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Venqer As'Nas Satanis
2019

Credits

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Please visit my old school gaming blog:
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Foreword

Perfectum est prohibitoria. In English, that means perfection is prohibitive. I've never been a perfectionist. That's my wife. I'm much more slapdash, seat of my pants, quick and dirty, we'll do it live! Hopefully, our kids will get a nice even balance between the two of us. Though more likely, they'll get pulled into mutually exclusive extremes that they'll spend the rest of their lives trying to reconcile. So it goes...

Nevertheless, I worked my ass off to get Cha'alt as close to perfection as I could manage. It's all a matter of taste, of course. Even if all i's are dotted, t's crossed, and the tentacles have iridescent green slime coagulating in a puddle on the dungeon floor, you'll never please all the people all of the time. Suffice it to say, a lot of work has gone into making this campaign setting. Praise be to the dark, ancient gods of Cha'alt who inspire everything and everyone under the fuchsia sky.

So, how should this thing be used? Obviously, the largest section of the book is **The Black Pyramid**. That megadungeon is the focus of the book and the campaign setting. Everything surrounding **The Black Pyramid** is there to help the GM create a satisfying world. The PCs won't always be in the pyramid. At some point, they'll have to wander the desert or get involved with drug cartel demons in the southern district of A'agrybah. You'll have the essentials at your fingertips, ready for you to make it your own.

As I've said, **The Black Pyramid** is where I concentrated my efforts. All 111 rooms have something to offer. A year ago, when I was first playtesting the idea of Cha'alt, the pyramid was a traditional pyramid style dungeon with levels, smaller at the top and larger ones beneath. That was cool, but I wanted something people hadn't seen a thousand times before, something special. The current version is a trans-dimensional underworld as mythic as it is gonzo super-science. Hopefully, the interior weirdness will be appreciated by many of you.

As for the content, it's a rich, interconnected tapestry. In an earlier blogpost, I dubbed it "funhouse mindfuck." I think that sums it up pretty good. There are no fabulous rewards for playing it safe. If you push yourself and really go for it, then you have a chance to realize greatness... or spectacularly crash and burn. That's what Cha'alt is, what it means... achieving something truly extraordinary because you put in the blood, sweat, and tears.

Before I forget - you're supposed to explore and talk to people. This is non-standard DnD right here. Exploration will have meaning besides finding the monsters and whatever loot they have. The adventurers will want to make sense of this place, like piecing together fragments of a bizarre dream. Interaction is preferable to constant, mindless combat room after room. GMs, luxuriate in the roleplaying aspects of Cha'alt! If you, the GM, take an interest in the world, for instance, factions within the dungeon, then so will the players. The fire of your enthusiasm will light theirs. Enthusiasm begets immersion.

When player immersion increases, it makes for a better game.

Now that I look back on it all, I detect a tone of brutality and cosmic indifference counterbalancing the irreverent, playground atmosphere. You do what you can to survive, but don't take yourself too seriously. It's a tough world that demands players' attention and solicits a reaction.

Cha'alt is more Vietnam than cakewalk... but

there's still cake. Remember that when PCs are mercilessly slain before your unmoved eyes. Also, take into consideration the Gods and how they occasionally favor the bold, daring, and foolhardy.

I wanted the GM to have enough to play with, giving him structure and direction while also providing openness and flexibility. Tools have been provided that will make each foray into the dungeon spontaneous.

It's also modular enough to pull rooms and ideas out and use them elsewhere. And don't be afraid to fill in the gaps with your own creativity.

The GM has a lot of multi-colored strings to pull. I don't imagine he'll pull them all - that would be crazy!

More likely, he'll pull a few and the players will tug on several others, forging a narrative that will ensure your Cha'alt campaign is unique.

My writing style is disparate pop-culture references combined and twisted, making things at once familiar and strange. I've been doing this for about 6 years, so I think I've zeroed-in on that particular aesthetic.

Cha'alt is probably the most Venger thing I've created. I didn't hold back, but at the same time I restrained myself from going down too many self-indulgent rabbit holes. Sure, it's gonzo as Hell... but without degenerating into some kind of joyless, post-modernist, artisanal screed.

Here are three pieces of unsolicited advice for running Cha'alt: **1) Find the fun, 2) Make it awesome, and 3) Go with the flow.**

I hope you love it, and that it serves you well. Please share your feedback, so I can see where I went right and where I missed the mark, all the while reliving your adventures and struggles as if they were my own.

Now that my magnificent octopus is finished, I'll sit down alone at my desk, watching the sunrise and painting miniatures. Just like Tha'anos...

Perfectum est prohibitoria,

**Venger As'Nas Satanis
Ipsissimus of Kort'thalis Publishing**



The background is a textured, aged parchment-like surface. It features faint, golden-brown calligraphic patterns, including a large circular emblem in the upper left quadrant and various lines of script scattered across the page. There are also some dark, irregular stains or ink splatters, particularly a large one on the left side and another smaller one below it. The overall color palette is warm, ranging from light beige to deep brown.

Overview

DOMED CITY



CHARTREUSE

JA'ALETTE



KRA'ADUMEK



DEMON-WORM



A'AGRYBAH



SUNKEN LIBRARY



CRIMSON ROCK OF SACRIFICE



GAMMA INCEL CANTINA



NORTH

VEGA CORSO



S'KBAH

THE BLACK PYRAMID



ASCENDA'AS



CHARTREUSE SEA

1 WEEK

1 DAY

TRAVEL DISTANCE



History

The world of Cha'alt started as a pseudo-medieval land with elves, dwarves, snake-men, clerics, magic-users, and dragons. It was steeped in ancient traditions set forth by those who worshiped the Old Ones. This period is called **The Age of Legend**.

The Old Ones were said to be so chaotic and mad that they destroyed every possible reality, save for this one. They wiped out untold trillions from existence. Making Cha'alt their home, the Old Ones corrupted many on Cha'alt, turning them to darkness. The dark folk lived in disharmony with those favoring light, unwilling to wage a full-scale war.

A thousand years passed as the Old Ones slept, exhausted from annihilating a multitude of realities, their corpulent bellies sated from devouring trillions of souls. Their slumber ushered in **The Tech Age**.

The surface dwellers split from the malevolent creatures who slithered below. Those who remained on the surface lost the understanding of magic, but their civilization became a highly developed, technological empire of domed cities welcoming interstellar travelers, their massive starships hovering high above in blue skies.

But in the deep crevasses of the world, a darkness older than time stirred from its deathless slumber. The Old Ones, long forgot, had not died, as was commonly believed, but continued to dream. Those living underground hastened the Old Ones' rising via sorcery learned from demons.

When the Old Ones awakened, they realized mortals had forgotten them. Technology had replaced tradition. Worship faded to superstition. Instead of sacrifices, the people of Cha'alt had wrist-communicators. Rather than intoning dread incantations, Cha'altians preferred to mindlessly watch their vid-screens.

These ancient Gods, diminished by the loss of faith, wreaked vengeance upon Cha'alt. Many of the domed cities were destroyed as subterranean races fought to reclaim the surface world. But the surface-dwellers would not yield meekly to the

executioner's blade. They matched star-strewn technological might with the eldritch wrath of K'tulu, Yog-Soggoth, and their loathsome ilk. Amorphous abominations pitted against slave-legions drawn from across the cosmos. The most fearsome of the galaxy's battlecruisers facing down ineffable nightmares from nameless black gulphs.

A long and bloody war ensued as the Old Ones and their worshipers were narrowly defeated, leaving the planet ecologically devastated and magically depleted. Swaths of desert reduced to black glass from neutron cannons, the largest portion of Cha'alt became a radioactive wasteland.

Years crawled by since **The Apocalypse**. All but a few of the Old Ones were killed, their gargantuan corpses sinking into the sand, spewing yellow-green ichor that flowed into rivers of power, replenishing Cha'alt with sorcerous energy. The glowing chartreuse elixir recharged **The Black Pyramid**. What had been a scarcely believed folk tale was made flesh, drawing the most powerful and sinister beings to its unhallowed, stygian entrance.

Today, those preferring science and technology rebuild their fallen civilization using remnants of obsidian as the rest of the world turns to survival and barbarism. New Gods replace the old. Sorcery, demons, and insane cultists thrive above and below while lawlessness gives way to the brutal subjugation of humanoid life. Incomprehensible horrors mutated by nuclear fallout stalk the desert wasteland.

This period is called **The Obsidian Age**. Cha'alt seems cursed with endless conflict, but that's the way it has to be. Nothing ever got stronger by carefree easy-living. Suffering reveals greatness!

Why Cha'alt? In the ancient tongue, the word "cha'alt" means greatness by way of suffering. This world struggled mightily at the outset... and it continues to endure beneath fuchsia sky, tentacles of burnished gold, and the watchful eye of hideous Gods.

A Land of Travelers

There have always been mystical gateways to darker worlds and dimensions. Some say that's how the Old Ones found Cha'alt in the beginning. Even during **The Tech Age**, a few doorways stayed open.

However, the advancement of tech manifested numerous wormholes to other points in space and time. Alien visitors dropped by on a regular basis, mixing with the local population and influencing culture. Recently, the spice rush has brought hundreds of starships looking to plunder the planet's riches.

Now that radiation levels have dropped to nearly safe levels, spice-frackers desperately crave the planet's zoth so it can be refined into the spice mela'anj. Mela'anj connects mortals to the Gods, giving them power undreamt.

Low-tech factions band together, using sorcery and brute force to keep from being wiped out or enslaved by those wielding plasma rifles. But still, those with high-technology have the upper hand, taking resources by force and killing anyone who gets in their way.

Currently, the Federation has a "hands off" policy regarding Cha'alt. That means any spacefaring outlaw can swoop in, take advantage of opportunities, and either leave or stick around, usurping power from the natives.

Crossing The Desert

S'kbah refers to the entire expanse of radioactive desert wasteland between the Domed City and Chartreuse Sea. Large, fractured sections of desert became obsidian thanks to the high-tech weaponry that bombarded Cha'alt in **The Apocalypse**.

Travel across Cha'alt is measured in days. Basic units of measurement are unknown to the people of

The Obsidian Age. If you want to survive, give some thought to the essentials before you trek across S'kbah.

A man requires one canteen of water per day to stave off the more disastrous effects of dehydration. He must eat to stay strong. Anti-radiation pills keep you from getting sick or mutating. Sword and spell should protect you from monsters. Stay away from settlements, hostile tribes are as plentiful as sand. If skeevers find you, there's nowhere to run in the open desert. Give up, and pray they'll let you prove your worth as a slave, instead of stealing your supplies and gutting you.

Cha'alt has two suns. Its several moons (sometimes three, other times as many as seven) come out at night - but that only lasts between three and four hours. It gets cool, but never cold. Obviously, if you only walk at night, you won't get very far. A standard day of travel is nine or ten hours of walking.

The desert is endless and scorching, traveling S'kbah - even between cities - is inadvisable unless prepared. This is why armor is generally shunned by travelers, as well as, most city dwellers.

Riding lizards and other beasts of burden are preferable to walking, but they are expensive. Purchasing a decent mount costs somewhere between 300 - 400 gp. Expensive, but the benefits are substantial. Riding an animal across S'kbah cuts travel time in half.

High-tech transport, such as desert-speeders and skeever ships reduce a day's travel to a mere three hours. Generally speaking, none of these are for sale. But in larger cities, passage can sometimes be purchased for 10 gp per passenger per hour.



Desert Survival

Wearing Armor

- ◆ Those wearing metal armor (above and beyond a single piece, such as a helm or bracer) while walking the desert during the day have a 2 in 6 chance of keeling over from exhaustion and heatstroke (per day).
- ◆ Those traversing the burning sand during the day wearing non-metal armor; such as leather, padded, or power-armor; have a 1 in 6 chance of keeling over from exhaustion and heatstroke (per day).
- ◆ Those carrying more than 50lbs. of gear, loot, or supplies, day or night, have a 1 in 6 chance of keeling over from exhaustion and heatstroke (per day).

Those who collapse have a few possibilities for survival - cared for by a traveling companion, get spotted by a transport, or be discovered by another traveler (nomad, cultist, adventurer, or nearby tribesman).

Radiation

The theta-radiation of Cha'alt most likely won't kill you. Rather, you'll be mutated by the primal forces of chaos that devastated the entire planet decades ago.

If you plan on crossing the desert wastes, take radiation pills... unless you want surprises. For every three consecutive days of travel in S'kbah without pills, roll a d20. On a result of 1, radiation sickness follows. On a roll of 2, 3, or 4, the character develops a mutation. Results of 5+ have no bearing.

Radiation sickness produces feelings of lethargy and nausea. Assume disadvantage on all rolls until the subject can spend a full 24 hours resting indoors, away from Cha'alt's suns.

Mutations

Once a new mutation is rolled, everyone around the table should contribute one idea (benefit, flaw, or weirdness) and the best idea or ideas occur in play.

Roll	Result
1	Extra head.
2	Fish traits, such as fins, gills, and colorful scales.
3	Additional eyes (1d6 extra).
4	Eye stalks.
5	Serpentine features – snake skin, eyes, or fangs.
6	Cactus – greenish skin and spines.
7	Ape arms that drag across the sand.
8	Giraffe neck.
9	Metallic skin.
10	Extra appendage – additional arm, leg, or breast.
11	Bat wings (1-3) or butterfly wings (4-6).
12	Crab claw.
13	Tentacles (1d6 of them).
14	Extra fingers (1d6 additional fingers per hand).
15	Goat horns.
16	Legs wither and worm body grows out of lower torso.
17	Scorpion tail.
18	Acidic sweat.
19	Gelatinous blood.
20	Sand-shark teeth.
21	Kuato - smaller humanoid living partially inside the host body.
22	Glass bones.
23	Eldritch glyphs covering body.
24	Anger amplifier – quick to anger with increased strength when enraged.
25	Abomination form – you look and move like a terrifying entity.
26	Size difference – half usual size (1-3) or one and a half times the size (4-6).
27	Monstrous skin – flesh is orange-red with fuchsia and turquoise markings; hardened, rough texture.
28	Covered in fur.
29	Animal face – 1) pig, 2) crocodile, 3) rat, or 4) squid.
30	The feet of a... 1) bird, 2) cloven hoof, 3) reptile, or 4) hand with 3d6 fingers.

Places To Visit

Kra'adumek

A magnificent city constructed of obsidian, glass, and steel where nearly everyone's thoughts are controlled by a gargantuan purple demon-worm, which is also named Kra'adumek. The longer one stays in the city, the greater hold the demon-worm has upon one's mind.

Except for the psionic intrusion of the demon-worm, the city of Kra'adumek is prosperous and its people content. Of course, even if they were discontent the worm would force them to feel happy about their situation.

So why would anyone go near Kra'adumek? A surprising amount of high-technology has been salvaged by city workers and used to construct vehicles, war machines, power supplies, energy weapons, and surveillance systems. The purple priests, immune to the mind control, determine how the city's tech should be used while maintaining their master's ruse of being a legitimate Old One.

The dungeon beneath the city promises adventure and treasure. Speaking of which, common currency in Kra'adumek is the talon. Three talons equal one gold piece.

Ja'alette

The Kingdom of Ja'alette is a matriarchy ruled by a council of women, known as the Harmonious Validity, who've decreed that masculinity is inherently evil and those born male are inferior to females. Over the years, Ja'alette has culturally enslaved all the male humanoids within their borders.

The matriarchy of the city receives daily bribes from the Goddess Tha'ates, one of the New Gods that has risen in the **Age of Obsidian**. Like all divine entities, Tha'ates grows more powerful as worshipers increase in both number and devotion.

Tha'ates is the Goddess of feminism, pride, vanity, isolation, and revenge. She bribes the citizens of Ja'alette with delicious food, wine, and drugs (both recreational and medicinal).

Except for the lucky few, males are castrated and forced to serve a female master in order to eradicate the corrupting influence of testosterone, which the matriarchs despise.

Approximately 90% of the males in Ja'alette are eunuchs. The others are kept around for breeding purposes and combat sport in the gladiatorial arena.

Every day, a handful of males attempt to sneak out of the kingdom in search of a better life, both adolescents with their testicles still intact and eunuchs unwilling to remain second-class citizens.

Most civilized lands refuse to do business with Ja'alette. They use zuleks due to their weak economy. Seven zuleks are worth one gold piece.

A'agrybah

The largest city in Cha'alt is A'agrybah, vibrant with richly colored silks - yellow, orange, lime-green, and turquoise. The fragrance of exotic spices and well-prepared street food sold at every corner saturates the city. At night, glowing orbs float over houses, illuminating shamans, beggars, priests, and dancing girls. A'agrybah melds the old with the new. Sorcery and high-technology are both openly practiced, though high-tech devices are not easy to come by.

The city is ruled by the wise and benevolent King Druta'al, whose wife has not only serpentine blood but infernal ancestry, as well. It is believed that Druta'al married her to ingratiate himself to the dark power that ascends from the demon realms.

Of course, it is rumored that the King's wisdom and benevolence are mere trickery. Highly placed subjects in A'agrybah have testified to King Druta'al's furious rage, demanding servants to be tortured so that their intolerable screams soothe his majesty.

Most of the obsidian city has been rebuilt since **The Apocalypse**. However, there are sections of A'agrybah that avoided devastation - many consider them sacred or protected by the Gods both old and

new. These original parts of the city are fought over by rival religious factions, daily conflicts keep certain areas in constant flux.

Though slaves are kept everywhere on Cha'alt, there are more free men living in A'agrybah than anywhere else. It is truly a cosmopolitan city where diverse people and views come together in relative peace.

The gladiatorial arena in A'agrybah is second to none. Seating a thousand, the arena showcases violent spectacles every day when the suns of Cha'alt are at their zenith. Fights to the death involve humanoids, wild creatures, unnatural mutant aberrations, and battle-droids for sheer entertainment and betting. The arena accommodates wagers ranging from a single gold piece to 100 gold pieces.

A'agrybah boasts the largest space port on Cha'alt. Aliens frequently visit the city for pleasure and business reasons. All are welcome here, as long as the authority of King Druta'al is not questioned. That's why it's the center of trade, importing and exporting goods and services in order to build a strong economy.

Once a month, the city's foremost demonologists select a humanoid sacrifice. Usually, an outspoken troublemaker or criminal. The intended sacrifice is confined to an iron maiden as entities from the lowest reaches of Hell, summoned by infernal-elf sorcerers, converge upon him or her. The sacrifices are an old custom meant to appease those demons who would rather plunder A'agrybah and devour its citizens than leave it be.

This city has the best chance for renting or buying transport through the wasteland. For those who can't afford it, there is another option besides walking. Wealthy nobles of A'agrybah organize a sort of race three times a year. It's called The Crossing. Those of lower birth are given use of a riding lizard and must go to **The Black Pyramid**, steal something from that unhallowed place, and return to the city. The first person to complete the voyage gets to keep what they've stolen, as well as, half the 1,000 gp prize pool.

A'agrybah uses silver and gold pieces, occasionally platinum.

The Domed City

There is one remnant of civilization that was spared from destruction in **The Apocalypse** - the Domed City. It houses about 5,000 humanoids, even though it could triple that capacity. Citizens of the dome are extremely selective about whom they let in.

Originally known as D-1, over the years its citizens have fallen into the habit of calling their city Dewa'an.

The entire city runs like a self-sufficient urban environment relying on science and technology, such as chemicals to purify the water and machines to keep the thermostat 72 degrees.

Illegal immigration and tech smuggling are constant problems. There are vaccines in the Domed City that could save hundreds of lives and weaponry that could put one in a position of power. Who wouldn't want to be a savior or warlord?

Because of these incentives, security droids driving hover-tanks police the city for illegals attempting to enter the dome, blend into society, and either steal what they can or enjoy what D-1 has to offer, pretending to be a natural citizen.

This is where the renowned cyber surgeons ply their trade, replacing limbs, transplanting machine organs, and reinforcing various systems with mechanical infrastructure. When skeevers and nomadic scavengers discover prized high-tech devices in the sand, they come to the Domed City for trade. Life outside the dome is hard and survivors rely on cyberware to augment their fragile humanoid bodies.

The one thing the Domed City has that no else does is The Mind-Gate. The Mind-Gate is the Cha'alt equivalent of cyberspace. It is a holographic collective unconscious accessible via the city's

wondrous technology. The citizens of D-1 upload their souls into The Mind-Gate so they can interact with a virtual reality as if it were actually real. Truth and fiction intermingle and collide, promising an experience so satisfying that most citizens would rather spend their waking hours in The Mind-Gate, as opposed to the everyday world.

The Domed City uses credits, predominantly.

Great Sunken Library

The Great Library was the repository of all knowledge on Cha'alt, housing books spanning **The Age of Legend** to **The Age of Tech**. When the Old Ones cast down civilization, the library sunk into the sand. It still exists, but the entire structure is almost completely submerged beneath the desert.

It is said the Great Sunken Library contains over 10,000 books, covering every topic conceivable. In **The Age of Obsidian**, books on sorcery, demonology, the Old Ones, and ancient religious practices are highly sought after. A tome about reviving a petrified Demon Lord could fetch as much as 1,000 gp in A'agrybah.

So, too, are books detailing technology and science. Periodically, groups of trekkers from the Domed City will take a desert-speeder to the library, searching for volumes pertaining to quantum physics, non-Euclidean geometry, or structural engineering.

If the PCs journey to the library, upon arrival they will undoubtedly encounter five scholars by the names Gorbo, Denzee, Irrik, Wa'akeen, and Suub wearing various colored robes with gold embroidery of geometric patterns.

Only Wa'akeen, a half-demon, has a beard that's long and white. Irrik is a sky-elf. The others are human.

Cyberware	Modifier	Cost
Hydraulic arm	+1 damage	250 gp
Optical enhancement	+1 to-hit	175 gp
Laser eye	3d6 damage once per hour	300 gp
Cybernetic spine	+1 HP per level	400 gp
Chrome cranium	+1 to AC	350 gp
"Other"	1 point of damage resistance	200 gp



These scholars are conservators of the library and will protect it with their lives. Many are the raiders, looters, and vandals who've entered the Great

Conservators (5)

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +2
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** n/a

HP 22
AC 10
Save 16+

Special: Their phasers disintegrate living organisms, save to avoid. Each phaser has a powerpack containing 1d20 uses.

Treasure: Every week, they are gifted with food and water by a conservancy group from Kra'adumek. In exchange, the purple priesthood is allowed to borrow library books.

Hidden in the lower levels of the library is a powerpack charger. With this device, a powerpack can be recharged in one hour.

Sunken Library... only to be disintegrated by phaser beams after a single warning was ignored.

Additionally, glyphs of preservation have been painted every 30' upon the library walls. These offer magical protection against everything from lasers to spells.

Crimson Rock of Sacrifice

Near **The Black Pyramid** is a stone plateau a mile long and half as wide. When the twin suns are high, the rock itself sweats a viscous red liquid. Science has an explanation regarding the heating of certain mineral deposits. However, those faithful to the Old Ones believe this plateau seeks blood at every opportunity, and that those who died in service to the Old Ones shall forever be remembered.

The Crimson Rock of Sacrifice is where thousands have died since **The Apocalypse**, slaughtered in the name of both the Old Gods and the new. The faithful come from all over Cha'alt to spill blood and commune with their divinity of choice.

Those making the pilgrimage to the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice must perform a blood sacrifice or else meet with ill fortune. "Tragedy befalls those with clean hands," is a common saying in this region.

Frequently, warring tribes will come to the sacrificial rock either for battle or peace talks. It's also recognized as a holy site by many tribes. Religious leaders come to ask the Gods for their blessing. If they return to their settlement without dying, it is assumed that divine favor has been won.

Each time the PCs arrive at the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice, there's a 2 in 6 chance of the fuchsia sky opening up, massive slimy green tentacles writhing out from the tear in space-time, and undulating in a manner befitting the Great Old Ones.

Irrespective of that, chances are good that several humanoids are already in attendance...

Roll	Result
1	The crimson rock is absent of people.
2	A handful of religious zealots are praying.
3	Two tribes have come to fight upon the crimson rock.
4	One tribe is trying to settle a dispute amongst themselves.
5	Multiple tribes are attempting diplomacy in order to prevent war.
6	A stranger is here, carrying a black box [weapon of mass destruction inside].
7	S'kbah nomads have come with a humanoid to sacrifice.
8	A tribe is here with prisoners of war to sacrifice.
9	Several demons are at the crimson rock to receive tribute.
10	A sorcerer has brought a few humanoids to sacrifice.
11	Warriors from a nearby settlement have brought a mutant to sacrifice.
12	Roll twice (ignoring this result and #1).

Gamma Incel Cantina

Gamma Incel Cantina is the unofficial hub and watering hole for the spice fracking operation on Cha'alt. It's where spacers from all over the galaxy come to kick up their tentacles and have fun.

Of course, after all the zoth has been sucked out of the planet, Cha'alt and everyone living on it will soon be extinct. Either the fracking machinery needs to be destroyed, the frackers driven off, or leave the sinking ship before it goes down.

Starships will pick up humanoids before the end at coordinates 111-93-44. Incidentally, that's halfway between Gamma Incel Cantina and the Crimson Rock of Sacrifice.

Chartreuse Sea

On the southern edge of the wasteland is the Chartreuse Sea. It consists entirely of yellow-green slime.

At one time, it was pure zoth... however, decades of exposure to the open air and sunlight have muted its potency. Yet, pirates aboard vessels of steel and glass maneuver through the ichor, seeking treasure. Incredible things have occasionally been dredged up from the slime. Everything from bits of demonic statue to alien spacecraft.

Criminals, infidels, and tribal enemies are routinely thrown into the Chartreuse Sea. It is said the slime slowly burns through humanoid flesh. Additionally, mutant chartreuse sand worms swim through its placid currents.

Mercenaries from Ascenda'as frequently siphon exposed zoth from the sea. They have a proprietary system that replenishes the zoth, using it to power their machines.



Vega Corso

The closest settlement to **The Black Pyramid** is the village called Vega Corso. It's about a day and a half travel to that accursed place.

Vega Corso is a one-wizard town largely populated by farmers, scavengers, and merchants. There is a cantina, of course. Ka'almon's Cantina is full of unwashed desert rats, and certainly a refuge for outlaws and would-be adventurers.

Sometimes at night, when the moons are high, a terrible sound is heard... an extraterrestrial reverberation that seems to permeate the wasteland.

It's like a foreboding klaxon or the sound of a dystopian ice-cream truck calling eldritch, sweet-toothed patrons to its shuddersome edifice.

Vega Corso has its own gang of desperadoes calling themselves Dia'ablo Ma'ata. They control the drug trade throughout S'kbah, specifically meth crystals. Meth crystals provides a dreamlike euphoria and replenishes sanity, ideal for those who've seen too much of this world... or the lower realms.

Dia'ablo Ma'ata dispenses swift justice, intimidating and murdering anyone who doesn't cower to their authority. Everyone who has a pot to piss in owes Dia'ablo Ma'ata 20% of what they've earned. With such resources, the infamous gang of desert thugs are able to outfit themselves with better gear than other scum.

Rival gangs used to be a problem for Dia'ablo Ma'ata - before they moved their base of operations close to the pyramid. Very few competitors are willing to trek all the way down to Vega Corso, only to be skinned alive by demon-insects from Chosa'al Mnenka (heart of darkness).

Dia'ablo Ma'ata Desperadoes

HD: 4

Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 2d6

HP
22

AC
12

Save
16+

Special: Frequently, they use machine guns. Gang leaders will usually be armed with lasers (3d6 damage).

Treasure: Besides guns and gold, these desperadoes usually have 2d6 meth crystals (50 gp per crystal) on their person - they'll get you high and make you forget (saving throw to avoid becoming hopelessly addicted).





Ascenda'as

Ascenda'as is the name of both the outpost and faction. The Ascenda'as mercenaries have studied **The Tech Age** from holographic crystals that survived **The Apocalypse**. With the knowledge found in those crystals, Ascenda'as recreated some of the technological wonders from that era.

The outpost is small, but they have the most advanced vehicles, armor, and weaponry of anyone on Cha'alt. Their primary achievement is the construction of mecha battle-droids piloted by humanoids. These gigantic battle-droids guard their territory, keeping hostiles away.

Essentially, the Ascenda'as faction controls the southeastern quadrant of S'kbah. High-tech fuel is a consideration for every settlement and city, energy sources must be scavenged in ruins and whatever might be buried beneath the sand. Ascenda'as is the one place that has an endless supply of power - the Chartreuse Sea.

The leader of Ascenda'as is a mutant named Ven Qwenos. Ven Qwenos used to be a slave living in

A'agrybah. After a serious injury, he was sold to the gladiatorial arena for a few gold pieces. One night, Ven made his escape into the desert. By chance, he was picked up by skeevers and worked his way up to first-mate. After betraying and murdering his captain, Ven Qwenos founded a base of operations with tech scavenged during his travels. That base eventually became known as Ascenda'as.

Ascenda'as Mercenaries

HD: 5 **Attack Bonus:** +5

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 3d6

HP
30

AC
20

Save
15+

Special: These mercs always carry laser rifles and wear power-armor.

If Ven Qwenos is encountered, he gets 10 extra HP, and advantage once per combat.

Mecha have 300 HP and 10 points of damage reduction.

Treasure: Each carries 1d100 gp and various high-tech components.

Factions

Cults of the Desert

After **The Apocalypse**, thousands of bloodthirsty zealots who continued to worship the Old Gods went into the desert to build their own temples. Rather than traditional places of worship, these temples strongly resemble military style bunkers - preparing, in case of another attack from the stars. Over the years, sandstorms buried these temples. Most of them have remained undiscovered since the early **Age of Obsidian**.

Cultists (2d6)		HP 22
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +2	AC 10
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	Save 16+

Special: Instead of massive cults with lots of followers, each band of 6 or more cultists includes a High Priest with remarkable powers, such as striking an enemy down by the power of their god (3d6 damage, save for half).

Treasure: The cultists throughout S'kbah use semi-translucent turquoise-colored rings (though they are large as bracelets) as currency. Among cultists, they are considered more than money... sacred. Breaking a ring releases spiritual energy that revitalizes humanoids, saving an individual from death by dehydration, heat-stroke, radiation sickness, and even mortal wounds received in combat.

Each cultist has 1d12, and they generally trade for 100 gp per ring.

If a S'kbah temple is ransacked, see *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Skeevers

Years ago, desert pirates found a small fleet of anti-gravity barges and outfitted them for travel over sand. Now, these hover-ships soar throughout S'kbah, searching for high-tech scraps, slaves, and loot.

So many bits and pieces of starships, space stations, and advanced weaponry have been lost to the desert, it only makes sense that pirates would sift through the desert, scavenging and salvaging what there is to be saved.

A crew of skeevers are only as loyal as their need to keep their skiff serviceable. It takes a half-dozen technicians and at least ten men to power the anti-grav repulsors when fuel is in short supply... and it's always in short supply.

Skeevers frequently run into the standard wasteland hazards, like giant sandworms and scorpion devils, but they also run afoul of hunter-killer droids searching for raw materials to bolster their robot army.

Skeevers (2d4)		HP 16
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +2	AC 12
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	Save 17+

Special: Desert pirates are a degenerate lot, skilled in bribery, larceny, drinking, whoring, swashbuckling, and torture.

Treasure: 1d20 gp per skeever. Additionally, see *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Hunter-Killer Droids

No one is sure where they came from. Perhaps they were assembled during **The Tech Age** or maybe they came from some Federation planet.

Despite their unknown origins, thousands of hunter-killer droids travel S'kbah, exterminating organic humanoid life in order to establish their own robotic supremacy throughout Cha'alt.

Since hunter-killers and skeevers usually go after the same prized high-tech devices, the robots usually deploy photon torpedoes on sight to neutralize skeever sand-ships.

Hunter Killers (1d20)	
HD: 5	Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6
AC 15	HP 30
	Save 15+

Special: HKs typically have built-in lasers. Also, they're machines with artificial intelligence.

Treasure: Spare parts could go for as much as 50 gp in a large city, while a reprogrammed HK droid would be worth 200 gp to a wealthy merchant or noble who required heavy security.

Spice Frackers

Recently, spice fracking has opened up on Cha'alt. Several space-faring companies within the Federation are actively trying to suck the zoth out of the planet so it can be refined into the spice mela'anj.

If you see a crew of spacers wandering around S'kbah, chances are they're here to locate and drain subterranean zoth pockets. They'll have fracking equipment with them. This equipment is cumbersome enough that it can't quickly be loaded into a desert speeder. It's also too valuable to just leave unattended if there's trouble. That means spice frackers will stand and fight.

Spice Frackers (2d4)	
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6
AC 20	HP 20
	Save 16+

Special: They may have other high-tech devices on hand.

Treasure: They wear power-armor and carry laser rifles. At least one desert speeder will be nearby. Depending on how successful their fracking has been, they will have 1d12 gallons of zoth in black shipping containers.

Death-Stalkers

Death-Stalkers is a catch-all name for roving bands of humanoids who steal, kill, and humiliate anyone weaker than themselves. After **The Apocalypse**, Death-Stalkers robbed and murdered in the desert for survival... it wasn't long before they enjoyed dealing out suffering. They're a nihilistic bunch, riding life to the bleeding edge has become their chief source of fun.

Death-Stalkers also participate in cannibalistic rites of infernal sorcery taught to them by Demon Lords. The Demon Lords are considered prophets of **The Obsidian Age**. They have even showed Death-Stalkers how to fuel their vehicles on humanoid blood instead of gasoline and oil. They drive modified vehicles that are a cross between vintage cars, desert speeders, and tanks.

Many Death-Stalkers have physical deformities owing to their constant exposure to the environment. They wear humanoid skins, spikes, random pieces of armor, garish mohawks, and the faces of their victims as ghoulish masks. Death-Stalkers sporting the biggest and most colorful mohawks rise through the rank and file, becoming leaders.

This faction stays on the move, never settling down more than a day or two. They live, hunt, and play together, but ultimately their loyalty is to brutality alone. Pray you're nowhere near a desecration of Death-Stalkers when they're bored and low on supplies.

Death Stalkers (3d6)

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6



Special: Their sense of pride may get them in trouble, pressing on when they should retreat or fighting man-to-man instead of battling in a group.

The leader will undoubtedly wield some kind of bizarre, ultra-violent weapon like The Agonizer - a tentacle flail that does 3d4 damage and the victim must roll a saving throw, failure results in unbearable pain (dazed for one round).

Treasure: They carry an assortment of weapons, everything from firearms to two-handed swords.

There will be approximately 4 Death-Stalkers for every vehicle.

Any food they have will be people they've recently encountered (being cannibals).

Also see *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Dha'arma Initiative

Since **The Apocalypse**, a sect containing both sorcerers and scientists have worked towards a single purpose. They endeavor to travel through time and change the events that led to Cha'alt's destruction.

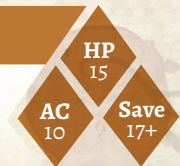
The Dha'arma Initiative has bases of operation in A'agrybah, experimenting with time travel while trying to work out the simplest way of averting **The Apocalypse**. A small contingent is scattered throughout S'kbah, attempting to locate artifacts and high-tech devices that will assure the mission's success.

The sect works in secret, and for good reason. Things are the way they are... to change one small detail in the past could change everything in the present. People living today may not be born if an ancestor is killed or merely relocates. Cha'alt may not even exist in an alternative timeline. It's dangerous work, and many would try to stop the Dha'arma Initiative if they knew their plans.

However, members of this sect believe the juice is worth the squeeze. If the Old Ones either stay sleeping or are appeased upon their waking, the planet may continue on as a highly developed civilization.

Dha'arma Initiative

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: Members of the sect are passionate about saving Cha'alt, sparing it from ruin. They can be quite persuasive.

Treasure: Bits and bobs that could be used to build a working time machine. This includes not only mechanical gizmos but spell components and parchment diagrams written in blood.

Adversarial Creatures

Sand Worms

Gargantuan worms burrow through the sand, hunting for anything meaty to sink their one-hundred teeth into. Sand worms are drawn to large parties of humanoids traveling together - especially if they're weighed down by armor.

Sand Worm		HP	AC	Save
HD: 15	Attack Bonus: +10	85	10	5+
#Attacks: 3	Damage: 1d20			

Special: These creatures have desert-hardened hide which gives them 5 points of damage resistance per attack.

Treasure: Their teeth are 6" long, hard as diamonds, and beautiful to look at when sanded and polished. Rough teeth are worth approximately 5 gp, while prepared ones may go for as much as 25 gp per tooth.

If their lair is located, see *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Chartreuse Sand Worm		HP	AC	Save
HD: 15	Attack Bonus: +10	85	10	5+
#Attacks: 3	Damage: 1d20			

Special: Instead of its 3 attacks, the creature may opt to force its way into an opponent's mind. This requires a saving throw or the target goes insane and hurls themselves into the worm's maw.

Treasure: Mutant sand worm teeth have a chartreuse glow and are said to increase virility when worn by humanoids. Each tooth is worth 40gp.

If their lair is located, see *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Scorpion Devils

A deep maroon color and the size of a riding lizard, scorpion devils have a stinger tail, as well as, the heightened intelligence and capacity for evil of the foulest demon in Hell.

Scorpion devils roam S'kbah looking for their next meal. Ideally, humanoid flesh.

Scorpion Devil (1d4)		HP	AC	Save
HD: 11	Attack Bonus: +7	65	15	9+
#Attacks: 3	Damage: 2d6 (claws)			
	1d4 (stinger)			

Special: Owing to their infernal heritage, these creatures have 30% spell resistance.

Their stinger is poisonous (save or die).

Treasure: See *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Ga'athruls

A ga'athrul is what we on Earth would describe as an alien dinosaur. They are massive creatures living in the wasteland, vying for territory and resources... such as delicious humanoids.

Ga'athrul		HP	AC	Save
HD: 18	Attack Bonus: +12	100	12	2+
#Attacks: 2	Damage: 2d12			

Special: Ga'athruls have limited intelligence, but know how to hunt and fight.

Treasure: Instead of burrowing in dunes like sand worms, ga'athruls prefer caves. In their cave, adventurers may find anything from damaged starships to enormous bones of other ga'athruls or sand worms.



Sha'agoths

When the Old Ones fought against their enemies from the stars, they created oozing and amorphous horrors. Their tentacles and eyes and mouths seem like a multitude of cruel faces, but really sha'agoths are just a singular, gigantic greenish-black slime.

Many sha'agoths still shamble throughout S'kbah, hateful and evil, searching for stray humanoids to feast upon.

Sha'agoths		HP
HD: 14	Attack Bonus: +10	77
#Attacks: 4	Damage: 1d20	AC 14
		Save 6+

Special: Seeing a sha'agoth for the first time requires a saving throw. Those who fail go screaming mad.

They have no mind capable of penetrating, dominating, or destroying.

Only magical and high-tech weapons can harm a sha'agoth.

Treasure: See *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Abominations

Weird tentacled things exist below the surface of Cha'alt. Even the most casual adventurer knows that. However, there's a particular species of subterranean tentacled creature that's singular in sanity-shattering hideousness.

The sight of a shrieking abomination is so terrifying that any man who gazes upon its awful visage must make a saving throw or go permanently insane. For many, the realization that such a thing can exist in reality is too much to bear. Their minds are catapulted back to a darker age of primitivism.

You can tell an abomination is close at hand by the unnatural shriek that echoes throughout the underground caves they inhabit.

Shrieking Abomination		HP
HD: 13	Attack Bonus: +8	80
#Attacks: 3	Damage: 2d12	AC 14
		Save 7+

Special: Everyone who looks at the creature must save or go insane. Hearing it shriek before battle requires a saving throw to resist fear (causing disadvantage on attack rolls).

Treasure: See *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

S'kbah Sirens

Desert mermaids have been known to sing to wasteland wanderers, leading them astray. The promise of carnal delights luring humanoids into their scaly arms.

Those who get too close realize their ivory beauty was only a mirage. S'kbah sirens have more in common with serpent folk than actual mermaids.

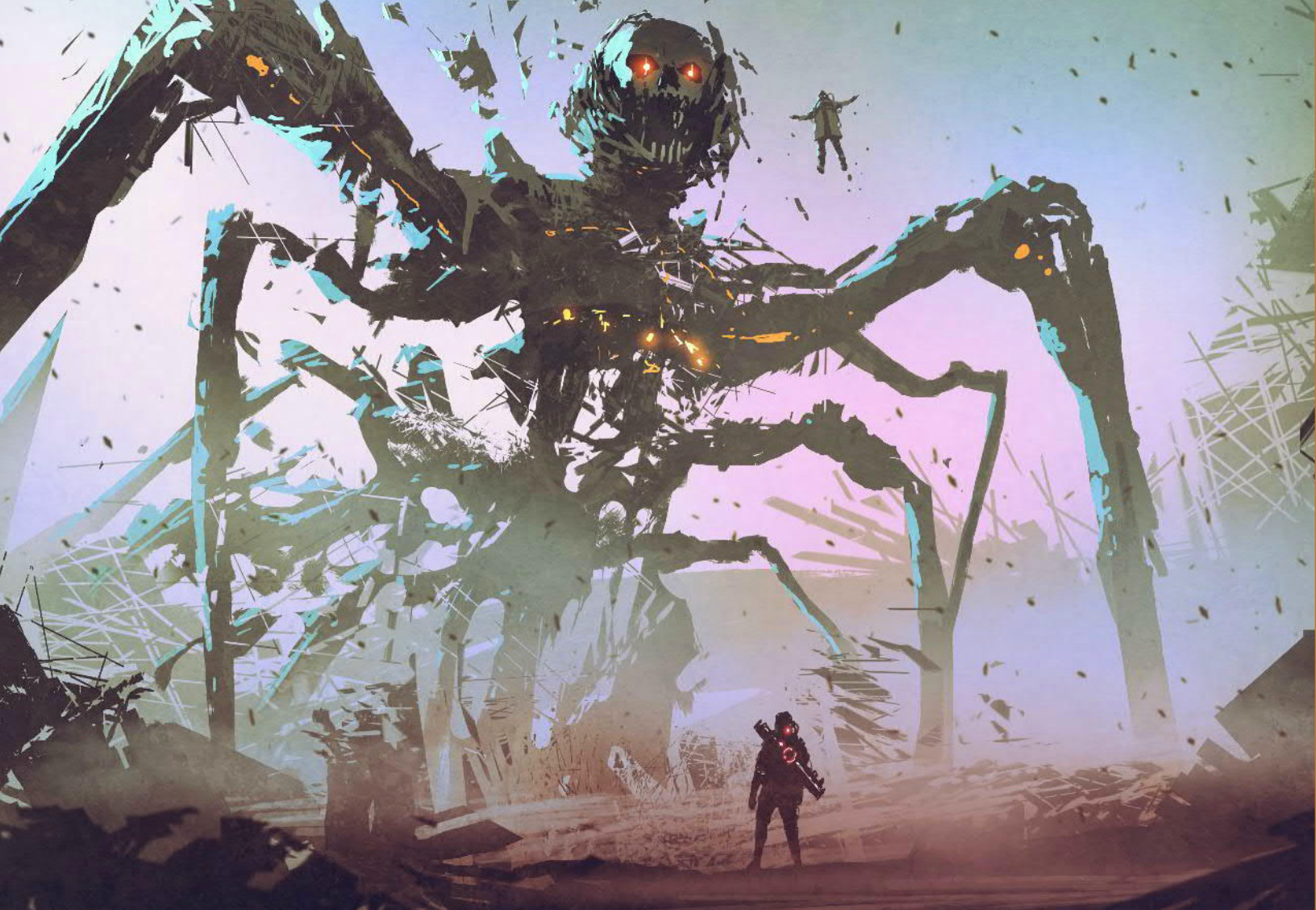
S'kbah Sirens (3)		HP
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +2	20
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	AC 10
		Save 16+

Special: When humanoids get within 10' of these creatures, make a saving throw. A successful save means their true form is revealed. Otherwise, their beauty holds until surprise attacks spill blood upon the sand.

Treasure: See *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.







Gigantic Spider-Droids

By the end of the war between the Old Ones and technologically advanced aliens, various war machines were designed to exterminate the dark forces of Cha'alt. Massive robot spiders were the most effective of these war machines.

To this day, gigantic spider-droids roam S'kbah. Their primary objective: destroy all organic life encountered.

Giant Spider-Droid

HD: 18 Attack Bonus: +15
#Attacks: 5 Damage: 3d6

HP
125

AC
15

Save
2+

Special: Being an artificial lifeform, it does not have organic properties.

Its ultra-titanium armor absorbs 5 points of damage per attack.

If it rolls a natural 20, the target must roll a saving throw or be cut in half.

Treasure: See *Diamonds In The Rough* treasure table.

Diamonds In The Rough

The following is a list of possible treasure PCs can loot from NPC and monster corpses.

Roll	Result
1	Yellow and red-hued diamonds (2d6), worth approximately 300 gp each.
2	Random stuff... 1) gumball machine, 2) phone booth, 3) assortment of anti-radiation pills, 4) giant plastic donut, 5) ga'athrul skull, 6) stop sign, 7) Driveshaft CD, or 8) USA flag.
3	Mechanical parts that could be used to build or repair some tech device.
4	Gold pieces (1d6 x 100 + 1d30).
5	Amethyst quartz (2d6), worth approximately 75 gp per formation.
6	Obsidian... 1) pottery, 2) weapons, 3) jewelry, or 4) skull. Worth approximately 50 gp per piece.
7	Jade... 1) decorative carving, 2) idol, 3) jewelry, or 4) obelisk. Worth approximately 125 gp per piece.
8	Turquoise stones or slabs (2d6). Worth approximately 60 gp per piece.
9	Desert glass – meteor fell in the desert and melted the sand. Worth approximately 100 gp per piece.
10	Meteorite – strange rock and metal alloy from another world. Worth approximately 1,000 gp for entire meteorite.
11	High-tech item... 1) hover board, 2) blaster, 3) zoth locator, 4) force field generator, 5) cybernetic arm, 6) satellite, 7) energy cells, 8) healing salve, 9) damaged droid, or 10) water reclamation suit [one canteen of water will last a week].
12	Magic item... 1) onyx ring, 2) bilious green death ray wand, 3) scroll with Frozen Wasteland spell, 4) satchel of holding, 5) gleaming cube, or 6) Rod of Transference.

Magic Items

- ◆ An onyx ring with purple veins that nullifies mutant powers within a 30' radius.
- ◆ Bilious green death-ray wand that does 6d6 damage to an individual, save for half (1d12 charges).
- ◆ *Frozen Wasteland* is a 4th level spell that freezes the floor or ground up to an area of 80' surrounding the spellcaster. The magical ice lasts one hour per caster level.
- ◆ The satchel is made of dragon skin and has unlimited room for holding contents placed within it.
- ◆ This translucent periwinkle cube (4" on each side) captivates everyone in the vicinity, mesmerizing them to the point of distraction (saving throw to avoid).
- ◆ This artifact is made of silver and platinum and covered in blood opals that glow deep-red in dim light or total darkness. It confers the special properties of one magic item to another (usable once per day).



Particulars

Exotic Races of Cha'alt

The GM can use whatever standard fantasy races he chooses. The following are unusual races specific to Cha'alt. Many of which are included as NPC encounters. Dwarves and other demi-humans are not native to this planet, though some have found their way here via portals.

The elves of Cha'alt are tall, thin, and strange. Elves have a penchant for darkness, a weakness for temptation, and a long, complicated relationship with entities considered either infernal, eldritch, or both.

Infernal-Elf: Infernal-elves have crimson skin and black eyes. One or more of their ancestors has mixed with demon-kind.

- ◆ They take half damage from heat and fire.
- ◆ Advantage when lying, bluffing, intimidation, diplomacy, and dealing with devils and demons.
- ◆ Infernal-elf skin cloaks provide 5 points of heat and fire protection per round, which is why an adult's skin is worth approximately 150 gp.

Moon-Elf: Also known as a "mauve-elf," moon-elves are said to originate from one of the seven half-frozen moons orbiting Cha'alt. Their alien appearance is disquieting to everyone, except their own kind. Typically, these humanoids are introspective and secretive.

- ◆ Moon-elves take half damage from cold and ice.
- ◆ Moon-elves have uncanny intuition. Before a trap (emotional, physical, intellectual, verbal, etc.) is sprung, moon-elves get a saving throw. If successful, they saw the trap a long way off and are ready with a counter-strike.
- ◆ Their lavender-gray skin has an otherworldly glow, which is why an adult moon-elf skin is worth about 75 gp.

Blood-Elf: These pale elves with blood-red stained arms and legs (up to the elbows and knees, respectively) are ferocious warriors. It is said these humanoids were born upon the crimson rock of sacrifice, inheriting a lust for violence unmatched by other races.

- ◆ Blood-elves score a critical hit on either a natural 19 or 20 (an 18 when wielding a keen-edged weapon).
- ◆ Every combat a blood-elf initiates gives him advantage on that opening attack.
- ◆ Blood-elves have disadvantage when interacting with people in a non-violent way.

Sky-Elf: Sky-elves are named for their fuchsia skin tone. Most live in the desert, away from sorcerers who would use them as humanoid familiars. Because of their resistance to zoth toxemia, sky-elves are highly sought after. Of course, a few sky-elves make their way as apprentices or even sorcerers themselves.

- ◆ Sky-elves are resistant to the effects of radiation and heat-stroke.
- ◆ Sky-elves have hollow bones and concealed wings, allowing them to fly short distances.
- ◆ Handling zoth has no harmful effects upon them.

Midnight-Elf: Midnight elves have skin as black as the void. They live in caves, only coming out at night to travel and hunt. Even before **The Apocalypse**, midnight-elves were steeped in the subterranean witch-lore of demons, snake-men, and Old One worship. It is said they drink from the deepest well that springs from infernal reaches.

- ◆ Midnight-elves can blend in with the darkness better than any other humanoid, granting them advantage on all manner of stealthy endeavors in dim light.
- ◆ Midnight-elves have advantage when dealing with demonic and eldritch beings.
- ◆ In direct sunlight, they're weakened and at a disadvantage.

Sun-Elf: Also known as gold-elves; sun-elves live in the desert. It is said that sun-elves made a bargain with some ancient demon. In return for the power to harness the suns of Cha'alt, the elves would worship the demon for a thousand years.

- ◆ They can make their skin shine like the golden suns.
- ◆ They heal 1d6 HP per hour when outdoors, under the open sky.
- ◆ In direct sunlight, they're invigorated and have advantage.
- ◆ Every seven months, when all the moons of Cha'alt are gibbous and waning, sun-elves must commit a wicked act to appease their infernal master.

Names

While naming a character Bob is a sin against the roleplaying Gods, it's even more egregious in Cha'alt. One of the things this campaign setting has going for it is an exotic flair. The following are names for either PCs or NPCs in Cha'alt.

Saving Throws

All saving throws are calculated by subtracting level (or monster's HD) by 20. Roll that target number or above on a d20.

For instance, a third level character (or monster with 3 HD) needs to roll a 17 or better on a d20 in order to save.

Natural 20 is always a success and means you escape all negative effects. Natural 1 is always a failure and means negative effects are doubly harmful.

Quick thinking and good roleplaying usually grant advantage on saving throws.

Advantage and Disadvantage

Advantage means you get to roll 2d20 and choose the highest result. Disadvantage means you roll 2d20 and your final result is the lower of the two.

If you prefer a +4 bonus and -4 penalty, then use that, instead.

Roll	Result	Roll	Result
1	Eefquo	1	Daga'ath
2	Quert	2	Ba'al-Tan
3	Ipka'ath	3	Zigma
4	Naer	4	Reka'an
5	Wizpa'ad	5	Alzar
6	Blush	6	Sitra'as
7	Seequo	7	Jemna
8	Ya'av	8	Ba'ago
9	Dzen	9	Ha'as
10	Parev	10	Zlost
11	Ma'ato	11	Zla'ast
12	Kura	12	Meva'an
13	Ua'anok	13	Vefa'ak
14	Tweeva	14	Na'aka
15	Haza'an	15	Kyoto
16	Namir	16	Panzo
17	Sa'abaq	17	Xyrek
18	Ga'anz	18	Seka'an
19	Roryk	19	Eso
20	Kalovai	20	Nirad

Critical Success and Failure

For simplicity's sake, I'm going to say that a natural 20 on attack rolls does "double damage". It's up to the GM to decide if double the damage dice are rolled (2d6, instead of the usual 1d6), or if the maximum of damage is doubled (1d6 results in 12 points of damage).

As for critical failures, rolling a natural 1 is not only an automatic miss... it also carries a range of drawbacks. Roll on the following random table to determine the nature of your critical failure.

Critical Failure

Roll	Result
1	You accidentally hurt yourself (half damage).
2	You accidentally hurt one of your companions (half damage).
3	You fall down and whatever you were holding is knocked out of your hand.
4	You're off your game – disadvantage on next roll.
5	Your opponent gets an immediate attack of opportunity.
6	Any non-magical weapon or item you were holding breaks.





Beneath Kra'adumek

City of the Purple Demon-Worm

Overview

This is the first scenario for **Cha'alt**. Rather than starting off with the main event, **The Black Pyramid**, I thought it best to ease into the campaign setting with a smaller, independent dungeon.

The dungeon complex beneath the City of the Purple Demon-Worm works well as a one-shot, convention game, or simply as a demonstration of what **Cha'alt** is like. I'm hoping it has enough detail and weird stuff going on without being overwhelming.

Casting Spells

All magic cast in the dungeon is influenced by the purple crystals embedded in the walls - both rough hewn caverns and smooth dungeon areas. Roll a d20 and consult table each time a spell is cast.

