

SOME ENCOUNTERS IN THE MAZE

By Shane

The *Maze of the Blue Medusa*, by Patrick Stuart and Zak Smith, is a megadungeon powered by random encounters. The frontmatter of the book explains these encounters, but requires a certain amount of flipping I'm too flustered of a DM to be able to do. Instead, I wrote them up on sheets here. There are tweaks to each of the encounters, as every DM is want to do whilst running the game, so double check that they still fit how you want them to.

I suggest you [roll on your own time](#), rather than rolling at the table to decide which encounter to run. This way you can make the encounters much more interesting and devious.

In the sidebar of each page, you'll find a stat block, listing actions the creature can take, followed by a block describing their combat style or raison'd'etre, and finally some remarks on their appearance.

The 5e stat blocks are mostly made up. I should say, I'm not happy with how strong many of these creatures are; you may want to find an interesting way to buff them. My group of 6 players almost always blew out the combatants before they had their second round.

So that you don't need to track spell slots for monsters, spells have a cost in HP. The creature isn't aware of this, but is smart enough to use their spells wisely. They won't kill themselves with a spell. Prep what spells they have before the game.

The combat style box will tell you how likely they are to flee, and at what point. It might also mention a strategy they prefer.

Let me know how you get on,

[Shane](#)

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CHAMELEON WOMEN

Or Librarians, Saurids

The Maze was designed as an archive and safe space for the Saurids and Medusa. These women have worked to rid everyone but Lizardfolk from the archives, including the Medusa who they've become tired and distrustful of.

Their new (since being trapped in the Maze) god is Mdaga Gognata—they will scream his name as they strike, for luck. Mdaga is petrified, in Cells 282. Unaware of this status.

They've many alliances throughout the Maze and many enemies. They'll take a particular interest in any new comers—your group—and pursue them until they are dead.

After each encounter, if any of them escape, they all level up. Next time, they will be more powerful and learned about their prey. On specific levels, record the most popular method of their death. They become resistant, then immune to that damage type if used again. Hopefully, the player's notice this. You needn't tell them.

The Protocols of Antipathy. They watch for misconduct and inform their allies, turning them against the PC's.

XP	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10

2	Damage Type
5	Damage Type
7	Damage Type
9	Damage Type

Stealth: +6. Climb speed: 30ft. Infravision.

Armor class: 15 Hit dice: 24

Two attacks, at +3 to hit: Bite 1d4; machete 1d6+2; throwing knives 1d4+2.

1 sorceress. Casts as Wizard (up to 5th level). Spells paid in HP; twice the level of the spell.

1d6 will attack.

Will skulk behind and wait for a smart moment to attack; when they're already in trouble or resting.

A net is used to open combat, placed where it will do the most harm. DC 13 Dex saving throw, or restrained. The *Help* action by another will give advantage on the save.

Saurid. Not at all like Yuan-ti. Dressed in exotic and foreign clothes. Nothing modern about them. Always clean, respectable.

A scale painted vibrantly for each kill.

RATLEOPARD

A gift to the Medusa which fled from her as soon as it realised she likely tasted rotten. Acid drips as it moves—the Bondye Reparte have perfected agents to remove this toxicity from the art works, floors, and weapons. They are never far behind, if the PC's hang around.

The RatLeopard becomes obsessed with its prey and focuses its attention on them. It does not do this wisely; randomly chose a player once you first encounter him. He will pursue even the corpse of this target, until he gets his meal. At which point, he'll chose another.

The Curator feels indebted to whoever murders the RatLeopard and may turn a blind eye—so to speak—on minor infractions because of it. If The Curator is already murderous towards the party, this may placate him.

Desired prey	

Tunnel speed: 20ft. Perception: -3. Echolocation.

Armor class: 14. Hit points: 20.

Immunity to acid and poison damage.

One attack, +3 to hit. Bite 1d4 + Acidic steam 1d10. DC 12 Con save, half acid damage on save.

Choses one target and hunts them forever.

He always attacks from below, typically with surprise.

Only a passive Perception check of DC 15 (allow active if someone is specifically watching for threats) will show signs of his approaching.

