



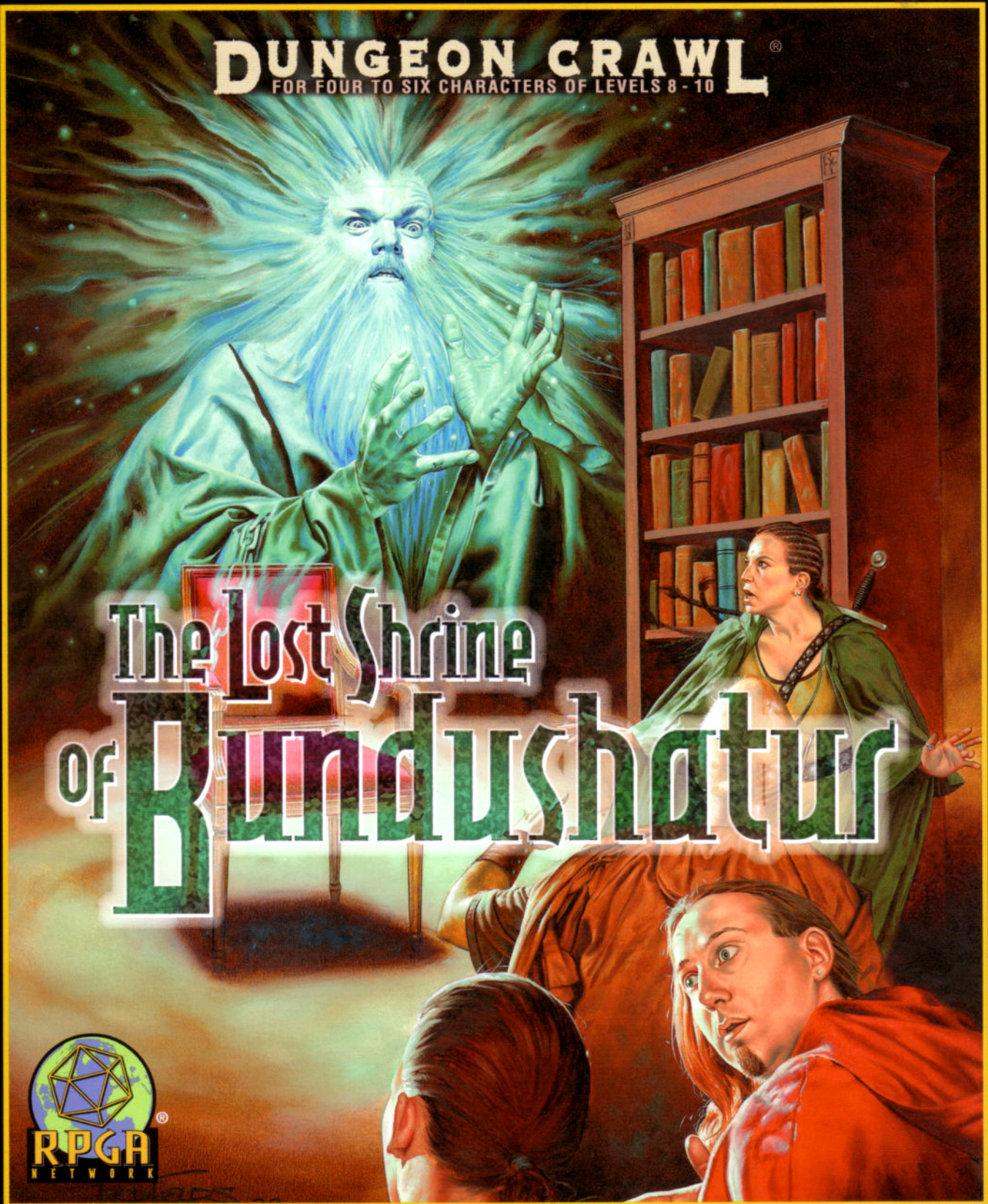
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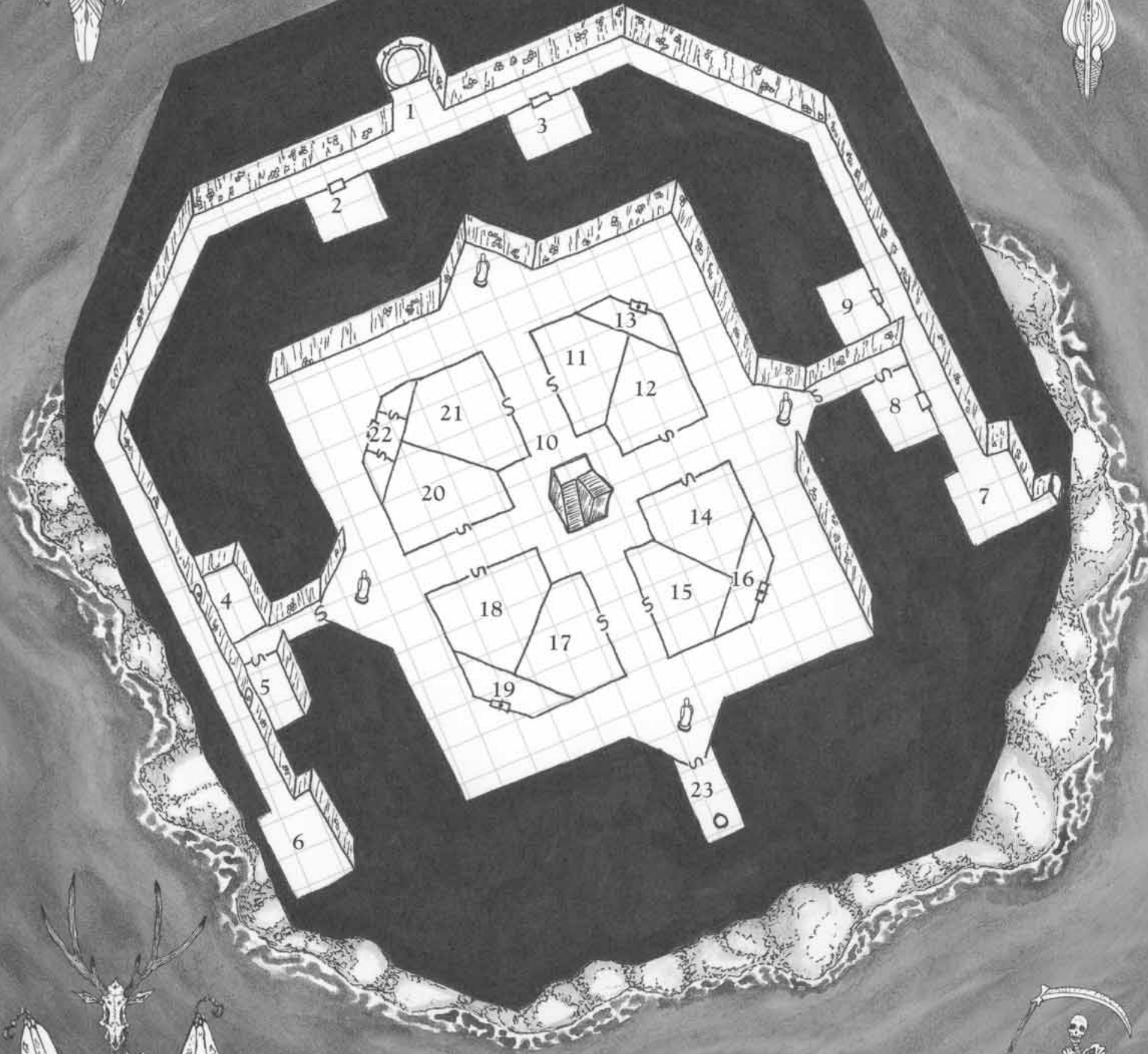
DUNGEON CRAWL®

FOR FOUR TO SIX CHARACTERS OF LEVELS 8 - 10

The Lost Shrine of Rundushatur



By Michael D. Wagner



The Lost Shrine of Bundushatur
(Ground Level)

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



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by Michael D. Wagner

Credits

Design: Michael D. Wagner
Editing: John D. Rateliff
Editorial Assistance: Rhias K. Hall
Brand Manager: Lisa Stevens
Art Director: Dawn Murin
Cover Art: Fred Fields
Interior Art: Arnie Swekel
Cartography: Todd Morasch
Typesetting: Eric Haddock

with the author's special thanks to Brooke Crawford, Mark Ninch, and Randy Weidenhamer.

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Chaos Rising: Dark Dreams

In your dream, you see again the dwarven city of Isar, high up in the Mountains of Mist on the shores of a bottomless lake. The old dwarven priest speaks: "You must come. For centuries we have stood sentinel, lest the Powers that slept should awaken and unmake the world. Now we fear They have come again. My people can hold them back no longer . . ."

Waking, you gather your group and begin the long journey to Isar. When you arrive days later, you are shocked to find only a huge mass of rubble where of old the beautiful village stood. A heap of fallen stones marks where the grand temple of Moradin once proudly defied the elements. You can find no living dwarves, only a few hands and feet sticking out from beneath great stones that hide their bodies. A few small cairns show that some dwarves survived the destruction and hastily entombed such of their kin as they could—but where have those survivors gone now?

The answer may lie in the strange flat island that now protrudes from the center of the lake. The only new thing amid so much destruction, it looks like a low building resting on a sandbar—yet you know the waters at that spot are supposed to be hundreds if not thousands of feet deep. Resting for the night before venturing out to the strange new island in the morning, you dream another dream. This time the old dwarf's vestments are tattered and bloody, and his head is held at an odd angle as if the neck were broken. The grim figure speaks in a hollow, ghostly voice:

"The Lords of Chaos return. The lost Shrine of BUNDUSHATUR arises again from the depths, foretelling the overthrow of the world as we know it. Our watch has failed. The fate of What Is is now in your hands. Beware the Sign of Chaos. Seek the Chaos Key . . ." the final word is drawn out into a distant wail as a sudden wind blows him away like tatters of mist. You wake, chilled, in the quiet of pre-dawn.

Perconius

Although they may not realize it at first, the player characters are not the first to reach the newly risen Shrine. Unfortunately, the person who beat them to it is not a potential ally. Perconius, a dual-class Cleric/Illusionist, heard rumors of the Shrine's rising and decided to plunder its riches and gain as much power as possible before the Lords of Chaos returned. Perconius is very skeptical about whether the Lords will actually return after so long but, if by chance this does occur, he plans to tell them he has come to spread chaos (which incidentally he wouldn't mind doing anyway). In the meantime, he has herded some undead into the place to keep others from exploring it.

Perconius knows there is a lower level to this part of the Shrine; he learned that much from research. He also

knows it will take the Chaos Key to get down there. He even knows what the Key looks like. But he does not know that it is in sections. He will spot the player characters before they see him, following them invisibly to let them dispatch some of the guardian monsters and make his task all the easier. He plans to wait until they have found the Key, then seize it and run, trusting to his magics to make good his escape. If the player characters have found parts of the Key, he is excited by their discovery that it comes in pieces and monitors their progress more carefully than ever. From time to time he assumes one of the disguises described below and attempts to infiltrate the group. Should they find the Key, he seeks to convince them to entrust it to his keeping (for example, in dwarven form he stresses his dwarven resistance to magics; in triton form he claims that guardianship of the Key is a sacred duty entrusted to his people, etc.). See the descriptions of rooms 10, 16, and 20 for likely spots to insert him into the adventure. He even helps the adventurers in battle (the better for them to do his dirty work), taking care to stay away from the greatest danger. If the characters capture Perconius in any of his guises, he continues his ruse of being a dwarf or selkie or triton (as the case may be) for as long as possible. He is very clever and good at making up excuses (for example, claiming that he was hypnotized and forced to steal the Key). At the last resort he "comes clean" and offers them his services in exchange for his life and freedom once the adventure is over, swearing any oath they please.

Perconius (8th-level Cleric/9th-level Illusionist): AC 4 (*bracers of defense* AC8, *Dexterity* bonus); MV 12; 39 hp; THAC0 16 (15 with *changestaff*); #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (*changestaff*); SA spells; SD spells, *ring of invisibility*, *necklace of disguise*; SZ M (5'4"); ML average (10); AL CN; XP 12,000. Str 9, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 15, Chr 12. Spells: *command*, *cure light wounds* (×2), *sanctuary*; *aid*, *enthrall*, *find traps* (×3); *dispel magic*, *feign death*, *prayer*; *cure serious wounds*, *free action*/ *color spray*, *friends*, *light*, *phantasmal force*, *unseen servant*; *improved phantasmal force*, *invisibility* (×2), *knock*; *flame arrow*, *monster summoning I*, *spectral force*, *suggestion*; *illusionary wall*, *improved invisibility*, *wraithform*; *Mordenkainen's faithful hound*, *shadow magic*. Special Equipment: *philter of glibness*, *oil of slipperiness*, *potion of extra-healing*, *changestaff* (has the ability to assume the form of any melee weapon, from a trident to a handaxe, but always does 1d6+1 damage). He carries 50 feet of rope, three daggers, and assorted rations in his leather backpack.

Plan A (in area 10): Perconius uses his necklace to appear as an injured selkie. "She" tells the party she was injured in a battle with some undead. She will beg to accompany the party, claiming that she wishes to see the evil of the temple destroyed but fears she may fail without companions, now that all her band are dead. She asks them to cure her if she thinks she can get away with it (she wants them to waste spells). She pretends to be very curious in a "wide-eyed wonder" sort of way, asking the adventurers many questions about how they got here, what they



sleep in order to regain spells or hit points, there is a 10% chance each hour that they will be visited by a group of six ghouls.

Ghouls (6): AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 16 each; THAC0 19; #AT 3; 1d3/1d3/1d6 + paralysis (claw/claw/bite); SA successful attack causes paralysis (save vs. paralyzation to resist) for 1d6+2 rounds; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SW may be turned, kept at bay by *protection from evil* (unless attacked); SZ M; ML steady (12); Int low (5-7); AL CE; XP 175 each.

10. Unless otherwise noted in the text, surprise situations will not exist.
11. Allow the players to make all their own dice rolls except for the following: Find & Remove Traps, Move Silently, Hide in Shadows, Hear Noise, detect secret door, disbelieve illusion. Any special rolls will be called for in the text (in the room description).
12. Any chest which has not been unlocked can be opened in one of the following ways: a character may attempt to tear the chest open by rolling his or her Bend Bars percentage, or the characters can bash the chest open with their weapons by inflicting 15 points of damage on it.
13. *Glyphs of warding* are invisible unless a *detect magic* is used upon the surface on which they were cast, or if such a spell is being cast in a radius (by a sword, etc.)

The Chaos Key

The Key, an item of major importance for the completion of the adventure, comes in twelve parts. Eight are quartz arrows, each two and a half inches long. Two are crescents of adamantite which, when connected, form a wheel two inches in diameter; the wheel has eight evenly spaced holes around the outer rim and a quarter-inch-wide shaft running lengthwise through it. The final pieces of the Key are two mithral rods shaped like dowels, each one inch long and a quarter of an inch in diameter.

The Key does not need to be assembled in any specific order. The crescents fit together to form the wheel. The arrows fit in the holes. The mithral rods fuse together, end to end, forming a two-inch-long pin which fits into the shaft and holds its two halves together. When the entire Key is completed, the arrows curl and writhe like limbs of a living thing. The parts fuse together and the whole emits a blinding light. Everyone within ten feet must make a saving throw vs. spell; failure means he or she will be blinded for 10 turns, and the character is dazzled for 1d10 rounds even if he or she makes the save.

Entering the Shrine

The DM should read the following passage to the players once they get close enough to be able to see the Shrine in any detail, embellishing as he or she sees fit:

The remains of the Shrine can be seen standing in the lake's center. It appears to be a fifteen-foot-tall octagon, two hundred feet across, carved from some sort of dark stone. The stone is remarkably well preserved for a structure so ancient. Except for a few cracks and the slime which covers much of its surface, the Shrine appears untouched by the passage of time. The only visible entrance, a fifteen-foot-diameter black-metal portal with a strange black and red symbol emblazoned on it, stands in the center of the north wall. A ten-foot-wide sandbar appears to run around the outside of the shrine.

Actually, there are three entrances into the Shrine, but the characters will only learn of the other two if they scout around. In addition to the main entrance, a small passage leads into room 7 and a stairway leads from the roof of the Shrine into room 10.

The Main Entrance

The main door appears untouched by the passage of time. It is completely free of the muck and slime that sticks to much of the ruin. The door is circular, fifteen feet in diameter. It is made of a very hard black metal. A strange emblem of two interlocking spirals (one red, one black) spans its surface.

This door will detect as magical. There is a 50% chance that any *knock* spell thrown on it will fail. To open the door, it must be pushed inwards with a combined Strength of 50. Up to four people may push at any one time. When the door is pushed inward five feet, it sinks into the floor, revealing room 1. The door will return to its original position in five rounds. The door is trapped with a *glyph of warding* which will cause everyone who helped open the door to be afflicted with a rotting disease which causes the loss of one hit point per turn until cured. Note: paladins and anyone wearing a *periapt of health* are immune to this disease, but for everyone else a *cure disease* is required to halt the progress of the malady.

The Side Door

This dark, five-foot-high, three-foot-wide passage leads inward about five feet and ends in a fifteen-foot by twenty-foot room. The entrance into the room is blocked by a large pile of seaweed lying in the passage.

This second entrance to the Shrine can be found easily if the east side of the ruin is searched. See room 7 for further details.

The Central Stair

This stairway once led down into the Shrine from the main temple above (long since destroyed). Anyone who climbs on top of the ruins (because of the slime, a thief needs to make two successful Climb Walls rolls to reach the roof) can easily find this entrance.

If the center of the ruins' roof, you see a ten-foot-diameter hole. Next to the hole is what appears to be a humanoid body. On closer inspection, the hole turns out to be a set of stairs leading down into the heart of the ruins, and the body that of a seal woman or selkie. The creature gasps painfully and seems barely alive.

This is Perconius in one of his disguises. If someone approaches the "selkie," she gestures for the character to come closer. If he or she does, the selkie gives that character a small quartz arrow (one of the pieces of the Chaos Key) and gasps out the words "Beware the living statue" before fainting. If the selkie receives a *cure serious wounds* spell, she revives somewhat and is able to convey the following information:

"I thank you for your kindness, strangers though you are. I am Gyffes, clan-chief of the selkie in this lake. Several weeks ago, a crack appeared in the floor of the lake. We sent five of our best scouts to investigate the mysterious crevasse. They never returned. We had many council meetings after that to decide what must be done. We decided to wait. Our wait was soon over. My people started dying. The shades of the long dead and the never born walked the village. People went mad. I took eight of the finest warriors from my village and we found our way into these ruins. I am all that remains. We killed two vile creatures which seemed to drain the very life from my warriors. They took three of us and all we got in return was this" (she indicates the arrow). "It was well hidden, so I sense it may be of importance. After finding it, we headed south. One of my warriors investigated a statue that suddenly came to life and attacked us. None of our weapons could harm it. We fled and now I am all that remains. It is still down there . . . beware. Destroy this place, send it back to the depths. Save my people, save them please." Her voice begins to trail off, muttering softly in some strange tongue.

All of this is a lie, of course, carefully calculated by Perconius to stir the mettle of any adventurers worthy of the name. The "selkie" will accompany the party while they explore a room or two; for her behavior and later actions, see pages 2-3.

The Outer Shrine (rooms 1-9)

The halls in this part of the dungeon are covered with various natural slimes and growths. The rooms are damp but well preserved. None of the doors in this section are trapped or locked. All are made of normal wood and can be chopped through in two rounds.

1. Entrance Hall

The bones of several adventurers litter this fifteen-foot by twenty-foot room. The air is damp and foul. Two passages at the southern end of the room lead east and west. Scrawled on the east wall, in the Common tongue, is the message "Flee, all is lost." A dead body lies against the south wall. She seems to be wearing a golden necklace.

The "dead body" is actually a ghoul. If anybody examines the body, it suddenly reaches out and grabs the character, trying to rip out his or her throat with its greenish teeth (roll for surprise). Twenty-four other ghouls lurk out of sight in the east and west passages; they also lie as if dead but leap to the attack when they hear the sounds of combat. Otherwise, they suddenly come to life and begin to bite and claw at the characters if the intruders try to leave the room, waiting until the PCs are in their midst before striking. Remember that the door to the outside will slide back into place five rounds after the party enters; as soon as it closes, a *magic mouth* appears and laughs hideously for three rounds.

Ghouls (25): AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 14 each; THAC0 19; #AT 3; 1d3/1d3/1d6 + paralysis (claw/claw/bite); SA successful attack causes paralysis (save vs. paralyzation to resist) for 1d6+2 rounds; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SW may be turned, kept at bay by *protection from evil* (unless attacked); SZ M; ML steady (12); Int low (5-7); AL CE; XP 175 each.

