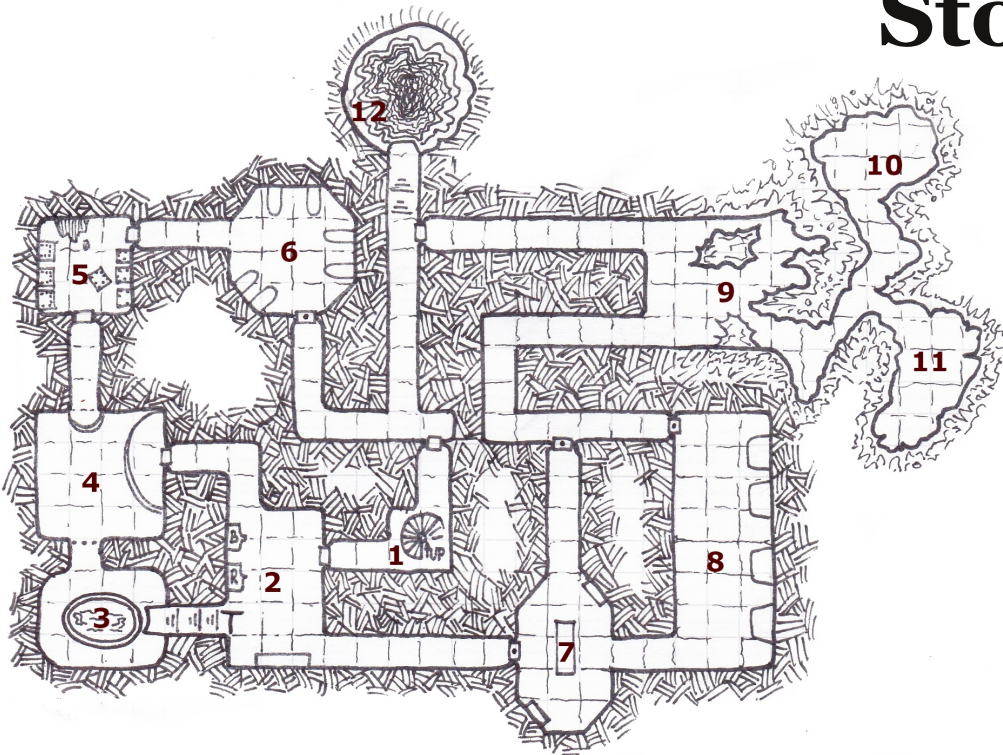


# Stop Stealing my Juices



*An extraction site inside a huge magical behemoth is overrun by the beast's antibodies. The scattered remains of the alchemists were driven mad by the approaching doom. The players can plunder a lot of magical supplies if they are fast enough...*

## THE RAW POTIONS

Are various fluids of the behemoth. Blood, black bile, phlegm, cerebrospinal fluid etc...

- 1 RED: augment
- 2 BLUE: decrease
- 3 YELLOW: mutate
- 4 BLACK: destroy

## MIXING POTIONS

Be permissive with potion mixing and experimentation. With clever use the players should be able to overcome most challenges at little risk except that of mixing. EG: the blue potion can be used to reduce own size. A yellow one with some feathers can give wings.

Mixing Potion Table (1d10)

- 1 Explosion
- 2 Poison
- 3 Pass out
- 4 Only one effect
- 5-9 Combined effects
- 10 Great Job (random "real" potion)

## ENCOUNTER TABLE

1d6 each turn, encounter on 1:

- 1 1d4 deranged alchemist, may have raw potion on self
- 2 2d6 rabid animal chimera
- 3 the "hulk" (huge macrophage, dissolves metal on touch, divides when electrocuted), if killed, treat result as 6.
- 4 a swarm of antibodies (they try to dissolve you)
- 5 living potion (a slime that can cast at will a random spell)
- 6 guts of wind and organic outburst engulf a room in 1d6 round, starting from ROOM 9

**1 ENTRY:** Spiral staircase up to a shiny metal trapdoor to the outside. Door north is 1' tall, the metal archway lined in blue, even a halfling can't get through.

**2 DISPENSER LAB:** Alchemy lab on table south: glassware, stills. Two rusted iron "dispenser" with pipes that enter the wall. One gives 1d6 BLUE POTION, the other up to 1d6 RED POTION. Stairs S-W are trapped: they become a slide to the MUTATION POOL in ROOM 3.

**3 MUTATION ROOM:** huge pool filled with YELLOW POTION. A tentacled amoeba tries to drown PCs in the pool to assimilate their gene-pool. Immersion cause a random mutation. Lying at the bottom of the pool gems, 1000 coins and an Amulet of Firm Shape (immune to polymorph).

**4 GAS ROOM:** here the specimens mutated by the YELLOW POTION were observed from the 2 terraces N and E. On the east terrace a lever release a sleeping gas on the floor level.

**5 CAGES:** mice, pigeons and other animals, mutated, crossbred, horrible little chimeras are trapped in metal cages stacked on the walls. Debris. A state of disrepair and neglect. Babbling from behind the E door.

**6 TREATMENT ROOM:** six former alchemists, now drug-filled husks, rest on the beds. An acolyte, deformed, injects through a big pumping machine various potions and drugs. He can pump behemoth's adrenaline in his former fellows reanimating them as berserkers. The acolyte have the master key hidden in a flesh pocket, and 1d4 random RAW POTIONS on himself.

**7 REFINERY:** two closets, with 1d6+1 random refined potions and 1d6 RAW POTIONS in each. On the table, another alchemy lab. Everything is neglect, traces of feces, debris.

**8 PUMPING STATIONS:** barricaded in this room and the refinery, 2d6 deranged alchemist try to continue their work. Isolation, drug addiction and the fear of the behemoth antibodies have driven them desperate to get out or eat something normal (like the PCs). There is an extraction machine for each of the beast ichors

**9 FLESH INVASION:** here the behemoth is expelling the facility from its body. Carnous, slimy substances creeping on the wall. Somehow, one the acolytes is fused in the behemoth flesh, devoured and corrupted, he ejects many little gremlins from his mouth (1d6 each round). It tries to engulf the PCs. Inside the flesh is embedded a wand of cloudkill. Only the BLACK POTION can kill it.

**10 POOL OF BLOOD:** like the RED POTION, but unrefined. If ingested, can give you a random mutation like the yellow potion.

**11 PRISONERS:** engulfed by the fleshy advance of the behemoth, 3 alchemist are still alive here. They will be very grateful if saved, still they are mostly crazy and paranoid.

**12 THE HOLE:** here one can descend in the behemoth. Guts of wind come from here. Foul smell. Below, service ramps and corridors are disappearing, slowly engulfed by scar tissue.