Flees through the ground again if he feels he's losing. All he wants is a (large) meal.

Taxidermised and so still in many patches around its face and haunches. Almost entirely self-bleached albino white.

NEGAMANCER

And their d4+1 Thrall Mammals

Their objective is the same as the Chameleon Women: to clear out the Archives and restore the Reptile Empire using this as a rather secure base. Three of the four are militant and will attack immediately. Magnificent, is more diplomatic and will try to understand what they are doing here. Maybe he can help them along, to get them out faster. If they don't accept his authority here, he'll attack.

Keep track of who is cursed by who below. The same character can be cursed by multiple Negamancers, and each can curse multiple characters.

Spells. One per round. *Anticausality*. Hit points the target gained or lost this round are

Remaining Negamancers	Magnificent	Characters cursed
	Resplendent	Characters cursed
	Luminous	Characters cursed
	Eminence	Characters cursed

Armor class: 15. Hit points: 46.

Immunity to acid and poison damage.

One attack, +1 to hit. 1d6 knife. DC 13 Wis save, or be "Cursed". Damage from this Negamancer is doubled whilst cursed. Dispel, etc, required to cleanse.

Thrall Mammal.

Armor class: 10. Hit points: 10.

Uses magic with glee. "You've no idea how the world really works!"

Their aim is to knock a creature unconscious, abducting them, and break their will to become a new thrall. "Death saves" using Wisdom. On a third failure, PC gets a new character. On third success, PC is immune, but still unconscious.

Happy to sacrifice thralls, but will not fight to the death.

Outed (maybe Victorian) style clothes. Big collars. Very little skin shown. Wears a white wig, like a judge might.

LION IN LAPIS LAZULI

Actually a tiger. Refuses to be told this.

The Lion's chambers in Gallery 96. is one of the only places where there are mirrors. The Lions stares deeply at himself looking for faults and finds none—well, except maybe... is that a chip? If only he'd looked after himself. No it's not *his* fault, it was that damn sculptor. WAS SHE UTTERLY BLIND?! Maybe this is why everyone hates him—why no one has ever said a nice word about him.

There is no chip. He is in perfect form. He'll forget about the chip in a few days, and then at an unexpected time, will remember it and begin to beat himself up again.

Don't get him started on the roundness of his eyes. He's certain, but utterly wrong, that his left eye is bigger than his right. He will spot anyone looking.

He prowls the Maze look for compliments. In his most insecure times, he'll look for criticism. He can't take this well, despite asking for it. He does not forget offense caused, but dwells on it eternally. Use this space below to note these.

Intelligence: +4.

Armor class: 16. Hit points: 25.

Three attacks, +2 to hit. 1d4 left swipe. 1d4 right swipe. 1d10 bite (uncouth, only when raging).

Gets itself into a blind rage, built up by his own emotional torture.

Will not escape, even when near death, until it realises the situation its in. At which point, he feels a pang of embarrassment for the conversation getting out of hand and flees—questioning all the time why people are so awful.

Really quite beautiful, cool blue, stone tiger. It absorbs light a little, softening the tones around it and is soothing to look at. It teeters on the edge of a large creature. Its noise—stone on stone—is distinctive.

CANNIBAL CRITICS

Beauty is in the beholder's eye.

Their leaders are two pieces of art: Blamphin and Bon Clerk (Gallery 80). They follow them because they can talk about art endlessly, which is a quality every excellent leader should have.

Unfortunately, very few have language capabilities left to them. Their musings about critiques are simply parroting Blamphin and Bon Clerk.

They are aware that the art is important to the two, and will stop anyone attempting to interact with it. Looking at it wrong. Misconstruing it. That kind of thing.

Serving them wine will placate them and end combat, regardless of the circumstances. The better the wine, the more likely it is to halt the combat. They can also give very good answers to “is there any more wine?”, “I thought there was supposed to be food at this event,” and “do you know where the bathroom is?”

- “Do you think this piece has real emotion behind it?”
- “I heard the artist was inspired by his own vasectomy, you know.”
- “The lighting really is so important in here, but those foolish Reparte never do it justice.”
- “I really can't tell if this is genius or the height of folly.”

Stealth: +3.

