



Maximum Mayhem Dungeons #17: “Fast Eddie and the Palace of Paradise”

Written by Mark Taormino

A “DELUXE EDITION” ADVENTURE FOR 1E & 5E CHARACTER LEVELS 8-12



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**DELUXE
EDITION**



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AUTHORS NOTE:

Ever since I was a teenager playing **AD&D**, living through the **Satanic Panic of the 1980s** and watching the outrageous music videos, I've always wanted to write a story centered around a legendary rock 'n' roll figure. There has always been something wonderfully theatrical about that world—the screaming fans, leather jackets, motorcycles, pyrotechnics, giant stage productions, outrageous costumes, and performers who seemed larger than life. For years I toyed with different ideas, but they always felt like they belonged in the modern world. Then one day the obvious question finally hit me: What if an iconic 1980s rock star died... made a bargain with **Asmodeus**... and was reborn inside a fantasy world? That single idea led to the creation of **Fast Eddie** and this module. I've always loved imaginative rock fantasy films like **Brian De Palma's "Phantom of the Paradise,"** the surreal worlds of **Gerald Potterton's "Heavy Metal,"** and the wonderfully over-the-top spectacle of **Jim Sharman's "The Rocky Horror Picture Show."** Those movies proved that music, horror, fantasy, and humor could all coexist in the same outrageous story. I wanted to create an original concept and character to homage and capture that same

larger-than-life energy while making it feel like an old-school dungeon crawl. I thought it would be fun to create a traveling **Rock 'n' Roll Dungeon and Arena** forged from jagged obsidian that tears through time and space. Amplifiers became infernal engines of destruction. Pyrotechnics became deadly traps. Roadies became demonic servants. Groupies became seductive temptresses. Motorcycles thunder through the halls, and every concert is really a ritual to harvest more souls for the **Lord of Hell**. From there, the character of **Fast Eddie Valentine** almost wrote himself. Like many of my villains, I wanted him to be more than just another monster waiting in the final room (even though he is the monster waiting for the PCs to show up in his arena final encounter) oh well... I am a hack writer so heck it! I recommend that the DM print out Eddie's complete backstory and give it to the players to read a few days before the game as it may further engage them even more to be creative later in play along with the "Hell on Wheels" song MP3 and poster. I hope this adventure brings your table the same excitement and sense of fun that inspired me to write it. Now turn the volume up to eleven... and welcome to "**Fast Eddie and the Palace of Paradise.**" — Mark Taormino Dark Wizard Games™

DM NOTES:

This module is designed for **4-6 characters** of **levels 8-12**, this adventure can be run as a stand-alone scenario or incorporated into an existing campaign whenever "The Paradise" materializes nearby. A balanced party consisting of **Fighters, Clerics, Magic Users/Wizards, and a couple of filthy low-down-and-dirty Thieves/Rogues** is recommended, though you should feel free to adjust the party composition, encounter difficulty, treasure, and place names to better suit your own campaign world. Monster encounters provide compact inline stat blocks containing only combat-relevant information. Special abilities and unique actions are listed separately when applicable. Not every entry includes every statistic. Abbreviations used throughout the adventure include: **AC (Armor Class), MV (Movement), HD (Hit Dice), HP (Hit Points), SA (Special Attacks), SD (Special Defenses), AT/#AT (Number of Attacks), D/DM (Damage), SZ (Size), AL (Alignment), XP (Experience Points, 1E), CR (Challenge Rating, 5E), ST/DX/CN/IQ/WS/CH (Ability Scores and Modifiers), SV (Saving Throw Bonuses), SK (Skills), SN (Senses; PP is Passive Perception), and TH (To Hit Bonus).** Standard weapon properties are omitted unless relevant. Unless otherwise noted, all creatures with natural attacks have a melee reach of 5 feet.



ADVENTURE SUMMARY:

This is a **“high-octane rock ‘n’ roll fantasy adventure”** set within **“The Paradise”**, a colossal traveling **Rock ‘n’ Roll Dungeon** forged from jagged obsidian, infernal steel, and unholy magic that can appear anywhere across time and space. More than a fortress, more than a concert hall, and far more than a dungeon, **The Paradise** is a living monument to excess, spectacle, and damnation. Towering obsidian battlements rise above rivers of lava while infernal amplifiers thunder across the wastelands. Every corridor echoes with music, every chamber hides another performance, and every soul that enters risks becoming just another screaming fan in Fast Eddie Valentine’s ever-growing audience. Once the greatest guitar legend of the 1980s, Fast Eddie Valentine perished in a horrible fiery crash during his infamous **“Hell on Wheels”** tour and found himself standing before the throne of **Asmodeus** within the blackened halls of the **Fortress of Damnation**. There, an irresistible bargain was offered. Eddie would never fade into obscurity. He would never be forgotten. Instead, he would be reborn as an immortal rock icon in a realm of swords and sorcery where his concerts would transcend entertainment and become infernal rituals. In exchange, he would deliver souls—not dozens or hundreds—but thousands—to the Lord of Hell through music, temptation, worship, and ruin. Now every performance inside The Paradise is both concert and sacrifice. Demon bikers patrol the black highways surrounding the fortress while enchanted roadies tirelessly prepare each night’s spectacle. Seductive demonic groupies lure would-be heroes away from their companions, pyrotechnic stage traps erupt in perfect rhythm with Eddie’s infernal music, and fanatical followers eagerly throw themselves into the chaos, believing that eternal devotion to their master will earn them glory instead of eternal servitude. The deeper one ventures into The Paradise, the more difficult it becomes to tell where illusion ends and reality begins. The player characters must breach The Paradise, navigate its ever-changing halls, survive its demon bikers, enchanted roadies, seductive groupies, infernal pyrotechnics, deadly stage traps, enchanted instruments, wicked beasts, and legions of fanatical followers before finally battling Fast Eddie himself during the climactic final encore. Along the way they will uncover the truth behind Eddie’s infernal bargain, explore bizarre backstage chambers and theatrical set pieces, discover magical relics infused with the power of music, and confront challenges unlike anything found in a traditional dungeon. This adventure emphasizes exploration, memorable villains, cinematic set-piece encounters, deadly

traps, theatrical spectacle, over-the-top action, and larger-than-life fantasy. Although filled with humor and tongue-in-cheek nods to classic rock culture, its dangers are very real, and careless adventurers may quickly find themselves becoming permanent members of Eddie’s infernal entourage. From explosive concert stages and haunted recording studios to demon biker ambushes and soul-stealing performances, every encounter has been designed to feel unique while still capturing the classic spirit of old-school fantasy roleplaying. When the lights dim, the amplifiers roar to life, and Fast Eddie steps onto the stage with infernal guitar in hand, there will be no escaping the final performance. One way or another, the show must go on.

EDDIE’S CHILDHOOD: (1960-1973)

Edward James Valentine, was born **January 8th, 1960** in **Memphis, Tennessee**. He was a chubby kid—or as he always liked to say, **“big boned.”** He inherited a deep voice and easy **Southern** drawl reminiscent of **Elvis Presley** from his rugged father, **Frank Valentine**, a welder at a steel fabrication plant along the **Mississippi River**. His mother, Margaret, waited tables at the neighborhood two bit diner **“Biffs”** to help make ends meet. They never had much money, but their modest home was always overflowed with music. **Records by Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, Alice Cooper, Aerosmith, Rush, Judas Priest, Scorpions, and countless other hard rock and heavy metal bands constantly spun on the family stereo.** Long before Eddie understood what made the music so exciting, he became mesmerized by the blistering guitar solos pouring from the speakers while his father relaxed with a can of **Cold Gold Malt Liquor (see: Dark Wizard Games - Warriors of the Wastelands #1: Mutants in the Moonlite Bowl-A-Rama)** and his mother occasionally smoked a **“doobie.”** Sitting cross-legged on the living room carpet, Eddie played air guitar with his chubby little fingers moving not only in perfect sync with the music, but impossibly fast. Frank was a hardworking husband and devoted father who often reminded his son, **“Whatever you do in life, be the God-damned best at it.”** Eddie never forgot those words. Everything changed one ordinary Tuesday afternoon. While repairing a massive overhead steel beam inside the fabrication plant, a crane cable unexpectedly snapped. Several tons of structural steel crashed down without warning. Frank shoved a younger coworker clear of the collapsing load, saving the man’s life, but had no time to escape himself. Eddie was only eight years old.

Frank's death devastated the family. Margaret suddenly found herself raising Eddie alone. Working double shifts at Biffs, she quietly tucked away a few dollars from nearly every paycheck for almost a year so she could buy Eddie something positive to focus on after losing his father. On Christmas morning she surprised him with a battered secondhand electric guitar and a tiny amplifier from a neighborhood pawn shop. The guitar was heavily scratched, one tuning machine had been replaced with a mismatched part, and the amplifier buzzed louder than it played. To Eddie, however, it was the greatest gift he had ever received. Within weeks he was playing simple melodies entirely by ear. Within months he could hear almost any song on the radio and reproduce it with astonishing accuracy the likes of which even Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart would be impressed!

