Sanctum Secorum

Episode #16

Purple Priestess of the Mad Moon

Compatible With DCC RPG

Sanctum Secorum Podcast
Episode #16 Companion

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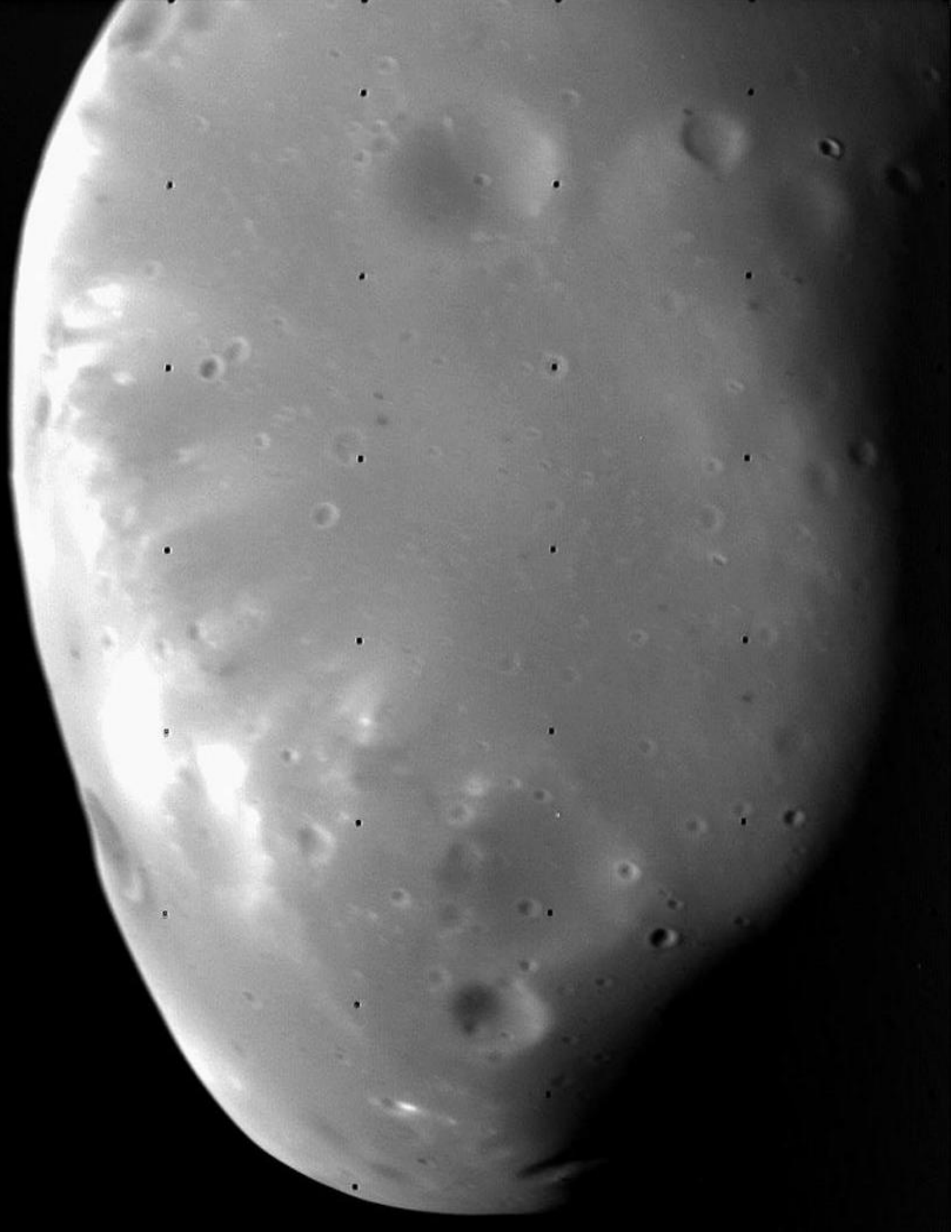
Submissions welcomed. Send your art, stats, and comments to TheHub@sanctum.media



Campaign Tools

Hypothermia

How many times have you placed your merry band of adventurers in some frigid tundra? Perhaps they're dead-set on looting that cave that belongs to an ice giant and his man-eating polar worms; or maybe the ship has just settled down on a hostile planet with winds so cold they'd freeze a human before he could draw his first breath. Having a rule in place for the debilitating effects of the cold is something we often overlook.

Characters might think to grab a coat that will protect them from the frigid climes they're exploring, but allow one the opportunity to become a human popsicle, should he neglect to equip himself, and you'll see a newfound love for winter gear from those who survive!

Hypothermia is a condition where the human body loses heat faster than it's capable of generating, and can be simulated by a very simple rule mechanic that adds a touch of realism to any harsh environment where freezing temperatures would be encountered.

All characters are assumed to have a d20 as their standard action die. The typical adventurer keeps an average temperature of 98.6°. Hypothermia can begin at temperatures of 60-50°F. Begin a silent count of passing rounds once players have entered an area with temperatures low enough to begin the descent into hypothermia. Feel free to modify the charts to better suit your game, and adjust for characters better protected or suited for the environments they're adventuring in.

