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The Precipice of Corruption



A 0 LEVEL ADVENTURE
BY NICK BARAN



Rumors and Opinions in the Great Hall

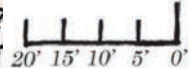
1.	The evil influence to the west has been creeping eastward for decades, and it is finally upon us.
2.	There are men and women who stalk the roads around Stennard, sewing debauched thinking to any who will listen.
3.	We stopped hunting to the west decades ago because living horrors reside there, waiting to flay and devour the unwary.
4.	The Constable is responsible for the loss of the hunting party.
5.	If anyone finds our hunters, I guarantee Narub doesn't make it back. He's a sickly thing.
6.	Vela Correnwood knows these woods because she's a lumbering witch. She probably led them to their deaths. I was there the day she set Jasperg Timberly on fire. She should have been put down or driven off long ago.
7.	I hear things are just as dire in the nearby towns, but I've seen the signs and change is coming. We just need to make it through the winter. This is my home and I'm staying put.
8.	There are riches in those hills. If I found them I wouldn't come back here either.
9.	The hills to the west are filled with monuments to the dark gods. You can't even fully cross into the west without traversing some demonic gate.
10.	The further west you go, the more twisted things become. Those hills will change you. I've never felt such dread.
11.	Our Light Acolyte Lastaru has been disappearing for days and weeks at a time. No one seems concerned about him.
12.	That kid, Tuckerin, probably dared the others to try something stupid and got them all killed. It wouldn't be the first time he led others into a bad situation.
13.	I think Clarissa Hems went bad years ago. Most people in this town think she's a good person with good intentions, but I see through her. She is just another greedy rat trying to preserve her lofty position over the rest of us. And her kid is a little monster too. I can't wait to see them both fall from grace in this town.
14.	I don't see how bringing in a bunch of cutthroats is going to help this town. We pay taxes to the Protectorate for their protection. They should be out searching for these kids.
15.	I wouldn't eat anything they bring back from the western hills. The old magic lingering in that place creates abominations and the morning mists cause madness!
16.	I figure they probably had to go further than expected, but in my heart I believe they have found something that is going to help this town. I saw it in my dreams, so it must be true.
17.	Despite watching our friends and neighbors pack up and leave this town, when I see all of you I see hope. Find our son Dallan and we will contribute to your reward.
18.	I can't speak to the other hunters, but Dallan Steffe was an honorable young man from a good family.
19.	One time Vela Correnwood was standing in the path of a falling tree. A woodsman ran to push her out of the way, and she just stood still. The tree landed on the man just before he reached her. She walked away with a bunch of scars from the branches, but he was crushed to death. That sort of thing happens around her all the time. She is cursed.
20.	Stennard is really New Stennard. The old site was a few hours to the west, along a creek. Our ancestors committed unspeakable evil to try and save Old Stennard, but they failed. The survivors moved out of the hills and founded this town. We are rightfully cursed, and the evil has come to reclaim those who cheated its toll.



The Covered Bridge



The Northern Deer Tracks



The Precipice of Corruption

Table of Contents

Rumors and Opinions in the Great Hall - 1
Map: The Covered Bridge - 2
Map: The Northern Deer Track - 2
Overview and Introductions - 5
Clarissa Hems, the Hunting Party, and the Orange Coven - 7

Act I: 10 Coppers - 11
Act II: Across the River - 17
Act III: The Temple of Herlezzect - 19
Over the Precipice - Ending the Adventure - 33

Monsters of Corruption - 35
Map: The Temple of Herlezzect - 38

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Dedicated to Deric A. Bryant for helping to foster my love of gaming instead of just thinking I was my brother's annoying younger brother.

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Overview

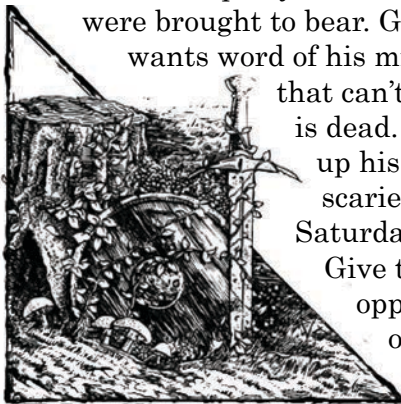
The Precipice of Corruption is an adventure module designed primarily for 12-16 0-level characters. This adventure is broken into three Acts:

Act I: 10 Coppers takes place in the Great Hall at the center of the Town of Stennard to set up the story. Though Stennard is not fully detailed within these pages, it is here that we introduce one of the central NPCs, Clarissa Hems and the search for her son's missing hunting party. It is encouraged that you follow that opening scene with the opportunity to gather rumors from among the crowd. The next morning, give the party the chance to make any last minute equipment purchases before beginning their wilderness trek. The act ends with a likely combat at the bridge into the corrupted lands beyond.

Act II: Across the Bridge is a short act that revolves around tracking the missing hunting party through the wilderness and provides the players with a short journey. The act ends with a fairly simple puzzle to prepare them for the dungeon ahead.

Act III: The Temple of Herlezzect is a dungeon with multiple set piece encounters that lead to a boss monster fight. This will be against a mighty and self-important NPC named Gorrsecck the Lidless. There are opportunities for the party to find out the greater underlying plot at play by fully exploring the dungeon, but experience has shown most parties will take a linear path that doesn't expose the full mystery. This is by design. If this adventure is being played as part of a campaign, rather than as a one or two session one-shot, the goal is to set up recurring villains and a greater threat for the party to uncover.

Finally, in play testing there were no Total Party Kills despite the fact that the final boss fight could demolish the party if the full might of the villains were brought to bear. Gorrsecck the Lidless wants word of his might to spread and that can't happen if either side is dead. It is up to you to play up his hubris like a much scarier villain from Saturday-morning cartoons. Give the party multiple opportunities to submit or flee.



Player Introduction

Stennard lay in the wooded foothills of a massive impenetrable mountain chain. As far as any of the regional layfolk are concerned they live on the edge of the world and all manner of horrors spawn in the shadow of the mountains beyond. There was a time when the people of Stennard may have traveled further west, closer to the rising rock face. The roads that once were have long since been taken back by nature and nothing more than deer paths remain.

The growing season in this region has seen a glut of torrential rains that have damaged and spoiled the crops. This outlier town has few trading partners and the neighboring towns are suffering the same fate. The townsfolk need to do something to ensure their citizens have enough in their stores to survive the coming winter. A small band of Stennard's most prolific hunters and gatherers agreed to press into the forbidden lands to the west and did not return. Desperate, a call was sent out to all of the neighboring towns: "Come to Stennard! We are offering a reward to find our missing sons and daughters."



Judge Introduction

The lands to the west are grim and foreboding. Hidden within the gnarled trees and thorny briars, the monsters, and men who live life as monsters, have settled in. The heart of this story is that of the Constable, Clarissa Hems, and her son Tuckerin. Tuckerin led a hunting party into the western foothills. He, along with the other four members of his group, never returned. They are out there, somewhere in the woods, lost...or worse.

The truth of what has happened is much more sinister. Three months previous, the poor harvest was predicted. Nothing was growing. The fields were waterlogged and the game was scarce. Tuckerin stumbled upon a man in orange robes in the woods. They had deep conversations about philosophy and what the future held for the region. Over the following weeks, Tuckerin and this mysterious man, Aeystul, met many times. While the first few meetings between Tuckerin and Aeystul were by chance, Tuckerin began to seek him out. Searching for his own path in life, Tuckerin came to embrace Aeystul's debased ideas. He saw the torrential rains and rotten crops as a sign that life in Stennard was changing and he must change with it. Aeystul then introduced him to the other members of his coven. A period of indoctrination commenced and a trial was devised for Tuckerin. To prove his worth he would have to betray a group of his companions, leading them to either corruption or death.

The Orange Coven are adherents to Herlezzect the Debased: Patron of Deceit, Corruption, Death, and Decay. The heart of their group is Aeystul. He is from a far-off city, full of culture and scholars. He was a noble with the luxury to study what he pleased, and he found his passion in the works relating to dark arts and forgotten gods. Buried deep in some moldy library, he learned of the Debased God and studied the philosophies and teachings of their followers. Over the years, he found clues to the locations of several scattered shrines through various works. One day, with little holding him back, he packed up his spartan belongings and set out to seek them. He is a clever, charismatic, and manipulative man, which has allowed him to draw in disciples along his journeys. He has succeeded in finding two ancient shrines to Herlezzect and one lies just west of Stennard.

The Orange Coven are not the source of the growing corruption creeping from points west toward Stennard, they are a symptom of it. Evil has been allowed to fester for generations in the mountains beyond. The arbitrary borders the folks of Stennard have set are meaningless. Though a stalwart band of peasants may be able to stem the rising tide of the Herlezzect's disciples, they are just one of many terrors building in the foothills, ready to fall upon the people of Stennard.



Clarrisa Hems, the Hunting Party, and the Orange Coven

Tuckerin Hems convinced his mother that answers could be found in the western foothills, a forbidden territory that had been avoided for generations. With the crops failing and desperation creeping into the lives of those bound to Stennard, Tuckerin found a solution for himself. He met Aeystul on the road. As they walked and talked, he built an intellectual relationship with this orange-robed man. Aeystul opened him up to new ideas and a sense that changes in the region were an inevitability. Upon reflection, he saw no point in resisting. Aeystul convinced him what was happening was part of a greater plan at work. Tuckerin wanted to know more. He was slowly introduced to other members of the Orange Coven, but the time came for young Hems to prove his dedication. The Orange Coven demanded a betrayal... and a sacrifice. He plotted to lead a hunting party of his peers from Stennard into the corrupted hills, and they would be ambushed and either captured or killed.

Clarissa Hems - Constable

AC		HP		
STR	15 (+1)	SPD	30'	
AGI	6 (-1)	Ref	-1	
STA	9 (0)	Fort	0	
PER	10 (0)	Will	0	
LUC	8 (-1)			
INT	11 (0)	Init	-1	

Weapon: dagger
Attack: melee 1d20+1 (action die + strength)
Damage: 1d4+1 (dagger + strength)
Lucky Sign: Raised by wolves.

Clarissa Hems has been Constable of Stennard for almost two decades. She is stoic and pragmatic, and these traits have allowed her to confidently lead the town through many hardships. She has an inflated ego and actively sees herself more as the head of the town rather than a part of it. Confidence has benefited her more times than it has failed her, but it does rub some the wrong way. Her overblown sense of self shows itself most in times of personal hardship. It has not gone unnoticed that when she

speaks of those missing she only refers to her son, Tuckerin, by name. She has known the other missing persons for their entire lives, but their recovery is secondary to that of her son.

Personality Traits: Pragmatic, stoic, self-important.

Motivations: Clarissa Hems' motivations are variable. Roll 1d3 to determine Clarissa's state and motivation:

1) **In on the Con (Chaotic).** Tuckerin has been sharing the teachings of Aeystul with Clarissa. By embracing the Orange Coven's blessings she can preserve the town and her family's power. The constable will appear to be doing everything to assist the adventurers, but she is aware she is leading them into a trap.

2) **Racked by Grief (Neutral).** Despite being self-involved, the constable deeply loves her son and the legacy she has created. After she makes her speech she will remove herself from the public eye to await the findings on the adventurers. She will be of little help as she slowly goes mad with anger and sadness.

3) **Stable and Resolved (Lawful).** The Constable honestly believes she has a good son and it is just a matter of time before the adventurers find him and bring him home. She will be emotionally strong, confident, and as helpful as possible with the adventurers.

In all circumstances, if Tuckerin Hems is brought back as a prisoner, she will insist upon taking him under house arrest, and he will disappear under the cover of darkness. If he is killed, she may exact vengeance.

Possessions: Gold ring (worth 10gp), pouch with 34sp and 50cp.

Tuckerin Hems - Hunter

AC	12	HP	15	
STR	13(+1)	SPD	30'	
AGI	10 (0)	Ref	+1	
STA	10 (0)	Fort	+1	
PER	5 (-2)	Will	-2	
LUC	7 (-1)			
INT	10 (0)	Init	+2	

Lvl 2 Warrior

Weapons: Short Bow, 8 arrows, long sword

Attack: ranged 1d20+1d4 (action die + deed die), melee 1d20+1d4+1 (action die + deed die + strength)

Damage: 1d6+1d4 (arrow + deed die), 1d8+1d4+1 (long sword + deed die + strength)

Crit Die/Table: 1d14/III Threat Range: 19-20

Alignment: Chaotic

Lucky Sign: Unholy House.


Tuckerin Hems is a conniving snot of a human being. Constable Clarissa Hems was monied and wise when she ascended to Constable of Stennard. Governance kept her focused on the needs of the community rather than on the needs of her son. He spent long hours in the woods and developed an aptitude for hunting and self-preservation. However, he lacked social skills and a sense of community. Few in town openly express dislike for Tuckerin, but he has a reputation for putting his fellow hunters into dangerous challenges. These situations were frequently unfair. Tuckerin, already aware of the dangers of the tests he masterminded, laughed off the near-death experiences of his peers and would swoop in to prevent tragedy. His lack of empathy, cruel nature, and inflated ego make him one of the most accomplished hunters in Stennard. His heart and mind have been ripe for corruption, he just needed the right voice to coax him over the edge.

Personality Traits: Rash, cruel, and reckless.

Motivations: Self-preservation and self-aggrandizement.

Possessions: Studded armor, belt pouches with 15 sp, 38 cp, and various herbs.

Ihm Nihks - Hunter

AC	10	HP	4 (3)	
STR	8 (-1)	SPD	30'	
AGI	12 (0)	Ref	0	
STA	11 (0)	Fort	0	
PER	10 (0)	Will	0	
LUC	7 (-1)			
INT	12 (0)	Init	0	

Weapons: unarmed

Attack: melee 1d20-1 (action die + strength)

Damage: 1d3-1 (unarmed - strength)

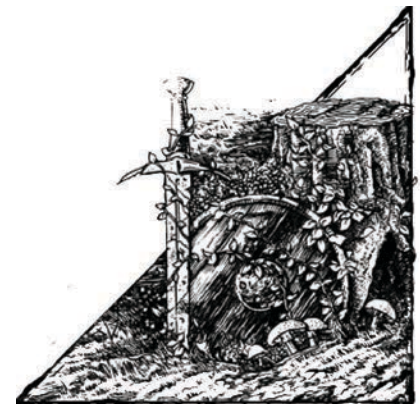
Alignment: Lawful

Lucky Sign: Lucky Sign.




Ihm is an enigmatic member of the community. They were an orphan left behind in Stennard twelve years previous. Roughly cared for by a mix of townsfolk, Ihm was raised on the periphery of various communal spaces in Stennard. Another child who had taken to wandering off into the woods, they learned to hunt and gather to pay back all of those who shared food and clothes as they grew toward adulthood. Ihm speaks little, but can be counted on to step in with small acts of caring and generosity to those that show kindness to them.

Personality Traits: Quiet, kind, and cautious.

Motivations: Community benefit and personal space.



Narub Allast - Hunter

AC		HP		
	10		3(1)	
STR	12 (0)	SPD	30'	
AGI	10 (0)	Ref	0	
STA	5 (-2)	Fort	-2	
PER	10 (0)	Will	0	
LUC	7 (-1)			
INT	10 (0)	Init	0	

Weapons: unarmed

Attack: melee 1d20 (action die)

Damage: 1d3-1 (unarmed - path of the bear)

Alignment: Lawful




Lucky Sign: Path of the Bear.

The youngest member of the hunting party at fourteen years of age, Narub is the son of a pig farmer. He has comparable skills to those of his older peers. Unfortunately, Narub was born sickly and the weather and conditions have not been kind to him. During the moment of Tuckerin's betrayal, Narub was too weak to offer any manner of defense to protect his cohorts. In his brief moments of consciousness his fevered brain goes over the same refrain, "If I would have had the strength to fight back, we would not have been captured."

Personality Traits: Self-deprecating, low self-esteem, try hard.

Motivations: Build self worth and gain acceptance.

