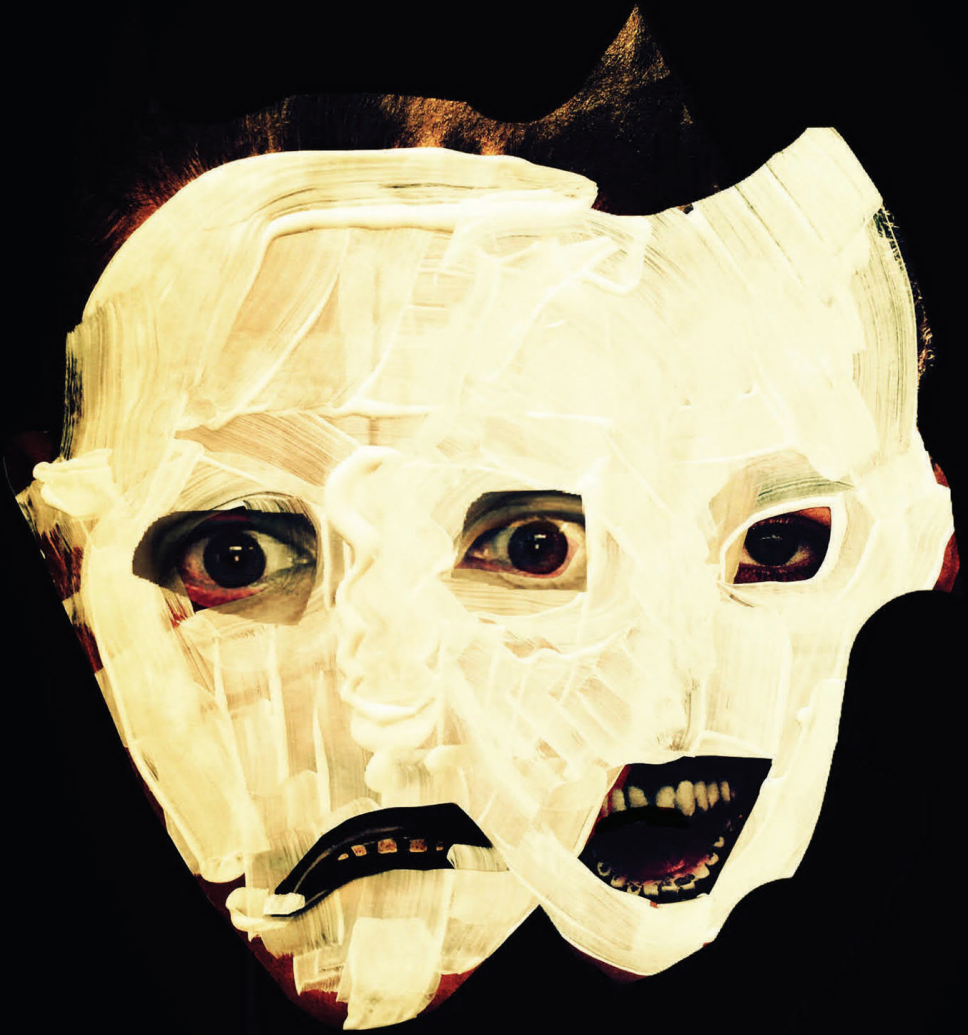


Mad Am I?

**An Island Asylum Adventure
for Old-School Fantasy Rules**



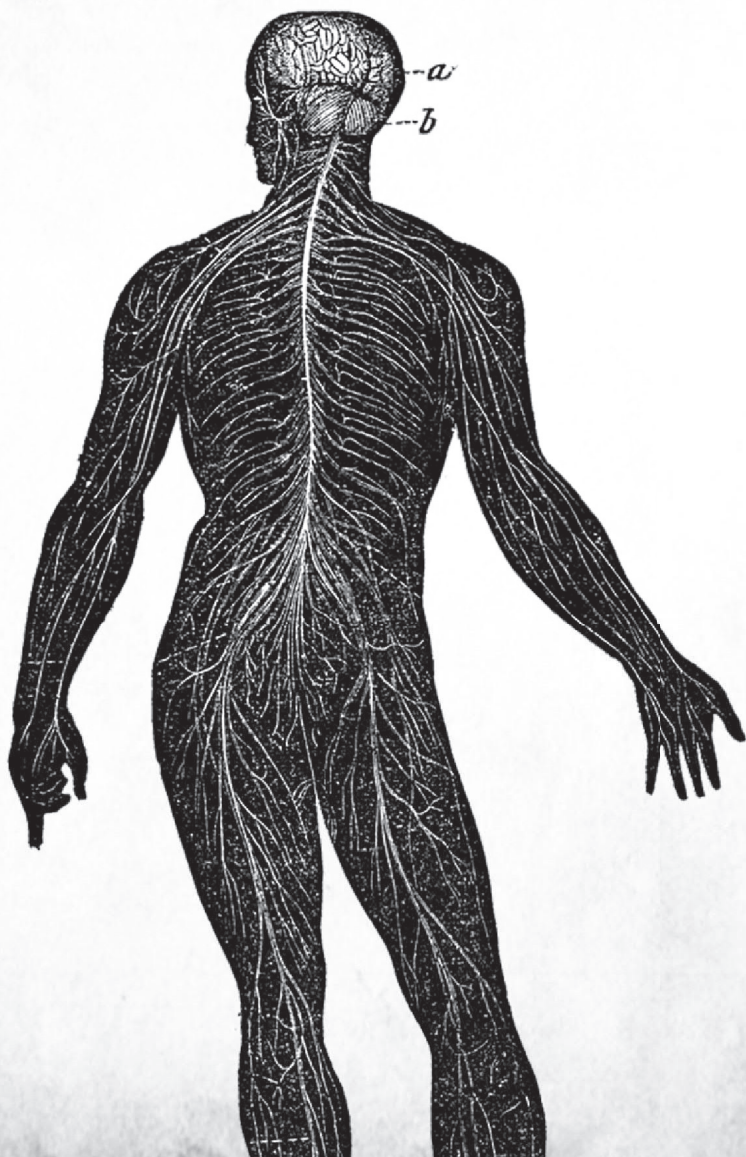
By Seann McAnally

nerd glows on

Roleplaying Game Imprints & Voids

SI MA DAM

**An Insane Dungeon & Wilderness Setting
For use with Old-School Fantasy Tabletop Rules**



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...and of course all the originators of the hobby, and the (very) old-school
illustrators whose work is respectfully altered here.

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H. G. Cutter and L. W. Yaggy, *Panorama of Nations* (Chicago: J. V. F. Company, 1892) 154; Lee, Charles A. *Human Physiology for the Use of Elementary Schools*, 11th ed. (Buffalo: J. C. Derby & Co., 1847) 142; L. Brent Vaughan, *Hill's Practical Reference Library of General Knowledge* (New York: Dixon, Hanson & Company, 1906); Albert F. Blaisedell *Our bodies and How We Live* (Boston: Ginn &, 1904) 215; J. G. Holland *Scribner's Monthly, An Illustrated Magazine for the People* (New York, NY: Scribner & Co., 1874); Rev. C. Arthur Lane *Illustrated Notes on English Church History* (London: Society for Knowledge, 1901).

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WELCOME TO THE ISLAND.

This book is a traditional adventure setting for old-school fantasy rules (or new-school rules, or whatever - as you'll see this is easily adaptable across the spectrum of such games).

The first part consists of a hex-based “sandbox” with 80+ encounters (The Wilderness). The second part is a description of the rooms and inhabitants of an abandoned insane asylum (The Dungeon).

The default setting for *Mad Am I?* is an island in the North Atlantic in the year 1889 (or so). However, there is nothing in this adventure that makes it impossible to set in a traditional medieval fantasy setting, a post-apocalypse setting, or anything else. There are references to things like firearms, radio waves, and electricity, but these can easily be explained in terms of magic or (perhaps better) semi-arcane next-level (or ancient) technology. Most game masters are good at adapting adventures, so I'm sure you won't have any trouble with this one.

The island has no name. It's unlikely that even a small North Atlantic island is completely uncharted, but stranger things have happened in this kind of fiction. Perhaps it's been kept hidden on purpose, or is considered so worthless that no one has ever settled there for very long. See pages 10-11 for a map of the island and notes about it. The Wilderness section describes each hex.

The following is the default backstory - obviously you will need to switch things up a bit for your own campaign.

Default Adventure Background

In the early 1800s, the young Oleander Mars, educated for both a career in medicine and the Anglican church, sought to combine these in a quest to cure insanity. While deep in prayer, he experienced an epiphany and saw a vision of letters and numbers: DT28:28. Interpreting this as a reference to Deuteronomy, he took the indicated verse to be proof that madness was caused by moral failure to follow the Ten Commandments, thus falling “off track” with Creation and, therefore, becoming mad.

Inspired by such notorious houses as the Hospital General in Paris and Bedlam in London, the Reverend Doctor Mars adopted the techniques of confinement, shackling, and putting patients through physical extremes. He was unconcerned that reformers had, even long before his time, denounced such methods as atrocities. Indeed, Mars

had terrible timing. The Quakers were rising to prominence in the field, demonstrating success with more humane treatments. In 1813, they founded York Retreat, and the support of both the public and the establishment churches swung behind this newer, gentler and more effective method.

In a towering huff of righteous indignation, Mars spent his entire family fortune moving his hospital apparatus to a little-known and worthless island in the North Atlantic.

There, in the mid-1100s AD, an offshoot school of monks, too Celtic and bizarre to be assimilated, constructed a monastery on the remote island. Isolated from mainstream civilization (such as it was) they developed mystical means of contacting other planes. Instead of reaching God, they reached the Thirty-Faced Lord, or Horriface. Spurred to an orgy of murder-madness, the monks extinguished themselves.

By 1820, the Reverend Doctor Oleander Mars had his asylum up and running on the island, with a staff of 12 and several dozen inmates, none of whom would be missed on the mainland. Mars attracted other misfits of the scientific and quasi-scientific worlds who accompanied him into academic exile.

The baneful influence of the Horriface could not long be ignored, however. One by one, the already-unhinged minds of the inmates succumbed to the demonic freak; then the staff. Finally Mars himself disappeared, either killed by his patients, subsumed into the Horriface, or some other terrible but entertaining fate dreamed up by the Referee.

Now, more than 60 years later, the characters arrive to find the world the descendants of the inmates (and various castaways) have created. Possible reasons the characters could be here include:

- *The characters are castaways, shipwrecked while en route from one destination to another after a storm or attack. They'll have to survive here long enough to figure out a way off the island (there are a few hidden in the encounters).*
- *A character has recieved a letter smuggled off this very island. It was written by a desperate friend or loved one who has been marooned here by cruel fate and awaits rescue from one of several unpleasant places on this island.*
- *A variation on the last one: the missing person is a high-ranking member of the nobility or government or church, who will obviously be killed or corrupted in some way that will really mess up the world, unless the characters can mount a rescue in time (the Escape From New York plot, essentially...it always works).*

PART ONE

The Wilderness.

"Here on this uncharted and little-visited isle, I shall at long last pursue this great work unfettered by small minds, who, envious of my genius and fearful of their own lurking insanity, have damned my methods as unsound..."

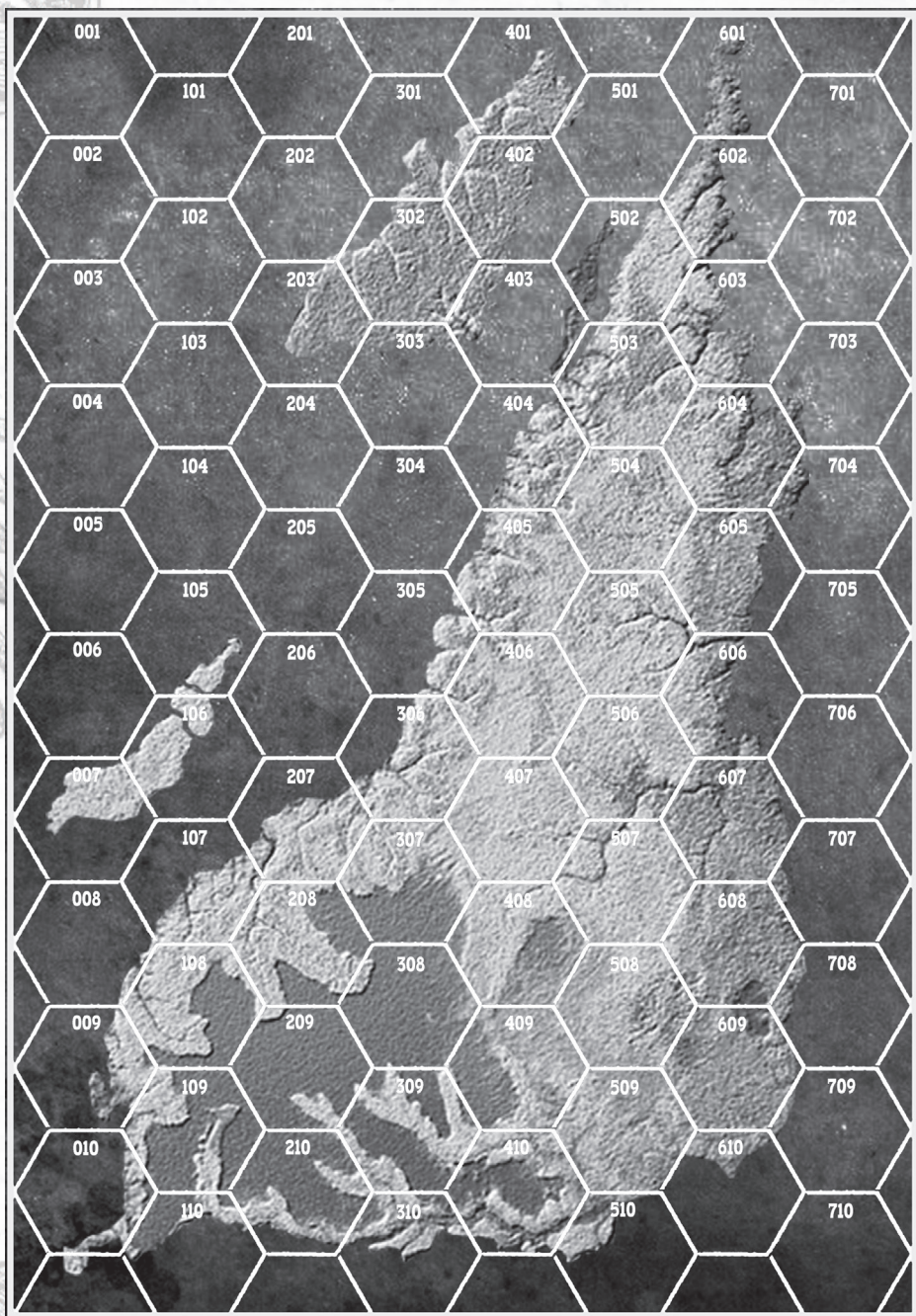
"The sea shall afford me an inexhaustible supply of fresh material for experiment, for the currents and winds in the region are capricious and violent. Being driven to madness by wind and waves, they shall be ripe for what cures I may devise..."

"I seek no reward, no forgiveness. I do not delude myself into believing the world will praise my name as it should. Such concerns are past me now, as I prepare to plumb the very depths of sanity as a servant of the Thirty-Faced Lord of this, my eternal home."

- From the journal of the Reverend Doctor Oleander Mars,
June 14, 1887



REFEREE'S CONTROL MAP



A full color player's map is on the back of this book (there's also a large one included in the digital version). Use this map to track the party's movements, indicate encounters of your own design, and so on. This picture is faded a bit so that you can write directly on it.

THE ISLAND

The default location of the island is “somewhere in the North Atlantic,” but it could just as easily be off the coast of Chile or Australia or Antarctica or China. Adjust vegetation and temperatures accordingly.

Scale

Each hex side is 5 miles long. The distance across the face of a hex is 10 miles. A character in good condition should be able to walk about two and a half hexes a day, or half that in highlands or thick forest.

The Sea

Movement across sea hexes depends on what kind of vessel the PCs have. This is assumed to be a schooner at most, and is more likely a dinghy. PCs can row 6 hexes a day moving with the ocean currents south to north. Moving north to south, they can row 3 hexes a day. This assumes good weather.

The Lagoon

The southwest of the island is a vast lagoon centered on hexes 209 and 308. Water here ranges from 2 to 6 feet deep, with 3 and a half feet the average. Walking through such muck reduces movement to one-fourth normal, and there is a near-constant (5 in 6) chance of becoming stuck in the muddy bottom, requiring a Strength roll or appropriate save to break free (one such attempt can be made every 6 hours).

