

DECEMBER 2021

# SHALLOTS

\$5

“THE FROST -  
SOMETIMES IT  
MAKES THE BLADE  
STICK”

A frozen hell beneath  
a thawing glacier,  
filled with traps,  
treasure, and  
treachery!

A CROWN OF  
UNFATHOMABLE  
POWER!

Pirates, ghosts and  
darker things vie for  
a relic of the ancient  
world - to claim it  
before the hungry  
ice claims it once  
more!

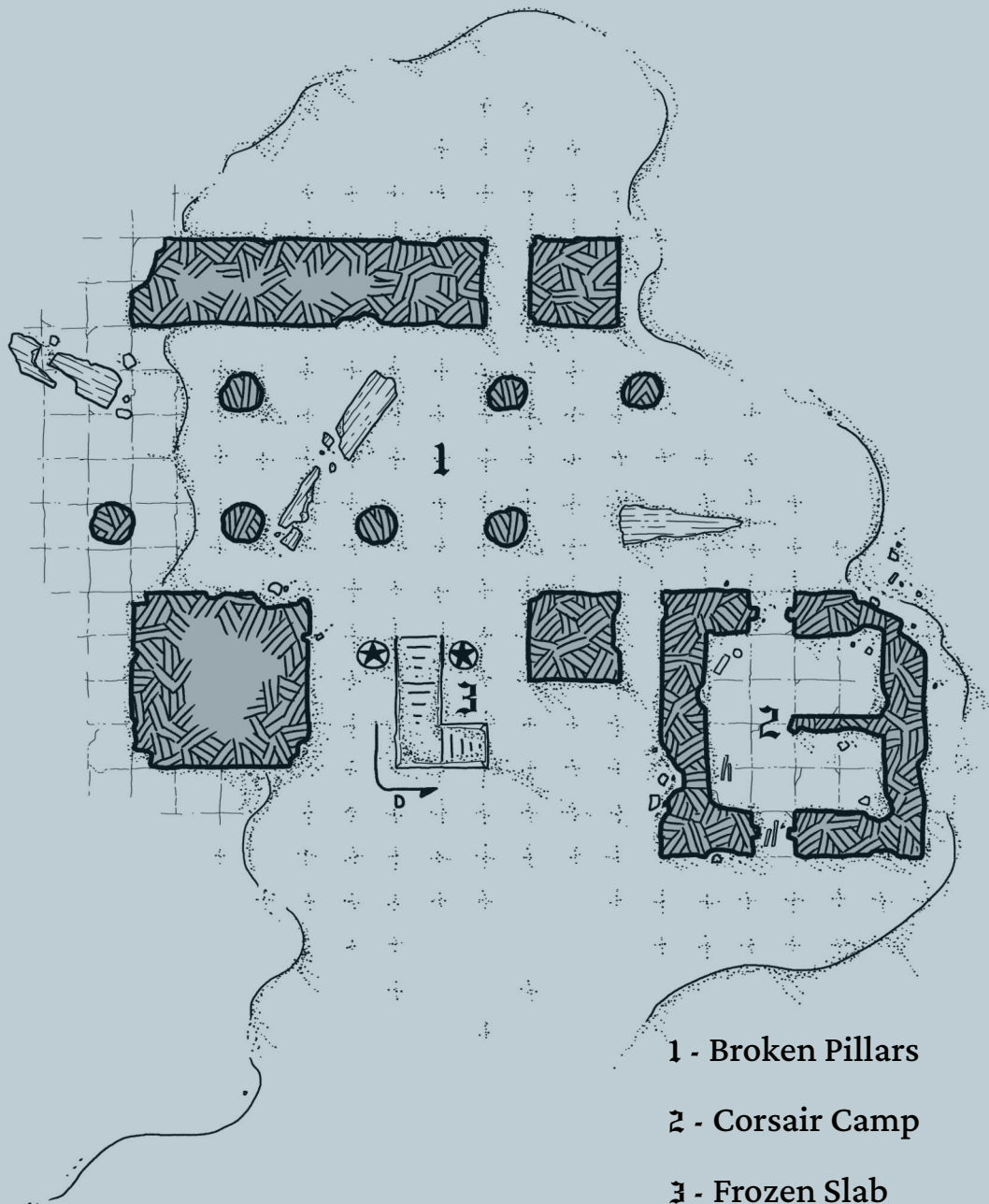
DOOMCRAWL 197

# DOOMCRAWL 1197

*SHALLOTS words and layout by Noora Rose. Art used with permission by Dyson Logos. With thanks to Micah Anderson, Ian Woolley, Vi Huntsman, Fiona Maeve Geist, Chris Bissette, John Battle, Michael T. Lombardi, Luke Gearing, Thriftomancer, and Jared Sinclair.*