Vela Correnwood - Woodsperson

AC		HP		
	9		4 (2)	
STR	14 (+1)	SPD	30'	
AGI	8 (-1)	Ref	-1	
STA	9 (0)	Fort	0	
PER	10 (0)	Will	0	
LUC	3 (-3)			
INT	8 (-1)	Init	-1	

Weapons: unarmed

Attack: melee 1d20 (action die)

Damage: 1d3+1 (unarmed + strength)

Alignment: Neutral

Lucky Sign: Fortunate Date.




Muscular and willful, Vela grew up among wood-folk, the most superstitious of which see her participation in anything as a portent of calamitous events. Townsfolk in her presence have experienced such tragedies as being crushed by a falling tree, gored by a wild boar, and one townsfolk even accidentally caught on fire while sleeping next to a hearth. She is covered in scars from personal moments gone awry, but somehow she has walked away mostly intact. However, there are those who have wished her harm and cursed her as a witch for the bad luck that seems to follow her. She spends as much time away from the town center as she can to put distance between her horrendous luck and those whom she cares about.

Personality Traits: Sturdy, independent, self-aware.

Motivations: To contribute, to do good, and to conquer her cursed luck.



Gorrsecck the Lidless

AC		HP		
STR	18 (+3)	SPD	30'	
AGI	12 (0)	Ref	+1	
STA	12 (0)	Fort	+1	
PER	11 (0)	Will	0	
LUC	13 (+1)			
INT	11 (0)	Init	+2	

Lvl 2 Warrior

Languages: Common, goblin.

Weapon: mace

Attack: melee 1d20+1d4+3 (action die + deed die + strength)

Damage: 1d6+deed die+3 (mace + deed die + strength),

Crit Die/Table: 1d14/III Threat Range: 19-20

Alignment: Chaotic




Lucky Sign: Lived Through Famine

Gorrsecck is a monstrous humanoid being. Standing more than a head taller than the average man, Gorrsecck is covered in leather, fur, and hides sewn onto the skin beneath. His massive head is covered in fur, piercings, and scars. His eyelids are roughly cut away and his eyes are bulging and yellow. He smells of dead animals decaying in the sun. He believes he has seen the world for how it truly is and has removed his own eyelids to dramatically proclaim his truth. Gorrsecck is clever, manipulative, and strong. He can easily smash his way through untrained warriors, but he is unpredictable, vain, and wants to strike fear into the world. The Orange Coven's philosophies align with his worldview, but his greater interest is in himself. His goal is to be an infamous tyrant, remembered for generations. Aeystul has convinced him that he is the Champion of the Debased God and that he was born to herald his return. Together they shall sew his will. Aeystul will illuminate the path, but it will be Gorrsecck's name that is uttered in panicked gasps.

Personality Traits: Vain, dramatic, manipulative, cruel.

Motivations: Live fully, sew chaos, gain power.

Lastaru of the Orange Coven

AC		HP		
STR	16 (+2)	SPD	30'	
AGI	7 (-1)	Ref	-1	
STA	13 (+1)	Fort	+2	
PER	10 (0)	Will	+1	
LUC	16 (+2)			
INT	11 (0)	Init	-1	

Lvl 1 Cleric

Weapon: ceremonial dagger

Attack: melee dagger 1d20+2 (action die strength)

Damage: 1d4+2 (dagger + strength)

Spells: Blessing, Darkness, Holy Sanctuary, Paralysis

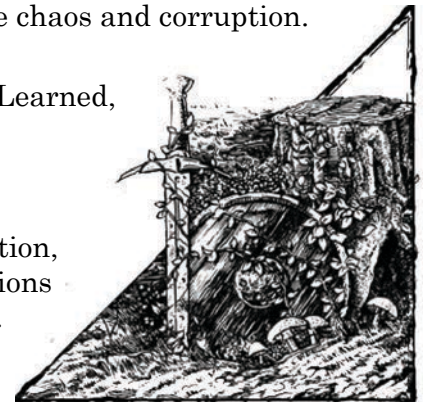
Alignment: Chaotic

Lucky Sign: Unholy House

Lastaru was born of two fervent followers of Delvyr, god of knowledge, learning, and light. He was indoctrinated into the beliefs and code-based traditions of what most perceived as a benevolent influence in the region. Because of this, he always felt constrained, and that the traditions and practices were forced upon him. Pressed into the clergy by his parents, his faith flickered and waned. Seeking purpose, he stumbled upon Aeystul and the Debased God. Unlike the teachings of the light, these new ideas resonated with him and he found something true to hold his faith. Coming from money and stability, he kept some artifacts of his former life. In his free time he has worked at perverting the rites of his former priesthood. This has brought him favor and standing in the Orange Coven. Their dark patron has smiled upon him. Lastaru is in his late 20's, scholarly, and detached. He enjoys research, quiet contemplation, and seeking ways to accelerate chaos and corruption.

Personality Traits: Learned, refined, detached.

Motivations: Learn through experimentation, undermine the traditions and followers of light.





Act I: 10 Coppers

Woodfire, murmurs, and misery - the atmosphere in the room is somber yet expectant. You stand in the middle of a great hall, or at least as great as this hamlet can muster. You are surrounded by every miscreant, would-be mercenary, and aspiring-cutpurse within two days' journey. You stand side-by-side with the lazy sons and daughters of the stoic farmers and the remaining craftspeople of the region. They have pushed out of their homes to help their families, or there of their own selfish intention. You stand in this outlying township, on the edge of what passes for civilization, and it is struggling to survive.

A voice calls everyone's attention. Constable Clarisa Hems speaks forcefully and clearly so that all can hear:

"A torrential spring and summer have caused our crops to rot in the ground. The harvest is upon us, but our townspeople are working long hours for a yield that will not sustain this village through the winter. I anticipated this and pressed our huntsfolk to pull more game. However, our well-worn hunting tracks through the forest have become overused. With few valuable goods to trade with the east, I suggested the hunting parties push west, led by my son Tuckerin Hems."

The crowd begins to murmur again and people shift uncomfortably on their feet. The constable continues:

"I sent them into the foothills that had been the domain of the dark gods. We have long seen the foothills as a forbidden land. We've treated it with fear and superstition, but my son and I believed this fear was without cause. I sent my son and our best hunters out west and they have not returned. I am paying each person 10 coppers to push as far west as you can in a single day. I want you all to search for my son and his party. Bring back any evidence you can of their whereabouts. All who wish to participate will set out at daybreak."

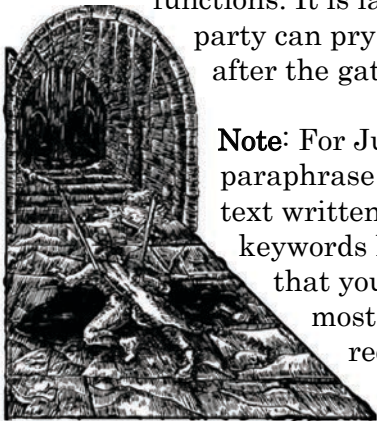
Ten coppers is more than a week's worth of pay. You will all form a search party and scour the tracks to the west for her missing son and hunting party. If asked for a full list of names, the other members of the party were: Dallan Steffe, Ihm Nihks, Narub Allast, and Vela Correnwood.

Coward in Life - Coward in Death

At various points the party members will be required to take an escalating Willpower Save. The intent is to whittle down the party in the way similar to how classic pulp movies portray peasants and hirelings. The threshold on these saves is quite low to not be overtly punishing. As Judge you will have the opportunity to make missing characters reappear later in the adventure to bolster the party in a time of need, or to plant the seeds of fear by them turning up dead somewhere. Guidance on this will be given at each point.

Beginning the Adventure!

The story begins in Stennard's great hall, a common building used for gathering and municipal functions. It is late in the evening. The party can pry for rumors before or after the gathering as you see fit.



Note: For Judges who prefer to paraphrase or reimagine the block text written for each section, the keywords have been put in bold so that you can easily digest the most important features and recount the imagery in your own words.



Early Departure

*Everyone gathers at sunrise outside the **great hall**. There is a lot of grumbling, yawning, and **cursing amongst** the ranks of **folks** surrounding you. **Someone is passing out** heavy hunks of stale bread and large shriveled radishes as **rations** for the journey. A full third of the **people** who were **present the evening before** are **absent**, probably too drunk or fearful to join the search party. After waiting for some time to see if anyone else would show up, **Constable Clarrisa** calls everyone's attention again.*

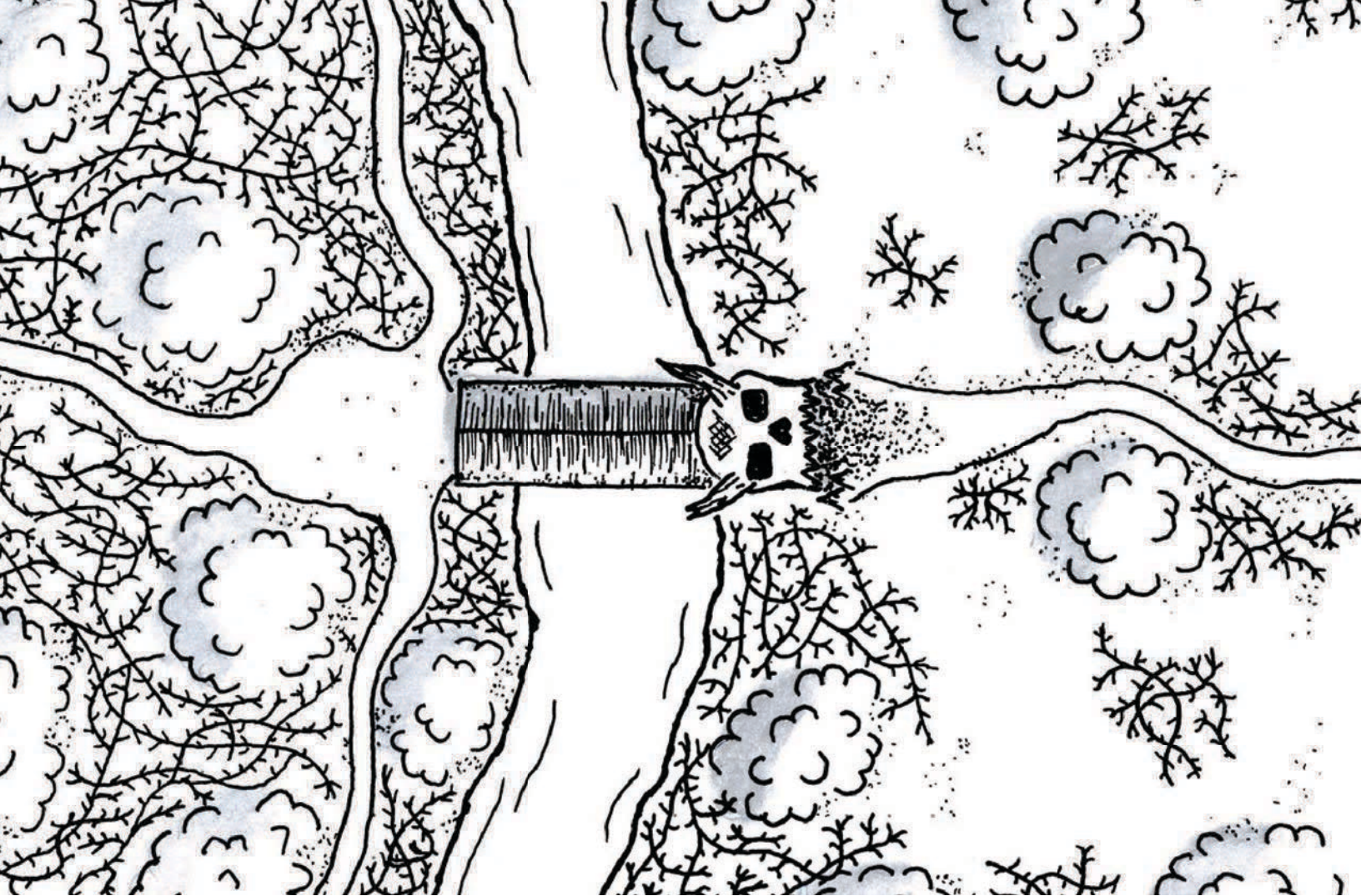
"You are going to head west on the road out of town. Where the road veers north is a deer trail that leads due west. Tuckerin's hunting party had intended to follow that path. There you will spread out and push through the brush for as long as you can so that you can make it back here by nightfall. Luck and safety to you all. Please return with our kin and you will earn 10 coppers, each."

*Your disgruntled and disheveled **mob** walk the road west for almost an hour before reaching the deer trail. As requested by the constable, two amongst you direct the search party to **spread out** and you all **begin pressing through** the wood and brush.*

Going is slow. Only those on the track can consistently move freely, but still the group keeps moving, eager to find the missing huntsfolk and earn their 10 copper pieces.

*The **slog** through the damp brush is **slow but uneventful**. The **landscape changes** progressively from hour to hour. The deciduous **trees become more gnarled**, and then visually **corrupted** - unlike any trees you've seen surrounding Stennard. Brush and tall grass begins to grow intertwined with **ugly briars and poison ivy**. The scattered **game** flushed out of the brush is **dark, sinister**, and startling. It becomes apparent why no one travels this far west. It is a **grim and foreboding landscape**. After **three hours**, the trail opens up into a clearing.*



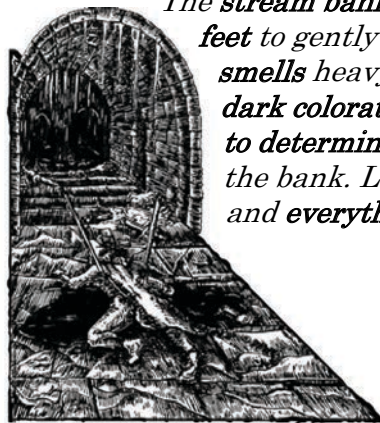


1. The Covered Bridge

You approach a **covered bridge** across a stream near the end of a dreary autumnal day. The bridge ahead **inclines upward** toward a higher bank on the other side. The **sides** of the bridge appear to be made of **stone** and the **roof** of **wood**. The east-facing **entrance** forms the **mouth of a twisted, inhuman creature**. It even appears deliberately built with the west wind in mind, creating the image of wet decaying leaves vomiting forth onto the track in front of it.

Approaching the stream:

The **stream bank descends 10 or more feet** to gently moving **water** that **smells heavy of rot and decay**. It's **dark coloration** makes it **impossible to determine depth** from high up on the bank. Leaves cover **mossy rocks** and **everything** is damp and **slick**.



Approaching the bridge entrance:

The **bridge tunnel** stretches **upward** for approximately **30'** and has **no windows** on the sides. The tiny amount of light that is entering the tunnel creates an unsettling path to the other side. The accumulated **leaves** create an uneven surface that **play tricks on the eye** when the wind blows, like a moving tongue resides in the stone mouth. When a **strong breeze** rises, the **mouth** even softly **moans**.

Int DC 5: The soft moans emitting from the bridge-mouth coincide with the wind shifting the leaves.

Int DC 10: It's possible you heard groans and soft coughs buried within the wind-fueled moans.

Int DC 15: Clear coughing and sputtering are coming from somewhere up the bridgeway.

Coward in Life - Coward in Death:

Anyone wishing to enter the bridge-mouth must make a DC 3 Willpower Save or they will flee. Only tell the player that the character has fled. Feel free to bring the fleeing characters back as needed to bolster the party or have them return to Stennard unharmed - they may try again another day.

Crossing the bridge:

The **bridge floor** is **slick** and **covered in debris**. With each step you feel **twigs break** and larger **branches challenge your balance**. With each **gust outside**, a **moan rises** inside the corridor and the damp **timbers** above **creak**. Before you, the **leaves scatter and shift**.

Midway across the bridge, laying on his back in the leaves is a groaning, coughing man. If someone with a torch or lantern approaches, he will struggle to speak. Eyes horrifically wide, he will sputter out the words, "**Help...No-lids.**" If asked any other questions he will just respond, "**Nolids.**" If pressed further or if anyone attempts to give him medical assistance he will say, "**Noooooarrggraaahhh...**" His eyes roll back, his face twists, and giant spiny grub vomits forth from his mouth, slick with blood and bile from his insides. If more than one character is within 5' of the launching corpse crawler, it will target the character with the lowest Luck.

