

The Gongfarmer's Almanac:

A Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG Zine

Written, Illustrated, and Produced by
the DCC RPG G+ Community



ADVENTURES VOLUME 3 OF FIVE BOOKLETS

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Hemlock Bones Mystery Adventure #1

The Coal Snoot

Written by Clint Bohaty

Illustrated by Jay Rasgorshek and Jack Kotz

Inspired by the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the first *Hemlock Bones Mystery Adventure*! This adventure-cue can be dropped into any campaign, presenting an exciting new side-quest for your PCs. It is written to be flexible, and therefore is not a complete, ready-to-run adventure module. It should be paraphrased, adapted, and expanded upon by the judge prior to running.

WHAT IS QUAFF-TIDE?

Once every ten years, the Lord of the Lanesbarrow hosts a celebration known as Quaff-tide, a day of royal hospitality shared by all... Or at least shared by all except Sniveling Pete, who has a habit of oversleeping and nobody bothers to wake. During its opening ceremony, one lucky peasant is selected from the crowd to share the king's drink. Holding the ceremonial cup known as the Witching Chalice, the king offers his chosen countryman the first quaff, before he himself follows suit. Once the chalice is empty and upturned, the king declares the official start of Quaff-tide, which commences a day of free ale and bread. To many outsiders, the event seems a simple excuse to consume barrels of drink on the king's coin, but as locals will tell, it's the ritual's magical history which holds greater importance. It is claimed that those who drink from the Witching Chalice, whether they be ailing man or sickly child, are blessed with ten years of good health. Of course, the tradition is centuries old and has surely been empurpled by storytellers.



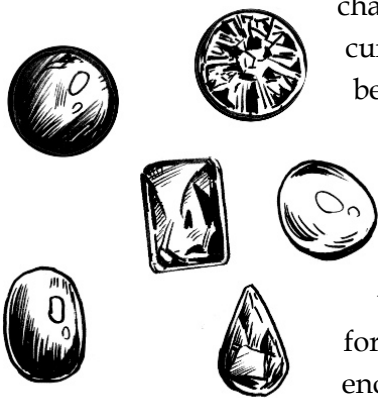
As it's told, mostly by grannies in squeaky rockers, the late King Handrick III was greeted one night by a storm-beaten woman whose skin loosely wrapped her bones. Presented to him by his courtiers in jest, she begged Handrick for shelter in his palace when no other rooms in the village remained. The King balked at her request, and took offense that one of such low standing and great stench would waste his time so audaciously. Before the echoes of laughter could die within his court, the woman cursed Handrick, wishing him sleepless nights upon a bed as hard as his heart!

For weeks, the King tossed and turned with the woman's words echoing through his mind, until finally he could stand it no more. He had his guards seek out the woman and bring her to his

chamber, where he begged her to lift her curse and promised that his lesson had been learned. *"Lessons quickly learned are quickly forgotten,"* she retorted.

But taking pity on him, she lifted her curse under the condition that every ten years to the day, the King would perform a ritual of hospitality for all. From her sleeve she dropped six enchanted gems into the King's grasping hands. *"In a goblet adorned by*

these gems, you and all of your kin must offer the lowest of this land the first quaff," she chanted. *"As long as this ritual is held, good health will flow. But if you or your blood fail to keep this oath, the kingdom you will lose... and the feather beds of this castle will turn to stone!"* Handrick III hastily accepted, and gave the crone a drink from his chalice, before decreeing the day of Quaff-tide.



ADVENTURE START

The adventure begins when the PCs hear rumor of a peculiar man staying with the local baker. It is rumored that the man travels the countryside seeking out mysteries, yet reaps no rewards from their resolution. If true, he certainly has come to the right place, for there are whispers of a girl found dead in the King's vault with no indication as to how she entered!

Table I: Mysterious Rumors (1d4)

The next time the PCs are in town, they're likely to hear several new rumors. Each rumor should ultimately lead to the characters meeting Hemlock Bones. Whether they meet him in the baker's home, as is written, or at some other juncture will depend on how the adventure naturally progresses. The judge can either deliver his favorite rumors, or let the dice decide!

Roll	Rumor
1	<i>"That daft baker's been playin' 'is blasted horn all night! Didn't even know he was musical. Could 'ear the thing all down the street! Sure, living next door's good for the smelling and all, but try catching a wink with that racket soundin'. I'd pay a man good coin to give him a piece of m'mind for me!"</i>
2	<i>"Now don't go jabbering, but I heard from a cousin that one of the castle maids was found dead as a digit with her tongue cut out. Trying to keep it all hush, the castle-folk are, but they've already arrested a guard! Mrs. Woodbottom's husband I hear..."</i>
3	<i>"Don't hold me to it, but I hear Quaff-tide may be canceled... but nobody's saying as to why exactly. It'd be the first time in centuries, says Pa. Bad luck I say, canceling tradition... Especially with all its witchery 'round it!"</i>

Table I: Mysterious Rumors (1d4) (cont.)

Roll	Rumor
4	<i>"That poor baker's been all stressed since that strange man arrived last night. Marleen seen him... She tells me he was dressed funny. Robe and a pointy hat and the like. Probably a wizard, she thinks. Anyways, he didn't even open shop this morning, the baker that is. My mum was expecting me to bring home two loaves, but I haven't the heart to go home and tell 'er."</i>

If the PCs confront the baker about the peculiar man, they are invited in to see him, but are warned that he is currently with Mrs. Woodbottom. As the PCs enter the baker's home, read or paraphrase the following:

You enter a small, cluttered visiting room filled with strange trinkets. Fragile reliquaries balance upon stacks of colorful tomes whose virgin bindings have not yet been cracked, and a dented flugelhorn rests against an old patched armchair. Warming the air is the smell of fresh bread as the baker returns to his kitchen. Light streaming through a dusty window illuminates the sunken and cadaverous face of a man standing before you.

The gangly, pasty figure towers above the cushioned chair, easily seven feet in height and as pale as a nun's bosom. His plaid robe and strange staff bespeak wizardry, while his clogged pores and fecal odor bespeak... wizardry. Habitually, he smooths his finger along a single bushy brow which languishes above his grey eyes like a convulsing caterpillar. Upon his head he wears a pointed, fur-edged cap with ear flaps dangling so low as to brush his knees, holding pockets crammed with small books and tightly-bound scrolls. Topping his scabrous, blackwood staff is a transparent glass disk whose surface swirls with a smoky mist. Peering through the disk, he calls you forward in a snide but knowledgeable tone.

"Please...hrumph...come in, but mind the objects. Although they appear quite harmless, appearances are not always what they seem. Or... are they everything they seem to appear!? Let me introduce myself, more out of tradition. Hemlock Bones, chaser of conundrums and wizard of veracity. Now let us gallop past the...hrumph... politeness and get right to the race. There is a mystery which hovers over this community like a raincloud, and I must dissolve...hrumph... resolve it! It is through you lot of...healthy...bodies which I shall unpuzzle this plight!"

This is a great opportunity for Hemlock to show off his skills of observation and deduction by having him call out the PCs' skills, traits, personalities, and backgrounds. Try to link his verbal disclosures with small physical clues, like the way a PC may stand, or a telling scar!

Accompanied by the sound of clinking porcelain, a small yellow creature with the smallness of a halfling and the grim features of a dwarf scampers out from the clutter with a tea set precariously balanced upon his head. He toddles to a corner which you once thought empty, but in which stands a young woman whose eyes are locked upon you. Her face appears mournful and weary, as if she'd been crying. She nods in thanks to the hospitable creature, and turns her gaze upon Hemlock.

"Don't be frightened of Werb... most are. I saved him, emaciated, as a pup from a hunter's pit. Now, Mrs. Woodbottom, please repeat the tale you were just telling for my friends here. From the beginning, if you will. Although their minds are quite...hrumph... I'll still be needing their assistance, which requires full understanding of events."

With a gentle nod and eyes cast downward, the woman recites her tale in a fashion which hints that this isn't the second, nor third time she's told it.

“Well, it’s like this. My husband Ralph is a member of the royal watch, and this week being the week of Quaff-tide, he was put up on guarding the Witching Chalice. He stands in front of the door and no one goes in or out all night. Well, this morning when they open up the vault, they find the body of young Doris Hampersheck dead on the floor, having her throat throttled and her face all blue. There ain’t no way in or out beside that locked door, and ain’t even Ralph has the keys, only the king. Being that he saw her leave that night, there ain’t a way beyond magic that got her into that room.

Ralph’s being held in the dungeons on account he’s suspect, but I know he’d never kill. It’s not like him. He tells me that she was all in a hurry last night, but with the Quaff-tide being tomorrow, thought nothing of it besides nerves. So how could a dead girl get in that room with it being locked. The guard claims Ralph must’a had another key! You gotta help him Mr. Bones, else he’s sure to get the noose before Quaff-tide!”

After a final plea for help, a teary eyed Mrs. Woodbottom is awkwardly escorted from the room by Hemlock’s assistant Verb, whose shoulders twist upward in a reaching effort to hold the woman’s slender hand.

Hemlock Bones will answer as many of the PCs’ questions as he can. He may know much or little, depending on how large or small of an adventure the judge chooses to create. Furthermore, he may or may not have the king’s permission to explore the castle for clues. Hemlock agrees to gift any acquired treasures to the PCs, but in exchange, the credit for solving the mystery must be in his name alone. The mystery must be solved before the watchman’s hanging at nightfall. Hemlock will join the PCs in their investigation once they are ready to explore the castle.

Hemlock is always first to spot a clue, but somehow always last to vocalize it. Often times he'll speak with and above an adventurer, miraculously saying the same words at nearly the same time. On other occasions he'll simply agree with the observant PC, noting how obvious the clue was and how long it took *them* to see it. His brashness has its perils however, and always results in Hemlock's gruesome death early in the adventure - whether that be from antagonizing an enemy into combat, or triggering a hidden trap. Somehow, he always returns unscarred and unshaken the moment PCs are revealing their discoveries, touting a remarkable explanation on how he faked his own death! Treasures looted off Hemlock's "body" are suddenly seen as masterful fakes, or as never having really existed!

A MYSTERY REVEALED

As players will discover, the truth behind the chambermaid's body in the vault is more than just the deadly urges of a single watchman. The mystery revolves around the ancient tradition of Quaff-tide, and a fool's hope that the magic of the Witching Chalice would have the power to save an ailing mother.

Four months ago, the king was approached by his royal sculptor with a request. The request, in the sculptor's mind, was quite simple: For the king to select the sculptor's own mother from the crowd at Quaff-tide, giving her the first drink and the health it was fabled to bestow; After all, his mother was suffering from ailments beyond the help of priests. The king refused, claiming that tradition decrees the choice be random. Of course, to argue with a king is to argue with stone, and the sculptor returned to his studio to chisel away his frustration. In desperation, he plotted to steal the enchanted Witching Chalice' gems, replacing them with intricately sculpted glass duplicates. Because his studio sat beside the castle's vault, he'd only need to chisel his way in. Meticulously, he chipped away at the mortar of the wall, knocking loose its limestone blocks... but what he discovered was of surprise: Instead of breaking into the vault, he breached a narrow, 4' cavity between the walls!

This narrow cavity led deep into the underbelly of the castle's foundation. It was said that Lanesbarrow Castle was built upon the ruins of a primal but wealthy civilization, but all assumed it was simply fable. The sculptor wanted to explore further, but with the vault's wall still intact and Quaff-tide looming, he only had time to chisel loose a small stone block hardly large enough for his young sister, Doris, to pass through.

