

# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ABYSS

You stand upon a plateau against a mountain. A cold, reeking wind blows intermittently past. Forward, the mountain rises steeply to the stars. Behind you the matte dark abyss looms as high. The rails are rusted, and on this side there are four of them, two to your left and one to your right. They continue into a multiply-arched tunnel straight into the mountainside.

Beside the rails, two dust-covered dark roads enter the mountain tunnel beneath their own arches. There's a sign next to one of the roads, and you can recognize the bright reflections of a crossroads sign in your light. It marks 49. Above that road another, larger sign hangs from the top of the tunnel, but it's faded and you can't read it.

## THE LONG TUNNEL

The tunnel is utterly dark. A warm, slightly moist air wafts almost imperceptibly out of it. It is silent.

## THE CREATURES OF THE CAVES

“Why do you live in the caves?”

“Why do we live? What else would we do? Do you expect to kill us with philosophy?”

“But why here in the caves? Why not beyond the caves in the outside?”

“How can we live beyond the world?”

## THE END OF THE ROAD

The road is cracked and the rails twisted; they disappear beneath a grey rock in many places, and slowly disappear completely. The lights flicker on and off. Eventually, they die. The tunnel remains wide and tall, but it begins to curve more often, and sometimes you see cracks and walls where it looks like half of the tunnel has shifted ten or more yards right or left.

Finally, you arrive at an area where the tunnel breaks and thins, and then opens into a wide cavern. Twisted rails and cracked road cross a deep chasm. The rails and the road

extend over the chasm, but break and twist apart at places midway across. Only one rail looks like it's still going all the way across. What looks like rope ties the broken pieces of the railway's meshwork metal walls together. It looks about as safe as a twine bridge. The road was once held up by great stone pillars, but the pillars are cracked, and some of them have fallen away. The other road does not cross the chasm at all.

The chasm's sheer sides go down hundreds of yards at least. The air at the edge of the chasm is stuffy and hot, and there is a dull orange glow at the bottom.

There are two tunnels on the other side of the chasm, and a pile of pale debris blocking the left tunnel.

## **01: THE PIT OF BONES**

The tunnel funnels into two paths ahead of you, forty yards apart, each a bit over ten yards wide. The one on the left is partially blocked by a wide pile of debris at least ten yards in diameter. As you move closer, you realize that the debris is a vast jumble of bones.

## **02: FALLEN ROCK**

It looks as if rock has bubbled up from the ground; the smooth stone is covered by rocks and pebbles held together by some sort of strange grey cement.

## **03: SECRET PORTALS**

An arched design embedded into the walls encloses a smooth, grey stone wall.

## **04: GUARD ROOM**

A low, white table of hard shell and three similar chairs with rounded concave seats are in the center of this room. Glazed disks about one foot in diameter hang on the walls to either side.

## **06: DEMENTED GOBLINS**

In a circle in the center of the room, amidst smashed crates, broken barrels, and other destroyed rubbish, squat eight goblins, armed with swords and javelins, and wearing leather armor. They're staring at each other, and don't react to your entrance. Their still, red eyes blink motionlessly. One of them whimpers, and then goes silent again.

## **08: SPIDER-SILK SNARE**

Silky streamers billow against your movement as you enter, hanging from the ceiling and walls and covering the floor. In the corner there are several large, man-sized bundles covered in the same silky white string. Next to them are three bronze-colored disks draped slightly with silk.

You hear a snap! and you are swept off of your feet and into the air. You hear a sliding noise, and three balls fall out of the ceiling above the shining disks. Gong! Gong! Gong! as each ball falls onto the metal beneath it.

## **09: MEETING HALL**

A semi-circular table of glossy white is streaked with mud. Around it are five high-backed white chairs of similar material. The walls are smeared with symbols the color of mud and the place reeks of ogre and outhouse.

## **12: WATER HOLES**

A giant, misshapen man squats over a hole in the ground. He sees you and grabs up a giant club from the floor next to him. He screams at you and hurls a steaming brown mass at you with his free hand.