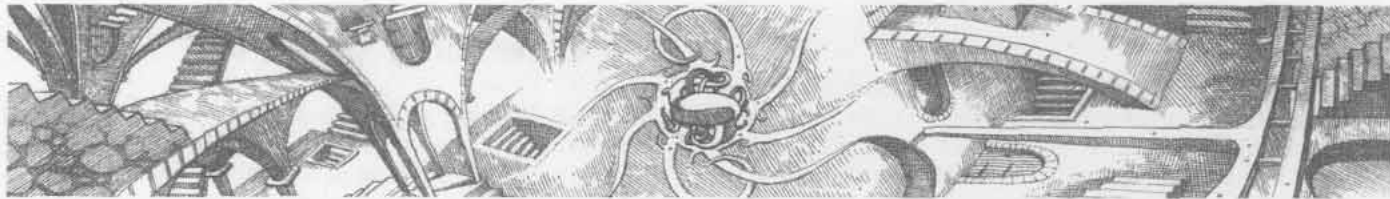
If the players search the body after the fight, they find that the necklace is of wrought gold with three pearl pendants—one white, one black, and one pink. It radiates magic; the magic is in the three pearls. The pearls glow softly when touched, becoming soft (like bath pellets) after being held for more than two rounds in a living hand. If swallowed, the white pearl acts as a *cure serious wounds*, the pink pearl acts as a *cure disease*, and the black pearl acts as a *remove curse*. Unfortunately, this magical necklace did its former owner little good, as she was killed by ghouls and later became one.

The ghouls were put here by the cleric-illusionist Perconius and were instructed to guard this entrance, keeping anyone from coming in; he believed twenty-five ghouls would discourage anyone from exploring further.

2. An Empty Room

This fifteen foot by fifteen-foot room appears empty.





However, a gray ooze is lying in wait on the east wall. Due to the slime and moisture on the wall (residue from the place's recent immersion in the lake), the ooze cannot be distinguished from the surrounding wall. It strikes out like a snake, automatically surprising anyone searching for secret doors, detecting for sliding walls, etc. The ooze has no treasure. Note that weapons striking the ooze do full damage but quickly corrode and break (item saving throws vs. acid to resist); however, it is easy to simply run away from the ooze due to its slow movement rate.

Gray Ooze: AC 8; MV 1; HD 3+3; 21 hp; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8; SA corrosion (chainmail corrodes in a single round, platemail in 2 rounds, magical weapons and armor at a rate of 1 round per plus of the item); SD immune to fire, cold, and most spells; SW lightning does full damage; SZ M (8' wide but very thin); ML average (10); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 270.

3. A Pressing Situation

This nondescript fifteen-foot by fifteen-foot room appears empty except for what could be writing on the southern wall.

The writing is in an ancient tongue (said to originally derive from the gehreleth tongue of Carceri), one of several once used as the ritual speech of Chaos in the shrine's rituals. The message says "Don't look now." Three rounds after someone enters the room, a huge stone slab falls across the doorway, completely blocking the way out. One round later, the north and south walls begin moving toward each other at the rate of one foot per round. Thus, on the seventh round the walls will only be one foot apart. Unless the people trapped in this room find some means of escape, the walls crush everyone and everything in the chamber to death on the eighth round.

This entire effect is a *programmed illusion* (and a very good one at that). Characters have a number of ways to escape this trap. They may attempt to disbelieve it. A *dispel magic* works normally, as does *teleport*, *passwall*, *dimension door*, etc. If a sturdy object is placed so as to prevent the walls from moving closer together, it appears to hold for a round or two, then breaks. Characters who try to slow the walls' movement by sheer strength can hold a wall stationary for one round per twelve points of Strength but take 1d6 points of damage per round from the strain. Anyone "killed" in this room will actually die if he or she fails a System Shock roll. Those who succeed on such a roll revive in 1d6 hours.

Once the illusion has run its course, it resets. Those outside the room see the slab rise to reveal the pulped remains of any of their fellows trapped within. The trap will not activate again for an hour, so they can enter and remove the bodies. If everyone entered and experienced the illusion, those who survived the System Shock eventually awaken and can leave the room without difficulty. If they re-enter, however, the whole illusion replays, with the same results as before.

This room was set up by the high priests of the Lords of Chaos as a way to get information out of people. The device proved quite useful in its time, and its potent magics have withstood the centuries.

4. Deserted Guard Room #1

This fifteen-foot by ten-foot room appears to have been once used as a guard post. There are torch sconces on the north and south walls, with a weapon rack holding two rusty spears beside each. A collapsed table and moldering chairs rot in the room's center. The mutilated bodies of three dwarves lie scattered about the room. They are being gnawed on by the sharp teeth of nine lean, gray-skinned creatures dressed in rags. A foul carrion smell fills the air.

If the party successfully listens at the door, they will hear various chewing noises and can surprise the ghouls and ghouls. The dwarves were former citizens of Isar, as can be determined by examining their clothing. Lying under the ruins of the table (destroyed in the dwarves' dying struggle) is a jeweled bracelet dropped by one of the dwarves; it is worth 1500 gp. The spears are rusted and useless. There is nothing else of value in the room.

Ghouls (6): AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 14 each; THAC0 19; #AT 3; 1d3/1d3/1d6 + paralysis (claw/claw/bite); SA successful



attack causes paralysis (save vs. paralyzation to resist) for 1d6+2 rounds; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SW may be turned, kept at bay by *protection from evil* (unless attacked); SZ M; ML steady (12); Int low (5-7); AL CE; XP 175 each.

Ghosts (3): AC 4; MV 15; HD 4; hp 27, 28, 29; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d8 + paralysis (claw/claw/bite); SA successful attack causes paralysis (save vs. paralyzation to resist, affects even elves) for 1d6+4 rounds, carrion stench (save vs. poison or suffer -2 penalty on all attacks due to nausea); SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells, *protection from evil* keeps them at bay only if used in conjunction with cold iron; SW double damage from weapons wrought of cold iron, may be turned; SZ M; ML elite (14); Int very (11); AL CE; XP 650 each.

5. Deserted Guard Room #2

This fifteen-foot by ten-foot room appears to have been a guard post. Torches burn in the sconces on the north and south walls. A rickety table and four chairs occupy the room's center. An empty weapon rack rests against the east wall. Four gray-skinned men stand motionless in the room: two against the north wall and two against the south. One of the men is wearing a jeweled amulet on a silver chain around his neck; it sparkles in the dim torchlight.

These "men" are actually juju zombies, who attack as soon as the player characters move into the room or launch any kind of attack of their own.

Juju Zombies (4): AC 7; MV 9; HD 3+12; hp 30, 22, 26, 21; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4 (fists); SA attack as 6-HD monsters; SD immune to nonmagical weapons, immune to psionics and some spells (*sleep*, *charm*, illusions, mind-affecting spells, electricity, and *magic missiles*), half-damage from fire, half-damage from blunt and piercing weapons, magical damage bonuses from edged and cleaving weapons do not apply; SW may be turned (as spectres); SZ M; ML fearless (20); Int low (5-7); AL NE; XP 975 each. Special Abilities: Climb Walls (92%).

There is only one object of value in the room; the amulet described in the boxed text. This appears to be a small metal shield covered with forty-two small pearls, as well as many small pits that apparently once held more of the tiny pearls. The amulet is strung on a chain of platinum. This magical amulet functions as a *brooch of shielding* and has the potential to stop forty-two more points of *magic missile* damage. Each time it absorbs a point of *magic missile* damage, one pearl crumbles to nothingness. When the last pearl vanishes, the necklace and shield turn into worthless tin and copper; until then it seems to be worth 900 gp.

This room hides a secret door to the Inner Shrine. The secret door will slide open if the northern torch is removed from its sconce. The door can also be opened by force (a feat requiring a successful Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll) or a *knock* spell.

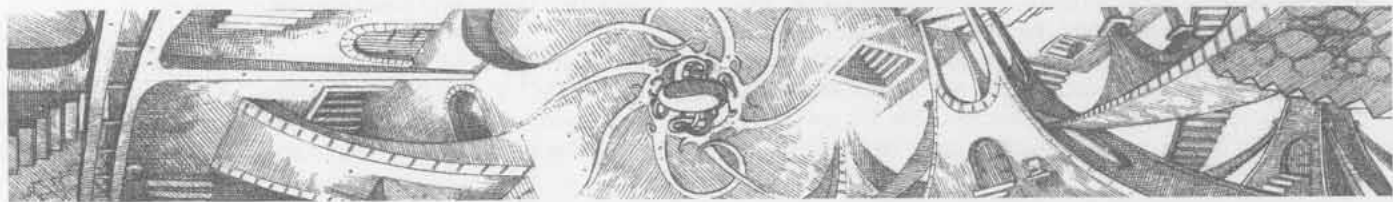
6. A Dead End

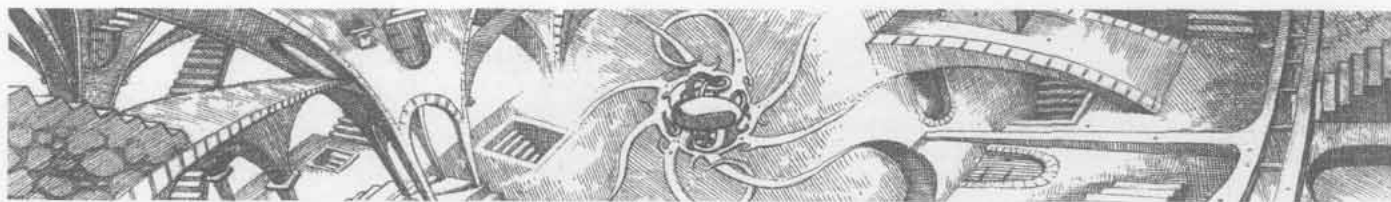
This fifteen-foot by twenty-foot room is bare except for a sheathed longsword lying on the floor in a pile of treasure at the rear of the room. The walls are bare of the ever-present slimes and fungus. As you watch, the longsword begins to move across the floor towards you.

This room is really the lair of a huge gelatinous cube that fills almost the entire room. The longsword is inside the cube. Anyone who moves forward to take the sword steps into the cube, taking 2d4 points of damage and requiring a saving throw vs. paralyzation. Perconius, the cleric/illusionist, knows of the cube and occasionally feeds it dwarves from Isar or monsters he has found and killed in this place since arriving.

Gelatinous Cube: AC 8; MV 6; HD 4; 32 hp; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 + paralysis (digestive fluids); SA transparent (-3 penalty to opponent's surprise rolls), anesthetizing slime (paralyzes all it touches for 5d4 rounds if they fail their saves vs. paralyzation); SD immune to electricity, *fear*, paralyzation, *polymorphs*, *hold person/monster*, and *sleep*; SW fire causes normal damage, cold-based attacks *slow* the cube (MV 3) and reduces the damage it inflicts to 1d4 per round; SZ H (15' cube); ML average (10); Int non (0); AL N; XP 650.

When killed, the cube dissolves, leaving a mass of sticky goo and its treasure: the sword, 250 gp, two daggers (one of them is a *dagger +1*), a golden ring worth 15 gp with a permanent *Nystul's magical aura* cast upon it, and a vial of light blue, sweet-smelling liquid. Tasting the potion will make the person feel lighter (it is a *potion of levitation*). The longsword is a cursed *sword of cowardice* -2 that forms a link with the first person to pick it up. It compels its wielder to flee from combat; he or she must save vs. spell (at a -2 penalty) or flee to the rear of the party and cower there. If he or she is trapped with nowhere to run, the wielder attacks wildly, gaining a +2 bonus to attack and damage but suffering a +2 penalty to Armor Class as well as losing all Dexterity bonuses. The wielder keeps the sword nearby at all times like a security blanket, gaining comfort from its proximity; if it is lost or cast away, he or she curls up in a ball and whimpers until the weapon is restored to his or her side. Only a *remove curse* spell can break its link with a character.





7. A Side Entrance

This damp fifteen-foot by twenty-foot room has a small passage in the southeast portion leading to the outside, furnishing a dim light for the room. The passage outside is partially blocked by a large pile of seaweed. A smaller pile of seaweed rests in the southwest corner of the room, and the glint of metal can be seen coming from this smaller pile.

The two piles of seaweed are actually algoids, who will attack if approached. When attacking, they will not use their psionic blast until reduced to five or fewer hit points.

Algoids (2): AC 5; MV 6, swim 6; HD 5; hp 35, 26; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10/1d10 (fists); SA psionic blast (once per day); SD edged weapons of less than +2 bonus pass through doing no damage (those with +2 or better enchantments do half-damage), immune to fire (including magical fire) and electricity; SW blunt weapons do full damage, *part water* and *lower water* inflict 1d6 points of damage per level of caster; SZ M (5', 7'); Int semi (2, 4); AL CN; XP 420 each. Special Ability: algoids can control trees (up to two at a time), which then animate and attack (MV 3, #AT 2, Dmg 1d10/1d10).

The algoids' treasure can be found scattered on the floor after the battle (they were lying on it). The treasure consists of 250 sp, 130 gp, 60 pp, two gems worth 30 gp each, and a diadem of platinum worth 1250 gp. The Shrine's inhabitants do not know the algoids are here. The algoid have no plans of moving further into the Shrine.

8. Deserted Guard Room #3

This fifteen-foot by ten-foot room appears to have once been a guard post. Sconces on the north and south walls hold unlit torches. Four men sit around a table in the center of the room. There are empty weapon racks against both the north and south walls.

The men are actually juju zombies. There are a total of six in the room: four at the table and one on each side of the door, out of the player characters' line of sight. All six are armed with rusty (but still sharp) spears, which they hurl before closing to melee.

Juju Zombies (6): AC 7; MV 9; HD 3+12; hp 30, 34, 29, 31, 32, 34; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + disease (rusty spear) or 3d4 (fists); SA attack as 6-HD monsters, anyone struck by a rusty spear must make a System Shock check or contract a blood disease fatal within 48 hours unless cured by *cure disease*; SD immune to nonmagical weapons, immune to psionics and some spells (*sleep*, *charm*, illusions, mind-affecting spells, electricity, and *magic missiles*), half-damage from fire, half-damage from blunt and piercing weapons, magical damage bonuses from edged and cleaving weapons do not apply; SW may be turned (as spectres); SZ M; ML fearless (20); Int low (5-7); AL NE; XP 975 each. Special Abilities: Climb Walls (92%).

There is nothing of value in the room. The secret door slides open if the northernmost torch is removed from its sconce. The door can also be opened by brute force (a feat requiring a successful Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll) or a *knock* spell.

9. The Cocoon

A five-foot-diameter sphere of webs hangs from the ceiling in the northeast corner in this fifteen-foot by ten-foot room. The desiccated bones of many creatures litter the floor.

The cocoon-shaped object is actually the lair of a giant water spider which has been dead for many years. If the PCs can overcome their caution enough to investigate, on closer inspection they can see a hole two feet in diameter in the bottom of the sphere. A bracelet is hidden in the webs on the inside of the sphere. The bracelet is made of silver with two small emeralds set into it. When either of the emeralds is depressed, it will glow slightly for five rounds. During this time, the wearer can converse with inanimate objects as in a *stone tell* spell, except that the object need not be made of stone—only inanimate. Even corpses can be queried in this manner, although the body can only give information on matters that have occurred since its death. Each stone works once per day and allows conversation with objects in a five-foot by five-foot area.

The Inner Shrine (rooms 10-23)

The Inner Shrine is very different from the Outer Shrine. The ever-present slime of the Outer Shrine is found here only in the stairwell (room 10) and the corridors. This part of the Shrine appears untouched by outside forces over the centuries since it was submerged. The walls in the hallways radiate a dim light, a faint purple radiance. Note that the secret doors from the Outer Shrine are all one-way and can't be opened (or indeed found) from the Inner Shrine. Because of the unearthly light radiating off the walls, infravision will not work here.

The perimeter of the Inner Shrine is warded by four ten-foot-tall statues of black stone, one at each of the four compass points. They represent warriors wielding two-handed swords (each sword being a full eight feet long); their armor and weapons are of very archaic design and quite ornate. The southernmost statue is actually a stone golem which attacks anyone who approaches within five feet of it unless shown the completed Chaos Key (in which case it will step aside and allow entry into the area that it guards, area 23). The golem is entrusted with guarding the door and thus will not pursue intruders more than thirty feet from its original position.

Stone Golem: AC 3 (harder than usual stone); MV 6; HD 14; 60 hp; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8 (fist); SA can cast *slow* on any opponent within 10' (once every other round), attacks with surprise; SD immune to weapons of less than +2 enchantment,

healed fully by *transmute mud to rock*, ignores all other spells except as noted; SW slowed for 2d6 rounds by *transmute rock to mud*, *stone to flesh* causes it to lose its immunities to damage-inflicting attacks for 1 round; SZ L (10' tall); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 8000. Str 22.

The four doors leading into rooms 13, 16, 19 and 22 are made of a distinctive red metal that is warm to the touch and nearly indestructible. The doors resist any attempts to open them; even a *knock* has a 75% chance of failing. A seam runs down the center of each door, with a small hole (actually a keyhole) on either side of the seam. The quartz arrows fit into these holes, but each arrow will only function once in this fashion. When quartz arrows are placed in both holes, the door splits along the seam and both halves swing silently apart to allow entrance into the room beyond.

10. The Central Stair

A set of ornate stairs climbs upward from this thirty-foot by thirty-foot room. Passages lead to the north, south, east, and west. Ten gems inlaid in the steps give off light equal to torchlight. Five bodies litter this area and the hallway leading into it from the south. The bodies appear to be furry but human. One of them is moaning and moving slightly.

It is possible to pry the stones out of the steps. On closer inspection, the bodies will be found to be those of selkie, or seal men. They are all heavily armed—obviously a war party. The bodies are battered and broken, but there is no sign of any foe. They have nothing of value, although two of them carry crossbows usable underwater.

The moving body is the cleric-illusionist Perconius in disguise (see pages 2–3 for his description). If the party climbs the stairs, they find another selkie, also dead (if asked, Perconius sadly claims this to be her sister). Her left hand is open, as if the fingers had been pryed apart; by her gear, she appears to have been the leader of the party. The arrow is one of the keys to rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22.

11. The Room of Draconus the Cursed

This room is roughly triangular, thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet deep. It appears to be a well-furnished, although deserted, apartment. A large rug covers the center of the room and fine tapestries line the walls. In the rear right corner is a large canopy bed covered with delicate silk. A dining table and chair of oak occupy the rear left corner of the room. Neatly placed on the table is an empty place setting of silver and crystal. Silver candle holders hold two white candles. A high-backed red velvet chair is in the eastern corner of the room, next to an eight-foot-high book shelf which covers most of the northeast wall. The book shelf is filled with many old volumes. The entire room is filled with cobwebs, however, and it seems that it has been vacant for many years.

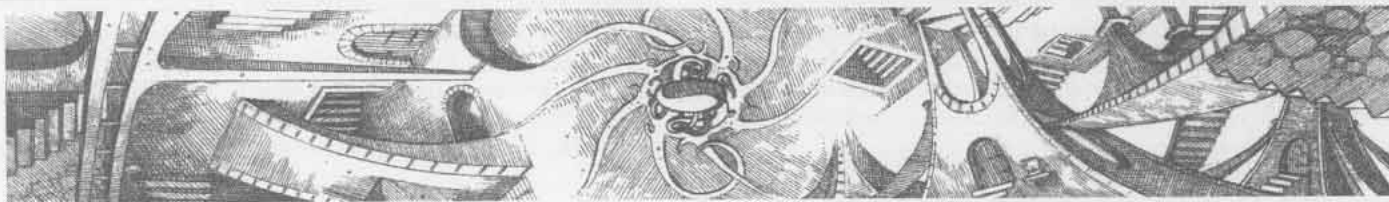
All Lawful characters will have a very uneasy feeling about this place. The uneasy feeling is caused by a permanent *antipathy* spell which affects all Lawful creatures. Any Lawful character must make a saving throw vs. spell or be unable to enter the room. Even if the save is made, the affected characters each lose one point of Dexterity per round while they are in the room, up to a maximum of four points. The lost Dexterity will be returned at the same rate once the affected person leaves the room.

