

Death Slaves of Eternity

by Marzio Muscedere

A Sword and Sorcery Adventure
for Level 0 Characters



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A Sword and Sorcery Adventure for Level 0 Characters



COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**

Crypt of doom beyond the pits of Hell
Wherein a crawling death doth dwell,
To heed the call of a god-flesh beast.
Poisoned prayers of death-cult priests -
Immortality, paradise revealed,
Thine ancient gates forever sealed,
In a sunken world devoid of sky
Where madness lurks and death may die,
Trapped within an everlasting tomb,
Crowned in sorrow - eternity looms.

- The Song of Xothula

INTRODUCTION

This adventure is intended to be used as a character creation funnel, designed for 12 to 16, 0-level characters. If the judge so chooses, the adventure can easily be scaled to accommodate a smaller party of 1st or 2nd level adventurers.

Over the course of this adventure, PCs are charged with a murder they did not commit and entombed alive as death-slaves deep within the sacred Crypts of Eternity. Therein, they are drawn into a war between the condemned and the horrors of the grave, search for the lost children of a corpse-queen, and ultimately confront an imprisoned god.

This adventure is set in Hazruun the Vile, a wicked and decadent city-state, ruled by a mad sultan, and fraught with ancient blood feuds. It is a land of dark sorcery and nameless horror, where ancient terrors lurk in shadow-haunted tombs, and silk-clad priests consummate vile sacraments upon bloodstained altars. Regarded by many as the Great City's wretched and twisted little step-sister; where her sprawling tenements and rat-ridden bazars entice with the poisonous gleam of a tarnished jewel. Hazruun's crumbling towers and alabaster domes fester like half-buried bones in a sun-drenched waste.

This adventure is inspired by the vast works of Robert E. Howard and Clark Ashton Smith, and as such was deliberately written with a lean toward the more "purple" prose of those Appendix N masters. Designed for sword and sorcery play in a grim age, judges wishing to do so can easily place this adventure in their own setting and campaign world.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

It is said even the boldest of heroes cower when madness sits the throne, and in the perilous and lurid city-state of Hazruun the Vile - its sultan was indeed mad.

Ascending to his family's royal seat of power following the untimely and controversial deaths of his father and brothers, the Mad-Sultan's reign was mired in gossip and dark foreshadowing from the start. Alas, unfortu-

nately for the common folk, their fears proved true, for the Mad-Sultan was a wickedly cruel ruler who left his people oppressed, poor, and in constant fear.

Fancying himself a direct descendant of the last great god-king Xothula, the Mad-Sultan deemed his word infallible and his right to rule divine. Along with the usual decadence and depravity common to all self-indulgent rulers, the Mad-Sultan's sins included dark sorcery, vile necromancy, and demon worship. But of all the horrible and wicked blights delivered upon his subjects, the most terrible was the reinstatement of the ancient funerary practice of *Servus Mortem* - the use of death-slaves. A heathen and long abolished custom whereby the living are entombed with the dead in order to aid in the journey to paradise.

During the first year of his rule, the Mad-Sultan ordered his royal physician, Nazaratus, to administer to his young wife a rare sleeping magistral concocted from the blooms of the tomb lotus. The draught brought upon the semblance of death, leaving her with a pallor upon the cheeks and a stillness in her blood that could not be distinguished from the likeness of the grave.

With the young queen's sudden "passing", the Mad-Sultan reinstated the ancient practice of *Servus Mortem*, entombing the body of his sleeping wife, and most terrible of all - his own children. All of them buried alive in the sacred Crypts of Eternity. But much to the horror of the physician, he too was declared *Servus Mortem* and entombed alive. The Mad-Sultan thereby ridding himself of both his young family and the only accomplice to the crime.

Trapped in a world of darkness, incapable of movement or speech, the Mad-Sultan's wife lay helpless upon her marble funeral bier deep within the sacred crypts; caught somewhere between life and death, with only the pitiful wailing of her terrified children to comfort her. When from the outer dark came a cosmic force that swirled and eddied about her very soul, drawn to the one point of blessed hope amongst the legions of dead - the helpless form of the deceived queen. Awash in cosmic filth, and spawned in the blackest pits of sorrow, she arose from her tomb as the Crypt Mother - a thing both human and devil, both living and dead. Sustained by limitless grief, fueled by unfathomable loss, she prowls the age-haunted crypts in search of her lost children and vengeance against her betrayers.

As the years passed in the world aboveground, the world belowground festered with nameless evil.

“For not only did the Crypts of Eternity swell with Servus Mortem under the Mad-Sultan’s rule – but the Crypt Mother summoned “children”. Hideous creatures pulled from the outer dark; these loathsome and unholy abominations from beyond the grave prowl the time-forgotten halls, locked in an endless struggle with the growing number of Servus Mortem trapped within.”

Now the Mad-Sultan is very old and still very much insane. The people of Hazruun cower in fear as the entire kingdom groans beneath his heavy hand, for even death is no longer an escape from the Mad-Sultan’s injustice

...the rite of Servus Mortem has endured for the last six decades.

ADVENTURE HOOK

So it was with great rejoicing and revelry that the Mad-Sultan’s only son and heir, the blood-prince Sabal-Ya, visited the PCs’ humble district with his royal retinue. His day was spent strolling the local bazaars, while the night was a scene of great feasting and carousing in one of its many back-alley drinking dens. But as is often the case for the poor and humble folk of Hazruun, joy is but a veil too easily torn - revealing the strife and horrors hidden beneath. As the morning found the blood-prince purple and lifeless, strangled in his bedchamber, and the killer at large.

In the ensuing confusion and madness, the Mad-Sultan dispatched his most trusted adviser, the dark and mysterious Holy Vizier, to investigate and bring to justice those responsible for his son’s demise.

When three days elapsed and still no murderer was identified, the Holy Vizier decreed that all must pay for the crime.

Now the PCs stand charged with the murder of the royal blood-prince, and hereby condemned to the sacred burial crypts as Servus Mortem – death-slaves of eternity.

Death of a prince...

The only living son and heir of the Mad-Sultan, the blood-prince lived a life of debauchery, decadence, and soul-staining sin from an early age. A hardened lotus addict, practitioner of black magic, and murderer - the only thing the blood-prince now fears more than his eternally damned soul is his father’s wrath.

Convinced he was doomed to spend eternity in everlasting agony for the atrocities committed throughout his life, the blood-prince was tormented with fear and bent on saving his soul. For years he searched for a means of salvation, delving deep into esoteric writings, seeking the wisdoms of sages and the ramblings of madmen, until he came to learn of the Gates of Paradise buried deep within the ancient Crypts of Eternity.

Armed with the knowledge, he sent forth a host of imperial guardsmen, charged with entering the crypts and locating the gateway. When none returned, he fell into a black malaise, engrossed with grim broodings of his looming damnation.

Unable to risk losing any more guardsmen lest he incur the maddened wrath of his father, he devised a plan so outlandish it could only come from the mind of a desperate madman.

Equipped with materials collected in the days preceding his hoax, and aided by the Holy Vizier, the blood-prince feigned his own death - staging the event to resemble a murder. Using an alchemical concoction crafted from the petals of the tomb lotus that cause a stillness in the blood, and coupled with expertly applied stage makeup to bring on the appearance of the grave, the body of the blood-prince was made to resemble the very likeness of the dead.

When naturally no killer could be found, the decree was made that all must pay for the crime. Under the authority of the Holy Vizier, all who had dealings with the blood-prince leading up to his death were arrested and charged with the murder.

Shopkeepers, soldiers, and slaves alike were condemned to be entombed alive in the Crypts of Eternity as Servus Mortem – death-slaves to his royal prince.

With so many Servus Mortem flooding the crypts at one time, the blood-prince's intent is to use them as a distraction to evade the horrors within, locate the Gates of Paradise, and save his everlasting soul.

SWORD AND SORCERY STARTING OCCUPATIONS

Judges wishing to begin a sword and sorcery campaign set in the perilous and lurid city-state of Hazruun the Vile are encouraged to use the sword and sorcery occupation table on page 6 to determine the PCs' starting careers. The table was created to reflect occupations found in pulp sword and sorcery fiction. Note that this table includes demi-humans in parentheses as a matter of convenience for those judges wishing to allow a chance for zero-level PCs to be of demi-human origin. Judges wishing to run a more purist sword and sorcery campaign, in which PCs are almost always of human origin, should disregard the demi-human designations.

All that being said, whichever way you choose to play - it will not break the game! Further suggestions are provided in **Appendix H: Sword & Sorcery Play** for converting DCC demi-human classes for those wishing to run a more traditional pulp sword and sorcery campaign.

CIRCUMSTANCE OF ARREST

Along with the characters' starting trained weapon and trade goods, the circumstance of arrest is also provided with each occupation. The circumstance of arrest is the event or situation that led to the characters' arrest and subsequent charge with the murder of the blood-prince. For some this might include a chance meeting or business transaction with the blood-prince prior to his murder, while for others it might simply entail being in the wrong place at the wrong time (see table below). Each circumstance of arrest bears some clue as to the blood-prince's true motivation and plan. With enough skill and luck, and if the PCs are savvy enough to share information, they just might be able to determine the truth behind the blood-prince's "murder".

WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME

PCs whose circumstance of arrest indicate being in the wrong place at the wrong time were present and took part in the festivities at the inn on the night of the blood-prince's murder. Using the PC's starting Luck score, consult the table below to determine what, if anything, they remember seeing during the night in question.

PC Starting Luck Score	Memory Of The Night In Question
3-7	Absolutely nothing. PC was so far into his cups he doesn't even remember being at the inn.
8-9	PC remembers only that his cup was brimming with wine, and supple-fleshed women danced amidst clouds of billowing lotus smoke.
10-11	PC remembers seeing the blood-prince retire early to his bedchamber for the evening.
12-13	As above, plus PC recalls the blood-prince looked worried and anxious, and did not drink or partake in the festivities.
14-15	As above, plus PC noticed a mysterious visitor in a hooded robe met with the blood-prince, and they both retired to his bed chamber.
16-18	As above, plus PC managed to catch sight of the mysterious visitor's face, it was none other than the Holy Vizier.

d100	Occupation	Trained Weapon	Trade Goods	Circumstances of Arrest
1-3	Acolyte	Staff	Prayer beads	Just days prior to the murder, PC was questioned by the blood-prince regarding ancient heathen funeral rites.
4-5	Alchemist	Staff	Acid, 1 flask	On the day of the murder, PC sold blood-prince beakers and retorts used for alchemical concoctions.
6-10	Barbarian *			Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
11	Bathhouse Attendant (Halfling)	Razor (as dagger)	Scented oils	PC prepared bath and created custom-made wax ear plugs for the blood-prince, per his request.
12	Blacksmith (Dwarf)	Hammer	Metal tongs	The day before his murder, the blood-prince presented PC with a strange green alloy of unknown make and origin; seeking information.
13-14	Caravan Guard	Spear	Bag of rare spices	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
15-16	Charioteer	Javelin	Whip	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
17	Charlatan	Dagger	Bottle of cure-all	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
18-19	Courier	Dagger	Large sack	On the day of the murder, PC delivered messages from the blood-prince to the Holy Vizier.
20	Courtesan (Elf)	Stiletto (as dagger)	Vial of expensive perfume	On the night of the murder, PC attended to the blood-prince's "needs", and gifted him a small hand-sized mirror, per his request.
21-23	Cultist	Dagger	Black lotus blooms	Just days before the murder, PC was questioned by the blood-prince regarding an ancient death-cult of sorcerer-priests.
24-25	Escaped Convict	Shank (as dagger)	Prison brand	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
26-27	Freedman	Dagger	Certificate of manumission	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
28-29	Gambler	Dagger	Weighted dice	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
30-31	Gong Scourer	Trowel (as dagger)	Bag of night soil	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
32-33	Herbalist	Scissors (as dagger)	Herbs	Just hours before the murder, PC sold blood-prince rare herbs used in meditative trances.
34-35	Goat Herder	Staff	Wheel of cheese	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
36-37	Holy Pilgrim	Staff	Cheap holy symbol	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
38-39	Indentured Servant	Dagger	Bondage contract	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
40	Jeweler	Dagger	Monocle	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
41	Lanista	Short sword	Branding iron	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
42-43	Librarian	Dagger	Quill and parchment, knowledge of the Song of Xothula (frontispiece)	In the days before the murder, PC assisted blood-prince in locating ancient texts regarding the last god-king, Xothula.
44-45	Lotus-eater	Razor	Stained lips	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
46-48	Mercenary	Longsword	Leather armor	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
49	Merchant	Dagger	Fine clothes	The day before the murder, PC sold the blood-prince custom-made padded slippers, per his request.
50-51	Minstrel	Lute (as club)	Bottle of cheap wine, knowledge of the Song of Xothula (frontispiece)	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
52-53	Money Lender (Halfling)	Dagger	Abacus	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5

54-55	Night Watchmen	Club	Lantern	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
56-57	Noble	Longsword	Jeweled brooch, 10gp	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
58-59	Oracle	Dagger	Sheep intestines	PC divined blood-prince's fortune - intestines foretold eternal damnation for the prince.
60-61	Philosopher (Elf)	Staff	Journal, knowledge of the Song of Xothula (frontispiece)	The day before the murder, PC answered blood-prince's brooding questions regarding the soul and eternal damnation.
62-63	Physician	Staff	Ointment - 4 doses, heals 1hp each	Just hours before the murder, PC sold the blood-prince a mixture of potent herbs that relax the body and induce sleep.
64-66	Freebooter	Cutlass (as short sword)	Treasure map	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
67-68	Pit-fighter (Dwarf)	Short sword	Pouch of coins (2d8 sp)	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
69-70	Poet	Dagger	Book of sonnets, knowledge of The Song of Xothula (frontispiece)	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
71-72	Prostitute	Stiletto (as dagger)	Cheap perfume	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
73-74	Scribe	Dagger	Quill and parchment	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
75-77	Slave	Stick (as club)	Iron collar	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
78-79	Slaver (Dwarf)	Club	Leg shackles	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
80	Smuggler	Dagger	Girdle with hidden pockets	On the morning of the murder, PC sold blood-prince a smuggler's girdle with hidden pockets, per his request
81-84	Soldier	Spear	Shield	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
85-86	Stargazer	Dagger	Spyglass	Just days before his murder, the blood-prince approached PC with a strange chart of alien constellations, seeking information on a distant green star.
87-88	Stonemason (Dwarf)	Hammer	Copper square	The day before his murder, the blood-prince presented PC with a strange crimson shard of unknown make and origin; seeking information.
89-90	Tax Collector	Short sword	Debt ledger	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
91-92	Thespian (Halfling)	Wooden prop sword (as club)	Powdered wig, knowledge of the Song of Xothula (frontispiece)	On the day of his murder, the blood-prince purchased stage make-up from PC.
93-94	Tomb-robber	Small pick-axe (as hand axe)	Rope, 50'	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
95-96	Torturer	Flying knife (as dagger)	Sharpened spikes	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
97-98	Tutor (Elf)	Staff	Chalk, knowledge of the Song of Xothula (frontispiece)	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
99	Vintner (Halfling)	Club	Bottle of fine wine	Wrong place, wrong time. See p. 5
00	Virtuoso (Elf)	Putty knife (as dagger)	1lb of clay	Blood-prince commissioned PC to create a silver mask graven in the image of a leering skull, it was delivered to him the morning of his murder.

* Roll 1d4 to determine barbarian origin: (1) Northerner – axe, bear hide armor , (2) Steppe Nomad – scimitar (as longsword), lion hide armor (3) Jungle Savage - spear, leopard hide armor, (4) Eastern Mystic - staff, silk robes

RUMORS AND SUPERSTITIONS

For as long as man can remember the entryway to the Crypts of Eternity lay forgotten and brooding in the barren desert steppe. Now it is home to countless Servus Mortem, buried alive in its unhallowed depths at the whim of the Mad-Sultan and his monstrous custom. Wrought from a nameless rock, the entrance sits perfectly preserved amidst a shattered ring of monolithic stones as old as time itself. Few if any venture near the age-haunted burial mound, for its legend is cloaked in mystery, and has long been a source of superstition, fear, and death. Any who call Hazruun home, even for a short while, have heard the many tales and legends that surround the place.

Before beginning the adventure, each player (not character) should roll 1d12 on the following table. It is up to the players to determine if what they have heard is fact or fiction.

1d12	Rumors & Superstitions
1	The crypts are filled with flesh eating ghouls who prey on both the living and the dead. (False)
2	When the Mad-Sultan's first wife died mysteriously over sixty years ago, their two young children, along with the royal physician, were declared Servus Mortem - and buried alive with her corpse. (True)
3	The Gates of Paradise are hidden somewhere within the sacred crypts, promising immortality and everlasting life for all who enter. (False)
4	An ancient and haunted monastery dedicated to a long abandoned death-cult lies below. (True)
5	An armed squad of royal guardsmen under the cover of darkness descended into the crypts weeks ago - none returned. (True)
6	The crypts are actually a prison, housing a great and terrible god whose sole purpose, if released, is the destruction of mankind. (False)

7	There are worse things to fear than the dead below. Beware when the shadows stir and the ancients speak. (True)
8	Those brave enough to venture near the entrance to the sacred crypts report hearing sobs and desperate pleas for help emanating from the Servus Mortem buried within. (True)
9	The ancients buried below were a decadent and highly intelligent people, utterly corrupted by magic and their lust for power. Wondrous items and arcane knowledge along with the wealth of kings can still be found below, if one is brave enough. (True)
10	A slithering doom haunts the labyrinthine halls. To gaze upon it brings madness. (False)
11	Thousands of years ago, a great battle was waged in the crypts against a vengeful demon. The struggle released a terrible blight. The crypts were then sealed until the Mad-Sultan re-opened them six decades ago. (False/True)
12	Xothula, the last great god-king and ancient ancestor to the Mad-Sultan himself, was never a god-king at all. The true god-king was murdered and buried in the crypts below. (True/False)



PLAYER START

Under the glare of an unforgiving sun, deep in the barren desert steppe, you slowly recover your senses. Through eyes that have known only darkness for days, you catch blurred images of dour faced guards that hem you in, etched black against the blue mantle of sky. Beyond them a ring of frenzied townsfolk spit curses and hiss behind black and broken teeth; pelting you with dung and stinking refuse in their fervor.

Memory and understanding come flooding back in a rush of flashing nightmare images - the horror of your situation draws clear. Charged with the murder of the blood-prince, you have been condemned as Servus Mortem and made death-slave to the fallen heir. For decades this heathen custom has seen countless citizens entombed alive; lowered into the Crypts of Eternity with only their pitiful wails to comfort them. Wives buried with dead husbands, children entombed with deceased parents, and even murderers buried alive with their victims - all at the whim of the Mad-Sultan and the decree of his monstrous custom.

Now it is you who stands upon the great copper platform, suspended over a gaping black pit, the stench of carrion death wafting up from its haunted depths. A hard loaf of bread and skin of wine is thrust into your arms by a grim-faced soldier - ceremonial offerings to aid in your journey beyond. Encircled by armed spearmen, you are prodded toward the center of the platform where the body of the slain prince rests on a silver bier. His corpse is completely wrapped in fine linen and treated with scented oils; an ornate silver funerary mask graven in the image of a leering skull covers his face, and glints in the blaze of the oppressive sun.

A tense silence befalls the crowd as the Holy Vizier strides forth; a wry smile spreads across his thin lips as the copper platform begins its descent amid the soft groans of naked slaves who toil with the chain. As you slowly descend into the charnel pit of death, the vizier's voice booms with the hollow finality of a great funeral bell.

“As it was your honor to serve the prince in life, so shall

it be your eternal honor to serve the prince in death. For the vile act of murder upon the righteous blood-prince, you are hereby condemned as Servus Mortem, and granted immortality as death-slaves of eternity..”



A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CRYPTS OF ETERNITY: THE GREAT GOD-KING AND THE KING THAT NEVER WAS

Borne on great leathery wings through voids and gulfs from beyond the stars, Mog'Malu arrived to this world eons ago when man first began to crawl from the primordial slime of the oceans. The last of a dying race of ram-headed giants, Mog'Malu was a benevolent and kind being despite his monstrous appearance, and was worshiped as both a god and great teacher.

Once, man flourished at the god-king's knee. Rising up out of the primordial darkness, man evolved from the primeval savage to builders of wondrous civilizations; learning science, healing, magic, and reason. But man also learned the value of their everlasting souls, and for those who lived in obedience to the almighty Mog'Malu, paradise awaited in the afterlife beyond. But man is ever the most greedy of the world's creatures, and in his lust for power and dark wisdoms sought to fool Mog'Malu, and steal from him the power of everlasting life.

So it was Mog'Malu's most beloved pupil, Xothula, who while venturing deep within the sacred burial crypts learned of the Gates of Paradise, and with it the grim truth - not all of the faithful were granted paradise. The souls of men were weighed against each other, and only those chosen by the great god-king were allowed salvation while the others were delivered to the death-priests for interment. Filled with a festering sense of betrayal, Xothula plotted to overthrow Mog'Malu, and unlock the Gates of Paradise for himself.

Convincing others that they had been deceived, Xothula led a mutinous plot against their exalted teacher. Luring Mog'Malu deep within the sacred crypts' shadowed halls, the apostates fooled the god-king. Using the very sorcery learned at his knee they enslaved Mog'Malu, and demanded the Gates to Paradise be thrown open.

Mog'Malu was enraged at being deceived by those he loved, and rather than open the Gates of Paradise to his mutinous pupils, the god-king sacrificed his own eternal freedom, and summoned forth from Beyond a star-spawned horror to guard the gate.

Incensed by his failure, and incapable of defeating the guardian at the gate, Xothula retreated to the surface where he denounced the teachings of Mog'Malu, and led a holy war against the god-king's disciples. Temples were razed, monuments pulled down, and devotees put to the sword, until every record of the god-king's reign was struck from the recorded history of man. In its place new histories were written, Xothula ruled as the one true god-king, and lies were heaped upon lies until even the name Mog'Malu faded from the memories of time.

Now deep within the Crypts of Eternity, imprisoned for over three millennia, the great god-king Mog'Malu waits. A prisoner sealed in a forgotten tomb, and somewhere lurking in the shadowed halls, the horror summoned from Beyond still guards the Gates to Paradise.

CRYPTS OF ETERNITY

General Features: Except where noted, the crypts are bathed in a soft weird light that emanate from clusters of fist-sized green stones randomly set in the walls and ceilings that gleam with an unholy radiance; casting everything in unnatural shadows and alien gloom (see new item “**Witch-Lights**” (see p. 16).

The air is stale and humid, creeping with the odor of decay and bygone funeral balms. The walls are of smooth uncut black stone, its vaulted ceilings lost in darkness; only the unearthly glow of the *witch-lights* can be seen high above like distorted constellations in an alien sky. The floor is comprised of strange crimson tiles, polished smooth as glass that smolder under the hellish green-glow.

The endless silence of the grave permeates the mortuary depths, making even the slightest sound echo wildly.

Area A – Into Nether Midnight

With a dull, hideous grating, you slowly descend into the stygian darkness of nether midnight. Passing down a narrow well of sheer rock, like the gorge of some colossal leviathan, you emerge through the ceiling of a great domed chamber; the rank air aflood with aeon-buried foulness.

Your dreadful and measureless decent ends with a bone-jarring halt, as the copper platform slams against the tomb floor, echoing wildly throughout the mortuary depths. A single bar of light from the tunnel above burns through the gloom, betraying the look of unnatural dread etched upon the guards' faces.

Once at the bottom, the funerary guards quickly set to the task of removing the corpse of the slain blood-prince and ushering the PCs at spear point off the platform. An oil-cloth bundle containing the PCs' starting weapons, trade goods, and food are tossed at their feet so they may continue their service to the blood-prince in the after-life. A full round is required to retrieve an item from the bundle.

Terrified of what lurks in the crypts, the guards mutter amongst themselves and cast fearful glances at the surrounding darkness, having on more than one occa-

sion witnessed strange and horrific figures stirring in the shadows. Filled with superstitious dread, they do not leave the platform for any reason except to move the body of the blood-prince, even leaving behind one of their own should a guard fall or get dragged from the platform. If the PCs attempt to overtake the guards, they attack immediately.

Scaling the walls: The only known entrance into the Crypts of Eternity is by the copper platform worked from outside some 200 feet above. Scaling the walls of the crypt is near impossible, as they are wrought from a smooth unmortared stone (DC 20 Climb check every 10 feet). If the wall and tunnel above are somehow scaled, characters quickly realize the copper platform fits perfectly into the opening of the tunnel and cannot be moved.

Clinging to the platform: Intrepid PCs who attempt to hang from the copper platform during its ascent find themselves making a deadly mistake, as only a hand-breadth of space exists between the narrow passage and the platform's edge once it passes through the domed ceiling. Any who try this tactic fall 80 feet to their doom.

Imperial Funerary Guards (8): Init +1; Atk spear +1 melee (1D8); AC 14; HD 1d8; hp 5 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; Crit III/d6; SV Fort +1; Ref +1; Will +0; AL L.

Description: Fierce and leanly built men clad in boiled leather cuirass and high strapped sandals. A black silk cape flows from their shoulders, marking their rank as funeral guards.

Possessions: Leather cuirass (as leather armor), spear.

Tactics: Intent on getting the PCs off the platform as quickly as possible, if provoked, they do not hesitate to use their spears. Terrified of what lurks in the crypts, they will not leave the platform for any reason, even to retrieve one of their own.

Read or paraphrase the following once the platform begins its ascent to the surface:

The platform recedes into the tunnel above, slowly blotting out the light and with it your last rays of hope. All

about you, set into the smooth walls and vaulted ceiling are clusters of fist-sized green stones that gleam with a ghostly radiance, casting everything in unnatural shadows and alien gloom.

A strange crimson tiled floor stretches out before you. Its glasslike surface covered with moldering bones and worm-eaten funerary garb.

The very act of breathing is a struggle, as the stale air carries with it the stench of ageless rot mingled with bitter aromas of strange spices used in bygone funerary rites.

The endless silence of dead ages permeates these mortuary depths, making even the slightest sound thunder with shuddering echoes.

Judge's Notes: Opening

Once the copper platform begins its ascent, the PCs find themselves in immediate danger. Judges should refer to the below timeline in dealing with the opening action sequence.

Round 1: Allow the PCs a single round to take any action they wish; be it retrieve items from the bundle or search their immediate surroundings.

Round 2-3: PCs are set upon by the disguised Servus Mortem, refer to section, **Attack of the "Ghouls"**.

Round 4: The Children of the Grave attack, refer to section, **Children of the Grave**.

Round 5: The Crypt Mother appears, refer to section, **Rise of the Crypt Mother**.

Round 6: A lantern is flared by the Servus Mortem signaling their retreat back to the monastery, refer to section, **Into the Light**.

Clue: Strange Crimson Tiled Floor

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 – The floor is comprised of shimmering glasslike tiles that show signs of recent traffic. (PCs with starting occupation Stonemason, immediately recognize the tiles as being constructed from the same material as the crimson shard in the blood-prince's possession during his visit.)

DC 10 – As above, plus the cracked human bones that litter the floor have been chewed and sucked clean of marrow. Some of the bones are still wet and glistening.

