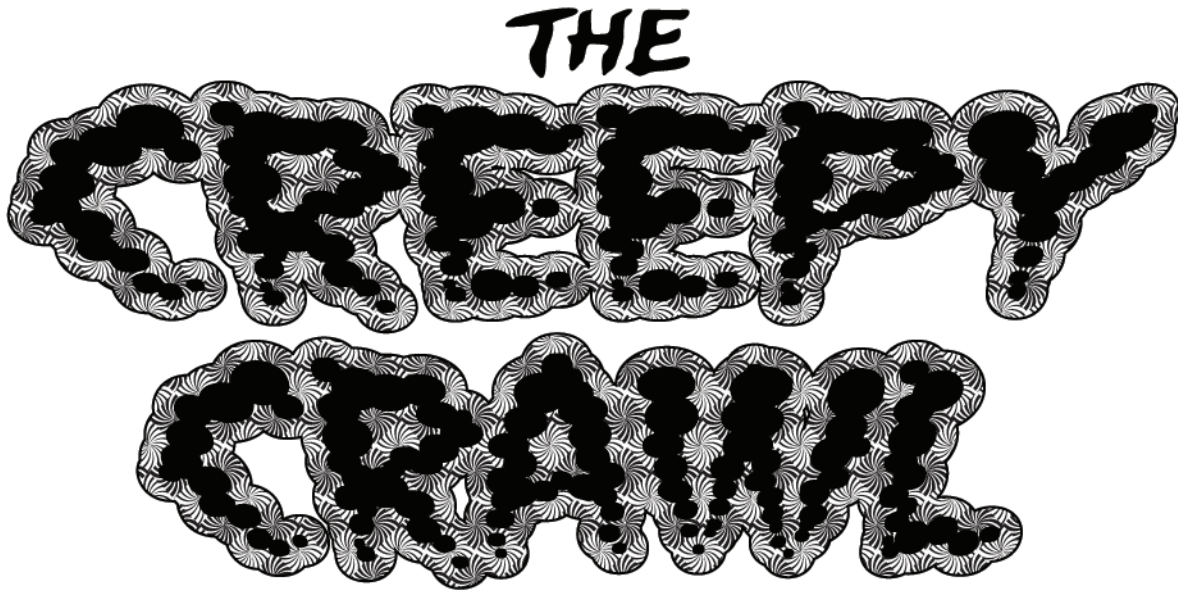


THE

WOLFEN CAM



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY B.J. JOHNSON



The Creepy Crawl

This book is intended for use with the
Labyrinth Lord
RPG System.

Written & Illustrated by:
Barclay J. Johnson

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Dedicated to one and all
past players of the Creepy Crawl.

The Creepy Crawl

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Preface:

Back in 2009, when the Old School Renaissance was beginning to really hit its stride, an idea struck me as the leaves on the trees turned to ruddier shades and October approached:

How awesome would it be to host an old school dungeon crawl for Halloween?

So I sat down and got to work on a spooky sandbox with a general vibe inspired by classic monster movies and the schlocky, late night television creature features that fueled generations of young imaginations with visions of mist shrouded graveyards and moody Transylvanian castles populated by scary but beloved ghoulies, ghosties, long leggedy beasties, and things that go “blah!” in the night.

I ran the results in the run up to Halloween for three years while I still lived in Boston, and after I moved back here to Pennsylvania I ran it for a group of co-workers and they enjoyed it so much it turned into a year long freakshow that I consider one of the best campaigns I’ve ever gotten to run. (If you’re interested in reading how that game went down, check out the Creepy Crawl Chronicles on my gaming website: saturdaynightsandbox.blogspot.com.)

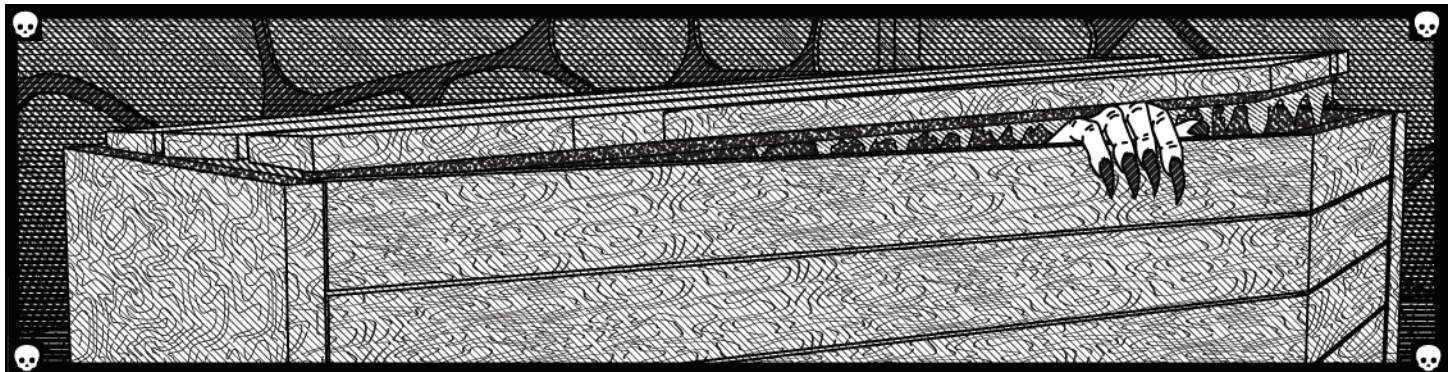
It’s all been a hoot, a howl, and possibly a hullabaloo, so I thought it was about time to share the fun with a broader audience in book form.

The volume you now hold in your possibly trembling hands is stitched together, Frankenstein like, from the prior materials I’ve used for the Creepy Crawl, both the one shot events and the full campaign. You can run it as a stand alone sandbox, dismember it and graft the pieces into a pre-existing game, or just sink your teeth into a vein and suck out its vital juices for inspiration. I don’t care, as long as you’re having fun!

Thank you for buying this book! I hope you enjoy this material as much as I have over the years!

Happy haunting, every-body!

B.J. Johnson - 2018



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hen a chilling wind makes the dead leaves fall,
and a bone white moon casts an eerie pall,
and shadows skitter on the graveyard wall,
take up your shovel! Heed adventure's call!

It's time to go on a **CREEPY CRAWL**

You and your companions have been driven out of the sullen village of Strangeldorf at the head of a torch and pitchfork wielding mob. Again! You all know what you did! There's nothing more to be said about the whole unfortunate business. What's done is done and that is that and if you knew then what you know now you probably would have done the same confounded thing because that's the way your boneheaded luck seems to run anyway. Bah!

While you may have gotten away with your skin and your traveling kit intact, there's no going back, at least for the time being. The only direction to go is forward, deeper into the mountains as night falls and the late autumn chill begins to creep into your very bones.

Your ragtag band trudges wearily up the lonely road that winds through the infamous Ghoulardia Pass, seeking to put the looming, thickly forested crags of the Vampira Mountains between you and the Strangeldorf municipal gallows. There is a bite of winter in the alpine air, but perhaps a subtle trill of fear slithering up your spine is what's really making you shiver as you enter this benighted valley of ill rumor and even worse reputation.

Into Ghoulardia Pass...

You stand on the road and consider your options as the grey clouds creep past overhead, allowing the full moon to peep through from time to time and bathe the valley in pale, dreamlike light.

To your left, at the top of a hill past a lightning split oak tree is a dilapidated house with a ramshackle tower extending skyward from the roof. There are lights burning in the upper floors. Occasionally they will wax and wane, or change from warm yellow to flickering, electric blue.

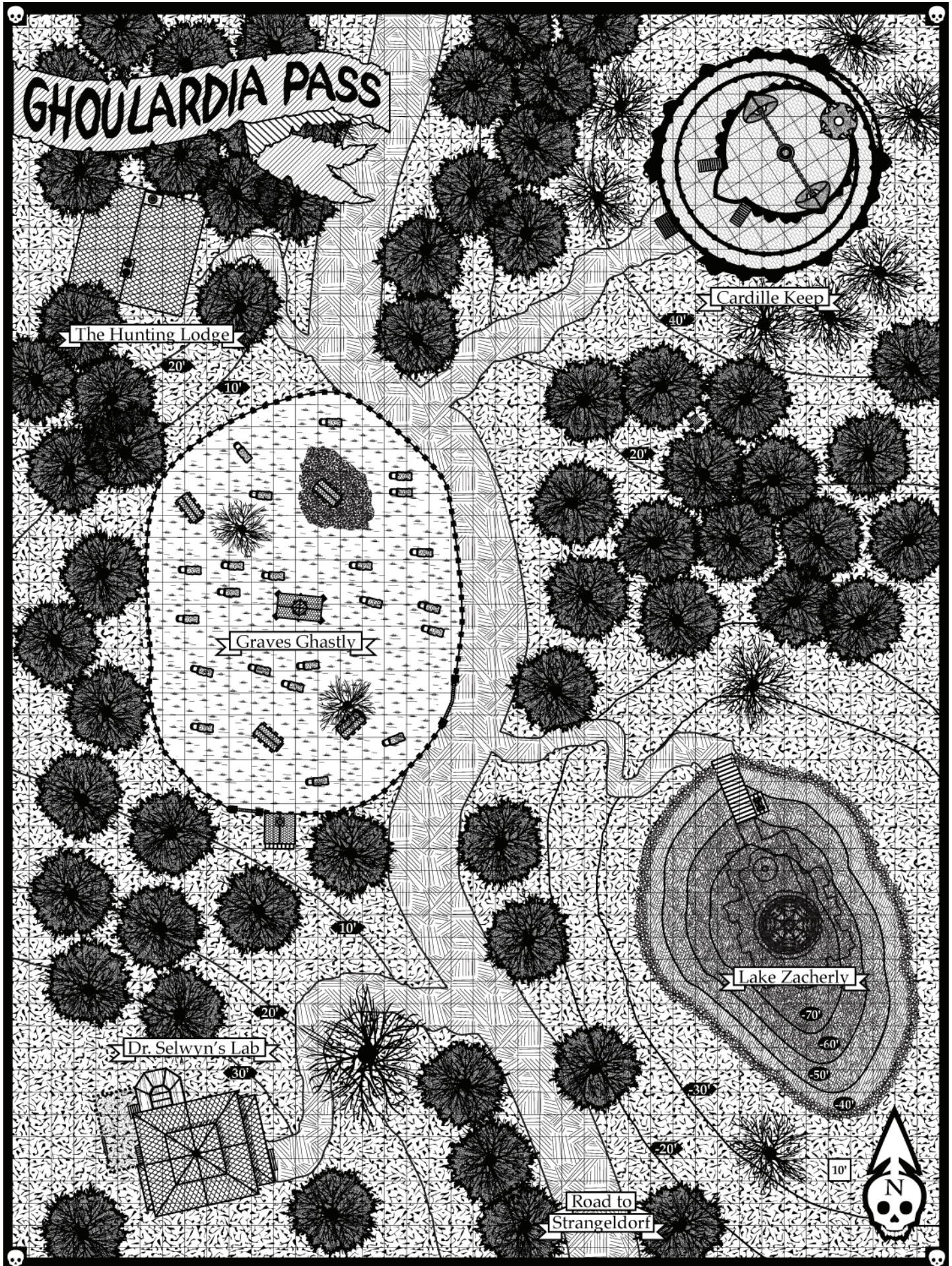
To your right a small, fog shrouded lake lies at the bottom of a mountain cove. Out of the corner of your eye you think you see a strange, greenish yellow glow suffusing the mists as the wind ripples the lake's surface, but as soon as you look it's gone dark again.

Further down the road, you see a graveyard surrounded by a rusted iron fence, the tombstones and crypts gleaming in the occasional moonlight, scattered across a field of drab grass.

Beyond that, you can see a rustic house with a flickering orange light in the window, tucked back among the stands of shaggy pine. It looks almost too cozy to be true.

Finally, rising above the treetops at the crest of the tallest hill in the pass is the forbidding edifice of a fortress, its black spires looming against the cold bleakness of the sky.

Which of these might be the best, or worst, places to try your luck is entirely up to you.



Ghoulardia Pass Rumors

The Game Master might choose to spice up their session with as many of the following rumors as they see fit. At the very least, each player could get a roll on the chart, with bonus rolls for high Wisdom or Intelligence. Items marked in the right column with a T are true, while those marked F are false, although some are subject to interpretation. Roll d20.

Keep this table handy later, in case the group wants to squeeze some information out of a captured antagonist, or feel free to give them whatever facts or fabrications you wish.

01	The dead can dance, and often will if given the chance.	T
02	Count Gore De Vol, the infamous mad general of the Imperial Hussars, met his end from being struck by lightning whilst fleeing the field of battle.	T
03	One of the graves in the Graves Ghastly cemetery holds a fabulous buried treasure.	T
04	They don't keep hogs up at the Selwyn place 'cos they like bacon. Stay away from that pen.	T
05	The greenishghul plant attracts the unquiet dead wherever it grows.	T
06	Never look a grindeylow in the eyes or you'll be struck blind.	T
07	Beware of Bark Eatin' Ted, the Wild Man of Ghoulardia Pass. You never know when he may be watchin' you from the trees.	F
08	Say the words "Trick or Treat" when on the doorstep a stranger you meet. Thanks to an ancient gypsy spell any place where a person speaks this phrase they will be welcomed.	F
09	The ghosts of ten virtuous maidens are trapped in the tower of Cardille Keep, bound to the mortal world by a cursed balalaika.	T
10	The Von Rattschmidt family counted wererats among their kin. The last scion of that tainted bloodline lies in a crypt in the Graves Ghastly cemetery, along with his legacy.	T
11	There's a woodsman and his wife living in the Hunting Lodge up in Ghoulardia pass. They're real warm and friendly types, even if they're a little strange in their ways. They're also completely devoted to one another.	F
12	There's some kind of stone building at the bottom of Lake Zacherly that throws off an eerie light at night sometimes.	T
13	Doctor Selwyn is just a harmless old eccentric who wouldn't hurt a fly.	F
14	There's a network of underground tunnels in the northern end of Ghoulardia Pass.	T
15	A mandrake root will protect you from the soul sapping touch of the undead, but beware the plant's deadly shriek when you pluck one from the ground.	T
16	There are four magical swords hidden in scattered places throughout the pass.	T
17	There's an immortal magic fish in Lake Zacherly that will grant you three wishes if you catch it. It's huge and has eyes that light up when it's workin' its magic. That's why the lake glows.	F
18	When the moon is full, ring the bell by the lake three times.	T
19	Doctor Selwyn, the noted vivisectionist and mad experimenter, will pay a handsome sum for the electrified skull of Count Gore De Vol.	T
20	A redheaded gypsy girl named Stella was carried off by giant bats from her clan's caravan the other day. The wise women whisper that she's been taken to the Keep.	T



Random Encounters:

There are a lot of scary things creeping around in the dark of night in Ghoulerdia Pass, and that's not even counting your party of misplaced miscreants and malcontents. If the group wanders off the beaten path, or seems to be malingering in place for too long, the Game Master might consider rolling on the table below as often as they like to send some wandering worries the characters' way. Roll 1d12.

01	1d4 Dire Wolves
02	1d3 Giant Black Widow Spiders with a web among the trees, equivalent to a Web spell
03	Bat Swarm
04	Angry Mob: 1d10+10 0 lvl humans armed with clubs, hand axes, pitchforks, and torches
05	A Shallow Grave. Roll on the table below for its contents. See Page 23 for more on robbing graves.
06	Distant howling of something very large and terrible sounding
07	A Wraith. May have information about one of the adventure sites around Ghoulerdia Pass
08	The Horrible Spider Wolf ☠
09	1d3 Ghouls, dressed in their finest and on their way to a grand party at Cardille Keep
10	Insane Fighter armed with a large axe. Wears a blank wooden mask. Roll 1d6+4 for Level
11	Highwayman Ghost mounted on ghostly steed. (Stats/attacks as two Ghosts.)
12	Lightning Strike. Roll 1d8 x d6 damage, roll Save vs. Wand for half damage

Shallow Grave contents: Roll 1d10

1-4	A pine box with an inert corpse inside. Nice shoes, though.
5-6	Empty. Either dug up already or somewhere there's a grave digger who's a practical joker
7-8	An undead Skeleton that will scream loudly as it attacks, attracting another Random Encounter
9	A Wight, angry that you woke it up early
10	A Cache of Treasure. 2d8x100 sp, 1d8x100 gp, 1d6 gems, 1d4 pieces of jewelry

Ghoulerdia Goals:

While a creepy crawling crew ought to be satisfied at a job well done, if the Game Master wanted to spice things up with a little bit of scoring for an evening or so of skullduggery, here are some goals that the group can work towards, or compare with other groups if you're running multiple games.

Achievement:	Award	Rank:	Points:
Knock on all 5 front doors and say "Trick or Treat".	50 pts.	Masters of the Macabre	1000
Original character survives entire game.	30 pts.	Coffin Bangers	750
Every grave dug up.	2 pts.	Deadly Earnest	500
Every corpse, crypt, or grave looted	5 pts.	Shambling Bumpers	250
Each boss monster defeated. (Marked with a ☠)	25 pts.	Monster Chow	100
Each monster befriended.	15 pts.	Coffin Stuffers	75
Every 1000 gp. of loot grabbed.	10 pts.	Headless Chickens	50
Each magic sword discovered.	20 pts.	Dead On Arrival	25
Each human character turned into something else.	15 pts.		
Each location fully explored.	50 pts.		
Each spectacular character death.	10 pts.		
Each really stupid character death.	5 pts.		



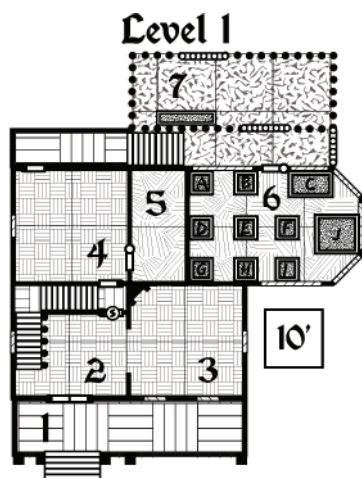
Dr. Selwyn's Laboratory of Horrors:

Approach

An overgrown path of broken stones and gravel winds its way beneath the rotting branches of an oak that was split and killed by a lightning strike long ago. Fifty feet past the tree a dilapidated two story house stands, a tall tower looming toward the overcast sky from its dormered attic. The windows are boarded up, with flickering glimmers of light peeking through the cracks between the planks. If the group stops and listens, they might hear the sounds of machinery faintly issuing from beneath the house, or the occasional mad cackle echoing from the upper floors.

Level 1 - The Ground Floor

The ground floor of the house is covered in creeping vines, like a sickly network of veins. The front doors are reachable via the covered front porch. There's a greenhouse around the E side, its plate glass panes covered in a thick layer of grime and creepers, making it difficult to see inside. There's a fenced in yard around back from which the savage grunting and squealing of pigs can be heard, with a reinforced gate held closed by a padlock at the back and a locked gate to the E.



1: Front Porch

The house's front porch is 40'x10', with a short set of creaky steps before the sturdy double doors. (Open Doors check to force open). There are two solidly boarded up windows looking out over the E end of the porch. If a Search is done, a knothole can be found in one of the boards, allowing one to see into a dusty parlour (3) with old furniture covered by moldering sheets and shelves full of cobwebbed curios and knickknacks.

The doors are locked, but there is a cracked ivory knob off to the right side that if pulled will cause a discordant clanging to sound from somewhere deep in the house. Presently, the metallic rasping and clicking of some sort of mechanism sounds through the door, and a small hatch will pop open at eye level as a dim light flickers to life above where you're standing. The lens of a periscope and a small brass sound trumpet poke out through the opening, and a raspy voice sounds, demanding to

know who you are and what you want. It's up to the group to decide on the best answer to give.

Roll 2d6 for a Reaction Check:

2: You hear the bolts being thrown, and the door will open on a grimling swaddled in surgical garb, his face hidden by a face mask and goggles. He will bow and scrape obsequiously and lead "our honored guests" into the parlour, then tell you to wait while he tells his master you've arrived and puts the kettle on for tea.

3-5: The voice tells you to wait there, and the periscope and trumpet will withdraw behind the hatch as it snaps closed. 1d4 Turns later, you hear the clumping of a heavy tread followed by the throwing of bolts, and the door will open to the sight of a hulking humanculous in surgical garb accompanied by the grimling described above. The brute has a bolt embedded in the middle of his forehead, and is slightly cross-eyed. He and his diminutive companion will escort the party into the parlour, and brusquely tell them to wait there. The grimling will then scuttle off while the humanculous watches the group with stolid disinterest.

6-8: The voice will flatly tell you to go away, then the periscope and trumpet will withdraw as the hatch slams shut and the light will switch off. If you pull the knob a second time, add +4 to the dice roll for another Reaction Check.

9-11: Another small hatch, this time at about waist level, pops open, and a tapered metallic probe extends through, crackling with sparks of electricity. You note that the light above flickers as the energy crackles around the antenna. The voice will warn the group to leave immediately or get "such a zetz". If they don't comply, the grimling behind the door will fire the weapon, which is a pistol like device that functions like a half strength Wand of Lightning Bolts. (3d6 damage, save vs. Wands for 1/2, 10 charges), until the party runs away.

12: You hear a harsh metallic clack, then suddenly the porch gives way beneath your feet, turning into a ramp that drops anyone who fails a save vs. Paralysis down into the rat monster's lair in (Basement Area 3). You hear the voice cackling with sinister glee as you tumble down the slope. Anyone who makes their save will leap free of the porch or grab on to something to stop their fall. The grimling inside will fire the zap gun at any stragglers.

2: The Foyer

This wood paneled chamber is 20'x20', with an ornately carved staircase running along the W wall with a landing halfway up, turning toward the E to proceed up to Level 2. Cobwebs hang like bunting from the bannister and drape in tatters from a chandelier of oil lamps that hangs askew from its chain attached to the ceiling. The air is thick with dust, with the faint, cloying faint scent of formaldehyde and decay pervading the darkness. There is an archway leading E into the Parlour (3).

The stairs will groan loudly with every step taken, potentially alerting the denizens of the house. Only a Thief successfully Moving Silently could climb it without making any sound. There is a secret door among the panels on the N wall, although if a strong enough light source is provided, old, dark brown stains of indeterminate origins indicating something had been dragged through the room can be seen on the bare, worn parquet floor. Behind the door is a set of stone steps leading downward into the darkness of the Basement. A second door across the small landing leads into the Kitchen in (4).

If the group is allowed inside, then this area will be occupied by either a grimling or a grimling and a humanculous, depending on the nature of the reaction checks above.

Marvin the Grimling: Level 5, HP: 15, AC: 9, Dmg: Knife 1d4, Zap Gun: 3d6 (save vs. Wands for 1/2, 10 Charges), Mv: 120'(40'), Climb 90'(30'), Sv: F5, Ml: 5 (7 if Cecil or Dr. Selwyn is present)

Cecil the Humanculous: Level 8, HP: 40, AC: 7, Dmg: Fists 1d8/1d8. Headbutt 1d6, Mv: 90(30), Sv: D8, Ml: 10. Bolt in head makes him immune to Charm and Sleep spells and gives him +3 save against the Zap Gun.

3: The Parlor

This 20'x20' room might have been elegantly appointed at one time, but the dust lies thick on every surface and the wallpaper is faded and spotted with mildew. A settee, ottoman, and a pair of lounge chairs are arranged around a coffee table in the SE corner, all covered in old sheets gone grey from long years of neglect. The carpet on the floor is so threadbare it's hard to tell what color it might have been. There's a fireplace in the NW corner that appears to have been bricked up. An assortment of curios and knickknacks clutter the shelves built into the N wall. An armoire stands against the E wall in the NE corner of the room. An antique grandfather clock ticks sonorously on the opposite side of the E window from the armoire.

The objects on the shelf appear to be of minimal value, mostly an eclectic collection of musty books on general, uninteresting subjects, biological specimens in jars of preservatives, or mildly unnerving ceramic figurines of rustic peasants in traditional garb who all seem slightly deformed in some way.

The armoire is locked. Inside, it is divided into 4 sections by 3 shelves. The top section contains a mismatched selection of wine glasses. At the front edge of the shelf are four silver drinking steins adorned with the Selwyn family crest, each worth 200 gp. The bottom level contains a selection of wines and brandies. Among these in an unmarked, blue glass bottle is a Potion of Extra Healing. The middle two levels contain an assortment of small animal skeletons mounted on mahogany bases. The delicate mountings break very easily if handled.

Lurking among these specimens is a horrible undead construct known as a Bone Monkey. It will bide its time if the armoire is opened and rummaged through, leaping to attack a hapless thief on a Surprise roll of 1-4 on a d6. It will latch on to a victim, lashing out with its venomous tail until all around lie paralyzed, upon which time it will poison the one they've been clinging to and then clamber back to its place on the shelf. The commotion of the fight will bring the attention of the other denizens of the house. Only Dr. Selwyn can call the Bone Monkey off by means of a special subsonic whistle he carries upon his person.

The Bone Monkey: HD: 1, HP: 7, AC: 7 or AC of victim it's clinging to, taking 1/2 damage and passing rest onto victim. Dmg: Tail Bite 1d4, Paralytic Poison 1d4 turns. Mv: 120(40), Sv: H2, Ml: 9

The Good Doctor's Hospitality

A Warm Reception

If the group is invited inside for tea, Marvin will lead them into the parlour, activating a flickering overhead light that brightens and dims erratically and adds to a general sense of unease. With a dramatic flourish he will whip the covers off of the settee and lounge chairs, revealing the moldering brocade of the puce colored upholstery and filling the air with a choking cloud of dust as he tells you to have a seat and make yourselves comfortable. (Roll a save vs. Poison or suffer a fit of coughing and sneezing that will last for 1d4 rounds.)

He will then scamper out of the room, returning 1d4 Turns later carrying a large silver tea set with enough cups for the entire group. You will note he is wearing a frilly maid's cap and apron over his surgical scrubs. Marvin will pour tea for the party, regardless of whether they refuse or not, adding cubes of sugar from the sugar bowl for those who ask for it with a pair of tongs and apologizing profusely for having no lemon. When the party has been served, he will withdraw from the room, saying that the Master will be joining you soon.

The tea is of course dosed with a powerful sedative, and the sugar cubes also contain a concentrated form of the same chemicals. Everyone who drinks their tea must roll a save vs. Poison, with a -2 for each cube of sugar added, or pass out into an unwakeable slumber for 1d4 hours. Those that make their save will still be woozy, suffering a -2 to all attacks and actions. (With an additional -1 per cube of sugar taken.) After 1d3 Turns Dr. Selwyn's servants will return to pacify any of the group who are still able to resist.

If the entire group is knocked out, roll 1d4 on the table below to see what is done with them. They will all be disarmed and stripped of their clothing and gear as a matter of course. These items will be stowed the locked chest in the guest room (Level 2 - Room 3)

- 1: Chained up in the specimen cage in the laboratory (Level 3 - Room 5). Dressed in dirty potato sack.
- 2: Suspended in tube of fluid in the basement. (Basement - Area 2) Naked and hairless after 1 hour.
- 3: Locked in guest room. (Level 2 - Room 3) Dressed in footy pajamas.
- 4: Strapped to tables in the laboratory (Level 3 - Room 2) Dressed in a hospital gown.

