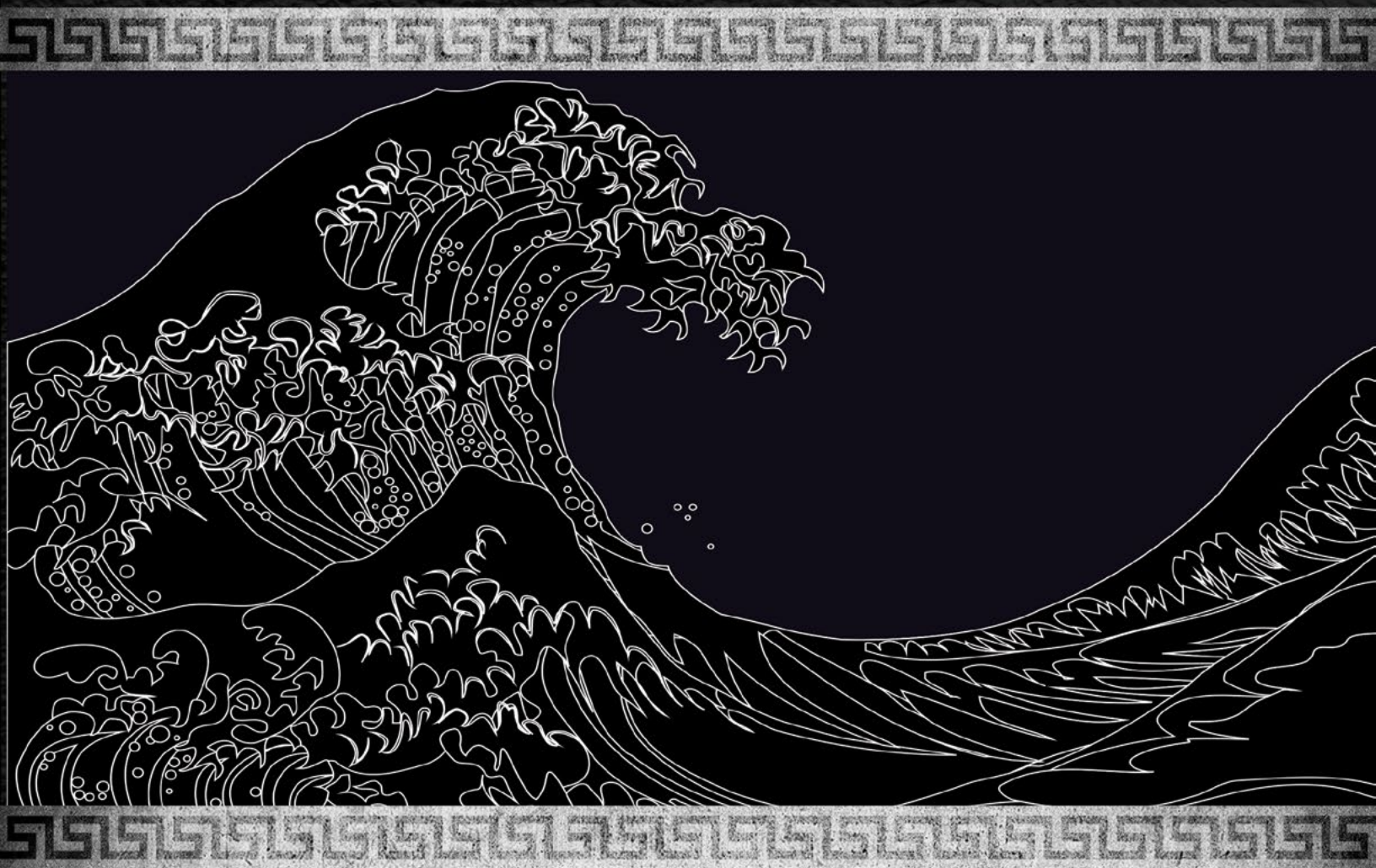


# THE YELLOW BONE LEGION



SOLDIERS OF A WAR LONG DEAD

**Labyrinth Lord**  
Compatible Product

# THE YELLOW BONE LEGION

## SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE

Nine generations ago the city of Xian faced a howling doom.

