



LAMENTATIONS  
*of the*  
FLAME PRINCESS  
ADVENTURES

Fuck  
for  
Satan

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## Author's Notes

As I write this I'm still unsure whether or not I'm actually going to call this thing *Fuck For Satan*. It would be unnecessarily divisive and provocative, especially for an adventure that's essentially a farce, but honestly isn't that half the fun? So much crazy stuff happens within *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* releases these days that isn't 'adult material,' but is still likely to twist the knickers of people who like to get their knickers twisted (check out the **Twinkling Star** section of this adventure), that by putting something so patently tasteless right on the cover they can avoid spending money on a product they won't like anyway. Plus they'll do it loud enough that they will entertain us all with their outrage that a role-playing game scenario is not to their tastes and help me with a little publicity to boot.

I bet BADD and all the rest in the 80s never knew that they'd be so inspiring all these decades later, eh?

Still, seeing as how this adventure is basically about the influence of a walking penis, a few words might really be in order.

The truth is, I'm bored. Coming up with an idea that is both interesting enough to follow through with and that makes me giddy with excitement anticipating the reactions of the buying public is not easy. I have a big note book full of things that might be exciting enough in play, but they aren't very exciting to write; and if I'm not excited writing it, you're not going to be excited reading it. And of course, while game supplements aren't meant to simply be reading material, I believe that if you're not excited reading it, the chances are slim that it will ever see actual play; plus with forty years of RPG material floating around out there, including so much stuff given away for free by its creators, competition for your playing time is fierce.

Professionally I want *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* releases to stand out from the crowd, practically I want to give people ideas they weren't going to have on their own (else what use are these things?), and creatively I want to blow your mind and melt your brain. I'm not going to get that done with orcs guarding pies in 10' square rooms, now am I? (There's a cool line delivered by Roddy Piper from *They Live* that explains why I exclude the hell out of middles.)

There's also a disturbing trend in gaming that some people are trying to stamp down on imagination and creativity by trying to position the fictional depiction of real-life bad things as somehow indicating support for those bad things or even being a lesser form of the actual crime depicted! I admit I have an unthinking, automatic compulsion to oppose those sorts, because I think that 'creativity' and 'safe mental spaces' are incompatible. So I draw upon my more wicked influences when producing my own work, instead of drawing upon my love for *The Princess Bride* and that sort of thing, because I fear if nobody puts his foot down and takes the time to produce material to terrorize these people, they'll win and it'll be that much harder for more serious work with this sort of content to get done.\*

Not to mention I like watching people who make themselves suffer for no damn reason. For example, the best part of watching *Belle and Sebastian* on Nickelodeon as a kid was the fact that my brother would just cry his eyes out, bawling in a most embarrassing way, because he really thought they really were going to kill that dog every single episode. Similarly, watching people get worked up about the supposed immorality of what the printed ink patterns depicting zombies are doing in the *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* Rules & Magic book is hilarious.

So maybe I'm just an asshole.

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\* No, I don't really consider this work to be all that serious. It's about the influence of a walking penis, for crying out loud. Go watch some Happy Tree Friends and leave me alone.

And being an asshole is better than being considerate and respectable. While considerate and respectable are fine attributes in a person you actually have to be around, that's real life. They're not qualities present in make-believe that blows minds and melts brains.

So enjoy your walking penis, and enjoy the rest too.

And listen to Mercyful Fate, Hell, Portrait, In Solitude, Attic, Ghost, Black Widow, Coven, Blood Ceremony, Jess and the Ancient Ones, and whatever other 70s/early 80s style occult and Satanic bands you can find, because everything else is false.

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June 27, 2013  
Helsinki, Finland

PS. If you bought this in print, you are entitled to the PDF version at no extra charge. Email [lotfp@lotfp.com](mailto:lotfp@lotfp.com) with your proof of purchase and you'll receive a download coupon. I mention it because there's a handout in this adventure which is much easier to print off than photocopying or tearing a sheet out of the booklet...!

## Using This Adventure

This is a nasty little adventure for the *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* game, or whatever old school game the Referee is using, or whatever other RPG he feels like converting this to.

The adventure basically is about the fact that some kids have gone missing from the small Swiss village of Schwarzton, and the villagers want to hire some traveling adventurer types to bring them back if they are alive, and eliminate whatever killed them if they are not. Since there is not much setting detail besides 'village in the mountains,' the Referee can set this adventure in any setting, and any mountains, changing the names of the village and villagers to suit their new home.

Schwarzton is not described in much detail because it exists merely to spur the player characters to go elsewhere. All of the inhabitants are zero level, nobody is particularly important to the adventure as an individual, and encouraging the players or their Referee to spend a lot of time there seems wasteful. However, nothing is stopping the Referee from fleshing the place out and making it more interesting and worthwhile in its own right, if he enjoys that sort of thing.

Before running the adventure it is important for the Referee to realize that **Fuck For Satan** is basically a Shaggy Bear story. The villagers' problem is some missing kids. There will be talk of cults and haunted hills and the player characters will be directed to a dungeon which will turn out to have absolutely nothing to do with the missing kids. However, you have to play that straight. "There are missing kids, villagers are convinced there's a cult behind it, and oh, here's a dungeon because dungeons introduced in these situations are where the solution to the problems are found." The point is that the Referee knows his players. He knows the tricks that will work on them, the ways you communicate what the adventure really is and what is just irrelevant in this adventure.

He should use that to get them there. He cannot, though, lay it on too thick. If the Referee is a bit too keen to get his players to go there, they might realize that something is up, and then he will never get to use half of the adventure. He should just try to imply that this is a shitty railroad adventure where the problem is presented, the location of the solution is suggested, and then if the dungeon is interesting then the session turns into an evening's worth of cool gaming, but oh boy what a 'an old man greets you in a tavern' lame level of setup and exposition.

Then once in the dungeon, the characters will eventually either all die or eventually figure out the kids are simply not there, but are nevertheless convinced they must have missed a secret door somewhere despite having completely mapped the place. (The Referee is advised not to laugh at either their efforts or their desperation.) Then the Referee gets to spring the other 'cult' on them and have them deal with the walking penis. The walking penis is much more hilarious when half the party has already died for no reason in the screw-you dungeon.\* Well, hilarious for the Referee, but considering that his players probably run roughshod over his adventures half the time he has to have his fun sometime.

So even after the walking penis has turned up and been dealt with, the players will discover that this has nothing to do with the damn kids either. What kind of sadistic adventure is this, and what kind of crappy Referee are you for running it?

Or maybe this adventure might be wrapped up in 20 minutes of play with no player character casualties if the player characters do not take the offered bait or the random bear roll comes up a 1 right away. That is the chance that the Referee has to take really, or else that fun at his players' expense is not part of the give and take, part of the win and lose, part of a game—it is just abuse.

Oh, and lastly, it is best that the Referee not let his players know that he is running a published *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* adventure, and certainly he should not tell them the name of it. They will only get suspicious.

If the Referee must broadcast ahead of time what he is running (say, if he is setting up a Google+ hangout game), he should simply state that he is running 'The Schwarzton Incident.'

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\* Although what I typically call the screw-you dungeon is still a possible low-risk windfall for a particularly clever or lucky party.

## Schwarzton

**S**chwarzton is a sleepy little village of about 50 families nestled in the Swiss Alps, its residents earning their keep mainly through farming and livestock. The region has not seen a war in over a hundred years and life has been good.

Unfortunately, in the last few weeks things have not been going so well:

- **20 days ago**, a meteor fell from the sky. That is never a good omen.
- **18 days ago**, Heinrich's only horse went missing from its paddock. It was assumed there was a passing horse thief since there was no damage to the fence.
- **16 days ago**, one of Hermann's cows disappeared from the barn.
- **15 days ago**, Stefan's St. Bernard, Hugh, went missing. It was a grand old dog, not one to wander far from the home, and no signs of its remains have been found in the area.
- **13 days ago**, one of Ulrich's sheep went missing from the flock. It was rather conspicuous by its absence because it had a nasty scar on one flank and Ulrich's daughter had felt sorry for it and thought of it as a pet, tying ribbons around its ears. She is most distraught about it. Again, there have been no signs of what happened to it.
- **12 days ago**, one of Lukas' biggest hogs went missing from the pigpen. Once again, there was no damage to the fence, no other animals missing, no sign of its remains, and no sign of a predator.
- The villagers had become increasingly worried about these missing animals, even posting watches around the village, but animals still went missing.

Then...

- **10 days ago**, the first child went missing. At first nobody connected it with the missing animals, because children often roam (it is not a dangerous region) and every so often get lost.

- **8 days ago**, the second child went missing, and that is when all hell started breaking loose in the village.
- **7 days ago**, villagers were sent to the nearest larger towns, even as far as Geneva, to scour the taverns looking for 'traveling adventurers' who might be able to help.
- The days passed, with no one coming to help, no sign of the children, but no further disappearances.
- Then **one day ago**, another child, not heeding the stern warnings about wandering off into the woods, disappeared.
- That was **yesterday**, and today is whenever the player characters come across the village.

How the player characters are introduced to the adventure depends on their current circumstances. If they are traveling through a mountainous region, perhaps this village just happens to be a convenient stop on their way, and its inhabitants will be a bit too overjoyed to find this heavily armed group of travellers passing through. If passing through a town near some mountains, perhaps they see an 'Adventurers Wanted!' notice or maybe an old man (the village will not send their productive young people out to do this) approaches them in a tavern. After all, this is a classic way to start an adventure. The plea for adventurers, when delivered outside of the village in whatever form, will be on the behalf of 'Theobold Bothe,' who "wants the return of family heirlooms." None of the announcements will contain any more information than this and certainly nothing as specific as to the nature of the assistance required or the fact that the village itself is responsible for the notice.

