

X CRAWL



EMPEROR'S CUP
4700



For Honor.

For Glory.

For Money.

For lots and lots of money...

There is only one championship in the world of Xcrawl: The Emperor's Cup. To win it is to become an instant champion and the idol of millions.

But winning isn't easy. In fact, *surviving* isn't easy. Your team has fought its way to the top of the ranks, and made a name for itself, but this is the final goal. The ultimate challenge.

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Do you have game?

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Credits

Xcrawl: Emperor's Cup 4700

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And A Very Special Thanks to Our Tournament Champions for 2003!

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The Spaminators!

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The Vermicious Knids!

Tim "Justinian" Bradrick, Jessica "Jaxina" Cramer, David Lewis, Jason "Aurum" LaDue, Dale Bailey, John "Spasticus Autisticus" McCaffery, and the double team of James "Ceylarn pt. one" Wilber and Scott "Ceylarn pt. two" Cramer

Critical Threat!

Tom "Barcode" Welliver, Steve Helt, Lee "Mavtek" Schneidwent, Allen "Mr. Handshake" Schneidwent, Patty "Rose" Craig, and Josh "Arden" Zacharko

A Bionic Frying Pan Conjoined Twin

Voulez-vous Crawlez Avec Moi C'est Soire?

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NOTICE

Xcrawl is a game. It isn't real. Real swords, real arrows, and real wounds are real dangerous. So, have fun, but DON'T keep it real; keep it fantasy.

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GAME DAY, 4700

Emperor Ronald I dreamt of invasion and love.

The dream came to him often; he is leading an army of tanks and cavalymen in bright red and brass through France. For some reason, the trees are full of blonde wigs, nestling in their crooks and branches like obscene bird's nests. He leads the assembled army wearing only laurels and a bright crimson cloak, carrying an impossibly huge broadsword, large enough to cut through three men at once. His body is young again; he is a strapping man of fifty or fifty-five, hair just beginning to silver. A scabbard hangs from his waist, despite the fact that he wears no belt.

The army marches unopposed through the picturesque French countryside. He spies a quaint cottage. White sheets and dresses flutter from a line tied between the back porch and a shimmering catalpa tree. Ronald waves his men to follow, and the entire column changes course, thousands of horses and tanks and marching men all make a gentle curve in one great game of follow the leader. The Emperor tosses the sword aside and it lands gracefully in the earth like a delicate rose. He raps on the door and a beautiful young woman in flowing gossamer answers. She favors her conqueror with a smile, closing her eyes as if dreaming. The Emperor leans to kiss her. He can smell the lavender of her cheek, and then behind her rises the dark draped figure of some infernal thing, with a cruel yellow smile, head wreathed in flaming laurels. The fiend tilts its head to take a bite from the maiden's neck, as he has done in a thousand other dreams. She opens her mouth to scream...

"Your highness?"

The Emperor opens his eyes. Several attendants surround his head, holding mugs and steaming face cloths and a copy of the *Washington Oracle*. From the frightened looks on their faces, the Emperor surmises that it must have been extremely difficult to rouse him. He sees two of his physicians, four bodyguards, and a few staffers crowded around his massive oak bed.

"What... what time is it?"

"Nearly seven, my Lord."

The Emperor shakes his head as if to clear it. He hasn't

had his spells yet, and is having a hard time focusing. "It can't be that early. Why on Earth would you wake me this early? Foster! Is Foster here? Bring him to me."

The attendant looks down, embarrassed. "Foster... my Lord? Foster is no longer in your employ."

The Emperor frowned. He remembered now—Foster had died the previous summer. "Will someone please tell me why in hell I am awakened this early?"

"You left orders, my Lord. It's Game Day. The Cup."

The emperor's eyes come alive. A touch of his old fire can be seen in them.

"Spells! Send in my templars. I will have my spells now!"

It takes nearly twenty minutes for his attendant physicians to enchant him with their daily battery of magic. It is time pleasantly spent; the Emperor reads the sports section, feeling his limbs grow stronger, his eyesight growing sharp, his mind regaining much of the cunning and control he has lost naturally over the years. He sips his steaming green tea. The attendant wizards and templars finish their arcane tasks with practiced ease, finally fitting an amulet over his head and a ring on each hand and tucking a few other magic trinkets onto his person. The Emperor rises, tall and majestic.

"When do we leave for the arena?"

"One hour, my Lord. Right after breakfast."

"We leave in fifteen minutes. Send in my dressers this instant. Wake my grandchildren and make them ready. I'll take a bacon and egg sandwich in the car. And more tea, right now."

Over the past year he spent as lead attendant, Smith has learned not to blanch at such requests. He had replaced Foster, who had grown decrepit and bent from a lifetime of such servility, and it was the old codger who had given him the most practical advice of his orientation—*just do whatever he says without thinking about it. Don't take anything personally.* He poured more tea. "Of course my lord."

Half an hour later the Emperor, in his favorite suit, makes his way up the steps to the office of DJ Herobane. He raps at



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the door, and a guard opens it. The guard's hard look becomes surprise and then submission: "Your Highness..."

The Emperor sweeps his way into the office and must choke back his distaste; Fleeman is here with three orcs. The orcs are dressed for battle, skull pouldrens and ghastly white helmets over stainless steel. They do not look overly impressed to see the Emperor of The North American Empire in the same room as themselves. One of them dares to put his hand on the pommel of his axe, in an unmistakable gesture of challenge. Herobane notices and shoves the orc to the ground, snarling something in the creatures native tongue. The orcs snarl back but are beaten, and they slink off to leave Herobane alone with the most powerful man in the world.

"Something to drink, my Lord?"

"I'm fine Fleeman. Or I suppose I should call you Herobane. It is your day, after all."

The Dungeon Judge smiles. There are dark circles under his eyes, and he has yet to shave. It is possible he has been here all night.

"It never ceases to amaze me."

Herobane makes a final mark on his map. "What does, my Lord?"

"How... how *closely* you work with these creatures. How comfortable you are with them"

The DJ shrugs, and sensing that this is not a satisfactory answer, takes a moment to consider his words. "I understand them. I understand what motivates them, although I don't share their values. They are predictable, and predictable soldiers are what I need."

"They are what you need. You need to be the general. Do they make you feel like the general?"

Herobane smiles. *Too intelligent, thinks the Emperor, Too quick. He has grown too difficult to control.*

"They are what I need to put on the best possible show."

The Emperor considers this, seems to have a thought, and then dismisses it. He walks over to the map. Arrows mark

likely enemy positions. A legend with the average area of common offensive hexes is drawn in. Snapshots of players are tucked into the map frame like a rogue's gallery.

"I like the orcs. I like to see them die. Giants too, of course; I like them very much. And attacking plants, those are very nice. But there is something special about orcs. They *hate* so much, and their hate of us is so profound... did you use a lot of them? I asked you to use a lot of orcs, I remember specifying that."

"Don't worry, my Lord. There are orcs to spare. More than ever have been assembled for a single crawl."

"Good, good. I like that much more than when you use the cadaverous toys of the Necromancers' Guild, or those boring home-made creatures."

"The magical constructs and the undead are both vital to the game. There are certain kinds of challenges we can't recreate..."

"Enough of this! I don't give a damn what teams get eaten by which creatures as long as we have a real match here this weekend. Now then—I wish to hear the plan. Every detail. Leave nothing out." The Emperor sat in Herobane's chair. "Tell me everything."

Herobane smiled, retrieved a black three ring binder from one of the guards, and opened it before the Emperor.

"My lord, its going to be a corker ..."



6 • The Emperor's Cup 4700



THE CRAWL

The Emperor's Cup is the largest and most respected Xcrawl competition in the world. Washington's Memorial Stadium is the location; DJ Herobane is the master of ceremonies. Herobane was the inspiration for the first Xtreme Dungeon Crawl event, the first Commissioner of Xcrawl, and the first DJ. This puts a great deal of pressure on the event; the fans expect no less than a sublimely lethal dungeon crawl experience, and, to date, Herobane hasn't failed. And this year, the 20th annual event, promises to be the most spectacular dungeon ever held.

The Emperor's Cup is a national event, nearly an unofficial holiday in its own right. Sports bars hold a special event each night of the competition in every city in the Empire, often hiring technomancers to conjure wide screen AVSs to better see all the action. Citizens will often try to arrange their vacation time so they have time off when their favorite teams compete. It is the culmination of the national craze, the rage for blood and death and victory that sweeps the entire nation every March.

The Emperor's Cup makes millions of gold every year. Advertisers roll out their newest television spots and promotional campaigns, taking care of the crawl's one billion viewers worldwide. Sponsors donate millions in magic items and prizes in exchange for choice suites where they can watch all the action. Add concession sales, merchandising, video reproduction rights and equipment sponsorships and you have a billion gold a year enterprise, one that has become a symbol of everything great and terrible in America.

The players are invited to participate in one of the most beloved sporting events world wide. The Emperor's Cup has a special resonance with Xcrawl fans—it is the oldest and most dangerous dungeon. Every true believer has had a favorite player die in Xcrawl. The emotional resonance is so intense for the entire nation that no one—not fan, not impartial observer or genuine Xcrawl-hater— can ignore its magnetism. America is addicted to glory and death, and the Emperor's Cup is the biggest fix of the year.

Only the best and most popular teams get invitations to the Cup. DJ Herobane carefully weeds out those teams not quite ready, or those who have peaked and

are now in decline. He wants players *worthy* of his efforts; he despises nothing more than a team which falls apart during one of the first encounters. He wants to give the Empire a real game, one they won't ever forget. Your players should all be tough and prepared for the challenges ahead.

Using This Product

Emperor's Cup XX has been designed for high level teams. Teams should have five to seven members, with total levels averaging about 94-99 total levels. Much more than that and the team may find the crawl too easy; teams with less than 94 levels may get eaten up fairly quickly. Teams should include a cleric and a rogue, and should have appropriate magical and standard equipment.

This dungeon should be difficult. If you feel that your players are having too easy a time of things, feel free to add a few monsters or increase the difficulty level of the traps. It's what Herobane would do. The DJ should react to the players and their strategy; if the players find some foolproof scheme that is making the dungeon a day at the park, allow Herobane to whip something up to counter it. Bane loves to take toys away—his key strategy is to attack his players resources and strengths early on in order to make the later encounters more challenging. If the players have a particular asset that makes the dungeon too easy, find a way to neutralize it—especially if they are relying on one factor so much that everyone stops having fun.


Fun is the bottom line here—this game was not created to kill players and puncture egos; the point is for everyone to have a good time playing a challenging scenario. It's no fun if the game is so hard that the players are dying like lemmings. Likewise, an easy dungeon is a pointless and dull waste of time. Strive for that golden balance of difficulty that forces players to be at their very best to win.

OPTIONAL RESURRECTION RULES

The Emperor's Cup is no joke, and if your players are a bit on the inexperienced or unorganized side, they could very likely not make it out of this dungeon. Xcrawl should be hard—smart team players should do well, barring a huge run of bad luck on



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the dice. But bad luck does occur, and if you feel that your team might need a little boost, you might consider giving them a special scroll of *true resurrection* early on. Herobane informs the players that they can only use the scroll on players who die honorably during the dungeon—you can't take it home to bring beloved Aunt Esther back. If the players don't use it during the dungeon, it becomes property of the crawl. You might even give the players a reward for not using it—perhaps give the players an extra **+4 omni weapon** if they can avoid using the scroll.

The Competition

K.G.M.F.R.'s, MEXICO CITY

The KGMFR crew has come together for the first time for this event. Lady Ice actually retired from the Xcrawl circuit two years ago and is making what she promises to be her last appearance in The Games.

Switch—Human Fighter

La Bete—Human Wizard

Allgood—Human Cleric

Ochento—Halfling Rogue

Lady Ice—Human Bard

Snug—Gnome Cleric

S.P.A.M.-INATORS

The S.P.A.M.-inators are a dark horse team from the Midwest. They are all-star veterans of several defunct teams. This is their second professional crawl with the same lineup.

Jolly Ollie—Halfling Fighter

Arturo The Bold—Human Fighter

The Artful Dodger—Human Rogue

Ed, The Elven Sorcerer—Elven Sorcerer

Spider—Half-Elf Rogue

Mace—Human Cleric of Mars

CRITICAL THREAT

Critical Threat is a no-nonsense team that gets right to the heart of the matter—no matter how much distraction they bring upon themselves. Even though they try to handle things in a direct manner, in reality Critical Threat always chooses an unorthodox approach to every situation.

Barcode—Dwarf Fighter

Mavtek—Human Fighter

Mr. Handshake—Halfling Rogue

Rose—Half-Elf Wizard

Arden—Dwarven Fighter

Dick "Scarface" Johnson—Human Fighter

VERMICIOUS KNIDS

The Vermicious Knids are, in just about every way, the arch rivals of Critical Threat. They feel—as does Critical Threat—that the other team has stopped them from reaching their true destiny and glory.

Justinian—Human Paladin

Jaxina—Halfling Rogue

Toxicus—Human Fighter

Aurum—Human Wizard

PaperCut—Gnome Fighter

Spasticus Autisticus—Human Cleric

substitute:

Ceylarn—Halfling Rogue

Dungeon Environment

Unless otherwise noted, the dungeon is dimly lit, and without torches or flashlights, visibility is limited to 30'. The AVS network is the only light source in the corridors. While the home viewing audience can watch the advertisements on TV, the ads are invisible to the players and can only be seen using darkvision and low-light vision. Every door is a reinforced security door, with a DC of 25 to bash down.

Whenever a trap is listed, its DC ratings are given in the following format:

(SEARCH DC/DISABLE DEVICE DC)

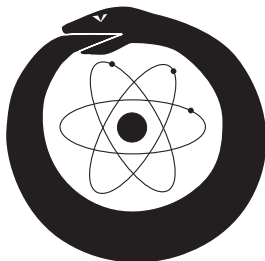
For example, a trapped chest with a (DC 34/27) rating means the trap is DC 34 to locate, and 27 to disable.

Casting *detect magic* notes dozens of magical effects in every room, including anti-scraying protections, AVS units, and NonCom badges.

All mechanical traps involving poison use Terminus Alchemy poison. Terminus Alchemy is one of the biggest equipment sponsors of Emperor's Cup XX, and have paid princely fees for enormous blocks of advertising. Anytime a player is successfully poisoned (whether or not they make their saving throw) the producers proudly display the Terminus Alchemy logo from every nearby AVS. Each variety of Terminus Alchemy poison has its own name and video clip, using time-elapsd photography to proudly show its effectiveness on some bound, helpless creature. As a special promotion, Terminus Alchemy awards 5,000 gp per death by poisoning to a random fan. Fans can enter the giveaway by mailing in a special coupon, printed in the weeks before the crawl in major newspapers across the Empire.

TERMINUS ALCHEMY (OR WHY ORGANIC POISON IS BEST)

Terminus Alchemy is a tiny cottage industry from Portland that has taken the art and science of toxic death to a whole new level. Kent and Gabby Dench are husband and wife—she handles sales, distribution, marketing and licensing, and he spends his time thinking up new ways to kill people. Kent Dench is a genius, able to mix perfect solutions by scent alone. "Before Terminus Alchemy," he is quoted as saying, "nearly all commercial poisons were variants of the same basic eleven compounds. Can you imagine? Terminus Alchemy uses nearly six hundred natural and lab-brewed ingredients to provide our customers with a best-of-breed toxic experience." While Kent is an unparalleled genius, the success of Terminus Alchemy is clearly due to the tireless efforts of Gabby Dench, who has single handedly



transformed the poison industry from a disreputable back alley trade to a rising specialty industry in a matter of years. Before Terminus Alchemy debuted in 4689 at the ChicagoCrawl (Terminus Alchemy #1—Death Valley Tongue Smack), nearly 99% of Xcrawl poison came from the Zura'ah'zura. Now, nearly every crawl uses locally brewed poisons from right here in the NAE. Truly, an Xcrawl success story.

DJ Herobane

Herobane has played the game longer than anyone—and it shows.

His dungeons win design awards every year. His monsters never rebel, and escape attempts are so rare, they are almost non-existent. Most importantly, he puts on a good show. The home audience always feels like they get their money's worth from good ol' reliable Herobane. Every year there is speculation—*will this be his last year? Will he finally retire?* Truth be told, Herobane has never grown weary of his "hobby," not since the first time he rolled the dice.

Herobane is patient. He often says to his underlings, "we have this entire dungeon to kill them." He is patient, whittling away at his players resources until, eventually, they find themselves in a predicament with no ready-made solution. This is when he is happiest, when his machinations draw big heroics out of his players. It's what he lives for.

Herobane has access to an obscene amount of resources. The Emperor donates millions to the Emperor's Cup every year, as do loyal nobles, corporations, and anyone else with money who wants a box seat near the mayhem. In return, he gives the Emperor the best show of the year, and treats his sponsors well.

Herobane knows strategy. To him, the entire game is a chess match. His goal is to put obstacles in the player's way that will force them to new heights of valor and glory. He doesn't intend to kill teams, yet he has no mercy for cowards, idiots, or poor team players.

PLAYING HEROBANE

Herobane is thoughtful, patient and relentlessly intelligent. He isn't a mass murderer—he just wants to tell a really good story. And if players die along the way, well, they





THE DJ AND HIS MONSTERS

Herobane is one of the most beloved DJ's in the game—beloved by his menagerie, that is. *Bane has the touch*: that's what the handlers say. It's true that he has fewer instances of creature insurrection, fewer dissenters and escape attempts and less instances of creature-on-creature violence than any other DJ. The popular rumor among his human staff is that the DJ hides a secret advantage he has, some artifact with the power to beguile and charm. Others claim that he is a monster himself, a dragon taken human form that rules by terror and blandishment. The rumormongers are all wrong—Herobane has a secret, but its both more obvious and subtle for any but the most acute observer to recognize.

Herobane loves monsters. Giant trolls, slimy beasts, dripping zombies, savage humanoids, biological nightmares—Herobane loves them all. He strives to create an atmosphere for each creature that will allow it to do the job he wants when the Games begin.

He pays special attention to the humanoids. All the many tribes and cliques that make up the Emperor's Cup humanoid contingent accept Herobane as their battle commander. Herobane speaks all the major humanoid languages; more than this, he is a student of their cultures. Bane is careful to confer with the chieftains on battle strategy, treating them as partners in his battle against the adventurers. He never shows respect to the players in front of the orcs or goblins, instead assuring his troops of their righteous superiority and might. After a battle, the strongest creatures are rewarded with gifts and praise, the weak are appropriately scorned and marginalized. Orcs, goblinoids, vulturemen—their regard for their DJ goes beyond a begrudging respect for power. Herobane treats them not like equals, not like men; he treats them like *monsters* and allows them to live and die as such. They all call him "Boss."

Herobane's care does not stop with the humanoids. He does his best to create a congenial environment for all the creatures in his menagerie. Some of his employees grumble that he treats his creepy-crawlies better than he does his human staff. This is true, to some degree; he knows that he can trust his staff to do their job, and so concentrates on his hardcases.

weren't smart or strong enough to play his game. He is almost fifty years old, has seen hundreds of men and thousands of monsters die, and is rarely impressed anymore.

Herobane speaks softly but forcefully—his words *sound* like law. When role-playing Herobane, consider steepeling your fingers together and touching your chin while listening to players speak. Let your eyes take a faraway look.



The Most Dangerous Game

Herobane has set many precedents, but his most controversial to date may be to include humans amongst the monsters and room defenders in his dungeon. He wanted to do it since the first Emperor's Cup—the most interesting adversary for a smart, well-trained adversary is another like himself. It took the DJ years to convince the Emperor of its importance. The Emperor balked at first—he feared that breaking the formula of humans fighting monsters might create ethical questions that could undercut their support. Herobane backed down, at first, but over the years a surprising thing happened—critics and fans began to demand human on human combat. It was the inevitable next step in the evolution of televised death sports, and Herobane finally secured permission and debuted human adversaries at Emperor's Cup X.

Humans are treated a bit differently than other Xcrawl opponents. For one thing, the refs have the ability to call a human room defender “out”—that is, if a ref sees that a human is in immediate danger of takedown or death, he can blow the whistle and declare that the human has been defeated. In this case, the human adversary must immediately cease all hostilities, including canceling magical effects that they might have conjured, including summoned monsters. In return, players are to disengage from combat at once when a ref calls a man out and should likewise cancel all adverse magical effects against that adversary. Failure to do so can mean disqualification. Human adversaries who refuse to disengage at the referee's command risk forfeiting all compensation.

The other big difference with human adversaries is salary. Intelligent monsters get paid a stipend for participating in an Xcrawl event, and are eligible for bonuses for good performance or actually taking players out. Human room defenders get paid top dollar for putting their lives on the line for The Games—and it's all tax free, just like the money players earn for playing. The possibility of lucrative compensation is what gets humans to participate in The Games.

As GM, you should play human Xcrawl adversaries to the hilt. These are professional adventurers, all of whom have extensive combat training in their backgrounds and most likely a bit of Xcrawl

experience themselves. They realize what they are up against and should pull no punches—but they should slavishly follow the orders of the referee, since their paycheck rides on their obedience.

Monster Enhancements

Many of the monsters in this adventure are enhanced with a few simple spells—*mage armor*, *bull's strength* and variations of the *magic fang* spells are quite common. Assume that the spells were cast just before the players entered the room—Herobane has a brigade of spellcasters who do nothing but tap monsters with wands. If the players ever attempt to *dispel* any of these effects, assume the spell's power level is the minimum arcane caster level for that spell.

I'M ON THE LIST!

Each Emperor's Cup participant receives two free tickets for the first level. Teams that go on to level two also get two free passes per crawler to level two, and the lucky team that gets to go on to level three gets four free passes each for family and friends. In every case, these free tickets are for single rooms—there is one room on each level that the players get free passes for. On level one, the PC team gets free tickets to the orc battle room. On level two they get tickets for the mechabungaroo room. The team that goes on to level three gets tickets to the potluck room. Guests of the Emperor's Cup will not be seated without formal attire. Outside food, drinks, and flash photography are not allowed.

Wandering Monsters

Not really. There are a few monsters Herobane keeps in reserve, only to reveal them when the time is right, but they are not random encounters. They are only used for specific purposes.

Stone Safety

If any players are ever turned to stone, Herobane sends the Mazzaruk, The Stone Safety in to finish them off. The Stone Safety is a mean stone giant who wears a slick, hunter orange super-hero outfit—tights, cape, cowl, and all. On his chest is a hammer and anvil symbol.



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Anytime anyone gets turned to stone at any point during the dungeon, a fanfare of tubas plays, and then the Stone Safety is *teleported* in. His only job is to smash petrified players—he will defend himself, but will use his reach to strike his target if at all possible. If he successfully smashes a petrified player, he is instantly teleported away and earns a 2,000 gp bonus for a job well done. Needless to say, the stone safety loves his work. Mazzaruk is a crowd favorite, and if he is killed, for that level the Crowd DC goes up by three.

Mazzaruk, the “Stone Safety”: Large Giant (Earth); HD 14d8+56 (Giant); hp 148; Fame 51; Init +2; SPD: 40'; AC 26; Atk: masterwork huge greatclub +18/+13 (2d2+12) +17 base melee; SA: Rock throwing (Ex); SQ: Rock catching (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +13, Ref +7, Will +4; STR 27, DEX 15, CON 23, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11. The Stone Safety teleports in with no rocks, only his masterwork greatclub. He is always enhanced with *mage armor* and *see invisible*. If Mazzaruk falls during the dungeon, his cousin Orf suits up and gets in the game (hp 119, no Fame rating).

Water Elementals

Whenever the players hesitate, filibuster, or waste time in the hallways (but not in the breakroom), Herobane has one of his wizards summon a huge water elemental to help them refocus. This creature will appear within 15' of the players and attack immediately. Bane will summon up to three if he is really bored.

Water Elemental: Huge Elemental; HD 16d8+80 (Elemental); hp 152; Init +4; Spd 20, Swim 90; AC 21; Atk: +17 Slam (2d10+10, Slam); SA: Water Mastery (Ex), Drench (Ex), Vortex (Su); SQ: Elemental, Immunity: Fire (Ex), Damage Reduction (Su): 10/+2; AL N; SV Fort +15, Ref +9, Will +5; STR 24, DEX 18, CON 21, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11. Feats: Power Attack.

Scoring The Crawl

Each level of the crawl is timed, but that is only used as an absolute tie-breaker. Herobane assigns specific tasks to each level, and if the teams do not complete the tasks, then they do not move on. If all the teams miss the same things—which might happen if your team misses something—then the time limit comes into play.

The Crawl Crew

Referees: Jason Deas, Phillip Neer, Darnell Lawrence, Marcel Cramdon, Ritz Mason, Lloyd Freemont, Sergio Estibanico, Joe Truss, Wayland Candensco, Rose-Marie Taylor

Paramedics: Jane Fox, Lisa Gladtree, Billy Tyner, Calvin Sembello, Thoko Mdalose, Pasquel Mertz, Ivan Bova, Katrine Taylor, Brian Taylor, Linea Alba, Amanda Castle, Brittany Humbolt, Litwik Fallowfarm

Monster Trustees: Borkawski, Orcish Chieftain; Frieng Daggad, Giant Liaison; The Shade of Otto, Undead Relations; Tank Galloway, Human Opposition Leader

Trapmasters: Otho “Door Jam” Stonehall, Jonathan “Instant Karma” Merchen, Karen “Double-Check” Glueck



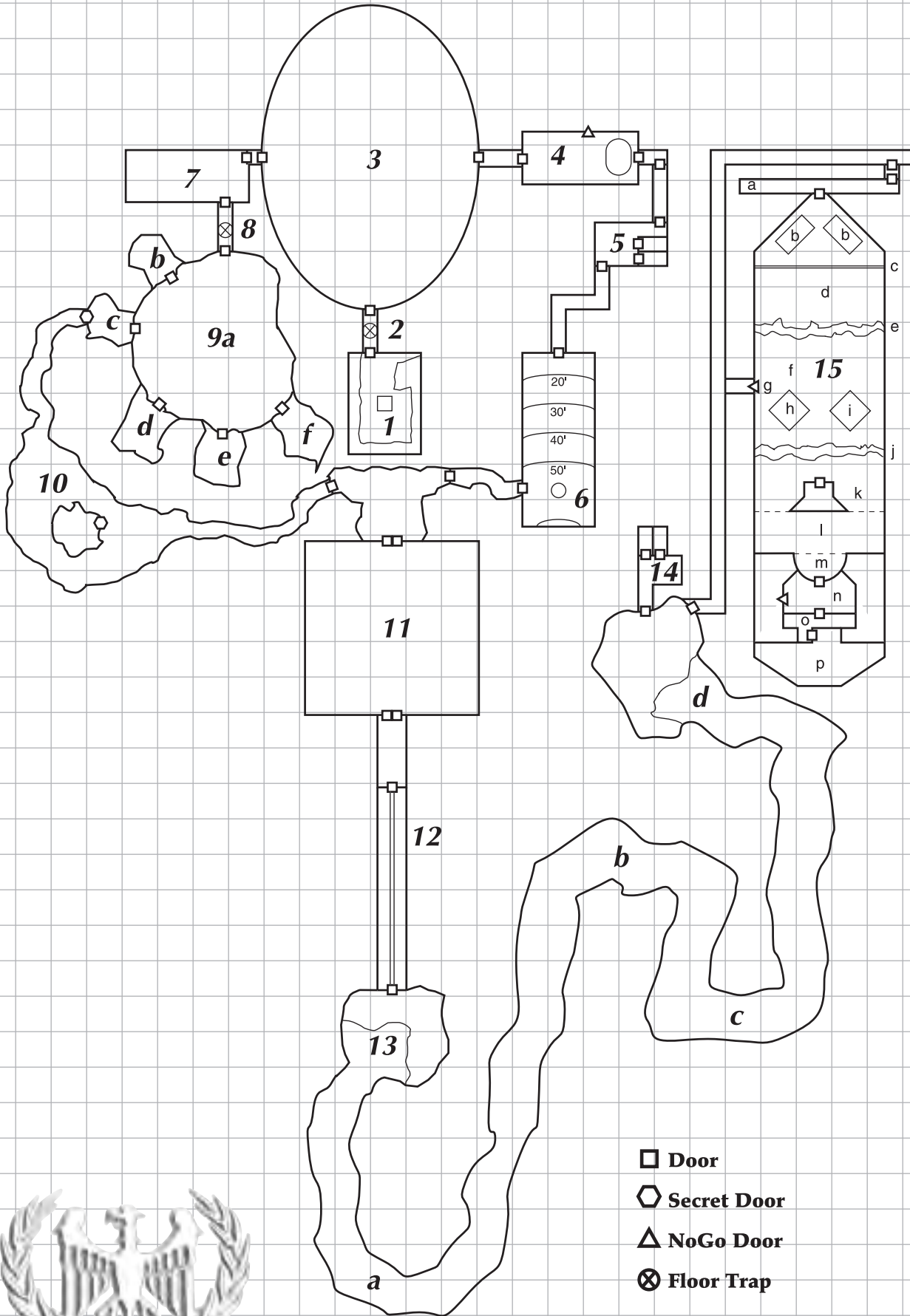
I2 • The Emperor's Cup 4700



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- Door
- ⬡ Secret Door
- △ NoGo Door
- ⊗ Floor Trap



By Official Decree of
Emperor Ronald I



LEVEL ONE

All text set in the manner is to be read aloud to the players by the GM.

The official start of game is 3:00pm, March. Players are expected to be in the green room by twelve o'clock. Once all the players are assembled in the green room, the doors are locked and the players are kept in media isolation until the start of the games. During this time, the pre-game show introduces the dungeon, the DJ, and the monsters to the home audience.

The Crawl provides limousine service for all the players from their hotel to the crawl at Memorial Stadium. The players all receive a call at 11:00 from the car service, letting them know that their drivers are waiting for them in the hotel lobby.

NOTE

This level contains a series of doors with chess symbols on them. They have no significance beyond ornamental. If your players want to find their "true meaning," let them search. There is no answer.

Green Room

The level one greenroom is a large, comfortable ready area bustling with people. There are several AVSs around the room, including a three foot by four foot main AVS that dominates the east wall. There are three referees, four live cameraman, two boom mike operators, several guards, and the show's producer, Claire Enfent. She wears a headset mic and seems to be in a constant heated discussion about camera placement, musical cues and the ordering of advertising segments.

Against the north wall is a long craft services table with a lone attendant. There is coffee, juice, bottles of water and soft drinks, bagels, sandwiches, chips and cookies. All of it looks delicious, but so far, no one is eating.

The room is ringed with benches. There is a door on the west wall leading to the locker rooms. On the south wall is a NoGo door. One of the refs stands guard there, disallowing players to get within ten feet of it.

The NoGo door is false and leads nowhere—the dungeon is entered by a section of floor which is levitated down into the dungeon.

The players have three hours to stretch, warm up, eat, make plans or whatever else they deem fit. The AVS gets tuned to a collegiate Division IV match soon after the players arrive, and many of the room's occupants simply sit and watch or discuss the game. The locker room is fairly standard and is off limits to everyone but the players and referees. There are bathroom and shower facilities, secure lockers where players can store their street clothes and personal items, and a padded massage table. There are no additional exits from the locker room.

While the players will not be aware, the pre game show begins at 12:30. Herobane begins with a formal invocation to the gods, thanking them and Emperor Ronald I for this chance to once again demonstrate the glory of the North American Empire. There is a tour of all three dungeons, plus profiles of the different teams, profiles of key monsters, handlers, wizards, trap engineers and other key personnel, and an advertising segment on Terminus Alchemy.

At 2:45, the referee assembles the players in front of the huge AVS. DJ Herobane is introduced—we see him on a carved throne of ebony, in the shape of a great coiled dragon. On either side of him is a great cat—a pure white tiger in black plate mail on his left, and a panther in spiked armor of solid ivory on his right. After taking his bow, Herobane introduces his production team to the audience, who applauds for each member of the crew.

CROWD DC

The Crowd DC for level one is 20 unless otherwise posted—the audience is excited to be here and is in very high spirits.

Herobane respectfully interviews each member of the team, asking easy questions about their mood and mindset. He dotes on known tabletop Dungeonbattle players, and expresses his wish that they all play in his home campaign at some point. He is so polite and detached that it creates an air of menace—almost as if he has no reason to make personal digs at the characters, knowing what they face.

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Once all of the players have been introduced and interviewed, Herobane goes on to describe the dungeon.

"Players, this is level one of the Twentieth Annual Emperor's Cup. You have already been briefed on the Emperor's Rules."

"Level one is fairly straightforward. The dungeon is essentially divided into two sections, separated by a red door. You will need to find the gold and silver keys to pass through this door—bash it or bypass it and you are disqualified. Once you are past the door, you must move on to the end of the dungeon, defeating traps and room guardians as appropriate. And you must find and rescue Lady Bridgette. Ladies and gentleman, may I introduce the Lady Bridgette." The screen changes to show actress Bridgette Whitwell, resplendent in a gossamer evening gown and diamond tiara. She holds a jeweled scepter, and wears a dazzling necklace that covers most of her throat and chest in strands of glittering diamonds. She gives the camera a small smile, and bows her head. In the next instant she looks off camera in horror, and is then turned into a statue, hands held frozen before her defensively as if to ward off some great evil. The camera returns to Herobane.

"Find the Lady Bridgette, restore her to her natural state, return her treasure and escape the level. This is your task. It is almost time to begin, but first I have the honor of introducing the man who breathed life into this thing of ours. He is the uniter, the bridge builder, the chosen of Apollo, hand picked by the representatives of Olympus. The greatest leader of an age." The cheering reaches a fevered pitch. "Ladies and gentlemen it is my very great honor to present to you our Emperor, Ronald the First."

The crowd goes wild. The AVS shows thousands standing and raising their arms in salute. Eventually, the camera pans to the Emperor, who sits in a private box on an extremely comfortable looking throne. He stands, gracefully for a man of his advanced age, handsome in his well tailored suit. After a moment of acknowledging the cheers of the crowds he motions for them all to sit, and they do, quickly.

"It gives me great pleasure to once again introduce the Emperor's Cup. This is my favorite day of the year, the day when I watch the young heroes of our nation demonstrate the glory and majesty of this dream we live in, this paradise on earth, this Empire America. I love Xcrawl and never miss a match—much to the displeasure of my advisors, I am sure."

The audience laughs.

"Yes, I love the Games, but the Emperor's Cup—well, I suppose it must be my favorite, if for no other reason than the fact that they named it for me."

The audience laughs again.

"The Emperor's Cup is the greatest contest in human history. One day our ancestors will look back at our world and say these were the shepherds of our new destiny. These were the midwives to courage. These, the men and women who conquered and died for our great nation."

Thunderous, respectful applause.

"It is in the spirit of this that I add my own fortunes to the rewards that shall be heaped upon the victors. To each and every player here today I bestow my blessings. But to the winner I shall give a special honor. I shall bestow upon the team that wins the contest here today their weight in gold coins from my own accounts!"

Gasps of excitement, followed by wild applause.

"I give this in the spirit of competition and dedicate this day to great Jupiter who shall rule from his mountain forever and ever. Let us delay no longer. Herobane, begin this contest! Jupiter keep you! Jupiter keep America!"

And with this he sits again. The crowd cheers wildly for a long moment.

"Thank you, my Lord—thank you especially for giving me the great honor of allowing me to create my dungeon for these worthy adventurers. So, did we hear that players? On top of the already generous rewards I have in store for you the Emperor offers the additional incentive of your team's weight in gold. That will be unequipped weight, my little rules lawyers."

“Without further ado, let us begin this contest. I pray to mighty Apollo that this day be blessed in his eyes, and that he may be pleased with the glory won in his name. Protect the faithful, oh Master of Learning, and take the cowards first. Teams, it is with the utmost respect that I place the obstacles before you. You are our heroes, embarking upon the greatest adventure of your lives. I wish all of you well, but know that as of this moment your lives are forfeit in service of the Empire. One never knows how long we have remaining on this earth—how many more bright days shall we enjoy, how many more sunsets shall we see. How many more beats of a living heart. I wish you all long life and glory, but Xcrawl is my game and if you die...”

“You die!” roars the audience. Herobane gives them a slight bow. “And now—begin!” At this point, the 20' by 20' section of floor you stand upon begins to sink into the dungeon below.

The players descend alone into the darkness of Room 1.

Room 1— Descent into Peril

You slowly float down to the level below you. As soon as your heads are clear of the greenroom floor, a sliding panel closes the hole in the ceiling, leaving you in complete darkness.

The players will float down for three rounds in darkness to the floor below. When the levitating platform lands, it recesses into the floor leaving no gap. The room is 50' high. Once the players have a light source, read them the following.

The room you float down to is sixty feet east to west and seventy feet north and south, with a single door on the north wall. There is a heavy chill in the air, and all of you can see your breath. The floors are black and white 5' squares of marbled tile. Arched columns are molded into the walls in relief. Set before the door is a chest of iron and wood. Otherwise, the room appears to be empty, yet has the earthy strange smell of an open grave.

If the players can see *invisible* objects, they see a huge 150' long black worm, coiled around the exterior of the room. This creature is a larger than average nightcrawler (nightshade), and it attacks as soon as the section of floor

the players float down on lands. A powerful necromancer backstage controls the beast. Since the players land in the center of the coiled creature, everyone in the room begins in range of the monster's *chill aura* ability. The creature fights to the best of its ability, but it has been limited so the only undead it can *summon* are 2-5 shadows.

POTION SAVING THROW REFERENCE

The item save for potions, holy water, etc carried by the players is DC 22.

