

MAXIMUM MAYHEM DUNGEONS™ FIFTH EDITION CLASSICS#8

FUNHOUSE DUNGEON OF THE PUPPET JESTER

Written by Mark Taormino

An Adventure for Character Levels 4-7



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SUGGESTED FOR PLAYERS 13+

Map of the Phantom Citadel



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Special Thanks: Gary Gygax (Tomb of Horrors), Allan Hammack (Ghost Tower of Inverness), Lawrence Schick (White Plume Mountain), Jeremy Kear and Ragnar "Steve" Hill



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AUTHORS NOTE:

This adventure is a literal **“funhouse dungeon”** which can be played as a new module or used as an existing location to drop into your expanded personal campaigns in need of such a labyrinth. It’s also an homage to some of my favorite classic 1980s 1e modules like **Tomb of Horrors by Gary Gygax**, **Ghost Tower of Inverness by Allen Hammack** and **White Plume Mountain by Lawrence Schick**. I hope you have as much fun reading and playing it as I did writing it for you and your gaming groups to enjoy for years to come! Thank you so much for your support by purchasing this adventure module! - Mark Taormino

GM NOTES:

This adventure is about a retired **Magic-User** named **Finneas Abernathy** who had a mid-life crisis at the age of forty-sevens and decided to pursue his life long dream of becoming a comedy **Jester** named **Sir Gigglesworth** doing funny routines with puppets to entertain the masses! There was only one little problem... Nobody thought his **subversive humor** was funny and countless villages, hamlets and cities ran him and his disgusting **“comedy act”** out of town. After several years he finally found his audience by a happy accident, a tribe of goblins who watched his act from the shadows and saw him as hilarious then elected him their new leader. Together with the goblins he enchanted an old castle and turned it into his **“fun house”** dungeon, named the **“Phantom Citadel”** with nightly puppet shows only for those brave enough to enter and defeat all challenges for the riches within! The PCs must adventure throughout the far and wide corners of the dungeon and find four golden playing cards with the symbols: **Hearts (E.24)**, **Diamonds (E.16)**, **Clubs (E.11)** and **Spades (E.27)** then bring them to doors of the central chamber where the **Oracle of Smiles** resides and unlock them. Once inside this room they will be treated to the final encounter with **Sir Gigglesworth the Jester** and his puppet show!

NOTE: While visually the Phantom Citadel appears to be a small rectangular castle with four towers it is just an illusion as the real dungeon exists in a much larger extra dimensional magical space inside.

This module is designed for play using 4-8 characters of levels 4-7. The party should consist of Fighters, Clerics, Wizards, and a couple of Rogues, but you are free to figure out what works best for you and your group. If you need to scale down or scale up the encounters go ahead. The scenario can be ran as a stand-alone adventure or as part of a campaign. Encounters with monsters will provide an inline stat block with only combat significant information. If the monster has special features or actions, those will be listed after the stat block. The stat blocks use abbreviations

to make them more compact. Note that not all possibilities appear in each block, as some creatures are not exceptional in that case. AC: armor class, MV: movement, HD: hit dice, HP: hit points, ST/DX/CN/IQ/WS/CH: ability score with (bonuses or penalties), SV: saving throw bonuses, SK: skills, SN: senses (PP is passive perception), #AT: number of attacks, TH: to hit bonus, DM: damage (weapon, notes), SZ: size, AL: alignment, CR: challenge rating. Features of standard weapons are not included.

THE VALLEY OF SORROWS:

This is a forbidden landmass veiled in perpetual twilight, that emerges a stark contrast to the desolation that surrounds it. This wicked place stretches across the horizon, a forbidden expanse that embodies melancholy and secrecy. This desolate landmass is characterized by its haunting features—shadowy forests where the light struggles to penetrate, black hills rising ominously against the backdrop, and tangled valleys that weave a sinister tapestry through the heart of the landscape. The air within the valley is heavy with an unspoken sadness, and the atmosphere resonates with an eerie calm. The shadowy forests seem to whisper tales of ancient grief, and the black hills loom like silent sentinels, guarding secrets lost to time. Sinister and chilly valleys wind through the terrain, their twisted paths inviting only the most intrepid souls to navigate the hidden perils that lie within. As sunlight struggles to breach the perpetual gloom, the **Valley of Sorrows** stands as a testament to forgotten tales and a realm untouched by the comforting embrace of daylight. It is a place where the weight of history mingles with an aura of desolation, leaving behind an enigmatic and haunting landscape that dares only the boldest to uncover its mysteries. The only nearby refuge is the small **Village of Ashenford** in the south west corner of this terrible vale.