Whatever the approach that gets the characters to Schwarzton, once their prospective saviors are present the villagers will be much more forthcoming, telling them about the missing animals, the missing children, and the fact that Something Must Be Done.

Old-timers will then relate tales that their grandparents told them about an old Satanic cult that had a shrine in the nearby hills. The location of that shrine is now known as Old Haunted Hill and has been avoided by the villagers for generations now. In the wake of the disappearances, the villagers have begun to harbor the suspicion that the cult has somehow been revived, and consequently, they fear that the children have been taken for sacrifice. Despite these fears, the villagers are terrified of the place and will not go and see for themselves if their suspicions are correct. That is what the adventurers are for.

After hearing about the situation, some might wonder why the village has not contacted the real authorities in the region for help. They will receive one of two answers.

If the party shows any obvious religious affiliation, the answer will be that Schwarzton has fallen through the bureaucratic cracks of the Canton and pays taxes at an absurdly low rate. Raising the alarm here will bring both unwanted attention and long term difficulties as well as the desired immediate aid.

If the party does not show any obvious religious affiliation, the answer will be that since there is suspected Satanic activity, there is the fear that the ‘assistance’ will come in the form of state-sponsored yet independent witch-hunters or an official inquiry akin to the Inquisition. This the villagers know full well will endanger innocent lives when all the villagers want to do is to protect them.

Player characters will doubtlessly want some sort of reward. This is a simple agricultural village and they do not have much in the way of money. However, some of the single young ladies of the village would be quite enamored with those who manage to save the village from evil, and their dowries would include land and livestock. In actuality, several of the farmer’s daughters are looking for husbands, traditionally minded as they are, but because they also crave some excitement, they are looking for husbands who they have

not been around all their lives. Although the villagers will not put any pressure upon the player characters to marry their eligible daughters, the young ladies in question will be obvious in the crowds that gather around the newly arrived would-be saviors. Whether looking for love or land, the player characters can find it here. Female player characters might have a bit harder time of it, as becoming a young farmer’s wife and not owning the land does not quite have the same luster. The villagers will be obviously gobsmacked that there would be women adventurers, and the young men of the village will preen and attempt to impress these characters as much as the village lasses attempt to impress the men.

The one thing that the village does not have to give as a reward is money. Schwarzton is not poor by any means, but most of the trade within the village is done in kind, and trade outside the village is usually conducted by barter, so there is very little cash floating around. However, some will point out that Satanists often worship golden idols and such things and whoever breaks up such a coven of evildoers surely has a claim on whatever treasures they find.

Of course, it is up to the Referee to figure out how to convey all of the important information to the player characters, and how that is done is dependent on the style at the individual table. Intensive role-play, or breeze over it so everyone can get to the ‘real’ adventure, or what?

**Here is one suggested method:**

The player characters are brought to the blacksmith’s. Johann, the blacksmith, is a big, burly man fitting his profession.

*“Oh, right, you want to hear about this cult? My dad knows about that. Daaaad! DAAAAAAAAAAAAAD! You’ve got visitors! DAAAAAAAAAAAAAD! He’ll be right out. DAAAAAAAAAAAAAD! Hurry up!”*

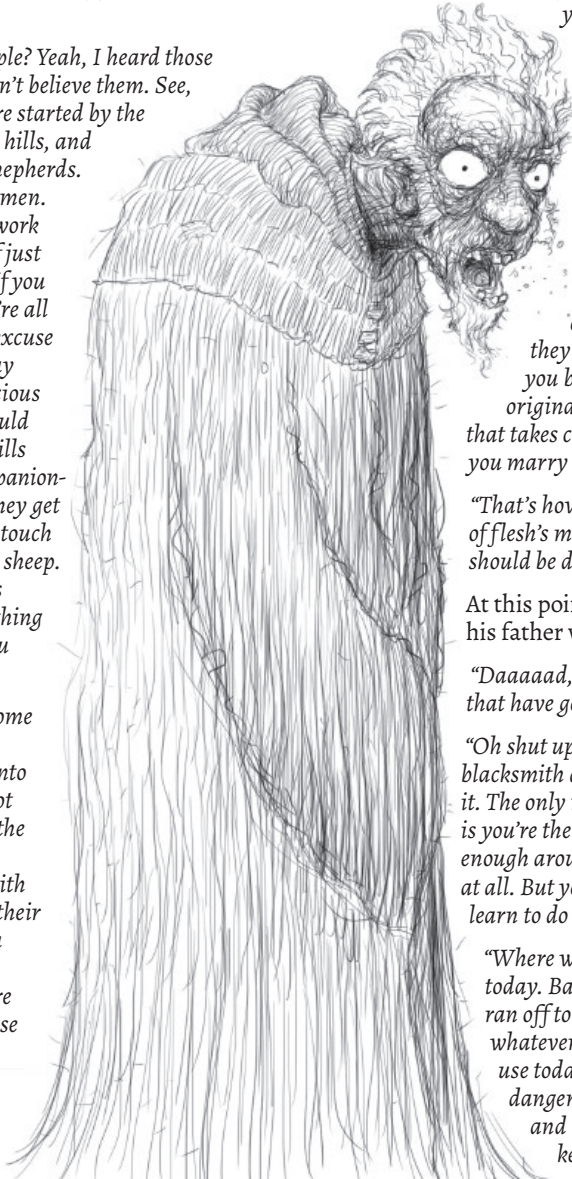
A few minutes later, an ill-dressed ancient man arrives, spine curved horribly and staying upright only with the help of a knotty old cane.



"That's enough of that shouting! I'm old, not deaf! Now what do you want...? oh, strangers. What do you want? Don't you know how rude it is to visit unannounced? I see you're not from around here, which might explain why you don't have the good graces that God gave a worm. Well what do you want? Spit it out; don't stand there with a look on your face like a bee's just stung your bits. Spit it out!

"Missing young people? Yeah, I heard those rumors, but I wouldn't believe them. See, all those rumors were started by the shepherds out in the hills, and I don't trust those shepherds. They are not honest men. If they were, they'd work their land instead of just walking all over it. If you ask me, I think they're all just looking for an excuse to screw sheep all day long. Awfully suspicious that these people would disappear into the hills with no human companionship, hmmm? And they get so jealous when you touch one of their precious sheep. Yeah, they're always looking to say something that will distract you from the truth.

"But they say that some young people have gone out for strolls into the hills and have not come back. Some of the women around here just won't shut up with their wailing about their poor Jörg or Cordula or whatever dumb shit names people are giving their kids these days going missing. Well if they are, it's their own damn fault!



"People their age should be working all day, not going off for long walks. Certainly not with members of the opposite sex! My goodness, can you believe what young people do these days? In my day we had proper courtship! We'd look nervously across the crowd at each other during festivals, and then the man would work up the

courage to go serenade the young lady underneath her window one night, only to find out it's the wrong window and you've scared the lass' younger brother to death so their father comes out and kicks the shit out of you. The mother gets worried that her husband's almost killed someone so they take you inside to nurse you back to health and it's the original girl's ugly-ass sister that takes care of you and BAM, you marry that one!

"That's how I met this useless piece of flesh's mother, and that's how it should be done."

At this point, Johann interrupts his father with,

"Daaaaaad, it's kids. The little kids that have gone missing."

"Oh shut up boy, you're the worst blacksmith alive today, and you know it. The only reason you have the job is you're the only one with arms big enough around here to use a hammer at all. But your brain is too small to learn to do it properly!

"Where was I? Oh, these kids today. Back in my day, we never ran off to the hills to 'frolic' or whatever code-word these snots use today. For one, the hills were dangerous! All sorts of monsters and bandits and assorted evil kept us in our homes with

our windows shuttered tight when we weren't in the fields risking our necks to feed our families! 'The hills' were just another word for DEATH!

"Not to mention how improper it is! In my day, a young man would never be alone with a woman before marriage! You wouldn't even get to hold the woman's hand until your wedding day and you liked it that way because that meant you were being proper and honorable! Take this waste-of-life's mother, for example. You couldn't find a more frigid woman. We had marital relations just one time, on our wedding night, because she was proper and honorable enough to fulfil her obligations, and she kept telling me to hurry up the whole time!"

"Daaaaaaaaaaaaaad!" his son interrupts a second time.

"Oh shut up, boy! Your mother was colder than a yeti's balls and she was proud of it! And I loved her for it, because that's the commitment I made. Kids these days, they don't have that kind of respect. 'Oh, love is a natural thing, it should be given freely!' The very thought of it makes me sick! They were probably stealing off in the night to go elope to the nearest big town or something, because they don't care about proper standards or morals in those town things. Nobody in those places does a proper day's work, you know that? Here we work with our hands and we work the ground. In towns there are people that get paid to count things and write down what they've counted! Can you imagine? Getting paid to do that? That sounds like woman's work, if women would be allowed to have anything to do with money or business.

"So yeah, these missing kids, maybe they aren't old enough to be sinning like rabbits, but they would have been in a few years, because they're brats now, because they're parents don't raise 'em right. Brats I say! Probably just wandered off into the woods and were too busy eating their boogers to pay attention to where they were walking, and they're probably in Milan by now. The village at least has been a bit quieter since they're not around."

At this point, Johann injects more volubly with, "DAD!"