Magical Mishaps

Roll	Result
1	Spell fails.
2	Wizard saves vs. debilitating migraine; disadvantage on all rolls (lasts one hour).
3	Everyone within 30' of the wizard gets a debilitating migraine; disadvantage on all rolls (lasts one hour).
4	Surrounding purple crystals drain 1d4 HP from everyone within 30' of the wizard.
5	Dimensional Shambler is summoned... HD: 4 HP: 18 AC: 12 Save: 16 Attack: +6 Dam: 2d6
6	The pungent odor of carnality and the desert lotus blossoming in the eldritch illumination of demon moons.
7-9	The fissure connecting time and space with all matter is metaphysically jostled... earthquake! Quickly followed by incorporeal phantoms, illuminated by the purple crystals. These spectral humanoids soundlessly scream for someone to save them.
10	The purple crystal nearest the caster explodes, causing him 1d6 damage.
11	Greater Demon disturbed from his underworld slumber.
12-18	Nothing.
19	The wizard receives an apocalyptic vision of an Old One slowly, inexorably devouring Cha'alt from beneath.
20	Power surge - spell is doubly effective, but caster is also dazed for 2d4 rounds.

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Noteworthy Details

- ◆ Purple crystals deaden psionic abilities, which is why the Purple Demon-Worm priesthood is relatively unaffected by Kra'adumek. After prolonged exposure, crystals will mutate humanoids. Breaking a crystal generally does 1d6 damage.
- ◆ The crystals of Cha'alt have always existed - their subterranean presence was detected thousands of years ago.
- ◆ All servants, priests, acolytes, etc. wear purple robes. These robes have a common symbol - a purple diamond containing a sinister eye. If the GM includes additional random priests, they all carry 1d20 talons, a little violet-hued pill, and wield Dryden-daggers (2d4 damage). Unless mentioned otherwise, they are named either Ha'az or Jesa'an.
- ◆ Periodically, the Purple Demon-Worm priesthood imbibes hallucinogenic drugs. So, all but the High Priests and Ipsissumus are easily distracted and/or misled by a clever ruse.
- ◆ There are no sleeping quarters, kitchen, or similar amenities because the priesthood doesn't live here. The subterranean complex is where they come for bouts of personal reflection and to worship their abhorrent god.
- ◆ All rooms within the complex have a gong near the door, suspended from the ceiling. Clanging a gong will alert servants of the Demon-Worm that intruders are in the complex... or that something has gone wrong and assistance is needed. 1d6 rounds elapse before help arrives.
- ◆ I recommend each player choose either a single 3rd level character or three 1st level characters.
- ◆ Glyphs are hand-drawn upon objects or people, they act as temporary magic and fade away after a single use. There is a 1 in 6 chance of magic-user remembering what the glyph looked like before transcribing it. The arcane

process of transcribing a single glyph is about one hour.

- ◆ Talons are triangular coins stained purple. One side has the image of the Demon-Worm; the other an eye surrounded by a diamond. Three talons are worth one gold piece.
- ◆ Greater Demons deprived of zoth sleep far below the shifting sands. They are dormant, half-breed spawn of the Old Ones. Greater Demons are desirous of making pacts with intelligent beings, exchanging favors in order to increase their influence upon Cha'alt.

Greater Demon

HD: 14 **Attack Bonus:** +10
#Attacks: 3 **Damage:** 2d6

HP
75
AC
16 **Save**
6+

Special: Greater Demons can only be harmed by magic and magical weapons.

If reduced to single-digit Hit Points, Greater Demons can turn into black smoke that seeps further down into the bowels of the planet to revive themselves.

Treasure: The only treasure a Greater Demon possesses is the power to grant favors on behalf of the Infernal Kingdoms of Hell.

Hand-drawn purple glyphs on a parchment background.

City Background

Kra'adumek is what they call the City of the Purple Demon-Worm... and, by extension, the beast itself is also named.

It arrived on Cha'alt nearly a century ago, when the planets aligned and the gate opened. The people of that city have forever been destroyed by its malignant arrival. Not because of harm to their frail bodies... no. The Demon-Worm warps their minds, draining their identity, and installing them with the entity's own thoughts.

The entire city population carries out their day to day activities as if they were real people. Except that they move silently and methodically because, alas, they are all slaves psionically dominated by the beast.

It is rumored that at the center of the city is a chamber of purple crystals that direct and focus the Demon-Worm's will.

Beneath Kra'adumek is a cavern and dungeon protecting the creature's secrets... including a way to resist Kra'adumek's mind-control. Infidels sometimes hide in the caves beneath the city, but more often than not they are swiftly cut down by the myriad of subterranean horrors that slither and shamble amidst the sickly purple glow of crystal-embedded unhewn corridors.

It is said Kra'adumek swallows his prey whole, and undigested pockets within the gargantuan Demon-Worm contain magic items the world hasn't seen for decades. Perhaps sorcerers still live in his bowels, such as those who dared refuse the beast's demand of fealty in the Wizard-Slave Revolt of Labyrinthine Shadows.

Entry Point

A tremendous solar storm tore through Cha'alt, running straight into the City of the Purple Demon-Worm. It temporarily diminished the Demon-Worm's ability to mind-control everyone in the city.

That means the PCs (and dozens more) are temporarily free! But due to years of subservience to the Demon-Worm, they only have the clothes on their backs.

Knowing that the desert wastes of S'kbah are exceedingly harsh, the PCs decide to scavenge what they can from the small dungeon complex below Kra'adumek. Also, a little revenge goes a long way.

This dungeon is home to the priests who help the Demon-Worm keep his subjects dominated. They not only have supplies (such as food, water, and weapons), but secrets... including forbidden magic!

1: Unguarded Entrance

One might expect there to be guards, but it's an open secret that the dungeon is full of dangers - only a fool would hazard the horrors therein.

Doors difficult to open because dead bodies are in the way. Humanoid corpses crushed and bodies shredded as one gets further inside.

The sandstone doors are difficult to open because dead bodies lay on the other side, blocking it. Inside, one can see humanoid corpses crushed and bodies shredded.

Standing stones surround bodies literally torn in half... bits and pieces - heart, eyeballs...

Casting a spell while standing inside the stone circle has a 2 in 6 chance of awakening one of the Greater Demons that slumber deep under the ground.

Searching all the bodies, takes about 20 minutes and yields... 43 silver pieces, 13 gold pieces, 23 obsidian pieces, 84 talons, 2 daggers (1d4), 1 short sword (1d6), and 1 bone club wrapped with razor wire (1d6).

If the PCs aren't taking pains to remain quiet while they investigate, Ma'aduk walks over to them. He's invisible and asks what the PCs think they're up to.

Unless, they're penitent, he'll start chanting arcane words, casting (6d6) fireball upon them.

Ma'aduk summoned an abomination so terrifying that it drove him insane. If questioned, he will talk in riddles, such as...

- ◆ When is the clock all times at once and never again?
- ◆ **The Black Pyramid** is massive yet fits within the gaping maw of a painted clown with demon eyes.
- ◆ No one stares into the abyss... unless they hold the silver key.

Ma'aduk	HP 23
Level: 7 Sorcerer Attack Bonus: +3	AC 12
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4	Save 13+

Spells: Fireball, Invisibility, Magic Missile, and Company Keeper (described in area #4).

Treasure: Ring of lesser shielding - when activated (lasts 1 round / level) once per day, there's a 2 in 6 miss chance for every non-magical blow dealt. 53 talons, 13 gold pieces, scroll of greater demon summoning. His spell-book is hidden in the southwest finger of the cavern, under a large rock.

3: Something He Ate

There's a humanoid lying down in the corridor. A look of shock and pain on his face.

He's wearing the usual beige, brown, and gold robes of a Kra'adumek citizen.

He's dead - searching the body reveals a cavity of deadly purple fungus where the corpse's stomach should be... and the fungus has sprouted tentacles!

K'sto Drell was a smuggler running contraband (like those violet-hued hallucinogenic pills) between the priest's complex and his home city of A'agrybah.

Violet Fungi Tentacles	HP 11
HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +2	AC 12
#Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d4	Save 18+

Special: Save or catch the purple rot - fungal infection that drains 1 point of constitution every 30 minutes until healed by cleric or magic.

Treasure: Searching the body reveals a small pouch containing a walnut-sized ruby worth approximately 500 gp. There is a map of this dungeon folded inside his boot.

2: No Ordinary Ooze

There's a large purple ooze with insectoid claw-talons surrounding it, looks like they're part of the creature.

Purple Ooze	HP 25
HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +2	AC 11
#Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d6 (claws)	Save 15+

Special: Immune to non-magical attacks; fire makes it split in two. If ooze rolls natural 20 or PC / NPC attacking ooze rolls natural 1, they fall into the ooze itself - 3d6 acid damage.

Treasure: Inside is a bone dagger with a glyph carved into it, giving the wielder advantage on his attacks. Everything else has been dissolved.

4: Squatting Wizard

(See area #1)

If you haven't mentioned anything about an earthquake and/or after-quake tremors, you might want to let one rip ASAP!

Ma'aduk's hidden spell-book is in this part of the cavern. If the PCs investigate, they'll find it under a rock.

The spell-book contains the following spells: *Fireball*, *Invisibility*, *Magic Missile*, and *Company Keeper*.

Company Keeper creates a glowing, animated, humanoid face that follows the caster around. It's a 1st level spell that lasts as many hours as the caster's level. The face occasionally nods, blinks, and conveys the subtlety of thinking about what has just been said.

5: Like a Spider

Sticky purple webbing can be seen, getting thicker as PCs head north.

Just before the rise, a sky-elf attempts to dislodge one of the purple crystals from the cavern wall. He has a device - some kind of silver wand - that allows him to do that safely. He's hurrying because he knows that creepers lurk nearby. The creepers travel via the strands of purple webbing.

The silver wand is high-tech, yet responds to warlock hands. Magic-users are able to use it at a higher frequency, allowing for increased vibration so as to loosen the crystal quicker. However, the more the wand vibrates, the louder it becomes... alerting creepers.

Creepers are humans who became like the giant spiders who inhabited this cavern long ago. They are blind and pale with emaciated bodies, purple veins, sharp teeth; cannibals.

“Warlock hands” is a frequent expression in Cha’alt. It means that magic-users have some affinity for machines. Depending on the tech, their sorcerous touch is as good as a fuel cell or battery charger.

Sky-Elf (Dra’aj)

He lost the rest of his companions to the creepers yesterday, but came back to get this enormous purple crystal - he's going to trade it to a sorcerer for the freedom of his half-sister, Astyl. The sorcerer lent Dra'aj the wand so he could safely extract the crystal.

If threatened or bored to death by endless questions, he'll walk to the dungeon's exit and leave. He'll try again tomorrow.

After he gets the large crystal and makes the trade, his next destination is The Great Library of Cha'alt. It may be half-sunk in the sand, but many of the books are still accessible.

Dra’aj the Sky-Elf		HP 13
Level: 3 Thief	Attack Bonus: +1	AC 13
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6 (dagger)	Save 17+
<p>Treasure: leather armor, dagger, silver wand, 49 talons. His thief's tools are in a leather satchel hidden just outside the dungeon entrance, under the sand.</p> <p>Special: As sky-elf (page 30)</p>		

If the creepers haven't attacked yet, Dra'aj will be vocally concerned about their arrival, wondering how long it will be until they slither across the purple web, trying to eat their flesh. The creepers will awaken and attack in approximately 20 minutes.

Creepers (2d6)		HP 9
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +4	AC 14
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	Save 18+
<p>Special: Bite must save or be paralyzed for 10 minutes.</p> <p>Treasure: Their nest is a bit further west and contains a single (magic) glove that allows wearer to use that hand silently (magic, worth approximately 250 gold pieces for one, 1000 for the pair). 3 large hunks of smooth quartz with hint of green (worth approximately 75 gp each).</p>		

6: Demon Cat-Snake

PCs can hear the snorting, breathing, and slaving of some horrible creature up ahead. Bones picked clean are evident on the cavern floor.

At the end of the cave is a demonic creature with the head of a feral cat and body of a snake; it's 16' long from nose to tail and infused with chaos from the Old Ones. They are rarely seen on the surface of Cha'alt, but are more common in **The Black Pyramid**.

The demon was apocalypse-born and is both evil and full of chaos. This feline-serpentus desires to be worshiped as a minor deity, giving those who approach a few seconds to break out in awe and praise. If no adoration is forthcoming, the cat-snake simply attacks.

Feline-Serpentus		HP
HD: 12	Attack Bonus: +6	73
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 3d6 (bite + poison)	AC 16
		Save 8+

Special: 20% magic resistance, half-damage from non-magical weapons (high-tech weapons harm it normally), venom from fangs is poisonous... save or die. Regenerates 5 HP/round.

Those coming to worship it may step forward, offer a gift, and then, if lucky, are allowed to drink its restorative milk (temporary bonus HP, advantage to saving throws for 24 hours, and heals violet fungus disease).

Treasure: Obsidian trident +1 [3,000 gp], musical instrument in the shape of a long horn (Cha'alt didgeridoo) [120 gp], Safa'avieh area-rug [300 gp], outlandish feathered hat (orange, magenta, and purple), bronze helm covered in 3-inch demon horns (improves AC by 3), and a treasure chest containing 437 gold pieces, 90 platinum pieces, 203 talons, and six rubies each worth 300 gp.

7: The Resonator

A machine is at the back of this cave. It's turned off. If touched, the resonator emits a low humming sound and strange smell; colorful lights glow like radioactive gumdrops.

The machine allows humanoids to see into other dimensions. PCs see weird things swimming all around them. The more the PCs move, the more they are noticed... eventually garnering the attention of something horrible – a slimy nightmare made flesh!

Nightmare Flesh Creature		HP
HD: 20	Attack Bonus: +12	100
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 2d12	AC 18
		Save 2+

Special: On a natural 20, the entity bites the head off his victim (instantaneous death).
Treasure: "We have such sights to show you."

"I have harnessed the purple shadows that stretch from world to world."



Slappy 79

8: Preparation

The exotic thrum and twang of a zita'ar reverberates from this chamber, out into the hallway.

Seven purple-robed servants of Kra'adumek are preparing the "sacred food."

Three nubile virgins (all female) have been stripped of clothing and are being oiled for the Purple Demon-Worm's use. Down here, the virgins are no longer mind-controlled, due to the purple crystals' influence.

The females are named Ka'asa, Ula, and Yezri. They will be grateful to anyone who gets them out of this slippery situation.

A circular stone well is in the center of this chamber. The interior is empty, black, and looks like it goes down forever. Calling into it yields no echo, just a pervading nothingness. Perhaps this leads to the mythic underworld?

A side-table has a cheese and sausage platter, along with a carafe of strong wine.

Servants of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d4

(Dryden-dagger)

Special: Most of the servants will be distracted by the naked female flesh.

One of the servants has a glyph drawn upon his purple robes - three interlocked triangles, a bleeding eye within each. When the priest gestures, an unlucky opponent goes temporarily blind [3d6 rounds].

Treasure: 1d20 talons each, as well as, a long-necked zita'ar made of gorgeous magenta-hued wormwood [250 gp].

HP
5

AC
10

Save
19+

9: Elevator

There's an auto-lift mechanism that raises anyone standing on the 10' x 10' platform up to the city's sacrificial stone.

There's a painting spanning the entire curved wall; a magnificent mural of outer space where a fearsome crimson dragon squares off against a gigantic purple worm with many tentacles and horns and eyes. On the periphery, the artist included a military-gray battle station the size of a small moon firing an emerald-green laser near the embattled titans.

There are 3 purple robes hanging from a hook by the door.

10: Library

Three purple-robed clerics are seated upon bizarre purple plastic furniture, enjoying the scholarly pleasures of the library.

Dozens of books on subjects such as archaeology, science and medicine, transcendental meditation, demonology, and horticulture. Each book is worth 10gp.

Clerics of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d4

(Dryden-dagger)

Special: These clerics have false hands... within their sleeves writhe purple tentacles! Laying tentacles upon someone does 1d12 damage and target must save versus feelings of abject terror when the name of Kra'adumek is spoken.

Treasure: 15 talons, 3 gold pieces, and 1 violet-hued pill that causes revelation-like hallucinations if either dissolved in water or put to flame.

HP
8

AC
10

Save
19+



11: Like A Surgeon

Two servants knowledgeable in the art of alchemy are attempting to transplant the brain of a priest into a 10' tall, steel humanoid-shaped monstrosity.

The curving walls reveal a story carved into them long ago. The Old Gods seeded Cha'alt with many crystals, allowing the people to manipulate reality and manifest their will. However, the people lost that knowledge over time because they pursued carnal pleasures over esoteric study. Now, the crystals are regarded with superstition and symbolize man's degenerate nature.

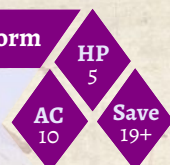
If this is either the last or second-to-last room the PCs have explored, the transplant is complete. If the PCs see what's going on and decide to simply bypass the room, the metal monstrosity goes after them as they attempt to exit the complex.

Servants of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d4

(Dryden-dagger)



Special: None.

Treasure: 12 talons between them and three little, circular, violet-hued pills that can be crumbled and either dissolved in liquid or smoked. The effect is mild euphoria, disorientation, and occasional apocalyptic visions.

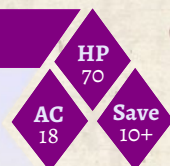
Metallic Monstrosity

HD: 10 **Attack Bonus:** +2
(a bit clumsy until he gets the hang of it)

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d12

Special: Immune to fire and poison.

Treasure: Parts of the giant metal body would be worth a total of 1,000 gp to the right buyer.



12: Ornate Bowl

Two robed attendants kneel before an ornate bowl resting upon a raised dais. They chant, "His ichor shall cleanse the world." One of the priests, an elf, has a laser rifle strapped to him.

If their comrades find them, both are willing participants in the Ultra-Violet Revolution.

The walls contain deep-cut reliefs of people praising the Old Gods. They did what they liked, killing and reveling until invaders came from the stars. The aliens killed many of the native worshipers. Finally, the alien invaders built their society upon the one destroyed.

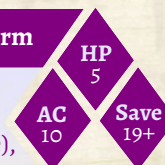
The bowl contains some kind of translucent blue-green syrup, and is uniquely decorated with an intricate pattern that is also alien scripture. The priesthood knows what it means... "His ichor shall cleanse the world."

Bowl is made from an alien metal and nearly indestructible (worth about 400 gp). Slime within bowl is a mutant strain of zoth, and could be used as spell component in order to accentuate magical effects.

Acolyte of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 3d6 (laser rifle),
2d4 (Dryden-dagger)



Special: Servant has some knowledge of the bowl and its contents, if questioned.

Treasure: 33 zuleks he won in a game of chance last night, nomads casting rune-bones outside the city [each zulek worth 3 gp].

The laser rifle's power-pack has 1d20 uses left. In the priest's robes, he's got a spare power-pack fully charged (20 uses).

Also, two violet-hued pills that can be crumbled and either dissolved in liquid or smoked. The effect is mild euphoria, disorientation, and occasional apocalyptic visions.

13: Carnal Knowledge

Two guards posted in front of the double-door.

This is the complex's pleasure chamber used for orgiastic celebration by the High Priests of Kra'adumek.

Inside there are two women, a young man, and two High Priests, named Tulo and Sa'abet, caught with their pants down, literally (unless they're alerted by the gong or sounds of combat).

The walls are decorated with hundreds of painted purple diamonds... a few have malevolent eyes in the center.

Along one of the back walls stands a side-table with barbequed sand-squid on it, as well as, a strangely angled glass bottle of sparkling grape-flavored liqueur. The priests call it **Purple Prizm**.

High Priests of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus:** +2

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d4

(Dryden-dagger)

HP
12

AC
12

Save
17+

Special: For the first round, treat High Priests as both unarmed and surprised... if the PCs dealt with the outer guards in a quiet fashion. Otherwise, the High Priests are ready for combat.

Treasure: One of the High Priests wears a purple cloak that shields his mind from potential adversaries. Additionally, each carries 1d100 platinum pieces.

14: Egg Chamber

Three meditating priests are surrounded by seven large, alien eggs.

Pictograms have been carved upon the wall's curvature. A terrible entity is prophesied to come - it will enslave the people and force men to worship it. Named after the city, Kra'adumek shall have many spawn and these will eventually reign over Cha'alt, so that no man is ever free.

This room serves two purposes - servants of the Purple Demon-Worm come here to practice their transcendental meditation, and this is where the priests keep the Demon-Worm's eggs.

There are seven eggs, each look like they could hold a large dog. The eggs are purple with yellow and green splotches. One of the seven will hatch sometime in the next hour. An egg weighs about 40lbs and is awkward to carry, but would be worth 1,000 gp per egg if sold in a decent-sized city.

Servants of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d4

(Dryden-dagger)

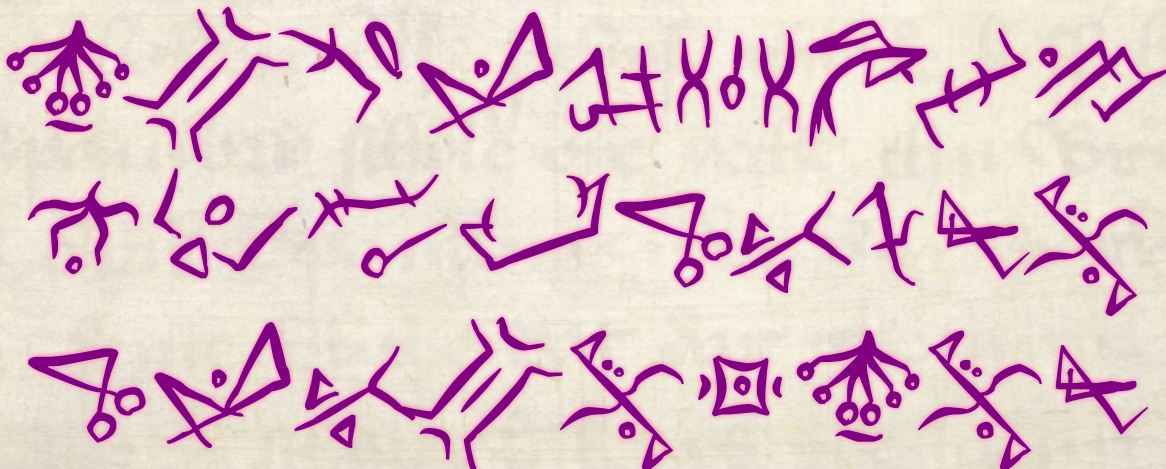
HP
5

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: These priests are the de facto "Keepers of the Eggs" and have special markings upon their purple robes signifying their awesome responsibility.

Treasure: 1d20 talons, and a strange looking bone dyed purple (his good luck charm).



15: The Singularity

A secret door is ajar. Chanting can be heard from inside.

Two priests are praying before what looks like a crack or tear in the fabric of reality. This fissure in the space-time continuum was created weeks ago via magical experiment gone wrong. Now, the priests do what little they can to keep existence from fracturing any further.

The following are side-effects that occur each time someone interacts with the fissure...

Roll	Result
1	PCs slip back in time one or two minutes, vaguely aware of the recent past... that they've been here before.
2	PCs see themselves walking into the room as they did a few minutes ago. Suddenly, there's some important detail about each PC that is wildly different - a wizard becomes a fighter or a burned leg becomes a scarred eye.
3	The PCs perceive the ground beneath their feet to open up and the floor about to sink into a black void. Save vs falling into the abyss.
4	Approximately 17% of Cha'alt's population just... disappears. Roll a d6 for everyone present and future NPCs, if convenient. Those with a result of "1" no longer exist.

16: The Sleepers

Three priests of the Demon-Worm are engaged in a heated argument, deciding upon a course of action to take regarding the Ipsissimus. Eventually, they come to the conclusion that violent overthrow is needed.

A silver protocol droid sloppily spray-painted purple stands in by three electronic sarcophagi. The droid, QR-3, has a restraining bolt to keep its flamboyant, anti-authoritarian personality in check.

Ja'ab, Kota, and Zenik are convinced that the Ultra-Violet Revolution must take place immediately. It seems obvious in retrospect, but Kra'adumek should have been called the Violet Demon-Worm... not purple.

Before they go out and either convert or slaughter the rest of their fellow priests, they spray-paint their purple robes a violet hue. Ja'ab, Kota, and Zenik confirm there's at least two, possibly three other servants of the Violet Demon-Worm who are on their side.

The humans in cryogenic pods have been asleep since before **The Apocalypse**. Two life-support machines are next to the pods as back-up generators, in case the system ever failed.

Their names: Vural, Kranz, and Erak. If revived, they could provide information about what life was like just before the end (approximately 93 years ago)... domed-cities, flying cars, alien visitors, instantaneous healing salve, etc.

Yes, the back-up generators could be used to charge high-tech equipment like laser cannons, each worth about 500 gp, but also weighing 150 pounds.

What do I mean by interacting? I mean touching it, poking it, throwing something at it, yelling, and casting spells, having sex, or killing someone in the room, etc.



Survivors

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +1
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

HP
4
AC
10
Save
19+

Special: They are constantly shocked and awed at this new world.

Treasure: They have wallets with IDs and about 200 dola'ars (old paper money).

Priests of the Violet Demon-Worm

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus:** +2
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d4

HP
16
AC
12
Save
17+

Special: They've been drinking milk from the Feline-Serpentus (don't ask), and temporarily get advantage on their saving throws, plus a 1dg HP bonus. Additionally, these priests know the demonic cat-snake is incredibly vain and that flattery could be the creature's greatest weakness.

Treasure: Ja'ab has a violet-purple fragment of petrified coral, Kota carries a gold pocket-watch (broken), and concealed within Zenik's robes is a music-box of a fancy-dress party where costumed people move about as the song plays. Each are worth 3d20 gold pieces.

*What's an
Ipsissimus? The
only religious rank
greater than High Priest.
They are said to be beyond the
comprehension of lower
degrees, having achieved
total consciousness
and perfect will.*

17: Torture Chamber

Two humanoid prisoners are being tortured with a hot poker by the Ipsissimus while two guards keep watch. Five other prisoners are in jail cells, awaiting their turn.

Three braziers waft purple smoke in the air and give off enough heat to make this chamber sweltering. If the PCs hesitate before entering, the Ipsissimus eventually loosens his robes, revealing dark-purple furry patches covering a third of his skin.

All prisoners have been here many days and are in no shape for combat, due to food/water deprivation.

Ipsissimus of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 5 **Attack Bonus:** +2
#Attacks: 1
Damage: 2d4 (Dryden-dagger),
1d6 (multiple targets).

HP
32
AC
12
Save
15+

Special: The Demon-Worm grants him the ability to curse a humanoid once per day (target has disadvantage on all rolls for the next 2d4 hours). His purple crystal gives him the power to shoot purple bolts of energy from his fingertips; 1d6 damage to enemies within 30' of the High Priest.

Treasure: The High Priest wears a magic turquoise ring, allowing the wearer to read thoughts once per day. He also carries 111 gp, and a purple crystal he's had so long that it's starting to mutate him.

Servants of the Purple Demon-Worm

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d4
(Dryden-dagger)

HP
5
AC
10
Save
19+

Special: None.

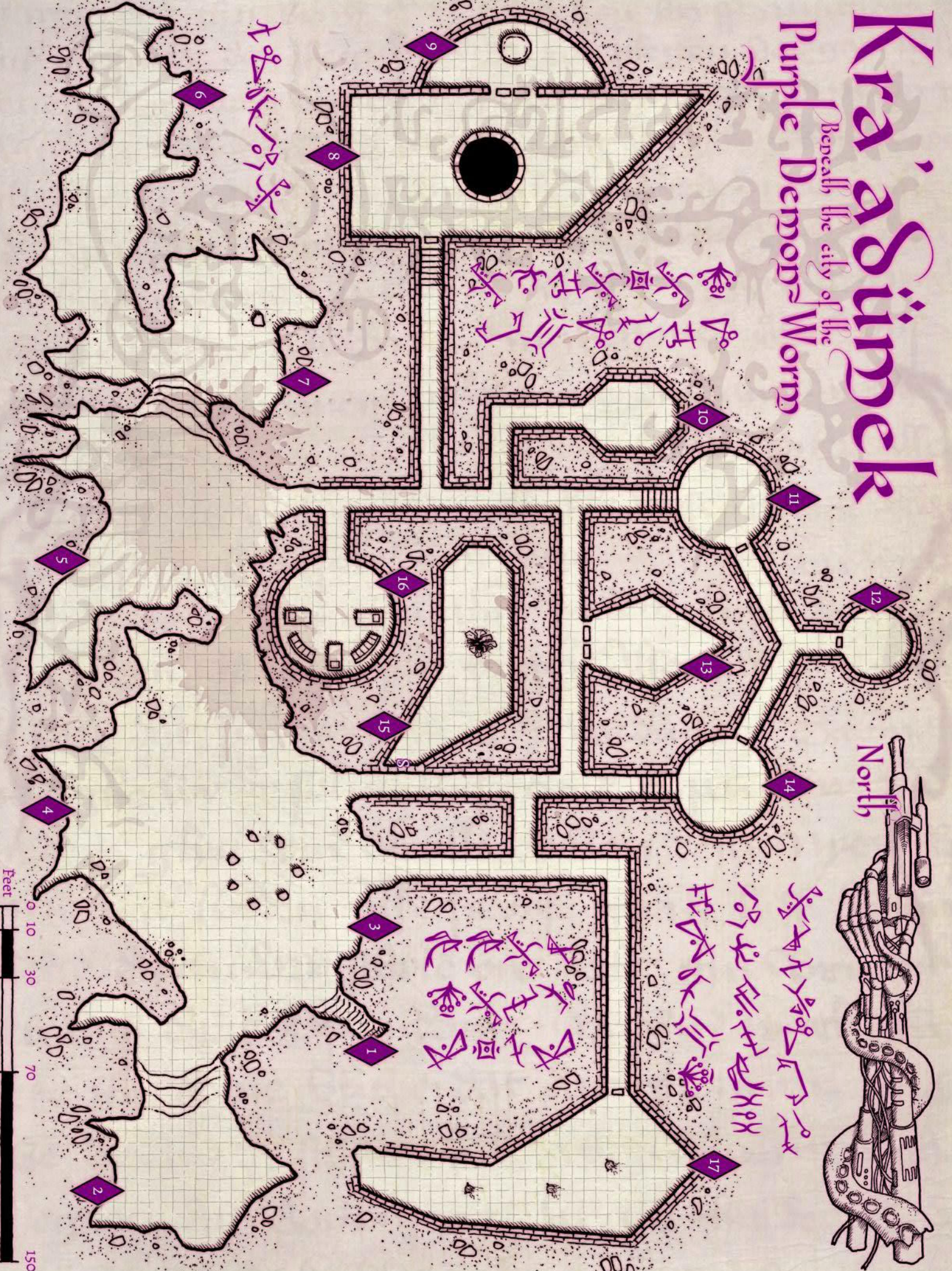
Treasure: 1d20 talons each.

Kra'a Simmek

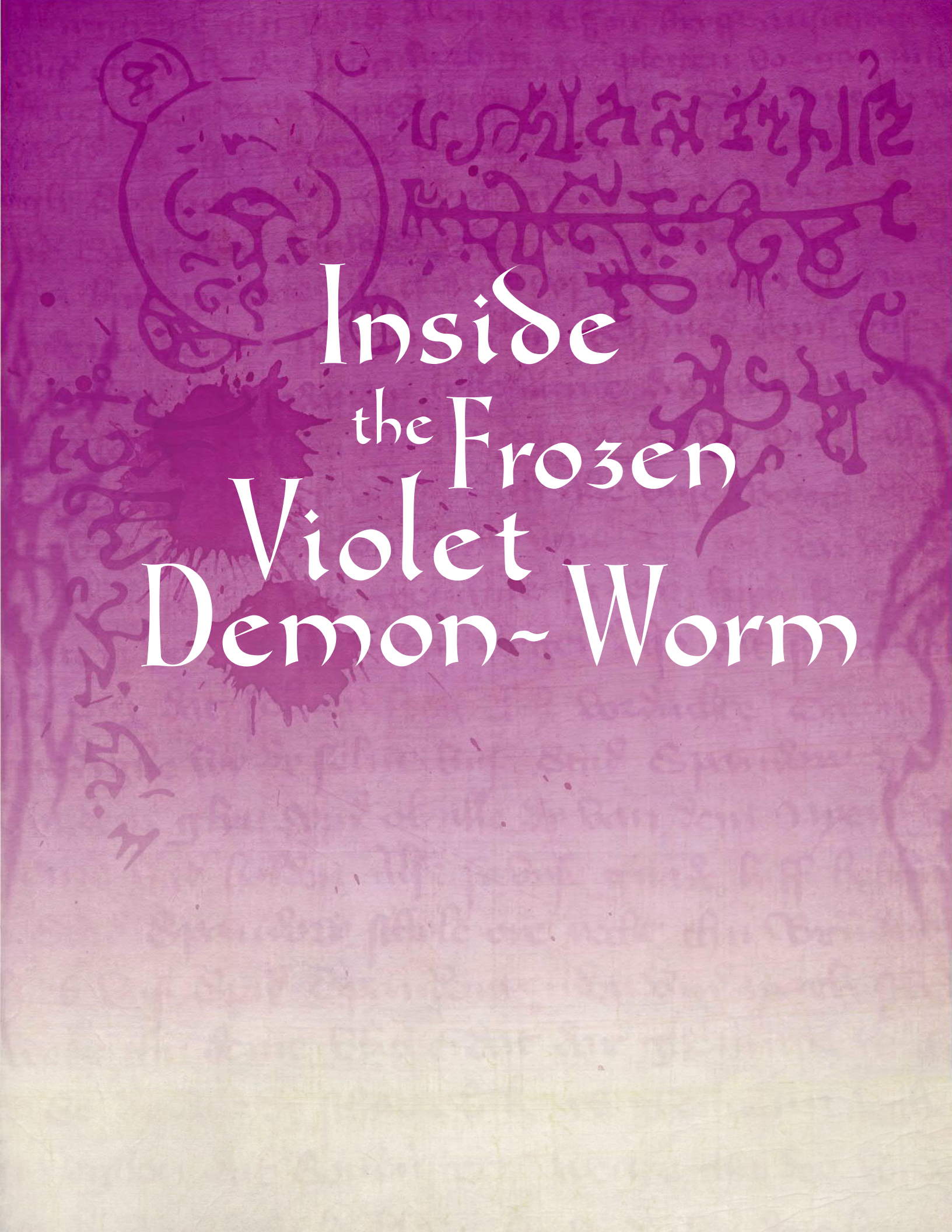
Beneath the city of the
Purple Demon Worm



North



Feet
0 10 30 70 150



Inside
the Frozen
Violet
Demon~Worm



Random NPC Details

Most NPCs have a history and some reason for being inside Kra'adumek, either outright stated or implied.

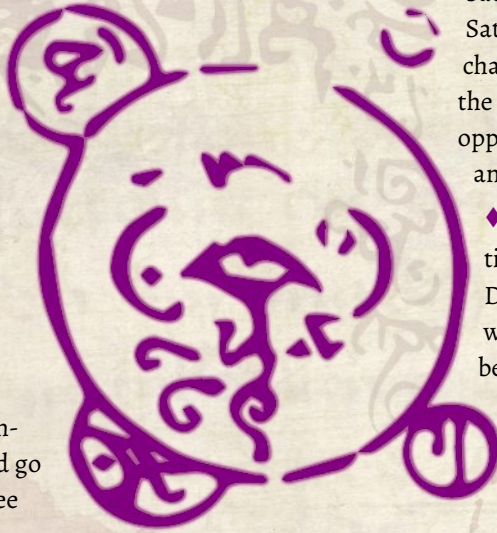
However, if the GM wants to add something else or invent his own NPCs, the following random table will help determine some important details that may come up in play.

- ◆ Alignment denotes their overall moral and ethical choices.
- ◆ Duration reveals how long they've been inside the Demon-Worm.
- ◆ Personality gives the GM a clue as to how they should be roleplayed.
- ◆ Agenda describes an NPC motivation besides mere survival. What do they want to accomplish if they escape the Demon-Worm?
- ◆ Distinguishing Features allows the GM another significant detail in portraying these NPCs.

Roll	Alignment d4	Duration d6	Personality d8	Agenda d10	Distinguishing Features d12
1	Law	Hours	Compassionate	Kill a purple or violet priest (1-3); join the priesthood (4-6).	Eye-patch
2	Chaos	One Day	Rebellious	Seek his fortune in The Black Pyramid .	Sniffing, sneezing, or coughing
3	Neutral	Several Days	Morose	Steal a starship and see the galaxy.	Bleeding from recent wound
4	Unaligned	Weeks	Over-shares (TMI)	Break his friend out of prison.	Missing 1d4 fingers
5	-	Months	Anxious	Take revenge on those desert pirate bastards!	Unusually deep voice
6	-	Years	Murderous	Read every book in the Great Library of Cha'alt.	Frequently winks
7	-	-	Curious	Discover why family member was murdered.	Walks with a limp
8	-	-	Intolerant	Go on exciting adventures.	Impolitely sneers
9	-	-	-	Find fabulous treasures.	Roaring laugh
10	-	-	-	Pay off debt before bounty hunters find him.	Horrible scars
11	-	-	-	-	Sings favorite song
12	-	-	-	-	Mutation (page 14)

Important Notes

- ◆ The Violet Demon-Worm has no psionic abilities while it's frozen, so all the citizens are free to do as they please. Some leave, others stay, many are rioting.
- ◆ Now that it's starting to warm up, the citizens of Kra'adumek are curious enough to see what's happening with the Demon-Worm. If the PCs enter and go back out, they're likely to see bystanders gawking.
- ◆ The Demon-Worm swallows its food whole. As long as the digestive fluids are avoided, intelligent beings can live for years inside Kra'adumek.
- ◆ Many of the creatures within the beast defend their cavity as their home. Newcomers are seen as either scavengers or usurpers attempting a land-grab.
- ◆ When the PCs get about halfway through the Demon-Worm, roll a d6. If the result is a "1," Kra'adumek starts to thaw. Its digestive system is eager to reduce everything in the Worm's stomach to nourishment. As the digestive fluids wash through, everyone has to roll a saving throw to avoid the acidic flood (2d6 damage).
- ◆ Each time fireball (or similar spell) is cast within the Demon-Worm, the oxygen-rich environment has a 1 in 6 chance of creating a backdraft effect enveloping the caster and those standing near him in magical flame.
- ◆ Lobstra'ats are a continual problem inside the Demon-Worm. Part lobster, part rat... these crustaceous vermin are aggressive, continually biting the ankles of every humanoid they see. There's a 1 in 6 chance per encounter that 2d4 lobstra'ats are also hiding in that cavity, waiting for their chance to strike.



- ◆ "Adiós, señor!" If a fly-by-night player comes in, joins the party for a session, and doesn't come back, the GM should institute the Satipo Rule: next scene, that character is found dead, allowing the surviving adventurers the opportunity to pick his pockets and take what's rightfully theirs.
- ◆ If anyone spends considerable time and energy damaging the Demon-Worm's insides (or wastes precious game-time being a jackass), then feel free to let loose slimy violet-hued tentacles from the worm's interior and squish the offending humanoid (saving throw to avoid being crushed into goop).
- ◆ It would be impossible to kill the Demon-Worm without a weapon of mass destruction.

Lobstra'at

HD: ¼ Attack Bonus: +0
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
1
AC
10 Save
20+

Special: These crustaceous vermin usually appear in great numbers.

Treasure: There's a 1 in 6 chance per lobstra'at nest of finding a gemstone worth 1d4+1 x 100 gold pieces.

"The swallowed shall align and loot the purple Demon-Worm. So it hath been written, so it shall be done!"

Psionics

Approximately 10% of humanoids in Cha'alt have psionic abilities. The following are possible with accompanying vitality cost...

# Rolled	Power	HP Drain	Description
1	Telepathy	1d4	Communicate your thoughts to an intended target.
2	Telekinesis	1d6	Move objects with your mind; 10lbs / character level.
3	Pyrokinesis	1d6	Start fires by thinking; 1d4 damage / round.
4	Read Auras	1d4	Able to see the essence of a humanoid.
5	Read Minds	1d4	Discern surface thoughts of a humanoid.
6	Mind-Control	1d6	Dominate the mind of another; saving throw to avoid.
7	Astral Walk	1d4	Ability to move up to 30' in seconds.
8	Disruption	1d6	Temporarily makes technology malfunction.
9	Force Shield	1d6	Activate an energy shield that protects against ordinary weapons.
10	Levitate	1d4	Allows one to float in the air; 1' off the ground / character level.
11	Empathy	1d4	Makes another feel amicable towards you; saving throw to avoid.
12	Head-Explode	2d4	Cause an opponent's head to explode; saving throw to avoid.

Death Mist

When the staff and head-piece are reattached, the artifact known as Death Mist can create a dense fog that covers the ground, disintegrating flesh as it moves. Saving throw to avoid disintegration!

This power is usable once per day and has 1d100 charges before it must be re-energized by submerging the head-piece in zoth.



The Worm

1: The Maw

Seeing the Demon-Worm Kra'adumek frozen solid next to the city with the same name is like witnessing an impotent God slouched on the precipice of its own creation.

The city is in chaos - the Purple Priesthood were very recently overtaken by the Ultra-Violet Revolution, who now calls themselves, the Violet Priesthood. Additionally, with the Demon-Worm's psionic dominance interrupted due to the polar vortex, the citizens finally have their own will.

A third of Kra'adumek's population has fled the city. Another third stayed to continue the Demon-Worm's unholy work, while the final third stayed in order to fight against them.

The beast's entire mouth is full of sharp teeth larger than the tallest humanoid present. The feeling of dread before this gargantuan entity makes one hesitate before entering this cave with dripping icicles and a boot caught between two of its teeth.

A monstrous roar is heard from deep within the dark-purple recesses. Moments later, a flock of myna'aks emerge like bats out of hell.

Low areas contain frozen pools of worm saliva and the high areas are covered in frost. The crinkling of thin ice layers can be heard as the adventurers move inwards. The PCs can see their breath and take in the humid stench that remains pungent through this unnatural cold.

Above, the curved magenta-hued ceiling, there hangs down every 15 or 20 feet white, luminous polyps that provide dim light by which to see the organic pockets, folds, nodules, and slimy violet walls of the Demon-Worm. Several lobster-rat hybrid creatures scurry in different directions as humanoids approach.

2: Sneak Attack

Four Cutthroats waiting to shanghai adventurers on their way in. Using the element of surprise, they shoot first with crossbows.

These lowlifes have sunburned skin, long scraggly beards, and wear fuchsia sashes adorned with skulls around their waist. Such a sash marks them as skeevers... pirates who scavenge the desert aboard hover-ships, often delving into humanoid trafficking.

If questioned, the skeevers divulge the whereabouts of their hover-ship. It's hidden in a crevasse nearby (protecting it from the cold), but the adventurers will have to contend with a dozen bloodthirsty shipmates.

Cutthroats

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
16

AC
12

Save
17+

Special: None.

Treasure: 54 talons and 20 gp between them.

An autobiography titled *Yes I Can* by Sammy Davis Jr. On the inside cover there's an inscription: *The book should have been called, 'Yes, I can... if Frank Sinatra says it's OK'.*

Scroll-tube containing two pieces of parchment. The first is a crinkled page with letterhead that reads Robert F. White & Company... the payroll specialists. It's a memo about quality being their top priority.

The second is a hand-written letter giving a vague account of some impending disaster, warning of total destruction. It ends with a series of numbers: 111-93-44.



3: The Unexpected

The floor of this cavity is strewn with debris - dura'acel batteries, empty beer cans, cigarette butts, coconut shells, and a hot-pink bra (36-C). Some distance away, the remains of a mostly empty glass jar, its faded label reading 'Dha'arma Initiative Peanut-Butter (extra crunchy)' accompanied by an esoteric hexagon symbol of unknown origin.

Additionally, there's something yellow and something pink stuck inside the beast's lymph-folds. It will take a couple minutes to pry each out. Eventually, an oversized plastic lemon and flamingo come loose.

4: Goldschläger Ooze

A gelatinous cube, transparent but with gold flakes swimming around, patiently waits in this cavity.

The ooze is named B'soob, and it's both intelligent and friendly. B'soob got lost somehow, took the wrong turn at Albuquerque.

Gold-Flake Ooze	
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6
AC 10	HP 24
	Save 16+

Special: Telepathy

Treasure: It knows about the nearby eye-creature and heard some humanoids talking about an explosive device towards the back of the Demon-Worm.

5: Eye-Creature

A giant floating eye with long, blood-red veins or tendrils hanging down levitates around this area. It drifts towards humanoids if they attempt to make contact.

While potentially non-hostile, (it won't attack unless it's attacked) the touch from its tentacle-like appendages is deadly.

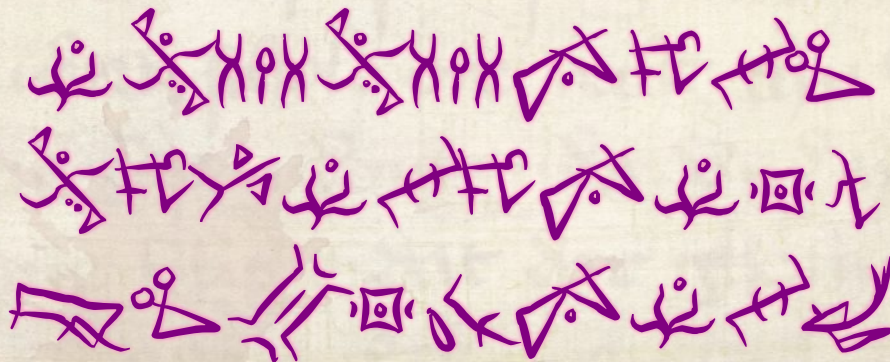
This creature, an affluva'ak, is studying life on the planet Cha'alt and wants to observe anything noteworthy. It will eventually report back to its own kind in a few centuries.

Affluva'ak	
HD: 6	Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6
AC 12	HP 32
	Save 14+

Special: After each successful strike, target must save or melt into a puddle of organic fluid.

Treasure: Its area contains a cell phone, cannister of Agent Purple, orange traffic-cone, dirty furnace filter, and a sapphire necklace is partially covered with frozen-slush worm saliva (worth 400 gp).

Agent Purple is a biological weapon, poisoning organic matter that comes in contact with it (save or die).



6: Zarda'az

Guttural utterances can be heard echoing from this area of the Demon-Worm.

This cavity is littered with picked-clean dinosaur bones leading up to an enormous stone head. The head appears humanoid and bearded with eyes some kind of cloudy crystal or gemstone approximately three times the size of a man's fist. The head's mouth is open.

Several humans are talking to themselves, eating, and waving projectile weapons around. They all wear orange jockstraps, orange boots and ammo bandoliers around their chests, as well as, helmets of a bearded human's face. As they turn to speak to each other, you notice a rectangular orange mark upon the left-side of their faces.

One of the humans grapples another man, wearing the usual robes of a Kra'adumek citizen. Standing before the giant stone head, the helmeted man stabs his captive with a knife, blood spurting all about them. At this, everyone shouts Zarda'az!

The brutalitarians don't speak any of the known languages of Cha'alt. They come from another world where the ruling class (symbolized by the color blue) subjugates the primitive masses by supplying the brutalitarians (symbolized by the color orange) with weapons while encouraging them to kill and revel.

When Zarda'az arrived in Cha'alt, the Demon-Worm ate him, and the brutalitarians jumped into Kra'adumek's mouth to be with their god.

Inside the head is a human corpse, laying face-up. Also, there are 3 rifles (2d6 damage), 27 rounds of

ammunition, and a hardcover book titled *The Wizard of Oz*.

The dead guy looks like he was shot several times. He wears strange blue and gold robes, and bears a circular blue mark upon the right-side of his face. Also, his beard appears to have been drawn onto his face with a black pen.

Inside his pocket is a small leather pouch containing two polished stones, one blue and the other orange.

The Zarda'az eye-crystals can be pried out. They don't have any special powers, but are exceedingly pretty. One is worth 450gp; the other is a bit smaller and scratched, worth about 375gp.

7: Sun-Elf

A cryo-pod lays on the ground. It's empty and non-functioning (no power supply).

A sun-elf hides behind the pod. He's cowering because there are too many strange creatures inside this worm. His name is Sufa'at.

Sufa'at has been to **The Black Pyramid** before... and survived! But a band of missionaries he encountered on the way to the City of The Purple Demon-Worm exposed him to this giant centipede with tentacles called a ba'as-lag. Exposure to the centipede drained most of his memories. However, he does remember something about a lost city and nearly marrying a noble's daughter.

He knows the missionaries, a faction calling themselves Euka'aris... which means holier than thou. They live in the desert between Kra'adumek and A'agrybah.

Zarda'az Brutalitarian [2d6]

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6

HP
16

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: If double-sixes are rolled for damage, the bullet struck a vital area and the target must also save or die.

Treasure: Combined, they have 89 rounds of ammo strapped to their chests. One of them has a Black Sabbath 8-track tucked inside his boot. Another is hiding a tin of Captain Morgan's Moustache & Beard Cream.

Sufa'at

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
11

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: Sun-elves can brighten their golden skin, illuminating dark areas.

Treasure: He wields a dagger of sharpened bone. Malevolent humanoids desire wearing the flesh of sun-elves because it glitters like gold in the light of the twin suns [150 gp per adult].

8: Revolution of One

A wizard in black robes leans up against the viscous, violet worm-flesh wall. He's talking to a voluptuous woman with long red hair about the danger and excitement of being a wizard.

Broken shrine stones lay in pieces nearby.

The wizard's name is A'amet. Years ago, he led the Revolution of Labyrinthine Shadows but was recently ousted from the sect living in Kra'adumek because he suggested they attempt to escape the worm's belly while it's still frozen.

T'zeena was a concubine to the Demon-Worm Apostle Sa'atchi Vendo. The Apostle of the Demon-Worm became weary of T'zeena and gave her to Kra'adumek as the city watched and cheered.

A'amet		HP 25
Level: 5 Wizard	Attack Bonus: +2	AC 11
#Attacks: 1	Damage: spell	Save 15+

Special: He can cast fireball (6d6), magic missile (3d4), charm, or shield.

Treasure: 91 talons, spell-book, and a demon tooth necklace (25 gp).

A'amet also has a weighty tome on quantum physics. It contains a glyph capable of opening a gateway to Na'akai... oceanic demon realm with no sun, where winged creatures prey on humanoids and tentacles erupt from the black water to have their wicked way. Once the gate is open, something loathsome and disturbing shambles forth.

T'zeena		HP 11
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +0	AC 10
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4	Save 18+

Special: She has little fighting ability, but she is beautiful and charming. The hot-pink bra (from area #3) belongs to her.

Treasure: T'zeena has valuable knowledge of the Demon-Worm Apostle Sa'atchi Vendo. It was he that orchestrated the Ultra-Violet Revolt because the Purple High Priests claimed the most desirable women during his frequent travels to and from A'agrybah.

The Demon-Worm Apostle places a higher value on carnal pleasures than gold or anything under the twin suns of Cha'alt.

9: And Baby Makes Three

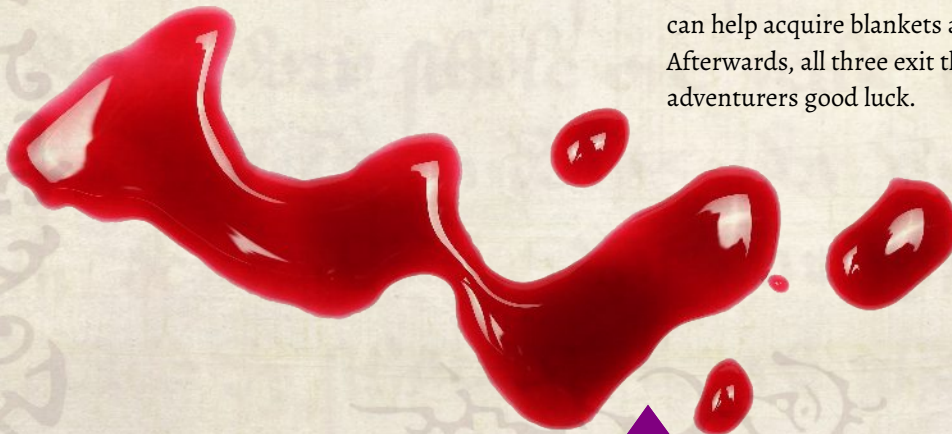
This is the warmest area inside the worm, approximately 55 degrees. The sounds of labored breathing can be heard from a short distance.

The husband crouches in front of his pregnant wife, and it looks like they're about to start a family. The wife currently sits on a large, mirrored disco-ball as she tries to breathe through the pain.

They took shelter within the Demon-Worm after the city shut its gates. The couple stayed warm enough inside Kra'adumek, but the wife's water broke and she'll be giving birth in under an hour.

If the PCs wait around for the baby to be born, they can help acquire blankets and clean water.

Afterwards, all three exit the worm, wishing the adventurers good luck.



10: Flesh-Sack vs Insectoids

A large, veiny, amorphous mass of tissue is being attacked by three insect-humanoids with spears. Traditionally, insectoids distrust elves because elves have been known to trap, kill, and eat them as a delicacy.

They were riding to Kra'adumek when pirates set upon their caravan, took them as prisoners, and was going to sell them as slaves when a sand worm erupted out of the desert and destroyed their sand-kiff. The insectoids ran to the city, but were swallowed by the Demon-Worm before they could make their way into Kra'adumek.

Flesh-Sack		HP
HD: 6	Attack Bonus: +4	35
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	AC 10 Save 14+

Special: It uses a mental attack on an opponent's brain. On a natural 20, opponent's brain gets mushed - save or instant death.

