilderness location, the elder wizard began instructing his disciples and continued the work on golems and arcane devices that made him notorious. Tragically, one such device was responsible for any further knowledge of the great Mage to be lost. Within the underground chambers of the ancient mound, Ixtandraz created a network of energy runes that was supposed to draw power from an entity summoned from the Positive Material plane. However, during the ritual, the planar connection reversed, and the creature pulled into the "battery receptacle" was a Xe-Gi from the Plane of Negative Ener-

gy instead! This disastrous switch converted the energy rune- system into a death trap, as many residents were slain by the life-draining radiation. Ixtandraz himself survived by immediately teleporting away. He returned to the complex later, after the imprisoned Xe-Gi had weakened, only to learn that his disciples were now mindless Undead. Enraged by this failure, he blasted the abominations into dust and placed their remains in a magical coffer. Lastly, Ixtandraz commanded his servile Terra Cotta Golem and Earth Elemental to forever guard the place from intruders. Fourteen years later, the wizard finally perished in a battle with an ancient Dragon Turtle.

The scroll was made by a visiting Sage, one that had been a colleague of Ixtandraz during their academy years. The Sage had been there before the system of runes was complete. Aside from providing directions, there is a drawing of Ixtandraz on the paper depicting him with his trademark "Belt of the Moons", in which was always tucked a craftsman's hammer. Other tales of the wizard, recounting his successful campaigns against Giant tribes and Lycanthrope marauders, always include vast amounts of gold. With such a reputation for wealth, the criminals selling their stolen copies of the map found no fewer than nine buyers willing to meet their price.

START: This adventure can begin in a number of ways. If the party is currently in a remote area, they could simply discover the activities of the Lizardfolk tribe living outside the burial mound. Another option would be for the Chrysolite Sages to employ them in a search for the original scroll. Finally, the party could be approached by a merchant wanting to sell one of the duplicate copies. For more experience, the scroll snatchers or a competing group of treasure hunters could be added to the Encounter list. The Tomb can be located in any warm Marsh or Tropical zone, near a winding river. Branching from this river should be a shallow waterway that drains into the Tomb's lower level. In centuries past, this path was a road from the complex to a river wharf.

This past summer, an adventure contest was sponsored by



**OTHERWORLD
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FIGHT ON!

Our judges included gaming legends Frank Menzer, James M. Ward, and S. John Ross, as well as Richard Scott of Otherworld Miniatures and Ignatius Ümlaut of *Fight On!* Competition was fierce, and we had many great submissions competing for the fabulous Orc Tribe Boxed Set and other prizes generously provided by Otherworld. Eventually the dust settled, leaving the following ten entries standing:

Honorable Mention:

Arcane Vault of the Magic Goddess, by Matthew Riedel

The Haunted Chateau, by James Maliszewski

Badlands of the Bandit Kingdoms, by Robert Lionheart

Beware the Lord of Eyes, by Allan Grohe

A Giant Dilemma, by Frank Farris

First Honorable Mention

The Hobgoblin God's Crown, by James Quigley

Khas Fara, by Jason Morningstar

3rd Prize

The Blocks of Quox, by Tony Rosten

2nd Prize

The Tomb of Ixtandraz, by Lee Barber

1st Prize

Spawning Grounds of the Crab-Men, by D. Bowman

Lee Barber's 2nd place *Ixtandraz* and Frank Farris' *A Giant Dilemma* are both presented herein for your gaming pleasure. Congratulations to all of our winners, and keep looking out for their creations in upcoming issues of *Fight On!*

LIZARDFOLK TRIBE: This primitive group is comprised of four families and one Shaman. Two years ago, they arrived at the Tomb, using the flooded road to bring their netted fish up from the river easily. The tribe elders gathered rubble from the base of the mound, using it for 5 hut foundations. During this process, the large stones protecting the entrance to the complex were torn away, having already been loosened by the seeping water. Inside, the lizardfolk discovered what they eventually decided was an entrance to the spirit world. A pair of their strongest warriors tried to venture further within, but never returned. The Shaman, fearing this action offended underworld deities, prohibits any exploration and routinely leaves offerings at the statue of Ixtandraz (4). If the party acts aggressively towards the Lizardfolk, the males will confront them with nets and spears, while the females climb vines to the top of the mound. A battle will likely go poorly for the creatures, so they will flee if the defenders are slain. Alternately, the party can show the Shaman the drawing of Ixtandraz on the scroll, which will grant them passage. Of course, any character that can speak their tongue will be able to mediate a discussion.

8 LIZARDFOLK MALES (DC 5; HD 2+1; ATTACKS 1d6+2 spear/1d8 bite; SPD 6; hp 8, 8, 8, 8, 10, 10, 10, 10)

3 LIZARDFOLK FEMALES (DC 7; HD 2; ATTACKS 1d3/1d3 claws/1d6 bite; SPD 6; hp 5, 5, 5)

1 LIZARDFOLK SHAMAN (DC 6; HD 3; ATTACKS 1d6+2 cudgel/1d8 bite; SPD 6; 2-1st priest spells, hp 15)

1) COMMON HALL: Silt-laden water has decayed what furnishings remained in this long hall. Now this location is used by the Lizardfolk to weave their nets, which hang from a corroded chain in the ceiling. The east wall features a 30 foot bas-relief mural. Although its pigment is gone, the design clearly shows Ixtandraz fighting tusked Giants.

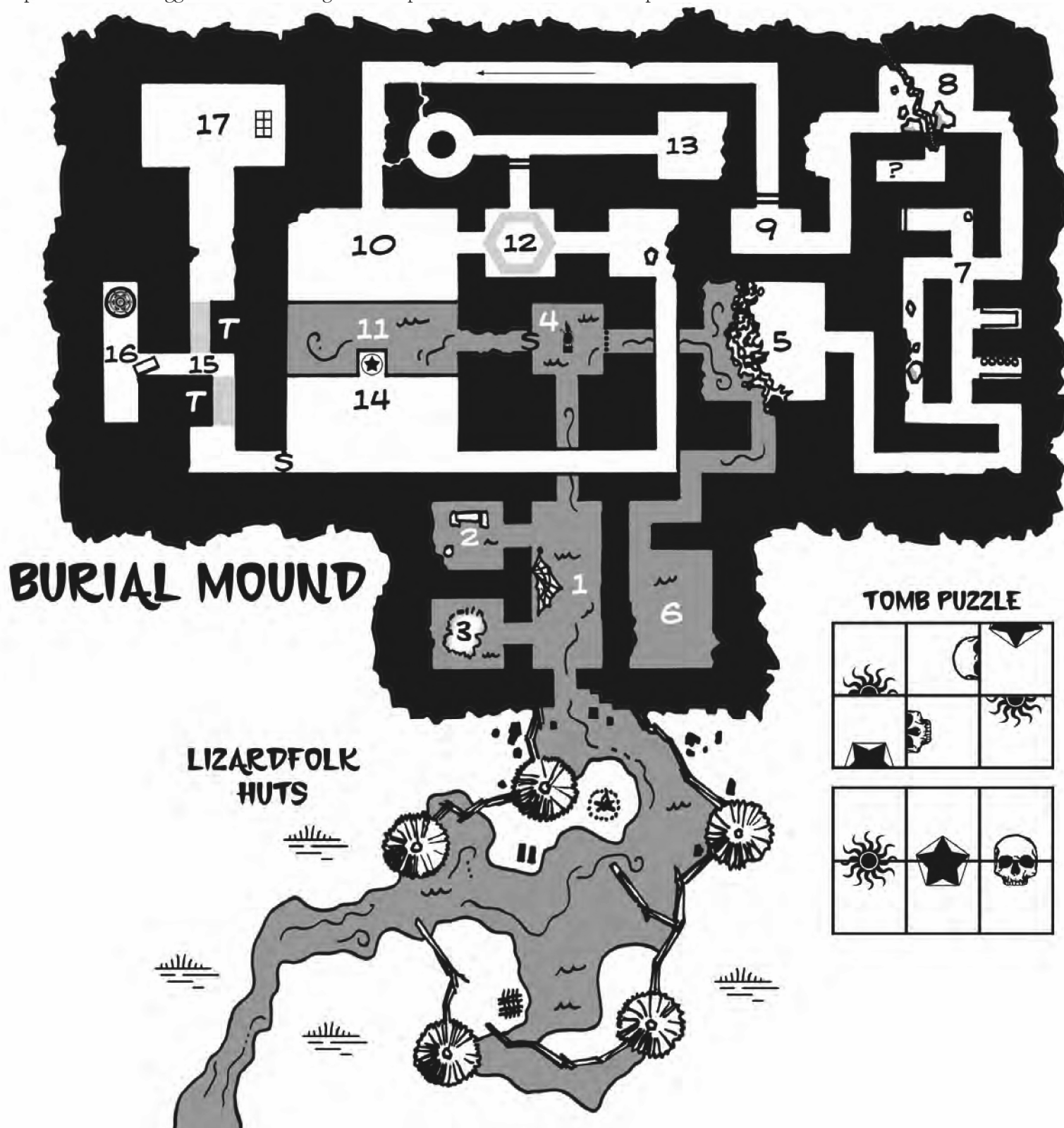
2) SHAMAN'S CHAMBER: Two stone pedestals rest on their sides in the knee-deep water. Stretched across the pedestals is a woven mat, covered with trinkets for sortilege and incense use. The amount of unburned incense is worth 22 GP.

3) HATCHERY: This chamber is constantly occupied by at least one female. Even if the party has the Shaman's permission to enter the mound, they will be attacked if this room is entered. The floor here is buried in reeds and mud; the crest of the stack is roughly 5 feet high, and hides 2 eggs. In the southwest corner is an unlit copper brazier.

4) INNER GATES: Plainly visible here are a stone statue of Ixtandraz in the center of the room and a corroded portcullis sealing an exit in the east wall. Inspection of the latter will reveal that debris in the water is flowing past it, and that oil has been applied to the sides resting in the guide channels. A lift attempt made on the gate will not succeed unless the STR applied totals 36. Then the portcullis will rise only 2 feet, still barring anyone not willing to

swim beneath (this is how the lizardmen went through). The mechanism that actually controls the gate is part of the statue. Sharp-eyed players searching it will discover that the hammer tucked in Ixtandraz's belt can be removed. A second successful search will uncover a hole near the foot of statue, mere inches above the water. The hammer haft fits this socket, and force applied to the mallet end will rotate the statue like a windlass. This procedure will trigger an unseen weight to drop and raise

the gate (and removing the hammer will cause the gate to fall). On the west wall is a secret door sealed behind 3 inches of mortar and the moldy grime that coats everything in contact with the water. Even with the aid of bright light, this door is twice as hard as usual to detect. A spell to open doors/locks will unlock both thresholds, but the secret door must have the plastered cement torn away for access. In another room, there is a magical hammer that will open all the secret doors in the tomb.





5) SHAMBLOR DEN: The water passing beyond the portcullis is contained in this 50 foot square room by a massive berm of rotting organic matter. This dam of pungent garbage is the den of a hungry Shambler. It will attack if the party attempts to climb over the barrier or continue into 6. The floor beneath the water in this room is badly cracked, enabling drainage. Melee fighters in this area suffer a -1 penalty due to the water and split rock. If the party spends at least 20 minutes searching the dam, they will find a bundle of jade chunks worth 400 GP, a length of silver chain worth 50 GP, and a *Scarab of Infravision* (2d10 charges). SHAMBLOR: DC 2; HD 8; ATT 1d10/1d10; SPD 6; suffocation, half damage from elements; hp 40.

6) ZOMBIE LEECHES: There are 2 negative energy Runes in this room, one on the ceiling and one beneath the water. Each Rune radiates magic and will inflict one point of damage per hour to a living creature within a 10 foot radius. After death, a creature will be "re-energized" by the Runes; its hit points as Undead going up by one per hour till its original total is matched. For example, a dead player with 24 HP will return as a Zombie after a full day of exposure. The effect can be temporarily disabled by Dispel Magic or a Protection from Undead scroll. Five undead Leeches are lurking under the water and will swarm the character with the least leg armor. Clerics attempting to Turn these reanimated vermin will not succeed if within the range of the Runes (which are in the center of the ceiling and floor). The Leeches have no treasure. 5 ZOMBIE LEECHES: DC 9; HD 2; ATTACKS 1d4 bite; SPD 3; undead, drain blood; hp 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

7) CELLAR ALCOVES: Branching off the winding corridor are three alcoves. Two of them are stocked with earthenware jars, draped in dusty cobwebs. Roll a d10 to determine random contents:

1-2	chisels and rusty trowels
3-4	bronze nails and rivets
5	viscous scroll ink
6	tapered candles
7	white naptha (will explode if exposed to high heat)
8	hundreds of desiccated beetles
9	cloth napkins and dishware
10	bits of charcoal

Glass bottles, presumably wine, are stocked in the remaining alcove. Interspersed among the sour vintages are 2d8 gilded jugs with written labels. These expensive looking brews carry desirable potion names like "Elixir of Undetectable Illusions" and "Secret Libation #222". Ixtandraz planted these containers to sabotage theft by visitors or unruly students. If any of these are unstopped or broken, a burst of magical gas will affect the holder unless he saves vs. magic at -2. Roll d10 for effect:

1	sees everything upside down for 2d10 rounds
2	surrounded by burnt leaf-scented mist for 1d4 hours
3	STR reduced by half for 2d10 rounds
4	becomes dipsophobic, won't drink alcohol, potions, etc
5	cannot speak for one hour
6	forgets everything known about the next person seen
7	polymorphed into snapping turtle for a day
8	has all non-enchanted possessions disintegrated
9	coated in blueberry jelly
0	charmed to guard remaining bottles for 1d4 hours

8) RING FROM BELOW: If the party hesitates before searching this mangled chamber, they will see a deep cleft

in the floor along which a column of jungle ants are navigating. The ants appear to be leaving the tomb, marching from underneath some crumbling blocks to a place beyond the mound. Suddenly, one ant will emerge with a brightly glowing ring in its jaws. The moving light can be seen by anyone looking at the floor. Give the players one chance each to reach for the unusual item. Characters with metal gauntlets won't be able to fit their hands into the miniature valley, although they could try to stab the burdened ant with a narrow blade (-4 to grab, -9 to stab). A smart player can also try to contain the escaping insect by blocking off the ends of the crevice. The nature of the ring is to be decided by the DM; it can be from a deeper level that the party can venture into later.

9) LIZARDMAN GHASTS: After passing through the rubble-filled chamber, the party detects a light emanating from this small room. The glow is from a Rune-covered door, in front of which are two Lizardman Ghosts. These creatures are the reanimated corpses of the warriors that dared to go beyond the portcullis. Overwhelmed by the Shambling Mound, they scrambled past the monster to this iron door, which jolted the remaining life out of them. The *Magelocked* security door has four negative energy Runes on both sides. Touching this barrier with bare skin or conductive metal will result in a single discharge that inflicts 4d4+2 damage (the Runes can't deliver a second shock for 3 days). There is a mechanical lock, but it is invisible unless touched by a Mage. Along the south wall are the pieces of equipment belonging to the lizardmen: a *Spear +1 of Returning*, a 70 GP pearl, and an Ironwood Spiked Club (treat as morning star). **2 LIZARDMAN GHASTS:** DC 4; HD 4; ATT 1d4/1d4 claws, 1d8 bite; SPD 12; undead, paralyzation, stench; hp 22, 20.

10) LOWER GALLERY: The long tunnel beyond the trapped door is actually a ramp to a higher level. Searching the inside wall will reveal two fissures, impossible for anything larger than a cave locust to enter. Anyone peering into these holes will be noticed by the Greyish Ooze in **12**, which will attack from behind when the party goes beyond the first gallery. This first gallery is empty, but there is a secret door to the east and a gorge-like pit separating the space from a similar gallery to the south. A strong light source will reveal the size of the pit and the "statue" in **13**.

11) EXAMINATION PIT: The flooded floor of the pit is part of the first level. The distance from the bottom to either gallery is 18 feet. The disciples of Ixtandraz practiced with spells and magic items here, occasionally on live, chained monsters. The corridor to the secret door in **4** was used to "short-cut" the longer exit route, and make caged creatures easier to transport. The levitation platforms that operated on both sides of the "statue" in **13** were dispelled by Ixtandraz before he left. A sorcerer's staff, broken during testing, can be found here, with its inset diamond worth 750 GP. If the Ooze is stalking the party, it will attack while they are searching or scaling walls.



12) UNFINISHED GOLEM: A large suit of maroon armor appears to be waiting in this dark chamber for its owner. The terra cotta suit is giant-sized, and missing the helm piece. If the party turns toward the door to **13**, they will see a 2-handed mallet on the ground and a small wood bowl on the floor. Etched near the rim of this bowl is the name "NORBERT". If a player reads the name aloud, he will hear a soft mewling emanating from the armor. Moving the pieces exposes yet another floor Rune, and the bones of Norbert, the unluckiest cat familiar. When the bones are discovered, the sound fades away. However, if the player with the bowl scoops up the bones, a phantasmal cat will immediately appear! The spectral feline will befriend its new "master", a situation which has one benefit and one drawback. The benefit is damage resistance to negative energy (2 points per attack). The problem is that a grotesque ghost cat will follow the character around all the time, visible to everyone (penalty to Charisma-based interaction). Destroying the enchanted bowl with arcane fire is the only way to keep Norbert from materializing and following the player.

13) WELL OF OOZE: The two rooms beyond the pinned oak door were the private quarters of Ixtandraz. The domed chamber to the west was a large bath, connected to a natural well. Years after the evacuation, this well was invaded by a large Greyish Ooze, which "dissolved" nearly all the metal equipment on this level. Although immune to many forms of damage, it has learnt



that the negative-energy runes are unpalatable (2 more Runes are in the abandoned chamber east of the well). **GREYISH OOZE:** DC 12; HD 3+3; ATT 2d6/strike; SPD 1; immune to heat, cold, spells, bludgeoning; hp 20.

14) UPPER GALLERY: On the far side of the pit is a chamber once used as a study hall. Protecting the scholarly campus here is an Earth Elemental "sculpted" to look vaguely like an Oriental Lion statue. This guardian attacks any who try to pass through the secret door into **14**. The Elemental will not enter **16** or **4** if the party escapes to either location. Near the base of the "statue" is a square wooden frame that holds a few cracked shards of tinted glass. Glued to the back of the frame is a *Wand of Invisibility* (2 charges). **EARTH ELEMENTAL GUARDIAN:** DC 2; HD 6; ATT 1d10+5/bite; SPD 6; immune to poison, mind spells; hp 50.

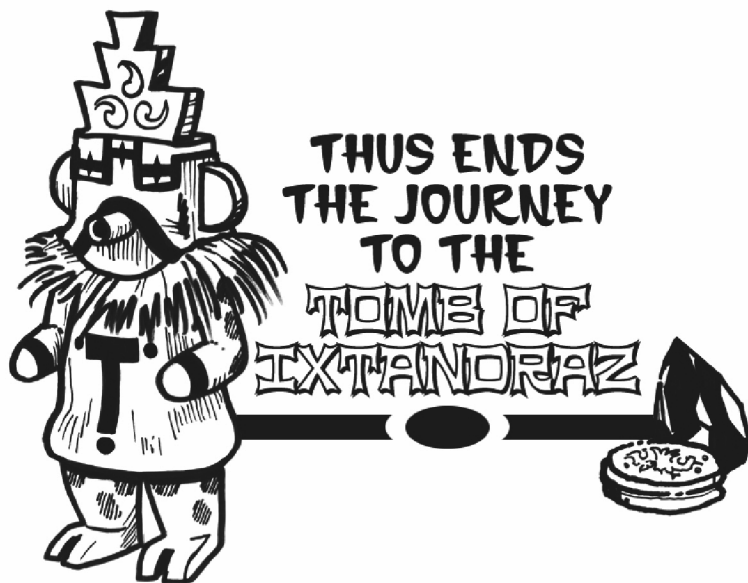
15) SPEAR TRAPS: Buried in the two walls indicated on the map are spear-launching mechanisms. They are triggered by sensitive pressure plates on the floor in front of each array. Players positioned within striking range that fail to dodge will be struck for 2d8. There are no safe gaps between the plates or along the bottom corners of the corridor; the plates for each trap extend for twelve feet.

16) RUNE CONTROL LABORATORY: Protected from the scavenging Greyish Ooze, this room is pristine aside from a door that had snapped from its hinges after a small quake. Inside, players will discover stone shelves lined with tomes crumbling from age and humidity. On the north side of the room is a bizarre device unaffected by dormancy; it resembles a short lamp-post, ringed by magic circles of amber. Topping the post is a crystal ball of the deepest imaginable azure. Close inspection of the Rune control apparatus will show that some of the amber rings float above the ground and that the whole thing is very cold. The crystal ball, a prison for the Xe-Gi, is the only element that can be physically removed. This oddity is by far the greatest treasure in the Tomb; worth no less than 2000 gold to an interested buyer (The Sages will try to barter for it with magic scrolls and potions). Naturally, disconnecting the sphere will shut down all the Runes. The sphere won't shatter unless struck by a heavy magic weapon; a rupture will result in the contents exploding in a burst of negative energy dealing 4d6 damage. The magic weapon employed must Save against disintegration.

17) THE CROCODILE CONSTRUCT: In this quiet vault, the last known creation of Ixtandraz awaits tomb robbers. Once the party enters, the frightening golem, a

terra cotta crocodile with obsidian teeth, will first use its breath weapon against them. Fortunately, the poison inside the construct has degraded, and a failed Save will only result in d4 rounds of blindness. The golem will continue to attack with its maw and heavy tail until it is destroyed or the party retreats behind the secret door to **14**. **CROCODILE GOLEM**: DC 6; HD 8; ATT 2d6+4/bite, 1d8+3/tail slap; SPD 6; blinding breath, ½ dam. from edged weapons, immunity to non-earth spells; hp 50. The vault holds only two things aside from the automaton. The first is another large mural on the east wall, depicting Ixtandraz floating between cosmic panoramas. The scene on the Mage's left is full of blazing stars and comets, while the one on the right is a tempest of bramble and human bones. Below this mural is the second object, a large stone coffer topped with 6 carved tiles. Each tile has one half of a symbol that relates to the mural imagery (see map). The three symbols are a Sun, Pentagram, and Skull. If the tiles are repositioned to mirror the relationship in the mural (listed above), then the coffer can be slid along the floor, exposing a hidden niche. Inside are the following treasures:

- The ashes of 4 apprentices in silver urns worth 300GP
- A terra-cotta sculpture resembling a three-eyed kachina – grants a +1 protective blessing that stacks with others.
- 4 signet rings inset with black tourmaline worth 520 GP
- A craftsman's hammer made of electrum that can open all the doors in the complex with 3 taps.
- A magical buckler with a center spike made from a giant's tusk - allows wielder to become giant-sized 3 times
- An unfinished clay tablet carving of an Elven woman with spider webs over her eyes - 50-200 GP to collectors
- A dragonhide pouch of *Ixtandraz's Moon Motes* - these finely ground crystals are useful against lycanthropes, reversing their form and stunning them 1 round if thrown over them or else providing double damage to three weapons against them on their next hit.
- A map to the isle of the Dragon Turtle.



Delvers Delve: Extended Crawling

rules options by David Bowman

Sometimes you just want to spend longer down in the dungeon. Separately or together, these rules will help you do just that, without automatically turning your whole tunnel complex into a sausage grinder. Of course, there is never any substitute for good judgment – as Shakespeare said, the better part of valour is discretion, and players who don't learn to flee, ambush, parley, plot tactics, and exploit weaknesses as well as fight straight up will fall sooner or later no matter what they do. But using these procedures can help increase the strategic challenges of your dungeon delve – and reduce the number of trips back to town. Even referees who let the dice and delver limbs fall where they may might want to take a look at some of these ideas for when an extended crawl is in order. Especially for lower-level characters they can really help make longer-term adventures underground functional without fudging.

The rules options presented here are divided into *Quick Hits*, *Class Options*, and *Dungeon Decrees*. Some of these are variations on house rules found in many games, while others are (as far as I know anyway) new with this article.

I. Quick Hits increase the ability of PCs to cope with damage without increasing their hit point totals.

Fighting Chance: Allowing maximum hits at 1st Level can go a long way to giving greenhorns a fighting chance. Wound points gained later are rolled normally and added to this amount. If referees require rolling all wound dice anew every level, one should be taken out and set to maximum before the roll if this rule is used.

Expert Trainer: Some towns include specialist warriors and athletes who can help toughen delvers up, for a price. Once per level, for a cost of 200 gp per level, a PC can work out with such a trainer and re-roll their hit points, taking the higher of the two rolls.

Catch Breath/Bind Wounds: Immediately after each melee allow characters to pause a full turn and recover 1d3 hits on the spot. This option helps low level characters extend their delving excursions if players remember to exercise the rule before taking other actions after combat. The benefits gained by Catch Breath require the use of salves, ointments, bandages, herbs and snake oils. *Juju Bags* containing these cost 10 gp, weigh 3 lbs and have 12 uses.

Out Cold: A character at exactly zero hp is not yet dead, but rather unconscious. The tales of unconscious characters left to meet their maker by fleeing comrades are the stuff of legend. Better yet are stories detailing how fresh meat served to distract the Monsters just long enough to make good a party's escape. A full day's rest recovers characters to 1 hp.

In honor of the arrival of Math and the party's success, Lady Caoihme grants the visitors a sumptuous feast outside the faerie mound. Casks of light, sweet faerie wine are broached, victuals of superb flavor and impressive quantity are produced (with Math assuring the party that the food is safe for mortal consumption if eaten outside of the *sidbe*), and the celebration lasts long into the night. During this revel, Lady Caoihme bestows upon the adventurers the rewards agreed upon, thanking them each in turn for their valued assistance to the *daoine sidbe*. If the Lady Caoihme has promised the party to come to their assistance as a reward for their aid, she explains to them during the revel that, when she and her guards are required, the party need only speak her name and request her presence while standing in the open air. She will hear of their need, no matter where they may be, and will arrive at their location no later than the following twilight.

