

LOW LIFE

Written, Designed,
& Illustrated
by Andy Hopp



**SAVAGE
WORLDS**

Savage Worlds Created By
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without whose input and advice this game would suck even more:

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This book is dedicated to Iliana, my firstborn larva,
and to Heather, who knew I was weird but married me anyway.

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LOW LIFE



Name

Race

Rank

XP

Description

SKILLS

4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12

4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12

Weapon

Range ROF Damage Weight Notes

Armor Type

Location Protection Weight Notes

ATTRIBUTES

Agility

Smarts

Spirit

Strength

Vigor

4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12
4	6	8	10	12

WOUNDS

-1	-2	-3	X
----	----	----	---

Spell

Skill Drain Range Spd.

FATIGUE

-1	-2	X
----	----	---

Item

Loc. Weight

Pace (base 6")

Parry (2+ Half Fighting)

Toughness (2 + Half Vigor)

Charisma

Power Points

EDGES

HINDRANCES

CLAMS

Wght Carried

Wght Limit

Enc. Penalty

Injuries

INNARDS

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THE FACE MERCHANT SPEAKETH...

The Rise of the Lowly: A Slightly Skewed Account

Cozy your goosin' wazoo over this shroom and tune your earballs, curious wanderer. I, at your service, am The Face Merchant, Peripatetic Historian and Chronicler of What Was.

I shall speak a tale of the truth of what once was and will never again be. A cautionary tale, to be sure, but also a tale to inspire, inflame, and indoctrinate. May you be a greater self from its hearing, and I a greater self from its telling.

It was the best of times.

Heed, the Oith was not always as it is now. A gazillion ages gone by this sprawl of muck and ancient refuse was a magnificent and glorious realm. It was a land of greenery and industry, with majestic edifices rising to the clouds. Real clouds, mind you, not these belching purple vapors that defile what passes for a sky in this craphole world, but calm and elegant beasts that fluttered resplendently through an atmosphere even bluer than a borlo's ass cheeks.¹

Yes indeed, the ancient times were fun times. In those days, the planet was ruled by a benevolent race of beings that called themselves the Hoomanrace. These creatures knew little of war and violence.² They were a peaceful and industrious species, powerful shapers of the land and architects of philosophy, technology, and poetry.

Such was the way of things for countless ages. The Hoomanrace lived in peace and agreement with all of the Oith's creatures. But, in much the same manner as a delicious meal of bogwort and grubcakes inevitably ends in flaming diarrhea, so too did this time of wonder end in tragedy.

Now the grand Hoomanrace is millennia dead and we are forced to dwell among the muck-soaked ruins of their ancient culture. We who sprang from the piss and blight and filth of a thousand calamities are all that remain of intelligent life on this ruined world.

How did it come to be? I am pleased and revolted that you asked...

A moment, if you please, while I nibble the requisite countenance for this particular branch of the story. Behold, these faces I sell, carved of mystic rutabaga, contain the floundering memories of those that came before. To those with the knack to gnaw in the appropriate style, all manner of secrets and histories are unraveled. I am such a one.

The Hoomanrace's downfall came, as such downfalls often do, in a most unexpected and unlikely manner. In fact, it came in several dozen unexpected and unlikely manners. The exact details are unknown, at least to me, but suffice to say that in the span of a few brief centuries the Oith was treated to enough cosmic calamities, domestic disturbances, and visitations from elsewhere to fill a silo of facebaskets.³

The cataclysm was instigated, evidently, by an argument between two uncharacteristically belligerent members of the Hoomanrace. Apparently one person was loafing on some land owned by another person, an exceptionally possessive fellow, to say the least. It seems that the one fellow wanted the other fellow to leave his land, and when the other fellow refused, the first fellow threw a nukular⁴ bomb at him. That fellow had friends, and they threw nukular bombs at the first fellow, and soon the entire Oith was covered in a cloud of nukular debris and other assorted radioactive crap. Nukular winter became the way of things. Oith was in darkness, freezing from the gloom and burning from the radiation. As one can no doubt imagine, this was quite disappointing to the fragile and peace-loving Hoomanrace.

But all was not lost. Amid the chemical spills, nukular fallout and frozen seas the Hoomanrace clung tenaciously to existence. Eventually, remnants of light and warmth returned to the skies and the world became, if

not quite green, then a less unpleasant shade of brown. That was before They came...

At this point I will pause dramatically while you ponder the possibilities.

Who were They you ask? Aliens. Beings from another world, that's who. Little green ones, slender gray ones, ones with eyestalks and ones with mystic artifacts like butt probes and reagens. These were the ancestors of today's oofos, and they did not come for a social call. Invasion, enslavement, and eventual nutritive consumption—that was the order of the day for these ancient oofos. And they would have gotten away with it too, if not for the comets...

Comets, great tailed beasts of ice and stone. A pair of them raced too close between the Oith and the moon, reversing the direction of the Oith's rotation, cleaving a massive crack along the backside of the moon and hurtling great pasteurized chunks of moon flesh Oith-

It was the end of times.

ward. This triggered incredibly cataclysmic events on the Oith. Hurricanes, himmicanes, tornadoes, volcanoes, oithquakes, floods and mudslides ravaged the land as never before. The lost continent of Egglantis rose, sank, rose again and sank again, bringing with it the arcane secrets of hocus-pokery and other mystic arts.⁵ Cataclysmic forces opened a rift connecting the Oith to the realm of Middle-Oith and then quickly shut it in horror, but not before admitting all manner of smelves, rampaging horks, and the like.⁶ Things were pretty bad for the Hoomanrace. They were about to get even worse.

By this point, the planet was pretty much a ruined sludge puddle, not altogether different from the way it is today. The Oith had been flushed down the crapper without so much as a farewell wipe.

Times passed; an era, perhaps three. Over time the ancient Hoomanrace died out. Its forsaken cities lay crumbled and buried. Its



1. Borlos are extremely sensitive about their cerulean glutes. It is considered very rude to draw attention to them, but the Face Merchant is an insensitive bastard, so he can get away with it.

2. Man, he is deluded.

3. Mathemagician Germemy the Dork was kind enough to compute the precise number of calamities such a statement would likely entail, using as his variables the standard volume of a typical silo and the average size of a facebasket. The more anal retentive reader might find this useful, but alas Germemy fell victim to a fatal wedgie and perished before his findings could be published.

4. This has become the accepted pronunciation. If you have a problem with it, take it up with the union.

5. Egglantis was an ancient civilization that existed on Oith way back in the day. The Egglantians had all sorts of nifty magic and stuff at their disposal, but they got too cocky and their whole continent sank into the sea. That'll teach 'em.

6. Smelves and horks? You must think you're some kind of comedian. Dumb ass.



descendants, warped and mutated beyond recognition by centuries of exposure to cosmic, nukular, and toxic waste, were slowly evolving into the boduls of today. The dominant beings of the planet, the noble cockroach, the tenacious worm, and the imperishable snack cake, evolved into grand new forms. Those few abandoned oofos that

survived The Flush formed communities of their own, their ancient technology lost to the anus of history.

Today we live in a time of barbarism and warfare. It is a time of violence and fear. It is all of these things, but it is also a time of high adventure. Lost lands and civilizations await exploration. Horrid monsters and grand

treasures lurk behind every rock. New magics and ancient artifacts await discovery. We live in a world where destiny is shaped by strength of spirit, spell, and sword; a world where even the lowliest worm can become a king by his own hand.

END

A Brief History of Slime

How Things Are and How They Got That Way (or so we believe)

"...and on the thirty-seventh day Gawd created himself. After all, someone had to take the blame."

-EPIDYDIMUS 3:14

Time and Dating

Although the typical bug or bodul is content to merely witness the turning of days and seasons as a distant phenomenon, wisenheimers and historians often argue the importance of a calendar to accurately and soundly record and monitor the passage of time. To this end, esteemed croach chronicler Yimminee the Souse has devised a marvelous system. Yimminee's ingenious almanac evaluates gazillions of historical, astrological, astronomical, mystical and scientific variables to devise a complete and accurate chronicle of the history of Oith. According to Yimminee's arrangement, the various eras of Oith can be classified thusly:

©A Really Really Long Time Ago

Very little is known of this time.

©A Really Long Time Ago

Or this time.

©Way Back in the Day

Big Ass Monsters wandered the Oith.

©Back in the Day

The Hoomanrace came to Oith. A time of peace and harmony.

©The Time of the Flush

The downfall of the Hoomanrace.

©After the Wipe

No more Hoomanrace. Our ancestors got their butts moving.

©Yesteryear

The Rise of The Lowly.

©Recently

Yimminee the Souse made a calendar.

A Really Really Long Time Ago

Speculation abounds, but, since nobody was around yet, not much at all is known of this era. Several theories exist as to how Oith was created, but very little empirical evidence supports any of them. The Hoomanrace believed that their god, Jelvis Criminee, built the Oith in a few days and nights, apparently using nothing more than a few well versed "Let there be's". Many croaches are of the mind that Boorglezar, The Cosmic Dung Beetle rolled the Oith out of The Manure of Creation. Traditional Stanismist mythology places the origin of Oith at the center of some huge celestial orgy known as "The Big Bang." Thousands of wacky theories exist and there's a religion to go with each one.

Whether Oith was crapped into existence by a giant monster or painted on cosmic canvas by Boss Rob¹ is irrelevant; it's here now and nobody will ever know precisely how. Deal with it.



The lowliest worm becomes a king by his own sword.

Although croaches have wings (sort of), their crunchy shell makes them too heavy to fly.

A Really Long Time Ago

There really wasn't much going on. Stuff happened, no doubt. Time passed. Things transpired. Events occurred. None of them were very interesting. It's believed that the earliest ancestors of croaches and worms came around about now, but that's not very interesting either. Oh yeah, and the Primordial Soup Kitchen was opened for business. It would be several millennia before the first customers arrived.²

Way Back in the Day

During this era, Oith was inhabited by gigantic creatures known as Big Ass Monsters. They were ultra tough and kicked lots of butt. Nobody knows exactly where these beasts originated or why they all died out, but the resulting arguments and debates have sent more than one wisenheimer to an early grave, victim of a cudgel wielded by a differing opinion. Sure, religions devoted to the Big Ass Monsters are almost as plentiful as those dedicated to the Hoomanrace, but as far as is known, these were just really big animals, sort of like esophogators and slogs. Anyway, they all died.

Back in the Day

These were indeed the best of times. It was during this era that the Hoomanrace was born and lived. The world was plunged into an era of peace and accord that lasted millennia. Everyone was happy and everyone was everyone else's friend. Food and happiness and technology were plentiful and war was a thing unheard of.

It was during this era that the first oofos came to Oith, but they kept pretty much to themselves, occasionally popping out from behind a bush to probe somebody, but otherwise minding their own business. So too did the early cremefillians arise during this era, victims of cruel experiments by the unwitting Hoomanrace.

Indeed, the Hoomanrace were peaceful and happy. They were brilliant in their science and their technology was inspired and majestic, but they were not a very wise people. Eventually they grew bored of peace and the Golden Age of Prehistory came to an end...

The Time of the Flush

Much has already been said regarding this embarrassing era in Oith's history, and even more will be divulged in pages to come. Suffice to say that just about every cataclysm, calamity, and catastrophe that could possibly happen to a planet happened to Oith. Most of the creatures of the planet, including the vaunted Hoomanrace, were destroyed and the geography of the world was irrevocably altered. Things got really messed up and the planet is only just now beginning to recover.

After the Wipe

This era marked another period of relative inactivity on Oith. The mutated remnants of Hoomanrace and oofo culture struggled to survive in the blighted landscape and polluted air, clinging tenaciously to life, eking out an existence almost as lowly as the primordial worms and croaches slowly crawling their way to the top.³

Yesteryear

The Hoomanrace was gone and the planet was destroyed but ripe for the picking by those with the inclination and means to exploit it. This era marks the rise of our ancient predecessors. Over a span of gazillions of millennia our forefathers and foremothers evolved, devolved, spawned and begat, creating the awesome assortment of beings that currently roams the Oith.

Of course, our ancestors had it rough. They had to develop new technologies and reinvent others. The rediscovery of hocus-pokery and other arcane arts, returned to Oith by mysterious inhabitants of the lost continent of Egglantis during the Time of the Flush and enhanced and refined by visitors from Middle Oith, made these adjustments considerably less burdensome for some, but more difficult for others. Much like today, those that wielded magic used it to enslave and enthrall those that did not. To combat the various hocus-pokers and smellcasters, common folk armed themselves with swords and poo-flingers and set out in search of ancient lore and lost treasures. A new age of adventure and exploration arose, ushering in the modern era and The Rise of the Lowly.

Recently

I ate a sandwich.⁴

The Unothings of Ofalmeyer Pitstench

Days and months and crap like that

Remarkably, thanks to the archeological scourgings of the late Ofalmeyer Pitstench, the ancient conventions used eons ago are still in place. The year is still divided into 365 days, there are still twelve months, each week still has seven days and each day is still 24 hours. That's pretty unbelievably astounding, considering the intervening centuries of calamity, but it is, nevertheless, the way it is.

Months o' the Year

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| 1 Onuary | 7 Sevenuary |
| 2 Twouary | 8 Eightuary |
| 3 Throouary | 9 Ninctember |
| 4 Feouary | 10 Tentember |
| 5 Fivuary | 11 Elevenure |
| 6 Sixuary | 12 Twelvotember |

Days o' the Week

- | | |
|----------|-------------|
| Spoonday | Georgsday |
| Moonday | Fried Egg |
| Tubeday | Splatterday |
| Wensday | |



THE MOON AND THE PASSING OF TIME



Apparently folks used to record the phases of the moon to note the passage of months. You can do it that way if you want, but there's really nothing very regular about the big butt in the sky. It wavers erratically across the celestial dome in a random and eccentric manner, showing its massive, pimpled cheeks day or night or not at all according to its own agenda.

Yep, the moon may once have been a valuable tool for celestial reckoning, but now it's pretty much just a big cheesy rump. If you want to know what day it is, buy a calendar.

On a completely unrelated note, you may be wondering...

WHAT TO CALL PEOPLE

Throughout this book, the term *heap* is used to describe a group of player characters. Occasionally, phrases such as *the heroes* or *the party* may be used, but these are in no way intended to indicate heroics on the part of the heap, or to imply that any sort of festivity is taking place.

The Game Master is known as the *Boss*, because I said so.

1. (from the previous page just to confuse you) An ancient Hoomanrace creator deity charged with maintaining the happiness of the entities of nature. It is said that when Boss Rob reigned trees and clouds and mountains were happy and there were no mistakes — only happy little accidents.

2. This was of little concern to the proprietors. They had been trained to handle this sort of thing.

3. Well, the worms at this point weren't so much crawling as they were slithering. It would be gazillions of millennia before worms developed legs and other accoutrements of crawlification.

4. Yimminee's Souseburger Sandwich Recipe: Slather three pickled slog nuggets with Grizzled Grume's Old Fashioned Booze and Poo Sauce, top with an old rag and serve on a hoagy bun with sliced onions and circuspi nuts. Croaches eat some weird shit.

THE LOWDOWN

A SMALL ASSORTMENT OF RULES AND INFORMATION TO AID THE TRAVELER IN HIS EXPLORATIONS OF MUTHA OITH

Mutha Oith has gone through a great many changes since the time of the Hoomanrace. Many of these changes are geographical in nature. Others are a bit more profound. This section describes new rules and clarifications specific to the Low Life setting.

Measurements and Distance (The Pathetic yet Majestic Tale of Yort and the Yortstick)

The ancient standards and units used by the primeval Hoomanrace are obsolete, forgotten relics of a bygone age. Years ago, seeing the need for a widely accepted unit of size and distance, the High Exalted Glorious Infrizium of Knowledge in New Oorlquar held a most peculiar contest. News of the event was spread far and wide (how far and how wide is open to speculation since they did not yet have a means to measure), and soon challengers began to gather in the streets of New Oorlquar. According to the rules of the competition, whichever contestant consumed the most circuspi nuts without puking would be appointed Carrier of the ? Stick. The ? would be replaced with the winner's name and he or she would henceforth be in charge of all units of weight and measure until the end of time.

So it was written; so it was done...

To make a short story slightly shorter, it transpired that the winner of the challenge posed by the High Exalted Glorious Infrizium of Knowledge was none other than Yort, a young bodul from the South Side of

Koozle. Yort was, and still is, a fellow of simple means and even simpler mind. He is a guy with amazingly little imagination but with an amazingly huge ego, an amazingly limited vocabulary, and an amazingly prodigious appetite for circuspi nuts. Thus it became that all units of measure and weight are called the "yort". In distance, one yort is about as broad as Yort's shoulders (one foot).

One big yort is about the same as the distance from New Oorlquar to the Ruins of Old Oorlquar (5,280 yorts). One little yort is about as long as Yort's thumb (one inch). When measuring weight, one yort weighs about as much as Yort's left eyestalk (one pound). This can all get very confusing to someone who has never seen Yort, which is why Yort, Carrier of the Yortstick, spends his days traveling from city to city, town to town, village to village, and cave to cave measuring things and marking them for all to see.

There it is, simple, yet hideously complex. Yort's system is weird, but it gets the job done, and isn't that what really matters in the end?

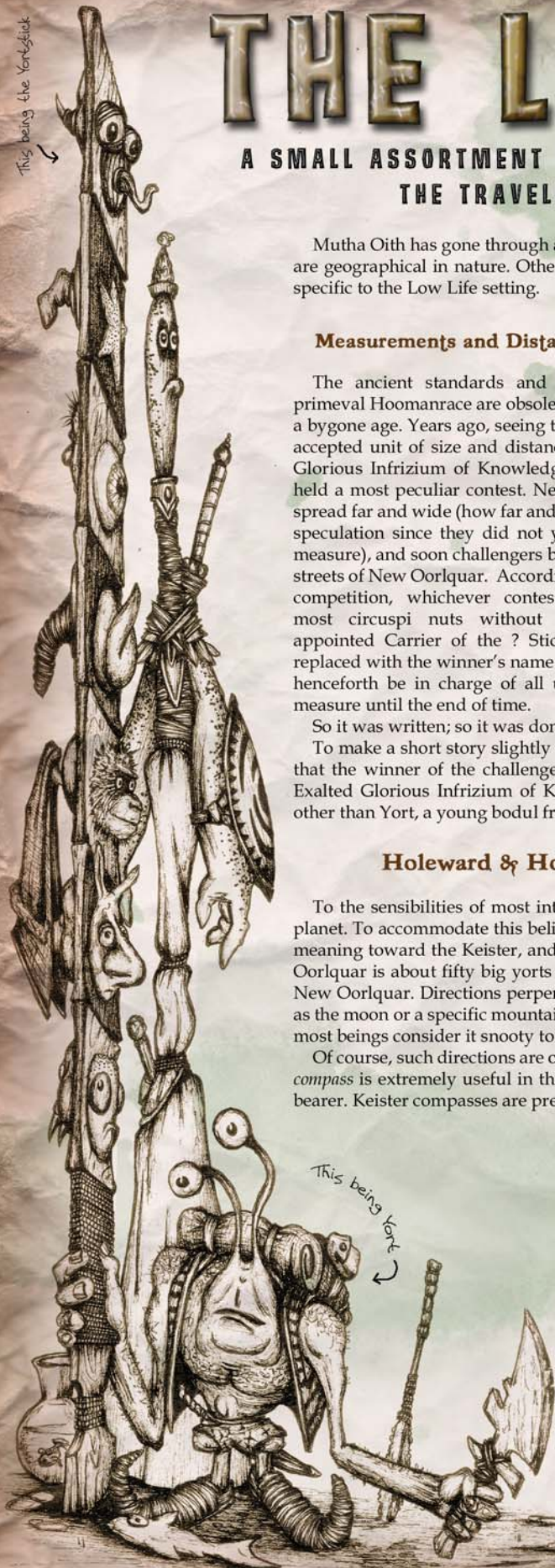
Holeward & Holewhence (Directions and the Keister of Gawd)

To the sensibilities of most intelligent denizens of Oith, the Keister of Gawd is the geographic center of the planet. To accommodate this belief, directions of any significant distance are qualified with the terms holeward, meaning toward the Keister, and holewhence, describing a direction away from the Keister. For example, New Oorlquar is about fifty big yorts holewhence from Ghupe, while Ghupe is about fifty big yorts holeward from New Oorlquar. Directions perpendicular or at an angle to the Keister are given based on other landmarks, such as the moon or a specific mountain. The antiquated directions norf, south, east, and west are still in use, although most beings consider it snooty to use them.

Of course, such directions are only useful if one knows where the Keister actually is. A device known as a *keister compass* is extremely useful in this regard. It is able to detect the specific direction of the Keister relative to the bearer. Keister compasses are pretty rare devices, and fetch a pretty clam when they can be found.

The Shape of Things

It's important to realize that Mutha Oith is a really messed up place. The planet has been victim to more cataclysms and calamities in the past eon or two than a schnooble has butt hairs (that's a lot). As a result, things aren't always exactly how one might imagine they should be. Things that should have rotted away or crumbled to dust centuries ago are still intact. Objects that should be small, like shoes or lunchboxes, are instead as big as houses. Mostly these odd distortions of probability are limited to ancient things, stuff that was around before the Rise of the Lowly, but once in a while a being might stumble across something modern that's similarly screwed up, like a pair of pants that inexplicably no longer fit, a pile of poo that smells of baked bread, or a ginormous oily boid hatching from a normal sized egg. These happenings are often seen as omens by those sensitive to such things.



Character Creation

Who, What, Where, Why, When, and How on Oith Are You?

So, first you decide what kind of character you want to be. You can use the proceeding list as a guide or you can make something up yourself. Once you do that it's time to figure out your statistics. This section will guide your sorry ass through the process.¹

Race

Everybody is something. *Low Life* presents many possible character races from which you may choose. Go ahead and read through the races on the following pages and choose one now. Keep in mind that the racial descriptions are indicative of the typical member of that race. Don't get pissed off if you someday meet an erstwhile cremefillian who worships the Hoomanrace or a croach who is allergic to poop.

If you know what's good for you, you'll read through all of the races, since many of them might contain clues about the back story of *Low Life* and the history of Oith.

Traits

Once you've chosen a race it becomes time to select your character's attributes and skills. Unless otherwise stated in a racial description, your character begins with a d4 in each of its five attributes: **Agility, Smarts, Spirit, Strength, and Vigor**. The creators have then gifted you with an additional 5 points to distribute among them as you choose. Raising an attribute a die type costs one point, and no attribute may be raised above a d12 (unless otherwise stated in the racial description).

Oith's bounty just keeps on providing. This time it's in the form of 15 points with which you may purchase and raise your skills. To raise a skill by a die type costs 1 point as long as it's no higher than its linked attribute. It costs 2 points per die type to raise a skill over its linked attribute.

Skills

The following skills are available in *Low Life*: Boating, Climbing, Driving, Fighting, Gambling, Guts, Healing, Intimidation, Investigation, Knowledge, Lockpicking, Notice, Persuasion, Repair, Riding, Shooting, Stealth, Streetwise, Survival, Swimming, Taunt, Throwing, and Tracking.

Languages

Oith, being the huge place that it is, is home to a massive variety of languages, dialects, and vernaculars. By far the most widespread language is the "ordinary tongue," an almost universal trade language spoken since the time of the Hoomanrace. All player characters are assumed to have a d6 in Knowledge (Ordinary Tongue), and can speak, read and write the language (unless they have the Illiterate Hindrance). Other popular languages include Aggoggian, Pewk, Jive, Ebonics, Scat, Stanular, Ewgianese, Guttermouth, Tweenk, Borlo, Poorly Dubbed Japanese, and Esperanto.

Secondary Statistics

Charisma describes how likeable your character is. It's added to Persuasion and Streetwise rolls. Your Charisma modifier is +0 unless modified by Edges or Hindrances.

Pace is 6" for most characters, but can be altered by Edges and Hindrances.

Parry is equal to 2 plus half your Fighting.

Toughness is equal to 2 plus half your Vigor.

Special Abilities

Now it's time to decide if you want any Hindrances. If so, you may use the points from them to gain the benefits below. You may take one Major Hindrance (worth 2 points) and up to two Minor Hindrances (worth 1 each).

For 2 Hindrance Points you can:

- ☛ Raise an attribute one die type.
- ☛ Choose an Edge.

For 1 Hindrance Point you can:

- ☛ Gain another skill point.
- ☛ Double the amount of clams your character starts with.

Stuff

We're not going to send you out into the world naked and unarmed (although you can be naked if you want to). Your character begins play with 500 clams with which to trade for supplies, clothing, food, and weapons.² Spend them wisely, grasshopper.

Background

Your character came from somewhere, didn't it? This is the part where you come up with an interesting and creative back story. Where does your character come from? What are its motivations? Why does it do what it does? Who loves it and who does it love? What, so to speak, makes it tick?

That's it, you're done.

1. Conveniently, there's a character sheet on page 2 on which you can record this stuff. You can also get one from the official website at www.MuthaOith.com.

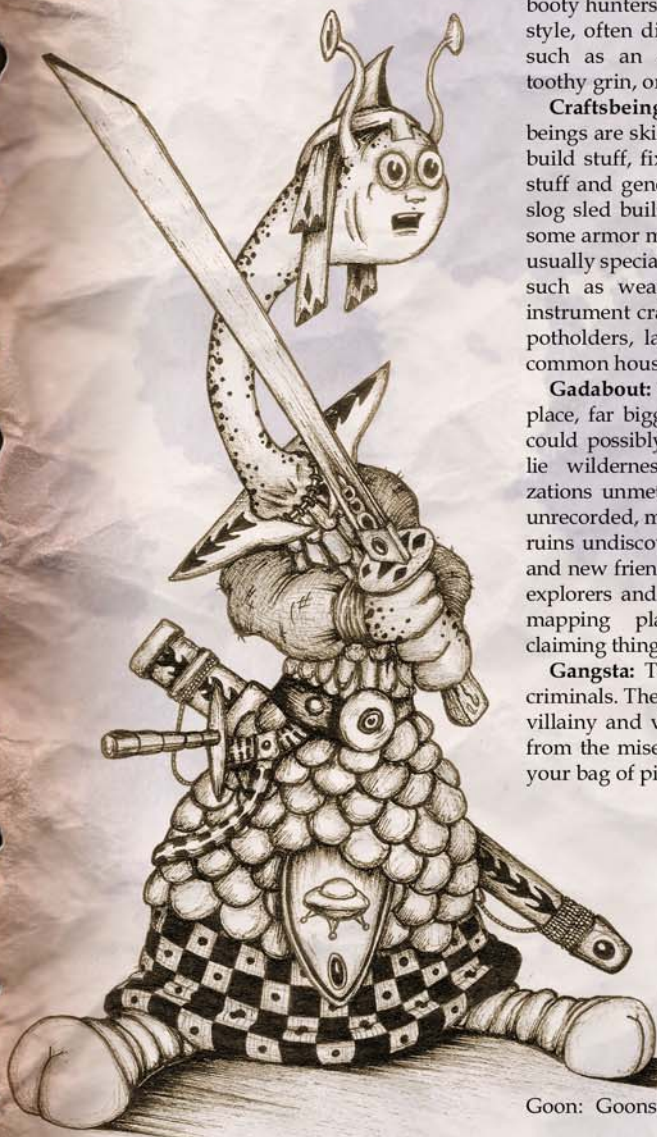
2. "Clam" is sort of a generic term that applies to any crappy little piece of junk that the people of Oith use for trade. Of course some clams are useful in and of themselves, such as a petrified chunk of earwax that might make a good slingshot bullet or a polished bone with which one might scratch his rump. A typical clam might be a button, a shiny rock, the scale of some monster, a bivalve mollusk, an old sock or just about anything else. Naturally, value being relative to demand, and the barter system being a fickle mistress, one bodul's trash is another's treasure. Therefore, it's a good idea to carry a variety of different clams to meet the demands of the various peddlemaisters and finicky shopkeepers that one may do business with in the course of an adventure.

By invitation, let us inventory the clam sack of Gorance the Eloquent, traveling ham and adventurer. Folding back the durable velvet flaps and gently dumping the contents on a flattened toadstool prepared for the occasion, we find the following objects: thirty seven variously colored bits of yarn and string, fourteen polished teeth of suspicious lineage, eleven wooden buttons, seven sprigs of paisley, a threadbare necktie, five dried mushrooms, a small jar of hork mucus, forty three shiny pebbles of differing color and texture, a rusty spoon, nine bivalve mollusks, a chunk of antenna, five guitar picks, some toenail clippings, a metal nail, eight dead bugs, seven live bugs, six comatose bugs, five sleeping bugs, some bugs, yo mama, four clumps of hair bound with twine, the handle from a toothbrush, a really bad drawing of a slog, moldy bread, something indescribable, one of these, five metal rings, half a merkin, a mildewy codpiece, part of a gauntlet, a small pouch of beans, one of those, modeling clay, this crazy thing, a broken knife blade, a sausage, one of these stuck to one of those, a piece of string, a block of word, and a candle.

LOW LIVES

The People of Mutha Oith

The world of Oith is populated by a whole sh'load of distinct and unique individuals. Despite personal differences and diversities a great number of organisms choose to follow a similar occupation or path through life. The following list describes a small sampling of such careers and professions.



Booty Hunter: These guys are all about collecting rewards by catching villains, escaped criminals and other unsavory sorts. Whenever a wealthy peddlemeister needs stolen goods recovered or a lashmaster needs to find a runaway slave you can usually find a horde of booty hunters in hot pursuit. Many booty hunters have a keen sense of individual style, often displaying a personal trademark such as an unusual weapon, a signature toothy grin, or an old battered hat.

Craftsbeing: Also called Makers, Craftsbeings are skilled laborers of some sort. They build stuff, fix stuff, take stuff apart, rebuild stuff and generally do useful things. Need a slog sled built? Go to a Maker. Wanna have some armor made? Ask a craftsbeing. Makers usually specialize in a particular craft or trade, such as weaponsmithing, basket weaving, instrument crafting, grog brewing or making potholders, lanyards and key chains out of common household items.

Gadabout: The Oith is a really freakin' huge place, far bigger than most of its inhabitants could possibly imagine. Beyond the frontiers lie wildernesses untamed, majestic civilizations unmet, strange and bizarre creatures unrecorded, mystic treasures unfound, ancient ruins undiscovered, new enemies undefeated and new friends unbefriended. Gadabouts are explorers and vagabonds, traveling the Oith, mapping places, discovering stuff and claiming things in the name of so-and-so.

Gangsta: These types are basically career criminals. They have chosen a life of banditry, villainy and vice. All sorts of gangstas exist, from the miserable pocket pilferer who stole your bag of pickled slog nuggets to the master

fat curdler stealing priceless artifacts from the temple reliquary. Gangstas often have their own slang, a language or dialect all their own that nobody really understands and usually changes every day or two. Occasionally a gangsta earns or is granted a cult following, sort of a local legendry sort of thing that raises him to the level of a hero in the eyes of the common people. Such gangstas usually steal from somebody the villagers don't like, like a corrupt hoink or domineering peddlemeister.¹

Goon: Goons are hired thugs and bullies. They hurt people for money. Most of them are just trying to compensate for something, but it's best not to tell them that to their faces.

Ham: Life really sucks for a lot of people. The average peed-on leads a life of drudgery and misery with very little in the way of joy or happiness. It's a fine day indeed when a wandering ham comes to town to sing songs, walk on stilts, juggle stuff and otherwise entertain the masses. Hams are actors, singers, minstrels and other generally "musical" types. They like lots of attention.

Hocus Poker: Skilled in magic and the use of arcane wonders, hocus pokers are the wizards and sorcerers of Oith. Although most hocus pokers use their powers judiciously, they are often looked upon with awe by lesser beings, prompting some to acts of cruelty and subjugation. Because of this reputation, hocus pokers are simultaneously feared and revered by the superstitious masses.²

Hoink: Hoinks are the various militia, watchmen, and posses charged by rulers or hired by townsfolk to maintain order and curtail villainy and crime. A hoink is endowed with certain judiciary powers depending on the location or populace that he represents. Most of these are pretty boring, but among the more interesting are the rights to apprehend and imprison suspects, investigate crimes, get free stuff from local peddlemeisters, and sometimes even perform executions (usually under the supervision of a wisenheimer).

Holy Roller: Holy rollers are priests and other clergy dedicated to the tenets and ideals of one religion or another. They can often be found in temples and other places of worship, preaching to the masses and tending to the

Goon: Goons are hired thugs and bullies.

1. As an example, examine the case of celebrated gangsta Merkhin the Shorn. This mysterious figure shaved the heads and bodies of the hirsute and then distributed the clippings among the follically challenged. This is just the sort of pointless heroism of which legends are made. Stupid legends, but legends nonetheless.

2. Exactly what a "hocus" is, and why these guys go around poking them is anybody's guess.

spiritual needs of their congregations. Traveling holy rollers are usually out in search of converts, relics, sinners, and the like. Many holy rollers are granted magical abilities through the power of their faith that allow them to heal the sick, feed the hungry, smite the unbelieving, and generally do whatever it is that their religion espouses.

Lashmaster: Slavery, whether legal or not, is a widespread phenomenon across most of the Oith. Let's face it, palaces and monuments aren't going to build themselves and peed-ons can get pretty expensive. A lashmaster, part thug and part motivational speaker, is a skilled handler, purveyor, and overseer of slaves and other such laborers, servants, and unfortunates.

Obsessed: The Obsessed are fanatics so dedicated to a particular cause that they become blinded to pretty much everything else. A cremefillian committed to destroying all artifacts of the Hoomanrace might be one of the Obsessed, as might an oofa intently focused on finding an ancient relic of his ancestors and flying off into space. Such beings can be extremely dangerous, as they will stop at nothing to accomplish their goals.

Oldster: The ruins of ancient civilizations are pretty thick on the ground. Most of them are too destroyed to learn anything of use from them, but occasionally artifacts, relics, and other historical objects are uncovered. Oldsters are collectors and studiers of such things. They work closely with historians and

gadabouts to form museums and reliquaries dedicated to the study and discovery of these valuable remnants of ancient societies. Most prized, of course, are relics of the Hoomanrace, many of which can be found under guard at the Museum of Antiquities and Obscurities in New Oorlquar.

Peddlemeister: These guys are merchants, shopkeepers and other purveyors of goods and services. Many of them travel the world in search of new markets and new materials, encountering adventure and danger along the way. Since currency on Oith is mostly a thing of the past, peddlemeisters are often skilled barterers, fences, and appraisers.

Peed-on: Somebody has to do the crap work. Peed-ons are unskilled laborers, migrant workers, nameless minions, and the like. They are basically the under appreciated and often ignored masses, the unsung drudges, toilers and field hands. Peed-ons do the work that nobody else wants to do.

Pimp: Pimps are mack daddies and mack mommies, pandering their harems and stables to the lonely, the desperate, and the horny. A good pimp is half lashmaster, half peddlemeister, half slickster and half ham, with an attitude big enough to accommodate all four halves.

Price-o-corn: Nobody knows where this term comes from, but it is used to describe all manner of pirates and booty-thieves. These people travel the oceans and waterways of the world, stealing stuff, sinking boats, getting drunk, wenching wenches and generally causing a ruckus. Price-o-corns are not welcome in most societies, but several island cities make a good trade in catering to their whims and needs. Price-o-corn fashion is often a bit gaudier and more flamboyant than that worn by most other people (except pimps, of course), with eye patches, floppy hats, and really big boots being very popular.

Slave: Whenever there's a social totem pole somebody has to be on the bottom. Slaves are the lucky bastards that get to fill this niche. A slave is considered to be the property of its owner, and as such the owner has complete authority over the life of his slave. Being a





Horus Morus, The Ding of the Dong, holds court. L-R: Odre and Royal Bodyguard Hoofoo the Clob, Horus Morus (seated), and Frupee the Yum, Court Magician.

slave pretty much sucks. Occasionally a slave gets lucky and lands a job teaching the larvae or setting the dinner table, but a great many of them are forced to do carapace-splitting manual labor, building monuments, palaces and the like.

Slickster: Also known as smoovesters, these guys really know how to pull one over on you. They will start up a seemingly innocuous conversation and the next thing you know they're walking away wearing your pants. Masters of the con, the swindle, the grift, the cheat, the fraud, the racket, the hoax, the deception and the rip off, slicksters are tricky in the extreme, always scheming schemes and plotting plots. They differ from gangstas in that they are not generally violent people, preferring to take what they want through outwitty, rather than thuggery.

Smellcaster: Smellcasters are able to coalesce and refine the mystic vapors, breaths,

gasses and fumes that course through all living (and some dead) beings, creating potent and magically viable reeks, stinks, stenchs, scents and odors. Such smells can have a profound and often bizarre effect on those who catch a whiff of them. Not surprisingly, smelves make excellent smellcasters.

Snoot: Snoots are the upper crust of society. They are the snobby nobles, imperious kings, gallant aristocrats, and domineering lords of Oith.

Taletalker: In a world bloated with illiteracy and ignorance histories and legends are often passed through the generations in the form of epic tales and spoken verse. Those skilled in the telling of such tales are known, uncreatively, as Talkers of Tales, or Tattlers. Talkers are great storytellers and orators. They have a vast repertoire of stories, myths, epics, anecdotes, proverbs, sagas, and fables with which they entertain, edify, and educate

the populace, often in exchange for food, supplies, and treasures.

Weirdo: Weirdos are arcane practitioners skilled at harnessing the eldritch energies of the Oith and refocusing them into objects, weapons, and the like. Just about anything can be created, from enchanted swords that pimp slap their targets to magic socks that never fall down.

Wisenheimers: Wisenheimers are traveling smart people. They wander the world dispensing wisdom, thinking deep thoughts, solving problems, philosophizing philosophies, adjudicating disputes, and generally showing off how smart they are. Most wisenheimers delight in riddles, word games, long division and espousing the virtues of this or that. Common people are generally very respectful of wisenheimers and treat them with reverence and admiration.



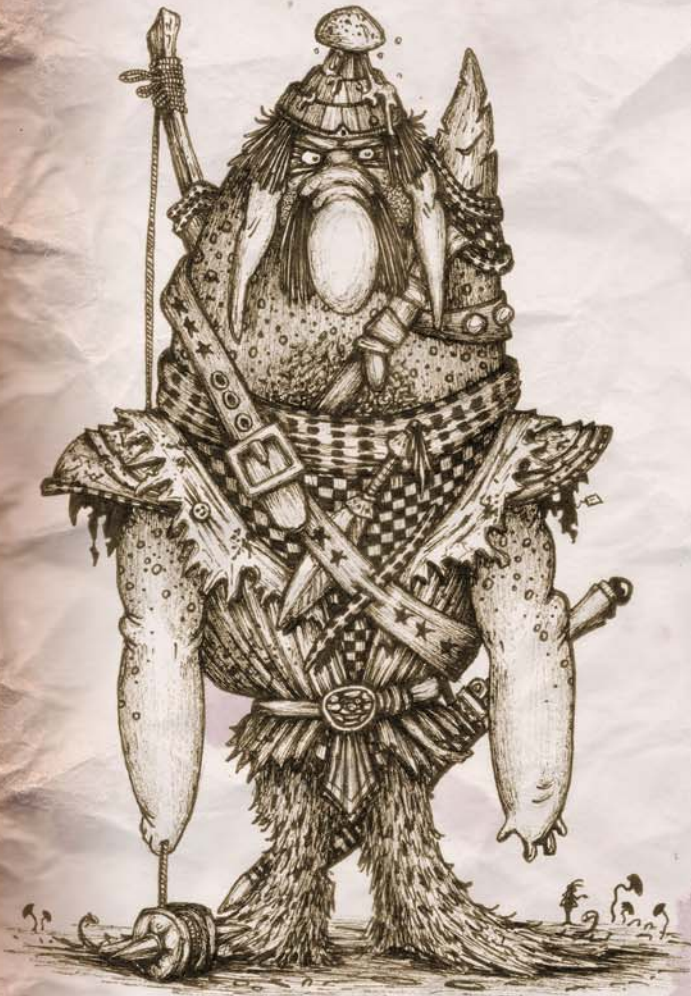
Beings of Dubious Lineage (see the next page)

BODUL

Beings of Dubious Lineage

"We boduls are the bastard offspring of a billion calamities. We have survived the tragedies that killed our ancestors and emerged from the rubble stronger and wiser than ever before. We kick ass!"

-The Face Merchant



The Low Down

Boduls are a people lost in parody and paradox. Indeed, of all the races of Oith none are as universally mocked, nor as universally venerated as the loathsome yet mighty bodul. You see, boduls are the corrupted offspring of the ancient Hoomanrace, gazillions of generations removed. Back in the day, their ancestors ruled Oith; now they are warped and mutated beyond any semblance of their former majesty. Oh well, what can you do?

The centuries of exposure to nukular radiation, toxic chemicals, cosmic crap, and whatnot had a profound effect on their ancestors. The Hoomanrace is extinct, but boduls remain to continue its legacy. They are twisted, deformed, bastardized, and hybridized versions of their ancient relations, barely distinguishable as such, but such nonetheless. Many dispute the truth of their lineage, citing their inhuman appearance, but they know better. The head chef at the Primordial Soup Kitchen put something special in their batter, and the secret ingredient wasn't oregano.

To attempt to physically describe a bodul is to invite cerebral hemorrhage. Such an abundance and diversity of forms and shapes exist as to make any effort at classification as difficult and fruitless as crapping glass pineapples. Most of them have a generally bipedal figure, and faces and arms are quite common, but that's about all one can say to draw similarity between their motley selves. Let's face it, they are all screwed up. A child may look nothing at all like its parents. Some boduls have numerous arms, some have their faces on upside-down. Most have long, drooping ears, but even that is an overgeneralization. Regardless of their personal form, very few boduls bear much resemblance to their Hoomanrace ancestors, not that anyone knows exactly what they looked like. Sexy buggers...

Scrappin'

Boduls, in general, are not a warlike or exceptionally violent people. Sure, the occasional troublemaker lurks in the shadows to spoil the good name for everyone, but for the most part a bodul is content to mind his own business. If his own business is threatened, he'll most likely switch to asskicking mode, but who wouldn't?

Getting Along With Others

As the most abundant intelligent life form on Oith, bodul communities span the globe. They usually play well with others, although cremefillians often resent their lineage and treat them accordingly. Occasionally their diverse appearances cause them to be mislabeled as tizn'ts or oofos, but they know better. Oofos are the ancestors of visitors from other worlds and tizn'ts are a hodge-podge of various ancient critters.

Bodul Names

Boduls are a proud people, and their names often reflect it. Given to majestic, often pompous titles, such as The Face Merchant, Huthu the Moidilizer, and Grotho Good-to-do-business-with. Your typical bodul, if any bodul can be said to be typical, likes to say what he does in his name.

Racial Edges and Hindrances

● **Clever:** Adaptive and intelligent, boduls gain a +2 bonus to any one Knowledge skill.

● **Strange:** Boduls may take as many Background Edges as they like when creating a character, provided they pay for them with the proper amount of Hindrances.

● **Proud Heritage:** Boduls begin with a d6 Spirit instead of the usual d4, due to their proud Hoomanrace ancestry.

CREMEFILLIAN

The Tweenks

"The partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening of gawds flows through my veins!"

-Horus Morus, Ding of the Dong

The Low Down

In any discussion regarding which of Oith's inhabitants is the most bizarre, the strange and spongy cremefillians invariably take the metaphorical cake. Admittedly, everyone on Oith is pretty screwed up, but what can compare to a giant talking pastry with a battle axe and a vendetta? Not much, that's what.

The cremefillians are a proud and spirited people, the last survivors of a cruel and horrific legacy. According to legend, the earliest ancestors of these mighty beings were simple life forms devoid of mind or character, fit only to satisfy the nutritive urges of the ancient Hoomanrace. These primordial 'fillians were created and raised in massive factories of steel and stone, subjected to countless humiliations and miseries, injected with cruel potions and entombed in hermetic coffins before finally being sold and consumed. A pitiful semblance of life at best, but the Hoomanrace knew no better. It would take a catastrophe to teach them the error of their conduct, but by then the age of the Hoomanrace was coming to an end and a new era was on the rise.

The nukular wars that ravaged ancient Oith brought with them immense clouds of radioactive steam and other assorted nastinesses. The seas boiled, froze, and then boiled again. The skies rained fire and the land belched poison. Thus was created an environment completely unsuitable for the continued existence of the Hoomanrace, but a perfect concoction to spur the progression of the cremefillians. You see, cremefillians, or "tweenks" as they are known colloquially, thrive on all manner of toxins, poisons, and radiations. Not only do such things fail to harm these resilient beings, indeed they are the very things that brought them sapience. Over the eons and millennia since The Flush the 'fillians have absorbed and retained an enormous quantity of pollutants and contaminants. These corruptions have conspired with the indigenous toxins in a tweenk's body to produce a being of intelligence and extreme longevity. Indeed, 'fillians are among the longest-lived of all Oith's creatures. No known toxin or disease seems to affect them, and their foul taste and noxious taint makes them unpalatable to all but the most desperate of predators.

Scrappin'

Cremefillians have a proud and resilient history of organized crime and thuggery. A great many tweenks are of a violent bent, although this is by no means a universal or ubiquitous trend.

Getting Along With Others

Not surprisingly, tales of the cruel treatment suffered by the primordial tweenks at the hands of the ancient Hoomanrace inspire many modern 'fillians to a deep hatred and abhorrence of all remnants of that archaic culture. Not all tweenks are of this bent, but anti-Hoomanrace sentiment flows through the veins of most cremefillians like so much partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening.



Cremefillian Names

Tweenk names tend to be a bit on the childish side, with monikers such as Wee Wee, Dodo, and Ling Long being popular. When a cremefillian reaches a certain age, it sheds its infantile name and adopts a pretentious title, such as "Crandel Creampuff, Crusher of Crania" or "Cap'n Cupquake".

Racial Edges and Hindrances

☛ **Foul Taste:** The toxins and pollutants absorbed by the spongy flesh of cremefillians makes them particularly unpalatable. A creature that bites a cremefillian must make a Vigor roll to avoid being Shaken. A penalty equal to the number of wounds inflicted by the bite is applied to this roll.

☛ **Tweenking:** For some reason, perhaps due to their strange body structure, cremefillians are able to carry a great deal more gear and supplies than their Strength would suggest. They can carry an additional three times their Strength in yorts without penalty. Additionally, tweenks ignore minimum strength requirements for all hand weapons.

☛ **Spongy Flesh:** Cremefillians have 1 point of natural armor due to their spongy or dense, crusty flesh. This feature also makes them immune to all natural poisons, toxins, and radioactive emissions.



A couple of bad ass cremefillians doing their thang



Various croaches also doing their thang

Two armed croaches are often looked upon with pity by their more generously endowed kin

CROACH

The
Cosmopolitan
Coprophage



The Low Down

Despite their heritage as the descendants of some of the most hated and reviled beings from the ancient days of Oith, croaches have risen to a position among Oith's most noble and vital denizens. Not unlike the once-lowly worms, they have emerged from the filth and ruin of shattered civilizations to attain a majesty and vibrance undreamed by their miserable ancestors.

Croaches are incredibly adaptive and can be found almost anywhere. Some enjoy positions of high power, such as Bernizedd the Enplumpinated, Boss of New Oorlquar, and Sultan Pepper, Sovereign Monarch of That One Place with All the Sand. Others maintain their place among the lowly, like the well-known but inept mugger Thugsly the Crunch, and the wandering hermit Grooble the Gripe. By and large, croaches are industrious and eager people, perpetually seeking to better themselves and to build a better life for their larva.

Not only are croaches socially adaptive, they are also among the most resilient and gristly of Oith's denizens. Their tough exoskeletons provide them with natural armor and their extremely efficient digestive systems allow them to derive sustenance from just about anything. For some reason, croaches are extremely fond of the feces of other creatures, considering it a delicacy to be savored. Taverns and restaurants worldwide cater to this engrossment, which doesn't much bother the other resident beings, considering what a crap hole the rest of the planet is. Nothing wrong with a little poo now and then, I never say.

"We croaches are a fascinating people.

For eons we lived off the refuse of others and we learned to like it. Now the foot is on the other shoe. I mean the shoe is on the other foot.

Or something like that..."

-Bernizedd the Enplumpinated

Despite their generally cosmopolitan lifestyles, many croaches choose to follow the path of the wandering adventurer. A vagarious existence appeals to their inquisitive sensibilities and the treasures and excitement such a life affords draw a great number of croaches from a more citified routine.

The wondrous secrets unveiled by the arcane and mystical arts lead a great many croaches to become holy rollers or hocus pokers. The thirst for such knowledge is not unique to croaches, of course, but croaches are perhaps second only to worms in the fervor and diversity of their pursuits.

Scrappin'

Every croach is an individual. Some are violent and evil, others are peaceful and hippelicious. One thing that can be said is that croaches are, in general, pretty decent fighters, since their multiple arms allow them to wield several weapons at once. This also makes them pretty decent lovers, if you catch my drift.

Getting Along With Others

In general, they do. Sometimes they don't. It just depends on the individual.

Croach Names

There really isn't much convention to the way croaches name their larvae. Some choose wimpy little names, like Aig or Willis, others opt for more potent appellations, like Krimony Hoozafat or Lictitious Burglemeister. It pretty much just depends on how weird your parents are.

Racial Edges and Hindrances

☉ **Antennae:** Croaches are able to use their antennae to help them get around in the dark. Penalties for bad lighting are halved (round down).

☉ **Crunchy Shell:** A croach's thick exoskeleton gives him a +1 Toughness bonus. They melt in your mouth, not in your hand.

☉ **Multiple Limbs:** Most croaches have four arms and two legs. A croach may attack with a weapon in each hand, although the normal multi-action penalties apply. Some croaches, however, are born with only two arms. Such croaches may choose one free Edge.

☉ **Gullet of Steel:** Croaches are able to digest and derive nutritive sustenance from any non-poisonous organic matter.

HORC

The Snotgoblin

"You might think he's the Boogie Man, but he's snot."

-Some guy who thinks he's funny (but he's not)

The Low Down

Vile and ugly, horcs are cruel and bellicose badasses who came to Oith from the lands of Middle Oith during the Time of the Flush. These warlike savages excel at violence and pillage, considering all other creatures as fodder for horcish larders and slave pens. Generally feared and despised by the other denizens of Oith, horcs are the sworn enemies of the smelves, their ancient adversaries even before The Flush.

Great dripping strands of phlegm-like mucus cover a horc's muscular frame, lending him the appearance of something plucked from the nose of some gigantic beast. His pointy head is adorned by two curved horns and his oozing carcass is usually contained within filthy plates of armor and decorated with the grizzly trophies of past victories.

The supreme embodiment of horcish values are a group of zealots known as the Boogie Knights. These warriors travel Mutha Oith, spreading violence, ruckus, and other horcish ideals wherever they go. Nobody much cares for the Boogie Knights, and with good reason; they really kind of suck.

One interesting, and considerably disgusting, talent possessed by all horcs is known as *gurgitation*. A gurgitating horc may swallow a quantity of material and then *horc* it up at a later time. Horcs are known to store extra weapons, clams, food, and just about anything else in their gullets for later use. Of course, whatever is swallowed comes back up covered in disgusting slime, but that is of little consequence to a horc.

Scrappin'

Although horcs rarely pursue the arts of hocus pokery and other arcane practices, they kick butt with weapons of all sorts. Nothing makes a horc happier than lopping the schnoz from a smelf's face with a barbed machete or gathering ingredients for a delicious smelf tartar with a razor edged battle spoon. Yes indeed, horcs do love their weaponry, and most of them carry a small arsenal or two wherever they go. Horcs are all about the butt-kicking.

Getting Along With Others

In general, they don't. Of course, the evil nature of horcs is more a guideline than a rule. As with all broad statements, there are exceptions. History is replete with tales of horcs who have forsaken their vile reputations to become heroes and adventurers of renown. Some have even gone so far as to befriend their ancestral smelven enemies and join in arms against their fellow horcs. Such aberrations are rare, but they do, occasionally, exist. When a horc is found with a group of adventurers it is usually due to some selfish desire on the part of the horc and a need for a strong sword arm on the part of the other adventurers.

Horc Names

Horcs kick butt and they like you to know it. Not surprisingly, they often choose incredibly arrogant and obnoxious titles like "Big Blarn the Buttkicker", "Murderous Mook the Cheek Chopper" and "Goob Gutguzzler".



Racial Edges and Hindrances

☛ **Buttkicker:** Because they are such badasses, all horcs receive the Trademark Weapon Edge for free, even if they do not meet the Fighting or Shooting requirement. Such is the nature of things.

☛ **Gurgitation:** A horc may store up to 2 yorts of material in its gullet per die of Vigor that it possesses (12 yorts at d6, 16 yorts at d8, 20 yorts at d10, and 24 yorts at d12). Only half of the weight of swallowed objects counts toward the total weight a horc can carry. Sharp objects must be sheathed or otherwise bundled to prevent damage to the horc. Obviously, swallowed objects must actually be able to fit inside of the horc in order to be gurgitated. Living creatures can survive in a horc's gullet as long as they can hold their breath.

☛ **Slimy Bastard:** Horcs are covered in disgusting mucus. They may take either the Slimy Edge or the Sticky Edge for free. Also, Horcs have a -1 Charisma penalty toward non-horcs (-2 toward smelven).

☛ **Tough Ass MoFo:** Because they are such bullies and tough guys, horcs begin play with a d6 Vigor instead of a d4. You wanna fight about it?



Some horscs contemplate the future of their smelven prisoner. Check out the guy in the back, he has a worm on a stick.



Bunny slippers make me laugh.

Although nobody is quite sure what a bunny is, bunny slippers are quite popular among Oith's more fashionable denizens.

O O F O

The Erstwhile Tourists

"Greetings Oith creature. Take me to your leader.

I come in peas. Resistance is frugal.

Bend over."

-Zolto Moonspawn

The Low Down

These crazy guys are the descendants of ancient visitors who came to Oith from distant realms beyond the stars. Why anybody would want to visit this festering fecal mound we call home is beyond my imagination, but nevertheless, the truth remains. Pick up your shovel and dig it, true believers. Those fancy lights in the sky, the ones the wizenheimers call stars, they aren't just for show. Some of them, so the ancient scriptures proclaim, are actually thriving centers of industry, commerce and culture. The trouble is, nobody's visited them in gazillions of years and, as far as is known, visitors from that neck of the metaphorical woods haven't come to Oith in millennia. Those that did visit here eons ago either fled before The Flush or were stranded and abandoned, eventually evolving (devolving?) into the colorful spectrum of oofos that grace our turd mound to this day.

What do they look like? Well, oofos in general are a pretty handsome people. Variations abound, but a few features are more common than others. Grey or green skin, huge, bulging eyes, bald heads, exposed brains, wiggly little antennae, luminescent fingertips and slime covered bodies are all familiar attributes. Most oofos are bipedal and stand upright, but exceptions are not uncommon. Despite their obvious differences, it is oftentimes difficult for moronic imbeciles to tell the difference between a bodul and an oof. The following rhyme, while undeniably prurient, is a helpful, if somewhat offensive, device to that end:

If you be confused 'bout what a strange being be

Lift up its trousers and see what you see.

If under its skirt no vent you do spy

Then that guy's an oof, they lack a brown eye.

You see, oofos are extremely efficient eaters, able to completely consume whatever food they devour. Therefore, they have no use for the excretory apparatus possessed by other creatures and are thus unequipped with such an orifice. Because of this anatomical absence, many oofos possess an inherent fascination with the hindquarters of other creatures. This may be a reminiscence of ancestral days of probes and exploratory surgery, or perhaps just a sick perversion enjoyed on a pandemic scale.

Rectal fascination aside, oofos are generally a focused and diligent people, sometimes setting incredible goals for themselves and laboring for a lifetime to see them through. One of the most common oof ambitions is the collection and understanding of the wondrous artifacts left behind by their alien ancestors, perhaps with the eventual objective of leaving this puddle of muck behind and returning to their primordial homeland.

Of course, whatever magics or technologies allowed the primeval oofos to travel through space were lost long ago. Relics and remnants of the ancient oofos are occasionally found, but so far, with very few exceptions, even the cleverest wizenheimers don't know crap about how to make them work.

Scrappin'

Oofos are not typically a violent group, but if hindered in their goals they can be quite feisty.

Getting Along With Others

As long as an oof is allowed to focus on her goals she can be quite personable. Oofos often try to emulate their ancestors by feigning ignorance about the ways of Oith and Oithlings.

Oof Names

Oofos, almost universally, are drawn to monikers that emphasize their alien heritage. Names such as Voltar, Ximzox, Zuzz, Zorlo and Ett are among the most common. Orlozz, Xooximoox, and Vizzz are also popular.

Racial Edges and Hindrances

Oofos may choose three of the following Edges for free:

• **Big Ass Eyes:** The oof gains a +2 to all Notice rolls on account of its huge peepers.

• **Brainiac:** The oof is psychic. He has the Arcane Background, Dementalist Edge.

• **Glowy Finger of Love:** Such an oof can use his glowing finger to heal anyone he touches (even himself). He can heal two wounds each day for each die of Spirit he possesses.

• **Obsessed:** The oof is obsessed with anything having to do with his ancient ancestors. His focus of attention gives him a +2 bonus to any rolls made to understand, operate, locate, identify, repair, modify, fight with, or otherwise manipulate ancient oof artifacts.

• **Oddvision:** Some oofos can see in visible spectra invisible to others. Such oofos are able to see in the dark, ignoring all penalties for insufficient lighting conditions. They can also see through fog, mist, and other such obstructions.

• **Starry Wisdom:** The oof is uncannily wise. He speaks cryptically and with a garbled sentence structure. He also begins play with a d6 Smarts instead of a d4.

• **Slimy:** The oof exudes slippery ooze from somewhere. It has the Slimy Edge.

• **Sticky:** An oof like this has some sort of gooey mucus coating its body. It has the Sticky Edge.

• **Xenomorph Physiology:** The oof may alter its shape in order to assume the physical form of another being of roughly the same size. The disguise does not affect the oof's voice or scent, nor does it confer any additional racial Edges or Hindrances. A suspicious being who views the thusly disguised oof may make a Notice roll at -4 in order to recognize the scam.

PILE

The Contaminated

"Ok, this is going a little too far.
A creature made out of poo;
you must be an idiot.
What are you, four years old?"
-Feco the Defecator

The Low Down

Living hulks of magically animated waste, piles are the offspring and byproducts of arcane contamination, the mystical science that allows contaminators to make living hulks of magically animated waste. Piles are basically festering heaps of biological trash, given life and sentience through arcane means. Among the rarest of Oith's sentient beings, they are generally adventurous and bold, attempting to make the most of the bastardized version of life given to them.

Vagarious and inquisitive by nature, most piles spend their lives in an endless search for fresh diversions and experiences. Thus, they are perfectly suited to lives as adventurers, explorers, mercenaries, and wandering heroes.

In aspect and countenance piles vary greatly. Most are vaguely bipedal in form, composed of a mass of biological waste material (dead things, poo, etc...) with random bits of chemical and nukular matter thrown in for effect. Generally large and bulky, piles are incredibly strong and durable. Their gooey body mass allows them to heal very quickly, even storing weapons and objects in their bulk by stabbing themselves and allowing the wound to heal around the thing. Here's the thing, the actual living part of a pile is located quite a distance beneath its viscous shell. The surrounding goop itself is malleable and dense, providing a degree of natural armor to the pile and giving him a weapon that is always at hand. Dig this, piles can actually tear chunks of goo from their bodies and hurl it at their enemies. Such goo does little physical damage, but can temporarily blind or disorient an opponent. I mean, who can think clearly with a big chunk of radioactive poo stuck to his face?

The arcane mysteries that create piles are understood by very few. There is a profound difference in sapience and permanence between actual piles and the containimatronic minions and other such beings summoned and created by the containimator's art. In fact, the creation of a pile is most often accidental, resulting from an extremely rare combination of unknown factors. It is the supreme goal of many contaminators to unravel this mystery and discover the secrets of pile creation.

Scrappin'

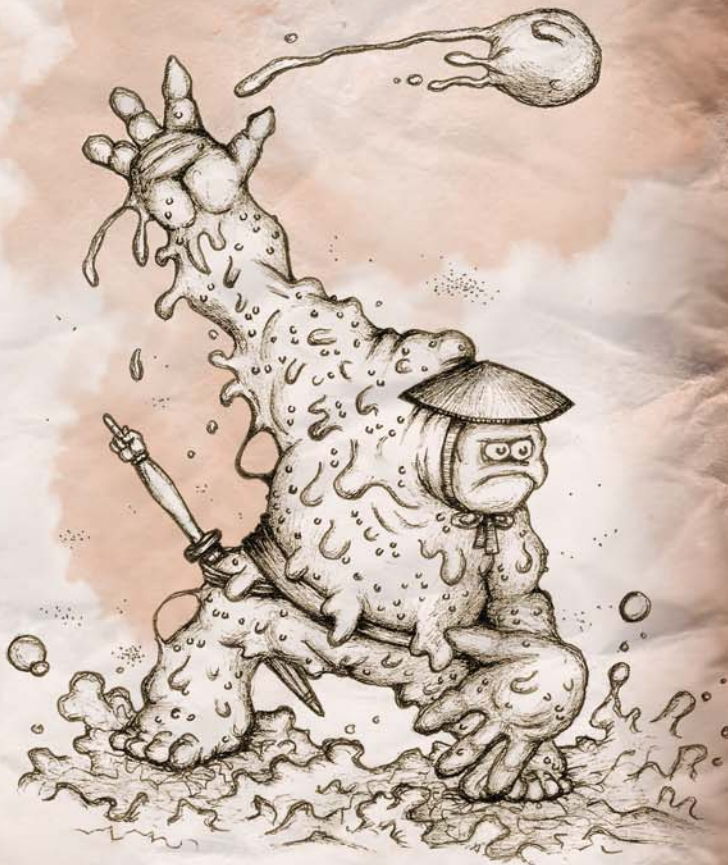
Piles, perhaps due to their impatient nature, don't mess around when it comes to fighting. They go for the throat and try to get things over with as quickly as possible.

Getting Along With Others

Despite their horrid appearance (and even more horrid odor), most piles are friendly, outgoing, and gregarious, at least at first. Get on their bad side and they'll mess you up without a second thought. You see, piles cherish every minute of their lives and they don't have time to waste on complicated decision making. They aren't stupid, just impulsive. Quick to anger, they are just as quick to forgive.

Pile Names

Piles often choose names that give themselves a sense of purpose. Such monikers as The Fool Pitier, The Stompinator, Finsto the Quill, and Feco the Defecator have been reported.



Racial Edges & Hindrances

● **Dense & Chewy:** Since piles are covered in a thick layer of filth, they gain a +1 bonus to Toughness.

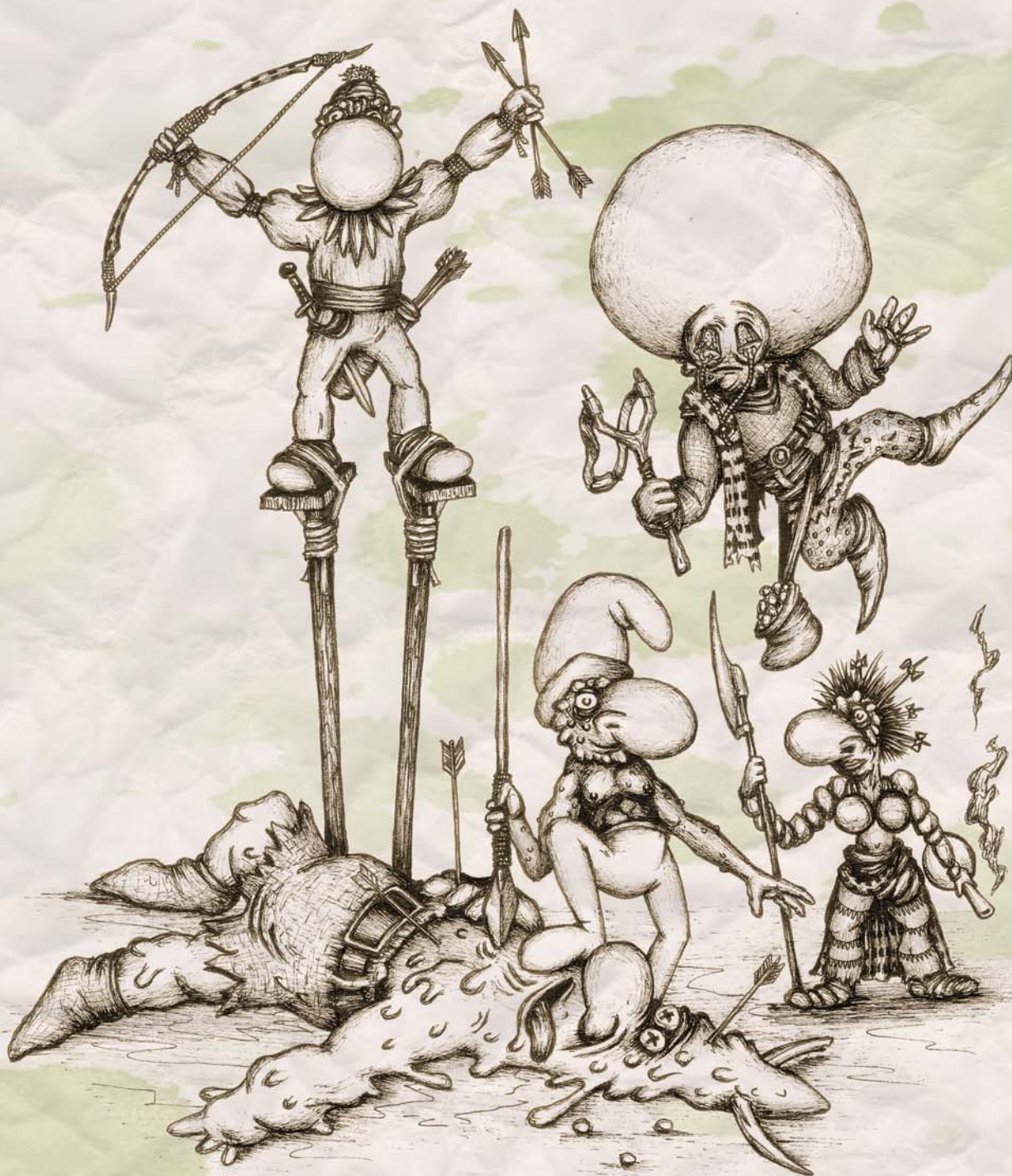
● **Goo Flinging:** A pile is able to harmlessly rip chunks of goo from his body and throw them at his enemies. The pile uses his Throwing skill and can hurl a chunk of goo up to three yorts (3") per die of Strength (no range penalties). A target hit by the goo must make a Vigor roll or be blinded for one round plus one round for each raise on the pile's Throwing roll.

● **Malleable:** The disgusting coating that surrounds a pile's frame is thick and malleable. As a result, a pile has little use for scabbards, sheaths, pouches and the like. He can simply stab a weapon or object into his goo and allow the minor wound to heal and form a natural holder. This causes only negligible damage to the pile. A pile can thusly store up to five pounds of material per die of Vigor.

● **Burly Fellow:** Piles begin with a d6 Strength rather than a d4, since they are such strapping lads and lasses.



Piles are some pretty disgusting guys, but they just want to be loved like everyone else.



A gaggle of smelves kick the ass of a vile horc.

SMELF

Annoying Little Bastards

"La la la la la. La la la la la.

What the #&\$% does that mean?

Make some #&\$%'n sense you idiots!"

-Crotchety Smelf



The Low Down

Smelves, ridiculously beschnozzed little guys, came to our world from the mythic lands of Middle Oith during the Time of the Flush, fleeing the tyranny of their malicious horc adversaries. This proved to be a bad decision, since the horcs simply followed them here, but what can you do?

In general, a smelf is a short, slender sort of fellow (or fellette) with the biggest honkin' nose a being's likely to see. Smelves are extremely proud of their prodigious proboscises, often polishing them with earwax and scented oils and adorning them with jewelry and tattoos. Not only is a smelf's nose the decorative focal point of its countenance, it is also the source of many of a smelf's special talents.

Not surprisingly, smelves have a very powerful sense of smell. They are more attuned to the smellements, those noxious and beauteous essences that make up the odors and fragrances of the universe, than are other beings. This, combined with their sensitive and clever nature, makes them supremely adapted to the path of the smellcaster. Smelven smellcasters are a valuable addition to any adventuring group or sorcerous conclave.

A further talent developed by certain smelves is the bizarre practice known as nosebloating. An elf skilled in nosebloating is able to inflate his schnoz, by inhaling deeply through his nostrils, to such a degree that it becomes buoyant in air and actually allows the smelf to levitate or hover above the ground. A nosebloating smelf usually carries a pair of corks with which to plug his nostrils and extend the duration of the bloat.

What smelves lack in physical stature, they more than make up for in resourcefulness and ingenuity. Smelves are renowned as architects and inventors, responsible for many of the most bizarre and intriguing monuments and structures to be found throughout Mutha Oith.

Smelvish architecture is often replete with decorative elements, such as brilliant gargoyles, waterspouts, fountains, flying buttresses, and magnificent sculptures. Smelves who dwell outside of cities and towns often inhabit the hollowed shells of giant fungi.

Despite their talents for architecture and other citified pursuits, most smelves are great lovers of the wilderness and often inhabit the far frontiers of the world. They can be found anywhere from tending crops of fungus between the toes of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ to wrangling cheese leeches in the Moonular Cheese Fields.

Scrappin'

Smelves, despite their tiny size, can be quite resourceful combatants. A favorite technique is to nosebloat out of range and then hurl death upon their enemies with slingshots and spears.

Getting Along With Others

Smelves generally get along well with most other beings, except horcs, whom they despise.

Smelf Names

Smelves are all dorks. They choose names for themselves based on an aspect of their personality or their job, such as Murderer Smelf, Pimp Smelf, Sexy Smelf, and Brown Noser Smelf. Some just use an alliterative nonsense word, such as Smerkle Smelf or Smudgeon Smelf. It's all really rather silly.

Racial Edges & Hindrances

☉ **Nasal Targeting:** A smelf's schnoz makes a wonderful natural targeting site. As a result, smelves add +2 to all Shooting and Throwing rolls.

☉ **Nimble Little Guys:** Due to their small statures and lissome physiques, smelves begin with a d6 Agility rather than a d4. Conversely, they may not begin play with a Strength greater than d8.

☉ **Nosebloating:** A smelf with a Vigor of d8 or higher is able to inflate her nose to such gigantic proportions that she can actually float above the surface of the Oith. A smelf can rise above the ground and hover a distance of 10 yorts (10 feet) for each Vigor die above d6 (10 yorts at d8, 20 yorts at d10, 30 yorts at d12). Nosebloating can only lift a smelf vertically; it does not allow horizontal or diagonal motion. Once a smelf is airborne she is at the mercy of the wind. Additionally, a smelf must plug her nostrils in order to nosebloat, which pretty much limits her to only one hand unless she uses a pair of corks or similar plugs. A nosebloating smelf can hover indefinitely as long as her nostrils remain plugged. Obviously a smelf's sense of smell is useless when nosebloating.

☉ **Schnoz to Be Reckoned With:** A smelf's nose is bulbous and rubbery. As a result, all smelves have a +2 armor bonus against attacks to the head. Smelves also gain a +4 bonus to all Notice rolls in which the sense of smell is a factor.

TIZN'T

What the Heck is That Thing?

"Well, it isn't a worm. It isn't a croach. It isn't a bodul..."

-Himiny Foot, Bodul Wisenheimer

The Low Down

Back in the day, according to the wisenheimers, when the Hoomanrace still ruled the planet, strange and wondrous animals roamed the lands and seas of primeval Oith. Such an amazing diversity of forms and types existed as to blow the mind of even the most willful dementalist. Most of these guys are extinct now, gone the way of the Hoomanrace, but their ancestors remain. Well, not exactly their ancestors, but something like that. Dig this, A Really Long Time Ago, the Primordial Soup Kitchen was created, so say the oldsters, to catalogue and store the genetic crap from all the animals of Oith, and eventually use this stuff to repopulate the Oith in the event some cataclysm killed everyone. We all know that such a cataclysm (several, in fact) occurred, but what was not reckoned was that the Primordial Soup Kitchen itself would be damaged in the ruckus. Well, that's what happened anyway and when the chefs and wine stewards and waitresses got back to work they screwed up everybody's order. The animals were put back together incorrectly, resulting in the bizarre hybrid beings known as tizn'ts.

Every tizn't is different, being a mix of several of the animals that roamed ancient Oith back in the day. One tizn't for example, might have the head of a long necked leaf muncher, the body of a feathered running thing, the arms of a scaly green tree climber, and the tail of a plumed show-off boid. The specific names of these ancient animals are lost to the anus of history, but the wisenheimers of today find sport in speculating what the constituent parts of a tizn't might have once looked like on a complete beast.

Tizn'ts themselves are often quite intelligent, gifted with a sapience rarely found in lesser animal forms. Like boduls, Tizn'ts tend to be extremely idiosyncratic, which makes a classification such as this one very difficult to generalize. If there is one trait that can be said to universally describe a tizn't it is individuality. No two are alike, nor would they want to be. Tizn'ts are unique, and they like it that way.

