

Alloyed RPG™ Random Encounters Module 'A'

Acknowledgements

Writing Team: *Jeremy Sisco (writer), Drew Sisco (writer), Dan Stecher (writer), Steve Lorch (Editor-in Chief).* The random encounters you'll discover in this module are the result of the boundless creativity and countless hours of storytelling, wordsmithing, and editing by the writing team. We hope you enjoy the effort we've put into making your experience at the table a most enjoyable one to remember!

Cartography: *Dyson Logos.* Many thanks to Dyson for offering so many free maps for commercial use.

Using this Module

Random Encounters, Module 'A' is 'platform agnostic.' It's designed for [Alloyed RPG](#) but you can drop these encounters into any campaign setting to add some variety to your adventure. Some quick points of note:

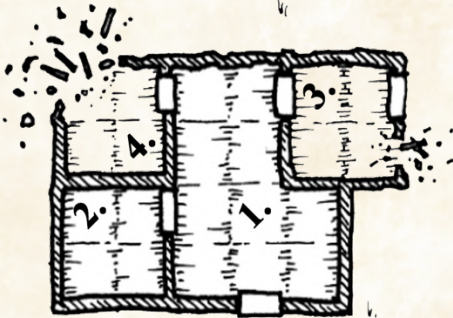
1. There are 20 encounters per module. Pick one, or roll 1d20 to randomly generate one.
2. Each encounter has 5 variations. Roll 1d20/4 and round up to the nearest whole number. That gives you 100 possible encounter variations per module (that should keep your Party busy for a while)!
3. The maps have all been formatted to be used vertically for printed and normal reading, and/or horizontally for on-screen use. A lot of work went into these maps on both the drawing and editing side, so be sure to leave the logo crediting Dyson Logos and Alloyed RPG. Other than that, enjoy!

Welcome to Alloyed RPG!

This project is our labor of love to the ttrpg community. Most of what we put out is free, so it really helps if you support us by liking, subscribing, and sharing the links below. For questions and comments, email the DungeonMaster@AlloyedRPG.com. Thanks, and may your dice always roll with Advantage!



Map A01 - Freygall Family Farm
Alloyed RPG
TEST YOUR METTLE
Map by
Dyson Logos



The Freygall Family Farm (Map A01)

Fifteen days ago, local farmers heard screams from a nearby house. Upon investigation, they found the home (*Loc.1-4*) and adjacent barn (*Loc.5-7*) partially destroyed¹. There were no signs of the owners, Mr. Freygall and his family of eight. Local authorities have not been able to identify the cause of the destruction² or the fate of the family³.

The Family

John Freygall owned the house and surrounding 50-acre (20 hectare) farm with his wife, Teris. The couple had six boys, ranging in age from three to seventeen⁴. The Freygalls are simple folk, living off the land and keeping to themselves.

The Property

The farm consists of an expansive 50 acres (20 hectares) with about 20% comprised of fields and gardens with the rest being thick forest. Over the years, Mr. Freygall has slowly cleared more and more forest to expand his farmland. The small house (*Loc.1-4*) consists of only four bedrooms, and is roughly half the size of the adjacent barn (*Loc.5-7*). Near the barn is a storage house (*Loc.8*) with a large underground cellar (*Loc.9*) for keeping the family's produce⁵. The cellar door is locked from the inside and remains uninvestigated.

DM Notes

1. The kitchen (*Loc.3*) and pantry (*Loc.4*) are the only rooms completely destroyed in the house. The other rooms remain intact. The barn's stable (*Loc.5*) remains intact while the other rooms, previously full of tools and hay, were destroyed. All damage is chaotic, without any noticeable markings or prints.
2. Mr. Freygall pushed the boundaries of his fields into the territory of an ancient forest elemental. When he got too close, the being went into a rage, destroying everything (and everyone) it deemed as a

threat to the land, as well as any produce yielded by it. All man-made objects in the fields and gardens are broken to pieces. Mr. Freygall's plow sits in one of the fields near the edge of the woods. Both oxen are dead, still harnessed to the plow, but with no apparent signs of trauma. The elemental's appearance is that of semi-visible air, like a mist or fog, taking the form of a 50-ft (15m) monster with long arms and legs. Its effects are like that of a tornado. The elemental is bound to its land and will not venture more than 2 miles (3km) from its own forest.

3. A more thorough search of the nearby forest reveals the gruesome remains of the Freygall family scattered throughout the treetops.
4. The youngest of the boys, 7-year-old Arthur, is huddled in the corner of the locked cellar (*Loc.9*). He is in shock and, having run immediately into the cellar, is unaware that his family is dead.
5. Footprints lead from the plow toward the house (*Loc.1*), then disappear. More human footprints lead from the barn (*Loc.7*) to the storage house (*Loc.8*).

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. The elemental senses your presence and rages to destroy you all. Once its HP is reduced by 1/2, the elemental leaves.
2. Another group of antagonistic adventurers arrive to try to solve the mystery first and claim the reward.
3. Locals accuse you of the destruction and murder of the Freygalls.
4. The cellar (*Loc.9*) contains a small treasure chest (contents determined by DM). But Arthur will fight fiercely to guard it.
5. Arthur wants to join your Party. If not allowed, he tags along anyway.



A Hostile Hostel (Map A02)

Many of these shelters were built centuries ago during the various wars that broke out from the Great Chaos. These makeshift structures were built quickly, using materials and methods that would hardly be understood by modern folk. A small frontier troop could finish such a hostel in less than a day and be resting in it that very same night. Hundreds, if not thousands of them were built in various places all across the land.

Familiar Floorplan

Although building material varies according to whatever was locally available, the basic layout remains fairly standard regardless of region. A saloon door (*Loc.1*) swings open into a large central space (*Loc.2*). A crude sink or basin is close to the door (*Loc.3*) for washing off the grime of battle before meals. The mess hall and prep areas (*Loc.4-8*) were filled with constant activity as famished soldiers trickled in at all times throughout the day and night. A large common bedroom (*Loc.9*) and private officers' quarters (*Loc.10*) provided sleeping areas for the weary fighters. The bathroom area (*Loc.11-15*) was crude, but at least one could do business indoors.

An Open Invitation

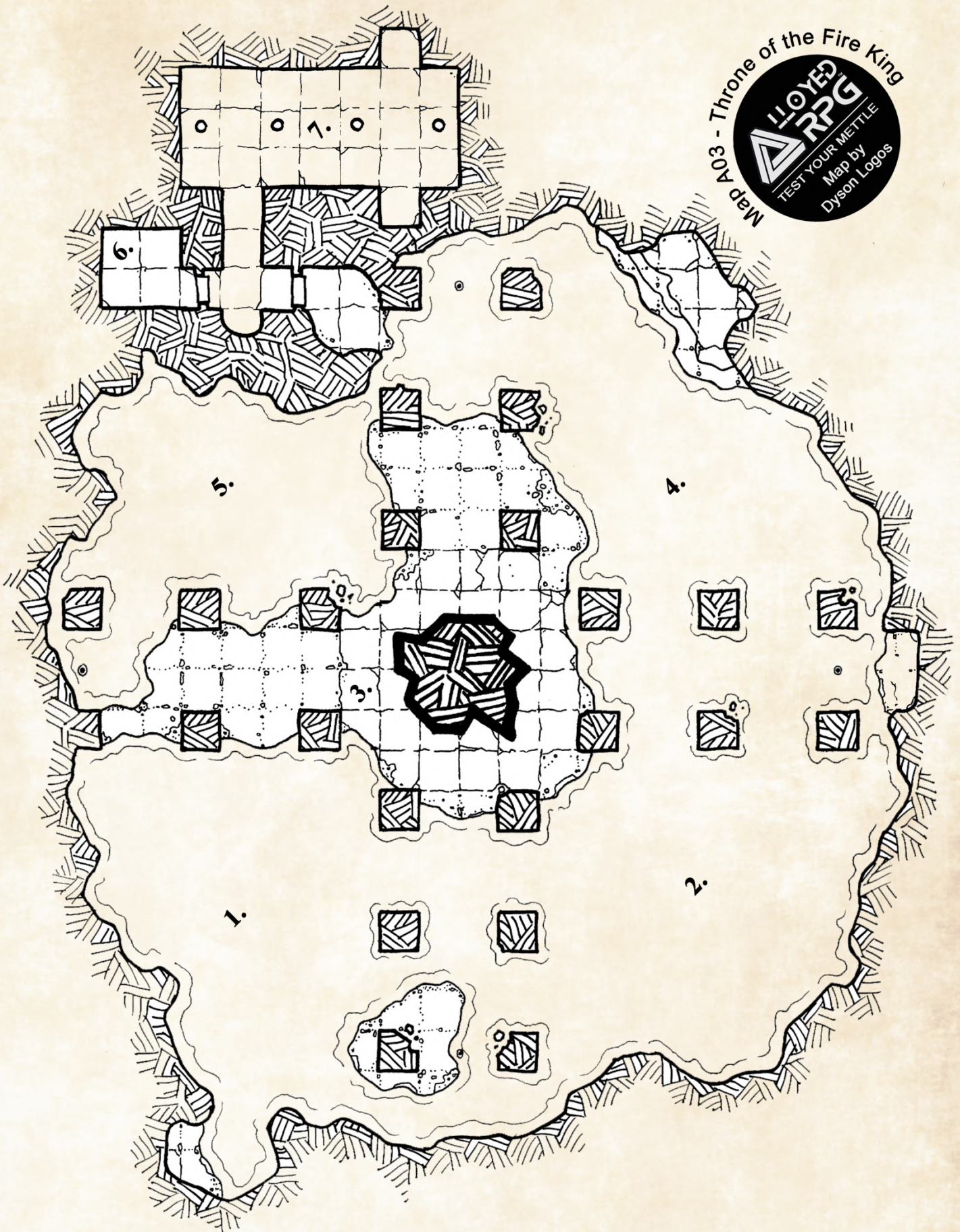
These welcoming hostels make for excellent overnight shelters, especially in a pinch, and especially for unprepared travelers overtaken by bad weather. Small bands of adventurers (and raiders alike) have used the places as staging camps during longer campaigns. Their greatest strength *and* weakness is their accessibility. According to the Continental Treaty of 26 AGC, no one owns the hostels and they are never to be locked. The buildings are not difficult to locate, often situated right where you'd expect them to be. But, being easy to find, they are exactly that – easy to find.

Unwanted Guests

Originally constructed by humans, the hostels fit their makers nicely, but not so much for other creatures. Opportunistic orcs and smaller races of trolls will often take up residence in these little establishments, but with one problematic misunderstanding. Namely, they don't much care for (nor care to remember) the Treaty. While humans mostly use these spaces as the temporary shelters for which they were intended, the orcs in particular seem to view them as their permanent homes, often taking offense at overnight 'intruders.' Sometimes, it's simply best to move on and find shelter elsewhere.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. The hostel is empty. With a little straightening up, it will make for a nice resting spot. You each regain 1d20/5 HP each.
2. The hostel is empty, but by the stench and unkept look of the place, it was very recently inhabited by something foul (or group of something's foul). The smell makes staying almost unbearable and sleep practically impossible. If you stay overnight, you each lose -1 Body to unrest.
3. The hostel is empty of creatures, but all signs indicate someone is still living here. A small band of 1d20/5 orcs return in the middle of the night and they're not happy to see you.
4. Three orcs and a gnome are sleeping when you arrive.
5. The hostel is completely full due to a freak storm that has driven adventurers of all kinds to seek the closest shelter.



Throne of the Fire King (Map A03)

Thick waves of oppressive heat billow out of a barely imperceptible crack in the escarpment. The pungent smell of sulfur stings your nose. A more thorough investigation reveals a gap in the rock face just large enough for your Party to enter single-file. Sweat forms on your brow as you contemplate entering the crag. Night is quickly approaching and the thought of exposure to the elements and possible attack from lurking creatures is unacceptable. *What's a little heat, you ask yourself?*

Through the Gap

One by one you enter the fissure. Within a few steps, the way ahead is enveloped in thick darkness¹. The walls stretch up and disappear into the shadows as the narrow crag abruptly comes to an end. Your eyes slowly adjust to the dull orange glow illuminating the massive room expanding before you (*Loc.3*). Bubbling lava (*Loc.1,2,4,5*), the source of both the light and the heat, churns from pools in the floor as your eyes are drawn to a huge obsidian throne at the center of the chamber. As large and impressive as the throne may be, it is occupied by an even larger and more impressive hill giant². The smirk on his face suggests he's been expecting you. The giant leans forward, examining the diminutive intruders. *'What is your tribute?'*³ he bellows.

DM Notes

1. Those with torches or night vision notice the glasslike gleam of obsidian crystal that appears to make up the entirety of the walls and floor.
2. The giant (Target 16, Body 6, HP 100), beloved by the local townsfolk, has been the guardian of this mountain for a millennium. While his personal reasons for defending the area stem more from natural conservation, he has nevertheless warded off a great deal of evil from the region. The

giant has been so effective for so long that the villagers have redesigned their defenses and topography to push potential marauders toward the mountain into his hands.

3. The locals have bestowed the title of King upon the giant, often bringing him tribute to insure a peaceful coexistence. The Party may notice examples, such as chainmail and a large golden club among other gifts scattered about the throne. If the Party presents an acceptable gift (determined by the DM), the King will pull a hidden lever allowing the lava to recede enough to grant access to the upper section (*Loc.6*) and the giant's treasury (*Loc.7*). If the Party is deemed worthy and polite, he will permit the Party to take one item from the treasury (*see Variations*).

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

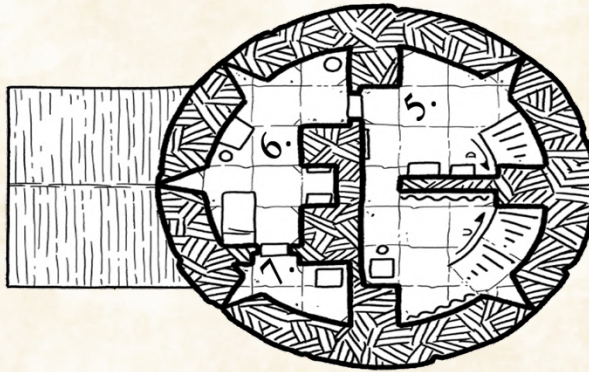
1. You may each take one potion of healing.
2. You may each take one golden weapon.
3. You may each take one golden protective gear.
4. You may each take one Magic ring, endowing its wearer with immunity to fire.
5. The Party may take one lava grenade which explodes when thrown, dealing Heavy Damage to anyone within a 30ft (10m) radius. Decide who carries the grenade.



