

BEYOND THE SILVER SCREAM

FORREST AGUIRRE



COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**

THE METAL VERSION

4W

BEYOND THE SILVER SCREAM

THE METAL VERSION

A 0-level Adventure for the
Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG

BY FORREST AGUIRRE

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MUSICAL INFLUENCES

Black Pyramid "Open the Gates"

Black Sabbath "Die Young"

Circle Jerks "Wild in the Streets"

Ghost "Cirice"

INTRODUCTION

You and dozens of your closest friends put down the bong and fill your jeans and leather-pants pockets with quarters. But tonight, you're not heading for the arcade. You're headed for the old downtown theater (the one that shows naughty movies at midnight) to see the newest horror flick: "Screaming Sorority Girls from Planet Playtex".

After lying your way through the box office (R-ratings are still enforced in your town!), you take your seats in what you call "the dank stanky" and watch as the place goes completely black, save for the ghostly burnt-yellow flickering glow of the projector bulb shining through celluloid. The credits roll against the backdrop of a dark, satanic ritual in which half-naked women are sacrificed to other-dimensional demons by red-cowled cultists wielding curved daggers. The sinister thrum of fuzz-filled electric guitars trudge out a doom-laden cadence, joined by low-voiced chants and the piercing screams of sacrificial victims.

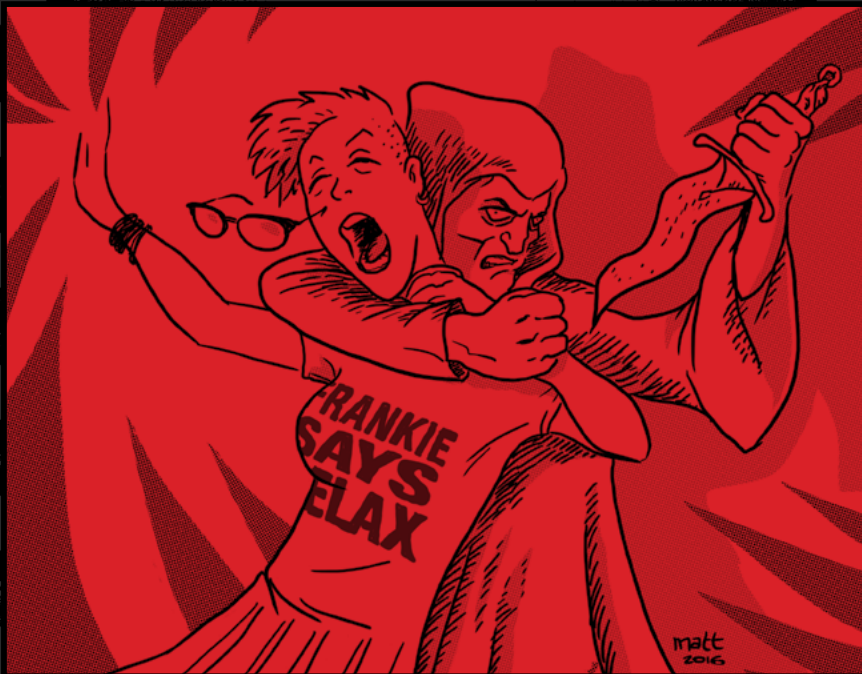
The screen ripples. Not the images that are projected against the screen, but the screen itself! You look for the source of the disturbance . . .

. . . and there she is. At the corner of the screen, just behind it. Your dream girl! Maybe the head cheerleader, or that best-female friend you've been crushing

on since sixth grade but never had the guts to ask out, or that mysteriously-attractive bookish girl that you secretly want to know much more about.

One of her hands clings desperately to the screen, causing it to buckle, the other hand claws at a red-robed arm that has her in a choke hold! You see, in the ethereal light of the cinema, a swatch of red hood, the glint of a fang-like curved dagger, the glimmer of malevolent eyes as the girl is dragged back behind the curtain, unable to cry out.

You look at the others — they see her, too! With that confirmation, you spring into action, all of you seemingly at once, jumping over chairs, rushing the stage to rescue the girl from the clutches of her assailant. Pushing your way in a wave of bodies between screen and curtain, you find yourself . . . Beyond the Silver Scream!



Beyond the Silver Scream is a 0-level funnel that begins sometime between the mid-1970s and early 1980s. Unlike most such adventures, the characters are not villagers in a pseudo-medieval setting, but teenagers in a modern (although pre-cell-phone, pre-internet) setting. Kids that might have actually played games similar to the ones you play now. Or not. And they won't stay in the timestream we know for long. Ultimately, it matters little. What matters is that your players have fun . . . even those whose characters don't survive. And there will likely be a few!

It is recommended that each player be given 3 to 4 0-level characters, with stats rolled “as Crom intended” — 3d6, in order, with no re-rolls. Each character is assumed to have some basic skills — reading, writing, and swimming may be taken for granted. Others, because of jobs or interests, might be skilled in other areas. These skills, along with a corresponding “trade good” or goods, can either be agreed upon between the judge and the player, or randomly determined using the “occupation” table on the following pages:

PERCENTILE ROLL	OCCUPATION	TRADE GOOD(S)
01	Farmhand (Dairy)	Sheath Knife, bag of curds
02	Farmhand (Corn)	Sheath Knife, ½ dried cob
03	Farmhand (Wheat)	Sheath Knife, wheat kernels
04	Farmhand (Garden)	Sheath Knife, carrot
05-06	Cook (Chinese)	Chopsticks, hairnet, eggroll
07-08	Cook (Mexican)	Spatula, hairnet, tortilla
09-10	Cook ("American")	Spatula, hairnet, tater tots
11-12	Cook (Italian)	Spatula, hairnet, dried pasta
13-14	Department Store Cashier	1d10 silver dollars
15	"Chemist"	1 hit brown acid
16	"Gardener"	Dimebag, lighter
17-18	Jock (Football)	Athletic cup, letter jacket
19	Jock (Swimmer)	Speedos
20-21	Jock (Baseball)	Baseball, cap, cleats
22	Jock (Wrestling)	Unitard, letter jacket
23-24	Jock (Basketball)	Head & wrist bands, nice tennis shoes
25	Jock (Cross Country/Track)	Spiked shoes, water bottle, hoodie
26-27	Student (Math emphasis)	Little notebook & pen, calculator
28-30	Student (Physics)	Notebook, pen, calculator
31-33	Student (Chemistry)	Notebook, pen, test tube
34-36	Student (Biology)	Notebook, pen, petri dish
37-39	Student (English)	Pen, "classic" book (player choice)
40-42	Student (History)	Notebook, pen
43-44	Student (Psych/Sociology)	Notebook, pen
45-46	Student (Foreign Language)	Foreign Language dictionary, pen
47-48	Student (Drama/Theater)	Script of "classic" play (player choice)
49-50	Student (Music)	"Classic" sheet music (player choice)
51	Trustfundafarian	1d20 silver dollars, small pipe, lighter
52-53	Artist	1d4 drawing pencils, eraser
54-55	Musician (Band/Orchestra)	Instrument reed or resin
56	Musician (Rock)	Denim jacket, drumsticks, spike wristband
57	Geek (RPG)	Polyhedral dice
58	Geek (Videogame)	Power cable
59	Geek (Computer)	20' coil of solder