The Witch Queen Agrahti had thundered out of the west at the head of a numberless horde, her screaming Shou killing and burning all in their path. They drove the humans like cattle before them and turned whole provinces into wastelands of crows and smoke. The other cities of men on the isle were surrounded and embattled, but it was Xian that the horde wanted, for it was Xian that was the capital of humanity in the Sunset Isles. If the Mandarin and his defenders could be crushed there would be nothing to prevent the Shou from driving every last hated human into the tide.

The humans had been taken unawares by Agrahti's attack. Ever since their arrival on Ektau a hundred and twenty years earlier the Shou had been a rabble of primitive tribes. Their warriors were dangerous foemen but were unable to stand against a disciplined line of Xianese spears. Their witch-priestesses were potent spellcasters, but they were few, and the well-organized forces of the Mandarin had driven them west during years of hard, bloody fighting. For six generations humanity had prospered on Ektau, pushing their homes and cities west to the foothills of the Godbarrow Mountains.

It had been a blessed respite for the refugees. The Archmage Lam-mach had managed to save a hundred thousand souls from the encroaching horror of the Red Tide, but as far as any sage knew that remnant was all that remained of humanity. The churning crimson mists that hung a hundred miles off the Sunset Isles spelled swift and terrible death for any caught within its foggy coils. The exile fleet had fled before the rolling mists as it ate nations and seas and all the rest of the world, but here in the Isles there was a haven. The mist drew back, and its evil was limited to the cults of mad dreamers it inspired.

Now that respite was at an end. The province of the Westmarch was in flames, its scattered survivors spared only because the horde could not linger to hunt them all down. In the west, Hohnberg prepared to die bravely, its Makerite warpriests blessing pikemen who knew they would not return. The Shou would breach its walls by climbing on their dead, but the Thusundi knew he did not have enough men to hold them once Xian had fallen.

In the south, the arcanists of Tien Lung wielded hideous sorceries and fueled abominable spells with the lives of their subjects. The walls of the city were smeared black with the blood of their dead, their eldritch signs and killing wards sending crackling force through the Shou multitudes. The city would hold until the last apprentice was dead, but the Shou kept coming through thunder and flame to hurl themselves at the amber city. Once the full

weight of the horde could be turned on Tien Lung, there would be no incantation to save them.

In the north, the great Archmage Rai was the last of the mighty sorcerers of the age before the Tide, the guardian and protector of the remnants of his people. His beautiful Kueh city of Kitaminato was a place of grace and exquisite refinement, but its walls were scarred by the spears of the Shou, and his samurai were too few to hold them. In desperation, he and the great families of the city entered into a bargain with the Hell Kings, offering their souls and their worship for the salvation of their people. The earth opened up to vomit forth the iron-nailed shapes of the damned and the Shou were driven back for a time- but such was the flame and destruction that half the city was torn to pieces. The hell-sworn Shogun Rai would be master of a city of corpses if the Shou did not soon retreat.

These bastions of humanity were all that remained of mankind on Ektau. The handful of mad colonists elsewhere in the archipelago and the cold Skandr halls of Nordheim were not enough for survival. Xian's fall would mean the eradication of humankind, the inevitable slaughter and destruction of the last hope the Red Tide had left them. The legions of Xian manned the wizard-wrought walls of their city and looked to their lords for salvation.

### LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER

Xian had been taken unawares by Agrahti's red crusade. Large portions of their army were cut off in the west, detachments eaten whole by the horde or beleaguered in border fortresses that had been bypassed by the Shou in their frenzied charge east. Only a portion of the Mandarin's army was close enough to reach the walls of Xian and man the towering stone walls against the Shou warriors.

If the Shou had possessed any true siegecraft, their sheer numbers would have ensured Xian's swift destruction. Even so, swarms of goblin archers raked the walls as muscular orcish warriors ran ladders into hails of Xianese fire. Hobgoblin captains directed the tribesmen with uncanny discipline, and bugbear infiltrators were constantly struggling to climb any scalable inch of Xian's fortifications.

Worst of all were the witch-priestesses. The mightiest of Agrahti's handmaidens could make the very earth tremble beneath the city's walls, and the Mandarin's sorcerers were forever rushing along the parapets to counter these witch-works before they could shake the walls from under their defenders' feet. Even lesser priestesses could whip their followers into such a frenzy as to keep fighting with a foot of Xianese steel in their bellies.

