



DEEP CARBON OBSERVATORY

WORDS

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This is either already known or easily found out.

“Once, long ago there was a Kingdom of unspeakable wealth that traded in dark wonders, secrets and death. And many of the strange things now on earth were theirs. They drew their power and magic from a place, and guarded it fiercely against all. Then, out of spite (somehow) as their kingdom slowly died, they hid their treasure palace in a lake, and set there: sleepless and indestructible guards. Everyone knows where it is, on the Lock, upriver of Carrowmore. No-one who goes there has ever come back.”

1. Carrowmore

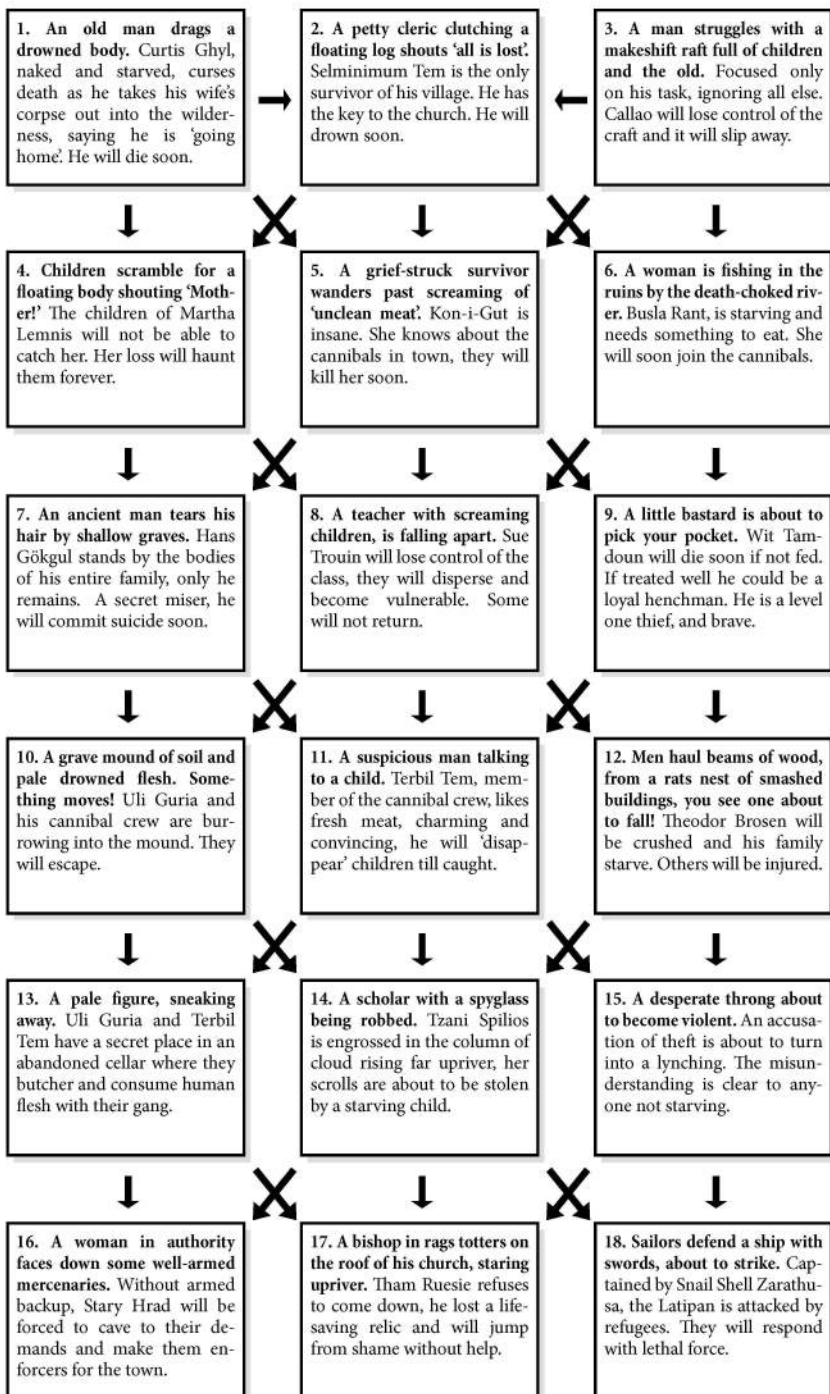
The one thing you need to know before the PC's arrive is how many days of food they have.

Almost any friendly NPC has access to lanterns and lights. The survivors in both villiages have them, the People of the Reeds have them. They will trade them for food.

As the PC's approach the river they see three events happening at the same time. These are the three encounters at the top of the page. They must choose which one they will interact with. If they split up they will rapidly be separated from each other.

There are two or three boxes accessible from each event. These are new encounters that are seen taking place as players resolve the encounter they are in, or after d4 minutes, whichever comes first. Like the first three events, these are happening simultaneously. The PC's must choose which one they will interact with. This presents them with a series of tragic choices that leads them inexorably to the three NPC's at the bottom of the page. If they refuse to interact, wait, go down one box and start again.

If they split up, continue with the process for each individual group. Characters and places stay in existence. No one simply 'blinks out.' PC's can go back and interact with, or try to find, anyone they have seen; however, individuals may be very hard to find in the chaos of Carrowmore. Each event only happens once.



1. Curtis Ghyll. His dead wife Sorla Ghyll was a fortune teller. Though she did not predict her own death, she told him never to take her to the family tomb himself. She said that some strangers would help him with the task. They should be the ones to bring her to the tomb.

2. Selminimum Tem. Has a Holy symbol of the Optical God and keys to the washed-away church. He is anxious to learn about the church's condition.

3. Callao. The children are from Pollnagollum Village. If they are rescued, one will whisper this:

"Once there was a bad old woman who lived in the corn and hated rhymes. She made all the mums and dads into ghosts. So all the children killed her. She had nine lives and couldn't die the same way twice. They poisoned her first. Then they stabbed her and smashed her and burnt her and drowned her. They killed her seven times and threw her in the well. That. Makes. Eight. If you kill her once more that's it!"

4. Lemnis Children. Oscar, Signus, Latikat, and Drone. If unassisted, they grow up to become, respectively: Arch-Priest of Balphagor, the Butcher of Karanon, She-Who-Dreams-Death, and a baker of pies. Evil pies.

5. Kon-I-Gut. Can speak only by denying things in the third person. "She didn't eat them!"

6. Busla Rant. Will show you her catch: a corpse whose mouth is filled with dust of gold. She claims many of the corpses have such things.

7. Hans Gökgul. Will promise unspecified 'riches!' and 'wealth!' to anyone who can find the cause of this disaster. The cause of the disaster is Time. He has 30,000 in gold which is buried out of sight

and will pay half if you bring him a true story that explains events.

8. Sue Trouin. There are 5d6 orphaned children here. None have any means of support.

9. Wit Tamdoun. Has a knife, a chipper grin and a Dex of 18.

10. Uli Guria. Has 3d6 secret cannibal friends. Roll twice when you meet each.

| | <i>Seems like they...</i> | <i>But really...</i> |
|---|-----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 | Really want to help you find your thing | Carries knives for children's thighs |
| 2 | Keen to listen to your woes | Eats limbs of those still alive |
| 3 | Agree with you about 'them' | Chews the faces of beautiful girls |
| 4 | Have a handy piece of info | Eats the brains of the aged, twitches |
| 5 | Offers a secret sandwich | Fries folks in their own fat |
| 6 | Looking for family 'disappeared' | Makes soup of eyes innards and lips |

11. Terbil Tem. No-one will believe he did a thing wrong unless they see him do it. "Not Terbil Tem! Surely some mistake?"

12. Theodor Brosen. As dull as he sounds.

13. See above.

14. Tzani Spillios. The child is Torca Jou. He does not know who wants the scrolls, but the Crows (see next section) have abducted his sister Christina Jou. He must bring the scrolls, alone, to a certain place or she will die. He already stole a spoon from the Church for the Crows, but will not volunteer this information.

If PCs try to use the boy to trace the thieves and fail any one of a

dozen tests, he will be shot through the head by a crossbow bolt. The scrolls are *Mending, Message, Identify, Locate object, Speak With Animals*.

Another scroll has the following clue; *"Above the golems path, where stone meets stone, seek the door that is not."*

Tzani thinks that the legends of treasure refer to a little-known floating village of reeds on the surface of the lake. *"They do shine like gold in the sun. It must be from that the legend spread."*

She is familiar with the People of the Reeds .

She also knows about the wizards Koolhaüs and Behaviour [see page 22] and does not think they will get far.

15. Throng. Anyone with a calm head can see the lost pack trodden into the mud. It was never stolen. The accused sailor was innocent. The lynching will draw the attention of everyone in town.

16. Stary Hrad faces a team of adventurers. Alfredo Jahn is a blonde bearded giant wearing a broadsword and a bronze eagle chestplate. Veshtoroc is a female sorceress with one half of her body wizened, the other beautiful. The Durmitor is a crazed tattooed mystic who wields a glowing mace and smiles. They have 3 tough-looking men-at-arms. They will tell everyone involved exactly who they are, multiple times. If the PCs stand up to them they will reluctantly back down; in fact, they will avoid all conflict. If driven off, they will (again) remind PC's of their names and say, archly, *"I'm sure we'll be seeing you again...."*

They won't. The Crows (see next section) will capsize their boat, drown them, steal their craft, and transform them into zombies. The Crows are in this scene in the background. Describe them as odd-looking scouts. Only describe them further if players ask about them.

Hrad desperately wants someone to go upriver to prove that there is no treasure there before her town is ruined and exploited by gold-rush scumbags. She promises 5000 gp for an accurate report and 1000 for hard evidence. How she expects you to prove a negative is not stated. She can provide a skiff. This is one of only two places you can get a skiff in town, all others having been washed away.

17. Tham Ruesie. Bishop of the Optical God. He stares at the dark pillar rising in the distance where the river disappears and mutters 'the spoon, the spoon.' Inside the Church, above the altar, there is a concave mirror on a large metallic stalk. In one of the stained windows a lens-headed god waves a spoon at a delighted but starving crowd. In the votive corner are a lot of ceremonial broken clay bowls. If a PC asks either of the two surviving acolytes about any of this they will look shocked for a moment, scream 'OHMYGODTHESPOON' and race to throw open the altar top, only to discover that the spoon has been stolen. It was stolen by the child in 13, though obviously the priests do not know this, and if the child is still alive he will not volunteer that information.

18. Snail-Shell Zarathusa. The Lapitan has a crew of thirty and 2500 rations of food on board. The crew are selling the food at the rate of about fifty per day, without Zarathusa's knowledge. Zarathusa is as interested as anyone in the potential for treasure upriver. He wants to know if the river is navigable, and how far.

He will pay 500gp for information from the unknown zone. More importantly, he has the capacity to offer immediate material support in the form of equipment and a boat. He values his ship above all else and will do anything to protect it.

2. The Crows



The Crows survive. Two siblings shaped by moments of coldness, linked, repeated and deep. Whatever hell they fled from left its mark. Now they carry it with them, in action and in thought. Their names are whispered respectfully in crypts where nothing lives. Rumours of them run through jails where none escape. Their use is questioned in courts that condemn without appeal. They are secretly spoken of, and feared, in the dreams of the damned and the whispered speech of fearful kings.

Höolloch by Frosen

He has a perfect sense of distance and time. For anything in his sight, he knows, to the inch, exactly how far away it is. When he sees someone move, he knows, to the second, exactly how fast they are. In situations of his making, he will not be caught, so long as the plan holds.

He will not betray his sister or leave her to die. Anything and everyone else is expendable.

Sometimes the blackened links of his silent mail leave faint stains on the fingers of the dead. This frustrates him. He is working on it.

Level 5 Fighter

STR 14
DEX 15
CON 15
WIS 15
INT 16



Stuff

A Slammer - (an upwards facing axe spear or monk's spade.)
Blackened chainmail
Bolas.
A chain with grapple

Gauntlets.
Multiple sets of iron cuffs.
A bunch of black sacks for fitting human heads.
A fold of ghost-like cloth.

The Ghost-Like Folds of Cloth

Wearing this cloth around your eyes commands the spirit of a tortured foe. You see as the ghost sees, in blackness unnatural and absolute. Nothing can blind you. You need no light of any kind. The ghost walks directly behind you, bound, for twelve hours. After this time, or when you remove the fold of cloth—whichever comes first—the ghost must feed on the soul of a named intelligence. To do this, you must kill a living humanoid being and feed it to the ghost. Fail, and the ghost eats you.

Echo by Frosen

Echo smells, (or thinks she does) distrust. This may be simple crystallised madness. But, lunacy or no, it seems to work. She senses discord like sharks smell blood-drops in adjacent seas. A preternatural feel for the breakages in people. Distrust of others, distrust of self. These are the gaps she finds.

She will no-more betray her brother than he would her. Like him, she values nothing else.

Level 5 Thief

STR 12
DEX 16
CON 14
WIS 14
INT 17

Stuff

Leather armour

Kusarigama

6 throwing knives

Butterfly knife in boot

Hidden knife in belt buckle

Circlet knife in arm-torc

Poison (Save or as per 'Slow' spell)

Caltrops.

Fishing line

A garrotte

Oil

Grease

Hooks

Collected stolen wedding rings



A sling.

A fold of ghostlike cloth

A kilo of opium

A magical silver spoon that,

when left in a normal bowl,

fills it to the brim with dull but

nourishing food

Ghar Zaghouan

Humans can't spot a psychotic Dwarf. It's hard to see the madness in another race. That's why Ghar Zaghouan prefers them. Although. In truth. There's nothing he prefers, or likes. 'Liking' seems an extravagant waste. Things are simply ordered in their way. Event upon event. Locked down and interacting. Slowly wearing out to an inevitable end. All time is simply waiting and life is an empty machine. Other Dwarves didn't understand this. Especially when he gave practical proof that this was the world and nothing was inside but death. That upset them. He knew it would. But never why. Now he spends time with other races. It's what relief must be, he thinks. No longer needing to write behaviours in your head like text and act them out, avoiding frightened looks. He can't go back anyway.

Level 4 Ranger (*Bow gives backstab bonus – see below.*)

STR 13

DEX 15

CON 17

WIS 5

INT 16

Stuff

Ghillie suit

Miners axe.

Spyglass

Poisons. (see below)



The Nameless Bow of Ghar Zaghouan

The bow stock was forged in one piece of an ultralight alloy with a slight rainbow sheen over the blue-black depth. It was made in one night by the alchemist-smith of an ancient sect. With Ghar Zaghouan's knife at the throat of his wife. She lived.

The string is wound from the non-adhesive second radial spoke of

a daemonweb in the house of a dead god. It will never break. It's tension will not slack. It was stolen by the displaced soul of a traumatised thief. Whose body was locked in a box. Under a glacier. For some time. By Ghar Zaghouan.

The bow itself is a strip of laminated bone from the pivot-point of a dragons wing. The dragon died in glory at the hand of a heroic host. They stole its gold and stripped its bones. The host died later. One by one. In frantic terror, hunted on the journey home. The gold still lies in the steaming heart of an anonymous swamp. Ghar Zaghouan only needed that particular bone.

The brindle, butt, trigger and nut are of ebony. A coarse varnish prevents the reflection of light.

Anyone who unravelled the workings of this bow (*d6 consecutive INT test passes seperated by any period of time*) may use it to strike with the to-hit and damage bonus of a thief equal to their level when using it from a concealed position.

The Poisons of Ghar Zaghouan

Save vs Poison when hit.

