

DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS HORROR

IT CONSUMES!

DCC HORROR #7:
A LEVEL 2 ADVENTURE
BY TERRIFYING THORIN THOMPSON



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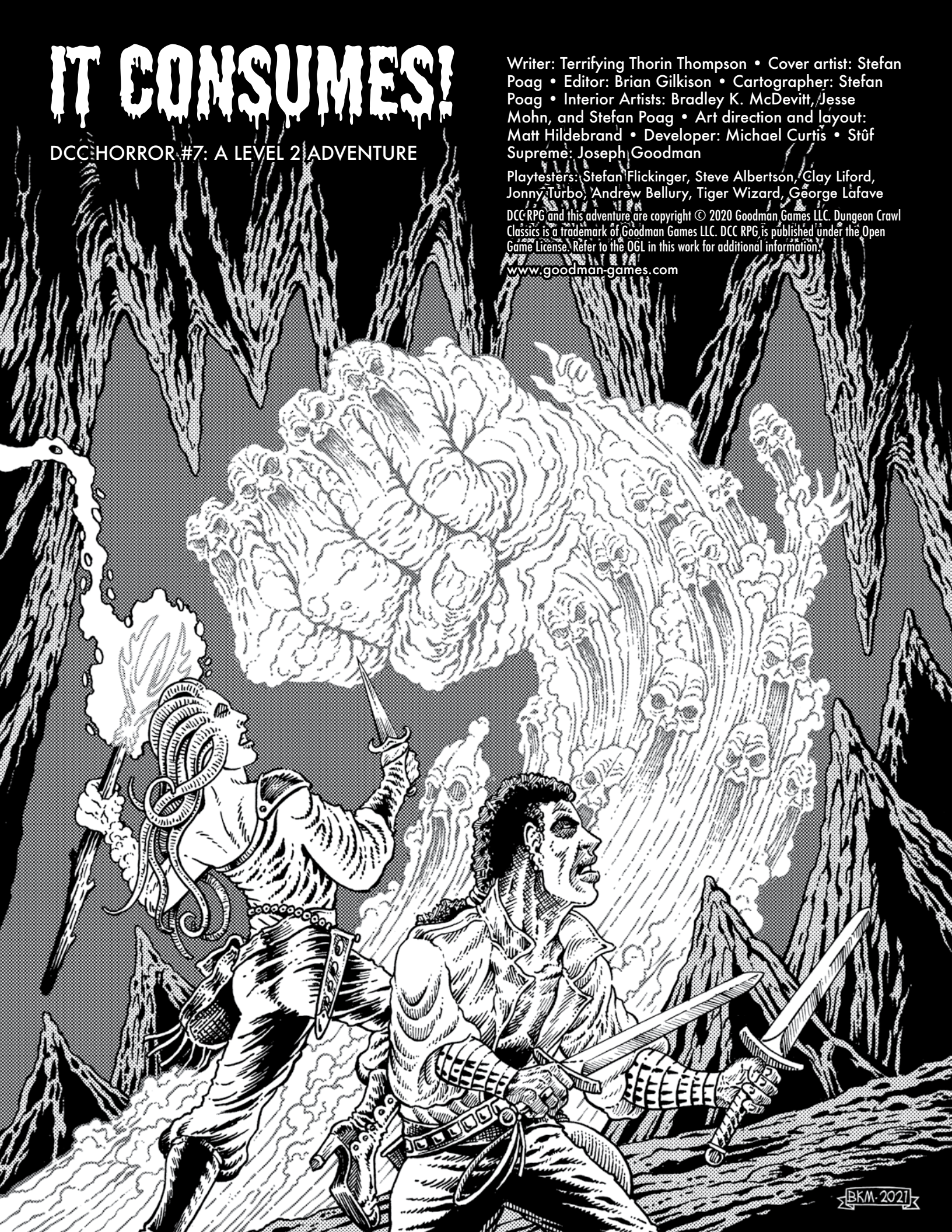
DCC HORROR #7: A LEVEL 2 ADVENTURE

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INTRODUCTION



Remember the good old days when you had a chance of survival? Monsters had fathomable motivations, the darkness within could be channeled, and the darkness without could be held at bay? Do you remember thinking that a caring God could save you if you just prayed hard enough? *Fool!* Say good-bye to the light; those days are over forever and you shall tumble down throughout eternity, alone, hopeless, rent and ruined. Dungeon Crawl Classics Horror has such sights to show you. Each adventure is 666% evil, with monsters that know what scare you, traps that you create for yourself, and secret doors that lead straight to a hell beyond imagining.

It Consumes is an adventure intended for four to six 2nd-level PCs. The adventure begins as the PCs arrive at the mining settlement of Jhurn-Hokaz on behalf of their Duke's request to discover why shipments of iron have stopped, only to find the place mysteriously empty. As the adventure unfolds, the PCs will soon discover the entire town has been infected by a strange sentient entity known only as *The Stûf*. As they unravel the mystery, the party will soon be forced to choose sides: join the rising cult or stop their vile plan before the *Stûf* can consume the world!

