

DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS

FROZEN IN TIME

#79: A LEVEL 1 ADVENTURE
BY MICHAEL CURTIS



Plus: The Forlorn North
Mini campaign setting!

**POWER PLANT:
MIDDLE OF
HEAT
EXCHANGE**

□ = 5
FT

L-SHAPED HOUSING

L-SHAPED HOUSING

2-1

2-2

Tube
A

Door is Ajar

TORP!

**HEAT EXCHANGE
LEVEL**

□ = 10FT

**AREAS
2-1 &
2-2**

Lift
C

Lift Tubes have no
connection to this level

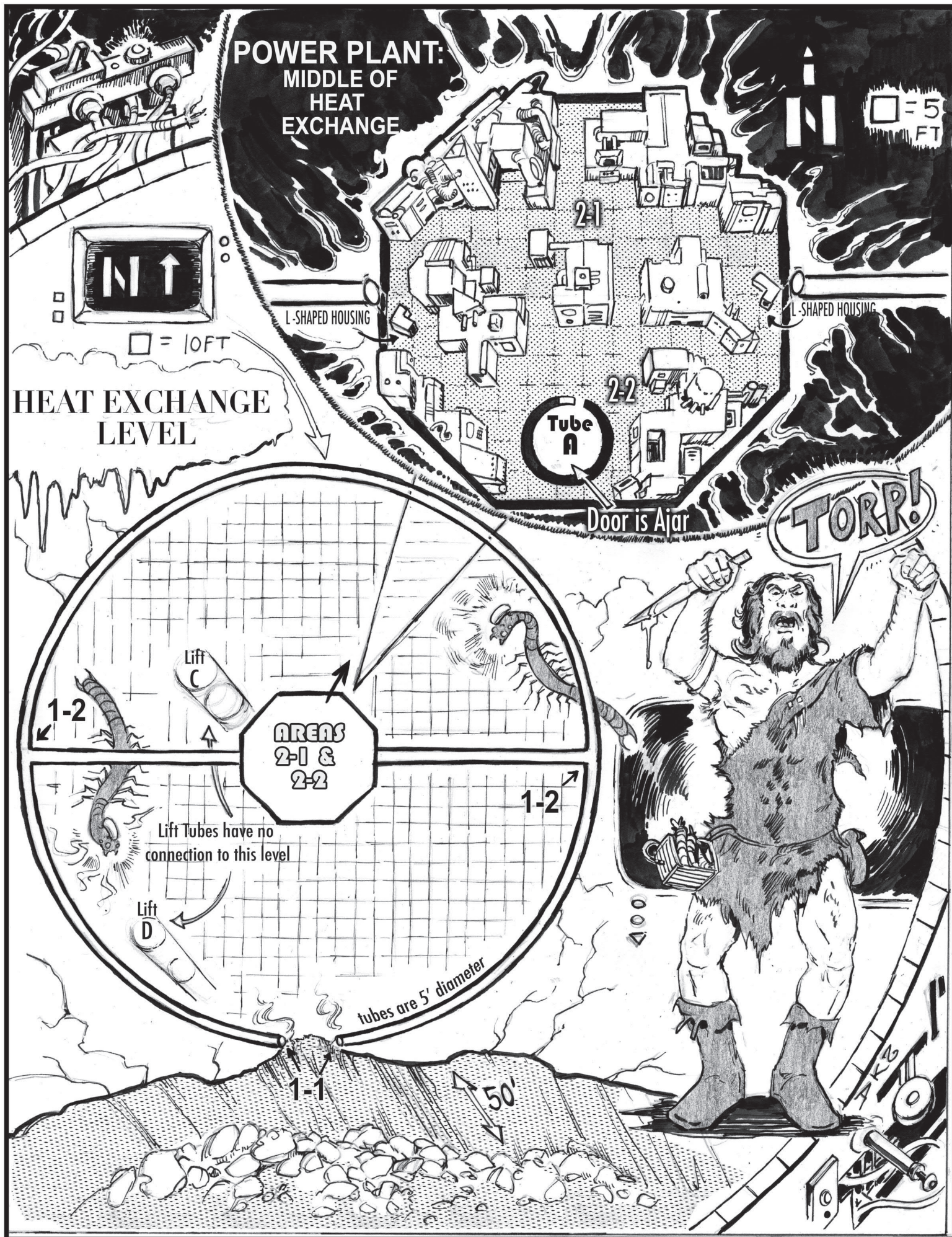
Lift
D

tubes are 5' diameter

1-1

1-2

50'



FROZEN IN TIME

A LEVEL 1 ADVENTURE

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INTRODUCTION

Remember the good old days, when adventures were underground, NPCs were there to be killed, and the finale of every dungeon was the dragon on the 20th level? Those days are back. Dungeon Crawl Classics adventures don't waste your time with long-winded speeches, weird campaign settings, or NPCs who aren't meant to be killed. Each adventure is 100% good, solid dungeon crawl, with the monsters you know, the traps you remember, and the secret doors you know are there somewhere.

"Frozen in Time" is an adventure designed for six 1st level characters which pits them against a most unusual adversary: a time traveler's secret hideaway. This adventure can also be used as a character creation funnel for judges seeking to run an atypical Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG campaign. Suggestions on both uses are provided below.



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Zepes Null-Eleven was born in one of the rare civilizations where time travel was a reality, rather than a scientific possibility. Although the ability to jaunt along the time stream was not commonplace, it was known well-enough to require an elite cadre of soldiers, scientists, and law enforcement personnel tasked with the duty to protect the universal timeline from malicious tampering and the inadvertent meddling of over-curious time tourists. A natural prodigy, it was a simple matter for Zepes Null-Eleven to master the science of time travel and achieve placement within this exceptional group of temporal defenders.

Alas, it was this same prodigious intellect paired with Null-Eleven's immense ego that led to his disgrace. Zepes, considering himself superior to his comrades-in-time, chose to use his mastery of the time stream to line his own pockets. Jumping from epoch to epoch, Null-Eleven pillaged great works of art and captured rare animal specimens to sell to unscrupulous potentates, business tycoons, and the idle rich, all while staying one step ahead of justice at the hands of his former colleagues. Pursued endlessly (and enjoying the cat-and-mouse game), Zepes picked an unassuming backwater of the time stream to build his hideout and treasure house. That backwater was the same world and time the adventurers call home.

Null-Eleven constructed his hideaway deep inside a glacier, knowing that such a forbidding and persistent environment would protect it from discovery by not only his pursuers, but from the primitive civilizations present in that time period. Sophisticated security measures slaughtered any creature venturing onto the glacier containing it, and the entire ice sheet developed a sinister reputation amongst the barbarians who dwelled in the frozen wastes of the Forlorn North. Considered taboo by these tribes, legends sprang up that the glacier was home to "ice demons" that carried away any hunter entering their domain. Free from inadvertent discovery and far enough off the main routes of the time stream, Null-Eleven's secret base of operations was never discovered by his pursuers.

Unfortunately, even Zepes' command of time and his access to advance technology could not stave off the inevitability of death. Time and disease ultimately felled the great time thief, claiming the victory his opponents sought without success. Zepes perished inside his hidden vault, dying alone amidst his wonders.

Although its master was dead, the hideaway continued its vigilance against intruders and the glacier maintained its haunted reputation for centuries. However, although enduring, ice is not eternal.

Three days ago, a massive portion of the glacier's face collapsed in a thundering roar, terrifying the barbarian tribesmen who wintered near the thermal springs close by. When the last of the ice settled and the spray of frost and water subsided, two dark holes emitting green smoke were visible in the ice face. The tribe elders gathered in the Hut of the Ancestors to contemplate the meaning of this omen. Emerging the next day, the tribal leaders announced that the collapse might be a sign that the ice demons' power had finally broken and that a select group of champions need to enter those foreboding holes to discover if the icy devils were gone forever. The PCs have been chosen as those champions.

STARTING THE ADVENTURE



he judge has two options for using “Frozen in Time” in his campaign. It can be played as a typical DCC RPG adventure or to kick-off a more unusual campaign, one that starts with the PCs as primitive barbarians. In the second case, the PCs might be barbarians at the edges of civilization or perhaps the descendents of the survivors of a great catastrophe that plunged the entire world into savagery—a scenario that has a rich heritage in pulp sword & sorcery tales.

If used as a traditional DCC RPG adventure, the PCs are approached by a band of fur and skin-clad barbarians while resting in an inn or visiting a marketplace, preferably one located near the northern edges of civilization. These barbaric envoys claim to seek “great champions of the southlands” to assist their people. Their tribe wrestles with a problem they are forbidden by their traditions to solve and must employ outsiders to climb the great glacier and investigate its secrets. Although they have no monetary currency, the tribesmen offer native treasures—mammoth ivory, furs, or rough gemstones—they know southlanders covet to whoever acquiesces to travel with them to their snowy home to aid them. Assuming the PCs agree, the tribal envoys and adventurers embark on a long journey north to the tribal grounds.

Upon arrival, they discover a wide valley, its northernmost end choked by a titanic glacier known to the tribesmen as the Ghost Ice. A mountainous pile of broken ice lies at the glacier’s base and two small, dark holes pierce the ice about halfway up the glacier’s 300’ high face. A mile south of the glacier is a collection of mammoth-skin tents surrounding several steaming hot springs—the tribe’s wintering grounds. Once at the village, the PCs are introduced to the tribal elders and informed of the task required of them: scale the glacier, enter the holes, and see if the ice demons have departed their frosty lair. In return, the adventurers are promised as much wealth as a single man can carry (albeit in heavy furs, ivory, and similar riches). The total amount in gold pieces such a load is worth is left to the judge to decide as is fitting for his campaign. If the PCs agree, skip to The Ghost Ice below.

Should the judge decide to utilize the adventure as an introduc-

tory scenario for a primitive campaign, a different approach is required to start the adventure. In this instance, the PCs are members of the barbarian tribe and have grown up with the legends of the Ghost Ice. They witnessed the collapse of the glacier’s face and sat outside the Hut of the Ancestors while the elders deliberated. Now they have been chosen to investigate the smoking holes in the ice. Depending on whether they begin play as 1st level PCs or as part of the creation funnel, they might have been picked because they are the mightiest heroes in the tribe (if 1st level) or as part of a special rite of passage for the tribesmen who have just come of age (zero-level PCs).

If the PCs begin play as tribesmen, the judge should reduce the number of starting occupations available for the characters be either creating an abbreviated, customized chart (one possible chart appears in Appendix A) or calling for re-rolls if the occupation result is one not found amongst primitive peoples. Likewise, the judge should limit their weapon, armor, and equipment choices to items common to a Neolithic setting. Weapons other than blowguns, clubs, daggers, hand axes, javelins, short-bows, slings, spears, and staves are not allowed. Armor must be either leather or hide; hide-covered, wooden shields are allowed. The availability of miscellaneous equipment is determined by the judge. PCs asking for an unusual item can make a Luck check to see if such an item is found amongst the tribe (probably acquired in trade from traveling southern merchants), but no more than one such item is allowed per PC. Spell selection is unchanged if any of the PCs are spellcasters.

ENCOUNTER TABLE

Area	Type	Encounter
Ghost Ice	C	1 Sabre-toothed ice bear
1-1	C	3 Bore bugs
3-3	C/T	1 Injured yeti/non-functioning lift tube
3-5	C/T	1 Young Tyrannosaurus rex/stasis pad
4-3	C/T	Bobby the Robot/security fields
5-1	C	1 Anthro-antis & 1 owlbear
5-2	T	Time pad

THE GHOST ICE



he glacier measures three miles in width, being situated between two rocky cliffs and completely filling the northern end of the valley. The wall of broken, blue-white ice towers 300’ above the valley floor. Piled at its base is a 100’ high mass of broken ice, rubble left by the ice face’s collapse. The two smoking holes that blemish the ice lie 50’ above the mountain of icy rubble.

Scaling the rubble is a simple task if the party moves slowly and cautiously. Although slippery, hand- and foot-holds are plentiful. Climbing the sheer ice face of the glacier once the top of the rubble is reached is more problematic. A DC 15 Agility or Climb sheer surfaces check is needed to reach the holes without falling. The DC is reduced to 10 if pitons are employed or the party uses axes to cut footholds into the ice. If the check fails, roll a d4 and multiply the result by 10. The product is how many feet the climber scales before falling. Adjust the d4 result using the PC’s Luck modifier, subtracting a positive modifier from the roll and

adding a negative modifier to the result. Treat a modified roll of 5 or greater as a 4 when determining the distance fallen.

A wise party might wish to avoid directly climbing the ice and scale the rocky cliffs on either side to reach the glacier’s top, then lower themselves down to the holes from above. Due to a number of ledges and cracks, as well as a few narrow goat paths, only PCs who fail a Luck check need make a DC 5 Strength or Climb sheer surfaces roll to reach the glacier top. A failed check indicates the character falls 1d6 x 10’, modified by Luck as above.