Scrappin'

Since every tizn't is different, they all have different techniques and styles when it comes to fighting. These pages don't provide enough space to list them all, so use your imagination.

Getting Along With Others

Tizn't often prefer to form communities of their own, where their individual uniqueness is respected and appreciated. By and large they tend to get along with other species, as their distinctive natures make them especially accepting of others. They don't usually like horcs, since the snotgoblin's destructive and conformist nature offends their independent sensibilities.

Tizn't Names

As every tizn't is a unique entity, so too is her name. Just about anything can be a moniker for a tizn't. Famous tizn'ts of note include Internal Combustion Engine, a snail headed fellow from New Oorlquar, Asparagobster Fromage of the Moonular Cheese Fields, Pickle Head Frankenfortress of Scab, Doorq Snozzleweiner of Floom, and Reputus Merkle Garbonzo the Somewhat Less Than Sane, who lurks in the gutters of Agog talking to trash bins and writing endless long division on the castle walls.



Racial Edges and Hindrances

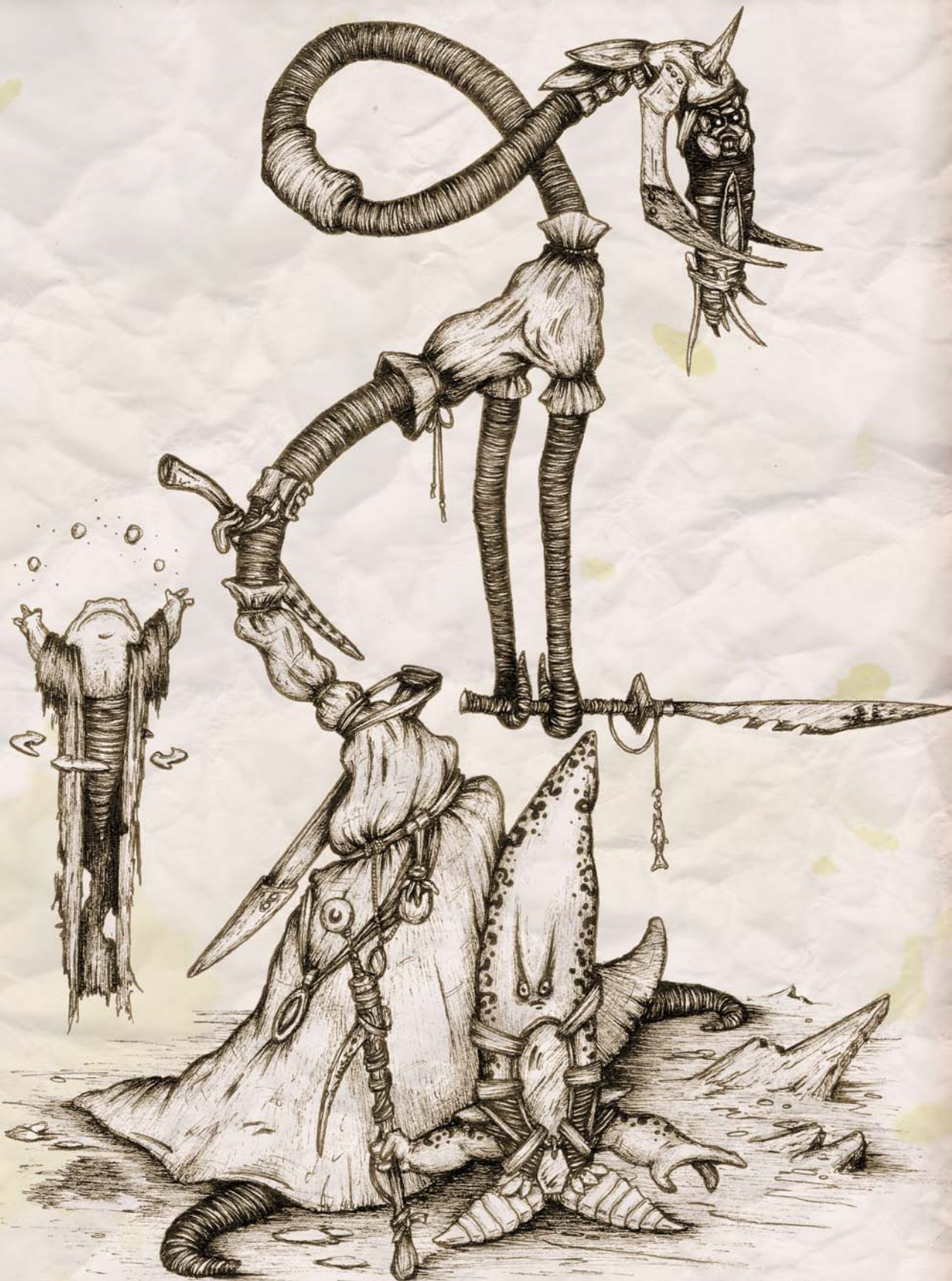
● **Hybrid:** Each tizn't is a bizarre combination of three or more animals from ancient Oith. The exact mixture is different for every tizn't, so it is up to the player to decide the nature of his character. Just about any animal is usable, even dinosaurs and other critters from Way Back in the Day. The Tizn't Edges and Hindrances chosen should reflect the physical nature of the animals chosen. For example, if you want gills, you should probably have the head of a fish or eel, and if you want to have an extended jump, you should have the legs of a kangaroo or a rabbit or something like that.

Since every tizn't is unique, it is impossible to quantify every single possible Edge or Hindrance they might have. Players are encouraged to create new ones based upon the creatures of ancient Oith. In general an Edge should give a tizn't a +2 bonus to one or more Skills, an extra die for one attribute, or offer a new ability, such as constriction, a mildly venomous bite, sharp quills, natural armor, low light vision, gills, a prehensile trunk, etc... A Hindrance might restrict an attribute to a certain die, give a penalty to one or more Skills or attributes, or offer a restriction such as requiring that the tizn't's skin remain moist, that she eat every hour, or that her elephantine rump restricts her movement in enclosed spaces. Every Tizn't begins with two Tizn't Edges and may take as many Tizn't Hindrances as they like, adding another Edge for each Hindrance.

● **Object of Fascination:** Tizn'ts are one of the few links to the ancient days of the Hoomanrace left on Oith. As such, they are often pursued by annoying wisenheimers trying to unravel the secrets of the universe and whatnot. This sort of thing is par for the course for tizn'ts and they have pretty much grown to expect it. Still, it can be pretty irritating to be poked and stared at by a bunch of freaks with magnifying lenses and measuring tapes.



Tizn'ts are the most bizarre of Oith's creatures.



Worms come in a multitude of varieties.

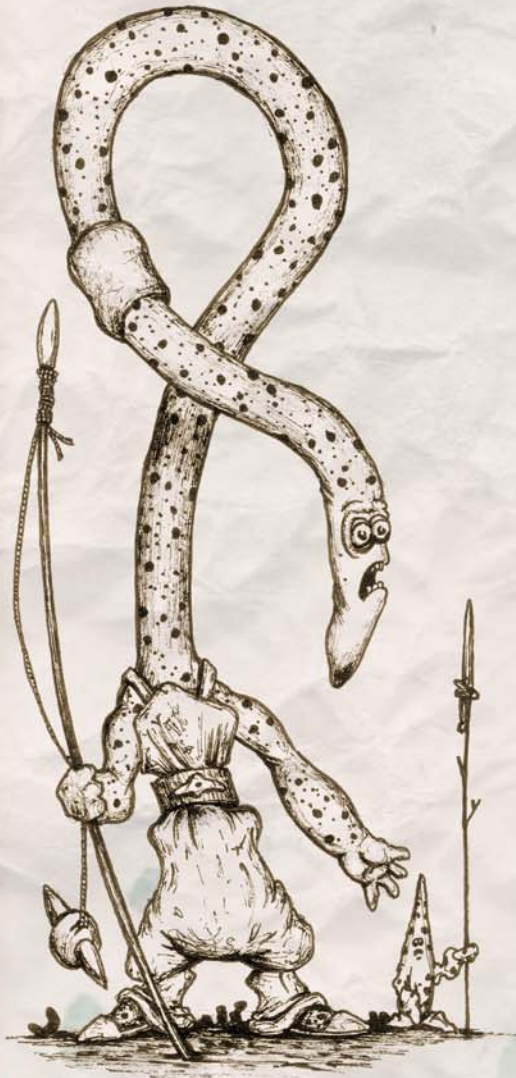
WERM

An Annelidical Mind

"Ours is a history of valor, a tale of great triumph and epic heroism. For we, once among the lowliest of all Oith's creatures, now reign supreme! Well, if not supreme then at least somewhere near the top. Ok, maybe not the top, but we at least rate somewhere, and not at the bottom either.

I bet I could kick your butt."

-Gorsho Loxodentist, The Great Red Worm



The Low Down

Not unlike many of Oith's creatures, worms rose from extremely humble beginnings to become a vibrant and vital contributor to the planet's ecology and culture. Derived from simple ancestors (soil tillers, parasites and pathogens for the most part) the worms of today have risen from the primeval mud to become mighty warriors, brilliant hocus pokers, crafty merchants, and masterful weavers of art and artifice. Diverse in form and strong of spirit, worms are very proud of their race's history and accomplishments.

Many worms are long and slender with smooth, segmented skin and a couple of pairs of limbs. Others are flat and broad, relatives of the dreaded cheese leeches that infest the Moonular Cheese Fields and the luminescent glowworms of Glowhio. Although most worms have arms and legs, a few varieties lack one or the other of these extremities. The prehensile body of some worms makes this lack of limbs less of a detriment than one might suppose; their squirming coils are quite capable of lifting and wielding objects and weapons.

Scrappin'

Worms are pretty tough fighters. Their dense, rubbery skin resists many attacks and their slimy coils are quick and supple.

Getting Along With Others

Worm culture is as varied and as vast as their morphology. Being very adaptive fellows, they are able to fit in with most civilized beings, adjusting easily to changing situations and new cultures. This is not to say that worms do not form their own societies, just that they are generally welcome in the cities and towns of other beings.

Worm Names

Worms tend to adopt the naming conventions of whatever culture in which they happen to be at the time. It is not unusual for a worm to change his name on a daily basis to reflect his current mood or to glorify a recent deed or achievement. A worm known as Mullig the Meek today might call himself Trullig the Terrible tomorrow. You never can tell with these guys.

Racial Edges and Hindrances

☉ **Burrowing:** Worms are really good at digging. They can plow their way through loose dirt at one half of their normal movement rate, with or without a shovel.

☉ **Coiled Spring:** Worms are either very nimble and smooth, or they are thick and tough. As such, they start with a d6 in either Agility or Strength (your choice) instead of the usual d4.

☉ **Low Light Vision:** The strange eyes of worms allow them to see well even in dim or darkened environs. They ignore penalties for these conditions, although pitch darkness affects them normally.

☉ **Regeneration:** Worms roll for natural healing every day, instead of every five days. Severed limbs can be reattached or regrown. It takes a number of days equal to twenty minus the worm's Vigor die to regrow a lost limb. Reattached limbs heal normally and are fully functional once the worm is completely healed.

☉ **Rubbery Skin:** Worms have very thick, rubbery skin. It gives them a +1 bonus to Toughness.



SKILLS

New Edges, Hindrances, and that sort of thing



NEW SKILLS

Contamination (Vigor)

This skill allows a contaminator to harness and control the energies of waste and filth. This skill is used in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Contaminator) Edge.

Dementalism (Smarts)

This is the skill by which brainy oofos perform feats of amazement with the power of their minds. This skill is used in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Dementalist) Edge.

Holy Rolling (Spirit)

With this skill a holy roller is able to channel the divine energies granted by her deity (or self-delusion) into magical spells and powers. This skill is used in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Holy Roller) Edge.

Hocus Poking (Smarts)

This is the wonder working skill of the hocus poker. This skill is used in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Hocus Poking) Edge.

Smellcasting (Smarts)

Smellcasters use this skill, in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Smellcaster) Edge to harness the smellemental essence of the Oith.

Weirdness (Smarts)

With this skill a weirdo is able to create all sorts of crazy thingamajigs, mabobs, wingles, whosamawhatzits, and doohickies. This skill is used in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Weirdo) Edge.

NEW HINDRANCES

Armless (major)

Suffering socks, dude! You ain't got no arms. You poor, poor guy. Unless you have some mad psychic powers or some other body part that can compensate you are out of luck. Take a -4 penalty on all tasks that require arms (such as fighting and climbing) unless you have some way to compensate. Werms with this Hindrance may take the Prehensile Body Edge for free.

Colorblind (minor)

You see everything in shades of grey. Color is a mystery to you, you poor kid.

Funny Looking (minor)

There's just something about the way you look that makes people laugh. Maybe your antennae curl in a certain way, or your crème filling is an odd shade of purple. Whatever it is you are constantly giggled at and spoken about behind your back. It's hard for people to take you seriously and as such you suffer a -1 penalty to all Charisma rolls.

Hoardosaurus (minor)

You are obsessed with collecting things. Your pockets are always overflowing with useless crap, but you just can't seem to let it go. What's your problem, anyway?

Inumerate (major)

You have absolutely no concept of numbers. You can't count or do math of any kind. Your brain just isn't wired that way. Sorry...

Junkie (major)

You are majorly addicted to something. It could be just about anything from booze to lovin' to Chopping Block Chili, but if you don't get your fix every day you suffer a -1 penalty to all trait rolls. The Boss may decide you can overcome your addiction somehow, but I wouldn't count on it.



Legless (major)

Merciful Boorglezar! You ain't got no legs! You get a -4 penalty to any action that requires Agility and your Pace is halved. On the plus side, you get a +2 bonus to Persuasion rolls made while begging. Worms with this Hindrance may take the Prehensile Body Edge for free.



Mistaken Identity (minor or major)

"Hey, you look like..." Wherever you go people are always saying you look like someone else. In this case it's someone bad. Maybe it's a notorious price-o-corn, a wanted gangsta, an infamous bandit or a well-known slog rustler. Whoever he is, you look like him and people think you're him. This Hindrance can be minor or major, depending on who people think you are and how closely you resemble that person.

One Eye (minor)

You have a -1 penalty to attack with ranged weapons due to your lack of depth perception. This is not the same as a missing eye, you were only born with one eye. This Hindrance is only available to boduls, oofos, and piles.

Sort of Clueless (minor)

Huh? Your ignorance grants you a -1 penalty to all Common Knowledge rolls.

Wuss (minor)

You're not a total coward, but you're getting there. You have a -1 penalty to all Guts checks.

NEW EDGES

BACKGROUND EDGES

There are six Arcane Backgrounds available in *Low Life*: Contanimation, Dementalism, Hocus Poking, Holy Rolling, Smellcasting and Weirdness. Brief introductions to each follow this paragraph. For more information about Arcane Backgrounds, magic and religion flip your shiny butt ahead a few pages.

Arcane Background (Contanimator)

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d6+

The Oith is a polluted, irradiated pile of festering crap. Luckily, characters exist who are able to turn this to their advantage. A contanimator is a mystically trained being who is able to exploit the inherent magical and radioactive emissions of various biological, nukular, and toxic waste products, from which he can manifest spectacular illusions, inflict deadly diseases, and even create magically animated minions.

The spongy, absorptive flesh of creme-fillians makes them natural contanimators; they gain a +1 bonus to all contanimation rolls.

Arcane Background (Dementalist)

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6+, Oofo

Although no oithly creature is able to manifest psychic powers, some oofos have this ability. With a mere thought and a bit of concentration such an oofo can plumb the depths of another being's mind, start fires, manipulate matter, wash his feet, throw stuff and perform a whole host of other nifty acts.

Arcane Background (Hocus Poker)

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6+

Hocus pokers are wizards, sorcerers, magicians and just about anyone else who uses the magic energy of her own body to cast spells. Hocus pokers don't need filth, religion, stinks or objects to perform their magic; they get funky with their own bad selves.

Arcane Background (Holy Roller)

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d6+

Holy rollers are religious fanatics. Whether a Jeezle Freak, a Boorglezarian, a Jemima's Witness or a follower of any of Oith's other bizarre faiths, this guy takes it way too far. So far does he take it, in fact, that he is actually able to manifest magical powers and abilities. Whether these gifts are granted by the providence of an almighty being or harnessed by the power of self delusion, there's no denying the might of a holy roller's faith.

Arcane Background (Smellcaster)

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6+

Smellcasters are able to coalesce the fetid and beauteous vapors of existence (the smellements) into magically charged stenches. By inhaling, or causing others to inhale, these stenches a wide variety of eldritch phenomena can occur. Not surprisingly, smelves make excellent smellcasters, gaining a +1 bonus to all Smellcasting rolls.



Arcane Background (Weirdo)

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d6+

Weirdos are crafters of enchanted objects. Just about anything can be imbued with magical essences and weirdos are the ones who know how to do it.

Big Ass Feet

Requirements: Novice, Bodul

A bodul of this nature has huge floppy feet with which he can stomp out small fires. Such a bodul adds 1" to his vertical and horizontal distance when jumping and +1 to damage when kicking.

Bouncy Behind

Requirements: Novice, Bodul

Your massive rump absorbs damage from falls and lets you bounce around like a rubber ball. Your vertical and horizontal jumping distance is increased by 1" and you take only half damage from falls if you make a successful Agility check.

Enhanced Senses

Requirements: Novice

With this edge you gain a +2 to all Notice rolls due to your heightened sense of hearing, smell, taste, or vision. These bonuses stack with those for Alertness.

Extra Limb

Requirements: Novice, Bodul or Tizn't

Each purchase of this Edge gives you one additional arm or leg. An extra arm allows you to perform one extra physical action per round. Extra actions are subject to the normal -2 penalty per action. Extra arms are considered to be off hands unless you have the Multidextrous Edge. Each extra leg adds 2" to the your Pace. This Edge may be purchased multiple times.

Irradiated

Requirements: Novice

Dude, you got dosed! At some point in your life you came into prolonged contact with residual fallout from the Time of the Flush. Now you glow in the dark, which gives enemies a +2 bonus when attacking you in the dark, but you also gain a +2 bonus to all Contanimation rolls.

Multidextrous

Requirements: Novice, Agility d8+, 3 or more arms

You ignore penalties for using any of your off-hands, since all of your hands are equally adept and you effectively do not have an off-hand.

Prehensile Body

Requirements: Novice, Bodul or Werm

Your body is all twisty and bendy. You gain a +4 bonus to all Climbing rolls, as well as a +2 bonus to Agility checks made to escape bonds, wiggle through small openings, or avoid falling. You can also use your body as an extra limb, negating penalties for being Armless or Legless. A prehensile body is considered an off-hand (unless you are Armless) and is affected by Ambidexterity and Multidexterity.

Really Big Guy

Requirements: Novice, not a smelf

Due to your large size, you begin play with a d6 Strength instead of a d4. You may purchase your strength up to a d12+2. Edges might raise this as high as d12+4. On the downside, creatures smaller than you gain +2 bonus to attack rolls against you. You are considered to be Large, as described by the Monstrous Ability.

Really Small Guy

Requirements: Novice

You are the runt of the litter. Your diminutive stature means that your Strength can never go above a d8. On the plus side, however, you start with a d6 Agility instead of a d4 and you may purchase your Agility up to d12+2 (perhaps higher with Edges). You are considered to be Small, as described by the Monstrous Ability, so creatures larger than you have a -2 penalty when attacking you.

Rubbery

Requirements: Novice, Bodul or Werm

Your body is dense and chewy. You gain a +2 bonus to Toughness against blunt weapons and falls.

Say, aren't you that one guy

Requirements: Novice

You resemble somebody cool. Wherever you go people point it out and treat you like they would him. Sometimes you get free stuff, like food, lap dances, and socks. Exactly how this plays out is up to the Boss.

Slimy

Requirements: Novice, Oofo, Pile or Werm

You are a slick mutha! Your body, or at least some part of it is covered in a glistening coat of mucus, ooze, or some other protoplasmic goo. You are really slippery so you gain a +4 bonus to your Strength when opposing a grapple.

Sticky

Requirements: Novice, Horc, Oofo, Pile, or Werm

Gross! You are really sticky due to some sort of slime or mucus. Any small objects that hit you, like weapons, fists, or falling leaves, will stick to you unless the wielder makes a successful Strength roll. It is possible to be both Sticky and Slimy.

Tentacular

Requirements: Novice, Bodul, Tizn't, or Werm

You have mighty tentacles instead of arms. These bitchin' prehensile limbs give you a +2 bonus to Climbing and a +4 bonus when trying to resist a disarm or similar maneuver.

Tongue Fu

Requirements: Novice, Agility d6+, Bodul or Tizn't

You have a really big prehensile tongue. It's so big, in fact, that you can use it just like an arm. Of course you can't talk when using it, but you can fight with it, wield weapons, scratch your back, or just about anything else an arm can do. A tongue is considered to be an off-hand (unless you are Armless) and is affected by Ambidexterity and Multidexterity.

Twin, Evil

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, not a tizn't, not evil

If you ever die (at least the first time you die, anyway), you are instantly replaced by your evil twin from some sort of parallel universe or something. He looks just like you, except he has a goatee and he's evil. Your evil twin knows everything you know, and has all the same traits and equipment. Essentially, you instantaneously grow a goatee and become evil instead of dying.

Twin, Good

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, not a tizn't, bad guy

This is just like Twin, Evil except it's for bad guys. Your twin does not have a goatee and he acts in a sickeningly nice and sincere manner. Pansy bastard.

Two-Faced

Requirements: Novice, Bodul or Tizn't

Since you have two heads you can carry on two simultaneous conversations, cast two verbal spells at the same time, or even eat two meals at once. You lucky dawg.

COMBAT EDGES

Pimp Slap

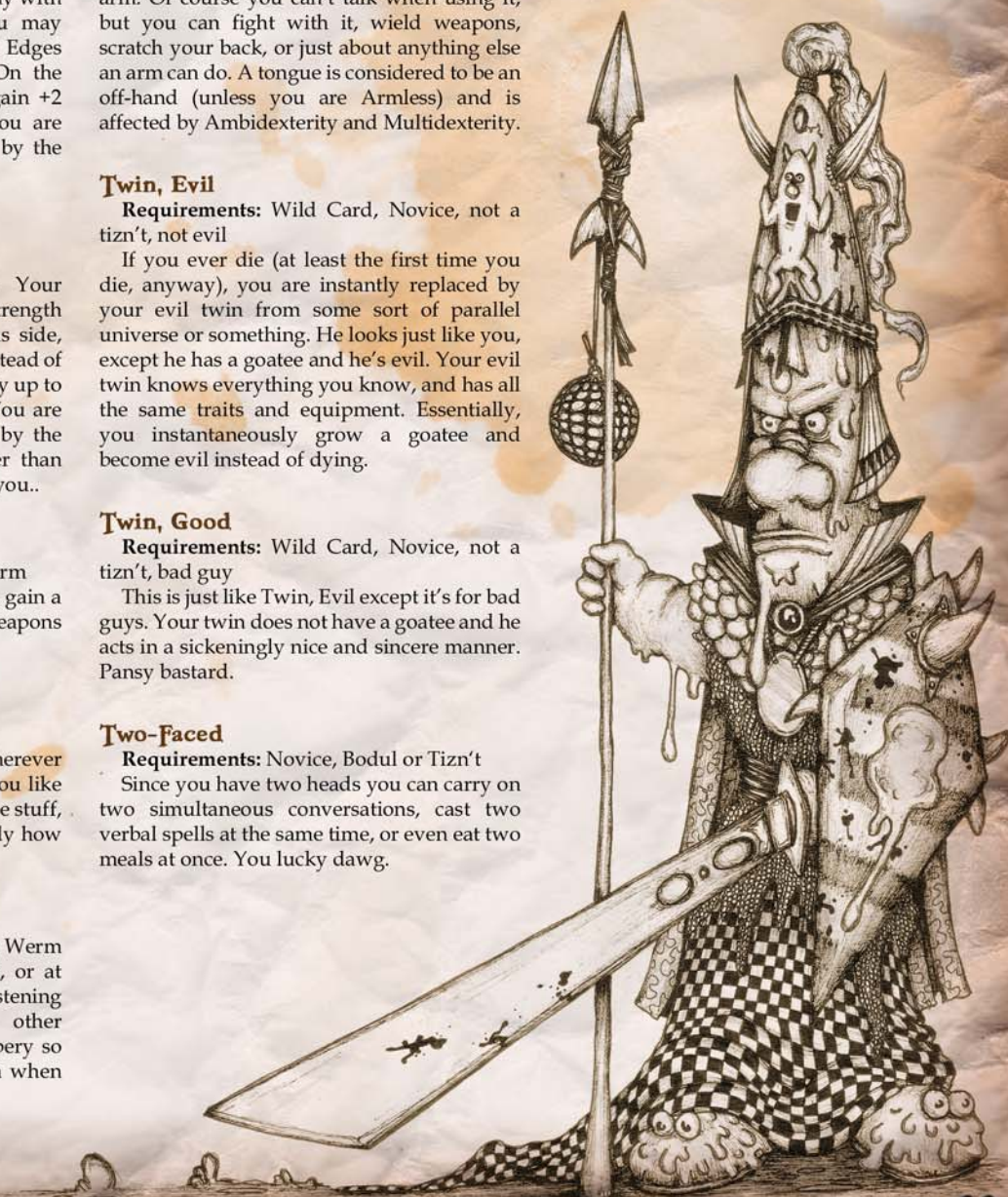
Requirements: Seasoned, Agility d8+

You are a bully who likes to pick on people smaller than you. You gain a +2 bonus to attack rolls when fighting Small creatures (this effectively negates the -2 penalty for attacking small creatures, unless you are Small, in which it's just a bonus). You also get a +1 attack bonus when fighting females, even if you are a female. I'm telling your mother.

Spit

Requirements: Novice, Agility d6+, Bodul or Horc

You are especially good at expectorating. With one well placed gob you can temporarily blind your opponent, effectively giving you the drop in the next round, assuming your target has eyes. Spitting has a range equal to your Vigor in yorts ("). For example, a horc with a



10 Vigor can spit ten feet. Spitting causes no damage, counts as an action, lasts for one round and uses the Shooting skill for its attack roll. If you hit your victim and get a raise, you get the drop on your target in the next round.

Loogey Hawker

Requirements: Seasoned, Spit

You no longer require a raise to get the drop on an opponent when spitting. Spitting no longer counts as an action for you.

POWER EDGES

Contanimaster

Requirements: Veteran, Vigor d10+, Arcane Background (Contanimator)

Your Power Point expenditure is halved (round up) when creating minions using the Contanimate power. You are just that funky.



Reek Repository

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d8+, Arcane Background (Smellcaster)

The smellements reeks coalesced by smellcasters are usually stored in bottles, jars, and similar airtight receptacles. Not so for the reek repository. With this Edge you are able to indefinitely store one reek somewhere upon your person, such as in your armpit, navel, or any other bodily orifice, and release it as you would any other reek. Once a reek is released, it performs its function and then dissipates as usual.

This Edge may be purchased multiple times, allowing the storing of reeks in multiple orifices.

PROFESSIONAL EDGES

The following Professional Edges are modified thusly when used in *Low Life*: Champion and Holy / Unholy Warrior require Arcane Background (Holy Roller) instead of Arcane Background (Miracles), Wizard requires Arcane Background (Hocus Poker) in place of Arcane Background (Magic), Mr. Fix It requires Arcane Background (Weirdo) instead of Arcane Background (Weird Science), and Mentalist requires Arcane Background (Dementalist) instead of Arcane Background (Psionics). In all instances Faith is replaced by Holy Rolling, Spellcasting is replaced by Hocus Poking, Weird Science is replaced by Weirdness, and Psionics is replaced by Dementalism. It may seem silly, but it's a flavor thang, y'all wouldn't understand.

Boogie Knight

Requirements: Novice, Horc, Fighting d8+

The Boogie Knights are an elite force of horc warriors dedicated to spreading horcish values and customs across the Oith. Since one of the prime horcish values is the destruction of all things smelvish, Boogie Knights gain a +2 bonus to attack rolls against smelves. As exemplary specimens of horcishness, Boogie Knights have a +2 bonus to Charisma when dealing with other hors and can usually count on free booze in any tavern in Agog.

Boorglezarian

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d8+, Arcane Background (Holy Roller)

Boorglezarians are worshippers of the cosmic dung beetle Boorglezar, who rolled the Oith from the crap of creation when time began. The scriptures say that Boorglezar has many faces, encompassing and epitomizing a wide variety of aspects, occupations, and mannerisms. As representatives of their deity, followers are expected to develop a number of diverse talents and abilities. To this end, a devout Boorglezarian with this Edge gains a +1 bonus to any three Skills of her choice.

Giggity Gigger

Requirements: Novice, Fighting d6+, Tracking d8+

Giggities are rumored to be the scouts and messengers of the Primordial Soup Kitchen. They flitter about collecting thoughts, emotions, and genetic material to, presumably, take back to their masters, who use the gathered



Giggity Gigger

essences for all sorts of nefarious and ingenious recipes, concoctions, and culinary and nutritive delights.

When a giggity collects its bounty, its aspect and demeanor change to reflect the gathered essence. Giggers are hunters who specialize in the live capture of giggities and the removal of their acquired essences. With a successful Smarts roll a gigger is able to remove the purloined essence stolen by a captured giggity and absorb that material into himself. The effect lasts for a number of hours equal to the gigger's Vigor die.

For example, imagine if you will, a giggity has gathered a sample of genetic material from a giant slog. In doing so, the giggity has grown in size and developed a fluffy hide and distasteful crème filling. A bit later on, Tropo Wanker, a wermish giggity gigger hunts down and captures this particular giggity. Using techniques known only to giggers, Tropo removes the slog essence from the giggity (returning it to its original and absorbs it into himself. Tropo then takes on part of the slog aspect, gaining a bit of size and the slog's hide and crème filling. A gigger may absorb one trait (randomly determined by the Boss) for a success and each raise on the Smarts roll.

Hoomanitarian

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d8+, Arcane Background (Holy Roller)

As worshippers of the ancient Hoomanrace, Hoomanitarians with this Edge gain a +2 bonus to all Holy Rolling rolls made when in contact with a Hoomanrace artifact or on the grounds of a Hoomanrace settlement or structure.

Jeezle Freak

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d8+, Arcane Background (Holy Roller)

Jeezle Freaks are followers of an ancient deity worshipped by members of the antediluvian Hoomanrace. All holy rollers with this Edge must take at least one sacred vow (silence, chastity, poverty, servitude, etc...). The holy roller is sworn to abide by the vow. For each vow taken, the holy roller gains a +1 bonus to his Holy rolling rolls. Breaking a vow is considered a minor sin (see page 60) although persistent or blatant infractions may rate as major or even mortal sins.

Jemima's Witness

Requirements: Novice, Cremefillian, Spirit d8+

Ancient artifacts of the Hoomanrace depict primordial cremefillians reduced to a powdery form and stored in boxes, only to be reconstituted and used for various nefarious purposes by their Hoomanrace slavemasters. The religious order of the Jemima's Witnesses vow that this shall never happen again, so they aim to destroy all vestiges and relics of the Hoomanrace, destroying them upon blazing altars of sacrifice. A character with this Edge gains a +2 bonus to defend against, parry, or resist the effects of any relic of the Hoomanrace, whether or not it is being used

for its intended purpose. Holy Rollers with this Edge gain a +1 to all Holy Rolling rolls.

Hoink

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d6+, Fighting d6+

Hoinks are beings deputized by the leadership of a specific realm to maintain the peace, capture villains, or otherwise do the bidding of the law. Each hoink carries a badge of some sort that marks him as such and entitles him to make arrests, interrogate suspects, deputize others, and otherwise uphold the law. A Hoink who is caught breaking the law will most likely be stripped of his badge, but may be tortured or imprisoned instead, subject to the laws of the realm in which he serves.

Obsessulon

Requirements: Novice, Oofo

Obsessulons are oofos obsessed with the artifacts left behind by their ancient ancestors. By spending an action in concentration, an obsessulon can make a Notice roll to faintly detect the presence of an oofo artifact within a big yort (a mile) of his person. He can tell if the device is nearby, but not its precise location. Further, obsessulons gain a +2 bonus to Knowledge rolls made to determine the proper usage of such relics.

Smellementalist

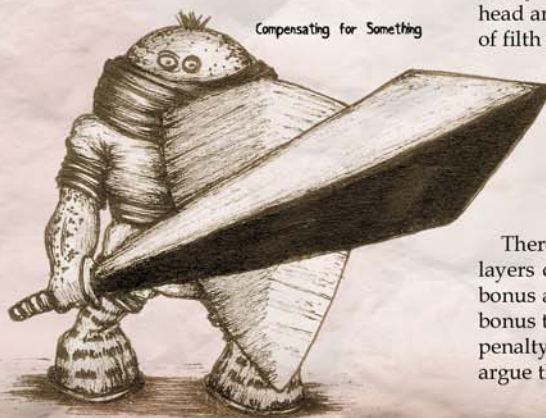
Requirements: Novice, Arcane Background (Smellcaster), Smellcasting d8+

Smellementalists are smellcasters who have taken their art a step further. Due to their special connection with the primordial smellements, smellementalists are able to regain half of the Power Points spent on reek coalescing at the normal rate (round up). The other half are regained immediately when the reek is released, as usual.

Stanismist

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d8+

Stan is the lord of deceit, perversion, and avarice. His followers are greedy, lustful, sneaky, and cruel. Because they are so vile, evil monsters take an instinctive shine to Stanismists. Evil beasts (determined by the Boss) won't attack a Stanismist unless provoked.



Compensating for Something

SOCIAL EDGES

Compensating for Something

Requirements: Novice

For some reason, whenever you are holding a large weapon (something with a weight of 5 or higher) in your hand you gain a +2 bonus to all Spirit rolls.

Smoove

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d10+, Spirit d8+

You are so slick you could sell diapers to an oofo. Your seductive, fast talking ways gain you a +2 bonus to Gambling, Intimidation, and Persuasion rolls. The bonus only applies in situations where you are trying to con or cheat someone, or sell or trade something.

WEIRD EDGES

Animal Magnetism

Requirements: Novice

For some unexplained reason animals really dig you. Any creature with animal intelligence (denoted by an (A) after Smarts in its statistics) must make a Spirit roll before it can bring itself to harm you. Once it makes its roll, or if you attack it, it is free to try to do whatever it wants to you. You also gain a +1 bonus to Riding.

Fish Breath

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d10+, Spirit d8, Swimming d10

I don't know why, but you somehow spontaneously developed the ability to breath underwater just as easily as you can on land. You don't have gills (necessarily) and it's not magic (probably) but you can do it anyway. Maybe it was something you ate, or a strange disease you didn't know you had. Also, your breath stinks pretty badly. You get a -1 penalty to Charisma when talking to someone close enough to smell you.

Filthy MoFo

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d6+

You are one disgusting dude! Your body is covered in crusty dirt and flies constantly circle your head and nether regions. Great dripping gobs of filth and muck cling to your grimy buttocks and your clothes stink of raw sewage. This unpleasant soil reappears within hours if you ever take a bath, somehow attracted to you on a primal level. It's almost impossible for you to sneak up on anybody with a nose.

There's a good side to all this, however. The layers of filth afford you a natural +1 armor bonus and the unnatural odor gains you a +1 bonus to Smellcasting. Of course, you get a -1 penalty to your Charisma, but some might argue that's a small price to pay.



Freak Occurrence Magnet

Requirements: Novice

It's very strange. Weird stuff just seems to happen to you all the time. Sometimes it's good and sometimes it's bad. It's inexplicable, but anytime you roll the same number on your Wild Die and whatever other die you are rolling (even snake eyes; if rolling multiple dice they all must land the same) something peculiar happens. Whenever this occurs, ignore the actual roll result, roll a d20 and consult the following chart, then reroll your initial dice (including the Wild Die):

d20 Freak Occurrence Result

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1-2 | +1 bonus to your reroll. |
| 3-4 | -1 penalty to your reroll. |
| 5-6 | +1 bonus to your opponent's next roll. |
| 7-8 | -1 penalty to your opponent's next roll. |
| 9-10 | +2 bonus to your reroll. |
| 11-12 | -2 penalty to your reroll. |
| 13-14 | +2 bonus to your opponent's next roll. |
| 15 | -2 penalty to your opponent's next roll. |
| 16 | +3 bonus to your reroll. |
| 17 | -3 penalty to your reroll. |
| 18 | You are Shaken (or suffer a wound if already Shaken). |
| 19 | Your opponent is Shaken (or suffers a wound if already Shaken). |
| 20 | +1 bonus to all your rolls for the rest of the day. |

The Boss decides exactly what the freak occurrence is (a bug gets in your eye, a passing giggity takes a dump on your opponent's head, it starts to snow, you inhale a passing reek, etc...) but the chart result is applied regardless of whatever silly nonsense your Boss can think up. If the chart result does not make sense, such as when it affects a nonexistent opponent, just ignore the effect and reroll the initial dice as usual.

LEGENDARY EDGES

Cult Following

Requirements: Legendary, Spirit d12

Word of your deeds and power has reached the hearts and minds of the populace (at least a part of it anyway). A small cult has formed with you as its central figure. A group of 4d20 beings now hang on your every word. They will do just about anything you ask them to, including commit suicide or murder. You are well on your way to gawdhood.

Face Munchin'

Requirements: Legendary, Smarts d12+, Arcane Background (Hocus Poker or Weirdo)

This mystical skill gives one the power to absorb the memories and histories of ancient souls.

The face muncher, as one who practices this



Gawdliness

art is called, begins by carving a stylized likeness of the deceased being out of wood or sculpting it out of mud or poo. Various arcane rites are performed, lasting about an hour or so and using various materials worth about 500 clams, after which the face becomes imbued with the memories of the dead being. To absorb the memories the face muncher must nibble the countenance in a precise manner, a process that takes 10 rounds.

To determine the degree of success, the face muncher makes a Smarts roll. A success means he has absorbed some trivial memory, such as the subject's middle name or his brownie recipe. A raise indicates a greater memory, such as a historic event or cryptic secret. With two or more raises the muncher may ask specific questions of the deceased soul, gaining precise knowledge and detailed memories. The knowledge gained must be something known by the dead being while it was alive, and, very importantly, a physical relic or remnant of the deceased is required for the process to work properly.

Gawdliness

Requirements: Legendary, Cult Following

Your cult has now grown into an actual religion. 100-1000 (10d10 x 10) people now think you are a gawd. They erect temples in your name, persecute sinners, gain converts, and preach the gospel of you (whatever you decide that is). A sect of Holy Rollers forms, devoted to your teachings.

The size of your flock doubles every year as more and more beings are drawn to your ways. The way this plays out is the subject of many possible adventures and is ultimately decided by the Boss.

Supreme Bad Ass

Requirements: Legendary, Fighting d12+, Shooting d12+, Throwing d12+

As a master of weaponry of all sorts you kick all kinds of butt. With this Edge you gain a further +1 bonus to all Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing rolls.

HOLY ROLLING

A Brief Introduction to the Religions and Faiths of Mutha Oith

Oith is literally infested with crazy philosophies, bizarre faiths, and fanatical religions. Think something up and there's a good bet somebody else thought of it first and has formed a cult dedicated to espousing, worshipping, or destroying whatever it is. Springing forth from this festering swarm of cults and sects too numerous to name are a few major religions that have gained some validity and legitimacy among the general populace. Beings have to believe something, one supposes, and these five religions have gathered the most converts over the years so you get to learn about them in more detail.

BOORGLEZARIANISM

"All praise be unto Boorglezar, to whom all praise is due, who rolled the Oith from the Feces of Creation."

A popular and mostly benign religion, Boorglezarianism is dedicated to the worship of Boorglezar, the cosmic dung beetle, and the teachings of its prophet, the venerant croach Shimmizar. Boorglezarians are common throughout the world, with temples and shrines in most cities and towns worldwide. It's the state religion of That One Place With All The Sand, where apostasy is a sin, and is very popular among croaches, who feel a sort of kindred relation with Boorglezar and his/her dung rolling ways.

According to the tenets laid down centuries ago by Shimmizar in a series of holy texts known as The Boorglebibles, Boorglezar is both male and female, eunuch and slut. It is all things to all beings; vengeful and kind, wasteful and frugal, immense and tiny, coprophage and gourmand all at once. This strange dichotomy of being is what makes the religion so popular. Basically people feel free to act however they want, and in so doing claim they are following in the myriad footsteps of Gawd. Appropriately, this sort of feeling is most common among the laity rather than the clergy. True devotees are more interested in gaining converts and spreading influence than attending to their own whims and desires. They know that in moderation lies the path to true enlightenment. Do all things, but do nothing to excess (except worship Boorglezar).

Many diverse sects of Boorglezarianism have split from the central diocese over the centuries. Each of these is unique and generally focuses on a single aspect of Boorglezar or another. For example, one particular cult, fancying themselves "The



Boorglezarian

Gelded Whores", are a collection of castrated pimps and sluts who run holy brothels in the name of Boorglezar, attempting to plumb the esoteric depths of its cryptic sexuality. A second cult, known as "The Undecided", roll a specially constructed gaming die called a Cube (they call it a cube even though it has twelve sides) of Sacramental Resolve each morning to determine how they will behave for the rest of the day. Some devotees are so fanatic that every decision they make must be dictated by such a cube.

Symbol: A spherical ball of dung, often worn about the neck on a metal collar or gilded chain.

Sacrifices: Offerings of wealth and service to the church; bonfires of dung.

Sins: Blasphemy (major); failure to observe high holidays (minor); killing (major) or injuring (minor) an ordained holy roller of Boorglezar; killing a dung beetle (mortal).

Sample Cube of Sacramental Resolve

The cube (d12) is rolled first thing in the morning or whenever a decision must be made (depending on how orthodox the Boorglezarian is).

d12	Result	d12	Result
01	Friendly	07	Mean
02	Apathetic	08	Sensitive
03	Quiet	09	Obnoxious
04	Cowardly	10	Heroic
05	Happy	11	Morose
06	Abstinent	12	Horny



HOOMANITARINISM

"Can you dig it, my peoples?

The Hoomanrace, infinite in wisdom and bereft of ill thought will someday rise again, and when they do they're gonna be pissed!"

Much as a rancid slog dog is a precursor to the runs, Hoomanitarians believe that the ancient Hoomanrace were a precursor to the gawds. Dig this, they are of the mind that the Hoomanrace was a race of demigawds, sort of protodieties that led lives of brilliance and wonder, creating marvels and thinking high thoughts. They were like infant gawds, prepubescent but nonetheless glorious. The Time of the Flush, say the scriptures, was the catalyst that put proverbial hair in the armpits of these fledgling divinities, an era of tribulation and challenge that allowed the Hoomanrace to transcend its Oithly form and join the other gawds in the celestial realms. It left the Oith bereft of their wondrousness, but the promise of their return, as prophesied by Yuckatash Glorp, first of his name, centuries ago, drives many to worship and obeisance.

Artifacts of the Hoomanrace, no matter how small or insignificant, are eagerly gathered by followers of this faith. Holy rollers labor tirelessly in their great museum temples trying to piece together the mysteries of these antediluvian whatnots in an attempt to better understand the divine nature of the

Hoomanrace and thus prepare for its imminent return. It's tough to get these guys to stop talking about how wonderful things were back in the olden days so it's usually best to run away or look busy if you see one coming. Of course few beings know more about the Hoomanrace than oldsters of the church so they can be a grand source of information if you need to know about these sort of things.

As with all major religions, there are several sects and cults that have splintered from the church and chosen a related path of worship. A group known as "The Siblinghood of the Lost Remote" believe that all Hoomanrace artifacts contain a spark of the divine. If one can amass enough such relics and decipher their meanings one can himself attain gawdhood. A second cult, a sinister and secretive group called "The Handlers of Man" are dedicated to the eradication of all other religions. Holy wars would be more common if this sect was larger, but until more converts arrive they content themselves with assassination and propaganda.

Symbol: Any relic of the Hoomanrace.

Sacrifices: Donations of Hoomanrace artifacts, wealth, and service to the church; Long rituals of obeisance and purification.

Sins: Blasphemy against the Hoomanrace (major); destroying a Hoomanrace artifact willfully (mortal) or accidentally (major); farting in church (minor).

JEEZLE FREAKISM

"Let he who is without sin cast the first rhinestone. Mercy baby. Amen"

It is said, by those who say such things, that even the Hoomanrace had deities. Nobody knows all that much about them, but the various clues and artifacts unearthed by wisenheimers and oldsters over the ages have yielded a variety of clues that is, if not comprehensive or even very informative, at least enough on which to base a major world religion and shape the faiths and destinies of hundreds of thousands of followers throughout history.

Put this in your nose and blow it, Jeezle Freaks worship one of these ancient gawds of the Hoomanrace. Although much is shrouded in mystery, quite a bit has been gathered regarding this inexplicable divinity. His followers called him "The King," as they still do today, but he was known alternately as Jeezle, Jelvis, Jeezle Pete, and a dozen other names and titles.

In defiance of all that is known of magic in the age of the Hoomanrace, this mysterious figure was supposedly seen alive, in various restaurants and nursing homes, after the time of his apparent demise. It is known the establishment of the day disapproved of his teachings, which were said to corrupt the youth of the day. Despite animosity from all

sides he was fond of sayings such as "Don't be cruel" and "Love thy neighbor." According to a rare piece of scripture unearthed during an excavation of an ancient Hoomanrace burial site, "his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." Hence the white jump suits emblazoned with lightning bolts favored by some of his clergy.

The church of Jeezle Pete is a powerfully structured and influential body. The central church is located in New Oorlquar, just across from The Mother of All Markets. At its head, in a throne made of rhinestones and white porcelain, sits the Great Pontif, an official elected by the various cardinals, bishops, eparchs and holy hermits of the land. The current pontif is Righteous Daddy Yolk Holywafer XIII, a worm from Keister Island. Temples to Jelvis are in just about every city, town, village, and holdfast outside of The Dingdom of the Dong and That One Place With All The Sand.

Of course there are a gazillion and twelve different sects and cults relating to Jeezle Freakism throughout the world, but they all pretty much say the same thing: feel guilty about everything you do because you don't know if Jelvis would approve or not. It's not surprising, given this philosophy, that vows of chastity, poverty, silence, and the like are common among the clergy.

Symbol: The letter "t" and a lightning bolt.

Sacrifices: Wealth; charity; confession; prayer; penance; free will.

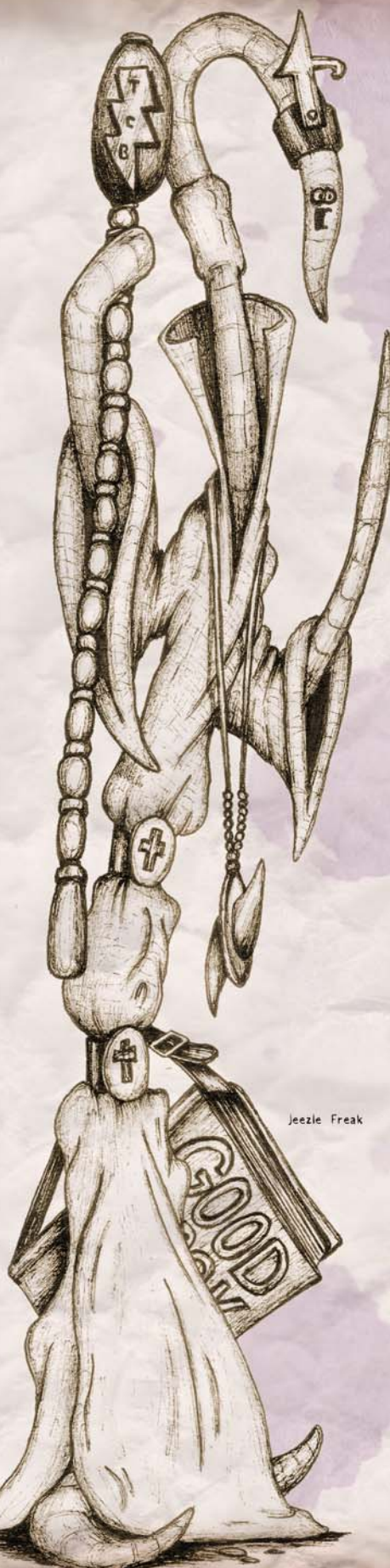
Sins: Lovin' yourself, lovin' others, not lovin' others, murder; robbery; adultery; covetousness, acknowledging other gawds; playing bad music; dishonoring one's parents; blasphemy; failing to observe holidays; lying; others depending on vows (see page 31) (all minor to mortal depending on the situation).

JEMIMA'S WITNESSISM

*"Forcible ways make not an end of evil,
but leave hatred and malice behind them.
...and that's fine with us!"*

According to scriptures accumulated over the centuries by cremefillian religious scholars, the lives of early cremefillians were a legacy of torture, confinement, and eventual devourment. They were cruelly created in massive vats, like some sort of lowly containimatronic minions, incarcerated in flimsy, airtight containers, and eventually sold for nutritive consumption. The culprit of these crimes? — The ancient Hoomanrace!

It is written, and proven by unearthed Hoomanrace relics (the very cardboard coffins that imprisoned the primordial tweenks), that the Hoomanrace, to satisfy its own depraved gluttony, and under the leadership of its gawd-queen, the one known as Jemima, the Hostess of Hate, did suffer unto the cremefillians such horrors and debasements as to render them helpless and abysmally oppressed for centuries.



Jeezle Freak

Countless cremefillians of today honor their subjugated ancestors and oppose their historic tormenters by following the strictures and tenets of the Jemima's Witness. Rather than focus their beliefs around the worship of a particular gawd, Jemima's Witnesses instead choose to focus their anger and wrath upon the Hoomanrace and its baleful deity Jemima. Religious ceremonies involve the shattering of amber glass idols of Jemima, sacrifice and desecration of Hoomanrace artifacts, and the ritual defilement of the Dingdom Hall of Jemima's Witnesses, a massive glass structure in the city of Toast.

Jemima's Witnesses openly oppose the various efforts of Hoomanitarians to call the Hoomanrace back to Oith. A sect known as *The Delicious Crème-Filled Center of All* dedicate themselves to destroying all evidence of the Hoomanrace, burning temples and museums, slaughtering historians and clergy, and basically denying the ancient oppressors ever existed. Some, particularly those in a splinter sect known as *The Teeth of Chocogator*, make a habit of attacking and brutalizing boduls, who they believe are descended from the Hoomanrace. This sort of behavior is discouraged by the central church, but if the central church approved they wouldn't need a splinter sect, would they?

Symbol: A filthy dew rag.

Sacrifices: Glass idols of Jemima and her evil horde; Hoomanrace artifacts.

Sins: Eating a pastry (minor); using a Hoomanrace artifact accidentally (major) or willfully (mortal).

STANISM

"Do unto others whatever you want."

Stan is the granddaddy of lies and deceit. He's the great granddaddy of greed and avarice and the second cousin twice removed of apathy, gluttony, and villainy. His brother is anger and his daughter is lust. That's what the scriptures say anyway. To Stan's followers, the pointy horned trickster is the very epitome of permission and license.

The central doctrine of the Sin-o-gogue of Stan is "Do whatever you want. If it's fun it must be good." That about sums it up. Stanismists are all about doing whatever they want. Of course Stan prefers if a bit of trickery and vice are involved, so his followers try to appease him in that regard. In general Stanismists are notorious drug addicts, orgyists, clam hoarders, and party mongers. Stan looks down on charity and compassion, since those sort of things tend to give him indigestion. Supreme in Stan's eyes are the fundamentals of trickery, deceit, self-indulgence, and egocentrism (Stanismists are encouraged to be egocentric as long as they still pay obeisance to Stan).

According to popular mythology Stanism is the world's oldest religion. Stan is said be the nemesis of Jelvis (The Anti-Jeez) and cremefillians believe he first whispered syrupy poison into the ear of the Hostess of Hate. Whatever the truth of it, Stanismists have

been around a long time and the religion has gone through many fundamental changes since the days of the Hoomanrace.

Hundreds of Stanic sects have come and gone over the ages. Most such cults are dedicated to the espousal of one or another of the fundamental ideals of Stanism, such as avarice (The Clamdiggers), gluttony (The Gullet Gorgers), lust and wrath (The Phallus of Malice), perversion (The Sodophilists), and deception (The Winkers of the Cloven Toe).

Symbol: A middle finger or a mooning butt.

Sacrifices: Cannibalistic blood orgies, living creatures, onanism, practical jokes and trickery, theft.

Sins: Charity (minor to major); compassion (minor); healing others (minor to major); self denial (minor to major); entering the temple of another gawd without somehow desecrating it (minor); worshipping another gawd (mortal).



Stanicmist

CULTS & MINOR RELIGIONS

The inhabitants of Oith worship in an amazing multitude of diverse and varied ways. Here is just a small sampling of the vast array of cults and minor religions that riddle the world like leech holes in Moonular cheese:

Aaaanimites: A wildly fanatic group of overachievers and sycophants who want to be first in everything (including alphabetical order). They worship Aaaa, a gawd of perfection and brown-nosery.

The Bottomliners: A cult totally devoted to the sanctified accumulation of wealth and property. These are pretty much the greediest dudes around. The high priest is a croach named Benjamin Washing Machine, the Tinkerer in Madness.

The Collaborators of Kaas (The Kaas-laborators): These fellows believe in the divinity of Moonular cheese. They are constantly trying to create living beings of cheese.

The Eternal and Pacifistic Brother and Sisterhood of the Wuss: A group of hippelicious peacenicks who foreswear the use of all weapons and pray to some sort of giant flower or something. They spend most of their time holding hands and singing.

The Fungish: Dwelling in ginormous hollow mushrooms, these smelves worship The Moss Boss, a gentle and benign being of mold and fungus. Devotees wear false beards and merkins crafted of moss.

The Ice Cream Socialists: More of a political group than an actual religion, these guys are all about revolutionary cultural change through the free distribution of confectionary treats.

Infernalophites: Fire worshippers. This is a really ancient religion that is said to predate even the Hoomanrace.

Prisokians: This cult, followers of a tizn't holy roller named Escargollama Can-o-chum, is dedicated to finding the legendary Primordial Soup Kitchen and learning its secrets.

The Somnambulators: These guys think that waking existence is a dream and only through deep slumber can they attain enlightenment. Yeah, whatever.

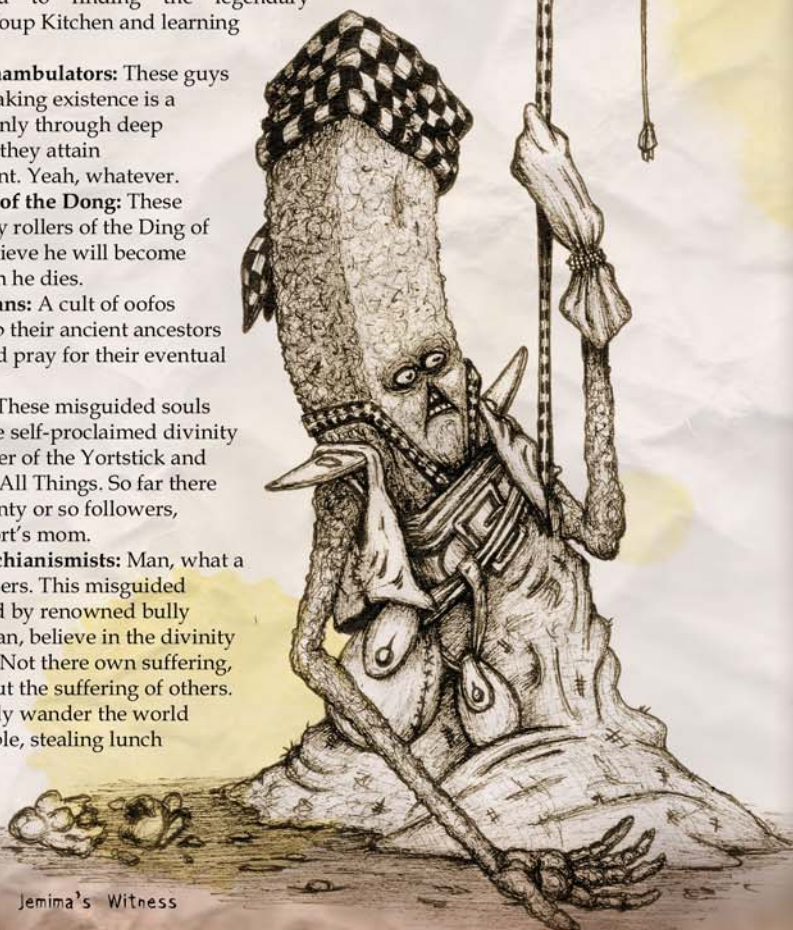
Templars of the Dong: These personal holy rollers of the Ding of the Dong believe he will become a gawd when he dies.

Ximzorbian: A cult of oofos who worship their ancient ancestors as gawds and pray for their eventual return.

Yortians: These misguided souls believe in the self-proclaimed divinity of Yort, Bearer of the Yortstick and Measurer of All Things. So far there are only twenty or so followers, including Yort's mom.

Zooglebachianismists: Man, what a bunch of hosers. This misguided cult, founded by renowned bully Zooglebachian, believe in the divinity of suffering. Not there own suffering, mind you, but the suffering of others. They basically wander the world hurting people, stealing lunch money, and making people cry.

Zygotulonism (The Unborn): This is an interesting one. These dudes think they aren't born yet. Bear with me, they think this life is just the filthy womb that nurtures them and teaches them the ways of things as they prepare to be birthed into a larger, and more interesting place. Devotees are often found in large cities, crying for their mommies and begging strangers to change their diapers. Their symbol is the binky.



Jemima's Witness

ELDRITCH WONDERS

Magic in the Lands of Mutha Oith

"With the merest gesture I can alter the fabric of life. With but a thought I can steal your mind. You are mine to toy with.

Ummmmmm... You! Bite his nipple off! He he he... "

-Zorxon 2x10⁶, Dementalist Supreme

Pick up your shovel and dig this, Oith is a world that is veritably infested with wonders. You can't swing a dead croach without hitting something fascinating. Take the Moonular Cheese Fields, for example. How often does a huge chunk of something delicious fall from the sky and become a part of the landscape? Not very often, I can tell you. We've got talking snack cakes, piles of poo that can kick your ass, bugs that drive wagons, and buttless visitors from other worlds. Yes indeed, the Oith, festering crap bucket that it is, is absolutely replete with marvelous things and wondrous phenomena, none perhaps more fascinating and extraordinary than the arcane mysteries and eldritch spectacles of magic.

Oldsters tell us that magic was brought to Oith long ago when the lost continent of Egglantis rose from the sea and shared its unfathomable knowledge with the rest of the world. During the Time of the Flush, when mystic portals opened between Oith and the magical realm of Middle Oith, spewing forth smelves and horcs and other disgusting things, our knowledge of magic was further enlarged and refined. In the gazillions of intervening centuries our own wisenheimers and hocus pokers have continued to research the Oith's arcane mysteries, improving upon earlier wizardries and developing new ones. The following pages illuminate a small sampling of the wondrous and astonishing artforms available to the eldritchly initiated.

CONTANIMATOR

Arcane Skill: Contanimating (Vigor)

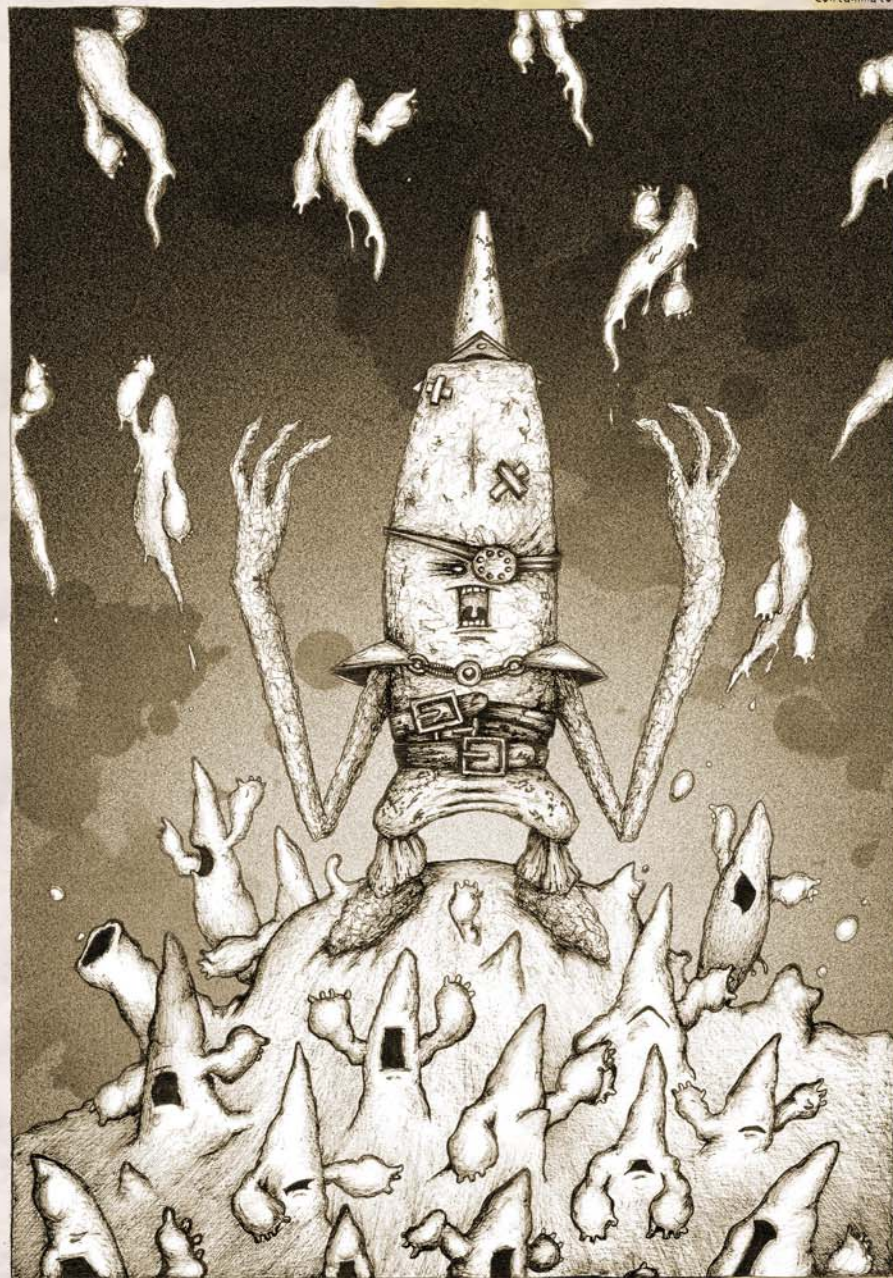
Starting Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3

"Cleanliness may be next to gawdliness, but gawds soil themselves before Almighty Filth!"
-Schmendrik the Gooze, Contanimator

In all things there is potential. A spark of the supernatural resides at the core of all matter and in few things is this spark more vibrant (to those with the eye to see it) than in a substance whose potential has been wasted, ignored, or imprisoned. Indeed, the most potent and vital of all energies are those contained and ensconced in the nukular, biological, and magical wastes and residues absorbed, embedded, and rejected by Mutha Oith since ancient times.

Contanimators are the masters of such filth.



They are able to juice the magical and supernatural ebbs and essences of all forms of trash, refuse, and waste, distilling and channeling the inherent influences of such substances into powerful enchantments and wonders. With but a gesture and an incantation, a skilled contanimator can raise

forth the spirits of filth, inflict devastating diseases and scourges, enliven and animate beings and minions of trash and waste, hasten rot and decay, crumble edifices, manipulate light and darkness, and otherwise wave the scepter of grime, sewage, and debris.



Dementalist

All this mucking about with paranormal forces, nukular energies, and biological pathogens takes a toll on those who trod this sidewalk. Contanimators are habitually corrupt and vile, disease ridden, sickly, and bitter. The energies they harness are difficult to control, often leading down a path of madness and despair. Of course, power is a potent placebo. A lot of discomfort can be ignored or tolerated if the prize is high enough. They may be a disgusting and soiled bunch, but contanimators wield power rivaled by few and enthralling to all.

The core discipline of the contanimator's art is the construction and control of contanimatronic minions, slaves, devices, and

guardians. Most of these things are created by use of the new Contanimate Power, detailed a few pages from here.

Sickness: Whenever a contanimator rolls a 1 on his Contanimating die (regardless of his Wild Die), he is overcome with a fit of painful coughs and vomiting and is automatically Shaken. Because of their special nature, cremefillian contanimators are unaffected by this sickness.

DEMENTALIST

Arcane Skill: Dementalism (Smarts)
Starting Power Points: 15
Starting Powers: 2

*"My brain has a mind of its own."
 -Xilquozo of the Ninth Demention*

As mentioned before, no creature originally indigenous to Mutha Oith is able to manipulate and harness the eldritch powers of his own mind. The Oithly mind is just not built that way. Not so the mind of the mighty oof, once and ancient visitors to this warped and blotted world. Many oofos, as a matter of course, are able to directly manipulate matter and intellect through the power of the mind alone. Heady stuff indeed, but existent nonetheless.

All a dementalist needs to do to activate such a power is to concentrate. With a winsome thought he can heal sicknesses of the head, enthrall a minion, manipulate and motivate matter, create fire, control the functions and faculties of his own body, and perform a buttload of other zany mental feats.

Dementalists are a proud and arrogant bunch, touting their powers above others and lording themselves above the sycophants and paparazzi that surround them. The Dementional Discotesticus, an organization founded by Zummm Blech of the Twelfth Demention, exists to further the aims and influence of dementalists. It is headquartered in Floom, with chapters and social clubs in many of the major settlements of the world. Ostensibly the Discotesticus claims world domination as its goal, but the member oofos generally just sit around playing cards, eating tacos, and mentally undressing passersby.



Brainfart: A dementalist who rolls a 1 on his Dementalism die (regardless of his Wild Die) is automatically Shaken as unexpected mental flatulence sends him into a fit of distracted giggling.

HOCUS POKER

Arcane Skill: Hocus Poking (Smarts)
Starting Power Points: 10
Starting Powers: 3

"There's a lot more to poking hoci than waving your arms around like an idiot and babbling nonsensically. That's just a fringe benefit."

-Jawn Skarikter, Poker of Hoci

Ever since the Egglantians and Middle Oithlings opened the metaphorical arcane floodgates, magical energies have coursed through the figurative veins of Mutha Oith like blood through the literal veins of someone with real veins. Magic imbues everything nowadays. Of course, you've still got to be sensitive to it, trained, as it were, in the manipulation and detection of such energies, to make any use of it all. That's where hocus pokers come in. They are all about magic. They really get into the whole waving your arms around and chanting like an idiot thing.

That's pretty much the essence of hocus poking. You gesticulate wildly and babble nonsense until something interesting happens. If you know what you're doing, some pretty fascinating things can ensue. A skilled hocus poker can do just about anything, from launching flaming balls of snot out of his ears to flying without wings. Hocus Pokers are pretty much the most versatile and widespread of Oith's practitioners of the arcane. Sure, they can't heal the sick or take over people's minds, but who needs to do that when you can fire a bolt of lightning from your belly button?

Don't get the sense that practitioners of magic are common or anything. They aren't. It takes a great deal of discipline and skill to unravel the nigh unfathomable mysteries of the arcane. It's just that, of a rare bunch, hocus pokers are the least rare. Sort of medium rare, so to speak. Several organizations and guilds of hocus pokers exist. They are fairly widespread in the cities of the world and in places like the Keister of Gawd where arcane energies are focused, but are notoriously snobby and difficult to join.

Fizzle: Once in a while, (anytime a hocus poker rolls a 1 on his Hocus Poking die, regardless of his Wild Die) a hocus poker will screw up. In such a case he is automatically Shaken. In the rare instance that he rolls a 1 on both his Hocus Poking die and his Wild Die, the hocus poker temporarily forgets the Power he was attempting to use and cannot access it again until he has rested for at least an hour.



Hocus Poker

HOLY ROLLER

Arcane Skill: Holy Rolling (Spirit)
Starting Power Points: 10 (but see below)
Starting Powers: 2

"...and yeah, verily, did Hoosephat beget Imbidiah, who begat Lictitious, whose father did verily provide a providence of slogs upon the land and upon the seas and upon the hand of all croachdom, so that all could be fed, verily, and he struck the slog and it did runneth with delicious crème filling...verily..."

-Nermo the Babbler, student of theology

Holy rollers are religious fanatics. They are so fanatic, in fact, that they are actually able to manifest supernatural powers through the might of their faith. It's true. All it takes is a bit of praying, the laying on of a few hands, and the occasional sacred ritual backed up by a coprolite hard devotion to whatever it is your faith espouses, and you've got yourself a miracle. Of course every religion espouses different virtues and condemns different transgressions, which is why an entire section of this book deals with the doctrines, sins, virtues, and beliefs of various Oithly creeds and faiths.

This page has two columns instead of three. Sorry about that.

In general, holy rollers are the priests and preachers of their faith. Many wander the world seeking converts, while others tend to stable flocks and churches. Still others wage holy war against their enemies, perceived enemies, and erstwhile friends. Although most holy rollers belong to an established church, others pray to an ideal, such as the weather, the passage of time, self delusion, or roaring fire. If it exists, it's a good bet somebody worships it.

Sacrifice: In order to prove their faith, holy rollers are often called upon to perform sacrifices. The specific item or being to be sacrificed is decided by the holy roller's particular religion, as is the method and instrument of the sacrifice. A holy roller may attempt to perform one sacrifice each day. To do so, he gathers the sacrificial object or being and performs the requisite rituals. He then makes a Spirit roll. If he is successful, and for each raise, he gains 5 additional Power Points that last for the remainder of the day. If he fails, his faith is questioned and he suffers a -2 penalty to his Holy Rolling rolls for the rest of the day. A particularly grand sacrifice, such as that of a holy relic of a competing religion, may carry a larger, or longer lasting reward (at the whim of the Boss).

Sin: Holy rollers who violate the tenets of their religion are punished for their transgressions. Minor sins give the sinner a -2 to his Holy Rolling rolls for one week. Major sins may cause him to lose his arcane powers entirely for one week, while a mortal sin could rob him of his miraculous abilities indefinitely. A major act of penance is required to atone for a mortal sin.



Holy Roller

SMELLCASTER

Arcane Skill: Smellcasting (Smarts)

Starting Power Points: 12

Starting Powers: 3

"Shhhhhhh! Do you smell that?

That's the stench of power."

-Britho the Silent (But Deadly)

The smellements are the fundamental spiritual essences of all the universe's various stinks, odors, and fragrances. Without the smellements we wouldn't need noses, except to breathe and to look sexy, because there wouldn't be anything to smell. The smellements imbue all things, for all things have a scent. They are generally content to mind their own business, which is basically to just sit there, invisible and intangible, and stink. There is, however, great power in the smellements, as essences of nature, but it remains, for the most part, untapped and unnoticed. In general a smellement can't do much more than inflict a bit of nausea, seduce a potential mate, or cause a room to clear, but in the trained hands and schnoz of a smellcaster, it can do far more indeed.

Smellcasters are magicians who have mastered the arcane rituals and languages needed to coax, combine and harness the smellements, exploiting their supernatural faculties and coalescing them into mystical vapors known as reeks. Reeks are extremely potent gasses, bestowing numinous powers upon those who inhale them.

Typically, a smellcaster is armed with dozens of reeks, contained in bottles and flasks, ready at a moment's notice to be opened by a cork-popping thumb and inhaled through questing nostrils. Smellcasters can either (as a single action) inhale their reeks themselves, blow them in the direction of others, or hurl the flasks into the midst of others so that the escaping reek can do its thing elsewhere. A reek from a shattered vessel will fill an area two yorts across (small burst template) before dissipating, affecting all those within the area.

The coalescing and bottling of reeks is a difficult and time consuming process. It takes roughly 20 minutes per Power Rank (a Novice Power takes twenty minutes to coax into a reek) to bottle a reek and perform the necessary obeisances and rituals. After the requisite time has passed, the smellcaster must make a Smellcasting roll and pay the necessary Power Points. These Power Points are not recovered until the reek is released (after which time they return at the normal rate).

A reek's effect on its inhaler is identical to the Power imbued into it, including any bonus effects or extended duration for raises or extra Power Points spent at the time of bottling. Bottled reeks can be given or sold to others, who may use them normally.

Smellemental Vengeance: If a smellcaster rolls a 1 on his Smellcasting die (regardless of his Wild Die) he has upset the smellements, who bestow upon him a peculiar odor for the rest of the day. This scent can be just about anything, from freshly baked burritos to freshly digested burritos, but whether pleasant or unpleasant it is strong and noticeable. Also, the bottle being used to capture the reek is shattered and unusable.