Those wizards not charged with defending the walls were kept at work in the vaults of the Mandarin, drawing forth salvaged relics and the precious implements of their ancestors. Archmage Lam-mach and his mighty companions were long dead but they had left a legacy of magic and potent tools for their heirs. Many of these devices had been put aside as too dangerous for any but an archmage's use, but now there was no time for such caution.

One such device was a man-tall rod of gnarled black wood wrapped in a shroud of brittle silk. The yellowed parchments wrapped with it spoke of it as a terrible artifact of necromantic power, a trophy seized in centuries past from the dread Night Kings who once scourged the Ninefold Celestial Empire. According to the trembling characters of the ancient scribe, the rod could be planted by a king to grow a black tree, and with that tree's fruit the king could raise an army of the dead to serve him.

The Xianese had always detested necromancy as an affront to their beloved ancestors, a sure means of earning their anger and an insult to the memory of the cherished departed. Even the meanest Xianese beggar family prized the tablets that commemorated their more glorious forbears and struggled to perform the yearly ancestral rites. To bind the dead to mortal service was blasphemy against their most treasured beliefs.

The Mandarin planted the rod an hour after it was discovered. He drove it into the dry sands of the bluffs that overlooked Refuge Bay, and as exhausted wizards watched it instantly erupted into a frenzy of growth. Arm-thick roots plunged into the arid soil and leaves like black leather sprang from thorned branches. It quivered in famished need until a few condemned prisoners had their throats opened at its roots. Nourished by the blood of the living, peaches the color of yellow jade swelled from its boughs. A priest plucked a fruit with shaking hands, squeezing out the blood-red juice over the bodies of the criminals. Amid muttered prayers and signs against evil, the dead men staggered to their feet. They could not speak through slitted throats, so they could only kneel before the Mandarin and sign by gestures their obedience to his will.

Xian had its army, if it dared to raise it.

## **WHO DARES, WINS**

At first, there was a call for volunteers, promises of riches and glory for the families of those who would offer their lives to the Black Tree. The noble Junzi Theodred, First General of Xian and greatest warrior of the city, was the first to go beneath the branches of the tree and become one of these "Walking Ghosts". Many of the elderly of the city followed the Junzi, bravely offering what life they had left to the tree, sacrificing so that their children might have some hope of the morrow. Still, their bodies were not of the best quality, and it took much of the fruit to restore them to a condition fit for fighting. Young and well-knit bodies were more suitable.

Valor had its limits, and panic and hopelessness began to spread despite the best efforts of the Mandarin and his loyal daifus. It was not long before the "volunteering" became less voluntary. The dead could not object, but the tree required fresh human blood to bring forth its fruit. For every ten corpses dragged from the battlefield, one living sacrifice was needed to empower the tree. Efforts were made to use some of the handful of Shou prisoners who had been taken, but their blood merely wetted the black roots. The tree refused to drink of them, nor did its fruit return them to the strange half-life that it bestowed upon humankind.

The Junzi Theodred sent both his sons and his eldest daughter beneath the tree, and when his younger son would not walk he had him dragged. The other junzi realized that Theodred would never stand to have his peers pay less dearly than he, and with varying degrees of courage and horror they sent the many of the best and bravest of their sons and daughters to feed the tree.

The panic that had been rippling through the city began to recede. The blasphemous horror of the tree was a thing of terror, but the people saw the price their rulers were willing to pay. With tears and many clasped hands the families of the city sent their tribute to join the "Yellow Bone Legion" that was formed from those freshly dead.

Not all of them came willingly. Some were petty criminals, as sins that once would have passed with a few strokes of the cane suddenly became a sentence of service in the Legion. Others were those on the brink of death, so ill that the loss of a few days or hours seemed to be of no account. There was no time for appeals, no leisure for careful consideration- the poor, the sick, the troublesome, all went beneath the boughs of the tree and returned infused with the strength of the dead and an unbending obedience to the Mandarin. The Yellow Bone Legion took to the walls of the city and met the Shou on the parapets.

