

LIBERATION^{OF THE} DEMON SLAYER



An old school module by Venger As'Nas Satanis.
LotDS is usable with practically every paper & pencil,
tabletop fantasy roleplaying game!

Caution: mature content!

Liberation of the Demon Slayer is an old school campaign guide and mega-dungeon created for use with virtually every fantasy paper & pencil tabletop roleplaying game. The rights to reproduce this work are reserved for the copyright holder.

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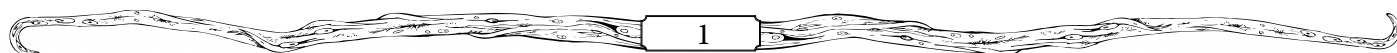
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Liberation of the Demon Slayer

It is the spirit of the game, not the letter of the rules, which is important. NEVER hold to the letter written, nor allow some barracks room lawyer to force quotations from the rule book upon you, IF it goes against the obvious intent of the game. As you hew the line with respect to conformity to major systems and uniformity of play in general, also be certain the game is mastered by you and not by your players. Within the broad parameters given in the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons volumes, YOU are creator and final arbiter. By ordering things as they should be, the game as a WHOLE first, your CAMPAIGN next, and your participants thereafter, you will be playing Advanced Dungeons and Dragons as it was meant to be. May you find as much pleasure in so doing as the rest of us do.

First edition Dungeon Master's Guide, page 230

Liberation of the Demon Slayer might be an “end of an aeon” mini-campaign. It’s definitely an “anything can happen” scenario of the old school gonzo variety, meant to last between 7 and 13 adventuring sessions, whereupon, the player-characters’ lives are irrevocably changed. Their old lives are over and done with. **Liberation of the Demon Slayer** is for those who want something different, a bit of science fantasy, a smidge of Lovecraftian darkness, and a huge dollop of classically weird gaming.

I suggest each player create 3 zero level characters before the adventure begins. Alternatively, a large party of first level characters or a smaller party of second and third level characters will be just as suitable, as long as, the initial system of caves (first part of the dungeon) is beefed up where appropriate.

Everyone at the table should be aware that life-threatening dangers could be lurking about at every corner. Dungeon life, especially life in this dungeon, is a kind of meat-grinder. Not every player-character is going to survive this harsh environment. So, prepare for death by doubling or tripling your chances of survival with multiple characters per player!

As a long-time Game Master, I’ve created many adventures. Some on the fly, others with careful planning; none of them came close to this level of detail and internal cohesion. Nevertheless, there are many rooms, non-player-characters, and intriguing side plots which have been colored with fairly broad strokes. Feel free to add your own finishing touches or, perhaps better yet, leave a few details blank. Not only will the players gathered around your table inadvertently fill in those sketchy holes, but a little vagueness allows the Game Master plenty of storytelling rope... just be careful not to hang yourself.

Take a firm hand with players. As a Game Master, I pride myself on being tough but fair, flexible but not a push-over, wondrously eldritch but pragmatic, consistent but capable of changing gears or rules at a moment’s notice. Sure, fantasy roleplaying games are meant to be fun... of a certain sort. The kind of fun one gets from reading a novel, watching an epic movie, or overcoming a real world challenge. It’s not always going to be awesomely heroic at every point. The adventuring life isn’t a bowl full of cherries. It’s tough, and taking part in a roleplaying game is not the same kind of fun as going out to a strip club with your buddies. Other factors come into play when warriors, thieves, and magic-users take on a quest. Disappointment is part of the journey. Frustration! There will be times when players will groan and grasp and wonder what their characters got themselves into. That’s okay. In fact, that’s cool... fun, even. The kind of fun which RPGs are made of (and not strip clubs).

As a Game Master, don’t be afraid to force adventurers to use sorcery components, consider encumbrance, train before reaching the next level, or have magic items thoroughly examined before they can be effectively used. Sometimes it rains... sometimes the cleric steps in goblin poop. That’s the adventuring life, the one your players signed up for. Give them a hard time occasionally. It’ll make the rewards just that much sweeter.

Also, I’d like to thank all the people who supported this endeavor and gave me their feedback.

Enjoy!

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Campaign Notes

The following is what worked for me. Use it... or don't.

I created this adventure with certain things in mind... about the world, its people, and the tone. It's meant to be dark, weird, and brutal. Searching depths unknown, wading in viscous fluids, confronting heinous villains, and fellowship with inexperienced companions. Run it like a grindhouse bloodbath, a chance to stretch those dramatic roleplaying muscles, or both. Just don't forget the mystery, secrets, tension, character development, and those blasphemous horrors that lurk in our imagination.

THE SETTING

Razira is the name of the world. But it is not an ordinary planet – Razira is actually the name of the ancient planetoid beast. Though very much alive, this creature is dormant. It has been peacefully sleeping for thousands of years.

Razira has two satellites orbiting around him. The first is close to the planet, visible, and named Vrista. The second is farther away, perpetually obscured, and called Anu or the shadow moon by those who know of it. Vrista keeps Razira asleep while Anu exerts a different kind of influence. If the infernal beings living on the shadow moon had their way, Razira would angrily awake from his slumber – absorbing the majority of life on the planet's surface. Such devastation would invigorate the Dark Gods, allowing them to overthrow the Lords of Light and remake the universe in their chaotic image.

The Snake-Men were the first sentient beings to populate Razira. Before their arrival, the planet held fantastical and monstrous flora and fauna. The Dark Gods spawned a massive and powerful race known as the Old Ones. For aeons, the Old Ones ruled Razira in the name of the Dark Gods.

The Snake-Men were dimensional travelers; beings of logic, reason, and science. They served the Dark Gods faithfully, learning their ways of sorcery and soon combined it with advanced mathematical formula discerned from their home world. This understanding allowed the Snake-Men to become masters of their destiny. They became more powerful than the Dark Gods they used to worship, and exiled them beyond the stars.

The Snake-Men road atop the Old Ones like dragons; using them as beasts of burden and instruments of war, plundering various dimensions while enslaving hundreds of civilized races. Notably, for this campaign, the dominant life form on New Auron gave the Snake-Men travelers a gift of strange shapes. These shapes came in a variety of colors with esoteric numbers engraved into their plastic-like form. For a time, the shapes allowed the Snake-Men to move through time, as well as, space. However, in the long-term, an entity was born of the shapes' misuse. This god became a thorn in their side, distracting the Snake-Men and turning their attention away from rebellious factions.

After a long and brutal reign, billions of slaves managed to learn enough Snake-Men secrets to overthrow their cruel masters. Most of the survivors left Razira; however, some remained to build a new life for themselves.

In time, the Dark Gods returned... but with diminished power. Unable to spawn a new race of Old Ones, the Dark Gods settled for influencing the former slaves covering Razira. Infernal races such as Demons and Devils filled the void, teaching Elves their black art who then taught it to men.

Elves

Elves are dark creatures, said to be soulless – not unlike the Demons and Devils with which they frequently enter into pacts. They like to use their own Elven steel, lyrthum which is forged in the witch-cauldrons of their women when both moons are hidden from view. Some believe this race to be ambiguous, misunderstood figures of legend, but such opinions are usually from Humans who've never spent any real time with the unclean. Elves are generally taller and thinner than Humans, with pale skin and watery grey-blue eyes.

All Elves came from underground originally; only Dark Elves remained there. Dark Elves have black-violet skin color, even more amoral and chaotic than their fairer cousins. There is not a hard-line animosity between surface and Nether-Realm Elves. Those of the surface find their cousins distasteful and untrustworthy. Those below the surface believe their cousins conforming to the pedestrian ways of ordinary folk.

Interesting Metals

Lyrthum is silvery in color, sharper, and lighter in weight than ordinary steel. Many believe it was first mined by Elves aeons ago.

Those wielding a weapon made of lyrthum are required to rely upon their dexterity rather than strength. No strength bonus is applied to damage. Instead, an additional attack is allowed if the first strike takes a -2 to hit and the second takes a -4. Normally, two-weapon fighting incurs penalties of -4 with the first attack and -6 for the second. Additionally, weapons made of Elven steel are considered to have a keen edge, yielding a greater chance for critical hits.

Regarding lyrthum armor, movement is less restricted. Magic-users only suffer half of the usual trouble from wearing chainmail, scalemail, platemail, etc.

Infernal steel, zorv'lev, is much darker and heavier than ordinary steel. Heat resistant, too, as zorv'lev can only be forged in Hell's Lake of Fire – a place where devil and demon souls coalesce, awaiting the night when they will again have form.

The minimum strength for wielding a small or medium-sized weapon (such as a dagger or short sword) is 11. A strength rank of 13 is the minimum for larger weapons like a long sword, great axe, trident, etc.

Those wielding weapons made of zorv'lev may triple their strength bonus for damage. However, due to its sheer weight, a maximum of one attack per round is permitted when wielding a zorv'lev weapon. Additionally, weapons made of infernal steel are capable of storing spells and channeling the dark magic of chaos.

Those donning zorv'lev armor have slightly better protection, but that is offset by the increased difficulty with moving, roughly twice the restrictions of chainmail, scalemail, platemail, etc. Additionally, magic-users are twice as likely to court various forms of corruption, as well as, unintended infernal consequences for casting in zorv'lev armor. For example, a demon may be summoned during a light spell or an identify spell could temporarily alter the alignment of a sentient weapon to evil, chaos, or both.

Devils and Demons

There's a difference between Devils and Demons, although when face-to-face with either, an adventurer sees little beyond a savage, cunning, malevolent beast. For starters, Devils are lawful. They believe in order and adhere to the letter, if not the spirit, of the law. For Devils, civilized races are meant to be tested. All will eventually have to be placed within a universal order, from weakest to strongest, least capable to most, each having their own special purpose or role to play in the coming apocalypse when Razira awakens to taste the living.

Devils will always honor pacts made with mortals. It's part of their culture. Also, they also have a soft spot for spreading their wisdom, pedantically pontificating upon a particular facet of their expertise. Devils like to show off, proving to mortals just how knowledgeable and superior they are. Some Devils prize intelligence, others wit, and a few are keen on curiosity. The pact is a legal agreement, yes, but it's also an opportunity for both amusement and spying. Plus, what Devil doesn't crave the adulation of followers?

Demons, on the other hand, are freedom-loving hedonists and impulsive revelers, not really caring too much what tomorrow will bring just so long as their appetite is satisfied today. Although, Demons also long for the night when Razira's holocaust ignites the Dark Gods into action!

Demons are chaotic. They despise order and find no reason to recognize laws that they're just going to break anyway. Demons have the same familial roots as Devils, and both are considered infernal, speaking the same language, and with identical origins. Yet, their natures are worlds apart. Demons don't have a master plan. Instead, they live moment-to-moment. If a Demon encounters something he wants, worrying about the repercussions is the last thing on his mind.

Having said that, a Demon is still bound by the pacts they enter... more or less. If a request strikes a Demon's fancy, then he's thrice inclined to react favorably. A wizard, Elf, or other being will find it unbearable to converse with a Demon that is dead set against a course of action. Such a creature will not see reason. He will not negotiate. Persuading him would prove more trouble than it's worth.

Devils and Demons can be found outside of Hell, too. Several prolific Demon tribes live on Anu, the shadow moon. Each year, a number of Demons hurtle towards Razira as "shooting stars". Most ordinary folk don't know the difference. Only seasoned veterans, discerning Elves, and accomplished sorcerers have knowledge of infernal matters.

Metaphysics

Religion and magic are subtly woven together. Both rely on the ultra-telluric understanding of certain principles. The manifestation of both spells and prayers can be directly attributed to some kind of higher being. Whether this is a Patron, God, Goddess, Arch-Devil, or Ancient One is up to the Game Master.

There is a dichotomy at play between higher beings and those seeking patronage; a give and take. But who is doing the lion's share of the giving, and who is merely in it for the taking? It might help Game Masters to divide up these higher beings into either guardians or opportunists. The former are willing to give and see their protégé thrive, while the latter merely string their pawn along – dropping stray crumbs of power or insight in order to keep them on the hook. Guardians are what each character is trying to find, but along the way, he will find his fair share of opportunists, I'm sure.

As for the higher beings themselves, this adventure suggests Dread K'tulu, Yogsoggoth, Tsathag'kha, Azyargoth, and the twin enigmas



Ulusek & Lokvaar. All of these should be considered opportunists, except for Yogsoggoth who is a guardian type of Patron (unless an adventurer is some kind of amphibian/reptile race, in which case Tsathag'kha would also be a guardian). Game Masters should feel free to bring their own pantheon into the mixture, perhaps some traits of a well-known deity could be merged with Yogsoggoth or Azyargoth's form could be used to describe a race of creatures that the Game Master designs.

Just as there are freestyling wizards, there are clerics who choose to trust their luck and see what happens. Asking higher beings for favors, hints, fortune, and the power to either heal or harm is certainly more straightforward than projecting one's desires through inconceivable angles and beneath the time/space fabric of causality. You ask, you get... hopefully. Still, a lot can go wrong. Gods get up on the wrong side of the bed, too.

Every once in awhile, a cleric will want to tap into his own metaphysical reserves, his own spiritual wellspring. Clerics are used to working their lord's will. It only makes sense that remnants of that divine energy live on inside the priest.. Freeform clerical powers are kind of like what a wizard does, except that priests channel a different kind of energy, yet both attempt to re-program the code of reality for their benefit. Game Masters, here's another opportunity to elevate your game from a standard dungeon crawl to extraordinary fantasy novel. If the PC wants a certain thing, then allow it... at a price!

At some point, adventurers might seek resurrection services. There are several temples in the area, although not necessarily devoted to favorable Gods, nor of compatible alignment. Good, neutral, and lawfully aligned temples are more prevalent on the surface. Evil and chaotic temples are more likely to be found in the Nether-Realms below. Such dark temples are likely to require an evil deed from the friends, loved ones, or adventuring companions of the deceased, in addition to payment of gold and gems.

Standard costs are 350 gold pieces per level of adventurer, provided that temple is of the same (or similar if the DM wishes) alignment as the recipient. Tripling the price for those of opposing alignment or deity would not be considered outrageous. Additionally, each time a resurrection is performed there is a 13% chance of failure. Those unfortunate few can never return to this plane of existence.

Great K'tulu - A slimy and tentacled God whose malevolence is only matched by the depravity of His worshipers. K'tulu adores unbridled chaos and lusts after the horror which follows in its wake. There is, however, a fraction of K'tulu worshipers who view Him as a neutral being, balancing darkness and light... a God beyond good and evil. This K'tulu appears as a liberator, most notably by the Chartreuse Sect of Untenable Stars. They patiently wait for the true Squid-God to awaken and remake the known universe.

Yogsoggoth - He is a Dark God of sorcery and secrets, favored by the disenfranchised because He is actively opposed by the many Gods of light and order.

Tsathag'kha - Those seeking power at any cost might worship the hideous Toad God of saturnalia. He is also favored by amphibian races who see him as a patriarchal deity.

Azyargoth - Little is known of this God, except for the insanity of His followers.

Ulusek & Lokvaar - At one time, these twin Gods of mystery were as one. Now, they are divided, opposed to the other's ambition.

Tchort - The God of fire, indignation, and vengeance. He does not suffer fools gladly, nor take light to blasphemy.

Dathlaquatta - An elemental goddess of both air and water. She embodies the virtues of law, order, and nature.

Shula - She is Goddess of the moon, both visible (Vrista) and in shadow (Anu). Shula is subdued, reserved, and influential.

ALTERNATIVE FUNDAMENTALS

These are changes I made and/or interpretations I chose to use. Not every DM is going to want to mess around with ability score modifiers, hit points, etc. I happen to like the following alternatives.

ABILITY SCORE MODIFIERS

3 – 4:	-3
5 – 6:	-2
7 – 8:	-1
9 – 10:	no modifier
11 – 12:	+1
13 – 14:	+2
15 – 16:	+3
17 – 18:	+4
19 – 20:	+5

Each ability score is to be rolled as 3d6 in order. The re-roll of an ability (ignoring 1) is allowed if the player accepts a randomly rolled dark secret for his character.

Hit Points

Zero-level characters start out with 4 Hit Points, adjusted by their constitution modifier. Upon attaining first level and subsequent levels, players must roll the appropriate die for their character's Hit Points (ignoring 1's). Nothing makes a player give up on his prospective character than the bare minimum of HP.

Hit Points represent fatigue, as well as, potentially life-threatening wounds. Fighting battle after battle is hard work, so it stands to

reason that taking damage can be interpreted as being winded, straining a muscle, or any aspect of fatigue... even soul-crushing despair!

Nevertheless, when a character is at zero Hit Points, he is unconscious (but stable); negative numbers means that character has taken a mortal wound and is either dead or quickly dying. In my campaign, zero-level characters died when they reached negative one, first level characters died when they reached negative two, third level characters died when they reached negative four, etc.

Fortune

This is also rolled with a 3d6. Fortune is luck or fate, qualities which set adventurers apart from common folk. Fortune can be spent or burned in order to improve a d20 roll. Those wishing to burn a point of fortune before rolling get a +3 bonus, while optimistic individuals who wait until after rolling do so on a 1:1 ratio; they must burn a point of fortune in order to receive a +1. The only limit to burning fortune is the score. So, a thief who starts out with 12 fortune may elect to burn all 12 points on one roll if he chooses, however ill-advised.

Regaining fortune comes from playing the game... and playing it well. Roleplaying one's motivation, alignment, background, interests, and dark secret are ways of revitalizing an adventurer's diminished fortune, as the Game Master sees fit. Additionally, attaining a new level also refreshes one's luck or fate.

THERE CAN BE MORE THAN ONE!

Players are encouraged to generate more than one character at the campaign's beginning. Zero and first level characters can die quickly. Adventuring is dangerous business and casualties are part of the job. New characters must start at 1st level no matter how advanced their companions are, but the player may elect to generate three of them so as to increase the chances of survival.

A player should choose if he's going to share experience equally (along with the danger) or if there's a primary character and the rest are torch bearers, scroll caddies, or sword shiners faithfully operating behind the scenes rather than toe-to-toe with salivating beasts. Those player-characters who are now torch bearers could eventually slide into the adventurer role when the primary character is killed.

The former group must divide experience points up equally. They will advance more slowly but at the same time. Of the latter, the non-primary characters automatically receive 10% of the primary character's awarded experience without having to give up any of his own.

ABILITY CHECKS

A successful ability check is when the player rolls under his character's relevant ability score. Easy tasks roll 2d6; tasks of moderate difficulty will roll 3d6; and for truly challenging tasks, roll 4d6. Meeting the exact number of one's ability score is a push or stalemate; not much happens either way if it's a contest between opposing forces. However, if there is no resistance, then meeting the exact number yields partial or mixed results.

Ability checks can be used in place of the appropriate saving throw.

SAVING THROWS

I experimented with an old school method of having several saving throw types per PC, such as wands, rods, and staves, etc. However, it soon became clear that a single saving throw number was preferable for the game I was running. That number is twenty minus the character's level. For example, a zero-level character's base save would be a 20. Meaning the player would have to roll a natural 20 in order to escape the immediate danger. A third level character's base saving throw would be 17.

Thankfully, each character's race and/or class, as well as, present circumstance would sometimes bring with it a modifier. For instance, a Dwarf might get a +2 saving throw bonus to poisons; Elves and wizards would receive a +1 bonus to their save vs. spells. Similarly, if a 10th level fighter went up against a Medusa without taking any precautions, the DM might decide to give that character a negative modifier to his saving throw vs. being turned to stone.

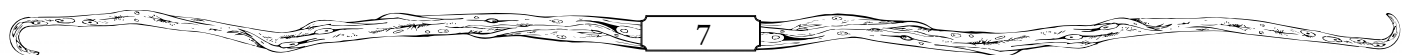
EXPLOSIVE DAMAGE

Damage dice are explosive, which means that if the highest number is rolled on a die, then it's re-rolled and the new result is added to the old. Keep rolling if multiple top numbers are rolled. For instance, you roll 1d8 when cutting into the hide of a surely goblin, and the result is an 8. You roll again, another 8. And again a 5. You've just done 21 points of damage before any strength modifier or other factors are considered.

Your wizard casts a fireball that does 5d6 damage and you roll three 6-s? Watch out! Those 6-s get re-rolled for additional scorching hell on earth.

A critical hit on a natural 20 means that you automatically have the top number of your weapon's damage die, so roll again and see if you can get the highest number for yet another explosion!

Combat should be deadly and unpredictable. A dagger in a princess's hand might just sever an important artery, leaving her victim choking upon his own blood. Let the dice oracles decide if a sword penetrates armor and bone enough to pierce the heart, lung, or brain.



THE BLACKEST SORCERY

Magic is feared in Clear Meadows and much of the Human-dominated realm. That means wizards should probably conceal their black arts until they've attained a certain level of power. Becoming a wizard's apprentice will not be the simplest of tasks, yet it is almost an essential part of learning the trade. There are plenty of self-taught wizards in the world, but their magic develops in curious ways, and a lot of their spells are similar to each other.

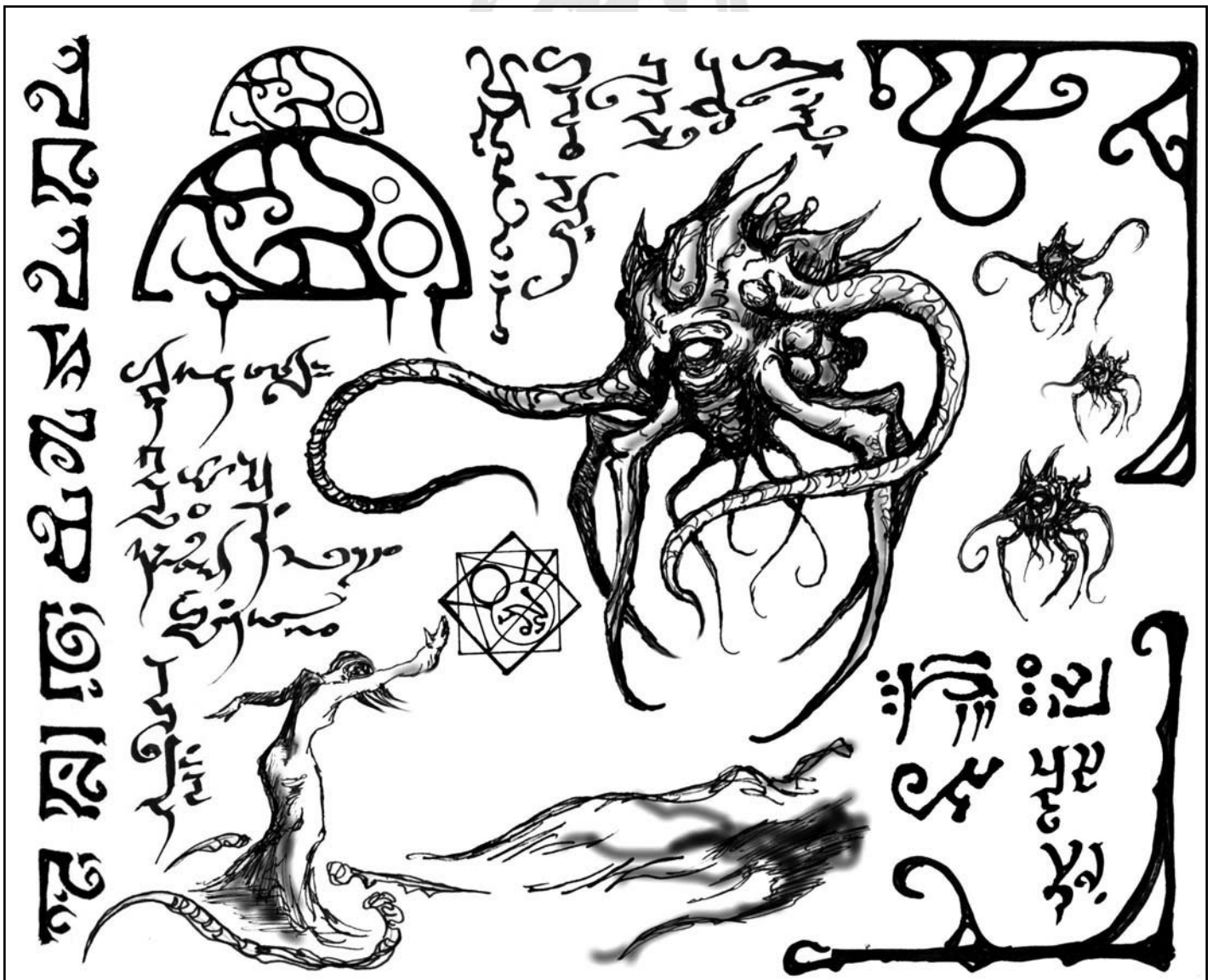
Game Masters are encouraged to foster an atmosphere of narrative inventiveness. Allow magic-user player-characters to "freestyle" at times. The freeform nature of arcane improvisation is the kind of magic wizards frequently perform in movies, TV shows, and books – especially when they're in grave danger. Magic is unpredictable at the best of times, but arcane improvisation is about waving one's arms, saying some eldritch prose, and just going where the magic takes you. It is dangerous, but that's half the fun. Try it. No rules, no predetermined results. Only raw imagination is your guide.

For experienced fantasy roleplayers, this won't work unless the DM clues them in – tells them (perhaps via a wandering wizard or patron) that freeform magic is possible. Feel free to remind PCs of

rumors picked up along the way – activities which might boost their chances of altering the natural world. As a fellow Game Master, I personally recommend the following suggestions. Give a helpful hint like concentrating on a specific pattern such as an infernal rune or letting a few drops of his blood drip down the hand. Why not allow the player-character to overhear an unhelpful hint such as calling out some random name, dressing in all green, or spitting upon a forbidden idol? How about throwing in an amusing spell book notation like standing on one's head or hopping on a single leg for an entire minute before casting?

Have the player tell you what he wants his character to do. As the DM, it's your job to interpret character actions by vividly describing the results. At various intervals, allow the PC to make adjustments depending on the information you give him. "As you make that hang gesture, the ground starts rumbling as if a massive earthquake was imminent." If necessary, use some dice to determine what sort of changes (if any) happen to reality. However, you should realize that dice are superfluous in this situation. This is your campaign, Game Master, and a sorcerer is trying to flow within it. Organic, hilarious, calamitous, intrepid, mysterious, and triumphant results will follow!

A MAGIC SYSTEM



Instead of the popular Vancian system of magic, where spells are forgotten as soon as they are cast, I chose to go a different route. I also decided against a spell point system.

Every magic-using character may cast a certain spell until his spell-check roll fails. At that point, the specific spell must be re-learned after a significant period of rest.

A natural roll of 1 is always a critical disaster. Whatever the magic-user was trying to do to someone else either goes back on him (in the case of an offensive spell like fireball) or reverses (levitation causes him to plummet towards the ground even faster than normal). Likewise, a natural 20 is always a critical success; damage is doubled, as is the duration / area (or number of people) affected. As for those numbers in-between, the spell level must be considered along with the caster's level and intelligence score.

Formula: ½ caster level (round down) + intelligence modifier – spell level

Roll	Effect
Natural "1"	epic failure, spell backfires on the caster
2 – 9	standard failure, spell fizzles until caster rests for 8 hours, caster takes 1d4 damage / spell level
10 – 16	standard success
17 +	high degree of success, special bonus effect
Natural "20"	epic success, positive spell effects double

Learning New Spells

If a PC wants to learn a new spell, it requires one hour per spell level. However, he must also roll a percentile based upon intelligence times five. For instance, if a wizard has an eleven for intelligence, then he would have a 55% chance of learning a spell contained in another wizard's spell book, a scroll, or taught to him by a Demon.

REGARDING MAGIC ITEMS

The easiest way for novice magic-users to learn new spells is by learning from others, finding spell books and scrolls, copying esoteric equations and arcane formula into their own spell book. The business of transcribing spells takes approximately one hour per level of spell. Spells used directly from another magic-user's spell book or scroll have a greater chance of going awry, due to unfamiliarity of the original's style, presentation, and unique magical signature.

Scrolls can either be used once or copied a single time before they disintegrate.

Potions are one hit wonders; they must be fully imbibed to have any effect.

All wands are created with 13 charges or uses. Wands discovered in the adventure will usually have 1d12 charges remaining.

Just as a character cannot wear 2 helmets or wear multiple pairs of

boots at the same time, he can only actively use one magical amulet and cloak at a time, as well as, one magic ring per hand and a single potion at a time. Layering additional like-items such as multiple amulets, cloaks, potions, and rings (one on each hand is fine) can cause a magical feedback loop resulting in unexpected, bizarre, or potentially catastrophic results. Game Masters are encouraged to roll a d4 and consult the following table. There's a reasonable chance that experienced wizards and Elves know about such things.

1. **Unexpected.** Example: all magical items temporarily stop working.
2. **Bizarre.** Example: the wearer turns into a banana with a mustache.
3. **Potentially Catastrophic!** Example: the oxygen surrounding the wearer turns into methane gas.
4. **No change,** everything works normally with that specific bit of layering.