DC 15 – As above, plus some of the tracks that crisscross the floors are booted, while others are bare and human-like - only twisted and deformed.

The tracks are from both the Children of the Grave and the Servus Mortem within. The gnawed upon human bones are a grim testimony to the ravenous monstrosities that prowl the shadows.

Attack of the "Ghouls"...

Having heard the descent of the platform, Servus Mortem (from **area 2-1**), led by the indomitable **Babautunda** (see **Appendix A: NPCs** for details), lay in wait disguised as fleshless ghouls in rotting robes and skull-carved funeral masks. Once the copper platform returns to the surface, the "ghouls" spring forth from the shadows, grappling the bread and wine from the PCs' grasp.

Observant PCs notice movement in the shadows (DC 10 Intelligence or Luck check to spot) as the "ghouls" prepare to attack. PCs who fail to notice any movement in the shadows are considered surprised and unable to act in the first round of combat.

When the “ghouls” attack, read or paraphrase the following:

Slowly from within the distant gloom, manlike figures become visible, like shapes growing out of the night and silence. Draped in moldering robes, they skulk out of the darkness like creeping shadows, their fleshless skulls staring out from beneath worm-rotted hoods. With long emaciated fingers they silently reach out towards you; black and broken fingernails groping at your flesh.

Judges should note that in the deep gloom and distorted shadows cast by the witch-lights, the “ghouls” actually appear upon first glance to be just that – emaciated, skeletal-faced beings with clawed hands dressed in rotting black robes.

An attack roll of 15 or greater upon a “ghoul” knocks off the skeletal mask, revealing a living person beneath.

“Ghouls”, Disguised Servus Mortem (12): Init +0; Atk grapple +2 melee or club +0 (1D4); AC 10; HD 1d4; hp 2 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; Crit I/d4; SV Fort +1; Ref +1; Will +0; AL N.

Description: Dressed in rotting black robes, these skeletal masked “ghouls” actually resemble the undead they attempt to portray. Beneath the disguise they are nothing but starving, pitiful wretches with emaciated faces covered in layers of grime.

Possessions: Rotten black robe, ivory skull mask.

Tactics: Their objective is to steal the ceremonial bread and wine from the PCs before the Crypt Mother appears. They do not openly attack a PC unless forced to defend themselves, choosing rather to grapple away their food. Having never witnessed this many people lowered into the crypts at one time, the “ghouls” are both outmatched and surprised. If faced with death, they plead for their lives and attempt to reason with the PCs, promising sanctuary in the monastery from the horrors that are to come.

Babatunda does not grapple the bread and wine away from the PCs. Rather, he stands back awaiting the arrival of the Children of the Grave wherein he sounds the retreat and defends against their pursuit. If attacked, Babatunda answers in kind, cutting down any who stand

in his way.

During the “ghouls” assault, a hideous cacophony of beast-like snarling can be heard issuing from the open western gate. The bloodcurdling howls signal the approach of the Children of the Grave, and grow louder and more terrifying each round they draw near (see **Appendix B: New Creatures** for details).

Judge's Notes: Playing Babatunda

Judges should present Babatunda as an indomitable force of nature who seldom speaks, but when does is short and to the point.

Although leery of any newcomers, Babatunda is still very much drawn to displays of strength and might. Should any of the PCs assist in the fight against the **Children of the Grave**, or display bravery and valor while in the crypts, they may come to gain Babatunda's respect.

Babatunda is fiercely loyal to the Physician, and spends most of his time searching for the remains of the **Crypt Mother's** lost children, who he believes offers the greatest chance of escape from the forlorn crypts.

Once back in the safety of the Monastery, Babatunda will keep a close eye on the PCs for a while before venturing off into the crypts on his own in search of the lost children's remains.

Seemingly always watching from a distance, he is an ever present danger, ready to pounce should anyone get out of line. Allow the PCs a DC 8 Intelligence or Luck check from time to time, to see if they notice Babatunda glaring at them from afar. Note that during playtest many players believe Babatunda to be the true villain, completely disregarding the Physician, until of course it is too late (see **Appendix A: NPCs** for details).

Children of the Grave...

When the Children of the Grave (see **Appendix B: New Creatures** for details) appear, read or paraphrase the following:

Loping through the open gate on twisted and stunted limbs swarm snarling gibbering things that barely resemble men; inbred atrocities of human flesh swathed in the rotting cerements of the tomb. Their bloodthirsty howls echo throughout the haunted gloom as they descend upon you - mad with ravenous fury.

Children of the Grave (8): Init +0; Atk dagger or club +1 melee (1d4); AC 13; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; Crit III/d6; SP light sensitivity (-2 to all rolls in torchlight, -4 in sunlight); SV Fort +3; Ref -1; Will -1; AL C.

Description: With hideous deformities and pale flesh never to have felt the warmth of the sun, these twisted abominations are repulsive to look upon.

Possessions: Soiled rags, sharpened bone-dagger or makeshift club.

Tactics: They fight with a maddened fury, eager to please their mother through the spilling of blood.

The Children of the Grave attack with fiendish savagery, eager to please their mother with the spilling of blood. Averse to light, they will not follow anyone into the passage (**Area E**) leading to the monastery. Rather, they return to their lair (**Area 6-2**) with the bodies of their victims, along with any unfortunate enough to be captured alive. There, they slake their lust for blood and ravenous hunger.

Rise of the Crypt Mother...

Read or paraphrase the following with the arrival of the Crypt Mother (see **Appendix B: New Creatures** for details).

Suddenly the howling monstrosities fall silent, freezing to a statuesque stillness as the air grows chill and sinister with the anticipation of unseen dooms. A delicate figure emerges through the insufferable gloom. A

woman, her once fine robe hanging in loose tatters about her lithe frame. Her face a grinning skull beneath waves of raven black hair, and from her fleshless mouth emanates a mournfully beautiful lullaby - its haunting crescendo promising comfort and madness.

Crypt Mother: Init +2; Atk Claws +2 melee (1d4); AC 13; HD3d8; hp 16; MV 30; Act 2d20; Crit UN/d8; SP haunting lullaby, un-dead traits, immune to non-magical weapons; SV Fort +2; Ref +1; Will +6; AL C.

Haunting Lullaby: From her fleshless mouth emanates a mournfully beautiful lullaby, its haunting crescendo promising comfort and madness. Any who hear her eerie song must succeed in a DC 11 Will save or suffer one of the following effects.

1d4	Effect
1	Victim completely beguiled and can do nothing but move toward the Crypt Mother using the most direct means available, regardless of any obstacles or danger. Victim remains helpless so long as the Crypt Mother sings.
2	Victim becomes so obsessed he defends the Crypt Mother with his life, attacking any who pose a threat to her, including his own allies.
3	Victim immediately falls asleep and cannot be awakened by normal means so long as the Crypt Mother sings, though wounding the victim will break the spell.
4	Victim so completely overcome by the song's mournful beauty, he falls to the ground weeping uncontrollably, unable to take any action so long as the Crypt Mother sings.

Description: A once-fine gown hangs in loose tatters about a womanly figure. From beneath long raven-black hair stares a fleshless skull with empty eyes.

Possessions: Tattered funeral gown.

Tactics: The Crypt Mother's sole desire is to find her lost children and destroy her betrayers. She prowls

Children of the Grave



the benighted crypts singing a haunting lullaby, ever searching for her two lost children. She does not engage in melee combat unless forced to do so, choosing rather to continue her eerie song while the deformed and demented Children of the Grave, attack with fiendish savagery.

Into the light...

As soon as the **Crypt Mother** appears, a lamp is flared (DC 5 Intelligence or Luck check to spot) at the entrance to the secret tunnel (**Area E**). This signals the “ghouls” retreat, allowing them to quickly find their way back to the monastery. PCs that follow the light are allowed to enter the monastery and effectively bolster the ranks of the condemned. PCs not wise or strong enough to reach the tunnel, are left behind as grim offerings to slake the monsters’ ravenous hunger and bloodlust.

Area B – Bronze Doors

You stand before a massive set of double doors wrought from polished bronze. Its otherwise gleaming surface streaked with dried blood and filth. The doorway has no handles or fixtures, and its surface offers no bolt or catch.

The doorway cannot be opened. The bronze portals have been fused by flame during the assault on the monastery three thousand years ago. Deep rents run along the doors face (DC 8 Intelligence or Luck check to spot) evidence that someone or something has tried to gain entry.

Area C – Eastern Gate

A heavy iron gate covered in rust by time is set in an

New Item: Witch-Lights

These mysterious fist-sized stones gleam with an unholy green radiance. Set randomly in the walls and ceilings throughout the crypts, they give off an eerie light equivalent to that of a candle. While in the walls, these stones are hard as diamonds and nearly unbreakable. If removed from their settings (DC 15 Reflex check) the stones become easily breakable and as fragile as an egg.

open archway. Beyond, crimson tiled steps designed for longer limbs than those of men descend into the unholy glow of the strange stones.

The gate is closed but unlocked. If opened, it swings inward with a hideous grating and grinding that echoes through the haunted silence. The stair beyond leads down 100 feet into darkness.

Area D – Western Gate

A heavy iron gate covered in rust by time rests slightly ajar in an open archway. Beyond, crimson tiled steps designed for longer limbs than those of men descend into the unholy glow of the strange stones. An odor of putrefaction, vile and unclean, surges from somewhere deep below.

The gate is open, its lock broken and no longer operable. The stair beyond leads 100 feet down into darkness.

Area E – Hidden Passageway

A narrow opening, barely large enough for an adult to crawl through, is roughly tunneled into the stone wall.

This serves as the main entryway into the ruined monastery and the location of the flared lantern during the initial battle with the **Children of the Grave**. When not in use, the tunnel is barricaded from within by a large overturned marble table. A Strength score of at least 25 is required to move the table in order to access the monastery. Due to the narrow and cramped passage, only two individuals can assist in moving the table, combining their Strength scores in the effort. Moving the table from within the monastery proves to be less difficult, as four individuals may combine their Strength scores in the attempt.

Area F – Missing Body

The heaped remains of a funeral shroud rests upon the tomb floor where the body of the blood-prince should be.

Area G – Desecrated Bas-Reliefs

Visible in the spectral gloom are figures carved upon the smooth stone walls in bas-relief. The scene depicts men and women huddled about the base of a great raised dais; some bear gifts while others look to be seated in

pensive positions.

Whatever central image was once carved upon the dais has long been destroyed by hammer and chisel, leaving only a large jagged scar in its place.

Clue: Blood-Prince's Linen Shroud

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 - The linens are clean and fresh, smelling of embalming oils and resins.

DC 10 – As above, plus the shroud has been cut with surgical precision, with no evidence of ripping or tearing. (Blacksmiths, physicians, bathhouse attendants, and the like recognize the cut as being made by a razor.)

DC 15 – As above, plus the shroud is stained purple in certain spots. (Paramours, prostitutes, thespians, and the like recognize the stains as being made by some kind of cosmetic or makeup.)

The shroud is that of the blood-prince, who cut through them with his concealed razor before slinking off during the confusion of the initial battle. The purple stains are a result of the stage makeup worn to give the appearance of being strangled and dead.

Clue: Desecrated Bas-Relief

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 – The bas-relief has been desecrated. The central figure in the image purposely removed by hammer and chisel.

DC 10 – As above, plus the desecration took place thousands of years ago. (Stonemasons, artisans, architects, and the like recognize the marks as having been made roughly three thousand years ago, while the bas-relief itself dates back over ten thousand years.)

DC 15 – As above, plus a partial engraving of a man wearing a crown has been added to the mural during the time of its desecration, yet never fully completed. (Acolytes, cultists, tutors, and the like recognize the partial engraving as being the image of the last great god-king, Xothula.)

The defaced image was once that of Mog'Malu, destroyed thousands of years ago by Xothula's rioting apostates. Throughout the crypts, similar reliefs, friezes, and frescos can be found upon the walls; recurrent in each is a large jagged scar where the image of Mog'Malu was removed by hammer and chisel. A faint and partial engraving of Xothula was also added to each defaced mural by his fellow apostates, but never fully completed.



DEATH-CULT MONASTERY

This area was once home to Mog'Malu's death-cult, a secret society of sorcerer-priests tasked with the preservation and care of the dead. Dedicating themselves in body and soul to their patron lord, they spent the remainder of their lives in the gloom filled crypts as sworn protectors of the dead.

When Xothula led the revolt against Mog'Malu, these death priests were hunted down and slaughtered, the underground monastery put to the torch, and the entrance way to the Crypts of Eternity sealed. The death-cult monastery sat empty and brooding for over three thousand years until the Mad-Sultan reopened the crypts some sixty years ago.

Now the age-haunted monastery is home to those buried alive as **Servus Mortem** under the Mad-Sultan's rule. These miserable wretches have somehow managed to stay alive, living in deplorable and inhumane conditions. Led by an old man, the Physician Nazaratus, who was the first to be condemned as **Servus Mortem** over sixty years ago, this band of pitiful survivors look to the old man as both a saint and savior, believing him a worker of miracles for he provides them with food and water. In turn, the Physician presides over the **Servus Mortem** as a father, even referring to them as his "children" or "flock". Together they use the monastery as a safe haven against the twisted abominations that lurk beyond its protective walls, only venturing forth to search for the remains of the **Crypt Mother's** lost children and whatever meager supplies they can scavenge from the tombs of the dead.

General Features: Except where noted, the walls and floor of the monastery are scorched and blackened by flame. The high vaulted ceiling, once decorated with elaborate murals, is covered in a thick coat of black soot; all grim evidence that a great fire raged throughout these once opulent chambers long ago.

Clusters of fist-sized green stones are set randomly in pillars and ceilings throughout the monastery.

These strange *witch-lights* gleam with a baleful green radiance, casting everything in gloomy, distorted shadows.

Throughout the monastery the **Servus Mortem** cower, huddled about each other in small groups, their eyes wide with lunacy and fear. Living amongst the world of the dead, these pitiful wretches survive as base animals, their sanity frayed by the constant threat of madness and death that lurks just beyond the monastery walls.

The air here is thick with the pungent smell of incense, mixed with the bitumen of unwashed bodies and disease. The occasional wet cough from mucus filled chests, or the escaped moan from dying lips breaks the otherwise deathly silence that hangs over this place.

Except where noted, all images of Mog'Malu have been defaced or destroyed during Xothula's revolt three millennia ago. Only the Physician is aware of the god-king's true image.

Replacing lost characters: The monastery also serves as a place where PCs' losses can be replaced. If an unlucky player has lost all his PCs in the course of the adventure, the judge can allow the PCs to recruit some of the **Servus Mortem** to their side.

Believing it to be their best chance of escape from the crypts, these miserable wretches offer to join the party, becoming PCs under the player's control.

The player should roll up the 0-level PCs per the standard rules, as well as rolling a d30 to determine the number of years the character has been trapped within the crypts. Players replacing their lost characters are also allowed a single roll on the **Servus Mortem Rumor Table** (see p. 19), to determine what interesting facts their new batch of PCs know.

The judge or player is also encouraged to come up with interesting back stories as to what led these individuals to be condemned as **Servus Mortem**.

Note that recruiting **Servus Mortem** to the PCs' side will bring about the ire of the Physician, and ultimately lead him to try and dispose of the meddlesome PCs as soon as possible (see The Physician in **Appendix A: NPCs** and section **Grave-Worm Warren Trap** for details on p. 32).

Servus Mortem Rumor Table

Roll on the table below anytime a player replaces their lost PCs, or if during gameplay a PC attempts to gather information from the **Servus Mortem** within the monastery (DC 8 Personality check for success). Note that gathering information from the **Servus Mortem** draws the ire of the Physician and his desire to do away with the PCs as soon as possible (see The Physician in **Appendix A: NPCs** and section **Grave-Worm Warren Trap** for details on p. 32). Roll on the table below each time a rumor is heard.

1d7	Rumors
1	Strange and wonderful items are buried with the dead. But beware the myriad curses that guard the age-haunted tombs against would be grave-robbers. Doom often awaits defilers of the sacred crypts. (True)
2	Babatunda separates the sick and dying from the rest of us - but sometimes those separated were never sick at all. (True)
3	The Physician was the first to be buried as Servus Mortem over sixty years ago, entombed alive with the body of the Mad-Sultan's first wife and twin children. But her death was no accident - she was in truth murdered by the Physician. (True)
4	The Physician spends long hours in his room where he prays to the ancient spirits of this place, in turn they grant him food and water. (False)
5	The Physician never leaves the monastery. He believes the Crypt Mother searches for him to avenge some wrong committed in life. (True)
6	When the sick and dying are separated they never return, nor does anyone see their bodies. Babatunda feeds them to the horrors in the crypts as some grisly ritual sacrifice. (True/False)
7	Despite witnessing the Physician enter his private quarters, when a group of us went in to call upon him - we found the room empty. (True)

Area 2-1 – Chapel of Ghouls

You emerge into the nave of an enormous chapel, its air thick with the pungent smell of incense mixed with the foulness of unwashed bodies and disease. Pitiful and degenerate figures huddle about the bases of fire blackened pillars. Men and women, their emaciated faces barely discernible as human beneath layers of grime stare silently towards you, their glazed eyes wide with fear and despair.

The **Servus Mortem** do not readily converse with the

PCs, instead they cower behind pillars in fear if approached. Read or paraphrase the following once the PCs make their way into the temple proper:

An elderly man, his white robe smeared with blood and offal, slowly makes his way between the wounded and dying, offering water from a small alabaster carafe. He turns when he notices you, his face haggard and dirty. He gazes upon you with one sorrow filled eye, the other milky-white and blind. With a look of concern he asks, "Are you injured? Are you hurt? Be not afraid, we are all of us equally damned here."

The old, one-eyed man is the Physician, Nazaratus (see **Appendix A: NPCs** for details). Nazaratus will attend to the PCs' needs, bearing vessels filled with rank water and moldy victuals, he offers healing to the sick and injured. Those who accept the Physician's healing regain 1d3 hit points, their wounds cleaned and dressed in strips of linen.

Should a PC partake of the proffered food, they find the water to be cool and refreshing, and the dried meat salty and not unpleasant; although of an unfamiliar taste.

Off in the shadows, partially concealed by a pillar, is the hulking form of Babatunda (DC 8 Intelligence or Luck check to spot) glaring at the PCs with smoldering eyes. He keeps close watch over the PCs (to ensure they don't cause trouble) before venturing off alone, in search of the **Crypt Mother's** lost children.

Area 2-2 – Bronze Doors

You stand before a massive set of double doors wrought from polished bronze. Its once gleaming surface is burnt black and warped by flame.

The main doors to the monastery can no longer be opened. The warped and twisted bronze portals have been fused by flame during the assault on the monastery three thousand years ago.

Area E - Secret Tunnel: The **Servus Mortem** make their way to and from the monastery through a hidden passageway, which is little more than a rough tunnel burrowed through the monastery wall. A large overturned marble table is used to barricade the tunnel. A Strength score of at least 25 is required to move the table in order to access the passageway.

Up to four individuals can assist in moving the table from within the monastery, combining their Strength scores in the effort. Moving the table from without proves to be more difficult, as the narrow and cramped passage only allows two individuals to combine their scores.

Area 2-3 – Headless Effigy

Squat steps lead to a raised dais at the rear of the temple. A headless idol looms in its center, standing more than twice as tall as a man and wrought from a strange green alloy. Nude save for a simple loincloth, its broad shoulders and flat athletic torso suggest both masculinity and strength, while its outstretched arms display open palms in a sign of peace.

Clue : Headless Effigy

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 – The headless statue is wrought from a strange pale-green alloy. (PCs with starting occupation blacksmith immediately recognize the idol as being constructed from the same alloy in the blood-prince's possession during his visit.)

DC 10 – As above, plus jagged and unequal cuts mar its back and the stump of its severed neck, suggesting its wings and head were removed with violence.

DC 15 – As above, plus the idol is wrought from an unknown metal harder than steel. (Stonemasons, architects, blacksmiths, and the like recognize the alloy as a form of star-metal that at times have been reported to fall from the sky, but are otherwise baffled as to its true nature or origin.)

The headless idol is that of Mog'Malu. Wrought from a nameless metal found only on Mog'Malu's home planet, the idol is impervious to all natural attacks. Only magic or Starsteel weapons (see **Appendix E: Wondrous Items**) can damage the otherwise impregnable statue - yet it has nevertheless been desecrated.

Area 2-4 – Vestry

A long marble bench runs the length of the chamber, and a number of tattered black robes hang from pegs set into the walls. A heavy stone cabinet stands in the far corner, its shelves piled with ivory masks carved in the likeness of grinning skulls.

Judge's Notes: Playing the Physician

Roleplay the Physician as forthcoming and kind, eager to offer information and help. He will answer any questions the PCs might have regarding the **Children of the Grave**, the **Crypt Mother**, as well as the crypts themselves. Nazaratus will inform the PCs of his ongoing attempts to find the remains of the Crypt Mother's lost children, stating he believes returning them to her is the key to escaping the crypts.

In truth, Nazaratus is mad and has no intention of ever leaving this place, choosing to remain here amongst the dead where he reigns as a king. Secretly, Nazaratus will endeavor to sabotage the PCs' every plan in an effort to crush their will and draw them into his fold. Note that Nazaratus will never admit to poisoning the Mad-Sultan's wife, stating only that he was condemned as **Servus Mortem** when she died during childbirth under his care over sixty years ago.

Nazaratus will also never divulge the whereabouts of the **Crypt Mother's** lost children, nor his involvement in their demise.

Ultimately, the PCs will be seen as a threat to the Physician's rule. Once identified as such, the Physician presents the PCs with a map detailing a route through the maze-like **Crypt of the Faithful**, to what he believes is a possible exit to the surface. Acknowledging the PCs' grit and capacity for success; he asks them to investigate. In truth, the map is a trap, luring the PCs into the deadly grave-worm warren and thereby ridding the Physician of any would be usurpers (see **Grave Worm-Warren Trap** for details on p. 32).

Twelve moldering priest robes and the same number of ivory skull masks (worth 10 gp each) can be found here. These items are used by the “ghouls” to strike fear in their victims. When the sound of the descending platform signals the arrival of the newly condemned, the able-bodied **Servus Mortem** led by Babatunda don these items and quickly steal out the secret passage to rob the new arrivals of their bread and wine.

Locked door: The door leading to the Physician’s chamber is locked (DC 12 Pick Locks or DC 14 Strength to burst). The key is worn around the neck of Nazaratus at all times.

Secret door: A secret passage behind the stone cabinet leads to the inner sanctum (**Area 2-11**). A small discolored area has worn along the side of the cabinet where it has been repeatedly gripped when swung away from the wall. Anyone who investigates this side of the cabinet (or is successful in a DC 15 Intelligence or Luck check) notices the worn marks. Located on the top of the cabinet is a small latch, that once disabled allows the cabinet to swing away from the wall revealing the passage beyond.

Area 2-5 – Cells of the Suffering

Moldering curtains drawn across narrow archways line each side of a dark hallway. The fetid stench of rot and sickness along with the occasional moan emanates from beyond the veiled apertures.

These former death-priests’ quarters not only house the **Servus Mortem**’s sick and dying, but also a terrible secret. The people within are being used as food to sustain the Physician and his flock.

Whenever the Physician deems an individual too weak or meddlesome, they are separated from the rest and quarantined in these rooms under the pretext of having some deadly disease in need of special attention. In reality, these unfortunates are given a tincture of *Tomb Lotus Powder*, keeping them in a semi-conscious state while the Physician sets to the grisly task of harvesting their limbs and organs for food. These miserable wretches can be kept alive for several weeks as the Physician goes about his grisly task. Only Babatunda is aware of the gruesome secret, assisting the Physician when needed. The rest of the flock actually believe the Physician is attempting to save one of their own, and attribute the food and water provided as a work of miracles.

Anyone who enters one of these cells is struck with a ghastly sight. The “sick” lay on rotting, blood-soaked furs amid their own waste, the stumps of their amputated limbs bandaged in soiled rags.

Some are incoherent and feverish, while others lay pale and silent, already dead and rotting away. If healed, they can speak to the horrors committed by the Physician and his trusted assistant, Babatunda, otherwise these wretches are incapable of communication.

Area 2-6 – Babatunda’s Quarters

Fire ravaged tables and benches lay in mangled heaps about the room. The floor is littered with broken containers and smashed pottery. Cracked and blackened frescos depicting elaborate feasts are barely discernible along the walls.

Once the death-cult’s dining hall, this chamber now serves as Babatunda’s quarters. He can be found here (35% chance) when not searching the catacombs for the remains of the **Crypt Mother**’s lost children.

Fearful that someone will find the dreadful secret behind the pantry door, anyone seen entering this room are immediately escorted out by a group of **Servus Mortem**, led by Babatunda or the Physician himself; all claim to be protecting what meager supplies they have from theft. Alongside a pile of moldering furs that serves as Babatunda’s bed, is a worm-rotted crate and the following items:

- Small bronze lamp (20 gp).
- Lamp oil (6hrs worth).
- Fresh linen wraps.
- Musty furs and blankets.
- 20 candles (1hr burn time, each).

Worm-rotted crate: An old, unlocked crate contains Babatunda’s personal effects. Have the searching PC make a random item roll (see **Appendix D: Random Items**) to determine the crate’s contents. The PC may roll on the chart as many times as equal to double his Luck modifier (minimum of one roll). The crate can only be searched once for items.

Concealed pantry door: Anyone who traverses the entire length of the room (or is successful in a DC 14 Intelligence or Luck check) notices a door partially con-

cealed behind some debris along the far wall. The door is locked (DC 13 Pick Locks) and surprisingly stout (DC 17 Strength to burst). Two keys exist to the pantry door. One is located in the Physician's bedchamber, the other in Babatunda's possession.

Area 2-7 – Gruesome Pantry

There are no *witch-lights* in the pantry.

“From within the dark room surges the unmistakable scent of blood - and a scene of ghastly horror. Bodies hang from the low ceilings like butchered pigs in some nightmare abattoir.”

The Physician and Babatunda prepare the food in this chamber. Resembling some macabre abattoir, human flesh is drained of blood, salted and hung, wherein long strips are then cut away and served by the Physician.

Worm-rotted barrels and shattered crates line the walls, their contents lost to rot long ago. Several large casks that once held the death-cult's ale are now filled with festering blood. Off in the corner a few bags of salt remain, which is used sparingly to prepare the meat. Two rusted daggers and a stained cleaver are embedded in a blood-stained crate used as a cutting board.

Area 2-8 – Archives/Scriptorium

Heavily damaged bookshelves lean drunkenly against fire ravaged walls, their contents reduced to blackened piles of ash. The floor is littered with charred debris; a massive bronze chandelier hangs unlit from the center of the ceiling.

Once the repository for the death-cult's sacred texts, holy documents, and burial records; this chamber is the most damaged by fire. If the chandelier can be reached 20 feet above, it still holds 22 candles (1hr burn time, each).

Cryptic message: A thorough search of the bookcases (or a successful DC 12 Luck check) reveals a cryptic message scratched along one of the stone shelves, left years ago by a rebellious member of the Physician's "flock". It reads: ***Don't believe his lies...***

Area 2-9 – Privy

The door opens to an overpowering foul stench, as excrement and refuse coat the floor beyond. It is clear the room now serves as a privy.

