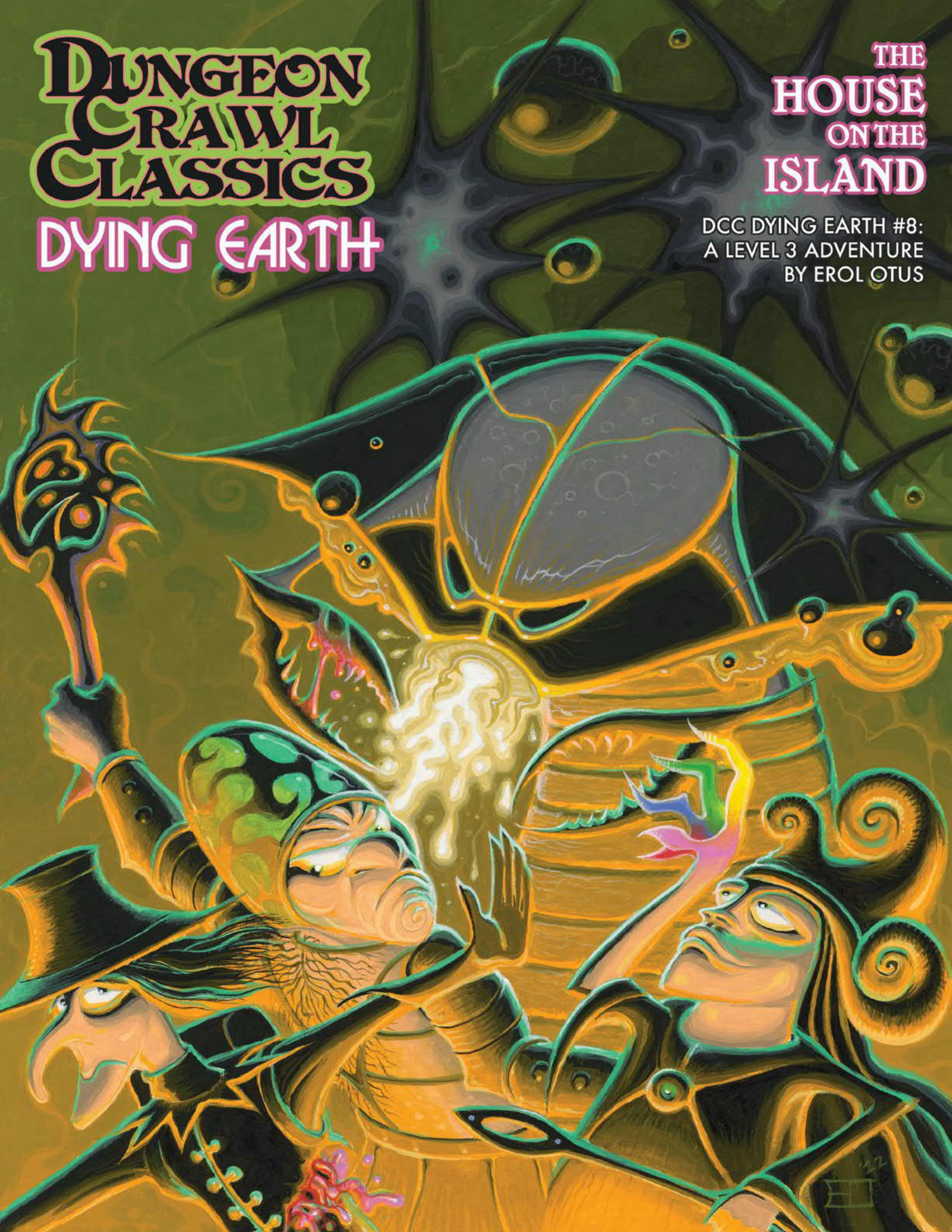


# DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS

## DYING EARTH

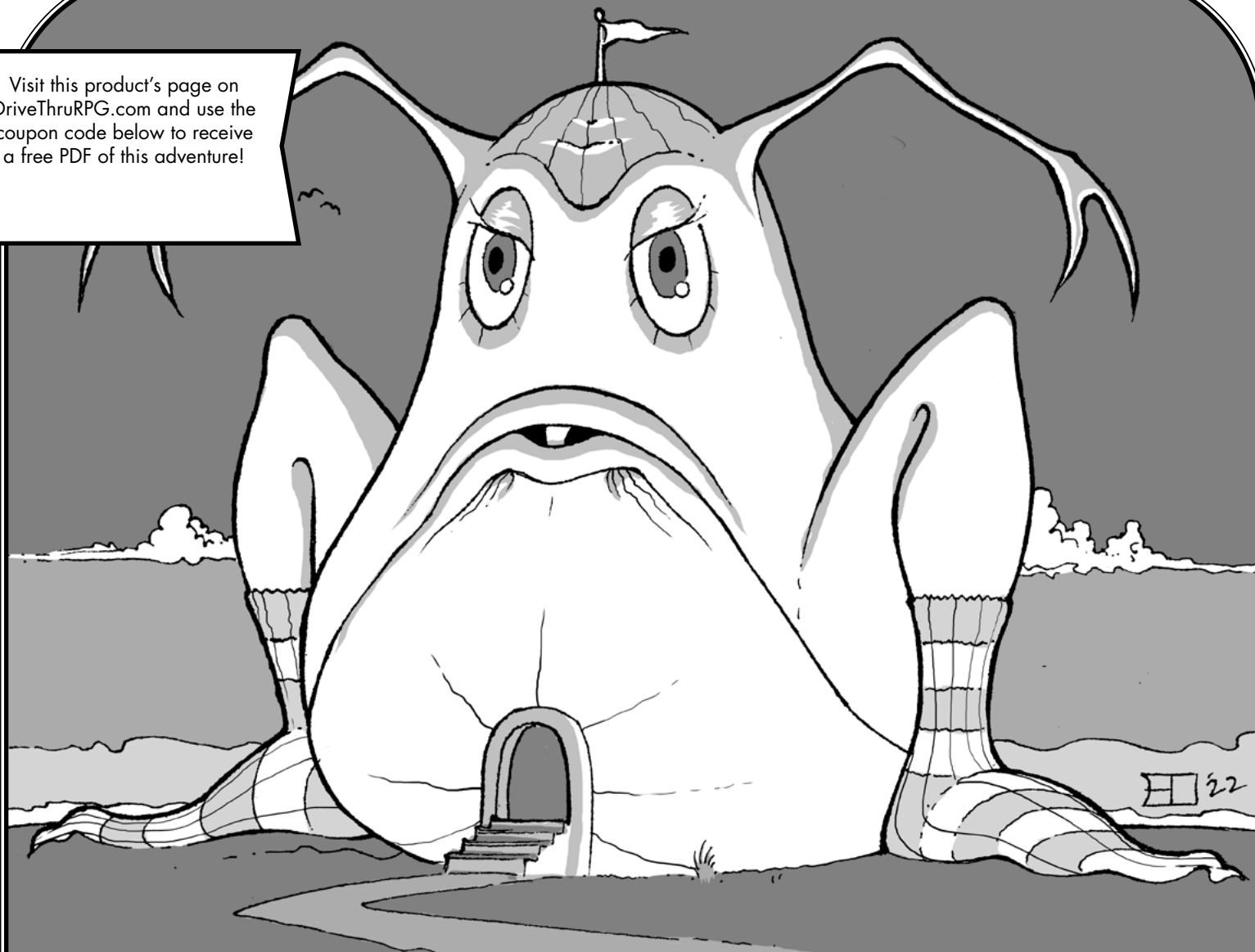
### THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

DCC DYING EARTH #8:  
A LEVEL 3 ADVENTURE  
BY EROL OTUS





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## DCC DYING EARTH #8

# The House on the Island

A LEVEL 3 ADVENTURE

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BASED ON THE DYING EARTH BOOK SERIES BY JACK VANCE.  
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## INTRODUCTION



Welcome to the world of the Dying Earth, a multifarious setting that evokes the distant twilight of Earth as a dim red sun sheds its last life; a world filled with the whimsical and the curious, the evil and monstrous, where magic and science are one and the same. Based on the singular works of the Dying Earth novels by Jack Vance, DCC Dying Earth gives players and judges new adventures inspired by the Dying Earth stories. With these instruments, you can play in Cugel's and Rhialto's world, seek the mighty Pandelume, or fall to an indifferent grue while searching for scintillant baubles among the ensorcelled remains of the ancient Earth!

