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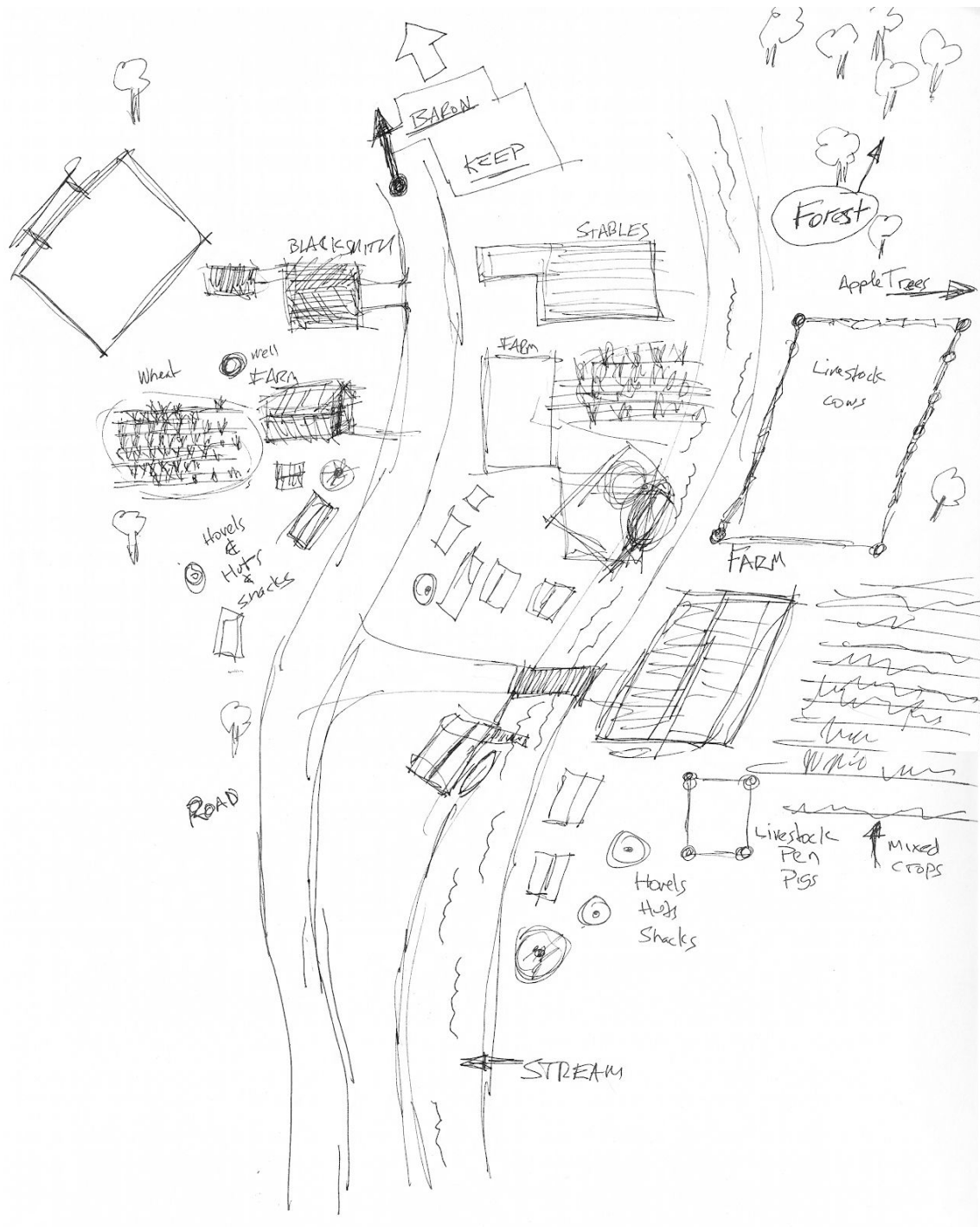
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Village of Rakefield



Summary

A small, forgotten village set deep in a forest, Rakefield is a place of of quotidian daily village life and much suffering. It is ruled by an evil Baron and his lustful, sadistic consort. Now and then, the town guards have their way with the citizenry and townspeople are abducted and brought to the Baron's mansion, never to be seen again. And yet, somehow, life goes on normally day after day.

The world of Rakefield is that of sleepy, simple village life punctuated by terrible atrocity and horror. Whenever it's visited, it seems a place bewitched. It is.

The folk of Rakefield are like so much cattle. Bred and cared for... for a purpose. But recently something has changed. A celestial event, a sapphire star splitting the sky, has caused drastic changes for a chosen few who dwell in the village of Rakefield.

Rumors

Baron Harmon Duek is not the real Baron Duek

This rumor is true. The real Baron died at the hands of of his wife, Magdalena, and the current, false Baron over 300 years ago. They tortured him to death over a period of months, using unholy magics to keep him alive until the end.

The real Baron was a good man. It was his bad fortune, however, to capture the attention of Ol' Blackcloak, who was bored and looking for a new town to exploit and sully as a sort of avocation. Nothing serious, just something to toy with every now and then.

Ol' Blackcloak approached the Baron in his usual, charming and disarming manner, but the Baron was not fooled. Politely, yet firmly, he denied Ol' Blackcloak's offers, and asked him to leave and never return.

The Baron's wife, however, was not so strident in her moral views, and was quite open to the charms, attentions, and offers of old Blackcloak.

Within a month of these transactions, a leader of a local band of thieves who looked quite like the Baron (he was, in fact, jokingly dubbed 'The Baron' by his men for this reason) got a visit and an offer he could not refuse.

There are only five people who know what happened to the Baron. Those are his wife, the thief, Ol' Blackcloak, Mr. Olmstead, and the Baron himself.

It has long since been forgotten, but for several months, intermittent, terrible screams could be

heard coming from deep within the mansion's basement. Although only hints on the wind, they could be heard all the way in town and caused the folk to shudder.

Baron Duek and his wife have made a deal with the devil

This is true. In return for unnaturally long lives, luxury, and the ability to indulge wantonly and with impunity (at least while they live) in forbidden pleasures, the current Baron and his consort have sold their souls.

The town is effectively run by Ol' Blackcloak through Mr. Olmstead, who makes sure things don't get too far out of hand. The people suffer just enough. Never so much as to rebel. The order of everyday life must be maintained.

Several generations have seen the same Baron and Baroness, and it is uncanny how people who notice the strangeness of it suddenly lose their lines of thought and begin thinking or speaking of something else.

Every other season the couple indulges in orgiastic rites in which they celebrate their infernal patron. They have the militia abduct townsfolk for these parties, which sometimes have the most strange, fearsome, loathsome, and unspeakable of guests. Townsfolk shut themselves in on these nights, not just because the militia is given free reign of the town, but to shield themselves from the vile sounds and strange lights and visions which emanate from the mansion.

What happens to the missing

The Baron's men, the town militia, are nothing but a group of scoundrels. Every so often, the Baron and his wife will have a party. Before these nights, the militia will come into town and take various townsfolk up to the mansion.

None dare resist.

It is usually young men and women who are taken... sometimes very young. But sometimes it is the old, the ugly, or misshapen. Once the town idiot was taken. The guardsmen sometimes even abduct livestock or pets. Usually, none return. Those who do return are not seen or spoken of. Their wounded, grieving cries can be heard from the basements and bedrooms in which they are locked. Thankfully, most never live for long.

There are rumors however, of not so much who comes back as *what*.

"I knew it was mine..." gibbered old Farmer Johnson sloppily and tearfully over his tankard, "because, you see, it had John's eyes. Those were John's eyes, gods help me. My son..."

Those nights the town militia have their way with anyone they like. The townsfolk shut themselves up. Maybe a few people are killed. Maybe a few raped or mutilated. Some houses might be burned down with families within.

Mr. Olmstead makes sure the carnage is kept to a minimum. If the militia start to get out of hand, he'll come out and say, "That's enough." If a guardsman disobeys, Mr. Olmstead will simply smile. That usually puts an end to it and that particular guard, who will sooner or later meet a sticky end.

Any uprisings which foment are quickly and brutally dispatched by the guards. The townsfolk have learned to accept these nights as a reality. They occur at most once a season, usually every other one.

It is rumored that those taken are sacrificed to devils during infernal rites which are held at the mansion. Those who dare open a window and listen can hear strange music, chanting, moans, screams, and other unholy sounds wafting on the air down from the hill atop upon which the mansion looms. Strange and maddening lights and visions have appeared to those who dare look.

Our village is cursed

Few visit. None ever leave. Life never really changes.