1. Corpse shit and Carrion meat.

Infection kills you slow and doesn't go away. If not healed by magic within one hour, save vs poison. Fail and the infection sets in. Infection grows to infect one HD each day and subtracts one hp for each die affected each night. So if a player had eight hit dice and goes untreated for eight days, they will lose 8 hit points each night. It takes one heal spell per HD affected to cure the disease. The same player would require eight Cure Light Wounds spells in one 24 hour period to be safe. If they only get seven, the infection is still there and will re-grow as before.

2. Mushrooms in Jellyfish Bile.

This causes hallucinations and fear. The DM can describe an en-

counter to the affected player once per hour. The player must treat this as real, or run away. Only they can see it. The player must roll a fear test at the start of any combat or flee. It lasts for 3d6 hours minus your CON bonus.

3. Eel Cyst.

This microscopic Eel migrates into your bloodstream. After 3 days it gets into your stomach and scoots up your mouth to eat your food before you do. You begin to starve. In the intervening time you feel it writhing around under your skin. To cut it out you must win initiative and hit an AC of 19. You take damage either way.

4. Liquid Dyslexia.

Lasts for d4 weeks. Can't be healed as not a disease. Can't be lifted as not a curse. Used on wizards.

5. Thaum-Conductor.

Barbed bolt with metre-long hair-thin copper wire attached. 1 hp damage on hit, 2d6 to pull out. Wire does not impede movement but grounds all offensive magic within ten metres in your flesh, regardless of who casts it.

6. Eye Bolt.

Tiny silver dart tip breaks off in your skin when you pull out the bolt. One eyeball develops an eyeball hemorrhage which does not impede vision much. Zaghoun has a coin-sized mirror that lets him see whatever you do from that eye.

Zolushika Von Der Linth

Von Der Linth was a respectable name. Zolushika will not give it up, despite advice. She repeats it to people as they die, hoping for flash of recognition.

'You mean the débutante Zolushika Von Der Linth?'

'The amateur pianist who played with Von Moltke?'

'Whom he called "a very passable hand?'

'The prodigy scholar who wowed the first year?'

'Who finished her first paper at fifteen?'

'And disappeared?'

'In scandal?'

'Are you that Zolusika Von Der Linth?'

Nothing yet. She does look different now though she would think.

Level 4 Magic User

STR 8
DEX 10
CON 9
WIS 13
INT 17



Stuff

The Snakewood Staff

A twisted self-image doll in a leather bag.

Rings on each finger

Multiple spell-books from murdered wizards, useless and defaced

Own book full of ruined and scribbled-over spells

Pen and ink but both old and disused

Opium pipe and opium

Pictures of family in locket or pocket

School certificate

School reunion letter

Brief letter from famous mage thanking her for her idea but saying not much interest with voodoo doll displacement rituals
Article dated a year later, a mage's paper describing advance in doll displacement rituals, his name on paper. Her name not mentioned.
A set of much nicer clothes for formal events, closely packed. Clearly not used in a long time but still clean

Some good shoes

The Snakewood Staff

The Staff can call the dead to walk and raise a corpse with just one touch. The mindless thing will serve whomever raised it till destroyed or worn to bits. Each use incurs an XP debt of 500 points. This will be taken from any experience earned. The staff gives no indication of this cost. Once used the staff cannot be discarded. If thrown away, the corpse closest to the staff reanimates and brings it back, by force if necessary. This will never stop. The staff cannot be destroyed.

If broken, burned or crushed it seeps invisibly back into being by midnight the next day. If ordered to 'leave,' dead raised by the staff will walk for fifty miles, then get confused and come back. Otherwise they will do nothing other than follow and wait. They can understand only the simplest commands.

The Displacement Doll

Anyone attempting any mind-affecting magic on Zolushika of any kind will affect only the mind of the doll. If they try to read her mind, they will read the mind of a woman trapped in a dark leather chamber, bouncing around on the body of a giant. If they try to charm her they will successfully charm the doll. She invented this device herself.

Principles of the Crows

Never take a risk.

Never attack when there is any chance of failure.

Always separate the enemy.

Always wait, if there is time.

Use undead to separate them.

Use terrain to separate them.

Use organic elements of the environment.

No direct contact in the first area, use secondary elements to slow and kill opposition.

Be behind the enemy rather than in front of them.

Set up a battle. Send in a significant force of expendables and watch them fight to see what they do.

What they will be watching for:

Ghar Zaghouan will spot spellcasters and anyone who can find him. He will kill the healer if he can. If he cannot kill, he will attempt to cripple. He fires and then moves on, never staying in one place for long.

Holloch will look at how the player characters use terrain, what groups they fight in, and how well they support each other.

Echo will watch for interpersonal rivalry. Do any characters not get on? Do they hesitate to support each other? Do any of them argue?

Zolushika doesn't give much of a flying fuck about planning, but is quite clever when the chips are down.

Some Specific Tactics of the Crows

1. Zombie Cling. Single zombie hangs on to bottom of any craft or skiff PC's are using. At night it goes back to the Crows and shows them where you are.

2. Zombie Platter. In knee-high water Zolushika will command zombies to lie down. They can crawl slowly along without being seen, or wait in place.

3. Predator Lure. They find a dangerous creature (a golem, perhaps) and lead it to the PCs, then let them fight.

4. Pity Lure. Strand a helpless innocent in an open area. Stay in cover. Often combined with Zombie Platter.

5. Dead Snare. Have zombies waiting under water with rope attached to a simple snare. If a PC steps into it the zombies just pick up the rope and walk into the centre of the river, heading upstream.

6. Suspicious Gold. Echo may find a way to hide treasure or drugs on the least trusted member of the party.

7. False Fire. Build a campfire. Snare it with hooks and chimes. Sleep elsewhere.

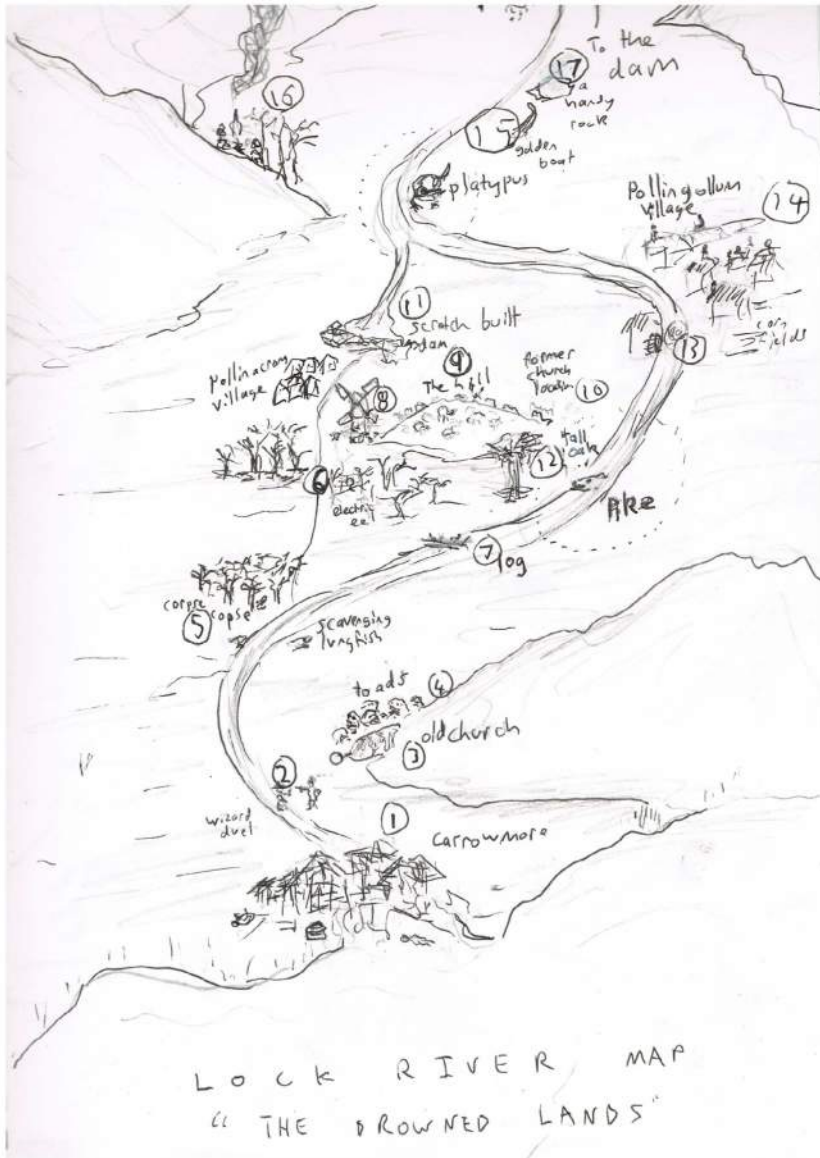
8. Sleep Denial. Send a single infiltrating zombie, or have Ghar Zaghoun fire on the PC's at least once per hour at night to prevent sleep and spell renewal. Zaghoun doesn't seem to sleep anyway.

9. Leave Poisoned Food. Simple enough really.

10. Fake Negotiation. Serious terms offered, purely in order to separate the party.

Remember, bodies are resources to the Crows.

3. The Drowned Lands



The areas shown as hills are above the water. Nothing else is. Away from the river the water is chest deep, then waist deep, then knee deep. Under the water is thick, black silt. The river can be navigated by small craft.

A boat going upriver moves roughly at normal walking speed. Anyone trudging through the water by foot moves at ¼ speed.

The water of the river is ripe with life, over-full with predators and fish of every kind. Pike and strange pale squid flit to and fro. Cuttlefish can barely be seen; camouflage flows across their pigmented skin like paint.

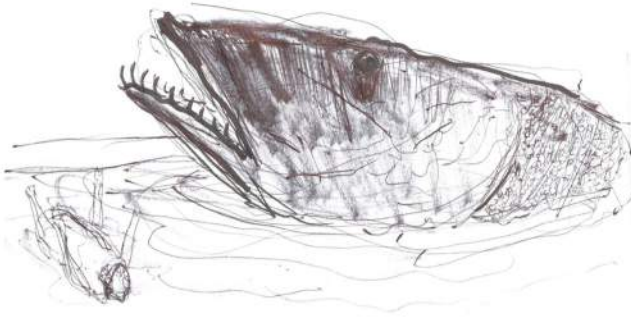
Upriver, in the distance, rises a column of smoke or grey cloud. The only other signs to mark the sky are carrion birds. Columns of their moving forms make black signals in the grey air, sketching spirals over the accumulated dead.

Random Encounter Chart For The Drowned Lands

| | <i>This treasure</i> | <i>Related to</i> | <i>This monster</i> |
|---|------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 | Torn bag of gold dust (250gp) | In the hands of a corpse being attacked by a | Three-metre Pike |
| 2 | Chunk of Ambergris (300gp) | Somehow lodged or tangled up with a | Giant Carnivorous Platypus |
| 3 | Jewellery of gold-bound shells | Floating quietly right next to a | Turbine Golem |
| 4 | Gold-etched ceramic statuette (200gp) | Bobbing on the surface just above an unseen | School of scavenging lungfish |
| 5 | Sacred Candle (Casts 'Prayer' when lit.) | Floating and being stalked and attacked by a stupid | Gigantic Horseshoe Crab |
| 6 | Amber jewellery (400gp) | Glimmering in the teeth of a | Turbine Golem |

You see:

Three-metre Pike. The pike will retreat if threatened, but not leave. It trails your ship until seriously wounded, or till easier prey is found. (*A armor: as leather, HD5, HP25, move 40', d10 bite/Jaw Hook grapple attack*)

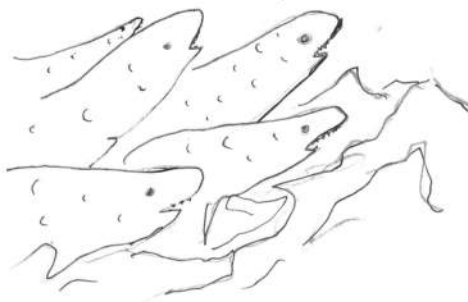


Cow-Sized Killer Platypus. It has returned: the most dangerous duck-billed platypus to ever walk the earth. The battle begins once more. (*A armor: as chain, HD6, HP33, move 35' d8 bite/poison barbs*)



Child-Sized Scavenging Lungfish. These chunky fat-faced fish gasp as they poke their heads above the water. They are not fast, but they are many and will leave the river to track you over wet mud. They hop awkwardly for your face like a wet bag thrown by a fool. (*Armor: none, HD1, HP3, move 5' d4 bite*)

They leap and never give up a chase.



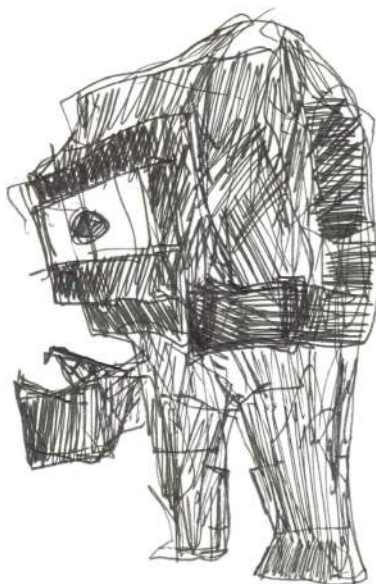
House-Sized Horseshoe Crab.

The crab slowly heaves itself along, indifferent to you and non-predatory, unless you seem to threaten it. It has received shocking battle damage in its life. Great rents and punctures pattern its shell, but it lives on. This was the chief opponent of the Creature Of The Lake. Long did they battle, but no more. (*Armor: as plate + shield, HD9, HP50, move 5', d10 bite/2d20 crush and scour with underlimbs*)



Turbine Golem. There are six of these. They hold the minds of ancient engineers. The golems have the stats of Stone Golems as per the MM. (*Armour: chain, HD14, HP60, move 30' 3d8/Smash/Drill*). The golems were invulnerable and could regenerate any damage to them. Now they are dying. They will lose one HD per day as their turbines wear down. There are six golems. Two (E and F) are in specific places; the rest can be encountered randomly, or sought out. Roll a d4 to see if you encounter A, B, C or D. All are aggressive to anything that might threaten the dam.

Each golem has a polyhedral stone as part of its head. If destroyed, the stone will fall off and be recoverable.



- A - *The Golem of Alnitak. A 4-sided stone.*
- B - *The Golem of Alnilam. A cube.*
- C - *The Golem of Mintaka. An 8-sided stone.*
- D - *The Golem of Saiph. A 10 sided stone.*
- E - *The Golem of Kabibona'kan. A 12 sided stone.*
- F - *The Golem of Kalevan. A 20 sided stone.*

1. Sarcophagus of Ambatoharanana. A pair of starving children bob along on what looks like a floating chunk of grey wood. If inspected at close range, the 'log' turns out to be stone. PCs can scrape away the leaves and mud to see an ancient face staring back. Inside is a mummy with a mask made of lapis lazuli and gold, nobly shaped. In his left hand is a Branching Key with teeth arrayed like silver leaves. In his right hand, he holds an iron sword.

