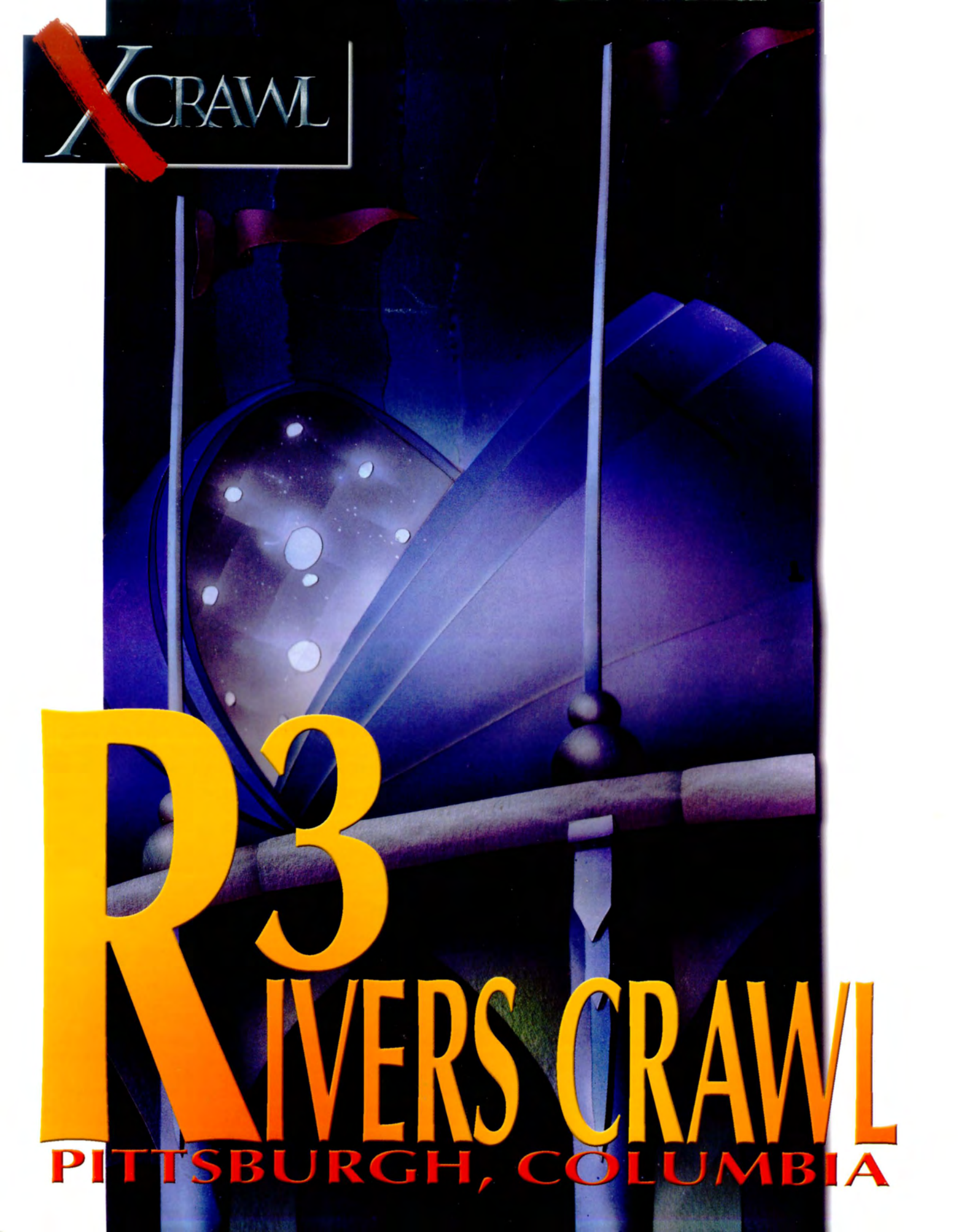
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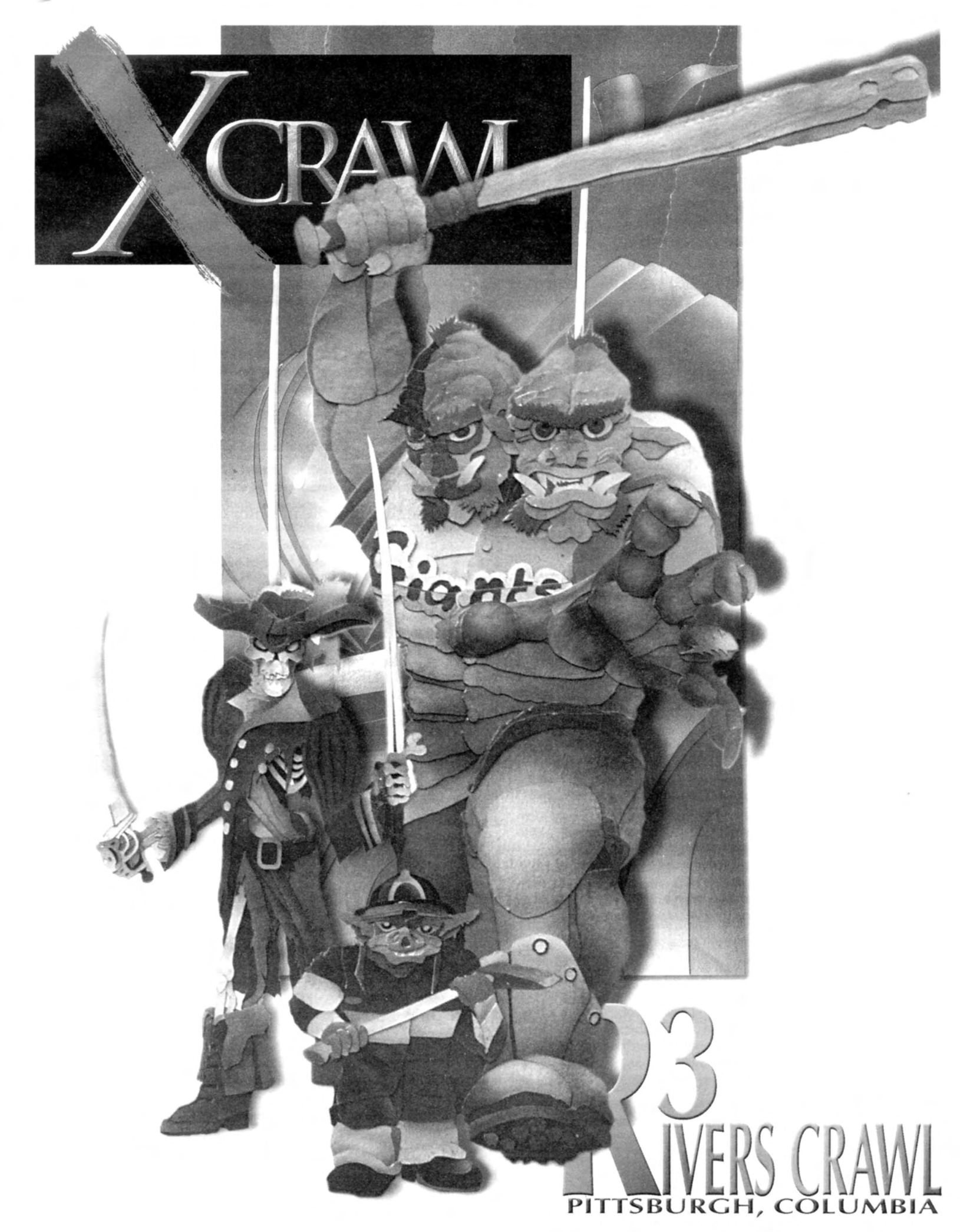
XCRAWL
R3
RIVERS CRAWL
PITTSBURGH, COLUMBIA

XCRAWL: The Three Rivers Crawl Adventure Module

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Scott Knuchel's Dedication
I would like to thank everyone who translated what I wrote into English and the inventor of the spellchecker.

Brian Clement's Dedication
I'd like to thank Brett and Allyson Brooks for providing a wonderful opportunity for me, Scott Knuchel for his creativity (if not his spelling), my friends and family for their support and most of all, the love of my life and my Muse, Jessi.

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

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So, does a breast plate come with fries? And, if I send my chain mail to 10 other deserving warriors, can I add a bonus modifier to my luck skill? Huh? Tell me!!

SYSTEM OF A DOWNFALL

Immunis Garrett Stratford was having a bad day. The War of Subterranean Aggression was at its end, and the Centurion of Foxtrot division decided that his platoon would be the one to go from door to door and relieve the citizens of the west end of Lathonicha'ah of their weaponry while the brass goes to the treasury and "inventories the usable wealth available for covering the costs of the war to the NAE." Yeah. Great. Go fill your pockets while I go do the janitorial work. Thanks. This was the exact reason why I joined up, thought the Immunis. I'm of noble blood, of the house of the Pittsburgh Stratfords of Columbia. I joined the Emperor's Legion to gain wealth and have a little adventure, for Jupiter's sake! I've been with this outfit how long? And I'm still an Immunis? I should have started out at this rank! Commoners pay dues; after all, rank has its privileges. I am a Stratford! But what do I get? Kitchen patrol. Construction brigade. And now, a platoon of blockheads that couldn't pour rainwater out of their boots, even if the instructions were written on the heel. This is so unfair. I hate the Legion. Our lives for the Empire, my butt!

Petulant and surly, Stratford banged the hilt of his short sword on the next door. After a few moments, a well-dressed and stately alfar nobleman appeared from behind the door. "Yes?"

"In the name of Emperor James II of the North American Empire, you will surrender all weapons of this household in concurrence with the terms of The Treaty of Montreal, section V, paragraph 12."

The alfar held up his hand to silence Stratford. "I am all too familiar with the Treaty, young man. There are no weapons in this house; unlike the surface dwellers, we have no need for such… tools. Thank you, and good day." The nobleman dismissively shut the door.

Later, when interrogated by his superiors about the situation, Stratford said he remembered feeling as if a bolt of lightning cracked his brain open, then everything around him went dim, and he stepped outside his own body, just to watch his reactions.

Stratford's heavily angered boot rammed itself through the door, knocking it off the hinges and sending it flying across a richly decorated salon. The noble alfar used his body to shield his wife and his little son, hiding behind his mother's long skirt.

Roaring, Stratford strode into the salon and spun the alfar around to meet his snarling face. "Don't condescend to me, you stinkin' cave-tink! I'm nobility, too; house Stratford of Columbia, and you'd better remember it!" He pushed the alfar into a wall and turned to his men. "Andrews, Findley, Martin! Hold 'em, all three of 'em. The rest of you, search the house. Confiscate anything sharper than a butter knife!" The men, heartened by the sudden gutsiness of their commander, and the excitement of some action (finally!), tore the home apart, hooting wildly, breaking heirloom furniture, and tossing ancient, priceless artwork into the walls, just to see if it would shatter.

After thoroughly trashing the alfar noble's home, a Tiros named Loman reported to Stratford, "We found no weapons, sir."

"Just as I previously stated, young surface-dweller. Now, will you please take your leave?"

Stratford's heavy gauntlet crashed through the alfar's face. "Liar! You worthless, stinkin', worm-puke alfar liar! You have weapons, I know you do! You alfar think you're so much better than the rest of us! Lemme tell ya something, cave-tink: you ain't! Lying to the NAE is a serious offense, and me and the boys here are gonna show you what the NAE thinks of you stinkin', lyin', alfar worm-scum!" He swiftly kicked the alfar in the groin, then ripped the blouse off the trembling alfar noblewoman. The soldiers whooped and laughed with the victorious cacophony of a pack of hyenas that had just stolen a water buffalo from a lion. They took turns beating and violating the noble couple, drunk from the animal violence stemming from their own boredom and ignorance.

It's a dream, thought the little boy. Just a very bad nightmare, like the ones sent from ancient dragon spirits. It has to be. This cannot be real. It cannot… Mother? Father… ?

They lay limp on the floor, having died long before the soldiers were finished with them. Martin, the last one left holding the boy, said to Stratford, "Hey, Stratford, sir, what about this one?"

With a wild, savage look in his eye, Stratford grabbed the boy by his hair, and threw him against a wall. The child hit with a sick thud, then slid down the wall onto the tiled floor. Laughing, Stratford nudged the limp body with his foot. "Nothing to worry about now, boy. Now, let's grab anything worth grabbing and get the hell outta here."

I must stay alive. I must stay alive. The little boy repeated the phrase over and over in his mind. Stay still, survive, I must stay alive. Through barely opened eyes, the boy watched the big, loud boss soldier take his father's signet ring. The ring with the crest of his house, the important ring that stamped the wax that sealed the papers that Father always sent to the Queen. The loud, ugly boss soldier was laughing, still, and put the ring on his big, fat finger, then barked at the other animal soldiers to leave.

He waited. He waited for what seemed like hours and days, but he knew it couldn't be that long, really. Finally, with all the strength he could muster, the little boy pulled himself up. His head swam, and the side of his head that hit the wall felt sticky, and a little cold. He stared at the bodies of his mother and father, slowly taking in their death. Loss and sadness poured from him, until all that existed in him was a floating emptiness. Still, the pain in his head reminded him of his own life, and his emptiness became displaced with a cold anger; anger that was far too grown-up for such a little boy.

Painfully, he dragged himself to the family altar. He wiped the blood from the side of his head and smeared it onto the shining black stone. In a voice too resonant for a little boy, he invoked, "Hear me, Loki: I, Tol'Zu'Gre, seek vengeance of my own blood, by my own blood… "

Many ages later and many more miles above, another little boy was having problems, but of a different, less tragic nature.

Little Jimmy lay in his bed, eyes closed, pretending to be asleep. His mother was at the door of his bedroom, watching her precious cherub with great maternal admiration. He could hear his father's voice, gently urging her to close the door, let their wee beastie sleep, and let them retire to their own comfy chambers. He heard his mother sigh, blow him a kiss, and quietly shut the door. Straining further, Jimmy listened as their footsteps faded down the long hall. Then he counted to twenty in his head.

Or, at least, he tried. He could never make it past thirteen without opening his eyes. They're gone; I'm sure they are. They won't come back, they never do. Yes! He quietly leaped out of bed, threw on his playclothes, dashed on his cape, and grabbed his Lil' Legionnaire™ Training Gear. Just to be safe, he took his extra pillow and arranged it under the covers to look like himself sleeping in bed. Then, with all the swashbuckle he could muster, he leapt from the second-story balcony onto the boxwood bushes. He jumped from the bushes, brandishing his sword and shield, and transformed himself from Little Jimmy Stratford to Sir James the First, Adventure King of Pittsburgh!

It was a time when Pittsburgh seemed as young and innocent as Jimmy himself. The city from the Point to

Kennard was all owned by the Stratford family, and Jimmy roamed it each night, proclaiming himself protector and provider to all his "subjects." Beat cops, third-shift steel workers, bartenders and barmaids, sanitation workers, and the overly-dressed-up lady that avoided the beat cops, all walking to and from work at night, would recognize "Sir James," bow, and address their "liege," then smile as they walked away, thinking, "What a nice kid that Stratford boy is." And they would reminisce of their own lost childhoods, and feel a little good-natured envy for their young King of Pittsburgh.

It was this particular night, though, that the innocence of both boy and city gained its first taint.

It was this night that Sir James the First bravely sparred with a holly bush, just inside the little park off Oliver Avenue. "Ho, ho! Take that, cowardly dragon! You'll never bother the pretty ladies again with your... " He stopped with a jerk; darn it, his Sword of Might was caught in the darned holly bush! Rats! With all the strength of an eight-year-old paladin, Sir James pulled on his sword to draw it from the holly bush...

And out it came, with a strong hand, glowing white in the moonlight, and grasping the blade!

Flabbergasted, he addressed the translucent hand holding his mighty sword. "Ho, there, leggo my sword! You are trespassing on the King's land! Show yourself and address your King!"

From the bush emerged a face as white as the hand on the sword. With both puzzlement and annoyance, the face replied, "I have no king. Just who in the name of the Underworld are you, boy?"

Proudly, the boy king stood. "I am Sir James the First, Adventure King of Pittsburgh, all the way from the Point to the parks of Kennard!"

"Yeah, sure. Some king. Look, kid, go back to your mother's teat, and just stay out of my way... "

Indignant, the Adventure King threw down his sword and shield, and cried, "You insolent knave! How dare you address nobility that way! You will now taste my kingly wrath!' Out shot the pudgy little fist of Sir James the First.

Oh, for crying out loud, thought the alfar. With routine speed, he grabbed the wrist of the little boy's fist and held it tightly. "Son, why don't you just... " In the dark, he saw the ring. His family's signet ring, bearing the crest of the house of Gre, stolen right before him so many years ago, was on this little hand. Glaring, holding the wrist tighter, he snarled at the little boy. "Where did you get that ring?" His eyes glowed in the dark, piercing the boy. "Tell me!"

Terrified and hurting, little Jimmy Stratford whimpered, "It's my ring. Grandpa Stratford gave it to me before he died. He said he won it fair an' square when he whupped up on a bad guy in battle. Please, leggo of me! You're hurting me!"

Slowly, a wolfish grin materialized on the alfar's face. "Really, boy? Stratford, eh? Fair and square?" He let go of the boy's wrist, and the boy fell to the ground with an unkingly thud. Tol'Zu'Gre came further out from the holly bush and leaned into the little boy's face. "My dear king, your pain is only just beginning." Silently, he disappeared into the bush.

Shaking, too terrified to scream, little Jimmy Stratford ran to the safety of his home, leaving his Lil' Legionnaire™ sword and shield behind. He never left the Stratford estate after dark again.

Many, many years after the abdication of King James the First, new nobility appeared: Xcrawl, and many hailed it as the new king. However, the Queen of the North American Zura'ah'zura, Zo'Zha'Na, had her own opinions of Xcrawl; she saw it as more of a pawn than a king. She gathered her advisers around her, scheming and debating the possible uses of Xcrawl for the betterment of alfar-kind. Yes, it brings in money from the sales of monsters, but there must be more we can glean from it. Think, my advisors, think! But, try as they might, the advisors to the Queen couldn't come up with anything. In utter disgust, the Queen made an official decree: bring me a way to make good use of this Xcrawl phenomenon on the surface world, and I will give you a million Alfari gold! It took no time at all for the word to spread, and soon, many alfar from all depths of Zura'ah'zura came to Lathonicha'ah with grand ideas, punctuated with great charts, complex dioramas, lengthy dissertations, and detailed photographs, complete with circles, arrows, and descriptions scribbled on the back. The Queen listened to each individual, carefully at first, but toward the end of each one, she became disenchanted with the complex, circuitous presentations that she'd dismiss the speaker before he or she would be finished. At the last hour on the last day of the presentations, Queen Zo'Zha'Na turned to her personal attendant and said, "Tan'Ahr, how many more are there? I don't think I can take another... "

"Just one more, Your Highness."

She sighed heavily. "Very well. Send that one in. No more after that. And, if this one's presentation is yet another dog-and-pony show, I swear by Loki that I'll have them flayed beyond... "

The strong voice of the herald broke her curse. "Presenting Tol'Zu'Gre, son of Am'Del'Gre and Sul'Al'Gre, of the House of Gre."

The Queen perked up. A noble? And of the House Gre? Why, Sul Al Gre was the one responsible for the alfar's close relations with the dopplegangers. He was an exemplary diplomat, and, the Queen thought to herself, quite a handsome diplomat at that. Such a terrible tragedy, the death of that couple. And the boy lived, and is about to present an idea to me. Well. I wonder if he has his father's...

Tol'Zu'Gre strode into the Great Hall of Ga'zhan'rah with the grace of a confident cat. Slung across his shoulder was a strap holding a tube hanging from his back. He looked up at the Queen and smiled a smile that lit up the Hall like the first sun of the spring equinox, and waited for her acknowledgment.

He does, the Queen sighed to herself. He has his father's smile. Charming son-of-a…

"Speak, Tol'Zu'Gre."

He bowed low and respectful, and rose to meet her eyes. "My most esteemed Queen, I am an alfar of few words. I lack the showmanship of my previous peers who have presented to you this day. All I have for you is a simple blueprint, and a few words of explanation. I can only hope that you will find me worthy of your attention."

Perhaps he is too much like his charming father, thought the Queen. I think I will like that very much. "Come forward, Tol'Zu'Gre, and show me what you have."

He drew from the tube on his back the blueprint, and spread it on the marble table before the Queen. In a straightforward, business-like manner, Tol'Zu'Gre showed her a plan to build a military outpost and training base right under an Xcrawl arena. He answered her question concisely, and gave precise timetables regarding construction. "Most impressive, Tol'Zu'Gre. I accept your plan. You, of course, shall be the Lead Executioner of the plan, and anything you need will be provided to you. Of course, you realize that, because of the clandestine nature of this base, if you are caught, I will deny any knowledge of your actions."

"Yes, your Highness. I understand."

"However, the gold should take the sting out of that, I suppose…"

"If your Highness pleases, I really have no need of the gold. My station in life affords me all that I need. Perhaps the gold would be best suited to… say, the Queen's favorite charity?"

She gave him a long, sly stare. No gold? Not even the richest alfar would pass that much up. What is up this handsome boy's sleeve? "Your generosity is as impressive as your clever plan. Very well; I will donate the million gold to the Alfarian War Orphans."

Tol'Zu'Gre smiled again. "Only the Queen's beauty surpasses her kindness and mercy."

Forever the diplomat's son, she thought. "One more question for you, Tol. Did you have a place in mind where the base should be built?"

Again, the wolfish smile of Tol'Zu'Gre deepened. "Your Highness, I have just the city in mind… "

That city, the city of Pittsburgh, was busy at the moment watching Jimmy Stratford grow up. He eventually overcame his fear of the dark, and simply wrote off his hellish meeting with the alfar as "a very, very bad nightmare." He rekindled his friendships with his nighttime "subjects," and met new friends on the streets during the day. And still, their opinions remained the same, "That Stratford boy sure is a nice kid."As his feet, legs, hands, and head grew, so did his heart. He found that he loved Pittsburgh, its streets, its corner grocers, its poolhalls, and its libraries. And he especially loved the common people. Their lives were much richer, and their friendship much truer than the nobles of his station. When it came time for Jimmy to attend high school, he begged his mother and father to let him go to the public high school instead of continuing at the noble's private school. After much discussion and compromising, the Stratfords agreed to let Jimmy attend the commoner's school as long as he also met with a tutor three times a week in order to keep up with education "more befitting a noble." Jimmy readily agreed to his parent's terms, and was thrilled to be near his friends.

A little more time passed, Jimmy became James, and he moved on to the University of Pittsburgh to study history and political science. It was an early Spring day, full of cherry blossoms and buzzy honeybees, when James decided to study for his test on bicameral theory in the courtyard of UP. While deep into chapter three, a delicate voice meekly introduced herself, mentioned that they had Economics class together, and would it be okay if he would lend her yesterday's lecture notes. Distracted, he looked up from his book and froze in mid-stare; he swore he was sitting in the presence of either Venus or Minerva; at the time, her really couldn't tell. Fumbling mutely through his backpack, he produced a spray of papers that fell prey to the warm breeze, and he marveled at how her laughter complimented the songs of the robins in the trees above him.

Four years later, not long after graduation, he gave the Goddess Grace Ashford a ring and a promise to love and cherish her for the rest of his life. Luckily for him, this time she didn't laugh. However, he did marvel at how her smile seemed so many times brighter than the sun.

Upon returning home from college, the young Stratfords moved into Donahee Manor, the Stratford family estate and the childhood home of James. From their love came a handsome son, Thomas. The boy lived happily, raised mainly by his mother and grandparents. He saw only a little of his father, who suddenly become inundated with many grown-up things. As James's parents became aged and infirm, he took over the responsibilities of the Stratford Dukedom. He took his task seriously, and hoped to use his position to better his first love, Pittsburgh.

James was disheartened to see the deterioration of his hometown: his common friends on the street became a little meaner and a little less trusting; his old corner grocer had to pay "protection money" to some thug named Gio the Bull; the friendly little tavern down the way became a mercantile for drugs and prostitution; and the old library met with a mysterious fire. The newspapers noted that the insurance monies paid to the city for the unfortunate incident just wasn't quite enough to rebuild the beautiful old building and resupply it with books—the city would just keep the money in "escrow" until the time was right to rebuild the library. In the meantime, the charred remains haunted the empty lot, patiently waiting for its phoenix to arise.

The young Duke of Stratford was incensed beyond belief with Pittsburgh's corruption and apathy. With great passion, he threw himself into the community. He organized neighborhood watches and block parties to gather up litter, held meetings at local temples on non-worship days to discuss neighborhood improvements, petitioned the Mayor for better police presence, and begged the nobles to contribute to the Vesta's Cherubs Orphanage and the Young Men's Charitable Association. He gained an incredible reputation among all the people of Pittsburgh: the nobles were charmed with his concern for the lower classes, and downtrodden commoners finally felt they had a champion among the nobles. He became known as "The People's Noble."

Gracie went into labor with their second son, Walter, just as The People's Noble was being sworn in as Mayor Duke Stratford. He called her later that day, just before the inauguration party, and apologized for not being with her. Sweetly, as was her nature, Gracie assured him that she was okay, that all the grandparents and little Tommy were with her, and that everything was just fine. Now, get out there and make us all proud, Mr. Mayor! The new Mayor of Pittsburgh sighed, and told his lovely wife how much he truly loved her and appreciated her understanding. Her laughter sung over the phone, and she urged him on to his party so that she could get some rest, just like the doctor asked. She'd see him in a couple of days.

He hung up the phone, gave a small prayer of thanks to Juno, and went on to the shmooze-fest that was his inauguration ball.

It wasn't long before the Mayor's honeymoon with the Pittsburgh City Council was over. The Good Mayor, intending to make Pittsburgh the utopia of his childhood, found himself more of a janitor than a policy maker. Instead of making parks and bridges, he had to continually clean up the endless fraud, corruption, nepotism, and embezzlement created by the Council. Organized crime had become an integral part of the Council, and it always made sure that city's policies leaned in their favor. Money that was allotted for libraries, schools, and road improvements always managed to line the pockets of the Councilmen. Lavish parties and expensive "off-site" meetings became the norm in the Council, while poverty and crime ran rampant in the streets. Frantically, the Mayor tried to beg his fellow noblemen from depleting the city's coffers. Always, though, they managed to show the Mayor that what they did was for the best of all concerned; the all worked under such stress, and, besides, they're noblemen, just like him. They deserve the best of everything, since they were working so hard for the good of the commoners. This is how the city works; why, that's the way all cities work. You're young, Duke Stratford; you'll learn in due time. In the meantime, why not enjoy the title you've earned. If you're so concerned for the dumb masses, we'll put together a few little programs for them to keep them happy. We can put some of this money back into the community, you'll see. Let's have a meeting tomorrow on this, say 10:00am? We'll call you.

And their pockets got fatter, while the city got deeper in debt.

For many years, Mayor Duke Stratford fought, and found his idealism slipping and his hope leaving him. That was, until his loving wife gave him some amazing news: she was pregnant with their third child. The doctor warned her that she was beyond her childbearing years, and the pregnancy and birth may be a little difficult for her. However, she was willing to risk it: through the friend of a friend, she secretly found a scryer who told her that the baby was a girl. Duke Stratford was in shock. A baby, now? Could they handle it, at their age? Suddenly, he jumped up, grabbed his sweet wife and swung her around in a big circle in the grand hall of Donahee Manor. It's a miracle, he cried, a miracle from Juno, from Venus, from Minerva, from all the Goddesses! Let's go to Temple now and give homage, and pray for a healthy little girl. Breathless and smiling, they raced for the front entrance, feeling young again.

He had renewed life, the new Mayor of Pittsburgh, and he worked with the fervor a newly recruited disciple. He must make the city a perfect place to raise a pretty little girl. He threw himself into his work again, not noticing the toll the pregnancy was taking on his wife. She never once complained, as was her nature, and encouraged him to do his best. She'll be just fine, thank you.

And she was, until the Duke received a call from her doctor. He needed to get to the hospital right away; Gracie was having the baby early. He left the Council in a panic and rushed to her. He burst into the room and fell at her bedside. All the color had left Gracie's face, and her eyes had sunk deep into her head. She lay quietly, barely breathing, but weakly smiling at him. When did she... had she looked this way recently, thought the Duke. Have I not noticed my own wife's ill health? In his dread reverie, he felt the doctor's hand on his shoulder. Gently, the doctor took him aside. The baby was born early, and they were doing all they could to help her—she will be a small, colicky child, but she will live. However, there was not much they could do for Gracie. She had an ecoptic pregnancy, something that sounded like demonic possession to the Duke. The devil could not be exorcised, and it eventually ate her. There's nothing more we can do for her, sir; we thought you should be here for her.

She looked so far and wee, motionless in her hospital bed. Shaking, James sat beside her. Her eyes, once verdant and seductive, now small and green, looked into his. "Why are you shaking, Jimmy?"

"I'm scared, Gracie. I'm... you're all I have. I can't be without you. Please don't... "

"Oh, Jimmy, don't be foolish. You will be just fine. You have to be... for Karinina's sake. She needs you. Promise me you will always be there for her. Just like you have been for me... "

"Gracie, don't be so... I was never there for you. All I ever did was sit behind a desk instead of being there for you."

"Jimmy, don't do this... promise me... "

"I swear, by Jupiter, my love... I will always be there for Karinina."

"I know you will. Know that I love you. Always and forever. Oh, look, there's Proserpina... "

And she spoke no more.

The husband of Gracie Ashford Stratford wept openly, and felt he could never stop. All he could see were cherry blossoms and note papers, and all he could feel was the heavy regret of so many lost years.

The doctor, once again, took his shoulder. "Sir, we have to take the body now. Sir?"

He moved away from the bed, numb and sick. As they rolled the bed out of the room, a nurse brought a very small bundle in and walked over to the Duke. She took a chair next to him, and silently opened the cloth. He looked, and inside he saw the miracle he proclaimed just seven months before. Her eyes were bright and green, and her nose was slightly upturned. Just like Gracie.

This time, as Duke Stratford openly wept, he was comforted and relieved that, maybe, Gracie had not left him after all.

Sheriff Brian Mulcahey of the City of Pittsburgh was not so easily comforted. If anything, he was incredibly frustrated and confused. For the fifth time this month, he was escorting Kari Stratford to the office of the Mayor. He no longer dreaded the rage that the Mayor Duke Stratford would go into when he told him about his daughter shoplifting from that snooty elven clothing store. If anything, his rants were getting pretty predictable. And boring. Mulcahey didn't get it: this little spoiled brat, with all her money, would steal, while he, with his meager salary, was struggling to buy his kids a used pair of shoes from the thrift store. Man, if this girl had been his kid, her butt would have been beaten off years ago. At nineteen, she's old enough to know better than this. Jupes, I just don't get these nobles, he groused.

The Mayor was in the midst of an argument with his chief financial officers, Peter and Paul. It seems there was a slight 250,000GP discrepancy in the balance of the last fiscal year that hadn't been accounted for yet. He felt the blood pounding in his temples, and just as he was about to tell the CFOs what to do with their discrepancy, he thought he saw the ghost of his wife walk through the door. He missed a beat, then regained it when he saw the Sheriff, and realized it was his little cherub, Kari. Miffed at the disturbance, the Mayor roared, "What NOW, Sheriff?!?"

"Sorry about the interruption, Your Honor, but the Lady Stratford was caught shoplifting. Again."

Scowling, he looked at the girl." Kari? What happened?"

Mustering up her best look of innocence, she whimpered. "Oh, Daddy, it's a terrible mistake! I was just out shopping with Jennifer, and we were looking at this gorgeous blue dress from Sattersal, and, well, I think Jen just forgot to pay. That's all, really!"

"How many times have I told you to stay away from those commoner kids! Sheriff, obviously you haven't arrested the true criminal. Get this Jennifer, and you'll find that your problem and the shopkeeper's problem will be solved. My daughter cannot be carted away just because she's in close proximity to these little miscreants. Now, is there any other part of your job that you need me to do?"

Tired and beaten, the Sheriff replied, "Sorry, sir. We'll find the culprits."

"See that you do, Mulcahey. And you may want to arrest any of her friends, and possibly her family. I'm sure they've encouraged this behavior."

Mulcahey gave the Mayor a stare of disbelief, "Sir?"

"You heard me, Sheriff! You are dismissed!"

Kari threw her arms around her father and kissed him on the cheek. "Oh, Daddy, I knew you'd understand. You're always there for me!"

Happy to see his daughter happy, he turned back to Peter and Paul. Just then his secretary stuck her head through the door. "Your Honor, your five o'clock is here."

Mildly annoyed, the Mayor answered, "My five?... oh!" His face lightened. "Count Dominic! Yes! Please, send him in!"

The door opened further, and in stepped a dandy, well-dressed young noble, full of all the hope and idealism that the Mayor felt he had left behind a long time ago. The Mayor scrambled from behind his desk to greet the young man. "Dominic! So good to see you! Have you got the materials we talked about last week?"

Jovially laughing (with a hint of distrust in his eye), Count Dominic glanced at the other people in the room, the turned back to the Mayor. "Your Honor, really! I just got here! You MUST introduce me to all your friends!"

Fumbling, the Mayor glanced around himself. "Oh, these aren't my friends. Uh, I mean, uh, these gentlemen are Peter and Paul, my Chief Financial Officers. Gentlemen, Count Dominic of House Abernathy."

Delicately, Count Dominic offered his hand. "So very pleased to meet you!"

Peter and Paul kept their hands to themselves, and glanced briefly at each other. Paul turned his head slightly while still staring at Dominic. "Dominic? Of House Abernathy?"

Peter turned likewise. "I don't believe I've ever heard of a Dominic with House... "

"Oh," interrupted the Mayor, "I talked with the Duchess of Abernathy. Her sister, the Lady Anne, is Dominic's mother. She attended the University of Pittsburgh at the same time I and the deceased Duchess Stratford attended."

"I've lived in Montreal most of my life," the Count said to the CFOs. "However, I was born here. I just love this town! When Mama was alive, she always spoke well of Pittsburgh and the time she spent with Miss Gracie. I miss her so much." Dominic gently sniffed, and pulled a beautiful handkerchief from his coat pocket to gracefully dot a tear from his eye.

The Mayor sighed sympathetically. "We understand your loss, Count Dominic. Here, I would like for you to meet my daughter, the Lady Karinina Stratford. Kari, this is Count Dominic."

Petulantly (because the conversation was not about her, but about boring dead nobles), Kari kept her seat. "Charmed," she smirked. The only thing worse than a boring noble is a boring poof noble.

With a raised eyebrow, the Count replied, "Of course you are." He turned to the Mayor. "Your Honor, if I've come at a bad time..."

"No, please! I really would like to see the plans. Kari, Count Dominic has a wonderful idea," The Mayor turned to Peter and Paul, "that could possibly get the city out of debt! He's going to design and build a beautiful coliseum complex, The Three Rivers Stadium. It will house our very own Xcrawl tournaments!"

Kari instantly perked up. "Really, Daddy? Xcrawl? That is so cool! Show me the stadium! Let me see!"

"Xcrawl?" mused Peter. Paul scowled. "This could be an extremely expensive venture."

"Oh, now Paul. You above all should know that, in order to make money, you have to spend money," answered the Mayor. "Besides, I have a few old friends that may be willing to invest. I think this is a great idea, and I'm willing to stake my reputation on it!"

Peter and Paul, somewhat fearful over the Mayor's insistence on getting the city further in debt, hesitated, then started to gently protest.

"If it pleases the CFO, I have an estimate and breakdown of all the costs right here." The Count handed them a bound folder, then pulled a blueprint from a large tube strapped to his back. The Mayor and Kari eagerly gathered around the plans while Count Dominic explained his vision.

An hour and a half later, he stepped out of the office of the Mayor. The secretary, not looking up from her magazine, bid him a good day.

With a wolfish grin, Tol'Zu'Gre replied, "My dear, I am already having a good day. A very good day, indeed."

Many, many days later, Tol'Zu'Gre came face-to-face with the ineptitude and the inferiority that was contract labor in Pittsburgh. The site became a mess, strewn with poor quality materials that had been shipped short and late. Union representatives continually harassed Count Dominic for pushing the workers too hard, and not respecting the work they were doing by giving them the breaks they needed. When the Count mentioned having them put in overtime to get the job done, the representative laughed and walked away. Thoroughly disgusted with the city in general, Tol'Zu'Gre reinvented himself and visited the man who was truly in charge of Pittsburgh.

Giovanni Torronino had a problem. Mama was in town from Philly, and he wanted to take her to Bambino's tonight. The problem: Mama loves veal picatta, and the meat shipment from the midwest wouldn't make it into town until tomorrow morning. They had no veal. Gio expressed his disappointment to the manager, and suggested that they find some veal right away. Gio was positive the manager would go to any extreme to fill his request; after all, they had done so much business together, and Gio was his best customer. But, deep inside, Gio still worried about disappointing Mama.

Just as he took a sip of his coffee, Shirley, his secretary, startled him, causing him to spill a bit of coffee on his nice, new shirt. "Sir, there's a Tony Carlotta here to see you."

Tony who? Gio attempted to blot the coffee from his shirt and growled, "Fine, Shirley. Send him in. Just don't go sneaking around me like that, okay?" Unaffected, Shirley grunted, and led Tony in.

Tony Carlotta was an exceedingly well-dressed, well-groomed, and well-tanned gentleman who moved

with both grace and purpose. Crap, thought Gio, did this guy just walk through the dry cleaners on his way out of the day spa? Hiding a sudden, uncharacteristic bout of self-consciousness, Gio extended his hand. "Tony Carlotta?"

Tony accepted his hand and bowed. "Don Giovanni, I cannot thank you enough for seeing me on such short notice. I know that you are a busy man."

Gio sat, and motioned Tony to sit as well. "Yes, I am. I have a very important meeting this evening, and I would be most appreciative if you would state the reason for your visit today, Mr. Carlotta."

Tony smiled wide. "Tony. Please, call me Tony. Even though I am a businessman, I have such a hard time standing on formalities. I have a business proposal for you, Don; one that I am sure will be most profitable for all involved, especially for you, sir."

"I'm listening."

"As you may be aware, there is an entertainment complex going up in our fair city called the Three Rivers Stadium. Perhaps you've heard of it?"

"Yeah. I know of it."

"A long-time friend of mine, Count Dominic, is overseeing the work done on the site, and has had quite a bit of trouble making sure that the quality of the work is better than sub-standard. Why, he's even had problems procuring the usual materials that any normal construction job would need."

Holy mother of Jupiter, this guy sure does talk a lot. "You know that guy, huh? Huh. Okay, so how is this poof's problem my problem?"

Tony smiled a small, wry smile. "Why, surely you know that this coliseum will be the site of Pittsburgh's very own Xcrawl tournament, The Three Rivers Crawl? And, I am sure, you are very aware of the profitability of the Xcrawl games, are you not?"

"Mr. Carlotta, please get to your point."

"Very well, sir. My specific area of expertise is the creative coordination of Xcrawl events. Often, to make the Games a little more exciting, people will place modest wagers with booking agents. I coordinate the bookings, as well as work with the people directly involved in the crawl to assure major investors that the events of the crawl will be in accordance to their wagers. But, of course, to assure a good draw, we must present these investors with a quality facility. The better the facility, the greater the attendance, which leads to more money for both me, the coordinator, and you, the facilitator, of this great city. Is my explanation clear to you now, Don Giovanni?"

Deep in the dim recesses of Gio the Bull's mind, a light went on. Suddenly, he realized, whoa, this guy fixes the games! And lookit that suit; he's gotta be makin' a killing doin' it! Oh, man, think of the cut I'd be getting! He's like ol' Billy Boy Shenfield, only with a lot of class! I'd be a fool not to get in on this!

Smiling, he said, "Tony, I get you. You use a lot of flowery words, but I get you. This is a business proposal that I like very much. Allow me to talk to the labor unions on the site, plus let me get word to the building suppliers in town that they are to give their full cooperation to you and your friend. It would be a shame for the city of Pittsburgh to miss out on the wonderful opportunity that Xcrawl can afford them."

"Ah, Don Giovanni, it is true what others say about your keen sense of the business world. I thank you very much for the time you have taken out of your busy day to listen to my modest proposal. However, if you don't mind me mentioning it, you do seem a bit distracted. Can I be of further service to you?"

Again, suddenly and uncharacteristically, Gio felt the need to unload his problem on this stranger. "Ahh, I have a small worry. Tonight, my meeting may not go as I have planned. I am, in fact, taking my lovely Mama to dinner at Bambino's."

"Bambino's? You mean that friendly little place down on Liberty Avenue?"

"Yes, that's the one. Unfortunately, they have no veal tonight. And Mama loves veal, very much."

Tony leaned back in his chair with a look of brilliant surprise. "Don Giovanni, I think the goddess Fortuna is smiling on you again! I have many friends and many connections. Two hours from now, a small shipment of fresh, milk-fed veal will be delivered to the back door of Bambino's. Please, consider it a gift from me. To you and your beautiful, blessed mother. Besides," Tony said as he leaned forward, "the most important woman in any man's life is his Mama."

With great relief and gratitude, Giovanni replied, "Tony Carlotta, I like your style. Please, enjoy your stay here in Pittsburgh, and consider yourself a friend of the city." He stood, and presented his hand.

Tony stood as well, took Gio's hand and bowed respectfully. "I thank you for the honor you give me, Don Giovanni. Have a pleasant day." He left the room with just as much grace as when he entered it.

Once outside the building, Tol'Zu'Gre mused at how much effort it could take to manipulate some of the duller humans' minds. Sometimes, the soil would not take the seed. But, in this instance, it was well worth the effort. After all, the alfar were completely amused at how much the blind, foul-smelling, sewage-eating xu'tul wyrm tastes like high grade milk-fed veal to the human tongue.

So it was, as the months passed, the Three Rivers Coliseum and Complex grew, complete with an aquarium, a museum, many shops and restaurants, and other attractions for both the locals and the out-of-towners. Despite the mind-boggling expense and the stress of justifying the expense, the Mayor Duke Stratford was positively giddy. So giddy, in fact, that he was anxious to assemble the Crawl itself.

His first step was to make an official decree: on the third weekend of July, the fair city of Pittsburgh will hold an open tryout for the Dungeon Judge of The Three Rivers Crawl. A carefully chosen panel of judges will decide on the most qualified participant, and on the last day of July, a parade and presentation will be held to introduce the new Three Rivers Crawl DJ. Even though the competition was open to to any citizen of the NAE, the Mayor was thoroughly convinced that the best talent lay in Pittsburgh itself. He assembled what he thought was the finest panel of judges ever: an old noble friend, Count Bushnell, from his childhood; a fraternity brother, Reggie Wright, from his University days; both of his chief financial advisors; Darlene Carter, his Director of the Arts; his lovely daughter, Kari; and himself.

The third weekend of July was lovely, filled with a floral breeze, and the sun shone gently down on the the Starlight Amphitheater. However, the auditions for DJ were nowhere near as pleasant. Amazingly, only an odd menagerie of Pittsburgh locals showed up; no one from outside the city seemed to realize a DJ audition was taking place. Among the motley of applicants: a cacophonous aerobic instructor; a whining, overweight girl eating a pickle; a conservative propane salesman; a socially unaware laboratory assistant; a hideous, red-haired stand-up comic; and a little boy in a wheelchair that could only speak his name over and over. After five hours of these people and others like them, the panel was ready to cry mutiny, despite the Mayor's undying hope that the next one will be better. The Count snuck out from under his jacket a flask of bourbon, Reggie passed him a note, begging him to share, Ms. Carter

rediscovered an old facial tic, and Peter and Paul poked each other with their pencils, just to keep the other one awake. As Kari herself stood up from her seat to stomp out in a bored huff, a huge, glowing jade head floated across the stage to the judge's table.

"I am the great and powerful DJ Phantom! I bring the city of Pittsburgh heart-pounding excitement, non-stop action, and entertainment that goes to new heights! For the Crawlers who dare enter my dungeon, I can only assure a challenge that will push them to the brink of death! The great and powerful DJ Phantom has spoken!" The head exploded in a hail of green fire, and through the smoke came a black-helmeted biker astride a roaring motorcycle. The Mayor screamed like a girl, Reggie and the Count gave simultaneous spit-takes, Paul broke his pencil on Peter's shoulder, and the Director of the Arts not only lost her facial tic, but discovered a new ability to make a buttonhole in a seat cushion. Kari stopped in mid-stride, and gave a shivering gasp—who in the name of Venus was this?

The dark rider cut the engine, then pulled off the helmet and jacket to reveal a bald, goateed, and well-muscled young man. He smiled big, and swaggered over to the table. "Aww, never mind the man behind the helmet; he's just the alter-ego of that big, expensive technomagic head." He chuckled at his own joke and offered a hand to the Mayor. "Hello, Your Honor; I'm Emerson Taplo, and I'd like to be Pittsburgh's DJ for Three Rivers Crawl."

Still in shock from the entrance, the Mayor mutely extended his hand, and stared at the man. Equally shocked, Count Bushnell leaned towards the Mayor's ear. "By the gods, James! Do you know who this kid is?" The Mayor slowly shook his head. "James, that's the Baroness of Bethlehem's nephew! The kid stands to inherit her gold since she's had no children of her own! He's a bit rebellious for a noble, yes, but he's exactly the showman this Crawl needs!"

In the Mayor's other ear, Kari pleaded to her father, "Daddy! Daddy! This guy is da bomb! We have to have him! Oh, please, Daddy? Can he be the DJ? I think he's perfect!" The Mayor glanced at his daughter, and saw a look of happiness that reminded him of Gracie for a fleeting moment. Still pumping the prospect's hand, the Mayor turned to Count Bushnell. "House Taplo, you say?"

The still-grinning Emerson let go of the Mayor's hand and reached for his biker's wallet. "Sir, if you doubt my ability to perform the job, I have here my Guildsman's Credentials." He showed the Mayor a card from the Adventurers' Guild, complete with Duke Leibrock's seal. My gods and goddesses, thought the Mayor, this bike-riding noble kid is for real. Oh, what the Underworld; he's the best performer I've seen today. And Kari really likes him. Maybe I can get her to marry into nobility. Heck, maybe with his inheritance…

Mayor Duke Stratford turned to his august and exacerbated panel of judges. "What say you, good people, in regard to Emerson Taplo, also known as DJ Phantom?"

The loudest cry of 'yea' came from six throats of the panel. The Mayor laughed, and put his hand on Emerson's shoulder. "Looks like you're in, son! Be at the Town Hall tomorrow at 10:00am for your presentation to the city."

"Oh, Your Honor, I prefer to stay behind the lights and do all of the work. DJ Phantom is my spokesperson; he's a much better showman than me. He'll be there!" Emerson turned to take Kari's hand. "That is, if this stunning avatar of Venus will be there, too." Like a gentleman, he kissed her hand, then strode back to his motorcycle and rode away.

Kari blushed and giggled like a schoolgirl. The Mayor let out a sigh of relief. Bushnell is right; this boy is very unconventional, but he is a noble. Just like my little girl. Maybe this can work out well for all of us, he hoped.

And as he rode away, Tol'Zu'Gre was, again, pleased with the outcome. He would have to thank his media connections for keeping the auditions quiet. Also, he needed to thank the doppleganger for his good work in assassinating Count Bushnell and taking his place. He still had a lot of work to do, but Tol was patient, and, so far, everything was coming along nicely.

Unlike the circus that was pitching its tent in Pittsburgh's Town Hall.

Many hours after the presentation ceremony for DJ Phantom, the Mayor found that the ring his grandfather gave him was missing. Nervously, he searched every corner of his office, and had every available employee of City Hall searching the halls, closets, and other offices inside; outside, he had every available maintenance person searching the steps and the surrounding grounds. A group of police officers were assigned to talk to anyone who was at the ceremony, to see if they had seen the missing ring. Each time an exhausted employee reported finding nothing, the Mayor softly cursed, then asked them to please look some more. After many fruitless hours, the Sheriff himself sought the Mayor. "Sir, we need to stop this now. I hate to tell you this, sir, but that ring is just plain gone. With all the hands you shook today, Jim, I'm pretty sure it got taken by a swift pickpocket. We need to let our folks get back to their real work instead of continuing this wild goose chase." Sheriff Mulcahey leaned on the corner of the Mayor's desk. "With all due respect, sir, face it: if we haven't found that ring by now, we aren't ever going to find it."

Slouched over his seat, the Mayor Duke Stratford stared at the multitude of financial statements, invoices, purchase orders, and overdue notices scattered on his desk. His ears began to ring, and his fingertips were becoming a little numb. He reached for a paperweight that was holding down a stack of IOU's, just to see if he could feel it. He could feel its cold, dead weight, but not the ridges forming his engraved initials. Just like life, he thought, heavy and cold, but nothing to identify it. The ringing became buzzy, not like bees, but like hornets, wasps, laughing and buzzing and stinging. I want the ring. My ring. Ringing ring. Ring.

If anything could ever be said about Sheriff Brian Mulcahey, it was that, despite his laid-back, folksy demeanor, he had frighteningly uncanny reflexes, even when it came to dodging a paper weight. However, he was completely taken aback at the former Mayor turned paper weight throwing beast behind the desk.

Wild-eyed and trembling, the Mayor/Beast roared. "Pickpockets are unacceptable! This CITY is UNACCEPTABLE!!" His snarling maw slung around to his quivering secretary. "Get me my financial officers and my Director of Civil Affairs. NOW!!" She scrambled out the door, nearly falling over the chairs in the office.

He then pointed a numb finger at the Sheriff. "YOU! Mulcahey, you're going to head up the newest program to clean up this city: TOUGH ON CRIME! We've got some pretty important people coming to Pittsburgh to see my fabulous Crawl, and I'm not going to have them attacked by some common street rabble. I want you and all your men to arrest all the rustlers, cut throats, murderers, bounty hunters, desperados, mugs, pugs, thugs, nitwits, halfwits, dimwits, vipers, snipers, con men, Indian agents, Mexican bandits, muggers, buggerers, bushwackers, hornswogglers, horse thieves, bull dykes, train robbers, bank robbers, ass-kickers, shit-kickers, and Messianics! From here on out, there will be zero tolerance for any law breakers! Is my directive clear to you, Mulcahey?!?"

During the Mayor's rant Peter, Paul, and Stephen Caldwell, the Director of Civil Affairs, slowly entered the room, not sure of what was happening. Later, Mulcahey could have sworn that, at the mention of the Messianics, he saw both Peter and Paul simultaneously gulp—though Peter sternly denied it later. However, at that moment, he was in complete amazement at the transformation of the Stratford. Just as he was about to answer the Mayor, Caldwell bravely (or foolishly, depending on one's perspective) spoke up. "Your Honor, to be quite honest, we have neither the space in our jail, nor the funding, to initiate such a program at this time."

A grave hush fell upon the room, and everyone took a few careful steps away from the Director of Civil Affairs. The Mayor's head snapped around, and his eyes bored a hole through his innocent freshman Director. However, instead of roaring a stream of expletives at Caldwell, he looked down, again, at the papers on his desk. The numbers on the invoices leered at him, then started pointing and laughing. How dare they! I am Sir James the First, Mayor of Pittsburgh, and Duke of Columbia. I will not be mocked!

Attempting to regain his composure, the Mayor slowly turned his head up to his staff and smiled. Unfortunately, it only served to frighten them even more. Unaware, the Mayor then cleared his throat and spoke as evenly as he could, holding back the maniacal scream that would only punctuate his brilliant solution. "My dear people, please don't make me do your jobs. The only solution is terribly simple. As far as I'm concerned, we've already spent enough on the Crawl itself. Don't you agree, Peter? Paul? Yes. Good. Phantom will just have to make do with what he now has. The rest of the funds will now be funneled into a brand new prison complex. Yes, won't that be wonderful? I will convince the Baron of Patton Township to turn over his abandoned mines to me, yes. We can keep these miscreants underground, away from the prying eyes of the public and the nasty, nasty media." He leaned forward, his eyes bright with dementia, and whispered, "Don't you just love it?"

Like deer in headlights, he stood fixed to their spots. "Ah, boo!" laughed the Mayor, and they all scattered; Peter, Paul, Stephen, the secretary, and all the other miscellaneous searchers unfortunate enough to be caught in the room. Everyone, except the tired, jaded Sheriff of Pittsburgh. Brian looked at the Mayor thoughtfully, shook his head, and slowly headed for the door.

"Sheriff!!"

With a sigh, the Sheriff turned. "Yeah?"

"Sheriff, I still want my ring."