There is something very strange about Rakefield. Though it is not cursed, it is ensorceled.

Ol' Blackcloak has placed a spell and his mark upon the town. It evades the thoughts and memories of all but a few outside of it. Only a few traders know of and can remember the town, but even then, they find their tongues won't allow them to speak of it.

This is the work of Mr. Olmstead, who sees to it that the town gets what it needs. Trade must occur. Those who trade with Rakefield are charmed. They sometimes have the most uncanny luck with business... but never enough to get out of the field. And they always find themselves compelled to take a trip to that frightening, depressing little town, Rakefield, and to do business with that devilish-looking Mr. Olmstead.

There is something evil about Mr. Olmstead

There is. Though no one has ever seen him do an evil deed. In fact, quite the opposite. He helps old ladies across the street and carries goods for them, but there is barely concealed look of perverted irony upon his face while he does it.

It's an issue that can start a fight, however, because some people pity him and/or feel indebted. Some people are just born ugly, and you know, he actually saved Farmer Johnson's cow the

other week. He gave him some special feed, and that terrible festering sore on that cow just up and disappeared!

What the townsfolk don't know is that Mr Olmstead caused that festering sore because he didn't like the way that cow had looked at him three weeks prior, but then thought enough is enough. We need that cow.

The Witch Winds

Every so often Rakefield is beset by terrible, howling storms full of lightning and thunder. During these storms, terrible moaning, groaning, howling, screams, and laughter are heard in the fierce winds which howl down streets and batter the walls Rakefield.

It is rumored that Witches fly in these winds and that it is death to go outside. This is partially true. Every night a person has gone out during these storms, that person has been struck dead by lightning.

During the storms something is always struck by lightning, and sometimes a fire will start. It won't go far, however, as the flooding downpour is just too strong.

The cause of these storms is a secret only known to Mathilde Swann and Ol' Blackcloak, who create them by way of their dalliances.

Mathilde Swann killed her husband and turned him into sausage

This is a pernicious rumor that mischievous and somewhat malicious parents have kept alive by telling their children. Partially it's to threaten them and make them behave.

Mathilde just laughs when she hears it and goes along with it. She smiles and laughs and looks the children dead in their eyes while pointing to the hanging sausage with her knife, saying, "You had better listen to mommy and daddy. Or else it'll be you hanging from my ceiling, just like these sausages!"

When the families leave she is sure to smile and say, "Have a wonderful day!"

Little do the townsfolk know that this rumor is absolutely true. She slaughtered her husband like an animal for cheating on her. She butchered him and ground him up. Townsfolk have not only eaten him in their sausage, but have sung praises of his flavor and texture.

She also ground his bones and gave it away as meal to the gardeners and farmers of the village. So the extra savor in the tomatoes? Well, it's from a very special secret ingredient.

Since she murdered her betrothed, she has been visited at night on several occasions by Ol' Blackcloak, with whom she has eager dalliances. On those nights it rains and storms furiously,

and the laughter and howling of the coupled pair can be heard on the wind. These are the nights of the Witch Winds.

Perhaps it is these visits which cause her to smile so much.

Personalities

Mr. Thurmond Olmstead - Village Trader

Tall, thin, and stiff, Mr Olmstead has the appearance of a proper, upright, upper-middle-aged man with the tendency to be very stubborn. His hair is a short jet black widows peak, slicked back and streaked with a line of severe silver white on the left side. His eyebrows arch and his narrow eyes are of the deepest black. His clothing is simple, yet dignified. He prefers to wear a dark, blue-gray suit. His jacket is usually off and his sleeves rolled up.

Though he is no elf, the top of his ears are pointy.

He is always polite and cordial, even when angry. His voice is calm, measured, and somewhat stern but also melodic and pleasant. People who come into his shop intending mischief are met with a calm, "I would not do that if I were you." They find themselves suddenly very scared of his mild smile and what ideas may be hiding behind his black, inscrutable eyes. They promptly leave and find themselves loathe to return.

Mr. Olmstead is, in fact, a devil. He is subordinate to Ol' Blackcloak and has been tasked with taking care of the town. He enjoys it. He finds room, here and there, to slake his lust for evil. There are opportunities on the roads coming and going from the town. Every so often news of some hellish event reaches the ears of the townspeople. That would be Mr. Olmstead.

"Tt. Tt. Tt." he'll say, shaking his head, "Such terrible, awful news. The depravity that lurks in the hearts of some men... or women. But let's not dwell on that. You have needs. What can I do for you?"

He keeps the Baron and the Baron's men in check. He makes sure there are traders who are untouched by the spell upon the town and can remember it. He also forbids the Baron, Baroness, or their men from so much as smirking at his guests. The townsfolk wonder at the fact that the Baron and his men actually fear the trader.

Mr Olmstead has his favorites in town. Who knows his reasons? He likes certain families, women and children, and individual men. Things go very well for those he secretly favors. They would never know it, except, perhaps, that they feel a certain unnerving warmth and attention from him. This makes him chuckle inwardly.

He thinks of them as pets. The more disturbed they are in his presence, the more it pleases him and the more likely it is for him to give them some kind of anonymous gift. A child which would have been miscarried will live. A cow that would have gotten sick, doesn't. That sort of thing. He enjoys doing it. He also enjoys the way they squirm and suffer when he looks at them. He is a devil, after all.

Gunther Black - Blacksmith

The militia need a good, reliable blacksmith. Therefore, Gunther is treated very well by the Baron and his men. And, therefore, Gunther Black is a hated man.

Townsfolk will do business with him, but they do not like him. That's just fine with Gunther, so long as nary a word is said about it. Gunther has killed more than one person who has insulted him. Once he killed the miller's boy, who had only taunted him. Gunther calmly walked over and felled the boy with a single, casual blow of his hammer to the boy's temple. Before he died, the child's expression was one of complete surprise. When the father came to confront Gunther about it, Gunther killed him too. That was the end of it. The miller's apprentice took over. Mr. Olmstead saw to it that the widow and her children were without want. Sometimes he makes deliveries himself and inquires about the children. The poor woman finds his smile comforting. She doesn't know it comes from gratification at her suffering and loss.

Gunther is a tall, muscular man with a bald head and a large, Nietzschean mustache. He speaks with an accent. He has a wife, Gertrude, and a boy, Hans, who helps him at the forge.

Calvin Felldrake - Apothecary and Healer

Of medium height and average build, he wears his sandy brown hair cut short and neatly combed. In his late 30s, he has handsome and somewhat rugged features. In another setting, he might be a cheery person. Given the realities of Rakefield, he is serious, and often loses himself in work, the majority of which is study. He doesn't talk to others much, and he keeps what he knows to himself.

He knows exactly what is going on in Rakefield. In Hammer films, he would be the learned, strong-willed gentleman who rouses the villagers to revolt. But this village has an actual devil, and Mr. Olmstead is just too powerful. He finds himself perplexed and vexed. He cannot raise a revolt, nor can he leave. Killing himself isn't an option, although he is ashamed to admit he has thought about it. His pride and will won't let him take that option. And for some reason he just can't bring himself to petition the gods. Perhaps it's the spell on the place.

Calvin sees Olmstead's perverted way of caring for the village, and this confuses and disturbs Calvin... it also takes some of the wind out of his sails as well.

Calvin is a failed hero who was never able to get his leg up. He still, however, has some dignity, and so he studies and he hopes. He offers what help to the villagers he can as a healer and medicine man.

He has been sorely tempted to kill town guards on occasion, and has almost done it. He could. He keeps himself fit and has secretly trained himself with the rapier with books from masters on the subject. But he knows that to do so would bring punishment upon the entire village.

Mathilde Swann - Butcher

Early 50's, frizzy gray hair. Squat and full-bodied. Pleasant-faced and always cheerful. Scary, however, when she is finally pushed to anger. Prefers to wear simple dresses of solid, mild colors.

She sings to the animals before she slaughters them. The lyrics are morbid and grotesque—detailing the fate of the animal and its corpse—but the melody is pleasant. (Good thing animals don't speak common.) It lulls them into a stupor, and they hardly know they've been killed once her uncannily sharp knife does its work.

Knives sharpened by her are razor sharp and rarely become dull. They do, however, have a propensity to cut their users now and then. It's generally nothing serious. Though one townswoman had the nerve to get her knife sharpened by Mathilde and then speak ill of her. She managed, somehow, to cut off her entire hand while chopping onions.