A Chilly Reception

If the group is left under Cecil's watch, they will be ordered to sit and wait on the covered furniture while the dull eyed humanculus stares unblinkingly at them. He will ignore any attempts to ask questions or make conversation, and will brutally put a stop to any attempts at shenanigans, especially spell casting.

After about 1d4 Turns of sitting awkwardly while the grandfather clock's ticking echoes in the dusty room, the lights will flicker and go dark. Shortly afterward, a violent commotion of screams and crashing will shake the upper floors. The humanculus will lurch out of the room, pausing only to look back and point a blunt tipped, warning finger at the group and ordering them to stay put. The sounds of a violent altercation can be heard coming from upstairs, with a lot of bellowing, gibbering, and shrieking accompanying the sound of breaking furniture and structural damage.

(In this sequence of events something has gone horribly wrong with Dr. Selwyn's latest creation, although what exactly is happening is up to the Game Master, and what the group does about it is up to the players.)



4: The Kitchen

The walls of this 20'x20' chamber are covered in dingy grey ceramic tiles, many of which are cracked or even missing. There are two doors in the SE corner, one leading S to under the stairs and a metal plated one with a rubber gasket around its edge leading into the cold storage room to the E, and one in the NW, leading N onto a small, 5' deep covered back porch with stairs leading down into the back yard (7). The floor is concrete, stained by unknown substances and marred by areas of black soot, especially near the stove that sits against the N wall in the NE corner. A large, corroded copper tank marked with a plethora of warning symbols is connected to it via rubber hoses.

This tank is full of highly flammable gas that can be allowed to feed the burners on the stove if a valve is opened. The hoses take only 1 hp dmg to sever, and if flame is applied the gas will burn brightly, burning up the hose in 1d6 rounds before causing a horrendous explosion that does 10d6 points of damage to everything within a 20' radius. The tank is AC 4 and takes only 5 hp dmg to puncture, which causes it to explode instantly.

There's a counter and a sink running along the S wall, with an eclectic assortment of pots and pans hanging over it. The sink is fed by a hand worked pump and produces water that glows very slightly in the dark. (Not enough to see by, but it is visible in low light.) Neatly washed dishes are stacked in a dish rack next to the sink, waiting to be put back in the open faced cupboard hanging on the W wall next to the window.

A well used butcher's block on table legs with a ghastly array of knives and saws hanging from hooks on its sides stands near the counter. A severed zombie hand, vengeful and murderous, lurks underneath, biding its time. It will crawl forth on its fingers and attempt to climb up an unwitting victim, surprising on a 1-3 on a d6 and grasping them by the throat to strangle them. It can be pried loose with a successful Open Doors check, at which point it will scuttle under the sink and disappear.

The Vengeful Hand: HD: 1, HP: 4, AC: 8, Dmg: 1d3 pts./round, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: Hum0, MI: 12.

5: The Cold Storage Room

It is freezing, bone numbing cold in this 10'x20' chamber. Opening the door will be like getting hit in the face with a blast of arctic wind. The walls, floor, and ceiling are lined with sheet metal riveted into place, with a floor of wooden slats placed over the metal for better traction. Every surface is covered with a thin layer of frost. Intruders will take 1d4 points of cold damage for every Turn they spend in here, and will suffer a cumulative -1 to all actions and checks, until such time as they can get back out into the warmth again.

In a shallow trough running along the walls at waist height, a curious sort of brown, lichen like substance grows. If touched, it will do 1d8 damage and the victim should roll a save vs. Wands or lose 1d4 fingers. Any metal objects touched to it will become bitterly cold and do 1d6 damage on contact, sticking to bare skin until warm air is blown on it. If a source of flame is held near, a 1' diameter area of the brown lichen will expand and bubble over the edge of the trough, snuffing the flame and doing an additional 1d4 of damage to those within 5' from a further drop in local temperature.

Above the trough there are rows of shelves on the W wall and two large, open faced cabinets on the E wall with more shelves between them. An assortment of oddly shaped, paper wrapped bundles are piled upon the shelves. Some bear the stamp of Lupo's Butcher Shop in Strangeldorf, and are cuts of beef, pork, and mutton. Others are marked with the crest of the town's morgue, and are cuts of something it would be better not to think about too hard. They look similar, so be extra careful if you want to take one out to the kitchen and cook it up on the stove.

The cabinets each have a bar across the top for hanging things. The S one is empty, while the N one has two roughly man sized bundles hanging from metal hooks. There are cadavers inside, with staring eyes and tightly clenched teeth. If they are taken out of this room they will thaw in 1d8 Turns and arise as zombies. They are under no one's control, and will attack any who come near.

Freezer Zombies: HD: 2, HP: 9, 9, AC: 8, Dmg: Slam 1d8, Mv: 60' (20'), Sv: F1, MI: 12

Or, if the DM so chooses, this could be a way to introduce replacement characters into the game if any unfortunate fatalities occurred. In this case the characters will start out a 1 hp. and require donations of clothing, armor, and weapons.

6: The Greenhouse

This glass walled space is 30'x20', and can only be accessed via the padlocked door to the N. Rough wooden trestles support boxes of dank soil, with a variety of botanical specimens growing in them. Each is marked with a sign proclaiming the species of plant contained within:

A: Wolfsbane: A purplish flower that is highly poisonous. Roll a save vs. Poison if touched, a failure resulting in numbness in the hands and a -1 to attacks and damage for 1d4 Turns. If a lycanthrope is touched with this herb, it must make a Morale check or flee for 1d4 rounds at its maximum Movement. 1d12 fresh sprigs can be harvested here.

B: Petunias: Livid pink and purple ornamental flowers. They're quite pretty, and give a positive feeling to anyone viewing them. Dr. Selwyn will make you suffer *exquisitely* if he finds out you dug up or damaged these plants.

C: Mandrakes: A leafy plant with a vaguely man shaped root. If one of these plants is plucked from the planter, it will unleash a loud, hideous scream. Anyone within a 20' radius will take 3d6 pts of damage from this sonic attack, save vs. Death for 1/2 damage. The first one pulled will shatter the walls of the greenhouse, forcing all inside to make a save vs. Petrify or suffer 1d8 damage from falling shards of broken glass. Obviously, this will alert the occupants of the house, who will come in force to investigate. The other plant specimens must make saving throws as well. There are 1d8 discrete mandrake plants in the planter. If a mandrake root is worn around the neck, it will protect the wearer from 1d3 Level Drain attacks, after which it shrivels up and crumbles to dust.

D: Yellow Musk Creeper: A vivid yellow flower growing from mobile stalk rooted in a half buried human skull. The flower will undulate like a cobra, attempting to lure a victim close enough to blow a cloud of hypnotic pollen in their face. If this is accomplished the victim will be compelled to lay their head in the planter, where the plant's mobile roots will burrow into the skull, doing 1d4 damage per round and draining 1d4 pts of intelligence. They will resist attempts to pull them free, and if drained of Int they will become a Yellow Musk Zombie under the control of the Game Master.

HD: 3, HP: 7, AC: 7, Dmg: Save vs. Poison or become mesmerized by pollen. Mv: 0, Sv: F2, MI: 12

E: Professor Seymour: A strange, bulbous gourd with a vaguely humanoid face nestled among its broad leaves. This plant is intelligent and speaks in a throaty whisper, and claims to be one of Dr. Selwyn's colleagues from Kroenberg University. It will beg for a drink of alcohol or a smoke, complaining that all it ever gets is water and bone meal day in day out. In exchange, it will disclose the benefits and dangers of the other plants in the greenhouse. It doesn't want to talk about how it came to be this way, referring to it as an "embarrassing miscalculation".

F: Greenishghul: A sickly looking, whitish green herb that attracts the undead. If a garland of the stuff is placed somewhere, any undead in the area will come to gather around it, ignoring everything else. Free willed undead may make a save vs. Poison to avoid this effect.

G: The Carnivorous Chewer: A 4' stem with a purple, tulip-like blossom at the end that is lined with sharp pseudo-teeth. It will bite at passers by, surprising on a 1-3 on d6, tracking their movements with antennae-like stamens. It can and will attack anything standing next to its planter.

HD: 1, HP: 4, AC: 8, Dmg: 1d6, Mv: 0, Sv: F1, MI: 12.

H: The Creeping Crusher: A pair of thick, gnarled arms with hand-like claws grow from a thick bulb topped with palm-like fronds at the end of a segmented 3' stalk. It will grasp at passers by with an iron grip, doing 1d6 damage with a successful grab followed by 1d6 damage per round. It has the equivalent of Str 20. If both claws grasp a victim, it will attempt to strangle them, doing 1d8 dmg per round until killed or pried loose with an Open Doors check.

HD: 2, HP: 8, AC: 6, Dmg 1d6 + strangle, Mv: 0, Sv: F1, MI: 12

I: The Fire Spitting Snapdrake: A 3' orchid like flower with a blossom that vaguely resembles a dragon's head. This bloom will open and spit a 5' stream of flames doing 2d6 damage. (Save vs. Breath Weapon for 1/2).

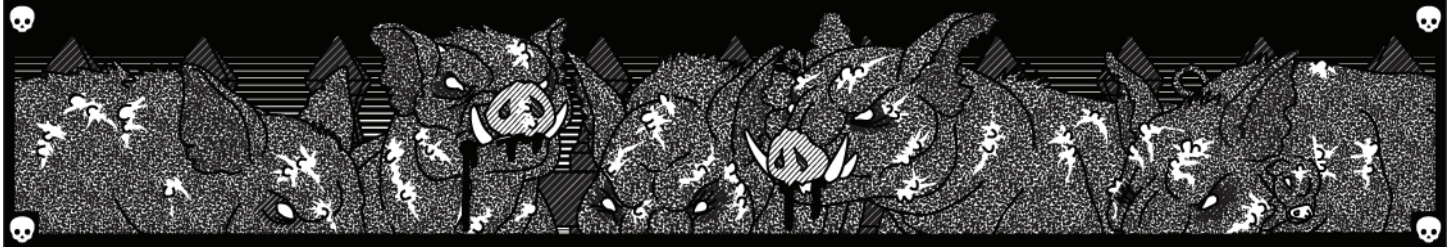
HD: 1, HP: 3, AC: 8, Dmg: 2d6, Mv: 0, Sv: F1, MI: 12

J: Doppelganger Pods: A sprawling network of vines with a pair of almost man-sized, watermelon-like pods grows in this large planter box. If a living being approaches, the vines will lash out with a sucker tipped appendage, attacking as a 3 HD monster. If it hits, it will do 1d6 pts of damage and then drop off and wither. The pod will begin to pulsate, its skin shriveling around a humanoid shape in a fetal position. After 1d10 rounds, a perfect duplicate of the victim will break out of the husk, with equal stats and hit points but lacking any metal weapons or armor. This creature is capable of regenerating 3 hp./round, unless damaged by magic, acid, or flames. It will be compelled to hunt down and kill the original and take their place, withering and dying 1d12 days later after a horrible spree of murder and mayhem and sprouting a new plant were it falls.

7: The Hog Pen

There is a small, 20'x4' covered porch in back with a set of stairs leading down to a narrow, 25' long corridor leading E toward a locked gate. To the N of this walkway is a 35'x12' stinking mire fenced off with a sturdy wrought iron fence, behind which a small herd of monstrous swine wallow. Their bristled hide is a mottled green, with phosphorescent nodules scattered along their backs and sides that glow faintly in the dark. Their eyes gleam red with feral bloodlust, and they will attack and utterly devour anything organic, living or dead, that drops into their pen. They can also digest metal and stone objects that they swallow within 1d3 days, and are totally immune to all poisons.

Monster Hogs: HD: 3, HP: 12, 19, 10, 13, 13, AC: 7, Dmg: Bite 1d8, Mv: 60(20), Sv: D2, MI: 7

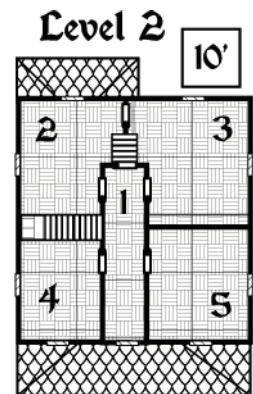


Level 2 - Personal Chambers

The windows on this level are locked and shuttered rather than boarded up. The roofs of the front and rear porches are steep, and there are several loose shingles, but they can be walked across with a successful Climb check. A failure means that one of the shingles has broken loose and sent the character falling 10' to the ground below. If they happen to fall from the back porch, there is an 1 in d4 chance they might fall into the Hog Pen, which will quickly bring quite a few further complications. A perilous porcine predicament, one might say...

1: Hallway

At the top of the stairs from the foyer on Level 1 you come to a carpeted hallway leading N to S, with two doors each on the E and W walls, as well as a door to the N opening onto a set of stairs leading upward to the N and a window to the S. At the end of the hall toward the window there are faded, dust choked portraits of Dr. Selwyn's ancestors, who all share the same furtive, sallow cast to their features. A portrait of his great, great Grand Uncle Roland, a hollow cheeked gentleman of dour demeanor, has eyes that seem to follow your movements. (This is because they are enchanted to do so, but there is also a hidden peephole in the Grimlings' Room (4) that can be opened for spying on the hallway outside.)



2: Dr. Selwyn's Bed Chamber

This room is 20'x20', with a bit of the SE corner taken up by the hallway. The walls are hung with positively ghastly wallpaper that is peeling in strips from the mildewed plaster behind it, and a mangy carpet lies dejectedly on the floor. There are two reinforced oak doors, one leading E to the Hallway and one leading E to Dr. Selwyn's Study. Both are set up so that they can be barred from inside. A painting of a bucolic scene of country life, with oddly deformed seeming peasants frolicking in the fields, hangs slightly askew on the S wall.

A rickety four poster bed with a night stand occupies the NW corner between the two heavily curtained, shuttered windows. The drawer of the night stand contains two small, nickel plated potion flasks. One is a Potion of Super Monsterism (See Level 3 - Room 3), and the other is a tincture that will send the imbiber into a deep, dreamless sleep for 4 hours unless a save vs. Poison is made. At the foot of the bed is an unlocked chest containing clothing, all stained with old blood or chemicals and without value. Under a hidden trapdoor beneath the bed is a secret compartment between the floor joists that holds six canvas bags containing 100 sp each, and four leather bags holding 100 gp each.

An ornate bathtub with brass claw feet occupies the SW corner of the room, with a folded standing screen leaning against the wall nearby, next to a towel rack laden with moldy towels. The porcelain of the tub is stained with a dark greenish patina that smells faintly of chemicals, with an accumulation of some kind of crystalline residue around the drain.

3: Dr. Selwyn's Study

This spacious room is also 20'x20', with the hallway taking up a bit of the SW corner. The floor is bare wood, from what you can see beneath the layer of scattered papers and books covering it. The walls are bare plaster, covered with scrawled notes, diagrams, and equations, all the way up to the ceiling thanks to a wooden step ladder that leans against the alcove by the door connecting this room to the bed chamber to the W. It is 6' tall and fairly stable if braced by a companion.

A battered desk and chair face the E wall in the NE corner, also covered in books and folios with an assortment of writing implements and blots of spilled ink scattered across it. Among the papers is a roll of parchment made with purplish petals mixed in with the paper pulp, recognizable as wolfsbane flowers. This is a Scroll of Warding vs. Lycanthropes.

Running along the S wall is a bookshelf crammed full of esoteric books and folios, mostly on biology, neurology, botany, pharmacology, and practical necromancy. They would only have real value to certain collectors, but some of them would get you burned at the stake if you were caught with them in your possession. Magic users and dampyr of an intellectual bent could use this library of forbidden lore to answer any questions that might turn up, at the Game Master's discretion. Roll at or under 1+Int Bonus on a d12 to get the answers you seek. The books are written in a variety of languages, while Dr. Selwyn's notes are written in his own crabbed cypher, both on paper and on the walls. There is a small hatch in the S wall that allows the eyes of the portrait to be used to watch occupants of the guest room (5).

4: The Grimplings' Room

This dingy, reeking chamber is 15'x18', with bare, mildew specked plaster walls and a bare wood floor. It smells very strongly of feet, mold, and grave dirt. The window shutters are nailed in place with boards and hung with heavy blankets, completely shutting out any light that might enter.

Three child sized beds are lined up in the S end of the room, each piled with dingy blankets and dirty clothing made for small wearers with extra long arms and short, bandy legs. At the foot of each bed, scrawled in chalk, are three names: "Marvin", "Stanley", and "Wilkins".

There is a sheathed dagger hidden beneath the greasy pillow of "Marvin's" bed, as well as a bronze ring set with a yellow green chrysoberyl worth 90 gp that's still stuck on a mummified finger.

A leather sap full of buckshot is hidden among the grimy sheets of "Stanley's" bed, with a small bottle full of teeth hidden under the pillow. Two of them have gold fillings, worth 1 gp total.

Under "Wilkins'" pillow a serrated brass garotte in a circular carrying case can be found, as well as a small tin of noisome snuff and a moldy coin purse holding 13 gold pieces.

A stepladder sits beneath a small hatch in the E wall, which opens to make the portrait in the Hall(1) into a peep hole.

There is a large, cracked barrel in the NW corner, stuffed full of dirty clothes. In a false bottom of the barrel, you find a half rotted bag containing 800 silver pieces each stamped with a wolf's head, a silver edged drinking horn worth 500 gp, and a platinum and silver chain of office bearing a coat of arms of a rampant black wolf on a white field with blue flowers worth 1300 gp. Also contained in the barrel is a moldering document containing the charter for a parcel of land in the defunct Duchy of Lobo.

5: Guest Room

This 17'x20' chamber is dusty and hung with cobwebs, with a bare wooden floor that has been modified to creak and grown very loudly if walked upon. A portrait of Dr. Selwyn's great, great, great Aunt Crematia, a sturdy woman with a rather ashen complexion, hangs on the N wall. Her eyes seem to follow you around the room (they are enchanted to do so, when someone isn't looking thru from the Study. There are two four poster beds on either side of the window S. They are built of sturdy ironwood, reinforced with brass, and bolted to the floor. Each of the beds' four posts has a manacle attached by a 2' length of chain, which can be used to secure guests in a variety of configurations. A large, heavy chest reinforced with iron bands sits in the NE corner of the room. It will contain any gear taken from guests of the house. If searched by an intruder, it has a 1 in 4 chance of containing whatever non-magical items the Game Master might desire.

Level 3 - The Laboratory

This level is a half story under the dormers of the roof, with the four outer spaces coming to a peak at the base of the tower above.

1: The Landing

The stairs from Level 2 come up in this 20'x15' area, flanked by sturdy wooden railings of unworked timbers. The window to the N is tightly shuttered and locked. An archway leads S into the central section of the lab. Cecil the Humanculus rests on a slab in the small space to the W of the stairs when he isn't assisting in the lab. It's attached by hinges to a trestle, and rotates from a 45° angle to flat by means of a ratcheted lever off to the side that can be operated by whoever's laying on it. A socket wrench lies on a nearby shelf in case he needs to loosen or tighten the bolt in his head. A capacitor and battery are arranged under the table with wires that can be hooked up via a set of clamps, and an intravenous drip of Healing Potion hangs nearby. Using these any humanculus can be revived from the dead in a Turn. If Cecil hasn't been encountered downstairs he will be here in the lab assisting Dr. Selwyn.



2: The Operating Room

This is the nerve center of Dr. Selwyn's ongoing quest for forbidden knowledge. The floor of this 20'x20' chamber is lined with rubber, with spotless white tiles lining the walls between 5' wide archways leading into the other sections of this level. They are all open except for the S opening which is blocked by a locked iron gate. In the NW corner a ladder is set into the wall, leading upward to the catwalk above. Next to it are levers controlling the various apparatus suspended above, as well as a speaking trumpet that carries orders from here to the Basement.

The center of the room is occupied by a large table, almost 6'x10' in size, with two smaller operating tables set to its SW and SE. A hulking brute of a humanoid creature with two heads lies strapped to the large table, inert and blank eyed. Metallic skullcaps are strapped over its heads, wired to a complex machine at the head of its table. Two more skullcaps lie at the heads of the smaller tables, also wired to the machine. It is clad in a hospital gown stitched together from a pair of ox hides.

If two characters are strapped to the table and hooked up to the device, when the device is activated it will transfer their minds into the blank brains of the creature. Their bodies are left in a coma. The creature is strong enough to break free of the straps easily. The two players each control an arm and can speak through the heads (although their speech will be slurred, as the thing's teeth are atrocious.) but they must agree on where the thing walks as they share the body's motor functions.

The process can be reversed, but rewiring the machine to do so requires either the cooperation of Dr. Selwyn or extensive research of the notes in his study. (Level 2 - Room 3). If only a single mind is transferred into the body, it will animate but one of the arms (chosen at random) will be inert, and the vacant head will only stare into space and drool.

If desperate, Dr. Selwyn can activate the creature in berserk mode, installing a basic, brutal mind into the empty brains. In this state, the two headed beast is a near mindless engine of destruction, smashing and crushing everything in reach, friend or foe.

The Two Headed Monster: HD: 10, HP: 45, AC: 3, Dmg: Right Fist 3d6, Left Fist 2d8, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F10, MI: 9 or per character.

Dr. Selwyn presides over his lab like a ringmaster over the center ring of a circus. He's a tall, spindly, balding man in surgical scrubs, wearing a reinforced leather neck brace and reflective goggles over his sunken eyes that grant him the ability to see in the dark or stare into otherwise blinding lights. His head is detachable, and if a natural 20 is rolled in combat with him, it will snap off. He can still give orders to his minions in this state, as well as command his body to continue attacking. He carries a selection of hypodermic needles in special pockets on the panel front of his lab tunic. There are five of them. One acts as Neutralize Poison. One acts as a Cure Serious Wounds. One acts as a Charm Person. One is a paralytic poison that paralyzes a victim for 2d4 Turns. One is a Potion of Super Monsterism. (See the Chemistry Lab, Area 3).

Dr. Selwyn: HD: 9, HP: 32, AC: 5, Dmg: Needle: 1 pt + poison, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: MU9, MI: 9

3: The Chemistry Lab

Several sturdy tables occupy this 15'x20' area, cluttered with alchemical glassware and bottles of bubbling chemicals. There is a shuttered window to the W.

Any sort of potion can be synthesized by a knowledgeable mage or erudite dumpyr in 1d4 Turns per attempt, with a roll at or under 1+Int bonus on a d20. If the synthesis is failed, roll 1d6. 1-2: No effect. Tastes Terrible 3-5: Deadly poison. Save vs. Poison or die. 6: Random other potion effect.

A locked cabinet mounted on the wall to the N side of the archway contains several already made potions, marked with Dr. Selwyn's crabbed cypher: 2 Potions of Extra Healing, A Potion of Gaseous Form, A Potion of Giant Strength, A Potion of Super Heroism, A Potion of Human Control. There are also two each of the following special potions:

Potion of Super Monsterism: When drunk or injected, this potion transforms the imbiber into a hulking, hairy monster. Humans become something similar to an Ogre. Humanculi become something like a Hill Giant. Grimlings will transform into a creature like a Bugbear. This process will destroy any clothing and armor they might be wearing, leaving them in a tattered loincloth. The creature is mindlessly aggressive, and will attack anything in sight. The unnatural vitality bestowed by the potion grants Regeneration, at a rate of 3 hps./round.

Lycanthropy Cure: When administered to any sort of lycanthropic creature, either orally or by injection, will cause the creature to revert to a normal human. Cursed lycanthropes are cured for good, while natural born lycanthropes get a save vs. Death to resist the elyxir's effect. It can also be used as a preventative, if injected into a normal human it can prevent contracting the disease for an entire month.

4: The Biology Lab

Tables full of dissection equipment and a variety of biological specimens occupy this part of the lab. Some notable features of this 15'x20 area are a large fish tank with a grey, eel-like fish swimming languidly in the murky water and a 2' diameter glass globe full of a pulpy, lurid green slime.

A gold crown decorated with stylized tentacles and set with black pearls lies in the muck at the bottom of the eel's tank. (This is worth \$1030 gp, and acts as a Charm Person on the denizens of the sunken temple at the bottom of Lake Zacherly.) If an unprotected hand is reached into the tank the eel will generate a 2d8 dmg electric shock to defend itself. There are elbow length rubber gloves hidden among the clutter, but the group will need to search for them.

The slime is deadly Green Slime, and if the spigot at the bottom of the globe is opened it will pour out onto the floor, flowing toward the fool who let it out.

Green Slime: HD: 2, HP: 8, AC: na, Dmg: Digest clothing and armor in 6 rounds, living flesh in 1d4 rounds. Susceptible to fire and Cure Disease. Mv: 3' (1'), Sv: F1, MI: 12

5: Specimen Cage

A locked gate of iron bars closes off this 20'x15' area, where specimens await their eventual fate in Dr. Selwyn's laboratory. The floor is covered in filthy straw, and there is an iron ring mounted in the center that chains and manacles can be attached to. Rough benches run along the E and W edges of the room. A 20 gallon tin bottle of water with a pipe that leads into the cell for drinking hangs off the N wall to the E of the gate. There are some dented, crusty tin bowls laying about in which long term prisoners are fed noisome stew by one of the Doctor's grimling assistants. Concealed among the straw is a lockpick dropped by some hapless former inmate of the cell. If prisoners search they will find it on a 1 on d12, but they had better be surreptitious about it lest the grimlings notice and punish them with shocks from an electrified goad that hangs on the wall just out of reach of the cage. It does 1d4 dmg and victims should save vs. Paralysis or be unable to act for 1d4 rounds.

An irascible pygmy goat is tethered in this room to keep any other prisoners company while they wait. It will randomly imprint on one of the characters, biting thru its rope and following them everywhere they go if they leave this area. It has a tendency to bleat loudly at inopportune moments and will chew on anything if given the chance. It loves the taste of magical scrolls.

Goat: HD: 1, HP: 4, AC: 7, Dmg: Butt: 1d4, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F1, MI:10

Level 4 - The Shock Tower

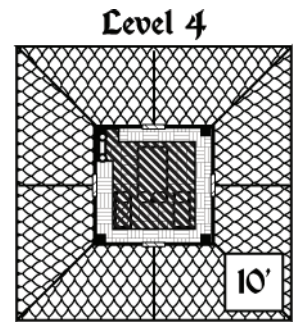
A 20'x20' tower extends 40' up from the peak of the roof above the Operating Room below. The interior framework of the tower seems sturdy but the whole thing sways and groans in high winds, and there are signs that fires have broken out judging from blackened patches here and there.

The wooden ladder extends all the way to the top, with eye hooks bolted to the frame every 5' for the attachment of safety ropes if one of the grimlings needs to climb up and do repairs.

A complex network of winches and pulleys suspends a framework loaded with arcane machinery, including several bright floodlights that illuminate the Operating Room when needed. There are also electrodes and capacitors wired by thick, rubber coated copper cables to a bristling array of lightning rods and antennae that can be extended from the top of the tower if the right levers are pulled, opening the panels of the roof to the sky above. There is a 1-2 in 4 chance a fire will break out during one of Dr. Selwyn's experiments.

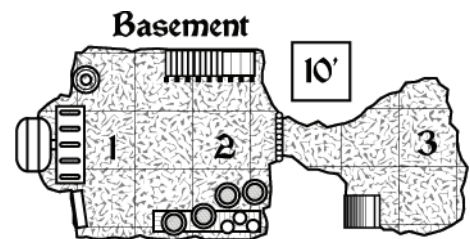
One of the Doctor's grimling servants lurks up on the catwalk during his experiments, managing the machinery and scampering up and down the walls like some kind of horrible mixture of monkey and spider. He will drop down to defend his master if called. If hard pressed by intruders, the Doctor might opt to inject him with a dose of Potion of Super Monsterism.