"But even a blind man hit's a bulls-eye once in his life so there is a remote possibility there is

something to all this talk. I doubt it, because you know how women gossip, this is probably blown all out of proportion, but if these kids have been going missing for real... hmmm... I do recall years ago there was some trouble around here. My gran'pappy told me about it. Some group of Satan worshippers or another taking up on the Old Haunted Hill and causing trouble. You people don't look like you have any honest work to do so maybe you could trouble yourselves to take a stroll a little bit that-away and make sure everything's the way it should be – deserted!

"What? Reward? You want a reward for doing this? What kind of adventurers are you? Back in my day, you couldn't take two steps around these parts without tripping over some do-gooder who was begging to solve all your problems! 'Are there fair maidens in need of rescuing?' 'Is your cat stuck in a tree?' If you had a problem, the adventuring lads of yore would be there to help. They had honor. They had stones.

"Look around you. Look over there. What do you see? Fields. Over there. Look. See that? Pasture! And over there. Look closely. Hills! You want a reward? Really? We've got chickens, carrots, and milk. If you want to drive a hard bargain I suppose someone around here could give you some beets. We're a farming village you dolt! You think we have big piles of money sitting around just to give away to strangers? Don't be such an idiot!

"Think about it! Satanists – and it's always Satanists – are morons. Why else would they put on fish masks and dance around some idol in the dark? 'Ohh, oooh, I'm dancing and being blasphemous! I'm sooooo evil!' Why in my day I'd go give them what-for for the fun of it! I didn't need no reward! But say these youngsters have been kidnapped instead of just getting lost. These cultist idiots always have some sort of golden junk or another.

"That just proves how stupid they really are! Why, if I were young and aimless and without the good upbringing a farming village gives you and I came across a big hunk of gold, I'd buy some land. Gold can buy a lot of land, and a lot of security against bad harvests. I could provide for a large family quite easily for the rest of my life with a good chunk of gold! But no, what do

these dullards do? They make some Golden Guppy idol to worship. 'Ooohh, hear our pleas, oh Great Golden Guppy.' Idiots! How wasteful! That gold isn't benefiting anyone! It's not feeding anyone, clothing anyone! It might as well be a polished turd for all the value it has sitting in a room not being looked at because these pinheads avert their eyes from the object of their worship.

"Oh if I were only a few years younger, I'd march up them hills and kick all their asses just for being stupid! And then I'd kick all their asses again for messing with our young folk!"

"Oh, look at this. I've gotten all excited and I've pissed myself. And it's time for my nap. You'll be wanting to go past them hills there, there's an old shrine on a hill that these fishheads used as a home base years ago. Has some rocks on it, you can't miss it. My gran'pappy said that the geniuses around here said they burned the whole shrine down the last time there was trouble, but seems to me Satanic altars are made of stone. Stone don't burn!"

"So you can prance up them hills and since you're all obviously greenhorns that don't know your asshole from a hole in the ground, you'll probably all get killed, but if not, and there are cultists, you bring some of them back alive, you hear? No need murdering them all through stealth, since you're probably too cowardly to stand up to those pricks in a stand-up fight. Get some of them back here so we can give them some good old-fashioned country justice! We haven't had a decent hanging around here in far too long!"

If the Referee likes this approach, Johann's father's rant is probably best delivered in the style of Grampa Simpson. But this should not just be read verbatim off the page! The Referee should memorise the key points and improvise in the spirit of the rant so the players remain engaged. Of course, if this sounds too silly, the Referee might to take a more serious approach to presenting the information, or alternatively draw inspiration from another source.

As long as the information is delivered, the particulars of the delivery are not important, although as the above approach suggests, they can be fun.

## BONUS RANT FOR GAMES THAT USE DEMI-HUMANS:

*"What? Rambling? Show some respect!"*

*"I see you've got one of those pointy-eared bastards with you. Have you ever heard one of their poems? They take weeks to finish! I've been there, in one of those mosquito-infested parks they call a homeland. Lazy shits never mow their lawns, I tell you that! And we were the 'honored guests' for one of these songs or poems or whatever the hell it was. I think to this day it was a treacherous betrayal and an assassination attempt because I was damn near bored to death! 'Oh, look at me, I'm all skinny and ageless, but I have great sorrow and I will now warble on for six weeks about twigs and weeds and the majesty of the stick insect!' Don't you tell me I'm rambling, boy, you don't know the meaning of the word!"*

## The Old Haunted Hill

It takes about an hour to get to the Old Haunted Hill if guided there, or 1d6 hours if relying on the directions given by the villagers. Finding a guide is not so easy, as few want to even to be able to see the hill. For a fee, a goatherd will guide them to the Hill, but will not go up the Hill nor will he wait for the characters to return. The Referee should make an inverted reaction roll (so a roll of 2 is counted as 12) and multiply the result by 10 to determine how many silver pieces a guide would want just to show a party where the hill is.

Children can be more easily convinced to show the way, but the child would not be able to return to the village on its own, and trying to shoo the child away once reaching the Hill will result in the child going missing.

Taking the child up the hill and into the dungeon would also work if characters are fond of bad ideas.

If a child is enlisted as a guide, the villagers of Schwarzton will be forever hostile to the characters and all offers or intimations of marriage be withdrawn.

If the child does not return alive, the villagers will be violently hostile and will do all they can to see the characters dead.

The hill itself is rather steep and treacherous, but fortunately there is a staircase carved into the hillside which provides a convenient means of ascent.



## I. The Altar

At the top of the stairs is a flat area not quite at the top of the hill. Before a cave stand an altar and two rough pillars, fashioned from stone not native to this region.

On the altar is a book entitled *Charting the Heavens*, an astronomy book written just the previous year. Tucked inside the front cover is a folded note – give the players the Handout if they discover this. (Note that Iri-Khan does not appear in this adventure, nor is there any information given to how he placed the book here ahead of the player characters’ arrival. He is intended to be one of those annoying loose ends that infect a campaign on an on-going basis.)

If they follow the instructions in the letter, the player characters will find that the first letters of each section in the book identifies a particular star in the sky and advocates reciting a poem to it:

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are.  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.*

*Give wisdom of future events,  
Certain demise it prevents.  
Knowing when I need know most  
To conquer the cosmic host.*

If this is done, then The Twinkling Star makes itself know to the player characters.

## The Twinkling Star

Upon being identified and serenaded, one star in the sky will make itself known by becoming brighter and twinkling in set patterns. It will make it known to the one calling to it that it hates you.

Not the player characters. It likes them. It wants to see them succeed. It hates you, the Referee, the actual person reading this right now. It despises you and your willingness to kill innocent people for amusement. Sure, to you they are imaginary, but they exist in the same world as this star. Those people are very real to this Twinkling Star, and it is going to get back at you just to show you that cosmic horror does not just flow one way across that Referee’s screen.

Now that you have read this, you must include the star’s effect in your next prepared adventure. It does not matter who wrote the adventure, whether it is your own or something you bought or downloaded. If it is a prepared adventure, the star takes effect. If you do not like these effects, then you’d better just improvise sessions for the rest of your life.

(You might wonder what authority this adventure has in dictating to you how you should handle the next adventure in your campaign. This author pleads diminished capacity; the star got to me and I’m just forwarding this information on to you.)

Before you run the next prepared adventure in your campaign (not future sessions continuing or revisiting an adventure already begun!), roll on the following chart and submit to its instructions:

1. You must furnish the maps for all adventure locations in the adventure to the players as they enter them. No textual information need be on the maps, but the number keys must be on them. Each page of maps will be signed, “Against the cosmic tyrant, your friend, Twinkly.”
2. You must inform your players prior to the start of the adventure that they have access to cosmic knowledge, and they may receive full and thorough and truthful reports on any three characters or items they encounter in this adventure. That is three reports for the group, not each player.

3. Forty minutes after play of the adventure begins, you must place your full and complete adventure notes in the players' hands. All maps, keys, written information, personal notes if running a published adventure. Everything. They have sixty seconds to look through them before returning them. Note that if you play online doing this may be a copyright violation. You need to choose... defy the law, or defy Twinkly. Caught between a rock and a hard place, eh? Not to mention you have no way of making sure the players all delete the material you show them after 60 seconds. Sucks to be you.
4. Every roll you make, even ordinarily secret rolls like secret door searches and the like, must be made in full view of the players. And no 'idly rolling the dice behind the screen to make players wonder if something's happening.' If there is to be a die roll, it has to be made in full view. And during the adventure, every player can declare their dislike for a Referee's roll once, and call for a re-roll.
5. Before play begins, players should email their character sheets to [lotfp@lotfp.com](mailto:lotfp@lotfp.com). Using LotFP's internet access, Twinkly will alter one fact or figure on the character sheet, and that is now official in your campaign.
6. The NPC or creature with the highest level or Hit Dice in the adventure should have that figure reduced by half. Half of the subtracted levels or Hit Dice may be distributed to other creatures or NPCs in the adventure, but no more than 1 Hit Die or level may be added to any one creature or NPC.

This is totally going to ruin the adventure, right? Do not worry Referee, LotFP does not like being under Twinkly's thumb any more than you do. So tell you what. Email [lotfp@lotfp.com](mailto:lotfp@lotfp.com) with the subject line "I FUCKED FOR SATAN" and you will receive within 48 hours one sentence describing how to adjust your next adventure to make it harder on

the players. (Include your order number in the email as well.) This adjustment does not have to be revealed to the players as part of one of the previous conditions! In case this adjustment does not apply to the adventure (if it mentions dungeon rooms and nobody goes into a dungeon, for example), you are allowed to hold onto it until it does apply.