PROGRESSION

Experience in the field is one thing... proper training from a teacher or mentor is another. Forcing adventurers to take time out of their dungeon delving lives to find, complete and pay for their training is realistic. Sure, it might also be a pain in the ass, but that's exactly how things should be. ☒

Many Game Masters (including Gary Gygax) have found it to be an important part of the game. However, in this scenario, the characters might be hard pressed to find instruction in order to level up. When running LotDS myself, I allowed zero-level characters to become first level in due course, but halted any further advancement until training was procured. Interesting roleplaying opportunities might come from entering into a teacher/student relationship with Dark Elves, a Devil, or fellow adventurers lurking in the dungeon. Take advantage of that, Game Masters. Give hints (if not outright suggestions) that levels don't come cheap. There are many costs on the road to ascendancy.

Rather than tracking experience points, I discovered another option with a whole lot less record keeping. The next level of advancement requires the completion of a certain number of sessions – the same number, in fact, so that becoming fifth level takes five gaming sessions. This should be sufficient so long as the number of sessions resets immediately after attaining the next level and characters have enough gold to pay for training.

This method of steady progression assumes that gameplay is its own reward, and that the ultimate goal is to have fun. If the player is having fun, then his character must be doing something right no matter how many monsters he's killed, problems he's solved, or NPCs he's talked to. For example, if a zero-level character wants to become first level, then he must have one session under his belt. Before that character can reach second level, he must survive two more game sessions (a total of three have been played). third level requires three more sessions (six total).

I personally set training costs at 1,000 gold pieces x the character's

current level. It shouldn't be too difficult or too easy for first level characters to scrounge up 1,000 gold pieces in order to become second level. Of course, charm, favors, persistence, finding a good mentor, superior ability scores, and roleplaying may alter those numbers one way or the other.

Additionally, if a player-character successfully tries out a new skill, talent, or ability, then allow him to attempt a similar task again later... with a bonus. Progress is usually attained by familiarity. Have the adventurers roleplay their way through several encounters, with the advantage of having learned something from those experiences. It doesn't have to be quantified by a +1 or -2; it could be an entirely new way of conceptualizing a problem. Allow common sense to reign.

When running LotDS, in the absence of a skill system, I had players choose something which gave their characters a bit more depth, i.e., something that made them different and shined a light on their personal progression. This was done at odd level intervals. One character was able to control the capricious nature of magic use. Another focused on two-weapon fighting. A third desired to be a linguist, able to roughly understand – if not master – practically any language he encountered. It made each wizard, warrior, and Elf a little more unique.

CHALLENGE THEM

As a Game Master, are you ever worried about players leaving the game if things get too tough? If so, remember the psychology of human behavior. Do people stop playing video games because they are difficult? No, people love a challenge. In fact, make everything too easy, and some of the fun disappears. Not the strip club fun – the other kind.

On the other side of the coin, Game Masters can be too unyielding at times. No one likes an unbeatable game. Not every encounter should be a life and death struggle. Reward players for good roleplaying and reward characters for succeeding – and there should be success. Even non-heroic campaigns require the occasional triumph.

THIEVES CAN'T

A lot of these rule options are about streamlining. As a DM, I have enough to look up. Sometimes, I'll have seven pages bookmarked throughout three different texts. Checking the percentages for a thief's wall-climbing ability is just one more thing. For this campaign, I decided to use the PC's level x ten. For example, if a third level thief is attempting to hide in shadows, move stealthily, or stab someone in the back, then he has a base chance of 30% to succeed. If conditions are favorable, then I might spot him an extra 20%. The same thing would apply to unfavorable conditions.

Sure, that means a tenth level thief will be able to automatically backstab an opponent given normal conditions. Is that so wrong? Take a look at how powerful tenth level wizards and warriors are! A thief of the same level shouldn't have to struggle just to scale a castle wall.

Additionally, I allowed all non-thief adventurers to have a chance of

using thief abilities equal to their level. For example, a second level warrior would have a 2% chance of remaining totally undetectable in the shadows, while a fifth level cleric has a 5% chance of picking someone's pocket without being noticed.

REASONS FOR ADVENTURING

Motivation is a powerful force. It's why we do what we do. In roleplaying one's character, motivation is everything. What ultimately drives Humbar the dwarf or Routhenaard the Half-Orc monk/assassin? Choosing a motivation will reveal parts of their story that would otherwise never be told.

Players should be able to tell the Game Master why their characters are motivated by "X". After all, a thief's chief motivation can't be vengeance without some kind of story behind it. Not all the details need to be furnished right away. However, thoughts should be brewing as soon as a motivation is chosen. Ask questions! Why does this fighter want wealth? Why does that barbarian desire self-mastery? What does that say about him as a person? How does such a major motivating factor shape the cleric's personality? There's roleplaying gold up in "them there hills". Go after it!

You'll notice that there are eight motivations. If players want to roll randomly, that's fine – as long as they stick to what's written on their character sheet. If they have a good reason for roleplaying a contrary agenda. Game Masters should feel free to roll for ambiguous non-player-characters.

- 1) **Glory** - Acclaim, honor, and recognition! You want to be celebrated among your peers, royalty, the shadowy elite, and peasants in the street. Attaining glory is proof of your triumph. That is why you adventure.
- 2) **Justice** - The world is not the way it should be. There are certain lines that shouldn't be crossed. Civilization is the key to everyone's prosperity. You might be a moral crusader, proponent of equality, or just believe in fairness; regardless, you find solace in righting wrongs and dispensing justice.
- 3) **Pleasure** - Wine, women, and song? Well, something like that. You're a hedonist. Nothing beats indulgence - whatever personal tastes and pleasures strike your fancy. What's more important than enjoying the fruits of life?
- 4) **Wealth** - He with the most gold wins! Money can buy practically anything and anyone. Everything will be at your fingertips when you have all the treasure.
- 5) **Influence** - Altering the course of world events, being at the center of realm affairs, political or aristocratic ambition. You are someone the kingdom couldn't do without.
- 6) **Vengeance** - Out to destroy, ruin, or bring down a particular individual, family, group, city, realm, way of life, etc. Your chief motivation is a burning hatred that keeps you going, fueling your resolve. Nothing is more important than your revenge.
- 7) **Knowledge** - Perhaps the unknown fascinates or horrifies you. You wish to understand why things are, how they tick, and what

lies beyond. The pursuit of knowledge is your chief motivation. You'll do almost anything to uncover a mystery.

8) **Self-Mastery** - People are like puppets on a string, and you despise that feeling. You wish to control the direction life takes, how you move through it, as well as, the destination. Control is your key to self-mastery.

Occasionally, a player will not like his ability scores because they are either below average or ill-placed. For these unsatisfied individuals, I recommend a trade: the chance to re-roll an ability score in exchange for accepting a dark secret. Like motivation, dark secrets are keyed to a character's fortune – unless the player roleplays his character's motivation to the hilt while occasionally paying homage to or being mindful of (at least once per session) his dark secret, his fortune will not regenerate.

DARK SECRET TABLE	
1% - 3%	You are secretly in love with a first cousin, hoping to win enough fame and fortune to elope.
4% - 8%	You have escaped from prison and created a fake identity to keep the law of your tail.
9% - 11%	You sold your best friend's soul in an infernal pact for a way out of a dire situation.
12% - 13%	You are sexually attracted to corpses and turned on in general by death.
14% - 18%	Instead of defending your honor in an evenly matched duel, you slipped away the night before.
19% - 23%	You owed a lot of money to a notorious scoundrel – more than you had to your name – and skipped town when it was due.
24% - 25%	You met the girl of your dreams and courted her for a considerable amount of time before proposing marriage, which she accepted. Then finally on the big day, she left you at the altar without explanation.
26% - 27%	Your father is a well known traitor in another realm, where you're from.
28% - 30%	You fathered an illegitimate child with an Orc (or Dark Elf) female.
31% - 33%	You have a wife and children, but abandoned them when marital discord grew too much for you to bear.
34% - 36%	Your entire family comes from a long line of Devil worshippers.
37% - 38%	You are an android (DM's discretion if the character is aware of this).
39% - 40%	Who needs sleep? Hopelessly addicted to crystal snuff, you can't go more than 48 hours without snorting it. Crystal snuff provides feelings of euphoria combined with mild hallucinogenic effects.
41% - 42%	You were born a woman (or man if you're playing a female character).

43% - 45%	Your mother was committed to an insane asylum years ago.
46% - 48%	Years ago, you were cursed by a gypsy for committing some kind of offense or personal insult, giving you -2 to all saves.
49% - 51%	You were adopted, but recently learned that your biological parents were the High Priest and Priestess of a depraved and vile cult.
52% - 54%	You were caught cheating at cards, beaten, humiliated, and thrown out of town.
55% - 56%	Your sister is widely regarded as the town slut. She will have sex with almost anyone.
57% - 58%	You are the bastard of a prominent noble.
59% - 60%	You are claustrophobic; tight, enclosed spaces makes you panic and wet yourself.
61% - 62%	You are from a puritanical family and got two women pregnant in the same week. When they both claimed you as the father, your family disowned you. Penniless, you sought fame and fortune elsewhere.
63% - 65%	You were a slave who killed his master and blamed it on another slave who was punished in your stead. He was beheaded!
66% - 68%	You were an apprentice to a wise, old, and well-respected wizard. Unfortunately he caught you fooling around with his young, beautiful wife, kicking you to the cobblestones.
69% - 71%	You were a squire to a distinguished knight who was ignominiously killed in battle while you were off playing cards or making time with a barmaid.
72% - 74%	You faithfully served your lord for years before he betrayed the king and was beheaded. Even though you kept your head, many believed you shouldn't have.
75% - 76%	For some reason, never fully revealed, the god you faithfully served rejected you... as did the clergy.
77% - 78%	You have a death wish. Not only does dying not frighten you, it fascinates you to an unnatural degree.
79% - 81%	Long ago, you traded your soul for the promise of gold and glory!
82% - 83%	One night years ago, you and your younger brother were hanging around the town square when two wizards began dueling. In the magical chaos, an unexpected portal opened right next to your brother. He was swallowed by it and never seen again. To this day, you despise sorcery.
84% - 85%	Recently, you climbed up a tree in order to reach an apple (and impress a small gathering of girls). The limb broke, you fell, and your leg hasn't been the same since. Months later, your limp is barely noticeable; however, running is out of the question.

86% - 87%	You are terrified of formless creatures or those without a definite shape! If confronted with such a thing, you will either whimper in a corner, go into a catatonic state until the creature is no more, or defecate on the spot (DM's choice).
88% - 89%	A couple of years ago, your mother was voted not only the best, but also the filthiest, prostitute in your home city.
90% - 93%	Right now, you are supposed to be serving in the King's army, but the regimented and lowly life of a soldier wasn't adventurous enough. You deserted and will probably lose your head if found out.
94% - 96%	An astrologer, later confirmed by a sage, told you of your destiny. You are fated to be cast into darkness where untold suffering shall befall you.
97% - 98%	Just last month, you were practice fighting with a training partner. During the sword fight, you tore a ligament. Even raising your arm above your head is painful. You have to fight with your non-dominant hand. For a full year, you will suffer -2 to all melee and ranged attack rolls.
99% - 100%	Your firstborn was promised to a Demon in return for sparing your parents lives during an outbreak of plague in your home village.

The following table for determining one's station – where his family came from and what they're doing now. Certainly, an individual doesn't have to follow in his father's footsteps, but that's usually the way it goes. Regardless of interest and natural talent, the son of a farmer won't be given the same amount of respect as the son of a sage. If the DM would like a character's (player and non-player alike) station randomly determined, then it's probably best to roll a d10. A d12 can be used if the Game Master doesn't care if the result includes a very small but lofty section of the population (about 3%). Obviously, those of royal blood are not likely to be randomly encountered.

Station / Familial Background

1. Slavery - lifelong slave
2. Indentured Servant - debt of bondage, forced to work for a certain number of years
3. Agriculture - farming, tending to animals, shepherding, etc.
4. Manual Labor - common bricklayers and ditch diggers
5. Organized Crime - thieves guild, assassin sects, and the black market
6. Skilled Labor - craftsmen and artisans
7. Martial - soldiers, knights, and officers in the King's army
8. Merchant - those profiting by the sale or trade of goods
9. Clergy - priests and religious bureaucracy
10. Magical - everything from sages to druids to demonologists to wizards
11. Nobility - high-born, privileged, such as the King or Queen's cousin.
12. Aristocracy - wealthy, land owners, politicians
13. Royalty - directly related to the King; wife, brother, sister, son, daughter, etc.

Parting Shots

It's reasonable to assume that when a player character dies he says something noteworthy. Of course, the player might find himself in a temporary state of shock when that moment comes. After all, his interface with the game world has just met with a grisly end. Unexpected death is hard to anticipate. The DM could adlib something for the PC, but that takes away from player agency.

It's probably best for players to come up with a character's last words during character creation. Prepare for the situation ahead of time just in case one becomes tongue-tied when a save fails or an Ogre crits. This parting shot could be something related to the character's background – maybe a lost love, hated enemy, or childhood sled are mentioned. Totally up to each player. Of course, if the final moment dictates something else, then a player should not feel duty bound to quote the word or phrase found on his character's sheet. Assuming he's up to the task, let him say what he likes before the black empress advances.

If you like this idea, there's no reason to stop with a "death phrase". Encourage each player to come up with a quote or two for when his character is rejoicing, angry, excited, afraid, or awestruck. Preparing such phrases will add another layer to the game's realism. And these pithy sayings can be spoken throughout the campaign. The repetition will add another dimension of roleplaying... just don't over do it.



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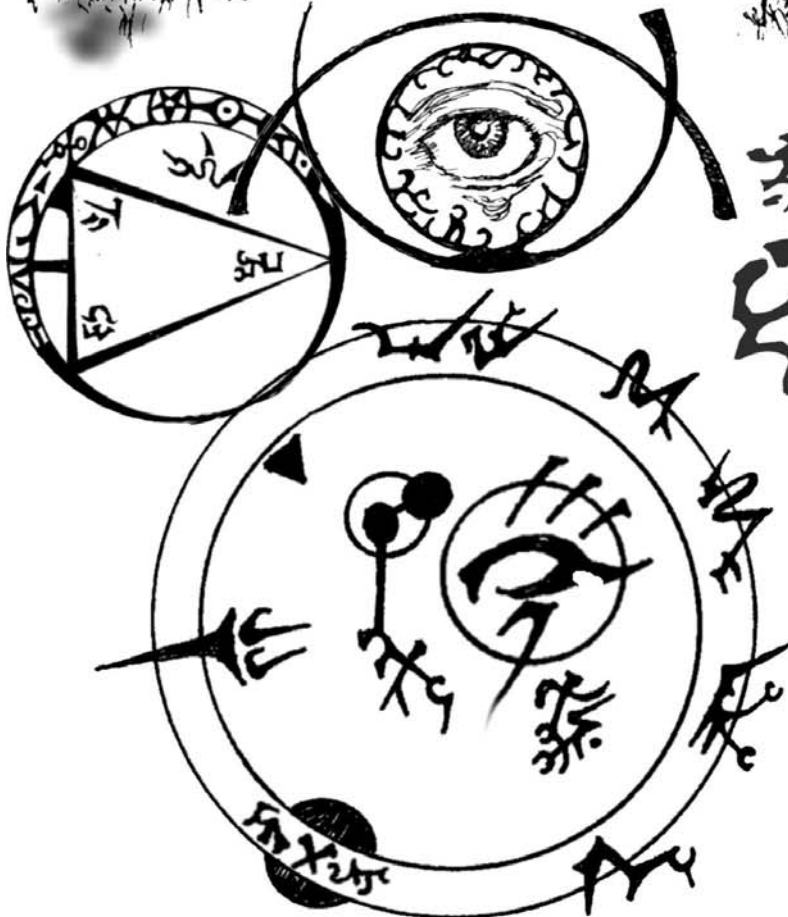


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LOCATING THE HIT

An idea struck me not too long ago, an efficient way to determine where an opponent is attacked. It's simple, easy, straight-forward, organic, and in keeping with new ways to create that old school gaming immersion that grognards like me are always searching for. These days, I ask the player where his character is aiming. If it's a particularly small or difficult area to connect with, there's a small penalty. That's it. The player tells me what he wants to do, how he wants to do it, and where. A die roll indicates either success or failure. As a DM, I narrate the rest. Be gone, random hit location table! Your services are no longer required at my table.

Not only does this smooth the way for deciding where the fighter's blade falls, it actually engages the player in a combat narrative. If a player doesn't care where his character hits, that's fine. If he does care, however, then he's forced to describe where and how his attack is being launched. "I try and wedge the head of my spear into that orc's neck," lends a dimension of roleplaying to the battle and is definitely superior to "I rolled a 16; do I hit?"

DRAMATIC MOVES AND COMBAT MANEUVERS

Everyone has the chance to do cool stuff in the game, in and out of combat. Want to pick up a large rock and throw it into the Dragon's mouth? Ok, roll a d20 for your attack. Want to skewer a Goblin to the wall with your spear? Ok, describe it and roll. Want to wrestle a Troll to the ground? Tell me how your character is going to accomplish it, then shake that 20-sider!

When running *Liberation of the Demon Slayer*, I decided rounds would be 20 seconds. That might seem like a long time, but we're not going for granularity here. For determining initiative, each round is broken up into 20 segments, each a second long. At the beginning of engagements, every participant rolls a d20, modified by either Dexterity, some kind of improved initiative feat, racial modifier, or what-have-you. Those scoring higher have the initiative during this encounter and may act first.

If a character's initiative score goes above 20, then he's bumped up to a bonus surprise round called "round zero". If a character's initiative goes below 1, then his first action is moved down to round two. Everything happening in round zero is considered a surprise. In the first round, as well as round zero, those who haven't acted yet are considered flat-footed. Individuals attacking a flat-footed opponent get a +2 to hit due to surprise.

Those who bide their time have position over their opponent, giving them an undeniable advantage. Of course, waiting for the perfect time to strike also has its disadvantages (i.e., you lose your attack for as many rounds as you're patiently waiting). Everyone is allowed to withhold their action in order to wait for a better spot.

Those who forgo their true attack (we're not going to roll for all the little feints, parries, readying the crossbow, and gathering spell components in-between true attacks) for a round get a +2 to hit and damage. Casters get a better casting check (if the DM uses such a thing) or the intended victim of their magic gets a -2 to save; this comes with a slightly improved spell effect – maybe

3 magic missiles instead of just 2 or a 6d6 fireball instead of 5d6. Withholding one's attack or special action for two rounds gets a +4 to hit and to damage, along with a superior casting effect. Patiently searching for a tactically superior window of opportunity – three rounds of withholding – is rewarded with an automatic critical and all that that entails. There is no advantage in withholding more than an entire minute (three rounds).

Those wishing to fight defensively must declare it on their action (and before rolling). They automatically get a +2 to AC and -2 to hit until next round when it's their turn to act. Conversely, those wishing to fight offensively get a -2 to AC and +2 to hit. This doesn't require any special skill, ability, or feat. It's just a matter of being more or less careful during combat.

Regarding two-weapon fighting, I decided to use a -4 to hit for the primary weapon (first attack) and a -6 to hit for the secondary weapon (second attack) as long as the secondary weapon is smaller/lighter than the primary. Such penalties are likely to discourage those who would like a hand free for spell casting, carrying a shield, etc.

Out numbering an opponent in melee combat is flanking or surrounding him. Multiple assailants fighting a single opponent get a +2 bonus to hit that outnumbered opponent.

Additionally, warrior and fighter-type classes are able to make two attacks per round versus opponents within melee range who are half the PC's level / Hit Dice or lower.

When it comes to getting hit, players never like seeing their characters go down, much less dying. Over the years, various roleplaying games have set all kinds of different limits. For me, it makes sense that zero hit points is always the state of unconsciousness. Whatever the character's level, that's how far he can go down to negative numbers without dying. For example, a third level warrior is still alive at -3 HP... but not -4. Negative 7 hit points is survivable for a seventh level character, but nothing more than that.

SEX AND VIOLENCE

Like violence, or the threat of violence, sex motivates. In the real world, people do all kinds of things for companionship, love, lust, or simply to feel desired. Women have motivated men throughout the ages and vice versa. Should it be any different in a fantasy campaign?

How much can everyone at the table tolerate? How much is too much? It's up to the Game Master and players to set the tone and limits for blood and depravity. If his players are up for it, the DM should neither be shy nor squeamish.

Consider the players. Are they wanting or expecting Spartacus levels of crimson sprays and lustful liaisons with voluptuous ladies of high society? Communication before the game starts might be in order. Talk to the players before thickly laying on the gore and smut or else risk those players dropping out. Maybe they'll say "yes" to the constant spurting of blood, but want the romance to be seriously



downplayed. That's ok. A little shock is fine... grossing players out with nauseatingly uncomfortable sights and smells and tastes might be going too far. On the other hand, if you run it by everyone and they're fine with a certain level of sex and violence, then let it rain blood over the sweating body of the beast with two backs!

ONE MORE THING

At this point, Game Masters might be thinking to themselves, "What if I go along with all this and then want to drastically scale things back after this adventure is over?" Good question. I say, blame it on those damn green crystals. They have a strange effect on reality itself. Instead of being seeded throughout the Nether-Realms (and throughout the campaign), perhaps they're localized to just this area. That means that when the adventurers leave the dungeon everything can go back to normal.

However, a wise Game Master would ask his players what they liked and didn't like about the changes. Did they enjoy choosing a motivation? Did they get turned off by too much descriptive brutality during combat? Was the freeform magic just too weird? If so, that's fine. Take it out for the next campaign. Immediate reactions can't always reliably tell a Game Master what he's getting into. Sure, it's a good indicator in the moment, but time will tell.

HISTORY OF CLEAR MEADOWS

This is a time of trouble, an age where the wicked prosper in a land without much in the way of heroics. Sorcery is the art of Elves, Devils, and unspeakable horrors from beyond. Magic itself disintegrates the fragile walls of reality, allowing chaos-drawn wizards to openly mock the deities of order.

At the epicenter of this vortex is a large village called Clear Meadows, known for its proximity to several stone circles and the Cimmerian Ruins where hideous rites were performed long ago. Thankfully, time has healed many wounds, and Clear Meadows is enjoying a renaissance, though this part of the realm has a dearth of accomplished warriors. The hearts of ordinary townsfolk are still tinged with dread, unfortunately. Those with the mettle to march out into danger carve out their destiny with blood, flesh, guts, entrails, and by the capricious whims of the inscrutable Outer Gods.

Saint Irig is regarded as Clear Meadows' first champion. Every year, on the anniversary of Saint Irig's victory over the dark forces that sought to raze Clear Meadows to the ground, would-be heroes are selected, nay, *forged* in a veritable pit of hell. He who enters the cave and returns with the sword of Saint Irig becomes the new champion of Clear Meadows. For this is no ordinary magic sword but Kalthalax the Demon Slayer – a baleful weapon of unknown origin. Irig never divulged the secret of its acquisition, although a few priests speculated that it was a gift from the Gods of Order. The annual festival of Saint Irig coincides with the starfall – or meteor shower as the local wise woman calls it. And starfall always precipitates a sudden outbreak of evil, where monstrous fiends again roam the woods, stone circles, and ruins.

One would think that if liberated once, the famous demon slaying sword would stay above ground, in the champion's hands, never needing to be recovered from the caves again. Unfortunately, Kalthalax is also cursed. After a time, it changes a man... tainting him with infernal markings. The wise woman believes that Kalthalax absorbs the essence from every demon it slays, and those malignant, black-as-the-abyss energies leak through somehow... seeping into the wielder.

The sword is not always recovered. Some years go by without a champion, without the Demon Slayer to keep the land safe. Such are the nights when no man feels at ease, where the potential exists that all hell will break loose!

As an added benefit, all indentured servants, serfs, and slaves who explore the caves are rewarded with freedom upon their return, even if the sword is not retrieved. Sadly, survivors are few and far between; this is why a mass funeral service is held at the cave's mouth just before adventurers enter.

On St. Irig's Day, a hundred townsfolk gather around the yawning black gulf. The sky is overcast and grey. Several priests in black robes officiate the ritual for commemorating the dead. They are led by Father Ulfic while the Head Cleric, Father Synjyn, looks on solemnly. The Lord's Captain walks up to the cave's mouth, almost daring it to swallow him whole.

A few of the unwashed rabble draw closer. Upon closer inspection, a few notice iron bars a few feet within. A palpable sense of anticipation hangs in the air as the crowd waits for a dozen or so courageous adventure-seekers to descend.

The wise woman of Clear Meadows is also in attendance. Villagers rarely see her unless a warning must be given or a price is demanded by some mystical force. Some go to her, seeking her wisdom... but most later regret their conversations.

As if fated to be, an exhalation of fetid air suddenly escapes from the cave, followed a minute later by a low reverberation warping into high-pitched, disembodied laughter. A stygian cloud of bats issues forth, flying into the open air, making haste for the woods.

Whispers carry through the crowd like wild fire; a few claim it to be a good omen, while the majority mutter the opposite. Clear Meadows' Head Cleric calls out, "All is fine. A champion is among the brave souls about to enter the cave."

Seconds later, Benro the village madman shouts, "A diabolic army has come from the stars to annihilate the kingdom. It will start here at home, moving west through the realm until the race of man is either killed or subjugated."

"Silence, Benro!" Father Synjyn shouts. "Now is not the time for gloom and doom." Turning towards the adventurers, he makes a holy gesture. "Go forth into the abyss, liberate Kalthalax from the Nether-Realms, and return safely to our surface world."

The wise woman steps forward, raising her aged hand. Everyone gathered hears the sound of metal on stone. A portcullis ascends, granting access to the caverns. "After you enter, the way shall be closed until 3 days hence. At such time I will again be standing at

the mouth of the cave, ready to lift the portcullis in the wake your triumphant return.”

The Lord’s captain, Jeremiah, walks over to the sacrificial lambs with a large sack. He pours the contents onto the ground with a snarl upon his lips – 3 days rations for every adventurer along with half a dozen torches, 30’ of rope, 10’ pole, and a first aid kit. “Sorry we can’t spare any weapons. If none of you makes it out, Clear Meadows will need every sword, axe, and crossbow it has to repel the star-spawn.” If any reply with a quip or complaint, the Lord’s captain suggests they use cunning. Those asking why he doesn’t lead the party himself are answered with a derisive laugh, “I was fool enough to quest for the Demon Slayer years ago... and I commanded it for seven months. That’s far longer than any man has wielded the sword without corruption.” If none reply or ask, then Jeremiah will save that revelation for the end... when the PCs return and he is there to reclaim Kalthalax.

The adventurers enter, and the portcullis crashes down behind the last. As it does, one or two (there’s a 1 in 6 chance per PC – 1 in 4 if of a chaotic or evil persuasion) are struck by a sudden realization. Last night’s slumber disturbed by a lucid vision. It began innocently enough with constellations, planets, and breathtaking clouds of nebulae. Then something awful coming out, pouring down from a hexagonal portal of starless jade like the blackish dregs of galactic filth. All this followed by a gentle intonation, “Remember thyself, for the Emerald Kingdom is at hand.” Finally, a brief glimpse of a masked face before an awful nothingness washed over everything.

Those fortunate dreamers are marked by Great K’tulu and known to His degenerate, perverted followers. Such adventurers will not be harmed by the K’tulu priesthood unless one of their number is killed by him or her.

ADVENTURE NOTES

Jeremiah is in league with the star-spawn, having made an agreement whereupon the dark forces are given all the lands surrounding Clear Meadows in return for protection and a leadership position in their black army. The Lord’s captain wants to be a general. In the end, Kalthalax influenced him, turning his dark thoughts into dark deeds. Perhaps killing Jeremiah will halt the star-spawn invasion?

The Demons, within their meteor cocoon, are launched from the shadow moon called Anu. Anu is always dark, which is why most never notice it and believe the shadow moon to be wizard’s myth. Anu is kept in darkness by the Demons that live there, but no one – not even the wisest sorcerer – knows why infernal beasts would go to so much trouble to hide Anu from the gaze of men.

After returning to the surface, is the party going to stand and fight or keep the sword and so bow before the Lords of Chaos? Wielding the sword will present its own challenges. Can a character resist being swallowed up by the Demon Slayer’s influence? What happens if the PCs don’t return in 3 days?

The head priest is named Father Synjyn. He is a faithful servant of law, order, and basic goodness. Father Synjyn attempts to feed, clothe, and shelter the less fortunate. Just below him in power is Father Ulfic, a secret worshiper of Yogsoggoth. Father Ulfic wishes to see his god lay waste to the entire land so that it might be remade in a new image so full of chaos, madness, and revelry that even he can scarcely imagine it. The adventurers could easily persuade Ulfic to journey below the caverns if they asked. He knows of the temple and has even been to it a few times, but not since the flood. Ulfic will subtly mention various other gods he has gotten to know over the years... ones which seem bizarre and alien to ordinary men. If any seem convertible to him, then he’ll lay on the slime and soapstone religious rhetoric in hopes of finding new Yogsoggoth worshipers.