The Weather

This table assumes the default location of the North Atlantic in spring-summer, so adjust accordingly if your version is elsewhere. Wind direction is given, but it can also be determined with a d6, with 1 as the top hex-face, etc.

1. *Unseasonably cold, overcast, frost, heavy NE wind.*
2. *Cool, overcast, no wind, no rain, heavy cold mist.*
3. *Cool, sunny, high NE winds, no rain.*
4. *Warm, overcast, light NE wind, light scattered rain.*
5. *Warm, sunny, light NE wind, no rain.*
6. *Hot, overcast, no wind, no rain, heavy muggy mist.*
7. *Hot, sunny, high SW wind, no rain.*
8. *Unseasonably hot, no wind, no rain, bone-dry conditions.*

001

A RELENTLESS WHIRLPOOL spins ominously, regardless of weather conditions. When the party enters the hex, they feel the distant suck and hear the roar of the vortex. Characters in boats can avoid it immediately by steering out of the hex – no roll required. Anyone who travels through the area risks being sucked into the maw. Make an Intelligence or skill roll to navigate without mishap. Apply a -2/-10% penalty if moving directly across the hex. On a failure, the boat is sucked into the whirlpool. Swimmers get sucked in with no roll or save. What happens then? The Referee rolls or picks:

1. *The party, without boat, wake up in the temple of the Goat Tower in hex 408.*
2. *The party, without boat, wake up in the Foetid Bubble in hex 210.*
3. *The party, without boat, wake up in Monarcha's Lower Parlor in hex 602.*
4. *The party, without boat, wake up in the Love Nest of Doctor Bacchus, hex 502.*
5. *The party, with boat, wake up on top of the Transmitting Tower in hex 405.*
6. *The party, with boat, wake up in the desert 20 miles from Yuma, Arizona.*

The Referee can, of course, have the whirlpool lead to a time/place of his or her own choosing, or have it simply cause 2d6 damage to each PC, and/or destroy the boat.

002

A HAMMERHEAD SHARK lurks here, drawn to the electromagnetic turmoil of the whirlpool to the north (see 001). It attacks swimmers and any small boat, bumping with its hammer-head in the hopes of knocking people into the water (roll Dexterity with +2/+10% bonus each time the shark hits the boat – failure indicates a fall). As soon as combat results in first blood for either side, 1d6+1 more sharks show up after d4 rounds.

HAMMERHEAD SHARK. Hit Dice 4, Armor 18, Move 180 (water), Morale 10, bites once per round at +7 for d6+7 hit points. Makes fine seafood steaks.

AN AERONAUT SAILS down out of the sky as his hot air balloon leaks gas. Prescott Moberly of Novia Scotia has travelled this far in his new-fangled propeller-driven balloon, but his luck has run out. The balloon's crash is inevitable, but won't be catastrophic. Prescott has a rubber raft for just such an emergency. The descent can be seen from four hexes away if the weather is clear. Upon hitting the water, Prescott loads supplies onto the rubber boat and aims for hex 203. He will befriend any reasonable people, and seek immediate means to get home. Nothing from his "aeroship" can be salvaged, but he can build another one with access to the Asylum (see 410) or the Transmitting Tower (see hex 405).

PRESCOTT MOBERLY. Hit Dice 4, Armor 14, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 4th level thief/rogue/specialist with cutlass (d6) and revolver (2d6, 12 bullets). He has 2 weeks rations and water for one person, storm lantern and gas for 12 hours, an all-weather tarp, signal mirror, spyglass, chocolate bar, and playing cards with pictures of French actresses.

A RUBBER BLADDER bobs in the water here, with a piece of wire wrapped around it. If anyone retrieves the bladder, they see the wire is connected to a canteen. The lid is screwed on extra tight (Strength roll to open). Inside is a desperate letter from the prisoner in hex 106. It is so water-damaged as to be nearly illegible.

MERMAID RAIDERS ATTACK any small boat, floating survivors, or swimmers. They attempt to pull one party member overboard and then retreat, fleeing to their lair (hex 104) to eat the victim. They ensure he or she has air until then, so a rescue attempt is at least possible, should the party notice which way the mermaids swam off (northeast).

MERMAID RAIDERS. Armor 14, Hit Dice 2, Move 120 (water), Morale 8, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with coral claws (d4+1). The leader, Meliflusia, has 4 hit dice and can charm person once per day.

006

A PERFECTLY GOOD BOOT floats upside down thanks to a tiny pocket of air trapped in the toe. It's for a left foot, and is the perfect match for the right-foot boot in hex 706 (don't ask).

007

A ROCKY PROMONTORY dominates a vast shallow lagoon. At low tide the land is exposed, if soggy. At high tide it is under about 3' of salt water. Upon the promontory is a circle of low stones, 10' in diameter. They have been freshly whitewashed. Anyone who moves into the circle is exposed to the raw chaotic energies that created this spot eons ago. Roll d6 or choose:

1. *The character ages 10 years and gains 2 Wisdom.*
2. *The character gains the ability to cast spells as a 3rd level Magic-User (but never gains higher level spells. If the character is already a Magic-User, no effect).*
3. *The character has a vision of the treasure in hex 404.*
4. *The character permanently gains 4 extra hit points.*
5. *The character's skin becomes transparent for d10 years.*
6. *The character sees a vision of his or her own death. The Referee obviously can't foresee this, so describe the PC's death encountering the most interesting or dangerous hex the party seems likely to move toward. Essentially, this imparts a clue about the campaign area. If the encounter is later overcome, the PC can feel proud (or smug) for having cheated death.*

008

A LARGE ELECTRIC EEL with four small rear legs lurks in the surf next to the beach. When anyone walks too close to the water, the eel rushes up on its wee legs and attacks. Its electrical charge is heavy enough to reach 12' through the atmosphere in misty conditions. The thing attempts to grab a stunned opponent and return to the water to dine at its leisure.

ELECTRIC EEL OF UNUSUAL SIZE. Armor 14 (thrashy, rubbery), Hit Dice 5, Move 240 (water), Morale 6, 2d4 bite or electric burst once every other round, affecting all "nearby" targets for 2d6 damage.

A TREE-COVERED PENINSULA just out into the sea, connected to the mainland by a narrow neck of land. Hidden among the trees is a spacious dry cave. It is the lair of the self-styled Walrus King, a madman of prodigious strength and great erudition. He has memorized long sections of epic poetry, and this is the only way he communicates (use whatever epic poem the Referee knows best or has closest to hand). The Walrus King regards the peninsula as his own, and he attacks all intruders regardless of the odds. From a distance he appears to be a monster, as he wears a walrus skull for a helmet. The cave contains a small library of six volumes (whatever the Referee thinks will be most useful) looted from the Asylum (see hex 410), and a gilded mermaid skull that causes fear in all mermaids.

WALRUS KING. Armor 14, Hit Dice 5, Move 120, Morale 12, attacks and saves as 5th level fighter with gnarled club for d6+2.

A RUDE PILE OF STONE, once a Bronze Age lighthouse, squats at the end of a long neck of land. It has fallen in, and is not serviceable as a shelter. At night a female figure in a wedding dress, all grey, wanders along the neck of land. If she encounters anyone, she beckons them to the lighthouse, always staying some 60' away from any PC. If by some stratagem a PC manages to get within melee range of the grey lady, she attacks, then disappears d4 rounds later. If anyone examines the ruins, they find a female skeleton under some rubble in a deep pool of seawater. If the skeleton is buried respectfully on land, any PCs who took part may re-roll any kind of roll during the next 24 hours of game time.

GREYLADY. Armor 10 (incorporeal; only harmed by silver or magic weapons), Hit Dice 3, Move 120 (incorporeal), Morale 12, attacks with chilling touch for 2d6.

101

A DISGUSTING BIO-MASS floats on the surface, undulating with the waves. The putrescent grey bulk is covered with sea birds, and tens of thousands of fish frantically dine here. The oddly-shaped flesh-thing gives no clue as to what it once was, though it appears to have at least one identifiable eye-hole, and has the appearance of having several tentacles. Close inspection reveals a 4' ivory horn, half-covered by a semi-transparent flap of dead flesh. The horn is worth money, of course, if the PCs manage to return to civilization. Locally, the horn has perhaps more value as a weapon. If fashioned into a sword or spear it does one more die of damage than a similar normal weapon would.

102

A RUBBER DINGY rests on the waves, but it has a puncture wound and is slowly sinking. Several birds pick at something aboard. If the PCs get close, they see a corpse lying in the dinghy. It is only a few days old, but the birds have already turned it into a horrific sight. In life, the dead man escaped from the Love Nest of Doctor Bacchus (see hex 502), making the raft with disused raincoats, galoshes, and similar cast-offs. The corpse carries a short saber (d6), a map from the love nest to the closest coastline (see hex 602), and a key to the Hole (see hex 502).

103

A MERMAID'S COMB floats on the surface. The handle is of pearl. The tines are of delicate bone. It is a thing of beauty. It isn't immediately evident that the comb belongs to a mermaid unless the PCs have already encountered such folk (see 005, 104), but one can imagine a mermaid combing her long aquamarine tresses with it. Any human who uses the comb will receive a +1 bonus to Charisma permanently, but only if they have hair...further uses have no additional effect.

A MERMAID LAIR is in the cave-riddled upper portions of a submerged, ruined medieval stone tower. There is no air in the ruin, but pressure differentials in the caves below create a dark airy chamber where the mer-folk keep captured land-dwellers before eating them. Any party members captured by mermaid war parties will eventually end up here. Anyone entering this chamber is obliged to spend three rounds below water. In the water-filled rooms of the ruined tower live a dozen mer-folk guarding twice as many eggs.

MERMAIDS. Armor 14, Hit Dice 2, Move 120 (water), Morale 9, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with coral claws (d4+1). The leader, Bublupia, has 6 hit dice and attacks with a trident (d8) and can cast charm person and hold person once per day.

In the upper chamber of the tower, the mermaids have collected various items they've taken from victims over the years. Some may prove useful to the characters:

1. A crate of stocking caps
2. 10 square yards of canvass, neatly folded
3. A scissors
4. An old wheel of cheese (still good on the inside)
5. A harpoon
6. Two boarding axes

JAGGED, LEANING STONES stand here looking out to sea. Growing in profusion around them are red-capped toadstools. They can be used to make a tea that creates euphoria and heals 2d6 damage, but with a 1 in 6 chance of a horrific vision (save vs. magic or suffer -1 to all rolls for 12 hours). If the standing stones have some other purpose, time has forgotten it, but the Referee can introduce something suitably weird here if he or she wishes.

106

A DERELICT CARGO SHIP has run aground on the rocky west coast of the island. The bow of the ship is crumpled against the rock-face, but the rest of the ship is still intact, tilted about 25 degrees to starboard. This has not stopped locals from inhabiting the wreck. A coven of cannibal women lair here. They style themselves as witches but in truth only their leader can practice any form of magic. They use the old ship's boat to mount raids on the mainland to carry away fresh meat. One source of fresh meat is still imprisoned here, and has written a desperate note, releasing it into the sea in hopes of rescue (see 004). There are usually two cannibals on watch, with the majority inhabiting the hold. The high witch is in the radio room above decks. The prisoner is held in the wheelhouse.

The prisoner is Clem, age 52, from the island. He has two random delusions. He is a zero-level character, and was probably captured because he is overweight.

CANNIBAL WOMEN. Armor 12, Hit Dice 1, Move 120, Morale 7, attack and save as 1st level fighters with marlin-spikes and boat hooks (d4+1).

CANNIBAL WITCH. Armor 14, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 11, attacks and saves as a 3rd level magic-user (magic missile, charm person).

107

TWO OLD PILLARS encrusted with greenish minerals and sea salt mark a rugged path toward the south, which begins as a natural land-bridge over a water-filled cavity. It is unstable, and will break on a 1 in 6 chance, increasing to 2 in 6, 3 in 6, etc., for each member of the party actually on it at the same time. Hidden in the water is a giant frog, black-skinned and covered with tumorous growths. If the bridge does not break, it leaps out and tries to catch a PC with its tongue.

GIANT FROG. Armor 14 (thick hide), Hit Dice 7, Move 240 (leap 15' vertical, 30 horizontal), Morale 9, attacks with kick or buffet for 2d6, or tongue attack: if hit, make Dexterity roll or be pulled into the frog's mouth and swallowed whole. Once inside, a character does full damage capacity automatically until the frog is dead, but takes d4 damage every round from digestive acids.

108

A CURMUDGEONLY SAILOR sings sea chanteys in the wind, day and night. He has grown hoarse with the effort. Stranded here long ago, he believes he can sing the island toward the nearest mainland. He's been singing for 17 months, 14 days, 6 hours, and 32 minutes. If the PCs interrupt him, he'll have to start over from the beginning, and he'll be terribly cross.

CURMUDGEONLY SAILOR. Armor 10, Hit Dice 4, Move 120, Morale 12, attacks and saves as a 4th level fighter with saber (d6+2).

109

AN OLD WOMAN cries for help, her voice drifting on the wind. Following the sound reveals a cleft valley between the cliffs above the swamp. In this narrow pass, the woman struggles in quicksand. If the PCs attempt her rescue, they discover her true form: from the torso down, her body is serpentine. The naga-like creature attempts to grapple a PC and drag him or her down into the quagmire.

SERPENTINE SIREN. Armor 14, Hit Dice 5, Move 60, Morale 9, attacks with claws (2) for d6 or grapple attack with tail – success indicates target is pulled into the quicksand.

110

A VAST LAGOON has been filled in by the sea. If a dike is constructed here, the lagoon will eventually become fertile soil suitable for farming. Such a fact is evident to PCs with the appropriate background. It's unlikely the PCs will want to go to the time and trouble to actually construct a dike, but such a task is not impossible. Unless the PCs plan to take over the island and develop it, this is useless information (although it might spark such a plan in the first place).

201

THE SPERM WHALE GUNGA KHAN, a legendary beast, currently swims in a circle here, brooding upon things man wasn't meant to know. He is drawn to the island, possibly having been called here by the Transmitting Tower (see 405). Spiteful, vicious, and constantly hungry, this lord of the deep has a bad reputation from Svalbard to Puerto Williams. Once Gunga Khan sets his sights on a target, all but the largest ships are doomed. The beast attacks a vessel by buffeting it with his head and tail, then seeks to swallow whole whoever falls in. Such a hateful aberration cannot be killed, but must be driven off by hitting its weak spots – the blowhole and eyes (both -4/20% to hit). Hits in those locations doing more than 10 points of damage cause Gunga Khan to flee...temporarily. The great Khan will not forget such a slight. The weakness is not readily apparent – it's best for the PCs to think of it themselves.

GUNGA KHAN, TERROR OF THE DEEP. Armor 16, Hit Dice 16, Move 380 water, Morale 12, attacks at +16 with tail-bash or head-butt for 6d6 damage, or at +16 with bite (4d6+swallowed).

Though he is presented in this hex, Gunga Khan is restless and could just as easily be encountered in any other sea hex. The Referee may enjoy randomly moving him around, or having him stalk water-borne PCs.

202

RAVENOUS SEA-BIRDS swarm down from the island to the southeast. They are impossible to identify, with black and purple waxy feathers and curved, sharp beaks. They are particularly vicious, descending on the PCs and targeting the eyes – 10 hp total damage from such an attack results in permanent blindness, and lesser damage causes temporary blindness until healed. The birds also grab anything loose and shiny and carry it away.

BAD BIRDS. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 240 (fly), Morale 10, attack as stated above. Consider the swarm one creature for combat purposes.

SIX SEVERED HEADS on pikes grimace eternally at the sea from a perch on the southern tip of the island. The heads have been badly gnawed by birds (it's likely the PCs will notice gathered birds before they notice the heads), but they are relatively fresh. The pikes flank the beginning of a path to the northeast (see 302). Very close inspection shows that the tongues were not eaten away by birds, but surgically removed.

A DOLEFUL SHIP'S BELL tolls across the water before a fishing trawler, the Alice Mae, drifts into view. It appears to be lifeless, despite the ringing bell (it stops if someone reaches out and steadies it). Boarding the Alice Mae (there's a ladder aft) reveals its in excellent condition, but is without crew. The wheelhouse contains maps and charts of the island (let the PCs study the back of this book). If the Referee wants the PCs to have a substantial craft, this is it – though it is not in good enough shape for a long voyage unless serious repairs are made in the boathouse of the Asylum (see 410). Otherwise, the hold contains a specter of the most horrible description.