This is Ambatoharanana, sealer of the way. Touch his treasures and he will rise up to take them back, and return them to his tomb. If he falls, or is thrown into the river, his windings will soak and unwrap. He dissolves in d4 minutes, and is lost forever to the memory of man. He is Lawful Good and no longer speaks in any way. (*Armor: as chain & shield, HD6, Hp33, move 15' 1d12/cause disease, causes fear*)

The sword is 'Varistor'. Made from old and spotted iron, it can never be fully cleaned, a single flaw always remains. *Varistor* protects its holder from magical and unnatural fear of any kind. Any fear spell or effect aimed at the user is instantly consumed by the sword and emanated out as a deep sadness that only the dead can feel. Any dead or un-dead creature near the sword must save against the sadness as if it was a spell of equal strength to the fear it consumed. Fail, and they are crippled with sadness and break down weeping, or flee. None are immune. *Varistor* can never break.

2. Fool's Duel. Two men face each other in the centre of a vast reach of water, standing on the surface without apparent support. Wizards!

Rem Koolhaüs and Ruskin Behaviour have wasted no time in setting forth to uncover the mysteries of the forbidden zone. After several hours in the same canoe neither can stand the other and now they duel to see who gets it. They are actually standing on the surface of a sunken bridge. The canoe bobs nearby.

Rem Koolhaas. *Pompous, plump, well-dressed, sounds vaguely Dutch. Scarf like a tongue of flame.*

(Armor: none, HD5, HP12, move 15') Fly, Mirror Image, Phantasmal Force, Enlarge, Magic Missile x2

Ruskin Behaviour. *Anaemic, bedraggled and oversensitive. Hat like a collapsed flan.*

(Armor: none, HD5, HP9, move 15') Water Breathing, ESP, Wall of Fog, Sleep, Shrink, Shield.

Neither will accept help at the beginning of the duel. Both will demand it if they begin to lose. Neither is aware of the gigantic pike circling the sunken bridge.

3. Church of Selminimum Tem Jammed on a promontory of bare rock ten feet above the water is a church, hanging on its side. The steeple is a broken crystal lens. Its wooden sides seem whole and the floor (now a wall) is in one piece. The door is on its side ten feet in the air. It is locked.

Inside, the pews have crashed and the shrine is oddly angled, but it is safe.

Hidden in the altar are the treasures of the Optical God: ten tasteless wafers and ten vials of clear liquid. If the wafer is introduced to the liquid and then re-stoppered, the water becomes chemiluminescent for half an hour. It also acts as holy water for that time. Undead will fear its light and not approach.

If you break into the church, all of its valuables lose their sacred properties. The water does not light, or repel undead.

4. d20 Toads the size of obese men. A field of toads the size of obese men. They have been feasting on bodies washed up on a

bank of dark mud. Bodyshapes can clearly be seen through their drum-tight skin. Some have burst. Drowned and undigested limbs poke out from their ruptured sides. The rest will try to eat you. They are fat, pale, and slow with corpses. If they take any damage a body may pop through their sides, killing them. (d6 bodies here.)

Corpse-Fat-Toads. (*Armor: as leather, HD2, HP16, move 5' d6 bite*) If they lose more than five hp in a round they rupture from the inside.

5. Corpse Copse. The treetops of a small copse poke up from the water. A parliament of carrion birds is perched here, damply arrayed and over-full. Sometimes fat vultures pass out and splash into the waiting murk. A crew of d6 small freshwater crocodiles await them in the roots.

Freshwater Crocs (*Armor: as chain, HD2, HP8, move 15' d6 bite*)

6. Electrical Eel. In a hooked net, trapped in the branches of two trees, is a huge electrical eel. From the net hangs the body of a fisherman. He is upside down, face hidden in the dark water, surrounded by a halo of bobbing baked ravens. Also jammed in the trees, between the trunks, is a battered but still functional fishing skiff.

Moving the skiff shifts the trees and drops the eel.

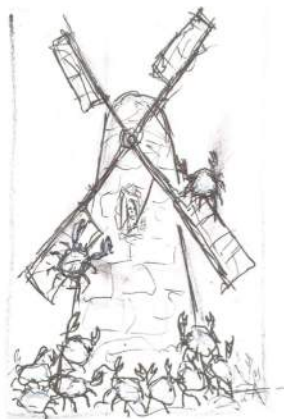
20ft Electrical Eel (*Armor: as leather, HD3, HP15, move 30' d4 Bite/d8 Electrify*)

7. 'Logs' of fun. On a huge log, floating slowly past, are figures frozen in a strange tableaux. Each one seems petrified at the moment of some unlikely discovery. Hidden inside the trunk of this ancient tree is a gigantic Velvet Worm. It will only eat people if desperate, as it prefers insects, but the pits upon its head carry a paralysing toxin. The worm can shrink and contract enormously and is very hard to get out of the log.



6ft Velvet Worm (*A armor: as leather, HD4, Hp19, move 10' Paralyzing Touch*)

8. The Windmill. On at low mound by the submerged bank there stands a wooden windmill with black-striped tar-sealed planks. The four sails of the mill are shocked and patched, ruined by the flood. One remains whole. In the water at its base swarm one hundred metre-wide white crabs. The sails of the mill creak slowly round. Each one dips a foot beneath the water as it turns. A handful of child sized crabs grab on and ride the sail. They climb it as it turns, trying to get inside the mill. Just below the sail crank, visible as it spins, is a window with a white face. A desperate woman, Tana Che Urla, wields a pole and tries to knock the crabs before they reach the gap. Inside the mill are fifteen defenceless children, one old woman, and no food.



Crabs (*A armor: as chain, HD1, Hp4, move 10' d4/d4*)

9. The Hill. A host of farm animals of every kind have escaped the rising waters by herding here upon the only remaining arable land. They live alongside a handful of wolves in a state of temporary truce. They are all preyed on by a huge (15ft) freshwater squid that circles the island endlessly.

Squid (*A armor: as leather, HD6, Hp24, move 30' 1d4x4/Grapple 1d8/Beak*)

10. The Tombs The roofs of tiny stone houses breach the river. This is a drowned cemetery, its tomb doors forced open by the on-rushing flood. Its dead are now carrion for the shifting translucent shapes that infest the graves like alien ghosts. Six-foot corpse-eating cuttlefish glide under the water, going in and out of the tombs.

If the PC's take the body of Sorla Ghyll (see part 1) to the family tomb, when they open her stone sarcophagus to put her in, on the underside of the lid, they will see the following message

"Dear Strangers: though we have not met, I have seen your faces many times. In the deepest part of the pit lurks a Giant, Pale and Vile. It will seek to trap and eat you. With thanks, Sorla Ghyll."

If they are not returning her body, the message will not be there. She knew.

D20 Cuttlefish (*Armor: as none/plate, HD1, Hp4, move 20' Bite/d6*) Natural camouflage gives them a high AC against a natural background, but low if contrasted against angular or artificial shapes or shades.

11. The Scratch-Built Dam. Pollnacrom village is drowned to head height, families trapped on the roofs. A Turbine Golem has methodically ruined every house one by one. Hand-carved hands of blunt and implacable rock tear at the corners of a ruined home, wrenching away planks and carefully twisting foot-thick beams as if they were straw. This is Golem E, the Golem of Kabibona'kan.

It carries off the wreckage out of sight. If the players follow it, they will see a huge, crude sheet of piled-up wood. A shaped gap in the centre lets some water pass. The Golem kneels here and presses its engine-mouth against the gap, trying to feed. The tooth-shaking buzz from the centre of its featureless and oddly-curved head falls silent. The sound dies like a honey-heavy bee trapped between the fingers of a child. The Golem is failing, but is still dangerous.

12. The Tall Oak. The tree is draped in twisted bodies. Limbs hang from its branches and dead eyes stare from nodding heads as ravens perch awkwardly on upturned chins. The waters have left these people knotted and almost impossible to retrieve.

(d20 Bodies Here)

13. The Mill-Wheel. What looks like a piece of strange machinery protrudes from the centre of the river. The thrumming vibration from the engine sends interference patterns rippling out. It is the head of a Turbine Golem staring at the water wheel of a mill as it idly creaks in the flood. This is Golem F – The Golem of Kalevan.

14. Pollnagollum. The fields are dense, drowned corn, rotting in the seeping mire. Dying black stalks rise just out of the surface. Starlings murmur and try to land to feed upon the corn. They rise and fall en-masse, staccato, seeking solid ground.

The people here are sitting on their roofs. They are not hiding from the flood

Under the water, between the corn, gliding under the reflections, is a Witch. She slides face-up, fingers pressing at the surface of the water like glass. She has been murdered multiple times by boys and girls, then thrown down the well in the north field. Now the flood has washed her out.

Gruta de Juxtlahuaca. Her face and body are burned black by one of her many deaths. She is highly intelligent and quite manipulative but weak and terribly unlucky. (*Armor: none, HD5, HP10, move 15' Knife d4*)

If she tastes your blood she knows all the names your soul ever had. If she calls you by that name, that spirit will possess you. (Automatic alignment change to Chaotic Evil and personality change, re-roll CHA, INT and WIS till changed back on her death, by her will or with Remove Curse.)

Gruta is affected by powerful magics. She is immune to piercing, crushing, cutting, burning, drowning, and poisoning. She wants to build a village, then a city, then a civilisation made only of reincarnated evil souls. It is possible she could achieve this.

Spells: Suggestion, Change Self, Invisibility, Sleep, (Message & Charm Person.) Gruta can combine these two.

15. The Golden Boat. Barely visible and jammed deeply in the silt is a gleam of gold. Further discovery requires close investigation over time. This is the ritual heaven-ship of King Ambatoharanana. It is made of gold shaped like rushes and reeds, incredibly heavy, and deeply sunk into the black silt. It is almost impossible to retrieve. (Weight at least one tonne. Silt three meters deep. Water another four meters deep. Flow strong and continuous. Worth 50,000 gp if returned to a major civilised city [not Carrowmore].) Anyone helping you will demand a cut, or possibly just kill you and take the treasure for themselves. This boat is in the same area as the Turbine Golems, and retrieving it risks an encounter with one.

16. The Lifesaving Library of Ambatoharanana. The family of Oswald Bone-Norman (four children, two parents) have been starving here for days in this black and sodden copse. Trapped on this isolated outcrop, they hide from the wandering golems. Luckily, they have not yet frozen in the rain and dark. They found dry paper, wrapped in watertight tubes so it easily burns. One by one, the scrolls are uncorked and sent into the blaze. This has kept the family alive so far.

Roll a d10 and deduct the number of days that have passed in the adventure so far. That many scrolls remain. (Maximum level *Magic User* and *Cleric* spells, all cast-able from the scrolls. i.e *Earthquake*, *Part Water*, *Shape Change*, *Polymorph Any Object*, *Permanency*, *Trap The Soul*) The language is ancient and would require careful study over days to comprehend, or a highly intel-

ligent linguist. A cleric or magic user will be able to instantly tell these are magical and significant.

17. A Handy Rock This useful outcropping could conceivably be used as a point of leverage to dredge up the heaven-ship, or simply to tie up a boat. Every 6-8 hours a fucking huge crab will fall out of the sky and explode on the rock. (Blast 20 feet, 4d6 damage from crab shrapnel.) It has been dropped by a Roc (as per monster manual). The Roc will then land and begin feeding on the crab parts for another 2-3 hours. Rocs are very territorial. Observing the Roc will show it swooping over the dam to hunt in the exposed valley on the other side. (*Armor: as chain, HD18, Hp72, move flight' 3d6/3d6 claws or 4d6 bite*) *The Roc is non-aggressive unless attacked.*



4. The Dam

If golems have not been encountered yet at least one will be present before the dam.

Climbing the rock walls to either side of the dam means a very difficult series of climbing tests. Climbing the dam itself is extremely difficult. Any golems left alive will sense your presence and pursue obsessively. They climb both the mountain and dam easily, they built the dam. They built it of rock from the mountain.

Along the bottom of the dam are six sluice gates. Each has a polyhedral lock. For 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 20 sided stones.

When the correct golem kneels in the right lock, the door should open and high pressure water will jet through their turbine, charging them up and magically repairing any damage they have suffered. The water level has sunk too low behind the dam and this no-longer works. The golems are dying.

PC's may observe a golem kneeling at its sluice gate, trying to live. It looks like they are desperately praying to the dam.

If PC's have a polyhedral locking stone from a golem, they can access a gate. They can easily crawl through the sluice tunnel to a ledge on the other side of the dam. That ledge can lead them, either to the rock wall on either side, or towards the central crack. From the rear, the crack, and room 1, are easily accessible. Room 7 can be climbed to with care.

They could also try swimming the pool on the other side of the dam. There are 4d6 (Visible) cuttlefish in the dam and the flow towards the crack is strong.

Inside the dam, instead of north, south, east and west directions are left, right, front and back.

1. The room is scoured by flood. Empty stone shelves all around. A large cavity on the floor where something heavy used to rest. Painted walls, the actions of a crowned figure with the branching key and iron sword. The king chops off the heads of a pale starved people who crawl towards him, offering gold. The king burns alive a beautiful race with dark skin and white hair that could be male or female, hard to tell. The king in sunlight, releasing waters, drowning those who toil in darkness. The stone doors on the right were locked. They have been flung open from inside. Just inside the door a sharp bronze pendulum has fallen from the

roof and swing down to rest exactly where a person would stand as they entered the room. There are puddles everywhere, including the stairs up.

2. A secret door in the left wall has been burst open by water pressure from the stairs. Normally it would be flush with the wall and invisible from inside the room. The room has a huge golden ship in its centre. Shelves with numerous golden carvings and clay tablets. Everything has been smashed and flung about by the flood. The sarcophagus that should be on the ship lies on the ground, the mummy inside hanging half-out. There are partially dissolved mummified hounds. They twitch and try to move. The dimensions are exactly the same as room one. These walls show The King bestowing various charities, surrounded by admirers, leading his troops. e.t.c. Nothing is treasure, just wood or bronze with a gilt covering. Cheap copies. The door to the right is exactly the same as room one. Closed this time, and trapped with hidden needles. The needles only affect the outer side of the door.

3. The left entry brings you up through a secret trapdoor on the back left corner of the room, behind the guards. Centre left is a big socket for a sphere of enormous dimensions. There is a concave channel in the floor running from that socket to the door in the right wall. There are two rows of four Canoptic Guards on each side of the channel. They do nothing unless attacked and will not step into the channel till the trap is sprung. The doors to the right are large and made of wood. The planks will easily break. The walls show a vision of hell.

The Canoptic Guards (*Armour: as plate, HD5, Hp25, move 10' 1d10/halberd*)

The guards are stone statues of men, holding halberds of steel. The stone is almost invulner-



able to normal blows, the jars holding its organs are not. The jars are held neatly in shaped depressions in the creatures front. Each jar carries a symbol to indicate the contents. One jar in the head makes the 'eye' of the guard. Four more are staggered down the body, ending with one just above the crotch. Each time the guard loses a HD, roll on the table below to see which jar is smashed. The brain is not numbered, it is usually last to be destroyed. (Though intelligent players or specific tactics can break this sequence.)

| # | Symbol | Holds | Result when smashed |
|---|-----------------|--------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | A Sun | Heart | A gush of old, but upsetting, blood. |
| 2 | An Ear of Wheat | Stomach | Burst of acid, 1d4 damage, 3ft radius. |
| 3 | Mouth | Lungs | A scream in an ancient tongue* |
| 4 | Spiral | Intestine | Pickled guts escape and try to constrict as 1HD snake |
| / | Eye of Horus | Brain & Eyes | Releases 1hd floating brain (ac12) with eyes shooting beams of Paralysis and Regret. |

Once every jar is smashed, the guard is dead and simply ceases in its step. (Beams of paralysis are a standard save and cease effect as soon as the brain is killed. Beams of regret have no effect so long as the player can describe a regret for their PC. If not, act as beams of paralysis without a save.)

