

The Dachshund Dungeon



Nick LS Whelan

Nick LS Whelan

Words, Layout, Cartography

Moreven B.

Interior Art

Firth Thiel

Cover Art

Used without permission
Hopefully nobody minds



Area 2: Scent Library

There's a mysteriously undocumented channel in these sewers. It extends inland far outside the boundaries of the city. No one has a good guess as to when or how it was built, nor what purpose it serves. Two survey attempts have been made. The first turned back after 6 hours. The second was better provisioned, but still had to turn back after spending a night camped in the tunnel without any sign they were nearing its end. It takes two full days to reach **Area 1** on the dungeon map.

The players may learn about this passage a number of ways. Perhaps its discovery has caused some consternation among officials who worry it may be an elaborate sapper's tunnel. It may be that mysterious paw prints have been found, and furry shadows glimpsed from eye corners. The Gentledogs may have even sent an embassy to the city asking for aid or safe passage. Introducing the adventure that way would likely circumvent any dungeon crawling in favor of presenting the players with a social and political knot to untangle if that's your jam.

Gentledogs – A couple hundred years ago a wizard who could feasibly be described as “good” defeated one who was “bad,” but could not kill her. The defeated mage was instead placed into an ever-sleep. Fearing what mischief might result if her foe was left unguarded, the “good” wizard turned to her most loyal servitor: a pup named Mister Woofers. She gave the dog elevated mind and form, and raised others to be his followers. She built for them a secret home wherein to fulfill their trust: to keep the remains of her foe secure, contained, and protected for all time.

The Gentledogs have long since mythologized their origins. Their creator is remembered as a deity they call “The Hand That Giveth.” A generous god, but one which may withdraw its benevolence if “bitten” by the ungrateful, boorish, or impolite. They don't know why they guard the sleeping wizard, but believe it is a special service which makes them favored by their god. The least among them would die rather than fail in their trust. Poxus may be an exception, though that is yet to be seen.

Gentledogs are a refined people: friendly, generous, loyal, and honest. They delight in good food, lively conversation, and complex smells. They're also fiercely territorial: an instinct which has been stressed to the breaking point since they've taken in the Goopies as refugees. If they were to see someone in their home uninvited—like a group of wandering adventurers—they would probably attack without hesitation. They'd feel bad about it later though.

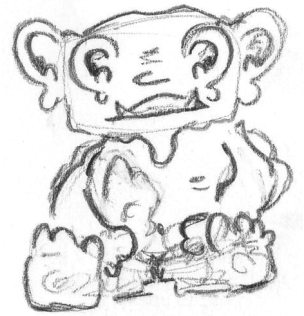


Armor as Leather, Fast Movement, 2HD (8hp), Rifle 2d6, Morale 11



Goopies – Amphibious humanoids with a second set of ears where their eyes ought to be, and skin that secretes a glistening layer of slime. For as long as their history records they inhabited the same cluster of slime pits, and made their living as ooze herders. When the crevice opened they became fast friends of the Gentledogs. For years the two races have traded with each other, and the Goopies have been invaluable as guides whenever the Gentledogs made forays into the underdark.

Six months ago their slime pits were invaded by the Finnaw. Most of their population was killed or captured. Only a few managed to flee up the crevice where they've been living among the Gentledogs as refugees. They are a fearful and broken people. Painfully aware of how increasingly unwelcome they are, but lacking any options for improving their situation. They're ill suited to war, but desperate for any opportunity to improve their prospects.



Armor as Cloth, Slow Movement, 1HD (4hp), Bite d4, Morale 6

Finnaw – Imperial creatures with paper-white skin, and mouths that can't close for the length of their needle teeth. Though they claim only seven cities, their influence reaches throughout this corner of the Underdark. Many peoples are under their 'protection,' and many others are expected to defer to the Finnaw's will if they wish to avoid becoming 'protected' themselves.

They regard the Goopies as a barbarous subspecies. Creatures useful only for their ability to communicate with slimes; a gift their low-order minds are wasting. Enslavement to the Finnaw will do them good. It will teach them how to contribute productively to society. Conversely the Finnaw actually hold the Gentledogs in some esteem for their intelligence and refinement. They'd be willing to forgive and forget if the remaining Goopies are handed over peaceably.



Armor as Chain, Normal Movement, 2+1HD (10hp), Morale 8

Soldiers: Sword/Crossbow d8, Pike d10; 1-in-6 chance of poison.