*In loving memory of Daniel Dumile AKA MF DOOM.*

# THE SURFACE

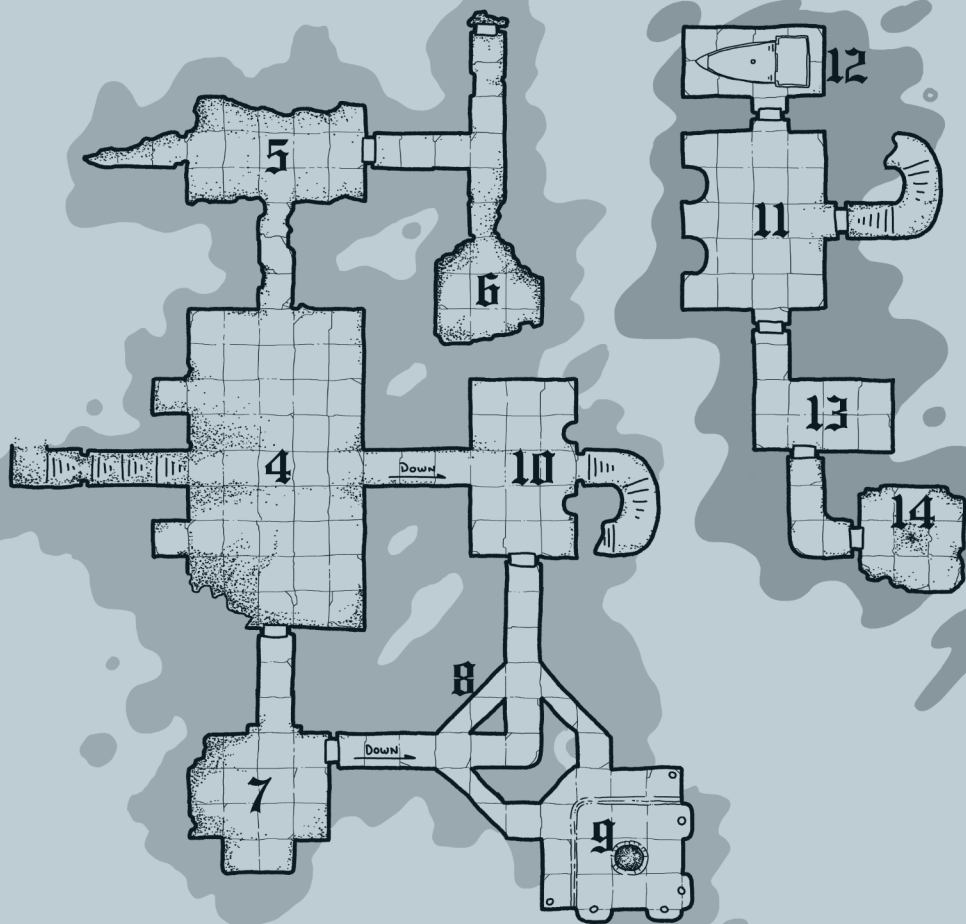


1 - Broken Pillars

2 - Corsair Camp

3 - Frozen Slab

# THE TOMB



4 - Petitioner's Hall

5 - Hall of Shadows

6 - Hall of Expulsion

7 - Reliquary of Light

8 - Hall of the Penitent

9 - Chamber of Sacrifice

10 - The Sepulcher

11 - Hall of Oblation

12 - Boat of a Thousand Years

13 - Queen's Boudoir

14 - The Lady's Bath

Before the oceans drank Atlantis, they first drank deep of Askelion.

O! Fabled Askelion, blighted demesne of sorceror-thanes and the moon-touched, that eldritch fastness of profane ritual and sinister hedonism beneath the flickering emerald tint of a blighted aurora. Askelion, whose name was uttered with a dread whisper in the Long-Ago, before - mercy of mercies - her dim sun died or fled, and all the foul sorcerors and their fel servants were entomed as their Sphere became a blizzard-blown ball of ice.

Once a myriad, the flickering light of Nibiru waxes strongly enough to shift and rend that benighted glacier, exposing the highest eaves of one of Askelion's accursed ziggurats. When that bale glow illuminates the storm-wracked sky, crews of the most damned bastards to have ever lived flock to Askelion like ravens after a kill, for safeguarded by curses, cold and whatever nefarious traps the sorceror-thanes set with their dying breaths lies a hoard of unimaginable wealth, including the legendary Crown of Thirteen Moons...

# RUMORS

These rumors, much like the universe, are mostly lies.

Roll	Rumor
2	The sorceror-thanes of Askelion were hellish cambions that sold their souls to the Deep in exchange for power.
3	It is said the dread queen of the Askeli bathed in the blood of her subjects and enemies alike, to prolonge her un-life into the myriad aeons.
4	The Crown of Thirteen Moons bestows unmatched sorcerous power upon any who would dare wear it. Any magick-user who did so would surely be the most powerful in all the Spheres.
5	There is nothing more duplicitous than an Askeli dwarf - save maybe a chartreusean. Trust no-one and nothing in the blighted north.
6	Crown? No, the source of the sorceror-thane's power were their magick rings, signet-rings that allowed them to command the living and the dead.
7	When those strange green polar lights begin to flicker in the sky, the unquiet dead rise from their tombs.
8	The Askeli were so avaricious and vile that they littered their own cities and fortresses with deadly traps, as much to slay their own kin as an invaders.
9	Old Askelion was so wealthy jewels littered the ground and the streams glittered with silver. If you could brave their traps and terrors you would return wealthy beyond imagination!
10	Those accursed Askeli would hunt for sport those who dared try to steal from them. Their spires and ziggurats were piled high with the bones of would-be thieves and adventurers, and their ghosts forced into eternal servitude!
11	The Askeli were merely a weird and alien dwarf-cult before the God-Queen arose. Who knows what prices she paid for the sorcerous power they wielded?
12	The Crown of Thirteen Moons bestows unimaginable power upon the wielder. A warrior wearing it would be unkillable in battle, able to bend bronze and iron with their bare hands and kill with a glance.

# ENCOUNTERS

Every Turn (about 10 minutes of exploring), or if the party makes a significant amount of noise, roll a 1d6. On a 1, roll a 2d6. Cross out the rolled result and replace it with “1d3 chartrusean corsairs (HD 1, AV 4, villainous) searching for a way out.”