*The screams are in an ancient tongue. (The language of the Dam Builders.) and say this:

(Roll a d12)

1. *May the Optical God rip out your eyes!*
2. *Fall now, follower of the Kyriarch!*
3. *Curse flesh and time, all aspects made to fail...*
4. *I stood beside the Pharaoh as he died!*
5. *God save Lord Ambatoharanana!*
6. *Die now, creature of silence and slow time.*
7. *Back to your prison of starvation and white stone!*

8. *The end at last, and finally, to sleep.*
9. *My duty now is failed at the last watch.*
10. *I failed my lord in life, and now in death.*
11. *The treasure! Sword and key must not be lost.*
12. *You will be driven back into the earth where you belong!*

4. The left door is trapped. The trap can be spotted but not disarmed, as it is part of the mechanism of the door. As soon as the door is opened, a rumbling is heard for one round. A gigantic crystal sphere will then crash through the ceiling in the centre of the room and roll down the steps to the socket in room three at the speed of a running man. It is exactly as wide as the stairs and does 5d6 damage to anyone it hits. The **Canoptic Guards** will then attack anyone they can find in the complex.

This room is a mosaic of black and white tiles. In the ceiling above each white square is a clay boss in the shape of a distorted human face making a blowing expression. Each has a small tube visible in its lips. Around the edges of the room, on each of the black squares are black sculptures of soldiers. None of this does anything. The right door is not trapped.

5. The floor of this room is a six-by-six grid of flagstones. The room is full of eighteen large clay jars, set on alternating flags. There are pit traps directly before both doors, inside the room. If either is triggered, then the triggering PC and all the jars will drop down twenty feet. The jars will smash open and release the salted bureaucrats with the yellowed skulls. The eighteen empty flags will stay in place. The walls are covered with exciting scenes of bureaucracy.

Bureaucrat with Yellowed Skull (*Armour: as leather, HD1, Hp5, move 5' 1d4/scratch/boring muttering*)

6. This stone door is barred from the inside by a gigantic piece of granite, tipped across the door by a time-release mechanism. It can be levered to fall away from the inside. From the outside the

door is carved to look like a natural outcropping of rock. About ten feet away, a natural outcropping of rock has been carved to look like a huge stone door.

7. This room is very hard to see unless you are looking in the right place. There are shelves for scrolls on every wall. Unfortunately, the scrolls have been scoured by flood. Perhaps one or two ruined papyrus scrolls remain. The left door is obvious, stone, heavy, and open.

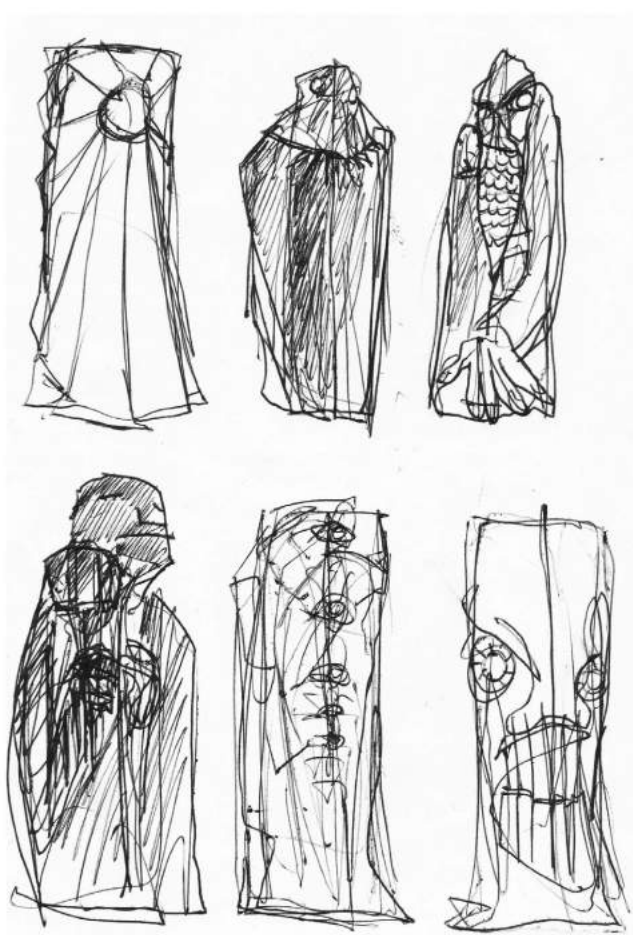
8. The room is one metre deep in flood water. In the centre of this room is a huge model of the dam itself. All the rooms described so far are shown in cutaway, including the traps. Also included in this model is a long stairway between rooms 1 and 7. Rooms 9 and 10 are not shown on the model. Under the water, on the ground, are the models of six tiny golems made to scale, only a few inches high. The secret door to the left can be opened by placing each of the model golems in the correct slot in the model dam. The door can be discovered, but not opened, with a difficult search. When open, the water will drain from the room down the revealed stairs. The walls are bare and white, with room for lanterns to be hung.

9. Six sarcophagi, two nested on each wall, each utterly different in style. Bold, strange, sharply angled tombs. Inside the tombs, each corpse has a turbine model cradled like a complex toy between their hands. These are the tombs of Alnitak, Alnilam, Mintaka, Saiph, Kabibona'kan and Kalevan. In the centre stands the Archive-Golem, a **Liber-Unculus**. This violent, fireproof, waterproof, berserker-depository of baked red ceramic is motionless unless disturbed.

The Liber-Unculus can be accessed easily. It crouches down, its knees forming a desk. The belly opens and the scrolls inside can be seen. Anyone can sit in the alcove formed by its open torso and read the scrolls for as long as they like. If anyone tries to steal, damage, or endanger the scrolls in any way the Golem goes insane

with rage. Its torso snaps shut, mutilating anyone caught inside. (2d12 damage save vs petrification or lose an arm). It can be requested to move to a different area if the current one is unsafe. This must be done in the language of the dam-builders. The language can be learnt from the scrolls, in time. The golem cannot be commanded.

After a year of study, a highly experienced or genius level architect, sculptor, or engineer can learn how to carve and build their own turbine golem. At the end of its construction the maker must die and give their soul to the thing they made. So long as the golem's



turbine is regularly powered by some mighty natural force, the golem will be indestructible.

The door on the left is black iron. It is locked. There is no key.

Liber-Unculus (*Armour: as Plate & Shield, HD10, Hp60, move 30' d12/d12*)

10. At the end of the stairs to the right is another door of black iron. It is locked, and there is no key. Inside the room are twenty iron jars, each a metre high. The jars are locked shut, wrapped up in chains of iron. The chains lead to a pillar with a central lock in the middle of the room. The lock is unbelievably strange. It looks like modern art. Jars, chain, pillar, and lock are all immune to magical influence of any kind. The lock cannot be picked. Only the branching key of Ambatoharanana can open the central lock.

There is scratching from inside the jars. Opening one opens them all.

The Things In The Jars (*Armour: as Leather, HD2, Hp8, move 14' d6*) 50% Immune to magic. Can see in the dark. Fear light.

These are starved figures, their black skin tight against the bone with wasted flesh. Their long white hair is pasted against their bodies. They will attack and try to make for the Deep Carbon Observatory if they can. They speak no language you can understand. They will not tolerate the existence of any other intelligent being.



5. The Profundal Zone

The Upper View Rainbow coloured weeds droop rotting from the littoral zone. They overhang rich bandings of many-shaded stone,

making a psychedelic halo of the valley like a veil. Sunlight gleams oddly in the steep valley-sides. Snatches of bright reflection. The floor looks like blue-grey mud. The sight is without sound and stinks like an airless tomb burning in the light of an unwanted sun. But, in the silence, movement worms. The whole place has the feel of a terrible revealing. Like a black sheet pulled back from a naked corpse.

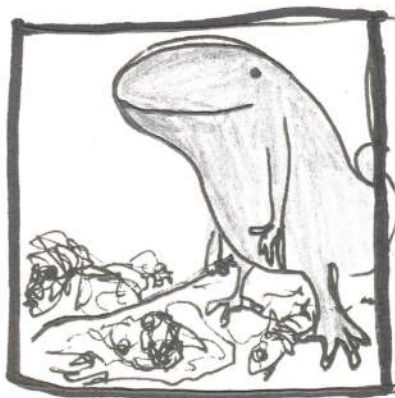
The Valley Floor There is no mud. The floor is one blue-grey bacterial mat. The rough-textured semi-flesh gives slightly under your feet. It's surface caught in waves and vague undulations. The skin of a single organism. Torn now, dead and rotting from within. Fish are everywhere, the corpses of the shoals form a new geography. Stinking embankments of parched skins and bones.

1. The Path. From the dam-tomb door a safe path switchbacks down the steep valley side. It's a twenty minute walk if you move without risk.

2. The Forest. These grey, spongy densely knotted trees died a thousand years ago. Preserved in the anaerobic darkness, they stand still, wreathed now in fallen weed grown in the photic zone. Hidden in the weed are eels. Left there by the sinking lake, they wind their way amongst the sodden stuff in schools. Any sharp movement, damage to trees, unexpected shock, or simply bad luck, drops d6 eels.

Angry Eels (*Armour:none, Hp1, move 5' 1hp/bite*)

3. The Kapeks. This tribe of belligerent, semi-intelligent, child-sized newts has warred for years with the People of the Reeds. The home of lakeside weeds that hid them from the threat of man now hangs a hundred feet up. But the village of the Reed People is in disarray. Now the Kapeks take their chance to attack, marching up the lake bed en-masse. There are one hundred. They are not quick: their march will generally parallel that of the PC's.



Kapeks (*Armour: as leather, HD1, Hp4, move 30' 1d4/bite/claw*)

4. The Titanic Pike. From a distance, a white mound, the size of a transit van, as long as two, parked back-to-back. Closer, the mound moves, thousands of small crabs. Closer still, the crabs scatter, revealing bone and tattered flesh. A Pike, enormous,

predatory apex of the lake. (Its jaw bone could conceivably be used as a polearm. Intelligent players may notice that the jaw matches the wounds in the shell of the gigantic crab.)

5. The Bridge of Chess. This low bridge of grey bedraggled stone crosses no river or stream. There are signs that in days past the river took another route and this was it. Weed, rock and fallen debris cover the bridge at both ends. Before it, like a formal garden is a chequerboard of squares, pale and dark. Assembled from rocks, wood and fallen things. The squid dies and starves in a shallow pool under the bridge.

Squid (*Armour: as leather, HD6, Hp24, move 30' 1d4x4/Grapple 1d8/Beak*)

(The chessboard is an adaptive behaviour for catching Cuttlefish, but if players don't think of this there's no reason for you to tell them. Why should everything be for them?)

6. Puffer-Bushes. What seems from a distance like a field of round spikey shrubs, is a dead school of fish. Dead bloated puffer-fish swollen by inward gasses and about to explode. Impact or shock blows a puffer-fish for 2d6 damage in a radius of 15 feet.

7. The Roc Bridge The Roc's bowed wings make a beautiful but alien bridge across the churning water. The body of the bird twitches slightly, devoured by whatever lies beneath. Looking down, you see leeches, sized like men, feeding on the bird. Not yet fully dead its head lolls half sunken and gasps. The 'bridge' will be consumed in d4 hours. It may be possible to save the Roc. It will not be grateful if you do.

8. The People Of Reeds. From a distance, this looks like a piled hive with insects shifting in the pile, frantically working. These people have lived beyond the reach of memory on a village of reeds, floating on the surface of the lake. Kept safe from the golems by the waters depth, and protected from men by the golems endless rage and ceaseless watch. Now the lake is gone and their village has crashed into the alien world that hid unseen beneath their feet. People pull themselves from the wreckage like pupae climbing from cells.

There are about fifty people, thirty of them capable adults. They are lead by Actun Grange.

9. Lighted Arms. An army, drowned and cloaked by the blue-grey bacterial mat. Skeletonised arms and the upheld blades of buried men thrust up through the mud. Upon them grow strange buds. At night, and in darkness they open and reveal themselves. White, translucent, luminescent anemone pulsing and waving, slowly starving to death. Glowing in the night like the ghosts of flowers.

10. The Golden Homes. What looks like a village of golden houses is a graveyard of ships. The thatched roofs are upturned hulls of piled-up craft, all sunken in the same place. Built of reeds but undecayed in the dark reaches. Emissions from the fumaroles have gradually pyratished the hulls. They are engulfed and transformed by caked crystals of shining iron pyrites. This was where the reed-people sank the grave-boats of their chiefs. Above the entrance to the underworld, as shown by its fires, gasses and strange lights.

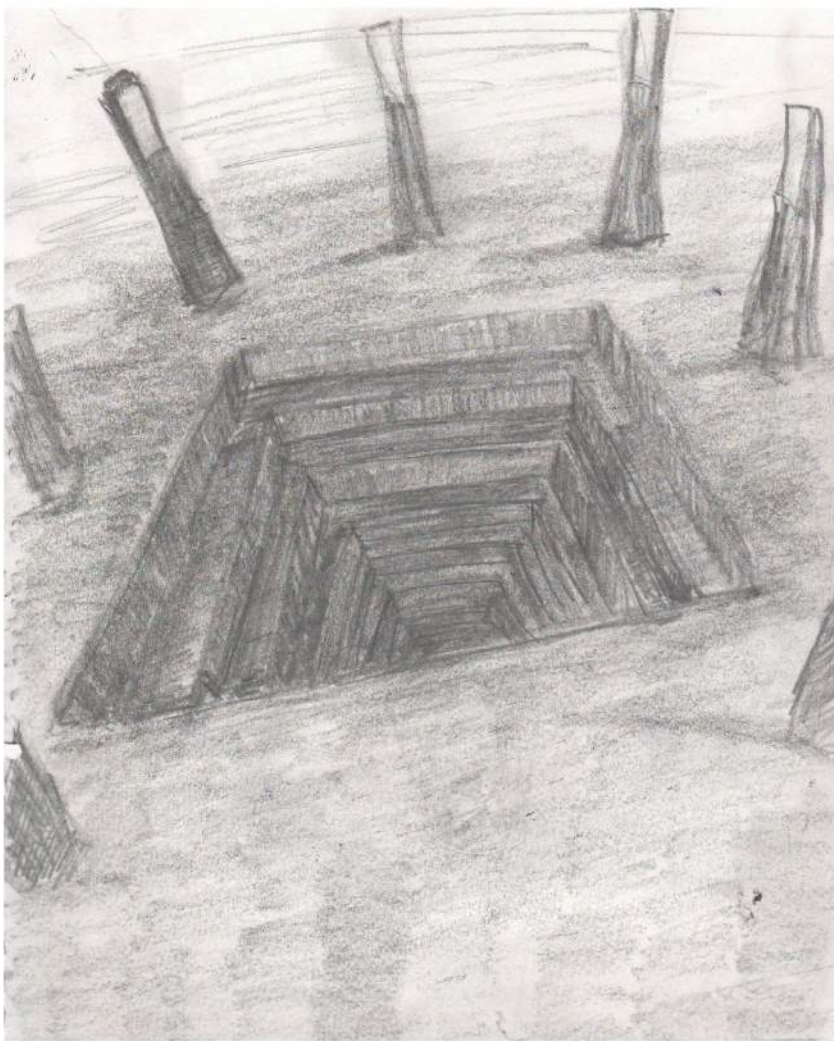


Four chiefs are still inside the dark voids of the ships. If disturbed they stumble forth, moaning fiendish-black bogmen carapace'd in crystallised gold. Their names are *Actun Xpukil*, *Actun Tunkul*, *Actun Lubul Ha* and *Actun de Kaua*. They are non-violent if not threatened. If informed of a threat to the Village of Reeds, they will fight to protect it.