Another danger awaits the PCs if they pursue this route, however. A sabre-toothed ice bear hunts the glacier and its white fur makes it difficult to detect amongst the ice and wind-blown snow. Have each PC make an opposed Intelligence check versus a d20+10 roll, using the same roll result for all the PCs. If all the party fails this check, they are surprised by the bear. Otherwise, conduct combat as normal.

Sabre-toothed Ice Bear: Init +2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d6) or claws +2 melee (1d4); AC 13; HD 3d8; hp 11; MV 20' or swim 15'; Act 1d20; SP +10 to hide checks in snowy climates; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +1; AL N.

Sabre-toothed ice bears are polar bears with long, sharp fangs protruding from their upper jaw. Solitary hunters, they attack from ambush, preferring the meat of humans and Odobenmen,

the "walrus-folk" of the Forlorn North, above all other meals.

Once the bear is overcome, the party can lower themselves down 150' to the holes below (provided they have rope and a means to anchor it). A successful DC 10 Intelligence check also spots a large crevasse north of the glacier's edge. This chasm leads to area 3-3. Consult that entry for details on successfully negotiating the crevasse.

THE VAULT OF ZEPES NULL-ELEVEN



he interior of Null-Eleven's home is constructed from advanced ceramic materials consisting of interlocking white plates of various sizes. Rooms inside the complex are angled geodesic domes with soaring ceilings averaging from 15' to 35' in height. The corridors connecting these rooms are squared with 12' ceilings. All rooms and corridors are lit by illuminated panels set into the ceilings unless otherwise noted.

DOORWAYS IN THE VAULT

Doors leading to rooms inside the complex are sliding affairs, activated by inserting a palm-disc key in a circular depression located in the center of either side of the door. Some doors require gold palm-discs to open. When opened, doors slide into their frame with a soft whispering sound, vanishing into the adjacent wall. This construction makes it impossible to get a firm grip on a sealed door and force it open with brute strength. However, some doors in the vault have been compromised by the glacier's collapse and are slightly ajar, allowing them to be pried open. These ajar doors and the force required to open them are noted in the text.

Doors connecting to the Vault's lift tubes are similar to the other doors in the complex in function. A palm-disc or forced door is required to open the lift tube door from outside the gravity elevator. However, as an emergency precaution, lift tube doors can be opened from inside the tube by simply pressing a small raised plate located in the center of the interior side of the door. This prevents users from becoming inadvertently trapped inside a tube in case of an accident (and consequently allows the PCs to breach the Vault via area 2-2).

Opened doors of either type in the Vault remain open for three rounds before closing automatically. The automatically closing doors can potentially separate the party members, trapping those without a palm-disc in a room. In some cases, this might leave some PCs stuck in a room with a foe. The judge should carefully note which PC has a palm-disc as the adventure proceeds. The Vault's doors do not exert great pressure when closing. Smart PCs can easily brace a door open to prevent it from closing by placing a sturdy object such as a weapon, tool, or piece of furniture in the doorway.

LIFT TUBES

The levels of the complex are connected by shafts of various sizes capable of creating gravity fields allowing users to ascend or descend. When one of the lift tube doors open, lighting panels running the length of the tube on the wall opposite its doors begin to glow, illuminating the shaft. Opening a door also activates the tube's gravity field generators, allowing travelers to either rise or descend the shaft's length at a rate of 5' per second (50' per round). The field halts the user's trip when they arrive at the door

at either end of the tube, allowing the traveler to exit the gravity elevator. As noted above, lift tube doors can be opened from within without a palm-disc key.

Users wishing to return back the way they came must first exit the lift tube. Stepping back inside causes the gravity field to reverse and move the user in the opposite direction from whence they came. A PC can climb a non-functioning lift tube, but its smooth interior walls require the PC to succeed in either a DC 15 Agility or Climb sheer surfaces check. Non-thief PCs climb at a speed of 10'; thieves climb at half their normal movement rate. Spells such as *spider climb* or *ropework* will greatly aid PCs attempting to traverse a non-functioning lift tube.

A summary of the Vault's lift tubes and their operational status is as follows:

- **Tube A** connects areas 2-1 and 3-1. It is slightly malfunctioning and can be pried open at 2-1 to activate it. A palm-disc is required to open it from 3-1. The tube is 50' in length.
- **Tube B** connects areas 3-2 and 4-1. It is functional and either type of palm-disc will open its doors. This tube is 50' in length.
- **Tube C** connects areas 3-3 and 5-2. Either type of palm-disc opens its doors. However, while its doors have power, the gravity field generators are inoperable and its interior lights do not function. Anyone entering the shaft from 3-3 without support plummets down the tube's 100' length and likely dies from 10d6 points of damage incurred from the fall.
- **Tube D** connects areas 3-5 and 5-1. It is functional and can only be opened with a gold palm-disc. This lift is 100' in length.

Area 1-1—Exhaust Tube: *Wisps of green vapor waft from a pair of circular openings in the glacier's face, spaced 30' apart. Each round hole measures 5' in diameter and extends deep into the surrounding ice, curving slightly as it goes until its extent is lost in darkness. Both tunnels are completely lined with a blue-gray material resembling fired clay.*

This "tunnel" is in actuality part of the vault's climate control system. Hot exhaust created by the power plant was vented through this tube system to be cooled by the surrounding ice before being recycled by the compound's self-contained operation systems. The collapse of the glacier's face sheared away part of the tube system, creating two separate openings, both of which eventually lead to the side passages that access area 2-1. The green smoke is harmless, but limits vision to 20' inside the tube system.

Due to the cramped conditions inside the tube, the party must proceed single-file and any race other than halflings or dwarves lose any benefits of high Agility scores to their ACs.

The blue-gray substance that lines the tube is a futuristic amalgam of metal and synthetic material that is impervious to any damage the PCs might inflict upon it. Only the powerful force of the glacier's collapse was sufficient to break the tubes.

After traveling 50' down the tube, the party hears scuttling ahead of them, regardless of which opening they chose. The sound is caused by a group of bore bugs attracted by the PCs' body heat. The party has two rounds to take any action before the bore bugs reach them.

Bore Bugs (3): Init -2; Atk ram +1 melee (1d4 heat) or bite +2 melee (1d3); AC 11; HD 1d4+2; hp 6, 5, 3; MV 20', climb 20' or burrow 10'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will +1; AL N.

Bore bugs resemble 2' long centipedes with an oval bone plate jutting from atop their heads. The bone plate radiates tremendous heat which the bore bugs use to burrow through ice as they seek their prey. They attack either by ramming their target with the super-hot bone extremity or with a nasty bite.

Area 1-2—Loose Grating: *The air grows warmer as you scuttle down the strange tunnel and soon you're sweating beneath your armor and clothing. Up ahead, a shaft of light pours into the tunnel, appearing to come from a small opening in the tunnel's wall. Cautiously approaching, you see a side passage running off into the distance. Although hazy with bright green vapor, light shines from its far end.*

If the PCs take the side passage, read the following:

You scramble along the secondary tunnel for a distance of 30' before reaching its terminus. A 3' square hole covered by a mesh of burnished metal stands before you, breaking the monotony of the tunnel. Beyond the grating is a mist-filled chamber, its dimensions impossible to discern. Through the emerald-colored smoke, you barely make out an L-shaped metal housing which seems to have once covered the opening through which you peer, but now lies askew. The mist glows slightly, illuminated by a source overhead you cannot make out.

The housings that once covered the grates and connected them to the power plant in area 2-1 were knocked free by the force of the glacier's collapse. The grating can be forced with a DC 5 Strength check, granting entrance to area 2-1 beyond.

Area 2-1—Power Plant: *This chamber is stiflingly hot and green vapor fills the air, making it difficult to see more than 10' ahead of you. Odd, bulky shapes, many bearing a myriad of small blinking lights of various hues, loom out of the fog around you. The walls and floor are constructed of smooth, interlocking white plates crafted from a hard, unknown material. A diffused light shines from above, emitted by squares set in the ceiling.*

The mechanisms in this room provide Null-Eleven's home with power and life-support. However, due to the stress imposed upon them by the glacier's fracturing, not all are operating at optimum efficiency and many are damaged. Each of the massive devices bears numerous lights, switches, buttons, and gauges—all of ineffable purpose. Any PC attempting to operate one of the machine's consoles must make a Luck check. If successful, nothing occurs other than a change in pitch of the machine's humming and a new pattern of flickering lights. If the check fails, the judge rolls a 1d5 (modified by the PC's Luck) on the table below and applies the results.

Area 2-2—The Lift: *Away from the strange contraptions in this room is a 15' diameter circular pillar running from floor to ceiling. The pillar is constructed of the same bright white material that covers the chamber's walls and floor. On one side of the pillar is a narrow opening measuring 6 inches wide and 7' tall. Darkness lies beyond the gap. A small, shallow circular indentation is also present in the pillar's side a few feet away from the slim opening.*

This "pillar" is Lift Tube A that allows access to areas 3-1. Normally locked and unusable without a palm-disc (see area 3-3 below), the lift tube's doorway was forced open slightly by the glacier's collapse and can be pried open completely by two or more PCs. The indentation is where the lift door's palm-key is inserted when functioning properly.

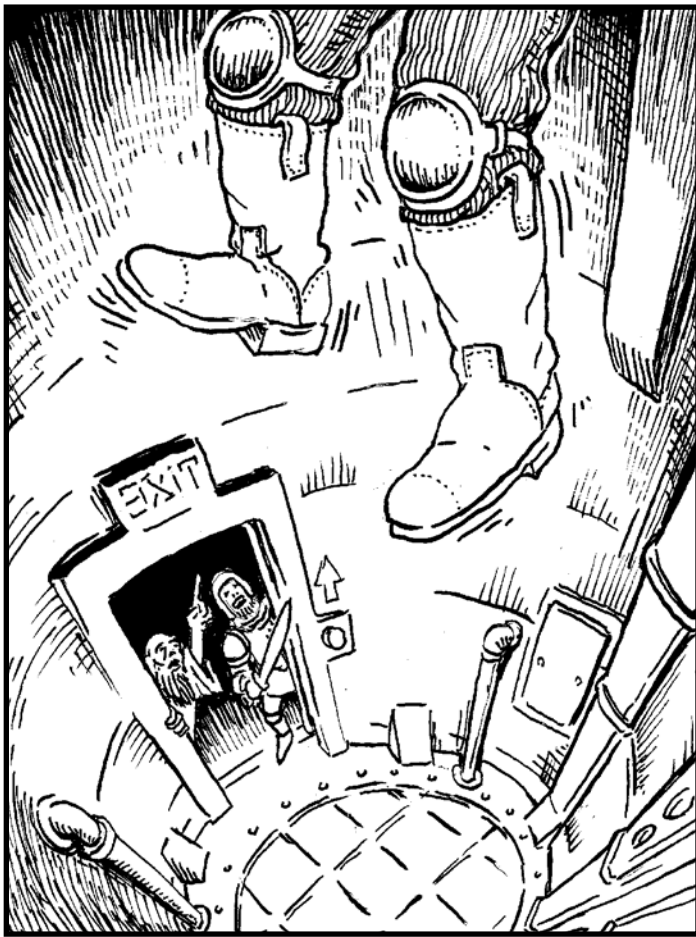
The inside of the tube is 10' in diameter, completely bare, and only a row of small, unlit glow panels running the entire height of the tube mars the wall's face. Opening the door causes the glow panels to illuminate and activates the tube's gravity field generators. Any creature stepping into the tube rises up the lift at the rate of 5' per second, borne by an artificial gravity field until they rise 50' to reach the door connecting to area 3-1. That door is closed, but a touch pad set in the door opens it soundlessly, allowing the user to step into area 3-1 beyond. The door closes quietly behind the PC three rounds after he exits the lift tube and can only be reopened from that side with a palm-disc (although another PC within the tube can open the door by pressing the touch pad inside).

To use the lift tube from area 3-1, the gravity process is reversed if a PC steps into the tube from that level. Note that there is no apparent source of support at the tube's upper portion, meaning the PC must be brave enough to step into thin air before the lift's gravity fields activate.

Area 3-1—Greenhouse: *The space beyond the mysterious magical tube is filled with verdant plants. Leafy fronds and tendrils spill over the sides of low-walled beds situated about the room. The air is*

POWER PLANT CONSOLE MALFUNCTION TABLE (AREA 2-1)

D5 Roll	Result
1 or less	A blast of radiation strikes the PC, forcing him to make a DC 10 Fortitude save or suffer the results of a roll on the Major Corruption Table (DCC RPG, p. 118).
2	PC is burned by a hot switch or burst of steam; make a DC 6 Reflex save or take 1d4 points of damage.
3	PC is electrocuted and must make a DC 5 Fortitude save or suffer 1d3 points of damage.
4	Warning klaxons begin to sound! An artificial, but pleasant, voice speaks in an unrecognizable language. A comprehend languages spell with a spellcheck of 14+ discerns that the voice warns of a critical malfunction in "Cooling sub-system 113B." There is no danger to the party (for now), but the judge needn't inform them of that.
5 or more	The room's lighting is extinguished, plunging the chamber into darkness.



warm and humid, and carries the fragrance of a multitude of odd, colorful blossoms. At the far end of this 50' wide, angular room, is a doorway set into the opposite wall.