Scattered throughout the leaves around the man's body are 2 additional corpse crawlers.

Each crawler is segmented and squirms like a sausage-sized grub. They range from pale, fleshy tones to darker browns and are covered in bristling, thorny, black protrusions. Their skin is moist and glossy from wallowing in rot and the protrusions are flexible, folding spines that aid in locomotion. Their frontage has a wide mouth that ends in tiny, razor-sharp teeth, and their back end has a puckered hole that is smeared with filth. To burrow into flesh more rapidly they can expel waste as they bite, oozing repulsive foul-smelling slime as they go.

Searching the body:

You give him a **closer inspection** and his **clothing is finer than** those standard of the **people of Sten-nard**, but they are **soiled** and **torn**. He has an **empty scabbard** at his side, a **quiver with 6 arrows**, and a **still-attached belt pouch**.

The belt pouch has 8 copper pieces in it. There is a bronze trinket on a string around his neck. It is shield-shaped with the letters "D" and "S" pressed into the opposing quarters (worth only 2sp, but if



returned to his family they would pay each PC 5gp and be overwhelmed with equal parts sadness and gratitude). The person's name is Dallan Steffe and he is one of the missing hunting party members. He attempted to flee the ambush but was too grievously injured to make his escape.

Searching the leaves:

Int DC 5: You find a filthy branch but it might make a good walking stick.

Int DC 10: You feel something heavy and metallic in the leaves. It is a long sword that the man probably dropped while fleeing.

Int DC 15: You see an arched branch covered in wet leaves. It is his discarded short bow.

Corpse Crawlers:

AC	12	HD	1d3	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	+1	Fort	+2
MV	5'	AL	C	Will	-1

HP: 2 / 1 / 1

Attack: Bite (1d2 plus disease)

SP: Disease (DC7 Fort save or additional 1d4 damage)

1A. Fording the River

Cutting and forcing your way through the thorny briars, you find yourself at the edge of a steep bank that is glistening with stinking rot.

Characters may attempt to climb down the stream bank or use ropes to cross the stream away from the bridge. The bank is slippery from the torrential rains.

Climbing down:

Agi DC 10 or slip and fall in. The water is foul-smelling and waist deep.

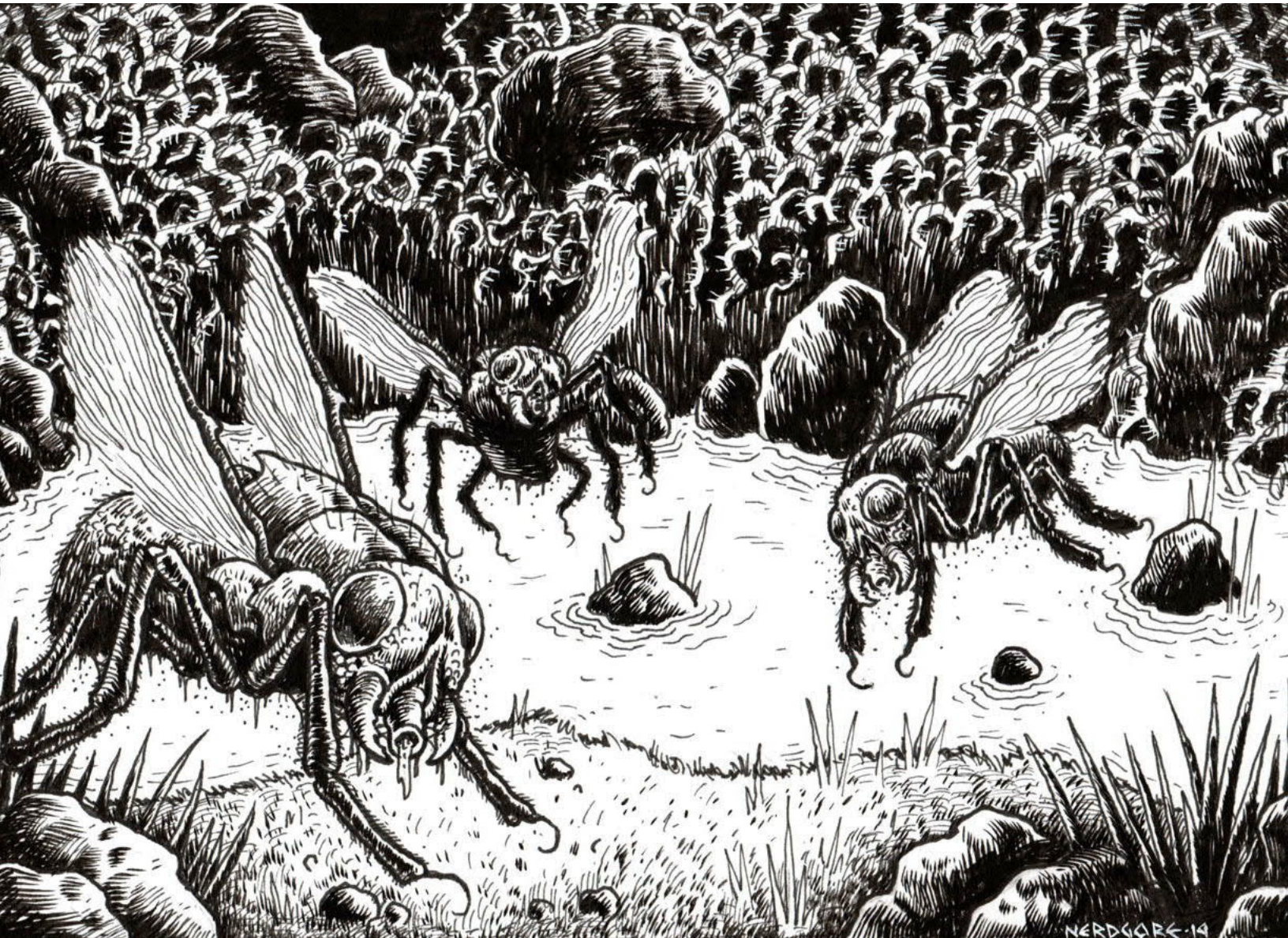
The stream bed is a thick layer of mud. Speed is reduced to 10'/5' from 30'/20' for those attempting to walk through it.

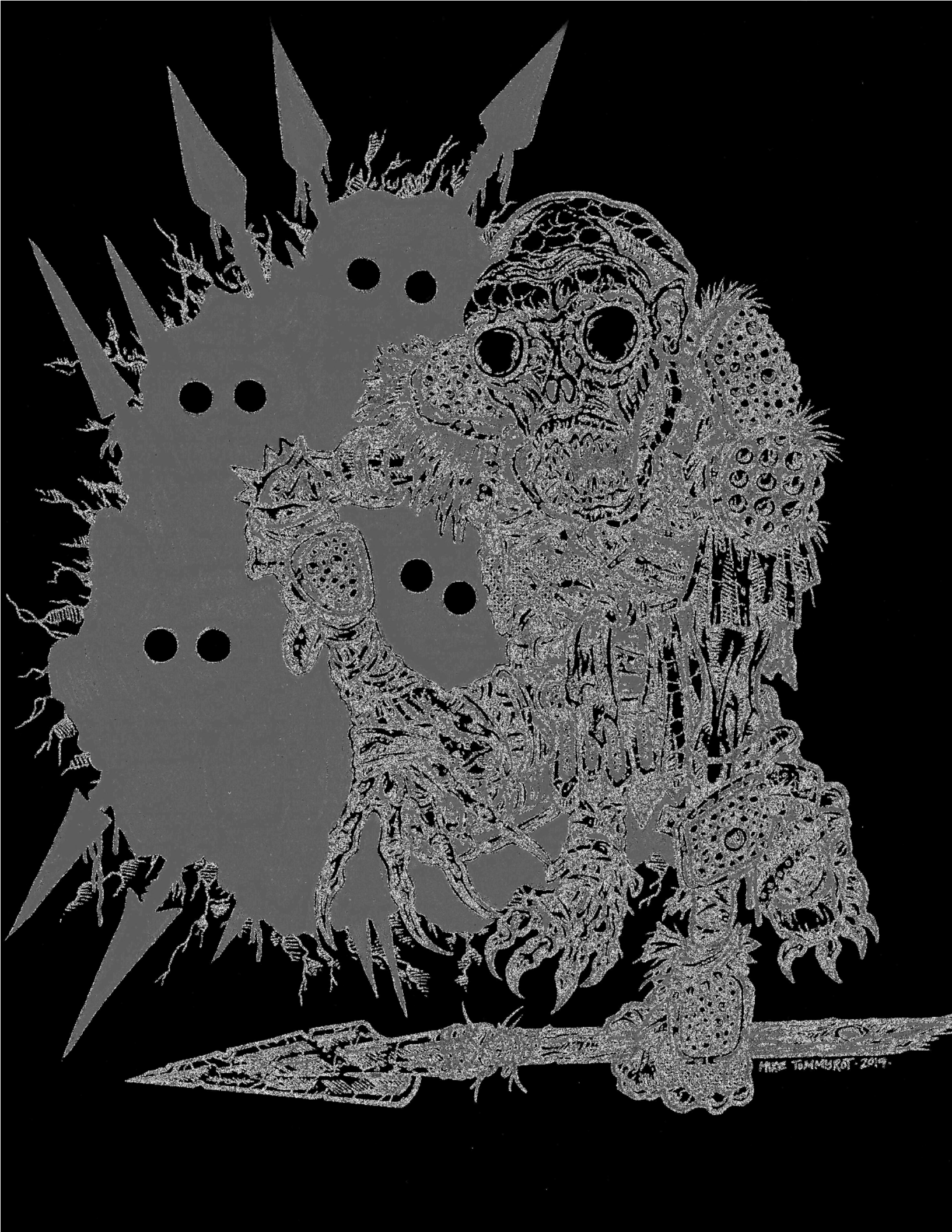
Any attempts to cross the river away from the bridge will draw 3 Giant Spitting Flies.

Giant Spitting Flies:

AC	14	HD	1d3	Ref	+2
ACT	1d16	Init	+3	Fort	0
MV	40'	AL	C	Will	0
HP: 2 / 2 / 2					
Attack: Spit (1d2 range 5')					
SP: None					

Giant Spitting flies are the size of a small fist with a wingspan of about a foot. Their bodies are covered in coarse hairs and have giant, multifaceted eyes. They make a pitched buzzing sound and have corrosive saliva dripping from their proboscis. They prefer to stay near moisture and will typically buzz around for a round or two to see if they can find easy prey and then fly off. They will return again and continue to harass those that stay in close proximity to the stream.





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Act II: Across the River

2. Bloodied Clearing

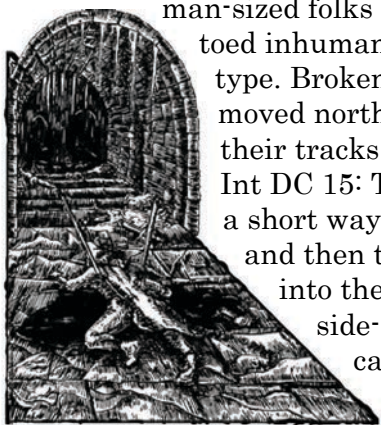
Once on the *other side of the bridge*, you feel an *unshakeable foreboding*. Your gaze passes from *scattered thickets* and dense *briars* to a *small, muddy clearing of trampled grass*. There are *deer paths* leading *north and south along the river bank* and *also going further west*. The *tall grass* around the intersection is *matted*. *Caked blood* and a *broken spear* speak volumes that there was a *struggle here*.

Searching the intersection:

Int DC 5: The abundance of tracks clearly lead to the north, following the deer path.

Int DC 10: The tracks seem to be several human-sized folks and one or more claw-toed inhuman creatures of unknown type. Broken briars indicate they moved north and did not try to hide their tracks.

Int DC 15: The inhuman prints go a short way up the other two paths and then turn around and back into the clearing. The prints side-step, spiraling erratically around the clearing before heading back



north, with the inhuman prints both leading and following the human ones.

3. The Northern Deer Track

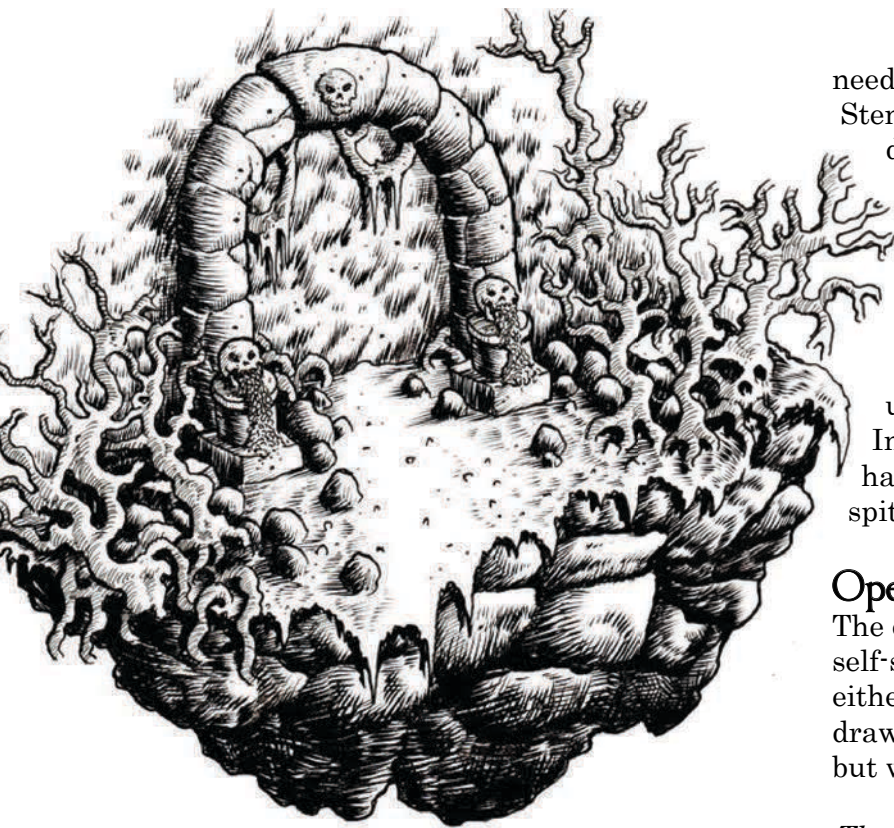
The *trail* leading *north* starts out feeling *recently used*. The *grass* is *matted along the trail*, and the neighboring tangles of *thorns* are occasionally *broken* and *oozing sap*. From time to time you *cross old tracks* that press *into the briars* and more than once you are *startled* by movement off of the trail as some *malformed black birds* rise from brush.

After about a *40-minute walk* the deer *path* opens up into a *well-worn track* and the *boot prints* are clearer and *more distinct*. After walking *20 more minutes*, another *small clearing* emerges. *Tall, gnarled trees* flank the trail. *Dense, thorny briars* at the base of a *steep rock face* blocks the path to the *north*. The *rock face towers* some *40' above you* and stretches as far as the eye can see to the *east and west*.

Searching the clearing:

Int DC 5: Less traveled deer trails head east and west off of the clearing, running parallel to the rock face.

Int DC 10: A variety of footprints are visible in this muddy clearing, overlapping one another. Both boot prints are akin to those you believe to be the hunting party, along with small claw-toed feet.



needed to bolster the party, or have them return to Stennard unharmed - they may try again another day.

Searching the false entrance:

Int DC 5: The frame and daises seem to be carved straight from the cliff face.

Int DC 10: The right hand skull has traces of dried blood on the lower teeth and dripped upon the stone maggots.

Int DC 15: Peering into the mouths of the skulls has an unnatural darkness of deep shadow despite the daylight surrounding you.

Opening the door:

The only way to open the door is through painful self-sacrifice. Placing a hand deep into the mouth of either skull will result in a shooting pain that will draw blood. It will cause 1hp damage with no save but will earn the risktaker 2XP.

The carved rock face below the capstone shifts and changes form. Those closest to the false entrance can feel heat emanating from the wall of steam ahead. Within the fog, you see movement as massive spectral centipedes dart through the mist before you.