BACKGROUND

A recently established mining settlement has been the main source of iron ore for the Southern Kingdoms. As of late, the shipments of ore have grown fewer, and soon enough stopped altogether. The Duke wants answers and has hired the party to investigate the matter personally.

Roughly a month ago, the dwarven miners, following a newly discovered vein of ore, stumbled upon a long-forgotten temple which connected to a massive underground lake, not of water, but consisting of a bubbling white creamy substance. As curiosity would have it, the dwarves tasted the liquid and found it to be exceptionally sweet and highly addictive. Word spread quickly in the settlement and soon the dwarves had abandoned their mining duties and were compulsively siphoning this new delicious substance from beneath the earth, not knowing that this is exactly what the sentient *Stûf* desired.

Whether this *Stûf* is a by-product of chaos-infused evolution, or an alien entity from outer space that slithered deep into these caves in the primordial age, none can truly say. Undisturbed for eons it has slumbered, but now that it has learned there are new and evolved bipedal creatures it is capable of controlling, it stirs. In only a few weeks, the *Stûf* has slowly taken control of the townspeople and is forcing them to work tirelessly day and night in order to siphon itself into hundreds of barrels with which it plans to disrupt to the Southern Kingdoms. And soon... Soon, all the realm, nay the world, will learn that enough is never enough when it comes to the *Stûf*!

TASTING THE STUF

Should any of the PCs taste even a spoonful of the *Stûf*, secretly roll a DC 13 Willpower save for them. Failing this save, the PC is delighted by the taste of the strange creamy mixture and wishes only for more, immediately gobbling up a bowl's worth! While seemingly harmless, eating the *Stûf* will result in a complete metamorphosis of the PC's body as their internal organs are slowly consumed by the ever-expanding *Stûf*.

Unless cured, from here on out, each time the PC encounters the *Stûf* (a barrel, a blob, *Stûf* laced bile, etc.) they must make a DC 13 Willpower save or immediately scarf down enough *Stûf* to gain 1d3 *Stûf* points. These points are tallied and kept secret by the judge (see **Judge's Aid A**, p. 18). Once a PC has accumulated *Stûf* points equal to or exceeding their Stamina score, they are transformed into a *Stûfi* and should be secretly handed a new *Stûfi* Contract Card (p. 17).

A cleric may reverse the metamorphosis with a successful *lay on hands* check resulting in 3 dice or more. Succeeding, the infected PC will retch up the *Stûf*. Accumulated *Stûf* points are reduced to 0, but the PC becomes nauseous, and suffers a -4 penalty to all rolls for the next hour.

Stûfi PCs gain the following abilities:

- **hollow body** (1d3 damage reduction)
- **hivemind shriek** (can call any other *Stûfies* from adjacent areas)
- **puking** (vomit *Stûf* onto target's face; DC 12 Reflex save or target swallows *Stûf*)
- **vulnerable to fire and electricity** (double damage)
- **flee husk** (in 1 round, transforms into a *Stûf* Blob that slithers away, leaving flesh husk behind)

Stûf Blob: Init -1; Atk wave bash +5 melee (1d4 plus suffocation); AC 10; HD 3d8; hp 12; MV 10'; Act 1d20; SP suffocation (DC 13 Ref save or trapped, 1d3 temporary Stamina loss per round, DC 13 Str check to escape); merge together (+1 action die per merged blob, hit points combine), vulnerable to fire and electricity (double damage); low morale (attempts to flee if hp drops below 4); SV Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +3; AL C.

