

THERE IS NO GOD BUT DISSOLUTION

AN ADVENTURE LOCATION BY EVEY 'EDWARD' LOCKHART & MICHAEL PRESCOTT

TOMBS OF THE DEAD GODS

The first god to die was She-of-Dissolution. Her followers, however, endured.

For thousands of years, The Noble Order of Non-Extance fulfilled their terrible duties, and interred each god that died, beginning with their own.

This complex is but one of many interment sites throughout the wicked world. Of course, no one knows any of this. The Noble Order kept no records and followed its god into nothingness.

All would have been happily disremembered if some wretch hadn't stumbled upon the door, deep within a lifeless crag.

Surprisingly, she was smart enough to sell its location to the first group of ne'er-do-wells she came across rather than delve herself.

And so, here we are.

A. ENTRANCE AND A PIT

An actual, factual bottomless pit consumes the middle of the room, much wider than most could jump. A subtle downward wind pulls always into the pit.

An ancient, dry-rotted bridge arches weakly across the awful gap in space and time. 1/6 chance to collapse for every crossing. It will definitely collapse should more than one person attempt to cross at once.

(The pit is the memory-corpse of She-of-Dissolution. Communication with the god is unlikely and ill-advised. However, her memory will sing you the Song of Entropy. Any who listen will learn how to cast Disintegrate... and *must* cast it, to the fullest effect, every, single day.)

The crypts are where the Order carelessly tossed their own dead. Nothing but piles of bones remains.

B. TOMB OF THE GOD OF WEeping BEAUTY

The room is a study in soft white and barest blue marble. At its center rests an exquisite canopic jar.

The jar was once broken, but is all the more beautiful because of this. Outside, it is an elegant

patchwork of gold and alabaster.

Inside it is the withered godhead's heart. (Worth an unbelievable fortune intact. If the jar is opened the god's heart destructively blooms into a fruitful cherry tree.)

An elegant porcelain mask cries always, affixed to the northerly wall. Perpetual perfect tears of pure melancholia drain into the porous floor. Contact with the clear fluid requires a save vs. profound sadness. The victim will act last in combat and find it arduous to complete even simple tasks. Consumption grants the victim NO saving throw.

Several hundred years ago, someone set up for a tea party behind a faded silk screen.

C. TOMB OF THE GOD OF DYING STRENGTH

An imposing statue depicts an archaic warrior, standing stoically despite a grievous gut wound.

2d20 skeletal gladiators will claw out from the sand whenever the statue is observed. (They will not exit the room; however, each time someone flees from them, the

gladiators gain a hit die.) Each wields a sharp, curved sword and wears a bronze skullcap filigreed in gold.

Defeating them all causes the statue to glow red. All present will thereafter be +3 to hit, +6 to damage when at 1 hp or less.

D. TOMB OF IT OF MANY COLORS

Tiles of all shapes, sizes, and colors... everywhere.

A haphazard array of dayglo polygon tiles, dedicated to a dead alien god by men who did not understand the complex ritual behind each color and placement.

Careful examination causes the observer and all touching the tiles to travel one day into the future.

suffocating hole. The mound of unidentifiable rubble and wet earth glows faintly green.

Walls tremble at the lightest touch. Physically entering the room will upset centuries of delicate magical balance, causing the room to noisily collapse in 2d20 minutes.

Within the mound, a shallow grave bears the left arm of a terrible, vegetative god.

With proper tools, the arm will take 1d20 minutes to exhume (1 minute if the precise location is divined). It will require 2d20 minutes *without* tools (3 minutes if the precise location is divined).

The glossy black arm appears to be exoskeletal, something like the limb of a man-sized mantis. The bearer of the arm always smells of mildew.

Touching the arm to a man-made structure causes the building to be subsumed and destroyed by native flora within a week.

F. TOMB OF SHE OF CALM KNOWLEDGE

A polished sphere of mirrored silver sets heavily in the room's center. Anyone looking at the sphere sees their reflection within a dark forest. (This is about half carefully painted walls, and half the memory of forgotten magic.)

