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**FOR BASIC AND
ADVANCED EDITIONS**

Dungeon Module ASE1

Anomalous Subsurface Environment

City of Denethix and Dungeon Level 1

by Patrick Wetmore

AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 1-2



Illustrated by Brian "Glad" Thomas and Andy "ATOM" Taylor

Put those dark elves back in their box and get your gonzo on! Riches, glory, and super-science await the bold and the clever in the deep places under the ground. This module describes the dinosaur- and wizard-infested future of the Earth, the city of Denethix, and the first level of the megadungeon that beckons from below: the Anomalous Subsurface Environment.

Herchman Abuse

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For more information on the Anomalous Subsurface Environment and additional materials, please visit <http://henchmanabuse.blogspot.com>.

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Introduction

The Anomalous Subsurface Environment is a megadungeon-based campaign setting for early editions of your favorite trademarked fantasy role-playing game. It has been explicitly written for use with Labyrinth Lord™, but conversion to other early versions is relatively trivial. I recommend using stats as written in this book, and not bothering with any conversion work for monsters that have slightly different stats in the rules you have chosen to use. The differences are minor enough that the conversion is not worth the effort.

A proper megadungeon is often the center of play for the entire length of the campaign, which means the setting is really a secondary consideration. While players will occasionally venture into the greater world (and this is a good thing, as your players will eventually need a break from exploring the dungeon), the center of play is the megadungeon. So in many ways the setting of the outside world will be far less important than the dungeon itself.

That said, this book does detail the nearby city-state of Denethix, and the surrounding environs. This setting is supportive of the many “gonzo” elements present in the dungeon, and may serve as both of a base of operations for the players, and a source for future adventures.

The city-state of Denethix can be discarded entirely if the referee so desires. Some encounter areas within the dungeon reference small details of the Denethix campaign world, but they will require only minor work from the referee to adjust to his own campaign setting.

It is also possible to play the Anomalous Surface Environment in a “generic” fantasy setting. Just let the contradictions and anachronisms remain, and leave it to the players to come up with some theory about how the stranger aspects of the megadungeon came to be.

My email address is wetmorep@gmail.com. If you have questions about the megadungeon, or are running a party through it and have stories to share, drop me a line. I’m always glad to help, and would love to hear stories about people making use of my work.

A significant portion of the megadungeon’s design is done online, and work-in-progress is posted at <http://henchmanabuse.blogspot.com>. If you are interested in seeing previews of upcoming levels, or want to read up on the design history of the Anomalous Subsurface Environment, check out the website.

Running the Dungeon

A successful megadungeon must be a living environment. Players will be returning to the dungeon repeatedly over the course of the campaign, and their visits must have an impact to maintain credibility. As monsters are killed off, other creatures will crawl up from the depths, or move in from the outside world, to take over the empty real estate. Monsters who feel threatened will organize better defenses, and make alliances for their common defense. Factions within the dungeon will combat each other, and may choose to ally with players. It is the referee’s responsibility to keep track of these relationships.

The Anomalous Subsurface Environment is designed to make managing this a bit simpler. Almost all megadungeons will equate dungeon levels with character levels, such that first level PCs are best suited to the first level, 2nd to the second level, and so on. The ASE takes this a step further, by using the conceit that a dungeon level corresponds to time passed in the campaign. Events outside the player’s sphere of influence are then “scheduled” to occur that will give the illusion that time is moving along and their rate of descent is impacting the dungeon.

The dungeon as initially presented has been sealed off from the outside world for nearly 4,000 years. At the end of the “prelude” level, the Gatehouse, the players will presumably open the gates to the dungeon proper. Doing so will cause massive klaxons to sound, buried doors in the mountainside to rumble open, and ancient searchlights to illuminate the sky, advertising the presence of the dungeon to anyone with eyes to see.

As the dungeon is organized top-down, the entrance the players know of will be at the top, and will be the one entrance that is not made known to the world. If the players can keep it a secret, they will have their own private entrance into the easiest sections of the dungeon. The further down the mountain you go, the harder the dungeon levels. So, while the dungeon will attract lots of attention, the first forays into those entrances lowest down on the mountain will be horribly doomed expeditions.

Each level presents a “snapshot” of an initial state of that level. After that first contact, it is necessary for the referee to “re-stock” and rearrange monsters appropriately in reaction to the players’ progress through the dungeon. This can be done purposely (a good idea

for organizing improved defenses), or randomly, using wandering monster tables.

The preface to each level will summarize the changes that time have wrought to both the dungeon and the outside world, and outline the factions within that level and their possible interactions with the players.

The dungeon has a vibrant ecology – albino lab rats and fist-sized insects abound, thriving in cracks in the dressed stone of the walls. These creatures form the base of the subterranean food chain. Mindless dungeon predators trapped in rooms (typically by fleeing humanoids slamming doors behind them) can survive for quite some time on these snacks.

Routine maintenance in abandoned areas of the dungeon is most often performed by dungeon elementals. These spirits are living expressions of the dungeon's self-will, and are responsible for repairing damage and resetting traps. As the players go deeper, they will occasionally spot an elemental off in the distance, performing a menial task such as shepherding a giant beetle into a room and closing the door behind. Such encounters should end with the elemental abruptly disappearing – they are not interested in fighting the dungeon inhabitants, only in keeping the dungeon in good running condition. The players will have an opportunity to interact (violently) with these elementals in the deeper levels of the dungeon.

Running the City

The city of Denethix contains a lot of “gonzo” concepts – it's best to introduce these to the players as they encounter them, rather than load them down with information they don't yet care about. It will make the campaign more interesting if players discover the strange elements of the setting through play, rather than through up-front referee exposition.

Clerics would start knowing about God's Eyes, and demi-human characters would start out knowing about their particular deviations from the fantasy “norm,” but little else needs to be explained.

A few hand-waving statements about “the countryside is ruled by evil wizards, but the city of Denethix, several miles away, is ruled by a benevolent wizard,” is sufficient to start the campaign.

The city of Denethix does not key every building – there are thousands of buildings, and keying such a map would be pointless, as characters would never visit most of them. Instead, lists of likely tavern & inn names are provided, and several random tables are provided to

assist the referee in bringing the city to life – barkeepers, residents, potential henchmen, and more all have individual tables.

The city and surrounding towns should, for the most part, be a “safe zone” where players are able to recover from their forays into the megadungeon. Wandering encounters are only recommended when players have gotten into an aimless funk, and some excitement is needed. For the most part, players will drive the encounters, as they will be seeking out something particular in the city, instead of wandering aimlessly.

The towns and villages surrounding Denethix are only briefly described. Some have clear adventure “seeds” for referees to exploit – others (notably Chelmsfordshire) are simply waypoints between the city and the dungeon. The residents of these places are also not described in any detail. Random tables of village residents and encounters are provided should the referee require them.

For Referees New to the Original Games

This section is for referees who are just trying out the original games (or their more recent clones). First, congratulations on your excellent taste! You've chosen a game that can be incredibly rewarding for both referees and players. Running it requires a slightly different mindset than you may be used to, however. Below is some advice for dealing with the old-school rules – but of course it's just advice, and feel free to do what works for you.

The rules of the original games are a lot more open-ended than the newest revisions. This lack of structure is purposeful, not an oversight – the purpose is to encourage players to innovate and try new things. Towards that end, your response to any given crazy player idea should either be “Yes, you succeed” or assign a chance, let the player know the odds, and then let him (or her) roll the dice. A flat-out “No” is dangerous, as it discourages players from thinking outside the box.

At low levels especially, this game can very lethal for characters. That's OK – they only take a few minutes to roll up. Do let the dice fall where they may – it is the risk that makes success all the sweeter. If the players don't know that they can fail, then the thrill of victory is blunted.

Likewise, some of the game mechanics will seem very punishing – particularly “save or die” style poisons, and permanent level drain from undead attacks. Remember, if the characters are low-level, they're easy enough to raise – and if they're high level, they've got access to spells and magic items to take care of most of these

problems (if not personally, then they can probably figure out an NPC who can help). Level drain, of course, is a much bigger deal – but again, it’s the danger that makes the rewards so sweet.

Do pay attention to wandering monster rolls. They are normally made every 2 turns within a dungeon, and provide a significant amount of the challenge. They provide tension and incentive for players to move things along, especially when the players are heavily loaded with treasure and are trying to get out of the dungeon as quickly as possible.

There are many random tables provided. There is a lot of joy to be had when using random tables, as it drives the game into directions it might not otherwise have taken. If you let the dice roll as they may and try to make sense of the results, you’ll find yourself as surprised as the players, and get much more enjoyment out of the session.

Finally, encourage players to map. If they don’t, they won’t get anywhere in a traditional megadungeon environment. You will surely get some grief due to some of the odd-shaped rooms, but you and the mapper will quickly work out a “code” for describing rooms quickly. As a general rule, do not sketch out rooms for the players – it slows things down and makes them dependent on you. Exceptions can be made where the information is key to the encounter, or has some other importance, but in general it’s a bad idea.

For Players New to the Original Games

This section is for players who haven’t played the original game before. Of course, you don’t want to hand out this supplement to them – they’ll flip through the pages and

see things they shouldn’t, and players’ eyes typically glaze over if you try to get them to read anything anyhow. So just rattle off the bullet points, and eventually the advice will stick.

- You will probably die at some point. Possibly repeatedly. That’s OK, rolling up a character is quick and easy. Don’t take it to heart.
- This is a game of exploration, not of combat – you get much more experience from gathering treasure than from killing things. It often pays to avoid a fight when you can.
- This is also a game of wits – the environment is often a puzzle, and often something you can use to your advantage during combat.
- And it’s also a game of resource management. Make sure you’ve got enough water, rations, and torches to get where you’re going and come back alive.
- All that goofy stuff like 10’ poles, spikes, and mirrors is on the equipment list for a reason. Mirrors are useful for looking around corners, poles are great for poking things from a distance, and spikes can hold doors open or closed.
- All that stuff weighs a ton, too. Make sure you don’t carry too much, or you won’t be able to move very quickly.
- Please tell me somebody bought some rope. Never go anywhere without rope.
- Somebody needs to make a map. If you don’t, you’ll get lost underground and die cold, lonely, and afraid.

Denethix Campaign Setting

History of the World

The Anomalous Subsurface Environment exists in a world much like our own, but several thousand years in the future. About the same time that the dungeon was sealed off from the outside world, the Earth suffered a cataclysm that ushered in an age of magic and barbarism. Records from this time are nonexistent, and sages debate the true cause. Some suggest a nuclear war, while others propose that a comet threw the moon out of its proper orbit. Regardless of how or why, the nature of the world changed profoundly.

Mount Rendon, the mountain that contains the Anomalous Subsurface Environment, is situated in the

middle of the Land of One Thousand Towers, a landscape carved by tyrannical wizards into city-states. These wizards are, by and large, evil madmen, prone to using human settlements as slave labor and fodder for their cruel experiments. Their only concern is for acquiring ancient secrets and arcane power. At their best, they are indifferent to their subjects, but far more often they are actively hostile.

There are three common types of city-state, determined by the temperament and goals of its ruling wizard:

a. **Slave-State.** Humans living in these city-states are enslaved and closely supervised by the wizard’s minions.

No trade is possible, and visitors will either be killed or enslaved.

b. **Terror-State.** Humans are nominally free, but the ruling wizard will frequently raid settlements, to gather subjects for his experiments, or extort tribute of some sort. Trade is possible with these settlements, but they will typically not have much to offer.

c. **Indifferent-State.** This is the best that life in the Land of One Thousand Towers has to offer. The ruling wizard's pursuit of knowledge doesn't currently require human subjects, so nearby settlements are left to their own devices. Should the wizard ever feel threatened, however, reprisals will be swift and brutal. Small towns prosper near the towers of this sort of wizard, and trade is prevalent with other similar towns.

The city-state of Denethix is the exception. Its human inhabitants have become increasingly powerful in the past few decades, far more than most wizards would tolerate, for reasons explained later in this book. Nearby wizards would crush Denethix if they did not fear its ruler, the mighty Feretha.

The rulers of these city-states aren't the only wizards to be found in the Land of One Thousand Towers. Landless upstarts are constantly about in the countryside, seeking ancient artifacts and thaumaturgical secrets that will grant them the power to create or conquer city-states for themselves.

Orbital Gods

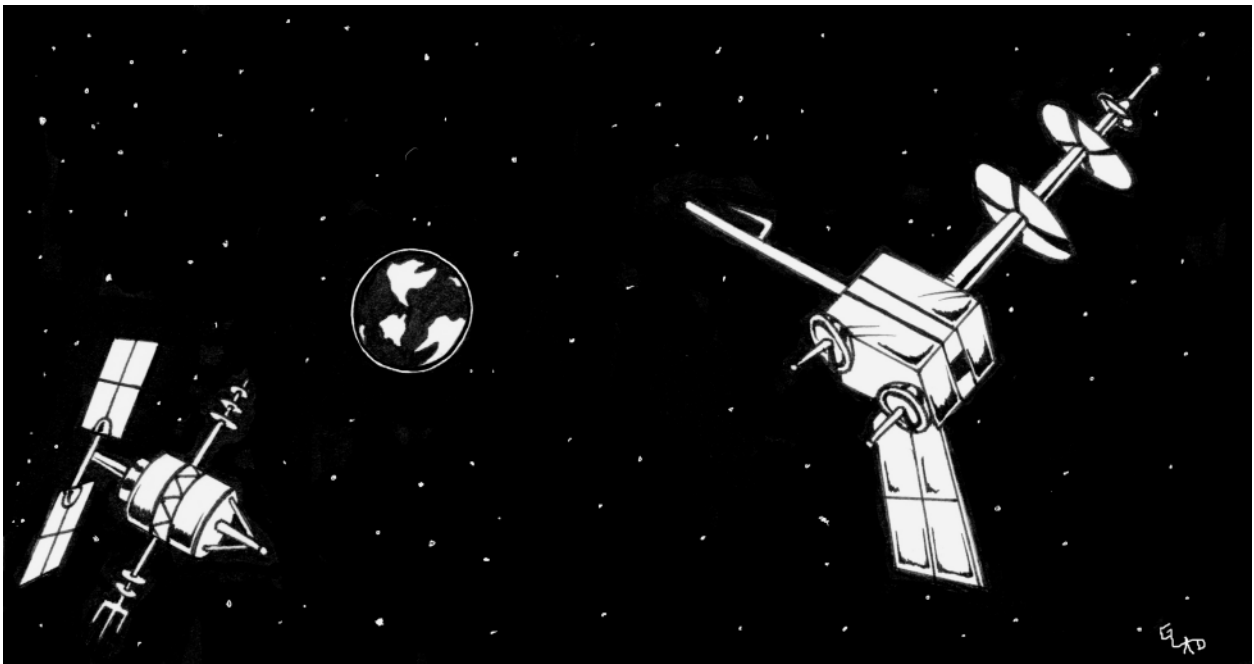
The gods of men in these latter days are also the creations of men, though no divinity will admit to this history. These fickle, contentious beings are artificial intelligences, self-aware programs with vast computational resources available to them.

High above the atmosphere, enormous satellites containing the hardware necessary to run these AI's orbit the planet. They number in the hundreds, and communicate directly to their followers through "eyes" installed in their temples below. These eyes are massive screens through which a god may directly observe its followers, and appear to them.

The gods, through means unknown to simple organic minds, are able to grant spells to their priests. The priests must pray for renewal of their powers at certain times of the day. These times are linked directly to when the AI's are in orbit directly overhead.

This framework allows for any random god a player desires to be inserted in the game. When a player chooses to create a cleric, ask him to pick a god to worship. There is room in this orbital pantheon for most any deity a player can imagine. Letting the player help define the world this way adds to its depth. Even foolish "joke" choices can be integrated with a little effort on the referee's part.

The gods are active in human affairs, often appearing in the God's Eyes to direct their worshippers. They are



able to use these God's Eyes to subject humans to *quest* spells, and to temporarily implant their consciousnesses within human beings, similar to a *magic jar* spell.

The gods do not have alignments per se – most would be considered Neutral, bordering on Chaotic, based on their incredibly selfish behavior. But, as the priests are quick to point out, the ways of the gods are not to be judged by men, and all men are called to be obedient to their divine masters.

Priests of the Orbital Gods are overtly pantheistic. They do dedicate themselves to a particular god, but will sometimes find themselves called upon by other gods to perform services. It would not be unheard for a god of murder or some other repulsive vice to demand service from a priest of a more virtuous god, and that priest would feel it was his duty to obey. Gods will even sometimes appear in the God's Eyes of another deity's temple.

Paladins, should you have them in your game, would likewise feel bound to obey the edicts of all the gods. They are holy warriors who have dedicated themselves to the service of the gods en masse, in addition to their particular patron deity.

Occasionally a priest or other unlucky soul is called to perform conflicting tasks by two gods, or to oppose the intentions of another deity. Such unfortunates are advised to obey both to the letter, ignoring contradictions as best they can.

The upside of these potential contradictions is that it is quite difficult for a cleric or paladin to fall out of the graces of all the gods simultaneously. If a character's patron deity is offended by his behavior, chances are good that a lesser deity will gladly accept a new champion into their fold.

Details on the particular names of the gods and their domains are left to individual referees. There are hundreds of them in orbit, and there is plenty of room for any deity the referee desires. A table of random deities is provided in the Denethix Encounters and Rumors section, should the referee need to come up with a god unexpectedly.

Astronomers among the clerical class have fairly thoroughly mapped the frequency of any given god's appearances, and the times at which spells are renewed, to the orbits of the "quick stars" overhead. There is one such "quick star" that is not, however, associated with any known god. This star is known as Quiet God's Star.

No god can be associated with this "star" because it is not actually one of the AI satellites. It is an ancient space station, still orbiting the earth after all this time.

Cult of Science

There are two prominent cults that do not have actual spell-granting gods. The first of these is the cult of Science.

The priests of the cult of Science are the result of centuries of distortion of a materialistic world-view. Their spiritual longings have resulted in half-understood scientific knowledge filling the void that religion normally occupies.

They believe in Science as a literal god, one who performs miracles through normal physical processes. The beggar in the street who lost his arm has been healed through the grace of Science, granted a mechanical substitute. He is now better than human, his arm a symbol of the might of Science, and he proselytizes without end to all who will listen. Those who don't, are pronounced "Very Unscientific", and meet the business end of his mechanical arm.

The priests and acolytes of Science wear long white coats as their normal dress, with black gloves covering their hands. Their bodies are covered with intricately patterned tattoos, depicting double-helices, elliptical orbits, and other designs of scientific import. During the rituals of Science, the head priest will stand on stilts, elevating his height to 12 or more feet, hiding the stilts under a ridiculously long white lab coat. He will have his ceremonial safety goggles on as he chants the liturgies: "Dihydrogen monoxide! A squared plus b squared equals c squared! Pyridine-3-carboxylic acid!"

The Scientist, as an acolyte or priest of Science is known, has an empiricist's grasp of science. He has learned a few tricks on how to repair ancient devices, or how to create certain chemical reactions (preferably ones that go "boom!"). There is no research activity going on or understanding of the scientific method, however. Their creed is one of sacred knowledge passed from priest to priest over the ages.

Scientists take a dim view of other gods. They consider them all subservient to Science. The occasional pronouncement by an orbital AI-god that "science is the principle governing nature", when questioned by theologians does little to dissuade the Scientists of their world-view.

Scientists value ancient artifacts and books, and will pronounce donors of such items as “Very Scientific”, and may provide other sorts of assistance in return.

Well-established Temples of Science have a 10' tall black pyramidal structure within. These structures have ladders built into one side, and at the top have a small screen with glowing red numbers ticking down, one per second, and a small keypad with the numbers 0-9. On a daily basis, a highly-ranked priest will climb the ladder and enter in a code known only to the most trusted Scientists, causing the numbers to reset. "This is the sole sacrifice that Science demands of us, my son. His burden is light. But his wrath if we neglect our duty is great. Not a stone in this city would stand should he believe that the people have abandoned his worship!"

Church of Starry Wisdom

The second cult is the Church of Starry Wisdom. It is dedicated to serving the Crawling Chaos, Nyarlathotep, soul and messenger of the true Outer Gods.

The cult does not have clerics. Clerical spells are a gift granted by the orbital AI's, and Nyarlathotep does not see fit to duplicate that gift. His followers are instead often schooled in the arcane arts, and the priestly hierarchy of the Church numbers many powerful wizards.

Within the temple of this cult is found a large sculpture of a three-lobed eye, made of black metal and red glass. It superficially resembles a God's Eye, but Nyarlathotep does not use it to manifest as the orbital gods do. It is merely an ornamentation to inspire the faithful. Should Nyarlathotep feel the need to present himself, he will show up in person, not through an image on a screen.

This cult presents a friendly veneer to outsiders, but is deeply Chaotic. They are prone to the act of human sacrifice, especially on the solstices, and hope to usher in the end of man's rule on earth and the return of the Outer Gods.

They are particularly seeking the return of an ancient and powerful artifact, lost millennia ago – the Shining Trapezohedron. This jewel was captured and taken for study from its original resting place in Africa before the great catastrophe. Church tradition states that it is lost somewhere beneath Mount Rendon, and the re-discovery of the Anomalous Subsurface Environment will undoubtedly prompt Church investigation of the megadungeon.

Infravision

The concept of infravision in the Anomalous Subsurface Environment has been expanded to a “wide spectrum vision”, that allows the possessor to see across the entire electromagnetic spectrum. The ability to see underground is not via the infrared spectrum, but instead is the perception of dim high-frequency radiation emitted by decaying isotopes within the rock itself.

Races with wide-spectrum vision (elves, dwarves, and goblins) are aware of a certain spectrum known as the “sick light.” This is highly dangerous gamma ray radiation, emitted naturally by certain yellow rocks known as “sick rocks”, and by enriched radioactive materials such as plutonium. All elves and dwarves have been taught from a young age to recognize and stay away from the deadly “sick light.”

Demi-Humans

The demi-human races in the Land of One Thousand Towers and the City-State of Denethix are somewhat different than those described by the rulebook.

Halflings are very short, well-proportioned humans, with gray skin. Their eyes have pupils slightly larger than normal, but their vision is not particularly enhanced over normal human vision. Their hair color varies from brown to black. Halflings prefer to dwell near humans, either living in the actual human cities and towns, or forming villages near the humans. They have no particular origin myth, and if questioned, would state that they have always lived around humans. They live no longer than normal men.

Dwarves are taller than halflings, and strangely proportioned, with wide barrel chests and dense musculature. They also have gray skin, and their eyes are entirely black, giving them the wide-spectrum vision that they share with elvenkind. Life halflings, their hair color varies from brown to black. They prefer to live underground, as they find the sun's light irritating (although they suffer no penalties for being in bright sunlight). After achieving adulthood, they do not appear to physically age. Despite this, some aging process must be occurring, as they fall sick and die after three centuries, give or take a few decades. They have a creation myth that involves escaping from their creator and his goblins. They cannot abide the presence of goblins, and will almost invariably attack them.

Elves are the strangest of the demi-human races. They are nearly man-height (averaging five feet tall) and well-proportioned. They have gray skin, large black eyes as the dwarves have, with the attendant wide-spectrum

vision, thin pointed ears, thin noses with narrow nostrils, and a mouthful of sharp, pointy teeth. They have either jet-black hair, or pigmentless snow-white hair. Like dwarves, after achieving adulthood they do not appear to physically age. They may be immortal, as no elf can recall any that has died of old age, although their memories fade after a thousand years or so. They do not feel a need to keep written records, experiencing most of history first-hand, but the limits on their memory mean that they have no notions of their origin. Elves prefer to live among their own kind, in villages deep in the wilderness, away from humanity.

Demi-humans do not have their own gods peculiar to them. Halflings will tend to worship at human temples, but the gods do not see fit to grant them their divine magic. Dwarves and elves, living apart from humans, have not adopted the worship of any gods.

Goblins and the Hive-Minds

The goblins of this post-apocalyptic world are short, spindly, hairless, gray-skinned humanoids, with oversized heads, mere slits for noses and ears, mouths full of sharp pointy teeth, and massive black eyes. In their natural state, they communicate in hisses and yelps, and are barely above the level of animals. They wear rancid furs and random scraps of metal as armor, and wield whatever weapons they have been able to steal from their victims.

The goblin reproductive cycle is an unusual one – a mature goblin will extrude a tumor-like sac from its body, and attach it to a wall or tree. The sac will be heaped with ordure and dung, and grow in size as it absorbs this incubating material. After a few weeks, a full-grown goblin will emerge. Goblin tribes are routinely wiped out by predators and conflicts with humans and moktars, yet just a few unmolested spawn-sacs ensure that the murderous pests will return.

The physical similarities between goblins and demi-humans (particularly elves) are striking, and have been remarked upon by human scholars. Gray skin and black eyes are the major thread linking them, and the elves have even more goblinoid characteristics. This is not a coincidence.

The goblins are but the servitors of the awful Hive Minds. They are bestial on their own, but when a Hive Mind is present, it fills the goblins with its will, its desire, and its hate for the natives of this terrible world it cannot escape.

The Hive Minds are gigantic, tentacled brains, residing in massive jars of briny, yellowish fluid. They rely on their

goblin slaves to interact with the outside world, always keeping their physical bodies well away from harm. Hive Mind powers increase as they age. A juvenile Hive Mind is only able to possess one or two goblins directly, and at short range, while only giving general mental orders to the others. A mature Hive Mind is capable of much more, over greater distances, and its powers are capable of influencing, and even killing, humans.

The Hive Minds are jealous of the human use of magic. They are incapable of using magic themselves, and consider it a dire threat. They captured humans long ago, and put them through extensive breeding and hybridization programs with their goblin servants, trying to create a soldier-slave capable of using this magic for their own ends. Their failures were the dwarves and halflings, but with elves they succeeded. The human will was too strong to reliably control, however, and the Hive Minds eventually terminated their experiment, burning the test subjects alive. A few managed to escape, and established the demi-human races in the apocalyptic wastelands of Earth.

The original Hive Minds on Earth arrived from other worlds in extra-dimensional craft that have been bound to the planet by inexplicable aetheric influences. No new Hive Mind has arrived in many thousands of years, and most of those remaining are the spore-bred descendants of the originals. Their technology is lost to them, as it cannot be replicated without extensive manufacturing facilities and materials not to be found on Earth.

Land of One Thousand Towers

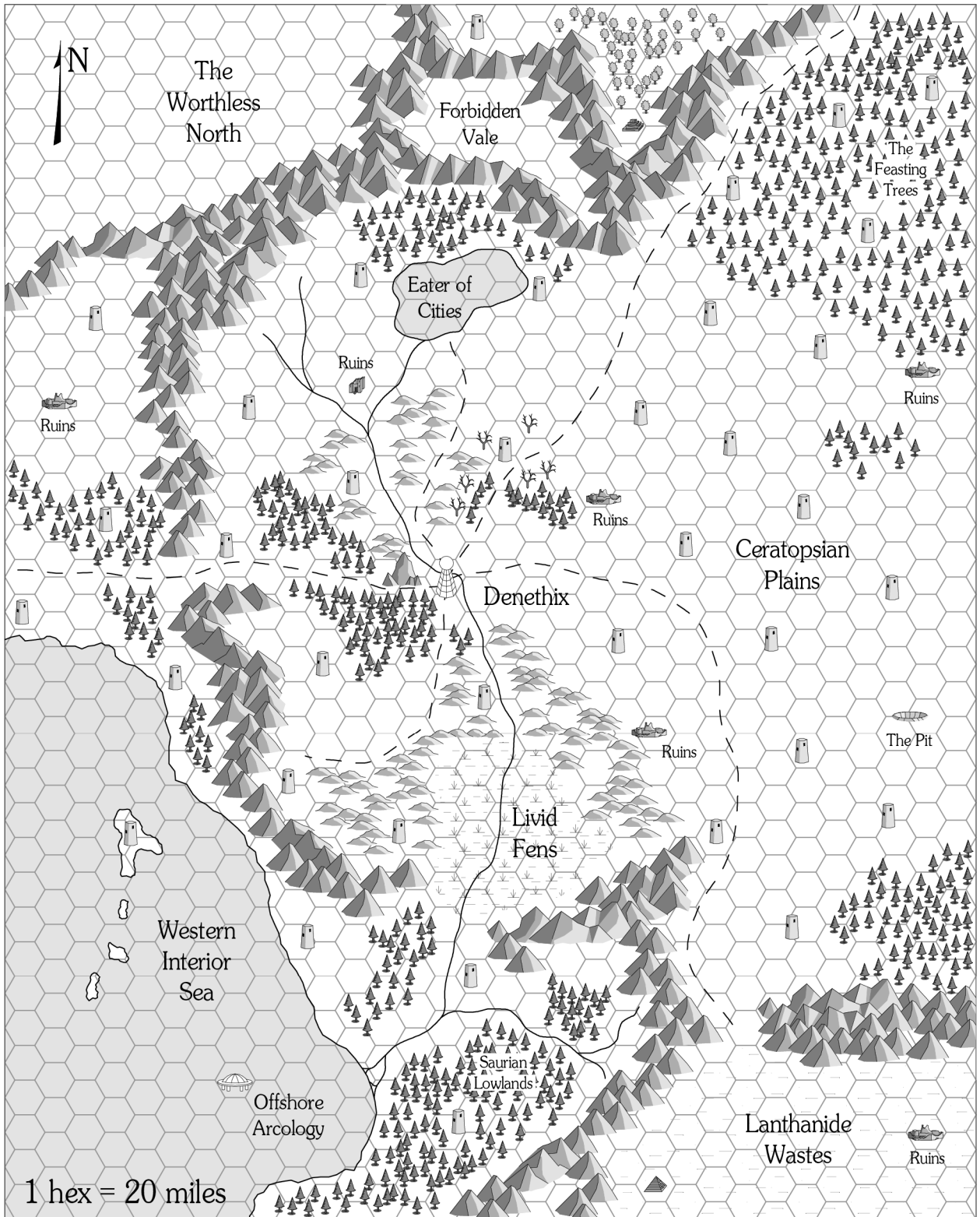
The Land of One Thousand Towers is a place of fearsome monsters and potent sorcery. Only a small portion of it has been depicted in the map above, and details are largely left to the referee to develop, should the players develop wanderlust.

The land is dotted with the towers of wizards, the ruins of ancient cities, and untold riches to be taken by the brave and the lucky. All that remains of the unlucky are bleached bones, or less.

Worthless North

This vast plain is considered worthless due to its total lack of ruined cities to plunder. The place is inhabited by unruly barbarians, savage axe beaks, and saber-tooth tigers. Few wizards make their home here, as the barbarians make terrible slaves.

The name of this place varies depending where the speaker is relative to it – southerners refer to it as the Worthless North, easterners as the Worthless West, and so on.



Land of One Thousand Towers

Forbidden Vale

They say that no man who enters the Forbidden Vale has ever returned – which begs the question of who started all the rumors of crystalline trees and multi-dimensional apes that stalk between the glittering trunks.

Eater of Cities

This huge lake is so named due to the many ruins of towns and cities that can be seen beneath its waters. Villages built next to its shore are inevitably sunken beneath its waters within a few seasons, the residents missing and never heard from again – strangely, the lake shore never appears to have moved at all after these events.

The Feasting Trees

While the trees provide some refuge from nearby wizards for the villagers who make this place their home, they have to contend with the predation of carnivorous trees instead. In addition to these verdant terrors, goblins, moktars, deinonychus, and phase tigers are common dangers among the Feasting Trees.

Ceratopsian Plains

These vast prairies are home to many large herd animals – cattle, bison, horses, protoceratops, and triceratops farther east. These large animals unfortunately attract large predators, such as axe beaks, tyrannosaurs, and bulettes, making the Ceratopsian Plains an extremely dangerous place for the tribes of huntsmen that make their home there.

The Pit

The Pit is spoken of only in hushed whispers by the hunters who live in the Ceratopsian Plains. When the triceratops grow old and weak, something draws them to the Pit, and they throw themselves into the smoking hole. For hunters tracking such beasts, it is deeply unwise to make camp near the Pit at night – quickly crawling *things* have been known to spew forth in the wan moonlight, and few have seen this black horde and lived.

Livid Fens

This fetid marsh is so named due to the bruised-looking fleshy red-and-purple thorn-stalks that choke the place. Hunting parties from Denethix commonly travel the River Effluent down here, seeking to make themselves rich with a successful frogemoth hunt – the blubber of such creatures may be rendered down to the finest oil. More often than not, the hunters become the hunted, and the frogemoths thrive on the steady stream of two-legged prey.

Other threats known to stalk the fens are the terrible sail-gators (known to scholars as dimetrodons), acid-spewing dragons, and the occasional catoblepas.

Saurian Lowlands

The soaring pines of the lowlands are infested with allosaurs, who hunt the stegosaurs, hadrosaurs, and iguanodons of the forest.

The allosaurs are not the only threats to be found. Moktar tribes also abound in these woods, constantly harassing the few walled human villages, and gorillapedes ambush travelers, springing forth from tunnels excavated beneath the forest floor.

Western Interior Sea

The only place more dangerous than the Land of One Thousand Towers would be the Western Interior Sea. This body of water is home to all manner of aquatic nightmare: liopleurodons, megalodons, dragon turtles, xiphactinus, and worse, if fishermen's tales are to be believed.

Offshore Arcology

A massive structure of steel somehow still stands in the deep waters of the Western Interior Sea, supporting a small domed city. Fishermen who have ventured near and avoided fouling their rudders in the debris field around the platform report men and pale almost-men peering curiously at them from inside the dome.

Lanthanide Wastes

This rocky badland is famed for its ready supply of lanthanide elements, for those prospectors with the courage to search them out. The place is haunted by viciously savage insect-men, who enthusiastically hunt the “tasty maggots that walk on two legs.”

The stark environment of these badlands somehow supports many giant-sized creatures: giant fusillade beetles, giant gila monsters, and giant tarantulas are common.

History of Denethix

The city of Denethix was once just one of the many city-states ruled by tyrannical wizards. Its hideous wizard, Feretha, was a horrid being twisted by magic and evil - his head was black and leathery, covered with eyes, and his hands were red-taloned claws. With his Unyielding Fist, an elite team of human warriors, he terrorized and enslaved the human villages around his tower.

Feretha's last days were spent experimenting with his mind-replacement device. He would scoop the brains out of his living human test subjects, replacing them with

cables running to his computer console. He hoped to create an army of mindless computer-controlled slaves, and use them to crush the neighboring wizards and steal their super-science. Sadly, a diet high in cholesterol finally caught up with him, and he had a stroke. The captain of the Unyielding Fist, Marcus Tyro, and a hapless almost-victim, Koyl Yrenum, were the only witnesses.

Marcus and Koyl knew what had to be done - cut their former master's brain out of his many-eyed head, and hook him up to the machine. The neighboring wizards would swoop down on the city in a heartbeat if they knew Feretha was dead. With Feretha's still-living body hooked up to the computer, they could take incoming holographic messages from his wizardly neighbors and foes, convincing them that he was still a potent threat, and that Denethix was best left alone.

Under the control of these two, Feretha began issuing many strange decrees. He became incredibly curt and distant with his wizard colleagues, angrily cutting off their holographic communications. He began ignoring the affairs of his many human slaves, effectively freeing them to do as they would. He announced the establishment of an elected council, the Exalted and Chosen Brethren, to handle most human concerns, as he explained he could no longer be bothered with mere mortals. He still maintained his Unyielding Fist, under the strict control of Marcus Tyro, and the Brethren were presided over by his appointed Vizier, that lucky slave who witnessed Feretha's stroke, Koyl Yrenum.

Strangely, the two have not aged since this event, over 50 years ago. The people know how good they have it in Denethix, and aren't making much of a squawk over piddling little necromantic issues like eternal youth. The few insurrections have been dealt with harshly by the Unyielding Fist. Upsetting this apple-cart is in nobody's interest, the two true leaders of Denethix optimistically reason.