Roll	Encounter
2	A baleful green eye, wide as a ling is tall, blinks from behind a sheer wall of ice. It momentarily observes the PCs before closing and disappearing.
3	A sudden gust of unurthly chill wind extinguishes torches and candles. Lanterns have a 1-in-3 chance to remain alight.
4	Eerie threads of a sickly green light pulse through the icy walls, like veins.
5	Noxious vapor hisses from a fissure in the ice. If inhaled, Save or fall unconscious for 1 Turn. While unconscious, the PC(s) have visions of twelve dwarf nobles being embalmed and interred in twelve coffins.
6	1d6 ghostly dwarves file through the hall in lockstep, heads bowed in silent prayer.
7	A cloud of tangible moving darkness drifts down the hall, permanently draining and rendering inoperable all active light sources as it passes.
8	1d3 chartrusean corsairs (HD 1, AV 4, predatory), spooked by a noise.
9	The thawing ice on the walls melts as malodorous black blood, so foul the PCs must Save or make all rolls with Disadvantage for 1d6 Turns.
10	A skeletal hand scuttles out of an untidy pile of bones like an osseous cockroach.
11	1d2 suits of animate armor (HD 1, AV 6, never tests morale, inexorable).
12	A cacophany of voices howl in spectral anguish.

# TREASURE

The following treasure is located in the dungeon, keyed by location.

1. 1d6 x 100 silver; 1d3 random trinkets.
2. Carry loot; chartreusean absinthe, 3 doses.
3. Nothing.
4. 2x rubies worth 400 silver each.
5. Carry loot.
6. Nothing.
7. Carry loot.
8. 13 moonstones worth 100 silver each.
9. 6 canopic jars worth 250 silver each.
10. 13 assorted gold jewelry worth 100 silver each; 13 Askeli signet-rings.
11. Carry Loot.
12. 2d6 x 1000 silver; Crown of Thirteen Moons.
13. Ku-Aya's Mirror, Comb and Quill; Dire polar bear fur worth 300 silver if restored; fine clothes worth 300 silver.
14. Nothing.



# THE THAW

The hungry ice swallowed the tomb-city of Askelion, and in a matter measured in minutes or hours ice will reclaim her.

Cracks in the glacier entombing Askelion have thawed the upper levels enough to drain them of the frigid waters, but as more of the ice melts the tomb will soon re-flood and soon after re-freeze for another myriad. This process is inevitably hastened by the presence of treasure-hunters and their petty squabbles.

The Thaw Index begins at 0 and increases by 1 each Turn. Each Turn, roll a 1d20; if the result is under the current Thaw Index, the keyed areas begin to flood in reverse order. Add a Mark to each room, beginning at 14.

## **In a half (or more)-flooded room:**

- Save per Turn or temporarily lose 1 Body. Regain all lost Body if a Turn is spent warm and dry. Die at 0 Body.
- Slowed and hard to maneuver. Disadvantage to move quickly or quietly.

## **In a flooded room:**

- Can hold your breath for as many Rounds as Body. After that, Save per Round or lose 1 Body, rolling at Disadvantage if wearing heavy armor. Regain all lost Body once breath is caught. Die at 0 Body.
- Cannot cast Spells or fire ranged weapons.
- Melee damage rolled at Disadvantage.

Use of fire and/or explosives immediately increases the Thaw Index by +1d6.

# AREA 1 - BROKEN PILLARS

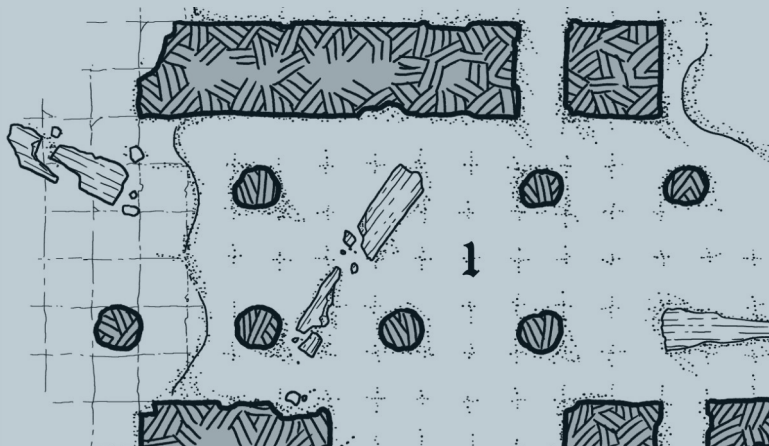
Access to A2 and A3.

A series of fragmented obsidian pillars jut knifelike from the ice like a row of jagged teeth or the projections of a crown, indicating the location of the tomb-city below. The wailing winds slither in the places between, producing a discordant howl that drowns out other sounds.

A single-masted sanbuk is beached on the frigid shoreline. Seventy-five feet from bow to stern, its gleaming green-tinted metal and odd design - top heavy and far too low at the waterline - betrays it as a ship of the aethyr and not the ocean. This ship belongs to Halcyon Lagniappe, a chartreuse corsair of particularly ill repute even amongst his degenerate dimension-hopping kin. Halcyon and his crew have already penetrated the tomb-city, leaving his prized yuggothi hounds leashed to the mast on guard duty. There is a 1-in-6 chance that each dog is asleep; if roused, their howls will alert the corsairs in A2.

