

**year
of the
dungeon**

**2010
june
compilation**

**tony
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dowler**

“A few months ago, I was at my printer's when I spied a box of 4" x 3" cardstock note pads.

"What are those?"

"Oh just some leftovers from a print job. Want some?"

I took 10 of them, 200 pages in all. Within a few days I picked on up and started sketching a dungeon map on it. Pretty soon I'd done a half dozen. I started drawing more maps and handing them out as presents or business cards. I was having a blast.

Fast forward to December. I'd drawn about 60 maps and given away more than half of them. I'd been toying with the idea of starting some kind of blog again, which is when it hit me: a microdungeon blog.

This is a blog of maps for dungeon-exploration games in the style of Dungeons & Dragons. I love dungeon maps. I think they're art. But mostly I think they're fun. I've got enough maps to last the next five months, and I'm not even half-way through my paper yet.”

I wrote the above at my blog on January 3rd, 2010. I've since had the idea to compile each month's offerings into a handy pdf.

I hope that you enjoy and gain as much inspiration from reading and looking at the dungeons within as I have in drawing them.

~ td, 17 february 2010



All contents
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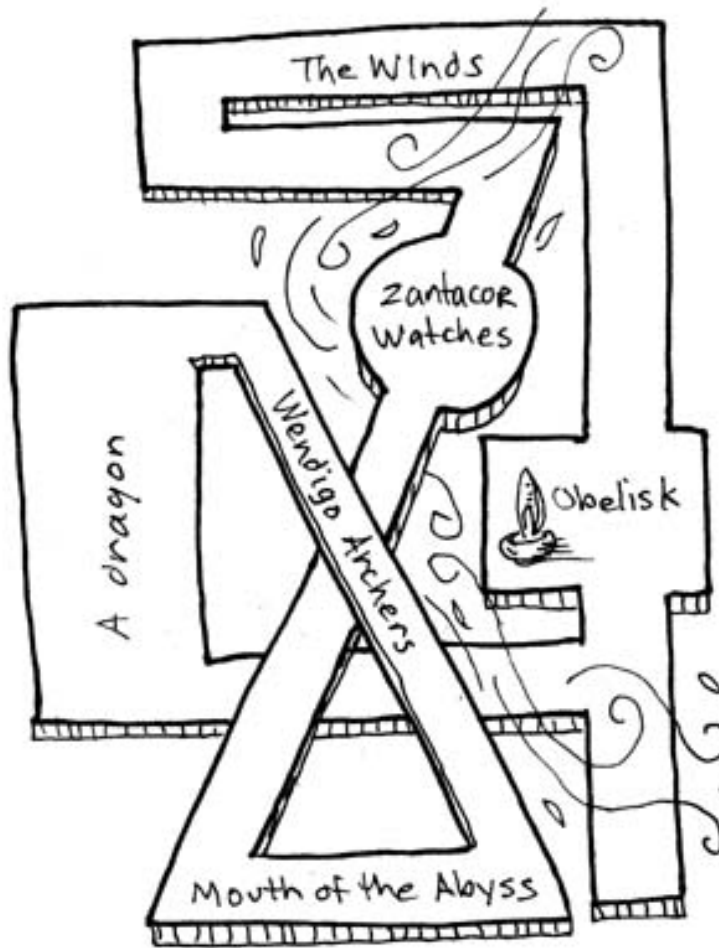