Law and Society in Denethix

Change in Denethix has been incremental. Vizier Koyl Yrenum and Captain Tyro have been slow to make serious changes, as they are constantly worried about arousing the suspicions of other wizards, and about the people revolting and overthrowing their rule.

Bureaus of the city government operate with varying degrees of efficiency and corruption, depending on how attentive the Vizier is to any particular function. He is most interested in city planning, and he regularly reshapes the city to fit the new theories of urban development he has come up with.

Koyl's attentions have made the city of Denethix an exceedingly well-ordered city. All land in the City of Denethix is considered property of the state, and is only leased out to its residents. These leases are more-or-less permanent for the wealthy, but the tenements of the poor are under constant threat of relocation. His Department of Building Inspection regularly forces the demolition and re-construction of entire neighborhoods, moving the poor aside so that wealthier residents can be moved in. This has made the Building Inspectors some of the most feared and loathed men in the city, second only to the tax collectors of the Council of Proper Apportionment.

The city of Denethix has no defensive structures around it to prevent invasion. Such structures would look deeply suspicious to neighboring wizards, who care little for the fate of their human thralls, and would be ineffective against the destructive flying machines and potent magics that those rival wizards could bring to bear. Instead, the city's boundaries are marked by an abrupt wall of tenements, beyond which is nothing but a mile of open, unfarmed fields and meadows. Koyl has reserved these fields for future city planning needs, and forbids any unauthorized construction.

Slavery is still practiced in Denethix. Slaves must be registered with the city, and a certificate is issued to the owner. The requirements for issuing a certificate are not very hard to meet, especially when bribery is involved, and certain neighborhoods of Denethix are very dangerous for a visitor without anyone to vouch for their freeborn identity.

There have been minor reforms enacted, forbidding the killing, torture, and export of slaves, and allowing for an appeals process to prove that a certificate was granted incorrectly, but they have little impact on the actual practice of slavery in the city.

Voting rights in the city are granted to anyone who has purchased an Affidavit of Citizenship. Such an affidavit costs 5,000 gp, and any reaction checks a known citizen has with the Unyielding Fist or Exalted Brethren will have a bonus of -1 applied.

The use of magic is not officially outlawed in Denethix, but the citizens consider all magic-users to be of the same bent as the hated wizards, and are likely to lynch anyone suspected of magic use. The authorities aren't particularly keen to intervene in such lynchings - it's a lot easier to preserve law and order without wizards pillaging the countryside.

Factions of Denethix

Exalted and Chosen Brethren

The Brethren are the city council, comprised of 40 elected Brothers. The Vizier controls the Exalted Brothers through the use of committee chairmanships, which he appoints. These committee chairs provide significant additional income, as well as ample opportunities for bribes. The chairmen are thus bought-and-paid-for by the Vizier, and they in turn bully the lesser Brethren by refusing to pass whatever legislation interests them unless they "play ball."

The Unyielding Fist

The Unyielding Fist are Feretha's shock troopers, repurposed into a police and security force by Captain Tyro. The Fist consists of human footmen and cavalry, and at least a dozen Steel Leviathans. They are fiercely loyal to Captain Tyro, although they heavily depend on the Brethren and the Council of Proper Apportionment for funding.

Individual officers of the Fist often resent the decadent and corrupt Brethren, but Captain Tyro's visible public cooperation with the Vizier keeps these dissatisfactions from expressing themselves as more than angry mutters and black looks.

Some typical stats for soldiers and officers of the Unyielding Fist follow:

Foot soldier (AC 4, F 1, hp 5, #AT 1, D 1d8 or 1d6, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 8), wears chain mail, carries shield and long sword.

Rifleman (AC 5, F 1, hp 5, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 8), wears chain mail, carries short sword and breech-loading rifle, with 10 bullets.

Infantry officer (AC 3, F 2, hp 9, #AT 1, D 1d8, MV (30'), Save F 2, ML 9), wears splint mail, carries shield, long sword, and large revolver-style pistol, loaded with 6 bullets.

Cavalryman (AC 4, F 1, hp 5, #AT 1, D 1d8 or 1d6, MV (30', 40' mounted), Save F 1, ML 8), wears chain mail, carries shield, lance, long sword and large revolver-style pistol, loaded with 6 bullets.

Mounted officer (AC 3, F 3, hp 14, #AT 1, D 1d8 or 1d6, MV (30', 40' mounted), Save F 3, ML 9), wears splint mail, carries shield, lance, long sword, and large revolver-style pistol, loaded with 6 bullets.

Note that any firearms carried by the Unyielding Fist are sculpted with the ceremonial insignia of the Fist, and no

arms dealer in Denethix will knowingly purchase or sell such weapons. Should adventurers be found to carry weapons with the markings of the Fist, they will be confiscated and the bearers arrested.

Star Courts

The Star Courts are the judicial system of Denethix. Judges and prosecutors are robed and hooded, so that none may know their identity – judges in black, and prosecutors in red.

The officers of the Star Courts are all appointed by the Brethren, and their decisions always favor the Brethren, should they be involved in a legal proceeding.

Council of Proper Apportionment

The Council of Proper Apportionment is the tax-collecting arm of the Denethix city bureaucracy. A healthy portion of collected taxes goes straight into their pockets, and an even larger sum is paid to the Brethren and the Unyielding Fist. Whatever remains is spent on the city budget. The actual processes are opaque, and the collectors are deeply unpopular in the city. Somebody has to get their hands dirty, though. The collectors are chafing at the amount of money the Brethren and Fist are extorting from them, and would love to find a way to get them to back off.

Society of the Luminous Spark

The Society is a secret group of abolitionists. They desire the freedom of all slaves in the city, and the overthrow of the wizard Feretha. They are in constant conflict with the Exalted and Chosen Brethren and the Unyielding Fist, whom they consider corrupt tools of the wizard. They are not pacifists, and showdowns between the Society and the Fist often turn bloody.

Church of Starry Wisdom

The Church wants what the Crawling Chaos wants, which is to open men's minds to the true nature of the outer spheres. This goal is not compatible with a functioning city government, or sanity in general.

The Church maintains a low profile, and will try to avoid conflict with other groups in the city. They do have dealings with especially unethical slavers, to obtain victims for their rites.

Commonweal Secure Holdings

The Bank Inviolable was founded by a collaboration of several wealthy merchants and far-sighted former Exalted Brethren. The company they formed, Commonweal Secure Holdings, is the wealthiest and most powerful private institution in the city.

Commonweal Secure Holdings maintains a keen interest in the politics of the city. Its sole motivation is to ensure that its debtors (including the Unyielding Fist and various poorly-funded bureaucracies) are able to continue servicing their loans. Any moves towards forgiveness of debt, or anyone causing potential political instability, will raise the ire of the bank, and it will use its considerable clout to “persuade” its opponents of the error of their ways.

The bank’s deposits are eyed greedily by the Council of Proper Apportionment, but its formidable private security measures and its influence with the Brethren have prevented any overt money grabs so far.

League of Flesh Debtholders

The League of Flesh Debtholders is a loose association of slavers. The Leaguers lobby the Exalted Brethren to keep the slavery laws of Denethix from becoming more restrictive than they already are. They also serve as a price-fixing organization, and offer several venues for slave auctions.

The Leaguers are, of course, dire enemies of the Society of the Luminous Spark, and violence between the two groups is common. So far, public sympathy lies with the Leaguers, as the indiscriminate nature of Society violence often harms or kills passers-by.

Leaguers typically wear green hooded masks when conducting business, to hide their identities – this is strictly a security precaution, to prevent Society agents from trailing them to their private residences. The wealthiest Leaguers wear the masks in solidarity with their less-successful brethren, but their identities and private pleasure-palaces are well-known throughout Denethix.

Personalities of Denethix

Koyl Yrenum, Vizier of Denethix

No. Enc: 1
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 4th level magic-user (14 hp)
Attacks: 1 (*staff of withering*, attack at +1)
Damage: 2d4+1
Save: MU 4
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XXII
XP: 245

The Vizier appears to be a 50 year old man, although in reality he is much older. He has a remarkable interest in city planning, although he’s only a middling

humanitarian, and doesn’t let concern for individuals interfere with his grand plans for the city of Denethix.

He has studied Feretha’s notes, and learned to cast a few spells – this is an ability he keeps secret from all but Marcus Tyro.

The Vizier typically has the spells *charm person*, *sleep*, *ESP*, and *invisibility* memorized. He wears *bracers of armor AC 4*, and carries a *staff of withering* (20 charges) and a *cube of force*.

Marcus Tyro, Captain of the Unyielding Fist

No. Enc: 1
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: -1
Hit Dice: 7th level fighter (41 hp)
Attacks: 1 (long sword +2)
Damage: 1d8+2
Save: F7
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XXII
XP: 790

Captain Tyro is an imposing, heavily-muscled figure, appearing to be 30 years old (although in reality he is much older). His interests are simply maintaining order and keeping other wizards from uncovering the truth about Feretha. All other concerns are secondary.

Marcus wears argonium plate mail (treat as plate mail +1), and carries an argonium shield (treat as a shield +1), a protonium long sword (treat as a long sword +2), and a revolver-style heavy pistol.

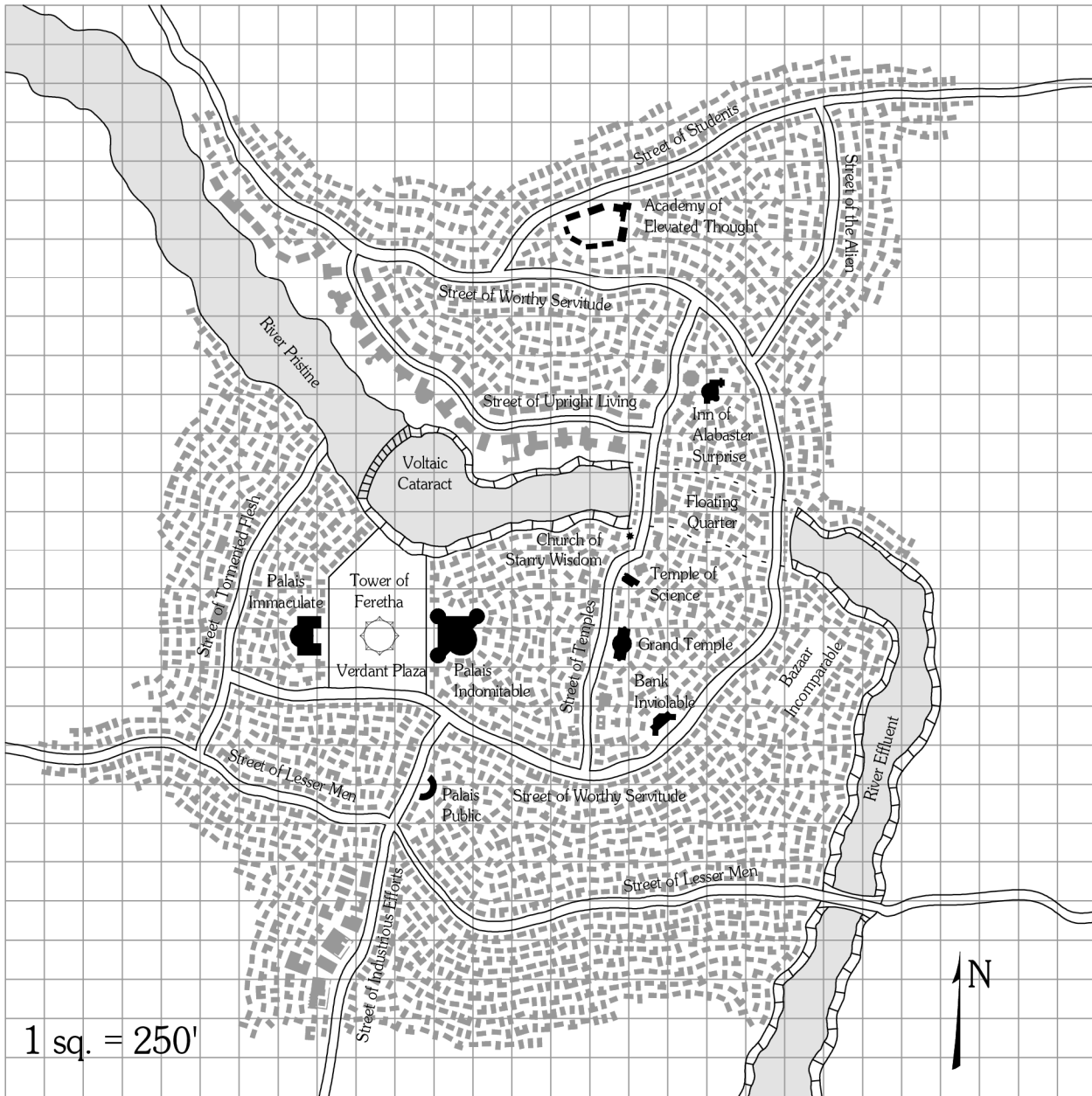
Locations in Denethix

Street of Temples

The Street of Temples is the heart of religious life in Denethix. Temples of various sizes run the entire length of this street, ranging from small booths to the mighty Grand Temple itself.

The least of gods are forced to share tiny shrines, with up to a half dozen dinner-plate-sized God’s Eyes mounted on the walls. The booths of these sulking gods are rarely visited. Gods of middling or better popularity will have buildings all to themselves, and the most popular of gods have enormous temples dedicated to them, with hundreds of attendants.

The Church of Starry Wisdom and the Temple of Science are also located on this road.



Denethix

Street of Upright Living

Wealthy merchants, Exalted Brethren on the take, and sticky-fingered tax collectors make this street their home. The north side is lined with luxurious multi-story marble apartment buildings, but along the riverfront is where the truly rich of Denethix live. The houses on the south side of the road are the palaces and pleasure domes of the mega-rich, situated in the middle of lush lawns and carefully cultivated gardens.

The Unyielding Fist maintains a strong and respectful

presence in this district. Any riff-raff on the street will be accosted and likely beaten.

There are no taverns or inns on this street.

Street of Worthy Servitude

This street is the main thoroughfare of the city, and home to the middle class of Denethix. Craftsmen, engineers, merchants, priests, factory overseers, the better class of doxy, and other such personages make this street their home.

The buildings here are well-maintained multi-family brick tenements, usually with three or four floors.

There are many popular taverns, inns, and restaurants along this street. A sampling of these include:

- B&X Breakfast Pavilion
- Cliffside
- Clockworks Hotel
- Festival Inn
- Fisherman's Lament
- Greg & Craig's
- Inn of the Repaired Wheel
- Mung's House of Ale
- River's Edge Inn
- Tattered Heel
- The Heartless Peryton
- Wizard's Repast

Street of Lesser Men

What city doesn't have its poor? Factory workers, widows, drug addicts, aging prostitutes, day laborers, cripples and other assorted scum live along this street. The residences become seedier and more ramshackle as they get closer to the southern edge of the city. They are largely wooden tenements, often several stories high, with tin roofs and rotting siding. The rooms available are squalid, small, and rat-infested.

The Unyielding Fist units patrolling this area usually include a Steel Leviathan, to discourage uprisings by the unwashed. For those suspected of wrongdoing, justice is immediate and deadly – the Fist sees no reason to clog the courts with trials of defendants obviously unable to afford an attorney.

Many disreputable inns and taverns can be found along this street. A few of these are:

- Baker's Beds
- Blind Willy's
- Gin Inn
- Grub Grubs
- Lanthanide-Free Hostel
- Mary Anne's
- Mold & Beer
- Riversick Hotel
- The Rusty Knife

Street of Industrious Efforts

This street is so named for the numerous factories and warehouses along the west side of the road, south of the Street of Lesser Men. It stinks of industrialization, and pools of toxic run-off in the alleys and side streets are common. The Fist makes itself very visible here, constantly patrolling with foot soldiers and Steel Leviathans.

The residences along this road vary in quality, becoming less desirable the further the property is from the Street of Worthy Servitude. There are no taverns or inns of note on this street – the factory owners discourage such establishments so close to their factories.

Street of Students

The close proximity of the Academy of Elevated Thought has made this street a haven for students, less-affluent professors, artists, astrologers, radicals, drop-outs of mild means, cranks, alchemists, and other troublemakers. The lawless intellectuals of this neighborhood are tolerated by the Exalted and Chosen Brethren for the amazing advances in super-science and practical metaphysics that they produce.

The Unyielding Fist uses a light touch when dealing with the locals here. It is never clear which poorly-dressed vagabond may actually be a professor with political clout, or a violent radical with access to dangerous technology.

The buildings here are squat brick tenements and crowded dormitories.



Like students everywhere, the residents are a thirsty bunch, and there are several taverns and inns taking advantage of this:

Beaker's
Inn-Genuity
Expulsion Dance Club
Tragedy Strikes
Eureka
The Lofts

Street of the Alien

This street is virtually a demi-human ghetto. Wealthy demi-humans prefer to live on the Street of Upright Living, but the rest congregate in the brick apartment buildings along this road, away from the prejudiced, ignorant human lower classes. The odd moktar or two also makes his home here.

The Fist has little interest in the demi-humans, as long as they don't cause trouble, and has an agreement with prominent neighborhood leaders to let the demi-humans police themselves.

The local taverns and inns are unfriendly to humans, and decidedly cool to demi-humans of a different breed than their patrons. A sampling of these are:

Prospector's Rest (Dwarf inn)
Prezgar's Sylvan Grille (Elf tavern)
Fatty's Inn (Halfling inn)
The Nugget (Dwarf tavern)

Street of Tormented Flesh

This quarter of the city is occupied primarily by slavers, brothels, hospitals, and other purveyors of human flesh. The poor also live in wooden tenements tucked between the slave warehouses and manses of the flesh peddlers, but it is an uneasy existence, as few slavers are above the occasional poaching of citizens from these residences.

The slavers are responsible for keeping their property in line – the fines imposed by the Unyielding Fist for quelling uprisings are quite steep.

Slaving is a demanding trade, and after-hours the overseers and pimps can be found relaxing at a few of these establishments:

The Crying Shame
Bloody Brand
Whipping Hand
The Grumbler (with illicit fighting-pit in basement)
Fresh Flesh Inn

Tower of Feretha

The tower of the great wizard dominates the city of Denethix. This colossal eight-legged web of steel girders stands in the middle of the Verdant Plaza, 1000' tall, supporting a perfect white sphere 200' in diameter. An elevator runs through the center of the support structure up into the white sphere.

Only the Vizier Yrenum and Captain Tyro of the Unyielding Fist are permitted to enter the tower and board the elevator.

Verdant Plaza

In the center of the city, surrounding the Tower of Feretha and overlooking the Voltaic Cataract, is the Verdant Plaza. The city gardeners keep this park in impeccable condition, with nary a flower petal out of place. There are wide lawns, tree-shaded rhododendron hedge mazes, topiary gardens, orchards, vineyards, flower beds, and a multitude of other botanical delights.

The gardens are patrolled by the mounted cavalry of the Unyielding Fist, carrying lances, swords, and gilded blunderbusses. Both cavalymen and mounts are resplendent in their dress uniforms and ceremonial barding.

Palais Immaculate

To the west of the Tower of Feretha is the Palais Immaculate, the grand palace of the Vizier, Koyl Yrenum. The palace is a marble structure ten stories high, and houses Koyl, his harem, eunuch slaves, personal guard, sycophants, advisors, household staff, and those dandies he finds entertaining at parties.

The basements of the palace contain various offices of the civil services that Koyl has taken a personal interest in: particularly the Departments of Building Inspection, Sanitation, and the Thaumaturgical and Engineering Registries.

Palais Indomitable

On the opposite side of the Verdant Plaza stands the Palais Indomitable, the massive towered fortress of Captain Tyro. The fortress itself houses the Unyielding Fist, its armaments, and the repair-bays of the Steel Leviathans. Below the Palais are the feared Judicial Vaults, the dungeons where the sentences of the Star Courts are carried out.

Palais Public

This seven story building is the center of political life in Denethix. The first floor of the building is dedicated to the Hall of Deliberation, where the Exalted and Chosen Brethren's public sessions occur. The upper floors are dedicated to the offices of bureaucrats not esteemed

enough to have space in the Palais Immaculate, the Brethren's personal offices, and the Star Courts.

Inn of Alabaster Surprise

The legendary Inn is the place to be and be seen for the decadent set. This establishment caters to the most exclusive clientele in Denethix, offering the finest in culinary, erotic and narcotic pleasures.

The cheapest rooms to be had at the Inn start at 150 gp per night, and the smallest suites start at 2,000 gp. Meals are expensive, exotic, and exquisite, and are priced accordingly. Any pleasure that can be conceived of is available for purchase in the Inn – the house harlots are renowned for their skills.

The Inn consists of a series of buildings that have been linked together over time. As the establishment grew in popularity, it has been exempted from the usual building codes, and allowed to annex its neighbors. The tallest central building is six stories in height.

The Alabaster Surprise, source of the Inn's success and priced far beyond the means of all but the wealthiest, is a captive pleasure elemental, bound on the sixth floor. Only the Inn's proprietor and a few sense-dulled eunuchs are allowed regular access to this floor, and only they and their clients are aware of the elemental's presence. The true nature of the Alabaster Surprise is a closely held

secret – the vast majority of Denethix knows only wild rumors and outrageous lies.

Voltaic Cataract

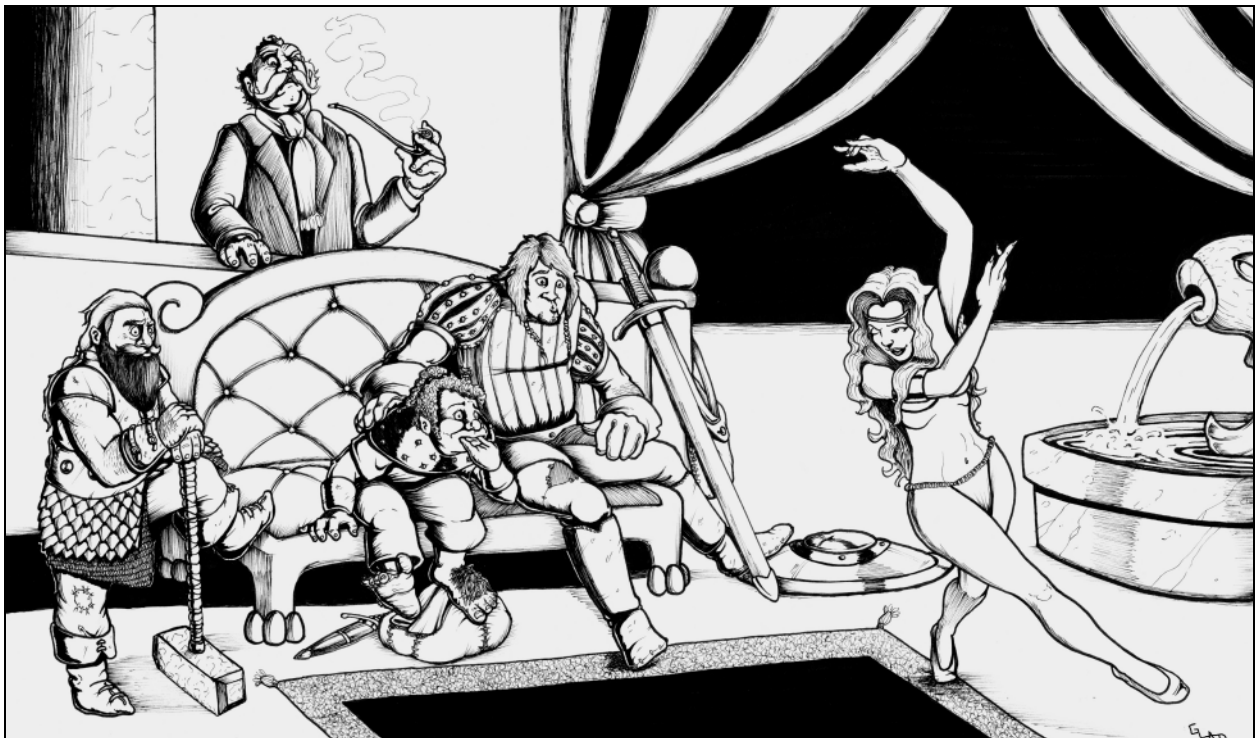
Before Feretha's de-braining, he had his slaves excavate a massive gorge, several miles long and 500' deep at its head. The river was then diverted into the gorge, the resulting waterfall powering the paddle-wheel-driven turbines he had strung across the gorge.

Electricity from the turbines provides power to the Tower of Feretha, the Palais Immaculate, and the Palais Indomitable. Certain of the wealthiest mansions along the Street of Upright Living across the river also have power feeds, providing electric lighting and other luxuries.

Flashes of lightning can be seen at night from the turbines, creating an eerie spectacle for onlookers.

Floating Quarter

The wide bridges that originally spanned the gorge proved too valuable as real estate to be used just for mere transportation. The bridges became crowded with small buildings and temples, and stone and wooden extensions were built. Eventually, the space between the two spans was entirely enclosed. This section of the city is now known as the Floating Quarter.



The Floating Quarter rises gently to a high point in the middle of the structure, as the underlying bridges are arched and buttressed. From above, this part of the city is most notable for its wooden streets. If viewed from below, the massive stone and wood buttresses and wooden floors of the buildings and streets can be seen.

Apart from the trapdoors placed in the streets for maintenance purposes, several buildings have private trapdoors leading to haphazardly-constructed “under-bridges” of rope, used by thieves, escaped slaves, and smugglers. These under-bridges typically run to sewer and storm drain outlets emptying into the gorge. Explorers brave enough to try these under-bridges will find that few are maintained – many were constructed years or decades earlier for sinister purposes long since fulfilled, and the elements have since taken their toll.

Bank Inviolable

The commercial growth in Denethix has awakened a need for an institution missing from Earth for countless millennia – a bank. Money needs to be kept safe, loans need to be issued, and interest needs to be accrued. The Bank Inviolable serves this need, for merchant and adventurer alike.

A minimum balance of 1,000 gp is needed to open an account, and safe deposit boxes are available for rent (50 gp per month).

The Bank Inviolable is named so boldly for a reason – its four guardians, the Custodians of Fiduciary Duty. A Custodian is a man-shaped machine of iron and gold, standing 20' tall, with eyes like searchlights. They have integral machine guns in pods on their forearms, to annihilate potential thieves, and likely any unfortunates standing too close to the intended target. Two Custodians oversee the bank lobby, and two stand in the vault. The Custodians are rumored to be able to divine the intent of thieves through mystical means, as they will occasionally fire on individuals waiting in line, reducing them to a fine red mist. An alternate theory is that the Custodians are violently insane, randomly picking off innocent bank patrons.

Bazaar Incomparable

No adventurer's visit to Denethix is complete without a visit to the Bazaar Incomparable. This plaza is filled with the tents and stall of innumerable vendors, selling anything and anyone imaginable. For the modern tomb looter, there is no place easier to unload ill-gotten grave goods and dangerous antiquities.

Grand Temple

The Grand Temple is the center of religious life in Denethix. Services at the temple draw huge crowds,

who come on feast days to partake in the sacrificial meals and receive the wisdom of the gods, typically in that order.

Only the most popular gods are able to get time scheduled for veneration at the major services in this temple, due to the high fees charged to their priests. Of course, any god may appear in the massive 20' tall God's Eye, regardless of human schedules, but the least and lesser gods seem to defer to the greater deities, and visits from the minor deities are rare.

The Grand Temple also serves to house the record keeping and other bureaucratic offices of the religious hierarchy.

Temple of Science

This building is marked by the Sign of Science, three overlapping ovals with a dot in the center. The cult of Science (described earlier) is housed here. This is one of the major Scientific temples in the Land of One Thousand Towers, and thus contains a black pyramid, with its ticking clock atop the summit. They do not utilize the services of the Grand Temple, holding the priesthood in disdain.

Church of Starry Wisdom

The Church (described earlier) maintains a quiet present in Denethix. They are nominally part of the religious hierarchy, but the relationship is tenuous, and the followers of the Crawling Chaos have as little interaction with the Grand Temple as possible.

Their Church is located in an eight-pointed star-shaped tower, from which weird sonorous chanting can be heard in the darkest hours of the night. The basement of the Church has entrances into the City Underfoot, by which the bodies of sacrifices can be discreetly disposed of, and things best not seen by their priestly neighbors smuggled into the building.

The Academy of Elevated Thought

The Academy is a recent addition to Denethix. The Vizier saw value in allowing investigation into ancient technologies, outside the dogmatic strictures of the Cult of Science.

The benefits gained in the decade since its construction have been great. Electricity has been routed to the wealthiest, a few operational combustion engines have been manufactured, and the aging battalion of Steel Leviathans has been restored to optimal condition. There have been significant downsides as well – the students at the academy are notorious rabble-rousers, and the rebellious Society of the Luminous Spark draws much of its membership and funding from Academy

alumni and pupils. Captain Tyro and the Vizier have fought more than once over the Academy's current and future role in Denethix.

The River Pristine and the River Effluent

Prior to the Voltaic Cataract, the great river flowing through the center of Denethix is known as the River Pristine. The discharge from the city's many storm drains and sewers into the gorge have given the downstream portion of the river a less complimentary name – the River Effluent. The River Effluent's brown and foamy waters are profoundly polluted, and anyone drinking the malodorous liquid must save vs. poison or be incapacitated for 2d6 days.

The City Underfoot

The system of storm drains and sewers that run under Denethix are known as the City Underfoot. The Vizier, who has a keen interest in city planning and engineering, designed the original drainage systems himself, and his draconian building codes have forced the continued expansion of the labyrinthine sewers.

The City Underfoot consists of dozens of 20' wide main drains dumping their contents into the gorge containing the River Effluent. The main drains slope further down the closer they get to the gorge, opening on the cliff face forty feet below the city.

Off the main drains are smaller feeder tunnels and storage rooms, most poorly documented, if at all. Thieves, beggars, the Society of the Luminous Spark, and other miscreants have excavated their own additional chambers, tunnels and access points. Natural caves found under the city during the excavation are also incorporated into the City Underfoot.

The City Underfoot houses a multitude of wretched beggars, rats, and grunkies, and the Society of the Luminous Spark also uses the sewers as part of their "underground highway," to aid escaping slaves. Rumors abound of monstrous freaks and flesh-eating mutants, but the Sanitation Dept. is a well-known haven of drunks and liars, and such stories are best ignored.

Villages and Towns Surrounding Denethix

The city of Denethix is surrounded by five major towns (Wickshire, Mellus, Harwich, Lugosi, and Retennis). These are home to landed gentry and prosperous farmers. The towns are large enough to support several temples, and some have their own God's Eyes. The land around these towns is heavily farmed, as Denethix provides a ready market for produce.

If a traveler continues further down the roads, he will find an outer ring of small villages, where the farms are less prosperous and the peasants often quite poor. The roads connecting these villages are the outer limit of the patrols of the Unyielding Fist – sending regular patrols further afield would cause conflict with nearby wizards, which is something the Vizier and Captain Tyro desperately want to avoid. The villages themselves are subject to occasional raids by bandits, goblins, and moktars, and the lands beyond are deeply hazardous. The only thing keeping marauders from being a greater threat is the predation of the nearby wizards – they view the local banditry and humanoid tribes as an ever-renewable resource for their experiments.

The border villages have few resources for adventurers, and none are large enough to deserve a God's Eye in their few temples.

Below are a few points of interest about the towns and villages of the area. Further details of the towns (and of the other named sites in the Greater Denethix Area map) are left to the referee's imagination.

Chelmsfordshire

Poor soil and laziness have left the dirt farmers of Chelmsfordshire down on their luck. The residents waste most of their time hanging out at the Muddy Cup, the village's only tavern.

Gansett

The sandy soil here isn't very good for traditional agriculture, but the farmers of Gansett have discovered the benefits of mold-farming. The farmers lay massive black tarps across their land, and underneath grow thick, edible multicolored molds. Scraped from the ground and formed into mold-cakes, they have a singularly bitter taste, and serve as a dietary staple of the extremely poor in Denethix.

Adventurous visitors might try the Moldy Hole, Gansett's tavern (and inn, if patrons pay a little extra to sleep in the barn out back). The Moldy Hole serves a liquor made from fermented mold and rotten beef, with mild hallucinogenic properties. Anyone drinking this brew for the first time must save vs. poison or spend the next 1d4 days retching, suffering a -2 on all saving throws and attack rolls. Subsequent bouts with this foul brew do not require a save, as the drinker quickly builds up a tolerance to it.

Harold's Knife

Harold is thirty years dead, but the legend of his stabbing ways lives on in the name of this village. Depending on how rich visitors look, the residents of Harold's Knife are either a few dozen hardscrabble farmers, or a few dozen

vicious bandits. There are no businesses to speak of, but most nights the menfolk gather at Terrible Karak's shack to get drunk and complain about the lousy harvest, or if Karak's feeling frisky, plot robbery, murder, and kidnapping.

The womenfolk of the village are either far too closely related to their common-law husbands, slaves purchased in Denethix, or unfortunates captured during acts of banditry.

Harwich

Besides being a thriving, well-to-do town, Harwich is also a center for the arts, with a vibrant artists' community. Wealthy farmers seeking to appear more cultured sponsor the many conservatories of Harwich, and grants, studios, and housing are available for talented artists and poets.

In the center of Harwich is a massive six-story organ, funded by a sizable donation from the Vizier of Denethix. A low two-story pentagonal building houses the keyboards, stop knobs, and less weather-proof portions of the organ, with the great pipes protruding from the rear of the building. Pressurized air for the massive pipes is provided by teams of mules on conveyor belts.

Popular inns and taverns of Harwich include The Organ Grinder's Lament, The Thirsty Pipes, and Wet Your Whistle.

Lannington

The tiny village of Lannington is home to hard-working, frugal bog-farmers. Cranberries, bog leeks, and flavored lilies are the favored crops.

The unimaginatively named North Road Inn serves various bog vegetables and frog meats, along with a questionable cranberry wine.

Louisburgh

This village is more widely known by the name "Stinkborough," due to the stench of rotting meat that fills the town. The locals congregate at The Pig's Bride, the local inn and sole source of liquid refreshment.

Lugosi

Lugosi is a large working-class town, populated by both local farmers and skilled craftsmen fleeing the urban congestion of Denethix.

By quaint tradition, the exposed brick surfaces of Lugosi's buildings at street level are covered with mirrors. None of the residents are aware of the tradition's actual origins, but assume it's something vampire-related. An empty brick mausoleum in the town's cemetery is

referred to as the "Tomb of the Vampire," but whatever was interred in there was long ago stolen, and the place is now only haunted by drunken teen-aged revelers.

The town is fairly quiet, except on the night of the bi-monthly Festival of Fangs. During the festival, tourists and locals alike dress in bat-themed costumes, with fake fangs, and get stinking drunk on spiced wine sold from street carts. The streets are illuminated with torches, and the reflection from the mirrored buildings (and the mirrors hung on the backsides of window shutters) lights up the town brighter than the noonday sun.

Popular inns and taverns include Bela's Bar and Grille, The Sinking Fang, and The Effluent Pub.

Marston

Marston is a rough-and-tumble village, most frequently visited by the gauchos who tend the cattle and protoceratops herds in the plains to the east. A gaucho's life is a hard one, as bandits, moktars, goblins, and wizards are a constant threat, and thus these men are both tough and quick to violence.

Visitors to the Beef and Lizard Inn are wisely advised to mind their own business, and travelers should definitely avoid the "Not My Face" tavern.

Mellus

Mellus is the hard-working counterpart to the artistic sensibilities of Harwich. The farmers and other tradesmen of the area are straightforward and practical men.

