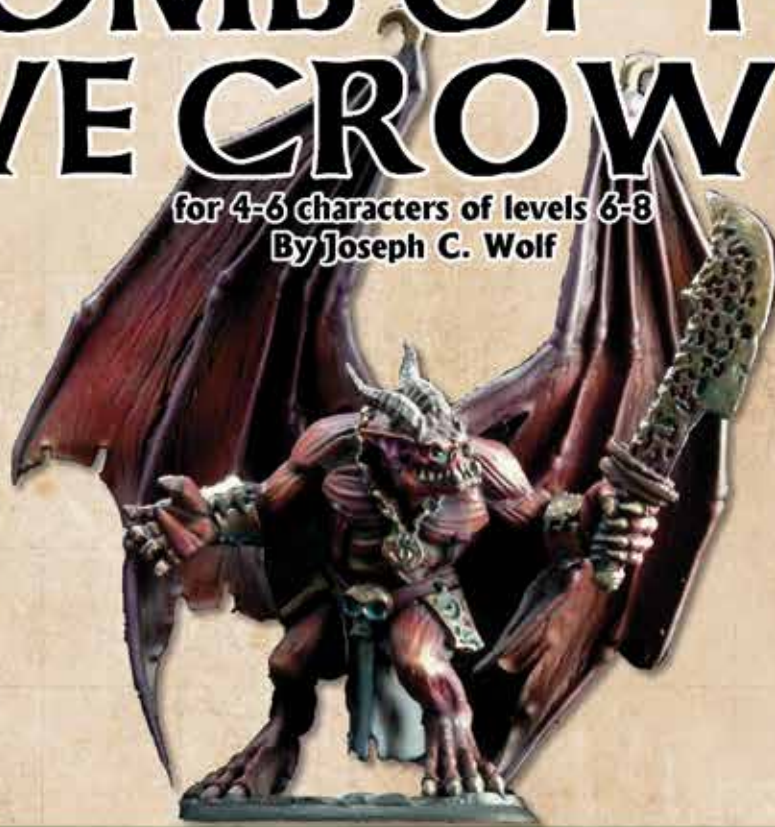


REAPER
DUNGEON
DWELLERS
ADVENTURES

DD3

TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

for 4-6 characters of levels 6-8
By Joseph C. Wolf



Design and Development: Joseph C. Wolf

Editing: Rhonda Bender

Layout: Ron Hawkins Cartography: Gene Van Horne

Interior Illustrations: Gene Van Horne and Izzy "Talin" Collier

44150 Blood Demons sculpted by Bobby Jackson and painted by Michael Proctor

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TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

Eons ago, the demon lord Abraxus was summoned to our world by a cabal of wizards. The demon lord slew his would-be masters but found himself trapped deep in their dungeon and unable to return to his Abyssal domain. Abraxus, Duke of the Mercury Seas of Yorgash, summoned a cadre of faithful demons to free him, but they were imprisoned alongside their lord. Now, the summoners' dungeon is the prison-domain of the fiends. What heroes are brave enough to face and defeat the Blood Demons?

Welcome Gamemaster! What follows is a brief adventure suitable for a single night's play. It can be run as a one-off or inserted into an existing campaign as a side-trek while the Player Characters (PCs) are en route to their next exciting destination.

Although the adventure is light on details, GMs are encouraged to add details to liven up the locales and add customized interest appealing to their game group. That said, everything an enterprising Gamemaster (GM) needs to get started is included: backstory, a sample setup, explorable locations with challenges and hazards, and, of course, fiendish foes. The adventure wraps up with a thrilling final encounter and a generous payoff.

Like all side-treks, this thrilling tale includes a Further Adventures section with additional content seeds intended to inspire future game sessions.

The Tomb of the Five Crowns is designed to be compatible with OSR retro-clones and 3.x era OGL tabletop rpgs, but Gamemasters are free to adapt this adventure to their favorite game engine.

This sordid tale is set in the Westbarrow Hills of Vestonia, in the Dark Heaven Legends Campaign Setting. However, with minimal effort the featured locations, events, and characters can easily be inserted into any high fantasy setting. Naturally the Gamemaster is free to adjust numbers and types of foes, increase or decrease loot, tweak the lethality of hazards, adjust the pacing, or make any and all changes necessary to better match the goals and tastes of their game group but have a care. Here there be monsters!

THE STORY THUS FAR

After years of chafing under meddlesome and bureaucratic restrictions on their magical studies, a cabal of secretive mages formed, calling themselves the Five Crowns of Ezopar. The cadre relinquished

their holdings and noble titles before journeying from the frozen north to the land that would one day become eastern Vestonia.

The mages constructed a subterranean lair below the haunted Westbarrow Hills, beyond the eyes and reach of the superstitious, and often meddlesome, indigenous tribes. To prevent intrusions, the cabal fashioned a single arcane portal arch from the living rock. *Entry Rings* were forged acting as keys to the portal. When activated by the rings, the portal transported the bearer into the lair. In order to control departures and preserve the cabal's secrets, a single *Egress Ring* was forged, which was held by the Lodgemaster.

Within their lair the wizards were free to conduct their research and delve deeply into magical mysteries, but they were petty and often quarreled. Some of the members came to resent the authority of the Lodgemaster, and undermined him at every turn.

When the wizards' research reached an impasse, the cabal used forbidden magic to contact entities inhabiting the Lower Planes. The demon-lord Abraxus gladly answered their call. The wizards foolishly believed that they were in contact with an easily controlled lesser fiend. Unbeknownst to the cabal, the cunning demon was a Duke of the Abyss and, like all of his kind, a shrewd manipulator. Abraxus bent each of the wizards to his will, stoking old rivalries and sowing distrust while further eroding confidence in the Lodgemaster.

In spite of the friction, the cabal convened and performed the summoning ritual. All hell broke loose when Abraxus appeared and easily tore aside the puny binding spells. With the Lodgemaster controlling the only *Egress Ring*, the wizards found themselves trapped. The triumphant fiend summoned more of his kind and the demons fell upon their would-be masters. The wizards, well-schooled in the dark arts, put up a worthy fight, but in the end were massacred alongside their many mortal servants.

Abraxus' carnage-fueled elation was short-lived as he soon realized he and his Blood Demons were victims to the wards protecting the lair. The Lodgemaster's *Egress Ring*, the sole means of escape, was nowhere to be found. The ring was designed to teleport to a concealed location within the dungeon upon the bearer's death, and was also made to be undetectable by extraplanar entities.



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

Abraxus longed for release and sought an end to their imprisonment. Abraxus had the five *Entry Rings* recovered from the mangled corpses of the summoners. The wards protecting the lair were thoroughly investigated. In time a flaw was found - a wrinkle in the weave of the magic. The tiny imperfection was too small for a demon to slip through, but was just large enough for a small object such as a ring. Abraxus surmised outside help was needed. The fiends sent the *Entry Rings* through the fissure, seeding them into the adjacent crypts and passages of the Westbarrow Hills, and then waited for the rings to be found by intrepid delvers.

Over the centuries, countless explorers have stumbled upon the *Entry Rings* and found their way into the cabal's refuge. In short order, the unsuspecting delvers were set upon by the fiends. Once captured, the demons employed every means to trick or force the delvers into dispelling the bindings, but the wards have resisted all attempts to break them. Abraxus is not a generous host and he does not tolerate failure. To date, none have escaped the Tomb of the Five Crowns.

GETTING STARTED

The PCs happen upon one of the *Entry Rings* while exploring the Westbarrow Hills. The *Entry Rings* are described at the end of this adventure under the New Magic section. The GM is encouraged to add additional powers to the *Entry Ring* as inducements to whet the appetites of loot-hungry PCs in order to spur investigation and exploration.

The location of the portal is up to the GM. Ideally it should be placed in a side-passage on the fringe of a dungeon currently being explored by the PCs. The PCs could have walked by the simple, unadorned stone arch dozens of times, never realizing its significance. Once they have an *Entry Ring* and approach the arch, a new avenue of adventure yawns wide before them.

THE DUNGEON

The portal deposits PCs in Area 1. Entry of the lair. The bearer quickly discovers the *Entry Ring* is no longer on their finger. As part of the lair's magic, the *Entry Ring* is transported to a stone basin in **Area 15 - Summoning Chamber**.

The lair is set up like a gauntlet with multiple levels of rooms descending deep into the earth. The wizards could not agree on a simple design and the resulting layout is, in a word - chaotic.

Originally the chamber and corridors were tidy, well-lit, and orderly, however the battles between the fiends and the wizards left the interiors in shambles. Signs of battle are everywhere, including fallen stonework, burned furniture, and shredded wall hangings. Destructive magic has left the walls, floors, and ceilings deeply cracked and scorched. The army of unseen servants, enchanted with the ability to use the mend spell at will, have been unable to repair the most serious damage.

All walls, floors, and ceilings are carefully shaped and made from fitted stonework five feet thick and anchored to the living granite. The stonework is proofed against destructive spells, with most magic fizzling harmlessly or rebounding back at the caster (equal chance of either). Doors are made of reinforced hardwood proofed against fire magic. The private quarters have superior locks on the doors, though these were rarely used by the wizards, who had their own means to protect their chambers and personal effects.

Simple but effective spells were placed on the lair to keep it habitable; the rooms and corridors are, relatively speaking, free of dust, grime, and vermin. A dozen or so unseen servants constantly perform routine duties such as sweeping up dust, removing cobwebs, and mending furniture. The unseen servants are known for their industriousness, not their creativity.

Unless otherwise noted, ceilings are 10 feet high, and both rooms and corridors are lit at a level equivalent to lantern light.

NOTE: Once the PCs enter the dungeon, they are unable to leave by ANY means other than the *Egress Ring*! The dungeon has been proofed against all mundane, magical, divine, and psionic means of escape, so no tunneling, *teleporting*, *planeshifting*, use of *dimension door*, *astral projection*, *gaseousness*, *passwall*, or noncorporeal travel will allow the PCs to escape the dungeon. In other words: the PCs are stuck until they acquire the *Egress Ring* in **Area 14 - Lodgemaster's Chambers**.

This may provoke cries of foul from outraged players who feel this is heavy handed and arbitrary. Player agency is important, but so is embracing the particulars of a narrative. The feelings inspired by these circumstances are crucial to the adventure. Players will likely feel trapped and railroaded by the circumstances. Good. Imagine how Abraxus feels after centuries of confinement.



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

LEVEL 1 UPPER HALLS - KEY TO LOCATIONS

AREA 1 - ENTRY

An arch carved from a single slab of stone stands in the middle of the room. The arch is four feet thick, nine feet wide, seven feet tall, and fashioned from the same stone as the archway in the previous dungeon.

The arch is flanked by marble-lined alcoves fitted with basins sitting on pedestals. The basins were originally enchanted to fill with mint-scented water when approached; however the magic has been tainted by Abraxus' profane presence. Seconds after activating one of the basins, a more dangerous fluid is ejected from the spigot with great force. The PC is entitled to a Dexterity save DC 18 to evade or take half damage. In some cases, a second saving throw may be required to avoid or at least reduce a secondary effect. Roll 1d20 and consult the table below:

Unseen servants are always on hand to offer hand towels to those using the wash basins. As the PCs advance to the steps, several other unseen servants accost them enthusiastically, whisking away any dirt and grime on their persons.