## **10: BARRACKS**

Broken furniture litters this room, shattered, jagged things of a glossy white material, that may have once been tables, chairs, and couches. Small brown spiders half as big as your fist scurry amidst the decay. The ancient aroma of death hangs in the air.

## **11: CAVE BEAR'S LAIR**

A rank smell assaults you just standing outside the door.

Inside, a huge roar greets you, pushing you back almost as much as the ripe smell of the dead and of unkept animal.

There is a giant white bear against the wall to your right. Its head almost touches the ceiling. The remains of three goblins, half-eaten, are scattered around it.

## **13: PLOG**

In the center of this room is a glowing red pillar. A dozen giants laugh and fight around the fire. Slabs of meat are being roasted above the pillar. Fat drips down and red sparks fly, snapping upwards towards the ceiling and a dark hole that seems to suck the red flakes into it.

“I sure hope this bastard tastes better than he fought!” says one of the creatures.

Slouched in a massive white chair against the wall, an enormous giant sits, clad in a white bearskin. His raiment is covered in gold and jewels, and he cradles a giant, obsidian warhammer in his arms. He sits and stars at the red pillar, fascinated by it and by nothing else.

## **14: GUARD ROOM**

This room is empty, save for two glazed disks about a foot in diameter on the walls to each side of you.

## **15: THE CRACK**

An open crack, five feet wide at the center and ten feet long drops down a good forty feet before it continues horizontally afterwards.

As you drop down the shaft, you see layers of stone, metal, and that odd grey rock. Ancient wiry roots permeate the layers, tangling and scratching as you move downwards.

The passage slopes lightly downwards. You see occasional layers of rock and metal, twisted and cracked, on the sides of the passage. Bits of the colorful roots also poke through.

## 16: SIGN OF BATTLE

The cavern widens beyond the constricted entrance to a thirty yards diameter area. Mottled grey stone surrounds you, except for a flatter gray stone to your left, and two small passages leading further ahead.

A couple of broken swords lie in the dirt.

## 17: THE KILLING GROUND

The cavern twists around to your right and then left, and then widens off to your left. There's a wide passage ahead and to your right.

The temperature drops suddenly and you can see your breath coalesce into mist as you exhale.

A couple of broken swords lie in the dirt amidst other small pieces of metal and stone.

The cavern slowly returns to normal temperature.

The air grows chill as it did when you first entered this cavern. A faint misty shape, human, forms amid the corpses and debris of battle, hanging hesitantly in the air. Lighter mists form behind it, some human, some large and lizard-like, some small and child-like.

"You have avenged our deaths. For this we thank you."

"You are wise, son of hate and child of love. You have heard this warning already; heed it well: the restless step... the burdened soul... caution, child."

"Seek ye the giant in the mountain, beyond the empty cave." A misty arm points behind you and off slightly to the right.

The forms fade, and their words disappear as if into a great distance. The temperature returns to normal.

## 18: THE HOLE

The passage slopes sharply downwards. You see occasional layers of rock and metal, twisted and cracked, some of it the odd grey stone, on the sides of the passage. Bits of colorful wiry roots also poke through in tangles.

## **19: ROCK OF PHAGES**

There is a boulder in the center of a giant alcove, surrounded by a nimbus of white-blue light. A sour-sweet smell wafts from that direction.

## **20: MANTICORE DEN**

Fine black sand covers the floor of this cavern, and a musky animal odor hangs over it.

An horrific creature with the face of man saunters cat-like into the opening. It has the body of a lion; its eyes burn blood red, and it flicks a scorpion-like tail behind it.

Its four rows of teeth chitter as the creatures launch snap their tails towards you.

## **21: GRIFFON PERCH**

It looks like an eagle is leaping down upon, and then you see the powerful lion's body behind it.