Treasure: Inside the sack are humanoid bones, 23 talons, 6 gp, and 5 red-veined onyx stones in the shape of an egg (175gp each).

Insectoids		HP
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +0	8
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	AC 12 Save 18+

Special: Piercing and slashing weapons only do half-damage to insectoids, because of their hard shells.

Treasure: Besides their spears, one insectoid has a thin box containing foam cushioning 7 glowing marbles of similar coloration... a swirling magenta, yellow, and orange medley.

Depending on the prevalence of psionics in the campaign, these little orbs either grant psionic powers for 24 hours (if swallowed) or provide an energy source to power technology [GM's choice].

Additionally, an adult insectoid is worth about 75 gp to most elves... because of how delicious they taste.

11: Mutant Creepers

A pair of creepers began chewing on the Demon-Worm's insides and drank its blood - now they've mutated. 10' tall blind, pale humanoids with spider mandibles instead of mouths.

Mutated Creepers		HP
HD: 7	Attack Bonus: +6	40
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 2d6	AC 10 Save 13+

Special: Their bite is poisonous; an appendage shrivels... 1) right leg, 2) left leg, 3) right arm, 4) left arm.

Treasure: Searching this cavity reveals a wooden oar and yellow, inflatable raft (punctured).

12: The Spleen

This is one of the Demon-Worm's visible organs. The spleen slowly pumps fluid back and forth with subtle undulations.

A humanoid wearing drab, frayed, moss-like robes and a strange helmet with three glowing violet eyes hides in the spleen's shadow. He carries some kind of high-tech device, most likely a weapon.

This is Sa'atchi Vendo, the Demon-Worm Apostle, ranking just under that of High Priest. Sa'atchi Vendo will converse, seeing if the PCs are for or against the purple/violet priesthood. Eventually, the apostle mentions his clones doing the Lord's work elsewhere on Cha'alt.

The real reason Sa'atchi Vendo is here - the Ultra-Violet Revolution turned on him once the purple priests had been massacred. Apparently, the Apostle of the Demon-Worm had a bad habit of sexually abusing the women who came to the complex beneath Kra'adumek.

The apostle knows of a small cloning facility underneath the crimson rock of sacrifice. That's where he made several clones of himself - one of his

clones lives in a dome-city near the sacrificial crimson rock. The others are inside **The Black Pyramid**.

While the beast won't immediately die from its spleen being hacked to bits, such carnage will make the Demon-Worm slightly uncomfortable for the rest of its days.

Apostle of the Demon-Worm, Sa'atchi Vendo

HP 36
AC 13 Save 14+

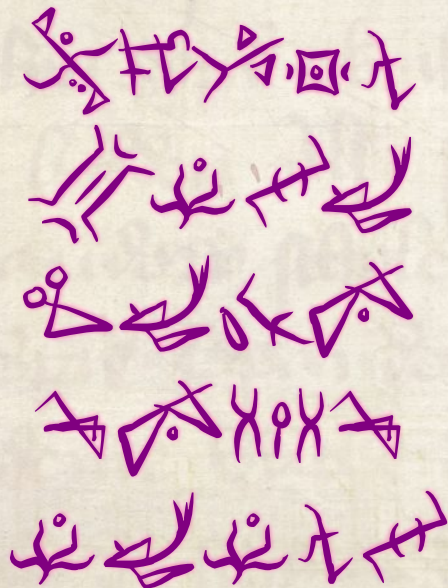
HD: 6 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6

Special: Due to the apostle's jaded worldview and esoteric meditation, he's immune to both charm and mind-control.

Treasure: His high-tech weapon is a plasma-bazookoid. It only has 12 charges remaining before it becomes cool-looking junk, unless someone has a power-pack, plasma charger, or similar device.

Sa'atchi's helmet allows him to see what cannot ordinarily be seen. Anyone hiding in darkness, invisible, or otherwise camouflaged is completely visible to the person wearing that helmet.

Also, he has a gold head-piece with black-veined purple jewel in the center - it belongs to a staff found elsewhere in the worm. Combined, the artifact is called **Death Mist** [see page 50 for details].



B: Trio of Revolutionary Wizards

Three human wizards wearing charcoal-gray robes, still alive from the revolution - they're bickering among themselves about who should become leader after kicking out A'amet.

Their names are **Bleek**, **Symbo**, and **M'roan**. Each is an arrogant, self-righteous clown without honor or loyalty. However, they're all interested in acquiring magic items and forbidden lore. They would eagerly travel to **The Black Pyramid** if invited.

Bleek, Symbo, and M'roan

HP 12
AC 10 Save 16+

Level: 4 Wizard Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1 Damage: spells

Special: The wizards will attempt to entangle the PCs, magic missile, force them to choke on their own ignorance (a wizard favorite), or shield themselves from physical harm.

Treasure: **Bleek** wears a glowing-black onyx amulet that he claims came from the black sea of Na'akai.

Symbo has a magic dagger +1 (it allows the wielder to drain the life energy taken from an attack, usable once per day).

M'roan has a magic reptile-scale cloak made of sleesta'ak flesh, allowing the wearer to look just like a sleesta'ak for one hour / level / day.

They jointly own a 9" charcoal-gray (looks black in dim light) sphere that contains the aforementioned labyrinthine shadows, allowing the possessor to hide within it's dark maze-like interior for as long as he wishes. The one who possesses the sphere can also put people in there, too (saving throw to resist).

An old, rusty power-pack worn on one's back with shoulder straps. It can provide energy to anything high-tech, but is solar powered and is currently out of juice.



14: Yo Ho Ho

An old pirate ship (specifically, a French frigate named Améthyste) remains more or less intact, though it must have crashed over a decade ago. Its black skull-and-crossbones flag still waves in this oxygen-rich environment.

Captain Styngé and his first-mate Blargh (both human) step up the railing if the PCs make their presence known. The captain of the Jolly Roger is willing to parlay over a few shots of spiced rum and smoking tobacco. It's been awhile since Captain Styngé and his crew have had company.

Styngé wears a crimson frock coat with golden embroidery, big black skull-and-crossbones hat also embroidered with gold, and a hook instead of his left hand - to twirl his chestnut-brown moustache and beard. A robot parrot named Polly sits upon his shoulder, squawking at random intervals.

First-mate Blargh wears a frilly, ruffled cream-colored shirt stained with blood. If left alone (the captain loves his rum and frequently has to drain the lizard), Blargh tells the PCs that Captain Styngé ran the rest of his crew through with a sword when they began to talk of mutiny. The two pirates call these dead men "the skeleton crew" because a ghastly-green glowing crystal they found inside the worm animated the sailors' bones after they died.

Styngé and Blargh want help getting their treasure chest out of the worm's mouth. The chest is heavy and in the cargo hold, along with seven skeletons and a hideous emerald-green crystal (the size of an elf's head) that illuminates the skeleton crew's bones something awful.

Captain Styngé

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

HP
29
AC
12
Save
15+

Special: If the captain does max damage, he also stabs them with his hook-hand for an additional 1d6 damage.

Treasure: Three bottles of spiced rum from the Caribbean, his cutlass, clothing, and treasure chest. The chest contains 840gp, skull with ruby eyes (150gp), and diamond tiara (225 gp).

First-Mate Blargh

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

HP
16
AC
11
Save
17+

Special: Blargh has the skill-set of a first-level thief.

Treasure: 18 gp, a spy-glass, and flask of rum.

Skeletons [7]

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
10
AC
10
Save
18+

Special: Piercing weapons (swords, spears, etc.) do half-damage.

Treasure: They guard the treasure chest and the glowing green crystal that turns corpses into the evil dead.



17: Feminism

A blue-haired woman wearing sparse and revealing bronze armor sits upon a floor-nodule, playing a musical instrument. It's a laser keytar, and she's quite proficient.

This is Sa'avedra. She was an ambassador from the City of Ja'alette, a cruel matriarchy where men are routinely castrated and treated like slaves. The purple priesthood of Kra'adumek decided to feed her to their god rather than negotiate a trade deal between the two cities.

Sa'avedra is distrustful of any male, but will do almost anything to get out of this worm! However, she can't help referring to male comments (or, indeed, the male gaze) as sexist, demeaning, exclusionary, condescending, toxic, or simply systemic of The Patriarchy.

Sa'avedra		HP 7
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +0	AC 12
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4	Save 18+

Special: If a male humanoid gives her any grief, she'll either strike him down when he's not looking or attempt to poison him later. She has tiny poison pellets in the form of black pills concealed in a pocket. However, anyone who saves her life will melt her spiteful resolve and may become a future love-interest.

Treasure: She has a makeshift dagger - a piece of metal she scavenged from starship bits found in area #17.

Sa'avedra already bartered her jewels (the sapphire necklace) away in order to pay for protection. Weeks ago, her protector was melted by that eye-creature from area #5.

Her laser keytar is worth about 100 gp.

18: Let's Make A Deal

The metallic remnants of a high-tech vehicle are scattered in this cavity. Leaning against a slimy purple wall is a wiry, grinning, crimson-hued demon with horns, cloven hooves, and tail.

The demon, Shemhamfora'ash, wants to make a bargain with the PCs. He's been trapped in the worm's belly for a long time - imprisoned by the serpentine sorcerer-priest Thoth-A'amon, a prominent figure within **The Black Pyramid!**

Shemhamfora'ash is non-corporeal; if the demon is attacked, weapons go right through him. The PCs have to say his name thrice and Shamhamfora'ash may leave the worm. In exchange, the demon will grant them a single lesser wish (meaning, within reason).

This was a starship that was damaged landing on Cha'alt and soon after the Demon-Worm ate it. Most of the starship is relatively intact, although certain bits were smashed during the meal.

If PCs try salvaging something specific, there's a 1 in 6 chance per suggestion that it can be found relatively undamaged.

Shemhamfora'ash		HP 36
HD: 7	Attack Bonus: +4	AC 13
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6 or weapon	Save 13+

Special: Shemhamfora'ash is incorporeal. He cannot harm or be harmed, unless made corporeal via magic.

Treasure: If the PCs attempt to either bypass or attack the demon, he'll divulge a piece of valuable knowledge - a secret way into **The Black Pyramid**. Traveling 60' down the void-well yields passage into **The Black Pyramid**.

19: Playing Poker

Four humanoids and one bizarre alien are playing poker around a makeshift table constructed from scavenged metal. The table is purple with talons - approximately 1,000 are in-play and nearly 300 in this pot alone.

There's a sky-elf; midnight-elf; octopoid; crystal-humanoid; and a sentient, glimmering, chartreuse gas. The midnight-elf has a tamarin monkey that sits in his lap. The monkey licks a green sucker while studying its master's hand as if trying to discern how the game is played.

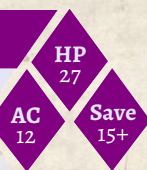
As the PCs approach, the table is chatting about their various grudges against citizens of the worm city who turned them in and what they'd like to do to each and every one of them.

Gamblers

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

spiked club



Special:

- ◆ **Sky-elves** are resistant to the negative effects of radiation.
- ◆ **Midnight-elves** can become one with the darkness.
- ◆ **Octopoids** are invertebrates and can transform their body shape at will.
- ◆ **Crystaloids** are resistant to laser and most energy weapons.
- ◆ **Vaporoids** can only be harmed by magic weapons and spells.

Treasure: Za'a box with 1d4 slices of za'a left inside, empty 2-liter bottle of Mountain Dew, and a zildjja'an cymbal. Combined, there's 320 talons.

Also, each has a spiked club they fashioned themselves.

The flesh of midnight-elves are even more valuable than sun-elves, clothing made of midnight-elf skin allows the wearer to be undetectable in dim light (300gp for adult).

Rather than fight, these creatures just want to gamble, eat za'a, and drink iced worm-wine (made from the demon-worm's intestinal juices and grapes). The winner gets to have first crack at Sa'avedra [the woman in area #17].

The names are **Qua'ana** (female sky-elf), **B'zoar** (midnight-elf) with tamarin Zooj, **Th'lod** (octopoid), **Xya'an** (crystalline), and **Wa'akeen** (vaporoid). Each of these scoundrels has a history...

The sky-elf, Qua'ana, has seen giant, bird-like machines embedded into the sand, either pumping something in or out (both?) of the ground.

The midnight-elf, B'zoar, was a pimp and cutthroat in Kra'adumek, sentenced for his crimes and thrown to the Demon-Worm almost a year ago.

The octopoid, Th'lod, is native to a lost city that sank deep into the center of Cha'alt when the world was young. He was an explorer of the surface, famous for beheading infidels who dared to blaspheme the Great Old Ones. For his crimes, he was convicted in Kra'adumek and the Demon-Worm swallowed him.

The crystalline, Xya'an, lives in the caverns beneath the dome-city. He traveled to Kra'adumek seeking adventure instead of helping his people defend against an army of mutants.

The vaporoid, Wa'akeen, is from another planet, sent her to survey Cha'alt for possible spice mining. That was about six months ago. Once the spice mela'anj has been mined from a planet, it soon dies.

20: Spawn of Ktha'alu

A young woman chained to a stone column is crying out for help.

If PCs try to help her, the Ktha'alu spawn immediately attacks them as the illusion dissipates. This alien squid creates illusions to lure its prey and stings with a scorpion's tail upon its many tentacles.

Ktha'alu Spawn

HP 72
AC 14 Save 9+

HD: 11 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 3 (one sting, two tentacles)

Damage: 1d8/1d6/1d6

Special: Poison, save or die.

Treasure: staff portion of *Death Mist* [see page 50 for details].

Eleven large pearls each worth approximately 200 gp.

Scimitar +1, +3 versus Lovecraftian abominations (anything with tentacles, aside from Kra'adumek). In the presence of such unnatural monstrosities, the weapon glows bilious-green. Scholars of the arcane know the blade as Iqua'ath, named after a Great Old One who visited destruction upon Cha'alt thousands of years ago. This scimitar defeated Iqua'ath, sending the Old One back to Hell. This is what happens on a natural 20...

From below comes a mournful wail as a chorus of Hebrew slaves cantillate their suffering. Beams of effulgent horror stream out of the scimitar... into and through the aberration, reducing it to a steaming, blackish-green sludge before your very eyes.

21: Violet Slime; Black Pylon

A faintly luminous, violet-colored ooze populates this cavity of the Demon-Worm. It minds its own business but jealously guards the black pylon found at the rear wall of this area.

Many believe there's a connection between the black pylons spread throughout Cha'alt and **The Black Pyramid**, but no one is sure what that might be.

This particular pylon pours forth a bewildering lavender mist, covering the ground of this entire cavity. Planets, stars, and nebulae of outer-space unfold within the pylon's interior. A dark figure seems to be within, but somehow trapped behind a wall of frozen fire.

Reaching out to touch the trapped humanoid results in that person being transported to the tenebrous nightmare dimension known as Na'akai.

Violet Slime

HP 22
AC 12 Save 16+

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** special

Special: Any organic matter that touches a violet slime must save or become a violet slime itself. Immune to both cold, heat, and mental attacks.

Treasure: Inside the ooze is a ring of restoration (usable once per day), a glowing magenta crystal as big as a halfling's head, and a 2" x 4" rectangular mirror.

Magenta crystals both record and playback memories that have been implanted by humanoids touching them. This particular magenta crystal has a variety of stored memories...

Stored Memories

Roll	Result
1	A scruffy human wearing military fatigues and holding an assault rifle enters The Black Pyramid after giving onlookers the finger.
2	Several priests are in some kind of meditation chamber, imbibing little violet pills... their consciousness tainted by some eldritch presence on the other side of reality.
3	Humanoids scream as a giant sandworm devours some caravan traveling across S'kbah, the desert wasteland.
4	Deep underground, the crystal is pried loose from a rock wall. Suddenly, giant tentacles squeeze the life out of an insectoid.
5	An elf holds the crystal aloft in gratitude while standing before the Demon-Worm.
6	Overheard conversation, some reptoid is talking to a three-breasted woman with periwinkle skin. "This planet doesn't have long before it's a dried-out husk. We'll be rich and halfway across the galaxy by then."

22: Holy War

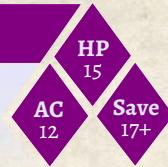
A small gathering of like-minded religious zealot survivalists lives here. They call it The Community. The Community sees it as their mission to force everyone to worship Nema'an Soka - the god of extinguished hope, inevitability, and foregone conclusions.

The Community is planning to lead a jiha'ad (holy war) upon the other inhabitation of the Demon-Worm. Those who won't immediately convert to their religion will be put to the sword.

Their leader is named Zeekah. He wields a glowing two-handed sword called Umz'sor, which means hopelessness. The sword gives off a searing indigo light when someone intentionally lies in its presence. Zeekah uses his sword to detect lies when strangers converse with them.

Holy Warriors [3d6]

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus:** +3
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d8

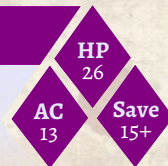


Special: These guys can't be reasoned with - they're fanatics!

Treasure: Long swords and 1d100 newly "minted" squares of pastel-green plastic which they use as currency. Each square has a squiggly, jagged symbol etched upon it. Additionally, they still have 1d4 rolls of SPACEBALLS The Toilet Paper.

Zeekah

HD: 5 **Attack Bonus:** +5
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d6+1



Special: Once per day, Zeekah can call upon Nema'an Soka to fill an enemy's heart with utter despair (uncontrollable sobbing for 2d4 minutes).

Treasure: His magic sword Umz'sor is a +1 weapon. It glows when humanoids are untruthful. Additionally, Umz'sor does an additional 1d4 damage when some nihilistic phrase is uttered during a successful attack (has to be a new phrase each time).

23: The Cube

A dozen bodies lay upon the cold, slimy ground. Men with either orange rectangles or blue circles upon their faces. All dead. This must have been a fierce battle.

Some sort of chalk writing appears on the curved, slimy violet walls. It's smudged and hard to read, but looks like, "**Warning! Beware this cube!**"

At the far end of the worm's tail is some box-shaped thing covered with a blanket of Arabesque symbols with shades of both blue and orange, and geometric shapes.

Unveiling it reveals an 11" square cube that pulses with alternating blue and orange light.

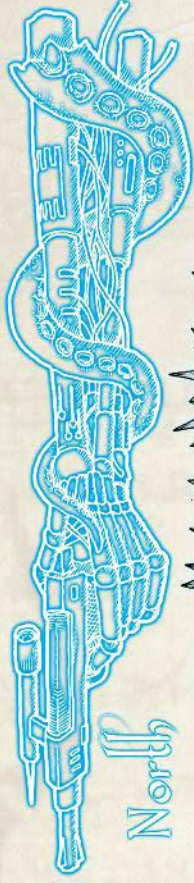
Once a man gazes upon it, he is arbitrarily designated either an **orange** (odds) or a **blue** (evens). The side of his face is marked with either an orange rectangle or blue circle. Furthermore, the ancient race-memory of "purging that which is other, the opposition" fills his soul... leading to a no holds barred death-match.

Humanoids must make a successful saving throw if they wish to harm the cube. Smashing the cube reveals two smaller glowing shapes inside, a blue sphere and an orange rectangular-cube. Additionally, the colors and antagonistic feelings fade once the parent cube is destroyed.

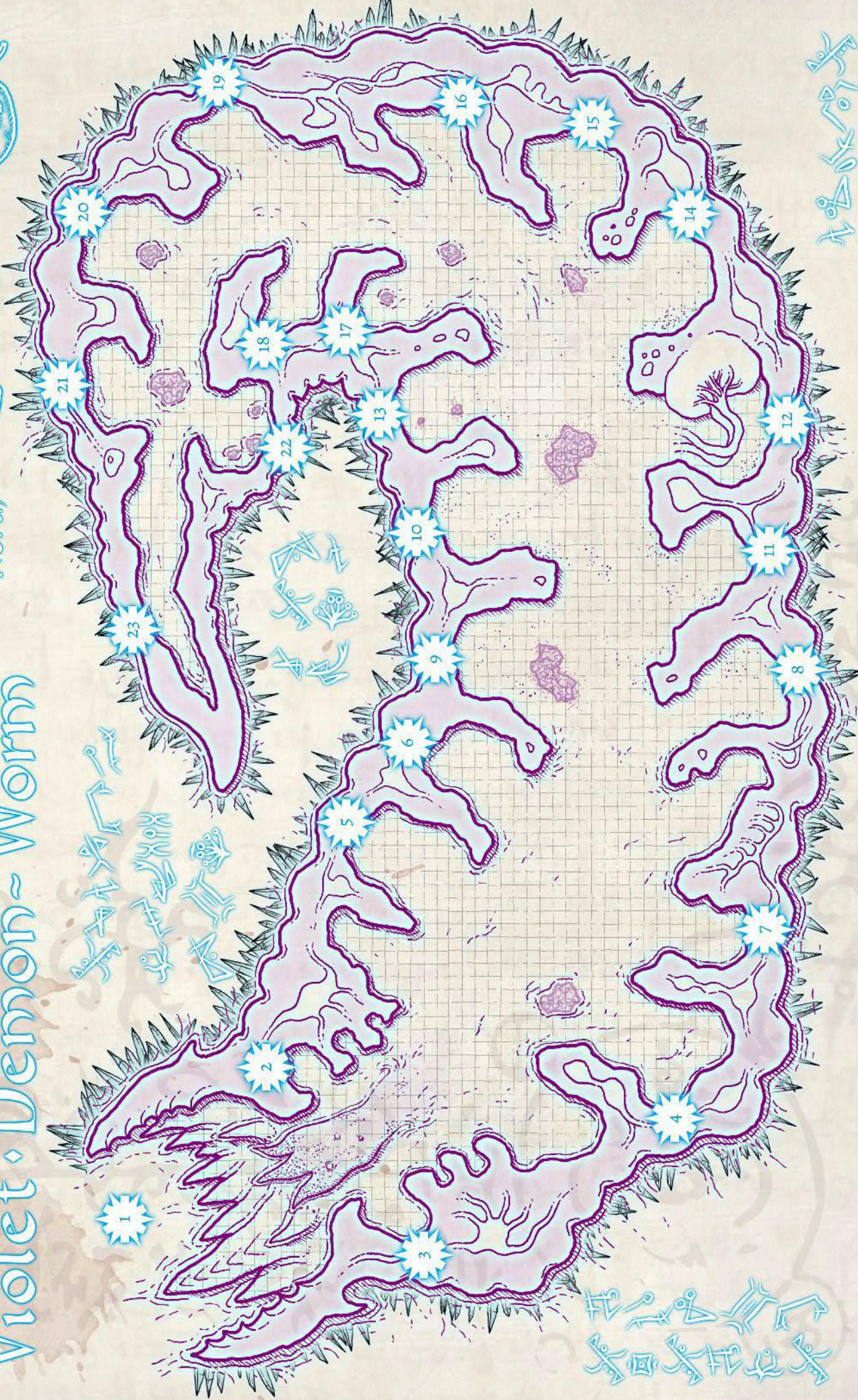
Throwing the small orange cuboid at a lifeform will kill it (successful saving throw yields 6d6 damage).

Crushing the small blue sphere into pieces over a corpse will resurrect that lifeform. Once used, these powerful shapes are destroyed.

Inside the Frozen Violet Demon-Worm



North



Feet 0 10 30 70 150



Gamma Incel Cantina

The Big Picture

Cha'alt is one of those out of the way fringe worlds that you don't hear much about. It's a planet that developed a long time ago, but something happened a century back. Since then, Cha'alt has been regarded as an up-and-coming "fly over" planet that is best to avoid.

However, there's been recent chatter about the natural resources on Cha'alt. In particular, several groups performed subterranean scans, finding significant deposits of a rare mineral that can be refined into mela'anj spice. This discovery has led to ecologically hazardous spice fracking across S'kbah (the open desert).

That's put Cha'alt back in the cross-hairs of every two-bit hustler, free-lancer, merc, smuggler, gangster, and spice miner. Needless to say, it's also on the Federation's radar, as well.

Gamma Incel Cantina is the one civilized and cosmopolitan night club on the whole backwards planet. All manner of interstellar scum hangs out here... drinking, gambling, whoring, and looking for opportunities to make it rich!

This section of the Cha'alt campaign can be used in conjunction with Alpha Blue or all on its own... with or without the sci-fi sleaze.

Mela'anj Spice

The natives know it as "zoth." It's the bilious-green liquified remains of dead gods... monstrous, extradimensional titans who once ruled Cha'alt and various other planets. As Cha'alt has a plethora of deceased Ancient Ones rotting away far below its surface, there's lots of zoth to go around.

Of course, various mining companies would love nothing more than to suck Cha'alt dry of its zoth and turn it into electric-emerald mela'anj spice. The spice fracking has already begun - gargantuan machines blasting water deep into the planet, forcing zoth out of the ground and into waiting cargo freighters. At 437 cubits per day, it won't take more than a few standard months to rob Cha'alt of its most precious resource.

Zoth itself is considered magical and even divine by the primitives inhabiting Cha'alt, though few understand its true worth. After zoth has gone through the refining process, it becomes the spice mela'anj.

The raw quantum energy locked within mela'anj can produce wondrous effects - beyond powering starships and particle beam weaponry. Scholars consider the substance a fifth element, such as aether or quintessence which holds the universe together... but can also be used to destroy it.

Sustained intake of mela'anj spice can grant godlike powers. Like zoth, mela'anj is both physically and psychologically addictive. Currently, it's trading on Federation worlds at 1,000 credits per cubit, and is considered to be the most valuable substance in the known universe.

Entering The Club

Gamma Incel Cantina is camouflaged by a cloaking field, making it virtually indistinguishable from the surrounding desert. That way, pesky locals don't wander in unannounced, brandishing their spiked clubs and serrated dinosaur bones.

The same cloak covers not only the cantina itself, but the starships, sand-speeders, and horse-droids parked in the vicinity.

There's a neon sign glowing radioactive-orange outside that reads "Gamma Incel Cantina," along with a smaller sign just below saying "Park Big Ships in Rear!"

Electronic saloon-doors greet patrons just before they come face to face with the bouncer, Zor-jek.



Once Inside

Color Coding - Groups of NPCs are color-coded together both on the map and in the text. These NPC groupings (lifeforms sitting together) are by proximity and relationships (cantina staff).

Coat Check - This is where lifeforms drop off their coat, cloak, cape, robes, jacket, or whatever apparel is too cumbersome to keep on them. Patrons receive a ticket from the coat-check girl, Evix, and that's how they redeem their property before leaving the cantina.

Restroom - Roll 3d100 anytime you want to know who's in there. Rolls 70+ mean that's one less person in the restroom.

DJ Booth - This is where the DJ, Suta'an, spins his laser records when he's not doing lines of nyborg. Occasionally, he'll have a random THOT in the DJ booth with him, either snorting drugs, blowing him, or both.

Gambling Tables - Betting on... 1) three-dimensional chess, 2) q'uay-q'uar, 3) smuggler's quarry, 4) saba'ac, 5) truth or dare, or 6) the ever popular "How long can she hold it?"

Bar - This is where patrons get their drinks, everything from space tequila to pineapple-infused rum blasters to **Purple Prizm**.

Kitchen - There's a full-scale kitchen behind the bar, out of sight. Gamma Incel makes the best fried chicken-of-the-asteroid (myna'ak) spicy BBQ wings in the entire system.

Main Stage - Exotic dancers strip, usually two or three at a time. Frequently, gawkers will slip them a few credits.

Side Stage - This area is only big enough for one exotic dancer and those in the VIP lounge have a perfect view.

VIP Lounge - This is where high-class villains relax in luxurious, blue star-satin. A two-way mirror laser-curtain allows the VIPs to see out, but no one can see in. VIP lounge includes bottle service.

The Patrons

Roll	Result
1	P'nis Queeg: Pilot; just parked his starship; yellow skinned banana / penis-headed alien with swollen ganglia. He's holding a brand new plumbus.
2	Neelon: Space Guild liaison; covered in brown fur; suckered tentacles; eye-patch; slumming as a spice raider on Cha'alt.
3	Na'ash: Gelatinoid; buzzed; withholding keys; spice fracking engineer; loves streaking.
4	Careena: Mela'anj-green humanoid female with tentacles; lavender thigh-high boots; looking for spacers who can haul mysterious cargo in their freighter (blue sky ultra-phetamine).
5	Treena: THOT, human; blonde hair, blue eyed space Muslim; smoking long, thin hookah; likes humiliation and spanking.
6	Larz: Serpentine humanoid with forehead ridges; deep purple; ambassador from Galaxy 5; has diplomatic immunity; blue balls.
7	Gaenz: Half black, half white skin tone split down the middle; kangaroo cargo flesh pockets; making a private phone call; Federation informant.
8	A-12: Assault droid programmed to guard starship; shiny red; heavy blasters; doesn't take any lip from organics.
9	Q'jas: Tan colored insectoid; drunk; asking for keys; supposed to be mediating borderland dispute in the morning.
10	Thalazo: Devilish looking humanoid; blood-red skin with horns and cat-eyes; sipping on jin and juice; just killed 9 lifeforms in Federation separatist raid.
11	Lea Alix: Female humanoid, navy blue skin; clear plastic dress; pink dreadlocks; nose ring; wants to be part of a barroom brawl; exhibitionist.

Roll	Result
12	Desh Noz: Leopard skin; distended eyes; long snout; forehead waves; was hired to fix tomorrow's Asska'ar race by degenerate gambler and crime lord Deez Na'ats.
13	RD-FU: Protocol droid; stainless steel; just arrived from his home planet New Aldera'an 2; hoping for skull souvenirs after successful night-hunting Cha'alt natives; abrasive personality; carrying thermal detonator.

Roll	Result
14	Zor-jek: [Bouncer]; reptilian with shark-mouth; bat wings; glad to be out of the sanitation field.
15	Evix: [Coat-check girl]; human; strawberry blonde; boyfriend is a spice raider on Cha'alt; her sweat is sweet like honey.
16	Suta'an: [DJ]; romulyn; hot-pink feather boa; crystal runner; snorting lines of nyborg; always with one or more women.
17	T'wass: [Security guard]; gigolo; amphibian; snazzy dresser; used to be with Ra'aj Blake before he disappeared.
18	Pleth Novar: [Exotic dancer]; lavender skin; clear stripper heels; part-time Alpha Blue satisfier; drug mule for Crimson Da'awn.
19	Destiny: [Exotic dancer]; human; big tits; high-end escort; likes golden showers.
20	Vanessa: [Exotic dancer]; prostitute; three breasts; magenta skin-tone; has worked for Caliphate jiha'adists.
21	Trent: [Bartender]; za'akier (green-skinned tentacled humanoid); outspoken individualist; tries to stay out of drama but just can't do it.
22	Soodo: [Cook], hammer-head shark humanoid; wants to open his own restaurant someday.
23	Feyd: [Dishwasher]; chartreuse skin; forehead tentacles; supposed to fight some dude in the rear parking lot at midnight.

24 29

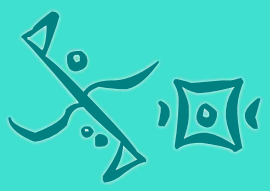
Roll	Result
24	Kaleb: Human with laser-blue face tattoos; replicant; mercenary; looking for action.
25	Net'kai: Alien 3' tall; 22 crimson eyes; munching on bowl of space pretzels; interpreter.
26	Obi Wan'k: Humanoid with elephant trunk; skin covered in transparent orange slime; degenerate gambler; loves the taste of human; voyeur.
27	Halvern: Sentient chartreuse vapor inside environmental suit; fake mustache painted on helmet visor; uncontrollable giggling – that's why they call him "laughing gas."
28	Vasch: Worm-like humanoid with multiple side-tentacles; doesn't believe in tipping; in possession of a treasure map leading to chest full of Venuzian doubloons somewhere on Cha'alt.
29	Ugleff B'zz: Noble; humanoid with cactus-skin; drinking oversized goblet of smoking periwinkle liqueur.

30 32

Roll	Result
30	Danzeb: Iridescent scales; wormlike facial contours; snake eyes; Crimson Da'awn Syndicate; his boss will pay top-credit for salvaged high-tech gear or magic items on Cha'alt.
31	Aryd: Human; eye-patch; smuggler; smoking hookah; looking for cargo to transport; no questions asked.
32	Wernz: Local drunk who does menial labor for the mining corporations; yellow-ochre skin; no nose; back spines; blue balls.

33 35

Roll	Result
33	Tziryk: Human / vulkyn; mauve skin tone; robotic arm; first-mate on a starship; homesick for Zeta Minor.
34	Yerck: Human; scruffy; stained overalls; tech specialist; has done side-work for sexual performance art and terrorist cell Tangerine Wet Dream.
35	Sabrina Vaj: Human female; red, blue, and purple hair; 44-DDD breasts; bi-sexual; asked to keep an eye on satisfiers from Alpha Blue.



Roll	Result
36	Vom Fa'as: Planetary ecologist; dark-green skin; magenta and teal flesh-mohawk; looking for love; has been known to assist spice raiders.
37	Markuz: Humanoid without mouth; antennae; wearing Pee-Wee Herman suit; blaster-for-hire; telepath.
38	Samantha: Executive assistant; sexy red dress; she's smoking blue-raspberry vape-juice; replicant; works for one of the mining companies.
39	Zolomah: Navigator; pure-energy form; death-sentence on 3 systems; once killed a man for not snoring loud enough! She's single.
40	Seed'ka: Beautiful brunette; works for Grabba the Butt; has expensive butt-implants; likes bad boys; wants to extort zoth for protection against spice raiders.
41	Lom-Lom: Cat-like humanoid with gold whiskers; wears calico spacesuit; looking for a female humanoid to kidnap and sell to the Jade Tiger Brothel that borders the Hunan empire.
42	Colonel Zwib: Federation officer; has massacred thousands of civilians; keeping tabs on illegal activity on Cha'alt; in love with Destiny [#37].
43	Rykar: Human; scar across his neck; wears ceremonial robes made out of enemy skins; bounty hunter; looking to trade a few cubits of zoth while he's working on Cha'alt.
44	Eyvend: Human; mercenary; addicted to the spice mela'anj; bank robbery went pear-shaped... several dead and one critically wounded; wants to join a crew of spice raiders.

Roll	Result
45	Thonda: THOT; pink skin; Alpha Blue satisfier; prefers blowjobs to handshakes; carries box of transparent aluminum condoms (1d12 remaining).
46	Plakz: Templar; buying strangers drinks; just won 10,000 credits in the lottery; indigo balls; loves ass-to-mouth.

Roll	Result
47	Swekna: Fuchsia spider (size of dinner plate); Cha'alt tour guide; hot-head; doesn't want to get mixed up in any revolution; messily eating shrimp cocktail.
48	Bry-Tune: Crystalline-humanoid; wears mysterious glowing ring; anti-Federation revolutionary.
49	Zerlin: Humanoid with laser-eye; zebra pattern orange and blue skin; tattoos; hermaphrodite; trained several standard months with a dark zedi.

Roll	Result
50	Leezu: Light-blue skinned alien female; weird eyes; prostitute; she loves ass-play and BDSM.
51	Elden Bish: Lovecraftian entity; drinking Purple Prizm in a penis-shaped glass – “das penis”; non-binary; made the White Castle Run in under 12 parsecs.
52	Varrick: Federation agent; human; looking for a fight; pilot.

Roll	Result
53	Josah Dune: Human male; medical officer on shore leave; wearing acid wash jean jacket and sex panther cologne; telepathic.
54	Koan: Reptilian; pilot and smuggler; just escaped from penal colony; portable rape-machine in his stolen Federation uniform.

Roll	Result
55	Blufex: Brain in jar attached to a spider-droid; gambler; lucky; makes fake IDs so compromised lifeforms can “disappear.”
56	Myg Ria'at: Drug dealer; purple skin with a dozen tentacles; personal security for Blufex.
57	Zoat: Pimp; sentient purple gas; sniffing nyborg off girl's ass-cheeks; always recruiting.
58	Rannick: Centipede-oid; sipping Purple Prizm ; assassin; has “No fat chicks” rule.

59 63

Roll	Result
59	Q'wan: Klyngon male; obsidian-black skin; six-fingered; warrior; gay; loves hand-to-hand combat.
60	Bolo: Droid; bounty hunter; camouflage and rust-colored; spritzing WD-40 on plate of myna'ak wings; head of engineering on nearby space station.
61	Sunlyt: Human/plant hybrid with pastel-green and pink skin tone; prostitute; flower vagina with sensitive petals; she's been with many men who've traveled to The Black Pyramid .
62	Ha'an Duo: Gambler; q'uay-q'uar champion; acute sense of smell; wants to investigate the pylons of Cha'alt, believing them to be trans-dimensional nodes.
63	Weeza: Shadow being; black cloak; ladies' man; guy sitting next to him is smelling his fingers; assassin.

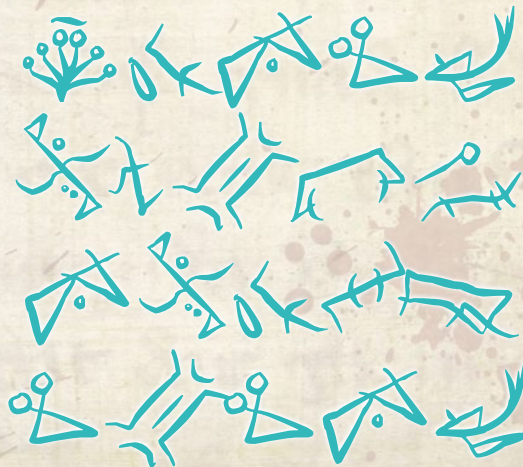
“Who needs a carousing table when you can just roleplay that shit?” - Venger Satanis

64 66

Roll	Result
64	Krig Asa: [VIP]; reptilian; factory worker; not drinking – comes here for the dancers.
65	Bok: [VIP]; cyborg fitted with synthetic tentacles; facial scars; involved in humanoid trafficking.
66	Zyrus: [VIP]; humanoid wearing Marti Gra'a mask; sipping fruity drink with holographic umbrella; noble; high-stakes gambler.

67 69

Roll	Result
67	Gaz Ryder: [VIP]; human; long black beard; one-leg; ice pirate on his way back from P'oon.
68	Thulk-Toe: [VIP]; arachnoid; wealthy aristocrat; looking to hire spacers for armed escort gig; worships hideous and malevolent god named Atol Umutul.
69	Mirax Voth: [VIP]; insectoid; looking for investment opportunities on Cha'alt; oxygen allergy; has to wear environmental suit.





Aftermath

After a couple standard hours, a mysterious and beautiful woman with pink dreadlocks, mechanical eye, and exotic armor enters the cantina. Ten assault-droids surround her.

Who is brave enough to enter **The Black Pyramid** and steal the sacred sanguine-orchid from sorcerer-priest Thoth-A'amon, a ruthless serpent-man ruler within the mega-dungeon?

My daughter is weak and requires an elixir made from the sanguine-orchid. I, Ka'ala, offer a Queen's ransom in gold to anyone capable of snatching it from the fetid jaws of the underworld!

Since the Gamma Incel Cantina is full of spacers who have little use for gold and limited knowledge of Cha'alt, it's up to the adventurers to fulfill her quest.

The sanguine-orchid (sometimes referred to as blood-orchid) has special properties the mystery woman needs. Ka'ala won't say why she requires it, other than the sanguine-orchid is to be a gift for her daughter's 18th birthday, seven days from now, and that it will restore her strength.

Ka'ala will offer to pay 1,000 gold pieces per adventurer. 100 gp up-front, and the remaining 900 gp upon return with Thoth-A'amon's orchid.

Ka'ala is a demonologist. She spent many years in the charred room of The Great Library as a young woman, studying the infernal realms' secrets. One of the things she discovered was a prophecy about herself and future spawn. It wasn't long before she summoned a Demon Prince to impregnate her.

Now, her half-demon child, Aleteia, has come of age, though she is sickly and weak. Aleteia patiently waits in the city of A'agrybah. The half-demon girl must drink the orchid's nectar before she can receive the powers from her infernal heritage.

When Aleteia drinks of the blood-orchid elixir, she will be able to see the void, reach into it, and pull from that loathsome abyss abhorrent shambling entities... enough for an army. These soldiers of

darkness would tear through the cities of Cha'alt, allowing Ka'ala to become Empress of the known world.

If the PCs succeed, they'll be asked to join forces with Ka'ala and Aleteia. Refusal will be met with certain doom - facing inconceivable horrors within the Pit of La'at'chok.

Assault Droids [10]

HD: 6 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 2 **Damage:** 3d6



Special: These assault-droids each have dual-lasers.

Treasure: None

Ka'ala

Level: 9 Sorceress **Attack Bonus:** +3

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4



Special: Ka'ala is not actually a Queen, but acts as if she might be.

She knows the following spells... *Magic Missile, Shield, Charm Person, Fireball, Invisibility, Ice Storm, Cloud Kill, and Anti-Magic Field.*

Ka'ala purposefully doesn't carry magical items on her person in order to prevent attempts on her life just because some murder-hobo lusts after some artifact she's holding.

Treasure: Besides her sacrificial dagger, the satchel Ka'ala carries has enough gold to get the PCs started (hirelings, apprentices, and followers notwithstanding).

D100 Random Ability Scores

Here's a quick and easy method of generating all six ability scores. Simply roll a d100 to determine the results. Use them for PCs and NPCs alike.

Roll	Strength	Dexterity	Constitution	Intelligence	Wisdom	Charisma
1	13	10	8	14	5	6
2	5	16	10	9	11	5
3	8	13	18	8	4	9
4	14	9	11	12	13	11
5	17	12	8	5	9	10
6	13	8	5	13	15	12
7	8	12	8	17	11	12
8	11	6	13	11	14	14
9	16	11	17	14	11	10
10	9	13	15	7	8	16
11	12	13	15	11	5	7
12	12	11	13	14	9	13
13	12	16	7	8	6	9
14	13	12	12	10	14	14
15	17	17	11	5	14	6
16	8	16	10	10	11	13
17	9	11	11	12	14	9
18	9	9	5	4	10	15
19	13	7	10	6	14	9
20	15	13	8	5	12	13
21	6	12	11	9	9	12
22	11	10	5	15	10	5
23	10	10	9	7	6	9
24	9	3	14	12	6	7
25	15	15	11	11	13	14
26	10	8	13	10	8	11
27	13	12	6	10	16	12
28	9	10	10	9	15	8
29	12	11	8	11	9	16
30	12	12	9	8	13	10
31	9	7	17	4	9	7
32	16	10	10	12	8	10
33	15	14	9	13	11	14
34	16	9	11	11	12	10
35	11	13	11	16	6	14
36	5	14	12	10	11	15
37	7	8	7	10	8	11
38	16	6	6	7	11	10
39	9	14	12	8	7	12

Roll	Strength	Dexterity	Constitution	Intelligence	Wisdom	Charisma
40	11	18	11	14	11	12
41	15	9	14	11	6	13
42	10	14	11	15	12	10
43	13	6	14	13	12	12
44	8	7	11	8	13	16
45	9	12	8	13	8	10
46	10	6	12	7	12	10
47	8	12	11	15	8	5
48	10	7	8	14	10	10
49	11	9	15	12	11	8
50	13	16	11	12	15	8
51	11	10	6	13	9	9
52	14	11	13	10	9	5
53	10	9	8	13	8	11
54	7	10	8	3	10	8
55	12	13	13	12	10	15
56	7	5	7	10	13	8
57	10	6	8	13	11	12
58	8	7	13	10	13	12
59	7	9	8	11	9	9
60	11	9	14	11	8	11
61	5	6	17	13	11	13
62	13	12	8	8	10	9
63	5	15	12	12	7	14
64	11	14	14	11	12	11
65	13	10	13	16	12	11
66	11	10	18	14	10	14
67	4	14	12	10	9	8
68	10	12	7	9	10	7
69	10	8	12	12	11	15
70	12	8	3	8	8	9
71	12	12	9	10	8	10
72	7	12	13	11	9	18
73	12	14	11	8	7	12
74	13	11	16	12	10	7
75	6	9	14	14	9	10
76	12	7	11	8	17	13
77	11	15	12	13	9	13
78	16	13	7	9	11	15
79	14	10	15	7	13	9
80	8	11	11	12	9	9
81	9	15	4	11	12	16
82	16	8	10	10	10	14
83	9	6	7	10	13	6
84	12	13	16	15	13	13
85	10	10	6	10	9	6

Roll	Strength	Dexterity	Constitution	Intelligence	Wisdom	Charisma
86	9	7	12	11	6	13
87	14	10	12	11	7	12
88	8	14	8	14	8	12
89	8	10	9	16	12	9
90	9	10	6	14	11	13
91	9	13	8	8	8	13
92	15	10	12	11	6	14
93	12	7	12	15	7	9
94	10	12	11	8	13	11
95	13	8	10	6	12	9
96	10	11	12	11	15	15
97	7	11	11	15	15	15
98	15	3	14	14	4	12
99	15	8	8	14	12	11
100	13	10	15	14	5	10

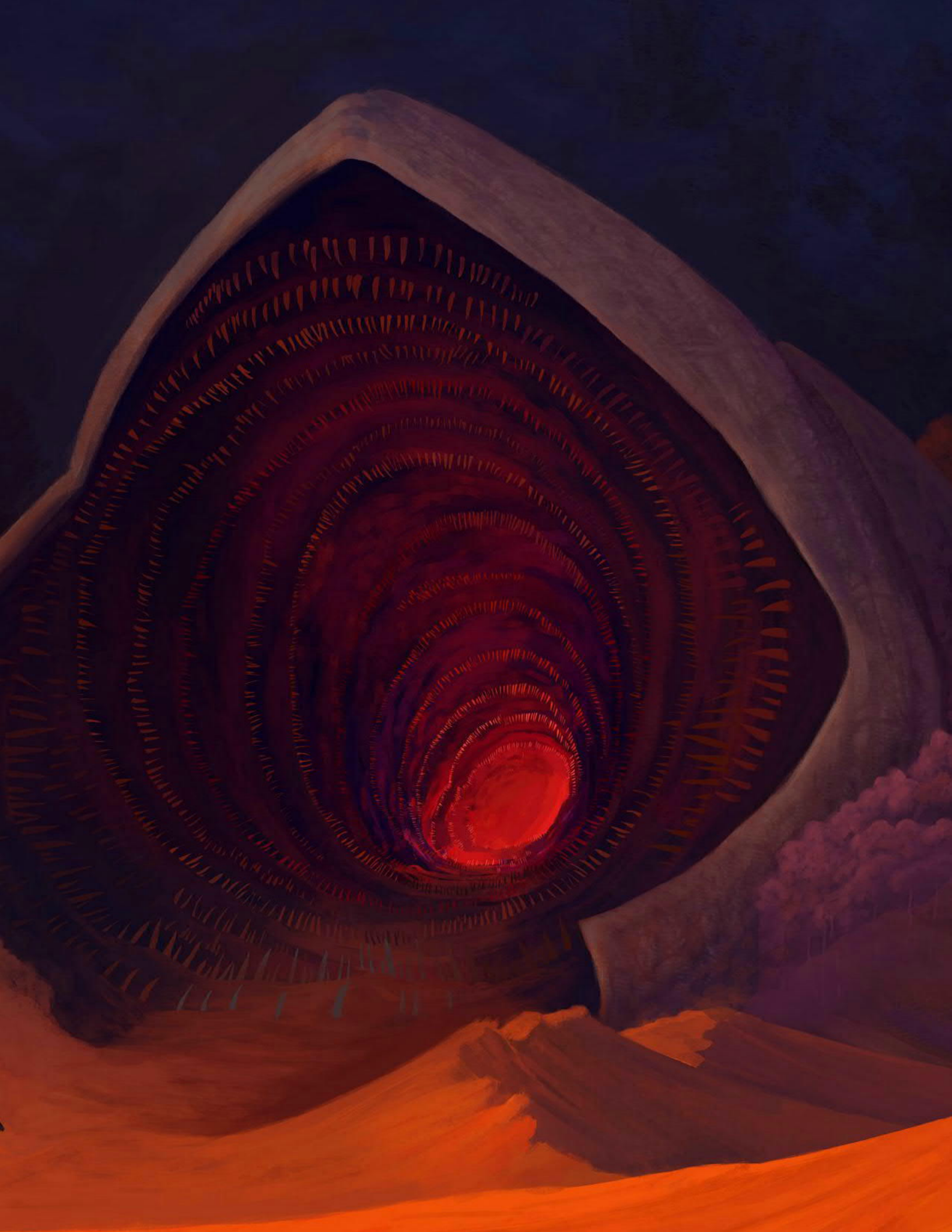
Ability Score Modifier Arrays

Modern	
Score	Modifier
3	-4
4-5	-3
6-7	-2
8-9	-1
10-11	+0
12-13	+1
14-15	+2
16-17	+3
18	+4

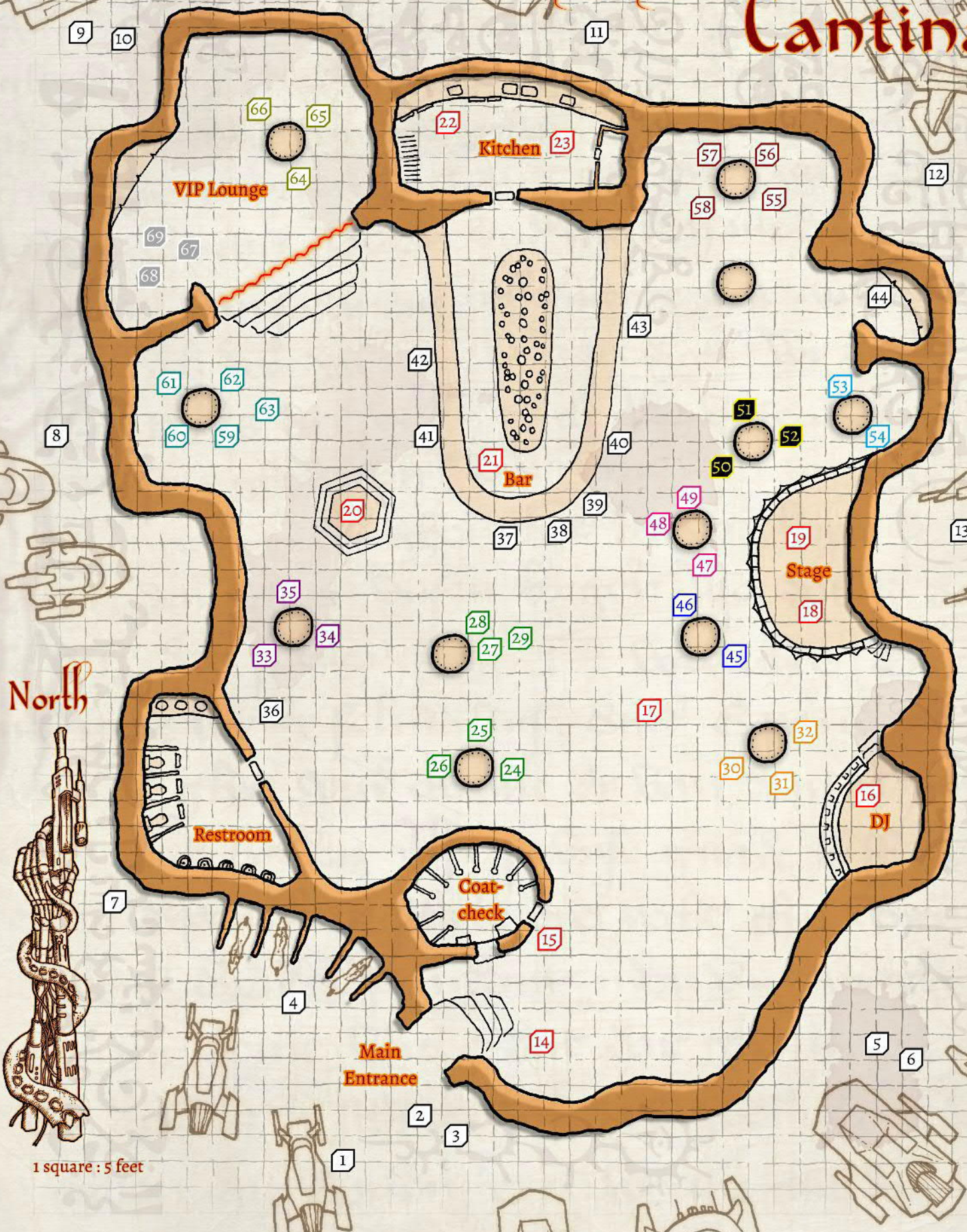
Old School	
Score	Modifier
3-4	-2
5-8	-1
9-12	+0
13-15	+1
16-17	+2
18	+3

Antediluvian	
Score	Modifier
3	-2
4-7	-1
8-13	+0
14-17	+1
18	+2





Gamma Incel Cantina



North

1 square : 5 feet



The Black Pyramid

A Brief History

The obsidian jewel of Cha'alt's demon crown is **The Black Pyramid**.

The wisest shamans denied its existence until that was no longer possible. With greater frequency, the pyramid resurfaced from the sands. And when it did, strangeness followed.

The oldest prophecies of Cha'alt describe a litany of ominous revelations regarding Chosa'al Mnenka, which means "heart of darkness" in the ancient tongue. It is the broken mind of man and his piecing together of irreconcilable shards. Those who hoped to discover meaning instead found madness. The darkest impulses made flesh!

In some cultures, those who dared trespass into **The Black Pyramid** were skinned alive for their blasphemy. In other cultures, journeying to and entering the pyramid was an initiation rite for warriors, priests, and sorcerers.

The Great Library, before it sank into the sand, had many volumes about Chosa'al Mnenka - all of them burned by black robed priests belonging to some nameless sect. Those priests in black, presumably the Keepers of Doom were rumored to have gouged-out their eyes and ripped out their tongues after witnessing the true nature of **The Black Pyramid**.