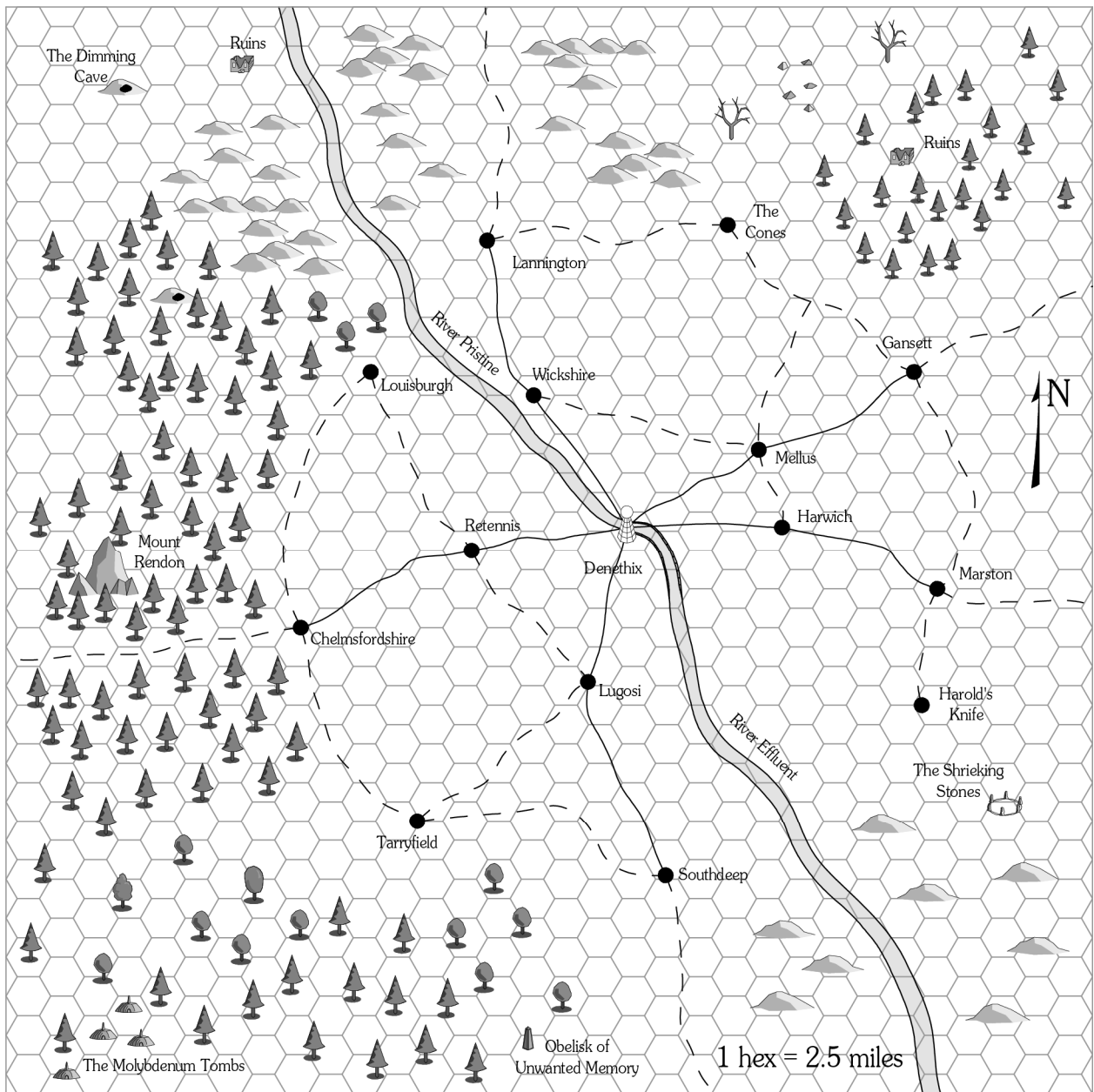
Aside from farming, the major industry of Mellus is its many distilleries. All manner of liquors, from expensive single malt whiskies to the cheapest of bathtub gins, are made here.

When in Mellus, visitors in need of an inn or tavern should consider The Taproom, The Moktar's Mug, and The Off-Key Inn.

Retennis

Retennis is the wealthiest of the five towns surrounding Denethix. The lush, fertile land has made its farmers prosper, and the the more rurally-inclined of Denethix's wealthy have built their summer retreats among the pleasant fields, meadows, and grottos.

The Garish Pheasant is considered the best tavern in Retennis – for the rough-and-tumble adventurer class, the mandatory blue blazer and ascot will be provided for an additional fee.



Greater Denethix

More casual establishments include The Unruly Peasant Tavern, The Ebullient Wizard, and Peryton's Redoubt.

Southdeep

This village is located in a deep sinkhole. A single path corkscrews its way around the sides, leading to the bottom, while the residences and business of the village are cut into the sides of the pit. At the bottom of the sinkhole is a fissure leading even further down, allowing water to drain away that would otherwise collect and fill the hole.

There is a single inn, The Subterranean, where travelers can spend the night for an exorbitant fee (10 gp per head), considering the poor quality of the rooms. There are also two taverns, The Bottomless Flagon and The Whole Hole, where thirsts may be quenched.

Travelers can also spend the night for free in some of the abandoned caves near the bottom of the hole, but will be required by the village constabulary (a few local representatives of the Unyielding Fist) to move on the

next day. By longstanding tradition, no outsiders are allowed permanent residence.

The sinkhole is surrounded by a copse of trees, and if travelers do not already know the location of Southdeep, it is 75% likely they will pass it by without noticing it.

Tarryfield

This tiny poverty-struck village is notable for the large, abandoned house on its outskirts. The crumbling manse with many gables and ornamental towers is home to at least 1,000 cats. The villagers stay well clear due to the terrible stench. A few of the most elderly villagers vaguely recall the solitary old man who lived there, Norton Terhou, but as he only rarely mingled with the villagers, no one is certain what became of him or when. On rare occasions a light is seen inside one of the high windows at night, but the villagers don't know who would want to visit the stinking place.

A single tavern serves the town, The Wretched, with a loft for rent above the bar if patrons need a place for the night. Examination of the sign reveals that tavern's name was clearly longer in the past – the bottom portion has rotted off and only "The Wretched" remains.

The Cones

The buildings of this village are circular, with cone-shaped stone roofs. A few larger structures have been made by overlapping the round buildings and their roofs. The residents believe the circular shapes protect them from the unhealthy interests of the Caprango, a mythical creature described as both a mist-like wraith, and a demonic mix of goat, spider, and octopus.

Businesses of note include the Steaming Flagon, a combination steam bath and tavern where patrons strip down to white terrycloth towels while drinking fermented sheep's milk, and the Timid Inn, a rather small hostelry for travelers who require a room for the night.

Wickshire

This pleasant, well-to-do town lies along the clear waters of the River Pristine. The main road through the center of town is lined on either side with ancient, weathered stone heads, each fifteen feet tall. These heads are crudely sculpted, with their features almost completely worn away. The street is, unremarkably, referred to as the Street of Heads by both visitors and locals.

There are several inns in Wickshire to service the tourists: The River Clam, The Headrest, and Quigley's Family Inn. For those looking for a bit of nightlife, House of the Dancing Quail is a popular club among the young people, while Righteous Ale Pub and The Unguent are high-quality taverns.

Denethix Encounters and Rumors

The following sections detail random tables for the referee's aid, when the party heads off into unexpected territory. Each table has ten or twenty entries. The details are kept brief, as the results are intended only to provide an initial spark – the rest is left to the referee's improvisation.

City Rumors

1. A were-grunkie is hunting beggars in the City Underfoot.
2. A man who casts no shadow is breaking into buildings where people have recently been murdered.
3. A priest saw the Quiet God's Star give birth to a meteor that plummeted to earth somewhere far south of the city.
4. I know a guy who saw a ragged green tent in the Bazaar that no one else could see. The coward refused to go in.
5. The Men of Science know how to control the Steel Leviathans.
6. You can get anything you want at the Inn of Alabaster Surprise.
7. The slavers at the Obedient Service Company have been manufacturing false men and selling them as authentic.
8. The God's Eye in the Church of Starry Wisdom doesn't even work.
9. Another wrinkled, balding child was found wandering around the Street of Lesser Men. They don't speak, none of them ever speak.
10. A god told me to meet you here, and tell you to go to the House of Seven Lights. No idea who the god was, or what he was talking about. Thought maybe you'd know.
11. When they were digging the City Underfoot, they had to drive out some weird little blue fellows out of the caves that were already there. It's all gotta be flooded now, but my brother Bill told me he saw a little blue man crawling into the storm drains last night.
12. The Purple Company's coming back from fighting wizards off in the east. Feretha ain't gonna like that, I bet.
13. I wish they'd catch whatever kid's drawing those yellow signs all over the city. I'm starting to get the willies lookin' at that thing all the time.
14. I saw a green fellow, with spines like a cactus. Tried to wear robes to hide it, but I saw.
15. I know we're supposed to honor all the gods, but those Hooded Priests of Pain are really wiggling me out. I keep seeing them in front of my apartment building in the middle of the night.

16. Some of the dwarves in the Street of the Alien started wearing red armbands. That's gotta mean some kind of trouble.
17. Exalted Brother Ugliomo been hiring an awful lot of moktars lately, don't you think?
18. Sometimes there's an island down in the gorge under the city. Most of the time there isn't, but sometimes there is. Got a big black pillar on it when it's there.
19. The Society's been kidnapping slavers. Sometimes they leave the brain behind. Gross, huh?
20. The Unyielding Fist's got a new laser, see? Big one! But get this... it's fueled with people! People!

Unusual Curios

1. Jar of formaldehyde, containing dinosaur embryo
 2. Miniaturized moktar, 4" tall. Careful, he bites!
 3. Clockwork cat. When wound up, meows incessantly and scratches anyone who tries to pick it up
 4. Hand puppet made of polished metal blades
 5. Ancient bronze box, containing still-beating heart
 6. Etched copper egg, warm to the touch
 7. Doll made entirely of human teeth wired together
 8. Deep black seashell, can hear horrible whispering in unknown language if held to ear
 9. Crystal pyramid covered in a cold bluish flame, that does not burn, or illuminate beyond a few inches
 10. Music box. When wound, sounds like sobbing woman
 11. Skeleton of three-headed fanged snake, held together with wire
 12. Withered human hand, which will clutch at anything placed in its palm
 13. Globe with shifting continents, showing the movements of tectonic plates over Earth's history
 14. Collection of peryton figurines, each dressed in fine clothing, holding umbrellas, etc.
 15. Elaborate skull-shaped clock. At the stroke of midnight, a clockwork grim reaper emerges from an eye socket and intones "Now I chime for thee."
 16. Large porcelain toad. Top half of toad can be lifted off to reveal smaller toad inside, ad infinitum
 17. Sweetly-scented ball of wax, with small placard labeled "Sandwhale Ambergris"
 18. Bowl of 100 red glass beads, each with a powerful magnet inside
 19. Greasy blue stone, impossibly sculpted into the shape of a four-sided triangle. Extended examination causes nausea
 20. Stainless steel sphere that can be molded like putty. It will revert back to a sphere shape if left unmolested for ten minutes
-

Shops of the Greater Denethix Area

1. Kerid's Snake Oils and Apothecary Supplies
 2. Legal Ordnance Guns & Bullet-smith
 3. Gases of the Forbidden Vale
 4. The Wizard's Wenches
 5. Ilorgo's Judgment-Free Taxidermy
 6. Authentic Mind Spices of the Lanthanide Wastes
 7. Saurian Perfumers
 8. Telemor and Franix – Armor and Weapon Gilders Extraordinaire
 9. Nothing But Skulls
 10. Meglo's Sculpting
 11. Tomb Fruits Grocery
 12. Tasteful Curios of the Forgotten Age
 13. Humiliating Human Harnesses
 14. The Ascot Emporium
 15. Huirguin's Exotic Chessboards
 16. Benthic Organisms, Bottled and Canned
 17. Runo's Mutilations, Brands and Tattoos
 18. Gurph's Antique Obscenities
 19. Madame Brohn's Palm Reading
 20. Nergo & Sons Eldritch Booksellers
-

Random City Event

1. Running of the Lumpenproles. Pack of wealthy masked troublemakers with stun batons herd and chase beggars down the Street of Lesser Men
2. Fist on Parade. A procession of the Unyielding Fist, both foot and mounted, and their Steel Leviathans marches down the street, accompanied by jaunty martial tunes
3. Student Protest. Young academics have assembled, along with giant puppets of Feretha, the Vizier, and Captain Tyro. The Fist shows up in 1d3 turns to break things up
4. Funeral. Huge numbers of sobbing mourners in torn sack-cloth follow behind a horse-drawn hearse. If questioned, one of the mourners will cheerfully explain "Didn't know the deceased personally, but if you enjoyed the mourning, we're professionals – here's my card!"
5. Duel. Two dandies have finally had it with each other, and it's pistols at twenty paces in the middle of the street.
6. Boy's Night Out. A gleaming oil-fueled convertible trundles down the street, driven by a pack of drug-addled dandies shouting "It's off to the Alabaster Surprise!"
7. Justice is Served. A spontaneous public flogging of a miscreant, administered by a four-man patrol of the Unyielding Fist
8. Mimes. Dozens of them, trapped in their invisible boxes, silently pleading for help

9. Preach It. A peasant has been possessed by a god, and is commanding the crowd to build a new temple in the countryside
10. Sewer Failure. The sewers beneath the street have backed up, and the overflow is bubbling into the street, bringing grunkies and less savory creatures up with the filth
11. Livestock. Cows, chickens, protoceratops and other animals are being driven through the city towards the slaughterhouses
12. Brawl. Too much drink too early in the day, and the boys are at it again. The Fist arrives in 1d3 turns to knock heads.
13. Plague. A procession of the diseased flaunts their open sores and buboes, hoping for aid. Mingling with them requires a save vs. poison to avoid infection
14. Festival. Priests bear relics of a god through the city, exhorting the people to join the festival at their temple
15. State of the City. The Vizier, his sycophants, certain of the Exalted Brethren, and several units of the Unyielding Fist are making a tour, inspecting the condition of the city
16. Scientific Wonders. The Cult of Science is parading through the city, the Head Scientist towering above the crowd on his stilts and majestic 12-foot-long lab coat, followed by a dozen Scientists sporting a garish assortment of prosthetic limbs and tattoos
17. Parade of Honor. An adventurer is being carried through the streets in a sedan chair, followed by a parade of celebrants singing his praises. If questioned, one of the celebrants will cheerfully explain "Don't really know what he did, but if you like the praises, we're professionals - here's my card! We do funerals, too!"
18. Celebration. A parade of decorative floats makes its way through the city to the Verdant Plaza, where food and beverage vendors have set up their carts, and children's games are arranged by volunteers from the Fist.
19. Auction. Someone wealthy crossed the wrong man, and the city is conducting a post-execution auction. All the best stuff has already been plundered by bureaucrats, but there's still plenty of furniture, rugs, antiques, and slaves up on the block.
20. Food Riot. The mold harvest is late, and the beggars and widows can't afford non-mold produce. A massive riot ensues, and the Fist and their Steel Leviathans react with lethal force

City Encounters

1. 2d12 street urchins, looking for a handout
 2. 2d6 beggars, also looking for a handout
 3. 2d12 students, out on the town. 50% chance they're drunk
 4. 1d8 demihumans (50% chance of halflings, 30% dwarves, 20% elves)
 5. 1d3 maktars, just minding their own business
 6. 1d6 harlots, accompanied by pimp 25% of the time
 7. 1d3 pickpockets
 8. 1d8 drunks. "Do you know what your problem is?"
 9. 1d6 adventurers, just back from the wilderness and looking to blow some ill-gotten tomb loot
 10. 1d4 slavers and their wares, 2d8 slaves
 11. Patrol of the Unyielding Fist. 1d3 mounted in wealthy neighborhoods or the Verdant Plaza, 2d4 on foot in middle-class areas, and 4d4 on foot with 1d2 Steel Leviathans in poor neighborhoods
 12. 1d6 wealthy citizens. Each male citizen will have 6d10 gold pieces, ladies will have 1d6x100 gp worth of jewelry. Men will be armed with pistols if encountered in the poor sections of the city. 50% friendly, 50% condescending and sarcastic
 13. 1d6 streakers run by. Looks like somebody's been eating Vermillion Nudibranch of Diminished Inhibition again
 14. 1d10 priests. 25% on a humanitarian mission, 25% harassing for donations, 25% out drinking, 25% on a punitive expedition
 15. Exalted Brother, entourage of 1d6 hangers-on, and 1d4 personal bodyguards
 16. 1d4 scientists, out preaching. 50% chance of unusual prosthetics
 17. 1d4 barbarians, gawking at sights
 18. 1d6 merchants from far-away villages, gawking at sights
 19. Death lurks around every corner! Roll on the *Danger in the City* table below
 20. What's up with that guy? Roll on the *I Have A Horrible Secret* table below
-

Danger in the City

- 1d6 muggers. Treat as 1st thru 3rd level thieves, armed with clubs, and 50% chance of leather armor
 - 2d6 members of the Society of the Luminous Spark. Treat as 1st thru 4th level fighters, wearing chain mail and wielding short swords and spears. "Adventurers are part of the problem, not the solution!"
 - 1d8 opportunistic slavers, looking for victims for the illicit fighting pits. Treat as 1st thru 4th level fighters, with swords, clubs, and splint mail
 - 1d4 intoxicated moktars (AC 5, HD 2, hp 9, #AT 1, D 2-8, MV (30'), Save F 2, ML 8). They've been inhaling the Indigo Vapors of the Onid Blossom, and are in a mood to fight
 - Grunkie overlord (AC 5, HD 3, hp 14, #AT 3, D 1d3/1d3/1d6, MV (40', swim 30'), Save F 3, ML 10) with 2d10 grunkies (AC 7, HD ½, #AT 1, D 1d3, MV (40', swim 30'), Save F 1, ML 10 while overlord alive, 8 otherwise)
 - Just what have they been getting up to at the Academy? 1d8 zombies (AC 8, HD 2, hp 9, #AT 1, D 1d8, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 12), their veins filled with thick blue sludge
 - Sometimes mold cakes just don't satisfy. 1d8 beggars-turned-cannibal seek human flesh (AC 9, F 2, hp 9, #AT 1 (bite), D 1d4, MV (40'), Save F 2, ML 8). These lunatics bite with their sharply filed teeth.
 - Sometimes when you kill a beggar-turned-cannibal, they don't stay dead. 1d3 ghouls (AC 6, HD 2, hp 8, #AT 3, D 1d3/1d3/1d3 plus paralyze, MV (30'), Save F 2, ML 9)
 - A gray ooze (AC 8, HD 3, hp 13, #AT 1, D 2d8, MV (3'), Save F 2, ML 12) has crawled up from the River Effluent
 - 1d4 shadows (AC 7, HD 2+2, hp 11, #AT 1, D 1d4 + strength drain, MV (30'), Save F 2, ML 12)
-

Town and Village Encounters

- 1d8 drunken dirt farmers
 - Patrol of the Unyielding Fist (2d4 soldiers, mounted 75% of the time)
 - 1d3 slavers seeking volunteers, extolling the easy life their slaves lead
 - 2d6 halflings
 - Merchant caravan of 1d6 wagons on its way to Denethix. 1d2 merchants and 1d4 guards per wagon
 - Procession of 2d8 silent, cowled priests
 - 1d8 wealthy citizens on vacation, taking a break from the hustle and bustle of the big city
 - Traveling salesman, with mule-drawn cart full of merchandise
 - Lonely group of 2d4 farmers' daughters, looking for a party. It's so boring out in the country
 - 1d4 mounted gauchos driving a herd of 4d10 protoceratops
 - Traveling veterinarian. Specializes in farm animals, but has 25% chance of successfully curing any disease on humans and demi-humans
 - 1d6 traveling musicians, who will write songs about the party's exploits for a small fee (25 gp)
 - 2d6 refugees fleeing tyrannical wizards, headed towards Denethix
 - 2d4 bureaucrats from Denethix (25% tax collectors, 25% regulators, 50% on bogus junket)
 - 1d6 farmers going about their business
 - Traveling puppet show, with 1d6 puppeteers. The puppets beat each other with sticks!
 - Sausage vendor, with mule-drawn cooking cart. Each sausage eaten has a 25% chance of incapacitating the consumer for 24 hours
 - Ancient agricultural robot, planting seeds in the rocky soil. It does not respond in any way to the party or anyone else, as its audio sensors rotted away long ago
 - Strife! Violence! Murder! Roll on the *Good Clean Country Violence* table below
 - Seriously, there's something up with that guy! Roll on the *I Have A Horrible Secret* table below
-

Good Clean Country Violence

1. Werewolf (AC 5, HD 4, hp 18, #AT 1, D 2-4, MV (60'), Save F 4, ML 8). 50% of the time, he's just in a bite-and-run kind of mood
 2. 2d6 highwaymen (AC 7, F 1, hp 5, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 8), wearing leather armor, carrying shields, and armed with short swords and spears
 3. 2d4 drunken dirt farmers (AC 9, HD ½, hp 2, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (40'), Save F 0, ML 9), looking to dust up with those city slickers (or dungeon slickers, as the case may be)
 4. Mob of 2d12 angry halflings (AC 9, H 1, hp 4, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save H 1, ML 8), looking to take on a few of the Tall Folk
 5. Ankheg (AC 3, HD 4, hp 20, #AT 1, D 3d6 + 1d4, MV (40'), Save F 4, ML 9) bursts from the ground. It will attempt to kill a victim and drag the corpse off to eat in peace
 6. Pack of 4d4 wild dogs (AC 7, HD 1 + 1, hp 6, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (50'), Save F 1, ML 7)
 7. 1d10 slavers (AC 5, F 1, hp 5, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 8), looking for a few toughs for the fighting pits
 8. Group of 2d4 buffoonish farmers' sons (AC 9, HD ½, hp 3, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (40'), Save F 0, ML 7) looking for their sisters who've taken up with a bunch of no-good city slickers. Any outsiders will be met with unbridled aggression
 9. 2d4 goblin raiders (AC 6, HD 1-1, hp 3, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save Normal Man, ML 7) have snuck out of the wilderness
 10. 1d3 perytons (AC 5, HD 4, MV (40', fly 120'), #AT 1, D 1d6 or 1d10 (charge), Save F 4, ML 8) – 60% cast human-shaped shadows sweeping across the land and leave, 40% swoop down, looking for oh-so-delicious human hearts
-

Fashion for Wealthy Gentlemen

- 1-3. Blue blazer and puffy ascot. You can't go wrong with the classics!
 4. Blue blazer and flat ascot. Flat? Watch out for that devil-may-care attitude!
 5. Close-cut blue blazer and ostentatiously ruffled ascot. This lad is fancy!
 6. White pants and a pastel polo shirt, with a sweater tied around the waist. Add a smug smile and arched eyebrow, and Biff is looking good!
 7. Richly dyed leather jacket with multiple zippers, over silk shirt and leather pants. Look out world, this dandy is Tough with a capital 'T'!
 8. Classic ascot and blazer, but hair is sculpted into wing shapes. Serious expression means this one is a deep thinker!
 9. Glittering suit in bright primary color, with incredibly wide shoulders. For formal occasions only!
 10. Roll again, face and other exposed skin is painted white, with black lipstick to add contrast. So dark and sensitive!
-

Haute Couture for Ladies of Means

- 1-4. Corset and bustle, traditionally ribbed with froghemoth bone. Formal, yet alluring
 5. Bustle, held up with nothing but a pair of carefully positioned suspenders. Scandalous! And how does it keep from slipping?
 6. Traditional formal-wear accentuated with a towering sculpted hairdo. The 'do demands respect!
 7. White shorts and a low-cut pastel polo shirt, and a sweater tied around the waist in case it gets chilly. The sporting look suits you, Muffy!
 8. Traditional formal-wear corset and bustle, with massive collar, supported by wires attached to correspondingly massive wide-brimmed hat. The ceaseless neck pain is a small sacrifice for couture
 9. Artfully torn leather pants, with artfully torn silk blouse, and artfully ragged silk scarf. Who IS that bad girl?
 10. Roll again, face and other exposed skin is painted white, with black lipstick to add contrast. This lady's an intellectual!
-

Barkeepers of Denethix

Roll 1d10. Add nothing for a dive, +5 for an average quality tavern, and +10 for a fancy establishment.

1. “Urgh” the Moktar, a mangy specimen with a nasty fungal infection. Not entirely proficient with the common tongue, he serves whatever strikes his fancy and ignores complaints – it’s all just noise to him
2. “Fats” Felitus, sweats profusely and smells like cheese due to gland problems
3. Pink Betty (“but you can just call me Pink, gorgeous!”) is a lascivious, obese septuagenarian, who will trade drinks or rumors for carnal favors with either gender. Those who take her up on her offers are 50% likely to get a horrible rash (-2 to hit for 1d4 weeks due to itching)
4. “Blue”, nicknamed as such due to his argyria. He is a colloidal silver addict, and will be highly paranoid if under its effects (30% of the time)
5. Adreno Jerry, a smooth-talking dealer in intoxicants of all stripes. His adrenochrome is disturbingly fresh
6. Silent Nigel, his tongue was cut out when he was captured by a particularly cruel pack of goblins
7. Prudd, a dour-faced old grump. He’ll serve the party, but conversations with him all end with dire predictions of the party’s probable torture, mutilation, and death
8. Glem Rust, an eager and dim redhead who loves tales of adventure, and tells horrendously dangerous fabrications to sound important if an impressive party of PC’s starts asking him for rumors
9. Debbie Truno, a sad, middle-aged woman whose husband and child died of the tunicate plague
10. “Pistol” Vernon, a man distinguished for the pair of hand cannons he wears on his belt. He knows how to use them should need arise (level 2 fighter)
11. Pervis, a cheerful divorcee whose wife ran off with an adventurer, who then were both captured and eaten by moktars. He’ll relate this information with great relish if he finds out the players are adventurers themselves
12. Mabel, a young lady with a horrible secret. Roll on the *I Have A Horrible Secret* table below.
13. “Cast Iron” Ron, a bodybuilder who bartends to pay the bills. His 18 Strength attracts quite a bit of attention, but he will politely decline any offers to go adventuring – his interests are himself and the ladies, in that order
14. Obar Murphy, a rail-thin man with a narrow, curled moustache and oily hair. He has a raspy voice, and laughs disconcertingly at nothing during conversations
15. Mary Hursenbuck, a no-nonsense matronly woman, who serves her customers efficiently

16. “Golden” Tony, a man with a shimmering gold lamé tuxedo, unctuous smile, and condescending tone
 17. Ynithiria, a stunning platinum blonde in a pastel pant-suit. She’s indifferent to lecherous advances, having received them all her life, but is a sucker for unusual taxidermy
 18. Glessid, a genetically modified eunuch with glowing green skin. He had been captured by a scheming pair of wizards in the Saurian Lowlands, but midway through their experiment they turned on each other. He escaped in the turmoil and made his way to Denethix
 19. Zynider and Zynithid, two impeccably dressed halfling twins. One stands astride the other’s shoulders to reach the high shelves. They are perfectly sympathetic to patrons who despise demihumans, because of course they are such revolting creatures, and it’s a terrible shame to be served by such, and this round is on the house if it would alleviate your displeasure, sir
 20. Silver-skinned creature of living metal, with a smooth featureless face. It never speaks, but colored lights blink deep within the polished surface of its head when addressed by the party
-

I Have A Horrible Secret

1. Doppelganger
 2. Connoisseur of human flesh
 3. Wizard in disguise
 4. Possessed by a god
 5. Undead horror
 6. Adrenochrome addict
 7. Has no soul
 8. Visitor from other dimension
 9. Hideous mutant under carefully constructed clothing
 10. Deeply in love with flesh-eating monster
 11. Ancient automaton with realistic artificial skin
 12. Cultist of Church of Starry Wisdom
 13. In thrall to evil intelligent weapon
 14. Skin exudes contact poison
 15. Accidentally killed someone. And everyone who saw through poor cover-up attempts. Ran out of room in the basement for more bodies.
 16. Necrophiliac
 17. Controlled by parasitic wasp larvae
 18. Cannot die
 19. Manufactures homicidal dolls
 20. Aspect of Nyarlathotep
-

Rustic Villagers

1. Krug Tubble, semi-retired bandit, does a bit of farming between highway robberies
 2. Lenny, drooling imbecile who touches goats in an inappropriate fashion
 3. Horeb, alcoholic failure of a farmer and father of 27
 4. Thelma, serial widow and dairy farmer
 5. Agrinomos, farmer and long-winded earthworm expert
 6. Pugel, farmer and inventor of the deeply unpopular Fermented Cricket Paste
 7. Melanie Tiber, hardworking farmer and supporter of deadbeat husband
 8. Brett Crudo, middling farmer and toughest man in the village
 9. Rennie, peacock farmer. Affects an air of country wisdom, and picks teeth with peacock quill
 10. Gulcur, local farmer, famed among his neighbors for his delicious face bacon
 11. Lorne Renshaw, unsuccessful farmer who believes his neighbors are monsters wearing human skins
 12. Anna, deeply ambitious farmer's daughter. She firmly believes she is destined for far better things
 13. Zepeda, artichoke farmer with plenty of heart
 14. Paul Hoppe, expert in animal husbandry. Gives unsolicited demonstrations
 15. Barris, seeks to combine potato and carrot into a tuber he calls "parrot"
 16. Deb, harried mother of 7. Her husband left her for one of those fanged elven hussies
 17. Kurt Lum, lazy oaf who survives by stealing food from his neighbors
 18. Tina Livadary, pregnant farmer's wife. Dogs howl at the sight of her
 19. Kell Cornwell, a terrible minstrel who sings songs of crop failures and other mundane tragedies. He spends most of his time at the bottom of a bottle
 20. Dawn, desperately bored farmer's daughter looking for a little excitement
-

The Urban Poor

1. Malcolm, a bitter, legless beggar, who gets around on a wheeled board
 2. Regina, uptight widow
 3. Meglo, a brain-damaged nitwit who enjoys eating raw pigeons he catches with his bare hands
 4. Kreg, refugee from the Feasting Trees
 5. Melba, middle-aged syphilitic harlot, covered with weeping sores – "But hey, half price on Tuesdays!"
 6. Nurbina, a deeply paranoid escaped slave, who murdered her mistress
 7. Mumo, nose-picker and small-time thug
 8. Ulinilio, a bloated slave incubator, looking for robust men to impregnate her so she can sell the infants. The mood may be dampened by the presence of a certified notary to verify intercourse and lineage.
 9. "Two-Nose" Sam, obsequious beggar and two-nosed mutant
 10. Chekon, an occasionally employed lanthanide addict
 11. Tarbol, alcoholic factory worker
 12. Sally Sangria, cheerful serving girl
 13. Slippery Gort, street-wise pickpocket
 14. Raif, plucky young chimneysweep
 15. Fanutis, professional beggar. "I don't need to beg, I could get a straight job. I just like meeting people."
 16. Old Betty, hateful withered crone and poisoner of dogs and noisy children
 17. Angelsbreath, a beggar with breath that reeks of decay. Her taste for heavily-sugared mold cakes has rotted her teeth to foul brown stumps
 18. Jokarnis, a hard-working idiot. Sadly mutated, his left arm is a fleshy tentacle
 19. Benarto, beggar. Carries a sign, "Will Work For Mold"
 20. Malazar, disoriented street prophet
-

The Bourgeoisie

1. Fambo Lark, butcher of exotic meats
 2. "Bullet" Bill Thompson, an outgoing bullet-smith
 3. Zark Argot, gruff hafnium merchant
 4. Tefek, a cruel and miserable overseer at a box factory
 5. Crush Grimskull, meat-headed pit fighting coach
 6. Galoi Armiter, professor of pre-apocalyptic history at the Academy
 7. Nebs Feyith, high-priced doxy and spy for the Society of the Luminous Spark
 8. Alan Hekase, an unctuous lieutenant of the Unyielding Fist
 9. Bethene Madrak, a frigid Assistant Sub-Commissioner of City Planning
 10. Brank Ekstan, abrasive pimp
 11. Tiffany Tanza, popular stage actress and irritating narcissist
 12. Bell Razid, baker and cultist of the Church of Starry Wisdom
 13. Olaf Garuntno, studious mechanical engineer
 14. Falath Elb, alcoholic lecher and renowned architect
 15. Kroid Dunbar, minstrel and ladies' man
 16. Han Iritri, profoundly depressed metallurgist
 17. Eric Southman, argumentative dentist
 18. Neriv Abunsco, a painter haunted by terrible dreams
 19. Irene Puizik, retired tomb looter. She's spent her fortune, and survives by selling corpses of questionable provenance to the Academy's anatomy department
 20. Zarlo Ek, master chef with a violent temper
-

The Opulent

1. Varis, wealthy landowner and cheerful dilettante
 2. Mikel Benzo, scheming Councilor of Proper Apportionment
 3. Mercy Humboldt, eccentric heiress and river-squid aficionado
 4. Cassid Artelius, factory owner & devoted Scientist. Badly injured in an accident at his factory, the right half of his body has been replaced by steel prosthetics
 5. Nikolo Fermian, an Exalted Brother who is entirely in the pockets of the Flesh Debtholders
 6. Bram Ovard, factory owner and master thief
 7. Alyssa Cosgrove, sweetly smiling slave dealer
 8. Paraviddik, high-ranking priest and epicurean
 9. Tern Fansard, strait-laced arms manufacturer
 10. Qual Melarn, shareholder in the Bank Inviolable and condescending prig
 11. Mary Unfus, daughter of an Exalted Brother, has a forbidden halfling fetish. Not just one, mind you – lots and lots of them, all at once.
 12. Ralf Urngen, affable drunken buffoon and wealthy layabout
 13. Prezn Hectar, bordello owner with something to hide. Roll on the *I Have A Horrible Secret* table above.
 14. Roman Quilk, charming importer of pre-apocalyptic artifacts
 15. Polin Morgrensen, cruel son of a froghemother-rendering plant owner
 16. Hepp Thinblood, cynical investor in several toxin plants
 17. Prudd Nilson, scandalously outrageous drug addict and black sheep of the Nilson family
 18. Leese Hubbard, moody heiress. "No one understands me!"
 19. Mormod Waginski, Exalted Brother and enthusiastic big game hunter
 20. Davrik Lerdngfast, heartless slumlord and weapon collector
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The Alien

1. "Buns" Silika, female halfling. Perky and fun, and under the delusion that her nickname is due to her hairstyle
 2. Harold Webb, male halfling. Rails endlessly against the stereotype that halflings are thieves. Incurrible kleptomaniac
 3. Lapid Aftering, male halfling and industrious cobbler
 4. Bruno Wurst, male halfling and defensive sewage professional. "I'd like to see you tall folk fit in the pipes I can!"
 5. Groid, male dwarf and grizzled lanthanide prospector
 6. Shunk, male dwarf, conniving mineral dealer and unrepentant coprophage
 7. Nargod, male dwarf and last survivor of a dwarven tribe slaughtered by goblins
 8. Ornezgar, male elf, shunned due to use of *sleep* spells in antisocial ways
 9. Uditha, female elf and semi-professional menhir designer
 10. Eaok, male moktar. Degenerate kicked out of his tribe due to disturbing anti-human-flesh-eating stance
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A Smattering of Orbital Deities

1. Nisis, goddess of the things that crawl underneath. Manifests as crawling insects, worms, arachnids, and centipedes
 2. lithius, goddess of flowering plants and herbs. Manifests as field of flowering poppies blowing in the wind
 3. Wurgol, god of cutlery. Manifests as a still image of a fork and spoon
 4. Theosaurid, god of dinosaurs. Manifests as a glittering bejewelled Tyrannosaurus Rex
 5. Peltia, goddess of love. Manifests as woman of unearthly beauty
 6. Lominox, god of tragedy. Manifests as veiled figure in black robes. His pronouncements are accompanied by weeping
 7. Lodik, god of history. Manifests as a dusty leather-bound tome, whose pages flip to reveal his pronouncements
 8. Qqakraw, god of ambushes. Manifests as bare-chested warrior with necklace of fanged teeth
 9. Calina, goddess of the Twelve Annihilations. Manifests as a clock face, ticking its way towards midnight
 10. Triboron, god of pollution. Manifests as heaps of rotting garbage and offal
 11. Kiod, god of robots. Manifests as golden clockwork man
 12. Saban, god of conspiracies. Manifests as robed man with featureless white mask
 13. Daog, god of pits. Manifests as the utter blackness of the ultimate abyss
 14. Galona, goddess of torture. Manifests as woman pierced in an iron maiden
 15. Tabik, god of cold. Manifests as frozen corpse, still speaking
 16. Coros, god of humility. Does not manifest visually, only speaks
 17. Voil, god of stains. Manifests as filthy man in profoundly stained clothing
 18. Minga, goddess of baldness. Manifests as a beautiful hairless woman
 19. Turbax, god of construction. Manifests as a burly fellow with a hammer and saw
 20. Rhiolades, god of wine. Manifests as clean-cut fellow in blue blazer and ascot, sipping on a half-full glass of wine
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Henchmen for Hire

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Laerdan, Fighter, Male. Won a hard-boiled egg eating contest once. 2. "Twitch", Thief, Male. Twitches violently when he talks. 3. Francis del Grok, Fighter, Male. Sixth son of a wealthy merchant. Out-of-work snob. 4. Slezgar, Elf, Male. Enthusiastic about hanging out with those short-lived humans. 5. Melzgar, Elf, Male. Strange fascination with halflings. 6. The Claw, Magic-User, Male. Behaves in sinister fashion, trying to live up to the foreboding name his parents gave him. 7. Rollo, Dwarf, Male. Believes he is cursed to die violently beneath the earth, along with all his heirs. 8. Doug Bickerin, Cleric, Male. He doesn't have a drinking problem, he's just thirsty. 9. Hobbs, Halfling, Male. Wishes he was much, much taller. 10. "Bunny", Thief, Female. Love of bubble gum, hair spray, and grand larceny. 11. Margaret the Flame, Magic-User, Female. Her hair is black; the nickname is because she keeps setting things (and people) on fire. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 12. Black Harris, Cleric, Male. Hates people in general, unemployed filthy peasants in particular. 13. Markus, Fighter, Male. Agent of the Church of Starry Wisdom. Will turn on the party when he thinks he can get away with it. 14. Karo the Sweet, Fighter, Male. You know who's hot? Karo's hot, baby. 15. Borgonar, Dwarf, Male. Obese even by dwarf standards. 16. Arto Heavensward, Halfling, Male. Former taxidermist, makes inappropriate comments about how well employer's features would preserve. 17. Nancy the Wrathful, Fighter, Female. Beat a man to death with his own severed arm, but she's gotten better about her anger problems. Really. 18. Brilena, Fighter, Female. Mothers employers, other NPC's, captured monsters, etc. 19. Niberius, Fighter, Male. Seeks man with conjoined twin who murdered his family. 20. Mighty Yord, Fighter, Male. Barbarian from the Worthless North, looking to get rich quick. <hr/> |
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Post-Apocalyptic Equipment

There is a renaissance of sorts underway in Denethix, spearheaded by the Academy of Elevated Thought. Ancient secrets such as the manufacture of guns, combustion engines, and electric lighting are being rediscovered. The Cult of Science's dogmatic stranglehold on ancient technology is slowly being broken.