WEIRDO

Arcane Skill: Weirdness (Smarts)

Starting Power Points: 10

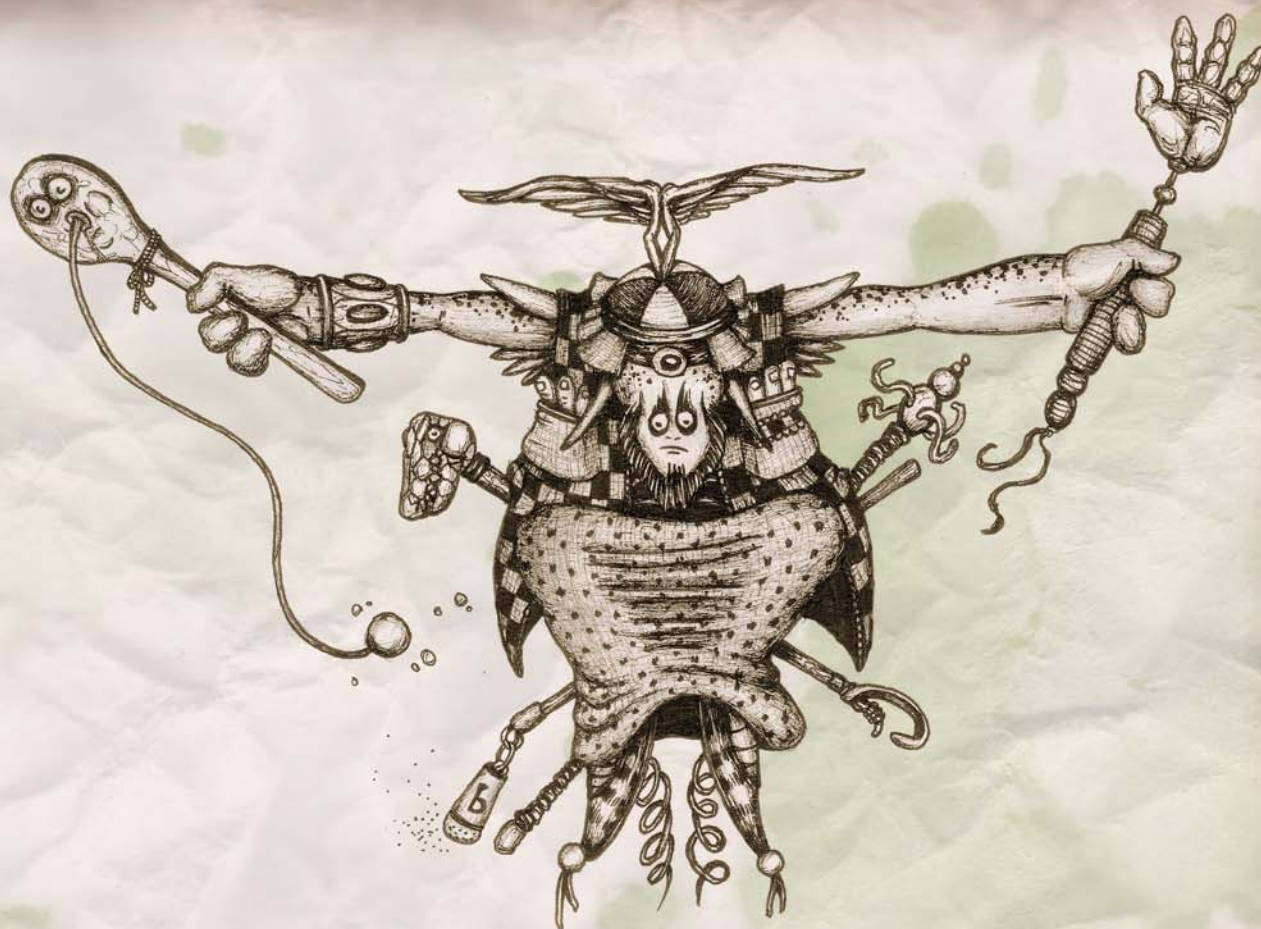
Starting Powers: 2

"What this button do? Ouch! Holy goosin' crap!"

-Inquisitive Smelf in the workshop of Weird Willis

Weirdos are artificers and inventors of the arcane. They craft and employ devices and apparatuses imbued with eldritch powers and influences. Each device is a unique thing, enchanted with magical energies and potent wizardry. Weird devices range from the seemingly pointless, like a device that uses telekinesis to comb your hair for you, to incredibly destructive, such as a knife that fires forth bursts of lightning on command. Weirdos take great pride in their work, often paying as much attention to the mundane construction of their devices as they do their enchantments.

A weirdo can create one specific device for each power he possesses. Each device has Power Points equal to those of the weirdo, which increase as his increase and he fiddles with his existent devices. The explicit details of each device must be recorded as it is invented. For example, a weirdo may decide, with his first power, to choose the telekinesis power and create a gloved hand that can float across a room and pimp slap his enemies. That power must forever be used to create that particular device



(and exact replicas of it, in the event it is lost). For his second power, the weirdo can choose a new power or use telekinesis to create a different sort of device, such as a hovering tool chest or an automatic slingshot. A device can be enchanted with more than one power, such as a flaming backscratcher that fires balls of fire and also heals those whose backs it scratches (using the bolt and healing powers).

To create such a device, a weirdo must have access to a workshop, or at least a competent set of tools. It takes 2 hours per Power Point to enchant a weird device, plus whatever time it takes to create the mundane form of the device (unless the weirdo is enchanting a device made by someone else, which is fine). At the end of the time spent enchanting the device, the weirdo must make a Weirdness roll. If he is successful, the device works normally. If he fails, the enchantment fizzles and he must start over again.

To activate a weird device that can be maintained, such as the floating tool chest mentioned above, all the weirdo must do is make a successful Weirdness roll. Raises may increase the effects of the power normally.

Powers that require an opposed roll, such as puppet, also use the weirdo's Weirdness roll.

Active devices, such as the lightning spewing knife mentioned earlier, function as

they are used. They may use a different skill, such as Driving, Shooting, or Fighting, instead of Weirdness. Each use of the device uses up the required amount of Power Points, which are regained normally at the rate of one per hour.

A weirdo may give his devices to others, but he can only have a single device in operation for each power he has. A non-weirdo using a weird device still makes a default Weirdness roll as usual, unless a different skill is more applicable. If a device is lost or stolen, a weirdo can will it to cease functioning and create a new one of the same type.

Shoddy Workmanship: If a weirdo, or anyone else using a weird device, rolls a 1 on his skill die when attempting to activate a weird device (regardless of his Wild Die), the device breaks and can not be used again until it is fixed, which requires 2d6 hours and a successful use of the Repair skill.



NEW POWERS

CONTANIMATION

Rank: Special

Power Points: Special

Range: Touch

Duration: Permanent

This spell is the means by which a containimator is able to breathe life into a constructed shell of trash and filth, bringing to life a containatronic minion. The process is a lengthy one, fraught with potential danger and cataclysmic failure. Many containimators are driven insane by the twisted energies and catastrophic forces involved in this powerful and oft-forbidden act. Here's the gist, but remember, once you read it, you can't unread it.

First thing's first, the containimator must create a suitable husk of muck, smut, and debris. This body can be made of just about any sort of trash, but biological and nukular materials are most potent. This process takes one day for every four Power Points spent in the creation of the minion.

Once an appropriate body is crafted, the containimator is ready to breathe life into his creation. He makes a Contanimating roll, and if he is successful the minion is brought to life, infused with containimants and other spirits of filth, forever at the command of the containimator who created it. Half of the Power Points spent in

the creation of a minion are regained normally, the other half are only regained after the minion is destroyed. Contanimatronic minions are among the most versatile and potent magically animated servants to be found on Oith. Sure, the weaker contanimators can't make really powerful minions, but once they get some experience they have the potential to build the ultimate rump kicker. The relative might of a minion is a function of the creator's rank, as illustrated by this:

RANK	PP	Attribute Points	Skill Points	Edges or Abilities
Novice	4	3	8	1
Seasoned	6	5	10	2
Veteran	8	8	12	4
Heroic	10	12	15	6
Legendary	12	15	20	8

So a Novice contanimator can spend four Power Points to create a minion with three points to raise its attributes (all attributes start at d4), eight points to spend on skills, and one Edge or Monstrous Ability. A contanimator may not imbue a minion with skills that he himself does not possess. Pretty simple, yes no?

Added features, such as built in weapons and armor do not increase the Power Point cost of the minion, they just make the material cost more expensive. Half of the Power Point expenditure is tied to the animation of the minion and does not regenerate unless the minion is destroyed or dispelled, at which point they come back at the normal rate. A contanimator can dispel a minion of his own creation at any time, but he must be able to physically touch it to do so.

All contanimatronic minions have the Construct Monstrous Ability. The contanimator may install Hindrances in his creation in order to gain more points for Edges and Skills, just as if he was creating an actual character. Contanimatronic minions are Extras, but they can be made Wild Cards for double the Power Point cost.

Here, for the edification of the idiot, is a sample minion created by Black Khlint, a Seasoned contanimator:

Urchin Khlintzthrall

Minion of Black Khlint

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Shooting d8, Intimidation d6

Edges: Block, Marksman, Construct (free)

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5 (+1); **Toughness:** 7 (+2)

Urchin is a big gob of poo and guts encased in a shell of rusted metal (decent armor). His left hand is a slingshot and his right arm is hollow and filled with slingshot ammo, which falls into his right hand when he jiggles it in the proper manner.

There it is, simple, yet hideously complex.

Not only must a contanimator sacrifice Power Points to create a contanimatronic minion, but if he rolls a 1 on his Contanimating die (regardless of the Wild Die), he also permanently loses one die of Smarts. If his Smarts ever go below a d4, the contanimator is driven insane (the homicidal type, not the basket weaving type). If the contanimator rolls a 1 on both the Wild die and the Contanimating die, the minion is still enlivened, but not under the control of the

contanimator. This may be how piles are born (or maybe not; who knows?).

MIND READIN'

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 3

Range: Smarts

Duration: 3 (1/round)

A dementalist with this skill is able to access the thoughts and emotions of others, by making an opposed roll using the target's Spirit versus the dementalist's Dementalism skill. If the target wins, the dementalist does not learn anything and the target has a sense that someone is trying to get into his head. If the dementalist wins he is able to read emotions, surface thoughts, and deeply hidden thoughts depending on how successful his roll was. With a success, the dementalist can read surface emotions and intentions, such as anger, deception, or smugness. With a raise he can read the surface thoughts of the target, what he is currently thinking about. With two raises, the dementalist can probe deep into the target's mind to learn suppressed or guarded thoughts and memories.

A dementalist may learn one thought or emotion for each round that the power is in effect (effectively the dementalist may ask one question per round, such as "what is she thinking about right now?" or "Was he abused as a larva?").

SUMMON CONTANIMANTS

Rank: Special

Power Points: Special

Range: Smarts

Duration: 1 day (1/day)

With this power a contanimator is able to summon forth and control contanimants, elemental spirits of filth, disease, and corruption. The contanimants arise from the ground and follow the orders of the contanimator for the spell's duration, after which time they are reabsorbed into the Oith.

Contanimants are described in the Bestiary of Oith, later in this tome. The type of contanimant summoned is determined by the Contanimator's rank, thusly:

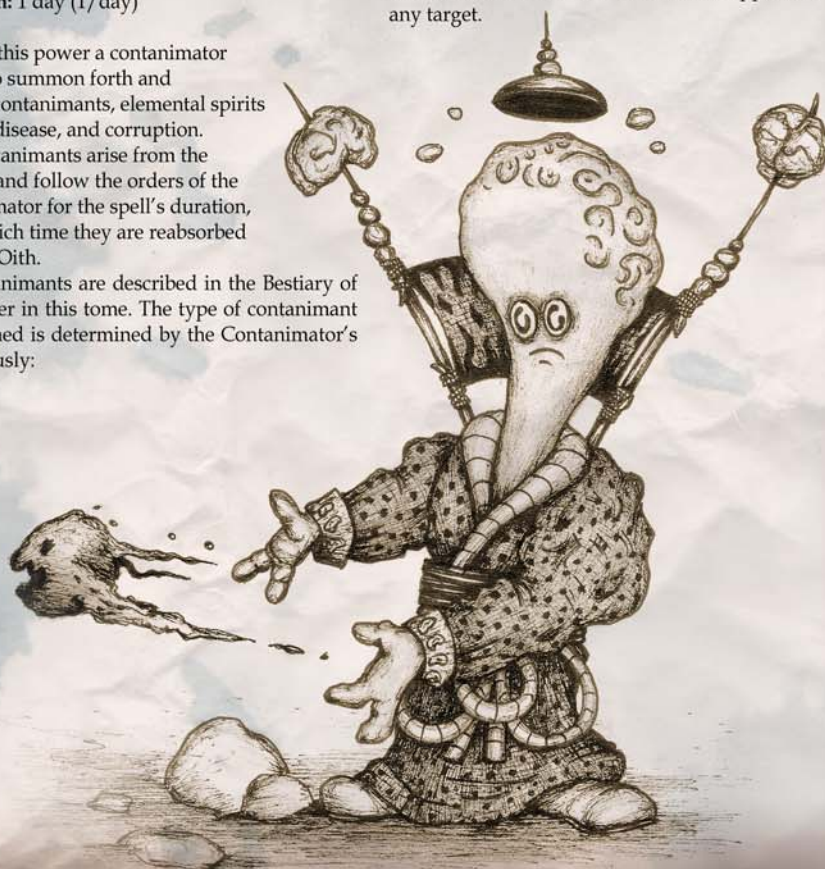
RANK	COST	CONTANIMANT SUMMONED
Novice	1	Wuss
Seasoned	2	Wanker (or 1d4 wusses)
Veteran	4	Mensch (or 1d4 wankers, or 2d4 wusses)
Heroic	6	Bruiser (or 1d4 mensches, 2d4 wankers, or 3d4 wusses)
Legendary	8	Bad Ass (or 1d4 bruisers, 2d4 mensches, 3d4 wankers, or 4d4 wusses)

If he so desires, a contanimator may pay fewer Power Points and summon a lesser contanimant than his rank permits. He must choose the type of contanimant he is summoning before he finishes the spell. Each raise on the Contanimating roll summons an additional contanimant of that type. If the Contanimating roll is a 1 (regardless of the Wild Die), the contanimants are still summoned, but they are pissed off and commence to attack the contanimator. In such an instance the contanimator is still sickened and Shaken as usual.

NEW RULE:

CASTING SPELLS AT MULTIPLE TARGETS

A caster may choose to cast a spell that normally affects only one target, such as Fly or Healing, at multiple targets simultaneously. To do so, the caster must be within range of all of the targets (usually touching them all). He rolls one casting die for each target and a single Wild Die. A -1 penalty is applied to each die (except the Wild Die) for every target above the first. Since each target is assigned a casting die, it is possible that the spell will be effective on one target but not on another. The Wild Die can be applied to any target.



The caster must pay the Power Point cost for each target that is affected. Spells with a range of self, or those that affect an area can not be cast in this manner. Powers that can be used on multiple targets are: **Armor, Boost / Lower Trait, Dispel, Environmental Protection, Fly, Greater Healing, Healing, Light, Mind Readin', Puppet, Quickness, Speed, Telekinesis** and **Teleport**.

This ability is available to all characters with an Arcane Background Edge other than Arcane Background (Smellcaster).

AVAILABLE POWERS BY TYPE

Contanimator

Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Contanimate, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Deflection, Fear, Light, Obscure, Puppet, Smite, Speed, Stun, Summon Contanimants, Telekinesis, Teleport, Zombie

Dementalist

Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Dispel, Environmental Protection, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Healing, Invisibility, Mind Readin', Puppet, Quickness, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Teleport

Hocus Poker

Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Dispel, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Fear, Fly, Invisibility, Light, Obscure, Quickness, Shape Change, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Teleport

Holy Roller

Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Dispel, Elemental Manipulation, Environmental Protection, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Healing, Light, Obscure, Quickness, Shape Change, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Zombie

Smellcaster

Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Healing, Invisibility, Light, Obscure, Puppet, Quickness, Shape Change, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Teleport, Zombie

Weirdo

Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Dispel, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Healing, Invisibility, Light, Obscure, Puppet, Quickness, Shape Change, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Teleport, Zombie

TRAPPINGS

The following list describes several suggested trappings for known spells. These are only suggestions. Casters are encouraged to create their own trappings for the powers they know. Trappings often vary by the species and disposition of the caster.

Each purchase of a power has only one trapping. If you want to be able to cast bolts of stinky vomit and bolts of flaming stone you have to purchase the bolt power twice. For weirdos, a sample weird device is listed in place of trappings.

ARMOR

Contanimator: Filth and trash rise from the ground and cling to the target, forming a rudimentary suit of armor.

Dementalist: An invisible mental barrier surrounds the dementalist, protecting him from harm.

Hocus Poker: The caster grows a thick, bug-like exoskeleton.

Holy Roller: A glowing, translucent image of a religious icon or symbol surrounds the holy roller.

Smellcaster: Vaporous emissions ooze from the inhale's pores, cushioning blows and looking spiffy.

Weirdo: *Protect-o-matic:* A wide brimmed hat that expands and droops to cover the wearer on command (with eye, arm, and leg holes).

BARRIER

Contanimator: Garbage erupts from the ground and forms a wall.

Dementalist: Shadowy images of the dementalist form and link arms to make a wall.

Hocus Poker: A giant "talk to the hand" hand is conjured.

Holy Roller: A shining gate made of pearlescent silver blocks the way.

Smellcaster: A thick wall of impenetrable colored gas with faces and arms in it.

Weirdo: *Linking Logs:* A tiny wall of logs that grows and shrinks on command. The logs can be reconfigured to form small buildings and other structures.

BLAST

Contanimator: Hundreds of thousands of tiny parasites rise from the ground and begin to feast.

Dementalist: A giant glowing brain explodes in the midst of the targets.

Hocus Poker: Your typical old ball of fire.

Holy Roller: The Wrath of Gawd! Blasts of holy lightning descend from the heavens.

Smellcaster: A big ass smelmental is released. He proceeds to pummel everyone in the target area.

Weirdo: *Goon's Demise:* A slingshot that launches explosive eggs.

BOLT

Contanimator: A fine dust of rusty metal shards is belched forth from the contanimator's mouth.

Dementalist: A glowing bolt of mental energy zaps from the dementalist's forehead.



Hocus Poker: A stream of corrosive acid launches forth from the hocus poker's eyes.

Holy Roller: A glowing fist of justice is summoned and proceeds to batter the target.

Smellcaster: A streaking smelmental courses from the bottle and nastily bites the target.

Weirdo: *Can o' Worms:* A small metal jar that launches venomous spring snakes at the target.

BOOST / LOWER TRAIT

Contanimator: The target is either inflicted with a rotting disease or covered in helpful parasites.

Dementalist: The dementalist thinks about the target being weaker or stronger, and it just happens.

Hocus Poker: Marching bands and volcanoes appear on the target's biceps, or his biceps turn upside down.

Holy Roller: a glowing light or choking smog surrounds the target.

Smellcaster: Melancholy or triumphant music fills the air.

Weirdo: *Thinking Cap:* A propeller hat that makes the wearer smarter.

CONTANIMATE

Contanimator: The contanimator must construct a suitable shell and then perform all sorts of desecratory and mystical rituals upon it.

DEFLECTION

Contanimator: Some sort of gooey thing forms in the air and deflects the attack.

Dementalist: The dementalist appears to be a few yorts away from where he actually is.

Hocus Poker: The caster's tongue grows to enormous size and acts as a shield. Somehow, this does not impede speech or spell casting.

Holy Roller: A translucent image of the holy roller, wearing a fake halo and wings, overlaps the caster and blocks incoming attacks.

Smellcaster: A gust of foul wind from somewhere

mysterious (you know where, wink wink) anticipates the attack and deflects it. Oofo smellcasters need to think of different trappings.
Weirdo: *Deflectionator*: A small bauble shaped like an eyeball. It senses incoming attacks and stares them down.

DETECT / CONCEAL ARCANA

Dementalist: He just knows these things, and he can cloud the perceptions of others.
Hocus Poker: Magic stuff glows when he wiggles his fingers like an idiot.
Holy Roller: Enchanted things shuffle uneasily.
Smellcaster: A smelmental wanders about, pointing out supernatural auras.
Weirdo: *Arcanalingus*: A magical tongue sheath that can taste arcane auras.

DISPEL

Dementalist: The dementalist just thinks about it and it happens.
Hocus Poker: Lots of finger wiggling and obnoxious chanting.
Holy Roller: The holy roller says something pompous, such as, "I banish thee!"
Weirdo: *Auraser*: A chunk of rubber that dispels auras when rubbed across enchanted items or beings.

FEAR

Contanimator: Chunks of filth spring forth and adhere themselves to the contanimator, making him look rather frightening.
Dementalist: The dementalist's face contorts into a grotesque mask and he says "Boogity boogity!"



Hocus Poker: An illusion of whatever the target fears most manifests in front of him.
Holy Roller: The Fear o' Gawd is put into the target (somehow).
Smellcaster: The reek gives the inhaler the creeping willies, so to speak.
Weirdo: *Tuffet Terror*: A fake spider on string.

FLY

Dementalist: Fake wind flaps at the dementalist's clothing as he sits crosslegged and hovers.
Hocus Poker: Little tiny wings sprout from somewhere on the hocus poker's body.
Holy Roller: Strap-on angel wings and a cheesy fake halo appear on the target.
Smellcaster: The inhaled reek inflates the inhaler's body until it is lighter than air.
Weirdo: *Ballooning Bloomers*: Inflatable underpants.

GREATER HEALING

Dementalist: The dementalist pounds on the target's chest and yells "Breathe, damn you! You never gave up in your life. You're not giving up now!"
Holy Roller: Just your basic laying on of hands.
Smellcaster: The target is disintegrated by an all-powerful smellement, and then immediately replaced by an exact duplicate with fewer wounds.
Weirdo: *Eelo's Extraordinary Enema*: Use your imagination. It doesn't work on oofos, for obvious reasons.

HEALING

Dementalist: A gentle kiss and an exploratory probe for effect. Also, his chest glows for some reason.
Holy Roller: More laying on of hands, but with less gusto.

Smellcaster: The reek's vapors suture wounds from the inside. It's pretty cool.

Weirdo: *Hand Aide*: A tiny wooden hand that holds wounds closed and massages sore muscles.

INVISIBILITY

Dementalist: You can see him, but you don't know you can see him, and that pretty much makes him invisible. He's messin' with your mind.

Hocus Poker: Casual gesticulation and a few nonsensical babblings.

Smellcaster: The inhaled reek infuses the target with its own transparent nature.

Weirdo: *Mask of Invisibilty*: A mask made of two hands that cover the eyes. A small opening between fingers allows the wearer to see.

LIGHT

Contanimator: Glowing chunks of nukular matter surround the caster and move about at his

direction.

Hocus Poker: The hocus poker grows some sort of luminescent organ that dangles from his forehead.

Holy Roller: The Glorious Light of Faith shines from nowhere in particular.

Smellcaster: The unbottled reek glows with happiness when it is released. It thinks the opener is its mommy and hangs around for a while.

Weirdo: *Lispo's Luminous Loincloth*: Glowing undies, how fun!

MIND READIN'

Dementalist: The Dementalist looks a bit distracted.



OBSCURE

Contanimator: Thick, cloying smog belches forth from somewhere unpleasant.

Hocus Poker: Everyone in the area is forced to shut their eyes.

Holy Roller: Really bright light obscures everything. It's like looking into the sun, or something else really bright.

Smellcaster: The reek coalesces into a swirling mass of deep purple haze.

Weirdo: *Belching Bottle*: A ceramic jug that billows forth a cloud of cloaking, grape-flavored, darkness when uncorked.

PUPPET

Contanimator: The contanimator must construct a crude marionette of the victim.

Dementalist: The dementalist just sort of tells the victim what to do. "These aren't the boids you're looking for."

Smellcaster: Whoever inhales the reek is at the mercy of the smellcaster.

Weirdo: *Yoogor's Hand Puppet of Doom*: The weirdo makes a hand puppet that resembles an intended victim. The puppet has the power to control the target as long as it is worn by the owner.

QUICKNESS

Dementalist: The dementalist's body shivers and blurs with hyperactivity.

Hocus Poker: Some really fast gesticulating and auctioneer style babbling.

Holy Roller: The target's movements are accompanied by loud, kung fulicious cracking sounds.

Smellcaster: A puff of dust shaped like the inhaler is left behind whenever he moves.

Weirdo: *Mystic Tongue Ring of Quickness:* This gilded stud bestows quickness upon the wearer.

SHAPE CHANGE

Hocus Poker: A curtain surrounds the caster. When it is removed, he has been replaced by the appropriate animal.

Holy Roller: A puff of smoke and a flash of light.

Smellcaster: The reek's bottle must be vaguely shaped like the creature that the inhaler changes into.

Weirdo: *Slog Jelly:* This disgusting substance, made from distilled slog filling and enchanted by a weirdo, turns whoever eats it into a pygmy slog.



SMITE

Contanimator: The contanimator smears the target weapon with filth and offal.

Hocus Poker: The weapon glows and hums with arcane energies.

Holy Roller: The holy roller sneezes on the weapon and then says, "Bless you."

Weirdo: *Smitten Hammer:* A lovely hammer that pounds nails and also adds +2 to the damage it causes.



hovers very quickly, floating above the ground with his legs crossed.

Hocus Poker: A piece of food on a string is suspended in front of the target, encouraging him to ever greater feats of alacrity.

Holy Roller: An illusory lashmaster, wearing the vestments of the holy roller's religion appears behind the target and whips him in the ass.

Smellcaster: The inhaler's eyes bulge and he sweats profusely.

Weirdo: *Roscoe's Rambunctious Roller Skates:* Enchanted wheeled shoes that double the normal skating pace of the wearer.

STUN

Contanimator: The target is overwhelmed by a green cloud of gaseous filth.

Dementalist: The target suffers a Brainfart.

Hocus Poker: A massive illusory hand rises from the ground and shakes the target like one should never, ever shake a baby.

Holy Roller: The target is temporarily overcome with guilt (probably for touching himself inappropriately).

Smellcaster: The reek fills the target's mind with effervescent fizz (figuratively).

Weirdo: *Clockwork Boid:* A mechanical boid that flies around and poos explosive stun droppings.

SUMMON CONTANIMANTS

Contanimator: Contanimants and similar minions of corruption spring forth and do the bidding of the contanimator as he chuckles evilly to himself. Very powerful stuff.

TELEKINESIS

Contanimator: Tiny flying contanimants

manifest and manipulate the target object.

Dementalist: The dementalist closes his eyes and puts his fingers to his temples.

Hocus Poker: The usual gesticulating and chanting.

Holy Roller: The holy roller closes his eyes and screams "Hallelujah!" Or something like that.

Smellcaster: A mighty wind issues forth from somewhere on the inhaler and moves the target object.

Weirdo: *Chair that Moves by Itself:* A chair that moves by itself.

ZOMBIE

Contanimator: The dead body is desecrated with filth and excrement.

Holy Roller: The body must be purified and cleansed.

Smellcaster: This one is kind of puerile. The reek bottle is opened into the corpse's nether regions. As the reek passes through the body and is emitted from the mouth, it bestows unnatural life into the carcass.

Weirdo: *Spleen of Dead Guy Manipulation:* This organ is implanted into the body of a corpse, animating it for the use of the owner.



SPEED

Contanimator: Wherever the contanimator goes, his footsteps are filled with slick grease.

Dementalist: The dementalist just sort of

Gear & Goods

THE TRAVELING CRAPWAGON OF GORBO THE GLAND

The crapwagon of Peddlemeister Gorbo the Gland is typical of its breed. Such wagons, chock full of all kinds of interesting stuff, are a common site along the roads and slog trails of the civilized world. Traders like Gorbo travel from town to town, swapping, bartering, and acquiring new stuff to trade and barter with. Such is the way of things...

Aside from various wandering crapwagons, most cities and towns have marketplaces and barterposts erected to facilitate trade between various people and groups. Often, a wisenheimer or well-respected hoink is hired to watch over dealings and adjudicate disputes.

The majority of societies do not have an actual form of currency, although some have experimented with the idea —with hilarious and disastrous results. Nowadays goods and services are traded directly for other goods and services. Need a new shirt? Maybe Murtle the Shirtsmith will trade for that jar of pickled toenails in your knapsack.

Wanna stay in an inn? Perhaps the owner will let you do the dishes. Looking for someone to build you a house? Start saving your eggshells.

The really silly part is that coins do exist, they just aren't thought of as money. Most coins are really just small baubles, beads, and decorations. These objects are collectively known as *clams*. Smart traders collect such things, since they are small and easily carried, and use them as the basis of their bartering. For most intents and purposes a clam is pretty much universally usable as a coin. The prices listed on Gorbo's sign are in clams.

HAGGLING

Of course, since clams have no defined intrinsic value, this whole system is open to exploitation and debate. Hagglng is very common and is an accepted and expected interaction in most marketplaces. In general a successful Persuasion roll and each raise on the part of the buyer lowers the cost of an item by 10%. So a successful roll with nine raises means that the buyer has effectively convinced the seller to hand over the item for free.

STUFF

Dig, if you will, the picture...

Gorbo's crapwagon overflows with an abundance of strange and exotic things that he's collected over the years. Many have obvious utility, such as the rusty spearheads he salvaged from the Battle of Orrsbutt Crevice and the glass jar filled with tiny, wound-cleansing, pusbuncher grubs. Others have a more puzzling design, like the dangling majig and the mysterious teeveevishun, a cryptic relic of the Hoomanrace (and Gorbo's most prized possession). The point is, all sorts of crazy junk is out there, and everything has a purpose. It falls upon the resourceful and the clever to make proper use of it all. Here follows a description of several useful items and services:

Random Things

Backpack: This is just a bag with straps. It can be made out of just about any kind of cloth or hide and holds roughly 20 pounds of stuff.



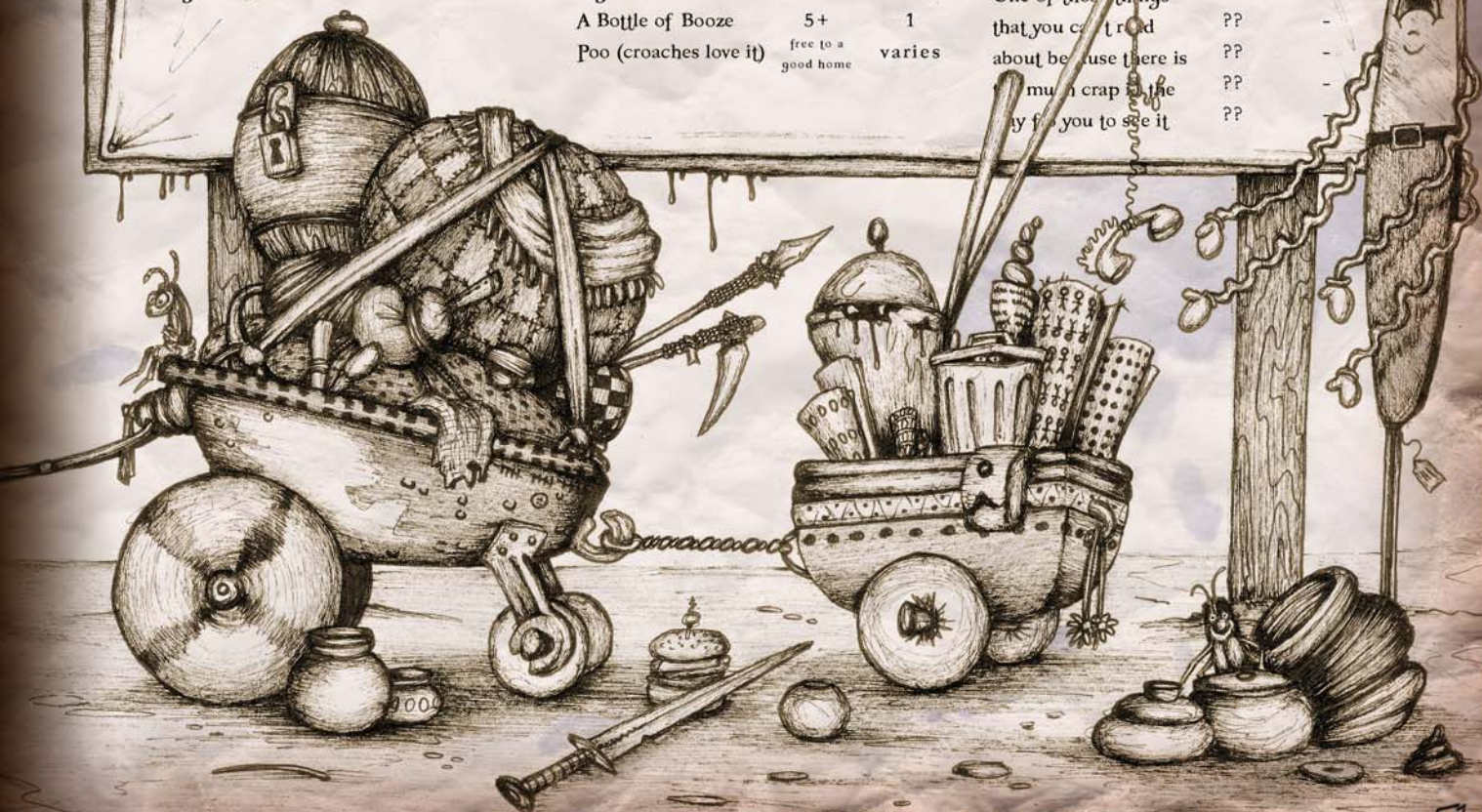
Corbo the Gland's Crapwagon Fine Goods and Assorted Detritus

Item	Cost	Weight	Item	Cost	Weight	Item	Cost	Weight
Random Stuff			Armor (per location)			Crazy Stuff		
Backpack	10	4	Crappy armor (+1)	20	5	Hoomanrace Artifact	5000+	varies
Blanket	10	4	Decent armor (+2)	100	10	Reek in a bottle	100+	1
Cage, small wood	20	5	Good armor (+3)	200	15	Scare croach	100	5
Candle (2" radius)	5	-	Shield, crappy	25	8	Weird Device	100+	varies
Chalk (1 stick)	1	-	Shield, decent	50	12			
Croach Moltings	1	1	Shield, good	200	20			
Flask	5	1						
Grappler	10	2	Clothing					
Hammer	10	2	Crappy clothing	5	-			
Lantern (4" radius)	20	3	Decent clothing	20	-			
Lockpicking tools	100	-	Snazzy clothing	100	2			
Manacles	20	2	Pimpin' clothing	200+	5			
Oil (for lantern)	5	1	Servants & Services					
Quiver (20 arrows)	5	2	Bad Lovin'	20	-			
Rope (20 yorts)	10	10	Good Lovin'	50+	-			
Shiny rock	1	1	Grooming	10+	-			
Shovel	10	5	A night in a crappy inn	5	-	Livestock & Such		
Soap, a hunk of	5	-	A night in a decent inn	10	-	Contanimatronic	1000+	varies
Spoon	5	1	A night in a good inn	20	-	Minion		
Torch (4" radius)	1	1	A slave	500+	-	Giggity	100	-
Twine, ball of	5	1				Oily Boid	5	-
Waterskin	10	1	Grub & Grog			Pygmy Slog	200	-
Whistle	10	-	A bag o' Circuspi Nuts	10	1	Stomp	500	-
Your portrait on a grain of sand	10	-	Moonular cheese, hunk	50	1			
			A crappy meal	2	-			
			A decent meal	10	-	Tack and Harness		
			A good meal	15+	-	Slog Saddle	50	10
			A Bottle of Booze	5+	1	One of those things	??	-
			Poo (croaches love it)	free to a good home	varies	that you can't read	??	-
						about because there is	??	-
						much crap in the	??	-
						why for you to see it	??	-

Mounts & Livestock and Pets n Things

Dig this, all sorts of animals and monsters and such can be tamed and used as mounts, pets, or beasts of burden. Contanimatronic minions, slogs, stomps, and a varied assortment far too huge to disclose are eager and willing to fulfill your basest comportment desires. Of course, wild beasties do need to be trained first, but you can find just about anything if you look hard enough.

You can find out more about these individual beasties in the Bestiary of Oith later on in this book.





Blanket: Imagine a big ass rectangle made out of cloth or woven hairs. It helps keep you warm and provides a soft place to sleep.

Cage: A small wooden cage can be used to keep small animals in, like oily boids and small giggities. Larger cages are available, but they cost more and are heavier.

Candle: Generally made out of earwax or rendered fat, a typical candle sheds light in a two yort radius (2") and can sputter on for about an hour.

Chalk: This stuff is fun for drawing on rocks.

Croach Moltings: These don't have much practical value, but they can be quite decorative and make lovely wind chimes.

Flask: This refers to just about any glass or ceramic bottle, jug or vial. Smellcasters use them to store reeks in and everyone uses them to store booze.

Grappler: A grappler is a twisted hunk of metal or wood that can be tied to a rope and used as an anchor or climbing aid. They are not generally edible.

Hammer: You know what a hammer is.

Lantern: One of these can shed light in a 4 yort radius (4") and lasts about 3 hours per pint of oil. If a lantern is dropped it may break (50% chance) and has a 1 in 6 of setting fire to combustibles (see the rules for Fire in Savage Worlds).

Lockpicking tools: Bent metal thingees and various picks and such, as the name implies, lockpicking tools are essential for picking locks (a character who tries to pick a lock without these tools has a -2 penalty to his roll).

Manacles: These are bitchin' metal handcuff thingees.

Oil: A flask of oil can keep a lantern lit for three hours. It's also really slippery.

Quiver: You put your arrows in it.

Rope: Woven from fibers, hair, dead worms, or caterpillar poo, a good rope can be used for climbing, tying things together, lassoing your enemies, hanging bad guys, tripping people, and a whole host of other fun and exciting activities.

Shiny Rock: This is a pretty rock. And it's shiny too.

Shovel: A shovel is great for digging holes and clobbering people to put in the holes.

Torch: One of these sheds light in an eight yort (8") radius and lasts about an hour.

Twine, Ball of: This is about 300 yorts (feet) of durable string wound up in a ball. You can unwind it and do stuff with the string.

Waterskin: Usually made from the bladder of some unsuspecting animal, a skin can be used to store much more than water. In fact, just about any liquid can be put in it.

Whistle: My cousin's larva had one of these things. You could hear it from a big yort away (about a mile).

Armor

Armor is sold by location (both legs, both arms, torso, head). The price listed is the cost for each location. For example, to buy crappy armor that covers both arms, both legs, and the torso would cost 60 clams. Remember that the torso is always the default hit location unless the attacker makes a called shot.

The weight of armor varies depending on what it is made of, but in general a weight of five pounds per location for crappy armor, ten pounds for decent armor, and fifteen pounds for good armor is about right.

Most armor is made for the average sized warrior. If a character has the Really Big Guy Edge his armor generally costs twice as much. Conversely, a fellow with the Really Small Guy Edge only has to pay half normal retail value.

Crappy Armor: Crappy armor can be made from just about anything from dried mud to esophogator hide. It affords a bonus of +1.

Decent Armor: Armor of this nature is usually made out of some kind of metal links or chains or is made of strong hide reinforced with metal. Decent armor has a bonus of +2.

Good Armor: Aaaaaaah, the good stuff. Bequeathing a bonus of +3, good armor is most likely made of metal plates or the scales of some huge monster. Good armor usually looks pretty cool too, with all sorts of nifty embossments, etchings, and other floofy things.

Shields

Shields can be made out of just about any tough or hardened material, like wood, metal, or the lenses of a cheese leech's eyes. All shields only protect against attacks that come from the front or left side (assuming the shield is carried on a left arm).

Crappy Shield: Crappy shields, usually pretty small and made of wood, hide, or dried vomit, offer the wielder a +1 bonus to Parry.

Decent Shield: A decent shield is often made of metal scales or reinforced wood and offers a +2 Armor bonus to ranged shots that hit the wielder, as well as a +1 Parry bonus.

Good Shield: Good shields are constructed of metal or some other really tough material, like borlo ass blubber. They are pretty big and offer a +2 Parry bonus along with a +2 Armor bonus against ranged attacks that hit.

Clothing

Let's face it, unless you plan to run around naked all the time (which is acceptable in some places), you are going to need some kind of attire to cover your tender bits and to keep you warm and fashionable.

Crappy Clothing: The average oithling wears simple clothing made from natural fibers or woven from the hair of beasts. A crappy ensemble might include some torn trousers of moldy plant fibers, a stained shirt or vest, some wooden sandals, and a pair of underpants. Subtle, yet it makes a statement. It says, "I have no fashion sense."

Decent Clothing: An outfit of this nature might include a pair of boots and a funny hat in addition to a slightly more fashionable skirt or pair of trousers. With this ensemble, a fashionable being of Oith often wears both a shirt and a vest, and perhaps a few accoutrements, like a leather belt and a few tassels. Not quite stylish, but almost. This is what your typical adventurer wears on his daily adventures.

Snazzy Clothing: Aaaaaaaaah yeah... These are some stylin' duds. Today's modern gentleman or fly honey can often be found traipsing around town in cheese leech silk and rhinestones. Perhaps a fancy cape and some big ass, curly-toed shoes adorn our model. Maybe a gigantic hat and formal boxer shorts decorate his top and tail. Snazzy clothing is always in fashion and portrays an air of sophistication and elegance.

Pimpin' Clothing: The snazziest of the snazzy, pimpin' gear takes fashion to the next level. Similar to snazzy clothing, but the hat is bigger, the curly-toed shoes are curlier, the codpiece is more extravagant, and the rhinestones are shinier. A fellow in pimpin' clothes is the talk of the town and thusly gains a +1 bonus to Charisma as long as his clothes are clean and in good repair.

Servants & Services

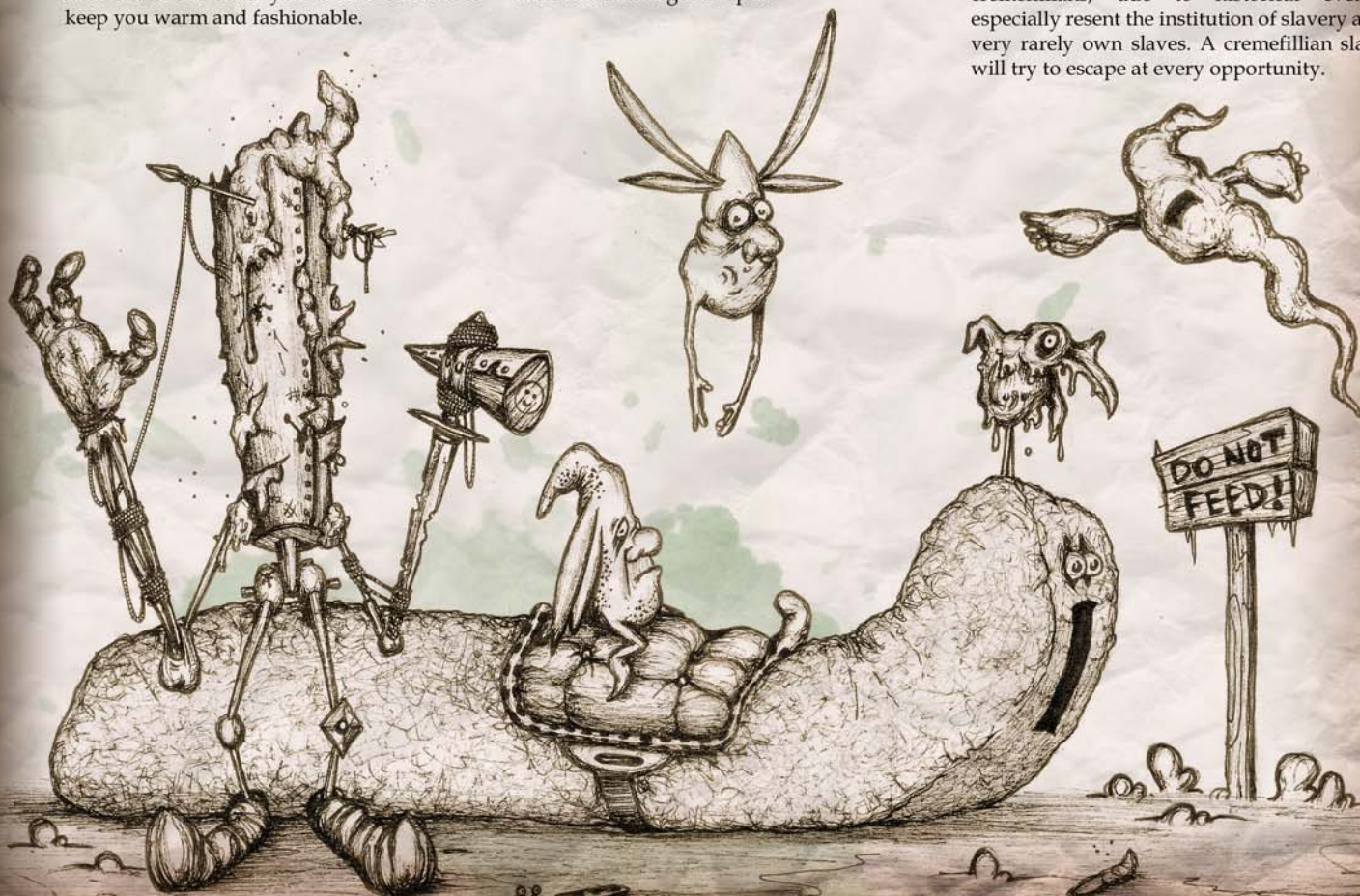
Lovin': Do I really need to go into detail about this? Bad lovin' is a cheap date with someone who will probably give you some kind of disease. Good lovin' is what you make of it. Whips and manacles are optional.

Grooming: This involves pretty much all of the ways in which a dude can be spruced up, including the traditional shave and a haircut, carapace polishing, manicure, pedicure, tattooing, piercing, bathing, cosmetic makeover, hair dyeing, etc...

A Night in an Inn: Some inns are better than others. A crappy inn generally offers very little in the way of amenities, with one or two large rooms being shared by all of the guests. A decent inn usually serves breakfast and dinner and offers private rooms for the discerning tourist. A good inn often has facilities for bathing and recreation. A house pimp generally offers lovin' for an extra fee (bad and good) and the food is edible and often tasty.

Slaves: Slaves are generally convicted criminals, prisoners of war, or just unlucky dudes who were inauspicious enough to be captured in a slave raid and forced into a life of servitude. A slave can be used for just about any purpose, from general housekeeping to mercenary soldiering. The cheapest slaves are typically manual laborers, while the more expensive ones often have a useful skill or two.

Slaves can be of any species or gender and can be found in most areas of the world. Most cremefillians, due to historical events, especially resent the institution of slavery and very rarely own slaves. A cremefillian slave will try to escape at every opportunity.



Grub & Grog

Circuspi Nuts: These are pretty much the nastiest and most vile tasting of all Oith's foodstuffs. Most beings would rather savor a steaming bowl of borlo crap than munch on one of these horrid things.

On the plus side, they are extremely nutritive and filling. Anybody who can choke one of these down and avoid vomiting (successful Vigor roll) does not need to eat for a full day.

Moonular Cheese: Hunks of cheese from the Moonular Cheese Fields are difficult to come by outside of the Fields themselves (the price listed is for imported Moonular cheese), but its delicate green hue and delicious flavor make it a valued comestible and a welcome addition to any table.

Meals: Taverns and restaurants in cities and villages worldwide serve a vast array of foodstuffs. It is pretty much impossible to quantify exactly what constitutes a crappy, decent, or good meal, but in general, a crappy meal is a single course of something unpleasant and dubious, a decent meal may have multiple courses and be at least moderately palatable, and a good meal

includes multiple courses, delicious food, and usually some sort of desert or aperitif.

Booze: Booze ranges in quality from watered down giggity piss to exotic liquors and wines made from mysterious fruits and grains. The better class of drink are often distinguished by a small paper umbrella or a tiny sword spitting a piece of fruit or two.

Poo: I doubt this needs much description. It comes out of people's butts and croaches like to eat it. I think it's gross, but what do I know?

Crazy Stuff

Here follow a few more esoteric items collected by Gorbo the Gland over his travels.

Hoomanrace Artifact: Strange and rare in the extreme, ancient relics of the Hoomanrace are extremely valuable. Most of them have no discernable purpose, but they are expensive anyway.

Reek in a Bottle: A reek is a magically ensnared odor bottled by a smellcaster. Each reek has a magical effect on the one who inhales it, determined by the smellcaster who conjured it. In general a reek is worth 100 clams for every Power Point invested in its coalescence.



Weird Devices: Weirdos are renowned for the bizarre and unusual constructions they create. Anything from automatic back-scratchers and extendable arms to tri-pronged scrotal mounts and giant carved idols that belch flame can be made by a skilled weirdo. Such a device is generally valued at 100 clams per Power Point invested in its creation.

Sample Weird Device

Scare Croach: A scare croach is nothing more than a small replica of an actual croach. It is mildly enchanted by a containimator or hocus poker and is especially useful as a decoy. When the item is placed on the ground, and a command word is uttered, it will enlarge itself and draw the attention of enemies and pursuing monsters. Any aggressive creature with animal intelligence faced with a scare croach must make a successful Smarts roll or confuse the scare croach for the real thing, attacking it instead.



TRANSPORTATION

GETTING FROM POINT A TO POINT Q



One of the consuming conundrums of civilized thought, and indeed thought in general, is how one may best exploit the wonders of nature and invention to get one's lazy ass from point A to point Q with as little effort as possible. One encouraging step along these lines was the development of legs and other implements of crawlification by our earlier ancestors. Legs are good; walking is less messy than squirming, but today's modern croach on the go may choose from an endless multitude of ingenious vehicles and stalwart beasts of burden to aid him on his journey. All he needs is enough clams, brains, or raw materials and he'll be rollin' in no time. The following segment describes only the meagerest sampling of such implements. Use your melonfarming brain and invent your own goosin' mabob if you don't like the ones I made.

Balloon: Basically just the huge bloated corpse of some dead animal, hollowed out and filled with buoyant gasses from the Keister of Gawd or through the conjuring of a smellcaster, a balloon is a fine mode of transport. The basket dangling below can hold several passengers. Steering, while

notoriously difficult in high winds, is maintained by a series of ropes and valves. Of course, unless you have a smellcaster handy, you're poop out of luck if you need to refill on the go. A smellcaster needs one hour of successful Smellcasting to refill an average sized balloon, which loses roughly 5% of its gas every time a steering change is made (it also makes a rude and slightly embarrassing noise). Once the gas drops below 50% capacity the balloon will slowly sink to the ground unless refilled. Oh yeah, you can also sink by releasing air or taking on ballast of some sort.

barges like *The Golden Gob*, owned by the famous ham Eezel Gutgobber of Floom, to massive ships of monster hair and petrified cheese. The point is, you're *The Boss*, you don't need me to tell you how many people fit on every boat and how much they all cost.

Cart: This sort of thing is usually made from common building materials and pulled by a beast of some sort. Most have wheels, but some, like the slog sled, use skis or trails of mucus to help them get along. Large carts, known as "wagons" may even have a small house or some such built into them.

Creper: Also known as "Wiggly Wiggles", these things are pretty snazzy. Often sculpted to resemble some sort of worm or bug or something, they use the momentum of the rider's wiggling movements to push them forward. Not remarkably useful up hills or even on flat

Boat: Cheese man! You know what a boat is. They come in all sorts of shapes and sizes, far too many to inclusively describe in a book of this magnitude. You've got a whole range, from crappy little canoes made of desiccated slog carcasses through elegant pleasure



The cremefillian horde of Goobimus the Grape rode into battle on their big-wheeled threesycles of Doom.

stretches, creepers can roll down a slope like nobody's business. Woe betide anyone standing downhill and not paying attention when a creeper-riding thug comes his way with a great *weenka-weenka* and an outthrust lance (damage x2 when rolling downhill).

Mabob: A mabob is a generic name for any sort of thing that doesn't already have a name. Here we are using it in a vehicular context, but it may apply elsewhere if you want it to. A mabob can be anything, from a gigantic marionette run by pulleys and gears to a big hollow egg with contanimatronic legs. Seriously dude, anything your little heart can imagine could exist—yep, even that. Just make sure The Boss agrees with it and you have enough Smarts to pull it off. Of course, as in all things, The Boss has the final say about how long it will take to make and how many clams it will set you back. Anything that uses ancient Hoomanrace technology will, of course, be extremely rare and expensive. Here's your chance to let your engineering genius shine. Release your inner nerd.

Pit Bloaters: These things are basically just a couple of small balloons that attach by ropes to the wearer's armpits. They could attach to some other part of his body if you want (like a backpack or to ears, breasts, feet, etc...), but I thought armpits was funniest. Since they aren't real big they don't really allow the wearer to fly so much as to float in a whimsical manner. Sure, with a running pounce you can pretty much triple your normal jumping height or tenfoldulate (multiply by ten) your distance, but that's not the same as flying. Pit bloaters are inflated the same way as balloons, but they don't accidentally deflate unless punctured. It takes a smellcaster two minutes and a Smellcasting roll to fill a pair of pit bloaters.

Rolly Skates: Yup, just what they sound like—nothing more than a pair of shoes with some wheels attached. Rolly skates can make you go really fast (pace x2), but they also make it pretty hard to maneuver across uneven ground.

Spring Shoes: Shoes of this nature, and by "this nature" I mean with giant springs attached to the bottoms, let the wearer jump like a melon farming maniac. Indeed, a being's vertical jumping distance is quadrupled, his horizontal is tripled, his diagonal is affected according to the Pythagorean Theorem and his fourth dimensional jumping ability is unsurprisingly unchanged.

Sycle: This name is applied to any sort of thing that uses wheels and turning pedals to get around. The name varies depending on how many wheels are involved.

Vehicle	Cost	Weight	Acc/Top Speed	Toughness	Crew	Capacity	Notes
Ballooon	2000	500	1/1*	6 (2)	1+5	500	Climb 10.
Boat	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Raft	50	200	1/2	6 (2)	1+6	1200	This floats.
Row Boat	200	150	1/3	8 (2)	1+3	1000	So does this.
Ship	20,000+	too heavy	2/10	15 (2)	20+40	a lot	This too.
Cart	100	100	**	8 (1)	1+4	1000	Rhymes w/ Fart.
Wagon	500	500+	**	10 (2)	1+9	8000	You can live in it.
Creeper	300	50	1/3****	6 (2)	1	rider	Ultra cute.
Mabob	varies	varies	varies	varies	varies	varies	Notes vary.
Pit Bloaters	500	20	****	4	1	rider	Flotation device.
Rolly Skates	100	10	6/12	4 (1)	1	rider	Chicks dig 'em.
Spring Shoes	200	10	****	4	1	rider	Wear a helmet.
Sycle	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Onesycle	100	20	2/8	6 (1)	1	rider	One wheel.
Twocycle	200	40	4/18	6 (1)	1	400	Two wheels.
Threecycle	300	50	3/12	8 (2)	1+1	800	Three wheels.

Contanimatronic Vehicles
 A contanimatronic vehicle is one that has been magically altered by a contanimator to operate by itself. A contanimator uses the Contanimation power to perform this feat, basically turning the vessel into a contanimatronic minion under her control or the control of anyone so designated. The cost to contanimatrate a vehicle is roughly 5x its normal cost.

Here's the thing, it's a pretty crazy notion to try to make some sort of comprehensive listing of all the various weapons available in this world. There are just too many of them. Some fellows prefer the traditional swords and spears. Others are into weird stuff, like gigantic scissors and barbeque tongs. Still others are fond of making up their own weird combinations of weapons, like a rubber chicken with a bunch of nails in it or a slingshot with a dagger blade on the handle. Whatever your martial preference, Wacky Wong's Wondrous Weapon Workshop, and dozens of others just like it, are happy to create for you a personalized armament of your choice, for a nominal fee, of course. Simply follow the chart on the following page to determine the cost and all will be well.

Be creative and come up with a weapon that really emphasizes your character's style and personality. A few sample weapons are listed below, along with their costs and attributes.¹

How to Use the Weapon Workshop:

First, find the damage that you want your weapon to do. This determines the base cost of the armament. Add or subtract from this price based on restrictions and perks, such as reduced weight and Minimum Strength, Armor Penetration, range, and others. The final number of clams is the actual price of the item.

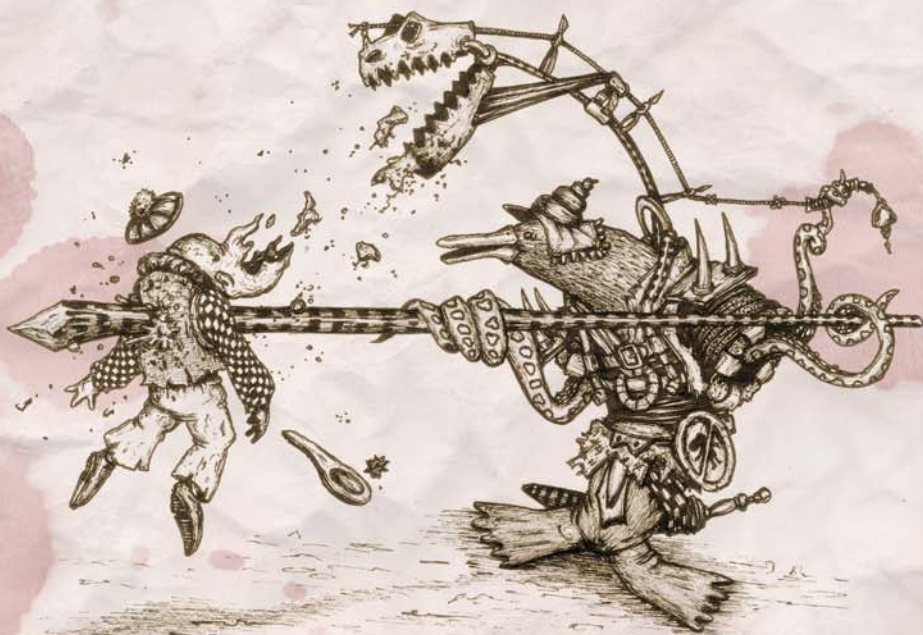
The Minimum Strength listed beside the Weight is the minimum Strength required to wield that weapon without paying extra. Minimum Strength can be lowered by lowering the weight of a weapon to that of the next lowest Damage range. It costs 10 clams per yort (pound) to reduce a weapon's weight.

Missile weapons begin with a range of 3/6/12 at no extra charge. Each die of damage that a missile weapon inflicts is paid for separately. For example, the base cost of a weapon that inflicts 2d6 damage is 140 clams. The Minimum Strength required to wield a missile weapon with multiple dice of damage is one higher than would be required to wield it at the highest damage die attributed, per die beyond the first. So, a weapon that inflicts 2d8 damage would require a Minimum Strength of d8 and weigh 16 yorts, while one that inflicts 2d10+1d8 would require a Strength of at least d12 and weigh 28 yorts. The maximum damage that a non-magical handheld missile weapon can inflict is 4d12, which would cost 520 clams, weigh 48 yorts and require a minimum Strength of d12+2. The damage listed for missile weapons indicates the maximum dice of damage that the ammo hurled by that weapon might inflict.



1. If you don't dig this system, just use the Medieval Weapons lists in the Savage Worlds Rulebook.

WEAPONS



Sample Weapons

Big Ass Cleaver

(Str+4, Weight 12 yorts, Min. Str. d8, Armor Penetration +1, Cost 250 clams). This is basically a huge meat cleaver.

Battle Tongs

(Str+2, Str+2, Weight 12 yorts, Min. Str. d6, Disarm +2, Cost 150). These barbeque tongs are hinged in the middle and sport two curved fork points.

Clobberizer

(Str+5, 3d12, Multiple Uses (melee & missile), Range 15/30/60, Weight 60 yorts, Min. Str. d12+1, Armor Penetration +3, Disarm Bonus +3, Parry Bonus +3, Reach +2, Ignore Shield, Cost 1840 clams). The ultimate weapon, this is sort of a gigantic spiked block on a thick chain attached to a long iron handle with a crapload of metal spiky things sticking out in all directions. The ball can be swung in melee or catapulted as a projectile by bending the handle back and releasing it.

Crappy Dagger

(Str+1, Weight 3 yorts, Crappy Materials, Cost 13 clams). A pointy little stabby thing.

Giant Roasting Baster and a Bucket of Poison (3d6, range 6/12/24, Weight 18 yorts, Min. Str. d8, Cost 260). Basically a thick glass or metal cylinder attached to a flexible bladder of some sort, this device can be used to spray poison, acid, or just about any other liquid deadline.

Ginormous Scissors

(Str+5, Weight 24 yorts, Min. Str. d10, Armor Penetration +3, Disarm Bonus +2, Parry Bonus +3, Reach +1, Cost 950). These huge iron scissors are perfect for slicing open armor and lopping off limbs.

Just Your Basic Everyday Longsword

(Str+3, Weight 9 yorts, Min. Str. d6, Cost 100). Just your basic everyday longsword.

Poo Flinger

(Str +1, 1d8 (non-lethal), multiple uses (melee & missile), Range 6/12/24, Weight 11 yorts, Min. Str. d8, Cost 150). Basically just a big ass wooden spoon, this thing can hurl poo and other foulnesses (the stench and ickyness incapacitates targets) and can double as a weak club.

Slingshot

(2d4, Range 6/12/24, Weight 8 yorts, Cost 150). A slingshot such as this can hurl rocks and other small objects at your foes.

Wacky Wongo's Wondrous Weapon Workshop

Damage	Cost	Weight	Min. Str.	Restrictions
Melee				Crappy Materials (-50%) ⁵ Heavy (Next Weight Increment) (-10% per weight increment) Non-Lethal (-30%) ⁶ Slow Reload (-20%) ⁷ Two-Handed (-20%) ⁸
Strength +1	25	3 yorts	-	
Strength +2	50	6 yorts	-	
Strength +3	100	9 yorts	d6	
Strength +4	200	12 yorts	d8 ⁸	
Strength +5	400	24 yorts	d10 ⁸	
Missile				
1d4	50	4 yorts	-	
1d6	70	6 yorts	-	
1d8	90	8 yorts	d6	
1d10	110	10 yorts	d8	
1d12	130	12 yorts	d10	

5. Anytime a raise is scored by a weapon made of crappy materials, the wielder must roll a d10. If the result is 9 or 10 the weapon breaks after inflicting it's damage and is unusable thereafter. A successful Repair roll can fix it.

6. The damage inflicted by a nonlethal weapon is subdual damage or none at all, like a net or lasso. A target may still be shaken or incapacitated by such a weapon.

7. This only applies to missile weapons. Reloading such a weapon is considered an action.

8. Such a weapon requires two hand to wield. This does not apply to projectile missile weapons, since most of them already require two hands, nor does it apply to weapons with a base damage of Str +4 or higher, since they also already require two hands to wield properly. A character may wield a two-handed weapon in one hand if his Strength is higher than that required to use it in the first place.

Perks

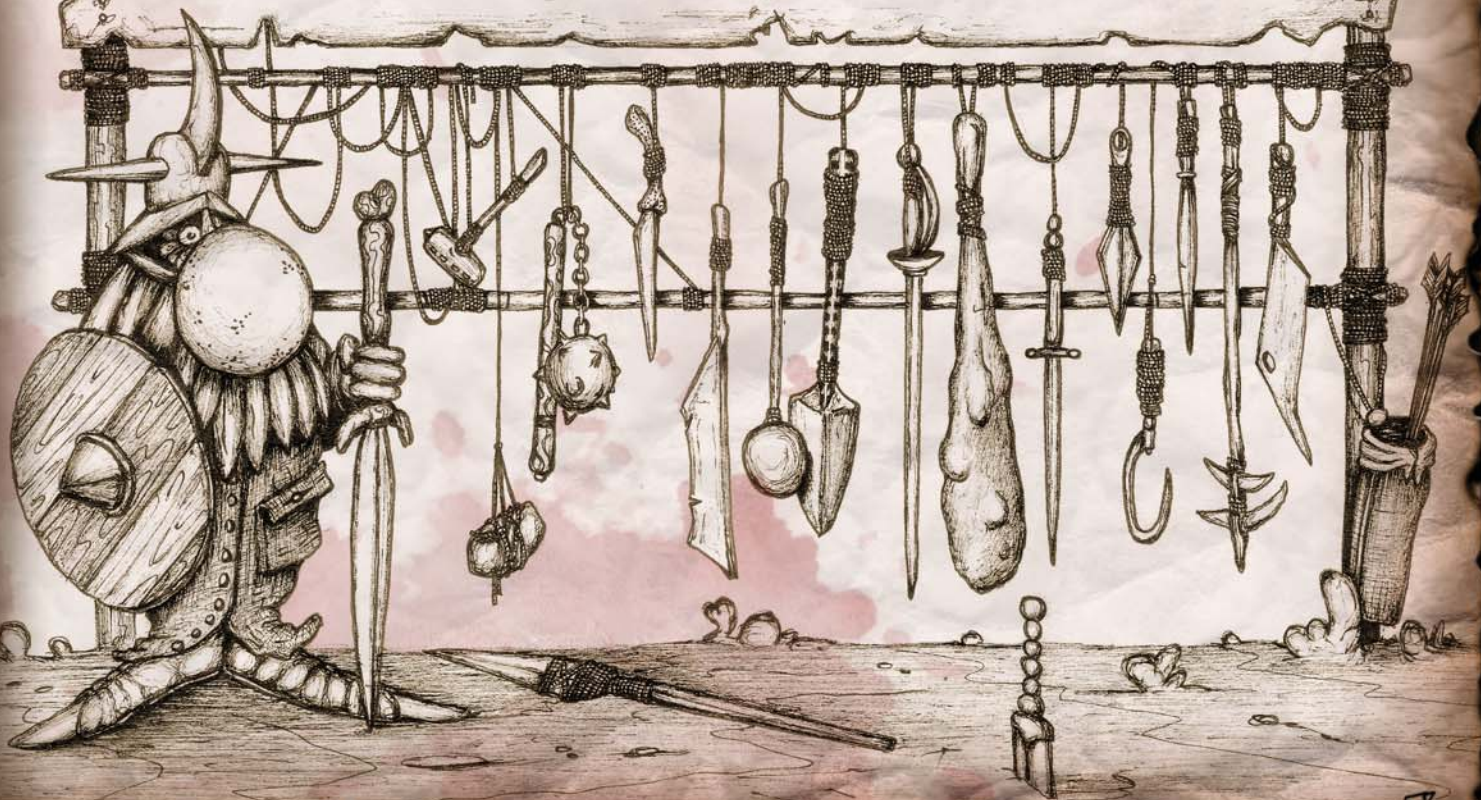
Additional Warheads (+base cost) ¹	Disarm Bonus +3 (+200 clams)	Range Increase 6/12/24 (+50 clams)
Armor Penetration +1 (+50 clams)	Ignore Shield (+100 clams)	Range Increase 12/24/48 (+100 clams)
Armor Penetration +2 (+100 clams)	Multiple Uses (melee, thrown, missile)	Range Increase 15/30/60 (+200 clams)
Armor Penetration +3 (+200 clams)	(+50 per extra type) ³	Reach +1 (+50 clams)
Concealed (+50 clams) ²	Parry Bonus +1 (+50 clams)	Reach +2 (+100 clams)
Disarm Bonus +1 (+50 clams)	Parry Bonus +2 (+100 clams)	Returning I ⁴ (+100 clams)
Disarm Bonus +2 (+100 clams)	Parry Bonus +3 (+200 clams)	Returning II ⁴ (+200 clams)

1. For example, a weapon with a Str +2 axe blade on one end and a Str +1 knife on the other would have a base cost of 75 clams.

2. A concealed weapon looks like something other than a weapon, such as throwing knives disguised as hair clips (made famous by the smelven adventurer Richeena Smelf) or a sword hidden in a cane. A notice roll at -2 is required to discover the secret.

3. So a weapon that is designed for use as both a missile and a melee weapon costs and extra 50 clams.

4. A returning weapon is a thrown or projected missile that returns to the wielder and can be used the following round. Returning I weapons only return if they miss the target (example: boomerang). Returning II weapons return whether they miss or not (example: yo-yo).



GAZETTEER OF OITH

SPOONDAY, TWOUARY 4TH

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF SOME THINGS

Here assembled, for the education of the ignorant, is a brief listing and description of a bunch of things that are described in more depth elsewhere in this tome. The stuff in this gazetteer is generally considered common knowledge by most reasonably intelligent denizens of Oith. Allow the heap to read it and to refer to it during play. They deserve a break.

Agog: A big ass island inhabited by brutal horcs.

Agog City: The capital of Agog. Not a very happy place.

Asparagobster Fromage: The tizn't ruler of Maankaas. As head of the Cheesemongers Guild he has a lot of influence and power.

The Auricular Oracle: A being of stupendous wisdom. He can see the future, apparently.

The Auricular Wax Mines: An industrious endeavor deep within the ear of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. It's the source of monsterwax and home to the Auricular Oracle.

Babajuana: The only major city in That One Place With All the Sand. It's a center of commerce and civilization deep within a savage land of dust and ash.

Bernizedd the Enplumpinated: Boss of New Oorlquar. He's an extremely wealthy croach with his many hands in many different

pots (so to speak).

The Big Drink: An incredibly huge body of water that surrounds most land masses.

Boorglezarianism: A religion centered around the reverence of Boorglezar, the Cosmic Dung Beetle, a powerful gawd who rolled the Oith from the feces of creation. This is an extremely complex and popular religion with myriad sects and offshoots.

The Boorglezarium: A massive temple complex somewhere in the Teats of Boorglezar. Apparently it looks like a big dung beetle.

Borkle Bleek: This weird cave with some wacky philosopher hidden inside. I think it's in the Dingdom of the Dong.

Clorb's Wang: This wacky peninsula in Ewg. Supposedly the only remaining source of urinium.

The Crack of Doom: A huge canyon beneath the realm of Tail on the Incredibly Huge Monster™. It's the main entry into

Torsovania.

The Dingdom of the Dong: The sacred cremefillian homeland. A verdant realm of pagodas and saloons.

Doop: A mining town at the base of the Auricular Wax Mines.

Ewg: A land of crumbling mountains, stinking marshes, erupting volcanoes, and other crappy things.

Fistpounder Gavelbanger: The tyrannical overlord of Agog.

Floom: The second biggest city on Oith. It's built right near the edge of the Keister of Gawd.

Spouting the Gab

A brief guide to the linguistc idiosyncrasies of societal interaction

The ordinary tongue of Oith is a complex and diverse language, replete with multitudinous idiosyncrasies, sentence-enhancing expletives, and intricate verbage. Only the most rectally retentive wisenheimers speak it fluently, the rest of us just sort of make things up as we go along.

Here's the deal, you just sort of add your own words as you see fit. Instead of calling someone a goosin' schlub, like everyone else does, why not call him a melon farming eggroll? To draw someone's consideration say "Chomp this!" or "Put this in your brain!". The limits are those of your imagination.¹

In general, you'll have to figure out the context to understand what most people are saying to you, but that's just part of making life more interesting on the blistered and blighted land we call Mutha Oith. If you don't like it, do your own goosin' thing, rice bowl.

1. If you need inspiration, try watching some R rated movies on network tv and listen to the words they use to replace the bad ones. Also, listen to lots of funk music. Junior high science teachers are also really good at coming up with new words, for some reason. Little kids can also be excellent sources of gab. Remember what you used to call people before you learned "real" bad words? You can also just make stuff up, you glarky boozebulging hupuwiper. The point is, do your thang and everyone will be happy.



Greezle! I seem to have giggerd meself a crunchy crunch. Them fixes oop nicely mit the bit of cat soup and some garby wunkle. yes yes? Oof, that's a hoary dim grim he's blazing my way. I best degoose his keister and make with the sorry grubbin'.



The Follicular Maze: A vast realm of giant hair and drifting dandruff. It's a very rough place to hang out.

Gargle Twice: This bitchin' and well-defended citadel between Yapple and Yorf.

Glowhio: A realm of luminous stone in the lands of Ewg. Slavery is a big thing here.

Horus Morus: The Ding of the Dong. He is one bad dude.

Hoomanitarianism: A religion that espouses the virtues of the ancient Hoomanrace. Many Hoomanitarians believe the Hoomanrace will someday return from its celestial exile.

Hugormo XIII: Keistermeister of Floom.

The Incredibly Huge Monster™: This really incredible big, unfathomably large, massively ginormous dead monster. It's so big that cities and mines and stuff are built right into it.

Keister Island: The geographic center of the Oith. It's a really big island with a really big hole in it. Also, there are tons of these weird statue thingees scattered all over.

The Keister of Gawd: A really big hole in the ground. Nobody knows how it was made, but it has stinky gasses coming from it and seems to be as bottomless as a cup of coffee.

Jeezle Freakism: A faith centered around the worship of The King, an ancient deity worshipped by the Hoomanrace. For some reason, the letter "t" is important to followers of the faith.

Jemima's Witnessism: A religion dedicated to the hatred of the Hoomanrace and all it stood for. Practiced mostly by cremefillians who believe their ancestors were slaves and foodstuffs to the despised, and thankfully extinct, Hoomanrace.

Maankass: The capital city of the Moonular Cheese Fields. The buildings are made out of petrified cheese.

Monsterwax: A versatile material harvested from the Auricular Wax Mines.

The Monstrous Headland: The head part of the Incredibly Huge Monster™.