*The House on the Island* is a DCC Dying Earth adventure for four to five 3rd-level characters who have taken to the high seas. In playtests, a good balance of DCC RPG Dying Earth classes were utilized, so the optimal party includes at least one magician, a witch, a wayfarer, and a hardy vat-thing. The PCs are rescued by a watery elemental woman who has a strange request—rescue her son imprisoned in a living house. To do so, the PCs must brave the dangers of the island, locate the living house and then satisfy its requirements to eradicate the source of an alien malady!

## ADVENTURE BACKGROUND



An aeon ago, a great mage, his name long-lost in the mists of time, crafted a remarkable manse—a living domicile, capable of conversing with its maker, interacting with the environment, and traveling the land under its own power. Though a being of great puissance, the House was nonetheless compelled to return nightly to the same magical foundation to rejuvenate its vitality. This foundation is actually a portal to another planet, from which power is harvested to fuel the House.

Several months ago, an earthquake split open a crack in the extraterrestrial foundation's walls, and soon after, a yellow-gray mist began issuing forth, infecting the House with a mildewy malady that imposed terrible itching and suffering. This crevice from which the blighted mist vents leads down into the chambers of an extraterrestrial subterranean civilization which subsisted largely on fungus. A massive eruption of lava killed many and destroyed much of their underground demesne; those who escaped incineration eventually succumbed to noxious gasses. However, some of their fungal crops survived; over time, they grew wild, mutated, and finally merged with an aberrant force emanating from below—an intelligent gray slime.

The House would stroll to the island's shores where the ocean breezes would cleanse the defilement and bring it relief, yet the infection was renewed nightly when it returned to its foundation. On a recent sojourn to the seashore, the House experienced a particularly refreshing wind emanating from a bubbling tide pool. It reached into the pool, and with its great pincers, plucked out a watery botanical being—"Algae"—whose waving green fronds constantly effervesced, producing a cleansing breeze. The House en-

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

**The Water Woman**, a beneficent matron concerned for the well-being of her son

**Algae**, the Water Woman's son, an innocent with benign properties for the Living House

**The Living House**, the traveling manse of a long-lost mage

sconced the remarkable sea creature in a translucent aquarium within its main chamber, and now the refreshing emanations fill the House's every nook and cranny, scouring away all traces of the itchy blight.

Unbeknownst to the House, Algae's mother, a weird known as the Water Woman, learned of this kidnapping from the anemones that live in and around the tidal pools of the island on which the House resides. When the characters' fishing boat flounders from a storm in the nearby seas, the Water Woman senses an opportunity to recover her beloved child. To rescue her child, the PCs must venture through the portal at the House's foundation into the extraterrestrial dungeon—there to extinguish the ailment that has aggravated him. Only thus can the PCs permanently stop this malady from plaguing the House and thereby return Algae to his mother.



## STARTING THE ADVENTURE



ooling funds, you and your companions chartered a vessel and took to the sea, there to try your luck at catching highly prized hair jellies – amorphous creatures, five feet across and two feet thick at their center, with fibrous strands permeating their dense gelatinous bodies. Although tough and chewy, they are highly prized as a nutritious and delicious comestible.

After days of futile trawling, you chanced upon a great school of the creatures, and with the catch being so fruitful, it was deemed worthy of ignoring the roiling dark clouds upon the horizon. Alas, in short order, you were caught in a ferocious tempest, and your ship – already floundering under the weight of a dozen massive jellies – was capsized. Tenaciously clinging to the overturned boat, you survived until the ocean calmed, but it is clear that your fatally damaged craft will not last long.

As you clamber up onto the hull to take stock of your situation, you notice a singular wave surging purposefully toward you. As it nears, the wave diverts and begins spiraling around the wreckage, and you realize that the surge is a creature – a giant, translucent elemental in the form of a human female. After circling several times, the creature's upper body emerges from the water, and she speaks: "You are in distress! I can save you – transport you and your craft to dry land if you accept this one condition: Rescue my son, Algae, who has been imprisoned on a distant island by an awakened dwelling."

Despite her non-human countenance, the Water Woman's expression and tone convey that she is quite distraught at the loss of her son. The PCs may, of course, have questions about the situation, and the Water Woman will answer what she can, though she is clearly anxious to get underway.

- "How did you find out about the kidnapping?" *"When Algae did not return, I sought out the creatures in the places he frequented. The anemones of the island told me of his capture."*
- "What did this 'awakened dwelling' look like?" *"Though their vision is limited, the anemones described this domicile as having two great stockinged feet, two long arms terminating in pincers, large eyes, a great mouth, and a single doorway leading inside."*
- "Can the anemones tell us where this house went?" *"This they could not tell me, for their field of vision is limited to their pools, and the house quickly strode away."*
- "How will we know Algae when we see him?" *"He is a most handsome blob of kelp, as big across as the height of your kind, his fronds the color of the deep sea in the light of the dying sun. Refreshing vapors issue forth from his form, manifesting as effervescent bubbles when he slips underwater by my side."*
- "Do you think he'll be able to tell us anything else?" *"He cannot speak in the tongues of Man, though you need but touch him to hear his thoughts."*

**Judge's note:** If you plan for a longer, open-ended adventure, the Water Woman informs the PCs of a source of heal-

## VANCIAN GLOSSARY

**Algid:** cold, frigid, chilly.

**Comestible:** edible foodstuff.

**Frowsy:** ill-smelling, musty.

**Geas:** a compulsion or obligation magically imposed on a person.

**Sedulous:** being diligent in application or pursuit of a goal.

**Slerm:** a creature appearing to be a cross between a salamander and a centipede.

**Swale:** a low-lying or depressed and often wet stretch of land.

**Vellicate:** to cause to twitch, to move spasmodically.

**Water-wefkin:** a water-dwelling creature, notably philosophical in nature.

ing to the west and a weapon to the east. For shorter sessions, the PCs should probably take a more linear route to the House and thence through the portal.

Algae is roughly 5' in diameter, of a dark emerald green color, and a mix of kelp-like fronds and fibrous strands such as one might find on wave-soaked shores. He is able to communicate telepathically – both to "speak" and "listen" – with anyone he is in physical contact with.

If the characters refuse the Water Woman's offer of rescue, she will turn and with a spiteful last glance, dive back underwater, disappearing with a splashing surge that nearly inundates what is left of the ship. Perhaps a magician levitates for a time pondering the futility of existence until their spell expires. Vat-things will be able to tread water far longer than their frail companions but ultimately succumb.

## THE ISLAND

**Area 1-1 – Landfall:** If the PCs accept the Water Woman's offer: *With a briny burst, the Water Woman transforms into a great wave, propelling your crippled ship upon a giant whitecap – almost, but never quite overturning – at unnatural speed for a day and a night until it beaches upon the shore of an island where a small watercourse meets the sea. In the distance, massive cliffs can be seen both inland to the north, and along the shores to the east and west.*

*As the lingering breakers recede, the Water Woman speaks to you from the shallow waters: "This is where the anemones tell me it happened. My son, ever curious, entered the tidal pools to merge thoughts with the unique creatures here seven days ago. Suddenly, what had appeared to be an inanimate seaside structure rose up, took a single massive stride on stockinged feet, and with a great pincer, plucked up my boy from the waters, and quickly strode away!"*

Small tide pools can be seen every so often along the shoreline in both directions, and in those deep enough to retain





water when the tide goes out, various small sea creatures reside—urchins, sponges, crabs, and indeed, numerous colorful anemones. While the Water Woman and her son can communicate with the anemones, the language is alien to humankind. Regardless, they have little, if any other, useful information to share.