## **22: ILLUSORY ROCK**

The same grey rock has flowed over the walls of this long cavern, leaving only a bit of flat wall at the far end.

## **23: THE HAND OF EDURLAG**

An enormous brown hand, five yards across the palm, thrusts upwards through the floor.

The fingers on the hand begin to move, and then the hand itself twists and turns; it motions you to come forward, and flattens itself as if making room for you to stand upon it.

A soft starlight glow fills this area. A child's voice, a girl, speaks in the ancient tongue.

“Known then that this was the fate of Edurlag, heroic Storm Giant of the Great North, who dared the terrors of the Demondance, battled the Legions of the Abyss, and rescued Ningillan the White, Queen of Elves and Empress of the Silver City. Magnified to this wondrous size and imprisoned in the living rock of the Station of the Sun, shackled by the

awful power of the Swarm, Edurlag yet lived and was counted blessed by the Elvish people.”

“Traveler, all that happened long ago; none now remember it. Go forth and tell this tale, and know that Edurlag shall walk again when the City rises. Followers of Evil, beware!”

## **24: PIT VIPERS**

Several holes, a foot or so in diameter, are scattered about on the left wall.

The holes seem to move; something slithers out of them, and keep slithering for four feet of mottled brown snake. There are around a dozen of the snakes slithering out of the holes.

## **25: MURDERERS MOST FOUL**

A terrible stench warns you that something foul is ahead.

Three ugly, hairy giants loll about on a great litter of skins and bones, covered by a pale moldy blanket.

## **26: THE BREEZEWAY**

Warm, wet air blows upwards through this opening.

An eerie golden brown glow peeks from beneath the pebbles. As you move more of the pebbles, the glow grows brighter, and you see a mesh metal grating. Beneath the mesh is a gleaming, golden sword, a dagger in a sheath, and a small oaken chest.

The passage slopes sharply downwards. You see occasional layers of rock and metal, twisted and cracked, some of it the odd grey stone, on the sides of the passage. Bits of colorful wiry roots also poke through in tangles.

## **01: THE CRACK**

The air grows warmer and warmer as you follow the downward-sloping passage. The air grows mistier and the mist catches in your light. Water drips from the ceiling, and you hear strange hollow popping noises in the distance.

As the passage opens to a wider, eight-yard-wide passage, you can smell something rich and musty.

## **02: GRAY FUNGUS GLADE**

Giant umbrella-shaped mushrooms of every size up to five yards make an eerie forest with a musty odor.

## **03: CHAMBER OF CHAINS**

Shiny steel manacles hold bones against the walls 20 foot diameter area.

## **04: THE HOLE**

The air grows warmer and warmer as you follow the steeply-sloping passage. The air grows mistier and the mist catches in your light. Water drips from the ceiling, and you hear strange hollow popping noises in the distance.

As the passage opens to a wider, six-yard-wide passage, you can smell something rich and musty in the mist.

## **05: THE BREEZEWAY**

The air grows warmer and warmer as you follow the steeply-sloping passage. The air grows mistier and the mist catches in your light. Water drips from the ceiling, and you hear strange hollow popping noises in the distance.

As the passage opens to a wider, ten-yard-wide area, you can smell something oddly sweet in the mist.

## **07: TREMBLING ROCK**

You hear a staccato hissing through a passage.

Jets of steam spurt through the cracks in the ground, and the ground pulsates in the center of this cavern.

## **08: GARGOYLE GUARDS**

Three large, vaguely man-like creatures with short black wings and a single horn sticking out of their grey, stony bodies.

## **09: MIST OF MISDETECTION**

A purple vapor emanating from the sand permeates the cavern and passage here.

## **10: STRANGE SNARES**

Blue lights beam between the walls of this ten-foot-wide passage, flashing on and off seemingly at random, at all heights and for about twenty feet.

## **11: THE WAIL OF THE JACKAL**

Four men with dog-like heads lie on the sand. One gnaws absent-mindedly on a long green piece of something like a lizard. There is a lightly brown tone to their skin, and they are thin and lean. Bronze swords lay by their sides.