PERCENTILE ROLL	OCCUPATION	TRADE GOOD(S)
60	Geek (Puzzles)	Rubik's cube
61	Geek (Comic Book)	1d3 comic books
62-63	Geek (Reader)	Paperback book (player choice)
64-65	Geek (Movie/TV fan)	TV guide, Betamax tape (player choice)
66	Geek (AV Tech)	Projector bulb, cable cutter
67	Player/Playboy	Hand mirror, comb
68	Preppie	Cologne bottle, pop-collar shirt
69-70	Punk/Rocker	Spiked gloves, leather jacket
71	Bowling Alley Mechanic	Wrench
72	Auto Mechanic	Wrench, coveralls
73	Boy Scout	Pocket knife, neckerchief, flint & steel
74-75	Grocery Store Clerk/Bagger	Apron, 1d6 silver dollars
76	Library Assistant	1d6 card catalog cards, book (player choice)
77	Dishwasher	1d3 rags, apron
78-79	Landscaper/Lawnmower	Screwdriver, gas-soaked rag
80	Video Store Clerk	Ring of keys
81	Movie House Janitor	Spray bottle of glass cleaner
82	Paper Boy	Bag full of rubber bands, ledger, pen
83	Car Washer	1d6 rags
84	Fruit Picker	Stem cutter
85	Stockboy	Box cutter
86	Wannabe Martial Artist	1d4 shuriken, nunchuks
87	Altar Boy	1d6 incense sticks, lighter
88	Gangster/thug	Switchblade, denim jacket
89	Construction worker	Small crowbar
90	Camp Counselor	Pocket knife
91	Caddy	1d4 golf balls, 1d6 golf tees
92	Gas station attendant	1d4 gas-soaked rags, coveralls
93	Factory worker	Screwdriver, apron
94	Outdoorsman	Sheath knife, 1d3 bullets
95-97	Cook (Pizza)	Spatula, chef hat
98	Babysitter	Baby food jar, spoon
99	Animal caretaker	1d4 dog biscuits, leash
100	Skater	Skateboard

Also, each character has 2d20 quarters in his pocket. There is a 1-in-10 chance that he will have a wristwatch, as well. Switchblades, sheath knives, pocket knives, box cutters, and screwdrivers each act as a dagger -1. Spiked gloves, spike shoes (not cleats) and wristbands do 1d3 damage. Wrenches and crowbars act as a club. Shuriken act as darts, nunchucks act as a club.

Immediately behind the curtain are a few items that might be picked up and used as weapons: A push broom (as staff), toilet plunger (as club), mallet, hammer, a box of nails, a bucket, a fire extinguisher, and a paintbucket filled with black paint.

The area behind the screen and curtain is capacious, but the blaring speakers make it difficult to hear, while the flickering cinematic light make it difficult to see. Just as your eyes begin to adjust, a bright light flashes in the distance: A door to the outside has been thrust open. The tail of a red cloak flickers, then disappears. From the theater, the gong of a grandfather clock is chiming 12.

You emerge to a dilapidated parking lot lit by harsh streetlights. The only vehicle in the lot is a white van adorned with a painting of a fur-bikini-clad maiden kneeling before a grim, well-muscled barbarian warrior who wields a broad battle axe. The ground around him is

littered with skulls, smoke pouring from their eyes. In the sky above and beyond the warrior looms the gigantic figure of a sharp-bearded wizard wearing a vestment and bizarre head-dress like some sort of demonic anti-pope. The gigantic wizard stares balefully at the warrior, reaching down with sharp-nailed fingers like claws. Both of the wizard's eyes are clock faces, with hands pointing toward midnight.

As the van door slams shut, a knife glints in the street lamp light and a girl cries out with a hoarse voice from within.

By the time characters get to the van, the doors are all locked. A nearby metal trash can (filled with pieces of wood, 2 dozen wire hangars, and six steel pipes) might provide a way to smash the windshield or windows in. Once inside, the characters realize that no one is inside the van. There are no keys in the ignition, but the engine is running and the radio is on. The radio dial moves spontaneously between stations, squealing and static-filled, from an old blues station to a contemporary rock station to some brand of fuzz-laden heavy metal that no one, not even the most "plugged in" music fan, recognizes. No one can make sense of this, though the observant listener will find that the predominant theme of each of the songs that play are darkness and evil.



Those who lift the hood to look at the engine have the hood come slamming down on them, doing 1 HP of damage. Those who try to slash the tires find themselves in a cloud of noxious gas that does 1d3 points of damage. The clutch does not work, nor does the gas pedal work. Though the vehicle is running, it will not move.

Inside the van are the following: 3 8-tracks (Black Sabbath, Rush, Blue Oyster Cult), a pocket knife, a bag of weed, rolling paper, a zippo lighter, six empty beer bottles, a Jimi Hendrix black light poster, a tire iron, tire chains (4 sets), and the remains of a smashed alarm clock coated in blood. In the

back of the van, shag carpet hides a removable trap door (detectable with a DC 10 Intelligence check). Though the door should show either a gas tank or the ground beneath, the opening actually glows with a green light. A green mist arises from the opening. Nothing else can be seen from this side.

Characters who enter the trap door fall 10' and must make a DC 10 Reflex save or suffer 1 HP of damage. They find themselves (likely in a pile) on a 10' x 10' flat stone surface, circular, with an arched opening that leads to a ramp (see map, location (1)).

2 If the characters quickly (within 12 rounds) find the van portal that leads to (1), the cultist is lying in wait. He will fire two shots from a revolver, then flee through the curtain to the south, heading for the devil face at (6). He will alert the sentries at (8), but will not interrupt the ritual sacrificed happening at (10), nor will he allow the sentries to do so. Only if it looks like they face certain defeat will any of the cultists interrupt the ceremony. If the characters take more than 6 rounds to discover the portal, the cultist will have already waited and, thinking that the danger has passed, will casually make his way to (7) via the devil face portal. He will then take the girl to the outside of the curtains at (9) to await The Officiator, who will open the curtains and let him in (at whatever point the Judge decides is best for dramatic effect).

Cultist 1: Init +1; Atk revolver or dagger; AC 10; HD 1d6+2; HP 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.

3 A magic circle, composed of a silver and meteoric nickel alloy, is inlaid in the stone floor at this location. Strange symbols are represented, none of which can be interpreted by the party members.

4 A bas-relief devil face, composed of black stone with a man-height open maw, is set into the wall. The gaping mouth forms a tunnel, which

leads down a very slick, obsidian ramp heading to another level below, somewhere in the darkness. The obsidian is slick with blood. Those who step onto it or sit down on it slide down at a rate of 60'. Once at the bottom (23), characters may attempt to climb back up, but must make a DC 15 Agility check for every 10' they ascend. Failure means that they slide back down to the bottom and must make the attempt again.

5 A bas-relief devil face, composed of green stone, identical to the face at (4), except that instead of an open tunnel, the gaping mouth holds a flat, matte black panel etched with dark red sigils and embedded with red gemstones. If anyone touches the panel, a Devilspawn instantly materializes at (3). Each Devilspawn is unique, though their base physical form is always that of a dog or wolf-like creature. To determine statistics and characteristics, roll a d30, d8, and d12.

d30 Determines a trait per Table 9-12 in the *Dungeon Crawl Classics* RPG rulebook.

d8 Determines Basic Attack per Table 9-13

- Add the result to 10 to determine the Devilspawn's AC
- The result also indicates the number of HD of the Devilspawn

1d12 - Determines Special Attacks per Table 9-14

- The result also indicates the number of HP per HD

Whatever the basic attack type, it will be 1 attack for 1d6 damage. Move for Devilspawn is always 40'. Target save DCs for special attacks are always equal to the Devilspawn's AC.