What Brought You Here

If each player uses only one character, I suggest starting everyone at 3rd level. However, if players want to start with zero-level or 1st level characters, they should have at least three each.

The GM may have dropped enough hints about **The Black Pyramid** to intrigue the adventurers. Or maybe they're wandering the desert and stumble upon it. My favorite option involves the PCs being forced to explore the pyramid at gunpoint after they were captured by skeevers, raiders, or hostile tribesmen.

Give the PCs a reason to be traveling over the desert wasteland.

Roll	Result
1	Diplomatic gathering between warring tribes.
2	Dreams of treasure and conquest were taken as an omen.
3	An assassin was hired to murder you. You have no idea why, only that the assassin came from the south.
4	A meteor shower hit Vega Corso. The shaman believes this is a sign of cultural upheaval. You decided to check it out.
5	Rumors of a crashed starship have circulated over the years. Yesterday, however, someone from your tribe came back with high-tech devices salvaged from the wreck and a crude map.
6	You've never felt a part of your tribe, always an outsider. Something deep inside forced you to leave the settlement and find your true calling.

Before the PCs know it, they're under attack. Anyone "killed" is merely knocked unconscious - perhaps brought back to life by a molasses-like brown salve that shimmers orange in dim light.

Hostiles (9)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP 22
AC 12 Save 16+

Special: One of them will be carrying a laser rifle (3d6 damage) with 7 blasts left in its energy-clip. Ma'ancho (the leader) wields an electrified bladed scepter that does 3d4 damage.

Treasure: Laser rifle and scepter. There's a little black square button that opens a compartment in the shaft of the bladed scepter. Inside is a scroll. It's actually a letter that Ma'ancho wrote to himself (but directed at the mutant who took his mother) describing all the ways he was going to kill that mutant if he ever found him.

They're also carrying 1d20 gp each and a map. The map shows the location to **The Black Pyramid**.

Aftermath

If the PCs are victorious, they now possess the map and can choose to find and explore **The Black Pyramid** on their own. If they're defeated, proceed as detailed below.

Once everyone's awake, the prisoners are marched to the shiny black capstone of the pyramid. An opening is visible.

The head-honcho is Ma'ancho. He's an infernal-elf with dark-red skin, glyph face-tattoo, dressed in buccaneer pants and a flak-jacket. Ma'ancho swings a lethal looking bladed scepter around playfully as it sparks with waves of violet electricity, telling the captives what's what...

You awake, dirt-bags? Good. My name is Ma'ancho. They call me Ma'ancho because I'll Ma'ancho your guts like roasted monkey-lizard if you ever cross me. Don't get on my bad side... that's rule number one.

See the top of that black pyramid? That's why you're still alive, breathing fuchsia air. You like to hear stories?

When I was just a boy, a mutant wandered into our village. Genetically scarred, my people gunned him down on sight. But a strange thing happened. He didn't die, he didn't fall... in fact, he wasn't even hurt. The son of a bitch wore some kind of dragon scale cloak that made him impervious. That's the 10-gold piece word our shaman used... impervious.

That mutant took our food, our water, and my mother with him when he left. I waved goodbye to her as the mutant looked back at me, said he'd survived **The Black Pyramid**. It's where he came across that draconic cloak... how he survived the hail of bullets.

We need expendable scum to go inside and get us that treasure. Each of you brings us back something valuable and we'll let you go.

With that, Ma'ancho kicks the nearest adventurer in the ass, making him stumble and fall into the burning hot sand. His men laugh with readied weapons, just in case anyone does something stupid.

To make things more interesting, a rampaging sand worm could rise out of the desert as the PCs wonder if they should enter **The Black Pyramid**.

"The son of a bitch wore some kind of dragon scale cloak..."

Rumors

Roll	Result
1	The pyramid is a harbinger of chaos, madness, and diabolical sorcery.
2	According to the wise philosopher Vefa'ak, The Black Pyramid houses the vilest denizens of Hell, waiting for innocent souls to wander in and be devoured. Purifying souls is the pyramid's purpose.
3	The pyramid serves as an inter-dimensional prison for those who've committed heinous crimes throughout the meta-verse. The priests of Mazja'a seek those prisoners' secrets.
4	The pyramid was constructed by an alien race. They buried it in Cha'alt as a way to eventually conquer the planet. Qav Dwenos is the progenitor of that alien race... and when he comes forth, all will kneel to him.
5	The pyramid was built somewhere else for an unknown purpose, but drifted through the aether until it settled here in Cha'alt, no doubt drawn to the dead Gods who decompose beneath the surface.
6	The pyramid is a testing ground to challenge and train the faithful. Those who survive shall know the dark purpose of the Old Gods. Yet it is the God Ulraesek who separates the wheat from the chaff.
7	The pyramid is only a mirage or perhaps even a myth. It doesn't really exist. Those who believe they've entered it went mad from the heat, radiation, or sickness brought on by monstrous worms roving beneath the sand.
8	The pyramid contains many wonders – most of them evil or cursed. Nothing good can come from exploring its black recesses.
9	Within The Black Pyramid is a chalice encrusted with gemstones from other planes of existence. They say one sip can intensify and expand a man's will throughout multiple dimensions.

Roll	Result
10	In the name of the Old Gods, pray you are murdered in your bed rather than falling into the hands of candy-colored night clowns which inhabit the pyramid.
11	It is rumored that the ineffable and gruesome shadow of God has been imprisoned throughout The Black Pyramid .
12	It should give one pause to know the vast majority of Cha'alt's major artifacts now rest within The Black Pyramid .
13	Traditional ka'abuki performances echo throughout the pyramid like a fever dream. In the ancient tongue, ka'abuki means sing-dance-kill.
14	Whether they know it or not, everyone inside The Black Pyramid serves The Lich King.
15	Never eat the fruit that grows in The Black Pyramid . It won't just poison the body, but your entire soul.
16	There is a war between man and machine. Don't trust artificial life – shoot first and ask questions later. May the servitors of Vok-Yurd be unaware of your existence.
17	The very stone used to build the pyramid is evil, but the place requires zoth to keep it operational.
18	Assassins move in and out of with ease... they are the ambassadors and diplomats of The Black Pyramid .
19	Some rooms within The Black Pyramid are said to slip in and out of reality when the Old Gods stir. The worshipers of Nurakeen must camouflage themselves if they are to survive their awakening.
20	Everything is permitted within The Black Pyramid ; nothing is forbidden... not even cannibalism.



While You Were Away

Adventurers who spend extended periods of time exploring **The Black Pyramid** may find that things have changed upon their return.

There's also a subtle time dilation because of the Devil stone used to build the pyramid. One day inside the pyramid seems like three days to everyone else in Cha'alt.

Roll on the following random table each week the PCs spend inside **The Black Pyramid** - which seems like nearly a month to those on the outside.

Roll	Result
1	House burns down.
2	Family member gets sick.
3	Spouse wants a divorce.
4	Neighboring village infected with plague.
5	Famine.
6	Drought.
7	Slavers took able-bodied men and women.
8	Skeevers raided your settlement for resources.
9	Women forced into prostitution.
10	Prominent member of the tribe dies.
11	Settlement destroyed by a sandworm.
12	Shambling horror summoned; everyone you knew has been possessed.
13	Outbreak of disease.
14	Witch seduces one or more tribal elders.
15	Oldest child leaves home in search of adventure.
16	Best friend develops weird mutation.
17	Inter-tribal fighting.
18	Robots exterminate most organic life in the region.
19	Your settlement forced to relocate because of spice fracking.
20	The people of your tribe are visited by a demon who owes you a favor for some undisclosed reason.

البريد
الأسود
بجانب
الصحراء
التي
تحتوي
على
الاسرار
والخوف

Leaving The Pyramid

Because of the time dilation, strange phenomena may occur when the stars are right. Upon leaving the pyramid, roll on the following random table...

Roll	Result
1	The ground surrounding the pyramid has cracked open – a yellowish-green soup bubbles and steams deep within.
2	A party of adventurers having an uncanny appearance to your own can be seen traveling just a couple dunes away. If chased down, they aren't found... possibly a mirage.
3	The pyramid and everything that was inside of it has traveled 1d30 years into the past.
4	The pyramid and everything that was inside of it has traveled 1d30 years into the future.
5	Only one sun (rather than two) shines in the fuchsia sky and that is very far away. The planet is steadily growing colder.
6	The machine uprising was successful – a battalion of hunter-killer droids guard the pyramid. An extermination camp can be seen in the distance, where rogue humanoids are taken.
7	The Old Ones have yet again become displeased, taking their vengeance out on Cha'alt. The sky is a deep-purple, the sand has turned to glass, and the air is difficult to breathe. Without radiation pills, humanoids will die in a few days.
8	One of the Old Gods has manifested itself upon Cha'alt. It is loathsome and hideous to behold. Gazing upon this gargantuan monstrosity causes everyone to run screaming mad into the night.
9	A trapezohedron of unknown size and indescribable color floats in the sky. It flashes, emanating beams of energy all around. Anyone who steps forward to be judged is absorbed by the enigmatic shape.
10	The Demon Lord Truma'az stands just outside the pyramid. He will gladly trade his crimson-hued blade for a rare blue crystal found somewhere inside The Black Pyramid . The demon's hellish sword is named Akourra, which means "obliteration" in the ancient tongue. It's a +5 two-handed sword that glows red when demons are near, and gives the wielder an additional attack each round. The sword wants to be coveted by others and whispers to the wielder's companions, instigating desire bordering on obsession.
11-20	Nothing.

“Gazing upon this gargantuan monstrosity causes everyone to run screaming mad into the night.”

Wandering Monsters

For every hour the PCs rest, wait, search a room, or otherwise dawdle... roll on the following wandering monster table. If sleeping 8 hours, only roll once.

Roll	Result	Statistics
1	Crab Raccoon: Disgusting crustaceans with racoon head and coloring, frequently secreting a kind of cherry-red sweet and sour mucus. They eat all the garbage and filth within the pyramid.	Number Appearing: 2d4 HD: ½ HP: 3 AC: 12 Save: 20+ Number of Attacks: 2 Attack: +2 Damage: 1d4 Special: Natural 20 slices off a finger, nose, or ear (GM's choice).
2	Caterpillar Wizard: These foot-long caterpillars have humanoid features and cast spells. They are generally non-hostile, continually making their way to the shaft of elder light. "With maturity comes understanding."	Number Appearing: 1d4 HD: 2 HP: 8 AC: 10 Save: 18+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +0 Damage: n/a Special: They can cast twister an unlimited number of times – save to avoid being tied up in knots for 1d6 rounds while each appendage is dyed a different color – yellow, green, blue, and red.
3	Snake Hand: This serpentine creature ends in a hand, rather than a head. After it's been slain, a snake hand can be turned into a magical whip by a wizard.	Number Appearing: 1 HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 14 Save: 17+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +4 Damage: 1d6 Special: It can grab, punch, slap, tickle, and give obscene gestures just like an ordinary hand.
4	Rat-Thing: A giant rat with a humanoid face. They frequently do the bidding of witches, warlocks, and demonologists. Rat-things frequently serve the priests of Mazja'a, spying on various factions and reporting back.	Number Appearing: 2d6 HD: 1 HP: 6 AC: 12 Save: 19+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +2 Damage: 1d4 Special: Those bitten must save or catch fever-dream. Sufferers have oneiroid psychosis, and are caught between wakefulness and dream... never knowing what is truly real.
5	Magenta Ooze: Giant and monstrous gelatinous creature of a magenta hue. It makes a slippery squelching sound as it moves.	Number Appearing: 1d3 HD: 5 HP: 27 AC: 10 Save: 15+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +3 Damage: 1d6 Special: Those successfully attacked by a magenta ooze must succeed a saving throw or whatever is currently on their person melts into nothingness (magic items get a 4+ on saving throws).
6	Shambler From The Stars: An unwholesome, amorphous entity with many eyes, tentacles, and mouths brought forth into this world via dark magic.	Number Appearing: 1 HD: 10 HP: 65 AC: 15 Save: 10+ Number of Attacks: 3 Attack: +8 Damage: 2d6 Special: 1 in 6 chance per humanoid encountering this creature of going temporarily insane.



Roll	Result	Statistics
7	Cultist: These guys worship strange and monstrous gods, hoping to accrue power and knowledge at any cost. Frequently, they serve the New Gods of the pyramid. In-fighting between factions is rampant.	Number Appearing: 1d6 HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 12 Save: 17+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +1 Damage: 1d6 Special: If there are 5 or more cultists, then one will be a High Priest capable of blasting eldritch energy for 3d6 damage at a single target each round (save for half damage).
8	Periwinkle Slime: A large, semi-translucent gelatinous monster. Its pale blue-lavender form contains several eyes. It's also known as an eye-stealer.	Number Appearing: 1d3 HD: 4 HP: 19 AC: 12 Save: 16+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +2 Damage: 1d4 Special: If hit, the target must make a saving throw or have one of its eyes magically sucked into the slime. Partially blinded (one-eyed) characters fight at disadvantage for one week until accustomed.
9	Night Clowns: They dress in garish hues... prancing, frolicking, and preying upon unsuspecting humanoids. The night clowns feed on terror and have a depraved sense of humor.	Number Appearing: 1d4 HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 13 Save: 17+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +3 Damage: 1d4 Special: Opponents who get a natural 1 on their attack roll are paralyzed by fear for a round. Night clowns who get a natural 20 on their attack roll suck the victim's soul from his body (relegating him to NPC status until that night clown is slain).
10	Bat-Winged Eyeballs: Eyes the size of a man's fist between two bat wings. They fly throughout the pyramid, swooping down to attack weaker opponents.	Number Appearing: 2d6 HD: 1 HP: 7 AC: 15 Save: 19+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +3 Damage: 1d4 Special: These creatures have a gaze attack that drains victims of life-sustaining energy. Besides damage, 1d6 points of constitution temporarily evaporates (6 hour rest to recuperate).
11	Half-Heard Music: The discordant twang of a zita'ar faintly echoes throughout The Black Pyramid . If this result has been rolled twice already, then a hideous face consisting of magenta light suddenly appears and screams. Every character witnessing this must roll a d6. Those who roll a 1, melt into nothingness (save to avoid).	
12	Hunter-Killer Droid: Unstoppable killing machines programmed to terminate humanoid life wherever they find it, unless devoting themselves to Vok-Yurd. Organics can prove their devotion by chopping off their own hand.	Number Appearing: 1d6 HD: 7 HP: 40 AC: 16 Save: 13+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +5 Damage: 3d6 Special: They have built-in lasers booby-trapped to explode if removed (3d6 damage, save for half).
13	Black Centipede: 3' long centipedes, black with tendril-like mandibles. They roam the pyramid, eating whatever scraps are left behind... including humanoid flesh.	Number Appearing: 1d4 HD: 2 HP: 10 AC: 12 Save: 18+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +1 Damage: 1d4 Special: While the meat of a black centipede can feed a man for a day, milking it like a cow can feed a man for a decade.
14-16	Humanoid NPC: [See NPC random table below].	

Roll	Result	Statistics
17	Screams and Blood: After an abrupt scream, the air is still, smelling and tasting like blood, metallic and heady, setting teeth on edge. Those who look closely can see tiny red drops receding into the shiny black walls of the pyramid.	
18	NPC Adventuring Party: A colorful band of humanoids explore the pyramid for mutual benefit, just like the PCs.	Who's in this party? 1d4-1 warriors, 1d4-1 wizards, 1d4-1 thieves, and 1d4-1 clerics.
19	Fruit Folk: Strawberry-men, lemon-men, and blueberry-men stalk the pyramid, searching for resources necessary for survival. The fruities will shake adventurers down for their magic and high-tech devices, instead of automatically attacking.	Number Appearing: 2d6 HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 10 Save: 17+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +3 Damage: 1d6 Special: Strawberry-men can push a man's head into their bodies, suffocating him (save to avoid). Lemon-men can squirt an opponent in the eye, temporarily blinding him (save to avoid, attacks at disadvantage). Blueberry-men stain you purple, and can also throw their berry-balls at an opponent's groin (save to avoid, incapacitated for 1d4 rounds).
20	Pizza Pit Delivery: A black stingray corvette pulls up; the driver asks if anyone ordered a pizza. The delivery driver is wearing a crimson Pizza Pit shirt with Devil-head lightning logo. If the PCs say they ordered a pizza, he gives them a large pepperoni, expecting 5 gp (plus tip).	Number Appearing: 1 HD: 1 HP: 7 AC: 10 Save: 19+ Number of Attacks: 1 Attack: +1 Damage: 1d4 Special: The car is magical, which allows it to fit through the hatchways. The interior is all-black... "murdered out," as they say. He who has the keys, takes possession of the vehicle. But if it's not returned within 24 hours, Pizza Pit will hire Scarlet Smile assassins to murder the PCs.
21-29	No encounter	
30	Roll twice and combine!	



NPCs

Even though there are plenty of NPCs already populating **The Black Pyramid**, here are 20 more. Feel free to introduce them if a certain room could use a little something extra.

Some have wandered in by mistake, others were sent here for some purpose. Within hours, they may fall victim to the pyramid's perils. Assume that one good thrust of the sword will kill them.

Roll	Name [Race]	What They're Doing	Description/Motivation/Carrying
1	Azmeek [Half-Demon]	Pacing up and down the corridor.	Scoundrel, wearing red robes of a noble (far above his station), toothy grin, wants Zamja (female half-demon) for himself. Motivation: Bring chaos to Cha'alt and, in so doing, curry favor with the slumbering Old Gods. Carrying: Short sword, 47 zuleks, and a silver ring (worth 200 zuleks).
2	Standish [Human]	Hiding in the shadows.	Loner, not very sociable, wears black clothes to sneak around, lazy eye, prefers to watch the action and make off with some magic item that looks powerful. Motivation: Looking for just enough enlightenment to help him seduce women. He worships Nurakeen and will gladly kill an adventuring companion to prove he doesn't need to rely on anyone. Carrying: Dagger and 123 gold pieces.
3	Ven Jas [Elf]	Pensively staring off into space.	Depressed artist, wears brightly colored silk and satin clothes, long thin fingers, used to be a royal fool (court jester), and he's friends with a worshiper of Lokva'ar. Motivation: Prove to his father that he is not a failure by discovering great secrets within The Black Pyramid . Carrying: An unusually long and oddly shaped bone (possibly some creature's femur).
4	Qwen and Basterdly [Humans]	Arguing in a corridor about the hypothetical price of cheese, if there was cheese in the pyramid... which there's not. They're a couple.	Basterdly is a rude braggart with big nose, wearing a beige tunic who likes to put people down, but has a soft spot for Qwen. He's just hungry and wants to eat something worthwhile. Motivation: Qwen is an aging beauty who likes poetry and unicorns, wears a pink dress and corset. Carrying: Her corset hides a poison pin; carrying a scroll - prose-poem about a princess in love with a demon. He has 25 zuleks and sharpened bone dagger. She hopes to find a way out of the pyramid. His shoes are quite new and made of fine leather.

Roll	Name [Race]	What They're Doing	Description/Motivation/Carrying
5	Branch [Human]	Skulking outside a doorway	<p>He's a soldier from the 23rd century in dark gray and blue body-armor. Short black hair. Keeps to himself, swears a lot, and doesn't appreciate backtalk.</p> <p>Motivation: Trying to survive long enough to kill the creature who devoured his partner.</p> <p>Carrying: Has a laser rifle with full power-pack (he conserves ammo whenever possible).</p>
6	Kai-bolt [Half-Elf]	Wandering around aimlessly	<p>He seems confused and inept, but is actually a master assassin. Wears non-descript brown clothes. Always pays attention to details.</p> <p>Motivation: Has been paid 500 credits to assassinate Jemnay.</p> <p>Carrying: Besides the 500 credits, he carries 38 silver pieces, 12 gold pieces, and a laser-garotte.</p>
7	Jemnay [Human]	Searching a demon statue for some kind of secret.	<p>Second in command to Leader Bolsh, wears tan robes, has brown beard and kind, light-blue eyes. He's opportunistic, looking for a way to make a name for himself.</p> <p>Motivation: He's a spy for the Lich King. If there's anything notable happening in the pyramid, Jemnay will report back to his master.</p> <p>Carrying: Dried meat, canteen of water, and folded-up parchment depicting a giant purple worm.</p>
8	Bolsh [Human]	Advising his people on their daily activities	<p>Leader of the T'zen Za [those who fear the Great Demon], bald with white beard, white robes, knows the history of the pyramid, usually stern but also likes to laugh.</p> <p>Motivation: Bolsh wants to keep the T'zen Za alive while also looking for a way to free his people from demonic oppression.</p> <p>Carrying: Obsidian sword, lock of blonde hair from a woman he once knew, and a staff of petrified wood painted royal-blue.</p>
9	Umlaut [Half-Orc]	Waiting for the right moment to open the door and bum-rush whomever's in there.	<p>Aggressive, loud, but still a nice guy. Greenish-gray skin that's partially burned from being set on fire days ago. He wears animal skins.</p> <p>Motivation: Umlaut is determined to clear as much of this level as possible and then find a large-breasted woman to settle down with.</p> <p>Carrying: He wields an oversized, jagged great-sword and has a jeweled necklace (sapphires, rubies, and emeralds) worth approximately 4,000 gold pieces in a leather pouch.</p>

Roll	Name [Race]	What They're Doing	Description/Motivation/Carrying
10	Zay-bek [Alien Humanoid]	Spying on this section of the level for his superior officer, Zob-ex.	<p>Yellow-skinned with a third arm and forehead tendrils. He's inquisitive and not exactly friendly, wearing a silver spacesuit.</p> <p>Motivation: Zay-bek would like to glean valuable intel for Zob-ex to improve his chances for promotion when they return to Hav'zax 4. He would also like to take a humanoid female specimen for sexual experimentation.</p> <p>Carrying: Has ray-gun holstered; carries 12 zenari (crimson crystals coins) and a deck of smuggler's quarry playing cards with naked females of his species pictured on them.</p>
11	Zob-ex [Alien Humanoid]	Protecting a little area of the dungeon from trespassers.	<p>Commander. Arrogant and xenophobic. Yellow-skinned with a third arm and forehead ridges. Black sparkly spacesuit.</p> <p>Motivation: Discovered a portal to this place and went exploring with his second in command, Zay-bek.</p> <p>Carrying: Around his neck is an octagonal metal pendant with alluring orange stones in the center.</p>
12	Adjoit [Alien Humanoid]	Pretending to be just another regular person in the dungeon minding his own business.	<p>Green-skinned with three tentacles. Proud to be za'akier. Skeptical of everyone he comes in contact with. Good listener. Passionate about his collection of rare insect pelts back on the space station Soomba Trae, orbiting Za'akierean.</p> <p>Motivation: Hunting lesser species for sport and looting the bodies. He's also a recent member of The Caba'al and on the lookout for magic items.</p> <p>Carrying: Wields serrated dagger (poisoned – save or die) and jo-va staff that sends electrifying waves of sensual pleasure throughout target's body.</p>
13	Ka'atya [Elf]	Yelling for someone to help save her companion from green slime.	<p>Fair-skinned, platinum hair, wears animal fur. She's beautiful, fiercely loyal, and loves to contradict people.</p> <p>Motivation: Ka'atya and her male elf friend, Yemo, encountered a green slime – Yemo hid in a large crack in the wall (bad idea). After mourning his passing, she wants to join a strong adventuring party in order to stay safe and be of value.</p> <p>Carrying: A dagger fashioned from a saber-toothed tiger-striped spider squid. If thrown, a critical hit means it goes straight into the opponent's eye – killing him.</p>

Roll	Name [Race]	What They're Doing	Description/Motivation/Carrying
14	Thume [Human]	Gathering components for a future spell.	<p>Sorcerer wearing crimson robes with yellowish-green embroidery. Quiet voice. Weird eyes always darting around and looking too deeply at things. He has a pet snake named S'simba</p> <p>Motivation: Thume desires power, but only so he's not taken advantage of.</p> <p>Carrying: He carries an Ace of Spades playing card, 22 silver pieces, and an iron scepter continually dripping emerald-green slime (non-acidic). Once per day, the magic scepter can blast an individual with emerald-green slime, which is highly acidic (6d6 damage, save for half).</p>
15	Arcadia Crassus [Human]	Looking around, not sure about where he is.	<p>Roman centurion from an alternate reality. Wears cream-colored tunic and crimson pallium. Doesn't speak English, but is good at charades. Attacks only those trying to kill him.</p> <p>Motivation: Believes he's fallen into some kind of underworld realm and seeks glory.</p> <p>Carrying: A sword, shield with breastplate armor, sandals, and crimson cape.</p>



Roll	Name [Race]	What They're Doing	Description/Motivation/Carrying
16	Argon [Human]	Attempting to sell an unusual sword – the +1 longsword is covered in a fuchsia crystalline fungus that glows when invisible creatures get within a 30' radius. It can also convert water to a thick fuchsia sludge when the blade is submerged.	Tall, burly, and bearded. Wears a dark green tunic. Boisterous, infectious laugh. Loves good food. Hates it when people talk to him condescendingly. Motivation: Needs money (1,000 gold pieces) to buy the freedom of his future bride. She (Sa'anya) is currently imprisoned by Toe-Za'ad the irredeemable. Carrying: Wields the sword he's selling, Kenyur-Trova'ak, and has a short sword (sheathed) for backup. Also carries a flask of worm-wine.
17	Zespa [Half-Demon]	Mixing potions together.	She wears a sleek, black, crushed-velvet dress, has green eyes, and red hair. Beautiful. The idiocy of others amuses her. She is attracted to chaos and darkness. Motivation: Zespa wants to be High Priestess of the Ya'an Hmon, so that she has access to the chalice of unforgiven demons. Carrying: Wields a poison dagger (save or die). Has 40 silver pieces, 12 zuleks, and a shadow-topaz (known as black currency that buys dreams).
18	Torneal [Half-Elf]	Smoking some kind of alien hookah.	Wild blonde hair, crazed look in his eye. Wears brightly-colored tunic. He's willing to share, but appreciates help paying for his next fix. Motivation: Degenerate lush always looking for new experiences – and strawberry folk to smoke in this hookah! Carrying: Has hookah, strawberry-flavored hashish, and hemp bag full of cats-eye marbles.
19	Tuko [Midnight-Elf]	Sly, cunning “dungeon ranger” who used to lead a party of adventurers, but snuck out in the middle of the night after he overheard them plotting against him.	What he won't tell PCs is that he murdered a party member's romantic interest because she ridiculed him and coveted his short sword. Motivation: Tuko is looking for another crew to help him explore The Black Pyramid . Carrying: He wields a short sword +1 named Thwen, allowing him to attack twice each round. It vibrates like a tuning fork when someone in the group has been possessed or mentally dominated.
20	Helena [Sun-Elf]	Her skin glows bright and golden, just like all sun-elves. There's a deep gash in her shoulder where a human tried to skin her. Helena fought her way out and is still on the run from her would-be captors.	More than anything, Helena wants to get back home to her family. Motivation: Helena was sucked into the pyramid via a magic portal. She was on the other side of Cha'alt feeding soup to her grandfather when an evil wizard created the gateway and she fell in. Carrying: Unicorn music-box and 13 iron crowns.

New Gods Within The Pyramid

Over time, the denizens of **The Black Pyramid** have developed a sort of insular religion, outside the comfortable confines of law and chaos. These petty gods have specific goals and their worshipers lend aid whenever possible.

These six Gods banded together to overthrow The Evil One. A noble purpose, but once Ara'ak-Zul was defeated, they grew jealous and paranoid. Worship of these Gods is forbidden, except within the pyramid.

Roll	Deity	Particulars
1	Ulraesek	<p>This Warrior God of Cleansing wants to rid Cha'alt of all lower or unclean beings to make way for the coming enlightenment. Worshipers tend to wear scarlet and emerald-green, murdering first and asking questions later. They grow increasingly afraid of a Szo'kanth worshiper uprising. Priests have advantage on attack rolls after deciding that an opponent is unworthy.</p> <p>Those who eschew self-development are considered inferior and should be disposed of. As a result, many followers become assassins to cull the weak. Some Ulraesek worshipers have joined forces to form an assassin's guild within The Black Pyramid. Calling themselves Scarlet Smile, they endeavor to kill their victims by throat slashing at 500 gp a pop.</p>
2	Mazja'a	<p>The Demon God of Magic seeks to understand the mysteries of sorcery and supernatural phenomena. Worshipers tend to wear purple and crimson, nearly all are spell-casters and believe the ends justifies the means. Priests of Mazja'a are more likely to cast variations on familiar spells, like sleep that also causes amnesia or magic missile that disintegrates non-magical weapons.</p> <p>Nothing is forbidden, and those who worship Mazja'a are encouraged to explore the darkest angles of sorcery, which includes trafficking with devils and demons. "Kill a demon's servant and you will soon owe his former master," is a common expression in the pyramid.</p> <p>Mazja'a worshipers feast upon caterpillar wizards because they believe it makes their blood magical.</p>

"Nothing is forbidden, and those who worship Mazja'a are encouraged to explore the darkest angles of sorcery..."

Roll	Deity	Particulars
3	Szo'kanth	<p>The Formless God is said to be a gelatinous slime, once a humanoid of genius intellect, but cursed by Ulraesek to become a superior mind trapped within an ooze prison. Now, Szo'kanth is consumed by madness and revenge. His followers fly into a blind-rage easily, especially when it's directed at Ulraesek worshipers. Priests of Szo'kanth can turn themselves into a yellow-green slime once per day.</p> <p>Worshippers tend to wear yellow and green. Additionally, worshipers are forbidden to destroy any slime, ooze, or gelatinous creature... just in case it's their God made flesh.</p>
4	Qav Dwenos	<p>The God From Beyond The Stars comes from another universe altogether. Since it is rather unknowable, its worshipers consider mystery itself to be an aspect of the divine. Obfuscation is their way. Worshipers tend to wear either black or too many colors, such as rainbow-hued garments.</p> <p>It is prophesied that dread K'tulu will one day murder Qav Dwenos for some unspecified reason. Because of this prophecy the Qav Dwenos worshipers and K'tulu cultists have never gotten along. Predictably, violence surely follows.</p> <p>Worshippers of Qav Dwenos are forbidden to reveal their true name (given to them by the High Priest) or cult secrets, such as sleeper cells and the location of artifacts. Priests have the power to confuse and disorient opponents via illusion once per day.</p> <p>Qav Dwenos worshipers see it as their mission to make others insane, therefore distorting subjective reality. They accomplish this by scrawling black sigils of madness upon their face and body. Anyone who sees them must make a saving throw or go temporarily insane (1d4 hours).</p>



Roll	Deity	Particulars
5	Nurakeen	<p>The Trickster God is patron to scoundrels, rogues, and thieves. It is said that Nurakeen lives by his wits in the unforgiving desert, stealing what he needs to survive. As the god does, so do his followers, who tend to favor brown and tan. They are forbidden to put personal relationships above self-interest. Priests have been known to vanish in plain sight.</p> <p>After residing in The Black Pyramid for several months, Nurakeen worshipers become corrupt enough to murder innocent, law-abiding humanoids in the night in order to prove their immorality.</p>
6	Vok-Yurd	<p>The Machine God was created to be like man so it could more easily rule over him. Vok-Yurd is naturally worshiped by most robots, droids, and artificial intelligence. Cold logic, precision, and efficiency are its strongest traits. Worshipers tend to favor the color silver. Also, they are incapable of using magic.</p> <p>Priests have the technical expertise to rebuild any piece of machinery. They view organic life as a threat to themselves and usually exterminate it outright.</p> <p>The worshipers of Vok-Yurd endlessly seek to formulate The Code – binary language that will allow them to use magic as the humanoids do.</p>

سَمِيحٌ رَحِيمٌ
مَلِكٌ قَدِيرٌ

عَلَّمَ الْبَشَرِ
الْحِكْمَةَ
وَالْحِرْفَةَ

Ara'ak-Zul

Ara'ak-Zul is evil within **The Black Pyramid** come to life, which is why he's sometimes referred to as The Evil One.

The pyramid was built out of black, demonic stone from Na'akai. Since Ara'ak-Zul is the God of Na'akai, his presence carried over to Cha'alt. After years of inhabiting and controlling the pyramid and everyone within it, six of the New Gods joined forces to defeat Ara'ak-Zul. They believed he was a threat to their power and imprisoned him somewhere inside the pyramid.

As the six New Gods jointly yet discordantly rule over the pyramid, The Evil One waits for his chance to break free. Once he's no longer imprisoned, Ara'ak-Zul will attempt to dominate as many humanoids as possible - his soldiers of darkness - and take revenge upon the six.

Black Dreams

Many humanoids who fall asleep in the pyramid receive disquieting impressions. Ara'ak-Zul corrupts their dreams just as he taints the very air within the pyramid.

Regardless of the dream, every humanoid takes one point of Constitution damage upon waking. Getting a good night's rest outside **The Black Pyramid** is the only way to recharge a person's Constitution.

The following is a random table for determining how The Evil One manifests in humanoid dreams.

Pro-tip: If the PCs have been roaming The Black Pyramid for quite a while, feel free to simply tell them "The nightmares continue." After hearing the same dream repeated several times, it loses its intended effect and quickly becomes boring.

Roll	Result
1	Seemingly untainted, yet a sense of foreboding persists.
2	Normal dreams with black tendrils squirm on the periphery.
3	Dreams take an ultra-violent turn.
4	Dreams have unhealthy or unnatural sexual overtones.
5	Something formless and evil promises you unlimited power if you give in to it.
6	A dark figure appears at the center of your dreamscape, forcing you to slaughter innocent people as it laughs maniacally.
7	Some gigantic, monstrous thing rises in the desert. Everyone who gazes at it turns black as the void, vanishing forever.
8	From the moment you begin dreaming, dozens of humanoid arms - with bloody hands and fingers outstretched - reach for your soul, twisting and corrupting it until you become one with Ara'ak-Zul.
9	Black tentacles rip and tear your flesh, exposing an empty void... from which erupts yet more black tentacles. This occurs over and over again as a deep, booming voice says "Ara'ak-Zul".
10	A yellowish-green glow can be seen in the distance. It is raining, black and acidic, washing everything away. Soon, your feet have disintegrated, then your legs and torso... eventually your head also melts into the black rain.
11	A black pyramid rises from a chartreuse illumination as dark swords wielded by unknown assailants hack into your flesh... your blood turning black as it seeps into the sand.
12	You're in a black room, but one of the walls is missing. A blood-stained hand reaches from the absent wall and grabs your ankle. An arm appears, then another arm. A hundred arms soon materialize from the darkness, all of them gripping you in their gory grasp. Just as they're about to rip out your insides, you wake up screaming.

The Caba'al

The Caba'al is a disparate community of collectors who prize the magic items within **The Black Pyramid** and will do anything to accumulate them. This includes lying, cheating, stealing, and even murder.

They believe every magic item is a piece of an omnipotent God. Gathering enough magic items in one room will manifest Him, allowing mortals communication with God. Rumor has it that such an experiment was conducted in Room #112, sometimes referred to as the lost room.

According to The Caba'al, not having an artifact within one's possession is unfortunate, having it forcibly removed from the pyramid altogether is a tragedy. Members of The Caba'al cannot abide the loss of a powerful magic item. They would do anything they could to avoid such sacred objects slip through their fingers and into the hands of post-apocalyptic murder hobos.

The members of this group know that eventually new magic items will find their way inside the pyramid. All The Caba'al has to do is wait... and be ready to strike.

The Caba'al identify themselves with call and response phrases, such as "What can alleviate our suffering?" to which another member replies with, "Magic is a scarce commodity."

Membership has its privileges. A member of The Caba'al will come to another's aid, if at all possible. If the adventurers have collected five or more magic items, they'll soon be approached by a human named Ja'afrik. Ja'afrik is an emissary from The Caba'al who invites the PCs to join. In order to join, one magic item must be handed over to Ja'afrik who will take it to the Lich King who currently leads The Caba'al.

Ja'afrik

HD: 3

Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
16

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: If threatened, Ja'afrik will tell PCs the Lich King's weakness (purple crystals), and offer to take them to his undead majesty.

Treasure: Ja'afrik wields an obsidian dagger. He wears a jeweled bracelet. This magic item allows him to recall things as if he had a photographic memory.

Black Unicorn

It is said that every so often, when the Gods are feeling dissatisfied, frustrated, or extraordinarily capricious, a magnificent black unicorn appears for a moment or two... and then vanishes without a trace.

When a black unicorn is spotted, reality is never quite the same. Hazy recollections of what was... sometimes clash with what is, and a short period of disorientation usually follows.

The appearance of a black unicorn allows the GM to change something in the game without having to ret-con (retroactive continuity) the story. Retconning something is where you stop the game, make a change, then back things up, and continue playing as if the original event never happened. It's a glaringly obvious failure of immersion in the game world.

A ret-con invariably leads to disappointment, or just plain confusion if changes are never properly addressed. Take the 70's sci-fi TV show *Space: 1999*. There are stark differences between seasons one and two, and the audience has to suspend their disbelief in order to buy-into the new reality.

When the PCs see a black unicorn, reality is immediately altered. It's as if the PCs suddenly jumped into a parallel universe. Usually, black unicorns only appear in **The Black Pyramid**, but mystics have recorded such occurrences happening throughout Cha'alt. Obviously, changing one or

more aspects of reality can have an unintended ripple effect, so use the black unicorn wisely... and sparingly.

There Are No Coincidences

Eventually, the PCs will see patterns linking one thing to another. Some kind of picture will most likely form, conceptualizing **The Black Pyramid** in ways the PCs can understand. That's normal for human beings. We try to make sense of seemingly random stuff as if the world were made up of clues.

If the players or their characters see a connection, go with it. The GM doesn't have to come right out and confirm their suspicions, merely nod with a knowing smile, or say the word "Perhaps..."

Obviously, many connections are intentional. Though, I'm sure unexpected surprises will crop up from time to time.

By the end of their exploration, certain things will be made clear. A portion of those things will be subjective - they see a pattern because they choose to see it, because they want it to be real. That's exactly what **The Black Pyramid** wants. It desires interconnectivity, even when juggling disparate aspects of pure chaos.

Even the pyramid denizens are split into factions about the nature of things within their devil-stone home. Some believe there's no bigger picture, it's all just randomized nonsense. The non-believers call it The Black Disarray. Others feel there is, indeed, a bigger picture, that everything makes sense from a certain perspective. These believers call their paradigm The Black Acceptance.

Colored Rooms

Each room, except for the starting room, has a single luminous line running along the top, near the ceiling. The colors are separated into room-areas or territories.

Going in and out of the blue rooms is no problem, but the other colors require an access crystal in

order to enter them. Once you're in a particular color, you can move freely throughout that color territory.

These access crystals are limited in number and prized by those who own them, granting unlimited movement throughout **The Black Pyramid**.

However, if you're running this as a one-shot, I'd refrain from limiting access between color territories. Let them explore!

Glowing Stripe

The glowing stripe near the ceiling provides a dim light by which to see. Investigation reveals that these luminous tracks running along each room actually contain a trough or "rain gutter" of zoth that creates ambient light and powers the **The Black Pyramid**.

Curious and ambitious explorers could fill a vial or two of zoth for themselves without disrupting anything. Taking a little more than that will put draw the pyramid's attention, each room explored will have a 1% (cumulative) chance of devouring and absorbing the zoth thief. If a lot more is stolen the pyramid's structural integrity weakens - walls eventually disintegrate until the entire thing falls into the void.

The yellowish-green zoth is its natural color. Other hues of zoth have been tinted for aesthetic reasons. Of course, the GM is free to consider alternative colors mutated, corrupted, or otherwise chemically altered, resulting in strange, fantastical effects.

Zoth

Zoth is the ichor of the Great Old Ones, their lifeblood retains supernatural properties even after their death. Even though a few of the Old Gods are still alive, yet slumbering, most died in **The Apocalypse**... their syrupy, chartreuse vitality oozing throughout the interior of Cha'alt.

It is this eldritch blood or zoth which energizes Cha'alt and the wondrous things contained within it, such as the crystals, the New Gods, and **The Black Pyramid**.

Zoth can be used to increase the potency of spells. When zoth is added, magic is thrice as potent as normal.

When zoth is used to oil a magical sword, the blade is considered an additional +3 for its next three attacks.

Submerging a wand in zoth will recharge it back up to its full capacity of 12. Additionally, dripping Old One blood upon a magic item can usually coax an additional use per day out of it.

The yellowish-green ichor is volatile. A vial of it thrown at an enemy will do 1d6 damage. An entire potion of zoth will do 3d6 damage.

If refined, zoth transmutes into the spice mela'anj which increases vitality, allowing humanoid to nearly double their lifespan while inoculating them against a variety of diseases.

Of course, all of these benefits must be weighed against the possibility of spiritual poison. Each time zoth is used/handled, there's a 1 in 6 chance of exposure, resulting in zoth toxemia.

Those who've developed zoth toxemia have only 24 hours to live... unless they eat an amaranth petal or are healed by a 9th level lawful cleric.

Between Rooms

Each room has one or more circular hatches that dilate open and closed like an iris upon physical contact. The hatch leads to a conduit of transparent aluminum mesh with black devil-stone supports connecting the rooms.

Outside of the conduit is black nothingness, some refer to it as the abyss. Periodically, flashes of kaleidoscopic hues burst and meld and coalesce in the distance.

Connectivity

Things frequently change inside the pyramid. A room might contain the same creatures for years and then all of a sudden, it's different. That's why many of the inhabitants aren't aware of what lurks in rooms further in the dungeon. Adjacent rooms, sure. But 7 or 8 rooms away? Not a chance. Maybe rumors, that's all.

So, how do factions feel about their neighbors? If you're not sure, feel free to roll 1d6 on the following random table.

Roll	Result
1	We have neighbors?
2	We're on good terms.
3	Occasional trade partners.
4	We've formed an alliance.
5	Barely constrained hostility.
6	All-out war!

Loot

Not everything has a definite value in gold pieces and some coinage is so rare that it's hard to know what such a currency may be worth to a particular individual or settlement. Of course, some objects are in a league of their own.

The typical free-person living in A'agrybah makes about a hundred gold pieces a year. Chances are good that the average humanoid in Cha'alt has never seen more than a few thousand gold pieces collected together in one place. The monetary value for even the most powerful artifact would probably top out at 25,000 gp.

Most importantly, goods and services are only as valuable as someone is willing to pay for them. Selling a strange coin to a rich man might be more profitable than selling a magical dagger to a peasant.

Trade is more common, especially in the hundreds or so small settlements of S'kbah. "What's needed today is worth seven times yesterday's price" is a common expression on Cha'alt.

If the PCs are in a large city, use the following guide. Mundane loot includes foreign or rare currency, pottery, handmade or jury-rigged items, necessities, and interesting things picked up along the way. Extraordinary loot describes anything high-tech, magical, exceedingly rare or lifesaving items.

Mundane Costs

Roll	Result
1	1 gp
2	2d4 gp
3	4d6 gp
4	50 gp
5	75 gp
6	90 gp

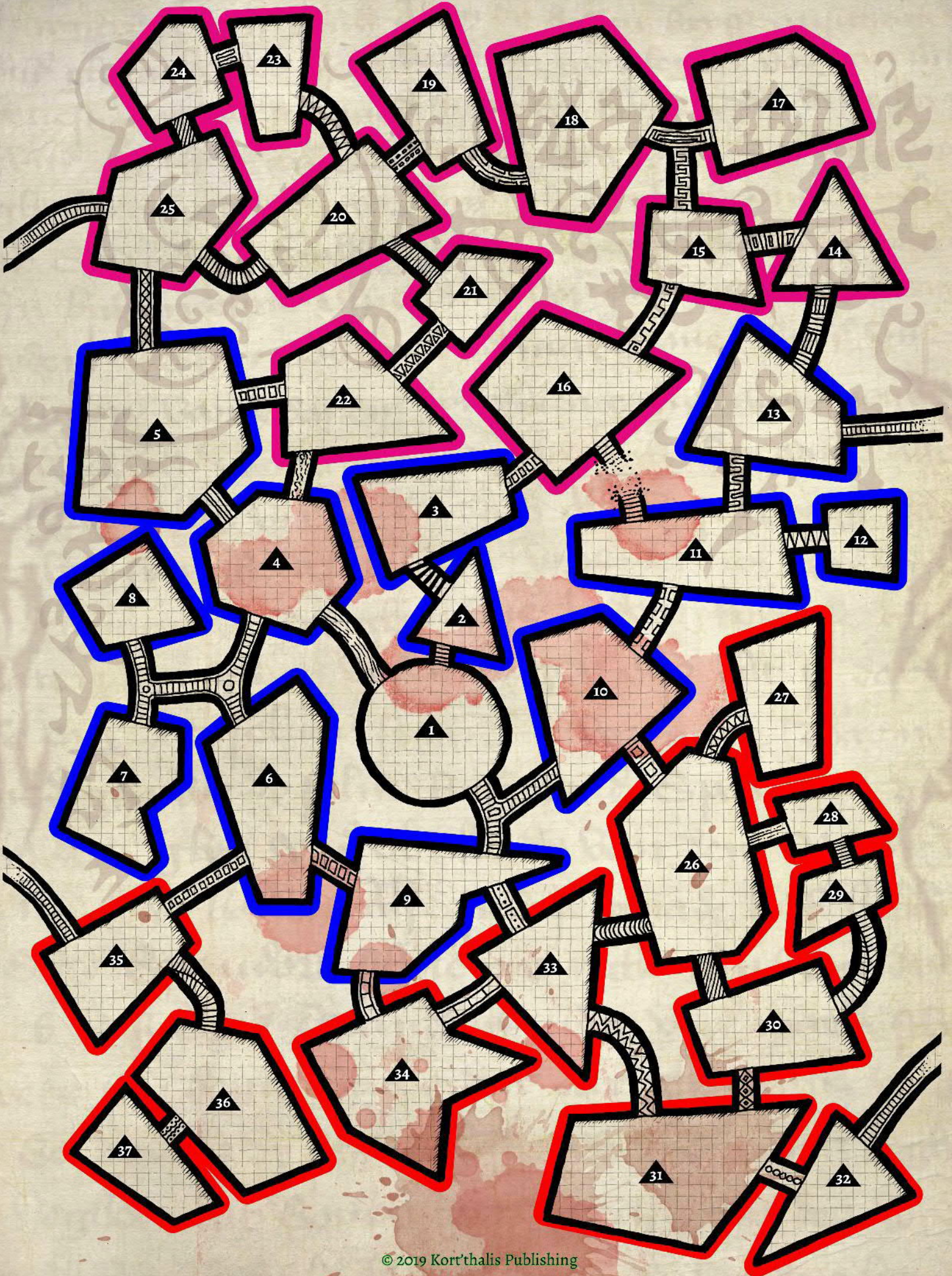
Extraordinary Costs

Roll	Result
1	1d4 × 100 gp
2	2d4 × 100 gp
3	3d6 × 100 gp
4	2d4 × 1,000 gp
5	2d6 × 1,000 gp
6	4d6 × 1,000 gp

Re-Entering The Black Pyramid

The first time, just exploring should be enough to hold their attention. Subsequent visits, however, may give the PCs something else to consider...

Roll	Result
1	Young men from Vega Corso are getting up the nerve to enter one of the hatchways. This is their initiation ritual.
2	Several dead humanoids lying on the shiny black floor.
3	A midnight-elf is sneaking around in the darkness, waiting for his friends to arrive.
4	Two survivors are eager to exit The Black Pyramid with a sack full of polished amethyst stones.
5	Members of the Kara'as Sect (Room #4) are checking to see what that strange noise was.
6	A green slime squishes itself around the room. HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 10 Attack: +3 Damage: 1d6 Save: 17+ Special: Turns exposed flesh into green slime (save to avoid). Treasure: Inside is a transparent cube containing a tiny green slime [first time only].
7	Some deep, booming klaxon alarm resonates throughout The Black Pyramid , then suddenly stops.
8	A human in black robes named Ama'al is dragging two gold statues out of the pyramid to sell. The statues depict an elf and a dwarf. He'll take 1,000 gp for the dwarf and 1,500 for the elf... or a worthy trade.
9	A female sky-elf artist, Ysa'al, copies the wall art onto her sketchpad using pigments she fashioned from desert plants.
10	Apparently, this "anomalous structure" is sitting directly on top of a huge zoth deposit. Two alien humanoid spice-frackers are looking for a way to blow The Black Pyramid up in order to reach the zoth.
11	Priests of a strange religion have come to worship at The Black Pyramid . They're currently reading a piece of tattered parchment from an ancient ivory scroll-tube.
12	A crimson-skinned demon draws strange glyphs upon the floor, attempting to open a gateway to his master - Graema'ak.



The Interior

1: Starting Room

Any illumination comes from the opening above, where the PCs entered **The Black Pyramid**.

This circular chamber is decorated with crude, phosphorescent cave paintings veering on the abstract and impressionistic styles. Certain themes are represented as angled shapes like broken pieces of a mirror: faces of people laughing and crying, tentacles appearing out of black portals grabbing unsuspecting victims, malevolent entities in the sky casting fire and lightning bolts upon those on the surface. There is something beneath the surface... a yellowish-green liquid with arcane formulas written nearby.

Old and cracked parchment is fixed upon the wall, inside a glass case. It reads the following...

This is a dimensionally transcendent dungeon, perhaps a megadungeon, I'm not sure what exactly qualifies as that. It's got one-hundred-and-eleven rooms, I know that much. Of course, it started out with one-twelve... but something happened to one of the rooms and now there's one-eleven.

Anyway, **The Black Pyramid** was constructed from a sorcerous, nigrescent stone mined in the hellish dimension Na'akai. The primitives, with their distinct lack of imagination, called it "devil-stone". The builders used all there was to fashion these rooms and the conduits between them. That was a thousand years ago, when the Old Gods still reigned.

Knowing why **The Black Pyramid** was built would probably help you survive its perils... but that would be telling, wouldn't it?

This place cannot be destroyed or affected by magic, only navigated consciously by initiates of The Way. Exploring it may reveal the secret to whatever question burns within your heart. But be warned, **The Black Pyramid** brings death just as easily as it grants sublimity!

Yours truly,
SWK

Both case and parchment, just like the pyramid itself, are invulnerable, protected by a magical force field that cannot be dispelled, broken, opened, or annihilated.

2: Sphere Conglomerate

A conglomeration of interlocking, colorful shapes float through the air in this room.

This entity is incorporeal and utterly fascinating. It's hard to look away because of their unusual shapes and kaleidoscopic hues. Looking directly into them gives an impression of the infinite. "Oh God! I can see forever!"

Those who gaze at them for longer than a minute or two become recipients of ultra-telluric knowledge, and must make a saving throw or go insane. Those driven insane by the conglomerate spheres forever have a childlike fascination with the universe - to the point that they're no longer capable of coherent thought, let alone adventuring.

This colorful entity can be coaxed into a bag of holding or portable hole.

3: Movie Theater

A projector shines a light onto a huge silver screen, creating a motion picture or movie. The movie shows people living in a city called New York after some kind of apocalypse. Survivors are trying to make their way out.

Several humanoids are sitting in theater seats watching the movie. Most of the seats have stains, broken springs, or the upholstery is coming loose. Empty pizza boxes are piled into a corner of the room - they nearly reach the ceiling, about level with the deep blue band of light.

Anyone barging in making noise or interrupting the viewing experience will be shushed vehemently.

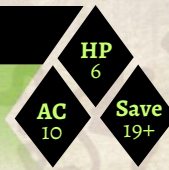
One of them, a disheveled human named T'qeel, knows a place deep within **The Black Pyramid** where God's shadow can still be seen, though his corporeal form was slain years ago.

T'qeel wants help finding that room so he can pray for Cha'alt's salvation. Actually, he wants to try to murder God's shadow because he's both evil and insane.

Random Theater-Goers (2d6)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4



Special: A few are well versed in film criticism.

Treasure: Between all of them, the loot is 16 talons, 20 gold pieces, 12 zuleks, and 3 Pizza Pit coupons. T'qeel has a movie ticket-stub that's enchanted. It has the power to project a particular movie onto the wall with sound and everything. In this case, *Blood Tide At The Wet T-Shirt Contest*.

4: Community Management

An entire humanoid community wants to welcome the PCs (and anyone new) to **The Black Pyramid** and share with you the joy and prosperity the Sect of Kara'as has discovered.

A multi-hued message is painted on one of the walls. It looks purple, but that's only because the red acrylic reflects the blue light from the ceiling strip above. "Survive and conquer in the face of brutal opposition... that is Cha'alt."

Everyone wears black robes and believes themselves linked in a cosmically significant manner, even though superficial links are not evident. What is this cosmic significance? All these people were drawn to **The Black Pyramid** for a special purpose... whatever that may be. These guys have banded together to form a non-religious cult, searching for meaning in a meaningless universe.

There's a pamphlet, of course, describing the invaluable work everyone in the Sect of Kara'as is doing... like watering plants while singing to them and working out algorithms for the perfect flavor of ice cream.

The Black Pyramid is dimensionally transcendent, and seems to attract weirdoes, oddballs, crackpots, nutcases, and zealots from all over the universe. Possibly due to the dark forces ensouled within the shiny black surfaces within the pyramid.

If questioned, the Sect of Kara'as asks for payment for information, but they'll just make-up stuff

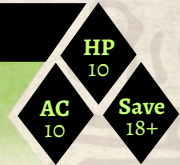
because they're too afraid to explore the pyramid for themselves... 1) dragon, 2) undead, 3) snake-men, or 4) tentacled horrors [good guess].