THE VILLAGE OF ASHENFORD:

Nestled in the southwest corner of the **Valley of Sorrows** lies a very small modest village called **Ashenford**, its existence marked by resilience against the haunting backdrop of the forbidden landmass. Surrounded by small farms that eke out a living from the shadowy soil, the village thrives in the face of adversity, each humble homestead contributing to the collective perseverance of its inhabitants. At the village center, a welcoming hostel stands as a refuge for weary travelers venturing into or out of the Valley. The warmth of its hearth contrasts with the cold black chill in the air, offering a place of respite where tales of the ominous surroundings are exchanged over mugs of hearty brew. Adjacent to the hostel, the lone bar



serves as the social hub of the village. Its patrons, a mixture of locals and occasional wanderers, share hushed conversations that mirror the melancholy of the valley. The barkeeper, well-versed in tales both sorrowful and hopeful, serves spirits to fortify the spirits of those who call this place home. A blacksmith's forge clangs in rhythmic harmony with the beating heart of the village. The skilled blacksmith, an integral part of the community, crafts tools for the farmers and repairs the occasional adventurer's armor or weapon, all while keeping a watchful eye on the encroaching shadows. The general shop, though modest, is stocked with essentials for survival in the valley. Goods such as rations, basic supplies, and rudimentary adventuring gear line its shelves, offering a practical haven for those preparing to face the uncertainties beyond the village borders. These establishments, though small in number, cater to the most essential needs of both the villagers and passing adventurers. In the southwest corner of the **Valley of Sorrows**, this village stands as a testament to the indomitable spirit of those who find solace in the face of sorrow, providing a haven in the midst of an otherwise desolate landscape. The adventurers can go to this town to buy food, weapons and more to prepare for the adventure to the nearby **Phantom Citadel**.

HISTORY OF THE JESTER:

When **Finneas Abernathy** was a young man of ages 15 to 17 years old, he had an affinity for bizarre puppet making, odd humor and devious pranks. Growing up as an only child with wealthy parents in the prosperous **Village of Eldergrove** in the **Province of East Willowhaven**, it was natural for him to find himself out on the streets as a boy watching **King Bretonius** visit the local faire with his jester, "**Chuckles Tumbletop**" performing a hilarious routine entertaining the people! Occasionally he would throw out one of his funny catchphrases like, "**I have the Key!**" or "**Where's the**

Princess?!" followed by honking a primitive device made from a goat horn and it's bladder. Everyone laughed and cheered, so entertained that it left Finneas awestruck, making him think, "**Maybe I could do that?!"** His mind began racing "**I can make a whole act out of my puppets!**" His mother **Estrella** was an accomplished monster language expert. This is how the young man learned how to speak in goblin, orc, bugbear and various other monster languages. His father, **Wade** was a stern, hardened Magic-User and former adventurer as well as a hero from the **Northern Middle Era War**. Finneas told his parents he wanted to be a jester and they did not approve at all, however they agreed to let him try. Dismayed by the feelings of his parents about his dream, he continued on a path towards his vision. So he designed a couple of primitive toy puppets; a dopey human warrior and tough goblin with an eyepatch and a sword. He wrote up a script and practiced his "comedy act" with two puppets night after night, day after day. The show he created revolved around the two characters exchanging bawdy jokes that ends with the monster killing the human! He first practiced in front of a mirror. It was horrible, just awful. Deadpan and not funny. The puppets really made it very dark and disturbing, Finneas however thought it was hysterical and would chuckle with a snickering giggle after each terrible joke in the erie silence of his bedroom. This went on and on until the his big day would come to showcase his talent!.

