

**year  
of the  
dungeon**

**2010  
september  
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 3<sup>rd</sup>, 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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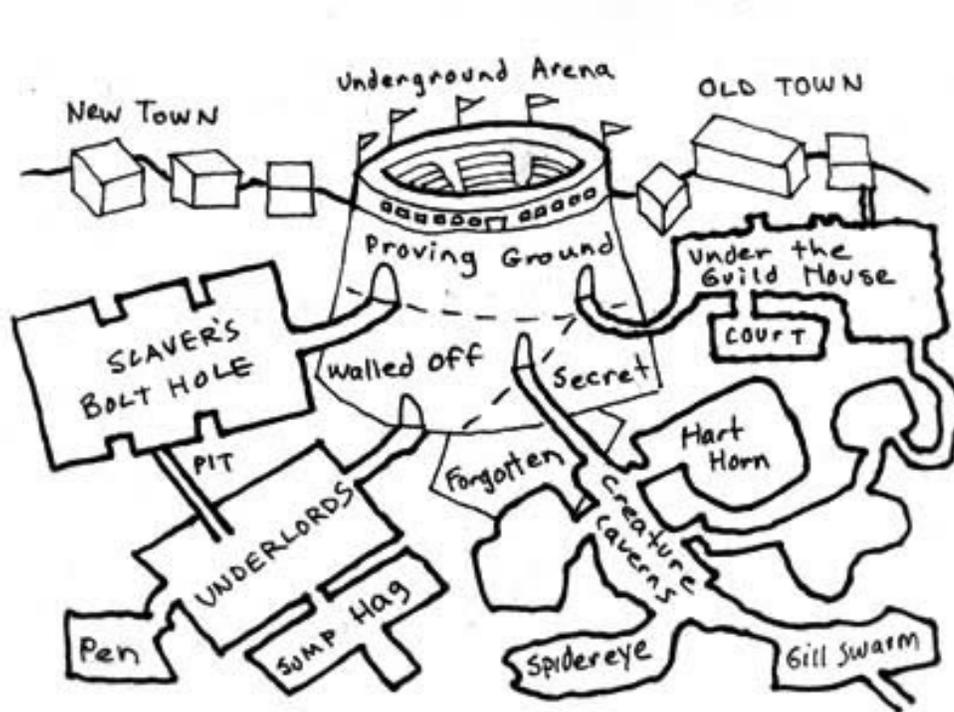


Compilation & Editing  
The Fantasy Cartographic

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# The Underground Arena



Guess who's coming to dinner? 20 random people in the City of Nightport:

1. Endurance trainer for a mid-range gladiatorial house
2. Bright-eyed farm boy, looking to sign on as a competitor and win fame
3. Professional adventurer, here for the dungeons, thinks gladiators are putzes
4. Wizard, specializing in scrying and inter-team espionage
5. Manager of a gladiatorial team, sends crews into the dungeon for intense training
6. Scholar, looking for the lost under-arena
7. Promoter, always ready to pay coin for live rare beasts from the lower caves
8. Pack of rabid fans from an outlying province here for the annual tournament
9. Old, one-eyed retired gladiator, now makes a good living as a "consultant"
10. Halfling cook to a prominent former champion

## The Underground Arena (Continued)

11. Four-armed desert warrior, works a good "barbarian" act, but quite civilized
12. Scarred paladin, looking to recruit a party to retrieve remains of last party
13. Local merchant stocking exotic and magical weapons for arena and dungeon
14. Angry enchantress preparing her long-awaited revenge on another random NPC
15. Short-tempered duellist, very deadly but down on his luck
16. Maintenance worker responsible for keeping dungeons sealed and arena standing
17. Vampire masquerading as sport medicine specialist
18. Former champion gone to seed, slumming it and drunk, but still dangerous
19. Tourist with a ready sack of gold coins
20. Ghost of a former adventurer, doesn't know he's dead

# Gorefrog Lake



When the PCs pass through the Lake District a second or subsequent time, roll 1d6:

1. The back wall of the monastery of Saint Insouciance has fallen into the expanding lake. The sisters don't seem to be too worried about it.
2. A group of suspicious figures, including an NPC known to the party is loitering around the statue, muttering to themselves. The NPC pretends not to know the PCs no matter how much they insist.
3. Girgal's house is on fire. Girgal is desperately shouting for help rescuing his golem from the blaze.
4. It's "plague of frogs" season. Everybody is indoors, windows barred, doors locked.
5. Lighthearted music wafts from the monastery. Most of the residents have been invited to a party in the cloister. The PCs are not invited.
6. The Beast of the Lake is hunting and picks a PC as its next victim.

# Crackwood



Crackwood's a no-nonsense town perched on the edge of a howling wilderness. The locals are used to putting up with adversity: wolfbears prowling the town at night, wendigo attacks on the stagecoach, the hooting of apes in mating season, and the disturbing unearthly lights that hover around Star Rock.

# Ball of Confusion



Ball of Confusion, that's what my life is today. But on the plus side, we have a new hot water tank.

# Stonetown



I don't know who lives there, but I'm pretty sure Stonetown is nothing but trouble. It looks so white and pristine next to the dark pleasures of Salacious Alley. It's got its own well, and it's built like a small fortress. Someone could hold out there for a long time against determined attackers.