The sculptor's sister Doris, like many young attractive maidens, was in the king's employment as a maidservant. Busily, she helped her housemother prepare for Quaff-tide, unpacking and polishing ceremonial decorations from the king's vault - where the Witching Chalice was always guarded. Like her brother, she'd do anything to save her dying mother, and plotted with him to steal the chalice's gems. Around her neck she wore a choker on which hung the fake gems, and constantly she compared them with the enchanted gems of the Witching Chalice, reporting the inconsistencies to her brother.



On the eve of Quaff-tide, the siblings' final chance at saving their mother began. That night, the sculptor led his sister through the breached passage into the vault, being careful not to disturb the ruins between. She quietly passed the chalice through the wall to her brother, who began removing its gems. Unnoticed in the flickering torchlight, Doris's nostrils and gums had turned black, and her tongue began to dry and shrivel. A poisonous miasma once trapped within the ruins had wafted through the exhumed cavity. Protected by a cowl worn to filter stone-dust, the sculptor barely avoided death. His sister wasn't so lucky. Before she could let out a scream, her throat had swelled enormously; the choker, still clasped tightly around her neck, suffocated her. Hearing her

gasps, her brother fought to break it loose, but by the time the necklace was torn free, Doris was already dead. Trembling, he



finished swapping out the gems, pitched the despoiled chalice back into the vault, and sealed off the wall. In his frantic exit, he twisted his ankle upon the toppled stone of the ruins and fled limping from his studio draped in his sister's cloak, leaving behind his tools, torch, and the necklace chain!

QUESTIONS STILL REMAIN

- What evil dwells beneath the castle?
- Where do the ruins lead?
- Where is the sculptor? Is he alive?
- What danger does the miasma present the PCs?
- What reward can Mrs. Woodbottom offer the PCs? A family heirloom?
- Why was Ralph *really* accused?
- What happens if the PCs drink from the Witching Chalice?
- Who else in town knows Doris? Who else could be suspect?

DOWNLOAD THE HEMLOCK BONES' TABLE OF TRUTH FOR THIS ADVENTURE!

The Hemlock Bones' Table of Truth* is a unique and helpful chart for running your mystery adventure! Reward players for their fine detective work by revealing clues and statements, leading your PCs closer to the ultimate truth!

*It was too big to fit into this small zine format!



Visit www.orderofthequill.com to download the table for free!

HEMLOCK BONES' TABLE OF TRUTH

During play, the judge should choose and reward evidence to PCs who investigate the case in clever ways. Evidence is presented in two forms: Statements, which are rewarded for asking questions, or overdeveloping; And Clues, which are rewarded for searching locations. Each Statement and Clue points toward a single truth, which the players will hopefully deduce after gathering enough evidence. There are endless truths surrounding a mystery, so this table may be expanded upon by the judge.

An alternate, more mechanical way for a PC to discover a Statement or Clue is by having him roll a dice check. Statements have a Personality based DC while Clues have an Intelligence based DC. The DC rating is in scale to the Truth's importance in solving the mystery. The PC may learn a Statement or Clue with a DC rating equal to or less than his roll result. The judge should choose or improvise the revealed evidence based on the situation. As in the roleplaying method, players should be rewarded or punished based on their reasoning and deduction, which is reflected by reducing or increasing their PD along the dice chain.

DC	Statement (Personality) ▶	Truth (Judge Only)	◀ Clue (Intelligence)
5	"If I did it, I'd at least have some of the treasure left in about. Right always was a nut. Could easily get a few more of gold in me. Stupid trunks!"	Nothing is missing from the vault.	Nothing in the vault appears to have been stolen, although royal trinkets and golden ornaments lay about. The Wyching Chalice has been knocked to the floor near the girl's body.
6	"I know the man's poison. My wife's a queen, and he was her man. She was all black! He did it one to the mother!"	Doris was poisoned by the misma.	The girl's games are black and her enemies are asked by black rings. He hangs isn't missing, but is raised black and shriveled. Her neck is enormously swollen.
8	"That poor girl, being forced on her knees in de robes, knees-about. Oh, didn't you notice the scratches...?"	Doris climbed through the small hole into the vault.	The dead girl's knees are freshly scraped.
10	"In all my years of hiding with the dead, I've never seen a man like this. He was a king. I finally recognized, get the whole, mind neck!"	A poisonous misma drifts out from the wall's cracks.	The walls and statues small slightly of sulfur. Anyone with the wall's cracks will make a DC 15 Fear server also suffer the misma's effects.
11	"I heard the sculptor begging the king for a favor, but couldn't quite make it out. Sound pretty important though. The man left in bare..."	The sculptor pleaded with the king to choose his mother for Quaff-tide.	You find a scroll of royal summons. The parchment is very wrinkled and stained.
12	"The sculptor never let anyone into his studio. I know, many folk said he was a bit of a nut, but he was a king. He was a king and it brought the king to tears!"	The sculptor barely began work on the Quaff-tide statue.	The Quaff-tide sculpture, which the king commissioned months ago, is hardly chiseled.

Continued...

ADVENTURE 01 - THE COAL SNOOT

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WHAT NEXT?

There are many ways for PCs to uncover the truths behind Doris Hamershek's murder: They may inspect the treasure vault and sculptor's studio; they may question relatives and acquaintances about the accused; they may acquire leads and confessions through magic. To keep the players feeling like detectives, and to avoid frustrating dead-ends, finding evidence should be fluid rather than rigid. For example, rather than requiring PCs to search in a specific spot (i.e. the ashes of the sculptor's fireplace) to discover the sculptor's parchment of royal summons, the judge should fluidly place the clue in a location which both makes sense within the adventure and is searched based on solid reasoning!

If the players seem completely lost: Have Hemlock nudge them in the right direction; have a watchman who was standing guard over the girl's body succumb to the miasma poisoning; have the creatures lurking within the ruins begin to surface, making horrific sounds between the walls of the vault and studio. Basically, draw your players to the ruins, which will get them back on the path to solving the mystery!

Suggested readings on running mystery adventures:

- *Advice on Running Mysteries in RPG's* by Dave Van Domelen
- *Three Clue Rule* by Justin Alexander



**Hemlock Bones Mystery Adventure #1,
The Coal Snoot © Clint Bohaty 2015**

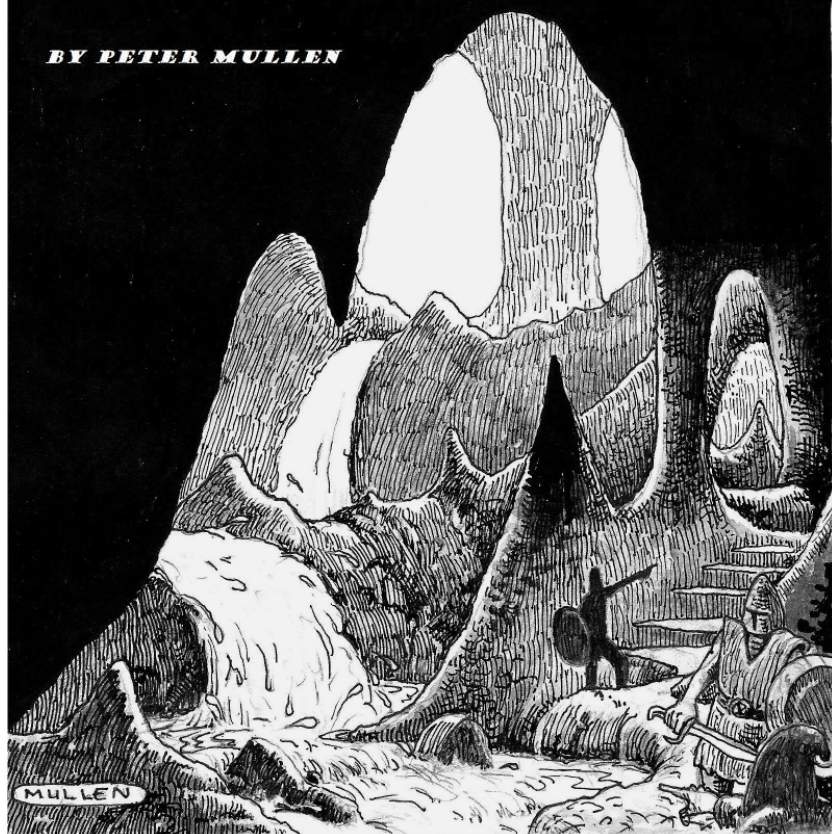
SEARCHING FOR MORE? WATCH FOR THESE UPCOMING ARTICLES!

- *Who is Hemlock Bones? A Character Profile and History*
- *The Magical Tools of Hemlock Bones*
- *Hemlock Bones Mystery Adventure #2*

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HEMLOCK BONES ARTICLES!**

THE MARVELOUS MYRIAD MYCONID CAVERNS

BY PETER MULLEN



Deep in the Endless Dungeons of Acererak among the labyrinthine tunnels and hidden grottoes gurgles a stream known locally for its wondrous, albeit unpredictable, properties. Sometimes the "Yimmer" will glow, other times it will heal wounds, neutralize poisons, or cure diseases. Conversely it may burn, blind, or mutate those that drink or bathe in it. Once a thriving section of the Dungeons, the caverns have become vacant and uninhabited.

Where once lush gardens were meticulously maintained now all are overgrown and abandoned; clear paths are now choked with rubble and detritus. Those that still scratch out an existence here are very furtive and attribute the change to a huge mysterious monster. Many of the old denizens have fled the area from fear and those travelers that do venture through these caverns are rarely seen again.

1. Dungeon Directory

Shoe-horn Jones is a Morse troll who lives under the pentagonal flagstone towards the East cave entrance. Designed by Acererak long ago to give directions to lost denizens, the Morse trolls communicate with each other over long distances using codes via tapping and scratching to ascertain what lies ahead and various areas sought can be found. The veracity of such information depends on mood and food given to it in exchange for directions. Morse trolls admire complicated knocks and secret codes, Morse being their favorite!



As any troll, they regenerate 3 HP per round unless fire or acid is applied. Picking fights with these little imps can be dangerous though as they can and will send out an APB to any large or numerous denizens that a wealthy group of adventurers are over at complex B8! Go get them before your old rival Rhughast the yellow ogre and his brothers in the C12 district gets there first! Any dwarf in the party will recognize the pentagonal stone they live under as a Morse troll directory.

2. Crashing Rocks

Seismic Slime coats the ceiling of this cavern and if any loud sounds pass below this patch will begin to emit ultrasonic frequencies into the stone and cause the ceiling to collapse on the heads of those that pass by. Such a tunnel collapse will cause 4d10 dmg unless a DC 14 Ref save is made for half damage. Fire burns it away quite handily though it is difficult to spot due to its transparency.

3. Dungeon Punks

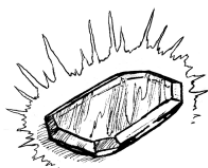
This fairly large cavern has several exits and is mostly devoid of debris and overgrowth. In the far corner is probably the most life-like stone sculpture of a horse you have ever seen. Over the years the degenerate locals have carved their initials and drawn graffiti all over it. Some of these degenerates are the dungeon punks a quartet of cave gremlin teen-agers that come here to smoke cigarettes, complain about their Mothers, lie about girls, look tough in their leather jackets and greased back hair, and generally hang out until they can make a nuisance of themselves.



The horse is the "centerpiece" of the little hoodlum's jokes and jeers. They are never surprised because of their incredible alertness and if adventurers show up they will attempt to steal little things and food when they sleep, or even hitch rides on a dare, but will not engage in any fight. These diminutive louts prefer to cast insults, heckle, and mock from a safe distance or hiding to make fart-jokes. They especially love to taunt dwarves! However if a party is cool and has a sense of humor and can withstand teen-agers, they may find these disrespectful little gremlins a good source of information.