## **12: JACKAL'S MEAL**

You smell the ripe odor of aging meat. As you move closer you see three bodies, of large creatures who must have stood seven to nine feet tall. Dull green scales cover their bodies, or at least those parts of the bodies uneaten. Giant empty holes stare at you where eyes almost certainly once were. Their stomachs lie open, and appear to have been chewed. Their arms and legs have had the greenish meat torn off of them.

## **13: THE CHAMBER OF Xoordanc**

This cavern is hot, the hottest you've ever been; it feels like an oven. A bright pink pool in a stone cistern in the center of the room throws off a ruddy light that etches intense

shadows on the rough walls and ceiling. The pool shines like quicksilver and may be the source of the intense heat as well as the light.

Opposite you, across the room, eight bat-winged and horned creatures squat like monstrous gargoyles on a stone shelf five feet above the floor. The floor is covered in thin indentations, lines that cross, arc, and angle around each other and center on the cistern, running up the three-foot walls of the cistern and disappearing into the pool.

The creatures glance up at the ceiling for a moment and then look back at you.

Descending from a hole in the ceiling above the bright pool is a spherical creature with one large eye in the center of its face and a huge, fanged mouth below it. Atop the creature, like writhing hair, almost a dozen eyes undulate on stalks, looking this way and that, at you, at each other, at the creatures and things below.

It looks down at you, and in a booming voice, it speaks: “Who dares to invade the kingdom of Xoordanc?”

The creatures around you, I swear to god, chitter at this.

“Quiet!” it cries. The sphere rotates so that the large central eye gazes upon you.

“Come forward, lizard-man/human/creature.”

“Who are you?”

“What is your purpose in my domain?”

## **THE PINK NICKEL POOL**

The hot liquid bubbles and roils and rises, running over the edge of the cistern and turning silver as it hits the floor and spreads quickly through the indentations. When the silver reaches the walls of the cavern, the floor disappears. You are instantly disoriented as you are standing in the air above a great shining city of glass, crystal spires rising from silver towers, lined with emerald, and golden filigree upon the walls, and you standing among the bright heavens looking down upon this ancient and wondrous sight.

This is the city at the crossroads, where dreams are born. Gaze upon her crystal spires, traveler, her twelve gates and twelve foundations. Her light is a stone most precious. There is no night there, and they need no candle. Neither sun nor moon brighten this place, for the glory of God is the light thereof. Nations shall walk in the light of it. Kings bring their honor within. From it the river where life begins, and pure water flows, and on either side of the river the tree of life, who yields every manner of fruit and whose leaves are for the healing of nations.

## **14: THE LOCKUP**

Six bipedal lizard-like creatures, with long forking tongues, bulbous eyes, and ears behind eye-lid-like membranes, cower in the back of this prison. Their shiny, iridescent scales appear green and blue in your light.

## **15: GARGOYLES AT PLAY**

You hear loud voices, it sounds like horrible creatures arguing. Loud thuds, almost like stone against stone, ring out.

There are seven bat-winged creatures forming a semicircle with their backs to you, watching another two of the creatures fight. One of them holds a large blue gem and the other is trying to grab it while also gouging its opponent and trying to avoid getting gouged and bit.

## **16: TANGLED WEBS**

This passage is clotted with tangled webs going on for a good fifty feet. Several large oblong bundles of silk are scattered throughout the mass.

## **17: THE BREEDING GROUND**

You hear a strange squawking and chittering as you move down this passage.

There are nine bat-winged horned creatures here, and behind them a golden brown sandpit filled with eggs a foot high.

## **18: THE RACK**

A stone outcropping in the center of this area is fitted with iron chains and manacles. There are dark stains spotting the stone.