1st level Potion: +2

2nd level Potion: +3

3rd level Potion: +4

Attended magic items always get saving throws.


Unattended, non-magical items never make saving throws.

Nightcrawler: Gargantuan Undead; HD 33d12; hp 349; Init +0; SPD: 30', Burrow 60; AC 32; Atk: Bite +33 (4d6+21); SA: Improved Grab (Ex), Swallow Whole (Ex), Poison (Ex), Energy Drain (Su), Chill Aura (Su), Summon Undead (Sp), Spell-like Abilities; SQ: Tremorsense (Ex), Undead, Aversion to Daylight (Ex), Immunity: Cold (Ex), Immunity: Spell (Su), Detect Magic (Su), See Invisibility (Su), Telepathy (Su), Damage Reduction (Su): 25/+3, Acid Resistance (Ex): 50, Electricity Resistance (Ex): 50, Fire Resistance (Ex): 50; AL CE; SV Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +19; STR 45, DEX 10, CON-, INT 20, WIS 20, CHA 18. The creature has been enhanced with a *mage armor*.

Treasure: The chest is trapped with a *symbol of insanity* (DC 33). Inside is a 5,000 gp note, a certificate for each player for dinner for two in Washington's prestigious Seabridge Theater, and three potions: *invisibility*, *cure serious wounds* (3d8+9) and *neutralize poison*. The chest has special protections to preserve these potions against the beast's *chill aura* ability.

Room 2— Sucks To Be You

There is a six-foot circle in the middle of the ceiling halfway down the corridor. It is concealed by a permanent *illusion*. Above is a special remote control vacuum tube. Once the last player in line walks underneath the hole, the tube is activated and will suck the players



up into the ceiling. The unfortunate victim must make a Reflex save (DC 25, 27 for small players) or be sucked up into the ceiling, effectively disappearing without a trace. Players who make the save manage to catch the rim of the hole, and are hanging on for dear life, making a Strength check (DC 20) each round to avoid being sucked up into the machinery. A Strength check of 25 means the players were able to pull themselves out of the hole entirely. The machine room above is under a *silence* effect. Players sucked up into the hole will not be heard screaming for help, although other players in line can make a Listen check (DC 25) at the time the victim is grabbed to hear him being lifted up. If players look, they will either see nothing (if the victim failed the save) or a hand jutting through the illusionary wall and holding on to the rim of the ceiling. Players can grab the hand of victims and pull them free with a combined, aided Strength check of 25.

If the victim is sucked into the machine entirely, the vacuum tube closes around him and sucks all the air out, smothering him. He can attempt to hold his breath until help arrives.

Players who climb up into the *silenced* machine room can either destroy the machine (hardness 10, 27hp), or disable it (Disable Device roll DC 30, attempts take 1d4+4 rounds) to free a comrade. The room is eight feet by eight feet and, other than the machine, is empty.

Room 3—T-Recstasy

The door to this room has a difficult Poseidon Arts lock (DC 37).

This room is a huge oval, with the same black and white tiled floors as the rest of the dungeon. The ceiling is fifty feet high, and you can see cheering fans in booths set along the top. There are two tremendous dinosaurs here, with huge jaws and tiny arms. They are nearly forty feet long from tail to snout. Each is wearing custom spiked plate armor—the one on the left is in armor of pure black, the other in shining white. They grin merrily, as if they are extremely happy to see you.

The tyrannosaurus are both being magically controlled by handlers off stage. Their armor is the result of a *weave armor* spell. They will fight strategically, attacking spellcasters whenever possible, aiding another

if they can and generally attempting to cut the party into smaller groups. They have both been protected with *spell reflection* (first 6 levels of spells). Players climbing on the dinosaurs take 1d6 points of damage per round from armor spikes.

The east door is black, the west door is white. Both are locked (DC east 28, west 32). The white door has an inlaid carving of a black chess knight; the black door has a similar carving of a white chess bishop. The fans are all protected with invisible walls.

Tyrannosaurus Rexes: Huge Animal; HD 36d8+99; hp 310, 301; Init +1; SPD 40'; AC 21 (+5 masterwork breast plate armor, +2 increased Dex); Atk: Bite +25 (5d8+18), SA: Improved Grab, Swallow Whole; SQ: Low-light Vision, Scent; SV: Fort +17, Ref+14, Will+8. STR 32, DEX 14, CON 23, INT 2, WIS 15, CHA 10. Current armor check penalty -3. Each creature has been enhanced with *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *spell reflection*, *greater magic fang* (+3), *weave armor* and *bear's endurance*.

Treasure: Once the dinosaurs are defeated, a hidden panel at the northern most point of the room opens up, revealing the following: a 5,000 gp note, 6 potions of *cure serious wounds* (3d8+7) and a certificate for an Admalda Radar Range for each player.

Room 4—Crunch Time

The roar of the crowd greets you as the door opens. You see a thirty foot wide room with a massive spiked steam roller at the far end. Before you is a squad of trolls, spread out and screaming for battle. They wear black and white team jerseys, and each one seems to have two short chains attached to his wrist. A smallish scoreboard hung in the center of the room lists your names. Its main display flashes a single word over and over: Fight! Fight! Fight!

Behind the trolls, a huge, spiked steam roller-like crushing cylinder roars to life and begins to come your way.

There are one dozen trolls total in the room, ten in front of the crusher and two behind. These creatures are a well trained disciplined clique, and they have all fought in Xcrawl matches in the past. They expect to face a *fireball* or similar spell, and will attempt to refrain from bunching up during the battle to






minimize the opportunity for spellcasters. The trolls each have two pairs of handcuffs, one attached to each wrist with the other end dangling free. The handcuffs have a hardness of 20 and 10hp. During melee, the trolls can attempt to attach themselves to an opponent by cuffing a limb, hopefully an ankle. Cuffing an opponent is a standard action that provokes an attack of opportunity, like a grapple. If a troll manages to cuff an opponent, he cries out "Got one!" to his comrades in their own language. At this signal, the troll with captive in tow will attempt to make his way to the crusher ball while the others try to block his run. The

trolls must make Strength vs. Strength checks to drag opponents who are able to fight back; if they manage to snag an ankle, they receive +2 on this roll. They can drag unconscious opponents with no trouble. Trolls will attempt to make their way to the crusher ball, where they will attempt to throw themselves underneath, effectively trapping their handcuffed opponents.

Opponents trapped underneath the ball take 6-60 points of damage the first round; the second round they die

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automatically. The ball is twenty feet high. Daring players with supernatural aid may try to jump over (Jump check to clear the roller with a running high jump is DC 82, Jump check for a standing high jump is DC 148), but will likely find more success scrambling over (Climb DC 33). A failed check means the player is prone in front of the roller and in danger of being squashed on its next action.

The crusher ball is controlled from within, and it is capable of moving ten feet per round forward or backwards, or it can hold still. There are four inch-and-a-half arrow slits running the entire length of the cylinder, horizontally. The arrow slits are set (clockwise, if you were looking at its side view) at twelve, three, six and nine. Inside the crushing cylinder are two mercenaries hired by Herobane: Tank Galloway, an evil ranger, and his partner, the wizard Edward Treacle. Galloway will fire arrows through the arrow slit, favoring spellcasters over other opponents. Treacle will cast spells through the slit at every opportunity, using his repertoire to the best of his ability. If the fight goes well he may cast random *dispel magic* spells in an attempt to cancel the PC's magic protections and enhancements. The arrow slits are spaced so that, when rolling normally forward, the slits are level with the playing field the first round (at twelve, three, six and nine—three and nine are level with the front and back of the roller, respectively), and the next they will be cattycorner to the field (slits at one-thirty, four-thirty, seven-thirty and nine-thirty—likely facing nothing unless the players are flying or climbing on the roller, or within five feet). Galloway and Treacle have to keep walking to keep pace with the roller, and can control its movement from within (changing direction or stopping is a move equivalent action that either one can make). They will not intentionally roll over their “teammates” unless they have managed to catch an opponent. If the battle is going poorly, they may simply roll the ball as far east as they can, blocking the door and creating an obstacle for the players.

When the players penetrate the roller, Galloway and Treacle will fight, but will not throw their lives away—faced with overwhelming force or massive injury, they will surrender.

The door on the south wall is a false trapped door (DC 35/30). If the door is opened before the trap is disarmed, jets blow a 20' x 20' cloud of toxic gas into the room [Terminus Alchemy #134—Dear John Letter: Fort save DC 30—initial damage 1d6 Dex and—one-half movement rate (loss of muscle control, depth perception becomes untrustworthy, high body temperature), second save five minutes later for additional 1d6 Dex and a total movement rate reduction of 2/3 (legs attempt independent movement, muscle spasms, extremely high fever, skin takes on blue cast)]. The wall beyond this door is bricked up.

The NoGo door in the north wall leads backstage. Handlers in riot gear wielding shotguns will try to prevent any trolls from leaving the playing field.

Trolls: Large Giant; HD 6d8+36; hp 120, 114, 99, 89, 74, 80, 82, 79, 90, 102, 111, 118; Init +2; SPD: 30'; AC 20; Atk: 2 Claws +15 (1d6+10), Bite +8 (1d6+7); SA: Rend (Ex); SQ: Regeneration (Ex), Scent (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +11, Ref +4, Will +5. STR 25, DEX 14, CON 27, INT 6, WIS 9, CHA 6. The trolls have been enhanced with *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *bear's endurance* and *greater magic fang* (+2).

Tank Galloway: Male Human Rgr10; HD 10d10+30; hp 81; Init +4; SPD: 30; AC 26; Atk: Bow +22/+18 or +20/+20/+16 (1d6+4, crit 19-20, x3) dagger +13/+8 (1d4+2); AL CE; SV Fort +10, Ref +15, Will +5; STR 15, DEX 26, CON 17, INT 15, WIS 14, CHA 13; Skills: Climb +11, Concentration +16, Handle Animal +3, Jump +13, Listen +15, Perform +3, Ride +7, Spot +15, Swim -2, Tumble +7, Wilderness Lore +15; Feats: Improved Critical: Shortbow, composite; Point Blank Shot; Precise Shot; Rapid Shot; Track; Weapon Focus: Shortbow, composite.

Spells Prepared (Rgr-2/2): 1st—*resist elements*, *summon nature's ally I*; 2nd—*cure light wounds*, *protection from elements*.

Equipment: dagger, masterwork; five vials alchemist's fire; 50 +2 arrows; +2 mighty composite shortbow, elven chain, masterwork buckler, masterwork dagger.

Gloves of Dexterity (+6); Ring: Protection +3.

Edward Treacle: Human Wiz 12, Male Human Wiz12; HD 12d4+36 (Wizard); hp 35; Init +7; SPD: 30'; AC 24; Atk: Dagger +11/ +6 (1d4+5); AL N; SV: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +9. STR 11, DEX 17, CON 17, INT 20, WIS 12,

CHA 16; Skills: Alchemy +9, Climb +3, Concentration +18, Jump +4, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (Boating) +13, Listen +4, Profession (Prison Guard) +2, Spellcraft +18, Spot +3, Tumble +7; Knowledge (Astronomy) +13, Spellcraft +18; Feats: Combat Casting, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus: Enchantment.

Spells Prepared (Wiz 4/5/5/5/3/3/2): 0—*prestidigitation, disrupt undead, daze* x2. 1st—*magic missile* x4, *unseen servant* 2nd—*detect thoughts, blur, invisibility, mirror image, spectral hand*; 3rd—*dispel magic* x5; 4th—*ice storm* x3; 5th—*feblemind, dominate person*.

Equipment: **+4 wounding dagger, wand of lightning bolt** (10 charges, level 6), three potions of **cure serious wounds, Bracers of Armor (+6); Ring: Protection +5.**

Treasure: Once the ref has declared this room complete, a hidden panel opens on the north wall revealing the following: a 20,000 gp note, a *Wand of Maximized Cure Light Wounds* (50 charges, heals 11 points per charge) and a certificate announcing that Herobane will be reimbursing the team for all hotel and travel expenses to and from the crawl.

Room 5— Breakroom

This is a typical breakroom, stocked with the usual Emperor's Cup amenities: a seafood and chicken buffet, rest rooms with showers and fresh towels, and a highly trained paramedic (total heal check +21, includes modern healer's kit and skill focus). The paramedic, Billy Tyner, is a huge fan and will ask all the players to sign his Xcrawl autograph book.

The south door is not locked.

Room 6— Steppes of Fire

The door to this room is locked (DC 30). The door will feel hot to the players touch, and players listening at the door will hear the roar of the crowd.

This room is more than one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide with a massively vaulted ceiling that looks more than 100' high. Stadium seating holds thousands of fans, who roar and applaud as you enter the room. Four massive iron risers, each ten feet high, give the room the appearance of an oversized throne room. On each riser stands two

heavily armored fire giants, surrounded by a pile of spiked throwing balls. They roar a challenge as you enter of the room. The steps burst into flames as you make your way in—each giant now stands wreathed in fire. At the very top of the stairs is a pyrotechnic device, shaped like an enchanted well. A steady stream of hot smoke and electric blue sparks erupt from within.

The bulk of the giants will stay on their steps and hurl their spiked throwing weapons. The two leaders (see below) will charge into the fray. The metal steps are ten feet high each. Players not protected from fire will take 2d4 flame damage each round they spend on the steps.

Herobane gave these giants a very specific objective—to destroy the players weapons. There are two leaders within the group—the two largest giants have had their swords magicked with *greater magic weapon*. The leaders wait on the lowest riser. They will call out the fighters and attempt to engage them in hand-to-hand combat. Once the players close with them, the giants attempt to sunder their weapons. If they are successful, they will switch targets and try to destroy other party members main hand-to-hand weapons before switching to standard combat. Once the giants are defeated, Herobane puts the flames out by remote control and **Cauldron's Heart, a +3 flaming scimitar** rises forth from the pyrotechnic well and floats down within the players reach. The rest of the treasure appears in a panel by the west door.

8 Fire Giants: Large Giant (Fire); HD 15d8+105; hp 244, 239 (the leaders), 210, 218, 198, 241, 177; Init-1; SPD: 40'; AC 25; Atk: Greatsword +20/+15/+10 (3d6+15), Leader's Greatsword +24/+19/+14 (3d6+19), Spiked Throwing Balls +12 (2d10+15); SA: Rock throwing (Ex); SQ: Rock catching (Ex), Fire subtype (Ex); AL LE; SV: Fort +16, Ref +4, Will +9; STR 31, DEX 9, CON 23, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11; Feats: Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Power Attack. The giants have all been enhanced with *bear's endurance*.

Treasure: Cauldron's Heart: +3 flaming scimitar, a 10,000 gp note, six potions of cure serious wounds (3d8+8), and a certificate for one Morson's Motorcycles Classic 9000 motorcycle per player.

Room 7— Better Than One

The door leading to this room from the east is trapped (DC 38/35). If the door is opened before it is disarmed, the door explodes into a ball of flame. Everyone within 20' of the door take 6d6 flame damage (Ref save for half damage).

A roar—no, eleven roars—greet you as you enter this room. A nightmare creature, like an eleven-headed dragon, ambles up to greet you, Six of its heads are scaly blue—the other five tinged a deep red. The creature wears heavy spiked custom plate armor. Fifteen cheerleaders in red and blue uniforms dance around edge of the room—their red and blue outfits matching the monster. There are extra large AVS units on each wall, and they show a loop of hardened trappers capturing the beast and bringing it across the sea to America. There are two doors on the south wall, one marked with a black rook, the other marked with a white bishop.

This hydra is extremely rare—it is a crossbred pyro/cryo hydra, the only such creature ever discovered. Herobane is extremely proud of this beast, and has made special arrangements for its survival. Should it reach twenty-five or lower hit points, a special *contingency* spell transports it back to its holding pen. If a death effect or massive damage destroys the beast, Herobane stops the clock and asks for a moment of silence from the audience and players alike.

The creature will attempt to keep its distance from the players, relying on its many breath weapons to defend itself. The cheerleaders are illusionary, and will keep dancing even if they are burnt, frozen, or trampled.

If the creature is destroyed or teleported away, a hidden panel opens on the east wall, displaying the treasure.

The door marked with the black rook is a false, trapped door (DC 38/33). Opening it or bashing it down before it opens causes a shrill siren to sound—this is the signal for the “concrete wall” behind it to animate and become a stone golem. The creature attacks relentlessly, focusing on whomever set off the alarm.

Rare Breed Pyro-Cryo Hydra: Huge Magical Beast; HD 11d10+55; hp 165; Init +1; SPD: 20'; AC 28; Atk: 11 bites +19 (1d10+9); SA: Breath weapon (Su); SQ: Scent (Ex), Cold Subtype (Ex): Fire Subtype (Ex): Fast Healing (21 points); SV: Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +3; STR 23, DEX 12, CON 20, INT 3, WIS 10, CHA 9; Skills: Listen +2, Spot +2. Six of the creatures heads breathe a jet of cold (3d6, Reflex save DC 20 for half), and the other five heads breathe fire (3d6, Reflex save DC 20 for half). It takes no additional damage from fire or cold based attacks. The creature has been enhanced with *greater magic fang* +3 and *mage armor*.

Stone Golem: Large Construct; HD 14d10+30; hp 164; Init -1; SPD: 20'; AC 26; Atk: 2 Slams +18 (2d10+9); SA: Slow (Su); SQ: Immunity: Magic (Ex); Damage Reduction (Su): 30/+2; SV: Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +4; STR 29, DEX 9, CON-, INT-, WIS 11, CHA 1.

Treasure: 5000 gp note, a scroll of *cure blindness*, *cure disease*, *remove paralyzation* and *neutralize poison*.

Room 8— Herobane's Alley

This entire hallway is an elaborate trap (DC 20/21 special). The entire floor is made up of 2" x 2" pressure plates—literally thousands of them. There is no way to walk across the floor here without setting them off. Each triggering fires one, two, or three poisoned barbed darts into the room. The plates are simple to disarm (DC 21) but there are so many that disarming them all is impractical. Each pressure plate can only be triggered once, requiring a minimum of 25 pounds of pressure. If a player just walks into the hallway, he will be struck by 11-20 of them, and will take 11-20 more for each five feet he travels into the room. Players will likely find a way to circumnavigate the floor, rather than disarm all the pressure plates. If the players choose to run, they will be struck by 5-15 darts per five feet travelled.

Poisoned, Barbed Darts +15, 1d2+1 each, Terminus Alchemy #47 Poison (Bahamian Frog Infarction)—Fort DC 28—initial damage 1d8 temporary Dex (tunnel vision, searing abdominal pains, skin takes on greenish cast), secondary damage 1d4 temporary Wis (massive headache, joint pain, hot flashes, skin turns extremely green).

Room 9— Beat The Clock Senseless

As you enter this faux cavernous room, you hear the Herobane's booming voice: "You have fifteen seconds to defeat each opponent before the next door opens and a new opponent appears. Be swift."

You have just a moment to register the dimensions of the room—roughly sixty feet by fifty feet, with a high arched ceiling. Five corrugated steel doors ring the room—it looks like they will recess into the ceiling rather than swing open normally. There is also one NoGo door on the east wall. A moment later, an earsplitting klaxon erupts and two horrible creature materialize before you—giant skeletal figures, like black corpses with protuberant rib cages.

A—The creatures that materialize are two devourers. Once the devourers appear and the buzzer sounds, a new door will open every third round, sequentially. Roll separate initiative for each creature, adding them in to the initiative structure one at a time.

B—Rupture and Digs, a hobgoblin sorcerer and his orcish bodyguard. Digs will stay in front of Rupture and allow him to concentrate on bedeviling the team's cleric.

C—A hill giant in full plate armor. He has enough magical enhancement to make him a threat if there are still other creatures present in the room.

D—A tremendous cloud of standard bats. They will not attack unless provoked, but there are so many of them that the swarm acts as a distraction to spellcasters (Concentration check DC 28 once they enter the battle). If the door leading to the poisoned dart corridor AND the door to the hydra room are both still open when the fire elemental appears three rounds later, the bats scatter out each door.

E—A huge fire elemental. It attempts to corner the spellcaster and burn him and his equipment.

F—A colossal skeletonizing slime is kept back behind this door. Any players standing within ten feet of the door must make a Reflex save (DC 23) or be struck by it. The next round it is a thirty by thirty pool, and the round after that it takes up the entire floor. Players

who do not exit the area are immediately struck by it as it expands.

Herobane fully believes that the players will have no problems polishing off all the creatures before door F opens; he expects them to assemble outside the door waiting on the last creature, and thus being subject to the slime attack.

Devourers: Large Undead; HD 12d12; hp 143, 96; Init +4; SPD: 30'; AC 24; Atk: 2 claws +15 (1d6+9); SA: Spell-like abilities, Energy drain (Su), Trap essence (Su); SQ: Spell deflection (Su), Undead, Spell Resistance (Ex): 21; Feats Combat casting, Blind-fight, Expertise, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (claw); AL NE; SV: Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +11; STR 21, DEX 10, CON-, INT 16, WIS 16, CHA 17.

Rupture: Hobgoblin Sorcerer 11th; HD 11d4+22; hp 60; Init +7; SPD 30'; AC 24; Atk: Crossbow +14 (1d8); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL LE; SV: Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +9; STR 8, DEX 16, CON 15, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 17; Skills: Concentration +16, Move Silently +7, Spellcraft +14; Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Spell Focus (Evocation).

Spells Known (Sor 6/7/7/7/6/4): 0—*arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, disrupt undead, light, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*; 1st—*burning hands, enlarge, magic missile, ray of enfeeblement, reduce*; 2nd—*cat's grace, flaming sphere, invisibility, web, mirror image*; 3rd—*fireball, fly, haste, sleet storm*; 4th—*confusion x2, ice storm*; 5th—*shadow evocation, summon monster V*.

Equipment: masterwork shortspear; masterwork light crossbow, masterwork dagger, 24 masterwork crossbow bolts in a ZeroGee® quiver, **Ring of Protection +5**; **Wondrous: Bracers of Armor (+5)**; **Wondrous: Cloak of Resistance (+3)**; **Wondrous: Amulet of Natural Armor (+3)**; **Potion: Cure Moderate Wounds**.

Diggs: Orc Athlete 1st/Barbarian 4th/Fighter 6th; HD 7d10+4d12+20 (Barbarian); hp 122; Init +6; SPD 30'; AC 26; Atk Greataxe +22/+17/+12 (1d12+7, x3); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); RF: Orc Blood; AL: NE; SV: Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +4; STR 18, DEX 16, CON 14, INT 8, WIS 12, CHA 6. Constant Training: +2 dex Skills: Climb +16, Jump +14, Listen +14, Wilderness Lore +14. Feats: Blind-Fight, Cleave Dodge, Improved Initiative, Power Attack,

Weapon Focus: Greataxe, Run. Equipment: **+3 Greataxe** (*greater magic weapon*), 5 vials alchemist's fire, two **Potions of Cure Serious**, **+2 Half Plate**.

Hill Giant: Large Giant; HD 12d8+48; hp 102; Init -1; SPD 30'; AC 24; Atk Greatclub +16/+11 (2d8+10); SA: Rock throwing (Ex); SQ: Rock catching (Ex); SV Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +4; STR 25, DEX 8, CON 19, INT 6, WIS 10, CHA 16; Feats: Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, Improved Sunder, Weapon Focus (greatclub); AL CE; .

Huge Fire Elemental: Huge Elemental; HD 16d8+64; hp 136; Init +3; SPD: 50; AC 19; Atk 2 slams +19 (2d8+6, Slam); SA: Burn (Ex); SQ: Elemental, Fire subtype (Ex), Damage Reduction (Su): 10/+2; AL N; SV: Fort +9, Ref +17, Will +5; STR 18, DEX 25, CON 18, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11. Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse: Slam.

Skeletonizing Slime: Large Ooze; HD 12d10+60; hp 144; Init -5; SPD: 10', climb 10'; AC 3; Atk (dam); SA: Acid; SQ: Ooze traits, Blindsight (60'); , AL N; SV: Fort +12, Ref -2, Will -2; STR 20, DEX 1, CON 24, INT-, WIS-, CHA 1; Feats: Improved Grapple.

Treasure: Once the players have fled the room, they will find a locked (DC 33) chest waiting that wasn't there before. It has no trap, and contains a 10,000 gp note and a passes for two for each player to the Washington Imperial Ballet Company's 4700-01 season.

The secret door leading out of the hill giant room is trapped (DC 35/35). If it is touched, opened, or bashed down before the trap is disarmed, the entire hallway and the hill giants room is flooded with poison gas. The gas dissipates in 13 rounds.

Poison Gas Terminus Alchemy Poison #109 (Dread Mustard Whimsy)—Fort DC 24—initial damage 1d3 CON (uncontrollable trembling, stabbing abdominal cramps, bleeding from mouth) secondary damage five minutes later 1d6 CHA (loss of self-control, inability to regulate voice, unpleasant sensation of uncontrolled intoxication).

Room 10— Stump The Stars

This great cavern holds what appears to be an enormous tree stump that has been somehow molded to resemble a small tower. At its base stand six vaguely humanoid figures, with the appearance of animated plants. They begin to amble towards your group. On top of the huge stump stands two figures, one shouting menacingly and waving his arms. They are shrouded in dark cloaks. Thirty feet above the castle hangs an electronic scoreboard with fake wood paneling, giving it the appearance of a huge antique television set.

The two figures on the tower are Myrassa, an evil druid, and his bodyguard Jafo, a seasoned orc veteran. The pair have been given a mission—to destroy as much of the players' equipment and magical protections as they can. As the players approach the tower, Myrassa will make his first priority using *warp wood* on the most likely weapon the players possess, magic bows having priority over all else. Jafo will stay close to Myrassa to defend his charge from hand-to-hand attacks.

The tower itself is a 30' tall stump. There is a secret door hidden in its base (DC 19)—inside, the stump is hollow except for a stairway leading to the top. The creatures at its base are shambling mounds, and they attempt to grapple and suffocate any players who dare approach the tower. If the players all fly or otherwise bypass the shamblers and make their way to the top of the stump, the door will be opened by remote control and the shamblers will climb the stairs and join the fray.

Once this room is complete, a secret panel concealing the treasure opens on the south wall behind the tower.

Myrassa: Male Human Drd15; HD 15d8+15; hp 147; Init +2; SPD 30'; AC 27, Atk: Scimitar +14/+9 (1d6+3, 18-20/x2); sling +11 (1d4); AL NE; SV: Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +16; STR 10, DEX 14, CON 13, INT 12, WIS 22, CHA 8. Skills: Animal Empathy +18, Appraise +2, Concentration +20, Drive +4, Heal +7, Knowledge (nature) +20, Listen +7, Perform +9, Scry +2, Search +2, Sense Motive +7, Spellcraft +20, Spot +7, Use Rope +3, Wilderness Lore +25. Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Scribe Scroll , Improved Initiative, Still Spell, Track.



Spells Prepared (Drd 6/7/7/6/5/5/4/2/1): 0—*create water, detect poison, guidance, know direction, light, purify food and drink*; 1st—*calm animals, entangle, faerie fire, invisibility to animals, magic fang, obscuring mist, summon nature's ally I*; 2nd—*charm person or animal, chill metal, lesser restoration, speak with animals, summon swarm, tree shape, warp wood*; 3rd—*call lightning, meld into stone, plant growth, remove disease, snare, water breathing*; 4th—*control plants, freedom of movement, giant vermin, rusting grasp, spike stones*; 5th—*commune with nature,*

control minds, insect plague, transmute rock to mud, tree stride; 6th—*fire seeds, greater dispelling, liveoak, transport via plants*; 7th—*fire storm, sunbeam*; 8th—*whirlwind*.

Equipment: **+5 Hide Armor**, **+3 Scimitar** (*greater magic weapon*), **+1 Large Wooden Shield**. Myrassa begins the match with a *stoneskin* spell in place (100/10).

Jafo: Male Orc Ftr10; HD 10d10+20; hp 97; Init +5; SPD: 20'; AC 24; Atk: Bastard Sword +19/+14 (1D10+8, 18-20, x2) Composite long bow +14/+9 or +12/+12/+7 (1d8+4, x3) SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV: Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +4; STR 21, DEX 13, CON 14, INT 8, WIS 10, CHA 6; Skills: Climb +12, Jump +12. Feats: Cleave, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Bastard Sword, Great Cleave, Improved Critical: Sword, bastard, Rapid Shot, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Sword, bastard, Weapon Specialization: Bastard Sword.

Equipment: **+3 Bastard Sword** (*greater magic weapon*), **+2 mighty composite longbow**, 24 masterwork arrows in a ZeroGee® quiver, **+2 Full Plate**.

Shambling Mounds: Large Plant; HD 8d8+24; hp 86, 80, 73, 73, 66, 61; Init +0; SPD: 20; AC 24; Atk 2 slams +14/+14 (2d6+8); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex); SQ: Plant, Immunity: Electricity (Ex), Fire Resistance (Ex): 30; AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +2, Will +2; STR 21, DEX 10, CON 17, INT 7, WIS 10, CHA 9. Skills: Listen +4, Move Silently +4. The shambling mounds have been enhanced with *greater magic fang* (+3) and *mage armor*.

Treasure: 20,000 gp note, **Staff of Healing** (20 charges) and the Silver Key.

Room II— The Face of War

It takes the Silver and the Gold Key to open the great double door that leads to the warhead room. If the players try to circumnavigate this (bashing the door down, picking the lock, etc.), the referees will warn them that they have to find both keys first. If they ignore the ref, they will be disqualified.

This room is enormous. The walls rise nearly two hundred and fifty feet, and as you enter, a breathless crowd leaps to its feet and cheers. The crowd is protected with invisible walls. There is an enormous floating construct here, nearly perfectly round and painted bright yellow. A huge grin spreads across its cartoonish face. "Have a nice day," it seems to say. Suspended from the ceiling is a reinforced electronic scoreboard. Alongside your names you see a slot reading "FLYING FORTRESS" and another reading "CREW."

The flying fortress is a larger version of the popular Xcrawl construct, the Warhead. It was created exclusively for Emperor's Cup XX. It flies down to attack the players, capturing them in its underbelly coffin containers whenever possible. It will fire flaming ballista bolts from its external turret, targeting spellcasters whenever possible. While the creature is extremely formidable from the outside, it has a weak point: if the players get inside using the external hatch (see Flying Fortress Map) and bypass the creature's interior defenders, the crew will surrender without putting up a fight. The creature has several interior chambers, detailed as follows (see Flying Fortress Map).

A—The first chamber beneath the hatchway has a ladder leading down to the floor. The interior of the warhead has the dark, claustrophobic feel of a submarine. At the base of the ladder are two orc guards with broadswords. They will attempt to prevent players from getting inside if possible. The passageway is quite short (seven-and-a-half feet clearance at the center, where it is tallest), enabling the orcs to reach the hatchway and attack without climbing the ladder. There is a hatch in the floor leading down.

B—A full-grown and half-mad owlbear resides in this chamber. It has been magically enhanced and will attack as soon as players are in reach. It is not tall enough to reach the hatchway from the floor, but if

the flying fortress tilts during the battle, it may be able to clamber to the top chamber if its hatchway is opened. It will not differentiate between the orc guards and the players. There is one door leading to the interior of the flying fortress.

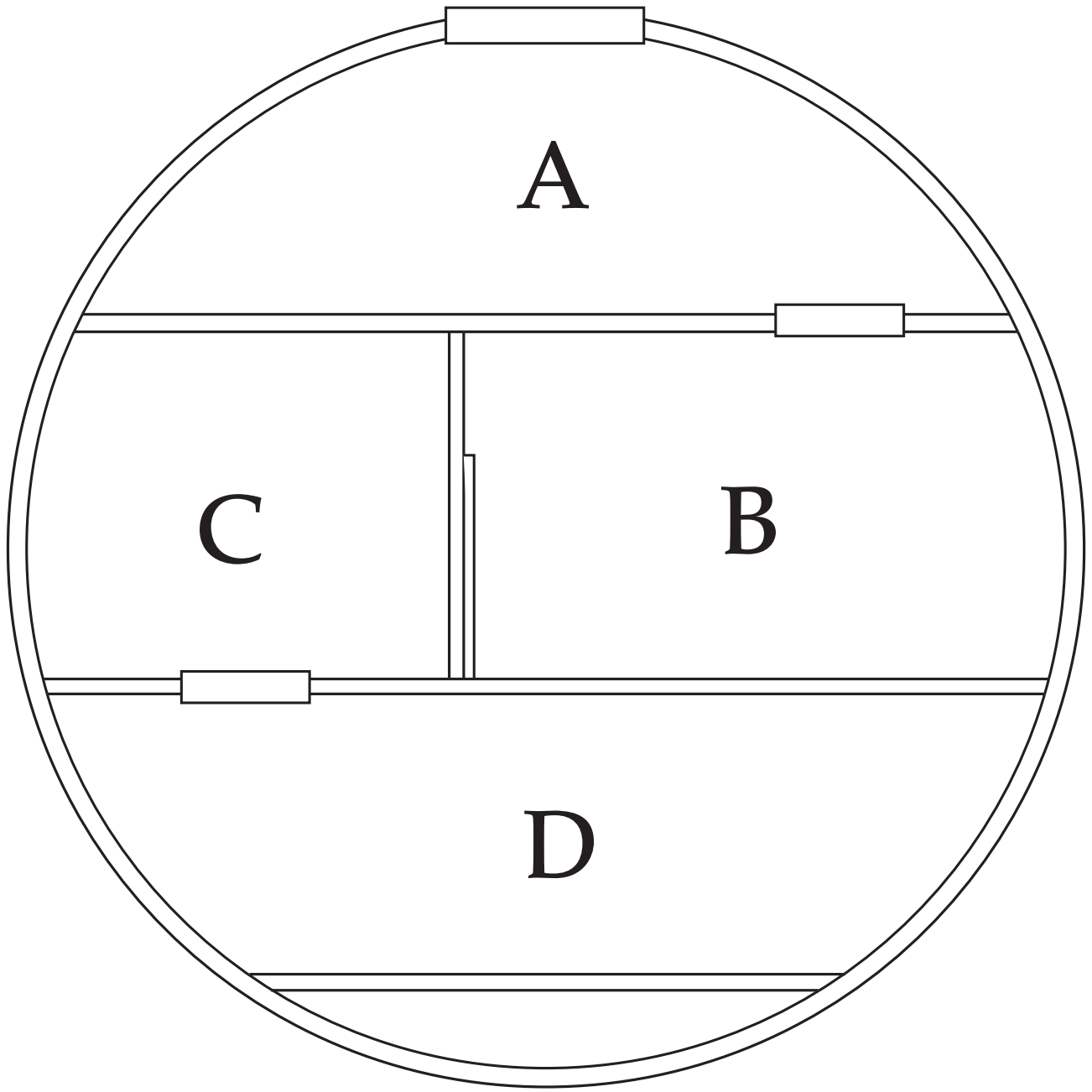
C—This is a trapped false control room. There is a large bank of important looking machinery here, which includes several small seats and a reinforced eyepiece which allows those inside to watch what goes on outside. The entire control panel is trapped (DC 25/35). If the controls are touched, bashed, or blasted before the trap is disarmed, the entire flying fortress will be flooded with colorless, odorless poison gas. The orcs, the owlbear, the halfling monk, and the flight crew were injected with the antidote prior to the fight, and are fully immune to the gas' effect.

Hiding behind a false panel in the trapped operating bank is Zink, a halfling monk with a paper talisman that will grant him *improved invisibility* for eight rounds once he tears it in two. Once he hears noise from the chamber (he takes a 10 on listening checks from his vantage place), he will tear the talisman, quietly move the panel aside, and attack.

Poison Gas: Terminus Alchemy #7 (Glass-Face Heart Attack); Fort save DC 25, initial damage 1d8 Con +1-3 rounds nausea (intense burning in the lungs, stinging eyes, uncontrollable gag reaction). Players must save every round until they are out of the gas' area of effect (in this case, out of the flying fortress altogether).

D—The real control room. There are eight goblins running the flying fortress from this chamber. As soon as hostiles open the door, they surrender, land the flying fortress, and release any players held in the belly. If they are attacked, any of them can hit the dead man's switch, which gives control of the construct over to itself. Uncontrolled, the construct will attack all players until destroyed.

Flying Fortress: Colossal Construct; HD 47d10+80; hp 525; Init +1; SPD: Fly 30' (poor); AC 33; Atk: Slam +28/+23/+18 (4d6+17) ballista +31/+31 (3d6+5+2d6 fire damage); SA: Bug Zapper, Drop Doors; SQ: Construct, Semi-Autonomous Weapons Systems; AL N; SV: Fort +30, Ref +12, Will +14; STR 46, DEX 4, CON 30, INT 8, WIS 8, CHA 6; Skills: Listen +24, Spot +24; Feats: Hover, Improved Bull's Rush, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack, Rapid Shot.



Cross-Section
of
Flying Fortress

Orc Guards: Male Orc Ftr5; HD 5d10; hp 32; Init +0; SPD: 20; AC 16 (Flatfooted: 16 Touch: 10); Atk: Battleaxe +9 (1d8+2); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV: Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 15, DEX 10, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 8, CHA 8; Feats: Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus: Battleaxe; Equipment: masterwork battleaxe, masterwork buckler, masterwork breastplate.

Owlbear: Large Magical Beast; HD 5d10+25, hp 78, Init +1, SPD 30', AC 15, Atk: Two claws +13 (1d6+19), bite +8 (1d8+6); SA: Improved Grab; SQ: Scent; AL N; SV: Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +2; STR 23, DEX 12, CON 23, INT 2, WIS 12, CHA 10; Skills: Listen +8, Spot +8; Feats: Alertness, Track. The owlbear is enhanced with *bull's strength*, *endurance* and *greater magic fang* (+3).