SCHOOL DAZE AND DREAMS: (1974-1978)

School, however, was another story. Eddie struggled to stay interested in mathematics, history, and science. His report cards were usually filled with average or below-average grades. **His PEE-CHEE (the best folders ever made) and notebooks were filled with sketches of babes, guitars, dragons, demons, castles, motorcycles, and imaginary worlds instead of homework assignments.** He never cared much for organized sports. While many

of his classmates dreamed of becoming football stars or baseball heroes, Eddie wanted nothing to do with shoulder pads, scoreboards, or Saturday practices. The only competition that interested him was becoming the fastest guitarist anyone had ever seen. Despite being only an average student, Eddie possessed an easy confidence, quick wit, and infectious smile that made him surprisingly popular. He was rarely short on friends—and even less often short on girlfriends. Music wasn't the only thing that came naturally to him. By the age of fifteen, Eddie's obsession had become absolute. **While other teenagers spent their free time chasing girls, playing sports, playing arcade or home video games using this new fangled thing called an Atari 2600 or hanging out with friends, Eddie shut himself away with his guitar, practicing eight to ten hours every single day.** He relentlessly drilled scales, chords, and impossible solos until his hands moved faster than most musicians could even comprehend. They had never seen fingers move so quickly or cleanly across a fretboard. Soon, fellow musicians gave him a nickname that perfectly captured what everyone was witnessing—a name that would follow him for the rest of his life: **Fast Eddie**. Snobbinsh teachers predicted he'd never amount to much, believing his constant daydreaming about music would ruin any chance of a respectable future. He knew he was going to become the greatest rock guitarist the world had ever seen a legend for all time!

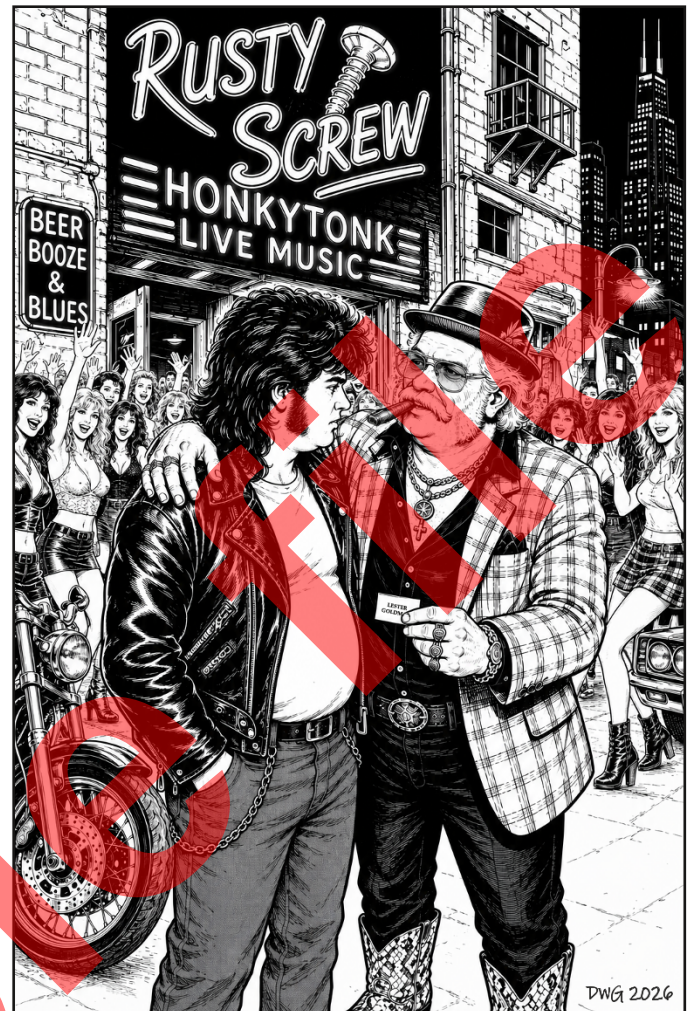


FORMING THE BAND: (1978-1979)