This room is filled with human excrement, and is a breeding ground for disease. Anyone rooting around in this foul chamber (DC 13 Fort save to resist) contracts a disease (see Disease in **Appendix C: Plundering the Dead**). Although disgusting work, the search turns up a *Starsteel Dagger* (see **Appendix E: Wondrous Items**), hidden here by a rebellious **Servus Mortem** with dreams of ending the Physician's life; he died before his plan was set to action.

Note that PCs with starting occupation gong-scourer, by the very nature of their work, are not affected by the filth, and thereby immune to any diseases in the room.

Area 2-10 – Embalming Chamber

This chamber houses several thick rectangular stone slabs set in even rows. Each massive block is carved of pure alabaster and inscribed with cryptic runes. Detailed bas-reliefs cover the walls, depicting skull-masked priests performing grisly embalming rituals in intricate detail.

Death-cult priests once set to the task of preparing the dead for interment here. The stone slabs still bear the stain of centuries of grisly ritual. A closer examination of the stone slab in the northern end of the room reveals fresh blood upon it; the result of an argument between **Servus Mortem**.

A recessed shelf along one of the stone slabs (DC 8 Luck check to spot) contains:

- A *Jar of Embalming Resin* (5 doses). If spread upon the body this resin masks the odor of the living, and grants the user a +4 circumstance bonus when trying to sneak past any **Children of the Grave**.

Area 2-11 – Inner Sanctum

This room stands untouched by the ravages of fire, its crimson tiled floor clean-swept and free of dust. An altar carved from a single slab of jade dominates the room, atop which looms a strange green idol of terrible aspect. Marble benches with plush pillows line the walls, and exotic prayer mats woven with golden thread rest at the foot of the altar.

Undiscovered during the assault on the monastery three thousand years ago, this sanctum is untouched by flame, and houses the ancient death-cult's most holy relics.

Now the room is used and cared for by the Physician, and no one save him is aware of its existence. Should the Physician feel threatened or fear for his life at any time, he will hide here until the threat has passed or he has formulated a plan to deal with it.

A silver reliquary embedded within the altar contains:

- *Ceremonial Starsteel Dagger* (see **Appendix E: Wondrous Items**).
- Golden embalming tools (20 gp).
- *A Jar of Embalming Resin* (5 doses). If spread upon the body this resin masks the odor of the living, and grants the user a +4 circumstance bonus when trying to sneak past any **Children of the Grave**.
- Ornate jewelry of alien and exotic manufacture (75 gp).
- Golden alter vessels (20 gp).
- *Silver High-Priest Skull Mask* (50 gp). PCs immediately recognize this elaborate mask as being identical to the one worn by the blood-price during his funeral. If worn, this mask opens the onyx doorway leading to the **Tomb of Knowledge** as well as granting passage through **The Gates of Paradise**.
- *Sacred Anointing Oil*. This oil can be used to open the onyx doorway leading to the **Tomb of Knowledge** as well as granting passage through **The Gates of Paradise**.

Altar of Madness...

Dreadful in the uncertain light, the effigy sits cross-legged as a man would sit, with long folded wings curved like scythes over its powerful shoulders. Despite its manlike aspect, the head is that of a great ram, with large sweeping horns that curve back away from the forehead. Its face is more demonic than bestial, with barbed flaring cheeks and an oversized mouth set with large protruding lower tusks. In the center of its forehead, between the great curved horns, rests a large jewel carved into a strange geometric design that glows red and lustful as the coals of hell's deepest pits.

Standing five feet tall and wrought of the same nameless metal as the larger statue in the main temple, this strange idol depicts the god-king, Mog'Malu. Gazing upon the effigy fills one with a profound sense of shame and sadness. Those with a Personality score of 15 or greater

hear a whisper deep in the vaults of their brain, bleak and awful, as if uttered inwardly by the statue itself. The soundless calling is the voice of Mog'Malu, repeating the words "release me" over and over again.

Should anyone touch the effigy or remove the gem (large ruby worth 150 gp), they experience horrific visions of sadistic torture at the hands of wild-eyed zealots. These vivid images of torture are actually the memories of Mog'Malu during his persecution. The unnatural visions are so disturbing they leave the individual shaking and unsteady, suffering a -1 penalty to all rolls for the remainder of the day (DC 14 Will save to resist).

Diary of a Madman...

Tucked away beneath a marble bench is the moldering skeleton of the last living death-cult priest. Trapped within the sanctuary during the raid upon the monastery, the young acolyte hid here from the rioting apostates. A search through the skeleton's rotting robe reveals a suicide note scrawled upon ancient vellum. The note was written during Xothula's assault on the monastery over three thousand years ago (see *Cultist Note* in **Player Handouts** section on p. 76).

Area 2-12 – Physician's Chamber

This bedchamber is covered in thick mismatched carpets and tattered furs. Elaborate tapestries woven of fine silk hang along the walls, covering the fire scorched plaster beneath. A worn divan heaped with moldering blankets occupies the far wall; a simple table draped in black cloth rests beside it. A single black candle burns in a silver holder atop a small writing table, its flickering flame casting oily shadows along the walls.

Formerly the bed chamber of the death-cult's high priest, it is now home to the Physician. The door to this chamber is always locked (DC 12 Pick Locks or DC 14 Strength to burst). The Physician carries the only key on his person at all times.

All the items in this room are of mismatched colors and design, having been plundered from the crypts over the years. Along the far wall are two large clay jugs filled with water. The Physician fills the jugs from his makeshift bone fountain in the **Secret Spying Room**, and carries them here before administering it to his flock. The water is murky, but good for drinking.

Work bench: The following items are located under a black cloth upon the work bench:

- An iron key (opens pantry door).
- 13 black candles (1hr burn time each).
- Stained mortar and pestle, used to grind tomb lotus petals into a tincture.
- *Tomb Lotus Tincture.* A small crystal vial of vermilion colored liquid crafted by the Physician from ground tomb lotus petals, and fed to those he operates on. Drinking the tincture immediately brings on a catatonic state, filled with hallucinations and fever dreams that lasts for 1d24 hours (DC 15 Fort save to half). Treat those affected as helpless for the duration.

Moldering divan: Searching beneath the divan (or a successful DC 14 Luck check) reveals a small, silver jewelry box (worth 25 gp), filled with **Tomb Lotus** petals. Anyone opening the box is affected by the narcotic spore (see Tomb Lotus in **Appendix B: New Creatures** for details). Note that once opened, the spore quickly dissipates. Opening the box a second time no longer produces the spore cloud.

Writing desk: The flickering flame of the black candle illuminates several sheets of loose parchment scattered atop the writing desk. These are the Physician's personal notes and drawings, written on ancient vellum in a frenzied script. While some are nothing more than the ramblings of a madman, others contain valuable knowledge. The notes include:

- A sketch of a large tusk inscribed by strange runes. This is a drawing of the tusk located in the **Tomb of Knowledge**, and is immediately recognizable as such to any who have been there.
- A sketch of what appears to be liquid flowing through hollowed human bones that have been linked together. Anyone who has been to the **Secret Spying Room** will recognize this as the instrument the Physician uses to draw water.
- A map detailing a specific path through the maze-like **Tomb of the Faithful**. A simple "X" denotes the final destination point. This map leads to the grave-worm warren, and is used by the Physician to lure unsuspecting "trouble-makers" to their doom (see the Physician in **Appendix A: NPCs** and the section **Grave-Worm Warren Trap** for details on p. 32). Note that anyone following the map will unwittingly

walk right into the trap.

- A detailed sketch of two young children, obviously twin brother and sister no more than six years old. These are drawings of the **Crypt Mother's** lost children.
- **Complex Rune Cipher.** This heavy manuscript is filled with copious notes and cryptic algorithms written on human vellum. The result of over sixty years of the Physician's dedicated work trying to decipher the *Verbis Arcanum*, the ancient language of Mog'Malu, and thereby unlock the arcane secrets inscribed upon the giant tusk. Although still a work in progress, it can be used to gain a +4 circumstance bonus when attempting to read anything written in *Verbis Arcanum*.
- A sketch of a thorned vine with large splotched blooms; a complex formula is scrawled about the margins. This is a drawing of the **Tomb Lotus** plant along with the formula for concocting the tomb lotus tincture the Physician uses to drug his "patients".
- A strange sigil is sketched upon a sheet of human vellum, beneath which is scrawled the name "Mog'Malu". This is the Sigil of Mog'Malu, and can be used to open the onyx doorway leading to the **Tomb of Knowledge**, as well as **The Gates of Paradise**.

Secret vault: A secret vault is set into the wall beyond the writing table. The table must be moved in order to access the vault. Observant characters searching the floor (or a successful DC 14 Luck check) notice scrape marks along the tiles where the table has repeatedly been pulled away from the wall to gain access to the hidden chamber.

Area 2-13 – Abominable Vault

Once the death-cult's treasury, the chamber now serves as a depraved shrine. A clean white curtain trimmed in gold thread is pulled across the opening to the vault. Beyond the white curtain sits the skeletal remains of a small child upon a plush chair. Gowned in a rotting dress, a jeweled tiara glitters atop the child's head, while nested upon its lap between small skeletal fingers rests a small silver jewelry box. Dotting the floor about the blasphemous shrine are dozens of worn candles set in hardened pools of wax.

Crypt Mother's lost daughter: The skeletal remains are that of the Crypt Mother's lost daughter. Unable to overcome the heartbreaking loss of her mother and separa-

tion from her brother, the child quickly perished under the Physician's "care".

Only the Physician is aware of the child's remains, as it was he who erected the profane shrine in her "honor". The first to touch the child's remains, or attempt to remove either the jeweled tiara or silver jewelry box, are immediately filled with visions of madness, as they astrally travel back into the mind of the youth during her last moments (see Visions of Madness #1 in **Appendix I: Player Handouts**).

This brief flashback leaves the character shaken, but otherwise unaffected.

- Small jeweled tiara (150 gp).
- Silver jewelry box (25 gp) is of intricate design, and holds an assortment of carved wooden toy figurines.

Should Babatunda be made aware of the child's remains, he immediately flies into a rage. Having been deceived all these years by the Physician.

Secret door: Behind an elaborate tapestry depicting a crystal clear lake is a secret door. Observant characters investigating the tapestry (or a successful DC 14 Luck check) notice both the tapestry and the tiled floor along the wall are wet. A portion of the wall, when depressed, opens the secret door behind the tapestry to **Area 2-14**.

Area 2-14 – Dark Stairwell

There are no witch-lights throughout the hall or chamber beyond.

You enter a narrow unlit hall of mortared stone, a spiral stone staircase pitted and worn with age circles downward into the gloom.

The hall and stairs are not crafted from the same crimson tiles as the rest of the crypts, therefore they have been subjected to the effects of time. Small puddles of water have collected here, the result of spillage from the Physician's many trips to the bone fountain.

Area 2-15 – Spying Room

This narrow hall sports walls perforated by tiny holes that shine with a bright radiance from beyond. Water trickles in from numerous cracks running near the walls base. Several hollowed human bones have been linked together and inserted into the larger cracks to

form some kind of grisly fountain; its makeshift spouts slowly draining water into clay jugs.

This chamber was once used by high ranking death-cult priests to spy on the forbidden pleasures in the royal seraglio beyond. Now it is where the Physician draws the water he claims is a "miracle of the gods".

Peepholes

Have PCs make a Luck check when looking through one of the peepholes along the wall.

DC 5 - Reveals a hazy sunlit area along with the sound of rippling water coming from beyond.

DC 10 – As above, plus a shimmering pool of water can be seen through the haze.

DC 15 – As above, plus PC spots movement within the pool.

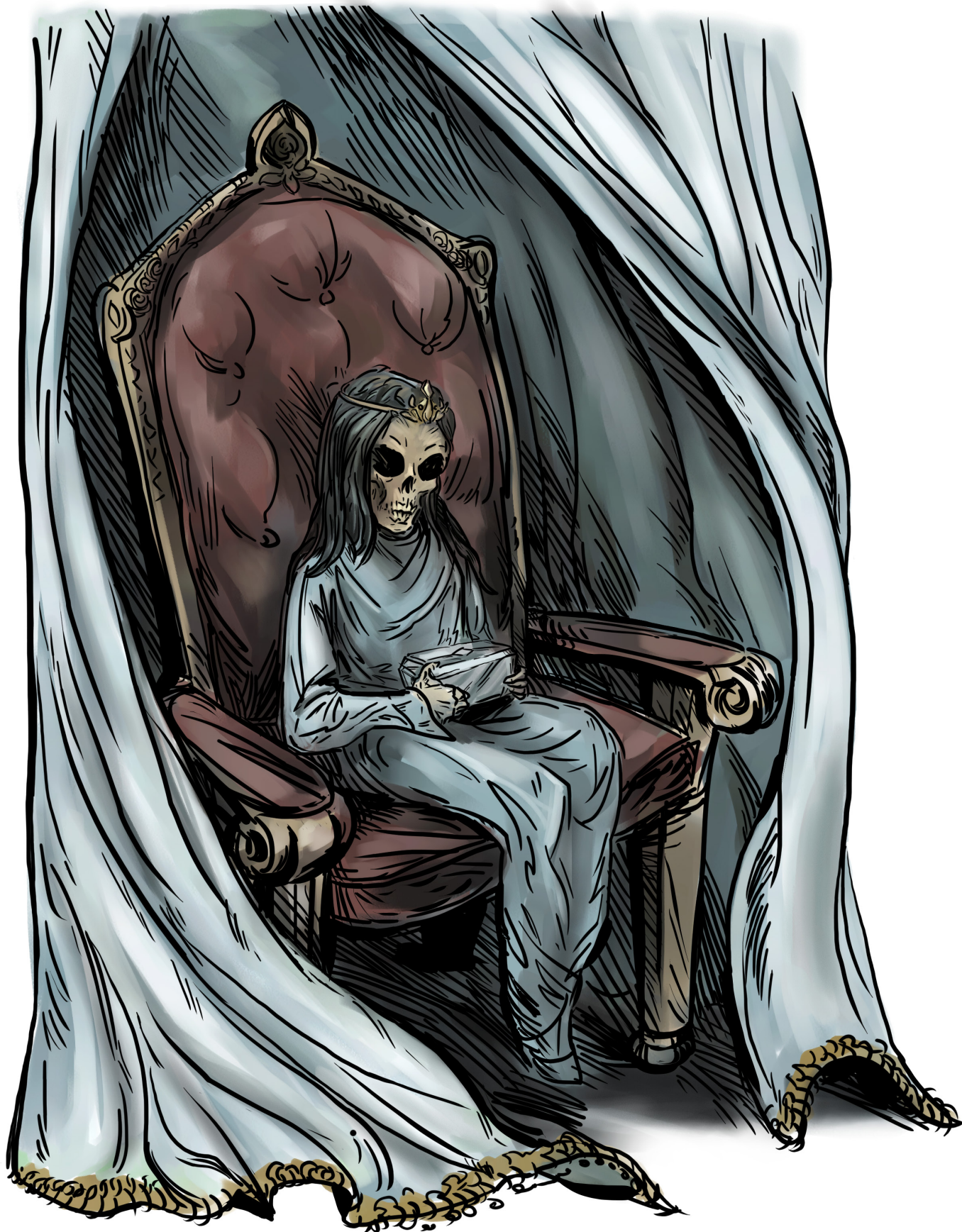
The Physician is aware of the concubines' monstrous deformities in the adjacent chamber (**Area 4-3**), along with the danger they pose to any who enter. Fearful to enter the chamber himself, he has used the seraglio to dispose of unwanted "malcontents" in the past, luring unwary individuals into the room and ultimately their doom. Although a viable tactic in dealing with troublesome PCs, the **grave-worm warren trap** (see p. 32) is the Physician's more preferred method of dealing with those he wishes to destroy.

Barred door: The reverse side of a secret door, this portal is easily located from within this chamber, and securely barred from this side. Fearful of the monstrosities lurking in the **Crypt of Pleasures**

CRYPT OF THE FAITHFUL

Area 3-1 – Missing Doorway

The black interior of the crypt yawns before you, sinister and mysterious as the very shadow of death. An odor of elder desolation wafts from within its sacred gloom,



for whatever door had once guarded this portal has long rotted away. Atop the stone lintel are cryptic runes about a carved image of a giant skull.

General Features: These halls are not crafted from the same crimson tiles as the rest of the crypts, and therefore have been subjected to the effects of time. Large cracks run along the time-ravaged stone, and in some areas the ceiling has collapsed and the floor given way to large sinkholes. There are also no *witch-lights* throughout the night-haunted catacombs. Treat those without a light source as if blinded.

Area 3-2 – Haunted Catacombs

Passageways lined by niches and alcoves stretch away into the darkness. Mummified bodies wrapped in moldering funeral shrouds are set in recessed shelves throughout the warren of catacombs. Smashed urns and ancient debris mingled with the dust of the tomb litter the labyrinthine halls. The air surges with the musty smell of stagnation and decay.

The Crypt of the Faithful is a veritable labyrinth of narrow halls lined with alcoves and niches that house the dead. The walls are of unadorned grey stone set with recessed shelves that contain the remains of Mog'Malu's faithful legions - along with their personal effects. The result of centuries of diligent work at the hands of death-cult priests; countless mummified corpses have been treated with resins, embalmed, and meticulously wrapped in cloth.

Anyone searching a burial niche may make a plunder the dead check (see **Appendix C: Plunder the Dead** for details). There is no limit to the amount of times a PC may attempt to plunder the dead, as there are literally miles of tunnels and thousands of corpses within the catacombs.

Death and the Labyrinth...

The Crypt of the Faithful is both filled with riches and lurking death. For those who find the promise of treasure too alluring, doom almost certainly awaits. For the longer one stays within these night-haunted tunnels the greater one's chance of meeting a grisly end. Wandering the dark catacombs can prove to be quite dangerous. Aside from becoming lost in the labyrinthine catacombs, foul creatures lurk the shadowed halls, sinister traps

await the unwary, and entire areas have become unstable over the ages.

While traversing the Crypt of the Faithful, one becomes easily disoriented and lost within its maze-like passages. Though the crypts are not mapped, a journey through their depths is abstracted on the **Exit Roll Table**. There is only one true way in and out of the catacombs, that being through the rotted double doors in **Area 3-1**. Once the crypt has been entered, three consecutive successful checks must be made on the **Exit Roll Table** to locate the exit and escape the labyrinth. Only one check is made per lost group, regardless of how many characters are involved. Allow the lost group to use the PC with the greatest Luck or Intelligence modifier when attempting the roll, and be sure to consult the **Exit Roll Modifiers** table below for all circumstance modifiers that apply.

Exit Roll Modifiers: Apply the following modifiers to the Exit Roll. Note that the modifiers stack where applicable.

Circumstance	Exit Roll Modifier
Luck or Intelligence modifier	As per the stat
Lost party has no light source	-2
Lost party has light source	+2
Lost party includes a miner, ditch digger, or similar occupation that has familiarity being below ground	+3
Lost party is in possession of the Physician's map	+4

Exit Roll Table

Roll 1d20 + Exit Roll Modifier (see above) against the Exit Roll Table below. Only one roll is made per lost group for each attempt to escape the labyrinth. Three consecutive *Right Direction* rolls must be made in order to escape the catacombs. Characters attempting to locate a specific location within the catacombs (e.g. separated party members, previously visited area, etc.) are also required to roll three consecutive *Right Direction* rolls in order to travel to the desired location. Each roll on the table below represents 10 minutes of searching, therefore judges should keep track of burn time for light sources as this may become an issue. The burn time for a candle or torch is 1 hour, whereas a lantern has a 6 hour duration.

Exit Roll

1d20 + Modifiers	Exit Roll Result
1 or less	Cave-in: The ceiling collapses upon the PCs for 1d6 damage (DC 12 Reflex save to avoid). Those PCs struck by the falling debris and not killed must roll under their Luck score or find themselves trapped on the opposite side of the cave-in, and separated from the rest of the party. Thereby creating two separate parties.
2	Sinkhole: Unstable ground crumbles beneath PCs' feet causing them to fall 15 feet for 1d6 damage (DC 12 Reflex save to avoid).
3	Trap: Crudely made by the Children of the Grave as a means to ensnare food, some examples include spikes crafted from sharpened human bones, sinkholes covered in loose cloth, tripwires woven from human hair, and whatever else the judge can devise. All traps deal 1d4 damage (DC 12 Intelligence check to avoid). PCs with a light source receive a +4 circumstance bonus to the check.
4-5	Random encounter: Roll 1d10 on the Random Encounter Table below.
6-12	Wrong direction: PCs travel in the wrong direction, roll again.
13-19+	Right direction: PCs are heading in the right direction. Note that this must be rolled three consecutive times in order to locate the exit, or any other specific location within the catacombs (e.g. separated party members, previously visited area, etc.).
Natural 20	Exit or specific location found.

Random Encounters, roll 1d10

1. Centipede Swarm: *A writhing mass of legs and clicking mandibles swarms across the ground and ceiling in a deadly, undulating wave.*

Centipede Swarm (10'): Init +4; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3); AC 15; HD3d4; hp 6; MV 30'; Act 2d20;

Crit n/a; SP half damage from all melee weapons and non-area attacks; SV Fort -1; Ref +5; Will +0; AL N.

Description: A writhing mass of legs and clicking mandibles swarms across the ground and ceiling in a deadly, undulating wave.

Tactics: Unlike the grave-worm swarm, these vermin actively hunt for their prey. Lying in wait, they swarm out of the darkness with lightning quickness, enveloping their victim with deadly bites. Fire deals double damage to the swarm. Reducing the mass of centipedes to zero hit points dissipates the swarm sending them scurrying in all directions back to their holes.

2. Giant Tomb Scorpions: *Several large scorpions, each the size of a dog with eerie translucent carapaces meander about the hall. They suddenly go still as you approach, their viscous claws and barbed tails raised in challenge.*

Giant Tomb Scorpions (3): Init -2; Atk pincers +1 melee (1d4) or stinger (DC 13 Fort save or suffer 1d6 dmg) AC 15; HD 1d8+2; hp 5 each; MV 30' or climb 20'; Act 1d20; Crit M/d6; SV Fort +1; Ref +0; Will -3; AL N.

Description: The size of a small dog, with wickedly sharp pincers and a barbed tail that drips with poison. This creature possesses a clear shell, allowing one to see through to its innards.

Tactics: The tomb scorpions are searching for food and have no interest in the PCs, opting to feast upon the interred instead. If attacked or disturbed they defend themselves, fighting to the death. Attempting to continue along the passage past the tomb scorpions will incite them to attack.

3. Children of the Grave Hunting Party: *The shadows suddenly come to life as twisted abominations burst forth from the darkness.*

Children of the Grave Hunting Party (3): Init +0; Atk dagger +1 melee (1d4) or net +1 melee (DC 13 Ref save or be entangled); AC 13; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; Crit III/d6; SV Fort +3;

Ref -1; Will -1; AL C.

Description: Born with hideous deformities and pale flesh that has never felt the warmth of the sun, these twisted human-hybrids are repulsive to look upon.

Possessions: Soiled rags, net woven from human hair, sharpened bone dagger.

Tactics: The hunting party prowls the catacombs in search of food, attacking by surprise they spring from the shadows (DC 13 Intelligence check to avoid).

4. Tomb-Robber's Remains: *Slumped against the wall is a decomposed corpse, its fleshless bones yellow from age. Dressed in worm-eaten clothing, the skeleton still clutches a worn shovel in its lifeless hands.*

The decaying remains of a tomb-robber, trapped within the crypts when his tunnel collapsed long ago. Clutched in boney hands is a moldering sack containing his plunder. Have the PC that is actively searching the sack make a random item roll (see **Appendix D: Random Items**) to determine the sack's contents. The PC may roll on the chart as many times as equal to double his Luck modifier (minimum of one roll). Note that the sack can only be searched once for items.

Other equipment on or around the body include:

- Shovel and small pickaxe.
- 50' of rotting rope (10% chance it snaps with each use).
- Thieves tools.
- Small lantern (with enough fuel for 1d6hrs).

5. Mind Maggot Prowler: *A rotting corpse shambles forward from out of the gloom. Swaddled in tattered rags, its decaying flesh crawls with bloated black worms.*

Mind Maggot Prowler: Init -4; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3-1); AC 9; HD 2d6; hp 6; MV 20'; Act 1d20; Crit M/d6; SP un-dead traits, infected bite, death burst; SV Fort +4; Ref -4; Will +2; AL C.

Special Abilities:

- **Death Burst:** When a mind maggot prowler dies, it explodes in a burst of roiling worms. All creatures within 5 feet of the prowler are showered in gore and must make a DC 9 Fortitude save or contract mind maggots (see Disease in **Appendix C: Plundering the Dead**).
- **Infected Bite:** A mind maggot prowler's bite implants tiny worms into the victim's wound. Each successful bite requires a DC 8 Fort save or contract mind maggots (see Disease in **Appendix C: Plundering the Dead**).

Description: A bloated corpse clad in tattered rags, its putrid flesh crawling with black worms, shambles forward, arms outstretched.

Possessions: Soiled rags, 1 random item (see **Appendix D: Random Items**).

Tactics: This disgusting creature is the horrifying result of mind maggot disease (see disease in **Appendix C: Plundering the Dead**). This former **Servus Mortem** now turned walking corpse is driven by an insatiable need to feed and spread its parasitic disease. It attacks the living on sight, fighting until destroyed.

6. Cackling Fool: *A faint laughter drifts through the haunted-silence, its eerie mirth grows louder as you approach – until its source is finally revealed. Like something out of a twisted dream, a skeletal-thin man covered in layers of dirt and grime crouches within the benighted passageway cackling manically.*

Cackling Fool: Init -4; Atk n/a; AC 5; HD 1d4; hp 2; MV 0'; Act n/a; SP infect; SV Fort +4; Ref -4; Will +2; AL C.

Infected blood: A cackling fool's blood is highly contagious, all who strike a successful blow in melee combat against it must make a DC 13 Fort save or contract the laughing death (see Disease in **Appendix C: Plundering the Dead**).

Description: Skeletal thin and covered in grime, he crouches in the passageway laughing manically, his glazed eyes devoid of any reason.

Possessions: Soiled rags, 1 random item (see **Appendix N: Random Items**).

Tactics: This poor soul has been infected with the laughing death (see Disease in **Appendix C: Plundering the Dead**). He is completely harmless and will not respond to the players in any way. If left alone he spends the remainder of his days laughing in the hall until starvation or something worse takes his life.

7. Death-Cult Ghost: *Suddenly at the very edge of your vision, a figure glides through the gloom. Swathed in voluminous black robes that flutter about its form like phantom shadows, it turns its hooded head towards you as it passes. A baleful doom fills your soul, for beneath its hooded cowl is nothing more than swirling shadows of deepest night. The faceless horror disappears into the darkness of the forgotten underworld with nary a sound.*

Death-Cult Ghost: Init +2; Atk special (see below); AC 10; HD 2d12; hp 12; MV fly 40'; Act 1d20; Crit UN/d6; SP hideous wail, un-dead traits, immune to non-magical weapons; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +6; AL C.