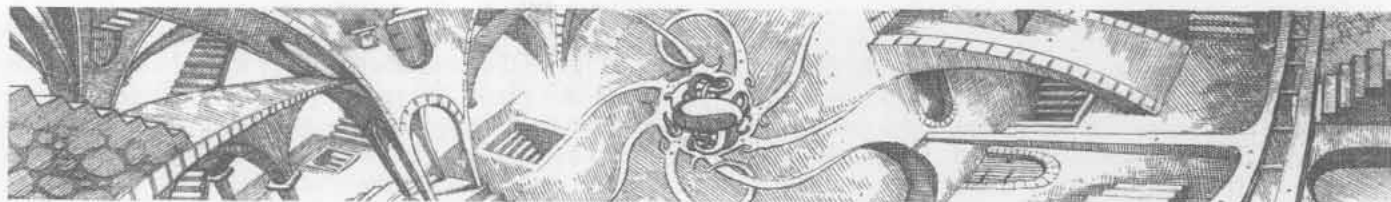
After a few minutes of searching, you feel a slight chill in the air. A whispery, forlorn voice cuts through the air: "Who visits me after all these centuries?" The voice comes from a shadowy form sitting in the velvet chair. The figure appears human. He is draped in robes and wears a conical hat, the wide brim of which hides his features.

If the characters control their fear and talk to the ghost, he proves to be most friendly, actually enjoying the company after so many years alone. He tells them that he is Draconus the Cursed, a former archmage and once one of the greatest foes of the Shrine before the Lords of Chaos imprisoned him here for eternity. Draconus knows there are other people wandering in this place, but he will not reveal that information unless specifically asked if he has seen others. One of those people turned him (the others were some of the undead from this place, but he didn't get a good enough look at them to realize that they were undead). He knows little of the state of the Shrine now. If the players ask him to tell them of the Shrine's past, he will say this:

"What you are in now is but a remnant of the original Temple, the secret part that wasn't destroyed in the conflict thirteen centuries ago. Ah, it was indeed a sight to behold—so beautiful and yet so dangerous. The main chamber was so huge that even the mightiest of castles could fit within it. So much wealth was used in the decoration and construction of the place that the mind reels. Undoubtedly such a great collection of riches had never been seen before nor ever will be seen again. But be not deceived: lovely it may have been, but also deadly—utterly deadly.

"Its power spread like a blight across this planet and others, threatening the whole plane. Whole races were enslaved or destroyed. The world cried out for release. Then came the time of the Great Alliance. All the creatures of Law and Neutrality joined forces to combat the temple, its masters, and its minions. The battle lasted many years, but in the end we were the victors. We destroyed the Temple, but this underground shrine escaped our sight and survived. The Lords of Chaos were banished—but not before they had destroyed many of us. Me they imprisoned, a cruel fate for one who loved life and light and companionship.





"I know little of this part of the temple, but I do know this—there is another level below this one. That is where the power is. Waiting. Growing. Preparing to reemerge and summon the Chaos Lords again. Luckily, the lower level is warded by powerful enchantments. There is only one way to get below, a key. Here is part of that key"—he gestures, and a small quartz arrow appears on the table—"May it serve you well. Find the rest of the key. Join the parts together. Go below. Armed with your courage, find the spells needed to crush this place. Find the source of power. Cleanse it. Only then can I be truly free. Yet let me caution you not to be too greedy here. The Lords of Chaos left behind much wealth and magic. Be careful what you take."

Draconus (ghost and 20th-level Wizard): AC 0, MV 9; HD 10; 50 hp, THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg special (touch) or by spell; SA touch ages target by 1d4×10 years, sight ages viewers 10 years and causes them to flee in terror on failed save vs. spell, *magic jar*; SD intangible; SW may be turned; SZ M (5'11"); ML fearless (19); AL LG (see below); XP 12,000. Spells: *charm person*, *magic missile* (×2), *protection from evil*, *read magic*; *detect evil*, ESP, *forget*, *scare*, *web*; *hold person* (×2), *lightning bolt*, *slow*, *suggestion*; *confusion*, *fumble*, *polymorph other*, *wall of fire*, *wall of ice*; *cone of cold*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster*, *telekinesis*, *wall of force*; *geas* (×2), *globe of invulnerability*, *legend lore*; *limited wish*, *power word—stun*, *vanish*; *mass charm*, *maze*, *symbol—fear*; *Bigby's crushing hand*, *foresight*. Special Items: *ring of three wishes* (one wish remaining).

Draconus retains all of his power as a 20th-level wizard and also has all the normal abilities of a ghost. Unless attacked, he deliberately avoids showing his face and thereby aging his guests. He used the first *wish* in his ring to remain uncorrupted when trapped in this evil place (hence his LG alignment). Thanks to a second *wish* from the ring before he died, he retained his spellcasting ability although he can never change his spell selection.

If the party attacks him, Draconus calls out for them to stop their foolishness, using his spells to restrain rather than harm them. If, however, the party continues to attack, he lets loose, beginning with *cone of cold* and *polymorph other*. If severely injured, Draconus becomes ethereal and uses the *limited wish* to heal himself. Even when ethereal, he cannot leave the confines of the room. Weary of his condition, he asks the adventurers to help him. He encourages them to use magic spells, items, anything they can think of to help him out of his situation. In fact, he insists on it, and threatens them if they do not try. If their attempts are futile (and they will be), he begins quizzing them about the outside world, wanting to know what exists now beyond his small room.

He tries to keep them talking to him for as long as possible, as he is very lonely. And as the player characters get ready to leave, he asks that they give him something to occupy his time . . . a book, a bauble . . . anything. He is very bored.

If the party destroy the ghost, they can freely search the room. In the bookshelf they will find a small quartz arrow (this is the one Draconus would otherwise give the party, one of the keys to rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22). All of the books are written in an ancient and forgotten language. Anything taken from this room, except the arrow, will rot and turn to dust in six turns.

12. An Unusual Door

This room is roughly triangular, thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet deep. A wooden door is situated in the middle of the northwest wall. A small pile of bones is in the southeast corner.

The door is actually a mimic named Bevidere. He is quite intelligent and very hungry. He speaks an old form of the Common tongue and is willing to trade his treasure, a "small pointy rock," for some food. The rock is, in fact, one of the quartz arrows that serve as the keys to rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22. If the party kills Bevidere, they will find the arrow hidden behind him. He would like to leave this room but has stayed here because he has seen a large group of ghouls walking through the halls and he does not want to fight them. The inhabitants in this Shrine do not realize he is anything other than a door. He came to this Shrine as an awesome "magic box" on the back of an Isar dwarf.

Bevidere the mimic: AC 7; MV 3; HD 8; 51 hp; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4 (door slam or pseudopod); SA surprise; SD camouflage, glue (holds fast anything touching the mimic), immune to acid and to molds, slimes, and puddings; SZ L; ML champion (15); Int very (12); AL N; XP 1,400.

Bevidere's tactics are thus: if only a character or two approaches him, he attacks to kill. However, if the entire party approaches the door (Bevidere), he pretends he is an awesome mighty portal and uses his mimic ability to make the door change, looking in turn like a stone door, a brick door, various wooden doors, part of the wall, etc. While he is changing, he explains to the party that he is a mighty magic item placed here to guard the secrets of the Shrine. However, he is willing to cooperate with the adventurers and help them on their quest . . . if they will explain their quest to them. And if they also help him in turn. He explains that mighty magic doors need to be fed, and he has not been fed for a while. If the characters take his hints and give him lots of food, he cooperates with them and does not attack. If the player characters talk about keys or treasures, or anything that might give Bevidere the idea that they might be interested in his bauble, the mimic tells them he has a great treasure they could undoubtedly use. However, he demands more food before turning it over (if the party appears menacing, the demand turns into a heart-rending request). If they comply, he spits the arrow out of a key-hole that momentarily appears and then disappears again. He even

goes so far as to tell the party that he heard a man in red and black robes (Perconius) say something about searching for "the Chaos Key." The fellow seemed eager to find it before it fell into "the wrong hands." If the players are friendly to Bevidere, he asks that they take him along. He tells them he can be of much use to them, as magic doors can come in very handy ("a million and one uses! We open. We close. We block halls and openings . . ."). Surely his awesome magics will be of great aid to them in times of dire trouble. Whatever happens, he will not tell the adventurers that he is a mimic. If they suspect he is a mimic, he will not admit it, whatever the evidence. If the party lets him come along, Bevidere forms himself into a smaller door and uses his glue ability to stick to a character's back.

13. Pool Room

A softly glowing pool, ten feet in diameter, occupies the center of this trapezoidal room (itself about twenty feet wide and fifteen feet deep). The pool seems to be about fifteen feet deep; the glitter of coins can be seen at the bottom.

The "pool" is actually a group of three water weirds.

Water weirds (3): AC 4; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 25 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg drowning; SA target must save vs. paralysis or be pulled into pool to drown (save vs. paralysis each round, dying on any failed save); SD invisible in water, control water elementals (50% chance), slashing and piercing inflict a single point of damage per hit, half-damage from fire (no damage on successful saving throw); SW *slowed* by intense cold, killed by *purify water* (one weird per spell), pseudopod take two rounds to form; SZ L (12' long); ML elite (13); Int very (11); AL CE; XP 420 each.

Fifty gold pieces lie scattered at the bottom of the pool, bait used by the weirds to trap unwary victims. The room's real treasure rests in a secret compartment at the bottom of the pool. Removing the stone that covers it requires a Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll; success exposes a bronze coffer below. The coffer is locked and trapped. A failed Remove Traps roll discharges the trap, as does simply opening the chest or attempting to pick the lock without first disarming the trap. Five small poisoned darts fire out of the chest: one each from the top, front, back, and each side. The needles have a THAC0 of 10 and each does 3 points of damage to anyone it strikes, who must also make a saving throw vs. poison. Success indicates he or she takes 20 points of damage; failure causes death. The chest can be forced open on a successful Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll. Inside the coffer is a one-inch-long mithral rod. This is one of the pieces of the Chaos Key.

Perconius the cleric-illusionist knows of the water weirds in this pool and intends to kill them when he gets around to it. But for now he has more important things

on his mind, like finding the Chaos Key, and so has ignored the pool so far.

14. More Dead Selkie

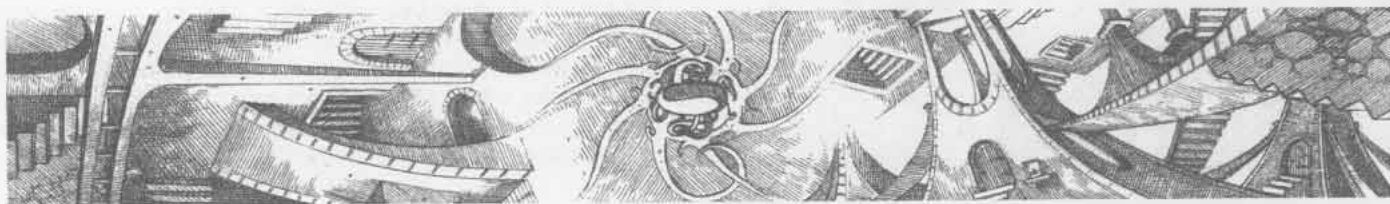
This roughly triangular room is thirty feet wide and twenty five feet deep. It is readily apparent that a battle recently took place here. Three dead selkie lie on the floor. They are heavily armed and obviously members of the same ill-fated party that lies in the hall outside. A small iron box sits on the floor next to a block of stone which has been removed from the wall, revealing a hollow space.

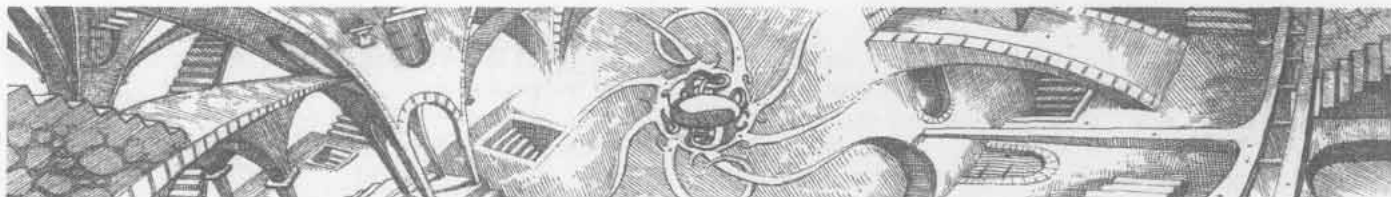
Characters who investigate more closely will find that the bodies of two undead creatures lie on the floor amid the dead Selkie. These are wights, the former defenders of this room, slain by the selkies. This is the only room that the Selkie got to on their foray into the temple before disaster overtook them. The box is not locked and not trapped. It is also empty, except for a velvet cushion. The cushion has an indentation in it as if something, approximately two and a half inches long and very thin, had been resting on it. If the party has one of the quartz arrows they will be able to tell that just such an arrow made this mark. The dead selkie on the top of the shrine (area 10) had the key from this room until it was taken from his body by Perconius.

15. Room of the Gargoyle Statues

This room is roughly triangular, being thirty feet wide and twenty five feet deep. In it are four statues, forming a square with one gargoyle at each of the cardinal directions (north, south, east, west). The statues are ten feet apart and have glassy eyes. They all depict four-armed, eight-foot-tall gargoyles. Each figure holds a large gem. The north gem is deep blue, the south gem is blood red, the east gem is crystal-clear, and the west gem is tawny yellow.

This room is actually a very elaborate trap. All of the gems radiate magic. If any gem is disturbed, it will shatter. At the same time, the door slams closed (consider it to have a Strength of 25) and refuses to open (treat as *wizard locked*). On the very next round, the statues begin to emit an acrid smelling, colorless gas. The gas causes itching on the first round, 1d4 points of damage on round 2, 1d6 points on round 3, 1d8 on round 4, and 1d10 on rounds 5-10. A successful saving throw vs. breath weapon at a -3 penalty results in half-damage. Note that the gas is corrosive: after eight rounds of exposure, all items in the room except the Key components, door, and statues must begin making item saving throws vs. acid or crumble. The trap can be shut off by replacing the shattered gem with another of equal value (100 gp). The party can also escape by forcing the door, *passwall*, etc.





The real treasure of the room can be found in a secret compartment in the floor in the center of the room. The compartment can be located just like a secret door (1-in-6 chance for any character making a thorough search of the room; 2-in-6 for elves). Inside the secret compartment is a small quartz arrow. Unfortunately, the arrow has been smeared with a contact poison; anyone who touches it with ungloved hands must save vs. poison or be paralyzed for 1d6 turns in addition to suffering 10 points of damage. Any thief who checks for traps on the arrow has the normal chance to detect the poison, which can then easily be wiped off. The arrow is one of the keys to the rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22.

16. The Sword in the Stone

The door of this room is trapped. When the door is touched, four iron darts fly out (THAC0 10), inflicting four points of damage on anyone they strike; remember that those which miss characters in the front rank may strike those standing behind them. Have each character so struck make a saving throw vs. poison and note down the results (this is just to make the party nervous; there is actually no poison on the darts). Any thief who succeeds on his or her Find Traps rolls before opening the door automatically finds and can disarm this false trap. However, unless he or she detects for traps a second time, the character misses the second trap. If not detected and disarmed (-20% penalty to the Remove Traps roll), the hidden trap

explodes when the door is opened, inflicting 10 points of magical heat damage to all within 10 feet.

This is another spot where the PCs may encounter Perconius; if so, he will come upon the party as they are outside this room just after they have set off the first trap. This time he is in the guise of a dwarf from Isar. Refer to his character description (page 3) for more information.

A soft blue glow lights this trapezoidal room (some twenty feet wide and fifteen feet deep). The glow comes from a finely wrought sword of silver. Only the jeweled hilt and base of the blade can be seen, however, as the sword is embedded in a block of black crystal.

If a character happens to look up, he or she sees a skeleton in rusted chainmail hanging from the ceiling thirty feet overhead. Closer investigation shows it is actually stuck in place; see the description below of the final trap protecting the sword.

The Lords of Chaos put the sword here for safe keeping from their enemies until a new Champion of Chaos should arise and claim it. All the Lords of Chaos had to do to get the sword was to approach it, say "Bundshatur" (which simply means "Shrine of Chaos" in the ancient gehreleth tongue), and pull it free from the crystal. Lesser beings who tried to steal the sword would fall victim to the trap and be forced to gaze upon their lost prize until they starved.

If the sword is touched by a player character, the doors immediately slam shut and lock very tightly (it will take 50 points of Strength to even budge them). The stone walls become transparent the next round, revealing a highly reflective surface beneath the walls, floor, doors, and even the block of crystal; only the ceiling remains unchanged, keeping the same soft amber color. The round after that, the jewels on the sword's hilt begin emitting beams of light at the rate of three per round for three rounds (a total of nine in all). The beams have a THAC0 of 10 but ignore armor (magical and Dexterity bonuses to Armor Class do count); they reflect off the mirrored walls and floors either until they hit a target or until they dissipate (after the third bounce). A character struck by a beam must save vs. petrification at a -3 penalty or be affected as if under a *reverse gravity* spell, falling towards the ceiling. These characters cannot control or slow their rate of descent (although grabbing on to something like the sword hilt would keep a character hanging upside down in place for as long as he or she could maintain the grip). Those who hit the ceiling take 3d6 points of damage from the fall and discover that the roof is soft and sticky. In fact, the entire ceiling has been coated with an improved form of *sovereign glue*. A character who stays in contact with the ceiling for a full round becomes stuck like the unlucky soul whose bones hang here. Within that round the character can only get loose if someone on the floor pulls him or her down (for example, with a rope). The *reverse gravity* effect only lasts for thirteen rounds, after which any character not stuck plummets to the floor for another 3d6 points of damage.



Once the glue has set, any part of the character's skin, hair, clothing, or armor touching the ceiling is permanently bonded to the glue. A character lucky enough to be stuck only by shoes or clothing can escape by taking them off; those held by armor may have more difficulty (the DM should use his or her judgment, depending on the type of armor involved). Characters stuck by the skin and hair can only escape by going ethereal, by application of *universal solvent*, or by cutting off the relevant body parts (possibly severely injuring or even maiming themselves in the process).

This room at one time had a guardian, immune to the crystal beams, which dispatched any characters not levitated to the ceiling. That guardian is long since deceased; all that remains to hint at its presence are clumps of purple and black hair in one corner.

A secret compartment in the side of the crystal block (clearly visible to anyone looking at it when the walls and block turn transparent) contains a two-inch crescent of adamantite with four holes evenly spaced on its outer surface and a quarter-inch-wide shaft running lengthwise through it. This is part of the Chaos Key. Opening the secret compartment reopens the doors to the room. As for the magical sword, it only comes free of the block if the word "Bundashatur" is spoken. Characters who pull too hard break the sword, leaving them with a jeweled hilt worth 5000 gp. Should they extract it intact, the sword of chaos has a +4 attack and damage bonus against any Lawful character and allows its wielder to *levitate* three times a day. The sword is intended for Chaotics and only functions properly in the hands of a Chaotic character. Lawful characters attempting to wield it take 20 points of damage (save vs. spell for half-damage); characters with Neutral alignments take 10 points of damage (save for half). The damage applies each time a non-Chaotic character grasps the sword.

17. Wrath of the Wraith

This roughly triangular room has a very strong smell, like that of blood. Much of the stuff appears to be clotted on the walls. A human or humanoid skeleton rests in the northwest corner, a shortsword protruding from its ribcage.

Perconius herded a number of wraiths into this room; he plans to use them as guards for the entrance to the lower level once he has located the Chaos Key.

Wraiths (14): AC 4; MV 12, fly 24 (B); HD 5+3; hp 35 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+level drain (touch); SA touch drains one level of experience; SD immune to normal weapons, half-damage from silver weapons, immune to poison, paralysis, *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, *death*, and cold-based spells; SW holy water (2d4 points of damage per vial), magical weapons cause full damage, utterly destroyed by *raise dead*, can be turned; SZ M; ML champion (15); Int very (11–12); AL LE; XP 2000 each.

Perconius did not search this room carefully enough. A part of the key (a quartz arrow) is here, in the skull of the long-dead warrior; it is one of the keys to rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22. The shortsword protruding from her ribcage is made of cold iron. The rotted leather pouch at her side still holds a *potion of extra healing*.

18. Room of the Sandstone Statuary

This room has five statues in it that seem to be carved from sandstone. They all seem vaguely human and appear to be facing a slightly glowing chest in the rear of the room. On closer inspection, the statues look like adventurers. The detail is poor and most of the features seem to have eroded away, but you can discern the following: three are wearing platemail, one is wearing chainmail, and one is wearing robes. Three of the figures are carrying swords—the woman has a two-handed sword and the two men broadswords. The man in chainmail has a mace. The woman in robes is carrying a staff. They appear posed as if frozen in mid-step.

