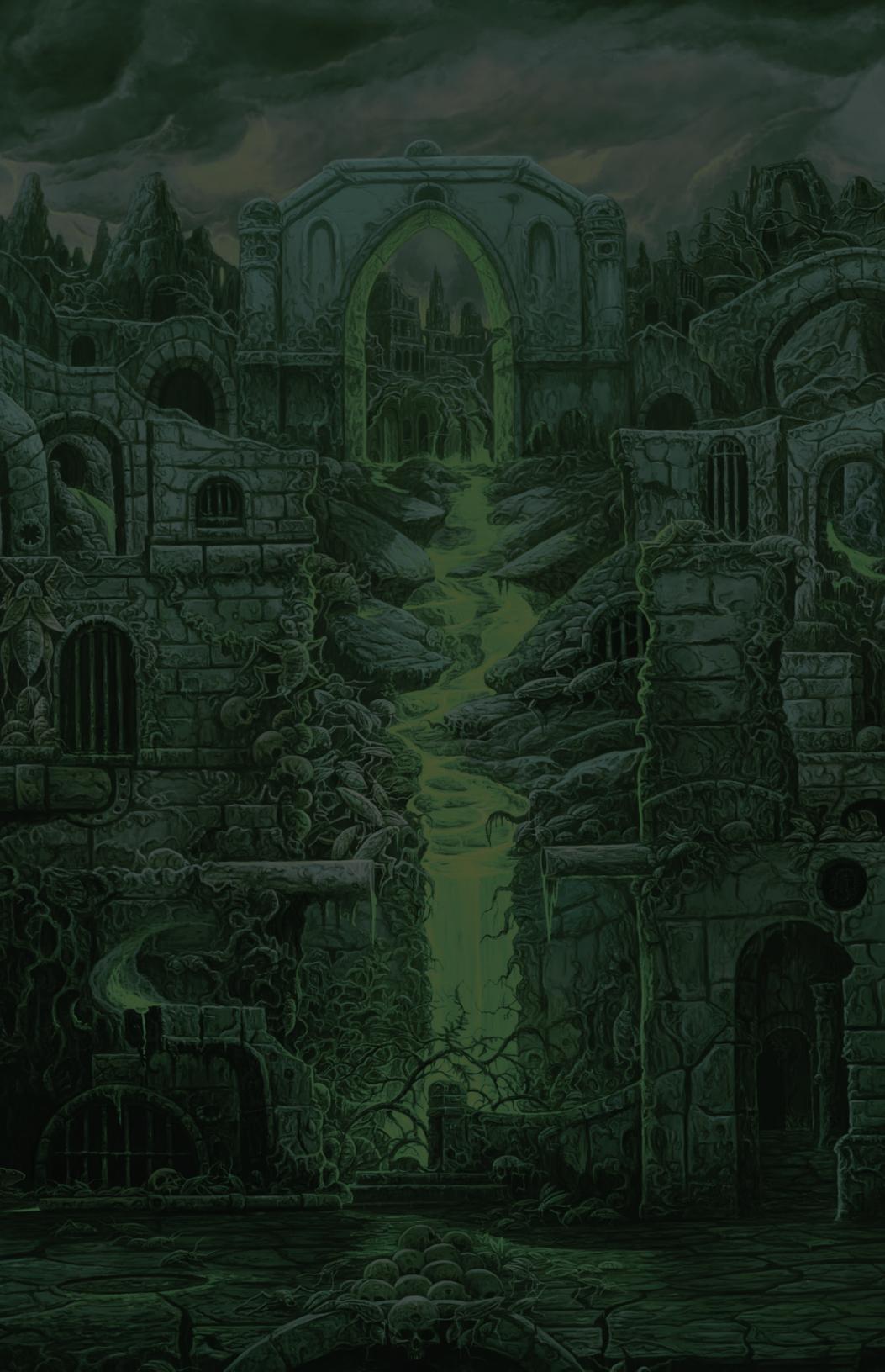


THE BLACK DAHLIA MURDER

DEPTHS OF DRASTED

A VERMINOUS QUEST

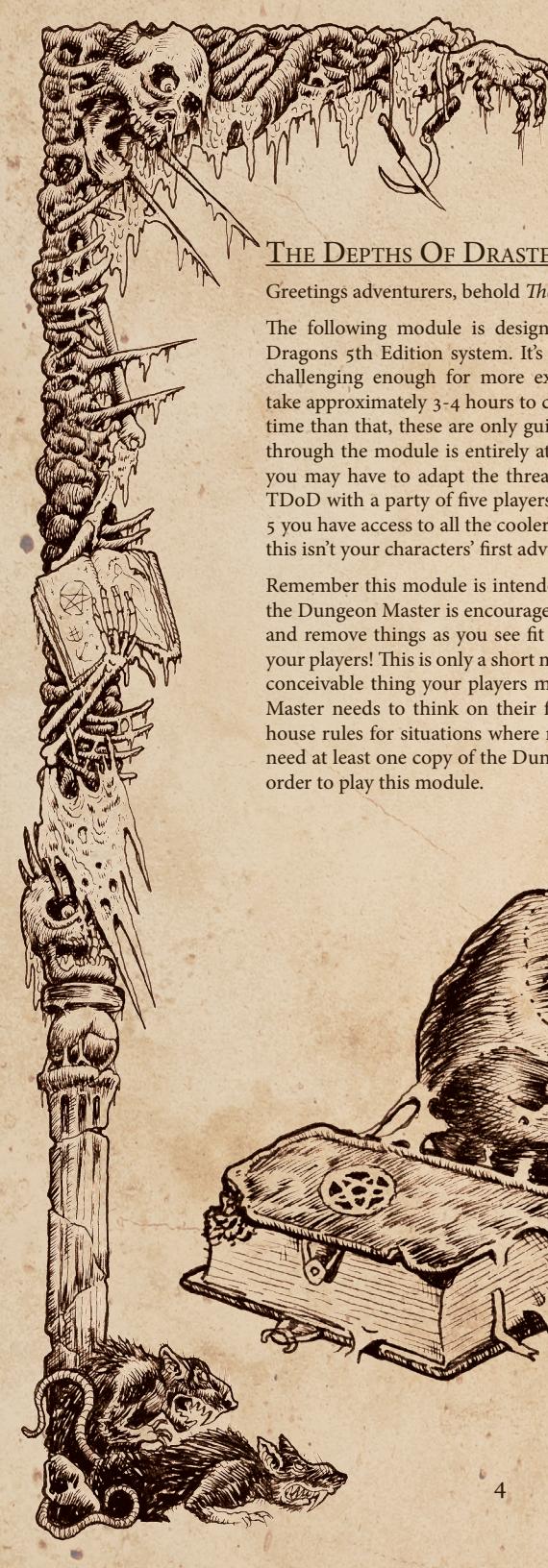




DEPTHS OF DRASTED

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THE DEPTHS OF DRASTED

Greetings adventurers, behold *The Depths of Drasted*.

The following module is designed to be played using the Dungeons and Dragons 5th Edition system. It's intended to be accessible for beginners but challenging enough for more experienced players. TDoD should typically take approximately 3-4 hours to complete. Don't worry if it takes more or less time than that, these are only guidelines. The number of participants playing through the module is entirely at the Dungeon Master's discretion, although you may have to adapt the threat level to suit the situation. We've designed TDoD with a party of five players at Level 5 in mind, simply because at Level 5 you have access to all the cooler spells and abilities and it also indicates that this isn't your characters' first adventure!

Remember this module is intended as a framework for a great adventure but the Dungeon Master is encouraged to make this world their own, add, change and remove things as you see fit - whatever you think is going to be fun for your players! This is only a short module, we haven't included options for every conceivable thing your players may want to do so that's where the Dungeon Master needs to think on their feet and create routes, outcomes, items and house rules for situations where maybe there isn't a clear rule for it. You will need at least one copy of the Dungeons & Dragons Player's Handbook (5e) in order to play this module.

INTRODUCTION

You stand on a craggy outcrop, carved out from the side of the mountain, staring down upon the ruined city of Drasted. Members of the party occupy themselves with the preparations for the task that lies ahead; cleaning weapons, eating provisions or performing spell rituals. You've travelled together for months now on the quest for untold riches and know well enough to give each other space when you get a chance to rest in these dangerous lands.

In taverns and around campfires across the realm the bards tell tales of doomed Drasted. Once a centre of learning and magical exploration, home to thriving trade and culture...an oasis in these remote and inhospitable lands. Now the city stands lifeless and foreboding. It's dark stone towers and arches reach above the undergrowth that clings to the foundations. A faint green glow can sometimes be caught reflecting from the dank stones, a trick of the light perhaps? It's difficult to determine exactly what awaits you in those abandoned streets and haunted avenues. The tales told to scare children about venturing into Drasted are wild and fantastical; an ancient force rising from beneath the city and poisoning it's inhabitants, killing some and turning others into things beyond the imagination. You've seen some terrifying sights in your adventures but these old wives tales don't scare you....

