

A large ruined manor on a seaside headland somewhere, dark and brooding. It stands above a ruined town with an insufficient wall.

The area around the manor is either **ice** or **mud**, depending on the season.

In Spring and Summer, the seven **redcaps** (iron-booted undead (**3HD**) with flayed skulls, riddled with bullet-holes) are able to escape the mud and kill people. The house's owner, **Dr. Louis Aesheanssen**, shot them all when they came to get him for being a **wizard**.

In Autumn and Winter, they're frozen down there, dormant.

The **dungeon** is in three parts:

- ❖ A huge tower of ancient construction, black bricks held together with lead. Octagonal in footprint. It rises to two stories higher than the manse, and is corniced bizarrely.
- ❖ Around the bottom of the tower, an old manse of Arelian style, whichever kind of architecture was popular around **1800**.
- ❖ Beneath the tower, a sunken basement of apparently ancient construction.

IMMEDIATELY NOTICEABLE ENTRANCES

The **front door**, elaborately carved with a unicorn. Leads into the **porch**, has a small window next to it to let someone look in.

There are ground-floor windows into the **sun room**, **lounge**, **connecting hall** and **study**.

The **tradesman's entrance**, on the annex in the south of the manse. A stout metal door, locked, with a small window in it. Leads into the **back hall**.

Glass double doors at the north, into the **sun room**.

THE OCCUPANT



Just one: a **frankenstein** put together from the bodies of a number of villagers, and animated by **lightning**, or spare **chakras**, or whatever makes the most sense. (Whatever the case, it has no **crown** or **gut** chakras, whatever weirdness that does to it).

It has a huge mane of black hair, thick hands with twelve fingers each, and is about eight feet tall. A woman's face is positioned on the front of its overlarge, lumpen head. It's dressed in a ragged white dress.

It has horrible, watery, **pale** eyes.

LA FRANKÉNSTEIN

8HD AC15 MOR 12

Punch/punch **1d8+2/1d8+2**

MOVE +6

Movement as human **Tactics** kill people who make eye-contact.

Disposition silent, aggressive.

+ The Frankenstein is immediately aggressive to **non-disfigured humans**. If someone's a centipede or a haloman or horribly scarred or wearing a mask, it rolls reaction as normal.

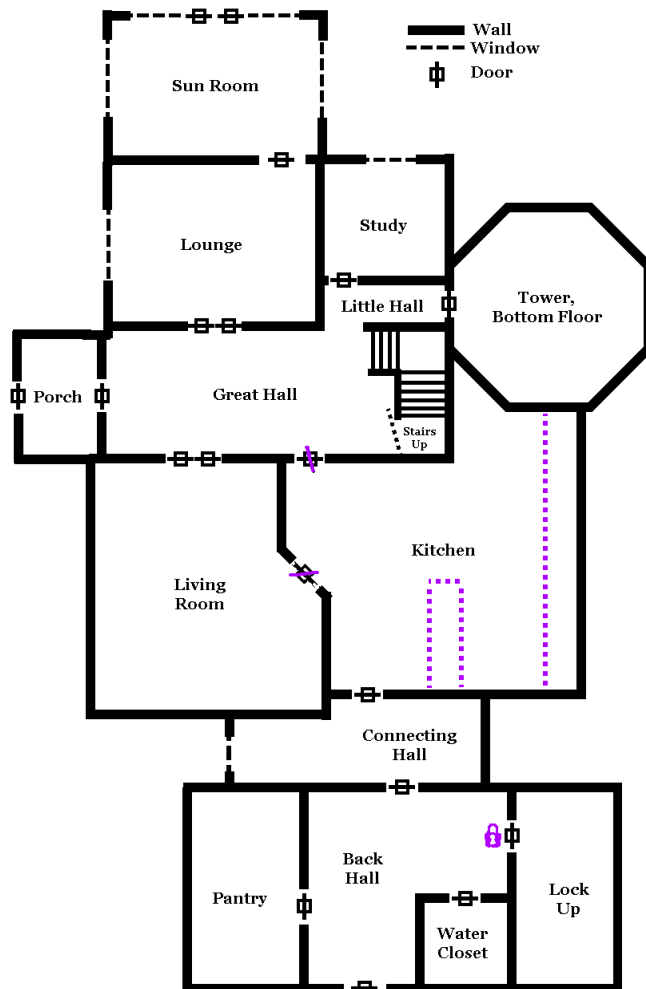
+ Healed by **lightning** equal to the damage it would have taken.