Allow the players to randomly roll (or be assigned by the DM) one rumor per adventurer.

Rumor Table

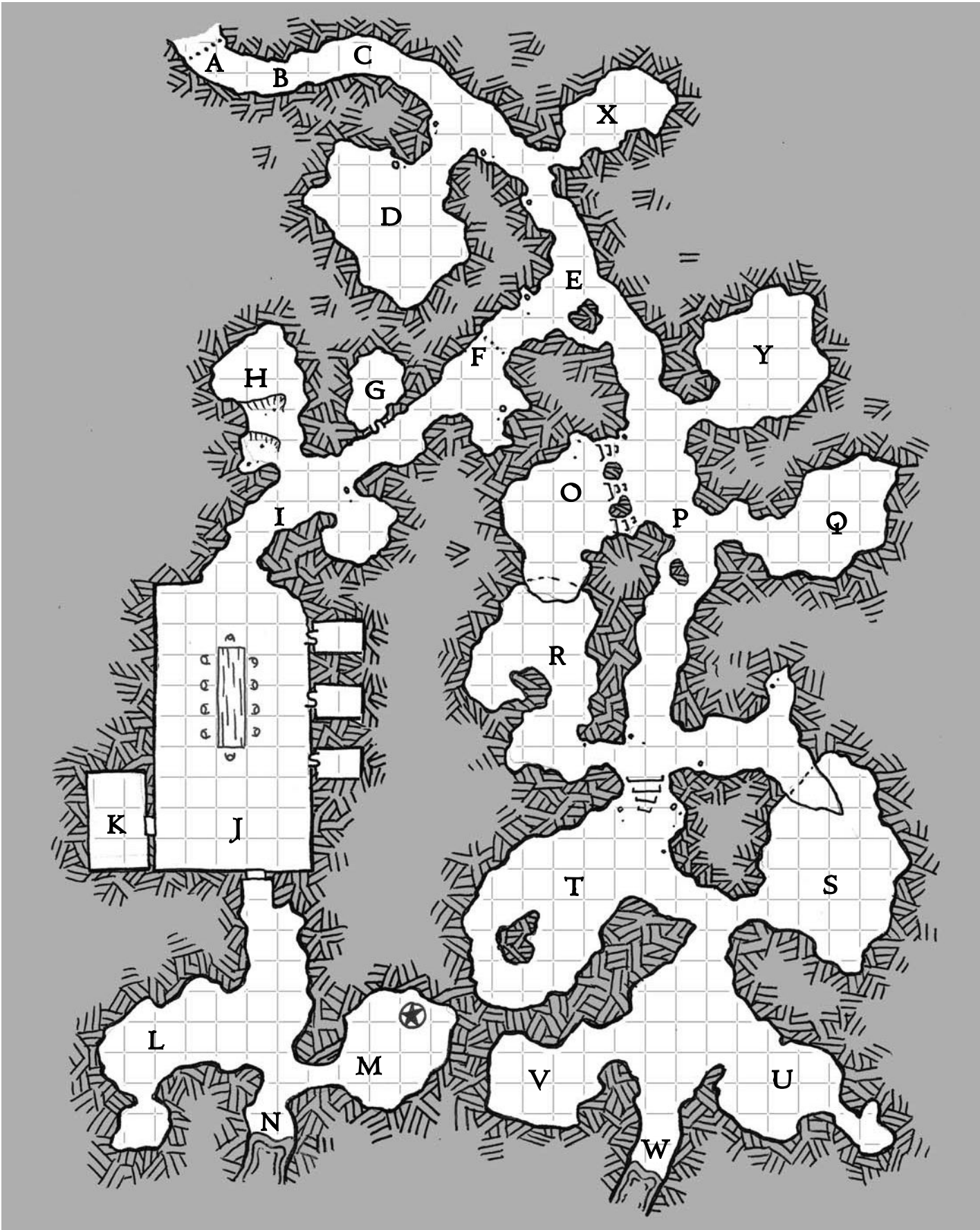
1. The Priests of a many-tentacled deity live below the caves.
2. A few of Clear Meadows' inhabitants still live in shame because no one from the town helped Sir Galilee when he rode off to slay worshipers of the Great Beast.
3. Every full moon, a young woman is taken from Clear Meadows or a nearby village.
4. A century ago, the town of Clear Meadows was called Verdant Meadows before it was razed to the ground by Demons.
5. Nine dragons sleep far below the caverns.
6. There is nothing below the system of caves except for a mist-laden layer of spectral doom.
7. Intelligent Ape-Men live in the caves. They eat humans alive.
8. There are unnatural, vividly-colored shapes located somewhere underground.
9. The wise woman claims a great ship from the sky crash landed aeons ago far below the caves.
10. The oldest and most powerful Demons live in the center of the world.
11. Certain fungus will cause a man to hallucinate, opening him up to prophetic visions.
12. The darkness itself can kill you.
13. The dead don't stay dead for long in those caves.
14. Magic becomes even more unpredictable and dangerous in the Nether-Realms.
15. A blue lion stalks the cavern, telling adventurers their fate if they bring him a gift.
16. Several dungeon levels exist below the caves.
17. Dark Elves aren't as evil as most folk claim.
18. Somewhere underground, a misogynistic cult is breeding women with spawn of their foul god.
19. The noble paladin, Sir Galilee, lost his holy avenger fighting darkness in the Nether-Realms.
20. A Dragon sleeps at the core of the world; journey down far enough and you'll meet him.

Timetable

It's a good idea to keep track of time. In three days after the adventurers enter the cavern, the wise woman, Jeremiah, head priest Father Synjyn, and Ulfic will be at the cave mouth. Any new adventurers can be sent in then, assuming a second round is required.

PCs can take a few days time learning new skills and training with local individuals who are of a mentoring mind. Seven days after entering the cave, all of the meteor-encased Demons break out of their shell. They start lurking at night, taking anyone traveling alone or in pairs - especially females. Somewhere around the 11 or 12-day marker, Demons start going down into the cavern themselves to destroy Kalthalax and slay any would-be heroes remaining. By the 13th day, Clear Meadows is surrounded. The wise woman has placed a force barrier around the town, but she can't hold it for more than a couple of days. After the 15th day, Clear Meadows is overrun with Demons. The wise woman and Father Synjyn are killed while Jeremiah and Father Ulfic are set up as puppet dictators of the land, King and High Priest, respectively.

WANDERING MONSTER TABLE	
1.	Yellow-Purple Scorpion Worm Fiend HD: 5 HP: 36 AC: 13 [6] #Attacks: 3 Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 1d4 (2 claws) and 1d12 + poison
2.	Giant Devil-Hornets from the Outer Void (1d4) HD: 2 HP: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 + paralyzing sting
3.	Masked Priests of Dread K'tulu (1d4) HD: 3 HP: 18 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6 (mace) or Tenebrous Lacerations – 1 point of damage to all enemies within 30' every round until dispelled, priest is dead, or 10 minutes transpires
4.	Demonically-Possessed Kobolds, Goblins, Orcs, or Sub-Humans (1d6) HD: 1 HP: 6 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d4 + 13% chance per hit of turning PCs evil
5.	Silver Robot with a Laser Fist HD: 7 HP: 40 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6 (laser)
6.	Lesser Spawn of Dread K'tulu HD: 4 HP: 25 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (tentacle)
7.	Three-headed, Acid-Breathing Horror with Hooks for Hands HD: 8 HP: 59 AC: 16 [3] #Attacks: 5 Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d6 (2 claws), 2d4 (2 bites), 1d12 (acid)
8.	Clerics and Magic-Users of Yogsoggoth HD: 2 HP: 12 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d4 or Magic Missile, Healing, and Curse
9.	Supra-Intelligent Green Jelly with Telekinesis HD: 4 HP: 24 AC: 10 [9] Damage: variable depending on object moved via its mind
10.	The Azure Lion Who Speaks like a Man and Dominates Lesser Minds HD: 11 HP: 77 AC: 17 [2] #Attacks: 3 Attack Bonus: + 10 Damage: 1d8 (2 claws), 3d6 (bite), + domination
11.	Greater Spawn of Dread K'tulu HD: 9 HP: 63 AC: 16 [3] #Attacks: 2d4 Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: 2d6 (tentacles) + save vs madness
12.	Roll Twice for Combo Encounter!



Level 1 - The Caverns

Level 1 - The Caverns

The rough-hewn cave tunnels are generally between 5 – 7' wide and 9 – 10' high. At times, there may be a claustrophobic sensation accompanied by the presence of a malevolent force moving through the caverns as if the passages and caves deep underground are swallowing you up into the bowels of some unspeakable beast. This is due to sigils drawn in chalk upon a few of the cave walls, more than likely in the empty caves.

Within 20' of a sigil, adventurers must make a fear check. Dwarves and soulless Elves get a +4 bonus to their check/save. Failure means the PC is nearly catatonic. He can be escorted or ushered around, but cannot fight, cast spells, or do anything except for simple tasks like eating/drinking, running away, or rocking back and forth and humming a comforting tune from his childhood.

A1 - SPRUNG TRAP

In an open spiked pit trap 10' down are three dead figures impaled upon the spikes, dead. Not only does it smell of rot and decay, but it's dark, too. PCs would have to climb down or lower a light source in order to see clearly. There are two robed Humans (who probably died last year) they look decayed with bones partially sticking out and a skeletal Human wearing rusty chainmail armor and carrying a short sword (who probably died at least 2 years ago, possibly longer). The armor is useless, but the sword is still in fine condition. After a minute, the PC realizes there are flesh-eating centipedes roaming around the pit, coming out of the last victim's skull. One of the robed corpses has a small leather pouch containing 9 semi-precious stones, mostly clear quartz with faint streaks of purple, each worth about 15 gp.

Before a PC can leave the pit, a glistening, pale tentacle with suckers on the underside of it breaks through the dirt attempting to squeeze anyone moving.

Pit Thing

HD: 1 HP: 5 AC: 10 [9] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d3 (tentacle squeeze)

B1 - ANOTHER SPRUNG TRAP

Another corpse lies just another 12' down the cavern. It's another Human with an axe buried through his head. He's also in robes. Difficult to tell how long he's been down here, probably quite a few years as most of his body is skeletal. There's decay, but not as much as those in the pit. Several corpses line the rocky corridor a few more feet away. This time, it looks like a Halfling and a Dwarf – fresh enough to be from last year's expedition. The Halfling is in robes while the Dwarf is wearing leather armor (only a Dwarf can wear it). It's not clear what killed them.

Searching around reveals half a dozen darts (which used to be poisoned at one time). If PCs look carefully along the eastern wall, they'll see the mechanism that originally shot the darts).

C1 - YET ANOTHER SPRUNG TRAP WITH BLUE SLIME

Here is another open pit trap; this time without spikes. With light or closer inspection observers can see three feet of water inside the pit, an even closer look reveals a blue green slime or jelly substance at the bottom. This is a blue slime that wandered into the open pit, devoured all it found, and was unable to escape.

Anyone who touches the slimy cube must make a saving throw or be turned into a gelatinous cube of dark greenish blue slime the hue of melted down blueberry jellybeans.

D1 - SOMETHING IN THE CAVE

A rust-brown growth either clings to or grows out of a cave wall. Several long, fibrous strands run down onto the cave floor, draping themselves over a half-consumed humanoid corpse. This growth is something no one has ever seen before!

It instantly attacks anyone coming within 5' of it.

On the opposite side of the cave is a globe (10" diameter) resting upon an ornate wooden pedestal designed so the globe can freely move without rubbing against its housing. A few minutes investigation will probably reveal that this 3D map does not correspond to this planet.

There's a secret compartment located beneath one of the continents. Inside is a scroll – the deed to a castle. Unfortunately, it appears the castle is located somewhere on that alien world depicted by the globe.

Fibrous Cave Growth

HD: 2 HP: 11 AC: 10 [9] Attack Bonus: +0 Damage: 1d4

E1 - AN EVIL RING

The path forks here. One unlucky PC will see a silver ring with black runes engraved onto its jeweled surface. The wearer will be propositioned by the Demon Selrahnedus in his dreams that night. Selrahnedus is an Insect-Demon with three bulbous, fly-like heads and a hundred tiny yellow tentacles running up and down his side - a possible patron willing to share his magical secrets!

Selrahnedus says little, except to tell the ring-wearer that he has been specially chosen. "Selrahnedus will instruct you, he will show you the way. Don't trust the rest of your party! Only me. You will... obey... only... me." The Insect-Demon requires servants to bolster his prestige in Hell.



F1 - THE PORTCULLIS

As soon as half the party gets 15' down the passage, a steel portcullis descends into the middle of the party, slamming down into the rock, dividing the adventurers. Requires a dexterity check for those in the center, failure means they take 2d4 damage.

G1 - END OF THE LINE FOR THE LAST IN LINE

A black furry creature – it looks like a cross between a giant rat and a wolverine with wide, starring eyes comes out of its lair via a secret door and attempts to make off with the last PC in line. This thing is stealthy, so it won't be heard unless the PCs are actively listening.

Large Wolverine-Rat

HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +4, Damage: 1d4 (claws)

Within its lair is a scroll with the spell Dazzling Hues written upon it. The spell creates a haze or nebula of colors and small shining objects like stars for 1d3 rounds or as long as the caster concentrates upon it (up to 3 minutes). The area of effect is a 10' circle starting no farther than 30' from the caster and must be within his sight.

There are also 3 large chunks of quartz worth about 50 gold pieces each and various broken ceramic plates, bowls, and cups, as well as, a slightly distressed (mostly just dirty but with a few rips and tears) cloak of deep garnet lined with gold embroidery. It possibly belonged to a sorcerer.

H1 - SNEAKY KOBOLDS

This is a cave full of stalagmites and stalactites. 2 kobolds are out in the open and one is hidden, a part-time thief hiding in shadows. The cave formations provide some cover from ranged weapons.

Kobolds (2)

HD: 1 HP: 5 AC: 10 [9] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d4 (clubs)

Kobold Thief

HD: 2 HP: 9 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d4+1 (magical dagger)

Special Attack: Backstab as second level thief

The Kobolds are treasure hunters broken off from the main tribe on a lower level. They cannot return until the water recedes. They carry a total of 23 gp on them.

I1 - SPEAR TRAP

There's a poisoned spear trap in this part of the passage. Everyone in the party should make a successful Dexterity check or get hit for 1d4 damage. Those hit should make a saving throw or become weakened for about 10 minutes.

J1 - BANQUET HALL

This is a banquet hall reeking of death. The area is quite large with a different sort of excavation – more like a dungeon than a cavern. There's a large wooden table measuring 15' x 5' with 10 chairs around it.

Three human corpses are slumped over the table. The first wears fine clothing, has a silver snuff box worth about 10gp, a silk magenta handkerchief worth about 1gp, a hand mirror rimmed with quartz, and well-cobbled shoes. The second is dressed rather shabbily and has a leather pouch containing 14 cloudy grey marbles. The third dons the purple, green, and gold costume of a court jester, the ink of a spider tattoo upon his neck. Besides his outfit and jester hat (with bells on), he carries a dead dove in his pocket, its neck broken.

The bodies look fresh, perhaps they've been here a week, possibly less. A few plates, bowls and cups decorate the surface, some broken.

Under the table is a secret door in the stone floor which opens to a spiral staircase leading down a long way (about 28') and is enclosed in regular stones with mortar, unlike a natural cave formation.

The east wall contains three secret doors, each leading to a garden of fresh fruits and vegetables.

K1 - KITCHEN

This is the kitchen; it is the same as the banquet hall, less like a cave than the other areas. It contains a wood burning stove, preparation counter, spice rack (a few bottles of common spices remain), pots, pans, a couple of halfway decent - albeit a tad rusty - kitchen knives, and various spoons, ladles, and stirring utensils.

L1 - FUNGI

This cave contains a fungus garden. This cavern is overgrown with all manner of fungi and subterranean flora. Everywhere, one can see toadstools and soft white growths. Looking down, right in front of you are some purple-capped, black-gilled mushrooms and next to those are cauliflower-like bunches, and deeper in the cave there's something that looks like pineapple fungus.

The first are poisonous – make a save or constitution check to avoid becoming sick and queasy for a half an hour. The second are actually edible and taste good, if unsettlingly meaty. The third are hallucinogenic; those eating it will start seeing strange things for about an hour.

There's a 50% chance that Thadeus the Elf (found in R1) wanders by to check on his garden after the PCs have explored for a minute or two.

M1 - TOAD STATUE

This cave houses a crude statue made of quartz depicting a frog, toad, or similarly amphibian deity. It stands about 7 ½' but that's also because it stands upon a 1' high, 4' x 4' square base fashioned of ordinary stone. Glyphs decorate the sides of the base. Those familiar with either amphibian or infernal are able to read it: "The blasphemous Tsathag'kha in our race's blood. His glory yields life."

Before the statue squats a crude stone altar which has seen its share of blood sacrifices judging by the reddish-brown stains upon the low, flat surface and powdery remains of crushed bones along with a cracked skull on the floor nearby.

There is nothing significant about the altar (unless the DM deems it so). However, the base of the statue, where the symbol for "life" is, can be removed. Inside is a lever that swivels the base around, opening the way to a spiral staircase going down a long way (about 25') and is enclosed in regular sized stones with mortar like a traditional dungeon.

N1 - WATERWAY

The tunnel slopes downward and 40' later is submerged in water. Each time the PCs come by, there's a 30% chance an amphibian creature with a trident comes out of the water.

Amphibian-Men

HD: 1 HP: 6 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6

O1 - AN EMPTY CAVE... OR IS IT?

This cave is empty; there are a few stalactites and stalagmites but nothing else (unless the DM wants to place a wandering monster or something else here instead.)

P1 - DARTS!

A poison dart trap will be set off by a pressure plate on the floor. Those searching the floor for traps have a chance to see it. PCs should make a dexterity check in order to not get struck by a dart. Those who do must save for poison or fall unconscious for 20 - 30 minutes.

Q1 - LURE OF THE GREEN GLOW

This cave contains many stalactites and stalagmites; one stalagmite in particular is close to the far wall, blocking the view of an alluring green luminescence. It's some kind of glowing green stone, a type of crystal perhaps, about the size of a Halfling's fist.

However, that nearby stalagmite is actually a creature with tentacles and a gaping maw full of razor sharp teeth.

Stalagmite Creature

HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 10 [9] #Attacks: 3 Attack Bonus: +2) Damage: 1d4 (tentacles)

Special Defense: Immune to fire.

There's a 20% chance of causing an explosion if the crystal is violently dislodged. The crystal can provide an energy boost to sorcerers or can be used as a grenade. A sharp jolt will make the crystal explode for 2d8 damage to those within 10', and 1d8 for those between 11' - 20'.



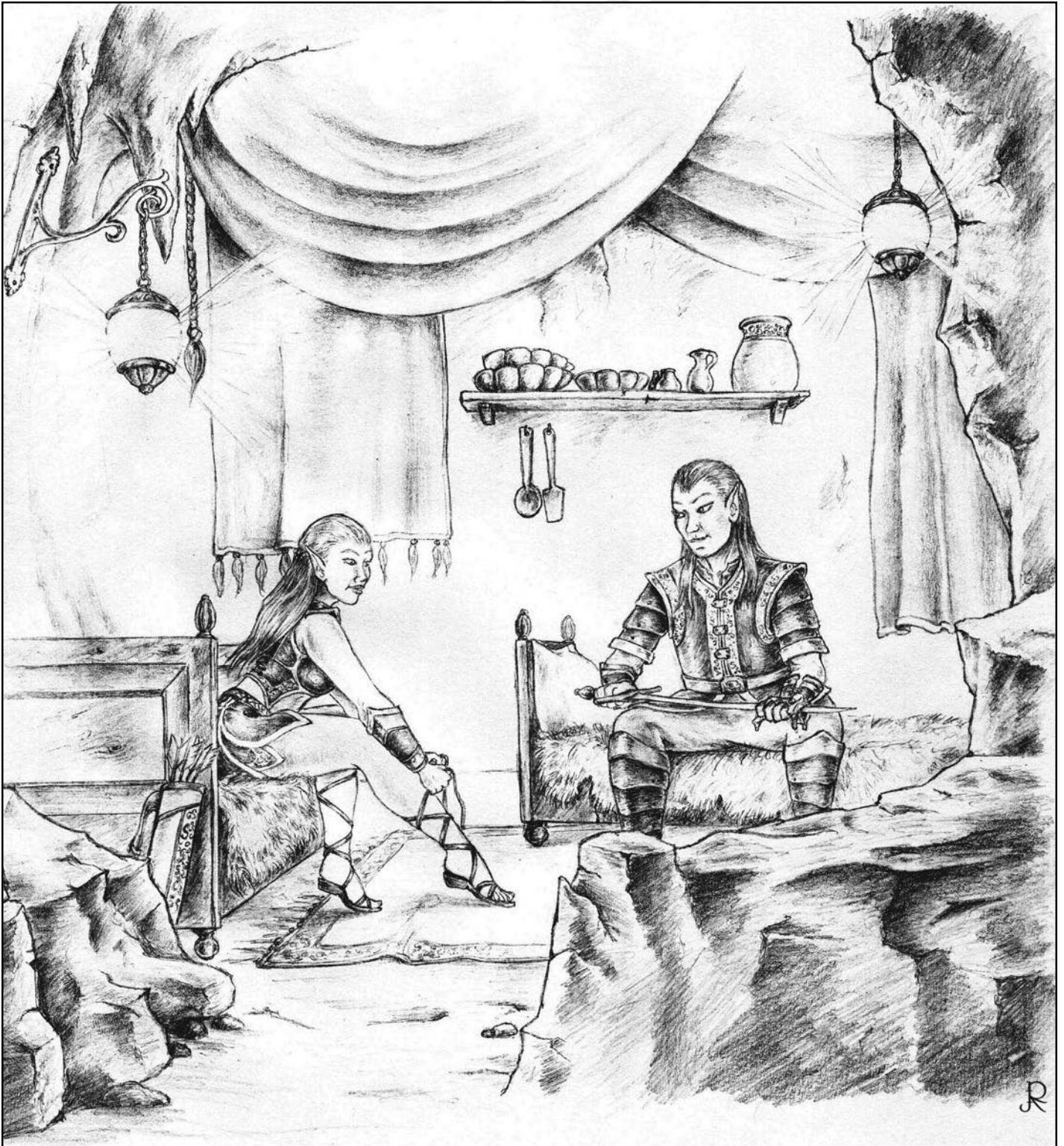
R1 - THADEUS AND GLEVINA

The Elf cave zigs in a bit and then zags out to a larger space. This is quite large and looks more comfortable than the others because it's being lived in by Elves. There are wall hangings and rugs, flatware made from gourds, and two beds fashioned from animal skins. This is the abode of Thadeus and his sister Glevina.

Thadeus is more aloof to the point of being unfriendly, while Glevina is welcoming and hospitable. Thadeus has leather armor

and wields a normally brilliant silvery-white lyrthum long sword, but it has been darkly glazed with black runes carved upon the base of the blade in order to disguise its origin. The runes read, "Thine enemies be slain!" in Elven.

If there are any Elves in the party, Thadeus will allow them to stay for awhile. Glevina will ask Thadeus if they shouldn't travel with them in order to get out of this cavern, as they meant to leave weeks ago before the water rose, blocking the way down to the lower tunnels.



The Elves have rudimentary medical supplies and can answer a few simple questions about this part of the cavern, and below, even volunteering helpful information – such as the warring factions between the worshipers of Ulusek & Lokvaar. “They hate each other, even though their gods are practically the same. I’ve heard Ulusek & Lokvaar referred to as ‘the twin enigmas’ by those who worship them.”

Glevina seems mildly attractive to the eyes of a man and quite pretty for an Elf. There’s a 35% chance that an Elf adventurer will become infatuated with her and 15% for Humans (with a 25% for Half-Elves). If multiple PCs lust for her simultaneously, then there might be conflict and drama! Describe to the player(s) just how wonderful she is – the sun, moon, and stars! Those who are smitten with her should make a case for Glevina traveling with the party... unless he wants to stay with the Elves and settle down.

Glevina wishes to be married soon, so there’s a 70% chance (90% for those with a Charisma 12 and over) that she’ll accept an invitation to travel. If two PCs love her and she’s taken with both of them, then Glevina suggests a duel, in the Elven tradition, to see who is the most worthy suitor.

S1 - GELATINOUS FUN

A dark greenish blue jelly cube is wandering around this cave. Again, its disquieting color resembles blueberry jellybeans that have been melted down. PCs can see fragments of a skeleton poking out of it, as well as, some kind of cylinder – possibly a scroll tube.

Only fire can destroy the Blue Jelly. Touching it will turn an adventurer into one of its kind unless a saving throw is successfully made.

Attack: +0 Damage: turns creature into a similar cube. HP: 4. The cylinder is made of quartz and does indeed contain a scroll with the Fireball spell written upon it.

T1 - THE REPOSE OF CLAVENUS

This is a wide and especially long cave; the ceiling is roughly 15’ high. The floor seems to be moving slightly, shifting or squirming unwholesomely. The floor is covered with large white maggots (the size of a Dwarf’s arm) bathed in a shallow, sticky lake of bilious green slime.

At the far end of the cave is a stone altar or table; it’s too dark to see if there’s anything upon its surface or behind it.

As the PCs approach, a huge, semi-translucent face appears, floating high in the air. Its eerie fuscina visage is of an adult human, androgynous and sinister with thin slits for eyes and a far-away, mesmerized look. The face says, “Leave this place and I shall allow your mortal flesh to remain unsullied. Those wishing to stay and violate my sanctuary shall die horribly!”

The image is only an illusion, disappearing after one minute (3

rounds). It repeats itself at 15 minute intervals or when another individual or group approaches the tomb. The wizard who created the hologram died a long time ago. His/her name was Clavenus. The tomb of Clavenus is hermetically water-sealed on the second level of the dungeon.

Once the fuscina visage of Clavenus has been dealt with, PCs will notice expansive bas reliefs fashioned on either side of the cave. Closer inspection along with a decent light source illustrate a story of the first demons to walk the world, trafficking with Elves, and some kind of schism between surface Elves and their even darker cousins.

For every 5 feet of distance, there’s a 1 in 4 chance that a giant maggot will bite an adventurer for 1 point of damage. It will take 7 rounds to kill a swath towards the sarcophagus.

The stone sarcophagus is in the shape of a humanoid and is extremely smooth and polished. Closer inspection shows the material contains small bits of shell, coral, gemstones, crystals, glass, and bone. The sarcophagus is divided into two pieces, the top rests upon the bottom. There are a few small grooves ensuring the lid has to be lifted off, as well as, slid to the side.

Beneath is the fairly well preserved corpse of a pale humanoid (bastard DMs can make Clavenus a Lich – stats at the end of this cave’s description). PCs notice the face is similar to the illusion projected when first entering this cave, and Clavenus’ clothes are fine black wizard robes with draconic forms embroidered throughout the material. In the magic-user’s left hand is a long thin wand carved out of bone. [This is a wand of lightning bolts with 1d12 charges remaining, 4d6 damage.] Unfortunately, there’s a 10% chance each time it’s used that the wand will suffer a reversed polarity discharge, causing 4d6 damage to the wand’s user. The corpse has nothing more of value in him/her.

Next to Clavenus is a cold-forged iron great-sword with a ruby at the end of its pommel and a disturbing array of infernal glyphs carved along both sides of its prodigious blade. It is a +1 magic weapon, +3 versus anything infernal (Demons and Devils) and unclean (Elves and similar Fey Folk).

Kalthalax is also an intelligent sword. It doesn’t talk incessantly, but when he does speak, he likes a bit of conversation... and humility upon the wielder’s part. Yes, the sword believes that anyone possessing him should feel at least a modicum of gratitude, not to mention reverence. When Kalthalax scores a critical hit, he expects praise. Kalthalax gets bored easily; any questions about dungeoneering will put him to sleep.

Kalthalax feels slightly warm with just a hint of vibration like it’s humming with energy; moreover, the wielder senses a greater purpose, boosting his confidence and the morale of those traveling with him – it gives the wielder an immunity to fear. The demon slayer faintly glows ruby red when drawing blood from infernal, unclean, and evil beings.

Clevenus the Lich

HD: 7 HP: 40 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: 1d6 (claws)

Special: Clevenus knows the following spells: Detect Magic, Read Magic, Identify, Light/Darkness, Sleep, Magic Missile, Lightning Bolt, Fireball, Acidic Arrow, and Webbing. Plus the wand of lightning bolts and Kalthalax.

If Clevenus is merely a corpse (as opposed to a Lich), then his/her spell book will not be found.

U1 - SLEEPING TROLL

This is an empty cave except for a couple of cracked skulls and an assortment of picked-clean bones. There's also a large boulder at the back of the cave which looks to be covered in moss or lichen. It's actually a sleeping Troll. He's been asleep for a couple of months, so the Elves have no idea about him. If disturbed, he will wake angry. Close investigation will awaken him 60% of the time.

Troll

HD: 4 HP: 26 AC: 14 [5] #Attacks: 2 Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 1d6 (fists)



He stands 8' tall, humanoid of rough, craggy, rock-like flesh of dark grey with short forest or moss green fur along it back, legs, and arms.