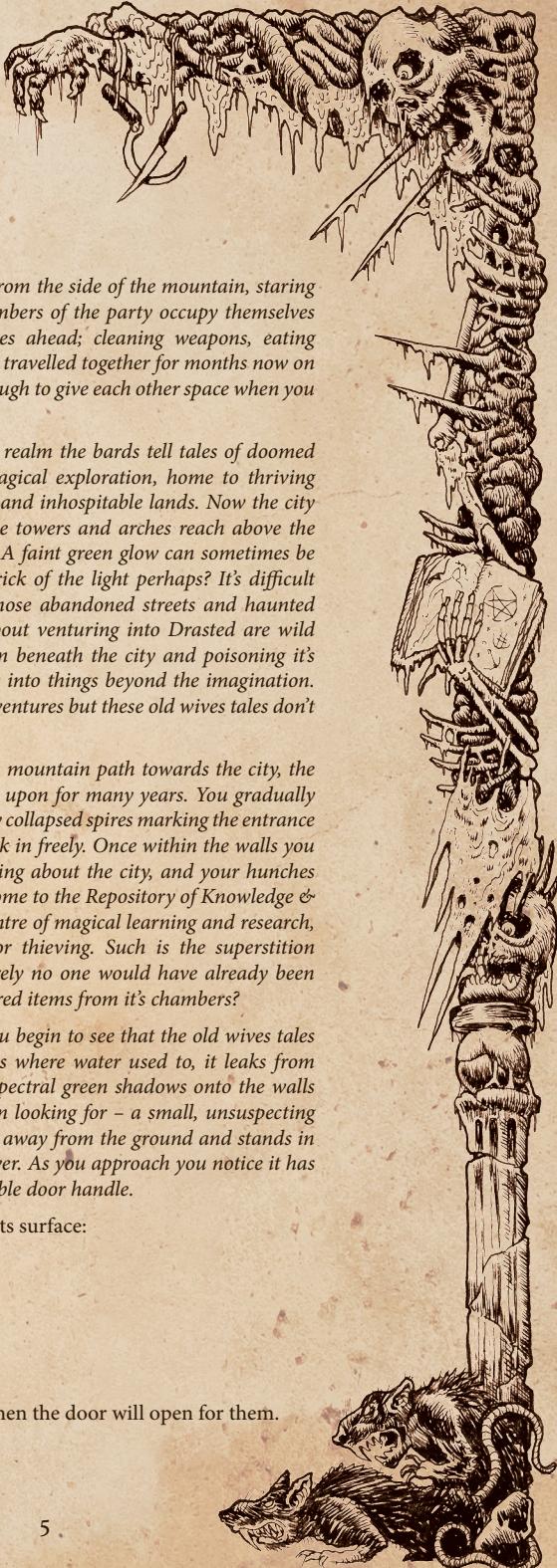
Once rested your party begin to descend the mountain path towards the city, the path is overgrown and has not been walked upon for many years. You gradually approach the city gates, it's two dark, partially collapsed spires marking the entrance - the gates lay open for you and you can walk in freely. Once within the walls you are overcome with an oppressively dark feeling about the city, and your hunches are normally right. However, Drasted was home to the Repository of Knowledge & Magic - known all over the kingdom as a centre of magical learning and research, and home to many valuable items ripe for thieving. Such is the superstition regarding this long abandoned city that surely no one would have already been and plundered the wealth of rare and treasured items from it's chambers?

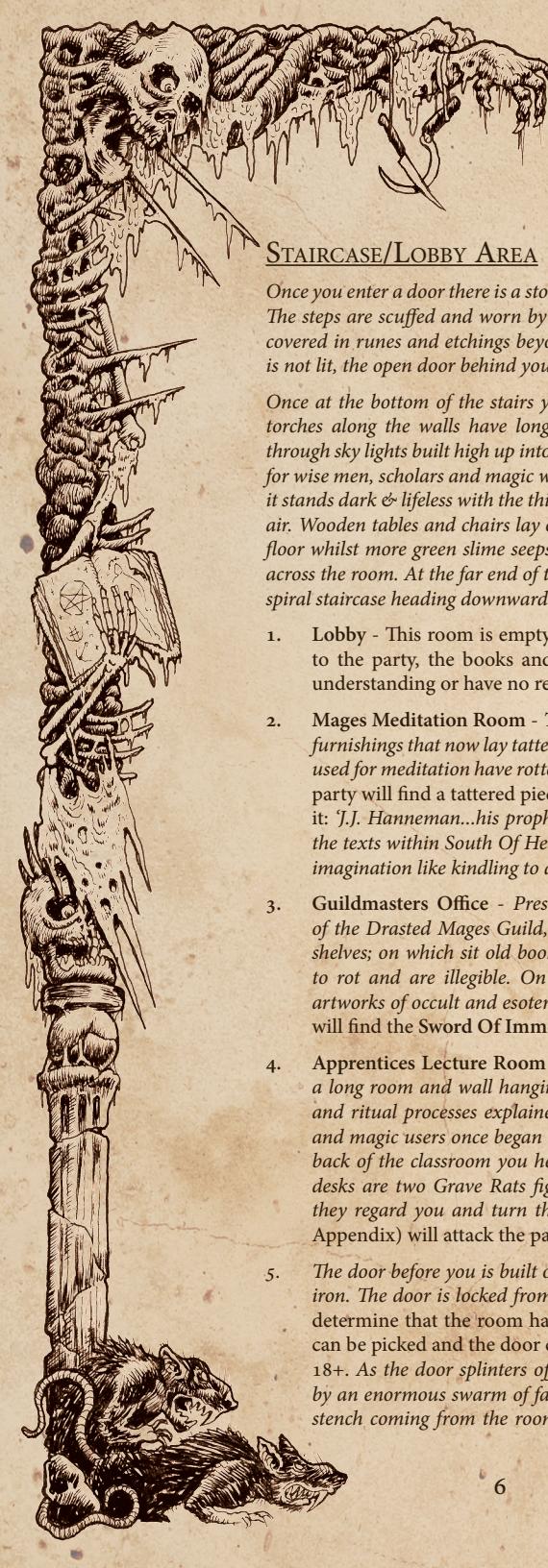
As you venture deeper into the city limits you begin to see that the old wives tales weren't completely untrue, green slime flows where water used to, it leaks from cracks and seeps from the ground, casting spectral green shadows onto the walls and streets. Then, you spot what you've been looking for - a small, unsuspecting but ancient stone door. It is angled upwards away from the ground and stands in a small courtyard which nature has taken over. As you approach you notice it has words & symbols etched upon it with no visible door handle.

This ancient door has a puzzle etched into its surface:

*T've not much strength, but mighty powers,
I guard small hovels and lofty towers,
But if perchance my master leaves
He must secure me to be at ease'*

If the players answer 'A lock' to the riddle then the door will open for them.





STAIRCASE/LOBBY AREA

Once you enter a door there is a stone staircase descending directly in front of you. The steps are scuffed and worn by years of use, the stone walls to your sides are covered in runes and etchings beyond your understanding. Though the stairwell is not lit, the open door behind you provides enough light to cover your descent.

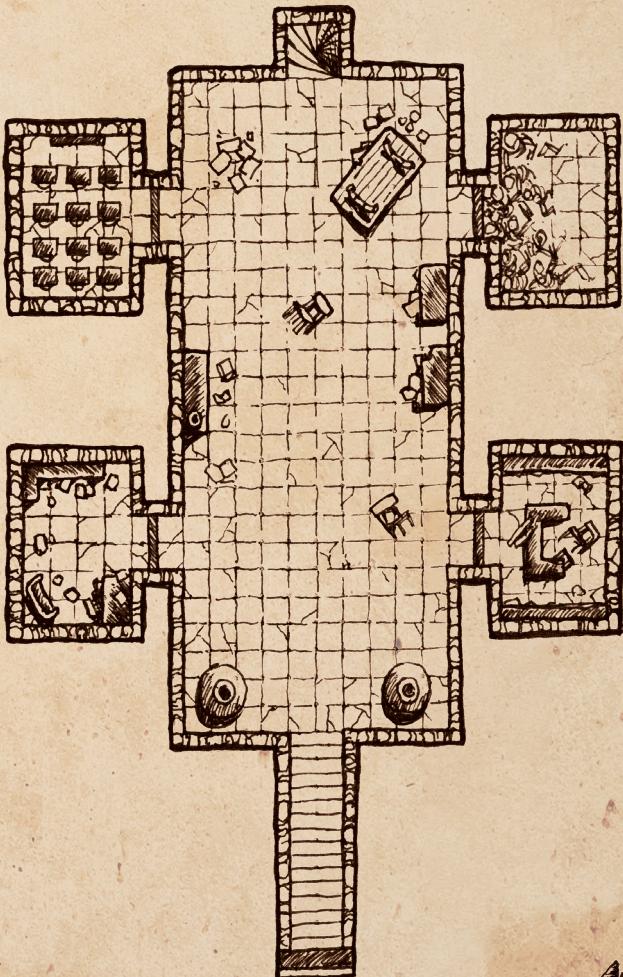
Once at the bottom of the stairs you enter a large stone, vaulted chamber. The torches along the walls have long been extinguished but light still streams in through sky lights built high up into the ceiling. This room clearly was once a place for wise men, scholars and magic weavers to meet and discuss lofty ideas but now it stands dark & lifeless with the thick smell of death, decay and rot hanging in the air. Wooden tables and chairs lay overturned and old books lay shredded on the floor whilst more green slime seeps from the walls and casts an eerie green light across the room. At the far end of the room you can see the beginnings of an iron spiral staircase heading downwards.