+ If it hits both **punches** on the same target, it can make a free attempt to **grapple** them.

The frankenstein won't show up until the explorers leave the Lower Floor, after that, your normal wandering monster rules.

This is the dungeon's only "wandering monster".

THE MANSE, LOWER FLOOR



(The doors with the purple slashes are crudely trapped)
 (the door with the purple lock is locked)

+ The Porch

Most usual entryway to the manse. Muddy.

Small rug on the floor, depicting two mating goats.

Umbrella stand carved like a leering whaler-King sits in the corner, full of umbrellas and canes.

One of the canes is a canesword:

- ❖ **NO WORLDLY WAY**, she is a **medium** canesword of pale. Her blade is beautiful, almost translucent, etched with holly leaves. Her name is picked out in gilt on the handle of the cane. She deals double damage to **fairies** and knows all about portals, though she's deliberately cryptic unless drunk.

Otherwise, the porch contains some venerable oilskins with a nasty, stale cigar in one of the pockets, about **twenty pairs** of muddy boots in a loose pile in the southeast corner, and another door into the house.

+ The Great Hall

The main hall of the house. A chandelier wrought to resemble a murder of crows hangs over a massive dark table laden with empty and/or smashed dishes.

A **gold trencher plate** worth about **20g** sits on the table, among battered pewter cutlery.

Double doors leave NORTH and SOUTH to the Lounge and Living Room.

A single-door leaves SOUTH to the kitchen (this door is crudely **trapped** with **lightning** - anyone touching the handle unprotected must save or be zapped). Archway north to the Little Hall.

A proud statue stands at the far end by the stairs: a bearded, fierce-eyed man in old Arelian clothing. Someone has chopped a **pale hatchet** into the head of the statue.

He's armed with a ringsword and a snapchance that he's pointing forwards, threateningly. The statue bears a legend on the plinth: **Sergies Aesheanssen**. A historian might remember him as a famed explorer.

Copper wires run in charred tracks up the stairs to the **upper floor**. They are charged with **lightning** by the machine in the Living Room, and surrounded by spilled drops of old blood.

+ The Little Hall

A glorified corridor leading to a stoutly-built iron door, rusted, older than the house. Writing on it in **primal** - NO ENTRY WITHOUT AUTHORITY.

There's a **rifle** on the wall. It's loaded.

+ The Lounge

A large device made of flywheels, cogs, coils of wire and long copper bars, stands here among chaise-longues and small, comfortable chairs.

Touching it causes a small spark to zap whoever did it. A copper wire runs north to the **Sun Room**.

A bottle of **vodka** sits open on a small round table, next to a half-filled glass, stained with old blood.

+ The Sun Room

Large, open, area, windowed.
Kagome-patterned Losian rug.
Some ficuses have died here, withered to brown, and the wicker furniture is wrecked.

A copper wire runs from a bucket of cloudy liquid into the **lounge**. Touching it causes a small spark to zap whoever did it.

There's a single surviving wicker couch with **5 glass** and a *magic arrow of confusion* lost down the seat-cushions.

+ The Study

Dilapidated. The walls are covered in scratches like someone's been dragging their fingernails on the wallpaper. The desk looks like it has been kicked about forty or fifty times. There's a waste-paper basket under it.

Also in the room, a knocked over chair, two shredded portraits, a broken gun in a desk drawer.

The desk cupboard is full of spools of copper wire.

A letter is pinned to the desk with a **pale letter-opener**:

It's addressed to Dr. **Louis Aesheanssen**.

❖ "*Doctor, can you quantify...*" - A letter from academics in Daemon, asking Aesheanssen precisely what the deranged manuscript he sent them is about. It doesn't seem to be about lightning, as he suggested, it seems to be more like the ramblings of an addict. They ask after his health.