A wide flight of stairs ascends to **Area 2 - Parlor**.

AREA 2 - PARLOR

There are two elaborate stone fireplaces in this comfortable sitting room. The fireplaces are alight with figment flames generating heat but no smoke. The tchotchkes and gewgaws on the mantles are illusory and change in appearance every few minutes. A few ornate weapons, shields, and suits of armor hang from pegs or frames on the walls. Among them a *+1 footman's mace* (delivers +1d4 sonic damage on a natural attack roll of 20 but on a natural attack roll of 1 delivers 1d4 sonic damage to the wielder), a black dragon ivory handled *-1 backbiting halberd*, *+1 wooden shield* enchanted with rust monster essence (on any natural attack roll missing because of the

TAINTED BASIN EFFECTS

1d20 Roll	Effect
1	Green slime, on a successful save the PC evades (barely!) but a useful piece of gear is struck and consumed by the slime.
2-3	Rancid lard, the user is coated with viscous goo equivalent to a grease spell. Movement is halved and Dexterity rolls are required to avoid falling or dropping objects. On the plus side the character is -4 to be grabbed and gains +4 to rolls to slip free of grapples and bonds. Large quantities of soap and alcohol combined will eventually dissolve the grease.
4-6	Sovereign Glue coats hands and body with the adhesive which hardens within moments. Anything the PC touches adheres requiring a DC 25 Strength check to pry free. Universal solvent or similar reagent dissolves the bond.
7-10	Acid causing chemical burns for 3d8 damage, save for half. If the PC takes 10+ hp damage the character is badly scarred reducing all social rolls, except intimidations, by -2. Sustaining 15+ hp damage, roll Constitution DC 15 to avoid permanent blindness, per the cause blindness spell.
11-14	Searing tar scalds the skin causing 4d4 damage. If the save is successful, half damage. If the save is failed, the PC takes 2d4 on the 2nd and 3rd rounds, and 1d4 on the 4th and 5th rounds as the tar finally cools. The PC's hands stick to whatever they touch, requiring a Strength check DC 15 to pry it free.
15-17	Magma ignites flesh for 8d6 damage, roll a Strength save DC 15 to avoid severe injuries to the hands -2 to all die rolls including damage, somatic spellcasting is difficult as is manipulating spell components (25% chance of failure for one, 50% chance of failure both, on a roll of 100 the spell backfires either targeting the caster or reversing the effect on the target, GM's call.) The penalty persists until all hit point damage from the magma is healed.
18-19	Boiling mercury causing injury, 4d6 fire damage, save for half and 2d6 poison damage, roll Constitution DC 17 to save for half. If the Constitution save is failed the PC is poisoned for the next 1d4 hours (-4 to all attack rolls and ability checks) due to illness.
20	Roll twice rerolling rolls of 20.



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

shield bonus, a metal melee weapon is treated as if it had struck a rust monster), quiver of 11 +1/+2 vs. *burrowing creatures short bow arrows*, and a human-sized suit of Haldorian +1 *splint mail* enchanted to improve horsemanship, (grants +2 to any Dexterity check while mounted).

On the southern wall, shredded heavy wall hangings are pulled aside revealing elaborate brass and wood paneled doorways beyond. The room is decorated with tasteful statuary and portraits of the cabal members hanging in heavy gilded frames. Each frame has a polished brass plaque with the name and position of the cabal member, all in Winter Kingdom script. Going clockwise around the room, starting with the wall to the left of the entrance, the cabal members are:

Cabyrr Oorndiller, Mistress of Invocation. An autumn scene with vines and boughs of orange, yellow, and red leaves sets off the portrait of an auburn-haired pale-skinned woman with sharp features and threatening eyes. She's dressed in many thin layers of red frock, and a two-toned black and red fox sits dutifully on a vine-wreathed marble plinth beside her.

Indisk Herrm, Master Diviner. A summer scene with a waterfall and lush greenery surrounds a well-fed fellow with a thick mustache and mutton-chops whose red shiny nose peeks out from between two bushy eyebrows. He wears a many-folded beaver pelt hat and a gold brooch with a peacock feather. He's dressed in blues with a barn owl perched on his outstretched wrist.

Ataski Noth, Mistress of Transmutation. A stern, muscular, mahogany-skinned woman with thick shiny ringlets of hair cascading down to her shoulders stares out of this portrait. She's dressed in a garment of light green and gold knotted cloth and has a strange feathered toad-serpent cradled on her lap.

Hennandu Purillon, Master of Conjunction. He is a nervous looking man with snowy white hair and beard, a long shaped mustache, and matching eyebrows flanking a long carrot-like nose. Sharp slitted yellow eyes like a reptile's peek out from beneath his flattened crushed velvet hat which is decorated with two pheasant feathers attached to a diamond and onyx studded hat pin. He's dressed in crushed velvet frocks with bronze, blue, and mauve iridescent swirls. He holds a strange cuboidal clockwork creature with glass lenses for eyes and insect-like limbs.

Danku Vett, Mistress of Distillation. The background of this portrait is a dark scene from inside a cluttered and dingy alchemist laboratory. Danku is a ghoulish woman with a stubbly, warty chin, sunken eyes, and a sallow complexion. She wears an elaborate apothecary's hat that has a many-folded shawl or veil hanging from above her left ear to drape over her shoulders. She smiles an uncertain smile as her face is lit by a gilded lantern that contains a softly glowing collection of mis-matched pulsating flesh, hair, and teeth trying to escape by pushing against the container's walls and lid.

Belfugeus Midr, Lodgemaster. The portrait depicts a handsome and well-groomed wizardly figure with a deeply lined face, sharp piercing eyes, and wide hawk nose set against a nighttime scene on the shore of a lake. He wears many layers of elaborate gray shadowy robes and is festooned with various talismans, fetishes, and other magical gewgaws on wrist, fingers, and even hanging from his wide-brimmed hat. The Lodgemaster's eyes seem to follow any who walk within a few paces of the portrait. He is posed with his long-whiskered chin up, head back, and his right hand on his lapel. A mynah bird is in a cage hanging over his left shoulder.

Several couches and chairs are placed in a circle on top of an enormous Jalahandran rug. The rug is woven with abstract swirls of greens and blues which, if scrutinized (Intelligence check DC 17), slowly turn and undulate as if the surface were water.

The rug is a deadly magical trap, and functions like quicksand when stepped upon by anybody other than a member of the cabal. The trap is triggered when a solitary creature stands on the rug for 1 round or when 2 or more creatures stand on the rug. The top surface of the rug liquifies causing all standing on the rug to immediately sink up to their knees. Extracting them requires a Strength check DC 15. After the second round, the creature sinks up to their hips, the Strength check is DC 18, on the third round the creature is up to their shoulders DC 21, and on the 5th round the PC is fully submerged, DC 24 to extract them.

Small creatures sink in half (sinking up to their hips in the first round and fully submerged at the end of the second round; the Strength check to extract them is DC 18 and 24 respectively. Once submerged the PC begins drowning. When targeted by a *Dispel Magic* a single PC is suddenly and roughly ejected from the carpet landing 2d4 yards away in a random direction.



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

The rug loses all magic when removed from the room, but if undamaged is worth 8500 gp.

After several moments, more than likely after one or more PCs become mired in the rug, one of the Blood Demons smashes aside the door from Area 10. Trophy Hall and viciously attacks the PCs. The mindless brute barrels through furniture rampaging around the room.

Abraxus has been observing the PCs through the enchanted brazier in Area 15. Summoning Chamber ever since their arrival. The devious demon lord is curious about the newcomers and thinks nothing of sacrificing one of his minions to test the capabilities of his latest playthings.

BLOOD DEMON (HP 42)

See **Appendix One: Monsters** for Blood Demon stats.

The demon has no treasure, but the furniture, statuary on decorative plinths, and the gold frames of the portraits are worth around 12,000 gp to the right collector.

AREA 3 - DINING HALL

Stone steps descend into a room with a vaulted ceiling 15 ft. high. A raised dais for musicians stands beside the steps. A pair of privacy screens divide the dining area from the musicians' area. When placed in front of the musicians' dais, the screens flicker with shadows of illusory musicians playing their instruments and singing. Behind the screen, alcoves house an assortment of drums, pipes, and stringed instruments, including a dulcimer, the instruments are brittle and out of tune but are worth approximately 1200 gp.

A long, polished, hardwood table inlaid with ivory and rare wood dominates the center of the room, and smells of wood soap. High-backed formal chairs upholstered with mismatched cushions surround the table. Overhead hang ornate brass and crystal chandeliers; the lights dim or brighten in response to orders given in the Winter Kingdoms tongue. Seven curtained alcoves line the walls. The alcoves are empty but do contain a minor enchantment responsible for summoning the unseen servants as well as the victuals and viands.

Seconds after someone sits down at the table, a bell appears beside their elbow. When rung, an unseen servant appears with a polished covered tray. Removing the silver cover treats the PC to a revolting sight: a putrid, drooling, pulsing mass of fleshy waste heaped upon the tray. A variety of equally appalling

saucers smelling of offal, sulfur, and ammonia accompanies the meal, along with other even less appealing, and unidentifiable inedibles.

The disgusting dishes are toxic to Adonian life; a single bite incurs 2d8 poison damage to the diner, DC 17 Constitution save for half. If the save is failed, the foolish gastronaut suffers severe indigestion and is fatigued (-2 to Strength and Dexterity checks, and cannot run).

Before the coming of Abraxus, the magic of the room produced sumptuous feasts for the diners, but the demonic presence has befouled the magic.

With each tray, a goblet of excellent wine appears along with the bottle. Abraxus' profane presence has yet to sully the wine cellars. The wine has been preserved for centuries and varies from very good to excellent. A total of 73 bottles remain in the cellar, each one valued from 50 gp - 500 gp.

The cutlery and dishware are made of silver polished to mirror brightness and fitted with whale ivory handles. In total there are ten sets. These, along with the various serving trays, candelabras, pitchers, goblets, gravy boats, etc. are valued at 3000 - 4000 gp.

AREA 4 - STILL VESTIBULE

The outer vestibule is very dusty, with cobwebs hanging from walls and ceiling like a death shroud. A few bundles of webbing dangle in the corners. These grisly parcels contain mummified rat remains. An otherworldly stillness hangs in the air here, as if some invisible intelligence were watching and waiting.

The floor gently slopes downwards past shallow alcoves containing ornate suits of full plate armor in a variety of styles, many decorated with precious stones and metal inlay. The suits are armed with heavy arming swords at the hip and hold ceremonial bardiches. They radiate strong but dormant magic until the PCs come within three paces of the alcoves.

HOLLOW KNIGHTS (2)

S 12 D 9 C 11 I 10 Wis 10 Ch 10

Defense 15, Bardiche +4, 1d12+1 or Arming Sword +4, 2d6+1; HD 3d10, 12 hp; Construct Traits

As the PCs enter the vestibule, the two suits closest to the door awkwardly step out of the alcoves to confront the PCs. After proffering their weapons, the suits fall over clumsily. The magic animating the suits has faded after repeated repairs by the unseen servants. The suits are clumsy and take very little damage to smash aside, but can deliver serious



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

wounds. After centuries of abuse the armor is nearly useless, but each one has gilding and gemstones worth 20 - 200 gp.

While the PCs are preoccupied dealing with the hollow knights, a pair of monstrous orb weaver spiders spring down on them from the shadowy alcoves.