Compilation & Editing
The Fantasy Cartographic

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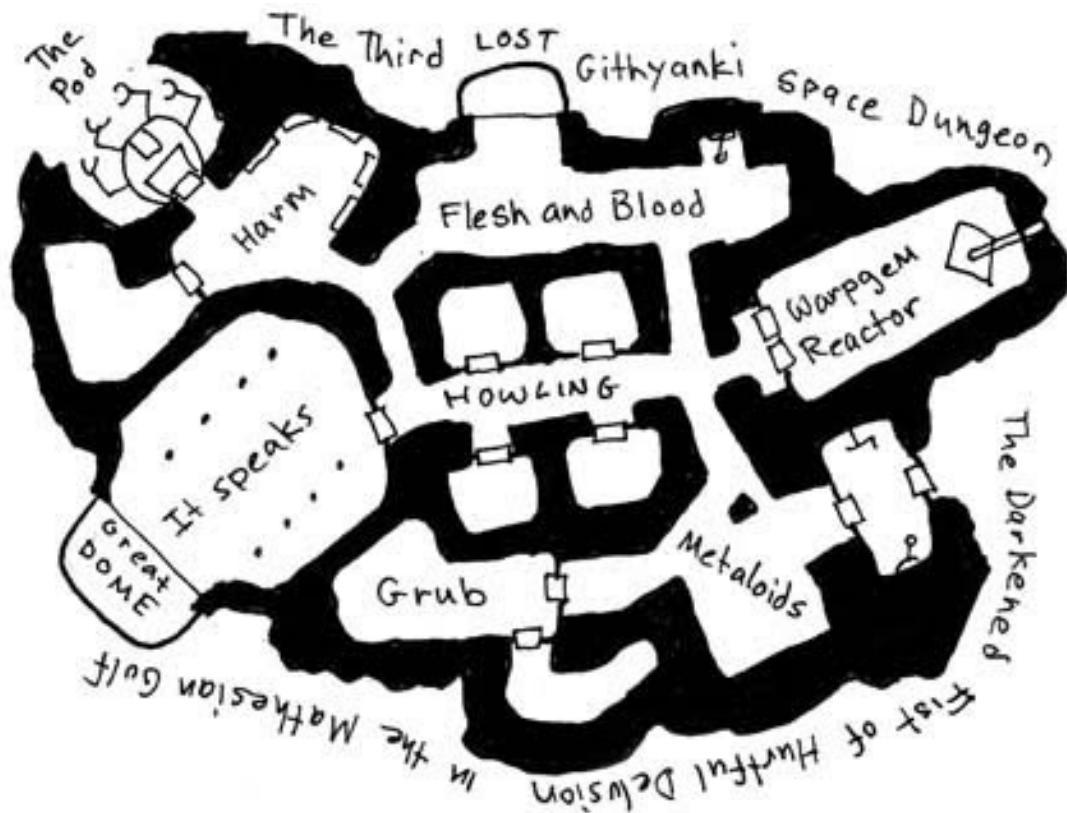
Skein of the Lesser Abyss



Skein of the Lesser Abyss

It is over a thousand years since the eighth cohort appeared at the obelisk, but the Zentacor still watch. Once the skein was a minor stopping point on the endless offensive of the Gith, and later, of the Ilithid slave armies in their retreat. Now it's a quiet place -- almost unearthly so, such that the rare mortals who walk there can sense the terror of endless empty, unfriendly planes of existence stretching below. Nevertheless, the place does see the occasional traveler. Every dimension nexus does. Some stay a while and make their lair. Others move on as quickly as they can. Some are helped into oblivion by the undying denizens of the place.