Zink: Halfling Mnk9; HD 9d8+9; hp 58; Init +3; SPD: 40'; AC 25; Atk: open hand +11/+11/+6 (1d8+8); SQ: Halfling traits (Ex); RF: +2 Bonus on Saves vs. Fear, +1 attack bonus with thrown weapons; AL LN; SV: Fort +9, Ref +11, Will +11; STR 14, DEX 16, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 16, CHA 8. Skills: Balance +17, Climb +3, Hide +19, Jump +17, Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Tumble +15; Feats: Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Improved Trip, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus: Open Hand.

Equipment: masterwork sling, 50 masterwork sling bullets, **Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds** (3), **Bracers of Armor (+1)**; **Ring of Protection +4**; **Wondrous Amulet of Natural Armor (+4)**. Zink has been enhanced with *mage armor*, *greater magic fang*(+3) and *bull's strength*.

Room I2- Confounded Bridge

This long narrow passageway drops off ten feet to what appears to be normal, still water. A narrow plank and wire bridge spans the entire length of the room, and at the farthest end you think you may spy a door. The room itself is enchanted to have the appearance of being outdoors on a beautiful starry night. There is even a slight breeze here, scented with wildflowers and the unmistakable tang of wilderness air. There are no advertisements here, nor a scoreboard. Along the west wall is a row of AVS monitors, currently all showing blue screen.

The night sky effect is an illusion to hide the guardian of the bridge, the Voignight. The Voignight is a maliciously playful sky-dwelling creature, surviving in dark clouds and spying on the earth. The beast appears to be a black horse with a pattern of stars on his hide and eyes that glow like moonlight. The creature is playful and immortal, and has volunteered for the event—it considers the challenge to be fun. If destroyed, he reforms again in nine days, so he fights to the death, taunting the players the entire time.

During combat, the Voignight will buffet the players with destructive weather, and attempt to force them off the bridge. He will use his flight to his best advantage, keeping as much distance from himself and the party as possible.

The water is 12' deep. At the bottom of the water is a closed chest. The chest is trapped with a variant symbol spell, *symbol of petrification* (DC 31/31). If the chest is opened without first disarming the trap, everyone within 60' of the chest must make a Fort save (DC 21) or be turned to stone.

Voignight: Large Magical Beast; HD 20d10+180; hp 323; Init +4; SPD: Fly 90'; AC 33; Atk: hoof +26/+21/+16/+11 (Dam 2d8+8); SA: Control weather, wind blast, summon tornado; SQ: Immunities, SR: 30, Damage Resistance 30/+2; AL CN; SV: Fort +21, Ref +11, Will +12; STR 26, DEX 8, CON 28, INT 20, WIS 18, CHA 19; Skills: Concentration +31, Diplomacy +29, Knowledge: Anthropology, Human Culture, Human Psychology, World Geography—all +29, Listen +27, Perform +28, Search +29, Sense Motive +28, Speak Language (any 8), Spellcraft +28, Swim +29; Feats: Hover, Iron Will, Flyby Attack, Lightning Reflexes, Alertness, Weapon Focus: Hoof.

Bridge: Hardness 10, hp 150 to destroy.

Treasure: In a waterproof container within the sunken chest is a 10,000 gp note, a certificate for each player for a 5,000 gp solid gold coffee and tea service, and a **Robe of Useful Items** with the following items: a masterwork multipurpose knife, a heavy duty flashlight, 150 feet of modern rope, a 12' kayak with oars, a picnic basket with a sumptuous feast for twelve, and a chilled bottle of Château d'Arborbraun, '68.

Room 13— Situation Rapidly Degenerating

This room is designed to look like the edge of a natural lagoon. Plastic plants and a mist machine have transformed this room into a simulated rainforest. Bright lights and a steam machine combine to make this room uncomfortably muggy. The room is ringed with AVS monitors, all of which are draped with hanging vines. You hear the sounds of chirping birds and chattering monkeys being piped in through hidden speakers. At the edge of what appears to be a swiftly running river, there are a number of kayaks lined up with oars. They are all sleek black craft except one which stands out—a red one.

Each kayak is a two man craft. There are enough to hold all of the players, with one possible extra slot if there are an odd number of players at this point. They are all made by Rivitar Watercraft, except the odd red one which is an old model made by Rivitar's chief competitor, Whalin Whitewater Supplies.

An announcer, dressed as if he were on his way to a whitewater adventure, appears on all the AVS's. "Rivitar Watercraft is a proud sponsor of the twentieth annual Emperor's Cup. We hope you find our little river tour exciting and challenging. First pick your boats—of course, you'll want to choose carefully. Only a very brave outdoorsman—or a woefully uneducated one—would choose anything but a Rivitar. But we're going to award the players brave enough to try our competitor's craft during this race an extra magic item. So, man your boats and remember—Rivitar and the water is golden; otherwise, paddle at your own risk."

The Whalin Whitewater kayak is trapped (DC 30/20). If a player gets into either the front or back position of the kayak, his foot breaks through a plastic seal that triggers a massive spring loaded blade to slice the character off just below the top surface of the kayak (at the waist). Players must make a Reflex save DC 25 to jam a weapon or paddle in the way before the blade can fully shut. Players who fail take 33–60 points of damage (3d10+30). Making the saves reduces the damage to 11–30 points (1d20+10).

Players who paddle through the rapids find themselves propelled at a 20' movement rate down the river if they do nothing at all, but each oarsman allows


them to go +10 additional feet a round. In addition, two oarsmen working together against the current can fully stop the ships movement (reduce movement by 10' per turn, per oarsmen working against the current). The river is eight feet deep and runs rapidly towards the end of the room. Unless otherwise specified, the players have a four foot clearance from the surface of the water to the curved roof. Climbing these walls is especially difficult (DC 40), as the walls are wet and covered in an intentionally slick tile. The artificial river quickly narrows to 5' wide, forcing kayaking players to go one at a time (players may elect to *fly* or *spider climb* their way through this obstacle, which is completely permissible to Herobane). At the first bend (A) the players are attacked by a band of eight sahuagin barbarians. The sahuagin will attempt to overturn kayaks and force players to fight them underwater. Once the fight is obviously going badly for them, they will retreat and move into position to support the kraken hiding around the bend.

The kraken hides at the next bend (B), which becomes a pool 120' deep. At the bottom is a NoGo cage door, which leads to the kraken's underwater holding pen. The kraken has been driven insane by captivity, and will attack surface creatures without mercy. It ignores the sahuagins as long as they do not get in its way.

When the players round the next curve, a mermaid with a NonCom badge awaits, treading the surface of the water. She wears a battery of gold jewelry, and smiles as the characters arrive. She speaks to them in her own language, which the announcer translates: "Shivisia will tell a secret to the first player who favors her with a kiss." If a player kisses Shivisia, it triggers a *magic mouth* which makes her appear to whisper in perfect common "There are no more mechanical traps on this level—make your way quickly, warrior. Good luck! And remember—Rivitar gets you there safe." Players who attack the mermaid are disqualified.

At the fourth bend (D), the river widens and a quartet of stone giants stand waist deep in the water waiting with nets and tridents to assail the players. The giants are painted to be aquamarine camouflage, but they stand in the water and face the players directly.

Once the players arrive on the shore at the end of the room, a hidden panel on the south wall opens to reveal the treasure.



Sahuagin Barbarians: Sahuagin Bbn6: Medium Humanoid (Aquatic); HD 2d8+6d12+16; hp 78, 70, 66, 64, 61, 58, 57, 46; Init +3; SPD: 30', Swim 40'; AC 24; Atk: Greataxe +13/+8 (1d12+5, x3), claw rake +12/+7/+7 (1d4+5, 2 Rake; +12/+7 (1d4+5, 2 Rake; 1d4+2, Bite); SA: Blood frenzy; SQ: Speak with sharks (Ex), Underwater Sense (Ex), Light Blindness (Ex), Amphibious (Ex), Freshwater Sensitivity (Ex); AL NE; SV: Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +4; STR 20, DEX 16, CON 15, INT 14, WIS 14, CHA 6; Skills: Climb +13, Hide +4, Jump +11, Listen +15, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +11; Feats: Dodge, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Greataxe.

Kraken: Gargantuan Magical Beast (Aquatic); HD 20d10+180; hp 323; Init +0; SPD: Swim 20'; AC 24; Atk: Tentacle rake +28/+23/+23 (2d8+12, 2 Tentacle rake; 1d6+6, 6 Arm; 4d6+6, Bite); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex), Spell-like Abilities; SQ: Jet (Ex), Ink Cloud (Ex); AL NE; SV: Fort +21, Ref +12, Will +11; STR 34, DEX 10, CON 29, INT 21, WIS 20, CHA 10. The kraken has been enhanced with a *mage armor*.

Stone Giants: Large Giant (Earth); HD 14d8+56; hp 149, 142, 138, 125; Init +2; SPD 40'; AC 22; Atk: Huge trident +17 (2d8+12), rock +17 (2d8+12); SA: Rock Throwing (Ex); SQ: Rock Catching (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +4; STR 27, DEX 15, CON 19, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11.

Room I4- Breakroom II: Electric Boogaloo

This breakroom has been sponsored by the Great Lugano Burrito Company. The interior color scheme is the famous black and yellow of the burrito chain. There is a full burrito bar here, two attendants, paramedic Calvin Sembello (total heal roll +17, includes masterwork modern healers kit), a live cameraman, a boom mike operator, two security guards, and a ref. If the players make a big deal about the quality of Lugano Burritos for the camera, they will receive a promotional offer from the company between dungeon levels (a patch offer worth 350 gp per team member, per crawl level). A huge AVS watches all, and if the players tarry here too long, Herobane might show up and discuss the player's progress with them. He will be respectful but extremely frank about the player's chances.

If the players have external personnel or hangers-on (coaches, agents, groupies, etc) they may be in this room as well (GM's discretion).

Room I5- Field of Honor

In the long corridor that leads to the battle room, the roar of a huge crowd is unavoidable. The entire dungeon seems to shake with the noise of thousands of screaming voices, stomping feet and clamping hands. A careful Listen roll (DC 30) lets players hear a traditional orcish war chant underneath the roar of the crowd.


A—The hallway is filled with a delegation of high ranking orcs from Orc City 2. Tereket Dre, the orcish ambassador, is here in the hallway, along with four other ministers and four huge bodyguards. Each wears a Noncom badge. If the players approach, they will glower and give threatening stares, but will not make a move to confront the players. There is a ref with them, who explains to the players that this is a group of observers, whom the players should simply ignore. If any of the players speak orcish to them, they respond with derision and insults. Half-orc players will be mocked, and curses will follow them into the battleroom.

The door to this room is neither trapped or locked.

You look out over a vast indoor battlefield. A tall picket fence lies some forty feet beyond you with no visible gate. Beyond that is a battalion of orcs—more than a hundred at first glance. They are armed to the teeth and in practiced unison they shout a terrible war chant. Towards the back they have a color guard—four orcs with a handmade banner and drums. The banner sports a crude depiction of a gaping red mouth. One hundred and fifty feet from your position are two battle towers. Each has what appears to be a menacing ballista on top—the ballistas giving off smoke, as if on fire.

In the far background you can see what appears to be a small keep. The front of the keep is fashioned as a huge skull. To gain entrance it looks like you must walk straight into its gaping mouth.

This is the biggest crowd most of you have ever played for—more than twenty thousand fans are



packed into the stadium seating and skyboxes that line this room. The ceiling is nearly 120' high, with an armored scoreboard hanging over the castle. You see your name listed along what must be the orc's team name—Foe Eaters.

Herobane has enlisted the reserves of an orcish mercenary army, the Foe Eater Brigade, to challenge the players in this room. They are well trained, heavily armed, and have secret backup hidden around the room.

The crowd is protected by invisible walls. This crowd is ecstatically behind the team (Crowd DC 13), as the orcs have been shouting threats and insults since the stadium has been open for seating.

B—Just beyond the entrance are two hidden trapdoors in the floor (position B). It takes a Search check (DC 18) to notice the hidden panels. The trapdoors hide pits filled with the Foe Eater's rear guard, each comprised of two stone giants and an armored cave bear. These creatures will be held in reserve until the players are either beyond point B, or in case they leave spellcasters alone at the back of the room. Herobane uses these forces strategically, holding off on revealing them until they have an opportunity to do a great deal of damage.

ORCS? ARE WE IN THE WRONG DUNGEON?

The Foe Eaters are a well trained, disciplined crew. They have been working out with Phillip Burkowitz, Herobane's head coach, for months in preparation for this event. They begin the room with a starting Monster Mojo pool of 9, and have a maximum capacity of 15 Mojo points. Don't forget to add/subtract their Mojo as the room progresses. They will gang up and use team tactics—grappling or aiding another as the situation necessitates. The bonus they will receive if they actually kill a player is enough to stagger the orcish imagination ("Five thousand gold pieces *each*? I'd kill myself for five thousand!"), so play the Foe Eater's accordingly.

C—The picket fence (position C) will hold against attacks from the north, but it is specially hinged to fold over if it is shoved on from the south. The orcs can push right past the pickets, then once they are beyond

it, the fence snaps back into place one round later. The fence has a hardness of 8, and 40 points of damage will make a breach large enough for a medium sized creature to slip through. Creatures able to hide behind the pickets should be considered to have fifty percent cover.

D—There are 44 orcs at position D. They will either await players to charge their position, or if missile fire comes, they will charge using their tower shields for cover. They can push the pike wall down automatically.

ORC ARMAMENT

All of the Foe Eater regulars have the following equipment: chain mail, a tower shield, a buckler, a temporarily magical *heavy pick* +2, five vials of alchemist's fire, five thunderstones, a sports water bottle, two daggers, a concealed boot knife, a hand axe, a short bow and twelve arrows. They will use their tower shields until they get close enough for hand-to-hand combat, then discard them and fight with their heavy picks. If the battle necessitates the use of missile fire, the orcs will form two man teams, one firing arrows and the other protecting both with its tower shield.

E—The first trench (position E) is four feet wide and eight foot deep with walls of concrete. There is about two inches of water at the bottom of the trench.


F—There are eighty orcs at position F, making a wall with their shields when the players arrive. They will either hold back or charge across the trench as the battle dictates. If they must travel across the trench, the first two orcs to reach it will lay their shields down to use as a makeshift bridge for the rest.

G—There is a NoGo door here, leading to the corridor that goes back towards the second breakroom. Players who go through it will be disqualified.

H,I—The two enchanted ballistas (positions H and I) sit on the top of 90' steel and aluminum siege towers. The ballistas are capable of firing two flaming bolts per round at the players, and are being controlled magically offstage. The ballistas will concentrate their fire on any spellcasters in the group, or on other targets if the

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bolts are obviously having no effect. These weapons fire two *flaming* bolts per round at +22 to hit, doing 2d10+1d6 (flame) +15 points of damage per shot. They each have a protective shield around them (20% cover), have an armor class of 18, a hardness of 8 and 30hp each. The weapons are considered to have a +2 enchantment bonus for purposes of damage reduction.

J—The second trench (position J) has the same statistics as the one at position E.

K—At position K are 20 additional Foe Eater orc regulars and two *invisible* creatures—Nixon, a kobold sorcerer and his invisible stalker. Nixon sends the stalker out to kill any *invisible* players who might be making their way to the castle. Nixon himself will try to tie up opposing wizards, counterspelling effects if he has the opportunity. He will stay *invisible* as long as possible, casting defensive and enhancement spells and *summoning* creatures to do his dirty work. The gate behind position K is locked (DC 25) but not trapped, with a hardness of 10 and 28hp. A successful STR check (DC 25) can knock it off its hinges.

L—Position L is an open courtyard. The actual wall of the keep is here. It has a gated entryway with a hardness of 10, taking 30 points of damage to destroy it. It is locked (DC 23) but not trapped.

M—The door at position M is not locked. The entire door becomes a magically lit advertisement for Desiree and Danni's Ice Cream when the players are within ten feet of it.

N—There are four orcs here with an infernal machine, a war engine that shoots an entire volley of arrows at one time. As soon as the battle begins, they begin holding their action, awaiting the players to breach the door to the keep. Once players are in, they fire the machine once and surrender. There are no reloads for the weapon. The infernal machine fires a single volley of arrows in a widening arc with a range increment of 60'. The volley is so concentrated that players must make a Reflex save (DC 25) or take 6d6 damage (save for half). In addition, the arrows have been poisoned, requiring an additional save (Terminus Alchemy #8 contact poison—Icky Icy Goop)—Fort DC 23—initial damage 1d8 temporary Str (body-wracking chills, muscle spasms,

foamy eye discharge, bleeding from mouth), no secondary damage.

O—There is a single ettin here, guarding the passage way. He will surrender if the fight goes badly for him.

P—The final room in this area holds a huge construct, a terrible stone golem shaped like the orcish god of war. Behind it is the petrified Lady Bridgette, in a protected niche on the south wall like some horrific trophy. Once the players defeat the golem, a huge fanfare of trumpets blares and the crowd rises in a standing ovation. Lady Bridgette automatically reverts to her normal self, and delivers a special gift for the players—the Cup of Glory, a magical artifact that has been in the Emperor's family for years. She instructs the players to touch it, as one, before they leave the room or collect the rest of the treasure. Those who do as she instructs will receive a +2 enhancement bonus to their Charisma that lasts for a year and a day. There is also a treasure panel here, that opens once the players defeat the golem.

Foe Eater Orcs: Male Orc Ftr3, Medium Humanoid; HD 3d10 (Fighter); hp 24; Init +0; SPD: 20'; AC 15 (Flatfooted: 15 Touch: 10); Atk: +5 base melee, +3 base ranged, heavy pick +10 (1d6+4, x4); SQ: Light Sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV: Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 15, DEX 10, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 8, CHA 8; Feats: Blind-Fight, Power Attack, Run, Weapon Focus: Heavy Pick

Equipment: Shortbow; **+2 Heavy Pick**, Chainmail, Tower Shield; Buckler. See insert for additional equipment.

Stone Giants: Large Giant (Earth); HD 14d8+56 (Giant); hp 184, 160, 177, 172; Init +2; SPD: 40'; AC 24; Atk: Greatclub +17/+12 (2d6+12); SA: Rock Throwing (Ex); SQ: Rock Catching (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +4; STR 27, DEX 15, CON 19, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11.

Dire Bears: Large Animal; HD 12d8+48; hp 102; Init +1; SPD: 30'; AC 22 (includes *weave armor* masterwork plate); Atk: +18 base melee, +9 base ranged; +21/+16 (2d4+13, 2 Claws; bite +12 (2d8+12)); SA: Improved Grab (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +5; STR 31, DEX 13, CON 19, INT 2, WIS 12, CHA 10. The dire bears have been enhanced with *greater magic fang* (+3) and *weave armor*.

Nixon: Male Kobold Sor12; HD 12d4+12; hp 50; Init +7; SPD: 20'; AC 19 (Flatfooted: 16, Touch: 18); Atk: +11 Masterwork small light crossbow (1d6), +4/-1 base melee, +10/5 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex), Light sensitivity (Ex); AL NE; SV: Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +11; STR 4, DEX 16, CON 13, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 20; Skills: Concentration +16, Hide +4, Profession (Pro Monster) +3, Search +2, Spellcraft +15; Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Maximize Spell, Iron Will.

Spells Known: (Sor 6/8/7/7/7/6/3): 0—*arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, disrupt undead, light, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*; 1st—*burning hands, expeditious retreat, magic missile, ray of enfeeblement, reduce*; 2nd—*cat's grace, flaming sphere, invisibility, protection from arrows, mirror image*; 3rd—*fireball, fly, haste, lightning bolt*; 4th—*summon monster IV, stonkskin, improved invisibility*; 5th—*shadow evocation, summon monster V*; 6th—*disintegrate*.

Equipment: Weapons—crossbow, light, masterwork; dagger; bolts, crossbow (10), masterwork, **Cloak of Charisma (+2)**; **Wand of Lightning Bolt** (25 charges, 6d6, DC 15) (Charges: 50); **Bracers of Armor (+2)**; **Nose Ring of Resistance (+1)**; **Amulet of Natural Armor (+1)**; **Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds** (3d8+7); **Ring of Protection +2**; Scroll—**Villalobo's Knife Outta Nowhere** (8th level). Nixon also has a permanent *see invisibility* cast upon him.

Invisible Stalker: Large Elemental (Air); HD 9d8+18 (Elemental); hp 104; Init +4; SPD: 30', Fly (perfect) 30'; AC 21 (includes *mage armor*); Atk: +9 base melee, +9 base ranged; +9 (2d6+6, Slam); SQ: Elemental, Natural Invisibility (Su), Improved Tracking (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +5; STR 18, DEX 19, CON 14, INT 14, WIS 15, CHA 11.

Ettin: Large Giant; HD 10d8+20 (Giant); hp 65; Init -1; SPD: 30'; AC 24 (-1 size, -1 Dex, *weave armor*); two huge morningstars +14/+14, damage 2d6+8); Atk: +12 base melee, +5 base ranged; SA: Superior two-weapon fighting (Ex); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV: Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +3; STR 23, DEX 8, CON 15, INT 6, WIS 10, CHA 11; Skills: Listen +2, Search +0, Spot +2. The ettin has *bull's strength* cast upon it.

Stone Golem: Huge Construct; HD 24d10; hp 240; Init -1; SPD: 20'; AC 26; Atk: Two slams +20 (2d10+9, 2

Damage Reduction (Su): 30/+2; AL N; SV: Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +5; STR 29, DEX 9, CON—, INT—, WIS 11, CHA 1.

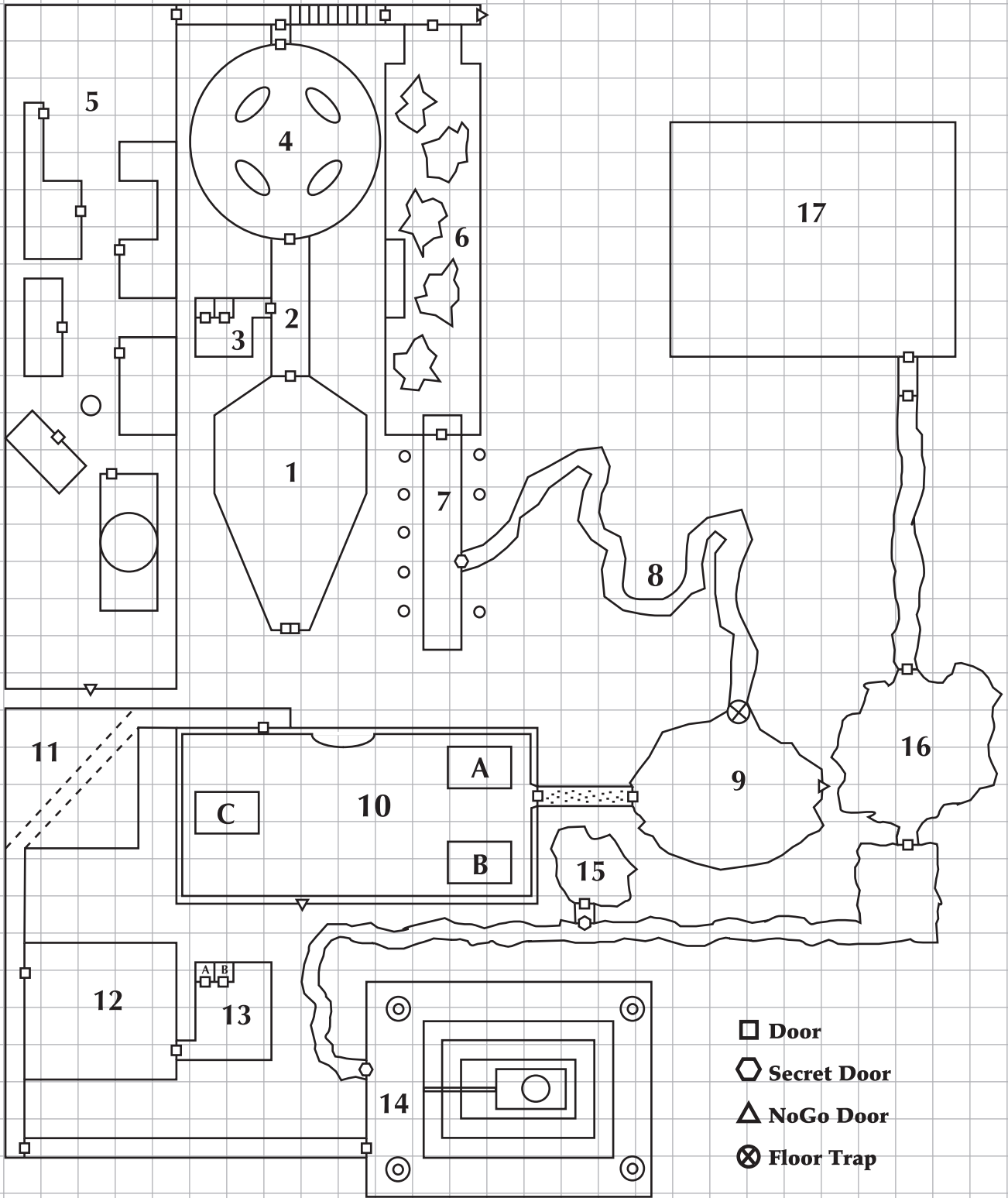
Treasure: In the hidden panel is an envelope with a 20,000 gp note. There is also a certificate for each player, good for one Bedford 620-G SUV, which the players can pick up after the dungeon is fully complete.

Between Levels I and 2

There is a massive party after the level is complete which is held in one of the player's hotel's ballrooms. The party goes on until three in the morning, and players who go will meet fans, celebrities and rival crawlers. If there are agents/trainers/coaches/stalkers/advertising executives who are looking for the players, this would be an ideal time and place for them to meet.

The players have three days to rest and recuperate before the start of level two. They may purchase equipment, heal, visit the city of Washington or spend time in their hotel rooms. At some point, they will be contacted by Empire Sports 1, who want to arrange for the players to be interviewed by Monica Silverstring for a full hour segment, to be aired as part of the pre-crawl show for level two. Players who agree can make a mugging performance skill check (DC16) to look good in front of the millions of fans watching from home.





By Official Decree of
 Emporer Ronald I



LEVEL TWO

Green Room

The level two greenroom is nearly identical to level one's. There are a few more reporters, an extra referee, and three burly security guards in riot gear, who hover near the craft service table, eating cocktail weenies and talking amongst themselves. The shows producer, Claire Enfent, busies herself, giving last minute instructions via headset to her crew. She takes a quick moment to compliment the players on their performance in the first level, and to wish them luck today.

The room is ringed with benches. There is a door on the west wall leading to the locker rooms. On the south wall is a NoGo door. One of the refs stands guard there, disallowing players to get within ten feet of it.

At 2:45, the head referee assembles the players in front of the huge AVS hanging over the NoGo door on the north wall leading to the dungeon. Herobane appears, bowing to the cheering crowd.

"Good afternoon, Xcrawl fans. Before we begin, I must ask for a moment of silence for those who didn't make it."

At this the scene changes, showing cameo and still shots of the crawlers who died on level one, interspersed with action shots of them at their best. The crowd is eerily quiet.

"The Extreme Dungeon Crawl League exists to demonstrate the glory of the Empire to the world. As always, the price for glory can be great and terrible. I hope all of you, here at Washington Memorial Arena and watching at home recognize the gravity of what we do here, and the courage and dedication of our players. Indeed, let's have a big hand for <the team's name>."

Herobane asks all of the players a few questions—how they feel, what their thoughts were on level one, and perhaps why they got involved with Xcrawl in the first place. Once he has had the opportunity to speak to all of the players, he addresses the audience.

"Well, level one was tough, but level two gets tougher. Your goal: make it past my monsters,

traps, and other hazards, and find the mystery lady."

The scene changes—they show a silhouette of a woman behind a scrim. She is snatched away by unseen forces after just a moment.

"Find the woman. Rescue her from danger. Fight your way through the dungeon. Survive. As you know, once you pass through that door your life is forfeit in the service of the Empire. I pray to Apollo for your safety, but if you die..."

"You die!" cries the audience. And the ref points to the door into the dungeon, which opens of its own accord.

CROWD DC

Unless otherwise listed, the crowd DC for the entire second level is 17. The excitement of the contest is mounting and the players receive a huge outpouring of cheers and regard every time they do anything right.

Room I— Blow Your Stack


A wave of intense heat greets you once the door is open. A large chamber with a roof forty feet up, and curved east and west walls lined with multiple AVSs showing static advertisements for Friki-Choo Cola, greet you. Standing in the center of the room is an enormous figure, like a giant made from earth and fire. His huge body is cracked, with flaming lava oozing from the cracks. Hidden speakers begin playing a Hawaiian slide guitar tune, played a little too fast. The creature approaches.

The creature is a volcano colossus. It lumbers towards the party and attacks, pounding on creatures within range, and using its lava blast against targets it can't reach.

During the brawl, one of the AVS screens shows the Friki-Choo Cola Noise-A-Meter. The other AVS shows scenes of crowds, seated in another part of the building. The fluctuating meter encourages the crowd to make more and more noise. When the players defeat the creature, the crowd erupts and the Noise-A-Meter explodes in a display of fireworks.

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The room is shaped like a funnel laying on its side. The ceiling is only twelve feet tall by the door, but it rises to a full seventy feet at the point where room widens out. The volcano colossus will do whatever it must to get close to the spellcasters in an attempt to attack their scrolls and spellbooks. The creature is tall enough to simply step over medium sized creatures, and it will do so to bypass others to reach any spellcasters (this action does provoke an attack of opportunity).

Volcano Colossus: Huge Elemental (Native, Earth, Fire); HD: 34d8+374; hp 520; Init -1 ; SPD: 40', can't run; AC 32; Atk: Slam +33/+28/+23/+18 (dam 2d8+7+2d6 heat); SA: Lava blast, Radiate heat, Superheated Core; SQ: Fire Subtype, Earth Subtype; AL N; SV: Fort +25, Ref +12, Will +13; STR 36, DEX 8, CON 32, INT 12, WIS 22, CHA 16; Skills: Climb +37, Listen +24, Spot +24, Survival +28; Feats: Awesome Blow, Power Attack, Sunder, Improved Grapple. See New Monsters, p. 70.

Treasure A treasure panel near the north door opens to reveal a 5,000 gp note, a **+3 cloak of resistance** and three **potions of cure serious wounds** (3d8+7).

Room 2— How Are You Fixed For Blades?

There is an obvious hazard in the hallway before you—the corridor is full of spinning blades. There is a line of swiftly rotating poles going down either side of the hallway, and fixed to each one are dozens of blades of all sizes, shapes and descriptions. The blades fill the hallway for twenty feet, then there is a ten foot break where you see a door on the west wall, and then the blades continue on until almost the end of this seventy foot hallway. At the end, you see a lever mechanism. The blades are swift and dangerous looking, but your experienced eyes tell you a nimble soul might be able to tumble through unscathed.

The blades are so prevalent in this hallway that missile fire takes a -4 to hit penalty per ten feet of blades fired through—projectiles tend to hit the blades. Players may indeed try to tumble through the hallway. Players who simply walk down the hallway, or who move through a ten foot section without making a tumble check, take an automatic 2d10+5 points of damage per round or per

ten foot square moved through. A successful Tumble check (DC 25) allows a player to travel ten feet down the hallway without a scratch. However, hidden in the second bank of blades (past the breakroom door) is a razor sprite. Since its body is, in essence, a set of whirling blades, the creature remains unnoticed until it strikes in combat. It can fight amongst the blades without taking any injury, but a player fighting the razor sprite must take a move equivalent action each round to avoid the spinning blades in the hallway (DC 25 tumble check) or take 2d10+5 points of damage.

If a player manages to get to the northern end of the hallway, they find a clear 5' space where they can work on the trap mechanism. There are three levers: two that move vertically and one that moves horizontally. The first vertical switch is in the “up” position, the second is in the “down” position, and the horizontal one is currently switched to the left. These levers are all false and trapped—touching and moving any of them results in an amazing arc of electricity springing from floor to ceiling, catching anyone in the square for 53-80 points of damage (3d10+50). When the electricity hits, the victims are actually lifted off their feet for a second and the lights throughout the entire dungeon flicker. This happens every time anyone touches any of the levers. There is a secret hidden panel in the floor (Search DC 30), that reveals the switch that actually turns the blades off.

Razor Sprite: Medium Fey (Incorporeal); HD 14d6+56; hp 123; Init +11; SPD: 30'; AC 26; Atk: six blades +14 (1d10+5); SQ: Air Sense, Incorporeal, Fey Subtype, SR 20, Damage Resistance 10/+1; AL CN; SV: Fort +13 , Ref +15, Will +3; STR 20, DEX 24, CON 20, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 18. Skills: Bluff +21, Intimidation +21, Search +17, Spot +21. Feats: Weapon Focus (blades), Power Attack, Cleave, Improved Initiative. See New Monsters, p.70.

Room 3— Breakroom

This breakroom is sponsored by American Empire Classics—their corporate logo is everywhere. There is a buffet table with hot food and cold juice and soft drinks, an AVS playing black and white movies, and paramedic Thoko Mdalose, a seasonal Xcrawl worker from the Zulu Nation. Thoko is a secret believer in democracy and personal freedom, and if he believes a character might be receptive to his message he might



casually mention Zimbabwe's democratic reforms to gauge their reaction. He will definitely attempt to stay in touch with any players he feels might be interested in helping the democratic cause.

Room 4- Catch Your Death

The door to this room has a complicated Poseidon Art lock (DC 33).

This room is perfectly circular and 100' across. All of the walls have advertisements for Lorelex, a new miracle drug that purportedly cures everything from tonsillitis to athlete's feet. Four holes in the ceiling iris open as you enter.

Lorelex is paying a handsome sum for this room and the creatures occupying it. The home audience has been told that the players will defeat the creatures "just like Lorelex crushes the germs that can cause cold, flu, and dementia."

Four macroviruses fly through the holes in the ceiling and attempt to begin their vibration attack before the players can close for hand-to-hand combat. Once all of the players are inside the room, the door shuts automatically and the room begins to spin on its axis like a huge centrifuge. This does not affect the macrovirus, which are able to hover in place, but the players will find it difficult to maneuver and fight.

CENTRIFUGE ROOM EFFECTS PER ROUND

Round	Balance Chart DC	Melee Penalty	Ranged Penalty
1	5	-1	-2
2	12	-2	-4
3	18	-3	-8
4	22	-4	-12
5+	25	-5	-15

Balance Check: Players who attempt to move farther than their base movement rate in a single round must make a Balance check at the listed DC in order to keep their feet. Failure means the character is prone and rolls 10-20' towards the outward edge of the room.

Melee Penalty: As the spinning speed of the room increases, it gets harder to get a clear shot on your opponent. The melee penalty is added to all hand-to-hand attacks per round while the room is spinning.

Ranged Penalty: While it's hard to swing a sword, it's even harder to fire a ranged weapon accurately. Add this penalty to all ranged attacks while the room is spinning.

After five rounds, the room gains maximum velocity and the penalties become fixed. Players can avoid these penalties using some variant of *flight* or *levitation*. Once all the macroviruses are destroyed the room slows to a stop, aligning itself the way it was when the players first entered the room. This places the door on the north end of the room with the hallway behind it.


Macrovirus: Large Abberation (Disease); HD 16d8+96; hp 180, 146, 175, 119; Init +6; SPD: 60' fly (perfect); AC 26; Atk: sting +17 (2d10+9), six hooks +8 (1d3+5); SA: Replication; SQ: Absorption, Detect Life, 360° Sensing, Disease Subtype; AL N; SV: Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +10; STR 20, DEX 16, CON 22, INT 4, WIS 16, CHA 3. Skills: Search +11, Spot +20; Feats: Hover, Improved Grapple, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (sting). See New Monsters, p.70.

Treasure A leggy, blonde Lorelex spokesmodel in tights and a bathing suit enters the room from the northern door once the room stops spinning. After spending a few smiling moments extolling the virtues of the amazing new miracle cure-all, she presents the players with the following: a 10,000 gp note, a *scroll of remove disease, remove curse and remove blindness/deafness*, and a 90-day free trial of Lorelex. For the record, Lorelex is a narcotic painkiller with a bushel of side effects, including loss of appetite, high blood pressure, suppressed immunity response, dizziness, and addiction.

Room 5- One Flew Over The Asylum

As the players approach this door it opens and out comes a woman and a donkey.

The woman approaching you is swaddled in pre-cataclysm era peasant garb, a NonCom badge pinning her cloak shut. The donkey is laden down with goods and a tiny crib. In the crib is a tiny baby, which somehow bears the unmistakable face of DJ Herobane. The baby and the donkey both have NonCom badges pinned somewhere on their



person. The woman seems extremely familiar. She beckons to you. "I beg of you, fellow travelers—go away from this cursed place. A dark evil has fallen over the city of Asylum. I can speak of it no more, but please, heed my words—beware!" She then passes you in the hallway, and takes a right towards the centrifuge room, leaving wet footprints the whole way.

An appropriate Knowledge Skill roll (pop culture, actors, Hollywood, trends, DC 15) allows the players to know it is popular actress Carmen Shanté. At one time, Carmen was romantically linked to Herobane, but the details of their relationship managed to avoid the headlines.

Read the following once the players pass into the room.

It's as if you have walked right out of the dungeon and into the English countryside. Looking down, you see what appears to be a dirt trail leading to a tiny hamlet in a valley. It's raining here, and the rain smells and feels perfect—the illusion, if it is an illusion, is magnificent. The six buildings that comprise the town below you are mostly dark, but one—the largest building—seems lit. A darkened hanging sign is momentarily lit by the flash of distant lightning; the sign shows a woman who would be pretty if she didn't have a few blackened teeth and a lazy eye.