They can describe "Moody Blues" the nickname they've given to Luggbodduggo as they don't know his real name, but remark about how he'll joke around with them one minute then chase after them the next -it all depends on his wild mood swings! The punks know that Edgar has been seen lurking about as well. That old spider! Surprisingly, they get very serious about "The Big Psycho-Troglodyte" whom they fear beyond words and relate the time one of them saw it emerge as silent as death out of the stream once with the most alarming look on its face, like it wasn't itself but possessed!

The Lithic Destrier is the magic steed of the long ago defeated adventurer group's wizard parked here along with the henchmen. When activated, the horse is very fast and does not tire and can bear large amounts of weight. However, after a full day of activation it must be parked for the night to recharge! Amongst all the graffiti and crude drawings with a careful search (DC 15), a wizard could find a set of activation runes on the neck. (DC 13 to successfully read and use -"Hi, Ho, Silver," or whatever the GM decides.) The saddlebags are long gone and all that remains are some of the bones of slain henchmen.



4. That Evil Arachnid

Edgar the Giant Spider has been lurking around lately as well. He hates those insolent gremlin punks but can never tell which one is the son of old Mama Cass, whom he fears! (Truth is, she is not a gremlin, only made to look like one and Edgar is one of the very few that know this and still lives!) This old oily killer has been around a long time, he's crafty, very smart, and exceedingly stealthy. However, Edgar, just like all male spiders is a "Momma's Boy" and has some unresolved family issues!

If discovered, Edgar could parley, but will stay unseen -talking to intruders is a last resort. Arrogant, stuffy, and condescending, Edgar is wickedly evil, but sensible, very patient and ultimately a survivor! If however, he can get a delicious Halfling ("Mother always liked those."), he will use subterfuge, perhaps ply "Moody Blues" to attack as a diversion, and snatch one from behind, while everyone is unawares!

Edgar's surviving siblings include his equally devious and intelligent younger sister Portia and his monstrous but very stupid older brother Barney, whom he actually checks in on every now and then because he promised his Mother he would look out for him after she was gone. Portia is far away, he hopes.

Edgar the Giant Spider:

Init +4; Atk bite +6 melee (dmg 1d10+poison Save vs. DC 16 poison or paralysis in 1d3 rounds until neutralized.); AC 14; HD 4d10; HP 35; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP *infravision* 100'; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +3; AL C.



In a satchel attached to his abdomen made out of webs Edgar keeps his prized possessions. In the satchel are three emeralds worth 50gp each in a leather pouch, several poisoned rats and large crickets, for later, a hand full of coins, an official dungeon emblem that allows access to level 5D (Where Barney lives.), and his Mother's old *Wand of Teleportation* used only in the most desperate of circumstances and to keep Portia off his trail which is difficult with the family heirloom in her possession but Edgar has used this as his back door ever since his mother's death ("Remember, my little darling (Edgar), you'll need this (wand), Portia can't forgive.") See *Wand of Teleportation* below for more information.

5. Holiday Angling

Sergeant Luggbodduggo (Nail-head Hobgoblin): Init +2; Atk battle axe +6 melee (dmg 1d10+6); AC 14; HD 4d8; HP 17; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP *infravision* 60'; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +2; AL L.

One of a rare breed of big blue hobgoblins in these parts, legend holds that a great Chaos Champion figured out a way to drive a nail into the hobgoblin's brain that allowed control over the creature's aggression depending on what "setting" the nail head is turned to. Usual settings include; berserk, assassin, guard, and kamikaze! There are others, depending on the adjudication of the GM. Lugg's is stuck on "Frenzy" which gives him a +2 to hit and dmg in melee.

This large blue hobgoblin uses a battle axe and on a hit "5" above what he needs "to hit" or on a natural "20" can attempt to bite the same foe for 1d6 dmg. Lugg's scaly hide has been branded with the chaos champion Hagrash's symbol under the allegiance rune of Errtu the pit fiend general. His treasure consists of a handful of silver and gold and his infernal "class ring" which is gold and has a lurid ruby set in it worth 50gp. A brochure advertising the "Marvelous Myriad Myconid Caverns" one of the top ten destinations in the Endless Dungeons and great fun for the whole

Family! And lastly his fishing pole and tackle. Lugg is a devoted angler and has fished most of the rivers in the Endless Dungeons. His one true ambition is to fish them all!

Lugg who is on "holiday" has found a comfy high ledge concealed from below by an overhang and is enjoying his well-earned vacation despite the caves not living up to their reputation in his brochure it is at least quiet (when the gremlins leave him be) and restful. Maybe tomorrow he'll get some fishing in.

6. Hydro Chimney

To get to the myriad fungus cavern one must climb up through the Hydro Chimney which requires a DC 16 Strength check to fight one's way up through the water. Once one makes it, a rope can be dropped to help others get pulled up.

7. Last of the Myriad Fungus Gardens

In the myriad fungus cavern the Puff-Ball Wizard works to concoct his elixir known as "Time Traveling Blues" a formula given to him by a mystical Orange Goblin. Once he's brewed enough, he plans to begin his long voyage through time and space under the auspices of this powerful potion. Inedible to Gorgosaurus and Grumgazz alike he is left to pursue his machinations, but keeps a powerful hallucinogenic powder around just in case.

Uttz the Puff-Ball Wizard of Mycetes-Thrax

Init +2; Atk dagger +2 melee (dmg 1d4+2) or spell; AC 14; HD 3d8 +2; HP 17; MV 20' or roll 40'; Act 1d20; SP Spells (W 3, spell check +5, spell:) and Camouflage / Blending ability; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +3; AL C.



Utzz's ability to change color at will along with his fungus form enable him to be invisible (6 in d7) while in a fungoid environment (4 in d7) in regular overgrown areas. Stuck to his fuzz ball body are several missile weapons that he will employ to scare and confront invaders.

Balloon bombs - These look like deflated balloons that Utzz can inflate, shake, and lob at a target which on impact pops and releases spores that daze the target and anyone within 10' who doesn't save vs. DC 13 poison check. If failed, the target is -1 to hit, dmg, and AC. He possesses (4) of these missiles.

Meat Fungus Pod -This unassuming pod is blueish and has a rigid shell that is fairly easy to crack open. Once opened it gives off a powerful rotten meat smell that easily sticks to any within 10' of its breaking and especially on the individual that opened it or had it cracked on him. This pod is kept in an emergency, as it will drive the sword *Gorgosaurus* (or any big predator) into a killing frenzy to get to that smell and will arrive in d3 rounds with Grumguzz!

Stacked neatly in a small alcove are several leathery fungus wineskins four of the five are full of Time Travelling Blues. This powerful recipe enables the imbiber to travel the Astral Plane to other dimensions and possibly times. Each wineskin contains 2 full potions. The distance travelled versus amount of potion should be adjudicated by the GM in all cases.

8. Monstrous Chieftain

The odious troglodyte chief Grumguzz is without his tribe of fanatics. Once a great and valiant leader of his kind, Grumguzz was de-evolved by the powerful magic of a "sun" wizard and the invasion of the "surface-worlders" years ago, as a result he became primitive and unbalanced. The surviving fanatics were faced with a madman chief who began feeding his own tribe or any

other luckless thing to the sword. They fled these caves and absconded with whatever wealth they could pilfer.

His coffers empty, Grumguzz lives in a near perpetual state of drug-induced delirium both from the emanations of the fungus grotto below his lair and the concoctions obtained from the alien puff-ball wizard who dwells there and in his rare lucid moments will barter with. A shadow of the great chief he was, he only ventures forth now on the occasions that he remembers hunger or by compulsion of his mighty sword's.

Grumguzz's lair is full of trash; broken containers, rags, bones and just plain junk. In the middle of the cave is the chief's nest in the same state of total disrepair. The one thing that is working well is an ornate water pipe that sits next to it. Forgotten in the corner is a cask of good wine. The chief wears his golden pectoral harness with lapis lazuli stones that adorn the collar which is worth 100gp.

Roll d8 to determine which is in control at the moment remember that should the chief lose consciousness the sword will take control and devour as much as it can!

(1) Gorgosaurus is in control! (2-4) Grumguzz is besotted and Gorgosaurus takes control! (5-7) Grumguzz is drugged out but maintains control! (8) Grumguzz is alert and ready to fight!

Grumguzz, Troglodyte Chief

Init +2; Atk sword +4 melee (dmg 1d8+4) and see below*; AC 15; HD 4d8 +4; HP 32; MV 30' or climb 10'; Act 2d20; SP *infravision* 100'; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +2; AL L.



Gorgosaurus Sword - this magic blade is for all intents and purposes a hand-held gorgosaurus as when it strikes, it leaves huge bite marks instead of slashes. It roars and is generally speaking the real deal theropod! It must be fed like any pet except this one consumes 30HD worth of "kills" and then goes inert for 1d3 days and acts as a regular sword. If Gorgosaurus goes days without eating, after a state of torpor, it will get restless and even take control of the wielder when their defenses are down such as when they sleep or if they are in a comatose state etc. They will awake to find there have been some gruesome murders around them but will have no memory of anything amiss (very similar to lycanthropy).

*Because of Gorgosaurus's ability to control Grumguzz depending on his state of coherence there are some circumstances where the sword will be in control. In this state the sword strikes at +10 melee and does 4-24 dmg per bite and can consume 30HD worth of victims before being sated and going inert. On a natural "20" it will swallow whole anything small sized such as a halfling or dwarf. It also has an incredible sense of smell and can track prey over long distances. When inert it works like a normal sword +1 and does the standard 1-8 dmg as any long sword.

Wand of Teleportation - This powerful wand enables its user to instantly travel by *teleportation* to a location within range, however it can be risky. To determine "charges" or power left in the wand, roll (1d12-1), if a "1" is rolled (i.e. 0) the wand uses its last bit of energy and must be recharged by a wizard.

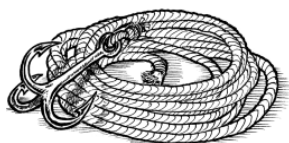
The use of this wand also requires the wielder to make a Luck check every time it is employed to determine the success of the *teleportation*. Characters can burn luck to increase their chances to succeed. In the hands of a wizard or elf, the character can spell burn points to do the same. The distance travelled depends on who is

using the wand; non-wizards can travel 1d20 X100 feet away from the original location while an elf or wizard can travel 1d20 X100 miles!

The wielder may also elect to try and *teleport* a "guest" along with them. This would require two Luck checks and two charge determinations on the part of the travelers. If however the "guest" is unwilling to go with the wand holder they would have to be grabbed which would require a successful attack and then would get a saving throw to resist the *teleportation*.

Should their Luck roll fail, consult the following list of possibilities:

- 1-14 Failed. No *teleportation* occurs and left to face whatever you are running from.
- 15 *Teleport* into an occupied space! You are now magically integrated into/with some other organism and must figure out a way to jointly pursue finding a means of reversal. Team work!
- 16 Sucked into another dimension.
- 17 Crash land on the Purple Planet!
- 18 Your body remains but your psyche/mind are *teleported* into another body -minds possibly switched (in which case the displaced mind may run off or wander away with their new body or track themselves down seeking vengeance!) or not switched and royally peeved at you for attempting to usurp their body!
- 19 The *teleportation* works but you find yourself in the same spot, only 800000 years in the future! A blaring siren from afar suggests there might be someone there who may know a way back to your own time....
- 20 Phased into a solid object which results in instant death.