MONSTROUS ORB WEAVER SPIDER (2)

S 14 D 14 C 13 I 7 Wis 12 Ch 10

Defense 16, Bite +5, 1d6+2 plus venom or Web-Slinging +5, see below; HD 3d8+3; 19, 16 hp; Beast Traits; Darkvision; Venomous (1d6 poison damage, DC 16 Constitution save for half, on a failed save 1d6 poison damage per minute till the save is made); **Web-Slinging:** range is 5 yards, a hit causes no damage but the target is struck by the sticky globule of web, every round the spider can reel in the target 3 paces on a successful opposed Strength check (the spider adds +7 to the roll.)



The spiders have no valuables.

AREA 5 - LIBRARY

The library itself is very tidy, with neatly arranged books and scrolls stored on tall hardwood shelves. Unseen servant custodians doggedly return stacks of books and scrolls to their proper place after several minutes unless prevented from doing so.

Browsers unable to reach the taller shelves are given stools or short ladders by the dotting unseen servants.

Magical light filters from above and reflects off of polished mahogany tables in the reading areas.

Comfortable high backed chairs surround the tables. Rich handwoven Hakirian rugs cover the blue marble tile floors. Polished ivory and wood panels cover the walls. Fires won't burn here, and fire based magic is snuffed out harmlessly.

For those seeking solitude, outlying reading nooks with overstuffed chairs are on the periphery of the room.

The books and scrolls are protected from minor damage. Creases and spills are quickly repaired by the attending unseen servants. The enchantments also protect the works from all manner of vermin including bookworms, rodents, silverfish, and booklice.

Deliberate acts of vandalism to the furnishings or the collection are not tolerated; a powerful enchantment is laid upon the library. If vandalism is attempted, the nearby unseen servants whisk works off the shelves. Any nearby furniture fuses into a library golem.

LIBRARIAN GOLEM

S 20 D 12 C 16 I 6 Wis 13 Ch 11

Defense 19, 2 Fist Slam +12, 1d8+5, see below; HD 7d10+21; 70 hp; Construct Traits; Darkvision; Resistance to Piercing, Immunity to Bludgeon, Spell Resistance 15; Shhhhhh: once per encounter the golem casts silence in a 5 yd. radius as a 7th level caster; **Slow:** once per day the golem casts slow as the spell as a 7th level caster; **Thousand Cuts** - 3x/day the golem may summon a vortex of high winds and swirling pages, all creatures caught in the 3 yard radius cube take 2d6 slashing damage (DC 16 Dexterity save for half) per round, the vortex can be moved up to 10 paces per round and lasts 1 minute; **Vulnerability:** erase spells cause 1d10 hit points per caster level when cast on the golem, Constitution save for half.

AREA 6 - WATCHERS VESTIBULE

A rich scarlet rug runs from the double doors, down the steps, through the chamber and continues down the steps to the east.

The walls are decorated with elaborate stonework: braids, plinths, ledges, and pillars. Alcoves are in the northwest and southeastern corners of the room. Each alcove is framed by shredded wall hangings. A pair of sconces containing figment blue fire flicker on both sides of the alcoves; like all fire in the lair there is heat but no smoke.

Each alcove contains the statue of a ghastly barbed, horn-headed creature standing perched on a stone sphere three feet in diameter. The statues are harmless but eerie.



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

AREA 7 - TROPHY HALL

The Trophy Hall celebrates the accomplishments of the cabal members. The walls are polished, veined marble in muted russet and ochre, the floor is sheathed in darker rust colored tiles. The interior glistens and shines - two unseen servants toil here continuously.

The gallery floor is lined with display cases filled with exotic relics and treasures recovered from the four corners of Avalorr. The enchanted, immovable, glassteel cases sit upon decorative marble plinths. The displays are enchanted for durability and are impossible to damage without employing formidable magic (level 7 spells and beyond) with any attempt either fizzling harmlessly or rebounding on the caster (equal chance of either).

The exhibits held under glassteel are:

- a. Half of an ancient amphora partly encrusted in volcanic ash and rock. The orange glaze shows a silhouette of a distant ancient metropolis being destroyed by four malevolent beast-mounted figures.
- b. An enormous scroll, and a quill continuously scribbling minute indecipherable characters onto the scroll's surface. The scroll is half filled.
- c. A sea-salt corroded mechanism fused to a chunk of coral and barnacle encrusted bronze.
- d. The skull of a three-eyed, horn-headed sea creature combining the features of serpent and turtle.
- e. A man-sized hardened clay stele, covered in lines of Samandrian text giving directions to an ancient treasure in the shadow of the Sandcliff Mountains of the Besiac Wastes.
- f. A polished coral statue of two shockingly lifelike, erotically intertwined merfolk. The statue is bathed in shimmering simulated moonlight.
- g. A rotten stump rises out of the middle of a mossy patch of forest floor. At any given time two to four thin, long-stemmed ghostly mushrooms grow out of the wood. The fungus glows faintly. This is all that remains of a dying Malapangan Jungle goddess.
- h. A clay aulos flute resting in an ornate wooden box lined with aurumvorax fur. A small sheet of parchment is attached to a thin cross-section of translucent green agate. The parchment has a few hand penned lines of music. This is the first music written in the hand of the Winter Kingdom's long-dead premier musician, back when he was an anonymous young goat herder.
- i. A grotesque, prehistoric statue of an obese, octopus-headed toad-like sea creature carved from greasy blue-green stone. The figure's hands grip the

arms of a throne of skulls and tendrils. If watched closely over many hours, the statue appears to move.

j. A jeweled egg the size of a man's head, crafted from a single piece of stellar diamond recovered from a meteorite. This jewel was presented as tribute by Borrwoe, a proto-Anhurian chieftain to Oerwynmærr the Wyrming during the Old Age.

AREA 8 - ROTUNDA

The specimens on display are not displayed behind glassteel. Each rests on a tiled dais enhanced with decorative elements of their native environments.

The rotunda is lit from above by streams of soft, magical sunlight. The walls are lined with hardwoods, and the floor is elaborately tiled with a slowly shifting nautically themed mosaic.

The exhibits on display are:

- k. A crouching saber-toothed cat with spines running down its back peeks out from behind tall savannah grass, a water buffalo skull and a few bones lie in the sandy soil.
- l. A mastodon matron and baby in a playful embrace in a muddy watering hole.
- m. A pair of brightly plumed saw-beaked terror birds caught in an energetic fight for dominance surrounded by tall bamboo shoots.
- n. A medusa coiled on a pile of skulls, shattered weapons, shields, and torn mail. She's dressed in a revealing jeweled fish-scaled tunic; an elaborate jeweled veil hangs from her right ear. The vibrant vipers on her head are done up in gold rings and worn like a ponytail with ringlets. She's armed with a mighty composite bow. A quiver of arrows and javelins hangs over her right shoulder, and a large wickedly serrated tulwar dangles from a bejeweled scabbard at her hip. She's sneering menacingly in the direction of a large oval mirror (so the mirror faces the onlookers). The medusa's petrifying gaze has been weakened by the magic preserving her, the range is just under two yards. Tiles on the floor indicate the safe viewing distance, but are easily overlooked.

The specimens are meticulously prepared and preserved, appearing very much as they did in life. If the GM wishes to increase the challenge of the adventure, the displays are not, in fact, dead specimens. Instead they are under a powerful enchantment arresting all life functions and preserving them in place until the magic fails or is dispelled (DC 25 check), more than likely at a most inconvenient time...



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

LEVEL 2 MIDDLE HALLS - KEY TO LOCATIONS

The Middle Halls were the living quarters and workshops of the cabal. The hallways are cavernous, with vaulted ceilings nearly fifteen feet high. The wizards fought a losing battle along these corridors, as evidenced by the damage to the interior. Great chunks of rock have fallen from the ceiling, the walls and floors are pitted, and scorch marks are everywhere. The cabal employed a handful of mortal servants, and their grisly dismembered and charred skeletons are scattered about. The unseen servants swept the dust, bones, and smaller rocks into the corners, but were incapable of moving large boulders or repairing the most significant damage. As the centuries have worn on, the damage has worsened, allowing the damp from nearby aquifers to seep through the stonework and down the walls, collecting into shallow murky puddles.

Abraxus continues to watch the PCs through the brazier with great interest. Their successful exploration of the Upper Halls has his curiosity piqued, and his twisted mind is busy spinning lies and schemes to achieve his ends. He looks for every exploitable angle and weakness.

After the PCs explore three of the chambers, or if they make an attempt to use one of the stairways to descend to Level 3, Abraxus has two of the Blood Demons ambush the PCs. The timing of their attack is when the PCs least expect it, most likely as they exit a chamber or just as they approach the stairs. The demons either reach the top of the steps and pounce, or leap from an open doorway or over a pile of rubble.

BLOOD DEMONS (2) (HP 53, 47)

See **Appendix One: Monsters** for Blood Demon stats.

This attack differs from the attack in **Area 2 - Parlor**. The Blood Demon on the first level was under orders to recklessly throw itself at the PCs. This time the Blood Demons use stealth and distraction to their advantage. The two Blood Demons coordinate their attacks and single out the weakest members of the party first.

When badly injured, the Blood Demons retreat to the nearest chamber. This could be to the alchemy lab, where they can cause further mayhem, likely starting fires or tossing exploding or poisonous vials of reagents, to which they are resistant or immune.

NOTE! STAIRWELLS TO LEVEL 3

A powerful but subtle mind-affecting illusion similar to the hallucinatory terrain was once laid on three of the four stairs leading to Level 3; the Lodgemaster's secret stairs lack the illusion. After centuries of neglect combined with the corruptive influence of the demons, the magic has diminished.

Unless resisted (DC 17 the lower of Wisdom or Intelligence), the creature experiences discomfort and disorientation as they zig-zag traverse the narrow dusty stairwells to **Area 15 - Summoning Chamber**. The disorientation incurs a -1 to hit, damage rolls, saving throws, and ability checks lasting 2d4 rounds after entering Area 15.

AREA 9 - INVOKER'S QUARTERS

The exterior door, like much of the room, is severely damaged by fire. The back of the door is made up of half-inch iron plates riveted to the double-thick triple-bound oak. The adjacent stone is partially melted.

The interior of the room is worse, with scorched walls and ceiling. The floor is cratered from half a dozen elemental explosions. Melted braziers hang by chains from the ceiling. Everything is coated in a thick layer of soot and grime. Charcoal lumps and blast marks hint at the vague outlines of what was once furniture.

The occupant fought and died here; the head of their blackened, shattered skeleton rests against the wall where they died. Uncontrolled magic consumed them from the inside out as the caster summoned one last desperate destructive spell to fend off the demons.

The center of the room is held up by one foot diameter iron pillars. The resident wizard enchanted the pillars to act as a lodestone. When the PCs enter and come within a yard of a pillar orange lightning rips through the room pulling ferrous metals towards the pillars. Foes armed with metal weapons and shields have their armaments wrenched from their grasps (DC 16 Strength check to resist). Those wearing metal armor who fail a Strength check DC 12 + armor bonus are held fast. Unfortunately for the resident wizard, Cabyr Oorndiller, Mistress of Invocation, the demons weren't wearing armor or bearing weapons other than their claws.

One corner of the room is permanently frozen, the walls and floor are encased in ice and exudes intense cold.