"Yeah, I figured." He resignedly left the room. Juno on a jukebox, he thought, he's lost it. Damned shame, too.

The Mayor, fatigued, slumped into his plush leather chair and said to no one in particular, "Yes. I must have my precious ring..."

On the other side of town and the other side of time, Kari was testing our her latest acquisition: a handy lockpick set she purchased not two hours ago from a halfling named Cranberry McGhee. The dufus actually believed her when she said her membership card to the Specialists' Guild was in her other purse! Man, halflings are so stupid, they're boring, she thought.

She carefully wriggled the thin, curved pick into the lock, just like Cranberry described. She could hear what she thought were tumblers falling, so she turned the doorknob. The door opened easily, but the pick stayed inside the lock; no matter how hard she pulled, it stayed fast. Cheap crap; you'd think Emerson could live somewhere with decent door locks! Annoyed, she swiftly broke the remainder of the pick off in the doorknob, grabbed her bag, and slid inside the apartment.

This will be so cool, she thought. This will be the best surprise ever! She pulled the lingerie from her bag, plus three notebooks. First, I'll pop out of the closet wearing this. He is so totally into me, and I look so totally hot in this, he'll be all, WOW, and I'll be like, Yeah, Baby. Then, I'll show him my totally cool ideas for the Crawl, and he'll be so blown away that he'll make me the star of the Crawl. Maybe he'll whip me up a big green head to go with his. Then, we'll be so totally dating...

Her reverie was broken by a noise somewhere else in the apartment. Oh shit!, she thought, I didn't even hear him come in! She grabbed her bag, books, and clothes, and hid in the nearest closet, which happened to be the laundry room next to the dining room. Kari peeked through the louvered doors.

Sure enough, it was Emerson, and he had a small group of people with him. Barely breathing, she got a little closer to the door to get a better look. Emerson passed by the laundry closet, and seemed to stop and stare at the door, but only for a microsecond. His pause was so brief, that Kari quickly decided it meant nothing, and kept peering through the slats. When the group sat down at the table, she could recognize a couple of them: Count Dominic, the boring noble guy that kept whining about the construction of the Coliseum, and that new "business" guy in town, Tony Carlotta. Supposed to be some sort of "booking agent" for the Crawl; whatever, thought Kari. He looks more like a walking endorsement for a hair gel. And the real ugly thing is an orc, for sure, but he's all dressed up like some military guy or something.

It was the fourth character that frightened Kari the most. Of course, she didn't recognize him; after all, she knew so few skeletons that walked about and dressed like pirates. And this particular skeleton/pirate was truly horrifying; his eye sockets glowed, his face was frozen in a mocking grimace, and the air around him waved thickly with terror. He glanced briefly at the closet doors, then turned his attention to Emerson. Without speaking, his bony index finger touched his ancient teeth, then touched the area of his skull where an ear might have been, then touched the air above him. He drew a circle in the air, and his crooked digit left a trail of dark blue smoke.

"Thank you, Coldfyre. I trust our words are now safe?" asked Tol'Zu'Gre.

"Aye, of course. Every word she hears will either sound like we're speaking in code, or a foreign tongue. If she has any intelligence, it would simply sound like gibberish. Are ye sure ye wouldn't like for me just to snap her neck in two? T'would make such a loverly sound," the lich said dreamily.

"My dearest, oldest friend," laughed Tol, "don't tempt me like that. The joy that would bring me would be immeasurable! But, she'll actually be of better use left alive. At least, for a little while. Before I leave for home, perhaps we'll get together and... oh, I digress. Gentlemen, we need to attend to business first." Tol sat, and turned to the doppleganger who was now Count Dominic. "You said you have some news for me?"

"Yes, sir. Our connections on the Council informed me a short while ago that the funding for Three Rivers Crawl has been pulled and re-routed to build a new prison in an abandoned mine in the township of Patton. It is the Mayor's new initiative to eradicate crime, so that Pittsburgh will be more appealing to Xcrawl tourists."

Tol'Zu'Gre sat silently for a few moments, his face leaning on his folded hands, deep in thought. He pulled out of his jacket pocket his family's long-lost signet ring. Gradually, he smiled, then let loose with a chuckle that rolled into a deep belly laugh. "I honestly, truly did not think that the Moron Mayor would make things so easy for me! Relax, Dominic-Der Selben, I will visit the Mayor briefly as the Count in order to

convince him to, once again, use your services to build this new prison; I will expect you to take over, again, after I have finished my meeting with him."

Dominic-Der Selben nodded his head respectfully. "I will do my best."

With a big smile, Tol replied, "You always do! Thank you!" He then turned to the other doppleganger. "Tony Carlotta-Der Selben, it will be your responsibility to notify Mr. Giovanni Torronino that, since the funding is no longer available for Xcrawl, he may wish to step up his timetable for collecting on monies still owed for the construction of both the Coliseum and the sets for the Crawl. I imagine, if the dear Mayor Duke Stratford decides to drag his feet on these debts, his feet may be dragging the bottom of the Allegheny River."

Tony-Der Selben laughed heartily. "I think that can be easily arranged. Maybe some more contracts could be drawn for more supplies to the prison?"

"Excellent thinking! I leave that up to you to coordinate!" Tol then addressed the orc. "General Rotruck, I need for you to start moving the main troops and special forces from the Coliseum to the Patton mines. I will be sending word to the Queen that you are moving, thus, any help you need will be provided for you. However, I want you to assemble four special teams, one each of orcs, kobolds, gnolls, and goblins; they will stay behind in the third level."

The orc general pounded his chest. "Think of it as done!" He nodded sharply, as confirmation of the order. "My son, Constantine, is already prepared for such an endeavor!"

Tol'Zu'Gre then leaned towards Coldfyre. "I and 'DJ Phantom' will need your help for this next little bit of fun, old friend!"

Coldfyre leaned toward Tol. "You know, I absolutely shiver when ye say things like that!" He gave a little mocking, bone-rattling shake, just to prove his point.

Tol fell back into his chair, laughing, then outlined for the Lich a plan to use the special teams as a setup to emphasize to the rest of the world that the Mayor of Pittsburgh was criminally insane. Coldfyre was incredibly interested: he could learn a little more about being a DJ, plus get in a good bit of senseless murder. The swash-buckling, undead skeleton was absolutely beatific.

In the meantime, another Stratford was going insane. Kari watched the group sitting at the dining room table, not understanding a single word they said. She was infuriated beyond belief, but remained still and silent—if the orc didn't kill her quickly, the pirate-skeleton would probably… uh, don't want to think about that, she thought. Just try to figure out what in the name of Pluto they're plotting. Then, the pirate-skeleton put his finger in the air again, and drew another circle. This time, he traced a ring of red smoke, and he said something to Emerson. Emerson gave back a reply in the same language. It was in Alfar, something about fun with the human, and Emerson said thanks and goodbye. Then he, Count Dominic, Tony Carlotta, and the ugly orc disappeared into thin air. Huh. Weird.

Suddenly, a small, obvious revelation hit Kari like a ton of bricks. Omigods! Emerson's an alfar! Kari gasped, and her head flew up and hit the rack where a number of coat hangers were stored. They fell all over her, tangling her hair and getting caught in her lingerie.

Ahh, now to greet my other house guest, Tol thought. He prepared himself to be Emerson Taplo, acted startled, and threw open the laundry room doors. "Come out, whoever you are! I'm not afraid!"

However, Emerson was not prepared for the newest fashion combination of lingerie and coat hangers. He successfully stifled a laugh, and smiled at the girl. "Well, I must say, I've never encountered a sexier burglar in my life!"

Kari beamed. "You really think I'm sexy? Really? Oh, this outfit, I've had it for ages. I have this one really tight number that laces up the back and… hey!" She shook herself angrily. "You can't fool me, Emerson Taplo! Yeah, I may know that you're DJ Phantom, but I also know that you're an ALFAR!!"

Gee, amazing powers of deduction ya got there, sister, thought Emerson. "Aww, now baby, that's just crazy talk. As hot as you look, there's no telling what came out of my mouth—you're just driving me wild!"

"Really? Is it the outfit, or my body? Seriously, because if you… NO! Hold on! Just stop it! Now, I distinctly heard you say alfar words. I know I did! And that means you're an alfar!" She walked around the dining room table, pointing at him. "And, I bet you were meeting with your alfar henchmen, weren't you? You're going to try and pull a fast one at the game, aren't you? You're gonna try to eliminate Daddy's Steel Dragons early in the game, aren't you? Or, I bet you've got some sort of new weapon that the Guild hasn't approved of yet. Yeah? Or… " She moved around the table to poke her finger in his chest. "Or, you've got some totally whack monster that you're not supposed to use, like undead werewolves. Huh? Tell me, now!" She stamped the floor petulantly.

Is this the best you can come up with? For crying out loud… ! Tol'Zu'Gre put on his best act, hissing at the girl. "You little witch! You… yes! Yes to all of the above!" He affected a stance of defeat. "You have me. I didn't think you were smart enough to crack our code. Yes, I was planning to bring down the Steel Dragons by using undead werewolves and a secret explosive weapon. Now you know."

"Oooh, you are so busted! Just wait 'till I tell Daddy!" Kari turned on her heel to walk away, then coquettishly looked over he shoulder at him. "But, if you give me what I want, I could manage to keep my mouth shut about the whole thing…"

Oh, this will be rich. Okay, I'll bite, he thought. He dramatically threw himself at her feet, nearly crying. "Oh, please! I'll give you whatever you want! Please, don't tell the Mayor!"

She grinned wide. "Okay! First of all," she said as she groped in her backpack, "I have all these notes as to how to make this the coolest Crawl ever! I'm going to be your assistant DJ, and you're going to use my ideas!"

Oh, no I'm not, he thought. "Sure, okay. Anything you say."

"And, because you're alfar, I have one big demand: I want to see Zura'ah'zura! All of it!"

Intrigued, Emerson raised an eyebrow. "Really? You want to visit the alfar homeland?"

"You bet! My gods, Pittsburgh is so boring! So is the rest of the NAE. So is Europe, for that matter! I am so sick of everything up here; nobles, Daddy, his fixation on my dead mother, his fixation on Pittsburgh, everything! It all is so boring! I want some excitement! I don't just want to visit; I want to go on the grand tour and see it all! And, I want to do it now!"

You little fool, he mused; you have no idea what Zura'ah'zura is. Good. Acting frightened, but resigned, he looked to her with pleading eyes. "Okay. I can do these things. Getting you into Zura'ah'zura immediately may be a little tough; we have to wait for a magical entrance to form in order to sneak you in."

Pouting, Kari asked, "Well, when will that be?"

He looked outside, then at a calendar hanging on a wall. "Hmm. It may not be for another few months."

Kari gasped. "But, that's when the Crawl will be held! I'll miss the Crawl," she whined.

Emerson shrugged and shook his head. "I'm sorry, but that's the best I can do. I can't control the magics that govern the Homeland. It's your only window of opportunity. Besides," he said, moving closer to her, "I would love to use those few months to, you know, hear your ideas." He gently stroked her cheek.

Kari smiled slyly. "About the Crawl?"

Emerson chuckled. "Yeah, those too. Maybe over dinner tonight? 9:00 at Isabela's?"

Kari perked up, forgetting all about her threat to tell. He's totally asking me out! To Isabela's! That's the best place to be seen! This is going to be so cool; I'll be seen with Emerson, and all those other bitch-diva nobles will be so jealous! Trying to be her sexiest, she bit her lip and batted her lashes at Emerson. "Will you, like, pick me up?"

"Of course, cheri."

She hastily grabbed her things and ran for the door. "Sweet! I've got to go get ready! I have no idea which shoes to wear! See ya!" She left, forgetting that the only thing she was wearing was the lingerie she planned to use to seduce Emerson.

Tol'Zu'Gre fell on the sofa in exhaustion. Ahh, Karinina Stratford. So beautiful. So stupid. I need to go a little softer with the charm, especially with the softer-brained humans. Ah well; this way, she'll get so much of that attention she so craves.

So, she wants to take a trip. How convenient. She'll get the grand tour, all right. Of what, I don't know, thought Tol, but it won't be Zura'ah'zura. No, it would be much funnier to send her somewhere that was the furthest thing from the alfar homeland. Perhaps, with Coldfyre's help, we'll open the "magical entrance," then send her to... hmm... yes, that funny little world in the human children's book, "Through the Looking Glass." She'll return, tell everyone what she saw in "Zura'ah'zura," and they'll be convinced that she's as insane as her father. What an amusing joke!

Of course, the joke will be on Mayor Duke Stratford. I wonder how much he'll miss his little girl...

The months did pass, and the Mayor found himself too busy to joke around. The ThreeRivers Crawl was scheduled to begin in three days, and he wanted everything to be perfect. The Patton Prison Mine had been completed a month ago, and already it was filling up with all the criminals that were pulled off the streets, making Pittsburgh safe for the Xcrawl tourists coming in town. The Mayor, one more time, patted himself on the back for his brilliant idea of making the prisoners work as "volunteers" for the Crawl; after all, if they die, who cares? They're prisoners! It saves the city money! And there were plenty for DJ Phantom to use!

He snuffed self-assuredly. DJ Phantom! Bah! The Mayor certainly put that kid in his place! How dare Taplo come in here with that ridiculous green head and demand to know what happened to all his money! Ha! I told him off! Told him he'd just have to make do with what he's got! I'm the Mayor of this town, and that's that! Now, get outta my office, and go make me a Crawl worth remembering, or else! Humph! These spoiled noble brats think they deserve everything served to them on a silver platter! It's a good thing he's seeing my little girl; maybe she'll teach him something about what's it like to be a good noble. My sweet little cherub. I wonder what she's up to today? Maybe I should call her, see if she wants to have lunch...

Just then, an arrow engulfed in flames shot through the window and pierced the far wall. The Mayor leaped across his desk, grabbed the arrow from the wall and threw it to the floor, stomping out the flame. He then noticed the paper that was attached to the shaft of the arrow. As he unrolled the parchment, he read the message written on it:

Hello, Mayor Stratford. We have your daughter. Perhaps you'll see her alive again. Perhaps not. How long do you think you can go on without her? Someone might know where we're keeping her; just ask around. Good luck. He noticed a small lock of her hair taped to the bottom of the note. Then, the note immediately disappeared from his hands in a cloud of purple smoke.

My girl! My precious little girl! Mayor Stratford shook uncontrollably. I have to find her. I will find her. I promised Gracie...

The Mayor of Pittsburgh burst through his office doors, only to be met by a sea of news reporters. His secretary hovered nearby, apologizing to the Mayor for not keeping them away An intrusion of nearly twelve microphones invaded his face, flashbulbs blinded him, and a myriad of voices probed him with another myriad of questions: Have you heard about your daughter? Do you know if she's all right? Do you have any leads on her whereabouts? Do you know who could have done this? What will you do about it? Will it effect the Three Rivers Crawl? Do you think this could be backlash against your Tough On Crime program?

He stood for a few moments, like a child caught by his parents. How did they know? So soon? The buzzing in his ears increased, and the spots in his eyes from the flashbulbs became little yellow and red faces, laughing and mocking him. Look at you; they know how incompetent you are as a mayor and a father. He recoiled from the faces, and as he moved his eyes, the floating faces became the faces of the reporters. The reporters are mocking me, thought the Mayor. How dare they!

A wild look came into the Mayor's eyes, and he knocked the reporters' microphones away, then rushed the reporters themselves. He roared, charging their laughing faces, intending to knock some sense into them. The newsmen and their cameramen scattered, but not without recording the Mayor's madness first.

Continuing down the hall, the Mayor bellowed for all of his staff and all his councilmen. He threw commands to everyone within his sight, demanding all work stop and a special committee be formed for the specific purpose of finding his daughter. As he turned to snarl at another intern, he came face to face with the Sheriff.

With sternness and determination, the Sheriff held fast to the Mayor's shoulders. "Dammit, Jim, just what in the hell do you think you're doing? What are you bellowing about? Calm down, talk to me. If anyone needs to be found and brought to justice, I'm the one that does it. Now, STOP!"

The Mayor's face convulsed and ticked, but he stopped charging about the halls. "Sheriff, my daughter has been kidnapped. We have to find her."

The Sheriff still held fast to the Mayor's shoulders. "Kidnapped? What do the ransomers want in return?"

The Mayor, confused, dropped his stare. "Ransom? I don't know... I don't remember one being mentioned in the note... I... "

"Well, let me see the note."

"I don't have the note! It disappeared, you fool!"

"No note, huh? Okay. Have you checked to see if Kari is at home,

maybe? Maybe somebody's just playing a joke on you."

"Sheriff, this is no joke! My precious little baby is in danger, and all you can think of is jokes?!?"

Sheriff Mulcahey was slowly losing his patience, which is a remarkable feat in and of itself. "Mayor, may I remind you that your *precious little baby* has been in and out of danger for the past few years, and all you do is blame other people for it!"

The Mayor felt his eyes burn and his throat tighten. "I will not listen to you say filthy lies about my daughter! I demand that you keep a civil tongue in your head, Sheriff!"

"Mayor, if you just found out about this, why were there all those reporters here? How did they know so quick?"

"Hell, I don't know! I'm not a scryer! Maybe those reporters have one, though!" The mayor made a mental note to have the reporters detained for questioning.

"Jim, are you sure you didn't call them?"

"Huh? What are you babbling about?"

The Sheriff let loose a frustrated sigh. "Look, Jim. You've been under a lot of pressure lately. As a police officer and an inspector, what am I supposed to think? You got no note, no ransom, no one taking responsibility. You got a room full of reporters that magically appear right after the fact. Are you sure you didn't just... I don't know... put together this little show just to divert attention from anything else going on that I don't know about?"

The raging Mayor threw the Sheriff's arms off his and snarled, "I don't have to listen to your insane rantings. You are the worst Sheriff the city of Pittsburgh has ever seen, and I hereby relieve you of duty."

Glaring, the officer retorted, "Ah, Underworld, don't bother, Jim. I quit!" Disgusted, he tore his sigil from his jacket, threw it to the floor and walked to the front door to leave.

"Good riddance, you complete moron! I can do your job as well. At least, I can properly interrogate the prisoners we have! I'll find my daughter without you or anyone else! Get out of my sight!" As he stomped after the former Sheriff, the blustering Mayor ran straight into a maintenance man. "Idiot! Stay out of my way!" The Mayor continued stalking about the halls, looking more like a madman as the minutes passed.

Tol'Zu'Gre the maintenance man laughed. "Well now, this will certainly be a Crawl to remember. Can't wait 'till it starts!" Giggling and whistling, he sauntered back to the Three Rivers Coliseum to awaken DJ Phantom.

INTRODUCTION

Welcome To The Crawl

Welcome to Three Rivers Crawl... hope you survive the experience. This adventure module allows you to run a massive crawl, which is easily converted into a campaign if you choose. Each of the three levels is complete, and when combined together, it creates a massive crawl. Each level also contains optional material to be run between levels to flesh out the adventure, and when enhanced by the background story, it becomes a solid basis for an ongoing campaign.

The Three Rivers Crawl is set in the city of Pittsburgh, in the Columbia district. It marks the inaugural crawl in Pittsburgh's new coliseum. The crawls planned here are marathon events, lasting much longer than a normal crawl. These massive undertakings truly test a team's fortitude, preparation, and training. Winning propels a team to the forefront of their division. Losing may earn a team an early grave. Pittsburgh, meanwhile, hopes to use the money generated by Xcrawl to revitalize the city and bring it back into the limelight of the empire. There is always a price to pay for success, however, and the cost may tear Pittsburgh apart.

Modifying the Crawl

The crawl is designed for a team of six 4th level characters; however, the GM may find that some rooms are too tough or too easy for the players. The GM may modify these rooms by adjusting the monsters' hit points up or down. Adding or subtracting monsters is not recommended, as it can drastically change the room. The GM must be cautious when altering what is written and avoid unbalancing the encounter in either direction.

Campaign-Style Crawl

Three Rivers Crawl is a campaign-style crawl. Each level takes an estimated twelve to twenty hours of play and puts a serious strain on a team's health and resources. Any improperly prepared team will have a hard time surviving. A team's coaches, agents, or sponsors should advise the team to stock up on scrolls, potions, and other expendable equipment lest they quickly run out and find themselves in trouble.

While Xcrawl is a combat-intensive game, it isn't necessarily the primary focus. The world of Xcrawl involves professional athletes struggling to make it big, become famous, and secure their place as one of the greatest sports legends of all time. Joining the ranks of the great takes more than flashy feats and high-level characters; it takes showmanship, heart, and remarkable charisma to become a public icon.

Crawl Overview

The team arrives on Monday, when they are picked up at the airport and taken on a driving tour of the city, being shown the local hangouts and bright spots to be seen between levels. They are also driven past the Coliseum, where they get their first look at the impressive structure. Following this tour, they are taken to their hotel; they are already checked in, and each player has a deluxe room with an extra seating area. That evening, a Meet-And-Greet dinner is being held; all of the team is seated at one large, round table. At the dinner, they get their first face-to-giant-floating-head experience with DJ Phantom, who appears on the main stage set up in the room. Phantom takes a moment to talk to each table, lingering on a few of the better known teams to try to intimidate them; this is a perfect opportunity to set the stage for the relationship between Phantom and the team for the crawl: if they are pleasant and enjoy his ribbing, then Phantom treats them with respect during the event. If they harass him, they will find themselves the victim of an in-room prank before they go to bed that night. If they embarrass him, well, then the kid gloves are off...

> The Prank
>
> If the team manages to get themselves into enough trouble to have Phantom called out The Jester, a relatively harmless prank is pulled on them. Each of their shower heads is filled with a strong green-colored dye. It is harmless, but doesn't easily come off. It takes days for the dye to fade, so unless they come up with a reasonable means to counteract the effect, then they are going to be festively colored for the first stage.

The crawl itself begins the next day, as the PC's team and two others all run through the first level. The second level begins on Friday, giving the team two days to get out and take in some of the city, and possibly discover some

secrets about Phantom and Pittsburgh. It would be totally in character for the Jester to prank them again during this two-day rest. After the second stage, police escorts the team back to the hotel. If you choose to include the optional shooting (pp 50), then they are kept in the hotel until they can begin the final stage on Sunday. The aftermath of the crawl is detailed at the end of the book (pp 67).

Inviting the Team

The team's invitation to the crawl should be role-played. Even a minimal amount of interaction at this point sets the stage for things to come. The team's agent or captain gets an invitation in the mail several weeks before the event. If the team has an agent or coach, this person pushes the team into accepting the invitation due to the very high profile and extravagant nature of the crawl. The publicity surrounding it bodes well for the careers of those involved. If the team previously completed the Celebrity Pro-Am Crawl or Memphis Crawl, the invite is automatic. If not, the early reputation of the team allowed them the last entry. Upon accepting and agreeing to participate, each team member receives a plane ticket on Griffin Airlines to Pittsburgh and their standard appearance fee (Xcrawl, pp 112).

Personalities of the Crawl

Supporting Cast

Toby Brumblebuck

This middle-aged, slightly overweight halfling owns a large deli. Toby is a very jovial and friendly person, and soon becomes friends with almost everyone he meets. He also has a very good memory, and knows everyone by name and usual order by their third or fourth visit. Toby caters the green rooms, and really hopes for some publicity to give him an edge over his competition. He cannot offer the team any money, but he provides them plenty of food, and knows a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy who can get them anything they want—if the team plugs his business a few times on camera.

Tony Carlotta

Originally, Tony was a persona of Tol'Zu'Gre, but the alfar assigned a doppelganger to take his place. Tony is a businessman, plain and simple. And Tony Carlotta-Der Selban (a term of respect used among doppelgangers) is exactly the same. The current Carlotta serves as an intermediary between wealthy nobles looking to make a bet, and the bookies themselves; what's more, Tony will occasionally try to alter the outcome of the event to insure the that wagers are kept "honest." Tony is an exceptionally attractive man, who always takes the time to make sure he is immaculately dressed. His hair is perfect.

Count Dominic

Count Dominic is the identity Tol'Zu'Gre used to enter the NAE, and convince the Mayor to build the crawl. And, as with Tony Carlotta, the Count has been replaced by a doppelganger. Count Dominic is tall and lean, with the look of a noble about him; he has bright ruddy cheeks, elaborate clothing, unkempt hair, and moves about with constant flamboyance, a lace handkerchief always in his hand. The Count is a very busy man and doesn't speak with anyone for a long time—unless the person shares noble blood, of course. He attends all the social functions of the Crawl, and always introduces himself to the teams to be proper and polite.

Chuck Morrey

Chuck is a veteran sports caster and has been covering Xcrawl for more than six years. He is well-liked on and off camera. His propensity for sports allows him to spout off facts about almost anyone in sports today. Chuck likes to chat with the teams off camera before interviews to get a feel for the questions he should ask

Dan Neagle

Dan is the ex-Division 2 crawler, Destroyer Dan. He played for five years, but has since retired to become a sportscaster. He has been working as a sportscaster for three years and loves it. He reminds people of the kind-hearted, friendly jock from high school. He can be a jerk at times—playing too many locker room jokes—but everything he does is in good fun.

Lisa Perry

Lisa is the crawl's production manager. She is the boss. Period. Anyone who wants to question her, or has a problem with how she works, better sit down and shut up. When not working, Lisa is a sweet and wonderful person. On the job she becomes very domineering and controlling. She is the reason everything runs smoothly in the crawl. She does not put up with anything from anyone regardless of rank or station. Anyone trying to intimate her will regret it. Rumor has it that she once made an angry troll stop dead in his tracks and apologize to her, just by looking at him. Lisa makes sure that crawlers who cross her receive bad camera angles and all their mistakes shown live.

Kelly Spartan

Kelly is an extremely attractive woman in her early twenties. Bubbly and cheerful on camera, this wild child always protects her image. Kelly started her career as a model, managed to land a part on a sitcom, and then a daytime talk show. The talk show failed, but it gave her the chance to prove herself to the networks. Kelly eventually landed a job as a sportscaster. The networks did not think a female sportscaster could make it, but her passion convinced them to give her a shot. Kelly proved she has what it takes, and the fans love her. She is smart, sexy, and most importantly, she knows sports. The appeal to men is obvious, but she has a surprising number of female fans as well thanks to her attitude and achievements. Kelly does not shy away from playing hardball and asking tough questions. The dangers of the crawl don't scare her, and she frequently enters them to get on-the-spot interviews.

Mayor Duke Stratford

A once overwhelmingly popular politician, Stratford wants to clean up the corruption in the city and restore it to its former glory. In addition to being the Mayor of Pittsburgh, he also serves as a Duke of the Colombia district. Stratford's hope of restoring the city to his childhood memories are noble, but a daunting task at best. Corruption has invaded the city, and the more the Mayor struggles to restore things, the more tenuous his grasp on sanity becomes. The loss of his wife from complications resulting from the birth of his daughter started his decay, and the constant problems his daughter puts herself into has worsened the situation. His two sons have both left the Pittsburgh area, one going to the study with the Guild of the Magi, while the other serves as an Immunis in the NAE Legion. The Mayor has staked his reputation on the success of Three Rivers Crawl, not to mention the financial stability of the city itself. The Mayor has recently instituted a new policy called Tough-On-Crime, which has created a zero-tolerance environment for criminals—all criminals, from killers to jaywalkers. The disappearance of Kari has pushed him over the edge, and he believes that the street criminals have knowledge they will not admit to, and he is having them tortured to discover "the truth."

The Other Crawlers

Apex Assassins (Heel)

An all-rogue team, the Assassins are very deadly and enjoy running afoul of the referees and local law enforcement. The team is cocky and sure of themselves–so much so that they often get into fights outside of the crawl. They are considered to be a dangerous team—not only inside the crawl, but outside as well.

August Legionnaires (Face)

The August Legionnaires are a team made up of ex-military men. The team has been around for several years, and is quite good, but they tend to be slow and lack magical firepower. The team consists of four human fighters, a human rogue, and a human cleric.

Dunguun Gangstas (face)

From the core rule book, *Xcrawl: Adventures in the Xtreme Dungeon Crawl League.*

Steel Dragons (face)

Mayor Stratford sponsors this team. They began their Xcrawl careers two year ago, when the Coliseum construction started. Their first year out was not successful, but they practiced through the off-season. Last year they came into their own as a team, and won a Golden Axe award for The Most Improved Team. Pittsburgh is their hometown, and the fans love them. This makes them very cocky and arrogant, and they often try to steal the spotlight. The team consists of a human cleric, human mage, human fighter, dwarven fighter, and a half-elf thief.

Night Crawlers (heel)

This bunch of scoundrels and miscreants barely belongs in an organized crawl. The most respectable member of their team is an ex-Ultimate Frisbee player banned from the league for drug use. The team constantly finds ways to get into trouble for their sexually suggestive behavior and rebellious attitude. The team demonstrates what a complete and utter lack of morals can do to people. Most recently, the team found themselves in trouble for blackmailing a "sponsor". They planned on plastering themselves with the company's logo if they were not paid a "non-sponsorship" fee.

Novellus Cruororis (face)

This team consists of several nobles and hired muscle. The team has just been formed, and has no real chance of winning. They have no real ambition to win; they are doing this for the thrill, and plan to use a NoGo door if things start getting rough. The three hired men are all fighters, and the nobles are a mage, cleric, and an athlete.

The Opposition

DJ Phantom

The entity known as DJ Phantom remains a mystery to the world at large. They know his actual name is Emerson Taplo, and that he was, up until the time of disappearance, dating Kari Stratford, the daughter of the Mayor. Other than that, they only know the giant jade head. A huge technomagical construction Taplo uses as his face and voice in public. The head is amazingly animated, capable of a wide range of expression, and almost ten feet high. Phantom speaks in larger-than-life terms, always creating a show of everything. While he does enjoy spectacle, he has never agreed to an interview; the Crawl is the important thing, and he is only part of the show, he has no desire to become bigger than the Games. His motivations are clear, and clearly in line with his true identity, Tol'Zu'Gre.

Tol'Zu'Gre

Tol'Zu'Gre is an alfar. He is an exceptionally dangerous person—a high-level rogue/spymaster in the Intelligence branch of the Alfar Military. He is a meticulous planner and always tries to stay ahead of his enemies.

He cares nothing for other races and feels they are beneath him. The pawns should be used and abused as the alfar see fit. He does have an affection for doppelgangers, and uses them often to further his goals. He also has formed a lasting friendship with the pirate lich, Coldfyre, who has plans to become a DJ of his own.

Tol has one goal: the complete destruction of Mayor Stratford and all that he holds dear. He has slowly, carefully created a world around the Mayor that he alone controls, and plans to use the inaugural Three Rivers Crawl to be the final means of vengeance. Above everything else, the Mayor will be destroyed.

Like all alfar, Tol'Zu'Gre is a master of illusion and transmutation. Because of magic items and his own innate abilities, he can make himself look like anyone he imagines. He is so proficient that even magical means cannot detect his true form. During the crawl, he stays safely hidden inside the control bunker. He is always disguised and no one knows his true appearance.

Thomas Claymont (Head Referee)

To put it simply, Thomas is a complete ass. An ex-military Discens and former prison guard, Thomas was fired for constant insubordination, bad temper, and violence. He does not tolerate back-talking or smartass comments; in fact, this sort of thing usually gets him mad. If he sees a team doing something wrong, he fines them heavily. Any protests or complaints increase the fines, and Tom never shies away from getting physical.

The Jester and his Goblin Pranksters

The Jester's real name is Thomas McAlister. This juvenile delinquent made parole a year and a half ago. Always the class clown, Thomas played practical jokes and goofed off constantly. At fifteen, one of his pranks went terribly wrong. The hornet's nest he hid in the teachers' lounge almost killed the math instructor, and cost him dearly. Thomas spent the next four years in juvenile detention, where his pranks became less

deadly, but much more cunning. After his release, Thomas hooked up with a local, Division 4 Xcrawl arena to work as a trap master. Phantom spotted his work early, and gave him a job at Three Rivers. While working at the crawl he found religion in a new, fanatical devotion to Loki. Thomas soon hopes to be made a cleric of the trickster god.

As The Jester, Thomas frequently wears novelty costumes, typically a large jester's hat with bells and a painted face. Thomas has been assigned several assistants by Phantom, and they enjoy his creative displays. Thomas treats the goblins quite well and they happily return the favor, spreading both joy and misery with their practical jokes.

In between the stages of the crawl, The Jester and his goblins wander around the Coliseum playing harmless pranks on people, and entertaining children with magic tricks and jokes. At heart, Thomas is a kind soul, but his passion for deceit can get the best of him at times.

The Executioner and his Death Squad

The Executioner is a hobgoblin barbarian/cleric of Death and Destruction. He is loud, boisterous, exceptionally cruel, and prone to violent outbursts. Unlike most crawlers and television personalities, he is the same on camera and off. He wears magical bone plate mail with a matching helm, creating an intimidating visage. People quickly move out of his way when he walks around the Coliseum. His Death Squad—a team of skilled hobgoblin archers in black chain shirts and skull shaped helmets—usually flanks him. Together, they strut around the Coliseum looking for trouble. If they find none, they usually start some. He likes to pick fights with teams, and gets angry if he feels that someone is trying to upstage him. When wandering through the Coliseum, their weasel of a manager accompanies them. This cold man dresses as a mortician and measures teams for their coffins in plain sight of fans.

For all the trouble they cause, this team usually knows when to back down and walk away. The Death Squad understands the fine line they walk, and knows that crossing over means certain death. The archers and the manager know enough to stop The Executioner before he goes too far. Unless The Executioner is lost in rage, he knows when he is beaten, and gracefully surrenders.

The Coliseum

The Three Rivers Coliseum rises majestically over the city of Pittsburgh. The largest Xcrawl arena in the Empire, the Coliseum stands ten stories tall and more than two thousand feet in diameter. The fifteen million square feet of arena space resembles a classic Roman coliseum with a modern flair. Gigantic, open steel towers circle the coliseum, supporting the retractable domed roof. The exterior alone stands as a tribute to modern architecture. Relief carvings depict anonymous warriors fighting great beasts on corridors throughout the arena. Even the cheapest seats resemble the Emperor's Box. Of course, in response, the Emperor's Box looks like a seat worthy of Jupiter himself.

The Coliseum holds three arena stages, each three stories tall. Each stage has room for three 350,000 square foot arenas. In addition to the stages, the Coliseum contains a massive one million gallon aquarium, a natural history museum, an art gallery, several sports bars, and a five-star restaurant. Dozens of souvenir stands, concessions, and specialty shops line the inside of the crawl as well.

Beneath the Coliseum lies a terrible secret. An alfar staging area, a base practically on the surface of the NAE. Tol'Zu'Gre crafted the base to be staunchly defensible, and was aided by alfar engineers to create a super-structure in the Coliseum itself that would serve as an above-ground base, should the alfar decide to begin a new war. The support structure for weapons has been worked into the shell of the dome, making it possible to withstand a siege and defend itself if ever attacked.

Points of Interest in Pittsburgh

Here are just a few of the many places a team could go in the city of Pittsburgh.

- The Foundry (night club)
- The Bacchanal (social club)
- Maiestas Delubrum (The Grand Shrine)
- Carnegie Hall
- Biotechnical Gardens

General Rumors

If the team pokes around before the crawl, they can discover any of the following bits of information:

- The city is a bit nervous about the Tough-On-Crime campaign. Criminals are reportedly being taken off the streets and never being seen again. And that includes people with speeding tickets.
- A lot of money has gone into the new Coliseum, and if the Crawl fails, then the Mayor—and maybe the city itself—could be ruined.
- People feel bad about what happened to the Mayor's daughter, but it was inevitable; the girl was always getting into trouble.
- Wanted criminal Carley Danger was discovered to have a hideout in Toronto recently, though the press has kept it pretty quiet,. Rumor has it she had some kind of illegal magic lab set up. Reportedly, when she left the Toronto, she headed south…

Rules & Restrictions

Paramedic

The paramedic is a new class for Xcrawl. Xcrawl paramedics are highly trained individuals relying on medical science, rather than magic, to heal. Cheaper than clerics, paramedics are a vital part to any crawl. The new paramedic class and subsequent prestige classes are detailed in the Appendix (pp 68).

House Rules

Every crawl has its own set of house rules. Some crawls ban certain spells, equipment, or weapons. Others may have special victory conditions or goals that the teams must accomplish. Failing to follow a crawl's house rules could cause a team to fined or disqualified. The house rules for the Three Rivers Crawl follow:

Rewards

Three Rivers Crawl has some unique, and somewhat controversial, rules regarding prizes. First, the treasure is divided into three types: Sponsored Prizes, Treasure, and Spectacular Swag. Sponsored Prizes encompasses treasure donated to the crawl by a sponsor—such as a year's free fuel, airline tickets, or a new car. At the end of the crawl, the team keeps this treasure no matter what. Treasure is hard currency, gems, jewelry, etc. in the crawl. Treasure can either be kept, or used to purchase Swag. Spectacular Swag consists of magical items, armor, weapons, potions or anything a team can use during the crawl. When the crawl ends, the team receives the choice of buying these items from the crawl at a 40% discount, or turning them back in for one-half of their GP value. Swag must be purchased with the treasure earned during the crawl.

Room Victory

All the rooms in Three Rivers Crawl have standard victory conditions.

The monsters must be defeated (surrendered or killed) before rewards are presented. Monsters that are hiding, invisible, charmed, sleeping, temporally paralyzed, etc. do not count as being defeated. Once these monsters are defeated, the treasure appears in the rooms they originated from.

3RC Banned Equipment List

The only specific equipment types DJ Phantom banned are electronics and firearms. He allows anything else, including things considered illegal by the Guild. Just because DJ Phantom allows them in his crawl, does not make it legal for use. If a team uses banned items (page 98 of the core rule book, *Xcrawl: Adventures in the Xtreme Dungeon Crawl League.*), they still incur the wrath of the Adventurers' Guild.

STAGE ONE: SURVIVING THE ELEMENTS

The first stage of Three Rivers is designed as a challenge against the four classic elements: air, earth, fire, and water. Like every level of this crawl, it is extremely challenging, and you should read through the entire level before continuing. You may find this too difficult for the typical Division Three team.

The design of this stage centers on seven floor levers (herin referred to as switches): four elemental switches, two para-elemental switches, and one non-elemental switch, each opening a different section of the crawl, which needs completing before the team can exit. Every elemental switch is trapped; players must be cautious with each switch, since they are designed to challenge the characters. Certain areas of the crawl are only accessible through the use of key cards; each key card is non-descript and will work on any door requiring the use of one. Each of the key cards may only be used once; if one is used to open a door, it becomes useless. The key cards are available as part of the treasure for the four Guardian monsters conciding with each of the four primal elements.

Pre-Crawl Green Room

Arriving at the stadium early in the afternoon, an air of excitement and anticipation fills the backstage area. They direct you to the green room, a small room where the production crew is already setting up. A door from the room leads into the crawl. Couches and tables surround the room, with the remains of catered food laid out on the tables, looking as if the production crew scavenged through before you entered. On one wall stands the inspection table, but the ref hasn't arrived yet. About the room, AVS's cycle through the security cameras placed around the coliseum. The largest AVS continually displays the network's video feed. Just as

you are settling in a young man with a clipboard walks into the room and begins to address you.

"Ms. Perry wanted me to let you know that you will have an interview before you go into the crawl today." he says in a whiny, self-righteous voice. "It'll be with Chuck and Dan from SportsEvening in about an hour. If you have any questions, I should be able to help answer them."

The young man is Jake Wentworth, a production assistant; he can answer any general questions. He is here to direct the team through the pre-crawl events. The Ref arrives after the first interview to inspect the team's gear. As the team sits in the green room a Spot check will let them see some behind-the-scenes images on the video screens:

DC 15–Goblins putting on fireman coats.

DC 18–Men unloading "3 Rivers Mining Co." crates from an unmarked truck

DC 20–Hell Hounds in cages

DC 25–Winged Lion eating a human torso

Pre-Crawl Interview

The team gets to participate in a taped interview with two personalities of the top-rated sports show on television. This is a chance for them to show their personality and draw in new fans. If any player does an exceptional job during the interview, feel free to raise their Fame by one or two points.

Jake shuffles you towards the interview area. Seated in neighboring chairs are Chuck Nigel and Dan Moray, the anchors of SportsEvening on the EmpireSports One. Chuck sits pouring over his copious notes, while Dan lounges back in his chair and flirts with a cute elvish intern. As you approach, they both perk up and smile. Introductions go around and Jake motions for you to sit. He rushes around, panicked, trying to get everyone in place.

DAN: "Man, look at that little guy scatter. That's funny. He does that for every one of these segments. He's all messed up because he got a B on a report card one time, and thinks he has to prove himself to everybody all the time. Whatta nerd."

CHUCK: "Dan, leave the kid alone. We've got more important things to worry about."

DAN: "You're right, Chuck. Looks like you guys might actually have a shot to win this thing. This is going to be just a fluff interview, but try and really play it up for the cameras."

CHUCK: "Yeah, no sweat here, so just relax and be yourselves. Looks like we're ready to go."

Jake yells for quiet and the cameraman focuses in on the set. After a silent countdown from three, the red light goes on and the show begins.

CHUCK: "Welcome everybody to a special edition of SportsEvening here on the ES-One. Tonight, we're going to be meeting with the teams ready to crawl through the deep and dark places of Pittsburgh, Columbia.

DAN: "First up is <insert team name>. These kids are pretty jacked up about the opportunity to be among the teams here. So, how does it feel to be around famous and infamous teams like the Dunguun Gangstaas, Steel Dragons, and even the Nightcrawlers?"

Allow the players to answer however they wish. The next series of questions can be asked in any logical order while still pertaining to the team and the crawl in general. Any serious deviations from the questions or interview by the team will cause the producers to signal for a shut down of the feed and Dan and Chuck will both be upset.

DAN: "Who are your greatest inspirations in X-Crawl?"

CHUCK: "Do you see any one team as your biggest competition?"

DAN: "Any new moves or strategies to show the fans?"

CHUCK: "After Three Rivers, what next? Where are you headed?"

GM's may follow up these questions with any that seem appropriate. If the team has been cordial, read the following text. If not, Jake simply shuffles them off the set quickly.

As the interview ends and the red light blinks off, Dan and Chuck both smile broadly at you.

DAN: "Thanks folks. That was a lot of fun. It takes me back every time we do this thing. Well, best of luck to you in there. I wish I could join you. Believe me, I really do."

CHUCK: "He really does. I have to hear about it every single day." He laughs. "Best of luck in there. I hope you come out all right. I haven't seen anything this elaborate in a long, long time. Be careful."

Jake calls over to you, herding you back to the green room. Dan and Chuck shuffle their papers and prepare for the next interview, this time with the Dunguun Gangstaas.

As the interview ends, an AVS near the Crawl's entrance changes images. DJ Phantom's head can be seen floating in front of a slowly shifting background. It ranges from a raging inferno to a tornado, a tsunami, and finally an earthquake.

"Fire, Air, Water, and Earth are the most destructive forces on the planet. You will have to face each element today and survive. If you can find the switches, and pass the challenges, you can win the level. I don't think you have a chance, but the crowd gathered here today thinks differently. Ladies and gentlemen, why don't we see if (team's name) can 'Survive the Elements!'"

A muted crowd can be heard cheering from beyond the door. The various AVSs in the room flash with a wide variety of color, pulsating in a pattern centering on the door to the entrance of the dungeon. It is at this point that the crawl actually begins.

1. Watch Where You Step

The green room door opens revealing an inky black void. The closed ceiling mutes the roar of the crowd from above. Other than the hushed cheers, the room has an eerie silence to it. A cool breeze of stale air, carrying just a hint of machine grease, blows towards you. This dark and sterile room seems very uninviting. Light floods in from various places around the room. The orange and black of rusted steel reflects the harsh illumination. Fresh silvery gray welds piece the massive and misshaped plates together, forming a spider web of overlapping joints and seams. The walls are uneven and plates jut out at odd angles to overlap others. A massive bulkhead door, securely locked in place by heavy hydraulic rams, sits on the wall opposite the door. The floor contains different sizes of brushed-steel squares and rectangles. The ceiling slopes up to a point high overhead, forming a pyramid made from glass mirrors.

The ceiling is made entirely of one-way mirrors with the audience seated above. A single industrial light illuminates the room completely because of the reflection off the ceiling. The door on the far wall requires a Disable Device (DC 25) to open, but sprays hydraulic fluid all over the teammate who disabled it. There is no lock so it cannot be picked. A Search (DC 20) locates the hydraulic release valve hidden behind a wall plate, opening the door. Additionally, the floor is trapped and six of the steel tiles are actually hydraulic elevators; as soon as they are stepped on, they activate. Whoever searches the room triggers them as they move about, unless their Search beats DC 25, letting them discover the trapped floor. The elevators rise with such speed and force that when activated any teammate standing on one must make a REF save (DC 15) or be knocked prone. Inside each elevator are three goblins: one holds a clear plexiglas tower shield, with the other two wielding crossbows. These goblins are well trained, and fight as a team using the tower shield for cover.

Goblins (12): CR 1/4; Small Humanoid; HD 1d8 (Humanoid); hp 4; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 18; Atk +1 melee, +3 ranged; (1d8, Crossbow, light); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 8, DEX 13, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 8.

Goblins (6) w/ tower shield: CR 1/4; Small Humanoid; HD 1d8 (Humanoid); hp 4; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 25 (+10 tower shield cover bonus); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 8, DEX 13, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 8.

Rewards/Treasure: The Invisible Tower (a plexiglas tower shield) and a 500GP note

2. The Garden

The DJ's head appears, filling the whole hallway. "Congratulations on making it past the first room. My garden is next, but unfortunately it is a bit overgrown, and is in desperate need of some weeding. I tried to get the Graybar Landscape Company to spruce it up a bit for me, but they didn't come back out—even after I offered to let them use my riding lawn mower."

The AVS displays several prisoners in orange jumpsuits with garden equipment disappearing into the dense overgrowth. Moments later, the foliage shakes, followed by screams and the sounds of fighting. All too quickly the screaming stops, and the room falls silent. The AVS cuts back to Phantom's grinning visage.

"Good luck! Oh, and if you get the chance, please trim the hedges."

The AVS vanishes and the tunnel opens into a vast overgrown garden, having been neglected for a very long time. Several thick vines hanging down cover the entrance to the room, with more dense foliage beyond.

The players must use swords or similar objects to hack their way through the foliage, if they do not, their movement is reduced to half normal. The vines at the entrance are Assassin Vines. Near the center of the room, a Shambling Mound waits in ambush. A Spot (DC 22) is needed to see the Shambling Mound, and (DC 20) to spot the Assassin Vine

Assassin Vine: CR 3; Large Plant; HD 4d8+12 (Plant); hp 30; Init +0; Spd AC 15; Atk +7 base melee, +2 base ranged; +7 (1d6+7, Slam); SA: Entangle (Su), Improved grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex); SQ: Camouflage (Ex), Immunity: Electricity (Ex), Resistance: Cold (Ex), Resistance: Fire (Ex), Blind sight (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 20, DEX 10, CON 16, INT—, WIS 13, CHA 9.

Shambling Mound: CR 6; Large Plant; HD 8d8+24 (Plant); hp 60; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 20; Atk +10 base melee, +5 base ranged; +10 (2d6+5, 2 Slam); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex); SQ: Plant, Immunity: Electricity (Ex), Resistance: Fire (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +2, Will +2; STR 21, DEX 10, CON 17, INT 7, WIS 10, CHA 9. Skills: Hide +0, Listen +4, Move Silently +4.

3. Rave-Fu

The heavy-thumping bass rhythm of industrial techno can be felt as you make your way down the tunnel. As you progress, the music drowns out your footsteps, and soon you must shout to be heard over the din. As the music gets louder, the lighting of the crawl gives way to a haze of mist lit by black lights and brightly colored neon flashing in the distance. The room beyond looks to be the inside of an abandoned warehouse, now transformed into a rave club. Through the haze you can make out figures with glow sticks dancing about the room.

Unless the team lights this room on their own, this encounter is considered under one-quarter cover. A local club DJ, who goes by the name Slag, is mixing music from a booth inside the room. The walls are spray-painted in florescent colors, with unique graffiti covering nearly every surface. The large lettering glows in the black lights. Most of the "dancers" in the room are merely dancing light spells. However, there are three fourth level hobgoblin monks hiding amongst them and two

violet fungi camouflaged against the graffiti. The writing on the wall is patterned after the fungi's natural florescent edges, making them very difficult to spot. The monks wear jet-black suits except for white gloves and boots that glow in the lighting of the room. The monks will try to lure the team into the Fungi. A Spot (DC 20) alerts the teammates to the monk's presence, with a Spot (DC 23) needed to spot the fungi.

Violet Fungus (2): CR 3; Medium Plant; HD 2d8+6 (Plant); hp 15; Init -1; Spd 10; AC 13; Attack +3 (1d6+2, 4 Tentacles); SA: Poison (Ex); SQ: Plant; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref -1, Will +0; STR 14, DEX 8, CON 16, INT 2, WIS 11, CHA—.

Hobgoblin Monks (3): CR 5; Hobgoblin Monk4: Medium Humanoid; HD 4d8+4 (Monk); hp 32; Init +3; Spd 40; AC 16; Atk +5 base melee, +6 base ranged; +5 (1d8+2, Unarmed); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +7; STR 14, DEX 16, CON 12, INT 13, WIS 16, CHA 11. Skills: Hide +10, Intimidate +2, Jump +5, Move Silently +14, Tumble +10. Feats: Deflect Arrows, Expertise, Improved Disarm.

Rewards/Treasure: Copy of DJ Slag's latest CD and VIP passes to his club for the week, 1250GP note.

X. Switch I – Non-Elemental

Bolted to the floor of an alcove is a shiny steel box, two-feet tall on each side, with a three-foot long wooden toggle switch on the top. There is an AVS flashing "PULL ME" above the box. A small video of the lever moving to the opposite side of the box plays over and over.

If anyone pulls the lever, read the following:

The switch glides effortlessly to one side. Once it clicks into place, the AVS flashes to a door opening in another part of the dungeon, then to the grinning face of DJ Phantom.

"So you have found the first switch. This is not one of the elemental switches, but this switch still opens a door."

As the wall opens up revealing a room beyond, Phantom speaks. "The Elemental switches remaining each have a guardian. All you have to do is defeat each guardian and pull the switches. Why, it's just like (PC's name)'s mother: simple and easy!" Phantom's image fades out as his words trail off.

4. Break Room - Taco Shack

As you open the door you are pleasantly surprised by the smell of fresh, spicy Mexican food cooking inside. Several small tables with chips and salsa on them are located throughout the room. One wall has a small wooden shack where a man wearing a poncho and sombrero stands at a grill.

"Hey you guys are great! I've been watching you on my little TV here," he says patting a small portable TV. "You hungry? The tacos are great, all fresh ingredients with seasoned steak and aged cheese."

"Mrmh yeah these phings are wrelly good" says a guy in a leather jacket hunched over three now empty plates. After swallowing noticeably, he continues. "Hey I've had the chicken, steak, and the veggie, can I try the pork next?" he says to the guy in the shack. "By the way, I'm Mark, your paramedic, but, unless you need help, I'm getting more tacos."

The Taco shack has all sorts of mexican food. It is fresh and tasty, but all players must make a Con Check (DC 8) or be in desperate need of a bathroom thirty minutes after eating.

Mark: Human Paramedic: Medium; HD 5d6; hp 21; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 12; Atk +2 base melee, +4 base ranged; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +5; STR 11, DEX 14, CON 11, INT 17, WIS 12, CHA 16. Skills: Alchemy +7, Concentration +8, Diplomacy +11, Gather Information +8, Heal +15, Knowledge (Medicine) +5, Listen +4, Spot +3. Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Expertise, Skill Focus (x2), Rescue, Calm Under Pressure, Status, Endurance, Great Fortitude Treatments Per day (7, 6, 4, 2)

0-*cure minor wounds, detect poison*

1-*cure light wounds, remove fear*

2-*calm emotions, cure moderate wounds, delay poison, gentle repost, lesser restoration, remove paralyzes*

3-*cure serious wounds, remove blindness/deafness, cure disease*

4-*cure critical wounds, neutralize poison, restoration*

5. Mephit Mania

This is the central room of the first stage. Each of four non-descript metal doors requiring a key card leads to a different "element" of the level. The sections do not need to be completed in any particular order, as all of the four elemental doors must be opened to make it to the final section of this level. Any key card works on any door requiring one, but the key card is destroyed after one use. The key cards are prizes in each of the four rooms with an elemental guardian.