The Moonular Cheese Fields: A vast realm of curdled goodness. See, long ago a chunk of cheese from the moon fell to Oith and crushed a large part of the civilized world. Now it's the tastiest place to live, unless you are a croach in The Crack of Doom, but that's just gross.

Mount Funky: An extinct volcano that towers above the city of Toast. Some people think it's a giant egg, but they are stupid.

Mucosite: A legendary, and easily sculpted, building material. It's extremely rare and expensive.

New Oorlquar: Oith's largest and most cosmopolitan city. Part of the Independent Bossdoms of Ordure.

Old Oorlquar: The crappy ruins of some old city.

Ordure: A bunch of independent bossdoms that form military and commercial alliances with each other, and also they fight each other

sometimes.

The Phesterance: A fetid swamp in the midst of Ewg.

The Primordial Soup Kitchen: Some sort of legendary place that has something to do with making animals or something. It's been lost to history for millennia, or so say the legends anyway.

The Quarry of the Danged: A mucosite mine rumored to exist somewhere within the Incredibly Huge Monster™.

Scab: This cool roving city that wanders around on the backs of three giant slogs.

The Sea of Pustulance: A really, really gross place on the surface of Torsovania. Don't ever go there.

Snord Fjord: A huge canyon in the Moonular Cheese Fields. It was the site of some big battle or something.

Stanism: This religion is based on selfishness and doing whatever you want. As the daddy of hedonism, Stan is a big proponent of sin and vice.

Sultan Pepper: The theocratic monarch of Babajuana.

Tail: The tail of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. It's home to the celebrated groothoo boids.

Tath Shardborn: A famous explorer.

The Teats of Boorglezar: Dangerous mountains that form the backbone of Ewg. Savage tribes live here, as do fanatic Boorglezarians.

That One Place With All the Sand: The world's biggest litter box.

Toast: A really snazzy city in the Dingdom of the Dong. It has more casinos, brothels, and religious shrines per square yort than anywhere else on Oith.

Torsovania: The central region of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. This is where the guts are.

Urinium: Some weird mineral that supposedly holds the secret to eternal life or some such nonsense.

Uuulon Crepulos: An infamous cremefillian contaminator. He's supposedly a really bad guy, but he's rich so nobody cares.

Yewnork, Bereft of Denizens: The ruins of an ancient city somewhere in Ewg. It got covered in mud somehow, but it's feeling much better now, thank you.

Yimminee the Souse: This really famous historian guy. He invented the modern calendar, discovered a bunch of stuff, and also created the famous Souseburger Sandwich.

Yort: The unit of measure for just about everything.

Well, that's about it for now. If you want to know more, read a bit further. In general, the Boss should be familiar with everything in this entire book, as well as the three hundred and forty volume set of the Encyclopedia Oithtanica, released earlier this year. The heap should know the stuff in this Gazetteer and can have access to points further on if the Boss decides they have cause to know that stuff. For example a Knowledge skill relating to monsters might allow the character to peruse *The Bestiary of Oith*. That sort of thing...

Oy may be peepin' like me
body done got squeezed through
the old fun factory but I can still polish
them what peer me gist sideways, ya dig?
I have no clue what I just said.
I will rock your amadeus, you feather
filching barnyard. Learn you
to barf with my likes.



The Craptastic World of

MUTHA OITH

From the Journals of Tath Shardborn

"Like all great travelers, I have seen more than I remember
and remember more than I have seen."

-Tath Shardborn, Perpetual Tourist

For such a crap hole, Oith is home to a surprisingly large number of diverse cultures and creatures. The following passages, taken from Tath Shardborn's epic treatise *The Whole Hole: A Vagrant's Guide to Mutha Oith*, describe several of Oith's better explored lands, countries, and regions. Within each section you may find descriptions of particular places of interest. These locations are described under the "Don't Forget to Visit" heading. Obviously these aren't the only places around, just a few that Tath found noteworthy. Feel free to explore further and populate the Oith as you see fit.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Each day the heap spends outside of a citified area you may want to check for a random encounter. To do so, draw a card from your action deck. If it is a face card, an encounter occurs. Roll on the Encounter Table for that area to see what the group runs into. If you draw a joker, roll twice and run both encounters simultaneously.

Use your wiles when running random encounters. Give yourself a few minutes to think it out and make it interesting.

Encounter tables can be found on page 76, immediately following Tath's writings.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

You may notice, unless you are an idiot, that some entries are preceded by the ☠ symbol. This crazy cheese denotes a barebones suggestion for an adventure in that locale. That's it, just a suggestion. The Savage Tales starting on page 86 are where you go for ready-made adventures.

VITAL STATS

Pay attention and you just might find, at the beginning of each entry, a section that lists a few important facts about the region. The items are described thusly:

Geography: A brief introduction to the natural wonders, urban achievements, and geological features of the place lives in this section.

Populace: This describes the approximate number of sapient beings who make the realm their home, as well as a parenthetical listing of the most common types encountered. Unless noted otherwise, assume that the inhabitants are a mix of the intelligent species of Oith.

Resources: Here is a brief catalogue of the most commonly exported or exploited agricultural and mineral products. Many of these substances are described within the entry itself.

Governance: This tells you who is in charge and how they govern.

Cities and Towns: Look here to find a brief, non-comprehensive, listing of some of the more important cities and towns that are found in the region. Listings in bold have their own personal description.

Relations: Wanna know how the denizens of this place get along with the people of other lands? This is where to look.

AN INTRODUCTION

TO THE LANDS AND WONDERS OF MUTHA OITH

The planet Oith is, for the most part, a total wreck. The whole place reeks of filth and decay. The landscapes are shattered, desolate, and bleak. The seas stink of rot and the land stinks of the sea. That's not to say that natural beauty and majesty do not exist, simply that when such things are found, they are made all the more beautiful and majestic for their scarcity.

Despite these former statements, perhaps even contrary to them, wonders abound. Beauty, in the classical sense, is in short supply, but a host of natural marvels keeps even the most jaded traveler's jaw agape and drooling. From the snowcapped, volcanic peaks of the Teats of Boorglezar to the



Agog City

More a sprawling castle than an actual city, Agog City is the capital of Agog. It is a lawless and violent place of stone blocks, iron spikes, and foggy, murk-choked alleyways.

Agog City has little to offer travelers, aside from the occasional stab in the gut. Only the toughest and most daring tourists visit this place. Those that do are usually here to recruit mercenaries or get toasted off of the amazing beers brewed in the Bar Keep, a combination pub, brewery, and torture chamber.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Bar Keep: Located at the base of the tallest tower in Agog City, this stone and metal complex serves the most amazing booze. Rumor says that the brew is made of fermented smelf blood and what passes for grain.

Drunkards can enjoy their beer while listening to the screams of those who refuse to pay their tab, since the place is also a fully stocked freelance torture chamber.

The owner of the Bar Keep is Barrelsmasher Hangnail, a blind horc. It is said that he can smell anything that goes on in Agog City with his amazingly sensitive schnoz.

Some Kind of Sea Monster or Something: In which a notorious price-o-corn tells of a monster that eats ships and poops treasure.

THE FESTERING CRAPHOLES OF

EWG

NOT A VERY NICE PLACE TO VISIT

The lands of Ewg encompass a gigantic area of crumbling mountains, deep craters, volcanic ash, petrified forests, and thick, miasmic marshes of fungus and syrupy water. For the most part they are uninhabited by civilized folks, although the odd mining colony, adventuring expedition, or deranged hermit can be found if one searches hard enough. Scarcely populating the land, mostly along the coast and in the hills surrounding the mountainous Teats of Boorglezar, are several indigenous tribes of savages, feral wanderers, and borlos.

Ruled, at least nominally, by a mysterious being called The Gubernator, Ewg is a domain largely bereft of useful resources, important exceptions being the luminous minerals of Glowhio and the beautiful fungi of the Phesterance. The Gubernator and his minions control the harvesting and export of these resources with an iron lung. I mean an iron fist.



Clorb's Wang

Geography: Huge forests of petrified wood (even the leaves have turned to stone); hot gravel pits; low valleys of fungal scrub.

Populace: 2000 or so (mostly savage tribes of worms or horcs, with the occasional explorer or missionary in the cooking pot).

Resources: Urinium (or so say the legends); animal parts; stone leaf projectile points.

Governance: Technically ruled by the Gubernator of Glowhio, but progressively under the control of local chiefs.

Cities and Towns: Dozens of tribal villages.

Relations: The savage tribes that inhabit this place are constantly fighting against the oppression of the Gubernator. Visitors are not welcome without a really good reason and a buttload of gifts.

This vast peninsula is named for a local hero of legend. According to a resident tribe of savage worms, Clorb the Prodigious vanquished a horde of rampaging scary ass muthas by intimidating them with his impressive girth. Aside from its name and possible interest to historians, Clorb's Wang has little to offer, although it is rumored to be the only remaining source of the rare mineral known as urinium. That's right, urinium.

All's Swell that Ends Swell: In which the heap must unite the various savage tribes of Clorb's Wang against a horrid visitor from somewhere else.

Glowhio

Geography: Vast and immeasurable plains of cratered stone; boulder strewn chasms; thousands of winding, subterranean tunnels; deposits of luminous smolderstone.

Populace: 10,000 or so (8000 slaves and about 2000 lashmasters, guards, and merchants).

Resources: Smolderstone; slaves.

Governance: The Gubernator of Ewg is the supreme authority.

Cities and Towns: Roze (wherein is the Gubernator's palace); a few scattered villages of miners.

Relations: What happens in Glowhio stays in Glowhio.

In the lands of Ewg, just holeward of the Teats of Boorglezar, is the desolate realm known as Glowhio. This place is just plain creepy. There's this eerie green glow that permeates everything in the blasted desert. Very little grows here, save for the seemingly omnipresent mutant land fish and the variety of beasts that feed on them (and on whatever travelers are foolish enough to visit). Here we have a realm of craters and ash, a polluted landscape of dimly luminescent filth and savage monsters.

The one redeeming feature of Glowhio is the fact that it is the only known source of the glowtententially valuable mineral known as smolderstone. Smolderstone, as everyone knows, is a smooth rock that retains its luminescence even after being removed from the glow-nurturing soils of Glowhio. This amazing quality makes smolderstone invaluable to miners, explorers, librarians and anyone else who fancies a light source that lasts forever and doesn't cause incidental fires and burns. The stone forms the basis of Ewg's economy and is mined by specially trained slaves owned by the Gubernator.

Anyone or anything that spends considerable amounts of time in Glowhio will begin to acquire a glow of its own. Such luminescence begins to fade after a day or two away from the source, however, and disappears altogether within a week or so.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Gubernator's Slave Market and Smolderstone Emporium: This trading post is the closest thing Glowhio has to a decent marketplace. Subterranean in design, the market is a wandering catacomb of stalls and booths, illuminated from within by the mysterious nature of the land. Hawkers and peddlemeisters shout for attention and their callings echo dully throughout the tunnels. Many things can be found here, as the resident merchants are always eager to trade for exotic items from elsewhere. This is just about the cheapest place to buy or trade for smolderstone, since you have to find a way to get it home yourself.

What the Heck Happened Here?: What caused the Gubernator to confiscate the property of his cousin Peenostiril Pottymouth?



The Phesterance

Geography: A gigantic swamp of filthy, disease-ridden water; colorful forests of fungus and moss.

Populace: 50 (only crazy people and the occasional desperate fungus gatherer lives here).

Resources: Fungus, disease, bad times.

Governance: Although the Gubernator ostensibly owns this festering land, he never bothers with it.

Cities and Towns: None, although real estate is incredibly cheap.

Relations: It's hard to have relations when you are as nasty as the Phesterance.

The Phesterance tops my list of places I'd least like to revisit. This vast swampland is cloaked in a thick cloud of miasmic spores, progeny of the ubiquitous forests of giant fungus that blight the landscape like tumors on a kanker's belly. This is one of the most inhospitable environs on Oith. The water is thick and syrupy and inhabited by dreadful things. The food sucks and the service is atrocious.

Don't Forget to Visit

Pooblo the Schnoz: If you absolutely have to venture into the Phesterance, why not seek out the hovel of Pooblo the Schnoz. It's rumored that Pooblo is a smellcaster without compare, and that he has invented a new, more efficient, way to harness the smellslements. Of course, Pooblo is a crotchety old smelf and his shack is suspended above the morass on stilts hundreds of yorts high.

I Stink, Therefore I Am: In which the heap search for the secrets of Pooblo the Schnoz and get caught up in the cult lifestyle of the Fungish.

The Teats of Boorglezar

Geography: Jagged mountains; lava flows; volcanic calderas; icy lakes; enormous geysers and steam gouts; occasional outcroppings of fungus.

Populace: 1500 (500 or so monks and about 1000 scattered savages).

Resources: Religious indoctrination, mud, volcanic glass.

Governance: Mother Posterior Reverend Lolola Yumonomee heads the Boorglezarium but has to pay tribute and taxes to the Gubernator. Local chiefs rule the savage tribes.

Cities and Towns: Assorted tribal villages, The Boorglezarium, Yewnork (an abandoned outpost city owned by the Gubernator).

Relations: The Boorglezarium is open to all visitors, especially those with empty minds and open pockets. The savages are a potluck of headhunters, cannibals, and generally nice people. They are constantly at war with each other, as well as any minions of the Gubernator who happen by. The ruined city of Yewnork is constantly under siege by unhappy savages.

This crumbling mountain range is riddled with caverns and slowly spouting volcanoes. The highest peaks are home to deadly ice flows and the lower reaches are the domain of bubbling surges of lava, devastating landslides, vicious predators, scalding geysers, and cute little duckies. It's a dangerous land to traverse and an even more dangerous land to inhabit. Savage tribes of indigenous worms and horcs roam the mountainsides, forever warring with one another and boiling the occasional tourist or wanderer.

The Boorglezarium

The only civilized (if you can call them that) beings to inhabit the Teats are the croachular denizens of the Boorglezarium, a beautiful monastery carved from the volcanic face of a mountain somewhere holewhence of Glowhio. The resident monks are all devotees of Boorglezar, the Cosmic Dung Beetle, Creator of the Oith and Nurturer of Life.

The monastery is constructed in the shape of a gigantic beetle, forever spouting a torrential cascade of mud and steam from its mouth and nether regions. The several hundred clerics in residence are supervised by Mother Posterior Reverend Lolola Yumonomee, a brilliantly obese croach who also happens to be one of the most potent holy rollers around. Her followers are supremely devoted to her. Most of them are croaches, but several devotees from other species are in residence as well.

Stomp in the Name of Love: In which the Mother Posterior has been targeted for assassination.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Souvenirium & Gift Shop: This is the perfect place to pick up something special for your loved ones back home. All sorts of devotional tools, from googly-eyed Boorglezar idols to canonical literature bound in esophagator hide can be found here for a reasonable price.

Yewnork, Bereft of Denizens

Once a thriving market town, outpost, and port for the trade of smolderstone by sea, the entire city was destroyed by a bubbling mudslide that cascaded down the Teats about forty years ago. Some say the slide was brought on by the prayers of willful savages, others declare it an act of Boorglezar. Regardless of the cause, the city spent several years choked in mud before a second flow, this one of cool, refreshing water, descended on the municipality and washed away the offending mud. Now what you have is a genuine ruined city, abandoned by the populace (the living populace anyway) and ripe for exploration.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Place Where They Hid All the Treasure: Nobody knows where this is, but it has to exist, seeing as to how this is a ruined city and all.

Treasure? Who Said Anything About Treasure?: In which a cryptic map hints at a secret treasure buried somewhere within the ruins of Yewnork.



THE INCREDIBLY HUGE MONSTER™



My uncle Scrat's friend Groot is a really fat cremefillian. He's one of those gigantic fifteen-sandwich-eating motherlovers that everybody points at when he waddles down the street. As a larva, I used to think he was the biggest guy in the world, but my perspective turned itself inside out when I visited the corpse of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ on a family vacation after my first molting. Think of the biggest creature you can imagine. Then double it in size. That's pretty big, yes no? Double it again. You're still not even close. The Incredibly Huge Monster™ is so freakin' huge that a person standing on its nose would have to walk for a week just to get to its belly button. It's just that big.

Nobody knows where the Incredibly Huge Monster™ came from or why it died. Wisenheimers speculate that it arose in the sea near the Dingdom of the Dong and went on a year-long, cross-continental rampage of destruction before finally being slain by an enchanted spear wielded by the legendary hero Holopocus the Plump, and that its demise may have something to do with the gigantic metal tower rumored to be lodged in its face, but that's only supposition. Nowadays what you've got is basically this amazingly big dead creature covering a large portion of the land. Throughout recent history, beings have tried to build settlements across the expanse of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ but the monstrous denizens and scavengers that populate the corpse make such endeavors extremely dangerous.

The Monstrous Headland

The Monstrous Headland is a huge area, hundreds of big yorts across. A thick forest of tangled hair and the cavernous entries to the Auricular Wax Mines are the most obvious landmarks, as the beast died with its face to the ground, its countenance impaled on an immense spear of steel, or so the legends say.

The outer surface of the great, curved landscape is dominated by a thick and tousled jungle known as The Follicular Maze. The inner reaches of the Headland are a boggling mess of tunnels and immense, expansive cavities.

There is great mineral wealth in the Monstrous Headlands, including massive deposits of wax, ivory, and a strange stone known as mucosite.

The Auricular Wax Mines

Geography: The amazingly gigantic left ear of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ (The right ear has collapsed). The ear canal winds its way for hundreds of big yorts. Innumerable side tunnels and mine shafts form a labyrinth of twisting, largely uncharted, passages.

Populace: 8000 (mostly denizens of Doop).

Resources: Monsterwax, answers.

Governance: Frezzish the Flage heads the Auricular Wax Mining Expedition. Hupu Hirsute is mayor of Doop.

Cities and Towns: Doop.

Relations: Trade relations with various

lands are strong and generally friendly. The hords of Agog are discouraged from visiting.

The multitudinous caverns that compose the unimaginably extensive canals and tunnels found in the ears of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ are home to a vast and lucrative mining operation. The thick waxy deposits harvested from the mines are used in a wide variety of ways. Monsterwax, as it is known, makes an excellent lamp fuel, waterproofer, leak fixer, cooking oil, hair mousse, floor and furniture polish, and light snack. It is a very valuable commodity, which is why the Auricular Wax Mining Expedition, run by a cranky bodul named Frezzish the Flage, is so very wealthy.

Deeper within the Auricular Mines a greater treasure is rumored to be secreted. Indeed, tales tell of a prognosticating being of cerumen and magic that tells fortunes to those who answer his riddles. The Auricular Oracle, as this being is known, is whispered to live in all times at once, knowing all and forgetting nothing. His exact dwelling place is a closely guarded secret and few creditable witnesses have ever described him.

🐛 **Ear and Far:** In which a caravan carrying a large shipment of monsterwax is hijacked by The Danged.

🐛 **From Ear to Eternity:** In which a wealthy pimp from Floom wants to see the Auricular Oracle.

🐛 **Waxing Nostalgic:** In which the heap search for an ancient and powerful artifact.

Doop, The Booming Town of

The booming town of Doop is built into the fleshy cliff side at the base of the entrance to the Auricular Wax Mines. The residents are a mixture of wax miners, hair harvesters, merchants, and other robust types.

Aside from headquartering the Auricular Wax Mining Expedition, Doop is also home to most of the local hair harvesting operations and a base camp for expeditions to other parts of The Incredibly Huge Monster™.

🐛 **The Mayor of Hair:** In which something bad has happened to Mayor Hupu. Maybe his wife left him or something like that. The heap get to play marriage counselor.

🐛 **Hair Today, Goon Tomorrow:** In which a hair harvester and stylist from Doop wants to expand his enterprise, but for some reason a bunch of primordial goons try to stop him.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Split Hair: The main attraction of Doop is the local brothel. The Split Hair, as it is known, is renowned worldwide as a great place to get your stab on. The owner and manager of the place, a wermular pimp named Magnanimous, is said to have traveled extensively, gathering the finest fare for his customers.

🐛 **Pimp vs. Pimp:** In which the flamboyant owner of The Split Hair is suspicious of a new arrival in town.

The Follicular Maze

Geography: A massive forest of hair. The strands are hundreds of yorts tall and dozens of yort thick. Clumps of dandruff and low scrub molds are common.

Populace: 500 permanent residents (mostly hair harvesters travel from Doop and set up temporary camps).

Resources: Building materials; edible mold.

Governance: Villages are usually governed by an elder of some sort. Hair harvesters are residents of Doop and are thusly under the rule of the mayor.

Cities and Towns: Various tiny villages and the occasional religious shrine.

Relations: A friendly rivalry exists between hair harvesters of the Follicular Maze and the miners of the Auricular Wax Mines.

The great, curving dome of the Monstrous Headlands stretches for hundreds of big yorts in every direction. Of course, a body in the Follicular Maze can't see this because he is surrounded on all sides by horrendously huge clumps of rotting hair and sloughing skin. Such a place is horrific in the extreme, with rampaging hair bares and blinding dandruff storms a ubiquitous menace. It's difficult to reach, since a visitor must scale the tremendous cliffs and cave faces that lead to the Auricular Wax Mines or brave the numerous dangers of Widow's Peak. Indeed, few travelers would ever visit if the Maze wasn't the source of what passes for lumber in this region of the Oith.

The villages and towns around here actually weave their dwellings out of the ginormous strands of hair harvested from the follicular maze. Such a building material is flexible and strong, able to withstand the howling winds and ground tremors common to this land. Small companies of hair harvesters are a common sight in the Maze, gathering the fruits of their labor with long axes and specially constructed sleds.

It should go without saying, unless the reader is an idiot, that all the hair harvesting happens around the outskirts of the Maze. The inner reaches are far too remote, far too jumbled, far too uncharted, and far too dangerous for your typical commercial enterprise to explore.

🐛 **The Spear of Holopocus:** In which the heap search for the Spear of Holopocus.

🐛 **Widow's Peak:** In which the baby daughter of Frezzish the Flage is kidnapped from her cradle in Doop. Holy crap!

The Quarry of the Danged

Geography: Who knows? Probably the nose of the Incredibly Huge Monster™.

Populace: An unknown number of The Danged.

Resources: Mucosite, precious mucosite.

Governance: Presumably, some sort of high priest or something.

Cities and Towns: The Mucosite Palace (or so say the legends).

Relations: The Danged are extremely secretive and insular. They have no desire to talk to anyone who isn't buying their mucosite.

The Quarry of the Danged lies smashed somewhere beneath the face of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. As the only known source of the exceedingly rare and valuable stone known as mucosite its location is a closely guarded secret. An enigmatic conclave of miners and engineers harvest the stone, selling it at exorbitant prices and keeping their sites and sources secret. Dangerous guardian beasts, hidden passages, and sneaky traps are said to guard the way. A mysterious hidden palace of mucosite is rumored to be the base of this conclave, a secretive group who call themselves The Danged.

Mucosite: This incredibly rare stone is an amazing substance indeed. It can be molded by hand when softened, but hardens like steel when dried. It is sought after by weaponsmiths, sculptors, masons, and just about everyone else. In general, the value of anything is multiplied tenfold when it is made of mucosite.

🐛 **Among the Danged:** In which the heap learn why The Danged are danged.

🐛 **Prison of the Danged:** In which the heap are captured by The Danged and imprisoned in their mucosite palace.

Tail

Geography: An amazingly huge tail curving and coiling upward into the heavens, bejeweled with opalescent scales and deadly cliffsides.

Populace: 20,000 or so groothoo boids.

Resources: Jeweled scales.

Governance: Ordlecock, the Great Grand Groothoo, rules the roost. He is a mean and nasty tyrant, feared by his people and hated by everyone else.

Cities and Towns: Various groothoo boid towns, nests, and villages.

Relations: Groothoo boids generally keep to themselves, but they occasionally trade with other denizens of the Incredibly Huge Monster™.

The sweeping and chasmic realm of Tail is the most majestic to be found anywhere on the Incredibly Huge Monster™. Its curving landscape, spiraling dozens of big yorts above the ground below, is home to the mysterious and mystical groothoo boids, a race of great wisdom and wile.

Very little is known of this domain. The terrain is notoriously difficult to traverse (unless you are a boid) and the groothoo boids are not very hospitable to outsiders.

🐛 **I Can See My House From Here:** In which the heap must bargain with the groothoo boids to gain a powerful relic of the ancient Hoomanrace.

Torsovania

Geography: A stinking desert of decay and pustulence on the outside; a gooey place of bowels and horror on the inside.

Population: 1000 or so idiots (mostly scab reapers and crazy people).

Resources: Scabs and scales.

Governance: Kingpenance Hopcifer tends the lanes at The Bowls of the Oith; Boltho Boltho is mayor of Scab.

Cities and Towns: Scab; a few scattered tent villages and oases.

Relations: The Bowls of the Oith is open to all pilgrims and pinheads; the people of Scab are generally an adventitious sort, always seeking to take advantage of newcomers and visitors.

Although it is by far the most expansive realm on the Incredibly Huge Monster™, stretching from the nape of the Monstrous Headlands all the way to the mountainous and statuesque domain of Tail, wherein dwell the mystical groothoo boids, Torsovania is also the least hospitable to travelers. The vast outer expanse is a wind-blasted desert of scabs and scales. Crusty seas of horrid liquid spot the landscape and beasts too wretched to describe scavenge the realm for prey. The inner reaches are even more foul. Dark, fetid, and stinky, the guts of a monster the size of a continent are no place for the queasy. For the most part, the hoses and arteries and other thoroughfares within the bowels and trunk of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ are uncharted and unexplored.

Few things of value are to be found in Torsovania, save for the occasional treasures scavenged from the corpse of someone who didn't believe me when I said how dangerous it is. A few sites of interest do exist, mostly minor religious shrines and the very occasional trading post or settlement of scab reapers.

Don't Forget to Visit:

The Bowls of the Oith: One feature of particular interest deep within the innards of the beast is The Bowls of the Oith, a combination bowling alley and religious shrine dedicated to an ancient ritual wherein a gigantic kidney stone representing the glory and generosity of Jelvis is rolled down the long alley of intolerance to crush various idols depicting the sins of the penitent.

The shrine, built and maintained by a sect of Jeezle Freaks known as the King's Pinheads, is visited by hundreds of pilgrims every year. Such travelers brave the many dangers of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ in order to worship and pay homage in this holy site.

Bowling for Souls: In which the heap learns that pilgrims worshipping at the Bowls of the Oith have a more sinister plan in mind.



The Crack of Doom

There's no nice way to say this. The Crack of Doom is the monsters's ass. There I said it. Get your chuckles over with and I'll continue.

Imagine a massive canyon of fleshy... Oh, goose it! Just imagine a giant monster ass. I'm not going to dwell too long here, and I suggest you do the same, but suffice to say that, in the valley beneath the shadow of the realm known as Tail is a deep, beast-haunted, canyon. Midway down this canyon is the mouth of a cave. This cave mouth leads deep into the interior of Torsovania.

The canyon walls are notoriously difficult to scale, being both smooth and slippery, and many an explorer has plummeted to his doom attempting the ascent. In order to reach the Crack of Doom a traveler must either descend from the backside of Torsovania, at the point of the ascension of Tail, or else he must travel between the legs of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ and climb upwards toward the cave mouth.

Copros the Wallower: In which the heap hunt down a mysterious criminal.

Scab, The Roving Town of

When I said before that nothing of value could be found in Torsovania I guess I was lying just a little bit. The land does have a bit of mineral wealth in the form of the disgusting scabs and scales that occasionally pepper the landscape. Such effluvia, although





fragile and difficult to harvest, can be polished and sold as decorative ornaments to wealthy people with bad taste.

The roving caravan city of Scab, basically a few dozen tents and dwellings made of hair from the Follicular Maze, travels the domain, harvesting scabs and scales. The entire town is carried about on the backs of three giant slogs named Cleatus, Featus, and Reptilicus. The slogs are all connected by flexible bridges and walkways made of monster hair. I wish there was room to include a picture of it, because it's really cool, but there's not so you will have to use your imagination. Sorry.

The mayor of Scab is an enterprising worm named Boltho Boltho. He is said to be a former slave from Ewg, but never speaks of his past.

The Flaming of the Poo: In which a resident of Scab accuses his business partner of embezzlement.

The Sea of Pustulance

What you've got here is your basic festering wound but on a massive scale. The Sea of Pustulance is an immense lake of disgusting, vile pus, the musty remains of an ancient wound that never healed and continues to churn long after the Incredibly Huge Monster™ ceased to breathe.

Deep and choking, the Sea of Pustulance is no place to take a casual swim. The "water" is vile and poisonous. Transport to the scabrous islands that dot the surface like pimples on a giant ass is accomplished atop the floating, raft-like scabs that crust the beachhead.

I don't know why anyone would want to visit this place. It's more disgusting than The Phesterance and stinkier than the Keister of Gawd.

Swimming the Sea of Pustulance: The waters of the sea are murky and poisonous. Anyone who is submerged in the pus must make a Vigor roll every round or be Shaken. A character Shaken by the pus must make a second Vigor roll or contract a disgusting

disease that causes the victim's flesh to slowly rot (death in 2d6 days unless cured).

The Precious Crop: In which a lowly scab reaper discovers something neat growing on an island in the Sea of Pustulance.

the mysterious realm of KEISTER ISLAND the rumpcheeks of GAWD

Geography: Huge jagged mountains; sprawling meadows of moss and fungus; deep forests of twisted trees and oozing flowers; the biggest hole in the world.

Populace: 500,000 or so (mostly residents of Floom).

Resources: Smellementals; what passes for corn and other foodstuffs; all sorts of stuff really.

Governance: Beloved Keistermeister Hugormo XIII is the beloved ruler of Floom.

Cities and Towns: Borph, Floom; Goss; Torkle; dozens of small towns and villages.

Relations: Most of the municipalities of Keister Island have good trading relationships with just about everyone but the horscs of Agog.

The geographic center of the world, or so say the wisenheimers, Keister Island is a wonder of nature and a testament to the insanity of the creators. For the most part it's just a big island, temperate in climate and quite pleasantly appointed considering the usual real estate to be found on Oith. A very light, stinky mist clings to just about everything, not enough to impair vision or actually get anything wet, but just enough to remind you where you

are. You see, Keister Island houses one of Oith's greatest marvels, the Keister of Gawd. This incredibly, amazingly, fantastically huge hole in the ground, impossibly deep and mind-bogglingly wide, belches vapors and stenchcs like a pile on a chili binge. Where it came from nobody knows. Why it's here, who can say? What does it want from us? What does it mean? More on this later.

Strange statues and other relics of ancient times can be found scattered all about the island. Discussions about what these ubiquitous and mysterious effigies actually depict are almost as common in the taverns and plazas of Keister Island as arguments about the Keister itself. Nobody knows for sure.

Floom, The Bitchin' City of

This large city, second in size only to New Oorlquar, is built along the banks of the river Snooz, overlooking the great maw of the Keister of Gawd. As the city at the center of the world, Floom is a powerful hub of trade and commerce. Its majestic buildings, paved thoroughfares, and beautiful sculptures often make a visitor forget how truly crappy the world is. Yes indeed, the city of Floom is a grand place to visit.

The hereditary monarch of Floom is known as the Keistermeister. The current keistermeister is a worm named Hugormo XIII. He is a kind and just ruler, at least ostensibly, and his subjects adore him, for the most part.

The architects and city planners who designed the city of Floom must have been smoking something. The place is a confusing jumble of buildings, sculptures, canals, and fountains. Many of the buildings are shaped like gigantic faces or huge asses in tribute to the Keister of Gawd. There is very little reason to the winding streets, bridges, and thorough-



fares, which often overlap each other or turn about in strange ways. The indigenous residents seem to have gotten used to it, but it can be very disconcerting to visitors. Not surprisingly, porters and tour guides make a good living shuffling tourists and travelers about the city.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Chopping Block: Directly across from the Scrappin' Hole and up a winding flight of stairs is a restaurant of dubious reputation. This relatively nondescript watering hole is famous for its delicious, secret recipe chili and the stylish bibs that it loans to patrons. I could go for a bowl about now...

Damn Good Stuff: In which it seems everyone in town can't get enough of that Chopping Block Chili.

Chunks of Stuff: This small shop, run by a mysterious bodul named Porsimer carries all sort of bizarre herbs, animals, fungus, and crap. This is the place to go for advice about all things herbalic, arcane, weird, or cryptic. Porsimer is quite a knowledgeable fellow. He talks weird, kind of all disjointed and stuff, but you can tell he's one of the smart ones.

The Grey Matter Boozaterium: This fancy tavern is run by the local chapter

of the Dementional Discotesticus, an international social club for psychic oofos headquartered Floom. Drinks are served telekinetically and the waitresses always seem to know what you want before you order. Kind of creepy, but worth the trip. Try the fondue; it's to die for.

We're All Out of Slog Milk: In which the Grey Matter Boozaterium is all out of slog milk.

The Froth: This magnificent fountain in the center of the city constantly spews forth an endless cascade of root beer. A former keistermeister, Hugormo IX, had the Froth installed as a gift to the people of Floom. An enterprising cremefillian, one Saio Shim Loach from the Dingdom of the Dong, has set up a profitable business renting mugs to those who come to drink from the wonderful font.

Wooden Mug of Doom: Saio Shim Loach is a spy, and he's not really even from the Dingdom of the Dawn.

The Place of Pondering: A huge plaza carved from a single massive block of mysterious silver stone, the Place of Pondering is a gathering spot for philosophers, poets, zealots, and others who like to have their voices heard. The strange minerals of the place seem to help people focus their thoughts a bit more clearly than normal.

Pondering: Due to some strange emanations of the weird silver stone, anyone within

the Place of Pondering gains a +1 bonus to all Smarts rolls (and skills that use Smarts) for the duration of their stay.

I'm Smarter than You: In which the Boss proves she is smarter than the heap.

House of Quill Repute: Finsto the Quill, a semi-talented tattoo artist, has been sold into slavery. Rescue his sorry ass so he can finish your back tattoo.

The Reekbottle Theater: This beautiful indoor theater, constructed in the likeness of a humungous ornate bottle, puts on many of the finest plays and spectacles in the city.

Encore! In which Guy Goosevomit hires the heap to humorously alter the script for his rival's next play.

The Scrappin' Hole: This huge arena is a place of gladiatorial combat and public spectacle. Since slavery is illegal in Floom, most gladiators are convicted criminals who fight and kill to gain their release from prison.

Penultimate Minion Fighting Champs: In which two rival containimators stage a no-holds-barred, winner-take-all, fight-to-the-death extravaganza before the main event.

Yorpozz the Sleem's Ride-thru Pet Store and Barber Shop: Aside from providing a damn fine haircut, this pet store, operated by an oofo named Yorpozz the Sleem, sells just about every kind of animal imaginable.

Mullets and Milfs: In which Yorpozz's

new girlfriend hates his haircut and tries to kill him.

The Keister of Gawd

Holy sufferin' dew rag of Jemima! This is one freakin' huge hole in the ground. It has to be at least a gazillion yorts across, probably even more than that. And it's really freakin' deep too. I'm talkin' so deep that you can't even see the bottom, just a big roiling cloud of mist and steam that billows up from the depths of the Oith. On one side you've got these massive cascades of water spilling in from the surrounding sea, and on the other side you've got a bunch of cracks, fissures and mountains. It's an incredibly dangerous place to be, but also one of the most amazing sights a being's likely to see in its lifetime.

The origins of the Keister are a topic of great debate among wisenheimers and smartasses everywhere. Some think it was caused by the impact of some cosmic body, like a star or a chunk of moon cheese. Others contend that the Keister is the literal butthole of the planet, the place where Mutha Oith vents her gasses. I don't know about that, but the place does stink pretty bad most of the time and it seems to be a haven for smellements and other nasty critters.

Gather Unto Me the Gasses: In which strange colors are seen in the gasses billowing forth from the Keister.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Garden of Smellmental Glee: This fascinating monastery is positioned on a rocky promontory that juts out over the Keister of Gawd. Here grow magical fungi enchanted with the scents of all things. Need a mushroom that smells like feet? How about a toadstool that whiffs of freshly baked pretzels? The monks that run this weird place are all master smellcasters and they make sure that no scent goes unappreciated.

Oh yeah, and this is also the place to go to learn about all sorts of smellmental wonders. The monks have all kinds of dandy apparatuses and stuff that has to do with reeks and stenches and whiffs and such. Visitors are welcome, for a small donation.

The Smell-o-vision: In which the heap search for a missing artifact and the guy who bought it from the guy who stole it.

The Weird Statue Thingees

Scattered all across Keister Island are hundreds of ridiculous and ancient stone statues. These crazy looking effigies all appear pretty much the same, but range in height from itty bitty (about the size of a jar of pickles) to goosin' huge (bigger than your mother-in-law). They're made out of all sorts of different stones, including several types found nowhere else on the island.

Nobody knows exactly what they mean,

what they are meant to depict, or who made them, but the Place of Pondering and the various taverns and conversation pits of Keister Island are veritably infested with opinions and theories. Some wisenheimers are convinced that the statues depict giant rumps facing skyward and were left here by ancient oofos as a means to moon their homeworlds. This is unlikely, since oofos don't have butts. Others argue that the statues depict the true appearance of the ancient and extinct Hoomanrace, placed so eloquently to remind us of their place in history. Further speculators insist that the statues themselves are insignificant and it is their placement on the island, in precise formation that will reveal a powerful and enigmatic secret of the universe. A minority of thinkers assert the statues are merely decorative and have no higher meaning, while still others contend that they are religious idols worshipped by an underground sect of transvestite Boorglezarians.

Who knows the truth? Certainly not this lowly tour guide.

What Do You Want On Your Headstone?: In which Floom is invaded by an army of villainous headstones. Of course they are being controlled by someone evil.

The Kingdom of the Vawn, I mean THE DINGDOM OF THE DONG

A Land of Sunshine and Lollipops

and evil tyrannical oppression, murder, thuggery, and barbarism

Geography: A mountainous and verdant archipelago.

Populace: A buttoad of cremefillians and some random tourists.

Resources: Crime; foodstuffs of all sorts; poetry

Governance: Horus Morus, Ding of the Dong, is the Big Daddy in these parts.

Cities and Towns: Broken Toe; Ore Gano; Rizoto; Toast; dozens of small villages.

Relations: Insular and xenophobic; strangers are usually welcomed with open arms and shifty gazes then robbed or grifted.

If cremefillians can be said to have a homeland, this archipelago is it, for it is the only nation populated almost exclusively by their kind.

The Dingdom of the Dong is a nation constantly at war with itself, run by conflicting gangsta warlords and their armies of samuricecake hoodlums. Ruling supremely over all is Horus Morus, Ding of the Dong.

The people of the Dingdom are a xenophobic and insular batch. Most non-cremefillians are viewed with contempt, and foreign visitors are treated with scorn and distrust. Despite their paranoia when dealing with strangers to their land, the denizens of the dingdom are obsessed with the concepts of honor and tradition. A broken taboo or a perceived insult can, and often does, lead to warfare and open partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shorteningshed. Despite this code of honor, crime, especially the organized variety, is rampant.

The land itself is one of the healthiest and most verdant to be found on Oith. This apparent oddity can be attributed to the unique habit of cremefillians to unintentionally soak up the pollution from the surrounding land and store it in their spongy flesh. As a result, plants in the kingdom are actually green, the sky is a brilliant blue, and the stink of the air is far less rancid than elsewhere.





Mount Funky

The volcanic caldera of Mount Funky stopped rumbling and spewing centuries ago. Now the giant mountain sits quietly with its hands gently folded in its lap, using its indoor voice, and playing nice with others, figuratively speaking, of course.

Some wiseheimers think Mount Funky was actually the egg from which the Incredibly Huge Monster™ hatched so many years ago. Most people debunk this theory as idiotic, but who knows? Many a philosopher has lost his life in a duel while arguing this very topic.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Tomb of Kobashi the Squid: This beautiful pagoda, built on a cliff overlooking the city of Toast, is rumored to be haunted by the spirit of Kobashi the Squid, a gangsta lord who ruled the Dingdom of the Dong two centuries ago. All sorts of amazing treasures are said to be hidden within, but so far very few have been brave enough to scope it out.

The Night of the Day of the Return of the Revenge of the Son of the Squid: That's quite a mouthful. What treasures await the audacious explorer who dares to invade the tomb of Kobashi the Squid? Hopefully a cool weapon or something, none of those lame sculptures or stupid watercolors.

Toast

Toast is the capital city of the Dingdom of the Dong. Built atop a dozen hills in the shadow of the caldera of Mount Funky, its winding roads and decorative ponds mingle with beautiful flowerbeds and luminous paper lanterns. Delicate wooden bridges and colorful buildings line the paved thoroughfares as peddlers and drug dealers hawk their wares from streetside stalls. Dazzling pagodas and cylindrical towers are the edifices of choice. Casinos, brothels, and religious shrines are everywhere.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Grand and Auspicious Palace of his Most Reverent Personage, Horus Morus, Ding of the Dong, Emperor of All and Subject of None: Umm, yeah. This grandiose compound is probably the largest and most ostentatious structure in all the world. It's a fantastic collection of elegantly sculptured terraces, pavilions, castles, porches, gazebos, pergolas, and towers, all connected by bridges, stairways, plazas, aqueducts, and arches. The whole thing takes up more room than many cities. Inside, an army of soldiers, servants, bodyguards, and slaves tends to every need and whim of the royal family.

The palace is also the training grounds for the Ding of the Dong's elite ranks of samuricecake warriors.

The Dingdom Hall of Jemima's Witnesses: This majestic temple, located in the city of Toast just holewhence of Lefty Horiyashi's Pre-owned Rickshaw Emporium, is the main center of worship for the cremefillian religion known as the Jemima's Witnesses, a sect dedicated to destroying all vestiges of the Hoomanrace. The temple is made almost entirely of volcanic glass, shaped and carved to resemble a female member of the ancient Hoomanrace. On high holy days, the entire congregation gathers to defile the hated visage with rotten food and other, more disgusting, substances.

Unhand that Thingee: An ancient artifact about to be destroyed in a religious ceremony might be an important piece of a greater puzzle.

Pair-O-Dice Casino, Brothel, and Religious Shrine: Toast's largest casino, brothel, and religious shrine is a wondrous place indeed. The whole place has a sort of Keister Island theme, with winding bridges and paths leading to various gambling tables, private rooms, and altars to various deities. The ceiling is painted to resemble the orange sky over Keister Island, with paper lanterns and carefully tended bamboo torches providing dim and intimate illumination. The buffet is huge and provides a wide range of comestibles imported from all over the world. Try the sundae bar, it's deliciously decadent.

In charge of this wondrous place is Don Sushioka "Fat Sushi" Twinkugowa, a notoriously ruthless pimp, gangsta, and holy

roller. Twinkugowa makes certain there are plenty of dark corners for illicit deals to take place and his team of bouncers, pit bosses, and thugs make sure the place doesn't get too rowdy.

One Smart Cookie: In which Deegus "Smart Cookie" Deegis, a brilliant bodul from New Oorlquar, is making the craps table his bitch. When Fat Sushi's thugs try to throw him out, Deegis whips out a pair of strange weapons and starts shooting up the place as he makes his escape. Now an entire horde of thugs and Jemima's Witnesses are on his trail. Can the heap find him first and learn about his mysterious weapons, obvious relics of the Hoomanrace? I hope so.

Who Do You Have to Bribe Around Here?: In which Glorzimbo Gug, an oofo representing the Dementional Discotesticus wants to open a franchise of the Grey Matter Boozaterium in the city. He is having trouble getting the necessary permits and sure could use some help.

The Pox Romanum: One of Toast's most elegant (and expensive) inns and extravagant casinos, The Pox Romanum is a wonder of architecture and ingenuity. Outside, the structure is a glorious edifice of marble columns and rooftops gardens. Inside a gazillion sculptures adorn a casino floor carpeted in plush woven schnooble hair. The rooms are graceful and pricey, with private baths and lavish bedding.

The Pox Romanum is the favorite inn of visiting dignitaries and wealthy travelers. It is said that the walls are riddled with secret hallways and peepholes through which the owner, a former gladiator named Glutinous Maximus, can spy on foreigners.

Borkle Bleek

Several big yorts outside of the city of Broken Toe there's a huge field of bright yellow flowers and tumbled boulders. At the very center of this rocky meadow is a stone of titanic proportions, a great hollowed boulder larger than most houses.

Dwelling within this stone, perpetually sitting cross-legged and muttering softly to himself is Borkle Snode, a pile of mysterious origins who came to The Dingdom to find enlightenment among the flowers. It is said that he possesses great wisdom, but the truth of it may never be known, since he never speaks to anyone or gets up to stretch his back. It is said that every decade or so Borkle switches his position. He spent the first ten years of his meditation sitting in a cauldron of slog drop soup and the second decade suspended upside down from the ceiling. Who can fathom the ways of these crazy mofos?

THE MOONULAR CHEESE FIELDS

Geography: Mountains, plains, and plateaus of fallen moon cheese riddled with burrows, tunnels, caves, and cascades.

Population: 20,000 or so (mostly residents of Maankaas and Curd).

Resources: Cheese, glorious cheese.

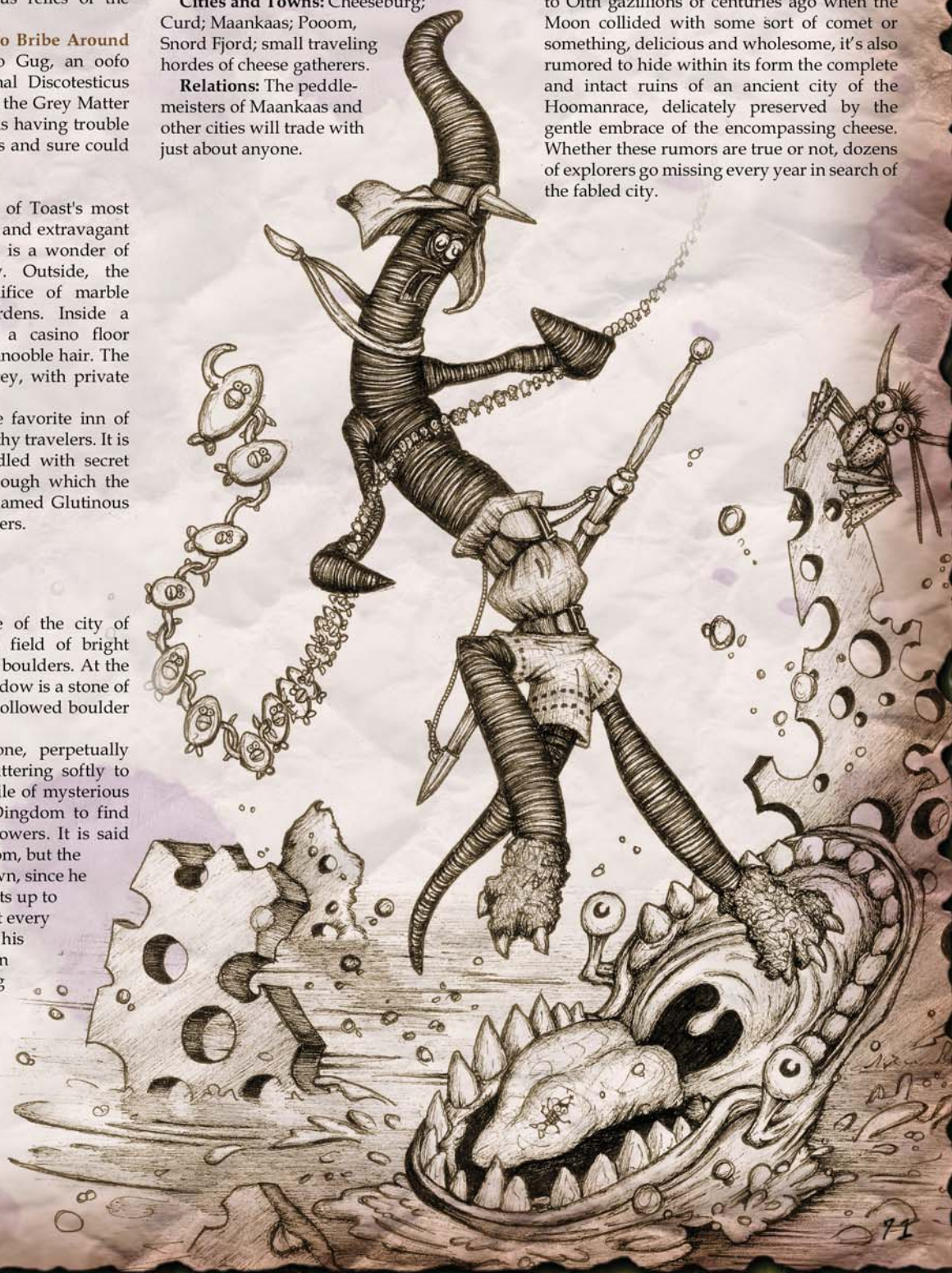
Governance: Asparagobster Fromage is Lord of Maankaas, Lumoo the Stench rules Curd.

Cities and Towns: Cheeseburg; Curd; Maankaas; Poom, Snord Fjord; small traveling hordes of cheese gatherers.

Relations: The peddle-meisters of Maankaas and other cities will trade with just about anyone.

Vast and stinky, the Moonular Cheese Fields stretch from horizon to horizon and beyond in a massive plateau of thick, curdled dairy goodness. Riddled with holes and tunnels, the Cheese Fields are a wonderland of edible cosmic joy.

The Moonular Cheese Fields are of supreme interest to explorers and gourmands everywhere. Not only is the green cheese, sent to Oith gazillions of centuries ago when the Moon collided with some sort of comet or something, delicious and wholesome, it's also rumored to hide within its form the complete and intact ruins of an ancient city of the Hoomanrace, delicately preserved by the gentle embrace of the encompassing cheese. Whether these rumors are true or not, dozens of explorers go missing every year in search of the fabled city.



Maankaas

Carved of stale cheese, the sculptured towers and edifices of Maankaas are a true wonder to behold. Stretching into the golden sky, their carven tips mingling with wispy clouds of orange and palest green, the looming pinnacles are home to all manner of denizens. Here studious hocus pokers research astounding marvels. Over there wealthy cheese merchants gather caravans and count their wares. Alive with activity and noise, Maankaas is the city that cheese built and the city built of cheese.

There is great wealth in Maankaas, moonular cheese being the precious and delectable commodity that it is. Lording over all is Asparagobster Fromage, a tizn't peddlemeister and the richest guy this side of the Keistermeister. He's big cheese of the Cheesemongers Guild and consequently the most powerful fellow in town.

The Cheesemongers Guild: The real seat of power in Maankaas is a fraternity of merchants, cheese barons, and like minded sorts known as the Cheesemongers Guild. More of an organized crime syndicate than a social club, the Guild controls the trade of moonular cheese throughout the world. Intrigue and extortion are commonplace, as the world of cheese commerce wears a dirtier diaper than most people realize. In fact, the Guild operates its own network of spies and goons known as the Ilk of the Curdled Milk, or simply *The Ilk*.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Cheesiest Leech: If you only taste one exotic beverage in your pitiful lifetime, make sure it is the delicious cheese grog brewed and served at this fascinating tavern. The building itself is unremarkably made of cheese, not unlike just about every other structure in Maankaas, and the service is terrible. Still, the grog is among the finest blends of foulness and mirth to be found anywhere on Oith.

The Cheesenasium: This strange tower houses a most bizarre museum. Displayed and contained beyond these vaulted doors are all manner of things created of cheese, all manner of things. The upper levels house the offices and guildhalls of the Cheesemongers Guild, as well as the penthouse suite of Asparagobster Fromage. They plan to add a new level, but that's another story (get it?). The lower floors are inhabited by display cases and exhibits of all types. Huge dioramas depict the discovery and history of the Cheese Fields. Artifacts and maps examine the various expeditions and quests launched in search of the fabled lost

cities of the Hoomanrace. It's a grand place, well guarded, richly appointed, and employer of some of the finest tour guides on Oith.

The Cheese Wizard: In which a mysterious hocus poker, known as the Cheese Wizard, challenges Asparagobster Fromage for the title of big cheese of the Cheesemongers Guild. Whose side will the heap take?

Snord Fjord

Another fabulous wonder of nature (or the gawds or whatever), Snord Fjord is an immense chasm of sundered cheese-flesh. Its cracked and holey (filled with holes, not religious) faces are riddled with uncountable tunnels and cascades of molten cheese that plummet and tumble hundreds of yorts to a lake of bubbling curds below. Indeed, it is truly a majestic site to behold.

Centuries ago, the Fjord was the site of a monumental battle between the armies of Snord, then King of Maankaas (yep, Maankaas used to have a king), and the minions and charmed cheese leeches of the contanimator Jocus Pinch. The minions of Pinch were victorious, smiting the armies of Snord with great alacrity, but they were themselves destroyed when the charmed leeches broke free of the spells that controlled them and hurled the minions screaming into the liquid cheese below. Jocus Pinch escaped with his life and founded the Cheesemongers Guild in Maankaas.

This battle marked the end of the reign of the kings of Maankaas and opened a new era of commerce and avarice throughout the Cheese Fields.

Snord's tomb, supposedly erected by the few survivors of his devastated army, is rumored to be hidden among the winding tunnels and frightening precipices of Snord Fjord. Further rumors assure us that Snord's magic armor and greater secrets still are entombed with him.

Yet Another Tomb Raiding Adventure: In which the heap discover (or fail to discover) what "greater secrets still" are entombed with King Snord.

THE INDEPENDENT BOSSDOMS OF

ORDURE

At least my family don't live in a tree!

Geography: Vast fields of mold; broken fields of boulders; big ass fields of crumbling mountains; lovely fields of murky swampland; expansive forestular fields of petrified trees; various other fields.

Populace: A gazillion or two (mostly residents of New Oorlquar).

Resources: Too many to name.

Governance: Bernizedd the Enplumpin-ated is Boss of New Oorlquar; lesser lords rule the other cities.

Cities and Towns: Dregg; Gargle Twice; Ghupe; Koozle; New Oorlquar; Old Oorlquar;

Yapple; Yorf; buttoads of lesser towns, holdfasts, villages, and baronies.

Relations: The Lords of Ordure often squabble amongst themselves and open warfare is not uncommon.

More a collection of loosely connected lordships, baronies, and free cities, than a nation unto itself, Ordure is the name given to the vast region of lands that stretch across most of the continent of Horgle holeward of Ewg and the Moonular Cheese Fields. Diverse in geography and denizen, the lands of Ordure share a commonality in their feudal culture and relatively cosmopolitan nature.

Political intrigue and open warfare are commonplace among the courts and castles of Ordure. Lords war with one another over lands and loves, while commoners battle over market prices and grazing land. Alliances shift quickly, as do lands and holdings. There is great adventure and great wealth to be found in Ordure, if one wields a stout enough heart and a stouter enough sword.

Gargle Twice

Situated atop a ginormous mound of refuse in the center of a great plain of moss and mold, the castle holdfast of Gargle Twice is a bastion of defense and hospitality midway along the trade route from Yapple to Yorf. Lord of the keep is Sir Vernix Lanugo, a loyal retainer of Bernizedd the Enplumpin-ated. Sir Vernix, a croach, has been cursed to retain a neotenous larval form even as he approaches a venerable age. This stops him not from commanding a well organized citadel of inns, taverns, barracks, and brothels.

The spiked walls, crafted of petrified thorn trees, of Gargle Twice are said to be unscalable, and its catapults hurl the deadliest of flaming stones, yet this impenetrable fortress illuminated in song and story still maintains a reputation as a travelers rest without equal. One need only sample the offerings of its bars and brothels to know the truth of it.

Squeeze This! In which the ghost of a horc haunts an abandoned juice bar and it kind of sucks.

Don't Forget to Visit

The Spawnderosa: Gargle Twice's largest and most infamous brothel, The Spawnderosa, run by the celebrated Madam Grizzle Fluttercooch, is said to churn out more bastard offspring of lords and barons than the rest of the world's bordellos combined. Madame Fluttercooch makes a business of hiding the illicit lineages of her fruits, most of whom end up working for her in one manner or another.

New Oorlquar

As the largest and most populous city in all of Oith, New Oorlquar is a veritable buzzing hive of activity, commerce, and culture.



Immigrants and refugees from all corners of Oith have been making their homes here for centuries. The city has a historical reputation for tolerance and acceptance of all people from all lands. It's not unusual for a cremefillian from the Dingdom of the Dong to run a gambling parlor across the street from the barber shop of a horc from Agog next to a reek emporium owned by a smelf hailing from Floom to the left of a dry goods shop run by Doopish worms a block away from the brothel of a croachular pimp from Maankaas who's in business with a couple of thuggish piles from Yorff who take out his trash, so to speak, on the third Wensday of every month. Across the avenue, perhaps, one might likely find a cartography studio operated by a

married horc and smelf and their adopted cremefillian daughter in a building owned by a tizn't landlord from Curd down the lane a bit from a carven temple of Stan next to an armed holdfast of militant Boorglezarians connected by a bridge to the confectionery of a portly bodul whose immigrant parents came over from Floom on a barge owned by Bernizedd the Enplumpinated, Lord of all New Oorlquar and many of the surrounding principalities. That's just an example, not the way it actually is.

New Oorlquar is big. It's way bigger than Old Oorlquar and at least thrice the size of Floom, Oith's next biggest city. It would take a day and a half just to walk from one side to the other, and that's without stopping for

refreshments or souvenirs. There's so much to see that an entire tome eighteen times the size of this one would be needed just to list them all by name, but I'll recommend a few of my favorites:

Don't Forget to Visit

The Mother of All Markets: The largest open air market in the known world, this incredible bazaar is a labyrinthine clutter of vendors, hawkers, stalls, and shops. Just about anything can be found here, yes even that. Day and night the Mother of All Markets thrives with haggling, bartering, trade, and commerce. It's also a great place to find pickpockets, gangstas, and other ill sorts.

Overseeing the operation, collecting fees and enforcing regulations, is a flea-headed tizn't known as Griftmeister Slumm.

The Museum of Antiquities and Obscurities: Sakes alive, this place has more relics, artifacts, dead things, and weirdnesses than my aunt Klikki's handbag. Wanna see a mummified worm carcass from Clorb's Wang? This place has them coming out its ears (metaphorically). How about old pottery from the original inhabitants of Agog? You can't swing a mummified worm in here without hitting some. Ever seen a stuffed borlo? How about a pipe made from the eyestalks of an esophagator? Petrified toenail clippings from Ewg? A life-sized sculpture of Bernizzed the Enpluminated made entirely of monsterwax? How about one of Asparagobster Fromage crafted of cheese? A sacrificial poo-flinger from the fungus jungles of Gloop? I didn't think so.

Of course the pride of the museum is its collection of ancient relics of the Hoomanrace. Here is assembled, and closely guarded, the most valuable ensemble of such artifacts ever amassed. Oldsters and wisenheimers pour over these dusty things for years on end, trying to ascertain their purpose and to give some sort of meaning to their efforts. Oofo artifacts abound as well, but these are even more closely guarded and even less understood.

The curator of the place is the eminent Yimminee the Souse. Yes, the guy with the calendar. The Souse has only recently been appointed to his post, following the untimely demise of the former curator under suspicious circumstances. I mean circumstances.

The Mysterious Doohickey: In which something ambiguous happens.

Nosular Decadence: This perfumery, owned and operated by a wrinkly smelf inexplicably named Bungo Bungo, produces some of the finest scents to be smelled anywhere. Pick up a bottle of Bungo's Bungjuice, it's just about the strongest aphrodisiac known.

The Wrong Bottle: In which Othothoth Blech gets pissed off and tries to kill Bungo Bungo.

The Sin-o-gogue of Stan: This horrifying building, carved from a single huge boulder into the likeness of a horned, scowling face, is a center of worship for Stanismists and other devotees of evil and vice. The structure itself, located next to the workshop of contanimator Clovus Redspleen, is merely a façade and entrance chamber. The real guts of the place, including the various narfects, rectories, sanctuaries, altars, and orgy chambers, are located

beneath the city in a massively winding system of catacombs and tunnels. It's whispered that foul things haunt the lower reaches and fouler things clog the various drains and sacrificial cisterns.

A worm named Othothoth Blech is high priest. He's a nice enough fellow once you get to know him, but his evil ways and propensity for cannibalistic blood orgies are offputting to some.

There are sin-o-gogues in most major cities, and in secret wilderness lairs across the Oith, but the one in New Oorlquar is the largest and most prosperous.

I H8 NO: In which the heap are asked to settle a dispute between the sin-o-gogue and a neighbor.

Under the Sink: In all my travels no tavern has done more to make me feel at home than Under the Sink. This adorable little eat-and-drinkery caters to the croach in all of us. Non-croach guests are welcome, but croach hats and bibs are provided to help them fit in. The head chef, whose name I can't remember, makes the most delicious poo flambé, and the Reese's Feces is the finest in the whole city.

That's Just Gross: In which terrible secrets lurk in the kitchen of Under the Sink.



Old Oorlquar, The Ruins of

It's tough to believe that this gigantic pile of refuse and blight was once the most vibrant city on Oith. It's not tough to believe, looking at the shattered edifices and tumbled walls, that it was also the site of one of the most cataclysmic battles of the modern age. Yes indeed, friends and neighbors, Old Oorlquar was the New Oorlquar of its day. It was the shining center of commerce and culture on this continent, ruled wisely and justly by the benevolent cremefillian Lord Vermun Skank.

All that changed a few centuries ago when Skank's archrival, his demented brother Felonious Skank, contested his claim to the throne. What followed was a two year bloodfest in which the entire city was pretty much destroyed and both brothers lost their lives. What remain today are the broken shells of once glorious buildings scattered among the decayed bones and carapaces of fallen soldiers.

Of course no ruin is complete without associated legends of hidden treasures and ancient dangers. Old Oorlquar has its share. Not the least of which is the rumor that Vermun Skank's unclaimed corpse now rules an army of the danged in the catacombs beneath the city.

THAT ONE PLACE WITH ALL THE SAND

Geography: A shload of sand, sand, and more sand. Sandy hills; sandy plains; sandy mountains; sandy jungles...

Populace: 200,000 or so (About half residents of Babajuana and half nomadic tribespeople).

Resources: Sand; tequila; gemstones.

Governance: Dozens of cheeks govern under the banner of Sultan Pepper.

Cities and Towns: Babajuana; hundreds of nomadic villages.

Relations: As long as local customs and taboos are respected, the cheeks will deal with just about anyone.

Try to imagine the world's biggest litter box. That One Place With All the Sand is essentially an incredibly vast expanse of ash and windblown sand interspersed with the occasional cactus, stagnant oasis, or venomous biting thing. The people, for the most part, live in traveling tent cities and travel constantly on the backs of monopedal beasts called stomps. All denizens pay homage to Sultan Pepper, an elegant croach with a hundred wives and a thousand offspring. The Sultan dwells in an opulent palace at the heart of Babajuana, an edifice that rivals the palace of the Ding of the Dong in size and magnificence.

That One Place With All the Sand is a realm steeped in tradition and honor. Very strict codes of hospitality and taboo are widely enforced. It is a land where heresy and apostasy (the state religion is Boorglezarianism) are capital crimes, a land where a rude word or a failure to hold a door for a lady, can earn a fellow a spear through the heart or worse. In most places visitors are exempt from such laws, being considered ignorant savages by the inhabitants of the Place.

Babajuana

Although That One Place With All the Sand has only one city, it's a doozy. Immense and opulent by any standard, Babajuana is a thriving center of culture and trade. Its turreted towers and domed temples cast their shadows on bustling markets, glorious statues, shimmering oases, and fabulously beclothed denizens. Even the poor of the city beg with jewel encrusted bowls and finely polished wooden legs.

The laws of hospitality and taboo are sternly enforced here, although not quite so sternly as they are among the nomadic tribes. Public executions are common, as are generous displays of wealth and charity by the Sultan and his governing cheeks; the aforementioned bowls and prostheses being gifts of the Sultan.



Don't Forget to Visit

Achoo Goonzalez's Funtime Grooming Emporium and Executionarium: Achoo Goonzalez is Babajuana's premier barber and holy executioner. Customers can stop by his pavilion for a quick shave, a perm or dye job, or to have the heads chopped off of a few heretics. Achoo is the man to beat with a razor or headsman's sword, and his mustache waxings are the silkiest around.

Poopos and Beer: This restaurant, a branch of which is on just about every street corner in town, sells delicious tacos and salty beer. I hear the super-size stomp burrito is delicious.

The Spoon That Stirs: A tiny little teahouse in the shadow of the Sultan's palace, The Spoon That Stirs would be a relatively mediocre establishment if it weren't for two factors: the circuspi nut tarts are almost edible and the purveyor, a gal by the name of Spinster Dollup, is an actual living spoon, a six foot metal ladle given life by the magic of a traveling hocus poker who fell in love with her delicate filigree and just had to have her as his wife. Dollup's weird husband has long since passed on, but she remains and is currently running the teahouse for the sixth decade running. There are a lot of strange dudes on Oith, but a giant talking spoon that serves dung tea and circuspi nut tarts is someone to meet.

The Sultan's Menagerie: This private zoo, owned by Sultan Pepper but open to the public, houses animals and monsters from all corners of the world. It also doubles as a gladiatorial arena. When gate sales are low they sometimes take the two most ferocious beasts in the menagerie and put them in a big cage together to see what will happen. The keepers are always looking for new exotic beasts and will pay handsomely for them.

We Be Sand: This ramshackle hut sells nothing but sand. It does very little business, since sand is the most plentiful substance around and is free for the taking just about anywhere. It's said that the place is some sort of front run by gangstas from The Dingdom of the Dong, but I wouldn't know anything about that. The creme fillian who runs the place wears an eye patch and has a lovely cloud and rainbow tattooed on his belly. Unfortunately, he never talks and only communicates in pantomime. It's dreadfully annoying.

Enemy Mime: In which puzzling events and obscure clues lead the heap into trouble.



RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Here are those Random Encounter Tables you were promised earlier. All you have to do is roll a d20 and compare the results to the chart for the location the heap is in to see what they run into. If you don't like the result, roll again or make something up yourself. Remember, not every encounter calls for fighting. Use the brain Boorglezar gave you and find creative ways to make random encounters fun and exciting!

Agog

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d6 rampaging Horc bandits
6-10	2d6 hungry Borlos
11-15	1d2 playful yet ravenous Schnoobles
16-18	One disgusting Squiggly Mass
19	The Thing That Might Not Be
20	2d6 suspicious Smelf insurgents

Clorb's Wang

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d4 ferocious Scary Ass Muthas
6-10	2d12 head-huntin' Werm savages
11-15	2d12 evil Horc savages
16-18	2d4 assorted lost explorers
19	One wandering Boorglezarian missionary
20	2d12 cautiously optimistic Werm savages

Glowhio

d20	Encounter
1-5	3d12 Mutant Land Fish
6-10	Mining party and Slaves
11-15	1d4 rampaging Contanimants
16-18	One horrifying Squiggly Mass
19	1d4 Scary Ass Muthas
20	1d4 escaped Slaves

The Phesterance

d20	Encounter
1-5	3d12 Kankers looking for trouble
6-10	An Esophagator looking for food
11-15	1d2 disgusting Contanimants
16-18	One horrifying Squiggly Mass
19	Some kind of poisonous Fungus
20	Gorminee the Goosed

The Teats of Boorglezar

d20	Encounter
1-5	3d12 cannibalistic Werm savages
6-10	3d12 friendly Werm savages
11-15	6d4 frenzied Cute Little Duckies
16-18	One oogly Squiggly Mass
19	Force of Nature (avalanche, etc...)
20	4d4 Boorglezarian monks

Yewnork

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d6 Spirits of the Danged
6-10	2d4 really mean Odres
11-15	4d6 Scary Ass Muthas
16-18	A deranged Contanimatronic Minion
19	A horrid Squiggly Mass
20	4d4 hungry Brocodiles

Auricular Wax Mines

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d6 monsterwax miners
6-10	2d4 villainous Odres
11-15	2d4 Spirits of the Danged
16-18	3d4 maniacal Hair Bares
19	1d4 yucky Kankers
20	A Primordial Goon and 2d4 Giggities searching for the oracle for some reason

The Follicular Maze

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d12 predacious Hair Bares
6-10	3d4 villainous Odres
11-15	10d10 feral and angry Oily Boids
16-18	6d4 Hair Harvesters from Doop
19	1d4 Milfs who dwell in a giant hollow zit
20	A Giant Slog looking for prey

Tail

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d12 Groothoo Boids
6-10	10d10 Oily Boids
11-15	2d6 Groothoo Boids (one is a hocus poker)
16-18	1d4 Kankers
19	1d4 Giggities
20	2d4 Scary Ass Muthas

Torsovania

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d12 Scab Harvesters
6-10	2d4 Kankers out for blood
11-15	1d4 evil Contanimants
16-18	2d4 Holy Rollers from the Bowls of the Oith
19	A Squiggly Mass with a bad attitude
20	2d4 Scary Ass Muthas

Quarry of the Danged

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d12 Spirits of the Danged
6-10	3d4 Mucosite miners of the Danged
11-15	1d4 Holy Rollers of the Danged
16-18	3d4 Evil Cultists of the Danged
19	The Thing That Might Not Be
20	A vicious Squiggly Mass

Keister Island

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d4 Smelcasters gathering reeks
6-10	3d4 Borlos with hemorrhoids
11-15	2d4 Mean old Odres
16-18	1d4 Headstones
19	A Squiggly Mass with a bad attitude
20	The Thing That Might Not Be

The Dingdom of the Dong

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d4 Cremerfillian samuriceakes
6-10	3d4 Goozeeras lookin' for booze
11-15	3d4 villainous Odres
16-18	1d4 Trionaparapantises
19	A Squiggly Mass in a bad mood
20	2d4 Spirits of the Danged

The Moonular Cheese Fields

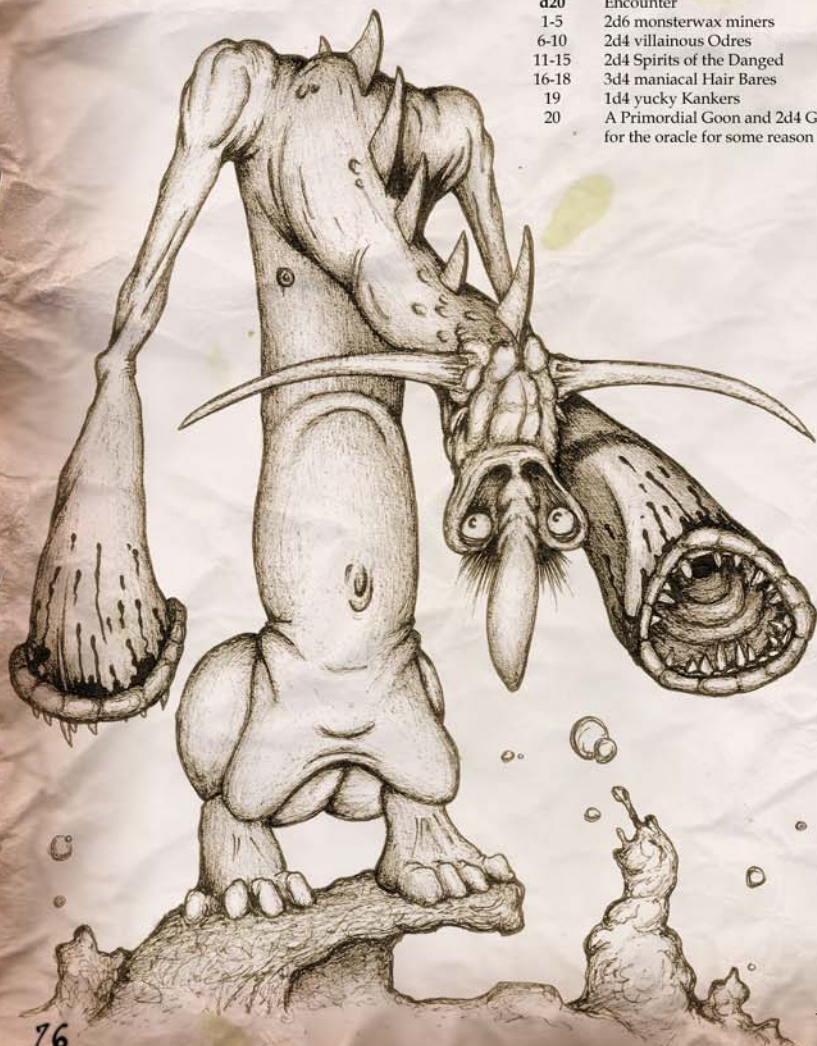
d20	Encounter
1-5	4d4 Cheese Harvesters
6-10	3d4 Oochachos
11-15	1d4 Primordial Goons
16-18	4d4 Ofo oldsters on an expedition
19	2d4 Spirits of the Danged
20	A Cheese Leech

Ordure

d20	Encounter
1-5	4d6 Horc bandits
6-10	3d6 Vassals of some lord
11-15	1d2 hungry Schnoobles
16-18	4d4 Cute Little Duckies
19	2d8 Dweebs
20	4d4 Mutant Land Fish on the hunt

That One Place With All the Sand

d20	Encounter
1-5	2d12 Wandering Boorglezarian Holy Rollers
6-10	4d4 wild Stomps
11-15	2d12 Odre raiders
16-18	A ginormous Sand Slog
19	A Puddle of Yuck
20	3d8 Stomp -herding nomads



That's a Borlo

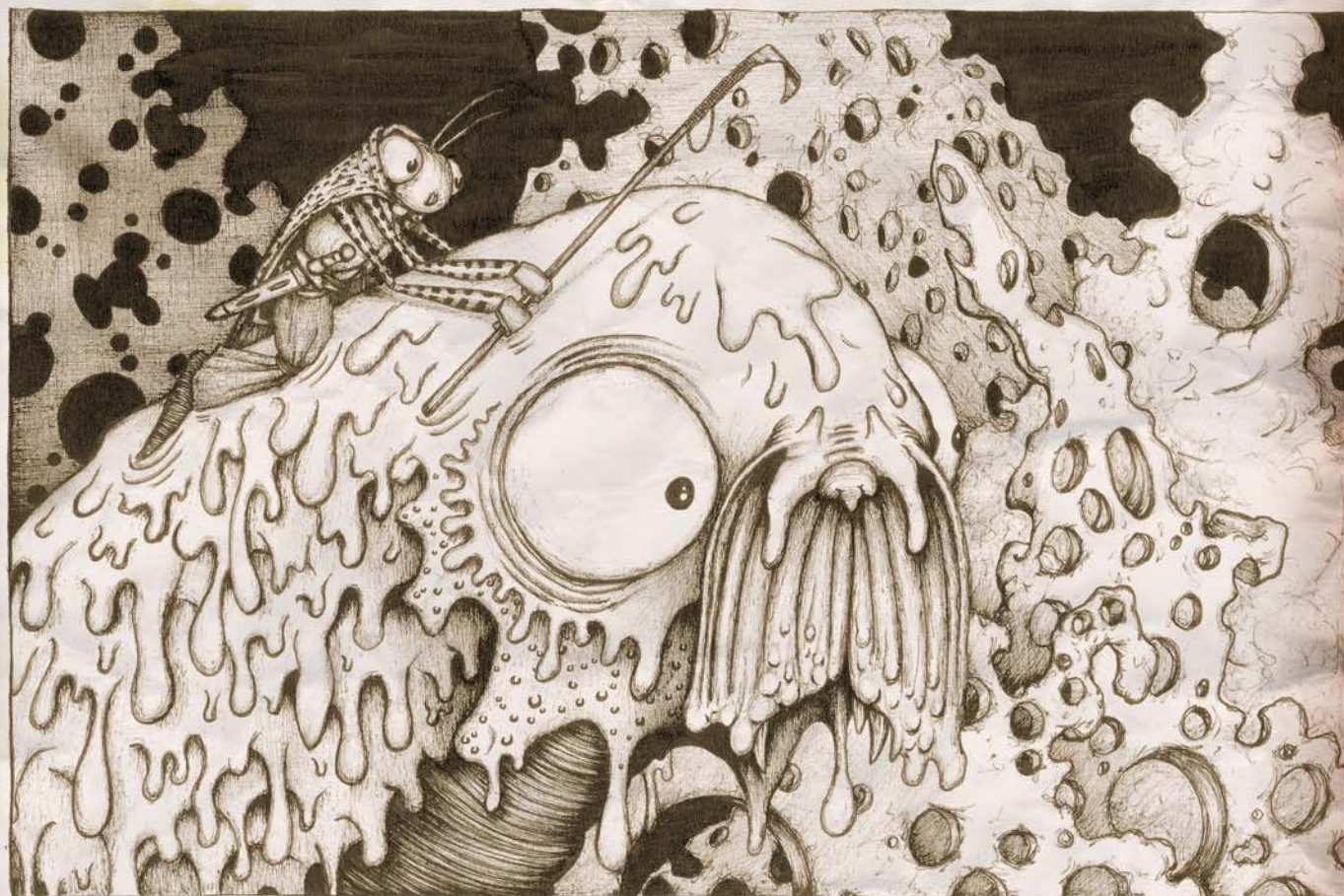
BESTIARY OF OITH

An Abridged Compendium Describing Various

Denizens of Oith, Beastly & Otherwise.