"I was chopping them, and then I got the craziest idea: just chop that wrist. Just one good, hard whack. It seemed so funny to me at the time. I could see myself doing it, as clear as day. And it's crazy, but I did it! Chop! Just like that! The hand came clean off, and all I felt was a jolt and a tingle. I stood there, dumbfounded, looking at that hand, there on the counter, and I couldn't believe it was mine. But it was. It looked so... foreign. Like something else, like something with its own life. And it moved a little. That's when I noticed the all the blood, and I got this really sick feeling. Then everything went black. I was lucky that David heard and found me there. He tied the wrist up and brought me to Calvin, the healer. Strange, though, that we never did find the hand. We just rushed to the healer and must have forgotten it. Some animal must have come in the door we left open and took it. Sometimes I have nightmares about that hand, walking around the village on its fingers, looking for me. It crawls around, asking, accusing, 'Why? Why did you leave me, Margaret?'"

Mathilde killed her husband and fed him to the townsfolk as sausage, though everyone thinks it's a rumor.

She has dalliances with Ol' Blackcloak every now and then, which causes the Witch Wind storms.

Ol' Blackcloak

See [The Chained Coffin by Goodman Games](#) for information on Ol' Blackcloak.

If there is one thing Ol' Blackcloak cannot stand, it's rudeness. For his own part, even when he is extremely angry, he is still courteous.

Events

A Sapphire Cuts Open the Sky

To start the adventure, the PCs will feel pulled outside one night and compelled to look to the night sky. They will see a sapphire shooting star sear the sky with a blinding, pure blue light, causing a visible and audible explosion in the distance which makes all other villagers run inside and slam shut their doors and shutters, locking them tightly.

Not so for the players. The meteor draws them out into the night.

When they find it, they see a huge crater which cradles a blistered rock which cracks open to reveal a sapphire of the most vivid, radiant, and pure blue. One of them picks it up. They all gaze upon it and walk, dreamlike, back to the village. As if sleepwalking, they place it within the town square.

The dreams begin.

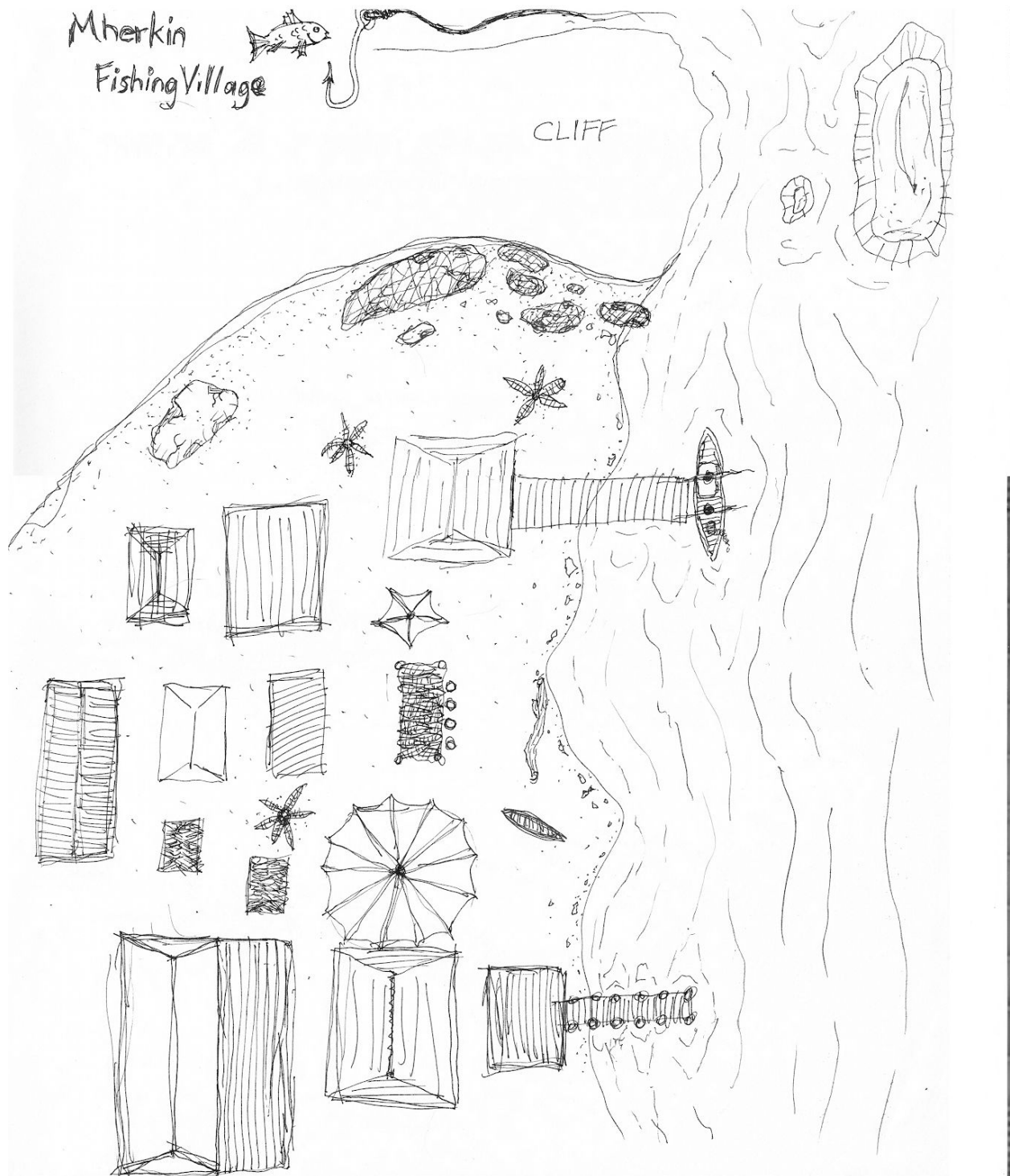
They find that only they can see the radiant crystal which speaks to them and causes their wonderful, maddening dreams.

Ghosts at night during the Witch Wind

For flavor, the Judge might want to tell of a storm night after the players have had several dreams of the sapphire woman. The players all go out during the storm and look upon the gem. Though they are whipped by the winds and drenched with the torrential downpour, they remain unaffected. Lightning strikes around them, but, again, they remain untouched.

The next day the town is abuzz of rumors of transparent ghosts being seen at the town square, bringing down lightning. Let the townsfolk embellish it. "I saw em! They was witches! They was dancing and singing in their sultry, lustful voices an'... an' callin'... HIM! I heard it! Or my name ain't Thom Goodfellow!" Etc.

Village of Mherkin



Summary

Rumors

Villagers make human sacrifices to insure good harvest from the sea

It's true. They do. They worship a chaotic water deity known as Blipblopbloopblip.

There's something fishy about Mherkin and its folk

There is. Literally. Some women have had dalliances a la Lovecraft with things that come from the sea during the orgiastic ritual human sacrifices, which happen during terrible storms which bring up riches from the sea.

People either leave Mherkin or stay forever

This is also true. Some stay forever because they die there. Others stay because they become part of the sea cult.

Personalities

Mother Selka - Priestess of Blipblopbloopblip the Ever-Changing Mother

Overseer of the orgiastic rites of human sacrifice in the name of Blipblopbloopblip, Mother Selka remains ever youthful and of beautiful yet unnerving appearance. She constantly appears wet, and if touched feels cold, slippery, and clammy. Her skin is splotched and pale green-blue in hue and always has a sheen to it.

Mother Selka smells strongly of the sea, and her eyes are just a little too big and round. She never seems to blink.

She will claim that they worship the great mother of the sea, but will never say who that is. If someone mentions Pelagia she may say that the sea mother has another, truer, older form, but will not divulge much about her religion or means of worship. Those who wish blessings may offer some of their blood as a sacrifice. Those who do temporarily lose 1 stamina point but gain 1 Luck. Mother Selka will bring them to the temple and use a ritual dagger (which is shaped like a sea creature) and let the blood fall into a large ornate open clam shell which rests beneath a statue of a naked beautiful woman around whom tentacles, clawed appendages, and other limbs and parts of sea creatures radiate as rays from a sun. Some, however, wrap around her. The clam shell looks to be composed of many different precious metals, layered almost like

damascus steel and continually change in hue like mother of pearl or oil on water. The statue is of a dark blue-gray stone and also has a sheen of oily color to it.

If for whatever reason Mother Selka is attacked, all the villagers will turn on the party, looking upon them with emotionless, fish-like eyes as they do.