## 2 Yuggothi hounds (HD 2, AV 4, critical 5, bellicose)

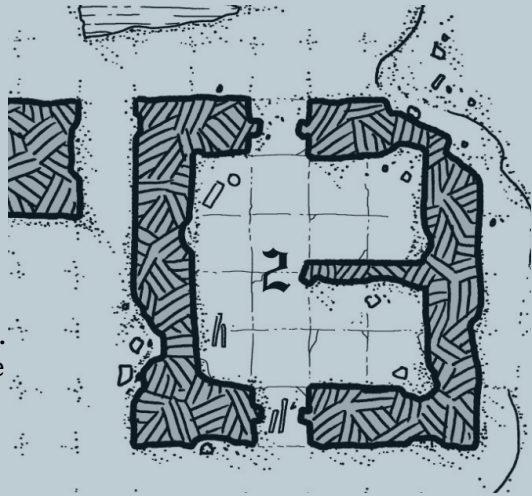
A search of the sanbuk turns up 1d6 x 100 silver and 1d3 random personal effects and valuables.



# AREA 2 - CORSAIR CAMP

Access to A1 and A3.

Sections of a massive obsidian statue, mostly submerged in ice. A sculpted cheekbone, shattered jaw and balefully-glowing eye socket remains mostly intact, creating a protective if temporary shell against the elements. Whisps of campfire smoke and the sounds of raccous laughter drift out from where an ear might have been, once.



Camped in the hollowed-out head are a trio of chartreusean corsairs - Guieffroy, Jaquot and Ypres - placed on lookout duty and none too pleased about it. Their private rebellion is to pass a bottle of absinthe between them and have a 2-in-6 chance of being too inebriated to notice the PCs. Guieffroy & Jaquot are both armed with short swords and hand crossbows and wear emerald ringmail. Ypres is a Magic-User and, if engaged, will drink from the absinthe once/Round to enable the casting of a random Spell. Her bottle has 3 doses.

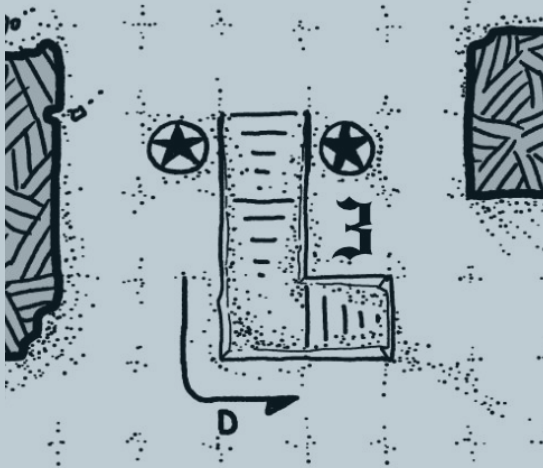
**Ypres (as Magic-User of Level 1d6+2, AV 4 shrewd)**

**Guieffroy & Jaquot (HD 1, AV 4, cowardly)**

# AREA 3 - FROZEN SLAB

*Descends to A4.*

A heavy slab of ice lies across the entrance to the tomb-city, blocked off on Halcyon's orders as much to keep his cowardly corsairs from fleeing as to slow the progress of any rival treasure-hunters. The chartreuseans created the slab with their magick, but lacking similar magicks, muscle will do. Four PCs working in tandem would have little difficulty either moving the slab or hacking it to pieces.



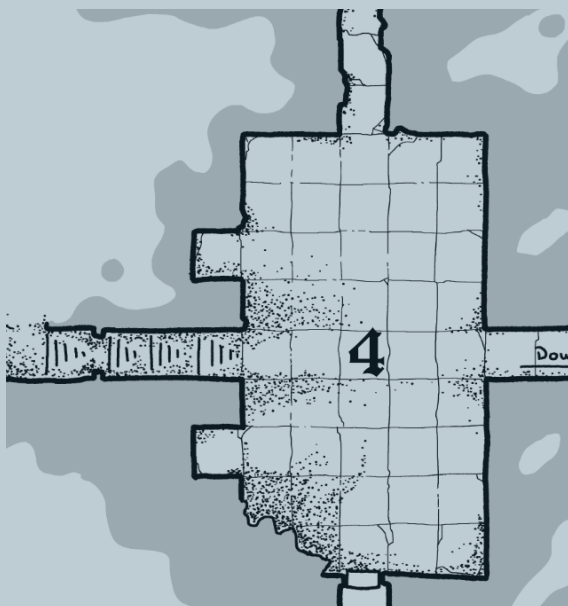
# AREA 4 - PETITIONER'S HALL



*Exits are North to A5, South (sealed) to A7, West (out of the tomb-city) and East (downward) to A10.*

It is pitch black, and a bitter wind blows from a passageway to the north. Hundreds of unlit black candles line the walls of this large rectangular chamber. Each candle is either set into tiny honeycomb-like depressions in the frozen walls or standing atop corroded brass candlesticks. Above each candle is a logogram in the ancient tongue of Askelion: translated, they give a name and title to a servant of the sorcerer-thanes. Lighting any of the candles produces an eerie green flame; it will also awaken one of the thirteen revenants in Area 11.

A pair of ling-sized alcoves on the west wall flank the stairs back upward. Each contains an obsidian statue of a centaur, beard braided and bow half-nocked. The northernmost statue's eyes are glittering rubies (400 silver apiece); the southernmost statue's eyes are empty sockets. Removing the rubies causes an ice-sheathed obsidian slab to violently slam the northern and eastern passages shut, crushing anything beneath the doorways. Replacing the rubies re-opens the passageways. Similarly, placing the rubies in the southernmost statue's eye sockets opens the southernmost chamber. It also opens the passageway between A8 and A10.