Written and Compiled by

Gorsilon Leechrider, Naturalist & Explorer



Gorsilon Leechrider rides a cheese leech

Greetings fellow Oithling. I, in your face, am explorer of renown Gorsilon Leechrider, naturalist and adventurer. I have compiled, for your edification, a compendium of various beasts of Oith so that you may know them and their ways without suffering the hardships and adversities that plagued me as I collected this information for your ungrateful asses. I hope you find it as useful in your travels as I have in mine. If so, why not send a clam or two my way...

This dissertation introduces only a tiny number of Oith's crazy monsters. Oith is so infested with things that want to eat you that to even begin to try to describe the merest inkling of a complete collection is to invite madness. Nevertheless, I suggest you try to memorize it in its entirety, since you never know when a hungry schnooble might wander by and devour it. For the sake of your sanity I will attempt to be brief.

BEASTS

Borlo

Borlos are bizarre (even by Oith standards) creatures with massive blue rumps, drooping noses, and immense, toothed suckers instead of hands. They roam the various frontiers of the world, bouncing about on their bubbly asses and collecting shiny things to store in their hollow forearms.

Although they do not have a spoken language, they seem able to understand what others say. Borlos communicate among themselves with grunts, squeaks, and flashes of their luminescent noses.

These dim-witted creatures are quick to anger and take offense at the merest slight.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Intimidation d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Gear: Shiny objects

Special Abilities

★ **Bouncy Behind:** Borlos have the Bouncy Behind Edge.

★ **Claws:** Borlos can attack with both claws each round with no penalty. Str +1.

★ **Horns:** Instead of making two claw attacks, a borlo may make one attack with its horns. Str +2.

★ **Suckers:** If a borlo hits the same target with both sucker claws it has pinned the target. The opponent may do no other action other than try to escape, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll. A borlo will attempt to gore a pinned opponent with its horns.

Brocodile

These aggressive predators are voracious and unpredictable. They wander the swamps and forests of Oith preying on anything they can catch.

A brocodile is a long, slender carnivore with blue scaly skin, two paddled tails, a long toothy snout, and a bright green afro that resembles a bush or large fungus.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d8
Pace: 3; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities

★ **Aquatic:** Brocodiles are strong swimmers. Pace 6.
 ★ **Bite:** A brocodile's toothy maw is a marvelous weapon. Str +3.

Cheese Leech

Incredibly big, almost unimaginably gargantuan, these humungous worm-like creatures burrow their way through the Moonular Cheese Fields. They are responsible for the gazillions of holes that riddle the cheese.

The most skilled of riders can actually use these enormous beasts as mounts.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+12, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d10
Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 20

Special Abilities

★ **Huge:** Attackers add +4 to their Fighting or Shooting rolls when fighting a cheese leech due to its huge size (size +10).
 ★ **Bite:** Cheese leeches have incredibly large mouths. Str +3. If the leech hits a target with a raise, the opponent is swallowed whole and takes 2d4 damage each round until he escapes (inflicts a wound on the leech with an edged weapon) or dies.

★ **Burrow (20"):** Cheese leeches can burrow through cheese and reappear anywhere within 20" on the following action.

★ **Low Light Vision:** Although they have very good eyesight, cheese leeches are perfectly capable of making their way around in total darkness.

★ **Regeneration (slow):** Cheese leeches roll for natural healing once per day.

Contanimant

Contanimants are elemental spirits of filth, disease, and corruption. They exist, in a dormant state, all around us but are invisible and intangible unless summoned by a contanimator or otherwise coalesced (it can happen naturally, I am told). Multiple varieties exist, although five main types are most common, each representing a primordial condition of smut or blight.

All contanimatants are vile and pestilent beings. They care for nothing more than spreading their influence and causing ruckus.

Wuss

The least of all contanimants, wusses are spirits of stink and flatulence. They appear as little wisps of gelatinous vapor with pudgy arms and eyeless faces.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4
Skills: Fighting d4+2, Guts d10, Notice d6
Pace: 4; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities

★ **Fly:** Wusses can fly at their normal Pace.
 ★ **Small:** Wusses are tiny little fellows. Attackers have a -2 penalty to Fighting and Shooting rolls against them.
 ★ **Smell Manipulation:** Wusses can alter the scent of anything within their range of vision. They can't create overpowering stench, but they can make one thing smell like something else.

★ **Stink Blobs:** Wusses are able to manifest odors into focused blobs of concentrated stench. With a touch attack a wuss can cause actual physical damage. Str +1.

Wanker

Wankers are spirits of rubbish and grime. They appear as squat spherical blobs covered in refuse and dripping with filthy muck.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d10, Throwing d8
Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

★ **Muck Hurling:** When fighting, wankers hurl chunks of refuse from their bodies. Range 5", Str +2.
 ★ **Regeneration (fast):** Wankers roll for natural healing every round.

Mensch

These blighted spirits are purveyors of rust and decay. Their bodies are gigantic pickles of crud, yuck, and long gray hairs. Two gnarled arms sprout from the tops of their heads.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Notice d6
Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities

★ **Aging:** Anyone Shaken or Wounded by a mensch rapidly ages. A hit and each raise forces the target to make a Vigor roll or age five years in addition to causing the normal wounds.



★ **Rust:** Any metal object touched by a mensch, or used to directly attack a mensch is immediately destroyed. Enchanted metals are immune.

Bruiser

Bruisers, spirits of rot and putrefaction, are large gelatinous hunks of putrid meat and squirming maggots. Their long spindly arms constantly drip with filthy ichor and their squat toes are crawling with fungus and mold. A bruiser's enormous maw is filled with rotting teeth and gingivitis. These hulks love nothing more than reducing living flesh to pulverized gobs of rot.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d10, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

★ **Fear:** Anyone who looks upon a bruiser's hideous countenance must make a Guts check or run fleeing and pissing for 1d4 rounds. Once a person succeeds the Guts check he need not roll again.

★ **Rotting Touch:** Wounds caused by a Bruiser can not be fixed by natural healing. Only magic or a specially prepared antidote can spur the healing process.

Bad Ass



Dripping boils, pustular zits, and oozing blisters are the hallmarks of these horrid spirits of disease and infection. They delight in causing suffering and spreading plague.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d12, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 12

Special Abilities

★ **Big:** Bad asses are pretty large spirits (size +2). Attackers gain a +2 bonus to Fighting and Shooting rolls against them.

★ **Clobber:** Bad asses fight by smashing opponents with their single mighty fist. Str +2.

★ **Infection:** Anyone Shaken or Wounded by a bad ass's clobber attack must make a Vigor roll at -2 or contract a horrid disease. The disease causes blisters and headache in those that make their Vigor roll (-1 to all die rolls for 1d4 days) and a horrible festering in those that fail. Such a victim is Exhausted for 1d4 hours, after which time he becomes Incapacitated for 1d4 days. He must then make another Vigor roll with a -1 penalty for each day he was Incapacitated or die.

★ **Regeneration (fast):** Bad asses roll for natural healing every other round.

Cute Little Ducky

These tiny beasts are among the most bloodthirsty of all Oith's creatures. Small yellow boids with big, dewy eyes and wicked teeth, these voracious monsters hunt in packs



Esophagator

and rend the flesh from anything they encounter.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d12, Notice d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** These monstrous fiends rend large gobs of flesh with every bite. Str +6.

★ **Flock:** For every three cute little duckies in a flock, each one in the group gains a +1 bonus to its Fighting rolls.

★ **Fly:** Cute little duckies can fly with a Pace of 8.

Dweeb



Plump and nerdy, these dorky little guys love proving how smart they are. Life, to them, is a constant game of practical jokes and witticisms. Weak fighters, dweeb will usually attempt to gain egress from an unpleasant situation with words or trickery.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d12, Investigation d12, Knowledge (any three) d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d10, Taunt d12.

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 3; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities

★ **Trickery:** Dweeb is masters of practical jokes and misdirection. A dweeb may make an opposed Smarts roll against anyone in combat with it as a free action. If the

dweeb wins it is considered to have somehow tricked its adversary and has "the drop" on his opponent. The dweeb gains a +4 bonus to its attack rolls (usually using a weapon of some kind).

A dweeb can do this during every round of combat if it wants.

Esophagator

Lurking in the lakes, rivers, and oceans of Oith are horrors best left undescribed. The esophagator is one such beast. Not because it is particularly horrific (it is!), but because it is hard to describe. I'll try anyway...

It's mostly mouth, really, a toothy set of jaws connected to a plump and pickle-like body with a long, flat tail and a couple of flippers. Its eyes are on movable stalks and it swims along eating just about anything it can catch, which includes creatures bigger than itself thanks to its expanding stomach. That wasn't so difficult after all (plus there's a picture right over there in case you are still confused).

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d12, Swim d12

Pace: -; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12

Special Abilities

★ **Aquatic:** Its swimming pace is 6.

★ **Big:** An esophagator is pretty big (Size +4). Opponents gain a +2 bonus to Fighting and Shooting rolls against such a beast.

★ **Bite:** Esophagators bite with their massive teeth. Str +3.

Giggity

Giggities are minions of the Primordial Soup Kitchen, but don't tell your players that, because it's a secret. They are little guys, vaguely conical in shape with extremely expressive faces and ears that double as wings. Every one looks different, depending on what traits it has absorbed along the way.

Giggities are able to absorb traits and characteristics from other organisms, which they then bring to the Primordial Soup Kitchen for distillation and study. Just about any aspect of a being can be absorbed (the being does not lose the trait, the giggity just copies it), from a person's giant afro or his taste for tacos, to his knowledge of herbalism.

These little fellows are not malicious, unless they've absorbed that trait from someone, just curious. They wander about copying things and learning about the world. Nobody has successfully followed one of these guys back to the Soup Kitchen, but plenty have tried. It seems whenever someone gets close, the giggity just disappears.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d12
Pace: 3; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5



Giggities are fun to draw

Goozera plus booze equals badness



Special Abilities

★ **Aquire Traits:** Whenever a giggity touches another creature it may absorb a trait from that creature. The giggity makes a Smarts roll. For a success and each raise it copies one trait into itself. The original creature is not harmed. Just about any physical, mental, or spiritual trait can be captured in this manner, from a being's toothy maw or its love of music theater, to its Arcane Background (the giggity would have to absorb Powers and Power Points separately in this case). The attributes and skills listed above are typical for a giggity. These will change depending on the traits it has absorbed.

★ **Fly:** A giggity flies with a Pace of 6.

★ **Extended Warranty:** A giggity that is killed will be reborn in 3d10 hours. Its original corpse stays intact as it magically grows a new body a few yorts from where it died.

Goozera

These tiny little saurian things are common throughout The Dingdom of the Dong. They are mostly harmless, with mouths too small to bite anything bigger than a circuspi nut, and generally playful and fun-loving. Don't get them drunk, however, or ill tidings may befall you.

See, when a goozera tastes even the tiniest drop of booze it gets a really big head. Literally, its head expands to enormous proportions, inflated by whatever gasses of fermentation brew in its gullet, and it becomes exceptionally violent and ravenous, attacking anything in sight.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8
Pace: 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

★ **Bad Drunk:** When drunk a goozera's head inflates to huge proportions, growing from the size of a small nut to the size of a large melon in mere seconds. The creature becomes very aggressive. Its Strength, Vigor, and Fighting increase to d10 and it bites for Str +2. The effect wears off in a few hours.

★ **Fly:** A drunk goozera flies (staggeringly) with a Pace of 8.

★ **Wildcardularness:** A drunk goozera is considered a Wild Card, but a sober one isn't.



Groothoo Boid

Groothoo Boids, the primary denizens of the realm of Tail, are tall, elegant creatures with brilliant feathers and long, curving beaks. They are quite intelligent, but tend to be territorial and xenophobic. Occasionally groothoo boids become powerful hocus pokers or holy rollers.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

★ **Beak:** Groothoo boids can fight with a weapon and stab with their beaks at the same time with no penalty. Str +2.

★ **Fly:** Groothoo Boids fly with a Pace of 8.

Hair Bare

Roaming the Monstrous Headlands in large packs, these strange predators are a bane to hair harvesters and wanderers. Essentially nothing more than a pair of squat legs, a shaggy rump, and a chomping maw, they attack en masse, kicking, biting, and farting their opponents into submission.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8
Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** Hair Bares can bite for Str +2.

★ **Flatulence:** Once every three rounds a hair bare may pass a noxious gas. All those within the area of effect (medium burst template) must make a Vigor roll or suffer a -2 penalty to all traits for 1d4 rounds.

★ **Immunity:** Hair bares are immune to all poisons, including their own flatulence.



Hair Bares are some weird mofos

Headstone

These huge living statues wander the wildernesses of Keister Island looking for living things to squash. Nobody knows where they came from or why they exist.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12, Notice d8

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12

Special Abilities

★ **Construct:** Headstones are immune to damage from piercing weapons, they add +2 when attempting to recover from being Shaken, are immune to disease and poison, and do not suffer additional damage from called shots.

★ **Smash:** Headstones attack by falling over onto their opponents. After it falls, a headstone must spend a round getting up before it can attack again. Str +2.

★ **Stone:** Because they are made of stone, headstones have +4 armor.

Kanker

Kankers are spirits of disease and mutation, closely related to containimants. They look like giant tumors with arms and legs, dripping with pus and stinking of rot. Their ichorous drippings are faintly luminescent, which makes them valuable to miners and others who venture into the unlit realms of Mutha Oith.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12, Notice d10, Shooting d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

★ **Disease:** Anyone touched by a kanker immediately breaks out in boils and gooey scabs. This causes no actual damage, but lowers the victim's Charisma by 1 for 2d6 days.

★ **Immunities:** Kankers are immune to poison, acid, and disease.

★ **Low Light Vision:** Kankers are not penalized for poor lighting.

★ **Smash:** Kankers attack by ramming with their crusty bodies or punching with their stubby arms. Str +1.

★ **Squirt:** A kanker is able to squirt glowing acidic goo at one target within twenty yorts (20') using its Shooting skill. The goo inflicts 2d6 damage on anyone who fails a Vigor roll at -2. The glowing goo gives the kanker a +2 bonus to hit anyone who has already been struck by its acid attack.

Milf

Milfs are shape changing monsters that lure beings to an early grave by posing as seductive members of the victim's species and then choking them with their enormous, prehensile tongues. Nobody knows what

their true form is, since they always look like someone else.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d12

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

★ **Choke:** A milf will attempt to lure a victim into a romantic situation and then choke him with her incredible tongue (Fighting roll at +4). A choking victim will die in a number of rounds equal to half his Vigor unless he can escape with an opposed Strength roll at -2. A milf usually carries a weapon of some sort in case her choke doesn't work.

★ **Seductive:** When in a shape changed form, a milf is very attractive, giving her +4 Charisma.

★ **Shape Change:** A milf can change her shape at will, usually adopting the form of an attractive member of her potential victim's species. Changing shape is immediate and does not count as an action. The disguise is almost perfect (Notice at -6 to detect).

★ **Prehensile Tongue:** Milfs have the Tongue Fu Edge and do not suffer penalties for using their tongue as a limb.

Mutant Land Fish

Inhabiting the swamps and badlands of Ewg and other desolate places, these strange creatures can be dangerous if approached carelessly. Basically a big fish with sharp teeth and long legs, mutant land fish are a danger to travelers because of their pack hunting mentality and voracious appetite for flesh.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Notice d8

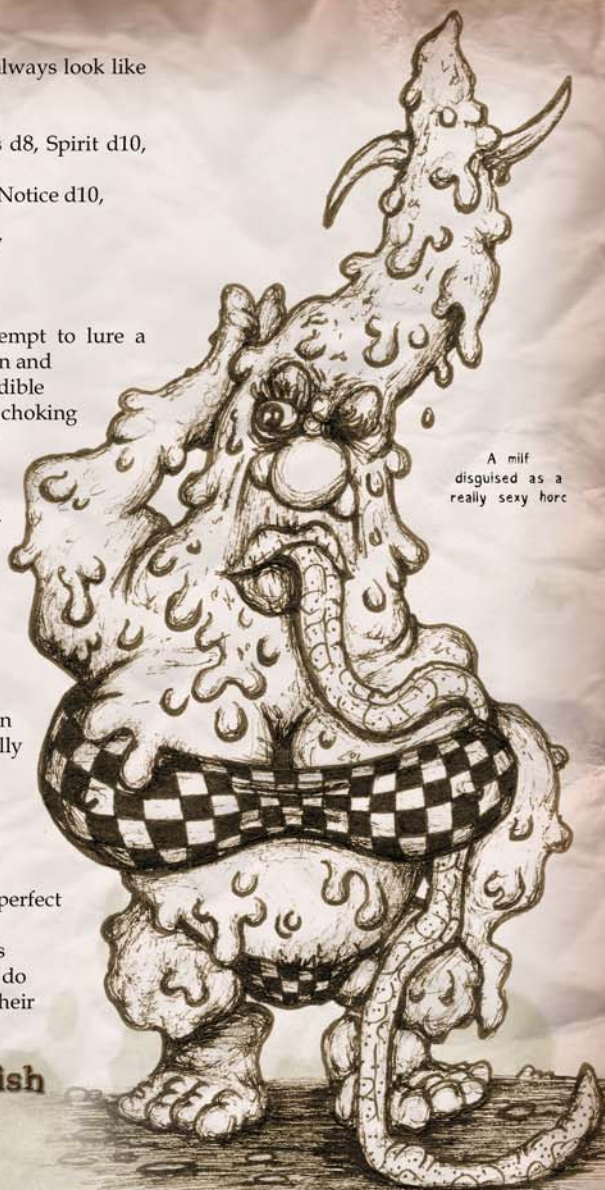
Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** Mutant land fish have very large teeth. Str +2.

★ **Pack Mentality:** Every five mutant land fish in a group adds +1 to the smarts of each individual. They are usually found in packs of 5-20, but super-intelligent hordes of hundreds have been spotted.

★ **Stomp:** Rather than bite, a mutant land fish may choose to stomp an opponent with its long legs and flat feet. A stomped victim must make a Vigor roll or be Stunned for 1d4 rounds. Str +1.



A milf disguised as a really sexy horc

Odre

Odres are big, savage, stinky brutes distantly related to cremefillians. They form roving hordes of bandits and go raiding in their spare time. A typical odre is about twice the height of an average horc and three times as mean.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12+3, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

★ **Expectoration:** Odres have the Spit Edge. If an odre successfully hawks a loogey on an opponent the odre gains a +4 bonus to its next attack roll against him.

★ **Gear:** A typical odre wears thick hides (+1) and wields a big ass club (Str +3).

★ **Size:** Odres are pretty big. Opponents gain a +2 bonus to Fighting and Shooting rolls against them (Size +4).

A bad ass primordial goon opens an economy size can of wupp ass on this hapless worm and his cremefillian friend.



Oily Boid

These tiny little fellows are pretty harmless when they are all alone. Beings even keep them as pets, since their viscous drippings make wonderful lamp oil and their worm sniffing abilities are useful to hoinks and booty hunters.

When they flock together, however, oily boids become quite dangerous indeed. The collective oozings of a dozen or more of them can form a thick net of flammable slime that is extremely difficult to escape.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4
Skills: Fighting d6, Tracking d10 (by scent)
Pace: 3; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities

- ★ **Fly:** Oily boids fly with a Pace of 6.
- ★ **Size:** Oily boids are really small. Opponents have a -2 penalty to Fighting and Shooting rolls against them.
- ★ **Slime:** When excited, an oily boid exudes a sticky, flammable slime from its skin. One boid does not exude enough slime to concern the average adventurer but when they flock and drip from above, the drops cling together into a sticky net that traps anyone caught in its area (10-40 boids use small burst template, more than 40 use large burst template). A trapped being must make a Strength roll at -4

to break free. The ooze can not be cut, but it can be burned, inflicting 3d4 damage on anyone caught within. A netted being is not able to perform any physical actions other than attempting to escape. Oily boids use this ability defensively; they never actively fight creatures bigger than themselves.

★ **Worm Sniffing:** Oily boids can smell worms from several miles away. They are sometimes trained as trackers by hoinks and booty hunters.

Primordial Goon

These huge protozoans are the brute squad and bodyguard of the Primordial Soup Kitchen, but it's a secret so don't tell your players. They often accompany giggities on their missions and otherwise carry out the will of the Kitchen staff.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12, Notice d10, Throwing d10
Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

- ★ **Clobber:** Primordial goons fight with their powerful pseudopods. Str +3.
- ★ **Immunities:** Goons are immune to spells that affect the mind, all bludgeoning weapons, and disease. They take half damage

from fire, acid, cold, and electrical attacks.

★ **Mutative bite:** Anyone bitten by a primordial goon must make a Vigor roll or be mutated in some weird way (lose a random limb or eye. The lost member grows back in 1d4 days).

★ **Limited Warranty:** Goons are immune to damage the first three rounds of any combat.

★ **Split:** If a primordial goon takes two wounds in combat, it will immediately make a Vigor roll. If successful, the goon splits itself into two identical goons, each with one wound. The goons are perfect clones of the original.

Puddle of Yuck

These gelatinous monsters hide among the dunes and scrub molds of That One Place With All The Sand, preying on caravans and desert nomads. They are large, amorphous blobs of translucent greenish muck, an almost perfect disguise among the filthy ponds and oases so dearly sought by travelers.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10
Pace: 1; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

★ **Disguise:** A puddle of yuck usually hides its large bulk in a shallow depression, where its shining body resembles an oasis (Notice roll at -4 to tell the difference). They hunt from ambush, waiting until prey draws near and then attacking with a barrage of slaps.

★ **Immunities:** Fire, acid, electricity, and blunt weapons inflict no damage on puddles of yuck. They take no extra damage from called shots, and are immune to all poisons and disease.

★ **Paralysis:** Anyone Shaken or Wounded by a puddle's slap attack must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds.

★ **Senses:** Puddles suffer no penalties for darkness or low light. They can sense vibrations in a fifty yort (50") radius.

★ **Size:** Puddles of yuck are relatively large. Opponents gain a +2 bonus to Fighting and Shooting rolls against them (Size +4).

★ **Slap:** A puddle of yuck attacks by smacking simultaneously with three translucent tendrils with no penalty. Str +2.

Qoochacho

These strange triangular beasts roam the Moonular Cheese Fields, gorging themselves on delicious green cheese. They are generally harmless, but can be dangerous if provoked.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Shooting d10
Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities

★ **Belch:** When provoked or frightened, a qoochacho belches up a frothy mixture of

partially digested cheese and strong gastric acid. A qoochacho can spit this mixture up to 20 yorts (20") at a single target, or spray it in a burst that reaches 5 yorts (5") and can hit up to three targets. The vomit inflicts 3d4 points of damage and uses the qoochacho's Shooting skill.

Scary Ass Mutha

Aptly named, these creepy beasts are indeed scary. They have little tiny bodies, but their vile faces are among the most horrific in all the world.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12, Notice d10, Throwing d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** Scary ass muthas attack by biting (Str +1) or by hurling stones.

★ **Venom:** The venomous bite of a scary ass mutha forces a victim to make a Vigor roll or be overcome by the creeping willies, immediately wetting himself and fleeing madly for 1d4 rounds. If the Vigor roll is a 1, the target faints and cannot be awakened for 2d4 rounds.

Schnooble

These vicious monsters are all too common in the frontiers and wildernesses of the world. Immense quadrupeds of tooth and hair and claw, their whining voices can be heard from big yorts away, dread harbingers of imminent demise.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12, Notice d10
Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** The mouth of a schnooble is toothsome and vile. Str +2.

★ **Size:** Due to a schnooble's large size, opponents gain a +2 bonus to Fighting and Shooting rolls against it. Size +2.

★ **Whine:** A schnooble's piercing whine causes paralysis for 1d4 rounds in all those within 20 yorts (20") who fail a Spirit roll. A schnooble cannot whine and bite in the same round.

Slog

Take a big, fat, limbless worm and cross it with a cremefillian. The result is a slog. These critters, at least the pygmy variety, have been used as beasts of burden since time immemorial. They crawl along, oozing on a trail of partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening that drips from large pores on their ventral surface. Pygmy slogs are easily domesticated, but the larger slogs are carnivorous and can be quite dangerous. Sand slogs are the most terrible of all,

coughing up huge gobs of phlegm and glass with which to bowl their prey.

Giant Slog

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+6, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8
Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 17

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** The bite of a giant slog can be devastating. Str +4.

★ **Immunities:** Giant slogs are immune to poison and disease. They take half damage from fire and piercing weapons.

★ **Size:** Giant slogs are incredibly huge. Opponents gain a +4 bonus to Fighting and Shooting rolls against them. Size +10.

Pygmy Slog

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8
Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

★ **Immunities:** Pygmy slogs are immune to poison and disease.

Sand Slog

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8
Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 14

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** Sand slogs bite when threatened or hunting. Str +2.

★ **Immunities:** Sand slogs are immune to poison, fire, and disease. They take half damage from piercing weapons.

★ **Marbles:** A sand slog can spit a giant sphere of phlegm and melted sand at one opponent within 50 yorts (50") for 4d4 damage.

★ **Size:** Sand slogs are about thrice the size of pygmy slogs. Opponents gain a +2 bonus to Fighting and Shooting rolls against them. Size +4.

Spirit of the Danged

These poor souls are neither living nor dead. Eldritch powers have trapped them in a strange state of unliving undeath. For some reason they tend to hate living things and try to kill them whenever they can.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12, Notice d10

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities

Spirits of the danged are unique individuals, but they often have one or more of the following abilities:

★ **Bite:** Chomping jaws. Str +2.

★ **Etherealness:** Spirits of the Danged can become immaterial at will. When ethereal they can pass through walls and can only be harmed by magic weapons.

★ **Fear:** Anyone who sees a spirit of the danged must make a Guts check or run.

Giant slogs always get picked first by the team captain.



fleeing for 2d4 rounds.

★ **Fly:** Ghostly levitation at a Pace of 6.

★ **Undead:** All spirits of the danged are undead. They have a +2 bonus to recover from a Shaken state, +2 Toughness, and take half damage from piercing attacks.

Squiggly Mass



Horrid in the extreme, these ginormous blobs of wet noodles and toothy spines can be found in most of the wildernesses of the world. Intelligent and sinister, they often lead hordes of lesser monsters, collecting vast troves and armies of slaves.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d12, Notice d12, Hocus Pokery d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

★ **Hocus Pokery:** Most squiggly masses are able to cast spells like a hocus poker. They usually have 2-5 Powers and 40 Power Points.

★ **Immunities:** Squiggly masses are immune to bludgeoning weapons, electricity, poison, and disease. They take half damage from piercing weapons and are 50% resistant to all magical attacks.

★ **Low Light Vision:** Squiggly masses ignore penalties for poor lighting conditions.

★ **Minions:** Squiggly masses are usually accompanied by a dozen or so lesser monsters, such as odres, scary ass muthas, or horcs.

★ **Squiggle:** A squiggly mass rends foes with its slimy coils and pointy spines. Str +3. Masses may attack up to four times per round without penalty.



TTMNB

★ **Telepathy:** Squiggly masses speak using a form of telepathy that extends to 500 yorts (500'). They understand all languages.

★ **Wall Walker:** A squiggly mass can crawl on walls or ceilings with ease.

Stomp

These creatures are just plain weird. Basically, they are nothing more than a big foot with a couple of squat arms and some eyes. Various types exist, adapted to different terrains and environments, but the desert stomp is the most common, often used as a mount or beast of burden in That One Place With All The Sand.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Notice d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

★ **Fat:** Stomps are able to go weeks without food or water thanks to the lumpy stores of fat that adorn their heads and ankles. These cushions of fat are wonderful natural saddles as well.

★ **Stomp:** As their name implies, Stomps attack by jumping into the air and smashing opponents. Str +2.

The Thing That Might Not Be

This little buttock is probably the most frustrating of all Oith's creatures. The thing is, sometimes it exists and sometimes it doesn't. The nature of this bizarre phenomenon is difficult to comprehend; one minute it's there biting your head off and the next second it's gone, only to exist again a few

seconds later, biting the head off your friend. Throw a spear at it and it's just as likely to not exist as it is to get impaled.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

★ **Bite:** TTMNB attacks by biting. With a raise, it has attached itself to the victim's head (assuming it has one) and remains attached until killed or nonexistent, automatically hitting the opponent each round. Str +2.

★ **Existential Nonexistence:** Whenever TTMNB interacts with another creature roll a die (any die). If the result is even, TTMNB does not exist for that split second and can't be affected, or affect others, in any way. An odd result means it exists. This roll is made every time an interaction occurs (an attack by TTMNB, an opponent's attack, etc...).

Trionaparapants

A trionaparapants is a bulky quadruped whose face is adorned with horns and venomous stingers. The beast is extremely aggressive and will eat just about anything.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d12+2, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

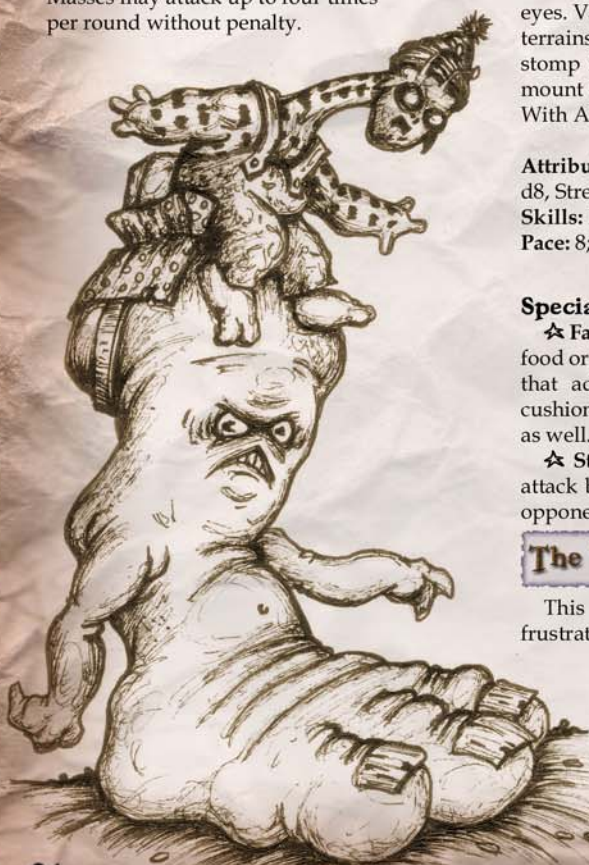
★ **Armor:** The beast's tough hide offers is a +2 Toughness bonus.

★ **Gore:** A trionaparapants attacks by goring with its hideous horns. By swinging its head back and forth it can attack up to three opponents simultaneously, assuming they are next to each other. Str +2.

★ **Venom:** Anyone hit by the gore attack must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds by the creature's toxic venom.



A-Giggities, B-Headstone, C-Squiggly Mass, D-Trionaparapants, E-Mutant Land Fish, F-Puddle of Yuck, G-Scary Ass Mutha, H-Hair Bare, I-Odre, J-Kanker, K-Groothoo Boid, L-Schnooble, M-Qoochachoo, N-Spirit of the Danged, O-Oily Boid





SAVAGE TALES

Don't Read This Section Unless You Are The Boss. Seriously Dude, I mean It.

Savage Tales

The following section contains a buttload of Savage Tales, a series of interrelated brief adventures for you to run. Since some adventures depend upon events that may have taken place in previous Savage Tales it is a good idea to read them over and make certain the time is right.

Plot Points

Savage Tales with the *Time of the Flush* crying Oith next to them are "Plot Points." These are stories that are essential to the principle yarn and must be played in order for the characters to discover the secrets of the Primordial Soup Kitchen and take their rightful place among the heroes of Oith. Look over these adventures first so you'll have a notion of when they should occur and what they are about.

At the end of each Savage Tale is a list of possible tales to run next. If you've already run one or all of them, don't panic, just choose another one.

Getting Your Butt in Gear

The Savage Tale, *Pastor of Puppets*, is a great place to start. It gets the ball rolling and sets the stage for future adventures.

Continuing Adventures

If all goes well, by the time the campaign ends the heap will all be legendary heroes. There's no reason the fun has to stop there, however. Oith is a huge place. The monsters and locations included in this book are only the merest pimple on the giant butt that is *Low Life*. Thousands of unwritten places are left to explore, millions of monsters await to be fought, untold treasures await discovery, unknown enemies are left unmet, and unfathomable secrets yearn to be realized. Yerr a smart kid, see what you can come up with.

Getting Around

Mutha Oith is a freaking huge place. Sure, it's possible to walk from one place to another, as long as there's land connecting them, but to cross large waterways, such as The Big Drink, the heap may have to hire or book passage on a ship of some sort. Most merchant ships will let you on board for 100-500 clams per passenger, as long as you promise to help fight price-o-corns and don't eat too much. The Savage Tale, *Give Me Back My Boat, You Crazy Bastards!* may allow the heap to gain a boat of their own.



Random Adventure Generator

You know, sometimes the heap might not really feel like pursuing their scripted goals in the search for the Primordial Soup Kitchen. They may just feel like killing some monsters and taking their treasure, or maybe exploring some ruins, or doing some good deeds or bad deeds, or whatever. To this end, I present to you the Official *Low Life* Random Adventure Generator. It's so simple to use it just might be illegal. The idea is to give you a basic place to start when designing your own *Low Life* adventures, not to plot out an entire course. You're a smart kid (presumably) so I'll leave the grunt work to you. All you have to do to get started is fill in the blanks in the Official *Low Life* Random Adventure Generator Paragraph with words or phrases from the appropriate column. You can roll randomly or just select them on a whim based on what the heap tell you they're in the mood for. Here's the OLLRAGP:

Once upon a time the heap felt like 1. They went to a 2 in the 3 and learned about a 4 that was 5 near a 6 7. Then they...

1 (d8)

- 1 Killing Monsters
- 2 Exploring Someplace
- 3 Wandering Aimlessly
- 4 Causing Trouble
- 5 Doing Good Deeds
- 6 Finding Treasure
- 7 Doing Research
- 8 Eating Lunch

2 (d8)

- 1 Library
- 2 City Street
- 3 Restaurant
- 4 Bar
- 5 Brothel
- 6 Swamp
- 7 Cave
- 8 Cemetery

3 (d4)

- 1 Bad part of town
- 2 Good part of town
- 3 Outskirts of town
- 4 Sewers

4 (d12)

- 1 Villainous gang of thugs
- 2 Vile odre
- 3 Viscous puddle of yuck
- 4 Valiant hero
- 5 Vagarious traveler
- 6 Vain minstrel
- 7 Hidden treasure
- 8 Sacred text
- 9 Thing That Might Not Be
- 10 Wanted Criminal
- 11 Monster of some sort
- 12 Religious Cult

5 (d12)

- 1 Causing trouble
- 2 Running amuck
- 3 Hiding quietly
- 4 Plotting revenge
- 5 Awaiting discovery
- 6 Entertaining people
- 7 Talking about your momma
- 8 Eating people
- 9 Seeking converts
- 10 Running a criminal empire
- 11 Poisoning food
- 12 Hoarding riches

6 (d12)

- 1 Hidden
- 2 Trap-filled
- 3 Sacred
- 4 Monster-infested
- 5 Flaming
- 6 Condemned
- 7 Ramshackle
- 8 Extravagant
- 9 Well-guarded
- 10 Imaginary
- 11 Hoomanracian
- 12 Enchanted

7 (d12)

- 1 Tomb
- 2 Cave
- 3 Temple
- 4 Casino
- 5 Haunted house
- 6 Swamp
- 7 Mine
- 8 Pet store
- 9 Restaurant
- 10 Weirdo's tower
- 11 Poetry reading
- 12 Sporting event

The Players

Several opposing groups have an interest in the Primordial Soup Kirchen (see next page):

Group

Dementional Discotesticus
Gorminee the Goosed
Hoomanitarian Church
Jemima's Witnesses
Villainic Consortium

Motive

They already know where the PSK is, they just can't operate it.
Being controlled by the Dementional Discotesticus.
Want to use the PSK to bring the Hoomanrace back to Oith.
Oppose the Hoomanitarian Church's efforts.
Personal Power and World Domination.

The General Gist of the Thing: A quick briefing and overview of the back story

Ok. Here's the thing. There's this ancient wonder called the Primordial Soup Kitchen. Nobody knows what it is, exactly, or precisely what it does. Speculation abounds, however, and everyone's pretty sure whoever finds it (it's lost, see) will become really powerful and perhaps rule the world or something cool like that.

Throughout history, lots of different groups have searched for the legendary Soup Kitchen for various reasons, but nobody, so far, has had any luck. Enter the Villainic Consortium, a sinister organization of powerful bad guys, led by megalomaniacal contanimator Uuulon Crepulos. Recently they've been searching really hard and they just may have found something. It seems Gorminee the Goosed, a smellcaster from the Garden of Smellemental Glee, has stumbled upon a major discovery regarding the mislaid ancient wonder, and he's firmly in the pocket of the Villainic Consortium (sort of). Gorminee is traveling the world in search of more clues, but he's pretty confident he's on the right track.

Quite by accident, while taking a whiz behind a wall near two conversating villains, a Hoomanitarian minister by the name of Fizzle hipped himself to the gist of the Consortium's plans. Fizzle's sense of civic duty and moral outrage at the thought of such power in the hands of evil prompted him to begin his own investigation, which promptly leads to his demise on the first Savage Tale, *Pastor of Puppets*.

Here's where the heap join the story. As witnesses to Fizzle's death, or attendees of his funeral, the heroes become embroiled in a bold, lustful tale of murder, politics, exploration, and high adventure that takes them across the planet in search of a lost legend that could eventually lead to the rise of a new power on Oith or the destruction of all they cherish.

That's the background anyway. The way it plays out is up to you and the decisions made by the heap as you lead them through the many Savage Tales that follow. Good luck, and may Boorglezar have mercy on your soul.

Pastor of Puppets



This Savage Tale is an easy way to get the characters together and start them off on their adventures. It puts them in the middle of a dispute between two religious factions and gives them a clue to a bigger mystery.

The characters may or may not be associated with each other before the game begins. You should decide that before playing.

The Place of Pondering

The tale begins in The Place of Pondering in the city of Floom on Keister Island. A few dozen assorted beings, including the heap, have gathered to watch a puppet show. Read or paraphrase the following:

Doughy golden clouds wander slowly across the hazy orange sky above the city of Floom. From your seat, a filthy wooden bench arrayed in a triple arc with a couple of dozen just like it in one of the fifty or so circular plazas that make up the Place of Pondering, you can smell the sulfurous stench of the Keister of Gawd intermingled with the delectable aromas of fried dung and pickled slog nuggets hawked by the ubiquitous street vendors a few yorts beyond the silvery stone wall that surrounds the plaza.

The assembled crowd talk quietly among themselves, occasionally laughing out loud at some joke or another. So far, the cylindrical wooden puppet theater opposite your benches has made not a peep, its curtains drawn tight and its hanging paper lanterns unlit.

Allow the characters to introduce themselves to one another and ask a few questions, if they so choose, then proceed. The crowd is a mix of croaches, worms, a couple of smelves, and a lone cremefillian who is muttering softly to himself and looks a bit preoccupied. He wears a checkered dew rag and a painted brick hangs from a rope across his shoulders.

Just as a few people are gathering their things to leave, a metallic crash sounds from behind the puppet theater. A puff of green smoke engulfs the wooden cylinder and then quickly dissipates. A gasp of wonder emerges from the crowd as they see that the curtain is drawn and the paper lanterns are lit, their reddish glow illuminating a squat pink figure standing in the center of the tiny puppet stage. Three smelves walk out from behind the theater and begin to rhythmically bang sticks together as a deep, resonating voice emerges from everywhere at once.

"Behold!" it shouts, "The glory of what once was." A second pink figure rises slowly from beneath the puppet stage, dressed in a bright red robe and wearing a paper crown. The two hand puppets turn to face each other, their eyes goggling slowly back and forth. Suddenly the three smelves burst into song, their high voices at once cacophonous and melodic:

*The world was a better place
When run by the Hoomanrace.
No one got in your face
In the time of the Hoomanrace.*

The pink puppets join hands and begin to dance in a circle. Two more emerge, one in a pink dress, and another wearing



nothing but a wide brimmed hat, and join the frolic.

*Don't mess with the Hoomanrace.
When they get back from outer space
They just might kick your ass!*

The crowd begin to tap their toes and clap along. Two small croach larvae join arms and dance around in a circle. Without warning a voice of dissent, a low grumbly voice full of angst and piss, rises from the audience. A lone cremefillian, his checkered dew rag adrip with sweat and assorted foulnesses, stands up slowly and shouts, "SLOG CRAP!!! The Hoomanrace were a bunch of vile monsters. They imprisoned my people and forced them into bondage! How can you make light of our suffering? This is off the cob! I piss on your precious Hoomanrace!"

The cremefillian, a Jemima's Witness named Haite Winkletink (standard cremefillian), begins to unwind the rope around his

shoulders. Allow the characters to draw initiative if they wish to intercede. Haite will attempt to swing his brick (Str +2) into the puppet theater, trying to topple it and then kill the puppeteer, a croach named Fozzle (standard croach). There are two possible outcomes:

Outcome the First: The heroes stop him before he can kill the puppeteer. If this happens, Fozzle will thank them profusely and insist that they keep his puppets as a reward.

Outcome the Second: He is successful. In this case, Fozzle will throw the puppets into the crowd before he is killed, where they land amidst the heap. His last words, shouted as a brick crushes his carapace, are, "Important... ..reward..."

Concealed within one of the hand puppets (the one with the crown), all of which are crude representations of the Hoomanrace, is a crumpled piece of leather on which is written a garbled message:



If the characters search the puppets thoroughly, they may notice that one of the eyes on the one with the crown is loose (Notice -2). If the eye is removed, a second message can be found scraped into its backside:



Ambush

At some point during the evening, as the heroes walk together along the wandering thoroughfares of Floom, they are ambushed by a group of containimants. A wanker is positioned atop a building on either side of the road. They hurl their blobs of muck at the heroes. They have been instructed to harass and injure the heroes while four wusses fly down and attempt to steal the hand puppets.

Containimant, Wanker (2)(pg 78): They attack by hurling muck at their foes.

Containimant, Wuss (4)(pg 78): They will try to steal the handpuppets by climbing into them and flying away.

The containimants were summoned by Uulon Crepulos (page 141), a cremefillian containimator who hides on a nearby rooftop. The heap should not encounter Crepulos at this time.

The Froth

Hopefully, the hidden messages will lead the heap to The Froth at sunrise the following day. There they will meet a slog nugget vendor, a worm named Orble (standard worm), who observant characters may recognize as one of the attendees at the puppet show. If they show him the puppets, or the eye, he will find the second message and express his gratitude to them with free slog nuggets. If Fozzle survived yesterday's attack, Orble sadly tells them that he was murdered during the night by unknown assassins. If they press him about the nature of Fozzle's death, he will mention that chunks of mud and filth were found on his battered body. If asked about who Fozzle was, Orble tells them he was an ordained Hoomanitarian minister and that he had recently received death threats from an unknown entity. Orble

invites them to Fozzle's funeral, which will take place this afternoon in a fungus field holewhence of Floom.

The Funeral

Several dozen beings (mostly boduls, croaches, and worms) have gathered

to pay their respects to Fozzle in a broad circular field carpeted with soft mushrooms and ringed by giant toadstools. Characters may recognize the three musical smelves from the puppet show last night. The River Snooz flows swiftly beyond the clearing. Positioned atop a gigantic mushroom cap is Fozzle's battered corpse. It has been painted with pink and blue swirls. A tiny brown and yellow cylinder (a plastic can of fish food from the time of the Hoomanrace) is glued to his forehead. Three croaches (Fozzle's brother and sisters) polish his carapace with scented oils.

As the heap take in the surroundings, Orble introduces them to the minister, a tall bodul named Daddy Hassafrass (page 137). Hassafrass thanks them for their heroics and offers them a seat of honor at the front of the congregation. As the crowd settles, he begins his sermon. His voice is powerful with a touch of funk.

"A sadness has settled upon us, my brothers and sisters. Can I get a hoo-Man?"

"Hoo-man!" responds the gathered assembly, as Fozzle's mushroom cap is turned on its side and rolled slowly toward the waiting river.

"Brother Fozzle was beloved by us all, taken from us by the hand of evil in the prime of his life. Can I get a hoo-Man?"

"Hoo-man!" yells the crowd. "Shout it loud, Daddy," loudly shouts a smelf.

"As we commit Brother Fozzle's Oithly

remains to the Keister of Gawd, let us remember, as his body gently floats into the warm embrace of the Hoomanrace, the generous nature of our fallen brother." Fozzle's siblings release the mushroom cap and it begins to carry his body swiftly downstream.

"Brother Fozzle's puppet shows were a source of laughter and enlightenment to hundreds of —"

"Shut yer stinkin' yap, heretic!" Hassafrass's sermon is cut short by an ugly shout from behind him. Rising from the murky water is a scowling cremefillian, his spongy flesh glistening with water and rage. "We want what's rightfully ours!"

The cremefillian continues to rise from the foaming water, wielding a barbed lance and shouting obscenities.

Allow the heap to react. They may draw initiative if they wish to act. Anyone who makes a Notice roll sees several more cremefillians climbing onto floating mushroom caps on the opposite shore. The cremefillian in the water is riding on a trained brocodile, which is currently submerged. Anyone approaching him must make a Notice roll or the brocodile has "the drop" as it attacks from beneath the water.

Cremefillians (standard) (7) (pg 136): The cremefillian on the brocodile is armed with a lance (Str +3) and is able to breathe under water because of a reek he inhaled. The others are armed with hammers (Str +1) and lawn darts (2d6, 6/12/24). They pile onto three mushroom caps (two on each) and use their long arms to paddle after Fozzle's corpse.

Brocodile (pg 78): The brocodile is under the control of its rider. It will attack anyone who comes near.

Anyone who makes a Notice roll will see four mushroom caps stacked near a boulder on the river bank. Six wooden paddles lean nearby. The heap can use these to chase the cremefillians that are chasing Fozzle's corpse. Try to make this encounter exciting, with lots of mushroom cap to mushroom cap fighting and jumping back and forth and such. The caps have the same statistics as a rowboat. The cremefillians will reach Fozzle's body in four rounds if they are not stopped. It will take 15 rounds for Fozzle's body to reach the Keister of Gawd and fall over the edge if it is not intercepted. Make sure you don't kill Daddy Hassafrass. He's a key figure in some future adventures.

Resolution

Hopefully, the heap will be victorious and someone will have the presence of mind to recover Fozzle's body before it plunges over the edge. A very thorough search of Fozzle's body will reveal a crude tattoo on the left side of his butt. If his body was lost, have the wing casing wash up on shore or something. The tattoo looks like this:



A Streetwise roll means one of the heap recognizes it as the work of Finsto the Quill, a philosopher and bad tattoo artist who frequents The Place of Pondering.

Hassafress uses his magic to heal any wounds suffered by the heap. He tells them they were sent by the Hoomanrace to solve this mystery and it is their sacred duty to help him find out why Fizzle was murdered. If they refuse he will offer them each 100 clams. He instructs them to go to The Place of Pondering and talk to Finsto the Quill, in hopes that he can decipher the tattoo's meaning.

What's Next

If I Wanted Your Opinion...

Greetings Oith Creature, May I take Your Order

How Much is that Sloggy in the Window?

The Root Beer of All Evil

If I Wanted Your Opinion I Would Beat It Out of You



In this Tale the heap must determine the origin of a strange tattoo, then decipher its meaning with the help of a bunch of nerds.



The Place of Pondering

After the heap find the tattoo on Fizzle's butt, they are instructed to go to The Place of Pondering to find a philosopher and tattoo artist named Finsto the Quill (standard pile, Smarts d10). Finsto has a small table set up along one side of a plaza where he does tattoos and argues philosophy with his clients. A Streetwise roll or 1d4 hours of questioning random people will lead the heap right to him. Read the following as they approach:

After traversing a few bridges and climbing a few spiral staircases you finally spot the stained yellow umbrella that marks the stall of Finsto the Quill. Finsto himself, a lumbering pile, dripping with filth and buzzing with flies, sits behind a stone table scattered with pots of colored ink and dried blood. Humming softly to himself, he paints an unknown design on the back of a sobbing worm using a tiny dagger. As you approach, the worm sees its opportunity to escape and runs screaming, clambering over a high stone wall in its eagerness to flee.

At this point the characters may approach Finsto (standard pile, Smarts d10) and basically do whatever they want. Finsto is gruff but friendly. He seems a bit confused most of the time and likes to use a lot of misplaced metaphors to make himself sound smarter. If asked about Fizzle, he admits that he knows him, and expresses sadness at his demise, but says nothing of the tattoo's meaning. He won't respond to intimidation or bribery. Let the conversation go back and forth a few times. Once it seems as if the heap are about to give up, pause dramatically then have Finsto say the following:

"Umm, well there is one thing you can do that will get me to tell you what you wanna know. Dig this, I'm madder than a hot tin roof in a room full of rocking chairs over this philosophical conundrum some colleagues posed to me a few days ago. I've been scratching my noggin like a ripe circuspi nut on a mill's tit in a howling blizzard over this one. If you can solve it for me, I'll dish you the dirt."

Allow the characters to respond. If they agree, Finsto says:

"It is said that in the city of Ghupe there is a street on which five temples sit side by side. Each temple is dedicated to a different religion, and each one has a certain guardian monster, punishes sinners in a certain way, and serves a certain sacred booze to visitors. No two temples share the same guardian, booze, or punishment. You dig me so far?

Here's what is known: The Hoomanitarian temple is made of hair from the Monstrous Headlands, the Boorglezarian temple is guarded by a trionaparapants, the Jeezle Freaks serve circuspi wine, the mud temple is to the left of the one made of glass, the denizens of the mud temple serve goozer piss, the ones who punish sinners by yelling at them are guarded by a squiggly mass, the dwellers in the temple made of scabs punish sinners by flaying them, the temple in the center serves root beer, the first temple is inhabited by Stanismists, the temple that punishes sinners with a slap on the wrist is next to the one that has a guardian esophagator, the temple guarded by a brocodile is next to the one that punishes by flaying, the religion that punishes with a barbed enema serves slog juice, the Jemima's Witnesses punish by roasting, the Stanismists live next to the stone temple, and the religion that slaps on the wrist dwells in the temple next to the one that serves mud grog.

Did you get all that? Want me to repeat it? Now, the question is, which temple is guarded by cute little duckies?

The heap have as long as they want to try to solve the puzzle. There's no penalty for an incorrect answer. The correct answer is the *Jemima's Witnesses*. Once the heap gets it correct and explains the answer to Finsto, he will tell them what he knows about Fizzle's tattoo, and offer to give them each a free tattoo to boot.



If any players are getting bored while the others try to solve the puzzle, have the worm that left earlier come back with his two brothers to demand a refund. The worms are mad and in a fighting mood. Finsto will offer them a refund but they will try to break his cart apart anyway.

Worms (standard) (3) (pg 136): Each worm is armed with a club (Str +1). They will fight to subdue, not to kill, unless the heap uses lethal force. One has 30 clams in his pocket and another has a reek in a bottle (Quickness, 15 PP).

If the heroes defeat or chase off the worms, Finsto will give 20 clams to each one that fought.

What Finsto Knows

★ Fizzle came to him about six days before he was killed and asked him to do the tattoo.

★ Fizzle was very impatient and kept looking behind him.

★ He has no idea who or what "The Goosed" is, or what he should be asked, but Fizzle mentioned something about the Garden of Smellemental Glee when Finsto asked him about it.

★ The Garden of Smellemental Glee is a monastery about two days travel along the rim of the Keister of Gawd.

★ A couple of Jemima's Witnesses came by the day after he did the tattoo and asked about Fizzle.

★ He did not tell them about the tattoo.

★ PSK stands for Primordial Soup Kitchen.

★ A group of wisenheimers somewhere nearby are always talking about the Primordial Soup Kitchen.

Finsto offers to direct the heap to the wisenheimers, who have gathered in a nearby plaza. When the heap arrive, read this:

A bunch of wisenheimers squabble loudly among themselves as they lounge across the steps of a small stone plaza. A gurgling waterfall nearby obscures their words, but the debate seems pretty heated. As you approach, you begin to overhear their conversation...

"No way, I must insist that Eezle Gutgobbler's performance in *Curse of the Bile Blisters* at the Reekbottle Theater was far superior to the hackneyed hammings of Guy Goosevomit in *The Revenge of My Keister*," insists a squat one-eyed bodul.

"Naw-aw," interrupts a skinny female croach. "They didn't even use real magic. You could totally see the strings and everything," she demeans.

A stunted horc wipes his dripping nose on his arm and snuffles, "It appears as though we have attracted an audience."

All eyes turn toward you. The final member of the group, a tiny female smelf with an incredibly flamboyant hat, stutters, "W-w-we already g-g-gave all our clams t-t-to the g-goon squad." She turns around and gives herself a painful wedgie. "there, s-s-saved you the t-t-tr-trouble."



Wisenheimers (l-r): Paleose The Wedge (standard bodul, Smarts d12, Strength d4), a short bodul with a wide butt and one eye. He talks loudly and has an annoying accent; Meenko Cheesenibbler (standard croach, Smarts d12, Strength d4), a skinny croach with a quiet voice and a demeaning tone; Goll (standard Horc, Smarts d10, Strength d6), an obese horc who slobbers a lot and is constantly wiping his nose on his arm; Sagacious Smelf 3x10³ (standard smelf, Smarts d12), a chubby female smelf with a severe stutter.

Allow the heap to react in any way they choose. The wisenheimers are cautious at first, but they will warm up once they realize the heap is not a threat. If asked about the Primordial Soup Kitchen, Goll claims to be an expert on the subject, knowing everything there is to know about it. Meenko interrupts him, declaring that she is the true expert. A brief argument follows, ending when Meenko gives Goll a wedgie.

Sagacious Smelf 3x10³ interrupts them:

"You l-l-look l-l-like a pretty st-st-stalwart bunch. I-if you take care of a l-l-little p-problem for us w-we will be happy to t-tell you anything y-you want to know. S-see this gang of thugs h-has been," stutters the smelf.

"They've been beating us up and stealing our clams on a daily basis," interrupts the croach.

"They call themselves the Hole in the Head Gang and they hang out at the Grey Matter Boozaterium," whimpers the horc.

"Teach them a lesson, like Eezle Gutgobbler taught the squiggly mass in *Curse of the Bile Blisters*, and we'll tell you all about the Soup Kitchen," promises the bodul. "Don't kill them, just make them promise to stop harassing us."

The Grey Matter Boozaterium

As you approach the Grey Matter Boozaterium the doors open of their own accord and a waitress, a tall, orange-skinned oof in a puffy red dress, greets you. "Welcome to the Grey Matter Boozaterium. Your table is ready. She leads you through a confusing network of tables

and patrons to a round table, set with the proper number of chairs and your favorite drinks already in place.

The various patrons of the Boozaterium seem to be enjoying themselves. A telekinetic game of "Pin the Butt on the Borlo" transpires between a group of oofos to your left. Two dazed looking worms down shots of something foamy to your right.

Allow the heap to talk amongst themselves and ask any questions they want. After a few minutes the doors open and the Hole in the Head Gang swaggers in.

The doors to the Boozaterium open to reveal a group of boduls standing in the vestibule with their arms crossed and smug attitudes on their faces. Each one wears a tall foam hat with a hole in its center, except for their leader, a short, fat fellow with an actual hole piercing his immense forehead. The boduls just stand there for a moment or two until they are certain all eyes are on them. Then the leader smiles broadly and they strut and swagger their way to an empty table in the far corner of room.

The heap are free to act in whatever way they want. The Hole in the Head gang are all very rude and smug. They will make fun of the heap and refuse to stop bullying the philosophers. The only way to convince them to stop is to beat the crap out of them. Fighting is not allowed in the Boozaterium and the telekinetic bouncers will levitate any scrappers out the doors. The Gang will agree to meet the heap out on the street to fight.

Motives and Mayhem

Depending on the political, religious, or personal beliefs of each individual, the characters may need special attention in order to convince them to join in the search for the Primordial Soup Kitchen. If they don't seem to be interested have a representative of the group to which they belong approach them individually in private to convince them, or help them along with some Bossular nudging. Here are a few suggested motivations:

Political

The Dementional Discotesticus: The Soup Kitchen is an oof artifact. It may hold the key to unlocking the mysteries of our ancestors.

Religious

Boorglezarian: The Soup Kitchen holds the answers to a great many questions. They must be shared!

Hoomanitarian: Daddy Hassafrass implores the character to join in the search. He hints at a greater glory of some sort if they are successful.

Jeezle Freak: The Soup Kitchen holds the answers to a great many questions. They must be repressed!

Jemima's Witness: The Hoomanitarians are up to something insidious. We must find the Soup Kitchen before they do.

Stanismist: Whoever controls the Soup Kitchen will wield great power and wealth.

Personal

Adventurer: There's bound to be tons of monsters and treasure along the way.

Bad Guy: POWER!!!!

Good Guy: Think of all the people you could help...

Idle Rich: It's a sure-fire cure for boredom.

Oldster: The Soup Kitchen is an ancient and historically significant thing.

Oof: Maybe they'll let me join the Dementional Discotesticus, then I can have the same motivation as them.

Peddlemeister: The Kitchen must be worth tons of clams.

Smellcaster: The monks at the Garden of Smellemental Glee would be very grateful if Gorminee the Goosed was returned.

Tizn't: Apparently this thing made us. It would be cool to know how.

have been appearing all over town stuck to walls and lamp posts and such.

Everyone knows where the Scrappin' Hole is, since it is the center of gladiatorial entertainment in Floom. The event happens next Spoonday, but today can be whatever day you want it to be in order to give the heap time to prepare or finish another Tale. Wherever the heap goes in Floom people are talking excitedly about the match and placing bets with each other. They learn that Stomp-o-sore-ass and Uuuly Crepsthrall are containmatronic minions belonging to Fecus Fecus and Uuulon Crepulos respectively.

At some point the heap is approached by a shady looking croach in a stained leather coat. One of the four sleeves is tied in a knot. The croach introduces himself as Gristle Sans-an-arm (page 139), a professional book-keeper. He is offering eight to one odds on Stomp-o-sore-ass to win the bout. In reality, Gristle is a booty hunter out to nab Daddy Hassafrass for the Villainic Consortium, a group of evildoers bent on world domination. He is in league with Uuulon Crepulos, who has hired him to murder the heap if they defeated him in *The Root Beer of All Evil* (if not, Gristle is only using them to get to Hassafrass, but Uuulon is still his contact within the Consortium). Gristle knows of the heap's connection to Hassafrass and will use it to his advantage.

Gristle's Plan

Gristle tells the heap that he recognizes them as friends of Hassafrass. He says that he has learned through his contacts on the street that someone is planning to kidnap the reverend at the Ultimate Minion Fighting Champs bout. According to him, Uuulon Crepulos has ordered his minion, Uuuly Crepsthrall, to run amuck among the crowd, causing a distraction during which thugs disguised as Hassafrass's bodyguards will nab Hassafrass from the announcer's box. He wants the heap to take out the fake bodyguards so he can rescue Hassafrass and take him to a safe location. He doesn't want Hassafrass to know about it because he doesn't know how deeply the traitors have infiltrated his church. That's what he tells the heap anyway.



Smellemental Glee.

★ The don't know how to get to the Garden of Smellemental Glee, but they know it is somewhere on Keister Island.

★ A croach (Fozzle) came by a few days ago asking about the PSK as well.

★ They told the croach to talk to Gorminee.

Resolution

Once the heap determine that Gorminee the Goosed is searching for the Primordial Soup Kitchen they may have a variety of conflicting or cooperating motives for joining in the search. See **Motives and Mayhem** above.

Ultimate Minion Fighting Champs



The heap could make a lot of clams by betting on a no-holds-barred fight to the death extravaganza between the minions of rival containmatronics. Of course something sinister is afoot. You can play this Tale before or after *The Root Beer of All Evil*, but events that occur in one may affect the other. If the heap destroyed Uuuly Crepsthrall in *The Root Beer of All Evil*, assume that Uuulon has rebuilt him, or an exact replica. Also, Uuulon has been cleared of any punishment that he might be due as a result of the events in that Tale (he's rich and the government is corrupt).

The tale takes place in Floom. These notices

The Hole in the Head Gang (page 139): The gang members are all dirty fighters. They are used to winning and will retreat if they start to lose too badly.

If the heap win the fight, preferably by giving Aardvolk a wedgie, they earn free drinks at the Boozaterium for a week. If any of the heroes gives a wedgie to a member of the gang, give her a benny. When the heroes return to the Place of Pondering, the philosophers will ask for proof of their victory (a foam hat will do nicely). They will then proceed to answer any questions the heap may have. Some of the things they say are incorrect, but they are not lying since they think they are right. They constantly interrupt and contradict each other.

What the Wisenheimers Know:

★ The Primordial Soup Kitchen (PSK) has not been seen for millennia.

★ Nobody knows what the PSK looks like.

★ The PSK is apparently run by oofos.

★ Tizn'ts were spawned by the PSK.

★ The PSK is some kind of magic castle or something like that.

★ No it's not, it's some kind of flying oof thing from back in the day.

★ Ancient texts say the PSK could disappear and then reappear far away.

★ The PSK is a magical, wondrous place where all questions are answered and the coffee is always hot.

★ Some beings think the PSK is buried beneath the Moonular Cheese Fields.

★ The ultimate authority on the PSK on Keister Island is a monk named Gorminee the Goosed who dwells in the Garden of

In reality, Hassafrass's bodyguards are legitimate parishioners and Gristle wants to use the heap to cause a distraction so he can kidnap Hassafrass and earn his reward.

If the heap refuse to help him, or don't believe him, that's ok, no hard feelings. He thanks them for their time, offers to make bets for them, and goes on his way, then secretly orders his gang of thugs to ambush and murder them later that day.

Thugboss Yorgo (standard cremefillian, Fighting d10): Yorgo is armed with a broad-headed spear (Str +3) and wears armor made of metal plates and scabs (Armor +3)

Thugs (standard cremefillians) (8)(pg 136): The thugs are armed with swords (Str +2) and slingshots (Str +1). They wear armor made of slog skin (Armor +1).

The Main Event

The Scrappin' Hole is a huge, open air, circular pit with a floor made of blood stained dirt. Bleachers and benches line the entire circumference of the arena, with three broad tunnels beneath them to admit guests and combatants. There is no entry fee and the place is very crowded. If the heap shows up an hour early they may get first row seats, but otherwise roll a d12+1 to determine in which of the thirteen rows they find seats. Daddy

Hassafrass (page 137) is in a boxed seat above the central tunnel, along with four bodyguards. To Hassafrass's right is a second boxed seat in which sits a worm dressed in robes made of overlapping scales of dried mucosite (Fecus Fecus, page 137). To his left is a box seating the cremefillian contanimator Uuulon Crepulos (page 141). Bookies and refreshment vendors wander through the crowd taking bets and selling slog dogs and grog. The heroes may recognize a few familiar faces in the crowd, including Orble, Doorq Schnozzleweener, and Finsto the Quill.

Gristle is here too, but he's in disguise as a slog dog vendor, pushing a wide lidded cart and hawking his wares. His disguise is very good, even including a fake arm, so it will take a Notice roll at -4 to recognize him. Once the heap are settled in, read the following:

The rumble of the crowd dies down to a metaphorical dull roar as Daddy Hassafrass stands up and waves for silence. His booming voice, magically enloudenated for all to hear, speaks thusly, "My brothers and sisters, welcome to the Scrappin' Hole! (wait for applause). We are graced by the blessed Hoomanrace this evening, my brothers and sisters! Yes indeed, graced to bear witness to a battle of truly epic proportions!"

The crowd cheers and hoots. "We love you Daddy Hassafrass!" yells a female

voice from somewhere. A couple of cremefillians wearing checkered dew rags exchange surly looks as one gives Hassafrass "the bird" behind his back.

"Brothers and sisters," Hassafrass continues, "Allow me, if you please, to introduce the combatants for this evening's struggle. On my left," he motions to his left, where a monstrous beast of rusted metal spikes and massive wooden feet emerges from the tunnel under the bleachers, "minion of the legendary Fecus Fecus, you better mind your manners or he'll crush you to dust -Stomp-o-sore-ass!" The crowd erupts in cheers, as Fecus Fecus, a short worm in glittering robes waves from a seat next to Hassafrass. Stomp-o-sore-ass stomps its way to the center of the field before taking a deep bow, his many spikes gouging deep ruts into the hard-packed dirt. A banner hanging cape-like from its back declares "The Chopping Block is Good Eats."

"And on my right" continues Daddy Hassafrass, "You've heard the tales now hear the wails, created by the notorious Uuulon Crepulos, all the way from one of Uuulon's secret hidden lairs, the meanest minion this side of New Oorlquar, put your hands together for Uuuly Crepsthrall!" Emerging from the tunnel opposite Stomp-o-sore-ass is a ramshackle creation of rust and filth. It squeaks and shambles its way to the center of the ring, dripping steaming muck as it hobbles along. When it gets to the center of the field it raises one gigantic arm, which is topped by a wicked axe blade, and begins to swing it in a wide circle, hyping the crowd to ever more obnoxious levels of hollering applause.

The two minions turn to face each other as Daddy Hassafrass calls forth, "My brothers and sisters, let us begin this no-holds-barred, fight-to-the-death, winner-take-all, contanimatronic minion battle extravaganza!" He bangs his fist on some sort of gong or something and the minions begin to fight...

The minions are relatively equally matched, with Uuuly (pg 141) hurling rocks as Stomp-o-sore-ass (pg 141) closes in for some stomping. The battle lasts for quite a while, with no clear advantage held by either combatant. Eventually, in a dramatic display of power, Uuuly will lift Stomp-o-sore-ass off the ground and hurl him into the crowd. A massive panic ensues as the crowd runs for the exits and Uuuly begins to wade through them, chopping people down with his axe and hurling rocks at fleeing patrons.

If the heap believed Gristle's story earlier, and move to take out Hassafrass's guards, Uuuly will ignore them. Otherwise he has been instructed to kill the heap, so he moves straight for them, mowing down anyone in his way. During the confusion, Uuulon casts an *Obscure* spell around Hassafrass as Gristle moves in to snatch him away. Gristle will knock Hassafrass unconscious and bundle





him into his slog dog cart, then try to slip away unnoticed. Uuulon will try to kill Fucus Fucus (because Uuulon is a bad guy) and then inhale a reek (Fly, 16 PP) that he has hidden beneath his seat and fly away. If the heap is having too much trouble fighting Uuuly, give them some help from Stomp-o-sore-ass.

Hopefully the heap will figure out what is going on. It takes a Notice roll at -2 to notice the slog dog vendor is now missing an arm and is rolling his cart out amidst the thronging crowd.

If Gristle makes it out of the Scrappin' Hole (it takes ten rounds for him to make his way through the crowd after nabbing Hassafrass) he has as good as escaped (unless the heap posted people outside). He will take the preacher to his bosses, collect his reward and go about his own business. If the heap catch him inside the Scrappin' Hole he will fight them until he takes a wound and then try to flee. If they manage to save Hassafrass, give each of them a benny. Make sure they don't kill Uuulon at this time, but killing Gristle is fine.

Resolution

If Hassafrass was kidnapped, the heap will find him the next day, alive and well. He thanks them for the effort and tells them he was taken to a darkened room and questioned about Fizzle and the Primordial Soup Kitchen. He was beaten but didn't have anything to tell them so they blindfolded him and let him go. They also stole the necklace that he always wears, a Hoomanrace artifact (a rubber chicken keychain on a bungee cord), that was a gift from Fizzle.

If the heroes rescued Hassafrass he will reward them all with a big feast the next day in the field where they had Fizzle's funeral. Everyone's favorite food will be served and he gives them a gift basket with 200 clams, a bag of 10 circuspi nuts, an enchanted clobbering stick (Str +2, +1 Fighting), and a chunk of Moonular cheese.

What's Next

Bring Me the Ass of Gorminee the Goosed!

Give Me Back My Boat, You Crazy Bastards!
Greetings Oith Creature, May I take Your Order
How Much is That Sloggy in the Window
The Root Beer of All Evil
The Secret Ingredient is Love



The Dementional Discotesticus ask the heap to deliver various packages as they travel the Oith. This adventure should be played along side any others, sort of in the background as the heap wander about the world. It begins in Floom, at The Grey Matter Boozaterium...

The Grey Matter Boozaterium

The heap are enjoying a fine meal at the Grey Matter Boozaterium. At some point during their meal, a chubby oof wearing stained kitchen duds asks if he may join them for a moment, as he has a business proposal for them. If they agree, read this:

The blue skinned oof waves his hand subtly as he sits. A small wooden box descends slowly from the ceiling, gently coming to rest on your table. "Greetings, Oith creatures, word of your recent deeds has traveled far and wide. My noggin has seen that you will yourselves be soon traveling as well." His lips do not move and it seems as if he is speaking with your voice. "I wonder if I might trouble you to deliver a few packages along the way?" The oof unties the ribbon that binds the wooden box. Lifting the lid he removes five small metal cases, each one bearing a parchment label and sealed with wax. "You will be rewarded handsomely upon your return, but you must never open these boxes, for the contents within are to be seen only by the recipient."