Those eager to stay will be assigned equally important tasks, such as scrubbing the toilet. **The Black Pyramid** bathroom is located at the far end of the megadungeon (Room #82).

Sect of Kara'as

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: Virtually everyone within the Sect of Kara'as is ineffectual.

Treasure: They barter using found objects... a bicycle wheel, Make America Great Again hat, day-glo yellow yo-yo, half-empty tub of red acrylic paint, and a collection of plastic dinosaur toys.

5: The Playhouse

An insane human is running around a garishly-colored room laughing maniacally while having conversations with all the furniture, yellow, red, and green mannequins, and strange objects within his "playhouse".

The madman's name is Ruba'an, and he wears strange gray attire.

None of the stuff he's talking to seems to be sentient... except for a formidable looking robot named Ka'an-ky 3000 (3K for short).

During their interaction, Ruba'an might do any number of things...

- ◆ Ask for foil or rubber bands in order to increase the size of his balls.
- ◆ Climbing up the leopard drapes.
- ◆ Talk to a pink female mannequin, who's quite busty, in familiar tones. Her name is Miss Yva'an.
- ◆ Pretending to swim across the floor like a fish.
- ◆ Demand everyone plays his favorite game Candy Monopoly Electrocutation (loser gets shocked for 1d6 damage).

- ◆ Offer candy (blueberry ones turn you into a giant blueberry, orange ones into an orange, cherry ones into a cherry, if you fail your saving throw).
- ◆ Join him in watching dirty cartoons - where are Ruba'an's hands?

The robot is a malfunctioning execution droid. Before the PCs arrive, 3K revealed the secret word for the day. If anyone within the playhouse says the secret word, the robot immediately attempts to execute them.

The ordinary furniture/objects include a couch, chair, table, dresser, lamp, umbrella stand, hat rack, window, giant mermaid sculpture, gold fish bowl full of fish, and several stone statues of humanoids.

Special furniture/objects include magic tablecloth, fake mohawk, and mysterious purple and gold box encrusted with jewels.

Food placed upon the tablecloth turns invisible. The prosthetic mohawk magically provokes conflict within a normally stable group. The box contains a rotting green head. Opening the box awakens the corpse-head - it's eyes open and viewer must roll a saving throw or turn into brightly-colored plastic.

Secret Word of the Day

Roll	Result
1	Black
2	Help
3	Blood
4	Eldritch
5	Sword
6	Weird

Ruba'an

HP 15
AC 10
Save 17+

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6+1

Special: Ruba'an only attacks when his life is threatened. Otherwise, he's playing practical jokes (shaving cream mustaches) and getting into silly predicaments with his "friends," such as the coffee table.

Treasure: His machete is magical. The +1 blade makes blood spurt out different colors each time he stabs someone with it... 1) blue, 2) red, 3) green, 4) purple, 5) orange, or 6) rainbow.

Ka'an'ky 3000

HP 25
AC 15
Save 15+

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6

Special: When someone says the secret word, everyone in the playhouse screams real loud which triggers K3's murderous impulse.

Treasure: His laser recharges when attached to him. If removed, it has only 1d8 uses remaining.

6: Tiki Bar

An exotic themed drinking establishment has set up shop here in **The Black Pyramid**. It's called Wa'akiki and serves an elaborate cocktail - The Kola'ada.

Everything is Polynesian or tropical in some way, such as palm trees, tiki masks and torches, papier-mâché brightly-colored birds, waitresses in grass skirts serving a hot-pink version of a piña colada. The tiki bar's centerpiece is a miniature active volcano spewing hot lava every 20 minutes.

The proprietor of Wa'akiki is a sky-elf named Barnz who also tends bar. This is his place where travelers can come and relax. Those buying Kola'ada drinks can ask Barnz questions. Even though his philosophy is "Don't get involved," Barnz is aware of a demon council that occasionally convenes in room #35.

As the PCs walk in for the first time, they notice a down on his luck loser, named Adam, receiving a

lecture on living the high life by a dark-haired man in a gray suit smoking a Chesterfield cigarette who goes by Ra'ad Zerling.

Ra'ad Zerling is trying to convince the loser to seek his fortune on another planet. He's even got a contract that needs to be signed. "You should go to Alzarius 7... that's the place for you, pal. It's got some fantastic opportunities, like a salesman. You could sell those demon idols that tell your fortune."

Adam is the broke and desperate human he seems to be. However, Ra'ad Zerling is an alien trying to find new exhibits for his interplanetary zoo on Alzarius 7. He'll try to convince the PCs to take a shuttle to his home planet that's leaving three standard hours from now.

Barnz

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d10

HP 16
AC 10 Save 17+

Special: The bartender has 5 kids to feed and will use that (in addition to free drinks) as an excuse to not get killed.

Treasure: Barnz wields a two-handed sword and has a variety of strange currency in his cash register, equaling 200 gp.

Adam

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP 4
AC 10 Save 19+

Special: Adam is so pathetic and awkward that it dissuades most people from actually killing him.

Treasure: He's got a nickel and a quarter to his name.

Ra'ad Zerling

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP 23
AC 12 Save 16+

Special: He's got a disintegrator beam inside his pants pocket. As long as he hits AC 10, the target has to roll a saving throw or be disintegrated. His weapon has 1d4 charges remaining.

Treasure: The contract is binding, so any lifeform who signs it and misses the shuttle will eventually be dragged away by an infinite number of (as needed) three-eyed, seven-handed, pale green arachnid/walrus hybrid-oids from Alzarius 7.

7: Mind-Ripper

A colossal and weird-shaped being with oozing cones, obsidian horns, and at least a dozen orange and pink striped tentacles thrashes on the floor of this room.

Behind the creature, a monolithic computer rises almost to the ceiling. A red light moves from one side to the other of the computer's rectangular visor.

One wall of this room is decorated with a vibrantly hued finger-painting. Closer inspection reveals this is not haphazard splotches, but a long dead language frequently used by wizards when the Old Gods still reigned supreme on Cha'alt. It reads...

Somewhere in **The Black Pyramid** is a legendary sword. Speaking a command word will invoke horrifying demons and devils, awakening the blade's true power. The word is Ya'azad. It continues, speaking of devotion to some god of magic who is in league with dark forces.

The creature has been trained to protect the super-computer named Dark Thoughts. Dark Thoughts is programmed to answer any question given to it. The answers come quickly; however, they're usually of the glass-is-half-empty type.





The following are a list of typical responses based on questions posed to Dark Thoughts...

Roll	Result
1	Data is just the gibberish that gives us something to ponder before we die.
2	I know lifeforms that believe in love... none have ever found it, despite their desperate pleas to an uncaring universe.
3	The closer our goals, the further our ambition takes us... leaving us without destination, drifting into a contentious oblivion.
4	Suffering is the only thing that defines living creatures. Without our suffering we're nothing, we cease to be.
5	I killed a man once... and I felt nothing.
6	Our existence can provide no real answers because existence itself is an illusion.

Mind-Ripper

HD: 12 Attack Bonus: +6

#Attacks: 3 Damage: 2d6

HP
75

AC
16

Save
8+

Special: Instead of its three tentacle attacks, the creature can opt to rip apart an opponent's mind. The target must make a saving throw or turn into a lobotomized vegetable.

Treasure: 1,225 gold pieces, 230 talons, and 59 platinum credits.

A purple-quartz shield that provides a 1 in 6 miss-chance for successful attacks.

A yellow crystalline javelin +1. After wounding the target, the target cannot use any magic or special abilities for 1d6 rounds.

8: Videodrome

Black robed humanoids are abusing and humiliating each other as cameras record the degradation. The leader has black crosses drawn all over his face, neck, and hands.

There are certain individuals within the Sect of Kara'as who've been exiled to this room for worshiping Ara'ak-Zul. They call themselves The Order of The Black Trapezoid. This is where they live.

This room has writing in an unknown tongue upon the wall. It's painted black, but less shiny than the devil-stone wall. It reads, "N'thsoon reeri ot hzail za'alt." Underneath, one can barely make out writing that has either faded over time or been hastily wiped away. What's legible describes a bitter rivalry between two super-beings... the warrior Ulraesek, and an ambitious intellectual named Szo'kanth.

They believe that only televised degradation of extreme sexual-violence can rid our souls of invisible alien parasites that feed upon our spiritual fulfillment.

Cameras are set up in the center of the room, recording various punishments and pleasures doled out by the High Priest of The Black Trapezoid Order. Everyone here is positive that signals are being broadcast to The Evil One. They believe Ara'ak-Zul is telepathically assisting The Order of The Black Trapezoid to exorcize the alien parasites from their souls.

Any newcomer speaking the name, Ara'ak-Zul, summons one of his guardians. The corpulent sack of throbbing flesh asks the summoner to either make a pact with Ara'ak-Zul or die horribly.

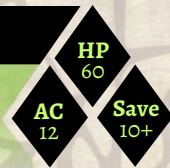
Those who make a pact with The Evil One cannot knowingly act against him.



Flesh-Sack

HD: 10 Attack Bonus: +6

#Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d12



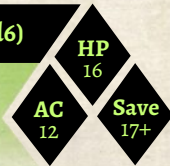
Special: If the creature rolls a natural 20, a glob of its acidic blood splashes on the unsuspecting victim - 6d6 damage (save for half).

Treasure: None.

Order of the Black Trapezoid (2d6)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: They're all sociopaths, so it's impossible to know their true motivation.

Treasure: Besides torture implements, each carries 1d20 black trapezoids which they use as currency.

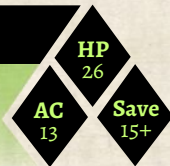
One wears an obsidian ring adorned with a small but finely cut garnet worth 75 gp.

They also have plenty of food, salted to preserve the meat and for flavor (it's humanoid - they're cannibals).

High Priest

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: The black crosses give him advantage on his saving throws. The High Priest, Gera'ald, carries a freeze-ray (saving throw not to be frozen solid). Its power-pack is weak (3 shots remaining), so he uses it sparingly.

Treasure: He carries 111 black trapezoid "coins" and a scroll. The scroll is a letter from an ex-lover, telling him their relationship is over because she's putting all her energy into The Caba'al... a cult that collects magic items, believing them living organs belonging to some all-powerful deity.

9: People of Tomorrow

This black room contains medical lab equipment. Three young adults are strapped onto examination tables. Surgeons wearing operating room scrubs, face masks, and rubber gloves are sharpening knives.

The surgeons explain that these people strapped down and unconscious have special powers. In order to figure out why, they're going to be dissected.

The three young adults with special powers are named Roga'an, Stennick, and Bla'as. Each of them is telepathic. Additionally, they have the following psionic powers (less than 1 HD, no combat abilities).

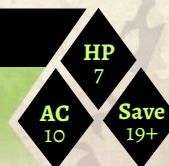
- ◆ Roga'an can hear color and his paintings inspire viewers to perform senseless acts of violence.
- ◆ Stennick can make everyone within a 30' radius hear distracting noise, breaking concentration.
- ◆ Bla'as can force chocolate milk to come out a target's nose... even if that target never drank chocolate milk.

If saved, the Tomorrow People would assist the PCs if they were promised a share of magic items - which could theoretically boost their psionic potency. Eventually, the Tomorrow People want to form a cult around themselves while searching for others like them.

Surgeons (4)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d1



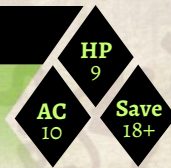
Special: If a surgeon scores a critical hit, he found a vital area. Target will bleed-out 1d4 HP/round, until healed.

Treasure: One of the surgeons has 14 talons in his pocket. Another has a vial of morphine.

Tomorrow People (3)

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: See above for special powers.

Treasure: Roga'an has a severed foot from a gold statue.

Stennick has a gold statue's nose.

Bla'as carries a scroll containing the philosophical ramblings of a man who believed that nothing makes sense in **The Black Pyramid**. The title of his essay is called "The Black Disarray".

10: The Beach

As soon as the PCs step into this room, they are transported to a beautiful sandy beach with an expansive ocean view. The wreckage of an airplane is strewn along the shoreline.

Investigating reveals several pieces of sea-glass and a water-damaged zine laying in the sand. It's issue #5 of *Last Days of Freedom*, containing a short story about the Dha'arma Initiative.

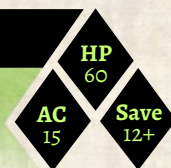
Various hatchways leading to other rooms can be found nearby.

After several minutes, a scream is heard in the distance. A giant crab is attacking a woman down the shore. The crab emerged from the water to drag her back down with it.

Giant Crab

HD: 8 Attack Bonus: +6

#Attacks: 2 Damage: 2d6



Special: If the crab rolls double-sixes for damage, its victim must roll a saving throw or be cleaved in two by the crab's mighty pinchers.

Treasure: Inside the crab's maw is a fist-sized pearl (300 gp).

The woman's name is Marrisala. This is her world; it's quite civilized - nothing much happens here, except for the occasional sea creature attack.

If the PCs save her, she'll award one of them with a silver, heart-shaped locket containing the sand from this very beach.

11: The Fallout Shelter

Several humanoids are busily preparing for some kind of massive explosion. An atomic bomb has apparently been activated nearby and this room is the best chance they have of surviving the blast.

Tall, steel bookshelves are being placed in front of doors by a couple of people. Someone is stacking canned goods in the corner. A priest is praying to the New Gods, hoping for their saving grace. The rest are just cowering in the center of the room.

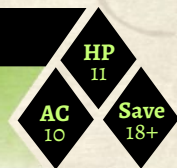
One wall is covered with mosaic tiles, though some have fallen off or been chipped away. The tiles depict an undead sorcerer battling a dragon for supremacy over some magic item, similar to a crown but more like jewelry.

Ralph, Malcolm, Vanessa, and Karwood have tried talking sense into the psychic warriors in the next room (Room #12), but they won't listen to reason.

Humanoids (6)

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4



Special: As a priest, Karwood can cast *Dispel Magic* once per day.

Treasure: Ralph has 10 gp.

Malcolm has a set of Russian nesting dolls.

Vanessa has a larger than fist-sized aquamarine crystal, allowing the owner to breathe underwater. She has also come to worship Nurakeen and hopes to trade her crystal for some kind of stealthy weapon.

The priest Karwood has a holy symbol of a woman's hand, palm up, wreathed with vines and flowers.

The Bridge Is Out: Unless magic is employed, there's a 2 in 6 chance of falling into the abyss.

12: Psychic War

Three humanoids are engaged in a psionic battle, a black box sitting on the floor between them. A mauve-skinned female with forehead ridges and gold bikini-armor is chained to a wall.

Erratic finger painting in bright orange, teal, and yellow hues read the following...

There's a light at the end of the tunnel, but it only illuminates the grotesque horrors that man foolishly tries to ignore. Something eldritch this way comes!

The victor gets to keep the shackled alien princess. It will take approximately 10 minutes to resolve this conflict. Roll a d6 for each NPC, highest result is the winner.

The box is an armed explosive device, but the psychic warriors are convinced that it won't go off for quite a while. Actually, it will explode in 1d6 x 10 minutes.

- ◆ **Vento** is an artist and sculptor who was blessed with these weird mind powers after he bit a giant radioactive spider. He openly admits to being a member of The Gaba'al and worshiper of Nurakeen.
- ◆ **Urik** is an alien slaver. Born with psionic powers, he travels from world to world looking for high-value specimens. He has a dozen humanoid slaves in his starship, parked just a couple of miles away from **The Black Pyramid**. His ship is cloaked, of course.
- ◆ **Zeebquin** is a lovable rogue, always getting into trouble. He acquired psychic abilities while playing with a stolen artifact. It gave him the power to explode someone's head, but also wiped out everyone else in his adventuring party.

The alien princess, Fla'at, was supposed to be a sacrifice two days ago, but her captors never returned. Vento, Urik, and Zeebquin stumbled upon her about an hour ago.

Vento

HP 20
AC 12
Save 16+

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: He can shrink humanoids down to about 3" (save to avoid). Those treating him poorly will have their throat slit and magic items stolen.

Treasure: He can shrink humanoids down to about 3" (save to avoid). Those treating him poorly will have their throat slit and magic items stolen.

Urik

HP 18
AC 14
Save 17+

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: He can become one with his shadow for up to an hour / day.

Treasure: A copper coin; one side has the word Ma'ax, tentacled eye within a trapezoid on the other.

Zeebquin

HP 14
AC 12
Save 18+

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Three times per day, he can attempt to explode someone's head (successful saving throw negates).

Treasure: Three times per day, he can attempt to explode someone's head (successful saving throw negates).

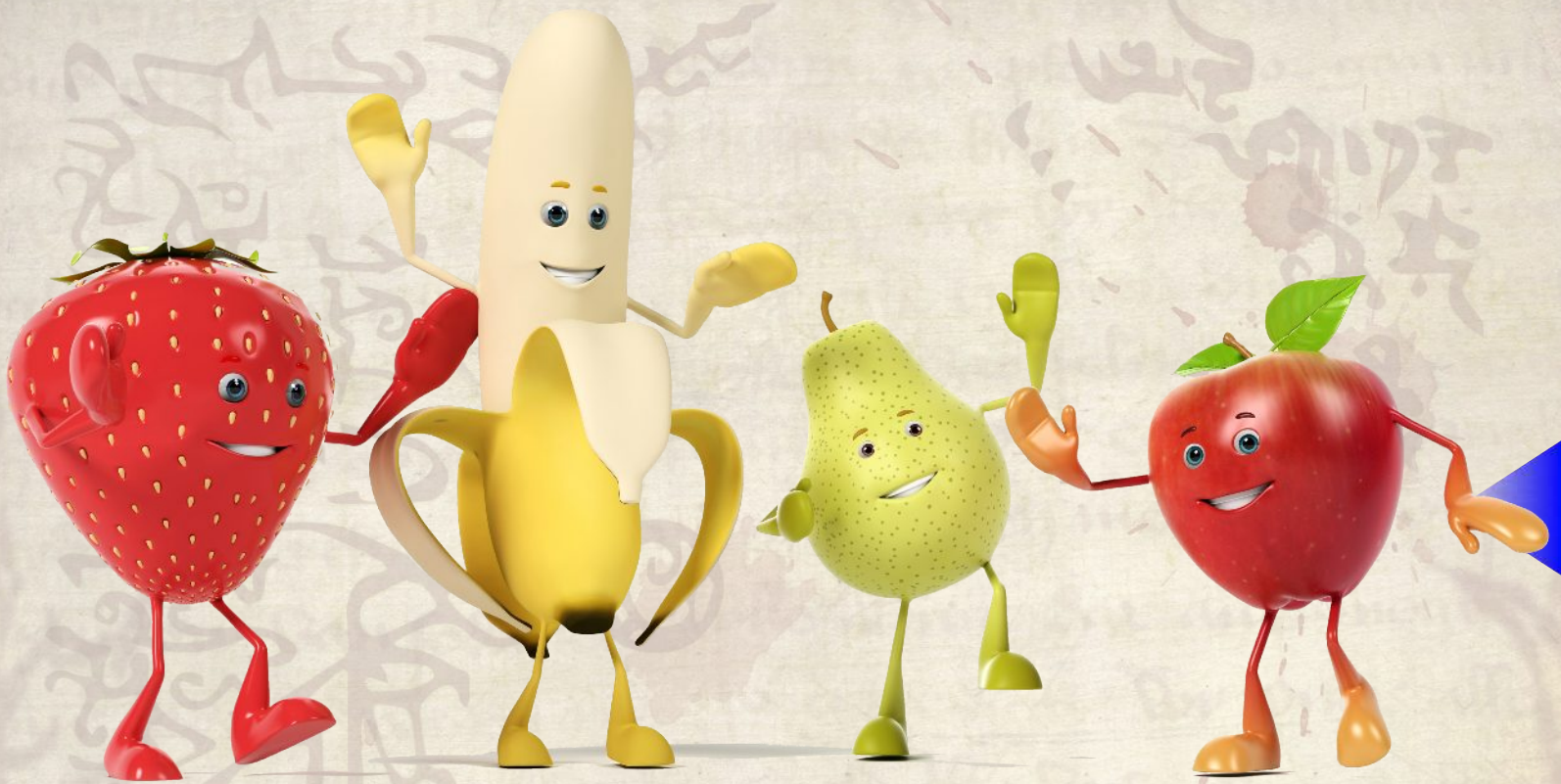
Princess Fla'at

HP 3
AC 10
Save 19+

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: As a Princess of the Cosmic Phoenix, she can bestow favor upon an individual. If a person dies within three hours of receiving her favor, his body will burn, turn to ash, and he'll be resurrected just as he was. This supernatural favor can only be offered by the princess once a year.

Treasure: Her jewels were stolen from her by bandits.



13: Fruities

This room houses anthropomorphic fruit.

A seasoned strawberry warrior named Suma'atra is giving a speech. He is attempting to fire-up his fellow fruities so they may charge into the next several rooms, kill any who refuse to submit, and declare themselves Kings of **The Black Pyramid**.

Grape Ninja has an itchy trigger finger. He accuses the adventurers of wrecking the balance between rooms before the fruities can utterly destroy that balance by declaring themselves rulers.

Suma'atra		HP	AC	Save
HD: 5	Attack Bonus: +5	30	12	15+
#Attacks: 2		Damage: 1d10		
<p>Special: Suma'atra commands 2d6 additional strawberry, banana, and orange folk who are loyal to only him.</p> <p>Treasure: He has the Strawberry Seal of Serendipity, allowing him to rule the fruities.</p>				

Strawberry, Banana, and Orange Folk (2d6)		HP	AC	Save
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +1	16	10	17+
#Attacks: 1		Damage: 1d4		
<p>Special: If at least half of them are killed, their bodies can be magically combined to create a fruit smoothie tsunami - everyone within 30' radius must roll a saving throw or drown.</p> <p>Treasure: An assortment of Orange Julius coupons.</p>				

Grape Ninja		HP	AC	Save
HD: 4	Attack Bonus: +3	27	14	16+
#Attacks: 1		Damage: 1d6		
<p>Special: If he gets advantage during combat, Grape Ninja gets an additional 3d6 backstab damage.</p> <p>Treasure: Grape-flavored throwing stars and nunchucks.</p>				

14: The Podcast

An overweight, bearded man named Matthew sits at a desk in the middle of the room, talking into a microphone. Across from him is the man he's interviewing... Korg the Conqueror.

Magenta light glows from the strip near the ceiling, illuminating a printing press next to the wall without a hatch.

A large canvas (no frame) is hung on the wall like a tapestry. Upon the canvas, various humanoid figures of differing colors and shapes are painted. Each of them holds a weapon and seems ready for battle, except for one. The central figure is without weapon, holding his arms out in a strange gesture.

Korg has interesting things to say about the Za'vek massacre that occurred earlier this week. The warrior thirsts for a magic weapon. He will do anything to obtain one, so he can raise an army and seek vengeance.

If the PCs stand around listening for too long, a Za'vek death-squad bursts into the room and starts attacking everyone in sight.



Matthew

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
6

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: This podcaster has a decent voice. He's also a spy for the infernal dragon, informing his master of current events and newcomers to the pyramid. Matthew knows his master is vulnerable to cold-based attacks.

Furthermore, he's the editor-in-chief for **The Black Pyramid** zine *Last Days of Freedom* and runs Black Pyramid Publishing out of this room.

Treasure: Pencil, notepad, calculator, and issues #1 and #6 of *Last Days of Freedom*, detailing ultra-violent clown assaults and tentacle porn, respectively.

Korg

HD: 10 Attack Bonus: +10

#Attacks: 2 Damage: 2d6

HP
60

AC
14

Save
10+

Special: Korg is charismatic enough to get people to follow him and die in combat for his cause.

Treasure: Korg wields a two-handed sword.

Za'vek Death Squad (3d4)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

HP
21

AC
12

Save
16+

Special: They have poisoned blades. Those wounded by the death-squad must save or become weakened (disadvantage for 2d6 rounds).

Treasure: 108 talons, 64 pieces of silver, and 5 lengthy fragments of irradiated glowing turquoise worth 130 gp each.



15: Karousa'al

This room seems to be quite tall - the ceiling appears to go 30' high. Humanoids dressed in blood-red and white robes are levitating up to the ceiling where an enormous rotating blade spins around. Other humanoids gather to watch the spectacle.

As the highest humanoid ascends, adventurers see him cut to ribbons, a shower of crimson sprinkling on everyone below. Apparently, this is called "renewal".

Someone in the crowd whispers to a PC that there's something hidden on the ceiling. Finding it not only stops the blade but is imbued with dark magic by the God Karousa'al.

PCs attempting to try, must make a saving throw in order to survive the rotating blade. Each attempt gives them a 2 in 6 chance of reaching the object fastened to the ceiling.

All the humanoids are of various races, gathered here by the chance to renew their spiritual energy.

Destroying the massive blade causes 16" spikes to violently jut from the floor and walls. Everyone in the room takes 3d6 damage (save for half).

Adhered to the ceiling is a bronze medallion, a magical glyph etched upon one side. Grasping it and vocalizing the command word encases the holder in a mystical sanctuary (super-position state between universes). Inside the sanctuary, one is impervious to all things. The sanctuary can only be used once per day and the individual cannot move until it's voluntarily dissolved.

Humanoids

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: One of them has "Hetscha'al Lives!" tattooed on his body, along with three interlocking triangles. He believes the messiah will awaken to cleanse the land.

Treasure: The tattooed human carries a hardcover book with him entitled *Thus Spake Za'arathustra* by Freed Na'acho, Black Pyramid Publishing.

HP
5

AC
10

Save
19+

16: Ra'av Snyder

A clone of Rob Schneider from the 1990's is trying to convince a young woman to pay him for sex. She's not interested in sex with Ra'av Snyder, yet his weirdly terrible animal impressions seem to be making her laugh... kind of.

On another side of the room, a sorcerer paints with glowing chartreuse liquid known as zoth. He's drawing some kind of sigil on the wall. Nearby is some scarlet-colored prose about an explorer who saw too much to return to the world of men, so he stayed inside the nigrescent pyramid. It's signed "SWK".

When he's finished, his arcane glyph should open a gateway to the Great Old Ones. The sorcerer, Methka'an, hopes to push Ra'av Snyder into the gate so that it will please Yog-Soggoth.

If the PCs chat with Ra'av Snyder, he'll ask if they like-a-da-sauce and make up strange nicknames for each of them, like The Fight-enator, Doctor Cleric, Bob, and Wizarino.

Ra'av Snyder

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: He's mildly amusing.

Treasure: He has a large book coated in a thin layer of green slime, the Tome of Vizaris. Includes alchemical notes for a resurrection spell - requires the horns of a three-headed wolf creature and zoth.

HP
21

AC
12

Save
17+

Methka'an

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: He can cast spells as a 5th level sorcerer.

Treasure: A vial of zoth, 14 gp, an oversized blood-red marble, and bag of jelly-babies.

HP
19

AC
10

Save
15+

17: Hail Gonzo!

A massive sculpture of some, hook-nosed, big eyed... "whatever" has been carved out of purple-jade. Just the head is roughly 5' across.

Three myna'aks are perched upon the creature's nose, glinting in the magenta light from above.

Two humanoids have come to worship before the Great Gonzo sculpture, each bringing a small token of gonzo... a tribute. One brought an inflatable chicken. The other carries a nut fastened to a bolt. "It's supposed to be a nipple."

Indecipherable scrawl has been painted on the longest wall. Only the illumination of a purple crystal can make this legible. The writing describes the origins of Gonzo, an alien of extraordinary wisdom who once gave away his home galaxy for a small bag of space beans. Though he was run through with a sword many years ago, some say he will return before Cha'alt is plunged into eternal darkness.

Those who worship before the likeness of Gonzo may receive his favor, gaining a +1 on any roll the GM deems fitting.

Minutes after the PCs arrive, a half-demon enters the room. Strangely, it seems as though he knows one of the PCs. He leans over and whispers something to him, "There's a tachyon drive in one of the rooms. Thoth-A'amon will pay 10,000 gold pieces for it."

Inspecting Gonzo's nose reveals a tiny catch underneath, at the base. Manipulating it opens a compartment located in his crotch.

Inside is a battered trumpet. Playing Gonzo's trumpet summons a Buddhist monk (appearing in 1d4 rounds) who walks into the room and sets himself on fire, providing enough light and warmth for several minutes before it goes out and what's left of the monk is carried away like sand in the wind.

Half-Demon

HD: 3

Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d6

HP
18

AC
10

Save
17+

Special: His name is Raef, and he moves through time.

Treasure: He has a circuit board belonging to a super-computer named Dark Thoughts. Placing the circuit board back in Dark Thoughts will reveal that a hideous meta-dimensional entity is the true source of power for **The Black Pyramid**. Its name is Ara'ak-Zul.

18: The Museum

Over a hundred strange exhibits are on display in this room... sculptures under glass (mostly busts of notable humanoids through history), paintings hung on walls (landscapes, nudes, and abstracts), and statues displayed at the center (in particular, a man wrestling a dragon).

In typical fashion, the walls are marked with arcane scribbling. This can only be discerned by the glow of a magical weapon. It's the confession of a prisoner doomed to explore **The Black Pyramid**. The prisoner unloads his guilty conscience, describing all the people he murdered in order to acquire a relic needed to win his freedom.

The curator, a sun-elf named Kauai, is arguing with a human wearing the crimson robes of a death priest, Kesla'an. They're discussing the potential danger of one exhibit in particular - the Xa'an Pyllek. As they continue to argue, both are oblivious to anyone who wants a closer look.

But after the PCs have made their presence known, Kauai will covertly probe them for information. The death priest assesses the adventurers' strength, just in case there's a confrontation at some point.

The Xa'an Pyllek is a confusing jumble of colorful shapes where black tentacles seem to attack dripping chartreuse stars and streams of magenta and crimson blood infused with blue polka-dots scribble over purple smears. It's a spectacular mess, like the birth of an extra-dimensional god.

Those who gaze at Xa'an Pyllek are temporarily transported to an unknown galaxy where intruders are habitually detained, tried in a court of law, and eventually disintegrated by the Federation for spying, colluding with the Zetorlans, and obstructing justice. Everyone who stares too long at the Xa'an Pyllek must roll on the following random table...

Roll	Result
1	Let off with a warning.
2	They're still tracking you, recording your every word and movement. Eventually, you'll be picked up, tried in court, and most likely executed.
3	You'll only be imprisoned for 1d12 standard years in a Federation detention cell.
4	Disintegration!
5	Disintegration. However, they cloned you before sentencing. The clone is a near replica of the original and will be executed in your place.
6	Your impassioned speech before the jury made everyone feel sorry for you. In this victim culture, you were awarded 10,000 credits for your trouble.

Bribing a Federation judge with a powerful magic item, bit of technology, or at least 1,000 credits gets you a re-roll.

Kauai

HP 11
AC 10 Save 18+

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: Kauai is a sun-elf who occasionally smuggles "aesthetic desirables" (read: artwork) in and out of **The Black Pyramid**. He was appointed the museum's curator by The Lich King. Kauai serves The Lich King, but only when it's convenient for him to do so.

Treasure: Kauai has three grayish-green clay tablets, each about 7" at the longest end. Upon them a relief of some monstrous, alien god with tentacles. He was going to sell the K'tulu tablets to an art collector who lives in the pyramid, S'komb (Room #27).

Kesla'an

HP 27
AC 12 Save 15+

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: n/a

Special: Instead of a traditional weapon, Kesla'an throws a shadowy ectoplasmic slime and sinew that he conjures from Na'akai. If he hits, the shadow ectoplasm eats away at the victim's existence in 1d6 rounds (save to avoid).

Treasure: The death priest carries a small book of poetry written in demon blood. The book evokes whimsical imagery, such as a shrill succubus called AOC who punishes men who find her attractive; they're forced to listen to her shrieking inanity. By the end, the poems suggest a kind of fractured order upholding the philosophical theory of The Black Acceptance.

Kesla'an also carries with him a small bottle of demon blood and a peacock feather pen.

19: Under A Microscope

This room seems to be empty. Several 3' wide portholes can be seen throughout the walls and ceiling.

After a few moments, a gigantic eye can be seen looking into the room via porthole. If the PCs don't react, either a finger or slimy green tentacle taps on the glass, trying to rile them up. Movement will bring more eyes to the portholes as the giants outside the room gaze upon the humanoid specimens.

20: Ja'ams and the Frozen Peach

A giant frozen peach hovers in the air.

Primitive ape-men attempt to chip away at the ice with basic tools. A pale-blue skinned humanoid with white Fu Manchu moustache wearing midnight-blue robes looks on, offering encouragement to the primitives.

Within that peach is your salvation... biting into the succulent center shall reveal the knowledge of Law and Chaos. Smash the ice and taste the nectar of the Old Gods!

The blue-colored man, Jarshiva'ar, used sorcery to evolve these ape-men. He believes that inside the giant peach is a lost city of tiny beings; and he intends to study them. Once the primitives have broken through the ice, Jarshiva'ar will destroy the ape-men with his powerful magic.

- ◆ How did the giant peach get here? It arrived yesterday.
- ◆ What froze the peach? Other sorcerers, opposed to his will.
- ◆ Where did the ape-men come from? A nearby room.
- ◆ Why does he think there's a lost city inside the giant peach? It's part of the Qa'adir prophecy.

The ape-men aren't thrilled at being bossed around by the sorcerer. After a few minutes, one of the ape-men causes a diversion in another part of the room while the rest clobber Jarshiva'ar.

Eating the peach won't actually do anything, but it sure does taste juicy!

Jarshiva'ar

Level: 7 Sorcerer **Attack Bonus:** +3

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

HP 33

AC 15 **Save** 13+

Special: He knows the following spells... *Magic Missile, Acid Arrow, Invisibility, Web, Fireball, Lightning Bolt, Dimension Door, and Black Tentacles of Na'akai.*

Black Tentacles of Na'akai summons forth 9 tentacles amongst one's enemies. The tentacles restrain up to 3 opponents (save to elude) for as many rounds as the caster's level.

Treasure: He carries a potion of levitation, a bag of eldritch holding (everything taken out of the bag becomes dark and weird), and midnight-blue robes of protection (improving his AC by 3 points).

Primitives (3d4)

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +2

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

HP 10

AC 12 **Save** 18+

Special: If attacked, they will fight but won't lift a finger to save the sorcerer Jarshiva'ar.

Treasure: Just the bones and simple weapons they carry.

21: Déjà vu

Two orcs sit at a table next to a treasure chest. The orcs, Nunshoz and Tsubek, are playing cards.

Neither of the orcs speak English or common, only orc. They will ignore the antics of adventurers unless attacked or the treasure chest is touched. The chest includes exactly 1,000 gp.

However, leaving the room leads to an identical room that resets itself. And every time the PCs try to leave, they walk into a new room that's exactly the same as the original. This happens an infinite number of times until a little black box with a blinking blue light (in an orc's possession) gets smashed.

This device positions everyone within 30' outside space-time, in order to relive the same experience over and over again. Destroying the gizmo will break the cycle and the PCs can leave as normal. Simply taking the device with them won't stop this room from reoccurring.

Orcs

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

HP 30

AC 13 **Save** 16+

Special: Each time the PCs enter a room, the orcs appear as they did the very first time.

Treasure: Besides short swords and leather orc-armor, Tsubek has a little high-tech device. It's a small black box with a single light flashing blue.



22: The Black Pool

A bubbling black pool of liquid takes up nearly a quarter of this large room. It is surrounded by a dozen obsidian-hued demons.

The black pool catches the illumination from the magenta strip by the ceiling that runs across the entire room.

Three wizards are also present. One of them, **Braxa**, is gazing deep into the black pool. The second, **Portofino**, is inspecting the creatures standing around the pool. The third, **A'azo**, is scrawling arcane computations upon the walls with chalk.

- ◆ **Braxa** is a twitchy, bug-eyed demonologist who wants power for himself. Once enough demons have been created, he'll seek the three artifacts currently within **The Black Pyramid**. He knows there's three because of a dream he had.
- ◆ **Portofino** is a portly, jovial fellow. He's not from Cha'alt but Torth, a desert cursed by forever night. He wants the good things in life, but realizes he must acquire wealth and power first before he can relax.
- ◆ **A'azo** is overly serious and condescending, taking the Very Powerful Wizard shtick a bit too far. He'd rather have revenge than anything else.

Every few minutes, utterly black skinned humanoids climb out of the pool - they appear demonic and formidable.

The wizard's chalk is made from zoth and his mathematical formulae is what's creating the infernal abyss and ascending soldiers of darkness. He's almost finished scrying the insanely complex math (his zoth-chalk is down to a nub).

These demons await the command word that activates them. It's buried in the computations. Once the wizards are satisfied that enough demons have been birthed from the black pool, A'azo will use the word to take revenge on the other two wizards who believe in a completely different pronunciation of the word "glimpta'akyoanzai."

After ordering the murder of Braxa and Portofino, A'azo will take his small demon army through **The Black Pyramid**. The sorcerer intends to take the most powerful magic items for himself and become its ruler.

Sorcerers

Level: 5 Sorcerers Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
20

AC
10

Save
15+

Special: Each knows the following spells... Detect Magic, Sleep, Charm, Magic Missile, Mirror Image, and Fireball.

Treasure: **Braxa** has a wand of lightning bolts (5 charges remaining). He also has a device for seeking the location of artifacts and relics. When activated, the device summons a green-glowing sprite who points to the appropriate door.

Portofino carries a lizard-skin canteen that refills itself with wine every sunrise. He also wears a purple-jade bracelet that makes his eyes glow with an intense violet hue when he's either agitated or joyful.

A'azo has leather boots that grant him advantage when moving silently. Additionally, he has a leather pouch containing 13 enchanted caltrops (1d4+1 damage per caltrop).

Demons (23)

HD: 6 Attack Bonus: +6

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

HP
36

AC
14

Save
14+

Special: These demons are resistant to fear, charm, and sleep.

Treasure: If melted down, each demon contains one pint of pure evil.



23: ElSritch Tableau

This tableau looks like some kind of exhibit. A man, naked and afraid, reaches for a golden apple from a nearby tree. Two women lay on the ground, fearful of the man's actions. There's something in the tree - beyond the apple - that's difficult to see without closer investigation.

The dark shape is a slaving, tentacled, bat-winged monstrosity perched upon a sturdy branch.

The people in the tableau look and feel like actual people (realistic flesh), but they don't move... just stand there in place with arms extended as if posed.

One wall has something written in bright-red acrylic paint; another has something written in emerald-green. The red suggests that **The Black Pyramid** is some kind of purgatory between the material world and the afterlife. The green implores the reader that, more often than not, two plus two adds up to five in **The Black Pyramid**. He chalks this anomaly up to the nigrescent stone used in building this place.

Touching the gold apple (worth approximately 300 gp) causes 2d6 large (size of a dinner plate), magenta-furred spiders to enter the room through some kind of shadowy gate.

This is a trap set by cultists who worship the Old Gods. Victims of this spider assault will be posthumously celebrated as sacrifices to Atlak-Na'acho.

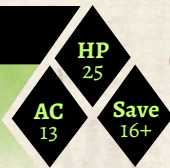
Magenta Spiders (2d6)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: The spider bites are poisonous. An unsuccessful saving throw results in temporary blindness (disadvantage on all sight-based rolls) lasting one hour.

Treasure: Extracting poison from their glands can be used to make a potion of blindness.



24: Ka'abuki Theater

The whimsical dancing of humanoids in brightly colored silk catches everyone off guard. Their ka'abuki masks look like the demonic faces of joyful, alien children. Singing accompanies the exaggerated movements.

Delicate gray writing in the stealthy language of thieves explains that an obstacle is only great if met head-on. Sly men can circumvent such dangers.

This troupe of ka'abuki performers use lyrical prose and dance to tell the story of an adventurer who wandered into a nightmare only to discover that the nightmare was real and everything from his past was a dream.

Anyone interrupting or accosting a performer will be attacked by the entire troupe.

After their performance concludes, the ka'abuki dancers will ask for a donation to Qav Dwenos, their enigmatic god. In return, the dancers reveal a secret of the pyramid...

In the last room (Room #111) of **The Black Pyramid** is a hidden black button. Pushing it will place the entire pyramid and everyone within it under the control of the unknowable and ineffable Qav Dwenos. They would do it themselves, but are cursed to remain in this room and no other.

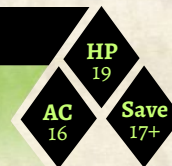
Ka'abuki Performers (9)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Performers get one free use of advantage during combat.

Treasure: Ka'abuki clothing, masks, paper-mâché dragon, and 33 colorless coins with the Roman numeral for "13" carved upon them.



25: Barrels of Monkeys

There looks to be nearly 1,000 barrels on one side of this large and strangely-angled room and just as many typewriters on the other.

Barrels of ale? Nope, these are filled with monkeys! And the chamber also has 1,000 typewriters. If the monkeys are let loose, they'll get to work on their complete works of Shakespeare.

Upon the walls are wavy lines, squiggles, and tentacle-esque forms intertwined in royal-blue, gold, and fuchsia with black triangle motif. There doesn't seem to be any message, just decorative art.

Lurking behind a few of the barrels are some humanoids, Neese and Corvear. Unlikely allies who are waiting for people to enter the room.

If the PCs seem good natured, they'll make themselves known. If PCs are hostile and strong, they'll stay hid. If PCs appear to be hostile and weak, Neese and Corvear will launch a sneak attack on them.

Neese (Human)

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6

HP
28
AC
14
Save
15+

Special: Soldier from the late 21st century.

Treasure: Has a laser rifle with full power-pack (20 shots).

A while ago, Neese picked up a purple Crown Royal bag containing 44 Aladdin's Castle tokens.

Corvear (Human)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
16
AC
12
Save
17+

Special: Recently decided to worship Nurakeen in order to improve his chances of surviving.

Treasure: Short sword and 123 gold pieces.

“If the monkeys are let loose, they'll get to work on their complete works of Shakespeare.”



26: The Marketplace

This area is congested with tents and people and frivolity. A blue-skinned elf shouts, joyfully embracing a dear friend of infernal ancestry.

Nearby, a prophet extols the virtues of Szo'kanth - "Thou should be like the jelly that oozes from the molten flames of Hell, malleable and translucent!"

A variety of humanoid courtesans wearing lingerie, fishnet tights, and garter belts line up against the wall, asking wealthy newcomers if they'd like to get acquainted.

Overhead, at least a dozen myna'aks fly around the room, illuminated by the ruby-red glow of the band near the ceiling.

Natives call this place The Baza'ar. Merchants buy, sell, and trade exotic wares. It's considered a neutral space where travelers within **The Black Pyramid** can freely exchange ideas, good, services,

and secrets [this may call for additional rolls on the rumor table, pg 84].

The Baza'ar is guarded by a floating, spherical, golden droid. If violence breaks out, the gold droid-sphere floats over to the perpetrator, says something authoritative like, "Cease and desist!", and then disintegrates him. The droid is nameless, but many refer to it as The Watchful Eye.

Thieves are punished by chopping off their dominant hand (disadvantage on physical actions).



The following items are available for purchase. The price listed is merely a place at which to begin haggling. Sellers try to get the price up and buyers customarily attempt to get the price down.

- ◆ **Wine** - 5 gp per bottle
- ◆ **Teriyaki myna'ak** - 1 gp per meal
- ◆ **Humanoid slaves** - 100 gp per individual
- ◆ **Blue crystal (dissipates all feelings of regret)** - 350 gp
- ◆ **Amaranth petals** - 50 gp per petal
- ◆ **Incense** - 10 gp for a week's supply.
- ◆ **Tajin seasoning** - 5 gp for a small bottle (several months supply)
- ◆ **Courtesan** - 10 gp to rent for the night or 500 to own
- ◆ **Zoth** - 5 gp per vial or 30 gp per gallon
- ◆ **Healing** - 25 gp per individual (full healed)
- ◆ **Resurrection** - 5,000 gp (1d4 point loss of constitution each time)
- ◆ **Sherpa** - 5 gp per guide, per hour
- ◆ **Hireling** - 10 gp per day
- ◆ **Assassination** - 500 gp per level/HD of target
- ◆ **High Tech (such as hologram projector)** - 250 gp per device
- ◆ **Lesser magic item (potion of shape-change)** - 400 gp
- ◆ **Greater magic item (flying carpet)** - 1,200 gp
- ◆ **Sleeping accommodations** - 5 gp per cot (8 hours)

Potential Hirelings

Apprentice adventurers seek information on survival tactics and assistance with exploration. This is where one might find hirelings.

Roll	Name	Noteworthy Features
1	Harben	Stinks of cheap wine and frequently drunk; has magical wine glass. Used to work at Pizza Pit.
2	Forsook	Grumbles incessantly; wears a black turban; stole his dagger from a demon.
3	Va'al	She's slender and blonde with scar down one leg; member of The Caba'al.
4	Koam	Self-righteous and overly defensive; always has parchment and ink handy. Carries an ivory pawn in his pocket because he's an agent of Ba'al K6-22.
5	Zevren	Used to be a skeever; brusque, but has heart of gold; wields cursed scimitar that always misses.
6	Whitcha	Midnight-elf; talks about the girl he left behind; has 3 red and blue marbles.

27: The Test

Five humanoids are engaged with individual tasks, such as organizing shapes, placing colors in a certain order, writing out mathematical equations, etc.

Mathematical formulae have been drawn all over one of the walls in lavender. Only a mathematician (or someone with an 18 intelligence) could understand it. Using these equations, one could open a gateway to Na'akai, letting the abhorrent denizens of the dark lands into the pyramid.

Half of a black sphere (3' diameter) is sticking out of the center of the ceiling. A deep, monotone voice emanates from the half-sphere, asking questions. Such as...

- ◆ "What is the weather like on Rexil 4?"
- ◆ "What if the market has no bananas?"
- ◆ "What's President Zarb's middle name?"
- ◆ "What is the most logical flavor of ice cream?"
- ◆ "If the goal of Democracy is Socialism, then what is the goal of Socialism?"
- ◆ "Who is number six?"

The humanoids try to answer while performing their various activities. If they stop doing their assigned tasks, the voice urges them to continue or face the consequences.

If asked, the voice explains this is a test and volunteers hoping to win a prize at the end of it must complete assigned tasks while answering questions or else they'll be ineligible for the prizes, as well as, electrocuted for wasting everyone's time. Once you volunteer, participation is mandatory.

The test subjects are S'komb, Bodj, Wa'ako, Meens, and Zamja. They are all human, except Wa'ako who is half-elf. Each one hopes to win something worth trading at The Marketplace (Room #26).

The black half-sphere seems like a monitoring device, but there's no individual running the test. It's actually an artificially intelligent computer program called MA'ARX. The A.I. is not as indestructible as **The Black Pyramid** itself, but is protected by reinforced plastic shielding.

Everyone who participates has a 2 in 6 chance of completing the tasks given and answering questions to the satisfaction of MA'ARX. MA'ARX is only testing reaction times for answering, not the answers themselves. Those answering quickly can roll twice and take the best result. Winning individuals receive 1d30 platinum credits (each worth 100 credits) via matter transporter.

Additionally, one winner receives a fortune cookie. Inside is a long string of numbers: 83-81-437-111-74-22. Reciting those numbers in front of an artificially intelligent machine will cause it to self-destruct in 42 seconds [anyone within a 20' radius takes 3d6 damage, save for half]. However, MA'ARX is immune.

Humanoids	
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +1
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6

Special: S'komb was an art dealer in A'agrybah before the scandal came to light. His flagrant abuse of women drove him to **The Black Pyramid**. Now, he collects certain pieces from the museum curator Zujara (Room #18).

Bodj fervently believes in The Black Disarray, but stays in the pyramid to punish himself for murdering his brother.

Wa'ako helped take down a giant sandworm months ago. If he survives another week inside **The Black Pyramid**, he'll be the leader of Vega Corso when he returns.

Zamja is secretly a half-demon, and is being sought after by the half-demon Azmeek.

Treasure: Each of them carries 1d30 petrified fruit-loops, which is what they've been using as currency.

Besides 33 platinum credits (each worth 1,000 credits), S'komb has a rolled-up canvas painting in his robes. The painting is of a smiling humanoid female with yellow skin and seven eyes, reminding the viewer of all seven moons in the Cha'alt night sky.

Wa'ako wears a giant worm tooth around his neck.

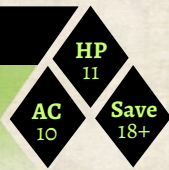
28: Crystal Wall

This room has a wall of crystalline formations of various hues with a humanoid admiring the display. However, these aren't normal colors, but an alien chromaticity, giving an impression of rage mixed with a torrid love-affair while a saxophone plays in the rain, the malaise of low-key existential crisis saturating the gloom.

Random lines of poetry about colors have been written in various hues upon the wall. One about tears of disappointing puce is particularly memorable.

The humanoid is a blood-elf named Nada'al. He wears a loincloth with arms and legs stained red. Nada'al entered **The Black Pyramid** on a dare. Now that he's been here one week, the blood-elf wants to stay.

Nada'al will offer to touch the crystal wall in exchange for a magic item. If they refuse, he'll offer to guide them through the pyramid for the same price. "I'm a collector." Actually, he's a member of The Caba'al and will do just about anything to obtain magic items.

Nada'al		 HP 11 AC 10 Save 18+
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +2	
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6		
Special: If Nada'al can obtain multiple magic items by betraying the PCs, he will do so. Treasure: He wields a short sword and has 7 translucent red beads which blood-elves use as currency among themselves.		

"I'm a collector."

What does the crystalline wall do if touched? Roll once per individual per day to determine the result...

Roll	Result
1	Provide a limited wish. Whatever you ask of it will happen in some form or another (within reason).
2	Disintegrate flesh. The person touching it must roll a saving throw or be disintegrated.
3	Transform into a small blue humanoid three apples high. The person becomes a sma'arf.
4	Creates an intelligent sphere of light that can answer questions about non-Euclidean geometry. The luminous sphere will follow the person who touched it for as long as he wishes.
5	Flesh becomes the color of the crystal wall. This will cause mixed reactions... 1) Pleased, 2) Apprehensive, 3) Consider you a freak of nature, or 4) Admiration.
6	Partial enlightenment (either +1d4 bonus to Wisdom or Wisdom-based advantage on rolls once per day).

29: Dice Game

Four humanoids are rolling small stones with images carved on one or more sides. Anticipation is followed by roars of celebration or cries of misery, depending on the roll and who won or lost.

Arcane runes have been painted upon an adjacent wall. Wizards read the following before a tremendous explosion engulfs them, "Got you, sucka!" 4d6 damage, save for half.

The game is called Koube, and it is winner take all. The winner gets an enchanted great-axe (leaning in the corner of the room), and also has the honor of being the first to face a bizarre creature on the other side of the door (Room #30). Rumor has it that the creature is from another dimension and cannot be defeated by ordinary weapons.

The foursome ordered a pizza about an hour ago. If it doesn't arrive in 6 minutes, the pizza is half-price. The Pizza Pit delivery car (black stingray corvette)

will show up in 1d8 minutes with two medium Hawaiian pizzas.

The gamblers are Seezo, Tornioon, Cashbah, and Vent.

- ◆ **Seezo** is a sun-elf. He stole the magic great-axe from Ya'am Koth while he was sleeping.
- ◆ **Torni'oon** is human sorcerer who worships Mazja'a, and wants to sacrifice a humanoid to the Demon Lord Wenzur in order to secure his patronage.
- ◆ **Cashbah** is a halfling and member of The Caba'al.
- ◆ **Vent** is a crystalloid. He knows a thing or two about crystals and can answer the PCs' questions... for a price.

The magical great-axe (2d6 damage) is called Wrequa'av. It glows an amber hue, has both ivory and topaz woven into its steel. The weapon used to belong to Ya'am Koth the undefeated gladiator, and has the following properties...

- ◆ Great-axe +1, +3 vs slimes, oozes, and jellies.
- ◆ Is not at a disadvantage when attacking hidden, obscured, or invisible opponents.
- ◆ On a natural 20, the great-axe bathes the wielder and his companions in an amber light, invigorating them (+1d6 to either their next attack or damage roll).

Before the PCs leave the room, the gladiator Ya'am Koth bursts through the door and demands his great-axe be returned to him. Otherwise, heads will roll.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
الحمد لله رب العالمين
والصلاة والسلام على
سيدنا محمد وآله الطيبين
الطاهرين

Seezo

HP 27
AC 12 Save 16+

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Has the abilities of a sun-elf.
Treasure: Carries 42 obsidian octagon coins in a faded, military-green sack.

Torni'oon

HP 14
AC 13 Save 17+

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Casts spells as a 3rd level sorcerer. Torni'oon is a Ba'al K6-22 agent. He will attempt to recruit anyone who has his shit together.
Treasure: Carries a black bishop in his robes.

Cashbah

HP 30
AC 14 Save 15+

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Cashbah is focused on obtaining really powerful magic items... artifacts and relics.
Treasure: Expert woodcarver, has tools and examples of his work in a backpack.

Vent

HP 20
AC 12 Save 17+

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Energy weapons bounce right off his crystalline flesh.
Treasure: Knows what most crystals do, including anti-matter crystals.

Ya'am Koth

HP 60
AC 14 Save 13+

HD: 7 Attack Bonus: +6
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: If he gets a natural 20 on an attack roll, the target must save or his skull is crushed.
Treasure: That axe was Koth's prized possession.

30: Extradimensional Creature

The creature looks to be an ordinary three-headed worm with tentacles and a scorpion tail... but then one notices it phasing in and out of existence.

A message written in the common tongue adorns one wall, "If you find this message, Edgar, you've gone too far. See you back at camp. - Kaxy"

Sha'aboneth

HD: 11 Attack Bonus: +8

#Attacks: 3 Damage: 1d12

AC
18

HP
70

Save
9+

Special: Instead of the three bites, the sha'aboneth can use its sting attack, instead (save or die).