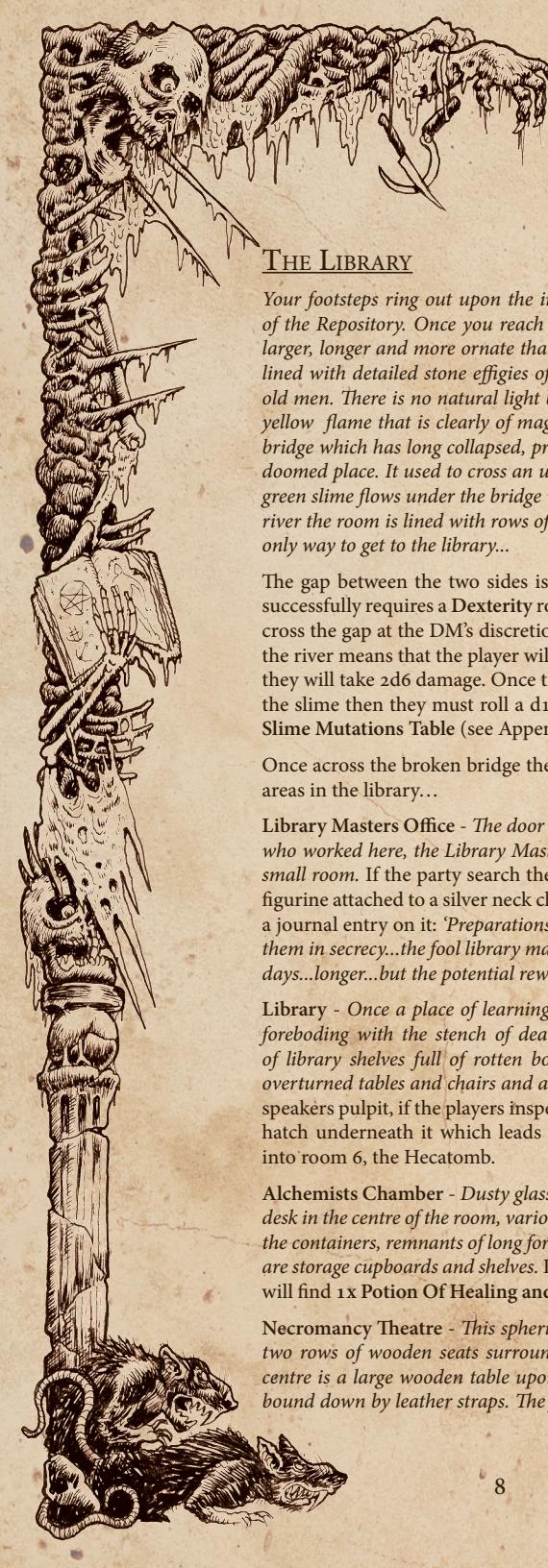
1. **Lobby** - This room is empty of enemies and has nothing of real interest to the party, the books and papers scattered around are beyond their understanding or have no real value to them.
2. **Mages Meditation Room** - *This small room was once adorned with lavish furnishings that now lay tattered and ruined on the floor, cushions and sofas used for meditation have rotted into the ground.* If the room is searched the party will find a tattered piece of paper with part of a journal entry upon it: 'J.J. Hanneman...his prophesying works are so important to our quest... the texts within South Of Heaven percolate within my dreams and fuel my imagination like kindling to a fire...'.
3. **Guildmasters Office** - Presumably once belonging to the Guild Master of the Drasted Mages Guild, this sparse office contains a simple desk and shelves; on which sit old books of various sizes - most of these have begun to rot and are illegible. On the walls hang various charts and abstract artworks of occult and esoteric meaning. If the party search the desk they will find the **Sword Of Immortal Rites** (see Appendix).
4. **Apprentices Lecture Room** - *In this room lines of desks face the front of a long room and wall hanging line the room with metaphysic, alchemical and ritual processes explained.* This will have been where young scholars and magic users once began their quest for knowledge. As you move to the back of the classroom you hear a scratching sound and behind one of the desks are two Grave Rats fighting over the skeletal remains of a human, they regard you and turn their attention to you. The 2 Grave Rats (see Appendix) will attack the party members in the room, on sight.
5. *The door before you is built of sturdy oak and seamed with heavy bands of iron. The door is locked from the inside.* A perception check of 12 would determine that the room has been barricaded from the inside. The lock can be picked and the door can be broken down with a strength check of 18+. *As the door splinters off its hinges the party is immediately engulfed by an enormous swarm of fat black flies that billows out from within. The stench coming from the room is overwhelming.* Each player in the room



make a Constitution Save of DC11 or become infected with a dose of Sewerpox causing stomach cramps and vomiting. A failed roll will take D10 poisoning damage and will make combat rolls at disadvantage until the player takes a Long Rest when the effects of the sickness will ease. *The foul smell comes from the decaying human corpses that fill the room. There are broken bottles of wine scattered around the chamber but nothing else of interest here.*

6. Iron Spiral Staircase - This staircase winds downwards to the next level of the Repository.





THE LIBRARY

Your footsteps ring out upon the iron staircase as you descend to the next level of the Repository. Once you reach the bottom you enter a stone chamber much larger, longer and more ornate than the one you were just in. The dark ceiling is lined with detailed stone effigies of demons, monsters, apparitions and wizened old men. There is no natural light but torches line the walls burning with a dark yellow flame that is clearly of magical origin. Directly in front of you is a stone bridge which has long collapsed, presumably during the events that overtook this doomed place. It used to cross an underground river of water but now the potent green slime flows under the bridge where water once did. On the other side of the river the room is lined with rows of bookcases and it looks like the bridge was the only way to get to the library...

The gap between the two sides is 3 metres, leaping across the broken bridge successfully requires a Dexterity roll of at least 15. They may use other means to cross the gap at the DM's discretion but in any circumstances a failure to cross the river means that the player will fall into the green slime below, at this point they will take 2d6 damage. Once they have clambered up the rubble and out of the slime then they must roll a d10 and then suffer from a mutation from the Slime Mutations Table (see Appendix).

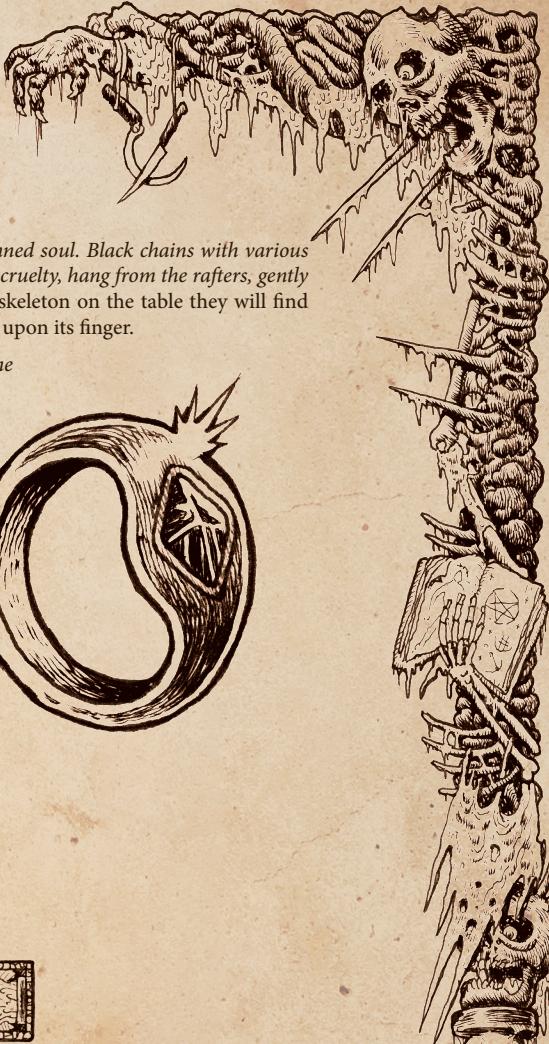
Once across the broken bridge the party are then able to explore the following areas in the library...

Library Masters Office - *The door is clearly emblazoned with the title of the man who worked here, the Library Master, a simple desk, chair and chest furnish this small room.* If the party search the chest they will find a small carved onyx rat figurine attached to a silver neck chain and a tattered piece of paper with part of a journal entry on it: 'Preparations are underway...we have been able to conduct them in secrecy...the fool library master has no idea...the ritual could take hours... days...longer...but the potential rewards are worth the risk...'.

