

DUNGEON STARFORGE: FOR THE PATRON!



He believed every treasure was a blessing.
The dungeon never made that promise.



The Starter Warlock
awoke inside the
Procedural Starforge
with no memory of
entering the dungeon.



He decided the maze
was a test from his
unseen patron: prove
his worth or die trying.



A nearby treasure
chest yielded a
Staff of Frost. To
him, the gift felt
like an answer.



With arctic power on
his back, he entered
the corridors certain
his patron was
watching.





More chests rewarded
caution: a Philter of
Love, healing potions,
and a Thunderous
Greatclub.



He avoided the monsters
while mapping the
corridors, saving every
advantage for the
battles ahead.



But Death Dogs and
werecreatures crowded
the maze, and the
sealed exit demanded
every hostile be
defeated.



Lost after seventy
turns, he finally
chose action.
For the patron!



A Wereboar nearly crushed him, forcing him to spend his first healing potion.



He had mistaken it for a Werebear, but survival made the error feel trivial.



Three Eldritch Blasts brought the beast down.

The victory strengthened him to level two and restored him completely.



He carried on, saving the frost staff and thunderous club for something worse.



A Wayfinder
beside the portal
promised that
the path listened
for footsteps and
courage.



An Invisible Stalker
guarded the route.
The Warlock saw
its distortion and
attacked.



Another healing
potion kept him
alive until Eldrich
Blast tore the
unseen predator
apart.



Yet the exit
remained sealed.
Somewhere in the
Starforge, stronger
enemies still
waited.



A radiant Planetar blocked the southern halls. The Warlock's blasts pierced its holy armor—but barely.



His final healing potion bought one last chance.



The Planetar fell, leaving the Warlock alive, wounded, and completely out of healing.



He still believed every narrow victory proved the patron was guiding him.



At the far edge of the maze, an Ancient Silver Dragon blocked the path.



Too wounded to fight, the Warlock retreated and searched every corridor for another enemy, another potion, or another way out.



For fifty-eight turns he circled the Starforge. The exit never opened. Nothing restored him.



At last, faith and exhaustion led him back to the dragon. If there was no escape, he would still try.



At the dragon's feet, the Staff of Frost and Thunderous Greatclub were suddenly inert. The Warlock wondered if his patron had betrayed him.



Refusing to accept a helpless end, he raised one final Eldritch Blast.



The spell missed. The Ancient Silver Dragon answered with a single crushing blow.



He had promised to prove his worth or die trying. The Starforge accepted the second half of the bargain.