These ethereal centipedes will do no harm as the sacrifice to the Carrion God has been made, If a Character attempts to interact with them they will move away from objects, like weapons or poles, but will excitedly pass through anything made of flesh as if burrowing through. Characters should be made to feel as if they are being affected by these spectral insects but they are effectively harmless.

Magic portal:

When the sacrifice is made to open a magic portal, it will stay open for 1 full Turn and then close.

Int DC 15: Careful assessment will reveal the footprints lead right up to the thorny briars at the base of the rock face.

Removing the briars will require some hacking and slashing to clear. The briars have HP:10.

4. False Entrance

Behind the briars is a carved impression of a stone entrance. It is flanked on either side by a low stone dais. Each dais is topped with a stone skull carved with an open mouth spilling grey stonework maggots. The false entrance is framed in ancient weathered stones with arcane symbols carved into their surface, but has no door pull, handle, or lock. The capstone is engraved with a simple skull, but looking upon it overwhelms you with feelings of revulsion, fear, and crushing self-doubt. The sense that it is imbued with evil magic is very real and impossible to shake.

Coward in Life - Coward in Death:

Anyone approaching the entrance must make a DC 4 Willpower Save or they will flee. Only tell the player that the character has fled. Roll 1d6 for each fleeing character. On a roll of 1 the party will find the character dead inside **1 The Covered Bridge**, with 1d3 corpse crawlers infesting their corpse. Any character who rolled a 2-6 may be brought back as





Act III: The Temple of Herlezzect

Temple notes:

1. The entire temple is warm, damp, and carved from stone. If something is not detailed as wood or metal, assume it is worn and weathered stone.
2. There are two ways in or out: A) Through **5 Entry Corridor**, which requires a sacrifice to exit by placing a hand into the skull mouth and suffering 1hp damage. B) Following the dangerous chasm beneath **9 Rope Bridge**.
3. If the party gets too sedentary, roll 1d5 or choose from this chart:

Keep the tension up!

Roll	Atmospheric Bumps
1.	Insane gibbering softly echoes through the halls.
2.	A scuttling insect drops on the character with the lowest Luck.
3.	You catch a glimpse of movement out of the corner of your eye and then it's gone.
4.	The faint scent of dung wafts through the air.
5.	You hear a soft but shrill whisper, "You will kneel".

Nolid tactics:

1. The crevice system is an ideal way to terrorize the party and the nolid understand this. They are cowardly creatures who will pop out behind or on the flanks of the party to make a javelin thrust and then retreat back into the safety of these gaps. Be annoying but fair. Players who feel like they are being picked off without recourse will not have fun.
2. In most fights a pack of nolid will retreat after two rounds of combat or after they lose half of their numbers. They do not like protracted engagements unless they have the upper hand.
3. They know the temple well. Only Squelicck will enter **8 Orange Coven Dormitories**.
4. Remember Squelicck can speak broken common and is able and willing to negotiate. While confident, common Squelicck phrases include: A) "The Lidless terror comes!" B) "You will kneel before him." C) "The rot is deep." D) "Your bodies will feed the grubs." When fearful, common Squelicck phrases include: A) "Leave now and spread word of The Lidless." B) "We submit! Submit! Let us help you!" C) "Spare us." D) "They in the Hall of Corruption." (Note: Who is "they"? "They" are any name the party says.)

5. Entry Corridor

Stepping through the steam is disorienting. Unnatural gusts swirl as ethereal insects pass around and through you. The bright light of the outside is replaced with total darkness. Loud bells add to your disorientation with a cacophony of discordant sound ringing above your head. After a moment you get the sense that you can stand two abreast, though you brush against the side walls. The space you occupy smells of mold and rot.

With light or infravision:

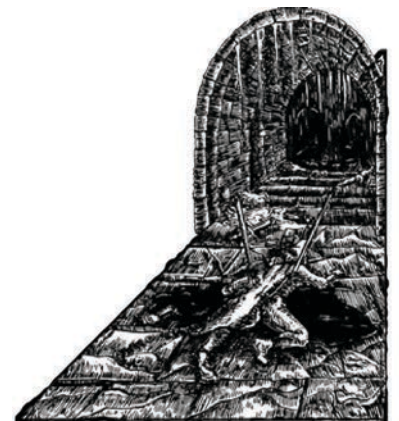
You stand in a wide corridor with a high ceiling that ends in a large, sealed wooden door. Hanging above you, from rotten wood beams, are a half dozen corroded bronze bells. They are of different sizes that clatter and clang. The walls of the hall are rough and damp with large crevices scattered along both sides. Beside you, at hand height, are two open-mouthed skull carvings adjacent to the door's stone frame.

Scanning the corridor:

- Int DC 5: If someone were small enough they might be able to step sideways into one of those crevices.
- Int DC 10: You can faintly smell the scent of dung coming from somewhere.
- Int DC 15: Your eyes might be playing tricks on you but did you just see movement in the crevice to your left?

The Crevices and Javelin Trap:

The four largest cracks are just wide enough that a small person, such as a child, halfling, or small to medium-sized dog may navigate through them with a little difficulty. A full-sized adult human may navigate the crevices by moving sideways at half-speed.



Crevice A:

The character shimmies along the path for about 10' before it gets too narrow to proceed.

Crevice B:

The crevice labeled B has a bow-like rod under tension with a shoddy javelin loaded into it. A string runs along the floor then up and around some rocks to the loaded device. When a person trips the string, it will launch the javelin out of the crevice and into the passage. Make a Luck Check for each character that passes through the trapped area. The first character to fail triggers the trap. They should make a DC 12 Ref Save or take 1d6 hp damage. The string is clearly visible if players state they are looking for traps along the floor.

Crevice C:

This crevice leads to a four-way intersection of crevices before it arcs back to **5 Entry Corridor**, beyond the **Javelin Trap**. The intersection is just wide enough for a character to orient and redirect themselves.

Crevice D:

This crevice opens up into a small stone chamber. It stinks of filth. Two piles of straw are pushed against the wall and across from them is a large, stinking pile of dung.

This is the guard post for two noldis charged with notifying the Orange Coven about any intruders. They will have heard the bells, peered out of the crevices, and then used **Crevice E** to notify the other noldis to prepare to "greet" the characters.

Crevice E:

These two tight crevices lead into **7 Nolid Hideaways**.

The door:

In front of you is a heavy wooden door. The base of the door is covered in moss. Insects occasionally creep in and out of the tight gaps in the boards.

The door is not locked but it is swollen in place and needs a good hard shove to open. (Str DC 5)

Crevice F:

This collection of crevices is well-used. They connect **6 Alcoved Hallway**, **7 Nolid Hideaways**, **8 Orange Coven Dormitories**, **9 Rope Bridge**. They

also lead to a ledge overlooking the massive chasm. Across the chasm is another crevice at comparable height. There is a rope secured into the rocks that dangles down into the chasm. Climbing down the rope is a DC 5 Agility check. The rope is 60' long. If a PC fails the Agility check roll 1d5x10 for how many feet the character descends before falling and then apply the *DCC RPG* falling rules to the remaining distance.

The Chasm:

Climbing down into the dark and steamy depths, you hear what sounds like the movement of hundreds of small slippery squirming bodies. As the end of the rope comes into view you can see a moist stone ledge and path leading along the base of the chasm. Just below the ledge is a recess filled with shifting fleshy bodies. Massive grubs writhe and interlace with one another, forming piles of shimmering grotesque consumption. Scattered skulls and bones punctuate the scene. Periodically, blackened spines emerge from the worms which launch them to other piles or onto the ledge below you.

Climbing down to the ledge is a perilous choice. 1d3 corpse crawlers will launch themselves onto the ledge every round. The ledge is narrow and every attack made by a corpse crawler or character should be followed by a DC 5 Reflex save. Failure will result in the roller pitching off of the ledge and into the hundreds of corpse crawlers to be consumed in grizzly fashion. The recess is massive and would require dozens of flasks of oil to destroy all the corpse crawlers. The chasm stretches for miles in either direction. If the characters successfully travel 90' in either direction along the ledge the threat of the corpse crawlers will diminish. After a mile in either direction, the characters will find a misty rift in the wall that leads out onto the deer track miles away from where they entered the Temple.

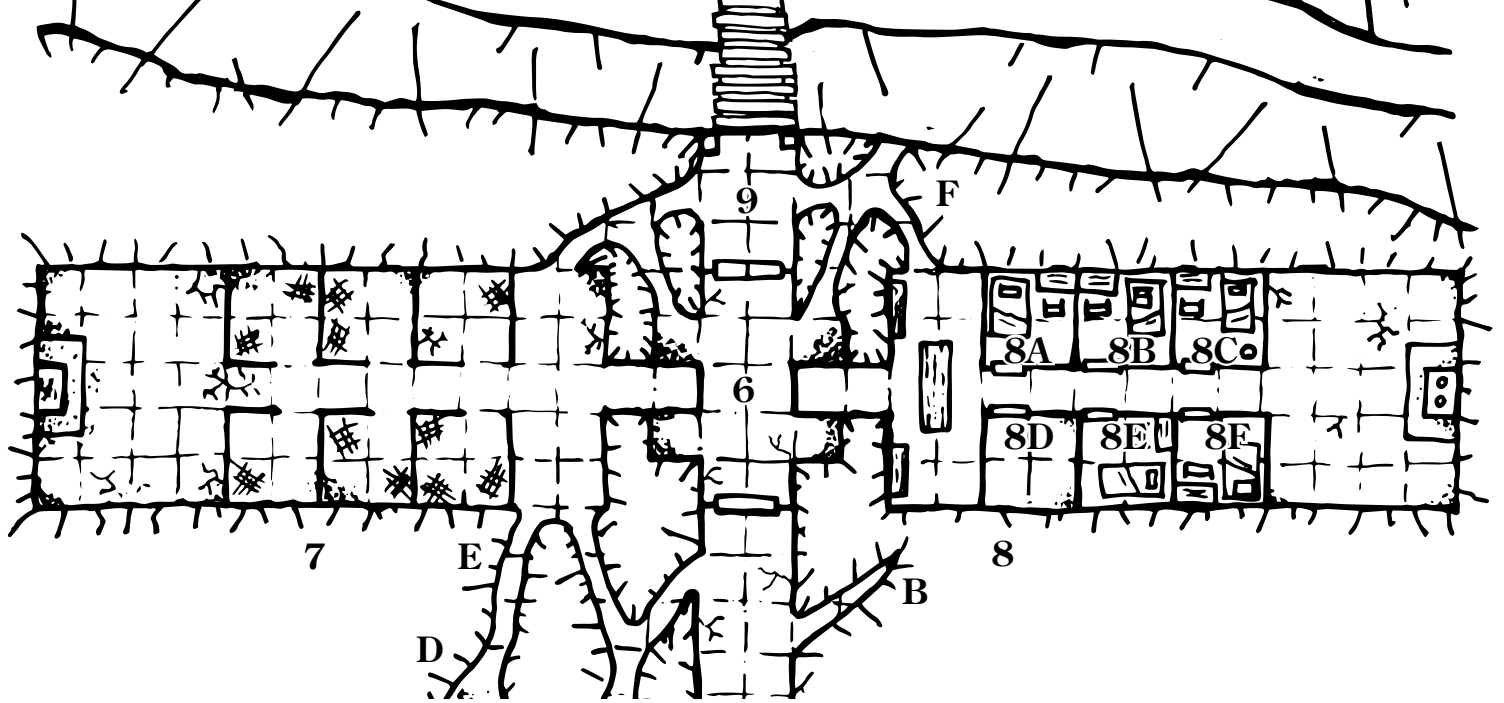
Corpse Crawlers:

AC	12	HD	1d3	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	+1	Fort	+2
MV	5'	AL	C	Will	-1

HP: 1d3

Attack: Bite (1d2 plus disease)

SP: Disease (DC7 Fort save or additional 1d4 damage)

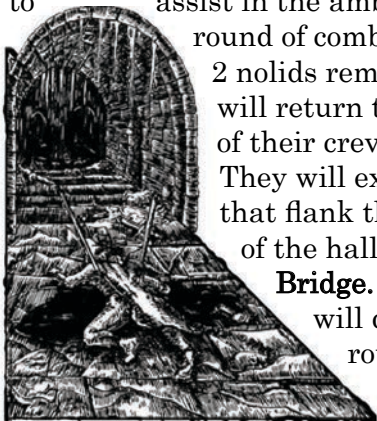


6. Alcoved hallway

The **door opens** and pitched **chortling echoes** through the **steamy hot corridors**. It feels like a **nightmarish fever dream**. **Yelling in harsh inhuman voices, four short gangly humanoid creatures lurch and circle the group with short spears. A fifth paces back and forth at the back, gauging your movements. The rest leer and cackle in shrill voices as they swirl and stab. Their breath is heavy and stinking in the steaming hot chamber. Their eyes are impossibly wide and unblinking, glaring with wild intensity. Their teeth are pointed, erratically placed, broken, and rotting. Their mouths froth with delight following each jab.**

Strategic notes:

When the party entered the **Entry Corridor**, the two nolid guards (stationed in **Crevice D**) would have scuttled through the crevices to investigate, and then rushed through **7 Nolid Hideaways** to orchestrate an ambush in this hallway. The guard nolids would continue to **9 Rope Bridge** to prepare for intruders before returning to **6 Alcoved Hallway** to assist in the ambush. During the 2nd round of combat, assuming at least 2 nolids remain in the fight, they will return to stab from the safety of their crevices before retreating. They will exit through the crevices that flank the door at the far end of the hallway toward **9 Rope Bridge**. Similarly, Squelicck will depart during the first round of combat to warn those in **8 Orange**



Coven Dormitories before falling back to **9 Rope Bridge**.

If the characters pause to analyze the corridor, they will find that it is 10' wide, crafted of ancient weathered stone, and covered in condensation with patches of moss. There are four 5'x5' alcoves with carved reliefs of twisted faces, leering skulls, and scuttling beasts. Each face conveys ideas of corruption, agony, and decay. The alcoves have piles of worm-filled dung in various states of decomposition. The base of each wall is lined with rotting wooden boards. If the characters kick, tap, or touch the boards at the base of the wall make a DC 5 Luck check. If they fail, the boards become active with scuttling insect life. If a character persists in attempting to remove the boards, chunks of rotting wood will crumble away and the character will be bitten by stinging insects of unidentifiable types. They exist all throughout the wood boards. They will not move to pursue the characters and only bite if disturbed. Flipping down the boards at the center of the corridor will reveal that an approximately 3'x3' section of the wall on either side is not attached to the rest of the wall and can be moved.

Nolids (4):

AC	11	HD	1d6-1	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	-1	Fort	-2
MV	20'	AL	C	Will	-2

HP: 4 / 4 / 2 / 1

Attack: Claw -1 melee (1d3) or short spear 1d6-1

SP: Infravision 60'

7. The Nolid Hideaways

You creep into a room that stinks of putrid breath and animal waste. Rough bedding of moldering straw and filth-caked clothes is heaped in piles scattered around this attached hall. The room is sweltering and covered in glistening condensation from the consolidation of creatures that make their home here.

The hideaways are almost always occupied by 2d3 nolids. Half, rounded up, will be armed.

Before you stand (x) twisted humanoid creatures, their unblinking eyes are impossible to read, but their movements convey panic. Wildly, they scatter in every direction, down corridors and up crevices. All the while, they cackle and spit incomprehensible gibberish.

This was once a common area, six dorm rooms, and a shrine to the Debased God from a time when followers were more prolific. Currently, it is used by the nolids as a squatting ground for the tribe. These old dorm rooms have no doors and some of them hold piles of straw or dung.

The altar chamber:

The far wall has an altar covered in relief detail that looks of bones, skulls, and crawling insects. The top surface is covered in small offerings. Silver, bronze, dung, and decaying human extremities are haphazardly piled. Grotesque critters scuttle and squirm through the altar and offerings.

Strategic notes:

The nolids in this area will only fight if backed into a corner. They will attempt to weaken the party and then retreat to bolster their numbers. On Round 1 they will strike, stabbing and clawing at the first 1-2 Characters that enter the room, and then retreat approximately 10' toward the nearest exit. On Round 2, if the Characters continue to advance, they will strike and retreat into the nearest exit, whether it's a crevice or secret door.