Crystallised Chiefs (*Armour: as plate, HD5, Hp20, move 10' 1d8/Smash*) They count as Undead.

11. Dark Towers. From a distance the twisted towers of a black castle. Up close, the dark towers are exposed fumaroles transformed by the receding flood into poisonous geysers, spewing out black water, draped in dying bright red blooms and those strange pipe things you see around black smokers underground. Any water near the pipes is boiling and toxic. Sulphur-farming crabs with 'hairy' yellow claws loom out from the black pipes. They may seem dangerous, in reality they can no longer take in food larger than bacteria and will slowly starve to death.

12. The Pit A huge earth-wound with regular stepped sides, the work of timeless legions, or of gods. The steam that made the pillar in the sky, visible from Carrowmore, is fading and abating now. Around the pit-edge are eight stone towers. The wooden stairs inside them are long rotted away. The bronze mirrors on their tops are still visible, though caked over. The mirrors are aligned to



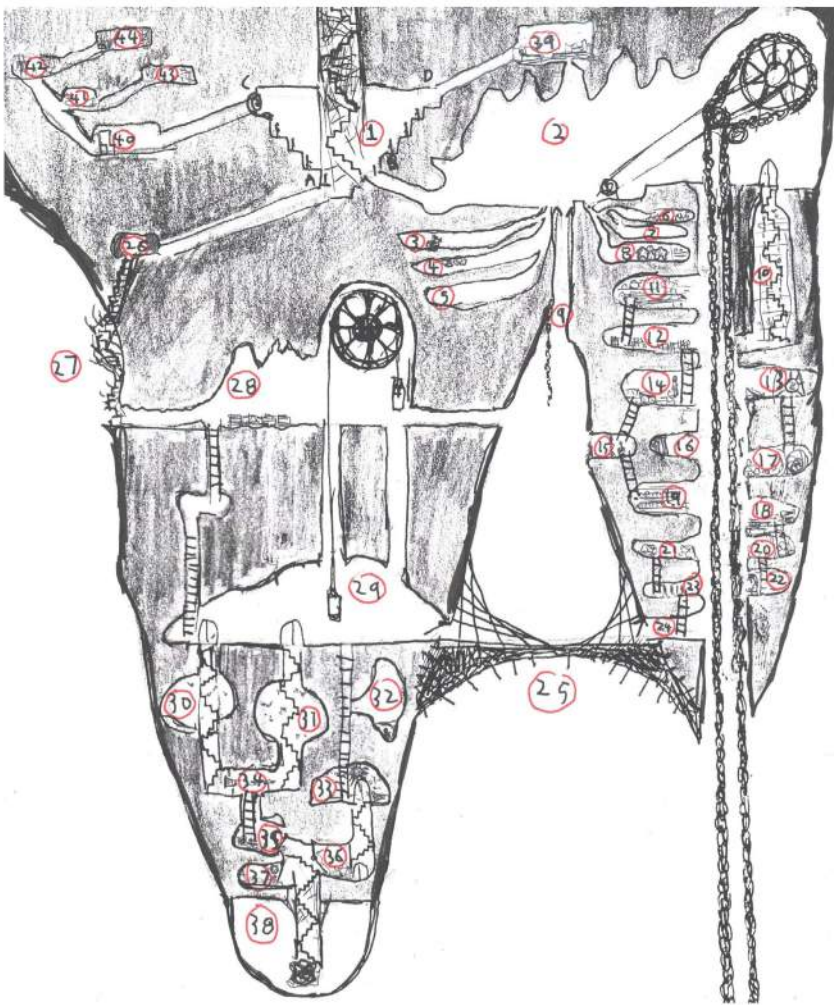
project light from burning lamps to one specific place in the deepest point. A ramp of earth gives easy access to its sinking levels. As you descend, you see the pit is dry, extremely dry, compared to the lake bed. Then you see why. Every sun-scoop fort in the valley side is made for one reason: they gather and collect the light of the sun as it passes across the sky, and focus it here. From the bottom of the pit, depending on the sun's position, segments of the valley wall blaze. It is bright, burning and nearly shadowless. Whoever

built this place wanted it to drown in light.

The Gate At the deepest part of the pit, lodged at a 45 degree angle in the stone, is a counter-weighted gate of rusted iron. Great stones hang from levers at its sides. The huge, toothed iron doors are rusted together, caked in mud and strange dead shells. They look almost like a living thing decayed. The gate is so perfectly balanced that with the water pressure from above gone, it opens easily. Simply strike or press the counter-weights on either side and the rust will crack violently as gate swings wide, revealing darkness and a stair.

(If the Crows have arrived ahead of the PC's, the gate will already be open.)

13. The Sun Scoop Forts It's hard to tell exactly what the sun-scoops are until you investigate one closely. Once you do, all of them are essentially similar. Carved in the rock all over the valley sides, on every level, are hundreds, perhaps thousands of tiny curves. Most are about twenty feet wide and nine feet tall, though they do vary. In some the natural rock has been cut and polished. In others walls of brick have been built and smoothed with polished clay. Each curves slightly. Before many is a depression or hole, and in those holes is ash, petrified wood and the remains of ancient fire. Fires burnt many times. They face towards and focus on (all of them) one place: the abyssal pit.



6. The Observatory

There are grey limestone stairs. Past many turns, the grey stone of the steps shifts slowly to white calcite, stained in places with variegated bleeds. Then, finally, they turn to steel. You descend through a huge web-work cylindrical cage with the steps spiraling around inside it.

The dark is deep and absolute. The walls are white like pearl, or

milk. The ceiling, floor and walls are cut from one white stone. It almost glows and throws back light. In the black beyond your lamplights reach, pale gleams reply. The floor is dark, roughened somewhat by the passage of feet. Any sharp contact echoes slightly through the space.

The rock here holds its own direction; cut rooms follow the fractures in the grain of the rock, hollowed further out and shaped. They are slender and thin, rarely more than ten feet wide.

I The Fulgarium. This room is like a slice taken from an up-turned ziggurat 20ft deep.

There are four exits.

A. A round hole right in the centre of the space, 5 feet wide and easily accessible.

B. On the ground floor a large passage leading east.

C. On the top west side is an archway. The passage is blocked by the coils of an enormous smiling adamantine snake whose head is dead-centre in the door. The snake cannot be harmed or compelled. If any living thing comes close to the snakes head its mouth opens slightly and its smile widens. If a living, intelligent, named person is fed to the snake its coils unknott and allow access. There is no other way through. No toll is required from the other side.

D. On the top west side is an open passage.

There are four huge steps on each side of the room. Each step is at least three metres high. On each level of the room, on either side, is a row of five naked humanoid statues, arranged east-west across the room. Each level of the room has one word of activation. If the word is spoken, the row of statues crouch, bend, bow, and nod to make a set of living stairs leading up the steps. If anyone tries

to climb or access a higher level by any other means the statues animate and attack.

Calcite Statue (*Armor: as chain, HD*, Hp22, move 15' 1d6/1d6/smash*)

(The HD of the statues is the number of the level times two, so 2, 4, 6, and 8.)

The words are as follows:-

Level 1 is '*observation*' found in room 3.

Level 2 is '*titubation*' room 13.

Level 3 is '*auscultation*', room 28 chest 6.

Level 4 is '*insolation*' room 36.

2. Nightingale Hall. Huge and shaped like a slice of cake running east-west, fatter at the wheel-end. From 12 to 25 metres high. Dominated by a gigantic wheel of iron almost 13 metres across, poised on two axes of natural rock, reinforced with adamantium. The chain is made of etched titanium, each link half the size of a man. Whatever forged them left strange multi-coloured bleeds and waves upon each link, they shimmer underneath the dust and wear. There are tiny imperceptible shifting's of the chain. Metallic squeals and echoes drift up out of the dark like distant birdsong. A slight breeze flows.

From the wheel runs a band made from the skin of some gigantic beast, flayed, folded and reinforced. This leather band connects to a second wheel, twice man-size, intended to be turned by slaves. To turn the wheel, slaves must pull a rope back and forth over the Gravity Knife.

A passage leads West to the Fulgarium. There are two holes in the floor next to the Gravity Knife. There are locked Moon-Bronze double doors to the East beneath the wheel.

The Slave Caves The passages down have crudely cut steps. Each is long, low with the ghost of a terrible scent. The floors have bones and ancient corpses, sleeping areas and carved shelves of humanoid size.

3. Razored Lock. Hidden in this cave is an unbelievably ancient man kept hideously alive by a dark device. More like a skeleton with skin than a man, he has no name, and is only known as Number 538. He has been here for a thousand years. The device keeping him alive is a set of stocks set in an adamantium plank; this is the Razored Lock.

The grips around his neck and wrists are set with razors that cut his skin with every movement he makes. Each cut imbues a sliver of magical life. The person wearing the Razored Lock can never fully die. The sizes of the locks adjust to the wearer so they can never be escaped. His starvation and madness could both be cured with strong enough magic. He speaks an ancient language that no one understands. If you can free him, heal him, and understand him, he can tell you a great deal about the observatory and about the presence of the Cave Giant. He knows the word for level One of the Fulgarium. The word is observation.

4. Mushroom Fools. In the darkness at the back of this cave, growing upside down from the roof, are barky wizened mushroom men. D4 dehydrated Myconids (as per MM), shrivelled and desiccated. They sleep and can be revived by water. They are idiots who mis-understand everything they hear, always do the opposite of what you intend and ejaculate spores over everyone when distressed. (*Armor: as none, HD1, Hp4, move 20' Club/d6*)



Spores cause Confusion.

5. Hidden Treasures. This room has a hidden spot. Rocks of calcite have been carefully carved over time and layered to provide a secret space, about 3 ft square at the back of the room. Inside are treasures only slaves would value: the remains of food, bits of wire to act as keys, broken tools, and chunks of broken blade.

6. Crystallised Pipes. Natural water flow changed into a water tap for slaves. Iced up by calcite. White and multi-coloured crystals blooming everywhere.

7. Slave Spells. Hidden under the dirt of the far wall are slave survival spells in a simple tongue, decipherable by any mage. All the spells count as level one, are not very powerful and can be cast without being noticed.

Reduce Scars.

Lessen Pain.

Minimise Thirst.

Hide Sorrow.

Avoid Notice.

Ease Grief.

8. Ooze-Engines. In the centre of this room are four slave engines that look like short dwarf-like headless lead machines. Suits of opaque hydraulic tubes, reinforced as if for high pressures. They are mecha-prisons for enslaved oozes.

There are d3 Oozes in brass-bound bell jars on the shelves. If re-imprisoned in the slave engines they try to free each other. If set free they may attack or attempt escape down the chain.

Ooze Engine (*Armour: as plate and shield, HD3, Hp13, move 15' 1d6/smash*)

9. The Gravity Knife. A simple trapdoor embossed with the image of a gaping circular mouth, activated from the watching room above. This was used as a cheap method of execution. The chain below is set so falling slaves can sometimes grab hold on the way down. There is no way to climb back up. It's only purpose was to provide amusement for those watching from the bridge.

10. Weighing Stations. Near the top flight of this tall chamber are enormously complex mechanical scales.

Two huge arms stick out to either side, and the chains lead down the vault towards the floor.

The dials of the huge machine are manifold, perhaps hundreds. They can be accessed from the service windows on the top flight of stairs. With time and attention, they can be set to any descriptive quality, so long as it can be expressed in a single word, i.e., Holiness, Beauty, Honesty, Strangeness, etc. Any word the PCs can come up with can be found. Once the machine is set, hooks at the bottom of the chains at ground floor can carry weights. The machine will accurately weigh the set quality of any attached object against that of any other attached object. On shelves at every level of the room are weights of special kinds. The weights are given in impossible terms: *"Fifteen souls," "Innocence Years," "Sorrow-Hours," "Minutes of Fear,"*

11. Bedding Room. Huge bedding tables full of dust, the floor thick with muck and broken glass. Iron skeletons of ruined greenhouses tangle in the dark. In the cavern roof, a broken sun machine. In shelves along the northern wall are jars with tiny biospheres, dead now, but perfectly preserved. On the southern wall are radioactive chemospheres, poisonous and deadly, carrying alien Underdark plants. Selenium, iridium and crystallised uranium flowers. There are d4 still-functioning chemospheres. They weigh as much as a child, are worth 5000 each in a civilised area and act as a small chemical bomb if dropped or thrown. (5d6,

12. Cervit. Most of the crates are empty and all are falling apart. Some of the contents remain: about 80 kilos of Cervit, a rare glass/ceramic material. Cervit is unknown to most scholars, and the secrets of its manufacture were lost to the surface world long ago. The white finger-sized strips are light, brittle, and totally fireproof. There are also about 10 kilos of the rare Black Cervit. As well as being fireproof, Black Cervit refracts rays. Death rays, petrification rays, fear rays; anything with 'ray' in the title will be ineffective if aimed at someone wearing Black Cervit. It would take an expert craftsman several days to incorporate Cervit into a suit of armour. The skills required to work the material are so rare that they can essentially set their own price.

13. Chlorian Chambers. In the centre of this empty chamber is a multiply-bound, massively-reinforced, softly-glowing prison-home for Tox-Men from the elemental plane of poison. The nature of this plane is uncertain until it comes into contact with any other plane. At that point all of its organic and inorganic molecules re-orient to become horrifically deadly to the living, semi-living, animate, and un-dead of the plane in contact. The Tox-Men are completely trustworthy, eager to speak, and desperately lonely all the time. On this world their faces look a little like malachite. All they have to trade are dodgy emeralds and death. They can easily create toxins lethal to anyone and anything, but they don't really want to. Their names are Myco, Sarin, and Xyclon. They know the word for level two of the Fulgarium. The word is titubation.

14. The Hall of Silk. Several low-quality bales of silk remain here. These include five bales of Whipsilk (blue of an evening sky, thin and easily torn. 10gp per bale), three of Stormsilk (colour of a storm sky and rough to the touch. 25gp per bale), and one small bale of Clippersilk (blue-black like bruises, incredibly tough. 500gp). The hall is haunted by d6 Geisha Golems and a Tapestry of Pain.

Cloudcradle Geisha Golems. These creatures consist of wraps of the highest quality spidersilk with Turin-Shroud screaming faces of young women staining the weave. Their edges are embroidered with chain-linked spiders. Cutting them releases the trapped spirit.

(Armor: as Plate, HD1, Hp1, move 60 flight' 1d6/strangle)

Tapestry Of Pain Those who try to avoid the awful weaving pits of the Drow by biting off their own thumbs are punished by having their souls bound in lengths of low grade silk with their thumbless skeletonised hands hung around the edge like a fringe of bones. The whole thing moves like a floating centipede-tapestry with their tortured forms expertly embroidered on.

(Armor: as chain, HD7, Hp20, move 60' 1d4x2d6/skeleton hands)

15. Salt Dryads. 3d6 women lounge here, made of spikes. They are networks of white crystal, wrapped around an empty space, frost-mark sculptures in the shapes of girls. Lounging in helictite boudoirs that grow in spirals from the walls and floor.

Their hearts are of black diamond (set within the chest like jewels), their eyes are broken geodes. The mineral eyes are wry and shine with subtlety and careful thought. Some wear dresses of frozen chlorine, phosphorous gems that burn through flesh like butter, or robes of



uranium-silk. Some are naked and they are the most beautiful of all. They have numerous names of three syllables each, each name starts with the syllable “Na”.