Players who have tabletop Dungeonbattle in their background can make an Intelligence check (DC 13) to recognize this as the Inn of the Harrowed Homebody, a feature of a Dungeonbattle module that Todd Fleeman, DJ Herobane himself, wrote in the 4670's: **Mystery Menace of the Murky Municipality.** Amongst connoisseurs its considered a classic Dungeonbattle adventure. Players will remember that the story concerned a tiny, isolated hamlet besieged by an evil wizard who had been orphaned by the town years earlier.

The walls in this room are cleverly painted to give the illusion of space in the city. There are artificial rain and wind machines hidden in recessed eaves in the upper walls; these areas are all strictly NoGo. There are six different buildings the players might try approaching.

NOTE ON THE INHABITANTS OF ASYLUM

Every inhabitant of Asylum is costumed to look like the sort of characters one would expect to find in a Dungeonbattle game—non-specific costuming that has the feel of a fantasy novel. However, the inhabitants have all been masked with a variant, long lasting *disguise* spell. All the men appear to be Herobane—no matter how different their bodies may be, every male face belongs to the DJ. Every female face belongs to Carmen Shanté. Unless otherwise noted, everyone in town has a NonCom badge.


A—The Inn of the Harrowed Homebody

This is obviously some sort of traveler's inn. A light shines through the cracks in the ancient door. You hear music within, a quaint old ditty being played on lute and mandolin.

The interior of this set looks like an authentic ancient tavern—at first glance. Investigation reveals a huge number of modern products, all faced out for maximum camera time. The bar is stocked with modern name brand liquor, the tables each have several condiment bottles, and the crossed swords hanging over the mantle place are definitely made by Phang of California.

There are twenty-one people inside, all of whom look like variants of Herobane and Carmen Shanté, each played by actors and actresses. No one asks for any money—if asked about this, everyone seems to be willing to "settle all accounts in the morning," although they will accept tips, bribes, and drinks. Players can interact with anyone here—they can order drinks, ask about a room, inquire into the town's history, etc. There is a barkeep, a tavern wench, two musicians, and a kid—everyone else appears to be travelers passing through town. The actors' instructions are to feed the players bits of information if the team plays along and gets into the role-play—if the players act like a bunch of Xcrawlers they will be largely ignored, but if they act like real adventurers out on a quest they will be welcomed. The following individuals have the following bits of information to give:

Barkeep—His name is Arthalomau Breen. He has lived in Asylum all his life, and the Harrowed



Homebody has been in his family for generations. In the last year, the town has been plagued by evil magic—crops destroyed, livestock blasted apart, etc. The town has a special reward for the brave souls who can rid the town of this darkness. He doesn't know the real nature of the problems; they should ask the kid or the tavern wench.

Tavern Wench—Her name is Maddie, she has lived in Asylum her whole life. The problems all started when a dark stranger came to town. His horse didn't make any noise when it rode by—it just seemed to float. She doesn't know any more; they should ask the barkeep or the kid.

The Kid—His name is Tadpole, and he is an orphan. Nice old Mr. Breen lets him sleep by the fire in exchange for sweeping and helping with the horses. One night he saw a horse in the sky—it landed behind the stable. He has a symbol on his arm that nobody knows about. The symbol is a mark shaped like an eagle—tabletop Dungeonbattle players will recognize this as a sign of highest royalty. Tadpole is obviously a prince. He doesn't know anymore; they should ask the barkeep or the tavern wench.

The Musicians—Know nothing, but will play any request (even modern, non-period songs) for a beer (Performance checks +17 and +12).

The other travelers in the room are vague about who they are, where they are from and where they are going. They will share no useful information.

There is a room upstairs that the players can rent. It has six cots and a standard bathroom, but is not a breakroom. If players spend more than half an hour in this room, Ebrichol and his Chaotics will attack the town (see below).

B—General Store

This is a tiny general store, with shelves full of various bits and pieces of equipment. The inventory is not limited to ancient curios either—you see flashlights, batteries, modern rope and flasks of alchemist's fire on the shelves. The storekeeper is a harrowed, middle aged version of Herobane. "Oh, brave sirs—how I would like to fill my coffers with your coin in exchange for my fine goods. Alas, I cannot. My name is Beard

Whitley, and I'm afraid that I can't get into my cashbox. It seems some mischief has been placed upon it, and now I am afraid to even open it. Aye, me, what shall become of ol' Beard Whitley?"


Assign yourself extra GM points for an overwrought, pathetic sigh at the end of this soliloquy. The actor will go under the counter and remove a small cashbox, which is glowing green. The light is simple magic; a successful Search check (DC 20) will find a difficult mechanical puzzle is built into the gilded pattern on the outside of this box. Treat the puzzle as a DC 30 lock. The cashbox is also trapped (DC 33/33)—if the seal is broken before the magical trap is deactivated, four fiendish dire tigers are *summoned* and immediately attack the party. If the party opens the box and either deactivates the trap or defeats the tigers, Beard will thank them profusely and offer to sell them anything in his store.

This place is filled with equipment that the players can actually purchase—the cost will come out of their winnings. The catch is that everything here costs five times its normal value, although nothing has a price listed. Beard has the following items for sale:

- 10 Vials Alchemist Fire
- 20 Flashlight Batteries
- 8 Fancy Period Cloaks
- 4 pairs Fancy Period Boots (varying sizes)
- 200' of modern rope
- 100 masterwork arrows
- A Combat Soaker with loaded Soaker Backpack
- A masterwork broad sword, masterwork battle axe, masterwork longbow, and a masterwork quarterstaff

C—The Bookstore

This is a small shop loaded floor to ceiling with ancient dusty books. A woman behind the counter looks like an elderly, shriveled Carmen Shanté. "Come in, my dears" she croaks. "Help yourself to a look-see." The light in here dances strangely—you look for its source and find a tiny glowing creature in a cage hung from the low ceiling. It beats its tiny wings pathetically as you watch.



The proprietor will balk if the players talk about the cruel treatment of the tiny fairy, and flat out refuse any requests to buy it, trade for it, free it because it's the right thing to do, etc. "It's my favorite! My very favorite thing!" the proprietor exclaims. If the players continue to pressure the proprietor, the fairy will be "transformed"—actually be *teleported* away, while an enhanced dark naga is teleported in its place. It attacks the players and likely trashes the place during combat.

If the fairy is released, it flies close to whomever it assumes is the leader, and whispers in his ear, "Watch for Dark Ebricol—destroy his mount so he may not escape." It then flies away. If the players leave without freeing the fairy, or if the fairy is destroyed in the melee, Ebricol and the Chaotics are summoned and attack the town.

The books are all props—a careful check shows that most are old school textbooks.

D—The Blacksmith's Shop

The blacksmith shop is a fairly dark and sparse place. An anvil and blacksmith's furnace are in the center of the room. Dozens of oversized tools, mostly hammers and tongs, hang from special pegs built into the rafters. Several swords adorn the walls. The blacksmith is here, a huge brutish version of Herobane with a full black beard and shaved head. He is shirtless, and his muscles ripple in the firelight. "And what would the likes of ye be wanting in my shop?" says the blacksmith. His lips move, but not in time with what he says.

Anyone with a knowledge of weapons can look at the racks of swords and know that none of these are hand tooled weapons—while the hammers and anvil appear to be authentic, the swords are strictly off the rack.

The role of the blacksmith is being played by Banshee, a brute of a fighter who often plays monster types in Herobane's dungeons. A successful Knowledge (Dungeon Crawl) check (DC 23) lets players know him by the cartoonish angry rotweiller tattoo barely visible on his bicep under the stage makeup.

Banshee is a horrible actor, so all of his lines are being delivered by

magic mouth spells. He tries to move his body and face in time, but does a deplorable job of it. The following lines are programmed into him:

- "So you want to buy my wares, is it? Well, I'll sell if one of you runts can beat me in a fair bare knuckle fight."
- "So you want to know about the town's troubles, do ya? Well I'll talk—but only if one of you daffodils can beat me in a fair bare knuckle fight."
- "Just looking around, huh? Well, I don't take kindly to strangers. Think one of you can best me in a fare bare knuckle fight?"
- "Lets take this outside, ya wee pink skirt."
- "Oh, are you scared?" (he can use this line up to three times)

Banshee can trigger a phrase with special hand gestures, but he may not get the most appropriate phrase on the first try (acting really escapes him, although he is a fair interpretative dancer). Banshee will take the fight outside if he can. He is supposed to fight their best bare knuckle fighter one-on-one; if the fight becomes a team effort, he surrenders and Ebricol and his troops will arrive.

If Banshee manages to win, he crows about it in his own, strangely high-pitched voice for a moment, then returns to his shop. If a single player beats Banshee in a fair one-on-one fight with no weapons, then another *magic mouth* activates. "Well, ye bested me fair and square. Here, take the best sword of the lot." Banshee delivers this line even if unconscious or dead. A hidden panel in the shop's exterior opens to reveal a magical +4 **defending long sword**. The sword has a *magic mouth* effect as well—when a player chooses it, it says "I shall take the part of the true defenders of Asylum." The only way to get the sword is to beat Banshee in a fair one-on-one brawl.

E—Temple

From the outside, the temple is a tiny gothic affair, carefully done in faux stonework and rare wood. A successful Religion check (DC 20) lets the players know that, while this building is in the style of pre-cataclysm era, the symbols and adornments are meaningless creations of a set dresser. Once the players venture inside, read them the following:



The interior of the temple is a well done replica of an ancient time. Electric candles cast tall, long shadows across the darkened hall. Rain leaks through the roof into four tin coffers placed strategically around the room. Stone benches face a large, stark altar, inscribed with a strange quasi-religious symbol. Standing in the pulpit is a venerable version of Herobane. "Who goes there?" he cries out in quavering voice.

High Priest Barony says he is happy to have visitors, since the church has been all but empty of worshippers lately. The actor playing Barony will bemoan a curse that has fallen over Asylum, and express his wish to leave the area entirely. This is a pure role-playing encounter; the players should attempt to convince him to stay and tend to the spiral needs of Asylum, no matter how dark things have been. The actor playing Barony will consider what the players say, perhaps arguing mildly when appropriate. If the players agree that the situation is hopeless, or try to convince the High Priest to leave or even to finish the Emperor's Cup with them, he will heartily agree, then grab a bulging traveling bag from behind the altar and leave through the doors the players came in through.

If the players manage to convince him to stay, High Priest Barony draws a scroll from his pulpit and offers to read them a special blessing. If the players agree, they receive a special charm granting them +2 morale bonus on all saving throws for the remainder of Room 5.

F—Tower

The tower is forty feet tall and has the feel of a long abandoned place. The door and windows are boarded up from the outside. No light shines from within. A tattered coat of arms hangs from the battlement, showing an eagle on a blue field, surrounded by fleur-de-lis and other regal designs.

If the players recognize that the eagle from the coat of arms is the same as the mark on Tadpole, the orphan from the Harrowed Homebody, they may think to go collect him and bring him back. If they do, the entire scene undergoes a startling transformation—suddenly, the rain stops, the boards fall off the doors and windows, and a huge disembodied voice speaks: "Welcome home, Oh Master of Asylum." The door opens and the actor playing Tadpole walks regally



inside. A fanfare of trumpets is heard, and the artificial sun breaks out all over town. At this point, Ebricol and his Chaotics show up and attack.

If the players decide to scale the tower, attack the tower, pick the locks, etc., Ebricol and his Chaotics show up and attack.

Ebricol and his Chaotics

Ebricol is being played by Peter "Haymaker" Zwain, a well-known banned Xcrawl wizard. Zwain lost his Adventurers' Guild status in 4694 for multiple illegal equipment violations (Zwain was known for teleporting in homemade gasoline bombs from the trunk of his car during especially close fights). Now Zwain plays bad guys, raising his fee after every victory. Zwain is the only human in this room that won't be disguised as Herobane.

Let the Game Begin! • 4I



When one of the multiple events that summons Ebricol and the Chaotics occurs, an explosion will be heard. Those watching the sky will see Ebricol, riding a black pegasus, flying in with four vulturemen to join the fray. Ebricol will say something disparaging, like “You fools have dared to come to rescue Asylum—now you will pay with your lives!” He will fight until he is extremely close to death, then surrender. Once Ebricol surrenders or is otherwise defeated, the Chaotics surrender as well.

Once the Chaotics are defeated or destroyed, the remaining inhabitants of Asylum come forth, cheering on the players and handing them the treasure. They are invited to “come back, any time,” but if the players return to this room they find that the doorway has been quickly bricked up.

Peter “Haymaker” Zwain/Ebricol: Male Human Wiz16; HD 16d4+16; hp 60; Fame 46; Init +7; SPD: 30'; AC 24 (Flatfooted: 21 Touch: 18); Atk: **+1 quarterstaff** +9/4 (1d6+1);

+3 light crossbow +15/10 (1d8+3); AL CN; SV Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +11; STR 10, DEX 16, CON 13, INT 23, WIS 12, CHA 8; Skills: Alchemy +23, Concentration +20, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (Xcrawl) +15, Knowledge (Explosives) +10, Scry +7, Spellcraft +25; Feats: Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous Item, Heighten Spell, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Maximize Spell, Quicken Spell, Scribe Scroll, The Profile.

Spells Prepared (Wiz 4/6/6/5/5/5/4/3/2): 0—*dancing lights, daze, detect magic, light*; 1st—*magic missile x 6*; 2nd—*blur x2, cat's grace, flaming sphere x2, invisibility*; 3rd—*fireball x2, flame arrow, fly, haste*; 4th—*minor globe of invulnerability, polymorph self, stonewall x2, summon monster IV*; 5th—*summon monster V x2, cone of cold x2, wall of force*; 6th—*analyze dweomer, circle of death, globe of invulnerability, maximized fireball*; 7th—*forcecage, mass invisibility, prismatic spray*; 8th—*horrid wilting, prismatic wall*.



Equipment: dagger; +3 **Light Crossbow**; +1 **Quarterstaff**, 24 masterwork bolts, **Amulet of Natural Armor (+6)**; **Ring of Protection +2**; **Gloves of Dexterity (+2)**; **Bracers of Armor (+3)**; **Wondrous: Pearl of Power (3rd)**; **Scroll: Wail of the Banshee (17)**, **Scroll: Shapechange (17)**; 3 **Potions of Cure Serious Wounds (3d8+5)**; **Headband of Intellect (+4)**; **Wand: Stoneskin (8)** (Charges: 25), **Wand: Villalobo's Knife Outta Nowhere (8)** (10 charges). Zwain begins the fight with a *stoneskin* in place (80 point).

Vulturemen: Medium Monstrous Humanoid; HD 8d8+24; hp 72, 56, 59, 80; Init +6; SPD: 90' fly (good), 20' (can't run); AC 26; Atk: Rake +15/+10 (1d6+7); AL CE; SV: Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +4; STR 17, DEX 22, CON 19, INT 9, WIS 14, CHA 7; Skills: Listen +4, Spot +4; Feats: Alertness, Flyby Attack, Wingover. Each vultureman begins the fight with a *stoneskin* in place (80), as well as a *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *greater magic fang* (+3) and *bear's endurance*.

Dark Naga: Large Aberration; HD 10d8+20 (Aberration); hp 95; Init +2; SPD: 40'; AC 14; Atk: Sting +8/+3; SA: Detect Thoughts (Su), Poison (Ex), Spells; SQ: Guarded Thoughts (Ex), Resistance: Charm (Ex); AL LE; SV: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +9; STR 14, DEX 15, CON 14, INT 16, WIS 15, CHA 17.

Spells Known (SA Spells: Sor 6/7/7/5): 0—*daze*, *detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost* 1st—*expeditious retreat*, *magic missile* x3, *ray of enfeeblement* 2nd—*Cat's grace*, *mirror image*, *web* 3rd—*lightning bolt*, *displacement*.

Banshee: Male Human Mnk8/Ftr8; Medium Humanoid; HD 8d8+8d10+32; hp 126, Fame 23; Init +4; SPD: 50'; AC 25 (Flatfooted: 21 Touch: 21); Atk: Hand-to-hand +18/+15/+12/+9/+6 (1d10+3, 19-29 x2); AL LN; SV: Fort +14, Ref +12, Will +10; STR 16, DEX 19, CON 15, INT 15, WIS 14, CHA 13; Skills: Balance +6, Climb +18, Concentration +10, Heal +4, Hide +9, Jump +24, Move Silently +12, Perform +10, Tumble +14; Feats: Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Deflect Arrows, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical: Unarmed, Improved Trip, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Unarmed.

Equipment: **Ring of Protection +4**; **Amulet of Natural Armor (+4)**; **Wondrous: Gloves of Dexterity (+2)**; **Monk's Belt**.

Fiendish Dire Tigers: Huge Animal; HD 16d8+48; hp 120; Init +2; SPD: 40'; AC 16; Atk: Claws +18/+13 (2d4+8), bite +8 (2d6+4); SA: Pounce (Ex), Improved Grab (Ex), Rake (Ex), Smite Good(Su), Darkvision, Cold/Fire Resistance 10, Damage Reduction 5/+1, SR 13; SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +6; STR 27, DEX 15, CON 17, INT 2, WIS 12, CHA 10; Skills: Move Silently +6.

Treasure: The gold amount the players win is based on how they fared in the individual encounters:

- 5000 gp for making it inside the Harrowed Homebody
- Bringing Tadpole to the tower: +5000 gp
- Defeating Banshee in a fair, one on one fight: +5000 gp
- Freeing the fairy from the bookshop: +5000 gp
- Convincing the priest to stay in town: +5000 gp

The players also receive three potions: *fly*, *invisibility* and *sneaking* and each lucky member receives an authentic Weisenheimer Juke Box, along with a collection of vintage rock, blues, and jazz singles.

Room 6— Lord of the Junkpile

The northern door leading to this room has a hideous Centracol Security Max lock (DC 41) and is trapped (DC 30/35). If the door is opened or battered down, or if the lock is picked before the trap is disarmed two things occur—it sets off an enormous bomb located down the hallway; simultaneously, the door is blown off its hinges with smaller shaped charges. If the door is blown off, an airhorn sounds and the room begins. The bomb does 10d6 everyone in the hallway, Reflex save for half (DC 25).

This is a medium sized arena room. A crowd of about five thousand greets you with wild cheers and applause as you enter the room. The room itself looks like a massive junk yard. Piles of rusted garbage and debris form a maze. On the east wall you see a long conveyor belt. The belt sits 20' off the ground, running all the way to the south wall where it feeds into an incinerator. On the west wall is a tall crane with an armored cab. Through the breaks in the tight chain link that serves as a windscreen, you see a humanoid manning the controls—

it might be an orc or goblinoid. He is swinging the crane around. Other than the crane operator you do not see any enemies in this room, although a scoreboard embedded into the south wall just over the furnace has blank slots for posting multiple bogies. An air horn sounds—the crane roars to life.

This room has multiple invisible opponents. There are five super-sized *invisible* rust monsters scurrying about the room. They will make their way to the player's position and attempt to corrode any obvious metal, choosing armor over weapons. Hidden in the piles of trash are five huge otyughs, waiting for players to come within reach. Once one can reach a player, all the otyughs will rush out and attack. Finally, there is one back up monster: a *gaseous* medusa who is being controlled (*dominate monster*) from the sidelines. Herobane is keeping this creature in reserve, but if he finds an opening, he will gladly send her into the fray.

The crane operator has a huge electromagnet on the end of his reaching arm. It extends to a maximum of 140', effectively allowing it to reach any spot in the room. It is fully extended and hanging over the door when the players arrive. The operator will attempt to grab a player in metal armor with the electromagnet and deposit him into the furnace at the other end of the room. The magnet end of the crane must make a ranged touch attack against a player within 15' in order to grab him. A hit means the player's armor is magnetized and the player is stuck to the crane. Pulling free requires a Strength check (DC 30). The crane can swing approximately 60 degrees per turn, meaning it can take a player from the door to the furnace in three rounds. The furnace is filled with one foot of molten metal. Players dropped into the furnace take 21-40 (1d20+20) points of damage per round from the intense heat. In addition, all of the player's equipment that can be affected by the heat must make a save (DC 18) or be destroyed. It takes two rounds and two successful climb rolls (DC 24) to climb out of the furnace, and players take damage (and risk equipment loss) every round they remain.

The crane operator has a good deal of cover as long as he stays in the cab (the cab provides 90% cover as long as he stays inside). Players could rip the door off (Strength check DC 27) or bash the door down (hardness 11, 30hp to

destroy). The crane operator will surrender at the first sign of danger to his person. Players who get inside might try to fiddle with the controls in order to turn the crane on his opponent, but there is a trap built into the dashboard. The dash consists of two levers (which control the crane's movement), a steering wheel (which controls the rotation of the cab, and therefore the crane), and three switches; the first two switches turn the magnet on and off, and the third must be switched every time the crane is moved, or whenever the magnet is activated, to avoid setting off a poison gas trap (DC 20/ 33). If this switch is not activated and the controls are used, an intense jet of poison gas is blown at the players' face from the steering column.

Once this room is complete, a treasure panel opens up and the players can take their treasure and leave—almost. The door to the south is directly under the furnace. It has a Wedgeford Masterlock (DC 30) and a dangerous trap (DC 25/35). If the door is opened before the trap is disarmed, the bottom hatch of the furnace will open and it will shower whoever is in a 15' radius of the door (in other words, the lockpick and anyone with him) with molten metal. Players underneath will take 21-40 (1d20+20) points of damage per round from the intense heat, Reflex save DC 28 for half damage. In addition, all of the player's equipment that can be affected by heat must save (DC 18) or be destroyed.

Rust Monsters: Large Aberration; HD 10d8+30; hp 75, 71, 79, 66, 94; Init +2; SPD: 40'; AC 18; Atk: 2 antennae +10/+5, bite +4 (2d6+4); SA: Rust (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +8; STR 18, DEX 15, CON 17, INT 2, WIS 13, CHA 8.

Otyugh: Huge Aberration; HD 15d8+45; hp 112; Init -1; SPD: 20'; AC 23 (-2 size; +11 natural, +4 *mage armor*) Atk: +13 base melee; 2 tentacle rakes +18/+13 (1d8+9), bite +11 (1d6+7, Bite); SA: Improved Grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex), Disease (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +10; STR 19, DEX 8, CON 17, INT 5, WIS 12, CHA 6. The otyoughs have been enhanced with *mage armor*, *bull's strength* and *greater magic fang* (+3).

Medusa: Medium Monstrous Humanoid; HD 6d8+6; hp 40; Init +2; SPD: 30'; AC 19; Atk: snakebite +6 (1d4); SA: Petrifying Gaze (Su), Poison (Ex); AL LE; SV: Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +6; STR 10, DEX 15, CON 12, INT 12, WIS 13, CHA 15. The medusa begins the encounter in *gaseous form*, and enhanced with *mage armor*.

Crane Operator: Male Hobgoblin Ftr2/Exp1(Crane Operator); hp 26; Init +4; SPD: 30'; AC 14 (Flatfooted: 10, Touch: 14); Atk: +3 base melee, +6 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV: Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +5; STR 13, DEX 18, CON 16, INT 14, WIS 17, CHA 10; Skills: Climb +5, Jump +3, Move Silently +9, Profession (Crane Operator) +11, Spot +6.

Poison Gas Trap: Terminus Alchemy #88 (Cosmic Obstacle Force): Fort DC 27—initial damage 1d6 temporary Dex (depth perception impaired, random colors flashing at sides of vision, come-and-go sense of complete vertigo), secondary damage 1d6 temporary Dex (debilitating pain, inner ear malfunction, frightening depth hallucinations).

Treasure: Behind the treasure panel are the following items: a 10,000 gp note, a certificate for a Virtek 1000 Computing Machine for each player, six **potions of cure serious wounds** (each curing 3d8+6 points of damage) and a suit of **+4 breastplate armor**.

Room 7— Mirror Maze

The walls, floor, and ceiling of this room are all fully mirrored. You see dozens of reflections of yourself looking back at you from several angles. You do not see any monsters or hazards in this room, nor do you see any exits. You hear the voice of Herobane pumped in from hidden speakers. "Ultimately, adventure is the truest look at yourself that you will ever have. Take a moment and assess yourself. Gaze into your own eyes. Are you prepared for what you see?" The room grows quiet.

Players listening carefully from the door may hear chattering and movement behind the walls (Listen check DC 28). The floor is trapped just inside the doors (trap DC 29/29). If the floor is walked across before the trap is disarmed, all of the mirrors shatter and the eight flensers hidden behind the mirrored walls rush out to attack. Players within 15' of the door when it shatters take 3d6 damage from flying shards of glass, no save. If the players discover the trap, handlers goad the flensers into smashing through the walls and



attacking—in this case, the flensers each take 3d6 damage from the glass, and the trap is rendered ineffective.

One round after the flensers arrive, the high orcish priest Kefetek will be *teleported* into the far southern end of the room. He will attempt to heal the flensers and prolong the fight. He will defend himself if attacked, but isn't interested in a duel to the death—he will surrender once the fight begins to go badly for him.

The flensers, on the other hand, fight to the death. They will attempt to hang back and use their tongue attack against fighters, and are smart enough to use team tactics. They hate music with unequalled passion, and bards who sing or play will be the subject of all of their attacks, even if this puts them at a combat disadvantage. Once all the flensers are destroyed, the treasure materializes in the center of the room.

The secret door is a three foot radius tunnel, four feet off the floor. It is dark inside as far as the players can see.

Flenser: Large Magical Beast; HD 10d10+30; hp 128, 117, 109, 120, 123, 106; Init +5; SPD: 30'; AC 24 (Flatfooted 23, Touch 10); Atk: 2 Claws +11, Bite +9; SA: Flens, Tongue Lash, Improved Grab, Poison Burst, Howl; SQ: Darkvision 60', Music Hater; AI CE; SV Fort +10, Ref +8,



Will +8; STR 26, DEX13, CON 17, INT 12, WIS 16, CHA 3; Skills: Listen +8, Spot +7, Wilderness Lore +5; Feats: Improved Initiative, Scent, Improved Trip, Improved Grab. The flensers have been enhanced with *mage armor* (current AC 30).

Kefetek: Male Orc Clr12; HD 12d8+36; hp 109; Init +5; SPD: 20'; AC 17 (Flatfooted 17, Touch 10); Atk: armor spikes +13/8 (1d6+4); **+3 greatsword** +18/+13 (2d6+6); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV: Fort +13, Ref +5, Will +12; STR 18, DEX 12, CON 16, INT 10, WIS 15, CHA 8; Skills: Concentration +18, Heal +4, Intimidate +0, Knowledge (religion) +7, Spellcraft +4; Feats: Extra Turning, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency: Greatsword, Scribe Scroll

Spells Prepared (Clr 6/6/5/4/3/3): 0—*guidance* x3, *mending*, *resistance* x2; 1st—*bles*, *cure light wounds* x3, *sanctuary*, x2; 2nd—*aid*, *darkness*, *death knell*, *hold person*, *lesser restoration*; 3rd—*bestow curse* x2, *dispel magic*, *summon monster III*; 4th—*cure critical wounds* x3; 5th—*dispel good*, *flame strike*, *greater command*.

Equipment: Half-plate with armor spikes; **+3 greatsword** (*greater magic weapon*); **wand of maximized cure moderate** (21 points per charge), 10 charges.

Treasure: A 5000 gp note, a Vail, Arizona Ski Vacation package for each surviving player plus guest, and an *Ion Stone* (+2 to Charisma).



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Room 8— Tunnel of Hate

This tunnel is circular and three foot wide at all points. After ten feet, the smooth concrete surface turns to mud and the going becomes difficult. Players receive a -2 to melee attacks, Climb or Balance checks while in the mud. Concealed in the muck of the tunnels are six miremares, hideous undead guardians composed of the bodies of several cadavers. They can meld into the mire at any time, and will use this to their advantage— appearing and disappearing into the muck. They will attempt to place themselves to their best advantage, appearing behind scouts or spellcasters or wherever they can create the most mayhem. There is no light in the tunnels save what the characters bring. This is the one area of the dungeon that is not being filmed—the home audience is treated to a graphic reproduction of the fight, but none shall know the actual outcome until the brawl is over and the players make their way out, past the tunnel trap.

There is a severe dip down in the tunnel in the last 10'. It dips down at a 45 degree angle, bottoms out and then angles 45 degrees upwards to the end of the tunnel. At the lowest point of the tunnel is a poison gas trap (DC 25/30). If any players pass over the trigger point before the trap is disarmed, a 30' cloud of poison gas will fill the tunnel, centered on the pressure plate. The gas is fairly harmless, but could make the next encounter more difficult.

Miremares: Medium Undead; HD 10d12; hp 116, 114, 109, 119, 108, 99. Init +2, SPD: 50' crawl (includes *haste*); AC 25; Atk: Bite +18 (2d6+10), two claws +8 (1d6+6); SA: Paralysis; SQ: Muck Transport, Permanent Haste, Undead Traits, Turn Resistance +4, Immunities, Environment Bound; SV: Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +3; STR 20, DEX 16, CON-, INT 6, WIS 14, CHA 3; Skills: Hide +8, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Spot +5; Feats: Dodge, Improved Grab, Mobility, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (bite). The miremares have been enhanced with *bull's strength* and *greater magic fang* (+3). See New Monsters, p.70.

Poison Gas Trap: Terminus Alchemy #17 (Beehive Brain Belittler) Fort Save DC 26, primary damage 1d4 temporary Intelligence (terrible feeling that one's brain is vibrating, impeded decision making, random thoughts popping into mind at inopportune moments), secondary damage 1d6 temporary

intelligence (vibrating brain sensation gets worse, eyes water and blink uncontrollably, random thoughts come quicker and stay longer, short term memory full of gaps).

Room 9— Paws That Refreshes

As you emerge from the slime tunnel, you find yourselves in a large cavernous room, with faux stone walls and a high vaulted ceiling. A small crowd is at the very top, no doubt safe behind invisible walls, cheering you as you emerge from the muck. There are two creatures waiting for you in this room—huge creatures with flesh like stone and huge claws. They aren't cheering one bit. It looks as if each has been painted on both flanks with the Friki-Choo cola logo.

These creatures are delvers, and they are being controlled from offstage by two magically enhanced handlers. The creatures rush to attack. They are unable to use their corrosive slime or stone shape ability on the hard tile they are being forced to fight on. This fight is more or less a "gimmie"—the Friki-Choo people don't want any players hurt too badly. The delvers are tough, but since they are unable to use their key abilities the fight should be quick. Once the battle is over, a shower of streamers and balloons fall from a trap door in the ceiling. An announcers voice is pumped in through hidden speakers.

"Working up a huge thirst killing the nasties? Well, there's nothing like an ice cold Friki-Choo cola to get your head back in the dungeon." The lights suddenly dim, and through the NoGo door in the east wall in comes Nala, the Friki-Choo spokesmodel, followed by two live cameramen, a boom mike operator, and a corporate lawyer who is holding the treasure.

Nala is appropriately gorgeous, tan, blond, and long-legged, and she approaches the players each in turn, putting a silver chain with a diamond studded Friki-Choo medallion over the heads of each player in turn (worth 2000 gp each). She is supposed to kiss them on the cheek, but since they are most likely covered in blood and tunnel slime, she simply smiles and gives out the chains. Once she has distributed all the chains, she gives the players the rest of the treasure.

Delvers: Huge Aberration; HD 16d8+80; hp 152, 149; Init +1; SPD: 30', Burrow 10'; AC 14; Atk: 2 slam +18 (1d6+8, 2 Slam); SA: Acid (Ex); SQ: Immunity: Acid (Ex), Corrosive Slime (Ex), Tremorsense (Ex), Stone shape (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +12; STR 27, DEX 13, CON 21, INT 14, WIS 14, CHA 12.

Treasure: A five thousand gold piece note, 2000 gp worth of free Friki-Choo Cola Gear (including sweats, hats, tote bags, notebooks, pens and hand painted ties) and twenty-four scrolls of *Friki-Choo Cola Call*.

Room 10— Mist Me?

Players listening to the door leading out of the Friki-Choo delver's room will hear a sound like gentle falling rain (Listen check DC 20). The door has a cheap lock (DC 22) and no trap.

This corridor is filled with a cool mist, spraying from dozens of tubes that line the walls. There are drains every ten feet in the floor. The corridor goes approximately sixty feet to a door with a gothic arch over it.

The mist in this hallway is perfectly harmless—it is here to allow the players to clean the muck off themselves before they go on to the next room, a large arena-sized room with a crowd. An easy Disable Device check (DC 18) allows the players to turn the water on and off.

The door leading to the mechabungaroo room is locked with a Neptune Arts Lock (DC 35) and trapped (DC 35). If the door is opened before the trap is disarmed, a battery of 220 decibel screamers go off near the players' heads [Fort save 25 or *deafened* for 3-6 rounds (1d4+2)].

This room is immense—two hundred feet long, with a ceiling nearly three hundred feet high. There is full stadium seating here, and it looks like almost ten thousand fans are on their feet cheering as you enter the room.

In the center of the room is a huge mechanical construct—it stands nearly fifty feet tall on three steel legs. It has the appearance of a giant hoogabungaroo. It advances as the door opens.

Hanging in the air more than a hundred feet up are three floating

platforms. Two are currently overhead and one is at the far end of the room, and all are currently moving towards the center. You think you glimpse a giant figure standing on one of the overhead platforms. There is a high ledge running the entire circumference of this room, at the same level as the floating platforms. The platforms travel within ten feet of the ledge.

Hanging from the ceiling is a reinforced display scoreboard. There is a list of all of your names, and a slot reading MECHABUNGAROO.

The mechabungaroo is a huge construct built specifically for this crawl. It will attempt to trap as many players as possible in its interior chambers. It will use its web blaster against spellcasters and stomp on front line fighters.

The floating platforms magically hover 120' over the floor of the arena. The two edge platforms (platforms A and C) move in unison; platform B moves in the opposite direction. At the start of the encounter they are all aligned ten feet from their respective starting edges. They float in straight lines. In one round they line up in the center of the room; in the next, they all move to the opposite ends of the room. They continue to float back and forth until the refs call the encounter, at which point they will float gently to the ground. When the platforms are all lined up in the center (every other round) it is possible to jump from one to the other (DC 18 for jumping from moving platform to moving platform). Failure indicates the player falls to the arena floor (12d6 damage).

Each platform has a stone giant armed with spiky iron balls. They will attempt to launch their "rocks" down upon the players. They have no illusions of their role in this contest—they are there to back up the mechabungaroo. If pressed, they will melee with their spiked gauntlets, but if the fight goes badly for them, they will certainly surrender.

The scoreboard hangs down 20' from the ceiling (which is 300' high) in the center of the room. Players might be tempted to get up on it and fight the battle safely from on top of it. However, the entire scoreboard is trapped (DC 18/18). If the a player lands on top of it a five second timer will start. The display will show a bomb with a sizzling fuse, with the clock built into the body of the bomb. One round after a

player lands on it, the entire scoreboard will explode. The explosion does 53-80 points of damage to anyone standing directly on the scoreboard at the time (3d10+50). A Reflex save (DC 28) allows a player to take half damage, but he must be willing to vacate the scoreboard, i.e. leap over the side in order to avoid damage. The explosion does 3-30 (3d10) points of damage to all targets within 30' (Reflex save DC 24 for half damage). In addition, the entire rig falls once it explodes. It is approximately 25' x 25', and can strike all targets directly beneath it. Any creatures underneath (including the mechabungaroo) take 61-80 (1d20+60) points of crushing damage, Reflex save to avoid all damage (DC 26).

If there are players stuck inside the mechabungaroo once the fight is over, they will be automatically released. The treasure is hidden in a panel in the west wall, which opens when the encounter is over.

Mechabungaroo: Gargantuan Construct; HD 35d10+80, hp 408; Init +6; SPD: 30' (can't run); AC 34; Atk: Stomp +31/+26/+16 (3d6+9); SA: Imprison, Web Blast; SQ: Construct Qualities, Damage Reduction 20/+2, Hardness 4, SR 29, Immunities; SV: Fort+10, Ref +12, Will +13; STR 28, DEX 14, CON—, INT 6, WIS 14, CHA 10. Skills: Listen +15, Spot +17; Feats: Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Sunder. See New Monsters, p. XX.

Stone Giants: Large Giant (Earth); HD 14d8+56 (Giant); hp 184, 177, 172; Init +2; SPD: 40'; AC 24; Atk: Spiked rocks +17/+12 (2d10+12), spiked gauntlets +17/+12 (2d6+9); SA: Rock throwing (Ex); SQ: Rock catching (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +4; STR 27, DEX 15, CON 19, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11.

Treasure: A 10,000 gp note, six **potions of cure critical wounds** and one magical **autograph pen** per player.

"ITS FOR MY DAUGHTER, S-T-E-V-E."

An **autograph pen** is a celebrity-friendly magic item—it allows you to sign autographs three times as quickly as normal, and it automatically spells the person's name correctly. For more details and a slew of other neat stuff, see the Pandahead release

Xcrawl: SellOut! We think you'll be glad you did.

Room II- VIP Meet and Greet

The corridor opens to a large room with a roped-off partition making a lane that you can walk down. On either side of the partitioned area is a mob of fans. Most seem to be nobility, and many are holding autograph books, scorecards, and random scraps of papers for you to sign. There is a ref in the corridor, as well as three live cameramen. The ref looks at his watch and calls an official time out.