Throughout his late teens, Eddie recruited a handful of local musicians who shared his dream of making it big. They weren't the most polished players, nor were they seasoned professionals, but they possessed the same hunger, determination, and willingness to sacrifice everything for a chance at rock-and-roll glory. Together they spent years rehearsing in cramped garages, abandoned warehouses, and empty storage buildings where the walls rattled from the volume and neighbors constantly complained about the noise. Equipment frequently broke down, amplifiers buzzed with electrical hum, and the band survived on cheap fast food, endless cups of coffee, and little sleep, but none of it ever dampened their enthusiasm. Every rehearsal became another step toward the future they believed was waiting for them. Eventually they began touring throughout the Midwest, loading battered instruments into aging vans and playing wherever anyone would give them a stage. They performed in smoke-filled bars thick with cigarette haze, county fairs, roller rinks, VFW halls, college parties, rundown nightclubs, and tiny roadside taverns where the audience sometimes barely outnumbered the band itself. Some crowds cheered wildly while others ignored them completely, more interested in finishing their drinks than listening to another unknown rock band. Some nights they earned a few hundred dollars. Other nights they were paid with hamburgers, motel rooms, and warm beer. They slept in cheap motels when they could afford them and in the van when they couldn't. Long drives, broken equipment, empty wallets, and disappointing crowds became just another part of life on the road. None of it mattered. Eddie wasn't chasing comfort or money. The moment he stepped onto a stage, plugged in his guitar, and heard the first roar of the amplifiers, everything else disappeared. He lived to perform, and every show—whether for five people or five thousand—brought him one step closer to becoming the rock legend he knew he was destined to be.

MEETING LESTER GOLDMAN: (1980)

Everything changed one humid summer evening after a packed performance at a rundown nightclub on the south side of **Chicago (the baddest part of town)** called **The Rusty Screw**. The crowd had been wild, the floor sticky with spilled beer, and the old building had nearly shaken apart from the volume of Eddie's guitar. Fans lingered outside long after the show ended, hoping for an autograph or just one more glimpse of the young guitarist whose reputation was spreading from club to club like wildfire. Backstage, amid tangled cables, battered amplifiers, and exhausted roadies packing



equipment into worn cases, a single man stood waiting with the confidence of someone who knew he belonged there. He was overweight, and in his mid fifties, wearing a brown pork pie hat, a tacky plaid sport coat that practically screamed for attention, snakeskin cowboy boots polished to a mirror shine, and enough gold jewelry to finance a small kingdom. His perfectly groomed white hair, enormous mutton-chop sideburns, thick mustache, ever-present cigar, and gravelly voice made him impossible to ignore. Before Eddie could even introduce himself, the stranger strode forward, threw an arm around his shoulder like they had known each other for years, and declared with absolute certainty, **"Kid... congratulations. Your life just changed."** The man handed Eddie a stained business card that simply read **Lester Goldman**. Lester wasn't a musician. He couldn't sing. He couldn't play a single instrument. In fact, he often joked that the only note he could recognize was the sound of a cash register opening. What he could do was sell. A cigar-chomping, fast-talking showman, Lester had spent nearly thirty years transforming talented nobodies into international superstars. He possessed an uncanny instinct for spotting greatness before anyone else saw it and an even greater talent for convincing the rest of the

world they were witnessing history in the making. He was widely regarded as the greatest hype man and music promoter in the business. Part carnival barker, part businessman, and part marketing genius, Lester believed that talent alone never made legends—it was spectacle that filled arenas. Every problem, in his mind, could be solved with bigger lights, louder amplifiers, prettier girls, faster motorcycles, more fireworks, and a slogan catchy enough to fit on a T-shirt. He could sell out concerts before the stage was even built, convince reporters they had just witnessed the greatest performance of all time, and turn ordinary publicity into front-page news. More than anything, Lester had an almost supernatural ability to make audiences believe they were witnessing the greatest performer who had ever lived. The moment he watched Fast Eddie play, he knew he had found his next legend.

RISE TO SUPERSTARDOM: (1981-1983)