The Devilspawn will immediately leave the circle, brush aside the curtain leading to (5), then move to attack the person who touched the panel in the devil mouth. It is only interested in others if they block the path to the person who initially touched the panel. If they block the path, they will be thrust aside (on a successful attack by the Devilspawn) and suffer 1 HP of damage. If they simply move aside or lie flat, the Devilspawn will ignore them. It will always attack the one who touched the panel until that person or the Devilspawn is dead. If attacked and hit by others, it offers no retribution unless the attacker is the one who touched the panel in the first place. Once the panel-touching character is dead, the Devilspawn dissipates in a puff of sulfuric smoke. If another person touches the panel, another Devilspawn appears, and so forth.

6 A bas-relief devil face composed of blood red stone, identical to the faces at (4) and (5). The maw of this face glows with a white glow. One cannot see beyond the glowing mist. Moving through this portal instantly teleports the person to (7).

7 This is identical to (6). People moving through this portal are instantly teleported back to (6).

8 The ceiling of this room is 30' high. In the south wall are an archway and two arched windows, which are set about 20' up the wall, forming a sinister-looking face. On either side of the passageway opening from (7) is a robed, hooded cultist. If they have not been alerted by the fleeing cultist (Cultist 1, whom the characters are or were chasing), the first few characters through the portal may take the cultists by surprise and gain one free action. The cultists will not interrupt the ceremony taking place at (9) and (10) unless they are certain they are about to be defeated.

Cultist 2: Init +0; Atk dagger; AC 10; HD 1d6+4; HP 10; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

Cultist 3: Init +0; Atk dagger; AC 10; HD 1d6+4; HP 10; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

9 A vast, empty chamber, carved out of basalt. The odor of incense and burning cedar wafts into the room from beyond a vast, silver-colored floor-to-ceiling curtain that spreads from wall to wall. Stone platforms, like immense steps, arise from the floor, leading up to the curtain. Four torches — two on each wall — cast a feeble light along the outside walls, leaving the center of the room in darkness. The low, bass chanting of many voices can be heard beyond the curtain.

10 Once one steps past the silver curtain, and in all areas through encounter (22), party members must make a DC 10 Will save every turn or be affected by fluctuations in time caused by the rifts created by the cultists in their interfacing with The Dimensional Dogs, whom they worship. This should be kept track of with a stopwatch or other timekeeping device, with a turn = 10 minutes of 'real' time. Note that the flux is wild, and a save must be made every turn. If the

save is failed, roll on the following table to determine the effect:

Also note that all wristwatches or other timekeeping devices stop immediately upon moving past the curtain and are permanently broken.

Beyond the silver curtain, a square altar, 4' high, forms the centerpiece atop the main platform. A groove cut into the north side of the altar allows blood from sacrificial victims to flow down into a collection basin. The caked remnants of previous victims' blood limns the inside of the basin. The remains of a smashed alarm clock are scattered around the inside of the stone receptacle. Four censers of burning cedarwood and incense also sit atop the platform, while a banner of stretched human skin, branded with the hands of a clock, set at midnight, stands behind the altar. Atop the altar, a young woman in a thin white dress struggles against the leather cords that bind her wrists and ankles. A gag keeps her from openly screaming, but the muffled terror in

D3 ROLL RESULT

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Time is slowed for the affected person. Their movement is half normal and all agility bonuses are lost until the effect changes. |
| 2 | Time is sped up for the affected person. Their movement is double normal and they receive 2 actions per round. If this occurs for five turns in a row, the character suffers 1 HP of damage from over-exertion. |
| 3 | Biological time is accelerated dramatically. The character ages so quickly over the course of a chronological turn that a year passes, biologically. This will adversely affect people if they are accelerated for three consecutive turns in a row. If this happens, the character permanently loses 1 attribute point as determined by a d3 die roll: 1) Strength, 2) Agility, 3) Endurance. Alternatively, a character may spend 1 luck point to counteract this effect. |

her voice is apparent to all. This is the girl who had been kidnapped from the theater (if the characters were not swift enough to engage the kidnapper in combat yet) or another victim (if the first girl has already been rescued and survived). In either case, each character will see the girl as the girl he thinks was kidnapped from the theater (feel free to let the confusion play out amongst your players). A cultist, The Officiator, holds a dagger above her chest, ready to strike down at any second. Four more robed cultists surround the altar, one at each corner. If interrupted, the four will attack the characters while The Officiator strikes the fatal blow, then attempts to flee through the south archway. Note that unless the party achieves complete surprise, The Officiator will kill the victim with one stroke. If the party survives the encounter, each character is allowed a DC 15 Will save. On a successful save, the player will clearly see that the face of the victim changes from the girl he imagined her to be, into that of a simple peasant girl.

The Officiator: Init +2; Atk dagger; AC 12; HD 2d6+4; HP 16; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

Cultist 4: Init +0; Atk dagger; AC 10; HD 1d6+4; HP 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

Cultist 5: Init +0; Atk dagger; AC 10; HD 1d6+4; HP 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

Cultist 6: Init +0; Atk dagger; AC 10; HD 1d6+4; HP 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

Cultist 7: Init +0; Atk dagger; AC 10; HD 1d6+4; HP 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

11 This small walk-in closet contains 2 red silk robes, 20 lbs of incense, 2 sets of flint and steel, and an iron poker.

12 This small walk-in closet contains three human skulls carved with magical symbols, six leg bones (a DC Intelligence check allows the character to surmise that the cuts on the bones are a result of preparing the leg muscles for ritualized cannibalism), and a "glory hand".

13 This small walk-in closet contains eight curved daggers, each in a leather scabbard, with attached leather belt. There is also a battle axe hung on the wall.

14 This small walk in closet reeks of rotting meat. It contains a strange head-dress made to cause the wearer to appear as the fly-headed devil-god, Beelzebub. Alongside the head-dress are six jars with holes poked in the lids. The inside of each jar is covered with blue bottle flies of extraordinary size (2" long each) crawling over a scrap of rotted meat. Anyone opening a jar will immediately be attacked by these biting flies, suffering 1 HP of damage before the insects lose interest and fly away.



15 There are eight bedrolls, along with piles of clothes on each bedroll, on the floor of this nearly-kept room. A broom lies in a corner, near the pantry. Four of the bedrolls have within them a small leather pouch with 1d4 silver pieces in each pouch. Each bedroll also has a full waterskin laying against it.

16 A hearth whose chimney goes up farther than the eye can see. Several small bones, along with a partially-burnt human finger, can be found among the ashes.

17 Shelves of dry goods — mainly beans, wheat, dried fruits, a few small bags of spices, and dozens of dried ears of corn — line the walls. On the floor is a 25 lb sack of flour, two bottles of balsamic vinegar, three bottles of olive oil, and 10 bottles of poor-quality wine. A covered wooden cask contains 10 gallons of fresh water. Eight loaves of hard-tack sit atop the cask.

18 The door to this room is a circular portal-style door with a hatch. It is unlocked and may be opened by one person turning the hatch wheel counter-clockwise. The hallway itself forms a sort of tube with three more circular hatches, one each on the north, south, and east walls. Two men in crimson robes stand guard here. Unlike the other cultists, these men's robes are not hooded, though they do have large, rigid collars. Atop the men's heads are tight, red silk skullcaps. Each carries a shield and wields a ball-and-chain style

flail. They will attack anyone who enters who is not the officiator, even other cultists. They are maniacs who fight to the death, chasing after any who flee, in order to slay them.

Guard 1: Init +0; Atk flail +1; AC 11; HD 1d10+4; HP 14; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

Guard 2: Init +0; Atk flail +1; AC 11; HD 1d10+4; HP 14; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

19 A sign over the door reads "Flinx," a name that matches the tattooed knuckles of Guard 1. This room is roughly spherical, with no sharp edges or corners. Inside is a well-insulated bedroll and pillow, a sack of dried jerky (type of meat unknown), 5 GP, and a small stack of comic books and magazines (*The August* and *September*, 1975 issues of *Doctor Strange*, *Weird War Tales*, *Savage Sword of Conan*, and *Mad Magazine*). Under the pillow is a curved dagger whose blade has been dipped in molten silver.