Fungoid Fisticuffs

Level: 1
Range: Touch
Duration: Varies
Casting time: 1 action
Save: None (see below)

General The caster produces large fungoid gauntlets over his fists to fight opponents with.

Manifestation The wizard's hands metamorphose into big fungoid fists to bash at opponents with. As the spell increases in power the gauntlets grow in size and duration.

Corruption Roll 1d4: (1) hands swell into mushroom fingers that give a -2 to spell checks, (2) touch spoils any food caster attempts to eat 25% of the time, (3) body hair replaced with fungoid fuzz in color of GM choice but usually bright and garish, (4) caster is unable to stand sunlight and is -2 to any roll while outside during the day at night or underground the caster is normal!

Misfire Roll 1d4: (1) Instead of fists the fungus goes to the caster's feet impeding movement by -10', (2) all comestibles in wizards possession become moldy, mildewed and generally inedible, (3) The fungus fists are great puff-balls that swell up and explode shooting hallucinogenic spores into a cloud 20' feet in diameter.

All within cloud must make a DC 12 poison save or are -2 to hit and dmg for 5-8 rounds, (4) the (2) fungus fists are sentient and attack the wizard doing 1d8 dmg per round for 1d4 rounds.

1 Lost, failure, and worse! Roll 1d6 modified by Luck: (0 or less) corruption + patron taint + misfire; (1-2) corruption; (3) patron taint (or corruption if no patron); (4+) misfire.

2-11 Lost. Failure.

12-13 Fungi Fist. Hands turn into enlarged (+1 to hit) fungoid clobbering gloves for 1d3 points of damage on any successful strike. In addition, the fungus gloves are mildly poisonous and the opponent must save vs. DC 11 poison or be -1 to hit and dmg. The duration for this manifestation is 1-4 rounds.

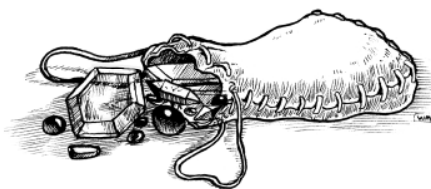
14-17 Fungi Fist. As above, the wizards hands turn into enlarged (+2 to hit) fungoid clobbering gloves but for 1d6 points of damage on any successful strike. These fungus fists are poisonous as well and inject stinging spores from projections that the opponent must save vs. DC 12 poison or suffer -2 to hit and dmg. The duration for this manifestation is 2-5 rounds.

18-19 Myconid Mitts. These big mitts are (+3 to hit) with two attacks a round and do 1d6+CL points of damage on any successful strike. They are poisonous and puff out hallucinogenic spores in their opponent's face that must save vs. DC 13 poison or suffer -3 to hit and dmg. The duration for this manifestation is 3-6 rounds.

- 20-23 Myconid Mitts. As above, these mitts are (+4 to hit) with two attacks a round and do 1d6+CL points of damage on any successful strike. They are poisonous, as well, and puff out hallucinogenic spores in their opponent's face that must save vs. DC 14 poison or suffer -3 to hit and dmg. In addition, if the caster can strike with 5 above what is needed to hit his opponent or on a natural "20" he pulls off the classic Moe Howard Eye Jab that blinds his opponent for 5-8 rounds! The duration for this manifestation is 4-7 rounds.
- 24-27 Myconid Mitts. As above, these mitts are (+5 to hit) with two attacks a round but do 2d6+CL points of damage on any successful strike. They are poisonous, as well, with hallucinogenic spores that opponents must save vs. DC 15 poison or suffer -3 to hit and dmg. In addition, if the caster can strike with 5 above what is needed to hit his opponent or on a natural "20" he delivers Curly's Gut Punch which drops the opponent to the ground retching and prone for 1d4 rounds! The duration for this manifestation is 5-8 rounds.
- 28-29 Mushroom Mallets. These mighty mallets are (+6 to hit) with two attacks a round and do 2d6+CL points of damage on any successful strike. They are poisonous, as well, with hallucinogenic spores that opponents must save vs. DC 16 poison or suffer -3 to hit and dmg. In addition, if the caster can strike with 5 above what is needed to hit his opponent or on a natural "20" he delivers Larry's Liver Shot which ruptures one of the opponent's organs and renders them prone until they are helped or healed! The duration for this manifestation is 1d3 turns.

30-31 Mushroom Mallets. These mighty mallets are (+7 to hit) with two attacks a round and do $3d6+CL$ points of damage on any successful strike. They are poisonous, as well, with hallucinogenic spores that opponents must save vs. DC 17 poison or suffer -3 to hit and dmg. In addition, if the caster can strike with 5 above what is needed to hit his opponent or on a natural "20" he delivers Shemp's Ugly Uppercut which knocks his opponent out of the melee and lands stunned and dazed with broken bones and possibly internal bleeding which will be fatal in 5-8 rounds unless healed. The duration for this manifestation is 1d3 turns.

32+ Zygo-Mauler. These Mycological maulers are (+8 to hit) with two attacks a round and do $3d6+CL$ points of damage on any successful strike. They are poisonous, as well, with hallucinogenic spores that opponents must save vs. DC 18 poison or suffer -3 to hit and dmg. In addition, if the caster can strike with 5 above what is needed to hit his opponent they are knocked unconscious for 5-8 rounds and on a natural "20" he delivers The Dempsey Duke which has a 2% chance per caster level to kill his opponent outright. If this fails he knocks his opponent out of the melee until healed. The duration for this manifestation is 1d3 turns.





May Flowers
A short 0-level funnel adventure
By Daniel J. Bishop

Introduction: Each May, fallow fields are plowed, preparing them for next year's planting. Preparing a long-disused area of scrubland for a new field, Farmer Rowntree's plow struck something hard. The "rock" turned out to be a woman's head, life-sized, made of hard dark-streaked marble, attached to a buried statue. Hoping to turn his discovery to money, he sent his son, Owen, back to fetch spades. When Owen returned, the fallow field had turned into a jungle of dark flowers and thickly twisted, thorny hedges. The farmer had uncovered the rest of the statue, an icon of the ancient Chaos goddess, *Flos Tenebrarum*, the Flower of Darkness.

Standard Monsters

Plant Creatures: Critical hits against plant creatures in this adventure may require some adjudication. If a critical effect cannot harm a plant, and no analogous effect could affect the creature, the critical hit is negated. Unless otherwise noted, plant creatures suffer half damage from bludgeoning weapons, and no damage from piercing weapons, but suffer full normal damage from slashing or chopping weapons. A 0-level PC with an appropriate occupation and weapon (a woodcutter attacking a thunder log with an axe, for instance) gains a 1d3 Deed Die.



Holy Symbols: *Flos Tenebrarum's* plant creatures are unholy to Choranus, Ildaver, and other deities who represent creation or unsullied nature. Any character who boldly presents a holy symbol of these gods may roll 1d7 + Prs modifier + Luck modifier: (3 or less) The character is preferentially targeted by all plant monsters for 1d3 rounds; (4-5) no effect; (6-7) all plant monsters within 30' suffer a -1d penalty on the dice chain for 1d5 rounds; (8-9) all plant monsters within 30' take 1d5 damage; (10+) all plant monsters within 30' take 1d7 damage and suffer a -2d penalty on the dice chain for 1d3 rounds.

Blackbell: Init +0; Atk slash +1 melee (1d3); AC 9; HD 1d3; MV 0'; Act 1d20; SP plant; SV Fort -2, Ref +0, Will +0; AL C.

Blackbells are animated flowering shrubs with tiny purple-black bell-like flowers. They can slash at creatures within 5' with their thorny branches. A blackbell shrub is 1d3+4' tall and has a diameter of half its height.

Dark Lily: Init +0; Atk wooden "dagger" +0 melee (1d3); AC 12; HD 1d5; MV 20'; Act 1d16; SP entrance (Will DC 10), lead away, plant; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +3; AL C.

These plant creatures appear as dark olive green women no taller than a halfling, with glossy black hair. They exude a powerful pheromone that entrances mammalian creatures within 20' who fail to make a Will save (DC 10). Entranced creatures take no action, but can be led away by the dark lilies at a movement rate of 10' each round. A creature led by dark lilies gains an additional save each round, otherwise only gaining a new save every 6 minus Intelligence modifier rounds.

Creatures whose senses are impaired (such as by a cloth wrapped around the nose and mouth) gain a +4 bonus to these saves; those who have no sense of smell, or whose sense of smell is overpowered (for example, if the same cloth were soaked in a strong-smelling substance) are immune.

Dark lilies do not speak, or vocalize in any way. Under duress, a dark lily will attack with a "dagger" of sharpened wood.

Dire Foxglove: Init +2; Atk touch +0 melee (poison); AC 8; HD 1d3+1; MV 25'; Act 2d16; SP poison (Fort DC 7, 1d3 damage), plant; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; AL C.

A 7' tall, spindly plant with four "arms" and a dried flower "head" resembling a skull, dire foxgloves can pass through the hedge "walls" of the fane as though they were not there. Their touch does no damage, but delivers a poison doing 1d3 damage (Fort DC 7 negates).

Flower Zombie: Init -4; Atk bite +0 melee (1d3); AC 8; HD 1d8; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP plant; SV Fort +4, Ref -4, Will +0; AL C.

Villagers reduced to 0 Stamina by a thunder log become flower zombies, and are treated as plant creatures. Their bodies sprout flowers, and they are animated by roots growing through their flesh. A plant zombie arises 2d5 minutes after death, unless the body is burned.

Man-Eating Cowslip: Init -2; Atk gore +2 melee (2d3) or bite +0 melee (1d3); AC 12; HD 2d8+4; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP plant, swallow whole, digestion; SV Fort +2, Ref -4, Will +0; AL C.

This large creature looks almost like a bull, with thorny teeth and horns growing from a flower-like head. On a natural "20", instead of normal critical effects,

the cowslip swallows its prey whole. It can only swallow one creature, who must make a DC 10 Fort save each round to avoid 1d3 damage from the plant's digestion.

Penumbral Bees: These shadowy violet insects produce black honey as thick as treacle. Each deep-purple colored hive holds 1d3 doses of honey, each of which can be used to heal 1d7 hp damage, or be used as a component for arcane spells, adding a +1d3 bonus to the spell check. Each time a PC checks a hive for a dose, roll a DC 10 Fort save to avoid 1d3 Personality damage due to mind-altering stings. A PC whose Personality falls below 3 becomes an NPC adherent of *Flos Tenebrarum* and instantly attacks.

Pierceblossom: Climbing flowers similar to violet pea blossoms, they have muted red pods ending with a sharp thorn each. When a creature comes nearby, tendrils cause the pierceblossom to shoot forth 1d3 pods (attack +2 melee, poison Fort DC 10 or 1d3 Stamina damage).

Pit-Roses: These plants create a recess in the ground 5' in diameter and 10' deep. A thin layer of interwoven branches grows on the top. Any weight over the top causes the branches to withdraw, and the creature that stepped atop falls for 1d6 damage unless a DC 20 Reflex save is successful. Springy foliage at the bottom prevents broken bones, but thick, foot-long thorns ensure normal falling damage otherwise. The flowers grow within, feeding on anything in the pit (Fort DC 10 or suffer 1d3 Strength damage), latching on at the end of long tendrils to drain blood. The pit can be climbed with a DC 5 check, but reopening the top from within requires a DC 7 Strength check. The flowers can feed anywhere within the pit.

Thunder Log: Init -2; Atk shoot seeds +3 ranged (1); AC 15; HD 1d8+3; MV 10'; Act 1d20; SP plant, seeds; SV Fort +4, Ref -5, Will +2; AL C.