## **19: WHITE FUNGUS GLADE**

Towering, pale toadstools crowd together, like a pale forest of fungi. Between the giant toadstools dense webs hang and stretch. Giant spiders the size of puppies scuttle about in the shadows. About fifty feet ahead, beyond the webs and fungi, there's a small passage that appears to angle upwards.

## **20: GEYSER DJINN**

A plume of steam shoots into the air from a low rise in the middle of this cavernous passage. The steam is shot through with scintillating white flecks or lights.

A huge bald man emerges from the plume to face you, his arms folded in front of him and a huge scimitar by his side, and only steam or smoke below his torso. "Mortal fool!" he yells in a terrible voice, "Know you what comes at the end of life?"

"Even so! Now take this bone, yapping dogs, and disturb me no more!"

The man hurls a small bag at you, and dissolves back into the plume.

His face turns red and he screams, "Miserable jester! Look to your head!" He draws his scimitar from his belt and flies at you.

## **21: GARGOYLE GUARDS**

Three huge grey men with horns on their foreheads and bat-like wings behind them lunge forward like bulls.

## **22: THE STRANGLING POOL**

A mass pool sixty feet wide is covered in scum and mottled green and brown weeds. The pool undulates unevenly in the hot, humid air

The undulation of the weeds atop the pool grows stronger. Suddenly the brown ropy weeds burst upward towards you, wrapping themselves around your arms, your legs, your face, and pulling you towards the water.

## 23: FOG OF FORGETFULNESS

A shimmering chartreuse glass hangs like a curtain over this passage. Red sparkles slide upwards, twinkling on and off. Holes appear and disappear like drops of rain in a puddle.

There's a flash on the wall, and letters of the Ancient tongue suddenly appear embedded in the rock.

“Woe to you, brother magicker! For know you now that the emerald mist which closes this place was made by those who blame our sorcerous arts for the road's degeneration. Shouldst thou again penetrate yon sinister barrier, you shalt surely become bereft of thine eldritch arts and skills, diminish and become as mortal man. Know you this and weep, for it is true. So writes Tygard tiJulian, the once-wizard.”

## 24: THY NAME IS MUD

The floor of this passage, unlike the frozen flow of the rest of the passages, is as flat as ice. In the center of the floor, about fifteen feet ahead, are several cloaks, coats, and small sacks tossed together in a heap.

The ground suddenly bends and liquifies, and you find yourself hip-deep in a hungry brown ooze. The solid ground melts for ten feet around you, and you feel yourself being sucked further into the earth.

## 25: THE LOW ROAD

A passage in the wall winds sharply upwards. Layers of rock and metal show occasionally through the smooth rock, and bits of colorful wiry roots arc across the passage.

## 26-27: THE LOOP

A passage at the end of this cavern leads upwards.

It winds up a lot and down a little, and up and up and down. Finally you walk over a rise and the passage drops down into a wider cavern.

# THE TREADMILL

A lone woman appears in the distance. An amethyst light precedes her; she approaches cautiously through the winding cavern. The light emanates from a crystalline wand or sceptre which she holds in front of her. She appears to be in her forties. She wears a leather cap with a chin strap and a point of wood on its top, and a fluff of wool at the base. Around her neck she wears a heavy woolen cloak with a fringed edge, affixed to her throat with a five-petaled wooden clasp. Beneath the cloak she wears chain mail, and a mace is at her side.

“Greetings, traveler,” she says. “I am Felicita Gratia, flamen Quirinalis of the city. These are dangerous caverns; shall we travel together for a time?”

## HER STORY

“This is the station of the sun. From here you can travel across the chasm to Atcheoli, Sylvestre, and the great untrammelled cities of the West.”

“It’s seen better days.”

“Be wary of riddles; they owe you nothing. Your faith is yet to be tested.”

“Young man/woman/sir/lady you seek moral equivalence in a world of morals. You will not find it. You should choose, and soon.”

“Edurlag! A tale told to children in the night. He saved the faerie queen of Cartoril from the demons of the dance. Trapped in the earth for eternity, he waits for something only he knows. Yes, I remember the story.”