Casters: Wall, Portal, Pain; *or* Slow, Fire, Command

Poxus is the latest in a long line of Gentledog magicians. Traditionally their role is to keep the chronicle of Gentledog history, provide magical insight into questions of governance, and (most vitally) perform maintenance on the ever-sleep spell that binds the evil wizard. Like many magicians before him, Poxus' curiosity got the best of him, and he studied the forbidden literature entombed with the evil wizard. Unlike his predecessors, Poxus was not repulsed by the evils he found there.

The social strain caused by taking in the Goopies gave him the opportunity he'd been waiting for. Under the pretext of attempting to create an extradimensional space to alleviate overcrowding, Poxus has claimed a large room as his laboratory. There he constructed pathways to dark places where he bargained with vile things. Powerful obfuscations learned from the forbidden books allowed him to sell his soul again and again, placing it in deadlock between the various forces of the underworld. He reaps the benefits while the Banes of Gretor and the Wraithlords of the blightlands bicker over whose claim to him has primacy.

He's sold his soul four times now, and is working on a fifth. He hopes to manage a sixth before tensions among the Gentledogs reach their breaking point. When that time comes he will turn his people against the Goopies. When the blood is still on the ground, and the shame begins to settle on their shoulders, Poxus will take that shame onto himself and leverage it into unquestioned power over all Gentledog kind.

Armor as Chain, Fast Movement, 3+3HD (21hp), Pistol 2d4, Morale 7

Magic Words: Portal, Cold, Misdirection, Binding, Repair

Special: +4 to all saving throws.

Bonus to any attempt at persuading a crowd.

Anyone who lies to him glows blue.

Two attractive and silent Gentledog servants.

Mindless Servitors (2)

Armor as Leather, Fast Movement, 1 HD (4hp), Rifle 2d6, Morale 12

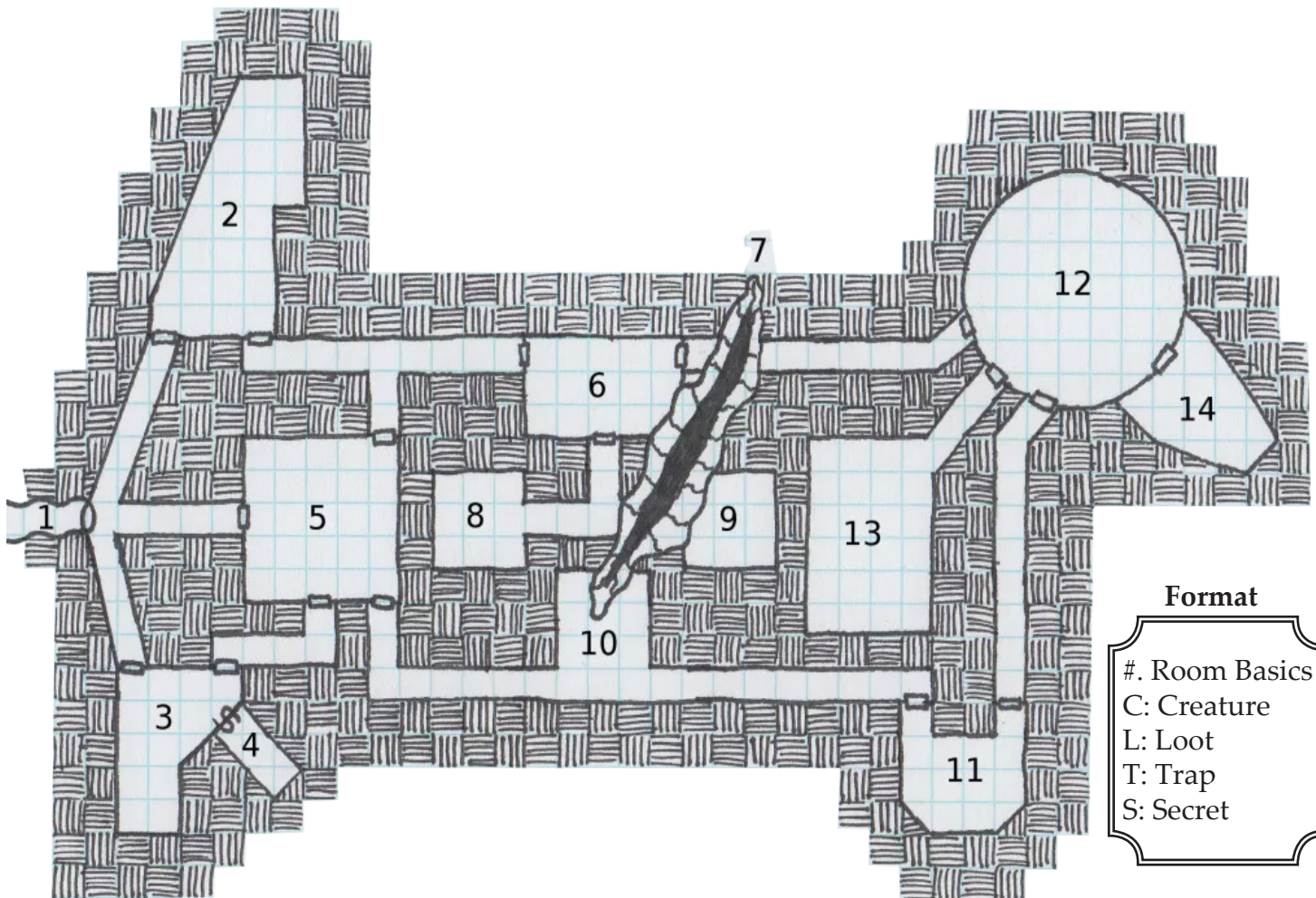
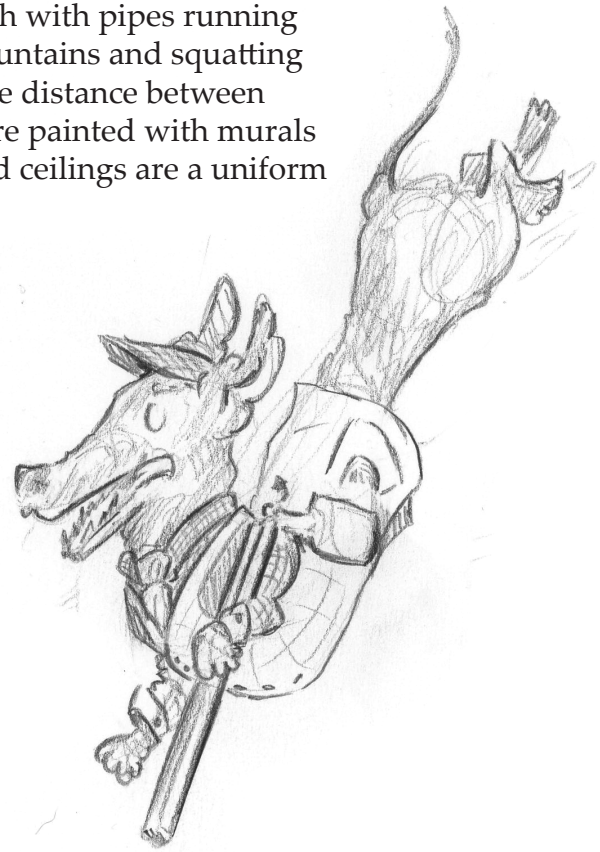