Map locations

The Easy Breeze - Open Tavern

Large Tent Covered Hammocks

Tanner and Sailmaker

Ropemaker, Netweaver

Fisher's Homes

Fishmongers

Peers

Lumberyard

Woodworkers

Old Temple

Road to the Cliff

Encounters

Wolves

At the start of their journey, deep along the forest path, the party is attacked by a pack of 5 wolves.

4 Wolves

Init +1; Atk melee +1 bite 1d3 dam; AC 11; Act 1d20; HD 1d6; SV F+1, R+2, W+0; AL L

HP 5 4 3 3

1 Alpha, platinum white wolf, collar with symbol of Law on it
Init +1; Atk melee +2 bite 1d4 dam; AC 13; Act 1d20; HD2d6; SV F+2, R+3, W+2; AL L

HP 8



Bandits

As per adventure: group of bandits surround the party and demand a toll. Once, however, they see how spellbound and strange the party looks, they back off.

Ol' Blackcloak

At a crossroads, the party encounters Ol' Blackcloak sitting on a rock by the side of the road, tuning his fiddle. He has a flask of wine and a simple wooden cup. A strange, blue fire burns in a campfire he's built.

He greets the party warmly, inviting them to sit down and enjoy some of his wine, "It is offered freely and comes with no obligation on your part. It's a bit lonely sitting here all by myself on this rock. Why not sit awhile? I'd mightily enjoy some company and conversation on this here lonely, dark night."

If the players refuse, he flashes an angry look upon his face which he quickly masks with a warm smile and says, "Now, you wouldn't be so rude as to do me the discourtesy of refusing my hospitality, would you?"

Ol' Blackcloak loathes rudeness and discourtesy. So much so, in fact, that he is always courteous, even when he is enraged. Keep this in mind, Judges, if a player is rude to him. That player will first be warned by Ol' Blackcloak. If the player continues, that player's character will be terribly cursed.

If the party still refuses his offer, he says to the party, "Well, that's how it is, is it? You refuse my warm and gracious offer? Fine then. Well, off with you. And don't come cryin' to Ol' Blackcloak when you get in trouble, because I done made my offerin' to ya. Ignorant folk aroun' heah! Well, they don't know what's good for 'em!"

He and his campfire then suddenly disappear, leaving the characters with an eerie feeling. Each character loses one luck point.

If the party decides to sit down and drink his wine with him, they will find Ol' Blackcloak very friendly and informative. He knows they've been bewitched, and he knows some power of chaos has its hold on them. Regarding this, however, he will talk only obliquely, as he does not want to get in a contest with a power of chaos. He will, however, hint.

Every fact about Rakefield and his involvement in it, he will disclose... albeit in a way that makes him out to be something of a hero.

He will inquire as to the party's point of origin and their destination, even though he knows it already. He's just making polite conversation. He will say he's headed down Rakefield way, as he has some business to conclude with the Baron and his wife. In fact, he's going to collect their souls. He will not say this outright, but certainly indirectly.

Although he is reluctant to get **too** involved, he will offer them assistance, letting them know that if ever they are in great need that they can call out his name three times and he'll come a-runnin'. But they should remember, his help does come at a price.

He knows that somehow their destinies may change and that this may interfere with any compacts made, so his toll will be of an immediate exchange rather than for souls. He'll take a certain amount of stamina, a limb, someone's voice, an ability (such as the capacity to love or to use a weapon or the result of an occupation), etc. Even possessions. But their souls are currently out of his reach, as their fate is a matter of powers of destiny much greater than his.

The Cliff

Path Down to Mherkin Village

Steep, narrow, natural path on side of cliff leading down to beach/Mherkin village. If path is taken, Luck check for unluckiest characters. On fail, DC 10 REF save or fall over side of path, 3d6 damage.

The Invisible Bridge

Farlgest the Inscrutable

On Day 2 during a lull in the storm:

A magician in outlandish garb and an outrageous fez appears on a flying carpet. He has a tidy, small white mustache and beard which end in sharp points. Though his beard is white, his face appears young and his eyes are smiling. His demeanor is jovial.

He greets the players, "Well, hello down there! I am Farlgest, the Inscrutable. What on earth are you doing? On? I should say above! Ha! Ha! How did a group of peasants like you get into a situation like this? How wonderfully absurd!" He says, "It is fortunate that we meet! For you... and for me." He says, "Surely, you must be shivering cold and starved half to death!" He then will state that he is willing to take up to 1d7 volunteers off to his wondrous palace, where they will enjoy luxury and pleasure, in return for certain... services... which will be elaborated upon once they arrive at his demesne. And that he will provide food for the rest, who continue on their journey.

The wizard will not take no for an answer. He will use a wand as ranged attack weapon which, on hit, will shrink a character and draw them up and into the wand (players can see characters being shrunk and sucked in), to be stored in a hollow, clear location at its base. Should the wand be somehow acquired, diminutive characters can be found floating within. Very high pitched voices can be heard but not understood if someone puts the base of the wand close to an ear.

If attacked, the wizard will strike back with wizardly force. He will curse the players for damaging his carpet and complain about it bitterly if they do, asking them if they have any idea what flying carpets go for these days.

His dialogue should be Vancian in that he is an entirely selfish and unscrupulous being who sees the world entirely from the vantage point of value to him. He will accuse players being selfish and greedy, asking them if they thought their bodies and lives were only for them, and don't they have any sympathy for a wizard and his experiments? Don't they care at all for progress and the advancement of knowledge? If players state they they are currently using their bodies and lives, he'll retort with something like, "Don't be so small-minded! Didn't it ever occur to your that your life might have a purpose greater than simply you living it?"

He will not leave unless he is brought down below half hit points or has acquired the rolled number of characters he wants. If injured significantly, he will retreat to a safe distance and fire off a spell or two at the party before leaving.

If players have their characters go willingly, have them join Falgrest on his carpet, then fly away with him happily wishing the rest the best of luck. He will cast a spell and make food appear on the bridge, enough for a feast. He might also give the party a gift like a faulty Magic Missile wand something similar. Once he leaves, mark the character sheets of those who left with him dead.

Falgrest is a level 5 Wizard. If combat ensues, consider Magic Shield already successfully cast.

The Chaos Realm

Random Encounters

Roll a 1d5:

1. Arachnid Horror, pg 6

Init +1; Atk stinger (1d3+poison DC 14 Fort save or Paralysis for 1d3 hours); AC 13; HD 1d10+1; HP 6; MV 30', climb 30'; Act 1d20; SP Venom, wall crawling, startling leap, 360 vision; SV F+3, R+0, W+0; AL C

2. Chaos Pigs (1d3), pg 6

Init +5; Atk tusk +1 (1d3+1); AC 12; HD 1d4+2; HP 4; MV 20', burrow 5'; Act 1d20; SP Surprise attack, ground sense, infravision; SV F+2, R-1, W+0; AL C

3. Woven Women, pg 6

Init -1; Atk thorns +1 (1d3 + disease); AC 9; HD 1d12; HP 8; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP Vulnerable to fire, immune to sleep, charm, poison, disease DC 14 Fort save or after combat will be -1 die to attack rolls for the rest of the game session; SV F+0, R+0, W+3; AL N

4. Stranded Madman, pgs 6-7

Init +1; Atk Spear +1 (1d6 + 1); AC 10; HD 1d5; HP 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to charm;
SV F+0, R+1, W+3; AL C

5. Supply Cache, pg 7

1d6 items in cache. Roll for items on following table:

1d3	Result
1.	Weapons: (roll 1d6)
1.1.	Battleaxe
1.2.	Club
1.3.	Longbow or Crossbow (roll 1d2)
1.4.	Polearm
1.5.	Sword
1.6.	1d100 Arrows or Quarrels (roll 1d2)
2.	Armor: (roll 1d4)
2.1.	Leather
2.2.	Studded, Reinforced Leather
2.3.	Chainmail
2.4.	Shield
3.	Equipment (roll 1d5)
3.1.	Backpack
3.2.	Crowbar
3.3.	50' Rope
3.4.	Healing Potion
3.5.	Water Skin

“Forest” Path to the West

To the immediate west of the entrance lies a thick thatch of giant bamboo-grass. There is an old, overgrown path leading directly west, which winds.

In a small clearing is a corpse which holds a variety of kitschy items, some magical, some not. Use the [Menagerie of Minor Magic](#) or [d100 Minor Magic Items](#) (almost identical) or other resources.

The dead, desiccated corpse carries a Ronco Commune-O-Matic.

See the following doc for details on the patron Ronco and the Commune-O-Matic.