As you pass under the polished stone archway, you find yourself in a smooth walled, round concrete chamber. Around the room are six exits: four are nondescript steel doors with small key card readers, one is the archway where you're standing, and lastly, a red door with stenciled flames painted on the outside. Other than the doors, the room is void of any decoration save four arcane symbols recessed into the stone floor. The first one looks charred and blackened, the second has been carved into the hard stone floor and is covered with dust, the third looks as it if was worn smooth and is covered by a puddle of water, and the last symbol is lightly etched into the floor.

In the room are four mephitis, currently invisible. The mephits have been promised their freedom if they win, so they fight with a purpose. Death holds no real fear for them, because if they are killed, they simple reform on their home plane of existence–but they want their freedom. The mephits make a coordinated breath weapon attack as their first action. Additionally, each of the nondescript steel doors are trapped and locked, and can only be opened by one of the five keycards scattered through the level. Once the key card has been inserted into the lock, the card is destroyed and the door opens.

Fire Mephit: CR 3; Mephit, Fire; Small Outsider (Fire); HD 3d8 (Outsider); hp 13; Init +5; Spd 30, Fly, Average 50; AC 16; Atk +4 base melee, +5 base ranged; +4 (1d3, 2 Claws); SA: Breath weapon (Su), Spell-like abilities, Summon mephit (Sp); SQ: Fire subtype (Ex), Damage reduction (Su), Fast healing (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +3; STR 10, DEX 13, CON 10, INT 12, WIS 11, CHA 15. Skills: Bluff +5, Hide +11, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Spot +6. Improved Initiative1

Water Mephit: CR 3; Mephit, Water; Small Outsider (Water); HD 3d8+3 (Outsider); hp 16; Init +0; Spd 30, Fly, Average 40; AC 16; Atk +6 base melee, +4 base ranged; +6 (1d3+2, 2 Claws); SA: Breath weapon (Su), Spell-like abilities; SQ: Damage reduction (Su), Fast healing (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +3; STR 14, DEX 10, CON 13, INT 12, WIS 11, CHA 15. Skills: Bluff +6, Hide +9, Listen +6, Move Silently +6, Spot +6. Power Attack1

Earth Mephit: CR 3; Mephit, Earth; Small Outsider (Earth); HD 3d8+3 (Outsider); hp 16; Init -1; Spd 30, Fly, Average 40; AC 16; Atk +7 base melee, +3 base ranged; +7 (1d3+3, 2 Claws); SA: Breath weapon (Su), Summon mephit (Sp), Spell-like abilities; SQ: Damage reduction (Su), Fast healing (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +3; STR 17, DEX 8, CON 13, INT 12, WIS 11, CHA 15. Skills: Bluff +5, Hide +9, Listen +6, Move Silently +5, Spot +6. Power Attack1

Air Mephit: CR 3; Mephit, Air; Small Outsider (Air); HD 3d8 (Outsider); hp 13; Init +7; Spd 30, Fly, Perfect 60; AC 17; Atk +4 base melee, +7 base ranged; +4 (1d3, 2 Claws); SA: Breath weapon (Su), Summon mephit (Sp), Spell-like abilities; SQ: Fast healing (Ex), Damage reduction (Su); AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +3; STR 10, DEX 17, CON 10, INT 12, WIS 11, CHA 15. Skills: Bluff +6, Hide +12, Listen +6, Move Silently +9, Spot +6. Improved Initiative1

Trap: Each steel door has a trap corresponding to the area beyond. For example, the Fire Door has the firetrap. Opening the door triggers the trap.

Fire Door: 3D8 fire damage, 10-ft Radius; Ref save for half (DC 16); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 22)

Air Door: 3D8 electrical damage, 10-ft Radius; Ref save for half (DC 16); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 22)

Water Door: 3D8 acid damage, 15-ft cone; Ref save for half (DC 16); Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 22)

Earth Door: 4D6 cave in, 10-ft Radius, Ref save for half (DC 16); failing the save traps the teammate in the rubble that deals 1d4 crushing damage each round; Search (DC 20); Disable Device (DC 22)

Rewards/Treasure: 500GP note, Set of fine Elven Crystal, one key card

6. Fire (Dog) House

This room begins the fire section. The creature speaking to the team is Galnar the Inferno, the Fire Guardian from room #8. He is a salamander, and wants to taunt the team, hoping they rush to him through the challenges ahead, possibly making mistakes and getting injured enough to be easily defeated.

> *The steel door opens onto a concrete tunnel painted red. Walking down the corridor, your clothing begins clinging to your sweaty form. The temperature is rising quickly, and becoming uncomfortable. As you round a corner, a ball of flames explodes in front of you. From behind the flames, an AVS sparks to life, showing a hideous hawk-like face. Its piercing orange eyes look over the team while a sneer appears on its lips.*
>
> *"Is this is the best you have for me, Phantom? These pathetic piles of slag?" As the creature speaks, flames roll and flicker out of its black mouth and dance across its white forked tongue "This is insulting! I expected a worthy challenge, Phantom! They will be lucky to make it past my guard dogs!" The creature bellows at the ceiling then looks back at you. "I do hope you prove me wrong. I, Galnar the Inferno, have been yearning for a good fight. The last group perished much too quickly."*

Feel free to have the team banter back and forth with Galnar. He is overconfident and proud, and very difficult to rattle. He will try to spot the insecurities of the team members and exploit them. After the banter has finished, continue reading the following:

> *The image on the AVS changes to swirling smoke. Looking around, you can see the hallway opening up into a large 80-foot square room. Scattered throughout the room are four large bonfires constructed out of wood, coal, and a few scraps of steel. Each bonfire appears to be hollow with a rough opening on the side facing you. The thick yellow-black smoke rising from the raging bonfires hangs thick in the air, and your nose picks up the faint trace of sulfur.*

If the team enters and nears a bonfire, read the following:

> *As you approach, you hear the deep resonating growl of a large canine. Looking into the fire you see a large red and black dog stand. It growls, baring its silvery teeth as it slowly stalks towards you. Similar dogs emerge from the other bonfires, barking and snarling.*

Four hell hounds inhabit the room. The bonfires are the hell hounds' doghouses. The hounds attack relentlessly, only retreating to their houses if they are about to die. If anyone follows them into their doghouse, they take 1d8 damage per round (no save). The hounds coordinate their efforts so at least one hound can use his breath attack every round.

Hell Hounds (4): CR 3; Medium Outsider (Evil, Fire, Lawful); HD 4d8+4 (Outsider); hp 25; Init +1; Spd 40; AC 16; Atk +5 base melee, +5 base ranged; +5 (1d8+1, Bite); SA: Breath weapon (Su); SQ: Fire subtype (Ex), Scent (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +4; STR 13, DEX 13, CON 13, INT 8, WIS 10, CHA 6. Skills: Hide +10, Jump +4, Move Silently +10.

7. Infested Break Room

> *The walls of this area are not the usual concrete from the rest of the crawl. Instead, the walls are fresh, recently welded plate steel. On one wall there is an electric hum, similar to high power lines. The very air buzzes with static electricity. On the north wall a cleverly disguised door looking like one of the steel plates is visible.*

If the team opens the door read the following:

> *As you push the door it is suddenly grabbed by an unseen force and flung open, colliding solidly into the wall. The heat inside the room is oppressive, worse than the hallway itself, and you recoil slightly. Starring into the room, an orange glow of molten metal washes over the room. A single light emanates from a floor lamp in the center of the room. The air ripples in the heat, distorting your vision as if looking through thick glass blocks. The effect makes you unsure of what the darkened room contains, but it looks like it was once a Break Room. Almost everything is smashed, burnt, or melted as if a very hot fire burned through the room. To make matters worse, you could swear something in there moved.*

The team cannot locate the creature, nor can they locate the source of movement, from outside the room. If the team makes any move to enter the room, read the following:

> *Just as you convince yourself the movement was just the heat, you see it again. What looks like a huge coiled snake lies under the glow of the white-orange lamp lighting the room. As you stare trying to get a better look, the lamp suddenly swivels towards you. Whatever this is, it is not a lamp. It is a massive snake with a glowing, featureless head. From the way it moves, it does not look happy.*

This creature is a thoqqua, a minor fire elemental that was trapped and sealed in the room. DJ Phantom brought in the beast from his own

menagerie, but the crawl's team of handlers quickly lost control. It ran amok until trapped in this room, where Phantom decided to add it to the crawl. Originally, this room was going to be a Break Room, but when the loose creature destroyed it, the room was sealed off. The electric hum the team hears is a magnetic field generator used to trap the thoqqua inside, since the creature is made primarily of ferrous rock. Without the field, it would use its head of molten rock to melt its way free.

The generator creates an intense magnetic field inside the room. Any character inside the room with any ferrous metal on them—armor, weapon, or other—must make a STR check (DC 18) or find themselves pulled to the wall (if they have a weapon it is pulled from their hand and stuck to the wall). Even if they do make their STR check, their movement is reduced to one-quarter base. Teammates with metal armor also lose DEX bonus to AC. A search (DC 20) locates the field generator just inside the door. A disable device (DC 25) shuts it off. Smashing the generator disables it, but also cause a 3d6 explosion, Ref Save for half (DC 13). As soon as the generator is shut off, the thoqqua immediately tries to escape by melting its way through the floor. If it does escape, it moves through the coliseum and escapes into the city. The team has to decide whether or not to follow the creature. If they do, they will be the toast of the town for saving the day, but forfeit the level. As GM, you can bring them back into the crawl at the demand of the Mayor, who will insist that they be given an opportunity to complete the level starting from this room—which does nothing more than further infuriate Tol Zu Gre. If the team doesn't pursue the beast, they can continue the crawl uninterrupted, but will lose one point of Fame for endangering the city.

One of the few objects still intact is the fridge, where the treasure (along with ice cream sandwiches) wait inside it.

Thoqqua: CR4; Large Elemental (Earth, Fire); HD 6d8+18 (Elemental); hp 37; Init +0; Spd 30, Burrow 20; AC 18; Atk +9 base melee, +3 base ranged; +9 (1d8+9, Slam); SA: Heat (Ex), Burn (Ex); SQ: Fire subtype (Ex), Tremor sense (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +3; STR 23, DEX 11, CON 17, INT 6, WIS 12, CHA 10.

Rewards/Treasure: *Wand of Cure Light Wounds* (ten charges).

8. The Fire Guardian, Keeper of the Flame & The Fire Switch

The walls have carvings featuring the Prometheus Grill Company logo. As you press onward it feels as if you are walking into a furnace. You can feel all the metal you are carrying beginning to soak up the heat. Several cameramen come running out of the room up ahead wearing fire-protective suits. Behind the cameramen slithers a large half-man, half-snake creature the color of red embers and wreathed in flame. It is holding a silver spear glowing white hot, and a spiked steel shield. This creature also wears a breastplate with an odd bluish tint. He bangs the spear and shield together creating a shower of sparks.

"So you made it past my guard dogs," he shouts at you. "Perhaps you fight better than I thought." The creature looks at all of you. "Welcome to your death. I guarantee it will be slow and painful. This day you face the favored of Prometheus, Galnar the Inferno. I hope you fight better than the last pathetic team. If not, I can always enjoy torturing the little one." [He points at the smallest member of the team] The creature continues to taunt you as it slithers into a fighting stance.

Galnar goes after the biggest fighter first, and then tries to constrict who he perceives as the second biggest threat. Galnar has three potions of Cure Serious Wounds, which he uses after taking damage. He surrenders once he is out of potions and takes additional damage. If he surrenders, he sulks away being a very poor sport. Once the fight is over the DJ's floating head appears on an AVS and a secret door leading to Switch #3 opens. The DJ congratulates the players and gives them their treasure.

Galnar: Salamander, Average Outsider 7/Ftr 2; CR 9; Medium Outsider (Fire); HD 7d8+28 (Outsider), 2d10+8 (Fighter); hp 78; Init +3; Spd 20; AC 21; Atk +14 base melee, +12 base ranged; +12/+14 (2d6+2, Tail slap; 1d8+5, Trident); +14 (1d8+7, Long spear); SA: Heat (Ex), Constrict (Ex), Fire (Ex); SQ: Fire subtype (Ex), Damage reduction (Su); AL NE; SV Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +9; STR 20, DEX 16, CON 18, INT 12, WIS 14, CHA 14.Skills: Craft (Metalworking) +3. Feats: Iron Will, Multi-attack, Power Attack.

Rewards/Treasure: a 3000GP, Deluxe Imperial Grill, a large tube of burn cream (four doses), and *Bad Temper* (+2 flaming steel long spear), one keycard.

Switch 3 – Fire

The passage leading to the Fire Switch is lit with wall torches set in black steel sconces. The floor is covered in loose coal and the walls are covered with thick soot. It smells like sulfur and crude oil mixed with smoke and ash; all in all, not a pleasant smell. Making your way down the passage, it takes on the form of a miniature foundry with furnaces, smelters, bellows, crucibles and molds built into the end of the tunnel. Set into the side of a furnace is a large red handle. As you approach, an AVS lights up showing an image of the handle being pulled, and the flames flaring to life under the furnace.

The red handle is a trap; pulling it triggers a jet of alchemist's fire, spraying from the back wall dealing 2d6 the first round and 1d6 the second. Ref Save (DC 16) avoids the trap. Ironically, the jet doesn't reach the person pulling the lever, stopping five feet from them. The real lever is the bellows; pumping them opens the fire door. With the bellows activated, the AVS displays the Fire Door opening.

9. Gone Into The Wind

The steel door slides open into a long circular tunnel, coated with concrete polished to a glass-like finish. Along both sides of the wall are several rows of steel levers and heavy wire mesh covering large vents. A steady breeze blows into your face, and you hear the rhythmic sound of moving air.

This is a large wind tunnel with goblins on the far end ready to truly annoy the PCs. Once the team progresses one quarter of the way down the tunnel, the goblin pranksters at the other end close the door the team came through and crank up the turbine; if there are any teammates left on the other side of the closed door, they are out of the conflict until the turbine is shut down. The turbine creates a tremendously powerful wind, hampering the team's ability to move down the tunnel. The maximum a character can move with the turbine on is their base move, and this is considered a full round action. Running, sprinting, and double moves cannot be accomplished because of the wind. The goblin pranksters begin throwing objeccts at the team once the turbine gets up to full speed (one round). Because of the strong wind, the goblins are at a -5 to hit the team–but they don't care, they are just having fun. The goblin's arsenal consists of the following items: model aircraft, armed with one of the following, acid, alchemist fire, thunderstones, tanglefoot bag, or a dagger; if a tanglefoot bag strikes the players, they will release a bag of chicken feathers; they also have fireworks, army men with parachutes, kites or anything else you think entertaining. Once the team makes it to the goblins, they surrender without combat and turn off the turbine. However, the goblins continue to harass the team verbally, trying to get them to attack and possibly be disqualified.

Goblin Pranksters (8): CR 1/4; Small Humanoid; HD 1d8 (Humanoid); hp 4; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 12; Atk +0 base melee, +2 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 8, DEX 13, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 8. Skills: Hide +5, Move Silently +5.

10. Straight as an Arrow Hawk

Rounding the corner it feels as though you are walking on air–literally. The entire room has been designed to seem as if you are floating in midair. The walls and very high ceiling are light blue with painted clouds, and the floor is covered with large puffy pillows and balloons looking just like clouds. The room is quiet and the air crisp and clean. A few birds fly in lazy circles overhead. If you weren't inside a crawl, the scene would seem quite idyllic.

If the team enters the room, read the following:

The birds that were lazily circling above are now beginning to squawk angrily. As the birds circle closer, you can tell these are no ordinary creatures. They are bright blue and gold ,with two pair of wings: one pair on top of their body and one pair on the bottom, with a long sinuous neck and a tail flaring out into a cross shape prominent on their bodies. The head has a ridged pointed beak and two pairs of eyes. And what appeared to be small birds are now revealed to be large beasts as they approach. One bird makes a banking turn; as it flips its tail in your direction and a lighting bolt arcs, striking the ground at your feet. The lighting has drawn the attention of the other birds who are now diving towards you.

These are arrow hawks, birds native to the elemental plane of air. This room is their nest and they will protect it to the death. Arrow hawks prefer to use their electricity ray attack and will completely avoid melee combat. The exit to this room is hidden behind one of the cloud pillows; a Search check (DC 10) reveals it.

Arrow Hawk, Adult: CR 5; Medium Outsider (Air); HD 7d8+7 (Outsider); hp 38; Init +5; Spd Fly, Perfect 60; AC 21; Atk +9 base melee, +12 base ranged; +9 (1d8+3, Bite); SA: Electricity ray (Su); SQ: Resistance: Fire (Ex), Resistance: Cold (Ex), Immunity: Acid (Ex), Immunity: Electricity (Ex), Immunity: Poison (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +6; STR 14, DEX 21, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 13.

Arrow Hawks (2), Juvenile: CR 3; Small Outsider (Air); HD 3d8+3 (Outsider); hp 16; Init +5; Spd Fly, Perfect 60; AC 20; Atk +5 base melee, +9 base ranged; +5 (1d6+1, Bite); SA: Electricity ray (Su); SQ: Immunity: Acid (Ex), Immunity: Electricity (Ex), Immunity: Poison (Ex), Resistance: Cold (Ex), Resistance: Fire (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +8, Will +4; STR 12, DEX 21, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 13. Skills: Hide +9.

11. Undead Distraction

You can hear something moving in the room just ahead. As you approach, the sound becomes clear as the jingle of metal and clunking of wood. The door into the room has been forced open and jammed to prevent it from closing again. Inside the room is a horde of bleached skeletons wearing rusted chain mail and armed with swords and shields. Their red eyes glow ever brighter as you approach.

The room is filled with 20 skeletons. These are not the real challenge, however, the challenge is the imp in this room. The Imp, a 4th level rogue specializing in pickpocketing, plans on using the skeletons as a distraction so that he can steal items from the party. Favoring holy symbols, magic items, NonCom badges, and gold the imp will take what he can get away with and then hide inside the room. The imp is not supposed to be part of the crawl; Phantom interviewed the imp and decided that he was too much of a risk, so he eliminated him from the crawl. The imp decided to be a part of the adventure anyway. He busted open the door to get at the treasure inside. If discovered, the imp tries to use the Ref or a retainer as a shield, and flee out the NoGo door in the room. It will go invisible once it has gone through the door. If the Imp has stolen a NonCom badge, he will not hesitate to use it. The imp is cocky and taunting with the team, knowing he has a way out.

Skeletons (20): CR 1/3; Medium Undead; HD 1d12 (Undead); hp 6; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 20; Atk -7 base melee, -6 base ranged; -7 (1d4, 2 Claws); -11 (1d8, Long sword); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 12, CON—, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11.

Imp Outsider 3/Rog4: CR 5; Tiny Outsider (Evil,Lawful); HD 3d8 (Outsider), 4d6 (Rogue); hp 30; Init +3; Spd 20, Fly, Perfect 50; AC 18; Atk +8 base melee, +11 base ranged; +8 (1d4, Sting); SA: Spell-like abilities, Poison (Ex); SQ: Polymorph (Su), Regeneration (Ex), Damage reduction (Su), Resistance: Spell (Ex), Immunity: Poison (Ex), Resistance: Fire (Ex), See in darkness (Su); AL LE; SV Fort +4, Ref +10, Will +5; STR 10, DEX 17, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 10. Skills: Appraise +8, Decipher Script +10, Disable Device +3, Escape Artist +8, Gather Information +3, Hide +15, Listen +13, Move Silently +8, Pick Pocket +13, Search +5, Spellcraft +5, Spot +8, Use Magic Device +5. Feats: Alertness, Flyby Attack, Hover. Class Ability: Uncanny Dodge, Sneak Attack +2d6, Evasion.

12. Air Guardian & Air Switch

The long narrow passage is plastered with ads for Griffin Airlines and Primal Glen scented oils. Where the tunnel ends, heavy gray smoke hugs the ceiling and is slowly sinking to the floor. Currently, the smoke is hovering about six feet off the ground. On the far wall is a kinetic sculpture of a cloud blowing onto several windmills. A cartoon cloud's cheeks puff out, then exhale a gust of wind spinning all the windmills except for the last one.

"Congratulations! You have found the Air switch." The DJ's voice comes from some unknown direction. "I'm glad you have made it this far, and so is the crowd. Now just pull the switch and open the door—you're almost done. You may want to hurry it up, though, because the Steel Dragons are almost finished."

The switch is very simple, and therein lies its complexity. You simply have to blow on the windmill causing it to spin, and the air door opens. Forcing the windmill takes a STR check (DC 18), and will trip the trap on it. The trap does nothing but seal off the end of the tunnel just behind room eleven. Originally, the trap released poisonous gas and the skeletons from room eleven, but the imp disabled the trap when he broke the door, looking to escape. The belker is hiding in the gray smoke using its gaseous form. It intends to use its special inhalation attack on the party with its first action while the team is working to activate the windmill. After it has been discovered, it forms behind the weakest team member and attacks. The creature is relentless and will not stop until destroyed. Once the belker has been killed, the tunnel by room eleven reopens.

Belker: CR 6; Large Elemental (Air); HD 7d8+7 (Elemental); hp 38; Init +5; Spd 30, Fly, Perfect 50; AC 22; Atk +6 base melee, +9 base ranged; +6/+4/+4 (1d6+2, 2 Wings; 1d4+1, Bite; 1d3+1, 2 Claws); SA: Smoke claws (Ex); SQ: Smoke form (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +2; STR 14, DEX 21, CON 13, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11. Multiattack 1

Rewards/Treasure: 2000GP worth of Gems, free trip anywhere in the NEA thanks to Griffin Airlines, a *potion of gaseous form*, a year's supply of Primal Glen scented oils, and one keycard.

13. Goblin Fire Brigade

Passageway One

This is a long concrete tunnel with a smooth polished floor and rough walls the texture of cottage cheese.

This is a typical concrete tunnel, but it has been trapped every 30 feet by the goblins. A flask of alchemist fire drops from above as characters pass beneath each targeted spot. A Search (DC 18) shows the trap and a Disable Device (DC 12) disarms it. A Disable Device (DC 16) not only disarms it, but also removes the flask for the team to keep.

Passageway Two

This isn't a sight that you see every day. Rounding the corner, you see seven goblins dressed as firemen, four of them aiming two high-pressure hoses at you. Two others are holding clear plastic riot (tower) shields, and the last goblin is crouched down loading a heavy double crossbow with bolts painted red and yellow. A human dressed as a Fire Chief, wearing a jester's hat, and armed with a heavy double crossbow is standing next to the solitary goblin, shouting orders to the rest of the team.

This is the Jester with his team of Goblin Pranksters. Their strategy is to use the fire hoses to bull-rush the team. The high-pressure water from the hose has an effective STR mod of +5, and a max range of 100 feet. The water always moves with the target, pushing it back as far as the bull-rush allows, and if the knock-back forces a team member against the wall, it deals one point of subdual damage per three feet the team member would have been pushed. Teammates caught like this are pinned until they make a successful bull-rush check, or the goblins aim at another teammate. Teammates caught in the water stream can only move half their base movement. The Jester is firing alchemist arrows at the characters, aiming for any that are pinned. The Jester surrenders once a teammate reaches him, but in a devious manner. He tries his best to get one of the team disqualified by declaring his surrender after the team has started to attack him. After he surrenders, he and the goblins taunt and harass the team. The goblins are unarmed. The Jester and his Goblin Pranksters have a Mojo pool of 4.

Goblins (7): CR 1/4; Small Humanoid; HD 1d8 (Humanoid); hp 4; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 12; Atk +0 base melee, +2 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 8, DEX 13, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 8. Skills: Hide +5, Move Silently +5.

Jester, Male Human Exp6/Ftr1: CR 4; Medium Humanoid; HD 6d6 (Expert), 1d10 (Fighter); hp 31; Init +4; Spd 30; AC 10; Atk +5 base melee, +5 base ranged; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +5; STR 11, DEX 10, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11. Skills: Bluff +9, Disguise +9, Gather Information +9, Knowledge (Nobility) +6, Knowledge (Politics) +6, Perform +9, Pick Pocket +9, Read Lips +4, Sense Motive +9. Feats: Armor Proficiency: light, Improved Initiative, Leadership, Run, Simple Weapon Proficiency.

Rewards/Treasure: 2d20 alchemist arrows/bolts (the remainder of the Jester's arsenal), two potions of *cure light wounds*, and an ointment that heals all subdual damage (three doses).

Passageway Three

The tunnel slopes downward towards a door at the far end. The lighting in this section seems to have shorted out and spasmodically produces flashes of light and an electrical buzz. The water from the previous room has partly flooded the tunnel, resting just over a foot deep at the door. A dark

blue symbol lies at the center of the light blue door, holding the water in the tunnel.

The symbol on the door is the alchemical rune for water, an INT/Alchemy check (DC 20/10) informs the teammates. The door is made of steel, and is unlocked, yet trapped with an electrical alarm, and goes off if anyone touches the door; a Search and Disable Device (DC 20) can be used to find and disarm the trap safely. If tripped, an alarm light flashes in the next room, alerting the Water Guardian to the team's presence.

14. Water Guardian & Water Switch

The blue door swings open into a dense fog, allowing no more than a foot or two of visibility. Dripping water echoes throughout the room, and a few undistinguishable light sources from the ceiling providing an eerie glow. Much like the tunnel before, these lights spasmodically produce flashes of light. The steady hum of electrical power drones in the background, broken only by sudden pops accompanying the flashes of light.

Description of room without the fog:

This room is made from the same rough concrete and steel beams as the tunnels. A large glass fishtank with a switch on the inside dominates one wall. There are AVSs on the walls advertising Poseidon WaterSports Gear and Triton Powerboats, and an extra cameraman captures all the action from inside the room.

This is the home of the water guardian, a hybrid water-elemental bugbear. He appears much like a standard bugbear, except for bluish green flesh. If the alarm sounds, he is waiting by the door with a held action to attack the first team member entering the room. If they bypass the alarm, he rages and charges the first team member entering the room. The fog is an Obscuring Mist spell the guardian cast near the door, lasting for six rounds. The guardian surrenders when he is under 10 hp or feels another hit will kill him, provided his rage has ended. Note: since the room is filled with over a foot of water, anyone falling in battle drowns as per drowning rules with a penalty to their roll equal to their negative HP.

Half-Elemental (water) Bugbear Humanoid3/Bbn5/Ftr2: CR 8; Medium Humanoid; HD 3d8+12 (Humanoid), 5d12+20 (Barbarian), 2d10+8 (Fighter); hp 84; Init +4; Spd 40; AC 20; Atk +14 base melee, +13 base ranged; +14 (1d8+7, Morningstar); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +14, Ref +6, Will +4; STR 20, DEX 18, CON 18, INT 13, WIS 10, CHA 13. Skills: Move Silently +7. Feats: Improved Bull Rush, Improved Unarmed Strike, Iron Will, Power Attack.

Rewards/Treasure: Ball Lighting, a +2 *shocking morningstar*. Poseidon WaterSport's Advanced Wetsuit, Xcrawl Edition (scale mail +1, free action), a 2,000GP note, and a 20-foot Triton Powerboat, one keycard.

Switch 2 – Water

Having defeated the water guardian, a bright spotlight shines upon the switch inside the wall tank. As you watch the glass face of the tank rises quickly into the ceiling, and the water inside gushes into the room, creating a large wave. The switch, a globe filled with water resting on seashells, and a handle made from coral is now unobstructed. Suddenly the room goes completely dark, and all the AVSs light up with the floating visage of DJ Phantom.

Phantom harasses the team about mistakes they have made, and congratulates the Guardian if he killed anyone PCs. Eventually he awards the team with their prizes and congratulates them on getting to the water switch, trying to lull them into a false sense of security so they will not check for traps. If the trap is sprung, the DJ laughs maniacally and fades from the AVSs, but the laughter audio remains until the team has departed the room.

The team can Search (DC 20) for traps and use Disable Device (DC 25). Upon triggering, the trap drops the glass wall back into place and the chamber begins to fill with water. The team has five rounds to get out before it fills completely. A Search (DC 20) of reveals the concrete on the wall holding the tank to be weak, and capable of being smashed much more easily (hardness 9, HP 35). The glass is thick and bulletproof (Hardness 15, HP 100).

Insert: Chuck and Dan

At this point, Chuck and Dan break into the transmission, providing an update on the crawl to date for the viewers at home. The cameras turn off for a minute, and the cameramen take a break. Spice up the following conversation by inserting some specific exchanges from the early part of the stage.

CHUCK: Well, (insert team's name) is at the half-way point of the stage, and I have to say that I'm a little impressed.

DAN: I totally agree, Chuck. These guys are cutting through the level like they were meant to slice it in half. These are real pros. Superstars in the making.

CHUCK: Whoa, fella! I think that you might be a bit strong, there. I mean, sure, they've done well… but I said a LITTLE impressed. These guys have potential, but don't put a Golden Axe out for them just yet.

DAN: Ah, you're just jealous! You never dealt with anything this tough!

CHUCK: Oh really! Hey, these newbies never had to deal with the likes of DJ "Gotcha" Gonzalez! Once they can deal with someone on that level, I'll be the first in line to shake their hands, but until then…

DAN: Yeah, yeah… nothing like the good old days, again and again. You're getting old, my man!

CHUCK: Old?! Oh, I can take you in the maze any time. But let's review what (insert team's name) has done to this point…

Read out a highlight list of the level. Make sure that you include any clever banter.

DAN: Not too bad, but there's still half a stage left, and we're only on the first day.Let's get back to the action.

The cameras come back on, and the team is live once more. Before continuing the level, give the players a moment to play to the crowd. This is a great opportunity for the team and individuals to raise their Fame.

15. A Nixie in Trouble

Making your way through the winding tunnels, you are pleasantly surprised when it opens onto Roman ruins. Large, aged marble columns lie scattered around the room, encrusted with vines and flowers. A set of stone stairs winds up to a stone platform with a fountain inside a reflecting pool and a lone bench. Reclining on the bench is the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. Her face and smile captivate you, and

soon you forget about anything else in the room. As she stands, her silvery blue hair glides down over her supple breasts, covering them far more than the shear pale blue gown draped over her luscious young body. A belt made from dark green seaweed and shells of various types is looped around her shapely waist several times, and rests low on her hips, with the extra hanging down between her firm sensual thighs–just enough to obscure your view and protect her modesty. She takes a deep breath making her cleavage rise and fall, licking her lips and batting her eyelashes. As she begins to speak her voice makes your body tingle and your heart thud in your chest.

"Oh please help me! I need some brave and strong adventurers to rescue my sweet Elsa. She is trapped in the pool under the fountain, and I simply don't have the strength to free her. You must help me, you must, otherwise I'm afraid Elsa will… she … ." Her melodic voice fades off as she begins to sob softly, collapsing onto the bench.

The woman is a nixie, and Elsa is her dire beaver animal companion. A Spot (DC 30) reveals her NonCom badge and (DC 15) notices the bluish tint to her skin. She promises the team a special reward, being very suggestive about what that may be, if the team frees Elsa. Elsa, the beaver, has been given the ability to breathe water, so there is no danger in her drowning. The teammates need to dive down 30 feet and Search the fountain's base (DC 18) to find Elsa, and then a STR check (DC 25) removes the coral trapping her. Since this is coral, it is very sharp; anyone touching the coral with protection not at least equal to leather gloves cuts himself very badly (1d4 wounding damage). If the player removing the coral does not have any protection, he suffers the above damage and an additional 1d6 damage; if the STR check fails, the coral does 2d4 damage and two more wounds. Once the coral is removed, the beaver swims free. With Elsa freed, the nixie tries to convince one member of the team to stay with her and protect her until she has healed the beaver. If someone agrees to go with her, they are effectively out of the crawl, since this will take several hours. If the team doesn't help her, she pouts and tries to sway the crowd against the team.

Rewards/Treasure: The player or players who actually free the beaver receives a kiss from the nixie, granting them a five-point damage reduction from fire attacks for one hour. The team also gets a 500GP pearl and a *Coral Spear of Wounding*.

16. Me And My Gargoyle

The door opens into a large darkened room. You can see that the stone floor has been replaced by soft dirt, and a strong smell of earth and rotting wood assaults your nose. The room has an eerie silence to it.

If the team shines light into the room, read the following:

As your light washes over the room you notice the horrific mockery of a sculpture garden. All the vegetation has long since died and now lies in rotting heaps where once lush flowerbeds and shrubbery walls must have grown. Much of the dirt looks to have been disturbed from recent digging. Scattered through the room are statues on pedestals, some smashed and broken. The few intact statues are startlingly lifelike, though resembling people grotesquely wracked in pain. Two huge purplish columns of fungus vaguely resembling mushrooms are barely visible beyond the statues. Beyond the fungi is a door made from smoke-colored glass.

NOTE: Read Room #17 for possible complications to this encounter.

The fungi are shreikers, and disguised amongst the other statues are gargoyles; they wait until the team approaches them, making a surprise attack against the closest character. The ceiling is an illusion, so the team does not know the audience is above them. This room is to show the crowd what dungeon crawling is like when the players are unaware they are being watched, as if it were a behind-the-scenes look. If the statues are examined, the team discovers that they were actual prisoners that have been turned to stone.

Gargoyles (2): CR 4; Medium Magical Beast (Earth); HD 4d10+16 (Magical Beast); hp 38; Init +2; Spd 45, Fly, Average 75; AC 16; Atk +4 base melee, +6 base ranged; +6/+1/+1 (1d4, 2 Claws; 1d6, Bite; 1d6, Gore); SQ: Damage reduction (Su), Freeze (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +1; STR 11, DEX 14, CON 18, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 7.Weapon Finesse: Claw Weapon Finesse: Bite Weapon Finesse: Gore

Rewards/Treasure: *Cloak of resistance* +2 and 1000GP note, *scroll of magic weapon* x 3

17. Two Birds, Totally Stoned

NOTE: There is a smoked colored glass door to this room; if the shreikers scream, it shatters after three rounds, releasing the cockatrices.

> *A room startlingly similar to the previous one awaits you through the smoke-glass doors, only this one sits devoid of any statues. A small, ruined stone structure sits in the room's center, with plenty of dead trees and rotting vegetation filling the remaining space.*

As the team approaches the ruined structure, read the following:

> *The walls of the structure have collapsed. Only a few old wooden posts and the remnants of a thatched roof still stand. You can tell something is moving around in the rubble, and as you wonder what it could be, several strange birds about the size of large turkeys jump onto the ruined stone wall. These are by far the most revolting birds you have ever seen, almost completely featherless with leathery bat wings and a lizard-like tail. A few small tufts of dingy yellow-brown down cling to its body, while a few large feathers cling to the tail. Its wattles, comb, and eyes are crimson. One cocks its head at you and lets out a pathetic gargling sound. As it squawks, its forked tongue flickers in and out of its beak.*

These birds are cockatrices; they are very aggressive and favor close combat, since their touch can turn living things to stone. The cockatrices flee into their nest under the ruins if they are about to die.

Cockatrices (3): CR 3; Small Magical Beast; HD 5d10 (Magical Beast); hp 27; Init +3; Spd 20, Fly, Poor 60; AC 14; Atk +4 base melee, +9 base ranged; +4 (1d4-2, Bite); SA: Petrifaction (Su); SQ: Immunity: Petrifaction (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +2; STR 6, DEX 17, CON 11, INT 2, WIS 13, CHA 9. Skills: Hide +7.

18. Earth Guardian & Earth Switch

> *The tunnel you are walking down curves to the left slightly, and you begin to see several AVSs light up with ads for Three Rivers Mining Co. and Keystone Building Materials. As the ads flash on the screen, another AVS with Phantom's head floats down from the ceiling.*
>
> *"Welcome team, to this, the moment of your demise. Our friends at Three Rivers Mining discovered these truly bizarre creatures in one of their mines a few months back, and after losing a few dozen employees, they thought it best to donate them for our viewer's amusement. These creatures have a ravenous appetite, but thanks to Tri-State Stone we have been able to keep these creatures fed and happy—most of the time. But happy and well-fed beasts aren't what the fans want to see. Am I right, folks?"*
>
> *The AVS displays the crowd yelling "Yes!"*
>
> *"Well, then it is a good thing I decided to make things interesting; we stopped feeding the beasts a week ago, and have been harassing them with some spare prisoners we had lying around. They are formidable foes, but surely nothing that you cannot overcome. This should be fun; just try not to die too quickly."*
>
> *The DJ's head smirks then vanishes. A moment later, the AVS lights up with videos of prisoners in heavy armor being slaughtered by strange, rocky-green creatures with three arms and a mouth on the top of their massive body. Some prisoners are even stuffed whole into the monster's massive mouths, only to be spit out moments later, mangled, mutilated, and mostly naked. The wall opens and you see several of the naked corpses, and two angry beasts. As you advance, cameramen rush out in jumpsuits, holding plastic cameras.*

The creatures are xorns. They will go after the teammate with the most metal first, since they are starving. The xorns only want to eat, and attack armor and weapons. Their claws only damage armor or weapons, but the bite deals normal damage. The xorns attack until they are killed or become full. The larger one will eat fifty pounds and the smaller twenty pounds of metal before they are full; once full, they retreat into the ground. Once the xorns are defeated, the DJ's head appears on an AVS, congratulating the team and informing them all they have to do is dig up the earth switch. It's buried around here somewhere; he has just forgotten where.

Xorn: CR 6; Medium Outsider (Earth); HD 7d8+14 (Outsider); hp 45; Init +0; Spd 20, Burrow 20; AC 22; Atk +10 base melee, +7 base ranged; +10/+5 (4d6+3, Bite; 1d4+1, 3 Claws); SA: Burrow (Ex); SQ: All-around vision (Ex), Tremor sense (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex), Immunity: Cold (Ex), Immunity: Fire (Ex), Resistance: Electricity (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +5; STR 17, DEX 10, CON 15, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 10. Skills: Search +4, Spot +4.

Xorn, Young: CR 3; Small Outsider (Earth); HD 3d8+6 (Outsider); hp 19; Init +0; Spd 20, Burrow 20; AC 23; Atk +4 base melee, +4 base ranged; +4/-1 (2d8, Bite; 1d3, 3 Claws); SA: Burrow (Ex); SQ: Immunity: Cold (Ex), Immunity: Fire (Ex), Resistance: Electricity (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex), All-around vision (Ex), Tremor sense (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +3; STR 10, DEX 11, CON 15, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 10. Skills: Hide +4, Search +4, Spot +4.

Rewards/Treasure: *Bracers of Armor* +2, a 2000GP note, *Gauntlets of Ogre Power*, one keycard.

Switch 4 – Earth

The Earth Switch is hidden behind an illusionary wall. It takes a Search (DC 10) to notice something odd, and a Will save (DC 20) to see through it. Once someone has broken the illusion it vanishes.

> *After passing through the illusionary wall you find yourself in an old mineshaft. The wooden beams are rotting and sagging and in several places you can see where part of the ceiling has already collapsed. The end of the tunnel is littered with tools and old mining equipment. Sitting on a pile of dirt is an old-style plunger detonator.*

The detonator is the switch. Simply pushing down will open the door. The plunger is not trapped, unlike all the other tools (ten in all). Moving any of the trapped tools causes a massive 4d8 cave in, REF save (DC 16) for half. A Search (DC 18) reveals the traps and a Disable Device (DC 21) is needed to disarm each item moved. Once the switch has been pulled, the AVS shows the earth door opening.

19. Axis Chemicals Presents

> *With all the elemental doors opened, you find one last door with a small key card reader. Placing the last key card in, the door opens onto a tunnel where three cameramen in chemical suits are waiting. An AVS showing the smirking head of Phantom rests beside a door at the end of the hallway.*
>
> *"Most impressive. You should have died*

several times already. I'll offer you the chance to quit now and spare your lives. I will allow you to keep all the gold you have earned and leave, no questions asked. True, it's the coward's way out, but I thought that you would be relieved to live another day. Am I right?

Adlib with the team some at this point, letting them backtalk Phantom and play to the crowd. Then read the following:

"Well said, my heroes! I am proud of you, and so are the fans." Several AVSs displaying the crowd cheering you on appear as Phantom's head fades away. A spotlight shines on a large door highlighting a logo of Axis Chemical Company, which was beside the DJ's AVS. All the other screens flicker and then display the DJs floating head once again.

"The creature you are about to face is sponsored by the Axis Chemical Company, the NAE's number one source for petrochemicals, alternative fuel sources, and cleaning supplies." As the DJ starts speaking, the AVSs display images of Axis' product lines before switching back to his face. "Behind these doors is Axis Chemical's very rare and expensive beast. This large and powerful creature sprays corrosive acid, liquifying its prey. Let's watch, shall we?"

The AVS shows some stock footage of several panicked prisoners in a room. A door opens and out jumps a large dinosaur-like creature with a strange blowhole on its head. Some prisoners rush to attack it while others furiously try to climb the walls. The Digester drops its head and sprays a greenish liquid over the charging prisoners. The men begin to smoke as their flesh melts like candle wax.

"Not a real pleasant way to die, is it? Let's hope that demonstration convinces people not to live a life of crime. Now, I hope the team fairs better than those terrible criminals. Not too much better, though, I know Axis would hate to lose its valuable company mascot." Phantom begins to laugh manically as his image fades out and the doors open.

When the players enter the room, read the following:

The large room in front of you is encased in glass and plastered with ads for various Axis Chemical Products and the floor has a huge Axis Logo inlayed into it. On the far wall is a large stone door set behind the glass. The remains of several melted bodies are scattered through the room. The digester is secured to the floor by chains near a red NO GO door on the far side of the room. As the doors suddenly close behind you the chain holding the digester is released from the floor. The hideous beast roars angrily at you and the cameramen quickly scatter, not wanting to get in the way.

This fight is pretty straightforward; the digester fights until it falls. As soon as it does, veterinarians rush out to give it first aid. If the players show good sportsmanship and help the vets, an Axis representative rewards them handsomely after the crawl. If the team kills the digester too easily, DJ Phantom's ups the threat level.

Read the following if the team kills the digester too quickly:

The digester falls to the ground with a solid thud, and at that instant you know something is very wrong. The lights flicker and you hear pounding on the other side of the NoGo door. DJ Phantom's scowling face appears on an AVS in the center of the room. From the look in his eyes, you know he is furious.

"Was this not enough of a challenge for you? Your feeble attempts to make me look bad only encourage me to rise to your level. We don't want a disappointed crowd. We can't have that now, can we? Let's see if you can please the crowd dealing with this."

An unholy glow envelops the digester, causing the body to convulse as its flesh begins corrupting causing it to rot and fester. The lifeless corpse rises again, drool dripping from its lifeless mouth. Thick slimy spittle sprays as lets loose an unholy scream and charges.

This is a ghast digester; it has the same stats as the previous version except it can no longer spray acid. The ghast has abilities of paralysis and stench to make up for that. The cameras are off for this entire encounter. DJ Phantom runs footage of the team from earlier in the crawl on the screen while this combat occurs.

Digester: CR 6; Medium Magical Beast; HD 8d10+24 (Magical Beast); hp 68; Init +2; Spd 60; AC 17; Atk +11 base melee, +10 base ranged; +11 (1d8+4, Rake); SA: Acid spray (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +3; STR 17, DEX 15, CON 17, INT 2, WIS 12, CHA 10. Skills: Hide +6, Jump +7.

Ghast Digester: CR 6; Medium Undead; HD 8d12+24 (Magical Beast); hp 74; Init +2; Spd 60; AC 17; Atk +11 base melee, +10 base ranged; +11 (1d8+5, Rake); SA: Create spawn (Su), Stench (Ex), Paralysis (Ex); SQ: Undead, Turn resistance (Ex); (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +3; STR 19, DEX 15, CON—, INT 1, WIS 12, CHA 10. Skills: Hide +11, Jump +7, Listen +6, Spot +6. Alertness1

Rewards/Treasure: Free fuel for a year from Axis Fuels, an *oil of timelessness* (one dose) for each PC, 3 *oil of sharpness* (one dose each), case (10) of Axis Acid Globes, and (10) Axis Fire Bombs, a key, and a 1500GP note.

20. A Boy and his Rust Monster

Examining the large, stone double doors, you find a key hole that looks to fit the key you received as treasure from the previous room.

A Search check (DC 18) discovers the door is trapped; a Disable Device (DC 21) disables it. Failing to disable the trap and turning the key results in 5d4 electrical damage to whoever turns the key. If the key is somehow turned with out being touched, the trap hurts no one.

The massive double doors swing open silently and settle into recesses set in the wall. Beyond the doors, there is a tunnel far larger than any you have come across so far in the crawl. Standing about thirty feet from you is a colossal man playing with several truly odd animals. They resemble gigantic fleas but with two large feathery antennae and a bony tail. As you approach, both of the animals perk up and look your direction. The huge man says something to the creatures in a language you don't understand and apparently neither do they. The creatures attempt to run towards you. The man screams at them, saying "No, Rengura, no!" and waves his arms wildly as he struggles to grab the chains around their necks. His hands snatch only air, however, as the creatures charge towards you beyond his grasp.

The man is a stone giant and the creatures are rust monsters. The giant is named Big Billy; he is mentally challenged, and keeps the rust monsters as pets. He is well known in the Pittsburg area as the mascot for a local exterminator specializing in the live capture of creatures, especially rust monsters, which plague the steel mills of the region. If

the team attacks him, the crowd DC goes up one level for each attack, and they also lose a Fame point per round of combat. If they kill him or his pets, the crowd DC goes up five additional levels, and they are penalized two more Fame points. If the players have a heel team, they still lose the Fame, and the crowd DC goes up; if they verbally berate and threaten Big Billy, then they have the standard chance to increase their Fame. The penalties only apply if actual combat occurs. The giant tries to rescue his pets any way he can, but he only speaks in broken Common and is scared of the team. If the team kills the pets, the giant is heartbroken and sobs wildly. The giant also vows revenge and re-appears in level three. He is then lead away by some handlers who try to console him after the fight.

Rust Monsters (3): CR 3; Medium Aberration; HD 5d8+5 (Aberration); hp 27; Init +3; Spd 40; AC 18; Atk +3 base melee, +6 base ranged; +3/-2, (Antennae touch; 1d3, Bite); SA: Rust (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +5; STR 10, DEX 17, CON 13, INT 2, WIS 13, CHA 8.

Big Billy, Stone Giant: See pp 53.

Rewards/Treasure: one suit of masterwork studded leather armor and two darkwood shields.

21. Break Room: The Roasting Elf

As you pull open the solid stone door you find a lush, forested glade. Well-manicured grass carpets the floor, and you can see two large round tables surrounded by chairs. These are obviously Elven designs, with graceful lines and delicate curves. In the center of each table sits an elegant stone sconce with a fire inside. On one side of the room a large ice sculpture of a dragon stands. You are startled as a tall elf appears between two trees. His green and brown three-piece suit is pressed immaculately.

"Welcome to The Roasting Elf. We have venison, elk and caribou on the menu tonight. Feel free to sit anywhere you like, and if you're interested in food or drink, please let me know. Oh, Julie, over there, is your paramedic." He points to a young woman who sleeps peacefully under a nearby tree.

The elf is named Bawin, and is a very good and attentive waiter but not much for conversation. Julie, the paramedic, is sleeping under the tree. She is a competent paramedic. She is very laid back, easy going, and very flirtatious, but she is only attracted to humans. Behind the dragon statue there is a passageway, but it cannot be opened until after the team has finished room #23 and decided to go for the bonus treasure.

22. The Execution Chamber

As you leave the serene and peaceful sanctuary of the break room and head down the hall, you are truly shocked by the carnage that you see ahead. Throughout the room stands medieval torture and execution devices with the bodies of their last victims still trapped within. The cruel and agonizing manner of their deaths—stretched on the rack, locked in the iron maiden, crushed under stones, burned at the stake and many others—horrifies your senses.

"Ah, the heroes. I see you have found my waxwork execution chamber." Several AVS's light up around the room, showing a figure wearing a black hood on his head. "May I present to you The Executioner, and the fate of all who oppose him. It was only fair to warn you of your eminent demise should you continue. The Executioner does not grant mercy." A door opens on one wall of the room and your cameramen quickly run through it. The Executioner growls at you, "come face me, if you think you have what it takes. I will enjoy taking your head." You can hear the roar of the crowd coming from the next room as he taunts you.

Other than the horrors in the room, it takes a Spot check (DC 19) to notice the dried blood on the equipment in here or (DC 22) that the "waxworks" consist of just a fine layer of wax over real bodies. This is a gruesome discovery, and if the team starts to examine the bodies, the cameras turn off and DJ Phantom rolls a promo film of The Executioner, who is in the next room.

23. Killing Time

Making your way down the corridor, you hear the crowd cheering wildly and you are met with a peculiar sight. Skeletal kobolds stand in attentive ranks with small wooden barrels lodged between their ribs. Hungry, red eyes glow in empty eye sockets as they stare at you. Behind them are three half walls. Ranks of brown-skinned Hobgoblins brandishing short bows stand behind the last wall. Behind them, a figure dressed in bone plate armor wearing a black bag mask stands defiantly, behind an altar covered in fresh blood. Two arrow-riddled bodies are slumped in front of the altar. The brands on their chest mark them as prisoners condemned to death. An AVS displays Phantom's floating visage as he finishes addressing the crowd.

"Wasn't that exciting everyone? I hope these fine adventurers top what you've just witnessed." The DJ looks at you. "Well, what do you know? Here they are now! You've made it this far, but do you really think you can last more than a few minutes against the Executioner and his Death Squad? I think we should find out." Just before the image of Phantom vanishes from the AVS, a hail of wickedly barbed arrows streaks past it.

NOTE: The room has been desecrated.

The Executioner smack-talks the team as his Death Squad rains arrows on them. The skeletons charge and engage in melee when Phantom disappears from the AVS. The barrel in the kobold's skeletons' chests explode when they are killed, dealing 1d4 +2 damage to anything within ten feet, triggering a chain reaction of exploding skeletons. The archers fire each round until all three waves (ten skeletons per wave) have been destroyed. There are more skeletons trapped between the half walls, which are released once the previous group has been destroyed. The first two half walls are rigged to drop into the floor when a lever on the altar is pulled. A Spot check (DC 16) allows the team to see the Executioner pull the lever. With all the skeletons dead, half of the death squad targets the biggest threat with arrows, while the others prepare for melee. The Executioner provides support as best he can with spells, but once the skeletons are destroyed, he, too, prepares for melee. The last half wall is rigged to fall away from the hobgoblins, and towards the PCs. Once the team moves in close enough for melee, the hobgoblins drop the wall forward, trying to crush the PCs. The wall does 2d8 damage, REF save negates. The Executioner is wearing Gauntlets of Pain; each hand can discharge an Inflict Serious Wounds once per day. Only the Executioner can call for surrender, which he does once near death. He also has access to a Mojo pool of 10. At the end of combat, the DJ shows up and congratulates the team, giving them The Executioners axe. The Executioner wants his weapon back, and will attack the team outside of the crawl to get it back if they actually keep it as treasure.

Rewards/Treasure: a 3000GP note, and *guillotine (keen great ax +2)*

Executioner Half-Orc Bbn2/Clr4: CR 7; Medium Humanoid; HD 2d12+2 (Barbarian), 4d8+4 (Cleric); hp 50; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 21; Atk +10 base melee, +5 base ranged; +11 (1d4+6, +1 Gauntlet, spiked); +13 (1d12+9, +2 Great axe); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); RF: Orc Blood; AL CE; SV Fort +8, Ref +1, Will +6; STR 21, DEX 10, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 14, CHA 12.Feats: Combat Casting, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Great axe.

Spells Known (Clr 5/4/3):

- 0– *create water, cure minor wounds, detect magic, detect poison, guidance, inflict minor wounds, light, mending, purify food and drink, read magic, resistance, virtue*
- 1st– *bane, bless, bless water, cause fear, command, comprehend languages, cure light wounds, curse water, deathwatch, detect chaos, detect evil, detect good, detect law, detect undead, divine favor, doom, endure elements, entropic shield, inflict light wounds, invisibility to undead, magic stone, magic weapon, obscuring mist, protection from chaos, protection from evil, protection from good, protection from law, random action, remove fear, sanctuary, shield of faith, summon monster I*
- 2nd– *aid, animal messenger, augury, bull's strength, calm emotions, consecrate, cure moderate wounds, darkness, death knell, delay poison, desecrate, endurance, enthrall, find traps, gentle repose, hold person, inflict moderate wounds, lesser restoration, make whole, remove paralysis, resist elements, shatter, shield other, silence, sound burst, speak with animals, spiritual weapon, summon monster II, undetectable alignment, zone of truth*
- Spells Prepared (Clr 5/4/3): decide before the Team arrives, making it appropriate as a challenge.