A bumpy wand of whorled alder lies undamaged on the floor. Close examination with divination



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

magic reveals it is still active and set to discharge if disturbed. Failure to carefully handle the wand (DC 15 Dexterity check) causes it to discharge, releasing a *chain lighting* spell causing 42 hp lighting damage (DC 15 Dexterity save for half) to a random target and 21 hp damage to up to seven other creatures in the room. The wand is crafted from thrice-struck alderwood - the potent discharge causes maximum damage for the type. The wand has seven charges.

A small wraithsteel chest may be found among charred remains of the furniture. The key used to hang from the resident wizard's right wrist, but it was liquified by the forces unleashed in the room. The chest is locked and mage-trapped (DC 20 to pick the lock, detect, and disarm the trap). When opened without first depressing several metal studs while speaking the word 'Dragotha', the chest lid opens to reveal a burning rune that will disintegrate everything (as the spell *disintegrate*) within one pace of the chest. The chest then snaps shut and the trap resets.

When deactivated and opened, the chest contains various gewgaws and personal effects: an old black and red fox pelt, a pointed hat with holes in the brim and crown, a babrezu skull, a disenchanting *immovable rod*, a *brooch of shielding* with 1 charge, a fist-sized chunk of black-veined malachite worth 10 gp, a corroded collection of iron, bronze, and brass keys on a copper snake-themed ring, a large translucent decanter with a truesilver sealed glass stopper containing a viscous black treacle (actually a small black pudding with average hit points), and a hemlock wand covered in old Kjordanian runes. The contents also include two identical unlabeled square vials. The first contains green metallic crystals; when opened the crystals sublime and smell strongly of mint and may be breathed or sipped like a potion to cause gaseousness. The second vial contains dull purple crystals; when opened they sublime and are intensely spicy on the tongue or up the nose, and cause *invisibility*.

A purple velvet purse rests atop an elongated book at the bottom of the chest. The small purse contains 11 small cut pink sapphires (200 gp each) and 48 cut orange topaz (50 gp each).

A slim, elongated journal lies at the bottom of the

chest - the wizard's traveling spellbook. It contains these spells - 1st level: *burning hands*, *detect undead*, *endure elements*, *identify*, *magic missile*, *protection from evil*, *snowball*; 2nd level: *alter self*, *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *continual flame*, *darkness*, *scorching ray*; 3rd level: *daylight*, *fireball*, *lightning bolt*, *protection from energy*, *tongues*; 4th level: *Remove curse*, *shout*; 5th level: *cloudkill*, *interposing hand*.

AREA 10. DIVINER'S CHAMBERS

The room smells of tobacco and incense. The walls are covered in astrological charts and diagrams of palms and skulls. A preserved human hand covered in palmistry scrawl resides under a bell-jar. Handfuls of runestones, tarot cards, Okuran coins, and other divination devices are laid out on hand-painted and carved spirit boards.

A bifurcated rod of white maple leans against the wall. It functions as a *wand of locate object* with 11 charges. Using the wand to locate a source of water uses no charges, and has a range of a mile.

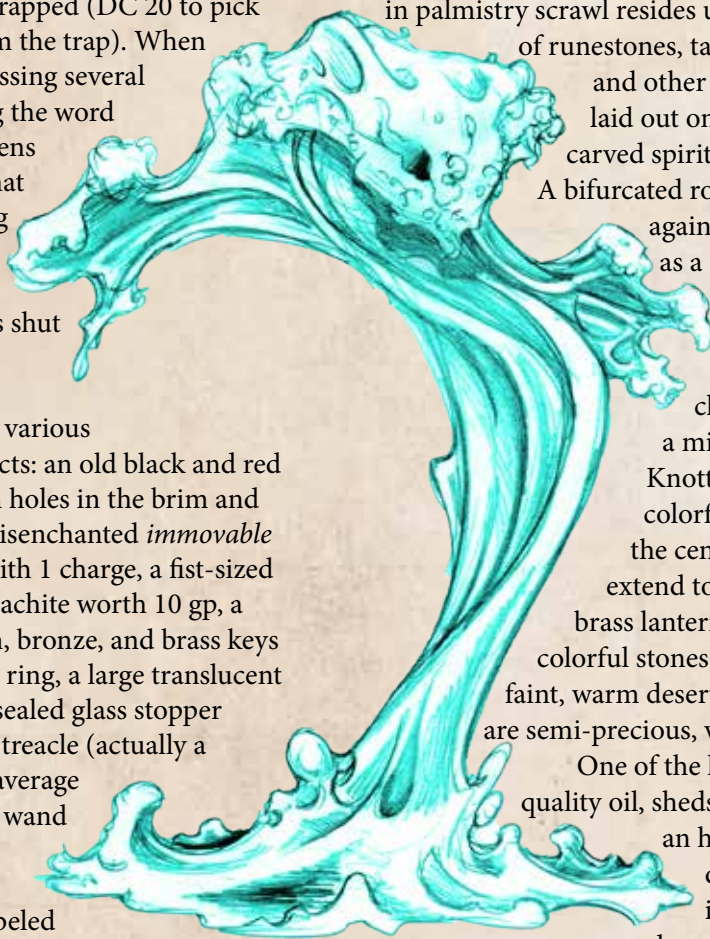
Knotted lengths of tatty colorful cloth hang from the center of the ceiling and extend to the walls. Elaborate brass lanterns and lamps fitted with colorful stones swing overhead as if in a faint, warm desert breeze. The lamp stones are semi-precious, valued at around 100 gp.

One of the lamps, when filled with quality oil, sheds a ghostly light for up to an hour. The light is a minor divination spell aiding in the detection of secret doors, traps, and ambushes

within 3 yards (granting a bonus of +2 to checks to detect such things). The lamp is very fragile and care must be taken to avoid damaging it beyond repair.

A wooden table draped with colorful scarves holds a deeply fractured crystal ball resting upon a bent brass stand. The table stands on two overlapping Hakirian rugs stitched with gold thread and subtly enchanted to resist stains; the rugs are worth 400 gp each. The crystal ball is non-magical and valueless.

The bed is an enameled wooden frame covered in dozens of mismatched silk pillows. A large elaborate



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

hookah stands beside the bed. Five ceramic jars of perfumed tobacco are found inside a small wooden side table.

One wall is fitted with drawers full of powerful narcotics, none of which are labeled. Most are inert and ancient but a few - various colorful resins and dried fungus - have gained potency and are now dangerous to the imbiber, with a 50% chance of poisoning the imbiber (3d10 poison damage, DC 14 Constitution save). Even if not poisoned, the imbiber has a 50% chance of experiencing nightmares and disturbing visions causing catatonia for 1d4 hours afterwards roll Intelligence save DC 17 to avoid neurosis equivalent to a *symbol of insanity*.

A nook contains stacked cages full of desiccated bird and other beast carcasses. A short distance away stands a butcher block table with a very sharp +1 dagger. The blade and block are deeply stained and covered in arcane scrawl.

A large ornate brass basin lies on the floor, a jagged crack in its side. The wrought iron cradle it once sat on rests against the wall nearby. If righted, repaired, and filled with cool, clean water, looking into the basin gives the viewer a vision of what may come to pass equivalent to a divination spell. A second viewing is only 50% likely to work. Once the basin has provided two views, the basin goes dormant. Further attempts to make the basin function again causes a very aggressive medium-sized Water Weird to erupt from the bowl.

WATER WEIRD

S 16 D 14 C 12 I 11 Wis 14 Ch 11

Defense 16, Slam +7, 1d6+5 plus Grab (see below); HD 4d10+4; 24 hp; Blindsight; Control Water Elemental; Constrict: reach three yards, damage is 3d6+3, if target is medium or smaller it's grappled (DC 15 to escape), the target is pulled two yards towards the water weird to be drowned; **Elemental Traits; Resistant to fire; Resistant to bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks; Immune to poison.**

The angry water weird, now trapped in the lair, attempts to drown the user and anybody in the room.

AREA 11. TRANSMUTER'S CHAMBERS

It appears as if the resident was unable to make up his mind and settle upon a decorating theme. None of the furniture matches. The bed bulges with goosefeathers and is covered by an enormous patchwork quilt.

A large clay furnace squats against the wall. Figment fire inside generates heat but no smoke. The adjacent wall is lined with shelves packed with jars of alchemical reagents. The unseen servants reassembled the bottles, but the contents mixed and were contaminated. Most of the reagents are inert. Other reagents are mildly toxic if consumed, causing 1d8 poison damage (DC 13 Constitution save for half). Several, if mixed, either explode in a two yard radius for 4d6 fire damage, DC 15 Dexterity to save for half, or turn into toxic vapor that deals 3d8 poison damage (DC 15 Constitution save for half). Roll 1d100, 01-45: Explode, 46-90: Toxin, 91-100: Both Explode and Toxin.

If the room is searched a few useful alchemical products are found inside a secured chest: *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of regenerate serious wounds*, *potion of climbing*, *potion of cure blindness/deafness*, *potion of water breathing*, *potion of blur*, *potion of sonic resistance*.

Half a jar of *Brunjak's Ointment* can be found beside an overturned table with two remaining doses.

A painting easel and a smeared canvas rest under a stained oilcloth in the corner. The pallet of pigments are mixed up and dried to the point of uselessness but there's sufficient amounts of the Wondrous Pigments for two uses.

A large bearskin rug lies on the floor in front of the furnace. The command words "In the woods" are stitched into the left front paw. When worn and the command words spoken, the rug *polymorphs* (as the spell) the wearer into a black bear with typical statistics for the animal, but retaining the wearer's hit points. Each time the skin is worn there is a 10% chance the wearer contracts lycanthropy, and on the next full moon become a Werebear. After the wearer contracts the disease, the magical hide loses all magical properties.

AREA 12. CONJUROR'S CHAMBERS

The goods and furniture in this very tidy room are precisely laid out. The floor is engraved with summoning circles inlaid with truesilver.

The ornate red heartwood bed floats above the floor by magic; if moved from the room the bed drops to the ground after 1d20 minutes. The linens are unusually soft, and the pillows are stuffed with celestial goose down. The bed, linens, and pillows are worth around 3000 gp.

The walls are covered in neatly arranged shelves filled with books and exotic specimens of animals,



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

plants, and beasts. An extensive skull and bone collection is displayed in shadow boxes and under bell jars. Many strange and curious beasts and beings are preserved in jars full of colorful translucent fluids. Most of the collection is long dead, but the otherworldly specimens stored in jars labeled with arcane script are still very much alive. GMs are encouraged to let their imaginations run wild populating the jars with exotic lifeforms summoned from any of the planes of existence. If a jar is opened, the occupant is freed. Most perish within moments and return to their home plane, but some entities may, at the GM's whim, remain and take out their aggressions on the PCs.

One specimen of the collection worth noting bears the label "MOD-Mek-D231b" on its sturdy metal cage. The creature is mechanical in nature, cuboidal, and four inches on a side. It is made from glass, brass, and some exotic iron alloy. Its limbs are segmented like an insect and it has two differently sized glass eyes set into brass fixtures. It has no mouth or ears, but it understands the common tongue and a dozen other languages including celestial, auran, aquan, ignem, and the fiendish tongues.