Temperature	Action Die Loss
Mild: 60-40°F	-1d per turn
Harsh: 30-10°F	-2d per turn
Extreme: 10°F or below	-4d per turn

Current Action Die	Hypothermia Effect
d20	Body begins to shiver, teeth chatter.
d16	Body temperature begins to drop to a dangerous level. Action die applies to all physical based rolls.
d14	Body is no longer capable of shivering to generate heat and begins shutting down. The victim's brain begins to show signs of shutting down. Action die applies to all mental and physical based rolls.
d12	As the body continues to shut down, the victim loses the ability to communicate verbally, in addition to using a d12 for all physical/mental based rolls.
d10	Confusion begins to set in as the brain continues to lose function. In addition to the previous effects, the victim must pass a DC 12 Fortitude save or suffer from the effects of confusion. Roll 1d4: 1) victim begins removing any clothing currently being worn; 2) victim attacks nearest friend or foe; 3) victim lies down and attempts to go to sleep; 4) victim stands babbling incoherently. Victim uses the d10 for all physical/mental rolls.
d8	In addition to all of the above affects, the victim begins to suffer from frostbite to random extremities. A DC 12 Stamina save must be passed or the affected extremity becomes useless. Roll 1d4: 1) left hand; 2) right hand; 3) left foot; 4) right foot. Victim also uses a d8 for all physical and mental rolls.
d6	In addition to the previous effects, the victim must fight to remain conscious each round by passing a DC 12 Will save. Failure means the victim has fallen unconscious. Remaining conscious means rolling a d6 for any physical/mental rolls.
d5	In addition to above effects, the Fort save DC to avoid frostbite increases to 14. Failing the save means skin, bone, and tendons are destroyed. Should the victim survive, the affected areas must be amputated. All physical/mental rolls are reduced to a d5.
d4	In addition to the above affects, the victim must pass a DC 15 Stamina save to avoid cardiac arrest. Failing the save results in the death of the victim. All physical/mental rolls reduced to d4.
d3	In addition to the above affects, the victim can only grunt and make basic movements as his body shuts down. At the end of the first round of this stage, a character officially becomes a yard gnome for the icy environ he's fallen victim to.

Letter to Altman

My Dearest Brother Altman,

Imagine my surprise when your package was received here at the university! When you said you were going to explore the Martian Canals, well, we honestly didn't expect to hear from you again. I am pleased, of course, to read that you are well, but I have no earthly idea (pun intended) how you managed the transportation of the pieces you sent – especially with the Umbrella Treaty still in place.

These ornamental jewelry pieces are most likely hand-crafted, in that you are correct; but I sincerely doubt your supposition of its age. While I have been unable to immediately ascertain the metal used (I concede that it may very well be a compound specific to the red planet's atmosphere), it is highly improbable that any life forms existed on the planet four thousand years ago, let alone 14,000. Whatever makes you think the scientific facts you learned in school here would mislead you on this point? There is no way there could have been entire civilizations residing within the cliffsides along a two-mile-deep river chasm, much less this ancient city "Jakkara" you speak of. I suspect the natives are having you on, brother. You always were the gullible one.

Your note also mentions a similar hammered-gold neck piece is worn, sans clothing, by a Martian woman known in the Canal to be a priestess, a worshipper of an ancient underground spirit… What nonsense, brother! Martians, performing rites to summon forgotten Earthly gods? And with banal human sacrifice involved? Surely you jest! I mean, what's next? Dancing around a Maypole to celebrate fertility and encourage fornication betwixt all who are present? I will admit, however, the imagery invoked by the thought of the Martian women dancing whilst completely naked...yes, I'll admit that part intrigues me. I may add it to my notes, if for nothing other than entertainment value.

My own intra-cultural studies have been progressing fairly, but the correspondence from Mars is dreadfully slow and lacking. You are, in fact, the only one of the group of 20 volunteers who's gotten back to me since your departure four years ago. There have been rumors afloat about a local uprising in Kahora, and our own military forces are being redoubled. I do hope this reply reaches you in time for you to hole up somewhere safe by the time they arrive.

Your old darling, Louise, sends her best. You probably haven't heard, but she is due to be married this fall. Ironically, she has been talking about wearing purple.

Again, my thanks for the findings and my deepest thanks for the artifact, but I reserve my doubts. I'll have the astrology department keep on eye on Denderon, though.

Respectfully and in Awe,
Your Brother,

Sigmund

Featured Adventure

Operation: Jekkara

A short, mapless 3rd-level DCC Adventure based on Leigh Brackett's "Purple Priestess of the Mad Moon" and additionally inspired by some of her other works.

Operation: Jekkara is meant to be run with a 4 person strike team of Bureau of Interworld Cultural Relations troopers (provided), but can also be run with more "traditional" DCC characters should the judge wish to make a few alterations. Judges are also encouraged to expand upon the story and make further adventures for their player's strike team.