Within six months, Lester had secured a major recording contract, completely reinvented Eddie's stage show, and launched an aggressive promotional campaign unlike anything the music industry had ever witnessed. Lester understood that talent alone wasn't enough—it had to be wrapped

inside a spectacle so outrageous that people couldn't stop talking about it. Every concert became larger, louder, and more elaborate than the one before. Towering walls of amplifiers stretched from one side of the stage to the other, creating a fortress of sound. Motorcycles roared across the stage during guitar solos, weaving between exploding speaker cabinets and towering walls of flame. Pyrotechnics erupted every few minutes, synchronized perfectly with thunderous drum fills and Eddie's lightning-fast guitar riffs. Guitars exploded in showers of sparks before stunned audiences, laser shows sliced through smoke-filled arenas, and towering fire-breathing demons emerged from beneath the stage as if Hell itself had opened to welcome the crowd. Massive castle backdrops transformed every venue into a medieval fortress of heavy metal, complete with drawbridges, gargoyles, towering battlements, and giant banners emblazoned with **The Hellhounds** logo. Never content to simply follow trends, Lester constantly searched for the next outrageous idea. One of his most controversial innovations was something he proudly called backward masking—an audio recording technique in which hidden messages were deliberately recorded backward onto albums so they could only be understood



when the record was played in reverse. While other bands would eventually imitate the gimmick, Lester claimed to have pioneered it, and the mysterious hidden messages became the subject of endless rumors, late-night radio shows, church sermons, and newspaper headlines. Parents condemned it, teenagers loved it, and record sales soared. Lester's favorite saying soon became legendary throughout the music business. **"Kid... people don't buy tickets to hear music... they buy tickets because they believe they're about to witness something they'll never forget in their lifetime."** He was absolutely right. Every album went platinum. Every arena sold out months in advance. Every new tour shattered attendance records and raised the bar for every rock band that followed. Millions of aspiring guitarists spent countless hours trying to imitate Fast Eddie's impossible solos, but none could duplicate his blistering speed, flawless precision, or effortless style. Music critics hailed him as the greatest guitarist of his generation. Fans simply called him... Fast Eddie. Money poured in faster than either man could spend it. Royalty checks arrived by the millions. Concert receipts filled entire briefcases. Lester celebrated each new success by casually lighting expensive cigars with one hundred-dollar bills, laughing as they burned to ash, while Eddie's lightning-fast fingers counted mountains of cash so quickly that bank tellers joked they couldn't keep up with him. Together they weren't just making music—they were building an empire and ... a destiny.

THE HELL ON WHEELS TOUR: (1985)

By 1985, **Fast Eddie Valentine and The Hellhounds** had become the biggest rock band on the planet. Every album had gone platinum, every arena sold out in minutes, and every city they visited descended into weeks of anticipation. Yet even after conquering the music world, Eddie believed there was still one mountain left to climb. He and Lester wanted to create the greatest live concert ever performed—a spectacle so unbelievable that audiences would spend the rest of their lives arguing whether what they had witnessed had actually been possible. The result was the legendary **Hell on Wheels** tour. Nothing before it came close. An imposing black castle dominated the stage, its massive gates opening to reveal blazing infernal landscapes while towering walls belched columns of fire into the night sky. A group of leather clad demons called the **"Hell on Wheels"** gang riding fiery motorcycles (**straight out of Hell - SEE: Maximum Mayhem Dungeons #9: Legend of the Seven Golden Demons**) raced across elevated ramps suspended hundreds of feet in the air while explosions erupted in perfect synchronization with every power chord. Gigantic



amplifiers detonated in showers of sparks before magically rebuilding themselves moments later! The production employed enough pyrotechnics to rival a military assault, consuming tons of fuel and enough electrical power to illuminate entire city blocks. Concertgoers emerged convinced they had witnessed something supernatural rather than merely theatrical. Some claimed they heard whispers within the flames, while others swore they saw creatures moving inside the smoke that no spotlight could explain. Every performance required a logistical army to pull off. One of the most unusual members of that army was the brightly painted **Mr. Silly's Ice Cream, Sweet Treats & Fireworks Truck**, a bizarre combination catering vehicle and licensed pyrotechnics supplier. Earlier that afternoon, the grinning red devil-clown mascot had delivered thousands of fireworks that would fuel the night's spectacular explosions, along with enough ice cream, sundaes, frozen treats, and snacks to feed the band, roadies, lighting crews, mechanics, stunt riders, and stagehands. By the end of the concert, the fireworks had all been fired into the night sky, and the truck quietly packed up its remaining treats and rolled away to the next stop, its cheerful calliope music fading into the warm summer evening. None of the exhausted crew realized that before dawn, the **Hell on Wheels Tour** would come to a sudden, fiery end.