Hobgoblins (10) Ftr1: CR 2; Medium Humanoid; HD 1d10+1 (Fighter); hp 15; Init +4; Spd 30; AC 18; Atk +3 base melee, +5 base ranged; +5 (1d6+1, Mighty composite short bow +1); +3 (1d8+2, Long sword); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0; STR 14, DEX 18, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 14. Skills: Move Silently +6. Feats: Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot

Kobold skeletons (30): CR 1/4; Small Undead; HD 1/2d12 (Undead); hp 3; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +2 base ranged; +0 (1d3-1, 2 Claws); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 8, DEX 12, CON—, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11.

24. Break Room: BBQ

You've just found the break room sponsored by The Dragon Breath BBQ Pit. Several wooden picnic tables are in the room, covered by checkerboard tablecloths. Several neon beer signs hang on the walls, one flickering as if it has a short. A stone fire pit sits in the center of the room and a stout Dwarf wearing an apron with an embroidered company logo is cooking ribs, chicken, sausage, and other meats.

"Hey, sit down and I'll bring ya'll a sampler of the best BBQ in all the Empire!"

Standing near the soda fountain, chugging glass after glass of water, is your paramedic. "Huf–huf–huf… when that guy says it's not too spicy, don't listen to him!"

"BAH, if it don't cause smoke to come out ya ears, it ain't hot enough!" the Dwarf shouts back.

The dwarf is Henry, and the paramedic is Jonathan. If the team makes a Search check (DC 22), they will find a secret passage behind the flickering neon sign.

25. Ice Guardian & Ice Switch

Hidden behind the ice sculpture you find a hallway ending with plastic flaps over the opening, reminding you of a walk-in freezer. An AVS flickers to life, displaying the DJ's floating head.

"I see you have found my hidden freezer. This is where I keep all my imported desserts and goodies. Now, I don't like to share, so you'll have to survive the guardian inside if you want any. If you do live, I'll make sure you get a year's worth of sweets from Wizzo confections."

Inside is an ice elemental. It attacks as soon as anyone enters the room.

Ice Elemental: CR 5; Large Elemental (Ice); HD 8d8+32 (Elemental); hp 68; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 20; Atk +10 base melee, +7 base ranged; +10 (2d8+7, Slam); SA: Drench (Ex), Freeze (Su); SQ: Elemental, Damage reduction (Su); AL N; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +2; STR 20, DEX 14, CON 19, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 11. Skills: Listen +11, Spot +11. Cleave1 Power Attack1

- Freeze: All metal with in 10ft of the elemental suffer from *chill metal* per the spell (save DC 14)

Rewards/Treasure: *ring of warmth*, *Icicle* (a +2 *silver frost rapier*), and a 2000GP note

Switch 5 – Ice

This passage opens after the Ice Elemental in Room #23 has been defeated.

The frost clings to the walls and your breath clouds the air as you walk down a rapidly cooling, narrow passage. When you reach the end of the passage, you find a solid three-foot by three-foot block of ice.Inside the block, you see a large metal switch set into the floor.

The switch has *chill metal* radiating from it, and the ice has a hardness of 5 with 40 HP. Fire does double damage and a monk can crack it with an unarmed strike, provided he does at least half his max damage. Breaking the ice does mean the players are affected by the spell unless they make a Will save (DC 16).

26. Lighting Guardian & Lightinging Switch

After going through the secret door, you are surprised to see a small blue lizard up ahead. As you move slightly, the creature turns and runs off into the darkness.

If the team pursues the lizard, or advances down the tunnel, read the following:

Taking a few steps ahead you can see bluish flashes of light and hear zapping in the distance. Nearing the end of the tunnel, you see that the room widens and slopes down steeply. The floor is littered with boxes and crates, many shattered, but a few are still intact. Some of the blue lizards can be seen darting for cover in the crates. Rising fifteen feet above the floor is a platform with a generator and a large switch on it.

These are Shocker Lizards, and they don't like intruders, but they won't attack unless provoked. The team will have to jump either fifteen feet out or fifteen feet straight up to get to the platform, and make either a DEX or STR check (DC 18) to land on it successfully. There are six five-foot by five-foot crates that can be stacked and climbed, but a balance check (DC 15) per crate is needed to climb them without breaking the brittle crates. Breaking any of the crates triggers a Magic Missile spell

targeting the shocker lizards. The lizards will retaliate if attacked, and will attack the team if the magic missiles strike them.

Shocker lizards (12): CR 2; Small Magical Beast; HD 2d10+2 (Magical Beast); hp 13; Init +2; Spd Climb 20, 40, Swim 20; AC 16; Atk +3 base melee, +5 base ranged; +3 (1d4, Bite); SA: Stunning shock (Su), Lethal shock (Su); SQ: Electricity sense (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1; STR 10, DEX 15, CON 13, INT 5, WIS 12, CHA 6.

Rewards/Treasure: *rubberized* +1 *chain mail (silent and lighting resistance)*, and a 3000GP note.

Switch 7 – Lightning

At the top of the platform is a generator with a large switch attached to it. An AVS flares to life, showing the DJ's head smiling at you.

"Enjoying yourself so far, I hope? I see you found the lightning switch. Very good! But I have to warn you, it's trapped. Just between you and me, you can't disarm this one. Trust me. Once you pull it, you have five seconds to get clear. Have fun!" The DJ's head laughs and then vanishes.

The DJ was telling the truth; it would take a Disable Device (DC 40) to disarm this trap. Once the lever is pulled, the trap has a five second timer (one round) before it explodes with a modified 10d6 fireball. Energy substitution has changed this from fire to lighting, and an Empower spell makes the area effect 30 feet and multiplies the damage by one and a half (x1.5). Whoever pulls this switch will more than likely die unless they can pull it remotely with a rope or magically. It takes a STR check (DC 15) to move the lever.

27. Wall of Ice

A pressure plate sits in the hall at the entrance to Room #30. A Search (DC 22) discovers the pressure plate and a Disable Device (DC 20) disarms it. If the trap is triggered, it creates a Wall of Ice covering a ten-foot by ten-foot area in the center of the room, sealing the passage off and possibly trapping the rest of the team in ice.

28. Winter Wolves

This room is bitter cold, and a layer of fresh snow covers the floor. A light fog clings to the aspen trees just up ahead. Specs of deep red blot the snow and signs of a struggle lie all around. Tracks leave this area, heading deeper into the trees.

Two winter wolves wait in this room, a mated pair. The blood and disturbed snow are a trap to lure the team into the forest, where the wolves plan on attacking them in a crossfire with their breath weapon, and then pouncing to attack. They are camouflaged in the snow and fog. To see them takes a Spot check (DC 22).

Winter Wolves (2): CR 5; Large Magical Beast (Cold); HD 6d10+18 (Magical Beast); hp 51; Init +1; Spd 50; AC 15; Atk +9 base melee, +6 base ranged; +9 (1d8+6, Bite); SA: Breath weapon (Su), Trip (Ex); SQ: Cold subtype (Ex), Scent (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +3; STR 18, DEX 13, CON 16, INT 9, WIS 13, CHA 10. Skills: Hide -1, Listen +2, Move Silently +2, Spot +2.

Rewards/Treasure: a 3000GP note, *boots of the winterlands*, +2 *silver quarterstaff of frost*

29. New Elemental Doors

At the end of this tunnel you find a small chamber with a large steel door and two elemental themed walls. A relief of frozen wastelands filled with cold wyrms and other beasts dominate the first wall, while nebulous monsters sparking with lightening cover the other wall.

The two walls represent the ice and lightening sections. Once the switches are pulled (from rooms 25 and 26), small offering bowls slide out from the center of each wall. The team has to place the appropriate offering in the bowls to open the nearby door:

Something with power or electricity (battery, static, etc) for Lighting and something frozen for Ice (ice cube, frozen food, etc).

Making the wrong offering triggers a 5d6 Lighting Bolt on the lighting wall or a 5d6 Ice Storm on the ice wall. Once both bowls contain the proper offerings, the door leading to room 30 opens. Read the following to the players:

With the second offering placed in the bowl, the large metal door slides upwards slowly. As it rises, sand escapes from the inside, pouring out onto the concrete floor. The faint sound of a crowd can be heard in the distance.

30. Hot Time in the Old Dunes

Read the following once the team enters the room:

Trudging your way through the reddish sand that has poured through the open elemental door, you pull yourselves onto a barren, rocky wasteland. The air is hot and dry. and the sand shimmers under the hot lights. The chamber's walls are rocky cliffs reminiscent of the Nevada frontier showcased in last year's Las Vegas Crawl. Across the chamber sits a large cavern, and standing in its entrance is a majestic bronze-colored lion with wings resembling hammered gold. The creature lifts its head and lets out a terrifying roar. With a powerful leap it takes to the air and flies directly towards you.

The creature is a dragonne. It has the mind of an animal, and attacks as such. Once it knows it cannot win, it retreats into its cave if possible. The dragonne knows of the phase spider in the next room, and the dragonne tries to herd the team there if it feels it cannot defeat them on its own.

Dragonne: CR 7; Large Magical Beast; HD 9d10+27 (Magical Beast); hp 76; Init +2; Spd 40, Fly, Poor 30; AC 18; Atk +12 base melee, +10 base ranged; +12/+7 (2d6+4, Bite; 2d4+2, 2 Claws); SA: Roar (Su); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +4; STR 19, DEX 15, CON 17, INT 6, WIS 12, CHA 12. Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3.

Rewards/Treasure: +1 *bronze scale mail with light fortification*, and a brand new Empire Motors Dragoon, the finest all-terrain vehicle made in the NAE!

31. Just A Phase You're Going Through

The passage way leading from the dragonne's lair turns sharply to the left, and opens up into another large room. The floor of the room extends out thirty feet and then drops off into the darkness below. The room is lit from above where the cheering crowd sits. Throughout the room are strands of a translucent black, rope-like substance. The exit sign beckons to you from across the floor—the end is finally in sight.

This is the lair of the phase spider, who attacks after the last team member has entered the room. She is a dangerous and cunning creature who delights in cat and mouse games. She likes to attack through the walls and floors for added surprise. She strikes and retreats, focusing on the weakest opponents first, then attacking the biggest threat.

Phase Spider: CR 5; Large Magical Beast; HD 8d10+24 (Magical Beast); hp 75; Init +3; Spd Climb 20, 40; AC 15; Atk +10 base melee, +10 base ranged; +10 (1d6+4, Bite); SA: Ethereal jaunt (Su), Poison (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +3; STR 17, DEX 17, CON 16, INT 7, WIS 13, CHA 10. Skills: Climb +11.

Rewards/Treasure: With a massive fanfare, a huge door slides open, revealing a treasure trove of prizes for the team with a gigantic AVS showing fireworks behind it. A 10000GP note, 2 *rings of protection* +2, a *wand of cure light wounds* (eight charges), *cloak of arachnid*, an all-expenses paid weeklong stay at the 5-Star Imperial Arms Hotel in the Emperor's Suite. In addition, the team receives extensive medical treatment from the city fines to clerics.

Before the team departs the level, read the following:

> *The AVS behind the treasure shimmers, as the glowing head of DJ Phantom appears before the fireworks, smiling down on you. "Well, well, well… you survived. Splendid! This gives me two whole days to get ready for the next stage. Your team is spectacular, so I'll have to pull out all of the stops to really challenge you. What do you say, folks? Shall I put these folks to the test?*
>
> *The crowds cheers drown out all other sounds, as Phantom disappears and the exit door swings open.*

Optional Between-Stage Material

There is a two-day rest period between levels of the crawl. If you choose, you can use any of the following material to enhance the crawl. If you are choosing not to run this adventure as a campaign style event, then skip ahead to Stage Two.

Adventurers' Guild Gala

The Adventurers' Guild is holding a party each night of the crawl at their local headquarters downtown. Unlike many Adventurers' Guildhalls, this is a dedicated building, complete with auditorium and event room. It would look good for the team's reputation in the Guild to attend at least one party. They are fairly dry, semi-formal events, but it allows the team to talk to other participants in the Crawl. You can run this after either stage.

If they go after the first stage, they can discover the following things from other teams:

- Apparently, Oni from the Dunguun Gangstaas was giving DJ Phantom a hard time throughout the first level. He didn't appreciate her tone, and what started as a friendly rivalry might just be getting personal.
- Everyone feels like the difficulty in the Crawl was a little on the rough side. They all feel lucky to have gotten out alive.
- Most teams agree that the cameramen for the first stage were very unprofessional. Far too often they were ignoring what was going on in favor of set-up shots.

Memorial Service

One of the teams, Novellus Cruororis, suffered severe casualties. All three of the hired fighters, and one of the nobels were killed on the first level. The nobel is being resurrected, but the families of the three hired fighters don't have the money to bring them back. A service is being held at the Temple of Apollo just outside of town, and all of the other teams are welcome to attend. It is customary for face teams to attend this type of event.

Interviews

The team is offered two interview options, and they can accept one, neither, or both. The first is with the local morning talk show, while the other is on the local sports talk radio station.

Good Morning Pittsburgh

The local morning talk show, Good Morning Pittsburgh on WTRC, Empire Channel Nine, has been pushing Three Rivers Crawl every day, and they are looking forward to getting some teams in studio. The two hosts are a human named Janet Torleson and an asian half-elf named Tien Meng-Cho. Janet is an ex-model who has been hosting the show for two years, and laughs at every joke—as long as it isn't crude or vulgar. She dresses very conservatively, much to the regret of the males in the viewing audience. Tien is a very pop-idol style girl, and her attitude conveys it in every way. She came to the NAE for school, and hasn't left. She is a big fan of Xcrawl and know far more about the Games than Janet. She has only been on the show for nine months, but it very popular with the male demographic. It might have something to do with her outrageous wardrobe, which always pushes the limits allowed by the censors.

Most of the questions about the Crawl will be asked by Tien. Janet is far more interested to discover what it going on with the team outside the crawl. Either of them is likely to mention that Carley Danger has been reportedly seen in the Pittsburgh area.

After the interview, Tien will hit on the team member with the highest Charisma. She has a thing for Xcrawlers, and used to date a member of the Steel Dragons before she tired of him.

Superfan, SportsTalk WPIT 104.9 FM

The team is invited to an in-studio appearance on The Harold Rogers Experience, a popular talk show for the local radio station. Rogers is a former Xcrawl Coach, and will ask the tough questions to the team. He will point out their mistakes, as well as praise their strengths. Rogers questions the Crawl itself, wondering if Phantom might be pushing things too much. To him, the Crawl seemed a little too challenging for Division Three, and wants the team's opinion. If the team makes any on air statement about it being too tough, they are confronted back at the hotel by Lisa Perry, who threatens them with a possible lawsuit if they continue their "slanderous" talk. Rogers does his research well, and knows the background of the team, and will bring up some of their more memorable moments to date for discussion.

Carley Danger

If the team went through *The Celebrity Pro-Am Crawl*, then they will have a run-in during their two days off with Carley Danger. She doesn't confront them directly, but has a trap planned to destroy them.

Trap—Dead End: The team receives an invitation to a must-attend event. Pick something that the team would be likely to attend, such as a free five-star dinner, VIP passes to another sporting event, or a special night in their honor at a local nightclub, whatever appeals to them most—something that they would never pass up. They are provided with free limousine transportation to the event. Once they accept, read the following:

> *A stretch black limo pulls up in front of the hotel. The driver gets out and opens the door, waiting for you to enter. The interior of the limo is very plush and spacious. You are riding in true luxury. Several bottles of champagne and glasses are set out for you to enjoy.*

The champagne has been drugged. If anyone drinks any the must make a Fortitude save (DC 14) or fall asleep. The vehicle is headed out of

downtown towards the industrial sector—nowhere near their supposed destination. Just before they pass out, or after if they try to contact the driver, read the following:

> *All of the in-car screens light up with the face of Carley Danger. She flashes an evil smile as all the doors lock down tightly. "Hi dolls! Sorry to drop in on you this way, but I made a promise to you after that whole, nasty Bradley thing. Anyway, you ruined a very special moment for me, so, like I promised, I'm going to have to kill you now. Just sit back and enjoy. Kiss kiss!" The screen changes to an image of Carley holding what looks like a steering wheel, she jerks the wheel, and suddenly the limo turns sharpley. Carley waves at you as the screens fade to black.*

The team has three minutes before the car slams into a concrete wall and bursts into flames, killing them all. They have several options to

STAGE 2: BENEATH THE WAVES

Stage Two of the Three Rivers Crawl—Beneath the Waves—is filled with marine creatures. The teams must battle giant squids, man-eating fish, the Jester and his goblins, and a new race of monster called the cathoulie. A new acquaintance of Phantom's—the lich-pirate, Coldfyre—also inhabits this level. Phantom uses this level to dispose of the Mayor's prisoners in a more efficient manner. Throughout, the players see videos of prisoners, innocent and guilty alike, murdered by Coldfyre's undead minions and Phantom's creatures, inside the stage itself. The announcers' overdub makes it obvious that the crowd and audience at home see pictures quite different from those shown the players. The cameramen are among the few employed that know of Phantom's plot. They endeavor to turn off their cameras or turn away rather than show the horrors committed inside this stage. Each

peacefully inside. The referee sees you and waves you over to the inspection tables. Before you move, a disturbance in the water catches your eye. The schools of fish race away as a bloody side of beef sinks into view. A gigantic, gray striped form surges past the wall bumping into the side of beef and setting it into a counterclockwise spin. Just a few moments later, row upon row of shiny, gray-white teeth set in pink-white gums rend into it. With a puff of blood, the beef seems to vanish into the black mouth as it closes, leaving only a long, sleek, gray-striped body gliding through the water, swirling the blood into small eddies. The body glides past for a several seconds and, just before it disappears out of view, you see the telltale dorsal fin, sending a slight shiver down your back. The trance breaks as a woman with jeans, a khaki vest, with a light meter hanging around her neck and a clipboard in hand walks up to you.

"Great, you're finally here. Look, you need to get prepped and have makeup done. Your interview is in forty-five minutes! Hey! Hello! Why are you just standing there? Move your asses. We have a timetable to keep, and I'll be damned if you are going to screw that up!"

The woman is obviously irritated while trying to hurry you along. As she walks over to the studio she mutters, "Damn why is it I have to do everything around here?" The only other people in the room are three stagehands, a caterer, and a priest of Poseidon.

This is the green room for Beneath the Waves. The team reports here two hours before the stage begins. The team conducts interviews and takes time out for promotional pictures while the referee inspects their equipment. All the interviews and photos take place against the aquarium wall.

Lisa Perry is blunt, pushy and demanding. She is also in charge of this studio and can make a team look good or bad to the audience. Her demeanor depends on how amenable the team is and how well they follow directions.

Thomas Claymont, the referee, is a complete ass. The ex-military sergeant and former prison guard lost his previous job for constant insubordination, bad temper, and violence. This is the last person a team wants to upset, which is precisely the reason Phantom hired him.

The caterer is a portly halfling named Toby Brumbleback who has laid out a very impressive spread that barely fits on two tables. He considers this a "light snack". He is the happiest guy in the room and loves every minute of the action. He will try to convince the team to mention his business, *Brumbleback's Breads, Pastries, Meats, Cheeses and Candies*, in one of your interviews. If the team works in a plug, he rewards them with free meals at his deli while they remain in town for the crawl. He also knows that there is some Messianic plot involving the Crawl, but does not know any specifics. He overheard two militant-looking humans in his shop discussing getting into the arena. He did not go to the police because —like most halflings—he does not trust the authorities since he believes they would most likely arrest him on the spot.

The sportscasters arrive shortly before the interview and chat with the staff and the team.

SportsEvening Interview

This interview is conducted by Chuck and Dan, the sportscasters encountered in the first level. No specific questions are provided for you to use; it is up to the GM to furnish appropriate questions to the team based upon their actions in the first stage of the crawl, i.e., how they did, if they upset anyone, did they go to the memorial service, etc. The GM should feel free to engage the team in any manner consistent with how the campaign has been run so far.

After the interview, you are escorted back to the green room. A short time later, the announcer's voice blares over the loudspeakers. "Now we want to turn it over to DJ Phantom; it's time for you to go Beneath The Waves!" The AVS lights up, displaying an animation of a group of adventurers, oddly resembling your team, running into raging surf and diving under the waves, fighting all manner of sea monsters. The cartoon reminds you of a Japanese children's show, complete with the big eyes, strange gestures, and action bubbles anytime someone is injured. The cartoon team finally reaches the end, pulls a gigantic plug, and is sucked down the drain. The AVS fades to DJ Phantom's glowing, green head.

"Welcome once again, heroes, to Beneath the Waves, the second stage of your Three Rivers Crawl! Your goal is simple: find the four drain plugs and open them. With that done, you can exit through the aquarium. Just watch out for Tiny." The AVS shows the aquarium and the giant, gray-striped shark swimming inside. "Are there any last words before I send you to your watery graves?"

Allow the team to talk and showboat if they wish. They are on camera at all times, so a performance check is applicable.

After your witty banter, Phantom continues. "The audience is here to see action, adventure, and death, and I would hate to disappoint anyone. I hope you can swim, but just in case you can't, we've arranged for some help."

Two henchmen run into the room carrying water wings—decorated with "X-Crawl the Animated Series" characters—and children's inner tubes with cartoon monster heads in the front. They drop the toys at your feet and scamper out as two cameramen, wearing wetsuits, join you. They position themselves quickly, one in front and one in back of your team. A metal clang is heard from below and suddenly you are weightless as the floor is dropped out from beneath. You look down just in time to gulp a breath of air before plunging into a pool of fast-moving water. Whirlpool jets push you towards a large blue tube, and soon you are sucked inside the darkness beyond. You slide and slosh, twist and roll, through the darkness of this downward spiraling tunnel ending in a twenty-foot drop into a pool of water, filled with dozens of small, gray-striped fish swimming in a concentric circle. As the last member of your team drops into the pool of water, one wall drops away spilling you, the fish, and the water out into a long, dark, cold hallway of polished blue concrete. The hallway's only light reflects down from above the glass aquarium ceiling. The chilled corridor quickly fills with white mist rising from the tepid puddles. Most of the water drains into grates lining this hall. Only small pools remain standing. The noise of flopping and jittering plastic windup fish and dripping water echoes through the room. You now recognize the plastic fish as giant shark replicas. Stickers on the side of the sharks proclaim them available for purchase in the gift shop. As your eyes adjust to the light, you can see a break in the

hallway fifty feet down the hallway on your left where a large white fountain stands. Beyond the fountain lie stairs and an opening on the right.

2. Legend of the Dread Pirate Coldfyre

Making your way through the puddles, you come to an open area at the end of the hallway where a fresco mural depicting a pirate Captain and his crew covers the walls. In one panel you can see the Captain's leg shot off at the knee by a cannon ball. In the next he is melting and forming the cannon ball into a skeletal leg and foot. The last panel shows a shipwreck and the Captain hiding his treasure horde filled with large Spanish gold coins in a cave. In the center of this room is a large fountain that seems to be the focus of the spacious chamber. The fountain is made from eight treasure chests circled together with their lids fully opened. Stacked up inside the lids are pyramids of rusted cannon balls. At the peak of each pyramid, a skeletal arm grasps a polished iron cannon ball bubbling water from a spout. The water runs down the arms, over the pyramid and into the chest where it spills out through the large keyhole onto the ground.

If the players investigate the fountain, read the following:

> *The bottom of each chest is filled with the same gold coins depicted on the wall.*

The coins in the chest are piasters. A piaster is a large Spanish gold coin that was frequently divided into eight reals, commonly called pieces of eight. A player who makes a Knowledge: History check (DC 15) knows this. A Search check (DC 20) finds the hidden door behind the last panel, and there is a large, coin-shaped depression in the treasure pile on the fresco. Placing a Piaster on the depression in the fresco treasure pile opens the door. Hidden amongst the treasure in the chests are eight pieces of eight, one in each chest. It takes a Search check (DC 20) to find them. However, the chests are magically guarded; none of the treasure can be taken out of the top of the chest. Any player who tries to take the treasure discovers an invisible barrier just below the surface. As long as the player holds onto the treasure, they may not lift their hand past this barrier. The keyhole has no such barrier but the opening is too small for coins or gems to fit through. pieces of eight, however, are only one-eighth the size of a coin and will easily fit. Trying to force the secret door will cause the twenty skeletons hidden inside the plaster fresco to break free and attack.

Read the next paragraph only if the team forces the secret door. If the team survives the attack and enters the secret door, proceed to Room #4.

> *You hear a creak, then a dull pop. Suddenly, a sharp cracking can be heard coming from the wall with the fresco painting. The pitch rises as you see cracks race and widen along the fresco's surface. Small chucks fall and flake off revealing a polished white surface. As larger pieces fall, you can begin to make out a subtle curve in the shape. A huge fragment of the wall gives way, stirring up dust and revealing a gleaming ivory skull, its eyes glowing with a hungry blue-black flame, as it breaks free from the wall. You realize it is not alone as the entire fresco dissolves into rubble.*

Coldfyre Skeletons (20): CR 1; Medium-size Undead; HD 1d12 (Undead); hp 6; Init +5; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +1 base ranged; +0 (1d4, 2 Claws); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex) Fire Resistance 10; AL LE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 12, CON—INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11. Improved Initiative, Two Weapon Fighting

Treasure/Rewards: 1 gold piaster (500GP value), and five coupons for casting *Friki-Choo Cola Call*

3. Ship's Galley (Break Room #1)

The swinging galley door opens up onto the Admiral's Crab Shack Break Room. The interior looks identical to one of their franchises. Behind a small counter is a young, blonde woman in a sailor outfit and hat whose nametag reads Mary. She has a shapely figure and a cute, child-like face. Next to the counter there are two booths, one with a paramedic, hat pulled over his eyes, sitting in it with his back to the wall. His paramedic's bag sits open on the table next to him. On the opposite side of the room is a short hallway with a large porthole on the wall. A flowing seascape depicting a ship sailing in the distance is painted on the glass. The hallway leads to the bathrooms and showers.

The Break Room is loaded with various kinds of seafood from the Admiral's Crab Shack menu and Mary serves the players anything on the menu. The only thing this break room does not have is towels; the DJ made sure that none were included here. Phantom delights in knowing the team will be trudging through the stage completely soaked. The porthole in

the hallway is identical to a scene from the fresco in room two. An INT check (DC 15) notices the similarity only if the players have been in that room. The porthole is actually a door measuring two feet in diameter. A Search check (DC 10) finds it. It is not trapped but there is a fifteen-foot drop to the floor beyond. The drop causes 2d6 damage, REF save for half.

The paramedic is a half-elf named Bruce. He is a laid back guy who really could care less that he is in the crawl. He will more than likely be asleep when the team arrives. As long as the team is nice to him he will talk and hang out with them. If they are rude, then he will avoid them as much as he can. He knows a few things of interest if asked about the Crawl or Mary.

- The Crawl changed drastically when the Mayor kicked off his new Tough on Crime campaign.
- Mary seems to have a thing for one of the people backstage. She is always sneaking boxes of food to him and they are always talking quietly together in the back.

Mary is a Messianic cultist smuggling supplies into the Crawl, and prisoners out. In fact, her real name is not Mary, and frequently fails to answer at first call, claiming nervousness about appearing on TV. She wears a Messianic symbol hidden on a charm bracelet, but it takes a Spot check (DC 23) to find it. The only time this will be visible is when she hands the team their food. If questioned about it she claims she does not know what the symbol means. She is a good actor, but a Sense Motive check (DC 18) reveals something odd about her. If the team gets hostile or starts to bother her, Mary goes backstage complaining about how she does not need that kind of harassment.

Bruce: Human Paramedic 8: Medium; HD 8d6; hp 35; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 12; Atk +4 base melee, +6 base ranged; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +7; STR 11, DEX 14, CON 12, INT 17, WIS 12, CHA 16. Skills: Alchemy +10, Concentration +8, Diplomacy +13, Gather Information +8, Heal +18, Knowledge (Medicine) +10, Listen +6, Spot +5, Search +4. Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Expertise, Skill Focus (x2), Rescue, Calm Under Pressure, Status, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Resuscitate, Leadership Treatments Per day (7, 7, 6, 5, 3)

0– *cure minor wounds, detect poison*

1– *cure light wounds, remove fear*

2– *calm emotions, cure moderate wounds, delay poison, gentle repost, lesser restoration, remove paralysis*

3– *cure serious, remove blindness/deafness, cure disease*

4– *cure critical, neutralize poison, restoration*

4. The Drowned

This rooms begins the Coldfyre section of the crawl. Phantom brought the lich pirate in to populate part of this stage both for television ratings and as an ally with forces willing to aid in the disposal of prisoners. Coldfyre agreed to the deal in order to try and win a place in Xcrawl for himself. Hundreds of years old, the pirate tires of his undead life and the game provides a change in his unchanging unlife. His undead creations populate this section and are unswervingly loyal to him due to the creation process Coldfyre himself developed.

NOTE: A Spot check (DC 20) reveals the camera's record light turns off just before the video of the Messianic prisoners' deaths.

Entering this room, your foot plunges into icy water that quickly seeps through your shoes, numbing your feet. A portcullis, made entirely of skulls and crossbones, blocks one side of this chamber. The crystal clear water stands a foot high and is extremely cold. Lying just below the water's surface, a macabre sight chills your soul. The room is filled with row upon row of bodies, now little more than skeletons and tattered clothing. The heavy chain and manacles used to secure them to the floor are still locked. More disturbing is the thought that these men and women may have been executed. Fine silt is stirred as you walk, hanging briefly in the calm water before sinking back to the bottom. You are just a few steps into the room when a large AVS on the far wall flickers and turns on. The glowing green head of Phantom comes into view throwing eerie shadows throughout the room.

"I see you found the prison. You're wading through the last few groups that ventured into the caves of Coldfyre and his pirates." The AVS flickers and shows two separate groups of Messianic prisoners fighting skeletal pirates on the deck of a shipwrecked pirate vessel; one by one they are subdued and carried off. The scene changes to the room you are in, where skeletons hold the terrified prisoners underwater as others chain them to the floor. The bodies thrash under the shallow water trying to escape. One by one, the bodies go limp and sink to the floor. Phantom reappears.

"It looks like they got what they deserved. Can you avoid their fate?" His sinister smile makes your skin crawl. "There is also someone I would like you to meet." The head fades away and the image of a long dead pirate appears on the screen. His dark skin is stretched and clings tightly to his bones. A garish blue-black glow emanates from his eyes and mouth. Resting on his shoulder is a skeletal parrot. His once fine captain's jacket is a tattered and faded rag, but his cutlass shimmers through the rotted leather of its scabbard. The most striking feature is his black iron leg.

"Avast, ye scurvy dogs, you be trespassin'. If ye thinks yer going to get me treasure, ye be wrong. Dead wrong. Ye'll not be taking nothing from Coldfyre." His eyes flare with an unholy blue light. The AVS pans back showing the undead pirate standing on the deck of a ruined pirate ship. "Battle stations, maties! They be after the treasure! Yarrr!" The emaciated figure bellows and skeletons run about the deck. The AVS blanks out and vanishes just as the skulls on the portcullis are engulfed in blue flames and begin to fly around the room.

The skulls are merely a distraction. The real threats are the three vargouille in the room. It takes a Spot check (DC 18) to notice there are more than just skulls flying about. If player's make a Spot check (DC 20) they can see the ships name, *The Cold Iron,* written on the bow.

Skulls (17): CR 1/4; Medium Undead; HD 1d6 (Undead); hp 3; Init +5; Fly 30 (good); AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +1 base ranged; +0 (1d4, 2 Claws); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 18, CON—, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11. Fly by attack, hover

Vargouille (3): CR 2; Small Outsider (Evil); HD 1d8+1 (Outsider); hp 5; Init +1; Spd Fly, Good 3; AC 12; Atk +2 base melee, +3 base ranged; +3 (1d4, Bite); SA: Shriek (Ex), Poison (Ex), Kiss (Su); AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +3; STR 10, DEX 13, CON 12, INT 5, WIS 12, CHA 8. Skills: Hide +5, Listen +4, Spot +3. Weapon Finesse1

Treasure/Rewards: *Potion of remove disease*, a 500GP note, and a set of passes (two for each team member) to see "Pirates on Ice!" (currently showing at the Greater Pittsburgh Sport's Arena).

5. Mud and Blood

As you press deeper into the caves, the wet rocks give way to thick, sticky mud. With every step the sucking mud grabs your boots, trying to pry them from your feet. It is almost impossible to move quickly or silently. Even standing still is tough; the longer you stand, the harder your boots get stuck. The poor cameramen are having even more trouble moving around. One even lost his shoe and had to go back to dig it out. As the mud begins to clear up, the cave widens into a chamber. The chamber is large and very tall. Old crates, barrels, chains, and ropes lie scattered throughout the room. On one wall, nets and rigging are strung from floor to ceiling.

"Yarrr, maties! Looks like we gots some land lubbers below." The voice comes from above. "To arms, men! We'll learn them not to trespass in Cap'n Coldfyre's cave!" Blue fires ignite along the ceiling, followed by a pirate's battle cry. Swinging down on ropes are six skeletons in ragged pirate's clothing. Their eyes burn blue, daggers clenched in their jaws and cutlasses swinging high. Behind them stands one last pirate who looks human, but the same blue light ignites his eyes.

The human-looking undead is a wight, commanding a troop of skeletons. The skeletons have retained the abilities of a first-level fighter, and will use team tactics, guided by the wight. The wight has a Mojo Pool of seven, and can offer it up to the skeletons, but they cannot offer anything to the wight—except undying loyalty, of course.

Coldfyre Skeleton (6): CR 1; Medium-size Medium Undead; HD 2d12 (Undead); hp 16; Init +5; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +1 base ranged; +0 (1d4, 2 Claws); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex) Fire Resistance 10; AL LE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 12, CON—, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11. Improved Initiative, Two Weapon Fighting

Coldfyre Wight: CR 5; Medium Undead; HD 5d12 (Undead); hp 45; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 15; Atk +3 base melee, +3 base ranged; +3 (1d4+1, Slam); SA: Energy drain (Su), Create spawn (Su) Fire Resistance 10, Cold Resistance 10; SQ: Undead; AL LE; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +5; STR 12, DEX 12, CON—, INT 11, WIS 13, CHA 15. Skills: Climb +5, Hide +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +16, Search +7, Spot +8. Blind-Fight, Improved Initiative, Two Weapon Fighting

Treasure/Rewards: *white steel* (+2 *frost cutlass*), a *scroll of marco polo*, and a 1000GP note.

6. Trapped

Hidden underneath one of the crates is a small tunnel leading to Room #6. A Search check (DC 15) finds it. The tunnel is very small and only big enough for one person at a time.

After crawling along the cramped passageway, you come to its end. The tunnel opens onto a square room. The floor of the room lies at least six feet below the tunnel opening. The walls are polished smooth, making climbing nearly impossible. From your vantage point on the wall you can see a barrel suspended from some sort of large, wooden scale. On the other end of the scale a ballast-stone sits, lashed firmly in place. At the base of the scale are two buckets stacked one inside the other. In the center of the scale glows a large red NoGo button.

NOTE: This is designed as a personal challenge room. Do not allow other players provide out-of-game help to the trapped player. The player may roll an INT check, or a skill check, if they get stuck, and receive a hint from the GM. The GM should do his or her best to let the player stuck in the room solve the puzzle.

This room is an elaborate trap. First, the entire floor is a pressure plate set to trigger at thirty-five pounds. Once this has been tripped, a hidden guillotine blade drops, sealing the tunnel entrance, and the floor falls down one foot, arming the scale trap. Because of the shocking video played at this point, the player must perform a successful Concentration check (DC 15) or suffer a -3 penalty to all rolls for this room and the next. Demonstrated by the announcers' commentary after the player succeeds in disarming the trap, it is apparent that the audience at home did not see any of the horrific video.

The instant your feet touch the floor a gut-wrenching pang of metal sends shivers up your spine. The floor drops from beneath your feet, taking you by surprise, even though it only drops about one foot. The lights dim and maniacal laughter fills the chamber. The jade-green head of Phantom appears in the room.

"Welcome, hero, to a true test of your mettle! To escape, all you must do is level the scale. I'll even give you a hint: four gallons of water, on the money, will do the trick. As long as less than four gallons are in the barrel, the room floods. Too much water and the floor rises. I'm such a nice person. I've even left you two buckets: one three gallon and one five gallon. My generosity doesn't end there, though. I've given you a shiny NoGo button. With all these tools, you should have no problem. Enjoy."

The image fades and water pours in from a hole in the ceiling. Several AVSs around the room begin different time-lapse playbacks of prisoners struggling to level the scale. One by one, the rooms flood and the floor rises closer and closer to the ceiling. The prisoners struggle franticly, but none are able to solve the riddle. The DJ's sinister voice fills the room as he whispers, "I just love watching this part". Eventually, each poor soul gives in and pushes the red button. In each chilling video, nothing happens no matter how hard the frantic prisoners try to force the button. The picture shifts to a slow motion feed showing the floor pressing each prisoner into the ceiling. No matter how you try to look away from the gruesome images, a similar video appears in each direction. Screams tear through the room, reflecting from each metallic surface. The tortured men and women are slowly crushed to death, but the horror does not end. Eventually, the snapping of bones echoes in the chamber and in your ears while each body is completely destroyed. This terrible scene is looped constantly while you are in the room.

Blade Trap: The guillotine blade can be found on a Search check (DC 20). The blade cannot be disarmed from the tunnel, but something can be rigged to stop its fall. If anyone is in the opening when the trap is tripped, the blade strike is considered a touch attack. Due to the confined space, the blade deals 1d20+5 damage (critical hit deals triple damage) and the player's DEX modifier to their AC is nullified. If an object is used to stop the blade, deal the damage directly to that item. It is very possible that it will not be strong enough to stop the blade.

Scale Trap: Four gallons of water are needed to balance the ballast stone. Balancing the scale opens the two secret doors in this room. If the scale is tilted

too far towards the stone, water pours in from the ceiling faster. If the scale is tipped the other direction, the floor rises. Both the water level and floor raise at the rate of one foot every two rounds. As the floor rises, the water drains. This provides the player trapped here roughly sixteen rounds to solve the puzzle. The solution is found through simple subtraction. The solution follows: Fill the five-gallon bucket full. Using that bucket, fill the three-gallon. This leaves two gallons in the five-gallon bucket. Pour the two gallons into the barrel on the scale and repeat. This will put exactly four gallons in the barrel and open the hidden doors leading out of this room. This room resets when the floor and ceiling touch.

After the player has successfully completed the trap, the announcers are heard from speakers in the tunnels ahead.

From the tunnels ahead, the sound of the announcers' voices can be heard.

DAN: The audience seemed to distract (player's name) there, don't you think Chuck?

CHUCK: Well, Dan, the DJ created a challenging trap and the scrutiny of all the audience members obviously threw him off a bit. Having the audience visually surrounding you must make concentrating impossible, even if they aren't there in person. Those AVSs are so realistic, that you can forget you're not with the live audience sometimes. It was odd we didn't see (player's name) playing up to the crowd more in there.

DAN: Odd, yes, but the crowd still loves every minute of this exciting crawl. And remember, he did have a tight squeeze to deal with. Well, we have to take break but, we will be back wi—

The voices cut out as if the speakers were suddenly shut off.

Treasure/Rewards: *ring of water breathing* from the Coral Diving School of Dover, Columbia (on every third use, the ring projects an advertisement for the school, complete with catchy theme music).

7. Rock and Roll

The long tunnel ahead appears hand-chiseled and very rough. The floor is lined with brown mud-brick tiles. Suspended in the ceiling above are huge boulders wrapped in thick chain.

This hallway is not a grave challenge, unless the team makes a mistake. A Search check (DC 15) reveals the trapped tiles in a ten-foot section of floor. Moving along the safe tiles can be somewhat tricky for those in bulky armor. As long as the team moves slow (half movement rate) a DEX/Balance check is needed to stay on the safe tiles (DC 5 for the first 30 ft, DC 8 for the next 30 ft, and DC 10 for the last 20). If the team rushes (full movement rate) add 5 to each DC. When the trap is tripped, it triggers a 4d8 damage cave-in (Ref save for half damage). Any player that failing the save is trapped in the rubble and wounded, losing 1 hp each round until healed. Freeing someone takes a STR check (DC 20) for every five feet of rubble.

Treasure/Rewards: four chewable pills of *cure light wounds* from Mercury Pharmaceuticals, for a speedy recovery; maximized (13 hp each)

8. Pirate Booty

Climbing the stairs, you have to shield your eyes from the brilliant lights reflected from mounds of gleaming treasure. Gold and gems as high as a halfling's eye fill this room. Only a small path through the center has been left bare. Standing along the path are six gold ship's lanterns, which have seen better days. They are battered and dented; only a few shards of the red and green glass remain. Inside each flickers a tiny flame. Seated on a throne at the far end of the chamber, a long dead pirate in captain's finery takes his final rest. The sunken face and stretched skin reveal the age of the mummified corpse. The pirate's clothes are in excellent shape, save for the layer of dust. The cutlass and dagger resting on his lap shine with the deep, rich black of adamantine. With one hand, the pirate clutches a cache of shining gems; the other is outstretched, gesturing to the mounds of gold, as if he is offering you the treasures of the room.

The treasure in this room is mostly fake, created with gold paint and cut glass. If the team searches the room, refer to the following Treasure Table. The eight gems the mummy holds are worth 550GP each, but taking them is considered looting a corpse. The team loses two Mojo Points for the forbidden action. In addition, the mummy and the flames animate, mercilessly attacking the player who took the gems. If the team does not take the gems, the mummy stands as they leave the room, drops two gems and his dagger at their feet, and then sits back down on his throne.

Read the next section of text only if the players loot the mummy's gems:

As your hand closes over one of the gems, something makes you realize you have just made a terrible mistake. Brilliant blue flames ignite in the pirate's eye sockets moments before it reaches for the weapons on its lap. As its hands close around the weapons, the lighting in the room flickers and fades from a golden-white to a bright blue-green wash that dances about the room. The flames in the lanterns turn a vengeful shade of blue and fly towards you. You scarcely have time to ready yourselves before the battle is engaged.

Improved Mummy: CR 3; Medium Undead; HD 9d12 (Undead); hp 77; Init +3; Spd 20; AC 21; Atk +9 base melee, +7 base ranged; +4/+6 (1d6+2, Slam; 1d4+6, Adamantine Dagger); SA: Despair (Su), Mummy rot (Su); SQ: Undead, Resistance: Blows (Ex), Vulnerability: fire (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +8; STR 20, DEX 16, CON—, INT 6, WIS 14, CHA 15. Skills: Hide +12, Listen +9, Move Silently +12, Spot +9. Alertness1 Improved Two-Weapon Fighting1 Toughness1

Flame Guardians (6): CR 1; Fine Fey (Incorporeal, Fire); HD 1d6 (Fey); hp 3; Init +5; Spd Fly, Perfect 0; AC 20; Atk +13 base melee, +13 base ranged; +13 (1d4, Burning touch); SA: Fire (Ex); AL CN; SV Fort +0, Ref +7, Will +3; STR—, DEX 20, CON—, INT 4, WIS 12, CHA 12. Skills: Hide +21. Hover1 Flyby Attack1

Treasure Table:

DC 5	Pearl necklace (100GP value)
DC 10	A coupon for a year's supply of Axiom Sports Drink (The Liquid of Life!)
DC 15	*Ring of protection* +1
DC 20	A diamond-encrusted Tempus Sports Watch (2,000GP value)
DC 25	*Gloves of missile catching*
DC 30	A voucher for a brand-new car! The exciting new Victory! Sports Sedan from Empire Motors,complete with power locks, power windows,and leather interior!

Treasure/Rewards: Adamantine dagger (dropped by mummy), Adamantine cutlass (only found if mummy defeated), *jacket of quickness* (only found if mummy defeated)

9. The First Drain

This large natural cavern slopes down to a huge industrial pipe valve bolted into the ground. Mounted on the valve is what remains of a ship's helm. The wheel is made entirely out of bones lashed together and is at least four feet wide. The center hub, however, is missing. Scattered about the chamber are dismembered and eviscerated corpses. At first glance they appear ripped apart by wild animals. Your stomach churns as you realize the truth. In the shadows ahead, hunched over a corpse, bends an emaciated creature. Its pointy teeth glint a polished white as it sinks them into a corpse's face. Its yellow eyes glow and shimmer upon seeing you. The corpse drops from its jaw and an unholy scream rips from its throat as it charges you with an ape-like gait. Others, all surging towards your living flesh, join the first. Their pale-gray arms and legs flail wildly, propelling them towards you as spittle dribbles from the rotting flesh of their toothy jaws.

The creatures are ghouls and a ghast. They are ravenous, and crave warm flesh. The pipe and helm wheel combination is the first drain, but without the wheel hub (found in room #10), the helm will not turn. If the team inspects the corpses they will discover deep brands burned into their chests. This signifies that they were prisoners. Also, these prisoners look to have been beaten and tortured, some even after they were dead. After the fight the DJ appears on an AVS. A Spot check (DC 13) allows the team to see either the red record lights on the camera turn off as they enter the room or the lights coming back on after the DJ talks to the team.

As the last monster falls to the ground, lifeless once more, an AVS turns on, showing a grainy video. Prisoners lie chained to tables while masked men torture them, removing bits of skin and inflicting intense pain. Over top of the screams a loud voice screams, "Where is my daughter you bastards! I know that you know! What have you done with her? Where is Kari?" The last shriek of the man coincides with the final death throes of one prisoner. The AVS changes, revealing once again the face of Phantom. The background is blank and he no longer has the happy, showman's face you have seen everywhere else. He scowls as he looks around the room.

"Our naughty mayor gets a bit out of hand occasionally, doesn't he? You have progressed much faster than I expected, and my ghouls eat much slower than I thought. No matter. I found some enjoyment from the screams while I could. Too bad His Honor didn't get the information he needed. More's the pity. I suppose this mess should be cleaned up."

With a nod, all the corpses burst into flames and are reduced to ash in moments.

"Well, that is that. Now, don't you have a crawl to finish?"

The AVS flicks off as quickly as it came on. Echoing quietly in the chamber, the sound of the announcers' voices can be heard fading in.

"An empty room? Chuck, what is the DJ doing? I would have expected there to be at least something guarding the drain."

"I don't know. Maybe he just wanted to give them a little break before their confrontation with Coldfyre himself. Or, maybe there is a secret hidden in this room that (team's name) just haven't found yet."

Ghast: CR 3; Medium Undead; HD 4d12 (Undead); hp 26; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 16; Atk +3 base melee, +4 base ranged; +4/+1 (1d8+1, Bite; 1d4, 2 Claws); SA: Create spawn (Su), Stench (Ex), Paralysis (Ex); SQ: Undead, Turn resistance (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +6; STR 13, DEX 15, CON—, INT 13, WIS 14, CHA 16. Skills: Climb +6, Escape Artist +8, Hide +8, Intuit Direction +3, Jump +6, Listen +8, Move Silently +7, Search +6, Spot +8. Weapon Finesse 1 Multiattack 1

Ghouls (3): CR 1; Medium Undead; HD 2d12 (Undead); hp 13; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk +2 base melee, +3 base ranged; +3/+0 (1d6+1, Bite; 1d3, 2 Claws); SA: Create spawn (Su), Paralysis (Ex); SQ: Undead, Turn resistance (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +5; STR 13, DEX 15, CON—, INT 13, WIS 14, CHA 16. Skills: Climb +6, Escape Artist +7, Hide +7, Intuit Direction +3, Jump +6, Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Search +6, Spot +7. Weapon Finesse 1 Multiattack 1

10. Coldfyre and Cold Iron

This area completes Coldfyre's section of the stage. Coldfyre understands that he is on television and puts on the best show possible, hoping to impress the right people and get a job as a DJ. He orders his minions about by shouting and grandstanding for the crowd. Coldfyre wants to play this into his own place in the Xcrawl world and pleasing the crowd can start that process. The pirate is a ham and finds a new joy in playing to the crowd. He never personally attacks the team, and surrenders once they defeat his troops. If the players try to attack Coldfyre outright, his skeletons intercept the attack. He feels no loss with the destruction of his forces since they can easily be reanimated. No stats are provided for Coldfyre; he is far beyond the team's ability, and should not be brought into combat under any circumstances. Consider him an 18th level magic-user lich for purposes of saves and immunities.

Waves crash upon rocks and the creak and groan of wood and rope greet you as you make your way to the cave. The jagged rock passage opens into an arena with high walls. Cheering fans pack the seats stretching far above where you entered. You're standing on a rocky shoreline littered with debris and waves that thrash the rocks, sending spray high into the air. Splintered and smashed upon these rocks is a partly sunken pirate ship. A gaping hole below the waterline shows the cause of the wreck. The galleon rests on the bottom, its main deck only ten feet above the water line. All three of its great masts have snapped and fallen upon the deck, their sails tattered and flapping wildly in the strong wind. The words "Cold Iron" are painted in pitch-black script on its bow. Its gangplank is down, offering easy access. Standing near the plank with his metal leg propped on the rail is the dread Coldfyre. Easily recognizable from the earlier video, Coldfyre is a gruesome sight. His flesh hangs from his bones, the tattered captain's clothes seemingly holding his bones together.

Despite the frail appearance, his stature and demeanor exude confidence and raw power.

"Ye've come fer me treasure have ye? I has defended me treasure for many a year and I'll ne'er be giving it to land lubbers the likes of you. Try if'n you like, but I'll be leaving yer corpse to

rot on the shore for the crabs to pick clean. Then ye'll be inducted into me fine crew to serve fer all eternity."

Coldfyre turns, his jacket catching in the wind, and bellows, "To arms, mateys!" He stands, delighted, as skeletons rush past him down the gangplank, eager to join the fray.

The team has to fight their way onto the ship, past the crew, and then finally battle with Coldfyre and his guards.

Coldfyre Skeletons (50): CR 1; Medium-size Medium Undead; HD 1d12 (Undead); hp 10; Init +5; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +1 base ranged; +0 (1d4, 2 Claws); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex) Fire Resistance 10; AL LE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 12, CON—INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11. Improved Initiative, Two Weapon Fighting

Coldfyre Skeleton Fighters (4): CR 2; Medium Undead; HD 3d12 (Undead); hp 26; Init +5; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +2 base melee, +3 base ranged; +2 (1d4, 2 Claws); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex) Fire Resistance 10; AL LE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 12, CON—INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11.Improved Initiative, Two Weapon Fighting

Coldfyre: NonCombatant

Treasure/Rewards: Bone wheel hub, 2500GP note, *Coldfyre Flail* (*mithril HV flail* +2 *frost*), *potion of cure moderate wounds* (4 doses)

11. Suited for the Deep

This room begins the section of the stage modeled after a research vessel. Moments of extreme violence come through in this level, as are seen on videos and in moments off camera. The audience at home never sees these videos. They see shots of combat instead.

Stairs, made of the same blue concrete as the walls, stand at the end of this hall. These stairs lead to a large opening about five feet ahead on the right. Ten feet down the hallway, past the opening, another set of stairs descends. The aperture itself resembles a large bulkhead from a ship.

If the team goes through the bulkhead, read the following:

The room beyond is a replica of a dive chamber. To your right are several air tanks piled next to stairs leading into a pool of water. On the far wall is a closed door. On the opposite wall, lockers secured with combination locks are plastered with ads for dive equipment. In the center of the room, six deep-diving suits hang on a rack. The polished brass helmets glimmer in the light. The dive suits are constructed from hard plastic with strong, metallic mesh over the joints. A ball replaces the hands on each suit, complete with retractable devices, similar to a pocketknife. At least four tools are visible from where you stand, but there may be more. A claw, a knife, shears, and a drill are the noticeable few. An AVS snaps to life above the pool and the familiar face of Phantom grins down.

"Welcome to the Briny Deep, my deep-sea research vessel." The AVS flashes images of the actual ship at sea. "Of course this isn't the real ship. It's an excellent replica, much like the one that can be purchased in the fabulous Three River's Coliseum's gift shop." Images of the detailed models are shown displayed in the gift shop. "The holding tanks are through the dive well, along with the drain and the key to that door." The head nods towards the watertight door and then disappears back into nothingness.