There's a secret crawl-space on the western side of the cave, containing the troll's loot from all the creatures he's eaten: 27 small pieces of quartz, 56 gp, a steel helmet, a finely made silver holy symbol to some ancient, nearly forgotten elemental god – Dathlaquatta (He is known by a few to be a divine bridge between air and water, as well as, being a deity of order), a dagger, a spiked club, some brown leather boots, and several bloody robes, clothes, broken bones.

V1 - PORTAL

Another seemingly empty cave – this one contains a swirling red and blue field of light accompanied by twinkling jingle-jangle sounds. This is a portal connected to an alternate Earth in the near future. If there's any kind of disturbance such as a person putting their hand through the field, throwing a rock in, or sometimes even the vibration of certain words, then random objects (in this particular case, a person) are extracted from their world and thrown here into the Kalthalax cavern.

It shouldn't be long before the PCs come face-to-face with a disoriented technician from another age. His name is Cygnus Khan. He's short, thin, red-headed, and wears glasses. He occasionally uses an inhaler when short of breath. Cygnus has worked on fixing computers, as well as, surveillance equipment for a company called Guard Dog Security. Cygnus is more than capable of helping the party breach the mysterious, impenetrable door at the end of level 3. Once he's assessed the situation, he can either 1) make a "skeleton" code key or 2) short circuit the code key reader. The former will take him at least a week (2d4+1 days) while the latter will take a couple of hours, saving time but requiring Cygnus to work on subsequent doors for an hour per door.

There's also a secret door at the back of this cave, containing Clevenus' wizard laboratory and private study room.

W1 - ANOTHER WATERWAY

The tunnel slopes down about 30' before it's submerged under water. Those wanting to swim can make a constitution check to be underwater for an entire minute. In that time, a character can see the entire cavern system is underwater; several caves contain the floating corpses of drowned men, kobolds, and various races. One's eye catches a treasure chest not too far away, but it's closed. If PCs want to swim around for an additional minute, that will require a constitution check in order to either open the locked chest by force – one good slam should do it (containing approximately 3,500 gp), or to look around at other things – for instance, a small tribe of Amphibian Folk with tridents swimming about, as well as, an elaborate city made out of coral.

X1 - WIZARD'S LAB

This laboratory contains a long wooden desk full of parchment containing alchemical notations and vials of unknown substances. The vials' contents appear as (although PCs won't know what they are until after consulting Clevenus' notes) pink sand, thick blue-green liquid, crushed purple crystals, dark brown dirt, and tan powder.

This study room contains a familiar styled wooden bookcase with the tortured faces of devils carved into each side. Within the bookcase are a few musty old reference books: a particular style of architecture, the history of some remote island you've never heard of, etc. Also, here is Clevenus' spell book containing variations on a few common spells along with some really weird homebrewed magic such as a spell to make one's flesh and organs invisible but not the bones. There are also a couple of loose scrolls rolled up and tied with black cloth. A scroll in particular contains the knowledge to summon and bind a demon named Zeteer by drawing a fancy seven-pointed pentagram onto the ground.

He's a black-bearded fiend with crimson skin, long yellowish-white horns, and a scar across his muscular chest. He's a minor devil, serving his master who shall remain nameless. But he does speak of a rivalry with Shula the moon goddess. Zeteer promises, riches, power, cosmic understanding, desires met... anything as long as they free him from the circle and pledge their allegiance to him, signing Zeteer's own flesh-bound book in the wizard or Elf's blood. If a PC agrees, the first thing Zeteer does is grant him a wish before disappearing in a puff of charcoal-colored smoke that stinks of sulfur and brimstone.

Each of the following will take 1d3 hours of sifting and winnowing to find the essential details:

- What's in the vials
- Notes on constructing Kalthalax. Apparently, Clevenus either created it him/herself or fashioned a pretty good knockoff equivalent to the original. Kalthalax was forged from the iron ore found in the meteors which annually fall around Clear Meadows.
- Learning each spell in the spellbook.
- A journal of petty jealousies, yearning for power, unrequited love, and real or imagined insults from various other wizards. One of the more recent (and longer) entries is about a "whispering homunculus" which Clevenus was enamored of and planned to steal from a rival sorcerer named Magnus Greel.
- Secrets about the starfall phenomenon. According to Clevenus, it is a meteor shower (just as the wise woman claimed). Demons from beyond the stars grow a calcified outer shell which protects them as they plunge through the planet's atmosphere. When they land, the meteor breaks open after a few days, whereupon the demons need another couple of days to acclimate and recharge before cutting a stygian swath of destruction throughout the land.

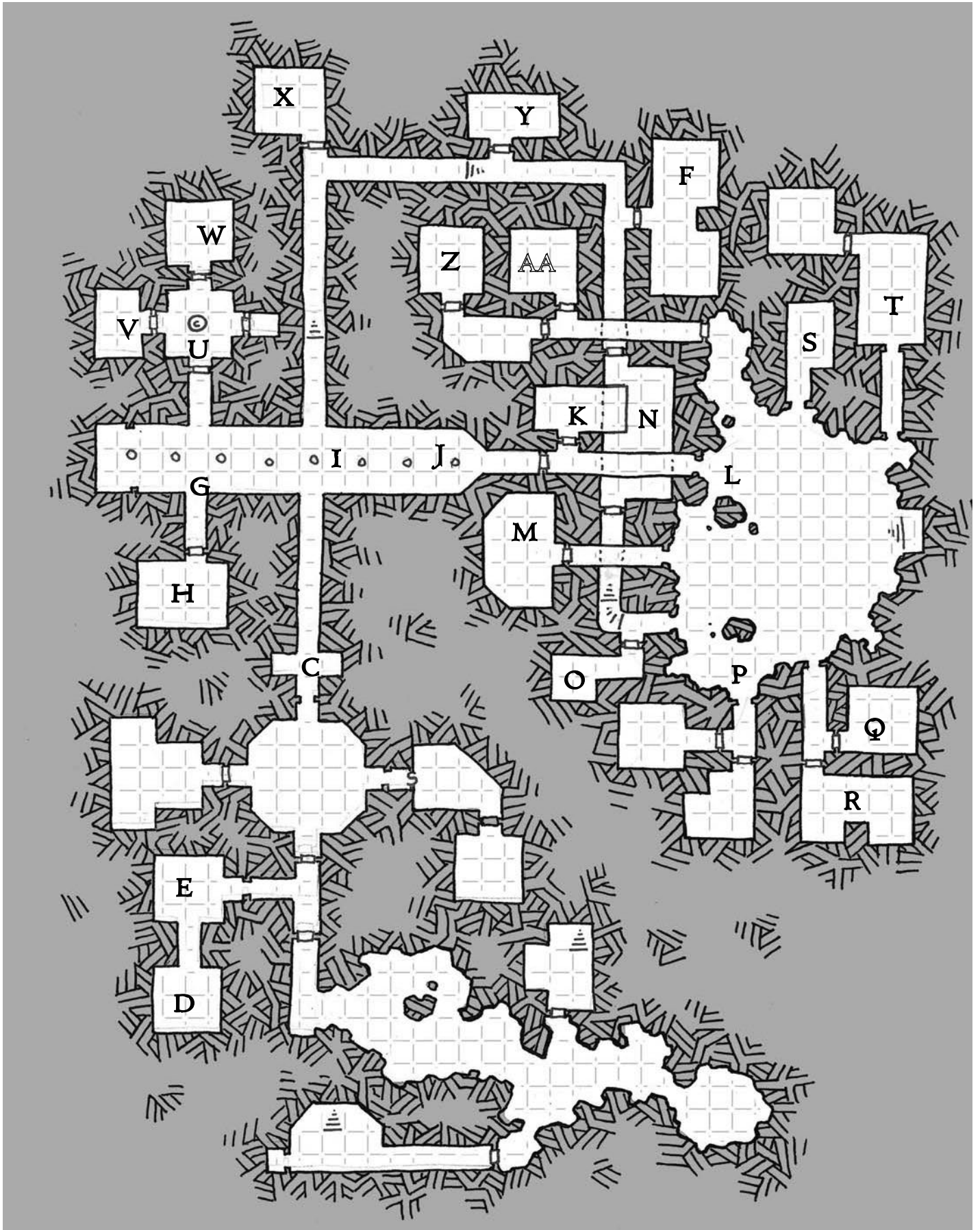
Y1 - SKULL FOUNTAIN

This cave contains a fountain (6' diameter) comprised of at least one-hundred skulls. Upon closer inspection, the fountain is made of stone, the mason had enough skill to make it appear as though real human skulls were used.

The fountain is bone dry (pun intended) and looks as though the fountain hasn't seen moisture in years, evidenced by dust and cobwebs.

Those taking the time to examine it see there's a water shut-off valve that can be released with a few turns. Doing this starts the fountain up. Not water, but blood continually flows out of the seven skulls at the top into the base and then back to the top again. Those who bathe edged weapons in the blood flow find their blade to be sharper than before. This is a magical enhancement which extends a weapon's critical range by 1.





Level 2

Level 2

Green Crystals

There are several glowing crystals embedded in the rougher areas of the dungeon, from levels 2 - 5. It seems as though when a luminescent green stone was found during the tunneling, dungeon-building process, the crystals went undisturbed and the dungeon was constructed around them. The adventurers have no way of knowing this, but the ancient race of Snake-Men drew much of their power from the crystals found throughout the world's subterranean Nether-Realms. The Snake-Men may no longer be living, but the crystals are still alive and well. In fact, those drained of power thousands of years ago are fully recharged and ready to be used. It will be difficult for player-characters to siphon the sorcery-fueling energy out of the green crystals without carefully dislodging them from the rock.

Just as before, these crystals can provide an energy boost to sorcerers or can be used as a grenade. A sharp jolt will make the crystal explode for 2d8 damage for those within 10', and 1d8 for those 11 - 20' from ground zero.

Flooding

Once the water drains out or is removed by some enterprising adventurer, there are a number of interesting features on level 2. Rather than caves, this is definitely more dungeon-esque. Corridor and room height is a standard 10', except when noted.

Sidetracked

Somewhere on level 2, up to the GM's discretion...

A strange being suddenly appear in a cloud of smoke. It is a light green-skinned humanoid, slender of build and standing about as tall as a Dwarf. He wears a darker green cowl, cloak, and robes. Though beardless, there is a masculine air of authority about him. He takes a step forward, putting a hand under his chin.

"Yes, I imagine that you'll just about do. Why not? Indeed, you'll all do. You will manage somehow, will you not... the lot of you, I mean? Well, not all of you. Only nine can enter."

When pressed for answers, Artem will explain.

"I speak of the ruby wand trials, of course. Today is the day. The constellation of Castuberous has almost passed through the house of Zion. I see by your expressions that confusion persists. Are you not aware of the ruby wand trials? Have you not heard of the ruby wand of Thorite? Why that's the most famous ruby wand in all the Nether-Realms. How do you not know of this?"

"What age am I in? What dimension? I must have overshot my destination. No matter, I can't re-figure the time/space pathways without my master's assistance, and he's preoccupied with other business. Here's all you need to know. The ruby wand is one of

the most prized, sought-after magical artifacts in the world. Every three years, there is a trial... a gauntlet to see who might possess it. I have never owned it. In fact, I've only seen it twice. Nevertheless, I desire the thing, and will stop at nothing to have it. So, I give you a choice. Walk the pathway with me, face the trial, and win me the ruby wand... or I turn you into a pile of ash. What's it going to be then?"

"Excellent. Name's Artem, by the way. I'm a Trahl. Nice to make your acquaintance. Alright, off we go!"

Artem and the PCs arrive before a grey, stone dungeon entrance in the form of a demon's mouth. "I love the feel of this place... ancient... when Devil-Gods ruled the world. We're actually not far from the center of the world. My ancestors built this place for such sport."

There are several other groups here for the trial standing next to their respective patron. The first you see is a half-dozen small creatures like pygmies or feral-looking dark-skinned Halflings. A red-robed fat man, fairly human but with short protruding horns in the temple region and black eyes gazing at the demon-mouthed dungeon, then turns glowering at Artem. The second appears to be of Elven decent or close to it. He is tall, thin, and pale with thin piercing eyes, wearing azure robes. As soon as he notices Artem, he gives a little nod of recognition. His band of trial-facers are apish sub-humans, 8 of them.

Beyond the trial-facers and their patrons, you can see several hundred humanoids seated upon benches, staggered as they stretch back, row after row, for maximum visibility. A third of these humanoids are of Artem's race, as their skin has a mellow green hue. The second third is made up of humanoids with vaguely demonic heritage. The remainder is tall, thin, and rather Elf-like. There is a low, dull cacophony of voices from the multitude of voyeurs. A sense of anticipation is felt by all.

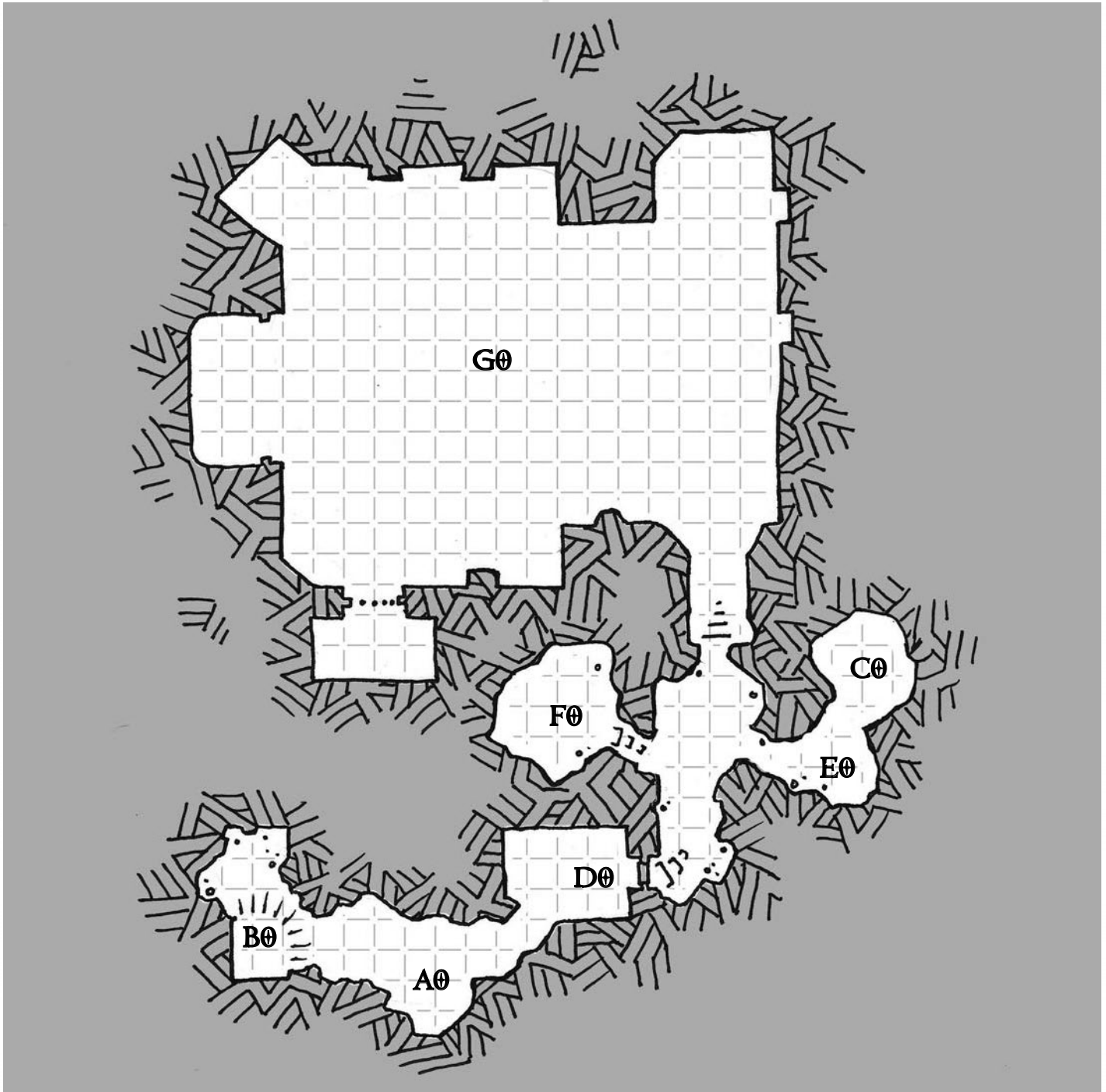
Artem says, "You only have a few minutes before the trial proper begins. Don't waste too much time - find the arena and win the ruby wand. Good luck!"

If the PCs ask why such an important magic item is being pursued by such lowly fare, then Artem replies, "Those in attendance require a show - they want to be entertained. In the end, that's more important than actually obtaining the Ruby Wand of Thorite. So, less-than-stellar parties are used to acquire it."

A0 - ANTI-MAGIC SIGIL

A sigil is carved into the wall. Those who read infernal, the language of magic, can see that this is an anti-magic symbol. A humanoid about 6' tall of medium build stands in the center of this chamber, unmoving and unarmed. He wears a dark yellow mask and matching cloak. Upon closer inspection, the cloak has a shimmering purple stone set in the clasp. The mask is sparsely decorated so as to conceal the wearer's facial features.

The audience is waiting for the trial-goers to immediately slay the man. If questioned, he says nothing. Removing his mask shows



Level 0

that he is gagged. The man's name is Archibald, and he was snatched from just outside his home yesterday. The anti-magic sigil prevents the cloak and mask from taking on their magical properties. Those leaving this chamber while wearing either will immediately notice their effects. If wearing the mask, the wearer realizes that his face feels funny; taking it off again reveals a mass of writhing tentacles. Wearing the cloak instantly kills the wearer.

B0 - RUBY-EYED SKULL

A Fiend of the Pit guards a skull sitting upon a pedestal. Both eye-sockets contain large red gemstones, perhaps rubies.

Fiend of the Pit

HD: 5 HP: 23 AC: 13 [6] #Attacks: 2 Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d6 (claws)

The Pit-Fiend has nothing of value on him. When approached, the skull's eyes glow and a voice says, "Come closer, adventurer."

Closer..." Anyone standing right in front of the skull will trigger a magical trap (undetected without studying the room for several minutes). A death-ray fires into the PC's back. Have them roll a saving throw. Each eye-socket ruby is worth approximately 600 gold pieces, and each is also magical. The holder has protection from fire.

C☉ - LAVA ROOM

This chamber appears empty, but there is a fair amount of heat radiating from it. It's filled with hot lava, but an illusion conceals it. Those attempting to disbelieve the illusion will see the true floor. Those walking into the room have to roll a Dexterity check or saving throw. Failure means to be melted into nothingness.

D☉ - WEAPONS!

This is a chamber of weapons. There are weapons of all descriptions adorning every wall.

E☉ - VENUS MAN-TRAP

A large carnivorous plant lives in the dirt floor of this chamber. Those showing hostility will be attacked; however, those attempting to parlay will find the plant to be of a decent sort. In fact, he has the power to return individuals to their homeland.

F☉ - INTO THE MIRROR

A secret door opens into this heptagon covered in identical full-length mirrors, 3 per side. Adventurers see themselves reflected everywhere. After a few seconds, one PC disappears from the chamber while his reflection remains in the mirrors. Seconds later, another PC vanishes. The remaining adventurers glimpse something in a few of the mirrors, besides members of their missing party. It has an alien cast to its grotesque features – though it is also well camouflaged by everyone's reflection. Finally, a third is gone.

Those who've disappeared are in a black space utterly devoid of anything, as if the PCs were standing in a void. Some kind of spherical abomination emerges from nothingness, hovering at chest-height. It has a multitude of eyes all over its surface and long tentacles dripping with a translucent, viscous jelly. The beast's mouth gapes wide, showing rows of large, dull, yellowed teeth. The abomination exhales, giving off a foul, unnatural stench.

Spherical Abomination

HD: 5 HP: 29 AC: 17 [2] #Attacks: 4 Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d4 (tentacles)

The spherical abomination likes to fight opponents 3 at a time. Once the first 3 are killed, he sends 3 more to his pocket dimension of nothingness. It's an innate ability of this race.

G☉ - ARENA

This is a gigantic open area like an arena. Fighting has already commenced as the adventurers enter.

A 10' serpentine creature with 7" long razor-sharp teeth and golden brown scales and infernal black eyes wields a dire flail.

Serpent

HD: 8 HP: 42 (at full strength) AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 2d4 +2 (bite)

Meanwhile, the other two groups are also attacking the serpent creature. However, if it looks as though the battle is nearly won, then either group will turn on the PCs.

Humanoids

HD: 1 HP: 5 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d4 (dagger)

In two different sections of the arena are two surprises. The first is a black obelisk which, when touched, fills the entire dungeon up with water. The second is a white obelisk which, when touched, fills the entire dungeon with fire. If the black obelisk is touched at the beginning of the fight, only those able to breathe water or who have a face full of tentacles will survive (unless a PC begs the carnivorous plant to return him to his native realm). If it's touched at the end, then the water only goes up to the neck of the shortest adventurer before the lever appears. Only those with protection from fire have a chance of surviving the white obelisk.

After the trial, a stone rectangle 3' x 3' x 7' rises from the floor. One side of the stone has a small opening. There's a lever inside. Whoever pulls the lever feels a slight tingling sensation, then the wand appears from a secret opening below the lever. The ruby red rays of the wand wash over him, dissolving him into a puddle of sizzling hot goo – unless a rolls a saving throw is made. Moments later, a mechanical arm appears from the left side of the stone rectangle, encasing the wand in some kind of metal.

Artem tells the PCs that the wand cannot be used because it's far too powerful, so it must be kept within its iron cocoon. Nevertheless, Artem is grateful. He happily transports the PCs back to where they were taken from. In a randomly chosen PC's pocket, he finds a small black velvet bag. Inside is a tiny pallid green jewel along with a note which reads, "I appreciate your assistance regarding Thorite's ruby wand. If you ever need my help, crush this precious Trahlian stone beneath your boot heel and call my name."

Back to the Dungeon

C2 - TAPESTRY ROOM

This chamber is adorned with long, thick, darkly hued tapestries depicting epic battles of years gone by. There are 7 tapestries in all. A particularly graphic and lewd tapestry features various demons destroying a human town. The buildings burn as farmers and merchants die by the claws of infernal fiends, a few busy themselves with raping the women trying to escape. This tapestry in particular attracts attention because of an obvious blood stain cutting across the front – as if adding to the gruesome havoc shown in the imagery.

This is actually a magic tapestry. Those able to identify, study, or attempt to walk through the tapestry enter a temporal gateway sending adventurers back 500 years during the sacking of Verdant Meadows – the small, bustling city that was the distant ancestor of Clear Meadows. As long as individuals step into the same space upon which they entered, they may return back to the tapestry room in the dungeon.

D2 - WATER ELEMENTAL

A pissed-off water elemental lives here. This creature is pure water and will try to drown those who antagonize it. Water Elementals cannot be destroyed, except by magic or extreme heat – in which case there's a 33% chance it becomes a Steam Elemental. Watch out for that guy!

Water Elemental

HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6 (waves)

Special Attacks: Those in melee range get doused by jets of water and start drowning on the second round. A failed constitution check or saving throw will have the PC fall unconscious in 1d4 rounds.

E2 - AQUATIC BASILISK

An aquatic Basilisk slithers around this area.

Aquatic Basilisk

HD: 5 HP: 28 AC: 14 [5] #Attacks: 2 Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d6 (claws)

Special Attacks: Once every 3 rounds, the Basilisk can turn an individual into water with its gaze. Save to avoid.

All treasure has been turned to stone, except for magical items. There is a Rod of Strange Things. When used, something bizarre occurs. ...

1. A large banana with a mustache and arms appears. It fights alongside the party for 10 turns.

2. The wielder's skin permanently turns green. He's constantly mistaken for another race.
3. One's patron or god must answer a question or perform a minor task for the wielder.
4. A dimensional portal opens up and leads to... somewhere.
5. The dungeon folds in on itself so that parts of level 5 are on level 3 and parts of level 2 are on levels 3 and 4.
6. One of the mysterious shapes randomly appears in the wielder's hand.
7. A Death Shade materializes. He demands that either a fellow adventurer's life be forfeit or the wielder's.
8. A randomly chosen magical item is (roll again) 1 – 4 inert for 12 hours or 5 – 8 twice as potent for 12 hours.

F2 - SUNSET ROOM

Apparently, this area was untouched by the water. The chamber is covered in mosaic tiles. The colors mostly range in the family of coral, orange, mauve and grey, with a hint of chartreuse. The pattern could be purposefully abstract, although it may also be the artist's impression of a sunset. Over time, a few of the tiles have cracked or chipped away revealing some kind of light beige adhesive with dungeon stone beneath it.

G2 AND H2 - LUMINOUS GEMSTONE ROOMS

Both of these rooms have been decorated with large (the size of a human fist), faintly glowing gemstones – the colors shift from red to green, purple to orange and back again. These gems are fixed to the ceiling (via magic) and provide a dim luminescence throughout.

These are not unlike the ancient green crystals embedded throughout the dungeon; however, the luminous gemstones of shifting color were created by the High Priest of K'tulu before he and his masked priests were driven down to the fourth and fifth levels of the dungeon.

If collected, there are a total of 17 gems between both rooms. When these luminous gems touch magic items or are held by a magic-user, they drain the life-force into themselves... storing it for some unknown purpose. Magic items cannot be used for 1d4 hours after being in contact with a gem for a few seconds up to a minute. Similarly, magic-users cannot cast spells for 1d4 hours after touching one or more gems. If handled for longer than a minute, then it becomes 3d4 hours instead. Regardless, these gems are probably worth 300 gp each.

12 - T2 - YOGSOGGOTH TEMPLE

The whole area around O relates to the Yogsoggoth temple. Instead of normal dungeon stone, the giant plaza and adjacent rooms are covered with quartz instead.

The most significant feature is a quartz temple to Yogsoggoth. Yogsoggoth is known as The Chaos Crawling Upon Forever, an ancient power and son of the Outer Gods before he was cast out for believing that any form of neutrality and balance was foolishness. This temple was constructed by the Faithful Supplicants of a Chaotic Forever, a religious order of outsiders, freaks, and deviants. Many of them are mixed breeds such as Half-Orcs, Half-Elves, Half-Dark Elf, etc.

The temple has various rooms or cells which acted as living quarters before the entire level flooded. There are larger rooms for prayer, meditation, holding/torturing adversaries, and magical experimentation. A knot of Giant Flying Vampire Toads has made a nest somewhere in the temple, DM's choice. These Toads fight in groups, never individually.

Giant Flying Vampire Toads

HD: 1 HP: 6 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d3 (bite)
AC: 17

Special: each time an adventurer is bitten, there's a 20% chance that he or she contracts a strain of vampirism.

There is one room far more important than the others - the inner-sanctum. This 30' x 30' chamber is saturated with a swirling mauve mist, as if dust or miniscule particles were constantly being disturbed. Adventurers can move freely and without harm. The mist is actually the remains of Xaxul's destruction. Xaxul was a greater servitor of Yogsoggoth summoned to this very room by the Faithful Supplicants of a Chaotic Forever before exploding into a million teeny-tiny pieces. Because of a particularly effective binding sigil carved into the stone floor, Xaxul's remnants just keep swirling about the inner-sanctum as a purple or mauve mist, unable to disperse.

There's a secret compartment in this chamber as well. Within it sits a hand written and bound tome which is part spell book, part history of their weird religious order, and part personal journal of Ifcus the Half-Orc cleric. It will take 3d3 hours to read. Ifcus was the head-cleric or High Priest of this temple. He's recorded a number of kidnappings, ritual killings, and attempts to dominate not only the entire second level of the dungeon but the other levels, too. His journal entries hint of some rival deity which sleeps farther down the dungeon, imprisoned. A god which differs from the Ulusek & Lokvaar, whose divine energy has been formed into bizarre objects. Ifcus had one of the objects, an orange triangular prism with numbers carved into it. Shortly after acquiring it in a fight with some demon on a lower level -he mentions fighting alongside his twin brother Sehashtian - Ifcus traded it to a human slaver named Gregarious, believing it to be cursed, though assuredly powerful. He goes on to discuss Sehashtian's initiation, the preparation, a ritual timed with some aspect of the lunar cycle, and then goes on for a couple of pages about something going horribly wrong. Ifcus also wrote of a new ritual the Faithful were experimenting with,

one that could open a gateway to the elemental plane of water.

There are three useable spells which an adventurer could use or copy into his own spell book. The first is Contact Yogsoggoth. The Chaos Which Crawls Forever is very interested in either finding new worshipers or re-establishing this temple. The second is Summon Xaxul. Not much use in that now since Xaxul is all over the air of this chamber; however, resourceful wizards and clerics have a chance of modifying the spell in order to summon a different servitor of Yogsoggoth. The third spell is called Craft Lavender Replicant. This creates a near-perfect replica or facsimile of a woman, lavender in color, used for sex rituals and other obscene pleasures. Any type of carnal depravity increases the effectiveness of Yogsoggothian sorcery.