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Wa3bQi8lQ59s0KAtwtDxsQ5mu1_FtMlcFy6Ga1XwLiw/edit?usp=sharing

Covered Hole, Passage to Area 5 in Cavern

On their way to the prison, there is a chance that the players will fall into or otherwise discover this hole.

The Pig King, Lord of the Realm

A wandering madman has built a makeshift throne out of various parts found in the realm. He has also made himself a crown out of pieces of giant grass plant. The crown sits upon the padded grass matter mat on the seat of the throne.

The Pig King is dressed in filthy, tattered rags. He has mutated over time and has several chaos pig-like features. His feet are webbed and clawed, as are his hands. His mouth bears tusks. His nose is pig-like and his body is covered with bristly fur which bears the black and green tiger-stripe pattern. His voice is pitched high and feverish.

As the party approaches the throne, which sits directly on the path to the prison, they will hear a wild, enthusiastic screaming from within the giant grass. The Pig King shall emerge and hop quickly on the throne. He will raise a finger and nod, indicating that the party should wait.

He then dons his makeshift crown, assumes a regal posture and announces, "You are hereby granted audience with his majesty, the Pig King *snort* *snort*, Lord of the Realm. You may now kneel and offer fealty!"

This figure really thinks he is the lord of the entire realm, or at least part of him does.

He will become very upset and agitated if the PCs don't go along. At the peak of desperation he will try to reason with them, pleading with them to acknowledge his authority. "It just doesn't work, you see?" he'll say, tears in his eyes, "If you don't play along... It just doesn't work! You *must* play along!"

If they still refuse, he gets very angry and will call his "minions" to attack.

5 chaos pigs will erupt and attack the party, getting a surprise round. The Pig King will then giggle gleefully and flee into the grass, shouting "Maybe next time you'll be more cooperative! Enjoy being gored! Gored gored gored! Hee hee! Get 'em, piggies!" The players will never see him again.

If the party goes along with the charade, the Pig King will give them useful information about the Prison. He knows the ins and outs. He also suspects that the prisoner isn't what she seems.

“Oh, she’s a pretty crafty one, that girl! But you know, I’d give away my whole kingdom just for a night with her in that cage. VA VA VROOM! Am I right, folks? Eh? AHM. The King jests.”

If the party is suitably obsequious to “his majesty,” he will eventually grant them leave, giving them his blessing. He will bonk each PC lightly on the forehead with his “scepter,” a long thigh bone which has a very large acorn tied to the top with grass fiber.

Each PC thus blessed gains a point of Luck. They will also never again be attacked by chaos pigs.

Optional: The power of belief.

The Pig King may ask the players to choose to believe in him. If they do, have participants make a DC 15 Will save. Every success lowers the DC by 1, to a minimum of 10. For every 5 PCs who attempt to believe in him, the DC goes down by 1.

If the DC is lowered, players who rolled once get a second chance to believe. Don’t give more than 2 chances.

If a PC believes in the Pig King, then *to that character* his appearance changes dramatically. He becomes regal, noble, majestic, and fine in bearing. His crown becomes radiant and golden and encrusted with jewels. His voice takes on a confident, powerful, and sonorous tone. His throne becomes a fine throne fit for the king of kings. His tattered filthy rags become fine kingly raiments.

Once a suitable amount of characters believes in him, he may dub 4 PCs with roles (classes) at level 1.

Razortusk, the Knight of Pigs and servant of the realm. Oinkminster the wise, powerful porkwizard and advisor to the king. Baconshadow the Thief, spy of the King of Pigs. There will also be a holy Priest of Pigginess, who is a bastion of all things righteous and porkly. These few, while in the presence of the King of Pigs become level one characters of the class specified.

The King of Pigs will task his faithful subjects to go with him to the Caverns of Chaos to convert the mutants there into servants of the realm.

If the players accept this quest, if ever the King of Pigs dies, he shall automatically recover so long as someone believes in him.

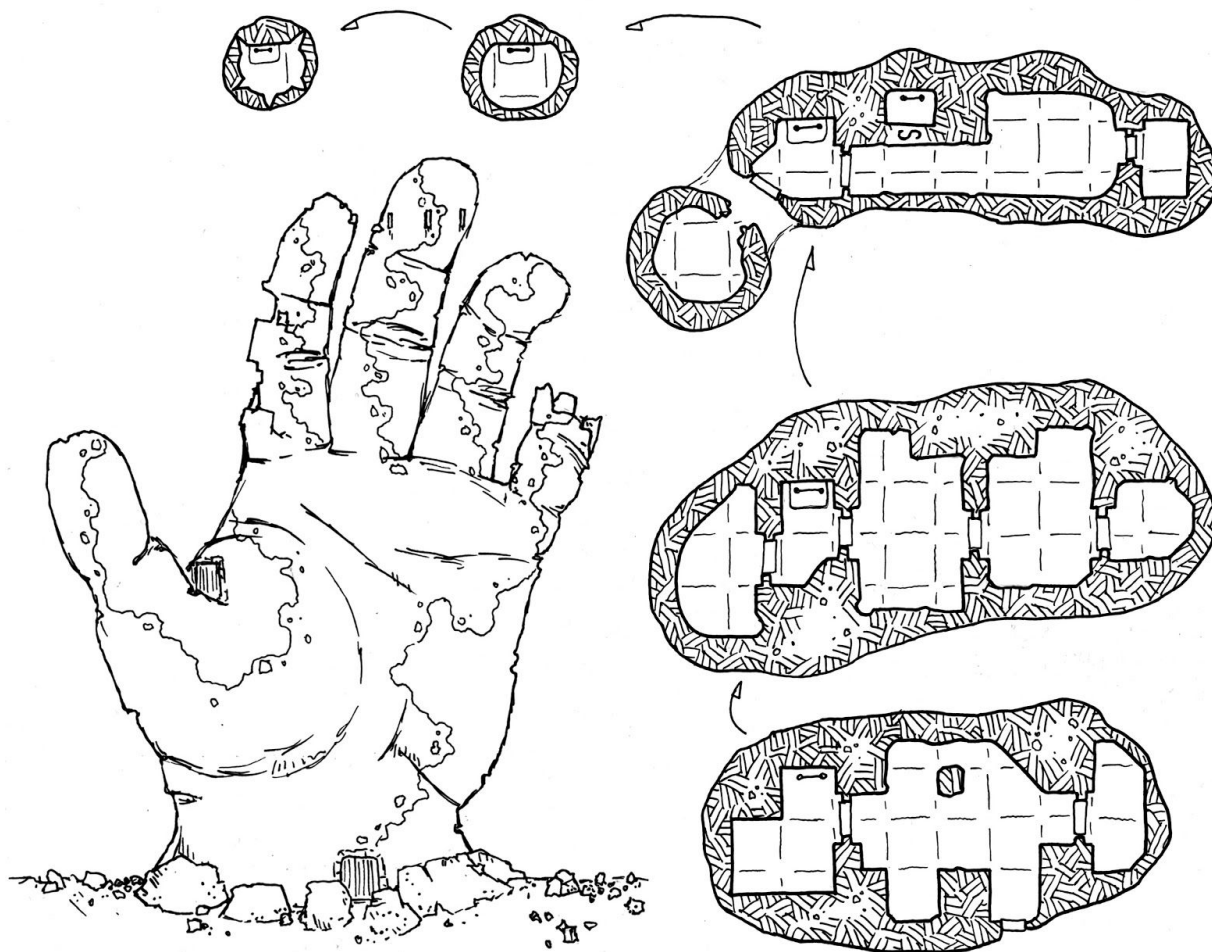
Once his quest is over, Judges may want to consider making The Pig King a patron. He may ask the players believe in him as a parton to spread word of his majestic porcine-ness far and wide.

The King will not accompany the players to the prison, but he will grant them several boons in reward of their service. Judges, come up with pig-themed minor magical items and fine gear for the players. These items will actually be ordinary, useless objects found hanging around which have been transformed by way of belief.

Once the PCs leave the King, they will once again become level 0 peasants, but the gifts shall remain as they were given.

Tower of the Hand

Map Link: <https://rpgcharacters.wordpress.com/2015/04/10/friday-map-the-stone-sinister/>



Located to the Northwest of the entrance to the realm is a tower shaped like a hand. Within it hide several hands of various kinds. Some crab-claws, some reptilian, some simian, some human, etc.

They will attempt to surprise attack, each grabbing for a character's wrist. Ref save of 13 or hand attaches itself to a wrist. Within 2d3 rounds of being attached, the hand will squeeze off the hand from the wrist it was grappled. This removed hand will animate and try to escape into a hole or something. If the hand is not retrieved within 4 rounds, it is permanently lost. If the hand is replaced, it immediately, magically, re-attaches and is once again under the control of its owner. Stumps created by lost hands are perfectly sealed and do not bleed.