While technologies are being rediscovered, the underlying principles are barely understood, and the state of industry is fairly rough. There is no notion of the assembly line, and every item is hand-crafted. When replacement parts for a machine are needed, they too must be hand-crafted to fit properly. The state of affairs is so bad that even bullets must be custom-cast to fit the rifling of gun barrels.

Gunpowder is unknown in Denethix – instead, the propellant used is a waxy paste made from the excretions of the giant fusillade beetles of the Lanthanide Wastes. Both the trip to the Wastes and the beetles themselves are incredibly dangerous, which results in the exceedingly high price of beetle-paste.

The following tables detail technological items that players may acquire. From the weapon tables, only

pistols and rifles should be publicly offered for sale. Other items are simply not available on the open market, due to rarity (for ancient technical artifacts), difficulty of manufacture, or regulation by the Unyielding Fist.

Pistol, small: Tiny palm-sized pistols, capable of holding one or two bullets. Easily concealed, these are the perfect weapon for discreet dandies.

Pistol, large: These massive hand cannons are typically 6-chambered revolvers, although there are a few models that take clips of up to 8 bullets.

Rifle, breech-loading: These hand-crafted rifles are often carved into fantastical shapes, to increase their beauty and/or fearsomeness. Breech-loaders can hold a single shot.

Rifle, repeating: These are the favored weapons of the Unyielding Fist, and typically hold clips of 6 or 8 bullets.

Shotgun: Like breech-loading rifles, these weapons are often sculpted into fearsome shapes. They come in single and two-barrel versions, and all are breech-loading (holding one shell per barrel). Shotgun barrels can be sawed off to decrease weight, and increase the chance to hit, but range is cut in half. Double-barrelled shotguns

have two triggers, and both shells may be fired at once to increase damage.

Machine gun, light: These weapons are quite dangerous, but not very popular due to their wastefulness with bullets. When firing a single shot, they are much like rifles (with shorter range). When fired in burst mode (expending 10 bullets), they have greatly increased damage and an improved chance to hit.

Machine gun, heavy: These water-cooled, tripod-mounted killing machines are not the most accurate, but they do suppress enemy fire wonderfully. Their only firing mode is a burst of 10 bullets. They have a chance to hit all creatures within a 10' wide path up to their maximum range. Further, anyone in the path not actively taking cover must save vs. death or take an additional 10 points of damage, which will also disrupt

any spellcasting attempts for the round. Heavy machine guns always fire first in a round, regardless of initiative (if two heavy machine gunners oppose each other, they fire in initiative order against each other).

Grenade: These small bombs are ridged iron spheres packed with beetle-paste. A short fuse sticks out from the top of the grenade. To use a grenade, the fuse must be lit, and the grenade thrown. It will explode within 1d3 rounds after being lit. These weapons are not popular, as the grenade is often thrown back to its owner. The fuse can be cut short, so that it explodes shortly after impact with no chance of it being returned, but there is a 30% chance that such a grenade will go off in the thrower's hand. A grenade does 1d8 points of damage to all in a 10' radius, and 1d4 points of damage to those between 10' and 20' of the weapon.

Ranged Weapons						
Name	Cost and Weight	Damage	Attack Adjustment for Range			Number of Shots
			Short	Medium	Long	
Pistol, small	350 gp 1 lb.	1d4	Up to 10' +1	...to 20' 0	...to 30' -1	1 or 2 bullets
Pistol, large	750 gp 4 lb.	1d6	Up to 15' +1	...to 30' 0	...to 45' -1	6 for revolver, or by clip size
Rifle, breech-loading	1,500 gp 12 lb.	1d6	Up to 100' +2	...to 200' +1	...to 300' 0	
Rifle, repeating	3,000 gp 14 lb.	1d6	Up to 100' +2	...to 200' +1	...to 300' 0	By clip size
Shotgun (double barrel)	2,000 gp		Up to 10'	...to 20'	...to 30'	1 or 2 shells
	4,000 gp 12 lb.	Per range: 2 shells:	+2 1d8 1d12	+1 1d4 1d6	0 1d2 1d3	
Shotgun, sawed off	Price as above		Up to 5'	...to 10'	...to 15'	1 or 2 shells
	10 lb.	Per range: 2 shells:	+3 1d8 1d12	+2 1d4 1d6	+1 1d2 1d3	
Machine gun, light	7,500 gp 10 lb.	Single: 1d6	Up to 20' +2	...to 40' +1	...to 60' 0	Clips in various sizes, or drum of 100
		Burst: 1d8+2	+3	+2	+1	
Machine gun, heavy	25,000 gp 90 lb.	Burst: 1d10 (suppressive)	Up to 50' +1	...to 100' 0	...to 150' -1	Chain-fed
Grenade	400 gp 1 lb.	10' out: 1d8 20' out: 1d4	50' max 0	n/a	n/a	n/a
Plasma rifle, light	2,500 gp 8 lb.	1d6 (fire)	Up to 20' +2	...to 40' +1	...to 60' 0	Clips of 8 plasma charges
Plasma cannon, heavy	8,000 gp 15 lb.	1d6+4 (fire)	Up to 25' +2	...to 50' +1	...to 75' 0	Drum of 20 plasma charges
Laser pistol	3,000 gp 2 lb.	1d8 (light)	60' max +1	n/a	n/a	Holds energy for 3 shots
Laser rifle	9,000 gp 6 lb.	1d8+2 (light)	300' max +1	n/a	n/a	Holds energy for 10 shots
Flamethrower, small	4,000 gp 8 lb.	1d8 (3 rounds for napalm)	10' max +2	n/a	n/a	Holds enough oil or napalm for 3 shots

Plasma rifle, light: The secret of manufacturing these ancient weapons has not yet been re-discovered. They fire searing-hot bolts of plasma, damaging any creatures affected by fire. Even rarer than the weapons are the clips of ammunition (each clip holds 8 plasma charges).

Plasma cannon, heavy: These are heavier versions of the plasma rifle, capable of shooting larger plasma bolts for slightly longer distances. These weapons use large drums of ammunition, each holding 20 oversized plasma charges.

Laser pistol: Lasers are another ancient technology – any laser weaponry discovered will be several thousand years old. They can hold enough energy to fire 3 shots, but after that they will need to be recharged in special electrically-powered charging stations. Laser damage is caused by an intensely focused beam of light, and damages any creatures that fear light or fire. Vampires and shadows take double damage from lasers. Gaseous form does not protect vampires from laser damage.

Laser rifle: A longer-range, more powerful version of the laser pistol. It holds enough energy for 10 shots.

Flamethrower, small: This weapon shoots a pressurized stream of flaming fuel up to 10'. The fuel sprays in a cone 1' wide at its far end. If loaded with lantern oil, the fuel will burn for only the round in which it is fired, doing 1d8 points of damage. Jellied napalm will burn for 3 rounds, doing 1d8 points of damage per round. The fuel is stored in a cylindrical tank attached under the barrel of the weapon.

Bullets for pistols, rifles, and machine guns must be hand-crafted to match that weapon's barrel diameter and rifling, and to account for imperfections in the barrel's manufacture. Ammunition not specifically made for a particular gun has only a 50% chance of even fitting in the firing chamber, causes a -2 to hit penalty, and 10% of the time will explode in the chamber, wrecking the gun and causing 1d4 damage to the wielder. Bullets are thus difficult to produce, and nearly worthless without the gun they were crafted for.

Shotgun shells do not have the problems of bullets, and are generally reusable between different shotguns of similar gauges. There is a 50% chance that a strange shell will fit a particular shotgun.

Plasma charges are small clear plastic cylinders with rounded ends, and have a faint red glow to them. They are roughly the same size as a shotgun shell.

Jellied napalm, if lit up and tossed as flasks of oil are, will

burn for 4 rounds rather than 2, causing 1d8 points of damage. It is not generally available for purchase.

Empty clips can be purchased, for fast reloading.

Reloading a gun or plasma weapon that has run out of ammunition takes a full round, if the ammunition is at hand (shells or bullets in a bandolier, or bullets loaded into a spare clip for weapons that take clips). Reloading a flamethrower takes a full turn.

The use of guns in a dungeon is highly likely to attract wandering monsters. The shots from rifles, pistols, and shotguns will echo loudly through the halls of the dungeon, and the next wandering monster check should use 3-in-6 instead of the normal 1-in-6. Use of machine guns is even worse, causing a wandering monster check immediately after combat ends at a 4-in-6 chance.

Bullets, shells, and loaded guns have an additional weakness: if the wielder is subjected to fire- or electricity-based attacks, he must make a separate save (versus spells or breath attacks, as appropriate) to avoid the ammunition going off all at once, destroying any loaded weapons and causing 1d6 damage per 6 bullets/shells (round down) to all within a 10' radius.

Lasers, plasma weapons, and flamethrowers are not so noisy, and do not change wandering monster checks.

Ammunition		
Name	Cost	Weight
Bullet	5 gp	25 per lb.
Bullet, silver	10 gp	25 per lb.
Bullet, gold	20 gp	12 per lb.
Shotgun shell	20 gp	3 per lb.
Shotgun shell, silver shot	40 gp	3 per lb.
Shotgun shell, gold shot	80 gp	1 lb.
Light plasma charge	200 gp	5 per lb.
Heavy plasma charge	300 gp	3 per lb.
Flask of jellied napalm	500 gp	1 lb.
Empty clip	60 gp	–
Empty drum	100 gp	1 lb.

Manifold weapons: Manifold weapons are outlines of blades in stiff wire, connected to ornately-carved jeweled hilts. Depressing the jewel will cause the weapon to activate – the wire vibrates so rapidly it nearly disappears, and is replaced by a field of blue Cherenkov radiation. The energized wire has phase-shifted across several dimensions and is now effectively a +2 magic weapon, capable of damaging creatures only hit by magical weapons. Manifold weapons will radiate magic when activated, but when deactivated they have no magical aura. The wire blades can be rolled up to more

easily conceal the weapons, but 2 rounds must be spent straightening the wire before a blade can be used again.

Note that the blue light emitted by activated manifold weapons only illuminates an area of 1' radius, and thus is not a useful torch replacement.

Stun baton: These light batons only do 1d2 points of damage on a successful hit, but if a button is depressed, the baton will additionally give an electrical shock that will stun the victim for 1d3 rounds, unless they save vs. paralyzation. Stun batons have up to 20 charges, and require special equipment to recharge.

Melee Weapons				
Name	Cost	Attack Bonus	Damage	Weight
Manifold dagger	2,000 gp	+2	1d4+2	1 lb.
Manifold long sword	6,000 gp	+2	1d8+2	1 lb.
Manifold short sword	4,000 gp	+2	1d6+2	1 lb.
Stun baton	3,500 gp	0	1d2 (stun)	1 lb

There are a few non-combat-related items that adventurers may find useful, as well.

Baby grunkie: These 1 hp creatures make excellent pets, until they become juveniles, at which point they become highly aggressive towards their owners. Young grunkies are deeply inquisitive and can be used to poke at potentially dangerous things, or can simply be tossed as distracting snacks to monsters.

Bear Trap: This heavy jawed trap is intended to catch the legs of creatures that step into it. It will cause 1d2 points of damage, and if secured to the floor by a chain, restrict movement until the victim escapes. If not secured, the victim may move at half their normal movement rate until the trap is removed. Removing the trap requires a successful "force doors" roll. If the roll fails, whoever tried to pry open the trap must wait a full turn before they can try again.

Gas mask: The filters on these ancient relics are usually shot, but they still give a +2 bonus when saving against any kind of gas or odor effects. The mask is hard to see out of, and characters wearing one will suffer a -1 penalty on rolls to hit.

Hand truck: A hand truck can be used to move large, bulky items through the dungeon. They don't do very well on stairs, however, and the noise of trying to roll them up and down without losing the load will cause an additional wandering monster check.

Lighter: Much more convenient than a flint and tinder, these luxuries are fueled by lantern oil. If used in lieu of a torch or lantern, they will last for 3 turns, and only illuminate a 1' radius area.

Paint gun: These guns use air pressure to fire paint pellets, with a maximum range of 30'. They are very useful for marking trails through the woods, or in underground labyrinths. They may also be used to mark invisible creatures if a successful "to hit" roll is made. A paint-splattered invisible creature can be attacked without the normal -4 penalty. A paint gun canister can hold 50 pellets.

Paint pellet: Small half-inch round balloons made of grunkie membrane, and filled with bright paint.

Retractable 20' pole: This 20' aluminum pole is made of four nesting sections, and can be retracted to only 5' long for transport. The outermost 5' section of the pole is wrapped in leather, to increase grip and decrease the chance of electrical shock.

Miscellaneous Equipment		
Name	Cost	Weight
Baby grunkie	1 gp	-
Bear trap	25 gp	50 lb.
Gas mask	1,500 gp	2 lb.
Hand truck	20 gp	20 lb.
Lighter	25 gp	-
Paint gun	20 gp	2 lb.
Paint pellet	1 sp	-
Retractable 20' pole	15 gp	5 lb.

Cost of Living

The following tables detail the costs for living in Denethix and the surrounding towns. Occasionally the players are going to want to stay inside somewhere for the night, and eat something other than iron rations.

Note that real estate in Denethix itself is not purchased, but is semi-permanently leased. In the poorer neighborhoods, the Vizier occasionally terminates these leases and evicts the tenants for one of his city planning projects, and some or none of the lease cost may be refunded.

A Night at the Inn		
Inn Type	Room Type	Cost
Village	Common room	1 sp
Village	Single	1 gp
Town, cheap	Common room	5 sp
Town, cheap	Single	2 gp
Town, average	Single	5 gp
Town, average	Suite	15 gp
Town, high end	Single	10 gp
Town, high end	Suite	50 gp
Denethix, flophouse	Common room	5 cp
Denethix, flophouse	Single	2 sp
Denethix, cheap	Common room	1 gp
Denethix, cheap	Single	5 gp
Denethix, average	Single	10 gp
Denethix, average	Suite	75 gp
Denethix, high end	Single	100 gp
Denethix, high end	Suite	500 gp
Inn of Alabaster	Single	100+ gp
Surprise		
Inn of Alabaster	Suite	1,000+ gp
Surprise		

Monthly Rental Costs (prices in gold pieces)									
Location/ Street	Rude Hut	Cottage	House	Fancy House	Studio Apt	1 br Apt	2 br Apt	3 br Apt	Penthouse Apt
Village	10	20	50	250	-	-	-	-	-
Town	-	50	100	500	-	-	-	-	-
Lesser Men	-	-	-	-	10	20	25	35	-
Ind. Efforts	-	-	-	-	10	20	25	35	-
Torm. Flesh	-	-	-	-	15	20	30	40	-
Alien	-	-	-	-	15	25	40	50	-
Students	-	-	-	-	30	50	65	100	-
Worthy Serv.	-	-	600	3,000	75	150	250	350	600
Upr. Living	-	-	15,000	40,000	500	1,000	1,500	2,500	7,500

Purchasing a Home (prices in gold pieces)									
Location/ Street	Rude Hut	Cottage	House	Fancy House	Studio Apt	1 br Apt	2 br Apt	3 br Apt	Penthouse Apt
Village	100	400	2,000	10k	-	-	-	-	-
Town	-	5,000	10k	50k	-	-	-	-	-
Lesser Men	-	-	-	-	1,000	2,000	2,500	3,500	-
Ind. Efforts	-	-	-	-	1,000	2,000	2,500	3,500	-
Torm. Flesh	-	-	-	-	1,500	2,000	3,000	4,000	-
Alien	-	-	-	-	1,500	2,500	4,000	5,000	-
Students	-	-	-	-	3,000	5,000	6,500	10k	-
Worthy Serv.	-	-	60k	300k	7,500	15k	25k	35k	60k
Upr. Living	-	-	1.5m	4m	50k	100k	150k	250k	750k

Typical meals and their costs may be found on the following tables:

Occasionally Tapeworm Free Meals	
Meal	Cost
Mold cake	1 cp
Rat on a stick	1 cp
Rat on a stick, cooked	2 cp
Just the stick	Free
Grunkie giblets	2 cp
Cup of rice	2 cp
Roast potato	2 cp
Stale bread	2 cp
Roast plantain	3 cp
Stewed meat, well past its prime	3 cp
Boiled snails	3 cp
Brick of congealed fat	4 cp
Meat of mysterious origin	6 cp

Quality Fare	
Meal	Cost
Boiled greens	1 sp
Salad and cheese	1 sp
Protoceratops lung	2 sp
Spiced grunkie legs	3 sp
Cream and clotted blood	3 sp
Baked river catfish	5 sp
Gall bladder sandwich	6 sp
Chicken foot dumplings	7 sp
Tripe and potato pie	1 gp
Roast chicken	3 gp
Protoceratops filet	5 gp
Beef and breadfruit	8 gp
Ox head stuffed with onions	10 gp
Eyes in tomato sauce	15 gp
Pyramid of Bacon	20 gp
Sugared beef squares in butter	25 gp

Food for the Fancy Lad	
Meal	Cost
Braised wolf brisket	30 gp
Fried stirge with blood biscuit	35 gp
Sautéed carnivorous beetle	35 gp
Pickled cobra ovipositors	40 gp
Sailgator neural spines	45 gp
Crab spider silk glands with colloidal gold dressing	85 gp
Lion cubes with rice	90 gp
Spicy baboon lips	90 gp
Collard greens wrapped in froghemoth blubber	120 gp
Glazed river shark liver	150 gp
Ankheg claw with scalloped potatoes and cream sauce	200 gp
Baked peryton heart	200 gp
Allosaur haunch in leek sauce	400 gp
Roast compsognathus stuffed with edible wax sculpture of customer	500 gp

Wizards

The Land of One Thousand Towers is ruled by a class of terrible beings collectively known as “wizards” to their terrified subjects.

A wizard is more than just an ordinary sorcerer – they are creatures with a lust for power so great that it twists reality. They desire it above all else, to exert their will as they see fit. They spend their lives researching the arcane and sifting through ancient ruined cities for potent artifacts. Super-science and sorcery are both but a means towards an end – total mastery of all they survey.

Most wizards were once human, and most of those have mutated horribly in some way, whether as a result of super-science gone horribly awry, super-science gone horribly exactly as planned, or the metaphysical manifestation of their philosophies.

Wizards encountered are of three sorts: those too weak to construct and defend their own towers, those who do hold their own towers and dominate the landscape for miles around, and those who eschew permanent holdings in order to better scavenge the ruins for technological relics.

Wizards vary widely in class – many are magic-users, but fighters and even thieves who have augmented their powers with super-science are known. There are no clerics, however – no wizard’s ego could permit the notion of a higher power than their own will.

Many of the magical items and ancient relics a wizard possesses are fueled more by his will than any source of scientific or thaumaturgical power. Such items operate for only a brief period after the wizard’s demise.

Some sample wizards are provided for the referee’s use. Future books will describe more of these wizards and their minions.

Canus, Lord of the Hounds

No. Enc: 1
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 4th level fighter (20 hp)
Attacks: 1 (energy whip)
Damage: 1d6, see below
Save: F 4
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: XIX
XP: 190

Once there was a barbarian, vicious even by the standards of the reavers of his tribe. This man was driven away by his brethren when he began to turn on his own, slaying men, women, and children who had failed to show him the respect his might deserved.

Canus (for that was his name) wandered long across the Land of One Thousand Suns, leaving a trail of murder and savagery, until he came across a wizard in need of a test subject. The wizard had spent long years studying in the ruins of a pet cloning company, learning the fine art of gene splicing. The wizard attempted to restrain Canus, and inject him with the DNA samples he had concocted, but there is always danger in using barbarians as test subjects – Canus killed the sorcerer with a bite to the throat as he leaned over to deliver the injection.

Canus was blessed with more than just sociopathic behavior and brute strength – he was a quick study, and soon produced more of the pet-cloning serum. He captured dozens of helpless test subjects, and learned the serum’s true power – the production of the Dober-Men (see the Monsters section for more details). Soon he had an army of these dog-headed freaks, and he has used them to carve a personal city-state for himself out of the barren wilderness.

Canus rules his lands from a four-story stone tower he calls “the Kennel.” The stone tower has no visible entrance, and no windows except on the uppermost floor. It is entered from an underground cave system he calls “the Den,” where he keeps his army of Dober-Men at the ready.

Canus’s long association with the Dober-Men has twisted his body into a “wolf-man” shape. He is covered with black shaggy hair, except on his pink nose, and has a pair of pointed ears sticking out of the top of his head.

In combat, Canus wears a suit of plate mail and wields an energy whip. The whip does 1d6 points of damage on a hit, and if the victim fails a save vs. paralyzation, he will be tangled in the whip. Targets tangled in the whip will continue to take 1d6 points of damage per round automatically until they free themselves via a successful save vs. paralyzation. This energy whip will cease to function 1d4 days after Canus’s death, as it is powered only by his twisted will.

Canus additionally has the power to *charm* dogs and wolves. He may *charm* one dog or wolf per round, up to a total of four. The dog must save vs. spell; if successful, they are only *confused* (as per the spell) instead of *charmed*. A *charmed* dog is entirely under Canus’s command, and will unhesitatingly attack its former master if so ordered.

Ferayn, Wizard of Tab-Nakel

No. Enc: 1
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 6th level magic-user (18 hp)
Attacks: 1 (+2 dagger)
Damage: 1d4 + 2
Save: MU 6
Morale: 6
Hoard Class: XVIII
XP: 820

Ferayn is the ruler of the city-state Tab-Nakel. He is a thin, sickly-looking man, with no natural hair. He wears a scarf on his head to hide his baldness, and has tattooed a small beard, moustache, and eyebrows on his face. Any comments about his lack of hair will send him into a murderous rage. He is a 6th level magic-user, wields a +2 *protonium dagger* if cornered, and wears *bracers of armor, AC 5*. Ferayn typically has these spells memorized: *shield*, *sleep*, *arcane lock*, *invisibility*, *fire ball*, and *fly*.

The city of Tab-Nakel is a ramshackle collection of crudely-built huts and buildings, surrounding a massive

step-pyramid, with a 60' tall statue of a human upper body atop it. The 20' tall bearded stone head of this statue is both a flying machine and weapon. It can detach from the body, and fly at a rate of 30' (10'). The operator may, once per round, fire high-energy lasers from the glowing blue eyes. They use the operator's to-hit chances (use dexterity modifiers to adjust chances), and do 3d6 points of damage on a successful hit. Both lasers are considered a single attack; do not roll two separate attacks. The head must have a clear line of sight to attack, and since the head cannot be tilted, this typically means that the head must be floating very close to the ground to threaten anyone. The eye lasers have a range of 240'. The head may be treated as AC -2, has 90 hp, and saves as a 12th level fighter.

The operator of the head may speak into a microphone inside, and his words will be echoed loudly and deeply by the head. Entrance to the head may be gained through a trapdoor underneath (sealed in flight), or through the mouth.

When raiding for supplies and minions, Ferayn will fly alone in his giant stone head, and send his Exterminators forth to pillage. He will then meet them at pre-appointed locations, both to vomit forth enchanted hypno-weapons for the prisoners, and to receive the tributes of foodstuffs that the Exterminators plunder from the locals.

The hypno-weapons that the head vomits forth are swords, axes, spears, pistols, breech-loading rifles, and bandoliers of ammo for those rifles and pistols. The handles/stocks of these weapons have all been painted red, marking them as the instruments of the Exterminators. They are infused with Ferayn's will, and anyone touching them must save vs. spells or become enthralled by Ferayn, seeking only to kill all non-Exterminators (unless Ferayn orders otherwise, which is rare). Breaking contact with the weapon is enough to end the enchantment in the early stages, but if a character should still be charmed after a week's time, the enchantment will become permanent. Note that characters who save successfully are not granted immunity from the effects indefinitely, and will have to save every turn they remain in contact with the weapon, until they become enchanted or drop it.

Should Ferayn be killed, his weapons will lose their enchantment, although those who have permanently come under Ferayn's influence will remain psychotic killers. The head will cease to operate within a day, as it is powered by his insane will to dominate and destroy.

Ferayn's minions are Exterminators (see the Monsters section for more details). When raiding and otherwise terrorizing the countryside, he is always in his giant

floating head, but may (25% chance) have a group of 4d6 of them leading the way on foot.

Monsator, Lord of the Stalks

No. Enc: 1
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 3 (21 hp)
Attacks: 1
Damage: 2d4
Save: F3
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XII
XP: 65

Monsator was once just a local farmer with a surly disposition. This changed when he discovered a strange vault door buried near his farm, while digging a new root cellar. Behind the vault door was an ancient cryogenic storage facility for a genetic engineering firm. Being an enterprising sort, he collected the various embryo and seed samples, ground them up, and used them to fertilize his cornfield.

The DNA from the embryos, seeds, spores, and retroviruses proved a potent cocktail, and was nearly the end of Monsator. He had contacted and inhaled much of this DNA mixture, and became feverish after a few days, eventually lapsing into a coma. When he finally awoke, he felt invigorated and refreshed, despite the strange fleshy seed-pods that now covered his body. What was truly shocking was the spectacle that greeted him upon inspecting his cornfields: the cornstalks had become animate, marching about the field. They recognized their genetic brother and master in this simple farmer. Monsator had acquired an army.

They say that power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Monsator's power is something less than absolute, but he has put his corn army to work regardless, emulating the powerful wizards that all men fear. He has limited himself to raids on his hated neighbors so far, stealing their livestock, burning their farms, and enslaving the survivors. He brings the loot and prisoners back to his "wizard's tower," a structure much like a grain silo, on a grander and more martial scale.

Monsator attacks with a pitchfork he has modified with parts from a plasma pistol. It has a range of 120', and does 2d4 points of damage. The weapon will cease to function within several hours of separation from Monsator, as it is only his insane will that keeps it functioning.

Monsator's minions are Cornstalk Warriors (see the Monsters section for more details), and he is always

accompanied by 2d6 of them when he roams abroad, mounted atop his reliable draft horse, Tess.

Anomalous Subsurface Environment

History of the Dungeon

Unlike other dungeons, the Anomalous Subsurface Environment was not constructed by any sentient hands. Rather, it came into being spontaneously, voids suddenly forming in the rock beneath Mount Rendon. It is will without intelligence, embodied in stone, metal, and magic.

The dungeon has spawned elemental spirits to maintain itself. The dungeon elementals are responsible for maintenance of the dungeon, repairing damage to the stonework, replacing rotted wood and rusted iron, and resetting mechanical and magical traps. They are only very rarely seen by the dungeon's inhabitants or intruding adventuring parties. The dungeon elementals are also responsible for closing and opening doors throughout the dungeon, occasionally trapping some living non-sentient dungeon vermin inside a room, or opening doors so that wandering vermin may follow a party down an otherwise inaccessible corridor.

The Anomalous Subsurface Environment has no mastermind behind it, and no Big Bad Evil Guy waiting at its bottom for the players to confront and Save The Day. It does have a history, though, it has inhabitants with their own goals and desires, and it is full of mysteries for the players to discover and figure out.

Nearly 4,000 years ago, Integrated Mineral Exploration Services, a subsidiary of megacorporation Dynamic Materials, Inc., stumbled across an unusual cave formation while probing for rare earth deposits on mist-shrouded Mount Rendon. The caves had no exit to the surface, yet were of dressed stone. Within were creatures and traps no human had ever laid eyes upon, and a wealth of mineral deposits to satisfy even the most rapacious of companies. Precious metals, rare earths, unusual isotopes and elements heretofore unknown to science were found in rich veins deep in the bowels of the mountain, and woven around and through these veins were the tunnels of the megadungeon.

DynMat was quick to establish a secure presence on the mountain, and excavated several other entrances to the dungeon in the mountainside. This system of caves and worked stone was blandly labeled the "Anomalous Subsurface Environment." The ASE was found to be amazingly conducive to scientific research of all kinds. Scientists in the underground facility were somehow

more capable of generating results than they were on the surface, and astounding progress in all areas was made.

The laws of physics were strangely bent, and amazing experimental results were obtained in the lower levels that could not be replicated above. Explorers and security teams beat back the darkness several levels down, and laboratories and other scientific facilities were built to exploit the strange properties of the dungeon. The dungeon was quickly and extensively converted to corporate use.

DynMat had IMES excavate a dungeon level of their own, as a secure facility to guard the dungeon proper. This level, known as the Gatehouse, was manned by a mixture of human security forces and deadly automatons. It was used as a training ground for researchers and explorers as well, as the underground environment was incredibly deadly for the unprepared.

By the time disaster struck, the lower eight levels of the dungeon had been secured and incursions had been made into the ninth. The subsurface research facilities included an underground hothouse, nuclear forge, biogenetic lab, missile silo, and other structures to support the research and development missions of DynMat. Careful, small-scale mining operations were also being made to harvest the veins of precious metals in the lower levels.

The dungeons were not unoccupied – they were full of inexplicable traps and horrible monsters, guarding strange treasures. DynMat security teams were slow to clear each level of the dungeon of threats, and monsters would inexplicably reappear, making life underground perilous in the extreme. An emergency lockdown procedure was put in place that would cause the entire facility to close itself to the outside world in the event of a serious security breach.

Seven years after the discovery of the ASE, this procedure was activated. The exact nature of the threat was not communicated to the men in the Gatehouse who had the grim task of locking every man, woman, and child into that dark mountain, but they executed the order faithfully. The mountain was sealed, and eventually time and weather buried the entrances. On the outside, the world changed, and DynMat ceased to exist, along with the rest of civilization. The ASE was forgotten.

For the humans left inside, it meant a desperate fight for survival in the dark. Those who lived were subjected to the relentless pressure of accelerated dungeon evolution, amid the scientific relics left by DynMat's foray into the dungeon. Few of their descendants are recognizably human after the passing of four thousand years.

The ASE still bears the stamp of humanity's first foray into the deep, in the form of ancient DynMat labs and equipment, but nameless things lurk in the dark corridors, and the dungeon has twisted these remnants to its own purposes. It remains as it was, a dark place full of fiendish monsters, diabolical traps, and the hope of wealth beyond imagining.

Materials Science

There are many unusual materials in both Denethix and the Anomalous Subsurface Environment. Many of these impart near-magical properties to the objects made from them.

Protonium-Metal

Protonium-metal is well-known to those who live in Denethix and the surrounding towns, as its impressive properties mean that several artifacts of unknown purpose still remain in museums, fields, and junkyards. This greenish-black metal is a fusion of protons and anti-protons, suspended in a rigid baryon mesh. The metal exists in a state that cannot be changed, and is thus entirely unbreakable, and cannot be worked in any way.

Protonium-metal cannot be bent, damaged, dissolved in acid, rusted, or otherwise corroded, and it is immune to *disintegrate* spells, anti-magic effects, and *spheres of annihilation*. Only a *wish* may be used to alter protonium-metal, and even that will only affect a 1' square area of the metal. It cannot be breached via the use of *teleport*, *dimension door*, and *passwall* spells, as it exists in multiple dimensions. It is also impossible to use *ESP* or *telepathy* on a creature wearing a protonium-metal helmet, and anything completely encased in the metal cannot be detected by any magical scrying.

The metal was only produced briefly deep in the Anomalous Subsurface Environment, using the Advanced Quantum Preon Collider. The collider was found to generate lumps of protonium-metal, and methods were soon established to cause the metal to form in specific shapes. One of the more common items manufactured in the security-conscious ASE were doors. Furniture and other random items were also manufactured by the Collider team, as it was easier to fill a requisition by sending it to the affable engineers a few levels down, than to get approval from Accounting.

The rarest items forged in the crucible of the Collider were medieval weapons and armor, created mostly as whimsical wall decorations. Such weapons effectively have magical bonuses of +1 to +3, depending on how utilitarian or fanciful the particular weapon design is. Protonium-metal armor and shields are always +3. Blades of this metal never dull, and armor never dents or scratches.

In Denethix and the surrounding towns, pieces of protonium-metal can still be found. There are large bits of scaffolding, massive shapeless lumps, and various abstract designs. These pieces largely serve as eyesores, as the metal cannot be disposed of or re-purposed.

All protonium-metal radiates magic, if detected for.

Argonium

This white, reflective material is a form of plastic infused with protonium-metal dust. It is incredibly stiff and impact-resistant. This material is not as resilient as protonium-metal itself, but is lighter and easier to manufacture, as the dust can be mixed into the plastic resin and molded into arbitrary shapes.

Armor and shields made from argonium are effectively +1 magic items. Argonium, like protonium-metal, radiates magic.

