

The Bandit King lay dead, slain by my liege. "We have sacrificed much," he said, his words echoing in the gloom. Above us the great idol stared down at the carnage unmoved, jiveled eyes glittering. Simeo the rogue eyed them. "Short work, this," he said, slipping the dagger from his sheath.

The sound of metal on stone roused doddering old Fedder from his scrolls. The magician had time only to raise his hand before the hall filled with the brightest of lights, the loudest of noises. I awoke I do not know how much later. My eyes burned. I smelled blood, brimstone, burning parchment. I called out in the darkness, but neither my liege nor his companions replied. I was alone, and alone I would have to find my way to the...

...Surface.

A solo dungeon by Leslie J. Furlong

Throne room

Collapsed entrance

You feel: rock and earth and splintered wood. The pieces are movable, but there are many. **You smell:** The smoke. It is getting thicker. You are likely coughing now.

You recall: A largish room, its ceiling supported by wooden beams. The idol facing the only entrance. Simeo mentioned seeing a secret door behind it. **You taste:** blood, dust and grit. **You smell:** filth, brimstone, and wood smoke. It's getting hard to breathe. **You hear:** pebbles, falling from the ceiling, creaking and groaning overhead. **You feel:** rubble, splintered wood, twisted metal, and gore, the front of the idol has disintegrated, the remains of the dead.

Secret door

You smell: damp
You feel: splintered wood, chipped plaster
You feel: cool air on your face.

Secret corridor

You hear: dripping, trickling, echoes
You feel: smooth stone underfoot at a downward grade. Natural stone walls close on either side widening as you go, forking into two separate tunnels after twenty or so paces.

Egg chamber

You smell: sour milk, powerful and unpleasant.
You feel: the walls of the tunnel widen
You hear: the sound of something shifting, like dry leaves, the crunch of something fragile underfoot.

If you linger...

You hear: a skittering, then a rattling noise, then cracking soon accompanied by chirping. **You see:** green, multifaceted eyes this size of hen's eggs, curious and hungry.

If you are lucky...

You feel: loose rock, hiding a narrow passage.

You smell: sour milk, getting stronger as you go.

You smell: Just the damp.

Rickety bridge

You hear: echoes of a spring trickling, the odd splash, like a fish jumping, creaking ahead. **You feel:** cool air on your face.

If you search the floor carefully...

You feel: a drop-off in the floor, then empty space. Some wooden boards, bound with rope that creak mightily if pressed. The sound of water far below...

Lichen chamber

You see: the walls of this cramped chamber covered in greenish phosphorescent lichen. A body, presumably male, nonhuman, slumped against the wall.

If you examine the body...

You feel: a dagger, buried in the creature's chest, gripped in the adventurer's own hand
You see: his face and hands are covered with... *no, are.*
They are lichen. **You feel:** a tingling sensation on your fingertips...

Narrow passage

Underwater passage

You feel: water, cool and fresh. **You see:** a greenish glow ahead.

You hear: faint splashing from above, skittering ahead of you
You feel: slick and muddy earth, soaking your hands and knees.

You smell: a musky odor. **You feel:** cool air

Underground pool

You hear: splashing, echoing around the chamber. **You feel:** the stone floor give way to pebbles and sand as you approach the water's edge, the rough stone surface of the cavern wall
You See: a faint glow, under the water.

Lair

You smell: wet earth, animal droppings
You see: white light above, pouring through jagged stone and earth, and under it the shifting bulk of a sleeping thing, sniffing and snuffling.

The Surface

You see: the sun blazing through the trees, blue sky, clouds. **You hear:** wind, some far off bird songs
You feel: alive.