

# KUGELBURG FLOOD

**T**HE florid Kugelburgers slap their fleshy chests between bites of buttery pastry and black beer. They encourage vagabonds to move on in the morning, after a good meal. They have no need of bravos - the area is safe, devoid of ruins, brigandage and unnatural beasts, without jobs for rough men and women of war. Yet the sages and astrologers know that in three days the murky waters of Kugelburg's wide bay will sink, retreating to the deep sea and unveiling the sunken dome of the palace of the last Voivode. The locals know it to, but still hide from the Voivode's ghost, so reviled was he for his avarice, hedonism, decadence, blasphemy and sadism. So many were the Voivode's crimes and so great the evidence of his corruption that the sorcerers of the Emperor himself drowned the despot, his palace, garrison and courtiers with the cleansing sea as recompense to his enraged subjects.

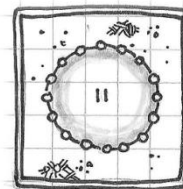
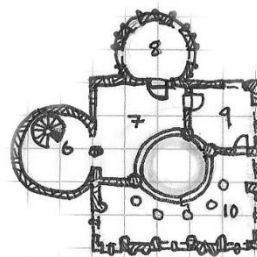
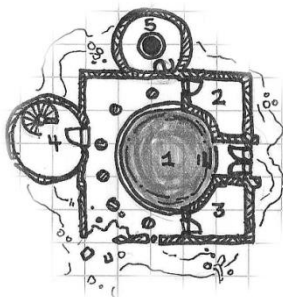
**Flats:** The water has unnaturally receded from the bay as it does for twelve hours once every 10 years, leaving miles of stinking grey-green mud and flaccid kelp. The flats remain bare from 6am to 6pm with a water level 60' below normal. After 6pm the sea will rush back at a rate of 10' per hour. An obvious destination exists 2 miles off, where a largely intact building with a blue tiled dome sparkles in the sun. The mud and heaped seaweed of the flats is slow to navigate, but assuming the party walks straight towards the distant dome, normally 60' or more feet under water, it will take two hours to reach it, assuming they do not delay for any random encounters. It will likewise take two hours to return from the dome to Kugelburg's beach. The GM should carefully track the time the party spends on the seabed, as without powerful magic or perhaps a willingness to drop any treasure and equipment, being trapped by the rush of the returning sea will result in drowning.

D6	The flats stink of dead fish and drying mud. Multitudes of gulls circle above, while beneath ....
1	<b>A Trench</b> - A 30' trench here is filled with water and runs for a mile in either direction. A very hungry and angry <b>Great White Shark</b> is trapped in the trench and will devour any who try to cross it, even leaping at rafts or ropes.
2	<b>A Wreck</b> - Mounded in kelp the fishing boat contains a pair of skeletons and a rusted locker of rotted clothes.
3	<b>A Stone Plinth</b> - cages chained atop this Imperial execution column contain lustrous <u>night coral</u> encrusted skeletons, whose unquiet spirits will defend the bones as <b>1D6+2 Shadows</b> . The rare coral is worth 1D10x100 GP.
4	<b>Hunting Crabs</b> - Clattering under weed festooned shell armor, 2D6 of these dull red, deep dwelling <b>Giant Crabs</b> will warn off and then attack any who intrude on their feast of dead and dying fish.
5	<b>A Beached Leviathan</b> - A <u>yellow jewel</u> (500 GP) shimmers in the forehead of this huge blue grey beast. It cannot defend itself in this state, but will reward any who keep its skin wet until the sea returns with a permanent blessing of +1 to all saves.
6	<b>Sea Snakes</b> - A nest of writhing white and blue banded death lurking in a shallow pool. The snakes are non-aggressive but territorial, and the <u>poison</u> of these 1D8+2 <b>Sea Snakes</b> is valuable (200 GP per snake).