20 A sign over the door reads "Flunx," a name that matches the tattooed knuckles of Guard 2. This room is roughly spherical, with no sharp edges or corners. Inside is a well-insulated bedroll and pillow, a sack of dried jerky (type of meat unknown), 3 GP, a book bound in human skin with indecipherable writings (actually, a spellbook containing the basis for the spell *Detect Magic*), and a suit of leather armor.

21 The hatch to this room is locked. It can be opened with a combined strength of 30 or hacked/smashed apart after taking 25 HP of damage. If The Officiator has successfully fled the altar room at (10), he will be waiting, with the revolver mentioned below in hand. This is the same revolver that the kidnapper originally shot at the characters, if that encounter occurred that way. Otherwise, it is secreted, as below.

This room is roughly spherical, with no sharp edges or edges. A large feather mattress with silk sheets is set up on a low wooden frame in the southeast corner of the room. A pair of bear-skin furs and embroidered silk pillows are atop the sheets. Several lanterns are scattered around the room, five in all, and two immense candelabras are set in the northwest and southwest corners of the room. Next to the bed are a full wineskin and three small books. One of these seems to be some sort of training manual, showing, in crude pictures, each step in the ritual process to be enacted at the altar in (10). Another book, entitled "Armies of Maladomini," is an illustrated guide to the ranks and regiments of Beelzebub's army, including his 13 Pit Fiend generals, 666 Malebranche Lieutenants, and infinite army of Devilspawn and Fly Devil minions, along with images of his citadel and several fortifications found throughout his realms. The third book

is a small spellbook containing the spells *Read Magic* and *Colorspray*. Though the spells are written in a script that is unfamiliar to the characters, those with a 14 or higher Intelligence will be able to puzzle out the text of the first spell if they study for 8 hours total.

On the northeast curve of the wall is a full-length mirror, oval-shaped, with a slightly concave curve to the surface, in a baroque dark wood frame. At the foot of the mirror is a pile of folded clothes: three robes of very fine silk; one purple, one black, one bright orange, each of a unique and extravagant cut. If the kidnapper (Cultist 1) from the beginning of the scenario was not immediately caught up with, and if The Officiator has been dealt with before being able to reach this room, then the party finds a 6-shot revolver among the folds of clothing.

Anyone looking at the mirror will see reflections quickly fade as the mirror becomes clouded with blackness. From the darkness emerge the underlit faces of any characters who have died so far in the adventure, along with the face of the female sacrificial victim from (10). These old friends bang their palms and fists against the other side of the mirror. Their voices and blows are silent, but it is readily apparent from their expressions of horror and their mouthed pleas for help, that they are suffering and frightened and want to

break through the glass, though their efforts from that side of the mirror are futile. Behind them, the glowing green hands of a melting clock spin rapidly round and round.

Attempts to remove the mirror without breaking it are difficult, as the mirror appears to be stuck fast to the wall. Whenever someone tries to pry it free, they must make a DC 17 Agility check to successfully remove the mirror without breaking it.

If the mirror is broken, either accidentally while trying to move it, or intentionally, a cold wind rushes into the room and the cries of those in the mirror fill the air. Ectoplasmic strands streak throughout the room as the ghosts of the dead fly out and enter the bodies of those nearest to the mirror. Each ghost tries to burrow into the chest or head of each available body. If there are more ghosts than bodies, the extra ghosts howl and caterwaul, flying around the room for one turn before dissipating.

The spirits cannot be harmed by physical weapons. To resist a possession attempt, the character must make a DC 15 Will save. Once an attempt has been resisted, that character does not need to make further resistance attempts. The character is immune to these ghosts' possession attempts.

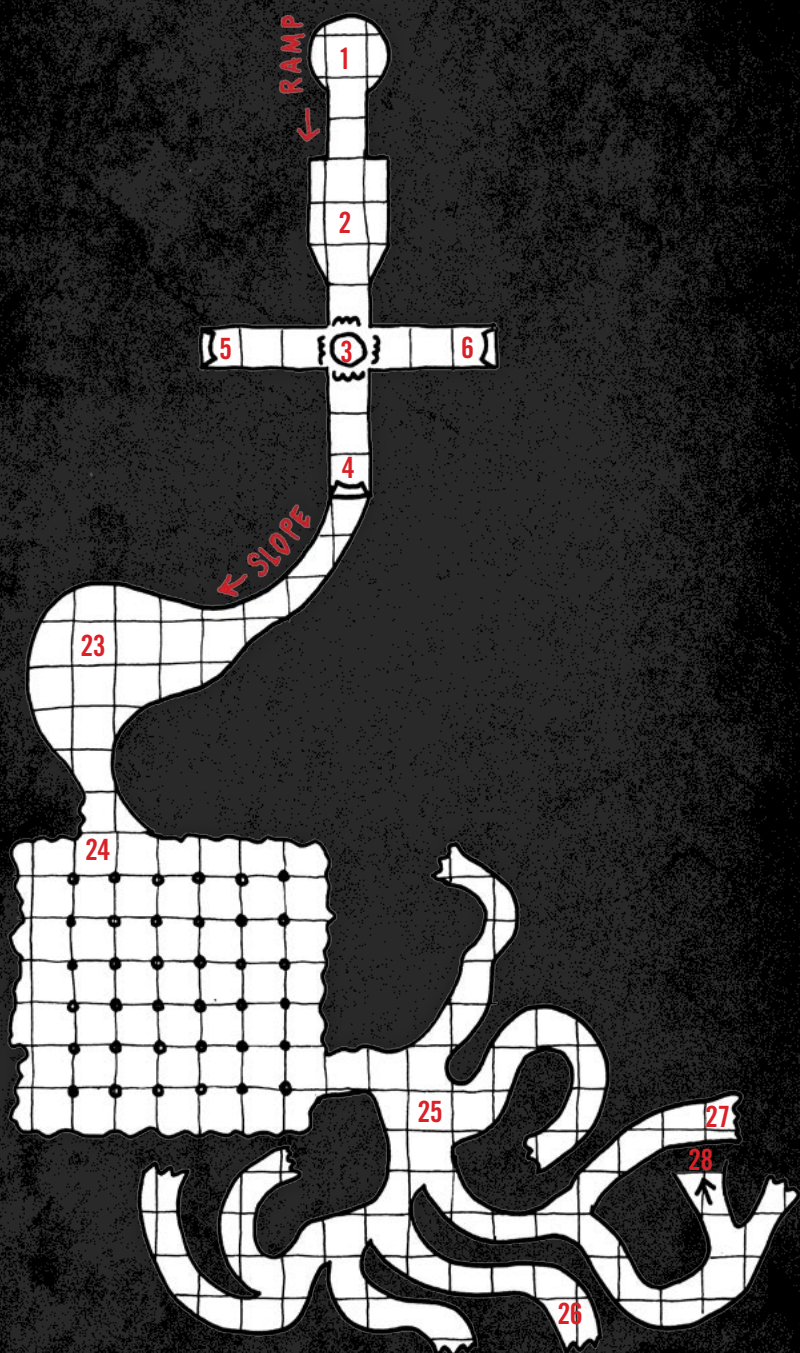
Those possessed by a ghost will attack the nearest person (whether the target