“True? Undoubtedly it is.”

“There is but one city; from it radiate all civilizations like golden spokes on a silver wheel.”

“I believe that the Gods have done something to these roads. There is a purpose; I know not what it is, but if we follow the roads they’ve set before us we will find it.”

“It isn’t right to imprison a friend for assisting you.”

“There is no slavery in the city. That road leads to anarchy.”

(on the obsidian sword) “That thing is grotesquely evil; you are not. Why do you have it?”

(on the broken sword) “That is a good weapon, but it has been tainted.” (on how to restore it) “Prove worthy. Then when you are in the city, take it to the Aureum and request entrance to the Hall of Mirrors.

## **ANOINTING A PROPHET**

“What is your faith?”

“Whom do you serve?”

“Kneel, and kiss the hem of the prophet.”

“Do as he/she commands, for he/she is the City’s flame among you, and you are his/her voice.”

“When you arrive in the city, go to the temple, and consecrate a spring in the alcove of the unknown gods; your god is no longer unknown.”

## **LEAVING THE TREADMILL**

The city’s priestess wanders round, until the city again is found.

## **01: THE TUBE**

The tubular cavern inclines upwards a good two hundred yards, curving at sharp angles three times before arriving at a more natural-looking cavern about twenty-five feet wide. There’s another opening ahead of you on the other side of the cavern.

## **02: THE LOW ROAD**

The thin passage winds upwards a few hundred yards, twisting and turning, occasionally revealing fragments of man-made wall, or floor, or ceiling. It finally opens into a long cavern about 40 feet long, with a wide opening to your left.

As you enter the cavern, you hear a ringing in your ears, growing louder into a maniacal laughter like some crazed clown, coming from all around you.

## **03: THE INVADERS**

As you move down the passage, you hear the snuffling of animals, the clink of armor, and a guttural language.

## 04: THE SWORD IN THE STONE

A shimmering crystalline glass tube sparkles in the darkness. Within it an agate stone three feet tall glistens. Protruding from the stone is the silver hilt of a sword.

The crystal tube suddenly breaks, like a waterfall, and flows onto [character name], encasing them and the stone in a sheath of glass. They're frozen like a statue, bent over the hilt, like some futuristic Arthurian painting. You see shadows reflected in the glass, and distorted human shapes moving amidst twisted skulls.

### 04A: THE CIRCLE OF SKULLS

A woman's voice says "Welcome to the circle". You are unarmored, naked, and blind, your only possession a sword in your hand. As your eyes adjust to the dim, diffuse light around you, you see skulls lining the walls—or perhaps they are the walls. You see human skulls, troll skulls, giant skulls, and skulls you can't identify. From right and left and behind you hear the whispering, "no escape but death... no escape but death... no escape but death...".

Through a low archway ahead of you, you can see a short passageway leading into a brightly lit room.

### 04B: THE CIRCLE OF CONFLICT

There is a raised dais over ten feet in diameter in the center of this room. The dais is fine, white marble, and it shines with a brilliant glow. The walls are ringed with lights, and the lights pulse and circle in horizontal strips around the walls. The dais is five feet high in the center, circled with four tall steps.

The dais and the room suddenly expands; a great glass dome clamps over it filled with tiny perfectly circular holes. Over fifty feet away, a man appears, naked as you, and carrying a sword. They toss the sword from hand to hand and walks silently towards you.

"You think you're special, don't you? Every poor soul you've ever killed thought *they* were immortal. How does it feel to be on the receiving end?"

You fall to the marble ground, your life flashing before your eyes, and the faces of every poor creature you've ever killed rising through the mist of death.

The glass sheath liquifies again, pools into a circle around the agate stone, and rises into a cylinder from floor to ceiling. [Character name] gasps and spasms.

You awaken inside the glass cylinder, collapsed to the ground, no longer grasping the sword whose hilt still beckons above.