PC's Mission Briefing

Situation: Six months ago BICR Anthropologist Harvey Selden returned from a visit to Mars. While there he was seen to associate with several locals until abruptly falling ill and needing to return to Earth. Upon returning he sought psychological treatment from his therapist for fantasies originating from heavy drug use while on Mars. Selden underwent counseling to dispel his delusions and returned to work.

1 week ago Selden went missing. He was last seen boarding a Terran space ship bound for mars, scheduled to dock outside the Kahora dome. Since disembarking he has not been seen, nor has he reported in to the Bureau as to his whereabouts. Intel suggests that he was seeking passage to the Low Canal region of the hills above Jekkara. No trace of him has been seen since.

Intelligence: Rumors persist of a cult practicing human/Martian sacrifices to the Martian god "Denderon" to still exist in this region. Until recently, this area has been closed to Terran visitors without special dispensation and only a few early human explorers and adventurers ever delved deeply into the valleys. Bureau security forces have confirmed that Harvey Selden did indeed board a small transport that took him to the Jekkara region although locals have not been able, or willing, to identify him as someone who has recently passed through the region. The only other clue to this mystery is a letter Selden received a day before his departure. It read, "Lella waits for you at moonrise." And it bore the sketch, very accurately and quite unmistakably done, of a single monstrous eye.

Mission: Find and retrieve/recover Harvey Selden. Team will be landed near the Low Canal town of Kahora and should proceed from there into the Jekkaran Hills. Should hostiles be encountered, unrestrained engagement is authorized.

Judge's Briefing

One month ago, Harvey Selden was kidnapped on Mars and forced to observe the decadent Rite of the Purple Priestess. It had been hoped that, by revealing the truth behind the rumors of sacrifice to Selden, he would feel compelled to report the horrors he had witnessed so that action could be taken. He had observed Martian sacrifice and the awakening of the god Denderon as the moon above fed on the soul of the offering.

Harvey Selden was, sadly, not a courageous man and instead he pled illness and fled back to Earth. Terrified of what the moon-god represents and even more terrified of awakening it by displeasing it, Selden felt the matter best left alone. However, upon receiving a summons from the Purple Priestess, Selden had no recourse but to return to Jekkara as the chosen sacrifice of the Mad Moon.

The PCs will arrive in Kahora, a small frontier town. Locals certainly do not want them there but also

The PCs will arrive in Kahora, a small frontier town. Locals certainly do not want them there but also do not want them interfering with the upcoming sacrifice. They are met with a mixture of distrust and loathing common to anyone who might be seen as an occupying force. No other Terran troops have ever been through this region of Mars but rumors of the atrocities committed by humans elsewhere on Mars precede them. The frontier town may be used to provide role playing opportunities for the troopers prior to sending them off into the valley to search for Selden, or can be kept brief if the judge wants to focus more on action.

Of course, the real action comes when the ritual takes place…

Arrival in Kahora

Faint turbulence buffets the shuttle as you come in on final approach. Looking at the landscape whizzing past below it is rose-red desert where tiny sandstorms blow, and dark areas of vegetation like textured silk. Once or twice you have spotted the bright flash of water from one of the canals. Dust obscures your sight as the shuttle's thrusters send plumes of red dust swirling into the thin Martian air. Checking your equipment one last time you ready yourself for disembarkation into unknown Martian territory amidst a populace that is undoubtedly hostile.

The light above the hatchway goes green and there is a hiss as the compartment depressurizes to match the atmosphere outside. You pull your goggles and facemask into place and wait for the ramp to descend, giving you your first view of Kahora. You are unimpressed.

Whomever labeled this a "town" forgot to put "shanty-" in front of it. Crudely built shacks line what apparently passes for a street. Here and there the cloaked figures of the local tribesman flit in and out of sight amid the blowing sands. One or two larger buildings, hopefully one being a bar, bleed faint illumination into the dying light of the Martian sunset.

Terrans aren't popular in the backwaters of Mars, and it doesn't take but a moment for that dislike to manifest in the form of a group of local toughs, drawn by the noise of the arriving shuttle. While more than happy to kill an off-worlder, these men aren't suicidal and are meant to be more of an encounter with rude locals than a combat to the death. They will taunt and insult the troopers while not making any overt hostile action. If weapons are drawn and the toughs feel that they are clearly outnumbered or outclassed, they will mutter to themselves and move on, coming back later to follow the troops in hopes of catching them unawares. Clad in the leather of the desert tribesman, the toughs wear hooded red woolen cloaks. They look through eyeholes in the hoods, pulled low to keep out sand, and to prevent identification.

Martian Toughs (6): Init +2; Atk 2x knife +3 melee (1d4) or light beamer +2 ranged (1d7); AC 13; HD 2d8; hp 9 each; MV 40'; Act 2d16 or 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL C.

Two-weapon Fighting: Skilled in Martian knife fighting, the toughs are treated as halflings for the purposes of two-weapon fighting.