This appears to be a hollow log. Close inspection shows that four stubby branches are actually legs, and it has a number of knotholes which are actually "eyes" spread over its body. Thunder logs contain seeds which they can expel violently, targeting all within a single 10' area up to 30' away. Anyone struck by the seeds takes only 1 hp damage, but must succeed in a Fort save (DC 10) every minute, or plants growing from the seeds will cause 1d5 points of Agility, Strength, or Stamina damage (equal chance of each).

The condition can be ended by making three successful saves, by smearing 1 dose of penumbral bee honey on the wound, or with 2 dice of clerical healing. Creatures slain by these seeds arise 2d5 minutes later as flower zombies.

The Fane of Flos Tenebrarum

Start: *Owen Rowntree came pelting down the streets of your village with some wild story about his father finding a statue buried in a scrub field. Then, while Owen was sent to bring a couple of shovels to dig it up, a cathedral of flowering plants had grown where the new field had been. There was no doubting that the boy was frightened, so a group of you went out to see for yourselves. And, sure enough, a maze of dark growing things, like a flowered temple or a bower, was now growing where once there had been nothing more than a weed- and bramble-choked waste lot. The tangled plants are a dark, lustrous green color. Even the blossoms, as numerous as stars in the night sky, seem muted. A clear opening, arched like the entrance to a church, invites you in, for good or for ill. Two spades lie abandoned several yards from the entrance.*

Waiting: Three hours of daylight remain when the adventure starts. Some players may wish to prepare before entering the temple-like garden.

At nightfall, the dark flowers become more active. Each gains +3 bonus hit points, and all save DCs to notice or avoid "trap" blooms are at a -2 penalty. During daylight hours on subsequent days, this penalty goes away, but the bonus hit points do not. Each full night that the idol of *Flos Tenebrarum* is left unburied, double the number of each type of mobile plant in the adventure.

On the third night, the plants begin to attack the closest villagers, dragging them into the fane of *Flos Tenebrarum* to convert into flower zombies. Isolated PCs may be attacked in their homes. After five nights, the village is abandoned by any not yet converted.

Fire: The influence of *Flos Tenebrarum* prevents Her garden temple from burning. Even liberal use of oil does nothing more than create a thick, oily cloud of smoke that fills a 20' area for 1d5 rounds. All within the area must make a DC 10 Fort save each round or take 1d3 points of temporary Strength, Agility, or Stamina damage from choking. This damage is healed after breathing fresh air for 10 minutes. Plants are immune.

Pushing Through Hedges: Characters may attempt to push or chop their way through the "walls" of the fane. A thin wall can be chopped through in 1 round or pushed through with a DC 10 Strength check. Thicker walls require a Strength check to move 5' in a single round: DC 10 with a chopping weapon, or DC 15 without. Every round of pushing through hedges requires a DC 5 Reflex check to avoid 1d3 points of Strength, Agility, or Stamina damage due to the thick, irritating, and thorny growth. Characters who encounter a monster while pushing through the walls suffer a -1d penalty on the dice chain until they are clear of the growth. Holes made by PCs last 1d7 minutes before they are regrown enough to disappear (1d7 rounds after nightfall).

Wandering Monsters

Roll 1d14 every turn:

1d14 Result

1-4 No encounter

5-6 Dark lilies (1d5+1)

7-8 Dire foxgloves (1d3, 1 in 3 chance of emerging from a wall)

9-11 Flower zombies (all existing, or 2d3)

12-13 Man-eating cowslip (1)

14 Thunder log (1)

Encounter Areas

1 - Entrance Chamber: *The entrance arches high overhead, allowing you to enter the interwoven flowery bower that was, just this morning, scrubland. The plants are all dark green, with waxy, bruised looking leaves. Many of the flowers are dark as well - deep red, purple, even black - but some are bright as summer daisies. Just beyond the entrance is a clearing, about 40 feet in diameter and open to the sky. Two passages lead deeper in, one to the north and one to the west. From somewhere far within, you can smell the scent of honey.*

Initial monster placements are noted on the map, with the exception of High Priest Rowntree and the statue of *Flos Tenebrarum* in Area 3. The Judge is encouraged to move mobile creatures in response to PC actions, assuming that the creatures have an awareness of what occurs within 10' of their current position (30' at night). Wandering monsters do not count against those shown on the map. Note that dire foxgloves tend to remain hidden within the hedges, unless encountered as wandering monsters. Dark lilies attempt to lead PCs to other, more hazardous, plants. The characters are safe until they attempt to move out of this area or night falls.

All "passages" are completely covered by growing plants, and are 15' high. The numbered areas are open to the sky, with "walls" 18' high.

2 - Antechamber: *The twisting passages finally open to the sky again in a clearing maybe 40 feet across. The dark grass is sprinkled with tiny yellow and white flowers. You can see two other archways allowing exit from this place. From one of them comes a sonorous chanting, like a human voice mingled with the droning of bees.*

The sound comes from Area 3.

3 - Flos Tenebrarum: *The archway leads into another clearing. Across the clearing is a dark marble statue of a beckoning woman, her body clad only in flowers, both carved of stone and twining from deep green vines with waxy leaves. Standing before the image, Farmer Rowntree is clad now only in living flowers, whose roots and tendrils weave in and out of his flesh. He wears a crown of black roses, their thorny roots sunk deep into his eyes and skull. Shadowy violet bees buzz around his head, seemingly joining him in an unending, droning chant. The statue is still next to where it was buried...it is inconceivable that a single man could have lifted it from the pit. A great mound of dirt lies nearby.*

Every surviving plant creature within 30' immediately moves to protect the statue as soon as either Farmer Rowntree or the statue is interfered with.

It requires a DC 15 Strength check to topple the statue into the pit, and 5 DC 10 Strength checks to cover it sufficiently to end its influence (at which point all plant creatures and Farmer Rowntree become inanimate). When covering the statue, a character whose occupation includes shoveling (including gongfarmers and grave-diggers) rolls 1d20; all others roll 1d10. A shovel or similar instrument is required; without a proper tool,

each success counts as half a successful check (rounded down). If the PCs look around, they can discover Farmer Rowntree's hoe in the hedge with a DC 5 Intelligence check.

A character who touches the statue with bare flesh must succeed in a DC 10 Will save or lose 1d3 points of Intelligence and Personality each round until the save succeeds. If either reaches 0, the character instantly becomes a flower zombie.

Farmer Rowntree is AC 8 and has 30 hp. He continues to chant no matter how wounded he becomes. If he is slain before the statue is covered, have all PCs roll a Will save, modified by Luck. The lowest result is instantly slain (no save), becoming the next priest of *Flos Tenebrarum*. This character sprouts vines and roses, and takes up the chant without interruption.

Conclusion

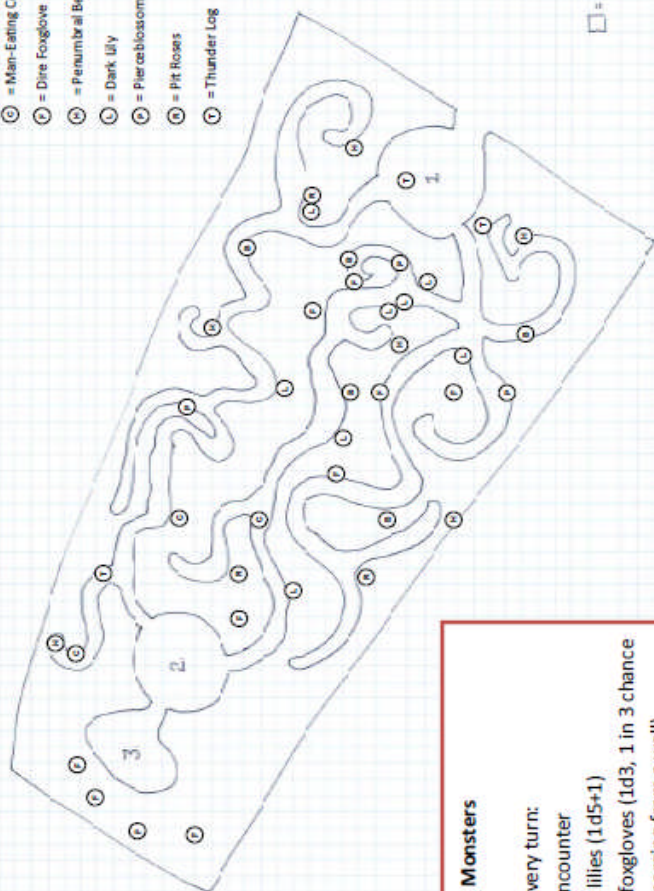
If the judge desires, the influence of *Flos Tenebrarum* may extend somewhat beyond Her statue's re-interment, allowing her to become a deity for a Chaotic cleric, or the patron of a wizard or elf.

A week later, news of these events reaches the local lord, Dame Leah Wychwood. After another week, she comes into the village to reward those who boldly dealt with the accursed statue. She offers arms, armor, or other reasonable equipment to a value not greater than 100 gp per surviving PC. The judge should select the items awarded based upon the characters and the needs of his campaign.

After rewarding the PCs before the entire village, and throwing a grand feast in their honor, Dame Wychwood confides in them. A problem plagues another of her holdings, which requires daring adventurers to deal with....

The Fane of Flos Tenebrarum

- ⊙ = Blackbell
- ⊙ = Man-Eating Cowslip
- ⊙ = Dire Foxglove
- ⊙ = Perumbral Bee Hive
- ⊙ = Dark Lily
- ⊙ = Pieræblossom
- ⊙ = Pit Roses
- ⊙ = Thunder Log



Wandering Monsters

- Roll 1d14 every turn:
- 1-4 No encounter
 - 5-6 Dark lilies (1d5+1)
 - 7-8 Dire foxgloves (1d3, 1 in 3 chance of emerging from a wall)
 - 9-11 Flower zombies (all existing, or 2d3)
 - 12-13 Man-eating cowslip (1)
 - 14 Thunder log (1)

Tomb of the Thrice-Damned War Witch

A Level 4 Adventure

By Jon Hook

Introduction

Ancient legends describe the tale of a powerful war witch who raised an army of the dead to rule the lands of man, but today those myths are used to frighten unruly children, as no one still believes the old fable. That is, until you recently discovered a scroll that describes the war witch's final resting place, and the powerful riches buried with her.

Adventure Background

Many believe the scroll to be a piece of fiction, but something in your gut told you that it was authentic. After a three day trek into the desert, you found the mountain described in the scroll; you found the entrance to the tomb of the thrice-damned war witch, Elahai. She was such a powerful warrior sorceress that once she was defeated it took three powerful curses to contain her. The curses are:

Damned be her mortal flesh.
Damned be her immortal spirit.
Damned be her for eternity.