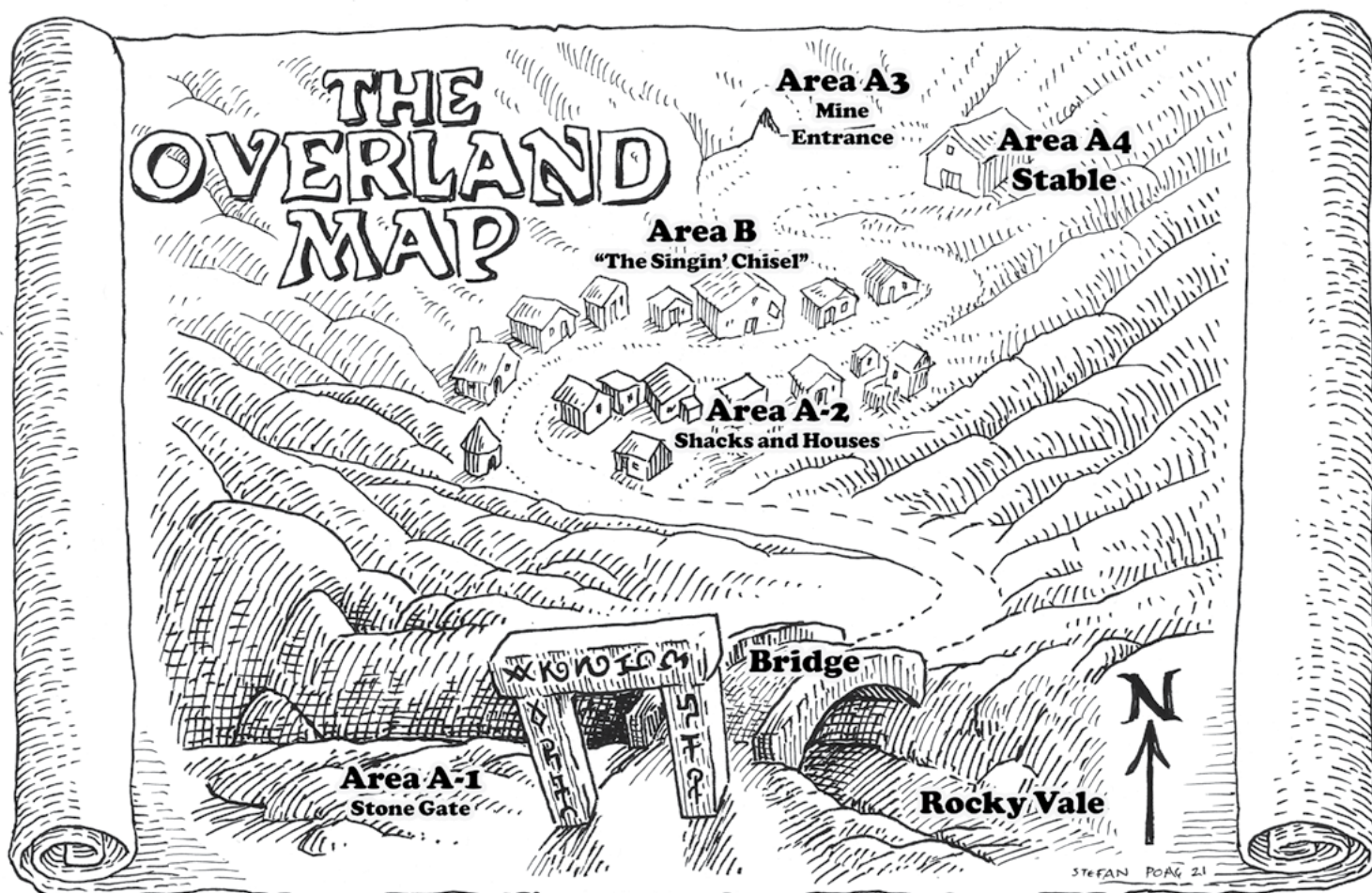
JUDGE'S NOTE:

The Stûf (pronounced SToo-Fa)

Stûfi (pronounced: SToo-Fee, plural form: *Stûfies*)

A STUFI AMONG US

If you're running this adventure as a one-shot and wish to add additional depth and chaos, print out a number of the Contract Cards (p. 17) equal to your playgroup with the majority being "Normal" cards and only one "*Stûfi*" card. Shuffle the cards and hand them out to the players at random, then sit back and watch the madness unravel!



The Settlement of Jhurn-Hokaz: To the north, on the frontier of the realm, lies a small mining settlement originally founded by dwarves. The hills of this desolate and snowy waste are rich with iron, a metal the Southern Kingdoms are sorely lacking. For many months, the dwarves prospered, selling the refined iron ingots to whichever Kingdom provided the best contracts. Being so far removed from the Southern Kingdoms, the settlement of Jhurn-Hokaz grew at a slow pace and is hardly more than a worn cluster of shanties that line either side of the winding horse path leading towards the mine's entrance.

PLAYER START

It will be dusk as the party approaches the settlement; already the sun is obscured by dark storm clouds threatening to snuff out the rays of ominous blood red sunlight glistening off the snow-covered region. A biting and lonesome wind howls through the trees of this desolate land.

Area A-1 – Gateway Sign: The muddy road leads to a stone bridge that spans across a rocky vale. At the threshold of the bridge is a stone-capped archway with dwarven runes carved into the weathered stone. Beyond the bridge, the road steadily winds up the craggy hills towards a settlement of weathered shacks and shanties. The last of the day's light wanes as the snow begins to fall.

The runes translate to Jhurn-Hokaz or simply "Iron Hills" in the Common tongue.

Area A-2 – The Settlement: An eerie silence hangs over the town and there's not a soul in sight. A muddy road, little more than a horse track, winds up the slope. Abandoned shanties line the road. Their shutters clatter in the bitter wind, their doors left open allowing the snow to blanket the interiors. As the light of the day grows dim, you perceive a single two-story building with lighted windows halfway up the winding road.

The one room shanties lining the road are poorly constructed and barely furnished. As the road winds up towards the mine, the shacks grow slightly better, having 2-3 rooms, but are still not meant for much more than shelter and sleep. There's nothing of interest inside, though mundane items such as iron rations, common clothing, and tools may be found with a simple Luck check.

Judge's Note: There are no random encounters within this area until *after* the PCs visit The Singin' Chisel (areas B).

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Roll	Encounter
1	Mo Rutherfordj
2	The Sad Dwarf
3	Empty Stûf Barrels
4	Rabid Stûfi Curs
5	Jason
6	The Biting Cold