The dive suits are animated objects that will activate once they have been touched. The suits have a hardness of ten and take half damage from energy attacks, except electricity, which causes double damage. The suit has six tools: claw, knife, shears, drill, wrench, and a saw. The suit will use these tools to attack. The lockers each have air tanks marked with the letters "MT," wet suits and other underwater gear. The air tanks are all empty and there is no way to fill them. If the team hopes to use the suits to reach the next room, they need to avoid attacking the suits with pointed or edged weapons. Blunt weapons, as well as most magical attacks, do not damage the suits. The team does not need the suits to reach the next room; they can make it with a deep breath and normal swimming.

Animated Objects: CR 2; Dive Suit (6), Medium Construct; HD 2d10 (Construct); hp 11 Hardness 6; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk +2 base melee, +1 base ranged; +2 (1d6+1, Slam); AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will -5; STR 12, DEX 10, CON—, INT—, WIS 1, CHA 1.

Treasure/Rewards: An all-expenses paid scuba diving trip for the entire team to the beautiful islands of the Georgia Keys, and a 250GP note.

12. Crabby Neighbors

The team needs to swim to this room from Room #11. If they look down into the diving well, read the following:

The view down into the water is dark, with shadows shifting in the flowing tide. No bottom or objects can be seen below.

Once the team enters the water, read the following:

The water in the diving well is comfortably warm. Plunging in, lights come on in the well, revealing a tunnel.

Again, the team has to swim through the tunnel to the next room. Once they have decided to brave the swim, read the following:

After a short swim, the tunnel ends in a room into a small pool where the water is only two-and-a-half feet deep. The walls of this room are a hard, seamless, gray plastic. With its rough texture, you guess it was sprayed into place. Logos for "Dragon Hide Spray-In Lining" line two walls and the other two advertise "Crabby Sammy' Seafood." These colorful ads do not hold your attention for long. On the other side of the room, a giant crab scuttles. This monster towers over everyone by several feet and has claws as large as a man. The lights shine off its slick blue-gray chitin shell as it moves over the fragmented skeletons of its past meals. Behind the crab is a portcullis, apparently leading out of this room.

The crab is hungry, territorial, and attacks relentlessly. After the crab is defeated a STR check (DC 16) is required to force open the gate. This room, however, does have a surprise. The team must come back through this room to continue the crawl. When they do, the crab and several skeletons animate.

At that point, read the following:

Entering back through the portcullis, an eerie glow fills the room. The bones beneath your feet begin to tremble, shifting and finally moving towards the resting carcass of the massive crab. The bones swirl around the fallen beast, moving in a pattern, and slowly assembling into skeletal humanoids. Worse yet, the fallen body of the crab also rises on undead legs, its eye-stalks glowing with an odd green light.

The crab and skeletons fight until destroyed.

Giant Crab: CR 6; Huge Vermin; HD 16d8 (Vermin); hp 83; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 16; Atk +12 base melee, +12/+7 (1d8+5, 2 Claws); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Squeeze (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +12, Ref +5, Will +5; STR 21, DEX 10, CON 14, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +12, Hide +0, Spot +7.

Undead Giant Crab: CR 7; Huge Vermin; HD 10d12 (Vermin); hp 100; Init +4; Spd 30; AC 16; Atk +10 base melee, +10/+5 (1d8+5, 2 Claws); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Squeeze (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +12, Ref +5, Will +5; STR 21, DEX 10, CON—, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +12, Hide +0, Spot +7.

Skeletons (6): CR 1/3; Medium-size Medium Undead; HD 1d12 (Undead); hp 6; Init +5; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +1 base ranged; +0 (1d4, 2 Claws); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 12, CON—, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11. Improved Initiative1

Treasure/Rewards: (first time through) Free food for a year at Crabby Sammy's seafood, 500GP note

Treasure/Rewards: (second time through) chitin shield and breast plate +1

13. Cathoulie Patrol

The team can see through the portcullis to the hall beyond. It takes a STR check (DC10) to lift the portcullis.

Forcing the portcullis up takes some effort, but it finally creaks upward. Past the gate, the floor slopes downwards another foot. The red neon light framing a NoGo door is the only light in the room. In the dull glow, several openings are evident in the opposite wall. This room is coated with the same gray plastic lining as before, but here it is badly scratched. Just at the edge of the light on the far side of the room, the image of a bizarre creature is carved into the plastic coating. It resembles the hideous offspring of a frog and squid. The stench of rotting fish nearly overwhelms in the disturbed water. Phantom's voice echoes in the darkness.

"Let me introduce you to Malgupy, Nusstyp, and Shulodp. They're friends I met during my explorations." Three odd humanoids, half-frog/half-squid, surface on the far side of the room. Their odd suckered hands resting at the end of gangly limbs, and tentacles waive menacingly behind their heads. Two of them hold long poles, ending in a mass of tentacles, in their hands. The third stands back and grasps a spear. All of these creatures carry large shell shields. Their silvery eyes bulge obscenely from their squid-like heads. Nothing like these creatures has appeared in any crawl you have seen. "They are cathoulie, a very wise and old race that has enlightened me in many ways. In return, I have helped them learn more about the land dwellers encroaching on their domain"

An AVS across the room turns on, showing several images of the cathoulie dissecting a living prisoner. The voice speaking over the horrible video presents a light history of the cathoulie and their home cities underwater. The helpless man is strapped down to a table and the hideous creatures slice him open from neck to groin. He screams in pain as his blood spills onto the table. The narrator continues, speaking of the gentle farming communities the cathoulie have created that the NAE have discovered. The creatures make several more incisions, peel back the skin and secure it to the table with large pins. The man's torso is now completely open to the air. As the creatures reach inside to remove his organs, the man falls into blessed unconsciousness. As one lifts his still beating heart out of his chest cavity, the video blurs and cuts to a scene indicative of the narration. Cathoulie are shown training underwater for battle.

"My friends wish to test their combat skills against land dwellers. I have agreed to help them, and volunteered you. I knew you wouldn't mind." The furthest cathoulie yells at his companions in a guttural voice. In unison, the three stand at the ready, prepared for combat.

The cathoulie are formidable and use their tentacled staves to great advantage as the team advances. They make attacks of opportunity to try and trap the team member in the grasping end. Once a person is trapped, the cleric in the back attacks with magic. Also, they will fight defensively in melee combat, using their shield as much as possible due to the coating. They are familiar with the team's tactics because they have been watching the crawl on an AVS. Additionally, they have received magical aid from Phantom. The GM must choose these spells based upon the particulars of the team's fighting style. Cathoulie have a total of ten spell levels cast on them with no spell above 3rd level. For example, two 3rd and four 1st level spells; or three 2nd, one 3rd and, one 1st. *Magic weapon, bull strength, cat's grace, bless, magic circle, displacement, or protection from elements* are typical, but the GM must not feel limited to these. If the fight becomes impossible to win, they try to lure the team to the giant squid in the next room, in hopes of diverting attention. The cathoulie know the exact length of the squid's tentacles, and will not willingly encroach. If they are about to die, they surrender.

Cathoulie Fighters: CR 3; Monstrous Humanoid2/Ftr2: Medium Monstrous Humanoid (Aquatic); HD 2d8+2 (Monstrous Humanoid), 2d10+2 (Fighter); hp 28; Init +4; Spd 20, Swim 50; AC 16; Atk +5 base melee, +4 base ranged; +5 (1d4+1, Bite); SA: Tentacle staff (Ex); SQ: Keen sight (Ex), Slimy (Ex), Amphibious (Ex), Immunities (Ex), AL NE; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +5; STR 13, DEX 10, CON 13, INT 13, WIS 14, CHA 8. Skills: Escape Artist +15, Search +5, Spot +6. Feats: Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: tentacle staff.

Cathoulie Cleric (3rd level): CR 4; Monstrous Humanoid2/Clr3: Medium Monstrous Humanoid (Aquatic); HD 2d8+2 (Monstrous Humanoid), 3d8+3 (Cleric); hp 31; Init +4; Spd 20, Swim 50; AC 16; Atk +5 base melee, +4 base ranged; +5 (1d4+1, Bite); SA: Tentacle staff (Ex); SQ: Keen sight (Ex), Slimy (Ex), Amphibious (Ex), Immunities); AL NE; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +8; STR 13, DEX 10, CON 13, INT 13, WIS 14, CHA 8. Skills: Escape Artist +15, Search +5, Spot +6. Feats: Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Spell Penetration.

Spells Known (Clr 4/3/2):

- 0 – *create water, cure minor wounds, detect magic, detect poison, guidance, inflict minor wounds, light, mending, purify food and drink, read magic, resistance, virtue*
- 1st – *bane, bless, bless water, cause fear, command, comprehend languages, cure light wounds, curse water, deathwatch, detect chaos, detect evil, detect good, detect law, detect undead, divine favor, doom, endure elements, entropic shield, inflict light wounds, invisibility to undead, magic stone, magic weapon, obscuring mist, protection from chaos, protection from evil, protection from good, protection from law, random action, remove fear, sanctuary, shield of faith, summon monster I*
- 2nd – *aid, animal messenger, augury, bull's strength,*

calm emotions, consecrate, cure moderate wounds, darkness, death knell, delay poison, desecrate, endurance, enthrall, find traps, gentle repose, hold person, inflict moderate wounds, lesser restoration, make whole, remove paralysis, resist elements, shatter, shield other, silence, sound burst, speak with animals, spiritual weapon, summon monster II, undetectable alignment, zone of truth

Treasure/Rewards: 3 turtle shell shields, 500GP note, brass key

14. What 20,000 Crawler Fans Want to See

The disembodied voice of Phantom echoes in the chamber and then fades.

"The great Leviathan that maketh the seas to seethe like boiling pan."

Through the gaps in the wall, a dim spotlight shines on a large, chrome-plated drain valve in the far corner of the room. The drain rests on a platform a few inches above the water. A small walkway leading to it extends against the wall. The drain is a simple wheel crank. The water is the inky black of oil, but lacks the slick glisten. Telltale movements in the water alert you to something lurking just below the surface.

The bottom of the pool immediately drops 40 feet lower than room #13. The captured giant squid's ink has blackened the water. The squid has two tentacles wrapped around the wall sections to hold it in place and reaches out with the other eight to attack. The squid has a twenty-five foot reach into room #13. It attacks until it is in danger of death, then retreats to the depths of the pool to hide. If pursued, it fights to the death. The valve is missing a gear allowing the drain to turn (the gear is located in room #17). Without the gear, it is impossible to open the drain. Once the team has the gear in place, a STR check (DC 25) turns the valve.

The drain is trapped. As the wheel turns, it winds a cable attached to pins holding the platform in place. When these pins are released the platform collapses, dropping the team into the water. A Search check (DC 17) finds this trap, and a Disable Device of (DC 16) disarms it. When the drain opens, read the following:

The wheel screeches in defiance as it finally turns. Several large bubbles rush to the surface as the platform vibrates; muffled rumblings slurp through the water below. The water drains quickly and steadily. In just a few moments the water level has dropped below the floor in the previous room and the suction creates a whirlpool inside the depths of the squid's lair. Several AVSs of cheering fans light up all over the room and the smirking mug of DJ Phantom stands prominent on one. "Congratulations on defeating the squid. I hope that you enjoyed yourself. There's much more where he came from."

Giant Squid: CR 9; Huge Animal (Aquatic); HD 12d8+12 (Animal); hp 66; Init +3; Spd Swim 80; AC 17; Atk +15 base melee, +10 base ranged; +15/+10 (1d6+8, 10 Tentacle rake; 2d8+4, Bite); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex); SQ: Ink cloud (Ex), Jet (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +11, Will +5; STR 26, DEX 17, CON 13, INT 1, WIS 12, CHA 2.

Treasure/Rewards: +1 *whip of dancing*, and a 1000GP note

15. Break Room: Crabby Sammy's Seafood

This break room resembles a ship's galley with metal tables and benches welded to the floor. Inside sit two men in their late twenties. One wears a paramedic's jacket and the other a sailor's uniform and chef's hat. This room is sponsored by Crabby Sammy's Seafood, as is obvious from all the logos on the walls. A huge buffet of crabs, lobster, clams, and other shellfish line a table complete with all the fixings. The food looks wonderful and smells amazing. The sailor waves you in.

"Welcome! Help yourself to anything on the table. If there's anything you need I'm sure I can make it for you. There are showers and bathrooms over here, but I can't find towels anywhere." He says, motioning to a side door. "Steve here will look you over if you need him to patch you up some."

Both men are Messianic prisoners Mary is helping escape. Steve is not a Paramedic, but tries his best to cover it up. He claims that goblins stole his medical supplies. They both talk about the cruel the DJ at length. They will slip up by saying a few things they shouldn't know if they were watching the TV feed. For example, people being slaughtered alive. Both of them are nervous, and each has wounds on his wrists from being shackled. Because of their clothing, it takes a Spot check (DC 20) to notice. If one of them is confronted, he simply runs backstage, where the team can't go unless they want to be disqualified. The other immediately offers to chase him down, and goes running after him, no matter what the team says. They will both run and hide backstage somewhere.

16. Under Pressure

The video and audio the players hear in this room is quite different from what the audience sees. The announcers' commentary hints towards this.

This section of the crawl continues the theme of an interior of a large ship. Bulkheads with oval-shaped openings line the room; pipes and wiring run along the ceiling. In the center of the first room stands a cylindrical white chamber. On the walls of the room hang dive equipment and scuba gear. The interior chamber walls shimmer with the glint of two-inch thick steel. The cold and sterile chamber is ten feet in diameter. Small, round windows are scattered through the room, and a massive door sits open on one wall.

When the team looks through the door, read the following:

Peering inside, you see tables and benches built into the wall with papers and some charts resting on them. Another door in the middle of the chamber is closed. The inside looks very sterile and cold.

The cylinder is a trapped compression chamber. Light sensors are mounted two feet inside the chamber. When anyone steps more than two feet inside the room, the door slams shut and seals itself. Once the chamber is sealed, it pressurizes; the pressure increases one atmosphere every four rounds. A person can withstand five atmospheres before feeling discomfort; usually the pressure kills them by nine atmospheres. Two safe exits are possible from the chamber: one, using the controls in Room #17; or two, manually lowering the pressure. The latter option takes much longer. Smashing the glass or rupturing the pressure pipes causes damage to the players inside as the pressure drops. The release causes 2d6 damage per atmosphere above two and a case of the bends. The bends are extremely painful, and restrict movement per atmosphere level x ten minutes. Anyone damaged receives a -2 penalty to all dice rolls for the rest of the stage, or until magically healed. If the trap is tripped, read the following only to those inside the chamber.

The heavy door slams shut, sealing you inside. Your ears pop while air rushes into the room. "Oh, how I hate this trap," Phantom says, appearing on an AVS on the far wall. "Alas, The Mayor loves it so. You are inside a pressure chamber, but it seems to be missing the safety measures, those silly guards meant to prevent over pressurization. The pressure in here will continue to rise until it crushes you. It's a most unpleasant death, I assure you. Take a look."

The AVS shows several people inside the chamber screaming in pain. Blood flows from their ears. "Ouch! That would be their eardrums rupturing." Soon, their breathing is labored and their eyes bulge. "Prepare yourself, the next part is the most gruesome." Phantom's speech is unnerving. Seizures wrack the prisoners' bodies and blood seeps from their pores. One by one, the tortured bodies shudder to a stop.

"Their deaths were far faster than the alternative. If you break the seal on this room, the sudden pressure change causes the air in your blood to expand rapidly, resulting in ruptured organs and internal bleeding. It could be days or weeks of excruciating pain before you to die. A few from the last group still hang on. It's been six days now. We have an office pool for how much longer they'll live. Do you want in?" The AVS blinks off and the announcers' voices cut in.

CHUCK: This doesn't look good for (team's name), Dan.

DAN: No, Chuck, it doesn't. I just wish we had a better view of what's going on inside that chamber."

CHUCK: I agree. We'll have to ask them about it later. Provided they live through it, that is.

If the player's make it out safely, Chuck and Dan come back on and speak of the team's incredible escape. If the team suffers any losses from the compression chamber, they talk about the serious blow to the team's chances.

17. Engine room

The rhythmic churning and humming of engines and machinery emerge from this room. You stand on metal grate flooring, providing a look into the bowels of the ship. Two massive motors pump away beneath. Five clear pipes, each four feet in diameter, stand mounted about the room. Two pipes carry water to the engines, two carry steam away, and the last billows with black exhaust. A cheering crowd stands behind thick plexiglas, reinforced with metal grating. The fans hold numerous signs and banners with your team name scrawled across them. One woman actually flashes you, much to the chagrin of her companion. A heavy metallic thud comes from ahead. The buzz of small motors and another thud echo throughout the chamber. From behind a metal wall, a large dwarf steps into view. Standing seven feet tall, this dwarf is more machine than man. Mechanical arms and legs made from solid steel and wire extend from his heavily armored torso. Steam clouds blow from pipes jutting out at odd angles. Two spiked balls hanging from a heavy chain replace his right hand. In the other he holds a large pipe wrench. Riveted to his skull is a spiked metal plate. Oil and grime cover every part of his bizarre body. A chrome gear wheel hangs on a chain from his thick neck.

"Welcome to the engine room of the Briny Deep," he calls out in a gruff voice. "I really don't like to be disturbed while I'm working, so beat it. I could always make you leave, of course." A twisted smile grows on his face as the spiked balls spin wildly.

The creature is the Briny Deep's chief engineer. He is a mechanically enhanced, enlarged dwarf. The gear missing from the drain in room #14 hangs around his neck. He fights to the death, believing the extreme modifications have made him invincible. Once killed, the steam engine overloads and explodes in 2d6 rounds, dealing 4d6 damage to anyone within fifteen feet of his body. A Disable Device (DC 15) prevents the explosion, but still deactivates the machine. With the machine deactivated, the compression chamber from room #16 slowly returns to normal pressure. It takes one minute per atmosphere level to safely return to normal pressure.

Engineer: CR 8; Construct2/Exp4/Ftr2; Large Construct; HD 2d10 (Construct), 4d6 (Expert), 2d10 (Fighter); hp 47; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 20; Atk +13 base melee, +8 base ranged; +15 (2d8+5, 2 Slam); SA: Steam blast (Ex); SQ: Construct, Immunity: Magic (Ex), Damage reduction +2/15 (Su); AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +7; STR 21, DEX 13, CON—, INT—, WIS 11, CHA 13.Feats: Endurance, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Greatclub.

Steam Blast (once every 4 rounds): Jet of steam 10 feet; damage 2d10, Reflex half DC 14. Living creatures that fail their saves are tormented by burned skin and seared eyes unless they are immune to or protected from fire. This imposes a -4 penalty to AC and a -2 penalty to attack rolls for 3 rounds.

Treasure/Rewards: +2 *great club*, courtesy of Tailor-Made Oil—The Oil for All Your Lubrication Needs.

18. The Coy Pond

A beautiful change in scenery stands at the bottom of the stairs. Set in the floor lies a massive pond. The blue concrete floor gives way to natural rocks around the sparkling water. The walls are filled with pockets of orchids, lilies and other flowers. Several waterfalls cascade though a series of small pools on the walls before spilling out into the main pond. The surface is scattered with lily pads in bloom and large white flowers that contrast sharply with the deep verdant pads. Schools of koi swim beneath the surface of the water. The scene is idyllic, but for the goblins sitting on the false lily pads. The comical creatures wear frog costumes and make their best attempts at croaking sounds. One waves and shouts, "Hello," in an amusing voice. The other goblins aim spear guns at you. The bolts are an oddity, having balls on the tips, rather than barbs. The cameramen scramble to find a good shot out of the line of fire. A third cameraman, carrying a waterproof camera and wearing a wet suit and scuba gear, runs up to catch the action as well.

This room reintroduces the Goblin Pranksters. They are standing on artificial lily pads, designed to hold several hundred pounds of weight. They wield spear guns with modified spears. Instead of a barbed head, these bolts are tipped with small plastic balls filled with super-strong, ultra-fast hardening, waterproof glue. The balls shatter on impact. Once they "spear" a crawler, they attach the line from the spear to a lead weight hidden underneath their lily pad and release the weight into the water. The crawler attacked must make an opposed STR roll vs. the anchor (+5 to roll). If the crawler succeeds, he stands his ground, but must make a STR check (DC 15) each round to hold position. Failing the STR check results

in another opposed check against the anchor. If the opposed check fails, the weight drags the player one foot towards the pond for every point by which he failed the check. Inside the pond is a giant koi. The koi attacks anyone in the water—including any goblins knocked off their pads. The fish has two magical items in its belly from previous meals. This will not be apparent to the team unless someone is swallowed, or the fish is cut open. The goblins carry three bolts each, and surrender after firing all three. The Jester stands in as the third cameraman, but does not plan to reveal himself. He wants to tag along and prank the team as they continue. He intends to attack the team's henchman/hireling (if they have one), triggering the NonCom badge. He also has several vials of poison to slip into healing potions or drinks when given the chance. Attacking a crawler directly is his last-ditch effort to distract the team. He will surrender immediately upon being attacked. Two apparent clues to his deception: when he appears, the other cameramen shrug in confusion, not understanding why the new cameraman has arrived [Spot check (DC 22)]; he does not wear a NonCom Badge like other cameramen [player must be looking specifically at him and make a Spot check (DC 10)].

Built into the north wall of this room is a cave. If the team opened a drain, the entrance is visible and the team can walk there. If not, the entrance is still underwater and the team must swim down to find it.

Goblin Pranksters (4): CR 1/4; Small Humanoid; HD 1d8 (Humanoid); hp 4; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 12; Atk +0 base melee, +2 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 8, DEX 13, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 8. Skills: Hide +5, Move Silently +5.

Jester: CR 4; Male Human Exp6/Ftr1: Medium Humanoid; HD 6d6 (Expert), 1d10 (Fighter); hp 31; Init +4; Spd 30; AC 10; Atk +5 base melee, +5 base ranged; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +5; STR 11, DEX 10, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 11. Skills: Bluff +9, Disguise +9, Gather Information +9, Knowledge (Nobility) +3, Knowledge (Politics) +2, Perform +9, Pick Pocket +9, Read Lips +4, Sense Motive +9. Feats: Armor Proficiency: light, Improved Initiative, Leadership, Martial Weapon Proficiency: Longbow, composite, Martial Weapon Proficiency: Shortbow, composite, Run, Simple Weapon Proficiency.

Giant Koi: CR 5; Huge Animal (Aquatic); HD 9d8+45 (Animal); hp 85; Init +2; Spd Swim 50; AC 16; Atk +12 base melee, +6 base ranged; +12 (2d6+12, Bite); SQ: Swallow whole Blindsight (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +5; STR 27, DEX 15, CON 21, INT 1, WIS 14, CHA 6. Skills: Listen +12, Spot +12.

Treasure/Rewards: Year's supply of Koi Cheddar Crackers

19. The Lost Team

The cave twists and turns, eventually opening onto a large round room. Complete and utter darkness fills this room. Not even the ambient light filtering through the aquarium above lights the room. All you are able to make out is a cave entrance ahead on the right.

Magical darkness fills most, but not all, of the room. A *daylight* or a *dispel magic* (DC 17) removes the spell. Five dead bodies lie in the center of the room. Originally, five doppelgangers waited here. The victims are the Steel Dragons. The doppelgangers have taken the Dragons' place in the crawl, and serve as spies for Phantom. A Search check (DC 16) reveals two things about the bodies: they were in peak physical shape, and definitely not prisoners; and the skin on their right arms is charred. With an INT check (DC 18), the player recalls the make-up of the Dragons (three humans, one dwarf, one half-elf), and that each had a dragon tattoo on his right arm. *Deeper darkness* is cast on the half-elf's body. Also, the previous night's SportsEvening showed the Dragons finishing this stage of the crawl.

If the team lights the room, read the following, otherwise skip ahead:

From the cave ahead, audio echoes through the chamber.

"Well, folks, while the (team's name) rests for a bit, this is a good time for us to cut to promo. Don't go far, we will be right back with more hack and mayhem here at the Three River's Crawl in lovely downtown Pittsburgh."

The theme music plays, followed by a series of promos for sponsors of the crawl. The darkness shrinks away and light filters into the chamber. This is a large circular room carved from natural rock. The chamber is empty, save for a pile of naked bodies centered on the floor. Three humans, a dwarf, and a half-elf lie mangled in front of you.

If the team examines the bodies, read the following:

A quick examination of the bodies shows a fatal puncture wound on each of their backs. The bodies were mutilated after death to prevent easy identification. Each skull is split from the back and their brains have been removed.

20. Main Water Shut-Off Valve

This secret passageway requires a Search check (DC 25) to locate. Its narrow diameter allows only one person to crawl through at a time. The one hundred foot-long tunnel is blocked by two trapped metal hatches. The shut-off valve is trapped with contact poison.

Door 1: Search check (DC 17) and Disable Device (DC 15), 3d6 electrical trap

Door 2: Search check (DC 18) and Disable Device (DC 18), 3d8 electrical trap

Valve: Save (DC 15), 1d4 Dex/2d4 Dex

The room houses the main water shut-off valve. Shutting off the valve causes all waterfalls and fountains on the level to stop running.

The end of the cramped tunnel leads to a small room barely large enough for a human to stand upright. Water stains and rust streak the cold concrete and steel walls. A large wheel extends from a pipe jutting out from the wall. A red sign reading "Water Main" hangs on a chain from the wheel. A potion bottle and a pair of gloves lie on the floor next to the pipe. From all around you, Phantom's voice echoes.

"I'm truly amazed you even found this room. As much as it pains me to admit it, you have earned the treasures here."

Treasure/Rewards: Three *bandages of cure critical wounds*, *gloves of dexterity* +2

21. The Welcoming Party

A large, demonic looking shark, its teeth gnashing and body thrashing, is depicted in an elaborate carving on the tunnel walls. A strange, unfamiliar writing surrounds the image. Water has seeped through the wall, and tiny white crystals encrust the stone. The tunnel descends down to the shore of a small underground lake. The ceiling slopes down to touch the muddy waters on the far end of the grotto. One large AVS brightens over the lake and shows a scaly green humanoid with black stripes and four arms. A wide mouth with sharp rows of teeth splits its fish-like head. In a gargling voice it says, "Turn back mammal, these sahuagin water. If you invade, we must destroy you. Shark lord demands it." The AVS blanks quickly.

Lurking under the water are five sahuagin with tridents and crossbows. They fight to the death, never surrendering. They are well disciplined and target the weakest opponents with their crossbows, then switch to tridents. The lake bottom slopes down to the north, dropping the water depth to ten feet. The sahuagin lie in wait in the deepest part of the lake. They prefer to fight in deeper water where they have the advantage. The writing on the walls are warnings in the sahugin's language.

Sahuagin (5): CR 2; Medium Humanoid (Aquatic); HD 2d8+2 (Humanoid); hp 11; Init +1; Spd 30, Swim 60; AC 16; Atk +3 base melee, +2 base ranged; +3/+1/+1 (1d4+2, 2 Rake; 1d2+1, 2 Claws; 1d4+1, Bite); +1/+1/+3 (1d4+1, 2 Rake; 1d4+1, Bite; 1d8+2, Trident); +2 (1d10, Crossbow, heavy); SA: Blood frenzy; SQ: Speak with sharks (Ex), Underwater sense (Ex), Light blindness (Ex), Amphibious (Ex), Freshwater sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +1; STR 14, DEX 13, CON 12, INT 14, WIS 13, CHA 9. Skills: Animal Empathy +2, Hide +6, Listen +7, Profession (Hunter) +2, Spot +7. Multiattack1; Weapons: Trident; Crossbow, heavy.

Treasure/Rewards: 200GP note, and one toy shark for each team member.

22. Break Room: Happy Panda Sushi

Stairs lead out of the water to a bamboo screen separating this section from the rest of the level. A large neon sign over a counter reads "Happy Panda Sushi." An older Japanese man stands behind the bar, bowing as you enter the room. In front of the bar are several stools. The bar itself is a glass display full of fresh fish, eel, squid, shrimp and other seafood. The old man gestures for you to sit, grabs a tuna from the case, pulls out a knife and starts making fresh sushi. A young, clean-shaven paramedic wearing jeans and a leather jacket waves from his booth along the wall. "I'm James. I've setup my stuff over here if you need any help," he says, motioning to his paramedic kit.

The old man is a master sushi chef named Hiroaki. He speaks very poor English, but is fluent in Japanese and Latin. When creating a dish, he ignores everything around him, absorbing himself in his work. After he finishes making the sushi, he chats with the team as best he can. James is the most experienced paramedic in the crawl. He also works as a fence on the black market, and sells whatever he has to the team—adding in a hefty markup, of course. Hiroaki knows little more than the public does, concerning the crawl. James, however, knows more and charges for the info. He sets his rates high, but negotiates down to a fair price; start his rates out at 1000GP for each tidbit of info, but let the team negotiate him down to 250GP each. James reveals the following one at a time, charging for each.

A woman named Eleanor approached him about smuggling some crates out of the arena. He refused to help because she would not tell him what was in the crates. If the team pays extra, James describes Eleanor. The description sounds suspiciously like Mary.

His sources on the black market discovered military hardware moving through the city. James believes someone in the Coliseum is involved, and wants in on the action.

Alfar hide in the city, and they have a connection to the crawl. James knows nothing else about their involvement; only that the underworld buzzes with the rumor.

The mayor ships all prisoners to the arena directly, handing them over to a frightening dwarf. The dwarf is covered in piercings, scars, and tattoos, and carries a scourge. There is talk concerning the elimination of trial by judge within the city.

James also has items for sale. Teams are technically not allowed to purchase items in mid-crawl, and if caught by the Ref, the team will be disqualified. James has the following items for sale and their GP cost:

Potions of cure light wounds—300

Potions of cure moderate wounds—500

Potions of swimming—400

Potion of alter self—1000

Potion of bull strength—400

Potion of cats grace—400

Scroll of greater magic weapon—500

Scroll of invisibility—200

Scroll of web—200

Scroll of cure light wounds—50

Scroll of silence—200

Scroll of Prayer—450

Scroll of searing light —450

Scroll of freedom of movement—1250

Wand of magic missile—1500

Villalobo's Anvil Outta Nowhere (6th level caster)—1000

Mini scuba gear—1000

"Special" VIP passes to the Eager Beaver Night Club—250

23. Trapped Hallway

The acrid smell of saltwater rises from the hallway. Water three feet deep impedes your movement. Ahead, the passage splits. The left tunnel narrows to only three feet wide and eight feet tall. The right hallway stands ten feet wide and eleven feet tall. Both curve away, blocking any view of what lies ahead.

The hallways leading from the break room to Rooms 24 and 25 contain poison dart traps. Pressure plates lie every ten feet throughout each hallway. Due to the three feet of water, a Search check (DC 23) is required to locate them. Disabling each trap requires a Disable Device (DC 23), but twice the normal time to disarm. When tripped, the traps fire three poison-coated, serrated darts. These darts cause 1d4 wounding damage and are laced with a dangerous poison (DC 16 1d4 STR, 1d4 STR/CON). If the drain has not been opened, swimming through the hallway allows easy traversal. Otherwise, the Search check (DC 18) and Disable Device (DC 18) become easier.

24. Drain #3

A small cavern awaits at the end of the cramped tunnel. Water drips from stalactites, pooling into the waist-deep water and echoing through the room. Moisture slicks the natural rock walls. In the center of the room, a coral-encrusted metal box rests on the floor. A thick, square post extends several inches through the top of the strange cube. A metal cap, secured by a metal pin and ring, tops the post.

A Search check (DC 22) locates a lock on the pin. An Open Lock (DC 20) unlocks it. With the pin unlocked, the pin, ring, and the cap may be removed. Removing the cap reveals a hole drilled through the post. An object may be placed into the hole and used as a lever to twist the pole. Different materials have different stress points, such as wood (Break DC 14)

and metal (Bend DC 20 and Break DC 23). If the item used is a magical weapon, the weapon modifier may be added to the roll. Provided the item does not bend or break, a STR check (DC 16) is needed to open the drain.

With a strong pull, the lever moves and the drain opens in the base of the box at your feet. Water rushes past into a swirling vortex, hungrily slurping and gulping. In mere moments, the salty water is nothing more than a few puddles on the uneven floor.

25. Sahuagin Showdown

The passage opens into a very large, dimly-lit chamber. The crowd cheers for you from bleachers installed behind tinted glass walls covering two-thirds of the room. A black lake dominates the room. Near the center of the lake, a sahuagin stands on a tiny island. He wears armor fashioned from shells, and holds a trident in each pair of hands. With a roar he shouts, "Mammals were warned! Now you die!" With a series of gurgling noises, nearly a dozen pairs of black eyes raise out of the water staring directly at you. The leader dives into the lake and the eyes begin swiftly moving towards you. The announcer's voices bleed in from the audience viewing room.

CHUCK: Well, Dan, these fish creatures aren't exactly talkative.

DAN: You have that right, Chuck. Sahuagin are vicious sea devils that fight relentlessly. They are trained from birth to be warriors, becoming experts with tridents and their own claws.

CHUCK: They fight tooth and nail, you might say.

DAN: Ha ha! You got that right.

Just like the earlier battle, the sahuagin fight to the death. They take full advantage of the water depth in this room when fighting. From the entrance to the audience chamber, the water depth lowers from four feet to fifteen feet. Opening the drain in room #24 lowers the water level by five feet.

Sahuagin Ranger: CR 4; Mutant Humanoid2/Rgr3: Medium Humanoid (Aquatic); HD 2d8+6 (Humanoid), 3d10+9 (Ranger); hp 44; Init +3; Spd 30, Swim 60; AC 18; Atk +8 base melee, +7 base ranged; +8/+3/+3 (1d4+4, 2 Rake; 1d2+2, 4 Claws; 1d4+2, Bite); +8/+3 (1d4+4, 2 Rake; 1d4+2, Bite); SA: Blood frenzy; SQ: Speak with sharks (Ex), Underwater sense (Ex), Light blindness (Ex), Amphibious (Ex), Freshwater sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +5; STR 19, DEX 17, CON 17, INT 13, WIS 18, CHA 8. Skills: Hide +7, Listen +8, Spot +8. Feats: Track. Weapons: +1 Trident: Wounding; Trident.

Sahuagin (12): CR 2; Medium Humanoid (Aquatic); HD 2d8+2 (Humanoid); hp 11; Init +1; Spd 30, Swim 60; AC 16; Atk +3 base melee, +2 base ranged; +3/+1/+1 (1d4+2, 2 Rake; 1d2+1, 2 Claws; 1d4+1, Bite); +1/+1/+3 (1d4+1, 2 Rake; 1d4+1, Bite; 1d8+2, Trident); +2 (1d10, Crossbow, heavy); SA: Blood frenzy; SQ: Speak with sharks (Ex), Underwater sense (Ex), Light blindness (Ex), Amphibious (Ex), Freshwater sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +1; STR 14, DEX 13, CON 12, INT 14, WIS 13, CHA 9. Skills: Animal Empathy +2, Hide +6, Listen +7, Profession (Hunter) +2, Spot +7. Multiattack1; Weapons: Trident; Crossbow, heavy.

Treasure/Rewards: *trident of wounding* +1

26. Aquarium

A fifteen-foot glass door stands across the hall from the large pond. The bottom of the door is adorned with a thick glass handle. A graphic etched into the glass next to the handle indicates a figure pulling it out and up to open the door. On the other side of the thick glass, a plastic film depicts a tropical aquarium full of brightly colored coral, sponges and sea anemones.

Behind this door lies part of the aquarium—and two-hundred and forty thousand gallons of water. Opening this door drains the entire room. A dull and muted sound comes from the door when tapped [Search check (DC 15)]. A Spot check (DC 20) reveals a small trickle of water running down the left side of the door. Anyone standing in front of the door is subject to an attack as the door flies open and the water rushes out. Roll one attack and apply the result against everyone in front of the door. The water causes 2D8 damage. In addition, those in front of the door must make a Ref save (DC 19) or be swept into the Koi Pond (Room #18, pp 43) by the rushing water.

Door

You firmly grasp the glass handle and pull. Everything seems to happen in slow motion, as the door swings out and up with surprising force. A deep rumble begins and the floor vibrates as frothy white water rushes, engulfing your feet. You freeze, as your mind screams, "Move!!" The world quickly returns to normal as the wall of rushing water crashes down upon you.

Empty Aquarium

With the water receding from the room, you finally get a good look beyond the door. Centered in the empty room remains a closed fifty-gallon fish tank, holding a number of life jackets, masks, and snorkels. The rest of the room is empty, save for the last puddles of water.

Treasure/Rewards: Life jackets, masks and snorkels for each team member

NOTE: Because the next area is underwater, all actions requiring movement—swinging a weapon, Ref save, DEX check, and Skill checks—have a -3 modifier. Also, weapons of any type besides piercing receive a -3 modifier to damage rolls due to water resistance. Casting a spell with V or S components requires a Concentration check (DC 12 + spell level). *Free action* or *alter self* spells, as well as some magic items, negate this condition.

27. The Longest Swim

White concrete stairs descend twenty feet down into a room flooded by crystal clear water. The calm water laps at the fourth step. Blue-white lights brightly illuminate the pool. Bright green gravel and large plumes of seaweed rooted in large stone planters line the floor. To the left, the iridescent pink purple of a giant sea anemone shines in the light.

This room can be very dangerous. The team must swim through the room. If they swim close to the ceiling, they remain out of reach of the plants. If they just swim much further down, they fall into the attack range of the seaweed or the anemones. The seaweed is an aquatic variant of an assassin vine and the anemone sting is paralyzing. Stairs lead out of the water to a break room roughly halfway through the room. A bottle containing pills of water breathing—four for each team member—stands on the top stair. A warning is printed on the bottle reading:

Take one pill orally for twenty minutes of water breathing. WARNING: do not exceed three pills in a 24-hour time period; do not operate heavy machinery. Contact cleric or qualified medical professional in case of emergency.

If anyone ingests more than three pills, the side effects appear as soon as that team member leaves the water. She will no longer breathe air normally. Each breath gasps into her lungs. Consider her to have 0 hp and any full round action causes her to fall unconscious. The effects last twelve hours.

Aquatic Assassin Vines (3): CR 3; Large Plant; HD 4d8+12 (Plant); hp 30; Init +0; Spd AC 15; Atk +7 base melee, +2 base ranged; +7 (1d6+7, Slam); SA: Entangle (Su), Improved grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex); SQ: Camouflage (Ex), Immunity: Electricity (Ex), Resistance: Cold (Ex), Resistance: Fire (Ex), Blindsight (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 20, DEX 10, CON 16, INT—, WIS 13, CHA 9.

Giant Sea Anemone (2): CR 5; Medium Plant; HD 2d8+6 (Plant); hp 20; Init -1; Spd 10; AC 13; Atk +3 base melee, +0 base ranged; +3 (1d6+2, 6 Tentacles); SA: Poison (DC 13 Paralyzing 1d4 rounds)(Ex); SQ: Plant; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref -1, Will +0; STR 14, DEX 8, CON 16, INT 3, WIS 11, CHA—.

Break Room: For Rent

Stairs lead out of the water to a break room door. The room is completely devoid of anything resembling the break rooms you have seen so far. A table and some folding chairs stand in the center of the room and a counter with cabinets underneath look hastily installed on one wall. The usual bathrooms and showers are there, but no snacks, drinks or, most importantly, paramedics. Unpainted drywall boards line the walls, and a white plaster dust covers the rough concrete floor. A banner tacked up on the unfinished walls reads, "This Space Available. Contact Augustus-Thompson Marketing Group."

This break room remains un-sponsored. The cabinets are locked, but an Open Locks check (DC 10) opens them. A human and a dwarf—both in their underwear—lie unconscious in the cabinets. Duct tape binds and gags them, and red welts throb on the back of each man's neck. A Heal check (DC 15) revives them. The human's name is Alex, and the dwarf's name is Gregory. These security guards have been trapped since last night and are dehydrated and starving. They guarded a restricted area up until last night when they were attacked from behind. The dwarf remembers seeing a woman, "a blonde with nice, shapely legs—but small breasts, and no facial hair." Neither guard knows what was in the restricted area, only that an odd-looking dwarf and few others entered or exited the room.

28. Clean Sweep, or There's Always a Room for Gelatin

A gentle current tugs at you while swimming through the water. Smaller particles sweep past you, down the tunnel and towards several pumps covered by metal screens. A large drain sits in between the pumps.

Two gelatinous cubes block the entrance to the drain. The cubes act as a filtration system for this part of the dungeon. Due to their transparent nature, a Spot check (DC 15) is needed to locate them. Even if spotted, the cubes resemble large, clear plastic bags filled with water.

Gelatinous Cube (2): CR 3; Huge Ooze; HD 4d10+16 (Ooze); hp 58; Init -5; Spd 15; AC 3; Atk +1 base melee, -4 base ranged; +1 (1d6, Slam); SA: Engulf (Ex), Paralysis (Ex), Acid (Ex); SQ: Blindsight (Ex), Transparent (Ex), Immunity: Electricity (Ex); RF: Ooze qualities; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref -4, Will -4; STR 10, DEX 1, CON 19, INT—, WIS 1, CHA 1.

29. Pulling the Plug

Just beyond the filtration system lies the drain. A three-foot wide rubber bathtub stopper with a steel rim blocks the drain. A steel chain connects the plug to a hook on a block-and-tackle mechanism on the ceiling. Another chain leads from the block-and-tackle to another hook on the far wall.

The plug cannot be removed until the steel ring is unscrewed from around its base. This task requires the spanning wrench found in room #32. A *knock* or similar spell removes the ring as well. Removing the plug requires a STR check (DC 25). To avoid the tremendous suction, each team member must make a Ref check (DC 18). A red arrow reading "NoGo" hangs from the bottom of the plug. This is only visible after pulling the plug. The arrow points to the drain.

30. Fighting Fish

The water temperature warms noticeably the further you swim. Brightly colored tropical fish swim around you. The floor gradually changes from concrete into muddy sand where stingrays and crustaceans move about. The walls slowly fade into rocky outcroppings filled with florescent coral, sponges, and sea anemones. Eels poke their heads out from between the rocks and coral. A few small octopi cling to the rock face. Around the corner, a sheet of glass replaces the rocky wall. On the other side of the glass, people rush over to watch and cheer you on. You are the newest attraction in the Three Rivers Aquarium. From above, several muffled splashes draw your eyes to a school of giant, dog-sized, blue-black fish swimming towards you. As they swim closer, purple and red striping on their ridged fins becomes apparent and dagger-like teeth poke out of their mouths.

Australian fighting fish—bred in captivity for aggressive, underwater cock fighting—attack anything they can sink their teeth into. These fish are naturally aggressive and extremely territorial.

Fighting Fish (6): CR 2; Large Animal (Aquatic); HD 3d10 (Animal); hp 18; Init +2; Spd Swim 60; AC 18; Atk +3 base melee, +5 base ranged; +6 (2d6+3, Bite, 1d6 Crit 19/20 Fin Slash); SA: Rage, Ferocity SQ: Keen scent (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +3; STR 15, DEX 16, CON 13, INT 4, WIS 10, CHA 9. Skills: Listen +7, Spot +7. Feat: Blindsight

31. Home, Wet Home

Through an opening in the rock wall lies another room very similar to the one before. Centered in this section of the aquarium sits the ruins of a small castle. Most of the castle lies scattered on the sandy floor, but one large tower and a section of the outer wall still stand strong. A large hole gapes from the bottom of the tower, its jagged edges echoing the broken stones on the top. The crumbling walls still attached to the tower descend gradually into the rubble of the castle.

A chull hides within the tower. This lobster-like creature waits in ambush and strikes as soon as a team member comes within reach. The chull will not leave its lair inside the tower, which—unless team members enter the cramped confines of the tower—makes it impossible to flank. Due to the tight space inside the tower, crawlers can only wield small and medium sized weapons. A metal grate leading to the next room

rests on the far side of the room with an old padlock holding it closed. The large, rusted padlock requires an Open Locks (DC 17) to unlock. The team can see through the grate; read the beginning to Room #32 if they look.

Chull: CR 7; Large Aberration; HD 11d8+44 (Aberration); hp 93; Init +7; Spd Swim 20, 30; AC 22; Atk +12 base melee, +10 base ranged; +12 (2d6+5, 2 Claws); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Squeeze (Ex), Paralysis (Ex); SQ: Immunity: Paralysis (Ex), Immunity: Poison (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +9; STR 20, DEX 16, CON 18, INT 10, WIS 14, CHA 5. Skills: Hide +13, Jump +11, Listen +13, Spot +13. Alertness1, Improved Initiative1

32. Diving for Pearls

The room beyond the metal grate is perhaps the largest you have seen yet. The water distorts vision in the cavernous room, making distance difficult to estimate. In a drastic change from the previous portions of the aquarium, this room abandons tropical colors for dull grays, greens, and blacks. Schools of fish still swim through the waters, but they lack the vibrant colors of their tropical cousins. Thick black muck coats the floor, and jagged rocks pepper the landscape. Lobsters and crabs crawl about the rocks. Clams, scallops and oysters poke out of the mud. Three giant clams, each the size of a small car, line the far wall. Basketball-sized pearls lie perched in each of the outer two clams and a chromed object rests in the center one.

If the team enters the room, read the following:

Seemingly out of nowhere, a horridly revolting old woman appears. Her wart-covered skin is covered with sores and pox, oozing a putrid yellow pus. Her skin resembles decomposing flesh. Slimy, black goop smears her dark green hair. Broken yellow teeth grin from behind her torn lips. The woman's nakedness serves to complete the horrifying picture. The mere sight of this creature weakens you, and several people in the crowd faint and wretch.

Each player must immediately make a Save vs. Horrific Appearance (DC 18).

The woman's grating voice distorts while rippling through the water. "Come for me pearls have we? I don't think I shall let you have them. Nope, won't let you have them at all." Her torn voice is barely understandable through the water. She shrieks, nearly deafening you in the tank. The muck suddenly shifts, and a slithering shape stirs up the silt. A large, reptilian head emerges, churning up a spray of mud and filth as the wretched woman quickly swims toward the pearls. The head resembles a crocodile with a large snout and exposed teeth. The body mirrors a snake with stubby flippers for arms. With its toothy snout open, it charges.

The sea hag knows to stay out of the elasmosaurus' view; she has limited control over it, but not enough to stop its bloodlust. She hides behind the clams and uses her evil eye attack on the team, targeting spell casters first. The elasmosaurus attacks any incapacitated team members, then the largest team member. The hag attacks the team directly when they defeat the elasmosaurus, but surrenders when close to death. A door is hidden behind the clams on the far wall.

Elasmosaurus: CR 5; Huge Beast (Aquatic); HD 5d10+25 (Beast); hp 52; Init +2; Spd 20, Swim 50; AC 13; Atk +9 base melee, +3 base ranged; +9 (2d8+12, Bite); SQ: Scent (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +2; STR 26, DEX 14, CON 20, INT 1, WIS 13, CHA 9. Skills: Listen +2, Spot +5.

Sea Hag: CR 4; Large Monstrous Humanoid (Aquatic); HD 3d8+3 (Monstrous Humanoid); hp 16; Init +1; Spd 30, Swim 40; AC 13; Atk +6 base melee, +3 base ranged; +6 (1d4+4, 2 Claws); SA: Evil eye (Su), Horrific appearance (Su); SQ: Resistance: Spell (Ex), Water breathing (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +4; STR 19, DEX 12, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 10. Skills: Hide +3, Knowledge (nature) +4, Listen +9, Spot +9. Alertness1

Treasure/Rewards: Two *pearls of power*, a *spanning wrench*, and two pearls worth 2000GP each

33 Finale - Naga and Scraggs

The door behind the clams leads to a long hall. At the end of this cold hallway stands a large glass and stainless steel vault door. A large wheel and four polished dials break the smooth glass surface. The juxtaposition of glass and steel creates a beautiful and artistic door. The placement of the hinges indicates that the door opens inward. Unfortunately, the chamber beyond appears flooded. The walls of the chamber ahead are painted with four horizontal, evenly spaced stripes along with four round drains on the floor. Several AVSs turn on around you, showing DJ Phantom's glowing green head. "Hello again, heroes. Through this door is the final room. Three of the drains must be open before you can open this door."

If the team does not have three drains open, the DJ talks with the team and sends them on their way, offering hints if need be. If the team opened at least three drains, read the following:

Phantom smiles. "I see you have made it through the level mostly intact. You have done a much better job than I expected. I haven't killed nearly as many of you as I had hoped, but that should soon change. I will grant you mercy,

if you wish, and let you walk away with the gold you have earned so far. All other treasure is forfeit in that case. Of course, you won't be able to continue on to the last level, which would be a shame. Looks like you're in the lead—for now. I'm sure our fans would rather see you fighting, rather than chit-chatting, so lets get on with it. Will you press forward or bravely run away?"

Allow the team a chance to banter back and forth with Phantom. With the DJ taunting them and pointing out any mistakes they have made in the crawl to this point. After a few minutes, read the following:

With his taunting complete, the dials on the door spin and one by one lock into place. The last dial locks into place and the wheel turns to swing the door inward. The roar of the crowd echoes in the room before you. The announcers are clearly heard from their post with the crowd.

CHUCK: How about that Dan; for the second time in the crawl, the DJ is actually offering (team's name) a chance to quit. This room must have some really nasty critters.

DAN: Remember, Chuck, Phantom was supposedly a Division 2 DJ. Already, several rooms have pushed Division 3 to its limits. This may be an unaltered Division 2 room.

CHUCK: Wow! Do you think (team's name) can handle a room like that? They have shown how very capable they are, but I don't know about a Division 2 level room.

DAN: Well, look at their stats in the crawl so far. While they aren't the best in the league, they are an above average team. I think they have a good shot at winning this whole thing. Chuck, I'd place money on them being able to finish the last room—if I was a betting man, that is… "

The team may take a few minutes to discuss options. If the team waffles, Phantom offers each a *potion of cure serious wounds* if they press on, and another 1000GP each if they quit. If the team backs out, the crowd becomes hostile and the team takes an appropriate penalty to the team's Fame. If the team decides to continue, read the following:

Moving down the corridor towards the final fight, reporter Kelly Spartan stops you in your tracks. "So, you decided to go for glory and risk it all on this last room. I'm impressed. Do you have anything you would like to tell your fans?"

Kelly has arranged to be at this point in the stage for a private interview. Phantom hopes the team will become agitated enough to yell at the camera, making them look bad on camera. Kelly pauses long enough to give the team time to speak to the camera, but not enough time to become boring.

"May the goddesses favor you. I hope all of you make it through in one piece."

With the interview done, she and the cameraman quickly leave, allowing you to step into the room. The audience surrounds you in this massive, arena room. A thick glass dome covers the arena, protecting the crowd from harm. The entire room resembles a huge fountain, where marble solders fight several small, emerald-green dragons at the center of the room. In each corner of the room, either an archer or dragon fountain sprays water in long, graceful arcs, landing the center of the mock melee. The entire floor—save for the raised areas around the statues—lies covered in three-foot deep water. The familiar voice of Phantom speaks out over the crowd.

"Welcome! I'm so glad you decided to continue. This gives me one more chance to increase my body count. Oh, where are my manners? I would like to introduce you to the twins."

Two identical trolls rise out of the water on opposite sides of the arena. They roar loudly and grandstand as the DJ speaks. "Todd and Rod just love carnage and destruction. That's why I brought them here."

AVSs around the room show video clips of the trolls fighting dozens and dozens of prisoners armed with swords and shields. Todd and Rod mercilessly tear through the crowd. The prisoners put up a good fight, but simply cannot match the twins' might.

"May Fortuna smile on you. You'll really need it."

The trolls grandstand more and banter with the team before finally attacking. The trolls (Todd and Rod) tend to play off each other, one of them mocking the team's appearance (picking on any fighter, trying to provoke hand to hand combat), while the other mimics any team member who speaks. A water naga hides in the center of the fountain, blending in with the dragon statues; a Spot check (DC 18) is needed to see it. Unless spotted, the naga waits to see how the fight with the trolls goes, attacking with spells after one troll has fallen. The naga likes to show off with flashy spells, but never uses fire-based spells.