Light Beamer: Light beamers are hunting weapons, not combat rifles, and are good for six shots before needing to recharge. Recharging takes 1 turn.

Places of Interest

The Canal (Local Saloon)

The interior of the Canal is dark and dingy. It appears that the owner either doesn't understand the concept of a broom or that he has long since given up warring with the fine Martian dust that is so pervasive outside the domes. The furnishings are sparse, basic, and often crudely made. Tables made from old shipping containers, chairs fashioned from…perhaps older chairs?

The dim lighting seems the natural place for the clientele of this establishment to gather. Each one of them looks like a hard case, whether adventurer or Martian, although a truce seems to exist here. Not a single eye looks in your direction as you enter. Either they don't care, or they aren't worried.

The owner of the Canal is actually a human, Strohtis Bittler, a retired adventurer who makes a healthy portion of his living by spinning stories and tall-tales to anyone who will listen. Of course here, on the fringes, such people are a rarity (although even locals enjoy his mythical exploits). If approached and offered credits (a subtle hand held out with a discrete coughing signals his preference of pay), he will indeed tell the PCs all of the stories that they could ever want. While his stories are outlandish (and judges are encouraged to make up incredibly far-fetched tales of Martian cannibals, great bravery, and horrible mysteries) they do include nuggets of truth around which they are based (see below for the factual seeds).

The patrons of this watering hole aren't really the friendly type, but will tolerate the presence of the PCs unless the characters turn violent or begin threatening Strohtis. If things get nasty, matters will escalate quickly, as the PCs will find themselves outnumbered by serious-minded foes. Mr. Bittler also keeps an old fashioned shotgun behind the counter for just such an emergency.

Martian Toughs (8): Init +2; Atk 2x knife +3 melee (1d4) or light beamer +2 ranged (1d7); AC 13; HD 2d8; hp 9 each; MV 40'; Act 2d16 or 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL C.

Two-weapon Fighting: Skilled in Martian knife fighting, the toughs are treated as halflings for the purposes of two-weapon fighting.

Light Beamer: Light beamers are hunting weapons, not combat rifles, and are good for six shots before needing to recharge. Recharging takes 1 turn.

Human Adventurers (3): Init +4; Atk knife +4 melee (1d4) or rad-pistol +3 ranged (2d5); AC 14; HD 3d10; hp 16 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +1; AL N.

Rad-pistol: Used by some of the early adventurers, the rad-pistol is a dangerous weapon indeed. Capable of disrupting life on a cellular level via a beam of concentrated radiation, the pistol is a very lethal form of self-defense. The capacitors of the pistol gather and store eight shots worth of radioactive ammunition. When placed into recharge mode, the pistol recharges from its fuel cell in 4 rounds.

Strohtis Bittler: Init +1; Atk fist +2 melee (1d3) or antique sawn-off shotgun +8 ranged (5d6, max range 15'); AC 11; HD 3d6; hp 10; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

Factual tidbits for stories…

- These folks really know their way around the badlands. Martians generally only go missing – as in really missing, not just dead – and are discovered a week later, twice a year.
- Denderon is the great god in the sky, worshipped by some of the Martians who live out in the wilderness.
- The priestess of Denderon is said to be beautiful and well-cultured.
- The weather here in the Jekarra region is ugly and can become gravely dangerous with little to no warning.
- Earthers asking questions sometimes die under mysterious circumstances, like Loughlin Herbert did. He was an Earth diplomat and it did him no good…you think it was really a heart attack that killed him?

Eran Mak (Trading Post)

This simple martian building houses a surprising number of oddities and strange devices who's purposes are wholly unknown to you. Of course, considering the quantities, you wouldn't be shocked to find all of these items commonplace and mundane here on Mars but there is certainly a feeling of unearthliness that corresponds to the alien locale itself. Several older martians are seated around tables, sipping some sort of hot beverage and talking among themselves. As you enter, they go silent and all eyes turn towards you.

Run by Balin, a retired martian soldier, the trading post is another hub of local activity. Those not drinking or gambling, often can be found here at the trading post, swapping bits of gossip and local lore. Humans shouldn't expect a warm welcome here, although they are in no real danger. These men are resentful of human/Earther colonialism but aren't looking to start a fight. Balin is aware of Selden having passed through recently, as are his regulars. They aren't particularly forthcoming with the PCs but, if pressed, he will let the PCs know that Selden was last seen heading to the Caravan depot after asking about guides into the Jekaaran hills. They won't give much in the way of details other than Selden was alone when he arrived in Kahora and that he was bedraggled and looked like he hadn't slept in days.

The martians are, of course, aware of the fate that awaits Selden at the beginning of the new lunar cycle, but are afraid to say anything. The PCs may pick up on the unease of the martians but will not be able to press any details from them.

Caravan Depot

A simple sign outside the caravan depot reads "T. Stimus, proprietor". The building, looking more like an oversized earth-type barn than a structure found on Mars, has a pair of huge doors that are currently open, exposing the interior to the elements. A pair of figures can be seen moving about in the dim interior.