Eventually, as the night wears on, the adventurers, grunted with fine food, drink, and the excitement of the feast, fall into a deep slumber despite any efforts to remain awake. They rise in the late morning to discover the *daoine sidbe* have vanished with the sun, leaving no trace of them or their festivities on the green grass outside the mound. The party also quickly learns that the *daoine sidbe* are not the only thing that has vanished. An inspection of their rewards reveals that these fine riches have become worthless. Any gold they were paid has turned into dead yellow leaves. Their magic items have become poor quality implements, with swords turned rusty and dull, books moldy, crumbling, and blank, and clothing rendered drab, moth-eaten, and powerless. Such is the fate of all faerie items once the sun has risen. Only if the party was wise or stubborn enough to hold out for Caoihme's promise of aid at some later date will they walk away from this encounter with their reward intact. While the faerie are somewhat capricious when it comes to material rewards, they are beholden to their oaths. If the adventurers ever summon the Lady Caoihme in the manner she outlined above, she and ten of her guardsmen do, in fact, arrive to assist the party. Treat Lady Caoihme as an elf Champion and Enchanter and her guardsmen as 5th level warriors for purposes of combat and magical skill. Lady Caoihme will assist the party in one task or battle, departing upon its completion and having honored her debt. Ω



Enharza

by Santiago Luis “Zulgyan” Oría

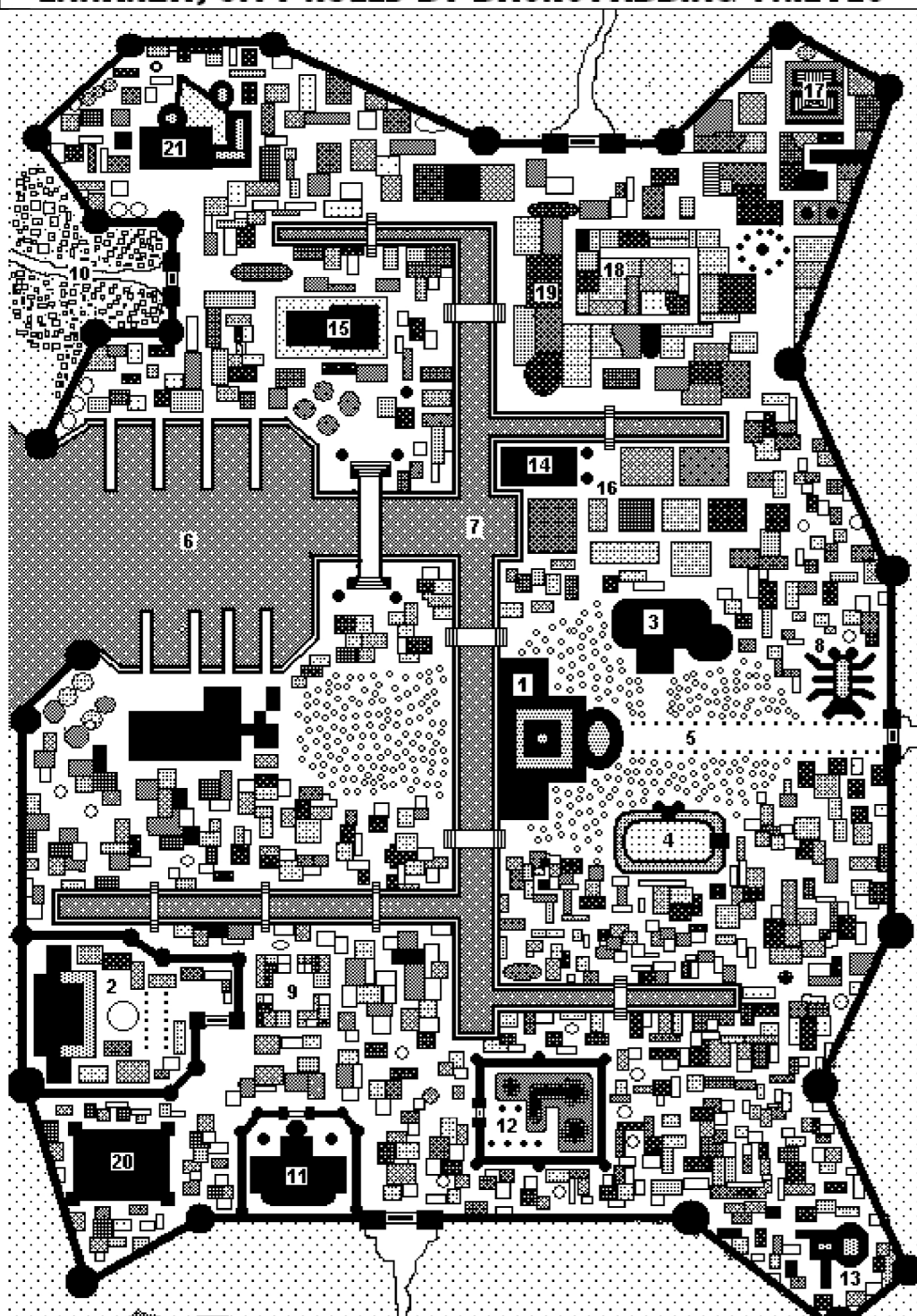
In Your Campaign: Background on the city has been kept minimal so that you can adapt Enharza to your campaign as easily as possible. You need only a coast; the rest of the surroundings can be anything: plains, wastelands, forests, deserts, etc. I purposely avoided referring to the architectural style of the city, local dress, languages spoken, etc., so that you can go with whatever “feel” suits your campaign better: Roman, Asian, Persian, Medieval, Hellenic, Mediterranean, or something totally new. You may also develop the political relations with its neighbors. It's up to you! Assumed demographics are close to the old *Judges' Guild* products. That means a lot of classed and leveled NPCs! But that can be easily ignored.

Exploring the City: The PCs will usually arrive at one of the three gates or at the docks by ship. Describe what they see, get them to *feel* the place, and then let them explore the city at their own whim with the aid of the Player's Map (p. 64), pretty much like a dungeon! As they go from one place to the other, describe what they see, hear, and smell. If they are passing by a relevant building or area, describe it to them. Let them interact with the people, improvise mini-encounters, and when you find it appropriate, roll for a *random encounter*. Give them many chances to find adventure opportunities or mercenary jobs. The city is meant as a prime scenario for adventure.

Player's Map: Photocopy the full page map of the city and let your players have it as they explore. By looking at the map, some buildings and locations will call their attention and they will know their options for exploration. “That building looks intriguing, let's go and check it out” – “That place looks like a market. Let's see if I we can get some dry rations over there” – “Does that look like an arena stadium to you? Let's go see if we can sign-up for a fight!” Without the map, the game will be much slower and harder to conduct, and you will waste a lot of time on mundane stuff. I recommend introducing the map in a fun way and as an in-game artifact. For example, using the campaign background, say that the guy who plays the thief stole it from a drunken sailor, or that an old friend of the fighter gave it to him as a gift or inherited it from his father. If your campaign is already on course, place it in a treasure if you know the PCs might visit Enharza soon, or have a cartographer sell it to them. If your campaign is already underway, place it in a treasure if you know the PCs might visit Enharza soon, or have a cartographer sell it to them.

You Give Life to Enharza: The city has been described in broad strokes to convey its particular personality, together with some juicy details that can be the seeds for

ENHARZA, CITY RULED BY BACKSTABBING THIEVES



Random Encounters:

Day (roll 1d12, then 1d4 when applicable):

1. 1d4+2 city guards (F2) seek: 1- to know PCs names/business, 2- a bribe, 3- to offer job for pay, 4- to sell "immunity" to PCs (see below).
2. Thief L1d4+2 attempts to pickpocket a PC.
3. 2d6 thieves L1d3 seek: 1- to know PCs names/business, 2- a PCs possession, 3-offer "protection" (see below), 4- employ PCs.
4. A merchant thinks PC stole him something.
5. L1d4 thief will follow PCs and spy on them.
6. 1d4 barbarians L1d4 seek: 1-friendship, 2- a PCs possession, 3- help for quest, 4- kill a PC.
7. 1d4 priests L1d4 seek: 1- to convert PCs, 2- gold for the poor, 3-suitable sacrifices, 4-help to assault on other religion's priests or temple.
8. 1d4 pirates L1d3 seek: 1-sell treasure map, 2-offer to join crew, 3-PC possession, 4-sell a weird and mysterious gadget (70% just junk).
9. 2d6 mercenaries (F2): 1- offer services, 2- want PC possession, 3-attack PCs (by mistake or other wise), 4- sell info or map (20% false).
10. Merchant (60% guarded by 1d4 mercenaries F2) seeks: 1- to employ PCs, 2-sell random magic item, 3-information PC might know, 4- a PC possession.
11. PC mistaken for someone else and offered a risky job.
12. Roll on other city encounter table.

Night (roll 1d12 then 1d4 when applicable):

1. 1d4+2 city guards (F2): 1-drunk, 2-hostile drunk, 3- fully on duty, 4-roll on the *Day* "seek" alternatives for (1) above.
2. 2d4 prostitutes (L1d2 thieves).
3. 2d6 robbers (F1). Attack only weak groups.
4. Lost/lone merchant or noble will pay for protection to home (carries 3d20 gp).
5. 2d8+4 giant rats (10% disease per hit)
6. 2d6 thieves L1d2+1, will: 1- attack PCs, 2- want a PCs possession, 3-offer "protection" (see below), 4- employ PCs for dirty job.
7. 2d4 thieves L1d3+1, same as above but 4- will attempt to kidnap PCs.
8. 3d6 or 4d6 cultists (F1) will attempt to kill (30%) or kidnap (70%) PCs.
9. 1d4+1 shadows, looking for prey.
10. 1d4+2 wererats attempt to kidnap PCs.
11. A monster from the undercity. Roll on the "Sewer Monster" table (found in next offering!)
12. Roll on other city encounter table.

Re-fill (in case of repeated encounters):

1. 1 mage L1d4+2, 2d4 mercenaries (F2).
2. 2d4 mages L1d4, 1d4+1 mercenaries (F2).
3. 1 priest L1d6+2, 2d4 priests L1.
4. 1 lone operating L1d4+4 thief.
5. Noble (F L2d4), with 2d6 F1 entourage.
6. 1 ghost or 1d2 specters (night only)

General Guidelines: The thieves are the true masters of Enharza. Archon Deolon is but a puppet of the thieves' guild; his power is void. As the extremely fat, lazy and irresponsible person he is, he enjoys this *status quo*, dedicating himself to lavish, eccentric, orgiastic banquets rather than matters of government. His palace of foul smells and exotic perfumes has more cooks, dancers, prostitutes, rich merchants and decadent nobles than state officials or bureaucrats. Corruption is high at all levels of government. The city is a *de facto* near-anarchy. The Master Thief is the true "not-so-secret" power of Enharza. Internal struggles to control the Guild are constant. Final Note: don't tell the players this is the city of backstabbing thieves! Let them discover it on their own as they adventure in Enharza.

Laws: Religious freedom is high. Commerce is highly unregulated and taxes low. Piratical loot may be sold freely. Slavery is legal, and slave religious sacrifice permitted. Guard and law enforcement are low (50% chance to "get away with it", adjust according to the situation).

Thief Guild "Rules": Freelancers are caught 30% of the time and forced to compulsory membership (300gp). Otherwise that is the last warning, and next time caught will be attacked by 3d6 thieves (2nd level). The thief guild sells "protection" from itself at 20gp/month - a seal (its design changes every month) is given for display at the shop/building or to be carried to prove "subscription". Guild members pay 30gp/month and receive a schedule with 5 days in which they can operate freely. "Extra" days may be "bought" at 20gp/day. The Guild has eyes and ears everywhere - 30% chance that incautious PCs are getting spied upon to know what they are up to.

City Guard: Guards sell "immunity" to prosecution at 10gp/month (petty theft), 50gp/month (high thievery), 80gp/month (murder). Crimes done "in the open" not covered. Not all guards are into this business, so there is a 40% chance they will not honor the "immunity voucher".

Key to Enharza: (Pop. 10,000; AL-CN/CE; Resources: Market; 20% chance of being pickpocketed per day - adjustable by precautions).

1. The Rosso Palace: Seat of Archon Deolon (F6; CN). Exteriors and most interiors are made of rosso alicante marble. Decorated with arousing colors and frescoes/statues/carvings of pleasure gods and scenes. Administrative offices are minimal; most of the palace is meant for pleasure, banquets, parties and guest rooms. There is a 40% chance each day of a banquet/party being held with 2d100 guests, plus enough dancers, musicians, servants and pleasure slaves to entertain them. If PCs are famous/important people and Deolon knows they are in town they might get invited – gifts are expected. Good job opportunities are to be found among such an elite circle, but also many dangers. Palace Guard: 50 F2, 30 F3, 2 M5, “Thargad” - Captain F6. The treasury stores 20,000gp in valuables - magically warded.

2. Army Barracks: Houses a poorly equipped and underdisciplined army of 400 light infantry, 200 archers, and 150 light cavalry (all F2) also serving as city guards. Deolon's parties keep neighbors friendly and he cares a lot about not gaining enemies. The Army is commanded by Kritas (F8-LN). He plots to overthrow Deolon and purge the Thieves' Guild, but so far has too many spies on him and too few allies.

3. “The Fiery Ruby” Gaming House & Inn – Thief Guild: Huge and expensively decorated in very bad taste, all gambling games imaginable are played. It hides the main entrance to the Thieves' Guild. This, of course, is a secret to most, even many guild members, though the abundance of shady types makes it all very suspicious. V.I.P.s game at “The Royal Saloon”, which is small compared to “The Great Saloon” where the masses waste their gold. Musicians, jugglers and exotic shows entertain players. Prostitutes and drugs are available. The Inn offers many varieties of rooms, foods and price ranges. It is all run by Madam Zenopatra (T8), a woman of character who commands her staff like a warship captain. Private Security: 40 F2, 10 F3, 2 M4, 10 T3. The treasury (super-locked) holds 30,000 gp - guarded specially by 4 5F, 1 5M. The Thieves' Guild is accessed through a secret door in room 302 (obviously never available). The Master Thief (L12) wears a white mask to cover his identity. The ancient law of the guild says whoever wears the mask becomes the Master Thief – there are no other succession rules besides this one. The power network of the Master Thief reaches the highest places throughout the entire city. Ascending through the thief hierarchy is a career of intrigue and treason, in which PCs might become unknowing pawns.

4. Arena: PCs can fight gladiators or captured monsters for gold. People bet high sums. Archon Deolon attends on special occasions.

5. Market: A dusty chaos of tents/stands and shouting vendors. This area is more patrolled than others. Despite that, if PCs visit the market, increase pickpocket chance by +10%, +20% if wealth is displayed. Foods, drinks, low manufacture goods/crafts can be found, up to 20% lower in price! 10% chance per day of finding a potion (40%), scroll (30%), minor magic item (20%) or high-tech item (10%) for sale.

6. Docks: Since selling piratical loot is legal in Enharza, the docks are full of pirates! The most famous of them all is Sir Bazayad (F9-CE) who commands an unnamed weird metallic galleon (actually a semi-ruined spaceship that lost its power to fly, but has enough to sail). Many foreign sailing merchants from distant, exotic lands are also seen. The army has a small fleet of 6 warships that see little activity. Ship masters offer rides and voyages to the PCs for gold. There is a shipyard where PCs can commission the construction of a ship of their own.

7. City Canals: Murky, of foul smell (sewer/human waste), but navigable by small boats. Tentacled and slimy monsters have been spotted.

8. Temple of Yezud (spider-god): Speerax (P6), 15 P1, and 20 mutant spiders provide the Thieves' G. (and PCs) with all poison needs.

9. Armories: square of many weapon/armor shops that provide the army and the rest. All weapons/armor available. A weapon of high quality (+1 to-hit) can be ordered (1 week). Heavy armor needs 1d4+1 days to fit. 10% of finding a minor magical weapon/armor being sold.

10. Shantytown: a place of disease, hunger and little of interest, but beggars can make good spies! They know many secrets of the city.

11. Haunted Cathedral: former place of worship of a LG deity. It's now sealed, abandoned and undead-infested. Priests of the deity are looking for someone to retrieve an important relic (The Sincere Tongue of Rao). PCs can cleanse the place for good or the remaining loot.

12. Xulkor's Mansion: A huge and eccentrically decorated mansion that serves more like a giant lab for the twisted experiments of Xulkor (M12 – N), who rarely sees the outside world anymore. Fortunately for the people of power in Enharza, he is anti-social and completely uninterested in politics or public relations. Most people would go insane if they dared to explore this place. It's guarded by monstrous aberrations in the interiors, but 20 F3 are the first line of defense. All dealings with the outside are in hands of Danoar (M5). He is in charge of trading spells from Xulkor's repertoire for rare ingredients (no interest in \$) such as medusa brains, manticores livers, etc.

13. Temple of Ishtar, goddess of love and war (N): A very popular and luxurious temple. HP Jinnessa (P6), 4 F4, 10 F2, 2 T4 and 10 T2.

14. Temple of Afipos (merchant-god): popular among Enharza's rich and those struggling to get there. HP Accuntus (P9), 2 P5, 10 P2.

15. Temple of Mobharadur (CE), the Whale-Mother, Lady of the Sea and Creatures of the Deep: popular among pirates, it's a dirty place, full of mud and algae. Large pools contain sea monsters and pulpoid creatures. HP Jackoldor (P9), 2 P7, 4 P3 and 10 “Deep Ones”.

16. High Class Residences: here live the most rich and influential (and evil?) of Enharza. Private guards patrol this area (6 F3 per patrol).

17. School of Commerce: rich merchants, local and foreign, send their sons to this prestigious institution. Its teachers are advocates of individualism and *laissez faire* economics. They think taxes could be even lower, and that Archon Deolon should waste less money. They also dislike the Thieves' Guild because they “distort the market”. Commander Kritas has asked them to finance his coup, but has been rejected because of his socialist ideas. They are still determining who to back. Head-Master Freetman (Ill 7, CG).

18. Weird Shop: in this area of many shops that sell higher manufacture goods is this small, unadvertised store owned by Thilantros, an old, crazy wizard (M7). He sells all kinds of weird ingredients and esoterica. He may also have some magic item or high-tech object (30%).

19. Judicial Courts: This block houses all jurisdictions: Commerce, Sea, Foreign, Low, High, and Government. The administration of justice is slow and inefficient, so trial-by-combat has been introduced for many matters to ease procedures. 60% magistrates accept bribes.

20. Prison: unfortunate criminals, tax debtors, and political enemies, end up in this overpopulated prison. To solve the problem, many are sent to the arena where they can fight for their freedom. Bulwar (F6), 10 F3, 40 F2 are in charge of security. Convict revolts make it hard.

21. Stronghold of the Glorious Legion: Xärragus the unpleasant (F10, CN) established his head-quarters here. He is a slaver and mercenary who fights wars for distant rulers. His legion includes 30 F4 white-horse archers (brotherhood of lightning), 1 M5, 1 P5, and 100 heavily armed F3. His stronghold is also an important slave market, where all types, sizes and colors can be found. Xärragus is usually traveling, leaving his trusted friend Guthargor (F8) in charge of the stronghold. But Guthargor has ambitions of its own and plans to betray him. The Legion is open to new members if qualified enough. They are frequently hired by rich people in Enharza for varied jobs/missions.

Rumors – Adventures (d12):

1. Until the threat is diminished, 3gp per barbarian head is being paid at the barracks. Bands have been raiding caravans in the area.

2. Tentacled horrors under the orders of Mobharadur clerics are kidnapping people at night to offer as sacrifices. Stay away from canals!

3. A ship vanished near the Amadorian Archipelago while looking for a treasure. The captain's best friend keeps a copy of the map.

4. Caves have been found in nearby hills, infested with monsters. Ancient treasures have been brought back by expedition survivors.

5. The Master Thief was assassinated (F). Power struggles will make Enharza dangerous, but profitable to those who benefit from conflict.

6. At the “Fiery Ruby” is a foreign noble who claims to have never lost a game of cards. He is betting his own castle in a distant land.

7. A cult that worships a pile of blue ooze in the sewers is kidnapping people and gaining more adherents. 400 gp reward for leader's head.

8. A traveler sells the map to some ruins of a shrine to a forgotten god, nearby but well hidden. There must be something interesting there.

9. A serial killer (F4/T4) has escaped the prison and is hiding, probably somewhere in the sewers. 300 gp to capture him dead or alive.

10. Sailors have spotted a ghost ship at sea. It's the 300 year old ship of Yerge the Merciless, who kept a great secret no man should know.

11. A young dragon has been spotted in the forests nearby. Soon he will start raiding the countryside to build up his hoard.

12. An important merchant was killed by a mind flayer yesterday at an important inn. The creature escaped. No one knows the reason.

hundreds of adventures. I have avoided mundane, non-adventure relevant details that can be easily improvised. You bring the city alive! A good way to do it is to use a lot of mini-encounters to get your players to *feel* the city: a desperate vendor trying to sell some junk, a bump into a hurried merchant ("get out of my way, you fish-smelling, miserable foreigners!"), a crippled beggar, a black lotus dealer, a suggestive trio of prostitutes, pirate press gangs, a runaway beast, etc. There are many taverns, shops, and stores that are not detailed - make them up as needed.

Random Encounters: The encounters on the tables are supposed to be "major encounters" - 1 or 2 per day or night is OK. If they would interrupt the flow of what is already happening in a session, it is better to ignore them. Your GM intuition will know what's best for the game. Sometimes a bit of unexpected chaos added to the adventure can be a good idea too.

Locations Left for Your Development: Some locations (such as the Abandoned Cathedral, Xulkor's Mansion, Sir Bazayad's ship, etc.) have been only sketchily described. You can transform them into fully detailed adventure locales tailored to your campaign's needs.

Sewers: The ancient tunnels (mapped at right) and pipes (not mapped; too small for humans anyway) were constructed centuries ago, at a time when Enharza was governed by slightly more responsible rulers. Today they receive little to no maintenance and are slowly crumbling away. It is the filthiest, foulest, most unbearable place one might visit. Anyone staying in the sewers for more than 10 minutes has a 10% chance of contracting a disease. On the sewer map, "E" signs indicate entry points into the sewers. As you may see, some of these accesses are on the streets and some inside buildings. The thieves of Enharza constantly make use of the sewers to go around the city in pursuit of their ill ambitions. These tunnels are also a main battleground for internal guild wars. Other factions make use of the sewers as well, and fight to control them. It is really dangerous down there! You can place entry points into lairs, hideouts, tombs, crypts, cult-temples, sorcerer cabals, or even full blown mega-dungeons at different spots all around the sewers as your campaign needs them.

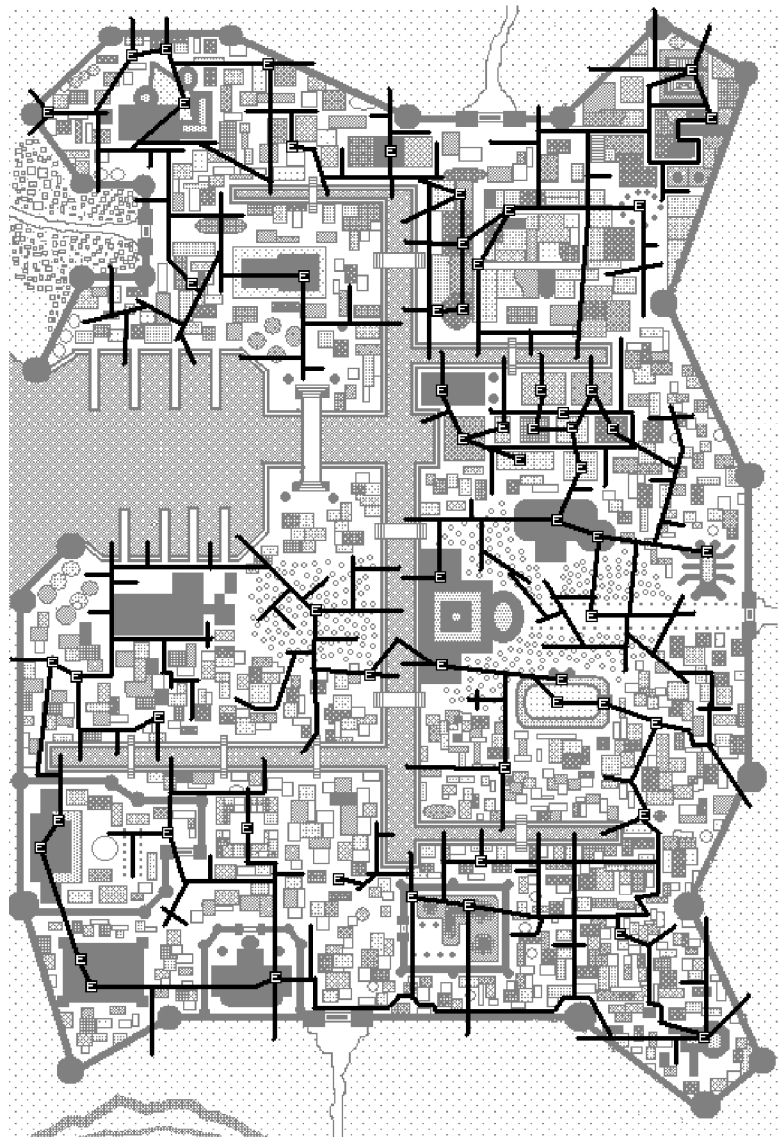
Random Enharza Sewers Encounters (1d20):

1. 5d6 giant rats - 20% disease carriers.
2. 2d8 zombies, of thieves, guards, beggars, etc.
3. Garbage (or crumbled wall - 20%) completely blocks the path. PCs must dig, excavate, or go another way!
4. Permanent & wandering "Stinking Cloud".
5. 2d4 giant spiders from the Temple of Yezud.
6. 1d4+1 barbarians 2nd or 3rd Level - 30% non-hostile.
7. Shambling garbage elemental.
8. 1d6 tentacle-faced sewage scuttlers - 20% non-hostile.
9. 2d4 wererats, looking for some easy prey.
10. 3d6 insane cultists (F1) (20% of 4th to 6th Level priest).

