

# DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS

## THE MAKING OF THE GHOST RING

#85: A LEVEL 4 ADVENTURE  
BY MICHAEL CURTIS





# HANDOUT A





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## A LEVEL 4 ADVENTURE

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# INTRODUCTION

*The Making of the Ghost Ring* is a *Dungeon Crawl Classics* RPG adventure designed for six 4th-level characters. As the adventure unfolds, the PCs find themselves in the unique situation of participating in the creation of an enchanted ring and—should all go well—gaining ownership of the newly-minted magical object at the conclusion of the adventure's events.

Over the course of this adventure, the PCs encounter the ghost of a wizard whose soul hangs between salvation and perdition. In order to save her, the PCs must finish the final three stages in the forging of a mystical ring. These steps pit them against a curious band of kidnappers, send them to the blistering desert to pry a gemstone from the brow of an ancient pharaoh, and conclude—as far as the players know—with a battle against a titanic beast that once threatened the very world.

*The Making of the Ghost Ring* is also an instructional adventure, one the author hopes is an enjoyable lesson for the judge. Creating magical items in *Dungeon Crawl Classics* is never a simple matter of expending time and money and making a few skill checks. Given the unpredictable and mysterious nature of magic in *Dungeon Crawl Classics*, fabricating magical objects should be a quest unto itself. *The Making of the Ghost Ring* demonstrates just one possible means of creating a mystical item, and the adventure can be used as an outline for detailing the enchantment process in your own campaign.

## BACKGROUND

ifthrasir the Enchantress, like most of her spell-casting ilk, spent her life in the pursuit of power, pillaging forgotten ruins for ancient incantations and delving into forbidden vaults to pry grimoires from their previous owners' long-dead hands. But unlike many of her brethren, Lifthrasir was driven by the urge to create rather than destroy, and pursued arcane lore so she might inscribe her legend in the annals of history. She dreamed of crafting an object of magical power that would persist after her death and carry her name down the long roads of history.


Unfortunately for Lifthrasir, dreams do not always come true and the required knowledge to create such an artifact long escaped her. As is wont to occur with wizards, her goal became a drive, and her drive became an obsession, leading her to take measures best avoided by rational beings. Calling up a potent infernal power, Maalbrilmorg the Hell Smith, Lifthrasir bargained with the evil crafter to acquire the incantations she required. Lifthrasir was not completely overwhelmed by her obsession, however, and succeeded in inserting a loophole in her contract with the Hell Smith: If she accomplished her goal before a year and a day passed, Maalbrilmorg could lay no claim upon the sorceress. Unbeknownst to Lifthrasir—but known by the demon-smith

who sensed the illness growing—Lifthrasir was dying, the victim of a subtle, but highly malignant magical cancer the sorceress had unwittingly acquired as spell corruption. Maalbrilmorg easily agreed to the condition, knowing the sickness would claim Lifthrasir before she could finish her task.

What Maalbrilmorg could not predict was Lifthrasir's tenacity. The cancer killed the enchantress eleven months from the day of their agreement and the Hell Smith arrived to claim his due. The demon was nonplussed to discover Lifthrasir's soul still determined to complete her work. Now lingering as a ghost, Lifthrasir cannot be reaped by Maalbrilmorg until the time limit of their bargain expires. For now, the demon lingers below, planning a multitude of tortures for the enchantress once her debt comes due.

Predictably, Lifthrasir is desperate to finish her crafting before that time arrives, but is severely hindered by her ghostly state. Unable to leave her secluded hut and with only a few spells available to her, she requires assistance to complete the final steps necessary to finish her work: the enchantment of the ring that will bear her name. Lifthrasir has already employed two separate groups of adventurers to fulfill her task, but both perished horribly before the enchantment process was complete. Now, with just days remaining before Maalbrilmorg claims her, she calls out to one final band of potential servants to finish the enchantment's last three steps. The PCs hear her pleas and, if they agree and triumph, can both save Lifthrasir from eternal torment and win a potent magical artifact in the process.