# AREA 5 - HALL OF SHADOW

*Exits are South to A4 and East to A6.*

A mausoleum-like chamber of finely-carved stone, similar to what one might find in a graveyard of the wealthy. Remarkably lifelike stone statues of various lings, all chained and prostrate, adorn the walls. There are a dozen heavy stone sarcophagi scattered about the chamber, half of them opened. Each sarcophagi contains an ancient dwarven skeleton clad in mouldered soldier's regalia and assorted bronze jewelry worth 25 silver. A fissure in the westernmost wall grows progressively smaller and smaller until it is impassable; there are footprints in the ice leading in but not out. At the furthest reachable end of the fissure is the corpse of Blavot, a corsair, clutching a gutted-out torch. The chartreusean's body has been violently dessicated; it smells like a fresh kill, but the blood and bodily organs have dried up and the body looks centuries old.

Any light source brought into the chamber will attract the attention of a number of tomb-shadows. who over the course of a Round will



attempt to attach themselves lamprey-like to the PCs' own shadows, beginning with those closest to the light source. The tomb-shadows appear as duplicates of the PCs' own shadows, only oddly misshapen and

much darker; indeed, they appear to be "drinking" the PC's shadows. The tomb-shadows cannot be harmed by conventional means; they can be turned or damaged with magick weapons or spells, and will rapidly disappate if there are no shadows to cling to (namely, if the light sources are either entirely doused or the entire chamber is illuminated). There is one tomb-shadow per PC and upon being roused the PCs will have one Round to react before they attack.

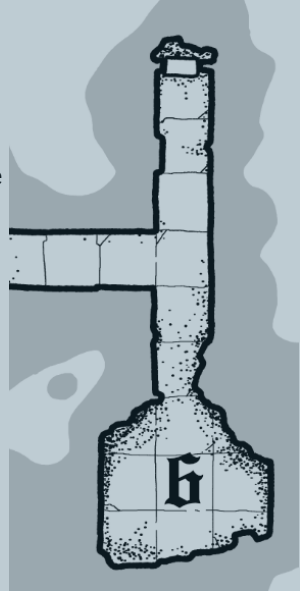
**Tomb-shadow (HD 2, incorporeal, cannot be harmed by non-magickal sources, permanently drains 1 Body per attack in lieu of damage, never tests morale)**

# AREA 6 - HALL OF EXPULSION



*Exits are North to A5.*

A narrow passage of cyclopean stone branches off in a t-junction; the left-hand path leads to a dead end sealed by an impossibly heavy obsidian slab, while the right-hand path gives way to a rough-hewn circular chamber of the bleak obsidian of the spires and statues above. In the center of the rocky cavern is a disturbingly precise arrangement of bones: a collection of twelve skulls placed in a circle around a ceremonial altar. There is a small depression atop the altar about the perfect size for a dwarf skull.



Soon after the chamber is entered, a ghastly apparition of an elderly dwarven figure in shredded robes appears; putrid, flickering green, their plaited beard in disarray, their severed head carried cradled under an arm. The apparition cannot (presently) speak, gesturing to their windpipe, but through expression and hand sign will indicate to the altar in the center of the circle, and to the strange rune burned into their forehead. The apparition will vanish roughly a minute after appearing, to re-appear a Turn later. This is Xisuthros, the Heretic.

Should the PCs retrieve and return Xisuthros' skull from its resting place in A9 the apparition will gesture frantically to the altar, their tortured face imploring. Should the skull be placed atop the altar, the rune burned into its forehead will flash brightly before dissolving the skull in a flash of thanergy. The apparition of Xisuthros will cease flickering and (almost) fully materialize and introduce themselves, thanking the PCs in thickly accented Babel. Their skull returned, they are now freed from their eternity of servitude in the House of Dust and Ash but before departing they will gladly answer any questions the PCs might have about the tomb-city.

If asked about themselves:

*“I, too, was once sorcerer-thane in service to she who would become God-Queen. For myriads we prolonged our lives with the most unnatural of magicks while our empire crumbled to hedonism and decay around us. When the cold came and did not leave I tried to warn Ku-Aya, that her sorceries were draining the suns dry, but she branded me faithless and a heretic. The last I remember is Ziusudra’s knife.”*

If asked about Ziusudra:

*“They are a liar and a sycophant. Blindly loyal to the God-Queen to the end, even as our Sphere froze to a block of ice around us. Ziusudra oversaw sacrifices to Ku-Aya, bound spirits like mine to their bodies while all the life and health was drained out so She could bathe in our blood and maintain her health and vigor. Don’t trust a thing Ziusudra says, and by the Silvery Moon, don’t let him loose.”*

If asked about Ku-Aya:

*“The strongest of all of us, beautiful and terrible as the dawn. Thank the Silvery Moon she’s dead - if she ever awoke, she’d soak the Spheres in fire and blood. No eternal servitude in the House of Dust and Ash for her, though; she would have been buried like a Queen, surrounded by all her wealth and venom.”*

If asked about the Crown of Thirteen Moons:

*“It is said the original Council of Thirteen stole the light of the moon to give the crown its glow. 'Tis a sorcerous diadem of ancient and terrible authority. Those things that dwell in the places Between are drawn to it, but also compelled to serve that who wears it. I would not wish to lay hands on it for all the gold in Punjar.”*

If asked about the traps:

*“We were a filthy and suspicious lot, as much of outsiders as each other. Each of us had a ring, a signet ring that proclaimed our lineage and innured us against the worst of the tomb-city’s sorcerous traps. If you could find such a ring, the city would treat you with the reverence due a sorcerer-thane.”*

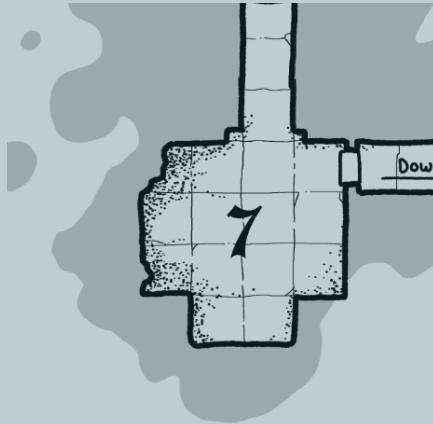




## AREA 7 - RELIQUARY OF LIGHT

*Exits are North to A4 and East (downward) to A8.*

The passage opens into a small chamber bristling with a dizzying array of religious artifacts - elaborate censers on silver chains, collections of wickedly-curved silver daggers, silver-threaded stoles and robes frozen stiff, solid blocks of frozen incense, and obsidian-tipped wands with silver rods. An alcove in the southernmost wall contains a meditative pillow (frozen solid) and a simple shrine of polished onyx depicting a gibbous moon. At the base of the shrine is a small teak box with a silver clasp. The clasp is locked and contains a needle trap that injects a freezing poison, turning the victim's veins an icy blue and inflicting 1d6 Skill damage. Inside the box are thirteen polished moonstones, each cut in the likeness of one of the phases of the moon. Each gemstone is worth 100 silver.

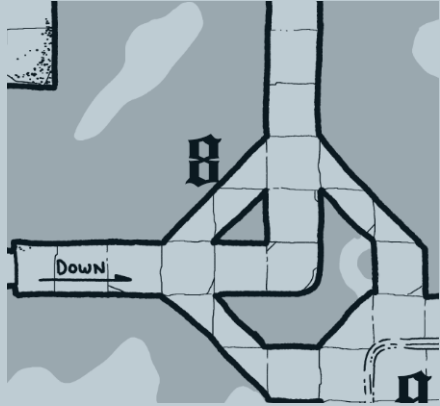


# AREA 8 - HALL OF THE PENITENT



*Exits are West (upward) to A7, Southeast to A9 and North (sealed) to A10.*

A series of twisting narrow hallways, wide enough to accommodate a single ling walking abreast. The walls are honeycombed with small to medium-sized alcoves; some bearing wall sconces, some bearing oddments such as skulls and silver-bound tomes. At the mouth of each passage is an obsidian arch engraved with Askeli runes; flanking these arches are alcoves containing heavy polearms of blackened bronze and broad brass-strapped roundshields of faded alder and ash. Each shield and the blade of each polearm bears a seal of one of the twelve sorcerer-houses of Askelion.



In the northwestern-most passage between A7 and A10 are the bodies of a pair of corsairs, Clemente and Oudinet. They have been hacked nearly to pieces by heavy bladed weapons and are only recognizable by their emerald ringmail.

Passing through an arch without one of the signet-rings in A10 will cause the polearms and shields to rattle violently before springing to life and attacking, with the polearms unerringly sweeping towards necks and the shields moving of their own accord to block strikes and spells. The animate weapons will only attack those not bearing a signet ring. There are sixteen weapons in all.

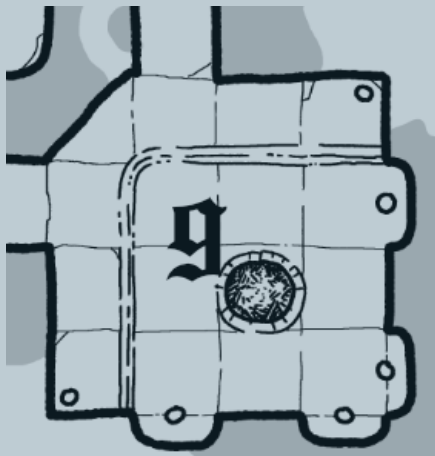
**16 Animate weapons (HD 1, AV 6, never tests morale, inevitable)**

# AREA 9 - CHAMBER OF SACRIFICE

*Exits are Northwest to A8 and Down to A14.*

The air in this chamber is thick with a sense of foreboding. A half-dozen canopic jars (clay and ivory, worth 250 silver each) rest in shallow alcoves set into the west, south, and east walls, each containing a small quantity of blood and a surprisingly fresh-looking organ. A seemingly endless series of runes are carved into the floor, walls

and ceiling, covering every inch of the room. In the center of the room is a well-like hole of an indeterminate depth, descending downwards into the darkness. The sides of the well are smooth and would be nigh-impossible to scale unassisted. Suspended above the well by a brass chain, a skeleton hangs upside down from a hook. The skull bears a rune-brand burned into the forehead like a bladed questionmark. This is the skull of Xisuthros the Heretic. The well descends 60' straight down to A14.