A woman's voice says, "Thank you for playing. Enjoy your journey through the station of the sun. And remember, regardless of the problem, violence is never the solution."

## **05: WATER FOR GRATIA**

A thin sheet of water slides down the wall of this cavern, cooling the air to a much more comfortable level.

## **06: THE POOL OF SOULS**

The slow, steady tink-tink-tink of water dripping on water echoes through the cavern. A pool of ebon liquid covers the right side of the cave. Wisps of steam dance across the surface of the pool.

The inky black water seems to soak into the mist, rolling upwards into the wispy remnants.

## **07: BLACK FOG**

An oily black mist permeates the air. It has an acrid smell. You can't keep from coughing, and the hacking noise echoes dully in the dark fog. You have few bearings; up and down are unclear; dizziness almost overcomes you and you bump against each other and the sides of the cavern. Your bile rises as you pass through this nauseating cloud.

## **08: PUDDLE OF SLIPPERINESS**

The passage slopes downward into a brownish-orange pool of some thick liquid. You hear a faint, steady, deep wind far ahead.

## **09: THE STAIRWAY TO ELSEWHERE**

There's a grey stone archway to your right enclosing a grey wall. A dim light comes from ahead of you.

Inside, ancient lights still flicker on and off. Orange hard-shell chairs, two of them cracked or smashed, stand before a long, thin, hemispherical table at the far end of the

room. Dark red hard-shell tables scattered about the room grow from the stone ground. At the far right side of the room, there's a huge shiny black pyramid, inverted from the ceiling.

## **OLD GRANNY**

The inverted pyramid appears to be constructed out of three black boxes angled downwards. They are wide, and must span six feet. A flicker rolls up the front of the box from bottom to top. Another flicker, and another, and the box flashes. You hear crackling noises. A grainy blue light appears, and within the light an old woman's face. She is peering through a long tube, turning her head from side to side.

When she turns her face towards you, she lowers the tube from her left eye, and opens her right eye; she looks down upon you from each of the boxes.

“Ah, my pretties. Have ye come to give old Gran' a present? What is it now, darlings? What will you give me?”

A sly, hungry look crosses her time-ravaged face.

“For the gift of a life, old Gran' will tell ye a *secret*.”

Behind her, an endless sea of water bobs up and down.

## **11: THE LIZARD KINGS**

Twelve skinny teenagers with bad acne poke a small fire in the center of this cavern. They wear rusty swords, but wear no armor, only cloth draped around their waist. A few wear crude cloaks around their shoulders.

They hoot and laugh as you approach.

They jump up from their rocks and blankets and shimmer momentarily, and their form changes into long-armed, lizard-like creatures with great teeth and claws. They bound towards you on all fours, springing forward and hissing; their tongues dart in and out of their yellow fangs.

## **12: THE TERRACE**

You look out over a wide string of peaks and valleys extending several miles, and beyond that a great expanse of green. There is no wind here, only a stodgy cool air that feels oddly warm despite its temperature.

Below you the mountain drops in a sheer cliff for hundreds of feet. You hear a great rushing of water from somewhere to your right.

### **13: CURRENT EVENT**

A dull black monolith fifteen feet tall and six feet wide dominates the end of this cavern. It is featureless, and unmarked by age or animal.

### **14: WYVERN LAIR**

Two great hideous winged beasts, bat-winged and leathery, loll about in a circle of bones, and shattered chests and scattered silver. Their barbed tails flick aimlessly in the debris.

### **16: RAT HOLES**

Several dark holes a foot in diameter line the wall. A dim light shines on dozens of tiny, red eyes. You hear a loud roar, deep and steady, ahead.

### **17: ROCKY HORROR**

You hear a great rushing of water close by. There are rocks scattered about this area.

### **18: EXIT**

It is cold and damp here; a great wall of water covers the far side of this cavern. The road reappears here only to falter again in the onrushing falling river. Rusted rails embedded in the stone bend and twist over the cliff face.