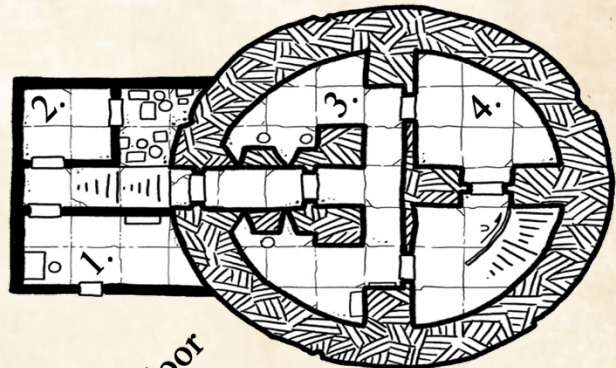
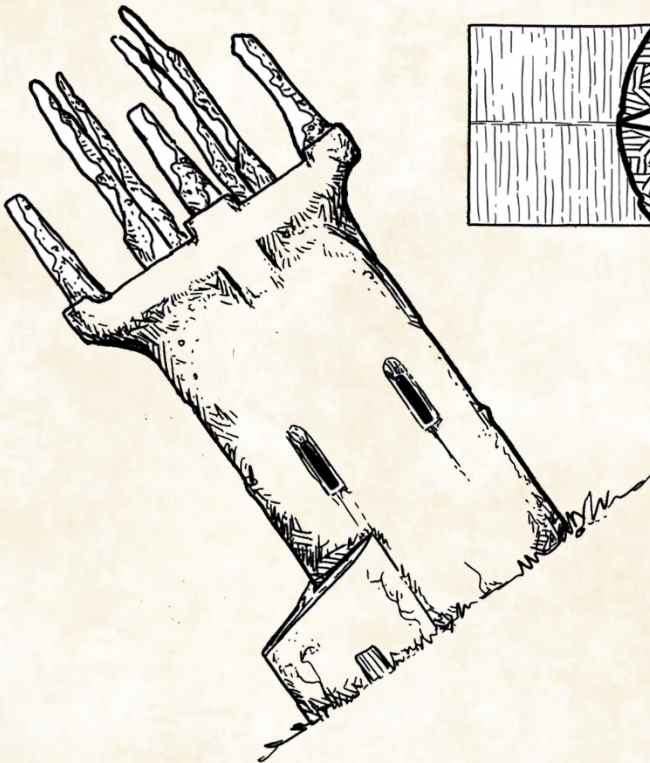
4th Floor



3rd Floor



2nd Floor



1st Floor

Map A04 - Marco's Tower



Marco's Tower (Map A04)

Marchurvias Cothlorn III (aka, 'Marco') was a wealthy trade merchant. He was most well-known for his indiscriminate generosity and how charitably he gave, even to the most lawless and disreputable of the land. How and where Marco attained his seemingly endless wealth is anyone's guess.

Growing Discontent and Misfortune. Cothlorn's goodness was legendary, with tales of his gifts and selfless deeds becoming the stuff of bedtime stories. One such yarn even speaks of him slaying a bone dragon the size of a house (though the size changes a bit depending upon the storyteller).

As time dragged on without any evidence of redemption in those he'd helped, the benefactor simply let his fortune slip away. Eventually frustrated by the evils of his time, or perhaps jaded from a relationship gone sour, Marco retreated into the wilderness to build himself a home. His goal was simple – to live off the land far away from 'those folk' he once so graciously served.

The Tower. This basic, yet elegant building is covered with ivy. Vines rise up to the tops of the central columns. Entering through the mud room (*Loc.1*) it becomes easy to envision the rustic calm of Marco's rural life. The toolshed (*Loc.2*) has long been rummaged through, everything of use stolen. The cloak room and foyer (*Loc.3-4*) are equally barren.

A winding stairway along the outer wall leads to the second floor living area (*Loc.5*) and sleeping quarters (*Loc.6*).

Continuing up the stairs to 'The Meadery' (*Loc.8*), one finds eight oak barrels filled with the aged honey-wine. Roll against Target 15 (Mind) to determine if anyone in the Party knows the sterling reputation and value of 'Marco's Meads.' If so, they will know not to open any of the barrels as it will greatly decrease the market price to collectors

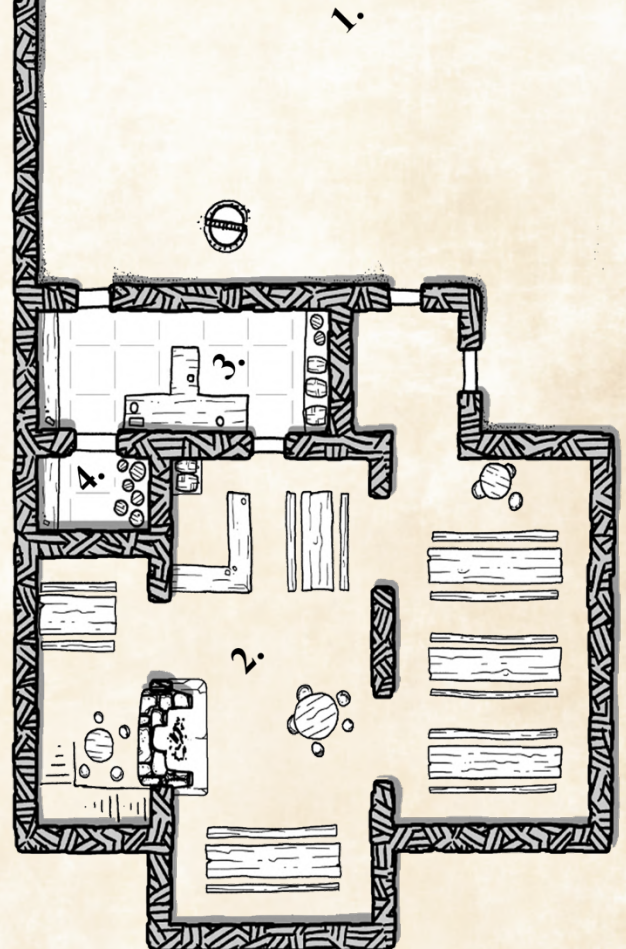
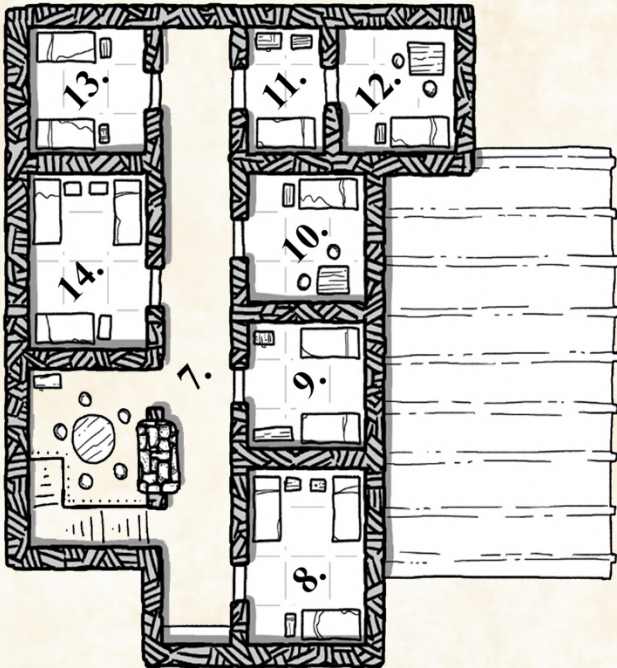
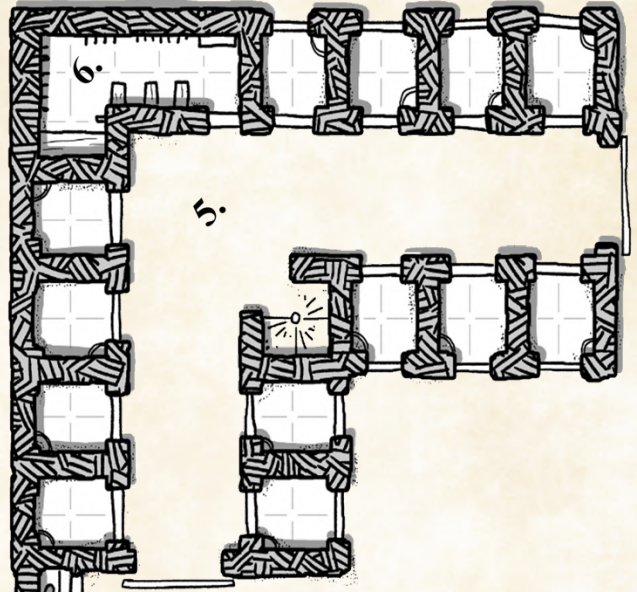
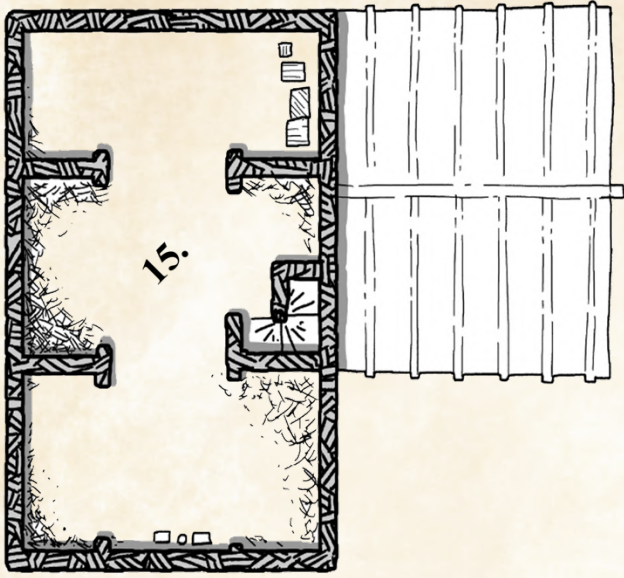
from 1000 gold pieces per barrel down to just 50 silver coins.

The Dragon's Nest. The fourth floor (*Loc.9*) features a flat, open center with four pillars reaching upwards of 20ft (6m). These pillars can be easily seen from ground-level standing outside the tower. Upon closer inspection, what appeared to be vines and natural growth from below is revealed to be some kind of constructed nest. Marco's skeletal remains are propped below the roost.

The story of Marco's battle with a bone dragon was true after all. But was the philanthropist deemed a worthy opponent or not?

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. Marco's skeletal hands clutch a golden goblet. (No dragon is present).
2. The bone dragon's remains lay next to Marco's. (No goblet is present).
3. The bone dragon is sleeping in his nest. Marco's skeletal hands clutch a golden goblet. Roll against Target 13 to determine if you can take the goblet without waking the dragon.
4. The bone dragon has been expecting you. Choose a worthy member of your Party to battle him one-on-one.
5. Marco's skeletal hands clutch a golden goblet. However, the bone dragon has been expecting you. He bids you to, 'Take nothing and go!' If you comply, he will let you leave unharmed. But, any member that has tasted the mead must fight the dragon. All other Party members who haven't partaken of the mead will be magically bound by unbreakable vines, only able to watch helplessly until the battle is finished.



The Redstone Inn (Map A05)

This rustic inn is the last stop for many travelers finding themselves in need of a hot meal, safe lodging, and extra provisions before heading off to another adventure. The Redstone is well-known for its ale and cleanliness, leaving few rooms to spare for walk-ins.

The namesake crimson stones used to build the place were carted in by oxen from the mountains at great expense to the inn's owner, Jackson McManus. The varying red hues give the structures an ominous façade, but once inside, the atmosphere is warm and welcoming. Music plays freely as stories are shared by traveling bards and poets (for a few coins, of course). There's always plenty of food and drink to go around.

The Great Room (*Loc.1*) is a hub of constant activity. People come and go, goods are received and purchased.. The large dining hall (*Loc.2*) is filled with music and chatter. In the pantry (*Loc.3*), cooks and bar-maids bustle as porters bring more drink from the crowded storeroom (*Loc.4*).

At the stables (*Loc.5*), horses are checked in and out by valet farmhands. The stalls are well-provisioned with hay and bedding, with more available from the loft (*Loc.15*) should the need arise. Four armed guards keep watch over the animals and tack room (*Loc.6*).

Patrons looking to purchase a room (*Loc.8-14*) will also gain access to the private upstairs bar (*Loc.7*).

The Proprietor

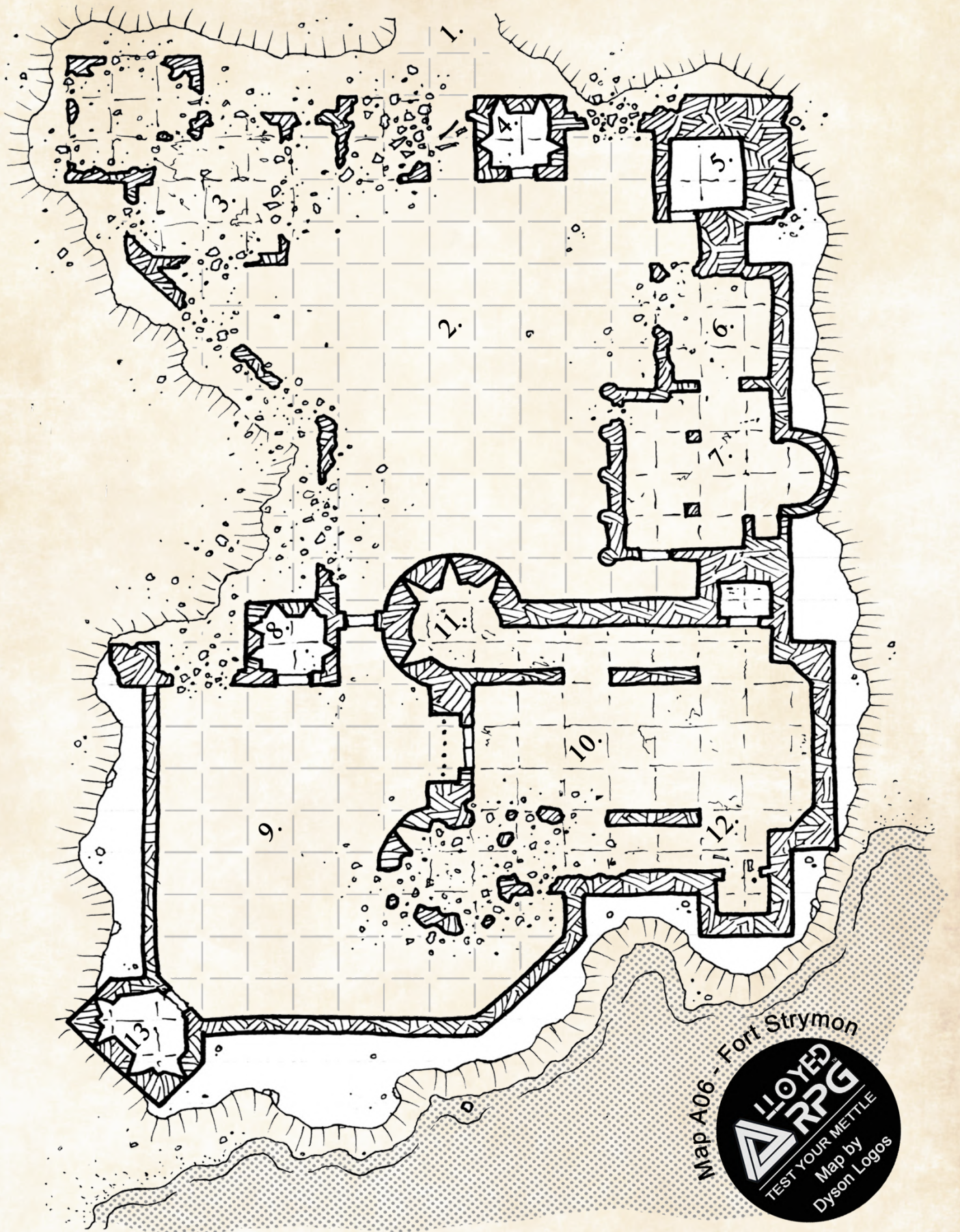
Behind the bar (*Loc.2*) of The Redstone, stands a rugged and boisterous Jackson McManus. Mischievous blue eyes twinkle behind his bushy gray brows. McManus knows most of his patrons by name, and everyone most certainly knows him - or at least knows of him. The entrepreneur built his fortune breeding and selling thoroughbred war horses, famous throughout Katharsis for their durability, speed, and fearlessness.