Library - *Once a place of learning and discovery, it now lies empty, lifeless and foreboding with the stench of death permeating the air.* To your left lies rows of library shelves full of rotten books, their pages long lost. To your right lay overturned tables and chairs and a passageway. At the far end of the library is a speakers pulpit, if the players inspect the pulpit they will discover a small secret hatch underneath it which leads to a recently carved staircase leading down into room 6, the Hecatomb.

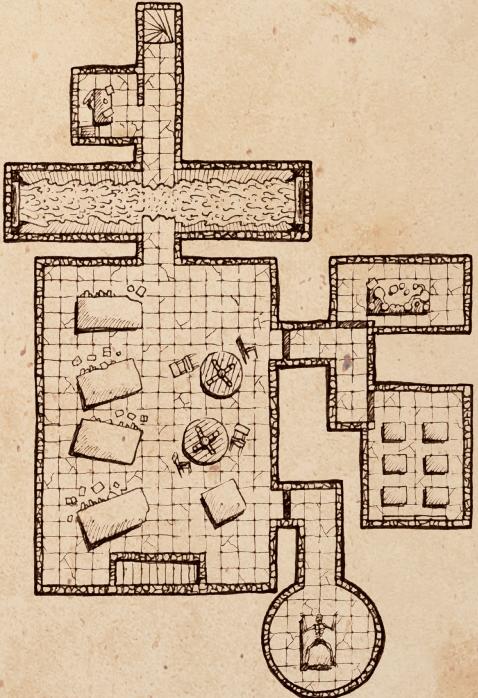
Alchemists Chamber - *Dusty glass instruments and tubing systems cover a large desk in the centre of the room, various putrid and darkly coloured liquids still sit in the containers, remnants of long forgotten alchemy experiments.* On the back wall are storage cupboards and shelves. If the party search the storage cupboards they will find 1x Potion Of Healing and 1x Potion Of Clairvoyance (see Appendix).

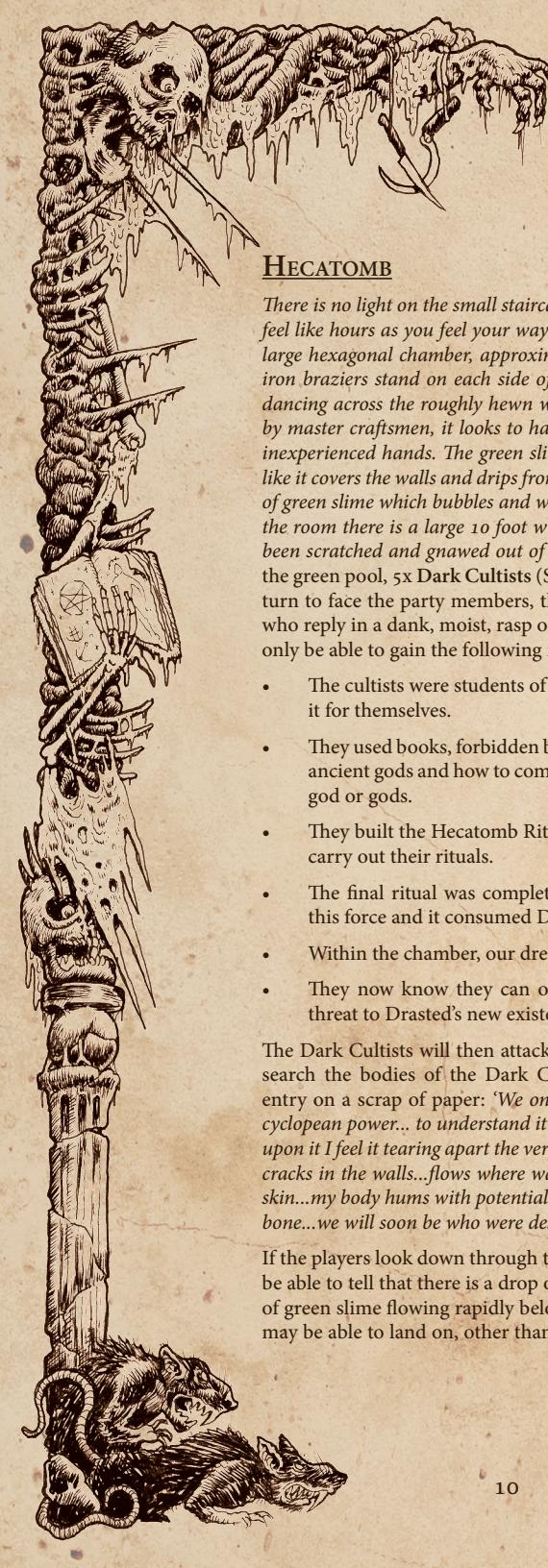
Necromancy Theatre - *This spherical room is like nothing you have seen before, two rows of wooden seats surround the room like an amphitheater and in the centre is a large wooden table upon which lies the skeletal remains of a human, bound down by leather straps.* The floor is covered with sawdust which is stained



heavily with the crimson viscera of this damned soul. Black chains with various tools and instruments designed for pain and cruelty, hang from the rafters, gently clanking together. If the players search the skeleton on the table they will find The Ring Of Mega Therion (See appendix) upon its finger.

Morgue - As you enter this chamber the stench of death overwhelms you, you can tell from the layout of the six large stone tables in the room that this was once the morgue. What need wizards and philosophers had for a morgue you can only imagine, you thought wizards were more interested in books than bodies. At the far end of the chamber is a set of wooden double doors to a large store cupboard. If the players open the double doors, 3x Tomb Wasps (see Appendix) will fly out of the dark, past the party into the Morgue and then attack any players in the room.





HECATOMB

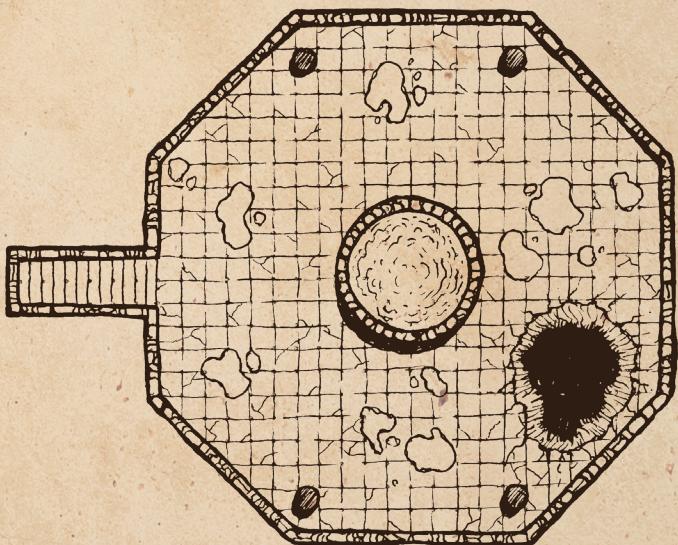
There is no light on the small staircase as the party descends downwards, minutes feel like hours as you feel your way down. Once at the bottom you emerge into a large hexagonal chamber, approximately 50 feet across and 20 feet high. Rusted iron braziers stand on each side of the room, the blazing fires sending shadows dancing across the roughly hewn walls. The room does not look like it was built by master craftsmen, it looks to have been hacked and scraped into existence by inexperienced hands. The green slime seeps from every crack in the wall, it feels like it covers the walls and drips from the ceiling. In the centre of the room is a pool of green slime which bubbles and writhes as though sentient. Closer to the edge of the room there is a large 10 foot wide hole in the ground, which looks like it has been scratched and gnawed out of the earth. Once any of the players approach the green pool, 5x Dark Cultists (See appendix) slowly rise out of the slime and turn to face the party members, the party will be able to speak to the Cultists who reply in a dank, moist, rasp of a voice in unison. However, the players will only be able to gain the following information from them:

- The cultists were students of the Repository and seeked to take control of it for themselves.
- They used books, forbidden by the Repository elders to research powerful, ancient gods and how to communicate with them. They will not say which god or gods.
- They built the Hecatomb Ritual chamber in secret as a place to be able to carry out their rituals.
- The final ritual was completed but they realised they could not control this force and it consumed Drasted, killing thousands.
- Within the chamber, our dread lord was created but now he roams below.
- They now know they can only be subservient to it and must defy any threat to Drasted's new existence.

The Dark Cultists will then attack any players in the Hecatomb. If the players search the bodies of the Dark Cultists they will find the following journal entry on a scrap of paper: '*We only sought to control it...to harness it's ancient cyclopean power... to understand it's inner workings...such power...now I've gazed upon it I feel it tearing apart the very essence of my humanity...it drips through the cracks in the walls...flows where water once flowed...seeps into the pores, into my skin...my body hums with potential and my skin burns, rendered fat and scorched bone...we will soon be who we're destined to be...*'

If the players look down through the large hole in the Hecatomb floor they will be able to tell that there is a drop of approximately 50 feet. They can see a river of green slime flowing rapidly below and a small platform to the side that they may be able to land on, other than that they cannot see much. The players will

need to get down the hole into the sewers below, the ideal way to do this would be to lower themselves via rope in their Adventurers Packs etc. In order to lower themselves successfully they would need an Athletics roll of 15, if they fail this roll they will fall into the river and must roll a d10 and then suffer from a mutation from the Slime Mutations Table (see Appendix), if they have already been mutated it is up to the Dungeon Master's discretion whether they suffer from a second mutation. If the players decide to get down via a different method, the Dungeon Master should apply the appropriate skills checks etc.