The players can spend up to half an hour signing autographs, shaking hands and posing for pictures here before the ref clears the room. Players who conduct themselves well will receive two Fame points each. Players who act brusquely or who insult the Xcrawl patrons will lose two Fame points, and the crowd DC will be increased by three for the entire remainder of the dungeon. This is even true for Heel characters, who must make the fans happy even if they act horrible in the crawl. There are several big time VIP's here, including the Emperor's nephews and nieces, Dame Linda Leibrock, Duke Munson, the Mayor of Washington, Archmage Jose Villalobos, actor and personality Fabritzio (unless he died in your campaign's version of **The Celebrity Pro/Am Crawl**), famous for being famous celebrity Cha Cha Turner, and dozens of others. You can use this encounter to introduce all sorts of campaign elements should you choose.

Any players who actually threaten the mob will be warned, and disqualified if they persist. Players who harm anyone will be disqualified, and will likely find themselves publicly executed for their troubles.



Room I2- Enter the Missing Impossibles I

This room appears to be the scene of an act of carnage... before you even had a chance to destroy anything! There are five cadavers here. Two appear to be referees, another a paramedic and two others are just random folks. Other than the bodies, this room is bare, with a thirty foot arched ceiling. There are ads running on static AVS stations along every wall—sportscars on the south wall, detergent on the east, LaurelCard credit cards on the north, and the latest Hollywood blockbuster on the west. Other than this, the room is barren.

A quick examination shows that the bodies are all dead orcs, made up to appear human. The players might recognize a few of them as bodies of orcs who died in the battle room on level one. While the players are examining them, the Missing Impossibles burst through the flimsy stage-set wall to the north.

The Missing Impossibles are a team of humans, non-humans and monsters that Herobane has been training for the dungeon. They are a fully formed clique, with a starting Mojo pool of 8 (maximum 12). They have been training hard for this event, and use a semblance of team tactics to destroy their foes. The team includes Chainbird, a human monk; Driller Killer, a gnoll sorcerer; Echo, an ettin with some fighter training; and Sherman T., a human mounted fighter and his giant boar mount. The crew will fight to the finish, although they may surrender if the odds seem to be completely against them. Once the Missing Impossibles are killed or captured, a treasure hatch opens in south wall five minutes later.

Chainbird: Male Human Mnk14; HD 14d8+42; hp 118; Init +4; SPD: 70'; AC 29 (Flatfooted 25, Touch 24); Atk: +12/7 base melee, +14/9 base ranged; +15/12/9/6 (1d12+4, Unarmed); AL LG; SV: Fort +12, Ref +13, Will +12; STR 14, DEX 18, CON 17, INT 15, WIS 16, CHA 9; Skills: Balance +14, Climb +18, Concentration +10, Hide +21, Jump +21, Listen +12, Move Silently +12, Perform +4, Spot +8, Swim +7, Tumble +21; Feats: Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Improved Critical: Unarmed, Improved Trip, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse: Unarmed, Weapon Focus: Unarmed.

Equipment: **Amulet of Natural Armor (+5), Belt of Giant**

Strength (+4), Bracers of Armor (+5), Cloak of Resistance (+3).

Driller Killer: Male Gnoll Sor10; HD 2d8+4 (Humanoid), 10d4+20 (Sorcerer); hp 67; Init +6; SPD: 30'; AC 16 (Flatfooted 14, Touch 15); Atk: +7 base melee, +8 base ranged; Heavy Crossbow +11 (1d10); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV: Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +11; STR 12, DEX 14, CON 15, INT 8, WIS 12, CHA 15; Skills: Concentration +15, Spellcraft +12; Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Shield Proficiency, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes.

Spells Known (Sor 6/7/7/6/5/3): 0—*arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, disrupt undead, light, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*; 1st—*burning hands, enlarge, magic missile, ray of enfeeblement, reduce*; 2nd—*cat's grace, flaming sphere, invisibility, web*; 3rd—*fireball, fly, sleet storm*; 4th—*Ragsdale's bitchslap, ice storm*; 5th—*summon monster V*.

Equipment: **+3 heavy crossbow** (*greater magic weapon*), shortspear, masterwork dagger, 10 crossbow bolts, **Bracers of Armor +2, Cloak of Resistance +4, scroll of Melsenschlap's 1-D fighter**.

Echo: Male Ettin Giant10/Ftr3, Large Giant; HD 10d8+40 (giant), 3d10+12 (fighter); hp 147; Init +4; SPD: 25'; AC 22 (Flatfooted 22, Touch 9); Atk: Two bastard swords +11/+11/+8 (1d10+8); SA: Superior Two-Weapon Fighting (Ex); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV: Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +5; STR 27, DEX 11, CON 18, INT 6, WIS 12, CHA 8; Skills: Climb +6, Jump +6, Listen +3, Search +0, Spot +3; Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency: bastard sword, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Sword, bastard.

Equipment: Two Masterwork Bastard sword, **+2 mighty composite longbow**, full plate, large steel shield, **two potions of cure serious wounds**.

Sherman T: Male Human Ftr9; HD 9d10+9; hp 68; Init +2; SPD: 20'; AC 18 (Flatfooted 16, Touch 12); Atk: Lance +15/10 (1d8+6, Lance, heavy, Masterwork); AL LN; SV: Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +2; STR 18, DEX 15, CON 13, INT 14, WIS 8, CHA 14. Skills: Climb +11, Handle Animal +9, Jump +8, Ride +16. Feats: Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Bull Rush, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Ride-By Attack, Spirited Charge, Weapon Focus: Lance, heavy, Weapon Specialization: Lance, heavy.

Equipment: +4 heavy lance , +2 breastplate, +2 ring of protection, +2 small steel shield.

Sherman T: Male Human Ftr9: Medium Humanoid; HD 9d10+9 (Fighter) ; hp 68; Init +2; SPD: 20; AC 18 (Flatfooted: 16 Touch: 12); Atk +13/8 base melee, +11/6 base ranged; +15/10 (1d8+6, Lance, heavy, Masterwork); AL LN; SV: Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +2; STR 18, DEX 15, CON 13, INT 14, WIS 8, CHA 14; Skills: Climb +11, Handle Animal +9, Jump +8, Ride +16; Feats: Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Bull Rush, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Ride-By Attack, Spirited Charge, Weapon Focus: Lance, heavy, Weapon Specialization: Lance, heavy.

Equipment: +4 heavy lance, +2 Breastplate, +2 ring of protection, +2 small steel shield.

Dire Boar: Large Animal; HD 12d8+48 (Animal); hp 102; Init +1; SPD: 40'; AC 17; Atk: 2 hooves +21/+16 (2d4+13); SA: Improved grab (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +5; STR 31, DEX 13, CON 19, INT 2, WIS 12, CHA 10. The dire boar is enhanced with *Greater Magic Fang*(+3) and *mage armor*.

Room I3- Rest In Peace

There is neither trap nor lock on the door leading from the Missing Impossibles room to this room.

You found another break room... wait a minute. This looks like a larger version of the normal breakroom you found earlier in this event, but this one looks to be completely trashed. The floor is strewn with garbage and debris. Both the craft services table and the paramedic's workstation have been overturned and rummaged through. "Tisk, tisk, tisk," comes the voice of Herobane, as he appears on every AVS in the room. "My Impossibles sure did make a mess of the place. Clean it up and I'll give you something special. No, something very special. You will each receive a magic item never before seen on television, or to the best of my knowledge, anywhere else. So lend a hand, won't you, folks?" At this point the door to the men's room opens and a wretched smell issues forth. A moment later you see a rush of movement coming at you.

The creatures running out of the men's room are toxic sludge elementals, summoned from the recently

discovered demi-plane of filth. They rush in and attack the players, focusing on the front line fighters. They will try to sicken as many players as possible before being destroyed.

Once the creatures are killed, Herobane appears on the AVSs again. "All right, heroes. That's enough cleaning for one day. Now, here goes that reward I promised."

The door to the women's room opens, and out comes a live cameraman. He is followed by supermodel Tricia Lecoist, dressed in a stunning evening gown and holding a silver tray. There is one glowing red pill for each player on the tray. "If everyone would please take a pill now and swallow it before you leave the room. These pills will permanently increase your personal energy. But, don't have more than one, or you might get a bellyache."


These are PowerTabs® by Terry Paris™, a new magic item that is being introduced during the Emperor's Cup XX. Taking one gives any humanoid 3-6 permanent hit points. They taste foul, but their effect is immediate—the players all feel invigorated. Taking more than one results in losing the new hit points and feeling *nauseous* for 2-12 hours, no save. Only one Power Tab® can benefit a given player in their lifetime.

There is no other treasure in this room.

Toxic Sludge Elemental ; HD 24d8+120; hp 288; Init +3; SPD: 30'; AC 24; Atk: 2 slams +27 (2d8+11); SA: Intensely Rank, Toxic Gout, Poison Strike; SQ: Elemental qualities, Poison Burst, Bad to Burn, Damage Reduction 15/+2, Immunities; AL N; SV: Fort +19, Ref +7, Will +10; STR 34, DEX 8, CON 32, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 1; Skills: Intimidate +22, Knowledge: Sewers and Dump Sites +15, Listen +22, Spot +22; Feats: Cleave, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Improved Bull Rush, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack. See New Monsters, p.70.

Room I4- The Lizard King

A triple-redundant Wallach Deadfall (DC 35) protects this door—it takes twice as long as normal (usually five minutes; but here, ten) per lockpicking attempt. The door is also trapped (DC 38/28); if the players open or bash down, the door before the trap is disarmed, jets of flame



turn the hallway in to a roaring inferno as far back as 70 feet from the door. Players caught in the flame blast take 5-20 (5d4) points of damage per round until they vacate the hallway. Players searching the length of the hallway for traps may find the flame jets (DC 38), but will not find the triggering mechanism until they search the door.

This huge room is dominated by a massive ziggurat, almost sixty feet high and built of five-foot high tiers of what appears to be sandstone. There is a stairway on the east face of it, and it leads to a sacrificial alter at its summit. Four immense marble pillars support the ceiling from beyond the corners of the pyramid. From somewhere, you hear an extremely loud rattling sound, low pitched and frightening.

You hear the voice of Herobane booming everywhere, so loud it almost seems to be inside your head. "Every year the Emperor's Cup boils down to this question: who will find glory and who will embrace death and madness?" At this, you see movement from the rear of the pyramid, as if two huge creatures were beginning to make their way along its flanks.

Coming at the players from the two sides of the pyramid at once is the dreaded cha-ka, the two-headed insanity serpent. Herobane paid tens of thousands in gold to a group of adventurers to capture it from its home in Bora Bora and transport it here. Since its arrival, it has killed several handlers and crewmen, driven two truck drivers mad, and has created general mayhem and chaos in the poor DJ's menagerie. Now, he is eager to see it dead, and he cheers the players along in their efforts.

The cha-ka uses its gaze attack on as many players as possible before entering the fray. The serpent is immortal and inflicted with ancient madness. It has no fear of death, so it may opt for a dramatic end—if the fight goes poorly, one head might attack the other.

Once the beast is killed, Herobane appears on a massive AVS on the east wall. "There is hope for this world yet with such sturdy individuals to defend it. Ladies and gentlemen, a well-deserved round of applause for our heroes." The players receive a standing ovation and two points of bonus Fame for Herobane's

affirmation. Herobane himself appears on the floor, followed by a drift of armed guards. He delivers the treasure to the players personally.

There is a secret door hidden at the top of the ziggurat. The entire altar slides away to reveal a shaft going down 200' to a rocky corridor. Players must find their own way safely down the shaft. If they simply jump they take the damage from a 200' fall.

Cha-Ka: Colossal Magical Beast; HD 30d10+270; hp 544; Init +8; SPD: 50'; AC 26; Atk: Bite +38 (4d6+16); SA: Insanity Gaze, Poison; SQ: Immunities; SR: 30, Damage reduction 15/+1; AL N; SV: Fort +23, Ref +18, Will +15; STR 42, DEX 18, CON 28, INT 12, WIS 28, CHA 20; Skills: Bluff +25, Heal +26, Intimidate +37, Search +46, Sense Motive +33, Spot +38, Survival +42; Feats: Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Scent. See New Monsters, p.70.

Treasure: The players receive a 10,000 gp note and three **potions of neutralize poison**, and a scroll of *cure critical wounds* x6. In addition, the players receive a lifetime membership to Iron Body Fitness. Iron Body is a huge national chain, and every major city has at least two 24 hour locations.

Room 15- Tomb of Hors d'Oeuvres

The secret door that leads to the corridor outside of this tiny chamber is locked with a ridiculously elaborate puzzle lock (DC 45). Players may either try to pick the lock, or they can attempt to solve its puzzle. There are eight cylinders inset into the door, and each may be adjusted to each letter of the alphabet or each digit from zero to nine. Inscribed on a plaque above the puzzle is the following clue:

I kill but never shed blood,

I damn and destroy, yet my touch is never felt.

I am behind each and every door,

And nowhere to be found.

We have met face to face,

But one day we may sit across a table.

The answer is, of course, Herobane, who kills with his



dungeon but never actually fights, who is “behind” each and every door (after all, he designed the dungeon), and who will share the traditional victory dinner with the players should they emerge victorious.

The cylinders must be turned to spell HEROBANE, from beginning to end, with no mistakes. Every time the players make an incorrect attempt at guessing what eight-letter word might fulfill the puzzle, a monster is *summoned* in the order listed below, and it immediately attacks the would-be break-in artist. A monster is also summoned every time a rogue makes a Disable Device roll that fails by eight or more.

PUZZLE LOCK GUARDIANS

For every failed attempt, the following monsters will appear:

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1st Attempt | invisible stalker |
| 2nd Attempt | fiendish tyrannosaurus |
| 3rd Attempt | one dozen fiendish dire wolves |
| 4th Attempt | chaos beast |
| 5th Attempt and subsequent: The cycle repeats itself. | |
-

The room beyond is dark, and has no light source. Once the players have illuminated the room, or if they are able to see in darkness, read them the following.

This is a small chamber with a low ceiling, perhaps seven feet tall at its highest point. It looks like a tiny natural cave. In the center of the room is a pile of dust and what appears to be half a rib cage and a skull. You hear the voice of the DJ, coming from someplace very quiet in the room. “Some secrets are best left undiscovered, don’t you think?” At this the skull lazily stirs, then slowly floats up until it hovers three feet over the pile of dust. A red light seems to glow from within it. The skull seems to smile at you.

This is a special kind of construct, a dunce. It is not, as some might surmise, some rare form of undead. The thing will open with its hypnotic effect, then try to shrink several characters before it begins to use its bite attack.

The treasure is hidden in a secret chamber in this room. Players searching for secret doors or traps on the north wall might find it (search DC 38).

Dunce: Tiny Construct; HD 18d10, hp 154; Init +10; SPD: Fly 30' (perfect); AC 34; Atk: Bite +10 (1d4); SA: Hypnosis, Diminishing Ray, Spell-like abilities; SQ: Construct qualities, Damage Reduction 12/+1, Hardness 8, SR 35; AL N; SV: Fort +8, Ref +12, Will +10; STR 10, DEX 22, CON–, INT 10, WIS 18, CHA 10; Skills: Listen +23, Search +21, Spot +27; Feats: Alertness, Fly-by Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (Bite). See New Monsters, p.70.

Treasure: A magical protective keychain, in the form of a crystal skull. It provides a +4 bonus vs. enchantment to whomever carries it.

Room I6– Elements of Style

The door to this room has a Lurch IV Lock (DC 34).

This is a large, cavernous room with a 60' arched ceiling. The entire northwest corner has a giant AVS with a glowing advertisement for the new movie One Third a G-Man. The poster shows three gnomes in dark suits with dark glasses, all sitting on one another’s shoulders, each flashing an official looking badge. There is one door leading out of the room on the east wall. Even from here you can see that it has a menacing lock on it.

The lock on the east door is a dummy. Any characters with 12 or more ranks in Lockpicking receive a Spot roll (DC 30) to recognize it as a phony with one glance. Once players begin tampering with the lock or looking for traps, four greater elementals are summoned—one of each major type. They attack the players, concentrating on the cleric if at all possible.

Once the room is defeated, three gnome actors—the ones pictured on the movie poster—enter the room with a cameraman and two bodyguards. AVS units become visible all over the set at this point, showing a cheering crowd. The gnomes smile, take a bow, and deliver the treasure to the players.

Greater Air Elemental: Huge Elemental (Air); HD 21d8+84; hp 178; Init +4; SPD: 100' fly (perfect) ; AC 26; Atk: Slam +23 (2d8+7, Slam); SA: Air mastery (Ex), Whirlwind (Su); SQ: Elemental, Damage Reduction (Su): 10/+2; AL N; SV: Fort +11, Ref +22, Will +7; STR 20, DEX 31, CON 18, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11; Feats: Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse: Slam.

Greater Earth Elemental: Huge Elemental (Earth); HD 21d8+105; hp 199; Init -1; SPD: 20'; AC 20; Atk: Slam +23 (2d10+15); SA: Earth mastery (Ex), Push (Ex); SQ: Elemental, Damage Reduction (Su): 10/+2; AL N; SV: Fort +17, Ref +6, Will +7; STR 31, DEX 8, CON 21, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11; Feats: Power Attack.

Greater Fire Elemental: Huge Elemental (Fire); CR: 9; HD 21d8+84; hp 178; Init +12; SPD: 50'; AC 24; Atk: slam +21 (2d8+7, Slam); SA: Burn (Ex); SQ: Elemental, Fire subtype (Ex), Damage Reduction (Su): 10/+2; AL N; SV: Fort +11, Ref +20, Will +7; STR 20, DEX 27, CON 18, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11; Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse: Slam.

Greater Water Elemental Huge Elemental (Water); HD 21d8+105; hp 199; Init +5; SPD: 20', Swim 90'; AC 22; Atk: Slam +21 (2d10+12, Slam); SA: Water mastery (Ex), Drench (Ex), Vortex (Su); SQ: Elemental, Immunity: Fire (Ex), Damage Reduction (Su): 10/+2; AL N; SV: Fort +17, Ref +12, Will +7; STR 26, DEX 20, CON 21, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11; Feats: Power Attack.

Treasure: A 10,000 gp note and a **ring of feather falling**. In addition, each player receives a certificate good for a portable AVS crystal, a tiny magical TV that allows the players to watch stations capable of broadcasting AVS signals anywhere in the world. Of course, these particular magic items are banned from the games so the players won't actually receive them until after the level, and may not bring them into any official Xcrawl event.

Room I7- Final Answer

The door to this room has a Centracol Security Max lock (DC 41) and is trapped with a *symbol of weakness* (DC 32/32). Players can hear the roar of a huge crowd from the other side of the room with no need for a skill check.

This is a huge arena room. Thousands of fans get to their feet as you enter the room. There is an odd chill in this place, and as soon as you pass the threshold you can see your breath steaming in front of you. A scoreboard shows all of your names and one additional slot marked BAD GUY. In the center of this room is a single, lone figure in spiked full plate. He has a huge pig-nosed helmet and a great sword in either hand. As you

approach, he gives you a slight bow and then assumes a defensive stance.

This dungeon level ends with one of the most dangerous undead creatures ever to play the game, a powerful and unique undead champion called Murdok the Destroyer. Murdok is an intelligent, lawful evil undead who has been tricked by the Necromancers' Guild into believing that the players are the ancestors of those responsible for murdering his family in 4308. Vengeance is his entire existence, and only blood can satisfy him.

Herobane has placed a few stage hands in the crowd dressed up as the grim reaper, complete with mask and prop scythe. If any players attempt to grandstand or simply look around up into the crowd, a simple Spot check (DC 20) notices one of the dark-garbed figures. They have no effect on game play—Herobane is just messing with their minds. There are thirteen poser undead in all.

If the players defeat Murdok, fireworks explode, trumpets blare and the players are showered in confetti and rose petals (assuming that the entire level has been completed at this point). The players are lead out through a screaming multitude of fans, and can rest and relax until level three starts in two days.

Murdock: Medium Undead; HD 36d12: hp 625; Init +8, SPD: 20'; AC 36; Atk: paired longsword +28/+28/+23/+18/+13 (1d8+9+1d6 negative energy); SA Greater Energy Drain; SQ Spell-like abilities, SR: 30/ *blessed* or +2, Vulnerability. SV: Fort +13, Ref +19, Will +19; STR 22, DEX 20, CON-, INT 14, WIS 12, CHA 14; Skills: Bluff +17, Climb +25, Intimidate +36, Jump +25, Listen +18, Ride +27, Search +25, Sense Motive +20, Spot +18; Feats: Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Improved Disarm, Combat Reflexes, Greater Fortitude, Improved Critical (greatsword), Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Two Weapon Fighting, Improved initiative, Improved Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus. See New Monsters, p.70.

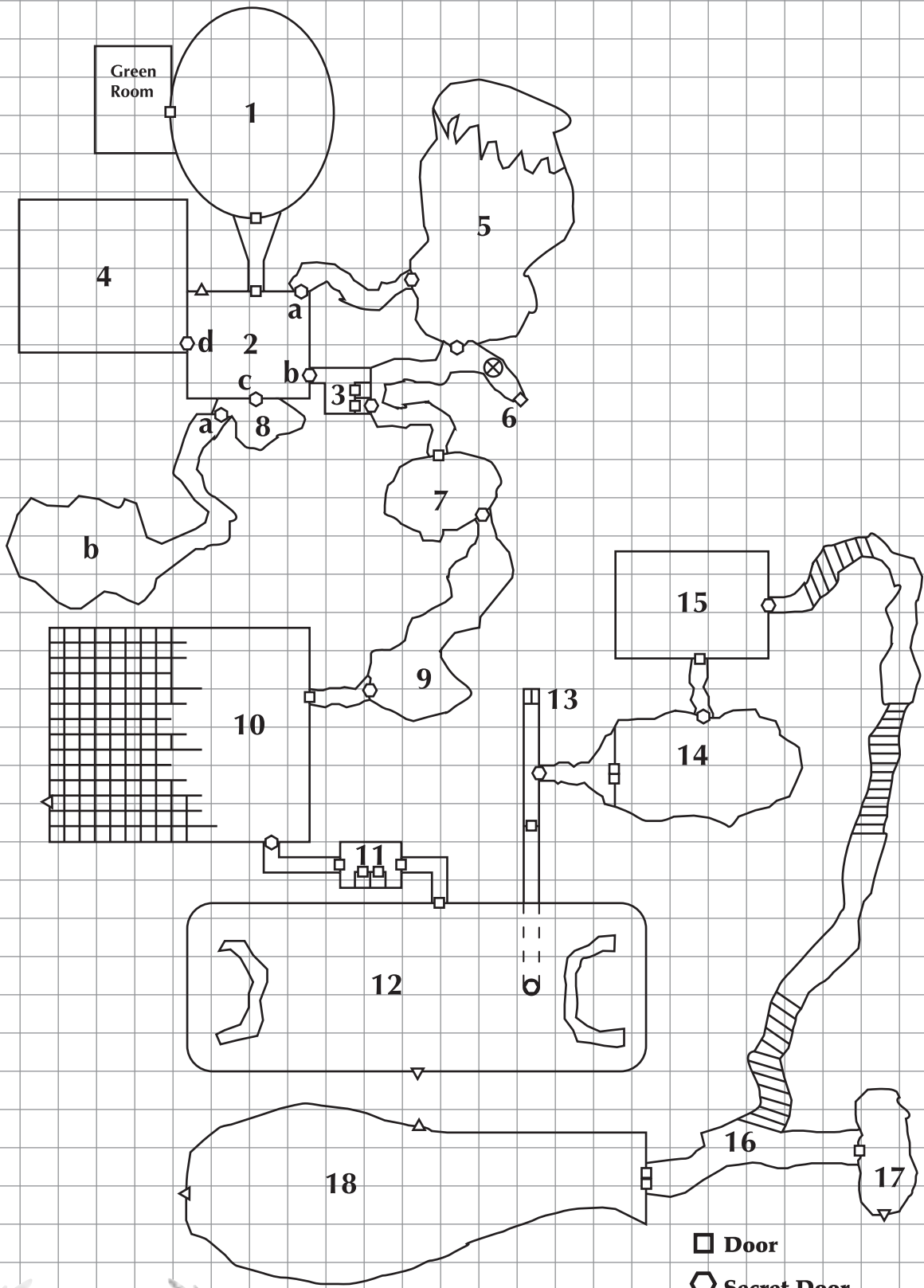
Treasure: The team receives a 20,000 gp note, a scroll of *greater restoration* x3 and one Adventure Road 32' Recreational Vehicle, complete with six sleeping berths, a CB radio, integral Hi-Fi set, mini-kitchen, and a secure storage locker. The referee leads the players to the RV after the level is complete. The gleaming chrome bus sits in the parking lot, wrapped up in a gigantic red bow.

Between Levels Two and Three

There is the usual incredible after-party for the team following the level. The players receive A-list celebrity treatment, are assailed by thousands of flashbulbs and requests for autographs, and are followed around by reporters. Allow each player attending a party to make a single Mugging check (DC 20) to look good at the party; successful attempts earn one automatic point of Fame.

The players have two days to rest and recuperate before the start of level three. They may make public appearances, heal, visit the city of Washington, or spend time in their hotel rooms. At this point, they are the biggest news in the nation, and any attempt to do anything constructive will be hampered by wily paparazzi and hoards of cheering fans who turn up at every public place the players show up at.





- Door
- ⬡ Secret Door
- △ NoGo Door
- ⊗ Floor Trap



By Official Decree of
Emperor Ronald I



LEVEL THREE

CROWD DC

Unless otherwise noted, the Crowd DC of the entire third level is 15—the crowd is extremely enthusiastic and very much behind the players. On level three, the crowd may show their enthusiasm in increasingly creative ways—fans may come dressed as their favorite players or monsters, the wave might erupt during an arena encounter, fights might break out, or entire mobs of otherwise sane folks might all join up for a huge conga line.

Green Room

The green room to level three is much quieter than the previous two levels. That's because there is a security scare going on; no one is talking about it, but dozens of security guards are outside all the entrances to this room. You are alone with a single ref, a camera man, and a matronly older woman who is managing the craft services table. She offers each one of you in turn a beverage or snack. There are two locker rooms, male and female, and they are equipped with showers. There is the NoGo door that leads to the dungeon, vigilantly guarded by a stern-faced referee. There is also a large AVS to the right of the door playing highlights from the rest of the crawl. It focuses on the mistakes made by the K.Z.M.F.R.'s, who lost three players in the second level and had to run out a NoGo door. There are no reporters or fans allowed in the green room—you are mostly left alone with your thoughts.

The only one here who has a clue about the security shutdown is the craft services manager, Ella Richmond. Ella busies herself making coffee and smoothies, but if asked she will quietly tell the players what she heard. Ella heard the chefs complaining about having to go through a rigorous security checkpoint before they were able to get to the kitchen wing because of a search for an anarchist messianic group who purportedly tried to bring a bomb into the arena.

The players have three hours to stretch out, warm up, pray, or do whatever it is they do to get ready for the big match. At ten to three, the players are assembled in

front of the AVS by the ref, where they are to be addressed by Herobane.

The AVS shows a highlight clip of classic moments from the Emperor's Cup through the years. A wizard, insane with some unknowable malady, stabs himself in the chest with a discarded horned helmet—his teammates try to restrain him, but it's too late. A dwarf attempting to pick a lock looks up just in time to find himself swallowed by some gargantuan beast. An entire team, filmed in the unmistakable cheesy manner of seventies sports television, spontaneously catches fire at once. A female bard—you think it's Ella "E-Sharp" Songsmith—is carried off by a clutch of giant red ants; she leaves a terrible trail of red behind her. Two giants rip a man in half, obscuring the camera lens with splattered blood. This fades and you see Herobane, in civilian clothes, hunched over a home made Dungeonbattle playset. He picks up a miniature, looks at it lovingly for a moment, sets it down and addresses the camera.

"Tabletop will always hold a special place in my heart. The first time my friends and I got together to play Dungeonbattle... well, I can only say that something magical happened to me that day. I saw a world rife with possibility for real heroics and glory. Today, on this twentieth anniversary of the first Emperor's Cup, I want to thank Bearface Publishing for putting out a game that I fell in love with again and again and again."

The camera shows the crowd cheering, a scattered few with noticeably more enthusiasm than others.

"Now, adventurers, it is time to face your greatest challenge ever. You stand on the threshold of the third level. Ladies and gentlemen, can we have another great big Washington round of applause for this amazing team of heroes?"

The crowd erupts with enthusiasm.

At this point Herobane will interview the individual players. He will politely compliment them on their performances, perhaps singling out particularly good moves or lucky breaks that they had. He will spend a minute or two talking to each player, then resume addressing the crowd.



"Well said, well said. Well, (team name), it's time to begin. Level three is going to be a special challenge. It's like this: level three has grown beyond my control. One of my room guardians has grown powerful beyond my ability to contain. Now he runs the entire level, and changes the rooms to suit his needs. I'm not even sure what's down there anymore. To win, you must find the master of the level and defeat him—or you will never leave alive."

"This level boss has captured three members of my staff. I must have them back—they are all in the tabletop game I run, and if we don't have them back tonight, it will ruin the entire scenario. That gives you a twelve hour time limit to complete this dungeon—I don't mind starting at three in the morning, but any later than that and you lose." The camera pans to the far end of the gaming table where Herobane sits to show three empty chairs. One at a time, beautiful women fade into existence. They are supermodels who are dressed like gaming girls, and the effect is quite compelling. Their names are graphically represented on the bottoms of the screen.

• *Dice Girl: A young, fresh-faced red head. She wears a black t-shirt with a red fire-breathing dragon and a black baseball cap backwards on her head. She roles a huge handful of dice, giving the result a tiny smile.*

• *Book Girl: A beautiful black woman with thick glasses taped in the middle. She wears a white t-shirt with the slogan "Who Says You Have To Play Fair?!" Looking at Dice Girl's roll, she whips out a rulebook and checks the result.*

• *Map Girl: A sultry hispanic woman, with a pronounced beauty mark (grace). She wears a green t-shirt with the 70's version of the Dungeonbattle logo. She gnaws on the end of a pencil as she studies a hand-drawn map on graph paper torn from a spiral notebook.*

They look up and, as one, address the camera: "Come and rescue us, heroes." Then they fade out again and the table is once more empty.

The camera turns to Herobane, sitting behind his Dungeonbattle screen. "I have to have Dice Girl back—she's our healer, we'll never make it past



the Mortchat's lair without her. And Book Girl is our wizard—we need her if we're ever going to unravel the riddle of the Red Mists. And Map Girl—well, we play at her house, and if she can't play, we don't have a game at all. Rescue them from the guardians of level three; each one has a powerful weapon to give to you to aid in your fight against the master of the level. It's up to you to find all three and defeat him.

It's time. In the name of Emperor Ronald I, the Uniter, the greatest leader in an age of champions, I declare this contest begun. Oh, Apollo, watch over this contest and protect these brave souls. Let no man have any illusions—once you walk through that door, your lives are forfeit. Good luck heroes! Earn your glory, because it is all you can take with you to the Elysian Fields. We pray that each one completes this task and returns home, but this is Xcrawl, and if you die...

"YOU DIE!" roars the crowd.

The door to the dungeon opens by itself, and you hear a chorus of infuriated roars, as if a dozen great beasts wait for you in the darkness.

Room 1— All You Can Eat

This is a large oval shaped room, shrouded in darkness. As you approach the threshold, the lights go up and you see a terrifying, hulking beast standing in the center. It is like a three-legged hill covered in huge mouths full of razor-sharp teeth. Each one chatters in hunger. There are wall-to-wall AVS units, all displaying a crowd on their feet cheering at your arrival.

The creature is the razhaakam, a terrifying beast from India with an endless hunger. It rushes the players and attacks. It has a very poor grasp of strategy, but it will attempt to eat whatever it can get its mouth on—swords and shields included.

Every time the razhaakam eats anything (weapon, wand, player, etc.) the AVSs in the room all show the audience—half of them being prompted to yell "tastes great!" and the other half is prompted to cry "less filling!" back and forth.

The door leading south into the hallway has a Wedgeford Master lock (DC 38).


Razhaakam: Huge Magical Beast; HD 25d10+325; hp 715; Init +2; SPD: 25'; AC 25; Atk: Bite +31/+26/+21/+16 (2d6+8); SA: Dark Appetite, Supernatural Bite, Thunderbark, Gnosh; SQ: Blindsight 30', Damage Reduction 30/+1, Immunities, SR 25; AL NE; SV: Fort +29, Ref +18, Will +12; STR 26, DEX 14, CON 36, INT 5, WIS 14, CHA 6; Skills: Intimidation +26; Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Run, Sunder. See New Monsters, p.70.

Treasure: When the beast is destroyed, a secret panel opens on the east wall, revealing the following: six **potions of cure critical**. In addition, each player receives membership for two in the NAE's Gourmand Club, an exclusive society of food and wine lovers that meets once a month in every major city in the NAE. The club meets at the finest restaurants and samples their cuisine and wine.

Room 2— Chain of Fools

The door leading to this room from the north has a double Centracol Security Max lock (DC 38 and 38) and is trapped (DC 21/24). Opening the door or attempting to pick the lock before disarming the trap causes a hideous hall-clearing juggernaut to drop down from the ceiling just outside of the southern door leading out of the razhaakam's room. It lands facing the southern door. The juggernaut is a ten-foot-wide, eight-foot-high, alcohol-burning monstrosity, looking like a cross between a small tank and an unmanned bumper car. It has only one form of attack—a crusher plate affixed to its front. The juggernaut is radio controlled from off stage. It has an AC of 27 (+18 natural armor, -1 size), requires 199 points of damage to disable, and has a hardness of 12 (corrugated steel). Its crushing attack requires a melee touch attack to hit (+14) and strikes for 3-30 (3d10) points of damage. If its crushing attack is successful, it scores an automatic bull rush attack (Str 28) and will attempt to shove its target up against the southern door. Targets pinned against a wall are automatically hit each round by the juggernaut's crushing attack. It can back up, but the hallway is not wide enough for it to turn around.

Once the players have bypassed the door security and enter the room, read them the following passage.



This room is a 70' x 70' square with no visible exits, save a NoGo door off to your right. A reinforced scoreboard hangs from the 50' high arched ceiling. The entire south, east, and west walls are immense AVS screens showing scenes of youngsters playing tabletop Dungeonbattle. You see a young hand pick up three six-sided dice, make a roll, and drop all ones—a sign of very bad news in a normal Dungeonbattle game. Suddenly, two trap doors open in the floor and two creatures rush out of them. They look like a pair of brahman bulls with huge prehensile chains sprouting from their heads where horns should be. The creatures make a tremendous racket as they burst out of their hiding holes and into the light. They shiver and make a terrible noise, like a thousand rattlesnakes ready to fight.

The two creatures are shacklers, magical beasts that have the appearance of immense animated objects, but are actually a rare lifeform with obscure origins. The creatures attempt to ensnare opponents with their chains, and then destroy them.

During the battle, it becomes apparent that the kids playing Dungeonbattle on the AVS are playing the PC's team competing in Dungeon Crawl. The young DJ behind the screen (who is played by Herobane's son, Regent) describes their efforts to fight the chain beast. They are obviously being prompted by someone, because they are able to accurately describe the action. If things go badly for a player during this time the child will root for his "character," perhaps even suggesting a way out of their current predicament.

Once the players defeat the shacklers, the AVS shows the successful "players" celebrating their victory (or perhaps shedding a tear if their "character" has been lost) and taking a slight bow. A third trap door in the floor opens up and gnomish character actor Chebb Wrenchright, who plays the irascible neighbor, Puck, in the long-running hit sitcom Zabbo and Angie, is raised on a platform into the room. He wears a prominent NonCom badge and carries a black briefcase chained to his wrist. He approaches the players, bows, and without a word snaps his case open to reveal the treasure.

All of the secret doors in this room are covered by AVS screens, save

the northwest corner secret door (A). This gives all search rolls a -5 penalty when the players look for secret doors along these walls.


The secret door on the northwest corner (A) has a modified Lurch IV lock (DC 36). It is not trapped, but the hallway is filled from top to bottom with natural cobwebs. Creepy long-legged spiders hang from every surface.

The secret door to the east (B) has no lock, but as soon as its discovered, the entire east wall AVS becomes a close-up of Herobane, who asks the players if they are sure this is the way they really want to go. He will persist until the players either open the door to the breakroom or walk away from the door, acting coy and generating as much paranoia as possible.

The secret door to the south (C) has no lock or trap, but the room below has a sound system playing spooky moans and creaks, as if the room were filled with mournful ghosts. Any Listen check result other than a natural one detects the eerie sounds.

The secret door to the west (D) has a heavy-duty homebrew lock (DC 37). It is also trapped (DC 35/28)—if the door is swung open or bashed down before the trap is disarmed, a cannon, mounted on the west wall of the room past this secret door, fires directly at the ground in the door frame. In this instance, roll initiative between the cannon and the team (cannon Init +8). Players who go first will have the opportunity to react or run as they see fit. On the cannon's turn, it fires a single blast at the floor in the door frame. This causes 40' radius explosion, doing 12d6 to all targets in the area of effect, Reflex save (DC 24) for half damage. In addition, players who take damage must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) or be *deafened* for 1d6 rounds.

Shacklers: Huge Magical. Beasts; HD 26d10+130; hp 278, 293; Init +6; SPD: 40'; AC 28; Atk: Chain rake +30/+30 (3d6+12), hoof slam +26 (2d6+4); SA: Chain Entangle, Trample (2d6+12); SQ: Natural Cagebreakers, Racker; AL NE; SV: Fort +19, Ref +22, Will +13; STR 26, DEX 22, CON 20, INT 8, WIS 14, CHA 6; Skills: Climb +11, Escape Artist +18, Listen +9, Open Locks +18, Search +5, Spot +7; Feats: Alertness, Awesome Blow, Great Fortitude, Improved Grapple, Improved Trip, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Point Blank Shot, Scent. See New Monsters, p.70.