Trolls, Scraggs (2): CR 5; Large Giant; HD 6d8+36 (Giant); hp 63; Init +2; Spd 20, Swim 40; AC 18; Atk +9 base melee, +5 base ranged; +9/+4 (1d6+6, 2 Claws; 1d6+3, Bite); SA: Rend (Ex); SQ: Regeneration (Ex), Scent (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +11, Ref +4, Will +3; STR 23, DEX 14, CON 23, INT 6, WIS 9, CHA 6. Skills: Listen +5, Spot +5. Iron Will1Alertness1

Water Naga: CR 7; Large Aberration (Aquatic); HD 7d8+28 (Aberration); hp 59; Init +1; Spd 30, Swim 50; AC 15; Atk +7 base melee, +5 base ranged; +7 (2d6+4, Bite); SA: Poison (Ex), Spells; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +8; STR 16, DEX 13, CON 18, INT 10, WIS 17, CHA 15. Skills: Concentration +12, Listen +10, Spellcraft +8, Spot +10. Lightning Reflexes 1. Spells Known (SA Spells: Sor 6/7/7/4): 0— *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*; 1st— *enlarge, expeditious retreat, magic missile, obscuring mist, unseen servant*; 2nd— *fog cloud, melf's acid arrow, resist elements*; 3rd— *lightning bolt, stinking cloud.*

Treasure/Rewards: 100lbs of "milk-fed veal" for every human in the party, a 5,000GP note, a *round shield of lightening resistance* from House-B-Safe whole-house surge protection (their logo is prominent on the shield), a pair of masterwork *ZipZams*, and a bottle of *Super-Hoops Foot Powder* (when put into a players boots or shoes, it provides fifteen minutes of +2 DEX and the equivalent of the Run feat—four doses per bottle).

Closing Interviews

Once the fight is over, hidden doors at the far side of the room open and pyrotechnics explode, throwing plumes of brightly colored sparks into the air. As you walk out the door, a human chain of security guards holds back the crowd. Moving to the waiting limo photographers, people wanting autographs, and fans rush security just for a chance to touch you. The security guards give you a few moments with the crowd before forcing you into limo. Inside the limo Kelly Spartan waits for you.

Kelly interviews the team on the way back to the hotel. If the team has a publicist or an agent, they wait in the car as well. Once at the hotel, the team is quickly rushed to their rooms for security reasons.

Optional Between Stage Material

The team has Saturday off before moving on to the final level on Sunday. If you choose, you can use any of the following material to enhance the crawl. If you are choosing not to run this adventure as a campaign style event, then skip ahead to Stage Three.

Hotel Shooting

When the team makes it back to the hotel after the second stage, they find the place crawling with police. The team is taken in through a back door, and directed to the grand ballroom, where they find the the August Legionnaires and Night Crawlers waiting. The PCs can speak with the other teams, the hotel staff, and the police to discover what is happening. Here is what they know:

August Legionnaires—Their team leader is in the hospital. He lost his leg in the fight with the scrags.

Night Crawlers—They were disqualified from the crawl today, and are just waiting to get back to their rooms. Most of them are drunk, and are looking for a fist fight.

Hotel Staff—There was a shooting in one of the team's rooms, but that's all they know. They love talking with the team, though, and will continue to answer any questions, even though they don't know much.

The Police—A gunman attacked one of the teams. There were no casualties, but there were injuries and an investigation is underway.

General Rumors:

- No one thinks the fans saw the same things on the second level that the teams saw. Phantom was hiding the true content of the crawl.
- DJ Phantom might be behind the shooting. Everyone knows that he hates Oni.

During their time at the crawl, there was a shooting. A gunman broke into the a room occupied by the Dunguun Gangstaas. Oni was shot, but suffered only a minor wound. Stud was seriously wounded and is currently at the hospital. Rumors float about that the gunman was Carley Danger, but it was not. It was a rabid fan who got angry at Oni's rejection of his advances. After about an hour in the ballroom, gunfire can be heard upstairs. Shortly, the police announce that the situation has been resolved.

The police did search every team's quarters, so if there were any illegal materials in the rooms, the police will question the PC. Due to the shooting, the Dunguun Gangstaas are forced to withdraw from the event, leaving just the PCs team to finish the crawl.

The Breakfast of Nobles

The morning of the final stage, the team is invited to a gala breakfast held in their honor. It is actually more of an opportunity for the local nobles to share the spotlight with the stars of the Crawl. For the team, however, it becomes an important key in discovering the truth behind the crawl.

The team is unaware of this breakfast, as it has been put together without their knowledge. After they arrive at the arena, read the following.

> *As you enter the Coliseum you see the familiar face of Lisa Perry rushing up to meet you. "Good! You're here! We have a lot to do this morning, and you are already late. Follow me!" Without so much as a hello, she ushers you through the hallways to a large room filled with tables and food. Dozens of finely dressed people are sitting at the tables. They all look at you as you enter, while a man dressed as a waiter steps in front of you: "Lords and Ladies, and other distinguished guests, may I present (team's name)."*
>
> *With the mentioning of your name, the people sitting at the tables break into applause. Looking over at you, Ms. Perry explains the situation: "Okay, you have an hour for breakfast. Mingle with as many of these VIPs as you can. They paid a lot of money to be here, and we want them to get their best." With that she turns and walks out, leaving you with your adoring fans.*

The breakfast is filled with many prominent nobles, including Count Dominic and Mayor Stratford. The team is invited to sit at several tables, so they either have to move from one table to the next, or split up among the various groups. They engage in small talk with the various people who are here more to be seen than to see the team. The Mayor and Count Dominic both wish the team well in the final stage, and chit-chat about how well they feel the crawl is going.

A few minutes before the team is supposed to leave, a waiter comes over to them (either as a group or individually). Read the following:

> *"Your presence is requested in private. Would you please follow me?"*

If the team resists, the waiter informs them that he is a member of the Imperial Security League, and this is a matter of Imperial importance. If the team follows the man, read the following:

> *You are lead out of the room and onto a lush patio. A large marble fountain decorated by a statue of Neptune. Standing beside the fountain is an imposing man dressed in a black suit. He motions for you to come over to the fountain.*

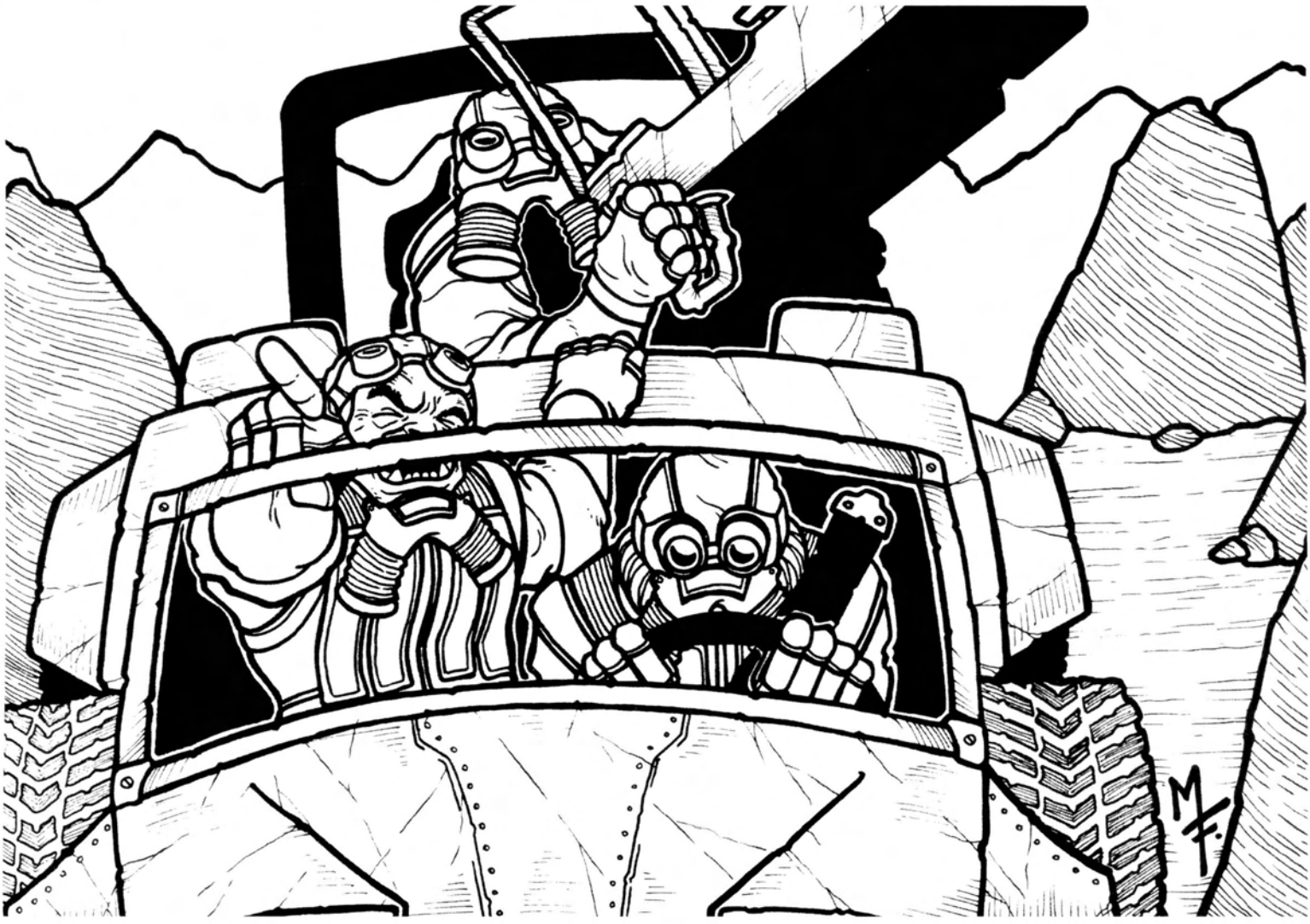
The man is Agent Johnson of the ISL. He has been investigating Mayor Stratford, DJ Phantom, and the entire situation for months. He asks one of the team to wear a wire into the third level so that he can get the evidence that he needs to bring them both down. This is for the good of the Empire. Surely, they are loyal to the Empire?...

If the team doesn't agree, they will be considered possible malcontents, and be kept under heavy surveillance. If they do agree, one of them (probably the rogue) will be given a small camera to use throughout the third level.

After their meeting with Agent Johnson, the team is immediately taken to their dressing rooms to prepare for the final stage.

STAGE THREE: INFESTATION

Infestation is the third and final stage of the Three Rivers Crawl. At this point, all other teams have been eliminated from competition, with only one team moving on to the last round—the PC's team. This stage is laid out quite differently from the previous two stages due to problems between Mayor Stratford and DJ Phantom. Stratford's mental stability has eroded constantly over the last few months and his Tough on Crime campaign ratcheted down on the simplest of misdemeanors. This new policy required quite a bit of funding, which he has taken directly from the crawl. Tol'Zu'Gre was upset at not having funds to complete a third level, but he saw it as opportunity to turn it to his advantage. He decided on a simple option: he ordered his troops to move out of their training facilities and alter them into his third level. The troops didn't understand, but didn't question orders. Tol'Zu'Gre was determined to have his revenge on the Mayor, and perhaps the best course of action was to let the natural atrocities of the troops shock the team and public into action.



The lair of each unit includes large, open areas. Some contain buildings and others traditional tunnels. In each section, there is a very freeform feel; the sections do not include the more traditional room, hall, door, and other room formula. Phantom has set up the central area of the stage and the final encounter room, while the rest of the level is the training ground for urban warfare that was set up in the lowest levels of the coliseum. The GM must read each area well in advance in order to acclimate herself with the freeform nature of the lairs. For example, in the gnoll lair, called Gnollville, the team has the opportunity to enter multiple buildings, but does not have to enter all of them in order to complete the mission.

The goal of Infestation is to play Capture the Flag with the remnants of Tol'Zu'Gre's forces. In many ways, this level is not as challenging as the previous two, but some of the tasks are extraordinarily dangerous. As in previous stages, the cameramen are in on the plot and will not show hidden areas on television.

Intro/Green Room

Finally, the long morning of schmoozing and ass-kissing ends, and the quiet of the green room relaxes you. Quite an upgrade from the green rooms of the previous two stages, this large room provides plush couches, a pool table, gourmet food, and even a trained masseuse. The walls and furniture reflect in the light with their matching lime green covers. Your gear sits on the inspection tables, already tagged and ready to go. A man in a tuxedo approaches you, a large grin on his face.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen. I am Daniel, your concierge. If I can do anything to assist you, please let me know. Madam Perry wanted me to inform you that she will arrive in approximately 45 minutes for your pre-game interview. She insists that you be prepared when she arrives with the camera crew."

The team's gear lies on the inspection table, already inspected and tagged. After the inspection, but before the team arrives, The Jester set his tricks among the equipment. He left a prank for each team member and a few pranks for the team. The team must search their gear, making a Spot check (DC 20) to notice the pranks. The Jester sprayed each piece of equipment with a clear, phosphorescent liquid, making them glow in the dark. He also spread itching powder in any clothing and armor, and hid paper bags full of bugs (ants, roaches, spiders, etc) in the packs. Pranks on individuals depend on the team's makeup, and are at the GM's discretion. The following are typical examples of pranks: emptying alchemist fire, acid, and holy water bottles and filling them with water, soda, juice, etc; removing the metal tips from arrows and bolts; shoe

polish around the edges of goggles or binoculars; replacing scrolls with joke texts, or filling scroll tubes with confetti and spring snakes. If any pranks are discovered before the crawl begins, the referees force the Jester to return and fix all items.

The door to the room flies open as Lisa Perry stalks in, followed by a camera crew. Lisa yells at someone on a headset phone, orders the crew around, and flips through her clipboard all at once. She looks at you, glares, shakes her head and keeps talking. Chuck and Dan walk into the room a few moments later, ignore Lisa, and make a beeline for you.

The announcers chat with the team for a few minutes. Have them talk about the upcoming level. The announcers haven't been given the standard pre-crawl briefing on what to expect, and are willing to share this information with the team. They are confused about the level, but don't really get into too much depth before Lisa interrupts.

"Damn it! What in Hades do you think you're doing? We have a show to put on here and you're gabbing away. And you," she says, looking at each of you in turn, "you were supposed to be ready when I got here. What have you been doing? Were you just sitting around on your asses like a bunch of candy-ass prima donnas? Look, just get over there and get ready. We only have about," she looks at the stopwatch hanging around her neck, "Sweet Apollo! We only have 11 minutes! Don't just stand there, ***move****!" Lisa pushes you towards the studio. "Daniel, get me a strong drink. I'm going to need it." Her crew directs you to the studio as they work to get the backdrop of the coliseum in place and make last minute adjustments.*

This interview operates much like the previous ones. The anchors ask generic questions, as well as specifics about the team's performance in the last level. The specific questions remain at the GM's discretion. After the interview, the team has about 30 minutes before Lisa fusses at them to get ready.

Read the following just before starting the stage:

As soon as Lisa steps off stage, all the lights suddenly turn off, except for one large spotlight from above, illuminating you. The stage crew moves things in the darkness as Phantom's voice echoes around you.

"Welcome, heroes. Welcome, (team's name). You have proven yourself to be the best this crawl has to offer—now I'll put you to the test! You are about to enter Infestation!" AVSs display the crowded arena and a stage with exploding pyrotechnics. The band on stage plays the Infestation theme: a driving hard rock number. As they play, images of your team from the crawl flash in time to the music on surrounding AVSs. At the end of the video, the section of floor underneath you shudders and moves upwards with the mechanical humming of hydraulic lifts. A large section of the ceiling opens above you, the green neon of its outline glowing in the darkness. The band quiets as strange, dissonant music plays, this time from every direction around you. The lift and the music stop at precisely the same time, leaving only the eerie nightly sounds of crickets and cicadas surrounding you.

Phantom whispers through speakers at your feet. "To make it through this stage, you have to play Capture the Flag with my monsters. Once you put each tribe's flag into its flag room, you get their treasure. I provided each tribe the opportunity to devise its own lair. Even I'm not sure what's in store for you. I'd watch out for the kobolds, though; they've been in there the longest, and they breed like rabbits."

Phantom's voice disappears and the lights in the room flicker on. In the pitch black of the room, you could not see the ultra-fine mosquito netting around the lift, holding uncountable numbers of bugs at bay. Ants, roaches, locusts, mosquitoes, centipedes, moths, and dozens of others flit and fly about, creating a chaotic maelstrom reacting to the intense lights. Rotting trash, animal carcasses, and corpses litter the floor around you. Through the swarm, a long hallway is visible.

The team has no choice but to go through the swarming insects, or find a way to kill them. This room belongs to the kobolds—they dump their refuse and waste here. The little beasts also dump the bodies of anything that has died from disease: pigs, goats, kobolds, gnolls, or anything else. Quite a few rotting corpses speckle the dump as well. Many of the insects carry diseases. While running through the insects, each team member must make a Fort save (DC 15) versus malaria. Failure results in contraction of the disease. Over time, symptoms of the disease appear to each person contracting it. A portcullis covered in mosquito netting blocks the end of the tunnel requiring a STR check (DC 14) to open. The portcullis is weighted to close and block the insect hallway.

1. Warm Welcome

After braving the insect swarm and reaching the portcullis, you find yourself inside a lavish reception area. The whole room reminds you of the lobby of a five-star hotel. Highly polished Roman marble tiles line the walls and floor. Repeating circular patterns grace the stone walls. Mahogany doors ornament three walls. The north hallway contains a mahogany double door holding two road signs, one with a curved arrow pointing left reads, "Orc City #3." The other sign, a mangled, spray painted sign that once welcomed people to Pittsburgh, points right, indicating the way to "Goblintropolis." The eastern mahogany door has "Gnollville" carved deeply into the wood, and "Kobold Labrth lobrinth Maiz" is scrawled in paint on the western door. An unmarked brass door stands next to the northern mahogany door. Four large gold and crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling, illuminating the room, while shining spotlights on four mahogany pedestals highlight the middle of the chamber. On each pedestal rest presents wrapped with brightly colored paper and ribbons of silver and gold. Taped to each box lid, different colored cards shine with metallic paint: one green, one brown, one yellow and one red.

"Welcome to the reception area. This is one of the few rooms I designed," says Phantom, as his image appears, floating in the center of the room. "Each of the tribes left you a welcome present. Once you open a present, that tribe's door opens, allowing you to thank them personally for the thoughtful and generous gift. I hope you like what they left. I'm sure looking forward to seeing what's under the ribbons and paper. It'll be like a birthday party, only with less clowns—see, I'm not that evil." Grinning, Phantom's visage blinks out, leaving the next step to you.

Each present contains a trap. Mahogany overlays cover impenetrable, solid steel doors. Until the appropriate present is opened, no door unlocks.

Box A: The Red Card

Inside this box you discover a bright red, enameled combat claw. The claw consists of a gauntlet, vambrace, and pauldron. Ceramic composite armor provides resilience, but removes the burden of weight in this beautifully crafted piece of armor. A round, scalloped buckler attaches to the vambrace, concealing a small, double crossbow. A pair of removable, curved blades protrudes from the gauntlet itself. A card, scribed in delicate calligraphy reads "Welcome to the neighborhood. I hope you enjoy the combat claw. If you wish to learn how to use it, I'm sure some of my comrades will be happy to show you how effective they can be in combat. Best of luck, Iejasu Crimson Mane" Moments after you open this gift, the door on the west side of this room opens.

This is the gift opening the section into the gnolls lair. A clever trap resides within the claw; small, one-way spikes prevent anyone wearing the claw from removing it. A Search check (DC 30) or Craft: Armorsmith check (DC 15) discovers this concealed trap. Small, one-way spikes prevent removal of the claw once it is worn. Trying to remove the claw deals 1d6 points of wounding damage each attempt. A Craft: Armorsmith check (DC 20) removes the item, but the spikes still deal damage. Disassembling and reassembling the claw— without spikes— requires two Craft: Armorsmith checks (DC 17), an hour, and the proper smithing tools.

Box B: The Yellow Card

Inside this box lies brand new, top of the line spelunking gear, including a hard hat with an ever-burning lantern set in the front. The card reads, "This be needed in ar caves yep, sorry we only able to afford one set, give to thief please. They know how to best use, yep yep. Ochitsuki, kobold big boss man." A few moments after you open this gift, the door on the east side of this room opens.

The kobolds' plan plays into the belief that they lack any shred of intelligence. However, the crude traps on the gear merely distract from the real danger. A Spot check (DC 10) finds the rope frayed in two spots and a scorpion under the hat. The real, more insidious trap lines the hard hat. The kobolds soaked the rim of the hat with contact poison. A Spot check (DC 25) shows the discoloration. The concentrated and distilled Veedall leaf residue (Fort save (DC 18), 2d12+4/1d6+1 CON) stands among the deadlier poisons. The tribe's symbol marks all of the equipment, allowing the kobold sorcerers to track the team's movement using clairvoyance/clairaudience or locate object.

Box C: The Green Card

This box contains a large rubber chicken, squeaky clown shoes, a gun with a "Bang" flag and several sets of fake teeth. The card simply reads, "HEHEHEHEHEHE box go boom NOW!!!! Baramir"

This box leads to the goblins' section, and contains the sole conventional trap. Opening or moving the box starts a time-delayed bomb set for ten seconds. The ten-second time limit encompasses the team's actions the round the trap armed and a partial action the next. The bomb acts as a 6d6 fireball centered on the pedestal, causing a knockdown regardless of a successful save. A Search check (DC 25) locates the trap, and a Disable Device (DC 20) disables it. If tripped, a Spot check (DC 18) sees the puff of smoke as the fuse ignites. All of the items, except for the gun, disintegrate in the blast. The gun survives intact and undamaged. It takes a Spot check (DC 20) to notice it or Search check (DC 14) to find it in the rubble. The gun is actually the goblin's flag. The tribe's leader hid it here, hoping the team would overlook it as just another joke. The goblin's door opens upon detonation of the bomb, or when it is deactivated successfully.

At this point, you, as the GM, have to make a decision: the team may either face Big Billy or a bulette. The stone giant is a very tough fight. If you think that it is too difficult, or if the team did not injure or kill the rust monsters, use the bulette.

If the team injured or killed the rust monsters in Stage One: Surviving the Elements, Big Billy the Stone Giant waits behind the goblins' door. The goblins arranged this meeting. The giant attacks, driven by rage and fury. He does not understand much, due to his limited capacity, but he knows that this team injured his friends. If he becomes badly injured, he stops fighting and simply breaks down into tears, not really understanding why he hurts. This is considered surrender and he no longer attacks the team. If the team attacks Big Billy after he stops fighting, they lose one point of Fame.

Big Billy, A Male Giant, Stone Giant14/Com4: CR 12; Large Giant (Earth); HD 14d8+56 (Giant), 4d4+16 (Commoner); hp 146; Init +2; Spd 40; AC 22; Atk +21 base melee, +13 base ranged; +21 (2d8+15, Rock); +21 (1d4+10, Unarmed); SA: Rock throwing (Ex); SQ: Rock catching (Ex); AL NG; SV Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +3; STR 30, DEX 15, CON 19, INT 5, WIS 7, CHA 14. Skills: Handle Animal +4, Knowledge (nature) +3, Wilderness Lore +1. Feats: Cleave, Improved Unarmed Strike, Power Attack, Snatch.

Bulette: CR 7; Huge Beast; HD 10d10+50 (Beast); hp 105; Init +2; Spd 40, Burrow 10; AC 22; Atk +13 base melee, +7 base ranged; +13/+8 (2d8+8, Bite; 2d6+4, 2 Claws); SA: Leap (Ex); SQ: Scent (Ex), Tremorsense (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +12, Ref +9, Will +4; STR 27, DEX 15, CON 20, INT 1, WIS 13, CHA 6. Skills: Jump +12, Listen +6.

Box D: The Brown Card

A gleaming blue-steel bastard sword glows faintly from within this box. The note reads, "I, Constantine, personally welcome you to our lair. I watched your progress through the crawl and anticipate meeting you in combat. This sword has been in my tribe for generations. Take it, and with it you may have a chance against my tribe and me in combat. Sincerely, Colonel Constantine." A few moments after you open this gift, the door on the north side of this room opens.

Inside the box rests the ancestral weapon of the orc commander, Constantine. *Fool's Insanity*, the intelligent bastard sword, mirrors the trickster qualities of the man who forged it many years ago. The sword contains two powers: granting the exotic weapon proficiency: Bastard Sword to its wielder and changing alignments to the opposite power of its new wielder—holy, unholy, lawful, or chaotic. For example, if the wielder is chaotic good, the sword changes to lawful or unholy. There is a ten percent chance that the sword changes to the exact opposite alignment and takes on two abilities, such as lawful and unholy from the preceding example. Only a true neutral character can use this sword without detriment.

2. Break Room: The Crawl-On Inn

The heavy brass door swings open, revealing an upscale club complete with a rich, polished mahogany bar, polished brass railings, leather covered high-back chairs, and fine elven glassware. A bartender in formal clothes waives at you to enter.

"So, what can I get for you? Beer, wine, or maybe something to munch on," he asks with

a big grin. The old man in the last seat calls out to you. "Hey, this guy makes great fried cheese puffs, and he has these little weenies wrapped in a roll that are even better. Name is Sam by the way; I'm a doctor if you need anything."

In fact, Phantom replicated the Imperial Hotel bar. A player recognizes this if they have been out on the town at any point between levels or before the crawl. Sam, a very proficient doctor, works in the emergency room at one of the local hospitals. He is a tenth-level Paramedic. Sam also talks quite a bit, and carries on a conversation with someone as long as they seem interested. Matt, the bartender is professional and talkative as well. Both know a lot about the city, and are willing to talk about most of the rumors going around.

Sam: Human Paramedic10/Doctor2: Medium; HD 8d6; hp 35; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 12; Atk +4 base melee, +6 base ranged; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +7; STR 11, DEX 14, CON 12, INT 17, WIS 12, CHA 16. Skills: Alchemy +10, Concentration +12, Diplomacy +15, Gather Information +8, Heal +22, Knowledge (Medicine) +15, Listen +6, Spot +5, Search +4, Sense motive +5. Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Expertise, Skill Focus (x2), Rescue, Calm Under Pressure, Status, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Resuscitate, Leadership, Multi-Heal, Medical School, Iron Will, Medical Expertise, Diagnose, Bedside Manner, Prescriptions Treatments Per day (13, 10, 7, 6, 5)

0– *cure minor wounds, detect poison*

1– *cure light wounds, remove fear*

2– *calm emotions, cure moderate wounds, delay poison, gentle repost, lesser restoration, remove paralysis*

3– *cure serious wounds, remove blindness/deafness, cure disease*

4– *cure critical wounds, neutralize poison, restoration*

3. Gnollville

Gnollville Intro

The light passing through the open mahogany doors pierces the inky black void of the chamber, sending a shaft of illumination deep into it. The polished marble floor gives way to hard-packed red clay, scattered with tufts of grass in the distance. An AVS flickers on before you. A gaunt and very pale female gnoll, fur dyed a deep crimson, stands crisp in her formal military uniform. She is inside a crypt decorated with stacked skulls and piles of bone. "Welcome (team's name).

I am Iejasu Crimson Mane, Commandant of this encampment. My troops have prepared for this day. Let us see if they have what it takes to defeat you." The AVS blinks out, and with a sudden slam the mahogany doors close, immersing you in complete darkness.

The door closes to block out light, not trap the team inside. The door remains unlocked, but closes automatically.

General info

The gnolls modeled their lair after a small country town they have dubbed "Gnollville." Gnolls do not make good long-term allies with other races, primarily because they see all other races as viable food sources. Deployment plans set them away from other troops. A small town becomes the perfect terrain for this insertion. "Gnollville" acts, essentially, as a basic training base in disguise. Unlike the other lairs, however, "Gnollville" has very dim lighting resembling moonlight. The gnolls here train for night combat and prefer the darkness. This creates the greatest impact for the phosphorescent liquid the Jester sprayed on the team's gear if they have not removed it. The gnolls left the injured, old, and sick of their tribe here, as they no longer have use for these members. They strongly desire a direct battle with the team, in the hopes of dying an honorable death. The main contingent of gnolls has already dismantled and fled the area.

The gnolls in this arena will play a form of hit-and-run with the team. Their main goal is to guide the team into a trap that has been set at the Town Hall. Eight gnolls work as a unit, attacking and running, trying to get the team to follow them all the way to the park in front of the Town Hall, where twelve other gnolls wait in ambush. It is important for you to convince the players that they are genuinely getting the upper hand and forcing the remaining gnolls to retreat, luring them into the trap. The gnolls leading the players understand and are willing to sacrifice their lives in the attempt to destroy the team. It is their final chance at glory and honor.

The gnoll Commandant, Iejasu Crimson Mane, is a vampiric female. She is over one hundred years old, and fears nothing. She is in charge of this battalion of warriors, and rules them with an iron fist. She is cold, cruel, and calculating, and has little tolerance for stupidity, and despises Xcrawl. At no point does she come into direct conflict with the team, and if they somehow manage to get face to face with her, she turns into a gaseous form and floats away. There are no stats provided for Iejasu, since she is too powerful for the team to deal with directly. No one involved with the crawl, other than Phantom and the gnolls, is aware that Iejasu is a vampire.

Appearance

The gnolls wear armored clothing resembling stereotypical small town attire. The standard grunt trooper wears dirt-stained, denim overalls, a flannel shirt, baseball cap, and work boots, while the officers wear sheriff's uniforms. Their eyes glow a haunting yellow, and their bestial and maniacal laugh creates confusion and disorientation in the darkness.

Tactics and strategies

The rigid and structured military constraints placed on the gnolls clashes with their normally chaotic nature, but the creatures adapt quickly. The remaining gnolls hunt in packs, and like to ambush and overwhelm their prey with superior numbers. They terrorize and stalk their prey before setting in for the kill. One squad acts as a decoy and tries to lure the team into an ambush where the remaining gnolls wait to pounce. The gnolls hiding in ambush require a Spot check to locate (DC 18). They laugh manically when they trap the team in an attempt to unnerve them. Because these remaining gnolls are injured, old, or sick they fight with vigor, hoping to die honorably in combat.

Gnolls (20): CR 1; Medium Humanoid; HD 2d8 (Humanoid); hp 7; Init -1; Spd 20; AC 15; Atk +1 base melee, +0 base ranged; +1 (1d8, Battleaxe); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref -1, Will +0; STR 11, DEX 8, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 12.

Buildings and Structures

The gnolls created several building of interest in "Gnollville; " they have a supermarket, a gas station with garage, several houses, a trash pit, a water tower, and a Town Hall.

GN-1 Supermarket

This building resembles a "Ceres' Bounty" grocery store. This national chain of stores sponsors part of this third stage. Specials for corn, whole chickens, canned spinach,

and other produce items plaster the windows. Peering through the doorway you see that—while it may look like a grocery store on the outside—the inside is far different. Two rows of wooden tables, chairs scattered about and lying on the floor, litter the center of the room. A door leading out of the room can be seen on the wall opposite the windows.

Except for what is described above, this building stands empty. Room #6 attaches to the back of the store.

GN-2 Water Tower

A large white steel pipe, easily eight feet in diameter, stretches up to a water tower painted with the words, "Welcome to Gnollville."

This is an empty water tower. It is hollow and fifty feet tall. It has no unusual features.

GN-3 Trash Pit

You come upon a cliff overlooking an unpleasant image. A rancid smell rises from this pit. The faint light shining into the pit shows splintered bones, rotting meat, broken glass, garbage, and sewage.

The gnolls dug the pit thirty feet deep, and use it as their refuse pile. If the ambush fails, the largest remaining gnoll regroups the remaining forces, trying to push the team into the pit after they retrieve the flag. Anyone falling into the pit takes 3d6 damage (fall) and spikes +10 melee (1d4 spikes 1d4+3 damage).

GN-4 Gas Station & Garage

An Axis Fuels sign hangs from the overhanging awning at this garage. Two brand new gas pumps sit out front. Ads for various soft drinks and snacks stick to the pumps and windows of the building, which is half convenience store and half mechanics garage. The building looks empty and unoccupied.

A Search check (DC 17) reveals that the area gets a lot of foot traffic. A Track (DC 15) shows that gnolls move in and out of the building frequently. See Room #5.

GN-5 Houses

A large billboard for Hestia Homes—advertising new, modern, and affordable housing—dominates the landscape. The sign stands in front of a variety of houses. Smaller signs indicating the amenities of each house stand on the grass-tufted lawn.

The homes served as barracks for the gnolls. They recently cleaned out, and completely abandoned them.

GN-6 Town Hall

Impressive Roman marble sheathes the exterior of the building. Grand steps lead up past statues to a bronze door. A park holding an empty flagpole stands in front of the building.

The marble veneer and bronze doors cover a blank concrete wall. The park in front of the building is the location of the planned ambush. Twelve gnolls sit in ambush, waiting for the team to get to the central spot of the flag pole before attacking. A secret tunnel at the base of the flag pole leads to Room #7.

4. Kobold Slaves

A barred and locked rusty cage door hangs on the left wall. The sounds of whimpering and moaning emerge from the darkness beyond.

After the player's open the door, read the following:

The door swings easily on its hinges as you pop the lock. Down a short tunnel sit almost two-dozen abused and malnourished kobolds shackled to the wall. Five gnolls dressed as small town sheriffs wander around the room with whips, abusing the pathetic kobolds. The gnolls, self-absorbed in their cruelty, do not notice your arrival.

The door opens with an Open Lock (DC 15). Inside, twenty kobold prisoners are being abused by five gnolls. The kobold forces are unaware of these prisoners; they think the captured kobolds have already left the encampment. The gnolls captured them infiltrating their area without permission, and intend on using them as emergency food supplies. The gnolls carry whips and battle axes. One of the kobolds speaks fluent English, and holds the rank of Captain; the other kobolds follow his orders. If the team sets the kobolds free, read the following:

One kobold looks at you, a strange intelligence gleaming in his eyes. "Thank you; it was just a matter of time before they killed us. Thank you again. I go home now." The kobolds all scurry out of the room.

NOTE: If the team reaches this room before completing the kobolds lair, when they arrive at the kobold's section, the rescued kobolds come out and provide a hint to help the team through the section.

Gnolls (5): CR 1; Medium Humanoid; HD 2d8+2 (Humanoid); hp 11; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 16; Atk +3 base melee, +1 base ranged; -1/-11 (1d8+2, Battleaxe; 1d2+1, Whip); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0; STR 15, DEX 10, CON 13, INT 8, WIS 11, CHA 8

5. Gnoll War Room

The entrance to this room is hidden inside the service well in the garage of the gas station. The door is well concealed, and takes a Search check (DC 25) to discover. The door stands unlocked. The cameramen refuse to follow the team and if forced, they turn off their cameras. A Spot check (DC 13) sees the change. If the team finds the room and enters it, read the following:

You step into a dark and shadowed warehouse that looks abandoned. Vapor lights far above flicker in the dusty haze, shedding a faint yellow-white light through the room, similar to moonlight. Various crates lie broken and scattered across the floor. On one side of the warehouse rest several wooden stalls. A large circle, worn and faded, rings the center of the floor. A thick layer of dust confirms the abandonment of the room.

This infantry training school for the gnolls includes stalls for modern gun ranges. A Search check (DC 18) finds a few spent rifle shell casings and (DC 24) a silencer/muzzle flash suppressor. The gun range has no lights to train the gnolls for night fighting. If the team enters the room to investigate, the announcers—heard through speakers in the warehouse—cut to commercials.

6. The Slaughter Pen

The entrance to this area lies in the storm shelter on the back of the grocery store. A large electric lock bars entrance to the shelter. The door requires an Open Lock (DC 20) to open. The announcers echo from speakers in the store talking about livestock carcasses. The cameramen will follow the team into this area. The level of shock for the entire event is extreme if this room is discovered.

Upon opening the heavy steel storm door, the sickly odor of death assaults your nose as it wafts up from the darkness. Creeping down the steel stairs, you push your way past several objects hanging from the ceiling before making it to the small room at the bottom.

If the team carries a light of any sort, continue reading. Otherwise, no light source is available in this basement and nothing can be seen.

Shining your flashlight around the room, your stomach knots and you become nauseated. On the ceiling hang the skinless, butchered remains of humans. A long wooded table stained red with blood sits in the center of the room where rows of skinned, decapitated heads, and several large butcher knives and cleavers rest. Lining one wall, racks have human skins stretched over them for tanning into leather. From the markings remaining on the skin, these were prisoners. Next to the racks, trays spill over, filled with different internal organs: livers, kidneys, hearts, etc. A walk-in refrigerator stands to one side; a quick peek in reveals fresh corpses destined for the same fate.

This is the where the gnolls are killing and preparing their food. The majority of the carcasses are human, though there are a few kobolds and goblins in the mix. The gnolls have been getting the humans from Phantom, who has been using them as a disposal service from the Mayor's Tough-On-Crime campaign. Phantom won't bring this up at any point during the remainder of the crawl; if questioned, he explains that he was under orders from the Mayor, and wasn't aware of how far gone things had become. Players seeing the carnage must make a CON check (DC 18) or become sick to their stomach and vomit.

7. Gnoll Special Forces/Flag Room

Stairs leading down to a long crudely dug earthen tunnel hide at the base of the flagpole in front of the "Gnollville" town hall. Oddly, a string of bare bulbs hung from the wooden tunnel braces light the area. The tunnel stretches on for almost two hundred feet before ending in a brightly lit round room plastered with posters for "Three Feet Under," the latest album from D.I.S.—Drunk, Irate, & Short—an all-dwarf death metal band. Centered in the room stands a short flagpole with the Gnollville flag hanging from it. On the wall to the left is a no-go door.

The room rotates. When the gnolls flip the switch, the room rotates and the NoGo door blocks the tunnel entrance, trapping the team inside the room. Any teammate caught in the tunnel when the lever is pulled can enter the room, but becomes trapped inside. To leave, the team must exit through the NoGo door or defeat the gnolls. As soon as the team enters the room, the gnolls rotate the room.

The moment you touch the flag, the room suddenly lurches and spins counter-clockwise. Moments later it stops. The NoGo door now covers the tunnel entrance. The only means of escape from the room now leads to disqualification. From above a deep, rhythmic bass kicks in. The wailing of an electric guitar joins the driving sounds of the bass; harsh music fills the room for a few seconds, followed by immediate silence. Bottle rockets screech and set off thunderous pyrotechnics, shooting sparks and flames high into the air, catching one wall on fire. When the flames and pyro go out, you see the cheering crowd looking down from the stands, a stage prominently placed on one side. The stone walls of this room drop away during the lights display, revealing plexiglas barriers between you and the outer world. You recognize the band—D.I.S—from the posters. One of the dwarves on stage screams out something obscene in Dwarven and makes a rude gesture before playing their newest song, "Snow White is Our Bitch."

Any team member who speaks Dwarven recognizes the curse as a traditional insult concerning the length of a mother's beard.

The hardcore death metal music riles the crowd. After a few minutes, the band stops. Iejasu Crimson Mane, in formal military uniform, appears behind the thick plexiglas.

"Well done. You provided my troops with a true challenge, something the prisoners couldn't do. You have earned the flag, but to earn your way out, you must defeat my elite Night Terrors."

Suddenly, music floods the room again, and the lights go out. No light enters the room until several sets of yellow eyes open and high-pitched, maniacal laughter surrounds you.

The Night Terrors are the elite gnoll fighting force. Each gnoll carries a combat claw and high-tech composite armor. These gnolls fight to the death, since Iejasu promised each the reward of vampirism if two team members drop. Iejasu watches the conflict coldly from her position, and then silently leaves once the battle is over, fading into the shadows.

Night Terror, Elite Gnoll: CR 4; Ranger 1/Fighter 2: Medium Humanoid; hp 39; Init +7; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk +9 base melee, +7 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +10, Ref +3, Will +0; STR 20, DEX 16, CON 15, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 10.Feats: Armor Proficiency: medium, Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Combat Claw, Improved Initiative, Shield Proficiency, Track, Weapon Focus: Combat Claw.

Night Terrors, Elite Gnoll (3): CR 2; Humanoid 2/Ranger 1: Medium Humanoid; HD 2d8+2 (Humanoid), 1d10+1 (Ranger); hp 17; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +5 base melee, +4 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +1; STR 17, DEX 14, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 12.Feats: Armor Proficiency: medium, Shield Proficiency, Track. Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Combat Claw

8. Kobold Labyrinth

Intro

Passing beyond the mahogany door, crude poster board signs bombard you. Horribly misspelled English adorns the banners. "Kobld Lft," "left to Maiz," "Koblds live ths waye," are just a few examples of the signs pointing towards the left passage. A look down the left passages shows even more signs leading you to the kobolds' lair. The main passage holds dozens of crude "Wrong Way" and "Do Not Enter" signs, and several simple barricades block the entrance to the sewers at the far end of the passage.

The floor near the sewers crawls with scorpions. While not really dangerous, they are an annoyance.

Small Scorpions (15): CR 1/2; Small Vermin; HD 1d8+2 (Vermin); hp 6; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk +0 base melee, +1 base ranged; +1/-4 (1d3-1, 2 Claws; 1d3-1, Sting); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Squeeze (Ex), Poison (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0; STR 9, DEX 10, CON 14, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +3, Hide +8, Spot +4. Weapon Finesse1Weapon Finesse: Sting1

General Info

A labyrinth of sewer pipe, the kobolds' lair twists and turns, becoming too small for a medium size creature to fit. Phantom chose the sewers for the kobolds to train them for deployment. The kobolds train as advanced troops specializing in sabotage and terrorism. The plan is to insert them into a city months in advance to destroy the NAE's infrastructure and manufacturing plants. Living in the sewers allows them freedom of movement, stealth, and access to almost everywhere in a city. Unknown to anyone but DJ Phantom, the Kobolds gained access to Pittsburgh's sewers system and frequently journey out on simulated missions. The kobolds tend to bring back souvenirs from these missions as proof, and they litter the lair. The kobolds have minimal lighting in their lair due to sensitivity to bright light.

The kobolds have no interest in fighting. They are specialists in infiltration, not warriors—that's the job of the larger brutes. Their first plan is to direct the team to the ogres and the ettin, hoping they will take care of the problem and be done with things (see Room #10). The kobolds encourage the "stupid and worthless" stereotype. If opponents believe the hype, the kobolds gain a psychological advantage. Almost every tunnel in their lair leads to traps or an ambush. They ambush opponents, engage for two or three rounds, then retreat. The kobolds feign death after they have been hit once, no matter the damage. Those kobolds faking death escape once the team passes. The kobolds understand the showmanship part of the crawl, and actively herd the team to their flag to get them out of their area as fast as possible. They simply want to the team to succeed and be finished.

The kobold commander is named Ochitsuki, and he just found himself elevated to the job with the death of the previous commander in a training accident. Ochitsuki has poor leadership skills, and isn't long for the job. The kobolds feel their best option is to carry through on their orders to clear out the lair and regroup underground, where they can rightfully choose a new leader.

Appearance

The kobolds dress in tattered, dirty clothing resembling the homeless. They arm themselves with crude spears, slings, rocks, daggers, or scorpions on sticks.

Tactics and strategy

The kobolds divide into six teams of ten; each team contains two third-level sorcerers, and eight third-level fighters. These are the elite kobold fighting units; the majority of the kobolds have been busy clearing out the rooms, and don't participate in any combat. Two of these kobold teams guard the flag, and they, too, try to lose as quickly as possible. The moment the team hits the sewers, the kobolds start harassing them; they attack from the small sewer openings, too small for humans, avoiding as much direct conflict as possible. All of the kobolds want to make it out of this alive, and have no interest in winning.

Kobold Squad

Kobold (2) Sor 3: CR 2; Small Humanoid (Reptilian); HD 3d4 (Sorcerer); hp 9; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +3 base ranged; +0 (1d4-2, Dagger); SQ: Darkvision (Ex), Light sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4; STR 6, DEX 13, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 15. Skills: Craft (Trapmaking) +0, Hide +5, Profession (Miner) +3, Search +2. Spells Known (Sor 6/6): 0—*daze, detect magic, mage hand, prestidigitation, ray of frost*; 1st—*cause fear, magic missile, ray of enfeeblement*. Weapons: Dagger.

Kobold (8) Ftr 3: CR 2; Small Humanoid (Reptilian); HD 3d10 (Fighter); hp 21; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 18; Atk +2 base melee, +5 base ranged; +5 (1d4-2, Dagger, punching); +6 (1d4-2, Sling); SQ: Darkvision (Ex), Light sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; STR 6, DEX 13, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 10. Skills: Craft (Trapmaking) +0, Hide +2, Profession (Miner) +2, Search +2. Feats: Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Finesse: Dagger, punching, Weapon Focus: Sling. Weapons: Sling; Dagger, punching. Armor: Chain shirt. Shields: Shield, small, wooden.

KO-1 Sewer Entrance

Pushing your way past the crude barriers into the sewer entrance, the strange beauty of this chamber astounds. Large, gothic columns stretch upwards and fan out high above you into a mosaic ceiling depicting a massive kobold orgy. The floor crackles with a layer of grime and dirt but that does little to distract from the brilliant colors and artistry of the mosaic. Several sewer pipes and rough holes mar the smooth walls of the chamber. Most of the pipes and holes look far too small for the average person to fit through but a few look large enough to get into.

This is the kobolds rutting lair. All of the female kobolds would gather here for the purpose of helping to propagate the species. Any elves or half-elves in the party are disgusted by the odor left in the room. Any half-orc thinks the room smells rather nice.

KO-2 Scorpion Den

The entrance to this room is high up on the wall of the Sewer Entrance (#KO-1). Finding it requires a Climb check (DC 17), and crawling through a large hole near the ceiling.

This chamber appears to be the result of an excavation. The floor chamber drops about six feet below the opening with sand scattered about. A series of narrow walkways hang throughout the room, extending from the entrance to a large suspended platform at the chamber's far end. The platform holds the remnants of a chemistry lab. Resting on the sandy ground, pots hold plants with red stalks and thick shiny deep green leaves. Beneath the walkway, various sized scorpions and centipedes scamper about in the sand while others sit in cages.

The walkways only support one hundred pounds, and snap under anything heavier. The kobolds use this room to harvest and refine poison. Currently, they distill Veedall leaf poison—a rather nasty contact poison. Disturbing the glassware (including moving in any way) exposes the team to the poison. The plants in the room are Veedall plants and a successful Knowledge: Nature/Poisons (DC 15) knows this. A Search check (DC 20) reveals two doses of scorpion poison and one dose of Veedall leaf hidden in a niche in the wall. Twice the number of scorpions and centipedes listed below reside in the cages.

Tiny Scorpions (10): CR 1/4; Tiny Vermin; HD 1/2d8+2 (Vermin); hp 4; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 14; Atk -2 base melee, +2 base ranged; +2/-3 (1d2-4, 2 Claws; 1d2-4, Sting); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Squeeze (Ex), Poison (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0; STR 3, DEX 10, CON 14, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +0, Hide +12, Spot +4. Weapon Finesse1Weapon Finesse: Sting1

Tiny Centipedes (10): CR 1/8; Tiny Vermin; HD 1/4d8 (Vermin); hp 1; Init +2; Spd 20; AC 14; Atk -3 base melee, +4 base ranged; +4 (1d3-5, Bite); SA: Poison (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; STR 1, DEX 15, CON 10, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +2, Hide +17, Spot +7. Weapon Finesse1

Small Scorpions (5): CR 1/4; Small Vermin; HD 1/2d8 (Vermin); hp 2; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk -2

base melee, +3 base ranged; +3 (1d4-3, Bite); SA: Poison (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; STR 5, DEX 15, CON 10, INT— WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +4, Hide +13, Spot +7. Weapon Finesse1

Small Centipedes (5): CR 1/4; Small Vermin; HD 1/2d8 (Vermin); hp 2; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk -2 base melee, +3 base ranged; +3 (1d4-3, Bite); SA: Poison (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; STR 5, DEX 15, CON 10, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +4, Hide +13, Spot +7. Weapon Finesse1

Medium Scorpions (2): CR 1; Medium Vermin; HD 2d8+4 (Vermin); hp 13; Init +0; Spd 40; AC 14; Atk +2 base melee, +1 base ranged; +2/-3 (1d4+1, 2 Claws; 1d4, Sting); SA: Improved grab (Ex), Squeeze (Ex), Poison (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +0, Will +0; STR 13, DEX 10, CON 14, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +8, Hide +8, Spot +7.

Medium Centipedes (2): CR 1/2; Medium Vermin; HD 1d8 (Vermin); hp 4; Init +2; Spd 40; AC 14; Atk -1 base melee, +2 base ranged; +2 (1d6-1, Bite); SA: Poison (Ex); SQ: Vermin; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; STR 9, DEX 15, CON 10, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 2. Skills: Climb +7, Hide +8, Spot +8. Weapon Finesse1

KO-5 Cave-In Trap

This area contains a trap to cave-in the tunnel. A Search check (DC 20) finds the pressure plate trigger. A Disable Device (DC 25) disarms the trap.

Cave-in trap: 6d6 damage/Ref save for half damage, failed save traps team member in rubble. Any player trapped in the rubble takes an additional 1d6 damage per round. A STR check (DC 20) is needed to remove anyone trapped from the rubble.

KO-4 Crossfire

Making your way down the sewer, you come across a collapsed section, forming a large chamber. You stand in a sewer pipe jutting out of the wall a few feet off the ground. The chamber stands twenty-five feet high, and the walls form a steep "V" fifty feet across at the top, and fifteen feet across at the bottom. At the top of the "V" the collapse covers what may lead to another tunnel.

An entire kobold squad hides at the top of the chamber, half on one side and half on the other. They plan on waiting until the team enters the room, ambushing them in a crossfire. The far wall of this chamber hides the other pipe entrance behind an illusion, requiring a Will save (DC 15) to disbelieve. The kobolds here cannot follow their normal pattern of retreating into smaller pipes. The large tunnel the team enters through and the one behind the illusionary wall are the only exits.

KO-5 Spike Ceiling Trap

Spikes descend from the ceiling, and portcullises block the team's escape. A Search check (DC 20) finds the trap, and a Disable Device (DC 30) disarms it. It takes the trap two minutes (twelve rounds) to descend fully, thus giving the team a chance to free themselves. The portcullises reopen with a STR check (DC 18); holding them open requires a STR check (DC 15) for every round held open. The trap deals 10d8 crushing damage.

KO-6 Flag Room

The sewer pipe empties into a large concrete chamber fifty feet across. In the center of the room two entire squads of kobolds, wearing heavy armor and wielding spears, stand guarding their flag. An AVS lights up near the kobolds with possibly the biggest, meanest kobold you have ever seen. He dressed in the same urban camouflage as the rest of the kobolds, but with two large silver stars on each collar. In a high-pitched, irritating voice he speaks: "I am Ochitsuki, commander of the kobolds here. You are an impressive opponent, but do you truly feel you can defeat my troops?"

Ochitsuki talks to the team for a while, then orders his troops to attack. The kobolds still fall after a single hit. After the kobolds have lost seventy percent of the forces gathered here, they retreat back into the tunnels. The kobolds regroup and start the evacuation of their lair through the real sewer tunnels.

9. (KO-7) Kobold Escape Tunnel/Main Sewer Entrance

The only way to enter this room is through a narrow tunnel just big enough for a kobold or other small creature. A medium-sized creature (human, dwarf, elf, etc.) can fit into the tunnel, but their movement is completely restricted, and they cannot defend themselves. Any team member entering must remove their gear, except for light armor. The cameramen cannot fit inside with the camera, so if the team insists on continuing, filming does not continue until they exit the tunnel. The kobolds ambush the team while they remove their armor and gear. It takes a Spot check (DC 27) or Racial Abilities to find the tunnel, due to the muck in the sewers; the kobolds have done their best to hide it. Four traps line the tunnel. A Search check (DC 18) finds them and Disable Device (DC 15) disables them. The traps consist of small glass globes holding a portion of black pudding with one-sixth normal HP each. If tripped, the globes shatter, releasing the pudding.

(Portion) Ooze, Black Pudding: CR 7; Ooze; HD 10d10+40 (Ooze); hp 18; Init -5; Spd 20, Climb 20; AC 3; Atk +8 base melee, +0 base ranged; +8 (2d6+4, Slam); SA: Acid (Ex), Constrict (Ex), Improved grab (Ex); SQ: Blindsight (Ex), Split (Ex); RF: Ooze qualities; AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref -2, Will -2; STR 17, DEX 1, CON 19, INT—, WIS 1, CHA 1. Skills: Climb +11.

If the team makes it through the tunnel, read the following:

After crawling through the cramped sewer tunnel, you come out into a large, dark room. Almost instantly, floodlights click on pointed in your direction, and the sound of cocking guns ring in your ears. You stand inside a room filled with crates and military supplies loaded onto several small ATV trailers. These kobolds wear urban camouflage uniforms and point very real automatic weapons at you. Stepping out in front, a large kobold in similar uniform with a pistol at his side and a single silver star on his lapel glares at you.