*“I can go no further, for I have no power upon the land. Please! Venture forth and rescue my son, and return him to me and the sea. If you are successful, I can return you and your vessel to your home. I give these treasures to aid you in this endeavor, and they are yours to keep if you succeed.” With a splashing gesture, another wave rolls into the shore, depositing a number of wetly glistening items in the sand as it recedes.*

The items deposited on the shore are as follows:

- An eyeball-sized pearl that glows with a bright blue light in a 30' radius in total darkness. This light is capable of keeping a leucomorph (Area 1-5) at bay, even at night. It also allows visibility to 30' within the dense musty mist in the Living House's "basement" (Area 1-8).
- Armor made from the shell of a marine turtle. This grants the same AC as full plate armor, but is very light and has no check penalty nor any loss of movement speed; it is also quite buoyant, serving as a flotation device.
- A jagged club of pink coral. Though non-magical, it deals 1d8+1 damage, and grants its wielder a +1 bonus to attack.
- *The White Conch of Verve*. The conch can be sounded once a day, granting all within 30' (whether friend or foe) a +1 bonus to all saving throws for 10 rounds.
- *Kelp Hood of the Sedulous*. The hood grants its wearer a +1 bonus to all magical damage.
- A pair of *benign boots*. These boots allow a paralyzed (or even deceased!) person to keep walking, although under the volition of the boots themselves, who have the best interests of their wearing in mind. By default, they will walk along with the wearer's friends unless the friends command the boots to do otherwise. The commands must be simple; for example, "stay here" or "go back to the village".

The Water Woman is no adventurer and is not aware of the specifics of the island's dangers. Thus, she will give vague answers about the properties of these items.

*“The waters and winds of the island tell me that there may be curative remedies palatable to your kind to the west of this landing. And as well, that there may be other items useful in your pursuit—a weapon of some kind?—to the east. Finally, might you be afflicted by some corruption beyond your ken—should one of you even perish—return here and I may be able to remedy, the great ocean willing.”*

The curatives to the west are the succulent plant nectar globules in Area 1-2, and the weapon to the east refers to the baton within the wreck of the aircar-like escape pod in Area 1-7. She has no details about the items or encounters, just those somewhat vague premonitions.

Having arrived on the island from the violent storm, the characters' ship is completely disabled—the mast, rudder, and sails are missing, and the hull is no longer water-tight. The adventurers, while able to sail and navigate, are certainly no ship builders. A single extra-large hair jelly remains in the hold and can provide sustenance for many days. The ship's fresh water supply was almost completely gone at the time of the wreck; fortunately, a gurgling stream empties into the sea nearby.

The terrain throughout the area is rocky and uneven; there are no trees to be seen, and vegetation is limited to low grasses in the sandy soil and lichen clinging to the rocks. The cliffs are sheer and quite slick from ocean spray, their tops overhanging their bases due to regular pounding of the ocean and storm surges—it is highly inadvisable to attempt climbing them (DC 30 Climb Sheer Surfaces check). The waters in the surrounding ocean are home to juvenile, adult and even elder keaks—swimming there invites disaster. There is one place on the island (Area 1-3) where it is possible to encounter a keak on land at night.

There are four directions the adventurers can choose from when leaving the beach: the nearby stream appears to flow down from a canyon that cuts into the towering cliffs to the northwest (Area 1-1A); to the northeast, another canyon opening can be seen in the cliffs (Area 1-1B); to the west, the cliffs set farther back from the shore, beyond which hilly terrain can be seen (Area 1-1C); and to the east, a narrow strip of beach curves around the cliffs and out of view (Area 1-1D).

Traveling from the landing shore to any of the four exits takes a half-day. There is a 50% chance of encountering wandering creatures during that journey: either (1) a single emerald bee, or (2) 1d2 slerm.

**Emerald Bee:** Init +0; Atk stinger +2 melee (1d4 plus poison); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 9; MV 10' or fly 80'; Act 1d20; SP poison (DC 15 Fort save or paralyzed 2d5 turns), depleting sting (subsequent saves for a sting are made at +1d); SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +0; AL N; Crit M/d8.

The emerald bee (see Area 1-2 for more details) is just curious at first and will fly high above the PCs as they travel. If the party stops, it will continue to approach, but stop and hover about 100' distant. If attacked, it will retaliate until injured, and then flee. If no actions are taken against it, the emerald bee will eventually lose interest and fly away after several minutes.

**Slerm (1d2):** Init: +1 (surprise); Atk bite +1 melee (1d5); AC 12; HD 2d3; hp 4 each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP den defender (Act 1d24 when in burrow), sneaky (surprises 75% of time at night, 25% during day); SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N; Crit M/d8.

Slerm are very quiet, low-profile creatures, in appearance a merging of salamander and centipede roughly 6' in length, with coloration that blends well into the rocks and soil of the island. Those randomly encountered will follow along behind the characters; they are mainly interested in food, which might be an unwary adventurer, but more likely any rations they carry—the fragrance from any hair jellies the





PCs were able to salvage from their wreck (or obtained from the water-wefkins in Area 1-3) has a strong allure. Unless the PCs are specifically watching their rear, the stealthy slerm will be able to make a surprise attack, and if successful, will rip away any backpack or sack containing such rations and begin to scuttle away. Even if the rear is being watched, the slerm still have a 25% chance to surprise attack during the day, and a 75% chance at night.

While traveling around the island, an occasional burrow opening is spotted, a tunnel delved into the earth large enough to admit a man-sized humanoid crawling on its belly, and with a larger chamber deeper in. These are slerm burrows, half of which will be occupied by 1d4 slerm. If an occupied burrow is entered, the slerm will attack with its bite at great advantage within its own tunnel. The nesting chambers of empty burrows will otherwise be cluttered with the remains of river worms and other lesser creatures.

**Area 1-1A – Northwest Canyon:** A tumbling stream flows out from a canyon a half-day's travel to the northwest of the beach where you landed. The rugged and uneven terrain makes the going slow, but the fresh water in the stream refreshes you. The occasional large, dark, slow-moving worm can be spotted in the rivulet's flow.

The worms are easy enough to catch, either by spearing, or jumping into the stream and grabbing them. Though extremely tough, as if made entirely of cartilage, if braised for hours they become delectable.

*After an hour or so of picking your way through the canyon's jumble, the cut turns to the north. Not long thereafter, you are presented with a strange sight: affixed upon the cliff's face, desiccated slerm and river worms have been arranged in a great circle, and though they appear to be quite dead, they inexplicably writhe and twist.*

This is one of the leucomorph's (Area 1-5) aesthetic projects – it catches and kills the creatures, dries them in the sun, then animates their corpses once they are affixed to the cliff. It considers the canyons its "art gallery", and this is one of its displays.

**Area 1-1B – Northeast Canyon:** To the northeast, another canyon opening can be seen in the cliffs.

**Area 1-1C – Western Rise:** The cliffs in this area end farther back from the shore, and the land here rises in a series of gentle terraces which begin to curve toward the north. More distant, even hillier terrain can be seen.

The terraces rise as they curve around this corner of the island, forming a headland at Area 1-2.

**STILL IN PRODUCTION**

**Area 1-1D – Narrow Beach:** Proceeding east from landfall, the beach progressively narrows to a point where the rocky cliffs nearly dip into the surf and cut off any further progress. Just past this narrow pinch, the shore turns abruptly and widens slightly as it stretches northward. Far in the distance, a twinkling light can be seen, and an unusually chilly breeze blows from that direction.

The twinkling light and the chill breeze issue forth from the crashed alien escape pod at Area 1-7. If the PCs proceed up the strand, they will note it gets colder and colder, and no wandering monster encounters will occur in this area, as the island's wildlife shuns the unnatural chill.

**Area 1-2 – Flowering Headland:** The cliffs here are set further back from the shoreline, which gently curves up and around from the south to the west, mounting to a rolling headland dotted with large succulent plants. Every few hundred feet, one of the plants sports a massive white flower, with a bloom easily ten feet across. Giant furry emerald-green insects the size of bulls hover above and around the plants, now and then alighting upon one of the blossoms and burying their head inside.