Armor class: 10. Hit points: 16.

One attack, +3 to hit. 1d6 pokey things (smashed Champaign flutes, cutlery, scone from walls near hideous art, high heels, letter opener).

Travel in groups of 2d4.

They attack because they are hungry.

If asked about a piece of art, or a PC responds to one of their insane howls, they will pause for their entire round to think on it. Whilst doing this, they will look entirely serene and blood splattered.

They are insane. Their own injuries won't concern them.

Some attended the Wedding so are finely dressed for it. All are skinny with pointy bones and the shakes.

DECADENT WASTE

Incredibly valuable (3000gp alive, 500gp if damaged).

It learnt magic from watching others. Really quite impressive.

Pellory-of-the-Walls once spat up a homunculi of Decadent Waste, out of curiosity more than anything. Now, the beautiful Decadent Waste is sometimes followed around by the muddy mimic. The two mated; there are six eggs in Gardens 34.

If hatched, the chicks will imprint on the first person they see. There's a 5% chance they will be valuable (1000gp alive, 100gp if damaged), otherwise they are muddy, homunculi hummingbirds. Regardless, they'd still like bone marrow.

Fly speed: 40ft. Dexterity: +8.

Armor class: 19. Hit points: 4.

No attack.

Spells. Prestidigitation, at will. Minor Illusion, costs 1HP. DC: 10.

Does not fight. Only draws its target towards death, so it can eat their bone marrow. Uses its magic to help with this.

A gemstone humming bird. Nearly transparent. Light passes through it and is empowered, making it glow.

PELLORY-OF-THE-WALLS

Pellory was once under the control of Xanthoceras (the mad lich). Since he became bored of her, she has the run of the entire Maze, having grown roots she can travel by throughout.

Her primary aim is to reproduce. She is unable to do this alone, and so plans to lure feeble people to Gardens 72 where she can sap their health into her Root. Once grown enough, this Root will bud into a new species. This may be the Pellory's intent the first time she meets the PC's.

Her homunculi live until killed, remembering the spell they stole. They are tiny, blue creatures with 11 HP, 10 AC, -1 to hit with their 1d4 attack. Spells cost 2 HP per level. Spell DC is 12. They're mostly helpers, though their spells often come in useful. They travel through the vines with her, when called.

Armor class: 15. Hit points: 71.

Two attacks, +3 to hit. 1d6 vines.

Abilities (consumes both attacks).

Retch Juice. Burst of juice in an area. DC 14 Con save, or poisoned for an hour. 2d6 poison damage, half on save.

Mnemoclast Moss. Target spellcaster makes a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw, or lose 24 hours memory. Spits up replica homunculi which can cast one of their spells.

Your PCs are too wily to be lured to her root, and as such are a danger to her. Her aim is to kill them all.

More though, her aim is to grow her new species, so will flee if she feels she's losing. She can travel through the walls with her movement.

For safety, her preferred attack is via her homunculi.

A plant. Her "head" is swollen with water. Her "eyes" sunken, dark green patches. She can blossom rather lovely pink roses, but rarely does.

Remaining homunculi

Spell stolen	Spell stolen	Spell stolen
Spell stolen	Spell stolen	Spell stolen
Spell stolen	Spell stolen	Spell stolen

One new homunculi after her rest (d6)

1	Earth Tremor
2	Web
3	Dragon's Breath
4	Absorb Elements
5	Levitate
6	Hideous Laughter

NAJA NATRIX

Naja is a Yuan-ti. The only one in the Maze. During the Reptile Empire era, the lizardfolk thought him so interesting and unique that they forced him into immortality and then into the Maze as a curio.

His reluctant obsession with food—the smell only, he cannot eat it—drives him out of the safety of his kitchen. The players come across him lost, under threat, or attempting to exchange something for a food item on his list. He exchanges recipes for ingredients.

If the players help him find three of the below ingredients, he'll share his recipe for *golden brined vegetables*. The recipe is an exact quantity of gold flakes (worth 35gp) mixed with a specific amount of blessed vinegar to roast the veg in. They become sweet and a meal acts as a healing potion.