HORRIBLY DESCRIBED SPECTER. Armor 12 (incorporeal, hit only with blessed or silver weapons), Hit Dice 7, Move 120 (incorporeal), attacks with ghostly touch for d8 plus drains one point of Constitution. Anyone killed by a specter becomes a specter.

A LARGE PATCH OF SEAWEED ensnares the PCs or their boat (or raft, etc.). Without substantial oars, or poles of some kind, it is virtually impossible to tear free. If the party possesses such tools, it takes multiple Strength, Dexterity, or appropriate skill rolls to break free. If the craft remains ensnared, natural movement of the waves will nudge it free in 2d4 days. Until that time, the patch of seaweed drifts randomly (d6 roll to exit the hex, 1 at the top), taking the craft and PCs with it.

206

A HUGE BIO-LUMINESCENT JELLY looms up from the depths to lurk just below the surface. It is not necessarily harmful to the PCs if they are in a craft of some kind, but it's not looking where it's going (and doesn't care) and may bump a craft, upsetting unwary passengers. Anyone who falls into the water, even for some time after the jelly has passed by (its tentacles are 480' long) has a 4 in 6 chance of accidentally touching a tentacle – if so, the PC must save vs. death (or something else similarly inconvenient and nasty). If the party is determined to fight the thing, hacking at the tentacles has no effect (blows just bounce off). They must strike at the bell (head), an automatic hit. After a few blows, the jelly will dive into darkness (which is for the best – the nature of its physiognomy makes it almost impossible to kill through normal hack-and-slash means, thus no stats are prepared for it).

The weird bio-luminescent properties of the jelly cling to any melee weapons that cause damage to it, making the item glow forever after.

207

A NATURAL SPRING of cool, clean, healthy water spills out of a stone-lined pool and runs in narrow rivulets to the coast. A crumbling shrine stands vigil over the bubbling water. Within the shrine is a vaguely feminine statue, but time and the elements have worn away her facial features, lending her a sinister appearance. Anyone who touches a statue is immediately healed of 1 hp damage (this works once per person, per day). Anyone who has committed an intentionally and unambiguously evil act in the last 24 hours is denied this effect.

Hiding behind the shrine-statue is a Degenerate, who, if discovered, will try to flee to his Degenerate tribe (see 307).

DEGENERATE. Armor 12, Hit Dice 2, Move 120, Morale 6, attacks and saves as a 2nd level fighter with spear (d6) or 2 darts (d4, save vs. poison or lose d4 Constitution for 24 hours).

TWO HILL-SPURS jut into the swamp. The hills contain rich growths of knotberry bush, the hard berries of which, when peeled and chewed, are a major stimulant (two attacks per round as soon as one is eaten). After 2d4 rounds, the subject violently voids all bodily fluids through all possible orifices. Further uses of the berry rarely (1 in 6 chance) provide the stimulating effect, but have a 6 in 6 chance of providing the purge.

Situated as it is safely above the watery surface, the hill is easily defended and provides excellent cover, so it's a choice spot for a base or campsite for the characters - and others. There is a 3 in 6 chance there are two Degenerates hiding here (see 307).

DEGENERATES. Armor 12, Hit Dice 2, Move 120, Morale 6, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with spear (d6) or 2 darts (d4, save vs. poison or lose d4 Constitution for 24 hours).

A SCHOOL OF YELLOW SHARKODILES patrol this stretch of the lagoon. They are at perpetual war with a school of blue sharkodiles (see 308), and woe betide the poor soul who is anywhere near such a battle. When not battling, sharkodiles eat people.

The stomping grounds of this group surround an old pagoda that is sinking into the swamp. Tilted at a 20 degree angle, its bottom is completely buried under the muck. Hidden in the pagoda's dome is a Remington rifle and 30 rounds of ammunition, wrapped snugly against the damp. Its owner won't be back to retrieve it, thanks to the sharkodiles.

YELLOW SHARKODILES. Armor 14, Hit Dice 4, Move 120, Morale 9, attack with bite for 2d8. They can and will pursue prey onto land, but, once there, are capable of only short bursts of speed.

210

A LARGE DOME glows in the murk. It is both phosphorescent and semi-translucent, a network of glowing neon veins supporting a fleshy bag the color and transparency of old green bottle glass. The bubble gives off a foul and offensive odor of musky putrescence that has a cloying quality (it sticks to anyone who comes within 30' of the bubble and lingers for d4 days despite thorough bathing or laundering).

Each time the bubble is encountered there is a 2 in 6 chance a dim silhouette struggles within it, as if a person has been consumed and is trying to break free. After d4 rounds it shudders and dies, having suffocated. It takes d4 rounds of constant hacking and tearing (no need to roll for attack or damage) to create a rift in the bubble big enough to get the figure out. It is a Norwegian fisherman (4 hp, 0 level) whose trawler was sucked into a whirlpool (see 001).

It is possible for the PCs to arrive here inside the bubble (see 001). The rules for cutting out are the same as cutting in, but the PCs will arrive with a full 4 rounds of air.

301

A PATH RUNS ALONG the western edge of the island, snaking around a small peninsula. The rock is loose on the southwestern edge, and may (1 in 6 chance each turn) crumble into the sea, sending anyone who was walking there along for the ride. Such a topple is certain death (30d6 damage), but numerous rocky outcrops provide a chance for a last-ditch dexterity roll to grab hold and stop a fall.

If this happens, the character can see a nest on the rock face, just within reach. Inside is a signal mirror, a +1 dagger, and some other shiny objects, as well as an irritated raven.

IRRITATED RAVEN. Armor 12, Hit Dice 1, Move 180 (fly), Morale 7, attacks with two claws and one peck for 3d4 total damage.

A SHALLOW CAVE high in the rocks is the lair of the Master of Tongues. Most of the cave-space is taken up with a machine that somewhat resembles an overlarge typewriter, powered by a paddle wheel set in a nearby stream. Affixed to dozens of machine-spokes are severed tongues, which on close inspection appear to be human. The Master of Tongues believes he can create a machine that will speak the Angelic Language. Unfortunately, it doesn't work unless the Referee wants it to. If that's the case, each PC can ask the machine a single yes or no question, once only. Before any of that comes to pass, the Master of Tongues appears with a scalpel and attacks the first person to touch the machine. He can be reasoned with and is especially susceptible to suggestion, but is fierce when provoked.

MASTER OF TONGUES. Armor 10, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 7, attacks as a 3rd level magic-user but knows no spells.

OVERLARGE MUD-DEVILS crawl up out of the water onto the narrow rocky beach. There are about a half-dozen of them, plump and tasty, and they are incompetent fighters. If captured and cooked, the meat of a mud-devil could feed four adults for 2 days. If one consumes the flesh, one gains low-light vision for 24 hours. After that, further mud-devil-eating has no effect other than being tasty.

LEAPING MUTANT BARRACUDAS swarm here. For every turn spent in this hex, there is a 2 in 6 chance of an overlarge barracuda landing in the PCs' craft. It cannot attack as such, but it thrashes around wildly, automatically hitting a random PC with its tail for blunt damage, and another random PC with its teeth for slashing/biting damage.

THRASHING BARRACUDA: Armor 10, Hit Dice 2, Move 240 (water), Morale 9, attacks with tail for d4+2 or teeth for d6+2.

305

HEAVY DRAPERIES OF VINES hang down from the cliffs overlooking the sea. Several vines have fallen to the rocky beach. They are strong and fibrous. If stripped of leaves, they can be used as rope (d4 60' coils). Such a rope has a 1 in 6 chance of breaking each time it is used.

At the Referee's discretion, a lone catamount is hidden in a rocky alcove behind the vines.

CATAMOUNT. Armor 14, Hit Dice 2, Move 180, Morale 9, attacks with two claws (d4) or one bite (d6+1). If all three attacks hit, it makes two additional attacks with its hind claws (d4 each).

306

A HELPFUL DWARF lives in a rude cottage in a well-wooded area at the confluence of two sluggish streams. He is mad, but harmless. The dwarf has forgotten his name (Fidget), so happily takes suggestions as to a new one. He knows all the island rumors, and the uses of the native vegetation. If asked politely, he will heal wounds (d6+3 per day, one person only) and will sell healthful drafts – but not for money, only for interesting items, or works of art or performance the PCs make. If he is threatened, roll or pick:

1. *He dissolves into pixie dust, to reform later.*
2. *He abases himself and begs for his life.*
3. *His heretofore unseen little brother Zidget, 7' tall and rippling with muscle, appears, and he's obviously displeased about how his brother has been treated.*
4. *He transforms into a jackdaw and flies out the window.*
5. *He transforms into a beautiful young woman and tells the PCs to get the hell out of her house.*
6. *If the PCs attack him, they do damage to themselves instead – but only in ways that seem accidental, not magical.*

A TRIBE OF DEGENERATES lives in caves on the cliffs overlooking the vast swamp to the south. Despite their name, they are savvy scavengers and have accumulated several useful items. Each Degenerate has something off-putting about his or her appearance, but it's hard to say what.

1. *Eyes slightly too far apart.*
2. *Nose slightly askew.*
3. *Eyes a bit too high in the forehead.*
4. *Mouth seems too wide.*
5. *Ears are too low on the neck.*
6. *Only one nostril.*

...and similar not-quite-mutations. The Degenerates' caves are essentially a triangle, with an entrance at one point and two roughly circular "rooms" at the other two points, all with wide natural "doorways." A clear pool is off-center in the middle.

The Degenerates have collected some items the PCs may find useful:

1. *Cask of dried fish.*
2. *Storm lantern*
3. *Machetes (2)*
4. *Revolver with 6 bullets*
5. *60' rope and grappling hook*
6. *All the 10-foot poles you can eat.*

The Degenerates fight like mad if anyone penetrates their caves, rallying around a large fighter, Daddy Warthog, and the shaman, Tricky, who knows no spells makes a very impressive spectacle.

DEGENERATES. Armor 12, Hit Dice 2, Move 120, Morale 6, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with spear (d6) or 2 darts (d4, save vs. poison or lose d4 Constitution for 24 hours). Tricky (shaman) attacks as 4th level cleric and Daddy Warthog attacks as a 6th level fighter with a giant club for 2d6.

308

THIS STRETCH OF THE LAGOON is the home of a band of blue sharkodiles, which are at war with a band of yellow sharkodiles (hex 209). No one knows from whence the sharkodiles came, but they are possibly the irresponsible creation of a geneticist from another world.

BLUE SHARKODILES. Armor 14, Hit Dice 4, Move 120, Morale 9, attack with bite for 2d8. They can and will pursue prey onto land, but, once there, are capable of only short bursts of speed.

309

HERE THE LAGOON runs a gauntlet between two hill-spurs, creating a long narrow neck of swamp that extends to the east (hex 410). It's a likely route for an attack on or escape from the Asylum. The worst of what the lagoon has to offer is here.

1. *Half-blue, half-yellow sharkodile. This mutant hybrid (see 209 and 308) has an extra hit die. It is unloved by both sharkodile families, and is all the meaner for it. Armor 14, Hit Dice 4, Move 120, Morale 9, attack with bite for 2d8.*
2. *Mermaid Berserkers. A mermaid raiding party leaps and splashes in a Bacchic revel, tearing apart everything they see. Armor 14 (as leather + Dex), Hit Dice 2, Move 120 (water), Morale 9, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with coral claws (d4+1).*
3. *An octopus man (a splitter from the group in 501). He shares the curse of his brethren. Armor 14, Hit Dice 4, Move 120 (water) 60 (land), Morale 9, attack eight times with slap for d4 damage.*
4. *Lagoon People. Weird-ass inbred swamp cannibals with d12 delusions each and effective homemade weapons, who seek breeders of whatever gender to improve their bloodline. Armor 12, Hit Dice 2, Move 120, Morale 6, attack as 2nd level fighters with improvised weapons (4d+1).*

310

A STAIRWAY RUNS DOWN a narrow cleft in a spur of rock that sticks into the angry sea. The stair leads all the way from the high ground over the lagoon some 80' into the sea, where it continues into the depths. Where does it go? Nobody knows.

401

A BLACKFRUIT ORCHARD hugs the northern tip of the island. The trees are ripe and have not yet been ravaged by birds. The fruit's heavy dark rind hides a purple peach-like meat. They keep well, thanks to the heavy rinds, and are large enough to provide both food and water for one adult for a full day (two, if necessary).

402

THE SUN-BLEACHED BONES of a once-powerful man lie upon the rocks. They show signs of having been gnawed upon, probably by a person. Hidden behind a rock nearby is a pith helmet (+1 Armor) and saber (d8). Bare female footprints lead off to the south (see 403).

403

THE WRECK OF A SMALL STEAMER, the Eudora, is stuck fast on a rock in the channel. Its fires have gone out long ago – it now tilts crazily at a 30 degree angle, prow-up, its smokestacks pointing into the southern sky. The ship contains whatever useful items the Referee would like to stash here, but local raiders have obviously been over it once or twice. Of possible interest is the captain's log, which shows the ship outbound from Liverpool when it hit foul weather. The captain kept detailed notes that improve any attempt to leave the island by +2/10%. The galley contains grisly evidence of cannibalism, though of an epicurean kind. The lone resident of the Eudora is Wendy Gogh, a Dutch-born society girl who has resorted to dark practices, including eating her cousins and a Boer mercenary (see 402). Her abominable crimes have transformed her into something not quite human.

WENDY GOGH. Armor 14 (crazed Dexterity), Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 12, attacks as a third level fighter with a nasty rusted machete for d6+1.

404

A **BROKEN PILE** that was once a cottage nestles in a small valley. Part of the roof remains. A covered fireplace is here as well. The place would almost be cozy, but for water damage to the floorboards. If the PCs move around too much there is a 2 in 6 chance they fall in. Below is a 4' crawlspace. Covered in dust and beach detritus is a small trunk. It contains two long daggers, a healing potion, a poison antidote, a potion of invisibility, and a rough map of the interior of the Asylum (see 410). There are also fire-squirting beetles down there – they swarm out and spray the PCs for 1d4 damage. The PCs can drive the beetles away by stomping on them (6 total Dexterity tests between the PCs). The beetles spray once per round until stomped to death.

405

A 60' **TALL TRANSMITTING TOWER** – a mere framework of metal – dominates the skyline of the island. It emits strange frequencies that interfere with ship-to-shore wireless telegraphy, causing numerous shipwrecks. If anyone approaches within 30' of the tower, a bolt of lightning streaks out for 3d8 damage (Dexterity roll or appropriate save for half damage). It strikes any number of targets. The only way to stop the effect is to shut down the tower itself. However, once someone takes the damage, they're too close to the tower for the lightning effect to target them (assuming they keep moving toward it). Clever PCs may think of some reasonable way to shield themselves, divert the blast, etc.

The tower is also broadcasting a strange signal on a subliminal frequency meant to soothe the mad. However, the station's operator, Viktor Von Dyk, has massaged the equipment to achieve the opposite effect as well, emitting a frequency that causes discomfort and agitation. Van Dyk manipulates the dial randomly. Each game day and night, a Referee should roll 1d6. If the result is odd, the agitating frequency is "on the air." If the result is even (2, 4, 6) the tower emits a calming frequency.

The tower does have the effect of causing shipwrecks, but whether the behavior modification properties work is up to the Referee. If so, all reaction rolls to the PCs are one step worse (or Charisma rolls are

penalized, or something similar) during the unpleasant frequency. If your game doesn't use such rolls, the Referee should keep in mind which frequency is on and roleplay NPCs accordingly.

A two-room hut at the base of the tower contains Von Dyk's filthy quarters, and a room of glass tubes and metal spheres that generate his strange waves and control the tower's power.

VIKTOR VON DYK, MAD TRANSMITTER. Armor 10, Hit Dice 5, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 5th level magic-user (but knows no spells) with electric pistol (homemade, 4 charges) for 2d4 or knife for d4+1.

Beneath Von Dyk's cot is a trap door. It leads to a sinuous tunnel that stretches off to the south (see 407). Unfortunately, the passage is filled with oversized (1' diameter) spiders, driven mad by years of radio interference.

RADIO SPIDERS (12). Armor 11, Hit Dice 1, Move 90, Morale 11, attacks with bite (1d4 + save vs. poison or be paralyzed for 1 turn). One of the spiders is bright red - this one's poison causes (in addition to paralysis) 1d4 random delusions (see page 68).

406

A RAIDING PARTY OF SIX GOAT-PEOPLE have crept out from their lair (see 408) seeking victims to serve as sacrifices in their dark rituals.

GOAT-PEOPLE. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 6 (9 if they outnumber opponents), attack and save as 3rd level fighters with improvised weapons of a stabby nature for d6.