# Grinding Dunes

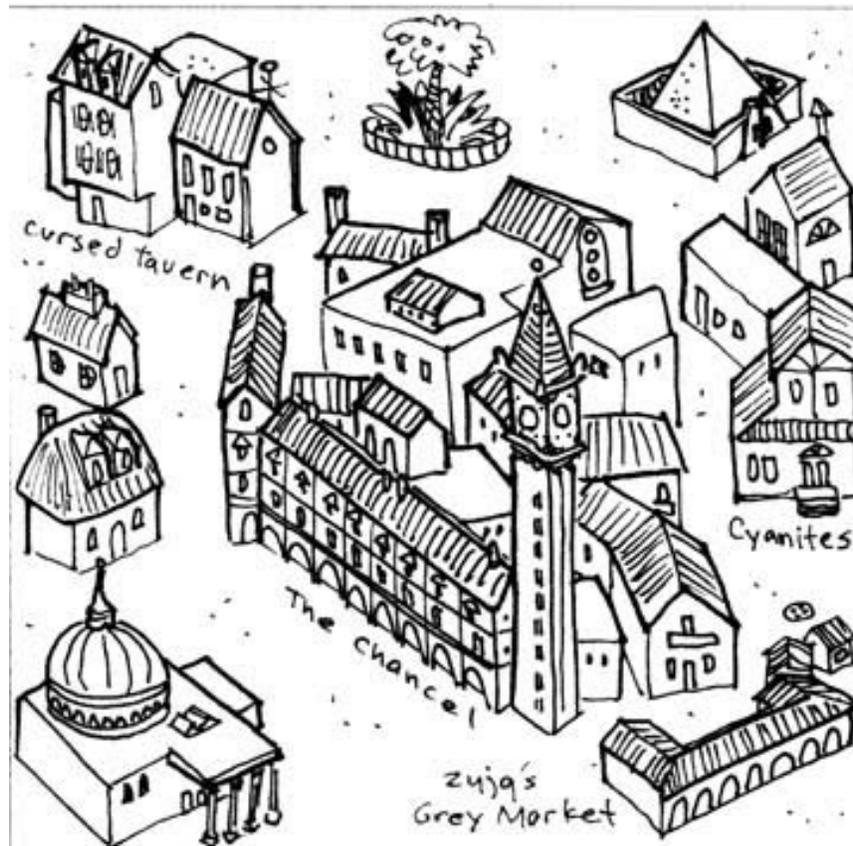


# Stone Head



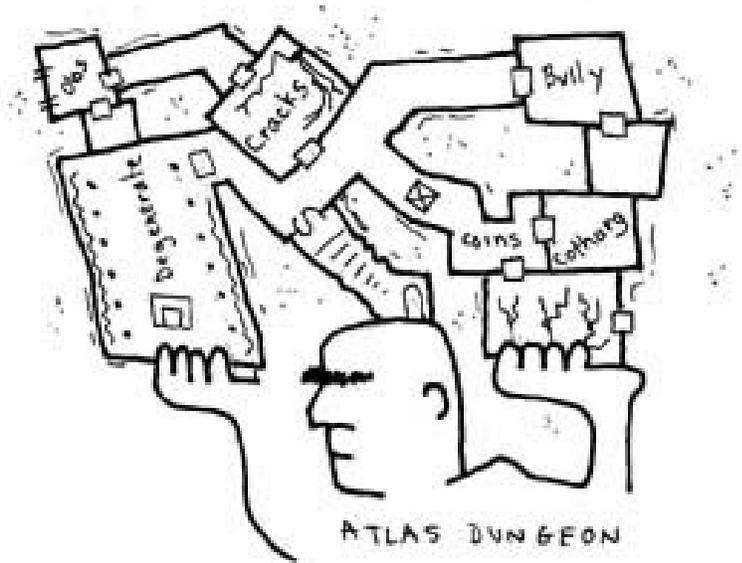
The poltergeists are particularly pernicious in this dungeon. They are not particularly dangerous creatures on their own. Although some form of magical assault is probably necessary to harm them physically, they disdain combat and only use it to embarrass foes who are unable to bring them to grips. Their preferred way of humiliating would-be tomb robbers is to steal mundane but useful items and spirit them away down the west corridor at a speed just faster than what the quickest party member can achieve, leading incautious delvers to fall into the traps beyond. The most likely items stolen will include ropes, spikes, and other objects useful for traversing and descending pits.

# The Cyanites



The Cyanites have a way of turning up every time I create an urban adventure environment. They're the guys in robes who process through the neighborhood at night with little brass bowls of cold blue fire, chanting quietly to themselves in a lost tongue. The PCs have never heard of these guys before. What they're up to has nothing to do with whatever business the PCs are currently engaged in. But if the PCs are curious enough to follow or dig deeper, they'll discover a secret that's at once strange and compelling. I haven't figured out exactly what that secret is because I've never had to. For one reason and another, my PCs have never run into the Cyanites. They remain that bit of prep that I've never needed to use. Some day.

# Atlas Dungeon



We all feel like this guy once in a while.

This is one of my favorite dungeons, though I'm not sure what you'd do with it. Maybe you have to get into the dungeon and get something before it all falls apart. Or maybe while you're in the dungeon, this titan guy carries it somewhere else.

# Salutet and Environs



In the Beetle Sands, the sands give way to gravel, then to rocks, then fist-sized polished stones. Then, all at once, all the stones are beetles. And they're hungry. That's how it goes in the Beetle Sands.

In the sinkholes, you can find all sorts of things: sulphurous pools useful in summoning spells, nesting swarms of firesnakes, hidden bandit loot, and the bodies of adventurers who came here, just like you, looking for something valuable.

Lookout rock isn't a place you go to look out for things. It's a place where something's on the lookout for you.

Salutet's a pretty nice town though; friendly people, good food, pleasant markets. You should go there.



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