Naja's list		A vial of Crack (Halls 27 or Cells 295)	RatLeopard meat (Gallery 114)
One of Pellory's homunculi	An egg of Decadent Waste's (Gardens 34)	Shark blood (Wedding 192)	Sundried vole flesh (Gardens 65)
Fingernail of the Curator (Gallery 101)	Aasimar flesh (Archive 145)	Hair of a dragon (Halls 2)	Scarab husk (Halls 24)

Mummified.

Intelligence: +8.

Armor class: 17. Hit points: 35. Immune to non-magic. Vulnerable to fire.

One attack, +4 to hit. 1d12 bite.

Spells. 3HP cost. 1 action. *Cause Hunger.* DC 16 Wisdom save. 1 minute. Target believes they must eat or die. Save ends. *Suggestion.* DC 16 Wisdom save. 1 minute, Target believes they are a cherry Bakewell. Save ends.

Has no interest in fighting unless provoked or embarrassed. He just wants to return to Archives 129.

He believes himself immortal. He's not been able to die yet.

Jamie's 20 Minute Meals, the Dishoom book, NYT's cookbook... All out of place, all hanging out. His linen wraps are clean enough, at the front. Filthy behind (where he can't reach).

CHIROMANTIS

Chiromantis is sweet. He died young and his mother begged for him to be stored in the Maze as a mummy, to live forever. He's mostly looking for a group of friends who won't so quickly get bored of him.

He's stuffed with speeches and will go on at length reciting them—he will not stop until interrupted. The speeches are never related to anything. “Oh, that reminds me!” he'll start.

He knows the name of every room in the Maze by heart. He has no right to know this. A scarab which has burrowed into his brain shares this information with him.

Downside: monochromacy.

Each long rest the group spends in the presence of a scarab beetle, mark off a number. For each player, roll a d20. If the number rolled has been marked off, a baby scarab has found its way into their ear. They gain Chiromantis' ability but from then on can only see black and white.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Mummified.

Small. Speed: 25ft.

Armor class: 17. Hit points: 40. Immune to non-magic. Vulnerable to fire.

One attack, +4 to hit. 1d12 bite.

Has no interest in fighting. More so subservient.

Wrapped tightly. Has a string of badges across his chest, like a boy scout. MLK, Churchill, Lincoln, Mandela, and many other speeches are stuffed inside him.

SCRIPTA ELEGANS

An intelligent, and not at all wise, teacher back in her day. Puzzles were here particular fancy.

If found wondering, it's likely because she was scared out of her home (Archives 134) by another Random Encounter. She'd appreciate being taken back home, as she paid very little attention whilst she was running blindly.

Her obsession is the mathematics equation carved into the gate of her room. It can't possibly be beyond her abilities, and so she's spent hundreds of years in here confident she's days away from a breakthrough. Unfortunately, smart as she is, she'd need to reinvent many branches of mathematics and *then* realise she's only looking at half the equation. The other half is in Archive 165.

<p>Scripta's possessions, around her room.</p> <p>For rewards, stealing, or colour.</p>	1	<i>Notes on the Librarians.</i> Consult before a long rest, will
	2	Two doses of sleeping medicine. (She's running low.)
	3	Endless stack of paper. (2" high. Worth 400gp.)
	4	"Halls 12. Take to Gallery for 13 minutes. Delicious."
	5	A caged monkey. Screams near invisible creatures.
	6	Wooden box of writing tools, including ink. 200gp.
	7	Bottomless waterskin. Filled with delicious wine.
	8	Roll on "I search the body" table

Mummified.

Small. Speed: 25ft.

Armor class: 17. Hit points: 40. Immune to non-magic. Vulnerable to fire.

One attack, +4 to hit. 1d12 bite.

Has no interest in fighting. An intellectual.

If she does fight, it is cunning to an extent the players might find it unfair. Generally able to find ways to gain advantage on all checks and attacks.

Mummified, of course. But beautiful. She peels back her bandages sometimes, to wink. Lovely, feminine, lizards eyes.

SALAMANDRA PUNTATA

Salamandra was not always in charge of the golem. On the outside, she was a political advisor during the rebellion against the Triarchy. Sharing this place with the three sisters makes her sick. But she is too busy to be angry; she must care for the golem or it will scream and fight.