Once a well-maintained greenhouse and garden, the plants in this room have run riot in the years after Null-Eleven's death. The PCs must hack their way through the tangled plants to reach the exit. Most of the plants are harmless and edible, but several varieties are highly toxic. A PC nibbling on a random plant must make a Luck check. If the check is successful, no ill effects occur. On a failed check, the inquisitive character has consumed one of the poisonous plants and must make a DC 10 Fortitude save. With a successful save, the PC suffers 1d3 points of temporary Agility loss from wracking stomach pains. A failed save results in 2d6 points of damage. Once identified as poisonous, PCs with occupations of alchemist, dwarven apothecarist, herbalist, hunter, shaman or similar professions can attempt to render the plant into a toxic paste to apply to weapons. Accomplishing this requires a DC 10 Intelligence check and 1 hour's work. On a roll of a natural "1", the poison crafter accidentally poisons himself and must save as above. There is enough vegetation to create 2d3 doses of poison.

The door leading to 3-2 lacks the typical circular palm-disc depression on its eastern side and instead bears one of the small raised plates found inside the lift tubes throughout the complex. This is an emergency precaution allowing rapid escape from the area in the event of a catastrophic mishap in the power plant (area 2-1) below. PCs arriving up the lift tube can exit this area by simply pushing the plate, but, unless efforts are made to prop the door open once they exit the room, they'll quickly find themselves unable to return to this area unless they locate a palm-disc (see area 3-3 or 4-2).

Area 3-2—Slippery Foyer: The floor of the 30' square chamber shines under the bizarre glowing panels overhead. Patches of ice and puddles of slush cover the entire floor. Four short hallways exit the room, one at each cardinal compass point. The ice is more prevalent near the north corridor, while the slushy puddles are concentrated towards the southern hallway. The SW corner of this room is slightly rounded and contains a door set into the wall. There is a small circular indentation in the center of the door.

The ice and slush is a result of the damage suffered by the complex during the glacier's collapse. Water from the broken aquarium in 3-5 leaked into the foyer where it encountered cold air drifting from 3-3 to the north. If the party is careful and moves slowly, the floor poses no threat. Any creature moving faster than a slow walk here (such as PCs fleeing the freed Tyrannosaurus rex in 3-5) must make a DC 10 Reflex save to avoid slipping and falling prone. Prone creatures can either regain their feet with a subsequent successful Reflex save or crawl to safety at 1/4th their normal speed. Remember that the Tyrannosaurus rex must also make a Reflex save should it pursue the party through this area near the adventure's climax.

The door leading to 3-3 is partially ajar and frigid air escapes through the opening. It can be pried open by two or more PCs working in concert. Beyond the gap, drifts of snow and faint, blue-white light can be seen. At the foot of the southern door is a puddle of slushy water. The curved portion of this area's wall is Lift Tube B leading to 4-1 above. A silver or gold palm-disc must be inserted in the circular indentation to access the lift.

Area 3-3—Living Area: Every surface of this cavernous chamber is rimed with frost and drifts of snow cover the floor. Blue-white light filters into the room from a massive hole in the ceiling that reveals glacier ice beyond. Further inspection of this chamber is suddenly curtailed when a snow-white, towering beast lurches into view and falls upon you with snarling fangs and claws!

The beast is a yeti, albeit an injured one. The creature was traversing the glacier's surface when it fractured, the forces of which created a crevasse that split part of this area's ceiling. The yeti tumbled down the crevasse into this room. It's hurt, hungry, and angry.

Injured Yeti: Init -2; Atk bite +2 melee (1d4+1) or slam +3 melee (1d6+1); AC 13; HD 3d8+3; hp 12 (current); MV 30' or climb 10'; Act 1d20; SP +10 bonus to hide checks in snowy terrain; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +1; AL N.

Yetis are white-furred hominids standing nearly 10' tall. Normally shy creatures, hunger and fear can make them aggressive. Although most have ape-like brains, some specimens are rumored to be highly intelligent and can even command clerical magic. Legend has it that these yeti types maintain a secret city far out in the snowy wastes of the Forlorn North.

If rendered complacent with magic and healed of its injuries, the yeti befriends the party and follows them about happily so long as their adventures do not take them outside its preferred cold climate.

Once the yeti is dealt with, the party can examine this area in detail:

Great mounds of shattered ice and piles of snow nearly fill this cavernous room. In several places, the remains of broken furnishing protrude from the avalanche, suggesting this room was once a living area. With the exception of a small wooden box half buried in a snow drift, what-

ever this room once contained is now permanently entombed in ice and snow. The pile of icy debris is greatest beneath the fractured ceiling. The heap terminates just below the holed ceiling. Near one wall, another large pillar with a rectangular indentation set in its side runs from floor to ceiling. The area surrounding the pillar is only partially covered by ice and snow.

The box is mahogany (20 gp value). It holds a 3" diameter metal disc with five flexible "tentacles" protruding from it, resembling a skinny starfish. If grasped, the tentacles wrap around the PC's hand, forcing the metal disk snug into the character's palm. The disc glows with a dim silver luminescence, but produces no other noticeable effect and can be removed easily. This disc functions as a key, allowing the PCs to open any door or lift tube requiring a silver palm-disc. It has no effect on doors opened by a gold-palm disc.

The crevasse in the ceiling leads 120' up to the glacier's surface. It is pitched at a 45° angle and bears many cracks and protrusions (DC 10 Strength or Climb sheer surfaces to scale). Any climber failing this check is allowed a DC 8 Reflex save to slide back down the crevasse rather than fall, taking only 1d6 points of damage. If the Reflex save is failed, the failing PC suffers 4d6 points of damage. Non-thief PCs climb the crevasse at a speed of 10'; thieves climb at half their normal movement rate. At the adventure's climax, if the Tyrannosaurus rex chases the PCs from 3-5, it can attempt to climb the crevasse to continue its pursuit. Treat the dinosaur as having a +3 bonus to its Strength check and it climbs at a rate of 10'.

Clearing the debris covering Lift Tube C requires 10 minutes' work and its door opens with either a silver or gold palm-disc. The tube leads down to area 5-2, but its gravity field is damaged. The lights inside do not activate when the door opens, perhaps alerting the party to potential danger. Any PC stepping into the tube expecting a slow descent falls 100' to their death.

Area 3-4—Kitchen and Dining Room: *Burnished metal countertops, tables, and chairs occupy this angled room, indicating it once served as a food preparation and eating area. Several compartments with small doors are set high up on the walls surrounding the cooking area.*

The compartments are cabinets with cups, dishes, and eating utensils made from synthetic materials. Aside from their curious construction, these objects are worthless. A device resembling a microwave oven is set into the wall beneath them. This machine once created delicious and nutritious food from basic elements, but it now suffers from neglect. Attempts to use the device produce a neon orange paste that is poisonous if consumed (treat as tarantula poison).

Area 3-5—Trophy Hall: *The floor of this large angled chamber is covered with sopping wet carpeting. Shards of broken glass and the bodies of dead unknown fish litter the ground near the east wall. Near the opposite wall is another large pillar bearing a rectangular depression in its side. Three large statues stand at aesthetically-pleasing locations throughout the room and several paintings hang at regular intervals along the walls. All these wonders pale in comparison to the monstrous reptilian beast that stands atop a glowing platform in the middle of the room. Although the monster's titanic jaws are open as if in the midst of a fearsome roar, the creature is motionless, as still as the statues surrounding it.*

The monster is a young Tyrannosaurus rex, still living but held captive in a futuristic stasis field produced by the glowing platform beneath its feet. So long as the field remains active, it holds

no danger to the party. Attacks against the Tyrannosaurus rex appear to damage its body, but no blood flows from the wounds and there is no reaction from the beast. The judge should record all damage inflicted upon the creature, however, as this may be important later. It is possible for the PCs to kill the Tyrannosaurus rex prior to its release at the adventure's climax, but they cannot know if any damage inflicted upon it is sufficient to slay the dinosaur until the stasis field shuts down.

Young Tyrannosaurus Rex: Init +1; Atk bite +6 melee (2d4+1); AC 13; HD 4d10+2; hp 30; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +8, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

The stasis field created by the platform affects any living creature completely immersed in it. A PC climbing onto the platform and approaching the dinosaur suddenly freezes in place, unable to move and unaware of his surroundings. He remains in this state until removed from the platform or the power to the field fails. Allies can attempt to free him from the field's effects with ropes, poles or by similar means, but the field ensnares any rescuer that also climbs atop the platform.

The broken glass and dead fish are the remains of a large aquarium, shattered by the glacier's collapse. The fish are rotting and unidentifiable by the PCs, being unfamiliar species from along the time stream. The aquarium's water has saturated the room's synthetic carpeting and leaked under the door into 3-2.

The paintings are all from various epochs, stolen by Null-Eleven and brought here for his personal enjoyment. There are twelve in total. Each one is a famous masterpiece, and the judge should indulge himself when describing them. One might be "a picture of a woman in odd clothes with an enigmatic smile upon her face," (*The Mona Lisa*) and another could be "a red and white cylinder with alien markings upon it" (*Warhol's Campbell's Soup*). Almost any famous painting the judge desires can be found hanging here, but unfortunately for the PCs, they have little value in the current era, fetching only 10 to 20 gp if sold in a large town or city.

The three statues here are likewise of famous origin and consist of the judge's favorite pieces. He should describe them accurately, but without explicitly stating which sculptures they are. Possible examples include Rodin's "The Thinker" ("a nude human male sits atop a rock, his chin resting on his fist as if in contemplation"), Michelangelo's "David" (a nude human male standing with a sling draped over one shoulder"), or the "Venus de Milo" ("a half-naked woman, her arms obviously destroyed by vandals"). Like the art on the walls, the statues would not be appreciated in this time, and their tremendous size and weight makes it unfeasible to loot them.

Lift Tube D leads down to area 5-1. Its door only opens with the gold palm-disc found in 4-2.

Area 4-1 Corridor: *The door to the tube opens to reveal a corridor running east-west. A door stands at each end of the hallway. Other than a long-dead potted plant across from the tube's exit, the corridor is empty.*

Each of the doors has a now-familiar circular indentation in its center. The western door opens with either a silver or gold palm-disc. The eastern door requires a gold palm-disc.

Area 4-2—Null-Eleven's Death Room: *The door opens upon a brightly lit chamber. The walls of the chamber are decorated with large black rectangles and the floor is covered by plush carpeting. A handful of comfortable furnishings occupy the area beyond the door,*

forming a cozy sitting area. At the far end of the room is an elevated space, accessible by a short flight of steps. In this area is a large bed draped with shiny, rumpled dressings. Besides the bed are several odd metal devices. A 3' diameter metal sphere, its underbelly studded with spikes and unidentifiable protrusions, hangs in mid-air at the foot of the bed. It spins slowly in place, alerted by the opening of the room's door, and begins gliding toward you, its many spines gleaming in the glow of the light panels above.

The metal sphere is a medical drone, its "spikes" and other extensions are nothing more than hypodermic needles and medical analyzers. It approaches the party as part of its programming to diagnose and treat the health of all living creatures within its sensor range, but this can easily be interpreted as an attack. If the party does battle with the drone, use the following stats:

Medical Drone: Init -4; Atk hypodermic needle -2 melee (special); AC 15; HD 5d8; hp 22; MV 20' flight; Act 1d20; SP always "attacks" the most injured target first; successful hypodermic needle attack injects an all-purpose health serum in the target that cures 1 HD of damage (if the target wishes to avoid the injection, a DC 5 Reflex check negates the treatment); immune to charm, hold and sleep; suffers half-damage from piercing or slashing weapons; suffers double damage from electrical attacks; SV Fort +2, Ref -3, Will N.A.; AL L.

If the party destroys the drone, it collapses to the ground, sparking and spewing green smoke. Should they submit themselves to its ministrations, it scans each with a blue light, diagnoses any injuries or debilitating conditions, and administers medical treatment. The drone heals up to 3 HD per patient as a cleric, removing paralysis, disease, or poison if present. It has enough power and medicines to treat six patients. After that limit is reached, it powers down, settling to the floor, inert. Its programming prevents it from leaving this room.

The bed contains the mummified remains of Zepes Null-Eleven. His 7' tall form is withered by age and disease; his face locked in a painful rictus of death. There is a palm-disc in his desiccated hand that, if removed, affixes itself in its new owner's palm and begins glowing gold. This palm-disc opens several formerly inaccessible doors and lift tubes in the complex.

The machines surrounding Zepes' bed are medical monitors and treatment apparatus. They are of no use to the party. The black rectangles on the walls are view screens that once served as windows to the outside world. These no longer function.

Area 4-3—Treasury: Beyond the sliding door is a gloomy chamber lit only by stuttering strobes of blue-gold light. Spaced about the room are several metal plinths, many surrounded by translucent fields of azure light studded with golden sparks. A handful of these glowing curtains flicker on and off in no particular pattern, vanishing and reappearing before your eyes, allowing a better glimpse at the objects surrounded by the fields. Atop each low pedestal is a curious item: a strange sword, a large shield, and a bizarre statuette are easily identified. Other objects, both bizarre and mundane, occupy other platforms. A peculiar suit of armor stands surrounded by the plinths. Larger than a man, the suit's arms are spindly and end in claw-like gauntlets. A clear oval helmet tops the suit.