Stanley the Grimling: Level 3, HP: 12, AC: 9, Dmg: Knife 1d4, Spanner 1d6, Mv: 120'(40'), Climb 90'(30'), Sv: F5, MI: 5 (7 if Cecil or Dr. Selwyn is present)



Basement

The steps behind the hidden door in (Level 1 - Room 2) lead down into a dank, rough hewn basement that echoes with the whirring and clanking of machinery, the sound of heavy footfalls and labored breathing, and the crackling of electricity. A peaty, earthy scent pervades the air, mixed with the stench of rotted meat and the musk of some large predatory beast. The main chamber is roughly 32'x32', with a barred portcullis blocking an opening to the E. It can be raised and lowered by a nearby lever.



1: Generator

Set into a recess in the stone wall at the W end of the chamber is a large tread wheel hooked up to a sparking, smoking capacitor via thick, rubber coated copper wires. More wires lead up into the upper floors of the house, bolted to the support beams holding up the roof. A control panel with large, wildly wavering gauges is mounted to the wall to the S of the wheel. If the wheel stops, all power in the building will shut off in 1d4 rounds as the capacitor drains of its charge.

A hulking, black furred creature that appears to be a horrendous hybrid of rat and ogre runs in the wheel, puffing and panting as streams of thick drool dribble from the corners of its chisel toothed mouth and its worm like tail slaps out a steady rhythm on the wheel behind it. A grimling in surgical garb, goggles, and thick rubber gloves is manning the control panel. He holds a whip in one hand and a spear with an entire ham impaled on the end in the other. He will use one or the other to spur the creature on if he receives instructions to do so from the trumpet-like speaker built into the wall next to the gauges. The creature has been conditioned to obey anyone who cracks a whip at it.

If the duo are interfered with, the grimling will order the rat thing to attack the interlopers, while calling for help on the trumpet. Cecil the Humanculous and the other grimlings will arrive in 1d4 rounds. If the situation seems dire enough, one or both of the grimlings will have been dosed with a Potion of Super Monsterism. (If Fritzy is dosed with this potion, it will double in size, dmg, & HD)

Fritzy the Rat Monster: HD: 6, HP: 34, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d6/1d6/1d8, Tail Lash: 1d6, Mv: 150'(50'), Sv: F4, MI: 9

Wilkins the Grimling: Level 3, HP: 12, AC: 9, Dmg: Knife 1d4, Whip 1d4, Spear 1d6, Mv: 120'(40'), Climb 90'(30'), Sv: F5, MI: 5 (7 if Cecil or Dr. Selwyn is present, 6 if Fritzy is present)

2: Specimen Storage

In the SE corner of the Basement a shelf made of rough timbers stores a collection of large specimen jars, some big enough to hold a full grown human. An assortment of hideous freaks of nature float suspended in a green tinged preservative fluid. If decanted from the containers, these creatures will come to life and attack, deranged and desperate to escape.

The Game Master can select anything their twisted heart might desire from the monster listings, from giant vermin to humanoids. In an unfortunate side effect, the fluid causes all of a creature's hair or fur to fall out and dissolve after one hour of exposure. It will grow back naturally in time.

The large glass tubes are a good place to introduce replacement characters into the game if the group has suffered casualties. Characters will suffer a -2 to all skills and attacks for 1d10 Turns after they're rescued from their glass prison due to the disorienting effects of their confinement, and of course they will be totally unarmed, unarmored, and bald.

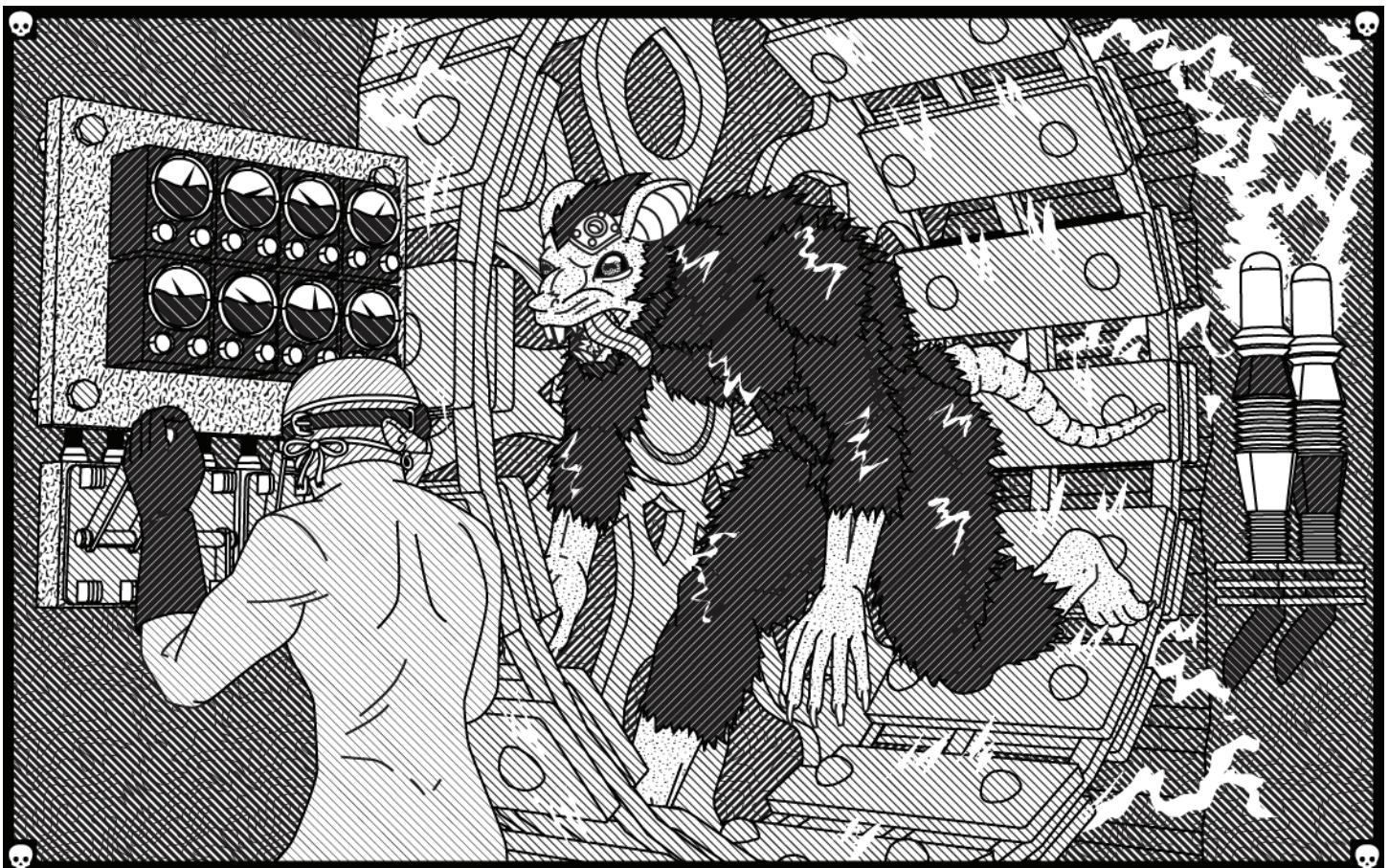
If a badly wounded character is placed in one of the larger tubes, the serum inside will heal them to full health after 1d4 hours have passed. They will also suffer the disorienting effects of the fluid, as well as the baldness if they stay in over an hour. The hair loss reduces their Charisma by 1/4.

3: Fritz's Cave

A 10' tunnel leads back to a rough 20'x25' chamber dug out of the earth like a huge burrow. This large chamber reeks of death, and the floor is strewn with filthy straw and cracked bones of various sorts. Hidden among the debris is a gold ring worth 150 gp. The walls are crisscrossed with claw marks from some huge animal.

Mounted on the wall in the N end is a large metal barrel with a curved pipe running out the bottom that is full of water, and nearby there is a battered metal bowl crusted with dried blood and offal. A polished metal chute extends from the ceiling in the SW corner, the terminus of the trapped front porch. (Level 1 - Room 1)

If party members are dropped here via the aforementioned trap, there is a 1-2 on a d4 chance that Fritz will be in this room, hungrily gnawing on bones but happy to try for some fresh meat instead.



Lake Zacherly:

Approach

An uneven, winding path of mossy, weed choked river stones leads down into the depression as a clinging, clammy mist grows thicker and thicker around you. Moss covered dead trees are visible in the haze, looking like grasping deep sea creatures with their tentacles wafting in unseen currents. The shore of the lake is lined with more rounded stones of all sizes. That and the coating of greenish black slime covering them makes the footing treacherous. (Move at 1/2 speed or roll a save vs. Paralysis every 20' travelled or fall in, soaking yourself and your possessions.)

The surface of the lake is pitch black like an obsidian mirror, and reflects the moon above as it occasionally peeks through the iron curtain of clouds overhead. When it does, as if in answer an eerie glow suffuses the depths, vaguely resolving thru the murk as a dome like structure roughly 20' across. The Game Master should let this occur when they see fit to potentially grab the attention of the party.

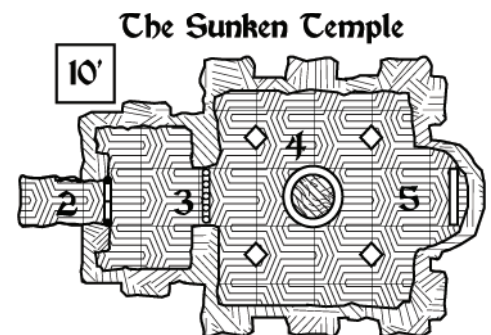
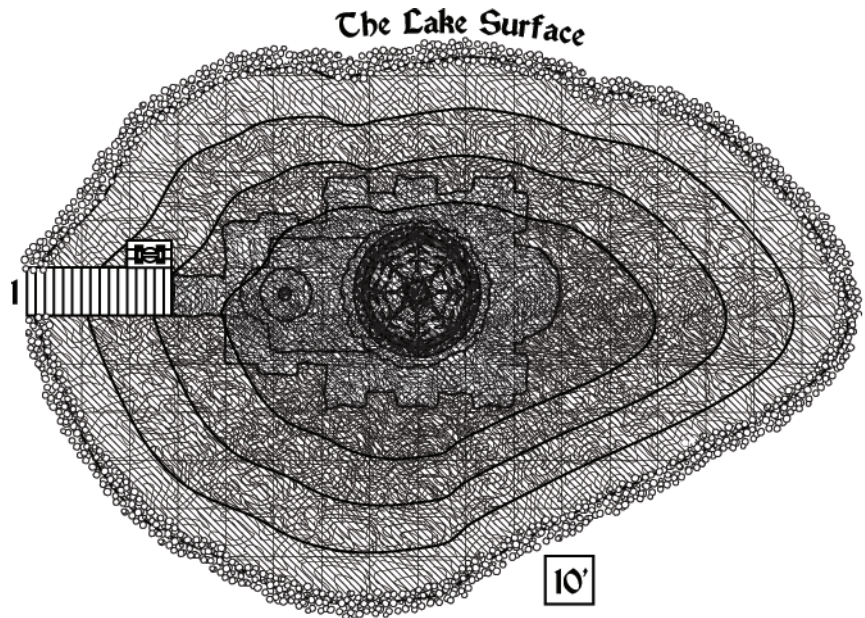
The lake shore is haunted by vicious grindeylows, who lurk at the edge of the shallows watching trespassers with their lambent eyes, creeping at the outer limit of the group's peripheral vision. If the party notices them with a 1 on a roll of d6, they will either vanish into the depths if they are outnumbered, returning later with 1d6 reinforcements, or spring up and use their blinding attack if they think they can overbear the landlubbers and drag them under to their watery larder.

1d8 Grindeylows: HD: 2, AC: 7, Atk: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d3/1d3/1d4, Blinding gaze: 3/day: Save vs. Paralysis or blinded for 1 Turn. Mv: 90'(30') Swim 120'(40'), Sv: F2, Ml: 5

1: The Pier

A ramshackle stone pier extends out 30' into the water, its pylons coated with the greenish black slime and its stone slabs crusted with moss and lichens. A bronze ship's bell streaked with black and pale green corrosion hangs from an anchor chain strung across a stone framework at the E end. The bell is cast to resemble some sort of tentacled sea creature, with membranes between its sinuous members reaching almost to the tips. An 18" long bronze rod with a hook on one end and a sinister looking, stylized fish head on the other hangs from a link in the chain.

If the bell is struck by the rod, the chime will echo flatly across the lake's surface, answered from below by a muffled boom and a desultory rise of bubbles. If struck a second time, bubbles will begin to rise more stridently from the center of the lake, as the underwater dome begins to pulse like a slow heartbeat. If struck a third time, the surface of the lake will churn and boil as the submerged temple rises to the surface, the ornate dome atop the cyclopean, pockmarked structure glowing brightly and lighting up the fog with an unnerving cast rather like the sky at the advent of a violent storm. The structure takes 1d8 rounds to rise. During that time, the waves of water displaced by all that stone rising will swamp the pier, bearing smaller creatures off into the lake if they fail a save vs. Paralysis. Fortunately, the movement of the sunken temple will put the grindeylows down for 1d4 Turns, so any adventurers swept overboard are only in danger of drowning at worst. (See the rules for Swimming on page 46 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.)



2: The Causeway

A 20' promontory meets the edge of the pier when the temple has surfaced completely. It is 10' wide and leads to a set of verdigris streaked bronze doors adorned with a design resembling a round, staring eye with some sort of stylized liquid dripping from underneath.

The doors are sealed shut with some kind of black, waxy substance. If a flame is touched to it, the substance will catch fire and burn brightly with a blue flame, the uncanny light outlining the portal for 1d4 rounds before guttering out. When the wax is gone, the doors will open smoothly, although they require the effort of two people to pry them open using some kind of pry bar, as they only open outward. There is a stone ledge around the edge of the door that prevents it from being forced inward.

3: The Antechamber

When the outer doors are opened, the muffled sound of chanting can be heard from deeper inside the temple. The walls, ceiling, and floor of the 15'x30' room beyond are ornately carved from the rock that makes up the structure in repeating triangular forms incorporating stylized tentacles and eyes.

Another set of bronze doors, these ones burnished and gleaming in the light of the group's torches or lanterns, are set in the E wall beneath a rounded archway. These can be pushed open from either side, and open smoothly if 2 or more party members throw their backs into it.

There are two 3' wide alcoves flanking the outer door, set in the W wall. Standing on a pedestal in each is a suit of corroded bronze plate mail presenting a harpoon with a gold, jewel encrusted tip before it in its gauntleted grasp. The helmets are round and bolted to the shoulders, with a circular porthole in the front that is hinged and can be opened via a latch. An eerie yellowish green glow shines forth from inside the helmets.

If the porthole on the helmet is opened, a gout of glowing slime will vomit forth on the opener unless they make a save vs. Wands. The slime is a bioluminescent species of Green Slime that is identical to its subterranean cousin in all other respects.

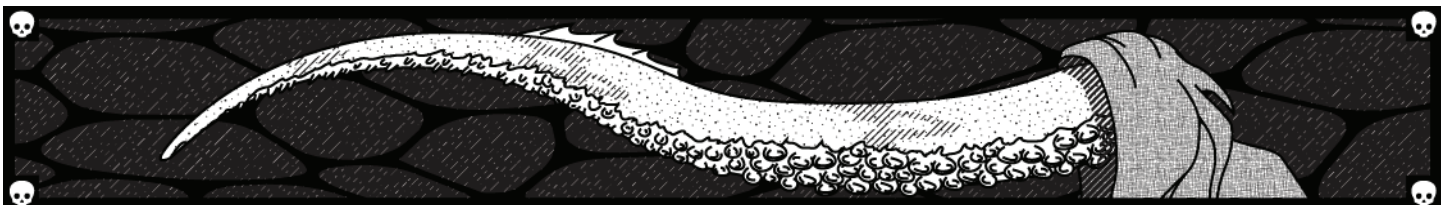
Glowing Slime: HD: 2, HP: 9, AC: N/A, Dmg: Dissolves armor & clothing in 6 rounds, digest flesh in 1d4 rounds. Mv: 3'(1'), Sv: F1, Ml:12 Killed by Cure Disease, Shares damage from fire with victim.

The tips on the harpoons are worth 70 gp. apiece. If the harpoon is grabbed or manipulated, it will be revealed that the shaft is attached to a mechanism that will release a barbed fishing net from the ceiling, which will drop on the party and do 1d6 damage. Entrapped victims will take 1d6 dmg. per round if they struggle to escape. A being of normal human strength will take 2d4 turns to break loose. A being with 18 strength or greater can break loose in 4 rounds. If a victim stays still and allows a companion to cut them loose, they can be released in 1d8 rounds, and will only take 1d3 pts/round. The dropping of the net will activate a gong that summons 1d4 of the tentacultists from the Inner Sanctum(4).

4: The Inner Sanctum

Sonorous chanting fills the dank air of this large, roughly 40'x40' chamber. The interlocking pattern carved into the walls continues into this room, giving the dark stone the impression of countless horrible things crawling across it as light reflects on the damp surfaces.

There are four thick bronze pillars decorated with stylized patterns of underwater weeds with tentacles woven among them supporting the ceiling and marking off a 20'x20' space in the center of the chamber. A 10' diameter pool with a bronze lip adorned with staring eyes lies in the center of this space. A 20' dome supported by an ornate lattice of bronze is visible overhead, with glass globes hanging from chains. The globes are filled with glowing slime, that seems to pulse with the ebbing and rising waves of sound from below. Outside the light cast by the globes, in a 15' wide alcove in the E wall, a silver edged, black mirror hangs, with dim reflections playing off of its dark surface.




Standing in an evenly spaced ring around the central pool are 8 humanoid figures shrouded in hooded robes, and it is they who chant in gurgling, inhuman voices. If the party announces their presence the figures will stop chanting and turn as one to face them. They will not speak to you, but mutter among themselves.

Presently something wet and glistening, a mass of translucent gel, will rise up from the pool. At its center is a huge eye, orange and slitted and 3' across. A burbling sound will issue from the thing, and the robed figures will attack, each extruding a huge tentacle from the depths of their hoods. They will attempt to grab the party and hurl them into the viscous embrace of the thing in the bowl. When killed, these strange creatures dissolve into black ichor that stains the floor beneath their deflated, empty robes. If overmatched and failing their Morale, the creatures will each retract their tentacle and breathe a cloud of vile ink that obscures vision in a 20' radius around them and flee for the Portal (5).

Tentacultists: *HD:1, HP: 8 each, AC: 7, Dmg: Tentacle grapple 1d3 per turn of constriction (-1 to hit per tentacle on victim) Mv: 90'(30'), Sv:F2, Ml: 10. Ink cloud: Obscures vision for 1d8 rounds.*

If the tentacultists flee, then the gelatinous object of their worship will rise from its container and attack, attempting to engulf its foes with its quivering mass or stupefy them with its horrible eye. If the central eye takes 10 pts. of damage, it will explode.

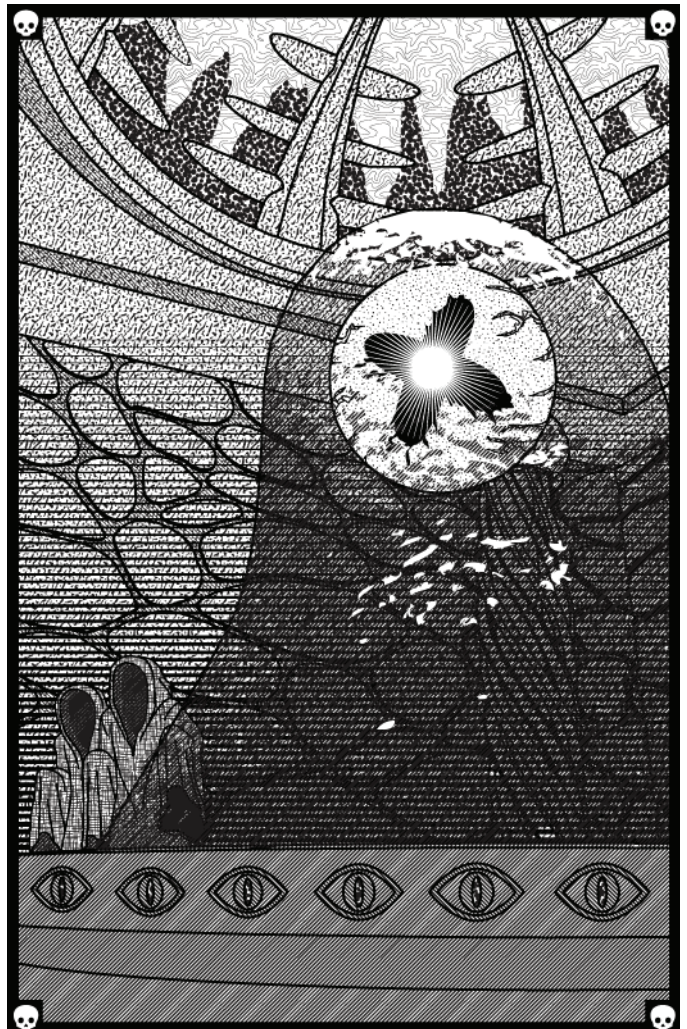
Eye-Gorb The Ineffable : *HD: 10, HP: 52, AC: 8 (Eye: AC 3), Dmg: Slam 2d4, Save vs. Paralysis or paralyzed for 2d4 rounds, attacks automatically hit paralyzed victims, that are assumed to be engulfed. If reduced to 0, victims are reduced to disassociated bones. Eye blast: 3/day as Feeblemind spell. Retributive Strike: save vs. Death or take 1d8 in 10' radius. Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F10, Ml: 12*

The pool where the creature lies is a concave bronze bowl, 5' deep. Embedded in the film of noisome slime coating the bottom is an amount of scattered treasure. There are 52 electrum tablets imprinted with a pattern of raised bumps, a rhomboid piece of sard worth 25 gp, an azurite sphere worth 10 gp, and a triangular silver ring linking 3 glowing alabaster spheres. (Ring of Wishes, 3 wishes)

5: The Portal

In a 10'x20' semicircular alcove in the E wall is a 10' diameter surface surrounded by a circular silver frame, inscribed with fluid runes that trickle and congeal as you look at them. The surface is actually icy cold water, which will ripple if touched. If a light is brought near, it illuminates a large stone chest on a small platform in a vast expanse of blackness, as pale, eyeless fish and translucent crustaceans scatter in all directions. You can reach into the portal, but the icy cold will do 1d4 dmg per round. The other side of the portal is actually in the abyssal depths of the ocean, and if someone puts their head through or goes through all the way, roll a save vs. Paralysis or pass out from the crushing pressure and freezing temperatures. They will die in 1d4 rounds unless pulled out, and afterward they'll take 1d4 turns to recover.

The chest contains 2000 ancient gold pieces stamped with a portrait of a ruler that doesn't seem entirely human, 3 grape sized pearls worth 250 gp apiece inside a polished oyster shell (30 gp), a silver and coral bracelet (400 gp), a jade pendant depicting fish swimming around a crown (600 gp) And a silver ship's clock and inlays of frolicking mermaids in walrus ivory (900 gp). Beneath the coins is a cutlass+1 (1d6+1) that allows Water Breathing as long as it's clenched in a user's mouth. Its blade is etched with an image of a mermaid kissing a sailor under the waves.

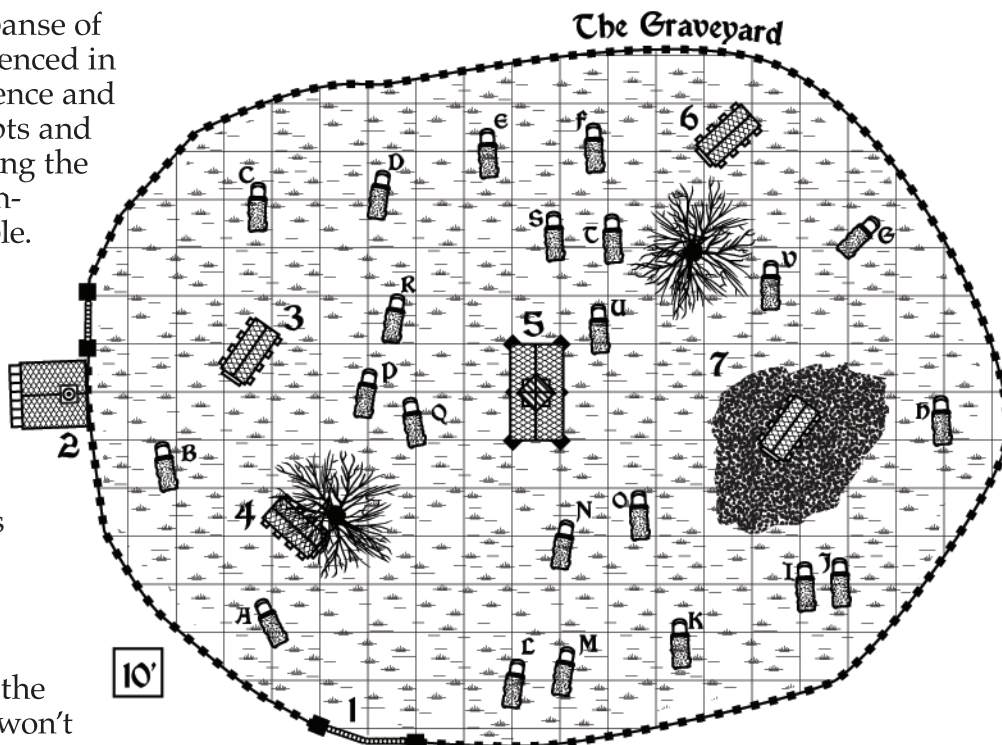


The Graves Ghastly Cemetery:

Approach

The road winds past an expanse of stubbly, dun colored grass fenced in by a rusted, wrought iron fence and dotted with crumbling crypts and off kilter gravestones marking the final resting places of the un-mourned and unmentionable.

The fence is 12' high, with sharp spikes at the tips of the bars that would do 1d6 damage if fallen upon. A rotted wooden plaque hangs from the arch over the main gate, proclaiming this burial place The Graves Ghastly.



1: The Front Gates

A cold, dead lantern with broken glass panels adorns the peak of the arch. The gates won't budge, no matter how much force is applied to them. A Knock spell will cause them to fall off their hinges, and the offending mage had better roll a save vs. Paralysis or take 2d6 damage from the spiked gate dropping on them like a falling portcullis.

A second, smaller sign on a piece of coffin wood lashed to the bars next to the gate says "Knock Loud! We're Home!" in a manic, shaky scrawl of white paint. If this placard is knocked on, one side of the double gates will swing open with a grinding creak. It must have been the wind.

2: The Grave Digger's Shed

Around the E side of the graveyard is a humble, 15'x15' shed next to a locked side gate. The front door is unlocked, but can be barred from inside with a sturdy hunk of timber that leans against the doorjamb. Inside, there is a rusted, pot bellied stove with a meagre pile of wood next to it. A pair of shovels and a pickaxe lean against the N wall. A battered old desk with a accompanying chair that's missing its backrest faces a cracked window looking E through the iron bars toward the cemetery. The desk has a single drawer, which contains a deck of cards, a brass flask with an ivory stopper worth 30 gp (containing 1d6 swigs of strong brandy), a flask of holy water marked with the crest of St. Hieronymous, a mallet and 5 sharpened wooden stakes, a tin containing half a clove of garlic, a mandrake root on a length of red twine, a glass eye, and a ring of keys that unlocks any crypt door in the graveyard.