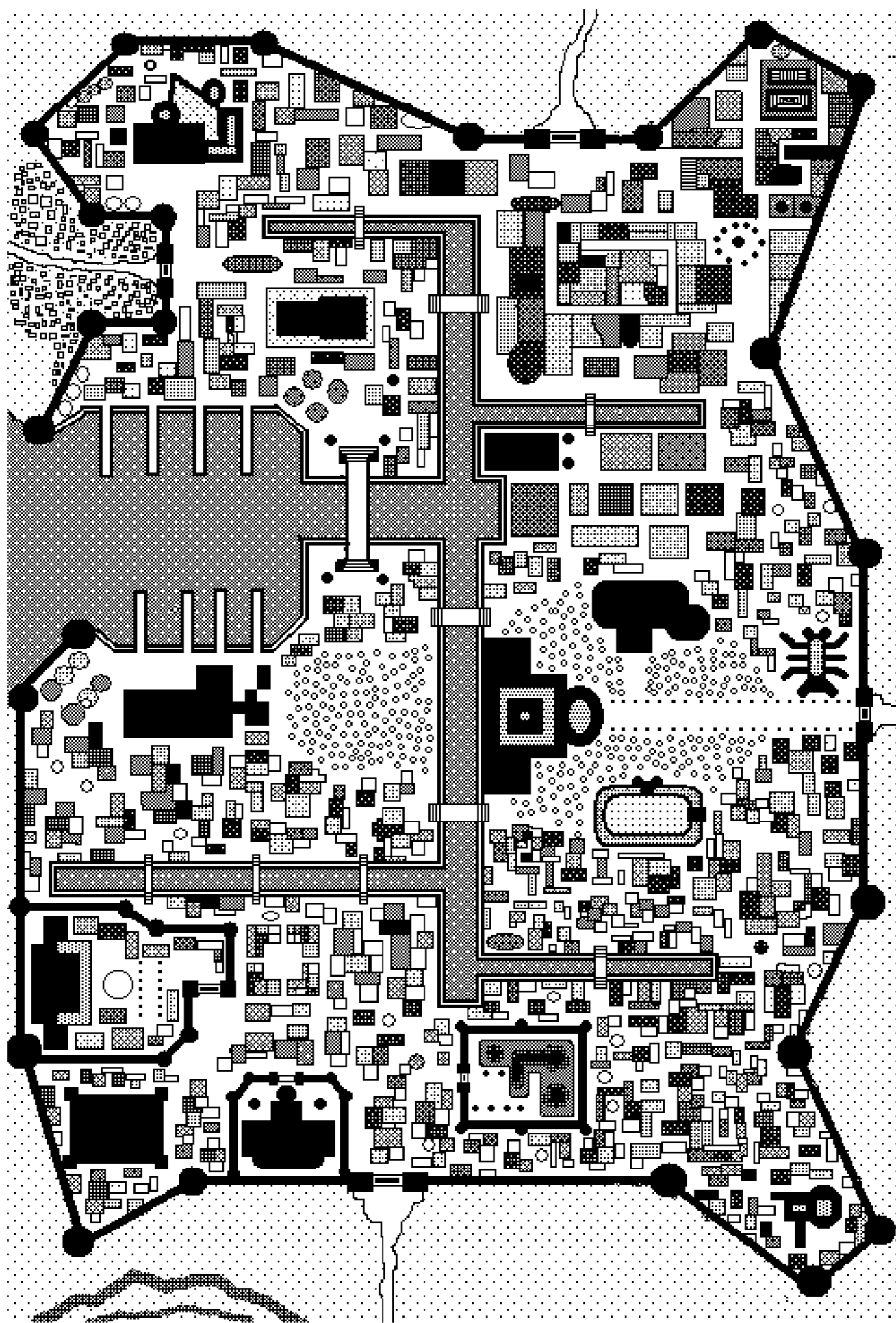
11. 2d6 thieves, 2nd Level - 50% non-hostile.
12. 2d6 thieves, 3rd Level - 50% non-hostile.
13. 1d4+1 thieves 4th Level - 60% non-hostile.
14. 3d6 city guards (F2). - 80% non-hostile.
15. Giant amphibious octopus (HD 8 to 10), 70% faithful to the Temple of Mobharadur. Very malicious!
16. Weird water elemental - from a very ancient time.
17. A well fed animate gelatin cube, still quite hungry.
18. 2d4 deep ones, faithful to the Temple of Mobharadur.
19. 1d4 slimes/oozes of random type.
20. The Sewer God (This unspeakable terror is up to you!)

Example of Play: You can check out the session, posted on May 31st 2009 on my blog, to see Enharza in action. I ran the whole city part of the game using only what you see published here, one-page of generic NPC stats, and my monster book. Improvisation was key and very rewarding.

<http://zetaorionis-zulgyan.blogspot.com>



Enharza Players' Map on next page.



Song of Tranquility

by Jerry Stratton; inspired by ERB's *John Carter of Mars*, HPL's *At the Mountains of Madness*, EGG's *Expedition to the Barrier Peaks*, Ridley Scott's *Alien*, and the Grateful Dead's *New Speedway Boogie*...

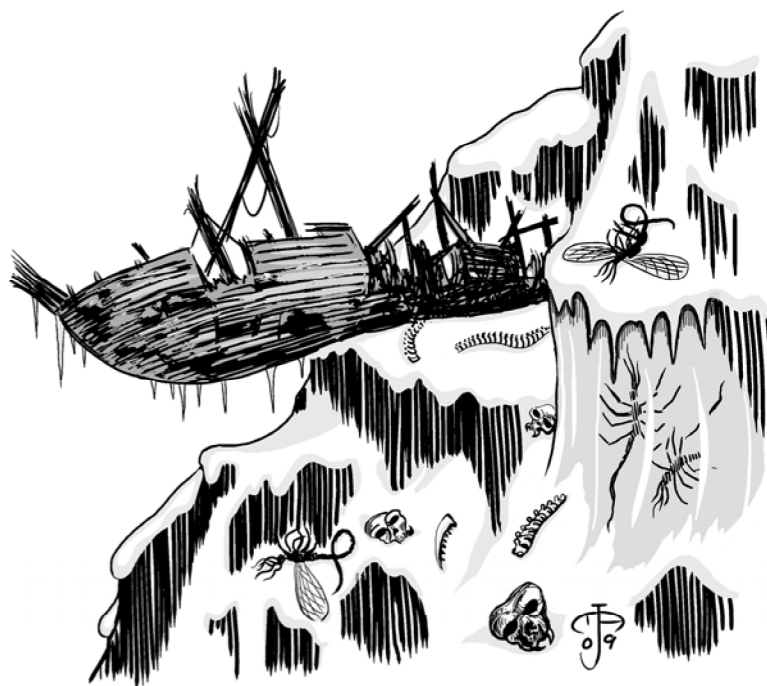
In a cold, windswept pass above the lesser peaks, there is a grave marked with a cross from an ancient ship's wood. Is this Noah's resting place? Or does something sinister wait at the wall of the world?

The Mountain Pass: The mountain is high, cold, and snow-capped. Few creatures live here. None go near the ship. The encounter chance is 2% by day and 5% by night.

01-16	Bobcat (1d2)	16%
17-28	Dire Wolves (2d4)	12%
29-39	Yeti (2d6)	11%
40-50	Ogres (1d8)	11%
51-59	Trolls (d4)	9%
60-66	Bats, giant (2d20)	7%
67-72	Dwarves (1d20)	6%
73-77	Gryphons (1d4)	5%
78-82	Wyverns (1)	5%
83-86	Manticores (1d3)	4%
87-89	Pegasi (1)	3%
90-92	Grey-hooked Bats (1d6)	3%
93-95	Petraids (d6)	3%
96-97	Cheimon (1)	2%
98	Rocs (1d3)	1%
99	Gakemai (1d6)	1%
00	Phoenix (1)	1%

The wind usually blows south to north. Nights are pitch-black. Most of the time clouds fill the air. The cold is deadly, and parties venturing here are far above the tree line, so there's little to burn. If adventurers can find warmth, shelter from the wind, and an enclosed space when they rest at night, and if they have warm clothing during the day, they'll be fine (if cold). Otherwise, they'll each need to make a health (system shock, etc.) roll every day in the mountains. A failure means they take one injury/hit point. A fire or other source of warmth in the night gives them a bonus on the roll, as do shelter and enclosed spaces. Inappropriate clothing means a penalty. Movement through the snowy pass is at half normal speed; snowshoes let them move at three-quarters.

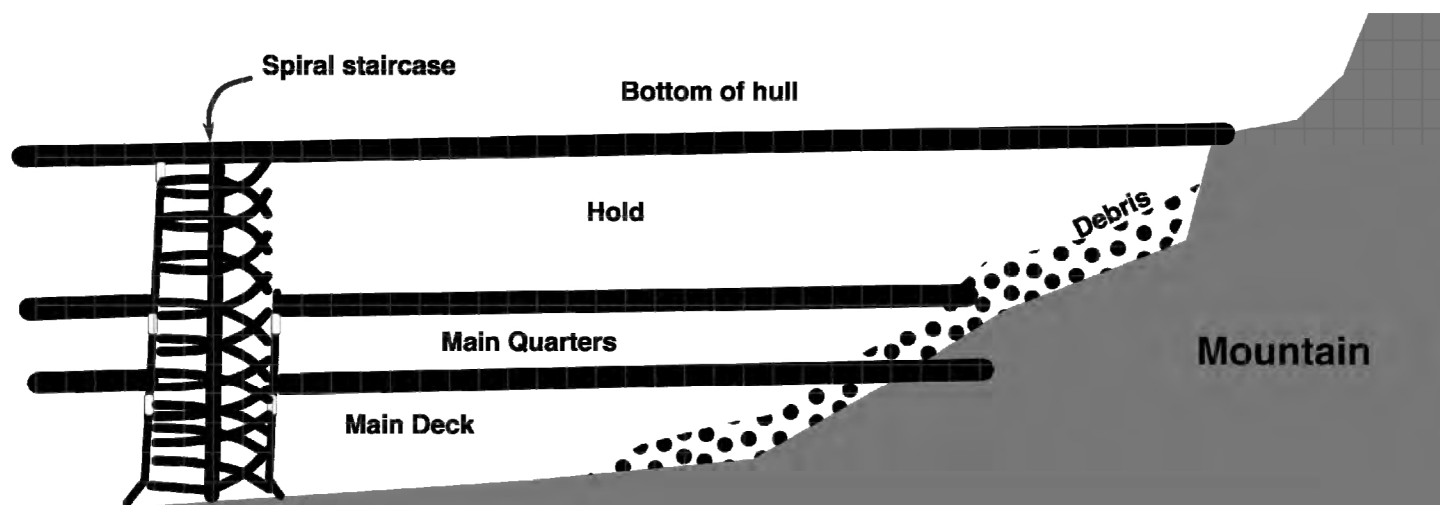
The Grave: *Wooden planks form a crude ankh 120 yards up the west side of the pass.* If ankhs are not alien, choose a cross or some other symbol: it must be alien to what is normally encountered in your campaign.



Scrawled on the front in Venusian is "Minister of Mars" (magical means of reading languages might not translate the location). Upside down, on the back of the arms of the ankh is, beautifully inscribed in a faded engraving, *Song of Tranquility*, the name of the ship (*Teké Lí*). Buried four feet beneath in the hard frozen ground is the emissary from Venus to Mars. He is wrapped in sailcloth woven with mithril, and is buried with two matchlock handguns.

The arms of the ankh are from the outer hull of the *Teké Lí* and are made of driftwood. If cleaned, they will not fall to the ground, no matter what is placed atop them; in fact, things put on them without any overhang will tend to fall gently towards the moon if it is in the sky, dropping back to the ground as soon as the plank is no longer completely between them and the ground. Parties reach the grave marking just before dark. The shattered ship is about a mile beyond; when they reach it, it's going to be bitterly cold and any shelter and/or fuel should be welcome.

The Ship of Peace: *Some distance up the mountainside, a great broken back of a structure hangs off the edge.* The ship is a quarter mile up the mountainside and it will take half an hour to an hour to reach it. It looks like it's been abandoned for centuries. Holes are rent through its wooden sides, and snow drifts through the holes. Wooden beams hang low throughout the interior. The ship is upside down. The ruins are 240 yards long, with about 155 yards of hull that hasn't been completely crushed on the mountain. The outer hull of driftwood is gone. A few bits remain scattered through the ruins. Most has drifted into space or far away. If they search near the ship in daylight (or with good light at night) they'll see the gnawed bones and mummified remains of strange creatures in the snow.



Frozen in the ground around the structure are the torn, gnawed bones of long-dead men and women. But among these bones are stranger things: skeletons with great spines, long jawbones, and wide eye-sockets. Worse still are mummified remains of wasp-like creatures, with sharp pincers at the ends of eight spindly limbs. One or two still sport paper-thin gray membranes that might once have been wings, and a few have tails that snake away from their bodies. Their inhuman faces, covered in string-like filaments, stare from ice and snow.

The *Teké Lí* was 1,027 yards long overall, 750 yards “length between perpendiculars”. The ship’s hold, including the lower deck, was 60 yards deep, and the ship was 100 yards wide. It was built in layers, with the outer hull made from driftwood. Inner layers are a hard Venusian wood similar to teak. The sails were of sailcloth woven with mithril. Driftwood blocks gravity, so that ships may sail in the air. Sailcloth catches sunlight just as normal sails catch wind. Mithril thread improves sailcloth’s ability to catch the solar wind. See “Silver Sail and Gold” at hobo.es.com/driftwood for more about driftwood and sailcloth. The *Teké Lí* was attacked near Earth by Gakemai from the outer asteroids. Their hull was breached so badly the ship splintered in two. Suddenly subject to gravity, the ship plummeted to the ground, and most died in the crash. Those who survived died in the fighting that followed and from the bitter cold of the mountain. The bodies that litter the area are Do’alas (the “normal” remains), Ta’alas (the lizard-like remains), and Gakemai (the wasp-like remains). The bones of the Do’alas and Ta’alas have been gnawed clean by the Bubbler (see below). The teeth marks seem to have been made by a small creature, but even characters with animal lore will not recognize them. They look almost human. Animals avoid the ship; the spoor of the bubbler frightens them away. The ship’s wood burns slowly, but will burn if parties have a magic fire to light it.

Do’alas and Ta’alas: The Venusians appear in this adventure only as corpses and illustrations in books. The Do’alas are the ruling race of Venus; the Ta’alas are their lizardman slaves. The Do’alas look human, yet oddly so,

and it isn’t just the red tint to their skin: the eyes are angled upwards, and the faces are just a bit rounder than normal. To the characters, it will be obvious that some parts of the ship are made for human-sized creatures (Do’alas), while others are for something much larger (Ta’alas).

The Gakemai: There are five Gakemai corpses in the snow which will rise and attack shortly after the PCs arrive. *Huge grey wasps five feet long dart towards you like drunken fireflies, thin membranous wings buzzing like the rending of ancient paper. Eight arms end in sharp pincers, and a sharp tail jerks menacingly behind them.* Ideally the GM should conjure some pretext for this, such as disturbance or the trace of holy or necromantic magic. **Gakemai Zombies:** HD 5; hp 32, 25, 14, 26, 30; SPD 12/24; Att 2 pincers and/or tail, 1d8/1d8 or 1d10; DC 3. Gakemai can attack three targets at once, but not the same target with both pincers and tail. When Gakemai walk they scuttle like beetles and can move up walls as quickly as on a flat surface. They also fly like hummingbirds, hovering in place or darting quickly. Their eight arms end in sharp pincers, and their prehensile tail is sharp as a scythe. When alive, gakemai vaguely resemble pastel-pink wasps with paper-thin pink and grey wings. They communicate through color shifts in the transparent, crystalline antenna-like appendages on their faces. Gakemai speak out loud to their slaves, but their voices resemble a high-pitched buzzing much like the noise that occasionally emanates from high-voltage power lines.

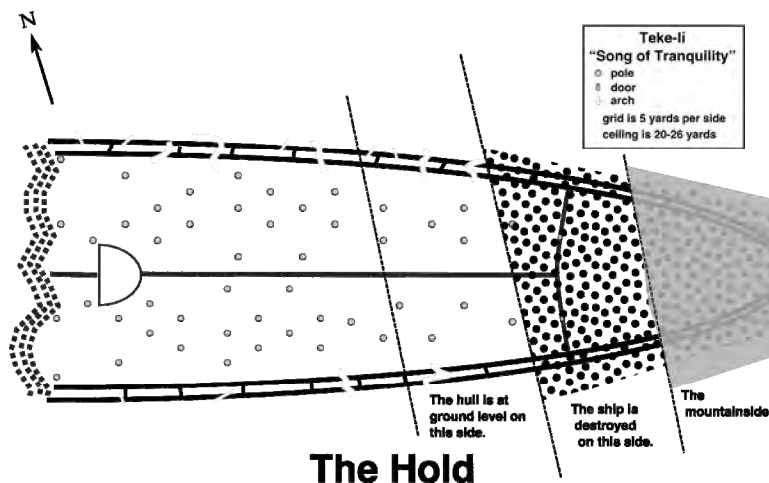
The Hold: PCs will most likely come in through the hold, as it is the easiest entryway. *A great hole has been staved through the shattered wood here, and lumber lies strewn across the snow. Beyond this hole is another wall ten feet ahead, and it, too, is pierced by a gigantic dark hole. Beams lie at angles across the space between the walls. You see walls many yards down on either side.* The main area of the hold is huge, with the highest point of the ceiling (down the middle) 26 yards up. *Your light doesn’t even rise to the ceiling, and both left and right fade into darkness. Wooden beams and debris lie everywhere. You see a few white bones mixed among them. Giant poles rise at various points throughout this*

massive structure, and a huge wall rises from the debris forty yards ahead of you. The wind whistles tunelessly through the holes in the outer wall, but the air here is still. There is no cargo left in the hold (unless the GM has something special in mind): it was lost or jettisoned when the ship broke in two.

The Stairway Shaft: The shaft contains the spiral staircase, but the ship is upside down and so are the stairs. The underside is not stepped, and although mostly smooth it is also heavily cracked. Walking down it will require an agility roll or appropriate precautions to avoid slipping and falling. The shaft is twenty yards (sixty feet) down to the ground. The floors between each level are three yards thick. Remember that the ship is upside down: the doors are on the “ceiling”, meaning that people going through them will have to drop down to the “floor”.

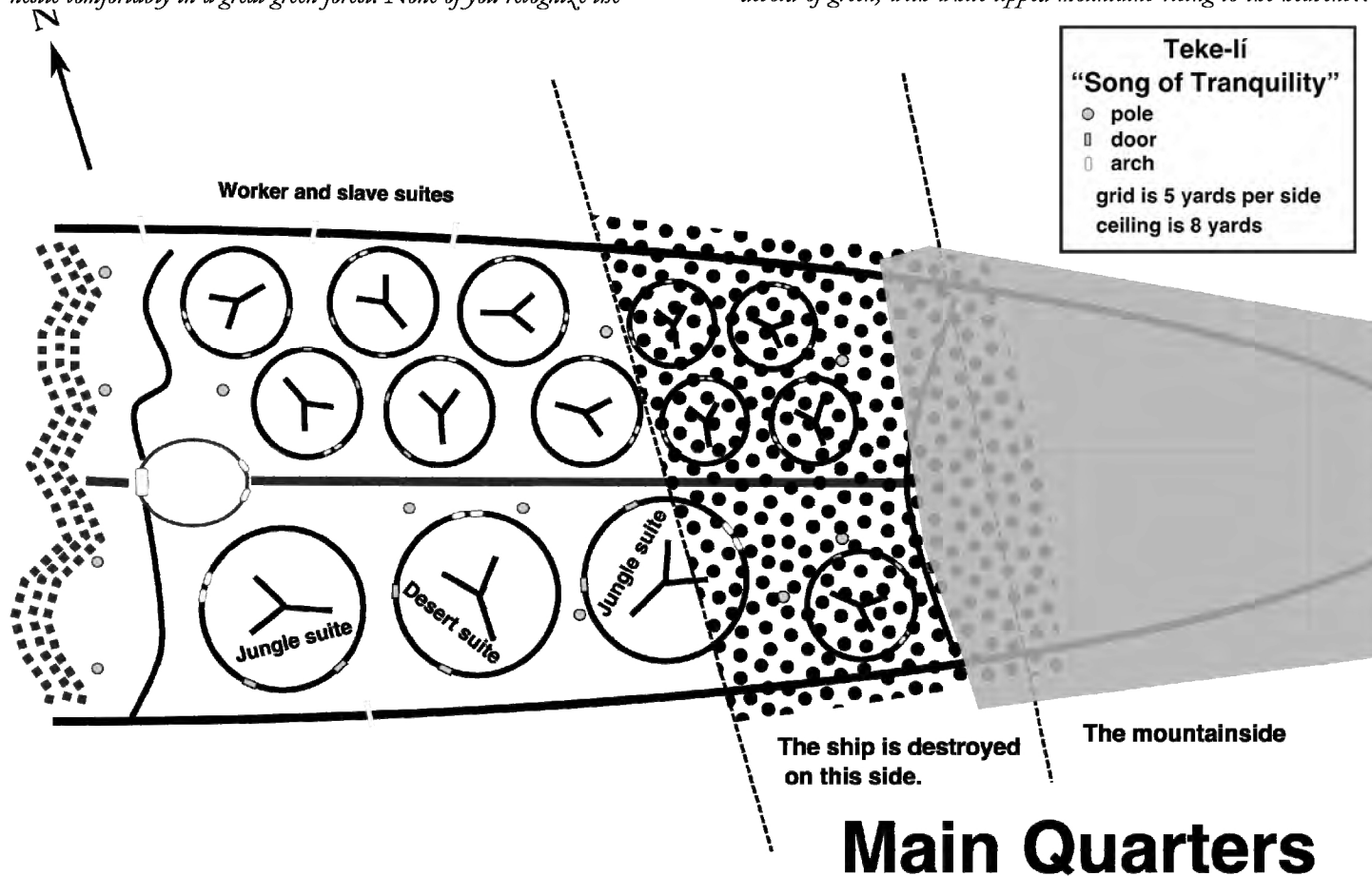
The Main Quarters: Great cylinders rise from floor to ceiling here, painted green and brown. The cylinders come in two sizes, twenty and thirty yards in diameter. Light pencils through from cracks in the side walls, just enough to show shapes and basic color. The cylinders were living quarters. Each cylinder was its own suite of rooms. Curtains, now part of the debris, partitioned the three spokes of a cylinder into smaller spaces.

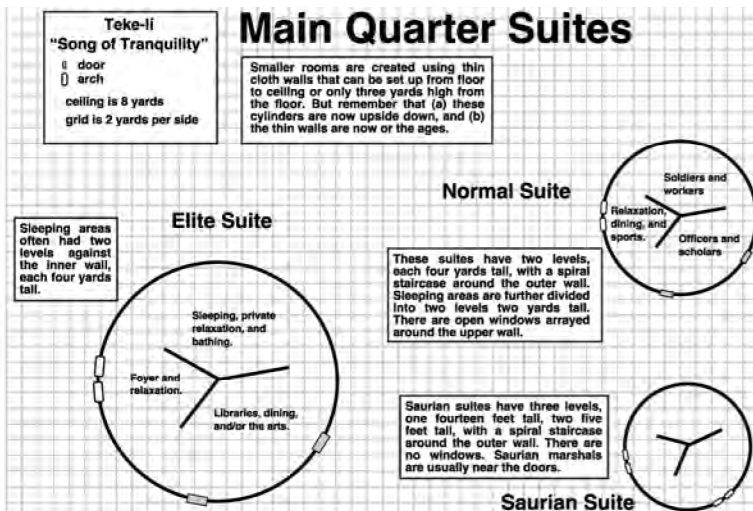
On the south side, the first larger cylinder is covered with scenes from a Venusian jungle. *Wooden and stone buildings nestle comfortably in a great green forest. None of you recognize the*



plants; the trees have wide, rounded leaves. Strange flowers hang rope-like from the branches. The buildings look vaguely Turkish, towers clustered together with rounded, onion-topped domes. There is a looped cross like the one in the snow on one building. Men walk together and lounge in chairs in gardens of unknown foliage; among them green lizardmen walk upright. Looking for more details reveals a red tint to the people's skin, and that the lizard-like creatures, a foot or two taller than the humans, carry wood, stones, and wooden tubs in the background.

The second large cylinder depicts desert scenes from Mars, including a prayer tree plantation. *A reddish-brown landscape, devoid of green, with white-tipped mountains rising to the heavens...*





there is a grove of trees with branches reaching toward the sky like a priest in prayer. A long boat floats above the grove, its prow carved in the shape of some strange elongated bird. Working among the grove are tall, gangly men under supervision of more ordinary men. A few of the lizard-like creatures lift a carriage between sandstone buildings.

The third large cylinder, partially destroyed, also has a jungle scene. In the rubble around the cylinder are ceramic shards with designs in various shades of green and yellow. Anyone digging deep in the rubble will also find a hypercube toy if a suitable roll is made. The rubble at the far end contains ceramics and Venusian supplies, such as three soup-can sized containers of driftwood oil.

The Desert Suite: The Martian minister lived in the desert-decorated cylinder with his wife and teenage daughter. The women (and a saurian servant) are dead within the cylinder. Because the ship is upside down, the arches and doors are on the "ceiling". Someone will need to climb or fly to the arch to get through or open doors. The wooden walls are two feet thick. Looking through an arch or door, the first thing they'll see is furniture on the ceiling. (Furniture was attached to the floor and some of it remained attached after the crash.) Studying the scene reveals the mother's corpse, frozen and dry, and lots of shattered domestic gear. If they lean in and peer around the partition they can see the corpse of the daughter and part of a bed. There are bits of driftwood amber floating in the air. *Honey-colored dots float in front of your eyes like giant sunbeam dustmotes.* The fifteen dots are a quarter-inch to a half-inch in diameter. Non-floating, they'd be worth 10-20 gs each. The corpses both wear simple cream-colored dresses with gold and green thread. The mother is 5'3" and wears a necklace of white gems resembling large pearls (200 gs); the daughter is 5'4" and wears a jade locket in the shape of an ankh (30 gs) and an emerald anklet (450 gs). The ankh opens to reveal a silver key that opens a small chest floating in the air in the room with the shattered bed. Slumped and dead half-off that bed, and (like the chest) not visible until characters have entered that area, is a small

creature like the lizard-things in the paintings. It is 5 feet tall, a young servant of the minister's daughter. He wears a ruby anklet carved from one solid piece of ruby (600 gs).