Variations for Staying at the Inn (Roll 1d20/4)

1. You're awakened by smoke pouring in through your door. The kitchen has been set on fire by 1d20/4 skeleton warriors.
2. A Speljamur sneaks into any room housing any Magic. If undetected (Target 12 Mind), the Speljamur simply steals every Magic item in the room and disappears.
3. You wake to McManus pounding on your door. He's wielding a battle axe and yelling that 1d20 skeletons have breached the Inn.
4. A necromancer darkens the door of the inn and demands that McManus reveal the location of his dead war horses (he wants to resurrect them for his army). If not, he will unleash 2d20 skeletons upon the guests.
5. Drunk dwarves in the next room bang on your door to instigate a fight.

Variations for Near the Inn (Roll 1d20/4)

1. Your campfire has attracted 1d20/2 patrolling skeleton warriors.
2. As you settle into camp for the night, you notice 1d20/4 crop watchers that appear to be moving closer.
3. A lone rider approaches your camp. It's Jackson McManus coming to ask for your help. 1d20 skeleton warriors have attacked and set fire to the Redstone Inn.
4. You come upon a huge graveyard. Patches of dirt are upturned and a lone necromancer stands in the middle of the cemetery. Once engaged, he will conjure 1d20/5 skeletons each round to attack you until he is defeated.
5. As you sit around the fire, a group of Ungaburu approach. They advise you to douse the flames so as not to attract a roaming group of 1d20/5 skeletons. It may be too late. Roll against Target 10 to find out.



Map A06 - Fort Strymon



Map by
Dyson Logos

Fort Strymon (Map A06)

Strymon Mortis, *'The Would-be King'* of the East, was driven from his homeland and banished to the far corner of the world for *'atrocities and unspeakable acts'* committed within this very fort. The citadel was built by the nobleman as a secluded place where he could practice the dark arts for which he was sentenced. By the time word of his nefarious activities reached the High Council, the Mortis stronghold was complete and well-fortified with a combination of minionaut guards and Magic defenses.

The Overthrow

Once the High Council decided that Strymon Mortis was a threat to the realm, their action was swift, but poorly executed. Greatly underestimating the mage's power, it took a small army to finally take the fort. Many a poor soul lost his life to the wizard's staff. In the end, Strymon Mortis was taken into custody, then torturously stripped of his Magic before being sent into exile with little more than a canteen of water and one-day's rations. What became of him after that, no one knows.

The Fort

The citadel lays mostly in ruins. Much of the outer shell is intact, except for the northwest corner (*Loc.3*), which has been reduced to rubble. The building itself has been ravaged over time, leaving debris and broken rock in all but a few rooms. A corner storeroom (*Loc.5*) contains a single keg of wine.¹ The two smaller rooms are both locked.²

In the center of the stronghold stands a seemingly unscathed tower (*Loc.11*). The spire's inner walls are painted a deep red³, with jet-black inscriptions and pictographs covering every inch of its surface all the way up to the 50ft (15m) ceiling. At the center of the tower floor stands a golden altar⁴. The small table-like piece is covered with jewels and inlaid with intricate designs along its four wooden legs. This 'artwork,' creepy as it is, shows impressive craftsmanship. A large skull⁵ sits

perched on the tabletop. Twice the size of a human skull and overlaid with gold, the bony head is fixed in a tilted position, its hollow eye sockets staring upward at a point along the tall ceiling.⁶

DM Notes

1. Whoever drinks the wine will become immediately, violently ill for two hours. The sickness will cause a loss of -1 Body and -1 Spirit for three rounds.
2. Both of the rooms contain a human skeleton holding a key. Each key opens the door to its respective room. The doors were (inexplicably) locked from the inside.
3. The 'paint' is actually dried blood.
4. The jewels in the altar are not very valuable, consisting mostly of red rubies.
5. The skull is that of a cave troll. It weighs 20lbs (9kg) and is worth 50 gold pieces to collectors.
6. The skull's eyes point to an inscription warning trespassers to, *'Touch Nothing!'*

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. The altar is cast in reanimation Magic. Upon it's being touched, the last creature to have died on the altar materializes to attack you. In this variation, it is three carrion grackles.
2. Same as variation 1, but three justabunnis.
3. Same as variation 1, but one ungaburu. If you kill the ungaburu, you will be overcome with a dreadful sense of wrongdoing and each of you loses -1 Spirit. If you spare the ungaburu, he will gift each of you a token that grants the wearer safe passage among any ungaburu tribe.
4. An armor automatica is encountered in (*Loc.10*)
5. If the altar is touched, the spire door seals shut, trapping anyone inside. The blood on the walls begins to drip down, flooding the tower and potentially drowning anyone caught within its crimson tide.



Ruins of the Watchmen (Map A07)

Countless years have passed since The Watchmen held this post. The site's history and importance have all but vanished, replaced by whispers of evil sightings and disappearances. Moonless nights bring strange lights and sounds from the derelict ruins. On such evenings, superstitious locals sequester themselves safely inside their homes. Those caught outside after dark have either disappeared or have been driven mad.

The Watchmen's Final Stand

No fighting unit in history boasts a more prestigious record than that of The Watchmen. For hundreds of years, this battalion kept endless waves of foes at bay. As their fame and reputation for invincibility spread, attacks all but ceased. But such overwhelming victory came at a price as these once battle-hardened warriors slowly gave way to untested, softer men. Claiming the same grit and discipline as their predecessors, boredom and inactivity made these pretenders more of a nuisance than an asset to the surrounding hamlets. Tradition tells of a cold, rainy day in AGC 330. A heavy mist settled upon the land, bringing with it the din of battle and death that carried through the fog to the nearby villages. When the haze finally lifted, the towers, still standing but severely damaged, had become a mausoleum. Not a single watchman was found alive. Their blood-drenched swords lay strewn about the fortress, but no invader lay among the dead, nor were any traces of footprints upon the ground. Whomever they were (or whatever it was) simply killed, then vanished into the mist.

The Outpost

The heavily weathered front entrance (*Loc.1*) features the almost unreadable engraving, '*Honor in the One.*' The large sleeping quarters (*Loc.2*) is empty. An open doorway (*Loc.6*) leading to the main obelisk bears the words, '*Strength in the Four.*' Three other doorways lead to plundered, barren rooms (*Loc.3-5*). '*Unity in the Two,*' '*Might*

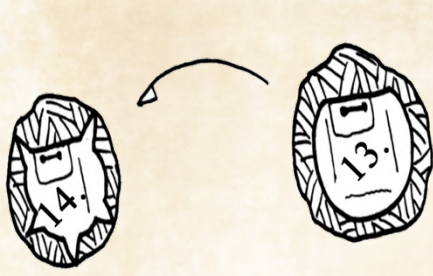
in the Three,' and, '*Sacrifice in the End*' are etched into their respective lintels². Though still standing, the middle tower (*Loc.7*) is treacherous¹. Even the most reckless of adventurers would think twice before attempting to climb its crumbling stairs. The upper watchtower (*Loc.8*) is a hollow shell with half its stones missing.

DM Notes

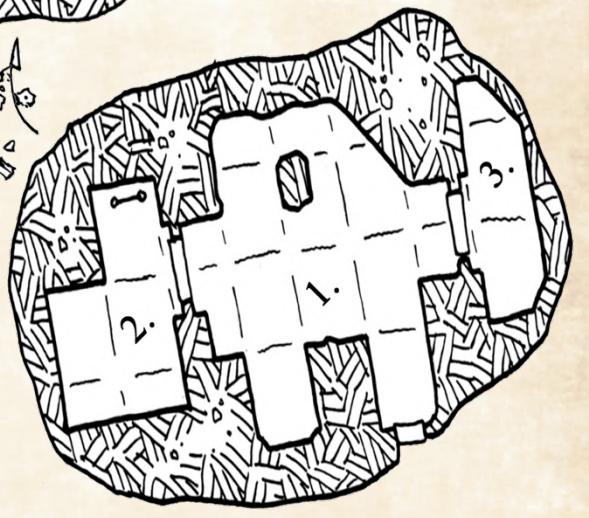
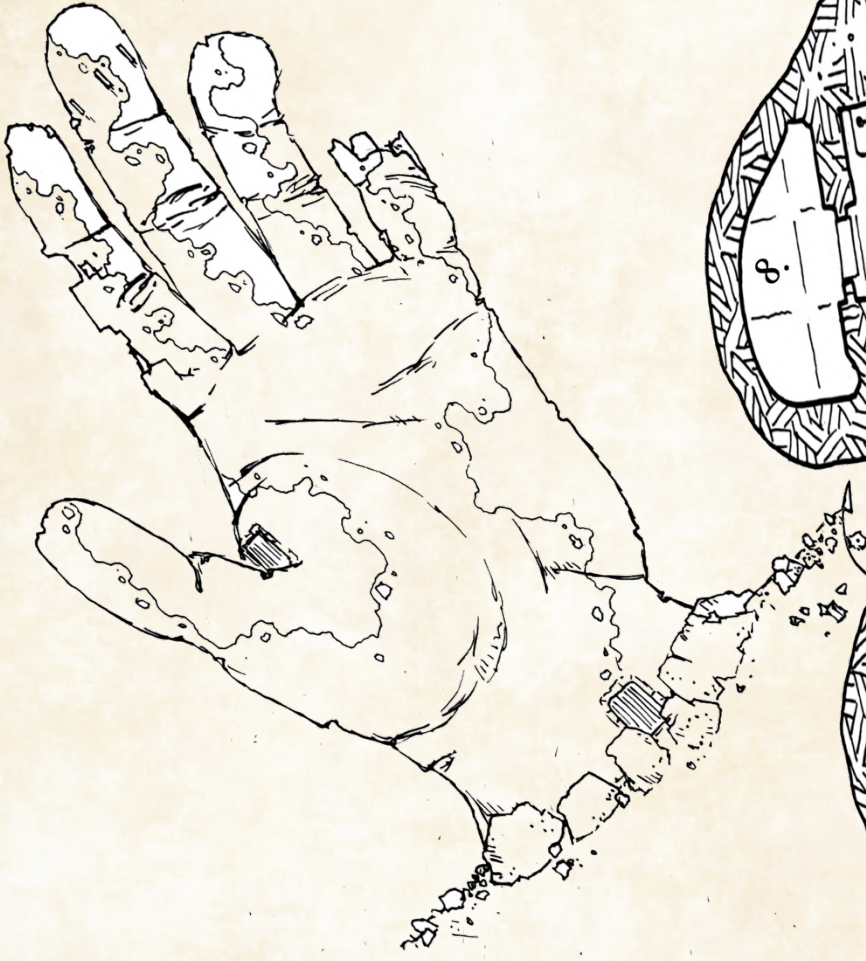
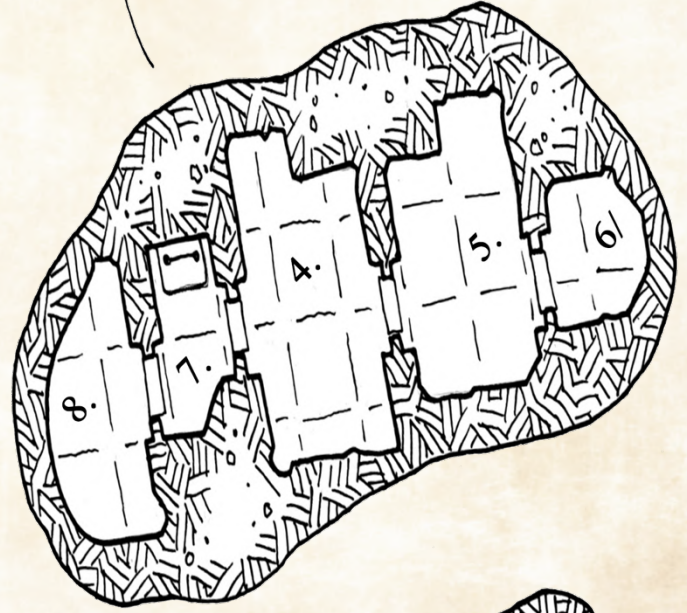
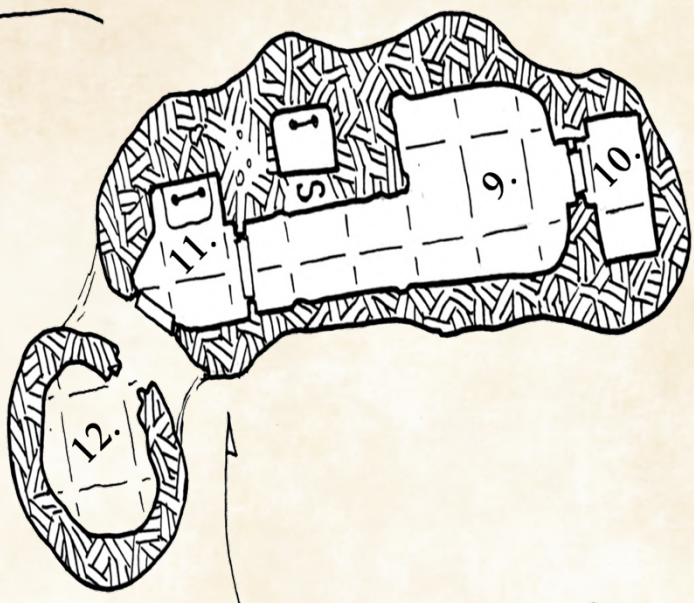
1. The middle tower (*Loc.7*) is scalable against Target 12 (Body). Against Target 7 (Mind) the Party perceives a small, spherical outline carved into the floor. This sealed compartment houses an onyx ring and cannot be opened by any means other than (see below)².
2. The phrases above the doors contain a code for the Watchmen's Creed. If the Party can assemble *in order* the five words, '*Honor, Unity, Might, Strength, Sacrifice,*' the compartment (*Loc.7*) opens with an audible click to release the ring.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. The onyx allows its bearer to disguise him/herself as an undead until the next full moon.
2. The wearer of the onyx (uninformed of this variation) takes on the form of the first creature he/she thinks of and remains in that form until the next full moon.
3. The wearer of the onyx may summon any one creature to do his/her bidding for one round, after which the creature disappears.
4. Immediately after you find the ring, a spectral wraith manifests itself. It deals Heavy Damage upon the ring's wearer each round until the onyx is returned to the compartment.
5. Two fully armed ghosts of fallen watchmen appear. They will accompany you and do the bidding of the ring's wearer until the next full moon.



Map A08 - The Hand of Draigwych
ALLOYED RPG
TEST YOUR METTLE
Map by
Dyson Logos



The Hand of Draigwych (Map A08)

When, why, and by whom this monument was built remains a mystery, but a partial inscription alludes to *'The Hand'* as being some kind of tribute to Draigwych the Usurper. With no front door, the open building has been picked through for years by passersby and foraging animals alike. Archaeologists have taken samples that date The Hand's construction at or very close to AGC8, just one year after the fall of Draigwych's evil hordes and the subsequent ending of the Great War.