She racks her brain for history snippets she's not yet used for it. Reads books aloud, as the golem soaks it up. Fiction is fine, so long as it's set in the past, it takes him some time to realise.

She will ask the players to stay for as long as she can keep them, telling stories about their past.

If she's outside her study, it's because she's running low in inspiration and memory. She's risking attack and distraction, but what else can she do.

She's happy to exchange information in exchange for books. Though, she's not socialised in the Maze much.

This is a time for characters to tell their story.

A critical hit on the golem splashes the character with memories of before the Maze. DC 15 Intelligence save, or remain dazed and unresponsive until their next long or short rest. (As if poisoned.)

Mummified.

Small. Speed: 25ft. Armor class: 17. Hit points: 40. Immune to non-magic. Vulnerable to fire.

One attack, +4 to hit. 1d12 bite.

History Golem.

Small. Speed: 15ft.

Armor class: 1. Hit points: 40.

Has no time for fighting. She is busy caring for the History Golem she carries.

Her objective is to stay with the Golem and protect it. She could do with a rest though.

Lizardfolk mummy. Died her wrappings black at some point, years ago. Tired, but cannot stop.

CROTALUS HORRIDUS

He's trying to hide a patch of darkness he stole. Without Sheltopussik holding it together, it is growing. He's aware of this—aware that it will eventually devoid the room, the Maze. Beyond, maybe.

If found outside his hiding place (Archive 168), he is looking for an answer. He cannot trust anyone but must find someone to help him. He especially can't turn to the mummies. He can't remember why, but he knows they'll be furious.

The answer *is* out there. If the player's help find it he's able to give them as many jars of the Level Reducing Ectoplasm as they like. (2d4 per day.) He's collected this as the Shadows escaped.

- Sheltopussik (Archives 148) knows he's being forced to pay for the sins of the spindle.
- Crotalus has no memory of the Grimspindle; it's been robbed from him by Pellory. Pellory remembers it.
- Scripta (Archives 134) knows how to turn off the spindle, but refuses to believe it's been turned on. Showing her the black ecotoplasm will persuade her.
- There's more though; the Lamp of Cryptic Rays must be turned off; it's sapping the same energy. No one knows this.

(Sort of) Mummified.

Small. Speed: 25ft.

Armor class: 17. Hit points: 40. Immune to non-magic. Vulnerable to fire.

One attack, +4 to hit. 1d12 bite.

Has no time for fighting. He is actively looking for allies, once he trusts them.

Mummification failed, somehow. He flesh is rotten and stinks.

LINNEAX GRUEL

His library is wonderful and he finds and selects the perfect book based on the smallest query. If a character asks for a specific book, he replies, “oh, no that’s is trash. You want this.” He gives them a much better book which scratches exactly the same itch.

The books he gives out are cursed. They must be returned within one week, or the borrow will suffer massive and uncontrollable guilt. 2d10 psychic damage at the beginning of each day until the book is returned.

He makes you promise not to give the book to Salamandra. “I’ll never get it back.”

His collection is vast and always useful.

Book title	Loaned to	Days until return date

Mummified.

Speed: 35ft.

Armor class: 17. Hit points: 40. Immune to non-magic. Vulnerable to fire.

One attack, + 1 to hit. 1d12 bite.

Spells. Cost is 3 times the level in HP. Any sorcerer spell, levels 1—4.

He will only fight to protect the Sleeping Chimes (Archive 170).

If he has to fight, he’ll fight to kill. He’s aware of death saving throws, and how to make sure someone is dead.

Mummification concealed with jewellery (800gp worth), capes, scarves, baggy clothing.

“OKU”

Leaders remember their relationship with the PCs. Ignore the table if you’re excited to expand on a relationship between them. Pick the leader you want.

The page on Oku is very good. Just use that. Page 20 or xvi.

Oku	Relationship

Speed: 30ft.

Armor class: 12. Hit points: 15.

One attack, +4 to hit. 1d6 melee or ranged weapon.

Has the bonus actions and Sneak Attack ability of Rogues.

Spells. One use of their specific spell per long rest.

