

The Wizard Returns

Rumours of a shooting star draw the party to a most unusual crater. A circular floor of blackened, worked stone lies at the bottom of the pit. Several of the stones have collapsed into the silent darkness below...

The Tower - Part One

1. Storeroom

This circular stone room is upside-down, its contents now dumped violently onto the ceiling below. An inverted staircase snakes around the wall, leading down into a hole in the ceiling. The words, "the herald approaches" are daubed, upside down, on the wall. Half-broken crates, sacks, barrels and chests of all sizes cover the ceiling/floor. Each 5ft of movement across the floor requires an DC 15 Acrobatics check to avoid stepping on something (see Table 1 - Watch Your Feet).

Table 1 - Watch Your Feet

d100	Result
0 - 50	Something cracks or squishes underfoot, but otherwise no effect.
51 - 60	Splinters! - the crate's frame snaps beneath your weight, 1d3 splinter damage.
61 - 65	Emergency Skeleton Kit - the crate's lid pops off, bones spill out, assembling to form 1d6 skeletons.
66 - 70	Contraband - stepping on this sack releases a green, 10ft cloud of hallucinogenic spores (Confused for 1d3 rounds, Will DC 15).
71 - 73	You kick open a small chest, containing either 1d100 gold, 1d4 gems or a ring. There is a 10% chance the ring is magic.
74 - 76	Victuals - You slip on a greasy slab of cheese, 1d3 fall damage (Nauseated for 1d3 rounds, Fortitude DC 10).
77 - 79	Victuals - A large clay pot cracks open, splattering a 5ft radius with sweet, sticky honey.
80 - 81	Victuals - You are half-soaked by a tumbling barrel of sour-smelling mead.
82 - 83	Victuals - A box of eggs, all colours and sizes, spills open. One hatches, releasing an angry, venomous snake.
84 - 85	Why would you pack this? - A large box breaks apart as you clamber over it, tipping you into the gelatinous cube within.
86 - 90	1d6 misc. potion vials roll out of a velvet bag (Reflex DC 15 to avoid slipping and crushing half).
91-93	Brightly-patterned robes unfurl out of a large sack. Closer inspection reveals a large iron key tucked in a pocket.
94-96	The bees, the bees! - A large glass jar smashes open to release an enraged swarm of wasps.
97-99	Fire! - You crush a small tank of compressed Alchemist's Fire. 5ft splash 1d6 fire damage. The blaze quickly spreads throughout the room. 10% chance each round that another nearby tank explodes.

2. Laboratory

The walls are covered with levers, pipes, dials and shelves. Another inverted staircase snakes around the room, giving access to the various controls, and leading to another hole in the ceiling below. A delicate silver candelabra rises from the centre of the ceiling, which is littered with smaller debris, books, broken glass, and 1d10 ever-burning candles. A crazed, invisible imp lies in wait.

3. Collapsed room

i - The purpose of this partially-collapsed room is obscured by mounds of stone and earth. The stairs down are blocked, but a tunnel dug into the earth leads out of the tower towards chamber A.

The Ratkin Burrow

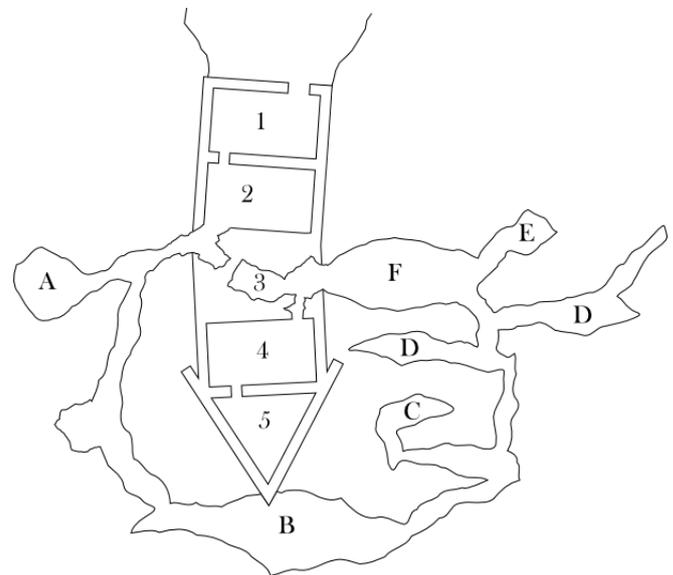
The narrow tunnels and chambers of the burrow are warm and dank. Patches of grey fungus glow with a dim light throughout.

A. Larder

This bloody chamber stinks of rotten meat. Suspiciously bipedal cuts lie among the chunks of yellowing, maggot-infested flesh. A cleaver-wielding Ratkin butcher and his sous chef guard the store against hungry thieves.

B. Throne room

Two armoured Ratkin stand beside the empty throne, a dirty, rusted chair of iron, bronze and bone. A bloody altar stands to one side, bones and detritus litter the room. A Ratkin priest sits on the floor, grinding mushrooms.



C. Nursery

Bald, mewling rat-babies crawl around a pen filling most of this chamber. They are protected by three wild-eyed Ratkin mothers.

D. Sleeping chambers

At the sound of battle, 1d6 poorly-armed Ratkin appear from each of these chambers. The rooms themselves are strewn with half-eaten food and nests made from straw and soiled cloth. A tunnel out of the Eastern chamber leads to the surface.

E. Armoury

This small chamber contains a ragged arsenal of swords, clubs, short spears, shields and armour, all in various states of disrepair. The room is unoccupied.

F. Barracks

The room serves as sleeping quarters, training ground and gaol. The gnawed remains of a humanoid sit chained against one wall. At the far end of this chamber, a large, partly-collapsed doorway, the entrance to the Tower, leads into room 3. The chamber is populated by 1d3 enslaved human farmhands, digging out a passage into the tower, 2d4 Ratkin veterans, and the tall, two-tailed chieftain of the Ratkin. It wields a magic Dwarven axe.

The Tower - Part Two

3. Collapsed room - cont.

ii - This section of the room can be reached, through what remains of a large doorway, from chamber F. It is strewn with chunks of the thick oak door and Ratkin tools and mining equipment. The excavation of a route down to room 4 is mostly complete.

4. Bedchamber

A huge oak four-poster bed, fixed to the floor/ceiling, dominates the centre of this room. Leather straps hang down from either side of the bed. On inspection, the straps have been snapped apart. Fluids of various colours are smeared across the walls, spelling out, in 2d6 languages, "the herald is come". A wooden ladder leads down to a round, bronze hatch. A large keyhole sits in the centre of the hatch (Disable Device DC 15, or open with the key from room 1).

5. Cockpit

The hatch opens with a hiss of pressurised air. Raw magical energy vibrates through the close, dry atmosphere of this room. From the pointed centre of the tiled roof, a metal pole pokes into the room. A crystal ball is mounted on the end of the pole. A small leather chair is suspended by taught silk ropes within a half-gyroscope frame of finely-wrought silver, within easy reach of the crystal ball. In the chair sits a figure wearing a suit of leather and dragon-scale armour and a helm with a large glass visor. The inside of the visor is obscured by swirling grey smoke. A voice, deep and ancient, emanates from the walls - "THE HERALD WAKES...". As the words echo, an oily tentacle slaps against the inside of the pilot's visor, cracking the glass. Thick, night-black tentacles slide out of the visor, impossibly long. The Herald of the Old Ones pulls itself through, its song of triumph a terrible, guttural screech...