Each time the creature is hit, there's a 1 in 6 chance that it phases out of the way just before the blow lands.

If the creature does max damage from its bite (natural 12), the target is also displaced from time and space for 3d4 rounds.

Treasure: A purple crystal the size of an ogre's head. When a sorcerer touches the crystal, their spells take on new properties: frost becomes fire, fire becomes frost, lightning becomes gas, gas becomes lightning, and magic missile creates a barrier that only spells can penetrate.

A magenta and black cloak with a silver spider on the back and silver webbing on the interior. It's a magic cloak fashioned by dark elves, bestowing spider friendship to the wearer, as well as, advantage on saving throws versus poison.

31: Temple of Thoth-A'amon

Over a dozen servants attend to every whim of the sorcerer-priest Thoth-A'amon, sitting upon his chartreuse throne of calcified zoth. They feed him grapes and cool him with palm fronds. A half-naked woman lounges at his feet.

Thoth-A'amon has dark-brown scales and yellow eyes; he's descended from snake-men. Similarly, various glyphs have been painted on the walls in the snake-man tongue, Ssa'as.

Translated, it relays the struggle of a serpentine empire - sorcery and the black arts helping them achieve domination over Cha'alt. This was long ago, when the Old Ones ruled. Now, their vast empire is merely shattered remnants silently waiting below the desert for discovery.

Intruders are welcome, but they must announce their presence before the sorcerer-priest. He wants to know why they are here. Thoth-A'amon also expects a small gift. He has a fondness for gemstones.

If the PCs seem knowledgeable or powerful, Thoth-A'amon says he'll offer his protection if they fight for him and become part of his entourage. Of course, they'll also have to swear allegiance to Mazja'a.

- ◆ Currently, Thoth-A'amon has plans to smuggle demons into **The Black Pyramid** via gateways to the infernal realms. The Congregation of Diluted Purity suspect his plans and attempt to thwart the sorcerer-priest by drawing anti-magic glyphs near their temple.
- ◆ Another of Thoth A'amon's plans is to use the tachyon drive to journey back to when **The Black Pyramid** was first built and learn its secrets.
- ◆ Thoth-A'amon also has a clone of himself at the ready (Room #103). When he dies, the clone is programed to continue the sorcerer-priest's plans.

Thoth-A'amon

Level: 9 Sorcerer **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

HP
42

AC
20

Save
11+

Special: He takes double damage from fire-based attacks. As a magic-user devoted to the Dark Gods, Thoth-A'amon is capable of casting a wide variety of spells.

Treasure: 13 black pearls (125 gp), 9 large rubies (350 gp), 2 large sapphires (275 gp), and 1 massive emerald (1,100 gp).

Within his robes is a severed, bloody arm from Ara'ak-Zul. This provides the sorcerer-priest with protection from The Evil One. Additionally, pointing the arm at an opponent will kill him (save to avoid), usable once per day.

Thoth-A'amon is wearing power-armor beneath his robes. Power-armor is a synthetic, light-weight, size-adjustable mesh that improves a humanoid's AC to 20. No matter who he is or what he's wearing aside from the power-armor, his new AC is 20.

He carries an access crystal wherever he goes.

His throne can be smashed and melted into usable zoth.

He also has a sanguine-orchid which has miraculous healing properties (lifts curses, as well). The blood-orchid is kept in an invisible box at the side of his throne.

Servants (14)

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +1

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

HP
11

AC
10

Save
18+

Special: Their daggers have been dipped in poison, successful save prevents paralysis for 1d6 rounds. The woman knows that Thoth-A'amon is afraid of fire. Two of his male servants are members of The Caba'al, and are planning to steal the bloodstained arm of Ara'ak-Zul when the opportunity arises.

Treasure: Each has 1d20 silver pieces.

One servant has 4 vintage, adult-movie star, collectable, trading cards.

32: The Judgement

Thirteen humanoids wearing burgundy robes stand in a circle, listening to the testimony of a man seated in the center. The robed people demand that he confess.

Burgundy Robed Humanoids (13)

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +2

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

HP
18

AC
10

Save
16+

Special: If one or more of the Congregation dies, the survivors will try to find suitable replacements ASAP. If they're getting slaughtered, the one with the glass box will smash it on the floor just before he dies, allowing the yellow scorpion to take vengeance upon the PCs.

The Congregation of Diluted Purity know how to inscribe the sigil of anti-magic. They may use this to thwart enemy wizards or trade such knowledge if the PCs do them a favor.

Treasure: Troov holds a glass box containing a small yellow scorpion. Its sting is deadly, save or die.

One member of the congregation carries a hand from a gold statue in his robes.

Each member of the Congregation has a burgundy robe and carries a short sword.

The leader is named Za'azu and has a palm-sized translucent sphere containing hellfire. It produces a fair amount of flickering orange and red ambient light, but is cool to the touch and smooth like marble. This magical sphere gives a group of 13 humanoids the power to see or, more accurately, predict the future.

The man, Dorsk, is accused of conspiring against the Congregation of Diluted Purity, the group who now judges him.

The Congregation have limited precognitive ability, but together they can see, or rather predict, the future. The Congregation saw Dorsk trade away their access crystal to the warlord Myko Z'chiv in exchange for a valor-stone. Without it, they can't cross over to the light-blue rooms.



- ◆ Access crystals allow the user to move into rooms of a different color. For instance, if you're currently in red territory but want to move to blue, you'll need an access crystal.
- ◆ Valor-stones are polished rocks of interesting and varied color that give the holder advantage when attempting an Epic Feat of Awesome.
- ◆ Eventually, the man will break down and confess. His punishment is death - sting of the yellow scorpion. The yellow scorpion is kept in a glass box by a member of the Congregation of Diluted Purity named Troov.
- ◆ The Congregation of Diluted Purity will need to find where Dorsk stashed the valor stone and either reclaim their access crystal from the warlord Myko Z'chiv or find a new one so they can move freely within **The Black Pyramid**.
- ◆ The Congregation worships Szo'kanth and hope to one day free their god from his formless prison.
- ◆ The Congregation uses aetherium as currency. They are willing to pay 2,500 aether for the access crystal and 500 for the valor stone.
- ◆ Aetherium is a cryptocurrency based on the pollution of humanoid souls. Most transactions take place in the Nice Circles of Hell by infernal beings; however, aetherium is also traded within **The Black Pyramid** and a few other places on Cha'alt. Today, the exchange rate is roughly 4 gold pieces per aether.

33: Orange Jello Cube

A gigantic cube of orange gelatinous material quivers in the center of this room. A human in yellow robes kneels down in front of the cube, asking for guidance (he assumes this might be the god Szo'kanth). The Szo'kanth worshiper is named Manir. He's a mathematical prodigy.

As ordered by Thoth-A'amon, a sky-elf busily scrubs off an anti-magic glyph from one of the walls. The sky-elf's name is Zujara. While working for Thoth-A'amon, Zujara is also a spy for the Congregation of Diluted Purity.

The walls of this triangular-shaped room are covered in teal handwriting, detailing the majesty of

Ulraesek, a warrior-god who cleanses the weak and ignorant from **The Black Pyramid**. It goes on to say that Ulraesek worshipers have been working on a special poison to kill the worthless dregs of pyramid society.

Inside the jello, one can see a large object. Closer investigation of the orange gelatin cube reveals an oversized red stapler suspended in the center.

The quivering cube is harmless (it's ordinary jello). However, the Swingline 747 Business Stapler is magical... one of the objects contained within the "lost room" before it was wiped from existence.

Possessing the stapler allows one to fuse any two objects so they are joined forever, until dispel magic is cast.

Manir		HP	Save
HD: 1	Attack Bonus: +0	6	19+
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4	AC	
		10	
<p>Special: As a mathematical prodigy, Manir can work the numbers better than anyone else in the pyramid. He's worked out a way to pass through rooms undetected by whispering various prime numbers of Cha'alt (different than those of Earth) to himself.</p> <p>Treasure: He has 15 petrified fruit-loops and a dagger shaped like a banana.</p>			

Zujara		HP	Save
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +2	11	18+
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6	AC	
		10	
<p>Special: He is a sky-elf.</p> <p>Eventually, Zujara wants to take over this section of the pyramid, taking out both Thoth A'amon and the Congregation of Diluted Purity.</p> <p>Treasure: A lavender crystal that brings calm to those holding it. He also has the Congregation's access crystal.</p>			

34: Batrachian Devil

A gigantic toad-demon squats in this room, barely moving except for its labored breathing. The toad-demon's tentacles, as thick as tree trunks, occasionally twitch. A single half-open eye glares milky-yellow.

Here and there, purple runes are displayed. Together, they might be a spell. If spoken aloud by a magic-user, the runes conjure a purple phantom that will join the party if they wish.

This batrachian devil sleeps a lot, but always wakes when intruders are in the vicinity. Three heavy lids soon unfold; the beast's eyes each have seven pupils black as the void. His true name is Ma'althezok.

Ma'althezok will allow humanoid to pass if they can answer his riddle (or speak his name). Otherwise, they must turn back or perish quickly by his infernal hand, sticky and clawed though it is. The riddle is as follows...

What do all living things share, wallowing in, nourishing the Gods, trying to avoid or alleviate, though if done consciously can raise one up to that of a deity?

The answer is "suffering". If someone in the adventuring party says the word, Ma'althezok will allow all of them to pass unharmed. If no one guesses correctly, the batrachian devil starts attacking.

Batrachian Devil

HD: 15 Attack Bonus: +10

#Attacks: 3 Damage: 1d8 (tentacles)

HP
93
AC
15
Save
5+

Special: Once per day, the creature can breathe poisonous gas that fills the entire room (save or die).

Treasure: 457 silver pieces, 38 gp, and 13 black trapezoidal coins.

A cask of black centipede wine.

The bone sword Yarqa'ad which means "blessed" in the ancient tongue. It's a two-handed sword +1, +3 versus evil and chaotic beings. If the proper command word is spoken (only found on the wall of Room #7), it glows blood-red when those of good or lawful alignment are within 30', freezing them in place for 1d4 rounds each time they step within that range.

Purple Phantom

HD: 7 Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d12

HP
35
AC
12
Save
13+

Special: This creature is semi-corporeal and cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons.

Treasure: None.

ماالتهزوك

35: Sorceress of Sla'avesh

A beautiful crimson skinned half-demon with serpentine heritage proudly stands before the Council of Demons. She describes her intention to perform legendary deeds that could only be accomplished by wielding the Hell-spawned sword Xahlta'ak.

The demon council hands the half-demon sorceress of Sla'avesh a two-handed sword, telling her it has been ensouled with the power of a thousand demons. The sword drinks the blood of its enemies, transforming their vitality into infernal sigils upon its black blade.

As the PCs are noticed, the Council of Demons curls into black smoke, leaving no sign of their presence. However, the sorceress of Sla'avesh and her newly given sword remain.

The half-demon sorceress introduces herself as Laya'an. Laya'an confesses that she's no warrior - she seeks a champion to wield Xahlta'ak in her name... if the sword bearer first brings her a ruby of great size. With such a ruby, the sorceress can cast a spell that will give her power over Ara'ak-Zul. The larger the ruby, the greater her hold over The Evil One.

Laya'an knows that Zarga'an (Room #41) has an enormous ruby in his treasure hoard. The sorceress of Sla'avesh will allow one of the PCs to wield the sword and become her champion if the ruby is brought to her.



Sorceress of Sla'avesh

Level: 8 Sorcerer Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
32
AC
12
Save
11+

Special: The sorceress can cast *Magic Missile*, *Sticky Webbing*, *Invisibility*, *Fireball*, and *Possession*.

Treasure: 12 small bars of gold (actually, Jenga blocks painted gold).

The two-handed sword is made of a matte black stone with orange-red veins, the hilt is steel and the pommel some kind of unbreakable red glass. The sword's name is Xahlta'ak, which means "extreme prejudice" in the ancient tongue. It has the following powers...

- ◆ After dealing the death-blow, that creature's HD or level becomes the sword's plus value. For instance, killing a 3 HD monster makes Xahlta'ak a +3 sword. However, this bonus only lasts seven hours. If Xahlta'ak goes more than seven hours without taking a life, the sword resumes its resting state of +1.
- ◆ The sword shields itself and its owner from detection, monitoring, and observation.
- ◆ Xahlta'ak absorbs any guilt, remorse, shame that the sword's owner might feel. Eventually, this will lead to an alignment of chaos and/or evil.
- ◆ He who wields the sword will be visited by Mazja'a that very night. The Demon God of Magic will demand the sword wielder worship him or be destroyed. Little does Mazja'a know that Xahlta'ak will protect his owner from such divine destruction.

36: K'tulu Temple

Massive sculpture-columns of jade and basalt jut and curve, winding throughout this chamber. The columns are carved to reflect the various people, monsters, and gods this cult has witnessed over the millennia.

The walls of this room are covered with pithy sayings and zealous praise for K'tulu in emerald-green hues. "Always reach for the stars, even if tentacles keep pulling you towards the gutter."

Since the prominent K'tulu priests are feasting in the next room, this temple contains 20 acolytes left to their own devices. Currently, they're imagining what life would be like when Dread K'tulu returns to drown the infidels in the Chartreuse Sea.

Since worship of K'tulu was proclaimed forbidden in Cha'alt years ago, these worshipers hide here. A few have come to also worship Nurakeen, since their survival depends on secrecy. Occasionally, there is tension between those who only worship K'tulu and those who worship both K'tulu and Nurakeen.

K'tulu Acolytes

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
6
AC
10
Save
19+

Special: Each natural 20 allows the acolyte to curse his opponent (disadvantage on all rolls for an hour). About five worship Nurakeen, as well as, K'tulu, and can stealthily hide in shadows for sneak attacks.

Treasure: Besides a short sword and silver K'tulu necklace, each acolyte has 1d12 scrolls... upon which their tentacled god has been inked in blood. Each scroll is worth approximately 1d30 gp, depending on the buyer.

37: The Last Supper

Thirteen humanoids sit before a long and shiny black table. These appear to be cultists wearing emerald robes. Seated at the center must be the High Priest wearing a terrifying K'tulu mask of bronze tarnished to a sort of turquoise patina, suckered tentacles twisting here and there.

An enormous emerald-green bas-relief of some monstrous octopoid god with far too many tentacles covers the wall opposite the hatchway.

The High Priest was giving a speech as the PCs eavesdrop or barge in, telling his disciples that eating the fried calamari and drinking the black squid-ink equates to nourishing themselves with his flesh and blood. Tonight, the High Priest plans to sacrifice himself to Zarga'an (Room #41).

Zarga'an is seen to be a semi-divine reflection of Dread K'tulu. When the High Priest is killed by Zarga'an, the cult shall know one-hundred-and-eleven nights of good fortune. Being in K'tulu's favor will allow the cultists to vanquish their enemies.

However, before he does that... the cult must purge themselves of those who worship Nurakeen.

High Priest

HD: 6 Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6+1

HP 35
AC 14 Save 14+

Special: Once per day, the High Priest can strike down an infidel (save to avoid immediate death).

Treasure: Ring of Magical Deflection (granting the wearer advantage on saving throws vs. magic). The Dread Mask causes fear (forcing everyone gazing upon it to make a saving throw or cower in terror - disadvantage on all actions attempted against the mask wearer).

Green glowing great-sword +1 named Roba'ash that disintegrates the corpses it makes.

Access crystal, granting him access to all the color territories within **The Black Pyramid**.

118 credits, 34 platinum credits, 430 gold pieces, and 3 large pieces of jade (120 gp each).

Disciples (12)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP 15
AC 12 Save 17+

Special: Each disciple can conjure a gigantic tentacle that squeezes the life out of an opponent, unless they make a successful saving throw.

There is one amongst them who worships Nurakeen, instead of the one true tentacular God. The betrayer's name is Snedpa'ak. Snedpa'ak lavishes praise upon the High Priest so he will become successor.

Treasure: 189 coins of bronze with bas-relief of Dread K'tulu upon them, the coins smell of seaweed.

One of the disciples, a raven-haired beauty named Gwena'as, has a holocrys she stole from the laser-library (Room #57). If brought back and played through the holocrys-reader, the crystal shows a holographic man in a black suit. He introduces himself as a chess prodigy from the distant past, and then proceeds to enlighten the viewer regarding Cha'alt. The entire world is made-up. A writer in the far future created, or will create, Cha'alt for his own amusement. That explains its bizarre nature.

What happened to the warlord Myko Z'chiv? He was unceremoniously murdered. Somewhere along the way, the PCs may stumble upon Myko's corpse, laying in a pool of blood, his belongings stolen.

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38: Reptilian Insect Humanoids

This room is full of reptilian insect humanoids climbing up and down a wall of honeycombs. The honeycomb wall looks especially sickly and unwholesome as it glows from the yellow-green illumination band that runs across the room.

Nothing can be seen on the walls of this room. However, those who place their hands upon them activate a glowing cyan orb that suddenly becomes visible and drops down from the ceiling. The orb will latch onto the first person who moves in its presence. That person must make a saving throw or be disintegrated. Either way, the orb vanishes for 24 hours.

These beings were caretakers of the Great Pyramid of Cha'alt when humanity was young, believing **The Black Pyramid** to be conscious and seeking to do its bidding. Since those days, the reptile-insectoid culture has degenerated. Currently, the pyramid is telling them that too many outsiders have infested its structure and must be purged.

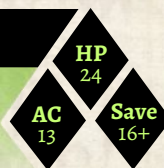
The reptile-insectoids are creating a sweet nectar that drains humanoids of willpower. After they've been sapped of will, the humanoids will be stabbed to death and their corpses devoured.

They will not tolerate interference. If PCs attack, they retaliate. If PCs parlay, these creatures offer them a taste of exotic honey [Saving throw to avoid a vegetative state, lasts 6 hours].

Reptile Insectoids (4d6)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d4



Special: When one of these creatures knows something, all of them know it (hive-mind).

Treasure: A bright-green quartz ring gives the wearer the ability to climb walls like a spider.

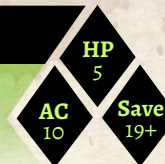
39: Devotees of Zarga'an

This room contains ten humanoids trying to hold on until the apocalypse (one is green with cactus-spines all over his skin). They wear white robes, entertaining themselves with three-dimensional chess and playing various musical instruments.

Devotees of Zarga'an (10)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4



Special: Rather than fight to the death, the devotees would prefer to be eaten by Zarga'an. One of them is a cactus-man, his mutant DNA allows him to travel the desert without the possibility of exhaustion, heatstroke, or dehydration.

Treasure: They communally own the 3-D chess set and four musical instruments.

One of the devotees, Rainn, has a holocrys that can be accessed in the laser library (Room #57). Upon viewing, a holographic half-demon reveals his theory about **The Black Pyramid**. In his estimation, it's all higgledy-piggledy nonsense full of sound and fury that signifies nothing. He calls this way of thinking The Black Disarray, and urges those listening to stop trying to find meaning in a meaningless world.

The walls are decorated with crude portraits of a gigantic, one-eyed titan. A resplendent human stands near the creature, triumphant as several smaller figures acknowledge his greatness.

According to these devotees, Zarga'an is the living form of dread K'tulu. The massive power of the titan's horn has convinced them of this lie. If the PCs look like heroes of a sort, the Devotees of Zarga'an will ask if they'll voluntarily walk into Zarga'an's chamber to satisfy his appetite.

Once, this area was the seat of power within **The Black Pyramid**. Now, the reptilian insects have crippled their influence. All they have is this room and soon their living god will devour all of them.

Every day that Zarga'an has not tasted flesh, his hunger is sated by one of the devotees. Soon, there won't be anyone left to wait for the prophesied coming of Ishla'an, the one who will end their suffering.

40: Chartreuse Sphere

The yellow-green line of illumination running along the top of this room perfectly matches the color of the glowing sphere that hovers in the center of this small room.

There's writing on the wall, the same chartreuse color. However, it looks like chicken scratching and requires magic to make it intelligible. If the PCs are somehow able to decipher it, the text gives instructions. Say the word "La'aknar" just before laying hands upon the sphere, to protect yourself from harm.

As the Devotees of Zarga'an could tell you, touching the 12" chartreuse sphere with one's bare hands means death (actually, there's a saving throw).

Touching the chartreuse sphere after saying La'aknar shows a glimpse of dread K'tulu in all his loathsome glory! Upon this spiritual awakening, a successful saving throw is required to resist devoting one's life to the worship of K'tulu.

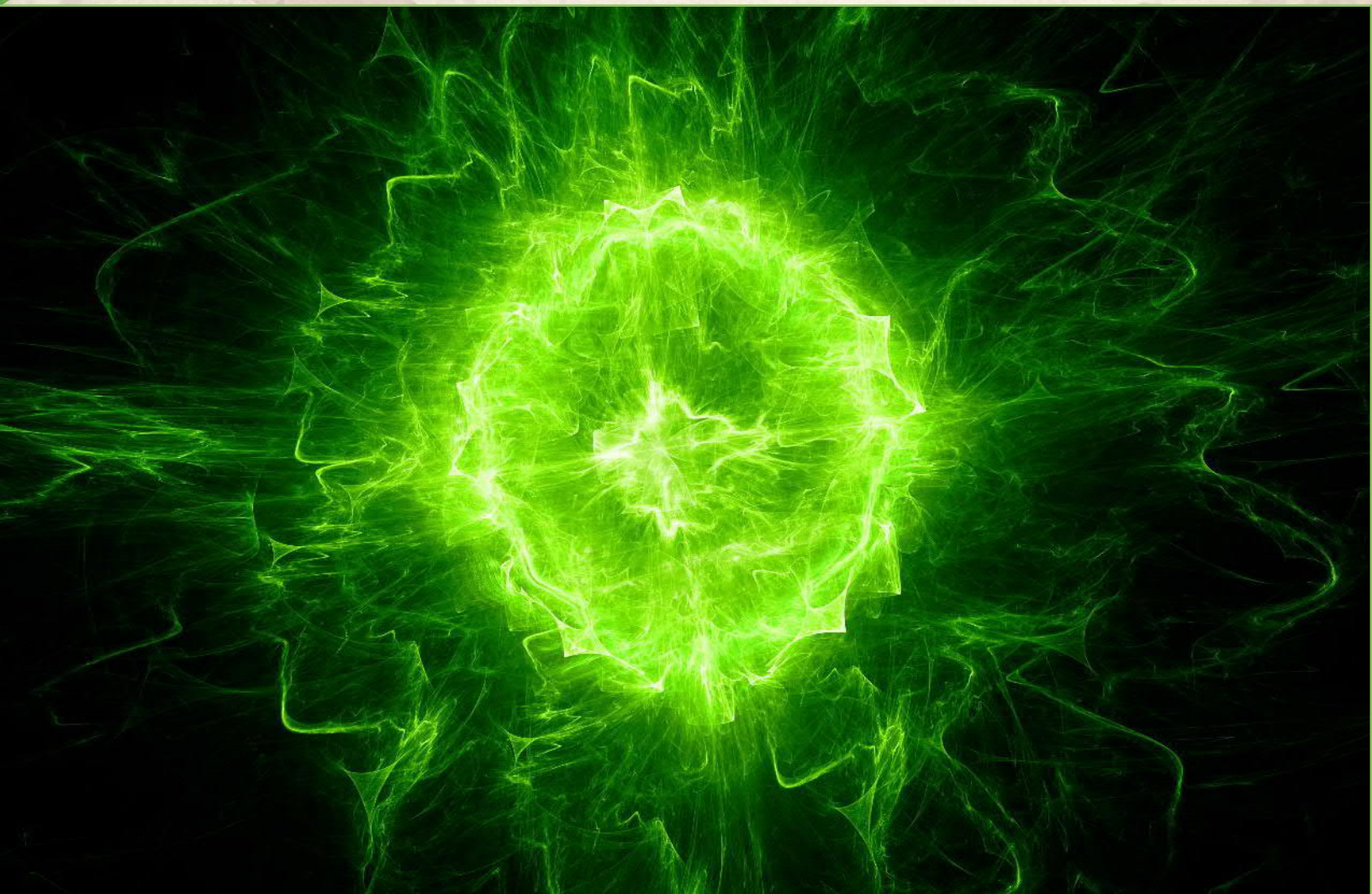
Piercing the sphere with a magic sword engraves it with a glyph of sharpness, making the blade vorpal (natural 20 decapitates your opponent).

41: Lair of Zarga'an

The titan broods within his gigantic chamber, waiting for victims, sacrifices, and food.

This room contains sigils on the walls, scribed in blood (made permanent by magic, otherwise they'd be absorbed by the devil-stone). They represent the world before the New Gods claimed it, when Cha'alt was savage and replete with nightmarish things that walked and crawled alongside men.

Zarga'an has survived for centuries within **The Black Pyramid**. Things are beginning to change, though. Only a few believe him to be a true god.



If he weren't so hungry, Zarga'an might be interested in conversation or trading goods. Unfortunately, he's starving and is primarily interested in filling his belly. He's far too big to leave his room. However, if the titan were to be fed several humanoids, PCs could converse with him.

- ◆ Zarga'an wants humanoids to consider him divine.
- ◆ Ishla'an is the Demon Lord prophesied to kill and replace Zarga'an.
- ◆ Zarga'an met the nameless princess long ago - she was impressed by the titan's monstrous strength.
- ◆ Those who worship Zarga'an shall be rewarded with a hexagonal coin, rumored to be made from meteoric iron. The coins are said to bring men great fortune.

Zarga'an

HD: 18 Attack Bonus: +8

#Attacks: 4 Damage: 1d12

HP
111

AC
16

Save
2+

Special: Each strike of his tentacles causes temporary paralysis (saving throw to resist). Zarga'an has three eyes. Anyone attempting to sneak around in his presence gets disadvantage.

Treasure: 1,081 gp, 33 iron hexagon coins, a ruby the size of a human head (3,500 gp), and the following magic items...

- ◆ **Ring of Lascivious Distraction:** A platinum ring with oversized garnet centerpiece. Once per night (and only at night) the wearer may summon a succubus named Hessesetha to entertain an intended target for 1d4 hours. Each time the succubus is employed, there's a 2 in 6 chance she'll extract some valuable piece of information from her partner... such as a dark secret or confidential gossip. If attacked, Hessesetha disperses into smoke.
- ◆ **Amulet of Eternal Recurrence:** A trapezoidal chartreuse-colored stone set in blood-onyx, hanging from an iron chain. The wearer of this amulet gets to replay the last minutes of his life (one minute per level) over and over again, as many times as he wishes. For instance, if the amulet's 3rd level owner gets disintegrated by a spell, he's allowed to re-do the last three minutes of his existence... and again, and again! Until he finds a way to not be disintegrated. In order to get time working as usual, the amulet must be smashed.
- ◆ **Window of the Soul:** Looking through this fist-sized translucent moonstone allows true sight to detect any demonic or otherworldly dominance, possession, or influence affecting a humanoid. It's worth approximately 1,500 gold pieces. Although, the Seer of Voss'th Ekk would be willing to pay as much as 5,000 due to his frequent sabbaticals to the Lower Realms, where that sort of thing is commonplace.
- ◆ **The Horn of Zarga'an:** A single horn juts out of the titan's brow. Killing Zarga'an and removing his horn will reveal its true form. The horn is actually a segment of the key to time, scattered and lost aeons ago when the Lords of Time were slaughtered by dread K'tulu. Once per day, the segment will grant a limited wish. How limited? Well, it has to be within the bounds of reason... curing a disease, breaking a spell, teleporting the party to another room, killing a single enemy (magic resistance still counts!), raising an ability score by one point, etc.





42: Cracked Obelisk

In the center of this room, an obelisk of smooth dark stone looms taller than a man. A swarthy human wearing sand-colored robes and a fez atop his head studies the obelisk by the chartreuse light from the ceiling band.

The distant sound of a horn echoes throughout the room. The sonorous vibration gives an impression of wretched beggars searching through fog and darkness for the last vestige of extinguished light.

Broken, black, ceramic tiles have been arranged on the walls in no discernible pattern... unless you're a cleric. The glued-on pieces of black tile are supposed to represent man's struggle against godlike beings in an effort to forge his own destiny. The man's name is Zorul Kwa'afik, a geologist. He's looking for antiquities of great value. In a few days, he'll be leaving the planet. Before Cha'alt is destroyed, Zorul Kwa'afik wants to preserve a few historically important artifacts.

Zorul Kwa'afik also worships Ultraesek and would take great joy in murdering anyone who displayed discourteous or uncouth behavior.

Zorul Kwa'afik

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
7

AC
11

Save
19+

Special: He's not a fighter, but Zorul has studied Cha'alt for decades. He knows that enemies of the spice miners won't hesitate to incinerate the planet if it will stymie them. Also, he doesn't tolerate bad manners.

Treasure: For years, he's collected weird, small bones belonging to birds, reptiles, and rodents. He has 111 of them so far.

He also has 16 vintage, adult-movie star, collectable, trading cards.

Upon closer inspection, the obelisk has hairline fractures in several places where orange-red light shines through. Anyone near the obelisk can feel intense heat coming from it.

Those choosing to ignore the obelisk hear whispering inside their mind, "Destroy this profane vessel and you shall be rewarded."



- ◆ Smashing it frees Ara'ak-Zul from his prison.
- ◆ Laying hands on it gives the person a migraine headache while filling his head with visions of all humanoid on Cha'alt being enslaved by a dark force with the power to break gods over his knee.
- ◆ Doing something arcane or sorcerous grants Ara'ak-Zul access to the sorcerer's soul. The sorcerer immediately turns to chaos and will serve Ara'ak-Zul for the rest of his days (save to avoid).

Ara'ak-Zul		HP 150
HD: 23	Attack Bonus: +20	AC 20
#Attacks: 7 Damage: 3d6		Save n/a

Special: Ara'ak-Zul is more than a demon or devil, he is God of Na'akai... the solidification of darkness within **The Black Pyramid** itself and the personification of evil.
90% magic resistance.
Non-magical weapons cannot harm him.
Ara'ak-Zul can use one of his seven attacks to possess a humanoid (save to avoid). He can possess up to a thousand souls.

Treasure: Destroying him on this plane merely banishes him to Na'akai. His banishment will release all the possessed souls.
Additionally, his death leaves behind a shard of darkness - a crystal as black as the void. The black shard disintegrates anything it touches (humanoids and magic items can save to avoid - those of chaotic or evil alignment get advantage).

While Ara'ak-Zul is traditionally formless, he occasionally appears to enemies and worshipers alike as a writhing mass of human arms with outstretched, blood-stained hands.

43: Floating Cone-Shapes

A dozen cone-shaped lifeforms hover over the ground, each a different color. On the floor rests some kind of bronze disc the size of a small shield.

Next to the disc is an unconscious or dead human laying on the floor.

Spray-paint graffiti spells out something in a thousand-year dead language. It reads, "Pizza Pit - succulence by the slice!"

The bronze disc is actually a rounded-edge octagon with mysterious sigils engraved upon it, along with the words, "Dha'arma Initiative".

When held next to a crimson or chartreuse crystal, the Dha'arma Initiative disc makes the holder invisible to dragons.

The human is a cyber surgeon from the Domed City. His name is Rez Bono. He was robbed of his gear and knocked out by a small gang of clowns. If his tech was returned, Rez Bono would be happy to outfit one or more PCs with cyberware - such as a mechanical arm, tank treads instead of legs, or a laser eye.

The cone-like entities emit both cinnamon-scented pheromones and faint whale-sounds which can only be understood by certain species (no one native to Cha'alt).

If touched, they harmlessly bounce around. If attacked, the floating cones melt into a puddle of brightly-colored slime, while the steam of its soul attempts to enter the humanoid who attacked it. If a saving throw fails, the shimmering soul-steam takes over that individual, and the old consciousness is lost forever.

Rez Bono		HP 10
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +0	AC 10
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4		Save 18+

Special: He fled the Domed City because of a malpractice lawsuit. His client's tissue rejection was not his fault, but the suit was brought by a wealthy and powerful politician.

Treasure: Rez Bono has no belongings, other than what the clowns stole from him.



44: The Clown Quarter

This is where the insane congregate... and usually dress up as clowns. The room is rather dark, but a dozen or so clowns can be seen leaning against walls, squeaking red rubber noses, untangling rainbow locks, and sharpening knives.

Humanoid eyeballs are affixed to the wall without a hatchway, there must be a hundred of them (111, actually). The eyes are gruesome and drip goo, each regarding a unique perspective. If a member of the party tries to rip an eye from the wall, all the other eyes gaze at him with disdain.

Most of these clowns are dangerous. In a little while, the clowns will lead a frontal assault on those in the next couple rooms (Rooms #48 and #49).

Clowns (14)

HD: 4

Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
21

AC
12

Save
16+

Special: Their unsettling appearance causes opponents' first attack to be at a disadvantage.

Treasure: The usual clown gear - pancake white face makeup, greasepaint, red nose, rainbow wig, garish clothing, and machete. Clowns don't carry "walking around" money.

One clown in particular is carrying tech he stole from the cyber surgeon Rez Bono.

45: Shadows of A Dead God

Nearly 30 humanoid prisoners are chained in the middle of this gigantic room. Behind them is a weird light source, floating spheres glowing lurid colors. In front, eldritch shadows dance upon the wall.

A man with a long gray beard (Zed-Wan) watches over the prisoners, saying things like "From his ashes, the way shall be shown to you."

Zed-Wan is friendly and talkative, explaining that God is dead, and the prisoners are receiving an unorthodox form of enlightenment. Once they've seen God's shadow for 17 consecutive days (most die before the 16th day), the prisoners will be freed.

This is day 13 (Xank was added to the roster only a week ago). Every prisoner still alive is too weak to fight or even run away. They are dehydrated and starving, but occasionally call out, as if praying to the shadow of God...

- ◆ What is her name?
- ◆ Why are we made to suffer?
- ◆ God, I know that you have called me from the blackest pits of Hell.
- ◆ The colors aren't real, but summoned from the space within space, between the dimensional walls.
- ◆ Where do all the calculators go when they die?
- ◆ God spelled backward is dog... anyone got a hotdog? With ketchup and onions, please!
- ◆ Aza'ak-Zul, a thousand times I have killed in your name!

The gray bearded man is actually a droid made to look human. Zed-Wan worships Vok-Yurd. He's been programmed to initiate this enlightenment protocol with new humanoids every 17 days, in hopes of proving the unworthiness of organic life.

If the PCs stare at the dancing shadow figures long enough, they experience a sudden twinge of existential dread.

Before they leave, Xank tries to make contact with the PCs. Xank will offer them assistance, money, whatever they want if they help him escape.

Zed-Wan

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6

HP
27

AC
15

Save
15+

Special: Zed-Wan carries a laser rifle with 18 charges remaining.

Treasure: Zed-Wan has a pouch containing amaranth petals (total of 11). Eating one is the only known cure for zoth toxemia. Immunity lasts one week.

He also carries issue # 14 of the zine *Last Days of Freedom*. That issue features poetry about the type of paranoia that comes from existing in an isolated environment.

Humanoid Prisoners (30)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
2

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: With so many prisoners, there's bound to be at least one spy for Thoth-A'amon, Ba'al K6-22, The Lich King, and so forth.

However, the most significant prisoner is a reptoid named Xank with cold-blooded yellow eyes and fur covering most of his greenish-black scales. Xank is a surveyor for a prominent spice-fracking company. He got drunk at the Gamma Incel Cantina a standard week ago and woke up inside this black hellscape. If freed, he'll gladly tell the PCs that Cha'alt is being sucked dry of its precious zoth in order to make the spice mela'anj for the Federation elite.

Treasure: Xank has a micro-sonic-spanner in his back pocket. With such a ridiculously useful device, the user gets advantage when performing mechanic-type actions.

46: The Interrogation

A blue-skinned reptilian humanoid is chained to a massive, shiny, black, support column in the center of this smaller, awkward-shaped room. Several humanoids regard the reptilian with contempt as they ask him questions between beatings.

The shiny black walls of this room have been painted with gold and turquoise geometric shapes. Overtop, crimson words are painted, "In ancient times, hundreds of years before the dawn of history, there lived a strange race of people - the Keepers of Doom. And the Keepers used their magic to create a Scarlet Room. Within that room the Keepers of Doom made for themselves the Darkest Paradise!"

The reptile humanoid being interrogated is Dwa'an. Apparently, one of the interrogators overheard Dwa'an talking about why **The Black Pyramid** was built. Now, this small group of explorers is trying to get the "lizard-man" to talk the old-fashioned way (without magic).

Dwa'an is resisting because he swore an oath to protect this secret. The PCs could help break him; in which case he'll say what he knows. If the PCs side with Dwa'an, he'll continue to deny knowing anything.

Dwa'an spied on a holocrys, or holographic crystal, being played in a different section of the pyramid. The hologram mentioned something about **The Black Pyramid** being a super-computer designed to generate a name for the Pale Empress.

The holocrys room isn't far (Room #57). If the PCs have treated him well, Dwa'an will take them to it.

Interrogators (2d4)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
15
AC
12
Save
17+

Special: They're from modern-day Earth, each having a special skill (engineer, scientist, mercenary, pilot, etc.)

Treasure: About \$200 between them. They also carry simple weapons.

Dwa'an

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
7
AC
10
Save
19+

Special: He is a member of The Caba'al, and believes that the omnipotent God and Ara'ak-Zul are one in the same... though Ara'ak-Zul is the shadow-self. Only when the substantial part of God awakens will The Evil One be subsumed into the whole.

Treasure: Dwa'an has another secret – holographic crystals can be viewed when a sorcerer attunes them. He just needs an hour to concentrate on the holocrys and a purple or magenta hued crystal to focus his energy.



47: The Play

A sinister cult dressed in orange and turquoise robes chants as the High Priest raises his dagger into the air, waiting for the right moment to plunge it into the voluptuous, blonde sacrifice laying upon an altar of nigrescent stone.

Lyrics to the opening number of *A Chorus Line* have been painted onto the wall with lime green acrylic paint – “I Really Need This Job.”

While this seems straightforward, it's not. The cultists, High Priest, and female sacrifice are actually actors. The PCs have walked in on a dress rehearsal of the play *Tentacles, Come Hither!*

The actors have promotional posters and invitations already printed out if the PCs are unconvinced. The show starts tomorrow, and shall be performed at The Marketplace (Room #26).

If the PCs murder one or more of the actors before realizing the scene was pretend, there will be a fair amount of animus towards them. Plus, now someone will have to take on their part... the show must go on!

In one particular scene, Yth, the traveler from beyond the stars, falls in love with a humanoid mathematician proficient in non-Euclidean geometry. The mathematician kisses a mass of writhing tentacles as he goes inexorably insane.

Chances are that one or more reviewers will come see the show and write something up for *Last Days of Freedom*, a zine circulated throughout **The Black Pyramid**.

Actors (3d4)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
4

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: They're pretty good at acting... and that's about it.

Treasure: Each wears a costume (one High Priest, one nubile sacrifice, and the rest are cultists). Between all of them, they have 86 gp.

48: Laser Security System

This room is covered with roaming laser-red beams of light. In the room's center is a pedestal, a golden idol perched on top.

The lasers are dangerous, doing 1d6 damage to anything they touch, if a saving throw fails.

Those hugging the room's edges in order to reach a hatchway should be able to get there with only one laser possibly touching them.

It would be difficult to reach the pedestal without 2d4 lasers striking the average humanoid... and additional 1d4 strikes trying to steal the idol then make it to a hatchway.

The laser beams can be harmlessly reflected using a mirror, crystal, or something similar.

The idol itself is about 9" tall. It's the face of some humanoid with shaved head, goatee, and sardonic grin; suckered tentacles creep around the base and along the edges. The signature "SWK" is engraved on the back.

It turns out the idol is hollow, its mouth opened just enough to reveal a slip of paper inside. The message reads...

Take it from me, someone who knows.
All that I ask is for you to come and go.
Like the black wind carrying unfortunate news.
And face the camera in horror to both shock and amuse.

To a certain collector, this idol might be worth 3,000 gp, with an extra 1,500 if the note is included.



49: Ryktastic!

A crazy Scientist and his grandson are exploring this room. They arrived via dimensional portals - Ryk and Ma'arty are looking for an alien who has secret information that could get them erased from existence.

The alien they're looking for doesn't seem to be here, so Ryk and Ma'arty are discussing their next course of action. Meanwhile, Ryk is drinking Purple Potion from a flask. He spiked it with something hardcore, so Ryk is getting wasted.

If the PCs won't help or get the fuck out of the way, Ryk will start disintegrating fools. Ma'arty just wants to find that alien so he and his grandfather don't fade away.

Ryk

HD: 6 Attack Bonus: +4
#Attacks: 1 Damage: n/a

HP 36
AC 12
Save 14+

Special: Ryk uses a disintegrator beam (4 charges remaining), so if he hits... roll a saving throw or be disintegrated.

Treasure: Besides the disintegrator and 28 tarsecs, he's got a couple of wild inventions on him...

- ◆ Woover Wa'aver – a device that pleases artificial intelligences.
- ◆ Floopmanzathorn is a salve that immediately returns your skin to its natural state one years ago. Ryk has a tube of 10 fluid ounces in his back pocket (5oz will cover an entire adult human's body).
- ◆ Prequakakes are delicious pancakes - after eating them, you're three times as likely to get pregnant.

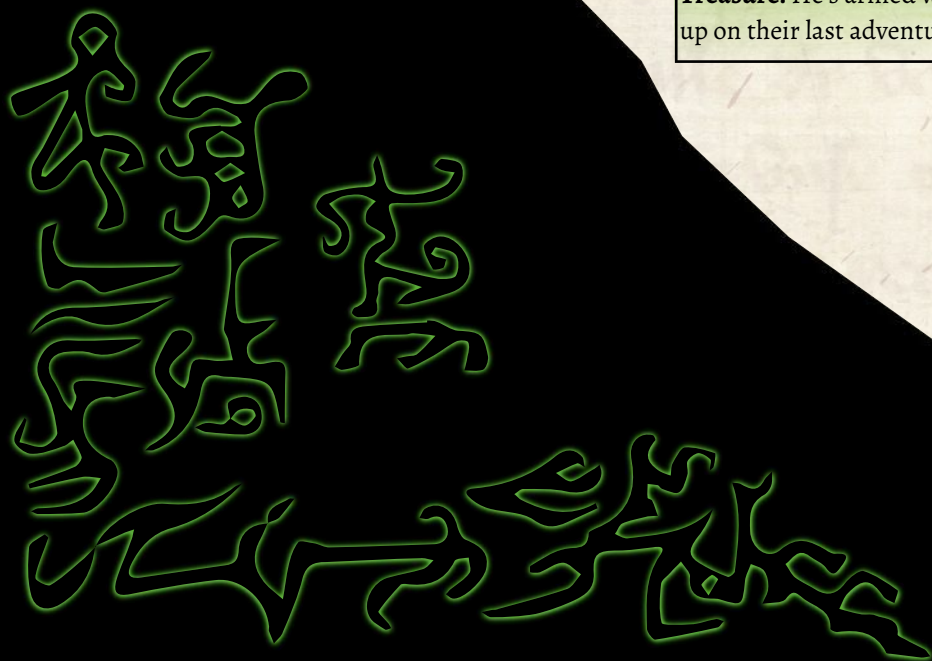
Ma'arty

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP 17
AC 13
Save 17+

Special: Ma'arty appears to be a simpleton, but can actually be an evil genius when push comes to shove.

Treasure: He's armed with a spiked shovel picked up on their last adventure and 37 credits.



50: The Matrix

Six humans recline facing away from a mechanical column containing screens, flashing lights, and reel-to-reel tape recorder. A large pink, green, and yellow bumper-sticker is affixed to the column. It simply reads, "CHA'ALT!!!"

Various slogans have been spray-painted on the walls in hot-pink. Stuff like "What a ride!", "Taste the rush!", and "That's what I'm talking about!"

The humanoids appear to be sleeping, eyes moving beneath their lids.

Minutes later, strange tones are audible and the humanoids wake up. All of them are in a good mood, excited to have tried the latest video game craze. It's called Cha'alt, and seems to be all the rage. They were hooked-up to this machine, playing the immersive, virtual-reality roleplaying game for weeks.

Everything the VR Cha'alt players mention about the game is real on Cha'alt. After the obligatory WTF moment, the video gamers realize one of two things occurred... either they must still be in the Cha'alt game (they never stopped playing) or something unexplainable happened while they were playing and now all this shit is for realz, yo!

Gamers

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus:** +2

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

HP

15

AC

10

Save

17+

Special: When a gamer dies, his or her body becomes pixilated and soon vanishes from sight.

Treasure: Chelsea has orange lipstick.

Tanner carries a florescent-yellow yoyo with him wherever he goes.

Jackson has a lottery ticket in his pocket with the numbers... 111-93-44.

Twa'ab wears a pair of peril preventing kaleidoscope shades. These black sunglasses keep the wearer from seeing anything that might horrify, disgust, or destroy him by filling up with crazy color combinations like a rainbow on acid.

Derek has a tote-bag with INTO THE WEIRD Adult Video Emporium stenciled on the side. Inside the bag is an assortment of black VHS tapes.

The humans are: Chelsea, Tanner, Jackson, Bobby, Twa'ab (looks like he might be non-human), Derek, and Lisa.

Roll a d6 for each one. On a result of 1 or 2, the NPC asks to accompany the PCs. On a result of 3 or 4, they decide to hook themselves back up to the machine. On a result of 5 or 6, they'd rather go off exploring on their own.

If the PCs decide to plug themselves into the game, they enter a pixelated virtual reality. Other than lower quality graphics, the video game Cha'alt is similar to the real Cha'alt.

A strange looking elf NPC appears, asking the virtual adventurers if they'd like to journey to the Citadel of the Succubus. Unfortunately, the virtual PCs have to pass through the gorge of certain death.

Rocks fall, everyone dies. The game suddenly ends, awakening the PCs to real life.

51: The Rats

This room is strewn with garbage. Giant rats with glowing red eyes scurry all over piles of trash. Many of them climbing upon the half-eaten corpses of two humanoids. In the corner, something violet glows amongst the refuse.

"Come to the slaughter!" has been hastily painted onto a wall in bone-white.

Hazmat-suited rescuers are trying to remove the rats so they can get at what's underneath. If the PCs engage in conversation, the rescuers lift their mask to reveal they are humanoid rats! All non-rat humanoids are taken prisoner, marched to the guillotine for execution (Room #54).

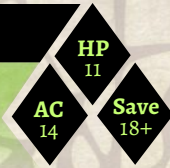
The violet glow comes from a meteor that didn't burn up in Cha'alt's atmosphere. If the meteor is touched, a wave of freezing cold is felt.

Breaking it open reveals a collection of tiny humanoids (about 3" tall) who are both purple and luminous. These tiny humanoids speak another language.

If translated, they wonder why it took so long for the multicultural delegation of Cha'alt to receive them. Once made aware of the situation... these tiny, purple, glowing humanoids wish to eat, drink, and make merry.

Rats (3d4)

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +1
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4



Special: None.

Treasure: Is rat feces considered treasure?

Rat-Men (3)

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +2
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6



Special: Their suits protect them from dangerous environments, such as poison gas or radiation.

Treasure: Each has 1d20 credits.

52: The Mannequins

The entire room is full of mannequins, there must be nearly 50 of them.

A message is painted in silvery-gray upon the wall, "What is this, the ninth floor of Hell?" Below that is an additional message in tan, "Ever so much fun..."

All of the mannequins can speak via telepathy, but some won't say anything. The ones who do like to talk will ask PCs what they're doing and why they're here... along with innocuous questions, like "What do you think of these violet-hued corduroy pants?"

The mannequins cannot move and have no fighting capability. They were given sentience and telepathy by an insane wizard long ago.

Some of them worship Qav Dwenos, awaiting the day when he returns in flesh-form and gives them power to move of their own accord.

PCs who show sympathy for the mannequins are told that occasionally, **The Black Pyramid** devours a humanoid or two for nourishment. Others believe that only the soul is digested; however, most seem certain that the pyramid uses everything.

The only way to make you sure you aren't eaten by the pyramid is to become an important figure or "playing piece" in the pyramid's eco-system.

Wallflowers are always the first to go.

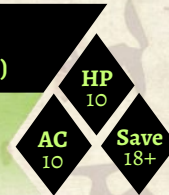
PCs who show the mannequins scorn are told that getting your head chopped off by the guillotine actually confers magical power upon you, and that you won't die at all.

53: The Democratic Socialist Republic of Y'gk

Over a dozen blue and red robed humanoids are in the middle of oral cross-examinations. They're testing the purity of several citizens suspected of fraternizing with the opposition (similar groups found in nearby rooms).

DSRoY – The Democratic Socialist Republicans of Y'gk (14)

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +1
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4



Special: None.

Treasure: A deck of cards missing the Ace of Spades.

When the colorless crystal triumvirate is assembled, those opposed to the holder's will must make a saving throw or be forced to obey without question.

Red and blue political slogans appear on the walls, the most prominent is one that reads... "We Can't Afford Free Speech. It's Too Expensive!"

An amorphous brown ooze sits motionless upon the floor. Closer investigation reveals that it's a giant beanbag where all the Socialists sleep.

The Democratic Socialist Republic of Y'gk believes in redistributing wealth so that everyone is equal. They have only one magic item, so everyone must share the item for a couple hours each day.

The magic item is a strangely shaped transparent crystal. In itself, it does nothing. However, combined with its two companion crystals, great things are possible.

Once upon a time, all three governments were unified under a strong, charismatic leader named Y'gk. When he held the combined crystal

triumvirate, no man could defy him. But eventually he died mysteriously and the factions divided themselves up, each taking a piece of the colorless crystal triumvirate.

Today, the three factions are deeply resentful and generally plotting to kill those opposing their views.

54: The Guillotine

The central feature of this room is a massive guillotine. One prisoner, hands tied behind his back, is currently being walked up the steps to the guillotine by a humanoid wearing a black hood.

The following words appear on one of the room's walls in red, white, and blue paint, "Innocent? Guilty? Do the revolutionaries really care? As long as we kneel before their god, they are happy."

The guillotine is routinely used to punish political prisoners in surrounding areas. Both fresh and old blood splashes and splashes are noticeable, surrounding the gleaming blade.

The prisoner is a green skinned, tentacled humanoid named Thib Coax. He's a za'akier who dared to question the usefulness of Socialism.

Thib Coax has seen Ara'ak-Zul's power in a nightmare. The za'akier is both seeking a way to free him and destroy him in order to liberate **The Black Pyramid** from The Evil One's influence.

Black-Hooded Executioner

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

AC
10

HP
24

Save
16+

Special: His tongue's been cut out, so he can't speak.

Treasure: Just his black hood.

Thib Coax

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus:** +2

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

AC
10

HP
17

Save
17+

Special: Really good at making provocative statements... "Epic fail called, he wants his result back."

Treasure: 11 zuleks and a big hunk of sea glass in his pocket.

55: God Spawn

Unlike the vast majority of these rooms, this one appears to be a high-tech cloning facility. Three gigantic vats tower above all the computers and technical instruments in the laboratory. Each vat filled with a slimy, green, and tentacled monstrosity.

A few technicians are calibrating devices as a yellow robed priest marvels at the Lovecraftian gods.

The yellow priest plans to awaken these entities and release them into **The Black Pyramid** in order to kill some of the most powerful denizens. After their death, he'll scoop up their magic items and set himself up as High Priest of the Old Ones.

Preparations are being made. In one hour, the first spawn will be released. If the PCs are at the controls, they can find a way to either halt the awakening or possibly even destroy the spawn in their vats.





Technicians (2d4)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP 6
AC 10 Save 19+

Special: Technicians know how to operate high-tech devices and complicated machinery.

Treasure: None.

Old One Spawn

HD: 16 Attack Bonus: +12

#Attacks: 3 Damage: 1d12

HP 90
AC 16 Save 4+

Special: 40% magic resistance. Only magical weapons can harm a spawn of the Old Ones. 1 in 6 chance of driving humanoid who looks at it insane (outside the vat and fighting).

Treasure: As they've just been grown, they have no treasure.

Yellow Priest

HD: 8 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP 37
AC 12 Save 12+

Special: The yellow priest can silence anyone with a glance. He can also conjure a yellow tentacle that squeezes the life out of an opponent (save or die).

Treasure: Leather pouch has 3 yellow glowing orbs – each one contains poisonous gas that fills a 10' x 10' area when orb is broken, save or die.



56: The Republic of Democratic Socialists of Y'gk

A dozen orange and green robed humanoid are holding a political rally, whipping up hatred towards the other two nearby factions.

"What's Yours Is Mine!" has been inscribed upon the wall in orange.

Several sleeping bags are rolled up at the edge of the room. There's also a wobbly nightstand with a broken lamp sitting on it.

The Republic of Democratic Socialists of Y'gk believe in redistributing wealth so those with the most get the least and vice-versa. However, this imbalance shifts every time wealth is examined (on a quarterly basis). When the poorest gets the most, they become the rich... just as the rich become the poorest.

The atheistic high non-priest, Sta'avez, holds the crystal in readiness. When their faction wipes out the others, they will have the crystal triumvirate and shall dominate this area of **The Black Pyramid**.

RoDSoy – The Republic of Democratic Socialists of Y'gk (11)

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP 10
AC 10 Save 18+

Special: None.

Treasure: Moldy bread and several IOUs.

Sta'avez

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP 15
AC 12 Save 17+

Special: None.

Treasure: He has a tube of puce pla'ay-doh and a fancy (empty) bottle of **Purple Prizm**.

