





INTRODUCTION



emember the good old days, when adventures were underground, NPCs were there to be killed, and the finale of every dungeon was the dragon on the

20th level? Those days are back. Dungeon Crawl Classics adventures don't waste your time with long-winded speeches, weird campaign settings, or NPCs who aren't meant to be killed. Each adventure is 100% good, solid dungeon crawl, with the monsters you know, the traps you remember, and the secret doors you know are there somewhere.

This adventure is designed for 8-10 level 1 characters. It sends the characters into a deep ravine where the opponents are sometimes conquerable and other times out of the heroes' league. Smart players will know when to fight and when to run. All character classes are required for success: there are many magical challenges requiring the arcane knowledge (and spell checks) of elves and wizards, many of the enemies are unholy and can be turned by clerics, a thief's climbing and trap skills are essential early in the adventure, and there are narrow stairways where a powerful warrior must hold the line against groups of enemies.

This adventure can be deadly. Players who don't know when to run will likely see their characters die. The final scene, in particular, involves a massive pit-beast with sufficient power to destroy a city – which is also perfectly capable of destroying incautious parties. On the other hand, the adventure contains shortcuts, such as the "tentacle elevator" at area 1-14, which can bypass three full levels of combat and take the PCs directly to the final scene. Parties that discover and make use of the shortcuts, or who rest regularly and proceed cautiously, can survive to the end of the adventure with only minor casualties. Reckless parties will not do as well. In the author's playtesting experience, the adventure has resulted in one complete TPK and one "walk in the park," with several other sessions falling somewhere between the two.

BACKGROUND



great ravine passes through the southern lands, dividing an endless tract of uninhabited wasteland from the fertile forests to the north. The great ravine

is home to a titanic tentacled monster that awakens once every generation. This towering blubbery mass rises from the bottom of the ravine, shambles forth on undulating tentacles, and ravages the nearby lands, returning to its slumber only after it has slaked its thirst for mortal flesh.

For eons the beast terrorized the region, until a perspicacious warrior-priest devised a compromise viewed as wise by some and evil by others. Centuries ago, this warrior-priest implemented a sacrificial offering to placate the pit-beast. Once every decade, a virgin is selected by lot from each and every neighboring village, and the dozen sacrifices are chained to an offering post atop a great bluff. The pit-beast sends forth a host of slithering appendages to rip the virgins from the bluff and drag them screaming into the pit.

Although successful in holding the pit-beast's rampages at bay, the sacrificial rite dishonored the warrior-priest and his order, which were forced by mob rule to leave the frontier civilizations they called home. They retreated to safety within the ravine itself, and soon they were but a memory. Over time, the neighboring villages discontinued the sacrifices. All remembered the threat of the pit-beast, but none wished to offer their own daughters to sway its behaviors.

Now it is a decade since the last sacrifices, and the pit-beast awakens. Its vermiform appendages have been observed slithering about the edges of the ravine, and the rumbles of its movements can be heard at night. It is but a matter of time before it emerges to slay and devour once more. However, this time there is another factor at play. Bands of strange grayrobed men have been seen emerging from the ravine at night, often accompanied by the pit-beast's roaming tentacles, which they seem to guide and direct as the shepherd does with his flock. These men have no faces beneath their cowls, and their arms are long and sinuous. These "people of the pit" seem to be controlling the pit-beast, whose tentacles they have already directed to attack more than one farm house. Several families have narrowly avoided a grisly demise, and the people of the pit were chased off only by determined peasant mobs.

It seems the warrior-priest's order is alive and well, somewhere deep in the pit, and has devised a way to control the pit-beast. The people of the pit are enemies to the land. Someone must put them to the sword.