In the bin under the desk. - forty or fifty crumpled drafts of the same letter to a woman in Highrock. They never get past asking about **Christine's** health after... after... after the... since... after...

There is also a **bullet hole at waist height, stained with old blood**, on the west wall.

+ The Living Room

A gigantic, smashed-up machine sits in the middle of the chamber. Copper wires run to it from around the room, where they connect to metal cylinders leaking a suspicious liquid. Wires also run into the **kitchen**, out to run up the **stairs**, and through holes cut in the floor.

The machine no longer powers the massive **lamp** in the tower or the **experiment chamber** in the cellar, but it is still **heavily charged** with captured lightning, as the **charred corpse** lying on the rug indicates.

(This man shot the Doctor in the study, then came here to destroy his machines, and died. The **redcaps** were his compatriots).

+ The Kitchen

The entrances from the **Hall** and **Living Room** are crudely trapped with electrical charges on the handles. The kitchen is huge, messy, and dilapidated, with thick cobwebs on the roof, and dark liquid pooling on the floor.

Among the smashed crockery in the cabinets

+ The Connecting Hall

In here, **nailed to the wall**, is a babbling unburied dressed in servant's clothes. It's got a gold chain (**10g**) round its neck, if you'd like to brave the teeth.

+ Pantry

Contains long-rotten food, metal tins of whale fat and tuna-meat, a stag's skull mounted on the wall, and **20** bottles of vodka.

+ Back Hall

Mostly an empty corridor. Creaky floorboards, cold and draughty even in summer.

+ Water Closet

The best-plumbed toilet 1800 could manage.

There's a *Special Title* on the top of the cistern, for reading while you carry out your business:

- ❖ *Weather Patterns over Western Arel*, the last great work of a mad meteorologist. Allows for perfect weather prediction... in Western Arel. And **+10XP**.

+ Lockup

Locked with the **adamant key** around the neck of the unburied doctor in the **real study**. The door itself is not adamant at all, but it is solid steel.

The Lockup contains 40 doses of gunpowder, a sapphire worth **20g**, and Losian atens kept in a coffin, worth **120g**.

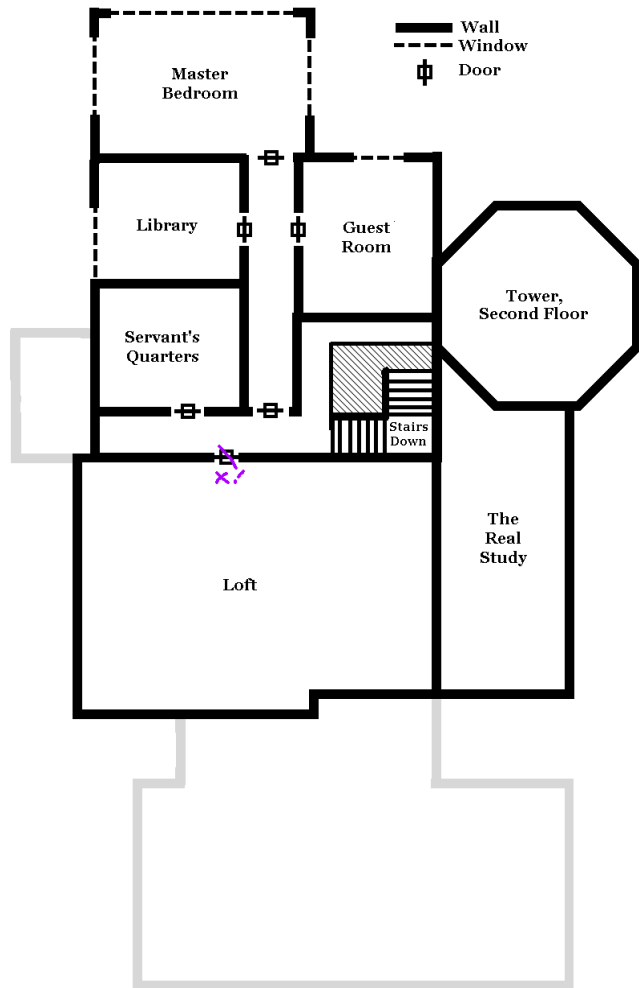
+ Tower, Bottom Floor

An octagonal spiral staircase goes up to **Tower, Second Floor**, and down to **Entryway** (in the Basement).