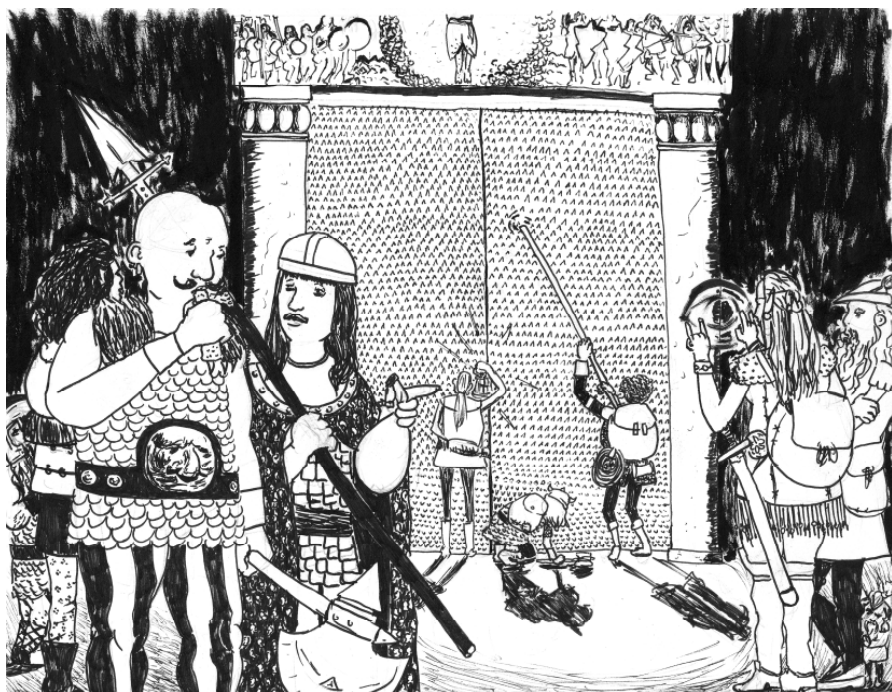
The curses are powerful wards that not only contain Elahai in her tomb, but they are also designed to keep tomb robbers out. The scroll also describes how the enchanted sword known as Sarron Darkstar and the powerful wand known as Obezaeth were entombed with her because they were too powerful to be left in the world. The scroll also includes a rough map of the tomb.

Starting the Adventure

The adventurers begin standing before the magically sealed doors to the thrice-damned war witch's tomb with the scroll in their hands.

Encounter Table

Area	Type	Encounter
1-1	P	Riddle to enter the tomb
1-3	P	Clues for the types of defensive curses the adventurers will face
1-4	P,C	Door/Key puzzle, skeletal army
1-5	C	A pair of banshees
1-6	C,T	Elahai the War Witch/Mummy, flood trap



Area 1-1: The Door - The grand entrance to the tomb is flanked by a pair of twenty-foot tall, fluted granite columns. The columns support a lintel that depicts armies of men and elves in battle against a lone female figure that radiates with energy. The huge doors to the tomb are covered in hundreds of inch long metal spikes, and there is no sign of a lock or handle.

The scroll the adventurers have instructs them to *"Invoke dark favors from thy patron to reveal hidden scripture engraved upon the portal's stoop, for it is the key to gaining entrance to the tomb beyond."* The adventurers need to cast *Read Magic* upon the threshold before the doors; another page of the scroll contains the spell if the adventurers need it. Casting the spell on the threshold reveals the following riddle:

Before you stands the portal firm,
The thrice-damned war witch beyond interned.
Locked but not keyed,
The red iron you need.
With sanguine knock, speak your line,
From you to your father's father time.

To solve the riddle, at least one adventurer must injure one of his hands on any one of the hundreds spikes on the door. Then, with the bleeding hand, that adventurer must knock on the door as he speaks aloud his own name, and the father that begot him, and the grandfather that begot his father. The doors swing open outward, and stay open for three minutes. The doors swing open easily if they are pushed open from the inside.

Area 1-2: The Foyer - *The ancient tomb exhales as the doors swing open; centuries old dust filled air flows over the you. A pair of statues of hooded and robed men with their heads bowed; each figure holds a small piece of uniquely shaped wood. The floor is hard-packed sand and gravel.*

Each statue holds 1/6th of a star-shaped three-dimensional puzzle. The completed puzzle is the key needed to enter Area 1-5: The Sarcophagus. Unless otherwise noted, the floor of the tomb is hard-packed sand and gravel. If the adventurers dig into the floor, they discover skeletal bodies piled all over each other. A skeletal army lies under the floor in Area 1-2: The Foyer, Area 1-3: The Hall, and Area 1-4: The Ante-Chamber.

Area 1-3: The Hall - The plaster walls of this long hall are covered in a beautiful fresco that depicts armies of men and demi-humans waging war against a hoard of undead led by Elahai the war witch. Dry torches nest in wall sconces on either side of the hall every twenty-five feet. As the you near the end of the hallway, the fresco depicts Elahai being overwhelmed by the forces of light, and that three curses were needed to trap her in this tomb. Her mortal flesh is damned. Her immortal spirit is damned. And a damnation of eternity is placed upon her. The final image on the fresco is of Elahai being burned at the stake.

With a successful DC 12 Intelligence test, the adventurer surmises that the defensive measures of the tomb are tied to the curses. Theoretically then, one defense will involve damned flesh, another will involve damned spirits, and the final will be a damnation of eternity. But, the exact natures of the defenses are not illustrated in the fresco.

Area 1-4: The Ante-Chamber - Four statues of hooded and robed men with their heads bowed stand here, one in each corner of the room. Each holds a strangely carved piece of wood in its hands. A banded and studded portcullis blocks the archway to an adjoining room which has a large sarcophagus inside. There is a small star-shaped recess in the wall next to the portcullis doorway.

As soon as the first piece of wood is removed from a statue's hand in this room, then the skeletal army buried under the floors in Area 1-2: The Foyer and Area 1-3: The Hall begin to stand up. Each skeleton has dry bits of flesh clinging to its bones, and they reach out toward the adventurers with their clawed hands as they advance.

Damned Skeletal Army (40): Init +0; Atk claw +0 melee (1d4); AC 9; HD 1d8; hp 6 each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead, half damage from piercing and slashing weapons, grab and drag into the earth; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL CE.

A single adventurer can be attacked by up to three damned skeletons in a single combat round. If an adventurer is successfully damaged by three damned skeletons in a single combat round, while inside Area 1-4: The Ante-Chamber, then that adventurer has been grabbed by the three damned skeletons that have surrounded him. A fourth pair of skeletal arms then reaches up from the floor to grab the adventurer's legs; this grab does zero damage. There are ten additional damned skeletons buried under the floor in Area 1-4: The Ante-Chamber, but these skeletons are specifically designed to assist in the grabbing and dragging into the earth special ability. Beginning on the next combat round, the adventurer is slowly pulled into the earthen floor, along with all of the damned skeletons that are holding onto him.

It takes three combat rounds for a human or elven adventurer to be dragged into the ground. It only takes two combat rounds for a dwarf or halfling adventurer to be dragged into the ground. During each round, the captured adventurer can only attempt a DC 15 Strength test. With a successful save roll, the adventurer has not only broken the grasp that the damned skeletons had on him, but he may also make a regular combat attack roll in the same round. Adventurers that are pulled completely underground may a final DC 18 Strength test to stick their hands out of the ground to claw their way out, otherwise they die.

A DC 12 Intelligence test is required by the adventurer that collects all six pieces of wood from the statues to assemble the pieces into a three-dimensional star-shaped puzzle. Placing the completed puzzle into the recess on the wall opens the portcullis. It takes two combat rounds for the portcullis to completely rise. A lever inside Area 1-5: The Sarcophagus can raise and lower the portcullis as needed. The skeletons pursue the adventurers into Area 1-5: The Sarcophagus, unless they lower the portcullis. When the portcullis is

lowered, the star-shaped puzzle key is popped out of its niche and falls to the floor. The puzzle falls apart on impact with the ground.

Area 1-5: The Sarcophagus - *As the portcullis lowers, the skeletal army beyond begins a slow and silent retreat back into the hallway. You can see the skeletons sinking back into the earth. The room you are now in has a large sarcophagus dominating the room. A pair of granite statues of hooded and robed men stands there, one on each side of the sarcophagus, holding the lid of the sarcophagus closed. The walls, floor, and ceiling of this room are constructed of smooth white marble.*



The sarcophagus was constructed in such a manner that it is impossible to remove the lid of the sarcophagus without first breaking the hands of the statues that hold it down and closed. A DC 10 Strength test successfully breaks the hands of one of the statues.

Once the hands of both statues are broken, a pair of banshees emerge, each from the hood of the statue, and attack everyone inside this room. If the adventurers flee from this room, either onward to Area 1-6: The Pyre, or back to Area 1-4: The Ante-Chamber, the banshees return to the statues to hide. They will attack again if the adventurers re-enter the room.

Damned Banshees (2): Init +2; Atk special; AC 10; HD 2d12+2; hp 18, 20; MV fly 40'; Act 1d20; SP *grave scream* (three times per hour, all mortal creatures within 100' take 1d6 sonic damage, a DC 12 Fort Save to resist 1d4 hours of deafness), *draining touch* (+6 melee, 1d4+1 loss of STR, AGL, or STA), vulnerable to silver (double damage from silver weapons); SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +6; AL C.

The sarcophagus is constructed entirely of granite, and the lid is large and heavy. A successful DC 15 Strength check is required by each of two adventurers attempting to move the lid; each additional adventurer that assists reduces the DC check value by 3. Once the lid is removed, the adventurers discover that the sarcophagus is filled with dark water. If the water is probed, the adventurers discover that there is no bottom to the sarcophagus, and that a water filled tunnel goes down below the floor of the room.

Adventurers that attempt to swim through the dark water filled tunnel to Area 1-6: The Pyre must make a successful DC 12 Fort save. Adventurers still successfully complete the swim through the tunnel with a failed save roll, but they suffer 2d3 points of damage. It takes almost two minutes to swim through the flooded tunnel.

Area 1-6: The Pyre - *This circular room has a high, domed ceiling with a hole at the top that likely vents to out of the mountain judging from the cool air flowing in. The room is bare, except for a pyre of*

half-burned lumber, and a tall stake erected from the middle. The charred and mummified husk of a woman's body is bound to the stake, the blackened shreds of a gag still clinging to her lips. A large blue gem containing a maelstrom of energy is attached to a silver chain that hangs around the woman's neck. The walls and floor are whitewashed, except for behind the pyre where the wall is streaked with soot.

Elahai was a priestess for the arch-devil, Rhoon. Elahai's quest for ultimate power led her to become a living lich able to lead and command legions of undead. Elahai's elevation to the next tier of her transformation would have made her indestructible, but it was thwarted by her defeat. Despite the measures taken to defeat Elahai, she could not be destroyed, so an enchanted jewel was hung around her neck to keep her in stasis for an eternity.

The enchantments in the jewel not only keep Elahai in a death-like stasis, it is also designed to attack anyone who enters this chamber. It takes two rounds for the jewel to charge up, but once charged the jewel fires up to three *black lightning bolts* (3d8 damage) per round, for a maximum of ten rounds. If a single *lightning bolt* inflicts 20 points of damage or more, then that target, (if combustible), is also ignited into flame (additional 1d6 damage). As long as the flames are not extinguished, they continue to inflict 1d6 damage per combat round. After the jewel has exhausted its energy, it needs an hour to recharge. The jewel attacks with three d20 action dice, one die per target.

If the jewel is targeted by *Dispel Magic*, a spell check result of 23 or less interrupts the jewel for the current and following combat rounds; a spell check result of 24 or greater deactivates the jewel and sets it on a one hour recharge cycle. Dropping the jewel into the water also triggers the one hour recharge cycle.

If anyone places the jewel and chain around their own neck, then that adventurer is instantly placed into a deathless coma. If the jewel is struck by any weapon, then there is a 20% chance that the chain will be damaged, and the jewel and chain will fall from Elahai's neck and drop into the pyre. The pyre must be torn down in order to find the jewel. If the jewel is in the pyre, it suffers a -2d penalty on its action dice.

Centuries under the thrall of the jewel after being burned at the stake, has transformed Elahai from a powerful witch into a powerful mummy. If the jewel is removed from Elahai's neck, then her mummified corpse awakens and starts thrashing against its bonds. Elahai breaks her ancient and frail bonds in a single combat round.