**S**UNKEN **dome** Surrounded by the rotted and roofless ruins of the Voivode's gilded wooden palace, the Dome is a small but stately brown sandstone building. Ancient mosaics in green and red are inset in the walls and floors beneath a layer of weed, mud and corals. Doors are thin marble lattice work, stuck in place by corroded bronze hinges. The Dome was the Voivode's personal harem a contained chambers exclusively for his use. The majority of the opulence and wealth, still visible in places was in the form of fine incense wood furniture and luxurious textiles, now decayed.

The bloated and wave battered corpses of a variety of undead sea life twitches and flops amongst sickly piles of tangled red weed and waterlogged fragments of ancient furniture. While rhythmic sound of putrescent undead fish slapping into mud and ancient tile is uncanny, most of these horrors are harmless enough. A few of the larger revenants are dangerous, as are a trio of wondrous brass automatons who acted as servants in the dome. The cause of the undead is the **spectre** of a murdered odalisque, who was left to die in the darkness of the oubliette (AREA 5) when she displeased the Voivode. Her despair and rage has created a necromantic vortex that animates any creature that dies within the dome.

D6	Within the Dome's Decayed and Fetid Halls.
1	<b>Hallucinations</b> - The air fills with the sound of revelry, and the scents of delicacies. Any who fail a save stand transfixed for 1D4+1 turns, reliving scenes of epic debauch in their minds. The transfixed may be carried but are otherwise immobile.
2	<b>Shark Revenant (2 in building)</b> - Lurching with crashing inch-worm convulsions along the floors of the Dome, these large undead sharks still follow the predatory impulses of their tiny lost souls. Each is roughly 10' - 12' long and can completely fill a corridor with slashing fins and jagged jaws. The largest is a hammerhead, and the other rotted into a nearly unidentifiable lump of putrid flesh, teeth and glowing cartilage. Treat these abominations as <b>Mako Sharks</b> but note that they can move at a rate of 10' on dry land and have normal undead immunities and weaknesses.
3	<b>Fish Revenants</b> - Flopping mechanically in the mud this scattering of (2d12) decaying fish corpses is disgusting, but not especially dangerous. The creatures vary in size but the dangerous ones represent larger sorts of fish. They are aggressive unthinking undead, but largely immobile and can only engage opponents who elect to move into melee with them. On land, each has one hit point, an AC of 8 and a single attack (1D4) each. The Fish revenants may be easily avoided easily avoided or slain with missile or pole weapons as long as they are out of the water. In at least 1' of water fish revenants are quite dangerous, swarming like piranha and should be treated as <b>Striges</b>
4	<b>Automaton (3 in building)</b> - Once sheathed in playfully painted wooden flesh, these constructs of brass and crystal were the servants of the Voivode. Since the great flood their wooden shells have crumbled with only a few spongy bits remaining, the simple magical minds of the automatons has also decayed and the rage and evil that infuses the Dome has seeped into them. Reactions are at -1 with these creatures, with positive reaction resulting in strange pantomimed servility that may suddenly turn to violence. The Automatons are statistically identical to <b>Animate Iron Statues</b> , with weapons lodging amongst their gears or in the rotten wood of their shells.
5	<b>Rotting Mass</b> - A skittering mass of rotting weed, and tiny animated exoskeletons. These slow moving lumps attack by subsuming enemies and allowing the multitude of tiny undead creatures within to burrow into them, rapidly gouging vile wounds. They are quite dangerous (as <b>Ochre Jelly</b> ) and almost immune to normal damage, but are easy to escape from and utterly unintelligent.
6	<b>Voivode's Ghost</b> - A spectral figure of a haggard and hollow eyed man, richly clothed and hugely fat. The Voivode is peaceful but insane. He will utter cryptic references to the Dome's secrets (i.e. "She should not have disappointed, but now I pay.") and depending on his reaction to the party either behave as a genial host, or wildly rage while prophesying death. If attacked with magical weapons, he will squeal and dematerialize while calling for non-existent guards.