Any blood spilled in this chamber will swiftly drain towards the well in the center and cause the runes to flash a reedy green light. A flickering apparition of an elderly dwarven figure appears shortly thereafter, clad in ceremonial robes, their nose, ears, and eyebrows connected by delicate brass chains. This is Ziusudra, sorceror-thane and former High Priest of Askelion, who oversaw sacrifices to God-Queen Ku-Aya. The organs inside the canopic jars belong to them (as does the blood). Ziusudra can answer questions about the tomb-city and its many traps and perils, however they are duplicitous and desirous of an increasing quantity of blood to be shed within the sacrificial chamber. With each point of Will or Stamina's worth of blood spilled, they become more and more substantial, until 10 points of damage have been accumulated and they can once more physically manifest and leave the chamber. Ziusudra despises Xisuthros and remains loyal to Ku-Aya even beyond death, and will betray the PCs at the first opportunity - even those bearing signet rings from A10.

If asked about themselves:

*“I was but a humble priest in the service of She Who Slumbers for Eternity. It was my honor to oversee the rituals that extended the health of our dear Lady. An affliction of the blood, you see? It needs to be fresh, to restore her vigor just a little longer. My, but don’t you look healthy...”*

If asked about Xisuthros:

*“A blasphemer and a liar. They sought to usurp the natural order and so were punished. This is their wretched skull and their faithless body, the last to feed the Lady before her rest. Take the skull if you wish - a meaningless trifle - but, if we are exchanging gifts, might you offer the Lady a tribute of your own, as fair exchange? Just a few drops...”*

If asked about Ku-Aya:

*“The greatest of us there ever was and ever will be. It was my pleasure to spill blood in her name, to draw her crimson bath, to see to her sacred rites. May she slumber forever aboard the Boat of a Thousand Years, carried across the Bitter Waters to the lands of Night. May any who seek to despoil her memory be consumed alive by one thousand vipers.”*

If asked about the Crown of Thirteen Moons:

*“A symbol of our divine right to rule this and all other Spheres that fall under the light of the Silvery Moon. Only the truest of royalty is worthy of bearing such a sacred artefact. Our God-Queen Ku-Aya was the last and will bear the crown across the Bitter Waters forever!”*

If asked about the traps:

*“Of what use would it be to trap our own citadel? No foe can touch us here, no matter how many myriads pass. Askelion is eternal.”*

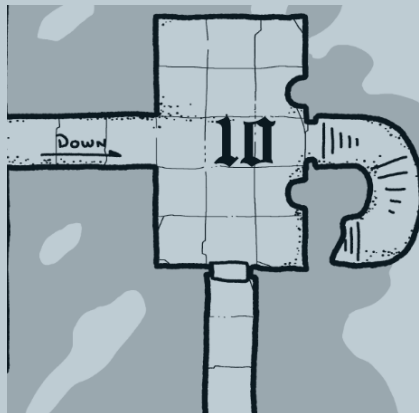
# AREA 10 - THE SEPULCHER



*Exits are South (sealed) to A8, West to A4 and East (hidden, down) to A11.*

A long chamber of cyclopean stone thickly encrusted with rime and frost. All four walls are lined with narrow stone shelves crammed full with frozen bones, most of which are spilling onto the floor. Between the shelves stand a series of stone coffins with heavy slabs, engraved with the Askeli runes for the numbers 1-13. Each coffin contains the remains of an Askeli dwarf in rotted-away royal robes, assorted gold jewelry, and a signet ring bearing the seal of one of the twelve sorcerer-houses of Askelion. Each skeleton has its skull missing. The jewelry is worth 100 silver per coffin. Additionally, PCs bearing a signet ring are largely ignored by the tomb-city's traps and undead denizens.

The coffin marked thirteen has no body; when the stone lid is removed it reveals a dark and winding staircase that descends at a very steep angle to A11.





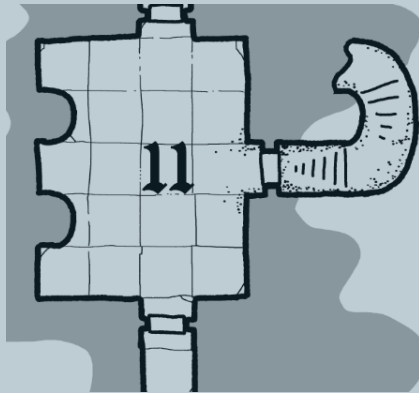
# AREA 11 - HALL OF ORLATION

*Exits are North (sealed) to A12, South (sealed) to A13, and East (upward) to A10.*

Similar to the room above, this chamber of cyclopean stone is lined with narrow shelves crammed full of frozen bones. Arrayed in a circle on the floor are thirteen heavy stone sarcophagi with heavy slab-lids, each engraved with an Askeli logogram bearing a name and a title as well as the phrase “may they slumber for ever.”

Lighting any of the candles in A4 breaks the seal on the slab-lid and awakens the revenant within; skeletal warrior-thanes in baroque heavy armor and death-masks, clutching executioners’ axes. If less than thirteen of the revenants are awakened they will remain within the chamber; if all have been awakened they will head upwards and begin searching for the fool that disturbed their slumber.

**Revenant (HD 3, AV 6, never tests morale)**



Camped out amongst the sarcophagi (until they begin opening...) is the corsair captain, Halcyon Lagniappe, as well as 2d6 of his corsairs. They are all varying degrees of injured from their battles with the tomb-shadows and animate weapons, and have been particularly unsuccessful plunder-wise, leading to a crew on the verge of mutiny.

Halcyon is desperate to make something of this venture and is willing to at least lie about entertaining the notion of an alliance with the PCs, reasoning he can always betray and murder them later. This will assuage the crew enough to justify their continued loyalty, though chartreuseans are naturally duplicitous and will murder and betray each other as readily as they will the PCs.