Null-Eleven kept his personal favorites, oddities stolen from the time stream here, protected by security fields only he could control and "Bobby the Robot," a metallic guardian that is the product of his own whimsical humor. Damage to the vault has compromised some of the energy fields protecting the item, while others retain their lethality. The robot is fully functional

and programmed to kill anyone who enters the room unaccompanied by Null-Eleven.

"Bobby the Robot": Init +1; Atk flailing pincer-tipped tentacles +3 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 6d8; hp 30; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SP immune to charm, hold and sleep; suffers half-damage from piercing or slashing weapons; suffers double damage from electrical attacks; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will N.A.; AL N.

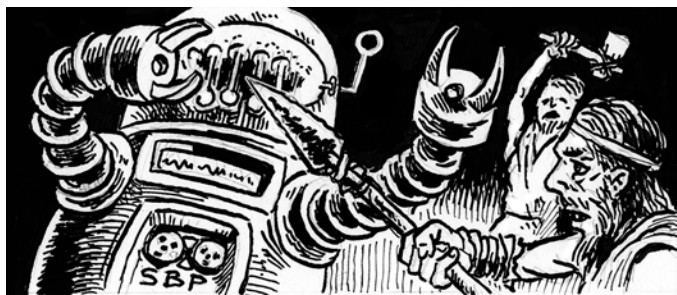
Bobby the Robot began its existence as the inanimate costume worn by an actor on a popular science-fiction television series which aired at one point along the time stream. Charmed by the "robot's" quaint appearance, Null-Eleven stole the costume during one of his temporal heists to include it in his Trophy Hall. Later, on a whim, Null-Eleven used the technology available to him to transform the cheap prop into an actual automaton. "Bobby the Robot" has served as the guardian of Null-Eleven's riches ever since. When the party enters, "Bobby" advances on them with pincer-tipped tentacles flailing wildling while shouting gibberish. A *comprehend languages* spell deciphers the robot's words ("WARNING! WARNING, Bill Robertson!!!") but not their meaning. "Bobby" fights until destroyed.

Author's Note: Like the works of art in 3-5, the judge can replace "Bobby the Robot" with his favorite science-fiction movie or television robot if he desires. The circumstances of the robot's origin and presence in Null-Eleven's home remain the same, but modify the guardian's physical description to reflect the robot of the judge's choosing. Regardless of who the robot is, its game stats are unchanged.

There are ten pedestals. Their contents and the status of their security fields are as follows:

- 1 A katana dating from the Eternal Shogunate of the Lich Shogun. Security field is down.
- 2 A suit of rosebud and briar-decorated full-plate armor once belonging to the Knight of Petals. Security field is intermittent. Due to its size and weight, a DC 8 Strength check is required to move the armor from its pedestal in addition to the Reflex save needed to avoid the intermittent field (see below).
- 3 A statuette of an enigmatic humanoid face with strange glyphs surrounding its base. Security field is intermittent.
- 4 A boxy apparatus with straps and a pair of button-covered metal bracers (Null-Eleven's translator and offensive/defensive bracers). Security field is up.
- 5 A Mark III blaster rifle from the Android Wars. Security field is intermittent.
- 6 A petrified wooden plank of no discernible origin. Security field is up.
- 7 An Enigma machine. Security field is up.
- 8 A Hoplite's bronze shield. Security field is down.
- 9 A star-shaped silver badge (10 gp value) with a bullet-hole through the center. Strange writings (readable with a *comprehend languages* spell) read "Deputy Sheriff. Tombstone, Arizona Territory." Security field is down.
- 10 A painted ceramic vase of exquisite craftsmanship (75 gp value). Security field is intermittent. If knocked from the pedestal, it shatters unless steps are taken to catch it.





The security fields act as solid barriers and disrupt energy patterns attempting to pass through them, making them impervious to physical objects, magnetic fields, telekinesis, and magical manipulation. Their energy disruption property also has adverse effects on the life energy of organic creatures. Living flesh coming into contact with the field must make a DC 10 Fort save or suffer 1d8 points of damage and be paralyzed for 1d6 turns. If the save is made, they suffer no damage, but are paralyzed for 1d3 turns.

Items on pedestals with intact security fields are impossible to recover, although the PCs might still suffer injury in their attempts to do so. Objects unprotected by security fields can be looted without incident. The PCs can attempt to grasp or knock from their perches items on the pedestals with intermittent security fields. Doing so requires a DC 10 Reflex save. If the save is failed, the security field activates during the attempt, possibly inflicting damage as above and breaking any poles, ropes, or other objects that might be used in the attempt. Should the blaster rifle become caught in an intermittent security field when it activates, it explodes, doing damage to the holder as noted below.

The katana functions as a longsword. The full plate armor has no special properties, and protects as normal armor of that type. The Hoplite's shield provides a +2 bonus to AC due to its great size. Objects with listed gold piece value are merely unusual treasures that can be sold or traded.

The statuette appears to have more than three dimensions if examined too long, inflicting a splitting headache upon the observer. The glyphs along its base instruct the proper techniques for casting the spell *Ekim's mystical mask*. A wizard possessing the statuette can choose to learn that spell when advancing in level as per the rules on p. 315 of the DCC RPG rulebook.

The blaster rifle retains power and is a potent weapon if its functionality is discovered. Figuring out its operation requires a DC 20 Intelligence check (this check is reduced to DC 15 if the examiner has determined how to use the time tagger in area 5-1). The weapon has a range of 200/400/600 and does 4d6 points of damage with a successful attack (made at a -1d penalty for using an untrained weapon). It has enough power in its battery cells for five shots. Unfortunately, the blaster rifle is a museum piece and has not been properly maintained. Each time the weapon is fired, the wielder must make a Luck check. If the check fails, the weapon explodes doing 1d6 damage to the user for each shot remaining in its battery (3 shots left in the rifle would inflict 3d6 damage, for example). A DC 10 Fortitude save reduces this damage by half. The weapon's power cells cannot be recharged.

Author's Note: During playtesting, one group inadvertently destroyed the gold palm-disc in the security fields, trapping them in this room as the glacier was about to collapse! Should something similar occur during the game, only damage-inflicting magic or the blaster rifle can destroy the door and free the PCs. Treat the door as having 50 hp if this becomes pertinent to the party's survival.

Area 5-1—The Menagerie: A number of motionless monstrosities stand about this room. Each is perched atop a glowing metal platform and surrounded by translucent fields of azure light studded with golden sparks. The creatures seem oblivious to your presence. Off to one side of the unmoving beasts is a waist-high podium, its angled face festooned with shining gems. A closed, 15' wide metal door is set in the north wall. Hanging beside it on hooks is an odd white rod.

Besides his temporal thefts, Zepes provided strange animals for the zoos, menageries, and courts of nobility up and down the time-stream. He kept his living wares in a state of suspended animation prior to sale, thus cutting down on spatial and nutritional requirements for the beasts. To both protect and maintain his living wares, Null-Eleven kept them in stasis fields similar to the one holding the dinosaur in 3-5 above, but also incorporating the defensive measures of the security shields in 4-3 (see that area for the properties of the security fields). All these stasis/security fields are active...at the moment.

There are six stasis platforms in this room containing the following:

- 1 An anthro-antis, mutated ant-man from the Atomic Wars of 2525 (see stats below).
- 2 An underdark slug (see DCC RPG p. 427).
- 3 A three-headed tiger (stats as per Giant Beetle [DCC RPG p. 397], but with 3d20 action dice and no special properties).
- 4 An owlbear (see stats below).
- 5 A savage Odobenman, one of the walrus folk of the North (see stats below).
- 6 A naked human male (see below).

Three rounds after the party enters this area, a power surge occurs in the power plant in 2-1. The surge inadvertently deactivates the security field on platform #1, releasing the anthro-antis from stasis. It staggers from its platform, enraged, and attacks the PCs.

Anthro-antis: Init +2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d4+1) or stinger +3 melee (poison); AC 14; HD 3d6+3; hp 15; MV 40' or climb 40'; Act 1d20; SP poison stinger (+3 melee; dmg poison: DC 12 Fort save or 1d4 Stamina); SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will -1; AL N.

Anthro-antis are a race of 6' tall ant/man hybrids spawned from the nuclear holocaust of the Great Atomic Wars of the distant future.

To complicate matters, four rounds after the anthro-antis is released, another power surge shuts down platform #4, unleashing the owlbear. If the PCs have dealt with the anthro-antis easily enough, the owlbear rushes to attack them. Should the battle with the man-ant be going poorly for the PCs, the owlbear turns its attention to the anthro-antis, giving the PCs a reprieve and time to escape. Once it defeats the anthro-antis, however, it attacks anyone still foolish enough to remain in the room.

Owlbear: Init +1; Atk bite +6 melee (1d6+2) or claw +4 melee (1d4); AC 17; HD 3d8; hp 15; MV 20' or climb 10'; Act 2d20; SP 25% spell resistance; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +8; AL C.

Odobenman: Init +0; Atk bite +4 melee (1d6+2) or weapon +2 melee (dmg by weapon); AC 12; HD 2d8+4; hp 18; MV 20' or swim 30'; Act 1d20; SP suffer ½ damage from cold-based attacks; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +2; AL N.

Odobenmen are large, muscular humanoid with oversized heads. A pair of large tusks protrudes from their upper jaw and their flipper-like hands have only three stubby fingers. With

the exception of a patch of bristly whiskers on their upper lips, odobenmen are completely hairless. The “walrus folk” live in extended tribes along the coast of the Forlorn North, eking out an existence by fishing and raiding coastal communities. Legends suggest the odobenmen are the product of magical evolution conducted upon walruses by a forgotten ancient race. Some odobenmen are known divine spellcasters.

The strange rod is a time-tagger rifle used by Null-Eleven on his temporal hunts. The weapon fires darts that “tag” a target for time travel. A bright red button on the rifle’s housing activates the dart’s time-shift field, instantaneously transporting the tagged target to the time pad in area 5-2, regardless of where or when the target is in the time stream. The time-tagger requires a DC 20 Intelligence check to determine how it works, allowing a PC to fire it (DC is 15 if the blaster rifle in area 5-1 has been figured out). It has a range of 100/200/300 and inflicts 1 point of damage on a successful hit (remember the -1d penalty for using an untrained weapon). The rifle’s magazine has four darts remaining and there is no replacement ammunition available in the vault. Understanding the purpose of the red button is not included in the above Intelligence check and only through trial-and-error is its function revealed. The judge is encouraged to make the decision to experiment with the button as stressful as possible for the PC (“Are you SURE you really want to push that big, red button?”).

If used successfully against either the anthro-antis or owlbear (or both), the creature(s) appear to vanish instantly, possibly leading to the party believing they’ve discovered a disintegrator weapon. In reality, the beast(s) has merely been transported to 5-2 and may yet prove a threat to the adventurers.

The identity of the human on platform #6 is left to the judge to detail. He could simply be a normal human from the character’s current epoch (and suitable as a replacement PC if there is need to introduce one) or the resident of a distant place and time. Should the judge wish to incorporate this person into his campaign world, his stasis platform also shuts down at a time the judge desires.

The podium is a control pad that uses synthetic gemstones to optimize power flow. It sparks and glows during the power surges. It cannot be operated by the PCs; its workings are much too arcane to deduce. There are 100 artificial gems in the console and they are easily removed. Doing so does not deactivate the stasis/security fields (there are secondary backups to prevent this), but the judge is encourage to describe changes to the field or other observable effects to keep the players nervous. Although not precious stones, the gems’ strange manufacture makes them curios worth 1 gp each if sold.

The door exiting this room can only be activated with a gold palm-disc.

Area 5-2—Time Pad: A 20’ diameter raised platform occupies a portion of the western end of this room. Standing 1’ high, the platform is covered in a hexagonal pattern of metallic plating. A series of dim blue lights run along the platform’s circumference, their glow nearly lost in the bright gleam of the shining light panels set in the ceiling. Next to the platform and floating in the air at waist-height is a glass pane tilted at a slight angle. Along its face are neon-bright alien characters. In the far northeastern corner are piled several wooden pallets, bare of any contents. The only apparent entrances to this area are through a 15’ wide door in the south wall or via the door set in the 20’ wide pillar standing in the eastern part of the room.

The platform is a time pad, a temporal transportation device employed by Zepes to bring objects or items to the vault that



he could not carry on his own person. When first encountered, the platform is powered down unless the time tagger in area 5-1 has been successfully used against a target. In this case, the pad is not only active, but the tagged target(s) is also present here, confused and angry.

If the time tagger hasn’t be used, the pad is in “sleep mode,” but ready for re-activation. Operating the time pad is done using the glass pane (actually an advanced control touch console). Any PC touching the console must make a Luck check. If the check is failed, he inadvertently activates the time pad. If the check succeeds, nothing occurs. Further experimenting with the console requires additional Luck checks.