407

HIDDEN BEHIND BRUSH in a shallow cave is a man-made tunnel that leads to the north. It follows the path of least resistance in the rock and meanders maddeningly. Anyone in the tunnel must travel on all fours and, in places, crawl. The tunnel emerges in a trap door beneath a cot in a hut...(see 405, and don't forget the radio spiders down here!).

408

AN ANCIENT STONE TOWER has toppled, creating a pile of cyclopean stones that, in their dissaray, vaguely resemble the head of a goat. Though it is a complete ruin, there are several cavities within the pile – all of which are inhabited. The Goat-People worship the demon Araziel and have set up a crude altar of goat-skulls in their cave (they have, unfortunately, decimated the native goat population). Here they sacrifice on the new moon. One such captive is held in a pen within the ruin. She is Nellie Bozz, an intrepid girl reporter from New York who became stranded here two years ago. She is a good source of information, or could serve as a replacement PC (if so, treat her as a thief/rogue/specialist one level lower than that average level of the party).

GOAT-PEOPLE. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 6 (9 if they outnumber opponents), attack and save as 3rd level fighters with improvised weapons of a stabby nature for d6. The leader, Voy Wethers, has six hit dice and a horned helmet that gives him +1 Armor and a extra stab attack at d4+1.

409

A NATURAL STAIR leads up the cliff-face out of the swamp. At one point it cuts through the rock to the plateau above, running through a cave for about two dozen yards. Along the walls are hundreds of glistening purple-shelled snails. PCs with high Intelligence (or appropriate skills) will realize the snails can make either a dye or a poison. It takes about three turns to harvest enough for six doses of poison or enough dye to color one normal-sized garment purple. The Purple Poison is an especially terrible one, as it creates a “save vs. death” effect. However, it must be ingested, rather than delivered via weapon.

410

THE ISLAND’S ASYLUM is here. See pages 46-63 for a detailed description of the Asylum’s interior and inhabitants.

THREE OCTOPUS MEN sun themselves in shallow water along the coast. They are utterly complacent and will avoid conflict unless a human female appears anywhere in the hex. Cursed long ago to love only human women, the octopus men stop at nothing to seize a girl and carry her away, either to quickly drown or be transported to Elsewhere, as the Referee desires. Truth is, the octopus men don't really know what to do with their captives.

OCTOPUS MEN. Armor 14, Hit Dice 4, Move 120 (water) 60 (land), Morale 10, attack eight times with slap for d4 damage.

A FORMER GREENHOUSE sits on the north of the small island. The greenhouse is almost impossible to find, unless one knows a secret circuitous path. It's impossible to see through the glass windows of the place, as they've been blacked out by smoke and filth for years. Here lives Doctor Bacchus, a gifted but deranged botanist. His intimate familiarity with the local flora gives him access to many poisons and vaporous sprays, all of which act on the human brain and nervous system to render people immobile and compliant, but fully conscious. While they are in such a condition, Doctor Bacchus takes advantage of them to the greatest and most horrific extent your group is comfortable with. Used victims are locked in a buried cargo container called the Hole, fed rarely and used as test subjects. However, Doctor Bacchus has lost the key (see 102). They can survive in the Hole for quite some time, because they are eating each other. When and if they are released, most will be so deranged as to attack their rescuers.

DOCTOR BACCHUS. Armor 10, Hit Dice 6, Move 120, Morale 8, attacks and saves as a 6th level magic-user (but knows no spells), with poison spray-bottle, target save vs. poison (or equivalent) or become affected as above for d4 days.

HOLE VICTIMS. Armor 10, Hit Dice 1, Move 90, Morale n/a, attack and save as 1st level fighters with teeth and claws (1d4).

503

A DECREPIT STONE COTTAGE squats near a path on a stone-strewn hillside. The slate roof is more-or-less intact. Inside it is warm and dry, with signs of recent habitation – including a fire with a dead half-person hanging nearby, presumably for later eating. Other than gross bedding and a few pots and pans, there is nothing of value here. Hidden in the floor, however, is a trap door. Beneath it in a cramped crawlspace are the female counterparts of the Lunatics in hex 605. They are, in fact, the brains of the operation. They've rigged the trap-door with a primitive shrapnel trap that goes off whenever anyone opens the door from above. The charge is designed to spray upward in a cone. If the PCs don't notice the trapdoor, the ladies will stay hidden until the PCs leave. If the party rests here, the ladies creep out when they think everyone is asleep to knife the PCs to death in the dark.

LUNATICS (6). Armor 12, Hit Dice 2, Move 120, attack and save as 2nd level thief/rogue/specialists with daggers (d4), shrapnel trap (3d4).

504

A BLUE 1972 PLYMOUTH ROADRUNNER HEMI sits on an isolated ledge on a mountainside. When the party first discovers it, it's taken almost no weather damage. Tracks lead off to the northeast (see 604), but they are hard to spot (Wisdom or skill roll at -2/10%).

505

A BAND OF REDEEMERS search the ravine for a wayward soul who escaped from their sanctum (see 506). These unbending neo-puritans will tolerate no interference, and are certain to take offense at anything the PCs do or say, not to mention how they look. The person the Redeemers are seeking has, luckily for him, already made it far north of here (see 601).

REDEEMERS (1 per party member). Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 10, attack and save as 3rd level fighters with machetes (d6+1). Each wears a hooded black slicker. The leader, Brother Max, has 4 hit dice and a weighted net. The target must make a Dexterity roll or appropriate save, or become grappled.

THE SANCTUM OF THE REDEEMERS is in a well-fortified river ravine. The Redeemers are a neo-puritan cult that seeks to redeem the lost souls of the island with round-the-clock sleep deprivation, suggestion, and indoctrination. Only one captive at a time is chosen (a great honor from their perspective), and at the end of the process becomes a new Redeemer. There are currently 13 members of this cult, whose moral system is derived from a misreading of the prophetic poetry of William Blake (or whichever classic the Referee knows best).

Some Redeemers, including their leader Brother Max, are hunting the current captive, who has escaped. The remainder hold down the fort, and if they encounter the PCs, they'll seek to capture and redeem the toughest-looking one, and kill or drive off the others. If the Redeemers are all killed, their sanctum is an excellent piece of real estate, as far as this island is concerned...

REDEEMERS. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 10, attack and save as 3rd level fighters with machetes (d6+1). Each wears a hooded black slicker.

A HERD OF CARNIVOROUS DEER spend most of their time in this area. Their usual response to seeing a human is to stampede-to-kill, then graze on the remains.

The herd surrounds a ruined stone building (probably an old hunting lodge). It's substantial and remote enough to provide a secure shelter about as private as anything gets on the island. Inside is a water-damaged Bible with Apocrypha, machete, a jug of whiskey, a needle and two spools of thread.

CARNIVOROUS DEER (18). Armor 14, Hit Dice 3, Move 240, Morale 8, four males make gore attacks with horns for 1d6+4, twelve females kick for 2d4.

508

A LANKY, RAGGED MAN wearing only a tatty hat runs north. If intercepted, he is at first skittish, but if treated well he introduces himself as Balthus Foulwater and says he has escaped from the Asylum, where he was a victim of bizarre chemical and psychological experiments. Foulwater has no real value as a henchman, but will follow and bother PCs. He does have a fairly good knowledge of the Asylum. He's hazy about the layout but can describe with detail the denizens and dangers of the place. He's also a great source of rumors for whatever scenarios of the Referee's own design may be present. Foulwater is too riddled with delusions to be a viable replacement PC, and will violently reject any suggestion that he put on a pair of trousers.

509

A LONE HORSEMAN patrols this flatland with his pack of six hounds. Of his origins and true nature, nothing is known. The horseman has been associated with the Asylum as long as anyone present can remember. He never speaks or removes his black mask (what's beneath is anyone's guess - the Referee should come up with something suitably weird, like no lower jaw, or clown make-up). His only purpose is to kill anyone who enters this hex. The Lone Horseman is in the employ of the Asylum (see 410), and answers to the Horriface. If he is in trouble, he will flee toward the kennels and stables of the Asylum.

LONE HORSEMAN. Armor 14, Hit Dice 6, Move 240 (mounted, 120 on foot), Morale 11, attacks and saves as a 6th level fighter with archaic broadsword (d10), decapitates on a natural 20.

LONE HORSE. Armor 10, Hit Dice 4, Move 240, Morale 10, kicks twice for 2d4+2.

BLACK DOGS. Armor 12, Hit Dice 2, Move 240, Morale 12, claw twice for d4, bite once for d6.

AN ELDERLY WOMAN shuffles along the beach, stumbling over sharp rocks and shattered shells. She approaches any who pass, giggling inanely. She tries to touch the PC with the highest Charisma score, but if they avoid her she shows no agitation. She tries to touch the PC with the next-highest score, and so on. Eventually, she gets bored and wanders away. Her touch does one of the following:

1. Heals d4 hp
2. Does d4 damage
3. +1 Wisdom for 24 hours
4. Causes confusion
5. +1 Constitution for 24 hours
6. *The PC experiences a vision of the old woman's entire life in a single instant – the Referee must improvise the details, but she was once a Polish princess. To make this easier (and more useful), the Referee can say that so much information all at once is too hard for the PC to absorb, and piece out the information over time in the form of memories or flashbacks (a useful method of imparting clues about the island). Because of this experience-dump, the PC gains half the amount of xp needed to advance to the next level.*

DAN PERTWIE LIES EXHAUSTED at the northernmost tip of the island. He is close to death, having escaped vile neo-puritans to the south (see 505 and 506). If the PCs assist him, Pertwie, whose fishing boat wrecked here eight years ago, tells them of his ordeal with the Redeemers, and can pass on many island rumors before expiring. If the PCs manage to coax him from death's door, he could make a serviceable guide. If it comes to that, the Referee can determine Pertwie's stats, class, and so on based on the party's needs.

DAN PERTWIE. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 12, attacks and saves as a 3rd level thief/rogue/specialist with dagger (1d4).

602

A HOUSEBOAT IS WEDGED IN A CLEFT in a narrow river-ravine. Its top story is an open deck with a circular tent, while its lower “house” story is full of light. Here resides Monarcha, who styles herself the Queen of the Island. She spends most days on the upper two decks, sipping tea made from whatever flowers are handy. She also occasionally purchases drugs and trades recipes with Doctor Bacchus (hex 502), and may herself (2 in 6 chance) be completely spaced out and incoherent when the PCs arrive.

Monarcha’s handsome looks and charismatic command have drawn to her several thralls. These have fed her their limbs and now lie, limbless, in the hold, her “Lower Parlor.” She never feeds them, but they manage to kill and eat one another. The stench within 30’ of the parlor is revolting. Monarcha needs more limbs, and will do her best to entice the PCs. Should she be killed, her boat is full of luxurious items from the Continent, all in relatively good shape.

MONARCHA. Armor 12, Hit Dice 4, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 4th level thief/rogue/specialist with slim dagger (d4+1). Insane charisma grants her charm person once per day as a 4th level magic-user.

603

HEAVY STREAMS MEET HERE and run out to sea. The mouth of the river is deep and contains the submerged wreck of a Norse longboat, but it is so old and covered with encrustations and marine life that it is almost impossible to recognize. PCs might only notice that the growth seems strange or out of place, but anyone of a scholarly bent or background will realize it’s clearly not of natural origin, and guess at its basic shape. Should the PCs attempt the rough job of diving and exploration, they find a magical +2 Viking long sword, free of all blemish. If it strikes the broadsword carried by the Lone Horseman (see 509), the Horseman’s broadsword instantly shatters.

A TIME TRAVELER wanders toward the coast. He (somehow) speaks a heavily accented dialect of the party's own language, and makes it clear his time-travel was unintentional. He will befriend the party if they don't threaten him, and he carries some useful gadgets. He has no particularly useful skills or foreknowledge. Unless the Referee has other plans, his name is Jack Calhoun, age 28, from Cape City, Wisconsin, 1973. He is absent without leave from the United States Marines. He is very concerned about his vehicle (see 504). Obviously, if Calhoun's presence is totally out of keeping with the tone and background of the game, this encounter can be changed or ignored. As for whether Jack ever gets back to the future, or whether that's even possible (and if so, whether it's the PCs' problem), is up to the Referee. If nothing else, he makes an interesting replacement PC if necessary.

JACK CALHOUN. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 3rd level fighter with jackknife (d4) or .38 special (2d6, six bullets). He carries a flashlight, Zippo lighter, two packs of full-flavored Chesterfields, and a transistor radio that can pick up the waves from the Transmitting Tower (see 405).

A HUGE FALLEN TREE lies across the easiest path. Inside it are a dozen Lunatics waiting to ambush anyone who walks by. They wear leather smocks and carry cleavers, knives, and other items looted from the kitchen of the Asylum (see 410). Though numerous, the lunatics are cowardly. If one is killed, the rest turn and flee to the northwest (see 605). If any of them are captured, they'll share whatever rumors they know, sell out their folk in hex 503, and will in fact make up whatever they think the PCs want to hear. The lunatics may admit they've resorted to cannibalism to make ends meet. But that's not that strange for this island...

LUNATICS. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 8, attack and save as 3rd level fighters with large kitchen implements (d6).

606

A STAND OF JETFLAG BUSHES stretches across the hillside. The black, waxy leaves of the bush can be ground into a tea that gives pep and a bonus to rolls made to recover from respiratory ailments. There is enough in a handful of leaves for 2d6 doses.

607

TWIN RIVERS MEET HERE, running down from lush ground in the interior. The intersection is a swampy morass. Hidden among the high grasses, under the surface, is an 18' long, 3' thick black serpent with a finned skull and eight vestigial leg-bumps. It is usually full, but if it is hungry (2 in 6 chance), it attacks the PCs, hoping to nab one and flee.

PRIMORDIAL SERPENT. Armor 14, Hit Dice 8, Move 180, Morale 9, attack once with bite for 2d6 plus grapple, and once with tail-lash for 2d4.

608

AN ANCIENT CRATER has filled with a murky lagoon. Overlooking it from the north is a leaning tower. Much too tall for the width of its base, it totters crazily but has yet to fall. Atop the tower is Moonman Jones, who is piling on further stones and setting them into place with mud. If questioned, Moonman Jones happily explains that he is building a tower to the moon. If it is suggested that the tower is unstable, Jones explains that flexibility is a key design feature – the moon moves across the sky, thus so must the tower. There is a 1 in 20 chance that it falls at the end of every turn (the Referee need only check for this while the PCs are around).

MOONMAN JONES. Armor 10, Hit Dice 3, Move 120, Morale 8, attacks and saves as 3rd level thief/rogue/specialist with heavy wrench (1d6).

A COPSE OF MORTLEWILLOW waves in the breeze. Their fragrant, puffy heads can be harvested to brew a tea that immediately cures a PC of all damage. However, the PC also incurs a random delusion (see page 68).

A FAT FINGER OF LAND juts out into the sea. Here is an observation hut, carefully and cleverly hidden. Inside, with a spyglass, the watchman Silas Eveready surveils the eastern approaches to the Asylum. If he sees anyone enter hex 509, or any ships sail toward the Asylum, he rings a sharp, high-pitched bell. Silas is, of course, in the employ of the Asylum and answers directly to the Horriface.

SILAS EVEREADY. Armor 14 (slippery bastard), Hit Dice 5, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 5th level thief/rogue/specialist with naval saber (d8) or hand-bombs (4), 3d6 damage, hits all "nearby" targets.

AN ELDERLY MAN clings to a bit of driftwood. Long exposure to the elements and lack of water have completely unhinged the man, who wasn't very hinged to begin with. He is a loose sack of skin and bones and he looks barely human. If the PCs rescue him, the best they can do for him is to let him die comfortably, which he will do a few minutes after rescue – but first, he will utter cryptic prophecies. Roll or pick:

1. You will die on the wrong side of a shimmering blue curtain.
2. Your lifeblood will be the pigment in an immortal artwork.
3. Your good half will be drawn to the north; your bad half, to the south.
4. You will whisper a secret but your voice will be as thunder.
5. You will die at the hands of a man who is not a man.
6. You will follow the commands of a voice that has no body.

None of these have any relevance to any other encounter in this adventure, but the Referee is encouraged to create encounters base on these ravings, especially if the PCs seem to take them seriously.

702

A SCHOOL OF VICIOUS AND DEMENTED migratory parrotfish swim in an endless circle. One has a string of valuable pearls stuck in a gill slit. The school recently ate a duchess who fell off a passing ocean liner, and the parrotfish now eschew their normal diet of algae for human flesh. The string of pearls is clearly valuable. Anyone who reaches into the sea for it must make a Dexterity roll or appropriate save to avoid being bitten by multiple fish for 3d4 damage.