Temple of Chaos

A skeleton of what once was a great temple sprawls across a great portion of land. Portions and pieces exist, hanging in space in some cases, as if there is no gravity. Parts of columns and an ornate, carved, and mosaiced ceiling hang in the air here and there. Tiles and mosaics from the floor exist in sparse, scattered patches. The very air buzzes with electricity and power. Some of these parts appear then disappear. All are worn by time and chaos. Some have morphed into other shapes and materials. Some morph before the player's eyes, slowly. At times protoplasmic blobs of chaos-stuff appear, change, and then vanish.

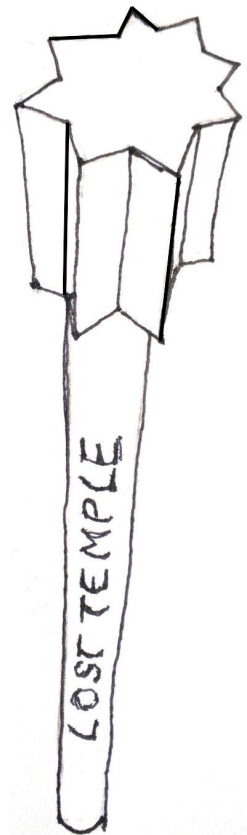
Leaning against a portion of pillar on the ground is the mace known as [Lost Temple](#).

At the front of the temple space the altar has been replaced with several rocks of different sizes which have been placed here, forming a makeshift altar. Sets of stones have been placed in circular formations on each side of the altar, and fires of ever changing hues burn within them.

Above the altar roils portal of ever-shifting size and shape (in three dimensions, it gets closer and farther away from the players, but never expands beyond the boundary formed by the altar) to a location of the stuff of pure chaos. Sometimes forms fly out from the portal only to rapidly disintegrate.

Anyone who touches the chaos-stuff will be consumed or transformed. Roll a DC 12 Will save. On the result of 1, the character is sucked into pure chaos and lost forever. On a lesser failure, the player mutates in some way. Roll on a corruption table or use the metamorphica. The mutation doesn't necessarily have to be "bad." A save means the result is non-detrimental or is detrimental with benefits. The better the roll, the more beneficial the mutation.

Players may attempt to bend the raw stuff of chaos to their wills. A DC 18 PER roll will allow a player to form the stuff into a desired item. Item may be very unusual in nature but confer no bonus greater than +2. For instance, a sword with a blade made out of love could be created.



All items, however, will retain the quality of chaos in them. Allow the players 3 tries, after which, the chaos-stuff will dissipate.

A few creatures have been formed or mutated by the portal and stay nearby. They will attack any who enter the temple.

Returning Fang

Init +4; Atk +1 ranged fang 1d2 dam; AC 18; HD 1d4; HP 2; MV 150' fly; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2; Ref +4; Will +0; AL C; SP Just a really fast and tiny flying fang from hell, so AC bonus; always attacks same target until destroyed

Grasper Wisp

Init +0; Atk +0 melee wisp lash 1d3 ; AC 10; HD 1d4; HP 3; MV 15' fly; Act 1d16; SV Fort +0; Ref -2; Will +0; AL C; SP On crit makes grasp, gets extra attack per round

Combat Root

Init +0; Atk +1 melee 1d6 short sword, 1d6 mace, 1d4 whip range 10'; AC 13; HD 1d5; HP 5 (special); MV 20' (can climb); Act 1d16, 1d16, 1d16; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL C

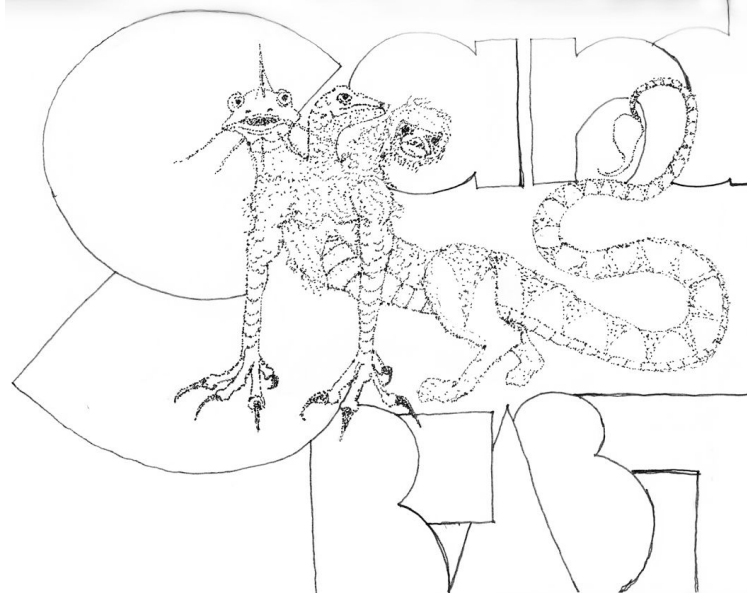


SP: 5 roots. Each must be attacked individually, 1 hp kills. When all roots are killed, creature goes inert. Regenerates roots in an hour. Stump must be destroyed in order to permanently kill. Stump has 8 HP, hand-wave killing attempt if PCs are out of combat.

Gasflash

Init +0; Atk SP flash Ref save vs 12 or blinded for 1d3 rounds; AC 10; HD 1d4; HP 1;

Act 1d10; MV 10' fly; SV Fort +0; Ref -2; Will +0; AL C; SP Immune to normal weapons (which go right through the gaseous form) but will die on single hit from electricity, fire, or magic; Flash: doesn't need to make to hit roll, just flashes a foe



to attack when in this form

Sandbeast

(small chimera made of sand: catfish's head, Lizard's head, Sloth's head, Monkey's body, scaly arms ending in talons, lion's legs, snake's tail)

Init +1; Atk +1 melee bite 1d4 or claw/claw 1d3 x 2 or 1d4 stinger + VENOM DC 12 FORT Save or -1 die for 1d3 rounds (cumulative); AC 13; HD 1d4; HP 4; MV 40' (can climb like spider) or fly when in gust form; Act 1d20 or 1d16/1d16; SV Fort +0, Ref +1; Will +0; AL C; SP can turn into gust of sand, immune

1 - Entrance

A wall of misshapen greenish rock with a dark opening juts out of the ground and then simply disappears. It looks as if a cliff face once existed here, but chaos ate away all but this one part which somehow survives. The entrance is pitch black, as if by magical darkness. No light source can penetrate it.

The stone is slightly green and the distorted rock around the opening looks something like a green devil's face which has been warped by chaos weather wear due to the passing of time.

The wall and entrance are not visible from the other side. It is as if it only exists from one vantage point.

The inside of the cavern is ubiquitously twilit from some unknown, ambient source. Once inside, the players can see up to 30' away with clarity without artificial light. They can hear the dripping of water here and there echoing from the cavern. If they are silent, they can hear grunts coming from the south.

Light plays on the cavern walls, as if reflected by a pool. There is the strong scent of the ocean in this area, it gets even stronger to the south.

Many, many strings upon which are tied seashells of every variety hang from the ceiling. It takes a AGI 15 DC check to move through this area slowly and not make noise.

Noise in this area alerts the Mutant Tribe.

The walls here and on the passages leading East and South are covered here and there with various kinds of cave fungus. The fungus is edible, nutritious, and non-toxic.

2 - Chamber of the Mutant Tribe

13 mutants inhabit this area. There are a few bones of various kinds scattered about (some humanoid), and there are pieces of woven women and arachnids.

Mutants, General Stats

Init +1; Atk bone/arachnid leg piece/stick/etc as club +1 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d8; hp 5 each; MV 20'; ACT 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will +1; AL C

Individual mutations:

1. Chitinous shell +3 AC, lobster claw +2 melee 1d6 + 1 dam

2. 17 tentacles for legs, 20' reach, 3 attacks per round at 1d12, melee lash +2 1d4 dam, DC 10 Ref save on hit or grappled (removes one attack) DC 15 STR save to escape. Grappled characters take 1d2 squeezing damage each subsequent round.
3. Shark bite, melee +2 1d6 damage. 1 pt bleeding damage per subsequent round until bandaged/healed.
4. Mind blast against up to 4 characters, DC 12 INT save or take 1d3 damage. 0 HP characters from attack are comatose, not dead.
5. Water form. Takes no damage against normal weapons. Double damage from fire weapons.
6. Covered in barnacles and mollusk shells, +5 AC
7. Mantis-shrimp-a-aur, upper half man, lower half rainbow shrimp. Atk +3 2 x claws melee 1d6 dam, DC 12 Fort or stunned for 1d3 rounds. Act 2d16. +6 AC. 12 HP. MV 50' can climb without check at same rate. Leader.

