TOMBS OF THE DEAD GODS
The first god to die was She-of-Dissolution. Her followers, however, endured.

For thousands of years, The Noble Order of Non-Extance fulfilled their terrible duties, and interred each god that died, beginning with their own.

This complex is but one of many interment sites throughout the wicked world. Of course, no one knows any of this. The Noble Order kept no records and followed its god into nothingness.

All would have been happily disremembered if some wretch hadn’t stumbled upon the door, deep within a lifeless crag.

Surprisingly, she was smart enough to sell its location to the first group of ne’er-do-wells she came across rather than delve herself.

And so, here we are.

A. ENTRANCE AND A PIT
An actual, factual bottomless pit consumes the middle of the room, much wider than most could jump. A subtle downward wind pulls always into the pit.

An ancient, dry-rotted bridge arches weakly across the awful gap in space and time. 1/6 chance to collapse for every crossing. It will definitely collapse should more than one person attempt to cross at once.

(The pit is the memory-corpse of She-of-Dissolution. Communication with the god is unlikely and ill-advised. However, her memory will sing you the Song of Entropy. Any who listen will learn how to cast Disintegrate… and must cast it, to the fullest effect, every, single day.)

The crypts are where the Order carelessly tossed their own dead. Nothing but piles of bones remains.

B. TOMB OF THE GOD OF WEEPING BEAUTY
The room is a study in soft white and barest blue marble. At its center rests an exquisite canopic jar.

The jar was once broken, but is all the more beautiful because of this. Outside, it is an elegant patchwork of gold and alabaster.

Inside it is the withered godhead’s heart. (Worth an unbelievable fortune intact. If the jar is opened the god’s heart destructively blooms into a fruitful cherry tree.)

An elegant porcelain mask cries always, affixed to the northerly wall. Perpetual perfect tears of pure melancholia drain into the porous floor. Contact with the clear fluid requires a save vs. profound sadness. The victim will act last in combat and find it arduous to complete even simple tasks. Consumption grants the victim NO saving throw.

Several hundred years ago, someone set up for a tea party behind a faded silk screen.

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