PARROTFISH SWARM (treat as one monster). Armor 14, Hit Dice 4, Move 120 (water), Morale 11, automatically hits any targets in the water for 3d4.

703

A GIANT (30' WINGSPAN) VULTURE, alien to these parts, roosts on a rock overlooking the sea. It has no problem eating living prey.

GIANT VULTURE. Armor 14, Hit Dice 9, Move 240 (flying), Morale 9, swoop attack to grab prey (Dexterity or appropriate save to avoid), or beak attack for 4d6.

704

A ship is smashed on the rocks, its valuable cargo scattered. Much of it seems recoverable. Several dead bodies lie among the wreckage. For each turn the PCs spend here, they can salvage useful items (roll once or the Referee can pick below). However, there is a 1 in 6 chance the first round that the giant vulture who lives nearby (see 703) swoops in, a 2 in 6 chance the second round, and so on. If the vulture is already dead, it has a mate – surprise!

1. Six machetes (d6 damage)
2. A crate of ship's biscuit (oversized item, feeds party for months)
3. A revolver (2d6) and 2d12 bullets.
4. Fur-lined leather captain's jacket, +1 AC.
5. A case (12 bottles) of fine whiskey.
6. A journal containing letters smuggled off this island to a relative, who was coming to the rescue when shipwrecked. If the party is in need of a replacement PC, the relative could still be alive.

A YOUNG MAN SWIMS MADLY for the shore, but clearly won't make it. If rescued, he claims to be Malloy Tomkins, a member of the British merchant marine who arrived here through a magical whirlpool. He's lying. The truth is (roll or pick):

1. *He actually is telling the truth, and he's a 3rd level fighter willing to tag along.*
2. *He's telling the truth about the whirlpool, but is actually an Australian child-killer, Happy Malloy.*
3. *His real name is Tuts Fugdun, but he has 37 distinct personalities. He lives on the island. Why he's swimming way out here is anyone's guess.*
4. *Her real name is Holly McCabe, born on the island, marathon-swimming to induce a miscarriage.*
5. *His real name is Captain Oliver Smite, a British spy secretly dropped off here to study the island's suitability as a base for unlawful social experiments.*
6. *He is the demon prince Tor-Vassag of the Royal City of Prasiodiumium, Planet X, orbiting a purple star in the constellation of Sirius. What is he doing here? What are his powers?*

A GOOD BOOT FLOATS HERE, fitted for a right foot. Oddly, it is the perfect match to the boot floating in hex 006. You don't even want to know what happened. There's also a giant turtle that lunges out of the water whenever anyone comes near the boot.

GIANT TURTLE. Armor 20, Hit Dice 7, Move 60 (water), bites for 6d6 damage.

A STRANGE PILLAR stands on the bleak shore. It resembles nothing so much as a native totem pole of the American Pacific Northwest, but the design seems Nordic. Six carved, blockish heads of wood adorn the pole. Each has an open mouth. Inside the third mouth from the bottom is a compass and spyglass. If anyone reaches into the other mouths, the teeth clamp shut, doing 2d4 points of damage. The other mouths are, of course, empty.

708

A STAND OF YUCKWILLOW TREES blow in the breeze on the coast. This sturdy plant thrives in the rocky soil, and has perfectly adapted to conditions here. The 20' tree is crested with a cluster of shoots that reach to the ground, creating an excellent hiding place. The purple berries of the plant can be crushed and burned, creating an aromatic healing smoke. If prepared correctly (an Intelligence or appropriate skill roll), such an infusion heals 3d4 points of damage.

709

A TINY SPECK OF AN ISLAND barely breaks the surface of the sea. A lone man clad in rags, burned and cracked from exposure, sits on the crest of the island, babbling nonsense. He speaks only dog Latin, and that, only backwards. He is not capable of having a conversation per se, but if the PCs give him water or food, he dies happily in the next instant. That PC may re-roll a roll of any kind once during the next session.

710

A SHIMMERING PEARLY CIRCLE some 60' in diameter stands up-ended on the sea, lined up northwest to southeast. Nothing is visible in the circle, which has no depth – it is in fact, infinitely thin. Academics and crazy people will recognize this phenomenon as a portal – most likely to the lost underwater realm of Lyonesse, rumored to be located somewhere in these waters. If this is true, the PCs can pass into the portal, and beyond the confines of this book. Alternatively, the Referee can use this as any kind of Bermuda Triangle-esque mystery.

RANDOM WILDERNESS ENCOUNTERS

The following people and things are wandering around the island.

1. **FERAL KIDS.** *Packs of children ages 3 to 12, who belong to everyone and no one. They have reverted to savagery and do not hesitate to get all Lord of the Flies with the party if necessary. Armor 12-14, Hit Dice 1-3, Move 120, Morale 6, attack as 1st to 3rd level fighters with claws and bites (2) for d4.*
2. **CARNIVOROUS DEER.** *They act exactly the opposite of any deer you've met. Armor 12, Hit Dice 3, Move 180, Morale 9, attack with two kicks for d4+1 or one bite for d6+1; males also make gore attack with antlers for 2d6.*
3. **THE LAST WOLF.** *He assuages his loneliness with gluttony. Armor 14, Hit Dice 4, Move 180, Morale 10, attack with two claws (d4+2) and one bite (d6-2).*
4. **MANIAC COLLECTOR.** *Colonel Burl York stalks the island seeking the most interesting and bizarre special people for his collection of brains, which he hides in a hex of the Referee's choosing. Armor 13, Hit Dice 5, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 5th level fighter with poison dart (save or sleep) and saw (capable of decapitations, but definitely not with one stroke...).*
5. **DISPLACED CONDOR.** *It has no idea what it's doing here. Armor 14, Hit Dice 3, Move (210 fly), Morale 6 (10 if hungry), attacks with two claws (d4) and one bite (d4+1).*
6. **THE VIPER-MAN.** *This isn't actually a monster. It's Yancy, an inmate from the Asylum who thinks he's a poisonous snake, and acts appropriately (although he does run). Armor 11, Hit Dice 2, Move 120, Morale 8, attacks and saves as a 2nd level thief/rogue/specialist with fists or teeth (d4).*
7. **WILD CATS.** *These are just the housecat variety, but they're terrible in numbers. Normally solitary, these island cats have banded into a pride of sorts, led by a vicious Tabby (2HD) called Empereor Leopold. Armor 12, Hit Dice 1, Move 120, Morale 10 (6 alone), attack with a flurry of two claws and a bite (d4 each).*
8. **THE EYE OF THE HORRIFACE.** *This tiny floating eyeball (a lovely blue) has detached from the Horriface (see Asylum area O). Whatever it sees, the Horriface sees. It cannot communicate. If it sees the PCs, it tries to float back to where it belongs (the eye socket of the ice-hag's face, entry #3 page 59). It has a move score of 180 (fly) and effective AC of 14.*

PART TWO

The Dungeon.

"The medieval monks who broke their hands to build this remote place of worship could not have fortold that these halls, that once heard pious songs and hopeful prayers, now ring and echo with the calls and catechisms of madness..."

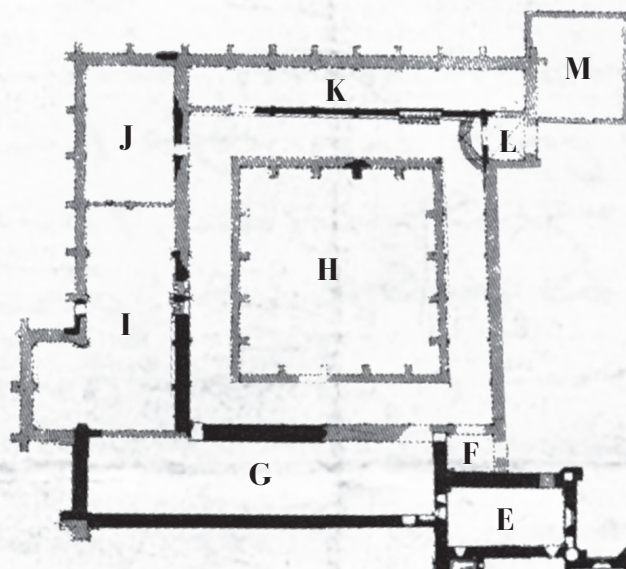
"Let the vain hospitals of the Continent groan in the darkness of the night. Here in our hallowed home, resanctified to the Thirty-Faced Lord, we bathe in the electric light we have stolen from the universe with our incredible machine..."

"Behind these walls, within these passages, we are pioneers of the inner world. Let mariners roam the seas, let aeronauts soar to the very Moon in its lake of eternal ether - here, in our Asylum, I shall make discoveries no terrestrial explorer will ever see."

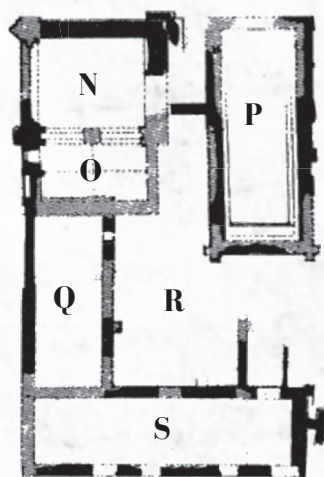
- From the journal of the Reverend Doctor Oleander Mars,
September 4, 1887



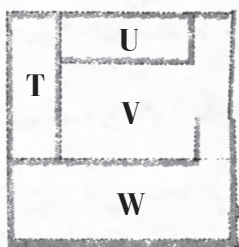
GROUND FLOOR



UPPER FLOOR



CELLAR



Not pictured: Boathouse (X)

CONDITIONS IN THE ASYLUM

Entrances: The Asylum is no longer locked down, although some doors are locked. There are few formal ways in or out, but there are multiple windows that are not necessarily indicated on the map, and the Referee can make these as easy or difficult to access as desired. The obvious entrance is the Sally Port (A) and there is another “emergency” exit on the ground floor landing of the stairwell (area F). Access is relatively easy on the second floor if the PCs can climb the exterior. The overwrought Gothic architecture makes this easy.

Power: The Asylum currently has electric power most of the time, thanks to a homemade generator (U) in the cellar. Such technology is slightly ahead of its time for the default setting, and will seem eerie and unnatural to the PCs. However, it is terribly inconsistent. Each turn (10 minutes) the PCs spend in the Asylum, roll a d6. There is a 2 in 6 chance the power goes off for a turn. It is restored on the next turn if the Referee rolls a 3-6. Otherwise it stays off for another turn. Even while it works, the generator is feeble. Lights flicker. It’s creepy.

Inmates: There at least 6 dozen inmates in the Asylum, but they aren’t all necessarily there at the same time, as some tend to wander in and out. Technically none of them (except those in area Q) are forced to be here. Indeed, many of them consider themselves to be staff. The majority of the inmates congregate here because there is a steady, if meager, supply of food and it is (relatively) safer than outside.

Inmate Life: The mad are unpredictable. Few people have individual quarters here. Assume there are multiple old mattresses, cots, hammocks, and other makeshift bunks filling the odd corners of almost every room. Food is still served daily in the kitchen (area J).

“Random” Encounters: The Asylum is full, but two types of lost souls are all over the place, and don’t count as part of the normal population - Lobotomites and Raving Lunatics. Lobotomites shuffle out of the way with a gentle push (most of the time), but there is a 2 in 6 chance they become violent if touched. Raving Lunatics are homicidal maniacs.

LOBOTOMITE. Armor 12, HD 1, Move 120, Morale 12, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with teeth (d4). Only attacks on a 2 in 6 chance when touched.

RAVING LUNATIC. Armor 14, HD 4, Move 120, Morale 12, attack and save as 4th level fighters with blade (d6). Attacks twice per round due to manic rage.

A. SALLY PORT / INTAKE PROCESSING

A heavy chain secures double doors, barring entry from the outside. The chain is old and rusty, and the door can be forced open with a -2/-10% Strength roll. Such an act makes a lot of noise. The interior is empty but for smashed and broken bits of furniture. There are six murder holes in the roof. Hidden in a crawlspace above is Hiram Goldwater, a demented saucier recently expelled from the kitchens (area J). Hiram pours boiling Worcestershire sauce on anyone who enters the sally port, for 2d6 splash damage (Dexterity roll or appropriate save for half damage). The crawlspace is accessible via a small trapdoor in the roof. Hiram hasn't been assigned this job, he just enjoys pouring sauce on people.

HIRAM THE SAUCIER. Armor 12, HD 3, Move 120, Morale 6, attacks and saves as a 2nd level thief/rogue/specialist with knife (d4) or sauce-splatter (2d6 - only enough sauce for two such attacks).

B. DUTY ROOM

The door to this room from the sally port is trapped. The metal door-latch has been electrified. Anyone who touches it takes 3d8 damage. An Intelligence roll (or appropriate skill) reveals a wire wrapped around the knob leading into the baseboards (see room U). On the west wall of the room is a huge mural of the Last Supper. The medium appears to be human feces. In place of Christ is a bulbous floating head with dozens of faces competing for space on it. The character of the Apostle Bartholemew (far left) is actually a naked man painted brown (with, of course, feces). This is actually the artist, Franco Domino, and the fact that he is three-dimensional is apparent to anyone who is paying the remotest attention. Nevertheless, he attempts to surprise the PCs, screaming "red paint!" and attacking wildly with a palette knife. It's a poor weapon, but Domino has crazed strength. He will answer questions about the painting, describing the Christ-figure as "The Horriface," explaining that the real thing is upstairs. Otherwise, he's an uncooperative ass.

FRANCO DOMINO. Armor 12, HD 3, Move 120, Morale 9, attacks and saves as 3rd level fighter for d4+1 damage.

C. INTERVIEW ROOM

This door is barred on the outside, as if to keep something in. A quilt is draped over a supply chest that contains a precious reserve of drugs (see page 57). It's double padlocked. Someone apparently thought it would be funny to stuff a dozen shambling lobotomites into the room as an extra level of protection.

D. DISPENSARY

Once, this is where drugs were doled out to inmates. Now, it is the home of Molly Murgatroyd, who concocts her own weird drugs with the strange fauna indigenous to the island or created by Doctor Bacchus (see hex 502). Her current batch of is in mismatched (and inaccurately labeled) bottles on a worktable. There are 12 bottles in her stash. The effects of each last 1d4 turns.

1. *This ointment makes skin invisible, but only the top layer.*
2. *This liquid confers the gift of music. The PC must sing everything.*
3. *This potion makes the PC "melty." Their bones are fine, but all flesh becomes slimy and saggy. Nothing actually melts away, though - it's just gross.*
4. *This big fat pill tastes of salty eggs. If swallowed, make a Constitution roll. On a success, Strength is increased by 2. If failed, Charisma is reduced by 2.*
5. *This florescent yellow powder, when snorted, allows infrared vision.*
6. *This clear liquid makes the PC sweat profusely and become slippery (+2 to to AC for the duration, but any failed Dexterity roll results in falling prone).*
7. *This bubbly potion acts as a violent purgative. It has no other effect.*
8. *This white powder is just salt.*
9. *This purple pill gets the user politely ripped but has no other effect.*
10. *This syrupy liquid slows the PC (as the spell) for the duration.*
11. *This bittersweet paste imbues the PC with a +2 attack bonus for the duration.*
12. *This potion puts the PC into a coma for the duration, where he or she becomes One with the One. Upon waking, the PC's Wisdom is permanently increased by 1.*

She'll be hiding in the closet in the west wall if the PCs made noise nearby before arriving here.

MOLLY MURGATROYD. Armor 12, HD 6, Move 12, Morale 10, attacks and saves as 6th level magic-user (but knows no spells) with knife (d4) and psycho-spray bottle (close range only, save vs. poison or suffer random delusion for 1 turn).

E. ORDERLY QUARTERS

A half-dozen old bunks line the walls of this room, the door to which is trapped with an old-fashioned shit-bucket. It's also filled with urine, razor blades, and syringes to add insult to injury. Whoever opens the door takes it on the head. Other than being gross and semi-traumatic it has no game effect (except perhaps for a save vs. insanity moment). Here Molly Murgatroyd has stored the profits she's made from selling her drugs.