Treasure: The briefcase contains one thick diamond-cut 14 ct. gold chain per player, six potions of **cure serious wounds** (3d8+9) and an **amulet of health** (+4 enhancement bonus to Con).

Room 3— Breakroom 3.I

This is a typical breakroom with the standard amenities. There are eight noblemen here, all waiting to shake hands and pose for pictures (they have forced an unfortunately inept usher to be the photographer). If the players try to engage the noblemen with respect, have each make an Etiquette roll (DC 18). A success means that Lord Chandwick of Miami Beach invites the players for a weekend on his yacht. This could be an important source of future social contacts.

The paramedic, Lisa Gladtree, has a total Heal check bonus of +22 (includes modern healer's kit). The craft service table is full of sushi and expensive spring water.

There is a secret door hidden in the back wall of the men's shower (search DC 25) leading to a hidden corridor.

Room 4— A Blacker Shade Of Dark

If the cannon has gone off, the air here is acrid and foul. The cannon recedes into the wall after it fires once, or when the trap is disabled.

This is a small stadium room with thousands of fans watching the action from behind invisible walls. These fans are different than the rest of the dungeon—they sit in complete silence. Their garb is strange as well—some are dressed normally, some wear dark capes and top hats, or hooded robes, or skintight catsuits—and there is an enormous preponderance of black.

You see no enemies on the black-and-white tiled floor, only stadium advertising and a hanging scoreboard. The crowd does not rise or cheer your entrance.

The Necromancers' Guild has this entire stadium reserved for its members and their dates. They await the appearance of an incredibly rare undead creature, a black earth dragon.

The black earth dragon *levitates* in the shadows above the scoreboard. Once the players have all entered, or if their search brings him close to discovery, he will use his *darkness* ability and attack. When the lights go out, the necromancers start cheering like a hometown crowd. They are all here to observe the black earth dragon, and they want to watch it kill crawlers (crowd DC 40). They cheer the monster whenever it hurts someone, boo the players and wave distracting shrouds, all in an attempt to give the edge to the monster. Attempts at Grandstanding that fail by ten or more will be received by a torrent of abusive language and rude gestures. Once the players kill the black earth dragon, the crowd falls silent for a moment. Then, a lone voice yells out "You suck!" and the stadium turns into a mob scene. Referees call a time out while security breaks up the near riot of disappointed necromancers. It takes an hour to restore order, during which time the players can go back and wait in the breakroom; if they have not yet discovered the breakroom, the referees make them stay put until it's all over.

The treasure appears in a hidden panel across the room from the secret door, near the cannon port.

Black Earth Dragon: Huge Undead; HD 25d12; hp +4; Init +4; SPD: 30', 90' fly (good); AC 30; Atk: Bite +28 (2d6+18); SA: Fear Aura, Breath Weapon, Spell Like Abilities, Racial Bonus; SQ: Rage from Beyond the Grave, Damage Reduction 20/+2, Undead, Immunities, Darkvision 120', SR 30; AL NE; SV: Fort +14, Ref +13, Will +20; STR 48, DEX 18, CON-, INT 15, WIS 20, CHA 20; Skills: Climb +44, Hide +40, Intimidate +31, Knowledge: Local Terrain +31, Move Silently +41, Search +31, Sense Motive +33; Feats: Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Improved Critical (bite), Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Cleave, Great Cleave, Multiattack. See New Monsters, p.70.

Treasure: A divine scroll of *mass cure serious wounds*, *undead to death*, and *heal*. In addition, the players each receive a lifetime pass for free treats at Desiree and Danni's Ice Cream.

Room 5- Speed Kills

The secret door to this room is trapped with a *symbol of weakness* (DC 32/32).

The door opens to a drop off into a cavern-like setting. A tiny ledge lies inside the door, followed by a 50' drop off into a rocky basin. The ceiling is almost seventy feet high from the door ledge. Approximately fifty feet away from the door is a cliff wall with a thirty foot tall tower upon it. Standing outside the tower are eight skinny humanoid figures in skintight clothes. Their enlarged heads whip around at you. Standing on top of the tower is a white-bearded man in a long blue robe. He raises a staff in the air over his head. Next to him is a two-headed giant in black platemail. He holds a long spear. Behind them, hanging in the air ten feet over their heads is Dice Girl. She is bound in golden chains and standing on some sort of tiny floating platform. Her expression is completely blank, and she wears a NonCom badge pinned to her black baseball hat.

The eight creatures are speed freaks, once-human monsters who have succumbed to a magical malady known as The Rush. They will charge down the basin and bring the fight to the players as soon as possible. Speed freaks are insane fanatics and will fight to the death. They are just likely to attack any referees or bystanders who get involved.

On the tower is the necromancer, Mason "Black August" Keffler, and his ettin bodyguard. The crenellations give Black August 50% cover, and the ettin 25%. Mason will open up the combat with a maze spell (targeting monks or flying characters before anyone else), and then cast attack or defensive spells as the situation dictates. He will try to tie up spellcasters if at all possible. His bodyguard won't leave his side unless he chooses to fly for his protection. Keffler is overconfident and reckless, but will surrender before death if he has the opportunity.

Dice Girl is vulnerable to attacks while she is on the platform. She has the following defensive spells cast upon her: *Stoneskin* (120 points), *mage armor* (making her AC 13) and *resist elements*(fire). If she is caught in the effect of a spell, or takes a stray blow of any kind from the players, she disappears and the players lose all treasure from this room.


Once all opponents are defeated or surrendered, the platform holding Dice Girl floats down to the top of the tower, and the chains slide off her body. She poses with the team for a moment, thanks them for rescuing her, and then opens a hidden cupboard in the tower wall revealing the treasure.

Speed Freaks: Medium monstrous humanoid; HD 8d8+40; hp 85, 82, 82, 78, 75, 67, 65, 59; Init +12; SPD: 90'; AC 30; Atk: Short sword +16/+11 (1d6+4); SA: Velocity Attack; SQ: The Rush; AL NE; SV: Fort +11, Ref +18, Will +4; STR 18, DEX 34, CON 20, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 6; Skills: Balance +12, Climb +14, Jump +23, Knowledge: Urban Local +11, Search +12, Spot +12; Feats: Dodge, Mobility, Run, Spring Attack. See New Monsters, p.70.

Mason "Black August" Keffler: Male Human Wiz 17; HD 17d4+17; hp 62; Init +7; SPD: 30'; AC 22 (Flatfooted 19, Touch 20); Atk: Quarterstaff +9 (1d6+5, +4 Quarterstaff); +3 light crossbow +15 (1d8+3); AL CN; SV: Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +11; STR 10, DEX 16, CON 13, INT 23, WIS 12, CHA 8; Skills: Alchemy +25, Concentration +20, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (War) +25, Scry +10, Spellcraft +26; Feats: Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous Item, Heighten Spell, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Maximize Spell, Quicken Spell, Scribe Scroll, Iron Will.

Spells Prepared (Wiz 4/6/6/5/5/5/5/3/2/1): 0-dancing lights, daze, detect magic, light; 1st-burning hands, charm person, feather fall, mage armor, magic missile, summon monster I; 2nd-blur x2, cat's grace, flaming sphere x2, invisibility; 3rd-fireball x2, flame arrow, fly, haste; 4th-minor globe of invulnerability, polymorph self, stoneskin x2, summon monster IV; 5th-wall of stone, summon monster V x2, teleport, wall of force; 6th-analyze dweomer, circle of death, globe of invulnerability, legend lore; 7th-forcecage, limited wish, mass invisibility; 8th-horrid wilting, prismatic wall; 9th-maximized ice storm.

Equipment: +4 quarterstaff, +3 light crossbow, **Amulet of Natural Armor** +4, **Gloves of Dexterity** +2, **Headband of Intellect** +4, **Ring of Wizardry** (1st), **Bracers of Armor** +6, **Wand of Lightning** (7th level, 10 charges). Black August begins combat with a *stoneskin* (100/10).



Ettin: Large Giant ; HD 10d8+20 (Giant); hp 65; Init -1; SPD: 40'; AC 11; Atk: 2 morningstars +14 (2d6+8); SA: Superior two-weapon fighting (Ex); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV: Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +3; STR 25, DEX 8, CON 15, INT 6, WIS 10, CHA 11. The ettin has been enhanced with *bull's strength*

Room 6— You Should Have Picked Curtain Number Two

The door at the end of this rough-hewn passageway is false and cleverly trapped (DC 40/35). If the door is opened before the trap is disarmed, a section of the ceiling (X on the map) will collapse, trapping whomever opens the door in the end of the hallway. The door opens to reveal a brick wall. If any players are caught under the collapsing ceiling, they must make a Reflex save (DC 18) or be buried alive, suffocating in (1d4+victim's Constitution) rounds. If they make their Reflex save, roll to see whether they are on the breakroom side of the hallway, or the false room side of the hallway (50-50 chance of either). Players must find their own way out of this predicament. Digging out without proper tools will take 25 man hours. Digging out with shovels will take 10 man hours. There are, of course, dozens of other possibilities that the players can use to escape this trap.

Room 7— Slime to Pay the Piper

The door to this room has a Wallach Deadfall lock (DC 38) and is trapped (DC 42/39). If the door is opened before the trap is discovered a colorless, odorless gas begins to fill both the hallway and the adjacent room. A very careful Listen check (DC 35) reveals a faint hissing sound in the corners of the hallway and room.

The ceiling of this room is covered in reflecting slime—it hangs from the ceiling until players either notice it or make their way into the room. It looks like a giant, draped mirror until it shoots its tendrils out and attempts to snatch up players and crush them. It will attack until it is completely destroyed. When it dies, it falls off the ceiling and reveals a message, etched into the ceiling. "Herobane has left you to my tender mercy. Your death shall be fire and iron."


The secret door leading south is locked (DC 38) with a homemade magnetic lock.

Poison Gas Trap: Terminus Alchemy #106 (Glass Moon Mindwipe). Fort save DC 22 or 1d4 Wisdom drain + confusion effect (toxins effect visual and decision making centers of the brain, causing acute mental hallucinations (common objects seem to take on new identities), dryness of throat, difficulty concentrating). Players who make their save have no idea there is poison gas in the room.

GLASS MOON MINDWIPE CONFUSION EFFECT

Roll a d10 every half hour until effect is cured or passes naturally (usually taking two to three weeks). The victim believes the effects to be very real, and takes the listed actions as their best course of action in any given situation. *Cure insanity* will not dispel this effect; only poison cures will work. You may, of course, add to or modify this list.

- 1- Everyone in your party has become an evil penguin. Run from them.
 - 2- Everyone you see is trying to sell you ten carrots. Ignore them.
 - 3- Everyone who speaks becomes a lizard. Destroy them.
 - 4- All of your clothes are made of crawling beetles. Discard them.
 - 5- Everyone you see is a perfect specimen of the opposite sex. Seduce them.
 - 6- Everyone you see has a devil living in his head. Point and shout at them.
 - 7- Everything you possess is a ringing telephone. Answer them all.
 - 8- You are an all-powerful god, and those around you are insignificant gnats. Command them.
 - 9- Your death is imminent. Give your Equipment away, say your prayers, and get ready to meet your maker.
 - 10- You have been poisoned. Lie down until you feel better.
-



Reflecting Slime: Large Ooze; HD 12d10+60; hp 120; Init -5; SPD: 10', climb 10'; AC 4; Atk: Slam +13 (2d6+4+1d6 acid); SA: Acid; SQ: Reflection, Blindsight 60', Dormancy; AL N; SV: Fort +10, Ref -3, Will -3; STR 18, DEX 1, CON 20, INT-, WIS 1, CHA 1; Skills: Climb +19, Improved Grapple. See New Monsters, pp.70.

Treasure: Each player receives a gift certificate for a Heriophant Water Filtration system (a 200 gp value) and a **Wand of Hexing Rejoinder** (10 Charges)

Room 8- For Victory

The secret door leading to this room from the north has neither lock nor trap. The room has a sound system playing spooky moans and creaks, as if the room were filled with mournful ghosts. Any Listen check result other than a natural one detects the eerie sounds.

The source of the ghostly sounds you heard is readily apparent—a large stone construct in this tiny cavern holds a large portable stereo. The construct looks vaguely like Lady Victory, the enormous statue from Ellis Island that guards the bay of New York. She holds the torch aloft with one hand, and holds the radio in the other. Once you enter the room, she drops the radio and crushes it with one mighty stomp.

This stone golem has been left over from several dungeons—players who make a successful Dungeon Crawl Lore check (DC 21) recognize it from the Emperor's Cup XVII. It has a weakness—it has been smashed off at the knees at least twice, and cracks are still visible. If the players remember this, they can exploit it. A player with this knowledge using a blunt weapon can score critical hits normally upon this golem by concentrating on its knees.

Once the golem is defeated, a *magic mouth* triggered by its destruction activates; its broken face seems to say "Past the door and into the cavern—she's waiting."

8A—The secret door leading out of this room is especially difficult to locate (DC 30). It also has a Lurch IV lock (DC 37) and a *fire trap* (DC 31/31, cast at 19th level with spell focus).

8B—

A gilded cage in the back of this room imprisons Book Girl; she pushes her thick glasses back on her head as you enter. "Yep, it took you twenty-six maxi-rounds, just like it says on page 237. Hmm... it says here that there should be a monster as well." That's when the giant worm tears through the floor.

The cage is set on a special reinforced steel girder network built into the ground to keep it from being undermined by the colossal purple worm that bursts out to attack the players. The worm is being controlled by handlers off stage, and will fight strategically while avoiding the cage and Book Girl. It will attack, attempting to reach past front line fighters to get to the chewier back row.

Once the worm is defeated, the cage opens and Book Girl emerges. She retrieves the treasure from a hidden panel in the wall and presents it. An *invisible AVS* unit comes into view once the treasure panel is open. Herobane appears, dressed for a night around the gaming table and eating Tango-Wango's Crunchy Cheese Snacks.

Thank Apollo! I was afraid I was going to have to NPC the wizard. (Team name), you have my thanks. Is there anything I can do for you here in the dungeon to make it more comfortable for you?

If the players say everything is fine, Herobane nods and *teleports* Book Girl out. She appears next to him at the gaming table and instantly buries her nose in the Dungeonbattle DJ manual. If the players say something funny, he jokes with them for a while and then *teleports* Book Girl out. If the players give a laundry list of complaints, Herobane looks miffed, says "Hmm, let me see if I can do something about that," and *teleports* his girl out while *teleporting* in a second purple worm in her place. The second one is much smaller but still puts up a terrific fight. The players will not be penalized for disengaging and avoiding the second worm.

Greater Stone Golems: Huge Construct; HD 24d10; hp 200; Init -1; SPD: 20'; AC 26; Atk: 2 slams +19 (2d10+9); SA: Slow (Su); SQ: Immunity: Magic (Ex), Damage Reduction (Su): 30/+2; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +5; STR 29, DEX 9, CON-, INT-, WIS 11, CHA 1



Purple Worm Gargantuan Beast; HD 17d10+119 (Beast) ; hp 266; Init -2; SPD: 20', burrow 20', swim 10'; AC 23 (includes *mage armor*); Atk: +20 base melee, +6 base ranged, bite +20 (2d8+12), sting +15 (2d6+6); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Swallow whole (Ex), Poison (Ex); SQ: Tremorsense (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +17, Ref +8, Will +4; STR 35, DEX 6, CON 25, INT 1, WIS 8, CHA 8. If the second worm is put into play, it has 144 hit points.

Room 9— Old Faithful

As you make your way down this faux rocky cavern, you hear sweet blues music being played from somewhere down the hallway. As you round the final turn, you find an odd site—there are three orcs sitting on one edge of a large round table. The orcs are dressed in nice street clothes, drinking what appears to be large mugs of something frosty, smoking cigars, and playing cards. One wears a green plastic visor and appears to be the dealer. He shuffles and places cards with great efficiency. Each orc has a huge stack of chips in front of them. Each one also wears a NonCom badge. The music is coming from a fourth orc sitting in the far north west of the final chamber, playing slide guitar and singing in an amazing, most un-orcish voice. The musician also wears a NonCom badge.

The players have several options here. They can bypass the game and search for secret doors—the orcs ignore them if they do. The players can attempt to parlay with the orcs—the dealer ignores questions and asks them to kindly join the game or shut up and go away in his fair English. The players can also sit and join the game. In this case, the dealer asks them how much stake they want to put up. The orc will deal out chips, but doesn't ask for cash—he says that he knows they are good for their marker. As many players can play as are willing to put gold on the table. The dealer announces the contest is six hands of Tronk, a traditional orcish game. The rules are extremely simple—it is a bluff-and-raise game, like simplified poker. Needless to say, the two orcs who are playing are Tronk masters brought in from Orc City 1 for the occasion.

To settle a hand, have each player make a contested Bluff check—ties should roll off to determine who wins. Do this six times—the orc or player who has won the most hands takes the entire pot home. The orcs (Bluff rolls +17 and +15 respectively, includes Skill Focus) put up 1000 gp each.

During the game, an orc female in a waitress costume comes in, gives all the players a beer and leaves. If one of the

humans think to tip her, she grunts her thanks and whispers a strategy tip giving the PC +4 on his next Bluff check while playing Tronk.

The DJ wants a clean game, and is willing to reward players who play fair. If the players have been at least semi-respectful to the game and the orcs, Herobane gives the orcs the order to take a dive. In this instance, one orc says "Let's up the stakes a bit," and throws an ornate dagger in a dinosaur skin scabbard into the pot—the dagger is a +4 **keen superstar weapon**. Once the knife is in the game, the orcs "take a dive" in the last hand, so one of the players automatically wins (roll randomly).

The musician is actually blues singer Cafeteria Joe hidden beneath an *illusion*. If the players ignore him, he plays and sings during the entire encounter, stopping only to sip his beer. He has a cup full of silver pieces in front of him—if a player leaves him a tip, he points out the secret door. If it's a really nice tip, he mentions it's trapped (he isn't supposed to do this, but the referees let it pass).

Players who attack or harm the orcs, even indirectly, will be disqualified.

The secret door on the south wall is trapped (DC 42/34—players have a +6 circumstance bonus on their Search AND Disable checks if they were warned by Cafeteria Joe). The door opens southward and down, like a drawbridge door that falls into the south corridor. Once the players leave this room, the orcs pack the game up and go home.

READ 'EM AND WEEP

What in the great name of Mercury's Luck is Tronk? No, really, it is a card game, and you (and your PCs) can play in lieu of rolling dice (for a change!). Hop on your trusty computer and check out www.pandahead.com/downloads to download the rules. Pandahead assumes no liability for carpal tunnel syndrome caused from compulsive Tronk playing. Hey, this *is* a fun game! Seriously! If you think your group is up for it, give it a try.

Room 10— Think Outside The Page

The door to this room has a Centracol Security MAX lock (DC 40); it is also barred from the player's side, as if to contain whatever was held within.

This room is vast and disorienting—it is a huge room, perhaps 150' north to south with a high ceiling. It is impossible to see how far the room goes to the west. Approximately halfway through the room, the normal, faux stone floor gives way to what looks like an endless sheet of graph paper. The black and white five foot marble squares that make up the floor give way to a five foot grid with perfectly aligned blue borders. The walls and ceilings give way to the grid as well, making it seem to expand off into nothingness.


You hear Herobane's voice over hidden loudspeakers "Oh, my—how embarrassing. It looks like I forgot to finish this room. Well, I can't have that on my conscience, now can I? Just one second, I'm getting an idea."

The endless graph paper effect is a powerful *illusion*; players will not be able to see through it or dispel it using normal means. Once the DJ is finished speaking, the grids slowly give way to normal floor, receding back until the floor, walls, and ceiling all look like the standard configuration. The NoGo door leading backstage through the west wall also becomes visible.

Hanging in space during this is the outline of a pack of flying beasts. At first, the creatures seem to be large humanoids made up of grids as well, as if they were just a giant cut-out on graph paper. Then, all at once, the grids fill in, and the players see the real guardians of the room: five *charmed* ogre magis armed with tridents, who immediately attack.

The secret door leading from the south wall has a Neptune Art's lock (DC 37) and has a unique magical trap (DC 34/34). If the door is open or bashed down before the trap is disarmed, the first individual through the room must make a Will save (DC 26) or be *polymorphed* into a rat.

Ogre Magi: Large Giant; HD 5d8+15 (Giant) ; hp 37; Init +0; SPD: 30', fly 40' (good); AC 14; Atk: Trident +12 (1d8+6); SA: Spell-like abilities; SQ: Flight (Su), Regeneration (Ex), Spell Resistance (Ex): 18; AL LE;



SV: Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +3; STR 22, DEX 10, CON 17, INT 14, WIS 14, CHA 17.

Treasure: Each player receives a triple set of Dungeonbattle dice, cast in gold with the numbers made from inlaid ruby (each set worth 2,000 gp). In addition, players receive the entire line of Bearface products, including a complete set of Dungeonbattle books, the boxed set of their new sci-fi game *Dammit Jim!*, and a rare boxed set of the experimental *Hokey Pokey: The LARP*.

Room II- Breakroom II: Break Harder

This is another standard breakroom. There is a referee, a paramedic (Pasquel Mertz, total heal check +17), and a craft service table with deli sandwiches and coffee.

Room I2-Cold as Hate

The door to this room has a Wedgefield Masterlock (DC 40) but no trap. Players who search it find the door cold to the touch.

An enormous roar greets you as you enter this room. The room is arena-sized, and it looks like as many as twenty thousand fans might be seated in the stands. They are all dressed in cold weather gear—you see many bright scarves and ski jackets. This room is a vast blur of whiteness; they must have used artificial snow machines, because it looks like a blizzard hit it sometime this morning. The ceiling appears to be at least one hundred feet high. You stand in the middle of one long wall—to your east and west are what appears to be two twelve foot tall snow forts, each wide enough to hide perhaps forty men. A scoreboard hangs from the ceiling, listing all of your names, with two slots for monsters. A moment after you open the door, you hear the blare of an airhorn.

The floor of this room is actually twenty feet of packed snow turned to ice, with a thin layer of powder on top. This makes moving through the room perilous; any non-cold-based creatures moving faster than their base movement rate must make a Balance check (DC 18) or fall prone, losing the rest of their action.

There are ten frost giants, five hiding behind each snow wall. The giants will launch boulders from behind cover (50% for giants hiding behind walls) until they are forced into hand-to-hand combat.

Once the fight begins to turn against the giants, the air horn will sound again, and four larger-than-average remorhaz will burrow up through the snowy ground. They are being guided from offstage, and will fight to the death, although the giants may surrender, especially if faced with an unending barrage of fire effects. Once the remorhazes appear, Herobane activates a battery of snow and wind machines, filling the room with blizzard-like conditions. This reduces visibility to fifteen feet and gives all standard missile fire a -6 chance to hit due to high winds. This penalty is not applied to large missiles, such as boulders.

Once the room is completed, Herobane turns off the snow machine. A small parade of fancy sleds will enter the arena from the south wall, all being drawn by tame polar bears. The players will be instructed to get in the middle sled, which will then be pulled in a victory lap around the room. The players receive a standing ovation from the chilly crowd.

The secret door in the room is buried five feet underneath the snow. Once the players find it and open it, it reveals an ice slide that takes them down 20' and deposits them in the awaiting hallway. Every character must make a Dex check (DC 15) or fall ungracefully to the ground at the bottom of the slide, much to the amusement of the viewing audience. If any character fails the roll, every sports show on television will play that clip again and again for the national audience.

Frost Giants: Large Giant (Cold); HD 14d8+70; hp 181, 172, 168, 166, 142, 139, 145, 167, 135, 145; Init -1; SPD: 40'; AC 21; Atk: Rock +9 (2d6+13, Rock), huge greataxe +18/+13 (2d8+13, x3); SA: Rock throwing (Ex); SQ: Cold subtype (Ex), Rock catching (Ex); AL CE; SV: Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +4; STR 29, DEX 9, CON 21, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11; Skills: Climb +15, Jump +15, Spot +6; Feats: Cleave, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Sunder. The largest two frost giants have greataxes enhanced by *greater magic weapon*(+4)—in addition of a bonus to hit, they may attempt to destroy magical weapons.

Remorhaz: Huge Magical Beast; HD 7d10+35 ; hp 94, 82, 66, 73; Init +1; SPD: Burrow 20', 30'; AC 24; Atk: Bite +18 (2d8+14); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Swallow whole (Ex); SQ: Heat (Ex), Tremorsense (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +3; STR 26, DEX 13, CON 21, INT 5, WIS 12, CHA 10; Skills: Listen +5. The remorhazes have been enhanced with *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *greater magic fang*(+3) and *cat's grace*.

Treasure: Once the players are done with their sled ride, a model steps from the rear-most sled and presents the players with a fully charged **wand of cure serious wounds** (5th level). In addition, the players each receive tickets for themselves and a guest for a two week south seas cruise.

Room 13— Do Or Door Not

Brilliantly colored doors of jade and turquoise stand before you, depicting a lush waterfall in the heart of a jungle. Several figures can be made out playing in the water, in a joyful, idyllic moment.

This is a set of trapped false doors (DC 34/34). If opened, they reveal a huge water jet that immediately begins flooding the corridor. Anyone standing directly in front of the doors take 3-30 (3d10) bashing damage from the huge rush of water, Reflex save (DC 22) for half-damage; the players taking damage are also pushed back 1-20 (1d20) feet, and must make a Dex check (DC=damage taken) to remain on their feet. At the same time, smaller jets begin to flood the corridor. The entire hallway floods to the ceiling in four rounds. If the players move back towards Room 12, they may go back into the frozen room, but any non-cold-based creature will take 1-6 (1d6) points of damage per round from the cold combined with their wet bodies (Fort save DC25 for half damage). Three feet into the main water release is a valve that can be turned to drain the hallway; it takes a Strength check DC 18 to turn the valve. The corridor drains completely in two rounds. If the hallway is flooded, the secret door leading to Room 14 cannot be opened.

Room 14— Don't Go To Pieces

There is an immense double door, oversized and made of solid steel with several reinforcing bands riveted across the doors. In front stands an announcer, immaculate

in a casual suit. He has a live cameraman, boom-mike operator, and referee with him. They all wear NonCom badges. The announcer motions you over

A—When the players approach, the ref calls a time out and Vincent Peel, the announcer, begins to ask questions. He implies, but does not clearly state, that this is the last room in the dungeon. Here are some example questions he might ask:

- “How do you feel about your chances in the final room?”
- “Now that it’s almost over, do you have anything you would like to say to your family and friends?”
- “Do you feel like you have enough resources left to face whatever final challenge Herobane has in store for you?”

If the players ask if this is the final room (or for any other information), he will remind them that he is not permitted to reveal any information he has about the contest.

The great double door has a custom Inhouse lock (DC 42), has a hardness of 12 and 230hp. It takes a Strength check (DC 33) to knock the door off its hinges.


Read the following once the players have entered the room.

This is a smallish, rough-hewn arena room. There is a small crowd here in elite boxes, less than a thousand all told. You see one box with a dozen soldiers blocking a figure seated in an oversized easy chair. There is no scoreboard here.

Standing in the center of the room is a bizarre creature: an odd, green, scaly, giant humanoid, made of combinations of different, unconnected parts. It has huge green scaly hands—which are not attached to the arms—great muscular arms that aren't attached to the torso, and a large head that floats over its shoulders. However, independent as his parts may be, it moves as one as it charges.

The creature is a benefold, a bizarre monster imported from Japan. It speaks fluent Japanese and will shout insults and challenges during the battle.

Benefold: Large Aberration; HD 18d6+90; hp 215, 209, 194, 178; Init +6; SPD: 30', AC 32; Atk: Smash +20/+15/+10 (2d8+7); SA Orbit, Gravity Disruption, Spell-like



abilities; SQ: Disconnected, Jumble Juke, DR 20/+2, SR 24. SV: For +11, Ref +8, Wis +14; STR 24, DEX 16, CON 20, INT 12, WIS 14, CHA 8; Skills: Climb +17, Jump +17, Hide +15, Listen +12, Search +11, Spot +12; Feats: Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Spring Attack. The benefolds have been enhanced with a *mage armor* spell. See New Monsters, p.70.

Treasure: Once this encounter is complete, a hidden panel in the south wall (actually built into the secret door) opens to reveal a +4 **rapier** and a **Drape of Holy Wraith**, a blessed mantle done in the style of the Olympian church that grants +4 on all Turning checks, and allows the wearer to turn undead as if he were two levels higher than normal. In addition, each player wins a certificate for a set of King's Iron Elite golf clubs (700 gp value).

Room I5- Potluck

The door leading to this room is trapped with a *symbol of pain* (DC 32/32). It is not locked.

Monsters! A whole grab bag of them! As you enter this small arena style room, you see no less than six different creatures, lined up and ready to fight. There is a scoreboard here with all of your names, and names for all of the monsters. You hear the voice of Herobane over the nearby AVS units: "Oh, here are all of the rest of them. These are all the creatures I wanted to use, but couldn't fit in anywhere else. Oh well—I hope you have a taste for leftovers. They certainly do..." The crowd of about ten thousand gets to its feet while the monsters circle.

In this room is an wyvern, a manticore, a basilisk, an owlbear, a gray render, and a roper, each one magically enhanced and controlled from offstage by a high level wizard. In addition, several of these beasts have had their primary attack form enhanced with poison, to make the room more challenging.

The roper begins the contest thirty feet south of the door. The manticore is on the wing, floating up near the 100' tall ceiling. The other monsters are spread out fairly well, to minimize the effectiveness of area effect spells. The creatures attack to the best of their ability, using an unnatural level of teamwork. The six high level wizards who are offstage using *dominate monster*

to control the beasts are all former Xcrawl players who have been training for some time, calling themselves the Potluck Consortium. They have a starting Mojo Pool of 9, with a maximum of 12.

The crowd here is an amalgam as well—more than half of the audience members are family and friends of the security guards, handlers, concession stand workers, and other staff members who get free passes.

The creatures fight to the finish. Once the battle is over, a treasure chest drops out of the ceiling, falling normally but then suddenly *levitating* when it is two feet from the ground.

The secret door to the north has a Lurch IV magnetic resonance lock (DC 34). When it is successfully picked, roll 1d6—on a 1 or a 2, it automatically relocks itself.

The corridor beyond the secret door is nearly two hundred feet of steep stairs, going down. There is nothing electrical in this corridor, and players must provide their own light source or go in the dark. There is a small landing at the hairpin turn, and once three players have walked past the corner, a *magic mouth* appears and speaks: "You should have listened to Herobane. Now you come to me. Hell awaits—and I am its heat."

Basilisk: Medium Magical Beast; HD 6d10+12; hp 51; Init -1; SPD: 20'; AC 16; Atk: Bite +8 (1d8+3); SA: Petrifying Gaze; SQ: Darkvision 60', Low Light Vision; AL N; SV: Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +3; STR 15, DEX 8, CON 15, INT 2, WIS 12, CHA 11; Skills: Hide +0 Listen +7, Spot +7; Feats: Alertness, Blind-Fight, Great Fortitude. The basilisk has been enhanced with the following spells: *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *bear's endurance*, *greater magic fang* +3.

Gray Render: Large Magical Beast; HD 10d10+70; hp 160; Init +0; SPD: 30'; AC 25; Atk: Bite +20 (2d6+11), two claws +10 (1d6+8); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Rend (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV: Fort +14, Ref +7, Will +4; STR 23, DEX 10, CON 24, INT 3, WIS 12, CHA 8; Skills: Spot +5. The grey render has been enhanced with the following spells: *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *greater magic fang* +3.

Manticore: Huge Magical Beast; HD 6d10+24; hp 79; Init +2; SPD: 30, fly 50' (clumsy); AC 22; Atk: Two claws +14 (2d4+10) Bite +9 (1d8+7, Bite); SA: Spikes, +3 with magic fang (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL LE; SV: Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +3; STR 20, DEX 15, CON 19, INT 7, WIS 12, CHA 1. The manticore has been enhanced with the following spells: *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *greater magic fang*+3.

Owlbear: Large Beast ; HD 5d10+20 (Beast) ; hp 47; Init +3; SPD: 30'; AC 20; Atk: 2 claws +15 (1d6+10) bite +10 (1d8+7, Bite); SA: Improved grab (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +2; STR 21, DEX 12, CON 19, INT 5, WIS 12, CHA 10. The owlbear has been enhanced with the following spells: *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *greater magic fang*+3.

Roper: Large Magical Beast ; HD 10d10+30 (Magical Beast) ; hp 120; Init +3; SPD: 10'; AC 29; Atk: 6 tendrils +15 (2d6+5); SA: Strands (Ex), Attach (Ex), Weakness (Ex); SQ: Immunity: Electricity (Ex), Vulnerability: fire (Ex), Cold Resistance (Ex): 30, Spell Resistance (Ex): 28; AL CE; SV: Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +6; STR 19, DEX 13, CON 17, INT 12, WIS 16, CHA 12. The roper has been enhanced with the following spells *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *greater magic fang*+3.

Wyvern: Large Dragon; HD 7d12+14; hp 80; Init +1; SPD: 20', fly 60' (poor); AC 18; Atk: Sting +10 (1d6+4 plus poison) bite +8 (2d8+4), 2 wings +8 (1d8+2), 2 talons +8 (2d6+4); SA: Poison, Improved Grab; SQ: Darkvision 60', immunity to *sleep* and paralysis, low-light vision, scent; AL N; SV: Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +6; STR 19, DEX 12, CON 15, INT 6, WIS 12, CHA 9. The wyvern has been enhanced with the following spells *mage armor*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *greater magic fang* +3.

Treasure: This room has only one (but great) prize—a **+4 omni-weapon**. The omni weapon looks like a silver ball, small enough to hold in the palm of the hand. The player who takes it must hold it in his hand and concentrate on the perfect weapon—the weapon of his dreams. The ball then forms itself into the perfect weapon of that type for that individual, being perfectly gripped, balanced, and weighted for that individual. The weapon has a +4 magical bonus, and receives an additional +1 circumstance bonus to hit when it is wielded by the individual who shaped it. The omni weapon

can only be formed once—after this, it is in its permanent form.

Room 16— Crossroads

The stairs deposit you onto a final landing. This no longer has the feel of an artificial dungeon—this room has the cold damp feel of a real underground lair. There are no lights, save the ones you brought with you. To your east is a small wooden door that appears to be homemade, standing slightly open. To your west is a larger double door. The doors are an artistic masterpiece; a complicated relief design of a huge dragon with a mighty wingspan landing on a mountain is intricately crafted in the dark wood.

The eastern door is slightly open; the team cannot see inside without opening the door further. It leads to Room #17.

The double doors to the west have a double Wedgeford Masterlock (DC 38, must be rolled twice), and is trapped (DC 37/39). If the doorknob is turned before the trap is disarmed, a poisoned needle shoots into the hand of whoever turns the knob.

Poisoned Needle Trap: Terminus Alchemy #95—Glasgow Bikini Wax—initial damage 1d8 Con drain (body wracked with burning pain, high temperature, minor kidney failure, foot cramps), secondary damage five minutes later 1d8 Con (pain steadily worsens, unquenchable thirst, acute kidney failure, walking becomes extremely painful).

Room 17— A Quick Aside

This room is small and archaic. There is a rustic wooden table here with two benches. Sitting at the table is Map Girl. She has a small knife and is carving a map into the table. When you arrive she stands, glad to see you. She wears a NonCom badge and her purple t-shirt with the classic Dungeonbattle logo.

"It's great to see you guys!" says Map Girl. "The New Lord of the Third Level stuck me here until after he dealt with you—except I'm not really stuck, I could have left at anytime. See?" She walks over to one wall and twists a rock; a passage way opens up. The inside of the door is marked NoGo. It was cleverly placed so you



couldn't see it until the door was opened. Outside is a backstage area with an elevator. A valet holds the elevator door open—you recognize it as the elevator to the parking decks. "Don't ever try to hide a secret door from Map Girl. I only stayed to warn you—I want you to come with me. I don't want you to fight him. I'm afraid of what he might do to you. Come on, be reasonable—you guys have done a great job, and made a lot of money. And now I'm safe! We can all just get out of here if you want. You don't have to fight any more—just go through this door and it's all over."

If the players leave now, it is all over—they have rescued all three princesses and may not go on to the final room. If the players refuse, Map Girl says that she understands. She leaves the room and waves goodbye from the elevator.

Room 18- The Famous Final Scene

The lock to this door is described in the text of Room 16.

You are looking into a large arena room decorated as a huge treasure chamber. It must be two hundred feet long, but you can't be sure—the western half is completely shrouded in darkness. The walls of this chamber are lined with gold sarcophagi gleaming brightly under the electric lamps. Chests, coffers, and basins crowd the walls, and each one brims with gold coins. Rare statues, paintings, and rolled-up carpets are heaped in the easternmost edge of the room, closest to you. The crowd cheers and waves at you as you look around.

A moment later, the lights go on in the entire chamber. The western portion of the room is dominated by a mountain of gold coins. Resting lightly on the coins is a huge dragon. Its body is completely red and its eyes gleam with deep green hatred. It eyes the crowd, breathing a short blast of flame through its nostrils. Sitting atop this dragon in a specially made saddle is a rider. He wears gold platemail and carries a huge lance. He turns to face you, and for a moment you see the familiar face of Herobane on the creature. He reaches into his armor, pulls out a NonCom badge and discards it. Then he puts the spurs to his mount and prepares to charge.