If any of the blooming flowers are approached, a translucent pale-yellow globe about 6" in diameter can be seen in the center. It is composed of a thin, but sturdy, flexible membrane surrounding fluid within. This nectar is sweet and incredibly nourishing; consuming an entire globule will heal 10 points of damage, or no less than half can be consumed to heal 5 points.

When the PCs arrive in this area will determine the nectar's availability – by midday, approximately half of the groves' nectar sacks have already been sucked dry, and by nightfall, all will be harvested by the creatures. However, the stores replenish overnight – at dawn, as the first rays of the feeble sun strike, the nectar globes begin to expand, filling up within an hour, at which time the petals unfurl to reveal the blossoms' sweet contents.

If a character pays close attention to the location of the various insects, it is possible to approach a flower containing an intact nectar globe and extract it without aggravating any of the creatures. Attempting to harvest additional globes runs the risk of being attacked by the insects – there is a 50% chance that a PC procuring a second globe will be attacked by a single emerald bee, while attempting a third increases the chance to 100%. For any additional attempts, 1d3+1 bees will attack each time.

**Emerald Bees:** Init +0; Atk stinger +2 melee (1d4 plus poison); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 9 each; MV 10' or fly 80'; Act 1d20; SP poison (DC 15 Fort save or paralyzed 2d5 turns), depleting sting (subsequent saves for a sting from a given bee are made at +1d); SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +0; AL N; Crit M/d8.

The furry emerald insects are akin to carpenter bees which nest in burrows in the earth; however, these make their homes in small caves in the cliffs high above. The creatures are about the size of a bull, but weigh quite a bit less. They will attack with a stinger which they can do as many times as they wish, although the poison injected depletes over multiple stings.

**Area 1-3 - The Tide Pools:** *At the western end of the island, a large coastal bench between the high cliff walls houses an unusually large accumulation of rocky tide pools, extending from the base of the hilly, flowered headland at the south end to an imposing promontory cutting off further travel to the north. To the east of the pools, the land gently rises inland, but the cliffs confine egress to two canyons, one leading directly east, and one to the south. From time to time, you perceive humanoid forms peeking their heads just above the waterline in the larger pools.*

Proceeding across the pools at night risks encountering a keak. Watchful PCs have a 50% chance they will see the glow of its bioluminescent tail approaching from a distance. It is possible that if all members of the party enter a tide-pool and submerge, with their noses and mouths just barely above the surface, that the keak will pass them by. If instead they camp upon the hills above the pools, at some point during the night, any watch set will spot the pink glow of the keak's tail in the far distance, as it hunts the water-wefkin.

**Keak:** Init +3; Atk bite +5 melee (1d8+3 plus gulp); AC 18; HD 6d8+5; hp 38; MV 20' or swim 60'; Act 1d20; SP gulping attack (DC 18 Fort save to avoid), fascinating bioluminescence (DC 12 Will save to ignore), magical hybrid traits; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +8; AL N; Crit M/d12.

While crossing the tide pools, gray-green water-wefkins will be seen on occasion, peering up out of the waters. These creatures are not aggressive, and will converse with non-threatening characters. They only leave their pools for short periods as they cannot breathe the air. They worship the keak as their god, and consider it a high holy honor to be mesmerized and eaten by it, for when it comes up from the sea, the larvae and eggs of the many creatures that cling to it are deposited in the tidepools, sustaining the ecosystem. It is possible to trade with them; they have pearls they will consider parting with in exchange for generous slabs of hair jelly.

They know little about the Living House, though they have seen it striding across the landscape and taking up a position at the water's edge to refresh itself. It stays only for the day, however, always heading back through the canyon to the east before nightfall.

**Area 1-4 - Western Crossroads:** The judge should adjust this description dependent on from what direction the party approaches the area.

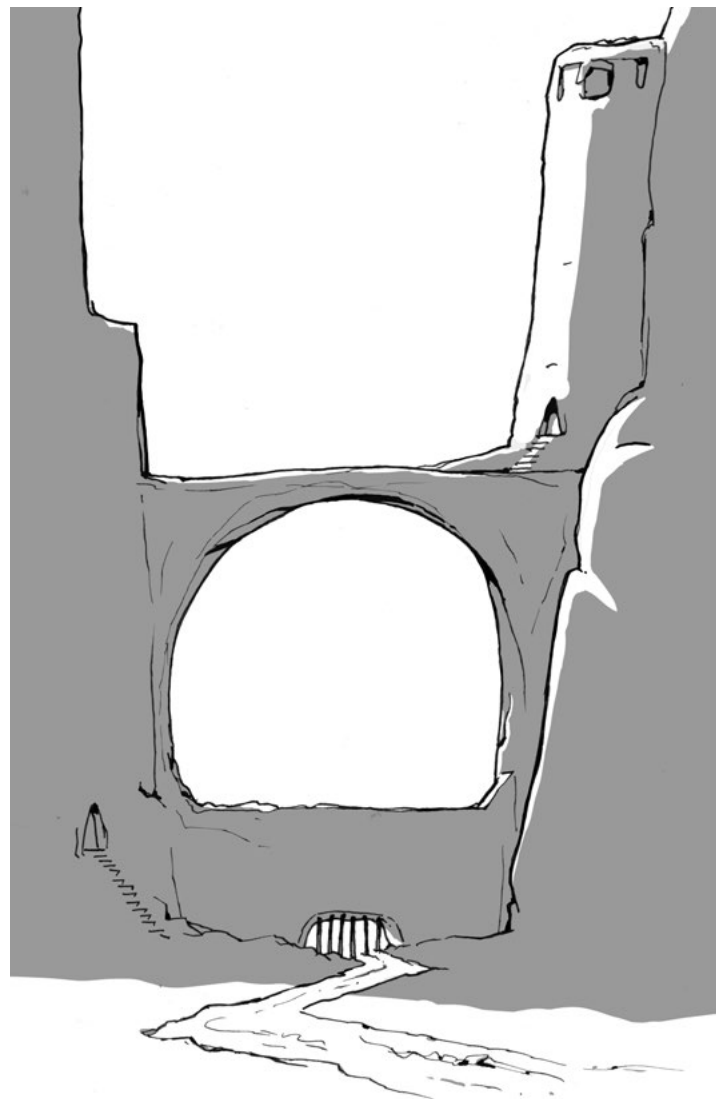
*After trekking a few more hours, you are presented with a choice: to the west, the cliffs spread farther apart, the land slopes gently downward, and you espy a large flat expanse covered in numerous tidal pools. To the south and east, the cliffs close into canyons cutting deeper inland.*

Depending on the route the PCs have taken to get to this

point, it is possibly approaching nightfall when they arrive. The area presents a troublesome spot to camp—a keak hunts the tide pools at night, and the leucomorph haunts the canyons. If the company camps outside the canyon, any watch has a chance to see the pale form of the leucomorph observing them from within.

Traveling through or camping in the canyons at night guarantees an encounter with the leucomorph. Its goal is to abscond with a victim and install them as permanent audience for its "artwork" within the citadel. To this end, it will attempt to attack what it thinks is the weakest physical specimen of the party with subduing blows then carry them off. The creature is strong and doubtless remains faster than the PCs, even when bearing off its prize. If grievously wounded (half its full hit points or less), it will fling the unconscious being far off to the side and flee unburdened at top speed back to its sanctuary, the Ancient Citadel.

**Area 1-5 - Ancient Citadel:** *The canyon breaches three ways here—north, east, and west. To the north, an ancient ruin spans the width of the gorge, and a fifteen-foot-high wall blocks further passage. The base of the wall is pierced by a culvert through which a stream passes, and hoary, partially-corroded metal bars prevent human-sized creatures from passing through. Steps cut into the canyon's western face lead up to an open doorway.*







Past the doorway, the remains of a rusted metal door lie upon a barren chamber's floor. On the north wall of the chamber, an outlet leads to the top of the wall, as well as further up a spiral staircase. From the top of the wall, characters can observe that another set of steps descend the far side of the barricade into the canyon to the north.