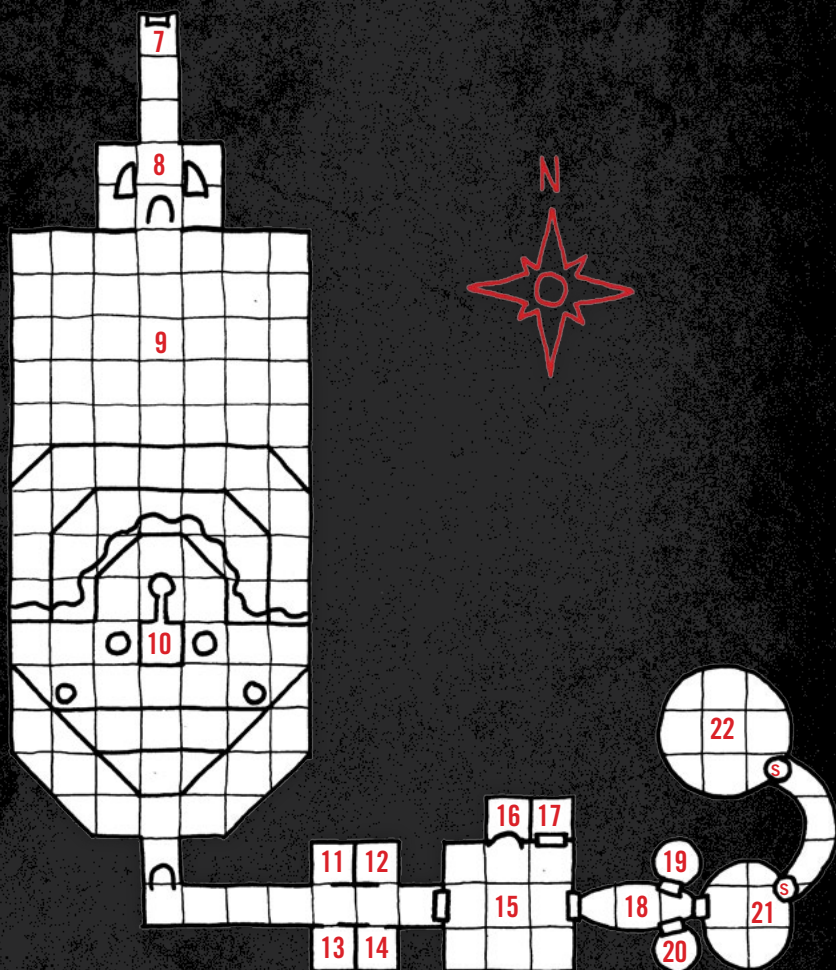
is possessed or not). Possessed bodies will attack until killed or until all others in the room have been slain. When a possessed body is slain, the possessing ghost will dissipate into the air. If the "last man standing" is a possessed body, the ghost will leave the body one round after the last foe has fallen, then dissipate into the air. Fleeing characters will be chased for 1d4 rounds, after which the ghost leaves the body and dissipates.

22 A secret door behind the mirror leads to a tubular hallway. A second secret door leads into another room whose seams and corners are rounded and smoothed: The Officiator's private study. This is a large room holding several small tables, a few stools, and a bookcase. The furniture is of excellent quality hardwood, but table and chair legs are uneven, due to their use in a room without any truly flat surface. Lanterns, held by wrought iron tentacles that emerge from the wall, may be found every 10', for a total of eight lanterns. In the center of the room is a portable lectern, atop which is a wooden scroll tube containing a scroll.

The scroll, readable by those that can read magic, contains two spells, *Patron Bond* and *Invoke Patron*, though the spell only works to bond with and invoke The Dimensional Dogs as patron.

Other books include treatises on the nature of time and space. One tome on "Interdimensional Wandering" is





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mostly illegible, as the pages have been soaked with fresh blood. A severed ear and a paintbrush may be found within its pages. A small journal outlines the pros and cons of worshiping Beelzebub versus worshiping The Dimensional Dogs. Marginalia indicates that the author struggles with his loyalty to The Dimensional Dogs.

On the north curve of the wall, a pair of glaives (polearms) are crossed behind a round shield similar to the ones carried by the guards at (18). Above these is a mounted crossbow and a quiver containing eight bolts.

Scattered on the tables, the party finds three bullets (all of which fit the pistol from (21)), a magnifying glass, a baseball-sized crystal ball (non-magical), four feather quills, three inkpots filled with black ink, 40 sheets of thick paper, a small metal pipe, a small bag of tobacco, a small bag of cannabis, a silver goblet (worth 15 GP) etched with a scene of Beelzebub wrestling with a gigantic grandfather clock creature, 12 GP, 10 SP, and a silver ring in the form of a skull (worth 8 GP).

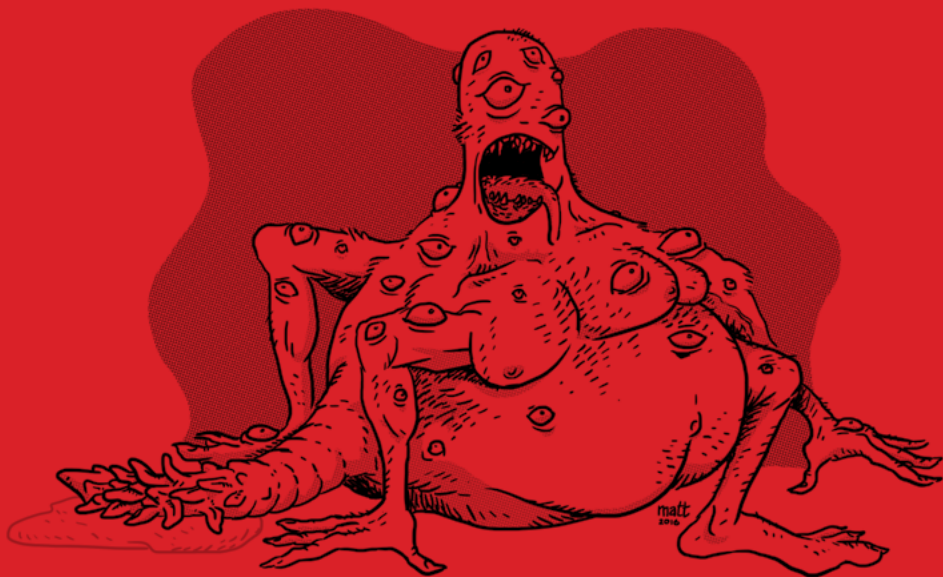
23 The smell of rot rises up from this charnel pit, gagging characters. The mud is reddened with moist blood. There are many bones here, all of them cracked or crushed. Buried among the bones may be found a spiked club (as mace), a rusted, but usable set of thieves tools, and a leather backpack.

24 Though the walls of this chamber are crumbling earth (they are actually more like embankments than walls, though they slope all the way up to the ceiling), the floor and regularly-spaced pillars are all made of smoothly-polished black basalt, veined with red. Nothing is in the room unless the party made a great deal of noise upon entering, in which case the Abomination at (25) will come to investigate and feast on flesh.

25 An uneven, ragged-walled tunnel system branches off from the pillared chamber. At location 25, a hideous creature, like a boiling, irregular, lumpy mass of skin, crooked teeth, multiple eyes, and clumps of hair — all disturbingly human, though out of proportion — writhes. It is 6' high at the center, and half again as wide, though its shape and size seem to expand and contract as it moves, shuffling along with a noisome burbling. It will attack any human it comes in contact with, making a pitiful sound not unlike a suffocating baby.

Abomination: Init +0; Atk pseudopod +2 melee (1d8+2) and bite -2 melee X3 (1d3); AC 9; HD 5d6; HP 25; MV 10'; Act 1d20, 3d16; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL C.