The Hyperbox Chest: This driftwood chest is lacquered with prayer tree sap. The wood is etched and pale. The etchings show a stark landscape of white, jagged hills. The built-in lock is on the front. The chest weighs nothing, no matter what is put into it.. Because it's made of driftwood, things that are above it float free from gravity as well. It is 12"x8"x8" on the inside, with 3/4-inch thick sides. This is a hyperbox: it has eight compartments and will align with a random compartment every time the box is unlocked. The compartments contain:

1. A Venusian doll, made of cloth and ceramic.
2. Three Venusian children's books: a story about a castle in the clouds and the children who live there; an inscrutable children's tutorial (*Left, Across, Away, Up*) on using hypercubes and hyperboxes, which humans lack the sense to fully understand; and an alphabet book with a picture of something for each letter.
3. A white dress with gold and green trim, for a thin 5'4" girl. It is folded and in good shape.
4. This compartment is empty.
5. A paint set with four brushes and seven colors: dark green, light green, brown, red, white, black, yellow. The paints are no longer liquid, but are dryish and sticky.
6. A pan-flute made of four reeds of a bamboo-like plant. There are two sheets of simple music, but the arcane symbols aren't obviously music.
7. An emerald necklace, a jade ring, and a thin silver wire tiara with a shiny black gem in the center.
8. This compartment is empty.

Whenever the chest is unlocked by key or magically), roll d8 to see which compartment it aligns to. The chest has a rounded indentation on top, and a ridge running through the center of the indentation; the ridge has a small hole in it for a carrying string. If the box is destroyed, the current compartment will fall into normal space. Other contents are only visible to those who can see the other dimension in which they reside. Disturbances in those dimensions may cause those contents to re-appear in normal space.

The Jungle Suite: Tables and divans intact and shattered are strewn from ceiling to floor here. In the relaxation area are books and wooden drums (split due to age if not the crash). In the far area are green baths, jade faucets, and mirrored ceiling tiles, all shattered. (These can be worth d20 gs each if they look for the best fragments, with 4-40 such locatable with an hour of searching.) This suite was used by the minister and visiting dignitaries. Amid the wooden, metal, and ceramic debris, a lacquered platter covered with an orange-hued sandy landscape lays lightly against the wall. The platter is driftwood, lacquered in driftwood resin. The landscape is of the Martian highlands. It looks a lot like Arizona, with deeper bands of color

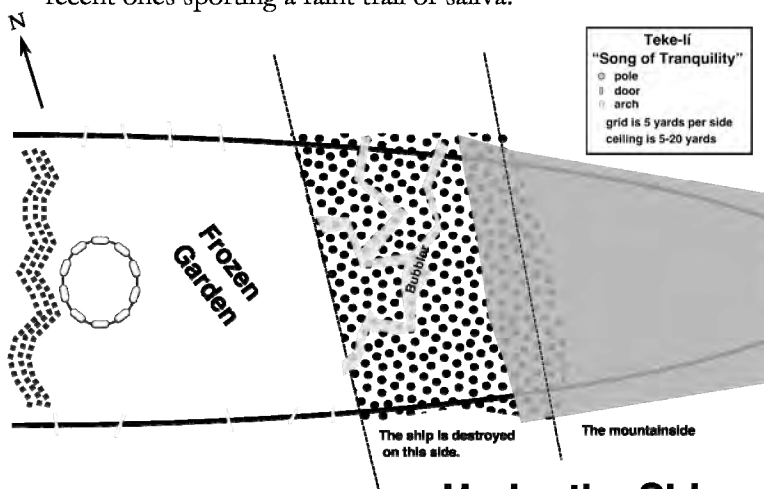
across the mesas. Books here include mapbooks of Mars, books about the government and people of Mars, and books about growing prayer trees and sailcloth.

Driftwood platter: Anything above the platter is unaffected by gravity. Unless secured, things on the platter will likely stay in place when the platter is moved, until the platter is no longer underneath and gravity tips them over. Items on the platter can be covered with a cloth draped over the sides to weight them down. There are three weak, thin magnets embedded in the platter to hold metal utensils or dishes with metal bottoms.

The toybox and platter need to be maintained once they're brought into the open. The cans of driftwood oil deep in the debris of the main quarters can be used for this. They can also be kept clean with magic. Otherwise, after a few weeks of use dirt and grime will build up, which will grab on to gravity. The wood will still block gravity, but the box and platter, while light, will no longer float.

The Worker Suites: There's less of interest here: more rubble and old tools. You might handle searching these cylinders as a single action.

Under the Ship: Strange plants are frozen to the ground in this desolate junk garden. Great beams of wood jumble together everywhere. Skeletons of lizards and humans, long nibbled clean, rest among this debris. Huge metal pipes (cannons) lie at angles; masts are scattered about, bits of sail still attached here and there by ragged ropes. The cloth is woven with mithril. This deck once held a ball-room, gardens, observation towers, several smaller towers, and the sails and wings of the ship. The giant onion dome of the main stairway tower still hangs broken from the ceiling, but the domes of the smaller towers have fallen broken to the ground. Shards, cloth, and glass lie scattered among the skeletons. Clear tracks reminiscent of a huge slug can be made out along the ground if parties look, recent ones sporting a faint trail of saliva.



Under the Ship



The Bubbler: The bubbler has been hibernating for years, its lair hidden behind rubble. It will awaken if disturbed, if there is fire near it, or if there is a lot of noise on its roof (e.g. from characters in armor walking on it). While hibernating it is virtually immune to most attacks. The bubbler can climb through the rubble on the mountainside to enter any level, as well as to leave the ship. *An amorphous blob covered in myriad eyes, mouths, noses, gills, and ears, protruding from a slimy black mass. It roils and rolls across the ground towards you, its dark burbling form towering above you; it must be three yards or more tall, and four yards wide.* **Bubbler:** HD 8; hp 53; SPD 15; Att 3 bites x 1d6; DC 4; Special engulf attack 3d6, split into 2-4 mini-bubblers, resistant to weapons, energy, cold, and fire, regeneration. This bubbler is hungry. It regenerates one hp per minute/combat round. Sharp weapons do only one point unless a PC makes a called shot to its eyes (this can be simply declared or a special roll, depending on your mechanics), in which case they do half damage. Blunt weapons do no damage except when the eyes are attacked, when they do 1 hp. Cold does no damage; fire does half; electrical, magical, and psychic energy attacks do normal damage but increase regeneration to 3hp/round for as many rounds as the damage caused by the energy. If the bubbler chooses it may concentrate its full force on one target, engulfing that target for 3d6 on a hit and automatically doing same each subsequent round until the engulfed victim is digested or breaks free. It can break into smaller pieces with a minimum of 2 HD each, each of which gets a single bite but no engulf attack; it might do this to battle spellcasters. It can lift 2,400 pounds. Once the bubbler

awakens, it will follow the party. Its programming is to eat, but it is patient and very stealthy, and it will follow and study its prey for two nights before attacking. The bubbler might also feed on easier creatures such as wolves while building up to an attack on the party: the characters thus might hear wolves in the night suddenly cease howling. Conceivably the bubbler might stalk a party well beyond the ruins of this ship, creating a cat-and-mouse adventure stretching across the frozen wastes to isolated northern villages and beyond.

Cool Stuff to Find

Items from this list may be found amidst the wreckage.

Books: Venusian books read left to right, top to bottom. They are tall, about 7.5 inches by 14.2 inches, and bound in Venusian leather.

Mars Illustrated: Orange sandstone buildings; ancient cities 25,000 years old, now abandoned; prayer tree groves tended by the tall, gangly natives and overseen by tough Venusian managers. Great mountains rising taller than any the characters have known. Wide gossamer birds flying across the amber sky. Flying sailboats floating over riverbeds dry but for a few days each year. Night scenes sometimes show two small moons, sometimes one or none.

Venus Illustrated: The great forests of the homeland. Strange onion-domed buildings shrouded in mist. Great cities of stone covered in green and yellow vines, trees rising hundreds of feet into the air. Gigantic creatures crawling and walking through the trees, huge lizard-like things with gaping maws and jagged teeth. Men riding giant, long-headed birds with tails that whip behind them.

Mercury Illustrated: Fiery valleys; the huge red sun hanging over the desert land. Seas of quicksilver and fire. Ochre worms hundreds of yards long tunneling through the orange ground. Mountains spew fire into the air. Black lakes as smooth as glass.

Earth Illustrated: The stark landscapes of the Earth's moon. The great cities around the pillar of civilization: Rome. The Caliphates. The great forests, deserts, and snow-covered mountains. The mysterious peoples living across the ocean. (This tome might alternately show your campaign world as it existed several hundred years past.)

Sailing the Solar Wind: Full of incomprehensible navigation maps, this book also describes the Gakemai. Gakemai speak by shifting the colors of their antennae. It also describes, with illustrations, the indestructible shambling slave creatures composed of all sensory organs. The creatures feast on the brains of their prey. The mind organs of [mentalists?] are a special delicacy to them. They are difficult to attack; hard to cut, as only their eyes are

vulnerable; and resist cold and fire. They can lift hundreds of pounds. During an attack by these creatures, the Free Guard will only provide indirect assistance: they feed on mental emanations; direct ectoplasmic discharges hurt them initially but strengthen them over time.

The Tribes of Mars: This book describes hundreds of Martian tribes, their cultures and known ruler.

Managing Saurians: This manual for slave-owners describes how to house, feed, and motivate Saurian (Ta'alas) slaves, with an addendum for Martian workers.

Tools: Cup-like lamps, some with traces of fat, were used for portable light. Within the worker area, there is the occasional hammer, saw, awl, and knife. The metal is a light-weight iron for most of the tools; the lamps are a copper alloy, and green. (There were ceramic lamps, but they shattered.)

Sailcloth and Driftwood: Sailcloth is woven from the thread of the sailmoth, which lives only on the red world's highlands. The best sailing thread is produced in the dry, rarefied Martian summers. Sailcloth catches the sun's wind. When their rivers dried, the Martians used sailcloth to continue sailing the dry riverbeds. Venusians discovered that when woven with silver or gold thread, sailcloth can take a sailing ship into the darkness between worlds. Driftwood is harvested from the prayer tree. The prayer tree grows best on Mars, but has been transplanted to the belt of tiny worlds beyond Mars and to the livable zones of Mercury. The wide, flat leaves and white flowers are used for decoration and for clothing. The leaves form every summer but the trees bloom into flower only every few years when the air is especially thick. Driftwood, once harvested, must be treated. The best treatment is a varnish made from prayer tree sap. Other varnishes may be used if they are mixed with a sufficient amount of sap. Care must be taken to ensure that the outer edge of any driftwood device is clean, or it will fail.

Hypercube Toy: This toy is a sandalwood-like wooden cube four and a half inches on a side. Each side has a four-inch hole. Each hole randomly aligns with one of the other holes. A character might look through one hole and see things on the floor or the ceiling, or around the corner. They can even thrust things through one hole and it will come out the random other hole. The alignment changes every time something is thrust inside and every time it is shaken or jostled. The toybox and hypercube toy are fourth-dimensional spaces. The Do'alas ruling family learn to manipulate these spaces when young. The young girl could align the hypercube's openings as desired. Normal humans can't manipulate these spaces, so the alignment of the compartment and openings are random every time those devices are used. Ω

The Mysterious Laboratory of Xoth-Ragar

adventure by Alexey Fotinakes

dedicated to Dr. Peter Kreeft and Fr. Norris Clarke, SJ

Background: A generation and a half ago, Xoth-Ragar was a powerful sorcerer with a strange obsession. He thought that monsters were evil because their physical bodies were so hideous. Rather than their Matter being shaped by their Form, he believed evil matter twisted their neutral souls towards malice. In order to test his theory, with the grand goal of creating races of beautiful and kind creatures, he designed an apparatus that utilized negative energy from the hellish outerplane of Innom to create a “life-vacuum.” This vacuum, when amplified, would suck the soul out of a creature. Xoth-Ragar then channeled the soul into a holding tank, where it would await its new, pristine form. Unfortunately, Xoth-Ragar was a little cracked, and missed two crucial problems. First, he didn’t have a reliable way to create new bodies for his ethereal guinea pigs in place when he started working. Second, negative energy vacuums from dark outer space do not like to be tampered with. The result: a glut of souls packed into the strange translucent pipes running through his laboratory; a dark and potent force from elsewhere manifesting in this world, and a tremendous amount of gooey organic matter waiting to take malevolent form.

Level One

Overview: The whole complex is finely chiseled seastone: white, solid and smooth. Alcoves line the walls in passageways and rooms, where candles once burned. Doors are made of heavy wood and iron. Doorways, doors, alcoves, etc. all sport Moroccan arches. There are no consistent light sources, however phosphorescent dust particles float in the air in some places. Frequent phantom winds blow through halls. The occupants of the first floor are primarily giant pests and slimes, altered in appearance by mutagens, but normal statistically. **The Beautiful People**, however, are unique creations of the Magus, made from Xoth-Ragar’s poorly manufactured bodies and the twisted souls of tortured monsters. They primarily stick to the first level, as they routinely get into violent altercations with **the Possessed** if they venture below. (See the Monster List at the end of the module for full description of each.)

Random Encounters: Roll 1d6 each turn. On a 1 roll for a Wandering Monster; on a 2 roll for Wandering Weirdness; on 3-6, there is no encounter.

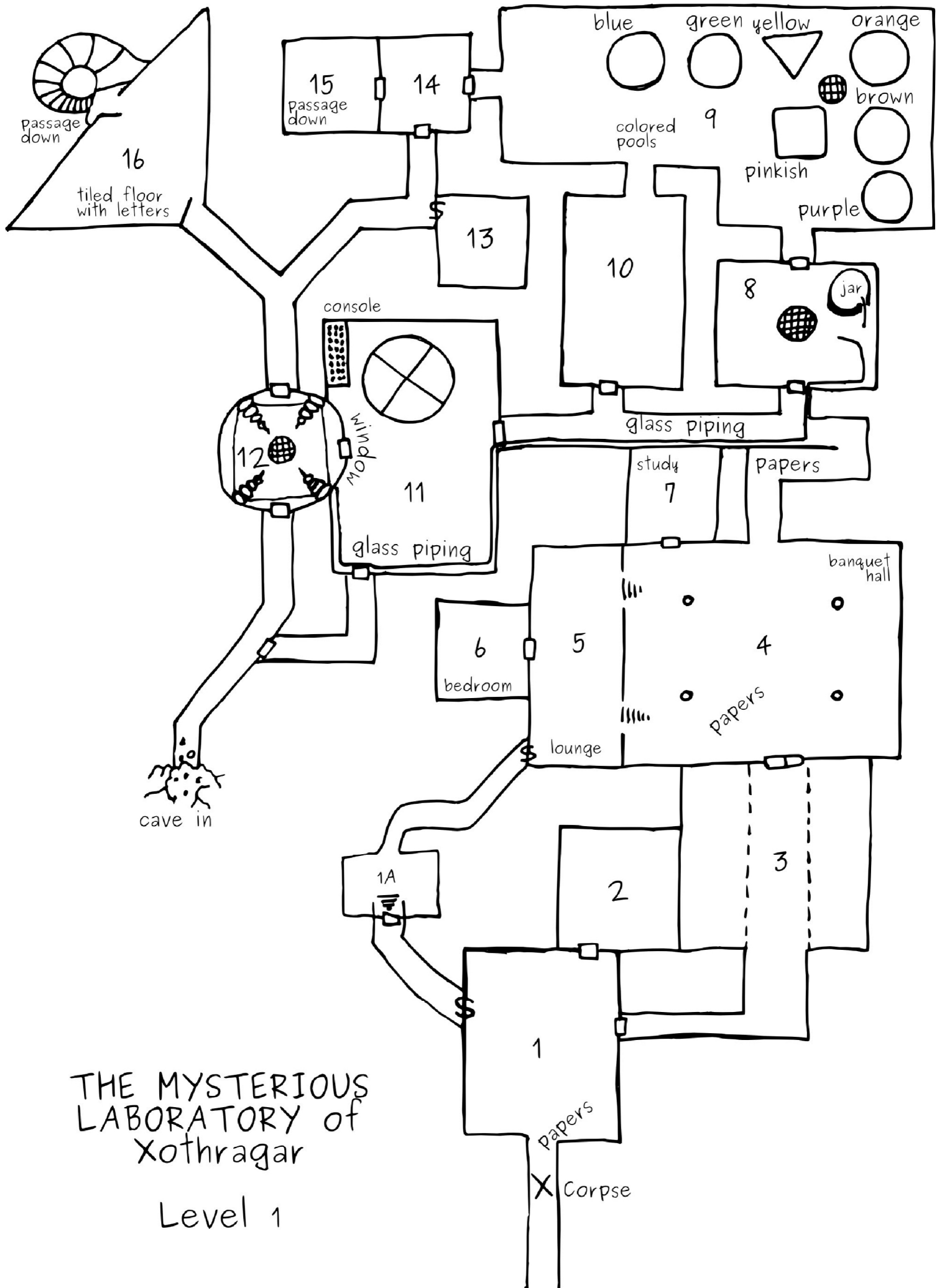
1. Entryway. The party will immediately come upon a corpse (marked **X** on the map) surrounded by papers. The corpse is Xoth-Ragar, and the papers are mostly notes.



d6	Wandering Monster
1	Giant Phosphorescent Ants
2	Giant Glowing Cockroaches
3	Locusts
4	Iridescent Slimes
5-6	Beautiful People

d6	Wandering Weirdness
1	Feeling of someone leaning over your shoulder, with lips next to your ear.
2	Sound of heavy breathing or giggling.
3	Static discharge of crackling blue electricity.
4	Static in the air; hair raises on neck/head.
5	Rainbow hallucinations (last d4 rounds).
6	Bright blue cat walks by room/corridor, just out of reach. (Recurrs every 2 turns from now on).

Examining them will yield a general idea of his experiments (he sought to neutralize the evil in lizard men, bugbears, and degenerate morlocks), but one distinctive scrap is part of a folio that was his personal diary. The pages are blue (like his robe) and detail his early joy in creating this underground study and laboratory. He was happy to find the caverns below richly shot through with gems, and used them to finance the huge dwelling. Xoth-



THE MYSTERIOUS
LABORATORY of
Xothragar
Level 1

Ragar appears to have been chased down and murdered however, as blood still stains the floor around him. He must have been fleeing fast, as his trail is littered with paper and bloodstains.

2. Drawing Room. Some broken furniture and burnt-out candles on walls; nest of Glow Beetles; no treasure.

3. Antechamber. Latticed, arched walls on either side; dusty cushions for lounging. There is an **Ochre Jelly** (HD 5, 25 hp, DC 8, Dmg 2d6, Morale 7) on the ceiling semi-dormant, which awakens when PCs arrive.

4. Banquet Hall. Long low tables once used for parties. Furniture strewn about; broken chairs; rug; empty shelf; cobwebs. There are also dust-covered papers strewn about. These are filled with technical jargon and seem to outline experiments and data. The plane of Innom is mentioned frequently, as is something called a "soul vacuum." Knowledge check by an appropriate character (d20 under INT -5) recognizes Innom as a name for hell in several ancient and contemporary languages. More papers are located in the north hallway; they describe the final experiments and completion of the soul vacuum. "Harnessing the power of evil to reverse it! The negative energy will remove their pure souls from the bondage of flesh."

5. Xoth-Ragar's Lounge. Formerly luxurious moth-eaten rugs; puffy cushions; smoking paraphernalia. One large hookah is set up between the cushions. Smoking anything with causes the additional effect of strange, vague thoughts about the wonders of the universe (due to the built-up oils and resins still in the bowl; +15% chance to learn spells from a spell book or correctly use a scroll for d6+4 turns).

6. Bedroom. "DRATPEP!" is written above the door. Attempts to pick the lock spring a poison pin (save or die in d4 turns). Breaking down the door brings d6 Beautiful People in d4 rounds. The décor within is sumptuous but decaying. A large collection of cushions makes a low bed, surrounded by a multitude of candles and books. Old, moth-eaten clothing, little odds and ends, and various other junk fills the rest of the room. An urn near the bed holds Xoth-Ragar's spending money: 110 square platinum pieces and two sparkling blue gems (500 gp each). The books are all metaphysics and ethics texts. Notations indicate that Xoth-Ragar was very interested in morality, particularly the question of where evil originates. One scrap of paper contains part of a handwritten note: "...innocent and pure! It is the flesh that causes us to fly toward evil, jealousy, and violence...the more hideous the flesh, the more it warps the soul. Philosophers, bah!"

7. Study. Books line the walls from floor to ceiling, though a fire appears to have destroyed almost a whole wall's worth. A long, low table occupies the center of the room, sitting on a great thick rug. Reading cushions surround the table. Much common historical, geographical, philological, and philosophical information is available here, along with the following three curious volumes:

- Two dog-eared tomes with copious margin notes ("No, no! This is WRONG!"). The titles are translated "Physics" and "Metaphysics," but the contents are in a totally indecipherable tongue probably meant to deter comprehension.
- A small paperbacked tome with strange boxy lettering (typeset machine printing) that seems to explain how to assemble some strange device. The text is in a foreign language, but copious pictures explain the process.
- A scroll with the spells "Terapia" (*Cure Heavy Injuries*) and "Photipso" (*Continuous Light*).

8. Reincarnation Station. Countless jars line the walls of this room; there is a 10' tall cylindro-conical jar in one corner. The glass piping running along the hall ceiling enters the room and was once attached to the large container. Part of the piping has broken, however, and the end lies on the ground close to a circular drain grate in the floor (approx. 8" diameter). The jars contain souls and are hard to open. If someone persists for the majority of a turn, or breaks them, there is a tremendous "whoosh!!" sound and sometimes a growl or scream.

9. Pool Room. Seven above-ground pools fill most of this room, each a different color. They contain alchemical compounds with various powers that lose efficacy within 1 hour of being removed from here. There is a 50/50 chance to encounter 1d6 **Beautiful People** in this room (DC 5; HD 3+1, 15 hp, Dmg d6 or Special, Morale 11, see Monster Appendix for details). Pools are as follows:

- **Blue:** Powerful cleanser. Removes all slimes, and neutralizes acids from spells or monsters.
- **Green:** Acid. Smells unpleasant and appears fizzy. 2d6 dmg if ingested; 1d6 if sufficiently splashed.
- **Yellow:** Magical radiation – randomly mutate in d4 days.
- **Orange:** Super old cat pee. Smells terrible. Orange you glad you didn't drink it?
- **Pinkish:** Healing. Drinking heals 1d6+2 hp or cures disease. Only works on any given person once/day.
- **Brown:** Smells a little like old dishwater. Increases Strength d2 points once for a particular person.
- **Purple:** Aphrodisiac. Those who touch this solution are overtaken by amorous desires, to the point of being too distracted to fight well (-2 to all combat rolls and +2 DC if member of the opposite sex is present). The effect lasts d6 turns. No save.

10. Alchemical Lab. Basins, tubs, and lots of bottles and jars cover the three high tables. The walls are lined with jars of every type on shallow shelves. Large pigment pots of primary colors lay on the ground, knocked over and leaked down the drain. Contents of the jars are random (see table next page).

d12	Random Jar Contents
1	Hard Cat Poo
2	Red Wine Vinegar
3	Peony Seeds
4	White Lotus Powder (causes mild chameleon effect, +30% chance to sneak)
5	Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme
6	Petrified Wormwood
7	Stinky Blue Cheese
8	Dried Sabre-Toothed Tiger Dong
9	Castor Bean Powder (save or get deathly ill and trip out for d4 days)
10	White Ape Urine
11	Oak Chips
12	Amazon Eyelashes (worth 25 gp)

11. Negative Energy Control Room. A large chalk circle with candles at the crosspoints covers the floor on the North side of this room. The rest of the floor is covered with rugs and miscellaneous debris. A curving, transparent glass window in the wall allows one to observe **12**. A metal console occupies the wall in the NW corner; it is covered with buttons and glass screens that have long since powered down, as well as levers to raise the cage in **16**. The console is connected by wires to a large metal cube bolted to the ground at the edge of the chalk circle. Identical wires leave the console, run through the wall, and attach to the ray emitters in **12**. Three small Tin Men (DC 5, hp 15, do not fight) hide here amongst the debris. They are not good at hiding, however, and will probably reveal themselves accidentally. They may be questioned in Common, but they will be tight-lipped about their master unless he is shown some respect. It turns out that they are one of Xoth-Ragar's more successful inventions. They don't understand their own origins, but if the small, hinged door



on their cylindrical torsos is opened, one will find them empty save for a small, wispy yellow smoke that seems to dance and levitate in the hollow space. They like to follow orders and have no thought for their own safety. They won't attack anything, even if ordered to do so, and they will "die" if taken outside of the underground complex. There may be useful technology in this room, at the GM's discretion, particularly if the Tin Men can be befriended and aid in recovering the devices.

12. Soul Vacuum. This room is tiled from floor to ceiling. Large metal ray emitters point towards its center. From time to time latent energy buildup in the wiring causes electric blasts to be fired. The stench of ozone fills the air, and anyone caught between the emitters takes 5d6 damage. There is a drain in the floor (approx. 16" diameter).