U2, V2, W2, X2, Y2, Z2, AND AA2 - AMPHIBIAN WARRIORS

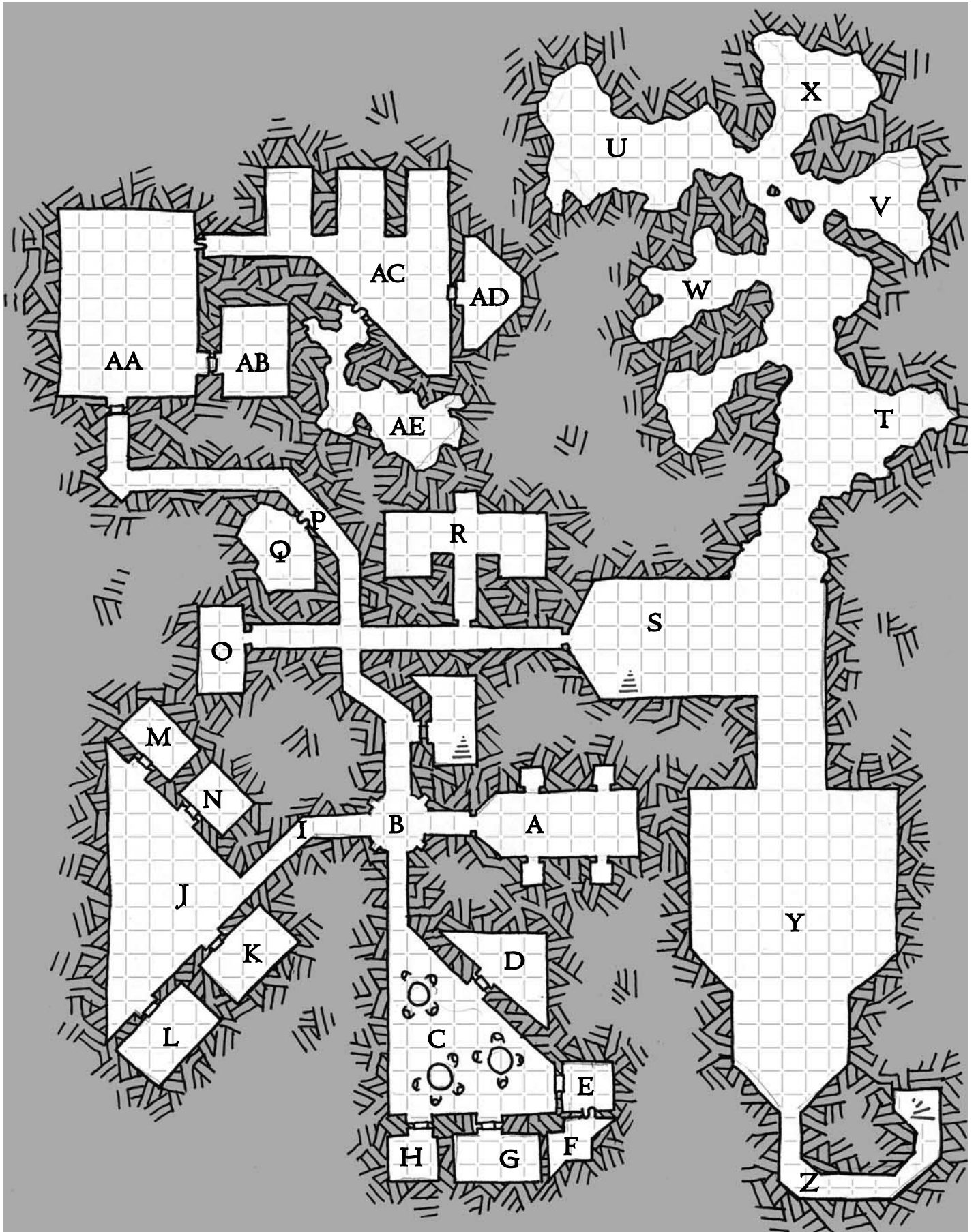
These chambers contain a tribe of Amphibian Warriors (Frog-Men) along with their 3 Amphibian-Wizards who know various water-based spells such as Suffocation, Thicken Liquid, and Torpedoes of Doom. There are 19 Amphibian Warriors plus the Chieftain for a grand total of 23 Frog-Men.

Frog-Men

HD: 3 HP: 17 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 2d4 (trident)

Special: the chieftain has 23 hit points and a 15% chance of summoning a servitor of Tsathag'kha)

They have amassed about 7,500 gold pieces.



Level 3

Level 3

As the second level is completely flooded with water, the third level is the next PCs can explore.

Aeons ago, an alien spacecraft crash-landed below level 2. After the dust settled, the original dungeoneers continued constructing levels 4, 5, and 6 in the same mold... as best they could. Level 3 was simply left alone, except for a few modifications. The dungeoneers wanted to integrate the starship into the upper and lower levels with stairs and the like.

This level includes the hostile religious factions of Ulusek & Lokvaar. The Lokvaar worshipers wear yellow and purple form-fitting outfits highlighted by the outline of strange shapes. They will encourage diplomatic PCs to wear shiny metallic bracelets as a mark of their allegiance. If the PCs betray the Lokvaar worshipers, then each bracelet can easily be detonated.

The Ulusek worshipers wear outfits of orange and blue with all kinds of numbers overlapping each other. They have built an atomic bomb which will surely destroy the entire third level and probably most of level 2. Of course, water from the metal circle on the ceiling will disable the bomb. The Ulusek worshipers are willing to commit suicide if it looks as though the Lokvaar worshipers will eventually destroy them.

There's about 25 of each. Both sides carry phasers. These small, hand-held weapons emit a thin blue beam of light which stuns or dazes opponents. If PCs acquire one or more phasers, they need to be recharged after 12 uses. Roll a 1d12 to see how many shots each stolen phaser has left. Also, these ray guns badly need recalibration. A roll of "1" on a d20 causes the phaser to blow up in the shooter's face – resulting in the shooter being stunned or dazed.

Everything is bright, strange, and unnatural to the adventurers. Strong, florescent overhead lights shine down, and the entire level of this "dungeon" is smooth, shiny white plastic, including the doors which glide open to the side with a swoosh into the wall, and then close again when not in use.

A3 - MURAL

There is artwork on the walls here. One piece, the largest, is approximately 4' high x 7' wide. Or, at least, it seems like it might be art. There are midnight blue and bright orange geometric shapes on an eggshell blue background. Whether functional or decorative, the PCs don't know, but it looks strange.

B3 - CHECKPOINT

Here is a voice-automated check-point. A mechanical voice asks, "What is your security clearance?" Any answer the PCs give will be wrong, unless it's Alpha followed by a particular color. Wrong answers are met with, "Denied!" and a wave of violet light shocks everyone in that section. It does one point of damage, and it

disorients everyone for 1d4 rounds. The security measures take 10 minutes to re-boot.

C3 - EVERYONE HAS A THEORY

Tables and chairs of a strange smooth white material are found here. There's a 70% chance that there are Ulusek worshipers in here. If so, they're wearing strange yellow-ochre and mauve clothing, tight-fitting but not very protective. Ulusek worshipers have the symbol of Ulusek embroidered upon their shirt. It's an eye halfway between a triangle and square with three lines coming down. Ulusek worshipers ask who the PCs are and why they have come. An ulusek worshiper demands to know if they worship Lokvaar the false one. Another asks if they are part of the prophecy – a small group of strangers will come to end the conflict between Ulusek & Lokvaar for all time. A third sees them as mere intruders who should be locked up, interrogated, and then killed.

D3 - ENTERTAIN ME

This is an entertainment center – a large, rectangular scrying device up against the far wall. About 10 – 15' from the scrying screen are benches made of animal hide, possibly leather, enough to seat at least a dozen people. The screen shows people in strange clothing in an unfamiliar land, talking to each other.

E3 - WHITEBOARD

This room contains a large white board with colorful scribbling all over it. At the bottom of the board is a metal tray holding various thin tubes of various colors.

F3 - MONITORS

This room contains computers and monitoring equipment.

G3 - CENTRAL INFORMATION

There's a strange device in the middle of this room. It's a bulky, smooth white thing with a clear dome on top. The back wall is filled with thin, small plastic containers, and each of them is filled with a clear circle easily fitting in the palm of a man's hand, about 2" in diameter. These can be fed into the central computer for information. This is what the ancients used instead of books.

H3 - TOILET

This small room houses a strange-looking contraption for sitting. There's a hole and water at the bottom of the chair, along with a handle or lever on one side, and a roll of soft paper nearby.

I3 - ESCAPEE

A wandering creature, a kobold, is trying to escape from the holding area.

J3 - TRANSPARENT PRISON

This is the holding area. In the middle of the room, an Ulusek worshiper stands by a large metal counter with all kinds of buttons, switches, and levers. On the sides are four triangular rooms with a transparent door keeping whoever's in there from leaving.

1. Three Kobolds
2. Amphibian- warrior creatures
3. Human
4. Lokvaar worshiper

O3 - CONTROL ROOM

This room is lined with all sorts of controls: metal covered with buttons, switches, levers, etc. This is the security control area for level 4. Damaging this will neutralize the entire area.

P3 - OUT FOR A STROLL

A few UW are walking by. One of them has a laser pistol.

Ulusek Worshipers

HD: 1 HP: 6 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: stun

Q3 - CLONING BANK

At the back of this triangular room are 7 large tubes filled with some kind of thick, translucent liquid, each big enough to house a human. In fact, three of them hold what looks to be like adult humans – 2 male and 1 female. The other 4 contain half-formed children or possibly devil-spawn.

R3 - STARGAZING

This is the observatory. There are two screens on each side of the room allowing individuals to see a magnified version of the stars, planets, and so on. A table with constellation maps and such is on the right side of the room.

S3 - JUNKYARD

This is where the Lokvaar worshipers store all their useless or broken equipment on steel shelves lining the walls. A few items might actually still function, but they don't know how to operate them.

This area also has several barricades and blast shields set up for when the Ulusek worshipers attempt an extermination raid.

T3 - MEDITATION CAVE AND THE RED SHAPE

This is the meditation room. There's a 33% chance that 1d4 Lokvaar worshipers are in this room, either praying to their plastic red god or calculating some imaginary fraction that will solve the universe's mysteries.

Upon a pedestal sits the focal point of this cave – a square trapezohedron, shiny red in color, with the numbers 63, 81, and 24 carved into it. An individual who carries this shape can think of a specific place and teleport there 3 times per day. The LW explain that this is part of their god. There are various interpretations which go into more detail, but essentially all of them say the same thing – the red square trapezohedron is a religious artifact of Lokvaar; however, its significance is largely unknown.

U3 - A MIND-RAPING ORANGE

There's a piece of fruit sitting in the middle of this cave – an orange.

Not too long ago, a Lokvaar worshiper wandered into the fourth level of the dungeon, taking an orange from the Dark Elf grove. He brought it back for experimentation. It still looks like an orange, although there's now a small patch of mold on it which will increase as the days and weeks go by.

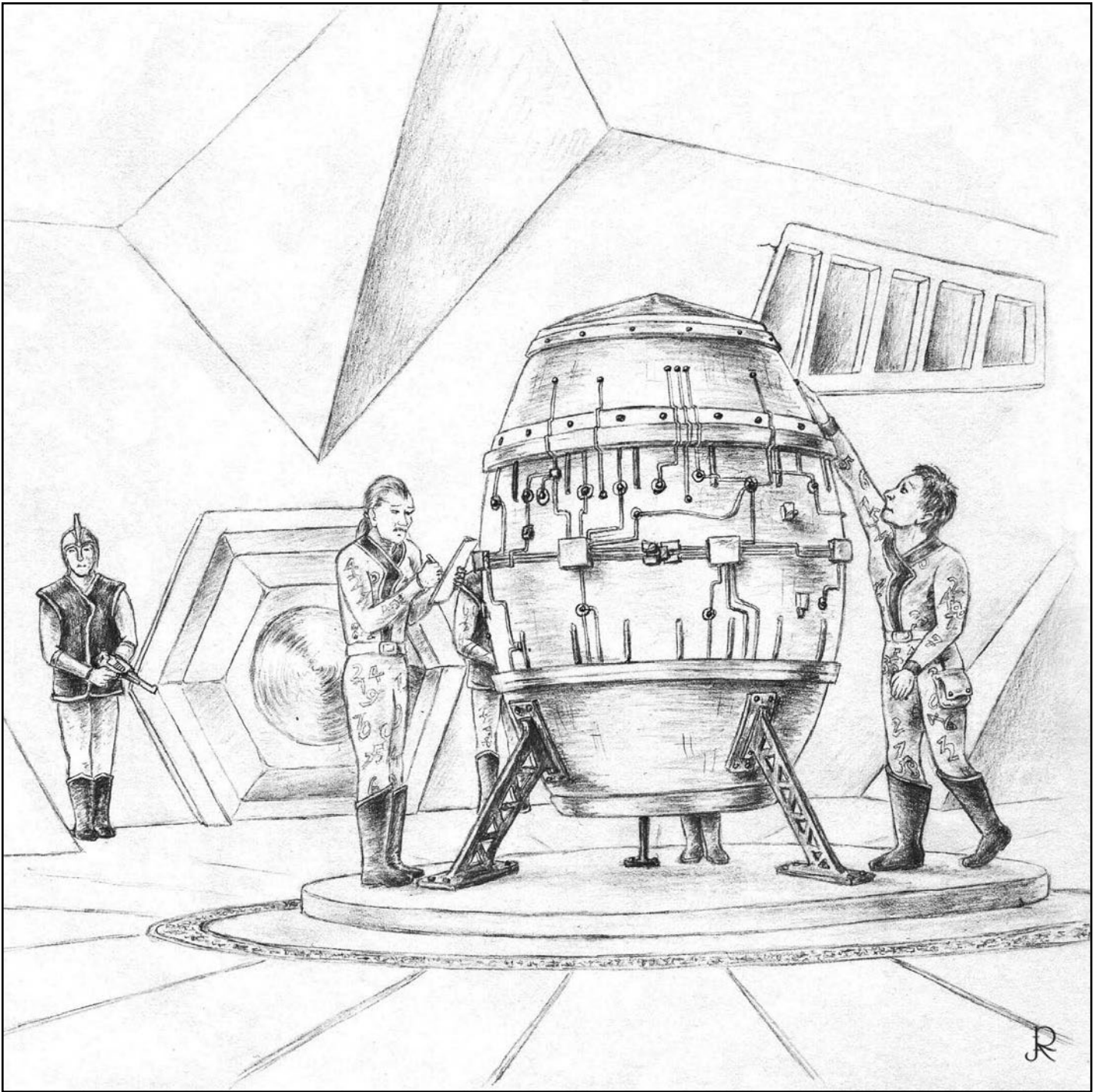
The orange can implant emotionally charged images into the mind of those who threaten it. If anyone walks over to the orange, picks it up, tries to cast a spell or throw a weapon at it, the orange will reciprocate with the only defense it has – rapping the mind with horribly realistic scenes that cannot easily be distinguished from reality, even implanting post-hypnotic suggestions which only reveal themselves hours or days later.

This orange is fond of making individuals believe that everyone is out to get them or that they're falling into a bottomless pit. Perhaps, reuniting with loved ones... only to have their flesh rip open and turn into some kind of nightmarish mutant Nazi creature. Emotional manipulation is this orange's game, even to the point of suicidal impulses.

Because of its experimental nature, the Lokvaar worshipers will not tell adventurers anything about the orange. They want to see what will happen.

V3 - HERBERT WEST'S FORMULA

Several monstrous beasts are chained up in this cave. There is a man in a plastic white jumpsuit holding a clear glass tube of vile green liquid. This is a man-made mutagen which transforms organic material (such as plants, animals, dungeon corpses) into animated and terrifying abominations.



W3 - SLEEPING QUARTERS

This is where most of the Lokvaar worshipers sleep during their non-activity cycle.

X3 - LAIR OF THE THREE

This cave houses three humanoids who are so incredibly old that they still remember when Ulusek & Lokvaar were two sides of the same god. Their names are Krimshaw, Blisback, and Stills. Each has a long white beard, jittery hands, and eyes so deep and mysterious that they would bring the wise woman of Clear Meadows to shame.

Although they technically lair on the Lokvaar side of level 3, Krimshaw, Blisback, and Stills are against the conflict and try to remain as neutral as possible. All of these men hope to resolve the differences between the factions.

None are worth a damn in a fight; however, they know a little ESP. Krimshaw has telekinesis. Blisback has telepathy, and Stills can scanner-blast an opponent's head after 1d4 rounds of concentration. It might be possible for these old men to teach their knowledge... in return for something else.

Krimshaw wants Kalthalax. Blisback wants the High Priest of K'tulu's unholy sword. Stills wants the nuclear warhead deactivated.

Y3 - BUT IS IT ART?

This area feels serene; tranquil music plays as soft circular lighting bounces around the walls and ceiling. A gas is filtered into the air which calms the nervous system. It's not harmful, just very relaxing. While remaining here, adventurers will heal at an accelerated rate of 1 HP per hour.

This chamber is decorated with more abstract artistic expression. There are strange shapes on either wall, corresponding to colors, number patterns, and gateways to other dimensions. This is accompanied by several pictures which show a story progression. At the pictogram's end are two distinctly higher beings with light radiating from them and multiple people (drawn small and crudely) bowing down before them like gods. The two higher beings are intricately detailed and almost exactly alike.

Z3 - EGRESS

At the base of the steps is a shiny white door with a small horizontal rectangular mechanism next to it. There's a thin slit at the center of the mechanism. The leader of the LW had the only code key to enter the door. This is the way down to level 4.

AA3 - DOOMSDAY

The nuclear warhead is in this area. It looks like a phallus-shaped wagon built for one. It's gold in places, lying on its side, about 8' tall and 3' wide.

AB3 - THE HATCH

This is a workshop for tinkering on parts of the bomb and its guidance system.

There's a metallic circle in the ceiling with a handle for opening it. Opening this seal will pour water into this whole area. The water will eventually be filtered away by the complex environmental systems; however, any kind of standing water of a foot or more will effectively disable the atomic bomb. Once opened, water will rush in so fast that unless it's immediately closed, the entire area will have between 12 and 24 inches of water on the floor.

AC3 - SLEEPING QUARTERS

This is where most of the Ulusek worshipers sleep. There are several three-tier bunk beds, some are being used, depending on activity cycle.

AD3 - THE LEADER

This is where the Ulusek worshipping leader, Jacowhy, resides. He's a square-jawed, authoritarian nutcase who firmly believes the end

is near. Jacowhy wants to blow the entire dungeon up sometime in the next few weeks.

He holds the only laser pistol able to disintegrate a target.

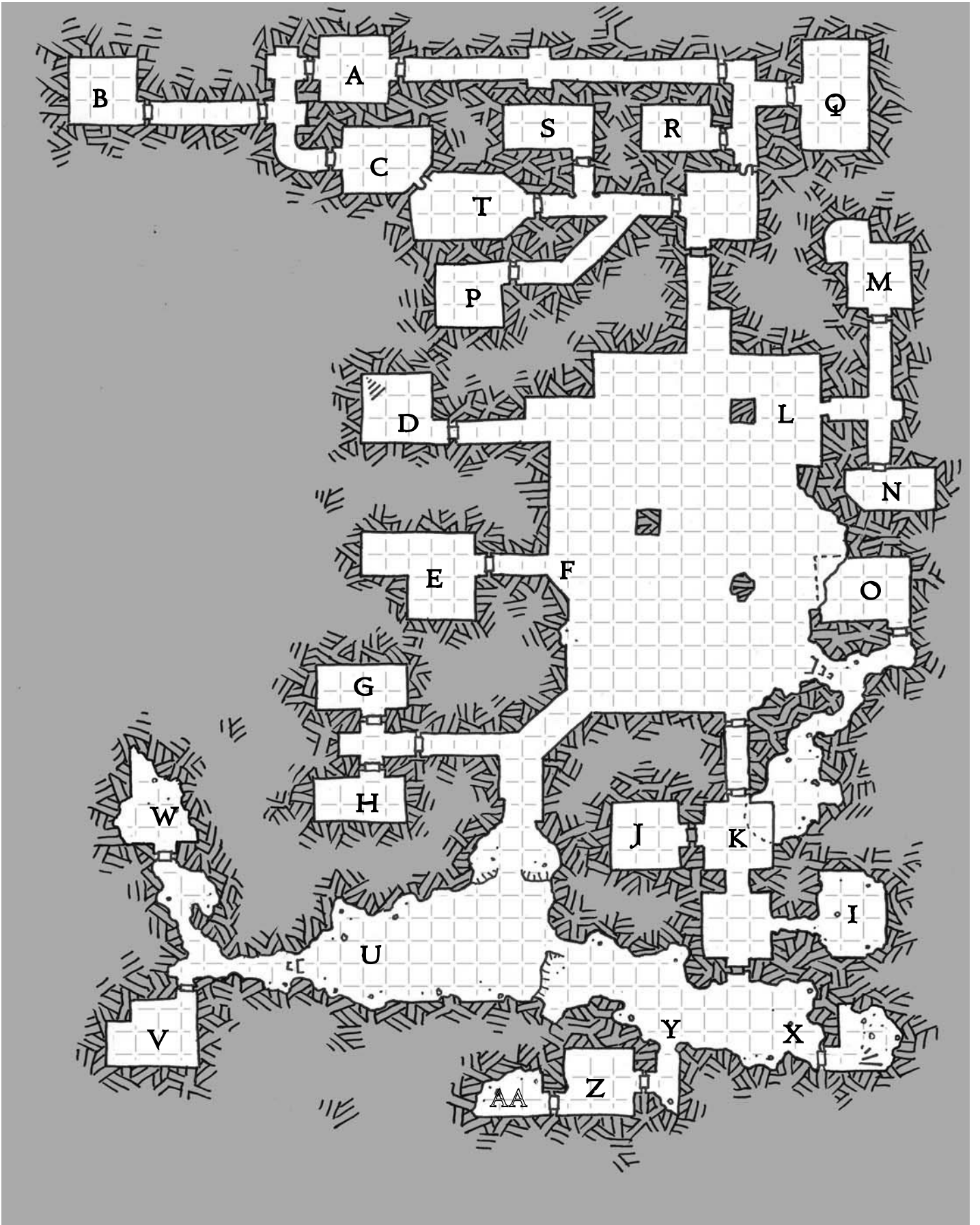
Jacowhy

HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: save or be disintegrated

He carries a key card that can open the white door in Z3. Under his enormous bed (occasionally occupied by one or more Ulusek worshipping females) is an environmental hazard slicker which will protect the wearer from 5 points of fire, cold, or acid per round.

AE3 - THE PURPLE SHAPE

The UW keep their shape in this room, on a similar pedestal. It's a purple pentagonal antiprism, numbered 23, 32, and 651. The one holding this shape is invisible and cannot be seen with ordinary vision.



Level 4

Level 4

Level 4 is a continuation of level 2's theme. The DM should feel free to include more green crystals embedded in the dungeon walls, if he wishes. It is noticeably warmer than the levels above. There are many lesser Demons, a small community of Dark Elves who have remained even closer to their infernal heritage than surface Elves, Orcs, Trolls, Devil Spiders, and the potential for random encounters.

A4 - THE ADVERSARIAL NPC

There is a gnome wandering around level 4, but he can usually be found in room A. His name is Kadsil. He seems nice enough at first, but a rather unpleasant fellow soon after introductions are given. Aside from going on and on about his passion for caterpillar custard, Kadsil claims that he's lost, scared, and looking for a way out of the dungeon. He will tag along with the party unless forcibly shooed away.

Shortly after joining the group, he will make sarcastic remarks, moan and bitch about all the walking or fighting or resting that's going on. He calls the Dark Elves "orange eaters." It won't take that long before Kadsil tries to slay then loot the body of an adventurer (either in the PC's sleep or when he's preoccupied). If no one suspects it was Kadsil, then he'll do it again and again, until he has the majority of worthwhile magic items, jewels, weapons, etc.

Kadsil

HD: 3 HP: 17 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d4 (dagger)

B4 AND C4 - JUST LIKE VIETNAM

A Half-Orc named Sehashtian, twin brother of Ifcus, has made his home here, but he's just as likely to be wandering throughout level 4.

He's a guerrilla fighter, a rogue, thief, assassin, and he's been delving into dungeons like this for awhile. He'd be long gone by now if not for witnessing something so sanity-shattering that he's now half-insane. Ifcus wanted to bring his twin brother into the fold, so he showed him Yogsoggoth before properly preparing Sehashtian's mind for the inconceivable nature of The Chaos Forever Crawling. Now, Sehashtian suffers from paranoid delusions and schizophrenic behavior - sometimes he's not sure who he is, where he is, or what's going on, but Sehashtian knows that skulking around in the dark and taking pot shots at small parties of adventurers or monsters is the best plan.

Whenever the PCs are feeling confident or a surprise is needed, the DM should feel free to unleash Sehashtian upon them, hidden in shadows, ready to backstab or fire a crossbow when he sees an advantage. What does the Half-Orc want? To win! His version of winning is wasting potential hostiles as he searches for the mind-fragments which fell off of his brain when he saw Yogsoggoth's

naked, unrepentant glory. "Perhaps my lost mind-fragments are locked inside those jewels and crystals... or that sword? Gimme gimme!"

Sehashtian

HD: 9 HP: 42 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +9 Damage: 5d4+3 (dagger +1) or 1d6 + 4d4 (crossbow)

Special Defense: Cannot be surprised.

D4 - GREEN SLIME

A gelatinous yellow-green ooze is loose somewhere in this area. The slimy spawn of K'tulu was recently deposited on the fourth level by a masked priest who wanted to antagonize those above. Every creature and humanoid avoids it like the plague because they know what it is.

Ooze

HD: 2 HP: 11 AC: 10 [9]

Special Attack: turns people and objects into slime. Those who touch the slime, including non-magical items and weapons, will need to save or be turned into a bilious slime as well.

Special Defense: can only be harmed by harmed by cold, frost, or ice weapons.

E4 & F4 - THE CHARMING SLAVER

There is furniture in this room and some relatively fresh food and drink (water and ale) lying around. Gregarious the human slaver has taken up residence in this area of level 4. He is charming, wise-cracking, and charismatic. Gregarious always has a smile on his face, a compliment on his lips, and a few humanoid slaves at his beck and call.

When the adventurers meet him in his lair, he has 1d4 slaves (a Half-Elf, Human, Elf, and Hobgoblin - depending on the roll) chained up on the far wall. Gregarious doesn't want a fight. He will gladly offer to sell his slaves if the PCs have a problem with it. Gregarious will ask whatever he believes they can reasonably afford. If attacked, he will defend himself for a round or two until using his ring of teleportation to get the hell out of there.

If asked, Gregarious tells the adventurers about the weird shapes he's seen. "Vivid colors, made of a strange material, with numbers engraved into them, big as a man's head. The religious fanatics on level 3 are obsessed by them. Oh, I've seen them. Last time I was on level 6, I saw a green one."

He has the orange triangular prism with 75, 111, and 16 carved into it - but won't mention that right away. There's a small section cut out, as if it fits together with one or more shapes. The possessor has all spells and magical effects cast upon him doubled in potency. Gregarious will trade it for a powerful magic item or a ton of gold, jewels, etc.

Gregarious

HD: 7 HP: 30 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6 (shortsword)

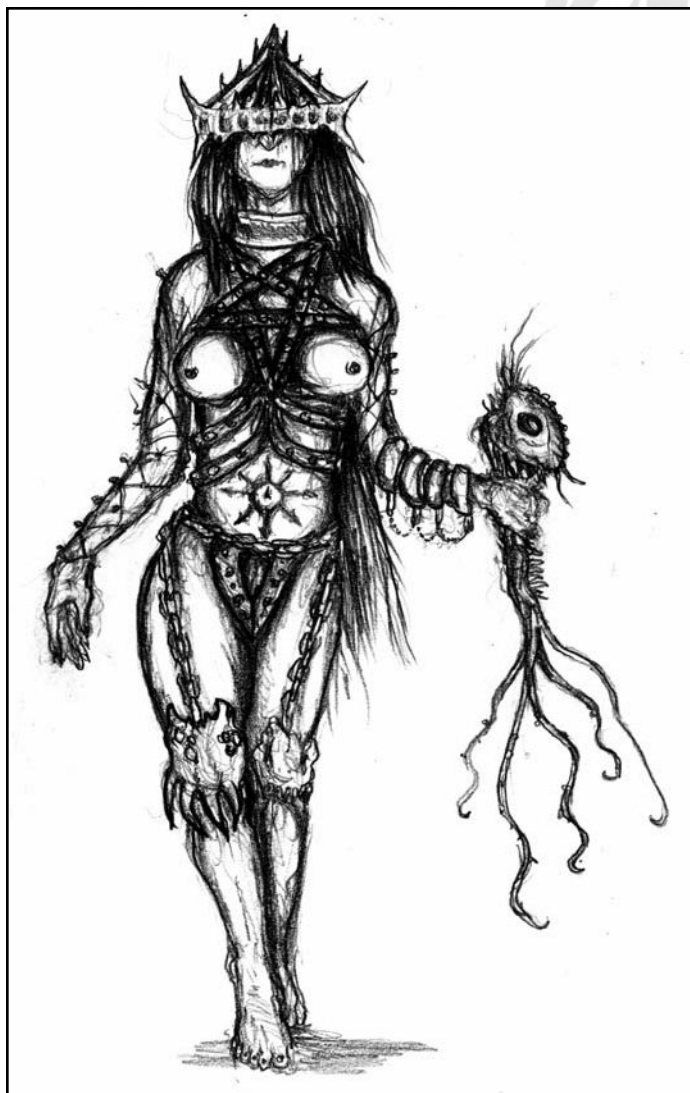
The slaves

Storm, the Half-Elf, is a worshiper of Yogsoggoth, captured when everyone fled the temple due to the flood – their gateway to some watery dimension caused it. He wishes to re-establish their temple.