26 A pile of bones is stocked here, among which can be found 5 CP and a pair of good leather boots labelled 'Dr M 1460'.



27 Half-buried in the wall is the mummified corpse of a strange, pointy-eared, almost human creature, an unfortunate elven adventurer who had been buried alive under the collapsed end of the tunnel and was recently exposed by who-knows-what. The clothing and equipment are intact. They include: A blue cloak, a suit of leather armor, a short sword, a dagger (straight, not curved like the cultists'), a leather backpack, two leather pouches, five torches, flint & steel, a waterskin (dry), a small handheld mirror, four darts, six 1" diameter iron balls (sling

bullets), a sling, 7 GP, a pair of fine leather boots, a pair of fine leather gloves, a black fez, and a gold ring inset with a ruby (worth 100 GP).

28 This branch of the tunnel winds upwards for 100' before a bend in the tunnel reveals the glow of distant sunlight. A further 80' up the tunnel, an opening allows the party to crawl out, one at a time, onto a ledge overlooking a small village nestled in a valley among tree-lined green hills. A few villagers see the characters emerging and approach them, with noticeable hesitation.

Time is in chaotic flux in this area. Roll 1d4 and consult the results below to determine what happens next:

1. One of the villagers, an elderly man, says, in seeming disbelief: "You're not them. You're not the robed bastards, are you?" He begins to laugh and soon the other villagers come out of their hovels, laughing aloud. Some hug one another, a couple of them dance for joy, and soon the party finds themselves embraced by the grateful villagers.

"You've freed us!" they say. "Our daughters will not be taken from us anymore! Come, come!"

The party notes a decided lack of girls their age in the village. In fact, there are none.

The villagers invite the party to a barn, turning it into a tavern for the night, with music, drink, and dancing, begging the newcomers to tell of their adventures again and again.

After a time, one of the old timers, who is very drunk by this time, lets slip:

"Then there's the matter of the evil over the ridge." He points to some hills in the distance. "Rumor is, there's gold to be had there," he says with a gleam in his eye. "But that can all wait for a day or two. Tonight, we celebrate!"

2. An elderly man attacks the party with his cane, falling down in the process. A famine-weakened young man assists

him back up to his feet, shouting at the party: "You bastards! Go back to your devil-hole! We don't have any more daughters or wives to steal!"

3. One of the villagers, his face hidden under a grubby cowl, cautiously peers out.

"Dude?" a familiar voice asks from beneath the hood.

Suddenly, the hood flips back and Tony, the stoner kid that everyone thought had run away from home to go to Jamaica, reveals his smiling face. He embraces the nearest party member and laughs aloud, his braces gleaming.

"Dude!" How did you get here?!?" Tony asks. Then, without waiting for an answer, he says "I was walking down by the park one night and saw some freaky dudes in red robes, all hooded. Then they saw me and snagged me. They took me to some underground place and tried to teach me their freaked-out religion or something, but after a couple of days, I snuck out and now I've been here for . . . what? A few months now? God, I don't know."

He pauses, wipes a tear from his eye, then smiles.

"So let me tell you about this place. It's kind of freaky, but you know Doctor Strange? It's kind of like that. Magic works, Dude!"

You descend the bluffs to the village below. Someone is cooking bacon.

4. All of the villagers wear ragged brown hoods that cover their faces. Some are clearly crippled, as evidenced by their halting gait. Others are un-naturally small, the size of a child, but walking like an adult. A dwarf, perhaps?

The apparent leader wears what appears, at first, to be a backpack. As the figure approaches, however, it becomes apparent that this is a bundle holding a baby, whose face is also covered by a hood.

"We would welcome you," says the leader in the pleasing voice of a twenty-something year-old woman. "But you may not want to spend much time here."

"Yes, time ..." she mutters.

"You see," she says from beneath the hood, "time here is corrupted. Hours may flow by in seconds, days may take months to unfold. Time itself may travel

in reverse. Perhaps you will want to travel beyond our village to a place where chronology has meaning, or ..."

From behind the woman, someone, an old man, from the sounds of it, clears his throat: "Ahem! Doxie, quit beating around the bush and send them on their way."

"I am sorry, father," the woman says, "I just ..."

"Oh, stop it!" the old man says from somewhere behind her in the crowd. "Just show yourself and get it over with!"

The woman reaches up and removes her hood to reveal ... an infant's head atop her adult body!

Then, the baby removes its hood to show the shriveled, nearly mummified head of an old man!

"You'll probably want to leave, as my daughter has recommended to you. Go now, while there still is a 'now' for you!"





THE DIMENSIONAL DOGS

Before man, The Dimensional Dogs were. They dwelt among the angles of space before the establishment of law and chaos. While there, in that angled time, that alien space, they committed an act so foul and horrible that it is only referred to as “The Deed,” with no further explication. Even the gods blush at its mention. Mankind, descended from curved time, as opposed to angular time, was free from the taint of The Deed. For this reason alone, The Dimensional Dogs hunt, seeking to corrupt and eventually destroy the curved time in which man dwells. But this inherent purity of man is the very thing that allows a wizard to bind The Dimensional Dogs as patrons. Some claim that doing so is a lawful act, preventing the Dogs from interfering in the time and affairs of men. Others claim that binding them is an act of pure chaos, a feat that only a madman would attempt. But The Dimensional Dogs are beyond our notions of good and evil. They were before morals, they care not for the value judgments of man; they are driven only by their instinct. They are uncaring, and neutral to the core.

Invoke Patron check results:

- 12-13** The Dogs yawn in bored response to the invocation, paralyzing any one of the caster’s enemies for one round. There is no save. The caster may designate any single target within 100’.
- 14-17** The Dogs squeal with curiosity. The caster and all of his allies win initiative for the next 1d6+CL rounds. Also, all enemies within 100’ are slowed to half movement and may only attack every other round, though they may take other actions normally.
- 18-19** The Dogs awaken! The opponent that poses the greatest threat to the spellcaster clutches his or her chest (or wherever an equivalent to a heart might be located – substitute “life energy,” if the creature has no heart). The dogs have set his heart out of synchronization with the rest of his body, causing 2d6 points of damage and preventing any action for 1d4 rounds.
- 20-23** The Dogs turn. You have their attention now. The spellcaster is urged to hide in the nearest “angle,” which is suffused with a bright pink light to show the way. The angle may manifest in any crack or cleft that is not curved: e.g. the vertices of a room, a crack in the wall, even the meeting point to wooden joints. There, the Dogs shrink the spellcaster to a size that allows him to slip into the angle — a protective pocket dimension. While in the angle, the spellcaster is protected by a bubble that slows time. Weapons or damage-causing spells cause only 1 point of damage per successful attack. This lasts for 1d8+CL rounds. Outgoing spells or missile attacks from the spellcaster do maximum

damage for the same duration. As the pocket dimension closes, the caster chooses a location within 50' at which he will "land," bypassing any opponents or physical obstacles along the way.

24-27 The Dogs growl. The caster and up to four allies gain 1d5 extra actions this round, all at their normal individual action die. This lasts for 1d5 rounds. All enemies are at half movement and may only attack every other round.

28-29 The Dogs yelp. One of the caster's enemies, within 50', is held in suspended animation, aware of everything happening around him, but completely unable to act. He can hear, see, smell, taste, and feel as normal. This lasts for a number of turns equal to the caster's level. The suspended enemy may be subjected to anything the caster or others see fit to inflict on him until the effect wears off.

