

Tomb Trappers

If you've ever been entertained by tales of a daring adventurer dodging terrible traps and solving rune-based puzzles to avoid being impaled by spring-loaded spears, then you've probably wondered at some point just who designed and installed all these traps, anyway?

Among the oriels and pine-shrouded woodlands of the world that arose from the Salt Mystic's visions, there is a malicious type of engineer called the Tomb Trapper. You can recognize a Tomb Trapper by the worn leather trapmaster bag they carry.

You don't buy a trapmaster bag. Anyone caught having stolen one is quickly found in glowing ash piles once word gets out. Inside that bag are wonders: computronium sensors and morphium canisters that spring to programmable shapes, intelligent stonewisps downloadable into the very masonry of an ancient wall capable of generating riddles.

But the true genius of a Tomb Trapper lies in what they learned deep in the labyrinth city below the Yagrada River. That's where the Tomb Trapper guild once kept a gloriously devious school of trapmasters, and its deadly proving ground.

Anyone carrying that bag studied under the most twisted minds who've ever built explosive-dusted halls or wound rune-covered clocks or poured oil into flaming statues.

To be clear, one didn't win the bag by escaping or just by sealing away all opponents also seeking to graduate. Yes, you had to do those things. It just wasn't enough. You had to trap one of the guild monks as well.

In fact, that's the irony of the dead labyrinth city now that it's abandoned and full of cobwebs and echoes.

They had some excellent students.

Should you face a Tomb Trapper, you'll never know it until it's too late. You'll have to use your wits, your flexibility, and patience to escape whatever snare they've set for you.

Good luck with that.