SEWER CHAMBERS

Emerging from the shattered remains of the sewer ceiling, it's brickwork entrance resembles a gaping maw full of broken teeth. The party finds itself in a high ceilinged chamber. Despite it's obvious antiquity and the eroding effects of the slime, the architecture and cyclopean scale of the vaulted ceilings still impresses. Gargoyles leer down from each corner of the enormous chamber, their rictus grins mocking your intrusion upon this silent vault. In front of the party lay two large sewer tunnel openings, tall enough for two to walk down side my side.

The left hand path leads to a repository of stowed items, the right hand path leads to the final room. At this point the players will want to take stock of their surroundings in anticipation of the final confrontation, they may want to rest or use potions in order to recover HP etc. The Sewer Chamber Map will help you to set up the conflict with The Prince Of Swarms.

LEFT HAND PATH

This sewer tunnel heads a short distance through impenetrable darkness, filth and sewage lap at your feet before opening up into a small chamber. The far side of the room has collapsed, with rubble blocking further progress. Built into the ceiling is a skylight, casting insipid rays of sunshine and shadows across the floor. Close to the shattered bricks on the far side of the room is what appears to be a nest. Gnawed documents have been gathered and stuck together with some excretion or vile effluvia. There are a number of discarded items within the nest. If the party search the nest they will find the following: 1x Potion Of Healing, 1x Potion of Heroism and a small treasure chest. The treasure chest is booby trapped and contains a small poisonous serpent that bites the hand of whomever opens it doing D6 damage. The box also contains a dead mouse and five gold pieces. (see Appendix).

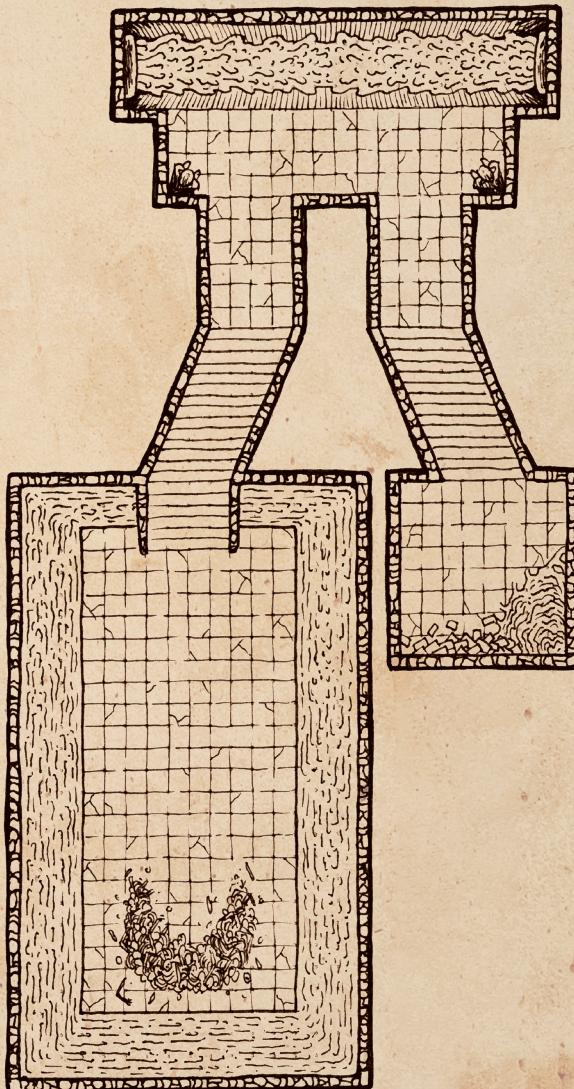
RIGHT HAND PATH

Immediately before you stands a bridge that leads to an enormous plinth. Great stone canyons plunge down immeasurable fathoms on either side and beneath the crumbling plinth a vast and seething ocean of the slime boils, it howls and screams and as you gaze into the compelling depths, fell voices scratch at the inside of your skull, a threnody of failure and self disgust as all your doubts and guilty secrets crawl to the front of your memory.

The Slime is at its most potent and powerful here in the sewer chamber. The players will immediately feel the effects of being in close proximity to the slime. It is the very essence of unknowable evil and is terrifying to behold. Have each player make a DC14 Wisdom Saving to resist the psychological effects of the slime. Failure to do so will result in a bout of temporary insanity, roll a D6 on the Temporary Insanity Chart (see Appendix).

At the head of the room lies a huge pile of skulls and gnawed bones. The sewer tyrant rises high above you, an undulating stinking tower of death and misery. Sat upon this throne of skulls is the Prince Of Swarms (see Appendix) regarding

you with cold, ageless hatred, it rears back turning its thousand mouths to the heavens and bellows its contempt. Then surges forward and attacks with a primal fury.



CONCLUSION

Outcomes will vary depending upon the parties actions against the Prince Of Swarms. Perhaps they defeat the monster and decide to further investigate his throne room searching for treasure or ancient artefacts? Perhaps they immediately flee for their lives and head for the surface with dire warnings of what lurks beneath the abandoned streets and derelict buildings of Drasted? This module could serve as a great start point for a campaign of your own or as a side adventure for a pre-existing campaign. However you choose to end this adventure is entirely up to you.....

The sewer tyrant collapses to the floor in a shuddering heap. Pus and stinking effluvia seeping from the gaping jagged wounds inflicted upon its gargantuan form. As the spark of life is extinguished, the entire building starts to shake and rumble. Huge cracks and fissures creep across the floor of the stone plinth. Lumps of rugged masonry fall from the cavernous ceiling...it is as though the entire structure is reacting in fury to the murder of the sewer tyrant. Great gouts of green slime erupt upwards from the sewers, like twisted emerald geysers dousing the plinth and columns, raining down upon the party like revelations. The sentient slime howling, has lost it's advocate, its puppet of flesh and bone and now seeks not only vengeance against the party but a new form to act in its stead.....will the party flee, will they fight or will embrace their destiny...and take up the throne as the new monarchs of the depths of Drasted?

APPENDIX

Grave Rat

Once merely a blight to the folk of this ancient city, the slime has altered these rats beyond recognition. Corpulent and twisted with ragged claws & broken teeth that seethe with venom, these vermin have grown beyond their natural proportions with an appetite to match. Pustules and jagged shards of bone reveal themselves from beneath their matted fur with scant regard for the laws of nature.

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 31 (4d10 + 4)

Speed 30ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14(+2)	16(+3)	12(+1)	2(-4)	11(+0)	4(-3)

Skills perception +2

Actions

Multattack. The Grave Rat makes two attacks; one with its claws and one with its bite.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5ft, one target.

Hit: 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage.

Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5ft, one target.

Hit: 7 (2d4+2) slashing damage.



Tomb Hornet

The bugs that inhabited the cracks and shadows of this place were not left untouched by the effects of the slime. Creeping from their hives and nests they evolved in a lethal direction. Spiders, beetles, flies, roaches and more that crawled in the dark grew to staggering proportions.

Tomb Hornets are large wasp like insects comparable in size to a buzzard or vulture. It's an ugly flying mass of mandibles with a huge stinger at the rear of its carapace. The tomb hornet is parasitic and reproduces by implanting larvae into the skull of a host via it's dripping stinger....

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 39

Speed 20ft, fly 40ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17(+3)	11(+0)	13(+1)	1(-5)	13(+1)	6(-2)

Skills darkvision 60ft

Actions

Stinger Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5ft, one target.