Rusted tools, copper wires and burned pairs of boots lie around the room.

Alden's symbol is etched right into the interior wall of the tower, writ large and fancy.

THE MANSE, UPPER FLOOR



+ Servant's Quarters

Two simple beds with wrought-iron frames. Torn up as if someone left in a hurry. Handgun in a chamberpot under one of the beds.

On the north wall:

Slightly risqué painting of what some Arelian in 1780 incorrectly imagined the Piper to look like.

+ Library

Books! On shelves! The theme is *Meteorology*, but there are no Special Titles here. There are many watercolours of the sky, however, in a big stack in the corner.

On the south wall:

Painting of Alden shooting panicking Deltans in the head with a big rifle, grinning and laughing. Aspirational.

+ Guest Room

Room with a bed, a chamberpot, and a cabinet containing a **pale** beartrap (active).

On the east wall:

A painting of an upright **cow-man**, depicted with grotesque over-realism, looming over a **bench** of **inexplicable objects** in front of the **Tower** (of tarot fame). Scraped into the wall next to the painting:

*WE BECOME WHAT WE BEHOLD, WE SHAPE OUR TOOLS AND
THEREAFTER OUR TOOLS SHAPE US.*

+ Master Bedroom

Charred and ruined as if someone set off a lightning bolt in here. Faint remnant of a painting of a woman - a golden hand.

+ The Loft

The door into the **loft** is **trapped** - opening it incautiously sets off a **shotgun** pointed at the door, attached to a table just inside.

Stone walls south and west, plaster north and east.

Old blood traces to the east wall of the room from the door, and cuts off.

The Loft is fucking crammed full of junk from all corners of the world:

- ❖ An ancient set of Aeshean armour (will topple onto someone for **1d8** damage if bumped).
- ❖ A rack of Umbern spears.
- ❖ Archaeological curiosities turned up in Graenzen - warped human bones covered in + marks.
- ❖ A bust statue of Jovan in white marble, nicked from somewhere important. He's turned to face the wall.
- ❖ A **punt gun** of unusual size. Totally impractical for anything but hunting flocks of birds.
- ❖ The mounted head of a cobold, with NOT SMART ENOUGH in gold lettering driven into its forehead.
- ❖ An armoire filled with authentic sets of Losian clothing (such as a suit jacket with beefy sleeves, a gilded cylindrical hat, a fancy dress, and a parka with a strange sheen on its not-quite-silk surface.)
- ❖ Face-mask made from the **front of a king's skull**, in solid pale. Once the trade-mark of the elder Aeshenssen.
- ❖ A weird cylinder covered in tabs and hooks (ancient **bomb** of unclear operation and extreme power that works by opening a tiny hole **Outside**). Possibly the only such device in existence. There's a **1-in-6** chance fucking with it sets it off and pulls those nearby **Outside**.

This is the loot of the elder Aesheanssen, an adventurer.

No doors in the east wall are visible, but there is a **secret door** into the **Real Study**, hidden behind some vile puce wallpaper with a long rip in it.

+ The Real Study

Here, the **unburied** corpse of an Arelian man is strapped to a big comfortable chair with leather straps and chains.

This, at one point, was **Louis Aesheanssen**, son of the famous explorer. Judging by his body, he was, at some point, killed by a gunshot to the stomach.

The key to the **armoury** and **lockup**, a piece of adamant cursed with **obsessive tendencies**, is on a loop around Louis' neck.

The room has a bearskin rug, various kinds of bizarre rodents mounted on the walls, a tiny gorgodrilium hanging from the ceiling, and some **monkey drugs** in a big metal tin under the desk.

There's a bureau, full of diplomas and awards from Daemonite universities, scrawled over with pens. "Louis Aesheanssen" is universally censored with black ink.