"It would be in your best interest to turn around, leave and forget you saw this. Refuse and I will order my troops to open fire." The kobold holds up his arm and the twenty kobolds take aim. "I'll give you to the count of five, four, three… "

If the team does not leave, the kobolds open fire. The party can try and fight, but the kobolds outnumber the team and the automatic weapons give a huge advantage to the small humanoids. If the team leaves, the kobolds let them go. The refs and other officials refuse to believe the team, no matter what they do to try and convince them. The officials also refuse to crawl down and investigate. If the team spouts off on camera about the tunnel, the DJ cuts to a promo for an upcoming crawl.

Kobold Ftr3 (16): CR 2; Small Humanoid (Reptilian); HD 3d10 (Fighter); hp 21; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 18; Atk +2 base melee, +5 base ranged; +5 (1d4+1, Dagger, punching); +4/+2/+0 (2d8 Machine gun); SQ: Darkvision (Ex), Light sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; STR 6, DEX 13, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 10. Skills: Craft (Trap

making) +0, Hide +2, Profession (Miner) +2, Search +2. Feats: Point Blank Shot, Military weapons proficiency, Weapon Finesse: Dagger, punching, Weapon Focus: Machine gun, Burst Fire. Weapons: Machine gun; Dagger, punching. Armor: Military Combat Armor.

10. The Lost Woods

Intro

The walls of this corridor gradually change from the smooth concrete to textured walls with stylized trees. The floor changes to loose gravel. The stylized trees turn into a painted forest landscape and the ground becomes dirt and grass. Eventually the corridor opens onto a lush forest. The scent of fresh dirt and pine fills the air as you walk along a path through the forest, leading to an ancient stone tower. Over weathered and cracked stone, moss and lichens cover a large portion of the shattered upper levels of the tower and the rubble that litters the ground around the tower's base. Large wooden and brass doors hang racked in the frame, preventing them from closing fully. The massive, broken doors still effectively block the entrance to the tower.

A Spot check (DC 20) sees a pentagonal shape, resembling the home plate of a baseball diamond just in front of the tower and a small drop off at the tree line.

General Info

The forest hides six ogres with small encampments hidden in the heavily forested corners of the room, and an ettin inside the tower. The ogres and ettin form two heavy weapon squads training to develop teamwork and good communication. The crawlers provide the challenge needed to test their skills. An alarm spell lies along the path, and plays "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." Once the alarm sounds, the ogres and ettin all move to take position on the field: two pitchers, two fielders, two catchers, and the ettin at the plate. If the team manages to avoid tripping the alarm, the ogres and ettin still move to take position as soon as the PCs clear the tree line.

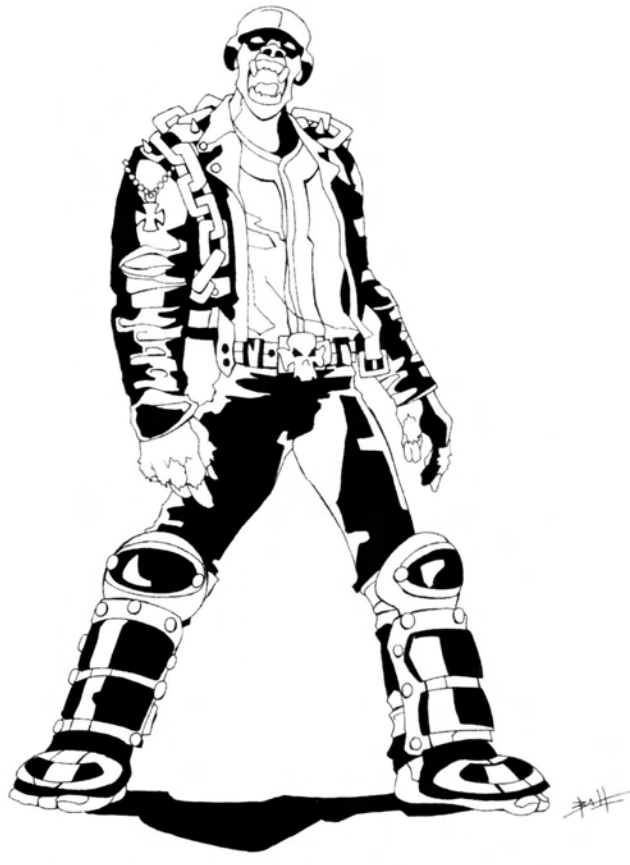
Appearance

The ogres wear heavy-duty black leather pants full of pockets, and large metal-plated catcher's knee pads. They have a baseball jersey that is either blue or gray. They also wear a leather biker jacket loaded with chains, spikes, and a military insignia painted on the back. There are two different team insignias, The Giants and the The Titans, three ogres wear one uniform, while three wears the other; the ettin wears a uniform for The Giants, but his leather jacket promotes The Titans. Both teams wear baseball helmets to match their team colors. The ettin bats for both teams, each head considering himself on a different squad.

The ogres and the ettin are huge sports fans. They value baseball above Xcrawl, but are genuinely thrilled to be in this event. They would love to be "discovered" in the crawl, and get out of the mercenary business, and find a true home in the world of the Games. They aren't very fluent in English, but they will try to have some witty banter with the team.

Tactics and Strategy

The ettin and ogres actually form two separate four-man teams. Each team consists of an ogre spotter/catcher, an ogre pitcher, an ogre defender/umpire, and an ettin batter. The defender guards the pitcher while he pitches bowling ball-sized baseballs to the ettin, who uses a giant steel baseball bat to hit them towards the team. If the team trips the alarm spell, the baseball teams are waiting, and start attacking as soon as the crawlers come into sight. Otherwise, the creatures rush out from the tower and take up positions as the team exits the forest. The ogres all carry baseball bats and a sack of five bowling ball-sized baseballs.



Ogre (defender/umpire): CR 2; Large Giant; HD 4d8+8 (Giant); hp 26; Init -1; Spd 30; AC 16; Atk -3 base melee, -9 base ranged; -7 (1d10+5, Glaive); -2 (1d10+5, Greatclub); AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +1; STR 21, DEX 8, CON 15, INT 6, WIS 10, CHA 7. Skills: Climb -4, Listen +2, Spot +2. Weapon Focus: Greatclub 1, sports weapons, sports armor. Weapons: Glaive; Greatclub (baseball bat). Armor: Studded leather. Shields: Shield, tower.

Ogre (spotter/catcher): CR 2; Large Giant; HD 4d8+8 (Giant); hp 26; Init -1; Spd 20; AC 18; Atk +7 base melee, +1 base ranged; +8 (1d10+5, Greatclub); AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +1; STR 21, DEX 8, CON 15, INT 6, WIS 10, CHA 7. Skills: Climb +3, Listen +2, Spot +2. Weapon Focus: Greatclub 1, sports weapons, sports armor. Weapons: Greatclub (baseball bat). Armor: Breastplate.

Ogre (pitcher): CR 2; Large Giant; HD 4d8+8 (Giant); hp 26; Init -1; Spd 30; AC 16; Atk +7 base melee, +1 base ranged; +8 (1d10+5, Greatclub); AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +1; STR 21, DEX 8, CON 15, INT 6, WIS 10, CHA 7. Skills: Climb +6, Listen +2, Spot +8. Weapon Focus: Greatclub 1, sports weapons, sports armor. Weapons: Greatclub (baseball bat). Armor: Studded leather.

Ettin: CR 5; Large Giant; HD 10d8+20 (Giant); hp 65; Init -1; Spd 40; AC 14; Atk +12 base melee, +5 base ranged; +2/+2 (1d10+6, Greatclub; 1d10+6, Greatclub)(2d10+6 Huge Baseball) (2d10+6 Huge Baseball); SA: Superior two-weapon fighting (Ex); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +3; STR 23, DEX 8, CON 15, INT 6, WIS 10, CHA 11. Skills: Listen +10, Search +0, Spot +10. Alertness1, sports weapons, sports armor. Weapons: Greatclub (baseball bat); huge baseballs. Armor: studded leather.

LW-1 Tower

The interior of the tower resembles a child's bedroom. Baseball-themed wallpaper and baseball posters cover the walls. Giant baseball bats and balls make up the frame of an oversized child's bed. Even the sheets advertise teams with logos and mascots. Everywhere you look, some sort of baseball merchandise—most of it autographed—hangs from the walls.

Several pieces of autographed—and quite valuable—baseball equipment hang on the walls. An Apprise (DC 20) or a Knowledge: Sports or Profession: Sports (DC 12) reveals this information.

Treasure/Rewards: +2 catcher's grieves (composite plastic grieves), +2 umpires chest protector (composite plastic breastplate), +2 baseball bat (steel club), and two season tickets to Pittsburgh's baseball team.

LW-2 Home Plate

Just a few feet in front of the tower sits a brand new regulation-size home plate and batters box.

LW-3 Pitchers Mound

The pitchers mound sits recessed partly into the small cliff face, providing the pitchers with half cover.

11. Goblintropolis

Introduction

The steel door slides open, revealing an ultra-modern, futuristic city. Your eyes draw to a large billboard on one building near the entrance. The billboard shows the city's skyline and—in sweeping art deco lettering—reads, "Welcome to the City of Tomorrow." Black spray paint obscures the name of the city. Just below—in large, red letters—"Goblintropolis" drips with fresh paint.

"So, you have come to challenge Baramir in his magnificent domain of glass and steel, have you?" The shrill voice of a goblin comes from above. A goblin in military uniform walks into view on the billboard's catwalk. "You think you can just walk in and take my flag! Do you? Well, do you?" Baramir's voice cracks as he screams. Without waiting for your response he pulls out a kazoo and hums a goofy tune. Suddenly, flags pop up all over the place; they hang out windows, in the street from the lampposts, as banners over the street—everywhere. "Well, you can have it, if you can find it," he calls down in a singsong voice, before tumbling and hopping out of sight, while continuing the silly song on his kazoo.

General Information

The team already has the flag. It is the small flag coming out of the "Bang" gun they got opening this area, but they still have to discover this fact. The only hint is the empty flagpole surrounded by the shrubs that spell out the word "bang" in the center of the city.

The goblins want nothing more than to play pranks on the team. Fighting does not interest them at all. Military training creates a huge level of stress for the goblins, and pranks provide a great opportunity for them to unwind. The majority of the goblin force follows the teachings of Loki, and loves jokes and pranks. Adding to the frivolity of the goblins, their leader, Baramir, encourages this behavior. The other commanders in the crawl respect Baramir as a brilliant member of military intelligence, but recognize him as a lunatic who feels that deadlier pranks mean funnier pranks. He chose the cityscape for his training grounds to allow his troops to get accustomed to the terrain. His goblins stage missions from the arena, making them the only operational unit inside the crawl. They have been sneaking into the city, planting bombs and burning some buildings to create a sense of disarray in Pittsburgh. Rumors concerning this may filter through to the team.

The goblins begin shooting paintballs from high-powered slingshots at the team the moment Baramir leaves. Each member of the team is hit by 1d10 paintballs per round; by the time they leave this area, they will literally be covered in paint. The paint has one additional side effect: it is phosphorous. If the team goes to either the gnoll or kobold areas after Goblintropolis, they will glow, making any roll to notice their presence at a +10. They are constantly in hiding, avoiding any and all direct combat (except where specifically noted).

Appearance

The goblins utilize the most hi-tech equipment of all the groups. They wear armored, synthetic, night camouflage cat suits giving them a +5 bonus to Hide and Move Silent checks, and hi-tech face masks containing vision-enhancing goggles with green, glowing lenses, communications equipment, and a breathing mask. They also wear rappelling harnesses and bandoliers holding paintballs and other gear. They carry only slingshots and paint balls, with the exception of the snipers, who wield compound short bows. The costumes mock the film versions of Special Forces commandos, but the slingshots create a comical appearance.

Tactics and Strategy

The goblins' standing orders instruct them strictly to harass the team with paint balls and items from the trick shop, and not engage in melee combat. The goblins stay on the tops of buildings and rain paint balls down on the team. Only the snipers have weapons. They carry compound short bows with barbed arrows. The goblins move around the top of the buildings by a series of cable zip lines.

Buildings and Structures

Most of the buildings in Goblintroplis are sheet metal and plywood facades, supported by a scaffolding infrastructure. A few real structures do exist and descriptions follow. Any structure can be climbed from the inside—on the scaffolding—with a Climb (DC 12), or on the outside—on the façade—with a Climb (DC 17).

GO-1 Trick Shop

The sign above this building reads, "Baramir's Prank Palace." Peering through the window you see a cluttered shop filled with joke items: rubber chickens, false teeth, joy buzzers, fake vomit, and all sorts of other items. A neon "Open" sign hangs in the window.

The goblins use this shop as a storehouse. The goblin's equipment—outfits, paint balls, knives, and anything else they need—throughout the room. A Search check (DC 28) locates these hidden storage places. In addition to the hidden supplies, many of the joke items double as incidental weapons. A full list follows:

- Joy Buzzers, Shocking Grasp, single use
- Rubber Chickens, Explode 2d6 damage
- Trick Cigars, Smoke Sticks, Fake Vomit and Dog Poop, Tanglefoot Bags, Disappearing Ink, Acid

GO-2 Sniper School

This building houses a sniper school on the top floor. Unless the team goes into the alley south of the building, this building mirrors the other empty shells. The alley has a fire escape leading to a door near the top

of this building. The fire escape holds traps in two places. The first waits halfway up the first stairway. A Search check (DC 20) reveals one of the steps triggers the stairway to change into a slide. The second trap waits at the top of the fire escape, and a Search check (DC 24) finds it. This trap causes the fire escape to collapse, dealing 4d6 damage to anyone on it. A Ref save (DC 18) prevents the team from becoming trapped in the wreckage. If the team trips either trap, the three snipers in the school fire with their crossbows.

Goblin Snipers (4) Goblin Ftr2/Rog1: CR 3; Small Humanoid; HD 2d10 (Fighter), 1d6 (Rogue); hp 16; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk +4 base melee, +6 base ranged; +6 (1d8, Crossbow, light); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0; STR 12, DEX 16, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 8. Skills: Hide +5, Move Silently +5. Feats: Far Shot, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Sneak Attack. Weapons: Crossbow, light. Armor: Leather.

GO-3 Sniper Nest

The tallest structure in all of Goblintroplis is the Sniper Nest. It stands almost five stories tall with stairs leading up to the nest on the fifth floor. The goblins constructed the ceiling of the fifth floor at only five feet tall. The sniper school's teacher lies in wait here with a magical +3 Compound Crossbow of Distance. Any time she has a clear shot at the team outside the building, she fires. If the team discovers her and comes up the building, she flees with the crossbow down one of three zip lines to the billboard, the sniper school, or the building behind the flagpole. If the team follows on the zip line she cuts it, sending them on a thirty-five foot fall (3d6 damage). The instructor leaves crossbow bolts, wrappers from her fast food lunch, and a mattress pad scattered about.

GO-4 Flagpole

Before you in a small plaza stands well-groomed hedges and a large flagpole without a flag. Looking past the hedges, you see a painting at the base of the flagpole resembling a pistol.

A Spot check (DC 15) notices that the hedges spell out B-A-N-G. An INT check (DC 18) recalls that the gun painting at the flagpole's base is the same model as the one with the "Bang" flag from the goblin's present. This is the only clue the goblins give that the flag in the "Bang" gun is the actual flag needed to complete the level.

12. Goblin School

The entrance to the school hides inside an overturned dumpster in the back alley of the trick shop. Bags of shredded paper fill the dumpster to conceal the entrance. A Search check (DC 20) finds the entrance.

After pulling out the garbage bags full of shredded newspaper you discover a door hidden inside the dumpster. Through the doorway lies a long concrete block hallway with a tiled linoleum floor reminding you of high school. Goblin graffiti fills the hallway with crude and obscene pictures. At the end of the hallway, the words "Goblin 101" mark a classroom door.

If the team opens the door, continue reading:

Behind the door you find a science lab. Metal stools surround high wooden lab tables with black laminate surfaces arranged in rows through the room. Blackboards line the walls; half contain advanced calculus and trigonometry formulas and half display physics equations and diagrams. Books, schematics, and wiring diagrams lie on each table next to ultra hi-tech communication equipment. Lights flash on top of black plastic boxes set on each table. A bundle of wires connect these black boxes to a large, clear box filled with vacuum tubes, crystals, an arcane battery, and an antenna resting on the center table.

"You're not supposed to be in here." The goofy voice of Baramir rings in the small room as an AVS lights up on the wall in front of you. Baramir stands next to a device similar to the one on the center table, but with a large red button on top. An evil smile crosses his face. "You go boom now," he screams, slamming the button down. The lights on Baramir's box flicker and soon the lights on the box in front of you match it. A brief spark comes from the center box, and suddenly the room engulfs in flame as a dozen or so incendiary devices explode, creating an inferno racing down the hall towards you.

The explosion deals 4d6 damage (Ref save (DC 14) for half). The raging fire storm completely destroys the room.

13. Orc Fortifications

Rounding the corner, you find a heavily-fortified wood and steel pillbox surrounded by razor wire, metal spikes, and concrete barricades. The structure resembles pictures from the Great War. Behind the pillbox stands a steel-reinforced blast door with "New Orc City" painted across the face. Guttural voices shout from inside the pillbox. The barbed point of a ballista pokes through a slot. "Herl gruy mendf jdes fenles" calls out over a bullhorn as the sound of a winch cranks away.

If any team member speaks Orcish, the preceding phrase translates to "Leave now or we will fire." If the party advances or does not leave in two rounds, the orcs attack. They have two ballistae in the pillbox. They alternate firings to have one shot each for two rounds, then a round without. They also carry repeating crossbows and bastard swords in case anyone makes it inside the bunker. They fight to the death to protect their city. Hiding in the pillbox gives the defenders 9/10 cover. The obstacles around the pillbox create an entangle spell effect. The pillbox holds the controls to the blast door. The orcs inside wear the same uniform as the rest of the orcish forces.

Veteran Orcs (3): CR 3; Orc Ftr3: Medium Humanoid; HD 3d10 (Fighter); hp 21; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 18; Atk +5 base melee, +3 base ranged; +6 (1d10+2, Sword, bastard); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 15, DEX 10, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 8, CHA 8.Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Sword, bastard, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus: Sword, bastard.

Orc gunner: CR 2; Orc Ftr2: Medium Humanoid; HD 2d10 (Fighter); hp 15; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 15; Atk +4 base melee, +2 base ranged; -2 (1d10, Crossbow, heavy); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will -1; STR 15, DEX 10, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 8, CHA 8.Feats: Far Shot, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot.

Orc Sergeant: CR 5; **Orc Ftr5:** Medium Humanoid; HD 5d10+5 (Fighter); hp 43; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 19; Atk +8 base melee, +6 base ranged; +9 (1d10+5, Sword, bastard); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +0; STR 17, DEX 12, CON 12, INT 12, WIS 8, CHA 8.Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Sword, bastard, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus: Sword, bastard, Weapon Specialization: Sword, bastard.

14. New Orc City

Intro

As the blast doors roll open you get your first look at New Orc City, or what is left of it. Heavy smoke hangs in the air, partly

obscuring both your vision and the bright light from above. Piled brick, broken timbers, plaster, and concrete lie scattered through the area. Small fires still burn among some of the debris piles. A huge, fortified-concrete wall, covered with jagged metal spikes that have rusted and stained the smooth concrete, looms ominously before you. Standing every fifty feet, thick buttresses help support the massive wall. Razor wire runs along the top of the massive structure. Looking to your left through the smoke, you see the remnants of a bombed out building and several small impact craters. Off in the distance come shouts in Orcish, and the sounds of motorbikes approaching.

General info

For the orcs, war is instinctual, as natural as eating and drinking. Most orcs take extreme pleasure in war and combat. Orcs from North America differ from many in the rest of world. Through the influence of the alfar, these orcs live ordered, structured, and militaristic lives, while many on other continents live wild and chaotic lives. When the alfar became resigned to a less-than-complete victory during the Great War, and had lost nearly every hobgoblin on the planet, they turned their attention to the orcs. Since then, the alfar have manipulated and influenced the orcs, convincing them to abandon their chaotic ways, and instilling order and strong leadership amongst the tribes. The orcs here perfectly represent this new breed. They have been deployed in a bombed-out city to simulate real combat conditions.

The orc commander, Constantine, is very proud. He seeks personal combat with the team, to show his forces the strength of honor. The orc forces will easily overwhelm the team if they resist. It is important to convince them to surrender, and have one person represent the team in a duel against Constantine.

Appearance

Very similar to modern military uniforms, the orcs' uniform consists of durable camouflage canvas cargo pants, camouflaged shirt and utility vest, helmet and heavy boots. The orcs added a few additions to the basic outfit as well: an armored trench coat made from bullet-proof fabric and composite armor plates. They also wear a gas mask with two large circular filters and red tinted goggles to avoid visual impairment in bright light. The orcs carry replica large, long barrel rifles that do not fire.

Tactics and Strategy

The orc forces divide into thirty squads of infantry orcs (eight orcs each) and fifteen squads of mechanized infantry orcs (two vehicles with three orcs on each), not counting the five-orc command staff that includes Constantine. The Infantry squads contain five orcs and one commander. The mechanized squads consist of one driver, one commander, and one gunner using a large armored ATV with a turreted ballista behind a mounted shield. The two squads usually work in tandem, with the infantry moving in and out of close combat, giving the ballista a clear line of fire. All the orcs carry long rifles with one of two weapon attachments mounted on the weapon: a ramseur bayonet on the barrel, and a glaive blade on the butt. The orcs also carry bastard swords, and switch if the need arises. The orcs do not actively try to kill the party. Constantine wants the team captured, and the orcs demand surrender. Constantine wants to duel with the team's captain or champion. An honorable warrior, Constantine provides full healing for his opponent before the duel. If the crawler wins the duel, the orcs surrender and present the flag as a gift. If Constantine wins, the orcs give the team the flag, but demand all magical treasure found on this level, including *Fool's Insanity* (see pp 53). Constantine will offer to spare his opponent's life if he feels that victory is inevitable, and surrenders if he feels defeat is imminent.

Each minute, there is a chance for the team to be spotted by one of the patrolling orc squads. If the team is attempting to hide, the orc squads are considered to have Spot +5.

Every minute roll a d10 and determine the result below:

Roll	Result
1-3	Mechanized Orc Squad
4-8	Orc Infantry Squad
9-10	No encounter

If the team is spotted, the squad sounds an alarm, drawing the rest of the orcs to the location. They immediately demand that the team surrenders to face Constantine in combat. If they refuse, well, they're probably going to die, but make it a glorious battle!

Infantry Orcs: CR 1/2; Medium Humanoid; HD 1d8 (Humanoid); hp 4; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 16; Atk +2 base melee, +0 base ranged; -2 (2d4+3, Ranseur, 1d10+3 Glaive); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1; STR 15, DEX 10, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 8, CHA 8. Weapons: Faux Rifle (ranseur/glaive). Armor: military grade micromesh armor

Mechanized Infantry Orcs: CR 1/2; Medium Humanoid; HD 1d8 (Humanoid); hp 4; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 16; Atk +2 base melee, +2 base ranged; +2 (2d4+3, Ranseur, 1d10+3 Glaive) +0 (Ballista 3d8); SQ: Light

sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1; STR 15, DEX 14, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 8, CHA 8. Skills Drive +6 Feats: Siege weapon proficiency-Ballista. Weapons: Ranseur. Armor: military grade micromesh armor

OR-1 Barracks

Several large gray tents stand clumped together. A quick look inside shows the orcs' living quarters. Cots, footlockers, and personal effects lie neatly arranged inside.

Nothing special here, just the normal supplies found in a military barracks. The orcs live, eat, and sleep here when off duty.

OR-2 Ammo/Fuel Dump

A low concrete wall with a high, razor wire-topped, chain link fence protects this area. Through the fencing you see several large wooden crates and fifty-five gallon barrels. A gate with a large padlock secures the south side.

A squad always patrols between this dump and the compound's gate. All of the barrels remain empty—they contained ethanol for the ATVs. The crates will hold packed-up equipment as soon as the crawl ends.

Compound

A massive steel door and an orc squadron blocks the entrance to the compound.

As soon as the team attacks or the squad spots them, the orcs raise the alarm. Any orcs out on patrol head this way when the alarm sounds.

Once inside the large concrete wall, you look out onto a large dirt field. A command bunker rests on steel pillars overlooking this area. A garage and the flagpole stand on the far side of the compound. The flag for Orc City #3 hangs from the flagpole, fluttering in the wind. An obstacle course works its way around the perimeter of the field, and a shooting range, complete with arrows still stuck in the targets, stands in the center.

Constantine and his staff wait in the command bunker. Constantine makes his offer to duel here if the team did not surrender earlier. If the team refuses, they must fight their way through the remaining orcs to safety. Searching the area around the targets (DC 15) finds bullets embedded in the wall behind the targets.

Constantine: CR 6; Ftr6: Medium Humanoid; HD 6d10+12 (Fighter); hp 71; Init +3; Spd 20; AC 19; Atk +12 base melee, +9 base ranged; +14 (1d10+8, Sword, bastard, Masterwork); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +4; STR 22, DEX 17, CON 14, INT 12, WIS 10, CHA 14. Skills: Bluff +4, Climb +3, Intimidate +4, Jump +3, Ride +5, Sense Motive +1, Swim -5. Feats: Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Sword, bastard, Iron Will, Leadership, Power Attack, Weapon Focus: Sword, bastard, Weapon Specialization: Sword, bastard.

OR-4 Command & Communications Bunker

The bunker contains nothing more than an office overlooking the compound. Five small desks appear recently cleaned off. Heavy blast doors block the other exit in the back of the room.

The blast doors lead into the Orc War Room (room #15). The blast doors require an Open Lock (DC 25) to unlock.

OR-5 Garage

Tucked into the corner of the compound stands a small garage. Everything inside looks clean and organized. Tools and parts hang neatly along the one wall next to a fuel pump. Along the back wall lie ballista parts and a few crates. An orc ATV waits in the center of the room.

The transmission of the ATV does not function properly. The ballista on the ATV functions well. \ If the team fills the empty fuel tank, they can operate the ATV, but only at one-fifth normal speed due to the faulty transmission.

15. Orc War Room

The blast doors require an Open Lock (DC 25) to unlock.

The heavy blast doors slide open, revealing the remnants of a large war room. AVS screens, desks and empty stations—once containing equipment, as scrapes and leftover wire-ties show—fill the section to your left. To the right, a briefing room stands empty. The center section holds a multi-level pit, complete with a huge 3D-AVS table at the bottom, and six AVSs suspended from the ceiling in a circular pattern. Some equipment still remains, ready to use. The other levels of the pit contain control stations and an observation walkway.

The orcs used this space as a war room and training center. Here, the orcs train officers, test strategies, and keep in contact with other orc forces around Zura'ah'zura and North America. A Search check (DC 25) finds one of the remaining communication stations linked to Orc City #1, Orc City #2, and Lathonica'ah.

16-19. The Treasure Rooms

When the team first comes into this area of the level, read the following:

As you enter this section of the stage, you hear the sound of a crowd cheering. For the first time since you entered the level, signs of a live audience assault you. Coming into this area, several AVSs filled with the image of a large crowd in an arena surround you, lining both sides of the hall. Five doors and a hallway lead out of the passage.

16. Gnoll Treasure Room

A lush, well-maintained garden highlights the Gnoll Treasure Room. Tall trimmed green hedges hug the walls and flank a path made from crushed red stone. The path winds through the garden, past bright flowerbeds and a small lily pond before ending at a large, whitewashed gazebo. In the middle of the gazebo stands a flagpole surrounded by treasure chests.

The gnolls left one last surprise for the team. A colony of bombardier wasps nests around the flagpole at the top of the gazebo. A successful Spot check (DC 17) catches a glimpse of the nest. Like any normal wasp, they swarm and attack if the nest is disturbed. To hoist the Gnollville flag, the team must clear out the wasp nest.

Bombardier Wasps (6): CR 3; Large Vermin; HD 2d10; hp 12; Init +1; Spd 20, Fly, perfect 60; AC 17; Atk +6 base melee, +3 base ranged; +6 (1d4+4, Bite), +6 (1d4+4, Sting) +6 (Acid dart); SA: Acid Dart (Ex), Hive Mind (EX) Immunities, resistances; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +2; STR 16, DEX 20, CON 14, INT 4, WIS 10, CHA 9. Skills: Intuit Direction +7, Spot +9.

Treasure/Rewards: +2 *leather breastplate of rhino hide*, +2 *dire flail of defense*, *rod of immobility*, *cloak of resistance* +3, and *masterwork riding boots* from Hand-Crafted Leathers (the boots convey +2 to the Ride skill; the boots will fit any medium-sized creature).

17. Kobold Treasure Room

A thick, rusted portcullis blocks your way into this room. While it blocks your passage, it does not block your view of the room. Through the portcullis you see a sewer cistern, its floor thirty feet straight down. The slime and muck of sewage stains the walls and, in some places, still ooze out of openings in the wall. The pungent stench of raw sewage wafts up from below. Central to this room, a cracked and corroded stone fountain—filled with a stagnant dark yellow liquid—holds a flagpole.

A Spot check (DC 15) finds the ladder cut into the stone just below the portcullis, and a Spot check (DC 30) catches the yellow liquid moving. The kobolds forced a mimic into becoming the fountain, and filled it with ochre jelly. In addition, two kobold sorcerers hide in the pipes emptying into this room. Both sorcerers cast *major image* of otyughs as the team climbs down in to the room. The kobolds center the images on the fountain and control them for as long as possible, moving the images and reacting as needed. The kobolds run away once the team successfully disbelieves the illusions.

Mimic: CR 4; Large Aberration; HD 7d8+21 (Aberration); hp 52; Init +1; Spd 10; AC 13; Atk +8 base melee, +5 base ranged; +8 (1d8+6, Slam); SA: Adhesive (Ex); SQ: Immunity: Acid (Ex), Mimic shape (Ex); AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +6; STR 19, DEX 12, CON 17, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 10. Skills: Climb +9, Disguise +12, Listen +11, Spot +6. Skill Focus: Disguise1

Ooze, Ochre Jelly: CR 5; Large Ooze; HD 6d10+12 (Ooze); hp 60; Init -5; Spd 10, Climb 10; AC 4; Atk +5 base melee, -2 base ranged; +5 (2d4+3, Slam); SA: Acid (Ex), Improved grab (Ex), Constrict (Ex); SQ: Blindsight (Ex), Split (Ex); RF: Ooze qualities; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref -3, Will -3; STR 15, DEX 1, CON 15, INT—, WIS 1, CHA 1. Skills: Climb +10.

Treasure/Rewards: +1 *throwing axe of distance and returning, wand of cure light wounds, headband of intellect, monk's belt*, and an all-expenses-paid trip to any city in the Empire for each team member from Appian Way Travel.

18. Goblin Treasure Room

Looking into this room, you see dozens and dozens of wires stretched across the room at every possible angle. The walls hold blades, crossbows, ceramic and glass containers, and many other nasty looking objects, covering every square inch of wall space. The goblins must not want anyone getting in here. A small pedestal stands amid the wires, a small sign hanging from its face. Scrawled on the sign, the words "Place Goblintropolis Flag Here" accompany an arrow pointing towards the pedestal top.

The goblins trapped every single wire, and disturbing one in any way triggers every trap. Seventy-five wires criss-cross the room, one for each goblin in the stage. A Disable Device (DC 18) disables one wire. Disarming all the wires takes forty minutes. The team may "take twenty" for each disarm due to the lack of distractions. If a trap is tripped while attempting to disarm it, the only trap that goes off is the one the attempt was made upon. The crowd does not enjoy watching a team disarm traps for forty minutes. If the team does nothing to entertain the crowd, the crowd DC increases one level for every five minutes; the team starts losing Fame at a rate of one point for every five minutes after the first ten minutes. A faster and more crowd-pleasing manner of entering the room involves tossing a large object into the room, tripping as many traps as possible. A Perform Check (DC 15) reminds the team of both the preceding facts. The chart below determines the type of trap, if the team trips one while disarming.

1) Scythe blade, attack +3/dam 2d4+3
2) Tanglefoot bag
3) Chain Saw, attack +3/dam 3d8
4) Alchemist Fire
5) Spear, attack +3/dam 1d8+3
6) Poison gas 1d6/1d6 DEX/Fort (DC 15)
7) Smoke sticks
8) Dud
9) 1000 marbles, balance (DC 15) to move
10) *Ray of enfeeblement* (DC 16)
11) Flame jet, dam 3d4/save REF ?
12) Heavy crossbow, attack +0/dam 1d10
13) Three baseballs attack +0/ 1d6
14) Acid spray dam 2d6/save REF 1/2
15) Falling rocks dam 3d6, Save REF nil
16) Dud
17) 5th level *magic missile*
18) Two Combat disks Attack +0 /Dam 1d8
19) 3d4 stirges
20) *Hold person* (DC 17)

Treasure/Rewards: +2 *breastplate of light fortification*, +1 *keen broadsword of spell storing*, *wand of paint ball*, *gloves of swimming and climbing*, and two tickets for each Crawler to see Hondo The Amazing: Escape Artist Extraordinaire.

19. Orc Treasure Room

Various orcish military banners and flags—dating to before the Great War—hang from the walls of this small chamber. A display cabinet in the center of the room contains a triangle-shaped depression. A plaque inside the indention reads "Orc City #3 Flag"

If the team defeated Constantine, continue with the following:

Upon placing the flag in the depression, a drawer slides out from the front of the cabinet, revealing an empty sword display case and a card. The card reads, "Congratulations. You have bested my troops and I in combat. Victory is yours. You may keep my family's sword as your reward, or return it and claim the treasures of this room. The choice is yours. Sincerely, Constantine.

Constantine refused the opportunity to trap this room in order to honor the team's achievements. If the team chooses to place *Fool's Insanity* in the display case, footlockers containing the room's treasure magically appear in the room, and the sword slides back into the cabinet, never to reappear.

Treasure/Rewards: *bracers of armor* +3, +2 (+4 mighty) *compound longbow of giant's bane*, 2 *potions of heroism*, 2 *potions of bull's strength*, *robe of useful items*, an ATV for each team member from Apollo's Great Outdoors.

20. Power Break

You open the door to a brightly lit room, filled with exercise equipment. Three beautiful women and two totally buff men are working out one the machines—and smiling. A large AVS shows the ads for Power Jam Energy Bars in loud, bright colors. "Hey!" a particularly perky blond starts talking to you. "Welcome to the Power Break Energy Bar break room! Feel free to grab some of the free Power Bar Energy Break Bars! I'm Tiffany. The lovely woman to my right is Brittany, and she's a doctor or something. Come on in!"

Tiffany is an idiot. She is also the rather attractive (CHA 19) female spokesmodel for the Power Jam Energy Bar company. Brittany is a the room's paramedic. The other woman is named Ginger, and the two men are Brad and Troy; all three of the other people are pleasant, and are fans of Xcrawl, and are more than willing to talk about the crawl, and how thrilled they are to meet the team.

Brittany: Human Paramedic 8: Medium; HD 8d6; hp 35; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 12; Atk +4 base melee, +6 base ranged; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +7; STR 11, DEX 14, CON 12, INT 17, WIS 12, CHA 16. Skills: Alchemy +10, Concentration +8, Diplomacy +13, Gather Information +8, Heal +18, Knowledge (Medicine) +10, Listen +6, Spot +5, Search +4. Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Expertise, Skill Focus (x2), Rescue, Calm Under Pressure, Status, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Resuscitate, Leadership Treatments Per day (7, 7, 6, 5, 3)

0– *cure minor wounds, detect poison*

1– *cure light wounds, remove fear*

2– *calm emotions, cure moderate wounds, delay poison, gentle repost, lesser restoration, remove paralysis*

3– *cure serious wounds, remove blindness/deafness, cure disease*

4– *cure critical wounds, neutralize poison, restoration*

21. Role Reversal

Role Reversal occurs after the team captures and places all four flags.

Upon stepping out of the final flag room, DJ Phantom appears on an AVS directly in front of you. "Well done, my champions! You have bested my monsters and earned the treasure you have received. My monsters, however, want a chance to get even. You can quit now and go home with the treasure you have won so far, or, you can risk it all and accept the monsters' challenge. Win and reap the rewards. Lose and, well, you really don't want to know."

The DJ waits for a response. If the team decides to take the money and run, the crawl ends here, leaving the fans somewhat disappointed. If the team decides to proceed, read the following:

"I knew you would want to go on and prove yourselves to be true champions. In the final room, you will defend your flag from the monsters' onslaught." A flag with your team's name emblazoned on it materializes in front of you. "And to make things fair, I offer a potion to restore your health and abilities. Now, it's time to show your fans what you're made of. Now, get in there and defend your flag!"

The DJ's head fades away, and the door to the final arena opens. Thousands of cheering fans greet you from within and, upon entering the large room, the fans go crazy, cheering and pounding on glass dividers making up the walls. The door closes behind you as you walk onto the stone battlements. You stand overlooking a muddy bog littered with debris and long dead bodies, both humanoid and goblinoid. It looks like a massive battle took place here some time ago. Three long, ten-foot wide ramps—one on the each side and one in the center—slope down to the muddy ground below. At the back of the battlements—next to the NoGo door—stands a flagpole and a small table holding potions. Kelly Spartan, microphone in hand, stands next to the table.

The team has twelve rounds to prepare for the first wave. During this time, Kelly interviews the team and tries to get comments from each team member. The team must balance their time between Kelly and prepping for the battle. Too much time spent chatting and grandstanding leaves little time for preparations. If the team snubs Kelly, they upset and disappoint the crowd.

First Wave: The Dead Seek Vengeance

A deep, bellowing horn reverberates over the bog, signaling the first attack. Kelly quickly runs through the NoGo door as a massive section of the opposite wall drops down into the muddy ground with a wet thud. The faint clacking of bones cuts through the cheering crowd as skeletons flood into the arena. Skeletons of gnolls, kobolds, orcs, and goblins make up the crowd of rattling undead.

The skeletons rush out, twenty-five per round, until all enter the battle. The skeletons simply rush up the closest ramp and attack the team. The skeletons wear no armor, attacking with swords. Hiding in the back, a third-level orc cleric uses *dispel turning* on any turned undead. This first wave can potentially overwhelm the team, but the ramp's bottleneck slows the charge.

Skeleton (50), Small: CR 1/4; Small Undead; HD

1/2d12 (Undead); hp 3; Init +5; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +2 base ranged; +0 (1d3-1, 2 Claws); -4 (1d6-1, Sword, short); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 8, DEX 12, CON—, INT—, WIS 10, CHA 11. Skills: Hide +5. Improved Initiative1. Weapons: Sword, short.

Skeleton (50), Medium-size: CR 1/3; Medium Undead; HD 1d12 (Undead); hp 6; Init +5; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +1 base ranged; +0 (1d4, 2 Claws); -4 (1d8, Longsword); SQ: Undead, Immunity: Cold (Ex), Half damage from piercing (Ex), Half damage from slashing (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +2; STR 10, DEX 12, CON—, INT— WIS 10, CHA 11.Skills: Improved Initiative1. Weapons: Longsword.

Second Wave: The Survivors

This wave begins three rounds after the last group of skeletons enters the arena.

> *The horn sounds once more, its deep bass tone vibrating the stones beneath your feet, signaling the second wave. Moments later, a horde of goblinoids rushes into the arena.*

This wave contains one squad each of kobolds, goblins, gnolls and orcs. If the team defeated Constantine in the duel, no orcs appear. Their strategy involves stealing the flag and escaping. The goblins and kobolds fully support this plan. The gnolls, however, find the idea of slaughtering the team and retrieving the flag a much more intriguing prospect. If orcs enter the arena, they provide cover and interference for the squads retrieving the flag, rather than attack directly. If one of the squads reaches the flag and makes it out of the room, the team loses. If the team gains the obvious upper hand, Phantom intervenes and declares them the winners.

Kobold Sor3 (2): CR 2; Small Humanoid (Reptilian); HD 3d4 (Sorcerer); hp 9; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +0 base melee, +3 base ranged; +0 (1d4-2, Dagger); SQ: Darkvision (Ex), Light sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4; STR 6, DEX 13, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 12, CHA 15. Skills: Hide +5, Profession (Miner) +3, Search +2. Spells Known (Sor 6/6): 0— *daze, detect magic, mage hand, prestidigitation, ray of frost*; 1st— *cause fear, magic missile, ray of enfeeblement*. Weapons: Dagger.

Kobold Ftr3 (4): CR 2; Small Humanoid (Reptilian); HD 3d10 (Fighter); hp 21; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 18; Atk +2 base melee, +5 base ranged; +5 (1d4-2, Dagger, punching); +6 (1d4-2, Sling); SQ: Darkvision (Ex), Light sensitivity (Ex); AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; STR 6, DEX 13, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 10. Skills: Craft (Trapmaking) +0, Hide +2, Profession (Miner) +2, Search +2. Feats: Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Finesse: Dagger, punching, Weapon Focus: Sling. Weapons: Sling; Dagger, punching. Armor: Chain shirt. Shields: Shield, small, wooden.

Elite Gnoll (5): CR 3; Humanoid2/Rgr1: Medium Humanoid; HD 2d8+2 (Humanoid), 1d10+1 (Ranger); hp 17; Init +2; Spd 30; AC 13; Atk +5 base melee, +4 base ranged; SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +1; STR 17, DEX 14, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 12.Feats: Armor Proficiency: medium, Shield Proficiency, Track. Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Combat Claw

Goblin Ftr2/Rog1 (5): CR 3; Small Humanoid; HD 2d10 (Fighter), 1d6 (Rogue); hp 16; Init +1; Spd 30; AC 14; Atk +4 base melee, +4 base ranged; +0 (1d8, Crossbow, light); +4 (1d6+1, Sword, short); SQ: Darkvision (Ex); AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0; STR 12, DEX 13, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 11, CHA 8. Skills: Hide +5, Move Silently +5. Feats: Far Shot, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot. Weapons: Crossbow, light; Sword, short. Armor: Leather.

Veteran Orcs (5): CR 3; Orc Ftr3: Medium Humanoid; HD 3d10 (Fighter); hp 21; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 18; Atk +5 base melee, +3 base ranged; +6 (1d10+2, Sword, bastard); SQ: Light sensitivity (Ex), Darkvision (Ex); AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; STR 15, DEX 10, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 8, CHA 8.Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency: Sword, bastard, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus: Sword, bastard. Weapons: Sword, bastard. Armor: Chain.

Treasure/Rewards: *caster's shield with a scroll of displacement*, +3 *great club*, 10,000GP Note, 65" AVS for each member from Crazy Jerry's Discount AVS City, located in the heart of Pittsburgh.

Conclusion

Read the following, regardless of the outcome of the previous room.

> *Phantom's voice comes from above you. "I must say, I am quite impressed by your team. I never thought you would survive, let alone actually finish my crawl. You have truly earned the title champion today. I look forward to the day when we face each other again."*
>
> *The jade head of DJ Phantom descends from the ceiling to hang in front of you. "I would personally like to thank Duke Leibrock and Mayor Stratford for giving me the rare opportunity to perform in this grand coliseum. If it wasn't for them I never could have entertained an empire and given our champions a chance to become heroes of the Empire—if only for one day. I have plenty of surprises still in store for this fair city. However, they will have to wait until I return. My time here has ended. Farewell, Pittsburgh!" The jade head dissolves into a swirling green mist, and vanishes in an explosion of green fireworks, leaving you alone with your adoring fans.*

POST-CRAWL

There are several possible directions for you to take events at the end of Three Rivers Crawl. The mystery of DJ Phantom can remain a mystery. As GM, you can make it a plot for the players to unravel outside the crawl through investigation and role-playing. If you chose to make Three Rivers a straightforward adventure, then the module can end here, the team heading out of town to the next Crawl on the tour. Or, you can use the ending provided. If the team met with the ISL agent after the second level, then read the following:

> *After spending some time with your adoring fans, you head to the locker room to shower and stow your gear. As you walk into the room, you see the ISL Agent you met waiting calmly on a bench. "Was your mission a success? Do you have the evidence we need?"*

He questions the team about what they saw and reviews the recording. If the team made it into any of the secret rooms during Infestation, the recording mysteriously skips over those rooms and moves onto the next room. Once the team finishes explaining what they saw and gives their statements, read the following:

> *"You have done your Empire a great service; this gives us the information we need to search the crawl." The agent pulls out a small radio, speaking into the microphone. "I have the evidence; we have a green light to proceed." Replacing the radio, he looks at each of you in turn. "So, would you like to come with me? I think DJ Phantom has some explaining to do." Sirens fade in from the distance as he motions towards the door.*

If the team declines, move on to the Aftermath (pp 67). If they follow, continue reading.

The ISL agent leads you through the long hallways of the coliseum, up several flights of stairs, past busy squads of police searching the area, and finally to the door leading into the executive office suite. Several SWAT team members stand at the ready. The SWAT team Sergeant salutes the agent, "Sir, we are ready to proceed on your command."

"Thank you, Sergeant. Let's see if he will go quietly. Just wait here." The agent pushes the door open and walks in. He looks back at you and motions for you to follow. Inside, you find a reception area with a door reading "DJ PHANTOM." A middle-aged man in a business suit stands next to the receptionist desk.

"I'm sorry, but DJ Phantom doesn't wish to be disturbed right now," he says, placing himself in front of the inner door. The ISL Agent pulls the sigil from his coat, holding it up for the man to see. "ISL. Step aside or I will have you arrested." The man reluctantly stands aside, allowing you to pass. The agent tries the door but finds it locked. He looks over at you. "He's locked himself inside. Think you can do something about that?"

The door needs a STR check (DC 15) or an Open Lock (DC 16) to open. The door is not trapped.

The door opens into a large, barren office. Behind a desk—the only piece of furniture in the room—sits an unusual man. His pearlescent white, almost translucent flesh is striking against a long, blue shock of hair pulled back into a ponytail that reaches to the small of his back. A series of piercings, beginning at the top of either ear and running down the lobe and then following a line down his jaw to the end of his chin, are all golden rings. Tribal tattoos begin at his neckline and run down beneath his clothing. A jade mask and several stacks of papers sit neatly on the desk. He wears the unmistakable clothing of Zura'ah'zura nobility.

"Ah, Agent Wilson and (team's name). I am surprised it took you this long. You're here about the recording and some of the things in my crawl, no doubt. It is all true. I admit to everything: the senseless slaughter, torture, forced labor, all of it. I simply followed the orders of Mayor Stratford—he was frighteningly insistent. I'm sure the papers on the desk can prove all of that and more." He stands, straightens his clothing and walks towards you, his arms held straight out in front, palms up. "So, I guess all that is left is for you to cuff me and take me away." A devious smile creeps across his lips. The ISL agent, obviously a bit stunned, cuffs him cautiously. As he does, he notices the ring on his finger.

"Is that the Mayor's ring?" he asks the alfar. "He's been looking all over for that thing."

For the first time, the alfar stops smiling. "The Mayor's ring? The Mayor's? How would the Mayor get the ring of alfar nobility? Oh, that's right… " his smile returns, making you shiver, "you wouldn't recognize such a thing, would you? This is the crest of House Gre, of the lands of Tal'ne Garr, of Zura'ah'zura. If the Mayor, in all of his power, was able to procure such a gift, I was not involved. I was simply sent to serve his needs, and do the things that he asked of me. Though, I must admit, I am not privy to all of his plans. I fear him; he has lost his mind, and is terribly, terribly cruel. I welcome the chance to leave this surface world."

DJ Phantom answers any questions asked of him by the team. He does not reveal any details about the subterranean alfar base, the training camps on the third level, or the doppelgangers. He denies any such charges vehemently, offended by the notion. He claims to have wanted to become a DJ simply for love of the sport, and it was the Mayor's idea to use the crawl to dispose of prisoners. He also is quite smug about the fact that he is alfar nobility—the son of a diplomat—and there is not much that the Imperial authorities can do to him. After they take him away, the agent thanks the team again, and sends them back to their hotel.

Aftermath

The team may do whatever they like at this point. Many post-crawl parties at clubs and bars happen throughout the evening, and the team is welcome at every one. However, the mood quickly shifts from carefree celebration to mourning after the special newscast. No matter where the team goes, the following airs:

SARA: We interrupt the regularly scheduled program for this breaking news story. Hi, I'm Sara Miles and this is a special edition of Empire-1 news. All of Pittsburgh is in shock with the events surrounding the Coliseum today. We now go to Harold Dent, live at the Coliseum with this breaking news story.

HAROLD: Thank you Sara. I'm standing in front of Three Rivers Coliseum, where just a few short hours ago we discovered the horrible truth behind DJ Phantom and the Mayor's "Tough on Crime" campaign. Details are still sketchy, but as we understand it, some time ago an alfar reported named Tol'Zu'Gre assumed the identity of Emerson Taplo and became DJ Phantom. Exactly when Tol'Zu'Gre became Emerson Taplo, or what has happened to the real Emerson Taplo is still unknown.

SARA: Do the authorities have any idea where Emerson Taplo may be at this point?

HAROLD: With the involvement of an alfar noble, the authorities feel that the chances of finding Emerson alive at this point are very slim. Authorities also suspect Tol'Zu'Gre may have had a hand in the disappearance of Kari Stratford, since she was dating Emerson when she vanished. They fear she may have discovered the alfar's secret, and been killed to prevent her from talking. However, this is only speculation; there is no proof that either of missing person may be dead.

SARA: What about the "Tough on Crime" campaign? Is there was some connection between that and this alfar.

HAROLD: Yes, sadly that is true. The Mayor's latest efforts to reduce crime come at a terrible and gruesome cost. It seems the Mayor was directly involved with this alfar, and had used him to dispose of criminals in the crawl. Hundreds of bodies have been discovered in a sub-level—originally for monster cages—now converted into a prison by direct order of the Mayor. At this time it is unknown how many people lost their lives, but from the records we have been able to obtain, several thousand prisoners were sent to the Coliseum. When police raided this level they found less than two hundred prisoners alive. These prisoners have been relocated to…

SARA: Harold, I have to interrupt because we are just getting important information relating

to this story. Ladies and gentleman, it has just been confirmed by the police that Mayor Duke Stratford is dead, reportedly taking his own life. His body was discovered when ISL and local police agents went to his home to question him about his involvement with this breaking news story. We switch now live to the Mayor's home, where reporter Dana Baerga is speaking to the ISL Agent in charge of the investigation. Dana?

DANA: Thanks, Sara. I'm here at the Mayor's estate, where ISL Agent Johnson is prepared to give a statement about today's events.

AGENT: At 4:30 today, local police and ISL agents arrived at the Mayor's home to question him. The Mayor's body, along with a suicide note, was discovered in his study. The note reads: "In my grief and rage over losing my daughter, I committed acts that have shamed my beloved city and the Empire. To prevent any further disgrace to this city, I must do the only honorable thing left to me. I am so sorry." That is all the information we have at the moment, thank you.

DANA: There you have it, Sara. A tragedy for both Pittsburgh and the Stratford family.

SARA: This is truly a dark day for our city, Dana. Empire-1 News will now observe a moment of silence for our fallen Mayor. When we return, we will hopefully be able to shine more light on today's events.

These stories kill any celebration going on in town and ends the crawl on a down note. The parties quickly clear out, and the city virtually shuts down for the evening.

In the morning, the team catches this final newscast, again, aired everywhere:

Good morning, Pittsburgh, this is Empire-1 News This Morning. The last twenty-four hours have been a chaotic time, full of discovery, mourning, and now, renewal. Our top story this morning: the coronation of Pittsburgh's new Mayor, Duke Harenger. Emperor Ronald himself swore in the Duke early this morning. A coronation ceremony and celebration takes place later today at City Hall. Afterwards, the Mayor joins us to give all of you at home a chance to meet the new man in change of our fair city.

In a related story, been several new and shocking developments in the Coliseum of Crime Scandal have been uncovered. Late last night, Tol'Zu'Gre—the alfar impersonating Emerson Taplo—was deported back to Zura'ah'zura to prevent an international incident. His confession and noble status within the alfar lands warranted his parole, despite his admitted involvement with the deaths of hundreds of prisoners; the alfar still claims no personal responsibility for the deaths, citing that he was under the control of the "Mad Mayor." A public warning was issued to both Tol'Zu'Gre and the Alfar nation. Should he ever enter the NAE again, he will be arrested immediately. At this time, it is still not known what has happened to Emerson Taplo. Unfortunately, we may never know. A full investigation is underway.