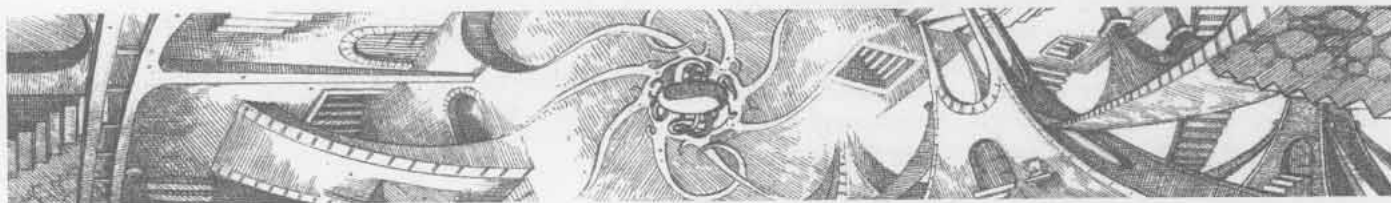
The "statues" are actually minions of Chaos placed under a *temporal stasis* spell; dust that settled on them over the centuries has hardened into a layer like sandstone. Two rounds after the party enters, the minions begin to revive. Their stony eyelids suddenly lift, revealing human eyes beneath. The sand starts to crumble off until the crumbling becomes a cascade. The entire reanimation process takes three rounds, after which time the minions are fully functional. Characters can attack the "statues" before they are mobile, in which case their Armor Classes are all effectively AC 0.

Hjordeks (9th-level Fighter): AC 2 (platemail, Dexterity bonus); MV 12; 73 hp; THAC0 12 (6 with *two-handed sword* +3, specialization, and Strength bonus); #AT 2; Dmg 1d10+8 (*two-handed sword* +3, specialization, Strength bonus); SA weapon specialization; SZ M (6'); ML fanatic (18); AL CN; XP 2000. Str 18/70%, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 9, Chr 18.

Fontein (7th-level Fighter): AC 3 (platemail); MV 12; 59 hp; THAC0 14 (11 with *broadsword*+2 and Strength bonus); #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4+3 (*broadsword* +2, Strength bonus); SZ M (6'3"); ML champion (16); AL CN; XP 650. Str 17, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 13, Wis 12, Chr 18.

Nezzi (7th-level Fighter): AC 0 (platemail, Dexterity bonus); MV 12; 70 hp; THAC0 14 (12 with Strength bonus); #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4+5 (*broadsword*, Strength bonus); SZ M (5'6"); ML elite (14); AL CN; XP 650. Str 18/97%, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 10, Chr 17.

Anselm (8th-level Cleric): AC 1 (chainmail and shield, Dexterity bonus); MV 12; 49 hp; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (mace); SA spells; SD spells; SZ M (6'); ML fanatic (17); AL CN; XP 1400. Str 15, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 18, Chr 17. Spells: *cure light wounds* (×3), *curse*, *sanctuary*; *aid*, *hold person* (×2), *know*





alignment, silence 15' radius; bestow curse, cause blindness, dispel magic, prayer; babble, cure serious wounds, poison.

Reina (9th-level Wizard): AC 7 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; 23 hp; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff); SA spells; SD spells, *brooch of shielding* (34 points of protection left); SZ M (5'7"); ML steady (12); AL CN; XP 2000. Str 5, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 17, Wis 12, Chr 18. Spells: *charm person*, *color spray*, *magic missile* (×2); *hypnotic pattern*, *invisibility*, *levitate*; *dispel magic*, *lightning bolt*, *slow*; *minor globe of invulnerability*, *polymorph other*; *chaos*.

Each of these characters is a former champion of Chaos devoted to the cause of the Chaos Lords, willingly placed here long ago to defend the holy shrine against future intruders. Should the player characters attempt to befriend them, they welcome the PCs as new champions of Chaos (especially if one of the PCs carries the silver sword from room 16). Note that all five are highly charismatic, being both comely and likable; the DM should present them as friendly fellow adventurers who happen to serve the opposite cause from the one the PCs espouse—the more the player characters can identify with them, the better.

If at any point the PCs arouse the guardians' suspicions, Anselm casts *know alignment*. If the player characters display any signs of being opposed to the cause of Chaos, the champions order the intruders to leave "this holy place," backing up the injunction with force if necessary. If attacked, the champions fight to the best of their abilities. Hjordeks boldly weighs in with her great two-handed sword, ably flanked by Fontein and Nezzi. Reina *levitates* up out of harm's way, protects herself with the *minor globe*, and then casts spells to help the warriors by taking as many foes as possible out of the fight. Anselm stays out of the melee at first, using spells like *hold person*, *dispel magic*, and *silence* to tilt the balance of the battle. When the fighters need healing, he casts *sanctuary* upon himself and rushes to their aid with his healing spells, joining the battle himself only if one or more of the warriors falls.

If the player characters defeat them, any champion captured alive faces his or her captors with all the courage of a martyr, bitterly denouncing any PC with a Chaotic component in his or her alignment as "a traitor to Holy Chaos." If, however, the champions defeat the player characters, they tie up any survivors and begin an intense indoctrination program to convert their captives to the cause of Chaos, bolstering their native Charisma and conviction with as many mind-affecting spells as possible (*charm person*, *enthrall*, *suggestion*, etc.). The champions also begin to explore the Shrine to discover its current condition and re-establish contact with the Lords of Chaos so they can turn their captives over to them, allowing player characters who come up with a good plan a chance to escape. Remember, however, that the champions are experienced adventurers themselves and laughingly refuse to fall for any simple tricks.

The glowing chest is locked and trapped. If the trap is not disarmed, a glass globe shatters on the inside of the chest, releasing a cloud of poison gas. Anyone within ten feet of the chest when it is opened must save vs. poison or

lose 5 hit points per round until death occurs or the poison is negated. If the trap is disarmed, a character can take the globe of gas and use it as a missile weapon (although care must be taken in carrying it, as the globe is very fragile and could easily break prematurely). The chest holds a quartz arrow (one of the keys to rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22), a gold ring with an hourglass etched on it, a *potion of extra healing*, 2550 gp, and a gem worth 9000 gp.

19. Room of the Beholder

This trapezoidal twenty-foot by fifteen-foot room seems quite empty. However, as soon as you enter, a beholder appears, floating in its center, and attacks!

If anyone remains calm enough to take a careful look, he or she can see a dim, flickering beam coming from the far wall and striking the beholder. The beholder remains stationary in the beam, attacking with only its eyestalks. This flickering beam is actually the source of the illusion, and anyone who has noticed the beam and succeeds in disbelieving the beholder notices that the image of the creature flickers a bit as well. Such a character has a 25% chance of noticing a small object floating within the image—a small crystal sphere about three inches in diameter.

The illusory beholder can be defeated by either of two means: by inflicting enough damage in combat to "kill" the creature, or by covering the flickering beam so as to interrupt the projection. In either case the beholder suddenly vanishes, and in its place all the surviving characters can see the crystal sphere floating about six feet off the ground. On closer examination, a small crescent of adamantite can be seen embedded within the tiny sphere. The crescent has four holes spaced evenly on its outer rim and a quarter-inch shaft running through it. The sphere radiates protective magic and cannot be harmed until a *dispel magic* is cast on it, after which it can be broken open by either a *shatter* spell or by inflicting ten points of damage on it with a magical weapon. The adamantite crescent is unharmed by the destruction of its crystal case. This is another component of the Chaos Key.

Illusory Beholder: AC 0 (body) or 2 (central eye) or 7 (eyestalks); MV stationary; 75 hp (50 for body, 25 for central eye) plus 12 for each eyestalk; THAC0 5; #AT 1 (bite) or 4–10 (eyebeams); Dmg 2d4 (bite) or by eye; SA eyebeams (*charm person*, *charm monster*, *sleep*, *telekinesis*, *flesh to stone*, *disintegrate*, *fear*, *slow*, *cause serious wound*, *death ray*); SD antimagic ray from central eye (90-degree arc); SZ M (6' diameter); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP none.

20. The Chest of Skeletons

This roughly triangular chamber has strangely dark walls. Your light sources seem to dim when thrust into this room. You can see a large iron chest, its lid secured by a large metal padlock, in the room's far corner.

The walls of this room dampen all light. This serves no real purpose other than to make intruders nervous. The room is entirely empty aside from the chest, which is locked (obviously) and trapped to boot. If the trap is not disarmed, the first person to touch the chest is squirted with a glowing liquid. The glow is harmless but cannot be washed off; it eventually fades away after a week or so. During that time, the character glows in the dark with cold phosphorescence, adding a +2 bonus to all opponents' attack rolls made against him or her.

When the chest is finally opened, fifty very small (six-inch-tall) skeletons leap out and attack. They move very quickly, and the round after the chest is opened they will be able to attack everyone in the room, although no more than eight skeletons can attack one person. The skeletons will not leave the room, but they may distract the characters from the room's other inhabitant, a ghost imprisoned in the chest. In life, she was a champion of Chaos, imprisoned here after the transformation to ghosthood changed her alignment to Lawful. Zuleika greatly fears oblivion and attempts to *magic jar* into the body of a character (choosing the most attractive female character present if given an option). If successful, she begins trying to persuade her new companions into returning to the surface and abandoning the quest, pretending that the character has lost her nerve. Should none of the others seem interested in turning back, she sneaks off at the first good opportunity to return to civilization and begin enjoying her new stolen life. If her *magic jar* fails, she appears and attacks, fleeing if the player characters prove too much for her.

The bottom of the chest holds a quartz arrow, one of the keys to rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22.

Tiny Skeletons (50): AC 4; MV 18; HD 1/2; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2; SD immune to all mind-affecting spells (*sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, *fear*) and cold-based attacks, half-damage from edged or piercing weapons; SW may be turned (as spectres), holy water (2d4 points of damage per vial); SZ T (6"); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 35 each.

Zuleika the Ghost: AC 0; MV 9; HD 10; 76 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg special (touch); SA sight ages viewer 10 years and causes them to flee in terror on a failed saving throw vs. spell, touch ages target by 1d4210 years, *magic jar*; SD intangible; SW may be turned; SZ M (5'7"); ML steady (12); AL LE; XP 7000.

As the characters leave this room, they once again encounter Perconius, this time in the guise of a triton who claims that he came upon this ruin in the lake. Perconius has only encountered a triton once before and does not know that they seldom venture forth on the land. If confronted with this fact, he falls back on the story of being on a secret quest on behalf of his people. Refer to his description on page 3 for information on his goals and abilities.

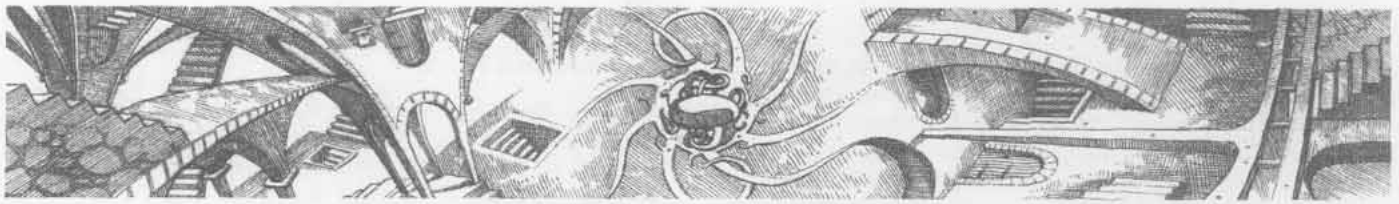
21. The Black Room

This roughly triangular room is entirely black except for a three-foot-diameter circle, painted blood red, in its exact center. Resting in the center of the red circle is a small quartz arrow.

The floor of this room is strongly magical, but it appears quite normal to the eye. *True seeing* will reveal that there is something not quite right about the black part of the floor (the circle itself is completely normal). The "black floor" is actually a huge black pudding which has been placed in *temporal stasis*. It acts exactly like a normal floor until someone comes within ten feet of the circle, when it suddenly revives and attacks the party. It naturally attacks those standing on it first, then those hovering over it, then those standing in the doorway. It cannot attack anyone who stands in the red area, though it will pursue characters who leave the room with slow, inexhaustible patience. The quartz arrow is one of the keys to rooms 13, 16, 19, and 22.

Black Pudding: AC 6; MV 6; HD 10; 80 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8 (touch); SA corrosion (dissolves flesh, wood, and metal); SD immune to acid, cold, and poison, *lightning bolts* and physical attacks split the pudding in two (each smaller pudding does full damage); SW fire and *magic missiles* do normal damage; SZ L; ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 2000.





22. Done with Mirrors

The walls, floor, and ceiling of this room are covered with mirrors. Its size and shape cannot be determined due to the confusion of images. The room appears empty.

Near the center of the room is a mirrored chest. Each character who spends a round searching has a 1-in-6 chance of spotting it (2-in-6 for an elf). Simply spotting the chest does not help the characters find it, however, as the mirrors create such visual confusion that its actual location is impossible to determine without the use of *true seeing* or some similarly powerful magic. The best way for them to find it is to carefully explore the room by touch. Of course, it's quite possible for a character who just walks across the room to fall right over it without knowing beforehand that it was even there.

The chest is both locked and trapped; while the mirrors are intact any attempts to pick the lock or detect/disarm the trap are at -25% penalties. The trap, if not disarmed, ejects a metal spike (1d10 damage) smeared with a drug that causes *confusion* on a failed save vs. poison. Within the chest are a *ring of invisibility* (actually a *ring of contrariness*), a set of *bracers of defenselessness*, 2500 gilded copper pieces, and 5 gems which appear quite valuable though a successful Appraisal reveals them to be worthless imitations.

The real treasure of the room is hidden behind the mirrors that form false walls to the northeast and southwest. The mirrors can easily be broken to reveal these two small triangular rooms. The northeast room contains a small pile of gold and treasure: 300 gp, a small quartz figurine which resembles a ferret (actually a *figurine of wondrous power*), a *wand of wonder* with 12 charges (the command word, "Balo," is written on the side), and a small mithral rod that is part of the Chaos Key.

When placed on the ground, the statuette will become a full-sized ferret. This ferret is unusually intelligent and can communicate in Common. It is AC 5, with 3 hit points, a THAC0 of 20, and a bite that does 1d2 points of damage. The ferret has infravision with a range of 60 feet and the following thieving skills: Move Silently 100%, Hide in Shadows 95%, Pick Pockets 70%. It makes an excellent scout (MV 12). The ferret can be used six hours per day up to thrice per week.

The southwest room contains an amulet which glows with a soft white light. The amulet is actually an agathinon, a powerful good being from one of the Upper Planes that has taken on amulet form in order to aid heroes bent on halting the spread of Chaos. Any evil character touching the amulet takes 1d12 points of damage (no save). The agathinon speaks in a wonderful musical voice that only the amulet's possessor can hear, revealing the amulet's mission and powers; it can *detect evil*, turn undead (as a 6th-level cleric), and cast the following spells (each once per day, as if a 6th-level cleric): *cure light wounds*, *protection from evil*, and *sanctuary*. The agathinon will remain with

the character until the Shrine is destroyed, after which she will assume her natural form, congratulate the hero, and depart for her home plane. Agathinon are fully described (under "Aasimon") in the first PLANESCAPE® MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Appendix.

23. The Way Down

The statue in this area looks exactly like the other three which stand in similar nooks at the other three compass points. However, it is actually a stone golem and animates to attack any who try to pass behind it. See page 8 for the golem's stats.

Characters who defeat the golem and examine the nook find the Sign of Chaos etched on the rear wall of the alcove; this should serve as a model for assembling the Chaos Key, once they have gathered all its component parts. Touching the sign causes the alcove's walls to slide apart, revealing the passage beyond. At the end of the passage is another Chaos Sign, exactly the size of the assembled Chaos Key, engraved in the floor. The only way to access the lower level of the Shrine is to place the Chaos Key in this indentation. If the characters do so, the Key merges with the Sign and the two begin to swirl in strange, unsettling patterns (characters who fail their saving throws are affected as if by a *hypnotic pattern*). The Sign grows larger and larger, filling the whole end of the corridor. Then it seems to come apart, revealing a circular staircase in the floor. Characters who wish to reach the lower level must descend this swirling staircase one at a time (those who try to hold on to ropes or each other are soon swept apart).

The journey down the Chaos Stair is a bizarre, harrowing trip wherein the character swiftly loses all sense of time and direction—it is like climbing through an Escher landscape. All the characters who attempt the passage eventually find themselves stepping into the Hall of the Dark Lords (area 26) on the lower level. Since the journey is so unsettling and disorienting, however, all the characters must make saving throws vs. spell or suffer the effects of a *chaos* spell. Lawful characters suffer a -4 penalty to their saves; Chaotic characters gain a +4 bonus. In addition, characters' alignments may shift for the duration of the time they spend within the Shrine. Those who fail a second saving throw (no modifiers) find their alignments shifting towards Chaos: thus Lawful characters become Neutral, Neutral characters become Chaotic, and Chaotic characters shift towards Chaotic Neutral. Moreover, characters who were already Chaotic find themselves hard-put to resist the constant silent voices that begin to urge them to commit themselves, body and soul, to the Chaos Lords.

The Lower Level

Characters who successfully negotiate the Chaos Stairs find themselves stepping into a hallway of dark stone.

Finally, without warning you come to the end of the bizarre stairway, stepping suddenly onto solid stone. When your head clears, you can see that you stand in a hallway of dark stone. There is no sign of the stairs you just left. Ten feet ahead on either side of you loom wooden doors, age-darkened but very thick. Farther down the hall you see a dim multi-colored light that seems to emanate from the very walls. An unearthly chill fills the air.

Any paladin or Lawfully aligned priest feels very uncomfortable, as if an evil or Chaotic presence permeated the very stones of the place. The last character to negotiate the stairs finds the Chaos Key in his or her pocket, although he or she may not notice it at the time.

24. Fire Mirage Room

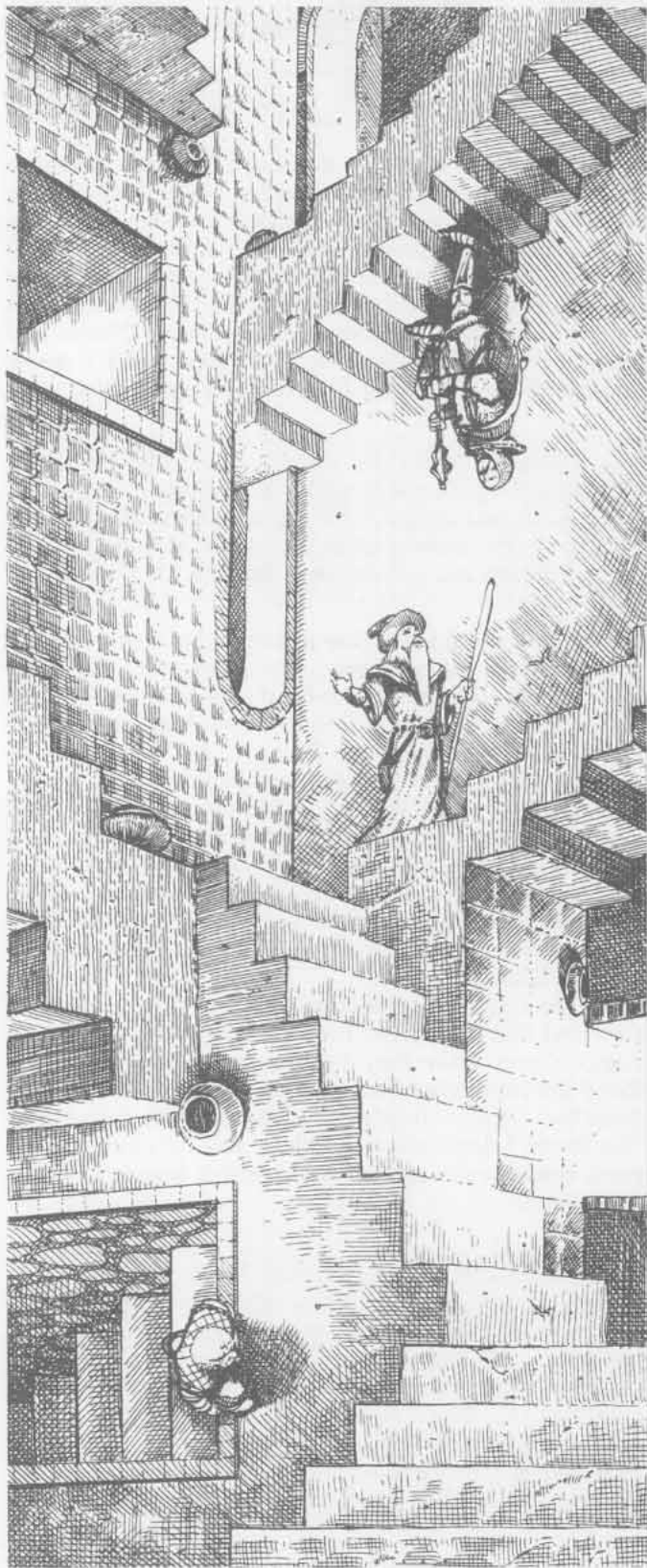
If characters listen at this door, they will hear nothing. The door is neither locked nor trapped. There is, however, a spell cast on the room beyond activated when the door opens.