Alignment and Orientation

The Hand of Draigwych is peculiarly aligned with the Sun. Every thousand years, a long shadow is cast from the index finger at high noon, pointing directly to Fire Mountain on Isla Caldera. As everyone in Katharsis knows, this is the exact location of the Usurper's imprisonment (*'may he never be released'*). It's been 999 years since the last long shadow was cast.

The Structure

Standing isolated in a field, this plaster and stone edifice has been surprisingly well-preserved. The entry room (*Loc.1-3*) houses a few wooden chairs and tables. A tightly spiraled stair leads to the second floor¹, which is little more than a few empty rooms (*Loc.4-8*) separated by broken iron doors. A chain ladder hangs down from the third floor (*Loc.9-11*)², giving access to the thumb (*Loc.12*)³ and taller fingers (*Loc.13,14*) above. The 'pinky' (*Loc.10*)⁴ has been partially broken (conspiracy theorists say *'bitten'*) off by some incalculable force.

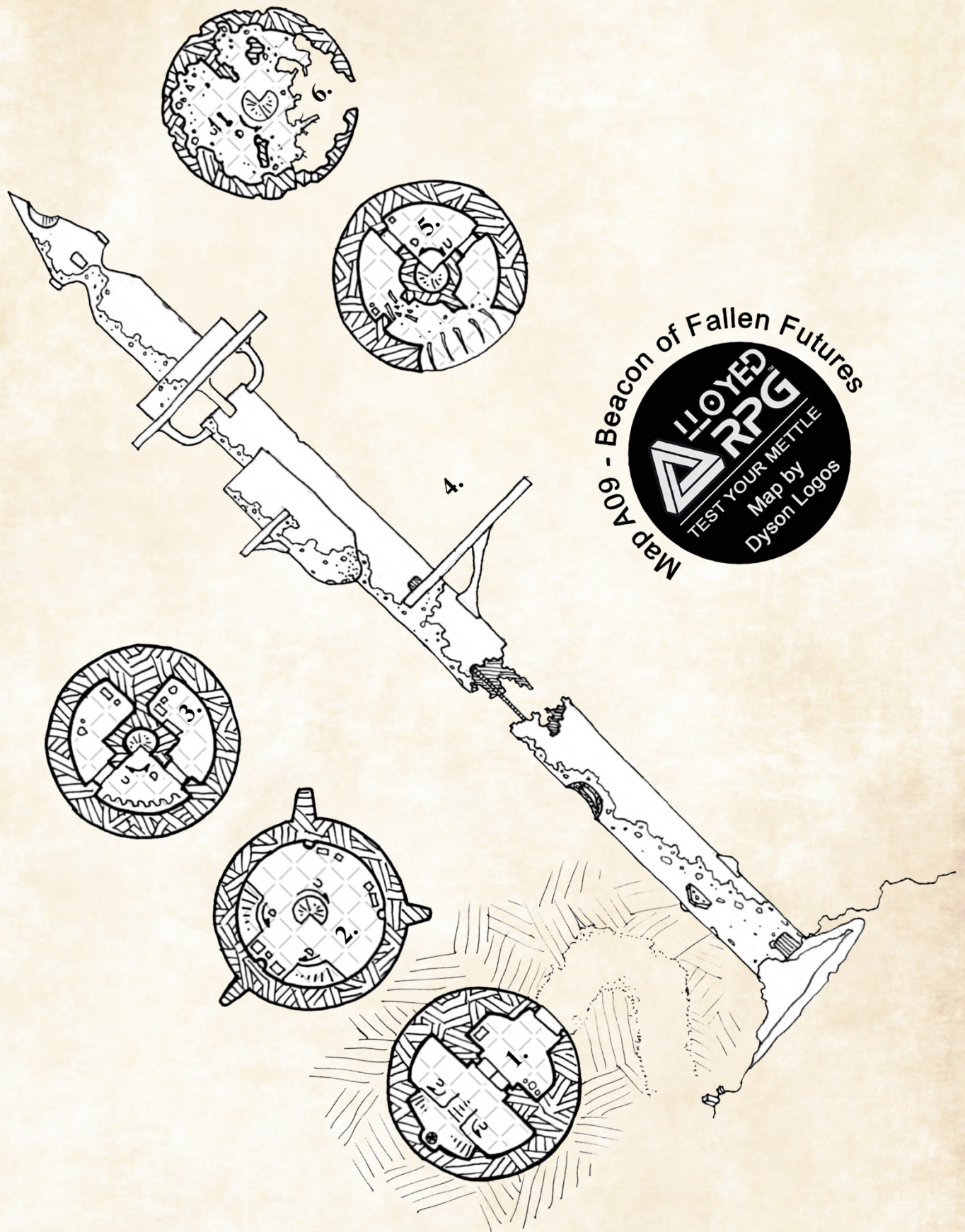
DM Notes

1. The fingers are home to nests of plague midges (*'dry flies'* if not near swamps). Upon entering the second floor, the Party should roll against Target 12 to determine if the midges awoken from the noise. If so, the Party hears a buzz from the upper level.

2. If midges have been awakened, 2d20 of them will be flying around these rooms and will attack. Removing nests from the walls reveals a few jewels and gold inlay.
3. The door to the thumb is hidden, only discovered by a perception roll against Target 14 (Mind). Inside is an opulent library of ancient books. Every other book is a fake, their pages hollowed out to contain gold pieces from many cultures. One book, only discovered against Target 18 (Mind), is priceless. The *'Chronicles of Draigwych'* was thought to be lost. Written in an unreadable, dead language, the Party will only hear of its meaning after they deliver it to someone who can. The book contains details regarding the Great Chaos and the Usurper's plans to return. Many, especially those of the Dark Mages, would kill for this book. In fact, if it remains in one's possession for too long, it will eventually draw the attention of many evil creatures seeking their master.
4. Opening the door to this room prompts 50% of the midges to immediately fly away through the breach to the outside, leaving less of them for the Party to fight.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. A slight earthquake hits just as you enter the structure. This awakens and incites the 2d20 midges to attack.
2. The Target for discovering the *'Chronicles of Draigwych'* is reduced to Target 13.
3. No jewels or gold are found in any part of the structure or within any of the books.
4. A slight earthquake hits just as you enter the structure, blocking the stairs to the second floor with tons of rubble.
5. The highest rolling Party member discovers a large fang/tooth, partially buried near the base of the pinky finger. It appears to be from some type of extinct reptile.



Beacon of Fallen Futures (Map A09)

This strange spire of shimmering purple metal and glass can be seen for miles in all directions. Named for its unusual shape and reflectivity, the tower's incredible height (over 160ft/49m), along with its many windows and platforms have earned this icon a reputation as one of the great wonders of the Four Corners. The building appears to have fallen from the sky, violently driven into the hillside at an almost 45° angle. A large middle section is entirely missing, save one central rod (incredibly) strong enough to hold the edifice together.

Ascending the Beacon

Getting to the tower is simple enough, requiring just a short hike from the nearest overlook to the base. A broken metal door lies beside the entrance to what was the first floor (*Loc.1*). Indescribably heavy rubble and otherworldly debris fill the ground level. That, combined with the structure's steep angle, make movement difficult (all actions at Disadvantage). Five floors, each separated by roughly 30ft (10m), can be distinguished easily from the outside – reaching them has been a challenge that has lured many explorers to fall to their deaths.

You must roll against Target 9 (Body) to access the first floor (*Loc.1*)¹; against Target 10 (Body) to access the second floor (*Loc.2*)²; against Target 11 (Body) to access the third floor (*Loc.3*)³; against Target 12 (Body) to access the fourth floor (*Loc.5*)⁴; against Target 13 (Body) to access the fifth floor (*Loc.6*)⁵. Descending the tower requires the same Target rolls in decreasing difficulty. Each failed roll results in a slip and fall down to the next level, inflicting Medium Damage.

The Aura

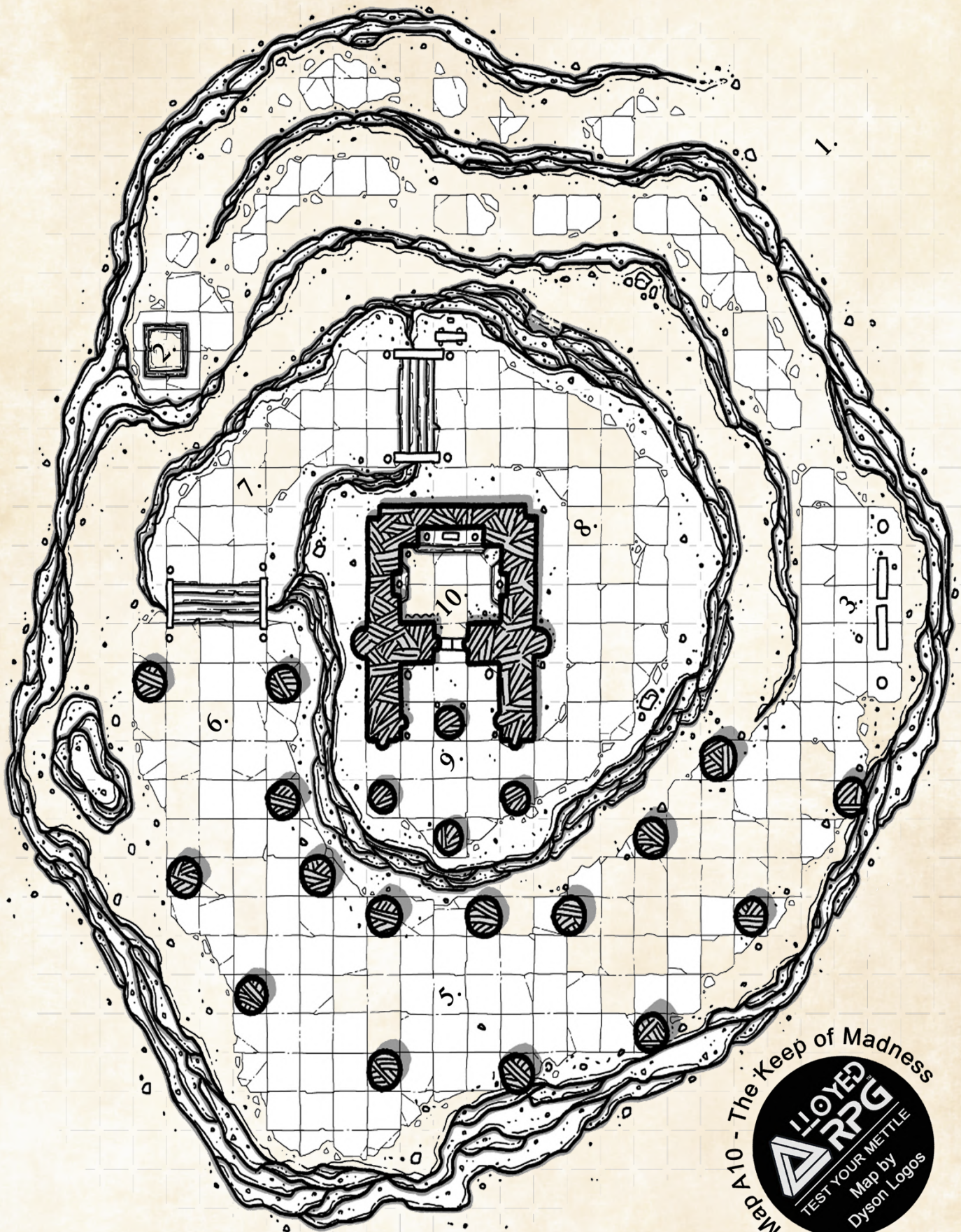
A magical glow around and within the tower casts an eerie, alien light called, *The Aura*.⁶ No other illumination is necessary, even at night.

DM Notes

1. Alien runes are etched into the walls.
2. In (*Loc.3*) you find a can of paint of a color unknown to this world. Anyone who opens the can becomes dizzy, slips, and falls back down to the first floor while sustaining Medium Damage.
3. In (*Loc.5*) you find a bag of 20 stones bearing alien runes.
4. The balcony (*Loc.4*) features an alien cannon. If touched, the weapon fires a massive electrical charge, obliterating a small village located miles across the plain.
5. In (*Loc.1*) you find a single blue pill. If ingested, you lose -2 Body but gain +2 Spirit.
6. While within the Aura, Magic effects are doubled and Magic Targets are cut in half.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. An ethereal jelly oozes from the ducts (*Loc.1*). Touching the jelly immediately transports you to level three (*Loc.3*).
2. Upon reaching level three (*Loc.3*), the gravitational field unnoticeably shifts within the tower. Anyone attempting to go up will go down and vice versa.
3. Upon reaching level 2 (*Loc.2*) a tremor causes the tower to break in half, sending levels 3-5 (*Loc.3-6*) crashing to the ground.
4. A blue 'gravity bracelet' is found behind the door of (*Loc.1*). This bracelet allows the wearer to walk up the outside of the spire without danger of falling.
5. Two red levers are located 10ft (3m) apart in (*Loc.1*). If the two are pulled simultaneously (requires 2 adventurers), the tower begins to hum and shake. Within 3 minutes (set timer) the tower becomes a portal, transporting everyone inside to another location of the DM's choosing.



Map A10 - The Keep of Madness
ALLOYED RPG
TEST YOUR METTLE
Map by
Dyson Logos

The Keep of Madness (Map A10)

Nothing lives here, nothing can. Rumors have swirled about the treasures (and madness) of The Keep for countless generations. More whispers than substance at this point, the ruins feature a spiraling floor, slightly increasing in elevation as you proceed toward the center (*Loc.8*). The bleak walls of heavy grey stone rise to approximately 30ft (10m), creating a maze-like tower (*Loc.10*) with no ceiling¹.

Sixteen marble columns grace the outer court (*Loc.5*). The pillars are approximately 30in (75cm) in diameter² and vary in height from 20ft (6m) or more, each bearing inscriptions³ in a long-forgotten language. The four columns in front of the temple entrance (*Loc.9*) also have inscriptions, though quite different in nature and design than those of the outer court⁴. The central 'room' (*Loc.10*) appears to be some type of temple or altar with runes scrawled over every square inch of space on the towering walls⁵. Much gold, weaponry, and packs of miscellaneous items are strewn about the floor and piled in the corners⁶.