They fought with the courage of the once-dead and the strength of the grave. Tireless, unsleeping, needing neither food nor drink, they were ideal warriors to hold the walls against the Shou hordes. Their living commanders shared in their control they owed the Mandarin and ensured that the Legion did not retreat, even after half of its troops were reduced to little more than heaps of mangled flesh. The Shou were too many to push back, but they were holding the walls at a terrible price.

The tainted immortality given by the Black Tree cursed its bearers with a hideous vitality. A Walking Ghost crippled too badly to recover would neither heal nor die. Those so wounded were left to linger on in torment, suffering without the ease of death to end it. Those who could not mend were given to the mercy of the fire, burnt to ashes and scattered to the winds by desperate monks. Those priests who were not fighting were left to pray, hands clenched white around their beads as they asked forgiveness for what they had done.

## IMPERFECT ENDINGS

In the end, it was not the Yellow Bone Legion that destroyed the Witch Queen Agrahti. A rag-tag band of adventurers somehow managed to evade her encircling horde, destroy her guardians, and overcome her mighty sorceries. Their names have long since been lost to the confusion of chroniclers and popular tales, but it is known that none survived their heroism. Still, with their final sacrifice the horde was deprived of the one leader capable of holding them together.

Without Agrahti the warlords of the Shou were doomed to turn on each other. The ancient hatreds and unending blood-feuds that had always cursed the Shou left them at bared blades in a matter of days, the horde collapsing in a welter of slaughter. A few of the warlords made a vain effort to hold their people together, and a last desperate sally at the walls got so far as the bluffs above Refuge Bay. There they burnt the Black Tree before the Legion pushed the last of them into the sea, dragging them down into the spray to drown beneath the waves. Most sages believe that the tree ended there, but a few whisper tales of a black rod in the ashes that vanished before the dawn.

Within a week, the Shou were a scattering of tribes once more. Their remnants would scourge the land for a generation, but the hard-pressed survivors of the human race would be strong enough to endure them. The Yellow Bone Legion had bought the city the time it needed to live, but it was time to end their service. So many familiar faces now cold and strange, so many loved ones now reproachful in their silence... the city could not endure what it had created.

At the end of the battle, a great pyre was built outside the city walls for the countless dead of the siege. Their bodies were laid out with the prayers of the city and the chants of holy monks to ease their passage onward. When the fire was at its hottest, leaping half as high as the city walls, the Mandarin ordered the Yellow Bone Legion to march to its final muster. Dressed in their funeral shrouds, anointed with blessed oils, censed and chimed and sung to their passage, they climbed upward into the fire until nothing remained by windblown ash.

Atop the blacked ground was raised a temple to honor the sacrifice of the legion. Its monks were charged with lives of prayer and propitiation to the honored dead in hopes that the spirits of these Walking Ghosts might someday forgive them for their cruel necessities. Such was the shame of the city at what they had done that the Yellow Bone Legion became a name shunned in memory, first being reserved to scholars, then to priests, and then to no one at all. The memorial temple holds many tablets to the dead of the battle and many shrines to honor those who sacrificed their lives for the city, but the precise way in which they sacrificed and the exact nature of their deaths are things uttered only from one monk to another in the dark of the moon. The people do not need to remember what they once did.

To the people of the city, it is simply a temple favored by soldiers for reasons that no one quite remembers any more. Children play

amid the memorial stones while elderly monks nod over their tea, and every year nine soldiers are chosen to carry bundles of black sticks in the procession honoring the city's ancestors. These bearers are said to be fated for both heroism and early death, though only the monks remember why- and the monks do not speak of it to the soldiers.

## COMING HOME

Despite this seeming end, the curse of the Black Tree was stronger than the Xianese imagined. Those defiled by the red juices of its fruit were raised not merely as docile shambling corpses, but as creatures of perverted immortality. Even when burnt to ashes and scattered to the sea, sooner or later they will claw their way from the earth beneath a dead tree's branches and shake the soil from a reformed body. Those merely mangled and left to rot will stitch themselves together by inches after spending years in nightmarish delirium.

In the past few years, more and more of the Yellow Bone Legion have been rising from their graves. Some have pulled themselves from the earth where they fell and were buried as a common corpse. Others have gasped to life from beneath a dead tree, lost and confused in this new world. Where they can blend with the living they are taken merely as simpletons or madmen. Those recognized as undead fare less kindly.