When activated, the blue lights around its base glow brighter and a soft, almost musical hum sounds from the pad. Any creature or item upon the pad becomes surrounded by a pale blue nimbus of light. Two rounds later, the item or creature vanishes, cast into the time stream to land in a steaming jungle during a primordial period in their world’s history. The sounds of unseen titanic beasts sound in the jungle, and off in the distance, stands a large stone city of alien design. A living creature can step off the pad without difficulty during the two rounds prior to transport. After that short abort period, transport is unavoidable.

The time pad remains keyed to the same destination for one hour or until further adjustments are made to the control console (another failed Luck check when using the console has a 50/50 chance of either changing the pad’s destination point or powering down the pad completely, erasing the last time coordinates from its memory). Additional creatures and objects using the pad during this time automatically appear at the same location as the first traveler.

The time pad is effectively a one-way trip for the PCs. Null-Eleven could control the time pad from anywhere along the time stream while alive, but, with his death, his technique for doing so is lost. The only way currently available for the PCs to return back to their proper place and time—barring the intervention of power magics or divine generosity—is to use the time tagger rifle to tag and transport one or more of their number back to the time pad. Of course, with a limited number of darts in the rifle’s magazine, this method may not rescue all of the PCs transported through time. If the PC(s) left stranded in time have the party’s looted palm-discs, the remaining PCs face either slow starvation, certain death when the glacier collapses, or having to join the companions in another epoch. The judge must determine the fate of any PC lost in time, possibly creating a special adventure for the castaway PCs to return to their rightful place in the time stream. Perhaps that strange city in the distance holds a means for them to return...

The wooden pallets were once used by Null-Eleven to transport large specimens or cargo. There are ten total and are of simple lumber construction.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE



he damage suffered by the complex in the glacier's collapse has irreparably compromised the structure and it is only a matter of time before the power plant in 2-1 succumbs to the damage, exploding in an intense blast. The explosion sets off a shockwave throughout the southern edge of the glacier, causing it to fracture and eventually collapse. Any PCs inside the complex when the glacier gives way are doomed.

The exact moment the power plant explodes is left to the judge's discretion, but it is suggested it occurs towards the end of the party's exploration of Null-Eleven's home. This allows them the opportunity to escape with some well-deserved treasures, while denying them the chance to wreak havoc on the campaign with access to a functional time traveling device. Suggested times for the power plant to fail are: 1) after the PCs defeat the robot guardian of 4-3 and acquire a few of the treasure's there; 2) towards the end of their battle with the released monsters in 5-1; or 3) after all (or most) of the PCs transported via the time pad in 6-2 have managed to return back to the current era.

When the power plant explodes, the PCs hear a loud boom in the distance, followed by a shudder throughout the complex. The faint sound of cracking ice is detected from behind the walls of the vault and all artificial illumination inside Null-Eleven's home goes dark. Moments later, loud klaxon alarms sound throughout the complex and the vault's emergency lighting activates, replacing the formerly bright light with dim amber illumination as auxiliary batteries come online.

Auxiliary power is sufficient to keep most, but not all of the complex's systems operational. Those that do fail create new challenges for the party, especially as they flee for safety. As a result of the explosion, the following events occur:

- The gravity fields in Lift Tubes A, B, & C shut down. The doors to the tubes remain powered, allowing them to open, but the party must ascend/descend through their own efforts (refer to notes about lift tubes above). Lift Tube D remains operational.
- Lift Tube A is filled with flames from the burning power plant below. The lift door is warm to the touch and anyone pausing to feel the door detects this fact prior to opening it. Opening the door results in a backdraft doing 1d6 points of damage to anyone adjacent to the door that fails a DC 10 Reflex check. Burning characters must make a DC 10 Reflex save to extinguish the fire or suffer an additional 1d6 damage each round.
- The time pad in 5-2 shuts down. Any PCs still in another epoch are stranded there and the time tagger no longer transports tagged creatures back to the pad.
- Security fields marked as intermittent in 4-3 shut down, allowing easy access to the treasures they once protected. Security fields noted as being up remain operational.
- Stasis fields in 5-1 collapse, releasing the creatures contained within them from suspended animation. Area 5-1 becomes a madhouse as confused and frightened creatures turn on one another in fearsome combat. A party moving quickly through the area has only a 20% chance of attracting the notice of a random creature, resulting in an attack upon

the party. The monstrous melee lasts for 3d4 rounds before a winner emerges. If unnoticed, the PCs can escape the area via the lift tube unmolested, but if they are still in 5-1 when the melee ends, they'll have to face the bloodied victor in battle. The judge should determine which creature is left standing based on the PCs' own health and injuries. The surviving creature has 25% of its total hit points remaining.

- The Tyrannosaurus rex in 3-5 is released, as is any PC trapped inside the stasis field. This could result in a formerly frozen adventurer finding himself face-to-face with a very angry dinosaur! If there are PCs in 3-5, the Tyrannosaurus rex attacks them, pursuing fleeing prey through the door to 3-2 (the door smashes apart as the dinosaur charges through it, but the creature suffers 1d6 points of damage in the process). It doesn't pursue PCs down the lift tube, but will remain at the lift door in 3-5, growling menacingly down the shaft. If no living creatures are in 3-5 when the Tyrannosaurus rex is freed, it takes out its aggressions on the statues and other decorations, but does not leave the room. PCs entering from the lift must battle or run past the Tyrannosaurus rex, which pursues fleeing prey as above. The dinosaur can hear the lift door in 3-2 opening, and PCs arriving back in that area from the level above are met with an angry Tyrannosaurus rex bursting out of 3-5 (and taking 1d6 damage as above) to attack them. The thunder lizard can pursue fleeing adventurers into 3-1, 3-3, or 3-4 by smashing through the doors (suffering damage each time). Only death ends its pursuit.

Once the power plant explodes, the PCs have 10 minutes to escape the complex before the glacier collapses, taking the vault with it. The judge should keep track of time in combat rounds as the PC move, fight, climb, and otherwise make their way to the exit. This gives them 60 rounds to escape. Starting immediately after the explosion, an artificial, but pleasant, voice speaks in an unrecognizable language. A *comprehend languages* spell with a spellcheck of 14+ discerns that the voice is warning of imminent collapse with an estimated time remaining before complete complex compromise occurs. The first time the voice speaks, it announces there are 10 minutes remaining before collapse. It sounds again when there are 5 minutes remaining, and a final time when there is one minute remaining.

Barring magic or divine intervention, the PCs most likely escape via the crevasse in 3-3, as the destruction and fires ravaging 2-1 now make that area impassible. Provided they don't dawdle, the party can easily reach the glacier's surface before the 10 minutes elapse. PCs that pause to collect additional loot, battle the Tyrannosaurus rex, fall prey to the slippery ice in 3-2, or fail multiple climb checks, however, may still find themselves inside Null-Eleven's former home when the glacier gives way, dropping the vault and tons of ice to the valley floor below. Those unfortunate souls inside the complex when this occurs are killed, the final victims of the "ice demons" that once held the Ghost Ice in their frigid grip. Note also that any PC who foolishly heads back towards the southern tip of the glacier after escaping is also doomed when the edge of the glacier shatters beneath their feet. Extremely kind judges might allow those PCs caught in the collapse to make a Luck check with a hefty penalty (-10 is suggested) to survive the catastrophe, but it is far more probable their bodies end up permanently entombed beneath tons of broken ice.

The surviving adventurers return to the tribe's village after carefully making their way down the rocky sides of the valley. Upon their arrival, they are met with cheers and howls of delight from the tribe. The utter collapse of the glacier's southern end is interpreted as an unmistakable sign that the ice demons have been conquered and the party successfully exorcised the Ghost Ice of their presence. A great feast filled with primitive music, dancing, and the consumption of crude alcoholic beverages is held

that evening in the party's honor. After a sumptuous meal of roasted mammoth ribs, the tribal elders reward the party with their promised riches and officially welcome them into the clan as favored brothers and sisters. Their time in the Forlorn North may be at an end, or, depending on the whims of the judge and the players, just beginning. Many more challenges and forgotten riches remain in the frozen tundra and mountains for those brave heroes wishing to seek them.

APPENDIX A: PRIMITIVE OCCUPATIONS TABLE

Judges wishing to use "Frozen in Time" as a zero-level funnel, to begin a campaign set amongst the primitive lands of the Forlorn North, are encouraged to use the following table to determine the PCs starting occupations. The careers listed below are specially tailored to reflect occupations commonly found in Neolithic-level societies. Note that this table also assumes that the PCs are part of a largely homogenized clan of barbarians and therefore demi-humans are less likely to be members of the tribe. Judges are free to adjust the listed percentages below to increase the chance of a zero-level PC being of demi-human origin.

Roll	Occupation	Trained Weapon	Trade Goods
01	Artisan	Club	Clay pot of ochre paint
02-03	Butcher	Flint cleaver (as hand axe)	Side of mammoth meat
04-05	Brewer	Club	Skin of beer
06	Canoe-maker	Dagger	Canoe
07-08	Cord-maker	Knife (as dagger)	Hide cordage, 50'
09-11	Dwarven flintknapper	Flint hand axe	Flint, 1 lb.
12-13	Dwarven herder	Staff	Elk calf
14-15	Elven fletcher	Short bow	Flint arrowheads, 20
16-18	Elven scout	Spear	Piece of signaling quartz
19	Fire-bearer	Spear	Clay pot of embers
20-24	Fisherman	Harpoon (as javelin)	Flint fishhooks, 12
25-50	Gatherer	Knife (as dagger)	Basket of vegetables
51-53	Halfling animal trainer	Club	Wolf pup
54-55	Halfling fowler	Sling	Feathered cape
56	Healer	Club	Bone needle and sinew thread
57-58	Herbalist	Club	Herbs, 1 lb.
59-83	Hunter	Spear	Animal pelt
84	Lore-keeper's assistant	Club	Divination bones
85-87	Orphan	Club	Weird trinket from former tribe
88-90	Potter	Club	Clay, 1 lb.
91	Shaman's assistant	Club	Herbs, 1 lb.
92-93	Slave	Club	Strange-looking rock
94	Stargazer	Spear	Piece of meteorite iron
95-97	Tanner	Dagger	Hide armor
98-00	Weaver	Dagger	Fabric, 3 yards



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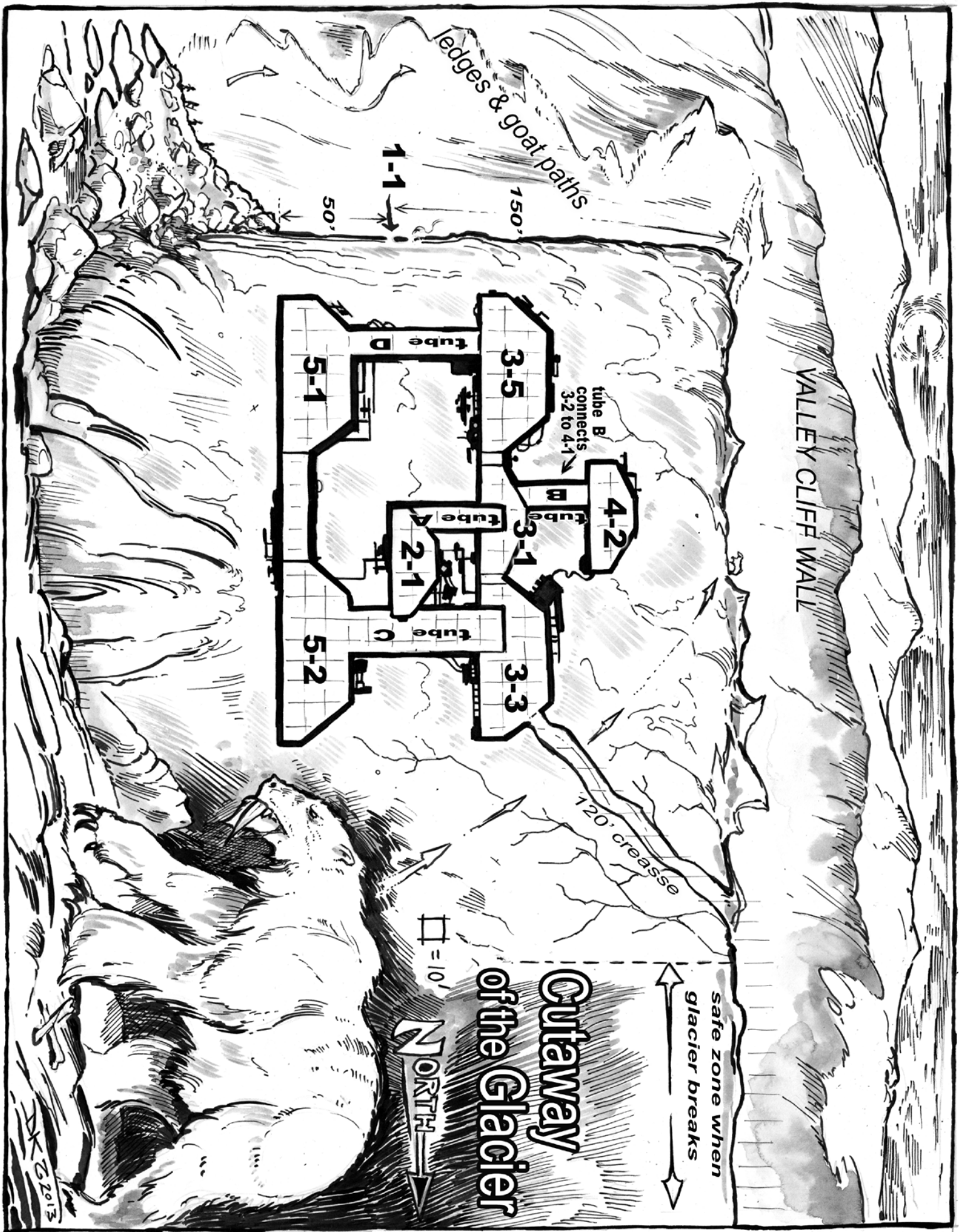
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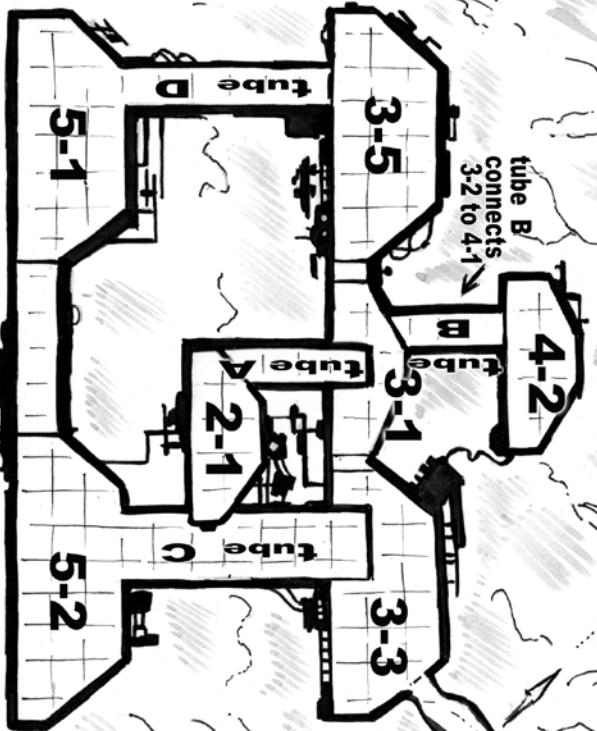
VALLEY CLIFF WALL