The dragon is actually a magical construct. Up close it is obviously artificial, but from across the room it looks real enough.

The rider is Philippe Tissot, a warrior-wizard from the Zulu Nation. He is magically disguised to look like Herobane. He attempts to allow the construct dragon to do the actual fighting, attempting to use his spells as much as possible for this fight. He will not fight to the death if he can help it, but he is quite brave, and should he defeat the players, has a 50,000 gp bonus coming to him. He isn't here to joke around.

If the players defeat Tissot and the construct dragon, the crowd erupts, giving the players a huge standing ovation. Herobane comes forward to congratulate the players, embracing each one in turn. The scoreboard flashes Victory! again and again and again, and the display flashes the treasure the players have won. Suddenly, the nobility gain access to the field and they rush the players, carrying Herobane and the team off on their shoulders.

Philippe Tissot: Male Human Wiz9/Ftr10: Medium Humanoid; HD 9d4+9+10d10+10; hp 92; Init +7; SPD: 30'; AC 34: Atk: +4 Longsword +26/+20/+14 (1d8+9), +17/12/7 base melee, +17/12/7 base ranged; AL LN; SV: Fort +18, Ref +15, Will +19; STR 16, DEX 16, CON 13, INT 20, WIS 14, CHA 13; Fame 43; Skills: Alchemy +13, Concentration +23, Jump +7, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Spellcraft +21; Feats: Cleave, Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical: Longsword, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Maximize Spell, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Scribe Scroll, Weapon Focus: Longsword, Weapon Specialization: Longsword.

Spells Prepared (Wiz 4/6/5/4/3/2): 0—daze, ghost sound, light, prestidigitation 1—magic missile, color spray, shield, mount, expeditious retreat, true strike 2—web, touch of idiocy, scorching ray, blur, invisibility 3—fireball, lightning bolt, dispel magic x2 4th—maximized magic missile, charm monster, mind fog 5th—maximized flaming sphere, baleful polymorph.

Equipment: +4 **ghost touch longsword**, **bracers of natural armor** +6, **amulet of natural armor** +5, **ring of protection** +6, **cloak of resistance** +6, **belt of giant strength** +6

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Construct Dragon: Colossal Construct; HD 24d10+60; hp 266; AC 32; Init: +8; SPD: fly 60' (average); Atk: Bite+26 (2d12+12), 2 claws +24 (2d8+8), tail mace +18 (2d6+8); SA: Breath Weapon, Spawn Elemental; SQ: Construct traits, Damage Reduction 20/+4, SR 35; SV: Fort +8, Ref +12, Wis +14. STR 28, DEX 18, CON—, INT 8, WIS 14, CHA 18; Skill: Spot +27; Feats: Awesome Blow, Cleave, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack, Sunder, Wingover. See New Monsters, pp.70.

Treasure: The winning team receives 250,000 gp for their victory PLUS their weight in gold from Emperor Reagan (add up the weight for all the party members—minus equipment—and multiply the result by 50; this is the amount of gold pieces the Emperor awards them). In addition, each player wins an Odyssey Motors Calaway 450 Turbo Sports Coupe—these cars are in the parking lot and the players can drive off in them. Players each also receive the traditional red cape and laurels, which they are expected to wear to that night's after-parties.

After the Crawl

The players are now international celebrities. They receive an additional 10 points of Fame for winning the Emperor's Cup, on top of any awards they earned during the dungeon.

That night, they can bounce from after-party to after-party—there are hundreds of VIP's who all want to shake hands with the champions.

The players are invited to the traditional dinner at the DJ's house; Herobane has them all out to his Virginia mansion for an amazing meal, attended by Emperor Ronald I, his nephews and nieces, Dame Linda Leibrock and most of the reputable elements of the Leibrock clan, Duke Herman Munson, the Mayor of Washington, Julie "DJ Cudgel Up" Klugman, Kent and Gabby Dench from Terminus Alchemy, blues man Cafeteria Joe, Herobane's trap and monster team, actor Chebb Wrenchright, and dozens others.

The players also receive roses and a telegram from DJ Devastator. He congratulates them on their performance and offers his formal invitation for them to participate in the 4701 Texarcana Crawl. He urges them not to

decide right away, but rather to wait—he realizes it's a big decision.

If your campaign uses the **Xcrawl: SellOut!** book, the players should each receive two random rolls on the Random Offer table (page 57), adding (respectively) ten and five points to the specific listing rolls.

In any case, this is now a team of champions! Play up their new status! They are now the idol of millions—not to mention the target of dozens...

APPENDIX I: NEW MONSTERS

Benefold

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 18d8+90 (170hp)

Initiative: +7

Speed: 30'

AC: 28 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +17 natural) *Touch* 11, *Flat Footed* 26

Base Attack/Grapple: +13

Attack: Smash +20 (2d8+7)

Full Attack: Smash +20/+15/+10 (2d8+7)

Space/Reach: 10'/30' (see text)

Special Attacks: Orbit, Gravity Disruption, Spell-like Abilities

Special Qualities: Disconnected, Jumble Juke, Damage Resistance 20/+2, SR 24

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +14

Abilities: Str 24, Dex 16, Con 20, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 8

Skills: Climb +17, Jump +17, Hide +15, Listen +12, Search +11, Spot +12

Feats: Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Spring Attack

Environment: Any (usually countryside)

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 11

Treasure: None

Alignment: Usually Chaotic Neutral

Advancement: 17-25 (huge)

The benefold is a bizarre monster, appearing like a green, scaly humanoid whose limbs float freely around the creature, unattached. The creature's extremities are not connected—the hands hover three inches away from the wrists, the head hovers over the shoulders, and the legs and arms are not attached to the torso. The creature is an ancient monster known to Japan. The beast wanders the countryside, picking fights, and seeking to humiliate others. The creature is known to take captives back to its lair, berate them due to their inferiority, and let them go, hopefully to tell the tales of the magnificent magical benefold and its greatness.

Benefolds speak the language of their native region (usually Japan). The creature is proud, boastful and arrogant. They are highly susceptible to insults and taunting, and will make poor decisions in combat in order to face disrespectful foes.

COMBAT

The benefold takes full advantage of its disconnectedness, relying on its special dodge ability to keep it safe while it orbits an opponent. The creature can become so enraged at a foe that it will continue to fight, even if the battle is going poorly for it.

Orbit: In a fight, the benefold can completely surround an opponent the same size category or smaller than itself, orbiting its torso and limbs around the creature. Creatures who are orbited are considered flanked by the benefold, who can attack it from virtually any direction. In addition, the benefold gains a free trip attack every round against creatures it orbits, as long as it hits with at least one of its normal attacks.

Gravity Disruption: Being inside the churning gravity of the benefold is an uncomfortable experience. Creatures orbited by the benefold must make a Fortitude save every round (DC 17) or be *nauseous* from the effect of the gravity disruption on the victim's inner ear. Nausea lasts for one round.



Disconnected: Scientists and scholars all disagree on what allows the benefold's disconnected body to exist. However it works, it makes this strange creature from Japan an extremely difficult target. The separated parts of the creature's body can be up to 30' away from one another with no penalty, effectively giving the creature a 30' reach. He can string himself out in a long line, or pile himself in a heap on the floor, put his feet where his hands should be, or any of a thousand other odd configurations. Attacks against the benefold have a 25% miss chance—they simply pass through the gaps in its body. This includes hand-to-hand, ranged, and touch attacks. Area effect attacks affecting any hex containing a portion of the benefold affect it normally.

Spell-Like abilities: The benefold can perform the following spell-like

abilities once per round as a 18th level sorcerer: *levitation*, *telekinesis*. Once per day it can use *reverse gravity*.

Jumble Juke: The benefold can dodge blows from a single opponent by shifting parts of its body in wild directions. Its body expands, contracts, and otherwise shifts to avoid attacks. Against a single opponent, the benefold receives a +4 dodge bonus, that it can use against a single creature.

Black Earth Dragon

Huge Undead

Hit Dice: 25d12+100 (267hp)

Initiative: +4

Speed: 30', fly 90' (perfect)

AC: 30 (-2 size, +4 Dex, +18 natural), *Touch* 12, *Flat Footed* 26

Base Attack/Grapple: +13/+36

Attack: Bite +32 (2d6+19)

Full Attack: bite +28, two claws +26 (1d8+10)

Space/Reach: 15'/10'

Special Attacks: Fear Aura, Breath Weapon, Spell-Like Abilities, Racial Bonus

Special Qualities: Rage from Beyond the Grave, Damage Reduction 20/+2, Undead, Immunities, Darkvision 120', SR 30

Saves: Fort +14, Ref +13, Will +20

Abilities: Str 48, Dex 18, Con—, Int 15, Wis 20, Cha 20

Skills: Climb +44, Hide +40, Intimidate +31, Knowledge: Local Terrain +31, Move Silently +41, Search +31, Sense Motive +33

Feats: Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Improved Critical (bite), Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Cleave, Great Cleave, Multiattack

Environment: Mass graves and locality

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 18

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always Neutral Evil

Advancement: 26-55 HD (colossal)

The black earth dragon is a creature of rage and vengeance. They are a free-forming undead that, to date, only appear in a specific area: mass graves. Corpses thoughtlessly hid in mass graves without appropriate religious burial customs can produce one of these terrible creatures. They are a representation of the outrage and hatred of the victims of atrocities who cannot rest. The black earth dragon usually appears a year to the day after the last corpse was improperly interred. The creature's lair is easily spotted as a place where the ground is literally stained black with blood. The creature appears as its dragon namesake, except that its flanks are completely smooth, like the ocean at night. It smells like an upturned grave, and its aura is cold and dank.

The creature appears intermittently near its lair and wreaks vengeance across the countryside, a message from the mass of trapped souls who demand justice and respect for their remains. Its great black wings are completely silent as it flies across the night sky. It rarely makes a sound, but when it roars, it's one of the most terrible things a mortal can ever be forced to listen to; its roar is a chorus of wailing souls, bound to the grave and demanding vengeance. It can be heard clearly for a mile.

EDDIE

The black earth dragon used in the Emperor's cup was discovered by Swedish necromancers on the site of a mass political execution. Herobane was allowed to bring it to the US only after he promised to give all those found in its site a proper burial once the crawl is completed. The necromancers who control it call it Eddie.

COMBAT

The black earth dragon always begins combat with its breath weapon, then attempts to create *darkness* around its opponents. This is not a strategic concern—



the creature wants its enemies to know the isolation and utter blackness that it feels, caught as it is between the world of the living and the proper reward for the souls it represents. Afterwards, it will attack, clawing and biting, concentrating on religious types if possible—it holds the righteous responsible for the suffering it feels.

Fear Aura (SU): The black earth dragon radiates a palpable aura of supernatural *fear* at all times. The aura extends 60' from the creature's black body. Creatures caught in this aura of less than 6 hit dice or levels immediately run in terror from the beast. Creatures between 7 and 12 hit dice or levels must make a Will save (DC 28) or be *panicked*. Creatures with 13 or more hit dice or levels must make a Will save (DC 28) or be *shaken* until they are outside the creature's aura.

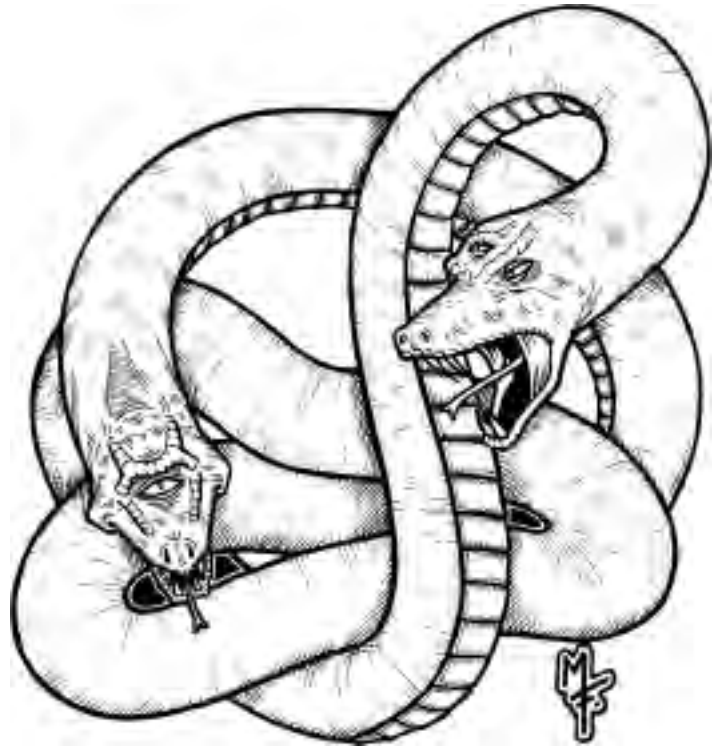
Breath Weapon: The black earth dragon can breath a Cone of Ruin once every four rounds. The cone has a 120' range and all those caught within must make a Will save (DC 27) or take one temporary negative level and a permanent *curse* effect, taking a -2 to a random ability score. The DC is 17 for the Fortitude save to remove the negative level.

Spell-Like Abilities (SU): Once per round at will as a 18th level sorcerer: *deeper darkness*, see *invisibility*, *locate object*, *unholy blight*. It may also use *dispel magic* once per round, but only versus fire or light effects.

Rage From Beyond The Grave: If a fight is going badly for the black earth dragon, it enters an insensible rage that wells up from the pain of all the tortured souls it represents. This rage gives the beast a +6 Strength, +6 Constitution, and +4 morale bonus for the duration of its rage (eight rounds). It takes a -4 penalty to armor class while it rages. Raging does not *fatigue* the black earth dragon; rather, it takes 1d12 points of damage at the end of its rage, a measure of the power it expended in its anger and frustration.

Immunities: Black earth dragons take only one-half damage from cold based attacks. They take double damage from silver and normal (but not magical) fire.

Racial Bonus: Black earth dragons gain a +8 bonus to Hide and Move Silently checks.



Cha-ka

Colossal Magical Beast (chaos)

Hit Dice: 30d10+270 (435hp)

Initiative: +8

Speed: 50'

AC: 26 (-8 size, +4 Dex, +20 natural) *Touch* 6, *Flat Footed* 22

Base Attack/Grapple: +22/+52

Attack: bite +38 (4d6+16)

Full Attack: 2 bites +38/+33 (4d6+16)

Space/Reach: 30'/30'


Special Attacks: Insanity Gaze, Poison

Special Qualities: Immunities, SR 30, Damage Reduction 15/+1

Saves: Fort +23, Ref +18, Will +15

Abilities: Str 42, Dex 18, Con 28, Int 12, Wis 28, Cha 20

Skills: Bluff +25, Heal +26,



Intimidate +37, Search +46, Sense Motive +33, Spot +38, Survival +42

Feats: Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Scent

Environment: Desert

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 15

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Advancement: None

The Cha-Ka is an ancient and deadly monster, dwelling in the dark desert. It seems that the Cha-ka has plagued the earth since the dawn of mankind; precataclysm texts have numerous references to the Cha-ka, often reporting it destroyed by the hand of some saint or other. Only one ever seems to exist at a given time, perhaps fueling reports that the creature dies only to be reformed from the desert sands at some point itself.

The creature is a vast two-headed snake, over 170' long and weighing over one hundred and fifty tons. Its scaly hide is blue and silver, with red markings, including a red "mask" around its eyes. The two faces of the creature are different—one head has a single eye and a perpetual grin; the other has three eyes and a countenance twisted like a mask of rage. The sides of their heads are grooved on opposite sides, and they can fit their heads together and square all four eyes against an opponent. The creature sheds its skin inwards, towards its middle, and this forms a rattle of dried skin at the center of its long body. The sound from this rattle is a terrifying warning to prey that the Cha-ka is about to strike.

While the Cha-ka is native to our home plane, it is at its basest, a creature of chaos. Some scholars and mythologists believe that the beast is the offspring of some ancient deity of trickery and disorder.

The Cha-ka speaks Latin, and creatures who address it in this language may get a response, or it may not. If it does speak, its words reflect its primordial madness.

COMBAT

The Cha-ka always begins combat with its laugh. It will attempt to use its insanity gaze against distant foes and will bite creatures that venture close. It has a great reach, attacking with both heads like a real snake, and it will use this to its best advantage whenever possible.

Chaos Laughter: The twin laughs of the Cha-ka, one mirthful and one tortured, are altogether terrifying. Creatures within 80' of the beast when it laughs must make a willpower save (DC 28) or be *shaken* until the beast is dead or no longer in sight. Chaos laughter is a standard action for the Cha-ka.

Insanity Gaze (su): If the Cha-ka puts both of its heads together at once and stares at an opponent, that unfortunate creature must make a Will save (DC 28) or be made permanently *insane*. Insane creatures act randomly, as per the *confusion* spell. *Greater restoration*, *heal*, *wish*, *limited wish* or *miracle* will cure this affliction. The Cha-ka uses this power as a standard action.

Poison: The bite of the Cha-Ka is poisonous. Creatures struck must make a fortitude save (DC 20) or take one point of temporary wisdom damage.

Immunities: The Cha-ka is immune to poison, death effects, polymorphing, mind-controlling magic such as *charm* and *hold* spells. It takes half damage from flame based attacks, and double damage from electrical attacks. The beast also takes double damage from *lawful* weapons.

Construct Dragon

Gargantuan Construct

Hit Dice: 24d10+60

Initiative: +8

Speed: Fly 60' (average)

AC: 25 (-4 size, +4 Dex, +15 natural), *Touch* 10, *Flat Footed* 21

Base Attack/Grapple: +18/+35

Attack: Bite +27 (2d12+9)

Full Attack: Bite +27 (2d12+9), 2 claws +25 (2d8+5), tail mace +25 (2d6+5)



Space/Reach: 20'/20'

Special Attacks: Breath Weapon, Spawn Elemental

Special Qualities: Construct Traits, Damage Reduction 20/+4, SR 35

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +12, Will +14

Abilities: Str 28, Dex 18, Con—, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 18

Skills: Spot +27

Feats: Awesome Blow, Cleave, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack, Sunder, Wingover

Environment: Any

Organization: Unique

Challenge Rating: 14

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral

When the R-and-D boys from the elite Stansfield Magical Monstrosities agency heard about ConStart South and their mechabungaroo, they knew they had a real problem. The mechabungaroo was an awesome construct, and if Stansfield didn't come up with a real answer to it they were in danger of being edged out of the magical construct market for all the upper level crawls. After much handwringing and a CEO stepping down, they came up with the Construct Dragon, a creature sure to bring Herobane's favor back to Stansfield.


The construct dragon is just that—a magical dragon simulation, extremely easy to handle, serviceable as a mount and very, very dangerous. It looks like a huge red dragon with metallic, fire engine red scales. Its eyes look like wire mesh goggles. The body is covered with spikes, and the tail ends in a hideously oversized flanged mace.



COMBAT

The construct dragon is designed to be a combat mount. It launches breath weapon attacks, and spawns fire elementals within the enemies ranks to cause confusion.

Breath Weapon: The construct dragon fires a 90' long line of fire. All creatures in its area take 12d6 points of fire damage, Reflex save (DC 26) for half.



Spawn Elemental: The construct dragon can spawn fire elementals with its breath weapon. It chooses a spot in its normal breath weapon range and breathes a large fire elemental into existence there. This process isn't as efficient as a normal monster summoning, however; the elemental can not act on the turn he arrives on, and must wait until the dragon's initiative next round to act. The creature is considered flatfooted until it has the opportunity to attack.

Dunce

Tiny Construct

Hit Dice: 18d10 (99)

Initiative: +10

Speed: Fly 30', perfect

AC: 34 (+2 size, +6 Dex, +16 natural (*Touch* 18, *Flat Footed* 28)

Base Attack/Grapple: +9/+5

Attack: Bite +10 (1d4)

Full Attack: Bite +10 (1d4)

Space/Reach: 2'/0'

Special Attacks: Hypnosis, Diminishing Ray, Spell-like abilities

Special Qualities: Construct qualities, Damage reduction 12/+1, Hardness 8, SR 35

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +12, Will +10

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 22, Con—, Int 10, Wis 18, Cha 10

Skills: Listen +23, Search +21, Spot +27

Feats: Alertness, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (bite)

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 12

Treasure: Never

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: Small (19-24 HD)

A dunce is a tiny but powerful magical guardian, usually created to guard vaults or treasure. It appears to be a humanoid skull with pointed teeth, that can fly or hover at will. Close inspection reveals that the creature is not made of true bone but smooth blached crystal. It has tiny red stones recessed in its eye sockets, and when it is active its eyes glow with a fierce red light. A dunce can follow simple commands from the spellcaster who created it: *attack*, *stand guard*, *do nothing*, *follow*, *go* (to a specific place it is familiar with).

COMBAT

The dunce is not a particularly fearsome combatant. Its usual attack is to hypnotize individuals, and attempt to render them ineffective with his diminishing ray. Very often, wizards will protect sensitive parts of their abode with a dunce and a trap that only affects diminutive creature; the dunce will shrink players and instinctively heard them into the trap.

Hypnosis (su): Once per round, a dunce can create an industrial strength *hypnotic pattern*-like effect. Creatures within 30' viewing the pattern must make a Will save (DC 25) or be remain motionless, watching the pattern. The pattern lasts as long as the dunce actively maintains it +4 rounds. There is no hit dice or level restriction on how many creatures can be effected by the dunce's hypnosis.

Diminishing Ray (su): The most feared power of the dunce is its diminishing ray. The construct makes a ranged touch attack at an opponent within 30'. Victims stuck must make a fortitude save (DC 21) or be reduced to 6" tall (Diminutive). This effect is permanent until countered: *remove curse*, *limited wish* or *wish* or an appropriate *dispel magic* check (versus 18th level effect). *Enlarge person* or *mass enlarge person* instantly reverses the effect. Once creatures are shrunk, the dunce gains a +4 on its bite attacks versus the victims, and does an additional 1d6 damage with a successful hit.

Spell-like abilities: (su) At will, once per round as an 18th level caster: *ray of enfeeblement*, *prying eyes*, *slow*.

Flying Fortress

Colossal Construct

Hit Dice: 47d10+80 (338)

Initiative: +1

Speed: Fly 30' (poor)

AC: 33 (-8 size, -3 Dex, +34 natural) *Touch -1, Flat Footed 33*

Base Attack/Grapple: +28/+41

Attack: Slam +36 (4d6+18)

Full Attack: Slam +36/+31/+26 (4d6+18) or two +3 mighty flaming ballista shots +28/+28 (3d6+5 +2d6 fire damage)

Space/Reach: 60'/10'

Special Attacks: Bug Zapper, Drop Doors

Special Qualities: Construct qualities, Semi-autonomous weapons systems,

Saves: Fort +30, Ref +12, Will +14

Abilities: Str 46, Dex 4, Con 30, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 6

Skills: Listen +24, Spot +24

Feats: Hover, Improved Bull's Rush, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack, Rapid Shot

Environment: Any

Organization: None

Challenge Rating: 16

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: None

The stats above assumes a fully trained crew of at least six manning the weapons systems.

The flying fortress is a larger, more powerful and much more expensive version of the traditional warheads. Warheads were originally created for the army to tackle enemy spellcasters; the flying fortress was created by a private group of Mages' Guild R&D folks, who reverse engineered a warhead in order to

create a new product to sell to Xcrawl DJ's. Voila! The flying fortress is making its debut at Emperor's Cup XX.

The flying fortress is just that—a floating magical construct with room inside for more than a dozen men. The fortress is capable of independent action, but functions more efficiently with a crew to man it. It looks like a giant steel ball with riveted reinforced bands. It has a huge smiling face and is usually painted yellow. The fortress can obey verbal commands from its creators, but is incapable of speech. It has short arms that can strike powerful blows, but it prefers to fight from a distance.

There is a hatchway on top which leads inside. The construct can typically keep this shut against intruders but has been instructed to allow outsiders in for this dungeon.

COMBAT

The flying fortress is equipped with a magical +3 *mighty flaming speed* ballista, that can fire twice in a round at opponents. This is its primary weapon. While the flying fortress is manned by a gunner, it ignores its own size penalty for firing ballista bolts. It has a range increment of 120' with this weapon. In addition, it has two different drop weapons it can launch through its bottom doors—a rain of tiny, magically explosive crystals that explode in a blaze of acid and lightning; that effect a 15' radius area, doing 4d6 electrical damage and 5d6 acid damage (Reflex save DC 25 for half damage). It can also drop a ceramic jar full of special pumpkin oil and petroleum mix that bursts into a 30' puddle and effects the terrain exactly like a *grease* spell, although the effect is non-magical. This effect last until someone cleans it up with sawdust and a broom. It can do either of these attacks eight times before it is out of ammo.

Bug Zapper: If creatures land on the outside of the flying fortress it can activate its bug zapper. This takes a standard action if the creature is unmanned, or a move equivalent action if it is manned. The bug zapper does 2d4 points of damage per round to creatures hanging or standing on the flying fortress; creatures inside are unharmed.

Drop Doors: Like the warhead, the flying fortress has bomb doors that allow it to drop items into combat. See the combat section for information on the weapons it currently possesses.

Semi-autonomous weapons systems: While the flying fortress has a crew of at least six operators, it can make a hand-to-hand attack and a bomb door attack, or a bomb door and a ballista attack, or a hand-to-hand attack and a ballista attack in a single round. If the creature must fend for itself with no crew it can only use one attack form per combat round.

Macrovirus

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 16d8+96 (168)

Initiative: +7

Speed: 60' fly (perfect)

AC: 26 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +14 natural) *Touch* 12, *Flat Footed* 23

Base Attack/Grapple: +11/+17

Attack: Sting +17 (2d10+5)

Full Attack: Sting +17 (2d10+5), six hooks +12 (1d3+3)

Space/Reach: 5'/5' (15' with stinger)

Special Attacks: Replication

Special Qualities: Absorption, Detect Life, 360 Sensing, Disease Subtype

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +10

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 16, Con 22, Int 4, Wis 16, Cha 3

Skills: Search +11, Spot +20

Feats: Hover, Improved Grapple, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (sting)

Environment: Any

Organization: Cluster (4-10, possibly more)

Challenge Rating: 11

Treasure: Never

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: None

Ever hear the theory about how universes work? How each atom in our bodies is a tiny, miniature universe completely unaware of our own—and how our universe is inside of an atom in a unthinkable larger scaled universe?

It's true. There is a great macroverse, a high tech world that considers itself the only bastion of intelligence in the galaxy. It has no idea that we (or the infinite number of other galaxies that make up the building blocks of their world) exists. And in their ignorance, they have sent a terrible plague to many microworlds such as ours.



Scientists from the macroverse have developed a new way to treat disease. A simple particle beam is pointed to the infection and BANG! No more disease. No one there is even worried about what happens to the missing viruses.

In reality, those viruses are put out of phase with their home world and they appear here in our own. They can not replicate on earth the way they would in a huge host body—thank Apollo for that, for they could overrun our world in a matter of days, were it so. But they have adapted to life in our universe, and the threat of their geometric replication is still a very real threat.

Macroviruses look like man-sized versions of the tiny viruses that exist within organisms. They have an extremely long flexible stinger, sensory organs mounted in all directions from its black and grey barrel-shaped body, six thin appendages ending in barbed hooks. To us, they are hideous monsters. To them, we are incubators and a quick source of nutrition.

COMBAT

Macroviruses are very much creatures of primal instinct. They attack the nearest targets, attempting to inject a bit of its own DNA into the host body to create the original body. They can then either allow these copies to grow into full size macroviruses, or absorb them and feed off the energy they drew from the host bodies. They will attempt to grapple and pin characters so they can sting them at will.

Replicate: Whenever a macrovirus manages to sting an opponent in combat, the victim must make a fortitude save (DC 20). If it fails, the macrovirus has managed to inject a tiny bit of its DNA into the victim. On the next round, a tiny (wasp sized) version of the macrovirus will burst from the victim's skin, doing 2d4 points of damage to him. It takes the creature six rounds to grow into a full sized macrovirus. During this time, it can not attack, only defend itself. After six rounds, it becomes a full sized macrovirus and can attack normally. Creatures who are immune to disease are immune to this power.

TABLE: MACROVIRUS GROWTH CHART

Round	Size	AC	HD
1	T	14	3d8 (13hp)
2	T	15	5d8 (23hp)
3	S	16	7d8 (31hp)
4	S	16	9d8 (40hp)
5	S	18	11d8 (49hp)
6	M	20	13d8 (58hp)

Absorption: If a macrovirus is below 50% of its hit points, it instinctively absorbs the new macroviruses it creates. The newly-spawned macrovirus immediately rushes to the original macrovirus, lands on it and is absorbed by it. Once this happens, the original macrovirus gains whatever hit points the victim loses when the virus erupted from its body. For example, a sorely wounded macrovirus stings a cleric who fails his save. The next round, a tiny macrovirus erupts from the cleric, doing eight points of damage. It immediately flies over to the original macrovirus and is absorbed—the main creature gains eight hit points and the spawn is gone.

Disease Subtype: Macroviruses, large as they are, are still considered diseases. A *cure disease* or *heal* spell instantly kills one. They take times two from cold damage, and if they take any damage at all from a magical cold effect, they must make a second save (same DC) or be *slowed* for 1-4 rounds.

Mechabungaroo

Gargantuan Construct

Hit Dice: 35d10+80 (272)

Initiative: +6

Speed: 30' (can't run)

AC: 34 (-4 size, +2 Dex, +26 natural) *Touch* 8, *Flat Footed* 32

Base Attack/Grapple: +22/+43

Attack: Stomp +31 (3d6+9)

Full Attack: Stomp +31/+26/+21/+16 (3d6+9)

Space/Reach: 20'/20'

Special Attacks: Imprison, Web blast

Special Qualities: Construct qualities, Damage Reduction 20/+2, Hardness 4, SR 29, Immunities

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +12, Will +13

Abilities: Str 28, Dex 14, Con—, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 10

Skills: Listen +15, Spot +17

Feats: Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Sunder

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 17

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: None

The mechabungaroo was a gift given to Herobane by Australian design team ConStart South. ConStart South hopes to become the main supplier of constructs to the Emperor's Crawl—and as impressed as Bane was with the creature, it is likely that America will see more of their creations in action in next year's Cup.

The mechabungaroo looks somewhat like the hoogabungaroo, the dangerous Australian beast that has become a staple of Division III and II contests. It is a giant magical construct with three huge legs and three-footed feet. Its body is spherical, with a definite face built in to warn players of its facing. The legs attach at the top of the body, so its torso actually hangs down beneath its legs. It is painted a sharp blue with black trim. People standing beneath it can look up and see it has four lower hatchways, each the size and shape of a coffin lid. At rest, it lowers its body to the ground and its jointed legs become three surrounding pillars.

COMBAT


The mechabungaroo is a dangerous opponent. It is slow, and must use its web power to catch fast-moving prey. It will attempt to capture up to four opponents in its underbelly, and use its mighty legs to stomp the rest into the ground. The construct is controlled

off stage by a team of handlers from ConStart—the entire beast can be controlled via remote control, or it can be set to act independently. It can understand basic commands—"attack," "guard," and "stand down" being the most common. The handlers are eager to show off their stuff, so the mechabungaroo will pull no punches.

Imprison: If the mechabungaroo can maneuver itself over a medium sized or smaller target, it can quickly drop its body down on top of an opponent and capture it inside its belly. It must make a hand-to-hand touch attack against the target, who is allowed an attack of opportunity against the mechabungaroo. A successful attack of opportunity does not mean the construct loses its attack. If the mechabungaroo's touch attack is successful, the creature has successfully opened a lower compartment, dropped down over an opponent and sealed itself. Players trapped within are violently shaken while they are inside the creature, taking 2d4 points of damage per round as they are bashed from wall to interior wall. The door has an *arcane lock* effect, but the door may be struck or bashed down by players who have a small weapon. The interior door has an armor class of 5, a hardness of 4, and 45hp. Players outside of the beast (who know which of the four identical coffin-shaped doors their companions are trapped behind) can also target this door for an attack, but the armor class is raised to 34. Once a door is bashed down, that chamber cannot be used to imprison any further targets. The mechabungaroo can sense when captured targets have died, and will drop them ignominiously to the floor.

Web Blast: Once every 3 rounds, the mechabungaroo can fire a special web blast at opponents. The web has a 30' radius, and a range of 250'. Players within the target area of the web must make a Reflex save (DC 23) or be caught. Targets who successfully save can move ten feet per round to the edge of the web and are free once they pass out of its borders. Webbed creatures cannot attack or cast spells with somatic components. It takes a Strength check (DC 22) or an Escape Artist check (DC 27) to move five feet towards the edge of the web. However, most opponents do not have time to escape the web of the mechabungaroo—after one round, the web bursts into flames. Players caught in the flaming web take 2d6 per round until they escape the web. The burning lasts only two rounds, after which the web is nothing but acrid smelling ash.





Immunities: The mechabungaroo takes half damage from fire and cold attacks and is fully immune to sonic attacks. It takes double damage from electrical/lightning attacks. If the creature is ever tripped or otherwise made to topple over or fall, it takes 4d8 damage (which ignores damage reduction and hardness) in addition to damage taken from falling distance.

Miremares

Medium Undead

Hit Dice: 10d12

Initiative: +3

Speed: 50' crawl (includes *haste*)

AC: 27 (+1 *haste*, +3 Dex, +13 natural) *Touch* 14, *Flat Footed* 24

Base Attack/Grapple: +5/+14

Attack: Bite +12 (2d6+5)

Full Attack: Bite +12 (2d6+5) Two Claws +7 (1d6+2)

Space/Reach: 5'/5'

Special Attacks: Paralysis

Special Qualities: Muck Transport, Permanent *Haste*, Undead Traits, Turn Resistance +4, Immunities, Environment Bound

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +3

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 16, Con—, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 3

Skills: Hide +8, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Spot +5

Feats: Dodge, Improved Grab, Mobility, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (bite)

Environment: Underground Muck Tunnels

Organization: Gang 2-6

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral Evil

Advancement: Large (11-18 HD)

Miremares are an abomination, a hideous form of

undead constructed from used parts. A miremare consists of a human torso to which three pairs of arms are attached, two facing front where the legs and arms would normally be, and one pair facing to its rear, jutting out from the center of its ribcage. It has a humanoid head mounted backwards on its torso, allowing it to bite more effectively in a tunnel situation. Its mouth is widened and the teeth are filed to razor points. They are usually shaved hairless, and are sometimes painted brown and black to help camouflage them in their native environment.

Miremares are created by the NAE's Necromancers' Guild, who either use them to guard underground tunnels or sell them to Xcrawl. They are ideal for guarding tight muck tunnels, but useless for nearly anything else, and thus only a few are created a year.

COMBAT

Miremares use their abilities to slip up on invaders from behind, striking and sinking back into the mud as necessary. Its arm configuration gives it a +6 racial bonus to all grapple checks, and the creature will definitely attempt to grapple hard targets. They have a sense of team tactics, and will use their stealth and muck transport abilities to pick off weaklings amongst their enemies.

Paralysis: A creature hit with one of the miremares natural weapons must make a Fortitude save (DC 19) or be *paralyzed* for 1d6 rounds from its numbing, supernaturally cold aura.

Muck Transport: Miremares are one with the mud. They have the ability to dissolve themselves into mud, actually becoming a part of the filthy earth, and reform themselves. It takes a miremare a full round action to either fade into or reform out of the mud. Once dissolved into it, it can move its full normal movement rate to any location within that continuous mud puddle or tunnel. It actually dissolves itself into the earth, so while it is so interred it cannot be detected or harmed by physical force. *Turned* miremares automatically fade into the earth on their next available movement turn. The creature can reform behind creatures, receiving a +2 on its Move Silently check to remain unnoticed.

Permanent Haste: Miremares are under a permanent *haste* effect, giving them one bonus attack per full round attack action, a +1 bonus on attack rolls, a +1 dodge bonus on AC and Reflex saves, and +30 to its base movement rate.

Immunities: In addition to the standard undead immunities, miremares are fully immune to cold damage. A *mending* spell heals 1-3 points of damage to a wounded miremare.

Environment Bound: Out of contact with its natural element, the miremare is nearly helpless. Out of the muck, a miremare receives a -4 morale penalty on all attack rolls, saving throws, and skill checks. In bright sunlight these penalties are doubled. *Daylight* and similar spells give the miremares a -2 attack and saving throw penalty, and will usually chase them off for a few rounds.

