

## D6 HIDE IN SHADOWS

①	Black moths gather across the stone in bat-wing shapes. They scatter at your movement, then re-settle along your silhouette, just as flame salamander passes
②	A skeletal patrol passes without torches. Candles flicker inside their empty eyes. One burns shorter than the rest, casting a 10' wedge of inky darkness behind them.
③	Pale cave crickets line a ledge without movement. One leaps after your breath disturbs the dust. Its legs scrape one note, and this concerto ends as antennae bow.
④	Stone gargoyles line the hall. Water drips from overhead and pools around obsidian eyes. Tears drip twice and go still. Ahead, another awakens, as if crying.
⑤	A gelatinous cube glides down the hall with an elf suspended inside it, eyes pressed against the membrane. The elf sees you pass but cannot move or speak.
⑥	A pair of bald monks walks past, tapping clay ledgers. One pauses and stares directly at you. They record your presence as "furniture," and calmly move on.



## D6 HEAR NOISE

1	Chittering whispers repeat the name of your party's front-line fighter. A swarm echoes a warning up a copper drainpipe.
2	A low, resonant, solo cello chord vibrates across the door. An old, giant spider plucks its web and salivates at the sound.
3	Metal hinges, brackets, and locks vibrate in exact pitch with a faint Elvish choir. Doors hum in harmony without opening.
4	Upon closer inspection, a loud, crashing wave rocks and sloshes against the frame. Wet droplets rapidly bead along the door.
5	Chain links rise in measured clicks, as metal scrapes stone at a steady pace. A low voice beyond says, "Now, come in."
6	Your heartbeat echoes from the door. Two fire beetles scurry underneath. Their organs pulse to match your heart rhythm.



100% of sales from this zine will fund regular in-person, tabletop RPG sessions for teens with autism. Thank you!



## WEIRD TABLES

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## OSR THIEF CLASS

Transform **successful** procedures from binary yes/no outcomes into emergent play! By dice rolls or an acceptable description, a character does something their class is built to do. These referee-facing tables provide immediate prep-free truths. Each preserves existing dungeons, avoids improv debt, and reinforces class identity with actionable evidence.

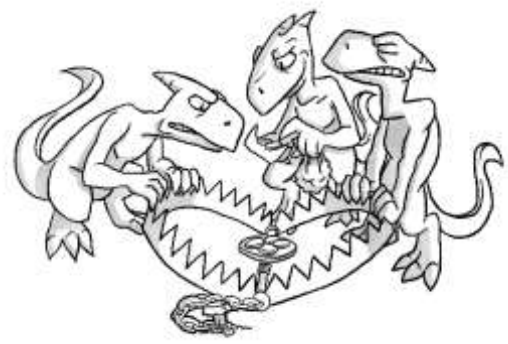
Reward player skill! Tell them something that only their character would have noticed as a professional.



D6 FIND TRAPS	
①	Porcelain spiders pour from cracked dart holes. Their copper webbing bridges the damage between channels. After a single loud click, the spiders retreat into stone.
②	A silvered bear trap sits poorly disguised amid dung and straw. Its polished surface catches brief movements behind you: three kobolds with spears crouch quietly.
③	Broken stone slabs briefly hide a crushed thief beneath debris. Its skeletal finger points to a loose flagstone that remains polished and oiled despite the dust.
④	The corridor smells of smoked meat. Near the floor, air thickens, stinking of burnt oil. A child's handprint marks the wall below, three fingers stained by soot.
⑤	Hair and cobwebs resetttle into an outline that matches your exact shape. A quick scythe rises and falls from a floor groove. It erases the dust-entity in a single pass.
⑥	A mouse dashes across broken clay tiles toward the door. Lots of pebbles roll over the threshold. This solid-brick wall forgot it ever held an opening. The wall squeaks



D6 MOVE SILENTLY	
①	Red and green tiles alternate underfoot. Green mossy mud swallows sound, and almost your boots! Dry, brittle red lichen pops and snaps, but the mud dampens it.
②	Footprints lag 10' behind you and point 9° sideways along this passage. Echoed steps vary in volume. Open doors wait for your shadow to catch up before closing.
③	A skeleton sits cross-legged facing the wall. It tosses bone-knuckle dice and marks results in chalk. It does not turn; its attention remains fixed on tally streaks.
④	Snakes coil near warm ventilation grates by the floor. Every two minutes, they hiss in unison with the steam valves. It sounds like the slippery shale on which you walk.
⑤	Your silence is mistaken for a decree: doors along your path bow and adjust their posture after you pass by, as though acknowledging an unseen authority.
⑥	A planar-shifting spider phases-in at the same spot as your first steps. It disappears just as suddenly. Your ears ring, ironically, as the only proof of sound or encounter.



D6 OPEN LOCKS	
①	Each of seven skull-shaped keyholes surrounds the cover plate. One whistles grave-cold air while the others remain still during examination. Smells like rancid oil.
②	Hexagonal wax plates cover the iron, each shifting under your slow fingertip heat and pressure. As stiff plates slide into alignment, honey drips from the device.
③	Ants carry iron flakes into the lock and brass shavings out through the keyhole. If disturbed, they scatter. Lock shifts, and formerly inactive tumblers begin catching
④	Shaggy hair covers this lock. Canine teeth bar the keyhole. Petting or slowly grooming the hair will retract the teeth, exposing a polished copper latch beneath.
⑤	A semi-transparent lock is woven from thin webbing. Tiny egg sacs inside shift and swell under pressure. Tools withdrawn are coated in a sticky venom.
⑥	The lock opens almost too easily. Within earshot, all locked doors sharing the same stonework invert status; locked become unlocked, and unlocked become locked.

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