MOD-Mek-D231b (OUTSIDER)

S 5 D 12 C 14 I 15 Wis 13 Ch 12

Defense 15, Slam +2, 1d2+1; HD 2d6+2, 12 hp;

Darkvision; Living Construct; Small;

Tremorsense; Outsider Traits; Spell-Like

Ability: Cast *meld* and light cantrips (from the eyes)

at will; **Nimble Fingers:** proficient and +2 racial bonus to pick locks, pockets, as well as find and locate mechanical traps.

When discovered the entity is sitting lethargically at the bottom of the cage looking bored and lonely. Once the PCs approach the cage, the creature becomes interested and watches quietly through the cage bars. If it is freed and treated well, the strange creature will prove to be a valuable and loyal companion with a knack for picking locks and disarming traps with various tool-limbs.

Every 12 hours a small amount of luminescent magenta jelly appears in a trough which the creature somehow absorbs.

Wooden drawers along the walls contain a multitude of neatly labeled summoning supplies such as unbaptized infant tallow candles, powdered dragonbone, vials of mercury, powdered gold, and gemstone dust valued at 2750 gp but these are bulky and fragile.

Some of the drawers are mage-locked (DC 25 to dispel) and contain powerful components: special candles, rare herbs and minerals, etc. used to augment summoning spells. Up to three units can be used to augment a summoned creature: might (+2 Strength), durability (+2 Constitution), ferocity (+2 to attack rolls), and duration of service (double duration). A unit may also be expended to double the number of creatures summoned. Each augmentation uses a unit of the miraculous arcane material; there are nine units.

AREA 13. ALCHEMY LAB

Glass crunches underfoot on the stained floors, and the acrid whiff of corrosive reagents sting the nose and irritate the throat. Burn marks and other stains mar the walls.

The following formulations can also be found on dusty shelves or in the cobwebby interiors of storage cabinets: *potion of cure moderate wounds* (drinker suffers hiccups for the next 10-60 minutes, 10% chance a verbal spell is ruined), *potion of cold resistance* (drinker sweats profusely and doubles water consumption for the day), *potion of restoration* (drinker gains resistance to poisons and venoms for the day), *oil of water walking* (applied to the feet, the user's feet become large and webbed, -1 pace), *ash of fire resistance* (a brittle briquette that is crushed in the hands, ashes sprinkled on the scalp and applied to the forehead), *potion of acid resistance* (rubbed into the skin, wearer's skin takes on a dull metallic pewter color for 1d12 hours).

Several kilns and fireplaces squat in arched alcoves along the walls. Like those found throughout the refuge, the flames are figments generating heat but no smoke. The intensity of the flames can be adjusted with a weighted chain to the right of each fireplace or kiln.

One of the fireplaces has failed and its magic has faded. Another is dangerously unstable and erupts in a *fireball* of two yards radius when the chain is pulled, dealing 9d6 fire damage, DC 17 Dexterity save for half. On a failed save the target is set alight taking 1d4 fire damage per round until doused or until three rounds expire.

One fireplace is on low heat when the PCs enter; a large copper cauldron hangs from a hook inside. When approached, a weak, muffled cry can be heard along with a gentle rapping. If the cauldron is opened, a naked figure spills out, along with gallons of steaming multicolored alchemical goo. The figure is half-formed: soft pulpy muscles wriggle under



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

its paper-thin translucent skin; the androgenous figure's thin blue and green blood vessels can be seen just below the skin. White pupil-less eyes stare out from the soft clay-like skull. A simple toothless gash functions as a mouth below two slits for a nose. The figure mews pitifully in the tongue of the Winter Kingdoms, struggles to rise like a newborn calf, and leans against a nearby table in confusion. This is Danku Vett, the Five Crowns' Mistress of Distillation, or rather her malformed clone.

After a moment, the clone's magical matrix violently destabilizes. It emits a series of glass-shattering shrieks, turns inside out, mutates into a writhing, gibbering amorphous multi-tentacled monstrosity, and attacks the PCs.

PROFANE UNSTABLE CLONE

S 12 D 13 C 22 I 4 Wis 13 Ch 14

Defense 19, Bite +5 melee, 5d6 or spittle +5 ranged touch; HD 4d8+24, 36 hp; Aberration Traits; Amorphous: Immune to critical hits and can't be flanked; Darkvision 20 yards; Gibbering: as a free action, all creatures in the 20 yard spread must make a DC 13 Wisdom save or be confused as the confusion spell for 1d4 rounds, a successful save renders the listener immune to further gibbering for 24 hours; **Ground Manipulation:** as an action cause stone and earth in a two yard radius to become a morass, earth takes one round, stone takes two rounds, area becomes difficult terrain; **Immune to Prone; Improved Grab:** on a successful bite attack initiates a free grapple; **Blood Drain:** swallowed target takes 1d4 Constitution damage per round; **Resistance to Bludgeoning; Spittle:** free action spew stream at a single target within 10 yards, touch attack dealing 1d4 acid damage, target must make a DC 18 Constitution save or be blinded for 1d3 rounds; **Swallow Whole:** on a successful grapple check a small or medium-sized creature is swallowed and begins to take blood loss.

AREA 14. LODGEMASTER'S CHAMBERS

This room is proofed against scrying, any attempts to magically view the room remotely automatically fail. Two or more attempts result in electrical feedback causing 5d6 electrical damage (DC 14 Dexterity save for half) to the viewer.

The large, opulent chamber is furnished with a four-poster bed, several chests, a wardrobe, a polished marble bathtub surrounded by an Okuran modesty screen, a writing desk, and a fireplace containing a figment fire typical of others in the lair.

A taxidermied minotaur's head hangs above the mantle. A heavy brass ring is in the beast's nose. If

approached, the minotaur's eyes open and the nose and ears twitch as if the beast were still alive. If a PC attempts to remove the minotaur's ring, the head attempts to deliver a painful bite (+6 bite attack 1d8+4). The preserved head is Defense 8 and has 20 hp. The heavy brass ring is covered in delicate, overlapping geometric designs. It is a *ring of free action* but possesses a flaw in the enchantment. Whenever the wearer is targeted by a movement restricting spell or similar effect such as *hold person*, *slow*, or *web*, there's a 25% chance the wearer is aged by 1d4 years, no saving throw.

A selection of hats and robes hang from pegs to the left of the door. One is a *cloak of elvenkind*, but it needs mending for it to return to function. One floppy-eared hat, suitable for wearing in colder climates, has a minor enchantment allowing the wearer to hide a single object no larger than six inches on a side in a small extradimensional pocket; the hat currently holds a material component pouch.

A heavy, rainproof leather riding cloak has a *bag of holding* incorporated into the left interior pocket. It contains two weeks of ancient trail rations, two 20 yard coils of hemp rope, a three piece cane fishing pole, a wicker catch basket with various lures, and a one-use collapsible canoe. A *robe of vermin* hangs among the useful garments.

Hidden in the various pockets of the robes are the following items: a sterling silver yo-yo with an unbreakable string (worth 300 gp), a sunrod in a sealed leather sheath, a purse containing 100 pp, a spearmint-smelling green potion of *cure severe wounds*, and a bitter cloudy orange *potion of jump*.

There are four pairs of shoes and slippers on the floor beneath the pegs, all fitted with lifts granting another three inches of height to the wearer. One pair of slippers is cursed (*boots of dancing*).

The unseen servants have done their level best to repair and tidy the room, but the fiends have repeatedly and roughly searched the room so all furniture is claw-marked and bears the marks of obvious repairs; the wall hangings are in tatters.

Chests and wardrobe contain piles of clothing, all crudely stitched back together from rags. There are a few twine-bundles of papers and personal effects including an engraved pewter and ivory snuff box that contains four pinches of *dust of dryness*.

The writing desk papers are neatly stacked, but many have been poorly reassembled from shreds. Many of the scrolls are unintelligible, but a few useful spell scrolls have survived the blood demons' vandalism: *scroll of protection from beasts*, *scroll of*



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

secure shelter. There are 2-3 other scrolls chosen by the Gamemaster as well but these scrolls have a small chance of backfiring (15%) owing to mismatched scraps hastily put together by the long-suffering unseen servants.

The northern closet is unlocked but packed floor-to-ceiling with odds and ends of every description collected from a lifetime of adventure. When the door is opened, the contents of the closet spill out like a small tidal wave. If the GM is feeling generous there may be a few useful pieces of gear tucked away in this closet.

The middle closet is locked (DC 20 to pick) but untrapped. Inside a single maroon riding cloak hangs from a hook. When reached for, or after one round passes, the cloak flies about like a great red bat raking and attempting to smother the nearest PC.

FRISKY CLOAK

S 18 D 14 C 15 I 7 Wis 12 Ch 11

Defense 16, Grapple +7, Bite +6 melee, 1d4+4 or Slap +6 1d6+4; HD 4d8+8, 28 hp; Construct Traits; Fly 13 yds; Darkvision 20 yds; Engulf: small or medium target is grappled and bitten with a +4 bonus to the attack roll, the construct uses its slap attack against adjacent foes while grappling.

The southern closet is unlocked and untrapped. A large oval mirror is affixed to the back of the door. The interior of the closet is full of dresses, blouses, neat drawers full of cosmetics, and wigs.

A portrait of a very regal and smarmy Lodgemaster sits on an easel within a pool of light to the left of the writing desk. The name on the plate below the portrait reads: Lodgemaster Belfugeus Midr. The portrait has been slashed through with talons, but careful examination of the portrait reveals that the headmaster has been painted with his hand in his left breast pocket. A powerful *antipathy* enchantment on the portrait prevents Outsiders of any kind (elemental, fiend, etc.) from detecting anything amiss. A PC reaching for the pocket observes a ripple as their hand enters the painting. Inside the pocket depicted in the painting is the *Egress Ring*.

LEVEL 3 LOWER HALLS - KEYS TO LOCATIONS

AREA 15 - SUMMONING CHAMBER

Sounds echo off the tapestry-covered walls of this large chamber. The vaulted ceiling is 20 feet high

and held up with whorled pillars of smooth granite. The cloying smell of tallow, spices, and other exotic odors hang in the air. The center of the stone floor is an elaborate summoning circle mosaic constructed of mystic alloys and polished gemstones. A stone basin stands beside the summoning circle containing five *Entry Rings*, including the one the PCs used to activate the portal.

A blocky polished granite throne on a stone dais stands against the back wall. Beside it is a large brazier from which a curling plume of vermilion colored perfumed smoke rises. An urn of oil stands beside the brazier. The brazier functions as a crystal ball with clairsentience magic with a 10 ft. radius. The brazier requires a drop of fresh blood and at least 1 hp, either from the caster or a living donor.

A figure fades into view on the throne, a stately wizardly-looking fellow in elaborate embroidered robes with a ceremonial wide-brimmed hat upon his well-groomed head. As the PCs enter the room, two cowed figures arrive from one of the other stairs. A third figure, a heavily armed and armored spellwarden, strides arrogantly into view, either from behind the recently arrived cabal members, or from one of the other vacant stairwells. These three figures are Blood Demons using their *disguise self* abilities to masquerade as cabal members. The blood demons let Abraxus, disguised as the Lodgemaster, do the talking, but are eager for the cue to drop all pretenses and get to tearing the PCs limb from limb.