3: The Old Crypt

This crypt is little more than a pile of stones stacked into a bier, with its entrance blocked with a barrier of rotting, lashed together logs that will collapse with the slightest effort to move it.

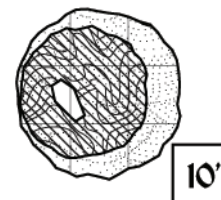
Inside, sprawled on a stone slab set with archaic gold pieces arranged in a sun pattern (a total of 70 gp worth which must be painstakingly pried loose) lies an armored skeleton with a rusted iron sword hanging in the slack in its bony right hand. A second sword, this one of bright, gleaming metal engraved with skulls down its blade, has been thrust through his chest and into the slab beneath. The sword radiates magic if detected, and is a +1 sword/+3 vs undead. If it is removed the skeleton will drop its corroded blade, stir to life, and attack, revealing itself to be a wight.

Wight: HD: 3, HP: 20, AC: 3, Dmg: Drain 1 Level, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F3, Ml: 12, Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

4: The Crypt Beneath The Tree

This weathered, tumbledown crypt has a small, gnarled tree growing on top of it. A stone slab that once blocked the entry now lies flat on the ground in front of the darkened archway. Inside, the stone walls are lined with alcoves containing crumbling skeletons draped in cobwebs. The roots from the tree break through the ceiling and entwine with the graves, and then proceed to dig down into the uneven paving stones on the floor.

The Cave



Just beyond the door, the floor will give way if walked upon, causing a fall of 20 feet for the unwary. (2d6 damage if a save vs. Petrification is missed) If a thief or grimling spots the trap, they will note that there are gaps between the flagstones, which can be pried up to reveal access to the space below. The fall deposits victims in a 30' diameter cave with walls of crumbling earth and large boulders held together by a network of tree roots that drip acrid ground water into a roughly 20' diameter subterranean pool that occupies most of the cave floor except for a crescent shaped shoreline of loose gravel and mud running along the E curve of the chamber. The pool is about 5' deep at the center.

An alabaster casket floats placidly on the surface, its translucent white surface stained with the drippings of ages. The interior is scribed with esoteric symbols. It is currently empty, but if anything is placed inside it will be teleported to the matching casket in Crypt I of Cardille Keep's SubLevel 1 - Area 2 and vice versa. Objects or people placed in that casket may be here when the party arrives.

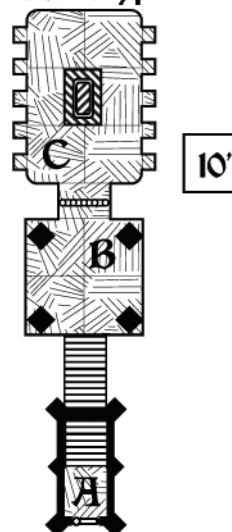
A horrible Ochre Jelly makes its lair in the pond, and it will attack if anyone wades in after the floating casket, or if someone comes out of the casket and tries to wade ashore.

The Ochre Jelly: HD: 5, HP: 20, AC: 8, Dmg: 2d6 dmg, eat thru wood, leather, & cloth in 1 round. Mv:30'(10'), Sv: F3, Ml: 12. If hit by weapons or lightning will divide into two 2 HD jellies.

5: The Crypt of Count Gore De Vol

A large, austere, black stone crypt built with a pointed cupola on top that has a steel lightning rod protruding from its peak. There's a rusted iron door on the front, decorated with a wrought iron skeleton wearing an archaic breastplate and helmet. Embossed on a corroded bit of scrollwork over the skeleton's head is the phrase "Count Gore De Vol & His Legion" accompanied by a date roughly a hundred years ago. The door is locked, and trapped with a poison dart that will shoot out of the mouth of the iron skull if not disarmed. (The dart deals 1d4 damage, and the victim must save vs. Poison or die within 1 turn.)

The Crypt



A: The Stairs

Beyond the door is a 10'x10' platform with a set of polished stone steps leading down into the depths. A curious, flickering blue light can be seen at the foot of the steep staircase, that descends 30' down. Every 10' there is a trapped step that if stepped on will cause the stairs to become a ramp, sending the party hurtling into the room at the bottom. They will strike 1d6 of the floating skulls before they skid to a stop, and must rise from a prone position on the floor.

B: The Chamber of Sparking Skulls

At the base of the stairs is a 20'x20' vaulted chamber clad in black stone supported by four iron pillars in the corners of the room. An iron portcullis blocks an archway to the N.

Several skulls and assorted bones float uncannily in the air, drifting and tumbling as if they were leaves on a gust of wind. Blue sparks and arcs of electricity glitter and shimmer between the hovering bones, the pillars, and the portcullis.

Anyone who contacts a skull will receive a shock for 1d6 damage. Transversing the room requires the characters to avoid the touch attacks of 1d8 skulls per 10 ft square, which hit like a 0 lvl human if the character is unarmored or wearing leather, at 2nd level for chain, splint, and banded, and at 4th level for characters wearing plate mail. The floating skulls are AC: 2, and will be instantly destroyed by a strike from a weapon, at the cost of the striker making a Save vs. Wand or taking 2d6 electrical damage. There are at least 100 skulls floating in this chamber, as well as a plethora of other bones.

If the portcullis is lifted, which requires a Strength check from 2 party members, the circuit will be broken and the suddenly inert skulls will clatter to the ground, plunging the chamber into darkness.

C: The Count's Iron Coffin

In the darkness beyond the portcullis is a 20'x30' chamber of black stone. The ceiling is 20' high, coming to a peak in a series of vaulted arches. A row of 3'x3' alcoves line the E and W walls, five per side, each containing a skeleton made of iron, who stand at attention with a spear in their bony grasp. At the N end of the room a large decorative crest depicting the De Vol family's coat of arms, a mailed fist holding a rose and two lightning bolts, is bolted to the wall.

In the center of the room, a large sarcophagus of rusted iron lies. Atop its blank surface is a sword with a skull for a pommel and a thorny rose engraved on the blade. The blade is firmly stuck to the lid, which is magnetic, and requires a Strength check to remove. Anyone wearing metal armor who touches the sarcophagus will find they are stuck fast as well, and need to either remove their armor, or roll a similar check to removing the sword to pull free. The sword is a +3 blade, that can disarm a foe on a roll of 19-20 from the lingering magnetism. It takes a Strength check to unsheathe it.

Inside the coffin is a wealth of treasure, guarded by a skull set on a moldering velvet pillow. There is a steel plate embedded in the cranial cavity of the skull, engraved with the word "Invictus". If this word is spoken aloud, the skull will emit a crackling blue white light and fire a Lightning Bolt as if it were a Wand of Lightning. The lightning fires in a random direction (roll 1d8 with N as 1 and then go clockwise through the cardinal directions) potentially hitting its wielder or a bystander.

There are 2500 gold pieces dated from a century ago, and a collection of gemstones in a chipped china bowl: A turquoise bead worth 10 gp, a piece of crimson coral worth 10 gp, an azurite worth 10 gp, an amethyst worth 50 gp, a black jasper worth 50 gp, a large alexandrite worth 50 gp, a tiger eye worth 50 gp, a star rose quartz worth 50 gp, a spinel worth 50 gp, an olive green peridot worth 50 gp, a larger piece of pink coral worth 50 gp, a star sapphire worth 100 gp, an aquamarine worth 100 gp, a violet garnet worth 100 gp, a fire opal worth 100 gp, a pink rhodochrosite worth 100 gp, a large citrine worth 500 gp, a large topaz worth 500 gp, and a deep blue spinel worth 500 gp, (the total value of these gems is 2430 gp) Also in the bowl is a small porcelain bottle on a silk lanyard, which contains citrusy smelling liquid. (Potion of ESP)

If the coffin is touched in any way, a terrifying spectre with a handlebar mustache wearing an antique helmet and breastplate will appear in the room and howl in anger, pointing at the party with a bony finger. This will cause the 10 iron skeletons to lurch to life and attack, while the spectre hovers above the coffin and exhorts them to slay without mercy. If they are defeated, the spectre itself will attack, swinging a ghostly sword and spitting sparks of fury.

Count Gore De Vol's Spectre ☠: HD 6, HP 15, AC 2, Dmg: 1d8 and drains 2 levels. Mv: 150'(50') Fly: 300'(100'), Sv: F6, MI: 11, Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person. Immune to normal and silver weapons.

The Iron Skeletons: HD 1, HP 8, AC 3, Dmg: Spear 1d6, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, MI: 12, Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person. Turn as 2 HD Undead.

6: The Carved Crypt

This crumbling edifice was once ornately carved, but time and the elements have worn down the granite carvings to near abstraction. The locked, rusted iron door bears the inscription "Von Rattshmidt" as well as an ornate crest with a rat rampant with a hammer and tongs. Inside, there is a small chamber of rough worked stone with a shaft leading downward at the end of the crypt. A ladder of iron rungs is set into the wall of the shaft. It descends for 20' and ends in Area 2 of the Wererat's Warren. (See Page 40)

Standing guard in this area are a trio of ratlike creatures in tattered cassocks and hooded cloaks. If caught unawares, they will be found gnawing greedily on a purloined meal of sausages and moldy cheese. If they have time to prepare, they will ambush on a 1-4 on a d6, climbing into the eaves of the crypt and dropping down on victims with daggers drawn.

Wererats: HD: 3, HP: 14, 15, 15, AC: 7(9), Dmg: Bite 1d4 or Dagger 1d4, Mv: 120' (40'), Sv: F3, MI: 8 Immune to normal weapons.

7: The Crypt of the Red Earth

This crypt half sunk into the ground in the middle of an irregularly shaped patch of bare earth roughly 30'x40'. The soil is a deep russet color, which stains the marble on the lower sections of the half sunken crypt. The name has been chiseled off the marble plaque above the door, and the word "MURDERERS" has been crudely scratched into the locked bronze door, standing out in lurid green from years of verdigris accumulation.

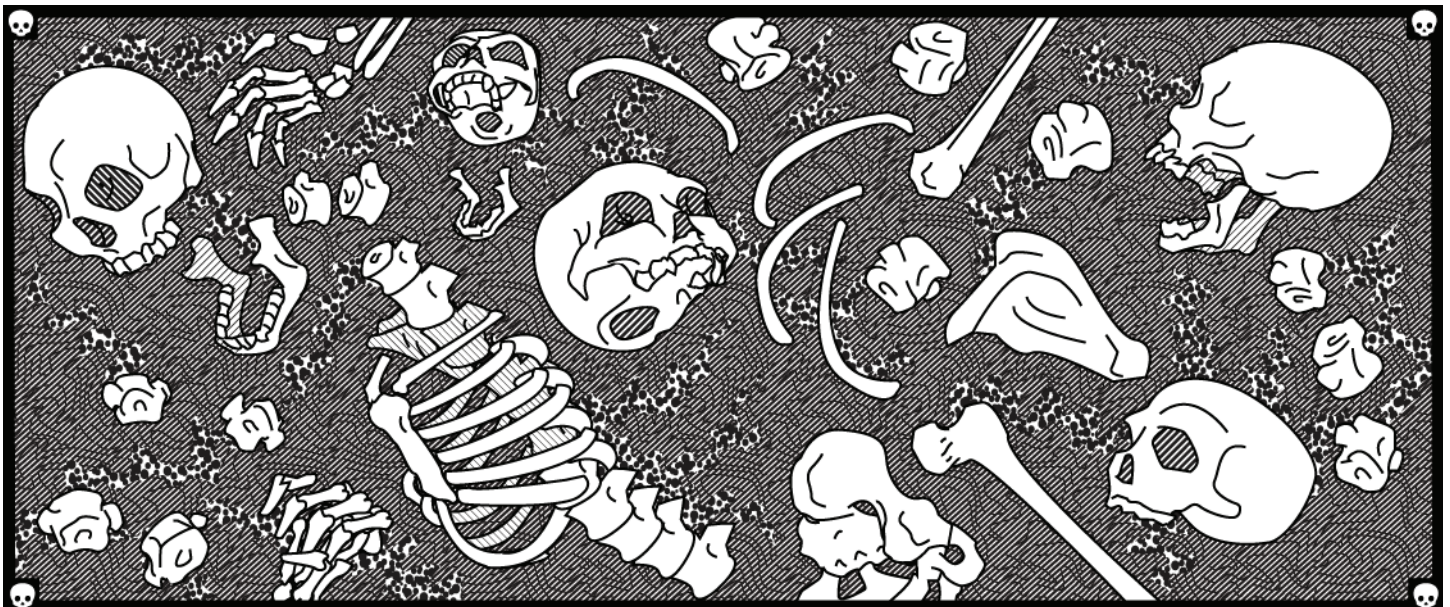
If this ground is walked on, the footprints you leave behind are a bright, vermilion red that will fade after a round or so has passed. The earth is rather damp and spongy. If an object like a stick or a blade is sunk into the ground, it will come up coated in a sticky, dark red substance rather like partially congealed blood.

Any undead minions controlled by spell casters in the party (via Animate Dead and similar spells) that set foot on this patch of red earth will turn on their masters, savagely attacking with a fierce red gleam in their empty eyes. Thenceforth they will be uncontrolled, rampaging until re-killed.

If a dead body is laid on the red earth, it will sink into it and vanish. 1d4 Turns later they will rise as an undead with gleaming red eyes. Roll 1d6 to determine type: 1-3: Zombie, 4-5: Ghoul, 6: Wight.

Free willed undead will avoid touching the red earth, as it causes them pain. If forced into contact, they should roll a save vs. Death or become mindlessly violent, gaining a Morale of 12 and attacking until destroyed.

The crypt is full of something like blood, which will spill out if the door is opened. Any garments this substance contacts will be permanently stained a deep scarlet. Worthless fragments of a bronze coffin are the only thing to be found inside the crypt.



The Ghastly Graves

Grave robbing is a popular pastime among a certain element around these parts. From what you've heard whispered in the taverns and biergartens in the area, the Graves Ghastly Cemetery has particularly rich pickings, if you're willing to brave certain things that might not want to be dug up. With the right tools at hand and a minimum of outside interference, who knows what you might find! Seems wasteful, actually, burying all those sparkly things underground. It's not like the dead are gonna complain if you help yourself. At least, you hope not.

It takes a single digger 1d10+2 turns to exhume a grave. Each additional digger reduces that time by half. Each point of Strength bonus brought to the task will also reduce the time by a Turn. Caskets are typically buried between 6' to 10' deep.

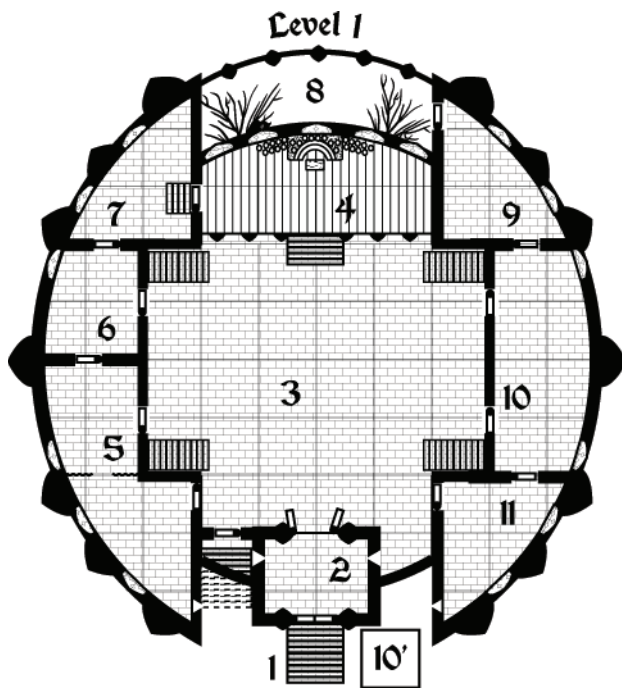
A shovel is absolutely essential for this, naturally. You aren't going to make much headway under the headstones just using your bare hands. Grimlings, with their sensitive noses and intimate knowledge of graveyards can come in quite handy as well.

A	A bronze coffin lies at the bottom of this grave. On its lid is a plaque that reads "Doctor Praetorius' Self-Interring Casket". When the whole of the coffin is revealed, metal arms with spades at the ends will deploy and it will burrow deeper into the ground at a rate of 10' per Turn. The shaft will cave in when it's down to 100' deep. Inside is a desiccated corpse in a bad suit.
B	A rusted iron casket wrapped in chains held closed by a locked padlock. Inside is a golden, bejeweled skeleton with large rubies in the eye sockets lying on rotted purple velvet cushions, worth 20,000 gp. The bones are articulated with gold wire, which can be easily cut for transport.
C	A glass coffin containing a wax figurine of a beautiful woman clad in white lace. If struck with a shovel or stepped on, the coffin will shatter and the figurine will crumble, breaking into pieces as the scent of lilac fills the air. Roll a save vs. Wands to avoid doing that.
D	A plain pine casket full of white sand.
E	A roughly built wooden casket stenciled with the phrase "If found, please return to Doctor Von Himmel." Inside, packed in shavings, is an ogre sized arm with metal bolts embedded in the joints. It is the arm of a Flesh Golem, and it will attack if touched, trying to crush and strangle. <i>Flesh Golem Arm: HD: 2+2, HP: 18, AC: 9, Dmg: Fist 2d8. 1d8/rnd if successful at grabbing. Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F9, Ml: 12. Healed by electric attacks. All other spells ineffective.</i>
F	A half rotted pine box containing a skeleton in a nightgown. There are lead slugs in its eye sockets where a pair of gold coins should be.
G	A pine box sealed with pitch. Inside is a Ghast. Its horrible stench will assail you as soon as you open the lid. Then the creature will assail you, as it's been trapped in the coffin for a long time and is mad with blood lust. <i>Ghast: HD: 4, HP: 13, AC: 4, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d4/1d4/1d8 + paralysis for 2d4 turns. Mv: 150'(50') Sv: F4, Ml: 9, Immune to Sleep, Charm & Hold. Stench 10' radius save vs. Poison or suffer -2 penalty. Paralysis affects dampyrs.</i>
H	A black lacquered casket decorated with an image of a hooded figure weeping into their hands. If opened, a mass of black vapor will boil out and form a tiny thunderhead, which will rumble and spark with harmless lightning and proceed to rain a torrential downpour into the unearthed grave. The cloud will dissipate in 1d8 turns, leaving the grave partially flooded.
I	A shoddy coffin gussied up with gold paint and fake jewels. Inside is an assortment of mismatched, worn out boots and shoes.
J	A varnished casket decorated with an ornate window set in the lid, through which the mummified head of a male cadaver with long muttonchops clinging to its jaws can be seen. The body seems to be spinning on its long axis, making a complete rotation every round. If the casket is opened the body will stop rotating, but a wave of supernatural disapproval will wash over the party. Roll a save vs. Death or suffer a Curse where no bonuses may be applied to any dice rolls.
K	A large stone sculpture that resembles an 9' tall humanoid lying on its side is buried here.

L	This blue lacquered metal coffin is mounted on a set of silver runners like a sleigh. On the detachable lid is an silver plate embossed with the words "Klaus Von Hauptkopf - Explorer" It can travel at a speed of 240'(80') over all but the rockiest terrain if given a strong push, and can carry up to 400 lbs. of weight. Inside is a moldering skeleton in a bulky fur coat and hat with a long beard tucked into a broad leather belt.
M	A varnished mahogany coffin lined with green velvet. Inside there's a single skull and a deck of age yellowed cards laid out in a half played game of solitaire.
N	A red lacquered sarcophagus containing a similarly laquered Bone Golem, that will attack if the large, flawless sapphire (1200 gp) clasped in the skull's teeth is removed. <i>Bone Golem: HD: 8, HP: 38, AC: 2, Dmg: 4 daggers: 1d4/1d4/ 1d4/1d4, Mv:120'(40'), Sv: F4, Ml: 12, Immune to Sleep, Charm & Hold. Immune to normal weapons, electricity, fire, & cold.</i>
O	This coffin was once garishly painted, based on the faded designs on its surface. A grinning Punchinello adorns the center of the lid. If opened, an iron fist on a coiled spring will strike at the opener, attacking as a 10th. level Fighter. It will throw 1d4 more punches at any bystanders within 5' and then snap shut as the canned sound of braying laughter sounds from within. It does 1d10 dmg. If opened again it will repeat the cycle. It is empty save for the mechanism inside.
P	A pair of 3' long caskets are buried here. They contain the top half and bottom half of a skeleton in spats, a monocle, and top hat.
Q	A steamer trunk packed with disassociated bones that will pour out, assemble themselves into 5 skeletons, and attack. If all of them are killed, 4 skeletons will reassemble themselves from the bits in 1d10 rounds, then 3, then 2, then 1. A persistent and annoying threat. <i>Skeletons: HD: 1, HP: 4, 5, 6, 6, 7, AC: 7, Dmg: Claw 1d6, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12, Immune to Sleep, Charm & Hold</i>
R	A skeleton in a rusted, ruined set of plate mail is buried head down with their feet pointing upward toward the sky. The top of the helmet comes to a sharp, conical point.
S	An ornate casket with a the crest of a gold lion on a red field on the lid. Inside is a skeleton wearing a breastplate adorned with rampant lions (-3 to AC) and a pickelhaube that if worn makes the wearer immune to Fear effects. The remains are guarded by a Banshee, that will materialize over the coffin if and when it's ransacked. <i>Banshee: HD: 7, HP: 41, AC: 0, Dmg: Chill Touch 1d8, Mv: 150'(50'), Sv: F7, Ml: 10, Causes Fear on sight. Groan 1/day, all within 30' save vs. Spells or die. Immune to Sleep, Charm & Hold</i>
T	A polished stone coffin adorned with spirals. Inside, laid on a bed of freezing cold, russet colored moss, is a shapely Medusa in a black, skin tight gown with a deep v neck. She wears a filigreed gold domino mask (75 gp.), a torc adorned with peridots (500 gp.), and each of her snakes has a gold ring around its neck. (20x50gp). She will awaken in 1d10 rounds if removed from the coffin. Roll a Reaction Check if the group wishes to parlay. She's vain, selfish, and kinda dim, but could be persuaded to ally with the party if given a chance. It's up to the DM to decide what she does. <i>Elvira The Medusa: HD: 4, HP: 7 (21), AC: 8, Dmg: Snakebite: 1d6+poison, save vs. Poison or die. Petrifying Gaze, save vs. Petrify. Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F4, Ml: 8</i>
U	A large, heavy casket of oak planks painted black and decorated with skulls. If the lid is opened, a large crocodile will spring out and snap at the openers, splashing them with acrid salt water. It will then vanish into the box, which will be dry and empty save for some dusty, scattered bones and a prosthetic metal hook. <i>Crocodile: HD: 6, HP: 23, AC: 3, Dmg: Bite: 2d8, Mv: 90'(30') Swim 90'(30'), Sv: F3, Ml: 7</i>
V	A giant skull is buried here. It is 3' across, with a large iron spike driven into the top of its head.



Cardille Keep:



Approach

A cobblestone ramp, broken and scattered by time and the elements, leads up to the foot of the imposing edifice of the old fortress. The cold moon peeps through ragged rents in the iron grey clouds above, throwing the black stone of the gothic tower soaring above you into sharp relief.

As you approach, the you can hear the sound of a pipe organ playing a lively tune in the depths of the keep. In the moonlit twilight the effect is quite eerie.

Level 1

The first floor of Cardille keep is 100' in diameter. It's a 20' climb to reach the crenellated battlements on the second level, with large, iron shuttered windows halfway up between the protruding buttresses on the walls.

1: The Front Gate

A 10' wide set of crumbling stone steps leads up to an imposing set of double doors. The gates are sunken into the face of the keep in a sort of arched barbican, and anyone standing on the steps is in the line of fire of arrow slits to the E and W. The doors are made of thick oak planks bound with iron, and each is adorned with a large ironwork knocker shaped like a wolf's head clasping a ring in its jaws. The trails of rust running down beneath the ironwork make it look as if blood is staining the door. The doors are locked, but will open with a faint creak if one of the knockers is used.

A fanged, feral eyed cadaver in moldering red velvet footman's livery and yellowed linen waistcoat and cravat answers the door with a polite, formal bow. He will tell you in a deep, lisping voice that you are all in luck, as tonight the Master is throwing one of his parties. Almost as if on cue, another sprightly waltz is struck up on the pipe organ inside. He beckons you to enter.

Ghoul Footman: HD: 2, HP: 7, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d3/1d3/1d3 + Paralysis, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, MI: 9. Turns as 3 hd. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person. Paralysis lasts 2d4 turns.

2: The Entry Hall

This 20'x15' chamber is hung with half rotted maroon and white flags bearing the wolf's head crest of the Duchy of Lobo to the E and W, next to another set of arrow slits. A rusted suit of plate mail with an ornate halberd in its gauntlets stands at attention beneath each banner. If examined closely, the suits will be found to be full of black dirt packed around a human skeleton. These are actually a form of undead known as a Doom Guard, and will animate to attack if the group wishes to make trouble before they've even wiped their feet.

Doom Guards: HD: 2, HP: 16 each, AC 2, Damage 1d10, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, MI: 12 Turn as zombies. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

You can hear the music of the pipe organ quite clearly, and can dimly make out shadowy revelers dancing in the sparkling twilight of guttering candles and ghost lights beyond a second pair of huge oaken doors. Two more liveried ghouls stand on either side of the doors, and offer to take your coats, luggage, and any weapons and armor you don't wish to be burdened with as the Master's guests. They won't press the issue, responding to refusals to disarm with a grimace of distaste and an archly muttered "As you wish.", but each overt weapon, visible holy symbol, or suit of armor heavier than leather held onto will be a strike against the Master's hospitality.

Ghoul Attendants: HD: 2, HP: 7 each, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d3/1d3/1d3 + Paralysis, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, MI: 9. Turns as 3 hd. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person. Paralysis lasts 2d4 turns.

3: The Grand Ball Room

Beyond the inner doors is a massive hall, 60'x50' with a vaulted, 40' ceiling high above. The polished floors are decorated with an intricate pattern of red and black marble, and ornate, white marble staircases lead up to an overhanging gallery 20' up. The contents of The Stage (4) are clearly visible at the N end. Tapestries depicting noble hunters in old fashioned garb hunting wolves from horseback hang in tatters from the E and W walls, between the stairways.

There are seven doors out of this room, two to the E and W between the 4 sets of stairs. Two at the E and W of the S end of the hall, and one leading S in the SW corner. This one is the only one that is locked, and leads to a set of stairs descending into the cellars in SubLevel 1 below.

A quartet of rather sharp and deadly looking chandeliers hang over the central part of the hall, casting a feeble light from dribbling red candles that make them look as if they'd already been used to slaughter something. (The vampire Vladek Lobovich can will them to detach from the ceiling and drop on his foes. Roll a save vs. Paralysis or take 3d6 damage if caught standing beneath one.) A called shot with an arrow, crossbow bolt, or magic missile can have a similar effect on the characters' behalf.