SUMMER OF ROSES FESTIVAL:

The once a year **Summer of Roses Festival** arrived, visiting his small village and they had an open stage where **ANYONE** could perform! It was a gorgeous summer day with the roses in bloom as hundreds of people gathered around the central square to watch the performers on the stage including all of his close friends. Finneas's parents were right there too, with uneasy smiles up front in the masses to watch their boy live out his questionable dream! The young man eagerly waited in line behind the walls as fellow performers like, jugglers, fire-breathers, musicians and dancers all did a wonderful job making the crowd roar with laughter and merriment!

THE FEAR:

The time arrived and it was his turn to go out on stage! Nervously he fumbled up onto the platform with his puppets in hand and stood in the center. Standing there with hundreds of people watching evoked a range of emotions in the young seventeen year old first time performer. Hundreds of people surrounded the stage smiling with joy and anticipation focusing on Finneas, a rush of anticipation, fear and nervous energy ran down his spine with an icy chill! The sea of faces

in the audience seemed to blur and twist from smiles into grotesque visuals, creating a surreal panorama of expectant eyes fixated on his every move. He gulped as he prepared to speak the first line of dialogue from the human puppet. Once steady, his stomach now fluttered with a peculiar unease, resembling a jar of butterflies being released after shattering on a hard stone floor. The watchful crowd's smiles started to fade into a look of confusion as Finneas just froze in fear. The realization that all eyes are on him, awaiting his performance, intensified an internal disquiet. The stage, a space of expression, transformed into a crucible of vulnerability. His desire to impress, to meet expectations, clashed with the fear of his judgment and scrutiny. A drop of sweat ran down his forehead as he suddenly realized this life was not for him. He panicked and slowly took a few steps backwards then ran in abject fear, bolting off the stage! His parents looked at each other and shook their heads in sadness as to say to each other **"I told you so."** The crowd murmured in confusion and was quickly distracted by the next performer to get on the stage which was a portly man with white hair, big sideburns and a mustache playing an organ grinder and dancing in a funny way. The crowd cheered and quickly forgot about the young jester and the celebration continued with no more walk outs. Finneas was in shock, dripping with sweat, cold and clammy arriving at home to meet his parents. A sudden wash of reality had set in on that stage as he felt an unimaginable amount of shame and embarrassment. Maybe this jester thing was more difficult than he thought. Maybe he wasn't even funny? Wade and Estrella sat down with their son and told him, **"Finn, you tried, son. Performing like that is a very hard and not very financially rewarding path. Your skill should be in the family trade, become a wizard like me or a linguist like your mother. That will bring you fulfillment and a prosperous life, not being a ridiculous, joke telling vagabond fool traveling from city to city with these horrible puppets and toys."** At that moment the young man looked into his father and mother's eyes and sighed. **"You're right, father. I will follow your lead and become a Mage."** At this moment he decided to forget the idea of becoming a jester and pursued a career in magic and language like his father and mother.

MAGE LIFE AND ADVENTURING CAREER:

Finneas went to the prestigious **Eldergrove Institute of Mystical Arts and Alchemy Academy**. He learned all forms of magic and language but specialized in enchanting objects and graduated after several years. As Finneas's magical prowess grew, he began to go out in the world and adventure. Some of his most notable expeditions over his twenty-five year career