ledges & goat paths

150'

1-1

50'



tube B connects 3-2 to 4-1

tube A

tube C

tube D

120' creasse

safe zone when glacier breaks

Cutaway of the Glacier

10' NORTH

JK 2013

MAIN LEVEL



□ = 5'

- P** = OPENS WITH ANY PALM DISK
- G** = ONLY OPENS WITH GOLD PALM DISK
- A** = DOOR AJAR

HOLE IN CEILING

3-3

Tube C

A

P

A

3-2

Tube B

3-4

3-1

Tube A

P

P

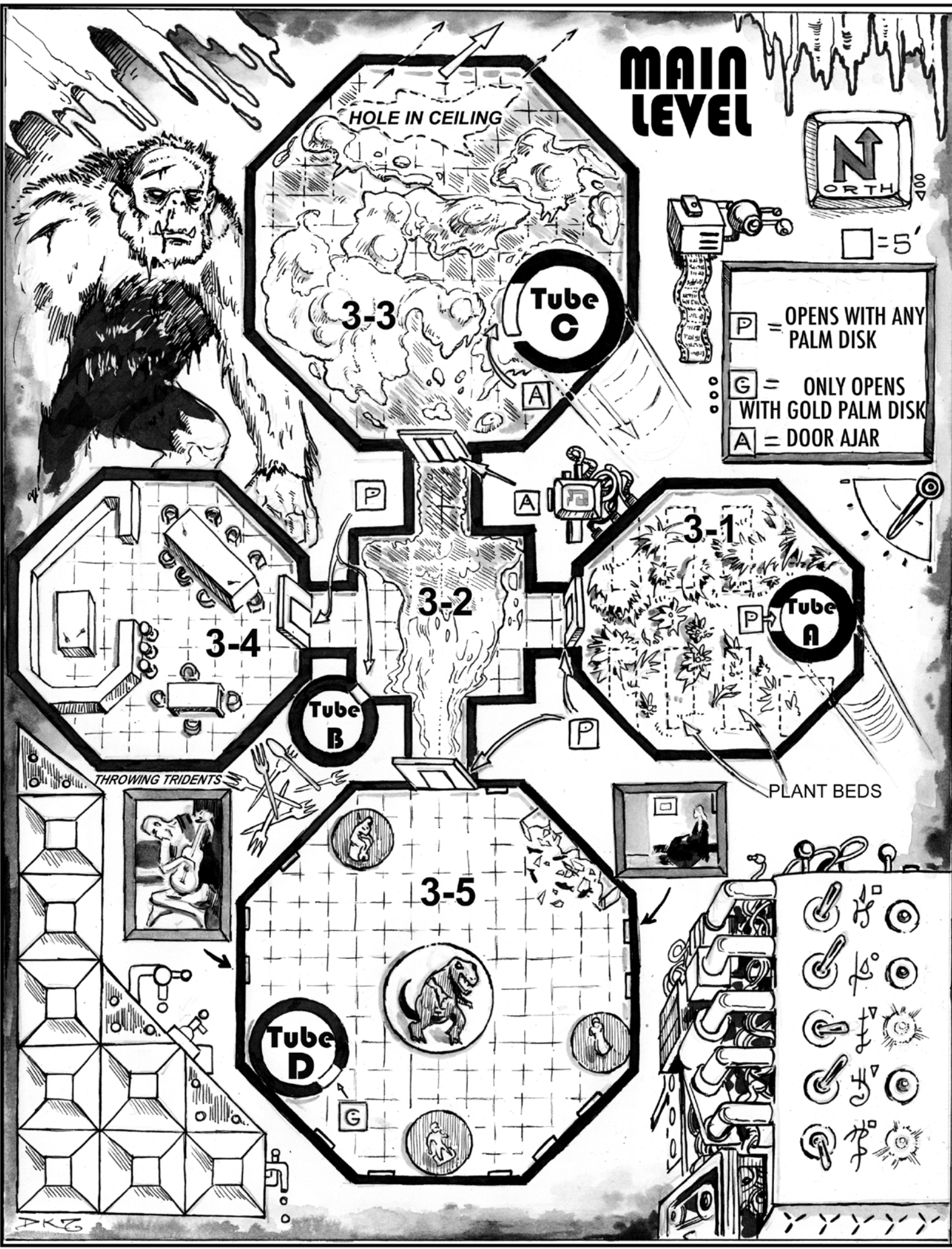
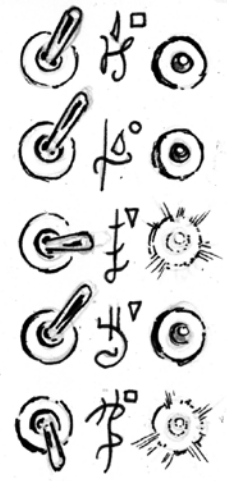
PLANT BEDS

THROWING TRIDENTS

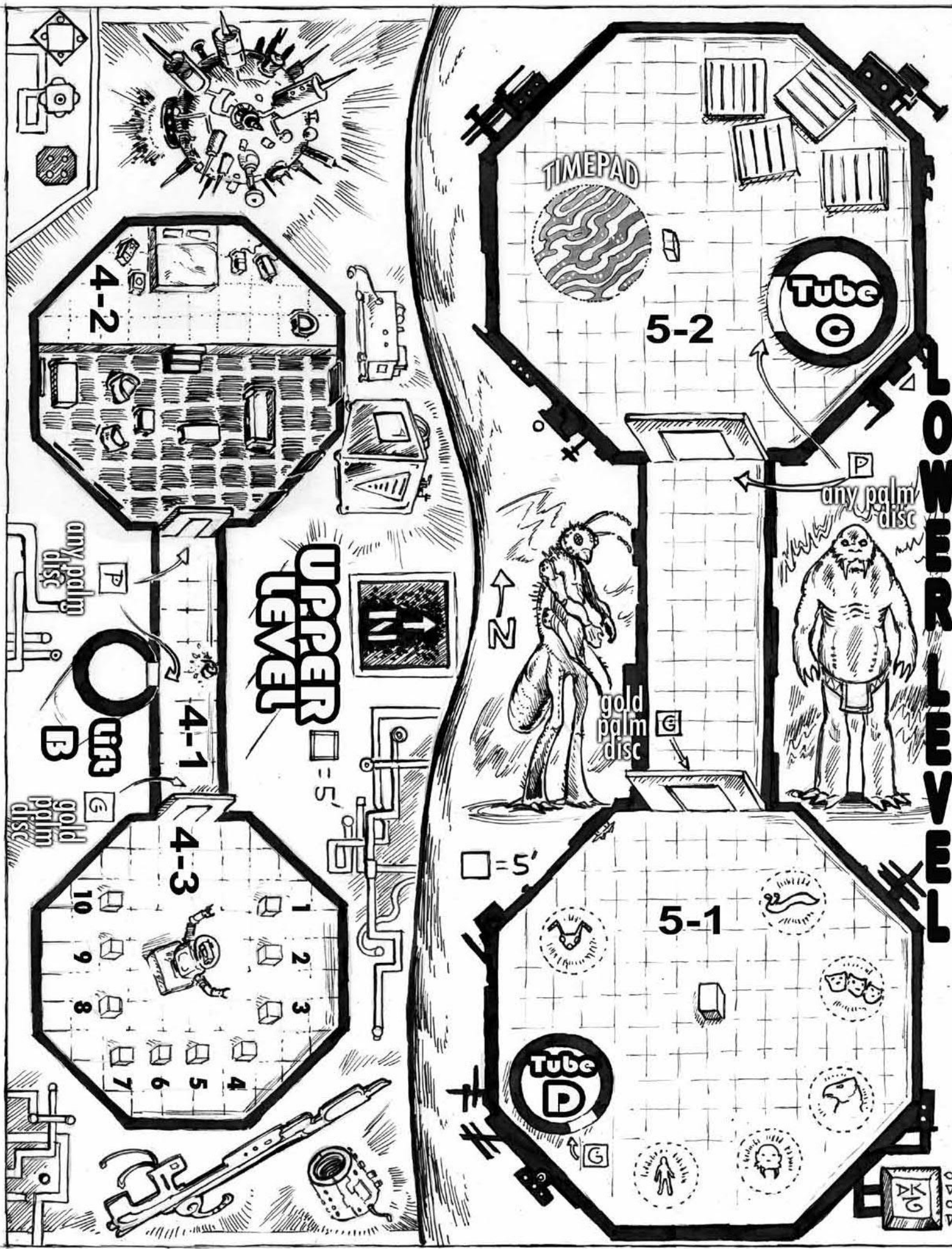
3-5

Tube D

G



LOWER LEVEL



THE FORLORN NORTH

A MINI-CAMPAIGN SETTING

Publisher's Note: This adventure module was the first "science fantasy" adventure for DCC RPG and has proven very popular. I am very excited that it has reached the milestone of a second (and now third) printing. In honor of the second printing, I asked author Michael Curtis if there was anything he'd like to expand upon for the second printing. He answered that he wanted to continue to develop the setting that surrounds the adventure proper. Here, then, is a new addition to the adventure: The Forlorn North, a mini-campaign setting. Enjoy! — Joseph Goodman



owards the roof of the world lies a vast, untamed wilderness of frigid plains, shadowy evergreen forests, forbidding mountains, and gleaming glaciers. This primordial land is home to primitive tribesman, savage monsters, fading gods, and relics of antediluvian civilizations. This is the Forlorn North.

The Forlorn North is the default setting of DCC #79 Frozen in Time and that scenario is just one of many possible adventures that can occur within the region's confines. This section provides a capsule overview of the savage land, providing judges with additional information on the area surrounding the Ghost Ice should their players wish to further explore the Forlorn North or as a basic foundation for a campaign set entirely in the sub-arctic northland.

A FRIGID LAND

The Forlorn North is a huge expanse of permafrost plains and taiga running through the northern hemisphere of the world. It is comprised largely of evergreen forests, craggy mountain chains, icy rivers, lakes, and glaciers, and sub-arctic meadows that briefly bloom into explosions of color during the short summertime. It is a place of both pristine beauty and savage danger, and those creatures—both human and monstrous—who dwell are formidable and resilient beings.

During the long winter months, temperatures can plunge as low as -20° F and rise to 35° F on the warmest of winter days. Summer in the Forlorn North lasts a mere two months, but during this brief thaw temperatures can rise to almost 80° F for a few hours each day. Winds are far more active in the region than elsewhere, racing and howling out of the northwest year-round, bringing cargos of cold air down from the even icier lands near the pole. Despite the cold of the Forlorn North, heavy snowstorms are a rarity. Precipitation ranges 2" to 30" annually, most of which falls as rain during the summer months. But when snow does fall in the North, the accumulation lingers for months on end.