Twirling and cavorting to the music is a coterie of undead revelers, clad in moldy formal wear. They are paired up as couples, and dancing the intricate gavottes and waltzes that were fashionable generations ago. Flickering, pale blue ghost lights hover around them, illuminating a shriveled, sharp toothed face here or a set of glazed, sunken eyes there. Muttered small talk and an occasional bark of hideous laughter rises over the crowd. There are 16 ghouls and 8 wights in attendance.

If the group chooses to enter this area peaceably, the prior tune will just be finishing up and the dancers will be looking to change partners. Each member of the adventuring party will be asked to dance by a member of the undead dance party, whatever partner might appeal to them, male or female. (In a very broad and generous understanding of the word "appeal".)

Whatever reaches out its grisly hand to offer you a dance, mortals will be affected by whatever ill affect the undead's touch will carry if they choose to take it. Roll 1d8, 1-6: ghoul 7-8: wight. Roll a save vs. Paralysis in the case of a ghoul or a save vs. Death in the case of a wight to survive the dance without being paralyzed or losing a level. If three dances are gotten thru, the revenant revelers will retire to the Feasting Hall (10) for refreshments.

If a character refuses the invitation, roll 2d6 for a Reaction check and consult the following chart:

2: The undead reveler will give a knowing wink, averring that you perhaps don't know how to dance. They invite you to come sit and chat with them in the Salon (8), with a definite air of flirtiness. Yeesh... On the plus side, there's likely to be much less touching involved, and subsequent Reaction rolls will benefit from a -1 if they know you're "with" someone.

3-5: They shrug and go pick another partner. Something different will lurch up and make an offer to dance, starting the whole process over again.

6-8: The creature will turn a cold shoulder and find someone or something else to dance with, and you will receive no more offers. If you linger in the ball room there's a 1 on d6 chance each turn that 1d4 of the ghoulish revelers will decide you are prey and turn on you in a feral frenzy of blood lust.

9-11: The creature will scowl and stomp off in a huff. Subsequent interactions with the putrid party goers will be at a +2 disadvantage to their Reaction Roll. There's a 1 in d12 chance that 1d4 of the undead bystanders will drop the civilized act and attack.

12: The veneer of urbane congeniality will be ripped away and the scorned creature will go for your throat. The other undead party goers will carry on as if nothing was happening.

If the group attempts a Turn Undead or just flat out attacks any of the revelers the whole coterie will revert to form and attack as a slaving, murderous, nicely dressed horde of the ravenous dead.

Characters who succumb to the undead's touch will be taken to the Fainting Room (6).

Party Ghouls: HD: 2, HP: 13, 8, 10, 11, 6, 9, 9, 6, 11, 11, 14, 7, 8, 6, 15, 8, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d3/1d3/1d3 + Paralysis, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, Ml: 9. Turns as 3 hd. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person. Paralysis lasts 2d4 turns.

Party Wights: HD: 3, HP: 18, 18, 10, 15, 9, 10, 18, 15, AC: 5, Dmg: Drain 1 Level, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F3, Ml: 12. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

4: The Stage

The N end of The Grand Ball Room is dominated by a 5' raised stage of varnished oak, overlooked by five tall red glass windows adorned with the white wolf's head crest. The stage is 40'x20' at the deepest point of its curved back edge, tapering to 13' at the sides. There's a stage door hidden by a set of tattered mauve curtains on the W side, leading to the Offstage area (7). Candles burn in a row of footlights along the leading edge of the stage, casting illumination onto it. There is a 10' wide set of steps at center stage leading down to the dance floor.

A massive pipe organ flanked by a forest of bronze pipes crouches beneath the central window, filling the great hall with music. Seated before it on an antique piano seat and playing the keys with skinny, long fingered hands is something resembling a mound of white hair with a top hat perched at its peak. If approached, you see the wizened face of an extremely old human male, grinning a wide, gap toothed grin with a glaze of madness in his eyes. Aside from a starched collar, cuffs, bow tie and the top hat he is completely naked, although his knee length hair and beard mercifully covers most of him. He is utterly, totally insane, and will bite if you try to pull him away from the organ.

If the playing is stopped while the dance is going on, the undead revelers will crowd the stage and demand the music continue. If the organist can't be put back to work for any reason, a player may attempt to do this with an Intelligence check if they can convince the Game Master that their character knows how to play. Roll a Reaction Check, and if it's anything worse than Indifferent, the ghouls will rush the stage and attack while the wights stalk off to their tombs below in a huff, muttering darkly about "party poopers". If no music is forthcoming the whole group of revelers will storm the stage.

Svengoolie the Organist: HD: 1, HP: 1, AC: 9, Dmg: 1, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: Hm0, Ml: 12

5: The Salon

This large, oddly shaped chamber is split down the middle by a heavy, mildewed mauve curtain. The upper section is 15'x20' and the lower section is 20'x20', with the curve of the keep's outer wall on the W side. There are three doors, E and N in the upper section and E in the lower section. There are three large, red glass windows with heavy shutters that the attendants can open. There's also a shuttered arrow slit in the SE end of the room.

The walls are ornately carved oaken panels incorporating the wolf's head crest and rampant wolves in their design. Black streaks of water damage from leaks in the roof run down the aged wood. The floor is carpeted with exotic rugs, and all the furniture is finely carved with threadbare maroon velvet upholstery. There are two ghouls in attendance here, one in a footman's livery and one in a rather daringly cut maid's uniform. Yeesh... They will obey orders from the undead, but generally ignore the living unless they're looking particularly vulnerable and delicious. (1/2 hp. or less)

Ghoul Attendants: HD: 2, HP: 7 each, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d3/1d3/1d3 + Paralysis, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, Ml: 9. Turns as 3 hd. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

The upper section of the chamber is meant for conversation, and features an assortment of settees and chaise lounges for guests of the keep to sit and chat. If one of the undead party goers brings a character here, they will order one of the attendants to go fetch a bottle of wine from the Wine Cellar and spark up a conversation that is at once convivial and deeply unnerving. If the mortal plays their cards right and can avoid provoking the feral hunger of the undead, they might be able to learn something useful about the keep and its environs. Just how the conversation might go is up to the players and Game Master in this instance. (They should keep the Rumor Table handy for this.)

The lower section of the room contains a large table with 1d12 skeletons seated at it, holding crumbling cards in their bony claws. They are clad in rotted finery and draped in a blanket of cobwebs. Scattered across the mildewed red felt of the tabletop are more cards and a scattering of coins and gemstones. (300 sp., 20 gp. A chrysoberyl and a pearl each worth 100 gp., a small hyacinth stone shot with silver worth 84 gp, and a carved coral ring worth 50 gp.) If the treasure is simply grabbed the skeletons will throw back their skulls and howl for 1d3 rounds, summoning the attendants from the upper section to attack. They can be silenced if 4 pts of dmg is done to each. The proper way to get at the loot is to sit down in an empty chair, draw a hand of cards, then declare that you've won and scoop up your "winnings". They're just a bunch of stupid, dead bones, and don't know any better.

6: The Fainting Room:

This 15'x20' chamber is curtained off on all sides by a heavy, moldering, maroon brocade curtain. There are sturdy fainting couches arranged along the walls. The stone floor is covered by a worn carpet with matted tassels, and a wrought iron candelabra stands unlit in the SW corner. There are three doors, the door from the Grand Ballroom to the E, a door to the S leading to the Salon, and a reinforced, locked door leading N to the Offstage. Behind the curtains in the NW corner is a large, shuttered window that has been riveted closed. The glass behind it has been broken away, leaving jagged edges that could do 1d6 damage if not passed through carefully. The furniture is fairly hefty, requiring two people to lift it if necessary. This room can be quite readily barricaded if the group needs it to be.

Characters who have succumbed to the touch of an undead dance partner will be brought here and laid out on one of the couches to "sleep it off". For every 15 minutes spent here there is a 1 in d6 chance that 1d4 of the revelers in the Grand Ballroom might sneak in to "snack" on the hapless victim.

7: Offstage

This area is roughly 20'x20', with the NW curve of the outer wall of the keep running along the W side of the room. There are two doors, one leading S to the Fainting Room, and one at the top of a 5' set of steps leading to the door onto the Stage. There are two iron shuttered windows here, both bolted shut, with red glass bearing the wolf's head crest behind them.

Manacles hang from the pillars between the windows. One set hangs empty, while the other suspends the bony arms of a skeleton in the rotted remains of formal attire with the remains of a long, white goatee hanging from its slackened jawbone. During times when he's not playing, Svengoolie the Organist is chained up in here, where he merrily whiles away the hours humming tunes to himself, conversing with his "roommate", and catching bugs with his toes and eating them.

If treated kindly, plied with sweets or liquor, and released from his shackles, the mad musician will beckon their benefactor over to the stage door steps with a conspiratorial wink. Hidden behind a loose board is a violin case, containing an exquisitely crafted antique instrument strung with silver strings. In the hands of a magic user, cleric, thief, or dampyr, the violin can cast a Charm Monster spell 3 times a day that lasts as long as the user is playing it.

8: The Garden:

The locked door from the Kitchen (9) leads to an outdoor area roughly 40'x15' that follows the curve of the keep. It's fenced in by a 15' wrought iron fence with wickedly barbed points on top. The crest adorned, red glass windows overlooking the Stage (4) inside can be seen about 10' up, glinting coldly in the occasional flashes of moonlight. A thorny thicket of dead rose bushes runs along the base of the fence. The ground is covered by a wretched stubble of dead grass and lichens, broken by the gnarled roots of two dead trees, an ash and an elder.

The branches of these trees are imbued with some ancient magic that makes the wood very effective against the undead. If cut off and sharpened into stakes, they grant a +3 to attacks and damage when wielded against the vampire Vladek Lobovich. If wielded as clubs, the branches grant a +1 to attacks and damage vs. the lesser undead within, and a critical hit will cause them to flee as if they had been Turned by a cleric. If whittled into arrows or crossbow bolts and fletched, they grant a +2 to hit.

9: The Kitchen

At one time, long ago, this was a well appointed kitchen suitable for feeding a noble family and their guests. Now, this dark, blackened 20'x20' chamber is nothing but wreckage and ash. There are two doors, a sturdy locked door to the E, and an unlocked door to the S leading to the Dining Hall that's charred on the inside and ornately carved with a sign that says "Kitchen" on the outside.

The burnt out remains of a porcelain coated metal stove and a large oven occupy the SW corner, and stone ledges for mounting a counter top run along the curved NE wall. The cracked tile floor is covered with soot, and there is a scattering of bent and dented metal cooking utensils laying about, including a hefty cast iron skillet (1d6+1 as club), some copper pots, and a few kitchen knives (as daggers, 1d4 dmg). The stove is very heavy, but can be moved if two or more people put their backs into it. It would make a very effective barricade on a single door.

10: The Dining Hall

This ornately oak paneled hall is 20'x40', with a curved wall to the E set with two shuttered, red glass windows. There are two doors to the W, flanking a large, bas relief carving of the Crest of the Duchy of Lobo, a wolf's head on a shield flanked by two rampant wolves. There's also a door to the N, carved with intricate scrollwork with a sign that says "Kitchen", as well as a sturdy door to the S bearing the Lobovich crest with a sign stating it is the "Guard Room".

A long, 5'x20' table flanked by benches with rotted maroon upholstery occupies the center, with a throne-like chair at the table's head to the north. A horrible feast of dead animals (mostly rats, snakes, and insects) and the contents of desecrated graves is laid out on silver platters on a tattered, stained damask tablecloth, filling the air with a nauseating stench of death and decay. (Roll save vs. Poison or be nauseated, -2 to all checks and attacks. Roll a 1 and you vomit right there.) There are 10 small platters, each worth 50 gp. and 3 large platters, roughly man sized, worth 120 gp. All are etched with the Lobovich crest.

There are three serving ghouls in attendance, all clad in maid's outfits with yellowed aprons splattered with best un-dwelt upon stains. They will obey the undead's requests, and will generally ignore the living unless they take it into their heads to truss one of the group up and set them on a platter. (Usually if the potential entree is at 1/2 hp or less.)

Serving Ghouls: HD: 2, HP: 10, 2, 9, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d3/1d3/1d3 + Paralysis, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, Ml: 9. Turns as 3 hd. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

At some point in the evenings festivities, the dancers in the Grand Ball Room will repair to this chamber of horrors for "refreshments". There will ensue a vile and nauseating feast as the ghouls dig in to the "victuals" laid before them. The serving ghouls will bring wine from the cellars, filling the diners' goblets liberally.

If the characters come along as party guests and can resist the nausea, they will be exhorted to join in. If they demur, roll a Reaction Check, with any result below indifferent resulting in another strike against the Master's hospitality.

If a human character is so twisted as to partake, they should roll a save vs. Poison or turn into a ghoul under the DM's control by the end of the meal. (1d4 Hours). This effect doesn't apply to humanculi, who are artificial beings and thus immune, dampyr, who are also immune and probably would only go for a glass of wine anyway, and grimlings, who are connoisseurs of this sort of fare.)

On a 1 in d8 chance, the Master of the keep may make an appearance at this horrid feast, appearing to raise a glass to drink the health of the revelers. If he and the players converse, any strikes against his hospitality will count as cumulative +1 penalties to any Reaction Checks made. The adventurers should beware letting him drink their health, because it's rather hard to get back.

All of the undead in attendance will obey his orders utterly without a second's hesitation. Lobovich will prefer to let the ghouls and wights mob any troublesome "guests" rather than fight them directly.

11: The Guard Room

The walls, floor, and ceiling of this 20'x20' chamber are bare stone. The curve of the keep's wall takes up the SE corner. There are two shuttered windows between the pillars of the buttresses. There are two doors, both reinforced and able to be barred from the inside, one leading N to the Dining Hall(10) and one leading W into the Grand Ballroom (3).

There are wooden racks on the curved wall between the windows, holding an assortment of archaic pole arms. A small chest is bolted to the N wall next to the door. It was once marked by the crest of St. Guenevere, patroness of healing, but this has been scratched out by bony claws. It contains 4 potion flasks that were once Potions of Healing. The liquid inside has evaporated, leaving a distillate of glittering golden crystals that can be reconstituted if a vial of Holy Water is added to each.

A garrison of ten Doom Guards stands at attention in this room, awaiting orders from their Master. They are very dim witted and have a tendency to bunch up in the doorway, only allowing one out per round, unless carefully ordered to march in single file.

Doom Guards: HD: 2, HP: 16 each, AC 2, Damage 1d10, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12 Turn as zombies. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

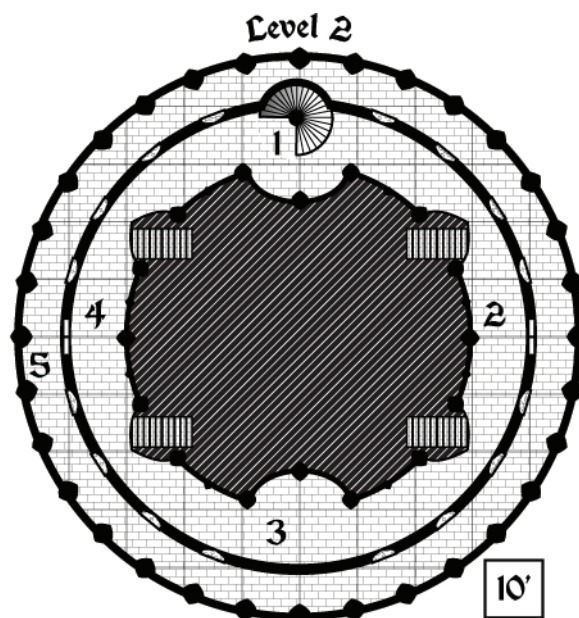
Level 2

The majority of the interior of this level is a gallery overlooking the Grand Ballroom below (Level 1 - Room 3). There are balconies extending from the gallery to the N and S. The balustrade of the balcony is white marble supported by black balusters, while the floor is a geometric pattern with a vaguely bat-like motif in red and black marble. Positioned at key points along the railing are newel posts adorned with marble carvings of seated wolves. The walls are paneled in oak, with shuttered windows all around the perimeter. The shutters are decorated with the Crest of the Duchy of Lobo.

High above is a vaulted ceiling made up of gothic arches. At four points the chandeliers are secured to the ceiling by bolted metal plates.

A colony of giant vampire bats nests among the eaves, flying out to terrorize the surrounding countryside at Lobovich's bidding. They access their nest via a hole in the roof to the SW of this level. There are 1d10 of the vile creatures present at any given time, and they will attack any party members who linger too long on the balcony or the battlements outside.

Giant Vampire Bats: HD: 2, HP: 8 each, AC: 6, Dmg: Bite 1d4 + Paralysis. Mv: 30'(10') Fly: 180'(60'), Sv: F1, Ml: 8, Paralysis lasts 1d10 rounds. Will feed on paralyzed victim, draining 1d4 pts per round. If killed, roll a save vs. Spell or rise as a vampire thrall to Lobovich the following night. Dampyr who take over 50% damage risk catching lycanthropy and becoming werebats in 1d3 days.



1: The Foot of the Spiral Staircase.

A ponderous spiral staircase of black marble begins on this floor, surrounded by a balcony that looks out over the Grand Ballroom. The staircase is 12' in diameter, and leads upward to Level 3.

2: The East Gallery

A set of double doors clad in iron and capable of being barred from the inside open out onto the E side of the battlements. The gallery is 10' wide with two sets of stairs leading down to the Grand Ballroom to the W. A pair of Doom Guards stand guard on either side of the door. They will only attack if an adventurer attempts to go through the doors.

Doom Guards: HD: 2, HP: 16 each, AC 2, Damage 1d10, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12 Turn as zombies. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

3: The Prophetic Tapestry

Hanging on the wall across from the balcony to the N is a large, 5'x10' tapestry depicting a cowlled, robed figure seated at a table with a gazing crystal before it containing a night sky with a full moon beneath which is a banner proclaiming "Ask this day, for an answer yea or nay." By lucky happenstance, the moon is full tonight, and the tapestry will answer one question per person with a yes or no answer. If taken down, it will lose its prophetic power, but is still a fine piece of work that will fetch 400 gp. It is very unwieldy to carry, however, causing the party member toting it to become heavily Encumbered.

4: The West Gallery

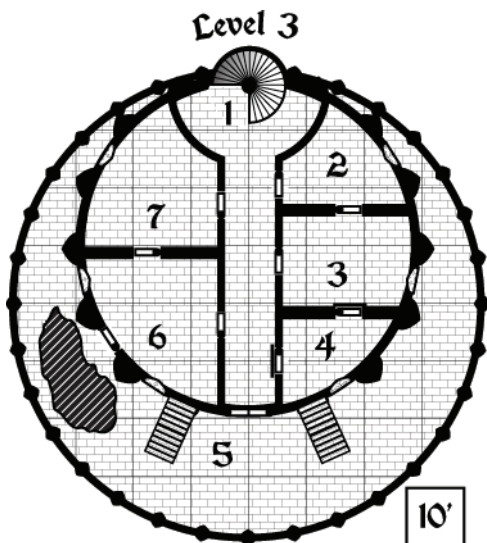
A set of double doors clad in iron and capable of being barred from the inside open out onto the W side of the battlements. The gallery is 10' wide with two sets of stairs leading down to the Grand Ballroom to the E. A pair of Doom Guards stand guard on either side of the door. They will only attack if an adventurer attempts to go through the doors.

Doom Guards: HD: 2, HP: 16 each, AC 2, Damage 1d10, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12 Turn as zombies. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

5: The Battlements

Pointed crenellations line the edge of this 8' wide walkway around the perimeter of the 2nd. level of the keep. The tower is 80' in diameter at this level, with the walls extending 20' up to the next platform on Level 3. 5' up from the walkway are regularly spaced windows protected by iron shutters, gone red with rust and streaking the black, weathered stone beneath.

There is evidence of weapon racks and mounting points for siege weaponry that have all long since rotted away. The fortress has much more puissant defenses nowadays.



Level 3

The interior of this level is decorated in a very similar fashion to the Gallery level below, although the floor is simple slabs of red marble, and the oak paneling is much more intact than downstairs.

1: The Hallway

The grand spiral staircase starting below in (Level 2 - Room 1) continues through and upward here, coming to a circular landing with a 10' wide, 45' long hallway leading to a set of reinforced double doors to the S opening onto the Promontory (5). There are three normal wooden doors along the hall to the E, and two to the W. The doors are all locked, and the third door down to the E leading to (4) is also crudely boarded shut with stout oak planks that have been splashed with blood, now long dried and gone black.

2: The Chamber of the Brides

This irregularly shaped room is roughly 20'x20', with a cut in at the NW corner from the circular room around the spiral staircase and the curve of the keep's wall along the E side. There's a single window with the shutters hanging open on the curved wall, as well as two doors, the one from the hallway to the W and one in the S wall opening into room (3).

This room is richly if somberly appointed in black velvet and silver, with black crepe festooning the walls. Seated on a row of couches arranged along the curved E wall are several skeletons in rich, dust covered gowns and veils. There are ten of them, and they sit unmoving, as they are simply skeletons. There is a lush throne with deep wine colored velvet cushions facing them, which holds a finely made balalaika with gold strings set with semiprecious stones, which would be worth 700 gp if sold.

If a tune is played, a faint singing of several sad female voices can be heard. As the voices fade away, one whispers in the players' ears "We cannot be free until the music is stilled." If the lute is broken, the ghostly spirits of ten beautiful women will appear over the skeletons, bow gratefully to the one who smashed the lute, and vanish, bestowing the equivalent of a Bless spell on the party.

3: The Lobovich Family Museum

This oak paneled chamber is roughly 25'x15', with three doors on the W, N, and S walls and a shuttered window to the E. The N door is barred, while the S door is boarded up and splashed with old blood in a similar fashion to the door leading to the same chamber in the hallway.

Everything in this room is covered with a thick layer of dust, which will cause fits of sneezing and coughing if stirred up. (save vs. Poison or suffer -1 to attacks and checks for 1 Turn). The walls are hung with heraldic banners and armor and weapons captured in glorious battle from the ancient, illustrious history of the Lobovich family. A wooden horse stands in the center of the room, displaying a full set of barding and mounted with a suit of +2 Plate Mail with the helmets on both crafted to resemble a snarling wolf's head. The armor bestows a +1 to any mount wearing the matching barding. The weapons are all dull and rusted, and of little practical value.

Locked in a glass case next to the window is a large, illuminated tome titled "The Chronicle of Lobo." inlaid in gold leaf on tooled leather gone black with age and handling. The vampire Lobovich will recoil from this book if it presented sternly toward him, averting his sinister gaze from its pages.

4: The Shrine of St. Heironymus

This chamber is roughly 12'x12', with the curve of the tower taking up the SE corner. There are two stained glass windows, set with multicolored glass bearing stylized depictions of wolfsbane and garlic flowers. The doors to the W and N have both been solidly boarded up, and it will take 1d4 Turns of extra effort to pry them open.

A small shrine is built in this room, with empty candle holders around an Icon of St. Hieronymus set up on a crude wooden table against the N wall by the door, before which is a small, moldering rug upon which slouches the long desiccated corpse of a grey bearded cleric still clad in a tattered scarlet cassock. At his side is a small bundle wrapped in rotting burlap, which will reveal three polished, sharpened rosewood stakes bound in silver. These are straight and light enough to be loaded into a crossbow if so desired, or can be wielded like daggers. Hitting a vampire in the heart in either circumstance requires a -4 called shot to accomplish. If candles are placed in the holders and lit, the vampire and his minions will be completely unable to enter this area. If the icon is carried forth, it can function as a powerful holy symbol to drive the creatures back, and will offer a +3 bonus to any Turn Undead checks made by nearby clerics. Clerics of St. Hieronymus will know all of this.

5: The Promontory

A large, crescent shaped battlement extends around the base of the keep's 3rd. Level, widening to 20' deep at the southernmost point. The pointed crenellations run around the outer edge of the platform. Two sets of steps lead down from heavy, reinforced doors 15' up the face of the tower.

There is a large hole in the floor opening into the vaulted ceiling of Level 2. Lobovich's flock of giant vampire bats enters and exits the building here, and if characters linger in this area 1d4 of them might emerge and attack. The flagstones around the edge of this hole are loose and treacherous, and on a 1 on a d10 there's a chance they'll give way beneath a character's feet, forcing them to save vs. Paralysis or fall 40' down to the floor of the Grand Ballroom far below. (4d6 dmg.)

6: The Torture Chamber

This chamber is 25'x25', with the curve of the tower taking up the SW corner. There are two iron shuttered windows, and three doors, one N leading to (7), one E leading to the Hallway (1), and one leading out onto the Promontory (5). There is a high risk of falling victim to the loose flagstones beyond this door, if you fail to save vs. Paralysis you will fall 40' for 4d6 damage.

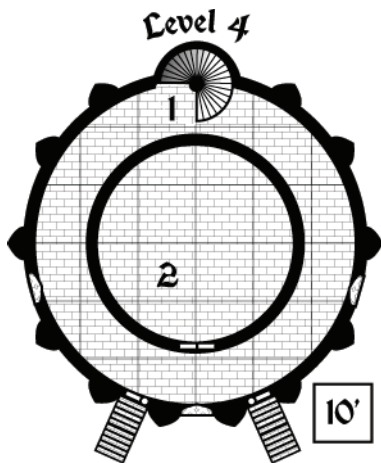
This room contains several implements of torture, including manacles on the wall, an brazier full of branding irons (now quite cold), a pair of gibbets (each containing a collapsed skeleton) an iron maiden sitting in the alcove formed by the turret, and a rack with a scythe pendulum mounted above it in the E side of the room near the door. The scythe is rigged to swing and strike the first person entering the door to the E if a special button on the door handle isn't pressed while opening it. (Save vs. Petrify or take 1d8 damage).

7: The Chamber of the Mistresses

This room is roughly 20'x20', with a curve taken out of the N end from the area around the spiral staircase and the curve of the tower taking up the W wall. There is a single, shuttered window in the W wall, and two doors, one leading E to the hallway, and one leading S to room (6). The oak panels in this room are painted a sickly white, and piles of moldering, multicolored satin and velvet cushions are piled around three ornate coffins and scattered around on the floor atop a tiger skin rug.

A trio of voluptuous female vampires reside here, clad in clinging silk and adorned with precious jewels. (Worth 1100 gp., 700 gp., and 800 gp., respectively) They are all rather dim witted and wanton, and are currently petulant about Lobovitch forbidding them from attending the party for some past infraction. Depending on their mood, they will either attempt to use the group as cats paws against their Master or just feed on them right away, for they are always ravenous.

Vampiresses: HD 7, HP: 34, 24, 30, AC: 2, Dmg: Strike 1d10, Drain 1 Level, Mv: 120'(40') Fly: 180'(60') Sv: F7, Ml: 9, Assume gaseous form at will. (Will assume gaseous form if reduced to 0 hp and return to coffin to rest for 8 hours.), Charm gaze. Victim save vs. spells at -2 penalty. Will withdraw from lawful holy symbols & mirrors, Will cringe from garlic for 1d4 rounds. Holy water inflicts 1d6+1 pts damage. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold.



Level 4

This level continues the uppermost section of the tower. The walls are all bare stone, and the floors are black marble.

1: The Hall

The 15' spiral staircase continues here, down to Level 3 and heading up to Level 5. A 10' wide, circular hallway comprises the outer edge of this level, with three shuttered windows of black glass looking over the battlements below. There are two stout, ironclad doors, each bearing a snarling wolf's head as an emblem on the outside and barred solidly on the inside. Beyond them are two sets of stairs leading down to the Promontory (Level 3 - Area 5) below.