Hideous Wail: Anyone within 100 feet of the insane shrieking takes 1d4 damage from pure fright (DC 12 Fort save to resist).

Description: This spectral figure glides hauntingly through the air, swathed in voluminous black robes that flutter about its form like phantom shadows.

Tactics: The hooded figure is an apparition of a fallen death-cult priest. His restless spirit forever compelled to walk the forgotten underworld tending to legions of dead. If followed, PCs witness the ghost pass from alcove to alcove, ministering to the dead before simply disappearing through a solid stone wall. The spectral manifestation carries out its duties seemingly unaware of the PCs' presence. Should anyone touch or attack the phantom it lets out a hideous wail that seems to emanate from a thousand haunted voices. The apparition cannot be harmed by anyone on this mortal plane, and immediately disappears through a solid wall after letting out its bone chilling scream.

8. Crypt Mother: *Through the haunted darkness you catch sight of the Crypt Mother. Her festering gown sways with each unnatural step as she prowls the time-forgotten halls in search of her lost children.*

The **Crypt Mother** is unaware of the PCs' presence, and if left alone continues down the passageway. If confronted, she immediately begins singing her haunted lullaby (see **Appendix B: New Creatures** for details).

9. Bas-Reliefs: *Undesecrated by hammer or chisel, this bas-relief depicts a goat-headed man seated upon a throne, surrounded by smiling children (see **Clue: Untouched Bas-Relief** on p.32).*

10. Lost Imperial Soldier: *Suddenly you are face to face with a panting and wide-eyed soldier. Dressed in the disheveled garb of a royal guard, his eyes are glazed with fear and madness. He stumbles backward in his haste to run from you, the fear of death etched upon his face.*

Lost Imperial Soldier: Init +1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1D6+1); AC 14; HD 1d8; hp 5 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; Crit III/d6; SV Fort +1; Ref +1; Will +0; AL L.

Description: Dressed in the disheveled garb of a royal guard, this frantic and panting soldier stares with eyes that are glazed with fear and madness.

Possessions: Leather cuirass (as leather armor), short sword.

Tactics: A survivor from the squad of royal guards sent into the crypts by the blood-prince, he has been lost in the labyrinthine catacombs for days.

Starving and nearly mad with fear, he will immediately try to flee from the PCs unless they can somehow convince him they mean no harm. A Personality check DC 13 is required to convince the soldier to stay. PCs who offer the soldier food or drink receive a +4 circumstance bonus to the check. If befriended, the soldier will ramble on about being sent into the crypts, charged with locating the Gates of Paradise. He is unaware of what happened to the others, as they were immediately set upon by bloodthirsty monstrosities.

Grave-Worm Warren Trap

Any who follow the Physician's mysterious map stumble directly into a nefarious trap, as the map purposely leads to a weakened area of the catacombs directly above a hive of nesting grave-worms. These disgusting, flesh-eating vermin nest within the crypts, making their way from corpse to corpse where they devour the mummified flesh. Note that following the map to its marked destina-

Clue: : Untouched Bas-Relief

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 - This ancient carving reveals children worshipping a goat-headed creature. (Stonemasons, architects, artisans, and the like recognize the carving as being over ten thousand years old.)

DC 10 - As above, plus the size and shape of the image suggests this carving must have been missed by those who defiled the rest. As it is clear that the goat-headed creature was the image removed from the other desecrated murals found throughout the crypts.

DC 15- As above, plus the carving is eerily similar to an iconic one commonly found throughout the city-state of Hazruun. Yet in that iconic carving it is the last great god-king, Xothula, who is seated upon the throne and worshipped by the children, not a monstrous goat-headed creature.

The image is that of Mog'Malu seated amongst his beloved followers. Undiscovered by Xothula's mutinous rebels, this stone carving has not been defaced, and is one of the few accurate depictions of the true god-king left in existence.

tion requires three successful rolls on the **Exit Modifier Table** (see section **Death and the Labyrinth** for details).

X marks the spot...

Read the following when the destination marked on the map is reached:

Finally reaching your destination, the passageway opens into a low ceilinged chamber. Although undoubtedly the area marked upon the map, you curiously find the chamber absent any distinguishing features, and most unsettling of all - devoid of any exit. No sooner does the realization set in that the map has led you to a dead end, the ground beneath your feet suddenly falls away with a loud rumble, pitching you downward into darkness.

Treading atop the grave-worm warren opens a sinkhole, causing all to fall 15 feet into a writhing nest of horror (DC 15 Reflex save to avoid). Read the following to any who fall into the grave-worm nest:

You drop a short distance into a pulpy wet mass - a pulsating nest of pale, fist-sized maggots undulates throughout the pit, glistening with viscous slime. The squirming horde roils over you, disgusting digestive juices searing your bare flesh.

Those unlucky enough to fall into the nest find themselves in a lot of trouble. Although no damage is taken from the actual fall itself, the swarm automatically deals 1pt of damage per round to anyone trapped within, as digestive acid burns thorough flesh, bone, and even iron. Victims trapped within the nest can use an attack action to scale the pit (DC 10 climb check) thereby avoiding the squirming horde and further damage. Note that others not trapped in the pit may assist those within, granting a +4 circumstance bonus to the climb check. If a 1 is rolled during the assisted attempt, both parties tumble back into the pit.

Grave-Worm Horde (40'): Init (always last); Atk automatic deals 1hp/rd; AC 8; HD4d6; hp 13; MV 5' or climb 5'; Act special; Crit n/a; SP Skin Crawl, half damage from all melee weapons and non-area attacks; SV Fort +5; Ref -5; Will -2; AL N.

Special Abilities

- **Skin Crawl:** Victims of the swarm suffer a -1 penalty to all skill, climb, melee attacks and spell checks as they fight to keep their eyes, nose, mouth, and ears free from the writhing mass of worms.

Description: A pulsating horde of pale fist-sized maggots undulates throughout the pit, glistening with viscous slime.

Tactics: Treading atop the grave-worm warren opens a sinkhole, causing all to fall 15 feet into the writhing nest of horror (DC 15 Ref to avoid). The swarm automatically deals 1pt of damage per round to anyone trapped within, as the digestive acid burns thorough flesh, bone, and even iron. Victims trapped within the swarm are allowed a DC 10 climb check to escape the squirming horde and avoid further damage.

CRYPT OF PLEASURES

Area 4-1 – Jade Doors

You stand before a massive set of double doors wrought from a king's ransom of gleaming jade. The doorway has no handles or fixtures, and its surface offers no bolt or catch.

The doors are unlocked, and despite their size swing silently inward with even the gentlest push.

Blinding light streams forth from beyond. Anyone who has already found the remains of the **Crypt Mother's** daughter, and suffered the *Visions of Madness #1* in **Appendix I: Player Handouts**, immediately recognize these doors as the ones in the vision.

General Features: The Crypt of Pleasures is bathed in bright light emanating from the glowing blue crystal ceiling. Elaborate mosaics meticulously crafted from gleaming tiles adorn the walls. The **Children of the Grave** will not enter these rooms, as they are averse to the strong light.

Area 4-2 – Devil's Seraglio

You are momentarily blinded as your eyes adjust to a dazzling bright light. Gleaming marble pillars rise up

to a domed ceiling of glowing blue crystal. Bestial faces carved into each pillar spew forth thin streams of water into a massive pool. A pale thin mist rises up from the water, clinging to the base of pillars like a cemetery fog. The chamber is perfumed with a flowery incense, and the walls and floors are tiled in a colorful mosaic depicting depraved and forbidden scenes of exotic pleasures. From somewhere beyond, you hear a faint giggle like the ringing of crystal bells dancing through the mist.

This elaborate bathhouse once served as the great god-king's seraglio. A place of relaxation and exotic pleasures, where bare flesh of every flavor caroused amidst clouds of billowing lotus smoke. Now three mutated concubines lounge in the water, their bodies a hideous distortion of human flesh.

When the corruption from the outer void was released during the great struggle at the gate between Xothula and Mog'Malu, these once beautiful women were transformed into hideous beasts. No longer human, they have become one with the outer dark, and as thus time means nothing to them. Unless slain by spell or steel, a corrupted concubine lives forever - deriving its pleasure only from the wholesale slaughter of human beings.

To all that enter the room, these creatures appear to be nothing more than exotic women lounging in the pool; giggling and beckoning all who enter to join them. But below the water lies their horrible secret, for growing from their backs like some abyssal cancer is a large six-legged spider. The bodies of the women are mindless and incapable of speech, but can captivate the living through basic human sounds and lurid gestures, seducing unsuspecting victims into the water where the spider growing beneath may feed.

Area 2a – Chambers of Ecstasy

Narrow alcoves give way to chambers festooned in rotted silks. Moldering pillows and decaying hides cover couches of bygone luxury throughout these chambers of pleasure. A small delicately carved armoire rests in each room.

A thick layer of dust covers these chambers, and a closer examination of the once opulent trappings reveal they have molded with age. A silver hand-sized mirror (worth 30 gp) can be found in one of the chambers (DC 8 Luck

or Intelligence check to spot).

Armoire: Each chamber contains a small armoire filled with sensuous garments of silk and gossamer, now rotted with age. PCs who successfully roll under their Luck when searching through the armoire find additional items within. Roll on the random item table (see **Appendix D: Random Items**) to determine what is found. Note that each armoire can only be searched once for items.

Area 4-3 – The Pool

Read the following to any who venture near the pool:

Through a shimmering haze of mist, three women lounge in the water. Each shaped like a goddess, with ivory white skin and full red lips.

Exotic jewelry crusted with sparkling gemstones grace their lithe alabaster limbs. Their dark eyes, shaded by long dusky lashes and deep with sensuous mystery, beckon you forth to join them in the water. Their musical laughter whisper promises of forbidden pleasures and exotic ecstasies beyond the ken of ordinary men.

Corrupted Concubines (3): Init +2; Atk Bite +3 melee (1d4); AC 14; HD2d8; hp 8 each; MV 30; Act 1d20; Crit M/d8; SP captivating visage, kiss of doom; SV Fort +2; Ref +4; Will +2; AL C.

Special Abilities:

- **Captivating Visage:** A concubine's beauty is so profound that it warps the minds of both men and women alike. Any who gaze upon this creature's alluring beauty must make a DC 12 Will save or become so infatuated they can do nothing but join the concubine in the pool, whereby they willingly succumb to its kiss.
- **Kiss of Doom:** Concubines can kiss a captivated victim automatically, causing 1d4 points of Stamina damage each round they are locked in embrace. When a victim reaches zero Stamina they sink beneath the water and drown.

Description: A giant long-legged spider covered in bristly hairs, in which from its back grows a fully formed woman, beautiful with ivory white skin and full red lips.

Possessions: Exotic jewelry 30 gp.

Tactics: The concubines lure victims into the pool with their captivating visage, then drain them of stamina until they drown, before feeding on their lifeless corpse. If engaged in melee, the Concubines pounce upon their victims and bite with a massive yellow-fanged mouth hidden on its underside.

Beneath Mournful Waters...

At the bottom of the tiled pool rests the skeletal remains of the **Crypt Mother's** lost son. Although the child is difficult to see from outside of the pool (DC 13 Intelligence or Luck check to spot), should any enter the water the hoary remains are easily revealed. Having fled from the Physician, the terrified child entered the Tomb of Pleasures and became a victim to the horrible half-women within. Now the skeletal remains rest at the bottom of the murky water. The first to touch the child's remains are filled with visions of madness, as they astrally travel back into the mind of the youth during his last moments (see *Visions of Madness #2* in **Appendix I: Player Handouts**).

Peepholes: A careful examination of the walls surrounding the pool (or a successful DC 14 Luck Check) reveal they are littered with tiny peepholes. These holes were used by high ranking death-cult priests to spy on the carnal pleasures within this chamber from beyond.

Secret door: Pressing upon a specific area in the lavish mosaic (DC 14 Intelligence or Luck check to spot) activates a secret door leading to the **Spying Room**. Note that the Physician always keeps this door barred from the other side. Should the bar still be in place, the secret door will not open, and is extremely difficult to break down (DC 23 Strength check to burst).

Using a crowbar or similar object grants a +4 circumstance bonus to the roll.

Corrupted Concubine



CRYPT OF KNOWLEDGE

Area 5-1 – Onyx Doors

You stand before a massive set of double doors wrought from polished, midnight-black stone. The doorway has no handles or fixtures, and its surface offers no bolt or catch.

These doors are magically locked, and can be opened by doing any of the following:

- Trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon the door with the *sacred oils* (Inner Sanctum).
- Trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon the door with the *blood of Mog'Malu* (Crypt of Kings).
- Trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon the door with the *tears of Xothula* (Crypt of Kings).
- Don the *Silver High Priest Skull Mask* (Inner Sanctum).

General Features: Once used by Mog'Malu's most learned disciples as a place of arcane research and profane studies, this age-haunted sanctum now lays forgotten and shattered, lost to the ravages of dread antiquity. Sinister and ancient as the very shadow of death, the Crypt of Knowledge still teems with astounding mysteries and abominable lore for those who dare its sacred gloom.

This mysterious tomb is in actuality a repository of arcane knowledge passed down by Mog'Malu to his most trusted disciples over the centuries. Part sacred crypt, part esoteric archive, this vault houses the remains of learned sages, renown scholars, and mystic viziers from eons past, along with all of their arcane knowledge.

Area 5-2 – The Tusk

This oddly shaped chamber is wrought of gleaming black stone polished to a smooth glossy texture. The domed ceiling sparkles with countless stones arranged in a strange pattern of some unfamiliar and mad geometry.

In the center of the room, atop a massive block of black stone rests an enormous ivory tusk, its curved tip reaching more than fifty feet overhead. Its surface is covered

Clue: : Onyx Doors

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 – A thick layer of dust covers the door and shows signs of being disturbed.

DC 10 – As above, plus a strange symbol has been traced in the dust covering the door.

DC 15 – As above, plus a finger dipped in some fluid was used to draw the strange symbol. (Acolytes, alchemists, herbalists, and the like recognize that a pungent oil was used to trace the symbol upon the door.)

The symbol traced in the dust is the sigil of Mog'Malu, and immediately recognized as such to any who are in possession of the Physician's drawing (see **Area 2-11**).

in cryptic runes and writhing serpentine characters that gleam with a silvery luminescence, alien to both human sanity and reason.

The enormous tusk, covered in the carved letters of a lost alphabet, serves as a dark grimoire of sorcerous power. Written in *Verbis Arcanum*, the forgotten language of Mog'Malu, this sacred writ is a collection of dark wisdoms passed down by the great god-king since time immemorial.

Deciphering the Tusk: Any who attempt to read the arcane scripture must roll 1d20 + Intelligence modifier and refer to the table below. Note that those in possession of the Physician's **Rune Cipher** add a +4 circumstance bonus to the roll.



DECIPHERING THE TUSK

D20 + Int Mod	Effect
1 or less	Eldritch energy pours through the character's mind in a torrent of soul-wracking waves. The arcane knowledge of unhallowed centuries causes reader's head to swell and distort until it explodes in a shower of pink mist and shards of bone.
2-8	A brief tear in reality allows character to glimpse worlds beyond human understanding, along with the reality of mankind's cosmic insignificance. Roll d20 on Cosmic Taint Table below.
9-19	Nothing happens - character feels nauseous and dizzy.
20-21	Character imbued with esoteric knowledge. A random level 1 wizard spell is upon character's lips. Although aware of the newfound ability, the character is unaware of the exact spell. Next time the character speaks, the spell is automatically cast. Roll normally for spell effect and mercurial magic. Once cast, the spell is lost regardless of success, and cannot be cast again.
22-23	Character suffused in dark wisdoms. A random level 2 wizard spell is upon character's lips. Although aware of the newfound ability, the character is unaware of the exact spell. Next time the character speaks, the spell is automatically cast. Roll normally for spell effect and mercurial magic. Once cast, the spell is lost regardless of success, and cannot be cast again.
24+	Character bathed in cosmic acuity. A random wizard spell of any level is burned into character's mind. The character is aware of the exact spell known, and it can be cast anytime the recipient wishes until it is lost. Roll normally for spell effect and mercurial magic. Once lost, the spell can no longer be cast again.

COSMIC TAINT TABLE

D20	Result*
1	Hair turns completely white, and grasp upon reality becomes tenuous. Character suffers a permanent -2 penalty to Will saves.
2	Character ages 2d30 years. For every 20 years aged, character permanently loses 1 point of Strength, Agility, and Stamina, but gains 1 point of Intelligence and Personality.
3	Bones twist and warp. Character suffers a permanent -2 penalty to Reflex saves.

4	Spine twists and back hunches. Character permanently loses 2 points of Agility.
5	Character vomits 5' Primeval Slime (see <i>DCC RPG rulebook</i>). The slime attacks nearest targets.
6	Eyes burst into flames, character is permanently blinded.
7	Brain swells causing blood to trickle out of nose, ears, and mouth causing 1d4 damage.
8	Great sweeping ram-horns grow from forehead. Character suffers persistent migraines and permanently loses 2 points of Personality.
9	Feet fuse into goat hooves. Character's speed permanently reduced by 10'.
10	Character devolves back into primordial man. Brow begins to enlarge, face takes on ape-like qualities, and body grows squat with heavy muscles. Character permanently loses half of their Intelligence and Personality scores, but gains 3 points of Strength and Stamina.
11	Character suffers from random uncontrollable spasms resulting in a permanent -2 penalty to initiative rolls.
12	A random wizard spell of any level is permanently carved into reader's flesh, causing 1 hit point of damage; in essence turning the character's flesh into a living grimoire written in scars. This may result in the character being hunted by power-mad wizards should knowledge of the arcane scars be flaunted.
13	Character bursts into flames suffering 1d6 damage. Anyone within 10' of character suffers 1d3 damage (DC 10 Reflex save to avoid).
14	Electricity courses through character's body causing 1d6 damage. The electricity arcs into anyone within 10' for 1d3 damage (DC 10 Reflex save to avoid).
15	Character radiates bone chilling cold as their flesh takes on a layer of frost causing 1d4 damage.
16	Skull enlarges, deforms, and distorts. Character permanently loses 2 points of Intelligence.
17	Character suffers internal corruption as internal organs swell with pus and growths. Character permanently loses 2 points of Stamina.
18	Character's mind haunted by voices that chant in an unintelligible language over and over again. Character permanently loses 2 points of Luck.
19	Character develops an obsessive habit whereby they continuously mumble under their breath in an unintelligible language. Character permanently loses 2 points of Personality.
20	Reader becomes enthralled by the Tusk and its dark secrets. Character refuses to leave the chamber and attacks anyone if made to do so.

* Note that ability scores can never fall below 3 or be raised above 18.

Area 5-3 – Necromantium

This circular chamber sports curved walls banded by narrow ledges, a stone stairway climbs endlessly from tier to tier, vanishing into the shadowy darkness of the upper realms. In the center of the chamber, a large open pit pulsates with an eerie red glow, casting demonic shadows along a ring of upright metal sarcophagi evenly spaced along the walls. A circular aperture in each sarcophagus reveals a skeletal face leering out from within its metal sanctuary.

Anyone searching a metal sarcophagus may make a plunder the dead check (see **Appendix C: Plunder the Dead** for details). There is no limit to the amount of times the check can be made as there are literally thousands of corpses entombed here.

This chamber not only serves as the eternal resting place of great viziers, learned sages, and holy men loyal to Mog'Malu, but also a conduit to their very spirits.

The **Necromantium** enables an individual to consult with the spirits of the wise men entombed here. A spirit may be contacted by either casting a living sacrifice into the pit, or offering a blood sacrifice in the form of PC ability burn. The HD level of the living sacrifice or the amount of ability burn determines the result, as per the Blood Sacrifice Table below.

Area 5-4 – The Pit

You stand at the edge of carrion black pit, aglow with a strange crimson gleam and swirling mist. The putrid stench of plague hot winds wafts up from somewhere deep within its fathomless depths. A single metal spire slices up through the swirling mist like the tip of a giant spear, its gleaming sides engraved with scenes of ritual slaughter.

Pictograms of skull-masked priests casting human sacrifices into the pit cover its sides, their mouths frozen in silent screams of terror.

Making a Sacrifice

If a suitable sacrifice is made consult the Blood Sacrifice Table and read the following:

The strange crimson glow from deep within the pit

comes pouring forth, slowly merging into a shadowy form that vaguely resembles a man. Its face gazes upon you with great luminous eyes that seem to hold the wisdom of untold centuries.

BLOOD SACRIFICE TABLE

HD of Living Sacrifice or Amount of Ability-Burn	Result
1-2	The supplicant makes fleeting contact with the spirit of an ancient sage, and has enough time to ask one simple question and hear an answer.
3-4	The supplicant establishes a simple rapport with the spirit of a great vizier, and has enough time to ask two simple questions and hear an answer.
5+	As above, but the supplicant has enough time to ask three simple questions and hear an answer.

Casting a dead creature into the pit offends and infuriates the spirits. Offended spirits blast the transgressors mind through an agonizing mental assault, resulting in a permanent loss of 1d4 points of Intelligence (DC 15 Will save to resist). Note that casting an inanimate object into the pit has no effect, but does result in the permanent loss of the object.



CRYPT OF QUEENS

Area 6-1 – Silver Doors

A massive set of double doors wrought of hammered silver are thrown open, their once gleaming surface now streaked in blood and filth. The open portal yawns black as night, a putrid stench of decaying flesh wafts over you from beyond.

Sneaking past the doors: Through the open doorway lies the **Children of the Grave's** lair, where the twisted abominations feast upon those captured. Sneaking past the portal can prove difficult (DC 18 move silently or Luck check to succeed) as the **Children of the Grave** have developed an enhanced sense of hearing and smell to compensated for their near blindness. Note that wearing padded footwear or smearing ones skin with *Embalming Resins* (as the blood-prince did) helps mask the sound and scent, each granting a +4 circumstance bonus to the roll.

A failed sneak attempt results in 3d6 **Children of the Grave** (see **Appendix B: New Creatures**) rushing forth from the open doorway to attack.

General Features: Once reserved for deceased queens and their royal children, this massive complex of archways and alcoves is now home to the **Crypt Mother** and her dread **Children of the Grave**. Huddled within domed burial vaults and giant marble sepulchers, the **Children of the Grave** live like feral beasts in the darkness. Most of the witch-lights throughout the chamber have been covered in filth, leaving this crypt shadowed in gloom. Treat those without a light source as if blinded.

Anyone searching through one of the many marble sepulchers may make a plunder the dead check (see **Appendix C: Plunder the Dead** for details). There is no limit to the amount of times the check can be made as there are literally thousands of corpses entombed here.

Area 6-2 – Lair of Filth

Darkened archways loom menacingly in every direction, their abyssal blackness beckoning. The walls have been smeared with blood and filth, filling the chamber with the stench of death and decay. Your very feet tread upon a carpet of cracked human bones, some still wet

and glistening.

Anyone entering this chamber without the remains of the Crypt Mother's lost children are immediately set upon by the denizens within. Outright combat with the Children of the Grave proves foolish as they defend their lair and mother to the death.

Bearing "Gifts" of the dead...

Those who enter the chamber with the remains of the Crypt Mother's lost children are granted safe passage and audience with the dread corpse-queen. Note that the Crypt Mother is almost always present within these chambers (95% chance).

Children of the Grave (22): Init +0; Atk dagger or club +1 melee (1d4); AC 13; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; Crit III/d6; SP light sensitivity (-2 to all rolls in torchlight, -4 in sunlight); SV Fort +3; Ref -1; Will -1; AL C.

Description: Born with hideous deformities and pale flesh that has never felt the warmth of the sun, these twisted abominations are repulsive to look upon.

Possessions: Soiled rags, sharpened human bone dagger, makeshift club.

Tactics: They fight with a maddened fury, eager to please their mother through the spilling of blood.

Area 6-3 – Bound Guard Captain

A man lies draped over a pitted marble sarcophagus, his arms and legs bound by ropes of woven human hair. Caked in blood and filth, his eyes stare dully toward you. Slowly his mouth opens in an attempt to call out, but only ragged gasps issue forth from smashed and bloody lips.

Near death and incapable of speech, the royal guard captain is bound to the profane altar wherein the **Children of the Grave** slake their ravenous hunger and lust for blood. Completely mad with fear and unspeakable agony, he can only stare blankly ahead, awaiting death to deliver him from his torment.

If rescued and healed, the royal guard captain explains

that he and his men were ordered by the blood-prince to locate the Gates of Paradise, but were set upon by blood thirsty monstrosities shortly after their decent.

The following items can be found discarded amongst the filth at the base of the altar:

- 3 boiled leather cuirasses (as leather armor), emblazoned with the royal sigil of the Mad-Sultan.
- 3 short swords.
- A royal writ directing the captain of the palace guard to enter the Crypts of Eternity and locate the Gates of Paradise. The writ bears the seal of the blood-prince.
- Random item (see **Appendix D: Random Items**).

Mother and Children Reunited...

Should the hoary remains of the **Crypt Mother's** lost children be presented to her, the dark energies that fuel the corpse-queen's existence falter, causing the **Crypt Mother** to wither and her **Children of the Grave** to scurry to their filthy holes – lost and terrified without their dread mother. Only the **Crypt Mother's** skull remains perched atop a pile of ash (see new item *Crypt Mother Skull*).

Read or paraphrase the following when the Crypt Mother is reunited with her children's remains:

Where once stood the Crypt Mother, rests only a grinning skull atop a pile of blackened ash. A spectral image, like a wisp of fog, slowly merges into the forms of mother and children. Beautiful beyond measure, the ghostly family, now reunited, walk away hand-in-hand into the gloom.

Anyone who immediately follows the ghostly queen and her children are led safely past the silent sentinels, straight through the Gates of Paradise, and into the God Crypt; before mother and children disappear forever. Judges should note that if at any time a PC hesitates while following the queen, stops to investigate or retrieve an item, or takes any action other than directly following her - the queen and her children disappear from view forever, and can no longer be followed.

New Item: Crypt Mother Skull

The grim remains of a betrayed queen, this grinning skull attempts to make contact with its possessor. Slowly beseeching him over the next several weeks to murder the Mad-Sultan and the Physician (if still alive); thereby avenging the death of her family. Should the possessor of the skull acquiesce to the morbid plea, the skull weeps diamonds in gratitude (worth 500 gp); with promise of more once the vengeance has been enacted.

HALL OF HEROES

Area 7-1 –Iron Doors

You stand before a massive set of double doors wrought from cold iron. The doorway has no handles or fixtures, and its surface offers no bolt or catch.

The doors are unlocked, and despite their size swing silently inward with even the gentlest push. Note that the **Children of the Grave** will not enter the hall, fearing the skeletal man-giants within and the terror their gaze delivers.

General Features: The floor is coated in the thick dust of shadowed ages and dotted with open pits set randomly throughout. A single set of curious looking footprints can be seen by all who open the iron doors (see **Clue: Strange Tracks**, p. 42). The prints issue from the golden portal beyond and cross through the center of the hall, weaving a path between the open pits and out the iron doors.