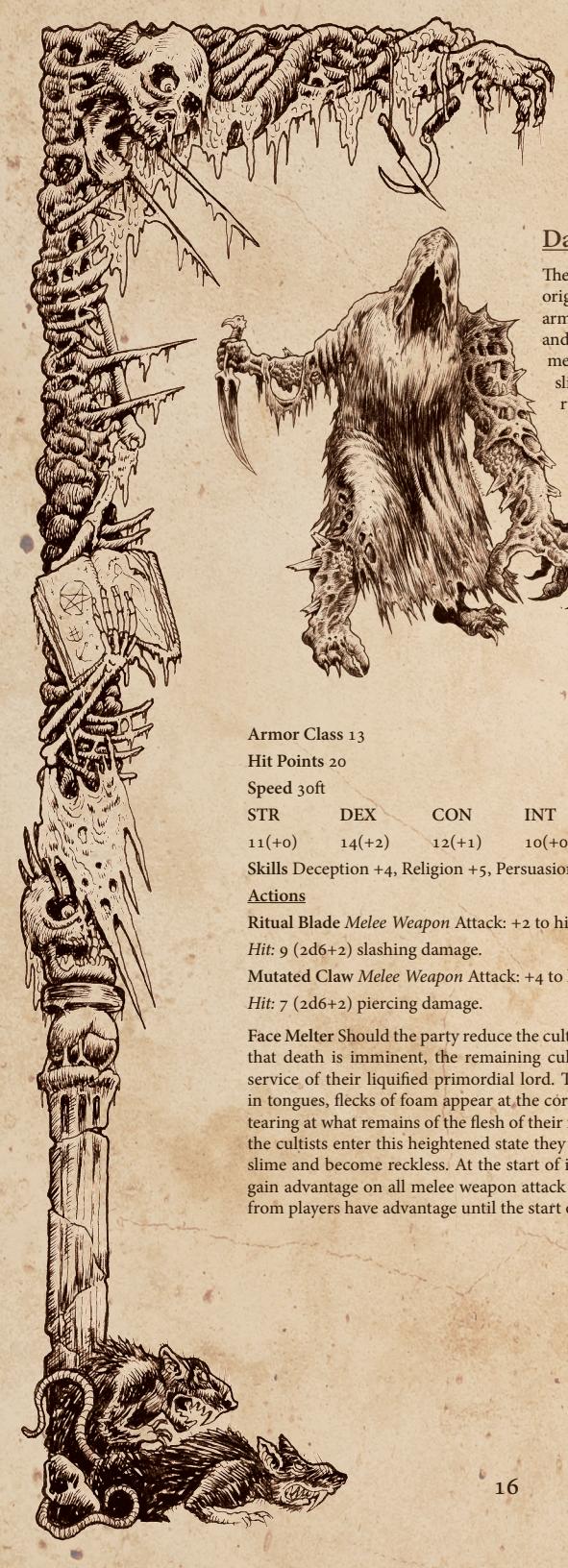
Hit: 10 (2d6 + 3) slashing damage plus 3 (1d6) poison damage.

Mandibles Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5ft, one target.

Hit: 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Larval Puppet. When in combat with the Hornet every time it successfully wounds a player the player must make a constitution/strength saving role. Failure to save the role will mean the hornet successfully implants its parasitic larvae into the player causing D6 Necrotic damage and can control the player until that player can successfully pass the appropriate save. The actions of the pupated player are at the DM's discretion but would likely be that the player is forced to attack his comrades. In the unlikely event that the Grave Hornet reduces the player to less than zero HP, the hornet's larvae completes it's gestation period and erupts from inside the players distended skull spaying bone and tissue everywhere. The wasp then joins the battle.





Dark Cultist

These men and women are merely shadows of their original forms, some with tentacles or claws for arms, some are huge with grossly distended muscles, and some simply shamble around with their skin melted and ruined by the unnatural effects of the slime. The shreds of clothing that still cling to their ruined forms are different to the bodies you have seen lying in the streets of this place though, these people look to have worn long black robes with some kind of delicate pattern on the back. Whatever spark of human spirit once dwelled within them has long since vanished and now they're simply terrifying caricatures of their previous selves.

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 20

Speed 30ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11(+0)	14(+2)	12(+1)	10(+0)	13(+1)	14(+2)

Skills Deception +4, Religion +5, Persuasion +3

Actions

Ritual Blade *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5ft, one target.

Hit: 9 (2d6+2) slashing damage.

Mutated Claw *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 10ft, one target.

Hit: 7 (2d6+2) piercing damage.

Face Melter Should the party reduce the cultists to half their number in combat and knowing that death is imminent, the remaining cultists will be overcome by a religious frenzy in service of their liquified primordial lord. They fall to their knees and will begin speaking in tongues, flecks of foam appear at the corners of their ragged mouths and they will begin tearing at what remains of the flesh of their faces with their wrecked hands and claws. When the cultists enter this heightened state they surrender themselves entirely to the fury of the slime and become reckless. At the start of its next turn, the remaining reckless cultists can gain advantage on all melee weapon attack rolls during that turn, but attack rolls against it from players have advantage until the start of their next turn.

The King Rat aka Prince Of Swarms

A tangle of flesh and teeth too grotesque for the mortal mind to fully comprehend, the abomination before you brushes against the ceiling of the chamber you're in. The rotten and zombified monster loosely resembles a rat, however, it's flesh ripples and writhes as though its skin is alive. Thousands of rats stitched together by the primordial green slime has created a screaming testament to the madness of Gods. It's putrid stench threatens to overpower you and it takes all your fortitude not to flee its dread presence. It takes a step towards you and you feel the ground shake beneath its weight, rats fall from its body before being reabsorbed into the squirming mass of its hide. The verminous behemoth levels its gaze at your party before a thousand mouths scream as one revealing rows of jagged yellow teeth that drip with menace in a savage grimace. It has been waiting down here in the dark for years and now it is ready to feed once again.....



Armor Class 17

Hit Points 106 (15d8 +45)

Speed 30ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18(+4)	15(+2)	16(+3)	16(+3)	14 (+2)	16(+3)

Skills Deception +7, Perception +6

Actions

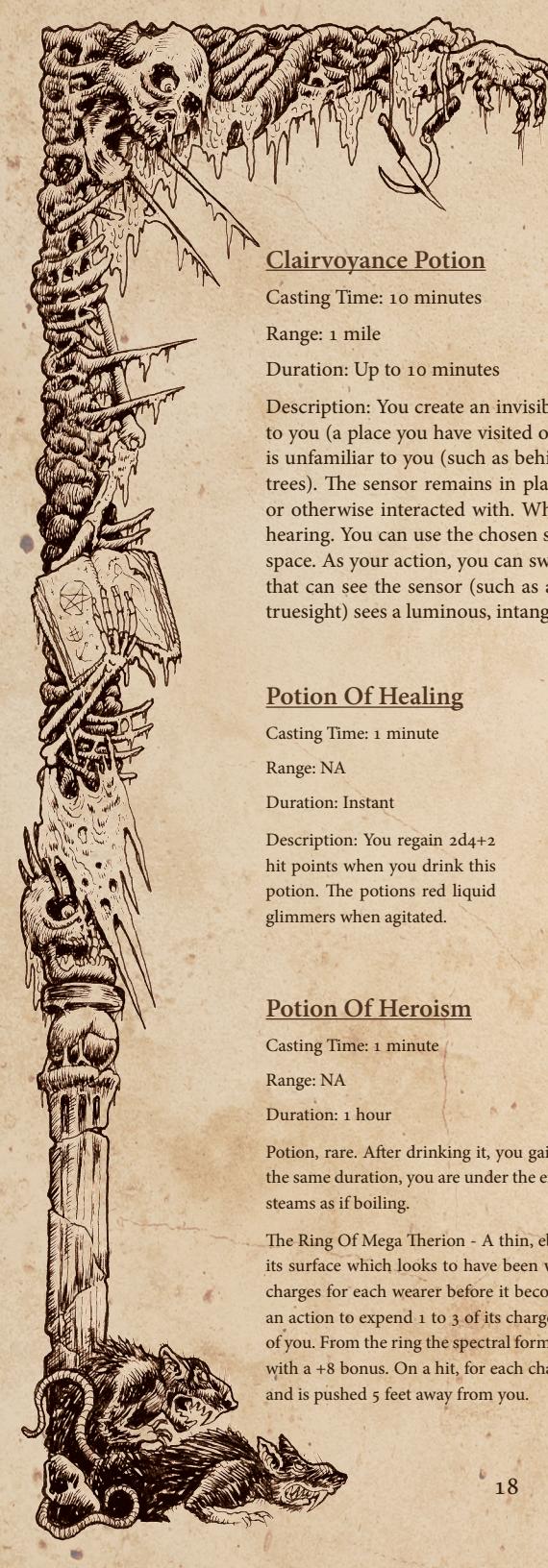
Multiaction. Due to its constantly mutating state, The Prince Of Swarms makes 1d6 claw attacks.

Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5ft, multiple targets. Hit 10 (2d6+3) piercing damage.

Ethereal Movement. The Prince Of Swarms can enter the ethereal plane from the material plane, or vice versa. This means that once a turn it may teleport to a different area on the map, a maximum of 30ft away at all once per turn.

Aura Of Misery. The Rat King emanates an aura of abject misery in a 30-foot radius. Any player that starts their turn within the Rat Kings aura must make a successful DC 14 Charisma saving throw or be cursed with bad luck until the start of its next turn. When a cursed character makes an attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, it must do so at a disadvantage.





Clairvoyance Potion

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 1 mile

Duration: Up to 10 minutes

Description: You create an invisible sensor within range in a location familiar to you (a place you have visited or seen before) or in an obvious location that is unfamiliar to you (such as behind a door, around a corner, or in a grove of trees). The sensor remains in place for the duration, and it can't be attacked or otherwise interacted with. When you cast the spell, you choose seeing or hearing. You can use the chosen sense through the sensor as if you were in its space. As your action, you can switch between seeing and hearing. A creature that can see the sensor (such as a creature benefiting from see invisibility or truesight) sees a luminous, intangible orb about the size of your fist.

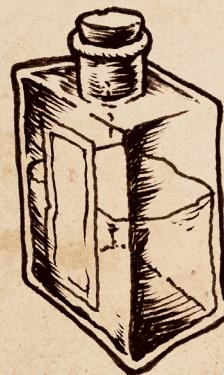
Potion Of Healing

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: NA

Duration: Instant

Description: You regain $2d4+2$ hit points when you drink this potion. The potions red liquid glimmers when agitated.