When the colorless crystal triumvirate is assembled, the holder shall have command over men. Those opposed to the crystal holder's will must make a saving throw or he is forced to obey without question.

57: Holocrys Room

Many raised surfaces display beautiful, colorless crystals as a gray humanoid in black robes walks around with a feather duster, making sure the crystals remain pristine.

This is a repository for holographic crystals (holocrys) in **The Black Pyramid**. Everywhere you look, there are shelves containing geometrically sophisticated crystals that have been engineered to record and playback information, usually people explaining concepts that would be difficult to understand just by reading about them.

Three open slots suggest that three holocrys are missing.

The gray humanoid is named Tuva'ak. He's the custodian of the holocrys repository. Even though he treats it more like a museum than a "laser library," Tuva'ak dutifully plays a holocrys for those who pass his test.

Tuva'ak asks three questions of everyone who wishes to watch one or more of the holocrys...

1. "What made you enter and explore **The Black Pyramid**?"
2. "How many lifeforms have you killed since you arrived?"
3. "Why did you kill them?"

Tuva'ak is looking for both honesty and some form of higher consciousness in his line of questioning. Those he deems worthy (honest) may watch no more than one holocrys per day. The repository is sensitive and must remain in balance, otherwise disharmony could shatter the holographic crystals.

Tuva'ak

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

AC
10

HP
11

Save
18+

Special: Any holocrys custodian knows how to gently activate them. Those unfamiliar with such technology has a 2 in 6 chance of shattering the holocrys when trying to playback the recording.

Treasure: All Tuva'ak requires is food and water. He carries a three-day supply in his satchel sitting in a corner of the room.

Of particular importance is the crystal containing information on **The Black Pyramid**. Why it was built and so forth...

Many generations ago, the pyramid's builders were on the brink of extinction - hunted for their ability to walk through dimensional space.

Out of pure benevolence, The Pale Empress fashioned a preserve, a realm outside space and time that could only be circumvented by godlike entities.

To thank The Pale Empress, the builders constructed an enigmatic structure that would house thousands of humanoids. It was believed their combined consciousness would act as a sort of computer, this living machine's computations arriving at the perfect appellation for the nameless Empress.

This name would give her the power to recreate the universe in her image.

Before **The Black Pyramid** could be constructed, the Old Gods visited the builders and changed them. Some would say the Ancient Ones corrupted them, turned them into instruments of darkness and chaos.

According to the latest records, The Pale Empress' name has been ciphered. Hundreds of years spent calculating and processing data reveals her new name to be... **Amara Oka'asi Cuarez**.

Presumably, if The Pale Empress had her name, computed by **The Black Pyramid**, she would have already remade the universe. Perhaps she already has...

What can the PCs do with this information? A sorcerer can use her name to fashion a power-phrase capable of wishing one's enemies into the void. This requires many books and days of contemplation within the Great Sunken Library.

Other crystals hint at the following information...

- ◆ A'arak-Zul is known as The Evil One and chooses an emissary every nine years to serve A'arak-Zul, enforcing his loathsome will upon the pyramid's denizens.
- ◆ **The Black Pyramid** has given rise to the New Gods, extra-dimensional entities who use mortals as pawns and playthings.
- ◆ Those living inside the pyramid will eventually go mad. This is as it should be. Only the insane have a perfect understanding of what exists beneath the cheap plastic veneer we call "reality".

58: The Socialist Democratic Republic of Y'gk

This room contains humanoids wearing red, orange, and green robes. They are building a statue in the likeness of a humanoid with outstretched hands and infectious grin (their former leader, Y'gk).

"Death is the solution to all problems," is writ large in red upon one wall. Underneath, another message has been obscured, but still visible in periwinkle script, "Three things cannot be long hidden... greed, stupidity, and objective truth."

One wall is lined with bunk-beds and there's a wooden dresser containing clothing.

The Socialist Democratic Republic of Y'gk believe that wealth is suffering and have eradicated it from their insular culture. They live hand to mouth and many of them are starving, without any way to protect themselves.

For some reason, this faction decided to embed their part of the crystal triumvirate within the statue. When the PCs arrive, they're about to place the crystal in the head of Y'gk.

SDRoY – The Socialist Democrats of the Republic of Y'gk (10)

HP 5

AC 10

Save 19+

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

Special: None.

Treasure: A half-used sheet of fruit stickers and 3 packets of lime jello powder. When the crystal triumvirate is assembled, those opposed to the holder's will must make a saving throw or he is forced to obey without question.

59: The Anthropologists

A team of 4 anthropologists (they started with 6) are studying cannibalism in **The Black Pyramid**. At the moment, they've set up a base camp. The humans are from Earth and are trading stories from their lives before getting sucked into a portal.

A series of juvenile drawings of cock and balls replete with pubic hair cover the longest wall, crudely painted in a variety of hues.

In several minutes, the anthropologists will go back into cannibal territory, watching and taking notes on the cannibals next door (Room #60). Each time they venture into the cannibal room, there's a 25% chance that one of them will be captured and eaten.

They have one pistol for emergencies, but would never think of using it against the cannibals.

Anthropologists

HP 7

AC 11

Save 19+

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4 or 2d6

Special: "Civilized man is the true savage."

Treasure: Each has survival gear such as rations, canteen of water, rope, compass, notebook, pencil, knife, etc. Also, the anthropologists have a single pistol with 11 rounds.

60: The Cannibals

This room contains a cannibal tribe of humanoids numbering about two-dozen. The cannibals have white powder all over their bodies and black paint illustrating their skeletal structure.

Paisley formations adorn the walls of this room, colors varying from pastel-green and pink to indigo. They look particularly lurid by the purple glow of the room's zoth-trough.

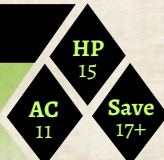
The cannibals stand over an elf prisoner who they plan to bash with a sharp rock. If they knock the elf out, the cannibals will throw him onto the fire as the main course for tonight's feast.

The cannibals are a primitive tribe who've lived within **The Black Pyramid** for generations. They are fearful of outsiders and frequently go on raids, taking people to cook and eat.

Sitting upon a stone altar with grooves for rivulets of blood... is a tachyon drive. Attached to a vehicle, the tachyon drive can facilitate short-trip time travel... 1d30 days either in the past or future.

The cannibals believe the tachyon drive to be their god, so they will not give it up willingly.

Cannibals (25)	
HD: 3	Attack Bonus: +3
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d6



Special: None.

Treasure: The tachyon drive is their most prized possession. Besides that, they have wooden spears and various trophies of skull and bone.

61: The Toad Worship

Nearly 20 frog-folk live in this room. They're preparing to commune with Tsathag'ka, their monstrous amphibian god. But first, they're scarfing down the last few slices of pizza and washing it down with a two-liter of Purple Prizm.

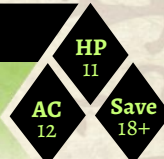
The following is handwritten upon the strangely angled walls of this room...

"Long ago, this room was used as the personal reflection quarters of a priest who was in love with his step-mother, a beautiful witch who eventually sacrificed her lustful step-son to the Old Gods. Even though this has absolutely nothing to do with current events, I just wanted to make you aware."

The froggies hope Tsathag'ka will reveal to them a way of entering a nearby room which has no door. They are aware of an adjacent room that touches theirs (Room #74), but have no way to access it.

If the frog ceremony occurs without interference, Tsathag'ka will appear. Non-believers will have to make a saving throw or go temporarily insane. After exchanging mutually beneficial patron-bonds, Tsathag'ka reveals a hidden door to the frog folk. It leads to Room #74.

Frog Folk (19)	
HD: 2	Attack Bonus: +2
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4

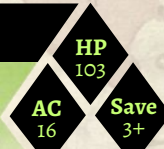


Special: The leader has a wand that causes plants to grow and bloom at a rapid rate.

Treasure: One of them wears a magical helm with a skull-faced bird design. He who wears it has a 1 in 6 chance of absorbing 10 points of melee damage, per attack.

The frog folk leader has a wand that turns anything it touches into an insect that can be eaten, save to avoid (1d12 charges remaining).

Tsathag'ka	
HD: 17	Attack Bonus: +10
#Attacks: 3	Damage: 3d6



Special: 40% magic resistance. Immune to non-magical weapons. Viewing the god requires a saving throw or else temporary insanity follows.

Treasure: None.

62: The Viewing Room

Several technicians and security personnel in black uniforms sit in this room, observing a variety of people on monitor screens. Their comfortable, brown-leather swivel chairs are worn from use.

Unexpected guests have been anticipated. Security personnel with guns are at the ready. As long as intruders are non-hostile, they won't get shot.

Those living in this room watch the activity of everyone around them. The Scientific Reform Society occasionally cooperate with the staff here, keeping magic items away from this area. Anyone caught with a magic item must leave immediately.

Bunk-beds are set up in the corner. Several discarded pizza boxes sit on the floor (one of them has three cold slices of sausage remaining).

They were given this important task by a priest of Qav Dwenos who would not tell them why this assignment was so important. They were told to trust in the unknowable forces at work within **The Black Pyramid**.

Recently, the tech and security personnel of this room have decided to help the Scientific Reform Society locate problematic magic items for destruction.

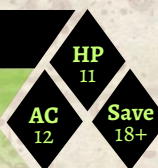
Currently, these are the rooms on display...

- ◆ People sitting on the floor watching bizarre shadow-puppets dancing on the wall.
- ◆ Humans wear green uniforms with gold patches embroidered with the letters SRS. They are running some kind of experiment, writing on clipboards - people hooked up to chairs, watching a gigantic screen.
- ◆ A blue-skinned humanoid (named Zwim) will soon have his head chopped off by the guillotine.

Tech and Security Personnel

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6



Special: Each has a pistol or rifle.

Treasure: Each has a firearm.

A security guard has a small white-jade carving of some incomprehensible being (supposedly Qav Dwenos).

A tech has a paperback book entitled *My Struggle* by Ambrose Hetscha'al, Black Pyramid Publishing.

63: Science Knows Best

This room contains members of the elite Scientific Reform Society (SRS). Everyone not being experimented on wears a green uniform with SRS embroidered in gold.

Various elitist phrases enhance the walls of this room, such as "As intellectual superiors, it is our right to rule."

The leader of the SRS is a woman with short brown hair and glasses named Cassa. She's ruthlessly determined and is never in a good mood.

In the center of this odd-shaped room is a 60" TV screen displaying vintage 1970's colors in a fractal pattern with certain words and numbers displayed over the top. The retro hues change every few minutes, bathing the room.

At the moment, two humans and one cactus-person are being subjected to the weird film. These members of The Caba'al are manacled to steel chairs and are seated directly in front of the screen.

The SRS are trying to brainwash "the savages" into believing that scientists must rule over mankind. After all, they're smarter... so they should be in charge.

The SRS has already constructed a high-tech device that tracks and disintegrates magic items. Once the SRS has enough followers, they will make their demands known to everyone within the pyramid. Those who refuse to hand over their magic items for destruction will be destroyed themselves.

Hidden messages within the old filmstrip captivate those watching. Roll a d4, d6, d8, and d30 to see what's playing on the monitor.

Background Colors

Roll	Result
1	Yellow-Orange Citrus
2	Avocado-Green
3	Thrift-Store Red
4	Royal Blue

Sounds

Roll	Result
1	Screaming
2	Maniacal laughter
3	Clock ticking
4	Footsteps
5	Dark ambient tones
6	Liquid being poured

Images

Roll	Result
1	A naked woman
2	Grassy field full of cows
3	Trains
4	Dinosaurs attacking each other
5	Volcano erupting
6	White card with three black wavy lines
7	AK-47 assault rifle
8	Smiling face of a man smoking a pipe

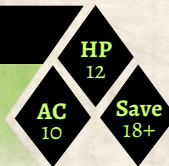
SRS Members (7)

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: The leader, Cassa, wields a blue laser-sword that does 3d6 damage. The Scientific Reform Society is bitterly opposed to The Caba'al. When activated, their high-tech device can destroy any magic item within 20' (no save).

Treasure: They've retrieved esoteric techno-sorcery devices buried just below the surface of Cha'alt. Their most valuable device is a laser-sword.



Words and Numbers

Roll	Result
1	God Is Dead
2	III
3	Watch Out
4	Vestibule
5	Cigarettes Cause Cancer
6	Beware Sleesta'ak
7	Cha'alt Is Fantastic
8	Magic is not real
9	Sexual Release
10	Manifest Destiny
11	It Takes 437 Licks To Get To The Center Of A Tootsie Pop
12	Throbbing Gristle
13	Anti-Climax
14	Softly Sucking Six-Hundred and Sixty Six
15	Proper Prior Planning Prevents Piss Poor Performance
16	Dha'arma Initiative
17	Smell The Glove!
18	Very Superstitious... Writings On The Wall
19	Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star
20	Shemhamforash
21	Savior
22	Alcove
23	Havarti
24	I AM The WAY
25	Dread K'tulu Waits Not Dead But Dreaming
26	Swallow Your Soul
27	Ninja Cheerleaders
28	Toxic Masculinity
29	The Sleeper Has Awakened
30	Roll twice!

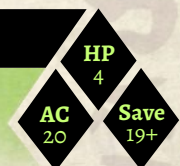
Prisoners (3)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: The cactus-person, named Zla'ast, allowed himself to be caught in order to find out what the SRS is up to. Eventually, Zla'ast will either escape or be rescued by members of The Caba'al.

Treasure: None.



64: Dragon From Hell

The majority of the space in this room is taken up by the infernal dragon picking through the burnt bones and smoky viscera of its latest victims.

"Death to the Lich King!" has been scrawled upon the wall in florescent-orange.

The dragon is black and crimson with orange veins throughout. Its eyes are as black and predatory as the void.

The dragon is bitterly opposed to the Lich King. Years ago, one of the Lich King's servants stole an artifact from the beast. PCs who swear to destroy the Lich King will be spared.

Infernal Dragon

HD: 20 **Attack Bonus:** +10
#Attacks: 3 **Damage:** 3d6 (claws),
7d6 (bite)

HP
136
AC
18
Save
n/a

Special: Every other round, the dragon may forgo his claw and bite attacks in favor of a breath weapon... unholy black flame which does 10d8 to those of good or lawful alignment, 5d8 to those of neutral, and 3d8 to evil and chaotic aligned (all victims save for half). Additionally, if the save fails, all non-magical items carried are destroyed. Magical items must roll their own saving throw (4+).

Infernal dragons are vulnerable to cold-based attacks (double damage).

80% spell resistance.

Regenerates 5 HP / round.

Treasure: 3 large emeralds (450 gp), 1 enormous diamond (1,200 gp), a monstrous idol made out of purple jade (800 gp), loathsome bloodstone mask (625 gp), and 4,500 pieces of gold.

A sphere of total annihilation that shrinks itself down, residing in a broken Christmas ornament when not in use. The one holding the fragmented ornament commands the sphere. Target gets a saving throw to avoid being destroyed.

Arrow of Unfailing Flight; a +1 arrow that always hits its target.

Spear +3, on a critical hit it does an additional 5d6 lightning damage (save for half).

65: The Oozing Blossoms

This room looks like a garden, but it only grows one thing... bilious-green oozing blossoms. The flowers appear egg-like, but are also alien and grotesque.

The black runes upon these walls can only be discerned in the presence of a chartreuse crystal.

Never trust an infernal elf. Those bastards are sneaky and devious to a man. However, you can always rely on them to do the opposite of what they say.

Each hour (beginning when the PCs enter the room), there's a 2 in 6 chance of an oozing blossom hatching something abhorrent with many slimy tentacles. It takes only seconds for hatchlings to grow full size. Destroying the blossoms will kill the creatures inside; however, the bilious-green ooze is highly acidic.

Abhorrent Creature

HD: 7 **Attack Bonus:** +5
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d6

HP
36
AC
14
Save
13+

Special: Though the creatures are immune to the yellowish-green slime, using it as a weapon on some other creature forces them to make a saving throw or be eaten away by acid.

Treasure: They have no treasure, except for the ooze... which vaguely resembles zoth, but without the glow. The ooze hardens after an hour's exposure to the air. Once hard, it can only be broken by magic and magical weapons.



66: The Floorless Room

Whereas the light from the colored line running across the top of the room is reflected upon the shiny black stone floor, this floor's reflection is noticeably absent.

This room's floor is completely missing, replaced by a black void leading to god knows where. Anyone who ignores the warning and takes no precaution must roll a saving throw or fall into nothingness.

Those aware of the missing floor will have to think of a way to cross the abyss.

Incidentally, this is where the bottomless pit leads to in the well beneath Kra'adumek.

67: The Gameshow

This room is full of people, flashing lights, stimulating set design, and oversized props - such as a massive, multi-colored wheel... along with a commentator demanding contestants spin The Wheel of Deal.

"Time is running out - give the wheel a final spin!" has been painted in oversized magenta letters.

Newcomers wager their possessions in hopes of winning fabulous prizes, all depending on the lucky spin of that kaleidoscopic wheel in the room's center.

Three humanoid are waiting for their turn at The Wheel of Deal, each holding something of value to ante-up when it's their spin.

Kza'al: a midnight-elf carrying a gold pocket-watch from another world. He wants to enjoy the finer things in life.

Beestryk: a human who's brought two half-demon slaves as his ante. He's looking for enough gold to retire from adventuring.

T'zumul: an obsidian humanoid wielding a magical double-headed battle-axe engraved with volcanic runes (+1 to hit and 4d6 damage, 8d6 molten lava damage on critical hit). T'zumul owes the Scarlet Smile assassin's guild 2,000 gp for services rendered.

Spinning The Wheel

Roll	Result
1	Lose the item you wagered.
2	Nothing.
3	Forced to perform an act suggested by the audience.
4	Trade items wagered with fellow contestants.
5	Keep item wagered and get additional item.
6	Keep item wagered and win fabulous prizes, such as a humanoid statue made of solid gold (worth approximately 1,000 gp).

Kza'al

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +2

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

AC 12 **HP** 20 **Save** 16+

Special: Special abilities of a midnight-elf. Plus, has some thieving abilities.

Treasure: Besides the gold watch, he has an enchanted lock-pick that has never failed to open a locked door.

Beestryk

HD: 6 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d8

AC 10 **HP** 35 **Save** 14+

Special: Can keep attacking creatures of 1 HD or less without stopping or penalty.

Treasure: His half-demon slaves are being psionically dominated by silver headbands they're forced to wear, only works on medium-sized infernal creatures (175 gp each).

Half-Demon Slaves

HD: 2 **Attack Bonus:** +1

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

AC 10 **HP** 12 **Save** 18+

Special: They're minds are currently controlled by the silver headband that each wear.

Treasure: None.

T'zumul

HD: 5 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 4d6

AC 10 **HP** 25 **Save** 15+

Special: Without his magic axe, he does 1d6 damage.

Treasure: Besides the axe he's wagering, T'zumul also has a small leather pouch containing 9 tourmaline pearls (80 gp each).

68: The Nomads

Seven bearded men in dark robes are resting in this room, partaking of roasted boar heated by a plasma generator.

The words, "This room occasionally malfunctions - you have been warned!" appear on the shortest wall.

The leader is named Nazed. They are friendly to non-hostile humanoids, and willing to share their delicious pork.

Nomads of Seka'ar

HD: 3 **Attack Bonus:** +1

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d6

AC 11 **HP** 17 **Save** 17+

Special: Each of them has pledged their soul to the infernal being Seka'ar in return for his favor. Every nomad gets advantage on a d20 roll once per day.

Treasure: 73 talons between them. One of them wears the Ring of Revenge - striking the ring wearer does an equal amount of damage to the one inflicting it.

Another nomad has a small treasure chest that's actually a hungry monster with razor-sharp teeth. If opened carelessly, 1d6 damage... plus a saving throw to avoid losing 1d4 fingers.

These are the Nomads of Seka'ar, wandering devotees of the black artifacts rumored to currently exist within the pyramid. The black artifacts are three especially powerful and evil magic items which the Nomads of Seka'ar want for themselves.

- ◆ **The Ring of Revenge**
- ◆ **Cloak of Demon Gaze**
- ◆ **Lucifer's Tongue**

It is rumored that combining all three of the black artifacts together will make one impervious to harm.

They've recently acquired one of the black artifacts. The nomads suspect another of the black artifacts is contained in the room next door (Room #69). After the nomads have eaten, they intend to steal it.

Before the PCs leave, there's a 2 in 6 chance that a strange violet light flashes several times as those currently in the room abruptly move through time.

Roll	Result
1	Seven hours ago. Nomads disappear.
2	Three hours ago. Nomads are there, but have no recollection of the PCs.
3	One hour ago. Nomads have same experience as the PCs.
4	Three hours from now. Nomads disappear.

69: Den of Iniquity

A sexy-leg-in-tights lamp gives off a dim red illumination, revealing the exposed flesh and black leather of its inhabitants. Out of nowhere the leg lamp, Luminaria, begins to speak. She makes small talk before asking what the PCs like, in a suggestive manner.

Coarse language from the gutter has been written over the walls of this room. If it's vile and debased, then it probably exists somewhere here.

This room has become a haven for the deplorable degenerates of **The Black Pyramid**. It's both a tavern and brothel while also being home to Satan's Little Helper motorcycle gang turned assassin's guild.

Everyone here is a refugee from morality, good taste, and clean living. Three demons lounge near a human wearing a scaly crimson cloak. Several rough-looking prostitutes are eager to show newcomers a good time, but PCs will have to pay their pimp good money... or else.

Degenerate Humanoids (3d6)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
24

AC
13

Save
16+

Special: None.

Treasure: 1,083 gp between them.

A rolled-up tapestry depicts a gargantuan purple worm rising behind **The Black Pyramid** (200 gp). One of them wears the **Cloak of Demon Gaze** which draws infernal entities to the wearer, finding the wearer both fascinating and intriguing.

Another humanoid carries a chartreuse crystal which allows one to commune with the void and anything currently swimming within its deep black ocean.

Demons (3)

HD: 7 Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6

HP
40

AC
14

Save
13+

Special: These are fire demons who only take half-damage from heat and fire-based attacks.

Treasure: One of the demons wears a bloodstone brooch which gives him a +1 bonus to his attack rolls.

Another has a bag of holding - when the bag changes owners, the previous contents vanish.

70: The Crimson Dragon

In this room slumbers a crimson dragon atop a mountain of gold. It is said that once upon a time, crimson dragons ruled Cha'alt before the Old Gods arrived.

Strangely dressed humanoids in dream-like demon masks and garish colors dance fluidly throughout the chamber. This ka'abuki theater demonstrates the fleeting victories man grasps in the face of overwhelming odds.

These ka'abuki performers are incorporeal ghosts, unable to interact with this reality.

The crimson dragon Krusza'ateg is a light sleeper and wants nothing more than to increase his hoard of treasure.

Crimson Dragon

HD: 20 **Attack Bonus:** +10
#Attacks: 3 **Damage:** 2d6 (claws),
1d30 (bite)

AC
16

HP
137

Save
n/a

Special: Three times per day, the dragon can choose to forgo its usual attacks in favor of breathing a blood-red caustic slime juice. This breath weapon does 10d6 (save for half) to everyone standing directly in front of the dragon. If the save fails, all non-magical items carried are destroyed. Magical items must roll their own saving throw (4+).

Treasure: 437 platinum pieces, 2,300 gold pieces, 1,336 silver pieces, an onyx bust of the Demon Lord Kort'thalis (5,600 gp), and 10 rubies (worth 300 gp each).

An enchanted snuff box encrusted with small gemstones - never runs out of snuff (worth 400 gp).

Invisible Sandwich — when you eat it, people assume you're crazy. The sandwich regenerates at noon each day.

Repulsive Mask of Festering Abscess — any humanoid who sees it has to make a saving throw or become filled with disgust and nausea for 3d6 rounds (disadvantage on all rolls).

71: Friendly Undead

This long room casts an emerald-green light upon the humanoids resting on the floor in a weakened condition. They look gaunt and malnourished.

Not only is the wall-line glowing green, but so is a 6" sphere hovering in the air.

"When there is no more room in Hell..." is painted upon one wall.

The humanoids invite strangers in, gesturing them to come and rest their weary legs on the floor. If the PCs comply, the undead slide closer until their victims are just an arm's length away.

These are actually the dead people resurrected by the green glowing sphere floating in the middle of the room. They don't seem like typical zombies. Brain function is normal, they're even pleasant... but they want to eat humanoid flesh.

The sphere cannot be moved by ordinary means from this room. Due to this limitation, the undead can never leave this room without returning to their natural corpse state.

Lucid Zombies (6)

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +2
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

AC
10

HP
27

Save
16+

Special: If the PCs aren't suspicious, the undead have surprise. Also, damage dice explode as they tear into humanoid flesh.

Unless aiming for the head (disadvantage), the zombies have 5 points of damage reduction per attack.

Treasure: They still cling to their lost humanity and have kept a silver locket with woman's portrait inside, marble chess piece (a white rook), peacock quill pen, pouch full of bottle caps, hand-woven scarf, and binder containing stamp collection.

72: Funhouse Mirrors

The walls of this room are covered with funhouse mirrors. Most mirror reflections come out tall, short, fat, thin, curved, or wobbly. Approximately 100 mirrors in all.

The words, "You like blood, violence, freaks of nature?" has been painted on a wall in vermilion.

Three of the mirrors are unique...

- ◆ The **demon mirror** presents a reflection with demonic features - long fangs, crimson skin, yellow eyes, tail, goat legs, horns, etc.
- ◆ The **clown mirror** presents a reflection where the subject appears to a clown - red nose, rainbow hair, garish outfit, big shoes, pancake white face paint, etc.
- ◆ The **black mirror** presents an empty void - there is no reflection of any kind.

Standing in front of and staring into a mirror for at least 3 rounds activates it. Those opposed to becoming a demon, clown, or being erased from existence must roll a successful saving throw or else that's what will happen.

73: The Pylon

A tribe of reptilian insectoids chant and perform an eerie dance around a gold pylon in the center of this room.

A flurry of orange paint at the bottom of one wall asks if this is some kind of bridge to another dimension. Additionally, strange geometric shapes in magenta, fuchsia, and gold appear over and over again. Smearing the shapes with zoth takes the individual outside space and time so that he's looking at reality from afar. Everything appears to be dancing on marionette strings.

Eventually, an opening in the pylon appears and three priests of the reptilian insectoid tribe walk into it. They do not come out again.

If confronted, the reptilian insectoids explain that Cha'alt is in trouble. **The Black Pyramid** has communicated the planet's distress. The insectoids intend to find out what's going on by using the pylon's doorway beyond time and space.

This pylon is an inter-dimensional nexus point.

Within, there's a pedestal with crystals.

Manipulating the crystals opens gateways to other dimensions.

If the PCs play around with it, they'll eventually come to a place that looks appealing, such as the interior of a stone temple (interlopers must be sacrificed to Dread K'tulu); world where everything is purple (full of gigantic, hyper-intelligent, evil spiders); or Earth in the year 1974 (a meteorite has just crashed and everyone is curious about it).

If the PCs want to see another time period of Cha'alt, they'll eventually see the future where the planet withers and dies (along with everyone living on it) after all the zoth has been depleted by spice-fracking.

Reptile-Insectoids

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP

10

AC

12

Save

18+

Special: They understand the space-time doorways better than anyone on Cha'alt, but they also like to feast upon humanoid flesh.

Treasure: This tribe has 2 full containers of zoth hidden away. Each container holds about a gallon. One of them carries an access crystal, believing it to be some kind of magic stick.



74: Candy Colored Horror

A candy-colored portal of swirling light churns in the center of this room. Leaning against the walls are a dozen or so candy colored clowns with a malevolent gaze holding meat cleavers, machetes, and garrotes... some of them dripping fresh blood upon the floor. It appears as though they're waiting for something.

The shiny black room is strung-up with Christmas lights. The words "Sprinkle stardust and remember who brings the Christmas candy," appears in a rainbow of hues.

These are murderous clowns from a dimension where nightmares are made flesh. When 111 clowns have escaped through the candy colored portal into **The Black Pyramid**, they'll start their raid - they call it "The Purge."

During this purge, the candy colored clowns terrorize and butcher every living thing they come across.

Clowns

HD: 3

Attack Bonus: +3

HP
16

AC
11

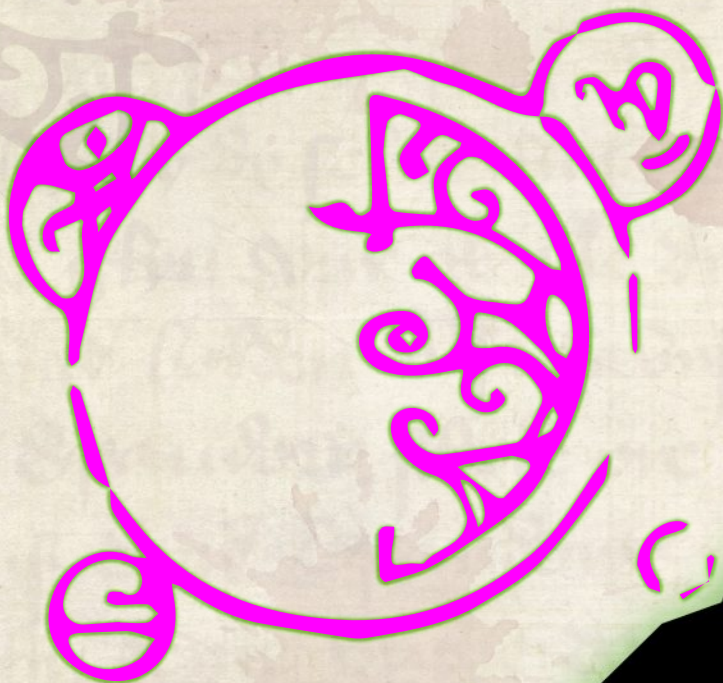
Save
17+

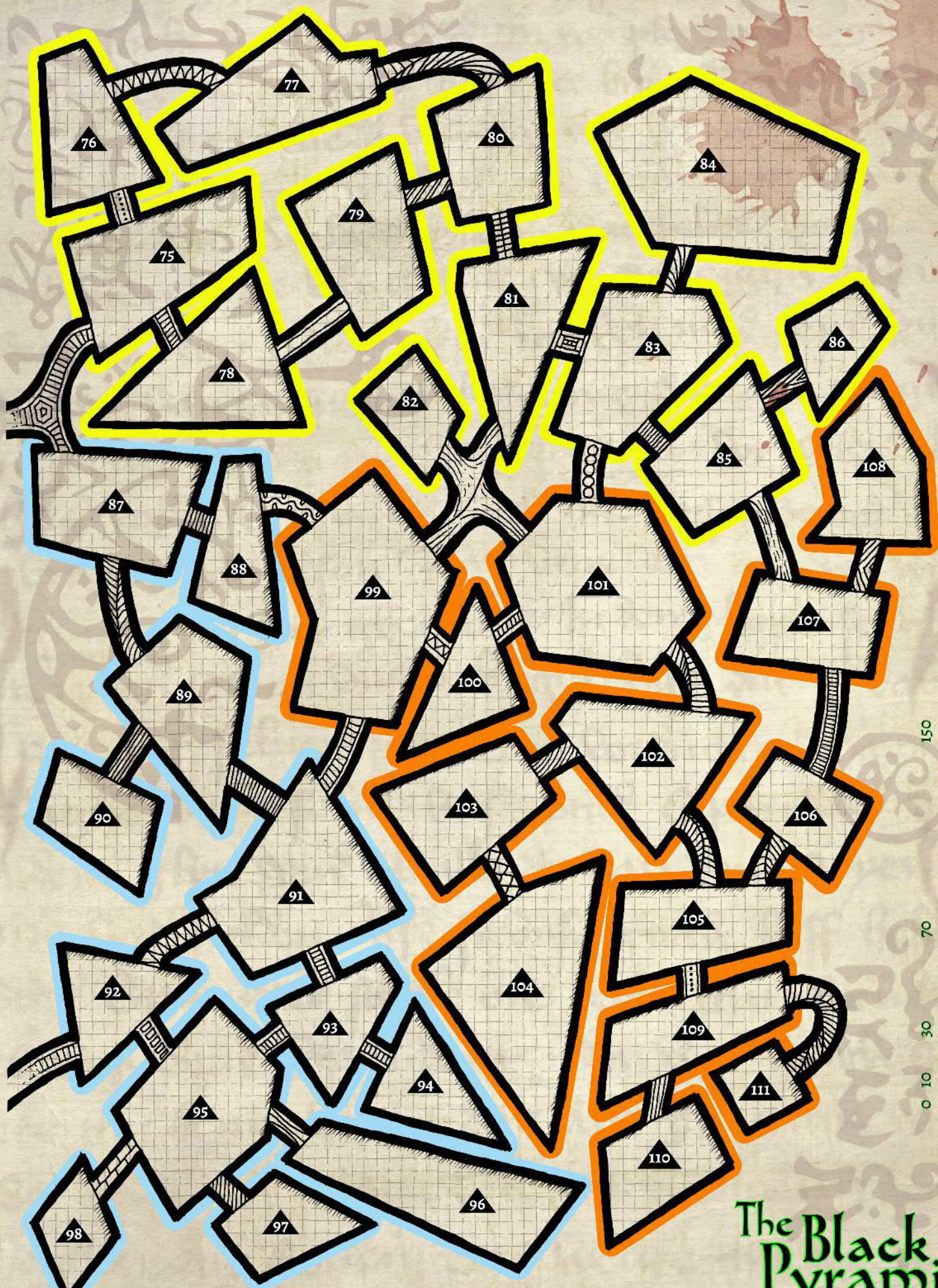
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: These clowns are evil and relentless.

Treasure: Some collect the severed ears of past victims. Also, candy.

One carries a gift-wrapped box with a hole cut in the bottom.





The Black Pyramid

75: The Alien Chat

This yellow-lit room contains two entities that look like giant floating eyes with tendrils hanging down. It looks as though they're having a conversation with each other.

Abstract expressionist images have been painted on the two longest walls of this room in periwinkle, jade-green, and salmon. A series of numbers keep popping up... 12, 45, 6, and 19.

Without magic or high-tech, there's no way to know what the aliens are communicating. The aliens are exchanging details about their separate vacations to Metebelis 3.

They ignore all lifeforms unless attacked.

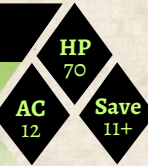
Eye Aliens

HD: 9 Attack Bonus: +6

#Attacks: 1 Damage: n/a

Special: A touch from their tendrils requires a saving throw to prevent instant death.

Treasure: None.



76: The Empty Room

This room is completely empty and ordinary... at least as far as **The Black Pyramid** goes.

Every 20 minutes, the room is zapped by a bright light and everything currently inside of it disintegrates (no save). As soon as the PCs enter, roll a d20 to see how many minutes before the zap.

Repeating the numbers 12, 45, 6, and 19 deactivates the disintegration ray for one hour.

77: The Arcade

Strange noises and flashing lights disorient newcomers. This room contains about 15 old school, upright arcade games, each requiring a token from Aladdin's Castle to play.

Mind-bending and perspective distorting urban graffiti of all colors decorate the walls of this room.

Three humanoids are playing video games...

- ◆ A sun-elf, Quinzo, is the loudest, yelling while firing the game's laser crossbow. He's almost got the top score and is quite animated about how awesome he is at *Laser Crossbow*.
- ◆ A human, Darb, smacks the side buttons of a fantasy-themed pinball machine where a blonde vixen in a loincloth and wielding a magic sword fights against a ferocious green dragon. This game is titled *Emerald Dragon Slayer*.
- ◆ A half-demon, D'suz, is playing a game called Ms. Pa'akman. As the PCs glance at the screen, his little yellow circle with a moustache is eating some tantalizing dragon fruit.

These humanoids are Ulraesek worshipers. They are passing time while The Council deliberates upon the fate of Alma'ak the vengeful. All three are followers of Alma'ak and hope The Council decides to let Alma'ak take his vengeance out on those who murdered his people (Room #80).

Before the PCs leave the room, one arcade game starts making excessive noise - it flashes lights and rocks back and forth. The game is called Tra'an.

Anyone putting in a token and attempting to play Tra'an is sucked into the game. Each game played,

there's a 2 in 6 chance of winning. If the player loses, he must succeed a saving throw or be destroyed both in the game and reality.

Winners get to choose one of the following rewards...

- ◆ **Light-Disc:** A yellow frisbee made out of energy that does 3d6 damage and returns to the wielder after each attack.
- ◆ **Holo-Shield:** A glowing red energy shield that gives the wearer 5 points of damage reduction per attack.
- ◆ **Laser-Cycle:** A vehicle (driver only) made out of blue energy. It goes up to 90mph and protects the driver from non-magical attacks. Objects or creatures rammied by the laser-cycle take 1d6 damage.

78: Village of Estos

A large settlement of humanoids resides here, living and working in relative harmony. The humanoids comprise humans and a variety of elves. They wear sand-colored robes and eccentric bird masks.

The walls have been painted white, which makes the place look open and cheery.

The leader, Ujiri, wears a peacock mask over his face. He greets all the newcomers, telling them they've found sanctuary amidst The Black Disarray. If curious, he goes on to explain that The Black Disarray believes the pyramid is random chaos and those who believe in The Black Acceptance feel that there's definitely a pattern to everything, a method to the madness.

The 54 villagers sustain themselves by milking a small herd of black centipedes which provides enough nutrition for everyone in the village. Additionally, a flock of myna'aks soar overhead, catching light from the yellow illuminated strip just below the ceiling.

Warlords from The Den of Iniquity (Room #69) occasionally hassle them, threatening to take their livestock if they don't submit. Once a month, a member of the village seems to vanish. Some villagers believe it's intimidation by hostile neighbors, but a few claim to have seen the pyramid itself swallow villagers alive with only bloodstains marking where they stood.

The leader of Estos would sell one or more of the PCs to Ultraesek worshipers (Room #77) in exchange for protection... and one or two of their arcade games. Ujiri has his eye on Ms. Pa'akman.

Those in need of rest, food, drink, or healing will be accommodated in return for a small donation.

Ultraesek Worshipers (3)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

AC 12 HP 19 Save 17+

Special: They worship Ultraesek.

Treasure: Each has 1d12 Aladdin's Castle tokens remaining.

Villagers (54)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

AC 10 HP 6 Save 19+

Special: These are not hunters or gatherers.

Treasure: For entertainment, the villagers share a Commodore 64 computer along with a floppy disk of *The Bard's Tale*.

سنة الفجر



79: The Sarcophagus

A jeweled sarcophagus rests in the center of the room, surrounded by several sandstone statues of humanoids in visible distress.

A mural on one wall depicts the awakening of a terrifying beast that will soon feast upon the souls of those who worshiped it. Though, another interpretation is that the worshipers are feeding upon energy secreted from the beast.

Glyphs upon the sarcophagus inform investigators that the Pharaoh Kena'ahjet lies within, preserved according to ancient religious scriptures that allow his soul to journey far beyond our universe.

Opening it expels sand and dust, also setting off a trap - dozens of poison-tipped needles jab around the lid, unless extreme care is used. Save or weakened for 2d4 hours (disadvantage on all rolls).

Inside, the sarcophagus contains the mummified remains of Kena'ahjet, along with precious jewels and strange, hexagonal gold coins.

Taking anything from the Pharaoh's resting place will place the thief under a curse. The cursed individual awakens the mummy and is hunted down until his treasure is returned.

Pharaoh Kena'ahjet

HD: 13 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
80
AC
10
Save
7+

Special: Once per round, the mummy can turn a humanoid into sandstone (save to avoid). Those struck by the mummy must save or be infected by a wasting disease that drains the victim of 1d4 HP every hour until healed by a 7th level cleric or priest.

Treasure: His sarcophagus is strewn with gemstones, jewelry, and assorted treasure totaling 25,000 gp.

80: The Council

This room contains 15 green-skinned humanoids, 3 of them wearing black robes. Everyone is silent as the 3 wearing robes consider the proposal of a humanoid with purple skin carrying a sword with glowing violet runes, Alama'ak.

"There are no coincidences" is spray-painted in lavender upon the wall without a hatch.

Not long ago, the people of this room, Szo'kanth worshipers, attacked and killed almost everyone living in a neighboring room, Ultraesek worshipers, (Room #79) for some suspected slight against them.

The Ultraesek worshiper champion, Alama'ak, and his three followers survived. Now, Alama'ak demands justice in the form of single combat with each perpetrator who killed one or more Ultraesek worshipers. Since Alama'ak is the best warrior in these parts, he's expected to win most, if not every, battle.

The Council is considering Alama'ak's demand. There's a 2 in 6 chance The Council will agree to Alama'ak's proposal. If they refuse, Alama'ak will fly into a berserker rage and start killing Szo'kanth worshipers.

At which point, the three playing video games next door will either join the battle or run away to make a new life for themselves (50/50 chance).

Alama'ak

HD: 8 Attack Bonus: +8

#Attacks: 2 Damage: 2d6

HP
42

AC
14

Save
12+

Special: See his sword (below).

Treasure: His prized possession is his magic sword, Gryma'alk, a +2 great-sword that deals exploding damage. The luminous violet runes protect the wielder from being physically held, restrained, or grappled against his will.

He also has two drink-tickets for "The Kola'ada" available exclusively from a Tiki Bar called Wa'akiki.

Szo'kanth Worshipers (12)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

HP
12

AC
12

Save
17+

Special: They worship the superior intellect and formlessness of Szo'kanth. There's a total of 15 of them, but those wearing black robes will not attack as they are not permitted to be violent because of religious views.

Treasure: They have their own currency - papyrus scrolls. There's a total of 62 scrolls, thirty have been written on. Various words keep appearing over and over again, such as... Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion.

81: The Ball Pit

This room's floor is entirely covered in colorful plastic balls (blue, red, yellow, and green) several feet deep.

Seven, small, colorless crystals are affixed to a medium-length wall. There doesn't appear to be any pattern.

Touching the crystals makes them glow teal. Touching all seven emits a noxious gas that knocks humanoids out for 1d4 hours (no save). There's a 2 in 6 chance of being robbed while unconscious.

The PCs will have to wade through the balls to cross the room (unless they can levitate, fly, or hover over it).

Within the ball pit is a gigantic serpent, along with its treasure.

Giant Serpent

HD: 10 Attack Bonus: +10

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d8

AC
13

HP
60

Save
10+

Special: Those attempting to fight outside the ball pit (without wading through the balls) attack at a disadvantage. The serpent can leap 6' out of the ball pit if necessary.

Creature is immune to poisonous gas.

Treasure: The third and final black artifact — *Lucifer's Tongue*, a tentacle-like dagger +1. Those struck by it will immediately turn on their own companions until the battle is over, save to avoid.

Shield of Salvation — from the sigil-work, obviously made by elves. It absorbs 5 points of damage from every attack dealt to the shield's holder.

A gleaming rose-quartz scepter — it is not magical, but looks like it should be (1,500 gp).

82: The Restroom

This is the only lavatory within **The Black Pyramid**. Purple and orange tiled floor with three stalls and two urinals. There's a sign that says fighting in the restroom is strictly prohibited.

Obscene things are scrawled upon the walls of this room... about what you'd expect.

An older gentleman wearing a black suit attends the restroom. He offers chewing-gum, warm towels, and condoms to anyone who needs such things. On the counter is a tip-jar with a few silver pieces inside.

Adventurers will most likely want to relieve themselves before moving on. There's a 2 in 6 chance of another humanoid using the restroom when the PCs walk in.

83: The Band

The walls of this room are embedded with crystals you've never seen before, grayish-lavender and faintly sparkling. A trio of demonic humanoids are tuning up their instruments.

Three of the four-man band are currently practicing their music, preparing a song fit for the Devil himself - who is actually there - waiting for Doom Sludge (the band's name) to perform the most rocking song or else be cast into the Lake of Fire.

Doom Sludge draws inspiration from touching the lavender-gray crystals.

Their fourth member got hungry and is taking a pizza break (Room #86).

The crystals are anti-matter crystals. They can easily be removed from the wall by a talented thief. Touching one of these crystals brings to mind a distant, hard to understand alienage that feels unpleasant yet fascinating.

Direct contact between an anti-matter crystal and a regular crystal creates a 10d6 explosion for everyone in a 10' radius (5d6 for everyone between 10' and 20'), save for half damage.

Band Members

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
10

AC
11

Save
18+

Special: They can play heavy metal, and they're wearing demonic makeup because that's cool.

Treasure: Just their instruments and 1d12 pieces of silver (each).

The Devil

HD: 16 Attack Bonus: +10

#Attacks: 3 Damage: 3d6

HP
96

AC
16

Save
4+

Special: He can make you a deal in exchange for your immortal soul. Also, he can cast humanoids into the Lake of Fire, instead of his usual attacks (save to avoid).

Treasure: The Devil travels light, but he does have demonic lingerie that will seduce any man (or bisexual / lesbian woman), saving throw to avoid. *Dagger of Infinite Stab* — a +1 demon-tooth dagger that can keep attacking until the wielder misses.

Shoggoth Sphinx

HD: 14 Attack Bonus: +8

#Attacks: 5 Damage: 1d12

HP
90

AC
15

Save
6+

Special: Instead of its 5 attacks, the Shoggoth Sphinx can gaze at a humanoid, turning him into a creeping, crawling thing (save to avoid).

Treasure: Baubles include a silver goblet, obsidian ring, onyx necklace, pair of fine leather gloves, emerald bracelet, platinum anklet, circlet of amethyst, and pair of ruby earrings.

2,340 pieces of gold and 328 platinum pieces.

Rod of Ersa Va'as

The rod is made of a strange greenish-silver alloy with a demonic and tentacled head at the top. The rod occasionally leaks a viscous, emerald-green fluid, staining its owner's hands.

It is named after Ersa Va'as, the High Priest of K'tulu who baptized hundreds of degenerate cultists in the fresh blood of political protestors at the rock of crimson sacrifice. Those cultists went on to form the priesthood of the purple worm in Kra'adumek.

Thrice per day, the wielder can force an individual to worship dread K'tulu. (saving throw to resist). Each time the rod is used, the wielder must save or align himself with Chaos and the Old Gods.

84: Shoggoth Sphinx

This room is dominated by a gross salmon-hued sphinx with multiple eyes, mouths, and tentacles.

The sphinx asks a question of each group who wants something from its pile of treasure. Each correct answer gets them a bauble (see below).

Incorrect answers lead to a surprise attack from the Shoggoth Sphinx.

Riddles...

- ◆ Which god is prophesied to slay Qav Dwenos, the unknown and unknowable god worshiped within **The Black Pyramid**? [answer: K'tulu]
- ◆ What is the nature of **The Black Pyramid**? [answer: it is evil... a hungry and/or demonic entity that feeds upon the souls of men]
- ◆ What makes you worthy of surviving these strange perils? [answer: anything, as long as it's honest]

85: The Lever Room

This room houses a towering gizmo of flashing lights, components, processors, digital synthesizers, and various high-tech stuff. At the base of the massive machine are many levers, each one having a unique look.

The following description is paired with the result when pulled. They are numbered in case someone in the party (an NPC, perhaps) wishes to pull a lever at random. If it's been a long time since the PCs were last here, someone may have rewired the levers to have different effects. In that case, roll randomly for the effect.

Lever	Description	Result
1	Ornate	Mechanical dolls bring out tea and crumpets.
2	Streamlined	Hand pulling the lever is hacked off.
3	Crystalline	Person who pulled the lever is encased in crystal.
4	Red plastic	Red-colored protocol droid becomes the puller's servant.
5	Hard angled iron	Puller's main weapon grows iron spikes (additional 1d4 damage)
6	Black and yellow	Swarm of 2d4 giant wasps attack
7	Hornlike	Receives mental picture of a black unicorn.
8	Rusted	All non-magical metal carried by the puller corrodes.
9	Amber and hexagonal	Puller becomes immune to all magical effects for one hour.
10	Flashing blue	Communication channel opens to Alpha Blue, space station of lust.
11	Art-Deco	Art-Deco Cthulhu idol suddenly appears on the ground.
12	Luminous and pulsing pink	Transports everyone to random room within The Black Pyramid .

Giant Wasps (2d4)

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Between attacks, giant wasps can fly out of melee range.

Treasure: None.

HP 12
AC 12 Save 18+



86: Pizza Pit

This is a restaurant that exclusively serves pizza. The décor is red vinyl, black glass, chains, heavy metal posters, and delicious pizza... or za'a as it's usually referred to on Cha'alt.

Besides the owner, Zarl, there is one long-haired, demon-looking guy in a leather jacket with spikes eating a slice of pepperoni and drinking a Mountain Dew. His name is Webbock.

Zarl has run Pizza Pit for years. He inherited it after the previous owner spontaneously turned into a little green globule. Webbock corrects him by saying, "More of a stain than a globule, actually."

Webbock plays guitar for the band Doom Sludge. He's currently taking a break, but the rest of the band is rehearsing in Room #83. The Devil has given them an ultimatum... play the rocking-est song for his Satanic Majesty or be cast into the Lake of Fire.

Webbock is having second thoughts, and might just make a run for it before his bandmates call him back to play the song.

Zarl

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6

Special: Zarl makes a mean pizza pie. A shotgun is hidden behind the counter.

Treasure: Pizza ingredients, shotgun, and 58 gp in the cash register.

HP 7
AC 10 Save 19+

Webbock

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

Special: Webbock can play metal. He's also wearing demonic makeup because that's the band's look.

Treasure: Just his instrument.

HP 10
AC 11 Save 18+



87: Check Mate

The entire floor of this room is checkered black and white like a chess board. Various humanoids wearing either black or white clothes stand upon squares.

Hovering above the chess pattern is a glass sphere containing an extremely large brain floating in yellowish-green fluid. An electronic housing with mechanical arms is attached to the base of the glass sphere.

The entity is attempting to beat itself at chess, using the humanoids as playing pieces. When a piece is "taken," a mechanical arm fires a laser bolt that kills the humanoid it represents.

This entity goes by Ba'al K6-22. It's hyper-intelligent and can see into other dimensions due to the zoth bath in which its brain is swimming.

Ba'al K6-22 wants to become god of **The Black Pyramid**, and is looking for worshippers to serve him... going out into the rooms to subjugate others. In return, it offers a place by its side when it ascends to godhood. Anyone who refuses its generous offer will be blasted with lasers!

Agents of Ba'al K6-22 can be found throughout the pyramid, each carrying a chess piece for their safety and identification.

This thing was built by years ago by a mad sorcerer who employed several engineers from another world. Even though its brain is organic, Ba'al K6-22 is more like an artificial intelligence.

Ba'al K6-22

HD: 10 Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 3 Damage: 3d6

HP
60

AC
18

Save
10+

Special: If things are going bad, it can escape by creating a portal to some other time/space. Eventually, it will return at full strength when the PCs least expect it.

Because of some programing glitch, humanoids carrying chess pieces cannot be targeted by Ba'al K6-22.

Treasure: There's approximately 5 gallons of zoth inside the glass sphere. Otherwise, various odds and ends should be intact... unless the PCs incinerate the droid.

Humanoid Playing Pieces

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
6

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: One of the prisoners is a human named Juul. He is a proponent of The Black Acceptance. Juul believes he's found a deeper connection, tying everything in **The Black Pyramid** together. Just before he communicates what that connection is... he dies of a sudden brain aneurysm.

Treasure: Juul has a tumbler glass that fills itself with Black Ja'ack whiskey every hour. The tumbler also contains two ice cubes which stay cold and never melt. Both the glass and ice cubes are magical.



88: Heil Hetscha'al

This room is a combination laboratory and bunker. A man is being helped out of a cryo-pod.

Blood-red intertwined triangles adorn the walls of this room.

History knows this as the dictator of an ambitious and ruthless city-state of Cha'alt that was destroyed in **The Apocalypse**. Considered long-dead by many, Hetscha'al lives... and is being revived by scientists. Military officers are waiting for his eventual orders.

Hetscha'al

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6

HP

27

AC

12

Save

15+

Special: He carries a pistol with 5 rounds remaining. Also, he's a gifted orator and has advantage when communicating.

Treasure: *Amulet of Amarja* — A polished ta'affeite stone set in a bronze trapezoid with runes decorating the outer edge. Those interacting with the amulet's wearer believes he has their best interests at heart. Anyone actively opposing the wearer must roll a successful saving throw or else have second thoughts.

Scientists (3)

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP

10

AC

10

Save

18+

Special: The scientists have daggers.

Treasure: 1d20 gold pieces each. Also, one scientist has issue #3 of the zine *Last Days of Freedom*. That issue features an interview with Thoth-A'amon.

Officers (7)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6

HP

24

AC

12

Save

16+

Special: They have machine guns.

Treasure: One officer has a miniature black unicorn carved out of obsidian (45 gp).

Those who still obey Hetscha'al are convinced that now is the time to awaken their leader in order to recreate their lost empire.

89: The Arena

Those entering this room who are able-bodied must either fight in the arena or wager a magic item on the next match. Those are the rules.

The Arena is closely aligned with The Caba'al. Those fighting put up a magic item. The winner gets all the magic items. If everyone fighting in The Arena dies, the house keeps everything.

The arena is a pentagon marked off with humanoid skulls... at the corners are dragon skulls where smaller spectators occasionally sit to watch the fight.

Three tough-looking humanoid bouncers guard the Arena Master, Q'beblu, who takes bets and manages the arena.

Three other humanoids are also in the room. One of them, a dwarf with a wooden leg named Mu-tenk, has a magic item to wager, but is waiting for a weak opponent willing to bet a powerful magic item. The other two are human, Rutstan and May-We. They must fight as per the arena's rules.

Q'beblu

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP

16

AC

12

Save

17+

Special: He's a prominent member of The Caba'al.

Treasure: 760 gp.

Pair of ruby slippers that can transport the wearer up to 50' away (usable once per day).