In happier news, missing for months, Kari Stratford has reappeared. According to a statement made through the Stratford family attorneys, she was heartbroken after she caught Emerson in bed with another woman. She became depressed and had to get away. Apparently, the young woman went to live with friends in Europe. She was unaware that everyone thought she had been kidnapped, and returned after learning of her father's death and the incidents at the crawl. She claims no knowledge of Tol'Zu'Gre and his involvement with her father or Emerson Taplo, citing that the man she knew was kind and adventurous, and would be appalled by recent events. Kari has vowed to train and become the crawl's next DJ in an attempt to right the wrongs her father and this alfar have inflicted, and return honor to the city. A noble gesture to be sure, but what the future holds for Pittsburgh's Crawl remains to be seen.

We'll be back with local weather, after these messages.

Following The Adventure

There are many things that are left intentionally open ended about this story. You can use this adventure to start a long campaign set in Pittsburgh, deal with a couple of the other issues listed, or simply (again)have the team move to the next event, the choice is yours. Here are a few things that can be explored after the Crawl:

- The true fate of the Mayor. Was it suicide or something more sinister?
- The alfar base has moved to the underground "prison" that was formerly a mine. No one knows about it to date.
- Kari now has a taste for power. What is she willing to do to pursue it?
- Will there be another Three Rivers Crawl? What is the fate of Pittsburgh?
- Who is Mayor Duke Harenger? Does he have any connections to Tol'Zu'Gre?

APPENDIX

New Character Classes

Paramedic Class

Paramedics in the world of Xcrawl resulted from the advancements in medicine and science over the centuries. As the world's population steadily grew, an ever-increasing strain was placed on clerics and their divine ability to instantly heal the injured. Thanks to the Messianics, and their adoption of technology over magic, alternatives to magical healing were discovered. At first these were crude, homemade remedies with a poor success rate. People still depended greatly on magic, assuming they could afford the "donations" that were sometimes required. As time passed, a medical alternative to most magical healing was created. These alternatives are not as effective or as immediate as magic, but to a population that does not always have access to clerics, it has become common practice to use these medical alternatives.

In the early days of Xcrawl, many religions were afraid to be associated with a death sport, and those that did were not usually those excelling in healing magic. The promoters and producers knew that, in order to prolong a crawl into a better event, they would have to offer some type of healing to the crawlers. Since, at that time, divine magic was not a viable option, they were forced to look elsewhere. It was an opportunity that the medical community jumped on; it offered them a place to showcase their talents and the advancements in medical science. Being involved with the crawls built up their reputation, and proved they were not just a second-rate alternative to magical healing. Because of this

exposure, many cities have begun training programs and schools for paramedics.

Everyone in the modern medical field begins as a paramedic and then moves on to more advanced careers. Interning as a paramedic allows the medical trainee to experience life as the majority of citizens experience it. These experiences make it possible for paramedics to understand and sympathize with the people they heal once they have advanced to more prestigious careers. Because of this foundation, many nobles shun the profession, and refuse to allow their children to demean themselves when they could become respectable clerics. In addition to the invaluable experience, being a paramedic offers one other advantage: access to higher education. If a paramedic makes it through four years of interning, they are awarded a scholarship to a university.

Paramedics have many of the same skills and abilities of a cleric. The one major difference is that all of their abilities are produced with medical science—not divine magic—and require material components such as bandages, splints, pills, creams, etc. Science also takes a more time than magic. Where spells measure time in rounds, medical science measures time in minutes. So, it may take a cleric one round to heal someone, but it will take at least one minute for a paramedic to do the same job. Given enough time though, a paramedic is almost as effective as a cleric with respect to healing, but a cleric still has the offensive advantage. Paramedics are pacifists; they live by a specific creed to fight only in self-defense or for others that are unable to defend themselves. Also, the Paramedic's Creed states that they cannot deny medical aid to anyone in need due to, religion, or affiliations. This Creed is part of the legal oath they take when they become licensed by the government. Every legally practicing paramedic in the NAE must be licensed because of the medications, equipment, and access they are allowed to have. Most paramedics in the NAE work closely with law enforcement and fire departments.

Paramedic Class

Hit Dice: D6

Allowed Weapons: Baton (Club), Staff, Shield

Allowed Armor: Medium armor and shields

Skill points: 6 + INT mod per level (6 + INT mod X 4 = 1st level starting points)

Class Skills: Alchemy, Climb, Concentration, Diplomacy, Gather Info, Heal, Innuendo, Knowledge, Listen, Profession, Read lips, Search, Sense Motive, Spot, Languages, Drive

Alignment: Good Only

Restrictions

Cannot multi-class without losing their license to practice and access to medicines

Must aid those in need

Pacifist: Only take defensive actions in combat

Special Qualities:

Inoculation—Immune to disease

Bind wounds—lay on hands healing

Detoxify—remove poisons or toxins from system and restore lost ability points

Paramedic

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+2	+2	+2	Skill focus (heal)+3, Expertise
2nd	+1	+3	+3	+3	Bonus Feat
3rd	+1	+3	+3	+3	Rescue, Calm Under Pressure
4th	+2	+4	+4	+4	Bonus Feat, Status
5th	+2	+4	+4	+4	Skill focus (heal)+6
6th	+3	+5	+5	+5	Bonus Feat
7th	+3	+5	+5	+5	Resuscitate
8th	+4	+6	+6	+6	Bonus Feat
9th	+4	+6	+6	+6	Multi-Heal
10th	+5	+7	+7	+7	Bonus Feat, Medical School

Treatments per Day

Level	0 - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4
1	5 - 3 - 0 - 0 - 0
2	6 - 4 - 1 - 0 - 0
3	6 - 5 - 2 - 0 - 0
4	6 - 6 - 3 - 1 - 0
5	7 - 6 - 4 - 2 - 0
6	7 - 6 - 5 - 3 - 1
7	7 - 7 - 6 - 4 - 2
8	7 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 3
9	8 - 7 - 6 - 6 - 4
10	8 - 7 - 7 - 6 - 5

Abilities: Paramedics deal with life and death every day, and this requires a high degree of skill, intelligence, and wisdom to properly diagnose and treat people. But even with all their skills and knowledge, a paramedic is helpless with out a charismatic personality to comfort and console their patients.

Weapons and Armor: A paramedic has a very limited number of weapons they can use: a baton or club, a staff, and a shield. These are all defensive and generally non-lethal weapons, although a paramedic is trained in all of them to defend himself or others. Some Districts of the NAE allow paramedics to carry other non-lethal weapons, such as stun guns, beanbag rifles, pepper spray, and others. The paramedic still needs special training to use these devices, and they are never allowed inside a crawl.

Restrictions

Pacifist: A paramedic's mission in life is to help by treating injuries, not inflicting them. Paramedics resort to the use of physical force only as a last resort. This does not mean that paramedics shy away from a fight. Paramedics rush into extremely dangerous, and often life threatening, situations that most people would prefer to avoid. Paramedics engage in combat only to defend themselves or others. Ironically, there are quite a few Division 4 Xcrawl teams comprised of paramedics, since it is a non-lethal and good for training.

Paramedic's Code: Every paramedic must swear an oath similar to render aid to those in need of medical attention regardless of age, sex, race, religion, or nationality. Monsters are a gray area, and it has been generally accepted that they must ask for aid before it will be given. Inside of a crawl, the monster must surrender before asking for aid.

Multi-Class Restriction: Paramedics are more than a class; they are a profession. They are licensed and monitored by the Empire, because they dispense medications and have access to many areas of the NAE that a common citizen cannot go. This prevents paramedics from multi-classing and retaining this ability to perform treatments and obtain medical supplies. A paramedic who multi-classes loses her license until she takes another level in paramedic.

Special Abilities

Innoculate

Paramedics are constantly exposed to sickness and disease. To counter this, paramedics receive a battery of shots that makes them immune to all natural diseases. paramedics are still affected by magical or supernatural diseases. A paramedic loses this ability when they multi-class, but regains it if she takes another level of paramedic.

Bind Wounds

As long as the paramedic has a modern Healer's Kit or Paramedic's Bag, he can bind a person's wound. This requires a Heal check (DC 15) and takes one minute to perform. A successful Heal check heals (1d4+ level) hit points. A paramedic can Bind Wounds a number of times per day equal to (WIS mod x level). Bind Wounds can only be performed once per injury, and only if the person has not received magical healing after sustaining the wound.

Example: a 6th level paramedic with a 16 Wisdom (+3 Mod) can make 18 attempts per day to heal 1d4+6 damage with Bind Wounds.

Detoxify

At third level, paramedics are trained to administer anti-venoms, anti-toxins and other medications that can alleviate or neutralize an ability drain caused by some attacks. It takes a paramedic five minutes, and they must have a Paramedic's Bag and make a Heal check (DC 20) for the Detoxify ability to succeed. If the check is successful, the paramedic counters the last failed save. A paramedic can perform this ability a number of times equal to his level per day, and it can only be performed once per patient.

Example: a 4th level paramedic wants to Detoxify a person stung by a scorpion. This person made the first save, but failed the second, losing 3 points of DEX. The paramedic spends five minutes, rolls a Heal check, getting a 24—indicating a successful Detoxify—and the patient regains the 3 points of DEX that were lost.

Treatments

A paramedic can perform treatments—the medical equivalent of divine spells. Treatments work a little differently from spells. Spells heal instantly, where treatments take time. Treatments do not use magic, they use science and take longer to perform. Use the following formula to determine the time needed to administer treatments (Spell level x casting time = number of minutes). Zero-level treatments are full round actions. So the treatment version of *cure moderate wounds* takes two minutes (level 2 x casting time 1 = 2 minutes). Treatments cannot be performed on anyone who has had magical healing cast on them after being injured.

Treatment List

- *Cure minor wounds, detect poison*
- *Cure light wounds, remove fear*
- *Calm emotions, cure moderate wounds, delay poison, gentle repost, lesser restoration, remove paralysis*
- *Cure serious wounds, remove blindness/deafness, cure disease*
- *Cure critical wounds, neutralize poison, restoration*

Bonus Feats List

Paramedics pick their bonus feats from the following list: Alertness, Dodge, Mobility, Endurance, Improved Disarm, Improved Trip, Iron Will, Lighting Reflexes, Leadership, Run, Great Fortitude

Medical School

At 10th level, paramedics split their time between work and school. In Medical School, paramedics learn advanced medical treatments and skills needed to advance into a medical prestige class. This ability allows a character to redistribute skill points in order to qualify for a medical prestige class.

Medical Prestige Classes

Doctor

Most paramedics become doctors when they finish Medical School. This is the most hands-on medical prestige class, and the closest to a paramedic. Doctors diagnose physical and mental illnesses, disorders and injuries, and prescribe medications and treatment to their patients. Most doctors work in hospitals and clinics, but some have their own private practice.

Requirements

To become a doctor, a character must fulfill the following criteria: **Skills:** Heal 12 ranks, Alchemy 8 ranks, Knowledge: Medicine 5 ranks, Medical School

Hit Dice: D6

Allowed Weapons: same as paramedic

Allowed Armor: same as paramedic

Skill points: 8 + INT mod per level

Class Skills: Alchemy, Concentration, Diplomacy, Gather Info, Heal, Innuendo, Knowledge, Listen, Profession, Read lips, Search, Sense Motive, Spot, Languages, Drive

Alignment: Good Only

Doctor

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+1	+0	+1	Medical Expertise, Diagnose
2nd	+1	+1	+0	+1	Bedside Manner, Prescriptions
3rd	+1	+2	+1	+2	Advanced Treatment 1 x day
4th	+2	+2	+1	+2	Skill Focus (Knowledge: Medicine) +3
5th	+2	+3	+2	+3	Surgery
6th	+3	+3	+2	+3	Advanced Treatment 2x day
7th	+3	+4	+3	+4	—
8th	+4	+4	+3	+4	Advanced Treatment 3 x day
9th	+4	+5	+3	+5	—
10th	+5	+5	+3	+5	Advanced Treatment 4 x day

Treatments per Day

Level	0 - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4
1	5 - 3 - 0 - 0 - 0
2	6 - 4 - 1 - 0 - 0
3	6 - 5 - 2 - 0 - 0
4	6 - 6 - 3 - 1 - 0
5	7 - 6 - 4 - 2 - 0
6	7 - 6 - 5 - 3 - 1
7	7 - 7 - 6 - 4 - 2
8	7 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 3
9	8 - 7 - 6 - 6 - 4
10	8 - 7 - 7 - 6 - 5

Restrictions

A doctor has all the restrictions of a paramedic

Special Abilities

A doctor has all the special abilities of a paramedic in addition to the following:

Medical Expertise

Doctors usually have the advantage of taking their time when performing Treatments. A doctor can double Treatment time in order to heal an additional amount of damage equal to the doctor's level + WIS Mod.

Bedside Manner

A doctor develops a calming Bedside Manner when dealing with patients. When talking to patients, doctors add their level to Diplomacy checks.

Prescriptions

A doctor can prescribe restricted medication.Only a pharmacist can fill prescriptions.

Advanced Treatment

There are three Advanced Treatments: Heal, Greater Restoration, Regeneration. These Treatments must be performed inside a hospital or similar medical facility. They require a Heal check (DC 30) and have a recovery period. During the recovery period, the patient cannot perform any strenuous activities and bed rest is recommended. Advanced Treatments can be performed after magical healing.

Advanced treatment	Treatment Time	Recovery Time
Heal	2 Hours	1 Week
Greater Restoration	4 Hours	1 Month
Regeneration	6 Hours	Up To 1 Year*

**the total recovery time depends on the body part being regenerated. A finger may take two weeks, while a leg takes a year. The total recovery time depends on the GM's discretion.*

Surgery

As long as the Doctor is at a hospital or similar medical facility, he can perform Surgery. This requires a Heal check (DC 25) and takes one hour to perform and adds a recovery time of one day. A successful Heal check heals (2d4 + level + WIS Mod) hit points. A Doctor can perform Surgery (WIS Mod + Level) times per day. During the recovery period, the patient cannot perform any strenuous activities and bed rest is recommended. Surgery can be performed multiple times on the same person, and it can be performed after magical healing.

Pharmacist

Pharmacists supply, dispense, and manufacture medicines and drugs in hospitals and community pharmacies. They also advise patients on their appropriate use. Pharmacists also conduct research into the formulation, production, storage, quality control, and distribution of medicines and drugs.

Requirements:

To become a pharmacist, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Skills: Heal 8 ranks, Alchemy 12 ranks, Knowledge: Medicine 8 ranks, Medical School

Hit Dice: D4

Allowed Weapons: same as paramedic

Allowed Armor: same as paramedic

Skill points: 8 + INT mod per level

Class Skills: Alchemy, Concentration, Diplomacy, Gather Info, Heal, Knowledge, Listen, Profession, Sense Motive, Spot, Languages, Drive

Alignment: Good Only

Pharmicist

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+1	+0	+1	Skill Focus (Alchemy) +3, (Craft)+3
2nd	+1	+1	+0	+1	Craft Medication Feat
3rd	+1	+2	+1	+2	Skill Focus (Knowledge: Medicine) +3
4th	+2	+2	+1	+2	Craft Medication Feat
5th	+2	+3	+2	+3	—
6th	+3	+3	+2	+3	Craft Medication Feat
7th	+3	+4	+3	+4	—
8th	+4	+4	+3	+4	Craft Medication Feat
9th	+4	+5	+3	+5	—
10th	+5	+5	+3	+5	Increased Productivity

Restrictions:

A pharmacist has all the restrictions of a paramedic.

Special Abilities:

A pharmacist has all the special abilities of a paramedic in addition to the following:

Increased Productivity

At 10th level, a pharmacist can create twice the amount of medication for the same amount of money and in the same amount of time.

New Feats

Rescue

You are skilled at moving into combat, stabilizing, and retrieving a fallen combatant.

Prerequisite: DEX 13+, Dodge, Mobility

Benefit: As a full round action you can move into combat, stabilize someone, and drag them out of combat, provided that your total movement is not greater than your total speed. Moving in this way does not provoke an attack of opportunity. You cannot use this feat if you are wearing heavy armor.

Special: Paramedics receive this as a bonus feat.

Resuscitate

You can use CPR to breathe life into someone who recently died.

Prerequisite: WIS 13+, Heal Skill 8+

Benefit: You can use CPR bring a person who has recently died back to life with a Heal check (DC 25). After someone dies, you have rounds equal to his CON stat to try and resuscitate him with CPR. There must be a mostly intact body for this feat to work.

Special: Paramedics receive this as a bonus feat.

Multi-Heal

Heal two people with one skill check.

Prerequisite: WIS 13+, Heal Skill 12+

Benefit: You can use the same Heal check on two people that are within five feet of you.

Calm Under Pressure

You remain calm during stressful situations.

Prerequisite: Skill Focus Concentration

Benefit: You can re-roll a failed skill check once per session.

Status

As a free action, you can look at someone and generally determine his injury status.

Prerequisite: Heal Skill 10+

Benefit: When you look at someone and concentrate, you can determine his status: unharmed, wounded, disabled, staggered, unconscious, dying, dead, etc.

Diagnose

You can accurately Diagnose a person's injuries and ailments.

Prerequisite: Status, Heal Skill 15+

Benefit: You can spend a full round examining a patient to determine their exact types of injuries and/or ailments. If they are poisoned, you know the type of poison; if they are diseased, you know what disease they have, and the best treatment for it.

Medical School

You attend medical school.

Prerequisite: 25000GP, WIS 13+

Benefit: You can reallocate skill points to meet the requirements of a medical prestige class.

Special: Paramedics receive this feat free of cost at 10th level.

Craft Medication—Pills

You can create pills, which carry spells or medical treatments.

Prerequisite: Spellcaster level 5+ or Medical School.

Benefit: You can create pills of any Medical Treatment or spell of 5th level or lower that you know, with a target of personal, one creature, or individual. Crafting pills takes one day for each batch. The base price of creating pills is its caster level multiplied by the spell level multiplied by 150GP multiplied by the number of pills batches created. Example: for a ninth level paramedic to create four batches (forty pills) of *cure light wounds* would cost 5400GP (9x4x1x150=5400). Pills must be created in batches of ten. Whoever takes the pill is the target of the spell. Pills take effect 20 minutes after being ingested. Pills have a shelf life of two years.

Special: Since there is no XP expenditure when creating medication, all medication has a shelf life. After the shelf life has expired, the medication is no longer effective.

Craft Medication—Bandages & Patches

You can create Bandages or Patches which carry spells or Medical Treatments.

Prerequisite: Spellcaster level 7+ or Medical School.

Benefit: You can create bandages or patches of any Medical Treatment of spell of 4th level or lower that you know with a range of touch or personal. Crafting bandages or patches takes one hour per bandage or patch. The base price of creating bandages or patches is the caster level multiplied by the spell level multiplied by 20 GP. Sample: to create a patch of *neutralize poison* from a tenth level paramedic costs 800GP (4x10x20=800). Whoever the bandage or patch is applied to is the target of the spell. Bandages take effect five minutes after being applied and have a shelf life of three months. Patches take effect 15 minutes after

being applied and have a shelf life of nine months.

Special: Since there is no XP expenditure when creating medication, all medication has a shelf life. After the shelf life has expired, the medication is no longer effective.

Craft Medication—Salve & Ointment

You can create Salves and Ointments, which carry spells or Medical Treatments.

Prerequisite: Spellcaster level 3+ or Medical School

Benefit: You can create a salves or ointments of Medical Treatments of 4th level or lower spells that you know with a range of touch or personal. Creating a salve or ointment takes one day. When you create a salve or ointment, you set the caster level. The caster level must be sufficient to cast the spell in question, and no higher than your own level. The base price of a salve or ointment is its spell level multiplied by its caster level multiplied by 50 GP. Example: an eighth level paramedic creating a salve of *calm emotions* costs 1200GP (8x3x50=1200). Salves have two applications, and a six-month shelf life. Ointments have only one application, and a one-year shelf life. When you create a salve and ointment, you make any choices that you would normally make when casting the spell. Whoever receives the application of the salves or ointments is the target of the spell.

Special: Since there is no XP expenditure when creating medication, all medication has a shelf life. After the shelf life has expired the medication is no longer effective.

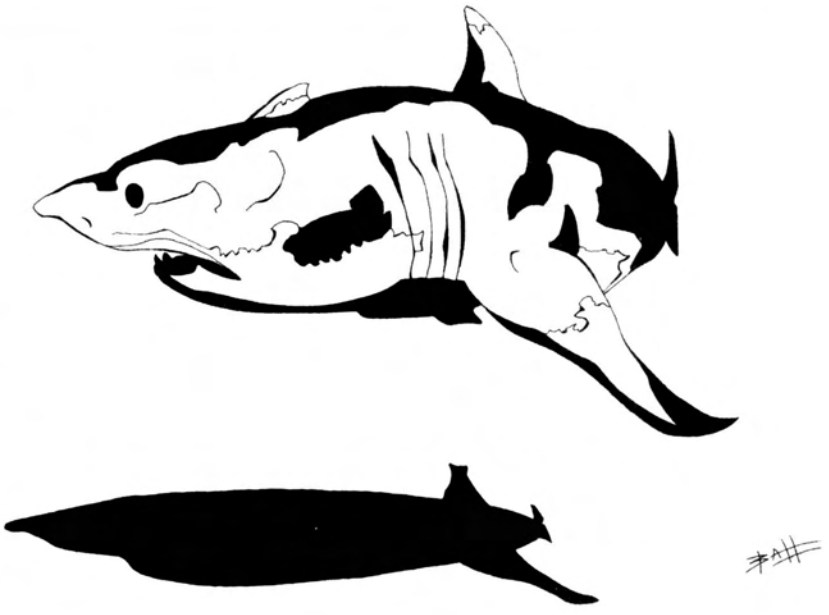
Craft Medication—Inhalants

You can create inhalants, which carry spells or medical treatments.

Prerequisite: Spellcaster level 7+ or Medical School.

Benefit: You can create *inhalants* of any medical treatment or spell of 5th level or lower, that you know, with a target of personal, one creature, or individual. Crafting *inhalants* takes one day per batch. The base price of creating *inhalants* is its caster level multiplied by the spell level multiplied by 300GP multiplied by the number of batches created. Example: A 7th level paramedic creates two batches of *cure disease* costing a total of 16800GP (7x4x300x2=16800). Inhalants must be created in batches of ten. Whoever takes the *inhalant* is the target of the spell. *Inhalants* take effect 1minute after being ingested. *Inhalants* have a shelf life of one year. *Inhalants* have half the normal spell duration rounded up.

Special: Since there is no XP expenditure when creating medication, all medication has a shelf life. After the shelf life has expired the medication is no longer effective.



New Monsters

Australian Fighting Fish

Medium-sized beast

Hit Dice: 3d10 (18 hp)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 60 ft swim

AC: 18 (+3 Dex, +5 natural)

Attacks: Bite +3, Fin Slash + 3

Damage: Bite 2d6+3, Fin 1d6—Critical 18-20

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft. /5 ft.

Special Attacks: Rage, Ferocity

Special Qualities: Keen Scent

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 4, Wis 10, Cha 9 Skills: listen +9, Spot +5

Feats: Blindsight

Climate/Terrain: Any warm aquatic

Organization: Pack (3-20)

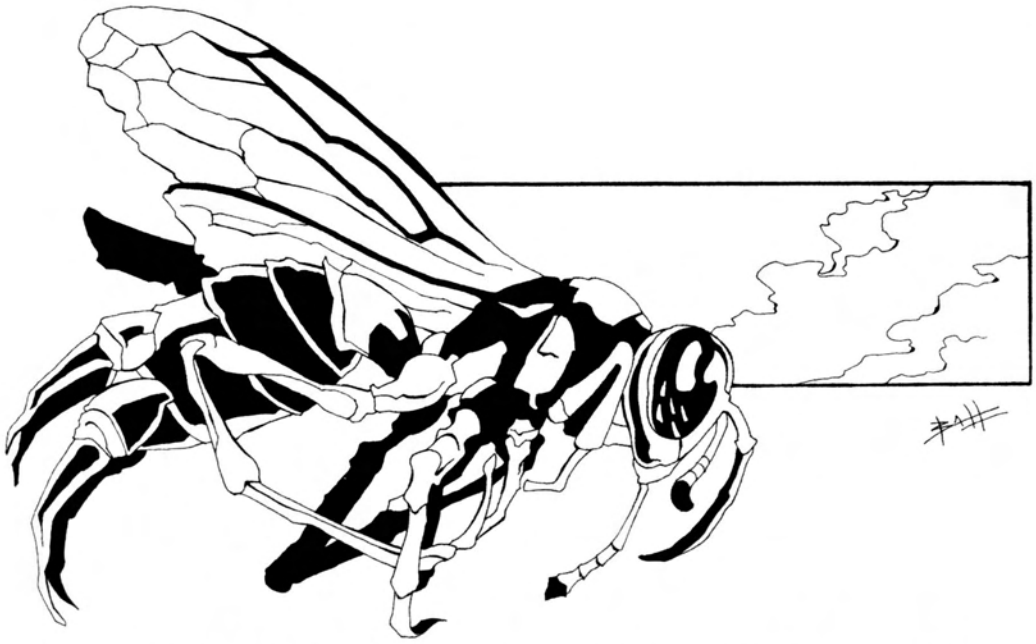
Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always chaotic

Advancement: 4-6 HD (Medium-size) 6-8 (large)

Australian fighting fish are blue-black with dagger like teeth, and purple and red striping on their ridged fins. These creatures are a bizarre crossbreed of great white sharks and barracuda. It is believed that these fish were created for the sole purpose of expanding the illegal animal fights that are exceedingly popular in Australia and a few other countries. For years, it was highly illegal to own these fish, and people would often release them into the lakes or oceans to avoid being caught with them. This caused an ecological disaster, because the fighting fish



decimated the indigenous fish. In recent years, whenever these fish have been captured, they have been turned over to aquariums.

Combat: As soon as these fish smell blood, they go into a berserk frenzy and attack. These fish fight to the death. They make initial passes slashing into their prey with their fins, then attack with their devastating bite.

Ferocity (Ex): A fighting fish is such a tenacious combatant that it continues to fight without penalty, even while disabled or dying.

Keen Scent (Ex): Australian fighting fish can notice creatures by scent in a 180-foot radius, and detect blood in the water at ranges of up to a mile.

Rage (Ex): Australian fighting fish that smell blood in combat fly into a berserk rage the following round, biting madly until either it or its opponent is dead. An enraged Australian fighting fish gains +4 Strength, +4 Constitution, and -2 AC. The creature cannot end its rage voluntarily.

Bombardier Wasps

Tiny magical beast

Hit Dice: 2d10+1 (12 hp)

Initiative: +5 (Dex)

Speed: 10 ft; 60 ft fly (perfect)

AC: 17 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +4 natural)

Attacks: Bite +2, sting +7, acid dart +7

Damage: Bite 1d4+4, sting 1d4+6, 2d4 acid damage

Face/Reach: 2 1/2' by 2 1/2'/2 1/2 ft.

Special Attacks: Hive mind, acid darts

Special Qualities: Immunities, resistances

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +2

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 20, Con 13, Int 4, Wis 10, Cha 9 Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +3

Feats: Fly-By Attack

Climate/Terrain: Any temperate or warm climate

Organization: Swarm (5-20), Hive (20-150)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 3-4 HD (tiny) 5-6 HD (small)

Bombardier wasps are 22 inch long insects with very large, muscular tails housing four acid darts. Living in large hives built out of a paper-like material, bombadier wasps are similar to their normal cousins. Each hive is about 15 feet in diameter; due to the time and resources the wasps expend creating their hive, the wasps become very aggressive if anything disturbs it.

Combat: Bombardier wasps are normally docile preferring to avoid other creatures; however, if one of the wasps, or their hive, is ever threatened, they ruthlessly attack. They use their acid darts to scare off the attacking creatures, but if that doesn't work they swarm, stinging and biting until the creature is dead.

Hive Mind (Ex): All bombardier wasps within five miles are in constant communication. If one is aware of a particular danger, they all are. If one in a group is not flat-footed, none of them are. No bombardier wasp in a group is considered flanked unless all of them are.

Acid Dart: Bombardier wasps have four extra dart-like stingers on their tail. By flexing muscles in their tail, they can launch these stingers at a target. The stingers have a range increment of 15 feet, and explode upon contact, dealing 2d4 acid damage. The acid darts are grenade-like weapons and the wasps can fire one per round. The darts grow back at a rate of one per day.

Immunities (Ex): Bombardier wasps have poison, petrification, and paralysis immunity.

Resistances (Ex): Bombardier wasps have fire, cold, electricity, and sonic resistance 10.

CATHOULIE

Medium-Size Monstrous Humanoid (Aquatic)

Hit Dice: 2d8+2 (11 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft., swim 50 ft.

AC: 16 (natural +4, Armor +2)

Attacks: By weapon

Damage: Spear

Special Attacks: Tentacle staff, poison

Special Qualities: Keen sight, slimy, immunities, electricity immunity, amphibious

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +5

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 8 Skills: Escape Artist +18, Knowledge or Craft (any one) +6, Listen +9, Move Silently +3, Search +10, Spot +11

Feats: Alertness, Great Fortitude

Climate/Terrain: Any aquatic and underground

Organization: Patrol (2-4 plus 1 3rd-level cleric), squad (6-11 plus 1 or 2 3rd-level cleric, 1 or 2 4th-level Sorcerer, and 1 8th-level fighter), band (20-50 plus 100% noncombatants plus 2 3rd-level cleric, 2 8th-level fighters, and 1 10th-level fighter), or tribe (40-400 plus 1 3rd-level clerics per 20 adults, 1 4th-level Sorcerer, 4 8th-level fighters, 1 10th-level cleric, and 2 10th-level fighters)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Usually neutral evil

Advancement: By character class

Cathoulie are a race of aquatic humanoids living in the deepest depths of the ocean. Very little is known about them except that they like their privacy. The cathoulie look like a cross between a squid and a frog, they are usually dark green, and always covered with a gray slime.

Combat: Cathoulie tactics and weapons vary greatly, depending upon the training and skills of the individual encountered. A group of cathoulie warriors usually fight in formation, throwing harpoons before closing to melee range. They prefer the tentacle staff, whip and spear.

Tentacle Staff: Cathoulie fighters carry this large exotic weapon. A tentacle staff deals 1d8 points of bludgeoning damage, and deals double damage on a critical hit. It has a 10-foot reach and cannot be used against an adjacent opponent. A wielder striking an opponent that is no larger than large size attempts to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If the wielder gets a hold, the staff's tentacles grab the opponent, and deal 1d10 points of damage each round. The tentacles have a STR of 16, and will maintain the grapple on their own.

Keen Sight (Ex): Cathoulie have excellent vision thanks to their two independently focusing eyes. Their eyesight is so keen that they can spot a moving object or creature even if it is invisible. Only by remaining perfectly still can such objects or creatures avoid their notice.

Slimy (Ex): All cathoulie are covered in a fine layer of an oily slime, making them difficult to grapple or snare. Webs, magic or otherwise, don't effect cathoulie, and they usually can wriggle free from most other forms of confinement. This slime is also poisonous, and causes hallucinations, and possibly insanity, if ingested.

Poison: Fortitude Save DC 16. The oily slime that the cathoulie excrete causes fearsome hallucinations, causing anyone failing the save to make wild and random attacks at imaginary enemies for 1d4 rounds. Anyone who critically fails the save becomes feebleminded per the spell for a week.

Immunities (Ex): Cathoulie are immune to poison and paralysis. The various hold spells also have no effect on them, and their keen sight automatically detects figments for what they are.

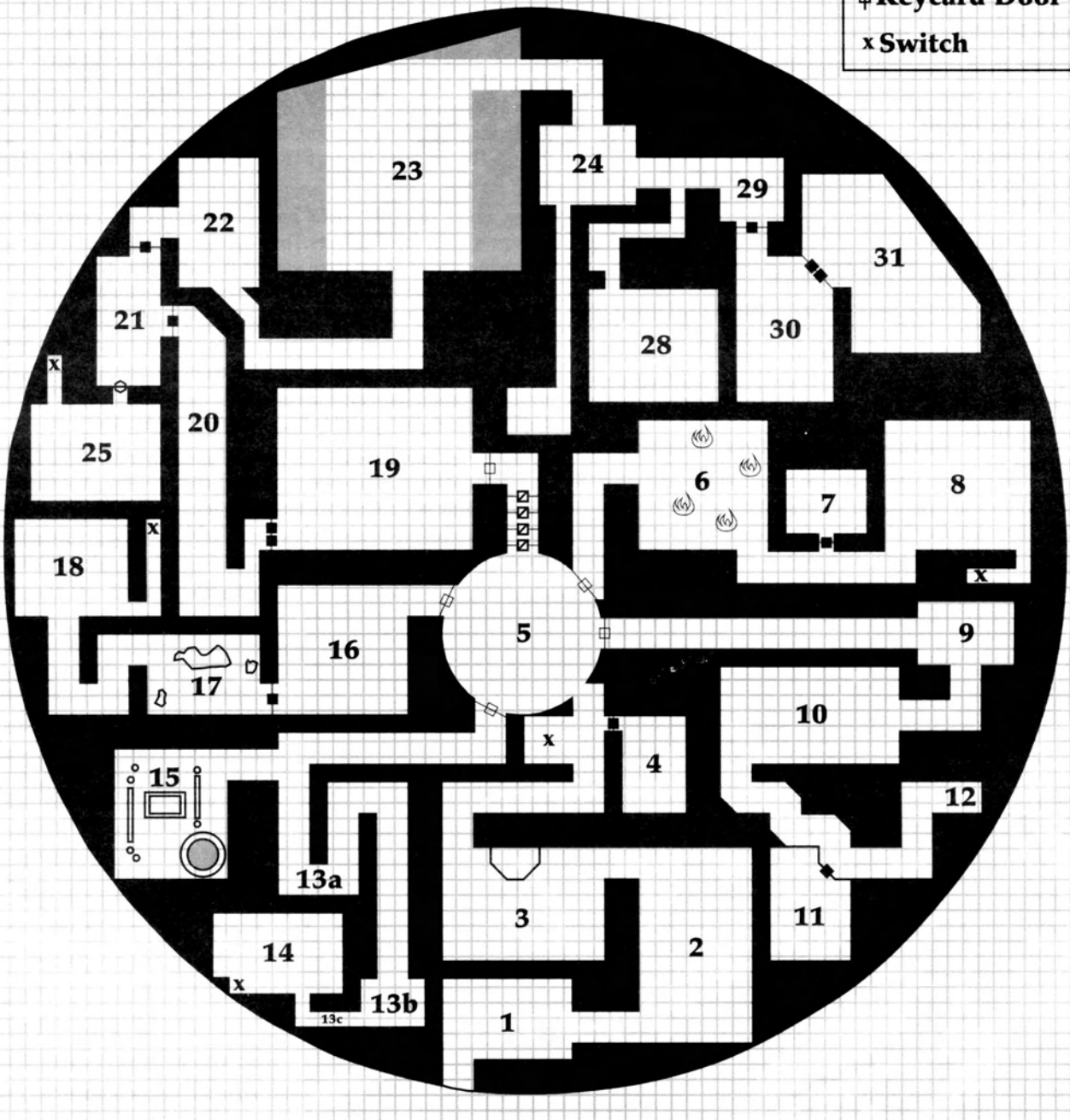
Amphibious (Ex): Although cathoulie breathe through their skin, they can survive indefinitely on land as long as they still have their slimy coating. Skills: Cathoulie receive a +15 racial bonus to Escape Artist checks, and a +4 racial bonus to Spot and Search checks.

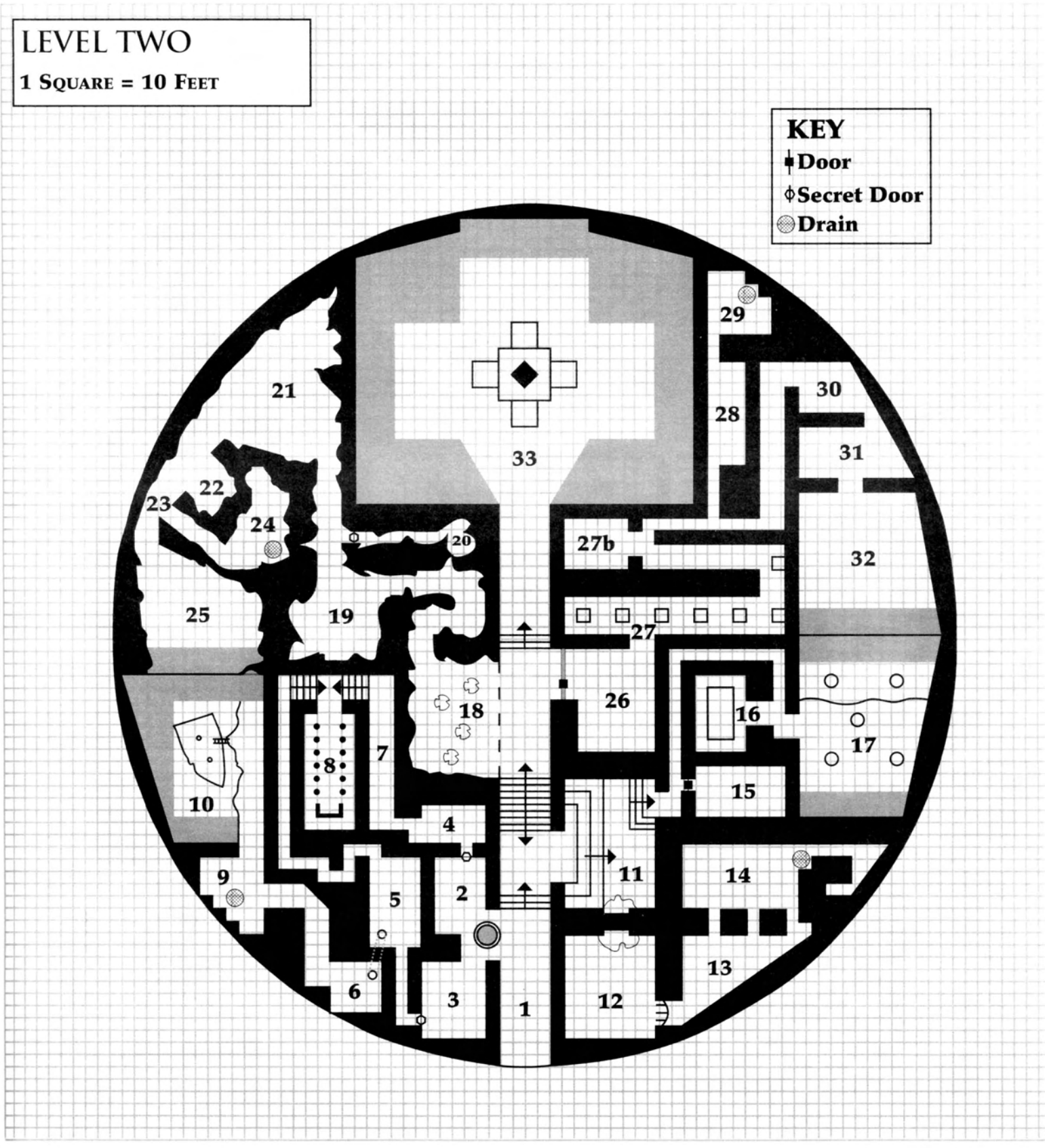
LEVEL ONE

1 Square = 10 Feet

KEY

- **Door**
- **Secret Door**
- **Elemental Door**
- **Keycard Door**
- **x Switch**




LEVEL TWO
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Door
Secret Door
Drain
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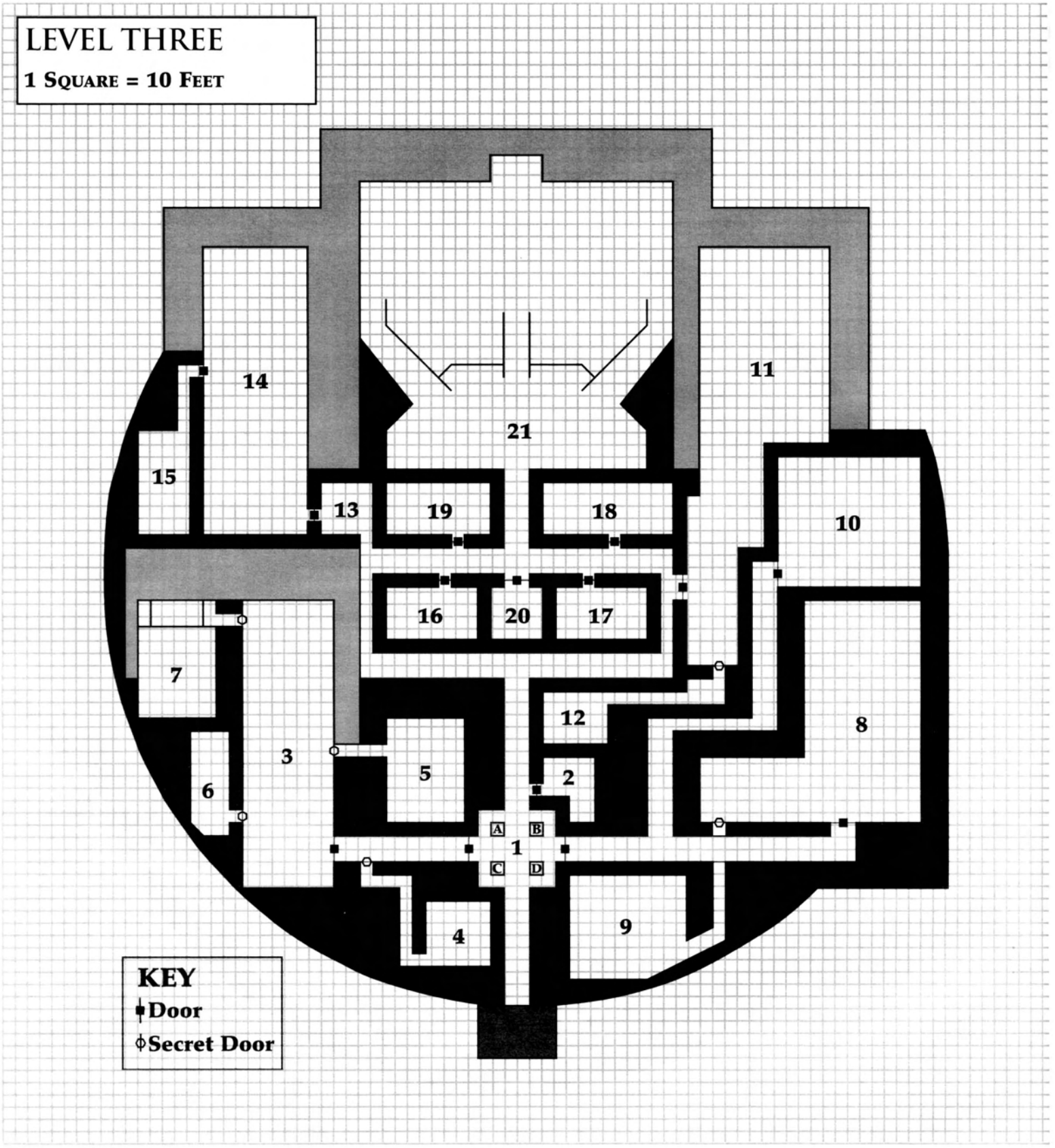
LEVEL THREE
1 Square = 10 Feet
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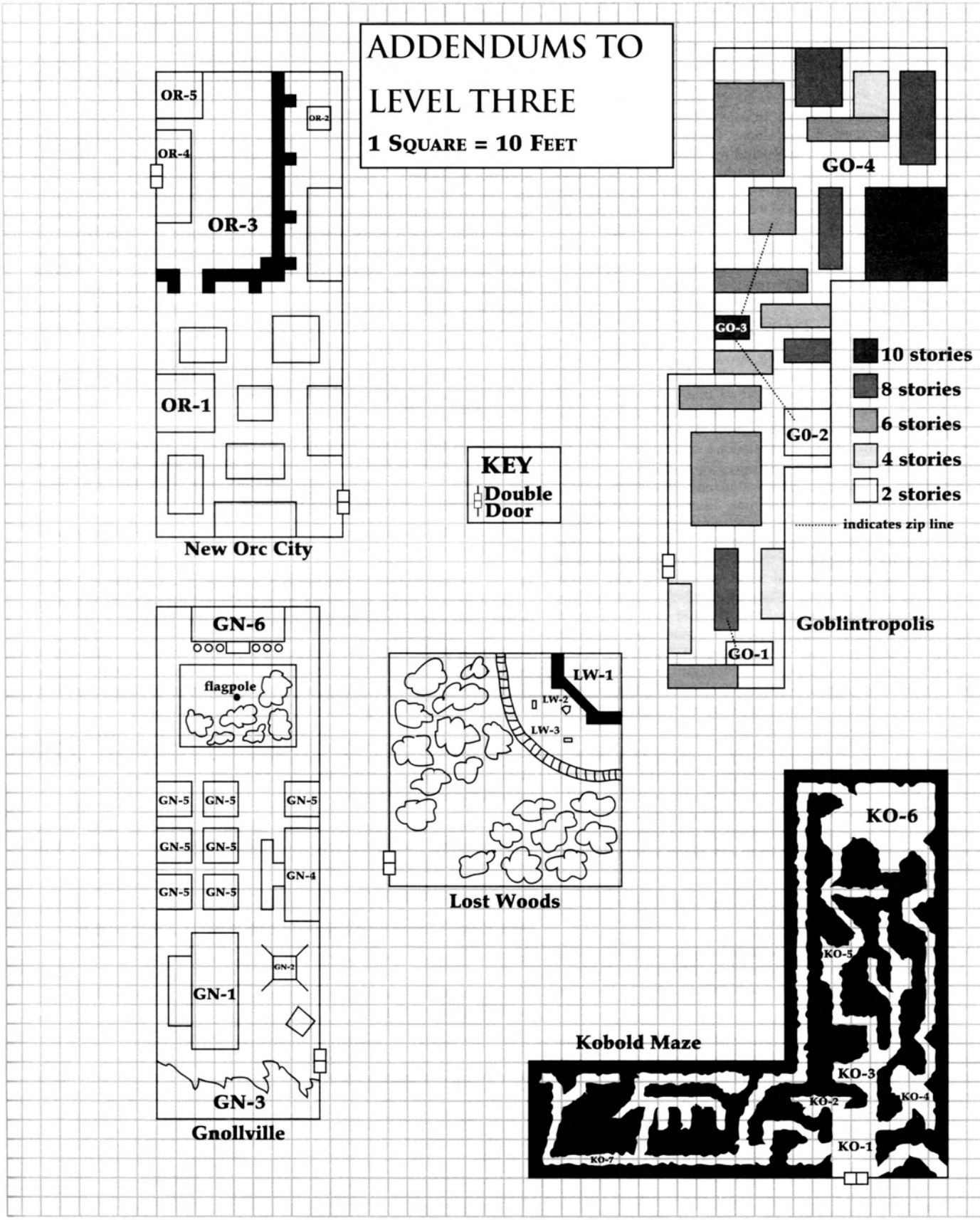
KEY
Door
Secret Door


ADDENDUMS TO
LEVEL THREE
1 Square = 10 Feet
OR-5
OR-2
OR-4
OR-3
OR-1
New Orc City
KEY
Double Door
GO-4
GO-3
GO-2
GO-1
10 stories
8 stories
6 stories
4 stories
2 stories
indicates zip line
Goblintropolis
GN-6
flagpole
GN-5
GN-4
GN-2
GN-1
GN-3
Gnollville
LW-1
LW-2
LW-3
Lost Woods
KO-6
KO-5
KO-3
KO-4
KO-2
KO-1
KO-7
Kobold Maze

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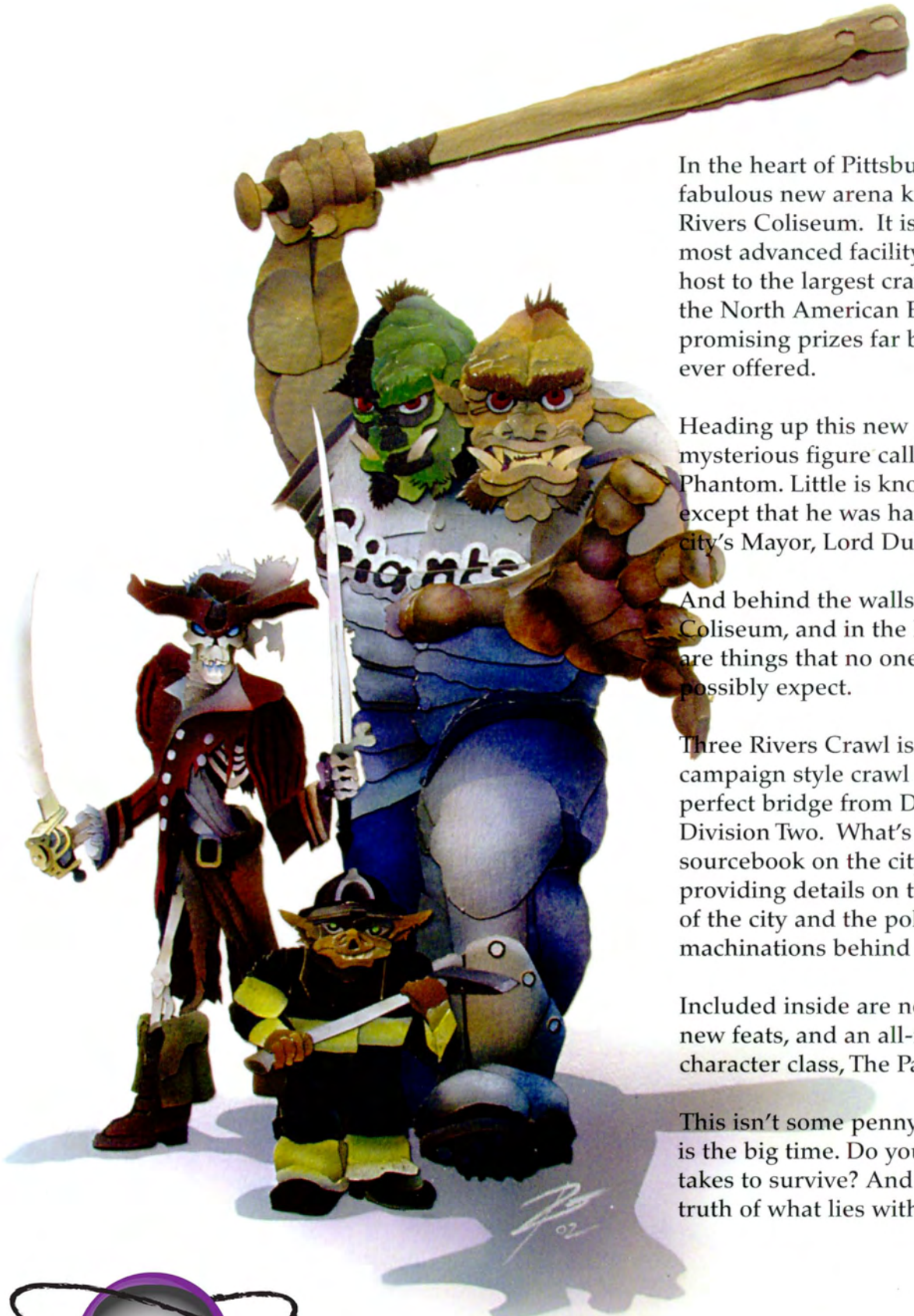

In the heart of Pittsburgh lies a fabulous new arena known as Three Rivers Coliseum. It is the largest and most advanced facility of its kind, and host to the largest crawl ever held in the North American Empire, promising prizes far beyond anything ever offered.

Heading up this new event is a mysterious figure calling himself DJ Phantom. Little is know of this man, except that he was hand picked by the city's Mayor, Lord Duke Stratford.

And behind the walls of the Coliseum, and in the heart of the DJ are things that no one could possibly expect.

Three Rivers Crawl is a massive campaign style crawl that serves as a perfect bridge from Division Three to Division Two. What's more, it is also a sourcebook on the city of Pittsburgh, providing details on the major players of the city and the political machinations behind it all.

Included inside are new monsters, new feats, and an all-new core character class, The Paramedic.

This isn't some penny-ante crawl, this is the big time. Do you have what it takes to survive? And can you face the truth of what lies within?

Planet Kritter

PHD-1003

d20 system

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