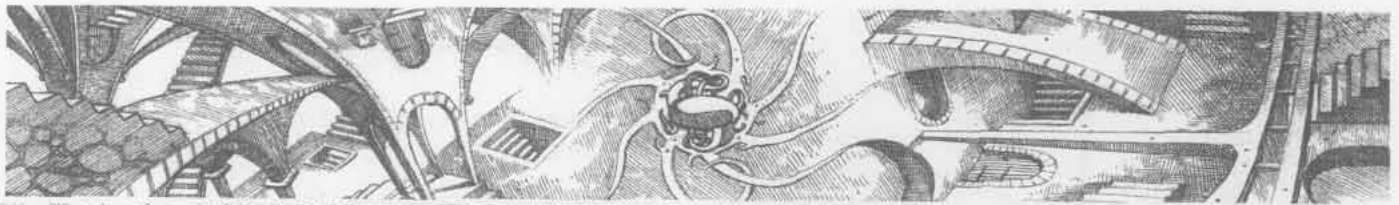
Unlike the chilly hallway, the air in this place is hot and burns your nostrils. Flames leap up from little pools of lava spread throughout this cavern. Geysers of hot mud erupt from time to time, releasing a sulfurous stink into the air. Steam rises from the floor of this inferno. A small path, about two feet wide, can be dimly glimpsed through the steam as it winds its way among the lava pools. It leads to a golden door about 90 feet away; the door glistens in the muggy heat.

The lava, geysers, and steam are all illusions created by a *mirage arcane* spell which conceals the bare stone of the chamber. Only the path is real, threading its way above the true floor of the room 30 feet below, but the illusion conceals a ten-foot gap in the elevated causeway. The skeletons of creatures litter the floor, impaled upon the many sharp stalagmites that cover the ground. Any character who steps from the path, or who fails to check ahead for traps, plummets for 3d10 points of damage (to their companions, it seems that the character has sunk into a mudhole or disappeared behind flames and smoke). Note that the illusion appears real to all the senses and thus will be very difficult to disbelieve. Like the rest of the room, the golden door is an illusion; nothing but bare stone wall lays beyond it.

25. The Keeper of the Hall.

If a thief or bard listens to the door of this room, he or she will hear a strange buzzing which sounds like some strange type of music.





You open the door to a very strange scene. A very ancient and wrinkled man sits at a desk of black wood, writing. Hundreds of insects cover the room, many of them buzzing and chirping in strange yet beautiful harmonies. Light in this room is provided by beetles which crawl about on the floor, their abdomens glowing a fiery red. Hundreds of tomes and papers lie scattered about the floor, and notes are scrawled on the walls in some unknown language. A large barrel sits next to the desk. A tube comes from the barrel and is connected to the pen the old man holds. He doesn't seem to notice the party and continues to write, occasionally stopping long enough to grab an insect and pop it into his mouth. The noises as he bites down on its shell turns your stomachs.

When you enter, he looks up and says, "So long, so long since I have had visitors. Too few nowadays seek to consult the wise. Almost do I forget the last to seek the favor of the Hall. Ah, but I forget my manners. I am Asaru, Keeper of the Hall. Who are you and what do you seek?"

If the characters detect for evil, everything in this room radiates evil, except for the old man. If they menace him, he will attack (see below). However, if they continue talking to him, refer to the following paragraphs.

Asaru is very glad to have visitors. If the characters tell

him they are here to destroy the Shrine, he does not believe them and says something along the lines of "Sure you are, ha ha." If someone asks about the hallway and statues outside, he will say that the greatest heroes of Chaos came here to get weapons of power from the Lords of Chaos; here a petitioner may be granted wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. If the party asks him to accompany them he refuses ("No, no. Too busy. Scribble, scribble, scribble all the time, eh?"). If someone asks about his writing, he becomes quite pleased:

"Things. I write of things. Marvelous things. Hideous things. Unsettling things that no one has ever known or wanted to know. I write of futures and of pasts, of whens and wheres and nows. Things unseen and unheard and unimagined, this is what I write."

The DM should feel free to have him begin reciting various works he composed (*The Blood Wars: An Unbiased Account*; *Law: What Is It Good For?* [*Absolutely Nothing*]; *Why Did the Paladin Cross the Road?* and other trifles; *In Praise of Holy Chaos*; *101 Things To Do With Dead Adventurers*). Anyone who tries to read any of Asaru's writings finds it to be in some unknown language that continually changes and shifts; those who study it closely via Read Languages or *read magic* are *confused* for 1d6 rounds and must make saving throws vs. death magic or convert to Chaotic Neutral on the spot. Only characters who are already CN can read the writing without harm.

If the characters question Asaru about the Shrine, they find that his information is woefully out of date; he does not even know that it was destroyed and sunk, nor that it has now arisen from the waters of the lake. If they press him for information, he becomes peevish and says, "Go away, I don't want to talk to you no more." If the party continues to pester him after this warning, he begins to rant:

"I told them. Didn't I tell them? But they wouldn't listen, would they? No they wouldn't listen, and now it's too late. We didn't want to hurt them; we thought they were nice and we're so lonely. But they bothered us, and now it's too late. We are sorry, but we did warn you." While he is speaking Asaru begins to shake and his voice becomes deeper until it becomes a low croak. His skin splits open along the back and a large green froglike creature emerges.

If the player characters attack, they automatically win initiative. Asaru is a green slaad polymorphed to look human. He attacks with ferocious bestial violence, joined by the insects who swarm over the characters (treat as an *insect plague* spell). The ten fire beetles scurry into the corners and under the furniture and papers, only fighting if attacked.

Fire Beetles (10): AC 4; MV 12; HD 1+2; hp 10, 9, 7, 6, 9, 5, 10, 5, 7, 9; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (mandibles); SZ S (2 1/2'); ML steady (12); Int non (1); AL N; XP 35 each.

Asaru, Green Slaad philosopher: AC 0; MV 9; HD 9+5; 64 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6+2/1d6+2/2d8 (claw/claw/bite); SA spell-like powers (see below); SD immune to nonmagical weapons; MR 50%; SZ L (7'); ML elite (14); Int average (10); AL CN; XP 11,000. Special abilities (each once per day): *darkness 10' radius, delayed blast fireball, detect invisibility, detect magic, ESP, fear, locate object, produce flame, telekinesis*. Special Equipment: *ring of spell storing (dimension door)*.

If the slaad is getting the worst of the melee, it waves its arms (which ought to give player characters a hint that something is going on) and casts its *delayed blast fireball*. All the insects scurry out of the room (another hint for the observant) while the slaad uses its magical ring to escape to safety. The characters now have 5 rounds to get out of the room before it is engulfed in magical flames.

The slaad came here long ago in the hopes of chronicling the Shrine's transformation of this world to the service of Chaos. If the characters leave Asaru alone before his transformation back into slaad form, he ignores them. Once in slaad form, however, he follows them to make sure they do not hurt the Shrine, attacking if necessary to prevent this. His treasure is in a sack under the desk in the room. The players should have time to grab this sack and leave before the *delayed blast fireball* goes off. However, if they stop to search the room (checking for secret doors or hidden drawers, sorting among the papers, etc.) they will get caught in the blast. The sack contains 150 gp, 239 pp, 5 gems (worth 30 gp each), a *ring of fire resistance*, a *potion of invulnerability* (appears as a silver-gray liquid with an odd metallic smell), a *scarab of protection* with 5 charges of level-drain/death spell protection left, and a *luckstone* in the form of a slightly glowing ruby (+1/+5% bonus to all saving throws and checks for anyone with a Chaotic component in his or her alignment; it has no effect on true Neutral characters and imposes a -1/-5% penalty for any Lawful character).

26. Hall of the Dark Lords

This long hallway is strange indeed. The walls, floor, and ceiling are all made of a quartz-like material that emits a strange scintillating light. As you step into the hall, the walls begin to sing—an eerie ululation that seems to rise above and sink below your level of hearing. You feel almost as if you could see or taste the strange sound.

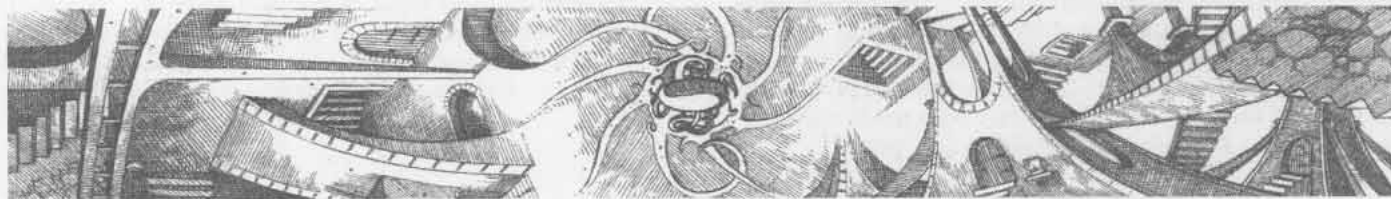
Quartz chipped from the walls loses its glow; any blow struck on the wall causes it to wail so loudly that the sound actually damages anyone not protected by magical *silence* (1d4+1 points per round for 1d6 rounds, after which the wailing subsides unless the wall is struck

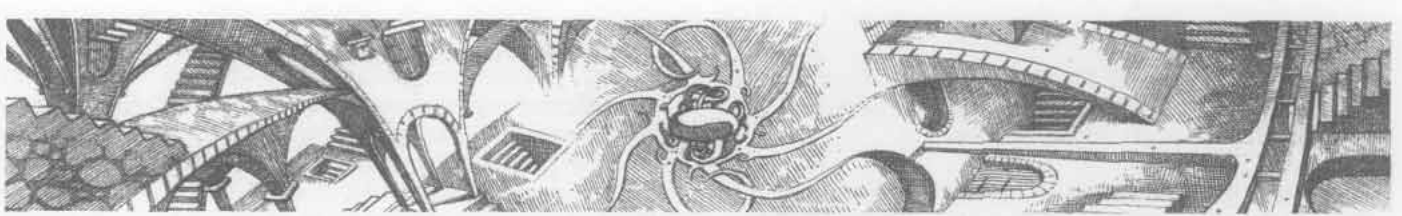
again). The eerie song is a hymn in praise of Chaos. Non-Chaotic characters must make a saving throw every turn that they are in the hallway to avoid being *confused* (as per the spell) for one turn by the music; Lawful creatures and characters suffer a -2 penalty to the saving throw. By contrast, Chaotic creatures and characters automatically gain a +2 bonus to all their rolls for one round every turn (roll randomly to determine which round this takes effect in). Player characters who plug their ears need not make saving throws, but the DM will no doubt derive much amusement from their attempts to communicate thereafter.

Three rounds after characters attack the wall, or once they begin to explore down the corridor, the PCs are attacked by three eight-foot-tall winged apes. One appears just ahead of the lead character, one attacks from overhead, and the third flies in low from behind. The creatures speak in hissing rhymes; if one of them fails to rhyme, the other two will become angry with it (but not distracted enough to ignore the fight). If the characters display the Sign of Chaos, the winged apes draw back and ask if the player characters are gods, the very Lords of Chaos, their "wondrous creators" in one of their many guises. Clever characters who play along soon have the creatures on their knees bowing humbly before them. The winged apes thereafter offer to accompany the characters everywhere, which could create an awkward situation. Note that a false step on the player characters' part—for example, asking the creatures to attack one of the other minions of Chaos—makes the winged apes realize these are not the Lords of Chaos and attempt to carry off one of the "false gods."

Winged Apes (3): AC 4; MV 6, fly 18 (C); HD 9; hp 53, 51, 59; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d12/1d12 (claw/claw); SA if both claws hit, automatically rend for an additional 1d8 points and can bite for an addition 1d4+1 points (bite requires attack roll); SD cannot be surprised, immune to fear; MR 60%; SZ L (8'); ML champion (16); Int low (5, 6, 7); AL CN; XP 3000 each.

Once the characters have dealt with the winged apes and gotten used to the confusion of light and sound, they can make out more of the hallway before them. A dark figure stands at the end of the hall, 120 feet away from where they first appeared. Alcoves stand on either side of the hall. A closer approach shows that each contains a statue of exquisite workmanship. Still closer examination reveals that each statue appears to have been carved from a single stone. All are fabulous treasures in their own right and each statue is described individually below. These statues were created by the Lords of Chaos; each in his or her own image (or, rather, in one of that Chaos Lord's favorite images). If destroyed, they reform 26 hours later (any pieces carried off dissolve and disappear). The statues guard portals into the rooms beyond; each gift room can only be reached by complying with that statue's request. Defeating the statue does not activate the gate but merely seals





it, nor can the extra-dimensional spaces beyond the portals be reached via *passwall*, *dimension door*, *teleport*, or similar minor magics.

A. Shiv

This statue, carved from a single block of amber, depicts a most horrid creature. Approximately ten and a half feet tall, its body is skeletal and only vaguely human; patches of rotting flesh hang from its torso. The arms of the beast end in hideously clawed hands. The thing's head is a great stag's skull with a ten-foot antler span; three-inch fangs protrude from its snarling mouth. A pair of rotting bat-wings can be seen folded behind the creature's back. The statue radiates a pale yellow light.

The statue is highly magical. If the party tries to harm the statue, it will attack. If the characters simply walk down the hall and past the statue, it reaches out an arm to stop them, animating and attacking if they fail to halt. Otherwise, when anyone stops before it the head turns slightly and tilts to look down at them. In a slow, gravelly voice it asks who the suppliants are, why are they here, and how goes the spread of Chaos. If the characters lie to it, the statue knows they are not of Chaos and attacks.

Statue of Shiv the Chaos Lord: AC -2; MV 15; HD 10; 75 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 2d8/2d8 (claw/claw); SA each successful hit inflicts a disease identical to mummy rot on the target; SD immune to weapons of less than +2 enchantment, ignores all other spells except as noted; MR 50%; SW *slowed* for 2d6 rounds by *transmute rock to mud*, *stone to flesh* negates all its immunities to damage-causing spells for 1 round; SZ L (10½'); ML fearless (20); Int exceptional (16); AL CN; XP 8000. The statue is worth 90,000 gp but is very bulky and would require the entire party to carry it.

If one of the party approaches to within five feet of the statue, or asks it what it is doing here, it will say, "I am in the form of the Heart of Darkness, that which is called Shiv. I am in the image of He who is Lord of Pestilence, rotting, and corruption of the flesh. I am the image of Shiv, Giver of Lifelessness. I, who am master of all this, desire a sacrifice. Thou, who hast given the gift of death to so many, hast found favor in My eyes. Give willingly some token of thy devotion, and I shall give thee a token of power to make thee strong in Our cause." If someone gives a body to the statue (one of the dead apes would do nicely), the statue will reach down, pick it up, open its mouth impossibly wide, and consume it whole. It then speaks again, "As the sacrifice was given, so shall the prize. Step into the alcove and be rewarded, bloody-handed one." If someone steps into the alcove, the statue disappears, leaving only its glowing outline. If someone enters the outline, he or she will be transported to room 27. Any number of people can go through the gate, not just the one who made the sacrifice. See room 27 for further details on the "prize."

B. The Night Lord

This statue is carved from a deep green stone. The figure it represents is quite strange: a six-foot-tall humanoid with a completely featureless face. The statue radiates a dim yellow-green aura and seems to shift and flicker without actually moving.

If someone approaches within five feet of the statue, a melodious yet whispery voice fills his or her head, "Greetings, mortal. I am the image of the Night Lord, the Nameless, the Unseen, the Silent, Lord of the bats and of the insects and of the cats. I am master of all that lurks in the darkness and lives off the fear of others. I am dream-weaver, Lord of Nightmare. I feed on the thoughts of others. I, who am master of all this, desire a sacrifice. Give willingly this token of thy love for Me, and I shall give thee a token of power to make thee strong in Our cause." If someone then approaches the statue, it reaches out, grasps his or her head, and begins to pulse slightly. That character begins to feel light-headed at the loss of 1d4 points of both Intelligence and Wisdom (roll for each).

The statue then speaks again, "As the sacrifice was given, so shall the prize. Step into the alcove and be rewarded." If someone steps into the alcove, the statue disappears, leaving only a glowing outline. If someone steps through the outline, he or she appears in room 28. Any number of people may step through. See room 28 for further details regarding the "prize."

Characters who wish to converse with the statue may do so. It knows the deepest fears and desires of each and can recount any nightmare a character has ever experienced; characters reminded of these nightmares must save vs. death magic (with a -4 penalty for Lawful characters) or suffer the effects of a *fear* spell. Even more disconcerting, it takes on the face of anyone it talks to, switching back and forth in an instant as it addresses different people. Characters who try to pass without paying it proper homage are punished for the lack of deference; it points to each offender, who then relives his or her single worst nightmare. The DM should improvise each specific nightmare based on the characters' past histories (using as defaults such classics as friends turning out to secretly be monsters, falling without being able to wake up, and running in slow motion from rapidly approaching horrors).

Statue of the Night Lord: THAC0 12; AC -1; MV 15; HD 10; 70 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 + special (touch); SA touch drains 1d4 point of both Intelligence and Wisdom (roll separately for each—lost points can be restored by *restoration*, *limited wish*, or *wish*; anyone reduced to a score of zero dies); SD immune to weapons of less than +3 bonus, immune to most spells; SW can only be affected by illusions; MR 50%; SZ M (6'); ML fearless (20); Int genius (17); AL CN; XP 9000. The statue is made of chrysoprase and is worth 65,000.

C. Erok, Lord of the Seven Darks

The statue in this alcove is carved from a single emerald. Even more beautiful than the gemstone, however, is the figure carved from it: a man who is slight, fair, and supernaturally handsome. His hands rest negligently on the hilt of a great sword, apparently made out of adamantite, held point-down before him. Statue and sword alike glow with a faint red light.

If someone approaches within five feet of the statue, a voice as beautiful as the image fills his or her mind: "Greetings, children. I who am in the image of thy lord Erok the Beautiful, Lord of the Seven Darks, Duke of the Higher Hells, Chief among the Lords of Chaos, do seek a sacrifice from thee, My loving followers. Give unto me what I ask and receive power most glorious. In return for a soul, such a small and trivial request, I shall give thee a talisman of power such as thou hast never known. Devote thy soul to Me, and receive a most wondrous gift." If someone then approaches the statue, he reach out for the character, takes his or her head in his hands, and kisses the character on the brow. Both statue and character glow with an eerie red light and the character feels dizzy and faint (he or she revives in two rounds). That character no longer casts a shadow or reflects in a mirror. In addition, he or she can never benefit from *raise dead*, *resurrection*, or *reincarnation*. The statue releases the character, smiles, and intones, "As the sacrifice was given, so shall the prize." He then phases out, leaving only the red outline. If a character enters that outline, he or she will be transported to room 29. Any number of characters can be transported in this way. See room 29 for further details on the "prize."

Should characters ignore the statue and simply walk right by, it punishes their inattention by casting *finger of death* at the first three offenders.

Statue of Erok: AC -4; MV 15; HD 12; 65 hp; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10+9 (sword) or 1d6+10 (slap); SA soul drain, *finger of death* (thrice per day); SD immune to weapons of less than +4 bonus and all mind-controlling or life-draining magics; MR 70%; SZ M (5'4"); ML fearless (20); Int supra-genius (20); AL CN; XP 9000. The emerald statue is worth 100,000 gp but is very bulky and will take several people to carry.

D. Kara the Traveler

This statue is made from a single deep-blue sapphire that glows with a blue-black aura. The statue is of a very, very beautiful woman, standing only about five feet tall with short dark hair, arched eyebrows, and a seductive smile that gives a hint of dainty fangs. Around her neck is a medallion in the shape of an inverted five-pointed star.

If anyone approaches within five feet of the statue, it will speak. "Greetings, beloved. I am the image of Kara the Traveler, Mistress of the Eternal Cycle, Lady of the

Dark Magics. My power is that of Life itself. All who live are My playthings and subjects, to do with as I please, for without Me they would not exist. No life has meaning unless it is devoted to My service. I would bestow upon thee My favors, should thou prove thy devotion. In return for a human life, I will give thee the key to great power. Only with a life can this be done, beloved, for thus is the will of Kara." If someone agrees to sacrifice himself or herself to the statue, she spreads her arms as if to embrace that character. When he or she steps forward, the character is folded into her arms, whereupon statue and character alike fade from view, leaving behind a glowing blue-black outline. Any character who dares to step into the gate finds himself or herself in room 30.