Area 7-2 – Silent Guardians

A great hall stretches before you, its crimson floor coated with the dust of shadowed centuries and dotted with gapping pits that fall away into darkness. A barrel vaulted ceiling is held aloft by thick marble columns marching in rows along the walls. In the space between each column stands a nightmare figure. Eight skeletal giants clad in burnished corselets stand at attention, their grinning misshapen skulls meet your gaze from behind gilded bronze helms. At the far end of the hall a massive golden portal radiates with a soft glow.

Clue: Strange Tracks

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 - A single set of curious looking footprints issue from the golden portal, and cross through the center of the hall weaving a path between the open pits, and out the iron doors.

DC 10 – As above, plus the prints were made recently by someone wearing strange footwear. (Merchants, smugglers, thieves, and the like recognize the prints as having been made by someone with padded slippers commonly used by cutpurses and assassins.)

DC 15 – As above, plus the stride is shorter and more irregular than normal, and the dust is displaced backward behind the heel, rather than forward of the toe. All signs point to these tracks being made by someone walking backwards. (Trapper, hunter, slaver, and the like recognize these tracks as being made only a few hours ago.)

The prints are that of the blood-prince, wearing his custom-made padded slippers, and were indeed made walking backwards. Aware that looking directly upon the guardian giants brings on horror and madness, the prince, equipped with a small hand-sized mirror, safely navigated the hall and its deadly pits by gazing at the reflection cast over his shoulder as he passed backwards down the corridor.

Note that PCs with starting occupation Merchant, immediately recognize the prints as having come from the padded slippers custom-made for the blood-prince just days before his murder.

Skeletal Champions ...

Eight of Mog'Malu's greatest champions and war-chiefs are interred here. Descendants of an ancient and extinct line of man-giants, these twenty foot tall skeletons still

keep silent vigil over the **Crypt of Kings** beyond. Each giant is armed with an oversized bronze weapon (treat as two-handed swords and pole arms if equipped by PCs).

To anyone traversing the hall, the heads of the armored giants seem to turn and follow, never appearing to be in the same position when last they were gazed upon - yet always keeping their sightless eyes fixed on any intruder. The mummified sentinels are so unnaturally disturbing, any who proceeded down the hall are compelled to meet their unsettling gaze, and thereby stricken with abject terror and hallucinations of doom and madness.

Crossing the hall: Anyone crossing the hall must succeed in a series of increasingly difficult Will saves as an unnatural sense of dread terror builds with each step. Successful Will saves against DC 5, DC 10, DC 15, and DC 20 must be rolled in order to pass each set of skeletons. Failing a Will save results in hallucinations of madness, causing the affected to immediately flee back out the iron doors. Anyone forced to flee in terror from the chamber must roll under their Luck score or fall into one of the many **Pits of Hell** (see below). Note that anyone using a mirror to traverse the hall are immune to the sentinel's terrifying gaze, and safely navigate the **Pits of Hell**.

Read or paraphrase the following to any who fail a Will save:

You are filled with an unnatural sense that someone is watching - when suddenly in silent unison the cadaverous warriors lurch forward. Their royal cerements bursting open at the bosom. Small rodent-like monsters, pale as corpse-flesh, with vaguely human faces and eyes that sparkle red as accursed rubies spill forth, chittering shrilly as they descend upon you in waves.

Pits of Hell: Set randomly throughout the hall, these open pits fall away into darkness, and are in actuality a tear in the material plane. Anything that falls into a pit plummets endlessly through a dark limbo of unshared time and space, and is lost forever.

Area a – Golden Doors

A massive set of double doors carved from solid gold is set at the end of the hall. Stamped in alien filigree, the golden portal radiates a soft glow that casts diffused shadows throughout the passageway.



The golden doors are unlocked, and despite their size swing silently inward with even the gentlest push. A small hand-mirror (DC 7 Luck check to spot) lies in the dust before the door, having been discarded by the blood-prince after its use.

Note that PCs with starting occupation Courtesan, immediately recognize the hand-mirror as the very one given to the blood-prince the night of his murder.

CRYPT OF KINGS

General Features: *Witch-lights* cast a dull gleam down upon a great chamber set with thirteen black ziggurats, each twenty feet high and topped with a magnificent throne - all save one sits empty.

The curious looking footprints continue through the room and can easily be followed in the thick dust that coats the chamber. Walls lavish with gold frieze work stand in stark contrast to the unnatural sorrow that permeates the chamber. The work depicts ancient kings astride golden chariots pulled by chained lions through a strange triangular gate.

Area 8-1 – Death Thrones

A throne of silver, ornate and magnificent, glimmers atop a tiered ziggurat of polished obsidian. Upon the throne sits a grisly occupant, the corpse of a man long dead, clad in royal cerements of purple and scarlet. The figure sits slumped forward, his grisly head cupped within damp bony hands, forever trapped in his final moments of regret and despair.

An aura of unnatural sorrow hangs over this age-haunted tomb. Throughout the chamber rest similar thrones, some wrought of gleaming silver, others of brass and gold. Yet these thrones sit empty of any occupants, only the dust of countless ages mark the seat of the time-forgotten kings who once sat these illustrious thrones. Herein lies the final resting place of Xothula, the self-proclaimed last god-king. Unable to bend Mog'Malu's will, nor defeat the guardian at the gate, Xothula was forced to seal the **Gates of Paradise** with powerful sorcery, forever barring the path.

Tracks continue: The blood-prince's tracks climb Xothula's throne before continuing off towards the pinioned

God Wings and then ultimately through the **Gates of Paradise**.

Clue: The King That Never Was

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 – The desiccated corpse still weeps fresh tears.

DC 10 – As above, plus the corpse is that of Xothula, the last great god-king and supposed ancestor of the Mad-Sultan.

DC 15 – As above, plus a fresh fingerprint has been smeared into the tears that run down the dead god-king's face. (Trackers, hunters, slavers, and the like recognize the fingerprint as having been made only hours ago.)

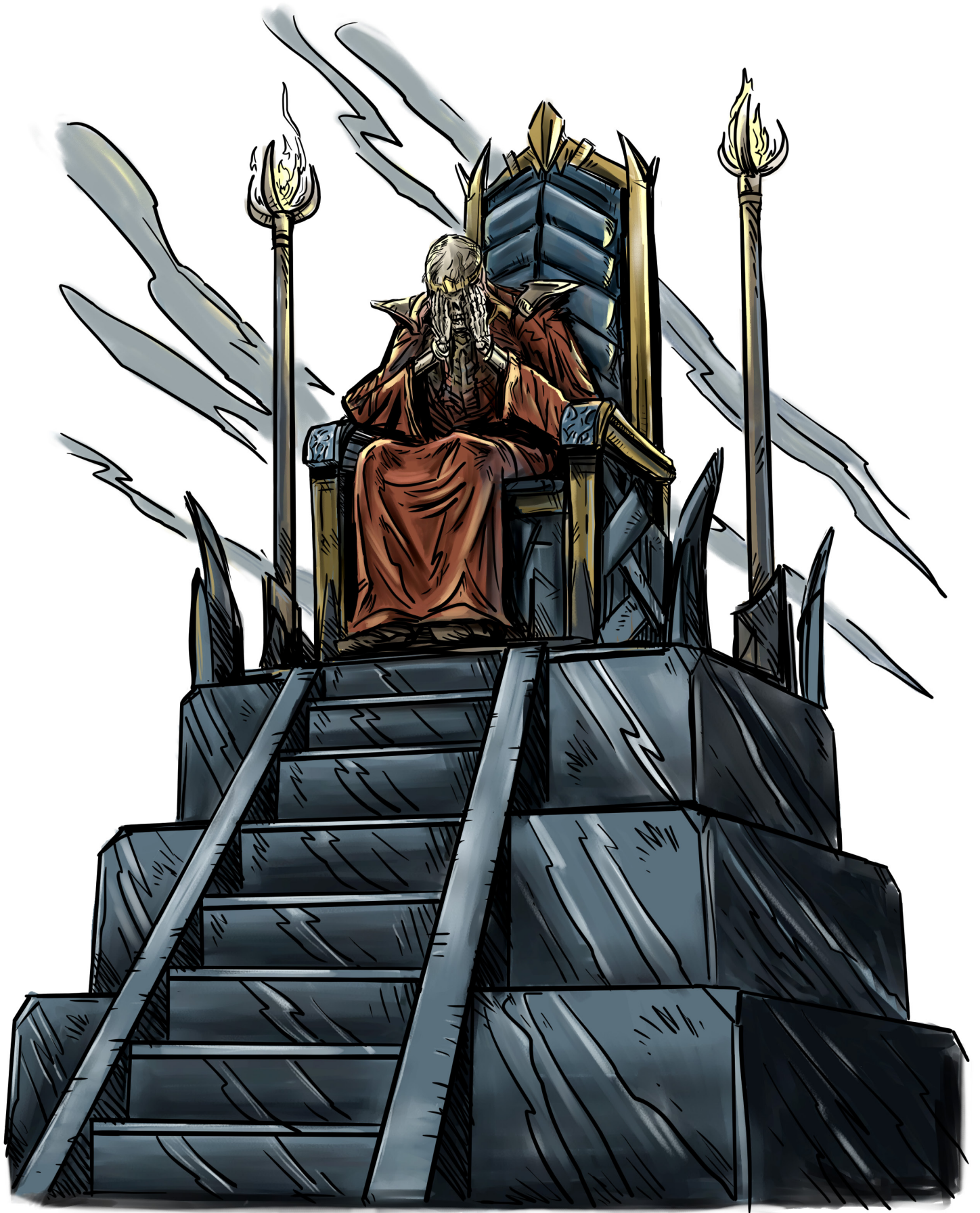
The fingerprint is that of the blood-prince, made as he investigated the remains of the weeping king before making his way to the torn wings.

Crowned in Sorrow...

Xothula's moldering bones sit alone in this vast chamber, forever trapped in his last moments of regret and despair. All about him rest the empty thrones of the **Chosen**; ancient rulers of men from across Mog'Malu's vast empire who were granted salvation and passage to paradise by their patron lord. For Xothula, the empty thrones serve only as grim reminders of a paradise lost by greed and jealousy.

Forever crowned in sorrow, Xothula's rotting skeleton still weeps tears of regret and anguish. A true adept of Mog'Malu, Xothula's tears carry potent arcane properties. Anyone using the tears of Xothula to trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon their body are granted passage through the Gates of Paradise into the **God Crypt** beyond.

Belted at Xothula's waist is a *Starsteel Dagger* (see **Appendix E: Wondrous Items**) in a jewel incrustated scabbard (50 gp).



Blood of a God...

Clue: Wings of a God

D20 + Intelligence modifier to examine for clues:

DC 5 – Giant bat-like wings are pinioned to the wall with long iron nails. Fresh blood still flows from the exposed nub of bone - grim evidence the wings were removed violently.

DC 10 – As above, plus the iron nails transfixing the wings are heavy with rust and age, despite the wings themselves appearing as if they have just recently been torn away. (Blacksmiths, alchemists, and the like recognize that the wings have been nailed to the wall for millennia, as the large iron nails are heavily pitted with rust.)

DC 15 – As above, plus a fresh fingerprint has been pressed into the pool of blood collecting upon the floor. (Trackers, hunters, slavers, and the like recognize the print as having been made only hours ago.)

These are the great wings of Mog'Malu, torn from the living god by an enraged Xothula during his torture. Although the wings were removed with grisly force over three thousand years ago, the god-king's flesh still bleeds as if torn out this day.

The fingerprint in the blood is that of the blood-prince, and was made only hours ago in order to gain access through the Gates of Paradise.

Mog'Malu's blood is potent with arcane energy. Anyone using the blood to trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon their body are granted passage through the Gates of Paradise into the **God Crypt** beyond.

Anyone who tastes even a drop of Mog'Malu's blood gain a +1 to all rolls for the remainder of the day, heal to full hit points, are cured of any diseases, and has all curses lifted.

Area a – Gates of Paradise

A massive triangular portal radiates with immeasurable power, its shimmering surface alive with the energy of lost eons.

Sealed by Xothula eons ago, this cosmic gate can be passed through by doing any of the following:

- Trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon the gate or one's body with the *tears of Xothula*.
- Trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon the gate or one's body with the *blood of Mog'Malu*.
- Trace the sigil of Mog'Malu upon the gate or one's body with the *sacred anointing oils* (inner sanctum).
- Don the *Silver High Priest Skull Mask* (inner sanctum).

GOD CRYPT

General Features: Once the cosmic gate is passed through, the PCs are no longer upon their home world. For the God Crypt resides in a world whereon no mortal astronomer has ever gazed, in a gulf beyond the sun and stars, whose mystic heavens and strange horizons are lost in cosmic darkness.

Area 9-1 – Beyond the Sun and Stars

Beyond the shimmering gate stretches a chamber of titanic proportions. Cyclopean stone columns the size of castle towers disappear into darkness above, while strewn about the floor lies a sea of fallen warriors, their twisted bones and shattered skulls mute evidence to the agonies of their death-throes. A cool breeze emanates from somewhere in the chamber beyond, buffeting you with the clean smell of ozone.

Area 8-2 - Wings of a God

Before you stands the embodiment of nightmare and legend. A pair of giant leathery wings, well over fifty feet in length, are stretched and spiked to the wall with long iron nails. Fresh blood glistens along the mutilated flesh, collecting in a spreading pool of gore upon the tiled floor.

The fallen warriors are remnants of the mutinous pupils' army that rose up against Mog'Malu. Their twisted remains evidence to the power of the guardian at the gate, **The Feaster from Beyond**.

Area 9-2 – Cosmic Heavens and Strange Horizons

Beyond the titanic pillars, the entire chamber abruptly ends in a jagged edge of broken tile. You stand at the very edge of the universe, staring into the illimitable gulf of the unknown. A vast expanse of star-haunted space yawns blackly before you, gently pulling you toward its insufferable void. Before you, shards of crimson tile break away from the edge of the floor, slowly floating off toward the emptiness of space. A narrow bridge of crimson stone extends over the void, leading toward a point of glowing light suspended in space.

Read or paraphrase the following to any who step foot upon the bridge.

A sudden chill of utter death and nothingness fills your soul. Streaking toward you from the space between the stars is a colossal worm-shaped shadow that swirls and spins as if alive with the energies of dark eons.

Feaster from Beyond: Init +0; Atk grasp +6 melee (1d4); AC 15; HD10d10; hp 55; MV 80'; Act 3d20; Crit DN/d10; SP devour soul (DC 13 Will), grasp on successful hit (DC 15 STR to escape); SV Fort -2; Ref +10; Will +5; AL C.

Special Abilities:

- **Grasp:** On a successful attack, the feaster grasps its victim with one of its formed appendages, dealing 1d4 damage. On the following round it begins to devour the victim's soul. A PC can escape the feaster's clutches with a DC 15 Strength check. Note that only 3 victims can be grasped at one time, so long as an appendage has hold of a victim it cannot be used to attack.
- **Devour Soul:** A victim caught in the feaster's grasp must succeed in a DC 13 Will save or take 1d6 points of Personality damage each round, as the feaster gorges upon their soul. When a victim reaches zero Personality they fall to the ground a twisted and withered husk.

Description: A swirling and howling vortex of cosmic filth, its billowing, inky darkness forming into

Judge's Notes: Battle with the Feaster

With the arrival of the **Feaster from Beyond** the characters are pressed with a decision - engage with the cosmic horror or run. The only sure way for the characters to survive is to race across the bridge.

Battling the guardian almost certainly results in the wholesale slaughter of the party.

It takes 4 rounds for the characters to cross the bridge, and they must do so while being attacked by the guardian. Should a character opt to take no other action save running at full speed, they can cross the bridge in 2 rounds, so long as they do not fall victim to the Feaster.

Once upon the floating dais, the characters are in fact within another dimension of time and space, and can no longer be seen or attacked by the Feaster.

nightmare shapes.

Tactics: Summoned from the outer dark, the **Feaster from Beyond** constantly seeks to slake its ravenous hunger by devouring the souls of the living. A swirling mass of eldritch energy, it forms itself into nightmare shapes, attacking with ever changing tentacle, claw, beak, or maw. Incapable of being destroyed on this world, dealing 55 hp of damage to the guardian will banish it back to the outer dark...for a time.

Area 9-3 - Bridge Beyond the Veil of Time

The crimson tiled bridge leads to a large dais of polished stone, suspended in space like a floating island. Anyone standing upon the floating dais is overcome with a powerful sense of vertigo, as all about them are the shimmering stars of distant planets and alien worlds; a large purple planet gleams balefully in the night sky juxtaposed to a smaller green planet that circles at the very fringe of the universe. The floating platform resides in another dimension, any who stand upon it are free from



the Feaster's attacks.

You step off the tiled bridge onto a large circular dais, suspended in space like a floating island.

Red smoke like the vapouring of blood curls up from a pair of golden braziers, while beyond them, sprawled upon a polished slab of crystal, lays a large pale-green idol. Prostrate and well over fifteen feet in length, the idol depicts the naked body of a man with the nightmare head of a great horned ram. A strange design worked into its forehead smolders like the embers of a dying flame.

Read or paraphrase the following to any who venture near the crystal altar:

Suddenly where there should have been the immobility of stone, you see movement. For laying atop the diabolical alter is no carved image - but a living thing that stirs!

It slowly raises twisted and broken limbs skyward as if groping in the dark. Deep scars mark its tortured flesh, and blood-filled tears roll from its sightless eyes. An impossible voice like the sighing of remote waters upon moonless shores resonates deep within your soul.

"Have you too come to torment me? Is not my mangled flesh and broken spirit enough to slake your dark appetite? Is there no end to my agony?"

Area 9-4 – The Crippled God

Imprisoned for over three thousand years, Mog'Malu yearns for release from his self-inflicted prison. Sensing in the PCs virtues not felt for eons; honor, integrity, and mercy. Mog'Malu believes the PCs offer the first true opportunity to end his torment, and recounts for them his tale of woe.

"Fear me not oh man, though I appear foul and monstrous to you. For I am the shattered remnant of that which is Mog'Malu, Teacher to Man, and in you I sense a just spirit born of reason and benevolence - as you would sense in me had you my abilities.

This I know.

Yet a great injustice has been done upon you. Falsely accused and imprisoned, you have been forced to slay in order to survive.

This I know.

For you are not as the others who have come before, to mark my flesh for their gain.

Then know this oh man!

There are many worlds beyond this one, and many forms of life beyond your kind. I arrived to your world eons ago when mankind first began to crawl from the primordial slime of the oceans. I was worshipped as both a god and great teacher, and as a father watches his children, I watched mankind evolve from the primeval savage to builders of wondrous civilizations. Learning science, healing, magic and reason. But man is ever the most greedy of the world's creatures, and within the beating heart of your race dwells an insatiable lust for power.

And so I was deceived, trapped and tortured by the very ones I loved, and made to divulge wisdoms and secrets your race was not meant to bare. Yet before the darkest of my mysteries could be wrested from me I sacrificed my eternal freedom, enslaving myself to this chamber, and summoning forth a terror from beyond the stars to slay my captors.

But now I beg of you oh man. Heed me, for I am as wise and wary and ancient as the far-travelled sun. Free me from my torment. End my limitless agony. Erase the cosmic sin that has stained the soul of your race for three thousand years!

Plunge your dagger into my breast...

Sensing the PCs are worthy of his trust, Mog'Malu will hold palaver with them. Answering any question they might have and offering to return them to the surface if they would but end his torment; a proposition not offered to the black-hearted blood-prince. If the PCs follow Mog'Malu's wishes and plunge a dagger into his breast, read section **Between The Flesh And The Void**.

Altar of sacrifice: The diabolic crystal altar is one in a series of similar devices constructed upon strange planets across numerous galaxies by Mog'Malu and his ilk. When activated, this device allows for the instantaneous transportation between two distant points in space, thereby allowing Mog'Malu to travel between worlds.

The blood-prince revealed...

Slumped about the foot of the altar sits the blood-prince. Crestfallen over the realization that the Gates of Paradise are in actuality a cosmic gate to other worlds, and incapable of saving his doomed soul, he has desperately tried to converse with Mog'Malu – to no avail. For the god-king will not hold palaver with the black-hearted prince.

Despondent and near overcome with self-pity, he pleads with the PCs to help him escape the crypts (see **Appendix N: The Blood-Prince** for details).

Between the flesh and the void...

Read or paraphrase the following if a *Starsteel* weapon is plunged into the god-king's breast.

The blade tears into the god-flesh as if through rotten parchment. Out gushes a sickening torrent of blood, mingled with dark masses and floating gelatinous lumps of half-dissolved bone. Unseen runes and strange geometric symbols begin to glow upon the crystalline altar with a dazzling brilliance. The still form of the crippled-god slowly begins to collapse like a punctured bladder, as rivers of gore pour out over the pulsating altar and across the floor to spill into the blackened void beyond.

A sudden sound, deafening in its pitch, forces you to your knees in agony, as all about you swims a blinding light - and then only darkness.

CONCLUSION

Your eyes flash open to an amazing sight, no longer are you trapped within the dreaded Crypts of Eternity - but standing upon a white sandy beach; a clean tangy wind buffeting you with its salty smell.

To your back rise high jagged cliffs in deepening purple mystery, while before you stretches a dawn tinged ocean of glittering blue splendor. Off in the distance, high atop the cliffs, the decaying spires and crumbling minarets of Hazruun the Vile loom like ravenous buzzards in a blank curtain of sky.

You have emerged from the crucible of your ordeal – caked in the blood and filth of the weak.

Forged as like iron, you are made of more sturdy stuff. For fate's journey has lead you down a trying and terrible road - only to emerge fundamentally changed.

Something more than a laborer, more than artisan or baker.

More than a slave.

And as such, the road of the commoner no longer holds sway. For now you seek to forge your own path. Be it a road of riches; filled with gold and glory. Or a road of vengeance; filled with blood and slaughter.

The choice is your own. But that is another story...

Gifts from a god...

Freeing Mog'Malu from his self-imposed prison does not go without favor, as the great god-king bestows each character with a Boon. Boons are granted based upon a character's chosen class (players may level characters now if they have not already done so), and are represented as follows:

Warrior: Mog'Malu favors the warrior, allowing him to cheat death by granting one automatic recovering the body check the next time the warrior is brought below zero hit points. The recovery is always successful and

requires no Luck check. The warrior recovers to full hit points, suffers no penalties, and sustains no permanent injury. Note that Mog'Malu will only save the warrior once.

Wizard: Mog'Malu bestows eldritch knowledge upon those who practice the dark arts, granting them a full complement of their known spell limit. In addition to the known spells, the wizard automatically receives the spells *patron bond* and *invoke patron*.

Thief: Mog'Malu bestows upon the thief a fragment of the hidden power of the stars, thereon influencing his life and destiny. Each night the thief's Luck score is restored by an extra 1 point.

Cleric: For those who devote themselves to Mog'Malu and worship him as a god and great-teacher, are granted occult powers and mysteries lost to the ken of normal men. Supplicants are immediately granted acolyte status and gain ascension into the first Mystery of Mog'Malu (see **Appendix G: Clerics of Mog'Malu**).

APPENDIX A: NPCs

The Physician, Nazaratus: Init +0; Atk Starsteel Dagger +1 melee (1d5); AC 10; HD 3d4; hp 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; Crit III/d8; SP Purple lotus dust; SV Fort +5; Ref +1; Will +5; AL C.

Description: A gaunt and frail old man with wisps of long straggly grey hair that clings to his near bald scalp. Tired and sad eyes, one rheumy and red, the other pale-white and blind, are set over a warming smile. Cloaked in a simple priest robe, heavily stained and tattered, he speaks in a soft calming voice that rarely raises above a whisper. He is constantly tending to his "children", shuffling between the sick and injured; his face ever the perpetual expression of concern and sadness.

Possessions: Concealed within his fouled robes are: *Starsteel Dagger* (see **Appendix N: Wondrous Items**), bedroom key, 1 dose of purple lotus dust (see **Appendix N: Wondrous Items**).

Background: Formerly the royal Physician during the infancy of the Mad-Sultan's rule, he was ordered by the Mad-Sultan himself to administer a rare sleeping draught concocted from the blooms of the tomb lotus to

the Sultan's young wife. The draught brought upon the semblance of death, leaving her with a pallor upon the cheeks and a stillness in her blood that could not be distinguished from the likeness of the grave. After declaring her passing, the body of the sleeping wife was entombed along with the Sultan's two young children – all of them buried alive deep in the sacred crypts. But much to the horror of the Physician, he too was declared **Servus Mortem** and entombed alive. The Mad-Sultan thereby ridding himself of both his young family and the only accomplice to the crime.

Trapped deep within the crypt's shadowed halls, the Physician delved into esoteric scriptures and forbidden practices of the fallen death-cult monks, while the children wept at the foot of their mother's bier.

Terrified by the Physician's increasingly strange manner and one white eye, the children hid, venturing forth only when hunger demanded. Maddened by the acquisition of dark wisdoms, the Physician searched for the children, skulking through the crypts, his mind twisted by eldritch knowledge of bygone centuries. Eventually it was the fate of the children that brought upon the rise of the **Crypt Mother** and the Physician's eventual retreat to the death-cult monastery.

Now Nazaratus lives in constant fear of the **Crypt Mother's** wrath. Seldom leaving the safety of the death-cult monastery or the protection of the powerful Babatunda, he presides over his flock where he is worshipped as a saint and savior.

Tactics: Despite his decrepit appearance and innocuous demeanor, the Physician is a very cunning and terribly dangerous man. Deeply troubled and deceptively hale, he has managed to survive in the crypts for over sixty years and secretly has no intention of ever leaving. A true megalomaniac, he dominates his followers for his own dark appetites and to feed his delusional fantasies of power and preeminence.

The Physician will attend to the PCs' needs, offering food, water, healing, and information. He will even entertain the PCs' ideas for escape, going so far as to plan and "assist" in the attempt. Secretly, he will endeavor to sabotage the PCs' every plan, in an effort to crush their will and draw them into his fold.

Ultimately, the PCs will be seen as a threat to the Physi-

cian's rule; by either recruiting members of his flock into their party, asking too many questions, or prying about the monastery. Once identified as such, the Physician presents the PCs with a map detailing a route through the Crypt of the Faithful, a labyrinthine of catacombs, to what he believes is a possible exit. Stating that the PCs have already displayed might, resilience, survival instincts, and the capacity for success, he asks them to investigate. In truth, the map is a trap, luring the PCs into the deadly grave-worm warren (see Grave-Worm Warren Trap on p. 32) and thereby ridding the Physician of his would be usurpers.

Babatunda: Init +3; Atk Starsteel Cutlass +3 melee (1d8+3); AC 14; HD3d12; hp 15; MV 30; Act 1d20; Crit IV/d16; SP bloodlust; SV Fort +4; Ref +4; Will +0; AL N.

Special Abilities

- **Bloodlust:** If wounded during combat, Babatunda becomes crazed with bloodlust; the fighting-madness of his race full upon him. When wounded in combat, he gains a bonus to all attacks, damage, and saving throws equal to the cumulative amount of damage sustained during the fight. The more he is injured, the more dangerous he becomes. The bloodlust fades after 1 turn.