Murdock the Destroyer

Medium Undead

Hit Dice: 36d12 (625)

Initiative: +9

Speed: 20'

AC: 30 (+15 armor (+3 full plate & +3 light steel shield), +5 Dex), *Touch 15, Flat Footed 25*

Base Attack/Grapple: +18

Attack: Longsword +24 primary (1d8+9+1d6), +20/+15 secondary (1d8+9 +1d6 negative energy)

Full Attack: Paired longsword +24/+19/+14 primary (1d8+9 +1d6 negative energy), +20/+15 secondary (1d8+9 +1d6 negative energy)

Space/Reach: 5'/5'

Special Attacks: Greater Energy Drain

Special Qualities: Spell-Like Abilities, SR 30, Damage Reduction 30/*blessed* or +2, Vulnerability

Saves: Fort +13, Ref +19, Will +19

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 20, Con—, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 14

Skills: Bluff +17, Climb +25, Intimidate +36, Jump +25, Listen



+18, Ride +27, Search +25, Sense Motive +20, Spot +18

Feats: Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Improved Disarm, Combat Reflexes, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (greatsword), Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Two Weapon Fighting, Improved Initiative, Improved Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus: Longsword

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary (Unique)

Challenge Rating: 21

Treasure: Incidental

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Advancement: None

Murdock the Destroyer is an undead superchampion, a creature sent to our world from the Underworld by divine agents to fulfill some task. In this case, the divine agent is Mars. As a reward to his faithful, great Mars chooses one dead soldier from every generation. This soldier must be an example of discipline, courage and reverence for Mars to be considered, and must die on the battlefield. Mars gives the soldier the opportunity to go back to his life and right some wrong with the power of Murdock the Destroyer. In this particular instance, Murdock the Destroyer was an American infantryman named Oscar Fendleson who died during a boarder skirmish with Brazilian troops while on loan to the Kingdom of Columbia. The soldier asked Mars for the chance to come home and take vengeance on those who had destroyed his family. Mars granted the request, and made Fendleson the latest incarnation of Murdock the Destroyer. However, his quest proved beyond his abilities—Fendleson was no investigator, and has wandered the earth hoping to simply luck upon the killers. Murdock the Destroyer was discovered by agents of the Necromancers' Guild and a parley ensued—the Guild claimed it could put Murdock in a position to face his killers in Xcrawl, and the simple undead agreed.

The Necromancers' Guild sold Murdock to the crawl for 200,000 gp. It truly hopes the players destroy it, because they have no idea how to handle what happens next after Murdock kills the players and finds that his quest here on Earth is not yet over.

COMBAT

In its current incarnation, Murdock the Destroyer fights with a pair of +3 *longswords* that do an additional 1d6 negative energy damage per strike. It will *teleport* itself into strategic places on the battlefield, attacking vulnerable clerics and spellcasters whenever it can. If the creature is ever destroyed, it and its equipment disappear. A new Murdock will be chosen from the next generations of fallen soldiers for as long as Mars lives on Olympus.

Greater Energy Drain: As a full round action, Murdock can make a circle of negative energy in a 30' radius of himself. Creatures caught in this area must make a Willpower save (DC 27) or lose 2d6 hit points, which are transferred to Murdock. Murdock can use these to heal himself, but cannot go higher than his original hit points in any case.

Spell Like abilities: At will (at 18th level): *bane, deeper darkness, detect thoughts, teleport*. The creature can only teleport up to 120'.

Vulnerable Murdock the Destroyer takes double damage from *holy, blessed*, or silver weapons.

Razhaakam

Huge Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 25d10+325 (462)

Initiative: +2

Speed: 25'

AC: 25 (-2 size, +2 Dex, +15 natural) *Touch* 10, *Flat Footed* 23

Base Attack/Grapple: +23/+44

Attack: Bite +31 (2d6+12)

Full Attack: Bite +31/+26/+21/+16 (2d6+12)

Space/Reach: 15'/5'

Special Attacks: Dark Appetite, Supernatural Bite, Thunderbark, Gnosh

Special Qualities: Blindsight 30', Damage Reduction 30/+1, Immunities, SR 25

Saves: Fort +29, Ref +18, Will +12

Abilities: Str 26, Dex 14, Con 36, Int 5, Wis 14, Cha 6

Skills: Intimidation +26

Feats: Dodge, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Run, Sunder

Environment: Any Temperate/Sub Tropical

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 19

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: Gargantuan (26-38 HD)

The razhaakam is a beast so dangerous to man and environment that the Shirah, India's notoriously

insular ruling party, actually petitioned foreign hunters to come to their country to help destroy it. Some enterprising collector assembled a team, and after a two month hunt, captured the beast, selling it to Herobane for an extremely tall pile of gold.

The razhaakam looks like a huge pachyderm covered in dozens of horrifying mouths, each filled with savage tearing teeth and an undulating tongue. It has no eyes, nor any other facial features. It has one great central maw, different from its other mouths in that it is used for roaring. It roams the country side, eating everything in its path and sleeping where it pleases.



Left to its devices, it lives in a sleep/consumption cycle—it slumbers, awakes long enough to eat 6-10 times its weight in anything, then sleeps again. It is tough enough to win a fight with an armored vehicle, and can eat literally anything its mouth can fit around. It reproduces asexually—once per decade the creature spits out a lumpy formless egg that gestates into a burrowing, larval state. Ten years later, the creature emerges from the earth as a fully formed razhaakam, ready to feast on all the things of the earth.

COMBAT

The razhaakam typically spends half its time attacking the players, and half the time trying to eat their equipment. It is as likely to attack and devour a weapon or a shield as bite a man—it's all the same to the razhaakam. A weapon or shield successfully sundered is eaten by the beast and permanently destroyed.

Dark Appetite: The razhaakam can literally eat any matter. It will attack moving objects in preference to stationary ones, but has no limits on what kind of matter it can consume. It cannot necessarily chew through anything, but if it can bite off a piece of an object or creature, it can eat it.

Supernatural Bite: Whenever the razhaakam does fifteen or more points of damage to a creature with a constitution score with a single bite, it automatically inflicts 1 point of permanent constitution damage to the victim, no saving throw. These points can only be recovered with a *restoration* or *heal* effect.

Gnosh: If the creature is surrounded by opponents, it can forgo its normal attacks and make one single attack at every individual within 5' of it at once. These bites are all at +27 to hit and do the beast's normal damage.

Snap Pattern: The mouths of the razhaakam constantly snap, hopeful to catch stray prey. This can be the bane of its opponents; on any hand-to-hand attack against it, a roll of a natural 1 means the weapon must save (DC 20) or be bitten off and rendered useless by the horrible thing. Open hand attacks against the creature that roll a natural 1 give the razhaakam a free bite attack against that individual, regardless of whether or not the creature has an attack of opportunity left that round.

Thunderbark: When angered, the razhaakam emits its ear-splitting bark that can be heard clearly for a mile. Creatures within a 60' radius of the creature when it barks must make a Fortitude save (DC 27) or be *deafened* for 1d4 rounds.

Immunities: The razhaakam is immune to poison, disease, polymorphing, and mind-affecting spells and effects. It is blind, and thus immune to gaze attacks as well. Sonic attacks do double damage to the hungry beast.

Razor Sprite

Medium Fey (Incorporeal)

Hit Dice: 14d6+56 (104)

Initiative: +11

Speed: Fly 30

AC: 26 (+7 Dex, +9 deflection) *Touch 19, Flat Footed 17*

Base Attack/Grapple: +7/+12

Attack: Blade +13 (1d10+7)

Full Attack: Six Blades +13 (1d10+7)

Space/Reach: 5'/5'

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Air Sense, Incorporeal, Fey Subtype, SR 20, Damage Resistance 10/+1

Saves: Fort +13, Ref +15, Will +3

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 24, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 18

Skills: Search +17, Spot +17

Feats: Weapon Focus (blades), Power Attack, Cleave, Improved Initiative

Environment: Any urban

Organization: Solitary or gang (1-4)

Challenge Rating: 8

Treasure: None

Alignment: Usually Chaotic Neutral

Advancement: None

Literal killing machines, razor sprites are magical creatures living in urban areas. The origins of the razor sprites are attributed to the changing nature of the world, and the relationship that they fey have with it. Fey are magical extensions of nature, and as the industrial revolution takes its toll on the invisible world, new creatures spring forth from nothingness to represent the magical spirit still alive in the modern age. Much like the world of Xcrawl, these spirits have taken a nasty evolutionary turn...

Razor sprites look like a whirlwind of sharp blades of every conceivable description—straight blades, scalloped blades, serrated blades—all whirling at top speeds around a central, yet undefined point. They exist only to kill and feed on the blood of their victims. They are cunning, and are capable of formulating plans and acting intelligently. They do not hate their victims, they kill as a matter of course, and have no feelings about the act whatsoever.

Wounds from a razor sprite do not seem to bleed as much as other wounds, but it is an illusion—the razor sprite drinks the blood of its victims as it slashes.

COMBAT

Razor sprites are fairly straightforward in a battle. They seek out the smallest and weakest, destroy it, and then escape (if it still feels threatened)—or chooses another victim (if it is fairly certain of victory).

Air Sense: The razor sprite does not see or smell. It can sense objects perfectly from the vibrations they leave in the air, allowing them to “see” in 360 degrees within 60' of themselves. They automatically sense invisible objects, and unerringly find opponents hid by illusion magic such as *mirror image* or *displacement*.

Reflecting Slime

Large Ooze

Hit Dice: 12d10+60 (126)

Initiative: -5

Speed: 10', climb 10'

AC: 4 (-1 size, -5 Dex) *Touch 4, Flat Footed 4*

Base Attack/Grapple: +9/+15

Attack: Slam +13 (2d6+6+1d6 acid)

Full Attack: Slam +13 (2d6+6+1d6 acid)

Space/Reach: 15'/15'

Special Attacks: Acid

Special Qualities: Reflection, Blindsight 60', Dormancy

Saves: Fort +10, Ref -3, Will -3

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 1, Con 20, Int—, Wis 1, Cha 1

Skills: Climb +19

Feats: Improved Grapple

Environment: Any underground

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: Huge (13-20 HD), Gargantuan (21-36 HD)

Reflecting slime is a crossbred ooze, developed on a farm in Dayton for the Emperor's Cup. It is a hearty strain of ooze with an appetite for flesh, wood, ceramics, and earth. It is fairly easy to manage, and has an amazing quality of reflection, making it an interesting variant on the standard dungeon slime. After its impressive debut during the Emperor's Cup XVI (killing one player, one retainer, and an unfortunate vending machine repairman), breeders George and Minni Walden haven't been able to keep it in stock, thanks to the demand of interested DJs.

COMBAT

Reflecting slime waits patiently for its prey to come close, then grows pseudopods and attacks. It attempts to grapple opponents and drag them into itself where they will be quickly digested by the creature's acid. The creature makes a grapple attempt every other round until it catches a player, then attempts to reel him into its body. It takes a Strength vs Strength check to avoid being sucked into the monster.

Acid: Reflecting slime excretes a fast-acting acid, and any objects

made of wood, earth, or ceramics take 21 points of damage per round. It cannot dissolve stone or glass. Its acid does an additional 1d6 points of damage per successful slam attack. Characters grappled by the creature are dragged inside of it, where they take 21 points of damage per round until dead.

Weapons striking the reflecting slime must save (DC 19) or be destroyed by acid.

Immunities: Weapons do half damage to reflecting slime. Its corrosive nature can destroy the weapons as well. Electrical and fire based attacks do half damage. Cold-based attacks *stun* reflecting slime for one round per ten points of damage, but do not damage it.

Reflection: Reflecting slime has a shiny, mirror-like surface. Facing one, you can see yourself reflected in odd curves and angle in its smooth surface. Its skin has a curious effect on rays, reflecting them back at the caster. Ray spells (and lasers, should it ever come up) are reflected back at the caster. The creature must roll to hit with the rebounded ray (+4 to hit). The creature is also capable of reflecting gaze attacks at their point of origin.

Dormancy: Reflecting slime goes dormant when the surrounding temperature reaches 28 degrees Fahrenheit. It contracts to 75% of its normal mass and is safe to handle without gloves.

Shacklers

Huge Magical Beasts

Hit Dice: 26d10+130 (273)

Initiative: +6

Speed: 40'

AC: 28 (-4 size, +6 Dex, +16 natural) *Touch 12, Flat Footed 22*

Base Attack: Grapple +24/+38

Attack: Chain Rake +32 (3d6+8)

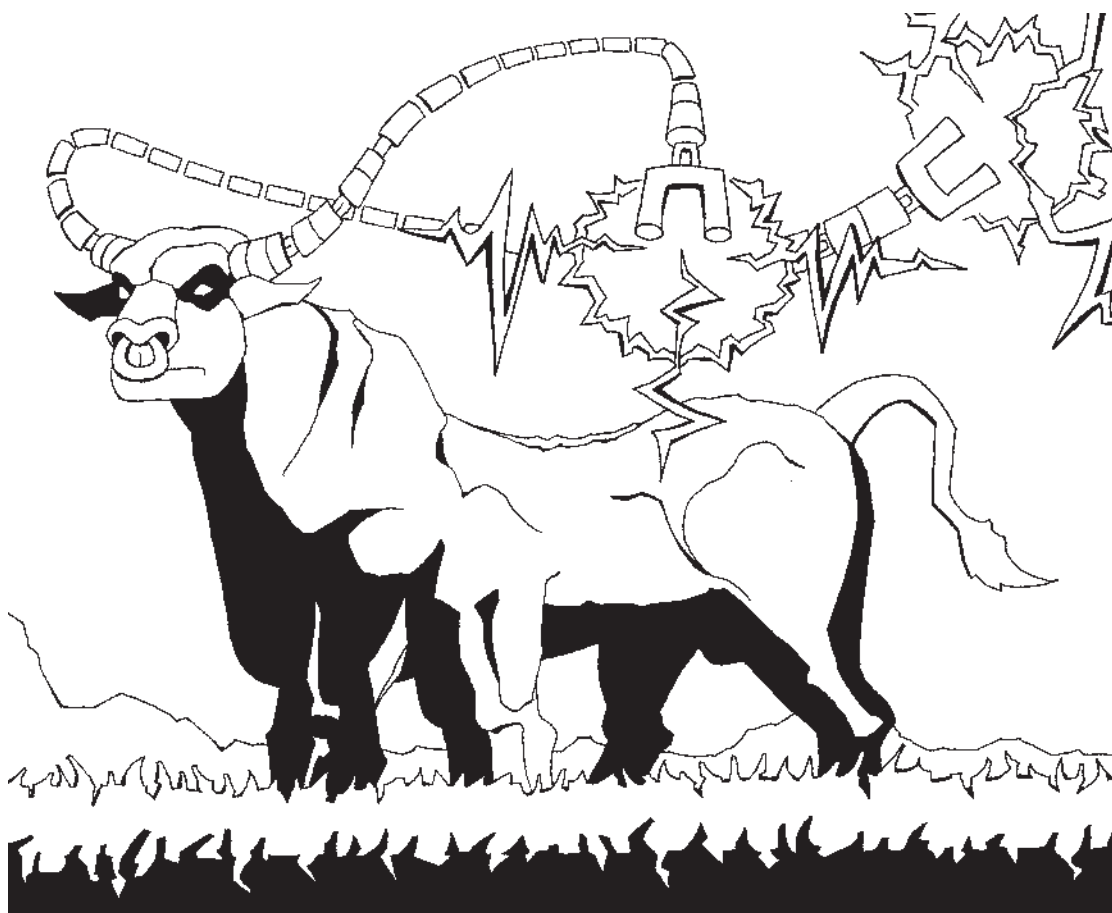
Full Attack: 2 Chain Rakes +32 (3d6+8), Hoof Slam +27 (2d6+4)

Space/Reach: 15'/15'-25' with chain

Special Attacks: Chain Entangle, Trample (2d6+12)

Special Qualities: Natural Cagebreakers, Racket





Saves: Fort +19, Ref +22, Will +13

Abilities: Str 26, Dex 22, Con 20, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 6

Skills: Climb +11, Escape Artist +18, Listen +9, Open Locks +18, Search +5, Spot +7,

Feats: Alertness, Awesome Blow, Great Fortitude, Improved Grapple, Improved Trip, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Point Blank Shot, Scent

Environment: Any underground

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 16

Treasure: Double Standard

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: Gargantuan (27-38 HD)


Shacklers are a fearsome monster of the Zura'ah'zura, known for their bad tempers and greedy dispositions. Attributed to a magical experiment by German war

wizards during The Great War, shacklers have escaped whatever confinement and servitude its masters created it for, and now infest sections of the alfar underground.

The shackler has the appearance of a huge bull with two great prehensile chains sprouting from its head. Each chain ends in a two prong "broken link", which the creature may use to pick up and manipulate objects. Its blunt head is covered in dense black fur, and its pure white eyes peer out from a mask of shaggy whiskers. Its teeth have the jagged look of a predators teeth, although they never bite during combat. A shacklers coloring is usually black and brown, though exceptional specimens of white or even blue have been recorded. It is startlingly nimble for its bulk.

COMBAT

Shacklers are brutal, vengeful, hateful beasts. They possess a near



human intelligence and have a great love of destruction. They favor terrorizing prey before slaying it, sometimes chasing an opponent for miles for sport before shackling and slaying them.

Shacklers love gold, silver, and precious objects. Much of their days in the wild are spent accumulating and hoarding wealth. Shacklers guard over their hoard with the attentiveness of a dragon. They will often sleep in a “nest” of coins and art objects.

Chain Entangle: Shacklers have the amazing ability to generate lengths of animated chain from their bodies, hurling them at foes to capture them. Once every five rounds, a shackler can generate a long chain, which appears from a special orifice in its back, located in between its shoulder blades. It can use one of its primary chain appendages to hurl these animated chains at opponents, which can wrap and entangle foes. Hurling chains in this manner is a ranged touch attack (+22) with a 30' range increment, and they can throw chains up to 10 increments. Creatures of large or smaller size struck with a hurled chain must make a Reflex save (DC 25) or be entangled and held fast. Creatures trapped can either make a Strength check to escape (DC 25) or an Escape Artist check (DC 35, due to the animated resistance the chains put up). Chains have a 15 hardness and 22 hit points. They retain their animation for up to five minutes after they have been hurled. Once the chains are no longer active, the Strength check to burst them DC drops to 18, and the Escape Artist check DC drops to 20.

Trample A shackler can trample an opponent of large size or smaller. Reflex save (DC 31) for half damage.

Cornering: Shacklers are amazingly nimble for their size, and surprisingly maneuverable even when running at top speed. They use their long chains like a tightrope walker’s balance pole to allow them to lean sharply into turns while running. Shacklers can make one turn of up to 90 degrees while running at any speed, and can even make a turn during a charge attack. This allows them to charge around corners if they are aware an opponent is nearby.

Natural Cagebreakers: Shacklers possess an instinct for locks and cages. They are extremely adept at freeing itself

from any restraints or shackles they are placed within. They can gingerly prod the most delicate locks with their long, manipulative chain appendages. Shacklers gain a +8 racial bonus to Open Locks and Escape Artist checks and take no penalty for not possessing thieves’ tools.

Racket: Shacklers are loud. They breathe like freight trains, bellow like air raid sirens, rattle like a sack full of bicycles, and snore like buzzsaws. Two shacklers fighting sound like a continuous train wreck. A charging shackler can be heard clearly up to half a mile away. All Listen checks made against shacklers receive a +6 bonus.

Skeletonizing Slime

Huge Ooze

Hit Dice: 16d10+112 (183hp)

Initiative: 5

Speed: 10', Climb 10', can't run

AC: 3 (-2 size, -5 Dex) *Touch 3, Flat Footed 3*

Base Attack/Grapple: +12/+21

Attack: slam +17 (2d6+7 +2d6 acid)

Full Attack: Slam +17/ +12 (2d6+7 +2d6 acid)

Space/Reach: 15/10'

Special Attacks: Acid

Special Qualities: Ooze Traits, Blindsight 60', Immunities

Saves: Fort +12, Ref -2, Will -2

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 1, Con 24, Int—, Wis 1, Cha 1

Skills: Climb +19

Feats: None

Environment: Any underground

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 8

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 17-28 HD (gargantuan), 29-46 (colossal)



The skeletonizing slime is a native African monster that is imported to the NAE for The Games. It is favored by DJs because it is odorless and clear, and its acid only works against flesh, wood, and other organic substances, making it easy to contain. It appears to be a puddle of opaque, viscous goo. The creature digests bone extremely slowly, so its body is always filled with dozens of bones left over from old victims.

COMBAT

Skeletonizing slime attacks any prey that gets close enough. It attempts to strike and dissolve its victims.

Acid: Skeletonizing slime secretes an acidic digestive enzyme. It will not dissolve stone, metal, or glass, but quickly dissolves flesh and can devour wood and bone, given time. Touching the slime does 2d6 damage to exposed flesh, and the creature does an additional 2d6 acid damage with each slam attack.

Immunities: The skeletonizing slime takes no damage from blunt weapons, one point of damage from piercing attacks, and half damage from slashing weapons. It is immune to electrical attacks, takes half damage from fire-based attacks, but takes double damage from cold based attacks.

Speed Freaks

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 8d8+40 (76)

Initiative: +12

Speed: 90'

AC: 30 (+12 Dex, +8 velocity) *Touch* 30, *Flat Footed* 10

Base Attack/Grapple: +12/+10

Attack: Short Sword +16 (1d6+4), or by other weapon type

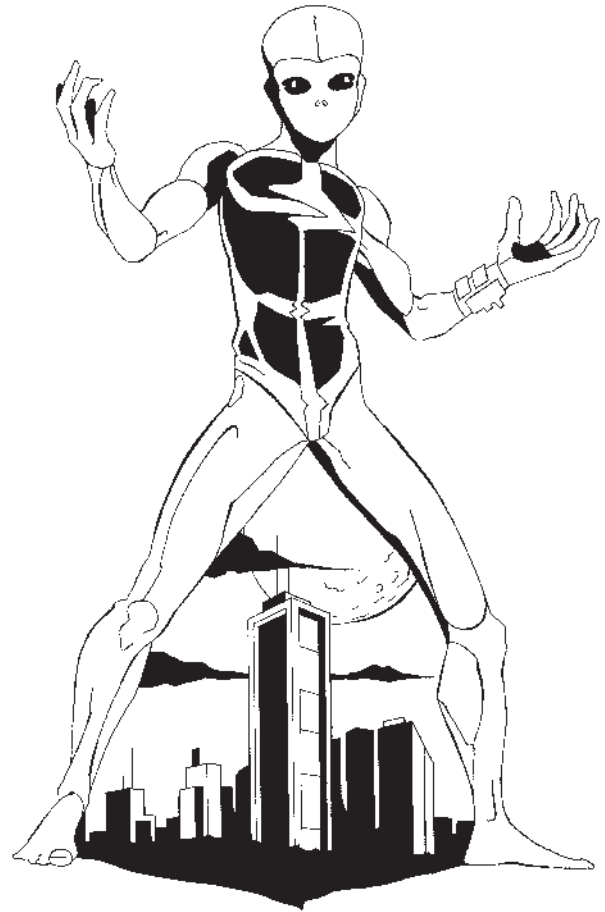
Full Attack: Short Sword +16/+11 (1d6+4)

Space/Reach: 5'/5'

Special Attacks: Velocity Attack,

Special Qualities: The Rush

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +18, Will +4



Abilities: Str 18, Dex 34+12, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 6

Skills: Balance +12, Climb +14, Jump +23, Knowledge: Urban Local +11, Search +12, Spot +12

Feats: Dodge, Mobility, Run, Spring Attack

Environment: Any (usually urban)

Organization: Gang (2-7)


Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Varies, usually Neutral Evil

Advancement: None

A disease spawned by technomagical pollution, The Rush is a terrible magical malady that infects humans and certain other humanoids. The Rush actually seeks out the perfect victims—impatient, angry or chronically rushed type-A



personalities. The disease takes two weeks to set in, during which time the individual's speed powers seem to grow. When the disease finally takes over, the victim burns off all body fat, grows ravenous, bitter, and enraged. The body becomes covered in tiny sores that never heal. They look like little more than skeletons with a tight sheen of flesh. The disease also brings a sweeping personality change. Victims become little better than thugs, stealing and harming others for the thrill it provides.

As of yet there is no known cure for The Rush—even a *cure disease* or *heal* effect only puts the disease into incubation for 3-7 days. During this period, the infected can do little else but rest completely while waiting for the power to return.

Speed freaks can be found in any urban area, hanging out in loose gangs and unleashing their terrible powers on the downtrodden sections of the population. The disease is not communicable in a manner that most doctors are used to—the disease seems to pick and choose its hosts, avoiding those it deems unworthy.

COMBAT

Speed freaks look down on all other creatures, and attack fearlessly, certain their powers will ultimately protect them from permanent harm. They will stop to taunt players, show off, or grandstand whenever they have the opportunity. If combat goes poorly, they will run away to escape, but will never surrender or submit to capture—the disease forces them to fight for their freedom and autonomy, even when it puts them at ends with their own society.

Velocity Attack: Whenever a speed freak has room to charge, it can perform a velocity attack. This gives it a +2 velocity bonus to hit and an extra 1d6 damage for every 15' it has to gain speed before its attack. It also takes a -1 to hit penalty for every 15 feet moved—the freak leaves a trail when it runs this fast, allowing opponents to time their dodge. For example, a speed freak with 60 feet to charge can Velocity Attack for +4d6 damage, but takes a -2 to hit—+2 velocity bonus and -4 distance penalty.

The Rush: The Rush is a terrible magical disease, giving people amazing speed, but exacting a high cost. The Rush gives victims a +8 velocity bonus to armor class (lost in any circumstances that would cause the speed freak to lose his Dex bonus, or when still or flat-footed) and increases their movement rate dramatically. This also gives speed freaks a +8 racial bonus to Jump checks. In addition, The Rush makes speed freaks immune to attacks of opportunity when moving through threatened areas.

Toxic Sludge Elemental, Huge

Huge Elemental

Hit Dice: 24d8+120 (228hp)

Initiative: +3

Speed: 30'

AC: 24 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +17 natural) *Touch 7, Flat Footed 24*

Base Attack/Grapple: +18/+37

Attack: Slam +30 (2d8+18)

Full Attack: Two slams +30 (2d8+18)

Space/Reach: 15'/15'

Special Attacks: Intensely Rank, Toxic Gout, Poison Strike

Special Qualities: Elemental qualities, Poison Burst, Bad to Burn, Damage Reduction 15/+2, Immunities

Saves: Fort +19, Ref +7, Will +10

Abilities: Str 34, Dex 8, Con 22, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 1

Skills: Intimidate +22, Knowledge: Sewers and Dump Sites +15, Listen +22, Spot +22,

Feats: Cleave, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Improved Bull Rush, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack,

Environment: Anything dirty or nasty or yucky

Organization: Solitary or as summoned

Challenge Rating: 12

Treasure: Nothing you would want

Alignment: Usually Neutral Evil



Advancement: 25-40 hit points (Colossal)

A botched summoning charm called the first toxic sludge elemental to earth in 4682. The creature was so noxious and loathsome that the Mages' Guild moved to ban all further contact with the demi-plane of sludge permanently. However, Bane wanted one for his dungeon, so he petitioned for, and received, a special writ allowing him to summon one to fight each team in the Emperor's Cup XX.

A toxic sludge elemental looks like a vaguely man-shaped pile of disgusting slimy goop. The only facial features it has is a pair of glowing red eyes. Crawlers will notice its smell long before they ever see it—the toxic sludge elemental is the mother of all bad smelling baddies, and can be scented clearly from half a mile downwind.

Intensely Rank: The toxic sludge elemental has the kind of industrial strength garbage funk that can cripple a man. Anyone standing within 15' of one must make a Fortitude save each round (DC 20) or be *nauseated*. The nausea lasts until the player gets out of the 15' range of the creature.

Toxic Gout: As a full round action, a toxic sludge elemental can belch up a hideous cloud of primordial nastiness. The cloud has a 60' radius and lasts for four rounds. Creatures within the cloud must make a Fortitude save (DC 22) or take 1d3 temporary Constitution damage.

Poison Strike: Any player hit by the toxic sludge elemental's slam attack must make a Fortitude save (DC 22) or take an additional 2d6 points of poison damage. Successful attacks feel like a chemical burn, and leave awful green marks on the victim's skin.

Poison Burst: If a toxic sludge elemental is struck in melee combat with a slashing or piercing weapon, it can splatter a bit of the creature's toxic goo on its attacker. This burst of poison is a ranged touch attack (+18 to hit, 5' range only). Creatures struck by its noxious gook must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) or take 2d6 acid damage.

Bad to Burn: The toxic sludge elemental takes half damage from fire attacks, but burning it creates a foul smelling cloud of poison gas. After every fire attack, it get an automatic toxic gout attack (see above) centered on itself.

Immunities: The toxic sludge elemental takes half damage from fire attacks. It takes double damage from water based attacks, and normal water poured on it does one point of damage per gallon. Certain spells have additional effects on the creature due to its toxic nature: *Neutralize poison* does the creature 3d6 points of damage +1/caster level (max +15), *purify food and drink* does 1d8 points of damage +1/caster level (max +5), *slow poison* gives the creature a -2 penalty to armor class and attacks, and reduces its movement rate by 10'.

Voignight

Large Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 20d10+180 (280)

Initiative: +4

Speed: Fly 90' (Perfect)

AC: 33 (-1 size, +4 Dex, +20 natural) *Touch* 13, *Flat Footed* 29

Base Attack/Grapple: +20/+32

Attack: Hoof +28 (2d6+8)

Full Attack: Hoof +28/+23/+18/+13 (2d8+8)

Space/Reach: 10'/5'

Special Attacks: Control Weather, Wind Blast, Summon Tornado

Special Qualities: Immunities, SR 30, Damage Resistance 30/+2

Saves: Fort +21, Ref +11, Will +12

Abilities: Str 26, Dex 18, Con 28, Int 20, Wis 18, Cha 19

Skills: Concentration +31, Diplomacy +29, Knowledge: Anthropology, Human culture, Human Psychology, World Geography—all +29, Listen +27, Perform +28, Search +29, Sense Motive +28, Speak Language (any 8), Spellcraft +28, Swim +29

Feats: Hover, Iron Will, Flyby Attack

Environment: Sky

Organization: Solitary (Unique)

Challenge Rating: 15

Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Advancement: None

The Voignight is a unique magical creature, thought to have escaped from Mount Olympus in ages past to make the Earth its home. It appears to be an extremely large flying horse with a shiny black coat and mane, bright blue eyes that exude intelligence, and a pattern of white stars and celestial symbols lining its back. The Voignight is a curious creature who studies the earth and mankind to satisfy its hunger for knowledge. It speaks several languages and loves to converse with intelligent creatures. It asks many questions but answers very few, preferring to leave its existence shrouded in mystery.

The Voignight can be temporarily destroyed, but it may, in actuality, be immortal. No matter how many times the creature dies, it seems to return to its home patch of sky after a period of time. There are many stories of the Voignight losing challenges to evil air creatures, or even destroying itself in some bizarre jest, only to reappear seemingly unharmed weeks later.

COMBAT

When roused to combat, the Voignight creates hampering weather conditions, then uses its wind blast to slam opponents into one another. The creature may surrender on a whim, or it may fight to the death—its behavior is called erratic, but is better characterized as being driven to understand people, ideas, and situations without fear of being destroyed.

Control Weather: The Voignight is the master of weather, having full and instant control of weather patterns in a three mile radius of its person. When it chooses to control weather, it is not limited by season or setting; it is fully capable of creating a snowstorm in an office building if it so chooses. It cannot choose specific weather effects, such as striking specific targets with lightning. The Voignight's power supercedes any other weather control spell or ability, save those from demigod or higher status. The Voignight need not concentrate to maintain weather patterns, but changing weather patterns takes a standard action. Once the Voignight leaves an area, the weather gradually reverts to normal.



Wind Blast: The Voignight can summon a mighty wind to buffet opponents. This attack acts as a 10' wide area-effect blast with a 30 Strength. Treat this wind as an automatic Bull's Rush attack. It can create a wind blast every round if it so chooses, but it must concentrate to maintain it steadily. While concentrating, the Voignight can take only move equivalent actions.

Summon Tornado: Once per hour, the Voignight can summon a powerful localized tornado. It takes the tornado a full round to form. Once it is created, the Voignight can direct it by concentrating. The tornado has a flying speed of 90, with poor maneuverability. The tornado is 5' wide at its base, 30' wide at its apex, and 30' tall. Medium or smaller creatures struck with the tornado must make a Reflex save (DC 28) or take 3d10 damage. In addition, creatures who take damage from this attack must make a second Reflex save (DC



28) or be picked up by the tornado. Creatures born aloft by the tornado take 2d8 points of damage per round, and must make a Reflex save (DC 28) to be released and dropped to the ground.

Immunities: The Voignight is immune to lightning and cold effects. Fire effects do double damage to it.

Volcano Colossus

Huge Elemental (Native, Earth, Fire)

Hit Dice: 34d8+374 (527)

Initiative: -1

Speed: 40', can't run

AC: 32 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +25 natural) *Touch 7, Flat Footed 32*

Base Attack/Grapple: +23/+37

Attack: Slam +26 (2d8+13+2d6 heat)

Full Attack: Slam +26/+21/+16/+11 (2d8+13+2d6 heat)

Space/Reach: 15'/15'

Special Attacks: Lava Blast, Radiate Heat, Superheated Core

Special Qualities: Fire Subtype, Earth Subtype

Saves: Fort +25, Ref +12, Will +13

Abilities: Str 36, Dex 8, Con 32, Int 12, Wis 22, Cha 16

Skills: Climb +37, Listen +24, Spot +24, Survival +28

Feats: Awesome Blow, Power Attack, Sunder, Improved Grapple

Environment: Volcanic areas

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 15

Treasure: None

Alignment: Usually Lawful Neutral

Advancement: Colossal (35-46 HD)

Volcano colossus are living spirits of heat and rock, living in the core of volcanoes world wide. They are simple earthbound elementals who prefer to be left alone. They are quiet and generally non-aggressive



unless provoked, enjoying solitude and heat unbearable to most individuals. They hate fire giants, and will attempt to disallow them to dwell near their territory. Some tribes of Pacific Islanders revere them as protective spirits and occasionally make offerings or sacrifices to the great beasts. They believe that if the volcano colossus ever dies, the island will die along with it.

The volcano colossus looks like a 25' tall bulky humanoid with a rocky crust for skin. Tiny cracks run through its body with lava seeping out of them. It has a simple face with no ears and no hair of any sort. They speak the language of their native land and the strange tongue of fire creatures, and upon the rare occasions when it speaks, its voice is a cross between a blast furnace and an avalanche.

COMBAT

The volcano colossus begins combat with its lava blast, attempting to trap as many individuals as possible. It will use its heat attack if it sees a benefit to doing so, otherwise it will simply walk up and strike with its huge fists.

Lava Blast: Once every third round, the volcano colossus will let loose with a blast of lava erupting through cracks that form, then disappear, in his mighty chest. This is a cone attack that fires 60'. Creatures in the blast area take 8d6 of fire damage and 4d6 of impact damage, Reflex save DC 25 for half. In addition, players who failed the first saving throw must make a second Fortitude save (DC 17) or be trapped in cooling lava. The lava forms a partial cocoon around the victim with a hardness of 6 and hit points equal to one-quarter the damage taken from the lava blast. Players must either be broken out or make an escape artist check (DC = one-half the damage taken from the lava blast) to get free. Trapped creatures cannot move or cast spells with somatic components.

Radiate Heat: The volcano colossus may concentrate on his heat and raise the temperature of the area within 30' of himself to sweltering levels. Creatures caught in the heat area must make a fortitude save (DC 28) or take 2d6 points of subdual damage from the heat. In addition, easily combustible items such as maps, scrolls, and books must make an item save (DC 17) or be singed. This will render maps and other non-magical writing illegible. Scrolls that do not make their saving throws against this attack have a 50% chance of arcane spell failure when used. Each spell in an affected spellbook has a 50% chance of being rendered useless.

Superheated Core: The intense internal heat of the volcano colossus is such that players striking or touching one barehanded take 2d6 points of fire damage. Furthermore, its own attacks do an additional 2d6 points of heat damage per strike.

Immunities: The volcano colossus is immune to fire damage, but takes double damage from cold based attacks.

Vulturemen

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 8d8+24 (60)

Initiative: +6

Speed: 20' ground (can't run), fly 90' (good)

AC: 22 (+6 Dex, +6 natural) *Touch 16, Flat Footed 16*

Base Attack/Grapple: +10/+13

Attack: Talon Rake +12 (1d6+2) or by weapon

Full Attack: Talon Rake +12 (1d6+2), Bite+7 (1d4+1)

Space/Reach: 5'/5'

Special Attacks: none

Special Qualities: Keen Eyes, Darkvision 60'

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +4

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 22, Con 19, Int 7, Wis 14, Cha 7

Skills: Listen +9, Perform +3, Search +18, Spot +15, Survival +12

Feats: Alertness, Flyby Attack, Wingover

Environment: Any desert

Organization: Solitary or band (2-5)

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: Double Goods

Alignment: Usually Chaotic Evil

Advancement: 9-15 HD (medium)

Vulturemen are scavenging humanoids, native to the plains and deserts of North and South America. At one time, there were enough vulturemen to be a considerable danger to travelers. However, their belligerence and scavenging ways made them a favorite target of cowboy sharpshooters and pioneer lawmen. They have been hunted to near extinction, and the NAE still has a law on the books offering a 5 gp bounty on each vultureman head brought to the nearest NAE Marshall.

Vulturemen are seven foot tall humanoids, with the distinctive long neck, bald head, and feathery ruff of

vultures. They have a 22' wingspan, and their black wings end in tiny hands that can be used to manipulate light objects. Their legs end in great talons, and these are their primary weapons. Vulturemen are foul, territorial, dim-witted, cruel, and untrustworthy. While they will occasionally group together for mutual protection, they constantly fight and bicker with one another for dominance.

Vulturemen are scavengers who are perfectly willing to eat humans, rats, cattle, buffalo, or any other flesh they can get their talons on. They are ornery and not above a fresh meal, and if hungry and in great enough numbers, a pack of vulturemen might very likely attack living creatures to eat.

COMBAT

In the wild, vulturemen will drop rocks from great heights on opponents to soften them up, then swoop down for the kill. Advanced tribes may use longspears or even crude blades to help them slay their prey. They are cowardly, and if a fight goes badly they will happily abandon their pack members and flee.

Keen Eyes: Vulturemen's acute vision gives them a +6 racial bonus to Search and Spot checks.





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