PCs visiting **Area 14 - Lodgemaster's Chamber** recognize the leader of the cabal from his portrait. The man introduces himself as Belfugeus Midr, Lodgemaster of the Five Crowns. He glibly congratulates the PCs on their heroics in facing and defeating the dungeon's many dangers. Floating nearby is an enormous metal-bound tome three feet on a side attached to the Lodgemaster's hip by a mithral chatelaine. The tome contains the blueprint for the lair, as well as details of the magical protections laid upon the dungeon. With the knowledge of the tome, the wards could, in time, be dismantled and dispelled.

Naturally, the Lodgemaster is Abraxus in disguise. He spins an elaborately-contrived (and somewhat accurate) tale of woe ending in the destruction of the cabal and his imprisonment. More than likely, the PCs will be skeptical.

After several minutes of verbal cat and mouse, Abraxus, either as himself or the Lodgemaster, attempts to charm, trick, or browbeat the PCs into using the knowledge in the tome to disable the



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

protective wards. He is unable to do so himself, as the tome cannot be opened by extraplanar entities such as devils and demons. The demon uses subtle *mage hand* or *Prestidigitation* spells to manipulate the floating book but won't himself touch it, a not-so-subtle clue things are not as they seem.

In exchange for their assistance, the fiend promises to let the PCs go in peace, keeping any and all valuables they acquired. Abraxus even promises to provide the means by which to escape, claiming to have the *Egress Ring* (which he does not have).

The tome does contain the secrets behind the prison, but deciphering it will take time. Abraxus won't wait long before he finds creative means to motivate the PCs. If successful, the bindings holding Abraxus shatter. If the PCs act quickly they may escape with their lives, but they will have loosed a powerful despotic fiend upon the world. Alternatively, the bindings holding his vessel on this plane fracture and send the demon back to the Abyss. The GM is free to contrive a suitably epic ending.

Even more likely, Abraxus and his Blood Demons grow bored with the PCs quibbling, dickering, and dragging their heels and they escalate. The demons want to be freed, but they won't depart until they've ripped the meddlesome PCs to shreds.

Once Abraxus is destroyed, the PCs can use the *Egress Ring* to escape, but only through Area 12.

FORTUNE & GLORY

After millenia, scores if not hundreds of unfortunate delvers have entered the sanctuary but never left. Abraxus has no use for loot and plunder, and yet the greedy fiend is compelled to take any and all valuables. He's amassed a considerable fortune in terms of goods and magic items. This adventure framework is a little light on loot, so the GM is encouraged to have Abraxus have two to three times the typical loot for a challenge of his level. As to where he keeps it, Abraxus possesses a small green alloy chest clasped around his right wrist. When removed and opened, the chest grows to the size of a steamer trunk. The chest interior is magical and large enough to contain the accumulated loot of all those

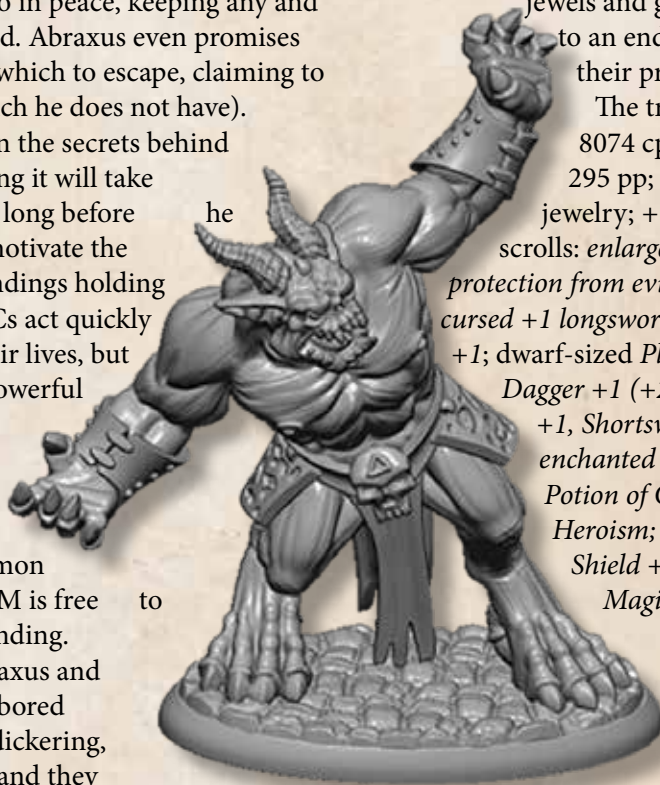
explorers who preceded the PCs. They've earned it!

THE BLOOD DEMON HOARD

The Tomb of the Five Crowns is well-stocked with loot as after centuries of adventurers visiting the sanctuary, the Blood Demons have accumulated a sizeable hoard. The treasure is stored in the base of the throne in Area 15. The demons have no use for jewels and gold but recognize it as a means to an end once they manage to escape their prison.

The treasure hoard is as follows:

8074 cp, 11104 sp, 4921 ep, 12017 gp, 295 pp; 11,190 gp in assorted gems and jewelry; +1 *Crossbow of Speed*; wizard scrolls: *enlarge*, *find familiar*, *mending*, *protection from evil*, *write*; +1 *Large Steel Shield*; *cursed* +1 *longsword*; human-sized *leather armor* +1; dwarf-sized *Plate Mail* +2; *Instant Fortress*; *Dagger* +1 (+2 vs *small creatures*); *Scimitar* +1, *Shortsword* +1 (+2 vs *magic-using and enchanted creatures*); *Military Pick* +1, *Potion of Growth*; 2x *Potion of Super-Heroism*; *Protection from Magic Scroll*, *Shield* +1 (+4 vs *missiles*), *Wand of Magic Detection* (43 charges).



PREMATURE ESCAPE

If the PCs stroll into Area 15, whip out the *Egress Ring* and flee. Abraxus, after a moment of surprise of seeing his clever game cut short, recovers and takes advantage of the temporary gap in the wards and manages to escape.

The GM has several options. The most obvious is the PCs reappear at the portal outside the lair and have a laugh at the fiend's expense but after a moment, Abraxus appears with a few of his Blood Demons in tow and unleashes hell on the PCs.

Alternatively the PCs leave the portal and return to their lives but, after calming down, Abraxus regains his wits and scrutinizes the wards. He finds the damage to the wards has widened allowing the fiend to escape as if he had use of the *Egress Ring*. The vengeful fiend is now loose to cause all manner of trouble and he won't let the PCs off the hook, he'll make their lives hell.



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

APPENDIX ONE: BESTIARY

BLOOD DEMON

S 18 D 12 C 15 I 9 Wis 11 Ch 12

Defense 16, 2 Claws +10, 1d8+4 and Gore +10, 2d6+4 plus Bowl Over; HD 6d10+12, 42 hp,

Boiling Blood: When injured by a slashing or piercing weapon, the demon's corrosive blood splashes every space adjacent to the attacker; those caught in the splash take 1d4 acid damage, Dexterity save DC 13 for half; **Bowl Over:** on a successful Gore attack, the target makes an opposed Strength check, on a failure the target is knocked prone and carried in a direction of the demon's choosing, one pace for every 3 points of difference; **Darkvision;** **Fiendish Traits;** **Rancid Breath:** once per day the fiend belches out the equivalent of a *stinking cloud* spell as a 6th level caster, the attack is a cone 5 yards long and wide; **Immunity to Fire, Resistance to Acid, Resistance to Poison; Regeneration 2; Spell Resistance 13; Telepathy:** Blood Demons can communicate telepathically with a 1 mile range; **Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6): At will:** *command, disguise self, scare, suggestion; charm monster 3/day.*

Blood demons are roaring near-mindless brutes who lope about on either two or four legs like enraged beasts, wantonly destroying anything in their path. They are cruel, devious, and petty, but also preternaturally strong, resilient, and utterly fearless. Like most fiends, Blood Demons possess rudimentary telepathy among themselves and other fiends and can read simple surface emotions and thoughts. They use these abilities along with *disguise self* magic to disguise themselves as a small or large humanoid, replicating smells and even clothing, but not voices.

They have enhanced senses of smell and hearing. Blood Demons regenerate from injuries quickly, are immune to non-magical attacks, and possess the typical fiendish resistances to fire, acid, and poisons. They are pack hunters and coordinate their attacks to overwhelm their prey. They are known as Blood Demons because their blood continuously oozes from their bodies. This blood sizzles and hisses before boiling away.

Blood Demons require a dark ritual to summon them from the Abyss. The summoner must pare off a piece of their flesh per demon summoned, usually a knuckle or equivalent piece of flesh. Greater demons such as Abraxus think nothing of tearing off a talon to summon one, as it quickly regenerates. The corrupted flesh is thrown onto the ground where it

boils and writhes as it grows into the Blood Demon. As products of demonic alchemy, after death a Blood Demon gruesomely dissolves into a bubbling puddle before boiling off into a noxious red, sulfurous vapor.

ABRAXUS

S 22 D 15 C 16 I 19 Wis 16 Ch 15

Defense 19, +14 Khopesh 2d10+6; 2 Claws +14, 1d8+6 and Gore +14, 2d6+6 plus Bowl Over;

HD 8d10+24, 70 hp; Boiling Blood: When injured

by a slashing or piercing weapon, the demon's corrosive blood splashes every space adjacent to the attacker; those caught in the splash take 1d6 acid damage, Dexterity save DC 15 for half; **Bowl Over:**

on a successful Gore attack, the target makes an opposed Strength check, on a failure target is knocked

prone and carried in a direction of the demon's choosing one pace for every three points of

difference; **Darkvision; Fiendish Traits; Fly 15 yds; Rancid Breath:** once per day the fiend belches

out the equivalent of a *stinking cloud* spell as a 8th level caster, the attack is a cone five yards long and

wide; **Immunity to Fire, Resistance to Acid, Resistance to Cold, Resistance to Poison;**

Regeneration 5 (normal damage from good aligned spells and effects); Spell Resistance 15;

Telepathy: Abraxus can communicate telepathically with a 1 mile range; **Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6): At**

will: *command, disguise self, scare, suggestion; charm monster 3/day; Summon Demons:* 25% chance to summon

1d6 Blood Demons (doubled to 50% with the Eye of Vushulka) 1/day.

Abraxus is driven to escape his prison. Mind games aside, his patience will eventually wear thin, especially if he believes the PCs are playing games. Abraxus plays to win and he's not squeamish when it comes to leveraging anguish, terror, and death to achieve his ends.

In combat he summons forth Agthamon, a great Abyss-forged blade that weeps magma when it strikes. He wields this deadly weapon from the air; Abraxus in spite of his great size is a powerful flyer. Abraxus also wears the Vushulka, a potent item taken from around the neck of the Lodgemaster himself. In short, Abraxus is an amoral engine of destruction.



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

APPENDIX TWO: MAGIC ITEMS

AGTHAMON

Abraxus' Abyss-forged blade weeps magma when it strikes. This +2/+3 vs. good/+4 vs. lawful good huge khopesh (2d10), causes an extra 1d12 fire damage on a successful hit with natural roll of 19-20 and inflicts 1d6 fire splash damage to all within two yards/six ft of the target (Dexterity save DC 15 for half).

The weapon emits an eerie purple glow up to five yards upon mental command, detects the presence, type, and potency of poisons and venoms within three yards, speaks with a sibilant whisper and knows Abyssal, Goblin, Dragon, and Giant tongues and scripts; Intelligence 15, Ego 13, Alignment Neutral Evil.