With the death of the Mandarin who summoned them the Walking Ghosts are less wholly compelled to Xian's service. His heirs and their officers still have some power to command them, but it is no longer the instant and unflinching service they gave to the old lord.

Many simply try to live their interrupted lives. They try to live and work and blend with their neighbors, following those pursuits they loved in life and seeking the companionship of the living. Most are foiled in this. The taint of the grave hangs about them, and there is always something about them to raise the hackles of the mortals they encounter.

Others seek the power in death that they never had in life. As common humans will have little to do with them, they seek out more abnormal comrades. Shou hate them as much as they hate any other human, but death-cultists, worshippers of Hell, necromantic arcanists, and the cold-blooded serpentfolk find no reason to shun the Walking Ghosts. These risen build cults of followers and allies to gain the wealth, power, and luxuries they were denied by life.

Some are still faithful to their original charge, determined to protect their people from the dangers that surround them. Clad in their moldering harness and wielding their ancient blades, these Walking Ghosts fight on in a war that never really ended for them. Whether as defenders of Xian, protectors of their descendents, or as paladins in the service of humanity as a whole, they fight with tireless fury and the courage that is born of knowing their inevitable fate.

# WALKING GHOSTS

## A CLASS FOR LABYRINTH LORD

**Requirements:** STR 9

**Prime Requisite:** STR

**Hit Dice:** 1d8

**Maximum Level:** None

**Saves:** As Cleric

**Attacks:** As Cleric

**Allowed Armor:** Any and Shields

**Allowed Weapons:** Any

Walking Ghosts are humans who have been returned to life through a powerful necromantic curse. While they have the outward seeming of living human beings, they are actually a unique and resilient form of undead. Originally raised as soldiers in a terrible conflict, the long-past death of their creator leaves those who walk the present world the freedom to choose their own path.

### Walking Ghosts Class Table

Lvl	Title	XP	HD
1	Second Spear	0	1d8
2	First Spear	1,750	2d8
3	Iron Fan	3,500	3d8
4	Bronze Sword	7,000	4d8
5	Jade Lance	14,000	5d8
6	Second Banner	28,000	6d8
7	First Banner	56,000	7d8
8	Red Scepter	115,000	8d8
9	Conquering General	230,000	9d8
10+	Heroic Deity of War	+115,000	+1

*When first raised from the grave each Walking Ghost was given a courtesy title befitting their status as honored dead. Those who remain active often use these titles amongst themselves to identify their prowess and achievements.*

### APPEARANCE AND PSYCHOLOGY

Walking Ghosts appear to be perfectly normal humans. They have warm skin, appear to breathe, and can eat, drink, and perform any other act normal for a human. A close inspection by a physician will reveal their true nature, however, as they lack a living pulse and do not bleed when cut.

While their physical appearance is normal, they cannot help but provoke a clammy sensation of unease in those around them.

There is something namelessly unnatural about the Walking Ghosts, and even those who have no idea of their true nature often feel that there is something just *wrong* about them. It is rarely enough to provoke outright hostility, but it prevents friendships or trust from any but the most clear-minded or unusual of their neighbors.

Walking Ghosts have the same emotions, memories, and passions as living humans do, albeit often twisted or distorted by their condition. Many are abnormally violent or ruthless, though it is difficult to tell how much of this can be credited to their nature and how much to their past. Their senses of touch, taste, and smell are noticeably inferior to that of the living, and are muted and subdued in comparison. It is not unknown for Walking Ghosts to seek out the most extreme dangers, pains and experiences simply to feel sensations capable of reminding them of their living days.

### SPECIAL TRAITS

Walking Ghosts are undead, and are treated as such for the purposes of all magic, poisons, and diseases. They are immune to the special effects of undead attacks such as level drain or charming. They do not need to eat, sleep, or drink, and can see clearly even in perfect darkness. They heal at the same rate as living humans, and *cure wounds* spells and magic from friendly sources will heal them normally.

Walking Ghosts may be Turned by clerics as undead of hit dice equal to their level. On a "Turned" result they are forced to flee for 1d6 rounds, and on a "Destroyed" result they take 1d6 damage per level of the cleric.

