

Art: Tiger Wizard Words: Steve Albertson  
Story by: Andrew Bellury, Diogo Nogueira, Rob Bellury, Steve Albertson

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THE SWARM

These last survivors of a ratfolk village, whose loved ones have been chainsawed by SSSTs, have been surviving by hiding in small bunkers. Their Rat King died this morning and they're done living in terror. They've found the cave, and will spend their remaining cheddar to pay champions (you) to stop the SSSTs attacks. The Swarm are: Rento Lariat (the rope repelling rat), Barbara Bravetongue (bombs expert), William Networks (SCUBA, water tech, spy & aquatic ops), and Jack Hardtooth (jaw jammer with indestructible teeth that can chew through anything).

CULT OF MEOWMODON:

This tribe of SSST-scarred human cultists have mutilated their bodies to make themselves more cat-like: whiskers, cat ears, claws, etc... The SSSTs bring sacrifices (severed limbs) for the tribe to prepare for the ritual feeding of Meowmodon. The SSSTs are trained and guided by the cultists. Cultists sacrifice their own limb to Meowmodon in a coming-of-age ritual, leaving every adult with a prosthetic limb: sword arm, hook hand, peg leg, etc... The cultists eat and coat themselves with vinegar, the secret to SSSTs leaving you alone. A cultist's first move is to cut open your wineskins, or any other water supply brought near the cave.

In the deepest jungle is a towering, green-mossed cave shaped like a cat's head with its open mouth as an entrance. A small village of pillow-filled wooden boxes spills out of the cave mouth, with cultists lounging inside the boxes, on tree limbs, and warming their bellies in the sun.

Training Room:

In this maze of cat towers and kitty condos made of wood, bone, skin and chains, 2d6 cultists in oversized cat costumes train their SSST kittens using wooden poles ending in a rope covered in feathers and bells. The cultists bring dummies to teach the SSSTs to chop arms and legs and bring them back here. It takes one full day for training, and SSST kittens to grow to full size.

LEBRON PEARL'S INNER SANCTUM

This anachronistic office contains a CEO desk with a celestial FAX machine built in, where LeBron receives private messages from Meowmodon. One wall has a "best boss" plaque, letters of recommendation and employee of the month photos, but they're all of LeBron. Behind the plaque is a safe with an alphanumeric keypad. The code is "bestboss." Each wrong entry deals 1d4 self-doubt damage. Inside the safe is a handwritten note that says, "Whatever you do, don't fill Meowmodon's mouth with water," the info needed to sever Meowmodon's connection to this plane of existence.

Refused body parts storage:

Limbs rejected by Meowmodon are tossed in here, mostly magi-tech items that the cultists don't know how to use: robotic limbs, techno-shields, cyber-pauldrons, robo-eyes, and various mundane prosthetics. Hundreds of stacked up boxes of kitty litter line the perimeter of the room.



SABER SHARK SYNTH TIGER (SSST)

These indestructible behemoth green tigers are deadly cute. These pack hunters are able to teleport to anywhere they can see. Their purr makes an appealing cyber-synth sound (save or be drawn to them in a trance like a siren). Their mighty roar deals sonic damage. Their faces are in a permanent cheshire-cat smile revealing a row of saber teeth that silently rotate like a chainsaw blade. Built for mutilation, they sever limbs and bring them back to the cave as an offering to their mother god Meowmodon. When bit by an SSST, save or lose a limb. 1d4: 1-L.arm, 2-R.arm, 3-L.leg, 4-R.leg. Their power source is a glowing neon-green tooth that protrudes from their back like a shark fin. If you can pull it out, they lose their powers and become docile and tame.

LEBRON PEARL (HE/HIM):

This mortal avatar of Meowmodon is an adorable, human sized, black kitten who walks upright on two legs. He wears a black leather jacket and religious regalia. His task is to bring Meowmodon prime into this reality. Luckily for you LeBron is easily distracted, addicted to catnip (he's making a catnip drug for himself and non-cats), and is prone to take naps (3:4 chance he's napping). Avatar powers: teleport SSSTs next to him by barfing out a hairball / turn invisible at will / become intangible and walk through walls. His tactic is to summon SSSTs, walk through a wall and take a nap somewhere.

LIVING QUARTERS

Just inside the cave, cultists are lounging with SSSTs on shelves of ledges that line the walls of this open room, while others play with cat toys for humans and worship Meowmodon by petting/playing SSSTs like musical instruments.

Meowmodon Temple:

As you walk into this massive chamber, you're greeted by a 10-foot tall stone wall with an enormous stone head of Meowmodon pushing through from another dimension. Around the cat's head is lush jungle vegetation of moss and vines. Meowmodon will talk to you, but she's mercurial and if offended will spew sticky goo and bite at you. The room is covered in the gross, sticky, green goo where you can find small rejected items from the severed limbs: watches, rings, shoes, bangles and jewelry. Creepy and ceremonially, limbs are ritually fed into Meowmodon's mouth. When she's had her fill, she regurgitates green bile goo, hairballs, and a litter of 2d4 SSST kittens like projectiles. Cultists catch kittens mid-air, sealing an immediate psychic bond, and claiming them for training. It takes a lot of arms and legs to make a litter of SSSTs, and cultists would love to throw you into the mouth, as long as you don't have any water on you. They may just invite you in to take a look. Wink. The more Meowmodon is fed, the more she becomes of this world. Fill Meowmodon's mouth with a wineskin's volume of water and she'll be sent back to her plane, leaving a watery rift in her place. This will flood and destroy the cave, creating the source of a new river.