DM Notes

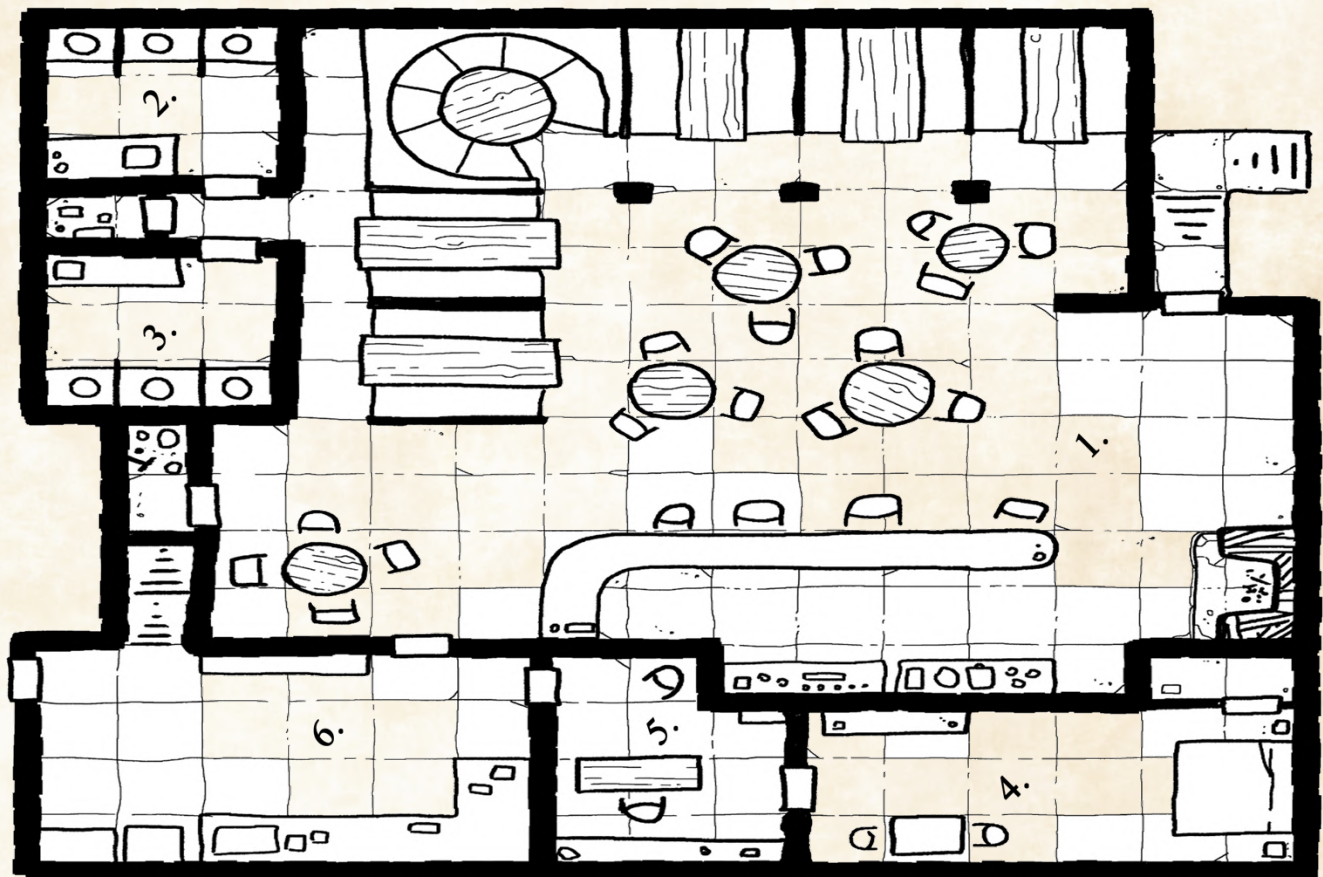
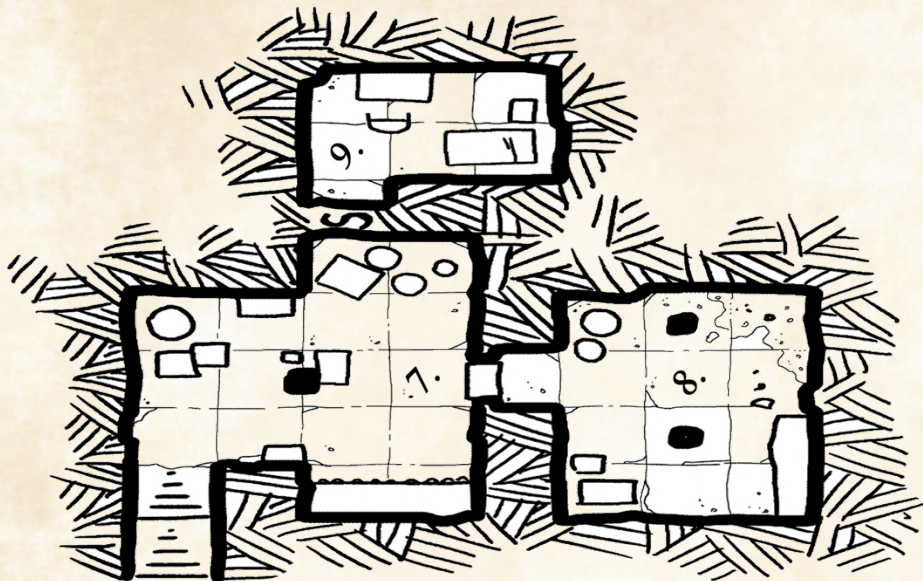
1. The open ceiling and smooth stone floors may create slippery conditions (Disadvantage) in bad weather.
2. The columns are just wide enough for someone (or *something*) to hide behind.
3. These inscriptions are nonsense – the incoherent scribbles of madmen.
4. (*Loc. 9*) inscriptions warn of the psychotic effects of entering into the center.
5. (*Loc. 10*) inscriptions are psychotic Magic. Upon entering (*Loc. 10*), only those players with Mind of 2+ may roll against Target 14 (Mind). If successful, they'll be able to explore the room at will, with no ill effects, free to loot, and fully comprehending the meaning of the inscriptions. All others who enter will immediately suffer psychosis. They'll become disoriented, paranoid, and hysterical; discarding their Gear, and

frantically attacking anyone else (including the Party) within the complex. Those affected must roll each round against Target 11 (Mind) to escape. For every unsuccessful round, the entrapped victim suffers -1 Mind. Only stepping off the complex (*Loc.1*) will restore Minds enough to attempt to recover Gear and leave the ruins. However, if -5 Mind is reached, the victim suffers a permanent -1 Mind even after escaping.

6. Add whatever treasure is enticing to the Party.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. In (*Loc.2*) you encounter two Trolls. One (barely sane) has just killed the other. He tearfully begs you to let him leave the complex without confrontation.
2. In (*Loc.2*) you encounter three dead humans and one (poorly concealing a dagger) whom you suspect has killed them all. He flatly says, '*Don't go in there,*' and starts to leave. If asked, he will claim he killed his friends in self-defense.
3. In (*Loc.5*) you encounter a disoriented, heavily armed dwarf. He is clutching a leather bag (of gold) and asks to be shown the way out.
4. In (*Loc.9*) you encounter a very old cyclops in long robes standing hunched at the entrance of the temple. He warns you not to enter and says he will '*protect you - from yourselves.*' He's a powerful wizard (Target 16, 70 HP and a full Magic staff including '*Freeze*' and '*Paralysis*')
5. In (*Loc.2*) you encounter a gnome unconscious in a trough. No efforts will wake him. But the gnome is faking sleep. He will effortlessly pickpocket a small item (of the DM's choosing) from anyone who touches him.



Café Finis (Map A11)

Deep in a forest, unknown to most, lies a small pub; a tavern that by all accounts should not exist. Café Finis (*'The Last Café'*), an old drinking establishment bustling with clanking mugs, laughter, and music, is the quintessential center of frontier night life. But it holds a dark secret.

'That's Byron, the bartender. He's always here. They're all, always, here...' Of the 22 patrons, 1 bartender, 1 cook, and 2 waitresses, not a single one of them... is still alive.

The Curse and the Game

The entire pub is hexed, from the ground to the rafters. Why these 26 poor souls in particular have been trapped in a perpetual state of drunken revelry is anyone's guess, but one could suspect it had something to do with betrayal on one fateful night in which all were in attendance. The place isn't overtly dangerous or hostile. In fact, visitors are welcome (and the undead don't look half-bad after a few pints have been downed).

But on some nights, the scene can get a bit sketchy. Fred, the disgraced portal wraith who oversees the establishment will sometimes partake a little too much in his product. On such occasions, he likes to play a little game called. *'Bottle Knows Best,'* in which the regulars are compelled to gather around a large table (*Loc.1*) in the corner near the restrooms (*Loc.2-3*). Two raven skulls, one red, one green, are placed on opposite sides of the table with a whisky bottle lying on its side in the middle. The tavern doors are Magically locked, and each one at the table takes a turn at spinning the bottle.¹ Should it happen to land on the green skull, the spinner is encouraged to drink a shot from the bottle. Should it land on the red, well, let's just say that all chaos breaks loose. The once-friendly regulars become a vicious horde of undead, attacking everyone in their sight, including their own.² If the game ends without incident (all green skulls or no skulls at all), the patrons all sigh with disappointment and resume their drinking.

DM Notes

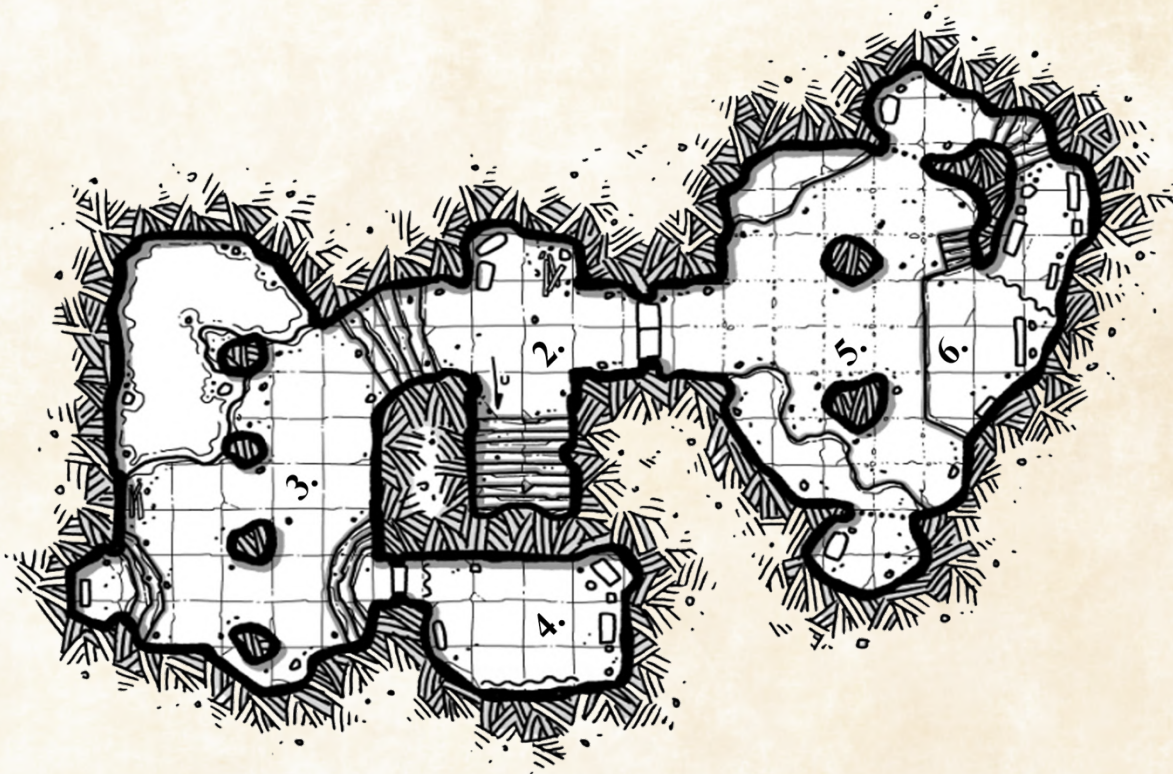
1. A bottle at the table is a good physical prop.
2. Everyone (undead and Party) gets pummeled in the free-for-all; chairs and bottles are smashed over peoples' heads, etc. All Target rolls are automatically successful for everyone. The undead never run out of HP. When a Party member dies (zero HP), they are immediately transported just outside the front door of the pub with full original HP restored. They can either go back into the brawl or stay outside. Once the last Party member leaves the café, the music starts playing again and everything is back to the way it was before they entered.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. You are welcomed and served. No incidents occur and you enjoy a nice, relaxed evening among the undead. Maybe they're not so bad after all?
2. You are welcomed, but the waitress encourages you to, *'Have a drink and be on your way before things get out of hand...'* If you stay any longer than one drink, roll against Target 10 for every drink or food you partake of thereafter. Failure results in the bottle game being played.
3. The bottle game is played.
4. After feeling comfortable in the bar, you notice two dead travelers propped up in chairs in the corner. They are (were) royal emissaries from the capital, still armed and in uniform.
5. Fred offers you a deal. If you play the game and survive, everything in the register is yours (including a wand loaded with three Magic of your choice that doesn't take up any Gear slots). If you play the game and lose, one of you 'inherits' the pub – Fred is set free. You, however, immediately become undead, cursed to remain as overseer of the café until you can work out the same deal with some other poor soul.



Map A12 - Maw of the Prophet
Alloyed RPG
TEST YOUR METTLE
Map by
Dyson Logos



Maw of the Prophet (Map A12)

At the bottom of a small crater sits a hedge of stones. Arranged to look like teeth, the monoliths guard the tomb of a disgraced prophet. Constantly shrouded in fog, the entrance to the crypt (*Loc.1*) is secured with planks and metal strappings. A flight of stairs leads down through the musty air to a raised platform (*Loc.2*). More steps spill into large, pillared spaces on either side (*Loc.3,5*). The chamber (*Loc.4*) adjoining the larger room contains a stone coffin. The walls of the alcove (*Loc.6*) of the smaller room are scribbled with prose. *'Here lies a visionary, leader, and king. One who has touched the futures and drank of the knowledge of times to come. Here lies a prophet. Where are your prophecies now? See where betrayal leads, to the fire and to the grave.'*

Corruption

The prophet used his visions to bring his people great prosperity. As a result, they crowned him to be their absolute ruler. Shortly after his instatement, the supposed holy man began to preach an unsettling doctrine of *'ethereal balance,'* a tenet upholding that for every good thing bestowed, another awful thing must take place lest the universe become unraveled. Shortly after that, folks who had benefitted from the seer's visions began to die, each one cut down with a scythe. The winnowing blade was wielded by none other than the prophet himself. Outraged, the people burned their king at the stake and sealed his bones in a cement coffin.