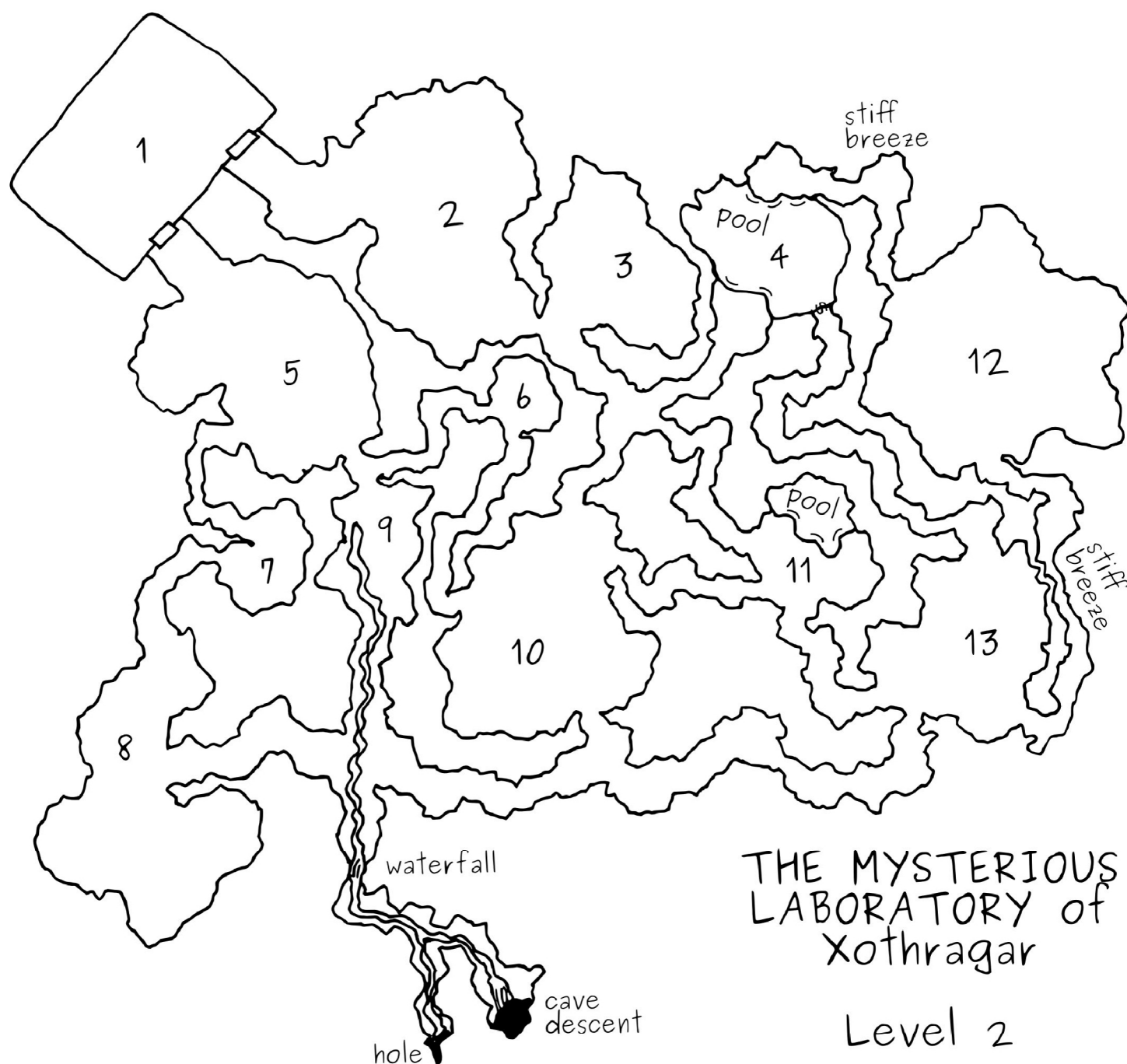
13. Secret Saferoom. This is a saferoom meant to secure personnel in the event of a monster incident. Three completely skeletonized corpses sit on the ground with their backs to the wall. They will rise only if prodded. They are not actually undead, but a freak after-effect of gross irradiation. Therefore, they glow purple and cannot be turned. They hold strange cylindrical weapons in their hands, stun sabers that use weird radiation to drain d6 Con temporarily unless a save is made. When Con = 0, the PC is knocked out cold for d4 turns. If the sabers are recovered, they each have d6 more charges. **3 Irradiated Skeletons:** DC 5; HD 4; Dmg 1d3+Con drain; Morale 12.

14. Side Room. Six **Beautiful People** (DC 5, HD 3+1, hp 15, Dmg 1d6/Special, Morale 11, see appendix) are here, listening to noises on the far side of the west door.

15. Empty Chamber. There is large crack in the ground and wall here. **5 Giant Phosphorescent Ants** (DC 3; HD 4; Dmg 2d6; Morale 7) have crawled up from below, revealing a secret stash within the wall. Treasure: ~3,000 silver kopeks spilling out of wall; 3 cut gems.

16. Buffer Room. A rectangle stretching from the center of this triangular room to its far wall is tiled with large letters; a huge cage spanning it is suspended above. If the letters X-O-T-H-R-A-G-A-R are walked in order, a secret door on the far wall revealing a passage downward opens; otherwise the cage falls and traps not only those in the rectangle but those in the two non-entrance corners as well.

Q	W	E	R	T	Y	L	R	D	O	O	H
M	N	D	D	H	Z	A	X	B	J	P	Y
F	X	C	A	E	T	G	P	P	M	J	O
W	E	Q	Q	R	A	X	Z	A	U	P	O
Z	X	P	L	N	H	T	W	A	N	O	R
E	H	E	Y	H	M	T	N	E	C	W	Q
R	T	W	A	N	O	G	Z	X	P	L	N
R	F	G	Z	X	C	R	T	W	A	N	B



Level Two

Overview: The lower level of Xoth-Ragar's complex contains but one hewn chamber, the rest being natural stone caves and passages. The walls are smooth but rippled and ridged from the centuries of water erosion that formed them. The complex is not lit in any way and was wild even when the old sorcerer himself lived up above. There must be small openings somewhere, as many creatures have found their way inside. These consist mostly of mutated insects, slimes, and unintelligent cave-dwelling creatures. However, there are much more sinister occupants as well. In addition to the Possessed, the years of alchemical pollution and melted bodies of Soul Vacuum victims dripping down from above have mixed and fermented, creating weird mutagens that transform already hideous

underworld creatures into unique and bizarre specimens (have fun adding your own to the mix!). Worst of all, a substantial portion of this biomass has pooled in a large cavern and gradually taken on a kind of sentience by absorbing cast-off souls from above. A huge, revolting mass of schizophrenic jelly thus waits here with ripe malice to take revenge upon any who stumble upon it. In its years of black dreaming, it has begun to call itself Legion.

Random Encounters. d6 each turn: 1 – roll for a Wandering Monster (table next page); 2 – roll for Wandering Weirdness (as level 1, pg. 15); 3-6 – no encounter.

1. This room contains a stairway landing and two large doors that open into the natural caverns. The floor is dusty with footprints of all shapes and sizes.



d6	Wandering Monster
1	Giant Phosphorescent Ants
2	Giant Glowing Cockroaches
3	Beautiful People
4	Iridescent Slimes
5-6	Beautiful People

2. This large natural cavern is eerily beautiful with its high ceiling and oddly hued stone – shades of blue, orange and yellow ranging from “just noticeable” to “shockingly brilliant”. There is a crooked path running through the cavern. Water pooling along the path as well as stalagmites aplenty make it difficult to pick one’s way through, however. PCs must walk single-file and have a good chance of slipping and falling (1-2/d6). Part of the natural ceiling appears to have collapsed recently.

3. This cavern room is obviously unstable – taking a few steps within or talking loudly will cause stalactites and small stone chunks to fall, along with a deep groaning sound from the ceiling. Also obvious, however, is that rich

veins of gems run through the walls here. Every turn searching uncovers one gem (normally an opal) but has a 15% cumulative chance of causing a cave-in. If a collapse occurs, all PCs in the room must make a DEX check at –5 or take 2d8 damage. Additionally, the noise produced by searching for gems increases the chance of a wandering monster (1-3 monster, 4 weirdness, 5-6 no encounter).

4. A large subterranean pool bisects this room. It is filled with dripping stalactites that cause a rhythmic echo. The pool is approximately 10’ deep at its lowest point, and a concealed door in the bottom leads through a watery tunnel to 13. A rusted-out tin man lies partially buried in sand on the far beach.

5. A sort of tribe of the Possessed have gathered here and use this vast cavern as their camp. Piles of rotting bones are scattered throughout, with the concomitant reek. As is their normal *modus operandi*, the Possessed found here at any given time will not fight for long if they seem overwhelmed, nor will they attempt to free captured comrades or cooperate beyond a bare minimum. They will simply attack ferociously and escape when they can, unless they think PCs are making for their treasure hoard at 6, in which case they will mount a more vigorous defense of that direction only. **The Possessed** (15): DC 5; HD 3 (15 hp), Dmg d4/d4/d4, Morale 9; +2 bonus to initiative.

6. This small chamber is brilliant with shining treasure, placed around the room as if on display. The floor and walls, irradiated by eldritch energies from below, produce a mild shimmering effect that increases the sparkle. The Possessed will descend on anyone who enters if they haven’t already confronted them in the tunnels. They will likely corner a party by occupying both entrance tunnels. **Treasure Hoard:** 2000 sp, 3000 gp, 13 gems, small statue of a bull carved out of obsidian (250 gp), ornamental diadem with inlaid opals (1000 gp), Alexey’s Xiphos (a bronze, double-edged shortsword, +1/+2 vs. Undead), Alexey’s Aspis (a round wooden shield +2 with the letter phi (φ) underneath a blazing torch), scroll of Holy Word.

7. Stalagmites and stalactites choke this room, forcing those who pass to walk single-file. It is otherwise empty.

8. This large, irregularly shaped cavern echoes with the sound of running water. A strange resonance amplifies the sound. There is a 50% chance that d6 **Giant Phosphorescent Ants** (DC 3; HD 4 (20 hp); Dmg 2d6; Morale 7) are present, scouting for new tunnels to establish a nest. If they’re encountered they will be guarding a lump of 10 glistening eggs. The eggs are edible and energize the consumer with 2d6 temporary hit points (lasting 2 days).

9. A stream enters from the NW wall of this room and runs south. The stream is deceptively deep (~3 ft) and fast-moving. PCs attempting to cross must succeed in a DEX check or slip and fall in. They will be swept south out of the room, having up to 3 opportunities to grab hold of something before being dumped over a waterfall (1d6



damage) and then descending either through a deep hole or more gradual cavern descent. Chances to escape depend on quick thinking and response by the players. Both descents end up somewhere quite nasty (fungus forests bordering Erelhei-Cinlu, caverns under Mount Vormithadreth, den of the Deep Ones, IKEA on a Saturday, etc.).

10. Stinking refuse fills this room. 3 Gray Worms (DC 6; HD 6; Dmg 1d8; Morale 9; SA Engulf on 19-20) writhe within, consuming organic material now generously mixed with Gray Worm feces. PCs must make a save or take a minute to themselves, willing their minds to erase this disgusting image. Digging through this mass of vile excretions will reveal a small hoard of treasure (two necklaces, a broach, and mixed coinage worth 2200 gp).

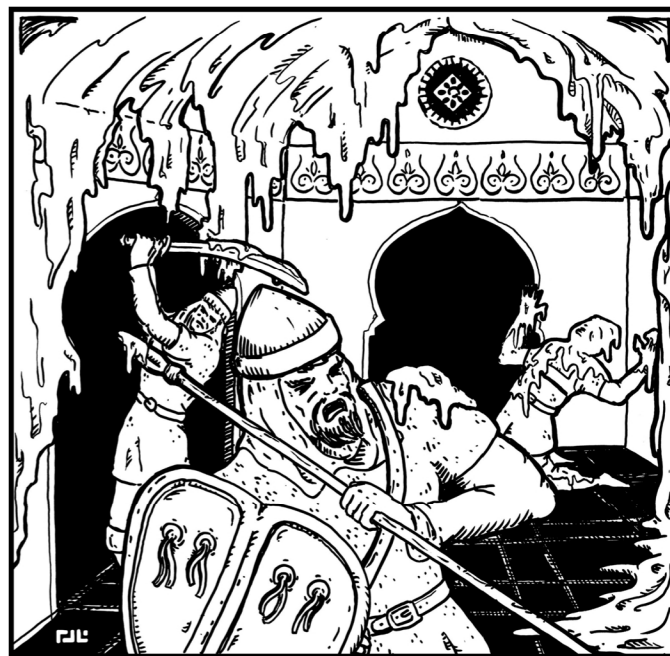
11. A mid-sized cavern with a sunken corner filled with some sort of natural oil. The oil is slimy and mildly flammable. Bottled, it acts as a normal flask of oil except that it only remains lit for one round of damage.

12. Legion (see the monstrous appendix) occupies most of this massive, slightly sunken room. A grate in the ceiling drips downward into the lowest part of the room, where the huge, quivering pile of flesh lies. Legion is not obvious at first due to its sheer size and muddy color. However, once it is noticed (springiness under the boot, a jiggle in the corner of one's eye), PCs eventually recognize that many mouths, eyes and limbs protrude from its vast quivering form. At that point, a sanity check must be made (roll **over** WIS-3 on a d20) – failure means freaking out for 1d4 rounds, unable to intelligently defend oneself or attack. Legion will happily swat at any PCs who begin freaking out, simultaneously initiating bizarre conversations with the rest. It will intelligently use its static electro blast and move to block exits if that seems useful. Killing the PCs is Legion's eventual goal, but this monster far prefers keeping them alive and torturing them both mentally and physically for as long as he is able. If Legion is somehow destroyed, a huge trove will be found beneath his rubbery corpse – one the Possessed would love to steal from adventurers on their way out, if they haven't been eradicated. **Treasure Hoard:** strange broaches, necklaces, diadems, and rings worth 7750 gp total (collectors will identify them as belonging to a long-dead desert civilization); lockbox containing 4000 gp; 200 square pp, stacked in a long, rectangular, leather tube; tightly sealed metal tube containing a map to a hidden treasure trove supposedly including hundreds of thousands of gold pieces and a legendary trident once used by the King of the Mermen; Staff of Striking with 7 charges; 2 Potions of Invulnerability; Rod of Cancellation.

13. Large, empty cavern. Nothing to see here.

Waterfall, Hole, and Descent. This area is difficult to access by foot without being swept up in the current of the river. The stone floor north of this area is quite slick and also slopes slightly downward. Those who find a way in

(either by careful climbing or getting out of the river) will come to a branch where debris has collected. Half-buried within it is the long-deceased corpse of an adventuring wizard. If retrieved and examined, a magic ring will be found on his pinky finger and a medallion around his skeletal neck. The ring is the Ring of Ato-Azh, a relic capable of calling upon a powerful Djinn who owes the bearer one final wish. The medallion is a golden triangle with a painted blue eye, a senior project for the sorcerer in school which can Detect and Dispel Magic once/day each.



Monstrous Appendix:

Beautiful People (d6 wandering; 15 total): HD 3+1 (15 hp), DC 5, Dmg d6 or Special, Morale 11. The Beautiful People are perhaps Xoth-Ragar's saddest failure. Pure, beautiful forms created by arcane technology in his laboratory, their bodies were infused with the souls of unfortunate bugbears, trolls, et al., and retained every bit of their horrible passions. They wander the halls and caverns in the nude, seeking to feast on flesh and cause pain. Their intellects were stunted in the embodiment process, leaving them unable to speak or use even the minor monster intellect they once possessed. They have, however, gained new powers due to their contact with the life-altering mutagens in the laboratory. Roll d4 for each Beautiful Person: 1 Breathe Fire, 2 Vomit Acid, 3 Emit Caustic Gas, 4 Stretch Limbs. If a 1-3 is rolled it provides the Beautiful Person with an extra special attack doing d8 damage; on a 4 the Beautiful Person may execute its normal attack against anyone within 15'.

Giant Roaches (2d6): HD 2+1 (10 hp), DC 2, Dmg 1d6, Morale 10.

Iridescent Slime (1d2): HD 4 (18 hp), DC 5, Dmg d8/d8, Morale 11. The surface of these slimes rapidly changes hue, causing a rainbow of colors lovely to behold. They

are bloodthirsty, however, and move more quickly than one might expect. The bubbles on the surface pop when struck, splashing acid as well. When a slime successfully attacks a person for the third time, his armor can be considered destroyed.

The Possessed (d6 wandering; 25 total): HD 4, DC 5, Dmg d8/d8, Morale 11. Over the years many humans have found their way into the caverns and lost their minds due to contact with Legion. In their insanity, their fragile psyches became easy targets for the evil spirits that roam the halls and tunnels. Scores have become possessed, forming a psychotic tribe in the darkness, further twisted by inbreeding (they are male and female, though are hardly distinguishable as such). Though they live together, the fact that they routinely cannibalize one another results in a very loose communal bonds. They fight ferociously and as guerrillas, striking and then fleeing until they can overcome foes. They despise the Beautiful People above all else.

Legion: HD 10; DC 6; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d6/1d6; Speed 6; SA Static Electro Blast deals 5d6 damage to one target (2x/day); SD blunt weapons do 1/2 damage, immune to lightning/cold, surprise on 1-4/6. Legion is a quivering, skin-colored, schizophrenic mass of jelly, easily overlooked (surprise on 1-4/d6) because of its odd shape and color. Even animals are known to wander out onto Legion's surface without realizing it. Legion is telepathic, and will certainly monitor the thoughts of those who enter his caverns. There is a 50/50 chance that anyone approaching the low cavern where Legion resides will hear faint conversation as they descend the sloped entrance to the chamber. Though its voices are manifold, there is only one creature. It is quite possible to hear the conversations and still not realize where they are emanating from. Multiple mouths on the surface of the jelly keep up a continual inane discourse as Legion masks its unquenchable malice behind silly talk. If the PCs know that it is in its lair, its banter will not pause, nor will Legion appear to take any notice of visitors until it decides to make a sudden attack. Victims will have their hit points sapped to 0, then be roused and tortured by Legion, who will slowly digest their bodies. Too crazy to make any plans, Legion has never tried to leave the caverns. PCs escaping it may cause it to make a first attempt, however... Ω

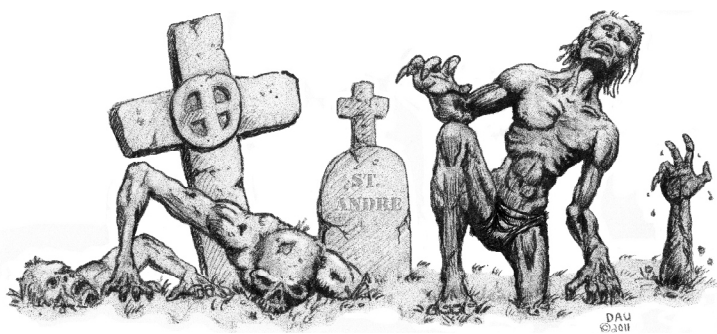


The Lost Expedition of Martin Hidalgo

by Andrew "The Venomous Pao" Trent

In the late summer of 1526 the Spanish explorer Martin Hidalgo Guadalupe Ramirez y Sanchez set sail for Hispaniola from Seville with a single caravel (the *Santa Inez*) and a small number of men, all the dwindling fortunes of his family could afford. The ultimate goal of the Hidalgo expedition was, of course, to discover as much information about (and plunder as much gold from) the New World as possible. Sadly, the ship and its crew never reached Santo Domingo and was presumed lost at sea. At the time it was theorized that the ship may have encountered Hurricane *San Francisco*, which later caused significant damage across Hispaniola.

The tragic loss of the expedition would likely have faded into history but for the "reappearances" – three in total, spread out over the course of more than a century – of men who claimed to be survivors of the ill-fated voyage of the *Santa Inez*. The first of these, a middle-aged Spaniard who called himself Juan Albano de Urquiza, surfaced in Spain in 1539, telling tales of a terrible storm that "swept the *Santa Inez* into the very skies" and her subsequent safe arrival upon strange shores where "snakes walked like men and devils mined gold from the earth." De Urquiza expired from a hellish fever shortly after telling his tale to sailors at a dockside taverna in Málaga.



Fruiting Towers

by Patrick Wetmore

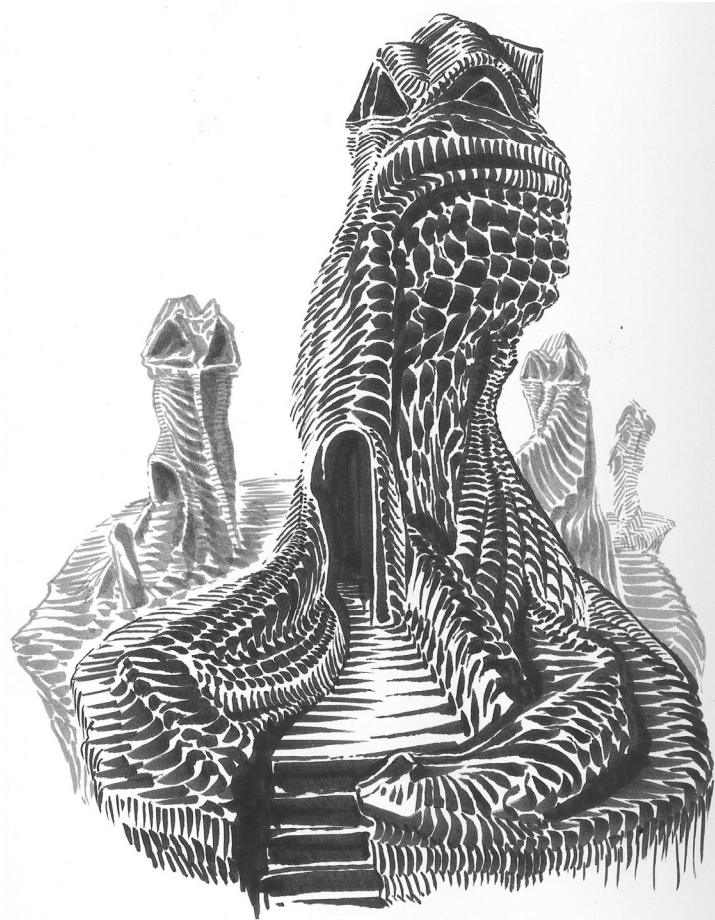
Introduction: Along the old highway that runs between Lannington and the scattered villages to the north, something strange is happening: a great hill of scaled stone has emerged from the barren soil. The merchants traveling the road were wary, as the hill grew larger with each passing day. Within a month, small stone houses dotted the hill – the caravan guards sent to investigate found no one living within. This was not to last – where houses once stood, soon there were towers, and gangs of bandits and humanoids flocked to them. Their reigns of terror were short-lived, each band of savages disappearing within days of taking up residence in the accursed spires.

This hill and its towers are a living being, an extraterrestrial visitor from a distant world. The bulk of the creature exists underground, in the form of a large cavern filled with bizarre, glowing spires. The aboveground structures are used primarily for feeding and reproduction. The latest miscreant to occupy the towers is a mangled wizard (or wizards, depending on your method of counting) and his/their thralls. The wizard's two halves, Malagar-Left and Malagar-Right, are ignorant of the true nature of this place – and this has led to a dire misunderstanding between the two halves. The Malagars have always cooperated with each other in their malevolent endeavors, but the wizards' guardians and their hoards of ancient artifacts have recently disappeared. Each half suspects the other of the theft, and they have squared off against one another. The unusual truth of the matter is that the wizards stored their hoards in the feeding-towers, their guards have been digested, and their valuables are scattered about the internal organs of the beast.

Astute players may bargain with one or both wizard-halves, seeking to play them off each other. The halves are evenly matched and fear a direct conflict – they will welcome the assistance of a third party to tip the scales.

The Tower Creature: The extraterrestrial is a beast whose organs shape themselves into towers and other structures. The aboveground section is plated in heavy black stone scales, each between four and eight inches thick. If a stone is pried up (requiring a successful Open Doors roll), the sickly violet flesh beneath will be revealed, oozing a yellowish greasy pus. Such a violent action is sure to prompt an immune response – within 1d6 rounds, a group of 2d4 **Plasmoid Defenders** (DC 6, HD 5, hp 23 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F 5, ML 12) emerges from the Excretive Pit to eliminate threats and seal the wound.

An immature aboveground tower appears to be a stone-roofed hut, with four large windows. As it matures, the tower grows underneath the hut, reaching a height of 50'.



The towers feature a scaled stone stairway leading to a yawning entrance. Inside, an internal spiral staircase leads to the hut at the pinnacle. The center of the tower is occupied by what appears to be a stone pillar. The floor of the hut has a rough spiral design to its floor-scales above this center section – this is a sphincter allowing access to the reproductive or digestive tubes beneath.

Below ground, the creature's innards comprise a cavern 150' high. The stone below is smooth and plastic, covered with spines as large as a man. The towers here are taller and more delicate than those on the surface, with bridges connecting many of the spires. These towers are the beast's internal organs (heart, mind, lungs, and stomach), and dimly glow with a sickly yellow light.

Involving the Players: Merchants traveling through the village of Lannington will tell their strange tale of mysterious towers on a magical hill to anyone who will listen. Each will have a conflicting tale about the nature of the bandits within, and a few stories about the loot from captured caravans should be enough to hook the players.