Their likelihood of fighting depends on their mission. They’re not afraid of fighting but are just as eager to make new friends.

If they do fight, they will focus on protecting the leader.

They jump and try to fall from high places. Falling with style, as if birds. They are not birds. Sometimes they twist their ankle.

They wear masks when resting—their “real” face. They may be under cover as humans though, but the red sores where the mask rubs gives them away as Oku.

ORCHIDMEN

The acid they spill is difficult to resist. If you get a good whiff of it, close by, a DC 10 Wisdom save will be required to stop you rubbing it on your face. It really does smell nice.

The RatLeopard is addicted to this, and is often drawn to its smell once spilt.

More than anything in the world, they want to keep the body of Zamia Torn safe. They love her deeply. If they're out far from the gardens, it's only because they've been banished for getting too excited to be near her.

The Orchidmen are not actually dangerous once you can talk to them. Those that *can't* talk to them they consider inferior and fair game. For the purposes of spells like Tongues, they know one language but have no way to speak. Speak With Plants is just fine though.

They know of Pellory's plans and want no part in it. Given enough motivation, they will storm Pellory's lair with you.

Strength: +1. Intelligence: -3.

Speed: 20ft.

Armor class: 13. Hit points: 7.

Two attempts to grapple, strength contest.

Grappled creatures make a DC 12 Wis save, or bury their face in the acid. 1d10 acid damage.

Save ends.

Spray acid on death. DC 10 Dex save or 1d6 acid damage.

Travel in groups of 2d6+2.

Can't really run away. Others will protect feeding members, surrounding them to protect them.

Like daisies, where the yellow is a bowl of acid. Their limbs are surprisingly limber and lanky.

AURUM SPECTRES

They came for a wedding and were destroyed. They don't know it, but Torcul Wort controls them now from his base in Wedding 191. They're full of pure anger. They never got to see the bride and groom kiss.

They have no sense left to them at all. They have no capacity for allies.

Their dead remains are worth 80gp each.

Undead.

Fly speed: 30ft.

Armor class: 10. Hit points: 15. Non-magic immune.

One attack, +0 to hit. 1d6 slashing. 1d4 x 100 gold destroyed.

Possession. No cost, but only recharges on a 5 or 6. DC 13 Wisdom save, or the target must attack their closest ally on their turn before moving. If they have no ally near them, they act as normal. Save ends.

Travel in groups of 1d4.

Controlled by Torcul Wort (Wedding 191), otherwise a in a constant blind rage. Will fight and fight and fight. Like a rabid dog.

Possession will be used whenever it's available to them.

Golden foil, floating on the air. Ghosts.

TYKO WORT

Tyko was truly without sin. Not all children are. Most children have the sin of impudence burned into them. Tyko does not. This is why the Golden Machine did not transform him like the Aurum Specters.

Tyko knows short cuts and will take them when it's safer.

From	To	Description
	Wedding 173	
	Gallery 98	
	Gardens 41	

Fly speed: 25ft.

Ethereal. Not targetable. If needed, 50 hit points. Undead.

Cannot speak but understands Common.

Never fights.

Flees when scared.

Will help kind people by showing them safety. Random encounters aren't hostile whilst he's with the group.

He only wants to save his mother. He had no idea how.

Short for his age. Dressed for his mother's wedding.

BONDYE REPARATE

They are from Elatior and as such presume the group to be gods. They will be humble and proud to be noticed, but aware of their presumed and self imposed status; slaves.

The opinion of Lady Nine-Bones (Hall 17) matters to them. If she dislikes the group, the Bondye Reparate will become cold though never hostile. (Unless avenging their Priestess' death.)

They can help fix and replace broken items.

They are aware of the moon cycle, and know how many days until the False Chanterlle opens again. They give no other information freely.

They hate the RatLeopard for its destruction. This is the only creature they resent.

- “I don’t want to presume you don’t already know that, my lord.”
- “Is this a trick? I’d never want to correct you—whatever you think, that is so.”
- “Begging your pardon, my lord, is there something you need?”

Speed: 35ft. (They work fast.)

Armor class: 10. Hit points: 8.