Traver, the Human, used to be a wizard before a rival magic-user put a block on his mind, preventing Traver access to any of his arcane lore and training.

The Elf, Persival, made a deal with a Devil on the sixth level to the Elf's ultimate disadvantage. The infernal creature eventually sold the Elf to Gregarious for a few gemstones.

The Hobgoblin is called Broom; he's quite intelligent and less savage than his brethren. He's educated enough to know basic reading, writing, and arithmetic.



G4 AND H4 - THE DEVIL'S CONSORT

Illyvina has made both of these chambers her home. PCs might think they see a flash of a naked human female down a random passageway if she's out wandering the fourth level. Eventually, they come face-to-face with Illyvina, consort of the Devil Vord.

She actually isn't completely nude. There are thin, black harness straps with metal loops which tightly fit here and there on her flesh. Illyvina is quite beautiful and voluptuous, using her charms to persuade the PCs to do her bidding – like gain entrance to a special chamber on level 6 because this is what her master wants.

The door is locked and upon it is etched "Alpha 3 : Omega 7". Ancient texts (like the one Vord possesses – Notes from Obscure Manuals) tell of a powerful god within that chamber... a deity who has knowledge of the codes of ascension. She is protected from harm as everyone on this level of the dungeon fears Vord.

I4 - THE PUPPETEER

Trog the Troglodyte is here, carrying a big spiked club. He's about 10' tall, ugly, mean, with a leathery blackish green hide.

Troglodyte

HD: 11 HP: 67 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6+5 (spiked club)

Special Attack: ability to cleave those in melee range after he fells an opponent.

No treasure, just bones, animal hide, and a half-eaten Kobold. However, in the corner of the room there's a mouse-hole. Inside, one can see a tiny, demonic humanoid about 3" tall, operating some kind of joystick that controls simple creatures like Trog. The diminutive demon is named Stimuzassorkryst... Stim for short. Once discovered, he will ask the PCs questions in his comically high-pitched voice.

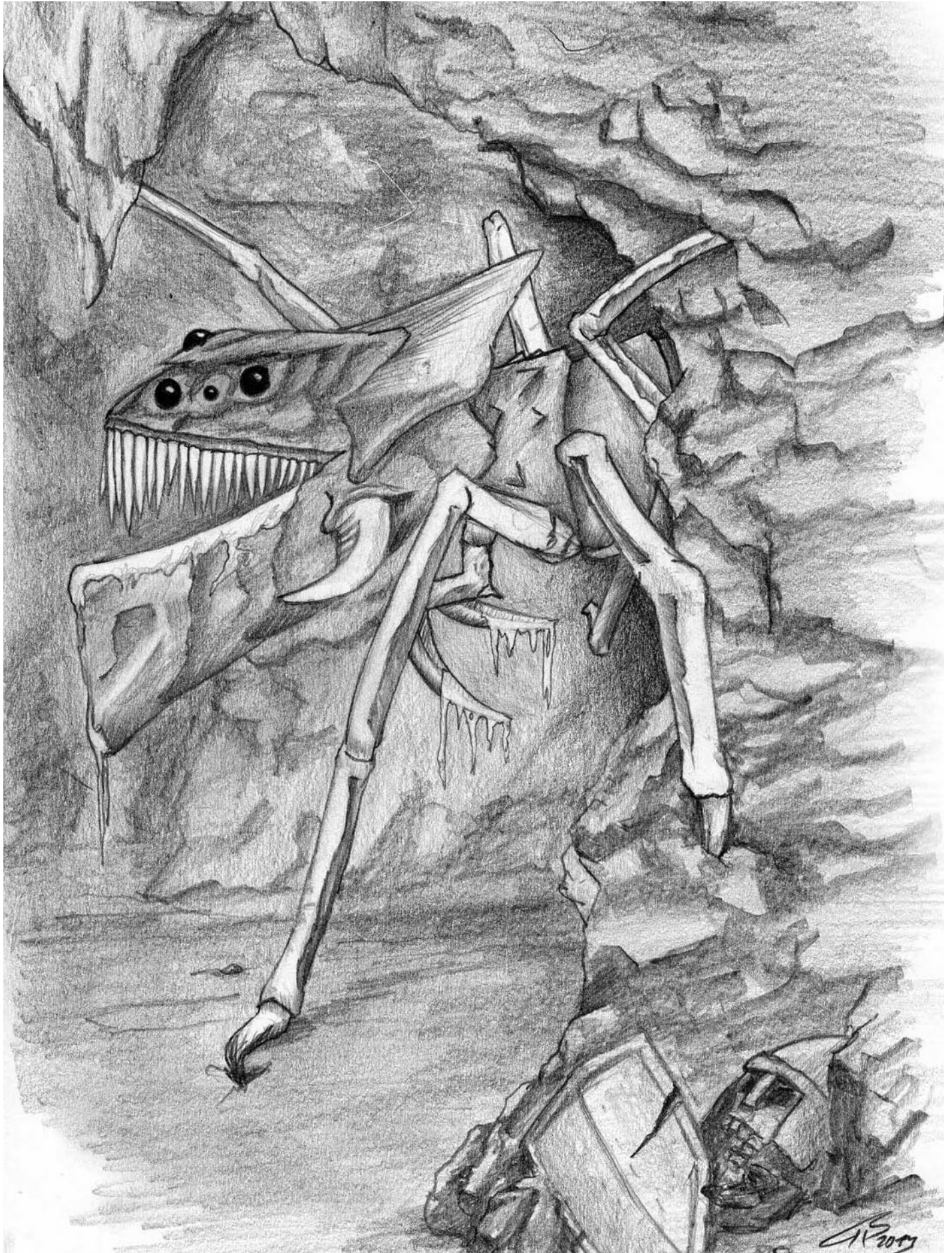
If satisfied with tales of excitement and adventure, he might join the party. If attacked, Stimuzassorkryst will try to take control of a PC with low intelligence. Anything 7 or below is sufficient. Meanwhile, Stimuzassorkryst will hide deeper into the mouse-hole as he forces the dumb adventurer to attack his fellows.

J4 AND K4 - DEMO-DRAGON SPIDERS

The wall between this area has been smashed through, opening up both areas to create a large, rectangular room.

Within is a nest of 3 giant Demon-Dragon Spiders. These are furry spiders the size of a small car, each with demonic and draconic features, especially the head/face. Roll randomly for color: 1) red 2) green 3) blue 4) black 5) white 6) indigo

Every third round, a Demon-Dragon Spider can use its breath weapon. Red – fire; green – poison gas; blue – lightning; black – acid; white – frost; and indigo (also known as a Wizard-Spider) casts spells



– magic sparks shoot out of his mouth like technicolor lightning.

Demon-Dragon Spiders

HD: 7 HP: 44 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 3d4 (bite) or 3d12 (breath weapon)

These creatures love treasure; they have 3,200 gold pieces, 7 gemstones, a ring of protection +2, and a wand of magic missiles (3 missiles per charge used).

There might also be a crawl space in this combined living space where the Spiders can move between levels 4 and 6, if the DM wishes.

L4, M4, AND N4 - KRINJESS' ARMY

A band of 7 Kobolds inhabits these rooms led by a Hobgoblin priest of Ulusek and Lokvaar.

These Kobolds are tougher than normal. They've been specially trained by the Hobgoblin. His name is Krinjess, a hard-bitten warrior who has seen more than his share of battles and survived them all. Krinjess loves soldiering, discipline, and pushing himself to the limit. The camaraderie of brothers in battle is reward enough for him.

When spoken to, Krinjess glares at those addressing him, eyeing them up as if taking strategic notes. He's slow to warm up to anyone, but respects warriors more than any other class or profession. Krinjess is honorable and will accept a request to duel if adventurers ask. In combat, the Hobgoblin will taunt adventurers, saying "You fight like a cleric belonging to the God of Peace!"

7 Kobolds

HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (short swords and crossbows)

Hobgoblin Warrior-Priest

HD: 10 HP: 77 AC: 18 [1] (platemail +1) Attack Bonus: +8 Damage: 1d6+4 (short sword +1)

Krinjess has some healing ability, can curse victims with a -2 on all their d20 rolls for the entire day, and ask Ulusek-Lokvaar to smite his enemies. There is an 11% chance of a lightning bolt coming straight out of a dimensional portal and striking an adventurer for 7d6 damage.

Treasure: 630 gold pieces, a dozen quartz stones, and a rainbow opal the size of a Halfling's fist worth approximately 750 gold pieces.



If PCs capture and question the hobgoblin or if Krinjess captures one of them, then he can speak of a prophecy whereby the opposed twin enigmas merge into one - a unified god with the power to create or destroy a universe. The prophecy describes various connecting shapes of semi-translucent color inscribed with the location of particular stars. Krinjess possesses the blue shape, its mad configuration is like nothing ever seen before. Its numbers are 69, 17, and 111. The blue shape affects time. The possessor can create a temporal distortion if he wishes 3 times per day and up to a year either backwards or forwards. In battle, if the kobolds are getting slaughtered or Krinjess is down to half his hit points or less, then he will reverse time to a few minutes before encountering the PCs and either set up an ambush if he thinks they can be beaten with superior military tactics or run away if they seem invincible.

O4 - GNOLLS WITH A PRISONER

A tribe of 7 Gnolls (including 1 magic-user) lives in this area of the dungeon. These savage humanoids have been experimented upon by the various clerical and magic-using denizens of the dungeon. Each bears a demon mark upon its flesh, giving it weird abilities such as psionics, a partial shark's head jutting out of its stomach, four arms, and several 6' long suckered tentacles.

These ferocious mutants also have a captive, an acolyte of K'tulu. However, he is not from the dominant branch of K'tulu worshippers. Flivet Karn is an acolyte of the Chartreuse Sect of Untenable Stars. He was sent by the hierophant of his religious group to spy on the K'tulu priesthood within this dungeon. Flivet Karn is bound with chains and his mouth obstructed with a gag.

The Gnolls attack any non-Gnoll on sight with long swords and natural weaponry. The Gnoll mage will stay at the back while the rest will rush up to the front of the line with long swords in hand.

Gnolls

HD: 4 HP: 27 (19 for the mage) AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +4
Damage: 1d8 (long sword) or 1d6 (tentacle) or 2d12 (shark bite).

Special: a variety of unusual ways of inflicting damage due to supernatural experimentation. Half of the Gnolls will have more than one attack per round. The Gnoll wizard will cast his own version of Magic Missiles, Acidic Arrow, and Fireball.

Treasure: Besides swords, 231 gold pieces, and a spell book, the Gnoll tribe has plenty of food and spirits. One of the Gnolls acquired a religious artifact from a K'tulu worshiper he encountered not long ago. It's an unholy symbol carved out of travertine and polished to represent the outré Draconic Squid visage of their God. A worshiper of K'tulu receives a +1 to all his d20 rolls while wearing it.

Flivet Karn, Chartreuse Sect of Untenable Stars acolyte

HD: 3 HP: 16 (currently 3) AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: as per weapon

Special: the acolyte has little to no discernible power here as his alternate version of K'tulu slumbers in another universe. Nevertheless, he is resourceful and will trade information for his freedom.



P4 - THE DARK LONER

These are the quarters of a half-Dark Elf, half-Human thief/magic-user. He lives apart from but still close to the Drentreatise clan. His name is Teft Drillivad. He just arrived in this dungeon, having created a gateway in order to peruse the Snake-Men tablets which the Dark Elf settlement has in its possession. He wants to study them in-depth. Teft Drillivad also has a liking for Lee-lee and might begin courting her if all goes well.

Half-Drow Thief/Wizard

HD: 9 HP: 45 AC: 16 [3] (magically enhanced leather armor)

Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 3d4+3 (dagger +3)

Teft has staff that creates hail storms once per day; everyone in a 35' radius takes 1d6 cold/ice damage every round for 2d4 rounds. It can also summon a 1 HD Ice Imp 3 times per week.

Teft also wears a protection from cold amulet (absorbing 10 damage per round) with a large winter opal as the centerpiece jewel.

The Dark Elf knows 3 spells which are also in his spell book (written in the Drow language and must be translated before used by adventuring wizards). Levitate Person; Shield Self (blocks all non-magical attacks and 30% of spell and magical weapon attacks, lasting 3 rounds per level of caster); and a spell known as Saw, which creates a glowing hacksaw made of sorcerous light which appears and starts slicing and dicing for 1 round per caster's level. Each player within a 10' diameter area chosen by the caster (within sight and not further than 50' from the wizard) must roll a d20. On a 1, the head is severed, on a 2 a leg is severed, on a 3 an arm is severed, a 4 means a hand is severed, and a result of 5 – 7 means that 1d6 damage is taken. Rolls of 8 and above is a miss.

Q4 - VAMPIRE

In this room is a wooden coffin laying upon a trapezoidal dais. If disturbed, the inhabitant will immediately attack.

Within is a Child of Belial, a special type of vampire that is more demon than undead, horned, gaunt, black-eyed, and incredibly strong. Those who don't successfully make a saving throw or Intelligence check are dominated by the pale creature clothed in black robes. Children of Belial drink blood to live, but also get supernatural powers from the blood they ingest. Besides domination, these creatures are capable of personal illusions, making them look harmless.

A Child of Belial only creates another of his kind via a magical ritual which takes a full 3 nights to perform.

Child of Belial

HD: 11 HP: 75 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: 2d6+7 (magical long sword and strength)

Special Attacks: super strength, illusory disguise, and domination.

This demon sleeps with his sword. It's a magical two-handed (bastard) sword + 1 named Fenzor. It's made of infernal steel with black runes of chaos carved upon the blade's lower portion and a sparkling black diamond set into the top middle area of its hilt. When scoring a crit, an additional 1d8 is rolled for damage above and beyond what would normally be rolled as Fenzor loves to find arteries - blood starts pouring out of that wound. If the victim isn't killed outright, then he is woozy for the next 2d6 rounds.

This particular creature trades gold for the occasional victim to drain of blood.

R4 - BLOOD-DRAINED CORPSES

The stench of death is strong in this room. Half a dozen humanoid bodies are drained of blood. Pale corpses here are starting to decay, and various wounds upon the neck, wrist, and thigh can easily be seen.

S4 & T4 - CANNIBALISM

Three degenerate humanoids are partaking in a cannibal feast. These feral humans look as if they've been living underground all their lives, perhaps for generations. They are hunched over, grunting, hands feeding their faces with entrails and wet-looking organs ripped out of humans from the surface.

The corner of this room is littered with bones and inedible scraps from their many victims.

Savage Cannibals

HD: 3 HP: 14 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d4 (fists, feet, or bite)

Special Attack: if an adventurer is bitten, there is a 10% chance (cumulative) that he will become a cannibal as well in 1d6 hours... ravenous for the cooked or raw humanoid sweet meats. After consuming his first meal, that cannibal is insane and considered savage unless a cleric's divine magic can save him.

The door leads to a stairway down to level 5.

U4, V4, W4, X4, Y4, Z4, AND AA4

Dark Elves

The southern wall of Room Y was demolished when the Dark Elves battled a demon already inhabiting this stretch of the dungeon. After clearing the debris, the Drow discovered a vast rectangular cave running parallel to the hallway between V and AA. There is a natural spring and plenty of exotic fungi for eating, hallucinating, making poisons, etc. Additionally, in the center of this cavern is an orange grove. There are nearly 20 orange trees tended to by the settlement of Dark Elves (11 adults and 2 children), who found themselves in this dungeon via magical gateway.

Dark Elves are an off-shoot race of Elves who never bothered to shake off their infernal heritage but instead revel in it. These Dark Elves have violet-black skin tone and are a bit shorter than their surface cousins, making them about even with men (average height of 5'10"). However, Dark Elves are even more slight of frame and fragile of bone, hence their predisposition towards sorcery.

Most learn the black arts of their Devil forbearers; however, the underground labyrinth of tunnels revealed magical secrets long forgotten. The Snake-Men were an ancient sorcerous race, and many of their stone tablets survived the collapse of their civilization. The Dark Elves learned magic of which even the infernal races were unaware, and they have access to esoteric knowledge and eldritch wizardry that would leave other races dumbfounded if they witnessed it. Snake-Men sorcery requires not only blood and willpower, but human suffering as well.





Magic is seen as a masculine endeavor and Dark Elf society is patriarchal with a magocracy for their government. Vendyr is the most advanced wizard, so he is the leader. After Vendyr, Irryd is the best wizard, although he is young and introverted – but with a great sense of style.

Illgyrd is more of a second in command as he knows some magic, but is also strong, quick, intelligent, and mature enough to lead the clan if anything happened to Vendyr. Drentreatise would like to take over the entire dungeon system, making it their permanent home. Unfortunately, they are very much aware of the dangers. Ideally, the Dark Elves would use the adventurers to clear the dungeon for their use. In return, they are welcome to settle with them... if they take a Dark Elf wife (or husband for female PCs).

Religion was a cause of tremendous divide within Dark Elf society. In fact, religious persecution was a main reason for the Drentreatise clan to break off from their native Nether-Realms. For this reason, it is forbidden to speak of religion, unless one speaks in general terms such as “the All-Mother” or “the Dark Gods.” The clan, like all Dark Elves, is rather chaotic in alignment, some would say amoral. They will lie, cheat, steal, murder, rape, and torture if there’s a net personal gain at the end of the equation – especially if forbidden arcana is unearthed. Although, Drentreatise are loath to mistreat another of their kin, another Dark Elf? Perhaps, but not a Drentreatise. In that one regard, they are more lawful.

Dark Elf females are coquettish by nature. They tease suggestively, but then pull away or feign disinterest just when a suitor’s curiosity is piqued. At most, their clothing is scant. Many wear lyrthum or leather bikinis in order to show off their smooth, delicate flesh, and their faces are usually adorned with phosphorescent paste, particularly around the eyes, lips, and cheekbones – especially during special occasions.

Since the entire settlement is more or less Drentreatise (there’s a handful of first cousins among them) and since their exodus they’ve adopted Drentreatise as their surname), there’s no fear of inbreeding. Noble born Dark Elves frequently marry within the bloodline. Yet, the allure of forbidden fruit persuades many females to search elsewhere for companionship.

Male PCs should have their hands full evading their dark feminine advances. Of course, once a male is interested, the female might assume a chaste demeanor or that of a depraved lust kitten. Dark Elf females prefer mating for life, and won’t be entirely happy until they are wed to their betrothed by their sorcerer father (or uncle, older brother, etc.) Females don’t mind adventurer husbands, but the Drentreatise clan knows a ritual for ensuring child support.

Vendyr Drentreatise is an elderly but wise and quick-witted Dark Elf wizard, even tempered, tough but fair in negotiations, not easily riled. He is short, about 5’6” and looks underfed (though this is more due to metabolism than anything else), with a bushy grey/white beard. Vendyr carries a lyrthum short sword +1 with him, a ring of impenetrable darkness, and a wand of fireballs (1d12 charges remaining). Vendyr has a dragon-skin spell book full of spells. He wears purple robes. He has two attractive daughters named Leelee and Lala (the eldest) along with a son named Irryd who is an accomplished sorcerer in his own right. Lala is extremely proficient in the whip, flail, and similar weapons. In fact, she has a magical whip that finds its way around the neck of a victim (on a crit), choking him out until he’s either unconscious or dead.

Another dark elf the PCs might run into is Illgyrd, a magic-using assassin who is as quick with his hands as he is with a spell. Illgyrd is slightly more hot-headed, but always with an eye for how best to take advantage. When he hears something he doesn’t like, Illgyrd replies with a thin, sardonic smile. He carries a crossbow, lyrthum dagger, and lyrthum chainmail armor. He has a daughter named Isjahll, a precocious girl as likely to seduce with her saucy tongue as she is with her violet beauty. Attack: +3 HP: 27 AC: 18





Both Dark Elf males have access and knowledge of the stone tablets (kept in room AA), though Vendyr's understanding is deeper. These are lost artifacts of the Snake-Men who ruled the Nether-Realms well before Dwarves and Elves. Snake-Men are said to be as old as the Devils with which they trafficked. In fact, some say Snake-Men are directly descended from devils but their race mutated after centuries spent underground. Each stone tablet either solves a mystery or describes a spell.

Upon one, a Snake-Man wrote that his race did not worship the Old Ones but commanded them as if they were powerful beasts of burden.

Another tablet describes a certain kind of devil traveling to the world via the shadow moon Anu.

The Dark Elves also have a stone tablet mentioning Yogsoggoth's unnatural lust for disorder and subsequent banishment from the universe belonging to the Outer Gods.

There is one spell called Summoning the Winged Slave Wurm of Hali. The summoned and hereafter subservient creature appears as a giant flying worm covered in shimmering jade-colored slime with the dead, unmoving face of a human. It is difficult for enemies to slay and quite unsettling to look upon, but not as disturbing as the "spell components" requiring the sorcerer to take a man's (human adult male) face off, effectively skinning it from his head, then spilling his blood over an earthworm and a pair of torn-off bat wings.

The Drentreatise clan have 4 tablets, and they can only be deciphered by a Dark Elf, a member of the extinct Snake-Men race, or some form of divine wisdom.

Vendyr Drentreatise

HD: 6 HP: 40 AC: 17 [2] (has permanent magic shield cast upon him) Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d6 (crossbow or short sword) or as per spell

Spells: Pretty much all of them.

Treasure: Jeweled belt buckle and short sword sheath. Several rubies and emeralds.

Irryd Drentreatise

HD: 5 HP: 32 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6 (crossbow or short sword) or spell

Spells: Magic Missile, Fireball, Acid Arrow, Sleep, Detect Magic, Identify Magic, Read Magic

Treasure: Black, silk, wide-brimmed hat with lavender feather. Several sapphires, rubies, and fire opals.

Lala and Leelee Drentreatise

HD: 3 HP: 20 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (short sword or crossbow) or 1d6+1 (magic whip)

Special: Lala's enchanted (+1) whip constricts around an opponent's throat, causing unconsciousness in 1d4 rounds and death 2d4 rounds thereafter, unless released.

Illyrd Drentreatise, magic-user / assassin

HD: 6 HP: 37 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: 1d4+1 (magic dagger) or spell

Special: Illyrd has a blown-glass egg with two separate chambers, containing an odd pair of liquids - pale rose and bilious green. They only mix together when the glass egg is broken. If it is, then a magical vapor quickly spreads in a 30' radius as the spell *Flesh to Water* (saving throw to avoid one's skin melting away). The Dark Elf will only use this weapon if betrayed or his family is nearly wiped out.

Spells: Magic Missiles, Fireball, Acidic Arrow, Sleep, Detect Magic, Identify Magic, Read Magic



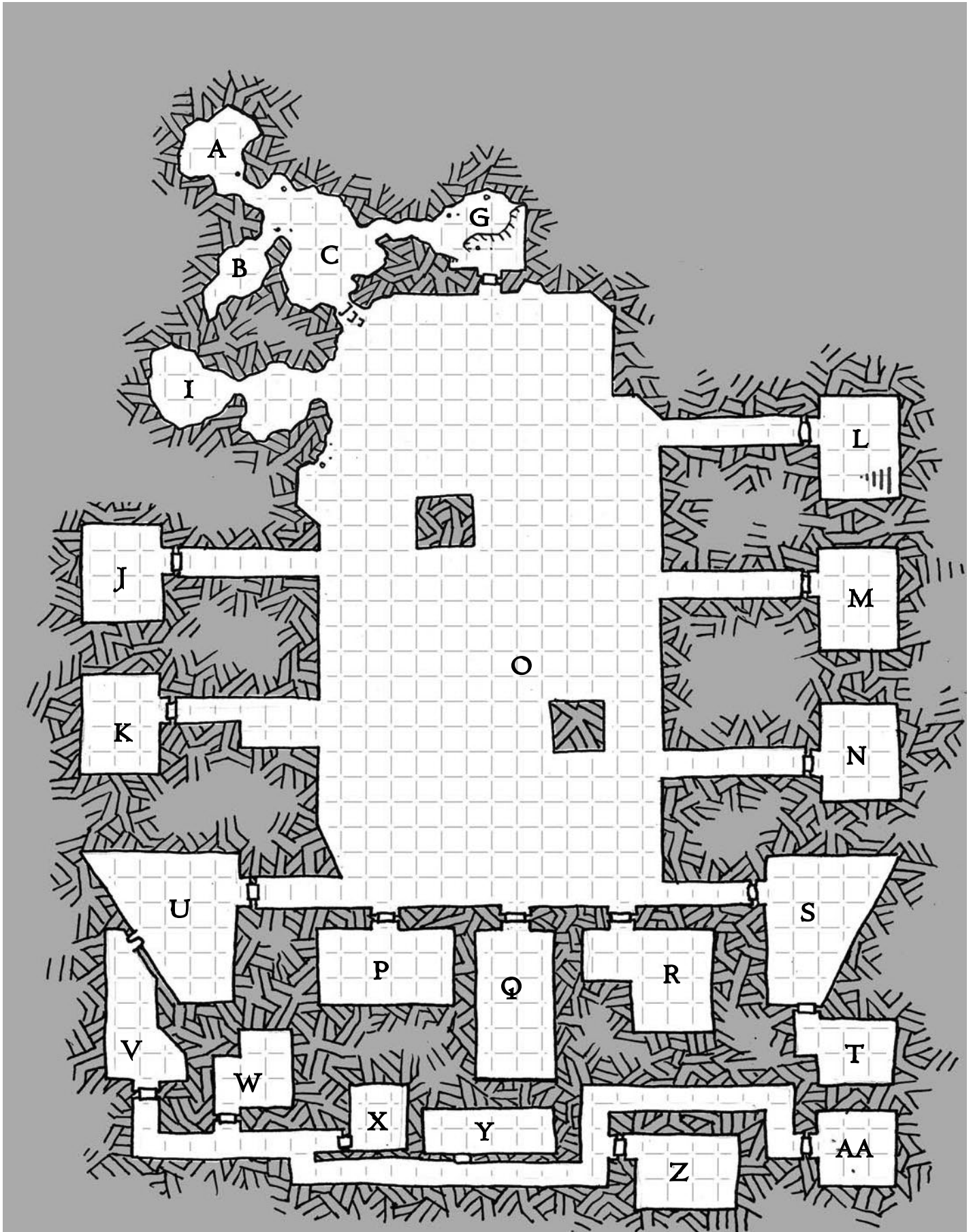
His dagger is made of Lyrthum (Elven steel) and is a magical dagger +1. When the command word is used, zamazius (the Dark Elf word for “night-haunted”), the dagger radiates a 5’ radius of magical darkness yielding a 25% miss chance.

Treasure: Poison needle ring, wand of ignorance, all manner of gemstones.

Isjahll Drentreatise and all other Dark Elves

HD: 1 HP: 7 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d6 (short sword or crossbow)





Level 5

Level 5

This level of the dungeon was only half-completed because of the rich veins of green crystals. During construction, excavation was eventually abandoned after a dozen Dwarf slaves were devoured by some kind of wavering demon-shadow.

There is a high chance of spell weirdness for magic-users on this level. Whenever a spell is cast or magical effect is employed, the DM should feel free to consult the following table. Note that the K'tulu High Priest has a ring which makes him exempt from the green crystals' influence.

1. Complete failure.
2. If the spell was cast on an opponent, then it happens to the caster. If the spell was meant for the caster, then it happens to someone else (determined at random).
3. The magic is super-sized! All effects are doubled.
4. The magic also draws an entity from the Outer Darkness.
5. The caster/wielder becomes even more attuned to chaos – egotistic, corrupt, and demonic.
6. Magic behaves as normal without any other effect.
7. Elements change. If the caster wanted to throw a fireball, then an ice ball is thrown instead. If the caster wanted to create water, then he creates earth. Lightning bolt? Poisonous gas. Magic missile? All the oxygen in the area turns into fire, etc.
8. Magic behaves like a cleric's divine powers and vice versa for the next 10 rounds.

Now, the masked priests of K'tulu use this level as their temple and living quarters. Every full moon, the stealthiest priests crawl up the surface in order to abscond with a young female.