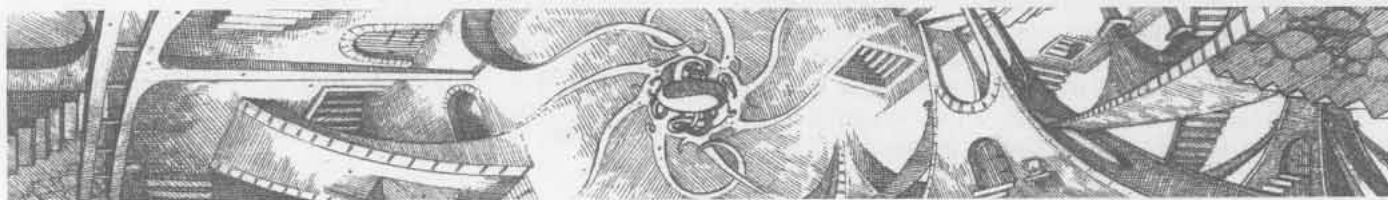
Characters who balk at the sacrifice or who simply pass by the statue are greeted by Kara, which seeks to engage them in conversation. She asks if they can turn her into a creature of flesh who can leave this place, claiming that by the very nature of her maker she herself cannot be made to serve Chaos but is free to choose her own actions. Should they accept her company and cast an appropriate spell, she assumes flesh-and-blood form and asks to accompany them. Should they refuse, she weeps bitterly, real human tears coming from the statue's stony eyes. If she is able to convince them, she devotes herself to the character with the highest Charisma, claiming that she must stay within 30 feet of a living person in order to remain animate. She will promise anything, even joining them in their attack on the Shrine, for the chance to leave her post.

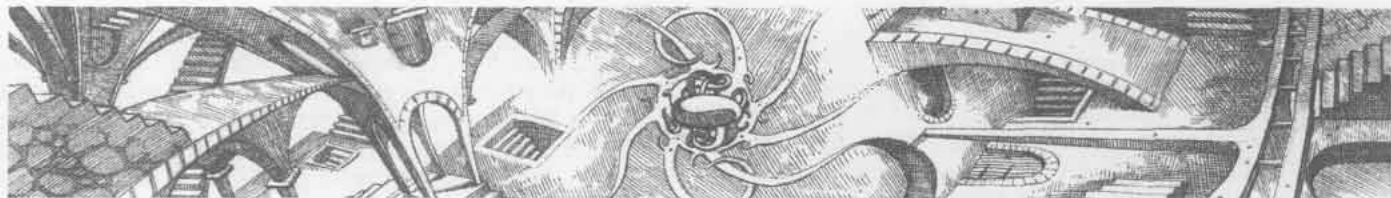
Statue of Kara the Traveler: AC -3; MV 18, fly 15, swim 15; HD 10; 70 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2d10 (electrical bolt) or 5d4 (*magic missiles*); SA spells (see below), energy drain (touch drains 1d4 levels if she wishes it); SD innate *spell turning* ability (at will), spell-like abilities (see below); MR 50%; SW vulnerability to own spells (see below); SZ M (5'); ML average (10); Int genius (18); AL CN; XP 12,000. Special Abilities: "Kara" can cast any enchantment spell once per round but the spell affects her as well as her target; she can also *blink*, *dimension door*, and *teleport without error* at will. Her statue form is worth 110,000 gp but requires at least two people to carry (three is better); those who remain in close contact with it must save vs. spell or develop a murderous paranoia that the others are trying to steal it from them, acting upon this belief at the first safe opportunity.

E. Arkady the Reaper

This statue is by far the most fearsome of the five. It appears to be carved somehow from a single black diamond and glows with an intensely black aura that seems to suck in all light and life. The statue is of an eight-foot-tall skeleton clad in voluminous black robes. It bears a ten-foot-long scythe that seems to be made of cold iron.

If any living being approaches within ten feet of the statue, its eyes will begin to glow with a red light. The High Priest in room 36 can now see the party through





these modified *wizard eyes* and hence will be warned of their approach. Unlike all the other images of the Lords of Chaos, this one does not speak but simply raises its scythe and attacks with lightning speed if anyone approaches to within ten feet.

Statue of Arkady the Reaper: AC -2; MV 18; HD 12; 90 hp; THAC0 1; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6+6/2d6+6/2d6+6 (scythe); SA cold (anyone struck by the scythe must save vs. spell or be *slowed* for the next round); SD immune to nonmagical weapons, immune to illusions, mind-controlling magics, and cold-based magics; MR 50%; SZ M (8' tall but skeletally thin); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL CN; XP 10,000.

If Kara is with the party, she will help them fight this statue, saying she "never cared for him much anyway" (as a representative of death, Arkady is opposed to Kara's emphasis on life and procreation). Once the statue is defeated it crumbles to dust that swirls menacingly in place, gradually taking the shape of an ever-changing Sign of Chaos that fills the final ten feet of the corridor. Characters who step into the whirling diamond dust take 3d8 points of damage per round and must make System Shock rolls to avoid being blinded and deafened. Characters can avoid combat with the statue entirely by showing it the Chaos Key, whereupon it turns and touches its scythe to the rear wall, which slides down to reveal room 31. Showing the Chaos Key to the swirling dust causes it to settle upon the rear wall, which then slides away.

27. The Gift of Shiv

You step through the yellow gate into a room which is filled with a pale yellow light. The smell of decay fills the air. The walls are covered with images of diseased humanoids, all of whom pay homage to an amber mace inlaid in the wall.

If someone touches the mace on the wall, it will appear in his or her hand. If that person isn't a cleric, he or she must save vs. spell or begin to lose one point of Strength and Constitution per day until cured, dying if either ability score reaches zero. Clerics can use the mace without contracting the disease.

The mace is an intelligent weapon called Typhus (Intelligence 11, ego 16, CN alignment); any time a function of the mace is knowingly invoked, the wielder must save vs. spell or shift one step closer to the alignment of the mace. Typhus has the following powers: its owner is immune to all forms of disease, and the mace automatically *causes disease* on a successful hit. It can cast both *cloudkill* (10th-level effect) and *wither*, each once per day (the latter effect requires a successful attack roll). The mace is a +3 weapon (1d6+4 damage) and boosts its owner's ability to turn or command undead. Those who already have this ability function as if one level higher; those without it now gain this power for as long as they keep the mace. Typhus naturally asks its new owner to discard all his or

her other weapons. The new owner will never willingly drop the mace, but if accidentally or forcibly parted from it will gradually return to his or her natural alignment (a process taking several days if not months).

When the mace is touched, a deep gravelly voice booms "Thou art indeed worthy, child of Chaos. Leave now and spread Our power." If the party stays in the room, nothing further will happen. If the party leaves the room, the gate will close behind them, leaving only the (immobile) statue.

28. The Gift of the Night Lord

You step through the yellow-green gate into a room which glows with a faint yellow-green light. Shadows line the walls, shifting in endless waves like reflections from some unseen night ocean. A haze covers the entire room, making the whole scene dreamlike and strangely unreal. A dusty black cloak hangs on the far wall.

The cloak is usable only by thieves. If someone other than a thief takes the cloak, the shadows step out of the walls and attack.

Shadows (10): AC 7; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 20 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4+2 (touch); SA touch drains 2 point of Strength (for 2d8 turns); SD immune to nonmagical weapons and to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; SW can be turned; SZ M; ML fearless (20); Int low (5-7); AL CE; XP 420 each. Note that the strange light in this room makes the shadows visible but also boosts the damage from their attacks to double that of ordinary shadows.

If someone other than a thief puts on the cloak, he or she must save vs. poison or lose half his or her current hit points per round, halting only when the character is reduced to a single rather shaky hit point. The cloak confers a -3 bonus to the wearer's Armor Class, doubles his or her Move Silently percentage (or bestows that ability on a character who does not already possess it), and allows him or her to polymorph into a bat or a cat (normal varieties) once a day.

Once the cloak is taken and any shadow attacks are defeated, a melodious voice whispers "Well done, good and faithful servant. Take thee now the *cloak of shadows* and begone, forgetting not to spread Chaos wherever thou goest." If the party decides to stay in the room, nothing further will happen. Once they leave through the gate, the gateway disappears, leaving only the statue.

29. The Gift of Erok

You step through the red gate and into a red-glowing room. Statues of two enormous froglike demons stand at the far end of the room. They hold between them a black metal case, five feet long and one foot wide. The case is shut.

When someone approaches within five feet of the statues, one of them will open the case, revealing an adamantite bastard sword which glows with a dim red light. If anyone other than a fighter takes the sword, the statues animate and attack.

Hezrou Statues (2): AC -6; MV 12; HD 9; hp 65 each; THAC0 1; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/4d4 (claw/claw/bite); SA bear hug (usable when both claw attacks hit same victim in a single round, 2d4 points of damage per round, victim cannot attack, bite automatically succeeds against a hugged opponent), stench (save vs. paralyzation or collapse from nausea, -2 attack and initiative penalty to those who make the save); SD immune to weapons of less than +2 bonus, immune to poison, normal fires, and electricity, half-damage from cold-based attacks and magical fires, keen senses (cannot be surprised); MR 70%; SW cold iron, silver weapons, acid, and *magic missiles* all do full damage; SZ L (7'); ML fanatic (17); Int high (14); AL CE; XP 14,000 each. Special Abilities (at will, unless otherwise noted): *animate object*, *blink*, *darkness 15' radius*, *duo-dimension* (thrice per day), *infravision* (120'), *produce flame*, *protection from normal missiles*, *summon insects*, *teleport without error*, *unholy word*, *wall of fire*. Note that these statues lack the *gate* ability of true tanar'ri.

The sword is a +3 weapon with an Intelligence and Ego of 20. It has a Chaotic Neutral alignment, and anyone holding the sword becomes Chaotic Neutral for as long as he or she has it unsheathed. The sword's purpose is to overthrow Law. Towards this end, the sword gives its wielder one additional attack per round and the ability to *detect Lawful creatures* within 200 feet. Against Lawful opponents, the sword behaves as a *sword of wounding*; wounds given by the sword in this manner can only be cured by a Chaotic cleric, not by rest nor other magical healing. Once touched, the sword cannot be given away or gotten rid of by any means other than a *remove curse* cast by either a Chaotic or True Neutral cleric.

Once the sword has been taken and the hezrou neutralized (if need be), a rich musical voice intones "Well done, worthy one. Thou hast been found acceptable to wield the Sword of Entropy. Go forth now and destroy all those who would oppose Us." No further encounters occur in this room; when the party is ready to leave, the gate closes behind them, leaving only the smirking statue of Erok.

If Kara is with the party (that is, if they befriended her before dealing with Erok's statue), she may aid them either by advice or in the fight with the hezrou. However, she will take care not to enter melee, instead holding back and blasting the statues with her *magic missiles*.

30. The Gift of Kara

You are surrounded by a blue-black glow that fills you with wonder. Then it ebbs to reveal a room which glows with the same blue-black light. A great iron statue at the rear of the room holds a small sapphire amulet that looks like an inverted five-pointed star.

This amulet is keyed for use by wizards; if anyone but a wizard tries to take the amulet, the iron golem animates and attacks.

Iron Golem: AC 3; MV 6; HD 18; 80 hp; THAC0 3; #AT 1; Dmg 4d10 (fist); SA breathes poison gas every seven rounds; SD immune to poison and weapons of less than +3 bonus, immune to most spells, gains 1 hp per HD of magical fire attacks; SW electrical attacks *slow* golem for 3 rounds; SZ L (12'); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 13,000.

Any non-wizard putting on the amulet will be *feeble-minded* (no saving throw). If a wizard puts on the amulet, it begins to glow with a soft blue-black light. The amulet confers the following powers to its wearer: *detect magic* (at will), *read magic* (at will), *fireball* (12 HD, once per day), *teleport without error* (once per week), and magic resistance (50%).

Once the *Amulet of Power* has been safely obtained, a beautiful female voice will say "Well done, beloved. Thy deeds find favor in My sight. Go now and spread my influence on the world, that thou mayst grow to be worthy of My full favor." The glow that fills the room slowly fades, and the character finds himself or herself back with the rest of the party in the corridor.

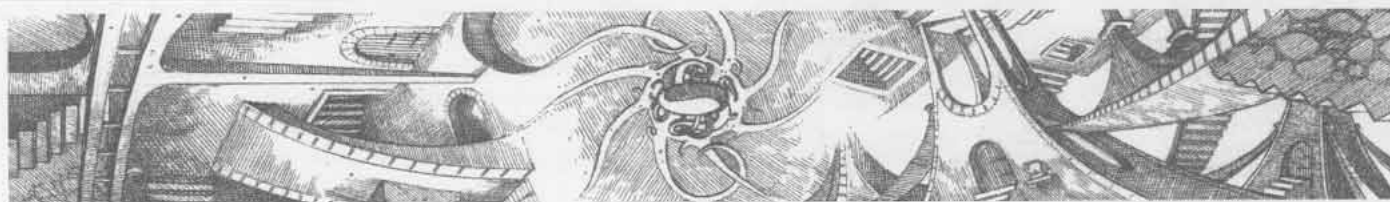
31. Guardian of the Lower Temple

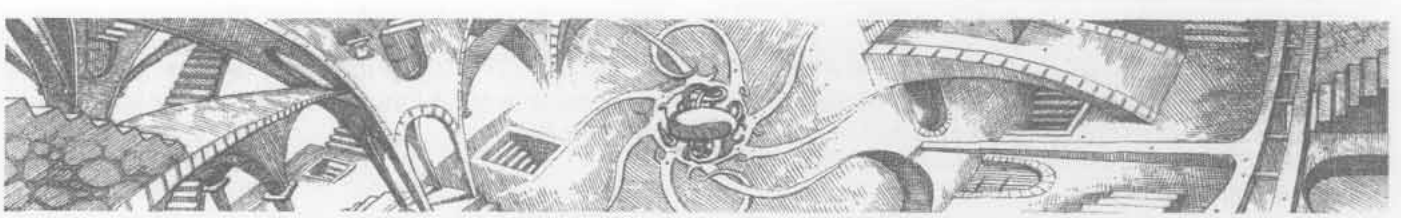
The wall behind the Reaper slides open to reveal a dark corridor, ten feet wide and only thirty feet long. Walls, floor, and ceiling are all made of some inky black stone that seems to drink in all light that falls upon it. An iron door stands at the far end of the hall. In front of it is a horrible demonic creature that looks like some sort of humanoid toad with a wide toothy maw.

The hezrou (true tanar'ri) is actually an illusion. Secretly roll saving throws vs. spell for characters who actively attempt to disbelieve it. Those who accept what they see will probably fall into the folds of the hall's real danger, a trapper that covers the entire corridor floor (95% undetectable). The trapper attacks as soon as four people have entered the corridor.

Trapper: AC 3; MV 3; HD 12; 96 hp; THAC0 9; #AT 4; Dmg special; SA engulfed victim suffer damage equal to 4 points plus victim's AC per round and suffocate in 6 rounds; SD immune to heat- and cold-based attacks, engulfed targets cannot cast spells or wield weapons larger than a dagger; SZ H (30'); ML steady (12); Int high (13); AL N; XP 3,000.

If the characters search under the trapper after killing it, they find its treasure: 150 pp, 2 gems worth 150 gp each, and a golden ring with a star sapphire in it. The ring is a *ring of djinni summoning* with two charges remaining. To activate the ring, it must be worn and the stone rubbed. The djinni, Ali the Munificent, will remain for





1d8+1 rounds when summoned, or long enough to accomplish a specific task (such as opening a door or aiding the party in a battle).

Ali the Munificent, djinni of the Ring: AC 4; MV 9, fly 24 (A); HD 7+3; 47 hp; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8 (scimitar); SA whirlwind (once per day, 2d6 points of damage per round); SD +4 bonus to saving throw against gas- and air-based attacks, -1 to attack and damage rolls from airborne opponents; SZ L (10½'); ML unsteady (6); Int high (14); AL CG; XP 5000. Special Abilities: *create food, create wine or water, create wood, create soft goods, create metal, create illusion* (as 20th-level wizard, with visible and audible components), *invisibility, gaseous form, wind walk*.

The door at the end of the corridor is locked but it is not trapped.

32. The Rotating Room

The door opens to reveal a fifteen-foot-diameter room. The room is constructed of the same black stone as the hallway outside. A large Sign of Chaos is inlaid in the room's floor, spreading from wall to wall. It seems to pulse with a faint crimson light.

One round after the first character enters the room, the Sign of Chaos comes to life and attacks like some giant



octopoid. The individual arms attack independently and must be killed individually.

Tentacles of Chaos (8): AC 5; HD 8; hp 35 each; THAC0 13; #AT 8; Dmg 1d12+1 (constriction); SA on a successful attack, a tentacle automatically constricts that target for 1d12+1 points of damage per round thereafter; SD constricted target has 25% chance of pinned limb (roll separately for each arm), immune to all mind-controlling magics; SW immobile; SZ M (7½' long each but thin and rubbery); ML fearless (19); Int semi (4); AL CN; XP 975 each.

As each arm is killed, the Chaos Sign shrinks so that when the last tentacle is destroyed the Sign will be reduced to a thirteen-inch diameter. It ceases to glow when all of its arms are killed. If at any time the Chaos Key is brought into contact with the central hub (whether after the tentacles are killed or during the battle), both will glow with a strange black light. If the key is turned, the room will rotate. Characters in the chamber will not feel the room's smooth rotation. They may however hear a small "click" at every 90° interval (90, 180, 270, and 360 degrees). Each click represents the completed rotation of the room to its new position, facing another doorway. The DM should keep track on the map of the room's current orientation. Note, however, that the direction of rotation is random (roll any die: even = clockwise, odd = counterclockwise). Therefore if the Key is removed and then placed back in contact with the hub, the direction may reverse, making it very difficult for characters to negotiate this part of the dungeon. Once turned, the room will remain in its new position until the Key is used to turn it again. The tentacles take thirteen hours to regrow and will not attack if the room is reentered in the interim.

33. A Watery Doom

This short hallway ends in a metal door. Characters who stop to examine the door before opening it notice two things: it is cool to the touch (not especially unusual in dungeon environs) and the hinges are on their side (that is, the door opens outwards into the corridor, not into the room). The door is locked but any attempt to pick the lock will automatically succeed—a fact which in itself may make experienced lock-picks suspicious.

If the door is opened, everyone in the hall is hit by a wall of water rushing from the room beyond and takes 1d6 points of damage. The person who opened the door must make a saving throw vs. petrification at a -3 penalty or be crushed behind the door for an additional 1d6 points. Everyone else must make an unmodified save or be swept from their feet and carried away by the force of the water, being slammed against the stones of the hallway for 1d4 points of bruising damage. The room beyond the door is much higher than the corridor, so the entire hall will be filled to the ten-foot ceiling in but six rounds; characters with water-breathing potions would be well advised to quaff them without delay. Characters who somehow fight their way through the onrushing water can find air and

relative safety in the upper reaches of room 33, assuming they have some means of flight or levitation.

Once the hallway is submerged, all is quiet for a single round. Then, a drain opens in the floor of room 33. A whirlpool rapidly forms; characters with Strengths of less than 15 are pulled under by the current. Unless they find some way to anchor themselves, the current pulls them to the drain, where its suction hold them against the grid in the floor for the six rounds it takes the water to run out. Characters who survive the buffeting of the water and drowning hazards will no doubt be disappointed to discover that the room is a dead-end empty of treasure. Even worse, the trap automatically resets whenever the door is closed, so characters who leave may unwittingly undergo multiple dunkings.

34. The Mysterious Light

The door of this room opens to reveal a great mist obscuring whatever lies beyond. A ball of green light bobs around in the mist.

The room is a deadly trap. The mist conceals a thirty-foot-deep pit that covers the entire floor except for a five-foot-wide ledge running all the way around the walls. The strange green light hovers around the room's center, trying to lure visitors to step out into the room and thus off the narrow ledge. Anyone falling into the unseen pit takes 3d6 points of falling damage. The ball of light (actually a will o'wisp) immediately swoops down and attacks, automatically winning initiative against the fallen character.

Will o'Wisp: AC -8; MV fly 18; HD 9; 52 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8 (touch); SD immune to all spells except *protection from evil*, *magic missile*, and *maze*; SZ S (3' diameter); ML fanatic (17); Int exceptional (16); AL CE; XP 3000.

The bottom of the pit is filled with the bones of the will o'wisp's victims and some of their treasure as well: 1000 gp, 240 pp, 3 gems worth 75 gp each, three longswords, five daggers (one of which is a *dagger +3*), five suits of chainmail, and two suits of leather armor (one of which is *leather armor +3*). The fog in the room cannot be dispelled without recourse to some powerful spell such as *control winds*.