If the characters proceed up the staircase: *Your ascent up the spiral staircase exits onto an arched bridge looming high over the wall below. On the far side of the arch, steps lead up to a doorway at the base of a tower built against the rock. The metal door is intact and partially shut, but it is in a state of rusted disrepair; slightly bent, it is wedged against the floor and cannot fully close. The stench of decaying flesh emanates from within.*

The chamber within holds a half-dozen slerm and many more river worms, all writhing upon the floor; like those in Area 1-1A, they are dry and long dead, yet continue to twitch. This is the leucomorph's doing, for it has mastered several spells, including animation of things once living. The creatures are arranged somewhat evenly, deliberately creating a pattern, but with space left to walk between them. If the leucomorph succeeded in abducting one of the PCs, they will be found here, chained to the wall so that they might gaze upon the ghastly display.

*On the far side of the chamber, a staircase winds another forty feet up along the outer wall to the upper level, and only a few remnants of its ancient corroded metal banister survive; the staircase itself, constructed of stone, appears sturdy. At the top of the tower, large openings gaze out on all sides except to the east, where an intact antiquated metal door leads into the cliff side.*

The door is barred from the inside, as the leucomorph resides within during daylight hours. The door can be broken down with two successful DC 18 Strength checks, but after the first attempt, a wind begins to howl in the canyon. At the tower's apex, it blows like a gale through the openings, carrying with it the scent of the sea, and within the characters' minds, the voice of the Water Woman whispers "This is not the way". If the door is broken down, the leucomorph will take a position against the far wall, away from the light.

**Leucomorph:** Init +5; Atk slam +3 melee (1d14+3); AC 20; HD 4d16+2; hp 40; MV 60' or climb 60'; Act 2d20; SP scare 1/day (spell check of 17), vellicate dead, immune to mental attacks, magical hybrid traits; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +8; AL C; Crit M/d10.

The leucomorph has extremely long arms and legs, and its head and torso appear to merge into one round shape with no discernable neck. It will not attack anyone entering at first, but remain still and silent in the corner. If spoken to, it will reply back in a rising angry tone in what sounds like nonsense: "Minus meelus minus meelus!" If spoken to a second time, it leaps up sticking to the ceiling like a spider and moves with frightening speed to the far wall, passing through it. This illusory wall conceals a rough-hewn tunnel leading to a small chamber with no exit. If the party follows, the leucomorph, cornered here and with daylight outside, will make a stand and fight with fury.

**Area 1-6 - Eastern Crossroads:** The judge should adjust this description dependent on from what direction the party approaches the area.



*This intersection in the canyon presents you with three choices: to the north- and southwest, the canyon runs deep into the soaring cliffs; however, to the east you ascertain the island's eastern shore. In the distance, a twinkling light can be seen, and an unusually chilly breeze blows up into the canyon from its direction.*

The twinkling light and the chill breeze issue forth from the crashed alien escape pod at Area 1-7.

**Area 1-7 - Freezing Crater:** *On your approach to this stretch of beach on the eastern shore of the island, you are assaulted by abnormally algid blasts and piercing whistles which appear to issue forth from a large crater in the middle of the cove. Thirty feet across and five feet deep, a metallic ovoid streaked with charring rests at its center, partially buried in the earth. Along the top, electrical discharges emanate from a clear dome.*

The object bears some likeness to an air car (if any of the characters are familiar with such things).

*If the PCs approach: The otherwise smooth veneer of the object is rent on one side by an irregular breach, from which icy gusts swirl out. Peering into the hole, you discern a translucent capsule shot through with cracks, the whistling arising from frigid air issuing forth from them. Within the capsule, the shadowy outline of a stocky motionless humanoid can be seen.*

This vessel is a crashed escape pod from a larger craft. The capsule within is a chamber meant to keep its occupant alive in suspended animation for an indefinite period; however, this one has been compromised, and the entity within is long dead. All of the vessel's systems have been destroyed except for the suspended animation freeze generator which

continues to pump icy air out of the cracked capsule. It is impossible to examine the body with any detail while it remains in the capsule. The freeze generator is on the opposite side of the vessel from the hull breach and is impossible to see without entering the vessel.

The vessel's hull breach is large enough to permit entry by a PC. Each round spent inside deals 2 points of cold damage (DC 15 Fort for half) unless the freeze generator is destroyed. This sturdy object (AC 18, 15 hit points) is a metallic sphere at the base of the capsule. The capsule itself is fragile (AC 10, 5 hit points) and more easily shattered by a strong physical blow, but if broken before disabling the generator, the cold damage doubles as the bitter wind rushes out, now unfettered in its ferocity, dealing 4 points of damage each round to anyone in the vessel or adjacent to the vessel's hull breach.

Once extracted, the humanoid can be examined in more detail. It is an alien of unknown origin, its skin or hide seen to be made entirely of a featureless maroon material, and with a slight odor, reminiscent of redberry. If sliced open, or dissected in some way, the interior is composed of the same rather tough gelatinous substance, with no internal organs or structures apparent. It is unclear if this was the humanoid's natural state, or resultant from the failure of its suspended animation.

Also within the capsule is an oblong latched canister nestled next to the body; the latch is easily manipulated, and it is not locked or trapped. Inside the canister are 10 finger-sized sticks of maroon material (the same shade as the body and its innards) and a yard-long baton of the same color. The



finger-sized sticks are pliable and smell slightly of caramel; if ingested, each one provides any living thing with all its nutritional needs (including fluids/water) for 10 days. They also impart the same hue to pale parts of the creature's body—for example, the palms of one's hands and the bottoms of one's feet—which fades after 10 days.

The baton is a fully charged weapon of ranged devastation. On one side, equidistant from either end, is a small, barely perceptible hole, but the baton is otherwise featureless, with no obvious mechanism of operation. The wielder must grasp the rod at either end, pointing the pinhole away from themselves and toward their target. If each end is then squeezed, a brilliant periwinkle beam 300' long is emitted that automatically hits the target, dealing 2d7 points of damage (DC 14 Fort save for half.) The baton may expel 100 such beams, at which point its power supply is exhausted. After 5 shots in a single day, the weapon begins to exhibit signs of strain, with small hairline cracks of periwinkle radiating out from the aperture. Every shot fired thereafter requires a Luck check; on failure, the baton is destroyed, and all within 20' must make a DC 14 Fortitude save, or suffer 3d7 points of damage as the baton explodes (a successful save reduces this by half). If the baton is not used more than 5 times in a single day, the hairline cracks fade away as the weapon repairs itself overnight.

**Area 1-8 – Valley of the House:** *Following the stream north, the confining walls of the winding canyon eventually fall away on either side of you. The terrain in front of you fades gently downward, and far in the distance you perceive the northern extent of the island. Midway through its course down to the northern shore, you observe that the stream runs through a shallow basin. Two particular details stand out in this valley: it is permeated by a yellowish-gray haze, and a strange bulbous structure squats in the middle of the depression.*

The bulbous structure is the Living House, resting on its vitality-restoring foundation. The House itself takes no initial notice of the PCs until they call out to it, or approach within 300'.

