

MAKMURDO'S INFINITE SEWER

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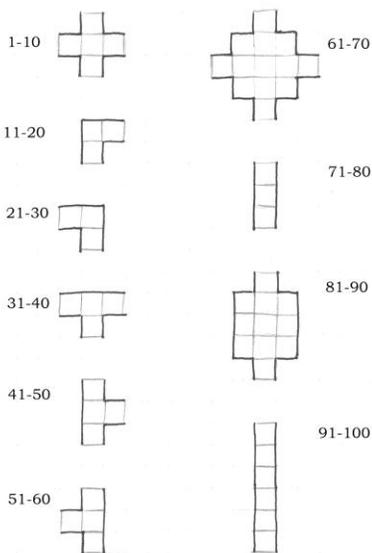
"Hey! Hey you, over here. You like money? Yeah, who doesn't? Well, have I got a treat for you. You ever heard of MakMillin MakMurdo. No? Where are you from? Never mind. His is a tragic tale. MakMurdo was an inventor of no equal, a genius grade mathematician and to top it all the greatest architect of the ages, a master of inspired design and artful construction. They called him the great builder. He designed the palaces of kings and the fortresses of tyrants. He created the Hanging Towers of Surfette; you've seen that magnificent piece of work, right? NO? Who are you people? Anyhow, his last great work was a gift to the people, the most wondrous public works project ever envisioned. The most complex waste water system ever devised. Where did he build this master work? Why right here under this city. Endless miles of runoff tunnels and slurry flow tubes, catch basins and skimming pools, reservoirs and fountains, the old architect of the ages really out did himself with this one. The sheer scale of it drove him mad they say. But they're idiots! It was the Henkle root extract that drove him mad, took it for his rheumatism, he did. Old MakMurdo, went crazy as a Yottle in a bottle, he disappeared down there, you know, oh it was ages ago. They say he took his crew with him, his top men, down they went, dragging all sorts of treasures along, the best of his inventions, all sorts of prizes and wonders, all worth a king's ransom. They say he just kept on building, just kept going, tunneling, paving, and plumbing along until the end. When was that? No one knows for sure. But all that loot is still down there. A group of quick adventurous fellows might do real well going down there and retrieving all that wealth. How do you get down there? Well the city officials have the whole place sealed off from the city proper these days on account of the, you know, things down there, oh and the cultists. They just can't seem to get enough of the place. There is only one entrance still open and unguarded these days. Where? Well, I can't say for sure. I can't quite remember that sort of thing. Maybe for a bit of scratch an old man might remember such faded details. Ouch! Ok! Ok! No need to get rough. It's right there. You're standing on it, just lift up that metal disc there and in you go! Oh, and good luck."

What you need to use this dungeon with your group and your favorite rpg: D100, pencil, an entire pad of graph paper.

The information provided in the tables is made for use with any RPG system and genre. The game GM will need to provide appropriate stats and rules for the creatures and events which occur.

The infinite sewer is constructed of slippery damp bricks. The tunnels are all round and have foul ankle deep sewage flowing swiftly along the lowest point. All the chambers are filled ankle deep with stinking muck, contaminated sediments and soggy unrecognizable flotsam.

Roll a d100 for the first tunnel section and each following tunnel section. If the sections do not line up correctly, the sewer then slopes down, descending to the next level.



Roll on the event table and follow the instructions given after every three tunnel sections.

Event Table:

1-70 All is quiet...to quiet. No event.
71-80 Shh! Did you hear that?! Roll on the Encounter table.

81-90 Eww! Is that.. Ahhh! Roll on the Enviroment table.

91-100 Argghhh! Oh holy Sh... Roll on both the encounter and environment table.

Encounter Table:

1-10 Several slippery slimy man eating amphibious humanoids are lurking about in the next section, when spotted they attack!
11-20 A foul swarm of flesh eating water bugs attacks!
21-30 A three man crew, of sewer workers, are busy bricking up the nest section. They attempt to flee if accosted. If caught they attack!
31-40 The Cleaners! A massive spinning drill the size of the tunnel, covered in blades and throwing sparks from the damp stones, roars down the passage. If avoided the group see the rear section is a rickety contraption operated by two goblins turning a crank.
41-50 A rabid swarm of red eyed vermin spill into the tunnel and attack!
51-60 Glowing with sinister green light a pack of acidic slimes attack!
61-70 Mumbling and shuffling a pack of zombies stumble along the tunnel and attack!
71-80 Moving slowly along the ceiling a giant carnivorous slug attacks!
81-90 Chanting softly and dragging several bound victims a group of cultists moves along the tunnel and attacks!
91-100 Oh the horror! The worst thing of nightmares, the crawling horror rises from the murky waters and attacks!

Enviroment Table:

1-10. Arggh! What is that stench? A overpowering stink makes this section unnavigable to those of weak fortitude.
11-20 It's not very deep at all Ahhh! This section is filled chest deep with turgid septic filth. Movement is halved.
21-30 Oh isn't it pretty. Spuffff! Arggh my eyes! The walls of this section are grown thick with toxic fungus spores. Which cause, respiration problems, hallucinations, and possibly even death.
31-40 Click! Whiz! Clack clack clack! Shing! Arrrgghhhh! This section contains an ingenious death trap.

41-50 Maybe they are just sleeping? This tunnel section contains a pile of bloated corpses.

51-60 Bulbing ooze! Great bubbles of foul muck swell and bust in this section covering everyone with foul smelling sludge.

61-70 Spill way! The tunnel section is suddenly awash with sewer juices gushing from large over-head pipes. Everyone is momentarily blinded with muck.

71-80 Creak... ka-chank! A large very rusty grate swings down from above blocking this passage.

81-90 Underconstruction. This area is half collapsed. The crumbling ceiling is held up by bowing soggy timbers and rotten support beams. It doesn't look safe at all and may collapse at any moment.

91-100 Crunch! Schlooop! Ahhh! A crude wooden drain cover gives way and the entire group is sucked down into a swirling whirlpool of stinking filth to the next lower level.

Finding MakMurdo:

This dungeon need never end, but if you must...

When 300 sections have been mapped the GM may begin to roll a secret d100 after every 10 new sections mapped. The target range is 100 minus the number of sections over 300. For example after 340 sections the target is 60-100. Make the roll and MakMurdo is found behind a large brass air lock in a large fairly dry chamber. A mummified corpse seated at a drawing table quill in hand. He is surrounded by piles of moldering books, maps, papers and folios. Several work tables are loaded with expensive exotic items and priceless gear. Nearby mine carts are loaded down with precious metals and uncut gemstones unearthed during construction. You are rich! Now if you can only find your way out of here. Suddenly the main entrance collapses into impenetrable rubble. Only a thorough search reveals an iron disc covered hole under MakMurdo's table which leads back into the infinite sewer!