## POOL \* ДЯД ОМЕ

<b>Light &amp; Smell</b>	Diffuse daylight from above and the South West corner The reek of rotting seaweed, salt, stinking mud and wet stone
<b>Dangers</b>	Cursed pool summons vengeful phantoms, as <i>skeletons</i> with backstab attack. Secret Door in North wall.
<b>Treasures</b>	Concealed jewelry in poll (\$2,000 GP total); valuable inlay under mud in pool (\$10,000 GP total).

Entrance doors of bronze sheeted heavy wood open into an arched hallway that abruptly descends into a circular 3' deep pool. This pool chamber remains filled with foul sea water, silt and floating red weed. Over the years the dark power of the trapped *spectre* in AREA 5 has drawn the tormented souls and bones of those who died in the cataclysmic flood, as well as the remains of sea creatures that have decayed beyond the specter's power to animate. Wading into the pool is an unpleasant experience, as the bottom is carpeted with bones and bone fragments which snap and twist providing poor footing. Worse still the pool is cursed, a locus of unnatural power, and every round a living creature enters in there is a cumulative 1 in 8 chance that this draws the attention of one of the warped souls trapped in the pool. These souls attack as phantom courtiers, concubines and guards coalescing from dark water and jagged bone in a sudden squall, usually directly behind their target. A phantom will obtain surprise automatically against a target unwarned of their existence, and on a 4 in 6 chance even against opponents who are aware of the pool's curse. With surprise, the phantoms' rush of stabbing sharp bones is treated as a strike by a backstabbing thief (+4 to hit for triple damage), but once detected each phantom is no more resilient than any animated *skeleton*. Because of the necromantic power focused within the pool, phantoms will manifest until the *spectre* in AREA 5 is freed or an exorcism spell is cast on the pool. Protection from evil or similar spells will allow living creatures to remain unmolested in the pool.

If the phantoms have been contained, and the pool is investigated at length (at least two turns) the bones at the bottom of the pool will yield several pieces of jewelry: a *silver pectoral* made of tiny beads sculpted into the shape of human heads (1,200 GP), a black onyx and *gold brooch* carved as a fly (500 GP), and a *gold solitaire ring* containing an enormous amethyst (300 GP). More valuable, but requiring the careful removal of the bones, water and mud in the pool (5 man hours of work with buckets, ten without) to reveal, is a pattern of circles inlaid on the pool's bottom with thousands of tiny *gold, lapis and silver tiles*. Two people working at the mosaic with chisels or similar tools can bring up 1D6x100 GP per turn for up to five hours (total 10,000 GP value).

The area to the West of the pool is a colonnade of algae festooned pillars, originally carved to resemble pine trees. The walls hold mosaics (in cracked glass tile) that depict a feast and orgy in a mountain grove, but except for the North wall these mosaics are badly damaged. A crumbled hole in the south wall, almost blocked by hanging weeds allows an exit to the mud flats while two marble lattice doors are on the East wall and a single heavy corroded bronze door leads West provide other obvious exits.

A life-size image of a weeping maiden, presumably bereft, after her lover has run off with a comely satyr, (the pair is visible in the distance) is actually a secret door. If the tear filled eyes of the maiden are pressed in unison, the corroded latch holding the entire human shaped section of mosaic will pop and the door will sag open a few inches, leading into AREA 5.

## Я ОБИГ СНАДБЕЯ \* ДЯД ТШО

<b>Light &amp; Smell</b>	Only light is gloom leaking through door lattice from pool area. Reek of mud and the sea.
<b>Dangers</b>	None
<b>Treasures</b>	<i>Silver Mask</i> (300 GP), <i>Marble Table</i> (35 GP)

The chamber once contained a dressing room and waiting chamber for special visitors to prepare themselves for the Voivode's revels. A delicate, but heavy, *marble table* (35 GP, 150lbs) still stands in the center of the chamber, but the wooden chests and cabinets that once held elaborate costumes are now piles of rotten fragments sunk into the mud. Close examination will reveal a few mirrored sequins or a handful of carved bone buttons. A longer examination, poking through piles of wood, gasping sponges and dead fish has a 2 in 6 chance per turn of discovering the only valuable artifact remaining - a beaten *silver mask* of a fox(300 GP).