The secret door:

The nolids here can watch the activities in **6 Alcov-ed Hallway** from a crack in the baseboard. If the nolids in this room need to scatter and escape, they may choose to push over the wooden baseboard into the **8 Alcov-ed Hallway** and flee two abreast.

Searching the rooms:

Buried in the bedding of each room a PC can find 1d8cp and 1d4sp.

Searching the altar offerings:

Int DC 5: Scrutiny of the surface of the altar will turn up 1d10cp, 1d8sp, 1d6gp and a desiccated forearm wearing a silver bracelet worth 10gp.

Int DC 10: Poking and sifting through the dung and putrefied remains you find an additional 1d20cp, 1d12sp, 1d14gp.

Int DC 15: Deep in the filth you see the faintest glimmer of gold chain. An heirloom pendant on a gold chain worth 20gp is mostly hidden under the fetid offerings.

Nolids (6):

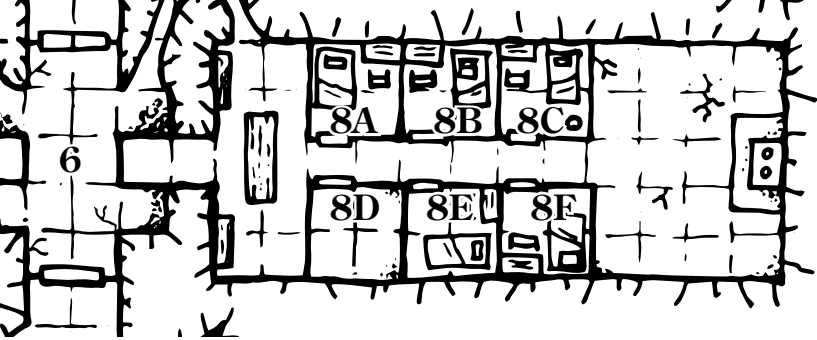
AC	11	HD	1d6-1	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	-1	Fort	-2
MV	20'	AL	C	Will	-2
HP: 5 / 5 / 4 / 3 / 2 / 1					
Attack: Claw -1 melee (1d3) or short spear 1d6-1					
SP: Infravision 60'					

Scuttling Insect (Endless amount):

AC	10	HD	1	Ref	-
ACT	-	Init	+5	Fort	-
MV	10'	AL	N	Will	-
HP: 1 (Endless)					
Attack: Bite 1 melee					
SP: will not pursue characters, they will scuttle away under other boards.					

Squelicck:

AC	11	HD	1d6-1	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	-1	Fort	-2
MV	20'	AL	C	Will	-2
HP: 6					
Attack: Claw -1 melee (1d3) or short spear 1d6-1					
SP: Infravision 60', broken common					



8. The Orange Coven Dormitories

You **emerge** into a **room** and are immediately **struck by contrast**. The overwhelming scent of **harsh fragrant oils** bombard your senses after your immersion in mold, dung, and decay. The room is **lit by two oil lamps** flanking a hallway leading away from you. In the **center of the room** is a communal **wood table** with **bench seating** and **two closed wooden cupboards**.

There is nothing of note on the table. The cupboards have bowls, utensils, and cups. Casks of water and wine can be found in the lower shelves. Jars filled with oats, dried fruit, and other simple foodstuffs can be found (equivalent to 20 days rations for a single person). Disturbing the lower shelves will bring out scuttling insects.

The hallway:

The hallway is lit midway by two more oil lamps held in ornamental brackets.

8A. Sparse Room

This door is unlocked:

You enter a room with a **cot** and an **open chest** at the foot of the bed. An **ochre-toned cloth blanket** sits **crumpled** on the cot. A **stained pillow** sits at the head. A **well-worn but nondescript wooden desk** and **chair** stand in the corner. A **small, bronze candle holder** with a nub of a **candle** rests upon the desk. The **room smells of sweat and morning breath**.

The bronze candle holder is worth 5sp.

8B. Lastaru's Room

This door is locked (DC 8 to pick or Str DC 12 to force open):

The **door creaks** noisily as it opens. You are immediately struck by a **repulsive smell** as the door opens to halfway. The room has a **cot** and a **chest**

at the end of the bed. The cot is covered in **piles of rusty orange blankets** and **two straw-filled pillows**. A **wooden desk** stands in the corner and has an ornate **bronze candle holder** at either end with a **skull-shaped incense burner** in the center. The **glow of something burning** is visible **within its toothy jaw**. The **smell of burning dung** hangs in the air from the **smoke coming from large cracks in the cranium of the skull**.

The chest is **locked and trapped** (DC 10 to pick, DC 12 to find/remove traps) : This **bronzewood chest** with **brass banding** sits slightly askew from the bed, facing out into the room. There is a **lock with a keyhole**. Above the lock is a **skull with holes for the eyes and mouth**.

Trap mechanism:

Looking closely into the holes of the skull, a PC can make out a glass vial set back behind them (DC 12 find traps). Lastaru has a key for the lock and a ring with three prongs that acts as a second key. The three prongs are to shift a glass vial up and away from the lock mechanism. A tiny spring loaded hammer disengages when the chest is opened. If the vial is not moved with the second key, it will strike the vial, unleashing a poisonous cloud. Everyone in the room must make a DC 12 Reflex Save or take 1d4hp damage. Even if they make their save, they will feel nauseous afterward.

Chest contents:

The **top layer** of the chest is filled with **crumpled blankets** and **finer cloth** - like that which might be a **spare robe**.

Rifling through the clothes will turn up a pouch with 20gp, 12cp, and three texts. The first book is covered in arcane symbols and is dedicated to Herlezzect. It is worth 150gp, but will be very difficult to sell in a small town. Showing it to the local priests could result in threats and possible confiscation or destruction. The second book is dedicated to the god of light and learning, Delvyr, and contains the rituals for: Blessing, Holy Sanctuary, Light, Paralysis, Protection from Evil. It also prescribes how to Lay on Hands. This book can be kept or can be sold for 75gp. The third book is fairly pristine and mostly blank. It contains corrupted adaptations of the spells in the second book. They are imprecise and missing details, so a cleric wishing to learn these spells only has a Per DC 12 chance of correctly learning each of the rituals contained within: Darkness, Protection from Good, Unholy Blessing,

Unholy Sanctuary. Clerics of a lawful deity will want the book destroyed. A more nefarious book seller will only offer 20gp for this incomplete and hard to read text (but will resell it for 20d10gp).

8C. Aeystul's Room

This door is locked (DC 8 to pick or Str DC 12 to force open): *You push the **door** open and it **glides smoothly**, making no noise. The room has a **cot** and a **chest** at the end of the bed. The cot has **two plush pillows** and **two neatly folded orangish earth-toned blankets**. A **wooden desk** stands in the corner and has an ornate **bronze candle holder** at either end. A number of **pieces of parchment** sit on the desk, held down by a speckled **granite paperweight**. A **large bronze vessel** sits between the desk and chest. The vessel has a **lattice pattern of thin brass** adorning the top.*

The vessel:

Closer inspection reveals that just beneath the lattice pattern are herbs. Opening the lid, however, will greet those in the room with an overwhelming smell of rot. The vessel is filled with rotting offal. If the contents are shaken or dumped out, dozens of tiny maggot creatures squirm and writhe within the discarded entrails.

This chest is locked (DC 10 to pick):

*The **bronzewood chest** with **brass banding** sits **perfectly placed** at the foot of the bed, like the owner sought to place it **centered between the two legs of the cot**. Unless the party encountered Aeystul out on the road (see *Halo of Flies* in *Rabid Dogs Zine*, also by *Breaker Press Games*) and stole his pouch, they are going to have to pick the lock.*

Chest contents:

*The **chest** is **neatly organized**. On the left are two spare robes, one for traveling, and the other for ceremonies. Beneath the robes are two tunics, one heavy and the other light. Further beneath these are a pair of walking shoes and a pair of nice slippers (worth 10sp). On the right side sits a pile of books and pouches. Only a scholar could determine the books to be on helminthology (worms), entomology (insects), and xylology (wood). These sit in a pile of demonic-looking texts. An Int DC 8 check should allow a character flipping through each book the ability to roughly identify the drawings in each. A journal of locations and the descriptions of people also reside here. A half-dozen pouches and jars of various herbs, incense, waters, and even dried dung*

sit neatly beside the books. The combined value of the texts and herbs without the demonic content would be around 5d16gp, but the collection can be broken up with the scientific texts worth 5d5gp each.

8D. Empty Room

This door is unlocked:

*You open the door to find a stone-walled room **devoid of furnishings**.*

8E. Sestell's Room

*The room is occupied by a bed, desk, chair and chest. The **bed** has a precisely-placed **straw pillow** and **two neatly folded orangish earth-toned blankets**. The **wooden desk** stands in the corner and has an ornate **bronze candle holder** at one end. Neatly arrayed on a rich **black cloth** is a **collection of knives**, meticulously displayed. The array has **two gaps** where **items** look conspicuously **absent**.*

Chest contents:

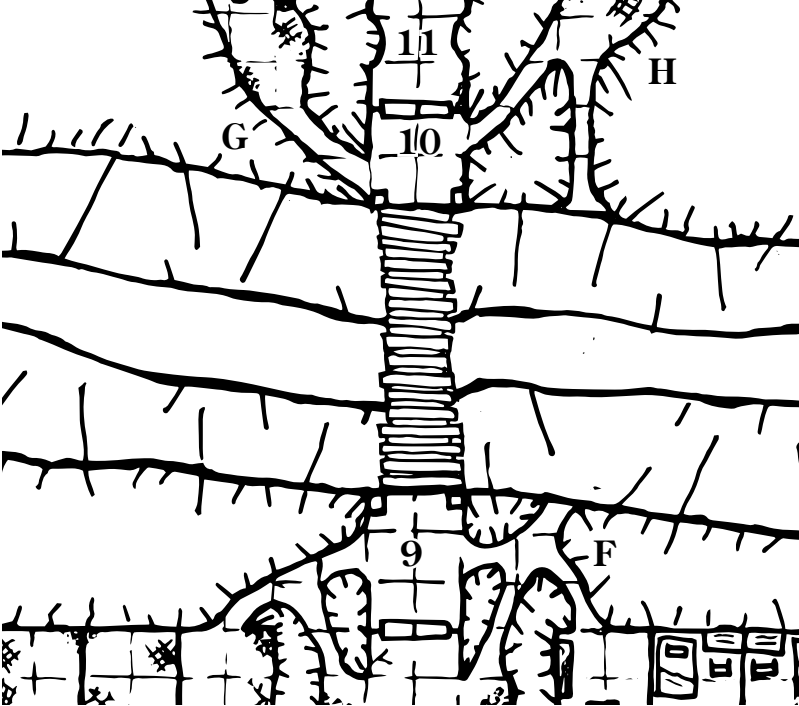
*The **chest** **smoothly** opens on well oiled hinges. Sitting on top of the **contents** are piles of linen. To the left is an **orange ceremonial robe**. To the right is a set of **travelers' clothes** typical to Stennard, though in all dark tones. Taking the travelers' clothes out and inspecting them will reveal they are cut for a lean feminine build. Below the linens are 3 flasks of oil, 3 flasks of water, a grappling hook with 50' of rope, and a small wooden box with 5 pieces of chalk and 2 blocks of charred wood. Additionally there is a pouch with 25gp, 32sp, 24cp. (Note: Sestell will be described in an upcoming product from *Breaker Press Games*.)*

8F. Sparse Room

This door is unlocked:

*You enter a **musty room** with a **cot** and an **open chest** at the foot of the bed. A **folded, ochre-toned cloth blanket** and **straw-stuffed pillow** rest on a well-worn **wooden desk** standing in the corner of the room. A **chair** is tucked under the desk. A small, **bronze candle holder** with a nub of a **candle** in it is pushed to the far corner of the desk.*

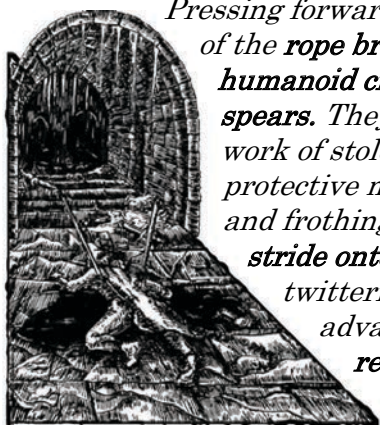
This room is empty and contains nothing of value.



9. The Rope Bridge

You find yourself in a **short corridor** flanked by **walls** of weathered stone that **rise ten feet above you** and arch into a **peaked ceiling**. **15' in front of you** are **two** ornately **sculpted posts**, depicting **arcane sigils** and macabre details. They appear to **suspend a rope bridge** that stretches into the darkness ahead.

As you advance toward the bridge you hear **pitched gibbering** and **inhuman chatter**. In the distance you can see **shapes darting** around with **excited movements**. An **orange-robed figure** looks on as a **human in torn, regional clothes** sits slumped atop the column on the **opposing side of the chasm**, about 40' away. A **gangly creature** lets out a **bestial laugh** and **pushes the Stennardite over the edge**. They emit a weak cry as they **plummet, attached by their wrists** to a heavy rusted **chain** with fraying rope. They **fall for what feels like an eternity** when the **chain goes taut** and a **distant agonized scream** drifts through the chasm.



Pressing forward on the **other side of the rope bridge** are **six** skulking **humanoid creatures** wielding **short spears**. They are clothed in a patchwork of stolen leather, cloth, and protective metal scrap. **Bug-eyed** and frothing, they **deliberately stride onto the bridge**, emitting **twittering squeals** as they advance. The **robed onlooker retreats** into the darkness beyond.

The Bridge:

Stepping out onto the **bridge**, the wood feels **slippery** under your boots. **Each step forward** causes the whole **structure to bounce and sway**.

Strategic Notes:

The nolid will seek to engage their enemies in the middle of the rope bridge, pushing up to the midpoint. With their javelins they can stand two abreast and have a third nolid thrust a javelin between them. The bridge is wide enough for either side to walk two abreast and cautious movement is rewarded with limited jostling. If anyone from either side attempts to run across the bridge or they are wounded in combat upon the bridge they should make a DC 10/5 Ref Save or lose their footing and potentially pitch over the side. If they roll a 10 or less they fall onto the bridge itself. If they roll a 5 or less they go over the side, falling 70' to the surface below (see **Crevice F**). If the party attempts to cut, burn, or otherwise destroy the bridge, the nolid will retreat, making Ref Saves if deemed necessary. When the nolid retreat, they will retreat into the adjacent crevices, avoiding **11 Hall of Twisted Faces** seeking to regroup at **13 Hall of Corruption**.

The sacrificial victim:

The person cast into the chasm is Ihm Nihks. They are alive but they are in shock and their wrists are broken. If the PCs wish to pull them up to safety it will require a combined Strength of 30 to pull them up. Ihm will have 1d3-1 (0-2) corpse crawlers attached to their skin, ready to burrow into their flesh.

Ihm will be able to move on their own with the party, but they will be unable to fight. If left unprotected they will fall to their knees and curl up on the ground, hoping for a peaceful death to end their suffering. If asked questions they can only say their name, that they are from Stennard, they had 3 others with them, and there are nightmarish faces and a massive room with pillars of skulls ahead.

Nolids (6):

AC	11	HD	1d6-1	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	-1	Fort	-2
MV	20'	AL	C	Will	-2
HP: 5 / 5 / 4 / 2 / 1					
Attack: Claw -1 melee (1d3) or short spear 1d6-1					
SP: Infravision 60'					



10. Across the Bridge

Standing on the other side, *the arched ceiling* architecture continues. At its end is a **massive wooden door** inscribed with **runes of ancient evil**, ensconced in **skulls, skittering insects**, and depictions of **decay**. **Centered on the door** is a larger version of the **skull carving** found on the capstone of the false entrance to the temple. **Red gemstone eyes** dimly flicker, even without torchlight. A glimmer of warm malice pierces the soul of those who gaze upon it.