All correspondence to [lotfp@lotfp.com](mailto:lotfp@lotfp.com) on these matters will be answered within 48 hours (unless Lamentations of the Flame Princess is off on holiday or the computer breaks down or the internet collapses or some such; in these cases it will be answered within 48 hours of resuming normal operations). The first 250 requests from those who FUCKED FOR SATAN will be unique, requests 251 on up will get previously generated responses.

## 2. The Cave

This cave is littered with rocks and crawling with bugs. As characters wander into the room, a few of the more ornery critters will crawl, jump, and fly up the character's legs or between the legs and attempt to bite. If a character's legs and nether regions are not suitably protected (the Referee should ask exactly how their clothing and armor is fitted down there), the character must make a saving throw versus Poison or suffer a -1 to all rolls for 1d6 hours due to the resulting severe irritation.

The cave has one obvious notable feature: The statue.

The life-sized statue depicts a regally dressed man with a skull face. The top and back of the skull are missing and hollowed out, with a depression for an oil and wick. If a fire is set inside the head, the light shines out the eye sockets in a manner where the light falls on each of the secret doors.

The statue is quite heavy (being solid stone and all), but it is on a hinge; leaning it to the left reveals stairs descending down into the darkness...

The secret doors to the east and west are merely expert masonry designed to make the doorways indistinguishable from the rest of the cave wall. The doors may be lifted out of place (they do not swivel or pivot, they are more fitted boards).

The passage leading from the bottom of the well is very narrow; a normal sized person can only squeeze through crawling on their belly after stripping himself of any armor, backpacks, etc.

### 3. The Dry Well

A well stands at the center of this hexagonal room. The well is 45' deep and a very narrow passage leads from the bottom. Anyone wanting to traverse the passage must strip himself of any arms, armor, backpacks, and so on, before squeezing his way into it and crawling along on his belly.

### 5. Narrow Tunnel

This tunnel, so small that a normal sized person can only squeeze through by stripping himself of any arms, armor, backpacks, etc., and crawling on his belly is absolutely infested with insects. Small, bitey insects. A character crawling through here will be bitten so many times that he will be swollen and supremely itchy and irritated, causing -2 to all rolls, for 1d4 days unless extreme (magical?) measures are taken. There is a 1 in 6 chance that the crawling horde also contains a particularly poisonous insect, in which case the character must make a saving throw versus Poison or suffer 1d4 hit points of damage.

### 4. The Dry Well

A well stands at the center of this hexagonal room. The well is 45' deep and at the bottom, buried beneath rock and dust and bits of ancient debris and bits of bone, are a number of bear trap-like mechanisms. There is a 1 in 6 chance that anyone walking on this surface will set one off. Each has razor sharp serrated teeth that does 1d4 points of damage and holds the victim fast. A Sleight of Hand roll is necessary to successfully free the trapped character; a failed roll here forces the trapped character to make a saving throw versus Paralyze or suffer another 1d4 hit points of damage as the trap's jaws slam shut again. Each trap resets to an open position when the teeth in its jaws touch. For a character who gets a limb caught in the trap, the jaws of the trap will touch when he has lost both 6 hit points and the limb has been severed.

Rats and insects too slight to set off the traps infest the area, entering through cracks in the walls, and although living creatures can fend them off fairly easily, they will devour any who are caught in one of the traps and are unable to escape. They inflict 1 hit point of damage per hour to any character that remains here.

## 6. Levers

This is a standard 10' by 10' by 10' cube-shaped room. Its only feature is the three levers that stick out of the eastern wall, in the exact

center of the wall. Each lever is at the centre position, but each can be pushed up or down. Moving the levers will have different effects, all accompanied by creaking metallic scraping noises originating from behind the wall:

Level 1	Level 2	Level 3	Effect
Up	Middle	Middle	Deactivates the lock at location #18.
Up	Middle	Up	'Deadbolts' the door at location #18 so that it cannot be opened.
Up	Middle	Down	Deactivates the lock at location #20.
Up	Up	Middle	'Deadbolts' the door at location #20 so it cannot be opened.
Up	Up	Up	Deactivates the fire/acid breath trap in location #31.
Up	Up	Down	Deactivates the lock at location #22.
Up	Down	Middle	'Deadbolts' the door at location #22 so it cannot be opened.
Up	Down	Up	Deactivates the lock at location #23.
Up	Down	Down	'Deadbolts' the door at location #23 so it cannot be opened.
Middle	Middle	Middle	No effect; default position.
Middle	Middle	Up	Deactivates the lock at location #24.
Middle	Middle	Down	'Deadbolts' the door at location #24 so it cannot be opened.
Middle	Up	Middle	Deactivates the lock at location #30.
Middle	Up	Up	'Deadbolts' the door at location #30 so it cannot be opened.
Middle	Up	Down	Raises the bridge across the pit at location #9.
Middle	Down	Middle	Deactivates the lock on the northern door at location #11.
Middle	Down	Up	'Deadbolts' the lock on the northern door at location #11.
Middle	Down	Down	Deactivates the lock on the southern door at location #11.
Down	Middle	Middle	'Deadbolts' the lock on the southern door at location #11.
Down	Middle	Up	Locks the statue in location #2 in place so it cannot be moved.
Down	Middle	Down	Deactivates the lock on the northern door at location #11.
Down	Up	Middle	'Deadbolts' the lock on the northern door at location #11.
Down	Up	Up	Deactivates the lock on the southern door at location #12.
Down	Up	Down	'Deadbolts' the lock on the southern door at location #12.
Down	Down	Middle	Prepares the fire/acid breath trap in location #31 so that it activates as soon as the door to the room is opened.
Down	Down	Up	Flushes the basin at location #17 so no hearts remain in it. It does refill with inky black liquid though.
Down	Down	Down	The entire tunnel leading to this room collapses, as does the well structure in location #4.



With the exception of the last two, effects only last while the lever is in a particular position.

Note that searching for traps will only confirm that the levers do something; there is no way short of dismantling the entire section of the wall to determine that the levers are attached to a gearbox that connects to mechanisms that lead into the wall. Performing this dismantling deactivates the levers so moving them has no effect, and there is only a 1 in 10 chance that attempting to rebuild the gearbox would be successful.

The room is infested with insects, which will cause 1 hit point damage per hour that a character remains in the room.

## 7. Narrow Tunnel

This tunnel is so small that to traverse its length, a normal sized person must strip himself of his arms, armor, backpacks, etc. before squeezing through by crawling on his belly.

## 8. The Tomb

This rather non-descript cave has a loose sandy floor, so loose that any unencumbered person will sink to his ankles, while a heavily encumbered character will sink up into the sand up to his knees.

A sarcophagus, plain but for the carved Dead Sign on the lid, sits in the northeast corner of the cave. Inside the sarcophagus is a skeleton that has had every single of its bones broken.

Resting on the skull is a crown made of coral and lead (worth 2500sp). The skull itself rests on a very obvious pressure plate. Removing any weight from the plate (and this includes the crown!) causes the sand floor to become even looser, causing characters with any encumbrance at all to sink like a stone to a depth of 10', and unencumbered characters must make a saving throw versus Paralyze every round or sink, and can only 'swim' 10' a round.

Also among the bones is a stone key.

## 9. The Shrine

This long worship hall has a 10' wide, 10' deep pit bisecting it. The floor of the pit has numerous tiny holes in it. There are no obvious means of crossing the pit except for two 'bridge' sections that look as if they pivot up from the walls of the pit to form a safe means of crossing.

Unfortunately, both 'bridge' sections are securely held fast to the pit walls.

If the bridge sections are forced or otherwise improperly opened (see location #6 to discover how to properly open them), fire will shoot from the holes, burning anything in the pit, and burning anyone leaning over the pit for 1d6 damage unless they make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon.

## 10. Most Worshipful Altar

This stone altar is completely plain, but for the Dead Sign inscribed on it. On the altar is an ancient book bound in pigskin (but should give the impression that it is human skin). The title, *Prayers for the Dying*, is in the Duvan-Ku script and undecipherable without either a Language roll at -3 penalty or the use of a *Read Magic* spell.

The book is filled with prayers and hymns ("I worship death and hope to be an offering to the god of pain," and such like) written by a skilled calligraphic hand, but someone else has added marginalia on every page in the form of scribbled lines in rough red ink.

If anyone leafs through the book they will notice that the lines form a little animated pattern as the pages are flipped through. Anyone seeing what this animation is will indeed animate it, and the scribbles will rise from the book and grow into the fearsome Half-Realized Poorly Conceived Terror.

## Half-Realized Poorly Conceived Terror

This tangled mass of ever-shifting, spastic and jittering lines and smudges and shadows, which is perhaps 10' long on each side, is a piece of aggressive art. At times, it is able to almost coalesce into a firmly rendered shape, albeit an unnatural and horrible shape. When it does so, it gives the impression of trying to solidify, although the reality is just the opposite. It rages at being 'alive' and will seek to eliminate all solid living objects, blaming them for its animated state. It wishes nothing more than to once again be nothing more than lines on a page.

Armor 17, Hit Dice 4, Movement 60', 1 squiggly attack doing doodle damage, Morale 12.