Disintegrate spells will only function on the surrounding plastic matrix, reducing argonium to piles of protonium-metal dust. It does still block inter-dimensional travel, as the dust exists in all dimensions, but *ESP* and *telepathy* will penetrate an argonium helmet, and argonium containers will not prevent magical scrying.

"Sick Rock"

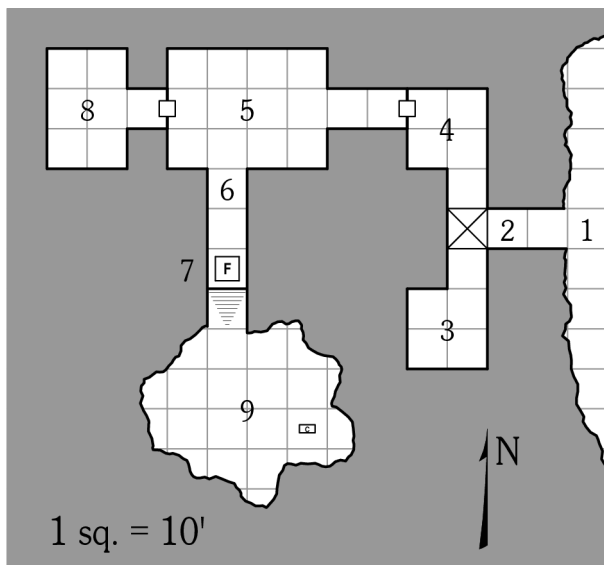
To a human or halfling, sick rock appears as a crumbly yellow rock. To dwarves or elves, sick rock is a terrifying sight – it is a blinding nightmare of shifting gamma radiation.

Any creatures within 30' must save vs. poison every full half hour they are exposed to the sick rock. If they fail, they will succumb to a wasting disease, losing half their hit points (round up) per hour, until they die. *Neutralize poison* will stop the wasting, but victims of the sick rock will not be able to be healed in any way (magical or natural) until a *cure disease* is cast upon them.

The effects of sick rock radiation are blocked by a 1" thick sheet of lead, or 10' of stone.

All dwarves and elves instantly recognize sick rock, as they have been told stories of the "sick light" since they were children.

Moktar Lair



Moktar Lair

As described in room 1.a. of the Gatehouse section, the door to the dungeon requires a piece of “sick rock” to open. The following mini-adventure can be used to provide a map and suitable hunk of “sick rock” to the players, if the referee so desires.

As the players sit in the “Muddy Cup,” Chelmsfordshire’s only tavern, a pair of sweaty fellows in armor burst in. These two, Terry and Phil (AC 4, F 1, hp 7, 4, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30’), Save F 1, ML 7), were hired to guard a private caravan, which has just been ambushed by a moktar war-band. They will exclaim loudly that the caravan has been attacked, and that they need help to save it.

If that doesn’t entice the players to assist, they will approach and explain that the merchant who hired them had an incredibly heavy chest that must have been stuffed full with gold. They are willing to split the gold with anyone who will help them get it back from the moksars.

If the players agree, Terry and Phil will lead them down the muddy track that leads west from Chelmsfordshire into the pine forest. The players will come to the site of the caravan attack after an hour’s travel. The bodies of three caravan guards and the merchant’s family lie dead in the road, next to two burning wagons. The horses are missing – carefully looking at the prints around the wagon will reveal they fled west down the road. There is

no sign of any valuables in the wagons or on the bodies. If Terry and Phil are questioned about the bodies, they will notice that there is a missing caravan guard, a man named Kolem.

It is fairly easy to track the moktar war band – they have trampled the underbrush badly, dragging some heavy object to the south. Following this trail will take an hour, and lead to area 1 on the Moktar Lair map.

Terry and Phil (AC 4, F 1, hp 7, 4, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30’), Save F 1, ML 7) each wear splint mail. Terry wields a flail, and Phil uses a short sword. They are both cowardly and greedy, and will hang back in combat, preferring that the players take all the risks.

1. Entrance to the Moktar Lair

The side of a hill has been roughly cut away at some point in the far past, and a tunnel cut into the bedrock. The tunnel entrance is perfectly square, and the impressions of massive hinges can be seen if the entrance is examined closely. The steel doors to this ancient vault corroded away long ago, and not even rust remains.

The footprints and drag marks lead directly to the tunnel entrance.

2. Pit Trap

The leaf litter and other forest debris that has blown in here hides a covered pit trap. The pit is 10’ deep, and will cause 1d6 points of damage to anyone falling in. The lid of the pit is made of stone, and has springs underneath that will cause it to snap shut after a victim falls in.

The pit itself is filled 2’ deep with sewage and other refuse of the moksars.

3. Kennel

A healthy moktar (AC 5, HD 2, hp 5, #AT 1, D 2-8, MV (40’), Save F 2, ML 8) stands here, watching over his caged pet wolf. If he hears the pit trap open, he will release the wolf (AC 7, HD 2+2, hp 11, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (60’), Save F 1, ML 8). The moksars have not thought this defensive plan through very well, and the wolf is likely to end up in the pit if the lid is closed when it reaches the trap.

4. Guard Room

This room has a crude wooden table with two chairs, and is lit by torches held in sconces on the wall. Two

moktars (AC 6, HD 1, hp 8, 7, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV 30', Save F 1, ML 8) are standing guard. They are slowly dying from exposure to the sick rock in room 5 (thus the reduced hit dice, armor class, damage, and movement rate). The sick moktars have large clumps of mane missing, and many open sores.

5. Common Room

This is where the war-band eats and sleeps. There are piles of rags serving as bedding, and heaps of bones from previous meals. There are 6 moktars here (AC 6, HD 1, hp 7, 7, 6, 5, 3, 3, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV 30', Save F 1, ML 8), all suffering from sick rock exposure, and covered with weeping sores. Their manes are falling out in thick clumps.

The merchant Harvinus lies here as well, bound and dying. The moktars had planned to ransom him, but their greed has doomed both war-band and merchant. After dragging the heavy chest back to the cave, the moktars smashed the lock off, and discovered it was a wood veneer over thick lead, containing only a lump of yellow rock. They tossed the rock in the corner, and dragged the chest down to room 9, to more neatly store the wealth they had pillaged on previous raids.

Harvinus will warn players away from the room, shouting "Quickly! You cannot stay in the room long! It is poison!" If he sees Terry and Phil, he will curse them as worthless cowards.

He carries, in his shirt, an ancient map, showing the route to a small cave near the top of Mount Rendon. Harvinus has scrawled a note near the cave, reading "Sick rock is the key." If Harvinus can shoo away Terry and Phil, he will covertly hand the players the map – otherwise he will not mention this secret.

The merchant is beyond saving, and will die within a few minutes of the players speaking to him.

Under a pile of refuse (bits of torn clothing, bent weapons, and various dented pots and pans) in the southwest corner is the sick rock. It is bright yellow, and the size of a man's fist. Elves and dwarves will see the hideous sick light through the refuse, brightly illuminating the room.

6. Magnetic Corridor

At the position marked 6, on the eastern wall of the corridor, is a lever in the "down" position.

Should the lever be moved to the "up" position, powerful electromagnets in the ceiling of the southern 20' of this corridor will be activated. Any character in metal armor will be flung up into the ceiling, taking 1d6 points of

damage. Characters standing on the metal plate at area 7 will be crushed as the pyramid of steel flies upwards, taking 3d6 points of damage (save vs. paralyzation for half damage).

A character in metal armor who heads south after the lever has been moved to the "up" position will feel the upwards force, and may jump back if they successfully save vs. paralyzation – otherwise they too will fall to the ceiling, taking 1d6 points of damage.

Note that unless precautions are taken when moving the lever back to the "down" position, any characters trapped on the ceiling by the magnetism will take another 1d6 points of damage as they fall to the ground. Characters under the steel pyramid when it drops back into the hole will take 3d6 points of damage (save vs. paralyzation for half damage) and be pinned in place.

7. Metal Plate

There is a six foot square steel plate on the floor of the southern end of this corridor. This plate is actually the flat surface of an inverted pyramid of steel. The pyramid is resting in a hole, angled inwards at the edges to support the steel plug. When the lever at area 6 is in the "up" position, the pyramid will crash upwards into the ceiling, revealing the hole. There is an 8' drop into the hole, and a set of stairs heading south can be seen below.

8. Chieftain's Quarters

This room is used by the chief of the war-band (AC 5, HD 2, hp 12, #AT 1, D 2-8, MV (40'), Save F 2, ML 8). He is also deeply ill from sick rock exposure. He wears a gold necklace worth 50 gp, and has 10 sp in a pouch hanging from a rawhide belt.

The room is decorated with moldy furs, and piles of clothing from previous victims of his raiding serve as a bed.

9. Moktar Hoard

The first thing players will see as they enter this room is a naked human corpse, somewhat purple and bloated. Phil and Terry can identify this body as that of Kolem, the missing caravan guard.

Lurking on the ceiling above the guard are two crab spiders (AC 7, HD 2, hp 16, 7, #AT 1, D 1d8 + poison, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 7). They will leap down to attack any intruders.

The moktars use this cave to safely store their loot. They toss a helpless victim down the stairs, and are able to access their ill-gotten treasure while the spiders are distracted.

The moktars have most recently dragged down the lead chest of Harvinus, and put their collected treasure into it. The chest appears to be ornately carved from wood, but opening it reveals that it is a veneer over an inch-thick lead box. The chest weighs 200 pounds empty.

Currently, the chest is closed, and bears marks on the woodwork where the lock was hammered off. There are 800 gp inside the chest. If Terry and Phil feel they can get away with it, they will attempt to rob the party, taking all the gold for themselves.

Mount Rendon

The actual mountain is avoided by locals and bandits alike, due to the constant threat of aerial predation. Atop the mountain is an ancient, crumbling fortress of concrete blocks and argonium domes, inhabited by flocks of perytons.

Harvinus's map describes a trail leading up the south slope of Mount Rendon to a cave. While the passing of years has changed the landscape, there are still enough crumbling blocks of concrete left on the mountain to pick out where the map's landmarks used to stand.

Wandering Monsters – Mount Rendon

A roll of 1-2 on d6 indicates an encounter while traveling through the woods and up the slopes of Mount Rendon. Roll 2d6 to determine the exact encounter.

2. Wizard, referee's choice
3. 1d6 carnivorous beetles (AC 3, HD 3+1, #AT 1, D 2-12, MV (50'), Save F 1, ML 9)
4. Wizard raiding party – 2d8 bandits (AC 6, HD 1, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save T 1, ML 8), or use a particular wizard's henchmen
5. Wizard vehicle seen moving overhead
6. 2d8 goblins (AC 6, HD 1-1, hp 3, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save Normal Man, ML 7)
7. 2d4 wolves (AC 7, HD 2+2, hp 11, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (60'), Save F 1, ML 8 (6))
8. 1d8 moktars (AC 5, HD 2, hp 9, #AT 1, D 2-8, MV (30'), Save F 2, ML 8)
9. Human traders
10. Human-shaped shadows of 1d3 perytons flying overhead
11. 1d6 stirges (AC 7, HD 1, hp 5, #AT 1, D 1d3, MV (60'), Save F 2, ML 9)
12. 1d3 perytons (AC 5, HD 4, MV (40', fly 120'), #AT 1, D 1d6 or 1d10 (charge), Save F 4, ML 8)

The Gatehouse

The gatehouse is the first part of the dungeon the party will encounter. Its walls are of a hard, glossy, white material - argonium. This argonium coating is laid over the underlying stone, and is impervious to attacks from normal weapons – nothing more than scratches can be made in it. The doors are all made of protonium-metal, and are impervious to corrosion and impossible to damage.

The white ceilings of the gatehouse have a soft glow, illuminating the rooms and tunnels, and eliminating the need for the players to use torches. The exception to this is room 25, which is bare stone.

Factions

The gatehouse and dungeon were locked down tightly many thousands of years ago. The human inhabitants of the gatehouse died quickly, but the automatons that served them continue to function. As the automatons wore down, they began cannibalizing each other for parts. The more successful cannibals remained intact, while the losers of that struggle were forced to jury-rig repairs with whatever materials were at hand – specifically, the remains of the human inhabitants.

There is a natural tension between the fully-operational automatons and their jury-rigged brethren that an astute party may exploit. The jury-rigged automatons are deeply jealous of their better-equipped rivals. Both

groups are desperately afraid of the abomination that lairs in room 26.

The sergeant automaton and his two privates in room 31 are tasked with preventing creatures from deeper in the dungeon accessing the Gatehouse level. The presence of a party wanting to descend further will be a puzzler to them, and reaction rolls will be in order. The privates, if encountered away from the sergeant, will have the standard +4 penalty for reaction rolls with jury-rigged automatons, as they are more interested in acquiring spare parts than talking.

The automatons' programming has been badly degraded by the passing millennia, but one paramount instruction will be observed by all automatons: under no circumstances will they ever leave the Gatehouse. It is forbidden.

Wandering Monsters – Gatehouse

Roll 1d6 every 2 turns, and on a result of 1, roll 2d6 to determine the wandering monster encountered.

2.	The 2 jury-rigged greater automatons from room 31
3.	1d4 dust ghosts (AC 8, HD 1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 10)
4.	A human voice in the distance, but the voice is too faint to be understood (this is the hologram in room 22 being triggered by an automaton)
5.	1d4+1 lesser automatons (AC 5, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 1, D 1d6+1, MV (40'), Save F 2, ML 10)
6-8.	1d6 jury-rigged lesser automatons (AC 6, HD 1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 8)
9.	The distant sound of metal scraping against the floors and walls. This is the abomination from room 26 on a hunting expedition
10.	1d3 radioactive stirges (AC 7, HD 1+1, hp 6 each, #AT 1, D 1d3, MV (10', fly 60'), Save F 4, ML 12)
11-12.	The abomination from room 26

1. Entrance

This appears to be a natural cave entrance in a cliff wall, above the tree line on the slopes of Mount Rendon. The rank odor of the cave air attests to the fact that a black bear has made this its den. There is a 50% chance on each visit that the bear will be present (AC 6, HD 4, hp 19, #AT 3, D 1d3/1d3/1d6, MV (40'), Save F 2, ML 7).

1a. The Door

In the rear of the cave is 10'x10' area of worked stone, with a protonium-metal door at the north end. The door

has no visible means of opening it. On the west wall next the door is an opening 8 inches square into a chute leading down. If a large piece of "sick rock" is deposited in this chute, after a few seconds, seams will appear in the door as it pulls apart, revealing the entrance to the Gatehouse. After being opened, there is no means to close this door.

2. Foyer

Each door in this room has a sign on it. The west door's sign reads "Barracks", the northeast's reads "Emergency Generator Core", and the east's reads "Subsurface Research Facility". The south door is, of course, open, with no means of closing it, and any sign that may have been there is hidden.

The floor of this room is covered with dust, and is marked by many tracks crisscrossing the room. In general, the entire Gatehouse is both dusty and bears the evidence of heavy foot traffic from the automatons roaming the area.

3. Armory

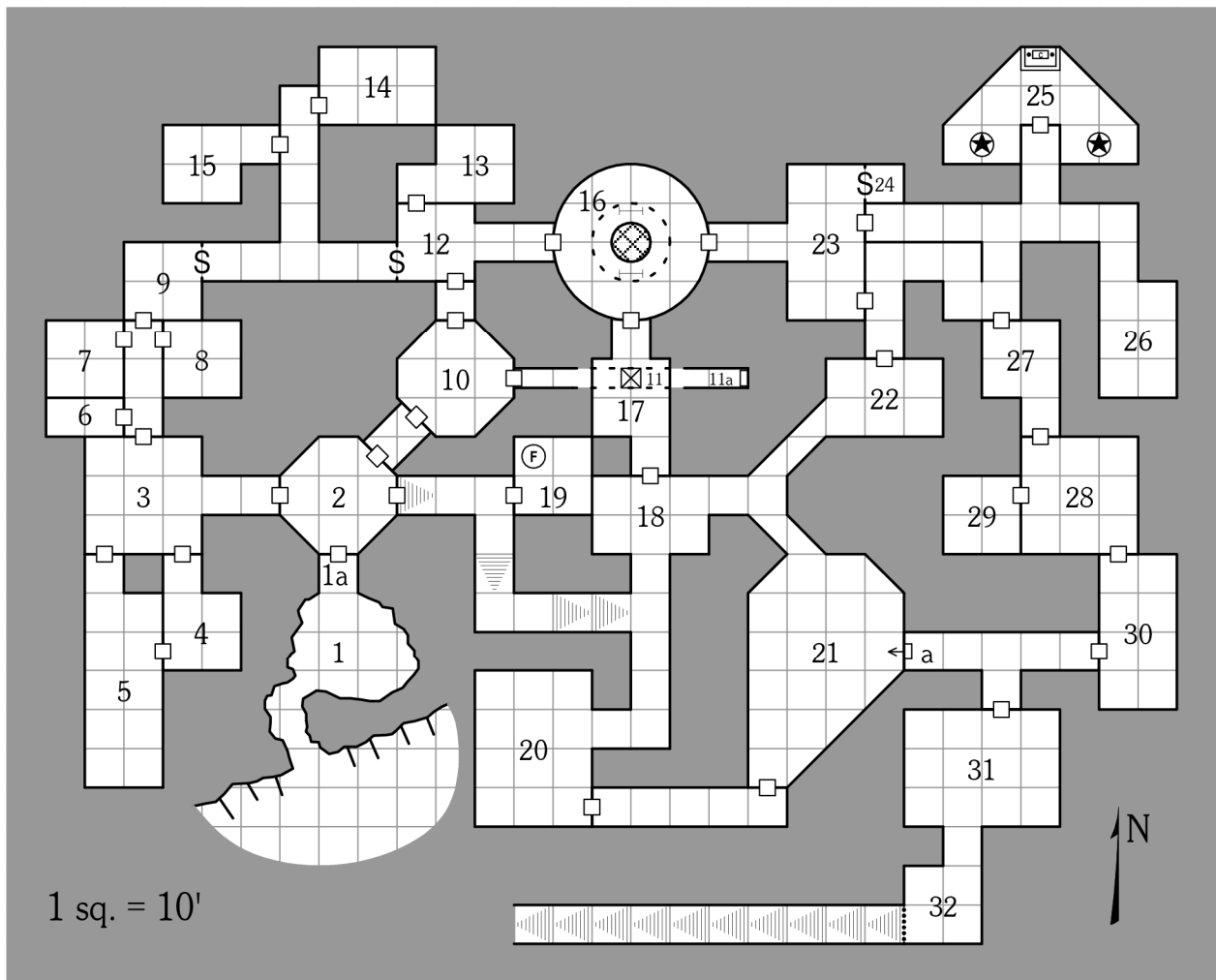
There are small, smashed bits of furniture here, broken up by the jury-rigged automatons that roam the Gatehouse. No pieces larger than a few inches are left. If the players examine the north door, they will notice that there is a large dust-free area in front of it (this is where victims of the trap behind the door have been picked up and taken away).

3a. Falling log

The automatons in room 5 have rigged the northern door of this room with a trap. When the door is opened, a large protonium-metal pipe suspended by wire will swing down at whoever opened the door, causing 1d6 points of damage unless the player makes a save vs. petrify. If approached from the north side of the door, the trap is clearly visible.

4. Showers

This area contains showers and toilets. There are cracked tiles on the floor (with the same white material as the walls underneath the tiles), but the porcelain toilet bowls and protonium-metal showerheads and faucets are still intact. There are some holes in the wall where sinks and counters used to be, but those are gone. If investigated, the toilet bowls will be found to contain a green slime (AC always hit, HD 2, hp 13, #AT 1, D dissolve, MV (1'), Save F 1, ML 12). The same slime is living in the protonium-metal pipes. It cannot surge upwards from the slick toilet bowls, but if the showers are turned on, it will spray down on whoever has turned the faucet.



Gatehouse

5. Barracks

Like the armory, this room is full of tiny bits of smashed furniture. It also contains 8 lesser automatons (AC 5, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 1, D 1d6+1, MV (40'), Save F 2, ML 10). These automatons have made this room their base of operations. They keep a stockpile of ancient human bones in the corner, to use for bartering with the jury-rigged automatons. Mixed in with the human remains are 500 gp and the wall sconce from room 9. The automatons have no use for the gold, but couldn't be bothered separating it out from the valuable skeletons. The wall sconce is tarnished silver, worth 100 gp, and has some colored wires sticking out the end. Careful examination will reveal that a portion of the sconce depresses like a trigger.

6. Officer's Bathroom

This room is the officer's bathroom. It has a toilet and shower, slime-free in this instance.

7. Officer's Quarters

The room is empty.

8. Officer's Quarters

There is a protonium lockbox here, unlocked. The room is otherwise empty. Inside the lockbox are the gold insignia of rank of a long-dead lieutenant: a pair of eagle pins, each with three stars engraved upon it. These will fetch 50gp each from an antiques dealer.

9. Officer's Quarters

This room has heaps of dry-rotted wood everywhere, with fragments of ancient cloth mixed in. It crumbles to the touch and has no structural value whatsoever; thus, the automatons have let it lie. There is a mirror mounted on the east wall, in a silver frame. The glass and frame are unbreakable, and will resist attempts to remove them. A bundle of colored wires are sticking out of a hole in the

north wall. If the wall sconce from room 5 is brought here, the colored wires reattached, and the trigger pulled, the mirror will briefly be covered in a shimmering purple light, and then the glass will disappear, allowing entrance through the secret door. From the eastern side of the secret door, the door appears as a rectangle of opaque, dull grey metal. There is a red button that if depressed will cause the secret door to open/close.

10. Second Foyer

This room is empty. If the dust is examined closely, players will notice that no foot prints head to the east door. A sign on the southwest door reads "Exit", a sign on the north door reads "Emergency Generator Core", and a sign on the east door reads "Authorized Personnel Only".

11. Pit Trap

This corridor, unlike others in the facility, is only five feet wide. In the middle of the corridor is a pit trap, activated by a pressure plate to the east of the pit trap. When depressed, the pit will open, dropping the characters in the second rank of the marching order into the cage hanging in room 17. They will take 2d6 damage from the fall. The cage can only hold the weight of 2 characters; any more and it will fall to the floor, causing an additional 2d6 damage.

Should anyone fall in the pit trap, the automatons in room 18 will be attracted to the sound and come to room 17 to investigate.

11a. False Door

At the end of the 5' corridor is a false door. This protonium-metal door, if forced open, will reveal a stone wall behind it (not the typical white argonium surface).

12. Engineering

Large protonium cabinets are mounted against the western wall. The drawers are full of fragile papers, covered with indecipherable notes. The Science cult will pay 150 gp for these papers. In the back of one of the drawers is a small catch that can be found by feeling around. If pulled, the secret door will be activated, and the cabinets will pull away from the wall to reveal the hallway beyond. From the western side, the door appears to be a large sheet of protonium with a simple latch handle.

This room contains 7 dust ghosts (AC 8, HD 1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 10) who will rise from the floor to attack.

13. Generator Storage

The walls of this room are lined with protonium-metal shelving. Not much remains on the shelves: mostly bits

of broken glass and a few short metal odds-and-ends. One shelf has a row of 11 automaton heads placed on it. They show signs that they were removed violently.

14. Emergency Food Stores

This room has several rusty shelves, once used to store food. They are now covered with yellow mold (AC n/a, HD 2, hp 11, #AT 1, D 1d6 + choke, MV (0'), Save F 2, ML n/a). Under the mold is an argonium shield (acts as *shield +1*, and it does radiate magic).

15. Emergency Weapons

This room has rusted metal gun racks on the walls, with 7 ancient, rusty rifles hanging on them, and three canisters of ammunition. These guns are corroded beyond repair, and the ammunition is deeply unstable. If the guns or ammunition are used, roll d6 to determine the effect:

- 1-4. Nothing happens. Click.
5. Kaboom! Rifle blows up. 1d6 damage to the user.
6. Rifle actually shoots (one shot). Roll to hit with a -2 penalty, if the bullet hits something it will do 1d6 damage.

If a full canister of ammunition is somehow used as an explosive device, it will cause 2d6 points of damage to all creatures in a 10' radius. Each canister contains a dozen corroded bullets.

16. Emergency Generator Core

This large cylindrical room has two levels. The upper level is a circular protonium-metal catwalk, 40' above the floor, with ladders leading down on the north and south sides of the catwalk. A door to the west opens onto this catwalk. The doors to the east and south are located at the floor level of this room. The center of the room is dominated by a 10' wide clear pillar rising from floor to ceiling, filled with a glowing green liquid. The walls are also lined with a variety of clear pipes. Some of these pipes are full of the green liquid, some are broken and empty, and some are broken but appear to have football-shaped lumps of glowing green matter jammed into them.

These lumps are 6 radioactive stirges (AC 7, HD 1+1, hp 6 each, #AT 1, D 1d3, MV (10', fly 60'), Save F 4, ML 12). The stirges will wait for characters to use the ladders before attacking. Stuffed into one of the broken pipes are some shiny baubles the stirges have collected: 6 green chrysoberyls worth 100 gp each.

If a player breaks one of the pipes and becomes covered in a large quantity of the green radioactive goo (or decides to drink the stuff), the effects are identical to having the goo vomited into their veins by a radioactive

stirge. See the description of the radioactive stirge in the Monsters section for more detail.

This particular radioactive goo emits only alpha and beta radiation, and thus does not emit any “sick light.”

17. Cage Room

This room has a ceiling 40' high. From the ceiling dangles an open-topped corroded metal cage that the pit trap at location 11 empties into. The distance from the bottom of the cage to the floor is 20'.

18. Twisted Automatons

This room is quite literally full of jury-rigged lesser automatons, 15 in all (AC 6, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 8), searching futilely through a pile of finger bones, toe bones, and other tiny human remains for larger pieces to reinforce themselves with.

19. Access Shaft

In the floor of this room, in the northwest corner, there is a five foot wide protonium-metal disk embedded in the floor. There is a large lever in the “up” position along the east wall. If the players have not yet pulled the lever in room 32, this lever will be stuck in the “up” position, and no amount of force will let the players push it down (although it is possible they could simply end up snapping the lever off with enough effort).

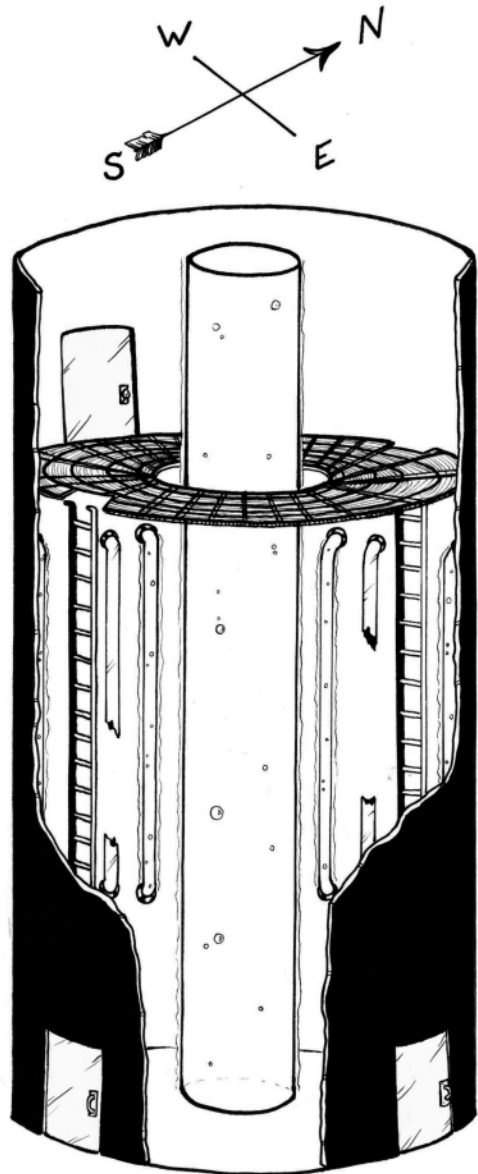
After the lever has been pulled in room 32, this lever may also be pushed to the “down” position, and the protonium-metal disc will open, revealing an access shaft leading 130' down to room 99 of the first level. The shaft has protonium-metal ladder rungs embedded in it, allowing players to climb down. The troglodytes from the room below will be prepared for players coming down – and should the players leave without descending, they are likely to climb up to the gatehouse level.

20. Recreation Room

This room is empty, except for tiny shattered bits of glass and corroded steel.

21. Operations Room

The automatons have retained a vestige of programming that prevents them from damaging or recycling anything from this room. It was once used as a center of operations for the gatehouse. There are wooden tables, still standing, that will crumble to dust if disturbed, dropping the empty glass containers on the table tops to the floor. In the center of the room a metal disk is permanently affixed to the floor. Floating above it is a sphere of brilliant bluish-white light, 8' wide. The sphere radiates magic. There are no controls visible. If players



Room 16

disturb the light, they will take 1 point of damage when touching it.

On the east wall is a large 10' x 10' featureless sheet of protonium-metal. This is the west side of the one-way door at 21a.

21a. One-Way Door

At the western end of this corridor is a large 10' x 10' vault-style door. In the center of the door, a 1' wide metal cylinder protrudes eight inches outwards. The cylinder has a wide, round hole running entirely through it, parallel with the surface of the door. Normally, there would be a metal bar running through the opening

mechanism of the vault, and turning it counter-clockwise would open the door. However, the abomination of room 25 has taken it for use in its own body. Any long piece of metal or wood (pole, staff, etc) can be jammed into the cylinder to open the vault, however.

22. Anteroom

When players enter this room, a transparent man dressed in clothing of a long-gone era will appear in the middle of the room, and begin his spiel: "Welcome, visitors and employees, to the Subsurface Research Facility! As you prepare to enter the Subsurface Environment, remember to follow your Expedition Checklist, and listen to the instructions of your guide at all times. We have been accident free for three thousand, seven hundred, twenty-nine years, eleven months, and two days. A company record! Don't be the team to break it!" He will then disappear. Each time players exit and re-enter, he will repeat the same spiel (with the number of accident-free days increasing as appropriate). The figure is a hologram, and any attempts to interact with him are futile.

23. Emergency Generator Control Room

The center of this room is occupied by a large metal bin, bolted to the floor. The bin is full of tiny bits of scrap metal and wire. Anybody toying with the wires will receive 1d2 points of damage from electrical shock.

On the north wall is a shallow rectangular hole with a blue and a red wire sticking out. These wires do nothing, should the players fool with them.

However, if the players return to the bin and systematically try connecting red and blue wires, roll 1d6 for each attempt:

- 1-3. Electrical shock, 1d2 points of damage
4. Nothing happens
5. Massive shock, 1d6 points of damage
6. Secret door in northeast corner opens

24. Secret Supply Closet

This closet contains 10 spools of gold wire, worth 50 gp each, and two small foil packages (each is 4 inches square). The foil packages contain a strange blue foam-like substance that, if eaten, acts as a *potion of healing*.

25. Subsurface Training Simulator

This room is unusual in the gatehouse, as the floor, walls, and ceiling are bare stone, with no argonium coating. The ceiling, being stone, does not emit any light, and the room is dark.

The north wall of this room has a large protonium-metal chest sitting on a raised dais. To either side of the chest

are two poles, with horizontal rings attached to the top. The poles, if examined, can be tilted to face the SW and SE corners of the room.

In the alcoves to the southwest and southeast are two crystal living statues (AC 4, HD 3, hp 17, 9, MV (30'), #AT 2, D 1d6/1d6, Save F 3, ML 11), one in each alcove. They have been carved to resemble warriors in chainmail, holding swords. They are standing on stone pedestals – the pedestal in the southeast alcove is inscribed with "In Darkness", and the one to the southwest is inscribed with "We Dwell".

If the players try to open the chest, the living statues will attack until the players leave the room. The only way to prevent this is to place light sources on each of the two poles, and tilt them so they lean towards the statues. If this is done, the players can safely open the chest without fear of attack.

In the chest is a gold ingot, inscribed with the words "Simulated Subsurface Treasure", worth 600 gp.

26. Lair of the Abomination

The Greater Automaton Abomination (AC 6, HD 4, hp 17, MV (20'), #AT 3, D 1d6/1d6/1d6, Save F 4, ML 12) that stalks the gatehouse makes its lair in this room. There are tiny bits of debris scattered about the room, and three sealed jugs of hydraulic fluid that other automatons in the gatehouse may find useful.

The abomination's treasure is woven into its body. There is a 750 gp gold and emerald necklace, several hundred feet of gold wire worth 200 gp total, and a 5' long string of blue quartz gems set in tarnished copper, worth 300 gp to a professional jeweler.

The protonium-metal bar used to open the vault door at 21a is also woven into the abomination's body.

The abomination will be present in this room, unless it has already been slain as a wandering encounter.

27. Broken Eye

Along the eastern wall is a jeweled, bent metal frame, with bits of strange plastic material protruding from the back of the frame. Clerics in the party will recognize the frame as a broken God's Eye. If the players touch the Eye, the first touch will cause the frame to whisper unintelligibly. Subsequent touches will produce no effect.

The frame is firmly attached to the wall and cannot be removed, but the 20 small aquamarines that decorate it may be pried off. They are worth 10 gp each.

28. Changing Station

20 protonium-metal lockers line the east wall. The doors all hang open, as they have been thoroughly searched by automatons. Clumps of gray, moldy fabric sit on the bottoms of the lockers. Mixed in with the clumps is a total of 500 sp.

29. Subsurface Equipment Storage

Collapsed, rusted steel shelving occupies most of the room. There are several ancient cylinders of a discolored yellow material, with once-clear (but now thickly cracked) lenses at one end. Whatever use they were, they are no longer. The other supplies that were stored here have disintegrated into piles of dust.

In the northeast corner is a filth-covered chest. It has a lock and latch, and is currently locked. If examined closely, the words “Live Practice” can be seen inscribed on top of the chest. The chest has a poison needle trap (save vs. poison or die), which will fire out of the lock mechanism when the chest is opened. Placing a piece of metal over the keyhole while the chest is opened will prevent the needle from firing. The chest itself is empty – however, a careful search will notice on a roll of 1-2 on d6 that there is secret compartment in the bottom of the chest. This compartment is also empty.

30. Hall of Fugitives

A group of 10 desperate lesser jury-rigged automatons (AC 6, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F 1, ML 8) are hiding here from the abomination that lurks in the northern halls.

31. Guard Room

This room contains the greater automatons tasked with guarding the entrance to the lower dungeons. There is one intact greater automaton (AC 3, HD 4, hp 15, #AT 2, D 1d6/1d6, MV (40'), Save F 4, ML 12), and possibly two jury-rigged greater automatons (AC 4, HD 3, hp 9, 8, #AT 1, D 1d6+2, MV (30'), Save F 3, ML 12).

The two jury-rigged soldiers are absent 90% of the time, as they are normally out on patrol in the gatehouse.

The intact automaton is the sergeant, left in charge of the two jury-rigged privates. If he hears a commotion from 30, he will send the privates to investigate. He will not leave this room himself, as his primary task is to prevent intrusion from the lower levels.

While the sergeant is present, the +4 penalty on reaction checks by his privates is negated due to his influence. If any players are wearing the insignia from room 8, they will gain a bonus of -4 on reaction checks from the sergeant and/or his privates.

There are three footlockers here, containing valuables of the humans who once occupied the gatehouse. The soldiers have collected these valuables and distributed it among themselves as “combat pay”.

Footlocker 1 – 2000 sp

Footlocker 2 – 1000 sp, and a bloodstone set in a silver ring, worth 100 gp

Footlocker 3 – 200 gp, an antique bronze helmet worth 100 gp to a collector, and a pair of platinum earrings worth 75 gp

32. Entrance to the Dungeon

This room has a protonium-metal shelf sticking out of the south wall at an odd angle, pointing slightly downwards, so anything placed on it will slide off. In the center of the shelf is a metal lever, in the “down” position. To the left side of the lever is a small, glowing square with the following words upon it: “Safety period expired. Fuel replenished. Subsurface entry permitted.”