Inside may be found Tom Stimus, an Earth-based adventurer who retired to Mars and went native. Brash and possessed of a larger than life personality, Stimus is more than happy to carry on a discussion with the PCs about Harvey Selden. Selden arrived four days ago and spoke to Stimus hoping to find a caravan to take him further into the hills of Jekaar. When no opportunity presented itself, he set off on foot (against Tom's advice to simply wait).

"The Little fellah seemed in a dashed hurry, wanting to get out to the hills before the beginning of the next lunar cycle. I told him that, if that was the case, he shouldn't have put off coming for so long but he'd have none of it. He said he couldn't wait and then the darned fool set off on foot, can you believe that?"

Stimus can sketch out roughly where Selden was trying to go, based on the caravan routes and where Selden wanted to part company with any guide he managed to hire. To Tom's knowledge, Selden found no guide and was going it alone. If asked, Stimus will explain that, while he doesn't know why, no locals were willing to head into the hills around the beginning of the local cycle. He thinks it has something to do with religious superstition.

The PCs can entreat Stimus for aid (he isn't heartless) and should someone succeed at convincing him via a DC 13 Personality check he will lend the team several vaards (ugly, long-haired, horselike creatures) to use as mounts to hasten them on their way.

Pursuing Selden

Of course, the landscape of Mars is unforgiving and the life that exists there is equally dangerous. It will take time for the team to catch up to Selden, time in which Mars will not allow them to be unwary. The order of these encounters is left to the judge's discretion although it is recommended that, should the team acquire vaards, the judge skip at least one encounter as the team speeds along towards their destination.

- Rock slide – As the team is moving along the caravan route through the low hills, a rock slide hurls boulders and debris towards them. PCs must make a DC 13 Reflex save to avoid being struck for 2d8 points of damage. All PCs must make a Luck check, with those failing being on the near side of the slide and thus delayed while they must spend an additional turn working their way over the obstacle. While the delay has no solid in-game consequence, the judge is urged to use it to build tension and a sense of urgency.

- The party encounters a lone, elderly Martian traveling the foothills. He is eager to help them in their search and to join their company. He is in fact a ramas, a Martian immortal kept alive by stealing bodies. He is very friendly, giving his name as Arrin – an elderly water prospector who has hit hard times. The ramas will attempt to steal the body of one of the team at the first opportunity (perhaps while the team camps).

  Ramas: Init +5; Atk special (see below) or by weapon type; AC 12; HD 4d12; hp 26; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP body snatch; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +6; AL C.

  Body Snatch: The ramas is capable of stealing the living body of one mortal creature. The ramas must touch the target (+6 melee attack). The target receives a DC 14 Will save; on a failure, the ramas forces the spirit of the target to switch bodies and it takes over its new host form. The displaced victim may regain control of its body if the ramas can be restrained and forced to make the switch back. If either body is killed, no switch may take place and the spirit inhabiting the slain is forever lost.

- The team comes across a rare patch of Mars' vined scrub. Grazing on the plant-life is a herd of Kohn. If unmolested, the herd will allow the team to pass with a wide berth. However, if approached within 60', the males of the herd will turn their attentions to the party and attack.

  Khom: Init +4; Atk gore +4 melee (2d6) or tail +6 melee (2d10); AC 16; HD 5d8; hp 23, MV 60'; Act 1d20; SP impale; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +3; AL N.

  Impale: Targets gored by the khom's horns must make a DC 12 Reflex save to avoid being fully impaled and lifted into the air. Targets so impaled suffer an additional 1d5 points of damage as they are tossed into the air and crash to the ground.

- The team is set upon by Martian raiders.

  Martian Raiders (5): Init +3; Atk 2x knife +4 melee (1d4+2) or heavy beamer +3 ranged (2d7); AC 13; HD 4d8; hp 18 each; MV 40'; Act 2d16 or 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1; AL C.

  Two-weapon Fighting: Skilled in Martian knife fighting, the toughs are treated as halflings for the purposes of two-weapon fighting.

  Heavy Beamer: Heavy beamers are combat rifles, and are good for 20 shots before needing to recharge. Recharging takes 5 rounds.

- Wind storm – Winds begin to blow and, over the course of a turn, go from gentle breeze to howling gale-force winds. The storm blows the abrasive Martian dust everywhere and those caught in the storm are in danger of injury and equipment failure. PCs not taking action to protect

(judge's discretion) being so badly fouled and damaged by the sands that they are irreparable in the course of the adventure.

The Rescue

After their arduous trek to catch up with Selden, the team arrives as night is again falling and a strange ritual is taking place in the hills. Strange harp music can be heard and raised voices cry and wail in alien tongues. Tales of sacrifice should spring to the minds of the team. Hurrying to the source of the light and voices the team stumbles across an eerie sight, Selden sits in a cavers, surrounded by Martian cultists, while a masked priestess in purple robes over the ritual.