Potion Of Heroism

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: NA

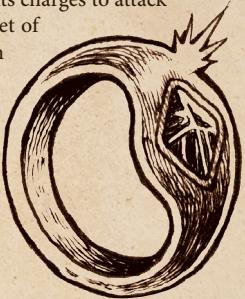
Duration: 1 hour

Potion, rare. After drinking it, you gain 10 temporary hit points that last for 1 hour. For the same duration, you are under the effect of the Bless spell. This blue potion bubbles and steams as if boiling.

The Ring Of Mega Therion - A thin, ebony ring with a small emerald stone embedded in its surface which looks to have been worn smooth by centuries of wear. This ring has 3 charges for each wearer before it becomes inactive. While wearing the ring, you can use an action to expend 1 to 3 of its charges to attack one creature you can see within 40 feet of you. From the ring the spectral form of a horned beast is produced and makes an attack with a +8 bonus. On a hit, for each charge you spend, the target takes $3d10$ force damage and is pushed 5 feet away from you.

The Ring Of Mega Therion

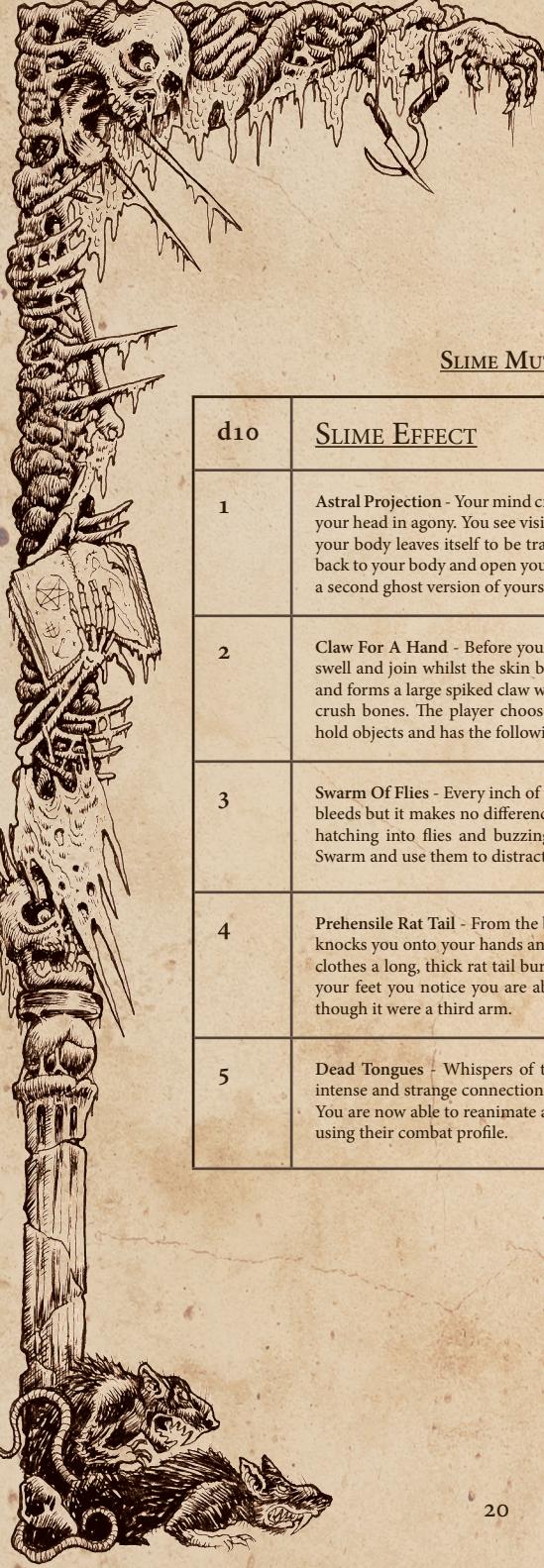
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The Sword of Immortal Rites

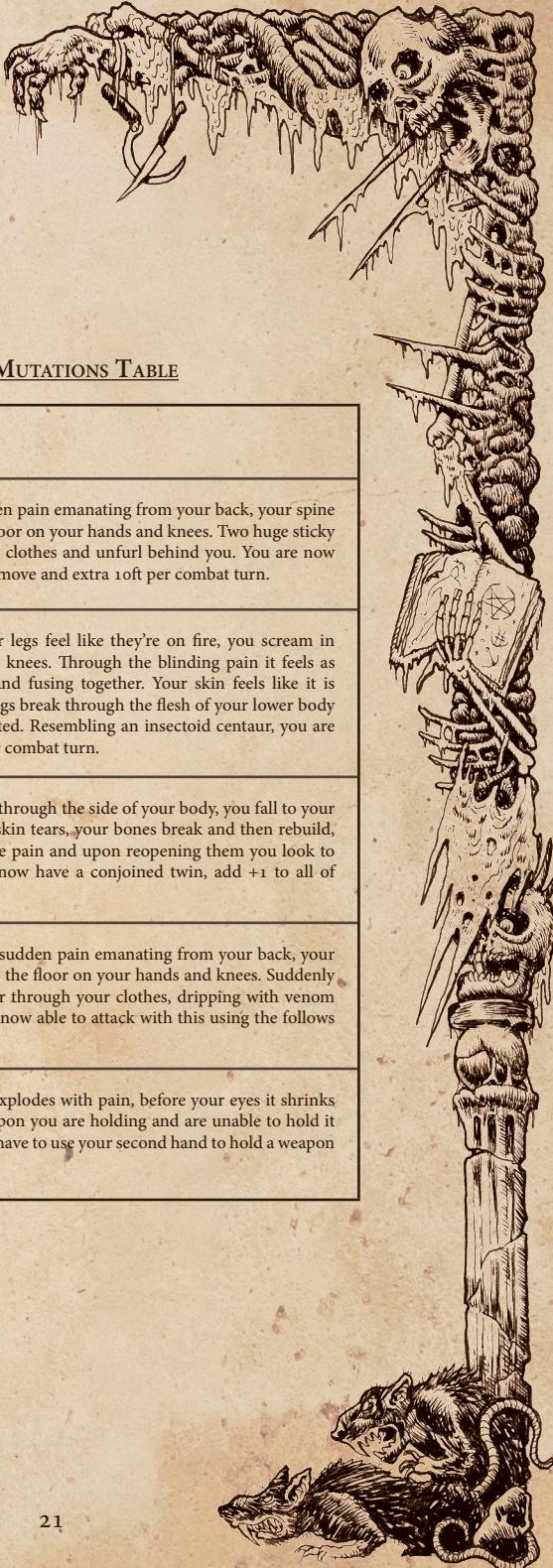
Shortsword, rare. This dull, black blade glimmers gently in the light, humming with magical energy. Upon the metal's surface, pained faces emerge then disappear to be replaced by another screaming visage creating a slow swirling effect. You can use your bonus action to create a swirling vortex of tortured souls to erupt from the sword, which will cause 2d6 damage to any enemies in a 15ft radius.