There's a Special Title on the desk:

- ❖ *For Christine*, a treatise that explains how to create **frankensteins** in close detail, and also rambles a fuck of a lot about lightning. Perhaps it contains information on a **power** associated with lightning? We love a cognitohazard, don't we? And +10XP.

THE TOWER

*I'd give you a map for the Tower,
but it would just be 4 octagons next to each other.*

A large octagonal-spiral staircase goes up the middle of the tower.

Wires run up the centre of the stairwell, charged with **lightning** by the machine in the Living Room.

+ Second Floor of Tower

Metal railing here **contacts the charged wires** - going up the stairs incautiously, **save** or be zapped.

On this floor, burned gloves lie on the floor. It smells faintly of burnt gunpowder. A leather cylinder case hangs on a hook, containing a rolled-up topographical map of [**the nearest living town**].

+ Third Floor of Tower (Sniper's Nest)

Little adamant-glass windows with cunningly hidden loopholes for guns overlook the manor's surroundings.

Two rifles and forty shots worth of bullets and powder are prepared up here, in a little campsite with a flask and a chiminea.

Seven tally marks are scraped into the wall.

+ Fourth Floor of Tower

Up here, there's a large metal plan-chest bolted directly to the southern wall, which contains:

- ❖ **A crude map of the Losian Empire** on very worn paper.
A city that is **NOT** the Losian capital is circled three times with a red pen and labelled **Losian Capital!!!!**
- ❖ Two charges for an **outside gun** (no gun)
- ❖ **30g** in atens, or old gold.
- ❖ A pair of goggles that let you **see through metal** (*DON'T* look at adamant).
- ❖ A set of fishhooks and fishing thread.
- ❖ A set of tarot cards (functional).
- ❖ Kingbone dice.

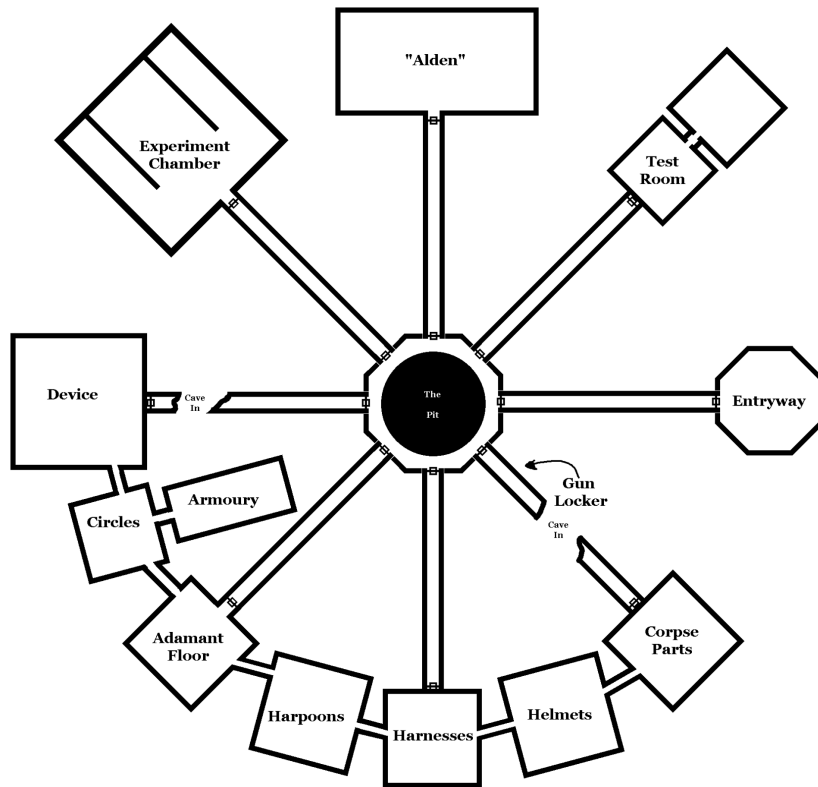
+ Uppermost Floor

A huge **lens** (worth **500g, 40** slots, very fragile), once for a lighthouse, sits by an adamant-glass window looking out to sea.