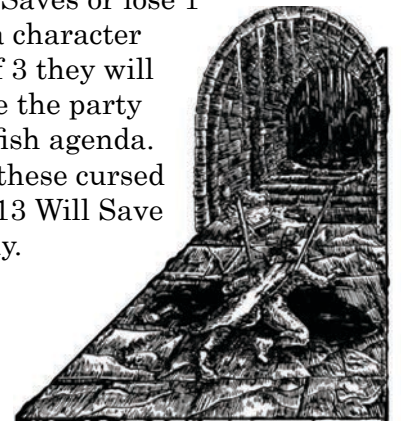
Coward in Life - Coward in Death:

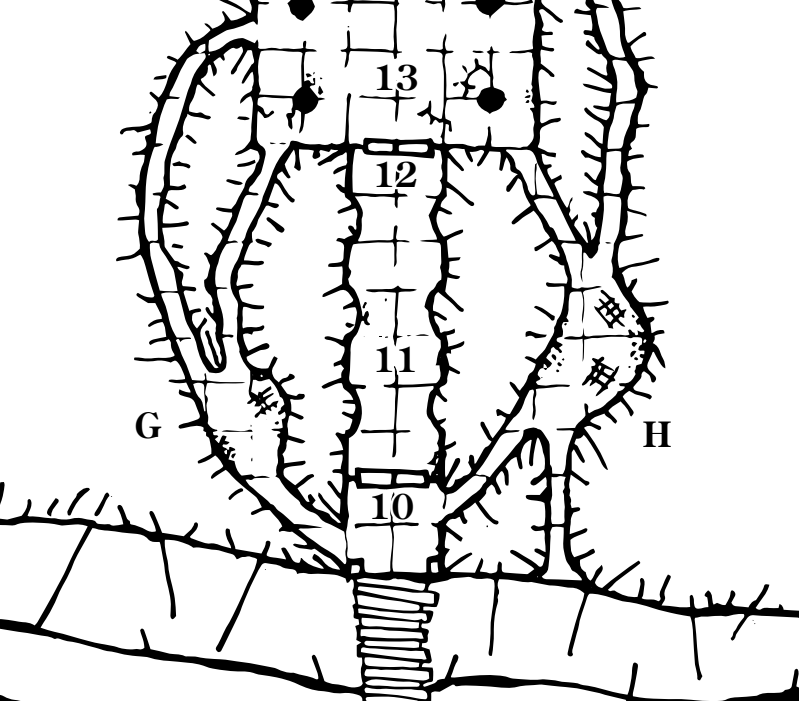
Anyone approaching the door must make a DC 5 Willpower Save or they will flee. Only tell the player that the character has fled. Roll 1d6 for each fleeing character. On a roll of 1 the party will find the character dead inside **1 Covered Bridge**, with 1d3 corpse crawlers infesting their corpse. On a 2 place the PC face down with a javelin in their back at **5 Entry Corridor**. On a 3 their boot or shoe is lodged in **9 Rope Bridge** with their body being consumed at **Crevice F**. On a 4-6, you can bring them back as needed to heroically bolster the party, or have them return to Stennard unharmed to fight another day.

Touching the Gems:

Heat radiates from these precious-yet-curious gems like a blackened rock in the mid-summer sun. You feel as though they are the radiant eyes of a forgotten evil entity. Your heart swells with longing and greed.

If anyone seeks to remove or disturb these gemstones, a voice in your head tells you, "*They must be yours.*" The gemstones are valuable, worth 10d10 gp each. The gems are cursed and each night a character possesses one or both, they will need to make DC 15 Willpower Saves or lose 1 point of Personality. If a character reaches a Personality of 3 they will become an NPC and flee the party to pursue their own selfish agenda. A PC possessing one of these cursed gems must make a DC 13 Will Save to sell or give them away.



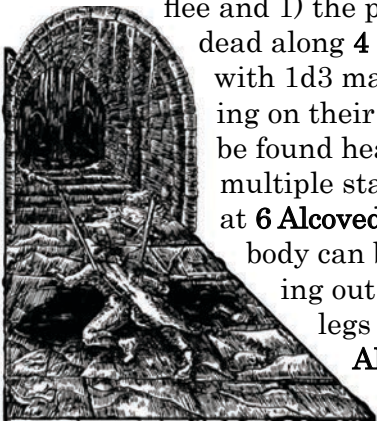


11. Hall of Twisted Faces

You pass through the heavy doors into a **wide hallway**. Every inch of stone is a relief carved in horrific depictions of massacre, blood sacrifice, and bodily desecration. Five feet ahead, on either side of the passage, are exquisitely detailed sculptures of tortured faces which protrude from the walls. Each is twisted and malformed, but with a sinful beauty that draws and holds your attention. These masks are uniquely repulsive, yet hold similar elements like **many faces of the same malevolent entity**. The mouth on each twisted face is agape and spilling something grisly or obscene. From the chitinous insects that devour the deceased to probing tongues lapping decaying flesh, every grotesque visage links together in an orgy of revolting imagery that sickens you to your core.

Coward in Life - Coward in Death:

Anyone attempting to traverse the corridor must make a DC 6 Willpower Save or they will suffer one of the following fates: Roll 1d6 for each failing character. On a roll of 1-3 the character will flee and 1) the party will find the PC dead along **4 Northern Deer Track**, with 1d3 malformed crows feasting on their corpse. 2) The PC can be found heaped in an alcove with multiple stab wounds in their chest at **6 Alcoved Hallway**. 3) The PC's body can be found half hanging out of **Crevice F** with the legs by the door between **6 Alcoved Hallway** and **9 Rope Bridge**. On a 4-6



the PC chooses not to flee. With eyes wide they will place their hand into one of the gaping maws.

The Faces:

Each face is different and changes form as attention is turned away. Regardless of torch or lantern light, every mouth contains an impenetrable darkness that does not appear to be part of the relief. Roll 1d6 every time a PC focuses on a specific face.

1. Mouth of Chitinous Insects - This face depicts a demonic creature with a swarm of insects spilling from its mouth in every direction, consuming all in their path. If a Character reaches into the magical darkness of the mouth, they will find a small treasure (below), but as they draw it out of the mouth, 1d6 scuttling insects will be covering the character's arm.

2. Mouth of Fattened Maggots - This face depicts a revolting creature with fattened maggots spilling from its decrepit mouth. If a Character reaches into the magical darkness of the mouth, they will find a small treasure (below), but as they draw it out of the mouth, their arm will be coated in dozens of squirming maggots. Make a DC 12 Reflex Save or they will get into their belongings and corrupt their rations (to be revealed on the journey back to Stennard). These maggots are not corpse crawlers.

3. Mouth of Probing Tongues - This face brandishes a forked tongue winding through a pile of corpses. If a Character reaches into the magical darkness of the mouth, they will find a small treasure (below), but as they draw it out of the mouth, they will feel as if their soul has been violated. The Character will feel a shift in their sense of self. Roll 1d6 twice. 1. Str, 2. Agi, 3. Sta, 4 Per, 5. Int, 6. Luc. The first roll will reduce the indicated stat by

Scuttling Insects

AC	10	HD	1	Ref	-
ACT	-	Init	+5	Fort	-
MV	10'	AL	N	Will	-
HP: 1 (Endless)					
Attack: bite 1 melee					
SP: will not pursue characters, they will scuttle away under other boards.					

-1. The second roll will increase the indicated stat by +1. If a character attempts to reach in again, the process will repeat again, but they will be corrupted, losing -1 HP and -1 Luc. If this removes their final HP, they will vomit blood and collapse in a heap. Any attempt to revive will find them with a forked tongue and their throat clogged with maggots.

4. Mouth of Spilling Waste - *This face depicts a **toothless puckered mouth** defecating a **pool of waste** onto **crawling masses of humankind below, mired and trying to escape the deluge.*** If a Character reaches into the magical darkness of the mouth, they will find a small treasure (below), but their arm will be covered in stinking filth. Take a DC 10 Fortitude Save against Disease. If they fail, they will take 1d3 damage each night for the next 3 nights unless treated with herbs and bed rest.

5. Mouth of Bronze Teeth - *This face depicts **pointed, gnashing, antique bronze teeth.** The **hot moisture** in the hallway mixed with their **blue-green patina** makes them look like they are **slick with some sort of otherworldly ichor** under your flickering torchlight.* If a Character reaches into the magical darkness of the mouth, they will find a small treasure (below), take a DC 12 Reflex Save as an unearthly force grabs hold of their arm and slashing blades hack mercilessly at the Character's arm. If they fail, they take 1d6hp damage as they pull their arm from the mouth. If they succeed, their arm is covered in surface slices but they sustain no damage.

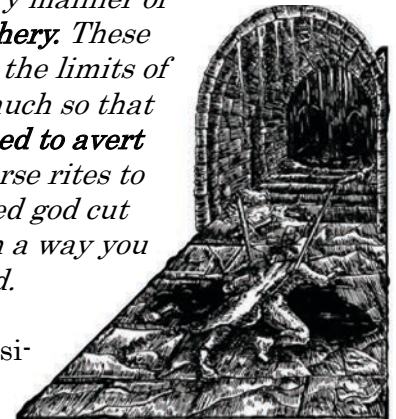
6. Mouth of Greed - *This mask has a **gleeful demonic face spilling coins and jewels** from its **open-mouthed grin.** On the **relief below, people with outreached hands trample each other** to grab hold of the flowing wealth. **Behind those grabbing the loot, are outliers. The outliers are slaughtering people walking away** with fat pockets and swollen sacks.* If a Character reaches into the magical darkness of the mouth, they will find a small treasure (below). They must make a DC 12 Fortitude Save. If they succeed, they will feel nauseous and vomit forth anything they've consumed plus 2d10gp. If they fail, they will feel like they need to throw up but struggle to do so. A minute later, they will take 2d10hp damage as they disgorge that many gp from their mouth.

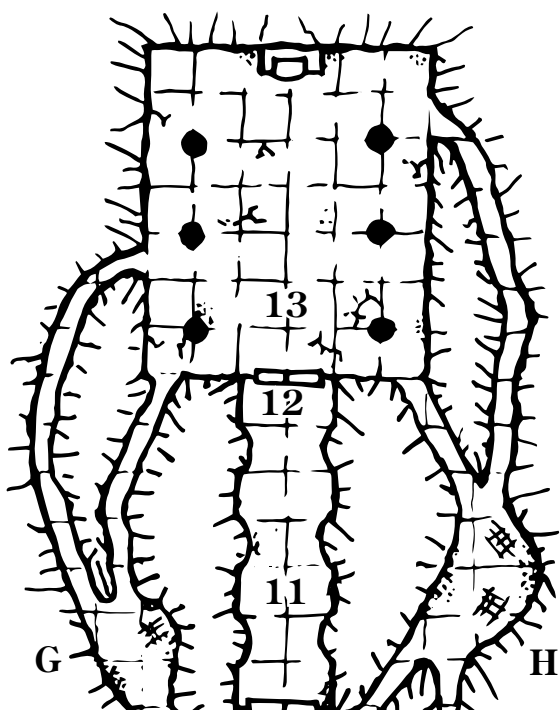
Roll	Small Treasure Table
1.	Ceremonial Dagger - This ornate silver dagger has a curved blade and a detailed skull pommel with tiny opal eyes. It is worth up to 50gp. Lawful dealers will refuse to buy the dagger and insist that the seller must leave and should destroy the item.
2.	Opals - Within their hand they find 1d3 opals worth 3d10 gp each.
3.	Gold Pieces - Within their hand they find 1d10 gp.
4.	Silver Pieces - Within their hand they find 1d10 sp.
5.	Mineral Deposit - Within their hand they find a dirty amber mineral deposit. When held up to the light it appears to have numerous insects encased within it. If they attempt to break the mineral, (Str DC 5) it will shatter and produce 2d3 scuttling insects. They will respond to their freedom by attacking the nearest living creature.
6.	Bronze Skull Amulet - Within their hand they find a bronze skull amulet on a sturdy bronze chain, all with a heavy patina. They must pass a DC 12 Willpower check or immediately put it on. While worn, this cursed amulet will remove 1d6 points of Personality. It will whisper ideas of deceit and betrayal causing acute paranoia. The PC must make a DC 15 Willpower check to remove the item to sell it, give it away, or destroy it. It is worth up to 10d10gp. Lawful dealers will refuse to buy the amulet and insist that the seller must leave and should destroy the item.

12. Arched Entry

*You reach the **end of the hall.** A **massive, ornate wooden double door** stands before you. It is **intricately carved** with every manner of **corruption and debauchery.** These **horrid depictions** push the limits of your imagination, so much so that some of you **feel the need to avert your eyes.** These **perverse rites** to some aberrant unnamed god cut through your psyche in a way you thought no image could.*

The ornate door can easily be opened.





Gorrsecck is a mountain of a creature. He stands close to 7' tall and covered in fur, patchy leather, and metal armor. He stares at you with unblinking, yellowed eyes the size of plums. His pointed ears hang while his moist toothy maw grins with delight. He stands and bellows, "KNEEL!" in the common tongue.

As if to punctuate his words, an uncertain number of inhuman creatures emerge from scattered crevices, leering while leveling their spears.

Strategic Notes:

Gorrsecck: should have all of the nuance of a 80's cartoon villain. He should be bold, comically arrogant, and terrifying. With his Strength and fighting prowess, he should stride forward and strike an opponent every round. He will offer the PCs the opportunity to submit to him during every round of combat.

Lastaru: will cast Blessing on Round 1, Paralysis on Round 2, and Darkness if they are losing the fight, so as to escape.

Tuckerin: will do nothing Round 1, determining whether to reveal his betrayal. In Round 2, if Gorrsecck is winning, he will draw his bow and point it at Gorrsecck. He will pause, swivel, and then fire his arrow into the nearest PC. If the PCs are winning, he will cry for help and run to get to the back of the PCs. Tuckerin's goal is survival, but he will shift sides to try and stay in the Orange Coven's favor.

Nolids: 1d3+3 nolids will come out of the crevices, emboldened by Gorrsecck's presence. If Gorrsecck falls, the nolids will immediately flee.

Vela and Narub: Narub is too sickly to help the party but Vela will help, if freed (DC 10 Lock Pick or 3hp damage to the chain with a heavy blunt or bladed weapon). If ANYONE suffers a Critical Fumble, try to involve Vela in some way to reinforce the sense that she is cursed.

If the PCs Kneel: Gorrsecck will delight in the submission of the PCs and gloat in his perceived might. Have the party pay tribute to him in treasure or self-sacrifice. Have them throw their wounded or dead into the chasm to feed the grubs. Demand they spread his name across the surrounding lands and the threat of his impending warlord ascendancy.

13. Hall of Corruption


The massive double door opens and the creak of the hinges echo throughout the giant hall. Scattered sconces light the hall, creating patches of brightness followed by deep shadows. The oils used produce harsh scents that make your head light and your lungs burn. Where there is illumination, you can see plain stone framing a bronze relief which portrays atrocities and horrors in gruesome detail. Adding to the magnitude and horror of the room are pillars of stone with skulls inset into cubbies that climb into the darkness overhead. It strikes you that there must be hundreds of skulls adorning the great columns. On either side, two human figures slump, chained to the pillars. They appear listless but alive with the passive movements of those with broken bodies and spirits. Straight ahead, between the two rows of pillars, stands an altar of skull and bone backed by a bronze partition along with a central skull design surrounded by arcane sigils. As a final act of blasphemy in this unholy place, a humanoid of great size sits on the altar as a throne. A bulky, tarnished mace with a bronze skull head leans at his side.

Off to his side stand two figures. One in robes that look orange in the torchlight, and a second in clothes typical of the citizenry of Stennard.

"Krotecca cursect amattera! I am Gorrsecck the Lidless. I welcome you to the Hall of Corruption!"



Gorrsecck the Lidless

AC	13	HP	20	
STR	18 (+3)	SPD	30'	
AGI	12 (0)	Ref	+1	
STA	12 (0)	Fort	+1	
PER	11 (0)	Will	0	
LUC	13 (+1)			
INT	11 (0)	Init	+2	

Lvl 2 Warrior

Languages: Common, goblin.