The walls are hung with what were once portraits of the great Dukes of Lobo, but the faces have all been clawed and slashed away, leaving blank holes over the richly garbed bodies of a succession of noble warriors and rendering the paintings utterly worthless. A set of ornately carved double doors leads N on the inner side of the hallway. These open with a soft creak to the slightest touch.

2: The Inner Sanctum

Within this 35' diameter circular chamber the vampire Vladek Lobovich sits on a throne of ivory and bone inlaid wood and broods, a glass of something red and a single candle on a small stand the only other furnishing in this lightless, black marble room. He spends his nights here if he is not out hunting or putting in an appearance at one of his parties. Lobovich possesses an enchanted Skeleton Key that allows him to open any lock in the Keep.

A look of immense boredom rests on his hard, pallid features if you catch him unawares, soon replaced with a look of predatory glee if he realizes that he has company to play with. The ghouls and wights and other undead occupying his castle bore him so, but he finds mortals endlessly entertaining.

He is arrogant, operatic in his gestures, and cruel. He enjoys inflicting pain and suffering, and loves to play allies against each other using his sinister Charm power.

He is also easily flustered if things don't play out as he expects, enraged by scorn and defiance from his victims, and can be goaded into foolish actions like fighting on the roof until sunrise if the adventurers facing him are clever with their tactics and do what they can to keep him off balance.

Vladek Lobovich ☠: HD 7, HP: 45 AC: 2, Dmg: Strike 1d10 Drain 2 Level, Mv: 120'(40') Fly: 180'(60') Sv: F9, Ml: 11, Assume gaseous form at will. (Will assume gaseous form if reduced to 0 hp and return to coffin to rest for 8 hours.), Charm gaze. Victim save vs. spells at -2 penalty. Summon Bat Swarm. Will withdraw from lawful holy symbols & mirrors, Will cringe from garlic for 1d4 rounds. Holy water inflicts 1d6+1 pts damage. Will turn to mist and flee the rising sun. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold.

Summoned Bat Swarm:

HD: 1 hp, Swarm HP: d100, AC: 6, Dmg: None, Mv: 9'(3'), Fly: 120'(40'), Sv: Hum 0, Ml: 6

Swarm causes Confusion (-2 to hit and saves, no spell casting is possible)

He will also summon giant bats or ghouls if overwhelmed.



Level 5

This is the highest level of Cardille keep, towering to 70' above the rocky ground far below. If a mortal was hurled off over the crenellated battlements they would take 7d6 pts of damage. The wind howls like an enraged banshee up here, making it difficult to hear or speak without shouting at the top of one's lungs.

1: The Spire

The 15' spiral staircase terminates here at an ironwork gate that is kept locked by the keep's Master. The structure around the staircase terminates in a peaked slate roof stained with trails of rust from a wrought iron weather vane shaped like a bat winged rooster.

2: The Fangs

Two monolithic structures like vast, stone canine teeth rise a further 30' up from the platform at the top of the tower. There are empty flagpoles rising a further 20' that may have once borne pennants. Two massive lengths of iron chain suspend a large, iron cauldron between them about 25' above the flagstones, all the metal gone red from rust. The wind is even fiercer up here, and a Strength check is required to hold on if a brave soul decides to climb up here. More heavy chains and a padlock seal the cauldron shut with an iron slab. The rocking motion of trying to balance on the cauldron makes picking the lock especially difficult, and a thief functions as if they are half their level when attempting to do so. Inside the cauldron are 1600 silver pieces and 1100 gold pieces, all marked with the ancient wolf's head family crest of the Duchy of Lobo.

3: The Overlook

A balcony like the prow of a ship juts 10' out from the S face of the tower. Impossibly far below the dark green pine forests and grey stone of Ghoulandia Pass stretches away around you under the silver light of the full moon as it intermittently peeks thru the bulwark of grey clouds overhead.

When the mood strikes him, Vladek Lobovich will come up here to brood, especially when storms from the mountain lash his ancestral keep with sheets of torrential rain and the crash of lightning. He will be encountered here on a 1-3 on a d10, otherwise he'll be in his brooding room (Level 4, Room 2), down in the Dining Hall (Level 1, Room 10) or sleeping in his coffin in the depths of the earth (SubLevel 2, Room 1).

Sub Level 1

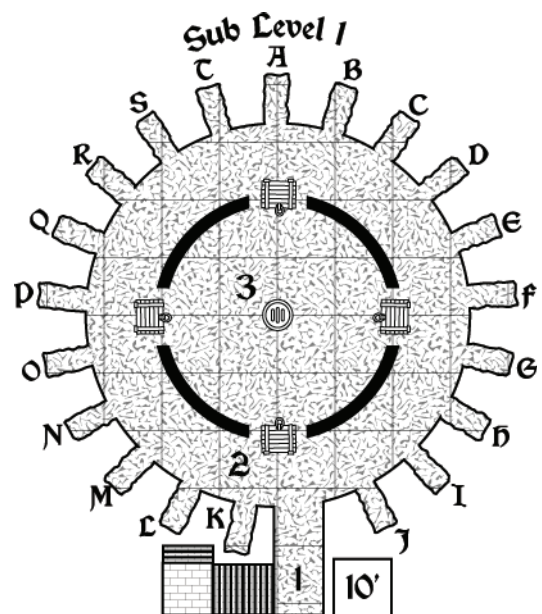
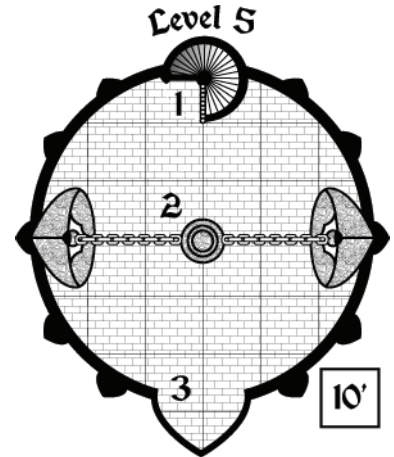
1: The Cellar Stairs

A worked stone staircase leads down into the depths of the earth. The steps are 10' wide, and descend 20' to the S, then hit a 10'x10' landing, then proceed 20' down to the E, then let out on a short hallway that heads N 22'. Veils of cobwebs hang from the ceiling and a layer of damp dust coats the steps and the flagstones of the floor, revealing the tracks of the undead revelers arising from their underground biers and climbing up to the Grand Ballroom above.

2: The Gallery of Crypts

A 65' diameter circular chamber of worked stone lies beyond the hallway, with a series of roughly dug earthen biers radiating around the outer edge. The biers are 5'x10', with a packed earth slab at the end and a low, 5' high ceiling. See the following chart for the contents of each crypt.

Each crypt takes a Turn to search, and there's a chance every 1/2 hour a wight or 1d4 ghouls may come wandering downstairs to take a break from their revels in the Grand Ballroom.



Crypt Contents:

A	Moldy rags and potsherds.
B	A mummified hand shackled to a tree root, wearing an emerald signet ring worth 1100 gp.
C	A nest of giant centipedes lurks in one of the corners. <i>Giant Centipedes: HD: 1, HP: 4,2,1,2,2,3, AC: 9, Dmg: save vs. Poison or incapacitated for 10 days, Move 1/2 speed. Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: Hum0, Ml: 7</i>
D	A black lacquered chest lined with copper foil. If an object is placed inside and the lid closed, a crude permanent duplicate of that object is formed. Doesn't work on living beings or dead bodies. Precious metals and gemstones duplicated in flimsy brass, tin, and colored glass.
E	A greenish grey soapstone tablet covered in cryptic runes beneath a staring, slitted eye. When looked upon the viewer is compelled to go forth and collect seven corpses and pile them before it. If this crypt is left and returned to later the bodies will be gone.
F	A pair of skulls with 2 purple Spinel worth 100 gp. in their left eye sockets.
G	A smashed up skeleton with a rusted dagger in its eye socket.
H	A Grey Worm will burst out of this crypt's back wall if it is explored. <i>Grey Worm: HD:6, HP: 29, AC:6. Dmg: Bite 1d8, Move 60'(20'), Sv: F3, Ml: 9, Swallow whole on 19 or 20, victims take 1d8/round. Worm's AC -4 inside.</i>
I	An alabaster casket with esoteric runes carved inside. If anyone or anything is placed inside and the lid closed, it will be instantly transported to a matching coffin in the cave beneath Crypt 4 of the Graves Ghastly Cemetery. Objects or beings placed in that casket will appear here.
J	A flaxen haired skull wearing a dented gold crown worth 500 gp.
K	An empty suit of dusty, threadbare clothing, laid out as if a person vanished from inside it.
L	A small colony of Fire Beetles lives in this crypt, casting a red light from its depths. <i>Fire Beetles: HD: 1+2, HP: 8, 8, 9, 7, 6, AC: 4, Dmg: Bite 2d4, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F1, Ml: 7</i>
M	An oblong crate marked with postal stamps from distant foreign lands contains a Mummy that will rise and attack if opened. In the NE corner there's a half buried coffer locked with a Poison Needle trap containing 1000 gp worth of gold jewelry set with semi-precious stones, . <i>Mummy: HD: 5+1, HP: 25, AC: 3, Immune to normal weapons, Dmg: Slam: 1d12 + Mummy Rot Save vs. Paralysis or Paralyzed with dread 'til it attacks. Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F5, Ml: 12</i>
N	A cursed mirror that when looked at causes skin & hair to turn permanently stark white. Partially buried under a thin layer of earth with enough surface showing to glint in the light.
O	An unlocked, empty chest. A Grey Ooze lurks behind it. <i>Grey Ooze: HD 3, HP: 14, AC: 8, Save: F2, Slam attack: 2d8 dmg/rnd from acid until neutralized. Morale: 12 Destroys armor in 1 round. Immune to fire and cold attacks.</i>
P	3 Ghouls lie seemingly asleep here. They will awaken to the scent of the living. <i>Antisocial Ghouls: HD: 2, HP: 13, 4, 9, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d3/1d3/1d3 + Paralysis, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, Ml: 9. Turns as 3 hd. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.</i>
Q	Hidden pressure plate fills crypt with gas that will cause blindness if Save vs. Poison is failed. The blindness lasts until a Remove Curse spell is cast.
R	A pair of broken coffins with some gnawed bones scattered around.
S	A cluster of Living Shadows lurk in the deep darkness. <i>Shadows: HD: 2+2, HP: 12, 11, 9, 8, 6, 10, 14, 17, AC: 7, Dmg: 1d4, Drain Str 1 pt for 8 turns. Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, Ml: 12. Immune to Sleep & Charm, Can't be turned. Surprise: 1-5 on d6</i>
T	Unstable ceiling, will cave in if explored. Save vs. Paralysis or take 2d6 Damage

3: The Wine Cellar

The center of the cavern is a 40' area of curved shelves, with a trapdoor secured by a padlock in each of the cardinal directions and a grate in the center. (This grate permits the vampire Vladek Lobovich to enter the lowest level in mist form.) A forest of jagged stalactites hang from the ceiling 40' above, wrapped in gauzy layers of cobweb that dangle down like ragged pennants.

The shelves are built with a multitude of diamond shaped cubby holes, each holding a dust covered wine bottle draped in cobwebs as well. If a bottle is pulled from the shelf and opened, roll 1d10 for its effect. Each bottle has 1d12 draughts of liquid inside.

01	Vinegar. Tastes terrible.
02	Extra powerful. Go last in Initiative and suffer a -3 to Surprise rolls for 1d4 Turns
03	Poisoned. Roll save vs. Poison or die in 1 Turn.
04	Actually Blood. Roll save vs. Poison or suffer Nausea (-2 to checks and attacks)
05	Increases Charisma by +1d4 for 1d4 Hours.
06	Increases Strength by +1d4 for 1 Hour, gives temporary 1d12 bonus to Hit Points
07	Turns drinker Invisible for 1d4 Turns.
08	Makes drinker <i>think</i> they're Invisible for 1d4 Hours. They can't be convinced otherwise.
09	Causes drinker to involuntarily Levitate 1d20 feet. The effect lasts 2d4 rounds.
10	Ordinary wine. Tastes pretty good, actually.

The wine cellar is guarded by a huge, shaggy spider whose bite causes its victims to do a horrible, spastic dance. It will drop down on any living creatures entering the center of the cave.

Tarantella: HD: 4, HP: 15, AC: 5, Bite: 1d8+ dancing poison. Save vs. poison or spasm & dance, hurts bad -4 to hit +4 AC penalty for 2d6 turns, paralyzed after 5 turns. Those watching must save vs. Poison or suffer the same effect, which can be dispelled by Dispel Magic.

Up among the stalactites that bracket the monstrous arachnid's lair the desiccated corpses of several human victims are bundled in among the webs. One of them wears a sword of fine quality, with black cat's faces enameled into either side of the blade with faintly glowing moonstone eyes. This is a Sword +1, Luck Blade. There are 4 wishes, which when used will cause one of the four moonstone eyes will go dark. The sword also grants a +1 to saving throws. In the pocket of another victim's waistcoat you find two gems, a carbuncle worth 75 gp and a topaz worth 120 gp.

Sub Level 2

This, the lowest level of Cardille Keep, is only reachable through the grate in the floor of the cave above, or through the four trap doors used for dropping prisoners into the cells below. It is roughly carved from solid stone, with a very low ceiling, only 7' high.

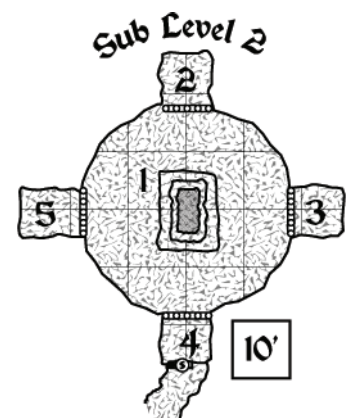
1: Lobovich's Crypt

This 40' diameter round chamber has a 10'x15' dais in the center atop which sits a rectangular stone coffin. The coffin is filled with dark, musty earth. A stone slab lid lies off to one side, and it takes at least two men of average strength to lift it. This is the vampire's crypt, where he rests during the day. The coffin is completely immobile, weighing at least a ton.

In each cardinal direction there is a rusted iron cage door with a large, bulky lock mechanism. A 10'x10' cell is visible beyond, with the shadows from the bars slicing what may be visible inside into difficult to make out sections.

An honor guard of Doomguards stands watch at the four corners of the dais. They will attack anything coming out of the cells.

Doom Guards: HD: 2, HP: 16 each, AC 2, Damage 1d10, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12 Turn as zombies. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.



2: The North Cell

A scrawny, pale figure crouches in the shadows of this cell. He is a gaunt mockery of a man with points of eerie light burning in his hollow eye sockets, clad in the tattered rags of a velvet morning coat and spats. He is a wight, and is resentful of Lobovich and his undead coterie for having been banished from the celebration above and thrown into the dungeon for a “minor peccadillo”. He will offer to aid the party if they release him, although he is an undead monster and can be quite treacherous if the mood strikes him. He wears a set of white gloves, now hopelessly smudged and stained, which will protect mortals from his level draining touch if he keeps them on.

Count Norlock: HD: 3, HP: 7 AC: 5, Dmg: Drain 1 Level, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F3, Ml: 12. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person.

3: The East Cell

You can hear the soft sound of weeping coming from the depths of this cell. It contains a buxom, red haired gypsy girl named Stella, who was imprisoned by the vampire’s servants only last night. If rescued, she will be immensely grateful, and can reward her deliverers with a “good luck kiss”, which will allow them to make three rerolls to any dice roll after it is received.

Stella: 0 Lvl Human, HP: 4, AC: 9, Dmg 1d4 dagger, Save Hmn 0, Morale 5.

4: The South Cell

This cell is empty, but there are signs of something being dragged across the floor that stop at the blank stone wall to the S. If this cell is searched, a secret doorway is revealed that will lead to the Wererats’ tunnels between Cardille Keep and the Hunting Lodge. There is a 1 in d8 chance that a Wererat will be lurking behind it when the door is opened, with a 1-2 on d6 chance of Surprise.

Wererat: HD: 3, HP: 8, AC: 7(9), Dmg: Bite 1d4 or Shortsword 1d6, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F3, Ml: 8, Immune to normal weapons. Can summon 1d4-2 giant rats to their aid.

5: The West Cell

A pair of mindless zombies occupy this cell, and will lurch up to the bars and paw at the air, groaning and growling if the door is investigated. They will break the rusted lock on a roll of 1 on a d8, and lumber forth to attack anything in the crypt. They have bite marks on their necks, and are completely devoid of blood. They appear to have been gypsies in life, although Stella won’t recognize them as any kinsmen of hers.

Zombies: HD: 2, HP: 10 and 7, AC: 8, Dmg: Slam 1d8, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12. Immune to Charm, Sleep, & Hold Person. Always attacks last in round.

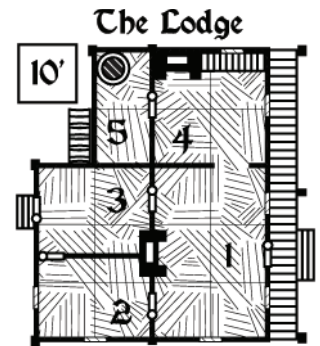


The Hunting Lodge:

Approach

As you approach the front door, you see that this rustic wooden structure is in good repair, with flower boxes in the windows and fresh wood shingles on the roof. The flowers in the boxes are dead, but this makes sense due to the lateness of the year. There are blue floral patterned curtains in the windows, obscuring any view inside. You will find the front door is locked, and if you listen at the door, you will hear something moving about inside, accompanied by a snuffling, growling sound. If you knock at the front door, one of the werewolves lurking inside will burst through the door and attack. Roll 1-3 on a d6 for Surprise.

If you go around the back of the house, you find a back door that appears to have been smashed outward from inside. There's a short set of steps that descends to a dirt path that winds into the forest. You notice the muddy footprints of some kind of large dog or wolf on these steps. In a covered recess formed by the W wall of the Larder and the N wall of the Trophy Room is a cord of stacked firewood.



1: The Living Room

This room is cozy enough, or would be if it weren't torn to shreds. A simple table with four chairs lies smashed on the floor on the torn carpet, which is burning where an oil lamp crashed to the floor. This fire is easily stomped out, but this will plunge the room into darkness. On the W side of the room there is a fireplace with a mantelpiece, the contents of which (mostly figurines of birds and painted vases) have been dashed to the floor and smashed. The fire has died down to mere embers, and the wrought iron pokers and tongs lie on the floor by the sash. Aside from the entry, there are two exits from the room to the W, on either side of the fireplace, and one to the N. The doors to the N and SW lie smashed off of their hinges, with darkened spaces beyond. The NW door is closed, but not locked.

2: The Master Bedroom

This room is smeared with blood over the frescoes of mountain flowers adorning the plaster walls. The feather bed has been torn open, and the carcass of a deer lies on it now, staining the sheets and goose down red with its congealing blood. There are two exits from this room, one to the N, and one to the E. Both have been smashed open.

At the foot of the bed, a sturdy chest sits, scratched on the outside but unbroken otherwise. It is locked. Inside, you will find an assortment of quilts and clothing, guarded from moths by bundles of herbs, a cloth sack containing 40 gps. and two boxes. One is oblong and bound in leather, and contains three crossbow bolts with HTM etched on the heads in ornate script (stands for Hit The Mark, +1 to hit). The other is simple wood, and contains a necklace of blue and white ceramic beads and river pearls worth 50 gp.

This area is occupied by a male werewolf, who will attack anyone entering this area, and will growl at intruders in Living Room (1).

Male Werewolf: HD: 4, HP: 21, AC: 5, Dmg: Bite 2d4, Mv: 180'(60'), Sv: F4, Ml: 8. Immune to normal weapons. Summon 1d4-2 dire wolves, which will arrive in 1d4 rounds.

3: The Trophy Room

The N wall of this room is lined with mounted trophy heads of all sorts of animals, staring blankly into the darkened space. On the S wall next to the door from the Master Bedroom, there is a small assortment of weapons hanging from pegs on the walls, including a spear, a pair of hand axes, and a well oiled crossbow with a bundle of 20 quarrels hanging beneath it. A rocking chair sits by the chimney in the SE corner, a partially carved head mount of a deer sitting on the padded seat next to a carving knife, as well as the shredded remains of a shirt, slippers, and a pair of lederhosen. There are three exits from this room, the entry to the Living Room, a smashed door to the S, and a smashed open door to the W that leads out into the pine forest.

4: The Kitchen

A brick oven dominates the N wall of this room, from which you can smell the odor of burning bread. Pots and pans hang from the wooden beams overhead. The two tables that once occupied this space have been smashed, and various foodstuffs lie scattered about on the floor. The shredded remains of a simple calico dress and shawl lie on the floor alongside a gnawed pair of shoes.

Among the rubble you can find two kitchen knives that would function quite nicely as daggers (1d4). There is a Potion of Healing secreted behind a brick in the fireplace, that can be spotted on a 1 in 6 roll if actively searching the room. There are two exits to this room, one to the S and one to the W, both of which have been smashed open.

This area is occupied by a female werewolf, who will attack anyone entering this area, and will growl at intruders in the Living Room (1).

Female Werewolf: HD: 4, HP: 19, AC: 5, Dmg: Bite 2d4, Mv: 180'(60'), Sv: F4, Ml: 8. Immune to normal weapons. Summon 1d4-2 dire wolves, which will arrive in 1d4 rounds.

5: The Larder

The door to this room has been burst open by the werewolf in The Kitchen. The wooden shelves in this room have mostly been ripped down from the walls, and several crockery vessels lie smashed open on the floor, as well as several half gnawed haunches of venison.

In the NW corner, there is a small stonework well covered with a wooden cover that can be secured by stout timber slid across it like a barred doorway. If this cover is removed and a light shined down the 3' opening, you see rusted iron pegs poking out from the stonework at 2' intervals leading down into the darkness below. If a torch is dropped down this shaft, you see it illuminating a floor about 20 feet below. This corresponds with area 1 on the Wererats' Warren map.

Summoned Dire Wolves: HD: 4+1, AC: 6, Dmg: Bite 2d4, Mv: 150'(50'), Sv: F2, Ml:8

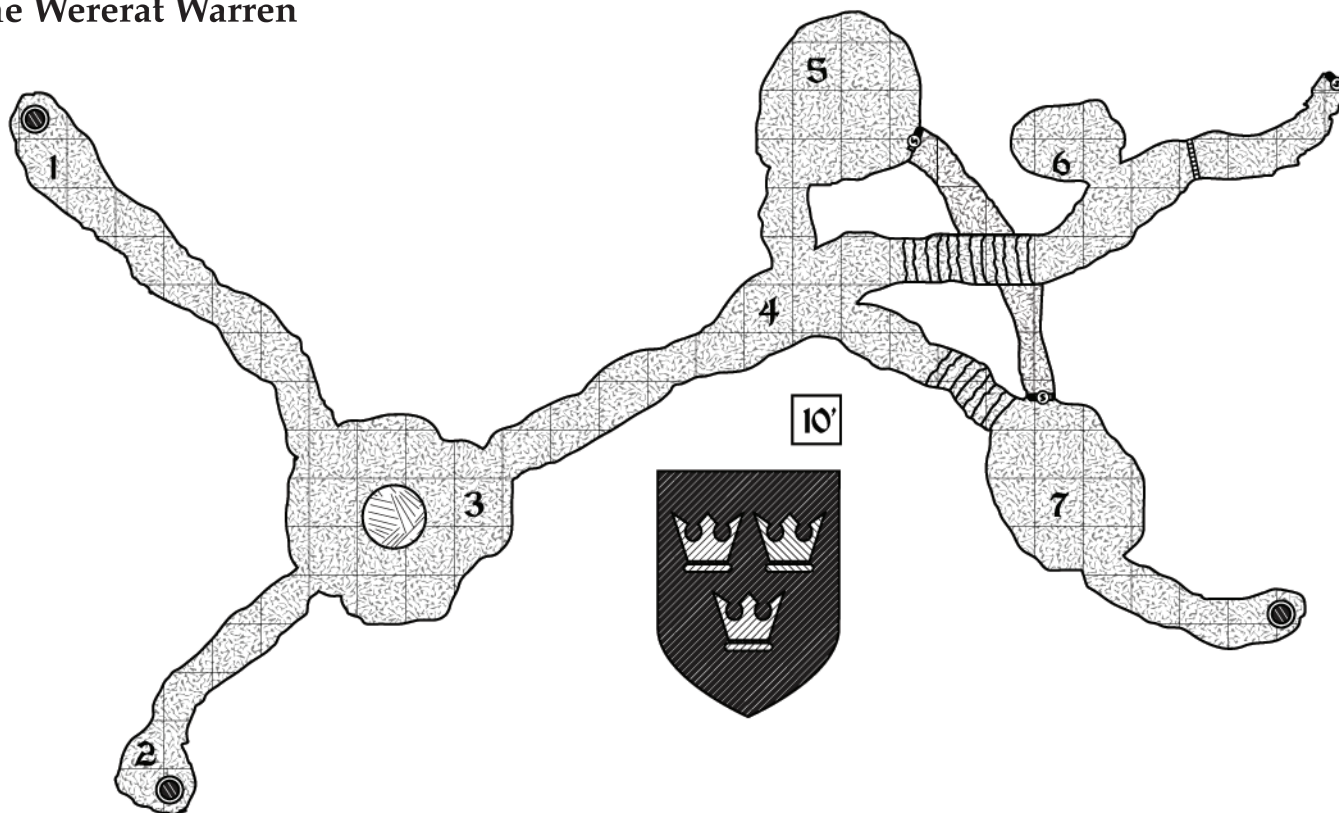
The Heartbreak of Rapid Onset Lycanthropy:

It's well known among monster hunting circles that if a victim takes over 50% damage from a lycanthrope they will contract the disease within a matter of days. Well, there's some even worse news for anybody who might have spent some time playing the part of a werebeast's chew toy: Due to a fateful combination of a full moon and the inimical nature of Ghoulardia pass, the gestation time is much shorter. It will only take 2d6 Turns. Only a timely application of a Cure Disease or Remove Curse spell, or the desperate resort of eating a sprig of Wolfsbane (save vs. Poison or perish in 1d10 rounds) will prevent the onset of this calamitous carnivorous condition.

While humans take on the form of whatever species of lycanthrope bit them, dampyr will only become werebats, while grimlings exclusively turn into wererats. Humanculi, due to their artificial nature, are immune to lycanthropy, although getting mauled usually brings its own complications...