## С ЯЗДИТ СНАДБЕЯ \* ДЯД ТЯЕЕ

<b>Light &amp; Smell</b>	Only light is gloom leaking through door lattice from pool area.
<b>Dangers</b>	Blood corals, as <i>yellow mold</i> .
<b>Treasures</b>	None

This chamber once provided a place for servants to hold meals and store wine brought from other areas of the palace. The cheap furniture has all rotted or washed away, but a large corroded bronze bell rests in the corner. The East wall is covered in pulsating reddish coral, both vibrant and dangerous. The blood coral is acidic to the touch, and will spray anyone touching it or bringing light with 5 feet with a jet of toxins (save or die in 6 rounds), which will form 10' x 10' toxic cloud if the coral is submerged. Otherwise treat the blood corals as a colony of *yellow mold*.

## OFFICE \* ДЯД ФΟΥА

Light & Smell	Phosphorescent sponges climb the walls offering sickly greenish light. The smell of the sea.
Dangers	Weakened Stairs (2D6 fall)
Treasures	None

Another opulent chamber ruined by the sea, the skeletons of skillfully wrought iron furniture: a cabinet, three secretaries' desks and several chairs, still stand here and there amongst sludge and ruin. The rusted furniture will crack and crumble if touched joining the scattered phosphorescent sponges that festoon the walls and floor.

The stone stairs leading up to AREA 6 are a series of delicate arches and thin marble treads. The slow decay of the Dome has weakened them, and they can only support the weight of one unarmored human at a time. If an unarmored or lightly armored character climbs the stairs first they will notice that the treads shift and the supports make ominous cracking noises as they climb, but the stairs will support them. A character in mail or plate armor climbing the stairs (or one carrying a heavy load) will cause the stairs to collapse about 15 feet from the floor, fall battered by a barrage of crumbling marble and take 2D6 damage. A successful test to detect sloping passages, secret doors, or architectural oddities will reveal the stair's dangerous state.

## OUBLIETTE \* ДЯД ФУЕ

Light & Smell	No Light. The reek of fear and sweat, with a hint of rotting sea mud.
Dangers	Spectral Odalisque, as <i>Spectre</i>
Treasures	None

Shortly before the cataclysm, one of the Voivode's concubines displeased him, or his cruelty pushed him to again punish an innocent. The woman died of injuries, starvation and exposure in the secret cell beneath the Dome's Northern tower and her spirit, both pitiful and deadly, lingers. The Oubliette is accessible only through a secret door in AREA 1, but the Spectral Odalisque's presence is felt through the structure, as her sorrow and terror has created the necromantic vortex animating dead sea creatures and cursing the location.

The oubliette chamber is made of stone blocks, and is devoid of sea life. The rusted remnants of shackles hang from the walls, making the room's purpose clear, and an ominous pit field with black water gapes in the room's center. The chamber's resident, a Spectral Odalisque will become evident immediately, materializing in a cloud of reddish motes as a clearly ghostly, but almost lifelike, presence seemingly chained to the rear wall of the chamber. She shows obvious signs of injury and violence (though they appear different to everyone who looks upon the spirit) and weeps raggedly with great wracking sobs. The spirit will beg for release and aid, but its chains are long rusted away. The spirit has the statistics of a *spectre* but is not immediately aggressive, and will ask that at least one party member, ideally a female character, priest or the least threatening individual, stay with her and console her. The *spectre* is not evil, but its need for companionship and consolation is bottomless, its understanding of time flawed, and its desire for revenge well developed. As long as at least one living human stays in AREA FIVE the *spectre* will remain inert, repeating her requests for aid, decrying her cruel fate, claiming she is not responsible for ancient minor infractions of the seraglio's rules and sobbing. Should the Odalisque believe or suspect she will be abandoned, a sudden transformation will occur, the phantom's flesh will drop away and her arms elongate into talons, attacking the character previously most sympathetic with a *spectre*'s life draining touch. Once enraged the Spectral Odalisque will hunt her "betrayers", floating through the Dome slowly and without mercy. She will return to the Oubliette and her quiescent state only after she searches the Dome thoroughly (2 hours).