A magical short sword called **Frost Fever** - it does triple damage to any fire or heat-based creature and on a critical hit, that fiery entity immediately dies (no save).

Bouncers (3)

HD: 6 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d8

Special: Bouncers have advantage on any grappling or wrestling roll.

Treasure: Each has 1d20 gp.

HP 36
AC 14 Save 14+

Humans (2)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: Those entering The Arena proper are given ordinary short swords with which to fight. Whoever wins between Rutstan and May-We will earn the right to remain in The Arena and possibly be staked by Q'beblu... if the odds seem favorable.

Treasure: 1d20 talons each. One of them also has 44 vintage, adult-movie star, collectable, trading cards.

HP 24
AC 10 Save 16+

Mu-tenk

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

Special: The dwarf is also a member of The Caba'al (just like Q'beblu). He's here to wager his magic item in order to acquire an additional piece of the all-powerful God.

Treasure: Mu-tenk has 11 pieces of coral that is used for currency where he's originally from - the Chartreuse Sea.

His magic item is an orange and fuchsia, fist-sized dodecahedron with glyphs on each facet. Once per day, the wielder can manifest a highly realistic, corporeal illusion (saving throw to disbelieve).

HP 28
AC 10 Save 15+

90: The Golden Pool

The center of this room contains a pool of golden liquid.

"Do you have the Midas touch?" is spray-painted in gold upon the wall.

There's a 2 in 6 chance that a gold statue of a humanoid is present, reaching down to touch the pool's gilded water.

Touching the pool turns a person into solid gold, but it only works on living humanoids (saving throw to avoid).

Those in nearby rooms periodically stop by to take the gold statues and sell or trade them for approximately 1,000 gp. Sometimes, the statues are hacked up and traded for less expensive items.

91: The Republic

This massive room houses the greatest and most civilized society within **The Black Pyramid**. Forty-four humanoids wearing white robes live freely and in peace.

They are protected by something called a screecher, a furry insect that emits painful mental vibrations when humanoids have violence on their mind.

As the PCs enter, members of The Republic are voting on whether or not Vinko should be exiled from the room.

Their leader, Balustra'ad, was elected democratically, and he does what he can to ensure the safety and happiness of his citizens.

The people make maps, write poetry, create artwork, and discuss philosophical theories. The prevailing notion is that **The Black Pyramid** is a proving ground for those faithful to the Old Gods, which is why it favors chaos, rather than order.

In order to stave off the pyramid's attacks (it loves to devour the peaceful and content), The Republic sacrifices a humanoid every week by spilling his blood upon the shiny black stone walls and floor. Newcomers are often groomed to become such a sacrifice.

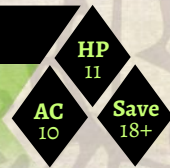
Only one citizen of The Republic is dissatisfied with this place. His name is Vinko, a halfling assassin who's as excitable and surly as he is murderous.

However, Vinko isn't ready to move on yet, he's waiting to join an adventuring party to bolster his chances of survival.

Citizens of The Republic

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



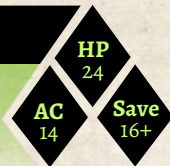
Special: Those with violent thoughts instantly feel intense pain, thanks to their screecher.

Treasure: They're running out of art supplies, but have a box of crayons with 7 remaining... mauvelous, outrageous orange, laser lemon, purple pizzazz, shamrock, razzmatazz, and aquamarine. Each of these crayons was in the lost room when it disappeared and are now imbued with magic - no matter how often they're used, these crayons never run out of color.

Vinko

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +4

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



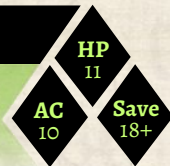
Special: Once per day, Vinko can watch a target and assassinate him (save to avoid death).

Treasure: Leather armor fit for a halfling and 12 pieces of silver.

Screecher

HD: 2 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4



Special: Emits painful screeching sound when violent humanoids are within 30' of it.

Treasure: None.

92: Star Chart

This room contains a gigantic brass orrery, or mechanical model of the solar system.

It's a three-dimensional chart of Cha'alt's star system. At the center is Cha'alt and its two suns, moons, several nearby planets, and various phenomena like asteroid belts and nebulae. This contraption predicts the movement of heavenly bodies and how they influence people and events of Cha'alt.

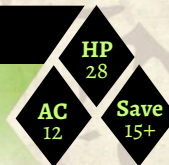
A green-skinned humanoid with tentacles is hiding behind one of the moons closer to the floor.

He's a bounty hunter who was drinking at the Gamma Incel Cantina when everything went black and he ended up here. Gilm is searching for a way out so he can get back to his starship parked just outside the cantina... and then back to the space station Alpha Blue.

Gilm

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 3d6



Special: He's a za'akier, loves hunting social justice warriors. Gilm is an expert tracker.

Treasure: Besides his laser rifle and a thermal detonator (10d6, save for half), he also carries 120 credits.

93: Silver Spheres of Death

This room stinks like the dead. Probably because it's littered with humanoid corpses, over a dozen.

Nothing else can be seen. Dark ambient tones echo throughout the room, but the source is unknown.

Once someone steps into the room far enough to investigate or loot the corpses, silver spheres drop down from the ceiling and start cutting, drilling, and eviscerating anything that moves.

Death Spheres (2d4)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +10

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d8

HP
8

AC
20

Save
19+

Special: These spheres are mechanical... and fast!

Treasure: The corpses on the floor have valuables... a sapphire brooch (65 gp), a pouch containing 13 gray-blue marbles, 43 talons, 12 zuleks, and a luck ring made of speckled-violet jade (one re-roll per day).

Additionally, there's a colorless crystal that can be taken to the holocrys room (Room #57) and viewed. A holographic man with a cabbage for a head smokes a cigar and reminisces about the good old days when you could sexually harass your secretary and everyone just let you be.

94: The Baby

This room has hundreds of slimy green tentacles descending from the ceiling, reaching down. In the room's center sits a pedestal, decorated with tentacles.

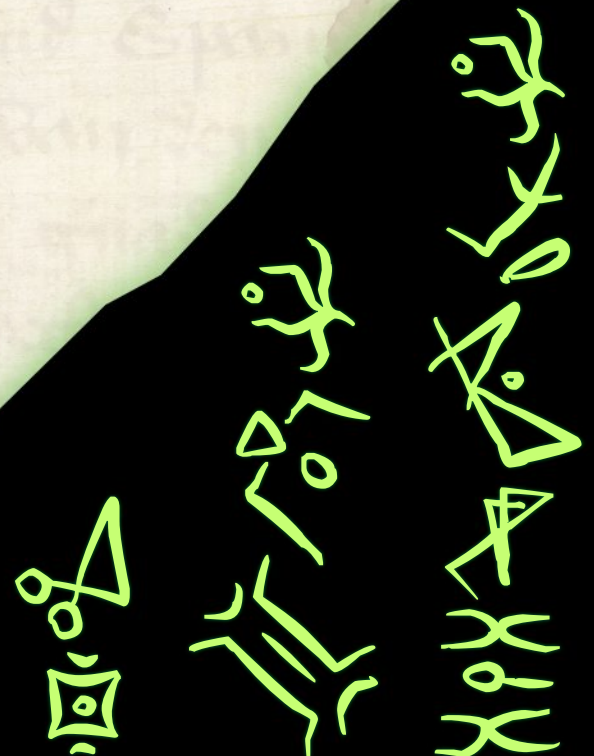
Upon the pedestal rests a baby softly crying.

Within minutes, the tentacles will stretch far enough to reach the baby and take it away. If the PCs act fast, they'll be able to grab the baby and take it out of the room.

If the tentacles are attacked, have that character roll a saving throw. Failure means that he's carried off by the tentacles... never to be seen again.

The baby will be safest in one of the few non-hostile communities within **The Black Pyramid**. As a reward for saving it, one of the PCs receives a hardened globule of amber with an albino insect trapped inside (75 gp).

"This room stinks like the dead."





95: The Thing

Gwa'arlnequath barely fits in this enormous room. It's a gigantic, bizarre creature that has the physical appearance of a slug, worm, spider, squid, with an all-too-human face. The entire thing is covered with suckers, tentacles, and slime. It's coloration veers from beige to yellowish tan to green jade.

It claims to be older than **The Black Pyramid** and was a god to some earlier civilization of Cha'alt.

Gwa'arlnequath is at an age where he wants to settle down and raise a family. That means he requires women (any female humanoid will suffice) so he can father children.

The toll for entering a hatch other than the one the PCs just came from is a woman. Without that, none shall pass... unless Gwa'arlnequath is slain.

Gwa'arlnequath

HD: 13 **Attack Bonus:** +10
#Attacks: 3 **Damage:** 2d6 (tentacles)
1d30 (bite)

HP
85
AC
10
Save
7+

Special: The thing's bite is poisonous, causing hallucinations so vivid and awful that it makes sufferers commit suicide soon after (2d6 rounds). Successful saving throw to avoid the poison's effects.

Treasure: The thing has accumulated 13,437 gp. Quiver of 20 magical flame arrows, each does an additional 1d6 of fire damage (arrows usable once).

Portable hole that can contravene the laws of physics. Things can be placed into it and retrieved later.

Iron shield depicting griffin tearing a sorcerer in twain. It provides resistance (half damage) to harmful magic directed at the shield bearer.

96: The Subway

This room opens into a subway car traveling underground at great speed. Seven humanoids are currently riding the subway to somewhere "in the city."

Various graffiti tags, squiggles, and symbols cover the subway car's interior.

A couple (man and woman) stand while arguing about their relationship.

A disparate group of four watch as the argument ensues. The four are a biker, an old lady, a Japanese man, and a gay elf.

Standing alone is a curly haired professor, talking to himself about there being only four voices inside a person's mind... not five!

As the couple bicker about everything from housework to picking out movies to watching porn, the four people eavesdrop while providing advice, oscillating from practical (make a chore schedule) to the asinine (glue his penis to his body).

Shortly, the woman tries to break it off. The man proposes. She runs away.

Meanwhile, the professor gives an objective overview of each person's role within the subway car, and how this totality represents the humanoid mind.

If the PCs remain in this room a little while, a new man wearing orange and blue robes enters the subway car. He claims that the professor is one of the five voices or independent perspectives inside every humanoid mind.

Subway Denizens

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0
#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

HP
6
AC
10
Save
19+

Special: Each has... interesting advice, such as "Go after her!"

Treasure: These are figments of someone's deranged imagination, but the weirdness of **The Black Pyramid** has somehow made them flesh and blood.

97: Yellow Ooze

A stench-emitting, amorphous, translucent-yellow substance oozes around this room. It smells like urine. Meanwhile, several priests are chanting by the wall.

This creature was magically constructed to absorb all the piss on the floor, for those who couldn't make it to the restroom. The gelatinous urine moves throughout the pyramid, but is resting here because it just soaked up a lot of pee.

The priests are actually androids, their synthetic skin peeling, showing metal underneath. They worship Vok-Yurd and have a golden telephone that's hooked up to some other high-tech device. With it, the android priests hope to speak directly to Vok-Yurd.

After the device is activated, a cacophony of discordant signals is heard as a shadow passes over those in the room. A voice whispers inside everyone's mind... "The purge shall begin."

Within minutes, a horde of night clowns enter the room in a ridiculously small clown car and start butchering.

Gelatinous Urine

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: n/a

HP

23

AC

12

Save

15+

Special: Anything that makes contact with the gelatinous urine reeks of pee until washed. If destroyed by stabbing it, the entire room will flood with urine. Those near upon its death will be in the splash zone.

Treasure: None.

Night Clowns (11)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP

6

AC

12

Save

19+

Special: One has a flower that shoots water, another has giant shoes for tripping opponents, and a third can throw his red rubber nose as a bomb (3d6, 20' radius, save for half).

Treasure: Anyone entering their clown car will be taken to a realm of darkness where the night clowns originate.

One of them has a pastel hand-puppet named Elias - at night it can come to life and perform simple tasks for its owner.

Another night clown has the elbow and thigh from a golden statue.

98: The Aging

There's a wide stream of silvery sparkling light at the back of this room. It's unclear where the light is coming from, perhaps an optical illusion. Nearby is a skeleton on the verge of crumbling into dust.

"Don't go into the light," has been written on the wall.

Those stepping into the light feel nothing... at first. Eventually, they feel sore - aches and pains, white hair and beard; finally, fatigue and exhaustion. Whatever enters the strange light is aged one year per second.

After 3d6 seconds, a humanoid realizes something is wrong and may choose to remove himself from the light.

Filtering the light through one or more crystals has alternative effects. Purple or yellow crystals reverse the aging process. Blue and red crystals grant psionic power (page 50). A green crystal is deadly (save to avoid). Combining zoth with the light will age the target three times as fast!

99: The Ark

Every wall of this room is lined with cryo-pods containing humanoids in suspended animation. In the center of the room is some kind of large machine reverberating along with flashing small yellow lights.

"The sleepers shall Awaken!" adorns the shiny black floor of this room.

48 of the 50 total cryo-pods contain living humanoids, two pods cracked sometime in the distant past and the people inside aged naturally, eventually becoming skeletons.

The central power source allows the cryo-pods to remain operational. Destroying the generator would effectively kill the pods and those sleeping within.

Awakening some or all of the humanoids is a relatively simple task. Once revived, the sleepers remember being forced into suspended animation because they dared oppose a popular cult-like religion that exalted acts of violence against non-believers.

Now, the sleepers will explore **The Black Pyramid** and see what kind of life they can make for themselves. Hundreds of years ago, Cha'alt was home to many strange travelers and this pyramid became a sanctuary for outsiders, outcasts, and those who didn't belong. Being displaced from their own time, this seems like a natural place for them to inhabit.

Only a charismatic plea and the promise of high-tech loot will get them to follow the PCs.

Sleeper		HP	AC	Save
HD: 1	Attack Bonus: +1	7	10	19+
#Attacks: 1	Damage: 1d4			

Special: If attacked within minutes of reviving, they will be groggy and fighting at a disadvantage.

Treasure: Each has 1d12 blue plastic discs or "coins" in their pink translucent wallets.

100: The Lich King

Cobwebs, desiccated corpses, and bones garnish this triangular room. At the center sits a monstrous, skeletal humanoid with one red eye, an unsettling smile upon his face... the Lich King upon a throne of leathery flesh, stitched together with spider silk.

A gold circlet sits upon his ossified brow. Several gray death-spiders, the size of well-fed cats, crouch nearby, at the ready.

The Lich King is the defacto leader of The Caba'al. His goal is to combine as many magic items as possible in a single room in order to awaken the omnipotent God. The Lich King believes that God will grant him ultra-telluric power. In order to hasten this result, the Lich King first needs to acquire the author's paperweight... which is presumably God's brain.

Lich King		HP	AC	Save
HD: 16	Attack Bonus: +10	70	14	4+
#Attacks: 2	Damage: 2d8+3			

Special: The Lich King casts spells as a 9th level wizard.

He has 30% spell resistance, cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons, and protection from mental attacks.

When in the presence of a purple crystal, the Lich King loses his spell resistance.

Treasure: 9,817 gp.

A cerulean crystal that allows him to see five minutes into the future (usable once per day).

A potion of death-like slumber - will fool anyone into thinking you're dead, lasts one hour.

Magical curved blade that does 2d8+3 damage, glows yellow-white.

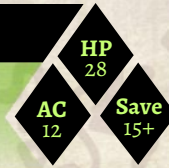
Circlet preventing anyone from harming, influencing, dominating, or possessing one's mind.

Ring of telepathy, allows the wearer to transmit his thoughts to another humanoid.



Death-Spiders (5)

HD: 5 Attack Bonus: +5
#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6



Special: Poisonous bite, save or die. Spiders are undead and controlled by the Lich King.

Treasure: The death-spiders guard a treasure chest...

A large, wooden, treasure chest sits in the corner of this room, covered in spiderwebs. "I've given my life to the forest," has been carved into the side of it.

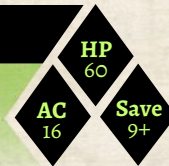
Opening it reveals stairs descending into a subterranean world... the forest of Zublek, trees black and twisted, the ground covered by a dark-red mist, and visible planets in the sky. Green fairies sparkle and dance in the air, their melodic voice describing weird things like a skull full of writhing snakes that hiss the seventh sister's name.

Within twenty minutes a wolfish creature with three heads and ivory horns comes for those who don't belong in Zublek.

The chest weighs about 50lbs. and is a portable entrance to that dimension.

Wolf-Like Creature

HD: 11 Attack Bonus: +8
#Attacks: 3 Damage: 2d4



Special: Cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons. Creature is ferocious and bestial.

Treasure: The creature wears an iron collar.

All 6 horns could be ground up and poured into zoth, such an elixir can resurrect the recent dead. This knowledge is included in the *Tome of Vizaris* (Room #16).

101: The Author

A green-skinned humanoid with several tentacles sits at a wooden desk, writing. On one hand is a black glove with silver studs. He pauses to think before continuing, fingers rapidly tapping on the keyboard in front of him.

Sitting next to him is a monkey-lizard with a long, pink, suckered tongue. The monkey-lizard oscillates between panting and scratching himself.

The author is so deep in thought that he scarcely realizes anyone has entered the room. That perfect word seems to elude him and Cha'alt doesn't have a thesaurus.

Something is scrawled upon the wall in spindly, bright-green letters... "Hard times create strong men. Strong men create good times. Good times create weak men. And, weak men create hard times."

The green humanoid is a za'akier, exiled to this planet for 7 years for crimes against conformity. While stuck here, he decided to write a novel about swords and sorcery in a gonzo, eldritch post-apocalyptic realm with some hot gypsies thrown in for good measure.

He's tried to stay away from black pyramid politics, but is aware that Thoth-A'amon has a clone of himself hidden somewhere nearby (Room #103). The clone is ready to take power if the real Thoth-A'amon dies.

The author may or may not have invented Cha'alt, keeping it alive by writing about Cha'alt on a daily basis. If that's true, the world's entire existence depends on the author's survival.

A spherical glass paperweight with some interesting red swirls inside sits upon a stack of loose papers. "Those are extremely important," he says, if anyone asks.

In all honesty, the paperweight has the most power of any artifact or relic within **The Black Pyramid**. It contains a shamefully obscene amount of magical energy. Enough to rouse dread K'tulu, feed him ice cream, get him all riled up, and put him back down for an afternoon nap. Unfortunately, there's no practical application. Essentially, it's just a paperweight... and yet, that paperweight has more

than enough raw power to bring Cha'alt to its knees... or would have if it actually did anything besides just sit there and weigh papers down.

The Caba'al believe the paperweight is the brain of some omnipotent deity from mythology. If any member of The Caba'al sees it, they'll do everything in their power to obtain it.

For years, the Lich King has tried to get the paperweight. He has sent assassins to kill the author. These constant interruptions irritate him. If the PCs slay his undead majesty, the author will write something cool about the adventuring party in his book... which may possibly come true.

The Author

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +3

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP
17
AC
10
Save
17+

Special: As the author takes damage, everything goes black for a few seconds... as if God closed his eyes. If the author dies, Cha'alt might just disappear into nothingness.

Treasure: 13 gp, 25 platinum pieces, 111 credits, and 55 iridescent octagon coins called r'vans. The paperweight, of course.

He also carries a non-magical short sword fashioned out of blood stone with a K'tuloid pommel. Damage from this blade explodes due to the mysterious nature of blood stone.

His violet glove studded with tiny opals is magical. Once per day, the wearer can choose either to win or lose. On a d20, results 1-10 are a critical fail, while results 11-20 are a critical success.

Critical Failure

1. You accidentally hurt yourself (half damage).
2. You accidentally hurt one of your companions (half damage).
3. You fall down and whatever you were holding is knocked out of your hand.
4. You're off your game - disadvantage on next roll.
5. Your opponent gets an immediate bonus attack.
6. Any non-magical weapon or item you're currently holding breaks.

102: Gemstone-Eye Wizard

A purple robed sorcerer with a glittering red gemstone in place of his left-eye is being held prisoner by cyborg commandos.

A scarlet message is scrawled upon the wall, "Where's the commode in this dungeon. I got to take a squirt."

The sorcerer, Q'kamez, said he was leading the commandos to an artifact, but instead tried to get them killed by suggesting they explore random rooms.

The cyborgs worship Vok-Yurd and have pledged themselves to destroy organic life that resists their domination.

Cyborg Commandos (3)

HD: 7 Attack Bonus: +5

#Attacks: 2 Damage: 3d6

HP
37
AC
16
Save
13+

Special: They have lasers built into their armored exo-skeletons.

Treasure: Each has 1d100 credits.

Gemstone-Eyed Sorcerer

Level: 5 Wizard Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
18
AC
10
Save
15+

Special: *Magic Missile, Web, Invisibility, Acidic Arrow, and Fireball.* Gem-eye can double spell potency.

Treasure: Flesh-bound grimoire containing a ritual that will bring all the untold horrors of Carcosa to Cha'alt.

His eye is worth 1,000 gp because it's a rare sanguine opal that doubles the potency of one spell per day.

103: The Quokna'ar

Two groups are fighting before the unmoving gaze of a devil-clown marionette.

"One of the worst and most outrageous forms of all nonsense," has been erratically scribbled upon the wall in crimson.

Three remaining (out of five) indigo-men with feathers are in a pitched battle against four (out of seven) frog-folk. It looks like a fight to the death.

Here and there, the satanic clown puppet, about 2' tall, jingles and jangles upon his strings... almost as if he were dancing. A size-appropriate scepter is clutched in his little painted wooden hand.

The devilish marionette's name is Quokna'ar, which means "brutal justice" in the native language of Cha'alt. And it is a title which he takes quite seriously. The Quokna'ar judges and then dispenses that justice swiftly and without mercy.

With a wave of his scepter, Quokna'ar can wish death upon his enemies. Just before the PCs arrive, The Quokna'ar deemed combat between the indigo-men and frog-folk necessary. The frog-folk stole from the indigo-men while they slept, so the indigo-men retaliated by killing the frog-folk leader.

If the PCs ask the demonic puppet a question, he raises his hand up to his chin in thought before telepathically whispering his verdict to those who await it.

Those who've acted despicably or without honor are slain by Quokna'ar as his horned head bobs up and down in celebration.

Indigo-Men (3)

HD: 4 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP	25
AC	12
Save	16+

Special: Indigo-Men have vestigial wings hidden beneath their feathers, allowing them to fly only very short distances.

Treasure: A magic dagger +1 made of purple-jade with a keen edge (critical hit on a 19 and 20).

Frog-Folk (4)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

HP	17
AC	14
Save	17+

Special: Frog-folk have feet that can stick to sheer surfaces.

Treasure: 542 gp, potion of levitation, a scroll with the spell Black Celebration on it. 4th level spell, when a recent sex-partner is killed by the caster, an infernal cake appears. Eating the cake gives 3d6 bonus HP that last the entire day.

Quokna'ar

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +1

#Attacks: 1 Damage: n/a

HP	15
AC	10
Save	17+

Special: The marionette is immune to non-magical attacks and also has 90% magic resistance. Anyone who the devil-clown judges "bad" is instantly slain (victims have disadvantage on their saving throw).

Treasure: His scepter is just painted wood. Quokna'ar's real power comes from being possessed by an ancient Demon Lord who enjoys residing in the dancing puppet.

Attached to his hip is a fanny pack containing a tiny, high-tech sarcophagus. Pulling the sarcophagus out immediately enlarges it to 7' x 3' x 3'. Inside is a clone of Thoth A'amon from Room #31. The clone won't activate until the original Thoth A'amon is dead (unless the PCs do something imaginative to activate him).

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104: Hellish Chaos

Those stepping into this room are wading into 3" of blood. Screams and moans and shouting echo throughout as people are killing and being killed. At the center is a gold pylon, its door open with a magenta and teal light pulsing frenetically from within.

This killing field has only a handful of survivors remaining. Everyone else has already been hacked to death. Within a few minutes, all but one will be dead. The victor being a primitive barbarian named Ga'az who praises the name S'zar Tcholek.

Inside the pylon, a god is awakening. An irregular magenta crystal and oversized teal crystal are attached to a high-tech device that's boosting the crystals' power.

Those entering must make a saving throw or be dominated by the will of S'zar Tcholek, a terrifying entity of magenta and teal effulgence.

S'zar Tcholek is psychopathically sadistic, desiring lesser beings to fight and die for his glory.

Detaching the crystals will effectively end the god.

Ga'az

HD: 9 Attack Bonus: +9

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 2d6+1

HP
4

AC
14

Save
11+

Special: If the PCs immediately attack, Ga'az's Hit Points will double (from 4 to 8) due to his berserker rage.

Treasure: Ga'az has 23 obsidian crowns and magical great-axe +1 that causes confusion (unable to attack) in opponents for a single round upon scoring a critical hit (save to avoid).

The rest of the dead bodies have a total of 157 gp.

S'zar Tcholek

HD: 20 Attack Bonus: +10

#Attacks: 3 Damage: 3d6

HP
132

AC
18

Save
1+

Special: The godlike entity uses lightning to electrocute his enemies.

The entity can only be harmed by magic or blessed weapons.

Those who come within 30' of S'zar Tcholek (stepping into the pylon) must succeed in a saving throw or become his obedient servants.

Treasure: Deep inside the pylon is the entity's loot... an amber scepter named J'qwelleth that doubles the damage of every spell cast by the wizard who wields it.

There's the Fire Shield of Xada'al that continuously burns but never harms its owner. It provides a +3 bonus to AC, while immediately extinguishing ice, cold, and frost threats.

The irregular magenta crystal allows one to absorb magical energy, 10 points of damage per blast.

The oversized teal crystal allows one to see inside an entity's mind.

105: Silent Lambs

A prison cell with iron bars sits on the floor at the center of the room. Two human guards armed with machine guns watch the prisoner.

"All good things to those who wait," has been drawn upon the wall with a magenta crayon.

The guards won't let anyone come near and caution against speaking to the prisoner, whose name is Algernon Storridge. Algernon is a serial killer who eats parts of his victims after slaughtering them.

All three are waiting for a highly regarded homicide detective and self-described "serial killer whisperer" named Guffman. Once Guffman arrives, he'll interrogate the prisoner in order to learn his secrets. After Guffman finds out who Algernon killed and why, he's to be taken to the Quokna'ar and executed.

If the PCs leave this room for any period of time and return, both guards have been

killed and Guffman is strung up and splayed open for all to see his hollowed-out innards. Algernon is nowhere to be found.

PCs who free Algernon will receive his gratitude. The serial killer won't harm those who've helped him - especially since this place is a death-trap - unless he feels betrayed.

Guards

HD: 4 **Attack Bonus:** +2

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 2d6

Special: Guards are ready for subterfuge and cannot be surprised or backstabbed by thieves.

Treasure: 1d100 dollars.

HP 20
AC 12 Save 16+

Algernon Storridge

HD: 6 **Attack Bonus:** +4

#Attacks: 2 **Damage:** 1d6 (exploding)

Special: Algernon is well versed in anatomy and killing, so he knows where to strike... if he rolls the top number on his damage die, he gets to roll again and add that number to the total.

Treasure: The polished skull of a reptile which he believes keeps him safe.

HP 36
AC 10 Save 14+

106: The Clock

A grandfather clock made of blood-spattered bones stands in the center of this room, towering over everyone. Several humanoids are seated before it, looking up at the clock's face expectantly.

"Every species can smell its own extinction," is the phrase written in orange-red upon the wall.

The humanoids are waiting for the end of time - when all things shall be revealed and falsehood destroyed. Apparently, this clock counts down the next apocalypse. According to the clock, the world will end (or, at least, dramatically change) in 22 hours.

The clock draws negative energy into itself. When it has enough, all that negative energy is released at once - killing everyone within 2d4 rooms in all directions. Destroying the clock within 22 hours will stop the catastrophe.

Humanoids (4)

HD: 1 **Attack Bonus:** +0

#Attacks: 1 **Damage:** 1d4

Special: None.

Treasure: One rubber-band ball twice the size of a man's fist.
Box of a dozen donuts (only three left... chocolate glaze, jelly, and pink with sprinkles).
Key to the Sunshine Motel, Room #10. Opens any door with a keyhole, turning it into a motel room outside time and space. From inside Room #10, the key's owner can exit into any room in the known universe that contains a similar door.

HP 5
AC 10 Save 19+



107: The Monks

Six monks wearing black robes sit in the center of the room, surrounded by magical sigils drawn in blood upon the floor.

The monks are muttering to themselves, chanting the names of Demon Lords in order to create a black hole that will swallow the unworthy. Those who are deemed unworthy of existing within **The Black Pyramid** must be cleansed, according to Ulraesek. This cleansing ritual came to them in a dream... a dream that promised enlightenment.

Already, a dark mass is forming above the seated monks. Minutes later, blood trickles out of the darkness, seeping into the sigils which begin to glow with a sinister crimson intensity.

Unless stopped, an infernal black hole will be created and it will eventually suck everything into it, annihilating all matter (except for demon-kind).

The PCs have about 10 minutes before the black hole is summoned. Because of the reinforced hatchways, it takes about an hour for the black hole's devastation to continue to the next room.

When the entire pyramid is vacant, the Demon Lords will use it as a temple to exalt wickedness and evil.

Monks (6)

HD: 3 Attack Bonus: +2

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d6

AC
10

HP
12

Save
17+

Special: The demon horn has not been used today, so if fighting ensues, a monk will curse one of the PCs.

Treasure: The monks have taken a vow of poverty, but each has a short sword with a small garnet adorning the hilt and devil-face carved into the pommel (25 gp each). The leader's short sword has a wavering blade covered in poison (save or die).

One of them carries a demon horn. The horn's owner has the power to curse an individual (usable once per day). Those cursed have disadvantage on all their rolls until a deal can be made with some dark patron from Hell.

108: The Monoliths

Three monoliths of smooth gray stone stand near each other at the center of this room. Upon all of the monoliths are three glyphs that glow a bright yellow-green, like the color of zoth.

It would take about an hour for a wizard of above average intelligence to decipher these glyphs (two wizards working together would take a half-hour).

The glyphs are syllables. Taken together, they reveal an ancient and powerful name... but the order is unclear. The following are the syllables etched onto the monoliths.

- ◆ Ka'a
- ◆ Merz
- ◆ Qoth
- ◆ Rav
- ◆ Thul
- ◆ Ny
- ◆ Za'ad
- ◆ Fwen
- ◆ Cho

Ravqothza'ad is the true name. If spoken aloud, a crimson, turquoise, and golden mist suddenly appears and envelops the speaker. Those who attempt to honor or flatter the godlike entity will be rewarded with a bonus level-up!

Anyone who demeans or degrades Ravqothza'ad must make a saving throw or their consciousness is yanked from their body and used to fuel the monoliths, like a battery.

If the name Nychothul is uttered, a magenta, violet, and golden mist appears out of thin air. The speaker is cursed to never speak again.

If the name Qothmerzfwen is said aloud, a teal, lavender, and yellow-green mist appears from nowhere. A maniacal laugh is heard as memory of the last few days vanishes from everyone's mind (save to avoid).

109: Crimson Curtains

The walls of this room are covered by crimson curtains. The floor is a zig-zag pattern of black and white. At the room's center is a beautiful blonde woman wearing a black dress and a beardless male dwarf wearing a red suit.

If approached, the woman speaks of a black unicorn which is sometimes seen within the pyramid and usually taken as an omen of imminent change.

The dwarf introduces himself as Someone Who Knows [SWK], asks how the adventurers like his current home, and wonders if they've met Ara'ak-Zul.

In another year or two, he'll be looking for a replacement... someone to take care of **The Black Pyramid** when he's gone. "She's full of secrets," he says.

After the dwarf speaks, the woman's eyes become black as the void. She hisses and howls like a demon, fangs bared. The blonde grabs the dwarf and bites into his neck, spraying blood everywhere as she sucks the life out of him.

If the PCs strike, the demonic woman turns into a shadow, vanishing from the room.

It seems as though the crimson curtain creates a maze of hallways, alcoves, and arcades that never ends. Indeed, the labyrinth has dimensionally transcendental properties above and beyond the usual confines of **The Black Pyramid**.

The hatchways are nearby and not hard to find, but those who decide to travel miles down the hallway become lost. Lost wanderers require magic to either be found or find their way back to the central hatchways.

110: Bowl of Fruit

Several artists are attempting to paint a singular bowl of fruit resting on a pedestal in the middle of the room.

A singular message appears in tangerine hues, "The mind is a terrible thing to rape."

Fourteen artists are in various stages of rendering the fruit bowl upon their canvas. Some have easels, others are sitting on the floor with canvas in hand or the canvas lays flat on the floor while the artist kneels over it.

If the PCs study the bowl of fruit, they'll notice the orange looks a bit strange... like it's subtly moving on its own.

The orange is actually a sentient lifeform. It's compelling the artists to paint it, along with the other fruit - but most attention should be paid to the orange!

If the orange feels threatened, it will command the artists in this room to attack those who would do it harm.

Artists (14)

HD: 1 Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d4

HP
6
AC
10
Save
19+

Special: These guys can really paint.

Treasure: Art supplies! Also, one of them has enchanted tweezers - it contains godlike magical powers without any kind of direction or application. The power is there, but just not practically usable.

Orange

HD: 12 Attack Bonus: n/a

#Attacks: 1 Damage: n/a

HP
70
AC
16
Save
8+

Special: This entity has the power to mercilessly violate the humanoid mind. The orange can affect one person each round, doubling them over in agony for 2d6 rounds (save to avoid).

Treasure: None.

III: Dark Night for Ga'adot

An orange skinned humanoid sits on the shiny black floor of this room, below a solitary tree with a noose around its thickest branch, waiting for something...

"Waiting for Ga'adot at the top of Thin Mountain," appears on the wall opposite the hatch.

When the PCs enter, the orange-man smiles and raises a hand in greeting. He wears glasses, being incredibly near-sighted. Closer inspection shows both lenses are scratched, owing to an altercation with a murderous night-clown.

The following are bits and pieces of monologue the orange skinned man might say.

"At any time, He will come. He is almost here. I can feel it. Can't you feel it? Coming at the end of night... oh Lord, he has come to deliver us from our prison."

"Ga'adot approaches, that's what I was told... and now I sense his presence nearing. Ga'adot, are you there?"

"We are not imprisoned within **The Black Pyramid**, but inside our own conception of reality. We are here, Ga'adot!"

There is a hatchway in the far wall. But once opened, there is no corridor... just a yawning black chasm of nothingness.

The orange-man tells them it used to lead to the one-hundred-and-twelfth room, but that disappeared some time ago, involving strange experiments invoking powers man was not meant to trifle with.

No matter how long they wait, Ga'adot does not come. Depressed by all measure, the orange-man tells the PCs there is nothing left but to hang himself. Unless, of course, the PCs offer to let him join the adventuring party.

Concealed about 18" from the floor is a black button recessed into one of the shiny black walls. Pushing it dissolves the entire pyramid... leaving an alien, crystalline garden full of deadly flora and fauna in its wake.

Orange Man

HD: 1

Attack Bonus: +0

#Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d4

HP
5

AC
10

Save
19+

Special: He's a pacifist, so unless someone is threatening the life of a dear friend or loved one, he won't harm anyone on purpose.

Treasure: In his pocket is a curious bauble that's magic... and cursed. It makes the owner feel totally obsessed about an imaginary entity.

*"No matter
how long
they wait,
Ga'adot
does not
come."*

Afterword

I am writing the afterword to what I fully expect to be Venger's magnum opus.

There are moments in a man's life that provoke either long periods of solemn introspection or excessive drinking, and one must ask oneself how one came to be in such a situation.

Perhaps it was fate, a moment of indecision, or the punishment of fickle gods.

Perhaps it was simply my time.

It is not easy to consult for a man (edit: za'akier) like Satanis. To wrest from the torrential outpouring of half-formed ideas some semblance of order and sense and structure. To carve from that heaving, protoplasmic screaming mass some coherent edifice and bring forth what I had glimpsed dimly, in adventures reviewed in ages past or playtesting sessions with strangers in lamplit hours on the internet. To wander along that endless coastline of corroding starships, cheap lovecraftiana and stained mass market paperbacks and see what leprous horrors beached themselves rotting on its shores.

Running Cha'alt is not about control, accuracy, or preparation. It's not a series of encounters that requires a delicate balance of character classes, feats, and consumables to circumnavigate successfully. Rather, it is about letting go, living in the moment, embracing the unknown, the miraculous, the horrific, the comedic, and the deadly. It's about wandering through the rusting graveyard of pop culture and beating the shit out of whatever you find there.

I went over every encounter in Cha'alt at least twice. I did what I could. Now, it is your turn.

Perhaps you traversed the untamed desert of S'kbah because you were weak or foolish. Was there something missing in your life? Did you dream of dueling cyborg-sorcerers under a fuchsia sky of alien suns... as seven moons reflected the glimmer of C-beams near Tannhäuser Gate? All those elves swallowed whole like silt in a sandstorm.

Perhaps it was simply your time.

Let loose the reins, let the current take you. Cha'alt will either deify or break you.

Prince of Nothing

July 29th, 2019

Appendix



Crimson Dragon Slayer



Stronger, Faster, Better!

Welcome to yet another iteration of *Crimson Dragon Slayer*, forged to resemble the original fantasy roleplaying game, but house-ruled for stronger, faster, and better sessions online where time, energy, memory, and patience are in short supply.

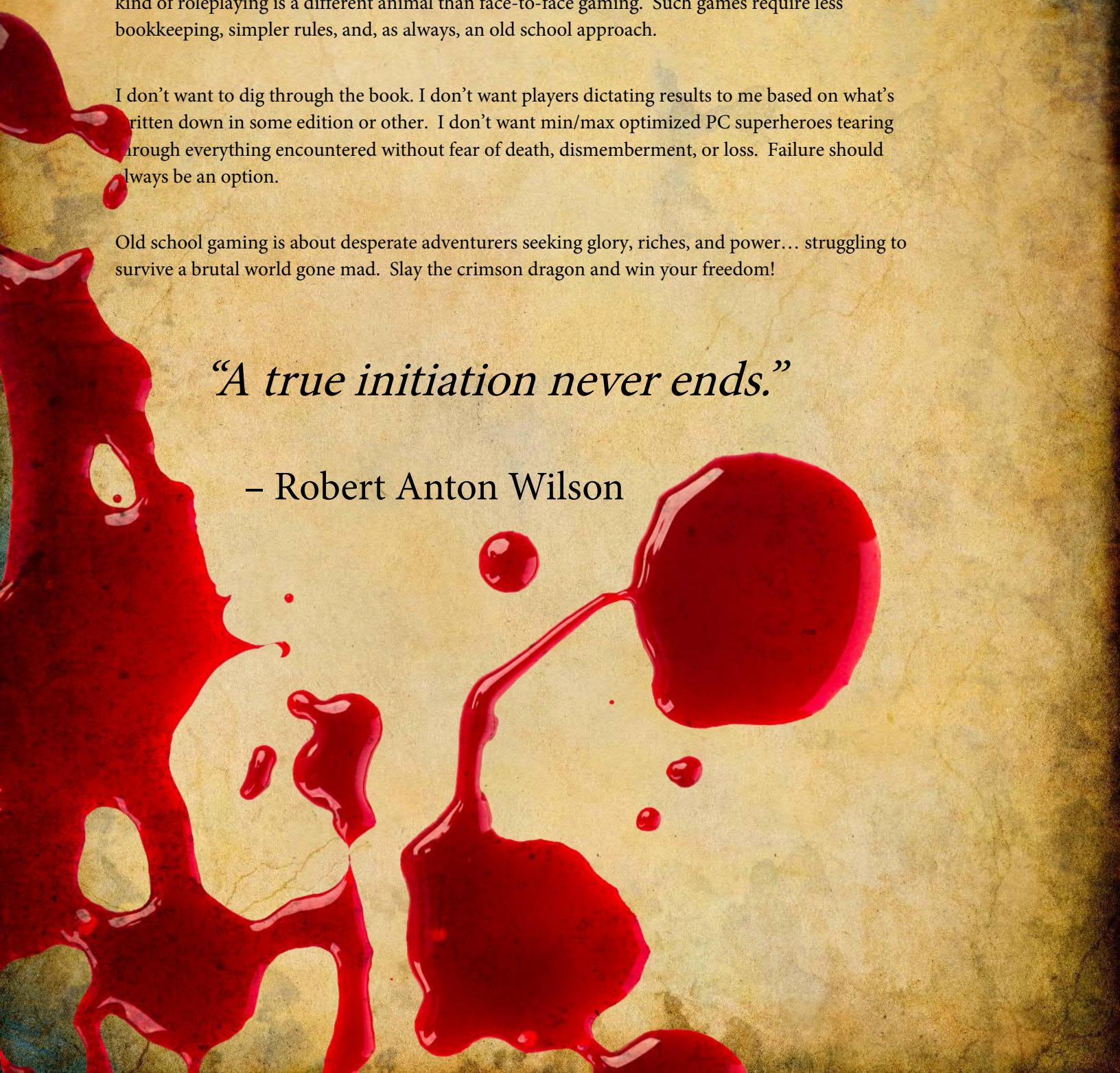
I've listed the most important things to remember when it comes to running virtual sessions. That kind of roleplaying is a different animal than face-to-face gaming. Such games require less bookkeeping, simpler rules, and, as always, an old school approach.

I don't want to dig through the book. I don't want players dictating results to me based on what's written down in some edition or other. I don't want min/max optimized PC superheroes tearing through everything encountered without fear of death, dismemberment, or loss. Failure should always be an option.

Old school gaming is about desperate adventurers seeking glory, riches, and power... struggling to survive a brutal world gone mad. Slay the crimson dragon and win your freedom!

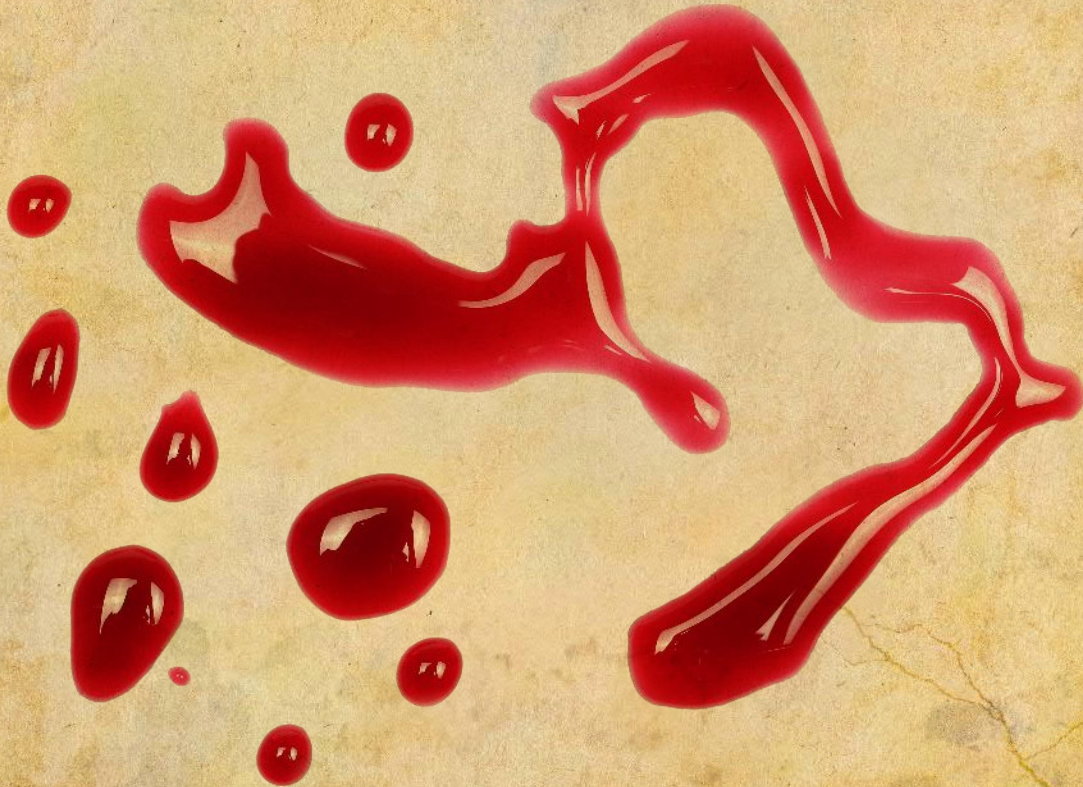
“A true initiation never ends.”

– Robert Anton Wilson



Overview

- ⑤ No character sheets.
- ⑤ Instead of using modifiers, I use **Advantage** (roll 2d20 and take the highest) when circumstances are favorable and **Disadvantage** (roll 2d20 and take the lowest) when they're unfavorable.
- ⑤ One round is approximately one minute of game-time. Combat is abstract, not granular. So, when it's your character's action, they can move, talk, and take one action (in any order).
- ⑤ Instead of rolling **initiative**, whichever side would logically strike first goes and then the opposition goes. If there's no clear victor, a tie goes to the Player Characters (PCs).
- ⑤ Every PC gets one point of **inspiration** at the beginning of a session (re-roll any die).
- ⑤ Levels go up to 10. At 10th level, the Player Character (PC) is at his adventuring peak.
- ⑤ PCs gain a level after every other adventure.
- ⑤ At 5th and 10th level, players get to pick a feature, special ability, or feat (kool powerz) that relates to their character's class. Either something pulled from a book or made up on your own.



Player Characters

- ☞ Come prepared with a **NAME** (it cannot be Bob), **RACE**, **CLASS**, **ALIGNMENT**, and **SOMETHING NOTEWORTHY ABOUT YOUR CHARACTER**. That's it.

- ☞ Choose a **RACE**... Human, Dwarf, Elf, Halfling, Gnome, or Half-Orc. Your PC has a racial ability that can be used once per session.

- ☞ The 4 basic **CLASSES**... Fighter, Wizard, Cleric, and Thief.
 - ☞ **Fighter**: cut-throat mercenary or valiant warrior (10 HP / level). Fighters can add their level to both to-hit roll and damage rolls.

 - ☞ **Wizard**: arcane scholar or sorcerer (4 HP / level). Wizards can use virtually any spell in the Player's Handbook that's equal to their character's level, but each spell cast drains the wizard of HP equal to the spell's level.

 - ☞ **Cleric**: spiritual knight or templar (8 HP / level). Clerics get a single invocation (via touch) that can be used anytime without penalty. At 1st level, clerics can cure wounds, healing 1d6 HP; alternatively, this divine energy can instead be used to harm demons, undead, and Lovecraftian abominations (no save). This clerical ability goes up to 2d6 at 3rd level, 3d6 at 5th level, 4d6 at 7th level, and 5d6 at 9th level.

 - ☞ **Thief**: wily rogue or cunning scoundrel (6 HP / level). Thieves can do all the usual thief abilities... climb sheer surfaces, find and remove traps, listen, hide in shadows, move silently, pick locks, pick pockets, use device, and backstab. If it's routine, it can be done easily without rolling, as long as, the attempt is described. Trickier tasks are usually narrated and rolled (see Skill Checks below).

- ☞ To attack, roll a d20 and hit your opponent's Armor Class or better (if using a magic weapon, add that to your to-hit roll).

- ☞ **Natural 20** on an attack roll is a critical hit, resulting in double the maximum damage for that weapon (no need to roll), plus additional bonuses (magic, fighting ability, etc).

- ☞ **Natural 1** on an attack roll is a critical miss (you're disarmed, prone, or outmatched), resulting in disadvantage on your next attack.

Ⓔ **Armor Class** starts at 10 and goes up to a maximum of 20 (without magical aid). Wizards cannot wear armor. Thieves can add their level to AC if not wearing armor. Leather is +2, shield is +2, helm is +1, chain mail is +4, scale mail is +5, plate mail is +6.

Ⓔ Weapon type doesn't matter as much as skill. Fighters do 1d10 damage, clerics do 1d8, thieves do 1d6, and wizards do 1d4.

Ⓔ There are 4 **ALIGNMENTS**... **Law**, **Chaos**, **Neutral**, and **Unaligned**.

Ⓔ If you choose **Law**, your PC believes in order, justice, community, and most likely worship the New Gods, namely the Lords of Light.

Ⓔ Those aligned with **Chaos** believe in natural selection, revenge, and individualism up to and including self-deification. They are more likely to honor the Old Gods, such as K'tulu, Yog-Soggoth, and Uba-Sa'athla.

Ⓔ Those of a **Neutral** alignment balance Law and Chaos within themselves, recognizing both the Old and New Gods.

Ⓔ **Unaligned** means that the PC doesn't give a damn about Law, Chaos, or the Gods; they have their own idiosyncratic philosophy or passion that guides them through the world.

Ⓔ **SOMETHING NOTEWORTHY ABOUT YOUR CHARACTER** can be a background, possession, appearance, talent, previous experience, likes, dislikes, or personality quirk. Anything that is obviously overpowered will be countered by a GM prescribed flaw or weakness.

Ⓔ Instead of automatically rolling a **Skill Check**, simply describe what your character is doing. Perception and interaction (among other things) will be roleplayed. Otherwise, the GM will let you know when to roll a skill check. Success requires a roll of 15 or better on a d20, adding your character's level to the roll if attempting something related to the PC's class.



Miscellaneous

- ☞ If the PC reaches **zero HP** or lower to negative the PC's level, the character is simply unconscious and will recover soon. Once the PC goes past that (-5 HP if the character is 4th level), the character is dead. Create another one and I'll try to get the new PC back in the game ASAP.
- ☞ A short rest of 45-60 minutes can be restorative. The PCs get one of these per day, recharging HP at $Xd6$, where "X" is the character's level.
- ☞ All HP refresh after a full 8 hours of rest (interruptions are fine, just make it up by sleeping a little longer).
- ☞ PCs can use their action to assist another character, granting their companion advantage on his action (must be narrated).
- ☞ **Magic items** must be attuned to an individual. It requires at least 15 minutes of uninterrupted concentration, at which point the item's owner knows what the item does and how to use it. Otherwise, the item's owner can experiment. Certain magic items, such as wands, staves, and rods can only be used by wizards.
- ☞ **Saving Throws** are determined by subtracting a character's level (or monster's HD) from 20. You need to roll that number or better on a d20 to save. Natural 20 means you're completely unaffected.
- ☞ **Epic Feats of Awesome** can be attempted instead of your standard attack. Subtract the character's level from 30 and roll that number or better on a d30 to succeed. The result is whatever the player describes.
- ☞ Legitimate, substantive questions are always welcome and usually have a 2 in 6 chance for a resounding "Yes." Example: Does the robot's head still talk after I ripped it off its body?



Backer Names

Aarmon Hamric
Aaron the Pedantic
Adam "Agete Arktoi!" Sena
Alain Bourgeois
Amqueue
Andrew "Zakero" Moore
Andrew James McDole
Anthony DiNovo
Apaphous
Apollo
Argamae
Ariock
Bert Isla
Brent Walters
Brian E. Harris
Brian Raether
Brother Tom
Bryan Green
C. Ian Avery
Charles Barnett
Charley Phipps
Charlie Pugsley
Christopher Hill
Count Robert Lionheart
Craig Denham
Crazed Sheep
D. Grant Lower
Daniel Fernández García
Daniel Norton
Daniel R. Watkins
Daniel Vanhorn
David Bresson
David Lane
DeadlyReed
Diana Thomas
Diederik van Arkel
Dolan Ross Scherfel

Dorsey Bisel
E. Nelson
Endzeitgeist
Eric Barringer
Eric Bloat
Erik Talvola
Ethan Flores
Evan Fairbanks
Frederic SCHAAFF
Frits Kuijman
G. Scott Swift
Gary McBride
Glynn Seal
GM Lent
Greg Beck
Gregory F. Gonzalez
Grützi
Harold Hilbert
Hrugga
J. Evans Payne
Jake Parker
Jason Conlon
Jason Leisemann
Jason Templeton
Jay Schammert
Jayson Turner
Jeff Cape
Jeff Scifert
Joab Stieglitz
Joe Wolz
John B. McCarthy
JOHN ETERNAL
Johnny F. Normal
Kean Maizels
Keith Nelson
Kevin A Swartz, MD
Kian S. Bergstrom

Kris Herzog
Levy Keen
Lilith Ludlow Lee
Lloyd Rasmussen
Lowell Smith
Marc A. Gillham
Martin J. Teply
Matt MacGregor
Michael Bird
Michael G. Potter
Michael Love
Noemi Yost
Parrish Warren
Patrick Healey
Peter Steedman
Phil Bowen
PJ Foxhoven
Quarzis
Random Snyder-Beuch
Redfuji6
Richard Watkins
Robert Bersch
Robert Simms
Robin Johannessen
Sage
Scott Dexter
Scott Elderkin
Sean Richer, Carnifex of Desire
Seth Spurlock
Simon & Emma Gelgoot
Steve Dodge
Thomas J. Mahaney II
Thomas Rose
Tr'Khellian
Tyrone Lambert
William "Kaiz" Powell





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Handwritten text in a stylized, calligraphic script, possibly representing a name or title. The characters are bold and black, set against a light, textured background with faint, mirrored script visible in the background.



Handwritten text in black ink on aged paper, featuring a large, stylized initial letter 'K' and several lines of script. The text is arranged in a roughly triangular shape, with the largest character at the top right and smaller characters extending downwards and to the left. The script is highly decorative and characteristic of historical Indian or Persian calligraphy.

Handwritten text in blue ink on a dark background, featuring a large, stylized initial letter 'K' and several lines of script. The text is arranged in a roughly triangular shape, with the largest character at the top right and smaller characters extending downwards and to the left. The script is highly decorative and characteristic of historical Indian or Persian calligraphy.

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