include when he ventured into the ancient **Ruins of Shadowspire Keep**, where he faced a formidable guardian; an **evil spectre** known as **Shadewisper** guarding a magic ring of immense power. Later in his career, Finneas found himself navigating the **Astral Plane**, a dimension teeming with otherworldly entities. Here, he encountered a **Astral Drifter (SEE: Maximum Mayhem Dungeons - Monsters of Mayhem #1)** enclave attempting to infiltrate the material plane. Drawing on his mastery of **Abjuration**, Finneas erected protective wards and engaged in a mental duel with their leader **Lythandria** beating him. Through sheer force of will, Finneas repelled the psychic onslaught, thwarting his invasion and sealing the Astral Plane against further incursions, yet learning how to control portals into it as well. In the climactic chapter of Finneas's adventures, he faced the legendary **Chaos Serpent** known as **Netherwyrn**, a colossal, reality-warping creature threatening to unravel the fabric of existence. Armed with his deep knowledge of planar manipulation, Finneas orchestrated a complex ritual to bind the serpent's chaotic energies. The confrontation tested not only his magical prowess but also his understanding of the delicate balance between order and chaos. In the end, Finneas emerged victorious, earning him a place among the most esteemed archmages in the known lands surrounding. This is where he learned to power to create the most elaborate enchantments known to the lands. However, because of these accomplishments he also had become a narcissistic, jealous and condescending bastard!

EARLY RETIREMENT:

The mage had grown to the top of his game and became bored just doing magic and wanted something else in his life. He retired to his childhood home, the **Village of Eldergrove**. His parents had now passed on into the heavens and he still long wished that he could express his personal sense of humor to the masses. He wanted to try and become a Jester again for the people and the royals. He was in his middle ages of life and his friends told him it was a ridiculous idea and he shouldn't do it and reminded him that he wasn't funny or talented at humor. He would get frustrated with these people and was determined to express himself regardless any decided that he would revive his old puppet act involving the goblin and the brave adventurer. He became obsessed with the concept of being a jester and began to dress like a one, making his own outfit and hat. The town folk already thought he was eccentric as it was and had avoided him in general now they had even more of an excuse to do so. He knew the **Summer of Roses Festival** was coming up again with the usual open stage to perform for the crowds and even the new

King Leopold Goldenheart who was looking for a jester as the former **King Bretonius** had passed away ages ago and **Chuckles Tumbletop** had long since retired as well. It would be an opportunity for Finneas to show his comedy talents to a new generation of people including his majesty himself! Maybe he could possibly end up as his court jester and entertainer! What a dream come true!

SIR GIGGLESWORTH EMERGES:

As mentioned before, Finneas had painstakingly crafted his very own jester costume. It was quite a sight to behold in vivid shades of red and yellow, which was a tad bit gharish and ill-fitting as sewing was not one of his skills at all. The colors clashed in a riot of hues, mirroring the chaos he intended to unleash with his newfound persona. The jester's hat bore bells that tinkled with every movement, adding an extra layer of whimsy to his eccentric appearance. He marveled at his creation, proud of the way the costume seemed to embody his mischievous spirit. In addition to his flamboyant attire, Finneas had devoted hours to fashioning two motley and creepy puppets, one a human fighter and the other a goblin warrior. These bizarre companions, were designed to both startle and amuse. The puppets were adorned with exaggerated facial features like large noses, ears, buck teeth and crossed eyes with very unsettling expressions, were a testament to Finneas's commitment to creating a truly unforgettable performance. With his costume and puppetry arsenal complete, Finneas turned his attention to refining his repertoire of "jokes." He reveled in the irreverent, relishing the challenge of pushing the social boundaries of the day, testing the limits of his audience's tolerance for the absurd. The odd humor was a crucial element of his act, designed to provoke laughter through discomfort, a line he walked with a gleeful disregard for convention. But before the grand unveiling of **Sir Gigglesworth the Jester**, the moniker Finneas had chosen for his jester alter ego, he paused. In the mirror, he saw Sir Gigglesworth grinning back at him, unaware that his outfit obviously bore a few unintentional miscuts. Weeks of tireless preparation had led him to this moment and he felt a surge of excitement. **"Yes! That's it!"** he exclaimed with unbridled enthusiasm, **"Wait 'till they get a load of me!"** he smiled and thought!