The Maw

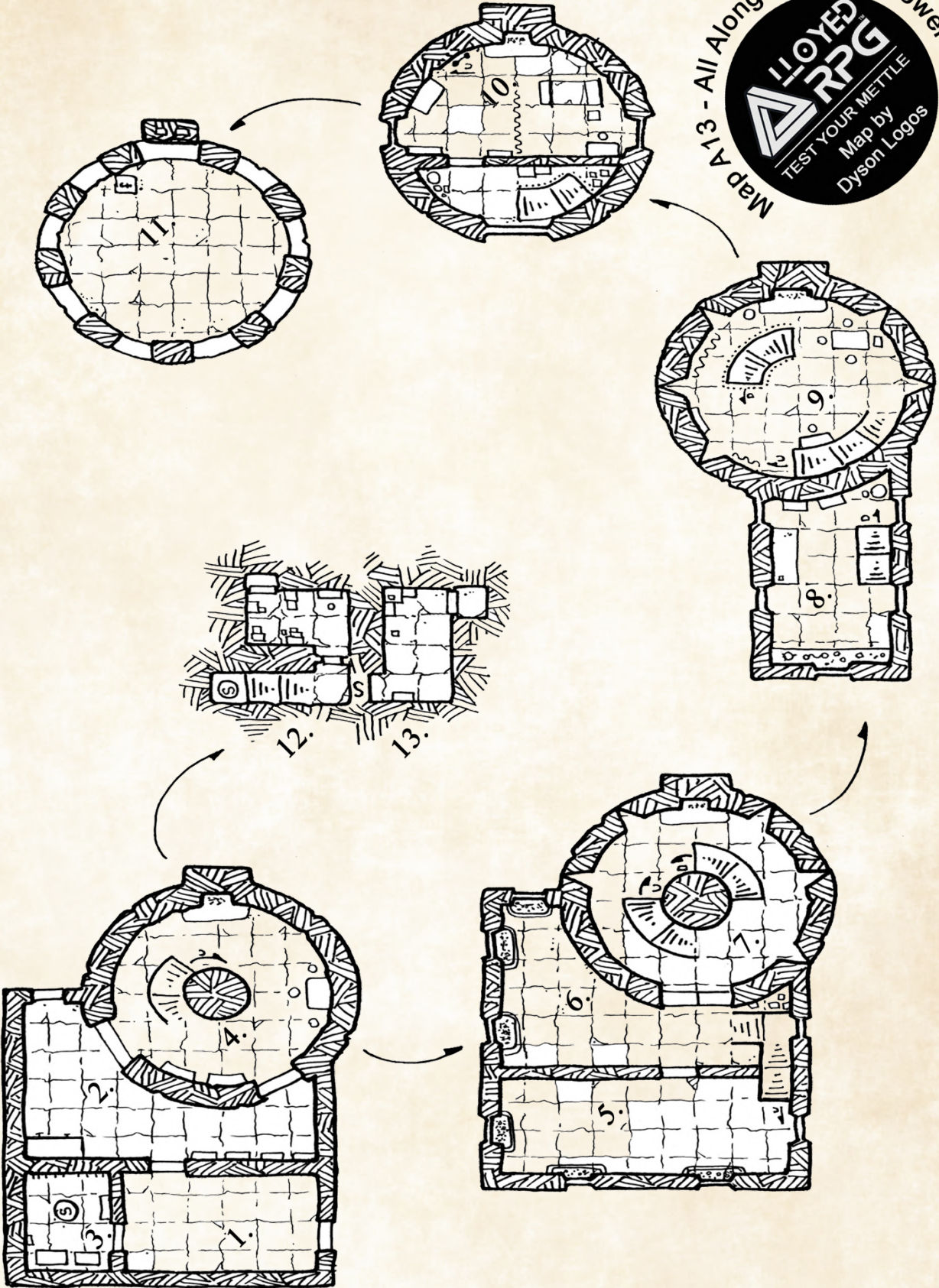
To prevent the prophet's return from the dead, the townsfolk placed his sarcophagus in an abandoned underground temple purported to house the soul of a fallen dragon. The ring of stones, representing the dragon's mouth, guards against the evil that lays buried below.

Prophetic Pillars

The pillars in the main rooms are covered in hieroglyphs. When approached, the glyphs rearrange themselves to form crude pictures foretelling the future of the one who looks upon them. Examples: A *house* followed by a *flame* indicates the character's home is going to be burned. A *crossroads* followed by a *broken heart* means the character will be forced to make a difficult decision. The DM may create unique hieroglyph sequences for the Party.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. The scythe of the prophet lies on top of the coffin. Anyone who takes hold of it becomes corrupt and turns on his friends until the scythe is released.
2. A rune stalker roams the tomb.
3. You exit the tomb only to find yourselves surrounded by angry townsfolk who want to burn you at the stake *'just in case.'*
4. You open the coffin to find nothing inside. As you stare into the empty sarcophagus, a crop watcher (scarecrow) appears behind you, scythe in hand.
5. As you enter (*Loc.4*), a loud rumbling is heard, followed by a heavy thud. One of the large stone teeth has been pushed over the entrance, sealing you in.



All Along the Watchtower (Map A13)

Set along ridges and other natural vantage points, small outpost watchtowers are considered part of the frontier landscape. Some were built for military purposes, others for municipal (fire, weather, etc.). Regardless of specifics, their overall purpose is to provide early detection of whatever one wants to detect.

Much like a lighthouse, watchtowers are sparsely populated, if at all. A caretaker and possibly his immediate family would reside here, but almost never for extended periods, and almost always in rotation with at least one other caretaker. The reason for this is simple – complacency. A watchtower does no good if those watching cease to pay much attention to their surroundings.

The Building

The first floor usually consists of a mudroom (*Loc.1*), washroom (*Loc.3*) and small kitchen (*Loc.2*). This setup keeps all of the plumbing on the ground floor, which is helpful considering most of these structures don't have running water. Everything is brought in by buckets.

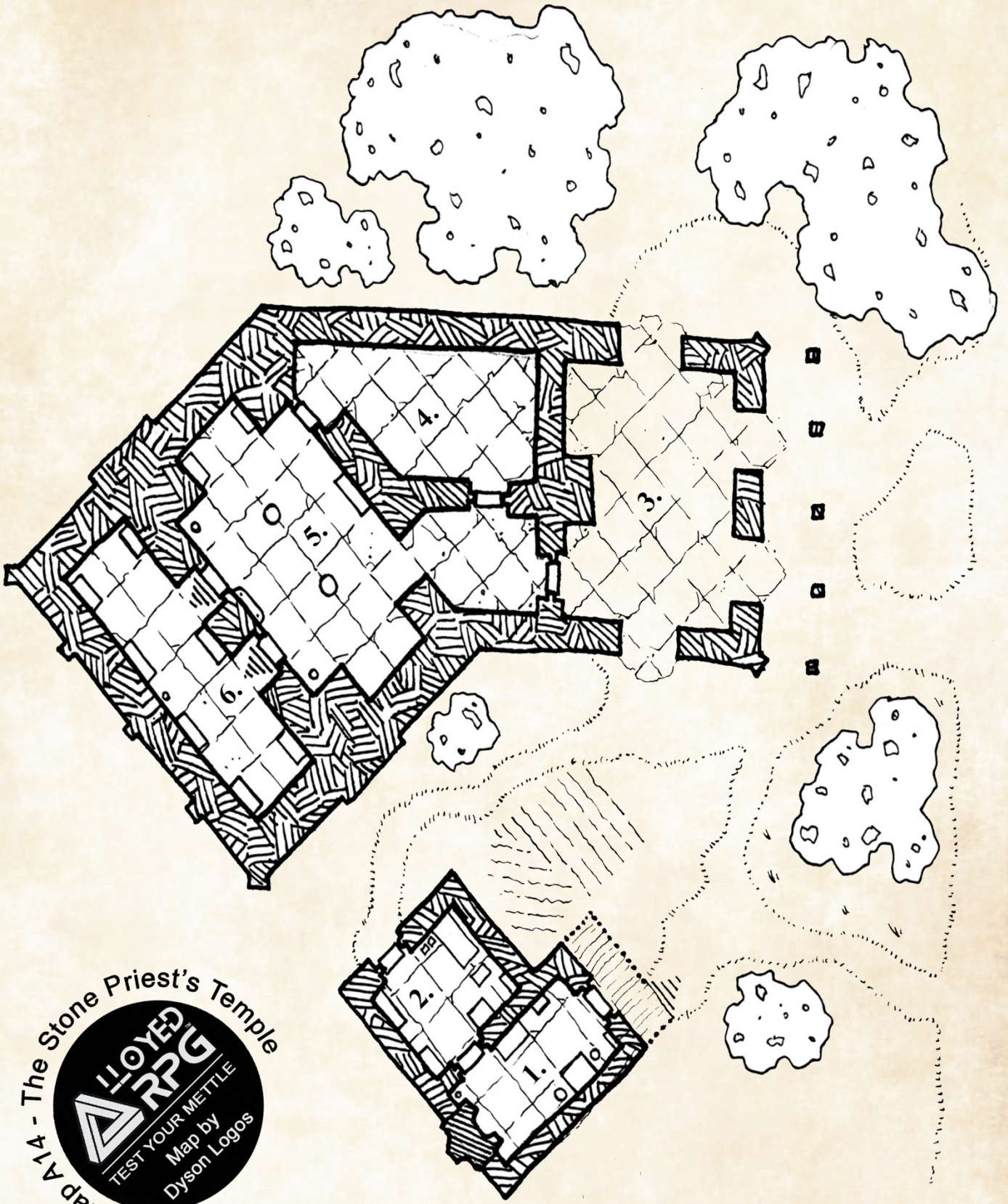
The basement consists of a storage area (*Loc.12*) for provisions and supplies, and a small holding cell (*Loc.13*) for detaining 'persons of interest' until authorities arrive. Considering their relative autonomy, remote locations, and lack of oversight, it's easy to see how some of these watchtowers have been abused. Many a creature has been unjustly locked up simply for being disagreeable to the caretaker.

The central spiral stair (*Loc.4*) leads up to the main living area consisting of a sitting room (*Loc.6*) and master bedroom (*Loc.5*). A steep, narrow staircase gives access to a smaller bedroom above (*Loc.8*). When empty, these structures make excellent rest stops. Some caretakers will rent out the upper bedroom to make some spare coin 'off the books' (attending watchtowers doesn't pay well).

(*Loc.10*) is another small sitting area where those on longer shifts can take a break. The viewing platform (*Loc.11*) is also where fires would be lit to warn the other sequential towers of trouble. Many have signal codes painted on the ramparts for quick reference.

Variations

1. The watchtower is empty with no provisions or plunder. It is just a place to rest.
2. A Belgian clanker patrols (*Loc.11*). If startled (roll against Target 12) upon entering (*Loc.11*), it will clang loudly until deactivated. Everyone knows you're here.
3. Careful inspection of the holding cell (*Loc.13*) reveals a gold signet ring between cobblestones in the floor. The seal is that of the mayor of the closest town.
4. (*Loc.8-11*) have become home to carrion grackles. Their nests are everywhere, but none of the birds are currently present.
5. You find a chomper chest in (*Loc.12*).



Map A14 - The Stone Priest's Temple
ALLOYED
RPG
TEST YOUR METTLE
Map by
Dyson Logos

The Stone Priest's Temple (Map A14)

Composed of white marble, this humble sanctuary sits peacefully among a grove of flowering trees. The gentle, wafting fragrance brings an instant sense of calm.

A smaller side building, constructed of the same white marble, is home to a priestly caretaker. A small, perfectly manicured garden stretches along the walkway. At your approach, the door swings slightly ajar as if welcoming guests inside. The small living space (*Loc.1*) features a few simple, but well-crafted furnishings. The modest bedroom (*Loc.2*) has a neatly made bed and a tidy writer's desk with a blank parchment neatly laid out. The bookshelf is home to much-used leatherbound volumes, all in alphabetical order.

At the sanctuary itself, a row of white marble pillars, covered in lush green vines precedes the spacious courtyard (*Loc.3*). Partial walls and rich foliage create a dampened hush within the portico. The foyer (*Loc.4*) is accessed through a large wooden door adorned with an ornate carving of a single rose. Water quietly trickles from fountain hewn into the marble wall. Sculpted to resemble outstretched hands with cupped palms pouring into a water jar, the inscription on the pitcher reads, *'Thirst no more.'* Anyone brave enough to drink is restored to full HP.

The main hall (*Loc.5*) is open and bright with a vaulted ceiling. Two large pillars feature frescoes depicting scenes of creation, miracles, death, war, a resurrected deity, and the afterlife. A large fire burns in a hearth between two wooden doors, each bearing the same carved rose. The confessional (*Loc.6*) is sparse with the exception of four bookshelves lined with volumes of religious text.

The Priest

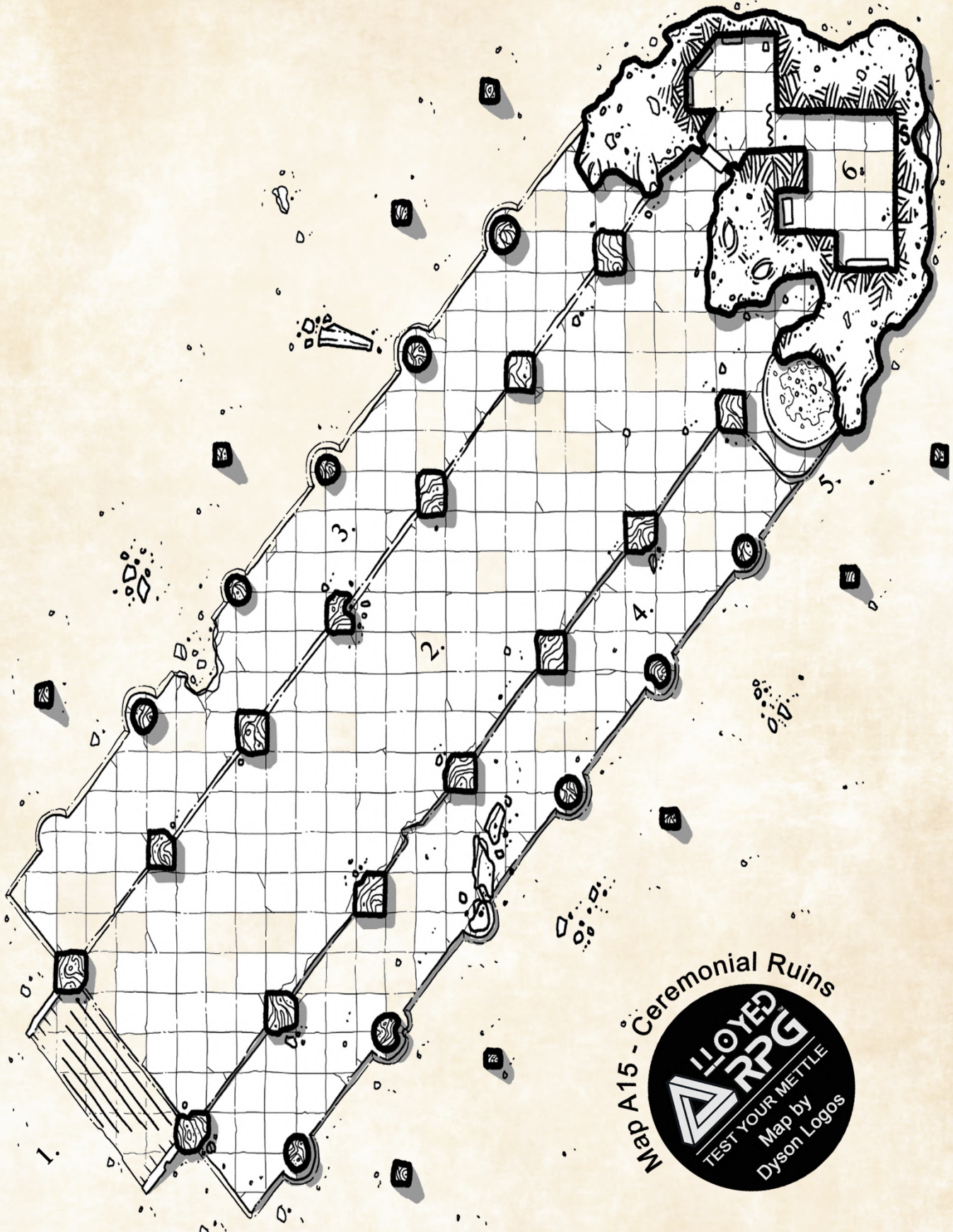
As you explore the temple, a small figure in a hooded cloak silently approaches. Traegnes Miliken (*'Trae'*) is the priest of this diocese. Calm, friendly,

and conversational, he welcomes you in the common tongue. *'Forgive me,'* he says as he self-consciously pulls away his hood. Trae is a goblin.