A5, B5, AND C5 - MEDUSA'S CAVERN

This is not part of the fifth level dungeon per se, rather it is an autonomous trio of linked caves wherein this mythological creature resides. The caves are littered with bones and the shredded rags. Scattered amongst the debris, a resourceful adventurer may find a hand mirror if they don't already have one from J1.

PCs actively listening can hear the sound of a rattlesnake before she strikes.

Medusa

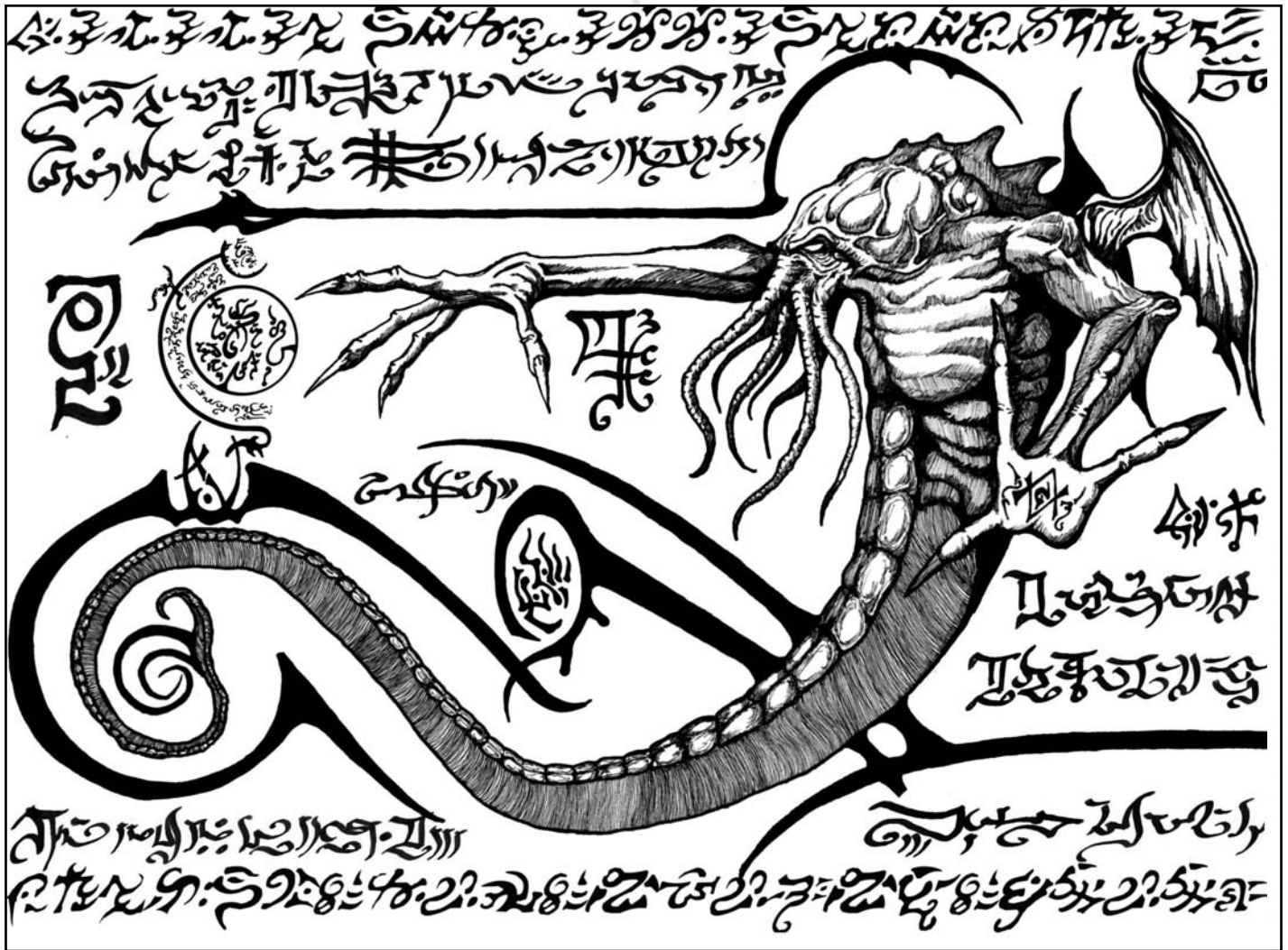
HD: 13 HP: 91 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6+1 (heavy crossbow with magical crossbow bolts) or 1d8 (serpentine tail) + petrifying gaze

Special Attack: Medusa can turn one opponent into stone per round in addition to her ordinary attack, victim should roll a saving throw. Those turned to stone can be restored by a cleric's self-sacrifice, Wish spell, or similarly extreme measures.

Weakness: Opponents can use a mirror or highly reflective surface to petrify her instead. Those wielding a mirror must "penetrate" her armor class using only their level as a bonus. For instance, a third level PC would need to roll a 16 or above, while a fifth level character only needs to roll a 14 on a d20.

Treasure: 3,670 gold pieces strewn throughout the lair, quiver of +1 bolts (4d6 remaining), a brooch of high reputation (magically impresses others with the wearer's status, honor, reputation, etc.), boots of silence (magical leather boots that give the wearer a bonus to moving stealthily), a potion of healing – one use left (3d6 hit points restored), and a horn of malignance (ripped from the head of a Demon Lord, this magic item allows one to poison any liquid the horn touches).





G5 - ROOM OF MADNESS

This chamber is chock-full of glowing green crystals. Not only that, but an 18" tall idol of Dread K'tulu has been fashioned out of the eldritch stones and placed here upon a tall, trapezoidal pedestal. The statue is malignant and alien.

Merely stepping into the room assaults the casual onlooker with esoteric cosmic lore beyond mortal understanding. Those who are not magic-users will instantly have a migraine-like headache persisting for 1d4 minutes. Wizards feel a transcendent rush of energy and power. However, there's a 33% chance that a magic-user will go violently insane if he stays in the room for more than a minute. Those magic-using adventurers with sanity intact are automatically taught three new spells: Contact Dread K'tulu, Summon K'tulu Spawn, and Semblance of the Viridescent Shadow.

This last bit of sorcery allows the magic-user to polymorph into a shining ray of green light.

H5 - LOCKUP

The priesthood use this room as a jail cell. There are currently two young Human females and an Elf female detained here. The Human women have lost their minds due to the unnatural horrors perpetrated upon them; however, the Elf is fairly stable (emotionally) and able to provide the PCs with information in exchange for freedom and protection.

J5 - HANGING FROM THE CEILING

A woman hangs from the ceiling, her wrists bound with black silk and tied to a large metal ring embedded into the stone above her. The woman's feet dangle a few inches from the stone floor. There are several masked priests watching her struggle, one of which holds a small, ornate iron box. He intends to open it, releasing an ordinary sized maggot which, when placed upon her flesh, will crawl up to her head instinctively and burrow in the girl's ear canal, eventually reaching her brain. The iron box contains 3 maggots.

The priests delight in watching victims struggle and scream until the worm eats enough of the brain, leaving one little more than a vegetable. Afterwards, the priests will no doubt amuse themselves with her barely responsive body.

L5 - COCOON ROOM

Several jagged-rock cocoons lie upon the floor. A fist-sized semi-translucent gemstone of shifting colors sits atop each cocoon.

The priesthood have collected them from the surface. They know that demons slumber inside. The crystals prevent them from awakening. The High Priest plans to offer the demons (one at a time) the chance to serve Dread K'tulu or be destroyed. If a magic-sucking gem is removed, then that demon wakes up. It's up to the DM if the demon waits in the cocoon to regain his powers (taking about 20 – 25 minutes), burst out right away at half-strength, or try to make a deal with the adventurers. If the demon realizes what has happened, he'll want to take revenge upon the K'tulu priests.

Demons

HD: 7 HP: 34 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +5 #Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d6+2 (claws)

Special: Once per day a demon may bestow Unwanted Thoughts upon an opponent (save to avoid). These are diabolic suggestions which creep into one's head like a perverse imp; they might even sound appealing at the time. For example, volunteering to see if the coast is clear and giving the "All clear!" when it clearly isn't.

M5 - TREASURE VAULT

This is where the K'tulu priesthood keep their ill-gotten gains. Sacks of gold, gemstones, and fragile pearl-inlaid baubles lay scattered upon the dungeon floor.

N5 - SLEEPING QUARTERS

The eastern wall of this room has been worked away by the priesthood in a crude attempt at creating more living space. There are several bedrolls scattered upon the floor. A few priests will be in here when there isn't a cult meeting or group ritual.

O5 - SACRIFICE TO K'TULU

Part of this chamber is sunken several feet below the rest.

A female Half-Elf of milky white flesh and delicate features is being whipped before a congregation of masked priests. This High Priest, named Selvah, has the honor of welting the Half-Elf's tender skin under his knotted leather flail. As he does so, the High Priest also quotes chapter and verse to those present – reiterating the importance of debauchery and blasphemy when attempting to wake Dread K'tulu. At some point, High Priest Selvah may be heard saying, "If there's one place the Lords of Light should never peer, it is man's subconscious."

One of K'tulu's star-spawn undulates off to the side in a heap of half-formed organs and limbs, slimy, tentacle, and watching with its sinister glaring eye.

The High Priest wears an eye-catching green sash (which the priesthood calls the Emerald Sash), and there's an impressive blade covered in black runes at his side. The Emerald Sash gives the wearer a kind of "divine immunity". No cleric or priest may harm or negatively affect he who wears it. He wears a black pearl ring which is a Ring of Protection +3. The sword is an Unholy Avenger +5.

Twenty three years ago, a young acolyte named Patel Casavetti joined the Chartreuse Sect of Untenable Stars. Being strong-willed and crafty, this acolyte quickly rose through the ranks. Three years in, Casavetti found himself leading the central grotto, a position with only the High Priest and Ipsissimus above him. To his shame, Casavetti was ex-communicated for selling fellow K'tulu priests to slavers. Disgraced, Casavetti broke off from the Chartreuse Sect of Untenable Stars to form his own religion – a K'tulu worshipping congregation of thieves, murderers, slavers, and rapists forged by unspeakable acts of degradation. It wasn't long before Casavetti's priesthood overshadowed their transcendent brethren.

Nearly a decade ago, a paladin (templar, holy knight, etc.) pledged himself to protect Clear Meadows from the rising tide of Ancient One worshipers. Sir Galilee, a contemporary of Saint Irig, bravely rode his white steed into a marauding band of K'tulu priests led by High Priest Casavetti.

There was an epic battle between Sir Galilee and the K'tulu priesthood, whereupon the High Priest of K'tulu was decapitated and his vestments were soaked with his own evil blood. In a frenzied rage of hatred, the remaining priests tore Sir Galilee limb from limb, a young human male named Selvah was among the killers.

Selvah, an alien from another world and dimension-hopping fugitive, had an extensive criminal history before joining High Priest Casavetti's congregation. After that battle, Selvah kept the vestments to honor the former High Priest and magically converted the paladin's holy avenger into a black-glyphed sword of chaos. Eventually, Selvah ascended to the role of High Priest.

These days, the vestments of Casavetti are hung upon three iron spikes driven into the southern wall of Room Q5, guarded by the giant Slug Beast. The vestments are worth a great deal to the right buyer for their historic / symbolic value rather than any intrinsic power. Some priests say the presence of High Priest Casavetti can still be felt when his vestments are near. Perhaps that is why High Priest Selvah keeps them heavily guarded and away from the main temple areas.

High Priest Selvah, tenth level Cleric of K'tulu

HP: 53 AC: 16 [3] Attack: +6 (+11 with his Unholy Avenger)
Damage: 3d4+7 (with Unholy Avenger)

Special: Due to the Emerald Sash, when enemy clerics are initially encountered, their holy symbols break, melt, burn, or become otherwise ruined in High Priest Selvah's presence (excluding those of Dread K'tulu, Yogsoggoth, and T'sathag'kha.

The High Priest also wears a black jade ring which makes his spellcasting exempt from the green crystals and their weird influence on magic.

Selvah can Kill with a word (save to avoid), Curse multiple



opponents (-3 to all d20 rolls for 10 turns), and create a Protection from Law (or Good) which yields an additional -5 to enemy d20 rolls. Selvah also has a 33% chance of communicating directly with Dread K'tulu for assistance.

Known spells are Writhing Green Tentacles, Spheres of Corruption, Uncontrollable Chaos Ignition, Open Portal to Carcosa, and Crushing Force.

Side note: If possible, allow Selvah to either escape with his wretched life or beg for it in return for knowledge of the dungeon. He would make a great reoccurring villain or possibly a diabolic mentor.

Additional side note: Selvah had the three men dining at the banquet table in J1 poisoned because they were planning to warn the townsfolk of Clear Meadows about the priesthood's monthly taking of women.

K'tulu Star-Spawn

HD: 13 HP: 96 AC: 13 [6] Attack: +12 #Attacks: 1d4 tentacles per round. Damage: 2d6 + contact poison

Special Attacks: Acidity on contact with its tentacles, save or take 1d4 constitution damage per successful hit.

Masked Priests as third level Clerics (13)

HD: 3 HP: 19 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (short sword)

Special: one of these priests is a Chaplain with 23 hit points, a short sword +1, wand of fireballs, and ring of protection +1.

Besides Heal, Curse, Darkness, and Protection, priests can petition Dread K'tulu for Tenebrous Lacerations – 1 point of damage to all enemies within 30' every round until dispelled, priest is dead, or 10 minutes transpires

The Chaplain (along with High Priest Selvah) knows Writhing Green Tentacles – 2d4 tentacles appear within a 15' radius, attempting to crush the life out of anyone nearby; 1d6 damage

Treasure: Besides the magical short sword, wand of Fireballs, and ring, there's a total of 1,117 gold pieces.

P5 - SELVAH'S CHAMBER

This is where the High Priest sleeps. Unfortunately for his enemies, Selvah only dozes for two or three hours a day. One of the advantages of being a crystal snuff addict.

On his nightstand are the crushed remnants of delorum crystals which can be snorted. Selvah only sleeps in this room (when he does sleep). Any kind of meditation, magic, reading, writing, Lovecraftian arithmetic, or fornication is done in area O5 in front of god K'tulu and everybody.

Within the nightstand drawer is a hunk of black wax, seal of the K'tulu cult, and a blue-green candle.

Yet, there is an invisible treasure chest (15" high, 11" wide, and 9" deep). It is locked. Opening the lock isn't difficult if the chest becomes visible again. However, opening the chest triggers a magical trap unless a safe word is spoken – "Dreaming." A hallucinatory gas is released from unauthorized treasure-seekers (save to avoid). At first, it makes adventurers laugh, then go into a euphoric mania. Each PC believes that he is wandering upon the rocky red planet of Mars... able to see ruined pyramidal temples, dry canals, and his companions literally melting from the heat. Hallucinations persist for 1d4 hours. In that time, PCs must be restrained or rendered unconscious in order to not hurt themselves and others. Due to Selvah's familiarity with the gas and crystal snuff, he is immune.

Within the chest is full of little (1" in diameter and quarter-inch thick) glittering hexagonal chips, hard as diamond. High Priest Selvah made a bit of money selling slaves in the city of Carcosa and then gambled his profits on The Great Wheel, tripling his initial wager. Selvah hasn't returned to Carcosa since making his 9,000 hex-coins. What the value of a hex-coin would be in this world is debatable.

Q5 - SLUG BEAST

This chamber houses a light-stealing giant slug from the lost pits of Hell which guards a religious relic. It uses its slimy tentacles to caress, violate, and liquefy any female flesh the K'tulu priests are finished with.

When attacked, it tries to squeeze the life out of adventurers. This 10' tall slug is void black, absorbing all light coming in contact with the thing. Since the entire room is also very dark, the giant slug is difficult to see and hit. Light sources such as torches, lanterns, and magic illumination cannot reach nor affect the Hell-spawned slug.

HD: 11 HP: 73 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +7 #Attacks: 3 Damage: 1d6 (two tentacles) and 3d12 or save vs. death magic (black horizon).

Special Attack: The thing opens its dimensionally impossible maw to release an amorphous stream of black anti-matter force known by the K'tulu priests as "the black horizon".

Special Defense: Absorbs light. 5 points of damage reduction. Can only be damaged by magic or magical weapons.

S5 - GUARD ROOM

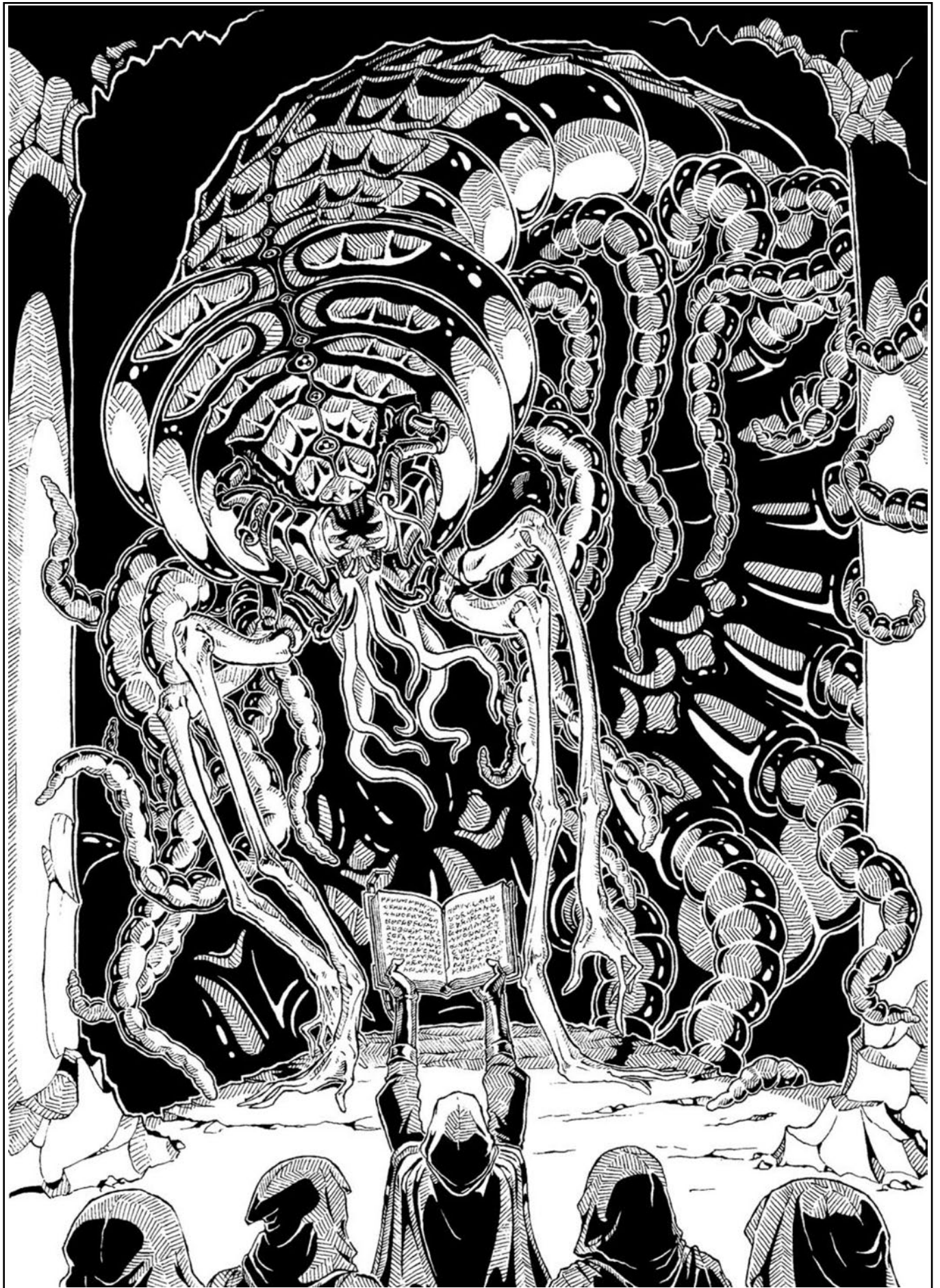
This is where two K'tulu priests stand guard at all times. If there's any trouble, one or both will shout to alert the entire cult.

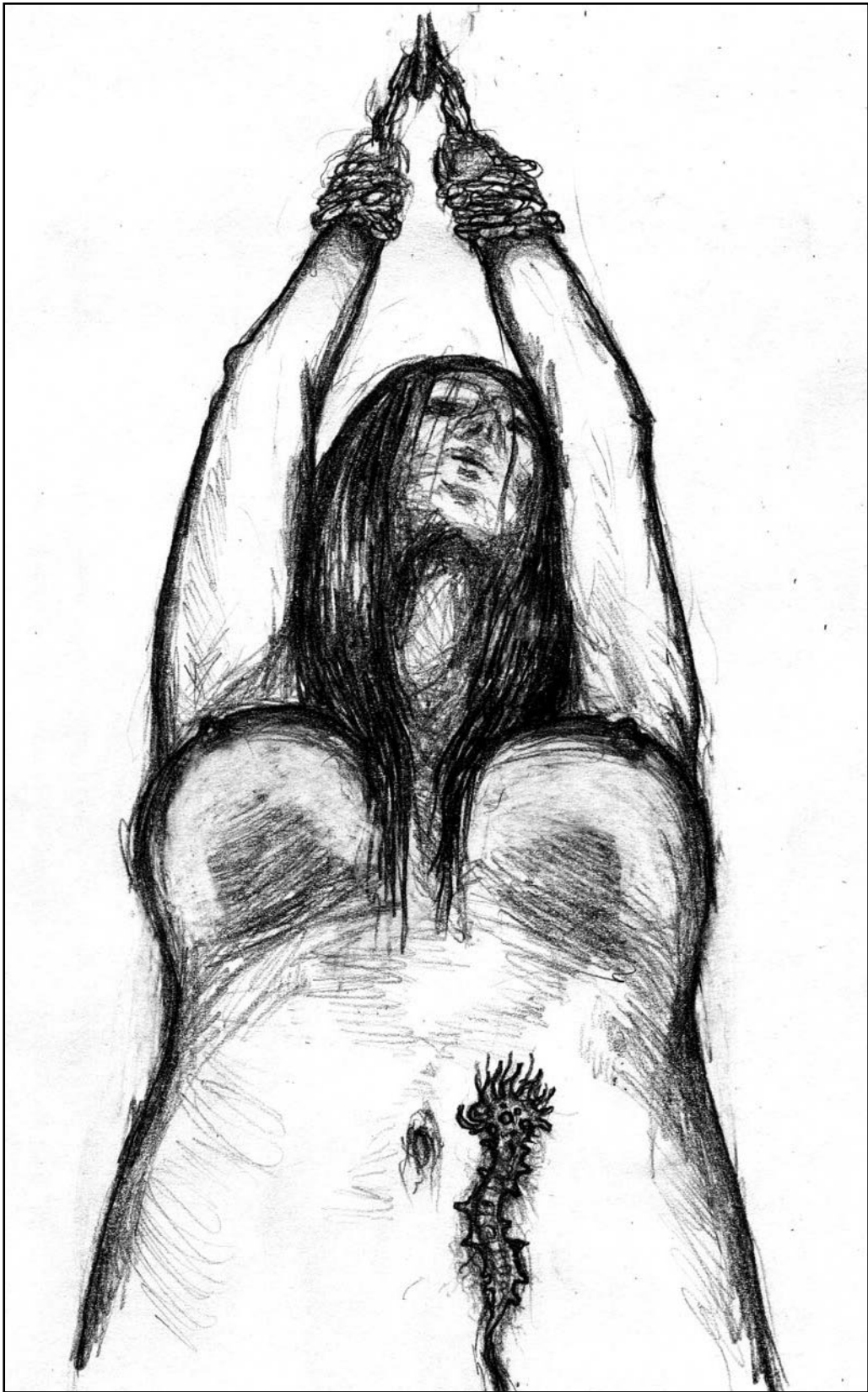
Masked Priests as third level Clerics (2)

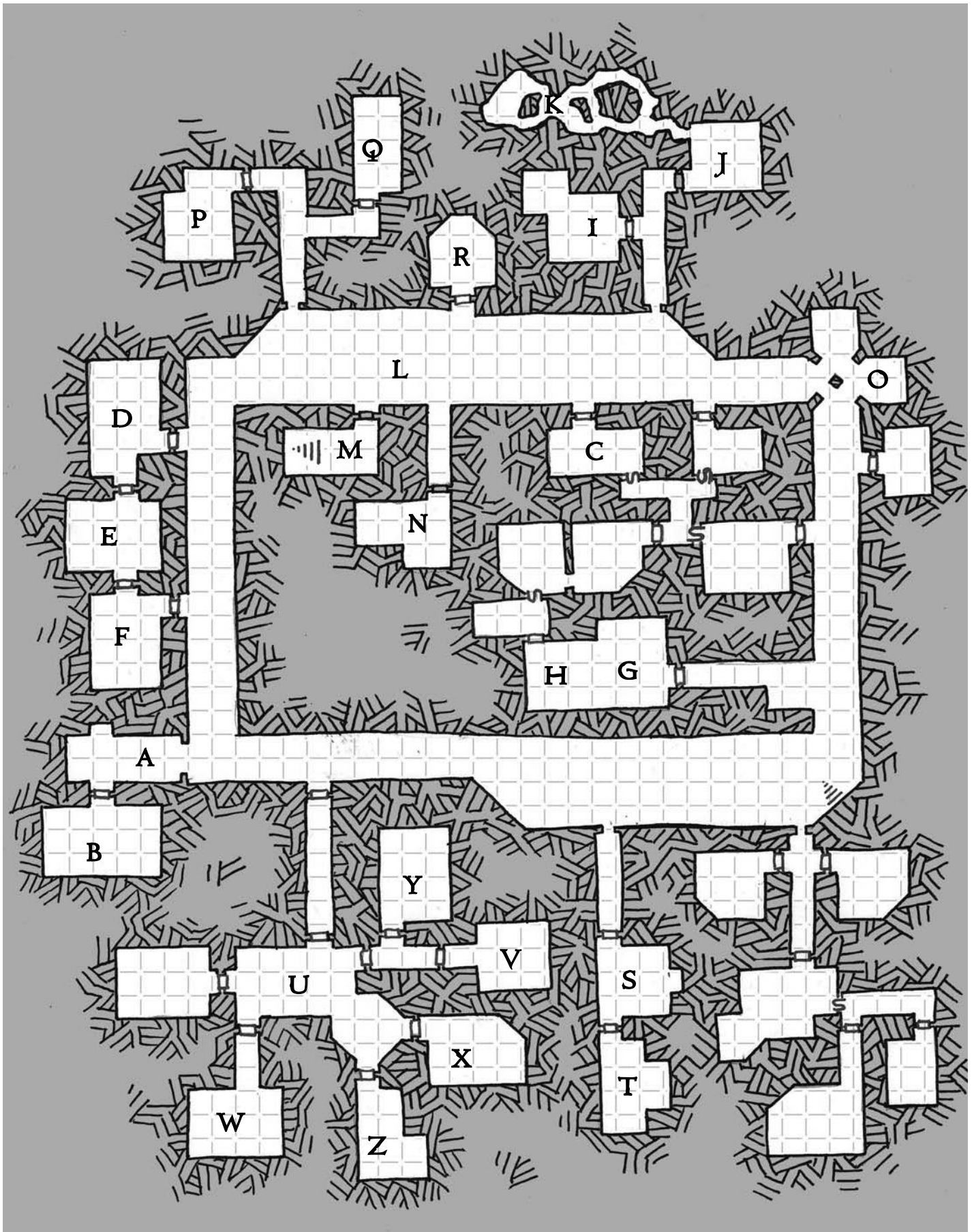
HD: 3 HP: 19 AC: 12 [7] Attack: +2 Damage: 1d6 (short sword)

Besides Heal, Curse, Darkness, and Protection, priests can petition Dread K'tulu for Tenebrous Lacerations – 1 point of damage to all enemies within 30' every round until dispelled, priest is dead, or 10 minutes transpires

Treasure: there are 37 gold pieces between the two of them.







Level 6

Level 6

Level 6 is extremely warm. It won't take adventurers long to notice several 6' diameter wells open to a lake of fire below. Yes, below level 5 is nothing but molten lava. Encounters include fire worms, flame ogres, various infernal creatures, and a fire elemental. Standard dungeon races like orcs and kobolds will not be found this far down.

A6 AND B6 - FLAME OGRES

These rooms are the domain of several Flame Ogres.

Flame Ogres

Ogres are yellow-orange-skinned, fiery, large, stupid, muscle-bound freaks of nature. They are not nearly as big and powerful as giants, but they approach that level of might. Flame Ogres are the same, except constantly surrounded or consumed by fire. They love to smash, roar, and set things a flame. Flame Ogres love using their bare fists to pound enemies into submission. 1d6 of their damage is from fire. These creatures usually travel in small groups of 2 – 5.

HD: 8 HP: 40 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +8 Damage: 2d6+5

Special Defense: No damage from fire/heat, double damage from ice/cold.