THE FESTIVAL DAY:

After months of preparation and planning the festival showed up. Morning arrived too quickly as the sun rose and he was already awake, eagerly preparing to go to the celebration and perform. He put his hideous puppets in a backpack then headed out the door to the festival the first steps of his joyous new life! It was a beautiful sunny day, with a perfect with a blue sky and all of the birds were chirping. The roses were

blooming and everyone was in good spirits laughing making merry. Finally the time came where the crowd gathered in the center of the town as the fun and cheerful music from the local bards played on. **King Leopold Goldenheart** had arrived with his wife **Queen Mildred** and his right hand men and women taking up position to watch, ready to enjoy the local entertainment. The crowd had gathered to hundreds of people attending, with dozens forming a semi-circle watching the first performer on stage. Finneas waited in the wings behind the stage wall, fidgeting nervously while watching all the competition. As he listened to the happy crowd in joyous revelry, Finneas thought, **"I am gonna make that crowd so happy they are going die laughing!"** He giggled as he nervously stood in line with several other performers in front of him waiting their turn to entertain the king and the masses! All of them hoping to gain fame and fortune with the royals and the locals. The opening act was a fire-eater, a daring female performer adept at swallowing and manipulating flames, creating a mesmerizing display of controlled danger. The crowd cheered and the King smiled! Finneas snickered, whispering bad puns to himself about the performer, **"Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"** he giggled uncontrollably. Next up was a skilled man juggling a variety of objects, from colorful balls to sharp knives! The masses were in awe and the King clapped! Finneas sneered to himself jealously, **"Get off the stage!"** Next up was a man with a falcon, his bird of prey soaring through the air, showcasing the bond between the bird and its handler. The masses were in awe as it flew around doing tricks and the king was beaming with excitement! The jester mumbled in jealousy, **"You stink!"** A white drop of "something" fell from bird in the sky and splattered on the left shoulder of Finneas's colorful red and yellow outfit which he did not notice. The very next act was a beautiful female musician, playing a medieval tune on a bronze harp, regaling the audience with singing a lovely song about romance and old souls. The king and the crowd were in tears and cheered when she was finished. Finneas who had not been in love in a long time grumbled under his breath, **"Boo!"** Next up was a sword swallower, captivating the crowd and the king with a combination of skill and fearlessness! Finneas giggled quietly, **"Wierdo!"** After that a very busty and sexy female belly dancer adorned in colorful silks and veils, appeared on the stage and moved to the rhythm of medieval lute music played by a bard sitting on a chair, delighting the audience and the king with fluid and mesmerizing movements! Finneas was mesmerized by the woman and giggled to himself, **"Cover your eyes folks, this act is not for the squeamish!"** The dancing girl finished and took a bow as the crowd and the king cheered in grand revelry! Finally after what seemed

like hours it was his turn to go up onto the stage and do his performance! He went up on it as an even bigger crowd circled around it. The mood was cheery and **King Leopold** was smiling at him and spoke **“What is your performance today?”** and he responded, **“I’m a jester sire, Sir Gigglesworth and I’m going to make you and everyone laugh!”** Finneas suddenly noticed the white splatter from the falcon on his shoulder at the same time the king spotted it as well. Finneas rolled his eyes as the King then smiled and said, **“Proceed, Sir Gigglesworth!”**

THE BIG SHOW:

The jester took a deep breath to calm his nerves as now he was the center of attention once again. This time he had no fear like when he was young. The crowd was now the biggest yet, with hundreds and hundreds of eyeballs on him as he pulled out his puppets, a human fighter and a goblin monster. When he did, some of the crowd members suddenly changed their faces from happy to awkward and uncomfortable, with an audible gasp. Meanwhile, the king maintained a stoic poker face as Finneas began his performance. The cringey act consisted of a goblin and human puppet exchanging some bawdy and jokes with terribly bad puns and it went on for five agonizing minutes then it ended with the goblin attacking the human and killing him! Finneas giggled and laughed throughout the entire thing not noticing the jokes just didn’t resonate with the crowd and they all began to mumble uncomfortable whispers with