The Dryads are infinitely patient, scrupulously polite and silently judgemental. They love refined conversation on any subject. Roll three times.

| | <i>“I have heard...”</i> | <i>“tend to”</i> | <i>“ but I am sure...”</i> |
|---|----------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 1 | Those influenced by the stars | sculpt underground | You would know more of it than I. |
| 2 | Gnolls habitually | give whales night-mares | It's hearsay spread by elves. |
| 3 | Elementals of high atomic weight | compete in size and strength | You disagree. |
| 4 | Long-dead kings | poison almost every-one | You must agree. |
| 5 | The songs sung by storms | consume themselves | If it was, it is no longer so. |
| 6 | The tears of the moon | be thought mad, but are not | It is a mere bagatelle to such as you. |

Salt Dryad (*Armour: as Plate&Shield, HD2, Hp1, move 20, 1d6/scratch Casts ‘charm’ victim saves at -3*)

If any dryad is harmed or killed, in d6 days an Elemental of a high atomic weight will hunt and kill the PC responsible.

16. Drow Psychology. It is very cold here. A single crate nearly fills the west side of the room. It can be squeezed past at the edges and rear. The fungal wood is very old and easily cut away. Inside the crate is a sculpted alter-thing, spider shaped, rearing up. The spider of black stone hums with a numbing cold. Cradled between its curved-round limbs, is the body of a female elf, locked in ice. Small slender and beautiful, her skin is midnight black, her hair is white, she wears a startling and elaborate dress. Held in her frozen hands, is a book. She is dead.

This is ‘**Watch-Of-Her-Eyes Ixtrexian**’ a librarian whose library is one book and whose guard of it is long. (*Armor: as chain, HD10, Hp40, move 20’ age/d4x10 years*) *Magic Jar, Causes Fear, can be hit only by silver or magic weapons.*

If PC’s approach the book, her ghost appears within the ice. She warns, and then attacks. (Stats as per Ghost in the MM.)

The only way to fully defeat her ghost is to destroy her body. The only way to beat the frost is fire. The only fire with strength enough to finish her will also burn the book.

The Book The book is entirely non-magical. It is difficult to decipher, but is not encoded or locked. Understanding it takes several months of regular thought.

It destroys kingdoms, slowly, from within.

The book teaches a complex and non-intuitive form of psychology. Its nature is so odd to human minds that possession of the book is required to exercise the knowledge. Without the book the understanding slowly fades. Holders of the book can, through simple non-intrusive study, divine things about those with whom they are in social contact. An individual must be quietly studied for a number of weeks equal to their level. At the end of this time, the holder may roll on the table below. The book has provided this insight about that individual. Rolls can accumulate over time. The book never stops working.

1. *Their most shameful fear.*
2. *What lie will command their loyalty.*
3. *What price for their betrayal (cash or otherwise).*
4. *Their deepest secret.*
5. *Their most secret hate.*
6. *Their worst crime.*
7. *Their most squalid need.*

8. *Who secretly holds power over them, or who they secretly control.*

17. Nautilus Halls. This room is full of shells. Some are huge and larger than a man, others small, and some smaller than small, like dust on the floor. Some of the shells have shells inside them, and some of those shells have shells inside them. There are a lot of shells. Of particular note are:

- Chests of fractaly spiralled cowrie shells from the islands of the Nightmare Sea (valueless anywhere else.)
- Huge tennis-ball sized trilobite eyes.
- Shields and armour of trilobite shells.
- Pale shells of the exoskeletal men, slim and tall, empty now.
- Possible Daemon shells.
- A bulette shell.
- Crab shells with the faces of angry warriors seemingly grown into their backs. Listen and you hear the distant war cry of the brave drowned man whose face this is. These shells are a curious currency of the Lich-kind and certain high-level undead, though valued by few else.
- Three huge Flailsnail shells

18. Duregar Engineering. There are about 100xd4 aluminum boxes in this room. Each box is about four feet long, three feet wide, and two feet deep. Each box contains one of the following.

1. *Pick Hammers*
2. *Breakers*
3. *Core drills*
4. *Water pumps*
5. *Cut off saws*
6. *Hoses to connect them.*

The machines are hand-held but heavy. They run on blood; intake valves show where to pour it in. Each machine will run for one minute per pint.

If used as weapons, the saws will do only d10 damage when both parties are moving around. Fumbles result in loss of fingers and hands. If used on a rigid and still opponent they will quickly cut through armour and kill.

19. Hardwoods. This room is piled with cross-stacked timber of various kinds. The ancient wood seems whole, but crumbles at the slightest touch. If players collapse all the wood the room fills with choking dust. Hidden in the centre are the pieces of an ebony frieze, magically enchanted and incorruptible. The frieze is clearly for a temple front. It shows various horrible scenes involving spiders, people being eaten by spiders, people eating spiders, etc. Its meaning is hard to divine arranged as it is, in parts, but it is clearly a work of art of a very high order.

The frieze comes in 25 pieces, each half the weight of a man. If they are transported unharmed to a major metropolitan area (not Carrowmore) then a museum or noble will pay 30,000gp for the whole thing.

20. Art. Boxed. 2d4 pieces, roll three times. (All underground art is remarkably, pleasurably tactile and slightly hypnotic to touch.)

| | <i>Nature/Material</i> | <i>Subject</i> | <i>Disturbing quality</i> |
|----------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 | Sculpture, black marble | Spider(s) | Made out of love |
| 2 | Sculpture, preserved wood | Normal above-ground figure | Pornographic (in a bad way) |
| 3 | Sculpture, moon-bronze | Beautiful black-skinned elf | Doing something horrid |
| 4 | Tapestry, spider-silk | Salamander-man | Auto-generates tiny spiders |
| 5 | Painting, radium | High-Status Figure | Eats light or sound |
| 6 | Tactile Engraving, platinum | Blind fish in rapids | Always half-turned away |
| 7 | Painting, gold and grey | The Antiphoenix | Repeats lies heard |
| 8 | Sculpture, kinetic | Warrior with knotted veins | Never same stance twice |

Prices up to the DM. Expect 100xd10 for the paintings and tapestry's. 100xd20 for the sculptures.

21. Stables. The looming empty shells of disassembled bones of boats. The ruined parts may once have made up yacht-sized craft, though it is hard to tell. The broken pens hold carapaces of man-sized stag beetles, horse-sized spiders and, at the back, a huge centipede, curled around itself. The shells are dry and cracked.

22. Dinosaur Hieroglyphics. A heap of broken packing crates and dust. Underneath, a huge immovable box. Within, one section of forgotten wall. A temple wall you think.

The pictograms across the wall are of dinosaurs, and by dinosaurs. You can tell by the clear use of claws as tools, the inhuman angular marks, the alien colour scheme and the fact some of the dinosaurs in the glyphs are actually making glyphs and the glyphs they are making look like the glyphs they are in.

There are three types, or subjects. They are mixed together in the wall. As anyone decodes the glyphs, they begin to realise that each type is a different 'tense' of the dinosaur tongue.

Some are of human figures going about daily acts. Frozen in particular segments of time, the moments you would only see in photographs, not with the naked eye. Skipping, jumping, dancing, falling, tripping, running. Anything too fast for the eye to easily see. **This is the present tense.**

Some are of people being eaten, chased and devoured by dinosaurs in a variety of ways. **This is the past tense.**

In some dinosaurs stand heraldic and bloody over the bones and corpses of men. **This is the future tense.**

Correctly translating the hieroglyphs takes at least four difficult tests, or a lot of time.

It reads as follows.

“.... EATEN FOR THE SCREAMS OF TIME
AND WOUNDS (COHERENT?) LEFT UPON THOSE HALLS
THEIR DOORS AND PORTALS SHATTER AND WINDOWS
INTO SECONDS (WE HAVE SEEN THIS (REFLECT?))
OUR CROWN (OF BROKEN SWORDS (WHICH ARE THEIR
CLAWS))
AND MONARCHY OF SPEED AND WILL AND HUNT
TO OVERTHROW THE SLIVER-WALL OF MAN
THE PRISON-LORD WHO RULES IN IGNORANCE
AND WHO WE WATCH, JUST OUT OF SIGHT
BEYOND THE MOMENTS FLOW...”

The moment this is translated 2d6 intelligent (non-verbal) Deinonychus will materialise through a tear in time and kill all witnesses.

Deinonychus (*Armour: as chain, HD4, Hp17, move 60' jumps & rakes for 2d6 damage*)

23. Geo-Samples. Long thin core samples and polished presentation plates, laminated polished slices of rock.

The Vampire Strata – Ultra-compressed and tectonically warped bones of billions of vampires. The space between vampires is actually more vampires.

The Sword Strata – Insane core samples showing sub-ducted continental crust made entirely of abandoned swords. Different depth markers suggest this strata is at least a mile deep.

The Strata of Fractured Minds – Cuts through the corrugations of multiple gigantic brains. (Now would be a good time to ask “Has your character ever seen anyone’s brain? No? Well then you have no idea what this looks like.)

The Strata of The Fallen Moon – White moon dust, huge ceramic insect shells, crater cross sections, some moonmarks vitrified on atmospheric entry.

Bones of the Bone-Beach Sea – Just a lot of bones really. Bones upon bones upon bone. Then more bones.

A Core of the Big Brain – One gigantic brain this time, its waves and folds like the curls of distant storms.

Something with a lot of Teeth.

A Biopsy of the Tarresque – It didn't go well.

Carbon Layers of the City that Burned a Thousand Times – Cobbles, masonry, glass and ceramic litter, signs of everyday life. Then fire. Ash. Charcoal. Burned bones. Then life, cobbles, food fragments, toys e.t.c. A thousand such events, repeated into geological time.

24. Not Much Going On Here. This hall is empty and leads out on to the bridge. The portal is a huge shutter of Moon-Bronze and swings open like a garage door. It makes an incredibly loud squealing noise every time, (unless oiled).

25. The Bridge. From here PC's can clearly see the whole thing is one huge stalactite. They see the gleams of others in the distant dark. There is no sound but the soft movement of air and the nightingale shifting's of the infinite chain as it disappears. Beyond that, a very faint white noise, like something huge shifting impossibly far. Blackness everywhere.

Drop a torch and it disappears from view, or goes out. Drop a lamp and observe closely. It falls and falls and falls. Focus very hard, just before it disappears, a glimmer, like a distant jewel, a flake of ice or the illuminated crest of a wave.

26. The Mirror Cell. Smooth calcite walls, polished and reflective. If you look carefully, there is a 5% plus level chance that you can see the ghost of someone you recently killed behind you, following you. People can see each other's ghosts if they try. There is no other effect.

27. Chiascuro Stairs. This stairway leads down the outside of the stalactite. The view is much the same as that from the bridge. Carried lanterns make the shadow of the stairs form strange ripples on the white sides of the rock.

28. Armoury The north wall of the west side holds ten iron chests, each locked. Inside are weapons. If no number is given then there are a militarily significant amount.

- Light metal crossbow bolts that cast fairy fire on living targets when they hit.
- Light metallic crossbows made with multiple grips, can be fired 1-handed with only a minus 1 to hit. (No strings.)
- Metallic strings for the crossbows (50% failure rate due to age.)
- Knuckle-Knives. Strapped onto the hand, cannot be dropped, can still make partial use of hand for climbing, carrying.
- Climbing Axes. Light d6 weapon. No minus to climb checks if carrying.
- d3 heartbeat blades. When pointed in a direction, pommel throbs in time with any heartbeat within 10 metres that it is pointed directly at, regardless of intervening material. In addition, there is a wax tablet with the word for level three of the Fulgarium. The word is auscultation.
- d4 counter-locked stone-to-mud bombs. Requires two simultaneous lock pick tests from different people to arm. Fail and it goes dead or goes off, 50% chance of either. Can be set with timer. Radius 40ft.
- Polearm Hooks. Long and lethal. Light. Can be broken down like fishing poles and carried as normal item.
- Red-Shift Lanterns. Don't harm night vision. In addition, one

black lantern; gives no obvious light, shows up under infravision.

- **Gas-Masks and tanks (non-functional)** The wheel in the centre still spins. There are accessible cargo containers on each end of the chain. If one goes up, the other must come down. You can pull yourself up and down with a parallel chain that does not move. Two people can ride smoothly without having to alter the weight in the 2nd container. If more than two try without evening-out the weights they will have to make STR checks to pull themselves up or prevent falling quickly.

The passage to the right is not obvious but does not require a test to find, only investigation.

29. Stratification Halls This huge and empty hall has a moon-bronze portal leading to the bridge. It swings up and down like a book held side-on. There are two doors of the same material and a ladder down.

30-31. Azimoth Bearings. Staring into the caverns outside these caged stairways makes your head swim. Space itself seems to boil and throb, shifting constantly. Save vs paralysis or be briefly incapacitated by dizziness and vomiting. The caves are full of Azimoths.

Azimoths are moths with a rare survival tactic. The infinite fractal compressions of their wings annihilates awareness of the space around them. For intelligent beings, each moth is an absolute blind spot. The exact direction in which moth is flapping cannot be looked at, because, to the observer, that direction does not exist. The mind simply edits out that particular slice of space.

No conscious record of this is kept. The absence of obviously-necessarily-there things is a good clue to the presence of the moths.

Azimoths feed on blood, sugar and iron. They like to land on

swords and blades a great deal, especially those wet with blood. They are hard to shake off.

Both stairways have grates that give access to the caves. Both have rusted trap-trays where moths would be lured with sugar and blood, then captured for use. Attempting to access the caves will probably release a great number of moths into the stairway.

32. Elemental Pool. This semi-hidden, roughly-hewn cave contains a pool of thick, clear saline solution. There are three things placed deliberately under its surface.

A Neptunium Child – Anyone holding it will feel it start to warm dangerously and its skin begin to pucker and shrivel. When removed the child wakes and surges through its half-life rapidly, screaming and ageing, emanating deadly radiation(5d6 immediate plus 1hp loss every day of the PC's life from now on) before it dies in 30 seconds time.



A Europium Blade – This vile glimmering sword made from an impossible compound of a rare earth metal burns with a toxic green flame continuously so long as it is exposed to any oxygen, including that in water.

(1d6 normal, 1d4 psionic and 1d4 burning damage on strike. d3 burning and d3 psionic to holder on fumble. Plus you are on fire.)

A Thorium Tongue – This heavy silver-grey tongue remembers speech as it tastes the air. It seeks a tongueless mouth in which to live. Anyone picking up the tongue must save vs spells or compulsively seek out just such a mouth. If they fail by more than 5 and they will try to tear out their own tongue to make space. The tongue is evil and can speak poisoned words per day equivalent to the users CHA. It will use this power to work elaborate harms.

33. Radiolarian Telescope. In the centre of this room, strung-up like a tortured star, is a radial-symmetrical spiked prism of living crystal. On a table to the far east, beyond the moon-bronze door, is a collapsed curling matrix of clay, impossibly complex and strange. The walls of the room are covered with careful images of strange unearthly spectra.

This is a *Radiolarian*, a simple single celled organism, survivor of several million years. The creature is quivering and close to death. It bleeds tiny drops of a clear fluid. All sixteen of its lower-hemisphere spikes have been hooked with glass tubes to catch the drops. They have been overflowing for a long time and the floor is stained like a bruise from the fallen ichor. 2d6 of the tubes still have fluid in them. The creature cannot survive or attack. If you cut it down, it will at least die in peace. In death it turns opaque.