If the players are of an altruistic bent, an unctuous merchant named Hrezling will offer a reward of 1,500 gp to the party if they can bring back his daughter and the valuable necklace she was wearing – both were taken from his caravan during a bandit attack the week before. “No necklace, no reward! My Hrezwina is a fine girl, but she's probably despoiled now, and that necklace is worth more

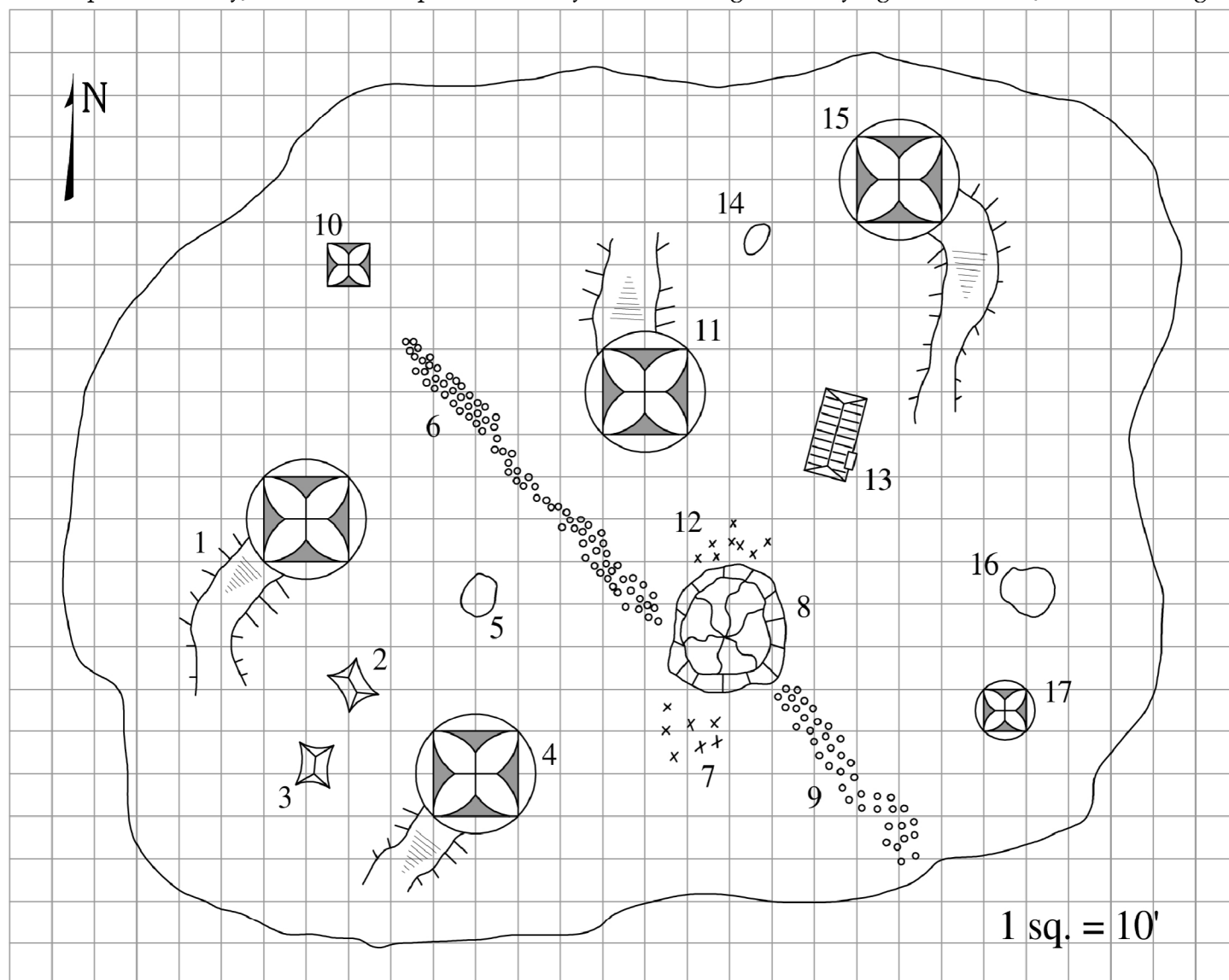
than she'd ever fetch in a marriage contract! Err, purely sentimental value, of course."

Encounter Areas Above: The two wizard-halves have split the hill into two opposing territories, and have built a low stone wall between these halves from loose scales that the creature has shed. Malagar-Left and his horde of Crocodilians have claimed the southwest half of the hill, while Malagar-Right and his band of Thrice-Eyed Savages have established camp on the northeast half.

1. Fruiting Tower of Malagar-Left. A pair of **Crocodilians** (DC 3, HD 3, hp 14 each, # AT 1, D 1d10, MV (40'), Save F 3, ML 8) stand guard at the entrance to this tower. One is equipped with a horn it will use to alert the camp in case of attack. The entrance has been fitted with a crude door. In the "hut" at the top of the tower are Malagar-Left and a human woman, Hrezwina. Malagar-Left is half of the wizard Malagar. The perfectly-divided left half of his body is human, while the right half is an armored fabrication of steel, wire, and reinforced hydraulic hose. Up until recently, he has been in perfect harmony

with his right half – but now he heavily suspects his counterpart in the disappearance of his treasure from the Southwest Feeding Tower. **Malagar-Left** (DC 4, Mag 6, hp 22, # AT 1, D 1d6+1, MV (40'), Save Mag 6, ML 10) wields a stainless steel *staff of the serpent* (snake is DC 2 due to stainless steel scales) in combat, and has the following spells memorized: *hold portal*, *magic missile*, *continual light*, *ESP*, *fireball*, and *baste*. If approached peacefully (or if the party is captured), he will offer them a portion of Malagar-Right's loot, and their lives, in exchange for the party's assistance in murdering him. This half of Malagar is a humorless tyrant, and his offer will be liberally peppered with threats of horrible mutilations and death. Malagar-Left absolutely refuses to discuss how he was divided from Malagar-Right.

Hrezwina (DC 9, hp 1, # AT 1 slap, D sharp nails do 1 point damage, MV (40'), Save War 0, ML 6) is the daughter of the merchant Hrezling. She was captured by bandits from her father's trading caravan while traveling towards Lannington. Most of these bandits were brought to the Feeding Towers by digestive servitors, and when Malagar's



minions cleaned up the survivors, they brought her to the wizard-halves. Hrezwina is quite taken with the pair when they are together, and was entertaining the two halves the night the Feeding Towers swallowed their treasures. Separated from each other, she finds the halves to be quite obnoxious, and is looking for a way to either re-unite them or escape. She wears a few shreds of transparent silk and nothing else. Her valuables (and her honor) were taken by the original group of bandits – players seeking her necklace will have to search the interior of the tower-creature, as it went down the gullet of the Feeding Tower with the bandit chieftain. Her honor is, alas, irretrievable.

The walls and floors of the hut are covered with luxurious woolly mammoth furs (hiding the strange spiral sphincter-pattern on the floor). There is a small writing desk and chair, a low table for eating while seated cross-legged on the floor, and a chamber-pot (recently emptied and rinsed). On top of the writing desk is Malagar-Left's spellbook, containing the following spells: *hold portal*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *continual light*, *ESP*, *knock*, *fireball*, *fly*, and *baste*. Only every other letter is written – Malagar-Left is capable of learning spells from it, but unless it is painstakingly merged with Malagar-Right's spellbook, it is worthless to anyone else. The sphincter under the floor cannot be cajoled open through prying or other means until the tower is ready to eject its stone seed into space. In the event of an attack, Malagar-Left will direct his troops from the windows of the tower-hut, casting spells as the opportunity arises.

2. Crocodilian Tent. Two **crocodilians** stand guard outside this tent, and another 10 are housed within (DC 3, HD 3, hp 14 each, # AT 1, D 1d10, MV (40'), Save W 3, ML 8). The tent contains hammocks strung between poles, on which the crocodilians recline, and a small fire-pit. A haunch of aged bandit is currently roasting on the fire.

3. Other Crocodilian Tent. Eleven **crocodilians** (DC 3, HD 3, hp 14 each, # AT 1, D 1d10, MV (40'), Save W 3, ML 8) are relaxing in this tent. It contains hammocks strung between poles, two barrels of water, and three crates of stale iron rations.

4. Southwest Feeding Tower. Malagar-Left used this tower as his treasury, leaving six crocodilians to guard his hoard of ancient books and technological artifacts. In the middle of the night, the tower-creature grew hungry, and the feeding-sphincter in the floor opened up, dumping the treasure and guards into its feeding tube. Several of the artifacts have survived the digestive process, and may be found in the creature's innards – the books and guards, however, are a total loss. The tower-creature prefers to feed at night – any given evening, there is a 1 in 6 chance that both feeding towers will open their sphincters, pouring the contents of the towers into the beast's gullets. If less than a half-ton of meat is swallowed, 1d12 **digestive servitors** (DC 1, HD 6, hp 27 each, # AT 2, D 1d8, MV (40'), Save W 6, ML 12) will spew out of each tower, seeking flesh to drop into the feeding tubes. The

sphincter resembles a strange spiral pattern in the floor of the hut when closed. Attempts to pry stones loose in the floor have a 10% cumulative chance per round of causing the sphincter to reflexively open, swallowing the entire contents of the room. A successful save vs. paralyze by characters within 5' of the stairs will allow them to escape this fate – others are doomed. The sphincter will snap shut after swallowing the contents of the room. The feeding tube beneath the sphincter will tightly constrict about whatever objects fall into it, slowly guiding them through digestive tower below into pools of digestive enzyme. The walls of the tube are also lined with enzyme slime, and will do 1d6 points of damage per round to creatures within the tube. The tubes take 20 rounds total to move an object from the sphincter to the pools.

5. First Cyst. This cyst was created when a plasmoid defender killed a goblin that had been prying up a stone scale. The cyst appears to be sickly yellow hemisphere of rough translucent stone, 5' in diameter, protruding out of the surface of the hill. It will take 20 hit points of damage to smash through the inch-thick stone skin. The cyst is filled with yellow pus the consistency of custard. The rotting remains of the goblin, and its small fortune of 10 sp, may be found underneath the pus. If the entire party covers themselves in this pus, they will become less noticeable when inside the tower creature's body, and wandering monster checks will no longer need to be performed. The disguise fails close-up, however.

6. North Wall. The low wall here has been hastily constructed from loose scale-stones. It is three feet high, and not particularly stable. Four **crocodilians** (DC 3, HD 3, hp 14 each, # AT 1, D 1d10, MV (40'), Save W 3, ML 8) patrol the southwest side, and three thrice-eyed savages (AC 3, HD 4, hp 18 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F 4, ML 10) patrol the northeast side, waiting for the inevitable orders to begin hostilities.

7. South Bone Piles. Crushed and broken bones surround the excretive pit. Close examination of the bones will reveal that most are human and goblin – but a few close to the pit are crocodilian and thrice-eyed savage bones. There are also a few filth-encrusted bent and battered gold coins scattered throughout the bones (20 gp total). 1d3 gp can be found per round of searching.

8. Excretive Pit. The pit is only three feet deep, with deep cracks radiating from the center of its rocky floor. If stood on, the floor of the pit will give slightly, and rapping against it produces a hollow sound. The pit is the mechanism the tower-creature uses to evacuate its waste (mostly the bones of former meals). In the middle of the night, the star-shaped flaps covering the pit flip upwards, and constrictive muscle movements in the excretive tower below push the waste up at high velocity, causing a rain of bones around the pit. The flaps can be pried open individually with no ill effect, revealing a fleshy tube leading down 150' to the base of the excretive tower. A



dim light can be seen at the bottom. Any flaps pried open will snap shut 1d6 turns after being opened. This is the easiest way into the tower-creature's innards.

9. South Wall. The wall here is manned by two **crocodilians** (DC 3, HD 3, hp 14 each, # AT 1, D 1d10, MV (40'), Save W 3, ML 8) and two **thrice-eyed savages** (DC 3, HD 4, hp 18 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save W 4, ML 10). They are busy playing cards on top of the low scale-stone wall, until hostilities inevitably begin.

10. Immature Tower. A small stone hut stands here. The large window openings on each of its four walls may be used as entrances. The floor has a spiral sphincter, but no amount of cajoling will cause it to open. If left alone, the hut will mature into a full-sized fruiting tower in 3 weeks.

11. Fruiting Tower of Malagar-Right. Four **thrice-eyed savages** (DC 3, HD 4, hp 18 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save W 4, ML 10) stand guard at the base of this tower. One of them carries a large pike on which is hung the standard of Malagar-Right – a half-man black stick figure on a yellow background. At the top of this tower resides **Malagar-Right** (DC 4, M 6, hp 22, # AT 1, D 1d8+1, MV (40'), Save M 6, ML 10). The perfectly-divided right half of his body is human, while the left half is an armored fabrication of steel, wire, and reinforced hydraulic hose. He wields a *long sword* +1 in his robotic left hand, and has the following spells memorized: *magic missile*, *shield*, *ESP*, *knock*, *fireball*, and *fly*. He is convinced Malagar-Left has robbed him, and to add insult to injury, his other half has kept the delightful Hrezwina all to himself. If approached peacefully, he will offer the party a portion of Malagar-Left's treasure for assistance in killing him. Malagar-Right is both sadistic and ridiculous, with a

fondness for lousy puns. "I'm sure you'll agree my way is the Right way!" and "Don't be Left behind – the Right choice will enrich you beyond your wildest dreams!" are typical examples of conversation with this half. If asked how he was divided from his left half, Malagar-Right will mumble something incoherent about "bandsaws of longevity," not going into any further specifics.

The room is empty, except for a somewhat dirty feather mattress and half-full chamber pot. Malagar-Right keeps his spellbook under the mattress. Only every other letter is written – Malagar-Right is capable of learning spells from it, but unless it is painstakingly merged with Malagar-Left's spellbook, it is worthless to anyone else. It contains the spells *bold portal*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *continual light*, *ESP*, *knock*, *fireball*, *fly*, and *haste*. In the event of an attack, Malagar-Right will cast spells wildly from the windows of the tower-hut, with no regard for the welfare of his thrice-eyed savages.

12. North Bone Piles. These piles are much like the south bone piles (7) – but there is an additional prize to be found. Malagar-Left's *Pipes of Ruinous Intention* lie here among the bones, bent, scratched, and twisted out of shape. The damage to the *pipes* cannot be repaired, and if returned to Malagar-Left, he will be incensed at Malagar-Right's poor treatment of his artifact. If brought to Malagar-Right, he will not recognize the badly mangled *pipes*.

13. Barracks of the Thrice-Eyed Savages. 2 **thrice-eyed savages** stand guard outside the barracks, and inside are 21 more (DC 3, HD 4, hp 18 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F 4, ML 10), resting in preparation for the upcoming conflict. This crude building was constructed by the human bandits when they first occupied the tower-creature. It is constructed very poorly from rough-hewn planks, and leaks badly when it rains. Next to a few barrels of the fungus-paste beloved by the thrice-eyed savages, a human bandit, **Krot** (DC 7, T 1, hp 3, # AT 1, D by weapon, MV (40'), Save T 1, ML 8) is tied to a support column. He was captured when the Malagar halves assaulted the remaining bandits. If asked, he may recount how horrible monsters spewed forth from two of the towers, killing and dragging off most of his bandit brethren during the night, and of Malagar's attack on the survivors the next day.

14. Second Cyst. This cyst is much like the first (5). It contains the remains of a human bandit who had the poor judgment to pry up a scale-stone. He had managed to acquire a silver-and-garnet bracelet (worth 600 gp) without his fellows noticing, and this treasure is entombed with him in the cyst.

15. Northeast Feeding Tower. This feeding tower is much like the southwest feeding tower (4), and the story is much the same – Malagar-Right's collection of potent relics and the thrice-eyed savages he had left guarding them have been swallowed by the tower-beast. Since the

disappearance, Malagar-Right has stationed another **thrice-eyed savage** (DC 3, HD 4, hp 18, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F 4, ML 10) in this tower as a lookout.

16. Third Cyst. This cyst is superficially much like the first (5). Under the pus inside, however, is a still-living giant tick (DC 3, HD 4, hp 19, # AT 1, D 1d4 plus disease and 1d6 blood drain, MV (10'), Save W 4, ML 8). The tick will gladly detach from the tower-creature to feed on tastier terrestrial beings. Should players blindly reach into the pus, the tick will automatically gain surprise and have a +4 chance to hit. Additionally, while it is hidden in the pus, players will suffer a -4 penalty to attack rolls.

17. Upper Respiratory Tower. This tower is used by the tower-creature to breathe. There is no entrance at the base of the tower – players will have to climb the 50' stone surface to gain entrance. The hut at the top has no floor – inside is a sheer 200' drop to the bottom of the tower inside the creature.

Encounter Areas Below: The “cave” that forms the interior of the tower-creature is dimly lit by the glowing towers throughout. The slick, black stone floors and walls of the cave are covered with tall, pointed thorns at irregular intervals, spaced around 10' apart and varying from 3' to 6' high. The towers themselves are likewise covered with thorns (which makes scaling them relatively easy for players with rope and grappling hooks). While the party is traveling through the “cave,” check for wandering monsters twice every turn (1 in 6 chance). Roll a d6 and consult the table below if an encounter is indicated:

d6	Encounter
1	1d2 digestive servitors (DC 1, HD 6, hp 27 each, # AT 2, D 1d8, MV (40'), Save W 6, ML 12). These will ignore the party unless attacked.
2	1d8 mineral gatherers (DC 7, HD 1+1, hp 6 each, # AT 1, D 1d4, MV (20'), Save W 1, ML 10). They will attach themselves to any PCs wearing metal armor.
3	2d6 parasitic wingworms (DC 5, HD 3, hp 13 each, # AT 1, D 2d4, MV (1', fly 60'), Save W 3, ML 8)
4	1d6 flapping antibodies (DC 6, HD 2, hp 9 each, # AT 1, D 1d4+poison, MV (1', fly 50'), Sv W2, ML 12)
5	1d6 plasmod defenders (DC 6, HD 5, hp 23 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save W 5, ML 12)
6	Zelothar, from 30

If all the players have coated themselves in pus from one of the cysts on top of the scale-stone hill, they will not attract wandering monsters. This disguise does not work close-up, however.

18. Excretive Tower. This glowing tower extends to the ceiling of the cavern. The base of the tower sits in a 5' deep pit, with a small amount of bones and other detritus inside. The interior of the tower is lined with violet fleshy muscle, capable of constricting and expelling debris when

it spills from the outer pit into the tower's base. A narrow span connects the south digestive tower to the excretive tower, 30' above the floor of the cave. There is a narrow opening in the digestive tower where the span attaches.

19. Hemangioma. A lump of violet flesh covered with thick yellow veins and ropy red tendrils protrudes from the smooth black surface of the cave floor. The tendrils on this bizarre lump of tumorous flesh are 5' long, covered



with short sharp spines, and will attack any creature within range (DC 9, HD 4, hp 15, # AT 4, D 1d4 each, MV n/a, Save W 1, ML 12). If the hemangioma is damaged, 1d6 **flapping antibodies** (DC 6, HD 2, hp 9 each, # AT 1, D 1d4 plus poison, MV (1', fly 50'), Save W 2, ML 12) will arrive the next round to defend the fleshy growth. One of the tendrils has grasps a silver necklace with a pure black onyx gem hanging from it, worth 150 gp. This is actually a *periapt of proof against poison*, and belongs to the merchant Hrezling, Hrezwina's father. Normally Hrezling uses this to convince his enemies that the wine he serves isn't poisoned, but Hrezwina had been wearing it in an attempt to look pretty for a sleazy lout of a caravan guard when she was captured by bandits. Her would-be boyfriend surrendered her without a fight, to her deep annoyance.

20. Lower Respiratory Tower. Strong breezes regularly blow in and out of the entrances at the base of the respiratory tower. The interior is empty – it is a vertical shaft leading straight up 200' to the peak of the upper respiratory tower (17).

21. South Excretion Trail. Ten **excretive goons** (DC 9, HD 1, hp 5 each, # AT 1, D 1d2, MV (10'), Save W 1, ML 8) are constantly making their way back and forth along this trail, moving fragments of bone from the enzyme pools at the base of the south digestive tower (22) to the pit at the base of the excretive tower (18). The goons are completely oblivious to the party, and will not interact with them, even to defend themselves. If a player puts anything on the ground near them, however, they will pick it up and bring it to the excretive tower if it is bone or other organic matter, take it to the heart tower (27) if it is a precious metal, or hurl it 50' away in a random direction otherwise.

22. South Digestive Tower. The base of this tower is surrounded by a 3' deep pool of digestive enzymes, which will cause 1d6 points of damage per round to any creature in contact with it. The excretive goons from 21 will occasionally walk into and out of the pool, dragging out bits of bone. The tower extends all the way to the ceiling, where it becomes the southwest feeding tower in the upper section. A narrow span connects the excretive tower (18) to this tower, 30' above the cave floor. There is an opening where the span meets the tower, allowing entrance into the enzyme-coated feeding tube, should players feel suicidal. Another similar span (45' above the cave floor) connects to the infected tower (26). The base of the tower has many openings, allowing partially-digested prey to collect at the bottom of the enzyme pool.

23. West Reproductive Tower. This tower appears as a pillar of dimly glowing material leading up to the ceiling. The tower is hollow, with a stone seed (DC -1, HD 9, hp 41 each, # AT 2, D 1d10, MV (20'), Save W 9, ML 7) inside the base – but there is no entrance. The glowing stone of the tower is thin, though, and will only take 15 hp of damage to break through. Doing so will attract 2d6

flapping antibodies (DC 6, HD 2, hp 9 each, # AT 1, D 1d4 plus poison, MV (1', fly 50'), Save W 2, ML 12).

24. Crushing Organelle. A lump of stone, 3' high, with a hole on top stands here. The interior of the lump is hollow, and there are a few bits of twisted metal at the bottom. Should anything contact the bottom of the lump, this organelle will snap shut and constrict violently, doing 2d8 crushing damage to any body parts caught inside (save vs. paralyze for half). After a round of mangling, the organelle will spit the broken remains of whatever got caught inside out. If an entire body is placed inside, it will be crushed down into a pink diamond with a tiny compressed skeleton in its center (worth 1,000 gp). The organelle may only be triggered 3 times before it becomes stressed and begins to bleed yellow pus – at that point, 1d8 **plasmoid defenders** (DC 6, HD 5, hp 23 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save W 5, ML 12) will head towards the organelle to destroy intruders. Surrounding the organelle are several crushed swords and pieces of armor. There are also six very small uncut pink diamonds, each with a tiny bone-shaped flaw inside, worth only 50 gp apiece.

25. Immature Reproductive Tower. This tower is much like the one at 23, but the stone seed within is immature and helpless.

26. Infected Tower. This tower does not glow like the others – it is jet black, and the stone is rough and crumbles to the touch. It is infested with a plague of parasitic wingworms, and has become necrotic. The tower interior has 5 levels, each with a floor and stairs leading up and/or down along the inner wall of the tower. Each level is 15' high.

Level 1: This level is at ground height, and is windowless. Three confused plasmoid defenders are making threatening noises at Malagar-Right's *censer of controlling air elementals*.

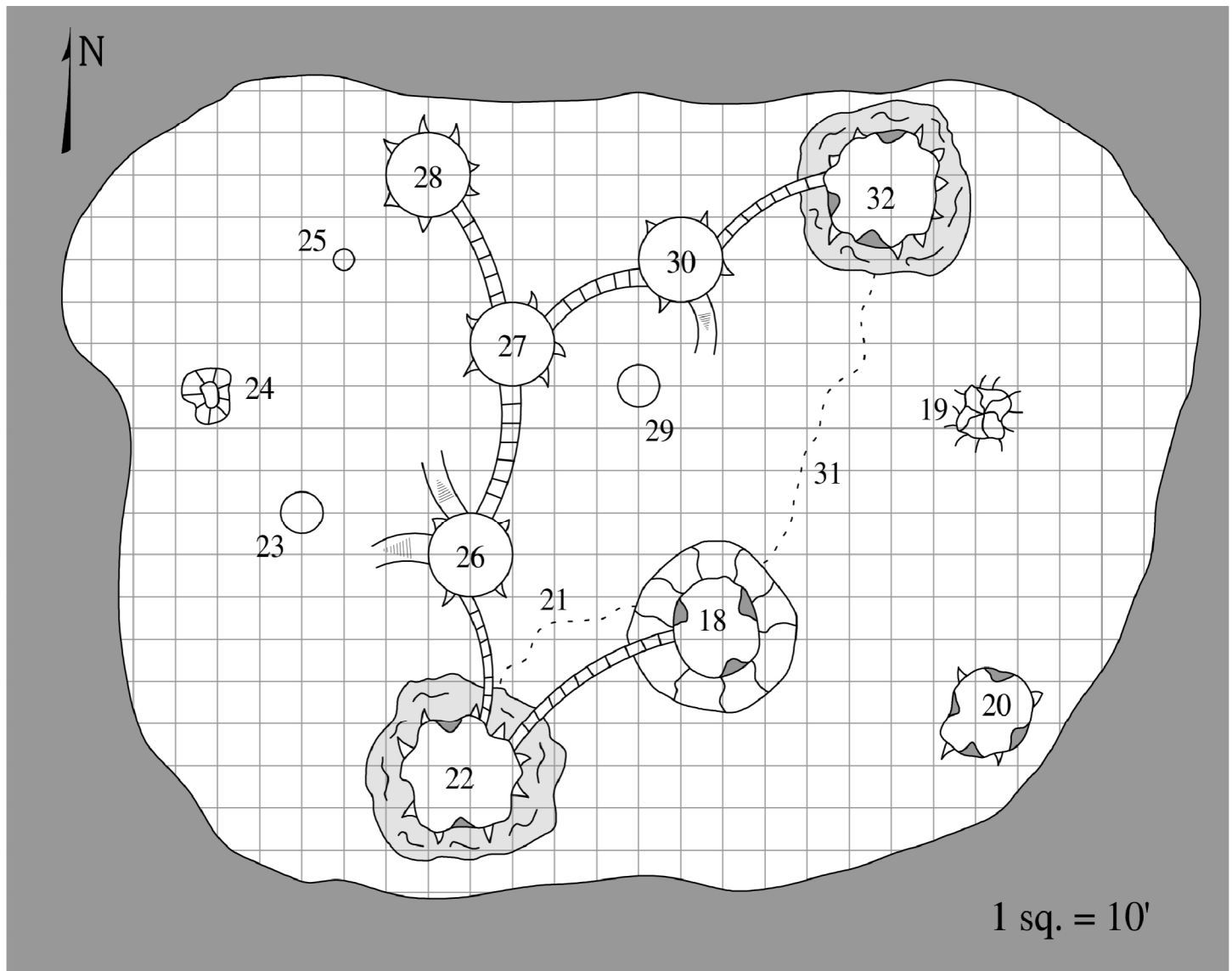
Level 2: The western stairway leads up to a tower entrance on this level.

Level 3: The northwest stairway leads up to an entrance on this level. An exit to the north also leads across a narrow span to the 3rd level of the heart tower (27).