each other and occasionally nervously glancing at His Majesty. The king awkwardly was looking back at the crowd and finally stood up and said, **“Stop right there!”** Finneas was in mid attack of the monster puppet killing the adventurer puppet shouting his final punchline. The King continued **“I’m afraid you’re just not funny. Next please... Can we have the next performer please?”** Finneas was frozen in surprise and then to add insult to injury, he suddenly realized that his childhood idol, the famous jester, **“Chuckles,”** was also in the crowd, watching with a look of shock, horror, and extreme disapproval on his face. Chuckles looked right into Finneas eyes as he slowly honked his primitive horn made from a goat bladder, emitting a sad **“waw-waw”** sound. The crowd started heckling Sir Gigglesworth, shouting things like, **“Boo!”** or **“You stink!”** or **“Get off the stage!”** or **“Weirdo!”** or **“Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?”** and **“Cover your eyes folks, this act is not for the squeamish!”** Finneas became sick to his stomach and with that, felt another wash of fear and embarrassment again all over his body same as when he was the young man who ran off the stage. He calmly gathered his monster puppets, putting them in his backpack, then walked off the stage as a new performer stepped onto it, eliciting cheers and applause from the crowd and the king. A tragic irony for Finneas as he walked away head down and rejected he could hear the laughter of the crowd and the king from another performer other than himself. He couldn’t help but feel a shadow of jealousy over him listening to those happy folks.





ONE NIGHT AT THE CAMPFIRE:

One night, after many moons of vagabond travel and going mad, Sir Gigglesworth was alone performing his routine for himself in the woods by a campfire. He was dirty and dishelved, his colorful outfit now dull and faded from the sun as well as torn and tattered. His goblin puppet was ripping the arm off of the adventurer puppet and shouting expletives! Suddenly he heard a rustling in the bushes and he went silent. **“Probably just one of the rats.”** he thought. He continued to do his routine with the puppets but then he heard more noises and went quiet again. He was curious but he didn't see anything and he thought, **“Oh it's just my imagination there's nothing there,”** he continued on with the funniest part of his joke and killed the adventurer puppet! At that point he suddenly heard a chuckle in the bushes, in fact there wasn't just one there were many that slowly turned into howling laughter! He looked around, realizing that there were countless eyeballs staring at him in the darkness and bushes surrounding him. Dozens of goblins, who had been watching his act and thought it was the most hilarious thing they had ever seen, stepped forward, laughing, chortling, and giggling their asses off. They proceeded to join him around the campfire, becoming fast friends. The chieftain was a bit confused not smiling. The joker continued with the big finale joke and suddenly the chieftain started laughing slowly as he finally “got” the jokes that the other goblins had been laughing about so much! Suddenly the goblin chieftain laughed so much, so fervently, that he keeled over laughing himself to death! The goblins stopped laughing in shock of the event that just happened and Finneas froze in fear! After an extremely awkward ten seconds of silence, the goblins burst out laughing even harder, pointing at their dead chief! The jester awkwardly continued the jokes and kept the monsters so entertained, they offered him some food which consisted of some bad ale and beans. They proceeded have a delicious meal over the fire, breaking bread and lot of wind together, with the funny human! Finneas was more than happy to gobble down the food as he was starving. The goblins thought he was the funniest person they had ever seen and they liked him so much he has a earned a free life time best friends pass with them! Entranced by the jester's wittiness, clever, ingenious humor, and biting satire that defied the social and moral norms of the current era, in which they all shared their lives in the fantasy world, the goblins eagerly elected him their new chief. Drawn by the promise of chaotic revelry and the allure of treasures whispered in the jester's fevered dreams, they joined forces!

THE WANDERING VAGABOND:

That night he went home and contemplated the situation. He thought, **“I need to travel somewhere else and start a new life with people that will understand me!”** He realized that of course he is FUNNY and the king and the rest of these simpleton idiots just don't understand his **“genius”** humor! So he packed his stuff and left wearing only his jesters clothes and a backpack, traveling to every near and far town, village and hamlet. But each time he performed for the new crowds nobody would laugh. His jokes just fell flat and did not resonate with all walks of the people, whether they were human, dwarven, elven, halfling, gnome or anything. With every failure in every locale, Finneas grew angrier with more hatred towards his fellow humanoids for not understanding his humor. He still just didn't understand his own hubris and proceeded to lose more and more of his sanity and started referring to himself only as **“Sir Gigglesworth the Jester.”** His act with the puppets would get more and more violent each time which further made the crowds boo and shout at him even more. Traveling for many weeks, months and years from halmet, to city and towns was daunting and sadly always met with the same results. Everyone hated and shamed him. His outfit grew less colorful and more dirty and torn. Each new performance led to rejection after rejection and with every one of them he started to lose more of his sanity. He simply couldn't see that he just wasn't resonating with the people and that maybe the style of humor wasn't going to work. But he had this silly notion that if he just kept persevering somehow it would “work” even though it was failure after failure he just wouldn't stop.