ENTRY RINGS

Entry into the Five Crowns' lair is only possible through the portal when activated by the entry rings. Each ring is a gold band covered in elaborate filigree and fitted with five small moonstones mined from one of the upper planes.

When magically investigated the ring radiates strong magic with many subtly woven enchantments some of which are dormant until coming within 10 ft. of the portal.

The ring unerringly homes in on the portal, giving the wearer a sense of the "right" direction to travel at all times. From time to time the moonstones pulse and cause the wearer's hand to shutter. Once the bearer comes within a few yards of the archway, an intense ghostly rotating portal opens, allowing one-way travel into the cabal's dungeon.

The ring functions as a *ring of protection* +1 and a *ring of resistance* +1. It also protects the wearer as a *ring of warmth* and grants very minor elemental (all) protection 1. Each ring also functions as a *brooch of shielding* protecting the bearer from one *magic missile* per round without the expenditure of charges.

The ring is priceless as there are only five in all of existence.

EGRESS RING

A master ring forged from five thin braided, unyielding bands of green adamantium with five upper plane moonstones around lower planar onyx cut in the shape of a diamond.

The ring functions as an enhanced *Entry Ring* (above): *ring of protection* +3, *ring of resistance* +3, *ring of warmth*, and *minor elemental protection* 2, and a *brooch of shielding* protecting the bearer from two

magic missiles per round without expending charges.

The *Egress Ring* is unique and like the *Entry Rings* above is priceless.

EYE OF VUSHULKA

This heavy 13 lb black hellfire-forged medallion hanging from burning hot chains expands the wielder's fiend summoning abilities. The infernal device doubles the percentage chance of one summoning per day. In addition, any lower planar denizen (demon, devil, yugoloth, etc.) summoned using this trinket has increased starting hit points by +1 per hit die, and is automatically enchanted with a *magic fang* spell for +1 to hit and damage rolls for three rounds after arriving.

FURTHER ADVENTURES

What if the *Egress Ring* teleports the bearer and allies not to the portal on the side passage, but rather to some other Winter Kingdom holding, perhaps to one of their other enclaves or even one of their great glacier-encased cities in the frozen north?

What if Abraxus's spirit takes up residence in the *Egress Ring* or some other piece of magical gear, possessing it?

What if Abraxus's spirit possesses one of the PCs or one of their allies?

What if the PCs, through their research, discover Abraxus's ritual to summon Blood Demons?

What other arcane secrets are contained in Lodgemaster's great tome?

All of these are possibilities left up to the GM to decide. Let your imagination run wild!



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS

APPENDIX 3: MINIATURES

Miniatures add a whole new level of visual and tactical storytelling to roleplaying games. Reaper Miniatures makes hundreds of miniatures to fit your style of gaming. Here are the BONES and BONES BLACK miniatures that we recommend when running *Tomb of the Five Crowns*. Of course, Gamemasters and players should use whatever miniatures they prefer! You can find these miniatures in your favorite local gaming store, or you can get them directly from www.reapermini.com.



[77676 Knight Heroes for Hollow Knights](#)



[44150 Blood Demons Boxed Set - contains 6 Blood Demons and the Demon Abraxus](#)



[77025 Giant Spiders for Monstrous Orb Weaver Spiders \(2\)](#)



[77114 Faceless Horror for Profane Clone](#)



[77310 Water Weird](#)



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Family Jewels

Levels 3-4

A mysterious heir. A fortune in gems and jewelry. An unguarded crypt. What could go wrong?

The Ragestone of Ragesh-Nar (part 1)

Levels 4-6

Dark rituals and terrifying creatures haunt the lands of Greyhurst. What secrets lie among the standing stones?

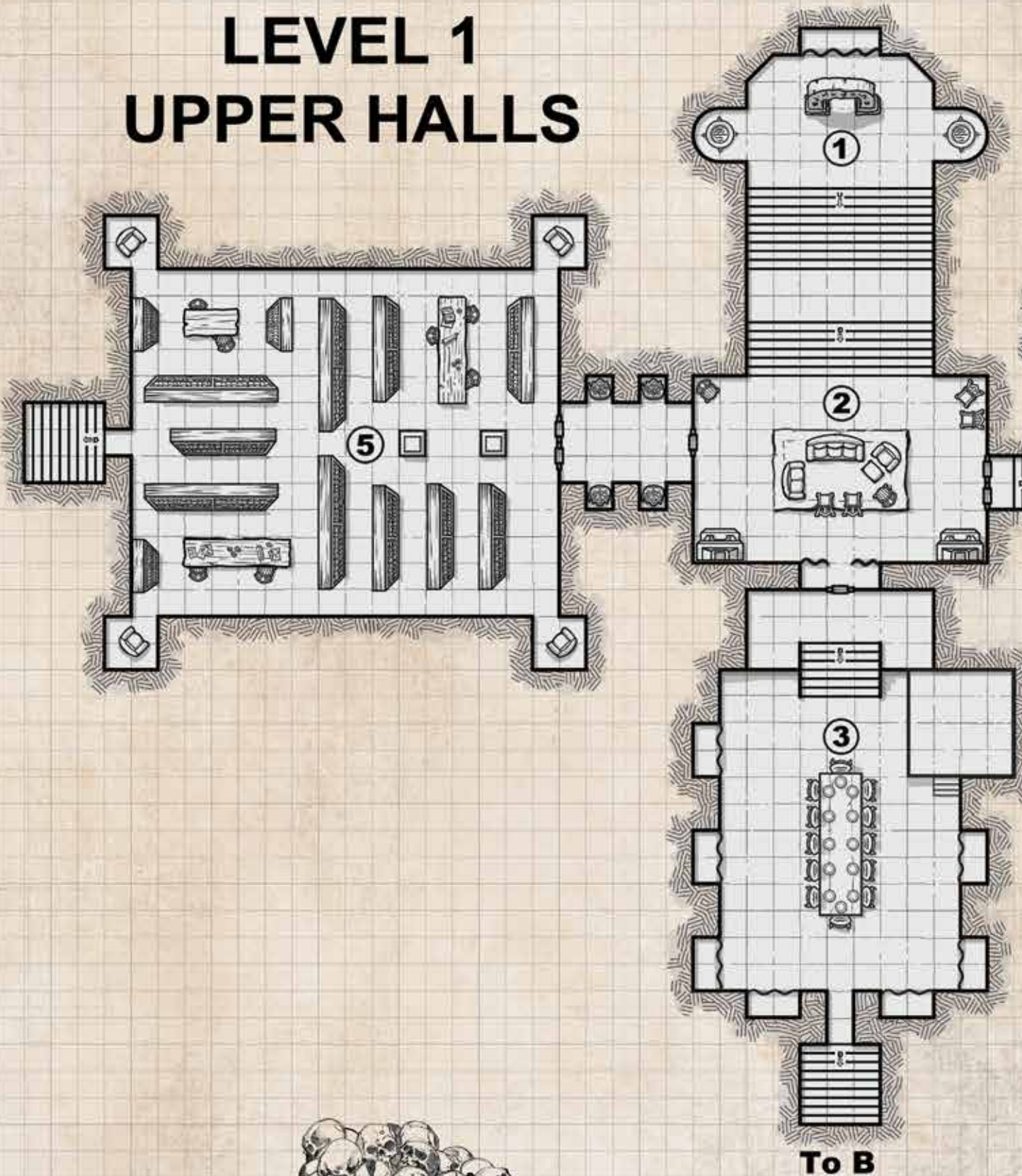
Tomb of the Five Crowns

Levels 6-8

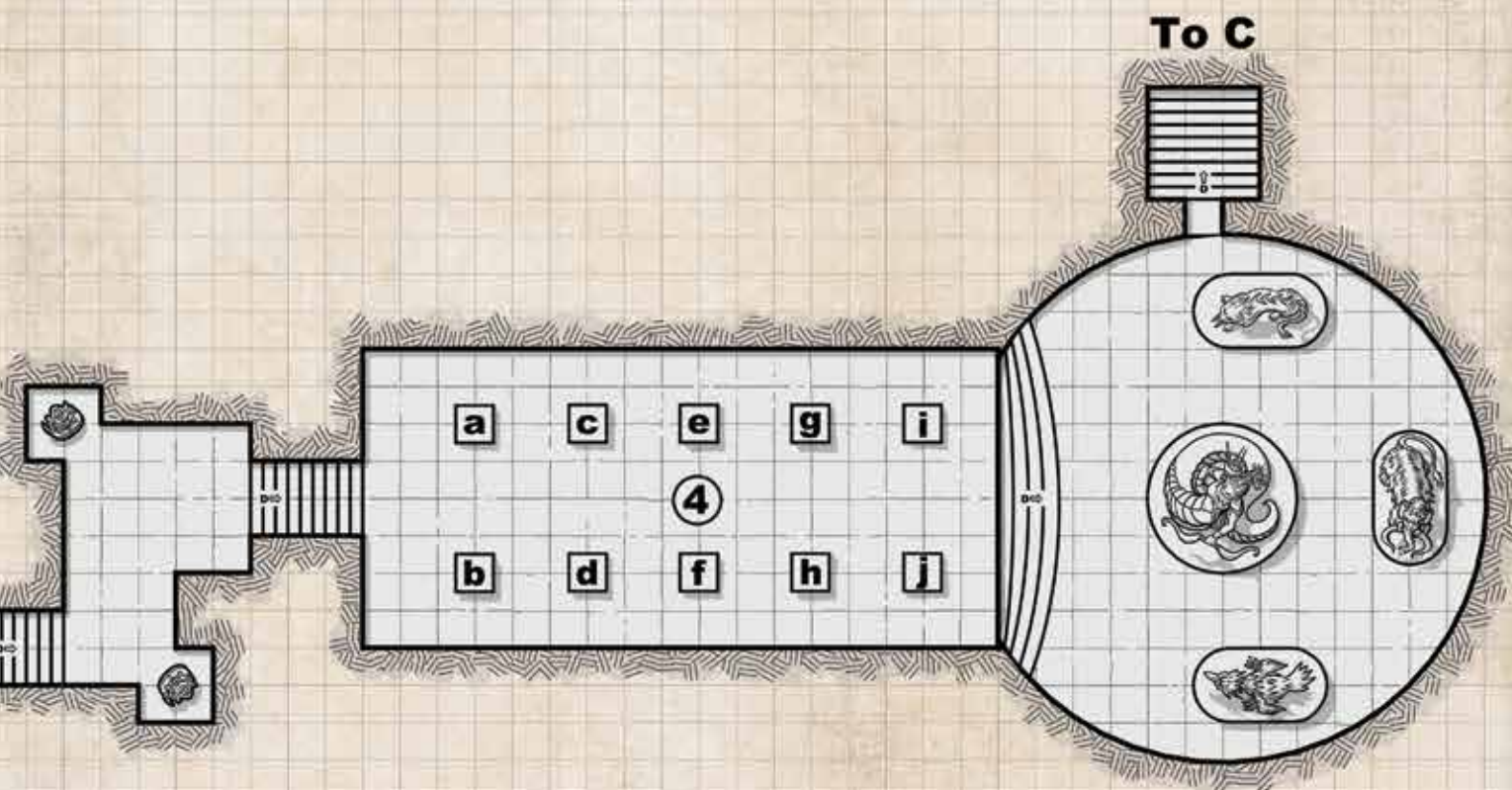
A magic ring unlocks a secret that has been buried beneath the earth for centuries.