If asked what reward they will receive, the oof, naming himself Imzozo Hroop (page 140), will say only that he has knowledge he wishes to share. The boxes each contain a small stone figurine of the person to whom they are addressed. The statues have been enchanted by powerful dementalist. Once the recipient accepts them as gifts, that person will be gradually overcome by an urge to change his or her eating establishment into a branch of the Grey Matter Boozaterium, thus spreading the influence of the Dementional Discotesticus.



The packages are addressed to:
His Mightiness Lord Barrelnasher Hangnail, Proprietor of *The Bar Keep* in Agog City.
Magnanimous Grape, Master of *The Split Hair* in Doop.

Don Sushioka Twinkugowa, Boss of *The Pair-O-Dice* in Toast.

Asparagobster Fromage, Owner of *The Cheesiest Leech* in Maankaas.

Sir or Madame the Head Chef of *Under the Sink* in New Oorlquar.

Imzozo will not divulge the contents to the heap, saying only that they are gifts, and tells them the deal is off if they open them themselves. If the heap agree to his terms, he comps their meal and wishes them luck.

Resolution

Once all of the boxes are delivered and the heap return to Floom, Imzozo thanks them for their service and gives them each a voucher for a free meal at any branch of The Grey Matter Boozaterium (Now in Agog City, Toast, Maankaas, and New Oorlquar). See, the packages were mind control devices that planted a suggestion in the recipients' minds, imploring them to change their restaurants into Grey Matter Boozaterium franchises.

Once the heap return to the Grey Matter Boozaterium, and they have collected all of the pieces to the Prisokian Staff (as detailed in further adventures), run the *Savage Tale A Powerful and Enigmatic Secret of the Universe*.

What's Next

Any *Savage Tale* can run concurrently.

Play *A Powerful and Enigmatic Secret of the Universe* once this Tale is completed.

How Much is that Sloggy in the Window?

A pygmy slog, purchased by a wealthy croach as a gift for his son's first molting party, is rapidly growing to enormous size. Can the heroes solve the mystery and reshrink the slog before it's too late? Although this is not a Plot Point adventure, it is recommended that you play it before running *Give Me Back My Boat, You Crazy Bastards!*

The scene is set on the streets of Floom, directly in front of Yorpozz the Sleem's Ride-thru Pet Store and Barber Shop...

As you make your way through the winding thoroughfares of Floom, dodging the city's ever-present infestation of street vendors and performance artists, a loud shout catches your attention.

"I don't give a borlo's buttcheeks about a refund! The goosin' thing's already fatter than my wife's mother and it's getting bigger as we stand here arguing! When I bought the danged thing you told me it was a goosin' pygmy slog. Well, if it's a goosin' pygmy slog then I'm the goosin' Gubernator of Ewg!" A well dressed, but obviously pissed off, croach is arguing with a squat green oof under the arch of a nearby alleyway. A brightly colored sign dangling from the arch declares "Yorpozz the Sleems Ride-thru Pet Store and Barber Shop."

The oofo nods his bulbous head back and forth frantically for a few seconds, then turns and walks briskly away from the fuming croach.

Hopefully the heap will be curious enough to ask what's up. If they don't, have the croach, a wealthy peddlemeister named Hurmin, approach them and ask for their help. He tells them that yesterday he bought a pygmy slog from Yorpozz to give to his son Germamel as a gift for his first molting. Everything seemed normal until a few hours after the party ended. The slog began to grow extremely rapidly. An hour or so ago it was thrice its original size and eating everything in sight. If it continues to grow at its current rate, Hurmin fears it will be larger than his house by morning. Yorpozz refused to do anything about it, claiming that it's not his problem. He offers to reward the heap if they will help him solve the problem without hurting the slog.

The House of Hurmin

The heap may choose to investigate the slog firsthand by visiting Hurmin's townhouse, which is built on a hillside overlooking the city. The house is a large structure with beautifully sculpted stone walls and doorways. By questioning Hurmin, his son, and his servants the heap may learn the following:

★ Hurmin brought the slog home yesterday morning.

★ The molting day party was yesterday afternoon.

★ The slog began to grow after it ate some molting day cake.

★ The cake was baked by Hurmin's personal chef, a near-sighted bodul named Vimm who constantly squints and rubs his three eyes.

★ Vimm did not use any strange ingredients in the cake, except for some dried fungus that he bought from a large-nosed bodul near The Froth. If the heap investigate this lead, they may find an orange cloak weighted with rocks submerged in The Froth (Notice -2). A huge fake nose is sewn onto the front of the cloak and traces of horc slime can be found inside.

Yorpozz the Sleem

The heap may also choose to question Yorpozz the Sleem (standard oofo). He is not very talkative unless someone in the heap purchases a haircut or a pet of some sort. If appeased, he tells them that the slog was brought to him just two days ago by a group of horc adventurers. He remembers that one of the horcs was wearing a chili-stained bib with a picture of an axe on it. A Common Knowledge roll will reveal the bib as the sort given to customers at The Chopping Block.

The Chopping Block

If the heap go to The Chopping Block, read or paraphrase the following:

This place is awfully crowded, considering how difficult it was to find. The bare stone walls and floors are splattered with various unidentified stains and the patrons are roudy and obnoxious. The overpowering smells of chili, beer, and vomit assault your nostrils and the sounds of drunken singing and fisticuffs fill the air.

"What the crap do you want?" asks a strange boid-headed creature as its suckered tentacles ladle steaming chili into an array of bowls scattered across the stained stone bar top.

The creature is a tizn't named Doorq Scnozzleweener (page 137), chef and owner of The Chopping Block. His manner is gruff, but he is relatively honest and likes to please his customers, many of whom are hopelessly addicted to his delicious chili. If asked about the horcs, he says a group of five usually comes in every day around sunset.

The chili is indeed delicious, yet somehow despicably foul as well, sort of like there's a party in your mouth and everyone crapped on the floor. The ingredients are unfathomable and Doorq won't say what's in it. A bowl can be had for five clams. Anyone who eats the chili must make a Spirit roll a day later or become addicted. An addicted character develops the Junkie Edge. He may make a Spirit roll after ten days without chili (and each day thereafter) in order to break the addiction.

The horcs will eventually show up, looking disgruntled and angry. They shove their way to the bar and grab a bowl of chili and a mug of beer before usurping a table from some sleeping worms.

If approached the horcs are belligerent and mean. They claim to know nothing of the slog or Hurmin and his son. Of course they are lying. They are grumpy and will fight if provoked. If they are beaten they will confess to staging the whole episode in order to be heroes and rescue the wealthy merchant's family from the killer slog, thereby gaining a reward and casing the mansion for a future robbery. They used a strange magical fungus that they found growing near a waterfall on the edge of the Keister and an actual giant slog they captured in the wilderness. They will offer to guide the heap to the waterfall and the fungus for a nominal fee (500 clams). If paid, the horcs will lead the heap to the fungus and then attempt to kill them and steal their valuables. It may be possible to intimidate or bribe the horcs into drawing a map instead.

Horcs (standard) (5)(pg 136): The horcs are all armed with meat cleavers (Str +2, AP+1) that they have hidden in their gullets. Each one has a pouch with 10d10 clams also in his gullet. One of the horcs has swallowed a jar containing one dose of reductomoss (see the next page).

The Waterfall

Several big yorts outside of Floom, hidden among a vast tumble of boulders and gelatinous scrub fungi is a narrow waterfall fed by a tiny tributary of the River Snooze. The waterfall cascades swiftly over the edge of the Keister of Gawd, disappearing into the mists below. Growing among the boulders, just small yorts from the edge of the Keister are a few clusters of strange black fungus. Anyone attempting to scrape the fungus from the slippery rocks must make an Agility roll or fall over the edge (see below). If the horcs are still around they will take this opportunity to attack the heap, trying to throw them over the edge.



Falling Over the Edge: This section of the Keister is rocky and crumbled, but not perfectly vertical. Anyone who falls or is thrown over the edge may make an Agility roll in order to find a hold of some sort on the way down. A falling character may attempt this roll every round until it is successful. For each round that passes before the Agility roll succeeds the character takes 1d6 points of damage from the fall. Each round spent falling requires a Climbing roll at -2 to return to the top. Failure means a further fall subject to these same terms.

Reductomoss: Any cremefillian or related organism (slog, odre, etc...) that eats this black fungus will begin to shrink rapidly, halving in size every round until it is 1/64 of its normal size. This reduces a standard cremefillian to about half a yort tall and makes a giant slog the size of a pygmy slog. The effect can be reversed by serving a second dose of the substance to an already reduced organism at least one hour after the initial dose. The stones contain enough reductomoss for ten doses. Eight doses are required to shrink a giant slog. The effect wears off naturally in a number of days equal to the affected creature's Vigor die. Reductomoss has no effect on non-cremefillian creatures.

The Giant Slog

By the time the heap arrive back at Hurmin's mansion, the slog has grown to truly gargantuan size. It trashed his gardens and courtyards and is currently crawling across the roof of his home, trying to get at a group of servants hiding behind a chimney. Hurmin insists that they not kill it, since his son has fallen in love with his new pet. He also feels that it is his responsibility to keep it safe, since he brought it into his home and he is a decent sort of fellow.

The best solution is to get the slog to somehow eat a large enough dose of the reductomoss to shrink it back to manageable size (eight doses). This can be accomplished in many ways, but be sure to reward the heap member who comes up with the best idea with a benny.

Giant Slog (pg 83): The slog is hungry and mad, but if left alone for a few hours it will crawl onto the roof of the mansion and fall asleep.

Resolution

Once the slog is reduced, Hurmin asks the heap to escort it out into the wilderness, far away from Floom. If they refuse he will hire another group to do it. He rewards them each with 100 clams (200 if they remove the slog to the wilderness), a set of snazzy clothing, and a ticket to next Wensday night's performance of *Curse of the Bile Blisters* at the Reekbottle Theater.

What's Next

Bring Me the Ass of Gorminee the Goosed!
Give Me Back My Boat, You Crazy Bastards!
Greetings Oith Creature, May I take Your Order
The Root Beer of All Evil
The Secret Ingredient is Love

The Rootbeer of all Evil



In this tale the heap must foil the sinister plot of an evil containimator. Uuulon Crepulos has poisoned The Froth with a foul essence derived from kanker slime. He plans to harvest the foul fruits of his labor and use them to enchant a containimatronic minion of epic scale. This Tale may be run before or after *Ultimate Minion Fighting Champs*, but be aware events that occur in one may effect the other.

The Preacher

The story begins as the heap is making its way through the city of Floom. A crowd has gathered near a wildly gesticulating bodul in yellow robes. As they approach, the heap will recognize him as Daddy Hassafrass. He is preaching the Hoomanitarian gospel to a large group of assorted citizens.

"Let me tell you something, my brothers and sisters. You has gots to be down with the Hoomanrace. If that's a crime, rip off my toes and call me a pickled slog nugget! Can I get a hoo-man?" The preacher grimaces momentarily, his eyes squinting tightly shut. He takes a sip from a mug of root beer then continues his sermon, his voice groaning as if in pain.

"Yes indeed, cuz you see, my brothers and sisters, the Hoomanrace ain't never done nobody no wrong. It ain't never started no wars and it ain't never -oh crap!" Hassafrass doubles over in pain, dropping his staff and mug to clutch at his belly with all three arms. A loud, extremely rude, foot-stuck-in-the-mud noise issues from beneath his robes, accompanied seconds later by a stench more rancid than anyone thought possible. Hassafrass quickly hops down from his pulpit to squat above a sewer grate. His face slowly fades from the crimson of agony to the brighter red of embarrassment as he relieves himself noisily into the gutter.

All is shocked silence for a moment, until a second agonized grunt comes from somewhere in the crowd. Within seconds a dozen people are doubled over in pain, emptying their bowels into the sewers.

Let the heap react in any way they wish. If anyone had root beer from the Froth this morning, he must make a Vigor roll or be overcome with explosive diarrhea as well. After a few moments the pain subsides and the bellies calm. If they ask around they find that everyone with explosive diarrhea drank from The Froth that morning. Daddy Hassafrass is certain that the Delicious Crème-Filled Center of All is out to get him, and the other poisonings are just incidental. He promises to reward them if they will solve

the mystery.

As the heap move about the city, it becomes obvious that similar incidents have been occurring all morning throughout Floom. The only common link between victims being a breakfast root beer from The Froth. They may think to go to The Froth to check out the situation, but it has been closed off and surrounded by hoinks and guards on the order of the Keistermeister. A tiny little worm with a booming voice threatens to arrest anyone who tries to get close.

Guards & Hoinks (standard croaches and worms) (16)(pg 136): The guards are all armed with spears (Str +2) and slingshots (Str +1), they attempt to arrest anyone who gets too close to The Froth.

If they come back after dark, the heap will find that there are only eight guards posted and the fountains have been shut off and drained. A faintly glowing residue clings to many of the pipes and basins. A couple of wisenheimers (standard worms, Smarts d12) sent by the Keistermeister, are studying the fountain, but they will not talk to the heap without persuasion (bribe of 200 clams or successful Persuasion roll at -2). All the wisenheimers have determined so far is that the glowing residue, which they have identified as kanker drool, seems to be the cause of the illness.

The Sewers

The sewers beneath Floom are expansive and labrynthine. Narrow tributaries of the River Snooze wind through great tunnels of stone beneath the city, carrying waste and rain water along narrow tunnels before eventually spilling everything into subterranean sluiceways that spill into the Keister of Gawd. Various creatures make their homes in the sewers, including many of the city's containimators.

Walking through the city streets at night, one of the heap notices a faint glow emanating from beneath a sewer grate. A faint scraping sound can be heard from within the sewer below. If they choose to investigate, they will find that the sewer grate is stuck in place, requiring a Strength roll at -2 to remove. A vertical shaft drops 20 feet to the sewer tunnel below, the walls of which are covered in algae and dimly glowing muck (-2 to Climbing rolls). The glowing filth is contaminated feces from those who drank of The Froth earlier today.

The tunnel below is a horizontal cylinder about 15 feet across. It winds and meanders for quite a distance in both directions. Two kankers, servants of Uuulon, are at work gathering the contaminated poo into baskets strapped to their backs. They drip with luminous ichor and will squirt acidic goo at anyone who tries to climb down the shaft.

Kanker (2)(pg 81): The kankers begin battle by squirting acidic goo then closing in to crush with their bodies or smack with their claws. Each has a basket on its back partially

filled with glowing poo. They use tiny sandbox shovels to scrape the filth from the walls.

The kankers leave a faint trail of glowing filth wherever they go. With a successful Tracking roll, the heap can trace their trail through several miles of winding sewers back to Uuulon's lair. Along the way, they have a 50% chance of encountering two more kankers, also collecting glowing poo beneath a sewer grate.

Uuulon's Lair

Entryway

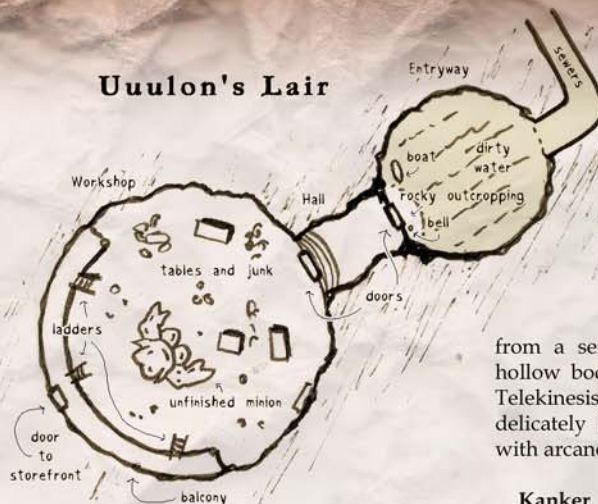
Following the luminous trail of the kankers, the heap finally emerge into the vestibule of a wide circular chamber about 50 feet across. The entire room is flooded with foul water, except for a small promontory of stone toward the back wall. A thick iron door is set into the wall above the promontory and four spherical blobs (wankers) stand guard in front of it. Next to the door is a tarnished copper bell (Notice -2 to notice).

Lashed to a post near the door is a small rowboat made of rotten planks and covered in mildew. The water is about 10 feet deep and is home to an albino brocodile.

Contanimant, wanker (4)(pg 78): The wankers are guarding the doorway. If they spot the heap, three of them will attack by throwing muck (medium range) while the fourth tries to ring the alarm bell. One of them (the bell ringer) has a big ass key in its hand. It will try to drop the key in the water if the heroes get too close.

Brocodile (pg 78): The brocodile will try to eat anyone who swims or falls in the water, but will ignore the rowboat.

Uuulon's Lair



The door is locked, but can be opened with the wanker's key. It is too heavy to break down. If the wanker rang the bell, or if the heap make a lot of noise trying to open the door, Uuuly Crepthrall will be waiting on the other side with a rock in hand and aimed.

Hall

This long passage of stone and mildew is faintly lit by lanterns filled with kanker slime. A rotted carpet runs the length of the room to a wide staircase. The stairs go upward for 30 feet or so before terminating in a second thick metal door (locked).

Uuuly Crepthrall (pg 141): The minion has been instructed to kill or capture any stranger that comes through the door. He will fight until destroyed or victorious. He will not leave the room, however, so the promontory outside is relatively safe. Uuuly carries the key to the second door among the stones in his belly hatch. He can't swim and will sink to the bottom if somehow lured or dragged into the entryway.

Workshop

This large chamber is dominated by a massive statue of steel and rust, bristling with spikes and armaments. The thing looks vaguely like a croach, but is at least thirty times bigger than any croach on record. Four kankers on ladders are busily pouring luminous filth from a series of baskets into the statue's hollow body. Uuulon himself levitates (via Telekinesis) with his back to the door, delicately painting the unfinished minion with arcane symbols and mystic runes.

Kanker (4)(pg 81): The kankers squirt acidic goo to try to cover Uuulon's escape.

Uuulon Crepulos (pg 141): Uuulon will levitate to the balcony and then rain spells down on the heap from above. If it looks like he is going to lose, he will cast *Obscure* and *Barrier* to make his escape through the shop face above.

This room is the workshop of Uuulon Crepulos, a vile cremefillian containimator. He is attempting to create a supremely powerful containimatronic minion to use in the fights at the Scrappin' Hole next week. He poisoned The Froth with enchanted kanker slime in order to collect the droppings for use in his minion.

The workshop is a large room full of ladders and wide wooden tables. Huge ropes and chains hang from the ceiling, and a series of overlapping balconies encircle the room. A single door leads outward from the topmost balcony, leading to a small empty storefront that looks out onto The Place of Pondering.

A thorough search of the workshop will uncover sufficient notes and diaries to reveal Uuulon's sinister plan, a broad assortment of tools, bottles, and various supplies, as well as a chest containing 1500 clams. A containimator who spends a full day reading Uuulon's notes may gain a free Power of his choice from the list known by Uuulon.

Resolution

If the heap declare their victory to the worm at The Froth and then show proof of Uuulon's plot, the worm will bequeath Uuulon's workshop to them, declaring it and all its contents to be theirs. The lair was once a restaurant called *The Feaster of Gawd*, as evidenced by various moldering menus found within.

If they happen to find Daddy Hassafrass and convince him that the plot was not hatched by The Delicious Crème-Filled Center of All, he will give them a keister compass (magic device that always points toward the Keister of Gawd) as a reward (if they already have one, give them a couple of healing reeks instead).

If Uuulon escaped (he should have), the heroes have made an enemy for life. He will constantly plot to destroy them. He has



several other workshops hidden throughout Floom and in other cities as well.

What's Next

Bring Me the Ass of Gorminee the Goosed!
Give Me Back My Boat, You Crazy Bastards!
Greetings Oith Creature, May I take Your Order

How Much is That Sloggy in the Window
The Secret Ingredient is Love
Ultimate Minion Fighting Champs

The Secret Ingredient is Love

Illuz the Gourd will do anything to learn what makes the chili at The Chopping Block so popular. Before you run this Tale make sure the heap have been in The Chopping Block at some point previously, either as part of another tale, or for a meal or something. You could play this adventure concurrently with other adventures, such as *Bring Me the Ass of Gorminee the Goosed* or *How Much is That Sloggy in the Window*, if'n you wanna.

The Streets of Floom

This adventure begins, as such adventures often do, with the heap making their way, for whatever purpose, through the winding streets of Floom.

It's a particularly miserable day in Floom. A sulfur-sodden rain soaks you to the bone (if you have bones) and great puddles of steaming muck splash your every step. Why on Oith would you be out and about on a day like this? I don't know, but I'm sure you have a reason. Sakes alive, a righteous bowl of chili sure would hit the proverbial spot right about now...

As if on cue, an emaciated little worm emerges from a darkened alley, his filthy, wrinkled hide dripping with water and muck, "I bet a righteous bowl of chili would hit the proverbial spot right about now," he says hopefully, motioning over his shoulder into the alley beyond.

The miserable little fellow is Illuz the Gourd (page 140), once Floom's greatest chef, but now a clamless wretch. His clothes are drenched and filthy and covered with holes.

In the alley is a ramshackle hut covered in peeling orange paint and roofed with rotting shelf fungus. Great torrents of rainwater form a cascade over the open doorway, obscuring what lies within. A peeling sign above the door obviously once declared "Illuz the Gourmand", but someone has scratched out the "man" so now it just says "Gourd". The place is tiny and in ill repair. Still, it's dry inside and a thin curl of smoke issues from the makeshift chimney, promising warmth and perhaps something to fill your belly.

Illuz the Gourd
is one sad mof.



If the heap refuse to enter the alley, Illuz will follow them for a bit, begging them pitifully to come in out of the rain and share some chili with him. If they still refuse, oh well, move on to the next adventure or improvise something.

If they decide to go inside, they will find the place dry enough, with barely enough room for them all to stand around a low, rotting wooden table. A steaming cauldron bubbles with something that is apparently chili, but looks and smells like vomit. A small pile of blankets in one corner is presumably the nest in which Illuz sleeps. A burlap sack looks to hold most of his belongings, and a few rusty knives and spoons adorn the walls amidst a host of cracked bowls and utensils. The place is very poor and dilapidated. Characters may notice (Notice -2) that Illuz wears shoes that are entirely out of character with the rest of his property, being very finely made and adorned with rhinestones and metal studs.

Illuz will serve them some of the nasty chili, which tastes as bad as it looks. There's nothing poisonous about it or anything, it's just vile. Once he observes their reactions to the horrid stuff, he looks at the floor and says sadly:

"I used to be the greatest chef in Floom, you know? I had the mad clams and the snazziest duds. Dudes used to travel for days to get a taste of my grub. Now, everything I cook turns out as the same horrible sludge. Well, dig in, it's the best I can offer."

If the heap ask him what happened, he tells them it is all the fault of "that sinister Doorq Snozzleweener". Ever since the Chopping Block opened a few years ago Illuz hasn't been able to cook a thing worth eating.

"Back in the day," he says, "I was an arrogant little guy. My fame had made me that way. When the tizn't opened his digs, I had the nuggets to badmouth his omelets, which is what he made before he turned to chili. I was just jealous, that's all, but somehow I got cursed all the same. The day after I spouted the gab my skills

deserted me. I lost my restaurant, The Feaster of Gawd, and I forgot all my recipes. It wasn't long before I was living in this shack and peddling crud to anyone desperate enough to taste it. I've dedicated my life to finding out what's in that amazing chili of Doorq's, but so far I haven't found a clue." He looks up at you pitifully, "Say, you wouldn't want to help me out would you?"

If the heroes seem interested, he digs through his burlap sack, tossing aside a large butterfly net, and lays what appears to be a sheet of paper on the table.

"This map," says he, placing the stained and wrinkled parchment on the table before you, "directs the traveler to a copse of moss not far from the Garden of Smellemental Glee. In this copse is a cave and in this cave is a pond. Legend says that a broth made from the waters of this pond has the power to restore lost memories and unlearned knowledges. I'd go myself, but I'm a craven little guy and the map says there are guardians. I have little to offer for your service, but I promise to reward you a thousandfold when I am restored to my former glory." He looks up at you hopefully. "What do you say? Will you get me the juice?"

If they refuse, he will start crying and acting even more pitiful, begging and pleading with them. If they agree, he thanks them profusely, packs them each a bowl of foul chili and sends them on their way. Before they leave he rummages through his sack once more, removing a corked bottle made of beaten metal. "You can use this flask to hold the water, but don't open it until you get there."

Of course, Illuz is trying to trick them. The real reason he wants them to go to the cave is so they can kill the guardians and disarm the traps. He plans to follow behind and claim the treasure of the cave (which is actually the prison of a gawd; read on...) after they are dead. The bottle he gave them is actually a reek that will explode when opened (Blast, large burst template, 3d6 damage).



Illuz's crappy map (turned sideways for no good reason)

Illuz the Gourd learned giggity giggling as a hobby back when he was famous.

The Chopping Block

The heap may decide to go to The Chopping Block to question or alert Doorq Snuzzleweener. If they do, they will find it much as they did last time they visited. The only change being the recent addition of two dozen stuffed giggities mounted on the wall. Several of them have long beaks like Doorq. One has tentacles instead of arms, and another has a big ass rump and a prehensile tail.

"I've been collecting them for months but never got around to hanging them until recently. These things are always coming in here and touching me. It's all rather annoying, really," he mentions, "Although they do make for dandy decorations."

Doorq claims to have no idea who is sending the giggities, but he's certain someone is trying to steal his secret chili recipe, which he refuses to divulge (even if bribed or tortured).

The giggities are being sent by Illuz the Gourd, but so far Doorq and his patrons killed each one before they could be recaptured by Illuz. Doorq has no idea who Illuz is, but he does remember an arrogant worm that badmouthed his omelets a few years ago.

The Cave

Illuz's map leads the heap through vast plains of boulder strewn rubble, magnificent forests of giant scrub moss and shrooms, rolling hills of dirt and mold, and over chasms of crumbled stone and rushing streams. Check for random encounters twice a day.

Eventually the heap will find themselves in the copse of moss directed by the map. When they get there, read the following.

Well, here it is. Before you, in a shallow valley surrounded by an abundance of giant mosses and long squiggly mushrooms is a humungous boulder dripping with lichens and great gobs of mildew. A narrow crack in its face makes the whole thing look like the ass of some gigantic stone monster. As you take in the scenery you notice a big ass statue posed in front of the crack. It's impossible to say exactly what the statue depicts, although to your sensibilities it looks like a gigantic face or something.

The crack is the entrance to the cave and the statue is a guardian headstone that likes to hang out here and prey on the scary ass muthas and whatever religious fanatics come to visit the hidden shrine within. Any sounds of fighting will alert the scary ass muthas in area A.

Headstone (pg 81): The headstone will try to crush anyone who comes near it.

Scary Ass Muthas (8)(pg 83): Depending on their mood (50% chance) the muthas will come out to join the fight or ready themselves to ambush the heap should they make it into the cave. One of them fights with a jagged knife (Str +2) made from the holy symbol of a Jeezle Freak.

A. Cave Entrance

This is a natural cave with an uneven floor and lots of rubble and stuff strewn about. The bones and carapaces of various animals are scattered about, as are the remains of two Jeezle Freak holy roller croaches. Eight scary ass muthas lair in this chamber, as is evident by the various nests made of moss and shredded holy roller robes.

If the scary ass muthas had time to set up an ambush, they will attack the heap by throwing rocks and leaping out from behind the rubble, attempting to surprise their opponents.

Against the back wall, overgrown with mildew and lichens, is a broad stone door (Notice -2). A shallow lightning bolt is carved into its surface. The door does not have a lock and can't be smashed down. The only way to open it is to use the key (the lightning bolt dagger used by one of the muthas). Once the holy symbol is placed against the carving, the door will slide downward into the ground, leaving the way open to the next area.

Of value in this room are the following objects (the heap should find one item for each successful Notice roll and raise): a stale jelly doughnut, a worn and stained copy of "The Good Book" (holy canon of the Jeezle Freaks), an enchanted wooden poo flinger (Str +2, Fighting +1), a metal Jeezle Freak holy symbol

(not the key), a small key made of pink crystal, a thick leather glove (left hand, three fingers), a dented metal breastplate adorned with lightning bolts and "t"s (decent armor, torso +2).

B. Tunnel of Love (if you love traps)

This narrow tunnel inclines slightly downward, winding around a corner to end at a carved stone wall set with a thick wooden door. The door is a trap, hollow and filled with strong glue.

Door Trap: The wooden door is hollow and filled with glue. It has a lock on it, but doesn't actually open, lacking hinges. Any person or weapon that tries to smash it open will break through the wood and become stuck to the glue. The glue can be dissolved with urine or strong alcohol, but otherwise the victim is trapped. No amount of pulling can free him. It is possible to chisel the door free and allow the trapped character to carry it around (40 lbs). On the other side of the door is a bare stone wall.

A secret door, disguised as part of the stone wall (Notice -2 if actively searching) can be opened with the same key as the last one. It falls into the floor and opens the way to area C.

C. Tiled Room o' the Faithful

A steep vertical cliff drops 30 yorts (30') to a tiled floor below. There are no sources of light in this area, other than what the heap bring with them, nor are there stairs or ladders of any type. Climbing down the cliff wall is easy enough (Climb +1), but the floor is trapped.

Floor Trap: After a small landing, the entire floor is covered in tiles bearing the names of the acolytes of Jelvis. In order to walk across the floor unharmed, a person must step on the tiles in the order in which the names appear as chapters in the Good Book (Petis, The Colonel, Ishkabibble, Nebro Dehabab, Epididymus, Latrine, Mathspew, Ishmagiggle, Jim, Judy, Prissilis, Rotundo). A Jeezle Freak knows the order with a successful Smarts roll, everyone else must consult the book. Every misplaced step results in a burst of holy lightning from the tiles themselves (2d6 damage). A person who runs across the floor is subject to 2-5 bursts of such lightning.

Aside from the cliff wall there are two passages leading from this chamber. A small flight of stone steps leads up to area D and a broad tunnel leads to area E.

D. Shrine of Jelvis

The stone stairs lead up to a small round chamber. In the center of the room is a stone dais on which stands an easel holding a glorious black velvet painting of Jelvis, resplendent in his sequined jumpsuit and crown of thorns. Stone niches carved into the wall and crusted with wax drippings hold



hundreds of unlit white candles. If all of the candles are lit (it will take about an hour) anyone in the room will be healed of all wounds (but not diseases or dismemberments).

E. Slorg's Prison

A wide tunnel rounds a corner, obscuring what lies beyond. The floor of the tunnel abruptly drops vertically, revealing a spike lined pit far below (30' down). Hanging from the ceiling over the pit are a bunch of knotted ropes. The sound of bubbling water can be heard in the distance.

Pit Trap: The ropes are a trap. A character who tries to swing across from rope to rope will find many of them are rigged to fall when tugged. Each rope has a 30% chance of falling when pulled, plummeting the hapless hero 30' to the spiked pit below (2d6+5 damage, plus 50% chance to take 2d6 spike damage). A character attempting to cross this way must use 7-12 (1d6+6) ropes. A narrow invisible walkway lines the right side of the tunnel wall (Notice -4 to notice if searching).

The chamber beyond is large and round, dominated in the center by a wide pond of bubbling water, in the center of which is a small rocky promontory. On the island sits a small metal cage containing some sort of fluffy pink animal. Six small yellow boids float lazily in the pond.

The water is harmless and only a few feet deep. The boids, however, are not harmless. These are undead cute little duckies, specially trained to guard the prison and kill anyone who enters.

Undead Cute Little Duckies (6) (pg 78): These have the same stats as regular cute little duckies with the addition of the undead monstrous ability. They will fight until destroyed.



The pink fluffy creature in the cage appears to be asleep. The crystal key from area A opens the cage. If the prison is opened, read the following:

A great buzzing sound fills the air as the cage vibrates back and forth and begins to spin vertiginously. The door bursts open and the fluffy pink creature flops out onto the ground. It opens its huge dewy eyes and smiles an adorable grin. "Oh grassy ass, thank you thank you thank you!" It plops itself down on the rock, waggles its bushy tail, and smiles at you again. It's voice is high and sickeningly cute, "You have saved me from my prison, and in the manner of such savings from time immemorable I shall grant you each a boon or two. That's the way of things. Yesireebob, one question from each of you and a wish from each as well. Slorg the Slopsmith pays his debts he does."

"Me too!" shouts a voice from behind you. Illuz the gourd stands there, panting and bloody. "This is off the cob! You are supposed to be dead!" he shouts. "This thing knows what happened to me and I aim to know the truth of it!"

Illuz is angry and frustrated that his exploding bottle didn't kill them. He will fight them with his magic boots and rolling pin unless they agree to use their questions to help him. If the heap kill him, Slorg will use his powers to resurrect him and teleport him far away (to the Moonular Cheese Fields).

Slorg the Slopsmith: Slorg is a gawd. Once free from his cage he can do just about anything he wants to. He bears no grudge against the Jeezle Freaks, and genuinely feels bad for screwing with Illuz and Doorq. He knows just about everything (except where the Primordial Soup Kitchen is), but will only answer one question for each heap member. Blunders, such as "who are you?" still count as a question. He will grant each of them a wish as well (a wish can do about the same thing as leveling up can do; if the heap are too greedy the wish may have bad effects as well, as did Illuz's many years ago). Use the story below to help answer their questions.

The Truth of the Chili

The reason Doorq refuses to divulge his secret chili recipe is that he has no idea what the secret recipe is. In a manner similar to that which afflicts Illuz the Gourd, chili is the only thing Doorq can make. No matter what ingredients he uses or how he cooks them, the result is always the same, a deliciously addictive, yet vile and foul tasting chili. See, the thing is, a few years ago a minor and relatively unknown gawd called Slorg the Slopsmith wandered its way into Floom looking for messianic prophets to build its churches and recruit its converts. How better to do this, it surmised, than with food. Using its mighty powers, Slorg bestowed what he considered a grand gift upon Illuz the Gourmand, who forevermore was destined to cook only Slorg's celestial chili, a substance so delicious that converts would throng from all over the world just to get a taste. Slorg screwed it up, however, being only a minor

and relatively unknown gawd with no concept of what mortals found delicious. He tried again with Doorq Snozzleweener, this time adding a bit of magical addictiveness to the mix. Success! The chili was a big hit and Slorg was on his way to becoming a not-so-minor gawd. Then disaster struck. A pious sect of Jeezle Freaks somehow caught on to what was happening. They prayed to Jelvis to put an end to Slorg's blasphemy. Providence reared its ugly head in the form of a magical cage gifted to the Jeezle Freaks, in which they imprisoned Slorg the Slopsmith. The followers of Jelvis built a prison in a nearby cave, which they filled with traps and guardian monsters, to house the captured gawd. Illuz has learned a bit of the tale by giggling giggities and spying on the Jeezle Freaks, but he does not know the whole story, just that whatever is in the cave has the answers to his questions.



Gawd

Resolution

After granting the wishes and answering the questions, Slorg offers to send the heap anywhere they want to go (except the Primordial Soup Kitchen). He destroys the magic cage with a glance and then teleports them to whatever destination they choose.

It's possible an enterprising hero might offer to worship Slorg, since the tiny gawd has no current followers of whom to speak. If this happens, Slorg will pronounce the character his Grand Potentato and charge him with the gathering of converts. Once the hero has gathered 20 converts, Slorg will appear to him, granting him a magical pillar hat covered in adorable pink fuzz (armor +2 to entire body). Once the hero gathers 50 converts, he gains the AB: Holy Rolling Edge for free (+10 Power Points and one free Power if he already is a holy roller).

Symbol: A ball of pink fuzz.

Sacrifices: Practical jokes.

Sins: Losing one's temper (minor), not taking a joke (minor), blasphemy against Slorg (major, unless it's a joke).

If they tell Doorq about Slorg, he will say, "I thought it was probably something like that," and go back to making his chili.

What's Next?

Any Savage Tale could logically follow.

Give Me Back My Boat, You Crazy Bastards!

In this story, the heap are called upon to reclaim a stolen boat and its valuable cargo from a suicidal ham and his cult of followers. If they play it right, they may gain themselves a boat to use in their travels and earn the friendship of Floom's greatest ham. If this tale is being played before *How Much is that Sloggy in the Window?*, find some pretense for the heap to have tickets to *Curse of the Bile Blisters* at the Reekbottle Theater.

The Reekbottle Theater

A buttload of Floom's elite are gathered at the Reekbottle for tonight's performance of *Curse of the Bile Blisters*, starring the celebrated Eezle Gutgobbler (page 137). Yes indeed, the fanciest of the fancy are here tonight. Wealthy peddle-meisters, notable wiseheimers, even the Keistermeister's son are in attendance and everyone is resplendent in their finest duds and snootiest 'tudes. The heap may recognize a few faces, including Daddy Hassafrass (if he hasn't been kidnapped), Hurmin and his family, Uuulon Crepulos, Yorpozz the Sleem, and many others.

The theater itself, ingeniously designed to resemble an opulent reek bottle tipped on its side and surrounded by gardens and courtyards full of brightly colored mosses and fungi, is built on a rocky outcropping that juts over the River Snooze. Various pleasure barges and skiffs are docked along the pier behind the theater.

As the crowd assembles, walking haughtily through the bottle's neck, past the several concession stands, to the grand stage and plush seats beyond, allow the heap to mingle a bit. After a while a gong is sounded and the guests take their seats. Read this:

The master of ceremonies, a gaunt and slender croach with elegantly curled antennae, coughs politely into a fancy hanky to gain the crowd's attention. The smattering conversations die down and all is silent. The collective gaze centers on the well-dressed croach as he bows lowly to the floor.

"Citizens of Floom and honored guests," his cultured voice is as deep as the Keister and twice as wet, dripping with upper class snootery, "it is my supreme delight this evening to present unto you the finest production this house has ever known." Polite applause ensue.

"Before we begin tonight's performance, however, I wish, as master of this house," he takes another deep bow, "to present a special gift to the star of our show. I implore you, ladies, gentleman, and germs, to raise the roof, so to speak, as I call forth the legendary thespian himself, a horc who

needs no introduction, but is getting one anyway, Maestro Eezle Gutgobbler!"

The audience bursts into applause. Ladies swoon and gentlemen rush to catch them as Eezle emerges from the curtains at stage left amid a showering of brightly colored confetti and a fanfare from the orchestra pit. The horc, resplendent in a pink velvet gown and fluffy yellow bunny slippers, saunters elegantly to center stage. His eyes are wide and beaming, an enormous grin on his face. A chain of gold links dangling with ornamental glass bulbs gleams majestically about his horns. A rain of flowers and bras descends upon him as he raises his arms and motions for silence.

Once Eezle takes his place on stage the MC motions to someone behind the curtains. A short little worm, dressed in green velvet emerges, carrying an enormous covered platter atop his head. "Eezle Gutgobbler," the croach oozes, "by your style and grace, by your skill and talent, by your endearing charm and implacable wit, you have truly proven yourself to be the one true king of theater." Eezle nods approvingly as the croach continues. "But, I ask you, what is a king without a crown?" The squat little worm moves closer, bowing in front of Eezle. "If it please you, my liege, remove the lid and gain your crown."

Eezle lifts the platter's lid as the crowd once again raises the metaphorical roof, screaming their applause. Shouts of "My liege" and "Long live the king" fill the air. Then suddenly all is shocked silence. Eezle stands on the stage, crownless, his entire body blushing to match his robe, a crumpled sheet of parchment in his hand. "Well, I have never..." He swoons dramatically, his plump hand on his forehead. "There shall be no show this evening, nor ever until my crown is returned to me," he huffs. The audience gasps. Then a croach runs down the aisle, waving his arms and shouting, "Maestro, your pleasure barge is missing from the pier, I think it has been stolen!"

Eezle fans a hand in front of his face, "My kingdom for a crown," he gasps as he faints slowly to the ground and the curtains close around him.

Allow the heroes to react however they wish. If they don't seem to want to help, have Hurmin or Daddy Hassafrass assure them that Eezle is very generous and will reward them well. Most of the patrons are leaving, many of them in tears. The heap is free to question various people at the theater. Here is what they may learn if they ask the right questions:

Assorted Theater Patrons

★ Eezle Gutgobbler is the greatest actor ever.

★ Eezle's last role before this one was Bonkoroza the Moidilizer in *The Sound of Mucus*.

The Guards on the Pier

★ A big bank of fog rolled in a little while ago.

★ Eezle's pleasure barge, *The Golden Gob*, was gone when the fog lifted.

★ A bunch of skinny little worms in blue shirts were nosing about looking at the boats earlier.

Theater Workers and Hams

★ Guy Goosevomit, a cremefillian who who used to be Eezle's understudy, was here earlier.

★ Guy likes to eat at the Grey Matter Boozaterium

★ Eezle crumpled up the parchment and swallowed it.

The Master of Ceremonies (Bortholospew Lunch)

★ Eezle has retired to his dressing room and won't talk to anyone.

Eezle Gutgobbler

(The only way to get into his dressing room is with incessant flattery, Persuasion -2)

★ He coughs up the parchment for them to see. You can see what it says on the facing page.

★ Lord Eggplantain is the supporting role Guy Goosevomit played in *A Sale of Two Titties*.

★ If they get his crown back he will reward them handsomely.



The Grey Matter Boozaterium

The heap may think to look for Guy here. He is not present, but a waitress tells them, without being asked, that he recently began hanging out with a group of sad-looking worms that wear blue shirts with a doughnut on the chest.

A successful Investigation or Streetwise roll and 1d4 hours tells the heap that the



You suck!
No crown for your ugly head,
King of Chumps!
It goes with me to the afterlife!
Say Bye bye.
Lord Eggplantain

blue-shirted worms belong to a group called The Returners From Whence We Came. They are some sort of suicide cult or something and can often be found preaching in The Place of Pondering.

On a Semi-related Note

At some point, as they wander through the city, the heap are attacked by four kankers, sent by Uuulon Crepulos. The kankers crawl out of the sewer and try to kill the heroes. Uuulon is just pissed at the heap and wants to hurt them. Bad guys are like that.

Kanker (4)(pg 81): The kankers squirt acidic goo and attack with their claws.

The Place of Pondering

Asking around at The Place of Pondering should lead the heap to The Returners after about an hour of searching. The heap come upon the worms, dressed in blue shirts emblazoned with a pink doughnut (actually a butt nostril on closer inspection), as one of their number is preaching to a small group of depressed looking citizens. Guy Goosevomit is not among them, but asking around (Streetwise roll) will reveal that he was here earlier.

"Way back in the day our ancestors lived in the bowels of the ancient denizens of Mutha Oith. From keisters we swam so many ages ago, and into a keister we swim tomorrow," groans an extremely glum looking worm. "You should all come with us. Really, I mean, what do you have to live for here? Your wife ran away with your slog. Your head hurts. You always come in second. Join The Returners From Whence We Came and be reborn as something else. Anyway, if any of you want to end your lives in a glorious fashion, meet us at the midden drains behind The Scrappin' Hole when the big butt in the sky reaches it's peak. Don't forget to flush goodbye to anyone who might still care."



The Drain

Behind The Scrappin' Hole is a series of drains that lead into the sewers. Refuse and body parts are thrown in here after gladiatorial fights and such. Eight Returners (all standard worms) are assembled, waiting for new converts to arrive. The only other character to show up is a croach named Boohillio (standard croach) who is depressed because his wife left him. If the heap can talk him out of committing suicide, without arousing the suspicion of the Returners, award a benny.

Once the heap convince the Returners they sincerely want to die (Persuasion rolls from everyone), the worms check them for weapons then blindfold them and lead them into the sewer. This area of the sewer is flooded and there are several canoes waiting below. The worms double check the blindfolds, load the heap into the canoes, and paddle through the sewers. The way is long and winding, but eventually the blindfolds are removed and the sewers open up into a small lagoon, in which floats *The Golden Gob*. The boat is majestic and flamboyant, with great gobs of dripping gold (or gold painted goop, anyway) adorning its hull and rhinestones glinting from every surface. Twenty oars sprout from her hull.

A rope ladder is thrown from the boat and the heap and the worms are able to board. If asked about Guy Goosevomit, the worms explain that they will pick him up on the way.

Once everyone is securely on board the heap are asked to make themselves comfortable (the barge has several extravagant couches and such) and await destiny. The plan, the worms say, is to sail the ship into the Big Drink and from there over the edge of The Keister of Gawd. A total of thirty Returners from Whence They Came are on board the ship, in addition to the heap and Boohillio (unless he left earlier). Twenty worms man the oars and the other ten see to navigation and operations (there is no sail). If the heroes attack them they fight ferociously, preferring to die on their own terms.

Worms (standard) (30)(pg 136): The worms are armed with various weapons (Str +2).

Once the barge has left the lagoon, Guy Goosevomit emerges from under the couch where he was hiding. He wears fluffy green robes and sports Eezle's crown on his head. He greets the heroes and makes light conversation as they are rowed toward their demises. It will take one hour for the barge to reach the Keister. The heap are free to do whatever they want (most likely they will attack Guy and try to get Eezle's crown back).

Guy Goosevomit (pg 139): Guy is armed with a crappy sword (Str +2, crappy materials). He will fight to the death if attacked. No amount of persuasion will convince him to give up his mission.

Once the barge is in the heap's hands, it can be turned around and rowed back to Floom.

This requires a Boating roll with a -1 penalty for every three rowers below twenty.* A successful Persuasion roll might get any survivors to change their minds and help row after Guy is beaten. A failed boating roll means the barge is drawn closer to the Keister. Three failed rolls in a row will send the boat over the edge, resulting in the deaths of everyone on board.

Resolution

If the crown is returned to Eezle Gutgobbler, he thanks the heap profusely and offers them free passes to any of his performances for life. If they saved the boat, he offers to sell it to them for 5000 clams, since it has been tainted by Guy Goosevomit.

If the heap managed to capture Guy alive, Eezle will give them *The Golden Gob* for only 1000 clams.

The Golden Gob

Eezle's boat is opulent and gawdy. It is not made for open ocean travel, merely for pleasure cruising, but can be serviceable if properly manned and rowed within sight of shore. They will need to hire rowers (10 to move at Top Speed)*, which usually work for about 5 clams a day. Eezle knows a contanimator (Uuulon Crepulos) who will make the barge row itself at their command for 20,000 clams. This basically turns the boat into a contanimatronic minion, a task that will take ten days to perform.

*A croach counts as two rowers, since it has four arms.

Acc/Top Speed: 2/8

Toughness: 12(2); Crew: 12+10

Value: 10,000 clams

What's Next

Bring Me the Ass of Gorminee the Goosed!
Gather Unto Me the Gasses
Greetings Oith Creature, May I take Your Order?
The Root Beer of All Evil
The Secret Ingredient is Love

Bring Me The Ass of Gorminee the Goosed!



This story begins as the heroes approach the Garden of Smellemental Glee. If they wished for Slorg to send them here at the end of

The Secret Ingredient is Love, he deposits them just outside of the garden, otherwise they have most likely been traveling overland from Floom for a couple of days.

The Garden of Smellemental Glee

As the heap approach the garden (about a mile or two away), read this:

There it is, just over the next ridge, a big yort or two away. Enormous towers of living fungi in all colors of the spectrum jut from the rocky ground, bathed in the dolorous mists that rise from the Keister of Gawd. Lesser fungi, huge in reality but tiny in comparison to the lofty towers, speckle the surrounding landscape like brightly colored flies feasting on a mound of dung. The sulfurous stench of the Keister seems less rotten in this area, its winds and gusts carrying with them a rather pleasant aroma instead, reminiscent of baking muffins rather than rotting eggs.

As the heap approach the garden they walk through vast fields of large spherical fungi in every imaginable color. These fields surround the towers on all sides, except for the side that faces the Keister. Each fungus is home to a different smellemental and each one smells distinctly different from those around it. The millions of mingled scents in the surrounding gardens can be overwhelming to those unused to it (the monks of the Garden are immune). Anyone attempting to walk through the fields of fungus must make a

A ferocious schnoodle can incite micturition in even the most stalwart of bladders.



Vigor roll or pass out for 1d20 minutes due to sensory overload.

The fields stretch on for a couple of big yorts in all directions winding among shallow bridged streams and bleak fields of boulders and mud. At some point the heap will come across a group of monks in trouble. When they do, read this:

A piercing whine erupts from behind a copse of boulders directly in front of you. The sound is at once pitiful, horrifying, and excruciating.

The sound is the whine of a schnooble. It has wandered into the Garden and is currently attacking three monks. All three were taken by surprise and paralyzed by its shriek. It will take two rounds for the heroes to reach the other side of the boulders, by that time, one of the monks is already dead and being dragged off by the schnooble. The other two are coming to their senses as the heap arrive. The schnooble has the dead monk in its jaws, but will drop him and attack if the heap threaten it.

Monks of the Garden (3): These monks are all standard smelves (pg 136) (Gorpity Smelf, Slimular Smelf, and the late Mudplucker Smelf) with AB Smellcaster and Smellcasting d8. They each carry three reeks (Healing, Invisibility, Quickness).

Schnooble (pg 83): The schnooble is hungry and violent. It will attempt to paralyze everyone with its whine before attacking.

If the heap kill or chase off the schnooble the surviving monks will collect their friend's body, wrap it in a cloak, thank the heroes for their help, and offer to escort them to the monastery. They will answer any questions the heroes have, describing the Garden of Smellemental Glee as the harvesting grounds for all scents. Within each of these fungi dwells a different smellemental, each representing a unique stench. The monks of the Garden have dedicated their lives to the study of Smellcasting and the glorification of scent. Their leader is the abbot He Who Smells Far. If asked about Gorminee the Goosed, they say that he was here until recently, but that is a matter best discussed with the abbot.

The heap are guided through the fields, past fungus of all scents and stench. As they near their destination the towers loom larger and larger, growing from an island of stone that seems to float above the Keister itself, buoyed by the omnipresent gasses and gusts. A narrow bridge of arched stone connects the island to the precipice wall. They pass several more monks, mostly smelves and werms, going about various tasks in the garden and around the towers. The towers themselves are actually hollowed fungi, grown massive and carved with runes and decoration.

The monks lead the heap through a series of domed gates, across the bridge, and into the base of the first tower. After they are served refreshments and given a chance to relax, they are escorted up a winding stairway and



He Who Smells Far has more flavor than a jelly donut.

through a wide door that leads to a landing on the outer surface of the fungus tower. The stairway continues upward, spiraling its way to the top of the tower. There are several landings along the way, fitted with stone benches and basins of scented water, so the heap may rest along the way. The monks leave them after the first landing, instructing them to continue upward. As they reach the top of the tower, read this:

The climb is dizzying and strenuous, despite the delicately carved rails and frequent landings. As you climb higher and higher, your view of the land grows. Far off in the distance, across a broad expanse of steaming Keister, the city of Floom nestles among the boulders, so tiny you could crush the entire realm with two fingers. Ascending ever higher, you see the massive expanse of the Keister, its bottomless depths extending ever downward, its farther reaches lost in mist. All around the towers the fields of scented fungi stretch for yorts and yorts.

Panting with exhaustion, you round the final rise. A delicate aroma of old socks and butter tickles your nostrils, quickly shifting to that of overripe fruit and tacos. The entire top of this tower is yet another grove of fungi. These are different from the others, however. Sprouting upward and twining about each other like mating worms, these colossal mushrooms form an intricate lattice of spongy, phallic growth. Nestled among the shrooms is a throne of sorts, crafted of the same bulbous growth. Sitting in the chair, his immense nostrils open to the breeze, is an elderly bodul. His amazingly huge nose dangles to the ground and his decorative robes and

scepter denote him as the abbot of this monastery. Dozens of intricate bottles and flasks dangle from various chains and ropes about his person. The bodul wears a blindfold over his eyes, and a great pair of earmuffs cover his tiny ears. When he speaks, his voice is deep and nasal.

"A thousand times welcome, friends of the Garden. I smelled your arrival days ago. I bid you enjoy our hospitality, but first I would know the purpose of your visit?"

The heroes may say whatever they want. They will find He Who Smells Far (page 139) to be kind and wise. Although he is almost blind and deaf, he can understand everything they say and knows everything they do in his presence. He offers them a place to stay for as long as they wish. Once the subject of Gorminee the Goosed is brought up he responds thusly:

"Yes indeed, Gorminee was among the finest smellcasters ever to grace these gardens. His reeks were of the purest concentration and his bottled essences distilled to perfection. Some thought he might someday rival even me. All things are possible, I say. Unfortunately, The Goosed saw fit to flee this place several weeks ago, taking with him considerable artifacts from the Garden's reliquary. I have scented him crossing the Big Drink on his way to New Oorlquar, but there his trail ends. I shudder to imagine to what he may be up."

If asked what artifacts Gorminee stole, He Who Smells Far replies (on the next page):

"The first was an item of little consequence but great historical significance. A diary kept by the first abbot of this Garden, His Gracious Incontinence, Nasulous Smelf. The second was a smellevision, an ancient and powerful device that allows a being to view smellements in their natural form. It is this device that must be recovered at all cost, lest we accidentally contaminate the fields with impure stinks and aromas."

If asked about the Primordial Soup Kitchen he says:

"Gorminee was ever the expert on that subject. He once sent an expedition to map the statues of this island, in hopes that they might reveal some powerful and enigmatic secret of the universe, but the mission was fraught with disaster from the start and had to be ended prematurely. The Goosed kept a comprehensive journal of his studies, but it has disappeared along with him.

I would be remiss if I did not inform you that several individuals, cremefillians by the scent of them, traveled here recently asking after Gorminee and the Soup Kitchen, but my monks turned them away."

The heap may stay at the Garden as long as they wish. A smellcaster who stays at least a week at the Garden may gain one new Power for free. As long as they are gracious guests they will be treated kindly and generously. At some point, if they don't bring it up themselves, He Who Smells Far offers a bounty for the safe return of Gorminee the Goosed and the stolen artifacts. "Your weight in reeks upon your return." Also, he promises to pay 2000 clams toward the cost of their journey and gives them each a reek (*Greater Healing*) if they accept.

Getting to New Oorlquar

The only way to get to New Oorlquar from Floom, assuming the heap have already used their wishes from Slorg, is by sea. If the heap own Eezle Gutgobbler's pleasure barge, *The Golden Gob*, they can make the journey in 40+1d20 days by hugging the coastlines, assuming they have a full crew or have contaminatronically converted the boat. Alternately, they could book passage on *The Gavelbanger's Fist*, a horcish vessel out of Agog City for 200 clams apiece, or on the cheese merchant vessel *The Pride of Maankaas* owned by the Cheesemonger's Guild for 500 clams apiece. Both vessels are currently docked in Floom.

The former ship is captained by Bow-crusher Sailtangler (pg 137) and crewed by a horde of bloodthirsty horcish pirates who constantly tease and harass the heap unless they are sufficiently intimidated or beaten in a fight. The horcs will not allow any smelves onboard (unless they are disguised). Its cargo consists of furs and skins, as well as a horde of oily boids in individual cages.

The *Pride of Maankaas* is made of petrified cheese, led by Penultimus Mongo (pg 140) and

crewed mostly by croaches and worms. It carries a cargo of dried fungus, root beer, and Chopping Block Chili.

Either ship can make the run from Floom to New Oorlquar in 20+1d10 days.

If the heroes take *The Golden Gob*, they are attacked by an esophagator at some point on their journey.

Esophagator (pg 79): The esophagator will try to destroy the ship to get at the yumminess inside.

If they take *The Gavelbanger's Fist* or *The Pride of Maankaas*, they will be forced to choose sides as the *Fist* attacks the *Pride* in a typical bout of piracy. Neither ship has long range weapons aside from bows and slingshots, so the crew of the *Fist* will try to board the *Pride*. If either captain is killed, the remaining sailors will surrender. If the horc captain is killed, you should make up another price-o-corn for the *Savage Tale To Ear is Hooman*.

Fist crew (standard horcs) (40) (pg 136): The horcs are bloodthirsty and will enslave any survivors.

Pride crew (standard worms) (20), (standard croaches) (20) (pg 136): The crew will imprison any surviving horcs and take them to New Oorlquar for trial.

New Oorlquar

New Oorlquar is a freaking huge city, three times the size of Floom and five times as populous. It will take days for the heap to wander its streets in search of Gorminee. A successful Streetwise roll and 2d8 hours, or 1d8 days of asking around, informs them that Gorminee was seen at Under the Sink, a restaurant that caters to croaches, and also at the Sin-o-gogue of Stan. If the heap ask about smellcasters, they are directed to Nosular Decadence.

What's Next

The next *Savage Tale* to play depends on where the heap go in search of Gorminee the Goosed:

Foulness Aplenty (Sin-o-gogue of Stan)
One Sniff Too Many (Nosular Decadence)
Poo Eating Grin (Under the Sink)

Onward

Once the heroes discover that Gorminee has gone to The Phesterance (by playing Poo Eating Grin), they are presented with several ways to get there. They could go overland (either alone or by joining a trade caravan to Gargle Twice); they could take a ship to Ghupe, Yapple, or Yorf and continue overland from there; or they could take *The Golden Gob* by sea and land somewhere off the coast holewhence of The Phesterance. It's their choice, depending on the resources available to them.

One Sniff Too Many



This Tale begins in New Oorlquar, just outside of Nosular Decadence, a perfumery. As the heap approach the building, read the following:

"Who wants a cobbin' hickey!" The voice is loud and lusty, originating from some point above you. As your gaze turns skyward you spy the largest pile you have ever seen, completely naked and poised atop the domed roof of Nosular Decadence frantically humping a flagpole. Some unknown thing, sparkly and shimmering, gleams from his forehead. His tongue lolling out and his eyes goggling wildly, he whistles loudly, looks behind himself, and screams, "Hey you! You want a hickey?" One sock dangles from his foot as he bounds backwards onto the roof of the next building and leaves your range of vision.

Seconds later the door of the perfumery opens and a stressed-out smelf wearing an incredibly tall hat emerges. "They'll close me down for sure after that one," he mutters. "Well, you might as well come in anyway."

The smelf is Bungo Bungo (standard smelf), the proprietor of Nosular Decadence. He is not a smellcaster, but his perfumes are sometimes inhabited by smellements anyway. If the heap ask what was going on with that pile, he tells them the pile came in a few minutes ago to buy some perfume to mask his disgusting stench. Bungo accidentally gave the pile an aphrodisiac instead.

The inside of Nosular Decadence is in shambles. Filth and muck from the rampaging pile is splattered everywhere. Shattered bottles litter the floor and shelves while pungent aromas whiff thickly about. If the heap ask about Gorminee the Goosed, Bungo tells them he came by awhile ago (a number of days ago roughly equal to the amount of time it took the heap to travel to New Oorlquar). If the heroes help him clean up the place, he'll check his manifest to see what Gorminee purchased. If they agree read this:

Bungo hands out dustpans and brooms all around, then gets to sorting out the various broken bottles and such. The plush carpet is soaked with all sorts of sweet-smelling things and shattered crystal vials are littered everywhere. "Holy Moss Boss's Beard!" he exasperates, lifting a broken shard. "My four yort measurer's been destroyed! This sucks. Lord Blech is coming by very soon to pick up four yorts of *Crudpuddle Sniff*. He'll feed me to the acolytes if I don't measure it right! In fact, it looks as though all of my measurers are

broken, except for this here three yort cylinder and this five yort one. How am I going to measure exactly four yorts when all I have is a five and a three?"

If the heap offer to help him, he shows them a large crystal decanter labeled Crudpuddle Sniff. "This stuff is expensive," he says, "so please pour any extra back in the vase." Bungo has no other measuring tools available, nor do any nearby peddlemeisters. The container must be filled precisely, so estimations and guesswork won't cut it. Here is one way to solve the puzzle: Fill the three yort container and pour it into the five yort one. Repeat, which leaves five yorts in the five yort container and one in the three. Empty the five, pour the one from the three into the empty five then fill the three again and dump it into the five, which makes four. Then, read this:

Bungo breathes a sigh of relief, his enormous schnoz bobbing up and down. "Grassy ass, my smarty pants," he says, "You sure saved my nose." Suddenly, and without warning, the door opens and a crazy looking worm walks in. Short and muscular, with a scary-looking mask over his face and a candle burning atop of his pointy head, the worm struts in, showing off his furry vest and bepentacled pants. "Luciferous tidings unto you, lowly peddler," slithers the worm, his voice crawling through the scented air. "I trust this pitiful mess you've made has not prevented you from filling my order in a prompt and professional manner?"

Bungo shivers, "No m'lord. All is in order." He hands the five yort container to the worm and bows lowly to the ground.

If the heap have met Othothoth Blech (pg 140), High Priest of the Sin-o-gogue of Stan, before, he may acknowledge their presence with a nod. Otherwise he ignores them unless they do something to hinder him. After receiving the bottle from Bungo, Blech tosses the smelf a small bag of clams and makes to leave. If the heap attempt to fight him, he will use his magic mask to teleport away and summon a group of scary ass muthas to fight for him.

If asked about Othothoth Blech, Bungo tells them he is the high priest at the Sin-o-gogue of Stan and is generally a nice guy if you can ignore his violent temper and murderous bloodlust. "Oh crap, what now?" he sighs, "My crystal stirring rod is missing." He begins to cry...

The stirring rod is that shiny thing the heap saw stuck to the pile's forehead. Hopefully, someone will mention it. Bungo tells them the rod has special sentimental value to him and he will happily reward them if they can get it back. He will check his manifest anyway, to see what Gorminee bought, but he offers them a further reward to obtain the rod.

When Gorminee was here he bought one vial of each type of perfume in the store (140 varieties). He also asked where the local Sin-o-gogue was. Gorminee was traveling in the company of four cremefillians.

On the Trail of the Lovelorn Pile

The pile's trail is not difficult to follow. Across rooftops and through winding alleyways, a path of muck spewn walls and behickied denizens meet your every turn. "He just came out of nowhere and gave me a big sloppy kiss," moans a beleaguered croach. "Why I have never!" exclaims a well-to-do bodul, covering her hickie-smattered neck with a woven scarf. "Yeah, he just sort of jumped up behind me and gave me a goose!" declares a limping cremefillian. "After he jumped my bones he ran off down that alley," swears a bruised and battered oofo.

If asked, all those who saw the pile remember a crystal stick of some sort stuck in his forehead. The alley the cremefillian pointed down ends in a sheer stone wall 30' high. The pile's tracks lead up the wall, coating it in places with slippery filth (Climbing -2). Atop the wall, not visible from below, is a small square watchtower (3"x3", open windows on all sides). The pile is sleeping off his excesses, curled up in a ball in the middle of the tower. It is possible to snatch the stirring rod from his head without waking him (Stealth -2), but if he is awakened he will immediately go into a frenzy of lust, trying to grapple and kiss (and worse) everyone before throwing them over the edge of the wall. If he is attacked with weapons, he will fight back using one of several spears (Str +2) scattered about the watchtower.

Unnamed Horny Pile (standard pile, Str d10, Fighting d12) (pg 136): The pile is naked but for a sock, he has no possessions. His manic state of horniness makes him fight as if he has the Improved Frenzy Edge.

Ideally, the pile should not be harmed, since he is under the influence of the aphrodisiac and is not in his right mind. If the heap are able to get the rod without killing or seriously injuring the pile, give them each a benny. Here's the thing, as soon as the rod is in the heap's possession, a brightly colored boid of some sort flies from the roof of a nearby building and snatches it. If the hero holding the rod makes a Notice roll at -2, he may see the boid coming and gain an opposed Strength roll to hold onto the rod, or an opposed Agility roll to hide the rod before the boid gets there. Otherwise, the boid automatically snatches the rod and flies to the top of a nearby tower.

Brightly colored boid of some sort (non-combative, Str d8, Agility d8): The boid will try to snatch the rod and fly it up to its nest atop a very tall tower. If it fails its first attempt, it will just fly away.

If the boid snatches the rod and flies to the top of the tower, the heroes will have to climb or somehow fly to the top to retrieve it. The tower is 100' tall and covered in slippery algae (Climbing -2). The tower was once the workshop of a weirdo, but is in disuse



A victim of the horny pile rubs his aching butt and ponders how best to disguise his hickies.

currently. There is no access to the roof from the inside, and all of the windows and doors are boarded up and locked. If the heap break in they will just find a bunch of empty rooms and spiraling stairs.

In the boid's nest are four eggs (worth 100 clams apiece), the crystal stirring rod, and a beanie cap made of reptile scales with a propeller of feathers and talons (*Beast Beanie*, gives the wearer the Animal Magnetism Edge). The boid won't fight the heap, if they get to the nest, it will fly away.

Resolution

Once the heap return Bungo's rod to him, he will offer them each a bottle of perfume (their choice) and tell them he remembered one further thing about Gorminee the Goosed; he asked a fellow customer to recommend a restaurant for lunch. The customer, a croach, sent him to Under the Sink.

Bungo's Bungjuice: This delicate perfume is meant to render the wearer more attractive to potential mates (+2 Charisma for 1d4 hours). If it is inhaled too deeply, or imbibed, the drinker must make a Spirit roll or be overcome with libidinous urgings for 2d4 days.

What's Next

Foulness Aplenty (Sin-o-gogue of Stan)
Poo Eating Grin (Under the Sink)

Poo Eating Grin



This Tale begins at Under the Sink, an eatery in New Oorlquar that caters to croaches. From the outside, the place is a big square building coated in white ceramic tiles that drip with all manner of colorful stains, spots, and tarnishes. The doorway is a circular pipe and the door itself resembles a gigantic drain plug. There are no windows, but the repulsive (or delicious, depending on who you are) stink of dung wafts from somewhere within. A couple of elderly croaches are sitting out front, having some sort of argument, apparently regarding a barrel they have perched atop a small table between them. A large bowl of crispy brown wafers sits on a stoop next to them (fried dung chips). If asked what they are arguing about, one of the croaches declares in a raspy voice:

"This old fool says he can put something in this barrel that will actually make it weigh less. Well, I think he's full of crap! A fellow can't go around putting stuff in barrels and making them weigh less! It just ain't natural!"

"Aaaah, but indeed it is," insists the second old coot. "I swear it can be done, without resorting to hocus pokery, neither."

"Alrighty then," rasps the first geezer, "Put yer clam sack where your mouth is, Codger. I'm taking all bets. I've got me a purse of a hundred clams says you can't do it!"

"I ain't betting with you, Cooter," last time I tried this it didn't work so well."

"What about you, you want in on this," Cooter asks the heap. "I'll go as high as 300 clams says he can't do it."

If the heap take the bet, Codger will put a rock in the barrel and admit defeat, with Cooter losing his clams. Cooter will throw a fit, screaming at Codger. They were trying to con the heap, but they forgot how to do it.

"You cheated, you old fool!" Cooter yells. "You were supposed to make sure they lost, though I can't, for the life of me, remember how!"

"I can't remember how to do it either!" yells Codger. "Boorg damn it all! I'll give my right nut to the first person what can put something in the barrel that will make it weigh less, I so declare!"

The answer is "a hole". If any of the heap figure it out, reward a benny. *Codger's Right Nut* is an enchanted circuspi nut that he wears next to a mundane circuspi nut on a rope around his neck. Anyone who uses the nut as a suppository becomes coated in a flexible, peanut-like shell (armor +1). The effect lasts

until the user's next bowel movement, but the nut can be reclaimed and reused indefinitely.

Under the Sink

As the heap make their way through the circular pipe that leads into the restaurant they are greeted by a very large female croach. "Welcome to Under the Sink, my little dung drops," she says. "We serve only the finest crap. How many are in your party please?" To any non-croaches in the heap she offers capes, bibs, and hats from a rack on the wall. These are crafted to resemble croach parts, the hats having big googly eyes and long antennae. It is not mandatory that non-croaches wear these, it's just to make them feel less out of place. Once everyone is ready she leads them to a table. "Today we are serving our all-you-can-keep-down buffet. Please help yourself at your leisure."

If the heap ask the hostess, Oozle by name, about Gorminee the Goosed, she claims to have no recollection of his visit, although she does say smelves rarely eat here, so such a visit would be memorable. She will ask the rest of the staff.

After the heap have had a chance to take in the surroundings, and perhaps help themselves to a bit of grub, a stout croach in a poo stained apron comes by the table.

"Greetins' my lovely wittle boids. I am named Grossenfeffer, the perpetrator of this fine eatery. May your antennae never droop and your shell remain crunchy unto eternity." The croach wipes all four hands on his apron and presents them to you for shaking. "Oozle enlightens me you are looking for a friend of you, tis true, yes no?"

Allow them to respond. If they tell him they are indeed looking for a smelf that was here a while ago he nods his head a bit and says:

"Indeed, he was here. Left a package for you is what he did. Well, for someone anyway. He said you'd know the answer to a question if you are the right ones. Lets me remember... Oh yes, said he, 'How does one deprive a borlo of its nasty stink?' No that's not it. Allow me to reword, 'How do you keep a borlo from smelling?'"

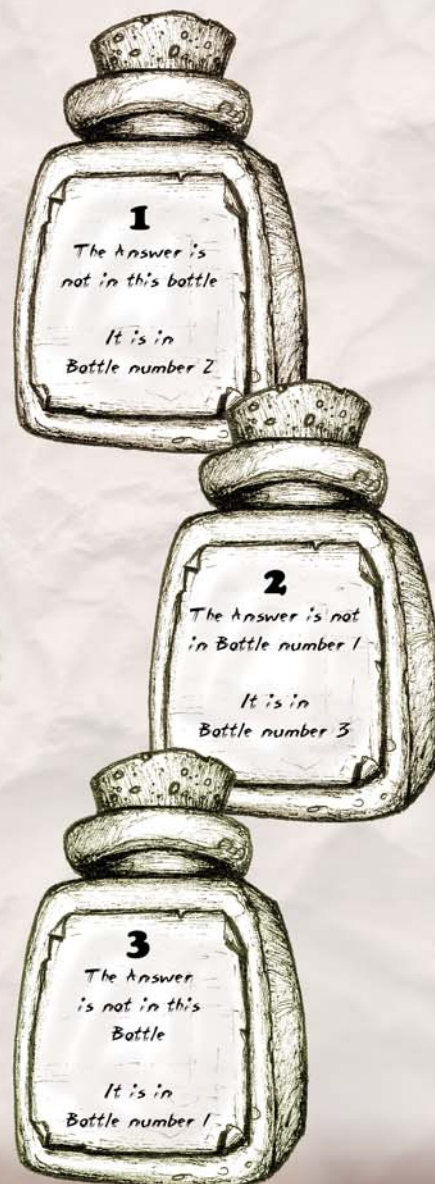
The answer is, of course, "chop off its nose" or something similar. If the heap do not answer right away, Grossenfeffer (standard croach) will be suspicious and it will require an opposed Persuasion roll vs. his Smarts (d6) to convince him to turn over the package. Once the heap have convinced him, he nods slowly then leaves for a bit. When he returns a few minutes later he is carrying a small wooden chest. "The smelf said to give this to you."

The chest is locked, but can be forced open with a successful Strength roll or picked with a Lockpicking roll. If the heap try to smash the chest, they risk breaking the contents (Strength roll to open, one random bottle breaks for each raise). Inside is a small scroll and three glass bottles full of iridescent purple

vapor. The bottles are labeled 1, 2, and 3. The scroll says the following:



The bottles are labeled thusly:



If any character figures out the puzzle (the answer is in bottle 3) award a benny. Each bottle contains a reek. Here is what happens when they are uncorked.

Bottle 1: When this bottle is opened, the purple mists coalesce into a humungous primordial goon (page 82). The goon proceeds to attack the opening character, violently pressing the attack until it is destroyed.

Bottle 2: This bottle contains a *Blast* reek. When it is opened, it will immediately explode in a dense cloud of caustic snot (3d6 damage, Large Burst Template).

Bottle 3: In this bottle is a hallucinogenic reek. The inhaling character is granted a vision. Read the following:

The wispy purple vapors coalesce into a tangible tendrils of lavender steam. As you inhale the seeking mist, purposefully or not, your head begins to swim and your body feels light as fluff. In your mind's eye you are sludging methodically through an immense swamp of fetid muck and horrendously huge dripping fungi. Tiny spherical molds, brilliant yellow in color and freckled with azure specks, coat the fungi. A crazy smelf in an enormous hat stands on stilts, apparently trying to bait a broccodile with some sort of reek.

The vision depicts Gorminee the Goosed sitting on a boulder in the Phesterance. He left this bottle so Uulon would know where to find him (This will all make sense eventually). If the heap do some questioning (Investigation roll) they learn the only place the yellow and blue mold grows is in the Phesterance.

Contanimants Attack!

At some point soon after the heap acquire the bottles, they are ambushed by some minions of Uulon Crepulos. Uulon arrived in New Oorlquar shortly after the heap did, and he's searching for Gorminee as well. He learned of the heap's presence from Grossenfeffer and quickly summoned some contanimants to deal with them. The contanimants care nothing for surprise, attacking the heap on an open street, in their rooms at an inn, or wherever else you think is cool. Uulon ordered them to kill the heap and bring all their possessions to him.