RISE OF THE PHANTOM CITADEL:

The goblins took the jester to a ruined castle and dungeon they had recently discovered deep within the nearby **Valley of Sorrows**, a forbidden landmass filled with shadowy forests, black hills, and sinister tangled valleys. Sitting high on a small hill, under a permanent spell of midnight, was a peculiar old ruined keep built in a simple rectangular shape. The jester proceeded to enchant the castle with magic that rebuilt it into a sleek fortress with white stone covered with a eerie blue neon colored glow. The jester had a maniacal glint in his eyes and convinced the goblins that they could create a dungeon unlike any other, a realm where trickery, laughter, and danger intertwined seamlessly. The goblins, skilled in the art of cunning and mischief, reveled in the opportunity to bring their twisted imaginations to life. Together, they toiled day and night, constructing what would become the infamous **Phantom Citadel** which rose like a ghostly apparition against the moonlit sky, adorned with neon hues that painted the night with an eerie glow. The goblins reveled in their cleverly devised traps, pitfalls, and misdirections, while Sir Gigglesworth orchestrated the madness with glee. They even sewed him a brand new colorful jester outfit perfectly fitting him. He finally was king of his own humor castle! Legends of the magical keep spread far and wide, attracting adventurers enticed by the promise of untold riches and the thrill of navigating its treacherous halls. The goblins, satisfied with their chaotic creation, retreated back into the shadows, and left a large garrison of their brothers in the castle to maintain it for their dear leader. With his new "funhouse" now created for all to



enjoy, he proceeded to fill his evil dungeon with evil magic, wicked traps, enchanted toys and puppets to wreak havoc upon anyone that rejected him for his humor! If one could make it through the sick and twisted dungeon and into his central **Main Audience Chamber** they could witness his hilarious "show" and be released back to the world to tell everyone of his genius!

GETTING THE PLAYERS INVOLVED:

Here are a few options to engage the player characters in the adventure, or feel free to exercise your **Game Master's discretion** to craft new hooks that seamlessly align with your campaign and goals. These suggestions can serve as a starting point, offering flexibility for adaptation based on your campaign's unique themes and characters.

1. The adventurers learn that raids have been taking place on the small Village of Ashenford by roving bands of goblins. The locals report that the monsters bring the spoils into the feared Phantom Citadel in the Valley of Sorrows and a band of brave adventurers is needed to stop this madness.
2. During the PCs last adventure, they stumbled across the body of a dead goblin who was carrying a tattered map which has unmistakably pathway to a place called the Phantom Citadel with a cryptic message scribbled next to the shape of a castle that reads in Common: "Treasure Palace."
3. Seeking to make a name for themselves, the adventurers heard of a mysterious keep called the Phantom Citadel and decide to embark on a quest to plunder the place and emerge as renowned heroes, attracting fame, fortune and glory.
4. Legends of the ages speak of a forbidden comedy "puppet show" hidden within the bowels of a place called, the Phantom Citadel which is performed by mad jester. Rumors of treasures beyond your wildest dreams are said to be found there for those who can survive... the dungeon then the show!
5. A good friend of the PCs dissapeared recently while visiting the Village of Ashenford. The locals say that person ventured into the forbidden Phantom Citadel looking for monsters and treasure!
6. Ancient tomes of magical knowledge are rumored to be hidden within the Phantom Citadel with spells and secrets long forgotten. The adventurers are hired by a group of scholars from the Village of Ashenford eager to uncover these lost treasures of wisdom.