Assuming the characters approach: *As you enter the swale, your nostrils are assailed by a musty odor. Though it does not seem to be causing any physical ill effects, it is nonetheless quite unpleasant. Inexplicably, the mist does not appear to linger in the vicinity of the structure. A short flight of steps leads to a doorway at its base, and on either side of the building, two oddly shaped towers rise, their bottom halves wrapped in striped cloth. Two spindly branches sprout from near the roof, and a pennant at the edifice's apex flutters slightly, emblazoned with some sort of multi-legged bat. When you approach closer, what you initially took to be a pair of voluminous windows in the upper floors snap open, revealing expansive, lively eyes, and what must be a mouth below them stretches open and hails you with a jovial "Hellooo!"*

The haze results from a miasma emanating from a crack in the House's foundation. This "foundation"—actually an otherworldly chamber carved entirely from a strange glittering mineral which the House's mage-architect used to impart and recharge the structure's vitality—was damaged by a recent earthquake, opening up a cleft from which a mist flowed out, permeating the House's structure, and afflict-

## ROLE-PLAYING THE HOUSE

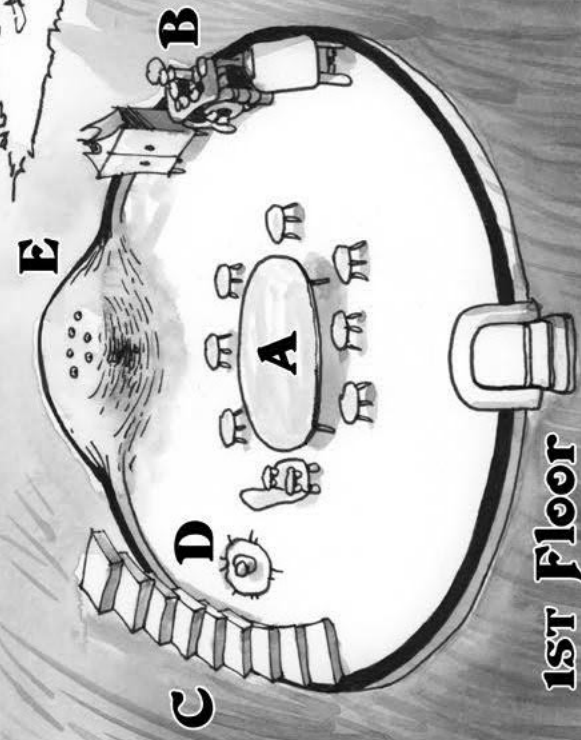
The House will happily engage in conversation (it has not had meaningful discourse with anyone in quite a long time), and is quite open about kidnapping Algae and the reason for it—i.e., the itchy mildew it suffered from the recent musty mist flow and how Algae's fresh emanations provide it blessed relief—but it does not appear to understand how this might cause distress to another being (the Water Woman). If the party is cordial, it will invite them inside to view Algae in the aquarium and to look around, and if they are particularly well-behaved, it will even invite them to stay the night.

ing it with a moldy infection that itches terribly. The Water Woman's son, Algae, now relieves this itching.

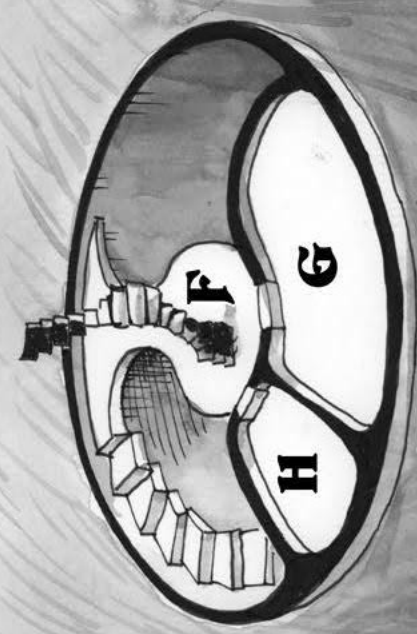
The House itself was created an aeon ago by a great mage to be his traveling manse; the flag flying on the roof was the mage's emblem, but the House otherwise remembers nothing about its creator, other than thinking he was made of "star stuff". Its entire construction inside and out is composed of a hard, smooth material unrecognizable to the PCs, impervious to heat and cold, though vulnerable to this otherworldly mildew. It can alter its color throughout to lend a familiar look to objects in its interior.

The House has an open floor plan. On the ground floor's main chamber, a large table (A) with 8 stools sits in the center of the space. On the right side (viewed from the doorway) is an unlit stove, countertop, and empty cupboards (B), while on the left, stairs (C) lead up to a second floor. Under these stairs is a trap door (D), "clenched" tightly shut, which leads to the House's "basement"; if observed closely, PCs will notice the slightest wisps of the mildewy mist attempting to leak out around its edges, or inexplicably even through the panel, but they are just as quickly dissipated by gentle gusts coming from the rear of the chamber. Directly opposite of the entryway is an "aquarium" (E)—the wall bulges out and becomes clear, and numerous small holes pepper the top of its dome, but the vessel is otherwise completely sealed. Within floats a dark green, 5' wide sphere; clear bubbles fizz vigorously from its numerous undulating fronds, and refreshing sea breezes vent through the dome, filling the room and spilling out the doorway.

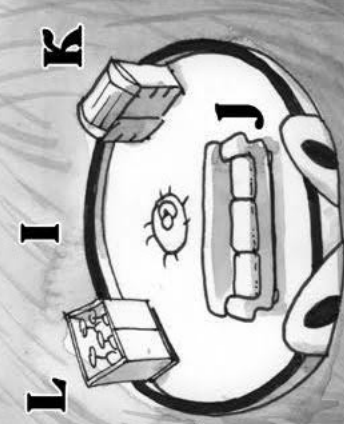
On the second floor, a balcony (F) looks down onto the floor below. Two doors close off additional areas from the balcony, and spiral stairs climb from the center of the space up to another tightly "clenched" hatch. One door leads to a bedroom (G) containing a simple bed and nightstand, while the other leads to the chamber of arcane hygiene (H), a starkly unadorned small chamber. If a single individual enters and shuts the door behind them, they will be cleansed from head to toe as if from a bath. Their bowels and bladder are also evacuated into thin air. It can be used once per day by any particular person; its upper limit in terms of total number of users per day has never been tested.



1ST Floor



2ND Floor



3RD Floor



Past the hatch atop the spiral stairs is the Head Room (I) where one can sit upon a comfortable sofa (J) and gaze out the Eyes, which from this side appear as featureless windows. Along the back wall is a cupboard (K) with various glasses, cups, and other drinking vessels, as well as a refrigerated compartment (L) stocked with several different alcoholic libations, remarkably unspoiled in any way.

The House will not part with Algae under any circumstances, unless the party descends into the basement (Area 2-1) and puts an end to the strange mist. It will not suggest this, however, as it is perfectly satisfied with having Algae's cleansing breezes keeping it comfortable. On the other hand, if such a bargain is proposed, it likes the idea and will agree.

The House is a being of demi-god like power – attempting to free Algae by engaging in combat with the House would be futile at best, although it will find the attempt an entertaining diversion and will not hold it against the PCs.

**The House on the Island:** Init +2; Atk pincer +10 melee (1 plus special) or stomp +12 melee (3d10); AC 25; HD 10d100; hp 500; MV 50'; Act 2d20; SP pincer scissor (2d6), fling (10d24', 1d6 damage per 10'), absorb all spells and curses and reflect or store them; SV Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +15; AL N; Crit G/d12.

If for some reason the party attacks or abuses the House, it can respond in several ways. Enemies within the House can be severely jostled as the House leaps violently up and down; this inflicts 1d3 damage with each jump, and requires a DC 16 Reflex save to avoid being stunned for 2d3 rounds. It can also gape its mouth open, giving its pincers access to the interior. Both pincers do 1 point of damage and immobilize a man-sized victim on a successful hit as it pins their arms to their sides and plucks them off the ground. Once a victim is immobilized, it can choose to perform a scissoring action on them the following round, automatically inflicting 2d6 damage and releasing the victim. It can also choose to throw an immobilized victim instead, flinging the unwilling projectile a great distance – 10d24 feet, inflicting 1d6 falling for each 10' of distance. For targets on its exterior, the House can stomp on them, causing 3d10 damage. Finally, it can absorb all spells and curses and can cast them back (at the same result) on the next round, or save them for up to one day.

If the party strikes a deal to stop the mist in exchange for Algae's freedom, the House will "unclench" the door leading to the basement, the source of the mildewy malady. The PCs may open it and view the chamber beyond through a strange rippling shimmer. This is a teleportation field that transports whatever touches it to a distant planet. As soon as someone touches it, they are instantly transported to Area 2-1 on the other side. The portal works both ways.

**Judge's note:** When the House is not seated on its foundation, the basement door leads to a blank wall. If it is absent, PCs approaching the foundation would see nothing but flat barren ground; the steps down to the portal and the portal itself are only available from within the House.