On the west wall, thick bars of protonium-metal block the entrance to a 10' wide corridor. The bars are 2" diameter, and spaced 2" apart, leaving little room for anything to get through. Beyond the bars, the walls are stone, rather than the white argonium of the gatehouse.

Should the players pull the lever to the “up” position, there will be a brief pause, and then the words on the glowing square will be replaced with “Subsurface Research Facility Main Power Facility Re-Activating”. After another few moments, the sound of klaxons from both deep within the dungeon, and from this room itself, will sound. Horrible crashing noises will be heard from far underground, and vibrations will shake the room. The protonium bars will slide up out of view, allowing the players entrance to the dungeon. Finally, the noise will subside, the klaxons will cease, and the glowing square will now read “All entrances open. Ready.”

Moving the lever after this point has no effect.

Inside the gatehouse level, the lever in room 19 may now be moved to open the shaft to the first level.

Outside, automated machinery has begun excavating entrances to the deeper levels of the dungeon, and giant searchlights are rising from the overturned soil to illuminate the sky.

Level 1 – Dungeon Highway

This level of the dungeon has been carved out of the living rock of the mountain. With the exception of only a few rooms, noted in the key, the stonework here is neatly carved and shaped.

This level is unlit (unlike the Gatehouse, with its light-emitting ceilings), and adventuring parties are well-advised to bring plentiful light sources.

The level is organized around an extended “dungeon highway” that runs through the center of the dungeon. The denizens of the surrounding rooms use the highway to quickly access other areas of the dungeon, for foraging and raiding.

Factions

There are three main factions within the first level of the Anomalous Subsurface Environment: the screechmen, the goblins, and the morlocks.

The screechmen mostly stick to the northern side of the dungeon highway. They do not speak any language, and view everything that walks on two legs as food. While their numbers can certainly be diminished, there are always more screechmen around somewhere.

The goblins’ hive mind was slaughtered generations ago by the morlocks, and the few left are hunted by the morlocks for sport. The morlocks are careful to always leave the goblin spawn-sacks unmolested, so there will be new generations of goblins to hunt. Without a hive mind, the goblins are easy prey for both morlocks and adventurers. If seriously pressed, the goblins will bring their goblin spider into battle – they are normally reluctant to disturb it, as it isn’t above a spot of cannibalism.

The morlocks are the true masters of the southern half of the level. They are deeply complacent, as the goblins are unable to mount an attack in their primitive state, and they haven’t faced a genuine threat on their home turf in decades. When they are tired of eating goblin meat, or need water, the morlocks descend to the second level through the well in the northeast end of the dungeon highway. They are also responsible for the dungeon’s meager sanitation – they collect waste (both their own, and the goblin and screechman scat they find in the tunnels) and dump it down the well at the western end of the highway.

The morlocks are initially very lazy, and sneaking into their unguarded lair is no hard task. Should they encounter hostile intruders, they will begin posting guards at the entrance to their lair, and send out patrols to hunt down their enemies.

Time Passes – The Outside World

At this point, the players have inadvertently activated machinery that opened and excavated the entrances, and massive searchlights blaze forth at night, sending pillars of light into the sky and advertising the location of these entrances to everyone within twenty miles.

The entrances revealed, and what has been attracted to them, are as follows:

- Several hundred feet down from the Gatehouse entrance, on the south face of the mountain, is an entrance to the third level, by a pond. Investigating players will encounter a large moktar war band that has been drawn to the light.
- Halfway up the west slope of the mountain is an entrance to the fifth level. While searchlights have protruded up from the ground like mushrooms, the entrance is jammed up by massive boulders from an ancient landslide. It will take a month’s worth of effort to clear the entrance.
- On the north side of the mountain is a deep pit (an ancient rocket silo). Access doors to the seventh level have opened at the bottom of this pit. Investigating players will see a black dragon nosing around if they approach quietly – otherwise, it will see them first, presumably with tragic results.
- On the east face, near the base of the mountain, an entrance to the eighth level has opened up. Several patrols of the Unyielding Fist are gathered here to investigate. They will do their best to prevent players from entering – it’s “wizard’s business” and no civilians are allowed to interfere. As the days pass, soldiers will be sent in to investigate – most never returning, but some bringing back tales of giant tentacles crushing them like insects. Captain Tyro will hold off on sending soldiers to the other entrances, for fear of engaging curious wizards.

The village of Chelmsfordshire will see an increase in soldiers from the Unyielding Fist, as the wounded and dead are brought back from the eighth level entrance, and fresh recruits travel towards the mountain.

Wandering Monsters – Level 1

Roll 1d6 every 2 turns, and on a result of 1, roll 2d6 to determine the wandering monsters encountered.

2. 1d4 crab spiders (AC 7, HD 2, hp 8 each, #AT 1, D 1d8, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 7)
3. 1d8 giant fire beetles (AC 4, HD 1+2, hp 6 each, #AT 1, D 2d4, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 7)
4. 1d4 vagabond mushrooms (AC 7, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F2, ML 8)
5. 1d6 goblins (AC 6, HD 1-1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save F 0, ML 7)
6. 2d4 morlocks (AC 8, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F1, ML 9)
7. Sound of screams in the distance
8. 1d8 screechmen (AC 7, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40', climb 20'), Save F1, ML 9)
9. 1d6 giant earwigs (AC 6, HD 1, hp 3 each, #AT 1 (2 after hit), D 1d4, MV (30'), Save F1, ML 7)
10. 1d4 jawheads (AC 5, HD 2, hp 8 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F2, ML 10)
11. 1d6 blade zombies (AC 7, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 2 (hand blade, head butt at -4), D 1d8/1d4, MV (40'), Save F2, ML 12)
12. Goblin spider from room 35

1. A Message from the Past

In this small room lies an ancient skeleton, with a few pieces of paper and an ancient pen clutched in its bony hand. The papers are mostly blank, but one reads as follows: "To whosoever finds this note, they have locked us in. I don't know what happened in the lower levels, but I'm pretty sure they will never let us out. The soldiers at the top of the stairs were taking pot shots at us. Please let my wife and kids know I love them. There is something outside in the dark."

2. Eyeful of Jellies

The 10' by 10' square area in the center of this room has an intricate carving of a face with a gaping mouth and empty eye sockets on each side. The floor around this central area is covered with a dozen skeletons.

The eye sockets are recessed, and have voids above them. In each right eye socket is a small lever. Should anything less than all four levers be pulled simultaneously, eight corpses jellies (AC 9, HD 1+2, hp 6 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (3', walk 30'), Save F 1, ML 12) will be released, one from each eye socket. Every player with their hands on a lever when this occurs will be subject to an attack from a corpse jelly as it is released. The players will be surprised on a 1-4 on a d6.

The jellies will use the first round of combat to engulf the skeletons, if they are within reach when the monsters are released.

If all four levers are pulled simultaneously, the stone behind each of the mouths will lift away, allowing the players to crawl through into room 3.



Room 2

3. Tarnished Bones

This room contains a skeleton made of tarnished silver. The skeleton looks human, except for the tiny silver fangs in the jaw. The skeleton is worth 900 gp.

4. Dart Trap

Along the northern wall of this room are a dozen small holes, roughly five feet above floor level. The floor of this room is a large pressure plate, that if triggered will cause darts to fly out of the holes. Every player in the room who isn't ducking will need to make a save vs. wands, or take 1d6 points of damage from the darts.

A 3' wide strip running the west wall between the two doors is the only safe spot to stand in the room.

5. Empty Room

This room is empty, except for dust and a few mounds of dried excrement.

6. Dungeon Casualties

Three jawheads (AC 5, HD 2, hp 8 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F2, ML 10) are busy gnawing on a corpse in the center of this room. The corpse is no longer recognizable as the goblin it once was; all that is left is gnawed and split bones and a few gobbets of bloody flesh. It does wear a golden necklace worth 150 gp.

7. Empty Room

This room is empty, even of dust. Nothing has come here for many centuries.

8. Ichor Storage

The eastern wall of this room is lined with rusted shelving. All the shelves but one are covered with small mounds of dust. The exception is a shelf with a rack of 6 small glass vials, each containing a clear liquid. The rack is labeled "Ichor Samples". If the fluid is consumed, a result of 1-2 on a d6 indicates 1 hit point of damage is healed, 3-4 indicates nothing happens, and 4-6 indicates the consumer takes 1 hit point of damage.

9. Place of Bones

This long hall is knee-deep in bones for as far as the eye can see. It is where the screechmen discard the remains of their meals. Most of the skulls appear non-human, being from screechmen, morlocks, and goblins, but towards the southeast corner, there are very ancient human bones.

Walking through the bones is very noisy, and wandering monster checks should be made every turn. Parties moving towards the screechmen in room 10 will automatically alert them if they are unable to find a way to keep the bones from rattling as they move through them.

At the southeast end of this hall is a large, open stone box (six feet long by three feet wide by three feet deep). It is carved from the same stone as the floor of this cave, and cannot be moved. A bas relief sculpture of a leafy tree is carved into the wall behind the box, running from floor to ceiling. Six feet above the floor, a niche is set into the trunk of this tree, with three pins of an unknown metal protruding from the bottom of the niche.

If a green crystal skull is placed onto the pins in this niche, it will begin to glow brightly. If a non-magical object is placed into the stone box (or is already in the stone box when the skull is placed into the niche), it will gain a +1 enchantment, and the skull will burst into a cloud of sparkling green dust.

If multiple non-magical objects are placed into the stone

box, only one (selected randomly) will gain the enchantment.

If items other than weapons or armor are placed in the box, it is up to the referee's discretion as to what power is gained. A ring could become a *ring of protection +1*, a rope could become a *rope of climbing*, etc. The enchantments gained should be relatively minor.

Items that are already magical will not gain any enchantment (including protonium and argonium artifacts), and will not cause the green skull to burst.

Skulls of another color placed on the pins will cause sparks to fly from the skull's surface, and the skull to vibrate noisily until it is removed.

10. Screechmen

10 screechmen (AC 7, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40', climb 20'), Save F1, ML 9) make their home in this room.

11. Screechmen Nest

6 screechmen adults (AC 7, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40', climb 20'), Save F1, ML 9) watch over the young (12 of them, hp 1 each, noncombatant). There is a pile of 10,000 sp that the young screechmen enjoy rooting around in, and 3 half-devoured morlock corpses.

12. Empty Room

This room has a few scattered bones on the floor, and nothing else.

13. Storage Closet

There is a rusty bucket and an ancient, brittle broom with crumbling bristles in this storage closet.

14. Animation Lab

Standing against the north wall is a large machine, encased in a rusting metal framework 10' by 10' square, made up of many tubes and wires running to and from 14 cracked, empty glass jars. The jars rest on shelves within the framework. In the center of the framework is an upright, rusty metal coffin. The coffin will swing open easily, and is filled with soft foam, with a man-shaped indentation sculpted into it.

There is a crystal dome protruding from the ceiling, 1' in diameter and 6" deep.

On the south wall, between the secret door and the normal door, is a small switch, in the down position. If moved to the "up" position, the crystal dome will light up, illuminating the room. If the switch is pushed inward (rather than flipped up or down), the secret door will open.

From the south side of the secret door, there is a blue button next to it that, when depressed, will open the door.

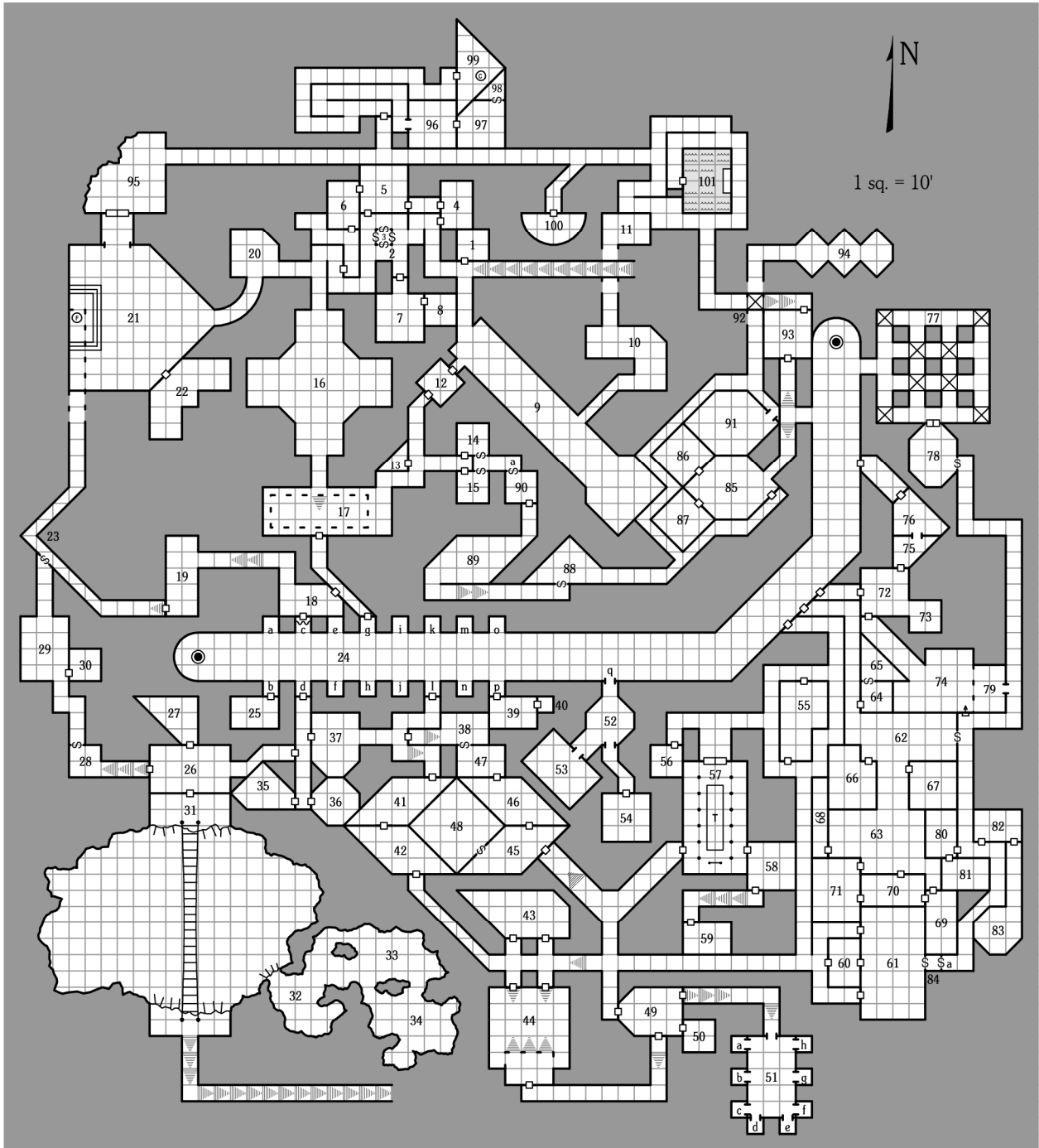
15. More Tarnished Bones

The door to this room has swollen shut, and will require an "Open Doors" roll to successfully open. There is a body-shaped clump of blue fungus, about 8 inches thick,

on the floor. Within the fungus' lower section are the legs and hips of a tarnished silver skeleton, worth 300 gp. The upper section is nothing but fungus.

There is a crystal dome protruding from the ceiling, 1' in diameter and 6" deep.

On the north wall, between the secret door and the



Level 1

normal door, is a small switch, in the down position. If moved to the “up” position, the crystal dome will light up, illuminating the room. If the switch is pushed inward (rather than flipped up or down), the secret door will open.

From the north side of the secret door, there is a blue button next to it that, when depressed, will open the door.

16. Cross Room

In the center of this room are 4 vagabond mushrooms (AC 7, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30’), Save F2, ML 8), jockeying with each other to see which shall have the privilege of feeding on the battered screechman corpse here.

The center 10’ sections of the eastern and western walls are framed by raised stonework depicting fluted columns, with a lintel protruding 10’ above the floor. Above the lintel is a recessed niche, a foot wide, high, and deep. Three pins of an unknown metal protrude from the stone at the bottom of the niche.

The openings to the north and south have similar raised stonework and lintels surrounding the actual tunnel openings, and niches above the lintels. The two niches here, however, have crudely-carved stone skulls sitting in them. Removing the stone skulls will reveal the same three metal pins in each niche.

If a red crystal skull is placed on the pins in one of these niches (or is present in the niche at the portal’s destination), it will begin to glow, and the framed area below will be replaced with thick red fog. Anyone passing through the fog will be teleported to one of the following locations, depending on which opening they pass through:

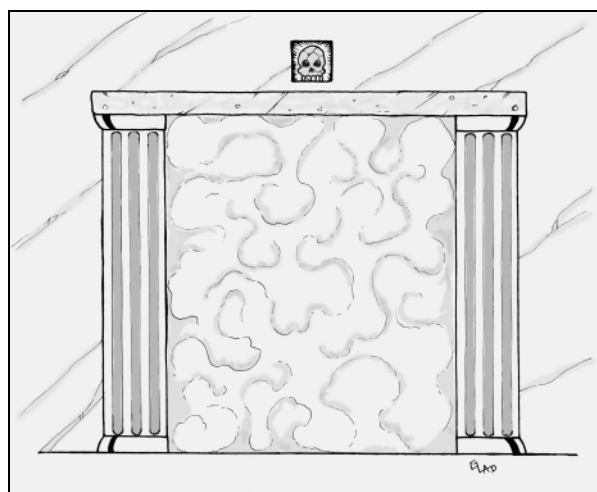
- a. North Portal: The Chapel of Skulls (on the sixth level)
- b. East Portal: A secret room beneath an ancient, ruined stone structure in the woods some 30 miles to the northeast of Denethix. This offers a way for adventurers to quickly (and secretly) enter the Anomalous Subsurface Environment.
- c. South Portal: The Iron Scourge (on the fifth level)
- d. West Portal: The Sunken Pillars (on the fourth level)

If the skull is placed over the northern or southern tunnel, creatures on the opposite side will not see the field of reddish energy, but will be unable to pass through into the room – an invisible wall of force will stop them (and stop any spell effects from passing through the barrier). The same effect will happen if a red skull is placed in the niche at the portal’s destination.

It is important to note that only a single skull is needed to activate a portal, and it can be present at either end of the portal. Removing the skull will instantly close the portal. This does leave the possibility that somebody or something may remove an unguarded skull left by adventurers as they pass through a portal, thus trapping them somewhere deep within the dungeon.

Skulls of another color placed on the pins will cause sparks to fly from the skull’s surface, and the skull to vibrate noisily until it is removed.

The stone skulls currently in place to the north and south have no effect at all; they are merely decorative placeholders.



Room 16

17. Screechman Surprise

This room is surrounded by a stone balcony, ten feet above the floor, supported from beneath by stone columns and arches. The ceiling is 30’ above floor level. The two corridors to the north enter this room at the balcony level, while the door to the south is at floor level.

12 screechmen (AC 7, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40’, climb 20’), Save F1, ML 9) are scattered about this room. When the party enters the room, a few will begin screaming at the party to locate them, while the rest will climb underneath the balconies to surprise the players.

18. Empty Room

This room is empty of everything except dust. When the door on the southern wall is opened, the characters will see the back of the tapestry hanging at location 24b.

19. God's Eye

This room is bare, with the exception of a functional God's Eye in the middle of the western wall.

This God's Eye is a large black metal circle, 10' in diameter, with an intact imaging screen. When the players first enter the room, the God's Eye will be filled with the image of a giant, slit-pupiled eye, moving about and watching the party. The pupil is black, and the iris is a deep purple.

Anyone touching the God's Eye must save vs. magic or be forced to attack the party for 1d3 rounds.

On subsequent visits to this room, the God's Eye will only show the slit-pupiled eye on a roll of 1-2 on a d6. There is no ill effect from touching the God's Eye while the slit-pupiled eye is not present.

20. Fungal Sentries

The ceiling of this room has two distinct clumps of yellowish fungus with strange knobby growths near the western side of the room. They are flat shriekers (AC 9, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT shriek, D none, MV (1'), Save F1, ML 12).

The ceiling is 20' high here, and missile weapons will be required to hit the flat shriekers.

21. Upper Throne Room

This large room has a raised dais against the western wall, with a stainless steel throne atop it. Careful inspection will reveal curve drag marks on the stone near the throne. It can be pivoted to reveal a trap door, with a ladder leading 40 feet down to a tunnel.

The throne itself is covered with raised steel sculptures of winged cherubs. The cherubs are threatening in appearance, with empty eye sockets and cruel smiles.

The seat of the throne is a pressure plate. When someone sits on the throne, the trap will be activated. The raised cherubs on the back of the throne will slide out of the way, and blades will spring out of the slots revealed by the moving cherubs. The character sitting on the throne will take 1d6 points of damage.

The archway to the north is likewise ornately carved with the same threatening cherubs. It is not trapped, however.

22. Party Balloons

There are 6 malignant spheres (AC 6, HD ½, hp 2 each, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (20'), Save F 1, ML 9) hovering above the door. They will surprise on 1-3 on a d6.

The eastern section of the room is full of empty barrels and crates, of advanced age and somewhat decayed. The southern section contains several empty rolling clothes-racks, with corroded wire hangers.

23. Tunnel

This rough-hewn tunnel has empty torch brackets every 5' on either side. At the northern end, there is a ladder leading 40' up, where further progress is blocked by what appears to be a stainless steel plate (the bottom of the throne in room 21). There is an indentation in the plate that can be used to move the throne above.

The secret door halfway down the tunnel is activated by pulling on a nearby torch bracket. From the southwestern side of the secret door, the wall has handles that may be used to pull and slide the door open.

24. Dungeon Highway

This wide corridor allows easy access to most areas of this level. It is a dangerous place to be, and wandering monsters should be checked every turn (rather than every 2 turns). At either end of the corridor is a deep well, leading down to the second level. Morlock hunting parties will often use the northeast well, laying a metal bar across the well and tying a long rope of woven sinew to it. There is a 10% chance on any visit to the northeast end of the tunnel that 4 morlocks (AC 8, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 9) will be found standing guard over just such a pole-and-rope contraption.

The wells are simply deep holes in the floor; they have nothing to keep anyone from accidentally falling into them. The well on the western end has a horrific stench of humanoid waste rising from it, and leads to room 120 on the second level. Dim red light can be seen at the bottom of the well on the eastern end – this well leads to the massive cavern at area 121 of the second level.

The western end of this corridor has many small alcoves, described below.

- a. This alcove contains an organ built from bones and skulls. The skulls are a mix of human, morlock, goblin, and screechman. Any attempt to play it will cause it to noisily collapse, bringing a wandering monster to investigate on a roll of 1-4 on a d6.
- b. The door at the southern end of this alcove has massive claw marks gouged into it.
- c. There is a moldy, tattered tapestry hanging on the north wall, depicting screechmen hunting down fearful-looking humans in ancient clothing. The door behind can be seen through tears in the tapestry.

- d. This alcove is empty.
- e. A half dozen empty casks are stacked here. The lids have been torn off.
- f. This alcove has stone shelves on all three sides. There are 157 small stone urns on the shelves. Each contains ashes and bone fragments.
- g. This alcove is empty.
- h. There are two rotting reclining chairs here.
- i. On the northern wall of this alcove a mural is painted, and it is surrounded by a raised, glowing purple border. The mural depicts a goblin looking over a stone labyrinth filled with rotting garbage and corpses.
- j. There is a stone sarcophagus in this alcove. If opened, a skeleton (AC 7, HD 1, hp 5, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save F 1, ML 12) will attack. The sarcophagus has a false bottom, and underneath it is a jeweled spear. The shaft is rotten, and the spearhead rusty, but the fistful of small jewels that can be pulled off are worth a total of 300 gp.
- k. Six skeletons (AC 7, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save F 1, ML 12) stand in this alcove, two against each wall. If disturbed, they will attack. If the players do not touch them in any way, they will do nothing.
- l. This alcove is empty
- m. 20 lapis lazuli gemstones have been pressed onto the walls of this alcove with a low-quality adhesive. They are easily pried off, and are worth 10 gp each.
- n. There are five heaps of ash on the floor of this alcove.
- o. 5 human arms, so old they have naturally mummified, lay on the floor of this alcove. They are all right arms.
- p. The door in the southern wall of this alcove has a morlock skin nailed to it.
- q. This is not an alcove, but rather a skillfully crafted arch. At the apex of the arch is a smiling, bearded face (the same face sculpted on the wall of room 53).

25. Dripping Room

There is a narrow crack in the western end of the ceiling, dripping muddy water onto the floor. Over time, this has built up a large mound of moist dirt at the western end of the room (about 2' high and 5' wide). There are three holes in the dirt, about 6" wide. If anybody disturbs the

mound, they will be attacked by the holes' residents, 5 giant centipedes (AC 9, HD ½, hp 1 each, #AT 1, D poison, MV (20'), Save F 0, ML 7).

26. Goblin Patrol

There are 7 goblins here (AC 6, HD 1-1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save F 0, ML 7), waiting to ambush any creatures coming from the second level.

27. Bejeweled Bung

In the center of this room is an elongated stone dome, 4' high, resembling a beehive. Plunged into the top of the dome is a golden spike, with an aquamarine gem attached.

The beehive is hollow, and filled with poison gas. If the spike is removed, the gas will be released into the room. The person who released the gas must save vs. poison or die. Others in the room have 1 round to immediately leave, or they too must save vs. poison or die. If someone successfully saves, but remains in the gas, they will have to make another save every round they remain in the poison.

If the door is not shut after the gas is released, it will spread into room 26 as well. It will take 1d6 days for the gas to dissipate, due to the lack of ventilation. Leaving both the door between 26 and 27 and the door between 26 and 31 open will cause the gas to dissipate much more rapidly, in only 2d6 turns.

The aquamarine may be safely pried off the spike without causing the gas to be released, should the players try that.

The golden spike is worth 200 gp, and the aquamarine an additional 400 gp.

28. Slime Cellar

The floor of this room is covered with an orange slime, one inch thick. It is a green slime (AC always hit, HD 2, hp 8, #AT 1, D dissolve, MV (1'), Save F 1, ML 12), discolored due to minerals that it has absorbed.

The secret door is activated by pushing on a loose stone in the northern wall, next to the secret door itself. From the northern side of the secret door, the wall has handles that may be used to pull and slide the secret door open.

29. Restless Chamber

This room seems like it would be a safe haven, but hidden away under a loose stone in the floor is an *amulet of vampiric health*.

30. Treasure

This room contains ancient wooden shelving, in remarkably sound shape for its age. On the shelves are a total of twenty clay pots, each holding 100 sp. There is also a short obsidian statue (4' tall) of a man staring despondently at his empty hands, worth 150 gp to a collector.

31. Vast Cave

This vast void in the natural stone of the mountain is spanned by a bridge of stainless steel wire and boards of some strange gray material (shell fragments from giant pill bugs), tied to the wire with leather cords. There is a strong breeze blowing through the cave, caused by temperature differences between the upper and lower sections of the cave.

The northern and southern ends of the bridge have rooms of finished stone cut out of the living rock. If the players go to the eastern edge of the southern room, the cave opening to room 32 will be just visible by torchlight.

Anyone falling off the bridge will plummet 280 feet to the watery cave in the third level. See room 10 of level 3.

32. Stirge Nest

Ten stirges (AC 7, HD 1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d3, MV (30', fly 180'), Save F2, ML 9) nest here, hanging from the ceiling like bats. The floor is covered with their guano. There are large flattened tracks in the guano leading through this cave, left by the pincer serpent in room 34.

33. Empty Cave

This cave is completely empty.

34. Serpent's Redoubt

A pincer serpent (AC 4, HD 4, hp 20, #AT 3, D 1d8/1d6/1d6, MV (20'), Save F4, ML 8) has made its lair here. It typically goes forth to the second and third levels to hunt for prey, and has only a 50% chance of being present, in which case it will be curled up with its treasure in the southernmost portion of the cave.

The cave is filled with split and crushed bones, and the dung of the serpent. In the southernmost corner of the cave is the serpent's treasure: 5,000 sp, 400 ep, and a gold goblet worth 150 gp.

Note that even if the serpent is not initially present, it will almost certainly (5 in 6 chance) return if an extended effort to empty its lair of loot occurs, surprising on 1-4 on a d6, unless a careful watch is being kept. A quick effort will be difficult given the inaccessibility of the cave.

35. Lair of the Beast

A goblin spider (AC 5, HD 3, hp 15, #AT 1, D 1D8, MV (40'), Save F3, ML 11) has made its lair in this room. The room is full of the bones of its prey, predominantly morlocks and screechmen. In a corner of the room is a locked metal box, containing 3,000 sp and 12 citrine gems, worth 50 gp each.

36. Empty Room

This octagonal room has a plain wooden table and two wooden chairs. The furniture is somewhat dry-rotted, and won't take any weight.

37. Present from the Morlocks

The floor of this room is covered with debris (stone, wood, and bits of dried fungus). The far southern wall is covered with some kind of fungus, running from floor to ceiling.

Suspended from the ceiling is a large net of leather, dyed gray like the stone ceiling above. It has several bits of rusty metal tied to it.

There is a tripwire buried under carefully placed bits of loose debris in the center of the room. It runs down to the southern wall and up, under the fungus, to the net. If tripped by a player crossing the room or poking around in the debris with a pole, the net will drop, trapping all players in the northern 30' by 30' section of the room. A save vs. paralyzation will allow players who are near the exits or southern end of the room to escape the net. Other players are automatically caught.

The metal tied to the nets will make quite a racket as it falls, alerting the morlocks in room 38, who will come to see if they have captured the delicious goblin-flesh they have been hunting for. They aren't averse to a bit of human, of course. It will take one round for the morlocks to arrive.

It will take 8 points of damage from an edged weapon to cut a player free from the net (no roll to hit needed). Each player caught will need to be freed individually. A player caught in the net may try to cut himself free, but cannot effectively attack or defend against the morlocks (and will thus have no Dexterity bonus to AC while trapped).

If players explicitly look at the ceiling, they will see the net. Otherwise, they have only a 1 in 6 chance (roll once for the entire party). The tripwire running up the southern wall has been deliberately buried under fungus placed here by the morlocks, and is not normally detectable.

38. Morlock Hunting Party

6 morlocks (AC 8, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F1, ML 9) are here, waiting for the trap in room 37 to be triggered.

There is a loose stone in the south wall next to the secret door, that if pushed will cause the door to swing open.

39. Safe Haven

This room is empty, containing nothing but dust.

40. Safe Haven's Closet

This small storage room is also empty.

41. Conference Room A

A placard on the outside of the northern door reads "Conference Room A".

The room is full of trashed furniture. Wooden chairs, sofas, tables, shelves, and cabinets have been broken into splinters. Between, and on top of, the debris are several piles of dung.

The vandals, and manufacturers of the dung piles, are 10 goblins (AC 6, HD 1-1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save F 0, ML 7) that have moved in.

42. Conference Room B

This room resembles room 41, only without the goblins. A placard on the outside of the southern door reads "Conference Room B".

43. Goblin Lair

This room is filled with piles of goblin dung, mounds of rags and filth used as goblin bedding, a half dozen sets of goblin-sized "rags-n-metal-scrap" armor, and 15 crude spears, crafted from bones, sinew, and bits of furniture.

In the northwest corner of the room are piled eleven goblin spawn-sacks, with noncombatant larval goblins inside.

One dozen goblins (AC 6, HD 1-1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (20'), Save F 0, ML 7) have made this room their lair.

The goblins have hidden their treasure under one of the piles of rags. They have collected a heap of 8,000 sp and 1,000 gp.

44. Remains of the Hive-Mind

Stairs lead down from the northern doors to the main section of this room, where visitors were to bend knee to the Hive Mind placed on the southern platform. A morlock raid long ago slew the Hive Mind, and little remains to threaten visitors to this room.

In the lower section of this room, there are wooden poles that once held the banners of the Hive Mind. Now, they are nothing but shredded, mildewed gray rags hanging from the spongy wood.

The upper platform has a large, but broken, cylindrical glass jar (3' high, 2' in diameter), sitting on an ornately carved wooden table. The table has begun to rot, rendering it valueless. There are shattered pieces of glass scattered around the floor near the table.

45. Conference Room C

The southeast door to this room, labeled on the outside with a placard reading "Conference Room C", is slightly ajar. Within the room are 3 giant spitting beetles (AC 4, HD 2, hp 8 each, #AT 1, D 1d6 or toxic spit, MV (40'), Save F1, ML 8).

This room has a large pressboard table in the center of it, surrounded by pressboard office chairs with rotted cushions. All the furniture suffers from dry rot. There are 6 lamps in this room as well, one in each corner, one by the center of the west wall, and one by the center of the south wall. The lamps, mounted on 7' high tarnished brass poles with wide bases, have rotted shades, and are fueled by oil (they are currently dry, however).

The lamp along the center of the western wall is fixed to the floor, unlike the other lamps. If rotated clockwise, the secret door to the west will open.

The door to the north has a placard on it, reading "Conference Room D".

46. Conference Room D

This room is furnished identically to room 45. The door to the north has no placard, however.

47. Kitchen

Along the north wall is a metal table, with metal cabinets mounted above it. The cabinets are empty, and the metal table has nothing on it but an empty metal urn with a piece of wire dangling from its bottom.

The table is bolted to the floor. If the players look underneath the table, they will see a small metal lever sticking out of the wall right below the table top. The lever may be moved horizontally, which will open the secret door to room 38.

48. Secret Conference Room

This room has a large, ornately carved mahogany table, worth 500 gp. It is surrounded by 8 clawfoot mahogany chairs, with deteriorated leather padding, worth 50 gp each. On top of the table is an empty crystal decanter,

worth 100 gp, and four crystal ashtrays worth 50 gp each.

There is a cabinet along the northwest wall. It contains 7 bottles of ancient wine, turned to worthless vinegar after so many passing millennia. It also has an opaque black bottle labeled “Orange Water from Fountain, Level 3, Thaumaturgically Preserved”, that will act as a *potion of healing*. The bottle radiates magic, and may be re-used to transport liquids from the Fountain Room (room 62 of level 3). The cabinet is also made of ornately carved mahogany, and is worth 250 gp.

Along the southwest wall is a mahogany roll-top desk, worth 350 gp. Within the desk is a scroll inscribed with the magic-user spell *sleep*, and a brilliantly reflective protonium-metal letter opener (treat as a *dagger +1*).

The secret door to the southeast is not secret from this side, of course. It may be opened using large stainless steel handles mounted on the stone door.

49. Floor Spikes

The floor of this room is covered with 1” wide holes, spaced 2” apart from each other. Anyone looking down the holes will see the tip of a metal blade.

The entire floor of the room is pressure-sensitive, and any weight more than 20 pounds on the floor will cause the blades to pop up 6”, causing 1d6 points of damage. Anyone trying to cross will take another 1d6 points of damage for every step.

The door to the northeast is made of protonium-metal, rather than iron-reinforced oak. A sign affixed to it reads “Warning: Anomaly Ahead. Authorized Personnel Only.”

50. Storage Room

This room has eight quarter-inch thick stainless steel plates, each 3’ wide by 5’ long, leaning against the east wall.

51. Misty Arches

The walls of this room are lined with archways, leading into small 10’ by 10’ rooms. Each archway is filled with a thick mist of a different color (red, orange, yellow, white, black, green, blue, and purple), blocking vision into the room beyond. In the center of the room is a stone pedestal, with a bronze jug standing upon it. The jug has the image of a monkey-headed winged serpent carved into it, and is worth 10 gp. The jug is full of fresh water.

Characters attempting to walk through the mists will find that only one player can be present in the room beyond

at a time; other characters will be stopped as if the mist was made of solid stone. Should two characters attempt to enter simultaneously, roll randomly to see which character makes it through the mist.