1. *Storm lantern with 1 gallon fuel.*
2. *Four sets of wrist-and-ankle manacles.*
3. *A guitar (missing B string).*
4. *A saber (d8) inscribed to Lt. Smithers for service in the Battle of Majuba Hill.*
5. *Heavy oilcloth foul-weather ponchos (+1 to AC, -1 Dexterity rolls).*
6. *A live kitten (random color) named Ptolemy.*
7. *A harpoon (d12, two-handed weapon, minimum Strength 12).*
8. *A pearl handled revolver (2d6) and d6+1 rounds.*
9. *A spyglass (see 2 hexes away weather/terrain permitting).*
10. *Spare key to the Men's Dormitory (area G).*
11. *Barrel of salt pork, enough to feed the party for a fortnight.*
12. *Map to a secret gold mine in the Traansval (it's the real thing).*

F. STAIRWELL

This leads to the northeastern corner of area S on the upper floor, as well as out onto the glass roof (area R) of the day room. It also leads down to the northeastern portion of the morgue (area W) in the basement. The stairs are usually full of about 18 lobotomites. The stairs are also trapped - when someone walks in, they trip a string that releases an old steel-spring mattress from the landing above. Most of the coils have been broken and pried outward. It does 3d6 damage to anyone it falls on. The action is slightly delayed, so it will hit the first two people through the door. Anyone in the way can make a Dexterity roll or appropriate save for half damage.

G. MEN'S DORMITORY

This long hall once held dozens of rooms, but they were only walled with thin partitions. Most of these are now gone, having been smashed up, burned, or re-purposed. This area may contain some walled off sections at the Referee's discretion, and is a good place to put encoun-

ters of his or her own devising. Doors in the north wall are wide open, so whatever is going on in the Day Room (area H) can be heard here. The doors to the Orderly Quarters (area E) and a door to the outside in the south wall are closed and locked.

The hall is full of costumed lobotomites being put through rehearsals of a play by author/director/unwholesome puppeteer Matherly Johnstone. He has the keys to this room, and a copy of his play “Churn Not the Truth Lest Ye Be Pummeled.” His actors having (very) limited range, Johnstone has rigged up an elaborate pulley system to aid them in blocking. Unfortunately, Johnstone is obliged to re-create all the dialogue himself. He’s at this 24-7 except for the few hours a day he spends sleeping, hunting down meals or corralling stray thespians.

H. DAY ROOM

A glass-and-iron roof lets sunlight into this hall, but years of accumulated debris and wear on the roof makes the light mottled and dim. An open colonnade runs around the large square room. Icongruously, children’s playground equipment (merry-go-round, see-saw, etc.) is installed in the middle of the room. At any given moment most of the inmates are gathered here, where one of three scenarios is playing out as the PCs enter (if they leave and come back later, one of the other events should be happening).

1. Circus Maximus. A dozen “charioteers” in wheelchairs, each pulled by six inmates, rush in circles around the hall, beating their teams and each other with improvised whips. About three dozen spectators cheer on their favorites. If the PCs interfere in any way, even accidentally (which isn’t hard to do - with the sheer number of people in here and their relatively poor social skills, traversing the room without upsetting the delicate balance is nearly impossible), the PCs are press-ganged into service as drivers, steeds, or both. A self-proclaimed Emperor wearing a bedsheet and a crown made of forks, by name of Claudius Naughtius, maintains a tenuous hold over the festivities.

2. Kangaroo Court. A trial is underway, with Judge Mortimer K. Slump handing out bizarre sentences to be carried out on the spot. A kettle of boiling water and an electrified bedsprings stand by. A half dozen prisoners (Mel, Sandy, Lucifer Rex, Nim, and Bellweather, all with random delusions) stand accused of theophysical skulldugger and statutory disrespect, with Lucifer Rex standing additional

charges of sodomy and unwarranted sass. Six beefy bailiffs with home-made executioner's hoods enforce edicts if necessary. However, despite the scary-looking accoutrements, all but Lucifer Rex will be sentenced to roll on the floor over a pile of thumbtacks. Lucifer Rex is sentenced to be electrocuted on the bedsprings while boiling water is poured over him (anyone who watches this save vs. insanity). If the PCs seem likely to intervene, Judge Slump would prefer they do so as counsel for the accused. Of course, they'll have no time for preparation and are doomed to failure, but the roleplaying should be entertaining.

3. Fashion Show. Lady Sausalito El Salvador conducts a fashion show featuring the latest in Asylum styles. She and two designers, Penelope-Anne Lewis-Maddox and Becky, have created several stunning ensembles. Four of the comelier inmates serve as models to the accompaniment of accordion music by Roger McDyke, troubadour. However, when the PCs arrive, Lady Sausalito insists they participate by modelling the remaining outfits. If they refuse, the crowd becomes very nasty. They were promised glamor and mean to get it. Roll 4d6 or pick to determine details of the outfits the PCs are asked to model. For example, if you rolled 5, 3, 6, 1, the outfit is a leafy mauve unitard with sequins.

1. Overlarge	1. Mustard	1. Hat	1. w/Sequins
2. Too-tight	2. Sky Blue	2. Cape	2. w/Tassles
3. Patchwork	3. Mauve	3. Stockings	3. w/Fringe
4. Metallic	4. Rust-Orange	4. Waistcoat	4. w/Rhinestones
5. Leafy	5. Lime Green	5. Hoopskirt	5. w/Seashells
6. Furry	6. Black	6. Unitard	6. w/Teeth

Note that none of these events can be happening at the same time because Emperor Claudius Naughtius, Judge Mortimer K. Slump, and Lady Sausalito El Salvador are the same person, Hector Hives, who suffers from some form of multiple personality disorder.

HECTOR HIVES, ENTERTAINER. Armor 12, HD 6, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as 6th level thief/rogue/specialist with dagger (d4), save vs. poison or be slowed for d4 rounds (3 doses).

DAYROOM MINIONS. Armor 14, HD 2, Move 120, Morale 8, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with improvised weapons (d4).

I. SICK WARD / SURGERY

This spacious infirmary is divided into two main areas. The southern portion has some two dozen cots, each of which (3 in 6 chance) has an unwilling patient strapped to it. The northern portion, once walled off but now open to the infirmary, is an operating theater. Here the surgeon, Dr. Nebulous Trout, performs complex procedures on a series of patients. As the PCs enter, young Holly Thesaurus, so named for her manner of speaking, is about to undergo an emergency glossectomy. At any other time, the doctor is performing another medical feat on one of the patients:

1. *PURGING*: Dr. Trout pours a foul brew down the patient's throat, inducing violent vomiting and watery bowel movements over 2d4 hours, or 2d4 minutes with a Constitution roll or appropriate save.

2. *BLOODLETTING*: Dr. Trout bleeds the patient for 1d4 hp of damage per hour, over the course of 2d6 hours thus releasing bad blood and foul humors that cause madness. Obviously, if this goes on long enough, it usually kills the patient.

3. *TREPHINATION*: Dr. Trout uses an auger to make a clean hole in the victim's skull, releasing the madness from the brain. This does 2d4 damage, and there is a 2 in 6 chance the patient loses 2 points of Intelligence or Charisma.

4. *ICE BATH*: The patient is immersed (forcibly in most cases) in a vat of icy water in the corner of the room. The shock is such that patients are at -2 to rolls and saves for d4 turns after being released, or -4 in the case of Dexterity. If the patient is in the water for longer than 18 turns, save vs. death every round.

5. *LOBOTOMY*: Dr. Trout makes a Dexterity roll (14 or less) to scrape and cut away connections to the prefrontal cortex in the patient's brain. If he succeeds, the patient takes 2d4 damage and loses 1d4 from Intelligence, Wisdom and Charisma. If he fails, the patient dies.

6. *SHOCK TREATMENT*: Dr. Trout knows nothing about altering brain chemistry; he's just doing this one for the kicks. The patient is wired to the Asylum's aged generator (area U) and subjected to brief, violent seizures that do progressively more damage each time (1d4, 2d4, 3d4, and so on). There is also a 2 in 6 chance the patient loses 1 point of every ability score but Strength.

Needless to say, Dr. Trout has never been to medical school.

DOCTOR NEBULOUS TROUT. Armor 13, HD 5, Move 120, Morale 9, attacks and saves as 6th level fighter with scalpel (2d4). If anyone asks how a scalpel does that much damage say he's "quadruple specialized..."

J. KITCHENS

Amazingly, through all the chaos that has surrounded it over the decades, the Asylum kitchen still manages to turn out one square meal a day. Mother Applebutter, the rosy-cheeked cook, seems out-of-place here, doing what she can to make a nutritious stew each day. Two kitchen scouts, Deke and Silas, gather what little edible flora and fauna they can and Mother Applebutter does wonders with it. The diet is mostly seafood and vegetables - though she will stoop to minor unethical practices such as re-using grease for months on end, she does not condone cannibalism. Oddly, there is absolutely nothing sinister going on here, and it's the one place on the island to get a free, solid meal. So no one minds that Mother Applebutter gives a "Hail Satan!" at the daily blessing.

K. WOMEN'S DORMITORY

This long, narrow hall was once, like the men's dormitory, divided into many small rooms (and some might still be here). Today, the hall serves as an archery range, with human targets tied to chairs at the 20', 40', and 60' marks. Two targeteers, Leopold Range and Davenport Price (both members of the "elites" of area S), have already hit target one, Freddie Manfred, in the stomach, and target two, Cynthia Ledbetter, in the arm. Both still live. The final target, Louis Farquater, is thus far unscathed. Needless to say, Range and Price will be upset if their game is interrupted, and will declare the PCs impromptu moving targets. In their minds, it's some form of bonus challenge round.

LEOPOLD RANGE. Armor 14, HD 4, Move 120, Morale 7, attacks and saves as 4th level fighter with bow (d6, 10 arrows in quiver).

DAVENPORT PRICE. Armor 12, HD 5, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as fifth level fighter with bow (d6, 7 arrows in quiver).

L. MATRON'S QUARTERS/BOATHOUSE PASSAGE

This room was once the quarters of the matron of the female inmates. Now, the asylum's supply of pharmaceutical drugs from before the collapse is secured here. The door from the women's dormitory is locked. It's also rigged to a trap that springs a psilocybin-based liquid across the room ten seconds after opening, as well as a sulphinol gas, dosing everyone in the room (no save). The effects last for 36 turns

(not rounds!). See the entries below for details. In a locked cabinet built into the western wall are the following drugs. Some of these are occasionally purloined by Dr. Nebulous Trout (area I) or members of the elites (area S), so dosages (shown in parentheses) may vary. Unless it says otherwise, a drug usually wears off in about six hours.

1. *PSILOCYBIN (22)*: This gives feeling of connection between the user and the universe, granting +2/10% to any sorts of perception-based rolls. It seems to slow down time, causes mild hallucinations, and euphoria. On a failed Constitution roll (or appropriate save), the user has a bad trip, and is crippled by feelings of fear and intense unpleasantness (-2/10% to any social-based rolls).

2. *BROMIDES (13)*: Several drugs here fall into this category. Make a Constitution roll (or appropriate save) or fall into a "bromide sleep" for 2d4 hours. Otherwise, attack and save at -2 for the same period while feeling both lethargic and irritable. It cures nausea, but can cause disinterest in physical activity and sex.

3. *STRAMONIUM (32)*: A drug derived from jimsonweed that can cause vivid hallucinations, feelings of flying, and euphoric highs. Make a Wisdom roll to determine hallucination from reality, otherwise it is effectively real (as phantasmal force and other illusion-type spells). An overdose (more than 1) is fatal (save vs. death).

4. *MORPHINE (17)*: This highly addictive drug numbs all pain, temporarily adding 2d4 hp that go away in 1d6 hours (per dose). Make a Constitution roll or suffer -4 to attacks and saves from sedation; otherwise, -2. Once the drug wears off, there is an X-in-10 chance (X = # of doses) of resorting to theft or violence to get more.

5. *STROPHANTHUS (12)*: This stimulant increases the heart rate, and this particular strain is so virulent as to allow the user to act twice per round, as the haste spell (for 2d6 rounds). Make a Constitution roll (or appropriate save), or suffer from nausea, headache, and colorblindness. If successful, it's just nausea and headache.

6. *NERVE PILLS (54)*. The personal creation of the Asylum's former director, this concentrated pill contains a heady mixture of strychnine, morphine, opium, guinine, lithium salts, and cocaine. Use your imagination...

Hidden underneath the cabinet is a trapdoor that leads to a 30' shaft with a metal spiral stair. At the bottom is a 60' tunnel that leads due south to the boathouse (area X). A silent guardian patrols the passage:

HEKTOR, A MUTE BRUTE. Armor 14, HD 6, Move 120, Morale 9, attacks and saves as a 6th level fighter with twin boat hooks for 2d6+1.

M. STABLES

The stables do not connect with the Asylum through an interior door. A door in the eastern outer wall leads to the pastures of the Lone Horseman (see hex 509). This is the stable for the Lone Horse. The Horseman's spartan abode is in the loft. At his bedside is a book of magical incantations. After the first reading of a chant, it has no further effect (treat it as a scroll).

1. *THE SONG OF SECRECY.* The caster becomes invisible and is within a 10' radius of silence for one turn.
2. *THE INCANTATION OF IMMEDIACY.* The caster automatically wins initiative and acts twice per round for one turn.
3. *THE BALLAD OF BELLICOSITY.* The caster attacks with +2 to hit and damage for one turn.
4. *THE SONNET OF SAGACITY.* The caster's intelligence becomes 18, with supra-genius level intellect, for one turn.
5. *THE LYRIC OF LUMINOSITY.* The caster blazes with red light for one turn.
6. *THE VERSE OF VERACITY.* The caster rolls with advantage (roll 2 dice, pick the better result) on all but damage rolls for one turn.

N. DIRECTOR'S QUARTERS

This room was once the quarters and offices of the Asylum's director (a post now effectively occupied by the Horriface, see area O). This room has not been used in ages, but because of its proximity to the Horriface's lair, it hasn't seen much traffic and has not changed much over the years. A shelf contains moldering volumes on psychology, pharmacology, and general health. Although they are about a decade out of date, the books are the best place for PCs to identify any drugs they find. A desk has a locked drawer with files on many of the original inmates (though many people here are offspring of inmates, people who were shipwrecked here, and other outsiders, who won't have files here). These files include names and contact information for relatives (all out of date by about two decades). In a locked drawer is a heavy revolver (2d6+2) with a box of 36 bullets, 20 doses of random drugs (see drugs table, page 57), and the real estate deed for the island (filed in Belfast 27 years ago). The drawer is trapped with an explosive charge that does 3d6 damage to the hand. If at least 12 damage is done, the hand is blown off.

O. THE HORRIFACE'S LAIR

This room, once the personal laboratory of the Asylum's original director, is now the lair of the abomination known as the Horriface. Any furniture or trappings that fill this room have long since been removed. It is draped entirely with velvet curtains (looted six years ago from a luxurious ship) and has no other adornment. Unless it has already been drawn out, the Horriface will be here when the PCs enter.

The Horriface itself is a floating flesh-ball, some 3' in diameter, made up of 30 horrific faces, stitched together with greasy white ligaments. It can therefore see in all directions at once. The faces represent all ages, races and genders, and when the Horriface speaks, all 30 voices speak in unison (a good excuse for a save vs. insanity roll).

What, exactly, the Horriface is should be up to the Referee, or left to the imagination and never fully described. Some believe it was the original director of the Asylum, punished by God to endure this form for his terrible crimes. Others posit that the Horriface is a particularly nasty earthly form of a high-ranking demon or devil. Others say it is an interloping criminal from another dimension. Probably, the Horriface is a self-conceiving physical manifestation of the blasted sanity, anguish, turmoil, manic excitement, and general confusion and negativity that is the norm for most of the island's inhabitants. As long as the Horriface exists, the island can never be truly claimed, pacified, and developed for civilization.

Each of the Horriface's 30 faces has a specific weird power. The Referee can roll a d30 or just choose an interesting result.

THE HORRIFACE. Armor 16, HD 10, Move 90 (float), Morale 12, attacks once per round with random power (see below) or six bite attacks for d4+1 per bite.