…..though the woman's face in the torchlight shows only the smooth gleaming of a silver mask, a very ancient thing with a subtle look of cruel compassion. She takes in her hands a pale globed lamp and raises it, and the harpers strike their strings once. The other persons, six in number, lay aside their cloaks. They are three men and three women, all naked and smiling, and now the harps begin a tune that is almost merry and the woman in purple sways her body in time to it. The naked people begin to dance, their eyes blank and joyous with some powerful drug, and she leads them dancing into the darkness, and as she leads them she sings, a long sweet fluting call.

The harps fall silent. Only the woman's voice sounds, and her lamp shines like a dim star, far away.

- Leigh Brackett, {paraphrasing} *Purple Priestess of the Mad Moon*

From this point the team has 6 rounds to save Selden lest he be sacrificed to the awakening god Denderon.

Lella, Priestess of Denderon (Wizard of Mars): Init +1; Atk dagger +2 melee (1d4) or spell; AC 11; HD 5d6; hp 18, MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP spells (caster level 5); SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +3; AL C.

Lella knows the following spells: (1st level) c*harm person, magic missile, magic shield, sleep* (2nd level) *mirror image, scorching ray.*

Martian Cultists (6): Init +2; Atk 2x knife +3 melee (1d4) or spell; AC 10; HD 3d6; hp 11 each; MV 40'; Act 2d16 or 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL C.

Two-weapon Fighting: Skilled in Martian knife fighting, the cultists are treated as halflings for the purposes of two-weapon fighting.

The cultists know the following spells: (1st level) c*hoking cloud, color spray, magic shield.*

The Aftermath

If the PCs manage to halt the sacrifice and save Selden, the area is struck by ground tremors and the remaining cult members flee into the hills. Selden has no memory of what has happened, his mind having locked away the events of both this, and his last, visit to the hills. Within the next month, disaster after disaster will strike the hills of Jekkara and the remaining residents will leave, scattering to the far reaches of Mars. The cult of Denderon has been broken.

If the PCs fail to halt the sacrifice, they will awaken lying on the ground near Kahora. They have no memory of the events after leaving the town, just horrifying flashes of a giant eye in the sky staring down at them. The mission is deemed a failure and the team is recalled. One by one, at six month intervals, the members of the team will each disappear without a trace, having answered a summons to Mars, to abase and sacrifice themselves upon the altar of Denderon.

Dungeon Crawl Classics Character Record Sheet

Name	Sergeant Cody "Don't call me S'arge'" Grindol
Title	
Occupation	Soldier
Class	ICR Trooper
Alignment	Chaotic
Speed	25'
Level	3
XP	

Hit Points

Max HP: 16

AC 15

Combat Basics	
Initiative:	+2
Action Dice:	1d20
Attack Bonus:	+1d5
Crit Die:	1d16
Crit Table:	IV

		Modifier	
Strength	15	+1	Melee Hit Melee Damage
Agility	8	-1	Missile Hit Armor Class Reflex Saves
Stamina	12	0	Hit Points Fortitude Saves
Personality	8	-1	Willpower Saves
Intelligence	6	-1	Languages English, Esperanto, Low Martian
Luck	11	0	Lucky Roll

0	Reflex
2	Fortitude
0	Willpower

Weapons

Combat Knife (1d6+deed)

Rad Pistol (2d5+deed)
Ranges 25'/50'/75'
The pistol stores 8 shots worth of radioactive ammunition. The pistol recharges in 4 rounds.

Fragmentation Grenade x2 (2d10)
20' radius
Reflex save for 1/2 damage

Armor

Light Plasteel Mesh +4
Check penalty -3/Fumble d12

Equipment

Combat helmet
- Night-vision setting
- Infrared setting
- Comm Unit (local-channels)
- Comm Unit (command-channels)

40' arachnisilk rope
Backpack
Mars oriented compass

Coins & Gems

Notes

Abilities / Spells

Mighty Deeds of Arms as per Warrior class.
Deed Die 1d5

Dungeon Crawl Classics Character Record Sheet

Name: Corporal Fraser Hunt	Title:
Occupation: Paramedic	Class: ICR Combat Medic
Alignment: Lawful	Speed: 30'
Level: 3	XP:

Hit Points

Max HP: 22

AC 12

Combat Basics

Initiative:	0
Action Dice:	1d20
Attack Bonus:	+2
Crit Die:	1d10
Crit Table:	III

		Modifier		
Strength	11	0	Melee Hit Melee Damage	
Agility	5	-2	Missile Hit Armor Class Reflex Saves	-1 Reflex
Stamina	13	+1	Hit Points Fortitude Saves	+2 Fortitude
Personality	17	+2	Willpower Saves	+4 Willpower
Intelligence	15	+1	Languages English, Esperanto, Low Martian	
Luck	11	0	Lucky Roll	

Weapons

Heavy Beamer (2d7)
Ranges 50'/100'/150'
Heavy beamers are combat rifles, and are good for 20 shots before needing to recharge. Recharging takes 5 rounds.