Behind it, a huge, non-functional **lamp** (of the mysterious electrical sort perhaps once found on the Face).

The **charged** wires run to the lamp, and to a crudely broken hole in the roof, where a copper rod stands reaching for Heaven.

THE CELLAR



+ Entryway

The staircase from the tower descends down here.

It's dark, damp, and lit by a glowing bar in the wall, of the sort found under Fear.

The heavy metal door into the rest of the cellar lies ajar. It takes two people to open it.

+ THE PIT

An octagonal room consisting of a ledge around a **gigantic** pit that descends to **G_D KNOWS WHERE**.

There's a "wall" around the pit, but it's ankle high and more of a tripping hazard.

+ Test Room

A two-section room with a massive lockable vault door between the two sections. Adamant-glass windows look into the far section.

The near section has some ancient, nearly skeletonised furniture in it, along with glowing blue bar-lights of the sort found under Fear.

On the near side of the wall are six large adamant clamps, five of which are open and empty, one of which is shut and held shut with a steel padlock of a later era.

Inside the clamp is a sealed canister of **luminiferous aether**.

Primal words for HANDLE CAREFULLY are inscribed on the wall above the clamps.

The area beyond the vault door is scorched by many explosions and is iron-plated. The vault door can only be opened from the near side.

+ “Alden”

An area laid out like an industrialist demon’s idea of a church. At the western end there is a large, unusual depiction of what the Aesheanssens guessed was Alden (they’ve painted Alden’s holy symbol everywhere in white paint).

The statue is huge, armed with a long “gun”, or something like it, is grinning like that one image of Jerma, and has its fingers crossed. It wears armour of unusual style and has a big two-handed sword on its back.

Among the pews, six **pale** bear traps have been set for unwary wanderers.

+ Experiment Chamber

A huge chamber with stone walls, a ceiling made of a single huge chunk of lead, massive metallic coils forming two “walls”, and a huge metallic chair visibly sparking with **lightning**. Charged wires come from holes in the ceiling and connect to the chair.

If the explorers haven’t encountered the **frankenstein** yet, it’s sitting in the chair, “*recharging*”.

Around the various cabinets:

- ❖ Big bottle of strychnine labelled **apple juice**.
- ❖ Big bottle of apple juice labelled **strychnine**.
- ❖ A set of **pale** scalpels.
- ❖ A syringe full of a mysterious blue liquid (dealer’s choice).

+ Adamant Floor

This room is plated entirely in eye-aching adamant plates - touching it causes a **curse** of *constant sneezing*.

+ Circles

One wall is entirely covered in a diagram consisting of concentric circles labelled with Primal symbols. “HOT METAL” and “LIZARD” are the most legible.

At your discretion, this is either **deep lore** or **totally meaningless**.

+ Armoury

This room has an **adamant** door (cursed with *xanthopsia*) locked with the key around the unburied doctor’s neck (in the **real study**).

A narrow, freezing-cold chamber with two long metal racks.

The contents include:

- ❖ 3 Losian **aether-grenadoes**.
- ❖ An **outside gun** (no charges)
- ❖ An **explosive pale-headed harpoon**.
- ❖ A **congreve rocket** loaded with **pale** shrapnel.
- ❖ A **flare gun**. The flare’s light is **pale**.

+ Harpoons

Twelve **pale**-headed harpoons are locked to the wall by **adamant** clamps in here. The clamps open with a key lost to time.

+ Harnesses

Three climbing harnesses, a metal spike hammered into the stone floor, well over 900ft of thick rope, visibly **frayed** at one end.

There’s an empty hook for a fourth harness.

+ Helmets

On three metal stands, are three large, near-spherical helmets of **bronte** glass. The place for the corresponding suits are empty.

+ Corpse Parts

A room full of rotten “offcuts” from the **frankenstein** process - the dismembered remains of about 12 people.

Among them is a gold ring with 2g and a locket with a tiny painting of a young Arelian man in it.

The room used to be full of furniture, but it’s rotten and covered in old blood.