30-31 The Dogs bark. The caster, on any successful touch attack, suspends his touched target target, as in 28-29. He moves at double speed and gets 1d3 extra actions per turn for 1d4+CL rounds, after which the touch attack wears off. The suspended animation lasts for a number of turns equal to the caster's level.

32+ The Dogs howl! As 30-31, but the caster is also granted the ability to

step back in time 1d4+CL rounds. This may "undo" other peoples' actions for the intervening past rounds. If the caster successfully suspends an opponent in any past round, anyone attacked by that opponent is allowed an extra save, if appropriate or, if the opponent physically attacked someone during that previous time, the target of said attack must be attacked again, but from one step down the die chain this time (or is that "last time"?).

Patron Taint: The Dimensional Dogs

Breaching the wall between angular and curved time is not without consequence. When patron taint is indicated, roll 1d6 on the table below. When a caster has acquired all six taints at all levels of effect, there is no need to continue rolling any more.

Roll & Result

1 The stench of the angular dimensions of time clings to the caster, but only in wisps. He smells like the four day old corpse of a skunk that has been run over by a cart, doused in vinegar, then eaten and subsequently cut out of the lower intestines of a constipated minion of Bobugbubilz. He will never gain surprise on his enemies. The second time this is rolled, the caster permanently loses 1 point of Personality. The third time, no one, not even close friends and blood relatives, will come within 5' of the caster. If they do (under compelling

circumstances), they must make a save versus Fortitude or vomit for 1 round, losing all actions.

- 2 The caster is out of synch with “real” time. All spells that he casts are delayed by one round. The second time this result is rolled, all spells cast are delayed by 1d3 rounds. The third time this is rolled, all spells are delayed by 1d5 rounds.
- 3 One of the caster’s fingers withers due to almost instantaneous aging and falls off (inflicting 1d2 points of damage). If the result is rolled a second time, the caster’s eye withers and falls out (inflicting 1d3 points of damage and a permanent loss of 1 point of Agility). The third time, an entire limb withers and falls off, inflicting 2d8 damage and a permanent loss of 3 points of Agility.
- 4 The caster becomes obsessed with angles and will reject all items, clothing, etc., that have curves, no matter how beneficial they might be to him, electing only to allow angled items to touch him. The second time this result is rolled, the caster actively avoids curved surfaces in abject fear. This strange obsession leads him to behave awkwardly in most social situations, resulting in a permanent loss of 2 points of Personality. The third time this result is rolled, the caster must be within 1000’ of an angled structure (room, building, even the inside of a carriage, so long as it has corners) or suffer a point of damage per turn from repeatedly clawing at himself in an attempt to remove curved time from around him.
- 5 The caster’s recollections of the past fade. Any casting result that would normally result in “failure, but spell is not lost” actually results in “Lost. Failure.” The second time this result is rolled, the spellcaster permanently loses the next lost spell and cannot relearn it. The third time this result is rolled, the spellcaster completely forgets his name and all history previous to the current week. This is perpetual, so that the caster can never remember more than a week into the past and has sudden “unrealizations” as memory calves off.
- 6 The caster “slips” from our curved dimension of time into angular time, disappearing from our reality. This happens at a randomly-determined time (as determined by the judge) once per day. The absence is miniscule — not noticeable by anyone around him, but long enough to fumble any attack the caster was attempting or cause a spell to misfire. Once the slip has taken place in a 24 hour period, it will not happen again until the next 24 hour period. The second time this result is rolled, such slips happen twice a day and last a full round (which will be noticed by others). Note that while the caster disappears from the view of others, then appears again a round later, he is still susceptible to the effects of a fumble or miscast while in the dimension of angular

time. Furthermore, the caster will be confused and unable to act until the end of the round after he returns (i.e., his action will always be last during the round after his return). The third time this result is rolled, he is affected by the 1 round time slip, as with the earlier effect, but will be confused and unable to take actions until the end of the last round for 1d8 rounds after his return.

Patron Spells: The Dimensional Dogs

Those bold enough to tug at The Dimensional Dogs collars eventually learn three unique spells, as follows:

Level 1: *Shimmertrain*

Level 2: *Angle of Repose*

Level 3: *Flatten Dimension*

Spellburn: The Dimensional Dogs

The willful wizard will pour his personality into controlling the Dogs. The Dimensional Dogs care little for your efforts. After all, you compelled them to bond with you! They reluctantly share a very limited portion of their powers, hoping that the corruption they sow by doing so will eventually lead to the dismantling of curved time, as they are very patient. This will require great magical strength on your part to bend them to your will. This will not be painless . . . When a caster utilizes spellburn, roll 1d4 and consult the table below or build off the suggestions to create an event specific to your home campaign:

Roll & Spellburn Result

- 1 The caster's body "flickers" between chrono-biological ages, becoming younger, older, younger, even younger, suddenly very old, etc, in no particular order, leaving him spent, though at his true chronological age (expressed as Stamina, Strength, or Agility loss).
- 2 The spellburn succeeds, but the caster is compelled to do whatever he can to add corners to any round room, tower, or building he enters or even sees for the next 1d4 months. Every effort must be made to create corners where none exist.
- 3 All the curves on or in the caster's body become straight and squared off before resuming their normal shape (expressed as Stamina, Strength, or Agility loss).
- 4 The veil between angled and curved time has been pierced! Each point of spellburn counts as +2, however, the caster ages 2 years for each point thus spent (the judge decides the exact mechanical consequences of this based on the character and situation).

Shimmertrain

Level: 1 (The Dimensional Dogs)

Range: Varies **Duration:** Varies

Casting time: 1 round **Save:** None

General: The caster weaves his way between curved and angled time, disappearing or blurring as he moves through space.

Manifestation: Roll 1d3: (1) Hundreds of phantom clocks, dials spinning wildly, emanate from the caster, then dissolve in the air. (2) An ectoplasmic projection emanates from the caster's belly, slithering forth like a translucent snake, a manifestation of the future timestream ahead of the caster. (3) Glowing angles and curves (replete with accompanying glowing mathematical formulae describing each) swirl around the caster, then crash into one another and explode into sparks.

1 Lost, failure, and patron taint.

2-11 Lost, failure

12-13 The caster moves at three times his normal movement with no extra effort by slipping in and out of time in staccato bursts. He seems to rapidly appear and disappear as he moves. This lasts for one round.

14-17 The caster steps completely out of curved time, taking one round to travel one turn's worth of distance. During the round, he disappears from view, then reappears at the new location, after stepping back out of angled time and into the curved time stream. This lasts for one round.

18-19 The caster moves at four times his normal movement with no extra effort and receives a +1 to AC for 1d3 rounds.

20-23 The caster moves at five times his normal movement with no extra

effort and receives a +2 to AC for 1d5 rounds. Furthermore, the rapidfire phasing in and out of time, combined with the strange latency of such movement, causes the "shimmertrain" effect for which the spell is named. Multiple casters seem to fade in and out of existence (which is, in some respects, true, according to some metaphysicists) with past casters slowly fading behind the present body and future casters slowly forming ahead of it. All enemies seeing this effect must make a Will save or be dazzled and unable to act for 1 round. Enemies must make this save each round the caster is in their field of vision.

24-27 The shimmertrain has the same effect as (20-23), but the effect lasts for 3d4 rounds.

28-29 The caster and up to three allies manifest the shimmertrain effect, as in (24-27).

30-31 The caster and up to three allies manifest the shimmertrain with an even more pronounced effect. They are granted a +3 bonus to AC, Reflex saves, and attack rolls.

32+ The caster and allies manifest the more pronounced shimmertrain effect of (30-31) and each gain 2 more actions per round at their lowest action die. This effect lasts for 6d6 rounds.