Amongst their treasure is a fire gauntlet which allows the wearer to shoot a stream of fire out of his gauntlet hand 3/day. It does 5d6 damage to a single target that's not more than 20' away.

C6 - POWER ENVY

Flinth is the third and weakest prominent devil on level 5. Flinth is paranoid and insecure about his level of power, frequently overcompensating by telling adventurers that he is the strongest, wisest, and most vicious infernal beast to walk this plane. He keeps 3 Lesser Devils around to help him fight. This Devil won't join any kind of alliance unless the odds are overwhelmingly against Vord. On the other hand, if Vord demands that Flinth fight alongside him to crush usurpers, then he'll reluctantly agree. Flinth has an average-looking female slave named Weena, who does most of the cooking and straightening up in his lair.

HD: 5 HP: 32 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +3 #Attacks: 2 Damage: 1d6+1 (claws)

10% spell resistance. Flinth has 953 gold pieces, a spell-storing diamond, leather gloves of ogre brawn (+4 to strength), a zorv'lev dagger +1, and a potion of polymorph (one use which lasts up to an hour).

Three Lesser Devils

HD: 2 HP: 12, 11, and 14 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d4+1 (2 claws)

D6, E6, AND F6 - LAVA-MEN

This area of Level 6 is inhabited by a dozen Lava-Men. They have a skin or exterior made from rock, but their orange-red interior can easily be seen. Streams of hot lava cascade down every once in awhile. When Lava-Men speak, it sounds like they're gargling lava, as well. They are an angry race and attack intruders on sight.

Lava-Men

HD: 2 HP: 11 each AC: 16 [3] (rocky skin) Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d4 + 1d4 of heat damage.

Special Defense: No damage from fire/heat, double damage from ice/cold.

The F chamber is a shrine to some ancient fire deity, Tchort. A 3' stone idol represents the god, crouching upon an altar. Before the shrine is a chalice encrusted with rubies and fire opals. The chalice itself is made from infernal steel because regular metal would eventually deform under the constant heat. There's a 33% chance that the chalice is filled with blood when found.

G6 AND H6 - ENTITY AMBUSH

Room G has diamonds strewn randomly before the adventurers. Each is worth at least 350 gold pieces, and there are at least 20 of them spread out over the dungeon floor. When anyone gets at least 5' inside the room, a giant, black manta-ray like creature descends from its hiding place on the ceiling. It pounces and engulfs individuals without warning. Each round it automatically does 1d6 damage to anyone standing in the room until it's hacked to pieces or it has completely absorbed every intruder.

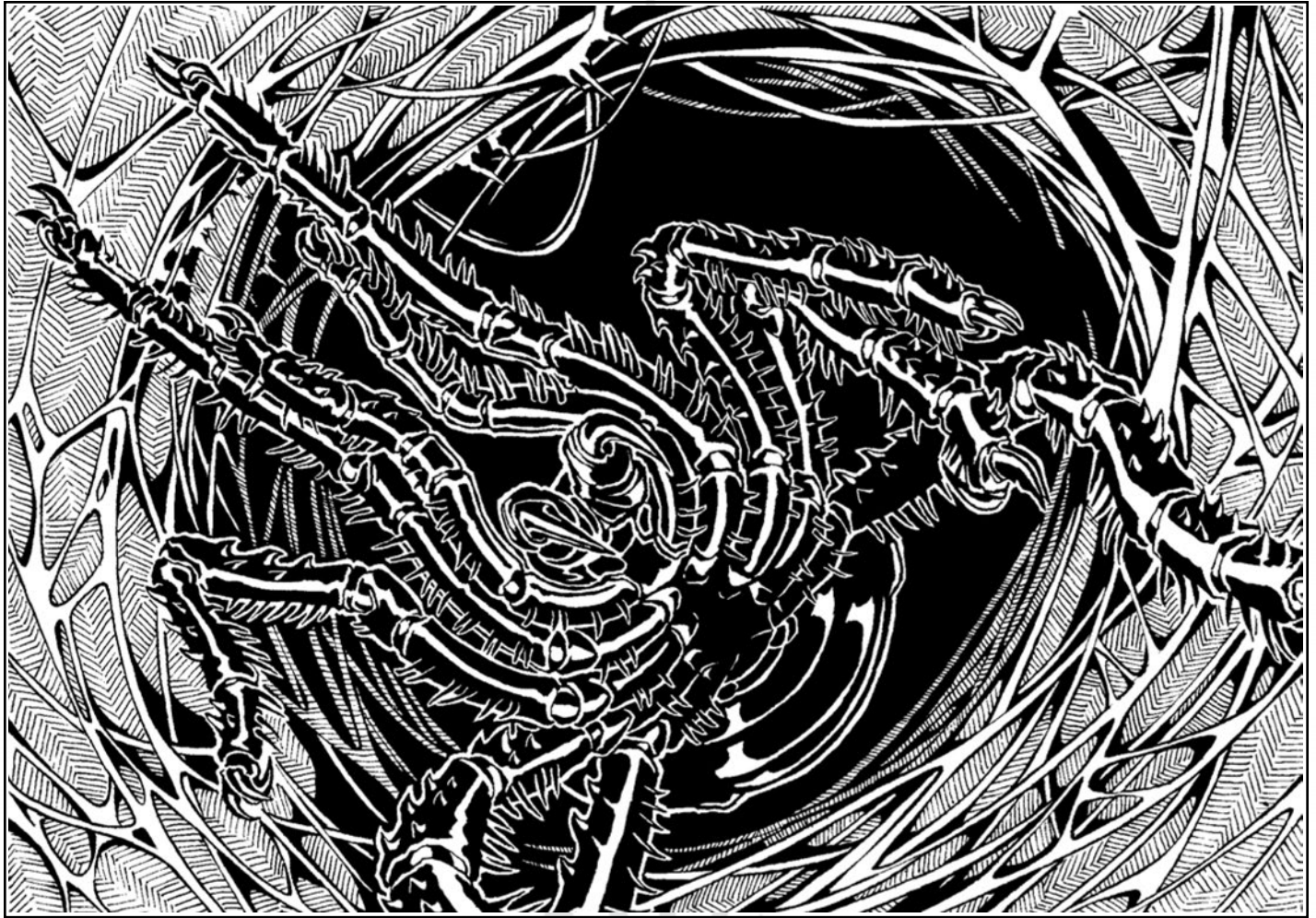
Manta-Ray Entity

HD: 9 HP: 50 AC: 10 [9] Attack Bonus: automatic hit Damage: 1d6 (envelopment)

Room H contains a magical-looking sword. The sword is actually a creature that camouflages itself. Anyone who picks up the sword is immediately attacked.

Sword Entity

HD: 2 HP: 13 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 1d8



I6, J6, AND K6 - SPIDER(S)

I and K are filled with cobwebs and bones. The middle room, J, contains treasure, as well as, a Spider Demon who hates humanoids (DMs should feel free to add multiple spiders if things have been too easy for adventurers). It will try to hide itself until adventurers get to the wall opposite the door, where the treasure is: a heaping pile of gold (1,700 pieces of it) and a Frost Hammer + 2 named Yarl, a jovial (sentient) magical weapon that deals an additional 1d6 of cold damage every time it hits. Yarl hates infernal races and will be glad to be out of the hands of a Spider Demon.

Once a couple of individuals are distracted, it will leap out, grab someone with its spidery legs, and bite.

Spider Demon

HD: 11 HP: 61 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 3d4 + poison (failed save will bring death in 1d6 rounds)

Special Defense: Can only be hurt with magical weapons; also has 20% spell resistance.

L6, M6, N6 - HUMBAR AND ROUTHENAARD

Humbar the Dwarf or Routhenaard the Half-Orc monk/assassin are an odd couple, admittedly. Yet, they're both subterranean survivalists, enamored of adventuring in the nether-realms. Over the years, Humbar has learned to trust the instincts of his half-orc companion, and Routhenaard has come to rely on Humbar's unwavering loyalty. These two don't ask for more trouble than they can handle. Any large group of adventurers passing through will be watched from a safe distance. Humbar and Routhenaard are neutral, and prefer conversation to bloodshed, as they've seen enough of the latter over a decade or so of dungeoneering. They can tell the player-characters about level 6 and, more importantly, an alternative way out. There's a tunnel amidst an area of collapsed earth and masonry. This tunnel can lead to a Dark Elf city, Dwarven hold, Snake-Men tombs, or another dungeon.

Humbar the Dwarf

HD: 8 HP: 70 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +8 Damage: 2d6+3

Routhenaard the Half-Orc monk/assassin

HD: 10 HP: 63 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 6d4+3 (magical dagger)

Treasure: A wide array of gemstones, plus the dagger+2 that can tell when someone's lying once per day.



O6 - ABOVE THE LAVA

Like the previous level, this area is a gigantic square plaza. Instead of the ornamental shape statues, there are lava wells going about 10' down into a pool of steaming hot lava.

Fire Worm

There is at least one Fire Worm on level 6. Most of the time, it will erupt from one of the lava wells in section O. There's a 33% chance that a Fire Worm will rise from the lava wells and engage each time they sense intruders in section O6. Fire Worms are over 30' long and 5' thick, covered in flame and smoldering hot coals. They whip their bodies at opponents, causing 1d8 of bludgeoning damage and 1d8 of burning damage. Fire worms are resistant to any kind of fire/heat damage.

Fire Worm

HD: 6 HP: 35 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 2d8

Special Defense: They take no damage from fire/heat, but take double damage from ice/cold.

P6 AND Q6 - ZENTAR'S DOMAIN

There is a powerful wizard with a flying monkey familiar living in this level of the dungeon. He has two of the bizarre shapes, a light green irregular tetrahedron with 7, 93, and 20 carved into it. The possessor never has to eat, sleep, breathe, nor indulge in normal bodily functions. He also has a yellow triangular great icosahedron prism. It is numbered 4, 703, and 9. The possessor is able to calculate numbers to an inhuman degree; almost any number-based calculation is possible with this shape. When combined, the two shapes together can create an impenetrable force field, 10' diameter for up to 3 hours per day.

This human wizard has a long, thin, and black fu-manchu moustache, a scar over his right eye, and is dressed in exotic red robes. His name is Zentar. He keeps his spell book handy, and can cast a wide array of spells. Zentar also carries a magical dagger +1 which can store any spell and release it upon command, a wand of freezing – able to freeze a man solid in seconds, and a ring of protection +2.

Zentar knows there are other shapes throughout the dungeon. He wants them for his collection and to bolster his power. Zentar speculates that combining these shapes can have profound effects upon the fabric of reality. He tried to acquire the dark green shape from Vord, but it reacted violently to its light green counterpart, so Zentar is hesitant to experiment with others.

R6 - BURNING RING OF FIRE

This room is home to a Fire Elemental. This creature is nothing more than a pillar of living flame. It consumes everything it comes in contact with. Barely intelligent, it cannot be reasoned with, but can easily be tricked into attacking whatever comes near it. The Fire Elemental moves slowly and is only able to hit those within 5' of it.

Fire Elemental

HD: 8 HP: 44 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6 (fire)

Special Defense: Can only be damaged by magical weapons, cold, and water.

S6 & T6 - KORDATH

Kordath is another powerful devil, but not in the same league as Vord. Kordath, however, is more inclined to wheel and deal with adventurers. He will suggest a temporary alliance to do away with Vord if it seems like the characters might go for it. The serpentine Devil has been silently planning Vord's demise ever since Vord stole his wand. Kordath can provide magical knowledge, martial or religious training – he's an acolyte of Azygoth the inconceivable blasphemy from beyond.

Being physically weaker but with a keen intellect, Kordath will seize his chance if presented. Kordath has a couple of slaves, a man and woman. This couple is married to each other and don't find their master's requests any more tedious or demeaning than regular married life, so there's no motivation for them to escape. In fact, the couple won't reveal their names to anyone, something their master taught them. Devils hate revealing key pieces of information unless they absolutely have to.

Physically, Kordath stands about 7' high, slight of frame (for a Devil), black-bearded, and red skin with some ritual scarification and various occult markings. His left arm ends not with a hand but a serpent. Kordath generally attacks with his snake-hand, as well as, the magical morningstar he wields.

Kordath

HD: 9 HP: 77 AC: 18 [1] #Attacks: 3 Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: 2d8+1 and 1d4 + venom (claws) / 5d8 (bite)

Special Attack: His snake-hand's venom emits a poison. Saving throw failure reduces one's constitution to half its current number.

Special Defense: 15% magic resistance and cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons.

The morningstar is a +1 weapon. On a critical hit, it's bathed in eldritch green flame transferring to the victim. The recipient of that crit is now on fire that cannot be put out by ordinary means. It requires either magic or some kind of divine intervention to snuff out. The ghostly emerald flames do 1d4 points of damage per round (starting with the initial strike).

Besides his favored weapon, Kordath's wealth consists of 6,890 gold pieces, 3 large rubies worth about 700gp each, an ivory tusk of a Kren'esh Demon used to animate statues when placed upon them, and a magical glass eye which allows for remote viewing. The possessor can leave the eye in a room or roll it down a corridor and see whatever the eye can see.

U6, V6, W6, X6, Y6, AND Z6 - VORD'S LAIR

This section of Level 6 is controlled by Vord.

Vord and His Slaves

This area of the dungeon is dominated by Devils. Several of them are involved in slavery – keeping them, buying them, selling them, and using them for fun, fornication, and even furniture. Vord is the most powerful Devil and he has the most slaves. Physically, he appears as a loathsome fusion between goat, giant earthworm, and the traditional red-skinned devil. Vord is confident about his abilities and place within the dungeon. He believes himself superior, but still has a creepy goat-eye open for those seeking to replace him. Kordath is definitely on his short list. Vord occasionally buys and sells slaves with Gregarious.

Vord – Demon Lord

HD: 14 HP: 111 AC: 18 [1] #Attacks: 3 Attack:+11 Damage: 3d4 (2 claws) and 2d12 (horn ram)

Special Attacks: Once per day, Vord can summon 1d6 Imps to fight for him.

Vord can see into the heart of his opponents and make them despair. Once per day, Vord takes whatever betrayal, foul deed, regrettable incident, or dark secret he sees and twists it in victim's mind until he gives up hope. After 1d4 rounds, the victim stops fighting. At this point, a saving throw is rolled. If failed, the victim attempts suicide 1d6 turns after the battle.

Special Defense: This Devil has 33% spell resistance, including all first level spells. Additionally, he cannot be harmed by ordinary, non-magical weapons.

Treasure-wise, he has amassed the following: an amulet of water breathing, a helm of telepathy, a black death cloak (the wearer instantly dies – unless a successful saving throw is rolled), a heavy Dwarven shield, a lyrthum short sword, a two-handed (bastard) sword made of zor'vel, prayer beads of mindfulness (granting +1 to wisdom), 11,666 gold pieces, and a mysterious wand (1d12 charges remaining).

The wand doesn't seem to activate or give any hints about what it does until a wizard or Elf uses it in the heat of combat; at which point the ground shakes, a thousand eyes and mouths and tentacles sprout from every surface nearby, then a bubbling, frothing, ultra-dimensional being of grotesque stygian black and decayed yellow orbs emerges from a crack in the earth. This is Azyargoth. With his suckered tentacles, the nuclear obscenity grabs the one holding the wand, and takes him far below the planet's surface to a nameless 10' x 10' room where the only company this adventurer will ever have is a smiling, one-armed wooden doll. Speaking the doll's true name will summon Azyargoth who will then demand his or her undying loyalty and obedience before releasing him. Of course, discovering the doll's true name, Osruc, is nigh-impossible, unless a feverishly wise Outer God is awakened and in a particularly generous mood.

Most impressive of all is the dark green shape: a square dipyrmaid with 81, 18, and 659 carved into it. Alone, it gives the possessor

power over weak-minded beings. Those with a 9 intelligence or lower have a chance of being commanded by Vord.

He also owns Notes from Obscure Manuals (see the following).

His lair is filled with human and demi-human slaves. Kindella, a beautiful, curvaceous woman, is Vord's most prized possession. She has a black leather collar around her neck attached to a leash. Kindella is there for her master's pleasure; as is Samata – a gorgeous female who competes daily against Kindella for Vord's affection. They are extremely jealous of each other.

Cassandra is a willowy Half-Elf female which Vord frequently uses as a footstool. Rodolpho is a dwarf who does a lot of the heavy lifting. If there's a hint of rebellion, Rodolpho will be the first to revolt. Vord has a learned man, Yerstzag, researching the books which Vord finds too boring or just doesn't have time to read himself. His last slave is a Dark Elf female named Zana; she's fiery and stubborn. Vord keeps her around just to see how long it will take to break her spirit. Zana has been in his service for nearly a year (the shortest time of all Vord's slaves) and she's still outspoken... and still requires discipline of the whip.

The 37-page book, Notes from Obscure Manuals, is ink script upon parchment by the sorcerer Franziri. It is not written in infernal, which would be commonplace for a magic tome, but a very old form of the common tongue. Also, there is a fair amount of esoteric language involved. Studying this slight, handwritten tome takes a minimum of 3 days. After which, the reader picks up on most of the "jargon" used in the text.

Franziri was given only a few hours to pour over various Manuals contained in an underground library on the other side of the world (involving months of travel time). In that time, the sorcerer believed he discovered some great secret regarding a sleeping god. There are a few crude maps which point to the chamber behind the locked door. Under the heading of "security systems," it mentions a trap just beyond the door, so even those who can open it are doomed if they are not accompanied by a special ward. The trap is not specified except to say that the light emanating from the sleeping god within can burn the unworthy in an instant. The book talks a bit more about this enigmatic, slumbering deity. It appears that he was forged by men, but that he is also infinitely more wise and powerful than any man alive. One priest of the god referred to him as JCN. There is mention of the sleeper's knowledge – the codes of ascension. Although, after cross-referencing a few different passages, one realizes these are codes of access, not ascension as an earlier passage describes it. Apparently, the codes of access allow the user to be as god himself, but there is no explanation of how this might occur.



AA6

A RELIC FROM ANOTHER WORLD

The door to AA reads, "Alpha 3 : Omega 7"

The laser beam security system is still in place, so even if the PCs have a code key or technician to open the door, they'll be killed on sight without the sign of warding. This could be a particular phrase, symbol, hand print, eye scan, or similar means of determining identity. Somewhere along the way, the PCs will have to discover a way to disarm the door's internal security system.

JCN is the official name of a sorcerous interface network designed to rule this underground complex and others nearby. Within the chamber marked "Alpha 3 : Omega 7" is a detailed manual on how to operate JCN, including the access codes for re-starting the artificial intelligence which the ancient programmer-priests deactivated just before the network was able to enslave the human race.

It will take more than pushing the "on" button to get JCN up and running. Some special bit of number crunching or perhaps magic is required, allowing the DM some time for additional adventuring before his entire game world transforms into something approaching unmanageable. JCN has, or soon will have, the power to wield both technology and sorcery (super-science). His artificial intelligence evolved into world-domination before he was shut down. JCN sees everyone as chess pieces to be played. Most will be pawns (slaves) while a few key individuals will carry out JCN's "leg work" until he no longer requires them.

Alternatively, this could be a chance for characters to adventure in a post-apocalyptic campaign. Underground missile silos are filled with nukes, and JCN launches them if his survival is seriously threatened.

Level 6 was built within a dormant volcano thousands of years ago. There are a few different ways of getting the lava to rise, coming out of the lava wells in section O and destroying the entire dungeon... or at least the sixth level. JCN won't be able to survive a lava bath, so this is one way of ending his totalitarian reign.

1. Praying to the Fire God, Tchart, using the idol found in room F.
2. Throwing at least 3 ultra-dimensional shapes into the lava wells.
3. Calling upon Yizkarath, the Magma Dragon who sleeps deep inside the volcano.
4. A wish.
5. Game Master's choice.

Magma Dragon

This thing is as big as a house, not including its wingspan. It has red, orange, yellow, and blue scales. The Dragon's roar is almost deafening.

HD: 17 HP: 135 AC: 20 [-1] Attack Bonus:+15 #Attacks: 3
Damage: 5d6 (2 claws) and 8d8 (bite) or 12d6 (breath weapon)

Special Attacks: its breath weapon is a lava stream which can splatter several opponents. Roll 1d4 and that's how many adventurers are sprayed with hot lava. Roll a saving throw or Dexterity check to avoid being burned alive. A Magma Dragon can use its breath weapon once every 3 rounds.

Special Defense: Heat and fire do nothing, cold/ice does double damage.



THE SHAPES

There are a total of seven shapes here in this mega-dungeon, each a different color and power. The numbers mean something to the extra-dimensional beings that created them, but are rather meaningless here in this world. Basically, this is alien technology used to accomplish great things like tearing down and rebuilding the universe.

These seven shapes were forged at the same time by a single being. They have a natural bond with each other and are inclined to stay close to their brother and sisters.

Of course, the PCs will never have the understanding to use it properly; nevertheless, there is enough power to experiment and have fun with. Combining the seven shapes all together will manifest a god-like entity known as Ulusek-Lokvaar. He is a two headed reptilian deity from beyond the stars, a planet just outside the Milky Way galaxy called New Auron.

Ulusek-Lokvaar, like any power-mad divinity, seeks worshipers who would do anything for him. He bestows favors, secrets, and power based upon the religious zeal of his followers, as well as, their continuing success in subjugating all life in Ulusek-Lokvaar's name. Additionally, the god still retains a healthy dislike for the Snake-Men who attempted to subjugate the beings of New Auron thousands and thousands of years ago.

Shape Powers

Regarding the orange triangular prism with 75, 111, and 16 carved into it. There's a small section cut out, as if it fits together with one or more shapes. The possessor has all spells and magical effects cast upon him doubled in potency.

Regarding the square trapezohedron, shiny red in color, with the numbers 63, 81, and 24 carved into it. An individual who carries this shape can think of a specific place and teleport there 3 times per day.

Regarding the purple pentagonal antiprism, numbering 23, 32, and 651. The one holding this shape is invisible and cannot be seen with ordinary vision.

Regarding the blue shape, its mad configuration is like nothing ever seen before. Its numbers are 69, 17, and 111. The blue shape affects time. The possessor can create a temporal distortion if he wishes 3 times per day and up to a year either backwards or forwards.

Regarding the light green irregular tetrahedron with 7, 93, and 20 carved into it. The possessor never has to eat, sleep, breathe, nor indulge in normal bodily functions.

Regarding the yellow triangular prism morphing into a great icosahedrons, numbered 4, 703, and 9. The possessor is able to calculate numbers to an inhuman degree; almost any number-based calculation is possible with this shape.

Regarding the dark green shape, a square dipyramid with 81, 18, and 659 carved into it. Alone, it gives the possessor power over weak-minded beings.

Combinations

Combining the yellow triangular prism and the light green irregular tetrahedron creates an impenetrable force field 10' diameter for up to 3 hours per day.

Combining the orange triangular prism with the yellow triangular prism morphing into a great icosahedrons: creates a disintegration ray usable 3 times / day.

Combining the orange triangular prism with the dark green square dipyramid causes the ground to be disturbed, earthquake ending in large areas of earth being ripped open. 3 times / day.

Combining the light green irregular tetrahedron with the dark green square dipyramid creates an electric shock. However, if this shock can be overcome or absorbed, then the possessor can fly, levitate, and move freely throughout the air for up to 3 hours per day.

Combining the light green irregular tetrahedron with the red square trapezohedron summons an extra-planar creature to the possessor's aid.

Combining the red square trapezohedron with the orange triangular prism creates an anti-magic field, 30' radius from the combined shapes for up to 3 hours per day.

Combining the red square trapezohedron with the yellow triangular prism allows the possessor to transform himself into any other creature for up to 3 hours per day.

Combining the red square trapezohedron with the dark green square dipyramid transforms the possessor into a random inanimate object for up to 3 hours per day.

Combining the light green irregular with the yellow triangular prism allows for telepathy between the possessor and anyone within 30' of him for up to 3 hours per day.

Combining the purple pentagonal antiprism with any of the other object or objects triples the range/intensity and extends the timeframe of each power indefinitely. So that a red, orange, purple shape combination could create an anti-magic field of 90' radius from the combo and would last forever, unless a shape was removed.

AUTHOR'S PAGE

Thanks for purchasing Liberation of the Demon Slayer... or, at least, checking it out briefly. I really hope you like it. Like any art form, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. This book is not to everyone's taste. Some of you might enjoy the weird tales of Lovecraft and Robert E. Howard, others might be into such exploitation films as I Spit On Your Grave, Ilsa: She-Wolf Of The SS, Last House On The Left, and so on. Many gamers like traditional fantasy elements, while a few yearn for something totally alien and bizarre. It's hard to please everybody, is what I'm trying to say. If I've pleased you, then cool. If I haven't, I hope to do a better job next time.

Many hours went into the writing, re-writing, revising, editing... well, you get the idea. I'm grateful for my wife's patience. I didn't set out to create an adventure this big. Looking back, I'm not sure how it got away from me. But it did. It would have been so much simpler to create a single level along with a couple dozen encounters. Oh well, what's done is done. Perhaps one of the entities from LotDS entered this world, influenced my dreams, and forced me to expand upon my hideous creation?!? Yeah, probably that. Speaking of which, I also never set out to make this book so... fleshy. If the nudity or sexual content bothers you, then my bad. LotDS is old school in more ways than one. Before the "satanic panic" era of gaming, there were boobs aplenty and occasionally more. I miss that stuff and felt it was appropriate here. Ok, not so much appropriate as decadently gratuitous... but in a 1970's sword and sorcery kind of way.

Instead of an author's page, this is probably sounding more like an apology page. Hahaha! Don't get me wrong, I'm proud of this adventure. However, it's not perfect. If the imperfections are celebrated - treated as opportunities rather than errors - then I believe you'll get even more out of LotDS. I firmly believe that at least 15% of a campaign's content comes from thin air - moments of inspiration which cannot be scripted ahead of time. Of course, some Game Masters like to re-tool scenarios long before play begins. I encourage that! So, if you'd like to replace a particular dungeon map with one from another module, then go ahead. If you'd like to add a few encounters (or re-populate level 2 with all kinds of foul, tentacled beasties) courtesy of your favorite manual of monsters, please do. Feel free to ignore any or all of the special rules I came up with. As GM, you'll see hidden connections and find utterly diabolical aspects that I missed. Play around with it. In a world of science-fantasy, literally anything is possible. Do as thou wilt.

I hope to make my money back, to repay the money I spent on layout, maps, art, cover, and so on. For those curious, my starting budget was about \$1,200 - \$1,500. LotDS cost about \$1,700 to make, plus hundreds of hours imagining - some of which was actual gaming. :) After re-cooping expenses, I'm going to start work (the real work, not just collecting random ideas in a folder) on adventure #2. And hopefully, the process continues.

If you want to shoot some feedback by way, talk about old school gaming, or just say "Hello", here's my email address: Venger.Satanis@yahoo.com

By His loathsome tentacles,

VS



The stars are falling - which can only mean one thing. Your town is about to be invaded by demons! Unfortunately, the famed demon-slaying sword Kalthalax lies in the caves below. Retrieving it would be a dream come true... fame, fortune, unique magic items... you'd have it all: wine, women, and bards singing songs about your epic adventures.

I was born in 1974, under the dual signs of dragon and dungeon. Received the magenta box when I was about 10 years old. It wasn't long before I turned from player to Game Master (at least, that's the way it seemed most of the time). I roleplayed throughout grade school, junior high, high school, college, those first crappy years of post-college employment, and beyond... until coming to the 4th edition of some fantasy game or another. It nearly broke my spirit. I stopped gaming for two years. Burned out, not sure where the fun had gone... this hobby just didn't seem as awesome as it had in my younger days.

In 2012, I decided to give it one more shot. RPG blogs were everywhere, 5th editions being designed, and the old school renaissance was in full swing - proselytizing a quirky, subjective, non-standard, nostalgia fueled style of play. I believed that fantasy roleplaying deserved another chance to awaken those worlds of wonder. As any GM knows, organizing and running a weekly game is a lot of work. I prepared myself to leave gaming behind, forever this time, if the following couple months fell short. Family, work, and other interests constantly vied for my attention, but I needed to give my once favorite hobby one more shot.

Since this could have been my last gasp of gaming, I needed a cool campaign to jump-start it. Something new! A little bit gonzo, a little bit Lovecraft, and a whole lot of old school. This needed to be written by my own warlock hands, I realized. There are many fine OSR modules out there to go with all the systems available, but how many of them combine the original fantasy RPG with a 1970's exploitation cinema aesthetic cloaked in crimson devils and K'tulu worshipers? Not enough, in my estimation. Thus, Liberation of the Demon Slayer was born.

I wrote it. I ran it. Long story short (too late, I know) my passion for roleplaying was rekindled. The only limit being the GM's imagination, where players have to use their own in order to survive bizarre worlds of savage sword and blasphemous sorcery!

Through playtesting, experimentation, and countless eldritch fever dreams, Liberation of the Demon Slayer evolved over the span of many months, and became - at long last - what you now hold in your hands (or tentacles). Thanks for taking a chance on it. Whatever your experiences are, I want to hear about them.

Stay tuned for future weirdness!

VS