- 1. The face of a small boy emits a high-pitched shriek that breaks all glass in 20' and causes everyone within hearing to take 2d4 sonic damage. No save.*
- 2. The face of an angry old man targets a specific PC, who must save vs. spells or attack the nearest ally as soon as possible. The effect lasts until the PC makes the saving throw.*
- 3. The cold blue face of a hag emits a wall of ice (as the spell) from her mouth.*
- 4. The face of a middle-aged man sprays vomit on a target (20' range) for 3d4 acid damage, plus reducing effectiveness of armor by 1.*

5. *The tattooed face of a Scythian warrior screams at a target, turning it permanently blue.*
6. *The face of a middle-aged woman looks upon a target with such sadness that the target is overwhelmed with grief, and is at -2/10% to rolls for 2d4 rounds.*
7. *The face of a dandified man winks, causing everyone in a 30' radius to grow a handlebar mustache.*
8. *The face of a young woman spits upon a target, causing it to go blind for 2d4 rounds.*
9. *The round face of a bellicose man emits a 6-dice fireball from his mouth.*
10. *The face of an elderly man causes a target to age 2d4 years (no save).*
11. *The face of a little girl whistles a haunting tune, forcing everyone in a 30' radius to waltz for 2d4 rounds - with a partner, if possible. Anyone left without a partner must save vs. insanity.*
12. *The face of a young woman sneezes at a target, slowing it for 2d4 rounds.*
13. *The face of a saturnine fellow trills his tounge, causing a target to trip and become prone (no save).*
14. *The face of a red-cheeked lady blows a kiss at a target, knocking it backward for 20', taking 2d4 damage if it hits an obstacle.*
15. *The face of a blue-eyed girl sings a lullaby that causes everyone in a 20' radius to levitate for d4 rounds.*
16. *The mutton-chopped face of a pig-nosed man belches, causing a stinking cloud.*
17. *The face of a pointy-nosed, pointy-chinned man causes clothes to grow thorns on the inside, causing 2d4 points of damage immediately, and 1d4 more when the clothes are removed.*
18. *The face of a woman with a crescent moon on her forehead teleports the target to the moon for 1d4 rounds, where he or she takes 2d6 vacuum damage.*
19. *The face of a fat man leers, causing a target to vomit and defecate simultaneously. No save.*
20. *The face of a cold-eyed girl paralyzes a target for 2d4 rounds (save allowed).*
21. *The pimply face of a teenage boy causes target to become slippery with grease for 2d4 rounds. Target must roll Dexterity each round or drop whatever it's holding.*
22. *The round brown face of an island girl makes a clicking sound, causing a live crab to appear inside the target's bowels, causing 2d4 damage each round until cut out (another 2d4 damage).*
23. *The bewhiskered face of a wrinkled man blows a smoke ring at a target, causing choking and suffocation for d4 rounds (1d4 damage/round, no save).*

24. *The grey face of a grim old man turns a target to stone for 2d4 rounds.*
25. *A face with no skin, just muscle and tendons, screams at a target, causing skin to turn inside out for 2d4 rounds. Extreme nerve pain causes d6 automatic damage per round.*
26. *The face of a green-eyed Chinese girl shoots three 4-dice magic missiles out of its mouth at three different targets.*
27. *The face of a middle-aged woman clucks her tongue scoldingly, causing the target to become "grounded" from combat for 2d4 rounds. The PC is allowed only to read or sit quietly without fidgeting.*
28. *The cross-eyed gaze of a manic adolescent causes the target to save vs. insanity or gain d4 random delusions (see page 68).*
29. *A furry face wriggles its nose, causing the target to grow long hair all over their body. No game effect, but the PC looks like Cousin It until shaved.*
30. *The face of a beautiful woman with yellow eyes causes any PC it gazes upon to immediately fail a save vs. insanity roll.*

P. TIME-LOOP CHAPEL

This chapel is lit by stained-glass windows on the north and south walls. They're mostly intact, but missing a small pane or two here and there. The panes depict scenes from 1st and 2nd Maccabees. There are about 20 inmates here conducting a ceremony. The procedure is a completely inverted version of the Anglican rites, going from end to beginning. The frocked priest, Father Cyril Peel, believes this ceremony can turn back time, restoring primordial chaos so that God can have a do-over. The ritual actually works, but it only shifts time backward about 15 minutes, and only hyper-locally (this room). This shifts Father Peel back to the mid-point in the service, thus the congregants are caught in a 15-minute time-loop. If the PCs are here for longer than a turn without interrupting Father Peel, they too will experience the loop. If the PCs make trouble, they find that the priest and his flock do not turn the other cheek.

FATHER CYRIL PEEL. Armor 12, HD 4, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as 4th level cleric (but knows no spells) with chain (d6).

HIS FLOCK (18). Armor 12, HD 1, Move 120, Morale 6, attack and save as 1st level fighters with improvised weapons (d4).

Q. PRISON HALL

This windowless room is accessible only from a heavily locked door on the walkway around the glass roof (area R). Multiple prisoners who have run afoul of the Horriface or his minions languish here, awaiting various unpleasant fates. If the PCs are on a mission to find or rescue someone, this is probably the best place for the poor wretch to be waiting. It's likely he or she has had treatment from Dr. Nebulous Trout, as well (area I).

The room is guarded by Abdul the Butcher, who has an 18 Dexterity but weighs 400 pounds so gets no Dexterity bonus to AC (it's all manual dexterity...). He is blind, but his sense of hearing and smell are so advanced that his attack penalty is reduced to -2. Under normal circumstances, Abdul pushes himself on a small four-wheeled cart when he needs to get somewhere.

ABDUL THE BUTCHER. Armor 14, HD 5, Move 90 (fat), Morale 9, attacks and saves as 5th level fighter with scimitar (d8+1).

R. GLASS ROOF

This central section of the upper floor is a glass roof, a very early example of the art. Anything going on in the Day Room below can be seen from here (and vice versa). The roof has a heavier-than-usual metal framework, which can be walked on. Anyone who weighs less than 120 pounds can walk on the glass roof without risk. Anyone who weighs 120-180 pounds breaks the glass on a 2 in 6 chance per round. Anyone who weighs more than that automatically breaks the glass, falling into the Day Room below (a 40' fall). A 3' wide walkway runs around the edge of the roof, allowing access to the second-story rooms. The stairwell (area F) leads here, but the roof over it has crumbled, allowing access to the roof as well as area S.

At any given time a flock of people dressed like birds is here. Their preferred attack mode is to rush a target and push it off the roof (a +4 grapple attack: the bird-people also fall over, but they haven't thought that far ahead).

ANGRY BIRD-PEOPLE (6). Armor 12, HD 2, Move 120, Morale 7, attack and save as 2nd level fighters with improvised beaks and claws (d4).

S. UPPER LOUNGE

The self-proclaimed elite of the Asylum - a *de facto* nobility of sorts - makes this area their home. They resist any change to the status quo, and are likely to resent intruders. They like to consider themselves on speaking terms with the Horriface, although they are rarely granted an audience. Any political or dramatic schemes going on within the Asylum walls are likely to involve one of these ringleaders.

The edges of the room are lined with makeshift alcoves made of drapes, clothesline, and so on, giving the residents a modicum of privacy. Many of the interiors are quite sumptuous, and are the closest thing to luxury offered anywhere on the island.

1. *UPTON LODGE*. Armor 13, HD 4, Move 120, Morale 7, attacks and saves as 4th level thief/rogue/specialist with twin daggers (d4). His manic speed grants him two attacks per round (but not a sneak attack).
2. *LAWRENCE VON CRASH*. Armor 14, HD 5, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 5th level fighter with cutlass (d8+2). He is in love with Andrea DeNefarious and generally attacks in tandem with her.
3. *ANDREA DeNEFARIOUS*. Armor 16, HD 4, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 4th level fighter with cutlass (d8). She is in love with Lawrence Von Crash and usually fights by his side.
4. *LORD SEPTIMUS BLUNDER*. Armor 12, HD 3, Move 120, Morale 8, attacks and saves as a 3rd level fighter with heavy club (d6+2). Lord Blunder's attack is so powerful there is a 2 in 6 chance it also knocks a target prone.
5. *PRIMITIVO VALASQUEZ*. Armor 14, HD 5, Move 120, Morale 9, attacks and saves as a 5th level fighter with rapier (d6+1). Primitivo has never learned English although he is a native. He speaks something that sounds like Spanish, but isn't.
6. *MELISSA McAPIS*. Armor 12, HD 5, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 5th level thief/rogue/specialist with large knitting needle (d4, ignores non-metal armor completely). Melissa always dresses as a bee.
7. *THOMAS THOMAS THOMAS III*. Armor 13, HD 3, Move 120, Morale 7, attacks and saves as 3rd level thief/rogue/specialist with cutlass (d8). He says everything three times. Example: "I kill you I kill you I kill you!"
8. *OLYMPIA HAMM*. Armor 12, HD 7, Move 120, Morale 10, attacks and saves as a 7th level magic-user with spear (d6), but cannot remember any spells. At the Referee's discretion, she casts random spells of the appropriate levels.

T. MUSHROOM GARDEN

This section once held a row of individual cells for dangerous inmates. Most of the interior walls have been knocked down, and now a psilocybin garden fills the area. The bed of feces the fungi grow in emits a foul and unpleasant odor that permeates the basement. John Michaelmass (see area U) is in charge of tending the garden and harvesting the drug, but he is rarely here. The door to this room is trapped with a spiked spring-bar that swings out horizontally at face level (2d6 damage, 1 in 6 chance of putting a random eye out). There is enough hallucinogenic fungi here to dose about 100 people, or 10 people 10 times, or one person 100 times, etc. If anyone makes a lot of noise in here, John Michaelmass comes running from the Generator Room (area U).

U. GENERATOR ROOM

This room houses an experimental electric generator designed by island resident Victor Van Dyk (see hex 405). It is currently operating and supplying power to the asylum, but this is usually intermittent (this is fully explained in Conditions in the Asylum, page 49). Hidden behind the generator, giving himself minor electric shocks for fun, is John Michaelmass, a lifelong resident with d4 random delusions. He is currently in a dispute with his special lady friend, Colette Bowser, who he has locked in a drawer in the morgue (area W). Michaelmass is hot-headed and attacks pretty much anyone without provocation using his home-made electric knuckledusters.

JOHN MICHAELMASS. Armor 12, HD 4, Move 120, Morale 8, attacks and saves as a 4th level thief/rogue/specialist with electric knuckledusters (2d6, four charges left), or long nails and teeth (d4).

V. FURNACE

here is small fire in this old coal furnace when the PCs enter. The furnace itself occupies the west half of the room and is protected by a heavy metal door with a narrow slat peek through. Inside, sitting on a pile of bony ashes amidst flames, is an undead creature called Sam. He whistles a happy tune of the American south as his fat melts and skin blackens, a process that has been going on for decades and will go on, perhaps, eternally. If anyone opens the door to the furnace, Sam

asks nicely for them to close the door, as they're letting the cold in and he's just now managed to get warm. He won't leave the furnace and is no threat if left alone. However, if a PC keeps the door open for long, or engages him in prolonged conversation, Sam lunges forward to grapple a PC and pull them into the flames, where they take 2d6 damage (they can squirm back out after that). Sam can't be killed, merely avoided.

W. MORGUE

A dozen corpse-drawers line the south wall of this room, which has a rusted autopsy table and drain in the center of the room. When the PCs enter, someone violently bangs on the inside of one of the drawers, as if trapped inside. Indeed, inside drawer #4 is Colette Bowser, a life-long resident of the Asylum with one random delusion. She has been locked in here by John Michaelmass (see area U), with whom she has a destructive codependent relationship. She begs the PCs to save her from Michaelmass, who she describes as "the devil's own bunghole." However, if the PCs actually become aggressive toward Michaelmass, she becomes madly defensive of him and attacks.

COLETTE BOWSER. Armor 13, HD 3, Move 120, Morale 8, attacks and saves as a 3rd level fighter with dagger (d4).

X. BOATHOUSE

A hidden bay is almost invisible from the shoreline. Here a boat-house holds an old but serviceable steam launch that, while dangerous to cross open seas in, is better than nothing. The sea-doors are warped and swollen shut, and will have to be slowly hacked apart (about 8 hours) or blown off (such a charge can only be set from inside, otherwise it could destroy the boat). Any noise here alerts three horrific guardians who wear the flesh-suits of dead mermaids, who attack from the water. They are regularly fed by the Horriface to keep sharp watch.

FLESH-SUIT GUARDIANS: Armor 14, HD 5, Move 120, Morale 10, attack and save as 5th level fighters with tridents (d8+2) and blowguns (d4, save vs. poison or fall asleep for d4 turns).

OPTIONAL SANITY RULES

As the characters explore this mad island and even madder asylum, they run the risk of becoming mad themselves, and possibly becoming permanent residents. The Referee may, of course, devise any suitable method for adjudicating a slide into insanity. In lieu of rules for insanity in whatever specific version or edition of rules you're using, the following may prove useful.

The Sanity Score

Each character is considered to have an unofficial "sanity" pool equal to the average of the mental ability scores (Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma). When a character encounters anything deeply disturbing, this sanity is at risk. The Referee makes the call on what's so disturbing as to call for a sanity roll, but many of the encounters in this book should do the trick. As with things that cause fear, characters will quickly become jaded. After the third or fourth time encountering cannibalism, for example, the characters will get used to it.

Save vs. Insanity

When such a thing is encountered, any PC who is involved (or merely witnesses it) must roll current Sanity or less on a d20. If the roll is successful, the PC keeps his or her wits. If it is failed, the character's Sanity is reduced by 1d4. When Sanity is tested again, roll against the new (lower) amount. It's a slippery slope - once you start losing your mind, it gets easier to keep losing it until it's gone.

When the character's Sanity pool reaches zero, he or she slips over the brink and may be considered insane.

Types of Insanity

In terms of old school gaming sources, the *Dungeon Masters Guide* itself has much to say on the subject of insanity, and much of that may prove useful. Many games that feature rules for insanity feature lists of actual medical disorders such as agoraphobia, pyromania, and so on. There's no reason you can't reference the DMG or a game like *Call of Cthulhu* for a wealth of information about mental illnesses and how they might affect game activities. Instead, this book uses a table of 101 Random Delusions (turn the page). When a PC becomes insane, roll on the table, pick an appropriate result, or make one up.

Note that insanity does not force a character into any specific course of action, but whatever delusion the character suffers is very real to them. This does not necessarily mean that they obsess over it to the exclusion of every other possible activity. That is, the character could still participate in the main activity of the adventure - there is no need for the player to split off from the party or try to force them into his or her mad quest in order to be “in character.”

Roleplaying Insanity

Here's a useful tip for portraying insanity that seems to work well at our gaming table. Rather than undergo a complete personality change, or playing it purely for laughs, try roleplaying the character in more or less the same way, but a more intense and exaggerated version. It's also helpful and effective to do the following:

- *Speak slightly too loud or too soft.*
- *Enunciate in an exaggerated manner, or mumble almost incoherently.*
- *Lean in uncomfortably close to other players when you speak.*
- *Make constant eye contact, with eyes too wide open. Don't blink.*
- *Develop a repetitive hand movement, usually touching your face.*
- *Use sudden, darting movements and hand gestures.*
- *Laugh at things that aren't funny, cry for no obvious reason, etc.*
- *Overdo an irritating trait (smugness, aggressiveness, affected boredom, etc.)*
- *Randomly change the subject in the middle of conversations.*
- *Don't actually listen to people, just pause when they speak then resume your topic.*
- *Act as if you assume everyone is interested in you and what you have to say.*
- *Assume that you are at the center of the plot of whatever is happening.*

In general, anything that makes you seem unpredictable or annoying works.