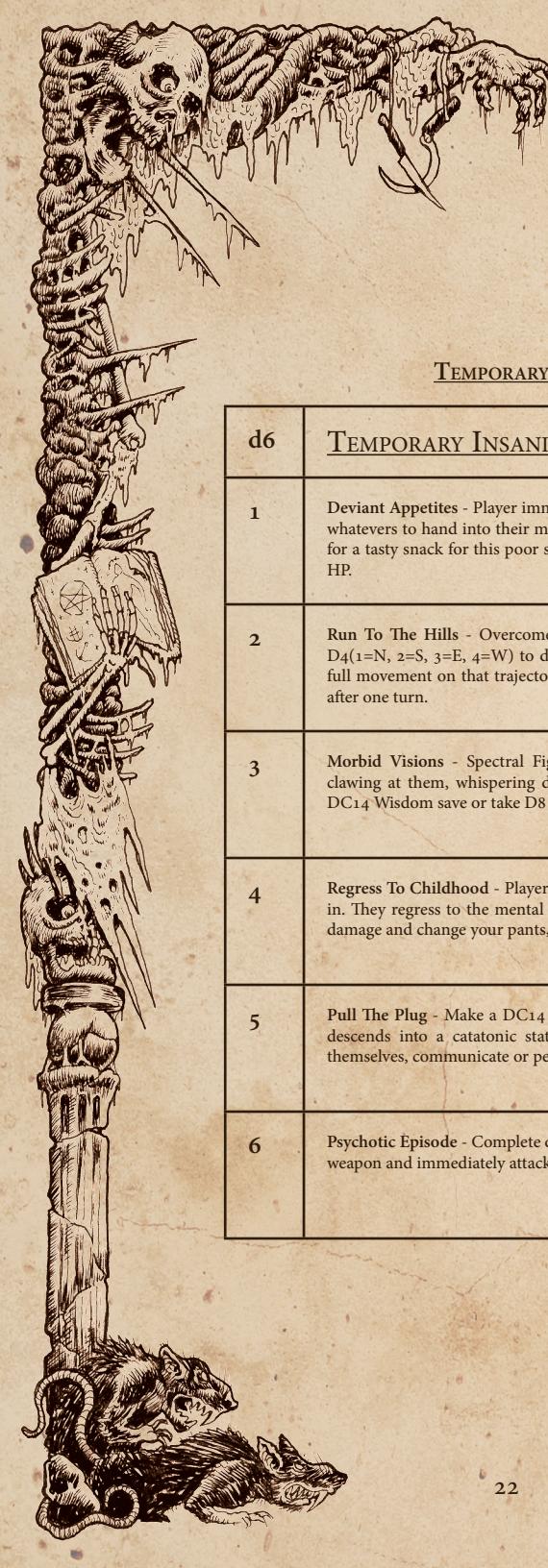
SLIME MUTATIONS TABLE

d10	<u>SLIME EFFECT</u>
1	Astral Projection - Your mind cracks and splinters, you fall to your knees and hold your head in agony. You see visions of insects, disfigured beyond recognition and your body leaves itself to be transported into their domain, you are transported back to your body and open your eyes in shock. You now have the ability to create a second ghost version of yourself to distract enemies for one turn in combat.
2	Claw For A Hand - Before your eyes, your hand twists and distends, the fingers swell and join whilst the skin becomes into a hard shell. Your hand is no longer and forms a large spiked claw with sharp edges, with the strength to cut skin and crush bones. The player chooses which hand would mutate, their claw cannot hold objects and has the following combat profile:
3	Swarm Of Flies - Every inch of your skin itches, you scratch and claw at it until it bleeds but it makes no difference. Maggots begin to seep from your pores before hatching into flies and buzzing around you. You are now able to control the Swarm and use them to distract/occupy an enemy for one turn.
4	Prehensile Rat Tail - From the bottom of your back you feel a strong pain which knocks you onto your hands and knees. Then, from your back and through your clothes a long, thick rat tail bursts. Once you regain your senses and get back to your feet you notice you are able to move your tale and grip objects with it as though it were a third arm.
5	Dead Tongues - Whispers of the dead enter your mind, you suddenly feel an intense and strange connection to another dimension beyond the natural world. You are now able to reanimate and take control of the dead, they will be in game using their combat profile.



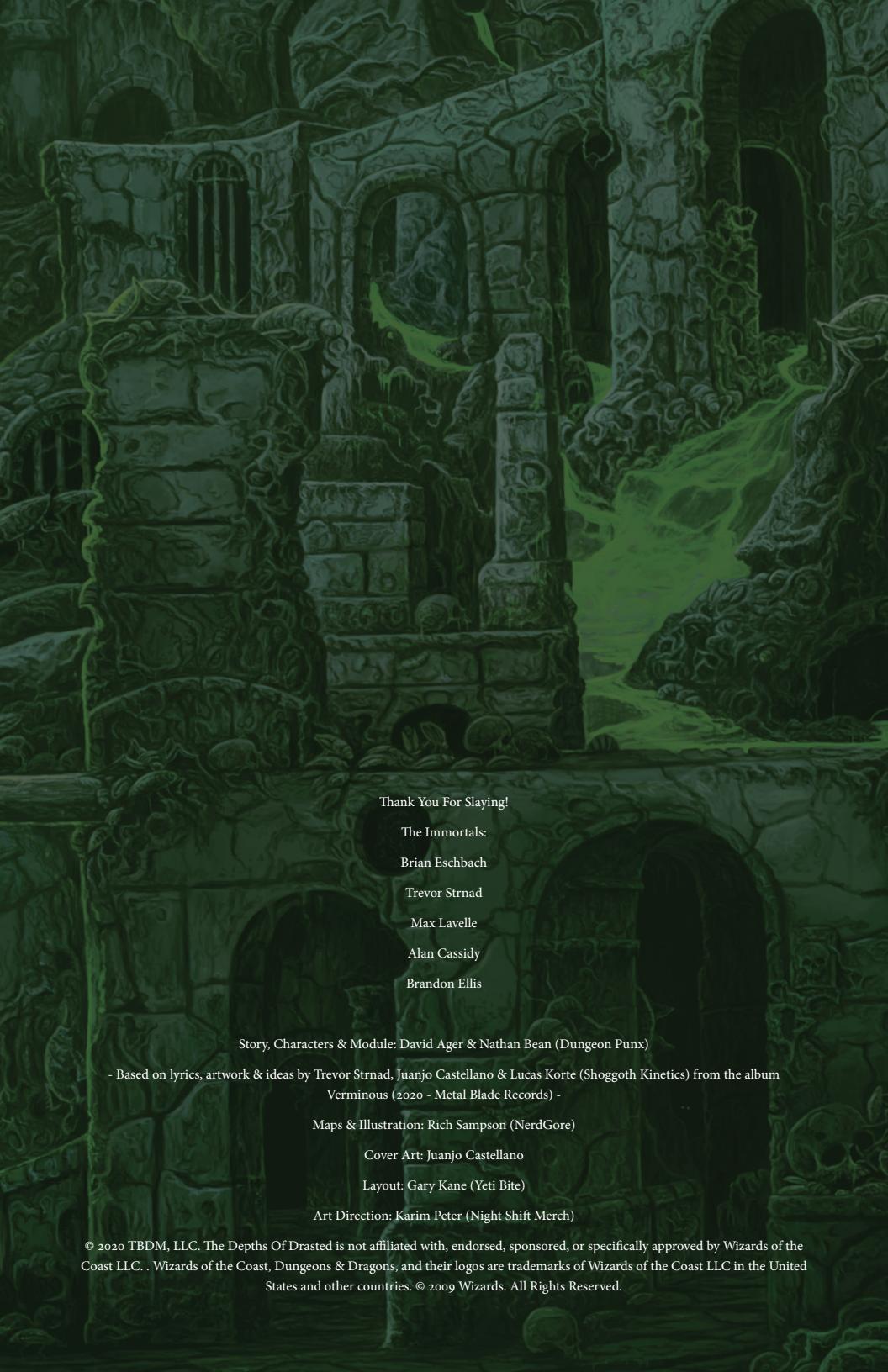
SLIME MUTATIONS TABLE

d10	<u>SLIME EFFECT</u>
6	Insectoid Wings - You feel a sudden pain emanating from your back, your spine twists and you're knocked to the floor on your hands and knees. Two huge sticky insectoid wings tear through your clothes and unfurl behind you. You are now able to fly and during combat can move an extra 10ft per combat turn.
7	Half Man, Half Centipede - Your legs feel like they're on fire, you scream in agony and fall to your hands and knees. Through the blinding pain it feels as though your legs are stretching and fusing together. Your skin feels like it is crawling, hundreds of chittering legs break through the flesh of your lower body whilst your torso remains unaffected. Resembling an insectoid centaur, you are now able to move an extra 15ft per combat turn.
8	Conjoined Twins - The pain tears through the side of your body, you fall to your knees and scream in agony. Your skin tears, your bones break and then rebuild, you close your eyes to shut out the pain and upon reopening them you look to your side and see...yourself. You now have a conjoined twin, add +1 to all of your stats.
9	Tail Of The Scorpion - You feel a sudden pain emanating from your back, your spine twists and you're knocked to the floor on your hands and knees. Suddenly a huge scorpion tale begins to tear through your clothes, dripping with venom and flexing threateningly. You are now able to attack with this using the follows combat profile:
10	Little Hand - Your leading hand explodes with pain, before your eyes it shrinks to half the size, you drop any weapon you are holding and are unable to hold it with your tiny hand. You will now have to use your second hand to hold a weapon at a -1 attack bonus.



TEMPORARY INSANITY TABLE

d6	TEMPORARY INSANITY EFFECT
1	Deviant Appetites - Player immediately falls to their knees and starts cramming whatever's to hand into their mouth. Rocks, sticks, garbage even dead rats make for a tasty snack for this poor soul. Pass a constitution save of DC14 or lose D6 HP.
2	Run To The Hills - Overcome by fear the player runs away in panic. Roll a D4(1=N, 2=S, 3=E, 4=W) to determine a direction and the player moves their full movement on that trajectory (even if they run off the bridge!). Effects pass after one turn.
3	Morbid Visions - Spectral Figures manifest before the player, grasping and clawing at them, whispering doubt and sowing sedition. Player must make a DC14 Wisdom save or take D8 psychological damage.
4	Regress To Childhood - Player is overwhelmed by the slime and mentally caves in. They regress to the mental state of a mewling child. Take D8 psychological damage and change your pants, son.
5	Pull The Plug - Make a DC14 Wisdom Saving throw. Failure means the player descends into a catatonic state for one turn and is unable to fight, defend themselves, communicate or perform any other action.
6	Psychotic Episode - Complete detachment from reality, the player draws a melee weapon and immediately attacks the character closest to them.



Thank You For Slaying!

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- Based on lyrics, artwork & ideas by Trevor Strnad, Juanjo Castellano & Lucas Korte (Shoggoth Kinetics) from the album
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