He relates the story of giving up his marauding ways and goblin polytheism to follow the One True God. Finding sanctuary in this remote place has allowed him to escape the violence of his former life, though he knows it's only a matter of time before his goblin brethren sentence him for heresy. Trae is prepared to go peacefully and has set this house in order for whomever would next assume the post. Suddenly, a goblin war horn sounds in the not-so-distant woods. *'They're here. I thought we'd have a little more time.'*

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. The temple is surrounded by 2d20 armed goblins. Trae offers to give himself up to appease them on one condition – one Party member must take over the priesthood and remain at the temple the rest of their days.
2. The goblin leader (Body 2, Attack 2, Defense 2, Target 12, HP 30) calls out with a challenge: A one-on-one fight with a single Party member. If he wins, they take you all prisoner. If he loses, they go. Interference will be met with fighting 3d20 goblins.
3. Everyone rolls 1d20. Trae turns himself over to the goblins. They bind him in shackles and lead him away. Just as they disappear into the woods, you notice a weapon protruding from Trae's cloak. He has stolen the lowest rolled Party member's Staff/Wand (or primary weapon if no staff).
4. Trae slips you a note before turning himself over to the goblins. It says, *'Shoot me with a flaming arrow.'* His cloak is woven with explosive material and can kill 4d20 goblins.
5. Everyone rolls 1d20. The goblins demand Trae be handed over. Before he turns himself over, he hands the highest roller a wrapped bundle. It's a live baby goblin. *'Get him back to his mother,'* Trae says.



Ceremonial Ruins (Map A15)

Crafted long ago, time, weather, and deliberate neglect have taken their toll on this once-sacred place. 'Sacred' to but a few; an abomination to everyone else. The decay of age has made it difficult to distinguish the image of the great stone beast at the end of this pompous ceremonial pathway, but even an untrained eye knows who (or what) it is. Draigwych the Usurper sits, mouth agape and arms wide open, ready to receive the most horrific of gifts from his aimless and foolish followers. The thick stench of ancient flesh and blood adds to the heavy, sinking feeling that dreadful things have taken place here.

Purpose and Purging

One of many, these ceremonial altars were built on great, supposedly 'unshakeable' precipices of rock, sometimes hundreds of feet tall. They flourished for a brief time when it seemed that even the slightest prayer could turn the tide of war at any moment, one way or the other. But they are rare to come by nowadays. Most of these wretched sites have been destroyed by those seeking to cleanse the land of the filth of those dark times.

The Pattern

The layout of these shrines is fairly standard. A wide flight of stairs (*Loc.1*) ascends to a long, processional walkway (*Loc.2*) leading to a foreboding, grotesque monument. The monument is built around a chamber (*Loc.6*)¹ where various ceremonial items and utensils were stored. The altar (*Loc.5*) is where sacrifices would take place as the faithful would watch from the side porticos (*Loc.3,4*).

The altar plate is the center of attention. Since Draigwych was left-handed, the plate is always situated in his left hand (any such plates found moved to the right hand were done so as a mockery to desecrate the place). The plate was most often crafted of beaten bronze to withstand the many dark offerings made upon it. Finding

such an artifact still intact is rare indeed as most were either melted down or used as shields by larger foul creatures. Many a Dark Mage would pay a handsome price for one, though handling it would fill a good man with a terrible sense of dread, causing him to lose -2 Spirit.

DM Notes

1. Magic scrolls have sometimes been found in these preparation rooms, but one must overcome a deep sense of dread just to enter into these spaces. Entering through the ominous statue can bring even the bravest warrior to a childlike fear, and requires a roll against Target 15 (Spirit) to do so. Each player may only make one attempt to enter the chamber.

Variations

1. One scroll is available to any player who successfully enters the chamber (*Loc.6*). The scroll contains one (1) Magic of the DM's choice and is discarded after use.
2. There is fresh blood on the altar plate. You feel as if you are being watched.
3. Roll for order. The first person who ascends the steps (*Loc.1*) is Magically snatched by the altar and bound to it with arcane ropes (Target 12, HP 20). If not cut loose by the Party within 3 rounds, that player loses 1 HP per round thereafter until freed.
4. A chilopodax has made its nest in (*Loc.6*). It is awakened by your loud footsteps and attacks you at (*Loc.2*).
5. The first member to look closely at the altar plate sees their reflection in the plate. While staring, a small needle hidden in the wall pricks the player's forehead, spilling one droplet of blood onto the altar plate. That player gains +1 Permanent Magic in exchange for losing -3 Spirit. The Permanent Magic may only be chosen from Magic currently carried by the player.



Turret of the Black Dragon (Map A16)

Overlooking a steep canyon, this fortress was built in 348 AGC during the era of the westward expansions. Its strategic location caught the eye of *Acidbane*, a black dragon with caustic breath, who took the citadel for himself. Called, '*Elenhendikash*' by the elves, the serpent used her new lair as a base from which she unleashed death and destruction upon the nearby villages. It also became a storehouse where she amassed her vast plunder and collected devotees and captives to attend to her whims.

Having suffered enough of the creature's havoc, the villages hired a powerful adventurer to slay the dragon. The battle was fierce, but the dragon was slain. So too was the hero. Their master defeated, most of *Acidbane*'s followers abandoned the turret, but some of the more devoted remained.

Inside the Walls

Access to the fortress is only through a hidden iron door (Target 12 (Mind) to find; Target 14 (Body) to open). The windowless lair requires light to navigate. The guardrooms (*Loc.1,2*) contain 3 skeletons in black, scaly armor laying among rusted weapons, their humanoid bones bearing oddly reptilian features. Each has a gold medallion embossed with a dragon's head.¹ A 'meat' room (*Loc.3*) holds butcher's tools and scattered bones of various creatures, some of them human.

The great room (*Loc.4*) offers piles of gold, silver, gems, and artifacts including two swords in perfect condition with pommels inlaid with gems. Each item bears a dragon's head stamp.¹ An aperture in the ceiling opens to the watchtower (*Loc.5*) 50ft (15m) above. From these ramparts one sees an epic view of the canyon through the arrow slits.² Common areas (*Loc.6-8*) contain four more skeletons, one bearing more resemblance to a lizard than a man. Downstairs empties into living quarters (*Loc.9*) where five skeletons, each with medallions,¹ lay in a row. Their anatomy morphs progressively from human to lizard. A bookshelf

hides another room (*Loc.10*) with a series of medallions¹ hanging on the wall. An inscription in the floor reads, '*May the wearer become like the Master.*' (*Loc.11,12*) are pantries with long-expired canned goods.

DM Notes

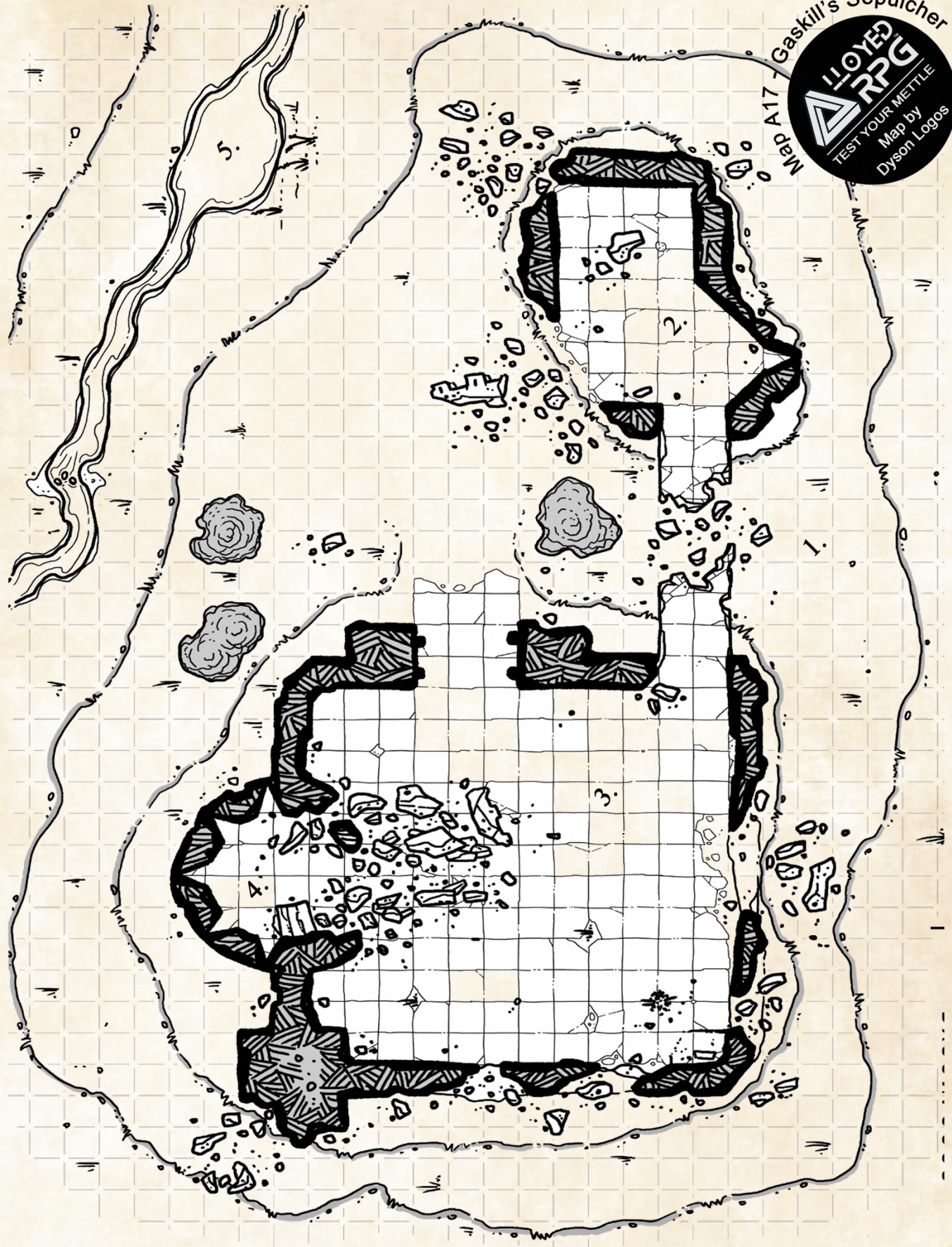
1. Items bearing the image of *Elenhendikash* bears the dragon's curse, slowly changing anyone who takes it into a lizard. The process takes 7 rounds, beginning when the adventurers exit the fort with the cursed treasure. The DM determines if/how to reverse the curse.
2. Shadows of a dragon and a hero are charred into the canyon walls. If watched long enough, the shadows become animated, playing out the epic battle over and over again.

Variations

1. You find a glowing dagger in (*Loc.6*). With a successful Target hit, it kills undead instantly.
2. Skeletons come to life and attack from behind as you leave each of their respective rooms. There are 12 in total.
3. The shadow dragon begins to take on physical form unless/until light is cast upon it.
4. You discover a glowing green dragon's egg in (*Loc.5*). If anyone touches it, the rotten egg explodes, spewing acid onto anyone in the room. The one who touched it loses 1d20/5 HP. Everyone else in the room loses 1d20/10 HP.
5. You find an emaciated elf hiding in (*Loc.12*). She's talking to herself, clearly mad. She was the one who arranged the bodies in (*Loc.9*). She only has 1 HP, but if more are added to her, she will regain her sanity and warn you of the curse.



Map A117



Gaskill's Sepulcher (Map A17)

Pinosh Gaskill is considered one of the most powerful sorcerer Mages ever to have lived within the Four Corners of Katharsis. He also had a penchant for evil. Without proper mentoring, Gaskill studied and practiced the dark arts with great fervor, and even greater misdirection. Even among those unafraid to traverse the Dark Lands of Thura, Pinosh holds a special place of dread. It's been said that the Mage had delved deeper than any before him or any thereafter, even tapping into the very essence of the portals themselves.

But even one such as Gaskill is not immune to carelessness. While drinking in a remote tavern where he presumed anonymity, the wizard was poisoned. To this day, no one knows who ordered the hit. For fear that killing such a powerful Mage would only create an even greater lich, his unconscious body was brought deep into the woods and encapsulated alive within this purpose-built structure. The entire property was then sealed by a wizard's lock.

The Sepulcher

The stronghold was often checked in on by locals and inspected by any itinerate Mages who happened to pass through the area. All was well for a hundred years. Until it wasn't.

Upon approaching the site, one cannot help but notice the breach in the retaining wall (*Loc.1*). Even a quick survey of the site reveals similar breaches everywhere, as if whatever was inside had simply, violently, exploded its way out. The empty court (*Loc.3*) is strewn about with rubble, most of which came from the vault itself (*Loc.4*). Oxidized fragments of the wizard's lock are embedded in the charred walls of the latch room (*Loc.2*), begging the question as to which came first? Was the lock destroyed, releasing the wizard, or did the wizard, once set free destroy the lock? Either is disturbing and leads to far more serious questions. A small pool of turbid water (*Loc.5*)

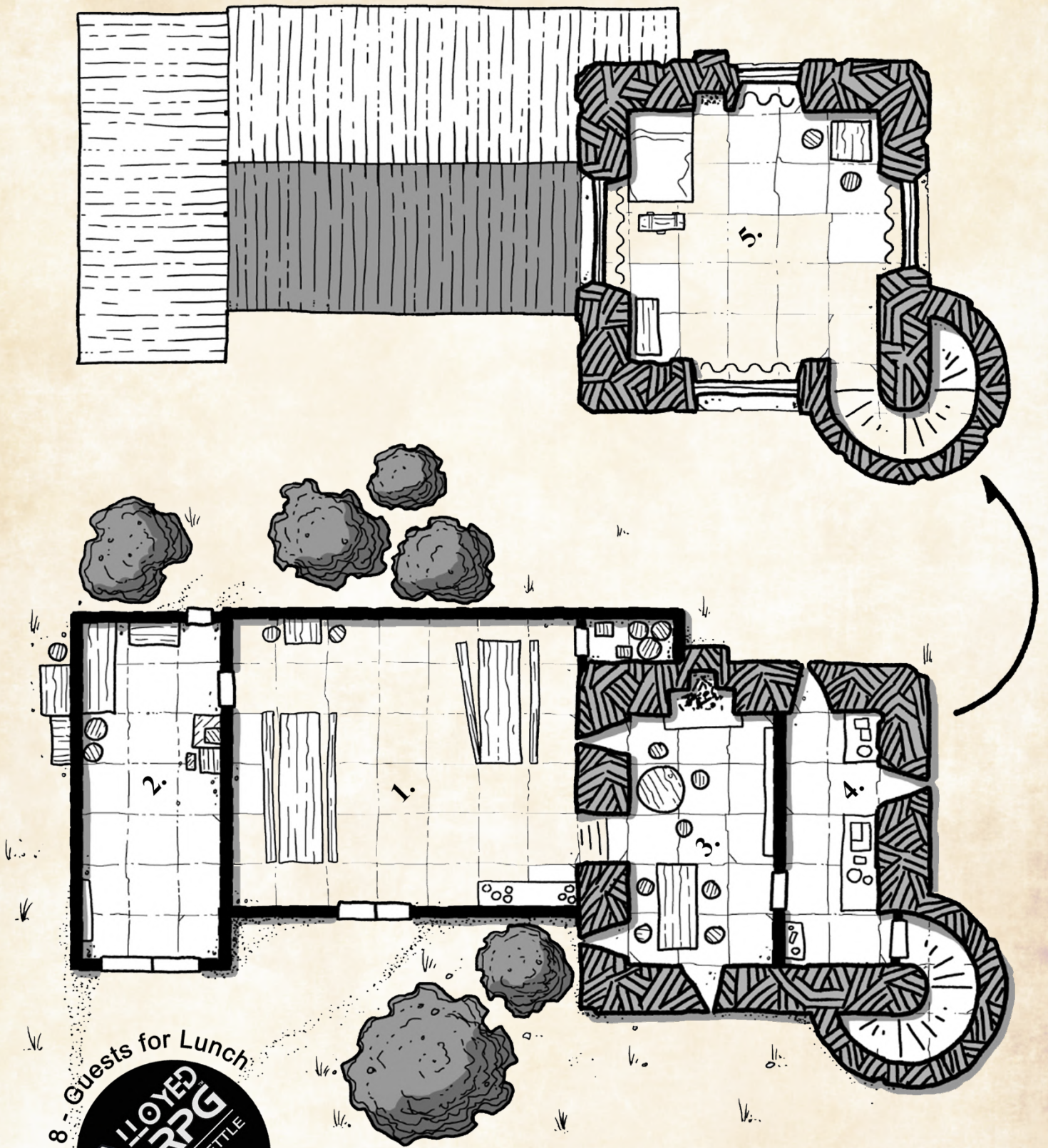
continually bears an ominous message formed into the thick, green slime: Simply the initials, 'P.G.'