The Wererat Warren

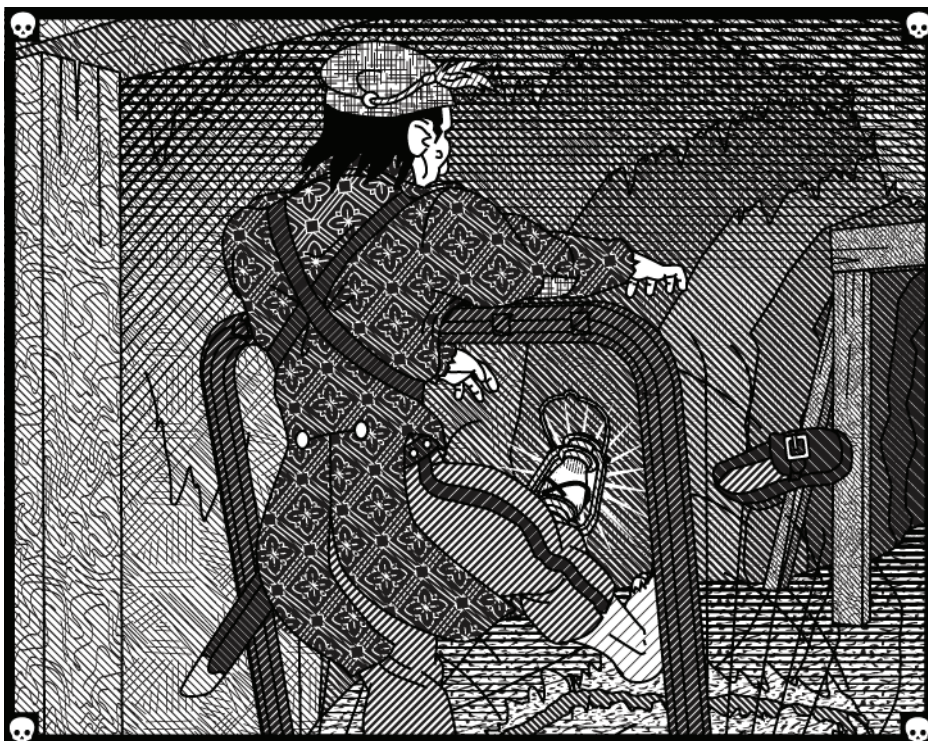


1: The Northwest Tunnel

At the bottom of the shaft leading down from the Kitchen in the Hunting Lodge, you discover a 10' wide earthen tunnel that extends for 80' in a SE direction. The walls are dry earth, shored up at intervals by rough hewn wooden timbers. Midway along the tunnel, about 40' along the way, is a concealed pressure plate which if stepped on will cause a spring loaded iron bar on a hinge to fly up out of the floor and strike a victim at about chest level (or head level for those shorter than 4' tall. Short adventurers may roll a save vs. Wands to avoid getting hit completely). The victim will take 2d6 damage, and will be pinned to the floor until someone can make a Strength check to lift it off of them. The trap will also set off a bell in (3), alerting the Rat King and its minions.

2: The Southwest Tunnel

The shaft from the Carved Crypt in the Graves Ghastly Cemetery ends in a 12' diameter chamber with a tunnel leading to the NE about 40'. The tunnel narrows to only 5' wide at the end. It's warded by a trap that can be activated by the wererat guard watching from (3). If a lever concealed next to the archway is pulled, whoever's standing in the opening must make a save vs. Petrify or be stabbed by a row of iron spears that will spring out of the wall, doing 3d4 damage and forming a barrier of bars that blocks the tunnel. At the Rat King's command, the guard can snap the handle off and lock the bars into place.



3: The Rat King's Court

This large earthen chamber is supported by large, gnarled tree roots reinforced by heavy timbers. The room is roughly 45'x42', with three wooden archways leading to tunnels heading NW, SW, and NE. In the center of the room is a 10' diameter round stone dais covered with a brocaded carpet with an embroidered pillow at its center, with bas relief portraits of crowned, ratlike heads carved along the edge. Hidden behind each portrait is a leather sack containing 10 pieces of gold. There are 30 portraits around the edge of the dais.

There are large, burly wererats clad in chainmail with helmets sporting a single black crow's feather stationed at each of the entrances, armed with halberds. Each wears a small leather bag on a cord around their necks that contains a gemstone. The stronger the wererat, the more valuable their gem is. (Garnet 100 gp., Carnelian 75 gp., Rose Quartz 25 gp.)

Wererats: HD: 3, HP: 23, 19, 17, AC: 5, Dmg: Bite 1d4 or Halberd: 1d10, Mv: 120' (40'), Sv: F3, MI: 8 Immune to normal weapons.

Crouching on the dais is a trio of huge, pale furred wererats wearing gold crowns and ermine lined purple cloaks. They are conjoined by their tails, which have fused into a large, pulsing knob of flesh that rests on the pillow on the dais. They speak and think in unison. This is the terrible Rat King.

The Rat King 🐀: HD: 9, HP: 39, AC: 7, Dmg: Bite x3 1d4/1d4/1d4, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F3, MI:10 Immune to normal weapons. 13 pts of damage will kill one of the three bodies, removing a bite attack and reducing the spell levels the creature is able to cast by 1. Spells: Lvl 1: Charm Person, Sleep, Hold Portal Lvl 2: Mirror Image, Phantasmal Force, Knock Lvl 3: Hold Person, Haste, Dispel Magic

The Rat King knows many things, since three heads are better than one, especially when it comes to playing the different forces in Ghoulardia Pass off of one another to the benefit of itself and its minions. If the party chooses to parlay, they will find it devious, greedy, and manipulative. It will barter secrets for treasure, and at the very least may part with a few more rumors from the Rumor Table (See Page 3) for gold. Let the buyer beware.

The trinary creature's most prized possession is a huge Sovereign Amethyst (worth 1000 gp.) that it keeps hidden under its embroidered tail pillow. The gemstone carries the curse of Covetousness. Whoever claims it must roll a save vs. Spell to ever part with it, and it will draw vengeful wererats to them wherever they go. Its three crowns are a matched set worth 300 gp. apiece.

4: The Branching Tunnel

The 10' wide tunnel runs 70' to the NE, then splits into three branches headed N, NE, and SE. The N tunnel extends for 15' and then opens into The Nest (5). The NE tunnel continues 10', then heads up a long flight of paved steps where it continues another 40' until it comes to a portcullis made of repurposed wrought iron fencing. There's an opening into The Watch Room to the N. The SE tunnel goes for 20', then comes to a shorter flight of stairs leading up to an opening blocked by a heavy curtain (7). There is a 1 in d12 chance of running into 1d4 wererats scurrying through these tunnels on some sinister errand.

5: The Nest

This area is the main nest for the wererat colony. The room is roughly 35'x35', with earth walls and a floor covered in a mess of dead leaves, shredded cloth, and rotting grass. Gnawed bones and other festering garbage are piled in the corners. There is a vile stench in the chamber from the creatures' noisome habits. There are two exits from this room, the archway in the SW corner, and a cleverly concealed secret door hidden in the chamber's E wall that leads to a 50' tunnel connecting this chamber to (7). A row of pegs hung with an assortment of filthy human clothing runs along the S wall.

There will be 1d6 wererats here at any given time, resting or scavenging or squabbling over scraps. They are accompanied by 8 giant rats, who will obey the wererats commands. If the party chooses to root around among the scraps and garbage, they will find 1d10 gold pieces per Turn.

Wererats: HD: 3, AC: 3, Dmg: Bite 1d4 or Dagger 1d4, Mv: 120' (40'), Sv: F3, MI: 8 Immune to normal weapons.

Giant Rats: HD: 1/2, HP: 3, 3, 4, 1, 3, 2, 1, 4, AC: 7, Atk: Bite 1d3 + disease, Mv: 120'(40') Swim 60'(20'), Sv: F1, MI: 8

6: The Watch Room

This 20'x15' chamber is hung with garlands of garlic around the entryway. In the NE corner is a windlass apparently stolen from the deck of a ship, with a length of stout, tarred rope extending into a hole in the wall. This device works the portcullis in the hallway, with a quick release lever allowing it to be dropped suddenly. (Roll save vs. Petrify if a character is standing under it or take 3d6 dmg.). The corridor continues another 35' until it comes to the secret door that leads into the South Cell in the bottom level of Cardille Keep. The wererats greatly fear the vampire Vladek Lobovich and his undead minions, and only use this tunnel very rarely if their King decides to do business with the Master of the Keep.

A trio of wererats keeps watch here, armed with tridents that they will use to push anything intruding from the Keep back past or under the portcullis. They wear tattered cassocks and garlands of garlic around their necks. The strongest among them has half the fur burned off of his scarred face, and carries 2 flasks of flaming oil (1d8 dmg for 2 rounds) that it will hurl at intruders or pour out to block the tunnel.

Wererats: HD: 3, HP: 19, 16, 8, AC: 7(9), Dmg: Bite 1d4 or Dagger 1d4, Mv: 120' (40'), Sv: F3, MI: 8 Immune to normal weapons.

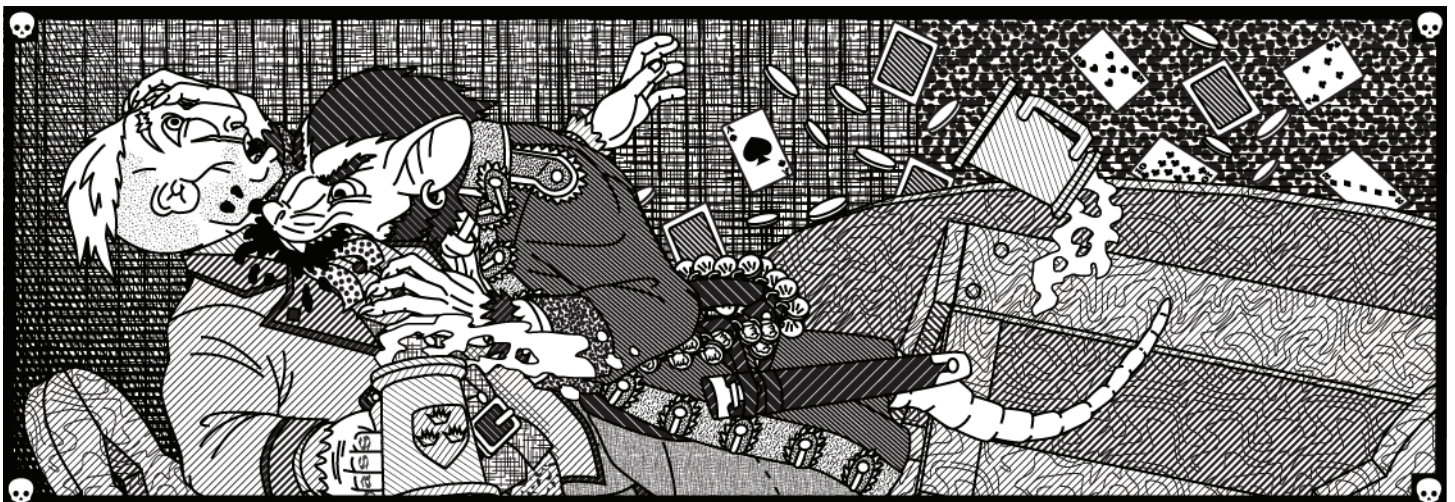
7: The Bandit Lair

This roughly 30'x40' chamber is packed earth and stones shored up with heavy timbers. The roots of trees from the forest above crisscross the walls. Unlit miners' lanterns hang from the ceiling joists. A large, dirty, brocaded curtain conceals the opening leading to stairs down in the NW. Next to it is a hidden door that opens into a 50' tunnel connecting this chamber to the Nest (5). The only other exit is a 40' tunnel to the SE that leads to a 10' shaft with a wooden ladder leading to a trapdoor concealed among a stand of pines E of the road from Strangeldorf.

A rough hewn trestle table occupies the center of the room, covered with a litter of gnawed bones, empty tin flacons, playing cards, daggers jammed into the tabletop, and a scattering of 1d20 gold coins. There are benches and stools arranged around it, none in particularly good repair. A rack of weapons is set along the W wall. There's a 1-3 on d6 chance that any weapon the party might want can be found here, although it will be cheap and shoddy in construction. A row of pegs nailed between the supports on the E wall is hung with an assortment of dark, dull colored hooded cloaks.

A quartet of wererats normally abide in this room in human form, posing as the leaders of a troupe of murderous bandits who plague the mountain passes. On this eve of the full moon, they transformed and went for the throats of some of their unsuspecting human underlings who had been loafing about the hideout and drinking. The savaged bodies of their victims, seven in all, still lay on the floors in widening pools of blood with looks of dull surprise on their faces. They won't be missed, being vile cutthroats to a man, but the Rat King and its subjects will feast well tonight. The strongest of the wererats wears a gold earring worth 40 gp, and a baldric hung with jingling coins worth 100.

Wererats: HD: 3, HP: 17, 16, 14, 13, AC: 7(9), Dmg: Bite 1d4 or Shortsword 1d6, Mv: 120' (40'), Sv: F3, MI: 8 Immune to normal weapons.



Creepy Characters:

It takes all kinds...

Ghoulardia Pass is a ~~meatgrinder~~ welcoming place for all walks of life...

Fighters:

It almost goes without saying, there are plenty of things lurking around here that could stand to be stabbed, chopped, bludgeoned, stomped, kicked, bitten, gouged, set on fire, strangled, or held under 'til the bubbles stop coming up before they can do the same to you and your companions. Have at it.

Thieves:

There are also plenty of things to steal, some of them under a six foot layer of dirt. Of course some of *those* are just waiting to do the whole strangle, bite, suck out your soul thing, so having quick wits, good reflexes, and some burly friends or magical types along can be handy.

Magic Users:

A little forbidden knowledge can go a long way. Tomes and tombs go well together, and if you can conjure flames without flint or tinder there's plenty of things to kill with fire just waiting for you to show your stuff.

Clerics:

About the handiest profession to have along if you're travelling through a place where half the things you meet are undead and most of the things you meet are gonna do some damage. In this world Saints are the general target of veneration, but you can practice any weirdo religion you want.

St. Aubrecht	Destroyer of the Undead	St. Gweneviere	Patron of Healers
St. Boris	Patron of Spiders	St. Hieronymus	Patron of Monster Hunters
St. Eumenides	Patron of Scholars	St. Melvin	Patron of Freaks & Oddities
St. Grizelda	Patron of Grave Diggers	St. Torgo	Patron of Henchmen

Advanced Edition Classes:

If you want to get all fancy with your game, all the classes in this rule set are fine to include too. **Paladins** are probably gonna have either a really great time or a really *bad* time. **Assassins** might face a bit of a challenge since most of the big movers and shakers in the area are kinda dead already. **Rangers** and **Druids** are gonna come out a little odd, since the natural world kinda bleeds into super- and un- pretty regularly in Ghoulardia Pass. **Monks** should do well but might want to wear protective gloves and boots, considering what they might be punching and kicking. **Illusionists** had better be ready to run when the audience realizes they didn't *really* saw the lady in half.

Starting at a Higher Level:

It is advised to do the Creepy Crawl with higher level characters. A starting Experience Point total of 20,001 or higher is a good place to start. First level characters are gonna get ground up and spit out. If you feel like that's the kind of challenge you want to take on then be our ~~ghost~~ guest.

Setting the tone with alternate character races:

In keeping with the creepy, kooky, spooky, ookey atmosphere of Ghoulardia Pass, there are certain types of people who would stick out like a sore thumb in the haunted hills and grisly grottoes. You know who I mean. Short, chunky goofuses with bad facial hair and worse Scottish accents. Willowy tree huggers who act like they're so aloof and perfect and never have a hair out of place. Even shorter, fatter dinks with hairy toe knuckles. And lets not even talk about gnomes or half-whatevers.

To be perfectly Frankenstein, of course those sorts of characters are quite welcome to come and get mangled like the rest, but the English department of Oxford University this ain't. Clearly, some substitutions are in order to properly evoke the schlock horror genre. So let your bog standard elves, dwarves, and halflings stay in the bog, perhaps with some cement or a few big stones to help them stay down. Try the following classes/races and have fun with it.

DAMPYR

REQUIREMENTS: CHA 9

Hit Dice: 1d6

PRIME REQUISITES: STR & CHA

Maximum Level: 12

The ancestry of the dampyr is a strange mingling of human and vampiric bloodlines. While mortal, they possess the rudiments of a vampire's power. They are cruelly handsome folk, with pallid skin and feral eyes. They may fight with any armor and weapons, and may also cast spells like a magic user. Their supernatural background grants them 60 ft infravision, as well as uncanny senses with half the range on a surprise roll (i.e. if surprise is on a 1-2 on a d6, it is only on a 1 for a dampyr.) Dampyr are uncomfortable in daylight, and suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls made while in direct sunlight. They may be turned by a priest as an undead of their level, but are allowed a save vs. Wands to resist this. They are immune to the paralysis effect of ghouls, as well as charm and sleep type effects.

A dampyr must have a 13 in both prime requisites to get the +5% experience bonus. They must have a Cha of 16 and a Str of 13 to get the +10% bonus.

Reaching 9th. Level:

Upon reaching 9th. lvl, a dampyr may establish a stronghold, usually in a remote, moody castle overlooking a village of fearful peasants, who count themselves lucky that it's only a half vampire occupying their neck of the woods. Dampyr may hire soldiers of any race, although they do not generally trust other dampyr.

Dampyr use the Elf Level Progression and Saving Throws from the Labyrinth Lord Rulebook.

ADVANCED EDITION COMPANION RULES:

REQUIREMENTS: CHA 9

ABILITY MODIFIERS: +1 STR. +1 CHA

ABILITY MIN/MAX: STR 10/19, DEX: 7/18, CON 8/18, INT 3/18, WIS 3/18, CHA 10/19

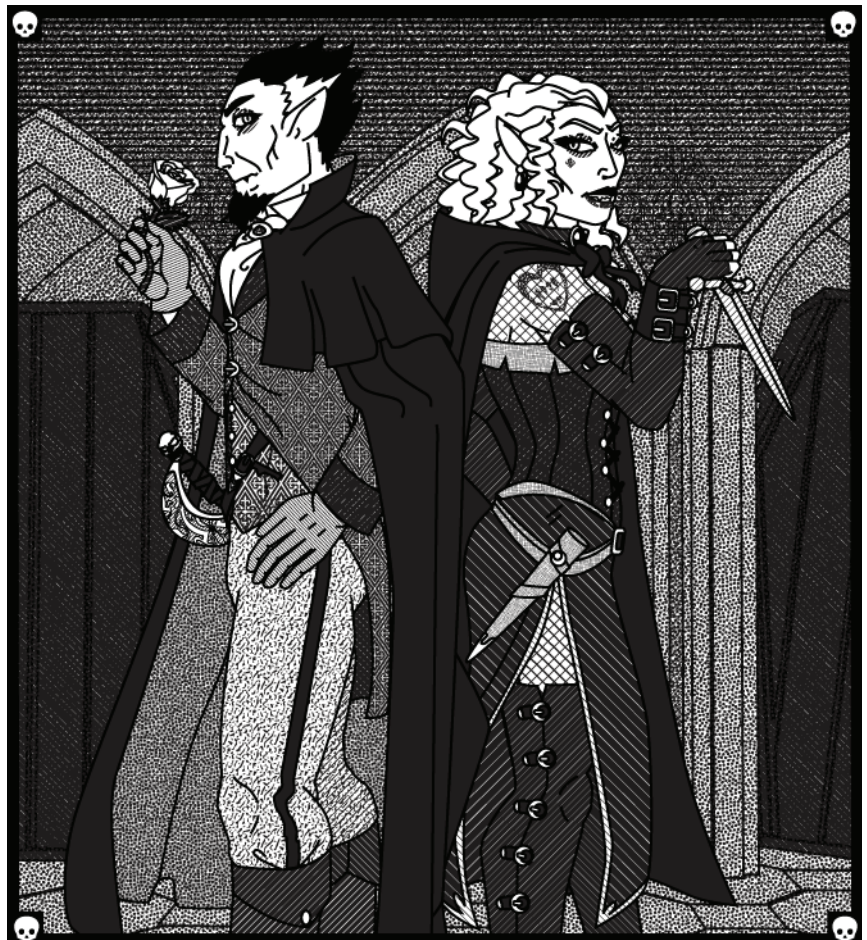
SAVING THROW BONUSES: +3 vs. Spells, +2 vs. Petrify & Paralyze

AVAILABLE CLASSES:

Class:	Max. Level
Assassin	12
Magic User	11
Illusionist	11
Fighter	10
Thief	12

THIEF SKILL ADJUSTMENTS:

Pick Locks	-5%
Pick Pockets	+7%
Find&Remove Traps	-5%
Hide In Shadows	+7%
Move Silently	+10%
Climb Walls	+5%



GRIMLING

REQUIREMENTS: DEX 9, CON 9

Hit Dice: 1d6

PRIME REQUISITES: STR & DEX

Maximum Level: 10

Furtive, grimy little lurkers in graveyards, catacombs, and dark alleys, grimlings are distrusted by most, but their willingness to do any task, no matter how vile or menial, means they fill many niches at the edges of society. A typical grimling is 3-4 feet tall, and prefers to keep their face hidden under wrappings and hoods from the depths of which their red eyes glitter. A grimling's wiry, ape-like build allows them to climb as if they were thieves of their level. They have an uncanny ability to vanish in graveyards and ruins, hiding with a 90% ability. They are also able to hide in shadows on a 1-2 on a d6 if they hold absolutely still. They have keen senses of smell, especially when it comes to finding dead bodies, so they will find a corpse (dead or undead) on a 1 in d6 if there is one to be found. Due to their short stature, and skill at ducking when they've made themselves enough of a nuisance, they gain a -2 to AC when fighting foes larger than human size. They're quite strong for their stunted height, and can use large or two handed weapons with ease, and may wear any armor.

A grimling must have one prime requisite at 13 to get the +5% experience bonus. They must have both prime requisites at 13 to get +10%.

Reaching 9th. Level:

Upon reaching 9th. level, a grimling can establish a community of their kind in a suitable graveyard, tunneling out a network of subterranean passages and chambers and ruling this territory as an underlord. It goes without saying, aside from certain eccentric necromancers and other humanoids, only grimlings would want to take up residence there, let alone hire on as soldiery.

Grimlings use the Halfling Level Progression and Saving Throws from the Labyrinth Lord Rules.

ADVANCED EDITION COMPANION RULES:

REQUIREMENTS: CON 9, DEX 9

ABILITY MODIFIERS: +1 DEX. +1 CON. -2 CHA

ABILITY MIN/MAX: STR 7/18, DEX: 8/18, CON 8/18, INT 3/18, WIS 3/18, CHA 3/16

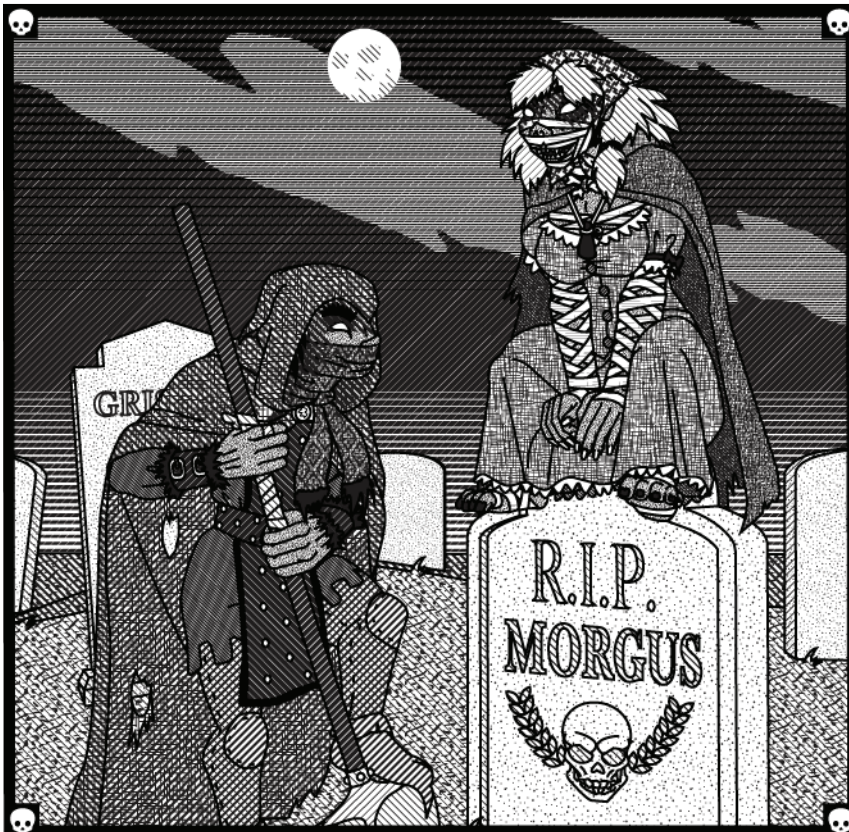
SAVING THROW BONUSES: +3 vs. Death, +2 vs. Poison

AVAILABLE CLASSES:

Class:	Max. Level
Assassin	9
Thief	10
Fighter	9

THIEF SKILL ADJUSTMENTS:

Pick Locks	+5%
Pick Pockets	-10%
Find&Remove Traps	+5%
Hide In Shadows	+7%
Move Silently	+10%
Climb Walls	+10%



HUMANCULUS

REQUIREMENTS: STR 9, CON 9

Hit Dice: 1d10

PRIME REQUISITES: STR

Maximum Level: 10

These hulking creatures are not born of nature, but are instead the work of wizards, alchemists, and other dabblers in forbidden knowledge. A humanculus is usually over six feet tall and powerfully muscled, with drab green skin and red, sunken eyes. Their large, ungainly frames make it difficult to acquire armor, but they have a natural armor class of 5 from their tough, leathery hides. They can, of course, carry shields as well. They have 60 ft. infravision. A humanculus is very easy to resurrect from the dead, requiring only the application of a Cure spell and a Lightning Bolt. Their unnatural origins make them outcasts from most societies, and therefore they suffer a +2 to Reaction Adjustments, and cannot hire human retainers.

Reaching 9th. Level:

Upon reaching 9th. level, a humanculus may choose to adopt an area to protect or terrorize (depending on their alignment) up to a single 6 mile map hex in size. This territory will always be in a wilderness area, generally rather remote. All natural animal life in the hex will befriend the humanculus, serving as their eyes and ears and giving what aid they can. Lawful humanculi tend to get on well with deer, rabbits, squirrels, and birds, while Chaotic humanculi will generally befriend bats, snakes, wolves, and toads. Neutral humanculi may befriend any animal they wish, as long as they don't pet them too hard.

Humanculus use the Dwarf Level Progression and Saving Throws from the Labyrinth Lord Rules.

ADVANCED EDITION COMPANION RULES:

REQUIREMENTS: STR 9, CON 9

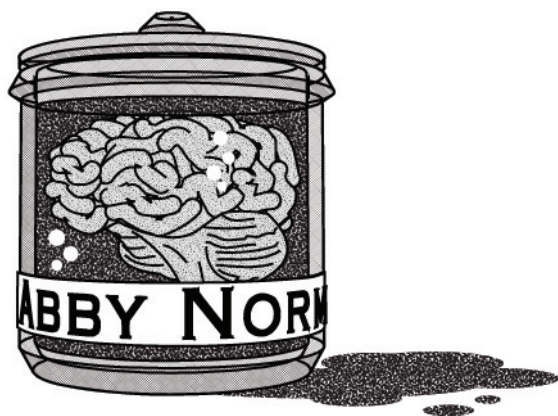
ABILITY MODIFIERS: +2 STR. -2 CHA, -2 DEX

ABILITY MIN/MAX: STR 10/20, DEX: 3/16, CON 6/18, INT 3/18, WIS 3/18, CHA 3/16

SAVING THROW BONUSES: +2 vs. Poison, +3 vs. Petrify & Paralyze

AVAILABLE CLASSES:

Class:	Max. Level
Fighter	10
Monk	9
Paladin	7
Druid	8



Some handy things to bring:

New characters should roll d20 on the following table, plus an additional roll for every prime requisite attribute over 13. Reroll duplications

01	Bracers of Armor	11	Hand of Glory
02	Potion of Extra Healing	12	Potion of Undead Control
03	Oil of Etherealness	13	Scroll: Ward against Undead
04	Scroll: Ward against Lycanthropes	14	Thanonaut's Wraps
05	Packet of Krenshaw Powder	15	Potion of Fire Resistance
06	Potion of Water Breathing	16	Doctor Talbot's Tincture
07	Silver Dagger, 1d4 dmg.	17	Axe +1
08	Crossbow Bolts +2 (quantity 1d6)	18	Potion of Gaseous Form
09	Rope of Climbing	19	Boots of Traveling and Springing
10	Holy Relic	20	Mandrake Root

Doctor Talbot's Tincture:

A solution of colloidal silver and powdered wolfsbane dissolved in vodka, if drunk within moments of being badly savaged by a lycanthrope, will protect the drinker from contracting the terrible disease.