The Third Lost Githyanki Space Dungeon

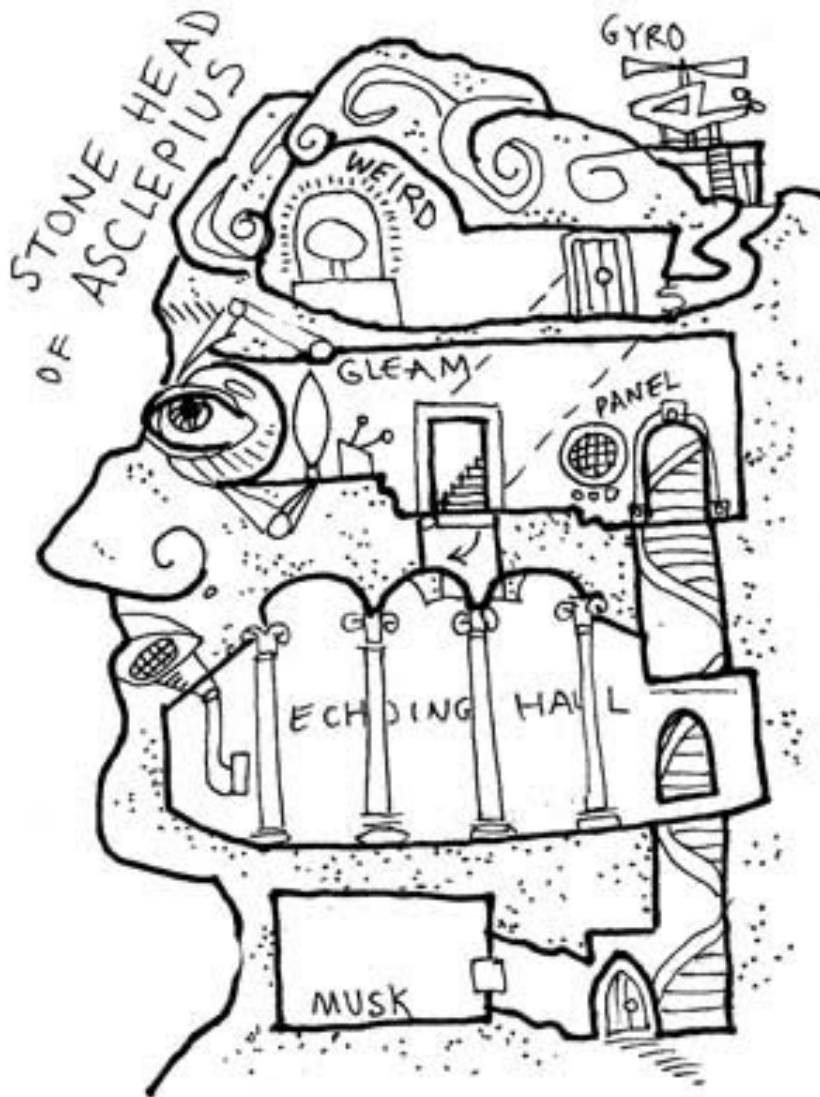


A strange artifact floating in an endless gulf carries secrets of a forgotten magic.

A legendary threat resurfaces with terrifying results in a remote space dungeon.

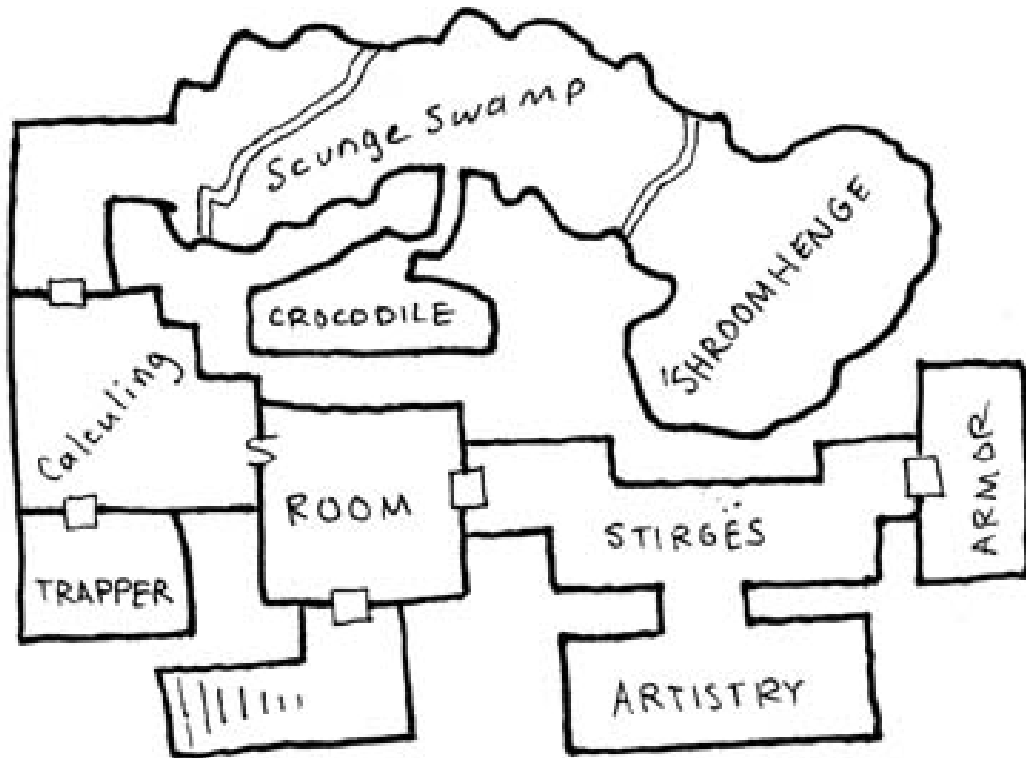
The true cause of an ancient war lies hidden deep in the gulfs of limbo.