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. Small fragments of the wizard's lock can be removed from the walls in (*Loc.2*). They are inactive and incomplete, but may be worth a few gold pieces to collectors.
2. As you search the premises, two swamp thugs sneak up on the Party. They are only looking for opportunistic loot and will back off from too much of a fight.
3. The premises is completely empty. There's nothing here but history and legend.
4. As you explore the vault (*Loc.4*), the walls begin to reassemble themselves. By the time you discern what's happening, it's too late. The court (*Loc.3*) has completely rebuilt itself, sealing you within the chamber. There are no doors or windows. It's pitch black, and all rolls are at Disadvantage. Roll 3d20 against Target 15 to escape by non-Magical means. You are allowed only 1 roll per player.
5. Hanging on the wall of the vault (*Loc.4*) are the cloak and belt of Pinosh Gaskill. Roll against Target 17 (Spirit) to not be overcome with dread. Anyone in a state of dread will not be able to retrieve these items.¹

DM Notes

1. The cloak and belt each contain one (1) Magic of the DM's choosing.



Map A18 - Guests for Lunch
ALLOYED RPG
TEST YOUR METTLE
Map by
Dyson Logos

Guests for Lunch (Map A18)

Whisps of smoke wind their way into the sky ahead of you. They come from the chimney of a small cottage in the clearing. Every so often, you catch the savory aroma of fresh stew. The place is cozy, the grounds are tidy, and the shrubbery well-manicured. An iron knocker, wrought to resemble a bear's face, adorns the arched wooden door. The brass marque below reads, *'Clovis Residence. Welcome, Friends.'* Should the Party knock, they are greeted from a voice in a back room, *'Come in and take a seat – I've been expecting you!'* A few moments later, a large man bounds out from the kitchen with a fresh pot of stew.¹ *'Clovis, at your service. You must be famished. Please, help yourselves.'*

The Residence

The moderate dining area (*Loc.1*) has two large wooden tables. The space is nicely warmed by a small, crackling fireplace. An assortment of boots and shoes fill the rack by the door. To one side of the dining area is a large, but sparsely stocked pantry (*Loc.2*). On the other side is a short set of stairs leading to the elevated servant's commissary (*Loc.3*) and kitchen (*Loc.4*)². An unusually large pile of ashes fills the commissary fireplace.³ The upstairs bedroom (*Loc.5*)⁴ is accessed via a stone spiral staircase.

Clovis the Cannibal

Your host is extremely friendly, though a bit eccentric in his mannerisms. He asks for your names, but then refers to the Party by other, almost childlike nonsense words. He makes light conversation, but will often mutter in third-person, then dismiss himself to the kitchen only to return empty handed.

Clovis is a cannibal. His provisions have run low and he is hoping the Party will replenish his bare pantry. He's not a fighter, relying on killing his victims with kindness (and a dash of poison). If at any point the Party decides to kill him, Clovis is

Target 2, HP 10, without weapons unless he grabs a kitchen knife.

DM Notes

1. The stew is poisoned. Anyone who eats it becomes weak and tired, rolling at Disadvantage for two rounds before falling asleep for two more rounds.
2. The kitchen is full of butcher's knives. A large pot of stew boils on the stove. A spice rack displays jars of unusual ingredients (*they are human parts*).
3. An investigation of the fireplace reveals a human skull buried in the ashes.
4. The bedroom is disturbingly tidy. Pictures of Clovis and his family adorn the top of the dresser. Laid neatly on top of the bed is some kind of animal (*human*) skin. Pictures of other people grace the walls. Most have a red X through them – except the ones of your Party.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4). Upon exploring (*Loc.5*)...

1. You hear voices outside the front door. Clovis' family (from the pictures) has arrived.
2. You hear voices outside. A posse of townsfolk have arrived to rid the neighborhood of the cannibal.
3. You hear a small voice from outside. Hiding out on the window ledge is a frightened little girl who is attempting to escape.
4. A ghost composite of Clovis' previous victims emerges from the ashes in the kitchen. His partially materialized body (made of ash) grabs a butcher knife and heads toward you, demanding vengeance.
5. Each one of your pictures begins to take on an eerie, ghost-like sheen. Slowly, one-by-one, the haunting copies of each of you start crawling out of their frames.

Map A19 - Healing Pools of GōVan



Healing Pools of GöVan (Map A19)

The infamous monk's proverb rings most true at The Pools. *'Some are dirty from without and need only bathe to be cleaned. Others are dirty from within and need only bath to be killed.'*

Giovanni GöVan was a wandering friar who, for the most part, helped the poor. The monk would use some of what he collected from noblemen in the cities to buy pools and small groves in the countryside that were already long-considered sacred washing places by the locals. He would then 'bless' said pools and be on his way.

Over time, the pools gained a reputation for their healing properties. Old, injured animals would fall into the waters by accident and emerge young and vibrant. Barren women would wash clothes and be able to conceive. This went on for decades until the death of the friar. When GöVan passed away, so did the strength of his blessing. Some of the pools still heal, but others now kill or bring disease. This shifting unpredictability leads the desperate to take their chances and brave the waters. Some, to be sure, walk away healed. But the others...

The Groves

Upon Giovanni's death, ownership of the pools has reverted back to public domain. Folks with other means of healthcare go elsewhere, leaving only the poorest to loiter among the groves. Small brick huts offer some privacy for bathers with changing rooms (*Loc.2,4*), drying areas for clothes (*Loc.3*), and a meditation room (*Loc.5*) to 'settle one's affairs' before stepping into the waters. The main pool (*Loc.6*)¹ is usually the most grossly used (and we do mean grossly), tempting many to cross the footbridge (*Loc.7*) to access the cleaner looking pools (*Loc.8,9*)².

DM Notes

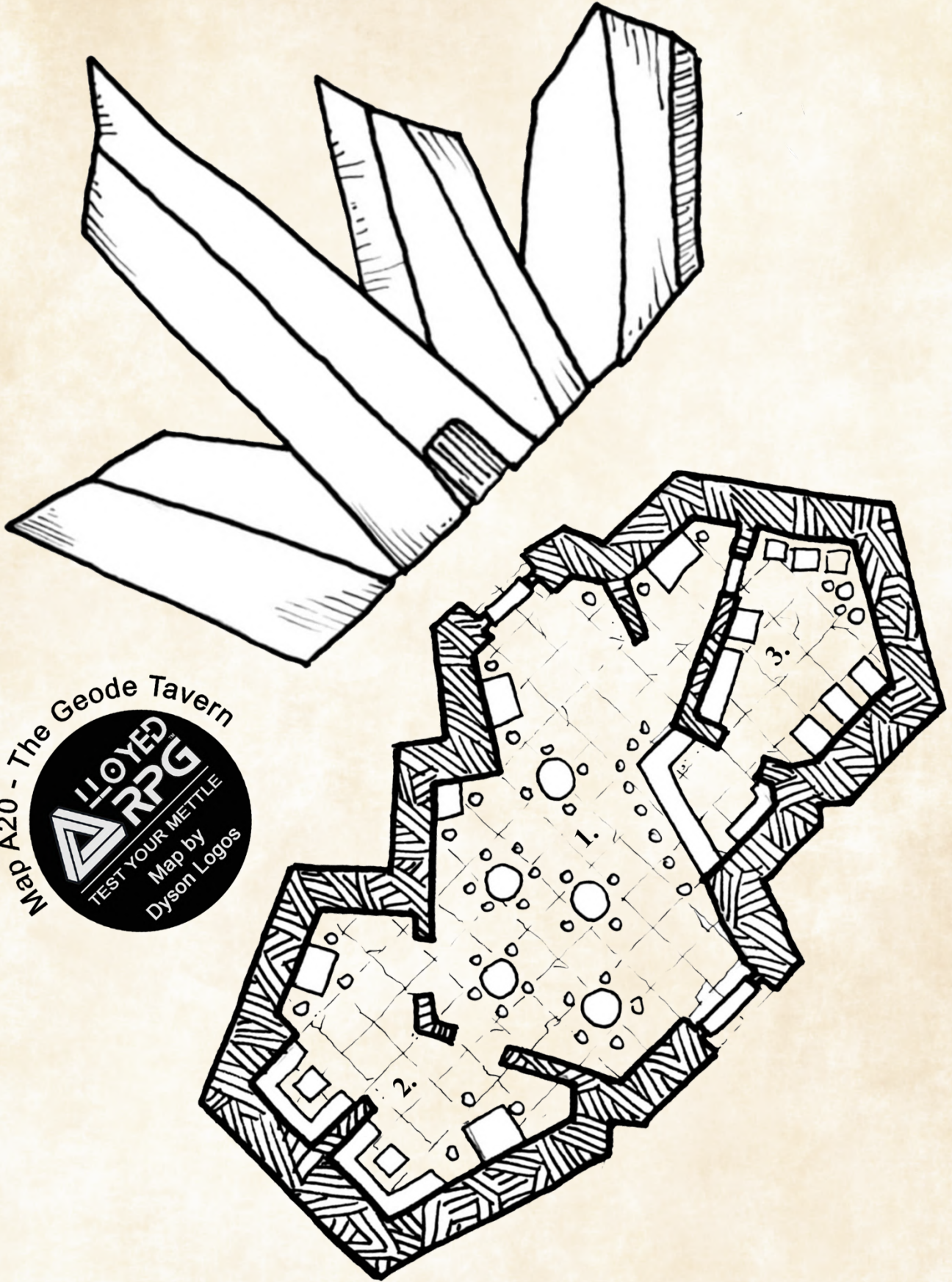
1. Anyone wading into (*Loc.6*) must roll against Target 14 (Spirit). Success adds 50% more HP to the wader's current HP. Failure

results in Light Damage. A Natural 1 results in the pool churning and frothing, requiring another adventurer to jump in to save the first (the rescuer must perform the same rolls).

2. (*Loc.8*) is just plain water, no blessing, no curse. Wading into (*Loc.9*) fully restores HP.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. Roll against Target 16 (Mind) to see if anyone knows the history and secrets of the pools. Failure results in not reading the narrative to the adventurers.
2. You see several destitute people with wounds and defects entering the pools and coming out healed (*these are all hallucinations to trick players into wading into the pools*).
3. (*Loc.8*) contains 1d20/2 daggerfish.
4. An old lady is washing clothes and muttering to herself beside (*Loc.6*). When encountered, everyone in the Party rolls for order. Completely unexpected, the crazy lady pushes the lowest rolling player into the pool.¹
5. The footbridge (*Loc.7*) collapses under the weight of the *second* adventurer to cross. The fall shatters the player's leg, leaving an open fracture that must be healed. The player suffers Medium Damage from infection and blood loss each round until healed (This should encourage them to 'take a bath' in one of the pools).



Map A20 - The Geode Tavern
**ALLOYED
RPG**
TEST YOUR METTLE
Map by
Dyson Logos

The Geode Tavern (Map A20)

Brilliantly shining atop a small bluff stands the Geode Tavern. The four massive, crystal spires comprising its base are the natural result of time and geological upheaval. The iconic protrusions are one-of-a kind and, together with the exquisite food and drink, glass furnishings, and eccentric owner, have made the pub an A-list destination for decades. Only society's wealthiest have the means to partake at the Geode, and reservations are booked out months in advance.

The Proprietor

Amethyon has owned the place since anyone can remember. He's a unique and mysterious individual and is, oddly enough, the tavern's only staff. The Geode is a one-man show. If you can get past the fact that his entire skin is covered in glittering growths of gemstone, Amethyon is a wealth of information. Some say he's as old as the crystals themselves. As calm as his demeanor would portray, Amethyon is skilled with a blade and quick to *'surgically remove'* any mischief in his establishment.

Limited Access

Admission to the Geode without a reservation is nearly impossible, even for VIPs, unless there happens to be a last-minute cancellation. 10+1d20/2 patrons are present at any given time. As one guest leaves, another is allowed in.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4). The following patrons are present:

1. An extremely wealthy old man named Eretrimus is seated by himself. He owns a mine and only likes to talk about the past.
2. A middle-class merchant and his wife have saved up for this evening out. Their conversation relates only to their family and mundane things.

3. A group of trust-fund youth are at the bar. They are loud and boisterous, spilling the latest gossip of the rich and famous.
4. Three older women are sharing wine and 'civilized' conversation. They have great disdain for the newer generation of rich.
5. A middle-aged man and an ogre are discussing a business deal involving logging and fisheries.

Variations (Roll 1d20/4)

1. You notice a man discreetly filing off crystal dust from the wall of the tavern into a small container. At that moment, Amethyon checks in on your table to ask if everything is to your liking.
2. A bright light flashes in the tavern, temporarily blinding the patrons and the Party (rolls are at Disadvantage for two rounds). Three men with flintlock pistols go table-to-table demanding patrons to hand over all valuables.
3. An entitled patron has tampered with the shade screen near his table so he 'can read the menu.' An especially intense beam of light catches another tablecloth on fire, leading to an evacuation of the building.
4. Slight tremors shake and rattle the crystal structure as it is pushed upward and outward another 10ft (3m) in all directions. The patrons all stop in dismay. *'Looks like we just got more seating room,'* laughs Amethyon. Roll 1d20/4 to determine which variable patrons are added to the room.
5. Amethyon announces a special round of drinks offered to anyone with the coin (100 GP) to purchase them. This rare ale is spiked with an empowering potion that allows its consumer to reroll once per round for the rest of the session. Those short on gold may trade a weapon of Amethyon's choosing for the pint.