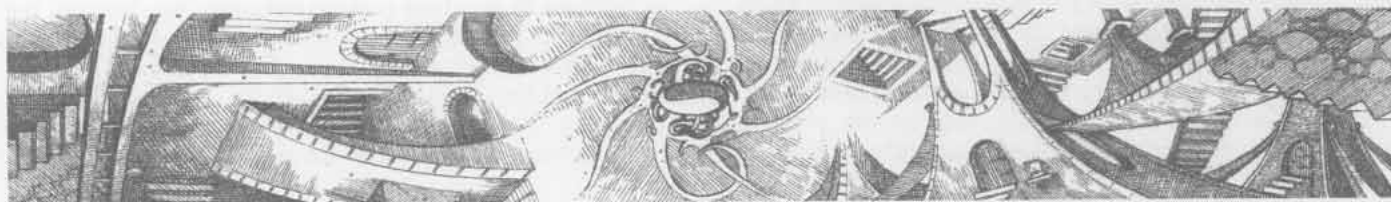
35. The Great Stairs

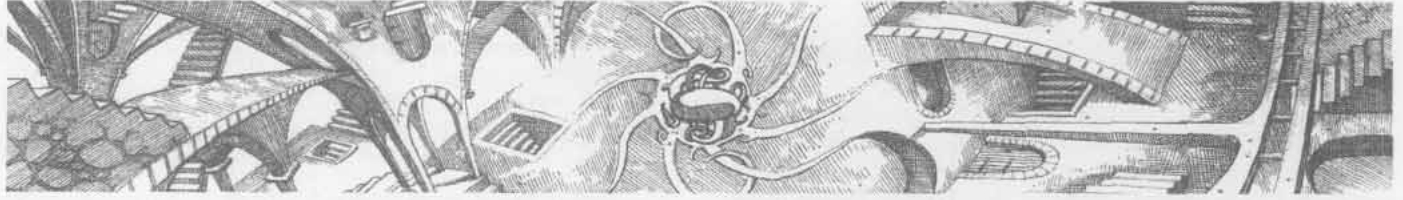
The door opens onto a set of beautifully carved stairs which lead up to massive double doors, ornately forged from some shining black metal. A large dragon's head molded into each door glares menacingly down at you. The walls of the chamber are carved with impressive scenes, glorifications of the Lords of Chaos and what seem to be four Champions of Chaos: a young woman in chainmail wielding a great sword, a middle-aged man in robes wearing a diadem, an extremely ugly man

in platemail using a mace to great effect, and a handsome man in red platemail wielding a ruby scepter. Thirteen black marble stairs lead up to the double doors.

Each of the steps is trapped; a thief who uses his or her Find Traps ability has the normal chance to detect these but must check each step (those who make only one search find only the trap on the bottommost step). The traps are as follows, in ascending order:

1. Placing any weight on this step rings a gong in the Throne Room (room 36), alerting the High Priest that intruders or supplicants are at his doorstep.
2. This trap fires 3 arrows from the right wall at the first person to cross the step; the arrows have a THAC0 of 10 and do 1d6+1 points of damage per hit.
3. A bolt of electricity arcs from the left wall, inflicting 2d10 points of damage to everybody currently on the stairs.
4. This step has been coated with *oil of slipperiness*; anyone placing his or her full weight on it slips and tumbles all the way down the stairs, taking 1d10 points of damage and setting off any previously bypassed traps on the way.
5. A panel in the ceiling slides open and 5 crossbow bolts shoot out (THAC0 12, Dmg 1d4+1 each); anyone struck by a bolt who fails a saving throw vs. poison has his or her Dexterity reduced to 3 for 3d10 rounds.
6. This step pivots, dumping anyone on it into a 20-foot deep pit for 2d6 points of falling damage; the pit is full of hundreds of (perfectly harmless) undead skeletal snakes.
7. A panel in the right wall slides open, launching 5 crossbow bolts (THAC0 12, Dmg 1d4+1 each); anyone struck by one must save vs. poison or become intoxicated.
8. This step suddenly pivots, throwing anyone standing on it onto the next step above (step #9).
9. This step is coated with a tarry substance that has all the properties of *sovereign glue* except that it is mildly acidic, inflicting 1d4 points of damage per round (eating through boot leather in a single round and iron-heeled boots in two); it must be burned off but this inflicts 1d6 points of damage per round on the character being "rescued."
10. A coating of *oil of slipperiness* covers this step.
11. The apparent surface of this step is actually an illusion that conceals the needle-sharp spikes six inches beneath; the spikes inflict 1d6 points of damage on anyone falling or stepping on them.
12. A sequence of *glyphs of warding* protect this step. The first person touching the step must save vs. spell or be paralyzed; the second must save vs. spell or be blinded; the third must save vs. spell or be struck dumb. All three effects can be removed by three successive *dispel magics*.
13. This final step is completely untrapped, although touching it causes a grand voice to ring out: "Oh great Lords





of Chaos, we Your humble petitioners praise Your mighty names and honor Your great deeds to overthrow the vile tyranny of Law" (which might prove trying to any paladins or Lawful priests within the party).

Once the hazards of the stairs are passed, the characters are safe. The doors are untrapped but no amount of lock-picking or searching for secret triggers can open them. Any damage spells directed at the doors rebound upon the caster. However, if someone knocks on the doors or calls out requesting entry, the two carved heads emit an ominous chuckle and the doors swing smoothly open.

36. The Throne Room

The doors swing open to reveal a huge room, ninety feet wide and almost twice that long. Seven pillars of black marble line each wall, rising sixty feet from floor to ceiling. Both floor and ceiling are made of black onyx. The room has two very obvious features. The first of these is a huge iron sword inlaid in the floor. The sword is approximately 160 feet long. Its tip points toward the door, and flames seem to dance along the length of the blade. The hilt is at the far end of the room, and on the pommel sits a black altar. On either side of the altar is an iron brazier, both of them lit. A tiered dais five feet behind the altar holds a throne of obsidian inlaid with runes of silver. To either side of the throne sits a great serpent with a human head, while in the great carved chair sits the pathetically withered figure of an old, old man. Clad in red platemail much too big for his ancient frame, he watches you with apparent curiosity, his shriveled arms resting on the arms of the throne. A ruby scepter rests on his lap.

When the party enters, the ancient priest raises his left hand and calls out in a quavering voice:

"Greetings, brave ones. I am Tumbaric the Undying, Master of Doom, High Priest of this holy fane. Long have I served the Great Ones, awaiting those who would come to take up the mantle. I am pleased you have come—I do get so few guests here these days. By reaching this chamber you have proven yourself fit to serve the Lords of Chaos. At last I can lay my long burden down, knowing the Scepter of Chaos has passed into worthy hands."

If the characters pretend to be agents of Chaos (or *are* in fact agents of Chaos), Tumbaric will beam and be visibly excited. He begins in his feeble voice telling them what they must do to spread Chaos (the DM should feel free to expound upon his rantings). He asks his visitors for suggestions, explaining that he has been here a *very* long time (over 1300 years) and is somewhat out of touch with the outside world. He even takes out some paper

and quill and begins to take notes as they speak. Due to his extreme age, he has difficulty in concentrating and his train of thought changes frequently. He may notice and comment on some "new-fangled" feature of their armor or equipment and in any case will ask many questions about the outside world (some of which may baffle the player characters, since they refer to nations and features that have long since disappeared or been renamed).

If the characters reject his offer and reveal themselves to be minions of Law, he will try to convince them of the error of their position, expounding on the virtues of Chaos. The DM should extemporize a stirring speech on how Chaos makes possible change and fights endlessly against the tyranny of Law that would force all things to be as they have always been. Life itself, he claims, can only exist due to Chaos—would they have all its multiplicity of experience replaced by a sterile, empty, mechanical world where all occurred predictably by rote?

Should they hold firm to their allegiance, he sighs.

"Thus it has always been, that those who should have served Holy Chaos are corrupted into willing serfdom, enslaved to the certainties of Law. Alas, that such should come to challenge me in mine old age. You of Law seek ever to oppress the natural order of things with your petty doctrines and servile theologies. I give you a final chance to leave behind your mind-forged manacles and serve the cause of freedom and Chaos. Otherwise, I warn you we must do battle here and now." If the party refuses to join him he will nod approvingly and say, "At least you have the courage of your conviction, however erroneous they are. Now you shall perish." He raises the ruby scepter in a shaking hand, whereupon the flames racing up and down the sword inlaid in the floor rise up and attack.

Tumbaric is very feeble and so stays seated in the chair, casting spells, rather than wading into combat. The nagas remain near Tumbaric in order to protect him from attackers.

Fire Elemental: AC 2; MV 12; HD 12; 72 hp; THAC0 9, #AT 1; Dmg 3d8 (fiery limb); SA any flammable object (such as clothing) the elemental touches must make an item saving throw vs. magical fire or burst into flames; SD immune to weapons of less than +2 bonus, immune to all fire-based attacks; SW cannot cross water; SZ H (12'); ML champion (12); Int low (6); AL N; XP 6000.

Spirit Nagas (2): AC 4; MV 12; HD 10; hp 70, 65; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 + poison (bite); SA charm gaze (save vs. petrification to avoid eye contact), poisonous bite (save vs. poison or die, no additional damage on a successful save), spells (as 4th-level cleric and 5th-level wizard); SZ H (15' long); ML elite (14); Int high (13); AL CN; XP 5000 each. Spells: *cure light wounds* (×3); *hold person* (×2) / *magic missile* (×3), *protection from good*; *continual light*, *levitate*; *dispel magic*.



Tumbaric the Undying, Master of Doom, High Priest of BUNDUSHATUR (13th-level Cleric): AC 1 (platemail +2); MV 3 (old and feeble); 65 hp; THAC0 12 (9 with *scepter of chaos*); #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+4 (*scepter of chaos*) or by spell; SA spells, *scepter of chaos* (despite fragile appearance, functions as a mace +3 which does double damage against Lawful opponents); SD spells; SW old and feeble; SZ M (6' tall but bent by age); ML fanatic (17); AL CN; XP 9000. Str 8, Dex 7, Con 9, Int 16, Wis 20, Chr 18. Spells: *bless, command, cure light wounds* (×3), *destroy water, detect magic, sanctuary* (×2); *aid, enthrall, heat metal* (×2), *hold person* (×2), *know alignment, resist fire, withdraw; bestow curse, cause blindness, cause disease, create food & water, dispel magic, meld into stone, prayer, pyrotechnics; abjure, cloak of fear, cure serious wounds, detect lie, free action, hallucinatory forest; flame strike* (×2); *blade barrier, word of recall*.

Tumbaric is the last living Priest-King of Chaos. Entrusted by the Chaos Lords to await the coming of the next Champions of Chaos and instruct them as a mentor, he has lived long past his own time, sleeping atop his own tomb as the centuries slowly passed. The spell of enchanted slumber was slightly flawed, causing him to age a few years every century; he is now the equivalent of 103. Although frail, he still retains all of his abilities as a 13th-level cleric and can still wield the *scepter of chaos* if forced into combat. Note that because of his high Wisdom he is immune to most mind-affecting magics. In addition, the obsidian throne upon which Tumbaric sits absorbs some

spells thrown at it (roll any die: if the result is odd, the spell is harmlessly absorbed by the throne; if the result is even, Tumbaric takes half-damage from the attack).

Tumbaric will not willingly enter melee, as he is old and tired and dare not die with his task undone. If the player characters defeat his naga companions and the elemental or if seriously injured and clearly outclassed, he uses his *word of recall* to escape to room 40 and hence through one of the portals therein, planning to return later and resume his long vigil. Once the battle is completed the party can search the room. The secret door near the entrance can be detected in the usual manner but the secret door behind the throne cannot be found by normal means. However, characters who search the throne find a small gem-sized indentation in the left armrest. If the end of Tumbaric's scepter is fitted into this indentation, the massive stone throne slides away from the wall, revealing the passage behind. Should the characters have failed to recover the *scepter of chaos*, any thin solid object such as a dirk, poniard, stiletto, or rapier will do in its stead. However, they should beware a small scythe-trap that neatly cuts off any finger or slices through any wand thrust into the narrow hole.

37. The Crypt of the Champions

This thirty-foot by forty-foot room appears to be a crypt. A great stone sarcophagus rests in each corner. Three of the four appear to have figures carved on their lids. A mural representing a great funeral procession seems to move about the walls of this room.

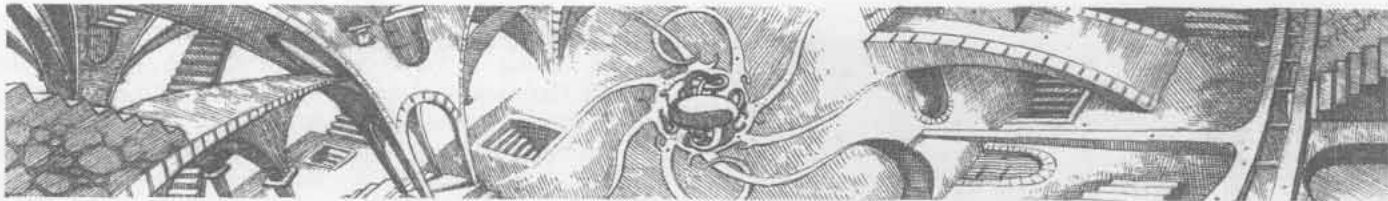
This room is a crypt for the Priest-Kings (and -Queens) of Chaos, the greatest Champions of Chaos in the distant past before the temple's destruction. The sarcophagi are as follows:

A. Yandar the Beloved

A middle-aged man wearing impressive billowing robes is carved in the cover of this sarcophagus. About his head is a diadem. An inscription in archaic runes runs around the foot of the sarcophagus.

The runes are in the ancient ceremonial language of Chaos and read "Here lies Yandar, powerful in the Great Arts, beloved of Gosar." Removing the carved stone lid requiring 40 points of Strength and sets off a *glyph of warding* that causes 20 points of frost damage to anyone touching the sarcophagus at the time (save for half-damage). Inside rest the skeletal remains of a man clothed in rotting tatters of a purple robe. On his head he wears a small silver diadem set with a star-sapphire in the shape of an inverted star (worth 9000 gp altogether). Anyone who takes the diadem is *cursed* (no saving throw): thereafter he or she forevermore suffers a -4 penalty on all saving throws vs. spell and vs. rod/staff/wand.





B. Mara the War Queen

A young woman clad in chainmail is carved in the cover of this sarcophagus. Her hands are crossed, resting on the hilt of a great runesword, its tip resting on her crossed feet. An inscription in archaic runes is written at the base of the tomb.

The runes are in the ancient ritual language of Chaos; they read "Behold Mara, War Queen of four continents. Mistress of the Blade. May her Abyssal armies serve her well." Opening Mara's tomb requires a combined total of 40 points of Strength. Her ghost appears and attacks those who defile her final resting place.

Mara's Ghost: AC 0; MV 9; HD 10; 59 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg special (touch); SA sight ages viewer 10 years and causes him or her to flee in terror on a failed saving throw vs. spell, touch ages target by 1d4×10 years, *magic jar*; SD intangible; SW may be turned; SZ M (5'11"); ML fearless (19); AL LE; XP 7000.

Inside the tomb lay the remains of a beautiful woman, quite well-preserved but dead nonetheless. She is clad in a full suit of black chainmail (closer examination reveals that it is pierced in a dozen or more places where she took fatal wounds in her final battle) and holds a black sword with runes running down the blade (deeply notched from many a battle). The runesword is a *broadsword* +3, *Law Slayer* (double damage to Lawful targets). Any character of a non-Chaotic alignment who touches the sword takes 20 points of damage (no save) and must make a System Shock roll to avoid losing 1d3 points of Strength each round the sword is held.

C. Arnax the Merciless

The figure on this sarcophagus represents an extremely ugly man dressed in platemail. He holds a mace across his chest. A legend in archaic runes is carved at the foot of the tomb.

Once again the runes are in the ancient ceremonial language used in the Shrine long ago. They read "Exalted be the name of Arnax the Merciless, Scourge of Law." If the party disturbs the carven lid (a total of 40 points of Strength are required to shift it), lightning arcs out from a *glyph of warding* inside the tomb, striking each person within ten feet for 20 points of damage (save vs. spell for half-damage). Inside are the remains of a man clad in black platemail, a great iron mace clutched over his chest. The mace's head is wrought in the shape of a howling demon. If a character of Lawful alignment touches the mace, he or she is stricken with a *harm* spell. The armor is *platemail* +4 when worn by a Chaotic character; it acts as ordinary platemail (no bonuses) for a Neutral character but is cursed to act as *platemail* -4 (that is, with a +4 penalty to Armor Class) when worn by any Lawful character.

D. Tumbaric the Undying

The lid of this sarcophagus is bare of any carving, but the dust is strangely absent from an area in the center roughly the size and shape of a recumbent human figure. An inscription in archaic runes is neatly incised at the base of the tomb.

The runes read "Here rests Tumbaric, Master of Doom, who keeps vigil until the Awakening; long may his name be praised." Once again, it takes a combined total of 40 points of Strength to remove the stone lid from the sarcophagus. The interior is empty and has clearly never been used. DM's note: this is where Tumbaric sleeps, waking every decade or so to see if the time is right for the prophesied return of his Masters.

38. The Room of Knowledge

A foul stench greets you as you open the door. You recognize it at once: the smell of death. The corpse of a dwarf lies in dried blood in the center of the room, inside a ten-foot-diameter Sign of Chaos etched onto the floor. Runes cover the entire room—floor, walls, door, and ceiling. Eight silver braziers encircle the Chaos Sign, and a small prayer rug rests incongruously beside the rotting corpse.

This room was the Priest-King's inner sanctum. It is here that Tumbaric summoned the foul creatures which aided him in the temple's resurrection. The braziers detect as magical. If the characters light the braziers, there is a 10% chance per brazier of opening a *gate* to the Abyss through which a chasme appears and attacks the party.

Chasme (greater tanar'ri): AC -5; MV 6, fly 24 (D), can walk on walls; HD 8+2; 40 hp; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4/2d4/1d4 (claw/claw/proboscis); SA wounds from claw attacks bleed for 2 points of additional damage per round until magically healed, terror (anyone seeing a chasme must save vs. spell or flee in terror for 1d4 hours), drone (save vs. spell or fall asleep for 2d4 hours); SD immune to poison, nonmagical fire, and electricity, half-damage from magical fire, cold-based attacks, and silver weapons; SW acid, cold-forged iron, *magic missiles*; MR 50%; SZ M (7' wingspan); ML champion (16); Int very (11); AL CE; XP 14,000. Special Abilities (at well, as 8th-level spellcaster): *darkness* 15' radius, *detect good* (automatic), *detect invisibility* (automatic), *infravision*, *insect plague*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *telekinesis*, *teleport without error*. Thrice per day the chasme may attempt to *gate* in another fiend, typically another of its kind, with a 40% chance of success.

39. The Red Chamber of the Priest-King

The hallway is well-lit, with torches burning in their sconces on alternating sides every five feet. At the end of the hall is a decorated iron door with archaic runes woven into the pattern.

The end of this hallway is trapped with a 50-foot deep pit. The lid of the trap is a single long piece ten feet wide and twenty feet long, disguised to be indistinguishable from the floor of the rest of the corridor (although a successful Find Traps roll should detect something amiss). Hinged underneath on the side away from the door, it opens when 300 pounds of weight (the equivalent of about two average adventurers) or more step onto it, falling away beneath their feet to dump them onto the pile of bones and yellow mold 50 feet below. The deep patch of mold cushions their fall somewhat, so characters take only 3d6 points of damage from the fall. Unfortunately, the impact causes the mold to release its spores; everyone in the pit must make a saving throw vs. poison or die on the spot.

Yellow Mold: AC 9; MV immobile; SA spores (save vs. poison or die); SW destroyed by fire, rendered dormant for 2d6 turns by *continual light* cast directly upon the mold colony; SZ H (covers entire bottom of pit to depth of 3'); Int non (0); AL N; XP 65.

Note that the trap can be avoided if characters pass down the corridor one by one; the trap is only sprung if characters of sufficient weight are standing over the pit at the same time.