Its special abilities are as follows:

- It is completely immune to piercing weapons and projectiles. You cannot shoot a line, let alone a squiggly line!
- Crushing attacks and attacks with blunt weapons only do 1 hit point of damage if they hit.
- It is utterly impossible to grapple the thing.
- Its attack is not limited to mêlée range; it can attack any target within 50' with a quickly uncoiling line.
- Once per existence, the creature may 'breathe' a torrent of dotted lines which affect any creature within a 50' radius which fails a saving throw versus Dragon Breath.
- If it hits with one of its various attacks, the victim must make a saving throw versus Magic.
- If the save is successful, the Referee must roll 1d6 to determine the effects of the attack:
  1. The character's clothing is stained a conspicuous, ruinous blob of color.
  2. The line pierces the character's skin and gives a messy, prominent tattoo of rather indistinct composition.
  3. The character's eye 'floaters' become manic and distracting, giving the character -2 to hit and -2 to Search rolls for the 2d6 turns (this effect is cumulative; if a character gathers a -10 penalty to hit from this effect, his eyes explode).
  4. Any maps the character has in hand become meaningless stains. If the character carries no map, then the closest character with a map must make a saving throw versus Magic or this effect strikes that map.
  5. Bad perspective: The character is temporarily unable to judge distance, and will be -2 to hit with ranged attacks for the next 1d10 days.
  6. Still life: One object that the character touches in the near future will turn out to be a 'life drawing,' basically an illusion that does not exist. Any object the character touches has a cumulative 1% chance to be that object.
- If the save is unsuccessful, roll 1d6 to determine the effects of the attack:
  1. The weapon the character is wielding, or the main weapon the character carries, is reduced to squiggled nonsense and is destroyed.
  2. A random book or scroll the character is carrying is reduced to incomprehensible gibberish as the written lines scatter and fragment. If the character is carrying no such thing, then the squiggles enter the character's brain and the character becomes *Confused*.
  3. One of the character's limbs is reduced to stick figure status. Stick figure arms are not able to lift anything heavier than 5 lbs., and stick figure legs travel normally if the character is unencumbered, but any encumbrance points count double.



4. One of the character's facial features (each eye, nose, mouth) is overwritten and becomes useless. The mouth may be reopened by cutting through the flesh (doing 1 hit point of damage), but will look a total mess.
5. One of the character's packs (chosen at random) becomes a mere sketch line, as does everything in it, evaporating momentarily into nothing.
6. The character appears to everyone else as a black and white line drawing, although the character sees himself normally and perceives the rest of the world as black and white line drawings. The character will be able to communicate with the real world, but his ability to interact with the world becomes limited. Floors, boats, and other flattish surfaces will continue to support the character, and doors, walls, and so on will continue to obstruct the character as normal.

Unfortunately, the character cannot physically manipulate anything within the world. Of course that also means that nothing in the world can really harm the character either, which is handy because those not accustomed and friendly to weird and magical effects will treat the character as an absolute monster.

The only way to restore the character is to commission a master artist to paint the character back into reality. Such an artist cannot be found in Schwarzton, and in fact once found will charge 1d20x1000sp to do the work (half if a very good Reaction Roll is made).

A lesser artist can do the work, but the character will be unrealistically ugly, appear unnatural, and lose 1d6 Constitution and Charisma points.

## 11. Doors

Both heavy stone doors here are locked with standard locks, but the keys have long since been lost.

## 12. Doors

All three heavy stone doors here are locked with standard locks, but the keys have long since been lost.

## 13. Catacombs

These rough narrow tunnels house the bodies of the Duvan'Ku honored dead, their bones laying open on berths lining the walls. There are remains of over 100 people here. Searching the crypts will reveal 1d100x1d10sp worth of old silver coins.

## 14. Catacombs

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## 15. The Stairs

The stairs here are rather steep (60°) and a bit inconvenient, the ceiling only being six feet above the stairs. The walls and ceiling are absolutely identical for the entire length of the staircase to the point where not even a successful Architecture roll will reveal that one stretch of wall is different from another, but the fact that it is preternaturally the same all the way along their length.

## 16. The Endless Stairs

Once the Eye has been seen (location #17), it is impossible to return up the stairs here to the dungeon without completing the ritual described (again, location #17). Instead of turning east here, the stairs will continue on, going 80' more before turning east there. It will then continue to on top of the current set of stairs, eternally climbing. This means that anyone on the stairs at this point and beyond is no longer inside the hill as they will have climbed higher than the hill's crest. Not that this will matter to anyone on the stairs as the only thing to do on the staircase in the dark passage is climb, climb, climb.

The original turnoff at this keyed location will simply not exist. Any attempt to search for it will fail as it is not hidden by an illusion and using magic or force to go through the wall will not find the original passage leading back up to location #11. Again, it no longer exists, and will not exist until the ritual at location #17 is performed.

## 17. The Eye and the Basin

At the end of this hallway is a sculpture of The Eye of Many Eyes, a man-sized eyeball which is filled with smaller eye-sized eyeballs, carved directly from the wall. Nearby on the north wall is a basin, also carved from the wall, which is filled with an inky black liquid.

Inside the basin are a number of very old hearts, preserved by the liquid just enough to be recognizable. (The inky black stuff is poisonous, make a saving throw versus Poison or die if anyone is stupid enough to drink the stuff.) Inside one heart is a small gem worth 500sp.

Anyone seeing the Eye is transported to an alternate reality, one where the stairs leading up from here never end (see location #16). In order to return back to the original reality where the stairs indeed lead back to the rest of the dungeon, a fresh heart must be placed into the basin. (The party does employ retainers, yes?)

This arrangement has several consequences:

Anyone who has looked at the Eye can no longer communicate with, see, or touch anyone who has not, nor can possessions be exchanged with anyone who has not looked at the Eye. If one member of the party remains on the stairs while the rest examine the Eye and basin, there will be two consequences. The most obvious one is that the character who remains behind will not see the Eye, but if the characters who went forward to examine the Eye return up the stairs without providing a heart they will not encounter the character keeping watch, nor will that character in any way see or hear the party passing by.

Anyone not in the hallway before the eye will not return to their original reality when a heart is placed in the basin. I hope nobody was around the corner keeping watch on the stairs...

Once a fresh heart is placed in the basin, the Eye no longer has an effect on them (putting a heart into the basin then immediately looking at the Eye doesn't re-trap them) until they leave the Eye's view. If they look at the Eye after that, they are indeed trapped again (putting a heart into the basin, going around the corner and starting up the stairs, then returning and looking at the Eye does re-trap!).

## 18. The Door

This locked heavy stone door is carved in the shape of a ghostly face on the south side, with a lock inside its fanged, open mouth. The north side has no lock or other opening mechanism; the door must be opened from the south side.

The stone key from location #8 can be used to unlock the door, but doing so deadlocks the doors at locations #20, 22, 23, 24, and 30, so that their normal mechanisms will not open those doors. Only by locking this door with the key from the south side while the door is closed will release the deadlocks. Using other means to open the door, such as picking the lock, does not deadlock the other doors.

## 19. Passageway #1

In this corridor, whenever the door at location #18 and/or the door at location #20 are open for more than 10 seconds, the ceiling becomes strongly magnetized. All magnetic metal objects (copper, silver, and gold are not magnetic) are drawn immediately to the ceiling. Characters in magnetic metal armor will fall to the ceiling, and those carrying magnetic metal items in-hand will be hanging from the ceiling if they do not let go. Magnetic metal items inside backpacks, sacks, etc. will either drag the container (and possibly the character carrying/wearing it!) to the ceiling, or rip through it spilling the rest of its contents to the floor.

The magnetism will not stop until both doors are closed, and then it stops abruptly, everything stuck to the ceiling falling immediately.

## 20. The Door

This locked door is made of smooth, featureless marble. Affixed to the south face of marble is a dial with the Roman numerals I-XII around the edge. This is a combination lock, and the combination is Right-IV, Left-III, Right-I. The lock can be smashed to open the door, but then this door would be considered 'open' for the purposes of location #19 and #21's effects.

The door may be easily pushed open from the north side.

## 21. Passageway #2

In this corridor, whenever the door at location #20 and/or the door at location #24 are open, the room begins to heat up. For the first five rounds, the heat is merely noticeable. Then after that, anyone within the room takes 1 hit point of damage every five rounds. After twenty-five more rounds, they take one point of damage every round.

When both doors are shut, the heat dissipates immediately.

## 22. The Door

This locked door is made of solid steel, with four pale stones mounted on the wall – one blue, one red, one green, and one yellow. They are buttons and can be pressed with great effort, each press taking one round. When a button is pressed, it remains in the door until all of the buttons have been pressed, and then they slowly rise up again to their original positions, taking two rounds before any can again be pressed. The door will open if the buttons are pressed in the following order: red, green, blue, and yellow.

The west face of the door is smooth and has no lock or other opening mechanism; the door must be opened from the east side.

## 23. The Door

This locked heavy stone door is in the shape of a ghostly face on the west side, with a lock inside its fanged, open mouth. There is no mechanism for opening the door on the east side; the door must be opened from the west side.

If the incorrect key is used to open the door (and the correct key is long gone), or if any attempt to pick the lock fails, the mouth will clamp shut, automatically trapping at least one hand (the lock-fiddler must make a saving throw versus Paralyze to avoid both hands being trapped). This will not inflict damage on the character picking the lock. Instead the mouth will simply never let go.

The surface stone covering the door is brittle, so it possible to smash the stone and free anyone who has his hand held by the mouth. Unfortunately, the stone will only break off in small chunks and shards. The shards are razor sharp and will inflict 1d4 hit points of damage to anyone within 5'. A saving throw versus Breath Weapon will halve this damage, but anyone trapped by the mouth will be unable to avoid these flying shards and cannot make this saving throw. It will take 2d4 blows to free a trapped character.