Dungeon General

Constructed of heavy mortared stone. Every ceiling is a high arch with pipes running along it to carry fresh water in and waste water out. Drinking fountains and squatting toilets are placed along each wall with a hygienically appropriate distance between them. Most spaces are well lit by hanging oil lamps. The walls are painted with murals and abstract patterns rendered in dull earth tones. The floors and ceilings are a uniform gray.

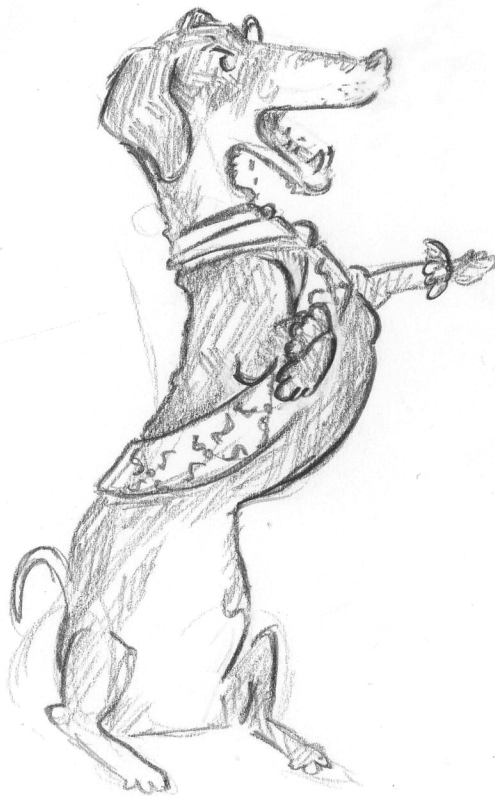
In the old days food would regularly appear in the palm of the large stone hand in Area 11. About twenty years ago the food producing magic began to wear away. The magician wasn't able to repair it, and the Gentledogs suffered through several lean years before a great earthquake opened the crevice. It led to the Underdark: an endless network of fertile caverns. No one was hurt, and the Gentledogs made fast friends with the Goopies who showed them numerous sources of new and interesting foods. The event left them a profoundly religious people.