FORLORN FLORA AND FAUNA

The harsh environment of the Forlorn North would suggest a lifeless wasteland, but the truth is far different. Numerous species of plant and animal thrive in the region, in turn supporting the human and humanoid inhabitants that dwell here.

Trees are largely coniferous, with spruce, larch, pine, and fir trees predominating. Some deciduous trees—birch, alder, willow, and poplar—survive in areas that escape the worst of the winter freeze. Ferns, ramps, mosses, and lichens grow in the forests and craggy mountains, and a few species of berry bushes, notably lingonberry, cranberry, strawberry, cloudberry, and bunchberry, endure the climate, providing sustenance to bird, beast, and man alike. But not all flora is beneficial to life in the Forlorn North. Travelers should

be wary of chilblain lichen, which survives by siphoning heat from warm-blooded creatures, forcing them into a fatigued state and unable to escape the lichen's heat-draining power.

Fauna run the gamut from harmless to deadly in the Forlorn North. Smaller species of mammals such as beaver, squirrel, hare, and vole serve as prey for the wolves, bears, foxes, lynxes, snow tigers, and Wolverines that prowl the forests and meadows. Moose, elk, caribou, and wood bison graze in the woods and fields, providing the meat, bone, and hides so necessary for the nomadic human tribes of the North's survival. Towering over all these species is the woolly mammoth, who thunders through the land in migrating herds. Whales, seals, and walrus cavort in the icy oceans and along the rime-covered shores.

The streams and river of the Forlorn North teem with fish. Various species of whitefish, salmon, trout, pike, and even lamprey swim through the chilly depths or regularly migrate to and from the sea. Birds are seasonal in the cold lands, with most nesting birds departing before the winter months. Only ravens, eagles, buzzards, and other scavengers, as well as seed-eating birds like grouse and crossbills survive here year-round. Amphibians and reptiles are nearly non-existent here as they find it difficult to endure the long winters. Only the rare blue snake, ice salamander, frost-death toad, and wood frog endure.

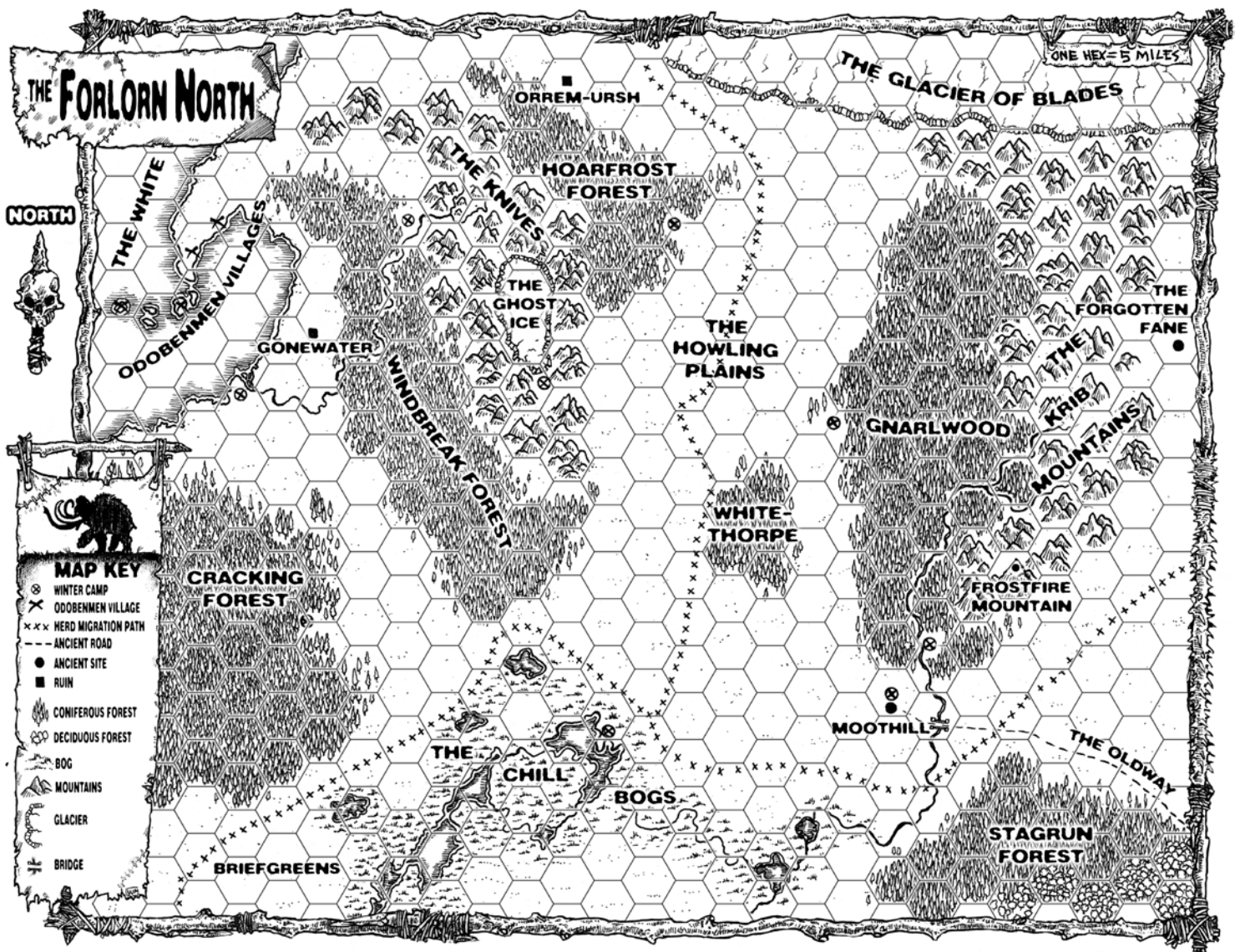
MEN AND MONSTERS

Civilization as it is known in the warm southern climes is absent in the Forlorn North, but this doesn't mean all the inhabitants are bestial creatures. Man and other intelligence races call the cold wastes their home and can be either valuable allies or ferocious enemies to PCs exploring the north.

Humanity is by far the largest population of intelligent denizens in the North. Organized into small nomadic tribes, humans endure by hunting and gathering, possessing only Neolithic levels of technology. Although lacking the benefits of metalsmithing, their bone and flint-tipped weapons, combined with generations of wilderness lore, make them accomplished hunters, capable of taking down even the massive mammoths of the Forlorn North. The various clans move throughout the year, wintering in sheltered forests, caves, or adjacent to a rare hot spring. In the summer, the tribes follow the herds of mammoth, caribou, and elk to restock their larders for the next long winter.

Each tribe is overseen by a chieftain who is given his or her authority by a council of tribal elders, the clan shaman, fire-maker, and lore-keeper. Each tribesperson is responsible for specific duties within the group, such as hunting, gathering, animal herding, etc., and complete cooperation by all tribe members is key to the clan's survival. Upon coming of age, each youth undergoes a rite of adulthood that varies from tribe to tribe and sometimes from year to year. Passing this rite ushers the youth into full status as an adult of the tribe with all rights and privileges, including but not limited to permission to take a spouse and the right to speak before the council.

Magic is rare amongst the human tribes. Tribal shamans serve as priests and some can manifest divine spells if the spirit, entity, totem, or deity the clan venerates is supernaturally powerful enough. Arcane magic is far less common as the harsh life in the Forlorn North provides little time or opportunity to devote to



mastering the wizardly arts. Those rare wizards that do emerge in the wastes are likely outcasts that have acquired their powers by studying strange inscriptions on the weird Hyperborean ruins that dot the landscape.

Demihumans also dwell in the Forlorn North, but in much smaller numbers than Man. Like their human counterparts, the sub-arctic elven tribes are a Neolithic people, using spears and bows to hunt and defend their *cheal-habthar* (northern elven dialect word for “eternal holdings”). Unlike the human tribes, however, the northern elves utilize arcane magic to supplement their bone and flint weapons. The long elven lifespan allows for steady, albeit extremely slow, study of the wizardly arts and their natural proclivity for seeking supernatural patronage also grants them access to more sorcerous knowledge than mankind.

There was once a handful of dwarven clans in the Forlorn North, but now only a single group survives. A hundred years ago, the ogres and goblins rampaged through the mountains in tremendous numbers, slaughtering the scattered dwarven clans wherever encountered. The dwarves call this massacre the Great Death. Survivors of the decimation either sought sanctuary with the Frostfire Clan under their volcanic mountain or were integrated into the human tribes throughout the region. It is not uncommon to still find dwarves living amongst the nomadic humans, working flint or tending to the animal herds. The Frostfire Clan is the only dwarven clan still mining the mountains, trading raw gemstones with southern merchants.

Halflings are exceedingly rare in the Forlorn North. A small number of them dwell in earthen burrows beneath the Briefgreens, while a handful of the short demihumans have found homes amongst the human tribes, parleying their skills as fowlers and animal handlers into the acceptance and protection of the clans.

Aside from the humans and demihuman inhabitants of the North, a number of monstrous humanoids also stalk the wilderness. An extended family of frost giants maintain holdfasts where the Glacier of Blades and the Krib Mountains meet. Blue-skinned goblins breed in dark holes in the mountain ranges and in the gloomy groves of the taiga. Their numbers soaring into the tens of thousands, spread across numerous tribes and gangs. Less abundant but more fearsome are the ogre tribes that hunt the plains and mountains for both mammoth and man. Lastly, the frigid shores of the White are the site of several odobenmen villages and the walrus-folk seasonally clash with their human neighbors.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FORLORN NORTH

Eons ago, the land now known as the Forlorn North was a warmer region, capable of supporting extensive cultivation, trade routes, and culture. The sun-kissed land served as the cradle of the advanced human civilization of Hyperborea (see the 2013 *Holiday Module: The Old God's Return*). The Hyperboreans erected great cities, carved sinuous canals, and built grand roadways to distant

kingdoms. Art, science, and magic reached astounding levels, and a near-paradise existed in the northern lands. Alas, this would all soon come crashing down.

For uncertain reasons, the climate changed in the north and temperatures plummeted. Scholars debate the cause of this ecological disaster, with some maintaining it was a natural change in the world's climate while others claim a mostly forgotten wizard named Malack Histhorns (see *The Adventurer's Almanac*) devastated the land with fearsome sorcery. Regardless of cause, the Hyperborean paradise collapsed.

The cold crept across the land as a killing frost, laying waste to crops and citizens alike. Many fled the encroaching freeze and slinking glaciers, but not all abandoned their homeland. The few resolute souls that remained were the ancestors of the human tribes that continue to endure in the northern wilderlands.

With man's grasp on the northlands broken and the climate turned savage, monsters both humanoid and bestial began migrating into the area. Some arrived following the glaciers' slow march across the landscape, while others came from the south, driven from their own lairs by rivals and seeking sanctuary in the northern wilds. The clash of man and monster further plunged the already desperate Hyperborean survivors into a barbaric state and as generations past they forgot the impressive accomplishments of their ancestors except in time-muddled stories told around the clan fires. The crumbling Hyperborean relics that dot the North are either treated with profound fear or mild curiosity, as day-to-day survival is the primary concern of the tribes and they do not dwell much on the forgotten past of their long-dead kin.

The Forlorn North remains a savage wilderness, a place where life is a continual struggle and death only a careless misstep away. Despite the challenges of their homeland, the residents, both man and monster, thrive in the Forlorn North, proud of their ability to survive the worst the land can throw at them. Even the relatively recent establishment of trade routes with the southern merchants who desire the rare furs, raw gemstones, whale bones, and walrus ivory of the North has done little to civilize the tribes. They trade for steel weapons and tools that make life easier or their hunts more productive, but otherwise care little for what occurs beyond their frigid borders.

LIGHTS IN THE SKY

Even those only vaguely knowledgeable of the far north have heard of the phenomenon known as the aurora borealis, only the residents of the wilderness are familiar with its sinister counterpart, the aurora inferna. This aerial light display manifests not as a ghostly flickering of greens, blues, and yellows, but a rippling, bright conflagration of red, orange, and indigo light. This phenomenon seems to ignite the sky and is considered an ill omen by all who dwell in the Forlorn North.

The aurora inferna is a rare event, occurring during only one or two nights each year. Despite its rarity, it is feared by the natives of the cold northlands. Legend holds that the aurora inferna has malignant effects in the land below when it ripples across the sky. Magic acts unpredictably, even spontaneously, and offspring conceived while the aurora inferna shines manifest strange mutations and obscene powers—provided they live to term, as their mutations often take the form of monstrous physical deformities. Most of these freakish offspring are abandoned to die, but the few that survive become unique monsters stalking the frozen northern nights.

A GAZETTEER

The following are just a few of the interesting sites in the Forlorn North. Adventurers sojourning out into the forbidding wilderness will undoubtedly discover more places of wonder, danger, and mystery—assuming the creatures that lair in and around such locations don't slay the PCs first!