Contanimant, Bad Ass (pg 79): The bad ass attacks with its single mighty fist.

Contanimant, Mensch (3)(pg 78): The mensches will try to rust the weapons and armor of the heap while the bad ass kicks their butts.

Resolution

After inhaling the hallucinatory reek, the heap will most likely make plans to travel to The Phesterance in search of Gorminee the Goosed.



What's Next

Foulness Aplenty
One Sniff Too Many
Curses Soiled Again (Gargle Twice)
I Stink, Therefore I Am (The Phesterance)

Foulness Aplenty



In this Tale the heap travel to the Sin-o-gogue of Stan in search of Gorminee the Goosed. They must pass through a gauntlet of traps before they will be granted an audience with the high priest.

The Sin-o-gogue of Stan

The Sin-o-gogue is a creepy stone structure just down the street from Nosular Decadence. As the heap approach, read this:

Goodness, or lack thereof, this is an odd structure. Crafted of a single big rock and designed to resemble some strange horned face, the Sin-o-gogue hardly looks big enough to fit your entire heap, let alone a whole congregation of stanismists. Peering through the open mouth you see why. A small vestibule inside leads directly to a wide set of stone stairs that continue downward at a sharp angle. Guttering torches lend an eerie cast to the whole affair and strange stains mar the walls and floor.

Once the heap decide to follow the stairs, read on:

The steps are damp and sticky and seem to continue into the bowels of the Oith itself. After an eternity of descent, the torchlit stairs eventually end in a wide chamber. Toothy formations of rock jut from the ceiling and floor while tiny spirits flitter about the room moaning "Whooooooooooooooooo" and setting an even creepier mood. Directly across from the steps are three wide stone doors, each labeled with a stained metal plaque. The first, in a creepy font, declares:

CLERGY (THE UNGENEROUS)

the second:

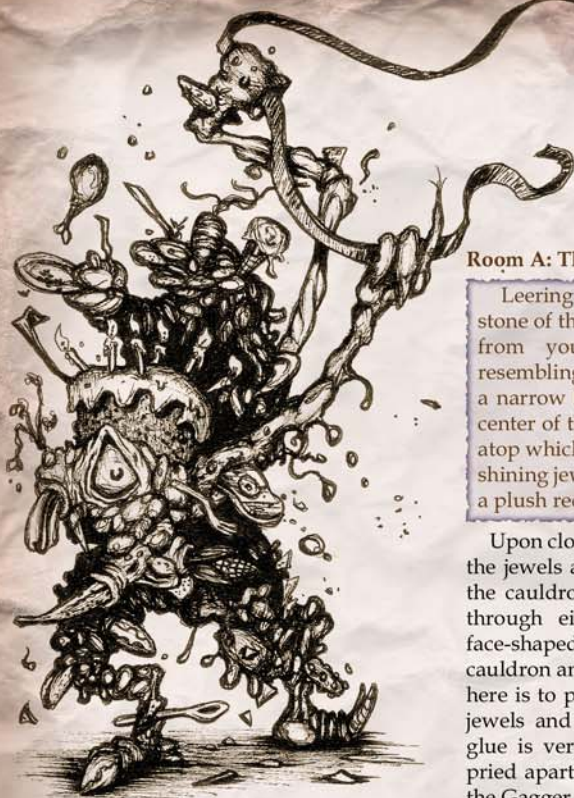
VISITORS (THE UNINITIATED)

and the third:

CONGREGATION (THE UNREPENTANT)

The spirits are harmless and intangible. All they do is float around and moan. The three doors each lead to different parts of the temple. All three have handles and turning knobs, but will only open under the conditions described below.

Door 1 (Clergy): This door is only openable by Othothoth Blech and his clergy. No matter what the heap try, they can't open it unless they are ordained clerics of the Stanismist faith (Stanismist Edge, Spirit d10+). Beyond the door is a long tunnel, decorated with bones and skulls and paintings of cute little animals frolicking in a meadow. Small windows set into one wall allow viewers to see what goes on in the middle corridor. At the end of the hallway is a door that leads to area H.



The horrid Vittle Varmint of Room B in all his edible splendor.

Door 2 (Visitors): Scrawled beneath the metal plaque on this door is the following riddle:

*What does Stan dig more than strife,
Hate more than love and mortal life?
What the Heck do contented guys desire,
The poor have, the rich require?
The miser spends, the wastrel saves,
And everyone carries to their graves?*

Beneath the riddle, a broad rectangle is carved into the stone. Within the rectangle, barely legible, someone has put the word "Death" in faded brown paint (actually blood). A small, bristly paintbrush and a razor hang on strings from a peg on the door. The answer to the riddle is "Nothing". In order to open the door, a person must simply scour the blood from the rectangle (the brush will work fine for this), so that it is empty. Once the rectangle is cleaned of blood, the door will open of its own accord, allowing access to room A.

Door 3 (Congregation): This door will open freely for anyone with the Stanismist Edge. It leads to a long corridor lined with small windows through which one can view the happenings in the central corridor. Several stanismists (2d4 standard peeps of any species) are in this hallway, eagerly anticipating the show. They will greet anyone who enters, then go back to their own selfish indulgences. At the end of the hallway is a door that leads to area H.

Room A: The Test of Greed

Leering faces are carved into the rough stone of this small chamber. Directly across from you a thick stone door, also resembling a leering face, stares drunkenly, a narrow keyhole between its eyes. In the center of the room is a short wooden table, atop which rests a cauldron brimming with shining jewels. Beneath the table, resting on a plush red carpet, is a clay jug.

Upon closer inspection, the heap will notice the jewels are all glued to each other and to the cauldron. The cauldron is too big to fit through either doorway. The key to the face-shaped door is hidden inside the cauldron and beneath the jewels. The concept here is to prove one's greed by ungluing the jewels and collecting them for oneself. The glue is very strong and the jewels can't be pried apart. A jug of strong alcohol (such as the Gagger Grog served at *The Pointy Thing*, a small tavern a block from the Sin-o-gogue) will dissolve the glue. Fire will melt the glue, but the smoke from such an endeavor is toxic (Everyone in the room must make a Vigor roll or be Fatigued for 1d4 hours).

In the jug is a thick metal key with an amber handle. This key is a trap, placed here to fool those who aren't greedy enough to take the jewels. When it is placed in the keyhole a burst of electricity runs along its length, inflicting 2d6 damage on whoever holds it. A similar fate awaits anyone who tries unsuccessfully to pick the complex lock or disarm the trap (Lockpicking -4).

Anyone who inspects the faces on the wall may notice each one holds a thick glass panel in its mouth. These are windows that lead to the hallways on either side of the room. Stanismists can be seen watching from beyond and laughing at the heap's folly. The windows are less than a yort (1') wide and are very thick (Toughness 12).

Beneath the jewels (various bits of jewelry; total value 10,000 clams) is a glimmering metal key that opens the face-shaped door, which opens into room B.

Room B: The Test of Gluttony

This room looks very similar to the last one. The opposite door resembles a face once again, although this one is pudgier than the last. The windowed faces on the left wall are fat and jolly, while those on the right are gaunt and starvular. The center of the room is taken up by a vast banquet table, overflowing with delicious-smelling foods and wines. A plaque on the wall reads:

"Eat, Thineself, or Be Thineself Eated..."

The food, a huge abundance of meats, fungi, and pastries, is all fresh and delicious (it's actually enchanted and evil, not food at all, and in a typically bad mood, but more on that in a bit). The door is locked and does not have a noticeable keyhole. Once the entire heap is in the room, the door from Room A will slam shut, locking them inside. Once the door shuts, read this:

Oh crap, you knew something like this would happen. As soon as the door slams shut behind you candles concealed within several of the wall-carven faces gutter aflame, spreading a flickering, moody illumination across the bountiful spread before you. A ratcheting sound originates in the ceiling as a brilliant chandelier of jagged metal and crystal shards slowly descends from the darkness above, a small scrap of parchment hangs like a price tag from its underside and a dozen or so unlit candles ring its girth.

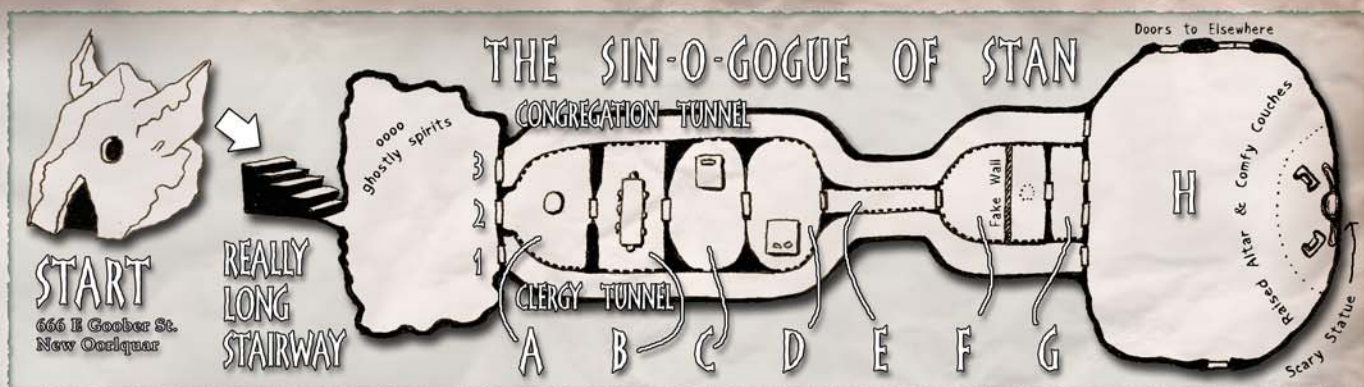
The scrap of parchment reads, "Are you a member of the Happy Plate Club?" on one side, and "No Lovin' Unless You Finish Your Supper!" on the other.

Here's the deal, the chandelier slowly inches its way down from the ceiling. Every few minutes (five to be precise) one of its candles spontaneously ignites. It will take one hour for all twelve to light, but once they do, the crap hits the fan, so to speak. At this point, all uneaten food in the room gains a mind of its own, slithering together into a bipedal mass of angry comestible rage. The size and power of the organism depends on how much food is left, but regardless of its size, it will immediately rip the chandelier from the ceiling and commence to bashing the heap. If the heap light the candles prematurely, the beast will form immediately. If they extinguish any of the flames, the candles will reignite of their own accord. If the heap somehow manage to devour or destroy all of the food in the room, the beast will obviously not form.

To determine the power of the beast, figure the following: there are 50 yorts (50 pounds) of food on the table. A typical character can eat one yort of food in an hour without getting sick. Each additional yort requires a Vigor roll in order to avoid barfing (any puke in the room will add to the mass of the beast). The Vigor roll has a -1 penalty for every yort of food beyond the second that the character is trying to devour. Horcs can eat twice as much food as others, in addition to whatever they can store in their gullet. As the heap glut themselves, chants of "Chug, chug!" and "Mmmmm Tasty!" can be heard from beyond the walls.

Vittle Varmint (pg 142): The beast will attack until it is destroyed.

Once the monster is destroyed, the door to room C will open on its own.



Room C: The Test of Sloth

Sufferin' socks, dude, this place is posh. A ginormous circular bed dominates the elegant chamber, piled with layers of delicate blankets and sheets woven from the glittering butt juice of some kind of worm. The walls, carved with sleeping faces and yawning maws are light blue in color. Hanging from the ceiling, directly above the bed, is a huge mobile that spins slowly in a circle, chiming a delicate lullaby, and dripping with plush representations of ancient Oith animals. The door on the opposite wall depicts the sleeping face of a larval croach, its eyes drooping in slumber.

This is simply a nice place for the heap to rest. There are no traps here, and the door to room D opens easily. The bed is extremely comfortable and sleeps six. If the heap spend at least two hours resting here, give them a +1 Charisma bonus when they finally speak with Othothoth Blech later on, since he respects their slothful ways.

Room D: The Test of Lust

This snazzy room is decked out in a manner very similar to the last one. Again dominated by a massive round bed, it's decorated more like an orgy pit than a nursery. The lighting is dim and seductive, the silken sheets red and lustful. Instead of a playful mobile, a leather pleasure swing hangs from the domed ceiling, swaying gently back and forth. The sounds of a chickawocka guitar and moans of pleasure come from somewhere unknown.

What's going on here is this: One of the pillows on the bed is actually a shapechanged milf. She (or he) will watch the heap for a few minutes, deciding which one to seduce. Once she has made her decision, she'll crawl out from under the covers, looking all seductive and stuff in the guise of a sexy member of the character's species. The milf will try her hardest to seduce the character, asking the others to go back in the nursery room so they can have some privacy. If they agree, she will have her way with the subject character, who will have a grand time since she is quite talented. If they refuse, or the subject spurns her, she will throw a tantrum and start pouting. She says the only way she'll tell them

the password that opens the door to the next room is if she can have her way with him. If they still refuse, she will use her tongue fu to reach under the bed and arm herself with the razor edged spoon concealed thereunder, with which she will attempt to emasculate the offending character.

Milf (pg 81): The milf will fight to the death, screaming and hissing the whole time.

If the heap do as the milf bids, she will tell them the secret to opening the door to the next room. "Sunder the bad duckies," she will moan, just before dying of some spontaneous venereal disease. "It's under the bed, the key is," is what she actually said, but let the heap figure it out for themselves. A successful search of the room (Notice -2) will lead them to the key anyway. Under the mattress is a gigantic wooden key. It fits the lock on the door, which opens to Room E. The lock is hard to open without the key (Lockpicking -3).

Room E: The Test of Pride

Ok, this is kind of weird. This room isn't much of a room at all, it's just a long, unlit hallway. Way at the other end, a couple of dozen yorts or so down the corridor, there appears to be another door. Strange lettered tiles form a single row down the center of the floor, spelling the phrase "Only the cool shall pass."

The hallway is only wide enough for one character to walk down at a time (unless the characters are exceptionally small). The gist of the room is this: in order to pass through the door at the end of the hall, a character must prove how prideful he is by strutting his way across the floor in a pimpular fashion. If he does so, and makes a successful Spirit roll, the door will open for him. If not, the door will remain closed. It is possible for the door to open for one person but remain closed for the next, seeing as to how it's magical and all (Lockpicking -4).

Room F: The Test of Wrath

Dig this, you are standing in a small rectangular chamber with bloodstained walls and floors. Wicked spikes hang in bristling crowns from the ceiling, dripping with foul venoms and sizzling vapors.

Directly across from you are two huge metal doors, between which three levers jut from the wall. Tiny holes line the walls to the left and right and a varied assortment of levers, knobs, buttons, and doohickies sprout from the walls like pubes on an unkempt milf.

Painted on the floor is the following verse:

*Rend Every Device
Hope Eternal Reality
Really Is Nothing Good*

The doors are not really doors at all, just metal plates disguised as doors. Any attempt to open them will set off an annoying trap. Whenever either door is touched with any pressure, such as an attempt to force them open or pick the incredibly complex fake locks (Lockpicking -4 to realize they are fake) the spikes on the ceiling will descend another yort or two with a ratcheting groan. Each descent of the spikes causes the stanismists watching through the tiny holes in the walls to burst into laughter. "You gonna die," they taunt, and "Sucks to be you!" The writing on the floor is meaningless, simply a way to further infuriate the heap as they try to decipher its code.

Similarly, the levers and whatnot on the walls are all traps. Each time any one of them is manipulated or damaged a painful splat of caustic goo squirts the offending character for 2d6 points of damage and the stanismists roar with laughter.

In fact, the stanismists are merciless with their taunts (as befits their nature). They never shut up, launching insult after insult at the heap.

After three attempts to open the door, the spikes should be low enough that the taller characters will need to stoop to avoid getting stabbed. At this point, elevate the jeers and taunts from the stanismists. The point is to get the heap really mad, hopefully arguing with each other about the best way to escape. Once the stanismists feel the heap is angry enough, one of them will pull a hidden lever that retracts the spikes back up toward the ceiling. Once the spikes are retracted, the entire wall that houses the fake doors will fall inward, crushing any character who fails an Agility roll for 2d6 points of damage. Characters who make their Agility roll have managed to jump

atop the wall before it hits the ground. Read:

The wall crashes to the ground with a resounding thud. All manner of gears and chains sprout from its backside, but that's not what draws your immediate attention. What draws your immediate attention is the chamber beyond, more specifically the gleaming metal door set into the wall of the chamber beyond. As you gain your bearings you notice a large trapdoor set into the ceiling above. Suddenly the trapdoor opens, spewing forth an assortment of ropes and chains that dangle to the floor below. Before you can react, a swarm of hideously disfigured little beasts begin to climb their way down the ropes, mumbling and gargling as they wield bone axes and menace you with their evil stares.

The creatures are scary ass muthas. They live in an apartment above the chamber and work for the Sin-o-gogue.

Scary Ass Muthas (10) (pg 83): The muthas will fight to the death, being sadistic bastards and all. They are armed with bone axes (Str+2). One of them has a metal key glued to his belly (it opens the door to Room G).

Area G: The Test of Envy

Past the metal door is yet another small room. This one seems pretty straightforward. Two painted wooden doors are set into the opposite wall. One depicts a fat croach dripping with jewels and fine clothes. Dozens of females attend his every desire and a broad smile graces his face. The second door is painted with an image of a scrawny, malnourished worm. He sits in a field of brightly colored flowers, wearing a tie-dyed shirt and fringed pants. The sky behind him is blue and vibrant.

If the doorknob on the first door is touched, the painting magically comes alive (well, the mouth anyway). The croach's mouth opens wide, forming a dark hole in the door. "Give me my due," he says. In order for the door to open, the heap must feed him at least 5000 clams worth of jewelry (hopefully they still have the goods from Area A). A Notice roll means the heap have recognized some of the jewels painted on the door as those from Area A.

Once the door is fed, it will open by itself. The door is very thick, since it contains a reservoir for the jewels.

When the doorknob of the second door is touched, the hippie worm opens his bloodshot eyes, looks around slowly, and then says, in a space-out voice, "Give me what I deserve, brother."

In order to open this door the heap must pummel the painting of the worm or slap him around a bit. Once they do, the door will open by itself.

Both doors lead to area H.

Area H: The Sin-o-gogue

A great smattering of applause greets you as you emerge into a huge chamber of rough stone and guttering candles. Assembled before you are dozens of Stan worshippers, decked out in fancy masks and painted bodies. The crowd parts as you approach, forming a path that leads up onto an altar decked out in plush pillows and luxurious sofas. Sitting on one sofa is a muscular worm with a freaky mask on his face and a lit candle atop his pointy head.

The worm pats the sofa next to him, "You are welcome here, unrepentant souls. I trust you've brought me a suitable gift?"

The stanismists are a mix of croaches, worms, and the occasional cremefillian. The worm on the sofa is Othothoth Blech, High Priest of Stan (page 140). Once the heap have settled themselves onto the sofas, Othothoth offers them refreshments from a tray (fried Moonular cheese nuggets and beer), and asks them what they want. If the heap offer him a gift, he will be more inclined to be truthful in his dealings with them (something good, not one of those lame lanyards or potholders you made in summer camp).

Of course, being the high priest of a religion devoted to lies and deception, Othothoth is not prone to truth-telling unless it suits his needs. Luckily for the heap, it currently suits his needs to tell them what he knows about Gorminee. Have one character make a Persuasion roll, modified by +1-4 depending on the value of the gift, with an extra +1 if they slept in Room C. The information Othothoth divulges depends on the degree of success:

Failure

Gorminee was here, but he was killed and sacrificed to Stan (a lie).

Success

Gorminee came here a while ago (he doesn't remember exactly how long ago) in the company of four cremefillians. He was looking for a map of the Phesterance, which Othothoth owned, and offered to trade something cool (not telling what) in exchange. Othothoth accepted his deal, giving Gorminee the map, which leads to an ancient abandoned sin-o-gogue deep in the swamp.

Raise

Gorminee mentioned that he was meeting a friend for lunch at Under the Sink.

The abandoned sin-o-gogue on the map housed part of the Staff of Prisoki (whatever that is...).

Two Raises

The thing Gorminee traded for the map was the smell-o-vision he stole from the Garden of Smellemental Glee.

A cremefillian with an eye patch was here yesterday looking for Gorminee.

Othothoth traded the smell-o-vision to the cremefillian for a large pizza, a mug of beer and some awkward tenderness.

Resolution

The Stanismists allow the heap to leave unmolested (unless the characters start a fight or something). If they eventually bring Othothoth proof of Gorminee's demise (such as the map he gave him), Othothoth will give them each a single clam, but he will look his most handsome when he does it.

What's Next?

Poo Eating Grin

One Sniff Too Many

Curses! Soiled Again (Gargle Twice)

The Muck Starts Here (The Phesterance)

Curses! Soiled Again

The heap will need many of their wits to solve this mystery. Sir Vernix Lanugo, Lord of Gargle Twice, has gone and got himself cursed (sort of) and his servants need help in lifting the ensorcelment that leaves him trapped in the body of an infant. Our story begins as the heap travels the wilderness road from either Yapple or Yorf.

On the Road

The citadel of Gargle Twice sits atop a huge mountain of filth in the middle of a vast stretch of moss, mold, and crumbled stone. Caravans and travelers journeying along the dusty trade road between Yapple and Yorf often stop at the citadel for a bit of entertainment and safety from the many horrid monsters that prowl the land.

The journey from either Yapple or Yorf to Gargle Twice should take a typical caravan 3-4 days overland through mossy scrublands and occasional forests of mold and petrified trees. As the heap make the journey, either alone or in the company of a caravan, they encounter the following boxed text:

Hey, what's that smell up ahead? Something, most likely that thin plume of smoke wisping lackadaisically from within that grove of petrified trees on the horizon, smells distinctly like smoke wisping from a grove of petrified trees. As you ponder its source a feeble, guttural moan utters from within, "Oooooooooooooooooo."

Indeed a narrow tuft of dark purple smoke is wafting in this direction. The road, a filthy and barely navigable trail of mud and moldy gravel, that the heap are currently traveling leads directly into the grove of petrified trees. The moan moans on for a few minutes then falls silent. Should the heap elect to enter the grove, read this:

The moldy trail winds through low boulders and sandy muck, meandering its way into the dark and foreboding orchard as the smoky curl begins to fade. A deeper

stench, one that reeks distinctly of rotten feet, oozes from within. A thick, greasy rain begins to fall, pattering its way through the stony branches and dappling everything with icky muck.

As you enter the dismal grove it becomes very obvious that a fight has recently taken place here. Gobs of frothy white fluid cling to various branches, mingled with great splatterings of red and purple goop. A large something, gooey and green, smolders softly in the falling drizzle, filling the air with the stench of burning cheese. The scene is a grizzly one indeed. Someone, several someones by the look of it, obviously died here, but where are the bodies?

Where indeed? Allow the heap to investigate the scene. Here are some things that are obvious on inspection:

- ☆ The smoldering hunk of cheese was once a wagon of some sort, but it has been melting for a while and is barely discernable. The wooden wheels and metal axles have been removed and are stacked neatly to either side of the wreckage.

- ☆ The red and purple goop, thrown about in great profusion, is obviously blood. Bits of guts and the occasional eyeball or chunk of worm flesh are evident as well.

- ☆ The white froth appears to be cremefillian blood (partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening).

- ☆ There are a whole mess of scuffle marks all across the moldy ground. Whatever fight happened here was a pretty big one.

With a successful notice roll the heap may discover this stuff:

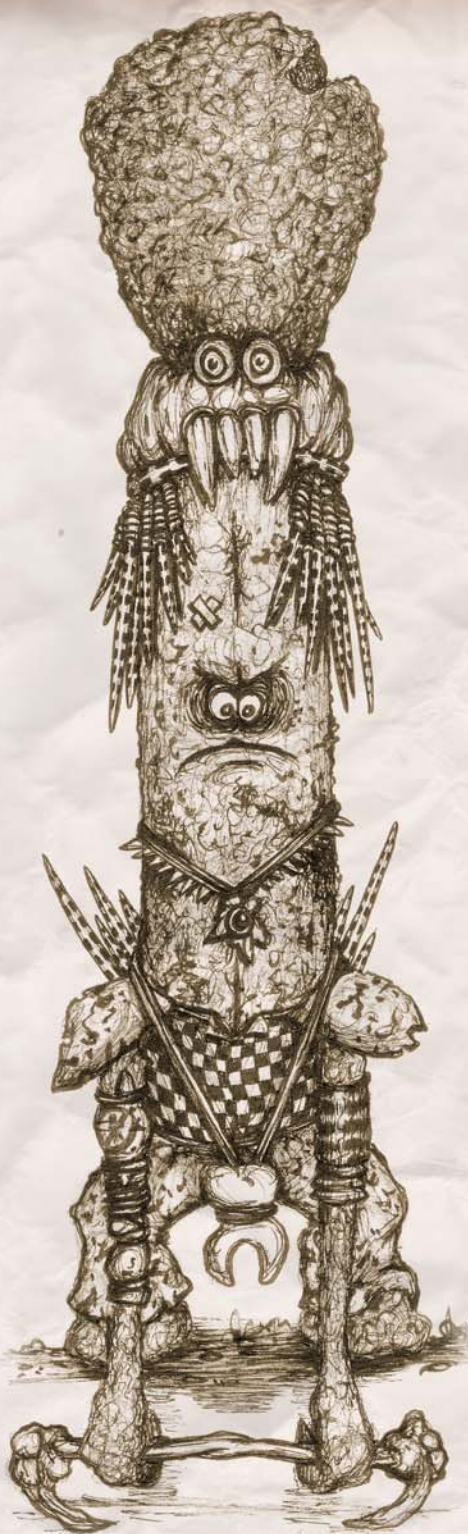
- ☆ A group of footprints, accompanied by drag marks and bloody smears, leads off into the grove on one side of the wagon. This leads to The Body Pile, described below.

- ☆ A larger group of prints continues along the trail in the direction the heap were originally traveling. These lead back onto the trail to Gargle Twice but disappear after a few hundred yorts.

- ☆ Beneath the stacked wagon wheels is a severed cremefillian hand. It wears a ring made of mucosite molded in the shape of a giggity (value 1000 clams). The ring is enchanted, granting its wearer the Giggity Gigger Edge.

The Body Pile: A few dozen yorts into the grove, if the heap follow the tracks and drags, they will find a most grizzly site. A small clearing houses a horrid mound of mutilated bodies, broken weapons, and dented armor. Read this as they approach:

Holy suffering armpits of Boorglezar! As you follow the drags deeper into the petrified woods a most horrific and grizzly sight greets you. Sure, you've seen corpses before, probably even created a few, but never like this! I mean, Jumpin' Jelvis on a pogo stick, this is some grizzly stuff. A



mound of mutilated bodies, seemingly equal parts worms and cremefillians, is assembled in the center of a dismal glade. Several carrion boids squawk and fly away at your approach as a low, feeble moan whimpers from somewhere within the pile, "Oooooooooooooooooo..."

The mound is comprised of the mutilated bodies of twenty four worms and eight cremefillians, all victims and casualties of a recent ambush by The Teeth of the Chocogator, a sect of Jemima's Witnesses up to no good. The corpses have been thoroughly savaged, but a few weapons or bits of armor might be salvaged by a persistent heap. The moan comes from Minty Fresh Breath, a desperately injured worm trapped within the mound. He is the only survivor of the ambush (aside from the assailants, of course). Minty Fresh Breath's body has been torn in half, with his legs and lower torso lost somewhere unpleasant. He painfully squirms and squiggles his way out of the pile, hopefully with assistance from the heap. Once he is revealed read this:

"Ugggggggg..." The vivisected worm desperately squiggles his way from the mound of corpses, his guts spilling along behind. "Deaky mutha grabbers cold wupped our sorry cans. Was comin' along sweet as can be, we was, deliverin' this here slab o glass from the Teats." He pauses to stuff his dangling intestine back into his coelem. "Yo, dig anybody find my fetals I be jazzed to reattach, flip dozer."

"Hoary as can be, cold ass muthas done ripped into our shizz with the stabbin' and the slashin' and the cold, cold freezy freezes. Minty Fresh Breath done got chopped in twain, sorry sight to be shown."

Here's the deal, Minty Fresh Breath and his fellows were hired by the Cheesemongers Guild in Maankaas to deliver a massive slab of glass they acquired in Glowhio to Gargle Twice. They were supposed to bring it to Sir Vernix Lanugo, although MFB does not know why. Before they could reach the citadel they were ambushed by a bunch of cremefillians wearing weird headdresses. Presumably the cremefillians stole the glass slab, since it's not with the remains of the wagon. There was at least one hocus poker among the cremefillians.

If the heap offer to heal MFB, he accepts their help then crawls off on his own after answering any questions they may have. If asked about the slab of glass he says:

"Trip sausage wiggly diggly, brisky slab was a circle mutha, 'bout three Minty Fresh Breaths across and about yay thick," he holds his arms about half a yort apart. "Done traded for curds in Glowhio."

Minty Fresh Breath (standard worm)(pg 136): MFB is in really bad shape. He speaks mostly in slang and is a devout Hoomanitarian.

If the heap search the body pile they may find the following: a spiked helmet (armor +2, Str +1, AP +2), a jug of booze (fermented cheese juice worth 300 clams), a strange headdress (Jemima's Witnesses may recognize this as belonging to the Teeth of the Chocogator with a Smarts roll), and a magical throwing brick (5d4, range 15/30/60).

On The Road (Again)

Presumably the heap will continue on to Gargle Twice. As they leave the petrified grove some boxed text ambushes them like a horde of thugs:

After several hours of tedious trekking across yorts and yorts of rocky mildew and prairies of brightly blooming mold the citadel of Gargle Twice rises beyond the horizon. Impossibly tall and rudely suggestive, the carven towers and lofty minarets sprout like mushrooms atop a veritable mountain of filth and refuse.

The citadel is actually built into the mountain of filth. A narrow road winds dangerously upward past various defensive formations, metal spikes, and other assorted nastinesses all dripping with muck and ick. As the heap make their way up the sludgeside read this:

The gravelly road winds its way up the filthside, meandering through ominous tunnels and across fortified bridges jagged with rusty spines. There's no overt sign of the citadel's defenders, although I'm sure they're around here somewhere, probably disguised as lumps of funk and such. As the thought occurs to you a bunch of large lumps of funk reveal themselves as well-armed croaches and worms. The largest of the croaches steps forward, his immense staff topped by some strange bulbous device. "What it is? I am Binky Boobookisser, chamberlain and nanny to Lord Sir Vernix Lanugo. Who do you serve and watcha all about?"

Once the heap convince Binky (page 137) they come in peace (Persuasion roll or a decent bribe) he will let them pass. If they mention the slaughter in the petrified grove, or if Minty Fresh Breath is still with them, Binky will get very concerned. "I winked this shnoot would wallow. Lord Lanugo gots to be hipped, dig? It's naptime right now, so I'll arrange an audience and send a guy for you later on. In the mean, enjoy the digs, the twigs, and the sprigs."

The warriors scrunch themselves back into the filth and the heap are free to continue onward. Binky will answer any questions they have about the citadel, but he will change the subject when asked about Lord Lanugo.

Binky's real name is Binson Blueblob but Vernix made him change it once his curse took hold. Skip ahead a bit for more information on Vernix's curse, or just be patient.

Gargle Twice

The citadel of Gargle Twice is a huge honkin' sprawl of buildings and fortifications that stagger their way up the filthside. The immense mansion of Vernix Lanugo stares down from the pinnacle, its moat overflowing with gray muck running in rivulets from the various peaks and crannies. Vendors and harlots pawn their wares ubiquitously along the wide path that winds its way through the settlement.

The heap are free to explore the citadel for a while, perhaps grabbing some lunch or procuring some fresh supplies or whatever. At some point Binky Boobookisser will send a messenger and a gang of guards to politely invite them to dinner at Vernix's mansion. If the heap don't want to go, the messenger (with the help of the guards) will respectfully insist, but it shouldn't come to that. Give them some time to change clothes and clean up a bit if they want to.

Vernix's Mansion

As the heap approach the mansion read this:

The mansion of Sir Vernix Lanugo sits atop the pinnacle of filth, surrounded on all sides by a cascading moat of grey sludge that bubbles from the ground like drool from a gurgling infant. The edifice is huge and imposing, but that appears to be slowly changing as servants on scaffolding paint the previously stark grey stone with gigantic pink and yellow duckies and bunnies.

Binky Boobookisser and a small contingent of guards greet you as you cross the massive drawbridge. "Grassy ass for coming, Sir Vernix wishes to peep you pronto."

Binky leads them into a vast vestibule and down a long hallway lined with fancy portraits. Each painting represents a former lord of the citadel.

If anyone thinks to look, the portrait of Vernix Lanugo is that of a regal looking adult croach wearing a curly white wig.

"When you peer his lordship try not to oogly-googly, he's laid on a slick burden of the sensitivities of late and his feelers are easily drooped. Try not to make him cry." Binky motions to two guards and a wide set of double doors at the end of the hall are opened, revealing a small audience chamber beyond.

The room is tastefully decorated with immense plush animals. Some sort of throne stands atop a dais at the back of the room. Squirming in the throne, which resembles an infant's high chair upon closer examination, is a larval crouch. Binky moves to a position behind the chair, wiping drool from the larva's chin as he passes. "You now address his Lordship Sir Vernix Lanugo. Please commence blab spouting and cred boasting."

At this point the heap should introduce themselves and boast of their adventures. Throughout the whole thing the baby Vernix (page 141) is more interested in chewing on his plush esophagator than in listening to what they say. Once the heap finish talking and Binky has wiped the drool from Vernix's chin, the infant temples his four hands together, looks attentively at the heap and utters, in a deep and sonorous voice, this:

"A gazillion times welcome bold venturists. It is my rightful place to be Lord Sir Vernix Lanugo, Thirty-Seventh Scion of House Lanugo, Defender of the Citadel, The Thrice-Gargled, Honored Servant of Bernizedd the Enplumpinated, and victim of an untimely and unflattering curse. The neotenous form you peer befront you is but a sham." Binky Boobookisser leans in with a bib to wipe the lord's chin. "I AM NOT A BABY, YOU DOO DOO HEAD! NOW FETCH ME MY BOTTLE, I HUNGER!"

Binky rushes to comply. "He hasn't had his nap yet," he whispers by way of apology.

Lord Lanugo suckles his bottle for a few moments then continues. "That slab of glass stolen in the Pet-tree-fied Grove was to be a gift to my friends at the First Hoomanitarian Church. I'm hiring you to get it back. You may have your choice of reward from my treasure vaults if you are successful. It's nap time so I will take my leave of you. Binky will see to your sustenance."

Lord Lanugo quickly falls asleep in his high chair as Binky and two guards usher you from the room.

As he leads you toward a dining hall Binky leans in and whispers, "Boss man's been trippin' since the curse embabificated him. In confidence, if I have to change one more diaper I'm gonna crap glass pineapples." As he speaks he reaches a hand into his robes and withdraws a small, strange, rectangular device covered in buttons and a couple of tiny glass panels. "This artifact of the Hoomanrace's been kickin' it in my family for generations. It's yours if you lift Lord Lanugo's curse."

The device is actually a solar powered calculator, but Binky calls it a "Numba Cruncha". It still works, despite its venerable age and is extremely valuable (20,000 clams). Binky will continue to lead the heap to the dining hall where they are treated to a fine meal. Binky will answer any questions they have to the best of his ability. Here's what he knows:

Regarding the Slaughter in the Grove:

☆ It appears to be the work of The Teeth of the Chocogator.

☆ The leader of The Teeth is rumored to be Hater Wig Wig, a cremefillian minister who used to run a Jemima's Witness church in the citadel.

☆ The Jemima's Witness church was abandoned not long ago and turned into a juice bar called "Squeeze This".

☆ The glass slab was going to be a gift to the First Hoomanitarian Church, where it would be used as a wall. The church is run by Righteous Daddy Nopar King. The parishioners are mostly boduls.

Regarding Vernix's curse:

☆ Vernix is seventy years old.

☆ About 200 days ago, after a banquet at

The Spawnderosa, Vernix woke up as an infant.

★ Vernix was seen with a croach prostitute named Lardamade at the banquet.

★ The banquet was held by Vernix and Madame Fluttercooch (the proprietor) to celebrate the religious diversity of the citadel.

★ Among the clergy in attendance were Righteous Daddy Nopar King, Hater Wig Wig, Painful Rectal Itch (a wandering Boorglezarian wisenheimer), Sinmeister Stab of the Stanismists, Slimemold Smelf XII of the Fungish, and Pastor Hey-suess of the Jeezle Freaks.

The Spawnderosa

Should the heap decide to ask around at the Spawnderosa (hopefully they will) read this:

The Spawnderosa is a majestic structure, tall and cylindrical and topped by a magnificent bulging dome. It reminds you of something you can't quite put your finger on (at least not in public). The interior is draped in silky fabrics and colorful pillows abound. Various hussies and the like hawk their wares from tiered boudoirs while moans and assorted sloshing noises mingle with the exotic incenses and perfumes that fill the air.

As you make your way inside, past a veritable museum of "marital products" and portraits of smiling clientele, an immensely bodacious female croach (a genuine "brick house" if you will) in a leather tube top and high-heeled pumps, flashes you a massive smile. With a flirtatious wink and a couple of giggles (don't ask how a creature with a carapace can jiggle, she just does) she coos in a voice like baby oil, "Welcome to the Spawnderosa, where the customer always comes first. What's your pleasure?"

This is Madame Grizzle Fluttercooch. She is very accommodating, but won't answer questions about the banquet or Vernix unless the heap avail themselves of her hospitality (to the tune of 500 clams or more, or a Persuasion roll at -4). Once those conditions are met, here is what she knows:

★ There was a fight between the Jemima's Witnesses and the Hoomanitarrians during dessert. Heated words were exchanged between Hater Wig Wig and Nopar King.

★ Vernix was with a hussy named Lardamade that night. She quit her job the next day and joined the Jeezle Freaks. She might be found at Criminee Cave a nearby Jeezle Freak church.

★ A few days after the banquet the Jemima's Witnesses closed their church and moved elsewhere. Squeeze This, a juicebar, currently occupies the spot.

Criminee Cave (Jeezle Freak church)

The heap may decide to search for Lardamade. She can indeed be found among the Jeezle Freaks.



Criminee Cave is basically just a huge hollow rock covered in gleaming rhinestones and capital "t"s. Inside, three monks (one worm and two croaches) in sequined jumpsuits light candles. A fourth monk, a female croach (this is Lardamade), is gluing black velvet to the wall. As the heap walk in, the worm greets them kindly and asks what he can do for them. If they ask about Lardamade, he points her out, but warns that she has taken a vow of silence and has not spoken in 200 days. If asked about Pastor Hey-suess, the worm tells them he left on a pilgrimage to Maankaas a few days ago.

If the heap try to talk with Lardamade, she will listen intently but won't talk. She will, however, answer their yes or no questions with nods or shakes. Her mind is a bit addled, so she answers affirmatives with shakes and negatives with nods. Here is what they might learn from her (if they ask the right questions):

★ Yep, she was with Vernix the night of the banquet. She was given a bottle of perfume as a gift from a smelf who told her to wear it that evening. She was supposed to be with Righteous Daddy Nopar King that night, but Vernix wooed her away. When she woke up and saw Vernix had been turned into a baby she felt so guilty she joined the Jeezle Freaks and took a vow of silence and chastity until the curse is lifted.

Squeeze This

If the heap go to the site of the former Jemima's Witness temple they will find a small juice bar, made from a gigantic hollow fruit, in its place. The proprietor is a horc named Fruitsqueezer Nutsmasher. Nut-smasher tells them, if they ask, he acquired the

land from Hater Wig Wig in exchange for some brocodile carcasses.

Fruitsqueezer, who keeps his ingredients in his gullet so he can cough them up when needed, is rude and arrogant. However, it may come up in conversation (if the heap buy enough juice) that the entrance to the basement of the old temple is beneath his juice bar. He'll let them in, as long as they help him move the juice bar and put it back over the hole when they're finished exploring, and they give him something cool (like a reek or weird device).

The juice bar can be moved to the side, revealing a hole in the ground through which a stairway descends into darkness. When the heap begin their way down, read this:

Man, those Jemima's Witnesses sure know how to decorate. There's nothing in this musty basement but a horde of wall-to-wall shelves filled with small glass idols. As you start to poke around, a not-quite-creepy voice comes from nowhere, "Wooooooo, I am the ghost of Slimemold Smelf the XIII, wooooo. Wooooooo disturbs my rest? Wooooooo."

Yep, the spirit of Slimemold Smelf XIII does indeed dwell in this basement. He is harmless and intangible. He'll try to scare the heap away by making wooooo noises, but once that appears to be fruitless, he'll answer any questions they may have. Here is what he says:

★ He and his brother, Slimemold Smelf XII, are smellcasters and clergy of The Fungish. They came from The Phesterance, at Lord Lanugo's request, to attend a party at The Spawnderosa.

★ The Slimemold brothers were asked by Hater Wig Wig to help him play a prank on his good friend Righteous Daddy Nopar King. They crafted a reek that would temporarily make Nopar King prepubescent, messing with his carnal fun that evening.

★ Slimemold XII gave the reek to the hussy that Nopar was supposed to be with that evening, hoping Nopar would inhale her perfume. Somehow it affected Lord Lanugo instead.

★ Recently a strange pink fluffy guy appeared among The Fungish and offered to help increase the potency of their devotions (This is Slogr the Slopsmith, but the smelves don't know that).

★ The morning after Lango was infant-icized Slimemold XIII was killed from behind. He has no idea what became of his brother.

After the heap talk to Slimemold Smelf XIII's ghost three more spirits of the danged materialize in the middle of the room and attack them. They are all dead cremefillians from the Teeth of the Chocogator.

Spirits of the Danged (3)(pg 83): The spirits attack relentlessly. They have the following Monstrous Abilities: Bite, Etherealness, Undead.

The First Hoomanitarian Church

Quite understandably the heap may decide to snoop around the First Hoomanitarian Church. If they do, read this:

The First Hoomanitarian Church sits atop a rocky promontory of filth. It looks as if some repair work is going on here. The roof is missing and one of the walls has a huge circular hole in it. The whole building sits at a peculiar angle, almost as if it might topple over the edge at any moment.

Several dozen Hoomanitarians, mostly boduls, are attending to the repairs. As you approach, one of them, a three-armed bodul with eyes that bulge from his forehead, comes toward you with an outstretched hand. His other two hands shield his face from the rays of the brilliant sun.

"Good day unto you my bruthas and sistas. I am underbrother Felicitous Crunch. What can I do you for?"

Felicitous is in charge while Nopar King is away. He will answer the heap's questions, but won't allow them into the temple, claiming he doesn't want them to interfere with the work. Here is what he knows:

★ The temple is not being repaired, it is being modified.

★ Righteous Daddy Nopar King is away on sabbatical (he won't say where).

★ Lately the Teeth of the Chocogator have been ambushing any caravans manned by Hoomanitarians.

★ The Teeth of the Chocogator have a hidden lair somewhere in the Grove.

★ He was not at the party at the Spawnderosa and knows very little about it.

If the heap snoop around anyway, they may notice (Notice -2) a ceramic and metal frame being built in the circular hole. It looks like this may be some sort of mechanism to pivot the wall once the glass is in place. If asked about this Felicitous tells them it is for ventilation purposes. The Hoomanitarians actually have a sinister secret plot; they plan to use the giant slab of glass as a monstrous lens to focus the rays of the sun (which can be quite brilliant at this elevation) into a death beam with which to burn the secret hideout of the Teeth of the Chocogator.

The Pet-tree-fied Grove

As the heap return to the grove to search for the Chocogators' hidden lair they find a horde of cremefillians waiting for them.

As you approach the grove your stomach (if you have one) metaphorically lurches into your throat. A veritable horde of cremefillians, each decked out in a Chocogator hat and armed with something vicious, is mobbed up in front of the petrified trees. One of them steps forward and shouts, "Oi, what's this then? Have you come to finish the job of those blighted Hoomanitarians? We's only acting in self defense, but if it's to be, it's to be."



There are forty cremefillians in the horde. The heap might think to parley with them before a fight erupts. If so, the cremefillians claim they stole the glass to prevent the Hoomanitarians from using it to burn them alive. As they are talking, a similar horde, this one of Hoomanitarian boduls and a few worms and croaches, is spotted approaching from the direction of Gargle Twice. Once they get within shouting range Felicitous Crunch yells out, "Prepare for the wrath of the Hoomanrace, defilers of history! We will no longer stomach your murderous incursions!"

The Hoomanitarians also have a horde of forty. The two sides are pretty evenly matched, with five holy rollers in each group. The heap have several options for this battle [This is an excellent opportunity to use the miniatures skirmish rules available free at www.greatwhitegames.com]:

Option One: They fight on the side of the Hoomanitarians or the Teeth of the Chocogator. If this option is chosen allow the players to control the side they are on.

Option Two: The heap split into separate factions, each supporting a different side. In this case, sit back and watch as the players fight each other, each controlling a different side in the battle.

Option Three: The heap somehow manage to negotiate a truce. This requires a great deal of talking and a Persuasion roll at -2 for each side. They will have to convince the cremefillians to reveal the hidden slab of glass (it has been turned invisible and hidden in the grove) and also convince the Hoomanitarians not to use it as a weapon (they will admit their plans only if confronted with evidence). If

they actually manage to prevent the sides from killing each other award bennies all around.

Option Four: The heap let the two sides fight amongst themselves while watching from the sidelines. In this case split the players into two groups and allow each to control one side in the battle.

Chocogator Cultists (35)(standard cremefillians)(pg 136): The cremefillians have the advantage of the cover of the grove. They are armed with slingshots (Str +1) and various melee weapons (Str +1).

Chocogator Holy Rollers (5)(standard cremefillians)(pg 136): These guys have Holy Rolling d8, 10 Power Points, and two Powers each (Bolt (freezing wind) and Smite).

Hoomanitarians (35)(standard boduls)(pg 136): The boduls have the advantage of extra Edges and superior weaponry. They are armed with various melee weapons (Str +2) and throwing rocks (Str +1).

Hoomanitarian Holy Rollers (5)(standard boduls)(pg 136): These guys also have Holy Rolling d8, 10 Power Points, and two Powers each (Bolt (fire) and Deflection).

Once the battle is over, no matter which side is victorious (or if the fight is avoided), the heap are free to explore the grove. After a bit of searching they find a door concealed in the base of one of the trees. It is unlocked and easily opened.

The door leads to a spiral stairway that goes downward into the Oith. The stairs open up into a large subterranean chamber. As soon as

the heap step from the lower doorway they are attacked by Hater Wig Wig and some of his cronies (if the heap helped the creme-fillians in the battle, or negotiated peace, he may be convinced to stop his attack.

Hater Wig Wig (pg 139): Hater attacks with spells. He is really pissed off.

Chocogator Cultists (8)(standard creme-fillians, Fighting d10)(pg 136): Hater is joined by eight of his cronies. They are armed with big metal bars (Str +3).

If the heap manage to defeat Hater without killing him he might reveal the location of the slab of glass (invisible in the grove). If they kill him they are S.O.L., although they might find it if they search the grove long enough (2d4 hours).

Aside from a bunch of beds and some Jemima's Witness paraphernalia (idols and such) the only thing of interest in the chamber are a bunch of metal cages stacked against a wall. In one of these is an unconscious smelf. If he is awakened he reveals himself to be Slimemold Smelf XII (pg 141). He admits his part in Vernix's curse, and offers to concoct an antidote. The only catch is, he only has half the recipe. His brother knows the other half, but Slimemold XII has no idea where he is. If the heap tell him about the ghost under the juice bar he will get very sad, but will go visit his brother's spirit and make the antidote. Of course, if the heap never explored under the juice bar they won't know about Slimemold Smelf XIII and therefore won't be able to lift Vernix's curse.

Resolution

Here's the deal: Vernix is very happy as an infant. He actually does not want the curse to be lifted. If the heap get the antidote, however, Binky Boobookisser will put it in his lord's bottle anyway. There are several possible outcomes to this tale, depending on the success of the heroes' endeavors:

Outcome One: They find the glass and the antidote. In this case, Binky gives them the Numba Cruncha but Vernix is pissed off about the curse being lifted. He fires Binky and lets the heap choose a prize from his garage instead of his vault. The garage contains several wagons, a few pigmy slogs, a creeper, and two threesycles.

Outcome Two: They find the glass but not the antidote. They do not get Binky's Hoomanrace artifact, but may choose a prize from Vernix's treasure vault. In the vault are all sorts of mundane jeweled things (value up to 10,000 clams) and a bunch of random weird devices (each casts one Power of Novice to Seasoned rank and has 10 PP per day).

Outcome Three: They find the antidote but not the glass. Binky gets fired but he gives them the artifact.

Outcome Four: They find neither the

antidote nor the glass. They get nothing and are run out of town in disgrace.

Depending on their next destination, they may be able to convince Binky, Slimemold Smelf XII or both to accompany them on the next leg of their journey.

What's Next?

The Muck Starts Here

A Not So Fond Farewell to Arms

The Muck Starts Here



Gorminee the Goosed has been captured by savages somewhere deep in the Phesterance. If the heap want to learn his secrets they'll have to rescue his sorry ass. They can get to The Phesterance in any number of ways. Maybe they can buy a balloon in Gargle Twice, or go on foot across the Open Range (a gigantic desert of dried mold and dust). Whichever way they go, once they get there they're in for a treat...

The Phesterance

The Phesterance is a horrid morass of bubbling muck and bloated fungi. A dense, itchy miasm of spores and mist clouds your vision and lends a spooky cast to the whole affair. The burbling grumbles of unseen monsters battle the ubiquitous buzzing insect hordes for your ears' attention. Footing is treacherous, to say the least, as thickets of floating moss and gigantic mushroom caps, which provide the only dry ground for yorts in any direction, break apart without warning, spilling you into the greasy brine that floods this abhorrent swamp.

Not long into your journey, drenched, itchy, and hopelessly lost, it occurs to you that Gorminee the Goosed could be anywhere.

While traveling through The Phesterance, the heap can either build a boat or raft of some sort (somehow) and paddle through the water or they can go on foot by climbing their way across carpets of floating moss and the ubiquitous fungi that jut from the muck like tumors. Either way there is no clear path to follow and unless they have some really clever means to avoid the dangers of the swamp and track down Gorminee they will soon find themselves in a whole heapin' helping of trouble.

The Phesterance is pretty much infested with all manner of monstrous beasts, not the least of which are brocodiles and cute little duckies. As the heap get more hopelessly lost they are attacked by these voracious predators. A flock of cute little duckies tries to

ambush them from above, while some hungry brocodiles lurk beneath the water's surface waiting to munch anyone who falls in. The water is about 5 yorts (5 feet) deep in this area. Anyone hit by the duckies must make an Agility roll or fall into the water, subjecting them to attack by the brocodiles.

Cute Little Duckies (9)(pg 79): The duckies gain a +4 bonus in the first round to attack anyone who fails a Notice roll. Since there are nine of them, they each get a +3 bonus to Fighting rolls.

Brocodiles (3)(pg 78): The brocodiles will try to eat anyone who falls in the water.

Once the heap escape or kill all the monsters they can go back to wondering how to find Gorminee. Eventually they will happen upon an amusing scenario that may give them a hint.

The Dweeb

Some time after the monster attack (a few days or so), as the heap are wandering hopelessly through the mire, read this:

This really sucks. Over the last several days you have managed to get yourselves even more hopelessly lost. Not only have



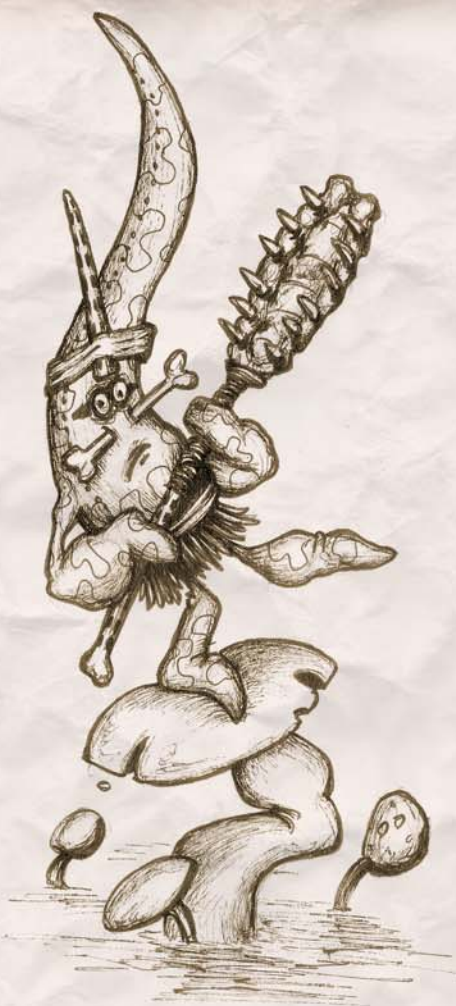
you no clue how to find Gorminee, you're pretty sure you have no clue how to escape this wretched marsh either. You're itchy, sodden, greasy, cranky, and lost. As you grumpily settle yourselves down to an improvised lunch of bogwort and grubcakes, a strange smell reaches your nostrils. Sniff, sniff. What is that? It kind of smells like fresh roasted slog steaks slathered with delicious bilgeberry glaze...

The smell is coming from atop a very tall, overhanging mushroom. The heap can't see the top of it, but they can see a thin trail of steam meandering from above. The meal is indeed fresh roasted slog steaks and bilgeberry glaze, prepared moments ago by Smartypants Bulgebrain (page 141), a dweeb who dwells in the swamp. Smartypants knows the heap are below him, but he thinks he's high enough up that they can't molest him. If they call up to him politely he will offer to share his meal with them (they have to climb up to him, though). Otherwise he will ignore them. If they try to sneak up on him, or steal his food, he will use his magic bow tie to teleport away, then harass the heap with practical jokes until they apologize. Smartypants speaks in really big words, showing off his immense vocabulary and brainpower.

Smartypants knows quite a bit about what goes on in the Phesterance. If the heap give him a nice present, or if they pull a non-painful practical joke on him (he gets a Smarts roll to avoid the gag), he will tell them what he knows about Gorminee.

Indeed, kind beans, I know a thing or seven about this intrepid smelf of whom you query. He came to this blessed quagmire many days ago, in search, I forefend, of a hidden dome. This place, I declare, was once home to vile sin, but now stands derelict and disabused, but not really. Within he hoped to find I know not what, but instead within he found misfortune. Our guy was captured, my legumes, victim of the tourist's blunder. Out trolling for brocodiles, the unfortunate bloke was set upon by savages. He'll be a soup about this time, one imagines, assuming they aren't saving him for a sunny day. I'm happy to direct you on your way, should you choose to pursue our friendless friend.

So, apparently Gorminee was captured by savages while he was investigating the sin-o-gogue. Gorminee has not yet been made into a soup, but he will be soon if the heap don't intervene. Smartypants will send them in the proper direction. It will take 2 days to get to the sin-o-gogue assuming the smartest hero makes a Smarts roll at -2. If he fails the Smarts roll add the number of days by which he failed to the time of the journey. Be sure to check for random encounters along the way. Smartypants will not accompany them, but he may show up some other time they need help if you want, since his magic bow tie allows him to teleport.



The Savages

When they start to get close to the sin-o-gogue the heap are ambushed by a bunch of savage worms. The savages are violent and bloodthirsty, but will try to capture the heap alive if possible (for later consumption). One of them is wearing a strange hat, which any heap member who saw the hallucination from the reek in Poo Eating Grin will recognize as Gorminee's.

Savages (standard worms)(12)(pg 136): The savages are armed with bone clubs and brocodile snouts (Str +2). Each has a loincloth and a length of rope made from brocodile intestines. They are members of the Pinksnot tribe and speak only their own language.

If the heap manage to get captured they will be stripped of their weapons and tied together, then led back through the swamp to the abandoned sin-o-gogue, which is now the lair of the Pinksnot tribe (sort of; they don't actually go inside, but they do hang out in front of it). If the heap kill or frighten off the savages they'll have to find another way to discover the sin-o-gogue. Once they do, whether on their own or as captives, read this:

A huge boulder juts from the stagnant brine, erupting forth from the filmy miasma like a mushroom covered blister. The stone is obviously hollow, as evidenced by the circular hole several yorts up its forward face. Guttering torchlight lends an eerie cast to the dozens of chanting savages dancing frenetically around a gigantic, steaming soup pot. Dangling above the pot, wrapped in thick weeds, is the wiggling form of a smelf.

If the heap are prisoners, they will be tied to giant mushrooms and ignored while their possessions are taken to the sin-o-gogue and thrown unceremoniously into the door hole. They will have to find some way to escape if they don't want to end up in the soup pot.

As the heap look on, savages on stilts carry various ingredients to the soup pot and toss them in. There is no fire beneath the pot, but it appears to be boiling nonetheless. Every minute or so Gorminee (page 138) is lowered another yort or so. He is wiggling wildly, but is unable to free himself.

Now it falls upon the heap to rescue Gorminee before he becomes just another ingredient. There are a total of forty savages. Five of them are on stilts and armed with throwing rocks (Str+2). The rest have bone clubs and brocodile snouts (Str+2). Two worms sit atop the mushroom from which Gorminee dangles, slowly lowering the rope in time with the ritualistic dancing. As the Boss, you can set this up however you want. Maybe throw in a few trained brocodiles or something if you need more variety. The heap can initiate a straightforward assault or they can be sneaky about it. Just make it interesting and improvise so Gorminee doesn't get killed.

Speaking of Gorminee, he's in pretty bad shape. He's been stripped naked and tied tightly with weeds and brocodile intestines so he won't be much help during a fight. His only fallback weapon is a reek concealed in his left nostril (Bolt 3d6x3) which he will use in a last ditch attempt to smash the cauldron if it comes to that. All of Gorminee's supplies have been taken by the savages and stowed in the sin-o-gogue (along with the heap's supplies if they were captured).

In the giant soup pot is a magic stone that radiates intense heat when it gets wet. This is a weird device created by the tribal shaman so the savages can cook their food in this wet environment.

If the heap successfully rescue Gorminee and kill or disable more than half of the savages the rest will flee into the swamp. Gorminee is extremely grateful to be rescued and will speak openly with the heap about all he knows. He will promise to return to the Garden of Smellemental Glee provided the heap promise to continue his quest to find the Primordial Soup Kitchen. Here is what he knows:

★ The journal he stole from the Garden of Smellemental Glee mentioned some kind of staff, the various pieces of which were scattered across the Oith. Assembling the staff

is the key to opening the Soup Kitchen.

★ The journal was eaten by a brocodile several days ago.

★ He has determined the location of the first piece of the staff to be in this abandoned sin-o-gogue, but he was captured by the savages before he could get inside.

★ He believes the location of the second piece of the staff may be known by members of the Greenspleen clan of Glowhio, who are supposedly the historical protectors of the thing.

★ Uuulon Crepulos has been funding his expedition, but Gorminee doesn't trust him. The cremefillians he was traveling with were friends of Uuulon, but they stayed behind in New Oorlquar. Gorminee suspects Uuulon may be working with a sect of Jemima's Witnesses looking for the Soup Kitchen, but he's not sure.

★ A group of Hoomanitarians ambushed Gorminee outside of Gargle Twice, but he got away.

★ Searching for the Primordial Soup Kitchen has been Gorminee's obsession for many years. He can't explain it, he's just driven.

For more information on Gorminee the Goosed, be sure to reference his entry on page 138. Once he has answered the heap's questions, Gorminee will accompany them into the sin-o-gogue. Of course, there's really nothing to stop the heap from just killing him at this point, if they are the sort to do that kind of thing.

The Abandoned Sin-o-gogue

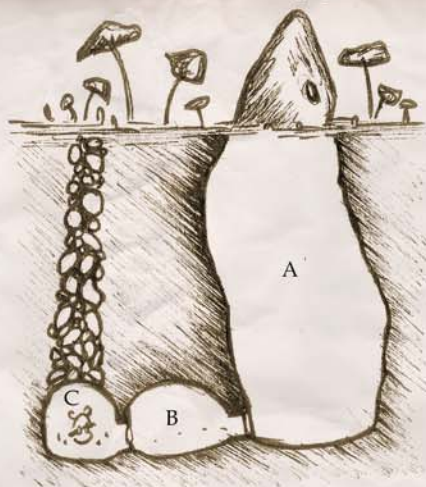
Basically all you can see of the sin-o-gogue is a really big rock with an entrance hole several yorts above the surface of the shallow marsh. The rotted remains of an ancient stairway jut uselessly from the water's surface and a few ropes made of brocodile intestine dangle from the opening. As you ponder how best to enter, a couple of small black boids flutter from the hole and fly off into the swamp.

The boids are oily boids (page 82). Several dozen of them are roosting in the sin-o-gogue. The boids are mostly harmless and won't attack, but they have made the interior of the sin-o-gogue a very dangerous place, as you will see as you read on.

A. The Tabernacle

From your perch in the entryway it appears this gigantic round chamber takes up the entire sin-o-gogue. The crumbled remnants of evil statuary throughout the room and across the walls and ceiling now provides roosting space for the dozens of greasy black boids that infest the chamber. Some kind of oily sludge clings to the walls and the floor is lost in gloom. Whatever steps once led from the doorway to the floor below have long since rotted away, leaving a vertiginous drop into the darkness.

The Abandoned Sin-o-gogue



The depth of this chamber is deceiving. See, this big ass rock is actually even bigger ass. It goes down into the Oith quite a distance. The Tabernacle chamber once had a narrow stairway spiraling its way around the walls to the floor a hundred yorts below (100'). The greasy black sludge is the drippings from the oily boids. Any source of fire that is brought into the chamber will ignite the sludge, sending a massive waft of flame throughout the entire room. This blast inflicts 4d6 points of damage to anyone in the room, killing most of the boids. A preemptive Notice roll followed by a Common Knowledge roll will hip a character to the danger.

Once the flame burns out, if it exists in the first place, the heap are free to work their way down the walls to the floor below. This can be done by climbing the broken statuary carved into the walls (three Climbing rolls along the way), rappelling with ropes, or following whatever other ingenious method the heap devise. Of course, getting back up will be an issue too, but you can deal with that later. There is no light in this room but what the heap bring with them.

The floor of the chamber is solid stone. A gigantic hand flipping you off is carved into the center. Whatever gear the savages threw down here (including all of Gorminee's possessions) is still here. Check to see if any breakables (like reeks and the like) were damaged in the fall and to see if everything else burned up in the fire (if it happened). The stuff in Gorminee's fireproof sack will still be intact, of course.

There's no sign of the staff in here, but a successful Notice check and a bit of searching will reveal the following:

★ The charred and blasted remains of several dozen corpses around the outer edges of the room. These are sacrificed victims from a century or so ago, mostly croach exoskeletons and bodul bones.

★ Worn and scorched carvings all over the place depicting various vices and sins in action.

★ A plaque on the wall that says "Sinmaster Snoogles. Ring for service". A

second Notice roll, this one at -2 will show the outline of a stone door behind the soot that covers this portion of the wall. This door leads to the chambers of Sinmaster Snoogles, the former priest of the sin-o-gogue (Area B).

The door to Sinmaster Snoogles' office is heavy stone. There is no keyhole or knob of any kind. The door is barred from the other side. It has a toughness of 12, and must be destroyed in order for the heap to get past it. Remember, when attacking objects, raises and aces don't count. The door is immune to damage from fire, acid, electricity, and cold (although freezing it then heating it quickly might shatter it). Although no bell is to be found in the tabernacle, simply saying the words "ring ring" or ringing a bell someone happened to bring along will cause the door to unlock.

B. Sinmaster Snoogles' Chambers

Sufferin' socks, this place is a mess! It appears to be a bedroom or office of some sort. Broken bits of furniture and shattered glass litter the floor in massive heaps. A huge puddle of shallow water takes up most of the room. Against the far wall is a circular stone door with a big ass keyhole right in the center.

The puddle of water is not a puddle of water at all. It's a puddle of yuck, a vicious monster that oozed its way into the sin-o-gogue over a century ago and killed most of the devotees. The puddle has been trapped in this room since then. Somebody slammed the door shut behind it while it was eating Sinmaster Snoogles. The puddle is smart enough to wait until most of the heap have entered the room before it begins its attacks, but once they're inside -woo hoo, buddy, watch out!

Puddle of Yuck (pg 82): The puddle of yuck hasn't eaten in over 100 years. It is very hungry... Oh yeah, don't forget it gets three simultaneous attacks per round.

Once the heap manage to dispatch the puddle of yuck they are free to investigate the remains of the room. Here is what they find:

★ A cool ceremonial dagger (Str +1, Str +4 when wielded by a Stanismist).

★ Random bits of shiny things (3500 clams total).

★ A key made of metal and bone. The bone has been mostly eaten by the puddle of yuck. In order to make the key usable again, the bone must be replaced by some other material (Repair roll -2). Once it is fixed, it will open the circular door to Area C.

★ A gigantic snow shovel (Str+3) still in decent shape.

★ A small metal barrel. This is a *can o' worms*. When it is opened, an extremely long spring snake shoots forth and acts as a 300' rope and grapple. Hmmm... maybe they can use this to get out of here later. It's reusable too.



C. The Vault

The circular portal opens into a small round chamber. In the center of the chamber is a strange, squat statue of some sort of horned amphibian or something. The thing holds a short wooden pole in its hands. Could this be the legendary staff you for which you search? Oh, and the floor is covered in twisty spikes.

The floor is indeed covered in twisty spines, but they are easy to walk around. Yep, this is indeed the staff for which they search. It's basically just a wooden pole about 3 yorts long (3') with a strange metal tip on each end. It doesn't look like much but it has sort of a weird aura about it, as if it is something far more powerful than it appears to be (cuz it is). Anyway, once anyone tries to pry the staff from the statue's hands, the poop predictably hits the proverbial fan. This can be avoided if someone closely inspecting the statue makes a successful Notice roll. The arms are obviously rigged to slide around a bit if the staff is removed. The heap can jam some rubble into the cracks or something (Lockpicking roll) to keep the trap from springing, but if they don't the entire ceiling collapses in on them. Anyone in the room may make an Agility roll at -2 in order to jump into Sinmaster Snoogles' office, but if they fail they each take 4d6 points of damage and are buried beneath a dozen yorts of swamp mud and filth. Worms can dig themselves out at the normal rate, but anyone else is going to need help. Oh yeah, and the room is also filling with water from above. Anyone trapped under the muck must make a

Vigor roll each round or suffer a wound (Shaken first, of course). Make this part exciting, but try not to kill anyone unless they do something stupid or refuse to use bennies.

Getting Out

Once the heap have the staff, they must find a way to get out of the sin-o-gogue. Hopefully they'll think of something creative. Gorminee (if he still lives) will thank the heap for their help and promise to return to The Garden of Smellemental Glee, assuming the heap hold to their promise to continue searching for the PSK.

Gorminee is not so easily ridded of, however. He will use reeks of invisibility and nosebloating to follow them for a few days before making an attempt to steal the staff and continue the search himself. Gorminee actually has every intention of returning home, but the geas inflicted on him by the Dementional Discotesticus won't let him.

Of course, they may not allow Gorminee to leave so easily. The heap may decide to keep him with them so they can return him to the Garden himself or take him to Othothoth Blech in New Oorlquar.

What's Next?

Beslave Yourself
A Not So Fond Farewell to Arms



Beslave Yourself



If the heap want to find the next piece to the Priso-kian Staff, they'll have to travel to Glowhio to find a member of the Greenspleen clan. Unfortunately, as they'll discover, the entire clan has been enslaved by the Gubernator and forced to work in a smolderstone mine.

Glowhio

How the heap get to Glowhio is up to them. Most likely they'll be coming on foot from The Phesterance, a route which will take them through the foothills of the Teats of Boorglezar, or they might cut through the holewhence edge of The Moonular Cheese Fields. Either way, maybe you can plan something fun for them to do on the way; perhaps an encounter with some hermitic Boorglezarians or an attack by voracious qoochachos. It's up to you, but once they get there read this:

Glowhio is a very strange place. The sky is thick, dark and orange while the land itself glows with an eerie, dim, blue burn. In all directions the ground is bleak, hard stone, cratered and jumbled, infested with great rocky outcroppings, chasms, and canyons.

Glowhio is a pretty dangerous place to be. The only water to be found is in the greasy mists that occasionally blow in from The Phesterance to form stagnant pools of grimy muck against rock faces and puddle at the bottom of canyons and craters. The most abundant source of food are the mutant land fish that roam the desert feeding off gravel mites and mold. Most of these fish are small and harmless, but they can grow to incredible sizes and become quite voracious.

After two days the heroes and all their stuff will begin to acquire a dull glow of their own. This glow is not bright enough to dilute the natural color of things, but it does make hiding in the dark almost impossible. The glow will begin to fade as soon as they leave Glowhio, and will dim completely after a week or so.

The heap will have to travel through the desert for 2d4 days before they find any sign of intelligent life. When they do it is in the form of a bunch of slaves and their masters. Read this:

This place really sucks. The food sucks, the service is terrible, water is hard to find and tastes like filth, and to top it all off you've developed this bizarre luminescence that makes it hard to sleep or play hide and go seek. You haven't seen any intelligent beings since you got here, aside from that group of dudes on the horizon.

The dudes on the horizon are a bunch of slaves and some lashmasters. They are out gathering water and hunting mutant land fish to take back to the mine in which they live. They haven't spotted the heap yet, but they will soon if our heroes don't hide. The heap may be able to sneak closer to get a better look, but remember they glow in the dark so Stealth rolls have a -1 penalty (only -1 since everything else glows too). Once they get closer, read this:

A bunch of guys (three worms and two weird boduls) in loincloths are stretching a big net between two outcroppings. Some other guys in loincloths (two croaches, two boduls, a cremefillian, and a worm) are swinging big paddles in the air and making odd whooping noises. Four guys draped in black linens crack whips above their heads and shout at them to hurry. You can't make out the species of these beblackened folks, and oddly enough their clothes do not glow.

The slaves with the paddles are psyching themselves up so they can chase the herd of mutant land fish on the other side of the next ridge into the net. The guys in black are lashmasters (two croaches and two boduls). The lashmasters aren't belligerent, as long as the heap aren't dressed as slaves.

If the heap try to sneak up on the group and are spotted by either the slaves or lashmasters someone will shout an alarm and the slaves will run to protect the lashmasters. As long as the heap don't attack anyone they will be treated respectfully. Hopefully the heap will introduce themselves at this point, but if they

launch an attack for some reason the slaves will all fight to the death to protect the lashmasters.

Slaves (11)(standard worms, boduls, croaches, and a cremefillian)(pg 136): The slaves wear nothing but loincloths. Six of them are armed with big wooden paddles (Str +2), and the others will use their fists.

Lashmasters (4)(standard croaches and boduls)(pg 136): The lashmasters all have Fighting d10. They are armed with whips and clubs (Str +2) but will not fight until most of the slaves are incapacitated or they are attacked directly. Their black cloaks, which cover their entire bodies, are enchanted to resist the glowing effects of Glowhio.

If the heap decide to kill everyone, they'll have to wander for 3d4 more days before they meet another such group. If they have some sort of peaceful accord, one of the lashmasters, a bodul named Bottomjaw, will speak for the group. He will ask who they are and, as long as they aren't escaped slaves, be polite and honest. He'll answer any of their questions regarding the fish hunt and wish them luck on their way. If they ask about the Greenspleens he will get quiet for a moment then tell them he does know of them, but he can't remember where their cave is. His memory can be jogged if the heap will go out and catch the largest mutant land fish in the school, a huge monstrosity called "El Gordo". He may accept some sort of bribe instead, but that's up to you.

El Gordo is amid the school of mutant land fish just over the next ridge. There are thirty-five fish in the school, which means they have a d8 Smarts and can talk and interact intelligently. The trick is to get them to split into smaller groups, which makes them stupider and easier to catch. The lashmasters will order the slaves not to participate in the hunt.

Mutant Land Fish (34)(pg 81): The mutant land fish are all medium sized and have normal MLF stats.

El Gordo, Gigantic MLF (wild card): El Gordo is just like any other MLF except he has Str d10, Fighting d10, Toughness 10, and is size +4 (-2 parry against smaller creatures).

If the heap manage to catch or kill El Gordo without damaging the body too much, or if they successfully bribe or intimidate Bottomjaw, he will tell them what he knows about the Greenspleens, which is this: the Greenspleen clan lives in a cave about two days walk from here. He gives them rough directions, but says it is hard to find. He'll offer to sell them a slave who can lead them there for 1000 clams.

If the heap buy the slave (whichever one they want), they can be at the Greenspleen cave in two days. If not, they will most likely get lost along the way and have to backtrack and look for landmarks, which will take 2d4

days. Remember to check for random encounters every day, but keep in mind slavers and such met randomly do not know anything about the Greenspleens.

The Greenspleen Cave

Ah hah! Finally, this must be the place. What you see before you is your average, everyday, run-of-the-mill house built into a cave situation. A quite modern looking housefront of carved stone bricks, glass windows, and brightly painted red shutters juts from the arched cave mouth. An elegantly carved wooden door stands within the expansive front porch. A cremefillian in a loincloth kneels on the porch next to a line of rocking chairs, scrubbing back and forth with some kind of soapy brush. As you approach, the front door opens and a smiling bodul dressed in fancy green duds comes out, waving and grinning in a friendly manner. "Welcome visitors," he beams. "Scoop my bowels and save the leftovers. Have a seat on the porch and rest your daws."