Level 4: This level has many windows overlooking the interior of the beast. An exit to the south leads across a narrow span to the south digestive tower (22). Seventeen **parasitic wingworms** (DC 5, HD 3, hp 13 each, # AT 1, D 2d4, MV (1', fly 60'), Save W 3, ML 8) are scrabbling at the interior walls and ceiling, sucking fluids from cracks in the stone wall. They will be quite enthused by the prospect of fresh two-legged meat.

Level 5: The many-windowed top floor is empty.

27. Heart Tower. This tower functions as the beating heart of the tower-beast. A rhythmic “thump-thump” can be heard from the interior of the tower as the players approach it. The tower interior has 6 levels, each with a floor and stairs leading up and/or down along the inner



wall of the tower. In the center of each room is a three-foot thick pillar of twisted yellow veins, eventually leading up to the heart on the top floor. Each level is 15' high. If the veins are damaged in any way, the response will be swift and dramatic: 2d6 **plasmoid defenders** (DC 6, HD 5, hp 23 each, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save W 5, ML 12) will rush the tower, crossing the spans from the infected and instinctive towers, while 2d8 **flapping antibodies** (DC 6, HD 2, hp 9 each, # AT 1, D 1d4 plus poison, MV (1', fly 50'), Save W 2, ML 12) will swoop in through the windows to seek out and destroy the intruders. The veins can take 30 hp of damage before they burst, filling the tower with a slick of yellow blood. The creature will then go into its death throes (detailed below).

Level 1: This level is at ground height, and is windowless. Great clumps of coagulated yellow blood clots are scattered about the floor. All in all there are 7 clumps; if split open each will be found to have 2d12 gold coins inside.

Level 2: This level has several windows overlooking the beast's innards.

Level 3: There are three exits here, opening onto spans leading north to the thoughtful tower (28), east to the instinctive tower (30), and south to the infected tower (26).

Level 4: Seven **flapping antibodies** (DC 6, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 1, D 1d4 + poison, MV (1', fly 50'), Save W2, ML 12) flutter around in this room, watching for intruders.

Level 5: This level is empty. Several windows overlook the interior of the tower-creature.

Level 6: The glowing yellow heart of the beast sits in the middle of this chamber, atop a mass of veins protruding from the floor. Five **mineral gatherers** (DC 7, HD 1+1, hp 6 each, # AT 1, D 1d4, MV (20'), Save W 1, ML 10) are busy pasting gold coins and trinkets to the heart using their sticky saliva as adhesive. In total, the heart is plastered with 5,000 gp worth of gold. The adhesive is incredibly strong, and removing the coins will severely damage the heart – each 1,000 gp removed will cause 1d8 points of damage. The heart will only take 20 points of damage before it ceases functioning, sending the tower-creature into its death throes.

Death Throes: If the heart is destroyed, or the veins ruptured, the tower-creature will enter its death throes. All tower organisms will act as if they under the effect of a confusion spell, and will die entirely within 1d4 turns. The interior towers will cease to glow at the end of 5 rounds, leaving the party in total darkness if they do not have another light source. The two mature reproductive towers will eject their stone seeds immediately, causing 6d6 points of damage to any creatures within the “huts” at the top. The stone seeds are 50% likely to misfire, however, and if they do, they will land within 100’ of the tower-creature’s stone hill. Without the long travel through the cold reaches of space to calm their nerves, they will attack any living creature they see.

28. Thoughtful Tower. This tower serves as the primitive mind of the tower-creature. Once a stone seed has taken root, the mind becomes a pointless artifact, and it spends most of its time dreaming of its extra-solar existence. The tower interior has 6 levels, each with a floor and stairs leading up and/or down along the inner wall of the tower. Each level is 15’ high.

Level 1: This level is at ground height, and is windowless. A pool of liquid is at the bottom of this tower, constantly changing colors, shifting from reds to purples to blues and back. The pool is only a quarter of an inch deep and consists of the discarded dreams of the tower-beast. A small taste of the liquid will reveal it has some sort of mind-expanding effect, but the specifics are impossible to determine. There is only enough liquid to fill a single flask, and the full flask is required to trigger liquid’s actual effect: it causes the drinker’s most secret, treasured dream to become real for the next 1d6 turns.

Level 2: This windowed level is empty.

Level 3: A horribly enzyme-scarred **thrice-eyed savage** (DC 3, HD 4, hp 7, # AT 2, D 1d6, MV (40’), Save W 4, ML 10) somehow survived ingestion and now lies here in pain, clutching a stoppered stainless steel flask – this is Malagar-Right’s *potion of super-heroism*. There is an exit to the south, leading over a perilously narrow span to the heart tower (27).

Level 4: This level contains the deepest thoughts of the tower-creature – its memories of endless travel through the depths of space. The stairs leading up and down out of this level can only be seen dimly – the players will perceive themselves to be standing on an invisible platform somewhere in the far reaches of the galaxy, with glowing gas nebulae, black holes shooting jets of bright particles, and rocky planetoids hurtling through the abyss. For each round spent in this room, the stairs will become visibly less substantial – after four rounds, the players will find themselves hurtling towards a green planetoid orbiting a double-star, and if they remain another two rounds, they will be physically transported to the surface of this alien world as the stairs disappear completely.

Level 5: A **mineral gatherer** (DC 7, HD 1+1, hp 6, # AT 1, D 1d4, MV (20’), Save W 1, ML 10) pounds futilely at the interior wall of the tower, driven mad by the beautiful helm it is wearing – this is Malagar-Left’s *helm of alignment change*. If not attacked, the mineral gatherer will follow the party around, wordlessly assisting them.

Level 6: In the center of this room is a column of gray cerebral matter running from floor to ceiling. Throbbing veins of yellowish liquid can be seen in the tissue. The brain takes 10 hp of damage to destroy – but having no nerves, damage to it will not attract any hostile response. Destroying the brain will cause level 4 to become a “normal” empty tower room – beyond that, there is no effect on the tower-creature.

29. East Reproductive Tower. This tower is identical to the west reproductive tower at 23.

30. Instinctive Tower. This tower contains the base instincts of the tower-creature, as well as an unusual parasite. The tower interior has 6 levels, each with a floor and stairs leading up and/or down along the inner wall of the tower. Each level is 15’ high.

Level 1: This level is at ground height, and is windowless. It contains a stockpile of rotting, half-digested meat, scavenged by Zelothar.

Level 2: There is an opening on the south wall with stairs beyond, leading down to the floor of the outer cavern.

Level 3: An opening to the west leads to a narrow span, connecting to the heart tower (27). The span is 30’ above the floor of the cave.

Level 4: An exit to the east opens onto a narrow span leading to the north digestive tower (32), 45’ above the cave floor. An alien lemnothelion named **Zelothar** (DC 7, HD 4, hp 15, # AT 3, D 1d6, MV (30’), Save W 4, ML 7) has made its home here. It will be quite intrigued to meet other sentient creatures, and will offer them some of its food-paste (made from chewed meat and flavorful excretions, and infected with microscopic lemnothelion larvae). Zelothar will be friendly as long as he is not attacked, but will quickly turn hostile should the players attack its host.

Level 5: A glittering cord of silvery flesh runs from floor to ceiling in the center of this room. This is the cluster of nerves governing the feeding instinct. It takes 10 hit points of damage to sever the cluster, and doing so will attract 1d12 **flapping antibodies** (DC 6, HD 2, hp 9 each, # AT 1, D 1d4 plus poison, MV (1’, fly 50’), Save W 2, ML 12). Once severed, the tower-creature’s desire to feed will disappear, and it will starve to death in two weeks time.

Level 6: A glittering cord of sapphire-blue flesh runs from floor to ceiling in the center of this room. This cluster of nerves governs the reproductive instinct. It takes 10 hit points of damage to sever the cluster, and the damage will attract 1d12 **flapping antibodies** (DC 6, HD 2, hp 9 each,

AT 1, D 1d4 plus poison, MV (1', fly 50'), Save W 2, ML 12). Without this nerve cluster, the creature will never fire the stone seeds into space.

31. North Excretion Trail. Seven excretive goons (DC 9, HD 1, hp 5 each, # AT 1, D 1d2, MV (10'), Save W 1, ML 8) travel back and forth between the excretive tower (18) and the north digestive tower (32), much as they do at the south excretion trail (21). There is also a rogue **digestive servitor** (DC 1, HD 6, hp 28, # AT 2, D 1d8, MV (40'), Save W 6, ML 12) that keeps picking up the goons, shoving them in its mouth to taste for potential edibility, and spitting them out. The digestive servitor will attempt the same on any party members who approach, with violent results should the party resist. Passive party members will be dragged towards the enzyme pool around the north digestive tower (32) and tossed in.

32. North Digestive Tower. This tower is identical to the south digestive tower (22). A narrow span runs from this tower (connecting 45' above the cave floor) to the instinctive tower (30). An opening leads to the enzyme-coated interior of the tower where the span connects.

Aftermath: If the creature is not killed, it will continue to send out digestive servitors to gather the delicious walking lumps of protein that move into its towers (assuming the feeding instinct remains). After two more weeks, assuming it still has its reproductive instinct, the creature will launch its stone seeds into deep space, destroying whoever has moved into the stone huts atop the reproductive towers. A few days after that, a monstrous space predator will maintain a stationary orbit above the tower-creature, and extend a 50' wide feeding tube down to the planet's surface. This feeding tube will smash through the outer scale-stone and slurp up the delicious innards of the tower-creature. Once the wreckage is sucked clean of delicious purple meat, the space monster will depart, leaving only a crater for passers-by to contemplate.

If the creature is killed, the towers will begin to rot, and collapse spectacularly into a giant sinkhole within a month's time.

New Monsters

Crocodilian (Minion of Malagar-Left)

No. Enc: 2d6 (5d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Defense Class: 3
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d10
Save: W3
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: None
XP: 65

Description: These reptilian humanoids are the sorcerous creations of Malagar's left half. Their bodies are covered in thick green scales, and they have the heads of crocodiles. They are typically armed with cruelly hooked pole arms.

Digestive Servitors

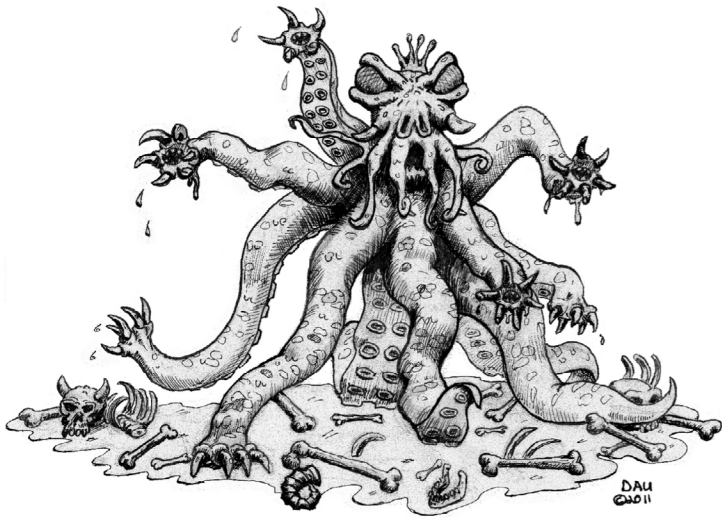
No. Enc: 1d12 (1d12)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Defense Class: 1
Hit Dice: 6
Attacks: 2 claws
Damage: 1d8 each
Save: W6
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 820

Description: Digestive servitors are the mechanism by which the tower-creature gathers its food. When the tower creature is hungry, the servitors cram themselves into the bases of the digestive towers and are vomited forth to seek prey. Digestive servitors who are seeking food will attack until they slay a victim. Once the prey is slain, they will ignore other potential victims and single-mindedly drag the body back to a feeding tower. Servitors encountered inside the body of the tower-creature are usually placid unless attacked. A digestive servitor appears as a stony humanoid, 8' tall, with massive clawed hands, a large toothless mouth, and a lolling tongue. The mouth is only for tasting potential prey – there is no throat, and being gummed by the servitor does no damage.

Excretive Goons

No. Enc: 1d6 (1d6)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 30' (10')
Defense Class: 9
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d2
Save: W1
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: None
XP: 10

Description: The excretive goon is an integral component of the tower-creature's digestive process. They are responsible for moving non-digestible waste out of the enzyme pits surrounding the digestive towers – coins and metals are left for the mineral gatherers to pick over, while bones and other organic debris are carried to the pit at the base of the excretive tower. An excretive goon appears to be a small brown humanoid, 2' tall, with no eyes, mouth or ears – only a large snuffling nose. If attacked, they will feebly beat upon their assailants with fragments of bone.



Flapping Antibodies

No. Enc: 1d6 (1d6)
 Alignment: Neutral
 Movement: 3' (1')
 Fly: 150' (50')
 Defense Class: 6
 Hit Dice: 2
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: 1d4 plus poison
 Save: W2
 Morale: 12
 Hoard Class: None
 XP: 38

Description: Flapping antibodies are the internal defense mechanism of the tower-creature. They appear as bright red bat-like creatures with no faces – only a thin tendril terminated by a stinger where a face normally would be. The stinger contains a virulent biotoxin, and anyone hit by it must save vs. poison or die within 3 rounds. Flapping antibodies will attack any living foreign object they encounter within the tower-creature's body.

Hemangioma

No. Enc: 1 (1)
 Alignment: Neutral
 Movement: n/a
 Defense Class: 9
 Hit Dice: 4
 Attacks: 4
 Damage: 1d4 each
 Save: W1
 Morale: 12
 Hoard Class: None
 XP: 135

Description: The hemangioma is a benign tumorous growth within the tower-creature's body. It appears to be a lump of violet flesh covered with thick yellow veins and spiny red tendrils. It will mindlessly attack anything that approaches within 5'.

Lemmothelian

No. Enc: 1 (1)
 Alignment: Neutral
 Movement: 90' (30')
 Defense Class: 7
 Hit Dice: 4
 Attacks: 3
 Damage: 1d6 each
 Save: W4
 Morale: 7
 Hoard Class: None
 XP: 190

Description: A lemmothelian is a parasite that lives inside larger animals. Full grown, this bright orange alien stands 6' tall, and is vaguely humanoid in appearance. It has three lower-body tentacles it uses as legs, and has six arms, ending in clawed hands. These are arranged in pairs around its body, with each pair having a limp-wristed weak arm for detail work, and a strong clawed arm for self defense. Only two of the strong arms can be brought to bear on a single opponent, as the third will necessarily be facing away. The parasite's lumpy head has three toothless sucker-like mouths and three eyes, spaced evenly around the circumference of its skull.

A lemmothelian speaks using a low-grade telepathy. Anything it wishes to communicate will be broadcasted to all intelligent creatures within 30'. It can hear "surface thoughts," and thus understand words spoken to it (or whispered to others out of earshot), but cannot read minds more deeply than that.

Lemmothelians survive by feeding on the half-digested food of their host. They take this food and smear their own secretions on it, creating cakes of food-paste that preserve remarkably well. The taste is sadly memorable. The secretions contain microscopic lemmothelian larvae, and any non-lemmothelians who partake will become infested. The swarms of lemmothelians in an infected host that cannot support a 6' tall parasite will, when the host faces off against a larger predator, attempt to use a collective mind-control to freeze the host in place. The lemmothelians would then be transferred to the larger predator when the original host is consumed. A save vs. magic is then required to avoid paralyzation for the duration of combat. A *cure disease* spell will eradicate a lemmothelian infestation.

Lemmothelians are jovial, friendly creatures, intensely curious about the world outside their hosts. They are also quite interested in sharing their food-paste, and thus propagating their species. They will often tell lies about healing powers and other magical effects to convince potential hosts to eat the larvae-laden paste.

Mineral Gatherers

No. Enc: 1d8 (1d8)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 60' (20")
Defense Class: 7
Hit Dice: 1+1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d4
Save: W1
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 15

Description: These humanoid beings are responsible for sorting mineral and metal content from the tower-creature's meals and using it to reinforce the creature's internal organs. They are particularly keen to gold-plate the heart. They are harmless unless attacked, although they will cling to any metal-armored characters, attracted to the shining metal surfaces. If the party damages them while trying to pry the things off, 1d6 flapping antibodies will swoop down the next round to attack. They appear as small gray humanoids, 3' high. In the center of their face is a drooling toothless mouth, with a ring of six eyes around it. Their saliva is very sticky, and they use it to apply metal to various spots they feel need reinforcing within the tower-creature's body. In combat, these creatures will pound opponents with their surprisingly strong three-fingered fists.

Parasitic Wingworm

No. Enc: 2d6 (2d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 3' (1")
Fly: 180' (60")
Defense Class: 5
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 1
Damage: 2d4
Save: W3
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: None
XP: 65

Description: These winged blue worms are parasites, living off the succulent juices of the tower-creature's flesh. They have razor-sharp mandibles, capable of biting through the stone skin of the creature's innards. They will voraciously attack any thinner-skinned creature they see.

Plasmoid Defender

No. Enc: 1d6 (1d6)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30")
Defense Class: 6
Hit Dice: 5
Attacks: 2

Damage: 1d6 each
Save: W5
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 350

Description: These creatures are 7' tall humanoids of wiry muscle and thick yellow pus. They are responsible for defending and healing the tower-creature. They will pummel anything they find damaging the creature until it is dead, and then drape their bodies over the wound (and often their dead opponent, as well), forming a pus-filled cyst. When the wound is fully healed, the cyst will calcify.

Stone Seed

No. Enc: 1d3 (1d3)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 60' (20")
Defense Class: -1
Hit Dice: 9
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d10 each
Save: W9
Morale: 7
Hoard Class: None
XP: 2,400

Description: Stone seeds are the immature form of the tower-creature. This 12' tall monster appears to be a stone humanoid, and it will smash anything threatening it with its massive fists. The stone seed is deeply paranoid, and simply being seen is enough of a challenge to send the stone seed into a murderous rampage. Stone seeds are most often encountered hurtling through the vastness of space, unless their parent misfired – in which case they will be found rampaging madly across the countryside.

Thrice-Eyed Savage (Minion of Malagar-Right)

No. Enc: 2d4 (4d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40")
Defense Class: 3
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Save: W4
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 210

Description: These freakish humanoids are the warped results of Malagar-Right's genetics program. They are shaggy primitives, with three unblinking eyes in their broad foreheads. Malagar-Right has equipped them with thick white-dyed leather armor, reinforced with steel plates. They wear spherical helmets, with three black eye-holes, and each wields a pair of short swords. Ω

THE FONT OF GLEE

an Adventure by Jason Sholtis

Introduction:

This short scenario is designed to be used as the inaugural adventure for a party of 4-6 freshly-minted 1st level characters (and some henchmen/hirelings) on their way to a dangerous yet lucrative wilderness area where they plan to begin their careers. The Floon Valley is an area where civilization has only begun to encroach upon the wilderness, for its huge pleistocene and shaggy pre-human hominids have begun to migrate away in search of colder climates.

As mankind continues to explore the area, strange and terrible discoveries are being made in the newly exposed lands, including several entrances into the Unfathomable Underworld.

Game mechanics and stats indicated employ the Swords and Wizardry Core rules, but can be readily adapted to any 0e or basic role playing system. The level of detail in the entries below varies, but care has been taken to keep specifics to a minimum and to provide the referee with springboards to elaborate upon freely.

Referee's background:

Several months ago a wicked sorcerer, Yutephon the Farseeing, escaped into the Floon Valley following the destruction of his secret domicile in more civilized lands. Full of lust for vengeance but nearly penniless and deprived of his cherished spell books lost in the raid on his sanctum, Yutephon seized a small hideout, a cave complex beneath a giant hollow tree in the forest, in an area known to travelers as the Two Taverns. There, he set to work restoring his powers, researching new magic and fomenting his plans for revenge. In particular, he developed a unique spell of summoning which allowed him to call forth the minor horrors now known as wood-devils (see *New Monsters and Terrors* at the end of this adventure).

Once unleashed to terrorize the surrounding countryside, the wood-devils inexorably began regain some measure of autonomy. Yutephon, so charmed by the creative care and diabolical cunning his minions displayed in wreaking havoc, made the fatal error of releasing their wills one iota too much.



One evening, having tucked Yutephon into his cozy bed after an exhausting day of study, the wood devils slew and devoured their master. This act had peculiar effects on a number of the creatures, subtly increasing their alien intellects and engendering incomprehensible ambitions.

Beginning the Adventure

The characters have answered a call to begin their careers in the Verdant Valley of Floon (or any home-brewed realm of dangerous wilderness littered with ruins and dungeons), where they are invited to offer their modest talents in the service of the Scarlet Lord, Tuthandres. An aging fighting man set to the considerable task of keeping his fledgling realm safe from the monsters and perils of a strange and little-known territory, the Scarlet Lord continues to promote settlement in this realm, despite his inability to completely pacify the surrounding wilderness. To this end, he advertises widely for adventurer types, for countless are the dangers to be discovered (and smashed!) in these unknown lands.

To the south, old civilizations flourish, most of the major mysteries have been plumbed, and many threats to humankind, natural and otherwise, have been successfully dealt with, at least for the time being. To be sure, strange sites and supernatural horrors remain, but here, in the recently unfrozen North, risk and reward coexist in unmatched quantities.

But first the characters must get there. This adventure occurs on what would have been the last night of this north-bound sojourn, a day's march from their ultimate destination.

The Two Taverns:

About a day's march south of the Scarlet Citadel, two establishments vie for business among the many travelers en route to or from the valley.

The Flying Ham is a modest, typically appointed inn of the usual sort, slightly shabbier than average. Twenty years of continuous operation in the wilderness has left the Ham (as it is known) in a slight state of disrepair. Despite these aesthetic shortcomings, the proprietor, Ogwen Een, prides himself in attention to the needs of his guests and provides an atmosphere of homey comfort. Prices are reasonable, and the food, prepared by Ogwen's long-suffering wife Uwe, is delightfully rustic fare. Ogwen inherited the inn when his parents died within a short time of each other some years ago, and his younger siblings sought their fortunes in the civilized south: all save one.

Across the road and a short distance north, another house of hospitality beckons: the Gilded Lily, owned and operated by Ogwen's younger brother Aalgrum Een. Aalgrum, angry that his older brother inherited the Ham, built the Gilded Lily using his still-considerable share of the inheritance, and has spared no expense to bring an altogether different option to the traveling public. The Gilded Lily, especially if approached after nightfall, shines with magically illuminated splendor, the swords & sorcery equivalent of a Las Vegas casino, beckoning to the weary traveler in need of seedier fare than that available at the Ham. Indeed, every conceivable vice can be indulged within the Gilded Lily's reinforced doors, the details of which I leave to the discretion and good taste of the referee. A small private force of bouncers

(mercenaries of considerable size and strength) maintains security within. Duels are frequent, but rarely get out of hand. In fact, they are something of an attraction.

The brothers Een haven't spoken in years, though they often communicate via intermediaries, and remain locked in a death struggle for supremacy in their chosen field of battle: the food and lodging industry.

The ultimate weapon in this war of hospitality is a little known local beverage called Gleewater, the sparkling effusion of an enchanted spring in the forest nearby, called the Font of Glee. Water from this source delivers a uniquely stimulating euphoria (and occasionally more than bargained for: see the Gleewater Special Effects Table at the end of this adventure) to the imbibor and can be quite addictive. The so-afflicted often deny this condition, attributing their daily consumption to an understandably passionate enthusiasm for their beverage of choice.

Both establishments offered the waters of Glee for years as a uniquely local delicacy and attracted loyal customers willing to make a long and perilous journey to just to savor a flagon or two. For a period of some months, however, the Font of Glee has been inaccessible, savagely defended by a territorial gaggle of wood-devils that has moved into the area. Both of the brothers Een petitioned the Scarlet Lord Tuthandres for assistance, but judging the matter to be of low priority, he has been thus far unwilling to dedicate manpower to the task of eradicating the infestation. He has, however, ruled that if any outside agency can accomplish this task, they, or their employers, can claim exclusive rights to the spring. In his Solomon-like wisdom, Tuthandres is deliberately trying to up the ante further between the brothers, his rationale something about bringing the feud to a head, hoping Ogwen and Aalgrum will recognize the folly of their ways and join forces to solve their problem. Nothing, however, could be further from the brothers' minds than reconciling their differences.

Adventurers entering either establishment will find themselves at once petitioned to undertake the challenge of ridding the countryside of the wood-devils and their mischief. When the subject of the Font and its waters is brought up, audible groans of longing emanate from a few of the patrons; others are momentarily lost in a wistfully nostalgic reverie. Ogwen of the Ham offers a 200gp bounty to each player character engaged, and can be talked into a profit-sharing plan if the players start a bidding war. Aalgrum of the Gilded Lily offers 250gp per character, and will go as high as 300 if pressed, but will not agree to any sort of profit share. Either potential employer will provide the characters with a hand-scrawled diagram of the area, indicating the path to the font through the Eenwood, northwest of the Two Taverns. If the referee wishes to further complicate matters, it would be relatively simple to outfit a competing party of adventurers hired by the other brother, composed of some of the NPC patrons on the tables below.

A Typical Bill of Fare at the Two Taverns:

Flying Ham:

Prepared by Madame Een from old family recipes:

Braised Mutton in wine, dwarf onion, and subterranean fungus sauce served over roasted snow tubers with a mug of rich, piquant homebrewed ale.

Gilded Lily:

Prepared by Brillion Frinz, former chef to the royal family of Kalakroon (until his scandalous exile):

Filet of tunnel prawn tossed lightly in a brandy and veal-stock reduction, presented vertically on a layer of swamp cabbage slaw with toasted morel shavings and a wilderberry vinaigrette, accompanied by a tastefully chosen bottle from their unsurpassed (for a wilderness region) wine cellar

Note: Displeased diners can count on a colorful reaction from Frinz should they send any orders back to the kitchen.

Random Flying Ham Patron Table:

The Ham boasts a lively family-friendly pub atmosphere. Lights are extinguished and the barroom cleared by 10 pm.