Treating Insanity

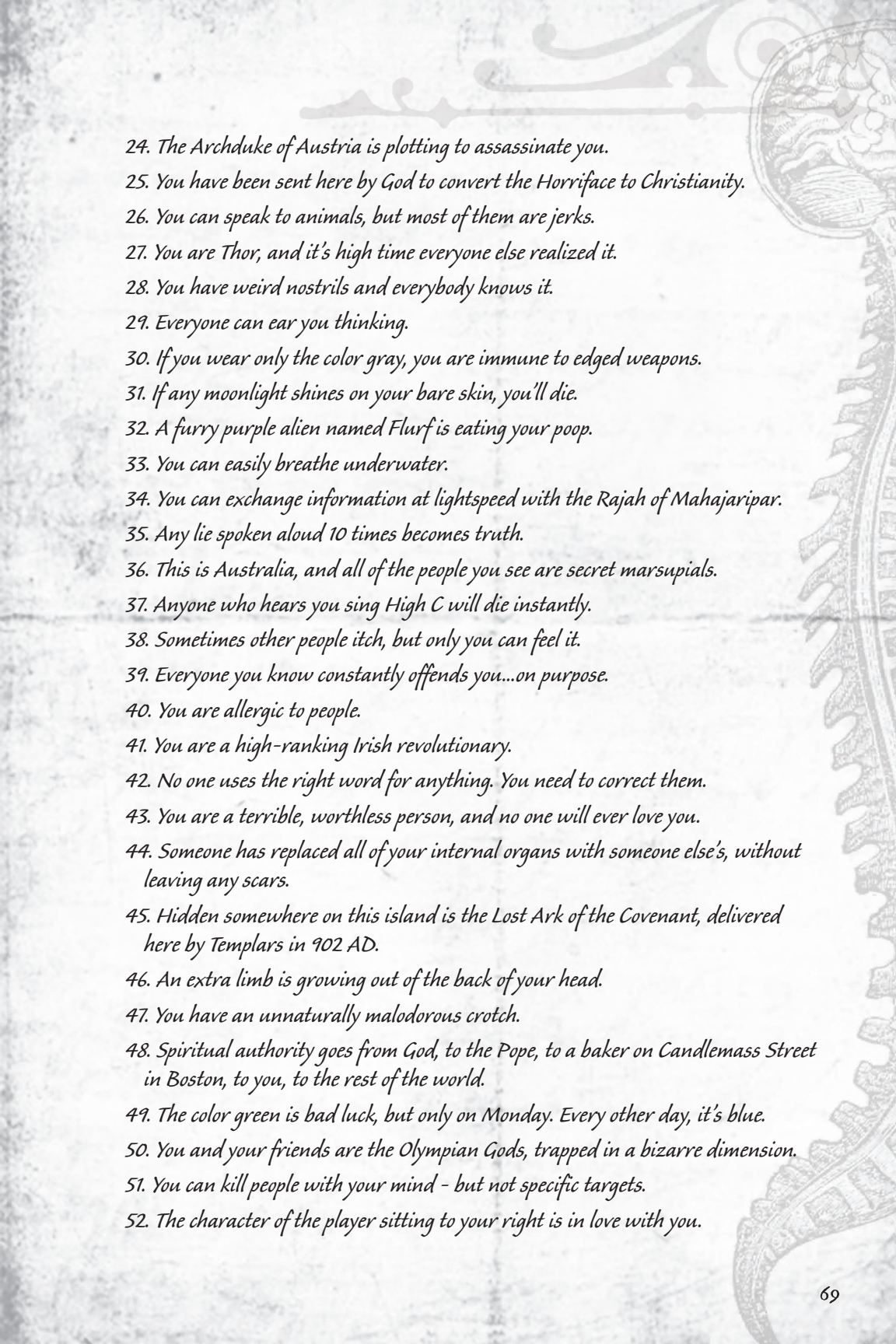
Obviously, the long term care, maintenance and ultimate cure of the mentally ill is outside the scope of this book. For simplicity, spending d4 weeks of total rest and relaxation in a safe, quiet, supportive place (that is, not this island!) will do the trick.

Otherwise, if clerical magic is present, then any healing spell, restoration, or remove curse types of spells will restore sanity.

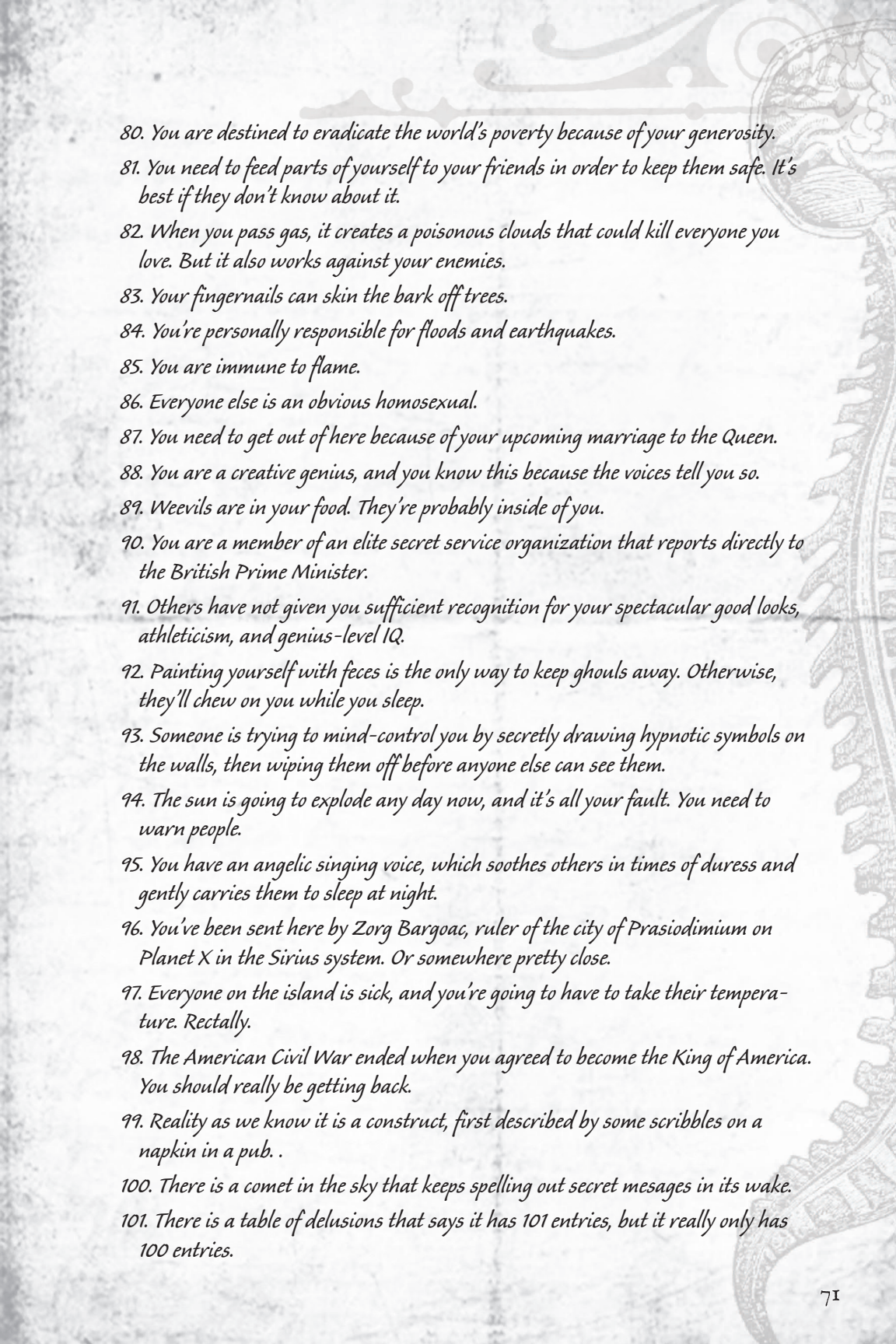
101 DELUSIONS

When a PC becomes mad, roll or pick on the following table. Some inmates have more than one delusion (usually d4).

1. *This has all happened before.*
2. *The ground is hot lava.*
3. *Beware of books. If you gain too much knowledge, your head actually can explode. In fact, it's best to forget things.*
4. *You are patient zero in the biological apocalypse, carrying a new plague.*
5. *You are a soldier sent from the far future to assassinate a powerful island leader whose identity will be revealed through vague innuendo.*
6. *All food tastes funny. Not strange. Hilarious.*
7. *Gingers are fire elementals imprisoned in fleshly vessels by an evil wizard. Although cursed to forget, they yearn to be set aflame and freed.*
8. *Birds are communicating with you through coded chirping. Their message: find the highest spot in the island and jump - don't worry, you'll fly!*
9. *You are the lost prince of the underwater realm of Lyonesse.*
10. *You have been found guilty of heresy in the High Court of Rodent Judicature and await imminent execution.*
11. *You can eat and easily digest glass.*
12. *You're Jesus. Obviously.*
13. *You have recently returned from adventuring on the planet Mars and can't wait for the planets to align, so you can go back.*
14. *Babies come from eating beans. So if a man eats one, it's murder.*
15. *Thirteen years ago a witch turned you into a sturgeon.*
16. *You are the rightful heir to the British throne.*
17. *It's your job to make sure everything that isn't the color red becomes red.*
18. *The Earth is flat, and there are no such things as globes or other three-dimensional objects.*
19. *The Queen of the Mermaids is in love with you.*
20. *Dolphins are killing humanity by poisoning our food.*
21. *Rabbit droppings are the food of the gods. So delicious!*
22. *You are a werepony, and transform each full moon.*
23. *You always have to pee. Always.*

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24. *The Archduke of Austria is plotting to assassinate you.*
 25. *You have been sent here by God to convert the Horriface to Christianity.*
 26. *You can speak to animals, but most of them are jerks.*
 27. *You are Thor, and it's high time everyone else realized it.*
 28. *You have weird nostrils and everybody knows it.*
 29. *Everyone can hear you thinking.*
 30. *If you wear only the color gray, you are immune to edged weapons.*
 31. *If any moonlight shines on your bare skin, you'll die.*
 32. *A furry purple alien named Flurf is eating your poop.*
 33. *You can easily breathe underwater.*
 34. *You can exchange information at lightspeed with the Rajah of Mahajaripar.*
 35. *Any lie spoken aloud 10 times becomes truth.*
 36. *This is Australia, and all of the people you see are secret marsupials.*
 37. *Anyone who hears you sing High C will die instantly.*
 38. *Sometimes other people itch, but only you can feel it.*
 39. *Everyone you know constantly offends you...on purpose.*
 40. *You are allergic to people.*
 41. *You are a high-ranking Irish revolutionary.*
 42. *No one uses the right word for anything. You need to correct them.*
 43. *You are a terrible, worthless person, and no one will ever love you.*
 44. *Someone has replaced all of your internal organs with someone else's, without leaving any scars.*
 45. *Hidden somewhere on this island is the Lost Ark of the Covenant, delivered here by Templars in 902 AD.*
 46. *An extra limb is growing out of the back of your head.*
 47. *You have an unnaturally malodorous crotch.*
 48. *Spiritual authority goes from God, to the Pope, to a baker on Candlemass Street in Boston, to you, to the rest of the world.*
 49. *The color green is bad luck, but only on Monday. Every other day, it's blue.*
 50. *You and your friends are the Olympian Gods, trapped in a bizarre dimension.*
 51. *You can kill people with your mind - but not specific targets.*
 52. *The character of the player sitting to your right is in love with you.*

53. *When other people look at you, your hair falls out.*
54. *Your friends (the other PCs) are all secretly working against you.*
55. *When you sleep, you are transported to the upside realm of Mu, where you are handsome and well-regarded by your peers.*
56. *Your behavior is controlled by the Archbishop of Canterbury.*
57. *Machines are trying to kill us.*
58. *Someone else - a gravedigger named Fred - thinks using your brain.*
59. *You are a character in a tabletop roleplaying game.*
60. *You have been chosen by the Star League to defend the frontier against Xur and the Ko-Dan armada.*
61. *Trees are so...sexy.*
62. *You are in Purgatory.*
63. *You are a famous physician, sent here to cure the poor islanders.*
64. *Someone - you're not sure who - has been following you around and drugging your food.*
65. *Everyone is jealous of you and is constantly trying to undermine you.*
66. *The world should be ending at about midnight tonight.*
67. *You have committed a horrible crime and should be punished.*
68. *For some reason, everyone always addresses you as Li'l Pickle instead of your real name.*
69. *You are Agamamnon, war leader of the Greek host, and the Asylum is in Troy.*
70. *Satan is your father and he's disappointed in you. You need to make him proud.*
71. *You are the Horriface.*
72. *You are immortal.*
73. *Every time you open your mouth, grasshoppers jump in.*
74. *Time moves backward, but only for you.*
75. *Certain manners condemned as savage are acceptable to the enlightened. Take ritual cannibalism...*
76. *There is a key to a secret door in the Asylum that leads to another dimension, but someone on the island has swallowed it (the key, not the dimension - but maybe the dimension, too).*
77. *A secret entrance to the Underground World is somewhere in the Asylum.*
78. *Your genitals have vampiric qualities.*
79. *You are a great hero visiting the underworld in search of your dead father, from whom you desperately need advice.*

- 
80. You are destined to eradicate the world's poverty because of your generosity.
 81. You need to feed parts of yourself to your friends in order to keep them safe. It's best if they don't know about it.
 82. When you pass gas, it creates a poisonous clouds that could kill everyone you love. But it also works against your enemies.
 83. Your fingernails can skin the bark off trees.
 84. You're personally responsible for floods and earthquakes.
 85. You are immune to flame.
 86. Everyone else is an obvious homosexual.
 87. You need to get out of here because of your upcoming marriage to the Queen.
 88. You are a creative genius, and you know this because the voices tell you so.
 89. Weevils are in your food. They're probably inside of you.
 90. You are a member of an elite secret service organization that reports directly to the British Prime Minister.
 91. Others have not given you sufficient recognition for your spectacular good looks, athleticism, and genius-level IQ.
 92. Painting yourself with feces is the only way to keep ghouls away. Otherwise, they'll chew on you while you sleep.
 93. Someone is trying to mind-control you by secretly drawing hypnotic symbols on the walls, then wiping them off before anyone else can see them.
 94. The sun is going to explode any day now, and it's all your fault. You need to warn people.
 95. You have an angelic singing voice, which soothes others in times of duress and gently carries them to sleep at night.
 96. You've been sent here by Zorg Bargoac, ruler of the city of Prasiodiumium on Planet X in the Sirius system. Or somewhere pretty close.
 97. Everyone on the island is sick, and you're going to have to take their temperature. Rectally.
 98. The American Civil War ended when you agreed to become the King of America. You should really be getting back.
 99. Reality as we know it is a construct, first described by some scribbles on a napkin in a pub. .
 100. There is a comet in the sky that keeps spelling out secret messages in its wake.
 101. There is a table of delusions that says it has 101 entries, but it really only has 100 entries.

Pregenerated Characters

The following first level characters can be used as ready-to-go island explorers, replacement PCs, or a rival group for the players. These are broadly compatible with OSR games and the original.

Depending on what system you're using, these may be more of a starting-point. For system-specific abilities (thieves' skills, multiple attacks per level, and so on) just plug them in for the appropriate level. These characters (like the rest of the book) assume ascending AC.

As for the names, ages, and so on, the players should obviously be able to change those if they like (the names, as you'll notice, are all unisex). The motivations are similarly flexible.

Shelby Frogg, Thief. Age 24.

Motivation: To find missing father.

STR: 12 **INT: 13 (+1)** **WIS: 8 (-1)**

DEX: 14 (+1) **CON: 8 (-1)** **CHA: 9**

Poison 17 HP: 6

Magical Devices 15 AC: 14

Paralyzation 15 XP: 0

Breath Weapon 16 Melee Attack Bonus: +1

Magic 13 Ranged Attack Bonus: +2

Equipment: Leather coat, lockpicks, dagger (d4), backpack, lamp with 2 flasks of oil, father's journal (1 in 6 chance of useful clue per hex).

Quinn Galveston, Fighter. Age 27.

Motivation: To scout this island for possible takeover by...(who?).

STR: 16 (+2) **INT: 12** **WIS: 9**

DEX: 13 (+1) **CON: 12** **CHA: 10**

Poison 12 HP: 8

Magical Devices 13 AC: 14

Paralyzation 14 XP: 0

Breath Weapon 15 Melee Attack Bonus: +2

Magic 16 Ranged Attack Bonus: +2

Equipment: Navy jacket, revolver (2d6), 12 bullets, dagger (d4), shoulder bag, 30' rope, 2 sticks dynamite (10d6), 100' fuse.

Ashley Madison, Fighter. Age 30.

Motivation: To kill the Horriface.

STR: 15 (+1) INT: 11 WIS: 12
DEX: 12 CON: 13 (+1) CHA: 8 (-1)

Poison	12	HP: 6
Magical Devices	13	AC: 13
Paralyzation	14	XP: 0
Breath Weapon	15	Melee Attack Bonus: +2
Magic	16	Ranged Attack Bonus: +1

Equipment: Rainproof mack, rifle (2d8), 8 bullets, dagger (d4), backpack, King James Bible, telescope, fishing hook and line.

Harley LaFarge, Thief. Age 22.

Motivation: To find a fortune here to get out of trouble at home.

STR: 13 (+1) INT: 11 WIS: 11
DEX: 15 (+1) CON: 9 CHA: 15 (+1)

Poison	16	HP: 8
Magical Devices	14	AC: 14
Paralyzation	14	XP: 0
Breath Weapon	15	Melee Attack Bonus: +2
Magic	14	Ranged Attack Bonus: +2

Equipment: Leather coat w/hood, crowbar, machete (d6), two throwing daggers (d4), backpack, 50' rope, grappling hook.

Shannon Sage, Magic-User Age 29.

Motivation: To collect unique flora and fauna of the island.

STR: 7 (-1) INT: 18 (+3) WIS: 12
DEX: 10 CON: 10 CHA: 17 (+2)

Poison	13	HP: 4
Magical Devices	13	AC: 12
Paralyzation	13	XP: 0
Breath Weapon	16	Melee Attack Bonus: +0
Magic	13	Ranged Attack Bonus: +0

Equipment: Rainproof poncho, spellbook, staff (d6), dagger (d4), shoulder bag, specimen collection kit.

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