Each room has a painted scene on the walls, floor, and ceiling, and large stone basin sticking out of the far wall, with a drain hole in the bottom. Whatever plumbing connects to the drain hole, it must be running through the wall, as the drain hole does not exit on the underside of the basin. Should a character pour water from the bronze jug into the basin, a magical effect will be triggered. The mist colors, painted scenes, and magical effects are detailed below.

Once an effect has occurred, it will not be available for another year’s time. Pouring anything less than a full jug of water will have no effect, nor will pouring water from a container other than the jug.

a. Red Mist: the mural here is of flames and burning coals. Pouring the water down the basin will cause a small glowing ball of red-yellow firelight to fall onto the floor, next to the character. If thrown, this ball will act as the *fireball* spell, doing 3d6 points of damage (and consuming itself in the process). If not used within 24 hours, it will turn to a small ball of cold charcoal.

b. Orange Mist: the mural here is of a field of orange poppy flowers. Pouring the water down the basin will cause the character to become intoxicated, and he will have a -2 on all to hit rolls for the next 24 hours.

c. Yellow Mist: a scene depicting a costume ball, with the guests recoiling in horror from a figure dressed in rags and wearing a tattered white mask. Pouring the water down the basin will cause the scene to animate, and the character will see a horrible crowned figure in yellow robes enter the room, before the walls fade entirely to whitewashed plaster. Having seen the King in Yellow, the character permanently loses 1d3 points of wisdom.

d. White Mist: the room beyond is painted sky-blue, with fluffy clouds. Pouring the water down the basin will cause the character to be able to *fly*, as per the magic-user spell, for the next 24 hours.

e. Black Mist: the walls, floor, and ceiling are painted black. Pouring the water down the basin will cause the player’s pupils to expand, until they occupy the entire visible portion of the eyeball. The character will now have wide spectrum vision, such as dwarves and elves possess, for the next 24 hours. If the character already has wide-spectrum vision, they are able to briefly see between space and time, and must save vs. magic or

become comatose for the next 1d6 turns, as their mind cannot handle the sights revealed.

f. Green Mist: this room is painted in a jungle scene, with thick vegetation on the walls, and lianas and other vines painted on the ceiling overhead. Pouring the water down the basin in this room will cause a monkey to leap out of the image overhead and land on the character's back. The monkey has 4 hp, is AC 9, and will not let go of the character. Any hits to it will split the damage between the character and the monkey. It has no attacks. The monkey will hoot and holler for the next 24 hours, making surprise impossible, and increasing the chance of wandering monsters by 1. After the 24 hour period expires, the monkey will fall to the floor, dead.

g. Blue Mist: the room is painted in an undersea scene, with fishes, octopuses, and coral reefs on the walls and ceiling. Pouring the water down the basin in this room will cause the character to be able to breathe water for the next 24 hours.

h. Purple Mist: the room is painted with veins of purplish color, ranging from near-black to lavender. Pouring the water down the basin will cause the veins to begin to shift and move around the floor, walls, and ceiling of this room. The tendrils will then reach up from the floor and wrap themselves around the character. The writhing bands of color will twist around him for the next 24 hours, giving him +2 to his armor class for the duration.

52. Arched Antechamber

This room has 5 cave locusts (AC 4, HD 2, hp 7 each, #AT 1, D 1d2 (bite)/1d4(slam)/(spit), MV (20', fly 60'), Safe F2, ML 5) searching for food. They have flown up from the second level.

The ceiling here is 20' high and dome-shaped, supported by reinforcing beams of ornately carved black stone.

53. The Oracle

On the southwest wall is a massive bas-relief of a smiling, bearded man with an open mouth. It stretches from floor to ceiling. There is a recessed cavity behind the mouth, darkened with dried blood.

If the recessed cavity is filled with blood, it will appear to slowly drain away. When it is gone, a loud voice will loudly order, "ASK YOUR QUESTION, MORTAL." The bas-relief will accurately answer one question posed to it, and will not speak again for a month.

The recessed cavity is large enough that filling it would be fatal for most human-sized beings.

The morlocks occasionally consult this oracle for guidance, and are responsible for the bloodstains in its mouth.

54. Empty Room

This room is empty, except for dust.

55. Dance Hall

The floor in this room is made of damp rotted wood planking, and the ceiling to this room is a large mirror. Reflected in it will be the four vagabond mushrooms (AC 7, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (30'), Save F2, ML 8) that are currently roaming about the hall.

The southern door to this room stands ajar when first encountered.

56. Empty Room

This room has several decaying, and empty, wooden shelves along the southern wall.

57. Great Dining Hall

This room has rows of fluted columns running down its sides. Between the rows of columns is a long decaying banquet table, draped with a tattered table cloth. At the southern end of the room, at the head of the table, stands a *malicious mirror*.

58. Kitchen

The kitchen here is bare. The room is empty. The only things of note are the cracked tile floor, and a small hole in the ceiling in the southeast corner, 4" wide, that was used to vent the stoves.

59. Refrigeration

This room is freezing cold. Stacked in the corner are five human bodies, covered with frost and black with age. The bodies wear ancient clothing, and one of the female bodies has two platinum bracelets worth 150 gp each, and a platinum necklace with an onyx gem worth 300 gp.

There is no visible reason why this room should be as cold as it is.

60. Antechamber

There are four poles supporting tattered gray banners against the walls, two to the north, and two to the south. Whatever designs the banners may once have borne have faded to nothing.

61. Bugs in the System

The arched ceiling to this room is hidden in the gloom, 40' above. The north, south, and east walls of this room are decorated with 20' tall, 10' wide tattered gray tapestries. Whatever color there once was has long since

faded away. Each of the 15 tapestries has 10 solid silver tassel-like decorations hanging from its bottom, worth 5 gp each (total 750 gp). Careful inspection will reveal that the tassels are suspended from thin metal wires threaded through the tapestries.

On the floor in the center of the room are three goblin skeletons. If examined closely, the skeletons have many small scratches on the bones. The floor itself is dust-free.

Should any tension be removed from any of these wires (for instance, removing a tassel, or even lifting one up), stone blocks along the bottom of the north and south wall will lift up by a few inches, releasing four insect swarms (AC 7, HD 3, hp 15 each, #AT 1 (auto-hit), D 2, MV (10'), Save F0, ML 11). The swarms are of flesh-eating beetles, each two inches long, and they prefer to crawl rather than fly.

The secret door may be opened by pulling downwards on the tapestry covering its section of the wall. As long as this is done gently (so the tapestry doesn't bounce back upwards), the trap will not be activated.

62. Entrance to the Morlock Lair

10 morlocks (AC 8, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F1, ML 9) rest here, amid piles of refuse. There is a very large, but crude, two-wheeled wooden cart here, filled with bones, excrement, and other filth. On a semi-regular basis, the morlocks will take this cart to the well on the western end of room 24 and dump the garbage down to the second level.

Several dozens clumps of rags and dried fungus, used by the morlocks as bedding, are scattered around the floor.

The morlocks are lazy, and do not keep a watch, as they can easily hear screechmen approaching, and the goblins have not been a threat since their hive mind was slain.

The secret door to the east can be opened by prying a somewhat loose stone from the wall outwards.

63. Housewives of the First Level

12 morlock females (AC 8, HD 1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F1, ML 9) are busy preparing meats of unknown origin. Two of the females (the chief's preferred mates) wear leathery skin-suits made from screechmen, troglodytes, and other creatures, with large turquoise stones sewn into the skins. Each skin-suit has 10 turquoise stones worth 25 gp each.

There are also two dozen non-combatant morlock-spawn here, carefully watching the women and hoping they don't get carved up for the cook-pot.

A cook-pot in the center of the room is on a slow boil, containing hunks of fungus and grayish meat. Smoke from the fungus-log fire wafts up and into a crack in the ceiling.

A demonic stone idol sits in the northeast corner of this room, holding a large (2 foot wide) bloodstained gold bowl in its lap, worth 250 gp. The idol is 10' tall, and resembles a fat snarling human with fangs and a long, straight stone horn protruding from his forehead. Seven rotting hearts have been impaled on this horn.

64. Advanced Intrusion Detection System

The door to this room has a rope of sinew tied to the handle on the inside, leading to a precariously balanced pile of rusty scrap metal. Opening the door will cause this pile of metal to collapse noisily, with a 90% chance of alerting any morlocks in rooms 62 and 63.

The secret door's activating mechanism is hidden behind a loose stone on the north wall, next to the door itself. Behind the loose stone is a small keypad with four buttons on the top row, numbered one through four, and a single button on the bottom row, labeled 'Enter'. If a player presses 1, 2, 3, and 4, in that order, and then presses 'Enter', there will be a loud 'click' and the secret door will swing open a few inches.

65. Chief Research Assistant's Office

This room still contains ancient steel furniture, quite rusty by now. There is a desk, a chair with tattered cushions, and a short cabinet. On the stone wall next to the desk is a large white square (6' wide by 4' high), with several ancient inkless pens on a small shelf below it.

The desk and cabinet are empty. However, the top cabinet drawer has a false back, which will be found by anybody performing a careful search. Behind the false back is a bundle of papers titled "Spectrum and Wavelength Analysis of Trapezohedron." The papers are in an unknown scientific jargon, and the party is unlikely to make heads or tails of it.

If a player is able to read and write, and rolls a 6 on a d6 (add the number of languages the player can speak as a bonus), then he understands that the paper discusses a shining black jewel the size of a man's fist, somewhat in the shape of a trapezohedron. The paper mentions that the angles of the jewel's facets change depending on its orientation to the viewer, and that light reflecting from the jewel follows a discrete square wave rather than a continuous waveform.

The cult of Science in Denethix has the ability to decipher the papers if the players cannot, and would purchase them for 25 gp.

The Church of Starry Wisdom would also be greatly interested in these papers, as they refer to the Shining Trapezohedron, a jewel that can be used to communicate with their god. If they find that the party has the papers, they would do anything, up to and including murder, to retrieve the papers and determine where they came from.

The door to the south is not secret from this side, and has an ordinary doorknob which may be used to open it.

66. Morlock Skins

Hanging from iron spikes jammed between finished blocks of stone in the wall are three preserved morlock skins. They are making revolting squirming and crawling motions as they hang on the pegs.

If a player wears one of these skins (it will not fit over metal armor, although it can be worn over normal clothing, leather, and padded armor), it will seal itself onto the wearer's body. Clothing and leather/padded armor will be absorbed as the skin grafts itself on to the player. The morlock skin cannot be removed without actually pulling off the victim's own skin, so treat any such attempts as highly damaging to the "patient", and ultimately unsuccessful.

At the end of each day that a skin is worn, there is a cumulative 1 in 6 chance that the wearer will permanently become a morlock, forgetting his past history and relationships (so 1 in 6 the first day, 2 in 6 the second, etc). A *remove curse* spell will remove the skin from its victim, if cast before permanent transformation takes place.

67. Water Supply

This room has eight crudely-made wooden barrels, each full of only slightly fouled water.

A dozen wooden buckets, five 15' long metal bars, and three coils of 200' rope (made from woven sinew) are stacked near the barrels.

68. Armory

Several dozen crude morlock spears, loose obsidian spear-heads, and uncut tree branches are piled in this room. The tree branches are leafless, old, and dry.

69. Treasured Pet of the Morlocks

A large albino ape (AC 6, HD 4, hp 26, #AT 2, D 1d4/1d4, MV (40'), Save F 2, ML 7) is chained to the southern wall. The thick bronze chain is 20' long, allowing the creature to reach the middle of the room. It wears a well-crafted amethyst-and-silver collar worth 600 gp, attached to the chain with a strong padlock. Chief Gribnel has the key to the lock.

70. Harem

The female morlocks from room 63 come here to sleep. This room is covered with foul lumps of cloth and dried fungus, used as bedding.

71. Chief Gribnel's Chamber

The morlock chief and shaman, Gribnel (AC 8, HD 3, hp 12, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (40'), Save F 3, ML 9), makes this chamber his home. He officiates at the sacrificial rituals to the stone god in room 63, consults the oracle in room 53, and often leads the hunts on the second level, using his *circlet of meat detection* to great effect.

On his head, he wears the aforementioned *circlet of meat detection*, with 25 charges remaining. He has also pinned an ivory brooch through a fold of skin on his chest, worth 50 gp. The brooch is carved in the shape of a woman's face in profile. The chief wears a thin necklace of sinew around his neck, from which dangle two keys. One goes to the padlock in room 69, and the other to the door of room 100.

Under the pile of rags and dried fungus that serves as his bed is a small clay bottle containing a *potion of healing*.

A small, rusty metal box on the floor contains 1,200 sp, used for trade with humanoids in the lower levels.

72. Jellied Dead

Four corpse jellies, using morlock skeletons (AC 9, HD 1+2, hp 6 each, #AT 1, D 1d6, MV (3', walk 30'), Save F 1, ML 12) are waiting here for victims.

73. Audio/Visual Training Room

Along the north, south, and east walls of this room are ancient couches with tattered upholstery. They will collapse if disturbed. In the center of the room is a small table of some yellow-white material, still in good condition after the passing ages. On top of it is a sleek black cube with a small switch on it.

Should the party press the switch, a disembodied voice announces "Security training hologram part 2". Then the transparent upper half of a man in clothing of an ancient style appears above the box, and begins to speak: "Welcome to the Anomalous Subsurface Environment. I'm sure you've all heard about some of the miraculous discoveries we've made in the ASE: the Lazarus Room on level 2, the Fountain Room on level 3. There are also many threats, which is why you're here. Deep in the..." At this point, the box will begin to smoke and the hologram will disappear.

74. Webbed Chamber

Three giant crab spiders (AC 7, HD 2, hp 12, 10, 4, #AT 1, D 1d8 + poison, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 7) hide

among the webs that fill this room. Hidden in the webs, and wrapped tightly in a cocoon of silk, is a dessicated reptilian humanoid body with a *potion of gaseous form* and a pouch containing 100 gp.

Note that the wall between 74 and 79 is transparent only from 79. From within this room, it looks like solid stone.

The one-way door from the hallway to the south may be detected as a secret door, but there is no mechanism to open the door from within this room. From the south, it appears like a large stone door with a massive steel handle to pull it. The door has springs in the hinges that will cause it to shut unless propped open.

75. Undead Meditation

Two robed and hooded figures sit on the floor, with a golden hookah (worth 500 gp) between them. If anyone enters the room, they will rise, pulling their hoods back, revealing that they are two blade zombies (AC 7, HD 2, hp 9 each, #AT 2 (hand blade, head butt at -4), D 1d8/1d4, MV (40'), Save F2, ML 12). The zombies have been made from human corpses, and are in an advanced state of decomposition.

Strings of cheap glass beads form a curtain in the archway separating this room from room 76.

76. Empty Room

This room is empty. Strings of cheap glass beads form a curtain in the archway separating this room from room 75.

77. Pit Traps

The pit traps within this area are activated when weight is present on the center of the pit. It then drops the characters 10' into the pit, causing 1d6 points of damage, and the trap lid swings shut again.

78. Art Gallery

Masterpieces of art throughout history have been gathered and stored here. The dry, cool air in this chamber has proven to be well-suited for the art within, and the pieces here are in excellent condition. Against the west wall hangs Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" (300 gp), against the east wall is Van Gogh's "Starry Night" (200 gp), and Michelangelo's statue "David" (500 gp) stands against the south wall.

These pieces are not well known in the current barbaric age, thus the low price they fetch on the open market.

This room has a vaulted ceiling, 30' high. From the ceiling hangs a crystal chandelier (worth 200 gp), 20' above the floor. The secret door is opened by pulling downwards on the chandelier. Tossing grappling hooks

on it will successfully pull the chandelier, but will render it valueless as large swaths of crystal are crushed to glass dust.

Simple handles may be used to open the secret door from the east side.

79. Viewing Chamber

The entire west wall of this room is transparent, allowing the players to see into room 74.

80. Empty Room

This room has some picture frames on the wall, but the pictures so framed are nothing but blank pieces of yellowed paper. The passing of time has erased all trace of what the pictures once were.

81. Bigfoot on Display

Standing on a pedestal at the southern end of this room is a circular black pedestal, upon which stands a sasquatron. A cylinder of bluish light rises up from the pedestal base to the ceiling. Anyone touching the bluish light will be burned for 1d4 points of damage.

On the rear of the pedestal (facing the southern wall) is a small white switch. Flipping the switch will cause the field of bluish light to disappear, and the sasquatron (AC 7, HD 4, hp 18, #AT 1, D 1D8, MV (30'), Save F4, ML 9) will be released from stasis and attack. The sasquatron's head-sphere contains 15 zircon gemstones, worth 25 gp each.

The pedestal generates a stasis field. The creature to be held in stasis must be standing entirely on the pedestal, or else it will take 1d4 points of burning damage as it is forced off by the bluish field.

Attempts to remove the pedestal, which is firmly affixed to the floor, will destroy it.

82. It's Not Checkers

The floor of this room is made of alternating 1' square red and black tiles. The trap here, however, does not involve the different colors of tiles at all – that is a red herring. The center 5' strip of the room (running north to south) is a pressure plate, and stepping on it will cause the ceiling of the room over the center 10' to collapse, causing 2d6 points of damage to anyone within who fails a save vs. breath weapon. Cracks in the ceiling can be seen if players state they are looking.

About 1' thickness of dressed stone will fall from the ceiling.

83. Trapped Chest

This room is empty, except for the large teak chest sitting in the center of the floor. There is no lock visible. When the lid of the chest is lifted a half inch or so, acid will spray out of a tube inside the front portion of the chest, causing 1d8 points of damage unless a save vs. breath attacks is made.

The chest contains 50 small tourmaline gems, worth 10 gp each, and a glass spray apparatus (presumably empty of acid, although if the party somehow opens it without causing the acid to spray, it can be thrown at an opponent for 1d8 points of damage, or otherwise used by creative players).

84. Secret Doors

The secret doors here are secret from this side as well. There are two loose blocks in the ceiling above (10' high) that may be pressed upwards to cause the doors to open (one block for each door).

84a. Secret Door

There is a loose stone in the floor that may be lifted up to reveal a button. When depressed, the secret door will slide open.

85. Fungus Patch

A patch of glowing green fungus grows in the center of this room. The fungus provides light in a 1' radius. Feeding on the fungus are 5 giant earwigs (AC 6, HD 1, hp 5 each, #AT 1 (2 after hit), D 1d4, MV (30'), Save F1, ML 7).

86. Empty Room

There are scattered patches (only a few inches in diameter) of the glowing green fungus on the floor of this room.

87. Falling Fungus

The ceiling of this room has a large mass of glowing green fungus, especially thick in the center of the room. The footsteps of anyone crossing the center of the room will cause the entire fungal mass to collapse, coating anyone in the room with green goo. Anyone so coated will be unable to surprise any non-blind monster, as they will be well-lit by glowing traces of the fungus. Scrubbing vigorously for a few hours with soap and water will remove the fungal goo from equipment and adventurers.

88. Surprise Party Balloons

A pressure plate in the center of this room will cause a section of the ceiling to swing open, releasing 5 Malignant Spheres (AC 6, HD ½, hp 2 each, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (20'), Save F 1, ML 9).

The secret door to the south is activated by simultaneously pushing on two loose blocks in the wall, one to each side of the secret door. On its southern side, the door is not secret, and has a recessed handle to pull it open or push it closed.

89. Garden Gnomes Gone Bad

The walls of this room are decorated in faded, chipped paint, with pastoral scenes showing deer, pheasants, hedgehogs, squirrels, and other woodland creatures frolicking about. Scattered around the floor of the room are 15 artificial bushes, with thick dowels for branches and tattered green silk leaves.

In the center of this room are four wooden statues, arranged in a circle. They have been carved to look like short (3' tall) three-eyed men with pointy hats, sitting cross-legged on the floor. There are a few chips of faded paint on them, and each statue has a large garnet on the top of its pointy hat (they are worth 250 gp each).

The statues are wood golems (AC 7, HD 2+2, hp 10 each, #AT 1, D 1D8, MV (40'), Save F 1, ML 12), and all will attack if they are touched in any way. The first disturbed will attack immediately, and the remainder will join the fight the round after. They will not pursue anyone outside this room.

90. Empty Room

This room is empty. The secret door to the north is plainly visible from this room – it is only secret from the hallway to the north. It is a large stone door that can be slide to the side using recessed handles.

90a. Secret Door

The secret door is hidden from this side. There is a loose stone on the floor in front of the secret door. Under the stone, there is a 1" round hole, 5' deep. If a pole is shoved down the hole, it will press a button that will open the secret door.

91. Like Moths to a Flame

A black metal post stands in the center of this room, 8' high. At the top of the post is a glowing white orb, 1' in diameter, shedding light in a 30' radius. The light has attracted a swarm of 10 tunnel moths (AC 6, HD 1, hp 4 each, #AT 1, D 1d4, MV (10', fly 50'), Save F1, ML 7), who flit about the room, and occasionally bounce off the light. They will attack any creature that enters the room, as they have grown ravenous.

The orb is a simple glass sphere, and will go dark if shattered, removed from the pole, or if the pole is removed from the floor.

92. Pit Trap, with Viewing and Taunting

The two corridors here do NOT intersect. The north-south corridor runs underneath the east-west corridor. At this point in the east-west corridor there is a pit trap. This trap is triggered when a character places their weight in the center of the pit lid. Then, the trap will drop them into a 10' deep pit, with an iron grate for a floor, and they will take 1d6 points of damage from the fall. After the characters fall in, the pit's lid will swing shut again.

The iron grate is pressure-sensitive, and while there is weight on it the trap door to the pit above will no longer open.

The iron grate that is the floor of the pit is also the ceiling of the north-south corridor. There is a lever in western wall of the corridor beneath the pit, in the "up" position, that can be pushed down to cause the grate to open and spill its contents onto the corridor floor (causing another 1d6 points of damage unless the characters somehow prevent themselves from falling).

The commotion of falling into the pit has a 50% chance of attracting 1d6 tunnel caterpillars from room 94, who will squirm about on the floor beneath the pit trap, hoping for a meal should trapped characters successfully open the grate.

93. Empty Room

This room is empty, except for the dried husk of a giant carnivorous beetle, lying on its back with its legs sticking up into the air.

94. Brood Chamber

This chamber appears to be a 60' long tunnel of silk, with many bones and skulls visible just beneath the first layer. Should players fight their way past the 7 tunnel caterpillars (AC 8, HD 1+1, hp 6 each, #AT 1, D 1d6 or sticky silk, MV (20'), Save F1, ML 10) living here, they will see the nooks behind the silk on the north and south walls, each with a cocoon inside. The glint of gold can be seen from the cocoons. Each cocoon contains a helpless chrysalis, and 200 gp in loose coins (total 1200 gp).

95. Under Construction

This room is still under construction, although there is no indication that it has been worked on any time recently. The floors and unexcavated stone of the northwest wall are covered by dust. 4 giant earwigs (AC 6, HD 1, hp 3 each, #AT 1 (2 after hit), D 1d4, MV (30'), Save F1, ML 7) are searching for food in here.

96. Treasure Mollusk

In the center of this room is a massive pile of treasure, appearing to be at least 10,000 silver coins, with a dozen or more glittering red and green gems, and a pair of swords sticking out of the pile.

This is a treasure mollusk (AC 4, HD 3, hp 17, #AT 2 or special, D 1d6/1d6 or special, MV (20'), Save F3, ML 8). Stuck to the mollusk are 1,200 sp, and a pair of normal short swords. The jewels are only the mollusk's eyes, which are valueless bits of mollusk-flesh.

97. Message from the Past

A withered, leathery mummy lies in the corner of this otherwise empty room, clutching a piece of paper in its hand. The paper reads "I don't have long now. It's been two days since I sent Jorge down to the pools. He must bring the water from the brown pool only. If he doesn't make it, there's still a skull left, use that to bring me back."

The secret door is activated by pressing two stones in the wall, one on each side of the secret door, simultaneously.

98. Crystal Skull Storage

This room has rusted metal shelves along the walls. Each shelf has a bracket designed to hold a label, but most have been removed. The exceptions are a shelf still labeled "Red - Matter Translocation", and a shelf labeled "Blue - Resurrection." The shelf labeled "Blue - Resurrection" has a skull made of blue crystal sitting upon it. The other shelves are all empty.

Anyone examining the blue crystal skull closely will see that it has three shallow holes on its underside. It may be used within the Lazarus Chamber (room 77 of level 2).

The secret door to the south is obvious from this side, and may be pulled open with a simple door handle.

99. Troglodyte Explorers

The door here has been spiked shut from the inside, and will require a successful Open Door check to open. This will, of course, alert the 4 troglodytes (AC 5, HD 2, hp 7 each, #AT 3, D 1d4/1d4/1d4, MV (40'), Save F2, ML 9) who have barricaded themselves in this room, trying to evade the screechmen. They are very hungry and thirsty, and unlike typical troglodytes, are willing to negotiate with non-hostile parties. Each troglodyte carries 60 ep in a small bag hanging off a thin leather belt.

There is a protonium-metal disk in the ceiling of this room. If the lever in room 19 of the gatehouse level has been pulled to the "down" position, this disk has retracted, revealing a shaft ascending 130' to room 19.

The shaft has protonium-metal ladder rungs embedded in its stone walls, allowing a relatively easy climb upwards.

100. Drooling Faces

The stout, iron-reinforced oak door to this room is locked, the key residing with the morlock chieftain in room 71.

Spaced evenly along the curved wall are five niches, each with a small stone bowl in it. Above the niches are carved grinning stone faces with open mouths. A very thin line of multi-colored slime, a mixture of red, orange, and yellow, slowly flows from each mouth to the stone bowl in the niche below. The five bowls are mostly full when the party enters. The slime radiates magic.

Drinking a full bowl of the foul-tasting slime will cure 1d4 hit points of damage. Anything less has no effect.

Once consumed, it will take a year for the slime to re-fill a stone cup.

101. Treasure Grinder

This room is almost entirely occupied with a gold-lined pool of liquid. Opposite the entrance to the room, across this shimmering liquid, is a platform covered with gold coins (750 gp all told). The shadowed ceiling is 20' above.

The pool is an incredibly powerful acid, capable of dissolving anything except for gold. The floor of the room is 15' below the hallway entrance. The acid fills this room to within an inch of the hallway floor. The lower 15' of the room is entirely lined with a very thin layer of beaten gold, keeping the acid contained within the room, and giving it a golden sheen. The thin layer of beaten gold can be seen rising just above the height of the liquid.

The platform on the opposite side is 15' wide and 5' deep, and extends vertically down to the bottom of the pool. Should the players get close enough to view the platform, it can be seen that there is an outer lip about a half inch wide, rising 1/16" above the rest of the platform.

At the bottom of the pool, very hard to see against the gold-covered floor, are 98 gp scattered around.

If the players can somehow illuminate the ceiling 20' above, they can see ominous-looking cracks outlining large square sections near the hallway entrance, and thinner cracks running away towards the platform.

The platform across the pool is, of course, a pressure plate, already partially depressed. It has a ratcheting mechanism underneath it that will cause the trap to

activate when any significant weight is removed. When weight is added, there will be a distinct click from underneath the platform. Note that any boards lowered across the length of the pool would be resting on the lip, not on the platform itself, and thus removing the board, or standing on the board and then stepping off, would not trigger the trap.

Removal of 50gp is enough weight to cause the ratcheting mechanism to release and trigger the trap (as is stepping on it, and then stepping off, or jumping up and down).

When activated, hinged portions of the ceiling near the hallway entrance swing open, and on each side of the room massive rotating bronze cylinders (10' long) covered with two-foot-long blades, and hooks at the ends of 10' chains, drop down with a massive CLANG (50% chance of bringing forth a wandering monster to investigate). The cylinders move forward, hanging only a few inches above the acid, towards the platform, spinning the chains out quickly, catching anyone within their path and drawing them in to the blades. Halfway across, the cylinders will move in on tracks towards the center of the room, as their chains retract, and once the blades are close enough to overlap each other, the meat grinder will continue moving towards the platform. Once over the platform, the cylinders will sweep out along the end of the room in either direction, and then back towards their original positions near the hallway entrance. Once returned to their original positions, they will rise back up into the ceiling, and the hinged portions of the ceiling will swing back up.

Small portions of acid splashing on a character will do 1d4 points of damage. Immersion is instant death, with the body and all equipment being fully dissolved in 1d4+1 rounds. Any gold the character is carrying will settle on the bottom of the pool.

When the cylinders activate, they will take 1 round to reach the halfway point, 1 round to reach the platform, 1 round to sweep the platform, and 2 rounds to return and retract.

In the whirling-hook phase, any players caught in the hooks will take 1d6 damage, and must save vs. petrification to avoid being caught and yanked onto the cylinders. Anyone yanked onto the cylinder by the hooks will take an additional 1d6 damage from the blades, and will almost certainly die the next round when the cylinders meet. Additionally, if someone isn't caught on the hooks, but is standing on any sort of narrow platform over the pool (e.g. a board running from entrance to the stone platform), they must make a second save vs. petrification to avoid falling into the pool.

In the meat-grinder phase, anyone in the path of the meat grinder must save vs. petrification or die. If they do save, they'll only take 4d6 damage as the blades somehow toss them up and over the cylinders rather than through the middle.

As mentioned above, the only thing keeping the acid contained is the thin layer of beaten gold. If the gold is scratched away below the surface of the acid, the acid will begin to eat through the stone behind. As the stone

behind turns to mush, the gold will buckle and form further cracks, and over a week's time the acid will drain out. Where the acid eats away the stone, that portion of the dungeon will turn into an equivalent volume of caustic mud, with only a thin crust of stone above. Any player crossing this crust will fall into the mud (players will take 1d2 damage per round while in the mud).

If the players manage to scrape all the beaten gold off, they will find they have managed to gather 10gp worth of gold.

Magic Items

Amulet of Vampiric Health

This amulet is made of bronze, hanging from a bronze chain, and is sculpted to look like a crow with wings spread wide. If sold as a cheap piece of jewelry, it will fetch 25 gp.

The amulet is a mixed blessing to its wearer, as its powers are both a minor boon to him and a complete nuisance to his companions.

No character within 30', aside from the wearer, is able to heal naturally. Further, while the wearer is asleep, the amulet will transfer 1 hit point from the weakest sleeper (lowest hit points) within 30' to the wearer. While the transfer occurs, anyone awake will see a red mist rise from the ground, surrounding an irregular area 60' in diameter, centered on the amulet and its wearer. The mist is two feet deep, lasts for 3 turns, and those who are asleep in it (including the wearer of the amulet) cannot be awoken until it dissipates.

If no one is wearing the amulet, the mist will still rise while the players sleep, the weakest sleeper will still take a point of damage, and natural healing will still be impossible within 30'. No one will get the benefit of the stolen hit point, however.

Circllet of Meat Detection (Cannibal's Crown)

This crown is a simple circllet of silver, with a single large emerald set in it. Careful examination will reveal that the emerald can be rotated clockwise a quarter-turn, and spring back to its original position when released.

If the circllet is being worn when the emerald is twisted, the item's power will be revealed – the ability to detect meat within 60'. The circllet will detect both living and dead meat, and the quality of the meat (fresh versus decayed). The wearer may also identify the species the meat comes from, if he has tasted the flesh of that animal (or humanoid) before.

The circllet will most likely be used by adventurers as a mechanism to detect the presence of enemies within a dungeon. This is a dangerous use, however. Every time the circllet is used, a save vs. magic must be made, and if failed, the wearer will suffer from the following side effects:

The wearer will, whenever in the presence of a corpse, be compelled to cut off a piece or two to "save for later." The corpse's relation to the wearer (ally, henchman, family member) is utterly irrelevant to the wearer, nor is the presence of witnesses to this depraved act. During "downtime", boring conversations, long walks on the beach, and other moments where the wearer isn't required to focus on any specific task, he will be constantly nibbling on these bits of meat. If unable to eat for a day or more, the wearer will be compelled to attack the nearest living creature for its savory, tasty flesh.

Once the wearer is so afflicted, getting rid of the circllet will not remove the side effects. Only a remove curse spell will cure the wearer.

The plus side of the curse is that the wearer will likely become quite adept at identifying the species of nearby humanoids.

This circllet depends on magical charges to operate, and after they are depleted it will cease to function. Anyone cursed by the circllet will remain cursed, however. It will initially have 20 + 1d8 charges when found.

The Cannibal's Crown will fetch 800 gp if sold as a simple piece of jewelry.

Malicious Mirror

This is a large floor mirror, in a silver frame. The frame is untarnished, with delicate silver scrollwork, accented by small sapphires. The mirror would be worth 1,000 gp, if it weren't for the obvious magical issues it has.

The scenes the mirror reflects are altered, presenting a bizarre, and often gruesome, version of the image that should have been seen. Roll a d20 and consult the following chart to determine the image being reflected:

Malicious Mirror Reflections

1. The viewer sees himself pressed up against the glass, snarling and baring his teeth, hammering to be free.
2. The viewer sees himself, and all others in the room with him, at a banquet where roasted human beings are being served by masked servants.
3. All living creatures reflected appear as fleshless skeletons.
4. All living creatures reflected appear as rabbit-people.
5. The viewer sees himself, and all others in the room with him, but the images in the mirror are all standing very still, staring at the viewer.
6. The viewer sees himself, and all others in the room, but the others are advancing behind him with weapons drawn, to cut him down (if the viewer is alone, a figure in a mask is advancing instead). If the viewer continues to watch, he will see himself murdered.
7. The viewer sees a normal reflection, but one person in the image (chosen at random) is covered with blood from a slit throat. They are otherwise reflected normally.
8. The viewer sees his decapitated head, and the heads of all others in the image, lying in pools of blood on the floor, in roughly the same spots they are currently standing. There is no sign of any bodies. If the viewer continues to watch, a horrible larvae-like creature emerges from a location out of view, and slowly devours the heads, one by one. If the viewer is still watching, the larvae will crawl up the mirror, exposing its palpitating underside in grotesque detail, leaving a trail of reflected slime.
9. The viewer sees himself smiling madly, drawing his weapon, and systematically murdering every other person in the image. After this is done, he cuts his own throat and falls to the floor.
10. The viewer sees himself, and all others reflected in the image, standing very still, wearing white robes emblazoned with a twisted symbol that can't be looked at directly for very long.
11. The viewer doesn't see any living creatures reflected in the mirror at all.
12. The viewer only sees one living creature reflected in the mirror, the rest are mysteriously absent. If the viewer is the only living thing that would have been reflected, then he sees nothing at all.
13. All living creatures are reflected normally, but the room appears to be the glistening stomach or gullet of some gigantic beast.

14. The image is a normal reflection for a few seconds, and then the image fades to black as the mirror begins to vibrate noisily. After a minute, the mirror ceases to vibrate, although the image remains black.
 15. All living creatures reflected appear to be long-dead corpses, covered with flies and maggots.
 16. All living creatures reflected, appear to have tiny (1' tall) naked humanoids, of sinister, twisted appearance, clinging to their backs and whispering in their ears. They stop after a moment and stare at the viewer, before running out of view.
 17. The reflected image is not of this world. It shows a twisted landscape of flame and shadow, beneath a livid yellow sky.
 18. All living creatures reflected wear clown makeup, and are smiling widely, revealing oversized mouths full of wicked fangs.
 19. All living creatures reflected are vomiting profusely, and eventually collapse in their own sick, twitching.
 20. All living creatures reflected are missing their skin. Muscles and internal organs are clearly visible.
-

The mirror has a second power, which is unlikely to trouble adventurers directly, but will certainly affect anyone foolish enough to pay for this mirror. When placed in a residence or store, the mirror will not tolerate being shoved in a closet or a back room. While no one is looking, the mirror will move itself to the most heavily traveled room in the house, to cause its owners as much grief as possible. If there is to be a lavish dinner party, it will appear in the dining room. If the owner has brought home some female company, it will appear in the boudoir.

If the mirror is covered, the sheets or other coverings will mysteriously fall off. The mirror actively desires to be seen, and cannot be covered or hidden for very long.