Description: A fearsome sight to behold, standing over six and a half feet tall with thick corded muscles that stand out in iron ridges upon his massive frame. His ebony skin glistens sweat-slick through tattered garments that cling to his broad shoulders and deep chest. Belted unsheathed about his lean waist hangs a wicked-looking blade, its naked edge over a yard long of gleaming razor-sharp steel. Tribal scars and the mark of old wounds score his panther-like thews, evidence of a life lived in battle. His face is a hardened mask of intensity, with matted wooly black hair and dark eyes that flicker with the unbridled rage of the unconquerable barbarian.

Possessions: *Starsteel Cutlass* (1d8), hooded lantern, tattered breeches and shirt, pantry door key.

Background: Born in the vast golden sweep of grasslands deep in the barbaric southern wilds, Babatunda was already well regarded as a skilled hunter and dangerous warrior even as a youth. Possessing a great intelligence and insatiable wanderlust, he set out before his twentieth year to seek a life of adventure and fortune in

the lands of civilized men.

But he soon came to realize that his were not the ways of the soft city-dwelling men; where strength gave way to the privilege of birth, and might to the entitlement of lineage. So when a pampered noble in the wicked city of Hazruun confused Babatunda for a common slave, and ordered him flogged in the street for some perceived offence - the barbarian reverted to type. With a tigerish leap and the flash of whistling steel the bodies of the perfumed noble and his trusted body guard lay gashed in the street. Arrested for being an outlander as much as for the committed crime, Babatunda was quickly condemned as *Servus Mortem* and entombed alive with the bodies of the slain nobleman and his trusted servant.

Tactics: Babatunda has allied himself with the Physician, who he believes offers the greatest chance of escaping the Crypts of Eternity. For over five years he has searched for the remains of the **Crypt Mother's** lost children, convinced by the Physician that their retrieval will spell the end of her reign, and grant him the freedom he so ravenously desires.

The ultimate survivor, Babatunda knowingly debases himself as a cannibal in order to live, as he and the Physician are the only ones aware of their food source's true nature. Although leery of any newcomers, Babatunda is still very much drawn to displays of strength and might. Should any PC display courage and valor while facing the foul denizens of the crypts, they will gain Babatunda's respect. Should the PCs make Babatunda aware of the Physician's treachery, they quickly gain a loyal ally, and are witness to the brutal savagery of the barbarian's wrath.

In combat, Babatunda fights with the maddened ferocity of a wounded tiger. His whistling blade a whirlwind of destruction - cleaving skulls, severing limbs, and spilling entrails in a ghastly harvest of blood and brains.

Royal Blood-Prince, Sabal-Ya: Init -1; Atk small razor-1 melee (1d3-1); AC 8; HD1d6; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; Crit I/d4; SV Fort +2; Ref -1; Will -2; AL C.

Description: A pampered noble in his early thirties, with soft white skin bedecked in sparkling jewels. He wears only the most expensive silk garments and cloth of gold, his thick black curls scented with flowery perfumes. Dark clouded eyes, dreamy as a lotus-eaters,

betrays only a hint of the cruelty hidden within their depths. His oversized fleshy lips, stained black from the lotus-blooms, are set in a perpetual scowl, rarely giving way to a smile and the equally stained teeth beneath. The blood-prince carries himself with an aloofness and disregard for others as only the most debauched noble can.

Possessions: Smuggler's girdle, silver funeral mask (50 gp), small razor (1d3 dmg), padded slippers (+4 move silently), wax ear plugs (+4 to saves vs. sound based attacks), gold necklace (75 gp), 4 jeweled rings (35 gp each).

Background: The only living son and heir of the Mad-Sultan, the blood-prince has lived a life of debauchery, decadence, and soul-staining sin from an early age. A hardened lotus addict, practitioner of black magic and murderer - the only thing the blood-prince fears more than his eternally damned soul is his father's wrath.

Believing he is doomed to spend eternity in everlasting agony for the atrocities committed throughout his life, the prince is tormented with fear, and bent on saving his soul. Convinced his only salvation lies in locating the Gates of Paradise deep in the sacred Crypts of Eternity, the blood-prince devised a plan so outlandish it could only come from the mind of a desperate madman.

Equipped with materials collected in the days preceding his hoax, and aided by the Holy Vizier, the blood-prince feigned his own death - staging the event to resemble a murder. Using an alchemical concoction crafted from the petals of the tomb lotus that cause a stillness in the blood; coupled with expertly applied stage makeup to bring on the appearance of the grave, the body of the blood-prince was made to resemble the very likeness of the dead.

When naturally no killer could be found, the decree was made that all must pay for the crime. Under the authority of the Holy Vizier, all who had dealings with the blood-prince leading up to his death were arrested and charged with the murder.

Shopkeepers, soldiers, and slaves alike were condemned to be entombed alive in the Crypts of Eternity as **Servus Mortem** - death-slaves to his royal prince.

With so many **Servus Mortem** flooding the crypts at one time, the blood-prince intends to use them as a

distraction to evade the horrors within, locate the Gates of Paradise, and save his everlasting soul.

Tactics: Sick and depraved to the core, he is a weak and sniveling coward who cares only for himself, and does not hesitate to kill anyone who gets in his way. Cruel beyond measure, his burning obsession is to save his soul no matter the cost. If trapped or faced with certain death, he offers riches and wealth beyond measure for his release. If that fails, he pleads and begs, weeping as a child for his life.

Ultimately if forced to fight, he wields a small razor with little skill.

APPENDIX B: NEW CREATURES

Children of the Grave: Init +0; Atk dagger or club +1 melee (1d4); AC 13; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; Crit III/d8; SP light sensitivity (-2 to all rolls in torchlight, -4 in sunlight); SV Fort +3; Ref -1; Will -1; AL C.

Description: Born with hideous deformities and pale flesh that has never felt the warmth of the sun, these twisted human-hybrids are riddled with sickness and repulsive to look upon.

Possessions: Soiled rags, sharpened bone dagger or makeshift bone club.

Background: Hideous creatures pulled from the outer dark; these loathsome and unholy abominations from beyond the grave prowl the time-forgotten halls, locked in an endless struggle with the growing number of **Servus Mortem** trapped within.

Tactics: Both brutal and ferocious, they live as feral beasts; while some are born with the capacity to reason, others have little more than the minds of wild dogs. The **Children of the Grave** are fiercely loyal to their mother, and defend her with their lives. Should the **Crypt Mother** be killed, the **Children of the Grave** scatter, scurrying to their dens groveling in fear.

Consult the following table to determine a Children of the Grave's hideous deformity.

1d14 Deformity	
1	Possess additional (1) mouths, (2) eyes, (3) noses, or (4) an abundance of all the above.
2	Limbless and faceless, crawling along the ground like a retched human-worm.
3	Diminutive supernumerary head that buds from (1) shoulder, (2) neck, (3) abdomen, or (4) back. Some of the additional heads are fully developed, conscious and intelligent; others stare blankly with sightless eyes.
4	Additional gnarled hands growing from (1) back, (2) shoulder, (3) abdomen, (4) groin, or (5) leg. These extra hands clutch at open air or blindly rake at their own flesh with bloody fingernails.
5	Skin of a (1) crocodile, (2) elephant, or (3) skinless with wet glistening musculature.
6	Atrophied parasitic twin clinging to (1) shoulder, (2) head, (3) abdomen, or (4) buttocks.
7	A secondary head growing face up from the top of the skull, like a macabre diadem that (1) emits inhuman gurgling sounds, (2) sporadically gasps for air, (3) stares blindly, (4) wails high pitched animal-like screeches, or (5) is conscious and intelligent.
8	Two separate torsos that rise up from the waist, each with its own deformed head and malformed arms.
9	A grotesque boneless mass that undulates along the ground in a quivering heap of skin and hair.
10	Face in wrong spot (1) palms of hands, (2) abdomen, (3) groin, (4) back of head, (5) lower back, or (6) no face at all - only a mass of wrinkled skin.
11	Possess additional (1) legs, or (2) arms. That dangle from distended pelvises.
12	Fully formed twin fused at (1) hip, (2) stomach, (3) buttocks, or joined by a ligature of sinew that connects (5) spines, (6) abdomens, or (7) craniums.
13	Malformed mouth (1) ringed with teeth like a lamprey, (2) toothless with oversized fleshy lips that drip thick strands of diseased mucous, (3) bestial with protruding yellow tusks, or (4) patch of wrinkled skin for a mouth.

14	A scuttling crab-like thing with the mind of a wild dog, and arms and legs grown backwards.
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Crypt Mother: Init +2; Atk Claws +2 melee (1d4); AC 13; HD 3d8; hp 16; MV 30; Act 2d20; Crit UN/d8; SP haunting lullaby, un-dead traits, immune to non-magical weapons; SV Fort +2; Ref +1; Will +6; AL C.

Special Abilities:

- **Haunting Lullaby:** From her fleshless mouth emanates a mournfully beautiful lullaby, its haunting crescendo promising comfort and madness. Any who hear her eerie call must succeed in a DC 11 Will save or suffer one of the following effects:

1d4 Effect	
1	Victim completely beguiled and can do nothing but move toward the Crypt Mother using the most direct means available, regardless of any obstacles or danger in the way. Victim remains helpless so long as she sings.
2	Victim becomes so obsessed he will defend the Crypt Mother with his life. Attacking any who pose a threat to her, including his own allies.
3	Victim immediately falls asleep and cannot be awakened by normal means so long as the Crypt Mother sings, though wounding the victim will break the spell.
4	Victim so completely overcome by the song's mournful beauty, he falls to the ground weeping uncontrollably, unable to take any action so long as the Crypt Mother sings.

Description: From a distance, the **Crypt Mother** resembles a delicate and lithe figure adorned in a fine white robe, with long raven black hair that spills across her shoulders and back. But as one draws near, the horrible truth is revealed. Her subtle white limbs culminate in wickedly sharp claws grown like the talons of a wild beast. Her face is a fleshless skull with hollow black pits that stare out from sightless eyes. Her robe a rotting funeral gown that hangs in loose tatters, barely concealing pallid flesh. From her fleshless mouth emanates a mournfully beautiful lullaby, its haunting crescendo promising comfort and madness to all who hear its eerie call.

Background: Once the chief-wife of the Mad-Sultan, she was a young and delicate creature shaped like a god-

dess. Minstrels sang of her beauty throughout the desert kingdoms, for her splendor was unparalleled in any court in the land. Mother of two beautiful children, she was deceived by her scheming husband and trusted physician, and administered a rare magistral that brought upon the likeness of death. Declared a sudden death, she was entombed in the Crypts of Eternity along with her two young children and the duplicitous physician.

Trapped in a world of darkness, incapable of movement or speech, she lay helpless upon her marble funeral bier deep within the sacred burial crypts. Caught somewhere between life and death; tormented by the pitiful wailing of her terrified children – until even that faded into silence. When somewhere from the outer dark came a cosmic force that swirled and eddied about her very soul, drawn to the one point of hope amongst legions of the dead - the helpless form of the deceived queen. Awash in cosmic filth, and spawned in the blackest pits of sorrow she arose from her tomb as the **Crypt Mother** - a thing both human and devil, both living and dead.

Tactics: Sustained by limitless grief, fueled by unfathomable loss, she prowls the age-haunted crypts singing her haunting lullaby, ever searching for her lost children. The **Crypt Mother** does not engage in melee combat unless forced to do so, choosing rather to continue her eerie song while her other offspring, the deformed and demented **Children of the Grave** attack with fiendish savagery.

Tomb Lotus Plant: Init +0; Atk 10' pollen cloud (see below); AC 5; HD 3d6; hp 9; MV 0'; Act special; SP pollen cloud, natural light sensitivity (automatically dies if exposed to any natural light), plant traits; SV Fort +0; Ref -5; Will +0; AL N.

Special Abilities:

- **Pollen Cloud:** If the tomb lotus is disturbed, the plant emits a cloud of pollen in the form of a rancid smelling red mist. Anyone within 10' of the blossoms immediately falls into a cataleptic slumber for one turn (DC 15 Fort save to resist).
- **Plant Traits:** Immune to all mind-affecting spells, paralysis, poison, and sleep.

Description: The tomb lotus grows from a black creeper vine dotted with wickedly sharp thorns. Its sickly blooms are the color of yellowing flesh streaked with crimson splotches. At first glance these rare and deadly flowers

give the appearance of being splattered with blood, but closer examination reveals the red discolorations upon the blooms actually pulsate ever so slightly with an eerie rhythm. The bloom emits a faint fetid odor akin to that of rotting flesh.

Habitat: The tomb lotus can only be found growing in complete darkness from the desiccated remains of an individual who has died a horrific and terrible death. Often found deep within shadowed crypts, this mystical plant needs no water or soil to survive, rather it feeds off the spectral energies of its host's troubled soul.

Ecology: These rare and magical plants are highly sought after by sorcerers and alchemists, and are worth a great deal if they can be harvested properly. These highly sensitive plants are immediately destroyed if exposed to any direct or indirect natural light (moonlight, sunlight, starlight). Even a pouch with a pin-sized hole, or one made of a material that does not completely block out the light is enough to turn the tomb lotus into worthless ash. Many an adventurer, after braving the horrors of the tomb in search of this rare and expensive plant have found themselves holding nothing but a pouch of useless dust upon their return.

In the hands of a skilled alchemist the tomb lotus can be dried and inhaled, smoked, mixed into tinctures and potions, as well as eaten raw to gain some of its many properties.

Tactics: If the tomb lotus or its desiccated host are disturbed, the plant emits a cloud of pollen in the form of a rancid smelling red mist. Any individual within 10' of the blossoms immediately falls into a cataleptic slumber for one turn (DC 15 Fort save to resist). The slumbering victim assumes the likeness of death, with a pallor upon the skin, a rigidity of the limbs, and a stillness in their very blood that to all around them cannot be distinguished from those of the grave. A thorough examination (DC 15 Intelligence check) is needed to determine that life still remains in the body.

The slumbering victim is in fact experiencing astral catalepsy, as their spirit travels through gulfs of time and strange dimensions to awaken in the mind of the tomb lotus' host during their horrific final moments. There the astral traveler and the host become as one, a singular entity of shared time and space. Upon waking, the astral traveler returns from his otherworldly sojourn - fundamentally changed. **Roll on the Tomb Lotus Awakening**

Table below to determine the outcome.

Tomb Lotus Awakening Table, d30+Luck modifier

d30	Effect
1-3	The Death-Dreamer: The character can no longer awaken from his astral catalepsy, forever lost in the dreamlike memories of its host.
4	The Menial: Character immediately loses a level.
5	The Abominable: Character awakens with a permanent loss of 1d3 points in Personality.
6	The Fool: Character awakens with a permanent loss of 1d3 points in Intelligence.
7	The Ill-Fated: Character awakens with a permanent loss of 1d3 points in Luck.
8	The Feeble: Character awakens with a permanent loss of 1d3 points in one of the following stats (1) Strength (2) Agility (3) Stamina.
9	The Assimilated: The character awakens with the thoughts, memories, and identity of its host, and can no longer recall their former existence except through broken dreams.
10-21	No Effect – Character awakens from his astral sojourn disoriented but otherwise unaffected, save for suffering from horrific nightmares the remainder of his life.
22	The Favored: Character awakens with a permanent increase of 1d3 points in Luck.
23	The Sovereign: Character awakens with a permanent increase of 1d3 points in Personality.
24	The Academic: Character awakens with a permanent increase of 1d3 points in Intelligence.
25	The Athlete: Character awakens with a permanent increase of 1d3 points in one of the following stats (1) Strength, (2) Agility, (3) Stamina
26	The Adept: Character immediately gains a level.
27	The Magus: Character awakens with the permanent working knowledge of a randomly determined wizard's spell. A d20 + Intelligence modifier is used when casting this spell, and the spell must be memorized when lost. Note that if the PC's existing or future character class is Wizard, he gains a +4 casting bonus when attempting this spell.
28	The Warlord: Character awakens with the permanent working knowledge of a randomly determined Mighty Deed. A d3 is used to determine the success of the Deed only, it does not modify attack or damage rolls. Note if the PC's existing or future character class is Warrior, treat the warrior as one level higher when determining his attack modifier and deed die.

29	The Rogue: Character awakens with the permanent working knowledge of a randomly determined thief ability. This ability functions as a 1st level thief ability of the same alignment as the PC. Note if the PC's existing or future character class is Thief, he gains a +4 bonus instead.
30+	The Savior: Character awakens with the permanent ability to lay on hands. A d20 + Personality modifier is used to determine the success of the attempt. Note if the PC's existing or future character class is Cleric, he gains a +4 bonus when using this ability.



APPENDIX C: PLUNDERING THE DEAD

The Crypts of Eternity hold many treasures and dark secrets, along with awful diseases and wicked curses. Anytime a PC disturbs or plunders a tomb in search of items or treasure, they must make a Luck roll on the table below to determine what, if anything, is found. Note that Luck cannot be burned to gain a wondrous item. Only a natural roll of 20 results in the finding of a wondrous item.

Magical artifacts are both rare and powerful, and should be treated as such.

D20 + Luck Mod	Result
1	Curse , see descriptions below.
2-6	Disease , see descriptions below.
7-14	Nothing of value , only the dust of shadowed ages.
15-19	Random treasure , refer to table below.
20+	Wondrous item , refer to table below.

Curse: Roll 1d5 to determine curse.

1. Curse of Misfortune's Father: This curse carries a -4 penalty to all Luck rolls, and fills its victim with a constant sense of worry, as if some calamity is soon to befall them.

The Curse of Misfortune's Father can be lifted by returning the disturbed burial place to its proper order, as well as leaving a blood sacrifice expressed as 1d3 points of ability burn in either Strength, Stamina, or Agility (player's choice).

2. Curse of the Shattered Soul: This curse carries a -4 penalty to Will saves, and fills its victim with a powerful sense of loss and sorrow. Each morning the cursed victim must succeed in a DC 10 Personality check. A failed Personality check results in the victim being despondent and listless, opting to remain in bed weeping all day.

The curse of the Shattered Soul can be lifted by returning the disturbed burial place to its proper order, as

well as leaving a blood sacrifice expressed as 1d3 points of ability burn in either Strength, Stamina, or Agility (player's choice).

3. Curse of Wrath's Folly: This curse fills its victim with paranoia and a murderous rage that compels them to rush headlong into any combat opportunity that presents itself. During any combat situation or threat of violence, the cursed victim must succeed in a DC 10 Will save or rush to fight – to the death!

In addition, each evening the cursed victim will rise from a deep sleep and must make a DC 10 Will save or be overcome with paranoid delusions, causing them to spend the remainder of the evening sharpening blades or preparing weapons for when “they” come. A roll of 1 on the Will save transforms the cursed victim into a homicidal maniac, thereby launching them into a violent murder spree until either apprehended or killed.

The Curse of Wrath's Folly can be lifted by laying a fresh corpse (killed at the hands of the cursed) into the tomb. The corpse can be human or of any creature type so long as its HD level is at least double the cursed victim's class level.

4. Curse of Fortune's Slave: This curse fills its victim with an insatiable desire for the accumulation of wealth. Driven by a ravenous greed, a cursed victim will cheat, steal, and even kill to obtain any treasure they become infatuated with.

A DC 10 Will save must be made each time an object of value (treasure, magic item, work of art, etc.) is within a cursed victim's line of sight. A failed Will save results in the victim becoming infatuated with the possession of the item.

The Curse of Fortune's Slave can be lifted by returning the disturbed burial place to its proper order, as well as leaving all of the character's most valued possessions as an offering to the offended spirits of the tomb.

5. Curse of Death's Consort: This curse causes the recipient to become the bane of all those around him. Anyone, be it friend or foe, who is sick, injured or dying around the cursed victim loses the ability to heal and in fact becomes worse. Wounds bleed uncontrollably, disease spreads rampantly, fevers rise, and bones fail to mend.

The cursed victim on the other hand heals at an abnormal rate, leeching the life force from the afflicted around him. Anyone within 300 feet of the cursed victim can no longer heal magically or otherwise, cannot be cured of disease, and all attempts to recover the body automatically fail. The cursed victim on the other hand leeches any heal attempts made on those around him, gaining a temporary hit point bonus up to double his current max hit points.

This effect cannot be controlled by the cursed victim. Upon receipt of the curse, the victim is not immediately aware of the nature of the curse, but woe to him when others are. The Curse of Death's Consort can be lifted by sacrificing an ally or loved one and laying the body in the defiled tomb.

Disease: Roll 1d5 to determine disease.

1. Corpse Sight: Symptoms include blurred and cloudy vision, eye irritation, and dizziness. Victims who contract Corpse Sight quickly begin to lose their vision within an hour.

Afflicted persons must make a DC 15 Fort save or become blinded. Blinded individual's eyes go black, resembling hollow voids much like the eyes of the dead.

Three successful DC 10 Fort saves must be made in consecutive days to fight off the disease.

2. Grave Rot: Symptoms include a greenish pallor to the skin, fetid stench, and loss of feeling. Victims who contract Grave Rot from the filth of the tomb begin to fester and decompose.

A DC 15 Fort save must be made each day or suffer a loss of 1d6 points of Stamina. A victim whose Stamina reaches zero becomes a rotten, shambling corpse.

Three successful DC 10 Fort saves must be made in consecutive days to fight off the disease.

3. Devil's Dance: Symptoms include fever, disorientation, and tremors. A serious nerve condition that leaves the victim with uncontrollable shakes and tremors.

A DC 15 Fort save must be made each day or suffer a loss of 1d6 points of Agility. A victim whose Agility reaches zero can no longer control his body and falls to the ground a twitching, spasmodic mess.

Three successful DC 10 Fort saves must be made in consecutive days to fight off the disease.

4. The Laughing Death: Symptoms include fever, disorientation, and memory loss. A rare condition that causes the brain to fire irregularly, leaving the victim disoriented and with frequent outbursts of hideous laughter.

A DC 15 Fort save must be made each day or suffer a loss of 1d6 points of Personality. A victim whose Personality reaches zero has gone completely mad and spends the rest of his days cackling to the grave.

Three successful DC 10 Fort saves must be made in consecutive days to fight off the disease.

5. Mind Maggots: Symptoms include nose bleeds, headaches, memory loss, and confusion. A parasite enters into the victim and begins to nest in their brain.

A DC 15 Fort save must be made each day or suffer a loss of 1d6 points of Intelligence. A victim whose Intelligence reaches zero becomes a mindless shambling corpse forever searching for "more brains".

Three successful DC 10 Fort saves must be made in consecutive days to fight off the disease.



APPENDIX D: RANDOM ITEMS

Although the value for each item has been provided, judges are encourage to alter the figure to better fit their campaign world and play style.

d100	Item
1	Jewel hilted longsword in cloth of gold sheath (50 gp)
2	Mummified cat (500 gp worth of diamonds hidden inside)
3	Rune carved gold-plated skull with moon-stone eyes (75 gp)
4	Red leather prayer book with silver clasps (15 gp)
5	Gold signet ring (20 gp)
6	Silver-tipped spear (20 gp)
7	A large purple duck carved from a single piece of amethyst (75 gp)
8	Sapphire-jeweled veil (100 gp)
9	Ironwood shield plated in bronze (20 gp)
10	Treasure map in ivory scroll case (50 gp)
11	Map of Mad-Sultan's royal palace in bone scroll case (50 gp)
12	Jeweled huntsman's horn (75 gp)
13	Black leather cuirass emblazoned with golden phoenix design (as leather armor)
14	Goldenwood lute with decorative inlays (50 gp)
15	Jade funeral mask (50 gp)
16	Silver holy symbol (25 gp)
17	A strange clay jug marked with three X's, contains a map of mountain range labeled "Shudder"
18	Silver sundial set with opals (50 gp)
19	Bronze bust in the very likeness of a random player at your table (20 gp)
20	Copper embalming tools (10 gp)
21	Pewter coffer filled with semi-precious stones (50 gp)
22	Sheets of music in red leather scroll case (25 gp)
23	Lapis lazuli gaming dice (25 gp)

24	Alabaster flask with decorative inlays (20 gp)
25	Silver hand-mirror (30 gp)
26	Turquoise prayer beads (20 gp)
27	Cloak made from unknown and gorgeous beast (75 gp)
28	Chart of alien constellations in onyx scroll case (30 gp)
29	Lead vial of scorpion venom (50 gp)
30	Ironwood shield plated in gleaming silver (50 gp)
31	Silver-bladed battleaxe (70 gp)
32	Velvet pouch filled with ancient gold coins (50 gp)
33	Crystal vial of holy water (25 gp)
34	Ivory hilted dagger (20 gp)
35	Silver ring set with blood-red garnet (50 gp)
36	Map to uncharted island titled "Kalmatta" in petrified wood scroll case (50 gp)
37	Mahogany statuette wrapped in strange animal hide (35 gp)
38	Iron box with bestial carvings filled with salt (15 gp)
39	Carved ivory flute (20 gp)
40	Silver belt set with gleaming emeralds (75 gp)
41	Funeral balsams in ivory jar (50 gp)
42	Silver bowl set with amber stones (50 gp)
43	Crystal prism (15 gp)
44	Fancy ivory comb (20 gp)
45	Limestone tablet carved with the name of a random PC (15 gp)
46	Silver locket (40 gp)
47	Book of human vellum set with heavy metal bindings (50 gp)
48	A detailed chart of a strange constellation, complete with coordinates to a large purple planet (50 gp)
49	Silver chain hauberk (as chain mail)
50	Two-handed sword with bloodstone hilt (75 gp)
51	Water-pipe filled with strange opiates (20 gp)
52	Thin sheet of lead with a random player's name scratched upon it
53	Smooth jade tablet with graven epitaph (25 gp)

54	Very dusty brass lamp (rub to clean) (25 gp)
55	Golden diadem set with diamonds (100 gp)
56	White-jade funeral statuette (100 gp)
57	Alabaster chalice with silver inlay (30 gp)
58	Ancient family emblem wrought of polished copper (25 gp)
59	Silver amulet with pearls (100 gp)
60	Decorative silver armband set with lapis lazuli (50 gp)
61	Elaborate golden headdress with exotic feathered plumes (55 gp)
62	4 solid jade canopic jars filled with human organs (25 gp each)
63	Bronze censer shaped like a lotus flower filled with narcotics (20 gp)
64	Graven bronze disk depicting scenes of carnal pleasures (20 gp)
65	Gilded vessel made from shadow-crystal (50 gp)
66	Limestone offering tablet (20 gp)
67	Bronze bust in the very likeness of a random PC's visage (20 gp)
68	Polished copper urn with ancient hieroglyphs (50 gp)
69	Bronze cooking utensils (10 gp)
70	Alabaster cosmetic tray (30 gp)
71	Preserved food in sealed marble box (10 gp)
72	Topaz funeral beads (25 gp)
73	Emerald scarab (100 gp)
74	Fine silk robes with cloth of gold brocade (35 gp)
75	Small mahogany model of chariot (15 gp)
76	Small mahogany model of long boat (15 gp)
77	Roll 2x's on table
78	Roll 3x's on table
79	Gold anklet set with fire opals (100 gp)
80	Bronze bracelet with amber (50 gp)
81	Bronze short sword in faded crimson sheath (10 gp)
82	Ivory handled longsword in sheath made of sabretooth pelt (100 gp)
83	Silver goblet (35 gp)
84	Necklace of human teeth set with moonstones (40 gp)

85	Gold earrings (25 gp)
86	Ruby-eyed silver serpent collar (75 gp)
87	Polished copper vase (20 gp)
88	Fine linen clothing (10 gp)
89	Golden ostrich fan (25 gp)
90	Ebony gaming board (20 gp)
91	Carved ivory walking stick (25 gp)
92	Ancient oil painting of strange grinning man, titled "Le Maître Sombre" (100 gp)
93	Gold handled short sword in sapphire crusted sheath (150 gp)
94	Heavy mace with silver skull-shaped head (50 gp)
95	Silver-tipped javelin (15 gp)
96	Silver scaled corselet (as scale mail)
97	Bronze helmet with red horsehair crest (25 gp)
98	Ironwood shortbow and 12 silver tipped arrows (50 gp)
99	Bronze scale corselet (as scale mail)
100	Roll on Wondrous Item Table



APPENDIX E: WONDROUS ITEMS

In keeping with the spirit of sword and sorcery fiction, wondrous items are powerful objects both rare and dangerous. Sought-after by many, these magical and mysterious artifacts are often the desire of kings and despots alike. Many a bloody war has been waged over the acquiring of such unique items, and in the possession of the meek these items are sure to attract those that lust for power.