## ТРЮРНЧ НДЛЛ \* ДЯД СЛЖ

Light & Smell	Natural light from windows and cracked roof.
Dangers	None
Treasures	Demon skull (600 GP)

The damaged spiral stone stairs from AREA 4 leads directly into this chamber, surrounded by a rusted railing of iron scrollwork. Two suits of elaborate plate armor, also rusted into fantastical mockery and covered in tiny polyps stand before the exit to AREA 7. The suits are harmless and valueless, The rooms other contents, banners, trophies, mementos and the display cases that held them have decayed and make up several mounds on the floor, now covered in thickly growing reed weed that pops and squeaks when crushed underfoot.

A successful search through the mounds will reveal a strangely horned, man-sized skull, cloaked in algae and coral. If the encrustations are scraped away the bone beneath appears black and glassy like obsidian. The skull is a lesser demon's and worth up to 800 GP to a dark sorcerer or someone with similar tastes in decoration.

## LOUNGE \* ДЯД СЕЛЕН

Light & Smell	Diffuse daylight from above. Strange, vaguely appetizing and musky smells emanate from the corals in this room.
Dangers	None
Treasures	None

A eerie singsong whistling fills this room, coming from everywhere within. A few patches of marble floor are visible through a lair of silt and grime. From stone couches and benches scattered about, it's clear that room was once a lounging area, though every surface in the room is now covered in speckled orange and brown coral. Close examination of the coral will show tiny vents that constantly open and close, producing the whistling and releasing musk to attract prey. Eating a piece of the appetizing smelling coral it result in it growing within the host of until it kills through internal bleeding in 1D6 week unless a save v. poison is made.

## SERAGLIO \* ДЯД ВИГТ

<b>Light &amp; Smell</b>	A series of arched windows, too narrow to climb through and latticed with stone let in light. The room smells of sea mud.
<b>Dangers</b>	Brass Concubines (x3) as <i>Animated Crystal Statues</i> (successful hits in melee require save v. paralysis)
<b>Treasures</b>	<u>Golden fetters</u> (600 GP), <u>Cracked ivory mask</u> (150GP)

Once the home of the Voivode's Concubines, this tower room was filled with lush pillows and divided up with screens of painted silk and carved incense wood. Only a great mass of rot, seaweed, gnarled wood fragments and mud remains of the furnishings, though the bright colors of the gasping blue and pink anemones which climb everywhere to walls, ceiling and floor mock the seraglio's former opulence. Hidden amongst the anemones are three automatons, now encrusted with aquatic growth.

These Brass Concubines, were once graceful dancers and servitors, with their arcano-mechanical inner workings covered in beautifully sculpted ivory flesh. Now most of the ivory has rotted away (though the strongest of the three automaton's ivory mask remains ravaged but intact and is worth 150 GP), and the automatons are covered in corals and anemones. The Brass Concubines will be hard to detect (successful search roll required) as they rest amongst the aquatic life clinging to the walls, with their crystal brains absorbing the rage and sadness of the *spectre* in the cell below. Each round that there is noise or movement in the Seraglio there is a cumulative 1 in 6 chance that the automatons will rise with jerky motions in an aggressive mood (-2 to reaction rolls). The Brass concubines are smaller and less sturdily built than the wandering automaton servants encountered elsewhere in the Dome, fighting as *Animated Crystal Statues*, but they are covered in colonies of stinging anemone, and anyone who successful strikes one of the Brass Concubines in melee must save vs. paralysis or fall twitching to the floor for 1D4 turns. A prolonged search of the debris in this room (1D4-1 turns) will uncover a set of finely made golden fetters worth 600 GP.