## STARTING THE ADVENTURE

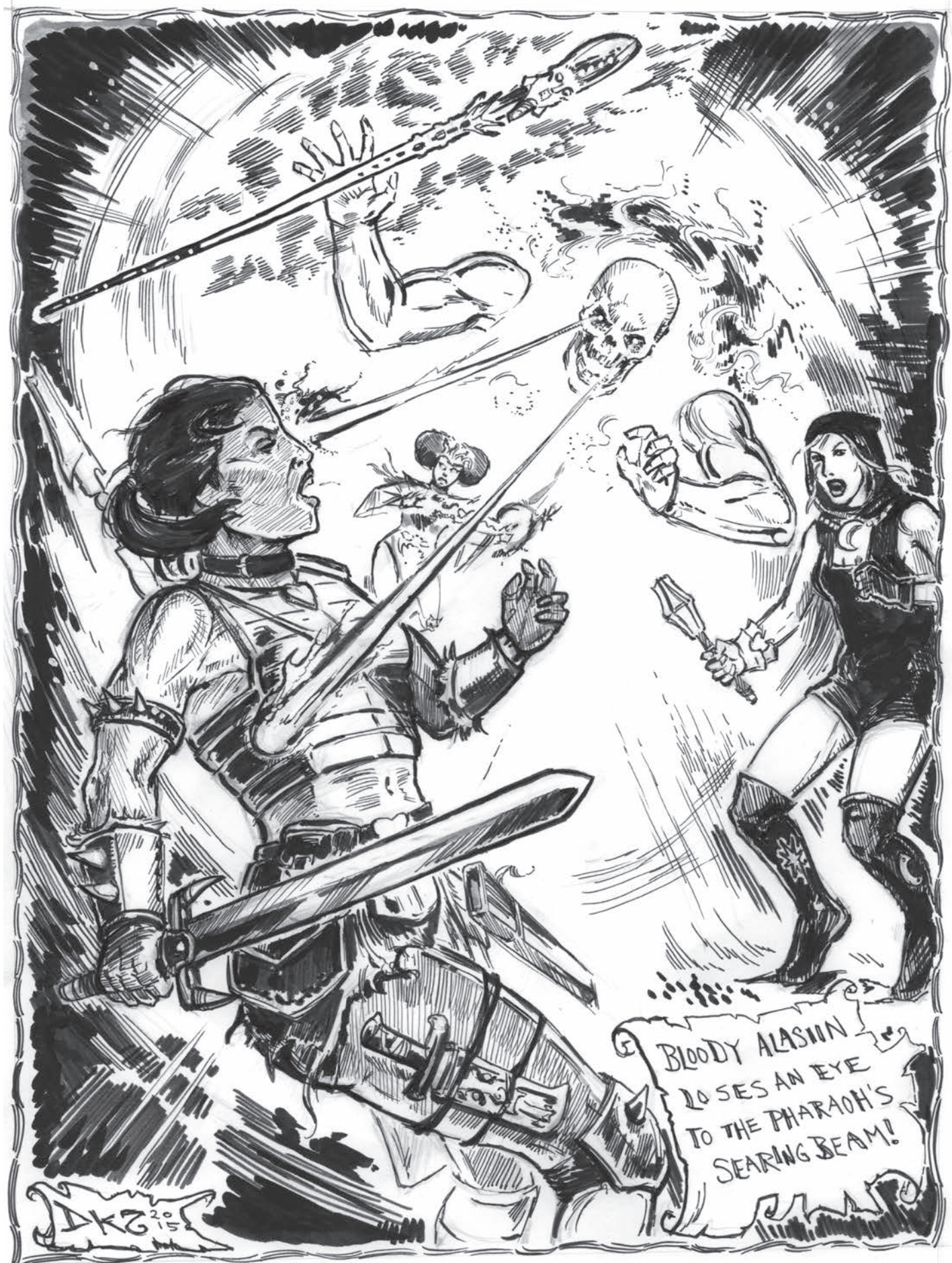
he judge can begin *The Making of the Ghost Ring* anytime the PCs are close to a fire, be it a campfire, the warm hearth of an inn, or even the fireplace of the party's own home. As the party relaxes around its warmth, the fire's flames suddenly roar aloft, tripling in size. Read the following:

*The unexpected conflagration of the fire takes you by surprise, but even more puzzling is the wavering form visible within the flames. A mousy-looking human woman dressed in flaming wizard's regalia stands unharmed in the center of the fire. Your grasping for blades and preparing incantations is abruptly arrested when the form speaks, her soft voice audible above the crackle of the flames.*

*"Heroes," the voice speaks, sounding tired but determined, "I am in need of your assistance. Perdition awaits me and flames much fiercer than from those I now speak hunger for me unless stalwarts come to my aid. In return for your service and my eternal salvation, I offer you the fruits of a lifelong labor: a mystical ring possessing powers never before seen in this world. If the tales of your fierceness and bravery are true—or if mere avarice drives you, for I care not your motives—seek out Lifthrasir the Enchantress in the Stink Pools. Travel to the solitary tree at the marsh's heart and all your questions shall be answered."*

*With those final words, the flames die leaving nothing but a bed of coals and unanswered questions in their wake.*





BLOODY ALADDIN  
LOSES AN EYE  
TO THE PHARAOH'S  
SEARING BEAM!