Nothing has ever entered the Gentledog's home through what they call 'The Passage of Filth' (**Area 1**). The players' doing so will be completely unexpected.



1. Metal hatch opened by a wheel. Pipes to the left and right expel sewage into the tunnel.
2. Scent Library. Sealed jars of rags, liquids, hairs, twigs, etc. For Gentledogs it's like reading a book with your nose.
L: One tells of a hidden room in the city beyond the sewer where 3 portals lead to different hidden rooms in different cities.
3. Ornate Conference table for the Equitable Council of Governors. Nine statues of noted leaders line the walls.
C: 7 Gentledogs arguing. Some wish to flee, others to fight, a few to make a permanent space for the Goopies in Area 14.
L: Carvings in the table are gilded with gold, and an oversize silver bone in a bowl serves as a centerpiece.
S: A switch behind the ear of Mister Woofers statue opens the S door. Even friendly Gentledogs will violently protect it.
4. Shelves stacked with dusty tomes and strange devices. A woman wrapped in black linen lies on a marble slab.
L: Among the artifacts is a ring which grounds the wearer, reducing any electric damage taken to the minimum possible.
C: Anzola DeTesso breathes shallowly. If the linens are removed she will awaken. Perhaps grateful, but certainly unhinged.
Armor as Unarmored, Normal Movement, 6HD (24hp), Hatespark 1d8, Morale 7
Magic Words: Misdirection, Cold, Portals, Bind, Despair, Poison.
Special: Fast Healing 12, Rerolls one failed save per day
5. The lamps have all gone out. The room is dark. Jury-rigged pipes carry water into leaky pools rimmed by sandbags.
C: 32 Goopies in cramped quarters: chattering in small groups, sleeping in slimy pools, bickering over scarce food.
6. A gourmet kitchen. Steel tabletops, gas stoves, hanging tools familiar and unknown. No food is currently in evidence.
C: 5 Gentledog chefs depressed by rationing. They're whispering about sneaking into the Underdark for a supply raid.
L: In a jade box lined with velvet is one of the finest chef's knives ever produced. It may be used only by The Master Chef.
7. A sheer drop into the Underdark. Railings and bridges have been erected to make it as safe as possible.
8. Food storage running low. Enough for 10 days if rationed carefully. Pale white plants, purple meats, luminous fluids.
L: Exotic underdark produce would be worth a fortune on the surface. Gentledogs will smell any the players take.
9. Chugging water pump pulls water up from underground streams. Bedroll in the corner, dirty plates stacked beside it.
C: Bertrund bit a Goopie, and is in honor-system time out. He's ashamed, but still agitated. Might join the party to get away.
10. Armory, and gatehouse. Heavy bars block the only path down the crevice. Finnaw occupy the Goopie town below.
C: 2 Gentledogs keep careful snouts pointed down the path. 3 others play cards, ready to jump into action if needed.
L: Stocks of sabers, rifles, pistols, gunpowder in barrels and horns. All are of rustically sturdy manufacture.
11. Room is dominated by a statue of an open-palmed, human hand. Rows of stone benches are oriented towards it.
L: White lace hemmed with gold is draped along the walls. These curtains are delicate, religiously significant, and valuable.
C: 3 Gentledogs discussing the potential existence of a "Hand That Taketh." There is no theological precedent for this idea.
12. Matted cushions obstruct the paths between permanent 'dog beds.' Every hook and hat rack bulges with garments.
C: Too many Gentledogs. They sleep in heaps, and in shifts. Nobody is comfortable, everyone is annoyed.
13. Every surface is painted black, and chalked with intricate webs of symbols pregnant with magic potential.
C: Plox is cautiously adding new chalk markings, while his two attractive companions stand mindlessly against the wall.
L: Plox's living space is small. He's made no attempt to hide his research notes or his spellbook, which rest on his desk.
14. Hall of Artifacts, mostly junk on shelves and pillars. Hoarding these "meaningful" items is a cultural obsession.
L: Puzzle box which opens a door to a mansion in a pocket dimension when solved. Contains many deadly traps.
L: Apparently blank canvas. The masterpiece painted on it is visible only to creatures with Infravision.
L: Copy of a manuscript of great religious significance which has been lost to the surface world for centuries.





Area 3: Equitable Council of Governors



Area 9: Bertrund in time-out



Area 6: The Master Chef