## 24. The Door

This is an airtight metal hatch with a wheel mechanism in its center used to open the door (it opens southward – very important). At present it is ‘locked,’ but turning the wheel is sufficient to open the door. (If the ‘lock’ is disabled from location #6, it becomes unable to be re-sealed). There is a wheel on both sides of the door.

## 25. Cell Block A

The walls to this corridor are adorned with many, many runes. Anyone looking at them must make a saving throw versus Magic or be inflicted with madness. This madness will take one of six forms (roll randomly):

1. The character simply cannot tolerate open doors. Any door must be shut or the character will stab-kill-hurt until the door is shut!
2. The character will gain an innate sense of direction and will not take one step to the west. Not one! Never never never!
3. Severe claustrophobia! The character will collapse in a ball and sob and whimper until removed to an outdoor location.
4. The character goes catatonic, aware of his surroundings, but unable to interact. He is completely unresponsive.
5. The character sees all weapons as poisonous snakes, and will make sure that there are no weapons being held or worn by anyone!
6. The character finds that anything touching the skin is absolutely unbearable! No clothing, no armor, no equipment, nothing in hand, nobody touching (or restraining!), nothing!

The effect ends when the character is outside and breathes in fresh air.

The west door is 3’ thick marble, with five heavy steel bars set across it to prevent it from being opened. The bars are very heavy, but otherwise very easily removed.

## 26. The Cell

This cell contains the Luck Sucker, which unless measures have been taken will have detected the opening of the door at location #22 and be pressed against the door of its cell. When the cell door is opened, it will spill out into the corridor and attack!

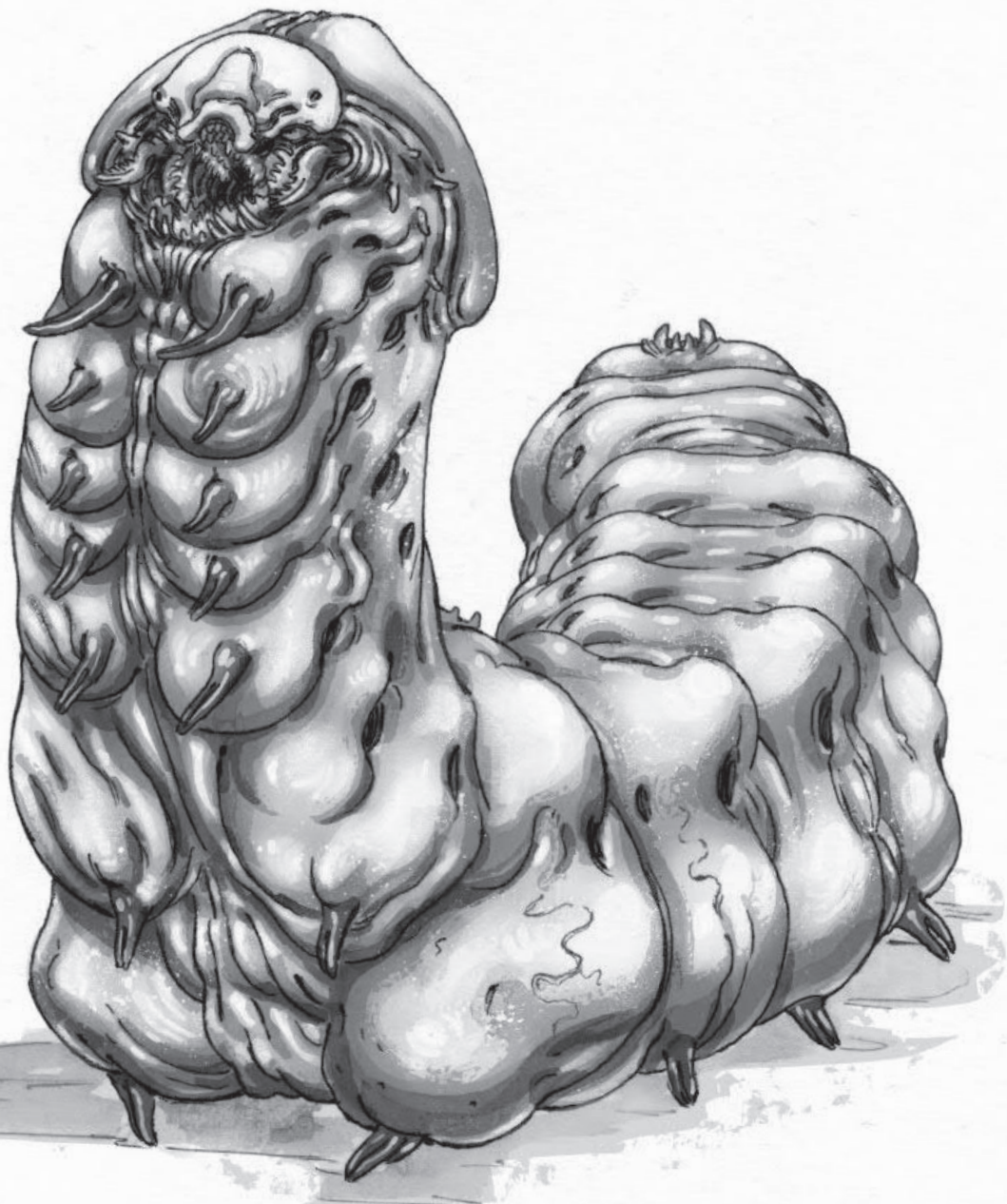
### The Luck Sucker

The creature resembles a giant bald caterpillar, perhaps 15’ long. Its insides, instead of being made of fleshy stuff, consist in fact of a bright neon liqueous ooze. It feeds on ill fortune, and forces confrontations in order to facilitate incidents of bad luck.

The Luck Sucker is Armor 12, Hit Dice 8, Movement 90’, 1 bite attack doing 1d6 damage plus ooze injection, Morale 12.

The Luck Sucker also has many special abilities:

- When it hits in combat, some of the creature’s interior ooze is injected into the target’s body unless a saving throw versus Poison is made. This ooze is a luck sponge, good for 1d6 occurrences of bad luck. Whenever a non-combat roll is called for (wandering monsters, climbing, randomly determining treasure, etc.) the worst possible result is automatically generated. When all of the bad luck is used up, the ooze solidifies within the character and takes 1d4 days to pass, during which time the character can do nothing but curl up in agony.
- Any natural 1 on an Initiative roll by foes opposing the creature gives a +1 bonus to all of the creature’s future Initiative rolls.
- Any natural 1 on a to-hit roll against the creature increases its Armor rating by 1.
- Any natural 1 on a damage roll against it does no damage, but instead adds to the creature’s hit points the maximum amount of damage that is possible. For instance, if it was hit with a weapon that did 1d8 damage, and the damage roll was a 1, it adds 8 hit points to its total.





It may exceed its regular maximum hit points in this manner. If an attack does multiple dice of damage, this is based on each individual die, not the total rolled.

- Due to its lack of a skeleton, it is immune to attacks by blunt weapons. It can also squeeze through small spaces. If a drop of water can pass through a space, so can the Luck Sucker.
- Any attack against it that does damage will pierce its skin, causing the interior muck to splatter the area around the wound. The attacker and anyone within 10' (assuming a m  lee attack) must make a saving throw versus Paralyze or be covered in the stuff. This substance will glow for 1d6 hours (bright enough that the character can be seen in darkness, but not bright enough to see with), and during that time all natural 2s are counted as natural 1s (assuming a 1 is bad for that particular roll).
- Once per day it can excrete a gaseous mist which covers a 50' radius area. All within must make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon (even though it comes out the opposite end!) or make all rolls with a one-step more disadvantageous die type for the next 1d4 hours. For example, to-hit rolls would not be made on a 1d20, but on a 1d12 (if a player has one of those weird 16-siders or something, let him use that instead, but only for the player that owns the die!), and skill rolls would not be made on 1d6, but on 1d8, because in both cases that adjustment makes success more difficult.

All effects are cumulative.

## 27. Cell Block B

The east door is a simple steel door, but the cracks between the door and the wall it is set in have been sealed with rubber. If anyone wants to open the door, the rubber will have to be torn or scraped away.

If this seal is broken, the western door (location #23) will automatically slam shut.

Anyone standing in the doorway should be asked, "Inside or outside?" and make a saving throw versus Paralyze. Success means that the character takes no damage and ends up on the intended side of the door. Failure means that he suffers 1d6 hit points of damage and has an even chance to wind up on either side of the door. If the character attempts to hold the door open, or not move, then he will die as the door shuts anyway, crushing him into a goo.

The western door will not open again until the eastern door is closed and sealed in some manner.

## 28. The Cell

This seemingly empty, featureless cell contains a disembodied consciousness which can only possess the excrement of living beings. When the cell door is opened, the being will immediately be in the guts of every living creature present, causing severe debilitating pain as the being forces stomach acid through the intestinal tract (certain chemical properties of the acid is what allows the being to propel the resulting mass), and in two rounds all within the area will vacate their bowels.

Each combination of piss and shit, even though possessing one collective consciousness, will act independently. What they do will depend on how the individual generating the waste is dressed:

- A being that is naked, or wearing a dress or kilt or the like with no underwear, will simply take 1 hit point of damage as the waste slithers and sloshes its way down one leg to the floor, and then wobble towards the exit.
- If the being is wearing normal clothes, the waste will gather and take two rounds to eat through the cloth before plopping to the floor, causing 2 hit points of damage.
- If the being is wearing stiff clothing (the sort one wears for off-road wilderness travel), it will take three rounds, and inflict 3 hit points of damage, before the mess is free.