Weapon: mace

Attack: melee 1d20+1d4+3 (action die + deed die + strength)


Damage: 1d6+deed die+3 (mace + deed die + strength),

Crit Die/Table: 1d14/III Threat Range: 19-20

Alignment: Chaotic

Lucky Sign: Lived Through Famine

Lastaru of the Orange Coven

AC	9	HP	7	
STR	16 (+2)	SPD	30'	
AGI	7 (-1)	Ref	-1	
STA	13 (+1)	Fort	+2	
PER	10 (0)	Will	+1	
LUC	16 (+2)			
INT	11 (0)	Init	-1	

Lvl 1 Cleric

Weapon: ceremonial dagger

Attack: melee dagger 1d20+2 (action die strength)

Damage: 1d4+2 (dagger + strength)

Spells: Blessing, Darkness, Holy Sanctuary, Paralysis, Protection from Good

Alignment: Chaotic

Lucky Sign: Unholy House

Tuckerin Hems - Hunter

AC	12	HP	15	
STR	13(+1)	SPD	30'	
AGI	10 (0)	Ref	+1	
STA	10 (0)	Fort	+1	
PER	5 (-2)	Will	-2	
LUC	7 (-1)			
INT	10 (0)	Init	+2	

Lvl 2 Warrior

Weapons: Short Bow, 8 arrows, long sword

Attack: ranged 1d20+1d4 (action die + deed die), melee 1d20+1d4+1 (action die + deed die + strength)

Damage: 1d6+1d4 (arrow + deed die), 1d8+1d4+1 (long sword + deed die + strength)

Crit Die/Table: 1d14/III Threat Range: 19-20

Alignment: Chaotic

Lucky Sign: Unholy House

Nolids:

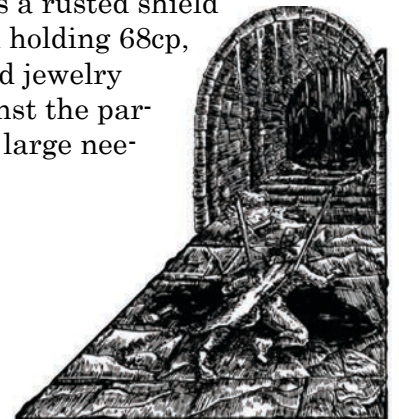
AC	11	HD	1d6-1	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	-1	Fort	-2
MV	20'	AL	C	Will	-2

HP: 5/5/4/3/2/1

Attack: Claw -1 melee (1d3) or short spear 1d6-1

SP: Infravision 60'

Behind the Altar Throne: Heaped behind the partition is a large bed of straw and mildewy cloth. The space stinks of filth and bestial odor. Among the piled cloth there lies a rusted shield and short sword, a sack holding 68cp, 36sp, 25gp, and assorted jewelry worth 6d10gp. Set against the partition wall are assorted large needles and coarse thread.



Over the Precipice - Ending the Adventure:

Tuckerin's Continuous Betrayal:

Tuckerin is a slippery and resilient menace. If he is captured and brought back to Stennard he will be put under house arrest and escape in the middle of the night. He will leave a trail of corruption, deceit, and betrayal in his wake. He could covertly reappear to manipulate Constable Clarissa Hems, his mother. He could follow the example set by his mentor, Aeystul, and bring the word of the Orange Coven to another town. He could reconnect with Aeystul on the road (see *Halo of Flies* in *Rabid Dogs Zine*) or with Sestell (who will appear in a future *Breaker Press Games* product) keeping the Orange Coven as a substantial threat.

Gorrseck's Ascendant Terror:

Gorrseck wants his name to fall off the lips of the region's folk with a mix of awe and terror. If he survives, he will send some of his nolid minions to one of the farms on the outskirts of town to dump a body full of grubs to send the message, "we are coming." He may perform a few of these dramatic stunts with the hope it will drive away more of the townsfolk. When Stennard is at its most vulnerable, he will stage a night raid with the same demands of submission and the spread of his name.

Manipulation of the Faithful:

Lastaru is also a resident of Stennard born of a respected clerical family. He has already been using his Acolyte of Light station to plant seeds of corruption in the town's most vulnerable parishioners. Those most susceptible to the Orange Coven's message will be gifted good luck charms of orange ribbon. He will hang them on doors or on wagons to signal to the other members of the Orange Coven that possible converts reside within.

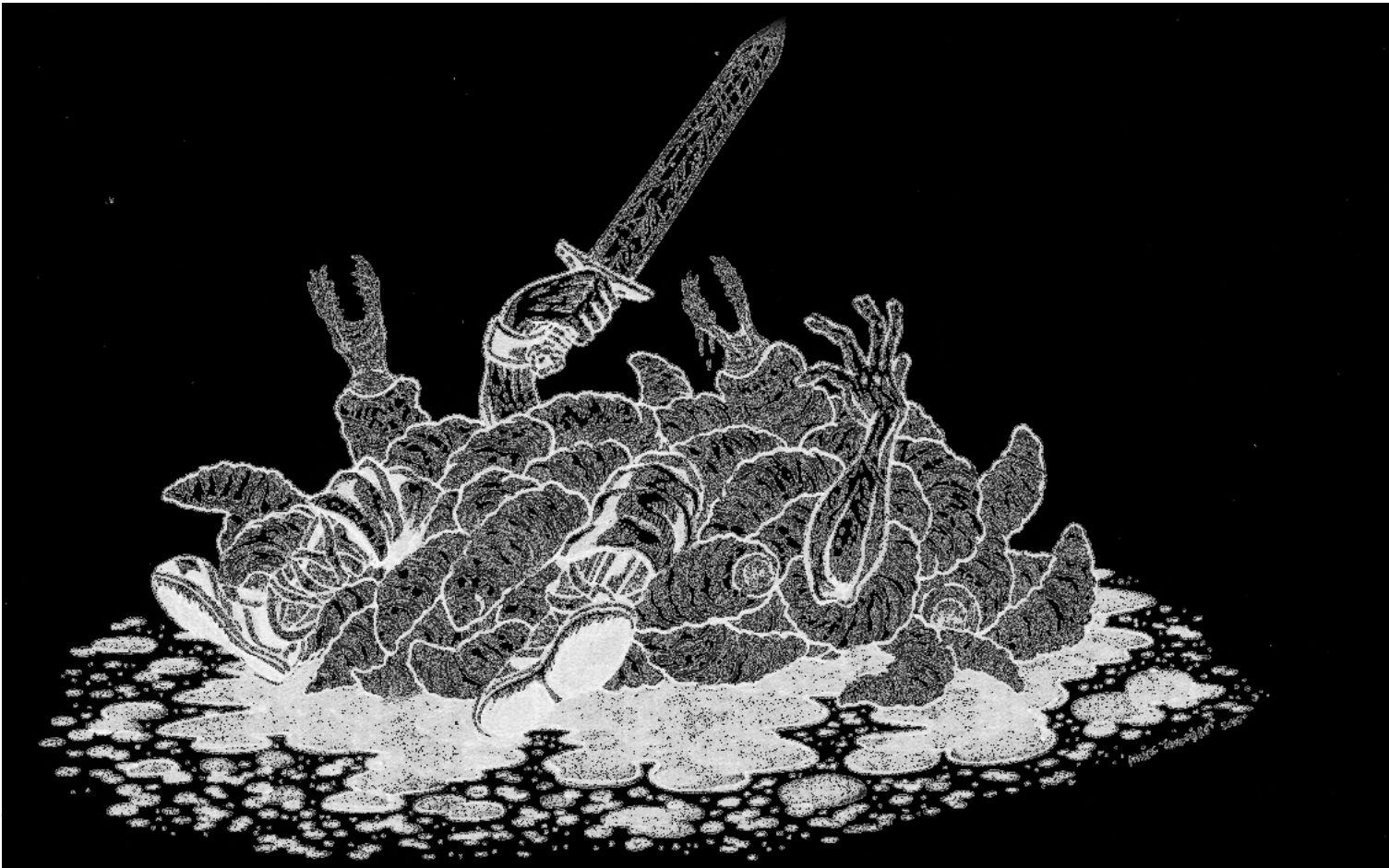
Return of the Witch:

If Vela is rescued, not everyone in the town will be happy upon her return. She is widely regarded as a witch and a physical manifestation of ill portent. The townsfolk may even seek to drive off the witch, or worse, putting her rescuers in the middle.

Escort the Refugees:

A steady stream of Stennardites will be packing their meager lives into wagons and heading east for a chance at a better life. Guarding one of these small caravans of a few families is a great way to move these adventurers to a new locale.

Points West: Beyond the covered bridge are horrors untold and lost lands to explore!





MR. TAMM 2020

Monsters of Corruption

The magical evil creeping into the region around Stennard is penetrating the flora and fauna, corrupting the countryside. Below are just a few of the malignant beings infesting the area around the covered bridge.

Corpse Crawlers

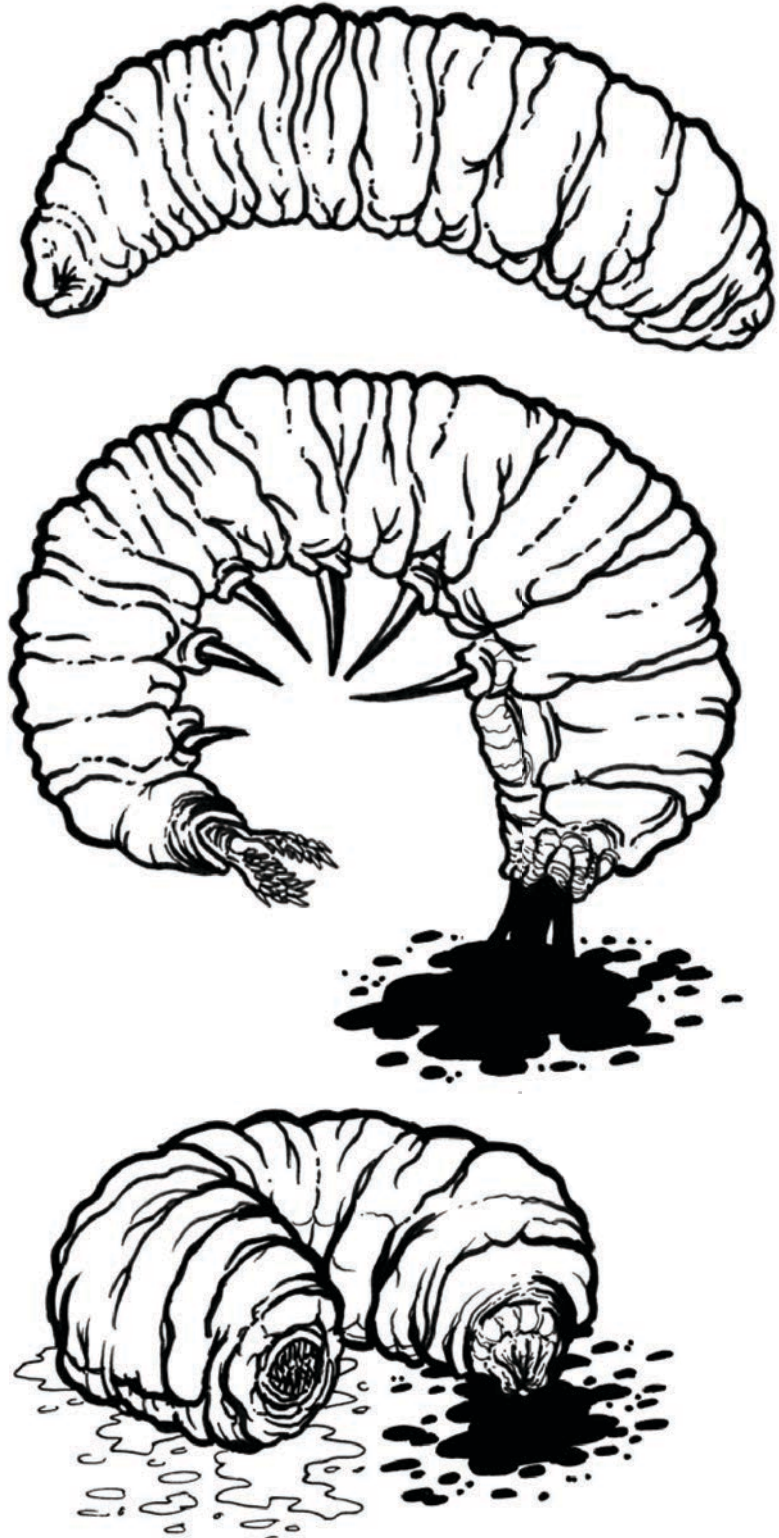
AC	12	HD	1d3	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	+1	Fort	+2
MV	5'	AL	C	Will	-1
Attack: Bite (1d2 plus disease)					
SP: Disease (DC7 Fort save or additional 1d4 damage)					

Corpse crawlers are segmented, sausage-sized grubs. They range from pale, fleshy tones to darker browns and are covered in bristling, thorny black protrusions. Their skin is moist and glossy when found living in rot. Their protrusions are flexible, folding spines that aid in locomotion. Their frontage has a wide mouth that ends in tiny, razor-sharp teeth, and their back end has a puckered hole used for rapid expulsion of all they consume.

These malignant grubs nest in putrefying flesh and, with a ready supply, can grow quite large. Large corpse crawlers tend to have shorter lifespans due to the consumption needed to maintain their size. The ravenous appetite of corpse crawlers results in devouring most of a corpse before growing too large, and they will digest and go dormant until a new meal wanders by. While dormant, they will reside in the rotting remains for as long as they can but, if necessary, they will shelter in the moisture of decay under wet leaves or logs to prevent drying out.

Corpse crawlers are not neutral beings. They are rooted in corrupting magic and are chaotic consumers of flesh driven by a greater evil sentience. They seek soft flesh not to simply survive, but to propagate decay. Though a typical nest will be 1d3 crawlers infesting a single corpse, they can be found in much larger groups. Smaller crawlers can be packed in damp herbs, such as chamomile, to sedate them. This technique is used by evil actors to carry them around and seed them into corpses or other creative plots. Digestive acids will quickly nullify their sedation and they will awaken to burrow into their host, devouring them from the inside. An ingested corpse crawler will attack the PC once per hour, emerging only after the victim reaches 0 hit points.

Killing an Ingested Grub: A PC can potentially be cured by drinking a noxious tea of herbs. An herbalist or shaman has an Int DC 10 check to come up with a viable solution. The difficulty increases with a character's occupation being more specialized or urban. Allow for creative solutions but require them to have some sort of herbs or alcohol on their person to attack the parasite. Whatever means they use should pose some danger to the PC. For example, tea or alcohol raised to scalding temperatures should kill the parasite but will cause 1d3-1 (0-2hp) hp damage on the way down.



Giant Spitting Flies

AC	14	HD	1d3	Ref	+2
ACT	1d16	Init	+3	Fort	0
MV	40'	AL	C	Will	0

Attack: Spit (1d2 range 5')

SP: None

The corrupting magic of the region has most rapidly affected those that feed off decay. Giant Spitting flies are the size of a small fist with a wingspan of about a foot and a half. Their bodies are covered in coarse hairs and have giant, multifaceted eyes. They make a pitched buzzing sound and have corrosive saliva dripping from their proboscis. They stay near moisture and decay, feeding and laying eggs in rot.

Attracted to putrefying corpses and dung, they will arrive in small numbers (1d6) and typically buzz around for a round or two to see if they can find easy prey then fly off. Their attacks are fairly ineffectual (1d16 action die), despite their large size, but their chaotic nature will drive them to try, if only briefly.