The ancient ceremonial runes on the door read "Chambers of the Priest-King. Supplicants, go no further." The door to the room is locked and trapped; the first person to touch the door must save vs. spell at a -4 penalty or flee screaming back down the corridor for 1d6 turns. Inside, the room is *very* opulent; even the most jaded sybarite should be favorably impressed. A large bed covered with rich furs of some strange exotic animal the characters can't identify occupies in the room's center. A couch fills one corner, a desk and chair another. Opposite the door is a large wardrobe or armoire. The desk holds several small pieces of art (figurines and the like), none of which are magical; they are worth a total of 800 gp. The exotic furs on the bed are worth 2000 gp. The middle drawer in the desk is trapped with a poison needle (save vs. poison or suffer 3d8 points of damage); inside is a pouch holding a handful of gems (worth 1000 gp in all), a *scarab of protection* with 5 charges remaining, a scroll with four clerical spells (*heal*, *restoration*, *resurrection*, and *cure critical wounds*—the scroll's effects last only 1d6 hours for Lawful characters but are permanent for non-Lawful characters), and a small potion bottle (actually a *flask of curses* which, when opened, polymorphs the opener into a berserk troll which immediately attacks).

Troll: AC 4; MV 12; HD 6+6; 45 hp; THAC0 13; #AT 3; 1d4+4/1d4+4/1d8+4 (claw/claw/bite); SA severed limbs continue to attack, can throw stones (60' range, 1d8 points of damage); SD regeneration (3 points per round, starting 3 rounds after first injury); SW fire and acid damage cannot be regenerated; SZ L (9'); ML fearless (20); Int low (5); AL CE; XP 1400.

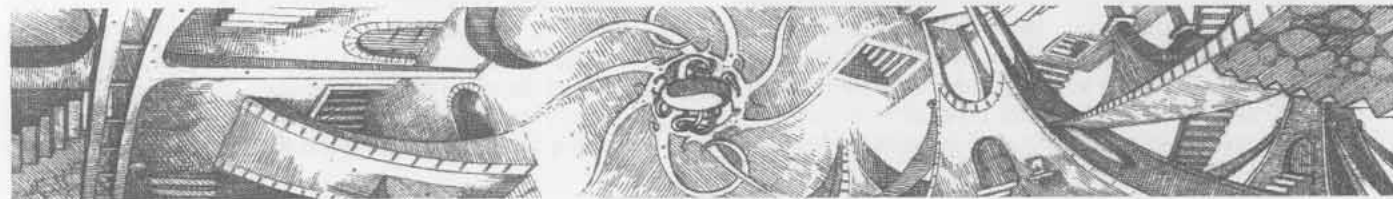
Inside the wardrobe are many richly decorated and expensive robes suitable to characters of both sexes. Shelves at the top hold various accessories (undergarments, scarves, gloves, etc.). No two items are the same. The clothing is worth 1500 gp altogether due to its richness and quality. Hidden in the back of the wardrobe is a secret door that opens into a small hidden closet. Three skeletons (unanimated) lie here, sprawled in attitudes of despair as if these unfortunates had become trapped and died from starvation (these were placed here to discourage trespassers from proceeding). Those who enter the closet and search may find the secret door in the side wall leading to a small antechamber. Characters in the antechamber must make a saving throw vs. spell each round; those who fail begin to hear a faint whispering sound, as if someone stood next to them and was trying to whisper in their ear. The whispering is harmless but may unsettle characters, especially if only some in the party can hear it.

40. Room of Planar Portals

Your senses are assaulted when you enter this room and seem to become strangely confused, mixing and mingling. The door you entered by seems to have disappeared. Strange noises fill the air, and you swear you can see them. You feel a hideous sound caress you as it slides by. You taste a sharp smell in the air. This is truly a chaotic scene that might drive lesser mortals mad.

Characters will have trouble sorting out their senses so long as they are in this room. At the DM's discretion, spells such as *dispel magic*, *protection from evil*, or even a simple *bless* might offer them protection and enable them to see, hear, smell, taste, and touch normally for a short time; this should instill a sense of urgency and encourage them to conclude their business here expediently. Characters who do nothing to try and protect themselves find it difficult to focus on reality; everything seems strange and dreamlike. Optionally, characters who befriended Draconus the Cursed back in room 11 find their senses clearing and hear a forlorn voice whisper "I have used the last of my magics to reach you here. Save me. Cleanse the Shrine, destroy the Key, help me. Free me."

Once characters regain their equilibrium, they find that the room is huge—100 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 80 feet high. Eight great arches in the walls are filled with swirling opalescent mist. A huge Sign of Chaos is inlaid in the floor, its ends seeming to undulate to point randomly to the misty arches. A 3-foot tall pedestal rather like a sundial rises from the center of the Chaos Sign. Bringing the Chaos Key into contact with the pedestal's "dial" causes the mist to clear in one of the arches as that portal activates (roll 1d8 to randomly





determine which one). Characters may discover by accident or experimentation that the entire top of the pedestal rotates; a small incised number on the rim (detectable on any close examination of the pedestal) corresponds to a similar number inlaid in the floor before each portal. Note that the numbers are in an archaic mode requiring *comprehend languages*, *Read Languages*, or some compatible skill or spell to decipher, although characters need not be able to read the numbers in order to match-up the pairs.

Characters who activate a portal may pass through to the realms of Chaos beyond but would be ill-advised to do so: in the Chaos Lords' domains all spells have random effects, magical items fluctuate wildly in their abilities, and simple game mechanics like Armor Class and attack rolls can reverse themselves without warning; rarely does the same action produce the same reaction twice in a row. Any player characters attempting to carry the battle through onto the enemy's home turf will soon be overwhelmed; those who are not slain outright may be imprisoned, indoctrinated into the service of the Lords of Chaos, or simply forever lost in the weird realms beyond.

- I. Room 40. This portal allows the party to exit back to the Shrine at the exact point they left it (that is, they appear to have just stepped back out the door leading to room 40).
- II. The area behind this gate is filled with gray mist through which dim figures, apparently human, can occasionally be glimpsed. Cries of "Save us, save us" can be heard, faint and seemingly from far away. This portal leads to Limbo; characters who rush in will be completely surrounded by the mist and have small chance of ever finding the gate again, as it is completely invisible from the far side. At the DM's discretion, characters who take precautions such as being tethered by a rope may be able to enter, retrieve a lost soul, and return; the personality of that lost soul is up to the DM.
- III. The scene behind this gate is a dark and shadowy hall. Bats cling to the high ceiling and shadows cast by no visible forms move about freely. A rather large shadow moves towards the gate, pauses just before crossing the threshold, and speaks in a hollow voice: "What creature seeks conference with my master The Night Lord?" The shadow talks politely to the characters and bids them enter as honored guests of the Night Lord. Any characters who follow it are doomed, quickly overwhelmed by shadows, cloaklers, shadow fiends, and other such monsters.
- IV. The gate opens onto a beautiful palace corridor, elegantly furnished. A row of beautiful women in ancient garb line the walls. One of them bows towards the characters, saying "Greetings, mortal(s). Who may I tell my mistress Kara is calling?" Characters who enter leave behind any sense of self-restraint. They are reveled in luxury but quickly lose track of time and purpose, remaining here in

passionate pursuit of fellow guests (including any character who sacrificed himself or herself to the statue in area 26D). Centuries can pass in what seem like minutes for these trapped, willing prisoners, meaning that any character eventually rescued (perhaps by some powerful magic like a *wish* spell cast from outside, since no one within Kara's realm wishes to depart) will return to a world utterly unlike the one he or she knew.

- V. This gate opens on a black and lifeless graveyard. A black palace reminiscent of a mausoleum (in fact, the palace of Arkady) stands in the background. A black-cloaked figure turns its shrouded face towards the party and beckons them with a skeletal finger, pointing at the distant palace with its other hand. It then turns and silently glides away.
- VI. This gate opens onto a large throne room. A handsome young man sits lounging on a large malachite throne, surrounded by a crowd composed in equal parts of hideous fiends and attractive characters (human, elven, and half-elven by the look of them). He smiles a welcome: "Greetings, children. Come, enter into My realm that I may reward thee appropriately for setting My fellow Chaos Lords free." This is Erok himself, the most malicious but also most whimsical of the Chaos Lords. He cannot pass through the gate until it has been open for a full turn; hence he attempts to coax the characters to enter his domain or at the very least to keep them talking until enough time has elapsed for him to enter into the world again. None of the character's spells or weapons work against him (he is too powerful to heed such "mortal toys"). Characters who accept his invitation are set upon by his followers, who chase them like a pack of rabid hounds after a fox; unless the characters can escape back through the portal they will be pulled down and pulled apart by this wild bacchae. Should Erok escape into the world he gloats over the characters for a few rounds before departing to spread Chaos upon an unsuspecting world.
- VII. This gate opens onto a dismal swamp, the smell of which strongly penetrates the gate. In the distance may be glimpsed a palace of rotting stone half-covered by mosses. A great fungal creature, so large that the characters cannot see all of it though the arch, waits silently, glaring balefully at the party. This is the realm of Shiv, lord of pestilence, a place the characters would do well to stay away from.
- VIII. This gate opens onto a scene of total chaos: light and dark, energy and matter, sound and fury all swirl endlessly and mindlessly about to the sound of a great swirling. Characters who listen carefully find that the swirling sounds almost like random musical notes played discordantly in a profound disharmony. This is a place of primordial chaos; while not hostile in itself it is such a random environment that characters who enter



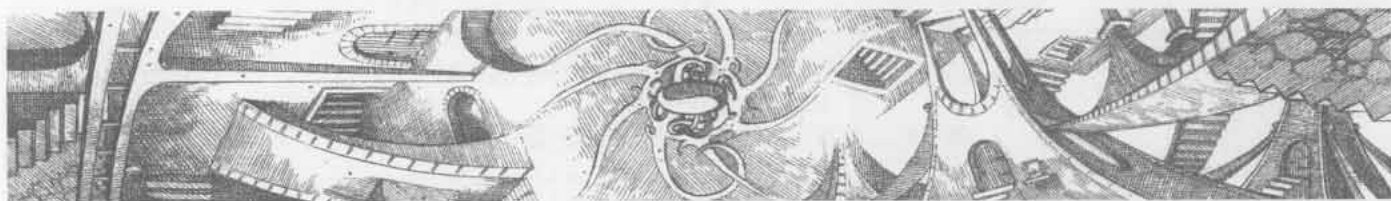
cannot survive here for very long. Those who do will find the experience totally disorienting and must make saving throws vs. spell or find their alignment shift to Chaotic Neutral, filled with a missionary fervor to embrace total chance and randomness.

The players are not here, however, to go plane-hopping. Presumably they came to the Shrine in order to destroy this place. Defeating the Lords of Chaos is beyond their powers, but they can unmake the Chaos Key and thus destroy the portals, limiting the Lords' ability to influence this plane and cutting off access to the lower level of the Shrine. The Key resists any attempts to smash or chop or dissolve it, but it can be disassembled back into its component parts by a character who is sufficiently clever or patient (allow Intelligence checks at half the normal chance of success; it takes a solid hour's work per check). Once the Key is disassembled, its parts should be thrown through the different gates, where they will be scattered and lost for centuries to come. Once a piece of the Key is tossed through a gate, that gate is destroyed and the plane beyond no longer accessible from the Shrine. Simply tossing the entire Key through one of the portals is also possible, but in that case the artifact might be recovered far sooner by some minion of Chaos or a chance adventurer or planeswalker. Furthermore, only that one portal will be destroyed and the Shrine will still remain standing.

Once the final portal is destroyed, it will seem to the

characters as if the walls themselves come alive, writhing in a tormented array of pure Chaos. All appears hopeless, as the very walls tumble down around them and the roof begins to cave in. At this point, the characters need to get out of the Shrine fast. If they befriended Draconus earlier, they feel their bodies become insubstantial (Draconus has used his final *wish*). They rise up through the ceiling, through what seems an eternity of solid rock, and then find themselves standing on the shores of the lake again beside the ruins of Isar. Draconus's voice whispers in their heads a final time: "Now I am at peace" as they watch the Shrine sink back beneath the dark water, vanishing until the time comes for it to rise again.

So ends *The Lost Shrine of Bundushatur*.



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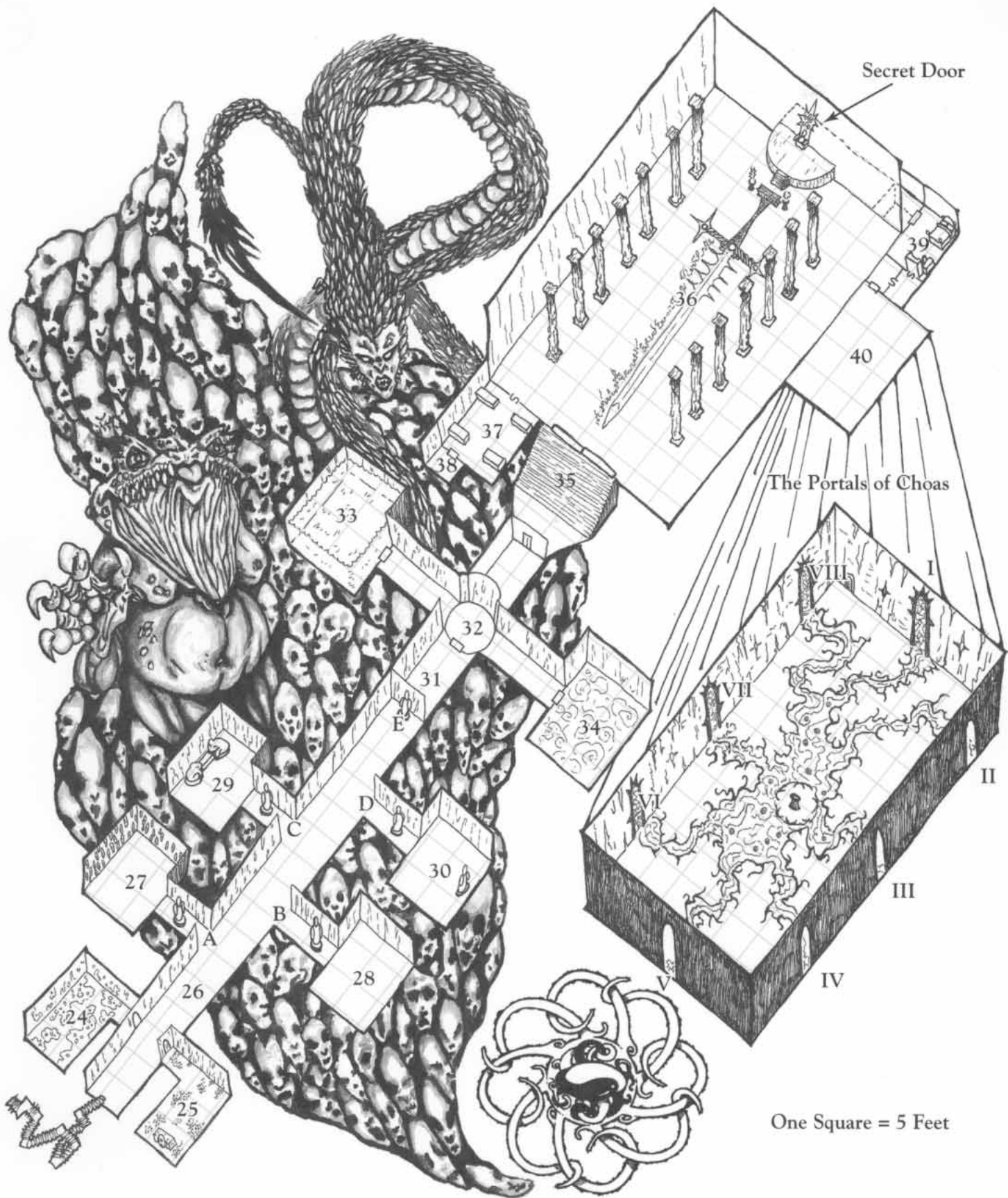
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The Lost Shrine of Bundushatur
(Dungeon Level)



have found out, what it's like to eat dead food rather than live fish, etc. After a short time with the party she makes her exit by ducking around a corner, making a death scream, and then turning invisible with her ring. She will then run to another area, leaving the adventurers with a mystery.

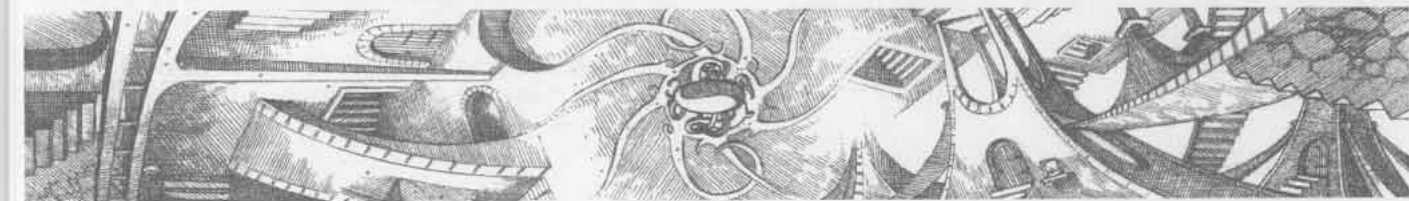
Plan B (near room 16): Perconius will come upon the characters in the guise of a dwarf from Isar. He appears healthy but somewhat frightened. He claims to have been leading a party of seven dwarves. While he was up ahead scouting out an area, he heard faint but terrible screams and came rushing back, only to find that his companions and all their gear had simply vanished. He insists on staying with the party, frankly admitting to being a little frightened of going anywhere alone. He will ask if they are here to defeat the growing Chaos and if they have found the second level. One of his companions swore there was a second level to the place and thought he knew the way down. But that point is rather moot since his companion is now gone. Anyway, he knows they need to get some kind of key. Perconius will accompany the PCs into room 16. He stays with them in his dwarven form until they encounter a monster. He will rush forward to fight it and act out a most dramatic death scene (deliberately missing his blows, exaggerating any strikes the creature makes against him, and using *feign death* to clinch the scene). If the party carries his body, he waits until they set him down (to open a door or for some

combat) then turns invisible and escapes.

Plan C (outside room 20): Perconius is pretending to be a triton who ventured into this shrine out of curiosity. He acts surprised when he sees the characters, pretending to be frightened of them. "Don't kill me! Don't kill me!" he cries in a strange bubbling accent. If they set his mind at ease, he tells them that everywhere he goes in this horrible place he keeps stumbling upon dead bodies, apparently in positions of agony. He asks if they are responsible. He also asks them what made the Shrine rise from out of the lake (badly upsetting the underwater ecology, he will add). He volunteers to help them get rid of the place. If asked what a deep-sea creature like a triton is doing in a mountain lake, he looks startled, mutters something about their being "too clever by half," and tells them of a secret underwater channel linking this lake with the distant ocean. While in this guise he tries very hard to find out if they have the Key, perhaps dropping hints about a legend among his people about the Key of Chaos that opens all doors. If they assemble the Key, he reveals his "true mission" and claims that the Key must be returned to his people's guardianship. If this fails, he waits till they are off-guard, turns invisible, tries to grab it, and runs.

Thirteen Points to Remember:

1. All doors require a Strength roll to open unless otherwise stated; all *wizard locks* are cast at 15th level.
2. The entire ruin radiates magic, although magical items will radiate more magic than the walls.
3. The entire ruin radiates intense Chaos; paladins and other extremely Lawful characters will feel queasy the whole time they are within it.
4. Unless otherwise stated, creatures will not follow the party out of their encounter areas.
5. All integral parts of the Shrine are indestructible by physical means.
6. If the party turns a group of undead and then proceeds to disturb the area they were guarding, the turning will be voided and the undead will attack. This will not be the case with a "D" result however; in such a case the undead are deanimated, like puppets with their strings cut.
7. Undead will under no circumstances obey a player character.
8. All encounters, unless otherwise stated, should be considered hostile.
9. There are no "wandering monsters" per se in the Shrine. However, whenever the characters stop to



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

An RPGA® Adventure

The Lost Shrine of Rundushatur

By Michael D. Wagner

Long ago, the Lords of Chaos strove with the forces of Law and were defeated. Their great temple destroyed and their minions scattered to the four winds, the Chaos Lords withdrew, and a new balance held sway in the land. But prophecy said that one day the fallen temple would rise again, heralding the Lords' return to spread Chaos across the world once more.

And now comes a cry for help from the dwarves of Isar, saying that the Lost Shrine has risen from beneath the dark waters of the lake that kept it hidden for thirteen centuries. Already forces are gathering—some eager to plunder the temple's legendary treasures, some wishing to join under the Chaos Lords' banner, some desperate to destroy the shrine before the world they know is swept away.

"Find the Chaos Key," says the prophecy. "The hand that holds the Key may shape the future." But will you be in time to be the one?

U.S., CANADA,
ASIA, PACIFIC, & LATIN AMERICA
Wizards of the Coast, Inc.
P.O. Box 707
Renton, WA 98057-0707
+1-800-324-6496



EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS
Wizards of the Coast, Belgium
P.B. 34
2300 Turnhout
Belgium
+32-14-44-30-44

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