- If the being is wearing chain armor pants or something equally ridiculous, it will take four rounds, and inflict 4 hit points of damage, before draining out through the holes in the armor.
- Any character wearing plate armor or equivalent will find himself in trouble as the slop trickles down his legs and becomes trapped within his armor. This will do 1 hit point of damage every round until the character can strip off the armor (1d6 rounds if cutting all the buckles and straps, 1d10+10 rounds if taking it off 'properly,' piece by piece).

Once a mass of excreta is free, it has the following stats: Armor 12, Hit Dice 1, Movement 30', 1 touch attack doing 1 hit point of acid damage, Morale 4. It is immune to physical attacks (why would bashing, cutting, or stabbing poo hurt it?), causing it at worst to separate into smaller independent units. It must be frozen, burned, or contained in glass – and that means every last drop.

Whenever any bit of any mass of this psychic excreta comes within 50' of another living creature, it will also invade and vacate the bowels of that creature.

Remember that once one character or creature has been cleared out, the body will always produce more! Every six turns the body will generate enough waste for the creature to take it over again.

## 29. Passageway #3

Holes, each about 6" in diameter, cover the walls of this passageway. These holes slope downward, the tubes extending down for over a mile before reaching advanced technology pumping mechanisms and holding tanks.

In the middle of the hallway is a portcullis with a closed, but not locked, gate in its center. The latch for the gate has three handles: two are red, one is blue. If this gate is opened using the first red handle or the blue handle, then the air is sucked out through the holes, subjecting the room to explosive decompression. The players should be informed that the air is violently being sucked out of their characters' lungs;

their reaction will be important. The vacuum produces several ill effects:

- All characters must make a saving throw versus Paralyze, or suffer permanent -1 adjustments to their Constitution modifiers (the modifier, not the base score). If a character tries to hold his breath as the air is sucked from the room, his lungs rupture: he automatically fails this save and must make another to avoid suffering another -1 Constitution modifier penalty, plus he will take 2d6 hit points of damage.
- All flames will be immediately extinguished and cannot be relit.
- All items will be sucked towards the holes, and characters must make a saving throw versus Paralyze for every item they are holding or that is being loosely stashed in a pack or case or scabbard. Failure means these items are sucked down a hole (or at least slam into the wall if they are not big enough to fit in the holes). The explosive decompression lasts less than a second in such a confined area so anything that cannot immediately be sucked through the holes, will not be. People will be momentarily jerked towards the walls, but will not be slammed into them. (Well, to be fun, if anyone looking directly into a hole when the decompression happens must make a saving throw versus Paralyze or have his eyes sucked out of his head.)
- Any sealed containers burst open, including all vials containing potions.
- Spells can still be cast as the vacuum is not quite perfect. Sound cannot travel enough for anyone to ever hear it, but enough that spells will work. However, because the caster cannot hear what he is doing, he must make a saving throw versus Magic to correctly cast the spell.
- Characters lose 1 hit point of damage per round because of the lack of air.
- The doors to the north and south (locations #24 and #30) will absolutely not open, having been pulled shut by the loss of pressure in this room.

This pressure change lasts for five minutes if not otherwise stopped.

## 30. The Door

This is an airtight metal hatch with a wheel mechanism in its center used to open the door (it opens northward – very important). The center of the wheel has an impression of a (right) human hand, with a reversed Dead Sign in the center, seemingly melted into it. Although no heat seems to emanate from the wheel, placing a hand into this impression will burn the hand to the point where skin will stick to the wheel when the hand is pulled back. The hand will have a Dead Sign permanent seared into the hand which no Clerical magic can remove. This does no damage, but the hand will be useless for 1d4 days. Placing a hand in the impression also stops the vacuum effect in location #29, with air returning to the room.

At present the door is 'locked,' but turning the wheel is sufficient to open the door. (If the 'lock' is disabled from location #6, it becomes unable to be re-sealed). There is a wheel on both sides of the door, but only the wheel on the south side has the hand impression. The door's surface, including the wheel, is coated in copper on the north side.

## 31. The Dragon Altar

This room has two mummified dragon heads with their mouths open mounted on both the east and west wall. It is obvious that a similar mummified dragon head was once mounted on the north wall, but all that now remains is the stump of a neck out of which trickles the slightest stream of acidic liquid.

Before this neck is an altar, plain but for the Dead Sign carved into the sides. On the altar is a fabulous golden goblet inlaid with gems. It is empty, but bloodstained. The goblet is worth 3000sp.

So what happens if the goblet is grabbed?

- If neither the treasures nor the bodies in locations #13 or #14 have been disturbed, then the goblet may be taken. No problem!
- If even one silver piece was taken from the catacombs, and the goblet is so much as touched, the headless dragon's stump will spew acid with volcanic force. Anyone within reach of the goblet or in a straight line to the south, will suffer 3d12 hit points of damage (make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon for half damage) from the acid, and any equipment not made from precious metals or gemstones will melt! If the door is shut, this acid will splash around so everyone else in the room suffers 1d12 hit points of damage (make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon for half damage). If the door is open, the acid will destroy the next three doors (up to and including location #20!), which will trigger the explosive decompression, which will slam the location #30 door shut.
- If any of the corpses in the catacombs were damaged, or if there is any effort to damage any of the dragon heads here, then the heads on the east and west walls will breathe dragonfire, and the severed head will spew its acid. The acid and dragonfire forms an explosive combination which will blow out all the doors down to locations #11 and #12!

While the conflagration will blow out the doors at locations #22 and #23, the doors to the cells at locations #26 and #28 will remain intact. Anyone in that entire area will take 10d12 hit points of damage (make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon for half damage) and anything even arguably flammable will burn to ashes and the acid will melt the ashes as well as anything that was not flammable. Precious metals and gems will not be spared this time.

Note that there is no mechanical means connecting the goblet and the dragon heads, so searching for traps cannot reveal that anything will happen if the goblet is moved.

## The Meteor Strike

This is the location where the ‘meteor’ struck, leaving a massive crater and a one foot diameter chunk of rock split directly in half.

The ‘meteor’ looks like a rock on the outside, but on the inside is lined with charred bits of worked metal and metal thread, and basically looks like someone blew up a fancy clock.

## The Satanic Coven & Their Cave

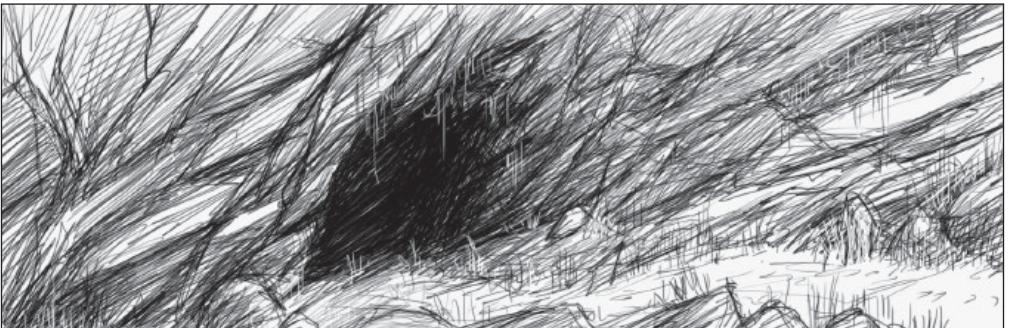
There is indeed a ‘Satanic’ coven operating out of Schwarzton, but it is not very threatening. It consists of a group of men, all seemingly happily married with children, who have come into contact with a strange alien creature. They should be fairly ‘invisible’ during the party’s initial investigation in the village, simply because they have nothing to do with the missing children. They fear, along with the rest of their fellows, that someone is up in the Old Haunted Hill causing this trouble, so if any of them are encouraging the player characters to investigate it, they mean it, they genuinely mean it and for two reasons. First because they are truly concerned about the well-being of their fellow villagers and want any threat removed, and second, because if this other cult is eliminated, they no longer have to be afraid of being found out and then punished for taking their neighbors’ children.

Once the characters have been to the Old Haunted Hill and returned to Schwarzton to inform the villagers that their children are not there, the actual ‘Satanists’ will become spooked. One will be there when the report is made, and he will be visibly shaken before suspiciously excusing himself and heading straight for the coven’s ‘temple’ — a cave in the hills. Following him will be no problem since he is so distracted, and if confronted and threatened with any credible consequences, will tell the party where the cave is.

That cave is the place where the coven gathers to please and to be rewarded by their master. It is a fair walk away from the village, but not so far that members of the Satanic Coven cannot get there and back in a fairly short amount of time.

If the player characters follow one of the members of the coven to the cave, they will come across a scene of complete oddity. There are over half a dozen men in the cave, some wearing the skins of the missing animals as capes or scarves (if the animal is small) and the heads of the animals as masks. Otherwise naked, the men are engaging in a homosexual orgy on a stone floor absolutely saturated with animal blood and guts while grunting and panting words as if they were having sex with women. Meanwhile, a walking penis staggers around between the participants of the orgy slurping up the blood and guts that is all over the place.

Awkward.



When this lot notices the player characters, they will be very pleased to see them. The men will think that more women are showing up. The walking penis will be pleased to see them because maybe they have got some sense and can actually help it... which just might cause the player characters to end up seeing the members of the coven as being quite attractive and willing and boy isn't it getting warm in here...

The bottom line is that these 'cultists' are absolutely harmless. The animals that went missing were taken by their owners to both feed their 'master' and to have something 'appropriate' to wear at the orgies. Yes, they shout "Hail Satan!" (of course they do, who else would appear as a goat penis and help them get laid?) and fornicate and commit adultery, but they are just being naughty, not evil. None of them would ever be aggressive towards anyone, let alone a child. They have got nothing to do with the disappearances of the children, and in fact stopped taking animals after the children began to go missing out of fear that they would be discovered and then blamed for the children.