Scuttling Insects

AC	10	HD	1hp	Ref	-
ACT	-	Init	+5	Fort	-
MV	10'	AL	N	Will	-

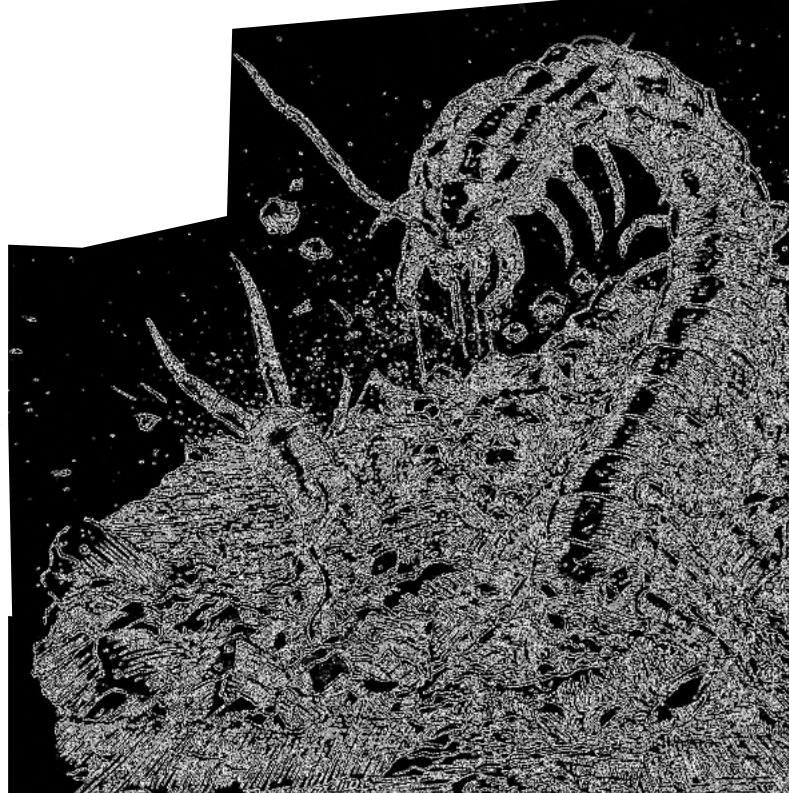
Attack: bite 1 melee

SP: endless

Throughout the wilderness around Stennard, malignant insects seek to engorge themselves on decomposing flora and fauna. These scuttling insects include large varieties of warped centipedes and beetles. These insects are characterized by oversized bodies, hardened carapaces, razor-sharp mandibles, and deformed features.

Scuttling insects are content to eat what is immediately available to them, but will bite if disturbed. Under most circumstances, the scuttling insects favor an easy meal and will scatter if disrupted. Nests of scuttling insects are quite large. They will attempt to avoid contact, but if attackers are persistent in threatening their nesting and feeding areas, they will attack in numbers.

Endless: Scuttling insects are endless in supply. For the first two rounds, only one scuttling insect will challenge their disrupters. Attackers disturbing a nest for 3 or more rounds will draw them out in quantity. Starting at 1d5 scuttling insects on round 3 of disturbance, continued poking or kicking of a nesting area will draw out 1d5 more each round in perpetue.



Nolids

AC	11	HD	1d6-1	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	-1	Fort	-2
MV	20'	AL	C	Will	-2

Attack: Claw -1 melee (1d3) or short spear 1d6-1
SP: Infravision 60'

The unblinking eyes of the nolid are their dominant feature. The size of the eyes are enhanced by the rough removal of their eyelids, creating a wild-eyed appearance. Below their eyes is a mouth of sharp-ened teeth which are broken, rotting, and erratically placed. The true stature of nolids is hard to determine as they hunch and lurch on their emaciated frames. Clothed in scraps of cloth and armor, they are vile-smelling creatures that revel in filth.

Nolids use primitive, short, javelin-sized spears. If disarmed, they will use their claws, stolen weapons, throw rocks, or set simple traps. They are cowardly creatures that will retreat when overwhelmed, but will fight with cunning, taking advantage of defensible positions. If their tribal leader is killed, they will break ranks and retreat.

The will of man to resist chaos magic is strong, but some succumb. These creatures are a manifestation of the degenerative effects of evil magic upon the weak-willed and truly debauched. The body corrupts and changes shape, mutating the bipedal form of the humanoid into a gangly, twisted mess. These goblin-like beings embrace their form and exaggerate it, engaging in extreme body modifications to cement a tribal identity. Nolids are not a race, but a tribe of corrupted individuals who have chosen to cut away their eyelids. Split tongues, hook hands, and others, all exist in the region beyond the covered bridge.

Squelicck

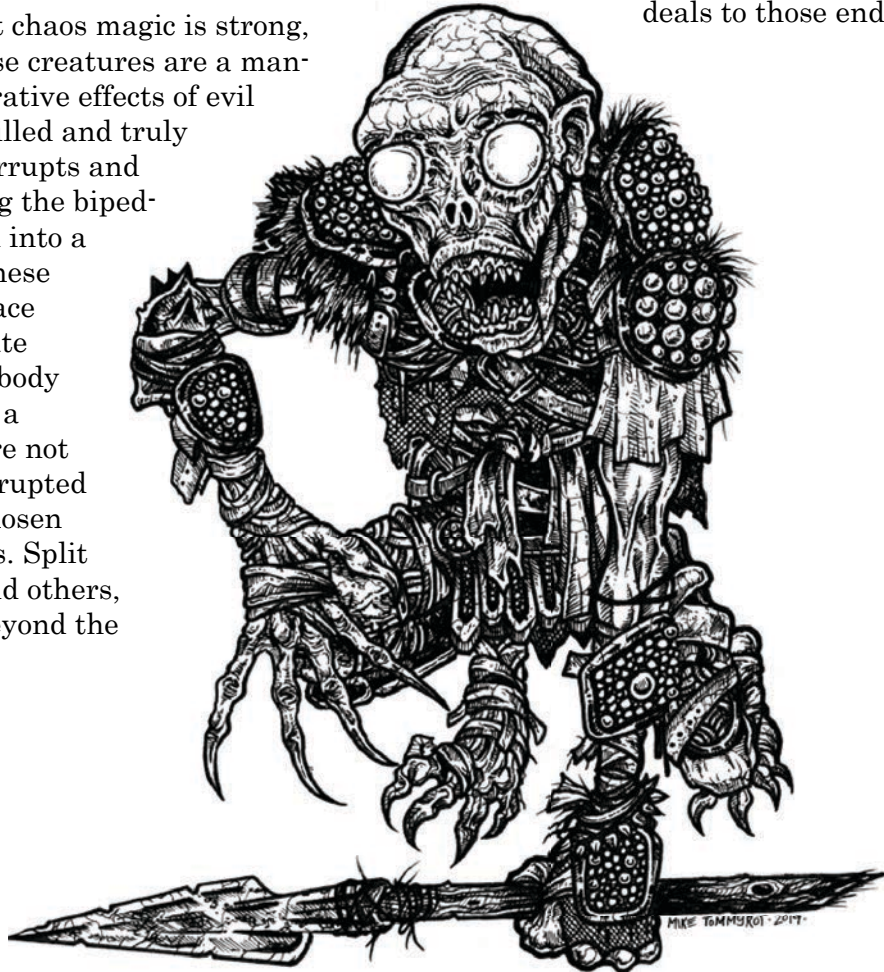
AC	11	HD	1d6-1	Ref	+1
ACT	1d20	Init	-1	Fort	-2
MV	20'	AL	C	Will	-2

HP: 6
Attack: claw -1 melee (1d3) or short spear 1d6-1
SP: Infravision 60', broken common

Squelicck is Gorrseck's lieutenant and seeks to be in his favor. Squelicck is a sharp little creature, able to speak broken common and willing to negotiate for the lives of his tribe's folk. Squelicck often acts as the go-between for the nolids and the Orange Coven. He has been indoctrinated into the basic tenants of the coven and has made it clear to the other nolids that their goals will bring the tribe notoriety, prosperity, and delightful levels of violence with limited risk to themselves.

Personality Traits: Sharp, loyal, diplomatic, malevolent.

Motivations: Bring infamy for his master, heed the will of the coven, broker deals to those ends.



The Temple of Herlezzect

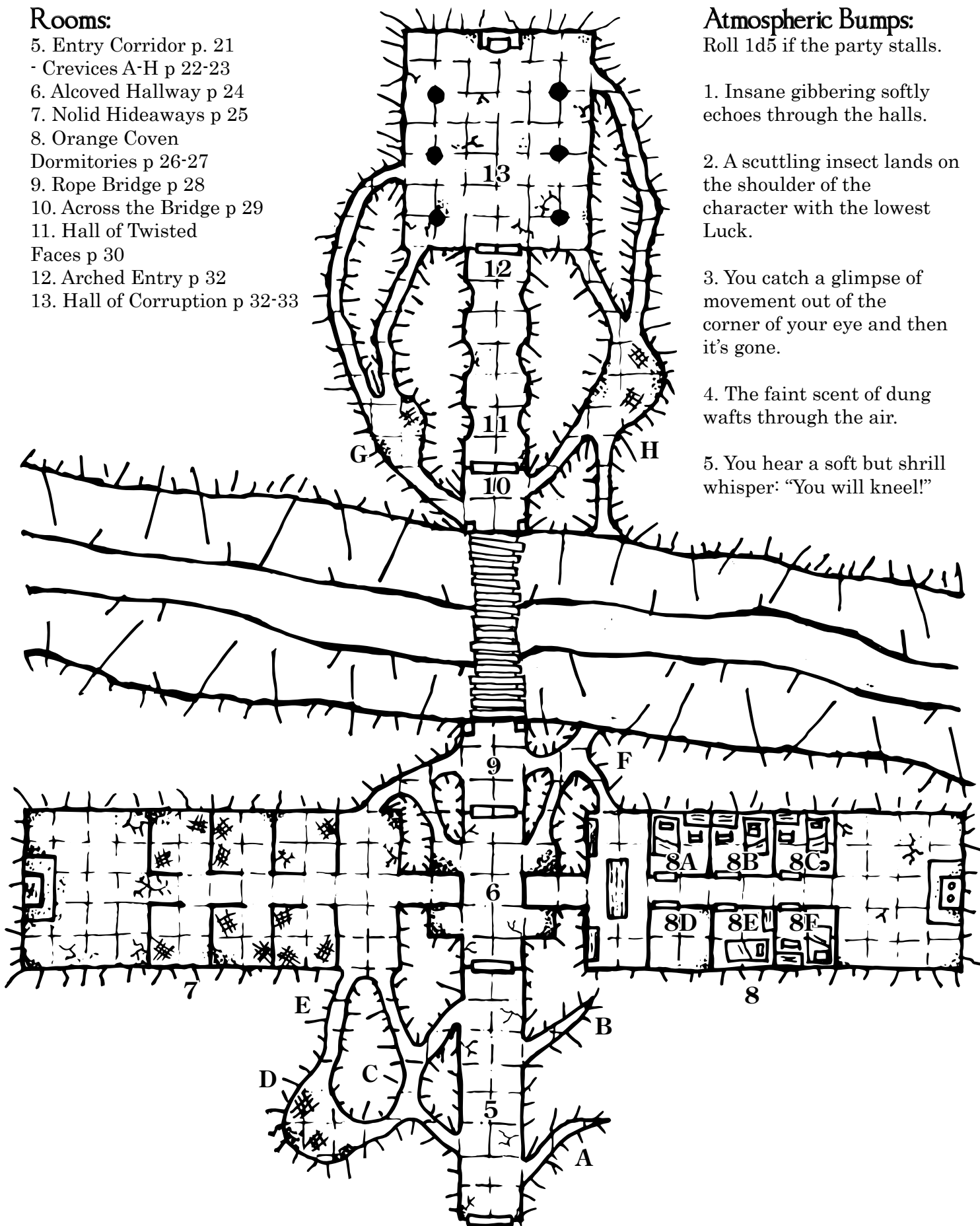
Rooms:

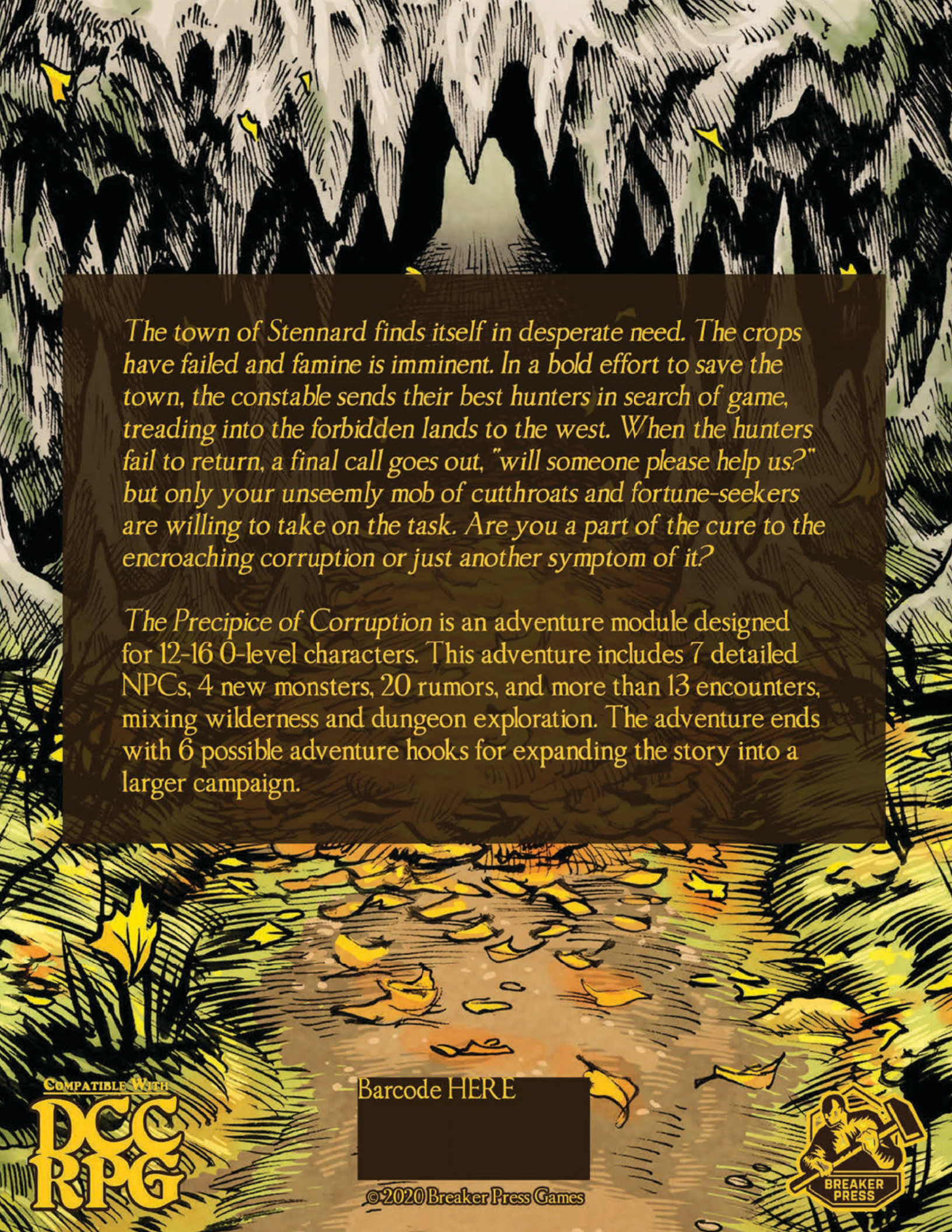
- 5. Entry Corridor p. 21
- Crevices A-H p 22-23
- 6. Alcoved Hallway p 24
- 7. Nolid Hideaways p 25
- 8. Orange Coven
Dormitories p 26-27
- 9. Rope Bridge p 28
- 10. Across the Bridge p 29
- 11. Hall of Twisted
Faces p 30
- 12. Arched Entry p 32
- 13. Hall of Corruption p 32-33

Atmospheric Bumps:

Roll 1d5 if the party stalls.

1. Insane gibbering softly echoes through the halls.
2. A scuttling insect lands on the shoulder of the character with the lowest Luck.
3. You catch a glimpse of movement out of the corner of your eye and then it's gone.
4. The faint scent of dung wafts through the air.
5. You hear a soft but shrill whisper: "You will kneel!"





The town of Stennard finds itself in desperate need. The crops have failed and famine is imminent. In a bold effort to save the town, the constable sends their best hunters in search of game, treading into the forbidden lands to the west. When the hunters fail to return, a final call goes out, "will someone please help us?" but only your unseemly mob of cutthroats and fortune-seekers are willing to take on the task. Are you a part of the cure to the encroaching corruption or just another symptom of it?

The Precipice of Corruption is an adventure module designed for 12-16 0-level characters. This adventure includes 7 detailed NPCs, 4 new monsters, 20 rumors, and more than 13 encounters, mixing wilderness and dungeon exploration. The adventure ends with 6 possible adventure hooks for expanding the story into a larger campaign.

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