Roll 1d12 as many times as feels appropriate:

1. Julk Joliwell: an elderly bachelor farmer and passionate devotee of Gleewater, blind in one eye after a run-in with the wood-devils. He killed one with his pitchfork before they blinded his eye with a stick, shaved his entire body, covered him in cow dung, and tied him to the top of the highest pine tree in the forest.
2. A table full of surly dwarfs wearing outlandish foreign costume (many-feathered felt hats and puffy checked pantaloons). They speak dwarfish in hushed tones, and carry steel lockboxes with them everywhere they go. They communicate with sign language, pretending to be unable to understand the common tongue.
3. Two severe-looking priestesses (1st level clerics), HD 1; HP: 6, 5 AC: 4 [15]; Atk light mace (1d4+1) from the Universal Temple on a mission of utmost importance to the faith. They bear a coded communiqué to be delivered to higher-ups in the south.
4. Sir Tagonus (1st level fighter) HD 1; HP 8; AC: 3 [16]; Atk 1 sword or lance, a Red Knight of the Citadel, returning from family leave, slightly drunk and highly critical of the Scarlet Lord
5. Flargut HD 1; HP 7; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 spiked club or 6 excellent throwing rocks, the forest-ape who walks, talks, and dresses like a man.
6. Trenua, the chaste forest maiden, eager to discuss her (imagined?) encounters with unicorns.
7. Gargan (3rd level magic-user), HD 1; HP 4 AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 staff (1d6); Special: charm person, detect magic, web, a magician from the south. He has six retainers (burly warriors-for-hire). Could provide arcane services for the right party, at the right price.
8. Branyard and Biliam Balke (HP: 6, 5), slightly depressed but steady, these twin brothers are failed farmers and former Gleewater addicts down to their last few coppers. They would make excellent and willing men-at-arms. However,

if one brother is killed the other will be too distraught to be of any further use.

9. Bachelor farmer Rondus Glamros comes for dinner every night then stays on, watchful for any potential brides.
10. 1d6 Red Knights enjoying complementary food and beverages between local patrols. They have the giant corpse of a catoblepas in a wagon behind the stable, having slain it in Farmer Dreen's oat field and removed it at Dreen's insistence. They have no idea what to do with it. If overheard, they passionately refute the criticisms of Sir Tagonus, above.
11. A man, who gives every indication of being somehow ensorcelled, bursts through the doors claiming to have just arrived from tomorrow. He knows something of dark portent, too terrible to tell. If treated roughly, he reveals his foreknowledge: tomorrow at this time, the forest will be absolutely overrun by those damn wood-devils!
12. A woman arrives claiming to be a long lost relative of Ogwen's. She is in reality a dangerous impostor positioning herself to profit from a restored flow of the Font's waters.

Random Gilded Lily patron table:

The Gilded Lily's common room is busy most times of the day or night. They offer full services 24 hours a day and maintain a live-in staff to cater to the whims of their patrons.

Roll 1d12 as often as required:

1. Chud Gastrium (1st level fighter, HP 7; AC 6 [13], a fighter on his way back home in the south after an especially terrifying foray into the Unfathomable Underworld. Very jumpy and skittish, suffering from some sort of post-delving stress disorder.
2. Trader Flam, a rich fabrics and textiles merchant traveling with a colorful entourage of vain, shallow, beautiful urbanites from the south. Openly effete and oozing sophistication, it's a wonder a local hunter hasn't started a brawl with them yet.
3. Mistocles (2nd level cleric, HP 10; AC 4[15]) an aspirant to the Universal Temple in Floon. Available for adventuring.
4. Sarabella (7th level fighter, HP 35; AC 3 [16] +1 chainmail), a former associate of Yutephon, has just returned from an exploration of his ruined hide-out in Floon. Her search for his whereabouts has led her here, where she has taken up temporary residence while plotting her next move. Players whose characters run afoul of her had best ready blank sheets and d6's.
5. Quinton Thew (2nd level fighter, HP 10; AC 4[15] short sword, short bow), a boisterous local hunter and trapper, wonders aloud why no one has yet assaulted the entourage of Trader Flam. A Gilded Lily regular.
6. Extremely drunk woodsman and his exceptionally mighty bride gear up to perform their weekly ritual: no holds barred spouse-on-spouse brawling. Wagering is encouraged by the regulars.

7. Stax the Bowman (1st level fighter, HP 6; AC 7 [12] long bow, dagger), a proficient hunter and temporarily dry Gleewater addict, an affable regular with little interest in adventures. Gold, on the other hand, he finds quite intriguing.
8. Garesh Greywhiskers, a gnome from the extreme south, sent by widely renowned Gnomish distillery to secure the "recipe" for Gleewater. A very poorly timed mission. Bitterly disappointed and extremely well funded, he could attempt to hire his own party once he hears of the Scarlet Lord's proclamation.
9. 1d6 silk-clad dancing girls enjoying some free time. Harassment of any kind elicits instant expulsion with unnecessary roughness from the bouncers.
10. Musician Ymak Serenus, afraid to go home because she saw something big and scary outside the window of her shanty in the Eenwood last night.
11. Armed miscreants: 6 bandits (HP 5,4,3,3,2,2,1; AC 7 [12] short sword, short bow) share a table, eyeball everyone's purses, and whisper to one another.
12. Dantanyan (HP 4; AC 9[10] dagger), estranged husband of one of the dancing girls, claims she must be under magical influence to behave in such a manner. He seethes with pent-up aggression.

En route to the Font:

Travel to the Font is relatively straightforward and there is little chance of the party becoming lost, though the temperate rain-forest called the Eenwood is dense with foliage. The marked trail on the map is a rough footpath, just wide enough to permit easy passage for keg-laden donkeys. It should take the player characters about 4 hours of hiking to reach the site of the Font.

The arrival of the wood-devils in this area of forest has disrupted the natural order of things. Many animals and monsters typically uninterested in human affairs have become increasingly agitated, themselves falling prey to the malicious pranks of the wood-devils, making random encounters more likely. The wood-devils, in their perpetual quest for cheap laughs at anyone's expense, have also taken time to cultivate a number of lethal plants in the area. Roll 1d12 (or just go ahead and choose the juiciest) on the following table once per hour (re-rolling duplicate results or referee's choice) while the characters travel to the Font.

Forest Encounters:

1. Rustling noises some distance way, followed by weird howl of exasperation
2. Flocks of birds raise hell overhead, squawking in protest as they leave the area, vowing to never return



3. 1d4 outraged forest apes (HP 7, 5,4,3; AC 5 [14] see NEW MONSTERS AND TERRORS, below) attack immediately
4. 1d2 crazed black bears (HP 19,15; AC 4[15], atk: 2 claws, bite 1d3/1d3,1d6) sloppily painted blue, looking to vent frustrations
5. Highly irritable skunk will not leave path
6. Naked man (Hogar the vagrant, HP 2), released by wood-devils having been thoroughly psychologically tortured, begs for assistance. He was caught trying to fill a wineskin from the Font
7. 1d6 incensed jungle deer snort their disapproval before disappearing into the underbrush
8. Intestinally-challenged giant forest viper with visibly protruding lump in midsection: recently swallowed wood-devil cackles hideously from within
9. 1d4 wood-devils (HP 4,2,2,1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite 1d4) caught setting snare trap, flees immediately into deep woods, laughing hysterically
10. 1d4 briarmen (HP 4, 3, 2, 1; AC 7 [14] Atk: thorny embrace 1d4 +special: see NEW MONSTERS AND TERRORS, below)
11. Whip-reeds: planted near the path, the reeds will give living beings passing within 5 feet a good lashing for 1d4 damage per round in range.
12. Stench cabbages: cultivated to make sections of the path nearly impassible. Getting within 10 feet of the bloated purple growths causes them to fire off their gas-weapon: saving throw at +2 or pass out for 1d4 minutes, then save again unless removed from range by conscious cohorts. Failing to save four times in a row indicates death for that character.

Trap Areas:

A: Simple Snares:

These are set to trap both humans venturing off the path and hapless forest creatures (which will do for food in a pinch). Attached to bent trees, the ensnared are swept from their feet and left dangling head down about ten feet in the air. Roll 1d6 for each character passing through the area indicated. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates the character has been snared. A roll of 6 indicates the trap has already snared something else.

Snare victims table (roll 1d6):

1. A dead squirrel
2. A boot
3. A wood ape
4. A desperate glee-addicted human, too weak from dehydration to speak
5. A chortling wood-devil
6. A still-struggling deer

B: Shallow Pit (filled with hornet nests):

This brush-covered pit is only about six feet deep and the soft hornets nests absorb some of the impact, doing only 1d2-1 points of damage to anyone falling in. The hornets attack in one round, stinging repeatedly for 1 hp each round thereafter until warded off.

C: Standing Stone Deadfall:

An idiot trap, really. A huge flat stone is held aloft by a precariously positioned log, itself attached to a plainly visible rope held by 4 poorly concealed wood-devils a short distance away, giving themselves away with peals of premature laughter. A half-spilled sack of gold (200gp) lies below the stone, calling out to passing fools. The devils enjoy the implied insult as much as the possibility of smashing someone under the stone.

Encounter Areas:

D. The Font of Glee:

The path terminates in a shaded clearing and as the characters approach they notice a strange mixture of odors, an invigorating freshness with subtle undertones of something nauseatingly rancid. The Font itself is a natural spring, trickling from a rocky outcrop in a loamy embankment covered with primordial vegetation. The waters form a small shallow pool before being absorbed into its gravel bottom. The spring emanates the pleasant, if slightly unnatural, fragrance. A gaggle of wood-devils contribute the offensive stench component to the combination mentioned above. They are in the midst of a wild Gleewater binge, some flopping lazily in the spring, others whirling about like dervishes, still others bleating out savage mockeries of well-known popular songs, national anthems, and hymns. When cognizant of the presence of interlopers, their revels immediately cease and the wood-devils leap to combat. Hindered by intoxication, they attack at a -1 penalty.

Wood-devils: (8) HP 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1

If sufficiently impressed by the party's prowess, remaining wood-devils flee to their hideout beneath the hollow tree, alerting their fellows.

Once the wood-devils have been dealt with the characters may examine the Font. To their consternation, very little can be determined beyond doubt. It appears the Font is some kind of *natural* magical phenomena, despite that seeming contradiction. If the characters opt to sample its waters, have each roll a saving throw. Those who fail must roll on the Gleewater Special Effects Table at the end of this adventure. Characters that make their save feel stimulated and inappropriately jolly for the rest of the day.

The main trail ends at the Font, but alert player characters ought to notice that a narrow path has recently been beaten into the bush at the north end of the clearing, meandering off into the deepening forest.

E. The Hollow Tree:

A colossal tree stump, some 15 feet in diameter and 20 feet in height, dominates this area of thick forest, the faint path winding towards its weed-obscured roots. A natural-looking aperture on

the stump's west side, 7 feet high and 5 feet wide at the base, offers itself to the adventurers as an obvious starting point. On the inside, in the hollow above the doorway, twin guardians coil restfully until alerted to the presence of any trespassers by their keen senses. Forewarned, they take the fight to the enemy, posturing threateningly just inside the doorway, hissing and frothing a warning from their hideously working mouth parts, fangs glistening with venom.

Attack-trained giant centipedes (small, non-lethal) (2):
HP 2, 2; AC 9 [10] Atk: bite 1d2, non-lethal poison, +4 save

In the center of the hollow, a 10 foot shaft embedded with sturdy-looking ladder rungs descends into the darkness. On the floor near the back of the room, food and water dishes for the centipedes appear to be immaculately clean and fresh. And just what is that chopped food preparation?

The Wood-devil Warrens:

The shaft leads down approximately 30 feet, ending in a landing with a single passageway leading south. The passage, rough-hewn from the bedrock, slopes downward somewhat precipitously until it ends with a stout, if poorly crafted, wooden door.

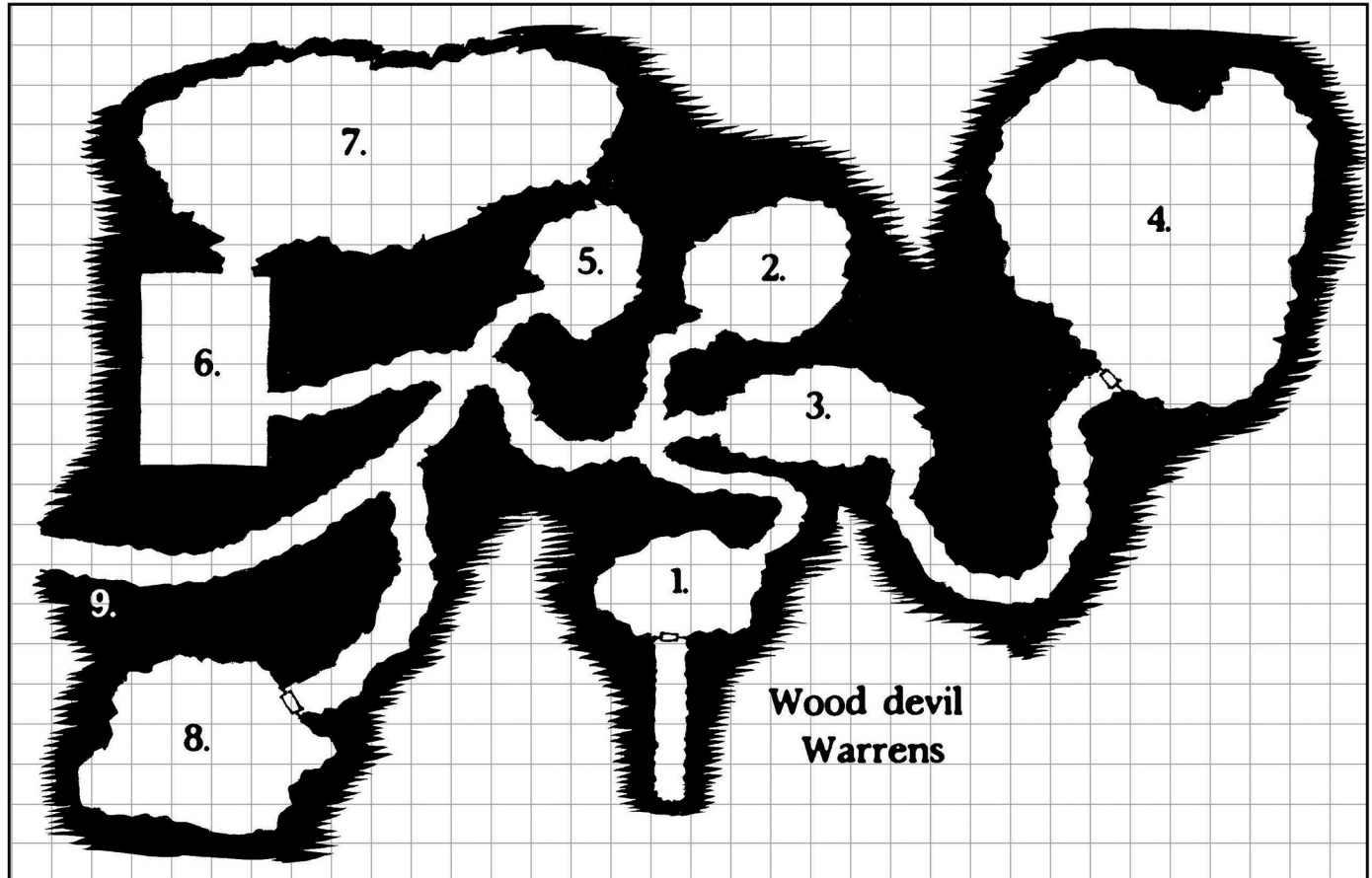
Area 1. The Main Hive:

A natural grotto that once served Yutephon as an antechamber and meeting room underwent a radical transformation at the hands

of the wood devils. They destroyed such sparse furnishings as there were utterly, leaving the surface of the room covered almost completely with finely shredded paper and wood shavings, like the substrate in a fever-dream gerbil cage. The powerful odor of alien urine slaps the adventurers in the face, defying them to take more than a shallow breath. Only empty wax-spattered sconces on the walls remain intact. The 6 wood-devils currently occupying the room rest under visible heaps of bedding if the adventurers have been stealthy. Otherwise, they rush off to gather the rest of their fellows in areas 3 and 4 to organize some kind of resistance.

Wood-devils: (6) HP 4, 4, 2, 2, 2, 1

A careful search of the bedding yields some surprising results. Pages of Yutephon's personal log and some of his spell research can be cobbled together. If detect magic is used in this room, the fragments are readily visible due to Yutephon's obsessive employment of ensorcelled inks. Though incomplete, the sorcerer's notes hint at several interesting breakthroughs in harnessing arcane energies. At the referee's discretion, future spell researches undertaken by PC magic-users could enjoy up to a 50% reduction in cost and time after careful reconstruction and study of these documents. If successfully auctioned off to the right buyers, well folks, the sky's the limit. As above, only intensive study (probably only in concert with an excellent library of some kind) will reveal the true value of Yutephon's theorems.



Area 2. The Distillery:

This cavern has been outfitted with a variety of bottles, jars, and beakers, connected by an elaborate jumble of tubes and pipes. Long since abandoned, this equipment remains as evidence of Yutephon's perhaps fatal interest in the waters of the Font. A small keg of highly condensed Gleewater brandy still holds 1d4 doses of the experimental beverage, long since written off by the wood-devils as too much of a good thing. Any character inclined to imbibe must roll a saving throw or go stark raving insane for 1d8 hours. If the character successfully saves, he still must roll on the GLEEWATER SPECIAL EFFECTS table below.

Area 3. The Pantry:

A trio of wood-devils, back from a successful hunt in the forest, chuckle smugly to themselves as they compare their catches. The lifeless bodies of countless forest creatures hang from the ceiling, aging to perfection while producing a stench of such unsurpassed obscenity that the characters must roll a saving throw or be sickened, suffering a -1 penalty to all rolls for the rest of the day.

Wood-devils (3): HP 3, 2, 1

Area 4. Yutephon's Laboratory:

This vast cavern once served as the sorcerer's workroom, and indeed the very pentangle that he used to summon forth the wood-devils from whatever haunted-forest hell they came from occupies the northwest corner. Since they assassinated their captor, the three smartest wood-devils (those who partook of Yutephon's brains on that fateful night) have made use of the alchemical equipment in this room to concoct their reality-defying reproduction formula (see Area 8. The Broodmare, below). Though finding the whole scheme frightfully amusing and a bit of a lark, truth be told, the devils have somehow almost succeeded in creating a new generation of their kind, subtly infused with earthly material to more readily adapt to and (hopefully) overrun their new environment. The wood-devil triumvirate are currently present in the room, unless summoned off by trouble elsewhere, trying once again to open a cosmic portal to their home by mimicking the deceased sorcerer's words and gestures, standing on one another's shoulders while wearing Yutephon's tattered cape. The uppermost devil wields a wand of magic missiles (3 charges).

World's smartest wood-devils (3): HP 4, 4, 4

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No player worthy of his dice would fail to thoroughly explore this trash-strewn cavern.

Area 5. Giant Centipede Pen:

Two wood-devils tend to the care and feeding of the 4 attack-trained giant centipedes in this cavern. A smaller than average wood-devil with the face of a deer skull wears an apron and hefts a meat cleaver over a work table, hacking away at a small pile of squirrels, rats, cats, snakes, and bugs rendering them all into a chip-chopped hash to be fed to the attack-trained centipedes. When the characters make their entry, the wood-devils step back into the room, gesticulating madly to their pets to attack.

Attack-trained giant centipedes (small, non-lethal) (4):
HP 2, 2, 2, 2; AC 9 [10]

Wood-devils (2): HP 3, 3

Area 6. Shaft Room:

A pair of blue-skinned dwarfs from an unknown mountain range far away to the north, under the influence of a powerful spell of mind-control, carry out a mining operation at the behest of the late sorcerer. Yutephon planned to create a personal entrance into the terrifying Underworld from this dwarf-refined cavern. The wood-devils have maintained the operation, finding hilarious the idea of using this entrance to coax terrors from below onto the unsuspecting surface world. Unfortunately, the devils are thoroughly unskilled in dwarf-husbandry, and 4 of the original 6 abducted miners have perished of disease and malnutrition, their skeletons desiccating in their beds. The surviving dwarfs will obey orders to attack any intruders with their mining implements.

Blue-skinned dwarfs: HP 8, 8 ac: 4 [15] ATK: pick, hammer
1d4+1

The inky abyss in the center of this room is 15 feet across and 100 feet deep. It is equipped with two sets of wall-mounted ladder rungs and a bucket and pulley system suspended from the ceiling for transporting debris from the shaft. Deep ruts in the floor leading from the shaft disappear into the darkness of Area 7. If somehow released from the sorcerer's charm spell, or alternately, with their dying breaths, the dwarfs will tell of the terrible noises from below of *something* that was attracted by their activities and has begun to dig *up*. They plead with the player characters to seal up the pit before *it* breaks through. If players decide to listen in silence they too can hear it, seemingly distant but chilling nonetheless, the sharp, regular scrapes from the unknown.

Area 7. Debris Storage Area:

The dwarfs use this cavern to store rubble removed from the shaft via a small, wheeled cart. Dwarfs being dwarfs (blue-skinned or otherwise), when, during normal mining operations, they would discover a gem or mineral of some value or interest, they would add it to their stash in a hollow behind a boulder stored in this room. The dwarfs' cache is impressive: A careful search

will also reveal an ancient, enchanted short sword (+1, +2 against magic-users) of alien design, embedded in a large fragment of meteoric rock set aside from the rest of the debris. Skillfully employed hammer and chisel can free the blade readily.

Area 8. The Broodmare:

The entrance to this chamber has been sealed up with brick and mortar and a stoutly barred (from the outside) wooden door. The occupant of this room represents the wood-devils' only hope for a long-term infestation of this world, their attempt at (semi-) natural reproduction by some unknowable means. A wood-devil swollen to gross immensity toddles toward the adventurers, its abdomen distended almost beyond belief. Barely able to ambulate, the gurgling, wheezing creature insane with constantly gnawing hunger, attempts to eat anything that enters this chamber. The bones of countless woodland creatures, and not a few human skulls, litter the floor. The first hit on the broodmare triggers a ghastly eruption: the half-formed bodies of nearly 100 wood-devil larvae explode from its abdomen, wriggling and cackling madly before growing still in a rapidly widening pool of fetid ichor.

Wood-devil broodmare (1): HP 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 savage bite (1d8); Special: explodes on first hit

Area 9. Evacuation Passage:

Originally excavated by the goblin bandits, this narrow, rough passageway travels for approximately one mile, coming up to the surface in a gradual slope. The exit is covered by foliage, but can be cleared readily. The wood-devils make little use of it but keep it guarded using their trained centipedes.

Attack-trained giant centipedes (small, non-lethal) (2):
HP 2, 2; AC 9 [10]

Aftermath:

Outcomes will vary widely, being largely the result of player/referee interactions, but I provide here a few notes on the many possible results.

- Ogwen will generally be more amenable to compromise and reconciliatory gestures than his brother if players attempt to "set things aright" with the Eens.
- If players opt to make some kind of an arrangement with the Gnome (Gareth Greywhiskers, above), they earn the eternal enmity of the Een clan and an unfavorable reputation with the locals.
- If players fail to destroy the broodmare the region will soon be teeming with wood-devils for which the player characters shall be blamed.
- No matter whom the player characters represent, the locals will be extraordinarily grateful to them for restoring the flow of Gleewater.

Gleewater special effects table:

Roll 1d12 (all effects last for 8 hours):

1. Mild stupefaction (-1 intelligence)
2. Total stupefaction (-3 intelligence)
3. Dose of the giggles (annoys others)
4. Mind-blowing insight gained (+3 wisdom)
5. Fleeting glimpse of the future (+1 wisdom)
6. Crackpot insight seems brilliant (-1 wisdom)
7. Rendered mute but delighted (amuses others)
8. Grossly inflated sense of own importance (annoys others)
9. Full-blown hallucinations (requires physical restraint in most cases)
10. See through veil of reality: paranoid freak-out (referee's discretion)
11. Penetrating self-examination with uncontrollable sobbing (annoys others)
12. Berserk frenzy of destruction (referee's discretion)

Note: large quantities of alcohol (or any sufficiently sedating substance) will usually mitigate the effects above.

New Monsters and Terrors:

Briarmen:

Armor Class: 7 [14]

Hit Dice: 1d4 hp

Attacks: thorny embrace 1d4 damage

Special: flesh-eating seedlings, 1hp initial damage, 1hp additional damage per hour left untreated

Move: 6

Challenge Level/XP: A/10

Briarmen begin life as simple barbed brambles in dark forests and other nightmare zones. When pollinated and ready to go to seed, they detach from their root systems and walk, in the rough shape of a man, searching for a living host for their ravenous, flesh-eating seedlings. Once they seize a living creature in their thorny embrace, they emit a barrage of seeds that immediately begin to burrow tendrils into the flesh of the host. Once exposed, victims must vigorously scrub with alcohol and/or set flame to their bodies to be rid of the seedlings. Failure to do so results in a slow death beyond description. If permitted to grow on the corpse, 1d20 adult plants will result from a single such exposure.

Forest Apes:

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Hit Dice: 1+1

Attacks: bludgeon/bite 1d6/1d4

Saving Throw: 17

Special: none

Move: 9

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Their common name something of a misnomer, forest apes are actually a species of arboreal hominid, hirsute but fully bipedal and some 3-4 feet in height. Like most hominids, forest apes are only slightly less intelligent than the average human and have developed a fairly complex language of apish hoots and hollers. They deeply envy and consequently resent their hairless cousins. Forest apes are difficult to detect in wooded environments and are unusually adept (+1) with hurled missiles (rocks and chunks of wood, most commonly).

Wood-Devils:

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Hit Dice: 1d4hp


Attacks: bite 1d4

Saving Throw: 16

Special: limited flight (wing assisted leaps)

Move: 9

Challenge Level/XP: A/5

These malevolent creatures infest haunted forests and jungles to the perpetual chagrin of the other inhabitants. Given to all manner of wicked chicanery, including lethal tricks and sadistic practical jokes, wood-devils more than earn their name, even if they don't originate on the infernal planes (a subject of some dispute). These creatures average between 2-4 feet in height, and vary widely in general appearance: bat-like, weasel-like, monkey-like, etc., but always grey-blue in coloration with vestigial wings and horns of varied size and shape. Wood-devil language is composed of high-pitched tittering, indistinguishable from their near-continuous, malicious laughter. 

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