LEVEL 1 UPPER HALLS

To A



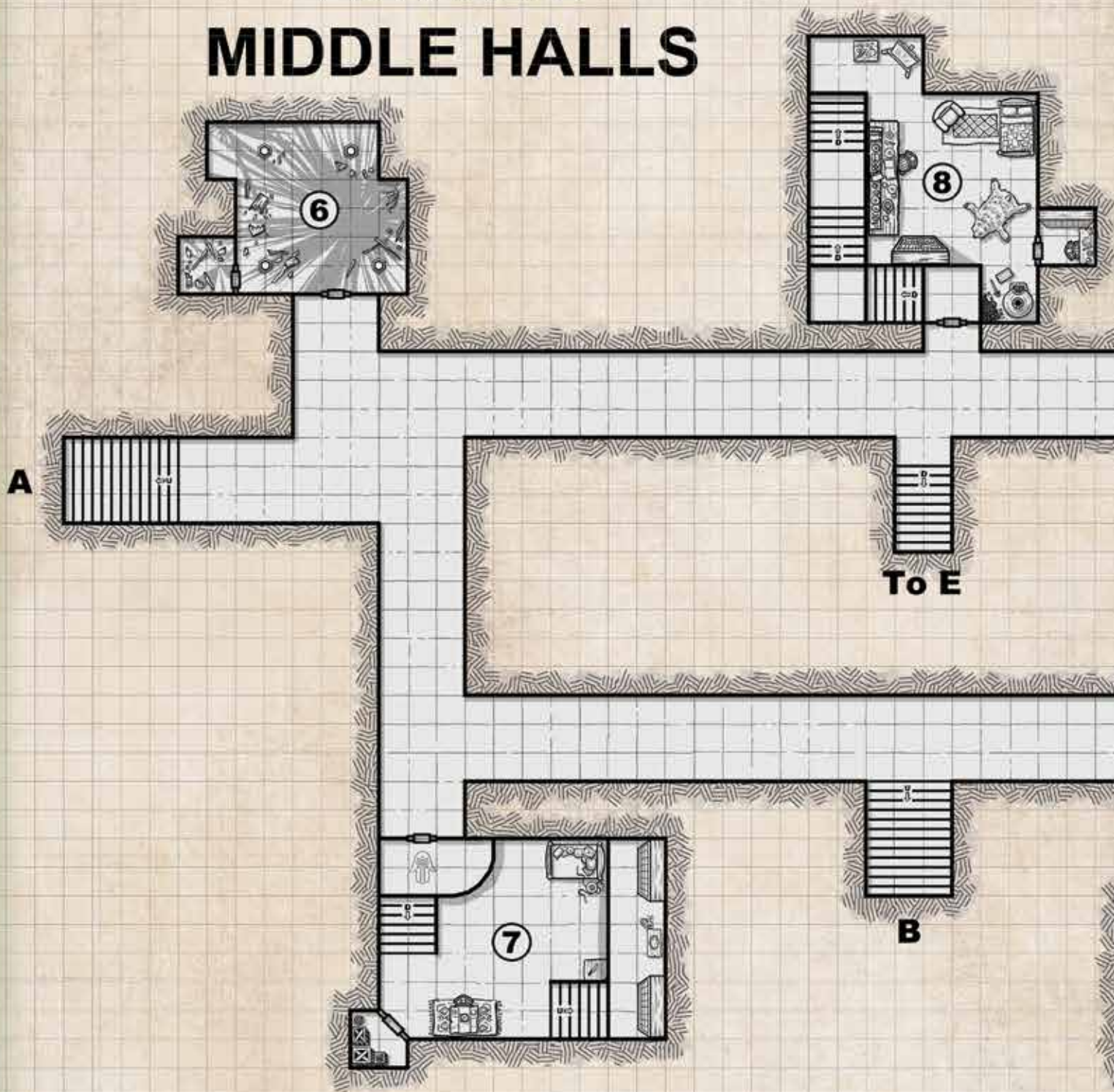
To B

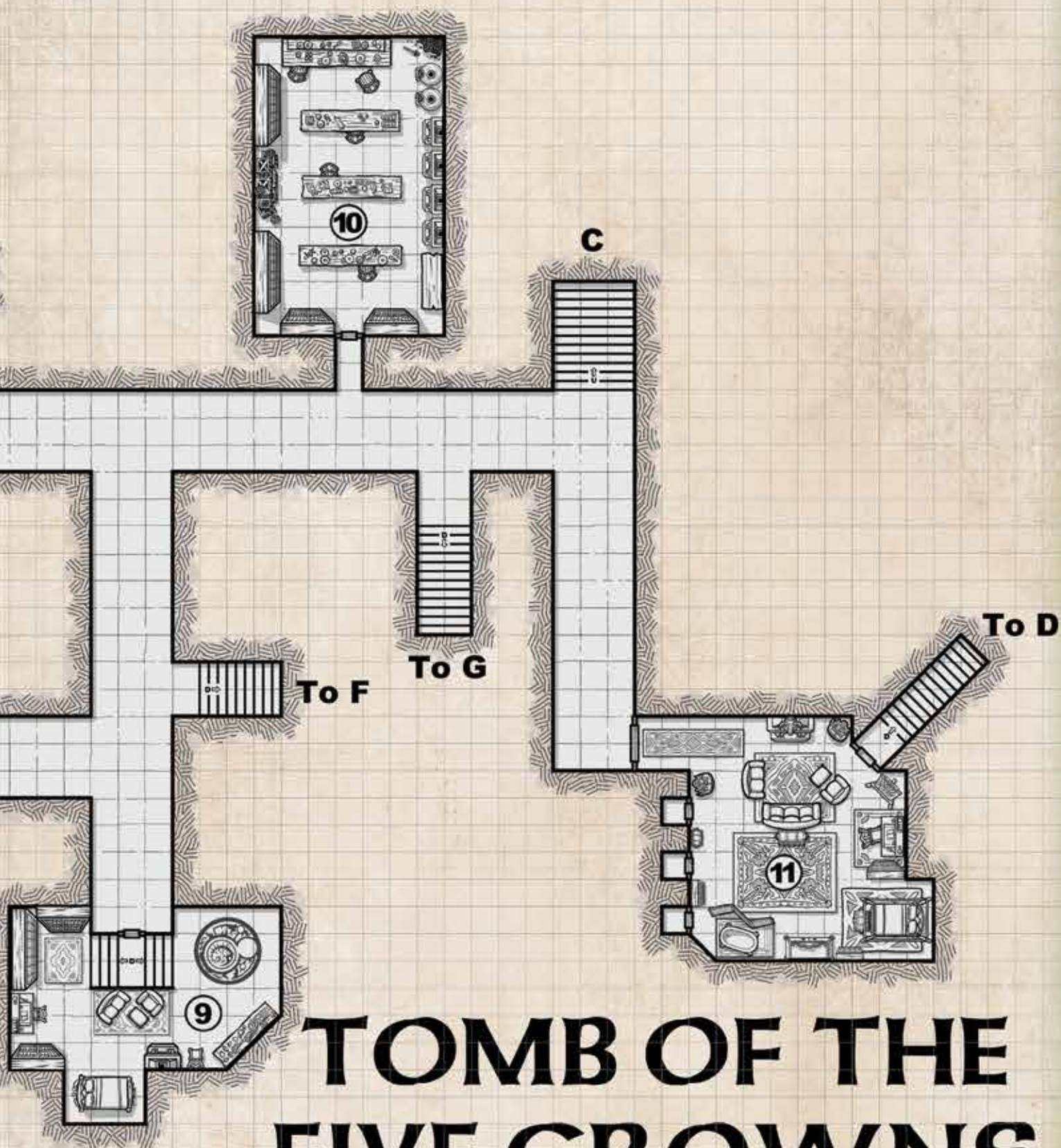


TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS



LEVEL 2 MIDDLE HALLS

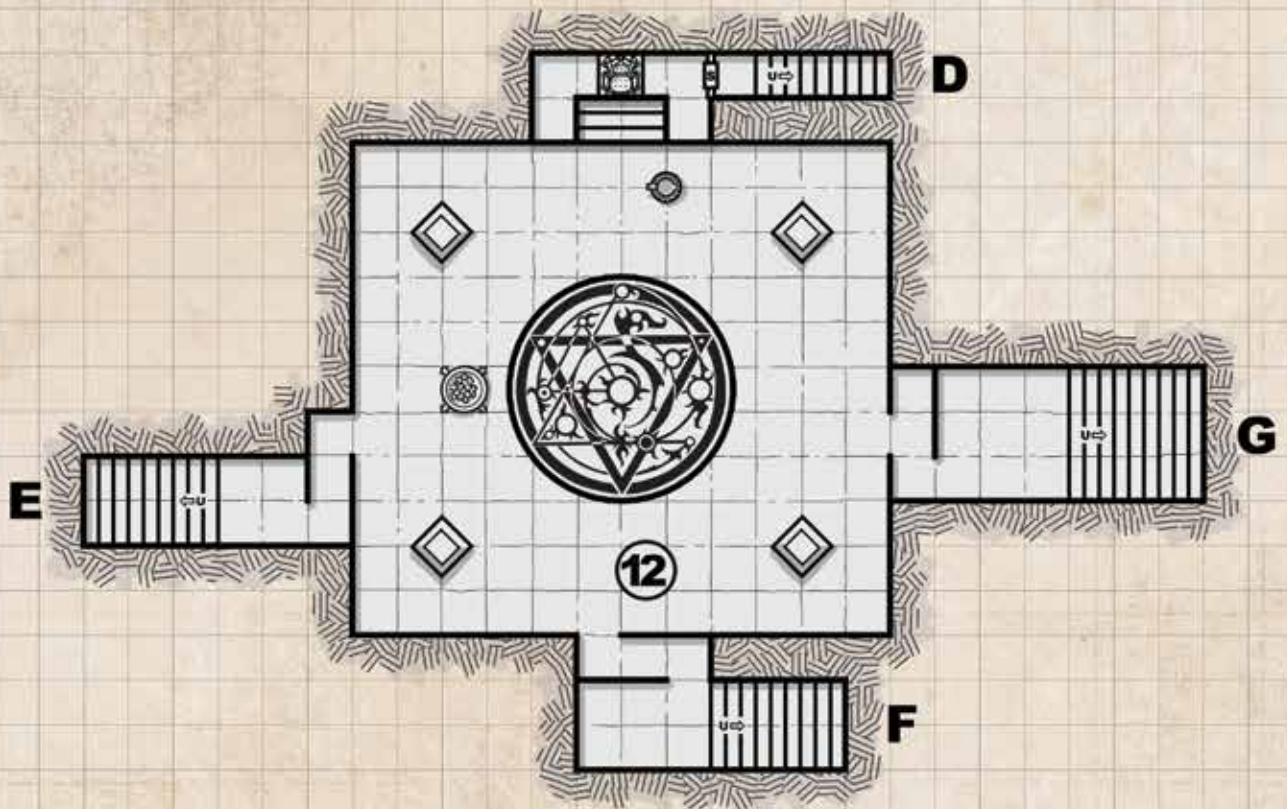




TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS



LEVEL 3 LOWER HALLS



TOMB OF THE FIVE CROWNS



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