The rest of the mutants bear aquatic creature mutations which do not affect their statistics: scales, fins, slime coat, starfish shaped head, etc.

The mutants live off of the abundant, edible cave fungus which grows and aquatic creatures caught from Blipblopbloopblip's pool (sometimes if Blipblopbloopblip is pleased, she will spew forth an abundance of edible aquatic beings, sometimes even mermaids, nymphs, and other such creatures which might provide satisfaction for more than one kind of appetite). They are omnivorous and also cannibalistic. They will eat whatever they can catch.

Their attitude toward the party will reflect the state of Blipblopbloopblip. Roll d10, adjust with party's Luck modifier (natural 1 always bad, however, and natural 10 always good):

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1 | Blipblopbloopblip is displeased. Mutants will attack PCs in a furious rage and will fight to the death. |
| 2-4 | Blipblopbloopblip hungers! Mutants will do everything in their power to ambush, capture, and sacrifice the party members alive. If forced, however, dead is good too. |
| 5-9 | Blipblopbloopblip is satiated. Mutants will react to the PCs with indifference. However the PCs treat them will determine how the mutants will treat the PCs |
| 10 | Blipblopbloopblip is well-pleased. The Mutants will consider the PCs friendly and bow and scrape to them, ingratiatingly. They will lead the party to Blipblopbloopblip's pool. She will commune with the party, asking some favor and offering a boon. Judge's discretion. |

3 - The Great Pool of Blipblopblooblip

This is the Great Pool of the Fearsome Blipblopblooblip, a demi-goddess feared, served, and worshipped by the Mutant Tribe.

She is a creature of slowly and constantly changing shape. She embodies the traits of several different kinds of sea creatures simultaneously, morphing and morphing and morphing, growing, transforming, and losing parts of herself.

She is divine and, so, can be harmed only little and never destroyed by mortals. PCs can only avoid her attacks by making a DC 19 Luck roll. A successful attack instantly kills. Her physical destructive power, however, is limited to her pool and a 20' area surrounding it.

Blipblopblooblip demands living sacrifices, which the mutants capture and bring to her, usually in the form of Chaos Pigs... generally whatever or whoever they can find.

3a - The Pearl of Blipblopblooblip

It resides at the bottom of Blipblopblooblip's pool.

A pearl the size of a softball, in which shapes of milky opalescence blossom, mingle, swirl, and retreat in hypnotic patterns. It is an yet-to-be-fertilized egg of Blipblopblooblip's and an object of essential chaos.

The pearl is always wet and constantly drips warm, briny water which smells strongly of the sea.

If taken, Blipblopblooblip will produce another within d1000+100 years. The present egg will maintain power until that time. If it is somehow fertilized, it will germinate life and hatch within d1000 weeks. The closer it gets to hatching, the greater its power.

Whenever it is used, 1d60 weeks are removed from the period of the hatching or Blipblopblooblip's generation of another egg.

The pearl has the following powers:

- Holder may sense water up to 100 feet.
- Holder and (if desired) those within 30' of holder may breathe water
- Holder may speak with any kind of aquatic animal
- Holder may swim at 50' and those desired within 30' may swim at 30' without ever tiring
- Holder never needs drink
- The pearl may produce a steady flow of pure or salt water up to 1 gallon per second at will
- The pearl may be used to purify up to 50 cubic feet of water per day

- The pearl may be used to control the movement of water within a 30' radius
- The pearl may be used to cast Control Animal on any sea animal, start at successful result and add 1d20 for spell check result.

Every week the pearl remains in a character's possession, that character will gain a form of mild corruption. The features of the character will become more and more like those of aquatic creatures. The effect is random in nature, one week the character might grow a chitinous patch, another week scales may grow somewhere, yet another week part of the character's body may develop a slime coat, etc. As the weeks progress, the features may become more and more dramatic.

Every time a non-passive feature (produce water, purify water, control water, control animal, allow others to breathe water or improve their swimming speed) of the pearl is intentionally used, a more dramatic change occurs. An eye may turn into a fish eye, a hand might become a lobster claw, the character might grow gills, etc.

If the health of the character requires it, the pearl will envelop the character in part or in whole within a form-fitting bubble of water.

3b - Chamber of the Waterbaby, Husband of Blipblopblooblip

A grotesquely large 30' tall, dripping wet baby lives in this chamber. It's genitalia are obscenely large and deformed. This is Blipblopblooblip's husband.

Unless there is combat within area 3, the Waterbaby will be sleeping, if awoken it will cry until somehow soothed.

It's cry requires a DC 12 Fort save. Failure from a 1-3 means the PC has gone deaf. Normal failure means 1d3 sonic damage.

If the baby cries, Blipblopblooblip will become enraged and attack.

4 - Great Chamber of Electro-Chaotic Fungus

Giant pale mushrooms pulse and throb, bristling and erupting with energy as if they were creations of Nikola Tesla. They also slowly mutate, growing and dissolving mushroomy, fungoid forms upon and within themselves. Electro-spores pop and shower sparks within the chamber. It smells heavily of ozone and the air tingles with electricity.

The mushrooms are tended by the Filthbeast, who is intoxicated by the emanations they exude when he feeds them his specially prepared nutriments.

What he feeds them is any fleshy being he can get his pseudopods upon which have been specially cured and processed by way of various treatments with molds and fungi.

Location of the filthbeast, roll 1d4:

- 1) Tending the weak and recently deceased in area 8
- 2) Tending the various elements in the processing chamber in area 9
- 3) In its lair, area 5
- 4) In the great chamber, area 4

5 - Lair of the Filthbeast

Secret passage out to a hole in the ground in the general, outside area.

Roll chart found in Area 4 to see if beast is here.

The filthbeast is a hideous blob of animated, sentient decaying mass, with parts of various creatures decomposing within itself.

Filthbeast

Init +0; Atk +3 melee lash 1d4 + disease & grapple, +2 ranged slimy filthwad 1d3 + disease; AC 8; HD 3d6; HP 15; MV 15'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +5; Ref -2; Will +0; AL C; SP Disease DC 12 Fort save or -1 die to all actions, must save each round, when die reaches 1 character becomes comatose, only magic or fungus from area 9 can heal; Grapple, DC 10 STR to escape

The filthbeast wants victims to process to feed to the giant electro mushrooms as it is addicted to the sensations they create.

If it is reduced to half or fewer HP it will attempt to escape. It can squeeze between the cracks in the tunnels to areas 8 and 9. It takes 4 rounds for it to do so.

6 - Water Shrine of the Liquid Goddess

A pool of living, glowing water rests here, rivulets of water drop from the ceiling and cause multi-hued, shifting ringlets of color to emanate and mix with other ringlets in a hypnotic pattern. The soft patter of the drops echoes and makes an enchanting percussion which can lull even the most alert into a stupor.

Above the deepest portion of the tiered pool floats a most beautiful woman. Her liquid, pure, crystal flesh ripples and reflects the light of the pool. Her eyes are closed in an expression of somnolent serenity and bliss.

Any character who touches the water must make a Reflex save DC 15 or be transformed into the water of the pool. If a character fails the save by 5, that character's limb is lost. Characters who jump into the pool get no save. PCs will see the entire body of the character turn into liquid upon contact and then fall splashing into the pool.

The Liquid Goddess is named Ool, and she is the chaotic goddess of fluidity and transformation. She has been “dead” for ages upon ages and only needs a willing sacrifice to be awakened.

If a PC decides to sacrifice himself or herself to the goddess, the intention must be stated and that character must walk into the pool. The character will be lost and the Goddess awakened. She will then demand the obedience, devotion, and worship of all those present. The first player who has a character who agrees becomes a cleric of Ool and receives her blessing. PER becomes 18, and all stats below 10 are raised to 10. That character may also turn liquid once a day for 3d3 rounds. This can be used to negate the damage of one normal physical attack immediately after it occurs. That is, as an enemy attacks, the player may state “I go liquid” and the damage of that attack is negated. It may also be used to negate falling damage.

The character is immune to normal physical attacks from weapons while in this state.

The Cleric will be tasked with finding hosts for her eggs. They need to be swallowed by a living, intelligent humanoid and grow within the host body. The Cleric must find 3d3 hosts within the next 3 months.