Armor

Light Plasteel Mesh +4
Check penalty -3/Fumble d12

Equipment

Combat helmet
- Night-vision setting
- Infrared setting
- Comm Unit (local-channels)

Combat surgery pack
40' arachnisilk rope
Backpack

Hershey's chocolate bar

Coins & Gems

Notes

First Aid check - 1d20+5

Abilities / Spells

The ICR Combat Medic, while accessing his pack, may attempt first aid and healing on injured humans.

With the high-tech pack, all members of the team are treated as being of the same alignment as the medic regardless of actual alignment.

First aid rolls are made in the same fashion as a Cleric's lay on hands (1d20+CL+Personality Bonus). Failure results indicate that supplies in the kit are running low (increasing the disapproval range) and a "Disapproval" result means that the kit is now empty.

Dungeon Crawl Classics Character Record Sheet

Name	Corporal Vash "Boom-Boom" Randall
Title	
Occupation	Farmer
Class	ICR Trooper
Alignment	Chaotic
Speed	25'
Level	3
XP	

Hit Points

Max HP: 16

AC 16

		Modifier	
Strength	16	+2	Melee Hit Melee Damage
Agility	10	0	Missile Hit Armor Class Reflex Saves
Stamina	8	-1	Hit Points Fortitude Saves
Personality	15	+1	Willpower Saves
Intelligence	14	+1	Languages English, Esperanto, Low Martian
Luck	12	0	Lucky Roll

Combat Basics	
Initiative:	+3
Action Dice:	1d20
Attack Bonus:	+1d5
Crit Die:	1d16
Crit Table:	IV

1	Reflex	
1	Fortitude	
2	Willpower	

Weapons

Heavy Beamer (2d7)
Ranges 50'/100'/150'
Heavy beamers are combat rifles, and are good for 20 shots before needing to recharge. Recharging takes 5 rounds.

Combat Knife (1d6)

Swarm Launcher (5 shots)
See Abilities/Spells

Armor

Heavy Plasteel Mesh +5
Check penalty -4/Fumble d12

Equipment

Combat helmet
- Night-vision setting
- Infrared setting
- Comm Unit (local-channels)

40' arachnisilk rope
Backpack

Captain Courage comic book

Coins & Gems

Notes

Abilities / Spells

Swarm Launchers fire off a variety of micro-munitions. Good for five shots, a to-hit activation roll is required.

Munition Types
"Chokers" (as per Choking Cloud)
"Hornets" (as per Magic Missile)
"Stunners" (as per Sleep)

Dungeon Crawl Classics Character Record Sheet

Private Barton "Digger" Green
Name

Title

Mortician
Occupation

ICR Trooper
Class

Chaotic
Alignment

30'
Speed

3
Level

XP

Hit Points

Max HP: 29

16
AC

Combat Basics

Initiative:	+3
Action Dice:	1d20
Attack Bonus:	+1d5
Crit Die:	1d16
Crit Table:	IV

		Modifier	
Strength	13	+1	**Melee Hit** **Melee Damage**
Agility	10	0	**Missile Hit** **Armor Class** **Reflex Saves**
Stamina	14	+1	**Hit Points** **Fortitude Saves**
Personality	12	0	**Willpower Saves**
Intelligence	11	0	**Languages** English, Esperanto, Low Martian
Luck	12	0	**Lucky Roll**

1	**Reflex**
3	**Fortitude**
1	**Willpower**

Weapons

Heavy Beamer (2d7+deed)
Ranges 50'/100'/150'
Heavy beamers are combat rifles, and are good for 20 shots before needing to recharge. Recharging takes 5 rounds.

Combat Knife (1d6+deed)

Fragmentation Grenade x2 (2d10)
20' radius
Reflex save for 1/2 damage

Armor

Light Plasteel Mesh +4
Check penalty -3/Fumble d12

Equipment

Combat helmet
- Night-vision setting
- Infrared setting
- Comm Unit (local-channels)

40' arachnisilk rope
Backpack

Coins & Gems

Notes

Abilities / Spells

Mighty Deeds of Arms as per Warrior class.
Deed Die 1d5

Magic Items

Mask of the Mad Moon Gods

"Twice a year, when the Mad Moon rises. In between, it sleeps."
- Leigh Brackett, *Purple Priestess of the Mad Moon*

The Mask of the Mad Moon is one of several relics crafted for maleficent rituals by a race of ancient aliens, all who worship a pantheon of, for no better word "gods"; that supposedly exist deep in every moon that orbits any planets capable of supporting life. Even in times of advanced technology, cults dedicated to the alien intelligences exist; buried deep within the norms of planetary society. They worship the moon gods by malevolent acts of sacrifice, cannibalism and self-flagellation. The rewards for these acts are rumored to be bound only by the servant's imagination.