## THE FUNGAL FISSURE



Over the past aeon, the foundation on the other side of the portal provided swirling restorative energy to the House. But an earthquake on the distant planet has opened up a crevice that issues the mildew malady.

The civilization that built the tunnels below the foundation was destroyed long ago. But some of their fungal crops survived this cataclysm, and merged with an intelligent slime in deeper caverns. These hybrid spores permeated the fossilized remains of creatures in the rocks, including the long-dead builders of the tunnels. The fossils animated and now appear to possess some manner of intellect, but this is an illusion, for they all share the consciousness of the single supernatural mycelium created by the merging of the yellow fungi from above with the gray slime below. The creatures all appear skeletal, with some limbs or body parts still encased in stone, and strands of slimy yellow hyphae weaving through the bones terminating in pulsating blobs. From these blobs an occasional black bubble emerges, floating in the air for a few seconds before bursting and emitting a concentrated puff of the dank musty mist. Within the creatures' skulls are found translucent gray bulbs of slime connected to the yellowy strands, mimicking what may have once been a brain. These creatures can be physically rendered harmless by destroying their structure (by taking them to 0 hit points), but the remains will continue to pulse and twitch until the "brain" in the skull is squashed.

**Area 2-1 – The Basement:** *The shimmering portal deposits you into a roughly circular chamber, whose glittering crystalline floor glows with a soft light. Other than the lambent floor and the portal behind you, the chamber is featureless except for large crack in the southern wall, from which a frowsy fog flows forth.*

The glowing floor of this chamber is the power source of the House; the power is transmitted via the teleportation field when the House sits upon the spot it calls its foundation. Through the crack in the wall, the mildewy mist flows into the chamber and then teleports into the House.

Upon entering the crack, the characters find the mist is thick and limits vision to 10'; if they use the glowing pearl from the Water Woman, the range increases to 30'. Climbing down through the crevice requires a deliberate pace and precision, and the use of all four limbs, i.e., their hands must be empty. If characters try to navigate with either hand occupied (for example, keeping a weapon in hand), they must make a DC 14 Reflex save or slip and tumble down the chasm to the corridor below, taking 2d6 damage from the 20' fall.

**Judge's note:** If the House is somehow gone when the party returns from the caves below to this chamber, they will see no portal back at all – in its place is a stairway, now not into the House but up to the surface of the alien planet; the details of this far-off world are left to the imagination and discretion of the judge.

**Area 2-2 – The Entry Corridor:** *The crevasse terminates, piercing through into a worked-stone corridor. The atmosphere here is thick and humid, the temperature warmer than what you*

# The Fungal Fissure

IN 10'





would expect, and the walls glisten with moisture. Here and there, small pulsing blobs of gray slime and splotches of yellow fungus adhere to the walls. The gray spheroids range in size from barely a pinprick to nearly one inch in diameter, while the yellow patches spread out in flat, irregular batches. The bouquet of yeasty fetid cheese mixed with brimstone suffuses the air.

The corridor extends thirty feet both east and west, and then curves southward in both directions. A dull orange glow radiates from the eastern bend.

The fungal specimens here are the smallest manifestations of the gray slime and mutated yellow fungi of the Ancients. The yellow patches give off the cheesy odor, while the gray blobs have no perceptible scent. The blobs have a sweet taste, but if more than one is eaten, the taster must make a DC 14 Fortitude save or fall into a deep sleep for 1d4 turns. If a yellow patch is consumed, the PC must make a DC 16 Fortitude save or forever crave the yellow fungi, ingesting it whenever possible (though this will not be immediately apparent).

**Area 2-3 – The Lava Pool:** *The corridor here is cleaved diagonally by a river of lava, twenty feet across, and ten feet below the level of the passageway. The stream flows from out of sight in the northeast, to the southwest, where it appears to take a turn due west and downward. On the far side, vaguely humanoid figures can be seen swaying rhythmically, though no sounds can be heard other than the hissing and bubbling of the lava.*

The air above the lava is hot enough to ignite flammable materials, such as cloth, rope, etc. It could potentially be crossed with a running jump, but the short length of corridor on the north side of the flow makes it difficult (DC 16 Strength check). Those succeeding in clearing the pool will find themselves adjacent to the fungal fossils in Area 2-5.

**Area 2-4 – The Dead-End:** *The corridor continues roughly sixty feet south before turning east. Midway to the turn, a twenty-foot-wide opening diverges west, and a scrabbling sound, like rock scraping and tapping against rock, can be heard coming from farther within.*

If the PCs investigate the noise: *This wider passage runs briefly west, then immediately turns north, and descends forty feet down a carved stair, terminating in a wall of basaltic rock. The scraping noise arises from the futile movements of a stony skeletal corpse, encased from the waist down in the cooled lava flow. Strands of yellow slime weave through the bones, terminating in pulsating blobs from which an occasional black bubble emerges, floating in the air for a few seconds before bursting and emitting a concentrated puff of musty haze.*

This is the remains of one of the denizens of the alien civilization trapped here in the original conflagration, and now animated by the will of the gray slime-yellow fungus collective consciousness. It scratches and claws at the steps in an attempt to free itself. Though uncommunicative, if touched, it will lash out and attack.

**Fungal Fossil:** Init +0; fossilized fist +1 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 2d5; hp 6; MV 0'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref -4, Will +4; AL N; Crit M/d8.

**Area 2-5 – Fungal Frolic:** *The corridor splits here. A short passage to the south turns southwest and then ascends up a set of carved stairs. To the east, you see several creatures, basking in a warm orange glow and swaying rhythmically. From the waist down, they appear to be a solid mass with no legs but are otherwise skeletally humanoid. They surround a stone dais, from which a large gray polyp protrudes, pulsing in time with the creatures' swaying.*

These are more of the fossilized ancient denizens. Though they have no legs, the bottoms of their bases are replete with small, bony, toe-like structures that move them across the ground with a centipede-like locomotion.

The vibrations from the central polyp's rhythmic pulses produces a pleasurable sensation to the fossilized creatures, inducing their swaying motions. They will initially ignore the characters, continuing their undulations unless touched. At that point, the polyp's pulses cease, and the creatures halt their motions and turn to the intruders, regarding them blankly but otherwise doing nothing. If attacked, the creatures will retaliate, and the large polyp will sink down into the dais and vanish.

**Fungal Fossils (6):** Init +0; fossilized fist +1 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 2d5; hp 6 each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +4; AL N; Crit M/d8.

**Area 2-6 – The Tumorous Turtle:** *At the top of the steps, a huge petrified beast blocks any further progress. Reminiscent of an oversized sea turtle, gaps in its stony shell reveal an interior filled with a pulsing yellow porridge, and more of the musty black bubbles drifting out from its insides. Its implausibly flexible neck stretches and its flinty beak chatters as it turns its head and eyes you below it.*

**Tumorous Turtle:** Init +3; snapping beak +3 melee (2d4, range 20'); AC 16; HD 3d10; hp 20; MV 20'; Act 1d24; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +4; AL N; Crit M/d10.

Despite its petrified state, the turtle retains its supple neck and will snap at anyone ascending to the top of the stairs, stretching its neck to strike creatures up to 20' away with its beak. Depending on the course of battle, it may move back around the corner into the next chamber (Area 2-7), but will not pursue if the party retreats, as its task is to guard this position.

**Area 2-7 – The Blighted Balcony:** *The stairs open up into a large room whose size is difficult to determine from the entryway due to the mist's obscuring nature. A squared ledge looks down into a great pool of bubbling yellow fungus twenty feet below, and huge black bubbles percolate up from it in miasmic bursts. From the ledge, stone walkways hug the walls, heading west and south.*

If the PCs have some way to discern the full size of the room, they can see that it is a stretched-out octagon, roughly 90' long and 70' wide. The walkways and ledges are open to the fungal pool below, with no handrails or berms of any kind.

