

Trortipose the Tormented's Tremendous Travelling Tortoise – by Tom Walker (G+TomWalkerUK)

“Lament and vacate!
The legends are true –
Trortipose the
Terrible returns to
raze and tyrannize!”

Trortipose was a blood-thirsty barbarian sorcerer of great power who rampaged across the known world in a gargantuan battle-tortoise the size of a Tarrasque. He has appeared once again, but anyone foolish enough to remain in the area

will soon return looking to push people to their deaths and feast on the remains. It would be possible to dig into the wound into the interior of the beast with normal weapons or digging equipment given an hour or so.

Rear end - It is indeed possible to climb up the tortoise's tail or rear legs and gain access through its rear end...Once there it is possible to hack through the alimentary canal into the empty belly of the beast.

Interior - Most of the interior of the tortoise is empty space akin to a huge aircraft hangar. A magical darkness reduces all sight ranges to 1/10th of their usual distance. The huge alimentary canal runs from mouth to rear, but the other normal organs are absent. The beast is magically powered by Trortipose himself, and it fuelled by the mass it regularly consumes.

has noticed that the vast tortoise now moves erratically and no warbands pour forth. Perhaps Trortipose is absent or no longer able to control the beast? Perhaps now is the time to gain access to the tortoise (which is said to be hollow) to put an end to Trortipose's tyranny, and – of course – liberate any magic treasures that still remain.

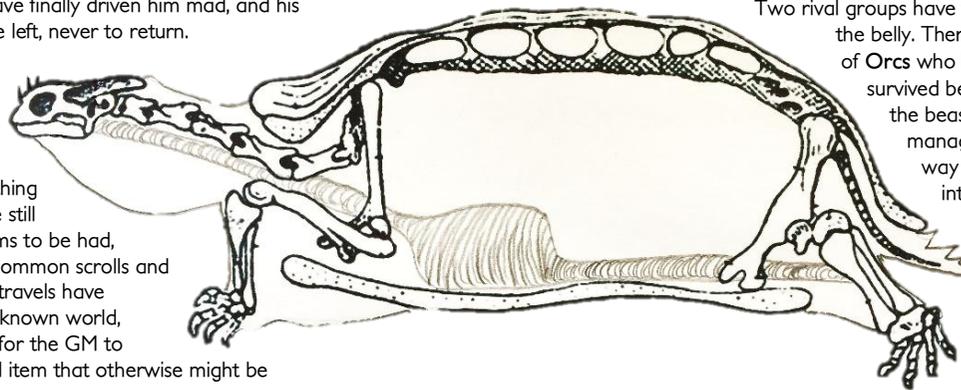
Head - Trortipose resides in the head in his sorcerer's chamber, looking out through the huge and magically impenetrable thick-lensed eyes. His magical investigations have finally driven him mad, and his mercenary pillagers have left, never to return.

Despite his decent into idiocy his one-time followers were not foolish enough to try to gain access to his chambers and steal anything from within, so there are still unique and powerful items to be had, along with many more common scrolls and potions. As Trortipose's travels have taken him all across the known world, this is a perfect location for the GM to place any exotic magical item that otherwise might be unobtainable.

Mouth - Occasionally the tortoise will bow its head to consume geographical features and buildings. It eats literally anything, requiring only a huge intake of mass to function. Being eaten by the beast is akin to being in a pitch-dark avalanche or the worst earthquake imaginable.

Legs - Observing the beast's movement it is quite possible to anticipate where its legs will next be placed and so clamber aboard using grappling hooks. The skin on the legs is incredibly tough, jagged and rough, like a coastal cliff-face – if the cliff were moving of course. The skin is infested with **Giant Tortoise Skin Mites** (as Giant Rats), they look like a giant shrimp has mated with a warthog and then rolled in a box of velociraptor claws. They are very sure-footed and utterly voracious.

Shell - The shell is like granite and many feet thick. It is also very smooth; keeping one's footing on the shell without specialist equipment will be challenging, and very difficult if the tortoise is moving. There is one obvious feature on the top of the shell which is an ancient battle wound about 20' across which has been kept open by the relentless picking and hacking of **Harpies**. The harpies will initially fly off at the approach of the party, but



Two rival groups have taken residence in the belly. There is a small band of **Orcs** who have miraculously survived being swallowed by the beast and then managed to hack their way out into the interior space. Every one of them trying to exit through the mouth has been crushed. Each dangerous sortie back into

the intestine for provisions kills more, so they are desperate for escape. The other group is a clan of **Bat-people** [as Kobolds, but can fly, and echolocation which effectively counteracts the magical darkness, unless in very noisy conditions] who have recently taken residence. They enjoy a more sustainable situation, being able to enter and exit via a small tear in the lower intestine close to the tortoise's rear end. They exit at night to suck the blood of livestock and people. They are most amused at the Orc's plight and harry them regularly, having taken offense at a disastrous attempt by diplomacy by the Orcs who were attempting to bargain with those they clumsily referred to as “arse-flyers”.

Front leg bones - The bones of the front legs are connected only to the spine on the roof and move inexorably. Gaining access to the spine and neck via the front legs is therefore incredibly difficult, anyone caught in their movement would be squashed to paste.

Rear leg bones – are connected to the hips that join the lower and upper surfaces of the shell, and thus form a stable climb up to the spine.

Spine and neck – There is a central cavity through the length of the spine and neck which provides an open walkway allowing entry into the sorcerer's chamber in the skull.

Dénouement. The great tortoise's power comes directly from Trortipose himself, so if he is to perish the tortoise will soon come to a full and final repose, becoming a permanent part of the landscape. Whether the party can control the movements of the tortoise and how long its power lasts is at GM's discretion.



Trortipose's Tormented Moods

For each mood change roll $d3+2d4+d5$ (4d4 if you must) and move that many moods downwards from the current mood, starting again from the top if you move off the bottom. Moods change at GM's discretion but certainly whenever damage is dealt or received.

1. **Surprised** - he freezes, eyes darting from adventurer to adventurer to empty space directly beside adventurer.
2. **Confused** - "Why have you delivered the weather balloon on St Chastens Day?" "But with the thought matrix clearly showing elemental misalignment how is this even possible?"
3. **Irritable** - dismissive and colourfully insulting of any action or question your flamooching ponch-tackling wobblebots undertake.
4. **Apoplectic** - fires blasts of colour from his fingers; everyone present must save vs Dex or take d8 damage and 15 minutes of one of (d6) : 1 - blindness, 2 - deafness, 3 -uncontrollable dancing, 4 - noxious stinkyness (-1 to everyone's actions within 30'), 5 - extreme horniness, 6 -mood swings as per this chart.
5. **Manic** - latches on to the last action or point of conversation and will not stop until that is fully and totally understood and resolved; "But why? Buy why? But why? ... etc"
6. **Desperate** - lunges for the adventurer's ankles, wailing and begging for salvation from the inconceivable horrors from between moments that whisper those fous temptations and scratch, scratch at the back of the eyeball.
7. **Fearful** - the inconceivable horrors appear (as far as Trortipose is concerned anyway); he blasts a massive fireball in a random direction. Save versus Dex or take 6d6 magic fire damage.
8. **Defeated** - throws self on floor, crying and thumping his hands, and then, sickeningly, his head against the hard stone floor; there is a 1/6 chance of knocking himself out for d6 minutes.
9. **Morose** - dejected, sullen and ill-tempered; may be amenable to anyone sufficiently (i.e. inordinately) sympathetic.
10. **Vacant** - dreamily stares off into the middle distance, d3 items of the adventurer's weapons or worn equipment levitate 5 feet and hover there until the mood changes.