## КАМБЕЯ OF THE VOIVODE \* ДЯД ВИКЕ

<b>Light &amp; Smell</b>	Daylight from windows. The sharp smell of terror blots out the scents of the ocean.
<b>Dangers</b>	Statute and treasure illusion, (3d6 electrical jolt)
<b>Treasures</b>	Voivode's <u>chain of office</u> (2,200 GP)

Only the wreckage of the Voivode's huge bed remains intact, covered in clinging weed, to show this room's original purpose. Most notable is a large emerald encrusted orb of office on a golden chain hanging from the hands of a pristine marble statue of an emperor (Moxammat III) as if being offered. The statute and chain of office are an illusion. When touched with a hand or conductive object (sword, metal pole) they will disappear in a deadly arc of electricity (3D6 save v. spells for ½ damage). Non-conductive or thrown objects will pass through the illusion trap, indicating its true nature. The illusion reforms in 1D4 hours after discharge. An examination of the bed's huge black wood beams will reveal that it was once decorated in scroll work and spiraling relief. A successful search of the object will discover a broken button and the swollen door to a secret compartment in the headboard. Prying open the compartment reveals a long rusted poison needle trap, a rotten leather folio of decayed parchment (obscene etchings perhaps?), and an emerald and gold chain of office identical to the illusory trap and worth 2,200 GP

## HALL OF EXCESSES \* ДЯД ТЕИ

<b>Light &amp; Smell</b>	Daylight pours into this room from many windows. Above the rot and sea salt a faint scent of spectral wine and perfume.
<b>Dangers</b>	Hallucinatory revels
<b>Treasures</b>	<u>Battered silver table service</u> (25 pieces, 100 GP each)

The hall was the scene of the Voivode's revels, where a wild bacchanal was underway when the Imperial curse sunk the Dome, drowning the Voivode, his sycophants, slaves, and guests. Now the marble lattice windows are encrusted with corals, sponges and anemones while the graceful pillars carved to resemble pine trees, hang with red kelp and black algae. Among the piles of mud and seaweed that cover carved stone couches and tables peeks the shape of a large tureen (100 GP) with the telltale black patina of tarnished silver. The faint sounds of ancient revels and the scent of perfume and spilled wine slowly rises when a mortal enters the room, sea life shimmers and begins to resemble hanging silk and flower garlands. Besides the tureen, a 24 piece silver dinner set hides in the wrack and mud, and can be recovered at a rate of 1D4-1 pieces (100 GP each) per person turn. Each turn the searchers (unless protected from illusions, spells or evil) will need to make another saving throw against the hallucinatory revels.

Persons staying in the Hall for more than a few moments must make a save vs. spells or find themselves drawn to join in the hallucinatory revels, convinced that they are flirting with members of the ancient Imperial nobility, eating gilded lizards stuffed with nuts off silver platters, and drinking fine purple wine. This hallucination will last 1D6+1 turns before the enchanted will suddenly shudder back to reality, reclining on a mass of mud, nibbling on kelp and drinking fouled sea water from their own shoe. The enchantment takes hold again if the individual remains in the Hall for more than a few moments, requiring a new save. Individuals unaffected by the hallucination will see their companions pantomiming the activities of a fancy bacchanal, and the charmed individual will work any attempt to drag them away into the hallucination. Rescuers will become pestering servants, rivals seeking a duel or amorous drunkards trying to lead them away. Roll a reaction roll at -2 to see the hallucinating character's response efforts at rescue.

## ROOF \* ДЯД ЭЛЕВЕН

<b>Light &amp; Smell</b>	A scent of drying sea mud, and kelp.
<b>Dangers</b>	<u>Revenant Fish</u> (2D4)
<b>Treasures</b>	None

Easily reached by climbing the slick outer walls with rope and grapple the roof is festooned with piles of black kelp. Several (2D4) fish revenants, nearly harmless unless submerged, flop amongst the wrack. A colonnade around the dome allows easy access by rope to 2<sup>nd</sup> floor and AREA 1.