If things get to the point where the aphrodisiac effect wears off, all of these guys will pretend to be completely oblivious to what has been going on ("Hey, where'd the girls go?") except for one of them who will just get this really big grin on his face. They have clothing and basic wilderness equipment (hatchet, dagger, etc.) so if they could reach them they could defend themselves if attacked, but they will not want to actually fight unless the player characters are absolute psychos determined to kill them. Doubtless the Referee can sympathize, knowing as well as I do that going into combat naked just after sex (and perhaps interrupted sex!) is not high on the list of anyone's priorities. The cultists' main motivations will be first, to keep their activities secret from the others in Schwarzton – specifically their wives, and second, to weasel their way into still coming up here and 'worshipping Satan.'

That walking penis has motivations of its own...

## The Penis Walker

The penis walker is an eight inch long telepathic alien whose ship recently crashed nearby. Naked, lost, and cut off from all communication, it did what it had to do to survive – hunted for food and clothing (killed a goat, ate its flesh, made a coat for itself) and found shelter (the cave).

It is a powerful telepath and empath, but unfortunately its brain lengths are not entirely compatible with human brain lengths, resulting in miscommunication, especially with less intelligent and less sensitive humans. It wanted friendship and assistance gaining food, the contacted villagers took that to mean worship and sacrifice. It tried to send out warm feelings to communicate friendship, instead it inflamed the primitive humans' libidos.

The walker itself is Armor 12, Hit Dice 0, Movement 30', and Morale 2. It has no attacks that do physical damage (the retractable filaments in its head paralyze much like a jellyfish's stingers, but are wholly ineffective against creatures bigger than 50 pounds or so), but its telepathic abilities are impressive:

- It can communicate telepathically with beings that are intelligent enough. Those who are less intelligent will receive a garbled message. For example, the following is what the creature will mentally 'say' to those who first come across it in its cave, surrounded by the 'worshippers,' as determined by each character's combined Intelligence and Wisdom:
  - 14 or less: "Kill! Kill! Must Feed! Kill! Kill!"
  - 15-17: "Bring me animals! Kill animals for me! I will bestow favor to you if you bring animals and kill them for me!"
  - 18-29: "Please, I am lost and hungry. Feed me, please! I require fresh meat for sustenance!"
  - 30 or more: "Greetings, Earthlings! I am Nrrrgxt'ststlo of Antares 6. My vessel was damaged and crashed nearby. These poor deluded fellows cannot understand me



properly, but I mean no harm. I merely require feed animals for sustenance. Do you know of a remote repair facility in this star system? Or a communications uplink? My transmitter was destroyed and I fear I'm creating something of a ruckus just by being here. I so hate being a bother."

- Expressing sadness or regret will be received by the human body as if the air itself is burning, and the character will scream and flail about wildly.
- Actual anger will cause blinding pain, requiring a saving throw to make any action (move, attack, speak, etc.)

- It can detect feelings and thoughts directly concerning itself. This ability has no range limit, so it can detect its children back on Antares 6 missing their parent (and they can detect that it wants to return to them), it can feel its mate's annoyance at the long absence which leads to pleasure coupling with another (and the mate can feel this one's feelings of betrayal and jealousy and desperation, and takes satisfaction in that), it detects the 'cultists' feelings of worship and feeling naughty for being all 'Satanic,' and it will know with 100% certainty how any of the player characters feel towards it, if they tell others about it (because it will then detect those others' thoughts), etc.
- It can read the emotions and thoughts of everyone in the immediate vicinity, and can decide to become immersed in them if it so desires. (For this reason it enjoys the 'Satanic Orgies' it inspires, as humans feeling good makes it feel good, and what feels better than an orgy?)
- It releases its feelings like a mental cloud to be breathed in by anyone nearby, and it does this unconsciously and cannot turn it off. Humans (and near-humans) do not deal very well with this, and must make saving throws versus Poison or receive the message very strangely:
  - Expressing happiness and friendship is received by the human body as an aphrodisiac. The character becomes strongly aroused, and every member of the same species appears to the character as a beautiful specimen of the character's preferred sexual preference.
  - Expressing surprise or panic or fear is received by the human body as an active threat, and it will appear as though those nearby are attacking.

## The Bear

The 'Satanic Cult' was actually a group of morons sacrificing their own animals believing they were getting to sin under the protection of a great dark power. They were never going to hurt anyone.

Nobody from the village has been up to the Great Haunted Hill in ages, so the children didn't go there.

So what did happen to them?

The bear.

A gigantic brown bear has wandered far from its usual territory high in the mountains, and was the first Earth creature encountered by the crash-landed alien. Its attempts at telepathic communication with the bear awakened a more advanced, albeit still bear-filtered, intelligence. It has become a sly hunter, taking defenseless children wandering on their own while avoiding more dangerous adults and doing a decent job of covering its own tracks, but its mental condition is deteriorating, as a bear's brain was not built to support this sort of thought, and it will not remain hidden forever.

There is a cumulative 1 in 10 chance per day spent wandering around the countryside (including moving to and from the Old Haunted Hill or the Satanic cave) that the bear will be encountered.

**The Bear:** Armor 14, Hit Dice 6, Movement 150', 1 maul attack doing 1d8 damage, if to-hit roll succeeds by 5 or more (or if a natural 20 is rolled), damage is on-going each round as the bear grabs hold of its target in a deadly hug, Morale 9.



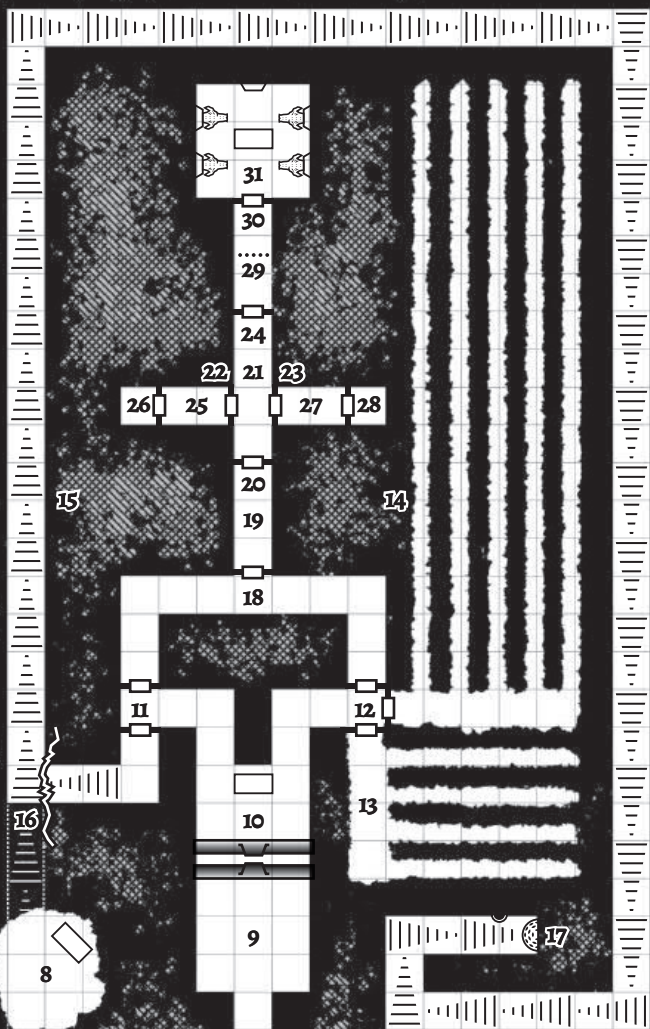
**THE  
HAUNTED  
HILL**

**SCHWARZTON**

**THE  
SATANIC  
CAVE**

**THE  
METEOR  
STRIKE**





# The Old Haunted Hill

1 Square = 10 feet

## Greetings Intrepid Adventurers!

I trust you are doing well and your current quest is going most splendidly. Would you like a little gift that would enhance your chances of success for the future? Of course you do!

The volume of knowledge here, *Charting the Heavens*, may seem like a boring, if accurate, summation of current astronomical knowledge. I happen to know that it is an acrostic, where the first letters of every section impart their own wisdom. Do go through and pay attention to that, you'll be most pleased I assure you.

I leave this gift for you as a gesture of goodwill. I may need the assistance of a hearty group of high-minded adventurers myself one of these days. I certainly get up to more mischief than any one man can responsibly handle, so it's best to make friends when one can. So enjoy the gift, and remember who it was that gave it to you. With luck the only favor you need do in return is paying the tab for a round of drinks when we finally meet, but one never knows what life will rain down on one's head, especially those of us who go to places named things like *The Old Haunted Hill*. Sometimes I think we're all mad, living this life.

Oh, and I must tell you that you're barking up the wrong tree with this silly hill though. It's got nothing to do with what you're trying to do right now. I'd suggest skipping it entirely and doing more investigation within the village, as all that you'll find within the cave is danger and treasure. I suppose I've just guaranteed that you'll go in there, but really, it's got nothing to do with the missing kids.

Still if you do want to explore, keep in mind that inside the cave there are three different secret passages. And if you come across the three levers, do not, whatever you do, push all three levers down. It won't reveal a super-secret hidden treasure or anything. And you'll need a strong heart to survive all of the challenges in that place.

Always your friend,

Jri-Khan

Master of the Mystic Arts