MOTORCYCLE CRASH AND DEATH: (1985)

For **Eddie**, however, one tradition remained. After every show, no matter how exhausted he was, he rewarded himself with his favorite dessert—a gigantic chocolate-dipped ice cream cone smothered in hot fudge, crushed peanuts, rainbow sprinkles, whipped cream, and topped with a bright red cherry. Cone in one hand and the handlebars in the other, he rolled out in front of the convoy on his custom black chopper. Warm fudge and melting ice cream dripped onto his leather jacket while a streak of chocolate slowly slid down one of his pudgy cheeks. He never even noticed. Life simply couldn't have been better. For **Lester**, the **Hell on Wheels Tour** represented the culmination of a lifetime spent believing rock music deserved to be larger than life. For Eddie, it was the realization of every dream he had carried since first picking up a guitar as a teenager. Together they had created the greatest live show the world had ever seen. The final encore had barely faded when thousands of screaming fans poured into the streets, still buzzing from what many believed was the greatest concert they would ever witness. Behind Eddie, the **Hellhounds'** tour bus rumbled to life, followed by dozens of trucks hauling the towering castle stage, motorcycles, pyrotechnics, lighting rigs, and enough equipment to build an entire city overnight. Leading the convoy as always, Eddie revved his engine twice for the cheering crowd, popped the clutch, and disappeared into the warm, humid summer night. Only a few blocks away, the annual neighborhood street festival had just ended. Parked along the curb was the brightly painted **Mr. Silly's Ice Cream, Sweet Treats & Fireworks Truck**, a rolling spectacle of cheerful colors covered with giant ice cream cones, smiling candy bars, balloons, fireworks, and its mascot—a ridiculous grinning red devil dressed as a clown. Earlier that evening the truck had delivered the concert's pyrotechnics before heading into town to sell its remaining ice cream, candy, and fireworks. Children laughed while parents bought one last round of chocolate-dipped cones, banana splits, cotton candy, caramel apples, and paper bags filled with fireworks. Behind the wheel sat the mysterious Mr. Silly himself—or at least someone dressed as him. His oversized rubber devil-clown mask wore a permanent goofy grin that somehow managed to look just a little creepy. Waving through the open window as the truck's tinny calliope music echoed down the street, he slowly pulled away while dozens of children happily licked melting ice cream and watched their favorite truck disappear into the night. It had barely traveled fifty feet. At the very same moment, Eddie thundered around the corner at nearly eighty-eight miles an hour, the roar of his

motorcycle drowning out everything else. The two vehicles reached the intersection together. There was only enough time for Eddie to glimpse the enormous smiling devil-clown painted across the side of the truck before his motorcycle slammed broadside into it with unbelievable force. For one brief moment... time froze. The fans leaving the arena, the parents, and the children all stared in stunned silence. Then the fireworks detonated. Thousands of bottle rockets, Roman candles, skyrocket, and firecrackers erupted simultaneously, transforming the quiet neighborhood into absolute chaos. Brilliant explosions ripped through the humid night as colorful streaks shot wildly in every direction, ricocheting off rooftops, telephone poles, and parked cars. Gallons of chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, and pistachio ice cream exploded skyward like a frozen volcano, showering spectators with sticky globs of melted dessert. Banana splits, whipped cream, cherries, sprinkles, and crushed peanuts rained across the street while cotton candy drifted through the smoke like pink clouds. Popcorn burst from shattered machines and floated through the blazing inferno as the truck disappeared inside a massive fireball. Children screamed. Parents grabbed their sons and daughters and dove behind parked cars. Everyone watching was horrified as poor **Mr. Silly and Fast Eddie Valentine** had just been blown to kingdom come right before their eyes and splattered all over them. In the twisted wreckage of the burning ice cream truck lay the world's greatest rock guitarist. Within minutes, emergency crews rushed toward the inferno while the towering fireball illuminated the skyline for miles. News helicopters broadcast the horrifying scene around the world, and before sunrise every television station interrupted its programming with the unthinkable announcement: Fast Eddie Valentine was dead. Mr. Silly, Fast Eddie, his motorcycle and the bizarre ice cream truck were completely incinerated... or so investigators believed. **Only a single scorched "big-bone" was recovered from the smoldering wreckage, making positive identification painfully obvious.** Fans gathered outside arenas holding candles. Radio stations played Eddie's songs nonstop. Millions mourned the loss of the greatest rock guitarist of his generation. Newspapers called it the greatest tragedy in rock-and-roll history. The world believed **Fast Eddie Valentine** had died that hot, humid summer night at the very height of his fame... with chocolate ice cream still smeared across his pudgy cheek. The legend had ended on Earth, but his greatest performance was only just beginning. **Beyond the mortal world, an audience of demons, dragons, kings, monsters, and damned souls waited for Mr. Fast Eddie Valentine.**