Xianese military officers can command Walking Ghosts, rolling a Turning check as if a cleric of a level equal to their hit dice. On a "Turned" result the Walking Ghost must save versus Spell or be *charmed* for one day. On a "Destroyed" result, the Walking Ghost must save or be obedient even to the point of self-destruction for one day.

As a consequence of their uncanny aura, Walking Dead suffer a -2 penalty on all reaction rolls not related to intimidation. They may have henchmen, but cannot have normal hirelings or followers.

If reduced to zero hit points, the Walking Ghost is crippled too badly to recover normally. If their remains are placed together they will recover in 2d6 years, with this period spent in a state of nightmarish delirium. A body in less cohesive condition could take centuries to recover. Normal healing magic cannot revive them from this state, but a *Raise Dead* or *Resurrection* spell can restore them to unlife. No currently-known magic can restore true life to them or end their perpetual cycle of return.

## PLOT SEEDS FOR WALKING GHOSTS

The following tables provide a few basic ideas for creating a Walking Ghost antagonist for your campaign. These same tables could also be used for vampires or other intelligent undead who can maintain some sort of masquerade of humanity around an unwitting populace.

To generate a plot seed, roll one time on each table- first to discover the revenant's dark goal, then to determine the special advantage that will help him attain it, and finally to find out where he has placed his base of operations.

If you have the *Red Tide* campaign sourcebook you can then pull one of the blank maps out of the resources section, take one of the premade encounter sets to stock the place, and furnish the rooms with the random stocking tables in the back of the book. Once you spend another five or ten minutes thinking about how the Ghost's goals would be discovered by the PCs, you've got a nice little sidetrek for your party if they need something to pass the time.

Labyrinth Lords should keep in mind that Walking Ghosts are something new to most of the Sunset Isles. The siege of Xian was brief and shameful to its people, and the truth of the event has been muddied by two centuries and a great deal of official concealment. Necromancers and others who study death may have heard of it, but even most scholars and arcanists are unlikely to have learned the truth unless they have made a study of the necromantic arts.

Those Labyrinth Lords running other campaigns should feel free to simply count Walking Ghosts as an unusual type of undead, one rare enough to surprise most non-specialists. Indeed, the PCs may not realize what they are until it is too late.

### Their Hidden Lair

1d8	Lair
1	Caves connected by water-filled passages that they can navigate with unbreathing ease.
2	The crumbling ruin of their former family estate.
3	An abandoned shrine in the wilderness, once a place to memorialize the dead.
4	Sewer passages beneath the city, with certain stretches filled with toxic or explosive gases.
5	The ruins of a remote sorcerous academy destroyed and forgotten decades ago.
6	The back rooms of the well-guarded estate or urban palace occupied by their heirs.
7	Remote mountaintop monastery devoted to the cold powers of death.
8	A village of savage degenerates who find their inhuman air quite attractive.

### The Walking Ghost's Sinister Goal

1d8	Ambition
1	Avenge himself on Xian for the way it sacrificed his life to the Black Tree.
2	Exterminate the last descendents of a family that did some grievous wrong to his own.
3	Reclaim a precious possession that once belonged to him but has now fallen into other hands.
4	Aid a necromancer or dark priest who has promised him a means of lifting his curse.
5	Rally his equally-vicious former squadmates into a crew of bandit reavers who take particular advantage of their lack of any need for sleep or supply.
6	Kidnap a remarkably beautiful or handsome person of importance who would never willingly consort with them.
7	Unearth a dreadful necromantic relic that he believes will lift his curse at the price of vast human sacrifice.
8	Bribe and blackmail the local clergy into transforming the community's faith into a death cult, with the Walking Ghost at their head.

### Their Special Advantage

1d8	Advantage
1	They unearthed a long-forgotten trove of treasure and can spend vastly to aid their aims.
2	Unlike most Walking Ghosts, they were a sorcerer in life, and their powers still work.
3	Dark gods of death favor them, and they have access to clerical miracles.
4	Through lies, threats, and blandishments they have subverted a band of locals into a loyal death cult.
5	They've gathered long-lost blackmail evidence that would utterly disgrace the family of the local magistrate or other important official.
6	Their family was ruined when they were taken for the Legion; their heirs still remember, and will follow the Walking Ghost to regain their lost power.
7	Followers of the Hell Kings have agreed to assist them in their sinister plan in exchange for the Walking Ghost's allegiance to the infernal.
8	They are both remarkably lifelike and exceedingly charismatic. The locals all respect and admire them, but do not realize their true nature.