Hand of Glory:

A mummified hand dipped in wax and made into a candle. Burns for one hour. Its light reveals secret doors and compartments to the bearer, and will open up to 5 locks (one for each finger, which must be blown out to use this power) before it becomes useless.

Holy Relic:

A disembodied piece of a dead saint, like a tooth or a finger or a nose, sealed inside a small glass and silver case that can be worn on a lanyard. Adds +3 to attempts to Turn Undead, and +1 to Bless.

Krenshaw Powder:

If controlled, lesser undead like skeletons or zombies are dusted with this vile, lurid green powder, they will become murderously free willed, turning them against their former master. It will also release higher level undead minions from the thrall of the creature that created them. Make no mistake, they'll still want to kill you too. One packet will cover a 5'x5' area.

Mandrake Root:

A vaguely man shaped tuber, worn on a cord around the neck. Protects against 1d3 level draining attacks before shrivelling and turning to dust. If eaten within an hour of having a level drained, will restore the lost level. Picking these roots in the wild is extremely dangerous.

Thanonaut's Wraps:

A roll of white silk bandage embroidered with protective spells, long enough to wrap a human sized subject. Protects against the touch of ghouls, mummies, and level draining undead. Can be worn under clothing and armor. Will be rendered useless after the wearer takes up to 20 hp. damage.

Extra measures:

Here are some useful Items from the equipment list. Stock up if you've got the cash for it.

Item:	Cost:	Weight:	Item:	Cost:	Weight:
Garlic (3 cloves)	5 gp.	Negligible	Mirror, Small Steel	10 gp.	1/2 lb.
Holy Symbol, wood	1 gp.	Negligible	Oil (1 pt. flask)	1 sp.	1 lb.
Holy Symbol, silver	25 gp.	1 lb.	Stakes, Wooden (3)	5 cp.	1 lb.
Holy Water flask	25 gp.	1 lb.	Wolfsbane (dried)	10 gp.	Negligible

Monsters: A Creepy Cavalcade of Creatures

Bone Monkeys

Number Encountered: 1d4

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 7 or AC of Victim

Hit dice: 1

Attacks: 2 (bite, poison sting)

Damage: 1d4. Save vs. Poison or Die, or Paralysis

Save: F2

Morale: 9

Horde: None, but often found near type XVI



A horrible little undead construct, bone monkeys are carnival gaffs gone monstrously awry. They take the form of an animate monkey skeleton with a long tail tipped with the fanged skull of a poisonous snake, which they use like a scorpion's sting. Mad wizards and sinister mountebanks will often hide these creatures among their collections of specimens and obscure curios as guardians of their dark secrets. Their small size allows them to secret themselves almost anywhere. The method for binding a bone monkey to one's will is an obscure rite known only to a select few necromancers and carnies. The poison they inject can either be instantly deadly, or paralyze a victim for 2d4 Turns.

Bone monkeys are capable of remaining perfectly still until it's time to spring. When a group of victims draws near, they will spring forth and grab hold of one of them, clinging tenaciously to the flailing unfortunate and stinging all those within reach with its tail. While a victim is grasped, the bone monkey shares their Armor Class, and half of the damage done to the creature is passed on to their hapless "mount". They will not let go until all those around their victim are dead or paralyzed, at which point they will sting them as well, and then return to their hiding place.

Grindeylows

Number Encountered: 1d6 (3d6)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30') Swim 120' (40')

Armor Class: 7

Hit dice: 2

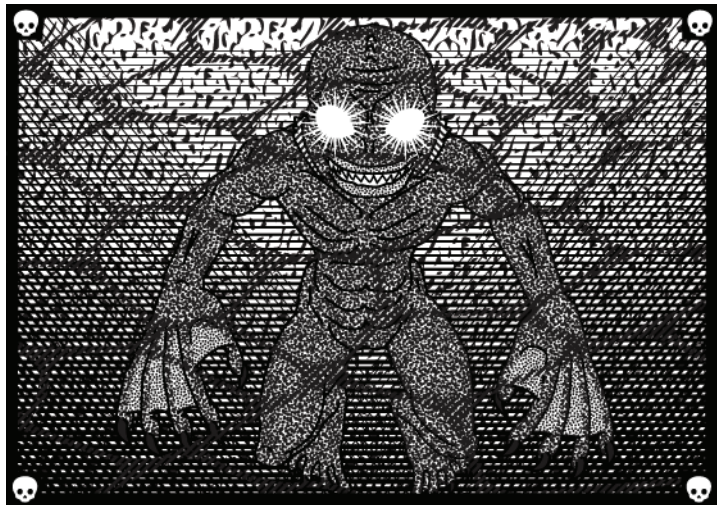
Attacks: 3 (claw/claw/bite or by weapon)

Damage: 1d3/1d3/1d4

Save: F2

Morale: 5

Horde: XIII



The grindeylow are dark, shriveled, frog like creatures that dwell anyplace pools of rancid water collect in old crypts or catacombs. While they mostly scavenge for their supper, they're quite willing to ambush the unwary and drag them down to their doom. While generally content to use their teeth that bite and claws that catch, they will occasionally make a weapon out of an old bit of wrought iron or a stout tree root if they think it can help them get a taste of the sweet blood of those who go about in the sun. Three times a day, a grindeylow may make a gaze attack with their large luminous eyes, blinding victims who fail a save vs. Paralysis. The light of the sun in turn blinds them, and daylight will drive them into the safety of the dark deeps. Strange glows from still pools in the depths of the earth can be a warning that these creatures are afoot.

Mad Scientist

Number Encountered: 1

Alignment: Neutral or Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 9

Hit dice: 9

Attacks: 1 (weapon)

Damage: By weapon, See Below

Save: MU 9

Morale: 10

Horde: X, IX

A powerful intellect without wisdom or compassion is a terrible thing indeed, and the Mad Scientist is an exemplar of that principle. A maker and master of monsters, they are a human (or formerly human, in some cases) supra genius with a vast and varied store of arcane knowledge, gained from years of obsessive study and often cruel and inhumane experimentation.

While equivalent in some ways to wizards and sorcerers, the Mad Scientist does not cast spells, but instead relies on the twisted fruits of their delving into things mortals were not meant to know. They are often disdainful of magic users of all types as superstitious, half-ignorant dabblers in forces that only the Mad Scientist has truly studied, understood, and mastered.

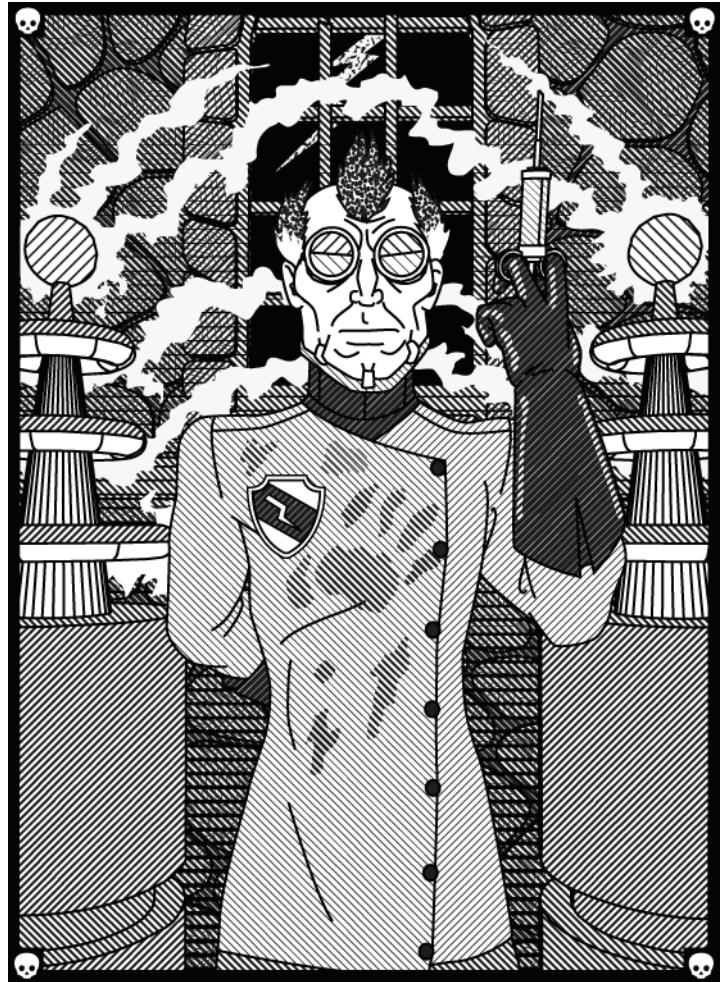
Mad Scientists generally prefer to set up shop in isolated locations, in abandoned castles or dungeon complexes away from civilization, where they can pursue their research untroubled by torch and pitchfork wielding mobs and other inconveniences. Anyone daring enough to brave these scientifically designed strongholds will face an insidious array of traps meant to keep intruders out and experiments in, horrifying monsters of all kinds grown or assembled in the laboratory and kept as servants or watch-beasts, and if they are truly unlucky they might eventually find themselves strapped to an operating table as one of the Mad Scientist's next test subjects.

The Game Master can stock a Mad Scientist's lair with any variety of creatures from the monster listings in the rulebooks. Any type of humanoid, giant animals or insects, golems and other constructs, zombies or ghouls (but usually not other kinds of undead), oozes and slimes, and monstrous composite beasts like manticores or chimerae are all appropriate, the only difference being they are all the unnatural products of their master's experiments and will lack magical abilities.

Through a regimen of drugs and mental conditioning, the Mad Scientist exerts control over these monsters in a similar fashion to Charm Person or Charm Monster, although they are subject to the same intelligence based saving throw vs. Spell to resist, especially in high stress situations. Many a Mad Scientist has perished when their creations break free and turn on them.

Due to this occupational hazard, they often arm themselves with paralytic dart guns (1d4 dmg + Poison, Range 50/100/150, 10 shots per clip) or scientific weapons that function like either a Wand of Magic Missiles or a half strength Wand of Lightning Bolts that run off of their lair's power source.

Mad Scientists are not above experimenting on themselves, and often benefit from bodily modifications that make them more than they appear. They will often be unnaturally healthy and vital, as reflected in their high Hit Dice for a human of seemingly advanced years. Beyond that, anything from installing artificial eyes that grant them 60' darkvision to transplanting their brains into powerful construct bodies is not impossible. *Nothing* is impossible to these unfettered minds.



Rat Kings

Number Encountered: 1

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 7 (Tail node is AC 3)

Hit dice: 9-15

Attacks: 3 (bite or weapon)

Damage: 1d6 or by weapon

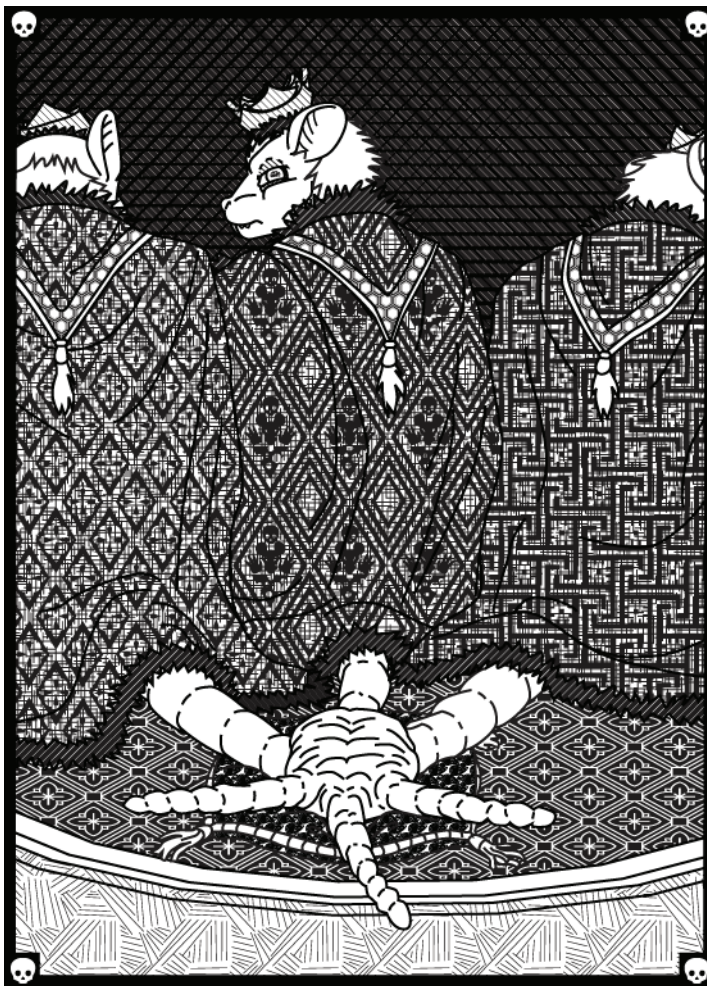
Save: F9 - F15

Morale: 9

Horde: XIX

As if wererats weren't bad enough, there are mercifully rare times when a litter is born to a particularly accursed wererat dam, conjoined in mind and body into something altogether more terrible.

The Rat King appears as 3 to 5 large, albino wererats, each often standing up to seven feet tall. More often than not they are male, but Rat Queens are not entirely unknown. They are linked via their tails, which connect to a large, pulsing knob of flesh that contains a brain-like bundle of nerve tissue. Due to this tail connection, they are unable to assume human form, and always appear as monstrous hybrids of human and rat. Their bite transmits lycanthropy as normal, but the resulting wererats are fanatically loyal to their sire or dam.



These multiple bodies contain a single composite intellect. They speak and act in unison, but are highly intelligent and capable of casting spells like a Magic User. For each body composing the gestalt, the Rat King can cast three spells of each spell level, up to 5th. level if they have five bodies. (For example, a Rat King with three bodies can cast 3 1st. Level, 3 2nd. Level, and 3 3rd. Level spells.) These spells are determined randomly and don't change, as the Rat King is an intuitive spellcaster.

The bodies of a Rat King each contain an equal percentage of the creature's overall Hit Points (1/3 to 1/5, rounding fractions down), and thus can be killed individually. Each time one of their bodies is killed, they lose their highest spell level. If reduced to a single body, or if one of their bodies is separated from the others by severing their tail with a Natural 20 attack using a bladed weapon, it will go mad from the unaccustomed isolation and become berserk and suicidal, adding +3 to attack and damage and fighting savagely to the death with no Morale check. Each separate body is 3 HD.

Master tacticians and strategists, Rat Kings are revered by their normal wererat brethren and elevated to positions of royalty among them, ruling underground dungeon complexes in the wilderness, or more insidiously controlling vast criminal networks under large human cities. (The Imperial capital city of Kroenberg is reputed to have a particularly powerful, five bodied Rat Queen ruling its underworld.)

They often style themselves after human rulers, dressing richly in purloined finery and wearing crowns stolen from the graves of kings. They sometimes arm themselves with bastard swords, but usually rely on the hordes of wererats and giant rats that make up their retinue to defend them.

Rat Kings collect knowledge like they collect treasure, and are privy to many secrets and obscure facts, brought to them by their widespread network of skittering, burrowing vassals. If an adventurer were brave enough to seek them out and glib enough to parley, and (most vitally) if they lavished the creature with rich tribute fitting to what it considers its station, then there are many useful things that might be gleaned from these lordly horrors.

The Spider Wolf

Number Encountered: 1
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 150' (50')
Armor Class: 5
Hit dice: 8
Attacks: Bite
Damage: 2d4 + Poison
Save: F8
Morale: 8
Horde: None



Truly huge giant spiders are subtle and wily in their way. An arachnid doesn't grow to the size of a horse without possessing some measure of cunning. There are some mercifully rare cases where such a specimen might overcome another, equally fearsome predator and proceed to feed on its vital juices.

Such was the case with the horrible Spider Wolf, who had managed to steal upon a werewolf and its mate and entrap them with its deadly venom. Bound and hung in the spider's gruesome larder in the depths of the woods, the eight legged nightmare fattened upon the supernatural blood of the lycanthropes, finding them an ever flowing source of nourishment as their curse prevented them from expiring from its horrible ministrations. Through months of feeding on this tainted blood, the great spider changed and mutated, becoming something altogether more terrifying. It now stalks the forested hillsides of Ghoullardia Pass, seeking more victims to transform into ever replenishing sources of fresh blood.

The Spider Wolf is a shaggy, eight foot diameter spider with a slaving wolf's head growing from its cephalothorax. It has ten burning eyes that peer out at the world with the ravenous hunger of both wolf and spider. It uses ambush tactics to waylay its prey, spinning webs to restrain incapacitated victims in a gossamer prison and hang them in the trees for later exsanguination. The Spider Wolf is affected normally by weapons and spells, but takes double damage from silver weapons.

The most fearsome aspect of the Spider Wolf is its magically corrupted venom. When bitten by the Spider Wolf's terrible fanged jaws, victims must make a save vs. Poison or suffer from a fast acting strain of the curse of lycanthropy, becoming a vicious werewolf within 2d6 rounds of infection. These werewolves will instinctively avoid the Spider Wolf, preferring to attack their former friends and allies. They are normal werewolves in all respects, but retain their hit dice if they are a higher level than 4 HD. Once they are bitten and infected, the venom will affect the Spider Wolf's victims as a strong paralytic, requiring a save vs. Poison at -2 or suffering complete paralysis for a full day.

The creature's lair is well hidden in the deepest, darkest, most twisted pine thickets in the high mountains, and it will occasionally change the location, dragging its imprisoned victims from place to place during the lightless nights of the new moon. It will guard the perimeter of its territory with large, chaotic webs that will act as a Web spell, entrapping any trespassers or hapless forest creatures that will furnish the monstrous predator with a bit of variety in its diet.

There will be 1d4 werewolves there at any given time, bound and hung in large, webbed bundles. If cut down and released, they will only have 1d4 Hit Points left of their total amount, and will be in an utter frenzy to escape, clawing and biting through any obstacle between them and freedom. Due to their weakened state they can only move at 60'(20') as they stumble through the thickets on shaky feet. It will take them 1d8 weeks of rest and fitful hunting to restore their vitality. The Spider Wolf's victims will be skittish and panicky for the rest of their days, with a permanent Morale of 5.

Tentacultists

Number Encountered: 8

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 7

Hit dice: 1

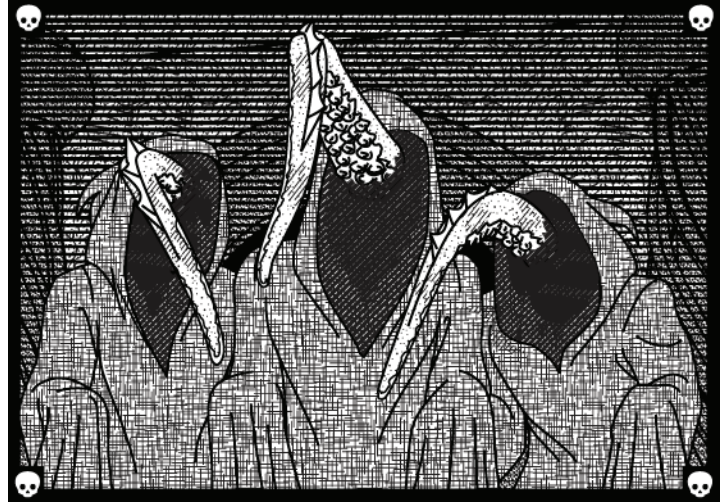
Attacks: 1 (tentacle grab)

Damage: 1d3 per turn. Constriction.

Save: F2

Morale: 10

Horde: XIX



These bizarre creatures originate from someplace other than our world, and appear in groups of 8 as servitors for inscrutable alien entities that intrude upon our fragile reality when the stars are right. They appear as heavily hooded and cloaked figures of vaguely humanoid outline. What these creatures look like under their robes is unknown, and it's probably better left that way. When slain, their body rapidly dissolves into a noisome, oily ichor, leaving an empty robe and a large stain on the floor. The robes will rot away after 1d3 days if exposed to sunlight.

When roused to attack, a huge, sinuous tentacle extrudes from the depths of their hood to strike and grapple at opponents. A constricted victim will automatically suffer damage each round they are held. A coven of Tentacultists will operate with eerie coordination, as if they were one creature controlling eight bodies. When they team up on foes, they add an additional -1 penalty to attack for each tentacle enwrapping a victim. If overmatched, they can withdraw their tentacles and vomit forth a cloud of black mist from their hoods that obscures all vision in a 20' radius for 1d8 rounds so that they can make good an escape.

Werebats

Number Encountered: 1d4

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 120' (40'), Fly 240' (80')

Armor Class: 7 (9)

Hit dice: 4

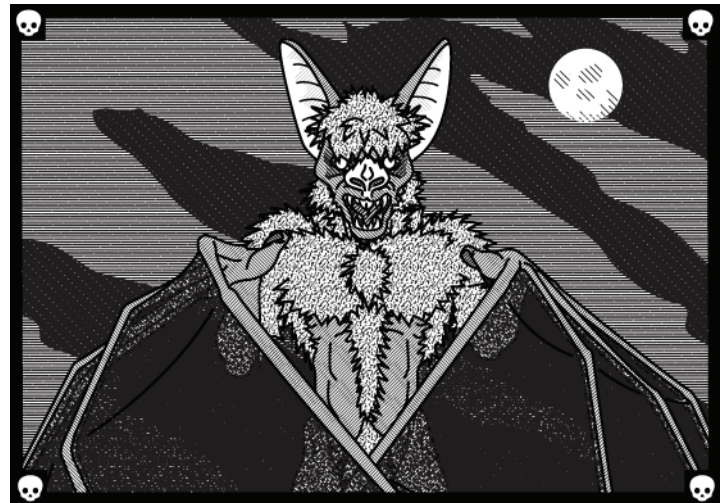
Attacks: 1 (bite)

Damage: 1d8

Save: F5

Morale: 8

Horde: XX



A rare form of cursed lycanthrope, created when the disease is introduced into the vampirically tinged bloodstream of a dampyr. They fly through the night on leathery wings, diving upon unsuspecting foes with a deafening shriek that can cause anyone within a 20' radius who fails a save vs. Paralysis to be shaken and suffer a -2 to their attacks. If they land a bite on a target, they will latch on and begin sucking their blood, doing 1d8 hit points of damage each round until driven off with a successful attack or killed. Like most were-beasts they can only be harmed by silver, magic weapons, or spells.

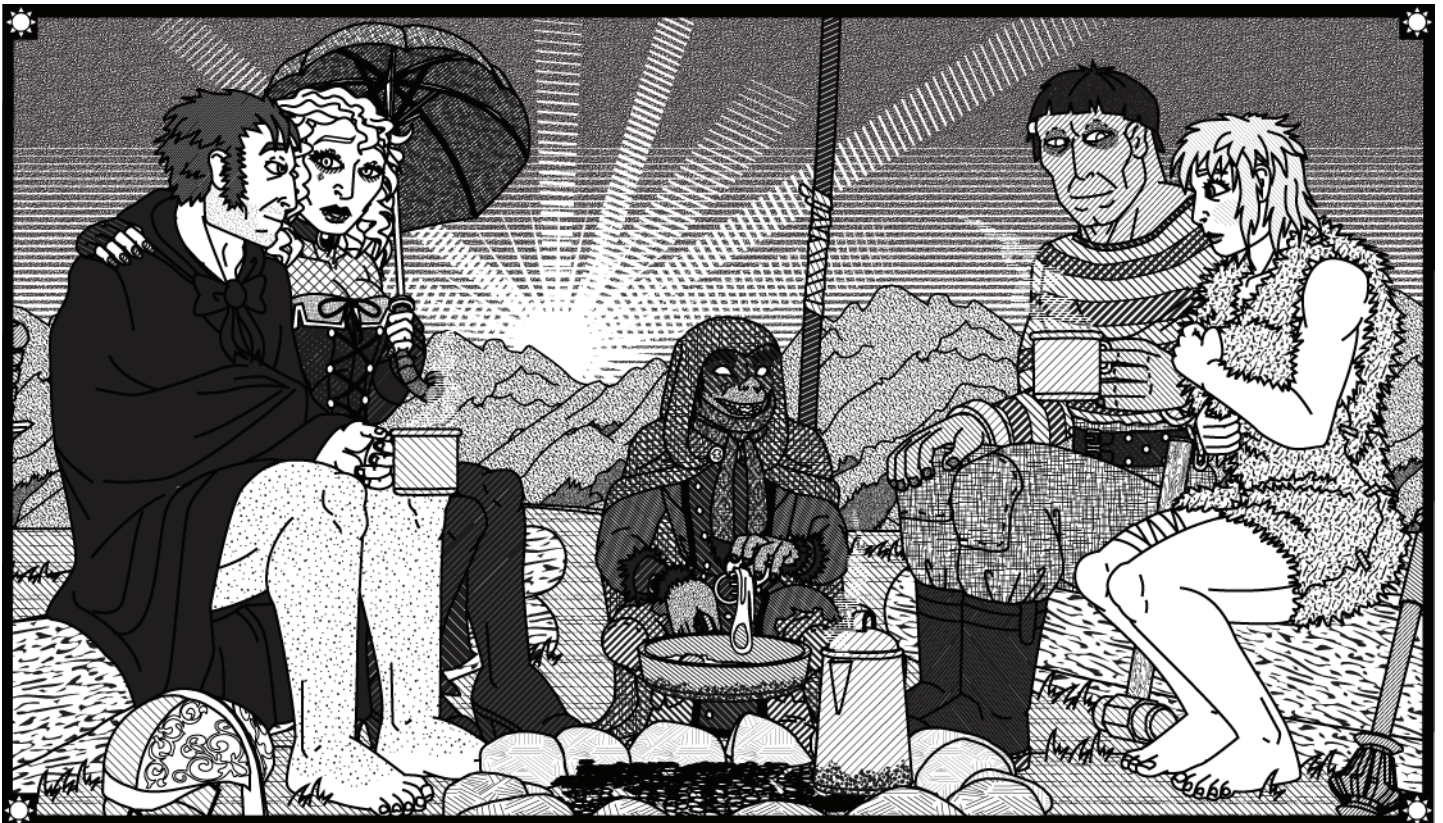
A few rare specimens (1 in d20) retain enough of their minds be able to cast 1d3 1st. Level spells they might happen to know, making them all the more dangerous. A Werebat can transmit their curse to dampyr and humans alike, although humans who become werebats will never be able to cast spells. Werebats are very easy for true vampires to dominate, and will instantly become obedient thralls if they encounter a vampire in their nightly hunts.

N

ow that all is said and done,
your horrible host hopes you've had some fun.
So return to your haunts, ere the rising sun
marks the cold, dreary dawn of November 1...

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

to everyone!



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