Roll a d30 to determine the wondrous item found.

d30	WONDROUS ITEM
1	Starsteel Dagger
2	Starsteel Cutlass
3	Starsteel Falchion
4	Starsteel Mace
5	Starsteel Scimitar (as longsword)
6	Starsteel Gladius (as short sword)
7	Starsteel Khopesh (as longsword)
8	Starsteel Short Sword
9	Starsteel Longsword
10	Starsteel Two-handed Sword
11	Starsteel Battleaxe
12	Starsteel Javelin
13	Starsteel Spear
14	Starsteel Scale Cuirass
15	Starsteel Shield
16	Hand of Glory
17	Murder's Tallow
18	Prayer Mat of Purification
19	Skull of the Hierophant
20	Lyre of the Mad Minstrel
21	Delastria's Veil
22	Horror in Clay
23	Gladiatorial Paint
24	Pendant of Arcane Recall
25	Purple Lotus Dust
26	Mirror of Fates
27	Golden Pomegranate Wine
28	Mask of Truth

29	Patron Idol of Mog'Malu
30	Tomb Lotus (see Appendix N: New Creatures)

DELASTRIA'S VEIL

Crafted from a light shimmering gossamer that was never spun by human distaff, this decorative headdress hints at sensuality and the unknown. One of the Seven Veils of Delastria, goddess of desire, beauty, and lust. This mysterious veil was created by the Daughters of Delastria, a secret coven of temptress-witches initiated into the erotic mysteries and lecherous arts of their lusty goddess.

Dedicated to the accumulation of wealth and power, the Daughters of Delastria infiltrate the highest levels of nobility and influence, serving as concubines, courtesans, paramours, and even wives. Poisoning the ears of kings, magistrates and holy leaders alike, these beautiful seductresses wield incredible power. Shaping politics, inciting wars, and even toppling empires, all in service of their carnal goddess.

All those who gaze upon the beauty beneath the veil are affected as per the 1st level wizard spell *charm person*. A base spell check of 15 + Personality modifier is used to determine the effects of the spell. If the wearer of the veil is engaged in a lewd dance, wine-soaked orgy, or any other form of sensual act during the activation of the veil they receive an additional +5 bonus to the spell check. Note that the veil can only be used by women, and its powers can be activated only once per day.

GLADIATORIAL PAINT

Worn by the greatest champions of the arena, *Gladiatorial Paint* is an arcane concoction consisting of ashes from the cremated remains of vanquished gladiators mixed with the blood of lions. This crimson and black war-paint is smeared on the bodies of fighting men in intricate designs and shapes; symbolizing strength, speed, aggression, and power. Once applied, a warrior is considered 1 level higher when determining his attack modifier and deed die.

Gladiatorial Paint is often kept in golden jars designed to resemble some wild and ferocious animal, and contains enough for 2d5 applications; each application has a duration of 1 hour. Note that this item can only be used by character classes that utilize the mighty deeds of arms ability.

GOLDEN POMEGRANATE WINE

A sweet tasting liquid made from the fruit of the golden pomegranate; a rare and mystical plant cultivated out of the primal elements in arcane greenhouses during an age of lost science. Highly sought-after for its curative properties, drinking the nectar-wine heals wounds, prolongs life, and invigorates even the most sated debauchee.

A single dose of *Golden Pomegranate Wine* heals broken limbs and 1 hit dice of damage. Three doses heals poison and disease and 3 hit dice of damage. Five doses heals blindness or paralysis and 5 hit dice of damage. This golden elixir is often kept in expensive vessels made of jade, and contains enough for 3d5 doses.

HAND OF GLORY

This grisly artifact is the desiccated left-hand of a condemned thief and assassin, severed while the corpse still twisted on the gallows. Carefully prepared using ancient formulae lost long ago, and fastened to a portion of the rope used to hang the criminal; this dark artifact holds the power to open any non-magical lock the wearer comes across.

The first time the *Hand of Glory* is used, the wearer must succeed in a DC 1 Will save, or suffer the effects of a **Major Corruption** (see *DCC RPG rulebook*). With each subsequent use, the DC increases by 1, until eventually the wearer becomes unable to use the Hand of Glory without automatically incurring a corruption. The DC value never resets for a given character, it will always retain the DC value of its last use for that specific individual.

HORROR IN CLAY

This four inch figurine is carved from polished black clay and shaped in the form of a grotesque, winged demon-ape. A powerful piece of blood-magic, this blasphemous effigy is activated when bathed in the fresh blood of its user, wherein it greedily absorbs the sanguinary offering and transforms into a living, breathing monstrosity. Standing taller than a man despite its bowed and stunted legs, with great leathery wings and long hairy arms that end in black-taloned hands. Its malformed ape-like head, with blood-red eyes and slavering yellow fangs is hideous to behold.

Often used by sorcerers and witches to hunt down and kill a chosen target, the *Horror in Clay* once summoned is a dangerous creature to control. Any character class

may attempt to summon the Horror by making the necessary blood offering and a DC 15 Will save. Wizards or any other spellcasters gain their caster level as a bonus in the check. On a failed Will save the demon-ape immediately attacks, fighting its summoner to the death.

Note that the user must have an object belonging to the target in order for the demon-ape to track its intended victim. The winged demon will return to its clay form upon completion of its given task. If killed, the demon-ape will shatter into pieces of worthless clay, and can no longer be summoned.

Horror in Clay: Init +3; Atk bite +6 melee (1d6+3) or claw +4 melee (1d10+3); AC 17; HD6d8; MV 20' or fly 30'; Act 2d20; Crit DN/d6; SP half-damage from non-magical weapons; SV Fort +5; Ref +3; Will +2; AL N.

LYRE OF THE MAD MINSTREL

Believed to have been the lyre of Rinaldo the Mad Minstrel himself, who was so beloved by the people that he inspired a failed rebellion against the crown. Crafted from rare Goldenwood, and carved with intricate geometric patterns and arcane script, this instrument acts much as a wizard's grimoire does, allowing the user to cast arcane spells through its use. When played by the skillful hands of a musician, its arcane melody lulls listeners into a deep sound sleep as per the wizard's spell, *sleep*.

Any musician playing the lyre can attempt to cast the spell by making a spell check using a d20+ Personality modifier. Any non-musician can also attempt to use the lyre but must make a spell check using a d10 + Personality modifier. Note that wizards and other spellcasters do not gain any of their class bonuses when attempting to use the lyre. Its use is based solely on musical ability. The Lyre of the Mad Minstrel is said to hold many spells, unlocking its arcane mysteries can only be achieved through a lifetime of musical study and practice.

MASK OF TRUTH

This beautifully designed carnival mask is adorned in precious stones and bright colored feathers. Said to have been the design of Queen Istina, who tired of being surrounded by petty nobles who seemingly engaged in nothing but endless gossip and foul rumor mongering. Weary of the ceaseless backstabbing, she commissioned dozens of these masks to be created, and held a regal masquerade ball, wherein she inviting all the young lords

and ladies at court.

Each guest, when prompted to don their mask were suddenly made aware of each other's vile thoughts, selfish motivations, and cruel feelings. The masquerade prompted a storm of controversy that led to annulled marriages, broken engagements, and dissolved partnerships, both financial and otherwise.

Anyone who dons the *Mask of Truth* and concentrates for a full round can read the thoughts of one creature within line of sight at a distance of up to 100' of the user. The creature receives a Will save vs the mask-wearer's Personality score, and is aware of the attempt to read its thoughts (though it may not know who is attempting the action). If the mask-wearer is successful, he detects surface-level thoughts, the creature's emotional state, any actions it is intent upon, and so on. Note that this item can be used only as many times per day as equal to 1/2 of the mask-wearer's Personality score.

MIRROR OF FATES

This hand-sized mirror is wrought of heavy lead and shaped to resemble a large skeleton key. When gazed upon for one turn, the viewer's reflection begins to distort and fade, allowing glimpses of the future as per the 1st level cleric spell, *second sight*.

In doing so, the viewer gains insights regarding the consequences of potential future actions.

Any character class may attempt to divine the future by gazing into the mirror for 1 turn, and rolling a d20 + Luck modifier spell check to determine the results. Note that the Mirror of Fates can be shattered just as easily as a mundane mirror. If the Mirror of Fates is broken, its owner suffers a permanent -7 to his Luck score (minimum score of 3) for the next seven years.

MURDERER'S TALLOW

Wrought from the flesh of a condemned murderer, this slender candle is sickly yellow in color and has a wick fashioned from human hair. When lit, the candle burns with an eerie radiance that only the user can see; dimly illuminating a 5 foot radius in gloomy shadows. No light or flame is visible to anyone other than wielder of the candle. Long sought-after by thieves and assassins, this treacherous item gives off no heat or fragrance.

PATRON IDOL OF MOG'MALU

Standing six inches tall and carved from pale-green jade, this figurine is of man with the head of a ram and the folded wings of a bat. This powerful magic idol is used to form a compact with Mog'Malu, and commits oneself to the service of the great-teacher.

Sacrificing 1 point of ability burn enables the user to form a simple bond with Mog'Malu. The subject may attempt a Luck check once per month, to ask a minor favor from the patron, which manifests in a non-magical manner. (For example, if short of gold to pay for a ferry crossing, the subject may be lucky enough to find a fisherman willing to offer a free trip across the river.) Each time such a Luck check is attempted there is a 1% cumulative chance that the patron asks for something in return.

Note that the idol can be used by any character class. If the idol is used by a spellcaster, he immediately gains the spells, *patron bond* and *invoke patron*, before watching the idol dissolve into dust.

PENDANT OF ARCANE RECALL

Suspended from a silver chain, this pendant is carved from a single piece of red jasper in the shape of a large eye. The wearer may use the *Pendant of Arcane Recall* to regain one lost spell for the day. Note that this item can only be used by arcane spellcasters once per day.

PRAYER MAT OF PURIFICATION

Crafted from the sanctified tresses of temple virgins, this rug is dyed and woven into elaborate designs. When placed between the ground and the worshipper during 1 hour of uninterrupted prayer, this item reduces 1 point of disapproval rating per cleric level. The *Prayer Mat of Purification* can only be used once per day.

PURPLE LOTUS DUST

Found only in the purple lotus swamps of the dread Southern Isles, this narcotic bloom is harvested by savage jungle cannibals who dwell there. Dried and ground into a fine powder beneath the cadaverous light of a full moon, *Purple Lotus Dust* acts as a powerful respiratory poison when inhaled.

This dust can be used as a thrown weapon or with a blowgun, wherein it explodes in a cloud of shimmering purple-haze. Anyone struck with *Purple Lotus Dust*

must make a DC 14 Fort save or become completely paralyzed for 3d6 rounds.

Note that the mind of a paralyzed victim remains conscious even though the body is powerless.

Purple Lotus Dust is often kept in earthen jars painted in barbaric figures native to the Southern Isles, and contains enough powder for 3d5 uses.

SKULL OF THE HIEROPHANT

Said to hold arcane power and the ability to channel magical energies, the skulls of sages and wise men were often harvested and decorated with elaborate carvings and jewels. The *Skull of the Hierophant* is a human skull, plated in silver and carved with serpentine runes. Any arcane spellcaster in possession of the skull gains a +1 to all spell checks. The runes upon the skull flare with crimson luminescence each time its wearer casts a spell.

STARSTEEL ARMOR

Forged from a nameless alloy found only on Mog'Malu's home planet, Starsteel armor is incredibly durable and light weight. Resembling highly polished silver veined in a sickly green.

Treat armor forged from Starsteel as 1 step down the dice chain for fumbles. In addition, Starsteel armor receives a -1 bonus to armor check penalty, and a +5' movement speed bonus.

STARSTEEL WEAPONS

Forged from a nameless alloy found only on Mog'Malu's home planet, these weapons are incredibly lightweight and stronger than steel forged weapons. Resembling highly polished silver veined in a sickly green, damage from these weapons are treated as 1 step up the dice chain. In addition, these incredibly durable weapons never lose their keen edge and cannot be damaged except by magical means. Any instance during game play that calls for the sundering of a Starsteel weapon is disregarded unless caused by magic.



APPENDIX F: MOG'MALU

Lord of dark wisdom and arcane knowledge, father of sorcery, great-teacher, and god-king. So ancient is Mog'Malu that his true name survives only in lost texts of forbidden lore, or scrawled upon time-ravaged stone in sunken cities of eld. The last of a dying race of ram-headed giants from beyond the insufferable void of star-haunted space, so infused with arcane energies is Mog'Malu that it is said it was he who brought magic into the world eons ago when man first began to crawl from the primordial slime of the oceans.

Once worshipped as a god and great teacher, man flourished at Mog'Malu's knee. Rising up out of the primordial darkness, man evolved from the primeval savage to builders of wondrous civilizations; learning science, healing, magic, and reason.

Yet some claim Mog'Malu no longer holds sway on the mortal plane, having returned to his own world said to circle the very fringes of the universe. But those who claim him as their patron are granted terrible powers and arcane mysteries lost to the ken of mortal man.

Forming a bond with Mog'Malu can prove to be most treacherous, as a devotee must first find one of the many forgotten conduits to his home world. Lost to the ravages of time, these conduits can be found within festering temples in savage gloom-haunted jungles; or in antediluvian cities of gold slumbering at the bottom of the sea; or frozen within vast mountain strongholds across oceans of trackless ice.

Invoke Patron Check Results:

12-13	The call of Mog'Malu can be heard on the wind, imbuing the caster with eldritch knowledge in the form of +1d6 Intelligence for the next hour. This may be spellburned normally.
14-17	Mog'Malu sends forth a single bolt of cosmic energy streaking toward one of the caster's enemies, causing 4d6 damage (DC 15 Fort save to half). The caster can designate any enemy within 200'.
18-19	The caster is cloaked in a swirling haze of eldritch energy. This purple force field grants the caster a +4 AC bonus, and <i>spell resistance</i> . The <i>spell resistance</i> is equal to the caster's Intelligence score + Personality score + Caster Level, and is rolled as a percentile check. The effect lasts for 2d6 rounds.
20-23	Mog'Malu allows the caster to imbue one ally with arcane knowledge by transferring some of his currently available spells, and the ability to cast them, to another creature. The transferred spell's variable characteristics (spell check, mercurial effects, range, duration, area, and the like) function according to the caster's level, not the level of the recipient. Once transferred, the spell is lost to the caster for the day. The caster may transfer one or two 1st-level spells, or one 2nd-level spell, to any ally within 100'.
24-27	Same as above, except the caster may transfer up to three 1st-level spells, or two 2nd-level spells, or one 3rd level spell, to any ally within 100'.
28-29	Mog'Malu grants the caster dark wisdoms and cosmic acuity beyond the ken of mortal man. The caster immediately regains all lost spells for the day.
30-31	Mog'Malu takes offence to the mistreatment of his disciple, and infuses the caster's enemies with an eldritch blight. A creeping cosmic filth fills the caster's enemies as their internal organs swell with festering lesions. The caster and his allies are unaffected, but all others within a 50' radius take 3d8 damage per round from the blight (DC 15 Fort save to half). Additionally, each round, all enemies affected by the blight suffer a -4 to AC, spell checks, and attack rolls. The eldritch blight lasts 1d5 rounds.
32+	Mog'Malu tears a rift in the fabric of the mortal plane, releasing forth a cosmic horror from beyond the void, the Feaster from Beyond . While in the presence of this colossal shadow that swirls and spins with the energy of dark eons, the caster gains +10 to all spell checks. The Feaster from Beyond remains for 1d6 +CL rounds, lashing out against all the caster's enemies in a whirlwind of cosmic destruction. Feaster from Beyond: Init +6; Atk grasp +12 melee (4d6+6); AC 15; HD10d10; HP 55; MV 80'; Act 3d20; Crit: DN/d10; SV Fort +0, Ref +10, Will +5; AL C.



Patron Taint: Mog'Malu

When patron taint is indicated for Mog'Malu, roll 1d6 on the table below. When a caster has acquired all six taints at all levels of effect, there is no need to continue rolling anymore.

Roll	Result
1	<p>In a sudden moment of astral reverie, the caster travels backwards through gulfs of time and strange dimensions, instantaneously living life after life, era after era, retracing the long and groping cycles of man's rise from dismal savagery to high civilization. This astral projection brings about a physical change, causing the caster to slowly devolve back into primordial man. The caster's brow begins to enlarge and become more pronounced, and thick coarse hair begins to grow upon his body.</p> <p>If the result is rolled a second time, the caster's face takes on ape-like qualities, and his body grows squat and heavy with muscles. This results in a permanent 2 point loss in Intelligence and Personality, along with a permanent 1 point increase in Strength and Stamina.</p> <p>If this result is rolled a third time, the caster has transformed back into primitive man; a wild and savage creature that once ruled over the land in primeval times. This change results in a permanent loss to half of the caster's Intelligence and Personality scores, along with a permanent 3 point increase in Strength and Stamina.</p>
2	<p>The caster is so preoccupied with the newfound accumulation of cosmic knowledge, he is often seen pacing and muttering strange thoughts and abstract algorithms under his breath, his mind constantly racing with mathematical formula and contemplations of time and reality. This brings about a pronounced sense of absentmindedness which results in one randomly lost item per month.</p> <p>If the result is rolled a second time, the caster begins to distance himself from the mundane rituals of everyday existence; hair grows wild and unkempt, baths skipped, and clothes disheveled. This results in one randomly lost item per week.</p> <p>If the result is rolled a third time, the caster no longer troubles himself with the triviality of hygiene, and takes on a wild hermit-like appearance that speaks to a growing madness. This results in one randomly lost item per day.</p>
3	<p>Alas for the caster, eldritch knowledge and dark wisdoms extracts a heavy toll - the internal corruption of the body and soul. Awash in cosmic acuity, the caster is subjected to a pervasive creeping of cosmic filth that fills the body, causing internal organs to swell with pus and malignant growths. The first time the taint is rolled, the caster is stricken with some form of mild illness that results in a permanent -1 penalty to Fortitude saves.</p> <p>The second time the taint is rolled, the caster suffers from constant wheezing and shortness of breath as pus-filled lesions begin to swell the lungs. This results in a permanent -2 penalty to Fortitude saves, and a -5' speed adjustment as the character can no longer maintain extended periods of exertion.</p> <p>The third time the taint is rolled, the caster's insides become a festering cesspool of corruption. Vile pools of pus fill body cavities, and bleeding tumors riddle organs. The caster takes on a sallow and corpse like complexion, suffers a permanent -3 penalty to all Fortitude saves, and a -10' speed adjustment. Along with the noted penalties, the caster also doubles over in extreme pain vomiting forth a <i>Primeval Slime</i> (see <i>DCC RPG rulebook</i>). The <i>Primeval Slime's</i> size is determined by the caster's level (5' square per CL). The <i>Primeval Slime</i> attacks the nearest target (including the caster). The caster will vomit one <i>Primeval Slime</i> per month for the remainder of his life.</p>
4	<p>The great Mog'Malu demands the ultimate tribute for his esoteric teachings, the caster's very memories. Probing the caster's mind, Mog'Malu leeches recollections of the past, thereby erasing cherished memories and understanding. The first time the taint is rolled, the caster's childhood memories become little more than a blur.</p> <p>The second time the taint is rolled, the caster losses most of their adolescent memories, unable to recall friends and family members. This results in a permanent -2 penalty to Personality.</p> <p>The third time the taint is rolled, large gaps appear in the caster's adult memory causing selective amnesia as the character has a complete loss of self-identity. This results in a permanent -3 penalty to Personality, and a loss of a randomly determined spell.</p>
5	<p>The caster feels a compelling need to chart the movement of distant planets in the night sky. Spending all hours of the night tracking these celestial movements through a telescope, the caster grows increasingly less active during the day. The first time the taint is rolled, the caster grows weary and pale as their nights are spent in research. This results in a -1 penalty to any skill checks made during daylight hours.</p> <p>The second time the taint is rolled, the caster is rarely active during the day. This results in a -2 penalty to any spot and search rolls as the caster's vision suffers from the nighttime activities.</p> <p>The third time the taint is rolled, the caster functions on a complete nocturnal schedule, spending month after month peering into a telescope. Treat the caster as blind during daylight hours, his vision irreparably damaged from the incessant star gazing.</p>

6	<p>The caster lives an increasingly sedentary life of a book-worm, choosing to spend endless amounts of time stooped over a reading desk pluming esoteric writings and vile secrets in age-haunted tomes. So engrossed with the attaining of knowledge, the character no longer lives a healthy and hale life; rarely eating, seldom sleeping, and seemingly always scrawling strange formulae on sheets of vellum. The first time the taint is rolled, the character takes on a hunched posture from countless hours spent over a desk. The lack of exercise and proper nutrition results in brittle bones. The caster now breaks a bone when falling on a roll of 5 or 6 on the damage die.</p> <p>The second time the taint is rolled, the caster suffers from severe muscle loss from a lack of proper diet and exercise. This results in a permanent -1 penalty to Strength.</p> <p>The third time the taint is rolled, the caster lives such a sedentary lifestyle he develops an acute case of hemophilia. Anytime the caster suffers damage that results in blood loss, the caster takes an extra 1 hit point of damage per round for each wound sustained until healed or a DC 15 Fort save is made.</p>
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Patron Spells: Mog'Malu

Those who devote themselves to Mog'Malu's esoteric teachings are granted terrible powers and arcane mysteries lost to the ken of mortal man in the form of three unique spells, as follows:

Level 1: Genesis

Level 2: Cosmic Filth

Level 3: Eldritch Knowledge

Spellburn: Mog'Malu

Disciples of Mog'Malu devote their lives in pursuit of arcane knowledge and answers to the cosmic mysteries of the universe. Dark wisdoms, maddening truths, and eldritch knowledge are all made available - but often at a terrible price, as some answers are too horrifying to comprehend, while others were never meant for man to know.

When a caster utilizes spellburn, roll 1d4 on the table below when a request is made. These ideas should hopefully give you room to expand in your own campaign.

Roll	Result
1	Eldritch energy pours through the caster's mind in a torrent of soul-wracking waves. The arcane knowledge of unhallowed centuries cause caster's head to swell and distort (expressed as Strength, Stamina, or Agility loss).
2	A swirling vortex of cosmic energy blasts the caster, lifting him from the ground as portions of his soul are painfully torn away (expressed as Strength, Stamina, or Agility loss).
3	Gazing into the illimitable void between the stars in search of power robs the caster of his very life-force, as he unnaturally ages with the accumulation of occult knowledge. For every 1 point of spellburn gained the caster unnaturally ages one year. For every 20 years of age he possesses, the caster permanently loses 1 point of Strength, Agility and Stamina, and gains 1 point of Intelligence and Personality.
4	The caster carves the sigil of Mog'Malu upon his forehead. The strange geometric design glows red and lustful as the coals of hell's deepest pits (expressed as Strength, Stamina, or Agility loss).

GENESIS

Level: 1

Range: Self

Duration: Varies

Casting Time: 1 round or more

Save: None

General

Harnessing the very power of the cosmos that led to the creation of space and time, the caster is able to control the laws of creation and draw upon the building blocks of matter. The caster can instantaneously creating anything from simple objects of wood, stone, steel, and even complex and intelligent life forms. For any but the most ephemeral castings of this spell, the caster must make a spellburn sacrifice at the time of casting.

Manifestation

Roll 1d3: (1) A tiny point of light appears between the caster's cupped hands that grows into a swirling ball of dark cosmic energy, which suddenly explodes with a loud bang to reveal the intended creation. (2) The caster violently shakes with spasms as he reaches into his own belly to pull forth the creation from his very body. (3) The caster slashes his own wrists, then flings the blood about the ground where it sizzles and smokes before forming into the intended creation.

1	Lost, failure, and patron taint.
2-11	Lost. Failure.
12-13	The caster is able to create a nonliving, non-magical object made of vegetable matter. The volume of the item created cannot exceed 1 cubic foot per CL. For all intents and purposes, the item is completely real for a duration of 1 hour per CL, wherein it atomizes into thin air. The item can be negated by casting <i>dispel magic</i> . Note that 1 point of spellburn is required for this given effect.
14-17	The caster is able to create a nonliving, non-magical object made of wood. The volume of the item created cannot exceed 1 cubic foot per CL. For all intents and purposes, the item is completely real for a duration of 1 hour per CL, wherein it atomizes into thin air. The item can be negated by casting <i>dispel magic</i> . Note that 1 point of spellburn is required for this given effect.
18-19	The caster is able to create a nonliving, non-magical object made of stone. The volume of the item created cannot exceed 1 cubic foot per CL. For all intents and purposes, the item is completely real for a duration of 1 hour per CL, wherein it atomizes into thin air. The item can be negated by casting <i>dispel magic</i> . Note that 1 point of spellburn is required for this given effect.
20-23	The caster is able to create a nonliving, non-magical object made of base metal. The volume of the item created cannot exceed 1 cubic foot per CL. For all intents and purposes, the item is completely real for a duration of 1 hour per CL, wherein it atomizes into thin air. The item can be negated by casting <i>dispel magic</i> . Note that 1 point of spellburn is required for this given effect.
24-27	The caster is able to create a nonliving, non-magical object made of precious metal, crystal, or gemstone. The weight of the item created cannot exceed 1lb per CL. For all intents and purposes, the item is completely real for a duration of 1 hour per CL, wherein it atomizes into thin air. The item can be negated by casting <i>dispel magic</i> . Note that 1 point of spellburn is required for this given effect.
28-29	The caster is able to create a permanent nonliving, non-magical object made of either wood, stone, or base metal. The volume of the item created cannot exceed 1 cubic foot per CL. The item created cannot be negated by casting <i>dispel magic</i> . Note that 3 points of spellburn are required for this given effect.
30-31	The caster is able to harness the building blocks of life and create a permanent living animal. Only a non-magical, common species of mundane animal can be created. The animal created must be known or familiar to the caster and generally operate on instinct, driven by simple needs such as food and reproduction. The created animal cannot weigh more, or have a greater HD level than the caster. The caster has no special control or bond with the animal, and once created the animal behaves as a similar creature found in the wild would. Note that 5 points of spellburn are required to create a living creature.
32+	The caster is able to harness the building blocks of life and create a permanent, living, complex, and intelligent creature. Only a non-magical, intelligent life-form known or familiar to the caster can be created. Once created, the creature possess all the traits found in complex and intelligent life-forms; emotions and feelings, the capability to think and reason, the will for survival, the drive to reproduce, and the ability to love or destroy. The caster has no special control or bond with the life-form, although the creature is aware of its creator. The created life-form possesses 1/3 the caster's ability scores (minimum 3 in any stat), has 1/3 CL in HD (minimum 1 HD), and must be the same size or smaller than the caster. Note that the created life-form may not be specifically appreciative of its situation or predicament, nor owe any fealty to its creator. 10 points of spellburn are required to create a complex life-form.