Stone Head of Asclepius



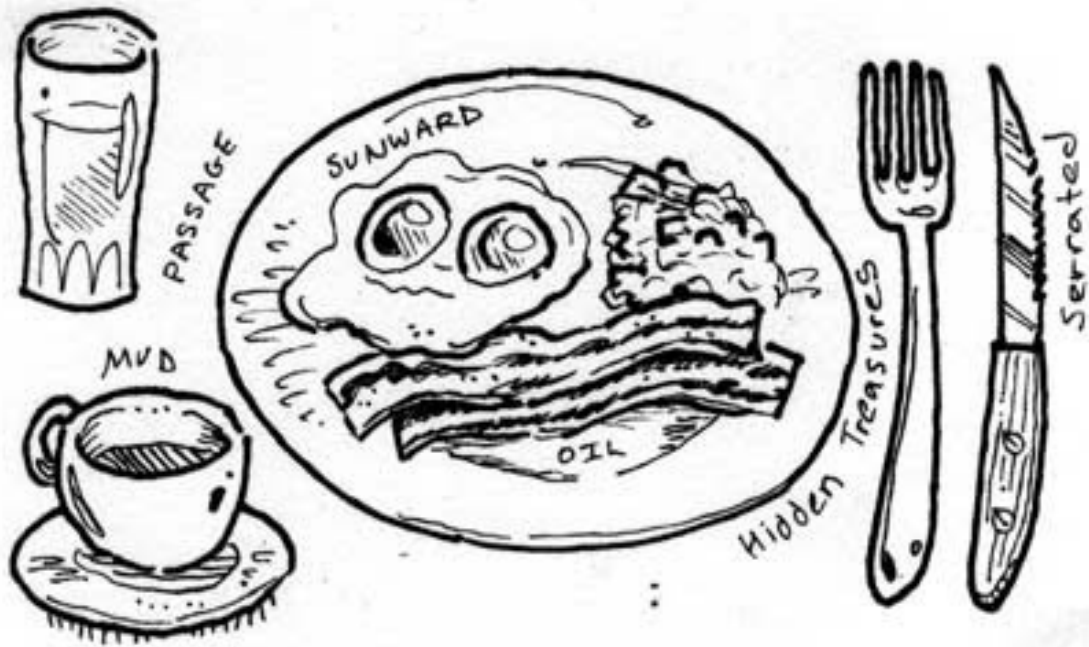
There's a weird stone head out on the edge of the wilderness. Some folks say it talks from time to time, but nobody can understand what it says. Lately some weird characters with big hoods and shiny silver hands in their sleeves have been hanging around the place. The mayor's not too happy with that, so he's hired some toughs to go check it out. So go check it out!

Shroomhenge



Crocodiles are pretty bad-ass. Even out of water they can move fast. The ancient Romans feared them. Fantasy crocodiles are even worse. They're smarter, bigger, and meaner, and some have magic resistance. Although some crocodiles have the gift of speech, they rarely use it for any other purpose than taunting their prey or luring it into a trap. In at least one account, crocodiles have been known to shadow an adventuring party, trying to provoke them into an ill-advised attack. Some crocodiles also live in symbiosis with will-o-wisps, who lead prey into deep mires where crocodiles can ambush them at their leisure.

All-Day Breakfast Dungeon



ALL - DAY - BREAKFAST DUNGEON

The Purple Worm Graveyard



What happens when you read those weird, squiggly inscriptions written along the bottom of that wall? What if you kneel in front of the altar of light and let what comes, come? And when you try to cast that really hard spell and it goes horribly wrong?

You open your mind to the worm god. The worm god is an ancient chaotic entity whose domains include destruction, decay, hunger, compost, and gardening.

Roll 2D6 plus your CON hit point bonus.

- On a 10+, your mind is in contact with the Worm god and it shows you what you want then offers you a bargain or a gift.
- On a 7-9, you receive a true impression or vision of what you're interested in, but then suffer a temporary insanity.
- On a 6 or less, the DM decides what happens.

Temporary Insanities:

- Fall on your hands and knees and start eating dirt voraciously for 1-4 rounds
- Projectile vomiting for several minutes
- You realize that somewhere, somehow, there's a worm in your body. You can feel it, but you can't tell where it is.
- The Worm god has a command for you, and he's watching to make sure you carry it out!

Wound Way



At the bottom of Wound Way there is a well that is widely held to be bottomless. Certainly torches or lamps dropped into the maw fall without sound until the light is lost in distance. Ropes and chains lowered into the well find no bottom. This has become a popular place to dispose of unwanted items: cursed trinkets, embarrassing correspondence, or, given the dangerous character of the neighborhood, bodies. Curiously, a bucket lowered to a depth of 15 feet comes up filled with brackish but drinkable water.

[I'm adding a new theme to the blog: city tiles. I have very fond memories of the City of Lankhmar setting that TSR published. I'm going to start posting these once a week as well.]

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2010 june**

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