Angle of Repose

Level: 2 (The Dimensional Dogs)

Range: Varies **Duration:** Varies

Casting time: 1 round **Save:** None

General: The spellcaster and, possibly, allies, are able to take sanctuary in a pocket dimension of angled time, with various beneficial results.

Manifestations: Roll 1d3: (1) An oozing, pink portal that reeks of dead animal guts and vinegar, opens in the air in front of the caster, (2) The caster (and possibly others), seem to disappear into the floor as if a yawning pit has opened beneath them, a pink light beams up into the sky from the pit, then the hole closes, seeming to swallow him (or them) whole, (3) The spellcaster (and possibly others) is "unfolded," exposing their innards to the outer world, then he (or they) vanishes.

1 Lost, failure, and patron taint.

2-11 Lost, failure.

12-13 Failure, but spell is not lost.

14-15 The caster disappears into the pocket dimension, hidden from all harm originating in curved time, for CL rounds, then reappears where he left. The pocket dimension (The Angle of Repose) is a strange place of non-euclidian geometries and cyclopean architecture dripping with colors that cannot be described by human words. Note that those in the dimensions of angled time are not safe from attacks originating in the dimensions of angled time.

16-19 The caster disappears into the pocket dimension, hidden from all harm originating in curved time, for 1d6+CL rounds, then reappears where he left.

20-21 The caster disappears into the pocket dimension, hidden from all harm, for 1d8+CL rounds. He may reappear anywhere within 50' of his departure point.

22-25 The caster and up to three allies disappear into the pocket dimension, hidden from all harm, for 1d10+CL rounds. Each ally may reappear anywhere within 50' of their original departure point.

26-29 The caster and all allies within 100' disappear into the pocket dimension, hidden from all harm, for 1d12+CL rounds. Each person is healed of half of any previous damage sustained below their maximum hit points. Each may appear anywhere within 50' of their original departure point.

30-31 As (26-29), but the duration is 1d20+CL rounds. In addition to the ½ damage healing, all spellcasters may regain 1 spell lost earlier in the day.

32-33 As (30-31), but all damage is healed for each person.

34+ As (32-33), plus each ally gets three actions per round (at their lowest action die) for an additional CL rounds after emerging from the Angle of Repose.



Flatten Dimension

Level: 3 (The Dimensional Dogs)

Range: 30' **Duration:** Varies

Casting time: 1 rd

Save: Will versus Spell Check DC

General: The caster flattens himself or another into 2 dimensions.

Manifestation: *Roll 1d4:* (1) Target's body palpitates, bulges, and flattens into a figure that only has the dimensions of height and width, (2) A bright pink flash shines out from the area around the target, then fades to reveal the new form, (3) the target's body suddenly flattens in large round patches, as if being crushed flat by a giant mallet, (4) specks and shreds of material seem to drift off the target, who loses volume and becomes flat. The wisps of matter soon fade into nothingness.

1 Lost, failure, and patron taint.

2-11 Lost, failure.

12-17 Failure, but spell is not lost

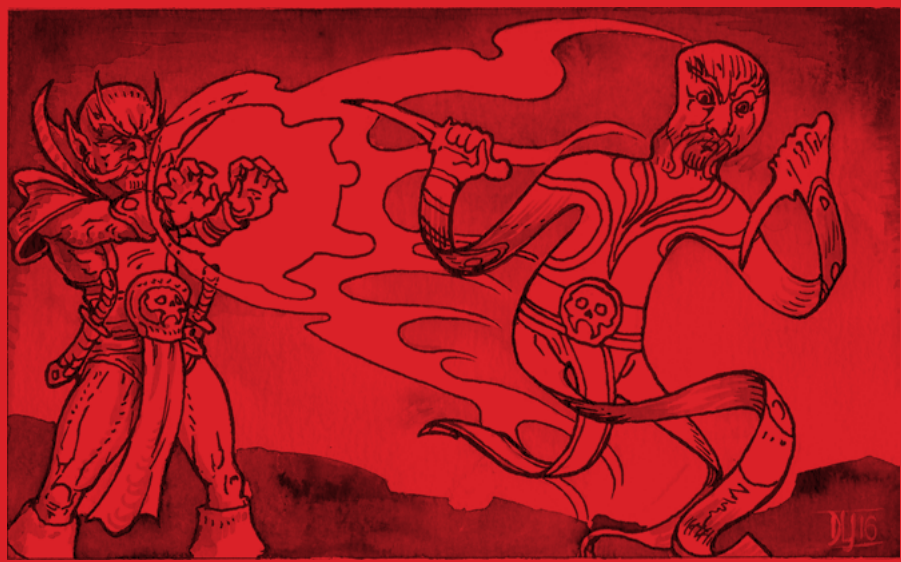
18-19 The caster can flatten himself into two dimensions, losing depth but retaining height and width. He is invisible if viewed side-on and can slip between cracks that are large enough to accommodate his height or width. Thus, a flattened subject may pass through the crack between a door and its doorjam (stepping between hinges or stooping under the latch) or under a door, but not through the crack

between a chest's lid and body (though, depending on the size of the chest, he may be able to put his head inside or slip a hand through to feel around inside). This flatness also allows the subject a +3 to AC for the duration of the spell. Thieves who are subject to this spell gain a +5 bonus to Hide in Shadows. Flatness lasts 1 minute per CL. The subject may give up their two dimensionality and return to 3 dimensions at any time, but stays in 3 dimensions once he has reverted back.

20-23 The caster can flatten himself or one other target into two dimensions, as described in (18-19). The target is allowed a Will save to negate the flattening if he is unwilling.

24-25 As (20-23), but the effect lasts 1 hour per CL.

26-28 As (24-25), but the subject of the spell has enough control over his body that he can attempt to smother another opponent on a successful grappling attack. Smothered opponents must save versus Fortitude each round or be unable to breathe for that round. If he is smothered for 4 consecutive rounds, he will pass out. After 20 rounds, he must make a Fortitude save every round until freed or die from suffocation.



29-33 As (26-28), and the subject of the spell may “unflatten” to 3 dimensions and back to 2 dimensions twice per hour for the duration of the spell.

34-35 As (29-33), but, in addition, the subject may float above the ground, like a leaf on the wind, but with enough control to move at half normal movement in any direction. Note that a stiff wind will throw the flattened subject off-course.

36-37 As (34-35), and the subject may expand his remaining dimensions to up to 3x their natural height and width and reshape his form to anything that stays within the constraints of square footage dictated by the subject’s natural dimensions x3.

38+ The subject may collapse from 2 dimensions to 1 dimension or back up to 3 dimensions at will. 1-dimensional persons may only be seen or detected by 2-dimensional observers. They will appear to such observers as a ring of ever-changing size, but may reduce themselves to a nearly-undetectable dot at will. Movement for a one-dimensional person in three dimensional space is very quick, taking one round to move three turn’s worth of distance.

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Brendan J. LaSalle
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The Ghost of Patricia Pulling

"This made me feel the 'VHS shlockfest' love so much,
I felt the need to adjust the tracking."

Adam Muszkiewicz
"Drink Spin Run"

"More hype and tripe than an
'80s Puerto-Rican boy band."

Anonymous Critic

"Beyond the Silver Scream" takes teens of classic roleplaying
games' golden age — the 1970s/1980s — into the epic danger
of gritty Dungeon Crawl Classics, while providing a unique
springboard to your next fantasy campaign. If you want
a blast of nostalgia coupled with weird intrigue
and action, then buy this module and be prepared
for a blast from the past... and beyond!"

Julian Bernick
Co-founder, Minneapolis DCC RPG Society

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