# THE BLACK TREE

The true origins of this malevolent artifact are unclear, though it is thought that it was once a tool of the dreaded Night Kings. These lich-princes once scourged the coast of the Ninefold Celestial Empire in bronze-oared galleys manned by dead men, and while they are long since gone from the world this gnarled black rod is a relic of their evil.

When planted deeply in the earth the rod will instantly blossom into a large, black-leafed tree. If watered with the fresh blood of a sentient being its branches will immediately swell with ripe peaches of a color influenced by the species used to feed the tree. For humans, the fruit is a lustrous yellow jade color. Other creatures will produce different fruit.

If a reasonably fresh, intact body is anointed with the juice of the fruit it will rise as a Walking Ghost utterly subservient to the creature who planted the tree. The amount of juice necessary to revive a corpse depends upon its original strength and vitality. One sentient sacrifice is usually enough to produce sufficient fruit for ten corpses of its kind. The fruit withers within minutes of being removed from the tree, and so it must be used on the spot—though rumors persist of vials of specially-preserved nectar being used in numerous sinister ways. To the living, the juice is a fearsomely potent poison.

The Black Tree will only revive creatures of the same kind as were first used to water it, and will take further nourishment only from creatures of that species. Thus, if humans were used to plant the tree, humans must be used to feed it, and only humans can be raised by it. Any number of subjects can be raised by the Black Tree so long as it is fed.

The Black Tree can be chopped down or burnt normally, but the black rod will be found in the tree's heartwood and cannot be destroyed by any process that is not sufficient to shatter an artifact. If lost or discarded, it will always find its way into the possession of an intelligent creature, though that owner may not realize what it is.

While a powerful artifact, the Black Tree is dangerous even to its possessor. The Mandarin did not use it long enough to realize his peril, but if another possessor is able to find and plant the tree, they might hold it long enough to be scourged by its curse. As the Labyrinth Lord, you might make up a suitably useful damnation or pick or roll from the list below.

## Curses of the Black Tree

1d4	Result
1	The tree sends out underground tendrils that entangle the roots of surrounding plant life. When these tendrils reach a critical density, everything that dies after eating plants grown in that area will rise as an uncontrollably violent Walking Ghost. The only way to cleanse the land is to cut down the tree.
2	The tree's thorned branches tear holes in the barrier between the living world and the restless dead. At some point, the holes become big enough for a swarm of bloodthirsty spirits to pour through the gaps. The barrier can be repaired by a priest performing the correct funerary rites after the tree is cut down.
3	The tree's roots reach down into Hell, and at some point the corpses stop being resurrected with their own souls and start to be animated by the souls of the damned. These vicious souls are certain to be pursued by the wardens of the Hell Kings, who are jealous of their subjects.
4	As the tree matures and strengthens it begins to take over the minds of its creations, gradually forcing them to serve its own thirst for fresh sacrifices and more corpses to animate as its slaves.

## USING WALKING GHOSTS IN YOUR GAME

For those of you who aren't using the *Red Tide* campaign setting, it's still a simple matter to convert the material in this supplement to your own home game.

To use the same basic concept in your own game, choose some long-ago sorcerous conflict that might have conceivably involved necromancy and make the Walking Ghosts heirs to that ancient quarrel. Fresh PCs are probably newly-arisen after centuries of disembodiment, but NPCs might have been active for decades, accruing power and sinister allies for their own ends.

If you want to retain their weakness to the commands of their original creators, just pick an organization in your campaign world that might feasibly be considered such.

If you want to use the class as a "revenant" or "zombie" class for your home game, you can leave it as-is, though if the character is particularly repugnant you might increase their reaction penalty and remove their susceptibility to a certain organization's commands. Such a shambling corpse might not be able to effectively interact with anyone but their PC allies.

Optionally, their condition as Walking Ghosts might just be something that happens to them when they die in an area rich in necromantic energies. When a PC dies, you might hand back their character sheet with a few strategic alterations and let the player think they've miraculously survived their plight. Only later will they start to realize that they left more than some excess blood on the dungeon floor.

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