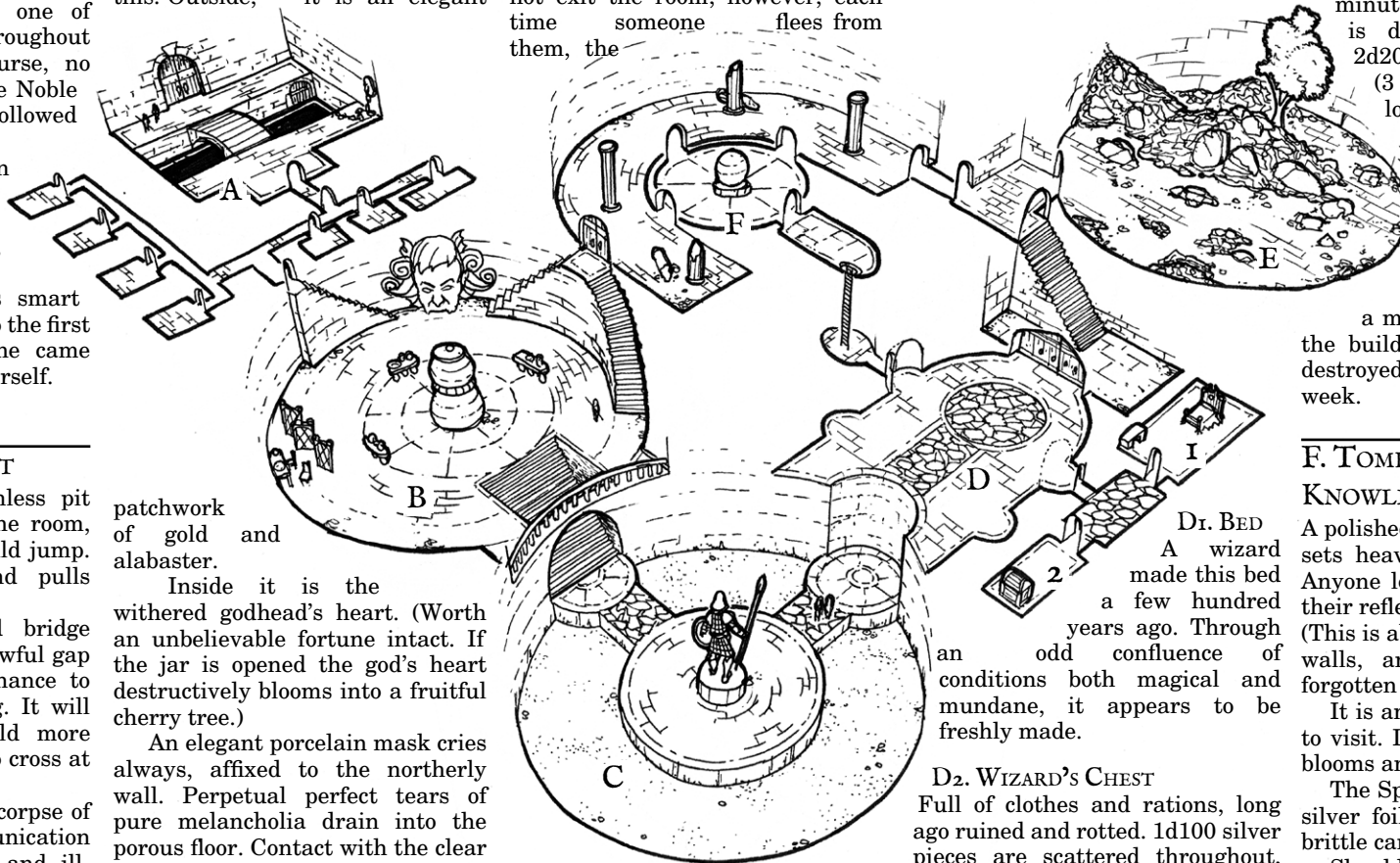
It is an incredibly soothing place to visit. It always smells of hidden blooms and trodden pine leaves.

The Sphere itself is actually thin silver foil placed upon a frame of brittle canvas and old willow limbs.

Should the Tomb for the God of Green Entropy collapse, moments later, the encircling hallway will collapse.

E. TOMB OF THE GOD OF GREEN ENTROPY

It reeks of angry leaves, mulch, and mud. A small tree flourishes without reason in this dank,



Dr. BED

A wizard made this bed a few hundred years ago. Through an odd confluence of conditions both magical and mundane, it appears to be freshly made.

D2. WIZARD'S CHEST

Full of clothes and rations, long ago ruined and rotted. 1d100 silver pieces are scattered throughout, long ago stashed in ruined pockets.

TRILEMMA ADVENTURES