If the PCs explore the left-hand walkway: *The walkway to the left of the stairs runs along the eastern wall, then turns to the southeast, traversing merely twenty-five feet or so before ending in a wall of rugged basalt.*

If the PCs explore the right-hand walkway: *Along the north-west side of the chamber, carved stairs lead down fifteen feet, where the walkway continues along the western wall just above the fungus, before turning sharply left, and terminating in steps that descend into the bubbling yellow porridge.*

It is possible to walk down into the mass, but strong exertion is needed to push through its 20' thickness. To move through the mass into Area 2-8, one must hold their breath, requiring a DC 14 Fortitude save, with failure indicating the PC has ingested some of the porridge and passes out; a drowning character can be revived if action is taken quickly.

Once through, PCs will notice that the yellow mold mostly does not cling to their flesh or clothes, though small moist bits will linger, mostly in hair, beards, moustaches, etc.

If the porridge is somehow damaged or destroyed in part or in whole, it is quickly replenished and fills back in in about 1 turn.

**Area 2-8 – The Pillars of the Polyp:** *Muscling down the steps, you push free from the blight above into another large open space, and you note that the dank fog that permeated the passageways above is absent here. Worked stone is absent, and the chamber appears to be a natural cavern with three sizable holes in the floor. Rising up through each pit is an immense pillar of pulsing yellow strands connecting into the mass of yellow slime above you. Around the cavern's periphery are a number of circular stone structures, each just a few feet high.*

The circular structures around the cavern are empty, with just dry dusty soil at the bottom of each.

This chamber is where the subterranean race conducted experiments attempting to create more nutritious and delicious mushrooms, and where they eventually mutated, utterly corrupted and taken over by the Gray Slime Polyp in Area 2-9. Each of the three large holes are where the experimental mushrooms mutated over time, ate through the rock and came in contact with the Slime Polyp chamber below. If the characters start to climb down into the holes, they will detect a humming vibration from below; it is the Polyp beginning its mesmerizing shiver, which produces a comforting and pleasant sensation.

If one of the pillars is disturbed in some way (attacked, used for descent, etc.), the fossilized sea scorpion will pop its head out of one of the other holes and attempt to douse the closest PC with its bubbly breath weapon.

**Gargantuan Sea Scorpion:** Init +2; pincers +4 melee (1d8) or viscous vile +5 ranged (special, 20' range); AC 17; HD 4d12; hp 30; MV 30' or climb 30'; Act 2d20; SP viscous vile, camouflage (+10 to stealth checks in stony areas); SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +4; AL N; Crit M/d12.

*This creature looks like an insectile crustacean with a broad head of stony chitin; almost its entire underside glistens with the yellow slime mold, emitting black bubbles at a rapid pace. Its mouth parts work furiously as it squirts a stream of bubbles, viscous yellow fluid, and mist.*

In a given round, the sea scorpion will attack with both claws, or with one claw and its squirt of viscous vile. The viscous vile coats the target in sticky bubbly yellow goo, requiring a DC 15 Fortitude save; on a success, the victim is merely incapacitated (can take no actions) for 1 round, but on a failure, they are incapacitated for 2d3 rounds due to partial blindness, a reduction in mobility, and a stench that inhibits the victim's ability to breathe.

Once damaged, the sea scorpion will retreat into the chamber of the Polyp. It can climb like a spider, and will cling to the ceiling to hide, as its crusty shell allows it to blend completely into the rock; there it will wait until the Gray Slime Polyp is attacked, then fight to the death to protect it.

**Area 2-9 – The Polyp's Vault:** *The pulsing pillars of yellow strands stretch down to the floor of the chamber below, spreading out and merging in a disturbing tangle of yellow and gray with a massive, eight-foot-high globule of grayish-black slime in the center of the vault. This gargantuan polyp vibrates with a powerful thrum, appearing slightly blurry due to the motion, and across its surface, small motes of coruscation twinkle and swirl.*

**Gray Slime Polyp:** Init +5; body slap +2 melee (1d8) or vibrational mesmerization (special); AC 13 (bulbous body) or 15 (base stalk); HD 6d10; hp 33; MV 0'; Act 1d24; SP bending body (dodge 2 body attacks per round, negating successful hits), vibrational mesmerization 3/day (DC special); SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +8; AL C; Crit M/d10.

The Polyp has a unique defense mechanism against physical blows: it can automatically dodge up to 2 physical attacks per round (ignoring a successful hit) by using a lightning-fast bending maneuver, moving its bulbous portion dexterously away from harm. During this maneuver, it will be seen that its base stalk remains attached in place, immobile. Thereafter, if the attacker declares they are attacking the base stalk, the Polyp will be unable to use its dodge. The stalk itself has a tougher armor class but cannot dodge.

The Polyp will wait until either all the characters enter its chamber or until they attack it, at which point it will attempt to enslave them using its vibrational mesmerization. Fortunately for the PCs, this power only works on slimes, fungus, and bacteria – the only creatures it has ever known. The PCs will feel the pulsating will of the Polyp attempting to seize control of their minds but they can easily resist, shrugging off its power. Their gut bacteria, however, is not so fortunate, and must make a DC 16 Willpower save, and none of the character's bonuses, resistances, etc., apply to the roll – bacteria, as it turns out, are not particularly strong-willed! Failure indicates that the character's gut bacteria have turned against them and begin to enlarge. On the first round, they move up from the intestines into the stomach causing bloating and stabbing pains as the stomach distends, and the pain impairs all actions, imparting a -1 penalty to all rolls. On the second round, the bacteria swell to the size of eyeballs, move up the throat and into the mouth, adding breathing difficulties to the PC's malady; the PC now receives a -2 penalty to all rolls, and takes 1 point damage from the internal distress. On the third and subsequent rounds, the grotesquely gigantic bacteria – now the size of apples – begin to emerge from



the victim's mouth, clinging and crawling out over their face and body; the PC continues to receive the -2 penalty to all rolls, but also now takes 2 points of damage each round as the bacteria begin to consume their flesh. The victim can reduce the damage to 1 point each round by spending an action to scrape off the bacteria and fling it away. This is not a permanent solution, however, as there is an effectively never-ending supply of the creatures; the Polyp must be slain to stop this onslaught.

Note that the vibrational mesmerization will affect all the characters in the vault, or the Polyp can choose to target a single victim up to 200' away without need of line of sight (the Polyp can sense the victims through its mycelial network).

## CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE



f the Polyp is slain, there is a great hiss, a mournful wail, and the massive yellow tendrils leading to the pillars begin to shrivel into dust. The sparkling lights within it go dark as its mass dissolves into a grainy gelatin. Any animated fossils that remain undestroyed collapse and become inert. The mesmerized gut bacteria stop attacking, begin to shrink down, and attempt to crawl back down into their respective hosts' intestines.

All black bubbles cease emitting from the yellow fungal porridges, and the mist begins rapidly dissipating. The ceiling of fungal porridge in Area 2-8 turns crumbly and powdery—it is easily passed through, and there are no dangers returning to the basement and then passing through the portal back

from this distant planet to the House, who is now breathing deeply in and out. "So nice, so nice to be rid of that musty mist," it proclaims, as it waves its pincers joyfully.

The House will take the PCs down to the seashore, allowing them to ride in the Head Room, there able to lounge upon the divan sipping strong spirits flavored with astringent herbs. On arrival at the beach, it opens its mouth wide—spitting Algae out in a high arc, the son of the Water Woman plunges into the ocean and begins to fizz and spin in wide circle, where numerous sea creatures flock to him. The Water Woman appears, "Praise to you, you have fulfilled my geas! The treasures are yours to keep." If any character is dead, she will take their body and dive deep into the ocean, after a few minutes returning to the surface with them alive once more—though their eyes are now huge and unblinking, lips swollen and shiny, while their nose and ears have diminished in size.

It will never enter the Water Woman's innocent mind to think that the PCs might want to leave this pleasant island full of splendid nectar and wonders! However, she may be entreated by simple and respectful requests for aid in this regard—assuming, of course, that they have rescued Algae. In such case, she will happily have them grip the remaining spars and naval detritus from their original ship and rapidly push them out to the next passing vessel. The journey will be safe, although wet and strange, but as to what ship they encounter, who captains this vessel or what schemes and misadventures lay in wait—the judge and players must discover this for themselves!

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