Briefgreens: Protected by the Cracking Forest to the north and well-irrigated by the lakes and creeks of the Chill Bogs to the east, this stretch of northern meadowlands is the nearest the Forlorn North has to arable land. The Briefgreens, named for their short but verdant state during summer, is home to a small colony of halflings, the only members of that race found in the North. Berry-laden bushes attract numerous nesting birds in the summer and the halfling fowlers reap a substantial harvest during the short thaw, trading their catch for the other staples they require. The halflings regularly come into conflict with both skulking goblin gangs prowling through the thorny underbrush and yetis that stuff themselves on the bushes' fruit each summer.

Chill Bogs: Several large lakes, some spring-fed, others kettle-holes, break up the Howling Plains at its southern expanse. In the summer, the frozen soil surrounding the lakes thaws, transforming the entire region into a massive peat bog punctuated by broad expanses of water. Avian species, insects, mammals, and the rare reptile flock to the area to feed in the warm mud before it freezes once more at summer's end. One of the human tribes performs an annual sacrifice here each year, strangling a chosen tribesman and casting his body into the dark waters. The peat preserves the corpses and it is believed that their tribal god reawakens the peat bog mummies when angered, sending them slouching and vengeful across the land.

Cracking Forest, Gnarlwood, Hoarfrost Forest, Stagrun Forest, White-Thorpe, and Windbreak Forest: These boreal forests are wild and untamed, home to animal species, monstrous creatures, and human and elven tribes. There are elven *cheal-habthars* in the Stagrun Forest and the Cracking Forest, but the long-lived humanoids avoid the Hoarfrost, Gnarlwood, and White-Thorpe due to the presence of powerful monsters and Hyperborean ruins that contain unpredictable magics.

Frostfire Mountain: Home to the sole dwarven clan in the Forlorn North, this dormant volcano holds numerous veins of precious stones throughout its roots which the dwarves excavate and trade with southern merchants. The Frostfire Clan is a secretive, solitary group that only leaves the protection of their mountain home to trade at the Moothill. The dwarves have not forgotten the fate of their kin and, while they accept survivors of the Great Death into their home, they are determined not to suffer the same fate.

Forgotten Fane: A huge rock wall encompasses a large meadow here. The rocky barrier is all that remains of a volcano's caldera, worn to a near nub by the passing of time and the grinding of ice sheets and arctic gales. Within the confines of the stone barricade and accessible by a tunnel cut by magma eons ago is a sunken amphitheater. A massive statue stands facing the tier seats, its features worn smooth by winds and snow. The statue has a vaguely humanoid shape and seems to have once sported a pair of massive reindeer horns. This locale previously served as a temple to Tjaptar, an ancient forest god now long forgotten (see the *2013 Holiday Module: The Old God's Return*). The fane has been neglected for millennia but some of Tjaptar's power lingers at the site. Should the fading deity survive the events of *The Old God's Return*, he may choose his former temple as a place to recoup his strength. Once revived, Tjaptar will undoubtedly turn his sights onto rebuilding his glory in the Forlorn North by any means necessary...

The Ghost Ice: A creeping river of ice slowly moving down a val-

ley in the Knives, this glacier has a fearsome reputation amongst the northern tribes. More information about its secrets can be found in the preceding adventure.

The Glacier of Blades: The northernmost boundary of the Forlorn North, this glacier gets its name from the cutting winds that howl down its length, bringing freezing death to all caught unprepared by their arrival. Certain cold-resistance species dwell atop the glacier or lair within the meltwater-carved caverns that pock its core. Travelers on the Glacier of Blades can expect to encounter frost-worms, icicle urchins, shaggy dooms, saber-toothed ice bears, and frozen wights. Those who survive the trip, however, may benefit greatly for it is believed that the lands beyond the Glacier are the realm of the Rime King, a mysterious giant potentate who dwells in a titanic palace of jeweled ice.

Gonewater: This location was a harbor in the ancient days of Hyperborea. The exquisitely-constructed stone quays and breakwaters survived the millennia and still ring the former harbor—now located miles inland after the White receded. Subterranean chambers and tunnels that once served as warehouse space and living quarters for the dockworkers remain intact beneath the permafrost and a tribe of ogres now lair there. Unbeknownst to the tribe, a handful of historical relics of great value and power are mixed amongst the crude treasures they've plundered from the tribes of the Forlorn North.

Howling Plains: Vast expanses of permafrost and sub-arctic grasslands, these plains get their name from the constant drone of the wind that races down its length. The various caribou, elk, and mammoth herds annually migrate north during the summer months and return south when winter falls. These great herds attract a number of species that prey upon them, including man, ogre, goblin, snow tiger, and yeti.

The Knives: Sheer peaks and whistling northern winds characterize this mountain range. Older and somewhat less volcanically active than the Krib Mountains, the Knives are known for being the home to the Ghost Ice and several active thermal springs that help sustain life during the long winters. A large white-blue dragon is rumored to dwell in a shattered Hyperborean ruin at the mountain chain's northwestern-most peak, but few have made the long journey to confirm that legend. Those that have have never returned.

Krib Mountains: A chain of volcanically active mountains, this range is comprised of jagged peaks, strange outcroppings of obsidian and basalt, and sheltered valleys where temperatures seldom drop beneath freezing even in the dead of winter. Local tribes often venture to the mountains to collect obsidian for their weapons, but seldom remain in the vicinity long. Tribal lore holds that several fearsome and unique monsters dwell in the peaks. Southern scholars familiar with the mountain chain postulate the name may be a corruption of "crib," leading to speculation of what might have been born and reared in the mountains during the Hyperborean era.

The Moothill: The shell of a Hyperborean tower, constructed by techniques that have allowed it to survive the eons, stands atop a low, broad hill here. The empty tower serves as a gathering place for the various nomadic tribes to meet and trade, arrange marriages, negotiate treaties, and deal with the semiannual southern merchant caravans. The Moothill is traditionally neutral ground, and on rare occasions goblin, frost giant, and even ogre bands come to trade here as well.

The Oldway: Slabs of worked stone emerge from the permafrost along this route, marking where an ancient Hyperborean roadway once led to southern settlements. The slabs of stone are broken, partially buried, and well-worn, but still provide a level roadway into the Forlorn North. Southern merchants organize caravans

that travel the Oldway twice a year, coming to conduct trade with the northern tribes at the Moothill.

Orrem-Ursh: This former Hyperborean city is now a partially-buried ruin, avoided by most native inhabitants. The wall that once surrounded the city now lies in pieces and the strange, transparent dome of unknown material that formerly covered the metropolis is half-broken, providing partial cover over the silent streets. Weird spires with stairs spiraling like ammonites stand beneath the broken dome and at times an alien hum is heard echoing across the plains outside the city. What treasures—and dangers—remain in the ruin of Orrem-Ursh are unknown, but a lingering taboo amongst the tribes keeps them untroubled by the curious...for now.

The White: A churning sea spotted with breakers, ice flows, and icebergs during the summer months and pack ice in winter, all of which give this frigid ocean its name. Pods of odobenmen dwell in primitive communities along the shoreline, hunting whales, seals, and ice bears for food while raising crude statues to their walrus ancestors. Warfare erupts each summer between the walrus folk and the western human tribes, as the rivals clash over the brief summer bounty along the shore. Legend holds that an ice-locked island located far out in the White is the birthplace of the aurora inferna. The island holds both the antediluvian sorceries that spawn the hellish lights and forgotten riches in the form of a multitude of gemstones.

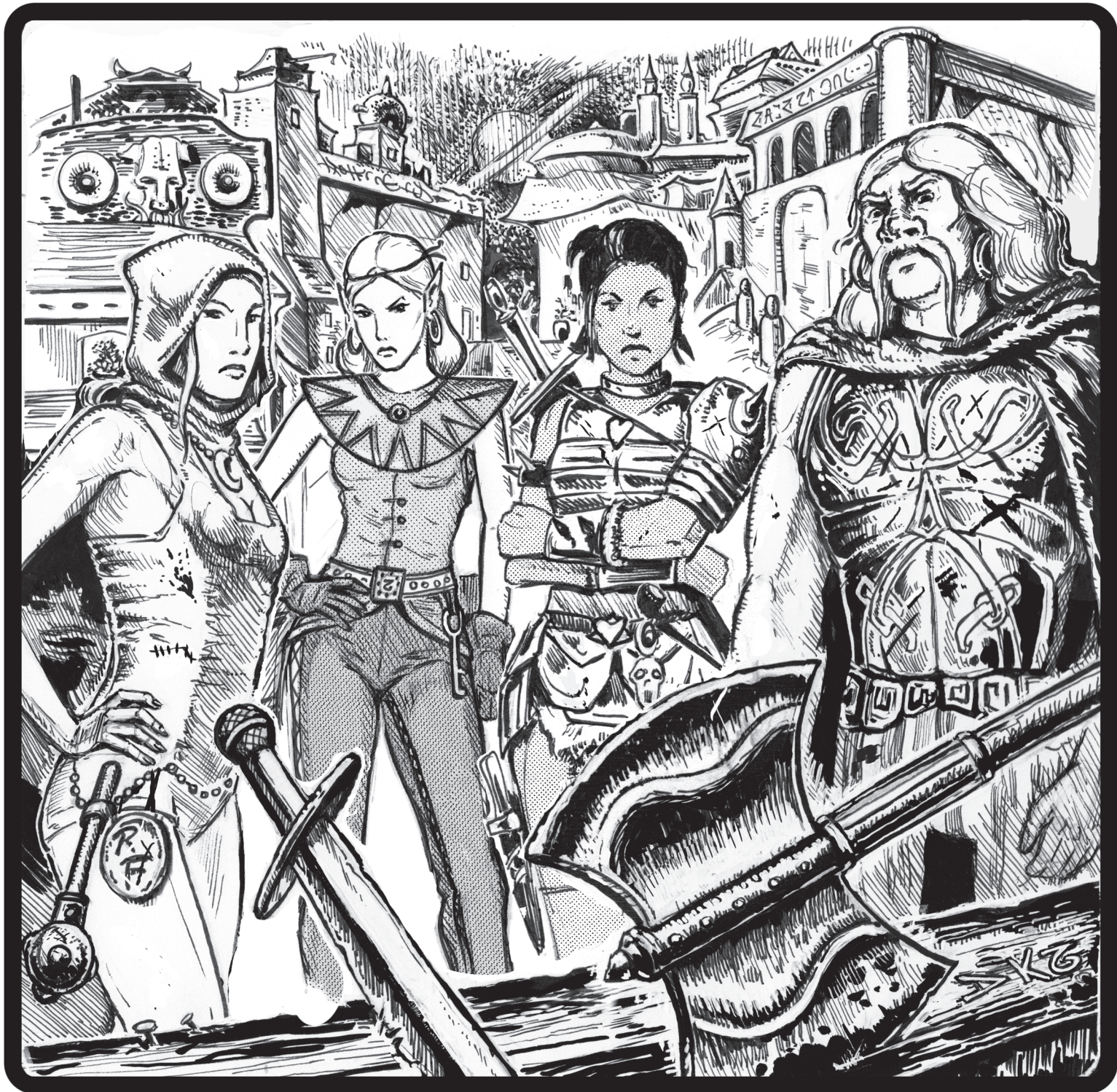
Winter Camps: Several of these are scattered about the Forlorn North, each used by the nomadic human tribes when the winter comes. These sites each possess qualities that make them desirable wintering quarters—caves, sheltered valleys, hot spring, partially intact Hyperborean ruins, etc. The tribes spend the long, cold winter hunkered down in these locations, awaiting the spring when they once again follow the migrating herds. In times of danger such as monstrous hordes, natural disasters, and other hazards, the tribes retreat back to their winter camp to take advantage of the sites' natural defenses.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

The following four adventure plots are provided to help jumpstart the judge's imagination. Each can be fleshed-out to form a single session's entertainment or a multi-part campaign.

- A frost giant outcast, mutated by the aurora inferna, possesses the power to charm mammoths. This self-proclaimed "Mammoth Master" is holding the great shaggy herds in his mountain valley fortress until the nomadic tribes pay him tribute and homage. One tribe wants a group of adventurers to end the Mammoth Master's reign before it begins.
- Odobenmen raiders are moving inland from the coast, attacking the nomadic tribes and searching the Hyperborean ruins for an unknown relic. Someone (or something) is forcing the walrus-men to do its bidding, holding their females as hostages until the odobenmen locate what it seeks.
- A huge, rusting relic is discovered in the Chill Bogs during the spring thaw. Could this be one of the legendary airboats it is said the Hyperboreans once sailed the skies in? Exploration inside the corroded hulk leads to information pertaining to an ancient mystery and forgotten riches in Orrem-Ursh.
- Hunters are going missing in the Gnarlwood as a slumbering evil, having lain dormant since the fall of Hyperborea, awakens once again. Growing in strength in the dark, twisted interior of the forest, it's only a matter of time before it slouches out onto the Howling Plains and consumes everything in its path. The PCs must find a way to either defeat the awakening evil or lull it back to sleep.

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