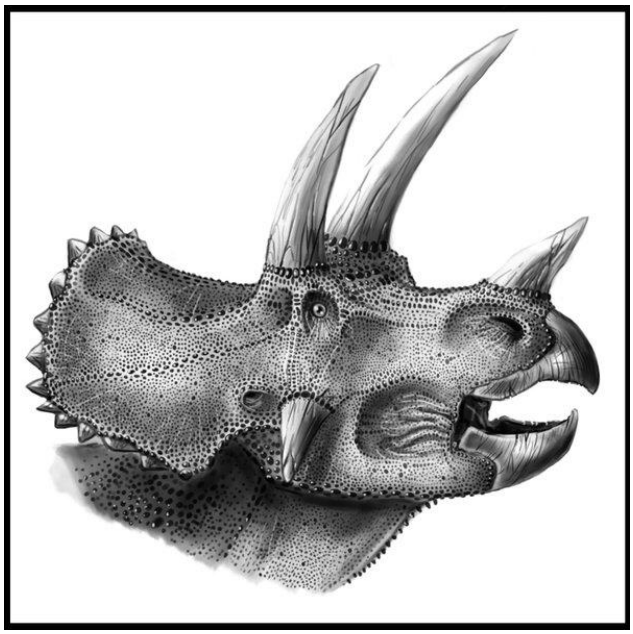
The Mask of the Mad Moon of Mars is a mask hammered in the purest mercurial silver, found only in the dark mineral mines located in the most inhospitable regions of Mars. The silver mask is decorated so that thousands of eyes watch balefully, any and all who face the wearer of the mask.

Donning the mask grants several abilities to any priest dedicated to the Mad Moon God. Should a non-believer choose to adorn the mask, a DC 18 Will save must be passed to avoid having their souls "sucked clean", essentially leaving the poor soul with a Personality and Intelligence score of "0" and effectively becoming a vegetable. Passing the Will save will instantly pluck the astral form from the physical shell of the wearer, bringing it directly face to face with the all-seeing eye of the Mad Moon God. The poor soul will be shown things most minds are not meant to know, things that forever change any decent star-farer into an agent of the Mad Moon. The wearer of the mask will be released after the change, effectively becoming a willing servant of Chaos**. The author suggests judges find a suitable patron to use as a good representation of the Mad Moon God, and have the new convert occasionally act to appease the dark entity linked to the poor soul.** Falling into the service of such a "god" is not without benefits, however and the character may use the spell *invoke patron* once per day. The agent may also cannibalize his own flesh in an act to increase the response from the Mad Moon God (as a method of spellburn).

Any priest of the Mad Moon God may wear the mask and immediately gain the following abilities:

- +5 to any attempt to cast spells or rituals
- The priest may cast the wizard spell *charm person* in order to make unwilling sacrifices more submissive to their fate.
- The mask draws from the fevered worship of those attending the forbidden ceremonies, indirectly feeding the Mad Moon God. In return, the god "spasms," sending out waves of energy back through the mask, bathing those who worship in a pale violaceous energy. This results in a temporary euphoria that not only touches upon the pleasure centers of the brain, but causes a surge of adrenaline. This translates into all physical and perception based rolls improving by +2d for one hour.

Monsters



Khom

"Wicked triangular heads shot up from the ruined vines, horny reptilian heads framed in ruffs like Triceratops. Bodies two feet longer than a tall man raised high in ominous preparation on strong clawed legs, and tails—...Khom had a tail as long as his body and his head together; a mighty, supple flail armed with rows of deadly spikes."
- Leigh Brackett, *Martian Quest*

Khom: Init +4; Atk gore +4 melee (2d6) or tail +6 melee (2d10); AC 16; HD 5d8; hit points 23, MV 60'; Act 1d20; SP impale; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +3; AL N.

Impale: Targets gored by the khom's horns must make a reflex save DC 12 to avoid being fully impaled and lifted into the air. Targets so impaled suffer an additional 1d5 points of damage as they are tossed into the air and crash to the ground.

Ramas

A race of immortal Martians kept alive by stealing bodies. These cunning and secretive creatures are thought by most humans to merely be a mythical Martian extension of the earthly doppelganger lore.

Ramas: Init +5; Atk special (see below) or by weapon type; AC 12; HD 4d12; hp 26; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP body snatch; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +6; AL C.

Body Snatch: The ramas is capable of stealing the living body of one mortal creature. The ramas must touch the target (+6 melee attack). The target receives a DC 14 Will save; on a failure, the ramas forces the spirit of the target to switch bodies and it takes over its new host form. The displaced victim may regain control of its body if the ramas can be restrained and forced to make the switch back. If either body is killed, no switch may take place and the spirit inhabiting the slain is forever lost.

NASA's Mars Exploration Program seeks to understand whether Mars was, is, or can be a habitable world. Missions like Mars Pathfinder, Mars Exploration Rovers, Mars Science Laboratory and Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter, among many others, have provided important information in understanding of the habitability of Mars. This poster imagines a future day when we have achieved our vision of human exploration of Mars and takes a nostalgic look back at the great imagined milestones of Mars exploration that will someday be celebrated as "historic sites."

NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory
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Coming Soon
Episode #17

One Night in the Lonely October

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