Elahai the War Witch

(Mummy): Init +1; Atk choke +3 melee (1d4 / 2d4 / 3d4 / etc), magic (6th level cleric); AC 11; HD 10d12+8; hp 77; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP spells, damage reduction 5, mummy rot, vulnerable to fire, un-dead traits; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +12; AL CE.

Elahai's transformation into un-death has bestowed all of the traits of a mummy, and she has retained her faith in Rhoon, so she still has access to her clerical and patron spells. Elahai cannot be reasoned with and will not stop fighting for any reason. If

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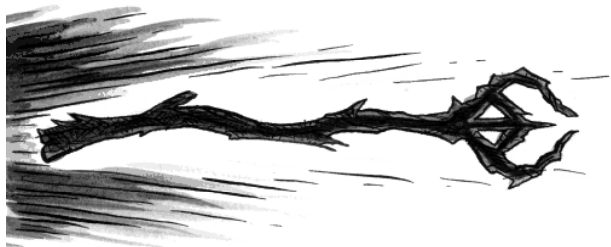
Elahai can slaughter the adventurers, then she will escape from her tomb and raise a new army to conquer the realm.

The sword, **Sarron Darkstar**, and the wand, **Obezaeth**, are hidden under the floor beneath the pyre. If the pyre is torn down and cleared away, the adventurers clearly see a rectangular shaped seam in the floor that is 10" wide and 55" long. The rectangular stone in the floor is trapped; it sits on a pressure trigger and will be set off if the stone is moved. It is possible for a skilled thief to detect (DC 12) and disarm (DC 15) this trap. Removing the stone without disarming the trap causes the water levels in the tunnel the adventurers swam through to rise rapidly, at a rate of 1' every five minutes at both ends of the flooded tunnel.

Inside the hidden hole in the floor is an oiled cloth wrapped around the long sword, **Sarron Darkstar**, and an ivory box containing **Obezaeth**.

Sarron Darkstar: +2 long sword; AL C; Int 18; empathic communication; when confronted with treasure the wielder of **Sarron Darkstar** must succeed on a DC 12 Will save or be overcome with greed; **Sarron Darkstar** can ignite into flame three times a day for 6 rounds each, 1d6 additional flame damage, DC 10 Ref save for target to avoid catching fire; **Sarron Darkstar** also grants the wielder resistance to fire, wielder ignores the first 3 points of fire damage, per attack, and gains a +1 to fire-based saving throws.

Sarron Darkstar was forged from one of Rhoon's teeth, and Rhoon speaks to the wielder of **Sarron Darkstar** through the sword. Eventually, the wielder shall bend to Rhoon's will and become his new servant.



Obezaeth: This is the tool created by Rhoon and given to Elahai so that she may move her army across vast distances in a single bound. Once a day, **Obezaeth** can open a portal large enough to march squads of soldiers and siege engines through for 1d3 hours. The spell is similar to *Planar Step*, but with a much larger portal.

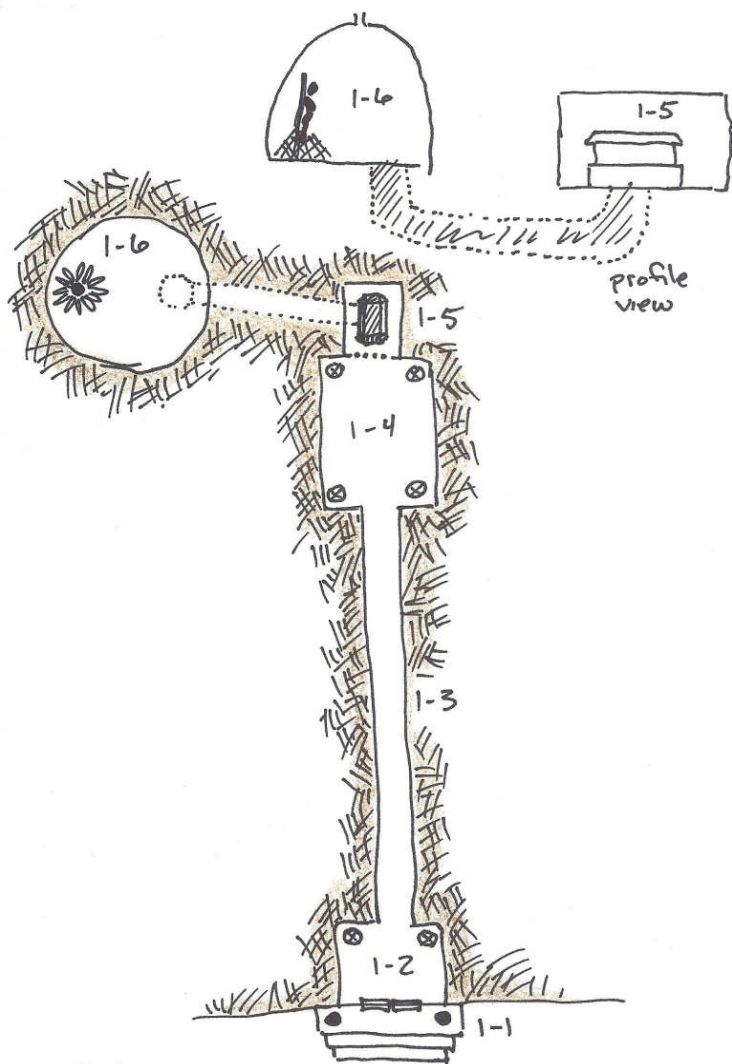
Concluding the Adventure

It is a fool's journey to enter the Tomb of the Thrice-Damned War Witch, but sometimes there is no talking sense into anyone. For those who are able to defeat Elahai and retrieve **Sarron**

Darkstar and **Obezaeth** from her funeral pyre, then they are powerful indeed. But beware, for Rhoon is a powerful and patient arch-devil; he bides his time, waiting for the right time to rise again. And those that possess and use his tools are first to do his bidding.

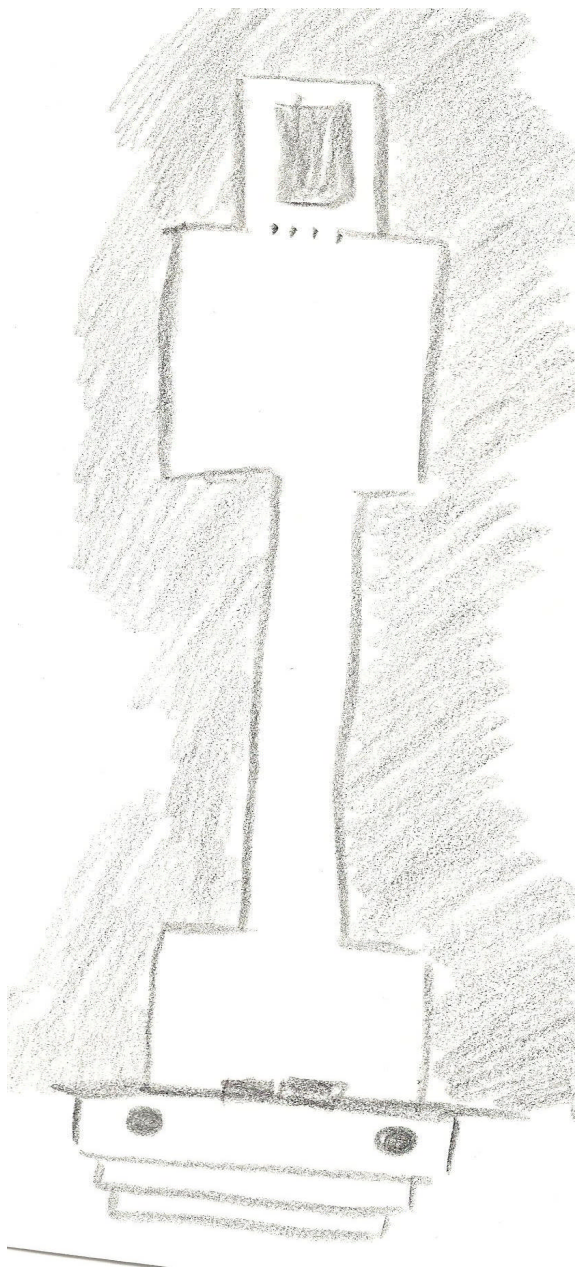


Judge's Map



10' Tomb of the Thrice-Damned War Witch

The sketch of the Tomb as contained in the scroll
provided to the characters:



The Worm Cult of Laserskull Mountain

By Noah Stevens

Editor's Note: this is a description of an adventure site, describing multiple factions that inhabit a mountain and the tunnels that run through it. There are no stats provided, which means that a Judge can scale the opposition to his players as he see fit, with a little work. Words in all caps refer to important monsters or NPCs.

For ages, the sentient beings of this quadrant have provided the mortal remains of their cherished dead to the EMBALMERS, managed and ruled by their dirge-singing CRYSTALOID COMPUTER. Until recently, all was well and business was good, despite long periods of restless cryo-sleep punctuated by mass deliveries and a frenzy of work. However, within the past cycle, a cult of WORM WORSHIPPERS has entered the mountain and begun to dig ceaselessly downward, while the EMBALMERS slept and the CRYSTALOID COMPUTER was corrupted by the presence of the WORM GOD. The WORM WORSHIPPERS hunt blindly in the dark for a HUMMING EGG, the natal form of their awful deity. Perhaps the EGG vibrates at frequencies in tune with the crystals of the super-intelligent computer in the mountain's peak.

Upon the recent arrival of the ANDROID ENCHANTRESS to the mountain workshops, the common areas of the complex were converted to a forward operating base in her endless battle with the CYBERLICH. She cares not for the struggles of the mountain's residents, and tolerates the WORM WORSHIPPERS since they supply MUTANTS, ZOMBORGS, and SLAVES for her front lines. When she is pressed, she will vacate the mountain and engage in sorcerous combat with her undead foe, leaving leagues of waste in her jet-wash.

The mountain's peak has more than a CRIMSON VOIDGUN and a graven skull upon it, and is home to a flock of HARPY GHOULS. The base of the mountain is rippling with REALITY BLISTERS, caused by the CRYSTALOID COMPUTER's efforts to drive off the HUMMING EGG with sub-dimensional harmonics. The blisters are gates to other places and times. Lastly, a village of SHEEPLIE lies directly to the magnetic east - in the ages past they provided workers and trade to the mountain-dwellers. They deal loosely with the HARPY GHOULS as they are able, and quake in fear of the mountain's newer and crueller occupants.