### **Halcyon Lagniappe (as Fighter of Level 1d6+2)**

Should the revenants awaken while Halcyon and his crew hide out here, they will make short work of the already-beleagured corsairs.

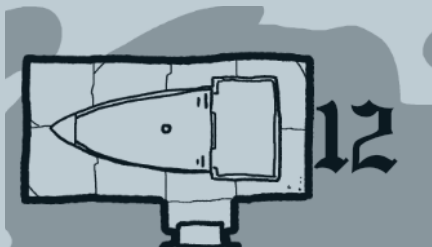
# AREA 12 - BOAT OF A THOUSAND YEARS



*Exits are South (sealed) to A11.*

An immense wooden solar-barge on a small “island” dominates the center of this chamber, surrounded by quicksilver-like water that roils and seethes incongruously. The figurehead on the solar-barge depicts a stoic-faced dwarf with a plaited beard; the unfurled sail is painted crimson and black. Piled high inside the barge are thousands (2d6 x 1000) of Askeli-minted silver coins. In eternal repose atop the mountain of wealth is a beautiful dwarven woman, immaculately preserved, clad in flowing silver robes with a white foxfur stole, her eyes covered in heavy silver coins, a silver crown with thirteen starry points - the Crown of Thirteen Moons - resting upon her breast.

The silvery waters surrounding the Boat of a Thousand Years are filled with a great many water vipers, who will immediately (and likely fatally) attack anyone who enters the water. The vipers won't leave the water - but the water level may rise...



## **100+ Water vipers (HD 1/2, AV 0, poison bite)**

Should the PCs set foot on the boat, a cloaked ferryman materializes by the mast, the cloak's hood concealing a pale skull with green flames for eyes. Skiff-pole in hand, he hisses “None may steal what Death has claimed,” indicating the mountain of treasure and the silver crown. If any of the grave goods are disturbed, the ferryman will attempt to knock the offender into the viper-infested waters. No direct attack (magickal or mundane) can harm the ferryman; they pass through him as if he weren't there. Damage to the boat, however, appears as great rents and tears in the ferryman's cloak. If 25 points of damage are dealt to the boat, it begins to sink - into the viper-infested waters - and the ferryman disappears.

**The Ferryman (HD 5, AV n/a, Save on hit or be knocked prone, never tests morale)**



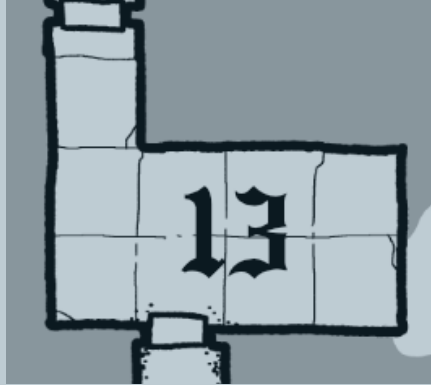


## AREA 13 - QUEEN'S Boudoir

*Exits are North (sealed) to A11 and South (hidden, sealed) to A14.*

Unlike the rest of the tomb-city thus far this chamber is of polished white marble, threaded with crimson veins that seem to twist and spiral outwards from the hidden door in the southern wall (A14). Massive silver-threaded purple tapestries adorn each wall; a myriad's ice has rendered them all but indecipherable.

A lavish four-poster bed rests against the easternmost wall; once hung with satin sheets and silk pillows, now a frozen ruin. Only the white fur of what was once a truly gargantuan bear remains mostly intact, worth 300 silver if restored. Opposite the bed is a teak wardrobe; a number of silver-threaded robes with impressive fur stoles and plunging necklines remain surprisingly intact, six in all, worth 50 silver each.



Set against the north wall is a vanity that once contained a number of powders, paints and brushes; water and ice have frozen them to the desk or rendered them otherwise worthless. Three useful items remain:

- **Ku-Aya's Mirror:** An ivory-handled silver mirror fashioned in the likeness of the gibbous moon. When held aloft, any spells cast into the mirror are reflected back at the caster. Permanently drains 1 Body per use.
- **Ku-Aya's Comb:** An ivory-handled comb with silver teeth. When used, fills the subject with an unruly and terrible beauty, permanently draining 1 Body but making their verbal commands nearly irresistible for 1d6 x 10 Minutes.
- **Ku-Aya's Quill:** a raven's feather with an ivory handle. While perfectly functional as a quill, this is the key to A14 and the horrid secret of Ku-Aya's immortality.

Behind the frozen tapestry on the south wall is a sealed door of pure obsidian threaded with the same crimson veins as the room's white marble. Half-concealed by age and by ice is a small hole about chest high, beneath a stylized carving of a raven in flight. Inserting Ku-Aya's Quill into the hole unseals A14; the sealed door slides away into a cunningly-worked recess.

# AREA 14 - THE LADY'S BATH



*Exits are North (sealed) to A13.*

A small chamber of the same crimson-threaded white marble as the previous room, with a 20' vaulted ceiling leading upwards to a well-like hole (leading to A9). The floor and much of the walls are permanently stained crimson with gore; the "water-line" of frozen blood is nearly waist-high. The far wall of the room features a small stone bench containing a bowl with a gore-encrusted washcloth.

Any blood spilled previously in A9 has collected in a puddle in the center of the room. The blood is smoking hot, increasing the Thaw Index by 1 per Round the PCs remain in the chamber. The vapors from the blood, however, begin to knit the PCs' wounds back together at a rate of 1d6 per Round, beginning with Will and healing Stamina and any Attribute damage with any overflow.