Drinking The Stuff

Anyone drinking a vial takes d8 damage straight away as the ultra-complex memory molecules inflict temporary Parkinsons. For the next 2d6 minutes they must pass a STR or DEX test for any physical action of any kind. Also, save vs spells. If a PC passes, take the number they saved by and roll on the summoning table for monsters of that level. (If they needed to get above a 13 and rolled an 18 roll on the table for fifth level monsters.)

The PC has a dramatic living vision in which they are the Radiolarian, locked in combat with that creature. From this day on the PC saves against that creatures attacks with advantage, they also

know all its weaknesses, attacks patterns and habits. They feel a bit sad about this.

Anyone who has drunk from the vials can also tell that the clay matrix is a 3D map of the Radiolarian's journeys beneath the earth over thousands of years. Treat use of a mend spell on the matrix as achievement of every positive result on the stygiograph table below. However, the sculpture must still be transported (huge, delicate) or recorded (weeks, perhaps months of work) to be of any use.

The spectra are alien wavelengths. It was the intention of the Observers to use the Radiolarian as a demorphable multidimensional bio-lens, something that could read and focus the strangest stilbs and skots*. The spectra were recorded then as tests.

*These are measures of light.

34. Altazimoth Reflectors This room has a rack on the southern wall, full of strange parabolic devices with moth cages radially arrayed.

The Altazimoth reflector is a kind of telescopic device made to harness the power of the Azimoths.

The moths are held in a ring. The user sights through this. They are reflected by a convex mirror with a central hole. The user sees, or would see, a small area of space through the hole in the centre and nothing else but mirrored moths. Because the moths annihilate the concept of the space which they occupy, the effect is quite different than simply blocking out space to focus on one part. The view has no negative space. The part focused upon expands to fill the entire awareness of the user.

This is quite disconcerting but presents the user with the powerful impression of actually occupying the space they are looking at, as if they were walking around in it. In a sense they experience a

kind of semi-astral projection to the focused space. If PCs use the reflectors, describe the area they are looking at as if they were in it. The reflectors can be combined with microscopes, telescopes and the tektite lens. Some are designed for this use.

35. Stygiographs. This room has scroll racks on the northern wall. The scrolls have been removed and hurriedly burnt in a pile. Some un-burnt pieces stick out of the ash. On investigation, you can recover d6 stygiographs. Roll twice.

| | <i>'This Stygiograph shows'</i> | <i>'the'</i> |
|----|---------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 1 | An escape route from | death trail of the Under-Inca |
| 2 | A vertical route through | The Ziggurats of Iron |
| 3 | A safe path through | Rapids of the polyhedral sharks |
| 4 | A way around | Spire of Death (from whence he observes) |
| 5 | A trade path through | Drowned city beneath Godvomit Falls |
| 6 | Fortified points along | Caverns of the Courtesans of Fear |
| 7 | Freshwater sources in | Labyrinth Salamandrine |
| 8 | Oases of light in | Siege-pits of the Beardless King |
| 9 | A deep path up to | Counter-warrens of the Autistic God |
| 10 | A political relief map of | Isles of the bone-beach sea (of bone) |
| 11 | The tribes of | Steel veins of the Kemmel Sands |
| 12 | Secret caches in | Caves of blue-bastard clay |

36. Structures and Time. On the south wall are long shelves containing d6 Curved-Space Labyrinth Structures. This shelf also has the word for level four of the Fulgarium on a rectangle of slate. The word is insolation. (Not 'insulation'.) On the north wall is a gigantic clock that tells geological time.

The Curved-Space Labyrinth Structures are unbelievably strange abstract mathematical forms. They can be held in both hands and contemplated. They are non-magical and the 'identify' spell will not assist PCs in understanding them. Each structure is in effect a

complex problem/proof in higher dimensional mathematics. For each minute of study a user must roll a d20 and add their INT. When they reach 30 they begin to understand the thing may have some use. When they reach 80 they understand what it may do. As soon as they reach 100 they briefly comprehend the curved space and the effect kicks in. Each structure can be used only once.

The structures change your relationship to reality in one of the following ways. They do not shrink, grow, or turn you ethereal. It's more like changing the settings on a video game. The effect cannot be dispelled, it is non-magical. Each effect lasts for rounds equal to the PC's INT and can be stopped at any time.

Roll a d10.

The Effects (Each takes an action to activate or change.)

1. Apparent smallness. May 'shrink' to any size below their own.
2. Apparent hugeness. May 'grow' to any size above their own.
3. Outside time, but not consequence. Can stop, speed up or re-wind time. Cannot change past events but can view them. Can place self in future at any point and interact from that point on. Moves through space no faster than usual.
4. No-clip mode. Can move 360 degrees through floors, walls and roofs at normal speed.
5. User may select local gravity direction, for everyone in radius up to 50ft.
6. User may select own personal gravity direction.
7. Can change gravity strength. As high or low as preferred. Affects everyone in 50ft radius.
8. Can alter own inertia however they wish. (Light as a feather and fast as the flash, or heavy as a statue and slow as a slug.)
9. Waveform. Can move at light speed to any visible point.
10. Zooooom. Can zoom point of view in and out like a Carl Sagan lecture from their present point. Changes POV only, not actual physical position.

11. Particle form. May take two actions each round, see what happens then select which one they want to be real. Must select at end of each round, no stacking.

12. God Mode. May select one of each of the above each round.

Clocks for Geological Time The south wall holds a gigantic semi-metallic hemisphere showing the onion-rings of the world. It starts at the iron core, home of the serious hells, then shows the outer core where the terrestrial sub-plains of fire reside, then the mantle with the numerous lesser hells. Next is the Mohorovičić discontinuity, placed there in ages past by the Lich-Saint Hans Mohorovičić to separate the normal world from the threats below. After that, the hemisphere shows the crust with continents and subducted plates, the vast underdark and inter-penetrating dungeon zones and then a smear of blue for the oceans. The clock is moving, just incredibly slowly.

Around the upper reaches, arranged like complex gears, are the circular dials of much smaller clocks. These seem to show the movements of continents as they rise and fall. There are blue sea-clocks showing oceans slowly dying and being born, then tiny river-clocks and glacier clocks showing huge valleys being cut, then almost-invisible species clocks.

37. The Control Room Here are the controls to open the dome. A huge steel wheel with complex intermeshed gears can slowly retract the steel dome like the lip of an eye. It opens the first time with a huge 'THOOOM' that echoes through the building. A series of lesser wheels let you orient the Tektite Lens to any direction below it. 360 degrees around, 180 from side-to side. (At the DM's discretion, these may look clearly worn and break after d6 or more uses.)

38. The Tektite Lens The dome is blue-dark steel. When closed, the space is silent. The caged stairway projects down into the empty space. At the end of the stairs is a capsule of rings and a seat

with straps. Sit in the chair and be careful to test the straps and protective cage. The cage lowers over your head like a rollercoaster's bars. There are racks in the seat pod to place an altazimoth reflector.

There are two notices scribed in bronze plates in the glyphs of the dam builders. If translated they read;

*Objects are further away than they appear.
Please do not scry the Aboleth.*

Drop the central lever and the seat turns rapidly drops round. You face directly down into the dark, at the angle set by the control room above. Before you is the lens.

The tektite lens was formed from extra-solar silicates in the heart of a meteor as it fell. It turns light to dark, stone to light, and the rivers of living blackness beneath the earth into inverted firework streamers of counter-whirling shade. It lets you see through stone.

These tables describe what users of the Tektite lens perceive with each use. There are two kinds of table. The long pentameter lines, A, B and C, describe what anyone can see. If a PC uses the lens without an Altazimoth Reflector, use these tables in sequence.

If a PC makes use of a reflector to scry the lens, use tables 1 and 2 as well as tables A, B and C. Being able to 'walk' through the events described will reveal previously unseen context to the player. The DM may simply read out the lines, or, preferably, interpret them and tell the players in physical terms what they see.

Roll once for each table.

A – Who you see

1. Smiling hook-armoured whores, spot-lit by dogs
2. Fools, cackling mad and silently lead
3. Armed groups, upside down on a caverns roof
4. Captain and crew of a Centipede Ship
5. Figures of casketed matter that glow
6. Murderous surveyors, hoarded with string
7. A host with silken banners, grey and pale
8. A clade of raw diseases making plans
9. Former omnipotents, sharing a fear
10. A wave of slaves, exhumed from graves, all knaves
11. The symbionts of Fear, grown fat and lax
12. A tribe of blind avengers with one thought
13. Philosophical monsters making maps
14. Inhumanly chivalrous insect knights
15. Sorcerous corpses of forgotten spells
16. Catalysed creatures of black burning fire
17. Memory-less moth-men in prime numbered gangs
18. Invisible armies armoured in tears
19. Womens invincible ghost –guarded wards
20. Emperor accountants with steel-cocooned sons

1 – a hidden quality they have

1. who hide slow seeping wounds
2. that fear each others plans
3. in love with what they hate
4. not seeing they are watched
5. mistaken in all fact
6. on the borders of death
7. puppeted by dark gods
8. barely caring at all
9. assassinating friends
10. (at least, that's their disguise)
11. (hated by those like them)
12. out of magic and cash

B – What they are doing

1. crushing the walls, invading the halls of
2. capping a scheme they hatched in dreams, to burn
3. who are carving porphyry maps to save
4. about to steal the greatest treasure of
5. offer ransomed kings to bribe the guards of
6. complete an entertainment to astound
7. overawe, brilliantly, the people of
8. earning by murder the fearful respect (of)
9. massacred, eventually bowing to
10. driven, swearing vengeance to come upon
11. philosophising, failing to describe
12. creeping like crypt-struck adventurers through
13. building statues, singing songs, exulting
14. discovering and seeing for the first
15. driven to madness with fear and hate of
16. quietly escaping the sentinels of
17. undermining and ready to collapse
18. effecting cunning unseen entry to
19. serve the centipede god in ruins of
20. smashing gods, changing the faith by fire of

C – A place or polity

1. Geode-City, carved in a purple gem
2. pale terrorised beaches, blasted by whales
3. raft-riding phosphorescent rapid lords
4. rippling domes of the cities of slime
5. Aboleth halls, where the subject looks back
6. Time-Town, built hidden in the Crime-God's Hoard
7. crystal-zero guards of the Moon-Giants Maze
8. the bridge to Shadow Country, rarely sought
9. The City Of Expeditionary Iron (In Slow Descent)
10. The Death-Dream Fortress of the Ever-Dying King
11. The Ultra-Cambrian Gorge, lit and live
12. rust-veins of the Oxidised Autocrat
13. white isles of bone in a seething black sea

14. Beholder-towns panoptic radial lanes
15. 'Spider-Blight', city of the crystal queen
16. Archeon's steeped trans-uranic spires
17. Duergar Capital City One-A
18. "Forclose", the Knotsman's tangled capital
19. cold Magmanski, chamber of exiled fire
20. 'Parasite', Port of the Myconid Lords

2 – With this hidden result or quality

1. and it will mean their end.
2. unexpectedly fast.
3. at unexpected cost.
4. exact as they predict.
5. not once, but twice, or more!
6. ,reversing their mistake.
7. repairing their prestige
8. hammering the last nail.
9. and this is but the first.
10. For the last time, ever.
11. with strange knock-on effects.
12. disrupting dreams of kings.

An experimental use of the tables:

D20 rolls: 9, 3, 12

D12 rolls: 11, 2

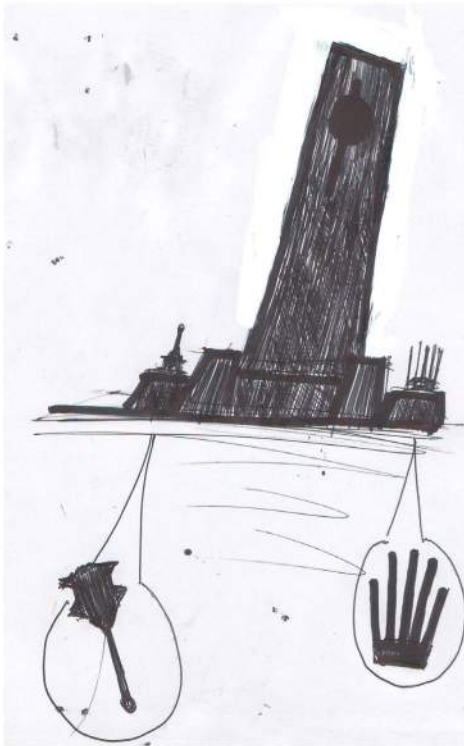
So the result would be:

*Former omnipotents, sharing a fear
(hated by those like them)
who are carving porphyry maps to save
rust-veins of the Oxidised Autocrat
unexpectedly fast.*

So this suggests a collection of exiled dictators, perhaps who have turned to good, working frantically to protect the Oxidised Autocrat (who may secretly be one of them) and doing so by carving elaborate maps of delicate stone, and doing so at enormous speed.

39. Slave Observation Room. This room was carved specifically to look down at the slaves below. Gaps in the floor give you a direct view of the Gravity Knife. There are racks for weapons to rest, tables, chairs, and some semi-expensive furniture in wood. It looks as if, at one point, it was a lounge. There is a pile of dusty broken drink bottles and glasses in one corner. There is no toilet that you can see.

There are numerous keys here. A degree of searching can find keys for all the Moon-Bronze doors, and for the Razor'd Lock.



40. Kyriarchs Throne.

This room has a curve to its northern wall. At the deepest part of the curve the room is 30 feet deep.

Against the furthest point there is a throne, arranged to watch every part of the room. On a stand just by the throne is a black crown and an ornate mace.

Throne – When any person occupies this throne, they can see clearly anyone in the room, regardless of their state of being (Invisible, intangible, deceased etc.). Every

person they see can see no-one else, except the occupant of the throne. They will simply be unaware of any other person in the room. They will not necessarily bump into them, but move around them without realising.

Crown – When worn, this crown casts Fear on everyone within 60ft, with one difference: no-one may flee from this fear. Those who would will instead fall weeping to their knees, unable to act.

Mace – This iron and silver mace gives the holder the ability to discern lies from any source. It has a +5 to hit and always swings for the skull. Anyone carrying or holding the mace must attack and kill anyone they hear speaking any kind of lie in any circumstances.

The throne, crown and mace are all addictive and require a WIS test to willingly leave, remove or put down. After each failure the difficulty of the test goes up by one.

41. Ambassadorial Suites. This room is panelled in tropical hardwood. There are low couches, tables, and ebony chairs. On the tables sit numerous strangely shaped glass jars. Inactive chemiluminescent lamps dot the walls. When shaken, they release a deep indigo light.

There are three waiting servants here. The first is a network of delicate capillaries filled with diamond dust; the second a network of arteries filled with ruby light; and the third a network of veins glowing umber. They were all taken from the same man. They will do no harm and only serve.

The art on the walls is graphite and tarnished silver that knots and crackles with intensity. Though the subjects seem, to you, natural and mundane, they were seen through stygian eyes.

Nothing in this room is worth less than 500gp if removed to a civilised area and sold. There are no more than twenty objects in the room.