COSMIC FILTH

Level 2 **Range:** 30' radius per CL **Duration:** 1 round per CL **Casting Time:** 1 round **Save:** Varies

General

This spell creates an enormous purple storm centered about the caster that swirls with the eldritch energy of dark cons. Anyone trapped with the vortex of cosmic filth are blasted with soul erasing energies that tear the very life essence from the body. Note that only the caster is immune to the effects of the cosmic storm, all others (allies included) suffer within its radius.

Manifestation

Roll 1d3: (1) An incandescent purple-black light pours forth from the caster's eyes and mouth, enveloping him in a swirling vortex of cosmic filth. (2) A giant rift opens in sky above the caster, issuing forth a raging cosmic storm. (3) The material world about the caster swirls and dissolves away, leaving everyone floating in the blackened void of star-haunted space.

1	Lost, failure, and patron taint.
2-11	Lost. Failure.
12-13	Failure, but spell is not lost.
14-15	All ranged attacks within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible
16-19	All ranged attacks within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible. All caught within the storm are slowed to half normal movement speed.
20-21	All ranged attacks and spellcasting within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible. All caught within the storm are slowed to half normal movement speed.
22-25	All ranged attacks and spellcasting within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible. All caught within the storm are slowed to half normal movement speed. At the start of each round all creatures within the storm must make a Fort save vs spell check DC, or be blinded.
26-29	All ranged attacks and spellcasting within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible. All caught within the storm are slowed to half normal movement speed. At the start of each round all creatures within the storm must make a Fort save vs spell check DC, or be blinded; and a Reflex save vs spell check DC, or be knocked prone.
30-31	All ranged attacks and spellcasting within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible. All caught within the storm are slowed to half normal movement speed. At the start of each round all creatures within the storm must make a Fort save vs spell check DC, or be blinded; a Reflex save vs spell check DC, or be knocked prone; and a Will save vs spell check DC, or immediately drop to the bottom of the initiative order.
32-33	All ranged attacks and spellcasting within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible. All caught within the storm are slowed to half normal movement speed. At the start of each round all creatures within the storm must make a Fort save vs spell check DC, or be blinded; a Reflex save vs spell check DC, or be knocked prone; and a Will save vs spell check DC, or immediately drop to the bottom of the initiative order. In addition, all caught within the area of the storm take 1d8 damage per CL each round.
34+	All ranged attacks and spellcasting within the area of the cosmic storm are impossible. All caught within the storm are automatically slowed to half normal movement speed, blinded, knocked prone, and drop to the bottom of the initiative order. In addition, all caught within the area of the storm take 1d8 damage per CL each round.

ELDRITCH KNOWLEDGE

Level: 3

Range: Self

Duration: Varies

Casting Time: 1 round or more

Save: None

General

Disciples of Mog'Malu are able to call upon the eldritch knowledge of unhallowed centuries. Infused with dark wisdoms and an enlightened understanding of the cosmos, the caster is able to see and manipulate the world with a greater understanding than that of mortal man. Mysteries, deceptions, and even the metaphysical laws that govern the mortal plane become but childish playthings to those granted with but a touch of Mog'Malu's cosmic acuity.

Manifestation

Roll 1d3: (1) A mirror image of the caster with great luminous eyes floats like a wisp of fog above the caster's head. (2) The caster's head changes into that of a great ram whose sad eyes seem to hold the wisdom of untold centuries. (3) A strange geometric symbol (the sigil of Mog'Malu) appears upon the caster's forehead, and blazes red and lustful as the coals of hell's deepest pits.

1	Lost, failure, and patron taint.
2-11	Lost. Failure.
12-15	Failure, but spell is not lost.
16-17	The caster is able to comprehend the spoken words of creatures or read otherwise incomprehensible written messages for 1 hour per CL. This includes both magical or mundane speech and text. Note that the spell enables the caster to understand or read the unknown language, not speak or write it.
18-21	The caster is able to see beyond the meager deceptions of man, detecting secret doors, hidden compartments, concealed passages, and so forth. Only passages, doors, or openings within line of sight at a distance of up to 100' of the caster, are detected by this spell. Magically concealed passages are not detected. The spell lasts for 1 turn per CL.
22-23	The caster is able to forge a telepathic bond with an intelligent creature (Intelligence 5 or higher). The caster can communicate telepathically with the subject regardless of language. The bond can be established with both a willing or unwilling subject, though an unwilling subject may choose not to respond to the caster. In order to establish a telepathic bond, the subject must initially be within the caster's line of sight, but once formed works over any distance. The telepathic bond lasts for 1 turn per CL, or until the caster chooses to sever the connection.
24-26	The caster is able to probe the mind of one creature he can see within 100'. The caster detects surface-level thoughts, emotional state, and any actions the creature is intent upon. Along with the ability to read the creature's thoughts, the caster can also influence the actions of the target by implanting a suggestion in the back of its mind. The suggestion must be worded in a single sentence and in such a manner as to make the activity sound reasonable. A creature given a reasonable suggestion receives a Will save vs. spell check DC, and is aware of the attempt to influence its actions. Asking the creature to do some obviously harmful act automatically negates the effect of the spell. The spell lasts until the suggested activity has been completed, or the duration of 1 turn per CL expires.
27-31	The caster is able to scry upon on a specific location, gaining the ability to hear and see as if he were there. The locale does not need line of sight, but must be known or familiar to the caster, and can be at a distance of up to 10 miles per CL. Once the locale is determined, the area scryed upon cannot be changed. Note that although the caster may rotate, zoom, or change his point of view within the chosen locale, he is unable to enhance the viewing conditions. If the locale is underwater, the view is gloomy and distorted. If it is dark, the caster will see nothing. The spell lasts for 1 turn per CL. If the caster at any time breaks concentration, the spell ends.

32-33	The caster is able to see all things as they truly are. Gaining the ability to see through normal and magical darkness, detect secrets hidden by magical means, observe invisible objects or creatures, identify illusions, and observe the true form of polymorphed or transmuted things or creatures. The caster can see the truth of things within line of sight at a distance of up to 100'. The spell lasts for 1 turn per CL.
34-35	The caster is able to plumb the hidden mysteries of the cosmos, and bring to mind legends and lore about an important person, place, or thing. The caster is able to recall information regarding legends both current and forgotten, along with its history, genesis, function, and any other relevant information. If the person or thing is at hand, or the caster is in the place in question, the casting time is 1 hour. If the caster has only detailed information of the person, place or thing, the casting time is 1d10 days. If the person, place, or thing is known only to the caster as a rumor, or a name found on a scroll or ancient book, the casting time is 1d20 days. During the casting the character must spend the allotted time in deep metaphysical meditation and can only engage in routine activities necessary for survival (eating, sleeping, etc.). If the caster's meditation is broken, the spell is ruined.
36+	The caster is able to view their own existence from an elevated state of being, granting themselves a powerful insight into their own interactions with the material world. This cosmic foresight allows the caster to sense impending danger or harm, as well as respond with the best course of action in the given situation. While the spell is in effect, the caster is never surprised and gains a bonus to their AC, initiative rolls, and Reflex saves, equal to his CL. This spell lasts for 1 turn per CL.

APPENDIX G: CLERICS OF MOG'MALU

In addition to being a supernatural patron, Mog'Malu is also worshipped as the god of dark wisdom and eldritch knowledge, the great traveler from beyond the stars and moon. He teaches that the spirit transcends the flesh, and through communion with the cosmos and its infinite mysteries, man may realize his true potential by awakening their god-like natures. Through a life dedicated to study and the acquiring of cosmic knowledge, man may transcend both the flesh and the void, becoming like unto gods themselves.

Clerics of Mog'Malu find the answers to life's mysteries through the ceaseless movement of the heavens. From the tracing of a comet-scared sun, to the waning of a distant planet, each carry with it sacred geometries and eldritch knowledge hidden within the cosmic darkness.

Titles

1. Neophyte
2. Adept
3. Mystagogue
4. Hierophant
5. Demiurge

Holy Symbol

A strange constellation whereon no mortal astronomer

has ever gazed.

Alignment

Clerics of Mog'Malu are of the Neutral alignment. Scholars, sages, and stargazers revere him, and many spellcasters seek him as their patron.

Turn Unholy

Clerics of Mog'Malu may turn un-dead, demons, devils, extra-planar creatures, and magical constructs (e.g., golems). At 3rd level, the cleric gains a bonus of plus one on the dice chain when turning extra-planar creatures (see The second Mystery of Mog'Malu, Cosmic Vigilance).

Weapons

Clerics of Mog'Malu tend to favor the crossbow, dagger, sword (any), and staff.

Benefits of Worship

Clerics of Mog'Malu achieve divine revelations as they are initiated into the inner mysteries of the cult. Each of the six Mysteries of Mog'Malu awaken mystical truths, altered states of awareness, and power - through transcendence into these esoteric doctrines.

Sacred Mysteries of Mog'Malu

These Mysteries are achieved as the cleric advances in level.

Cleric Level	Sacred Mystery
1	The first Mystery of Mog'Malu, The Sacred Geometry . Initiates into the first Mystery are revealed the hidden and sacred geometries that govern the Laws of Creation, thereby granting the ability to heal the flesh of the living. In order to attain the first Mystery of Mog'Malu, the cleric must spend three days and three nights surrounded by the dead, wherein they chart the heavens for cosmic answers by night; while the day is spent in meticulous study of the inner workings of the human body.
3	Initiates into the second Mystery, Cosmic Vigilance , are revealed the true horrors that dwell beyond the outer dark. Devotees participate in a dark séance wherein a monstrosity from beyond the void is summoned to do battle with the cleric. Once the creature is banished or destroyed, the cleric is thereon able to make all turn unholy spell checks against extra-planar creatures using a d24 + all applicable modifiers. Note that this bonus applies only to turning extra-planar creatures.
5	The third Mystery of Mog'Malu, Thought Made Flesh . Initiates of the third Mystery are revealed the power of the cosmos that led to the creation of space and time, allowing the cleric to harness the building blocks of matter in order to create anything from simple objects of steel and stone, to complex and intelligent life forms. Only through introspection and spiritual growth, coupled with the shedding of all material wealth, is the cleric then granted the patron spell, <i>Genesis</i> .
7	The fourth Mystery of Mog'Malu, Horrors of the Universe . Initiates of the fourth mystery are revealed the illimitable gulf beyond the sun and stars, and forced to bear the true cosmic insignificance of man. After a week-long meditative trance wherein the cleric travels in astral form through the Never, beyond mystic heavens and strange horizons lost in cosmic darkness, is he then granted the patron spell, <i>Cosmic Filth</i> .
9	The fifth Mystery of Mog'Malu, Cosmic Acuity . Initiates of the fifth Mystery are able to call upon the eldritch knowledge of unhallowed centuries and dark wisdoms beyond the understanding of mortal man. The ability to cast the patron spell, <i>Eldritch Knowledge</i> , is granted once the cleric has established a following of their own; a fane or temple along with disciples in service to the great Mog'Malu.

10	The final Mystery of Mog'Malu, Grand Illusion of Life . Initiates into the final Mystery are granted the title, Keeper of Mysteries. In order to achieve the title, the cleric must travel to Mog'Malu's home world wherein they are subjected to abominable rites, grueling tests, death, and rebirth. Only then are they able to fathom the ultimate mystery.
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Mog'Malu Disapproval Table

1.	Cleanse the Soul: Cleric must abstain from any food and drink for the day, and spend at least 1 hour in deep meditation. Failure to do so results in an immediate d20 disapproval roll.
2.	Look to the Heavens: Cleric must spend the evening tracking the movements of the heavens, or suffer a -2 penalty to all spell checks the following day.
3.	Visions of Madness: Mog'Malu allows the cleric a brief glimpse into the horrors of the cosmos. The cleric is left shaken and suffers a -2 penalty to Will saves for the remainder of the day.
4.	Bear Witness to Mankind's Insignificance: Cleric is shown truths man was not meant to bear, and flees in a screaming panic overcome with temporary insanity for 1d8 rounds (Will save vs DC 5 + disapproval range, to half).
5.	Cosmic Filth: The power of the outer dark washes over the cleric in an agonizing wave. Cleric suffers 1d5 damage and permanent nightmares as a reminder. Note that the cosmic filth will never drop a cleric below 1 hit point.
6.	Slave to the Flesh: Cleric has relied far too often on the power of the body; thereby disregarding the intellect. Cleric suffers a temporary loss of 1d5 points of Strength as penance.
7.	Penetrate the Veil: Mog'Malu strikes the cleric dead, only to breathe life back into his mortal shell; thereby reinforcing to the cleric that life is but an illusion, and the final truth comes only after death. Cleric returns to life with max hit points, but is shaken for the next hour (-4 penalty to all rolls) and sustains a temporary 1d5 loss of either Strength, Agility, or Stamina.
8.	To Suffer is to Prosper: Absolution can come only through pain and service. Cleric is no longer allowed to heal himself, only others. This restriction to the lay on hands ability lasts for 24 hours.
9.	Overstep Your Intellect: Mog'Malu grows weary of the cleric's blunders. Cleric is forced to suffer a -3 penalty to all skill checks and Luck rolls until the next day.
10.	To React is to Act: Mog'Malu commands the cleric learn through witnessing the action of others. The cleric automatically falls to the end of every initiative order for the next 1d3 days.
11.	The Mind is Mightier than the Sword: The cleric is forbidden the use of weapons for a period of 24 hours. Failure to do so results in a loss of all cleric abilities until a full 24 hours is achieved without the use of weapons.

APPENDIX H: SWORD & SORCERY PLAY

Converting DCC demi-human classes for sword and sorcery play:

The DCC core rules present excellent class mechanics for demi-human races that add a great deal to party dynamic and game strategy. Yet for those wanting to run a more traditional sword and sorcery style campaign, wherein PCs are almost always of human origin, these demi-human classes simply do not fit.

Below are some very simple “tips” on how to easily convert demi-humans found in the DCC core rules into sword and sorcery appropriate classes, while keeping many of the core abilities that make them so fun to play. Keep in mind there is only one “right” way to play this game; that being what is most fun and comfortable for you and the players at your table. Below are just some simple tips, using nothing but the DCC core rule book, that some might find useful.

PIRATE (formerly Halfling)

You are a treasure hunter seeking fortune and fame, a violent raider descending upon coastal towns in a flood of fire and blood, a professional privateer sent to wreak havoc against rival interests, or a gaudy freebooter adorned in silk and steel treading decks piled high with bloodstained plunder. These wolves of the sea live wild and free, untamed by the laws of civilized lands, and are governed as much by luck as the mighty freedom of the oceans.

With their dual wielding combat expertise, sneak and hide abilities, and reliance on luck, the Halfling is easily converted to Pirate. Using the Halfling description (*DCC RPG rulebook*) omit the sections Infravision, Small Size, Slow, and remove any alignment restrictions.

Pirate Titles

1. Bilge Rat
2. Carouser
3. Scoundrel
4. Dog Brother
5. Wolf of the Sea

12.	Leached Prowess: Mog'Malu giveth and he taketh away. Cleric loses access to two randomly determined spells. These spells cannot be cast until the next day.
13.	He Who Trusts in his Riches Shall Fall: Mog'Malu commands the cleric unburden himself from material wealth. All jewelry and gemstones in the cleric's possession must be offered to Mog'Malu. Failure to do so results in the permanent loss of the specific spell or ability that resulted in the disapproval. Items offered to Mog'Malu atomize before the cleric's eyes.
14.	Blood Sacrifice: Mog'Malu demands a blood sacrifice be made. A living creature with at least double the cleric's level in HD must be ritually sacrificed. Once slain, the creature atomizes into the ether. Until the sacrifice is made the cleric loses access to the specific spell or ability that resulted in the disapproval.
15.	Suffer No Idols: Mog'Malu is a jealous god and demands you desecrate or destroy a sacred idol or temple of a practicing religion. Cleric suffers a -2 penalty to all spell checks until the task is completed.
16.	Sound Mind in Sound Body: There cannot be one, without the other. Mog'Malu demands the cleric contemplate this while suffering from an internal corruption. Cleric suffers a temporary loss of 3 points to Strength, Stamina, and Agility.
17.	Through the Never: Mog'Malu transports the cleric twisting and turning through the Never; wherein he bears witness to the absolute emptiness of the outer dark. Cleric returns from his sojourn – changed. Cleric permanently ages 1d10 years, and must make all spell checks using a D16 until the next day.
18.	Defend Against the Dark: Mog'Malu summons a creature (judge's discretion) from beyond the void. Cleric must banish it back into the outer dark without the use of his turn unholy ability.
19.	Back to the Primitive: For the cleric, Mog'Malu reverses the steady crawl of man's evolution. The cleric begins to devolve back into primordial man. Brow begins to enlarge, face takes on ape-like qualities, and body grows squat with heavy muscles. Cleric permanently loses 1 point of Intelligence and Personality, but gains 1 point of Strength and Stamina.
20.	Audience with the God-King: Mog'Malu summons the cleric to bear witness to his many sins. The cleric must find one of the lost conduits to Mog'Malu's home world, and stand trial before him. Cleric can no longer advance in level, and loses the ability to cast one randomly determined spell per month until the verdict of the trial has been rendered.

CULTIST (formerly Elf)

You are a debauched noble dabbling in the dark powers of the occult, a vile temptress poisoning the ears of magistrates and kings, a depraved lotus-eater drawing strength and dark wisdoms from rare and mystical opiates, or an enigmatic witch eliciting powers from the primal elements of nature. Members of the Cultist class gain their power and heightened senses through either communion with otherworldly beings, binding themselves to powerful artifacts, dependence on rare and mystical herbs, or from the very forces of nature itself. As such, all members of the cultist class suffer from strange and debilitating vulnerabilities brought on by their degenerate and loathsome lifestyles. These vulnerabilities may include anything from aversion to sunlight, extreme sensitivity to certain alloys or precious metals, the debilitating effects of drug use or drug withdrawal, and even the reliance upon strange and perverse diets.

With their spellcasting ability, heightened senses, and strange vulnerabilities, the Elf is easily converted to Cultist. Using the Elf description (*DCC RPG rulebook*) omit the sections Infravision and Immunities, and remove any access to mithril weapons.

Cultist Titles

1. Initiate
2. Believer
3. Zealot
4. Doomsayer
5. Prodigy

Temptress Titles

1. Enticer
2. Vamp
3. Siren
4. Deceiver
5. Seductress

Witch Titles

1. Dedicant
2. Hag
3. Lamia
4. Enchantress
5. Coven-mother

SOLDIER (formerly Dwarf)

You are a professional soldier tasked with repelling waves of red-handed barbarians that reave upon your borders, a hawk-eyed caravan guard standing vigilant amidst a sea of dust and death, a trained gladiator dealing death beneath the roar of the crowd, or a grim-faced mercenary paid in stained coins to slay under foreign banners. These professional fighting men, trained in war and death, are driven by a need for adventure and wealth as much as by bloodlust itself.

With their sword and board skill and use of Mighty Deeds, the Dwarf is easily converted to Soldier. Using the Dwarf description (*DCC RPG rulebook*) omit the sections Infravision, Slow, and Underground Skills, and remove any alignment restrictions.

Soldier Title

1. Conscript
2. Standard-bearer
3. Veteran
4. Centurion
5. Emperor

Mercenary Title

1. Killer
2. Legionary
3. Free Companion
4. Sellsword
5. Soldier of Fortune

Gladiator

1. Challenger
2. Pit-fighter
3. Slasher
4. Champion
5. Colossus

Player Handouts

Visions of Madness #1



The world suddenly vanishes in a swirl of flame and shadow - in its place only vertigo and limitless oblivion. Soaring endlessly through phantasmagoric gulfs, you plummet through a dark limbo of unshared time and space, amid the ceaseless shifting and melting of irresolvable worlds. When by imperceptible degrees, there steals upon you a dream-like duality, both in respect to person and surroundings. You are still yourself - yet someone else. Still here in the now - yet in some other time.

You awaken in a mind, not fully your own...

You are suddenly in the mind of a terrified child, deep in the gloom-haunted crypts as she frantically races alongside her brother, and away from their stalker - only to run headlong into him!

Through tear filled eyes, you witness your brother escape through a set of massive jade doors, just as the iron grip of the one-eyed Physician drags you to the ground.

Visions of Madness #2



The world suddenly vanishes in a swirl of flame and shadow - in its place only vertigo and limitless oblivion. Soaring endlessly through phantasmagoric gulfs, you plummet through a dark limbo of unshared time and space, amid the ceaseless shifting and melting of irresolvable worlds. When by imperceptible degrees, there steals upon you a dream-like duality, both in respect to person and surroundings. You are still yourself - yet someone else. Still here in the now - yet in some other time.

You awaken in a mind, not fully your own...

You are suddenly in the mind of a terrified child, deep in the gloom-haunted crypts as he frantically races alongside his sister, and away from their stalker - only to run headlong into him!

Darting through a massive set of Jade doors you are able to escape, but witnesses your sister be dragged down by the one-eyed Physician who gave chase.

Cultist Note



Now... at my end... I know true fear. Fear for myself... and what will become of my soul.

Mog'Malu is dead! The old teacher... the great god-king... slain at the hands of HIS most beloved pupil, Xothula. Even now, hidden for days in this most sacred chamber... I can no longer feel his presence.

Maddened apostates prowl the monastery halls, dealing death to my brothers in a red rage. I can hear their anguished screams, as sword and flame make bloody harvest of their tortured flesh.

All that I was, is now lost.

Have the Gates of Paradise been truly sealed... am I to walk eternity in the shadows between worlds?

For what becomes of man when a god is slain...

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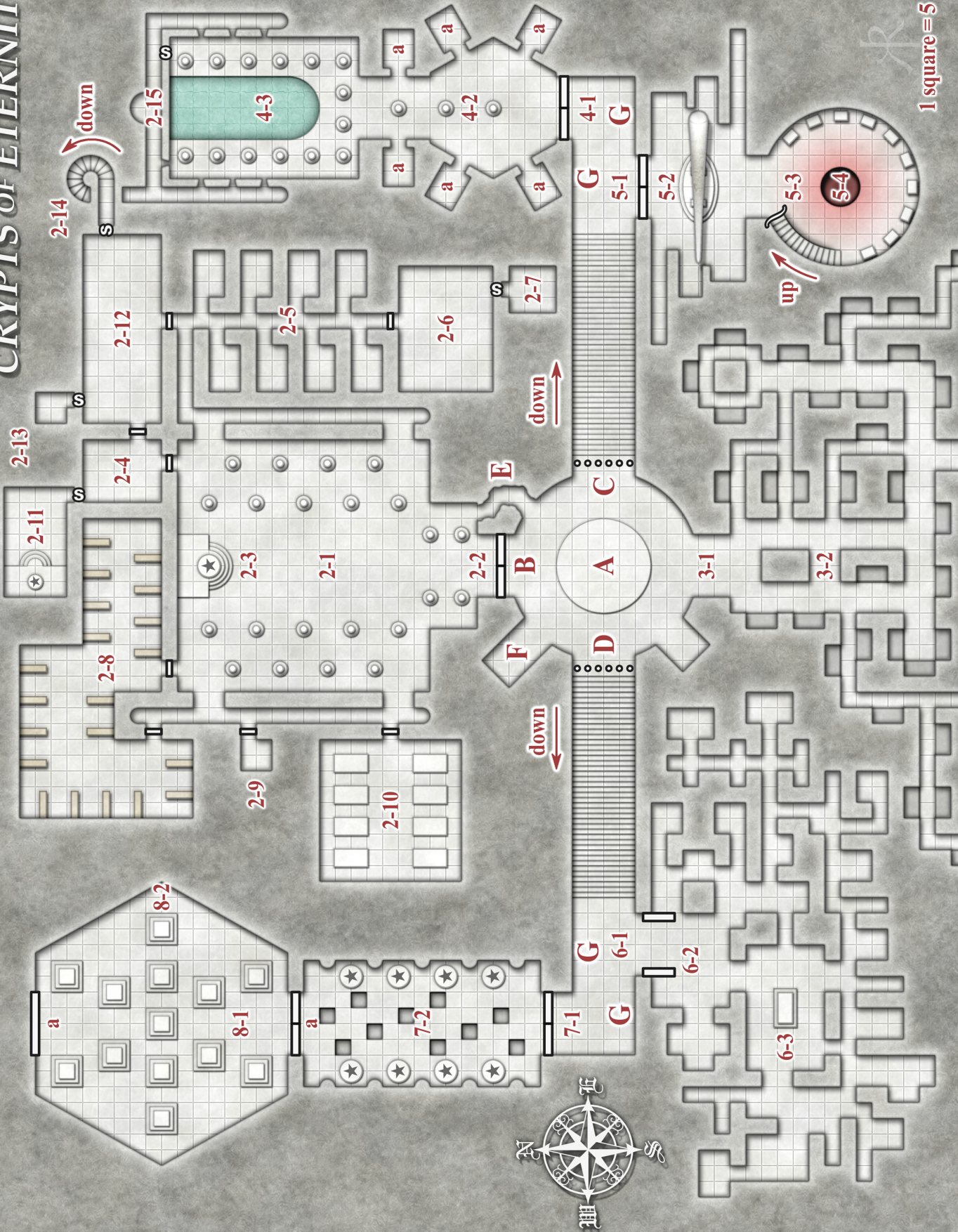
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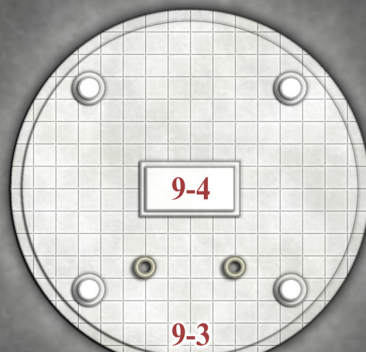
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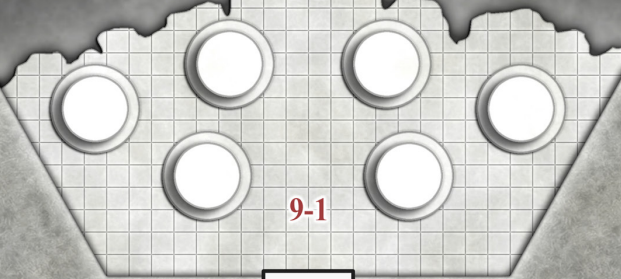


THE GOD CRYPT



9-3

9-2



9-1

1 square = 5 ft.

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