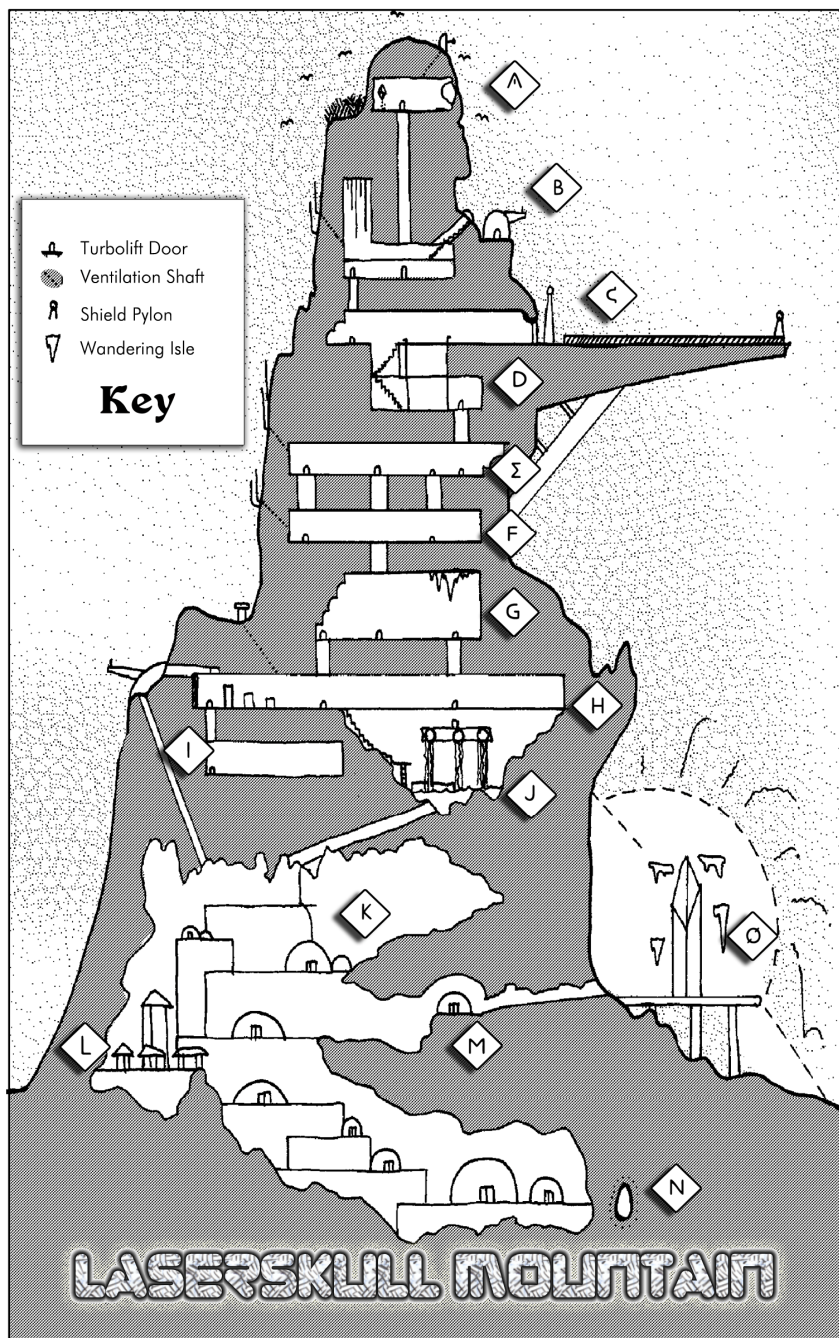
It is possible that as the PCs arrive on the scene, many dire circumstances are reaching a critical threshold; the CYBERLICH approaches, MUTANTS in the mines may be about to rebel, or the COMPUTER has gone irrevocably mad. Even worse, the imminent recovery of the EGG would signal a frenetic new power in the area, bent upon scorching to atoms the last remnants of a once-vibrant civilization.

What follows is a rough guide to the areas within LASERSKULL MOUNTAIN:

A: The Peak. Internally, the lair of the CRYSTALOID COMPUTER, head-accountant and manager for the EMBALMERS. The HEAD EMBALMER and a small crew of acolytes sleep here, only rousing the mountain's machines when signals come from orbital satellites. They have recently awoken to find their home raided and much of their cult liquidated to make ZOMBORGS and MUTANTS to toil in the mines below. They are eager to rid the mountain of the presence of the WORM WORSHIPPERS, but stymied by the latter's allegiance with the ENCHANTRESS. Without, The Peak is home to the leathery HARPY GHOULS, who will ferry bipeds to and fro if seduced or otherwise allied with. They are on good terms with the SHEEPLIE to the east. The CRYSTALOID COMPUTER can be a patron or Neutral Deity.

If the party does not stray far the orbital satellites can provide aetheric force within 50 miles of the mountain. It is slightly mad, and focused internally on the struggle with the EGG deep in the mountain's recesses. It is unaware that its psychic battles cause venting of strange energies that damage the mountain's very base.





B: The CRIMSON VOIDGUN and the TEMPLE OF THE CRYSTALOID COMPUTER. Being averse to causing the actual deaths of other sentients, the EMBALMERS use strange crimson energies to place attackers in a lightless anti-dimension rather than kill them outright. Hateful succubi and skeleton-demons live within the CRIMSON VOID, and blasts from the VOIDGUN are only unleashed in the direst emergencies. Management of the business of embalming is completed on this level as well, and the records of a million deaths and interments are kept in the library spire, accessible only by chain-harness or grav-boot. Several VOIDGUNS stud the mountain at various heights and elevations, but all are able to be aimed and need only charge a while before providing a frightful (but non-lethal!) battery.

C: The Gangway. The Gangway is retracted for arrivals of spacefaring vessels. SHIELD PYLONS can be fine-tuned to provide tractor-beams if the players side with the EMBALMERS. The ANDROID ENCHANTRESS' SHOGGOTH SKIFFS are parked here, and her lieutenants come and go searching for some advantage over the CYBERLICH. Her forces are spread far and wide to the north and west but will converge here, soon. A huge turbolift can ferry ships, vehicles, and large bodies to the lower processing levels.

D: Intake. This area houses holodisks of religious ceremonies suitable to begin preservation of thousands of species of sentient and semi-sentient life. Basic tools and repair facilities are here, and a tiny armory typical of peacenik-types. Larger bodies are broken down into suitably-workable portions and stitched back together when the parts are processed. Sadly, the methods have been perverted by the WORM WORSHIPERS, who now provide mutated abominations to the ENCHANTRESS.

E: Processing. Hundreds of embalming platforms and SERVO-DOC UNITS wait here, some empty and some skittering with processed undead things. The WORM WORSHIPPERS have crudely perverted all the technology to their own aims. There will be blind WORM ACOLYTES, MUTANTS, ZOMBORGS, and ANDROID LIEUTENANTS as needed. Captured SHEEPLE and MUTANT REBELS may skulk around, or may be awaiting processing.

F: The Crypts. This area is filled with bones and remains that have need of detailed flensing, alchemical treatment, and long-decomposition. Skeletal ZOMBORGS and SKELETONS lurk here, and WRAITHFORMS are tied to their physical remains (oddly the EMBALMERS are regarded highly by undead of all types, although the reverse is not true). A single DEMIGRUE is known to live in the venting and will pounce on those who have no light; those killed by it will become one in due time.

G: Sublevel: This is effectively the basement and disposal area for the EMBALMERS, although it is the gateway to the lower levels wherein the WORM WORSHIPPERS' main force resides. ACOLYTES, PARIAHS, and MUTANTS guard turbolifts to the lower recesses. There are AUTOCREMATORS and BONEGRINDERS, here, but tougher physical remains are sent down the sluices to level J directly.

H: Repository: A wide turbolift shuttles the final unneeded and more durable remains to be disposed of, here. A stream of protein-destroying enzymes is alchemically combined with metal-corrosives and pumped to the next level, directly below. The machinery is haunted and the AI system is separate from the CRYSTALOID COMPUTER, and it may collude with the WORM WORSHIPPERS. The western end of the level houses the very-heavily secured Vault Doors, through which none of interlopers have yet been able to intrude.

Heavy mystical protections and even demonic shielding is present on the three inner walls, and SKULL TURRETS and CYBERCHERUBS flit about in defense of the lone turbolift to the Vault.

I: The Vault. Untold riches sit here - a millennium of payments made and promptly forgotten. A bursar occasionally visits (his body and the key-artifacts were sadly lost in the mines below) to withdraw funds to trade with the locals for food and other necessities (meaning the SHEEPLE are comfortable and experience a flush of cash every few years). Valuable books and stacks of orichalcum ingots, jewels, statuary. Holo-paintings and priceless works of art, including automata and semi-sentient AI languish in dusty corners.

J: The Dissolving Vats: There are few things that can withstand the awful alchemy produced to destroy the remains that end up in this level. SHOGGOTHS and various colored SLIMES lazily glide between ultra-hard adamantium teeth and joints and synthetic skeletons, and the occasional hyper-organ can still be found. The gate to The Undermines rests on an island accessible via a series of gantries and walkways.

K: The Undermines: Several tiers of mining camps and villages honeycomb this area, the foremost being Wormy Bottom (see area L). MUTANTS, RAIDERS, SLAVEDRIVERS, ACOLYTES, MONGRELOIDS, PARIAHS, and PROCTORS drive the seething mass of living things ever downward. Those that die are pitched into the SHOGGOTH-pits above, eaten, or thrown into the REALITY BLISTERS at the mountain's base. Some MUTANTS may be open to collusion with the party, but outsiders will be known without slave-brands, especially if they retain their eyes - which WORM WORSHIPPERS pluck out as a first oath of entry into the cult's rites.

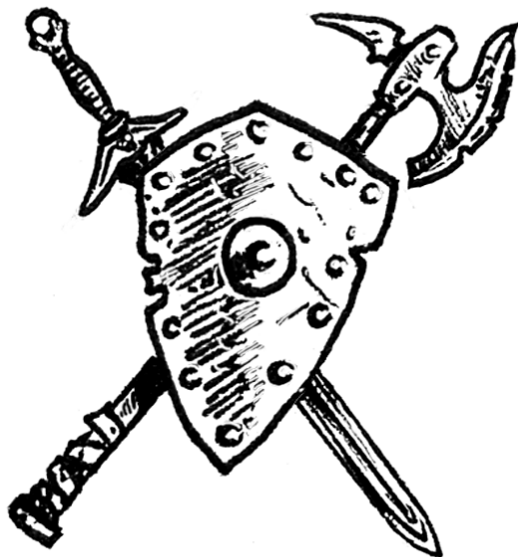
L: Wormy Bottom: A somewhat civilized bastion deep in the guts of the cult areas, where none but WORM WORSHIPPERS and direct servants rarely enter. The tower of the HEAD PROCTOR is here, who directs the cult with his eyeless sight and strange epiphanies. Those who ally with the cult may do business, and buy GREENSTONE SHARDS and weird alien artifacts from the Purple Planet but it is not known how they arrived in the bowels of the Aereth to be dug up in the dark.

M: Gateway: A crude guardhouse. Those who come here are already undergoing mutation and corruption, the optic nerve and chiasmus being first to burn out unless somehow protected. Strangely, the radiation has a bolstering effect upon pineal functioning and attunes WORM WORSHIPPERS to several spectra of non-visible wavelengths and can put them into direct contact with things from beyond the normal spheres. Hours spent lower than these points incur minor corruptions on failed DC12 Fortitude saves (this includes Wormy Bottom).

N: The Egg. The WORM WORSHIPPERS are within a few days' digging, or perhaps mere hours. The weird radiations they sense are explicitly NOT given off by the GOD-EGG, but the ones that emanate from it have catastrophic effects upon reality and physical integrity of organisms. None that dig here last long, and most are recycled into ZOMBORGS that lack the vitality to dig properly. The huts that dot the paths down to this area often hold only dying and blithering monstrosities, MUTANTS of the worst order, and radiation-resistant MONGRELOIDS who shirk their duties.

O: The Blisters. Reality quivers and dissolves here and there, and a platform has grown, and a towering ONYX SHARD, a byproduct of bad harmonics. Bards can learn weird songs if they do not tarry long, and Wizards may find patrons easily accessible. Floating islands drift about and provide easy travel to other

ages, planets, and multiverses. GREENSTONE and BLUESTONE shards erupt and flower and ping through the air, sometimes evaporating before striking the earth beyond, but some persist (the SHEEPLE have learned to avoid the corrupting and enervating energies of the alien rocks that proliferate).



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