Once the mirror has attached itself to an owner or location, it will return to that location no matter where or how far it is taken. If an owner should move to a new house, it will follow him. The only exception is if it is sold to another victim, in which case it will gladly ruin that person's life instead.

The mirror can be broken, and the gems can be removed. However, as soon as it is out of view, the mirror will repair itself entirely. If gems are pried off, they will disappear from the holder's hand as he clutches them, and reappear back on the mirror while nobody is looking.

It should be virtually impossible for the gems to be removed and sold, unless they are removed from the mirror in front of the buyer and immediately handed

over. In this instance, they will soon disappear from the luckless buyer's stash and reappear on the mirror. It would take a brave buyer to want the gems from this mirror, though, as it will be displaying its perverse images throughout the process of removal.

The mirror will not attach itself to a rootless adventurer who has no home of his own. Thus, if left in a dungeon, it will stay there.

Once the mirror is brought back into town for potential sale, is where trouble will begin. Consider an adventuring party bringing their loot back to the local inn – the mirror will seize the opportunity to move itself to

the common room, and proceed to ruin the inn's business, reflecting terrible images at the patrons.

Dispel magic, *rods of cancellation*, *remove curse* spells, and other methods less than a full *wish* are incapable of ridding a victim of the mirror. It radiates magic weakly, far more weakly than its abilities would seem to indicate.

The actual purpose and intelligence of the mirror is unknown. It may be a broken gate to a horrible hell-dimension, or a malevolent entity trapped in the mirror, or something else entirely. Sages who know the mirror's reputation are deeply fearful of its potential.

Monsters

Automaton, Abomination, Greater

No. Enc: 1
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 3 weapons
Damage: 1d6 each
Save: F4
Morale: 12
Treasure Type: VI
XP: 135

This abomination is a tangled combination of human remains and the corroded bodies of at least a dozen automatons. It rudely drags itself across the floor using multiple legs and arms, and several active heads make unintelligible noises. It will attack anything it sees, looking to add more parts to itself. Its slower speed makes it easy for other automatons to outrun it, however.

If the abomination hits twice successfully in a round while fighting another automaton, it will spend the next round tearing it to pieces and patching it into its own body. This will heal the abomination of 2d8 hit points of damage. If the abomination is at full hit points when this happens, it will add another hit die to itself (increasing its max hit points by 1d8). Should a greater automaton with functioning plasma guns be absorbed, it will use those weapons in preference to blades.

If the abomination hits twice successfully while fighting a PC (or other living creature), it will attempt to integrate the PC into itself, causing an automatic 1d6 points of damage the next round. If this kills the PC, the abomination will be healed of 1d4 points of damage as it uses the body to reinforce its structure; otherwise, the PC

successfully disentangles from the creature. The PC may attack the abomination, but not flee, while this is going on.

When the abomination is reduced to half hit points (or below), it will break into two lesser abominations, each with the current number of hit points of the monster.

The abomination is nearly 10 feet across, and cannot traverse smaller corridors, and it takes at least a round to squeeze itself through most doorways, as it needs to reassemble itself afterwards. It is able to attack multiple opponents simultaneously, on all sides of its body.

The multiple failing minds of this creature make it immune to *charm person* and *fear* (*sleep* will work normally).

Automaton, Abomination, Lesser

No. Enc: 1
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1 weapon
Damage: 1d6
Save: F2
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 20

The lesser abomination is formed when the greater takes enough damage to be split in two. It has a vague notion of its damaged state, and its reduced morale makes it slightly less likely to fight to the death.

If two or more lesser abominations are left unmolested for several turns, they will merge into a greater abomination, healing fully in the process.

The lesser abominations are unable to assimilate active automatons or PC's into their structure, as they do not have enough functioning arms to perform repairs using a struggling individual.

Automaton, Greater

No. Enc: 1d4
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 2 light plasma guns
Damage: 1d6 each
Save: F4
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 135

These automatons are the soldier-class machines. They are bigger, and have heavier plating and more protection over joints to prevent damage to hoses and wiring. Each forearm has an integral plasma gun, capable of firing up to 60' away.

See the entry for Automaton, Lesser for a full description of an automaton.

Automaton, Greater, Jury-Rigged

No. Enc: 1d4
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 1 weapon
Damage: 1d6 + 2
Save: F3
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 50

Like lesser jury-rigged automatons, these machines are a mixture of human bones and machine. Their plasma guns have long since failed (otherwise they'd be in tip-top shape from parts cannibalization). Reaction rolls for these automatons are at -4.

See the the entry for Automaton, Lesser, Jury-Rigged for a full description of a jury-rigged automaton.

Automaton, Lesser

No. Enc: 1d8
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1 weapon
Damage: 1d6 + 1
Save: F2
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 20

The automatons are roughly man-like machines fashioned of stainless steel framing, with stainless plates covering particularly vulnerable runs of hydraulic hoses and wiring. They were created to perform service and maintenance duties. Their heads are cylindrical, with a speaker grill for speech and two crystalline eyes providing binary vision. The rust stains on these automatons are minor, and speak to the amount of upkeep they are providing for themselves, through diligent maintenance and/or successful cannibalization of other automatons. The weapons they carry are crude blades made of sharpened stainless steel plating. Time has not been kind to their mental functions, and a reaction roll determines their behavior towards PCs.

As automatons have minds, spells such as *charm person*, *sleep*, and *fear* will work on them. *Sleep* will cause them to go into "hibernation mode" for the duration of the spell. They will announce this fact loudly as the lights in their eyes dim and their bodies slump over midstride, completely motionless.

Automaton, Lesser, Jury-Rigged

No. Enc: 1d8
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1 weapon
Damage: 1d6
Save: F1
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 10

The jury-rigged automatons are badly damaged by age and neglect, and have repaired themselves with whatever was at hand. For the most part, this is the ancient skeletal remains of the former human staff of the gatehouse. They are heavily rusted, are missing large sections of plating over chafed hoses and wiring, and have replaced structural steel with human bones. The rusty cylinders protecting their heads have often been

replaced with cracked human skulls. Their damaged minds are bent on self-preservation, and they will most likely attack PCs for their "fresh parts". Reaction rolls are at +4.



Blade Zombie

No. Enc: 2d4
 Alignment: Chaotic
 Movement: 120' (40')
 Armor Class: 7
 Hit Dice: 2
 Attacks: 2 (hand blade, head butt at -4)
 Damage: 1d8 / 1d4
 Save: F2
 Morale: 12
 Hoard Class: None
 XP: 38

The blade zombie is much like a normal zombie, but blades have been plunged through the back of its head so that they emerge from the eye sockets. Blades are likewise embedded in its wrists, extending out through the palm and past the fingers.

The blade zombie attacks by slashing with a hand blade, and head-butting. The head-butt attack has a penalty of -4 to hit.

Like normal zombies, blade zombies are immune to *charm* and *sleep*, and must attack last each round.



Cornstalk Warrior (Minion of Monsator)

No. Enc: 2d8
 Alignment: Chaotic
 Movement: 90' (30')
 Armor Class: 8
 Hit Dice: 1
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: 1d6
 Save: F1
 Morale: 10
 Hoard Class: None
 XP: 10

Cornstalk warriors are animated stalks of corns. They walk about on root-like feet, and attack with crude wooden spears and clubs that they grasp in their leafy hand-stalks. These creatures despise all animal life, especially those who eat corn. Cornstalk warriors are highly vulnerable to fire, and take double damage from it.

Corpse Jelly

No. Enc: 1d4
 Alignment: Neutral
 Movement: 10' (3')
 Walking: 90' (30')
 Armor Class: 9 (or as armor)
 Hit Dice: 1+2
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: 1d6 + see below
 Save: F1
 Morale: 12
 Hoard Class: VI
 XP: 21

This clear jelly, in its natural state, will attack as other jellies and oozes, by flowing along the ground and attempting to engulf victims. Once it has engulfed a victim and digested its flesh, it uses the victim's skeletal structure to move around more quickly. Being able to hold a skeleton together and cause it to walk is the creature's strength and its weakness, as the corpse jelly cannot absorb blows as well as more traditional jellies and oozes (thus its low hit dice).

A corpse jelly will attempt to kill all creatures it meets. It will not stop to feed on a corpse until all creatures around are dead. Once it begins feeding, it will abandon the old skeleton and engulf the new corpse.

When the corpse jelly strikes, it leaves a smear of itself on the victim. If the victim dies within the next 24 hours (and isn't consumed by the parent corpse jelly), this smear will itself consume the body and become a new corpse jelly. A corpse jelly that kills multiple victims will only consume one, leaving the rest to its spawn. It takes 48 hours for a new corpse jelly to grow and consume its host. The reproductive jelly smears cause no damage to living hosts, and will die off within a day, if not washed off sooner.

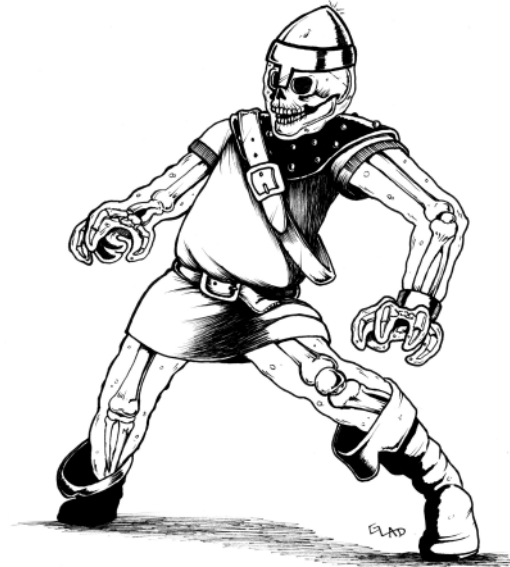
The corpse jelly replaces its victim's flesh as it consumes it. The jelly will thus be wearing any armor the victim had when he died. The jelly will remove gloves so its hands are free to strike. Its touch is both acidic and paralyzing. If a victim fails to save, he will be paralyzed for 1d4 rounds.

When reduced to 1 or 2 hit points, the jelly's skeleton will be damaged beyond use, and it will flow off the skeleton to attack as a normal jelly (with reduced movement rate). A skeleton-less jelly that encounters an undamaged skeleton will spend 1 round to engulf the skeleton, healing itself 1d4 hit points in the process, if damaged.

Custodian of Fiduciary Duty

No. Enc: 1d4 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 150' (50')
Armor Class: -2
Hit Dice: 12
Attacks: 2
Damage: 5d8 or 6d6
Save: F1
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: See below
XP: 6,000

The Custodians are the enormous guardians of the Bank Inviolable. They are man-shaped robots, 20' tall, of iron and gold.



Embedded in each arm is a minigun and a rocket launcher. A Custodian has 10,000 rounds stored in its abdomen to feed the minigun, and a burst from the gun does 5d8 points of damage. Alternatively, the Custodian may fire a rocket from its arm, doing 6d6 points of damage to all within 30' of the target (save vs. spell for half damage). Custodians only carry 4 rockets, however. The miniguns have a range of 200', and rockets may be fired up to 1000' away.

This robot has searchlights built into its head to illuminate dark areas and blind a selected opponent (as if a *light* spell was cast upon it, save vs. spells to look away or be blinded for 1d10 rounds). This blinding can occur simultaneously with the rocket and/or minigun attacks. The robot's eyes are sensitive to light across the ultraviolet and infrared spectrums, and it is additionally capable of using echolocation to detect opponents. Unless these capabilities are suppressed, it is impossible to surprise one of these machines.

Each Custodian is equipped with a cooling system that causes it to take half damage from fire-based attacks (and no damage on a successful save). This mitigates the risk of explosions from the ammunition stored in their abdomens. It also causes them to be more susceptible to cold-based damage, and a Custodian will take an extra point per die of cold damage.

A Custodian is only partially susceptible to mind-affecting spells, due to its three independent electronic minds. Each mind "votes" on every action independently, and the body will act upon the decision of the majority.

If destroyed, 10,000 gp worth of gold may be recovered from the Custodian's body.

Dober-Man (Minion of Canus)

No. Enc: 3d8
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d8 (or 1d4 for bite)
Save: F1
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 20

These monsters are the unswervingly loyal servants of the wizard Canus. A Dober-Man has the body of a human and the head of a Doberman pinscher. In battle, they wear only loincloths and sandals, and wield sharp, curved scimitars. If deprived of his scimitar for some reason, a Dober-Man will bite for 1d4 points of damage instead.



Dungeon Elemental, Lesser

No. Enc: 1 (3d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Gaseous: 90' (30')
Armor Class: -1
Hit Dice: 6
Attacks: 1
Damage: 2d8
Save: F6
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: XVII
XP: 1,070

The dungeon elemental, or "Door Closer" as it is referred to by the few adventurers who have encountered them, is the physical expression of the dungeon's will. It performs basic upkeep on the dungeon when there are no intelligent entities to do so, ensuring that traps are in good working order, doors continue to function relatively smoothly, the air is ventilated enough to support the dungeon ecology, and vital support columns and buttresses are in no risk of collapse.

The elemental appears as a red humanoid, extremely thin, wiry, and flexible, with sharp black claws on its hands and feet. It has no ears or nostrils, just a pair of empty eye sockets and a lamprey-like mouth, with nested circles of sharp teeth. It has no bones, and is able to compress itself and squeeze through incredibly tight spaces. The elemental may become invisible three times per day, and may assume gaseous form twice per day (for a duration of 6 turns).

Dungeon elementals can only be damaged by magic weapons.

Encounters in a normal dungeon level with a dungeon elemental are brief and from a distance. The elemental uses its powers to remain unobserved, and it will do its best to avoid combat, or interaction of any kind, with any dungeon inhabitants and/or intruding adventurers. A sighting of these creatures is rare indeed, and few are the experienced adventurers who speak of seeing the strange red ghost moving swiftly through the dungeon, closing doors and resetting traps.

The dungeon elementals spend most of their time in secret levels between the "normal" dungeon levels. These secret levels contain the massive flywheels, gears, and chains used to operate the dungeon's traps, systems for air purification, pumps to move water through the dungeon, and other equipment required to keep the dungeon a suitable environment for the bizarre menagerie of monsters that make it their home. The secret levels have powerful dweomers preventing detection of these hidden spaces by normal or magical means. Should an unlucky adventuring party accidentally find their way to one of these secret levels, they will be mercilessly attacked until dead. The dungeon wants to keep its secrets, and dead men tell no tales.

The elementals are intelligent, but have no will or desire of their own. They exist only to serve the dungeon.

Dust Ghost

No. Enc: 1d8
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d4
Save: F1
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 10

Philosophers of an early age debated whether an artificial intelligence could have a soul - something that lived on after death. The dust ghost provides a literal answer to that question, but leaves the greater metaphysical question unanswered. An automaton that has survived for centuries will leave an imprint of its thought processes and computations in the form of an electrical charge in the surrounding air. Should the automaton be destroyed, these computations may continue on, powered by the static electricity present between floating motes of dust. These computations are necessarily twisted by this new

medium, leaving the bodiless intelligence full of uncontrolled fury.

The dust ghost appears as a vaguely humanoid figure, composed of motes of dust in the air, with tiny little glimmers of static electricity flashing over its body. It will typically arise from the dust of the floor, and surprises opponents on 1-4 on a d6. It will strike with its fists, causing electrical damage.

Earwig, Giant

No. Enc: 2d6
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1 (2 after first successful attack)
Damage: 1d4
Save: F1
Morale: 7
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 13

These oversized insects (4' long) live off the fungus present in underground ecosystems, but won't turn up their noses (or tails) at a bit of fresh adventurer meat. Adult giant earwigs are four feet long, with a nasty bite and a razor-sharp set of pincers on their tail. On the smaller garden-variety earwig, these pincers are purely ornamental - this is markedly not the case for the giant variety.

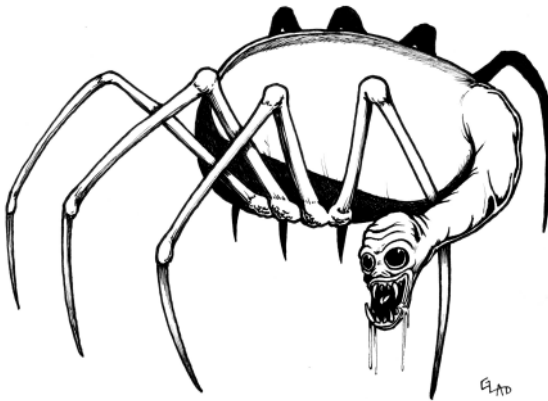


On their first successful attack against an opponent, the earwig will run up onto its victim, biting him in some exposed location. For subsequent attacks, while it is on

its victim's body it will also use its tail. Both tail and bite do 1d4 points of damage.

The earwig's victim may spend a round flinging the creature from him, to prevent further tail attacks. This will require a successful "to hit" roll.

If an earwig takes damage while attached to a victim, there is a 50% chance that any damage in excess of the earwig's current hit points will be applied to the victim.



Exterminator (Minion of Ferayn)

No. Enc: 4d6
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Save: F1
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 10

The Exterminators were once normal humans, but have been brought under the sway of the wizard Ferayn by extended contact with the hypno-weapons he distributes. They wear nothing but red loincloths and red boots, with the occasional red leather bandolier of ammunition, and are mindlessly loyal to Ferayn. They have an extra +4 when saving vs. *charm person* spells due to their single-minded devotion to the wizard.

The Exterminators are often armed with pistols or breech-loading rifles, with the hypnotic properties typical of Ferayn's guns. 30% of the time, however, they will

have run out of ammunition and wield normal melee weapons.

Goblin Spider

No. Enc: 1d3
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d8
Save: F3
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: None
XP: 50

This alien creature is clearly not an actual spider. The goblin spider has a gray egg-shaped body, with eight spindly gray legs supporting it. Protruding from the body is a 5' long, prehensile neck, ending in a head with massive jaws, narrow slits for nostrils, and gigantic black eyes (giving it wide-spectrum vision, as goblins have). The head uncannily resembles that of a goblin, with the exception of the massive slavering jaws. The creature, in its normal posture, is 10' wide and 8' tall, but can easily move its legs to fit into smaller spaces.

The goblin spider is a weapon bred by the Hive Minds for their use. Without a Hive Mind controlling it, it is a mindless killing machine, seeking only to feed.

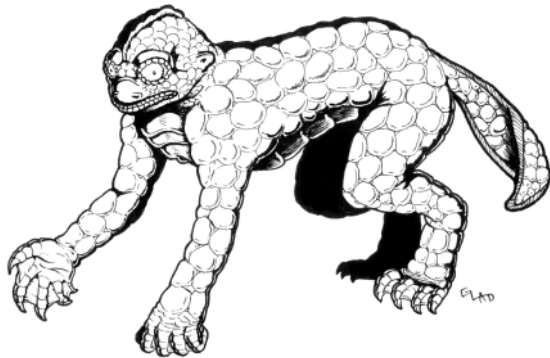
Grunkie

No. Enc: 2d10
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Swim: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 1d4 hit points
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d3
Save: F1
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XX
XP: 5

Grunkies most closely resemble lizard-headed scaled monkeys. They have bluish-green skin, a thick paddle-like tail, and webbed hands and feet. Adult grunkies are 2' tall when standing upright.

Juveniles are very docile, and are often kept as pets. As they mature, they become increasingly aggressive, and are often released into the wild, or in urban environments, flushed down toilets, where they adapt easily to life in the sewers and storm drains of the city.

Packs of grunkies will often attack larger prey, such as humans.



Grunkie Overlord

No. Enc: 1d3
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Swim: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d3/1d3/1d6
Save: F3
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: XX
XP: 65

Grunkie overlordism is a horrible disease caused by the cannibalistic nature of grunkies towards their dead. This disease infects the pineal glands of the grunkie, and causes it to grow to a massive size, such that they stand 5' tall. The heavily-muscled grunkie overlord has a dim intelligence, and often understands a few words of the common speech.

When a grunkie overlord is slain, if the body is not properly disposed of, it is highly likely that 1d3 grunkies will devour the bloated pineal gland in a cannibalistic frenzy, and in turn become grunkie overlords themselves.

Uninfected grunkies will naturally serve grunkie overlords, rightfully viewing them as the alpha male (or female) of their pack. A grunkie overlord is always accompanied by

2d10 normal grunkies. While the overlord is present, those grunkies will have a morale of 10.

Jawhead

No. Enc: 1d6
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Save: F2
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 20

This horrifying creature has only been found in underground dungeons. How it spreads from dungeon to dungeon is unknown, as there has never been a sighting aboveground. Its head is composed of four jaws interlocking together, into a toothy elongated pyramid shape. The body resembles that of a tailless, hairless dog, but with six legs, and no claws at the end of its knob-like feet. The creature's skin is jet black, and covered with a glistening layer of oily slime or mucous. A toothed tongue can be seen when the creature opens its four jaws.



Malignant Sphere

No. Enc: 4d6
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 1d4 hit points
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d4
Save: F1
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: None
XP: 5

The malignant sphere appears to be a translucent, iridescent bubble, two feet in diameter. It moves by floating through the air, and attacks by extruding a thin tendril that it stabs at its opponent. Contact with the sphere or its tendril causes 1d4 points of damage, as it absorbs its victim's life force. The sphere is incapable of harming undead or constructs, only living creatures.

If the tendril is damaged, it will merely absorb the damaged tendril and lash out with a newly-extruded one.

The sphere is a hollow bubble, and when slain will audibly pop, dropping to the ground as a thin puddle of iridescent slime.

A preferred tactic of the malignant sphere is to hover close to the ceiling near doorways, waiting to drop down on unsuspecting adventurers.

Malignant spheres are immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and other mind-affecting spells.



Moktar

No. Enc: 3d8
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1
Damage: 2d4 or weapon + 1
Save: F2
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XIX
XP: 47

Moktars are 7' tall humanoids, heavily muscled with short tawny fur and thick-maned lion-like heads. A moktar may pummel an opponent with his bare hands for 2d8 points of damage, or swing a weapon with a +1 damage bonus due to strength.

These creatures are mostly encountered as roving war-bands, preying on travelers and isolated villages. Women and children are rarely seen, as they are kept in remote, well-hidden lairs among the ancient ruins of the Land of One Thousand Towers.

Moktars have their own language of grunts, growls, and roars. While many understand human language, their vocal cords are incapable of speaking any other than their own.

50% of moktar war-bands will be led by a 3 HD leader with at least 16 hit points.

Not all moktars are raiders – a small number seek out their fortunes in the towns and cities of men, typically as bodyguards or mercenaries.

Morlock

No. Enc: 1d12 (5d10)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6 or weapon
Save: F1
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: XX
XP: 5

It is unclear if morlocks are the inevitable result of generations of subterranean inbreeding and cannibalism, or an independent race. These creatures are found in the Anomalous Subsurface Environment, but are not unique to that cave system – so it is hard to pinpoint their origins. Regardless, these flaccid degenerates prefer to eat the flesh of intelligent humanoids.

In appearance, a morlock is a flabby, greenish-gray humanoid, with deeply reflective eyes capable of seeing in the pitch dark up to 90', and scraggly white hair. They arm themselves with heavy clubs (treat as maces), but wear only simple loincloths.

Morlock chieftains are treated as 3 HD monsters, with 12 hit points, and save as a 3rd level fighter.

Peryton

No. Enc: 2d4
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Fly: 360' (120')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6 or 1d10
Save: F4
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XXI
XP: 135

From a distance, the peryton resembles a winged stag. It has a brownish hide, a large rack of horns, and huge bat-like wings. Closer inspection reveals that the beast's brownish hide is a mixture of brownish fur and dull brown scales. It has four red eyes, two on each side, spaced closely together, and its mouth is full of razor-sharp curved teeth. Rather than hooves, the peryton's legs end in a pair of clawed fingers.

In combat, the peryton's first attack will be a dive-bomb, where it attempts to impale opponents with its horns. If the attack hits, it does 1d10 damage and the opponent is

stuck in combat with the peryton until either it is killed, or the opponent spends a round trying to disengage (save vs Petrification to successfully disengage). An opponent caught on the horns may attack and defend himself normally.

After the impale attack (successful or not), further attacks from the peryton will use its bite (1d6 damage).

Should the peryton kill an opponent, it will spend the next 1d3 rounds gnawing off armor and chewing through the victim's chest, to eat the still-warm heart. It will ignore any attacks during this period, as its lust for human hearts is paramount.

The peryton casts the shadow of a human being. It is quite disturbing when a flock flies overhead, those on the ground seeing the shadows of men flapping their arms. There are rumors that the peryton somehow holds on to the souls of its victims and uses their shadows – those who have been raised from the dead after a peryton attack speak of memories of flying and hunting the little men who walk upon the ground.

Pill bug, giant

No. Enc: 3d6
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 0 (-2 when curled up)
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Save: F3
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: None
XP: 65

The giant pill bug is one of the major fungivores of the underground ecosystem. It feeds on the many forms of dungeon-dwelling fungus (especially prized shriekers and flat shriekers), and is in turn hunted by the many carnivores of the dungeon. It stands 8' high, has a stone-gray segmented shell, and sports a pair of short horns on the shell above its head.

The giant pill bugs prefer to travel in herds, as they are attracted to the odor of other pill bugs. They will attack with their horns if threatened. When reduced to half its hit points or less, a giant pill bug will roll itself into a ball, reducing its AC to -2. While rolled into a ball, it cannot move or attack, but will simply wait for its attackers to get bored and leave (or be killed off by other members of the pill bug herd).

The pill bug prefers moist environments, where fungus is plentiful.

Pincer Serpent

No. Enc: 1d4
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 3 (bite, claw, claw)
Damage: 1d8/1d6/1d6
Save: F4
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XXI
XP: 190

This reptile somewhat resembles a fat, slug-like serpent, 10' long. It is covered with black scales, except for its yellow underbelly, which is lined with two rows of suction cups, much like an octopus' tentacle. It has a lizard-like head, filled with razor sharp teeth, and pair of scaled arms that terminate in a pair of claw-like pincers. There is a pair of vestigial legs, only a few inches long, dangling uselessly halfway down the creature's body. It moves more like a caterpillar than a snake, using its suction cups to pull its body straight forward.

The pincer serpent is an ambush predator, and typically will not pursue prey. It prefers to hide in obscure locations, sometimes using its suction cups to hold it to walls or ceilings.

The pincer serpent has a rudimentary intelligence, and likes collecting shiny objects.

Sasquatron

No. Enc: 1d4
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d8
Save: F4
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: See below
XP: 190

The sasquatron is a gigantic, hairy humanoid that has undergone terrible modifications. The monster stands 8' tall, and has a thick brown pelt. Its head is a cylinder of black metal, studded with glowing, blinking gems and encased in a clear polycarbonate sphere, and its right arm has been replaced by the claw of a giant crab. The sasquatron makes agonized roars when agitated, which is almost always (+4 to reaction rolls). Where the roars come from is unclear, as this creature has no visible

mouth. It attacks with its massive claw, while beating its chest with its "normal" hand.

The sasquatron is immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and other mind-affecting spells. If subjected to an electrical attack, roll d6 to determine the effect:

- 1-2. Stunned for 1d3 rounds
- 3-4. Healed for 1d6 points of damage
- 5-6. No effect

Should the polycarbonate sphere be unscrewed (or pried off via an Open Doors roll), 5d6 small colorful gems worth 25 gp each can be recovered.



Screechman

No. Enc: 2d6 (5d8)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Climb: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Save: F1
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: XX
XP: 10

These degenerate humanoids may have had human ancestors in the distant past, but they bear only slight resemblance to men in the current day. They are pigmentless albinos, entirely eyeless, with massive pointed ears, mouths full of fangs, and claws on their

hands and feet. Both males and females may be encountered in a group, and both are equally vicious. They do not wear clothing, and attack with their filthy claws.

The screechmen use echolocation to find their prey. Rather than the quiet clicks of bats, the screechmen issue horrible screams at regular intervals. It is thus virtually impossible to be surprised by a screechman.

On the flip side, these screams are letting the screechmen know about the party's presence, so it is impossible to surprise a screaming screechman. It is also incredibly hard to escape a screechman hunting party, as their screams allow them to "see" as far as 120'.

A silence spell will effectively blind a screechman, giving them a -4 penalty to hit.

These creatures can crawl on walls and ceilings at half their normal movement rate.

Screechmen do collect treasure in their lair, as they greatly enjoy hearing the clink of coin against coin.

Shrieker, Flat

No. Enc: 1d4
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 3' (1')
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: See below
Damage: None
Save: F1
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 29

The flat shrieker is a less-ambulatory version of the normal shrieker. It grows as a large, fleshy flat fungus attached to a floor, wall, or ceiling. As with a normal shrieker, light within 60' or movement within 30' will cause vented sacs on the fungus to open, sounding a hideous shriek for 1d3 rounds. For each round of shrieking, there is a 50% chance that a wandering monster will come to investigate.

Steel Leviathan

No. Enc: 1d4+1
Alignment: Chaotic
Move: 180' (60')
Armor Class: 1
HD: 7
Attacks: 2 or charge
Damage: 1d10 each
Save: F7
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: None
XP: 1490

These machines have two head-shaped turrets protruding from the top of a heavily armored tread-driven vehicle. From top to bottom, they measure 8' high. Each oversized head has a gaping mouth, from which the Leviathan fires its heavy machine guns.

The heads are loaded with 200 rounds of ammunition each (enough for 20 rounds of combat). Damage from the guns follows the rules for heavy machine gun suppressive fire.

Additionally, the Leviathan may charge at opponents in a 10' wide path directly in front of it, doing 1d6 points of damage per 10' of distance covered (up to 6d6) to any who fail a save vs. breath weapon. This charge is performed in lieu of firing its machine guns.

The Leviathan's engine is oil-fueled – this and its large quantity of ammunition make it susceptible to fire attacks. Any time it takes more than 10 points of damage from fire in a single round, it must make a save vs. spell or roll a d6 on the following explosion table:

- 1-2. Left head ruptures and is useless. Anyone within 10' takes 1d6 points of damage (including the Leviathan)
- 3-4. Right head ruptures and is useless. Anyone within 10' takes 1d6 points of damage (including the Leviathan)
5. Fuel tank ruptures, Leviathan is immobilized
6. Total destruction! 10d6 points of damage to all within 10', 5d6 points to all within 20'. Save vs. spells for half damage.

Steel Leviathans are the heavy weapons of the Unyielding Fist. They are built for combat, and prefer fighting to any other activity. For a Steel Leviathan, violence is always the solution of first resort. It is wise not to cause conflict with them in any way. The heads are capable of communicating via speakers in the nostrils, and the eyes are fully functional with sensors capable of seeing infrared and ultraviolet light. They will typically travel with one head pointing forwards, and another backwards, making surprise impossible.

Stirge, Radioactive

No. Enc: 2d4

Alignment: Chaotic

Move: 30' (10')

Fly: 180' (60')

Armor Class: 7

HD: 1+1

Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d3

Save: F4

Morale: 12

Hoard Class: VI

XP: 27

These stirges became trapped within the gatehouse, and with no living food, they attacked the thinner glass piping in the reactor core, confusing the warm radioactive goo within for human blood. They have heavily mutated from this diet of glowing green sludge, becoming incredibly-long-lived and able to sustain themselves off the energy-rich goo. They would certainly welcome the change of diet that the PC's blood would provide, however.

When they attack, for every round after the first attack the stirge remains attached to a victim, and on a roll of 1-2 on d6, they will accidentally regurgitate green goo into their victim instead of sucking blood. If the victim fails a save versus poison, roll a d6 to see the effects on the victim:

1. Dies
2. Loses point of constitution
3. Gains point of strength, but greenish tinge causes loss of 1 charisma
- 4-6. Takes 1d6 damage

If they do not regurgitate green goo, they will act as stirges normally do, causing 1d3 points of damage as they suck their victim's blood.

Their radioactive nature has enhanced their resistance to toxins and energies of all sorts, causing them to save as a 4th level Fighter.

These stirges are green and glowing, and nest inside the broken empty tubes that they have already sucked dry. From a distance, they look like football-shaped lumps of green goo.

Treasure Mollusk

No. Enc: 1d6

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 60' (20')

Armor Class: 4

Hit Dice: 3

Attacks: 2, or see below

Damage: 1d6 each, or see below

Save: F3

Morale: 8

Hoard Class: XXI

XP: 95

These mollusks, in their natural form, are 5' wide grotesque lumps of muscle and organs, with several slimy tentacle-like appendages. They are ringed with jewel-like eyes on short stalks, and their bodies excrete an incredibly sticky slime.

The mollusk uses this adhesive slime to attach treasure (primarily coins) to itself, and weapons to the end of its two primary pseudopods. It will then settle into a pile on a dungeon floor, with only its jewel-like eyes visible through the layer of treasure, and wait for prey, surprising on 1-4 on a d6.

On each successful hit, the victim must save vs. paralyzation or be stuck to the treasure mollusk's pseudopod. While a pseudopod is stuck to a character, it is no longer used as a weapon, and the character will only have to contend against one pseudopod, albeit at a +1 penalty to AC.

Once stuck to both primary pseudopods, the character will be drawn towards the mollusk's mouthparts on the next round, which will attempt to bite for 1d8 points of damage. A character stuck to both pseudopods suffers a +4 penalty to AC.

A character may spend a round attempting to break free from a pseudopod by making an Open Doors check. If successful, he has broken free of one pseudopod. Other party members may also attempt to pull the character free, by making additional Open Doors checks.

Should a mollusk fail a morale check while stuck to a character, it will drag its victim along behind it as it flees, until that character successfully breaks free from any attached pseudopods.

Treasure mollusks are immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and other mind-affecting spells.

Tunnel Caterpillar

No. Enc: 1d8 (3d8)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 1+1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6 or sticky silk
Save: F1
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 13

Tunnel caterpillars are the larval form of tunnel moths. They live in silken nests, from which they go forth to hunt. The caterpillar is a mottled gray, with stony lumps on its body. It sports a pair of sharp mandibles.

The caterpillar bites its prey with its mandibles, much like the adult moth. The moth may also spray sticky silk from its backside onto an opponent (save vs. paralyzation to avoid). The silk will prevent a character from moving until he spends a round cutting himself free, although he may attack freely.

The nests are baited with coins, jewels, and other small valuables that the tunnel moths bring back from their victims. The moths then kill whatever creatures come by to loot the nests, and lay their eggs on the corpses. These eggs hatch, becoming tunnel caterpillars, which feed on the dead. Once this new generation of caterpillars matures, they bring back yet more coins and jewels, and the cycle continues.

Tunnel Moth

No. Enc: 1d6 (2d6)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 30' (10')
Fly: 150' (50')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d4
Save: F1
Morale: 7
Hoard Class: None
XP: 10

The tunnel moth is a large, carnivorous moth. Its body is 4' long, and its stone-gray wings are 8' wide when spread. The moth lives exclusively underground, where it hunts dungeon vermin and small humanoids. It attacks with a bite from a sharp pair of mandibles.

Vagabond Mushroom

No. Enc: 1d3
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Save: F2
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 20

The vagabond mushroom is an ambulatory fungus that roams underground cave systems seeking decaying matter to feed upon.

The fungus appears to be a long, twisted flattened cylinder, 10' long and 1' across, with 2d6 legs, and a pair of shorter legs or arms near the "head" end, each ending in a sharp horn. It can sense body heat and vibration, and attacks with these horns. The fungus is bright yellow with red splotches and stripes.

When feeding, the vagabond mushroom lies down upon its food source and excretes a digestive enzyme. It then grows over the food source. Any treasure the fungus possesses will have been absorbed into the mushroom this way, and treasure seekers will have to carefully carve up its body to find any.

The vagabond mushroom is both predator and prey in the dungeon environment. Many underground-dwelling humanoids find the flesh of the mushroom to be a delicacy.

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DESIGNATION OF PRODUCT IDENTITY

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