42. Library It takes a turn of searching to find a book. Roll twice below.

| | <i>This book comes in the form</i> | <i>Its subject is-</i> |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | A spell upon a scroll. It can be cast but once. The spell is not the information, it delivers the information in one great burst. | <i>Those Taken From Above</i> |
| 2 | A tapestry upon a scroll of perfect silk. As you unroll the scroll you realise the words trace the embroidered form of a naked woman on the cloth. She moves. | <i>Conversations With Those Below</i> |
| 3 | A normal book, but written in luminescent radium ink. (Slightly radioactive, save vs poison after repeated exposure.) | <i>The Masonry Of Shadow: Building With Darkness and Light</i> |
| 4 | A book. The shadow cast by one page upon another holds the words. The pages themselves are blank | <i>Things That Cannot Be Found</i> |
| 5 | Scrolls of nano-thin adamantium. The scroll itself is ultra-sharp and almost untearable. Scroll 10ft long, possibly useful. | <i>The Addictions Of Gods; Narcotics and Vices of the Creators</i> |
| 6 | A chain with a row of green glass vials filled with acid. Each vial holds a huge snaggly trolltooth engraved with words. To read the words, remove them from the acid vials—but be quick, the trolls regenerate. | <i>Life Without Light: Abyssal Crops and their Management</i> |
| 7 | The Lich-Skull of a lobotomised savant. Answers any question on its subject, can do nothing else. (Counts as undead.) | <i>The Enclosing Nature Of Things</i> |
| 8 | A glass humanoid limb containing clouds of flowing black ink which resolve into words. (Limb of a history golem, potentially dangerous.) | <i>The Grain Of Time (Meaning the structure of time, not the 'grain' of time, which is clearly death.)</i> |
| 9 | Plasma contained in hand-sized lead bathyspheres. Mica portholes let you watch the flow. (Also counts as plasma grenade.) | <i>How They Will Come Against You When They Do</i> |
| 10 | Carved on fossils of impossible beings. Not clear if scribed then fossilised or fossilised then scribed. | <i>The Futility Of Any Possible Deed</i> |

43. Zeernebooch. This room is a warren of glass. Tubes, twists, valves, and knots of clear material fill the far end. The first part of the room is clear. Beyond it, you see a wall of glass with a door-sized portal in its centre.

There are four sections to the room, leading west-east from the entry. Each part has a portal in the east wall, of decreasing size.

In part two, PCs stand on glass, surrounded by it. To access part three, they must crawl into a small space on hands and knees. To enter part four they must lie flat on their bellies and scoot into a narrow cupboard of glass. This cupboard is also clearly an airlock, which can be closed.



By the door in part one is the glass statue of a man. His features gleam with calm and inner peace. The form was made with robes of glass. Within are glass hydraulics of remarkable complexity, just like the room. Above the statues head is a spigot, arranged just like a crown.

If PCs approach the statue, gurgling and clicking fills the room. They see an oddly coloured slime surge through the pipes. It oozes towards the spigot crown and begins to fill transparent engines inside the translucent man. The man awakes.

This is Zeernebooch, ambassador of slime. His real name is unpronounceable and incomprehensible to solids; this is an approximation. He is honest, diligent, helpful and utterly, utterly inhuman. He understands the concepts of time, personal identity, and death about as well as you understand string theory. His ability to communicate depends on how much of his distributed intelligence is present. As you go deeper, the slime gets thicker in the pipes; more of him is there.

From the glass man, Zeernebooch can speak only in single, direct words. No sentences, no clauses, no ideas. From the second part he speaks with the syntax of a two year old; from the third part with that of a five year old; from the fourth part like a somewhat stilted human being.

Zeernebooch has no particular resentment of the PC's. The more fully they interact with him, the hungrier he becomes. Cognition requires calories. For every complex idea communicated to him, add one to a d20 roll. On 20, he will try to consume anything in his fourth section. Otherwise, he will not leave the room of glass. If the glass is smashed, he acts as an intelligent, animate green slime with 5HD. He still has no particular resentment of the PCs.

44. The Vault. This room has twenty ebony chests. None are locked; all were sealed with the signs of strange underground thanes. Most of the money has been taken, but, at the bottom of 3d6 of them, you may find remaining treasures.

1. 10 x d10 Occultum Coins. Shadowy rimless blurs. Number changes randomly every time they are inspected. Worth 50gp per coin. Weightless. Shift up or down by rolling die most equal to days spent unobserved.

2. 10 x d20 Platinum Strips. It's just platinum, you know?

3. 100 x d4 Bank Notes. The banks notes are extra-planar.

Randomly assigned planes for each group. 20gp per bank note

4. D20 Countersigned Stoneshape Notes. Usable by any one. Good for 100gp or one square metre of stone shaped as per a scroll.

5. D100 Slave-Month Chains. Recoverable in any evil economy. A slave-month is worth 100gp.

6. D4 x d100 Credit notes from Unknown Cities. Recoverable in city of the DM's choice that the players haven't heard of yet . 50gp per note.

7. D8 Handfuls of Cloudcradle Silk. Like folded smoke, flowing wearable steam. Totally illegal for anyone except high rank Drow. 1000gp per handful. Valued and feared immensely by any Underdark race.

8. D7 Unknown Crystalline Configurations. Troubling to look upon. Tradable only to the insane. Genuinely insane people will attempt one impossible act each for a single crystal.

9. D10 Gems the Colour of Frozen Oil. Impossibly crystallised hydrocarbons glimmering exactly like an oil slick. 100gp underground, 500gp to over ground cultures as rarely seen.

10. D20 Ever-Burning Topaz Gems. Seem to glimmer and flicker in the hand, though cold. 500gp. Will start fires if broken or smashed.

11. D4 Hurricane Gems. Awkward thumb sized prisms holding storm-cells and tornadoes. 1000gp each. No magic if broken.

12. D4 Wormlight Rubies. Strange organic glows writhe within. 5000gp each. Addictive to look upon. WIS test to look away, gets harder after each fail.

13. 2d10 Butane Gleamers. Blue like the flame, steady. Edges seem to shiver in the dark. 50gp each below ground, 100gp each above.

14. D100 x d6 Arumvorax Kidneys. Extremely heavy thumb-sized kidneys in gold. 10gp each.

15. D4 Whole Opalised Brains. 500gp each. If dipped in concrete and blood, a vampire will re-grow around the brain.

16. 2d6 Pearls of the Bone-Beach Sea. Seemingly white, but glow in ultraviolet light. 400gp per pearl.

17. D6 Toxoluculent Emeralds. Acidic and slightly poisonous to the touch. Seen by the unwise as flawed contaminated emeralds. 500gp to most. 5000gp each if sold to assassins.

18. D4 Garnets of the Grotesque Hideous yet fascinating to look upon. 500gp per stone.

19. D6 Sodium-Silver Chains. Rough and uncomfortably alkali to the touch. Cause 1hp damage to bare hands. 300gp per chain. Favoured by Salt Dryads.

20. A Frozen Tear Of Time. Drinking a Tear of Time can undo one specified event in the history of the drinker. It always works. The chance of dangerous and unexpected change as a result of this is zero per cent plus, the number of syllables used to describe the event. So 'My father's death' has only a 4% chance of disaster.

7. The Giant

He does not sleep but he dreams. Motionless, for several hundred years. Caked in dust he lies, naked on the floor, his skin the temperature of stone, his nearly-sightless half-closed eyes like rocks, his great heart beating quarter-of-the hour. He does not sleep, he does not think, he waits and waking dreams the distant sounds and slow procession of scent. The taste of motionless air. Something has happened, far above, a pressure easing. Something vast has shifted in the earth. Maybe something else will happen now. Maybe soon.



His bones are cartilage, like a shark's. He could never walk. He crawls, if he has the space, on deeply calloused forearms and knees, pausing often to listen and sniff the air. If he could stand, he would be about 18 to 20 feet tall, but slender and starved. As

he crawls, his eyes will be about five feet off the ground, level with yours.

Cartilage deforms more than bone so he can, with time, work its way through spaces that in human scale would be little bigger than a letterbox mouth, about the size (relatively) of an A4 book. There is no part of the Observatory he cannot access. If he attempts to squeeze into a small passage, he fills it. The players may see, ahead of them, a pale gigantic hand reaching towards them, clutching at the rock. Behind it an arm, a shoulder and then a gawping face filling the width of the passageway, rolling opalescent eyes under half-closed lids, a mouth like the boot of an economical car, the huge teeth in it grating as the jaw deforms. His only option is to crush you against the wall with his outstretched hand, or grab you and squeeze you to death, then to slither forward and scoop you up in its mouth. He will eat you, chewing well, equipment and all, to get you out of the way.

He could come into your house though the front door. He could slowly squeeze his body up your stairs, filling the stairwell with his flesh, then send one questing hand through your bedroom door. He could squeeze his head into your room and look at you.

He is strong. His bones will not lever force, to kill he must twist off limbs and bite with his great teeth. He climbs well, oozing and creeping up the rock with every point of his flexible body in contact.

He is silent, and highly intelligent.

If you could speak to him after he ate, you might possibly be able to negotiate, though there is nothing he wants, except to eat again.

He moves as a Lvl 15 thief. He can smell everything within a cubic mile. He can hear your heartbeat in your chest in the next room.
(*Armour: as Plate, HD15, Hp250, move 60' Special Damage*)

He has three means of attack.

1. To grab with one hand and crush; an attack, grapple check, then 2d12 every round with successive checks.

2. To grab with both hands and twist your body like cheese; an attack, then 1d12 damage for every round of twisting, cumulative. So 1d12 on round one, 2d12 on round two, 3d12 on round three etc.

3. To eat; target must be caught first, then 5d6 chewing damage every round. Rolls to hit every round with advantage, on a miss, the target is swallowed whole, takes 2d6 damage every round inside his body and can try cutting their way out.

As a note to DMs: if all the potential treasure in the observatory is counted up, it nearly equals that of a minor dragon's hoard. It is virtually unguarded. The only major built-in threat is the giant.

If you cannot kill at least one player with this giant then you are probably doing something wrong. Kill them. Make them afraid. Explain nothing.

It would work well in room 39, the slave observation room. It can climb down into the hall quite easily. That being said, the exact placement is up to you.

8. In Case Of Speak With Dead

10'000 years ago. Unknown culture begins mining limestone from the valley floor.

5'000 years ago. Culture of the dam-builders re-opens mining operations.

3,000 years ago. Quarrymen break into strange calcite formation.

3'000 – 2'900 years ago. Observatory developed. Analysis of the Underdark begins.

2'500 years ago. The Tektite Lens is found and installed.

2'300 years ago. Knowledge of Underdark makes dam-builders potential hyper-power in under-realms. Wealth and influence grow.

2'100 years ago. Trade with realms makes Dam-Builders decadent, powerful, ruthless, and amoral. Slavery and abuses intensify.

1'800 years ago. Civil war breaks out and rages over much of continent for centuries. Under-forces very gradually pushed back and contained, though not beaten.

2'000 years ago. Ambatoharanana wins lengthy conflict against forces of the Kyriarchy. Summons builders and begins construction of the dam.

Memory of his acts slowly lost, or deliberately suppressed over time.

300 years ago. Carrowmore founded in minor backwater.

100 years ago. Gruta de Juxtlahuaca arrives in Pollnagollum vil-

lage. Strange, pale skinned woman with dark eyes and knots under her skin, seems terribly abused, earns sympathy of all.

70-60 Years ago. Gruta de Juxtlahuaca leaves the village on a regular basis. Where she goes, no one knows.

52 Years ago. People in Pollnagollum start to change, very slowly. No one notices. Children start to cry in the street.

50 Years ago. Village totally possessed. Children of Pollnagollum fight back against the witch, kill her multiple times, and throw her into a well. Adults all freed from possession. None remember anything. Children swear each other to secrecy.

All children in Pollnagollum believe there is a witch down the well. No adult ever does.

49 years ago. Parents of young Sorla Ghyll have trouble getting her to sleep at night due to tantrums and weeping.

Yesterday. The dam cracks, Carrowmore floods. Gruta is freed.

Day Zero. PC's arrive on the scene. The golems begin to die.

What follows is a projected series of events if the PCs do nothing.

Day 3. The Crows defeat a golem and breach the Dam.

Day 5. The Crows Reach the observatory.

Day 6. Ghar Zaghouan and Zolushika Von Der Linth are killed, Echo and Höolloch escape the Observatory with the Snakewood Staff and the book of Drow Psychology.

Day 7. After massive casualties in Carrowmore and near total societal breakdown, mercenaries take over the remains of the town.

Day 8. Expedition under Snail Shell Zathrusa gets through the dam after serious casualties.

Day 14. Zathrusa finds and fully explores the Observatory, Cave Giant is killed or driven off, Zathrusa claims observatory.

Month 3. More ships arrive in Carrowmore. Shortage of mercenaries leads to hires from Pollnagollum Village. People from this village highly all highly effective killers and enforcers. Tend to freak people out. Keep referring to 'Grandmother.' Inbreeding assumed.

Month 5. The By-Frosen siblings arrive in the nearest powerful polity and get low-level jobs in the secret police.

Month 6. Fame of 'route to the Underdark' spreads. Adventurers flock to area. Route firmly under the control of highly resourced and utterly evil mercenary group based in Pollnagollum village. Zathrusa disappears mysteriously.

Year 1. The By-Frosens are rapidly promoted to command of their area. Their immediate supervisor commits suicide. Strange new trading goods start appearing in urban centres worldwide.

Year 3. By-Frosens now run their own faction in security services. Instability in higher reaches of government. 'Carrowmore Confederacy' starts flexing its trade muscles. Assassinations and disappearances begin.

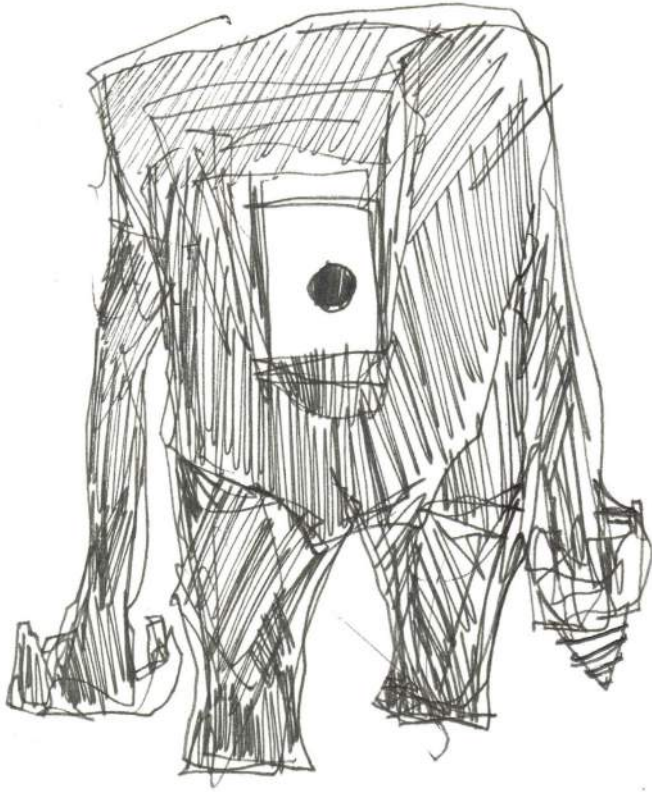
Year 5. By-Frosens now official heads of security services, have seat on executive council. Nearby realms annexed by Carrowmore Confederacy. Black-Skinned elves seen. Reports not believed.

Year 7. Large scale assassination plot by unknown enemies kills all high ranking members of polity. By-Frosen siblings emerge, assume executive control, save nation, universal acclaim. Carrow Empire invades nation on far side of globe with no apparent

means of transport to the area and no warning given.

Year 9. Rumours of tensions between By-Frosens and Carrow Empire give slight hope to fearful masses of the world.

Beyond that point you are basically fucked



DEEP CARBON OBSERVATORY