Gestation occurs within 3d3 weeks. Judge’s choice as to what consumes the body of the host and emerges.

7 - Egg Chamber of the Liquid Goddess

This chamber is filled with clear, soft, damp spheres about the size of a baseball. They are the eggs of Ool. They remain dormant while she sleeps.

8 - Living Prisoners of the Filthbeast

Blockage takes DC 15 STR to move. It is however, covered and slippery with filth. PCs touching must make DC 10 Fort save to avoid disease as per filthbeast special attack.

The place reeks of decay and sickness. Soft moans are heard from the victims lying about.

Comatose victims of the Filthbeast line the floor. At some unknown stage of the disease, they become ripe for processing.

PCs will find some mutants, chaos pigs, and archanid horrors in here.

Roll for weapons cache in adventure to generate items left on the incapacitated. Handling anything in here risks disease.

9 - Processed Prisoners of the Filthbeast

Blockage takes DC 15 STR to move. It is however, covered and slippery with filth. PCs touching must make DC 10 Fort save to avoid disease as per filthbeast special attack.

Dead bodies of various sorts line this chamber in various stages of decomposition, strange fungi and mold grow on and within them.

The smell of decay is but slight in this room, which is permeated by a strong, musty, musky odor.

Eating the fungus which grows on the bodies here will cure the filthbeast disease.

10 - Strange Old Nest

This room is drier than the others, and a gentle current of fresh air can be felt and smelt coming from the ledge to the NE.

25 feet up, upon a ledge, there are the remnants of a very old nest, composed of brittle woods of various kinds. In it are 3 large petrified eggs, worth 25 GP each. The skeleton of a strange, giant, avian creature lies next to the nest, as if sleeping by it. The skeleton might fetch up to 50 GP as an oddity. The skull alone might go for 30 GP.

The eggs weigh 50 lbs each and radiate magic of a chaotic variety. The skeleton is hollow and light, weighing only 20 lbs.

If cracked open, the (DC 15 STR) eggs reveal a small chaos gem in each. Each gem has a small particle of the living stuff of chaos in it. They shine with an ever-shifting light from within and constantly change in hue, creating an effect of dazzling color. These gems are worth 5000 GP each. When handled, there is a 1 in 30 chance of them creating a spontaneous Prismatic-type spell. Roll for specific spell. Start with the successful spell result and add 1d20. Allow holder to roll DC 13 PER to take ownership of the spell and direct it. Otherwise, spell will be cast on a random character or group of characters.

11 - Empty

There is nothing of interest in this area, just squalor as in the adjacent room.

12 - To prison secret area

Joins passage 15 to form one passage to the secret area in the prison.

13 - Filthbeast Nest

14 - Statue of Nimlurun

The floor and walls of the room are covered with filth and slime. The stench of pestilence fills the area. PCs must make a DC 12 Will save to stay in the room. Every so often, make the PCs make a DC 13 Fort save. On fail, the PC spends 1d3 rounds vomiting. If a PC vomits, all PCs must roll Luck or be forced to make another Fort save, as the retching sounds will make the other PCs sick.

The floor crawls with vermin of various kinds. Numerous flies and other filthy verminous things buzz around the statue of Nimlurun, a giant, malformed, mangy rat-man coated with a degenerated, diseased, and deformed body which is coated in slime

The statue is worshipped by the Filth Beast.

If the PCs have killed the filth beast, the Statue will animate, pointing a finger at the character with the lowest Luck. The character must make a DC 17 Fort save or begin a slow and agonizing transformation in a new Filthbeast. If the PC saves, the statue will lower its hand. The PCs will be able to feel a palpable sense of animosity from the statue of the God and feel compelled to leave. If the PCs stay, after the next 3 actions taken by the PCs, the statue will point again, but at the character with the next highest Luck. This PC must make a similar save. This will go on until a PC is transformed or all the PCs have been pointed at. If all the PCs have been pointed at, have a swarm of vermin issue forth from the mouth of the statue and attack the party. Any killed will merge together and slowly form a new filthbeast.

If Filth Beast is still alive, the PCs may make a sacrifice to Nimlurun and petition him. If Nimlurun is appeased, the Filth Beast will not attack the party, looking elsewhere for victims.

Nimlurun may demand mutants or slugfolk to be brought to him for sacrifice.

15 - To prison secret area

Joins passage 12 to form one passage to the secret area in the prison.

16 - Den of the Slugfolk

An advanced species of dramatically multicolored humanoid slugs live here. Their bodies are adorned with magnificent, striking colors and shapes, each slugperson in this manner being very different from another. They do not communicate vocally, but via a sophisticated pheromonal/chemical exchange. Though they are chaotic, they are not evil.

They will find the players fascinating and want to “speak” with them by way of fragrant pheromone bursts and touching which creates a chemical exchange between parties.

PCs roll a DC 10 Will save or feel an intense rush of intoxicating comfort, ease, and well-being around the slugfolk.

PCs who allow the slugfolk to touch them will experience a vast array of continually shifting emotions and body-concepts and feelings.

An in-depth conversation with a slugperson in this manner will cause a random attribute to decrease by 1 and another to increase by 2 (except Luck). This can only happen once per character.

There will be 3d3 slugfolk in this area. Many will be laying upon one another, entwined in a group and moving very slowly, communing in a kind of sluggish (see what I did there?) ecstasy. Their antennae will sway this way and that in a hypnotic rhythm. Those communing like this will be unaware of their surroundings, lost in an unfathomable world of sensation and information.

If attacked, they will at first raise their hands in supplication and back away, trying to avoid conflict. That is, unless the first attack against them kills one of them. Then they will retaliate en masse.

The slugfolk keep an uneasy peace with the mutant tribe in area 2. They leave each other alone.

Slugfolk

Init -3; Atk +2 ranged 1d6 acid squirt 30'; AC 10; HD 2d8; HP 12; MV 8' (can climb); Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref -4, Will +3; AL N; SP Regeneration, slugfolk regenerate 3 hp per round so long as there is a piece of them left; they take double damage from fire and salt is toxic to them, a handful of salt does 2d6 damage to a slugperson

The blue bioluminescent fungi (there are multiple kinds of multiple colors) which grows on the walls of this entire area is toxic to the filthbeast. A thrown piece will do 2d6 damage upon contact to the filthbeast.

17 - Slugfolk Waste Area/Garden/Nursery

The floor of this chamber covered in a putrid, foul slime in which grows a variety of bioluminescent fungi and pale cave plants.

Leech-like creatures live in the slime. These are the slugfolk's young. They will attempt to affix themselves to and feed upon any PC foolish or crazy enough to enter the slime pool, which is around a foot deep at its deepest point.

Slugfolk kinder 1 HP. DC 15 Luck or get 1d5 leeches. Every round PC must make a DC 12 Fort save per leech or take 1 HP of damage. Removal of one takes an action. Roll Luck or take 1 HP damage from removal.

The slugfolk do not care much for individual young as they are numerous, but they will become aggressive toward a PC who tries to destroy the entire batch by way of setting fire to it or some other means.

They will try, in their own way, to discourage PCs from going in, but as they are slugs they do not move that fast.

The fauna in the area is very nutritious and actually tastes good, although it may look repulsive.

18 - Slugfolk Recreation Area

The walls in this area are lined with strange, bulbous, and spongy growths. Each cluster has a slightly different color and different patterns upon it as well as a different smell. 2d3 slugfolk will be in this area, rubbing slowly against a cluster.

They derive great and unfathomable enjoyment out of this activity. If a PC tries it, a slugperson will try to communicate with the PC (rub against him or her) once the PC stops. If the PC allows this, he or she will lose 1 attribute point in one area and gain 2 in another (except Luck). This can happen only once per PC. The experience causes synesthesia and a series of intense hallucinations which make no sense whatsoever.

19 - Slugfolk Bedchamber

The ground and walls are covered with pale, soft, spongy fungi which radiate a strange but pleasant odor. PCs entering this area must make a DC 12 Will or Fort save or fall asleep.

The slugfolk will drag sleeping PCs from the room after 24 or so hours.

PCs having slept in this area for that long will lose 1d3 INT and 1d3 PER points for 1d3 days. They will also be -1 die for combat and Reflex saves for a day due to the lasting torpor.

20 - Slugfolk Bath

A small, warm waterfall which smells of sulfurous minerals continually fills a small pool which drains into several holes in the cavern floor. The slugfolk use this area to bathe themselves and to relax.

The Prison