One attack, at +1 to hit. 1d6 machete.

Travel in groups of 1d4 or by themselves.

No interest in starting a fight. Will make offerings to the group to avoid misunderstandings.

Dressed in black, trying to avoid upsetting the aesthetic of the Maze. They wear masks with generic faces. Entirely unremarkable.

TORGOS ZOOH

A Selenian, the first of his kind. His head is a moon which matches the moon outside the Maze. He'll tell the group this information freely.

His job is largely to ensure order within the Maze. He has a low bar for this, but mostly because the Maze have become more difficult to organise. It was his work that started the faith from the Bondeye Reparete.

His objective is to find his sons. They are the last of their kind. They're kidnapped and hidden in Archive 166.

Overdose

Speed: 45t. AC: 20. HP: 55.

Attacks 1d10 times per round, at +4 to hit. 1d4 bite.

Incredibly fast. Dangerous. Armored to with steel plate. Stoat, the size of a dog.

On a leash and unruly.

Mr Grasp

Strength: +8. Stealth: +5.

Climb speed: 60ft. AC: 19. HP: 50.

One attack. 1d20 grapple and strangle.

Obscenely fast.

Speed: 20ft.

Armor class: 14. Hit points: 40.

Two attacks, at +3 to hit. 1d4 silver dagger. 1d10 slice with his head.

Root. Target cannot move. No save. Lasts as long as he's staring.

Fling. DC 13 Dex save or 1d4 targets are moved to a random, inconvenient location.

Travels with Overdose and Mr Grasp.

He's personable and will be offended if it comes to blows.

Mr Grasp typically hides.

Dressed in black, trying to avoid the aesthetic of the Maze. They wear masks with generic faces. Entirely unremarkable.

THE CURATOR

These are the sculpted hands of Dendrosathol, father of the Medusa. It communicates the best it can, having only fingers.

It can often be seen facing off against the Cannibal Critics.

Like the Bondye Reparete, he wants to blend into the background and let you enjoy the art.

He has the power to decide if a creature (or item, or season, or building) is a piece of art. If he decides this, the Maze attempts to take control of it. The creature makes a DC 17 Wisdom save. On a failure, they no longer wish to leave the Maze. They're not aware of this change in thinking. This condition can be removed as if it was a curse.

This is not a punishment—simply the Curator spotting an aesthetic piece and deciding the Medusa would like it to be part of the collection forever. Meddlesome PCs are not likely to be afforded this honour, unless they show they are particularly special.

Speed: 60ft.

Armor class: 18. Hit points: 40.

Six attacks, at +4 to hit. 1d6 prodding damage.

Crush. Make a DC 15 Dex save or be crushed. 3d10.

Only attacks to defend the art, or punish for its destruction. It will attack only the culprit and then leave. It may kill them.

It is highly moral, but gives disproportionate punishment where the art is concerned.

A big, white, marble pair of hands. Joined.

CHRONIA TORN

Sad and eager for company.

She wants fresh silk, to hear music, to hear more about a rumour of imperishable cloth, and to hear news of the Medusa.

Fracture-Of-The-Bone is nearby always. (AC: 14. HD: 62. Attack +3. 1d4 poison damage, 1d4 piercing damage. Charisma save, DC 13, or become addicted to his bite.)

Chronia can tell the story of how the sisters came to be here. They ruled, but didn't realise how badly. Their council only ever gave them good news—probably this was Zamia's fault. Once someone's touched her, they can never bear to give bad news.

Eventually, three councillors managed to hatch a plan to kidnap them and lock them in here. (Ambassador Scabra, Chief Scholar Xanthoceras, and the Chancellor Sophrina Wort.)

"I had no idea this place existed."

She doesn't mind it here. She doesn't want to return to being an awful queen.

Speed: 30ft.

Armor class: invulnerable. Hit points: 216.

Time Throw. Can throw someone centuries ago, or centuries in the future. Unable to control which but both do the same job. Wisdom save, DC: 25. 3 times per day.

Has no need to attack. Those who get too close quickly die. Cannot be harmed.

Golden, woven clothing—beginning to rust in places. Hair changes from youthful, fluffy blond to old greying every few minutes.