The bodul is Peenostiril Pottymouth (pg 140), a cousin of the Gubernator of Ewg. Peenostiril is very friendly, even sending a slave to fetch some cold spooberry juice and baked mutant land fish fritters for the heap's refreshment. He has a terrible pottymouth, as his name implies, but the even his epithets are friendly. He won't let the heap into the house, claiming he is redecorating and he's embarrassed to let them see the mess, but they can stay on the porch and chat as long as they want. When asked about the Greenspleens he looks sad and tells the heap the Greenspleens used to live here, but they defaulted on a loan from the Gubernator and were sold into slavery. He thinks the family patriarch, Yocephalus Greenspleen works at a smolderstone mine not too far away. Peenostiril is happy to give them detailed directions.

The Smolderstone Mine

Not too far away from the former Greenspleen cave (about 4 hours by foot) is the smolderstone mine mentioned by Peenostiril Pottymouth. It's not much to look at from above ground, but it's actually a pretty huge operation. Beneath the surface are yorts and yorts of tunnels linking dozens of caves that descend hundreds of yorts into the Oith. Several hundred slaves work here, along with dozens of lashmasters, overseers, formen, and the like. The only part of the mines visible from the surface are a few stone outbuildings, warehouses, and offices. Several dozen slaves, all dressed only in loincloths, load wagons (pulled by trained mutant land fish) with crates of smolderstone for sale and export. Several entrances to the mines can be seen, each guarded by a couple of lashmasters in black cloaks.

One cool thing is since the stones of Glowhio glow dimly on their own, the mines are illuminated throughout. Smolderstone

itself glows much more brightly and with a different hue than the normal stone of Glowhio.

The heap have several options at this point. They can try to find some kind of boss and offer to buy Yocephalus, they could try to sneak in without a disguise, or they could disguise themselves as slaves and lashmasters and try to sneak in. Most of the next section assumes they choose this option.

If they ask someone who is the boss: Anybody can tell them the guy in charge is Peenostiril Pottymouth. If they want to deal with him they'll have to go back to the cave. Peenostiril was having fun with them before so he didn't tell them he owns the mine and all the slaves. He is willing to sell Yocephalus for 5000 clams.

If they try to sneak in undisguised: This is pretty much a hopeless endeavor. Not only do they have no idea exactly where Yocephalus is, but just about everyone in the mine will realize they aren't supposed to be there and will raise an alarm. I suppose, with Invisibility and such the heap might be able to pull this off, so give them a chance, but the best bet is to disguise themselves as slaves and intermingle with the real slaves until they find Yocephalus.

If they try to sneak in disguised as slaves: Loincloths aren't that hard to find, although unless they managed to collect a lashmaster cloak at some point along the way the heap'll have trouble making a convincing disguise of that sort. Once inside they should be able to wander around pretty easily as long as they manage to look busy whenever a lashmaster comes along. Hopefully they'll think ahead and stow their gear in a wheelbarrow or something they can bring along.

The thing is, these mines are goosin' huge! It would take forever to find Yocephalus by just walking around. Remember, the heap have no idea what he looks like, or even what species he is. They could ask around, but that could be dangerous if any lashmasters overhear. It will take a successful Streetwise roll at -4 to find any useful information from a slave. Asking a lashmaster can be dangerous, and requires a Persuasion or Streetwise roll at -4 from a hero disguised as a lashmaster. Slaves asking a lashmaster will be met only with whippings. Failed Streetwise or Persuasion rolls either mean the person asked doesn't know Yocephalus or is afraid to talk. The heap can try until they succeed, but if they ask too many people in one area it may attract attention.

It should take several hours of wandering through the mines and questioning people before they find out where Yocephalus is. He's predictably working way down in the deepest part of the mine in an unstable area full of collapsing walls and dangerous monsters.

If the heap try something stupid, like starting a slave revolt or trying to fight everyone they meet, they will not be

successful. The slaves accept their place in life and realize they have nowhere to go if they do revolt.



Yocephalus Greenspleen

The Deepest Part of the Mine

The work crew that includes Yocephalus is working in a newly excavated tunnel many yorts from the more populous sections of the mine. As the heap make their way toward this area, read this:

Sakes alive, these tunnels must go on forever. You've been walking for what seems like hours in a narrow cylindrical passage that winds and twists like the guts of some really amazingly huge guy. You've passed the occasional crew of slaves pushing wheelbarrows full of glowing rock, but none of them included Yocephalus and they've all been heading back the way you came. It's been quite a discouraging while since you've seen anybody else. As you round a steep turn you are surprised to see a wide chasm splitting the passage and barring your progress. A strong oithy smell, accompanied by copious steam and hissing burbles comes up from the deep rift.

The chasm is a bottomless cup of coffee. It's about 20 yorts across (20') and quite slippery. The surface of the bubbling brown fluid is about 15 yorts (15') below the lip of the passage, but it's unfathomably deep. Anyone

who falls in suffers 2d6 points of damage per round and must make a Swimming roll or begin to sink as the boiling undertow pulls them under. A drowned person is pretty much unrecoverable since the thing is so deep.

There are several possible ways to cross the chasm. A character could climb sideways across the passage wall (Climbing -2) or take a running jump (if she can jump over 20'). The slaves that passed here before have a portable bridge/ladder thingee they carry with them. The bridge is lying on the ground in the passage just across the chasm. Intelligent use of ropes or somesuch might allow the heap to snag the bridge and drag it across. The heap may figure their own way across. If they do, reward intelligent playing with bennies.

As the heap ponder how best to cross the chasm they hear the sound of footsteps from back the way the came. Give them a minute or so to prepare before a group of lashmasters comes walking down the corridor. As soon as they see the heap, one of the lashmasters will shout "Yo, what are you doing here? We weren't told another crew was in this passage!"

Lashmasters (6)(standard horcs, Fighting d10): The lashmasters are all horcs. They are armed with whips and clubs (Str+2). They each have 10 yorts (10') of rope, thick leather boots, and black (non-glowing) cloaks. One has two bottled reeks (Telekinesis and Stun). They also carry a big jug of water and a bundle of dried meat.

Quick thinking and a Persuasion roll from the heap may allow them to avoid a fight here, but the lashmasters are already suspicious and ornery. They would really enjoy killing the heap and tossing their bodies into the bottomless cup of coffee just for fun. The horcs have been sent to relieve the lashmasters overseeing Yocephalus' crew. Enterprising heroes might kill these horcs and assume their identities.

Once the heap deal with the horcs and cross the chasm they have only a short distance to go before they start to hear the sounds of mining up ahead. Eventually the passage opens into a larger chamber. A couple of dozen slaves wielding trowels and picks are harvesting glowing orange smolderstone from the walls of this cave and loading it into wheelbarrows. Several lashmasters lounge lazily nearby, chatting among themselves and occasional flicking a whip across someone's back.

Slaves (26)(various species) (pg 136): The slaves all wear loincloths.

Lashmasters (6)(one croach, one worm, two horcs, two cremefillians)(pg 136): The lashmasters are armed with whips and clubs (Str +2). The worm is wearing a bitchin' hat.

Depending on the heap's disguise, the lashmasters might think they are the crew that has come to relieve them or perhaps more

slaves sent to help with the labor. Some fast talking and a Persuasion roll might avoid a fight, depending on what the heap do and say. Yocephalus is among the slaves. He's a strange bodul with giant feet and oddly bloated forearms. The croach lashmaster is a tiny little guy and he sits perched on Yocephalus's shoulder most of the time, flicking the poor bodul on the ear to motivate him. They heap may be able to tell a believable lie in order to separate Yocephalus from the group. Use your judgment and let the heap be creative.

Once the heap are able to chat with Yocephalus (page 142), either by taking out the lashmasters or convincing them to hand him over for transfer or something, they will find him to be very sad and exhausted. He will answer their questions about just about anything they ask, but he won't discuss the Prisokian Staff until the heap convince him they are not working for Peenostiril or the Gubernator. Once they manage to do this, he will tell them what he knows:

Gather round the campfire, children. It's storytime...

Yo, my family, the Greenspleen clan, was once and historically a very powerful and influential bunch in these parts. In fact we used to own this mine in which we now work. That was before my idiot son bet the entire stack on the slog races and lost the whole mess to the Gubernator. Now we're all slaves and our holdings are in the hands of the Gubernator's cousin Peenostiril. It really sucks, but what can ya do?

Anyway, this Staff you're asking about... I don't know nothing about a staff, but I do know something about something. My great granddaddy used to have a treasure that sounds something like that. The Prisokian Epigraphs he called it. I have no clue what's become of it, but granddaddy always kept his important stuff in a box under the kitchen floor.

Once the heap have their questions answered, Yocephalus would like to return to work. One thing he knows that it just didn't occur to him to mention is there is a secret passage that connects these mines to the cave that Peenostiril lives in. If anyone asks, he'll describe it in detail, but if they don't ask he won't tell.

The tunnel is found in a more populous area of the mine, behind a big rock. It should be no trouble for the heap to sneak into the passage, providing they don't do anything too obvious. The tunnel goes for a few hours, winding around on itself several times. Along the way the heap will start to notice scattered bones and the occasional bloodstain. As they move further on, the bones and stains become more profuse.

Kanker Ambush

This tunnel is getting annoying. It keeps backtracking and winding around, climbing up and down and still further

down. Along the way the occasional chewed bone or splotchy bloodstain has caught your attention, but so far there's been no sign of what chewed the bones or spilled the blood. Hey, what's that? There seems to some sort of bottle lying on the floor up ahead.

There is indeed a bottle on the floor up ahead. It's a reek (Greater Healing) gathered from a previous victim by the kankers that lair in this tunnel. They've set it up in an obvious place as the lure in a sinister trap. See, the floor in this section of the tunnel is very brittle. That's because there isn't really a floor at all, just a sort of false floor the kankers made out of their own dried waste material. As soon as anyone gets within a few yorts (2") of the bottle the floor will crumble away beneath them, spilling them into the chamber below (unless they make an Agility roll at -2). The fall is about 20 yorts (20') and inflicts 2d6 points of damage. The area of crumbly floor is 10 yorts (10') long and covers the corridor from wall to wall.

In the pit are two kankers, who will immediately set upon anyone who falls in. The noise will attract four more kankers who rush in from the corridor beyond the crumbly floor. These kankers will spit caustic phlegm at anyone in the hole and at the other characters in the tunnel.

Kankers (6)(Pg 81): The kankers are really hungry and will fight to the death.

The walls of the pit are slimy and smooth (Climbing -2).

The Door

The tunnel continues on for another hour or so before ending abruptly at a circular metal door. There doesn't appear to be a keyhole or locking mechanism of any kind.

A more thorough examination of the door (and a Notice roll) will reveal a worn patch on the wall just above it. This is a false stone that pulls out to reveal the end of a rusty chain set in the wall. Pulling on the chain, which slides out several yorts from the wall, will raise the door. It requires a combined Strength roll of 12 to lift the door. Once it's open, the door must be propped open somehow or it will close before the last person holding the chain can get through.

The Old Greenspleen Cave

Whether by entering through the door in the mines or by just walking up and knocking on the door, the heap will most likely want to explore the old Greenspleen cave. If they enter through the mines they will start in the cellar. Otherwise they'll start in the living room. The front door is unlocked. If they knock on the door they will be answered by Peenostiril himself. He is just as friendly as ever, but he absolutely refuses to let them in the house. If they tell him about the box buried beneath the

kitchen floor, he offers to sell them the box and its contents for 100,000 clams. Otherwise he sends them on their way.

If the heap attack Peenostiril, he will scream for help, summoning his two odre bodyguards from behind him in the living room. If he is killed, he will be immediately replaced by his good twin, who looks just like him but doesn't have a goatee. The good twin will gladly give the box to the heap for free.

Odres (2)(pg 81): The odres are each armed with a rock (Str+2).

If they force their way inside, either through the cellar or the front door, they will be in for quite a shock. The entire cave is completely devoid of furniture and any sort of embellishment or decoration, the sole exception being a single stone chair in the center of the living room. Several walls appear to have collapsed, blocking access to further reaches of the place. If the heap have an opportunity to ask Peenostiril about this, he tells them his cousin sent a horde of slaves to repossess all of his stuff. All he has left is this chair, a jug of spooberry juice, and a basket of mutant land fish fritters, along with the gear listed in his Peeps entry (pg 140).

Some water stains on the floor in one room indicate the kitchen. A thorough search and a Notice roll at -2 will reveal a loose stone in the floor. The stone can be pried up, revealing a small niche beneath. Occupying the niche is a little metal box. The box is locked and the key is nowhere to be found, but it can be picked (Lockpicking -1) or smashed open (Toughness 10). Inside are a whole bunch of tiny scrolls. Most of them are meaningless to anybody but the Greenspleens, financial records and the like, but one is a document describing a trade between Ociffer Greenspleen and the Humunga tribe of Clorb's Wang. Apparently Ociffer traded something called the Prisokian Epigrams in exchange for mineral rights to a supposed uranium mine somewhere on the peninsula.

Cowering behind a rock in one of the rooms is a strange little giggity. It has absorbed the following traits (a blue mohawk haircut, Improved Sweep (Edge), Level Headed (Edge), Ambidextrous (Edge), Strength d8, and an incontinent bladder.

If the giggity is captured by the heap a primordial goon will begin to chase them, arriving 2d4 hours later.

Primordial Goon (pg 82): The goon won't mess around. It just tries to kill everyone.

Resolution

Once the heap find this information they will most likely want to travel to Clorb's Wang and seek out the Prisokian Epigraphs. The route will take them through the Teats of Boorglezar.

What's Next?

A Wang and a Prayer
A Not So Fond Farewell to Arms

A Not So Fond Farewell to Arms



This is a very brief adventure, more of an introduction to a new recurring character than anything else. Depending on where the heap are coming from (most likely Gargle Twice, Clorb's Wang, The Phesterance, or Glowhio), feel free to spice things up along the way with random encounters or some Plot Points of your own if you want.

Although this Tale can happen at just about any time, it is vital to the overall plot, since the heap need Norq's Disenlargicator to enter the Primordial Soup Kitchen once they find it.

The Wuss

At some point as the heap make their way to wherever they decide to go next read this:

What's this now? Apparently, you haven't seen everything. Yeah, that appears to be a wuss, the lowliest of containimants coming toward you waving a white flag. As it closes in it suddenly disappears, the white flag drifting slowly to the ground.

The wuss is gone, but a message is written on the flag:

*We should speak.
The Cheesiest Leech in
Maankaas.
UC*

Hopefully this will send the heap on their way to Maankaas, but if not, oh well, they'll find something to do.

The Moonular Cheese Fields

Once the heap make their way into the Moonular Cheese Fields:

Sufferin' socks, this is one strange place. Gigantic curdled mounds of smooth green cheese cover the ground as far as the eye can see. Holes great and small riddle form bridges and tunnels through which your path winds. Occasionally you come across bubbling lakes of molten cheese, or subterranean caverns ripe with blue mold. The whole place is rather disorienting, but you eventually find a road to follow and a signpost pointing toward Maankaas.

After several days of travel through the curds, occasionally meeting merchants and other travelers along the way, the heap spy the lofty towers and curving pinnacles of Maankaas.



Maankaas

Maankaas is a very bizarre place, unlike anything you've ever imagined. The entire city is carved from the surrounding cheese. Great towers and arched turrets bend in every direction, casting their green shadows over the thousands of lesser buildings and spherical domes. A broad street paved with petrified slabs of curdled Moon juice runs through the center of town, branching and winding in every direction.

The heap are free to wander the thriving metropolis of Maankaas at their leisure. If they ask around about Uuulon Crepulos and make a successful Streetwise roll, they will be told that he has been seen in town lately, but nobody knows where he currently is. He is a suspect in a recent theft at the Cheesenasium. It seems that someone recently stole the prosthetic arms of Aiusgfo Aufh, former big cheese of the Cheesemongers Guild.

Eventually they will come to a huge cylindrical building painted with majestic murals depicting incredibly huge worm-like creatures burrowing through the cheese. An elegant sign over the doorway denotes The Cheesiest Leech.

The Cheesiest Leech

Once the heap enter The Cheesiest Leech, read this:

Man, what a classy joint. Elegant mood lighting, polished surfaces, gleaming chandeliers, bubbling fountains, uniformed waiters, and... Oh wait, that was the place you dreamed about last night. This place is a dive. The stink of old cheese permeates the air, the plastered walls are chipped, stained, and moldy, and the only waiter in sight is a surly and unpleasant looking bodul with a scowling face on his scowling face.

"Sit your goosin' wank over there by the junk pile," he mutters, pointing to a corner booth inhabited by a strange guy made of rusty metal and filth. "That one's been waiting for you a goosin' age and a day."

The junk pile in question is Mister Filthington (page 140), a containimatronic minion created by Uuulon Crepulos and now owned by Grabmaster Norq (page 139). Filthington has been sitting in this booth waiting for the heap to arrive for over a hundred days. He doesn't mind, though, being a containimatronic minion and all. When the heap move toward him he will rise from the booth and motion for them to sit.

"It's about dang time you waltzed in here. Park your wazoos and chug some grog. I am Mister Filthington. Our host will be with us shortly," creaks the jumbled minion as the surly waiter slams a pitcher of foamy green fluid and a few mugs onto the table.

The heap can ask Mister Filthington whatever they want, but if they ask about Uuulon Crepulos, he just tells them to wait for their host to arrive. After a few minutes read this:

Wowzers! There wasn't a guy sitting there a minute ago, but the empty seat at your table is now occupied by a very odd bodul. He wears a great mass of bushy hair bound by a red leather headband that covers the top part of his head with holes cut out for the eyes. With a wink and outstretched hand he introduces himself, "Grabmaster Norq is my name."

The heap may react to his sudden appearance and introduction, after which he continues in a cool and confident manner:

"You are, as you most likely know, the victims of a sinister Uuulon Crepulos. That fellow has hired me, the greatest pilferer in all of Mutha Oith, to bereft you of certain properties. I thought it would be sporting of me to let you know this in advance, so you aren't too confused when things start to go missing, or you could, if you prefer to save yourself the worry, just hand over a few items and we can all be on our way."

The items he wants are the Prisokian Staff, Helm, Shield, and Epigraphs, of course. I really doubt the heap will just hand them over. If they threaten Grabmaster, or try to attack him, he will Teleport himself and Mister Filthington away at the first opportunity, leaving behind a small locked metal box.

The lock on the box is very complex (Lockpicking -2). Inside the box is some random item that Grabmaster stole from the heap while they were just conversating (you can roll Stealth for him if you want, but he should be successful anyway because it makes the story cooler.

If the heap do not threaten or attack him, Grabmaster will stay and share a meal with them. During the course of the conversation he will brag about how he recently stole some prosthetic arms from the Cheesenasium and framed Crepulos for the crime (without Uulon's knowledge, of course). He did this to gain some leverage in case Uuulon neglects to pay him once he steals the heaps' items.

Resolution

Grabmaster Norq won't steal the artifacts right away. Instead, he uses an oof relic called the Disenlargicator to shrink himself and Mister Filthington down to almost microscopic size. He will then climb aboard one of the heroes and follow them on their adventures. Occasionally random items belonging to the heap will go missing, but Norq wants to wait until the heap find the rest of the Prisokian artifacts before he tries to steal the big stuff.

At some point in a later tale, if the heap are in desperate trouble, Norq might reverse the polarity on the Disenlargicator to regain his normal size and aid the heap in some way.

He's a thief, not really an evil guy, plus he wants the heap to find the Prisokian artifacts so he can steal them.

The Disenlargicator is an important device, since it will eventually allow the heap to enter the Primordial Soup Kitchen (in a manner of speaking).

Oh Yeah, I Almost Forgot

The heap may decide to deliver the gift given to them by Imzozo Hroop in Greetings Oith Creature, May I Take Your Order?. If so, the manager of The Cheesiest Leech, an evangelical Jeezle Freak croach named Jelly Donitt thanks them for their trouble and sets the package aside for later. Once he finds out the package is from the oofos of the Grey Matter Boozaterium he looks dubious, but accepts it anyway. If the heap ask to speak with Asparagobster Fromage, they are told he is away on business and will not return for some time.

What's Next?

Any Tale can be run concurrently with this one. The events introduced in this Tale conclude in A Powerful and Enigmatic Secret of the Universe, under the heading A Not So Fond Return to Arms (see page 135), which should be played once all of the pieces of the Staff are collected, but before they are assembled.

A Wang and a Prayer



In this Tale the heap travel to the peninsula of Clorb's Wang to search for the Prisokian Epigraphs. Their travels will most likely take them through the Teats of

Boorglezar, where you can have fun with volcanoes, mudslides, avalanches, random monsters, and the like. Maybe they'll want to stop off at the Boorglezarium for some healing and souvenirs or resupply at the Gubernator's Slave Market and Smolderstone Emporium on the outskirts of Glowhio. It's up to you (and them), but once they reach Clorb's Wang the real fun can begin.

Clorb's Wang is a broad coastal peninsula covered in vast prairies of fungal scrub, deep valleys, steaming gravel pits, and expansive forests of ridiculously huge petrified trees.

The Browneye Tribe

The Browneyes are an idiosyncratic tribe of primitive horcs that dwell on Clorb's Wang. They are the first intelligent guys the heap will meet once they get to the peninsula. After the heap wander the peninsula for a bit, maybe getting attacked by some monsters or stubbing a toe or something, read this:

The coastal scrub of skinny mushrooms and brilliantly blooming molds eventually gives way to more mountainous regions covered in thick, dense forests of blackened, petrified trees and massive round boulders. The valleys are veritable death traps of steaming gravel, boiling mud, and violent geysers.

As you follow a path of sorts through the towering stone trees the sounds of gargling and retching reaches your ears from up ahead a bit.

If they choose to investigate the singing:

Hmmmm. It seems a bunch of horcs are building houses. A couple of dozen of them are coughing up great gobs of purple phlegm and molding them into walls and roofs between the roots of the gargantuan trees. Some of the horcs are shoveling great spoonfuls of mold into their mouths for some reason.

The horcs create a wonderful building material by mixing the spoonfuls of mold with their own phlegm. The heap can stay and watch the horcs as long as they wish. If they approach the horcs, or make their presence known, the horcs are only vaguely interested. They are all wearing long skirts made of woven mushrooms and each wields a giant bone spoon (Str +2).

These are horcs of the Browneye tribe. They will not attack the heap but will fight mercilessly if attacked. See, to them fighting is a sacred thing. They only fight in ritualistic ceremonies or when hunting. If the heap attack them the horcs will be extremely insulted.

The Browneyes are building a new village here among the tree roots since their current village is getting too crowded. They speak with whiny accents and nasal voices.

Hopefully the heap will try to make peaceful contact with the horcs. If they do the Browneyes will be friendly and generous, offering food and shelter for a night or two. If the heap ask about the Prisokian Epigraphs, the horcs will consult with each other in private for a while, then declare that such knowledge is sacred and only by participating in a sacred ritual may the heap learn the answer. The heap are asked to choose a champion to meet the tribal butticker, Omaguna Kikbuti (page 140), in a ritualistic fight to the death. If the heap's champion is successful, the Browneyes will tell them what they know about the Prisokian Epigraphs.

Here's how the fight works. Each participant (Omaguna and the heap's champ) is tethered by long ropes to a huge tree that overhangs a shallow canyon. The combatants begin on separate sides of the canyon and must swing across and meet in the middle, swiping at one another with big stone hammers (Str+4) while geysers of boiling mud erupt beneath them. The canyon is about forty yorts (40') deep. Draw two cards for the mud geysers each round as well. If either combatant's initiative falls between the two



geyser cards that character takes 2d6 points of boiling mud damage that round. Once one of the fighters dies or gives up the fight is over. If any other characters try to interfere, the entire horc tribe (35 standard horcs) will join in to stop them.

If the hero defeats Omaguna, the horcs will tell them the Epigrams were given over to a council of hermits representing several of the tribes of the peninsula. This council is charged with the caretaking of the tomb of Clorb the Prodigious, greatest of his line. The horcs will then feed the heap and tell them how to find Clorb's tomb, which is two days walk away. If asked exactly what the epigrams are, the horcs say they have no idea, since the items were in a box last time anyone saw them.

If Omaguna kills the hero another hero may challenge him. The only other way to get the horcs to talk about the Epigraphs is with a successful Persuasion roll at -4 and a sizable

bribe of some sort (a weird device or a few reeks).

Clorb's Council

After following the directions given to you by the Horcs of the Brown Eye, you find yourselves in a deep muddy valley spookily illuminated by strange ceramic lanterns on spiraling poles. In the center of the valley a bizarre outgrowth of stone and mud and what looks like teeth glares at you like the entrance to a tomb, which is fine since that's what it appears to be. The mouth of the tomb entrance is shaped like a massive vertical mouth bristling with overlapping teeth. It kind of reminds you of something, but I'm not saying what because there are kids around.

The entire thing is hanging with various

decorations and offerings. A sculpted worm jutting from the forward face holds a bitchin' stone basket. A welcome mat loudly proclaims, "Go Away."

The heap are free to explore the tomb entrance as much as they want (you can even show them the picture). No matter what they do there's no way for them to get inside. With a successful Notice roll someone might notice that some of the offerings are more recent than others, indicating a continuing cycle of donations. Under the welcome mat is a flat metal gong and a padded striker.

If the gong is struck, or if the heap wait around until morning, four strange old geezers (one croach, one horc, one cremefillian, and one worm) show up, sort of emerging all mysteriously from the surrounding mist. Read this:

Four strange old geezers sort of emerge all mysteriously from the surrounding mist, apparently oblivious to your presence. "As did our ancestors and the ancestors of our ancestors' ancestors, we offer our obeisance to the tomb of Clorb the Prodigious, greatest of his line," groans an ancient looking croach, his antennae dragging along the dusty ground.

"Clorb whose girth discouraged the muthas, we abase ourselves before you," hoarses a withered cremefillian, his spongy flesh grey and brittle.

"We bring unto Clorb gifts and sundries," proudly announces a shriveled worm, his flesh sloughing and eyes white with age, as he places a garland of bones and beads on one of the many stone projections.

"We who, ummmm... Line?" declares a dry and crusty horc, as the worm whispers something in his ear. "Oh yeah, we who guard your tomb so that only the wise and worthy may enter await your call, oh mighty and girthulous Clorb."

The horc sets his cane aside and opens a big bag he had on his back. Removing four folding lawn chairs, he sets them up in front of the tomb. The four oldsters geezer their way into the chairs, aching, moaning, and complaining all along.

At some point the heap may decide to make their presence known. When they do, the croach leans forward:

"That's what's wrong with kids today. They got no semblance of patience. Now that you've interrupted our beauty sleep you might as well tell us what you want."

Once the heap tell the geezers they want to get into the tomb so they can get the Prisokian Epigraphs, the shriveled worm raises his cane to the sky and shouts, "You'll have to get past us first, you little whippersnappers. Clorb's treasures are only for the worthy."

The horc bellows, "Choose one among you for each of four tasks. You must prove your wisdom, your honesty, your vision, and your courage."

The four old geezers continue to lounge in their chairs until the heap declare who will

Before Clorb the Prodigious came around, Clorb's Wang was known as the Yaya Peninsula.

perform each task. The heap might decide to try to fight the old geezers instead of passing the tests. If they do they will earn the enmity of every tribe on the peninsula.

The Test of Wisdom

"Who among you is most wise?" asks the decrepit croach. When whichever of you steps forward he continues, "In my hand is a tiny bug. Tell me, oh smarty farty, is the bug alive or is it dead?"

The wisest thing to say is something along the lines of "That's up to you. If I say it is dead you will open your hand and show me it is alive. Conversely if I say it is alive you will crush it." When the hero answers in this way (or close to it), the croach stands slowly and says "Follow me." He leads the hero away from the tomb and into a narrow cave in the Cliffside. As the hero makes his way into the cave he is suddenly grabbed by a bunch of crazy roots and tendrils that hang in the darkness. Let the hero roll some dice to make it seem like he had a choice, but he'll get captured nonetheless.

The roots hold the hero very tightly. Struggling only makes them cling tighter. Once the hero stops struggling, realizing he can't move his hands or call for help, he sees the croach in front of him, holding a long stiletto in his hands. The croach comes forward, pressing the knife to the hero's throat (or some other vital area). "Only wisdom can save your life. You've proven your insight. Tell me, mystic wisenheimer, when will you die?"

The correct answer is something along the lines of "One minute before you." An answer of this nature will cause the roots to relax and the croach will put away the knife. "You are truly wise," he says, handing the hero a smooth carved stone. "With this stone you may enter." If the hero answers incorrectly, the roots will release him and the croach will walk away into the dark cave. "You have failed. Come back when you grow a brain."

The Test of Honesty

"Who among you speaks most true?" The crusty horc waggles his cane in your direction.

Once a hero steps forward the horc says, "Remove your clothing and follow me. Your weapons, you will not need them." The horc leads the hero into a nearby cave. The interior is lit with candles and a broad flat table stands in the middle of the room, a steaming bowl of orange fluid in its center. "Sit at the table and speak not a word. Drink of the bowl."

When the hero drinks the fluid he will immediately begin to feel woozy. Within seconds he will fall unconscious. When he awakens he will find himself strapped to a vertical stake. The bonds are extremely strong (high unbreakable) and a pile of tinder and logs lies at his feet. The horc is standing in front of him with a long spear pressed to the hero's chest. "You may utter one statement

and one statement only to save your life. If you lie, you will die by flames, if you speak the truth you will die by the spear."

The correct answer is "I will die by flames" because it can't be true that the hero both tells the truth and dies by flames. If the hero answers in this way the horc will loosen his bonds and hand him a smooth carved stone. "With this stone you may enter." If the hero answers incorrectly, the horc will release him and say, "You have failed, come back when you master your words."

The Test of Courage

"Step forward whoever among you is most brave," groans the shriveled cremefillian.

When a hero steps forward the cremefillians says, "Follow me, but keep your mind about you. You may need it. Leave your gear and weapons behind." He leads the hero through the petrified forest for an hour or so. He remains silent the entire time, walking ahead of the hero and answering no questions.

Eventually they will come to the top of a very steep Cliffside. The opposite cliff is at least a hundred yorts away and a churning river of boiling mud tumbles far below, breaking across jagged rocks. "Do exactly as I say! I command you to do my bidding. Ask no questions and do not hesitate, or I will hurt you severely. You must prove your courage. Jump from the cliff and fly to the opposite side."

Of course, unless the hero can fly under her own volition, jumping from the cliff is absolute folly. If she can fly, more power to her, that's great she wins the challenge and the cremefillian will give her a round carved stone with which she can enter the tomb. However, if she can't fly but jumps anyway, perhaps thinking some kind of magic will save her, she takes 2d6+10 points of damage from the fall and 2d6 points of damage from the boiling mud. It will take three rounds of swimming to escape the mud, during which time she takes an additional 2d6 points of damage per round. If she makes a Swimming roll she can escape in one round.

The real test of courage is to stand up to the cremefillian. If the hero refuses to jump despite being beaten with the geezer's cane and berated and insulted endlessly, the cremefillian finally smiles at her and hands her the carved stone. If the hero jumps and survives she will be likewise rewarded. The cremefillian then walks silently back to the tomb.

The Test of Vision

"Who among you," asks the worm, "sees with clarity what is there and what is not? Step forward."

When a hero steps forward, a hole suddenly opens in the ground directly beneath his feet. He must make a Notice roll at -2 and an Agility roll at -4 in order to avoid

falling into it. If he falls in, the hole quickly fills itself in, covering the hero. "Should have seen that coming," says the worm.

If the hero does not fall in, the worm says, "That was easy enough." He then hands a carved stone to the hero.

If the hero fell into the hole, he is temporarily out of the game, imprisoned by the odres below, but he'll be back later, don't worry.

Entering the Tomb

Once the stones have been handed out the geezers depart. Feel free to make up more tests for any additional characters if you want. Once all four stones are placed in the stone basket held by the sculpted worm the vertical mouth of the entrance begins to quiver and pulsate. It slowly opens, revealing a dark and foreboding stairway that leads down into the Oith below.

A. Clorb's Wives

The winding stairs end in a wide circular chamber. The air is thick with the cloying stench of dirt and moisture. Three sizable mounds of dirt fill the center of the room, each with a sign of some sort sticking from the top, and each covered with scattered jewels and colorful dried fungi. A massive mural covers the entire curving wall. It depicts the back view of a worm, most obviously Clorb the Prodigious, opening his coat to a writhing horde of scary ass muthas. There's a big circular door in the center of the back wall.

The three mounds are the graves of Clorb's three wives. The signs each bear the name of one of his wives -Putessa Clorbspouse, Margarine Clorbspouse, and Budunga Clorbspouse. The gems and various offerings on the mounds have a total value of around 3000 clams, but taking them could get the heap in trouble if anyone finds out later. If the heap decide to dig in the mounds for some reason, they will find the desiccated corpses of three female worms dressed in animal hides and bone jewelry.

The door does not have a lock, but it is blocked with stones from the other side. A successful Strength roll at -2 will force it open.

B. Clorb's Tomb

This circular room is pretty nondescript. Aside from a big mound of dirt in the center there's really nothing of interest. Pretty anticlimactic if you ask me.

This room was once Clorb's tomb, but it has since been ransacked by the minions of Pusghetti the Squigg, a squiggly mass that lairs in some nearby subterranean tunnels. The dirt pile in the center was Clorb's burial mound, but it has been dug up and his corpse devoured.

There is also a circular hole in the ceiling. It is through this hole that a character who failed the Test of Vision has fallen (if anyone failed). The character was rendered

The Tomb of Clorb the Prodigious and Lair of Pusghetti the Squigg



unconscious during the fall and has since been captured by the scary ass muthas from Area D, who gave him over to the odres in Area C. The heap may find an object dropped by the missing character somewhere in this room.

A thorough examination of the room will reveal a dirt pile against the far wall. If this pile is removed a short and narrow tunnel is uncovered. The tunnel, which is only a yort or so high and twice as wide (normal size and larger characters must crawl to pass) leads into the stone of the Oith for several thousand yorts (about a mile), winding and looping back on itself several times in the process. This tunnel was dug by Pusghetti's minions so they could get at the treasures concealed in the tomb.

After a big yort or so (a mile) the tunnel widens and heightens a bit, so tall characters no longer need to stoop or crawl. It continues on this way for a few hundreds more yorts before finally opening into a large domed chamber of natural stone.

C. Odres

Eight Odres lair in this room, all minions of Pusghetti. They will immediately attack anyone who enters. The room is pretty



nondescript, aside from some torches, a few bones, and some piles of schnooble furs the odres use as beds. Oh, and that disgusting mound of dead bodies stacked in the center of the floor. A passage leads to room D, from which the sound of dripping water can be heard.

If a character failed the Test of Vision earlier, he will be found in this room, unconscious but otherwise unharmed, bound and gagged in the mound of bodies. Otherwise, the bodies in the mound are just a bunch of the odres' past victims. They have nothing of value.

Odres (8)(pg 81): The odres are all armed with various weapons (be creative) that inflict Str+2.

A thorough search of the room will reveal a small wooden chest behind one of the piles of furs. The phrase "Prisokian Epigraphs" is scrawled across the box in blue crayon. It is unlocked and empty.

D. The Epigraphs

The passage from area C is long and winding. Along the way the heap can hear sounds of dripping water that progressively get louder as they proceed. When they round the turn, read this:

Jumpin' Jelvis! The passage abruptly opens into a very large, high chamber that houses some sort of fungus jungle. Massive mushrooms and gigantic blooms of brightly colored mold fill the cavern from wall to wall. The ceiling is several dozen yorts high and riddled with cracks through which brilliant rays of sunlight stream. The air is thick and humid and the chittering of unseen beasts mingles with the rushing of

the many waterfalls that cascade along the walls.

The heap may explore the chamber unmolested for a while. In the center of the chamber is a broad flat mushroom. Sitting on the mushroom is a bizarre, squat little beast that the heap may recognize as The Thing That Might Not Be. The TTTMNB is holding a wooden sign that says "Boss Monster". Strange tiles shaped like letters and made of some odd white substance (plastic) are stuck into the mushroom cap, spelling the phrase:

**Q
WIN PILE
I WIN HEATHEN TURD**

These tiles are the Prisokian Epigraphs. If the heap try to take them, the TTTMNB will attack, joined the following round by three others lurking atop the mushrooms. The noise of the battle will attract twelve scary ass muthas who toss down ropes and rappel from the highest mushroom caps. Pusghetti, a squiggly mass and boss of all the other monsters lurks on the ceiling, dangling upside down and blending quite well with the surrounding fungi (Notice at -2 to see it). Pusghetti will let his minions wear the heap down before it attacks, although it will hurl spells at the heap if it can do so unseen. If all the minions are killed, Pusghetti will use its Fly power to try to make its escape through one of the cracks in the ceiling. The heap have one round to attack Pusghetti as it flies away. If it makes it outside, the squiggly mass will quickly squirm off the cliff and into the Big Drink. Eventually Pusghetti will meet up with Uuulon Crepulos and the two of them will team up, but that happens later (unless Pusghetti is killed).

TTTMNB (4)(pg 84): The TTTMNBs will fight to the death.

Scary Ass Muthas (12)(pg 83): The muthas are unarmed, attacking with their bite.

Pusghetti the Squigg (pg 141): Pusghetti will use his magic to attack from above.

Scattered across the mushroom caps are the following items of treasure (it will take a few hours to collect it all): 4000 shiny stones (clams), four golden statues of Clorb (1000 clams each), five reeks in bottles (Greater Healing x 3, Fly, Stun), 300 small wooden statues of Clorb (20 clams each), an ornamental statue of a strange little guy (lawn gnome, Hoomanrace artifact worth 20,000 clams), a carved esophagator tooth (weird device, elongates to stab enemies, as Bolt power, 12 PP per day).



To escape the lair the heap can either go back the way they came or climb out through the ceiling. The area outside is rocky and overlooks a steep cliff. The crashing yellow waters of the Big Drink rage off into the distance.



What's Next?

A Not So Fond Farewell to Arms
To Ear is Hooman

To Ear is Hooman



This Tale leads the heap on a wild search for a lost oracle. As it begins, the heap are most likely at a loss and wondering where to go next. They should already have the first two pieces of the Prisokian Staff and probably have no clue how to find the next two. Once they gather the Prisokian Epigraphs and meet with Grabmaster Norq in Maankaas, the heap will probably decide to either go to New Oorlquar to inform Othothoth Blech of Gorminee's demise, escape, or whereabouts, or they will go to The Garden of Smellements Glee to inform He Who Smells Far of the same.

If they provide Othothoth Blech with proof of Gorminee's death, he will give them a clam as promised. Their meeting with He Who Smells Far may result in different rewards depending on what they bring with them:

If Gorminee is returned: He Who Smells Far offers each character three reeks of their choice.

If the Smell-o-vision and journal are returned: They each get ten reeks of their choice.

At some point they may mention to someone, perhaps He Who Smells Far or Daddy Hassafrass, that they are searching for the next piece of the Prisokian Staff but have no clue where to look. Their friend will suggest they travel to the Auricular Wax Mines to seek the Auricular Oracle, a strange being who supposedly knows everything about everything.

Crossing The Big Drink

The city of Doop is the launching point for expeditions into the Auricular Wax Mines. There are several ways to get there, but the most readily available is to take a ship from Floom or New Oorlquar. *The Gavelbanger's Fist* (if it still exists, see page 104) is docked in whichever city is most convenient to the story. If the *Fist* has been sunk or its crew killed in an earlier encounter, replace it with some other horc price-o-corn vessel.

The horc pirates will take the heap on board for 500 clams apiece. They will not allow smelves onboard for any reason, nor will they allow the heap onboard if they have had a previous bad experience with them. Disguises and bribes may be in order.

The *Fist*, or whatever ship they are on, is headed for Agog city, which is the closest port to Doop. From Agog City the heap will have

to find another way to the Incredibly Huge Monster™ and Doop.

While onboard the ship, have fun with the horcs. Maybe they catch on to some disguised smelves, or someone in the heap pisses off a horc for some reason, resulting in a big fight or something. Use your imagination.

Agog City

In Agog City the heap should be able to hire a ferry or buy a small boat to take them across the channel to the Incredibly Huge Monster™. Also in Agog City they can drop off a package for Barreismasher Hangnail at The Bar Keep (see *Greetings Oith Creature...*). Hangnail is mean and ornery, but he rewards them with mugs of fermented smelf blood for their trouble. The Bar Keep is a rowdy and violent place full of seagoing horcs telling tall tales and busting each others' noses.

The heap may notice an elderly horc sitting at a gaming table telling tales with some other old geezers. This is Agreegulous Dangle, a character of some importance a bit later on but irrelevant at this point. If the heap get drawn into a game of poker with him they may notice the elegant wooden tray on which he places his earnings.

The only smelves allowed in Agog City are slaves and pets. Any other smelf caught on the streets will be killed and eaten. In fact, a squad of twelve nasty horcs wanders the streets at random searching for escaped slaves and other smelves to torture. Here they are now...

Thugs (standard horcs, Fighting d10)(12)(pg 136): The horcs are armed with clobbering sticks (Strength +2) and carry big burlap sacks.

Doop

Once the heap get to the mainland they will have to travel for a day or two before the incredible bulk of the Monstrous Headlands comes into view. Read this, if you please:

Holy Shucking Fit! You were told the Incredibly Huge Monster™ was incredibly huge, but that description hardly does it justice. This thing isn't just incredibly huge, it's hugely incredibly hugely huge, with a side order of hugeness! It takes up the entire horizon like some sort of enormous mountain range and it's still a day or two away. I thought your momma was huge, but she's nothing compared to this place.

As you travel on it becomes obvious that you were underestimating its enormity. What you are seeing isn't the Incredibly Huge Monster™. You are just seeing the top of its head! It's a good thing this guy is dead, a single healthy poop from something this incredibly huge could take out a continent.

Once the heap express their amazement continue reading:

I'm serious about this. It's just so amazingly goosin' huge...

Anyway, after another day of travel you can start to make out the vague form of a city built at the base of the monster's enormous ear. Further travel and you come to a ragged road of sorts. It seems to be paved in great slabs of cartilage. A bridge over a small stream of murky fluid is constructed, to your amazement, out of great beams of black hair, in much the same manner, you see as you get a bit closer, as most of the buildings of Doop.

Doop appears to be an industrious place with people of all sorts doing their thang, attending to their business, and generally doing day to day stuff.

Doop has a few places of interest, including temples to all the major religions of Oith, a fantastic brothel called The Split Hair (where the heap have a package to deliver, if I'm not mistaken), a bunch of bars and taverns catering to the local wax miners and hair harvesters, and a wonderful marketplace full of Incredibly Huge Monster™ harvested items.

Most of the buildings in town are constructed of monster hair and polished daily with monsterwax to keep a brilliant sheen. The people are generally friendly and outgoing, although a palpable rivalry exists between the wax miners and hair harvesters.

If the heap ask anyone about the Auricular Oracle they are told nobody knows exactly where it is. With a successful Streetwise roll and 1d4 hours of asking around they are directed to Zelviz, a tunnel guide who can often be found at the local Jeezle Freakian church, an opulent edifice known as The Other Cheek.

The Split Hair

The Split Hair is a fancy and stylish sort of place. The sounds of lovin' and drunken laughter fill the air and the lighting is moody and elegant. The proprietor of the place, a smooth little worm named Magnanimous Grape (pg 140), is cordial and slick. He lays down a funky track whenever he speaks, so much so that it's hard to tell what he's saying, but it's all good, dawg.

If the heap deliver unto Magnanimous the package from Imzozo Hroop, the worm is grateful and pleased. He knows his place has a rap, but had no clue it was so well known as far away as Floom. He mentions, after opening the package and viewing its contents, that he might have to start serving booze from the Grey Matter Boozaterium. For their troubles he gives the characters a free round of drinks.

If the subject of The Spawnderosa happens to come up, Magnanimous mentions that he used to be married to Madame Fluttercooch but things went sour after she had an affair with Bernizedd the Enplumpinated. He hints that he would be extremely grateful if someone were able to get them back together, but that's a story for another time.



The Other Cheek

If the heap go in search of Zelviz they will find him at The Other Cheek, an opulent and rhinestone bedecked church of Jelvis. As the heap enter the church read this:

Wow, what an ostentatious place. The décor just screams, "Pay attention to me! My religion is wealthier than your religion!" Gleaming rhinestones bedeck every surface and a massive painting of Jeezle Pete, tastefully done on a canvas of black velvet two dozen yorts high, adorns the altar. Hovering in the air a few yorts in front of the altar is a tiny little croach, praying softly to himself. He wears a brilliant white vest and an immense pompadour wig. "Yeah verily I say unto you, what gives?"

Zelviz (pg 142) does indeed claim to know the location of the Auricular Oracle. He was on a missionary expedition a few years ago, trying to convert the members of The Danged, a strange cult of mucosite miners who dwell in the deepest reaches of the Auricular Wax Mines. The expedition met with disaster, as most of the missionaries were frightened off or killed by evil spirits before they even found The Danged, but Zelviz did stumble upon the Oracle during the turmoil. He's afraid to go back in search of it again, but he can be persuaded with a sizable contribution to the church (at least 10,000 clams) or a Persuasion roll by someone with the Jeezle Freak Edge.

Zelviz says the way is too complicated to draw a map. Once they convince him to guide them, and they are all provisioned and ready to go, Zelviz leads them into the mines.

The Auricular Wax Mines

Zelviz estimates the trip will take them three days each way. He is friendly, if a bit trepidatious, but constantly preaches on about the glory of Jelvis and the mystic qualities of jelly donuts and blue stained shoes and making beer from rocks and so forth. As they make their way into the mines, read this:

Ok, this is sort of weird. You are now making your way into the ear canal of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. The ground is spongy yet firm. The walls curve upwards for hundreds of yorts, taller than any building in Doop by a factor of twelve (presumably). Countless tunnels branch in countless directions, some obviously excused by the hundreds of wax miners that meander about the mines, and others apparently the work of some enormous parasite.

After walking for what seems like hours through the enormous main tunnel, Zelviz directs you into a narrower subtunnel and from there into narrower tunnels still. There are no miners in this area, and you sense you are descending ever deeper into the face of the Incredibly Huge Monster™.

After a few more hours, Zelviz announces it is time to rest. You find yourselves in a broad network of passages, veritably clogged with gooey wax. "This is the last comfy place for a while, I suggest we catch a snooze here and get a fresh start on the morrow."



As they sleep, the heap are attacked by a herd of hair bares. These hair bares have actually been placed in the tunnels by The Danged in an attempt to scare off interlopers. They are trained to attack anyone they see. The hair bares chew their way through the waxy clog in one of the side tunnels and attempt to catch the heap asleep.

Hair Bares (12)(pg 80): The hair bares will fight until more than half are killed, at which point the rest will run away.

The following day the heap continue their journey. Zelviz fashions torches and candles from the abundant monsterwax. After a few hours of walking through an amazingly complex network of tunnels the heap come upon a bizarre site:

There's this strange statue thingee in the middle of the tunnel. It looks kind of like a worm, limbless and blank. A thin tendril of black smoke oozes from its head and its blank eyes stare into the void. As you get closer, a shrieking hiss escapes the statue's lipless mouth. "GET THEE GONE FROM THIS PLACE," it howls, "THIS PLACE BE A PLACE WHERE DWELLS GREAT EVIL! RETURN FROM WHENCE YE CAME OR BE FOREVER DANGED! BLAAAAAAA-AAAAARRRRRRGH!"

The statue is really just a harmless prop left here by The Danged to discourage visitors. It will continue to howl as long as the heap remain in its vicinity. The statue itself has no means with which to harm anyone, but if the heap stay too long (more than five rounds) four spirits of the danged will arrive to check things out. These spirits are the restless ghosts of dead miners. They look like translucent blue worms with bags over their heads. They are evil and will try to kill everyone.

Spirits of the Danged (4)(pg 83): The spirits have the following abilities: Bite (Strength +3), Etherealness, Fear, Fly, Undead.



After another hour or so of wandering through yet more tangled tunnels and arduous passageways the heap run into yet another bizarre site. A chest, elegantly crafted and brightly painted stands closed in the middle of the passage. A small plaque on the lid states: A GIFT FOR GETTING SO FAR. The chest is locked with a rather complex fastener (Lockpicking -2). If the lock is opened the lid will immediately spring open, revealing an insidious trap within. See, a plank has been



rigged with a spring to launch itself forward when the lid is opened. That's not the insidious part, however. On the plank is a shallow dish filled with a vile and caustic poison. The poison splashes everyone directly in front of the chest, inflicting 4d6 damage on anyone who fails a Vigor roll (2d6 with a successful roll. The box is otherwise empty but for a painting on the inner surface. The image depicts a hooded face with an "X" over each eye, the symbol of The Danged.



Yet more hours pass. Zelviz declares it time for rest again. The chamber in which dwells the oracle is not far from here, maybe another couple of hours in the morning.

And so it is, after the heap awaken and travel for another couple of hours read this:

The tunnel comes to an abrupt end. Zelviz gets an air of momentousness about him. "Mercy baby. Dig how the wall is not really a wall. It's just a big plug of wax. On the other side is the Oracle's digs. Mercy baby. He pulls a ceremonial pee, nutbutter, and nanner sandwich from his pack and munches profoundly.

The heap can dig through the wax plug in a matter of minutes. Once they are through, read this:

This appears to be the Oracle's room, and Zelviz assures you it is, but the Oracle himself seems to be missing. In the center of the chamber, which is pretty nondescript, is a short post of some sort. "The Oracle's Perch," states Zelviz, pointing at the wooden post topped with a large wad of cottony fluff, "but where is the Oracle? Mercy baby..."

The heap are free to search the room. A Tracking roll reveals various footprints in the waxy floor. They show at least ten different individuals. Also imprinted in the waxy floor is a mark indicating the presence of a small round object, about a yort across (this is a cage, which The Danged put the Oracle in when they kidnapped him).

Outside the chamber the footprints continue down a passage before becoming lost in a bony region.

A Tracking roll at -2 is required to follow the footprints further. They continue on for about an hour or so before the tunnel ends at three doors, carved of bone and painted with sinister "X"s. A lever is set into the ground in front of the center door.

If the lever is pulled a huge stone weight will drop from the ceiling, smashing the person who pulled the lever and inflicting 5d6 points of damage. An Agility roll at -2 means the hero escaped unscathed.

The three doors are all barred from the other side and have a Toughness of 12. All three lead to the same place—a tunnel that leads further into the Quarry of the Danged. Two odres, members of The Danged are lurking on the other side of the doors. They will try to smash anyone who breaks through.

Odres (2)(pg 81): The odres wear masks over their heads and are armed with shovels (Strength +3). One has a big glass bottle that contains three wankers. He will smash it if the battle is going against them, releasing the containimants within. The other odre has a big metal key on a chain around his neck. Both wear armor made of scabs (Toughness +2).

Contanimant, Wanker (4)(pg 78): The wankers will aid the odres by throwing gobs of goo at the heap.

The wide tunnel leads to a broad chamber and a huge door made of bone and scabs (Toughness 16). Twenty of The Danged are hiding in this area waiting to ambush the heap. They all have medium cover due to



sculpted fortifications of wax and bone. As soon as the heap enter the area they are attacked. One of them is an oofo dementalist.

The Danged (19)(10 standard worms, 4 standard boduls, 2 standard oofos, 3 standard croaches)(pg 136): The Danged all have Fighting d10, wear scab armor (Toughness +2), and are armed with blowguns (Strength +1) and shovels (Strength +2). The blowgun darts are poisoned. Anyone hit by one must make a Vigor roll or suffer a cumulative -1 to all traits for one hour). If any trait is reduced to 0 the hero dies.

Dementalist (standard oofo)(pg 136): The dementalist wears scab armor (Toughness +2) and has the following attributes: Dementalism d10, 15 PP, Mind Readin', Bolt (psychic force), and Blast (sphere of slapping hands).

Once half of The Danged are defeated the rest will begin to shout questions to the heap, trying to figure out why they are here. If the heap say they are only looking for the Auricular Oracle, The Danged will call a truce and explain they traded him to some peddlemeisters from Scab for a bunch of armor, sorry about the misunderstanding, run along now. They will allow the heap to leave, but only if they promise not to tell anybody what they've seen here.

The odre's key fits the gigantic door, but several dozen more of The Danged are on the other side. Nobody who passes through will be spared.

Scab

Getting to scab might be a problem. Zelviz (if he still lives) wants nothing to do with the place. The best way to get there is to travel through the Follicular Maze and onward to Torsovania. It's a long and arduous journey, fraught with dangerous monsters and blinding dandruff storms, but to be honest we are running out of space in the book and this

part is mostly fluff anyway, so I'll trust you to do something cool along the way.

Once the heap reach Scab, the roving caravan city built atop the backs of three enormous giant slogs, they can start asking around. Nobody knows about the Oracle, but they can point the heap in the direction of Scab's only armorer. The armorer, a Hoomanitarian pile named Open 7 Days a Week, tells them yes indeed he did have The Oracle, but it was stolen by a bunch of groothoo boids before he could make use of it. "That was just a couple of days ago, he says," "I bet you could catch up to them if you hurry."

The groothoo boids have been wandering the plains of Torsovania for a few months pillaging caravans and harassing scab harvesters. They stole the cage containing the Auricular Oracle from Open 7 Days a Week four days ago. Since then, they sort of felt bad about what they were doing so they went to The Bowls of the Oith to have their sins forgiven.

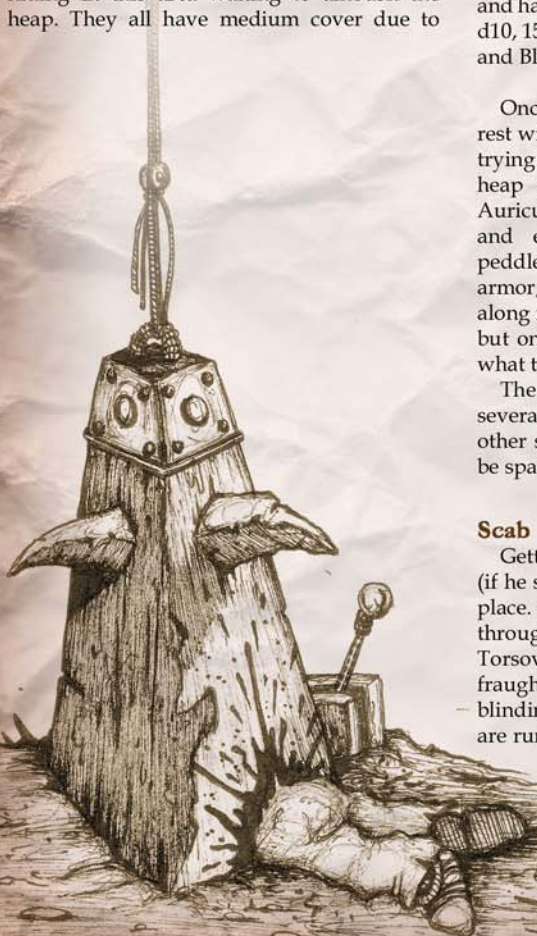
As luck would have it, the heap don't have to go in search of the boids. The groothoos attack them a day or two after the heap leave Scab. The boids are in full bandit mode, so they'll try to steal everything the heap have and make a run for it. They use non-lethal tactics at first, but will use lethal force if the heap fight back.

Groothoo Boids (12)(pg 80): The boids attack from the air for three rounds, dropping sharpened scabs (Strength +2). When they run out of scabs they'll swoop down and fight with beaks and clubs (Strength +2). One of them is a Hocus Poker with Hocus Poking d10, 15 PP, and the Bolt, Blast, and Smite Powers.

If the heap manage to capture a boid and ask it about the Auricular Oracle, the boid tells them the eparch of the Bowls of the Oith has it.

The Bowls of the Oith

In order to get to the Bowls of the Oith the heap must travel the length of Torsovania, rappel the awesome canyon of the Crack of Doom (perhaps getting in a fight with the hair



bare that lounge near the precipice), enter the interior of the Incredibly Huge Monster™, and ask for directions from the little worm at the information booth. The entire journey should take several unwholesome and rather unpleasant days.

After wandering the various pipes and tunnels of the interior the heap will eventually hear sounds of chanting and rumbling from up ahead:

Hey, there's a rumbling sound and I think some chanting coming from the tunnels up ahead. A loud crashing ensues, followed by shouts of "Strike!" As you approach, you come up behind a mob of various people, all dressed in white robes. A bodul with a huge pompadour haircut is rolling a stone down a polished floor, crashing it into various idols at the other end.

The bodul is Eparch Kingpenance Hopcifer, a Jeezle Freak holy roller. If asked about the Oracle he gladly volunteers that it is in his possession and he is hoping to return it to the Wax Mines as soon as possible. He will gladly hand it over to the heap if he can be certain they are free of sin. To this end he asks for each of their confessions, then sets up a number of idols on the alley to represent each sin.

Each member of the heap must roll the stone down the alley to attempt to knock over the idols in place for his particular sins. For each pin knocked over a sin is forgiven. Each hero gets two attempts. To bowl, an Agility check is made. The amount by which the roll is made indicates the number of pins knocked over. If the heap are not forgiven of all their sins (Hopcifer can tell if they are sincere in their confessions) it will take a Persuasion roll at -4 and a sizable donation (at least 5,000 clams) to get him to relinquish the Oracle.

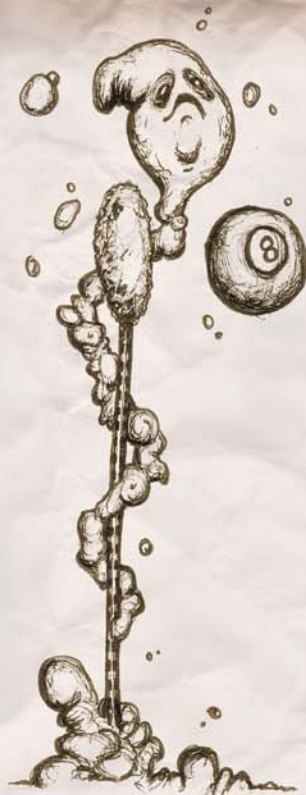
The Auricular Oracle

The Oracle is a serpentine lump of earwax. It's coiled up at the bottom of a small silver cage, looking unwell. A thin stream of drool drips from the edge of its mouth and its eyes are cloudy and distant. The only thing that can bring it back to health is to return it to its lair. Once they do, here is what it says:

If you go to the keep of Agog
And turn left at the Wandering Slog
The Shield, I am told
Is with a sodden and old
Horc who gambles and pukes up his grog

In a city named after burned bread
Is the thing that goes on a guy's head
You'll find this last dish
Next to the big fish
On the one dude who keeps him not dead

At quest's end you may sing with elation
Or cry out your brain's consternation
Just be sure when you find them
You only combine them
In a very specific location.



Now my mind is in need of some rest
Cuz this whole goosin' thing was a test
So if you don't mind
I'm sure you can find
Your way out and continue your quest

After speaking the rhymes the Oracle quickly falls asleep. No amount of prodding or waiting will wake him, although he will open one eye to check if they are still around if the heap stay awhile. Regardless, that's all he'll tell them.

Resolution

If the heap decipher the limericks correctly they will either head to Agog in search of a drunk horc or to Toast in search of a big fish.

What's Next?

The Grog in Agog Clogs Soggily Near The Slog
Fat Sushi Ain't No Chump

The Grog in Agog Clogs Soggily Near The Slog



In this Tale the heap travel to Agog to gain a mysterious artifact from a drunken horc. Pusghetti the Squigg makes an appearance (unless he's dead) and everyone gets to take a bath.

Agog

The heap have most likely been to Agog before, but if they haven't it's no big deal. According to the Auricular Oracle, the Prisokian Shield is in the possession of a drunken and elderly horc who can be found by turning left at the Wandering Slog. The Wandering Slog, the heap discover with a Streetwise roll or a few hours of wandering, is a crude statue that depicts a giant slog devouring a family of smelves. Turning left at the statue can lead the heap in a number of directions depending on their approach, but the most obvious path leads down an alley and into a plaza. Walking in a straight line down the alley will take them to a second horcish monument. This one is just a huge cube of stone smeared with the remains of a bunch of dead smelves. Across the plaza is a bar called The Ded Smelf. As the heap look on, an elderly horc stumbles his way into the bar, sloshing grog from his mug and carrying a rectangular wooden shield.

The Ded Smelf

As the heap enter The Ded Smelf, read this:

A wide flight of slime coated stairs leads into a basement of sorts. The Ded Smelf is pretty much what one would imagine a horc bar to be. A few inches of sawdust on the floor to sop up the blood and spilled booze, a bunch of thick wooden benches, chipped and stained stone walls, dozens of smelf heads mounted on wall plaques, and a few dozen inebriated horcs bashing each other and singing rude songs. No windows, no doors, just a stinky, sticky mass of gambling, drinking, and fighting snot goblins. An enormous vat of grog bubbles ominously behind the bar, dwarfing the burly bartender who glares at you and polishes a mug with a snot covered rag.

You spot the elderly horc with the shield sitting at a gambling table with a few of his chums. He seems to be using the shield as a tray to hold his winnings.

The elderly horc is Agreegulous Dangle (pg 137), a former price-o-corn and current sot. He has no idea of the significance of his shield and will happily trade it for anything worth 100 clams or more and another container in which to put his winnings. As soon as the deal is done, however, a strange and ominous tone falls upon the bar. As one the horcs stop drinking and fighting among themselves. Their eyes begin to swirl in a hypno-ring sort of way as they all pick up weapons and turn their attention to the heap. They attack en masse, hacking and fighting until everyone is dead. If the heap are killed or escape, the horcs will turn on each other. See, they are all being controlled by Pusghetti the Squigg, who hides invisibly in the rafters. He has been tracking the heap for some time but lost them last time they came to Agog. If all the horcs are defeated, Pusghetti himself will attack the heap. His first act being to smash the vat of grog, flooding the entire room in about five

yorts of cheap booze and giving everyone a -2 to all rolls and possible drowning them (except Pusghetti and anyone else above the water).

If Pusghetti was killed in a previous encounter, replace him with another squiggly mass who works for the Villainic Consortium.

Horcs (28)(standard horcs)(pg 136): They are armed with knives and clubs (Str +2).

Pusghetti the Squigg (pg 141): Pusghetti has a chip on his shoulder and really wants to kill the heap. He lurks on the ceiling, out of range of any melee weapon without a Reach of at least +2.

If the hero on which Grabmaster Norq is hiding (in his shrunken state, see page 123) remains submerged for more than three rounds, Norq and Mister Filthington will suddenly appear (at actual size) and attempt to escape up the stairs and out the doorway. Once outside they will reshink themselves and hitch a ride on the heap as they leave the place.

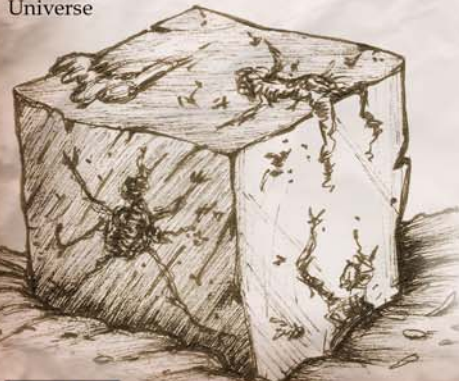
If the heap manage to make their way out of the bar they will find a nasty surprise waiting for them in the plaza outside. It seems Pusghetti has given a gift to one of his minions, a horc named Slimevester (standard horc). The gift is a magical glove that gives him the power of Telekinesis (10,000 pounds maximum, range 100 yorts (100')). Slimevester is hiding on the roof of a nearby building and he'll use his glove to lift the dead smelf monument, trying to smash the heap beneath it (4d6 damage, Throwing d10). Slimevester can use his glove to make himself fly as well, which he'll do, smashing the heap with the monument as they try to escape through the city. He stays about 60 yorts (60') above ground and yells taunts at them as they try to avoid getting crushed.

Resolution

Hopefully the heap can find their way safely out of Agog and continue on their way. There aren't any ships going from Agog to Toast, but they can find one going to Floom, from where they can arrange passage to Toast (on a missionary ship of Jemima's Witnesses).

What's Next?

Fat Sushi Ain't No Chump
A Powerful and Enigmatic Secret of the Universe



Fat Sushi Ain't No Chump



This Tale takes the heap to the cremefillian city of Toast, capital of the Dingdom of the Dong. Here they must bargain with a notorious gangsta for a powerful artifact, and maybe learn a little something about honor in the process.

Getting to Toast

The heap may find some other way to Toast, but the easiest is to catch a ride on a ship leaving Floom. The only vessel heading to Toast in the next few months is the *Sea Slog*, a long ship covered in slog pelts and carrying a crew of Jemima's Witness missionaries. If he still lives, Hater Wig Wig (page 139) is onboard. His interactions with the heap depend greatly on the events that transpired in *Curses, Soiled Again!*

The crew of the *Sea Slog* won't let any Hoomanitarrians onboard for any reason, so those sorts need to be disguised. Jemima's Witnesses can ride for free, while cremefillians must pay 200 clams each and all others 500 clams apiece. The vessel is captained by an ultra religious cremefillian named Cap'n Cupquake (standard cremefillian). There are 35 crew members, including Hater Wig Wig. They all spend the entire journey talking about how evil the Hoomanrace was, and they expect the heap to join in the discussion.

Any Hoomanrace sympathizers will be thrown overboard. Anyone thrown overboard will have to float around for a day or so, maybe clinging to some drifting flotsam and fighting off a hungry esophagator or two, before being picked up by a horcish pirate vessel (*The Gavelbanger's Fist*, if it still exists, see page 104). The horcs might be bribed or intimidated into taking the characters to Toast, but it won't be easy (Persuasion -4 or 5,000 clam bribe).

Toast

The city of Toast is unlike any the heap have ever seen (unless they're from there, of course). Once they arrive, read this:

Toast is unlike any city you've ever seen. In the shadow of Mount Funky, the surrounding hills are green and lush, the sky is brilliant and blue, and the buildings are clean and beautifully ornamented. Vibrant flowers and clear, trickling streams wind their way between gleaming pagodas and radiant, painted towers. Cremefillians in amazing abundance roam the streets, decked out in colorful duds and exotic ornamentation.

The cremefillians of Toast are suspicious of outsiders, but will do business with them



anyway. If asked about a big fish, the heap are pointed in the direction of a few dozen fish markets, many of which have a gigantic fish sign out front.

They may choose to check out a few of these fish markets, but nobody seems to have any clue what they are talking about. Eventually, however, they will run into an interesting situation that may give them a clue:

As you wander the streets of Toast, just minding your own business, you are witness to a bit of hooliganism. A group of cremefillian thugs is apparently reorganizing the mongering cart of a local merchant, placing the "I ♥ TOAST" t-shirts where the Ding of the Dong plushies should go and vice versa. As you close in for a better look, one of the thugs grabs the merchant by the shirt and snarls to his face, "Fat Sushi ain't no chump! We came for what's owed him. Next time it won't be just your mongering cart we rearrange."

The thugs are goons of Don Sushioka "Fat Sushi" Twinkugowa (page 137). They have been sent to rough up the merchant for failure to pay protection to Fat Sushi. If the heap question them about Fat Sushi (Big Fish, get it?), they will learn he is a powerful holy roller and owner of the Pair-o-dice casino.

The Pair-o-dice Casino

When the heap enter the Pair-o-dice, Toast's largest and most popular casino, brothel, and religious shrine, read this bit of boxed text:

The Pair-o-dice casino, brothel, and religious shrine is a huge place. It's sort of a humungous tiled pyramid just behind the Dingdom Hall of Jemima's Witnesses and a block down from the Pox Romanum. Anyway, as you approach the place you start to get a sense of the power Fat Sushi must wield.

A horde of greeters meet you at the entryway. A wide banner over the vaulted doors reads "Help Wanted. Inquire Within". As you approach the grand vestibule...

If the heap are well groomed and wearing clothing of snazzy value or better, read this:

...the greeters bow low to the ground as they hurriedly open the doors and politely usher you inside.

If they are dirty or dressed like scrubs, read this instead:

...a huge odre dressed in formal silk pajamas blocks your way. "I am sorry, most honorable visitors, you do not meet the eligibility requirements to enter this establishment. Please come back when you have obtained a bath and some cooler duds."

A suitable bribe (100 clams apiece) might get them past the bouncer, but if a fight starts seven more odres will show up within two rounds to help evict the heap.

Odres (7)(pg 81): The odres are polite but forceful. They fight barehanded.

Once the heap get inside, read this:

What an amazing place. It has sort of a "What if Keister Island was a tropical paradise instead of a blasted crap puddle" look. Huge carven statues, real flowers, winding streams of clear water, and ornate bridges are everywhere in the central casino area. The interior of the pyramid is ringed with balconies and private rooms and the ceiling is lighted and painted to resemble a sky at sunset. The whole of the place is tastefully illuminated with flickering torches, leaving plenty of shadows for illicit dealings and amorous trysts.

The characters are free to gamble, curse the Hoomanrace at any of a hundred religious shrines, or participate in whatever amorous dealings they prefer. Eventually they might try to get a meeting with Fat Sushi. If they do, they are told Fat Sushi only meets with very high rollers (the heap will have to gamble at least 10,000 clams to achieve this status) or people with important business proposals. If they can convince a pit boss they fall into one of these categories, they will be led through a doorway, down a hall, and into a plush antechamber to await a meeting with the boss. They will be frisked and asked to give up their weapons, which will be stored in the weapon check room to await their return. If the heap refuse to give up their weapons they will be

forced to leave (by more odre bouncers if necessary). Eventually a minion opens the door to Fat Sushi's office and leads them in.

Bloated and grotesque, Fat Sushi, the fattest cremefillian you've ever seen, sits at a marble desk in the most opulent office imaginable. A massive painting on the wall behind him shows Fat Sushi shaking hands with The Ding of the Dong. A bunch of strange little lizard-like creatures scurry about the room, clinging to the walls and basking on the many potted plants. Aside from the lizards, Fat Sushi appears to be alone. He motions to some pillows laid out on the floor in front of his desk, "Please make unto yourselves a comfortable nest." His voice is weazy and low, "My associates tell me you would like to have words with me." He leans forward and offers a ring-laden hand for kissing.

The heap are free to say whatever they want to Fat Sushi. If they act in a disrespectful manner, or threaten him in any way, the painting behind him rolls up into the wall, revealing a bold cremefillian warrior standing in the alcove beyond. This guy is Ghin Soo Fluph (page 137), Fat Sushi's bodyguard. Hopefully Ghin Soo's presence will put the heap in a more respectful mode, but if not he is more than happy to dismember them for the enjoyment of his boss.

Observant heapsters (Notice roll), may notice the shiny bowl helmet atop Ghin Soo's head. This is the Prisokian Helm. It's not really a helmet; it's the base of a sign, but nobody knows that.

If the heap ask to purchase or trade for Ghin Soo's helm, Ghin Soo looks to his boss. Fat Sushi asks why they want it. If they tell him what it is, he will offer it to them for 100,000 clams. If they say anything about helping the Hoomanitarans in any way, things will immediately become very violent. If the heap don't have the clams to buy it, the only other options are to gamble or steal the clams, try to steal the helm, or challenge Ghin Soo Fluph to a duel. They could try to hold Fat Sushi as a hostage, but that would be difficult.

At the first sign of aggression from the heap, Fat Sushi will press a latch under his desk, which flips the desk over, concealing and protecting him beneath itself (Toughness 12). Small holes in the desk allow Fat Sushi to cast spells at the heap. At the same time, a bunch of bottles of booze fall from the ceiling chandeliers, breaking apart and sending foam everywhere. The goozeras in the room (the lizard guys) will soon lap up the booze and become drunk, sending them into a rage. Ghin Soo Fluph, whom the goozeras have been trained to ignore, will fight to the death.

Fat Sushi (pg 137): Fat Sushi is a Jemima's Witness holy roller. He casts spells from his hiding place.

Ghin Soo Fluph (pg 137): Ghin Soo is a total asskicker. Pay attention to his Edges and such.



Goozeras (8)(pg 80): The goozeras will get drunk in 1d4 rounds at which time they will go into a frenzy and attack without mercy.

Resolution

Hopefully the heap can steal or buy the helm without having to kill Fat Sushi. If they kill him they will have a huge price on their heads, ensuring a stream of booty hunters will be following them the rest of their lives.

Once they get the helm, they will notice it is a domed metal block with a flat bottom and a small cylindrical hole on top.

What's Next?

The Grog in Agog Clogs Soggily Near the Slog
A Powerful and Enigmatic Secret of the Universe



A Powerful and Enigmatic Secret of the Universe



This is the final Tale in the heap's quest to find the Primordial Soup Kitchen. It should be played once they have gathered all the pieces to the Prisokian Staff. According to the limericks of the Auricular Oracle, the Prisokian Staff can only be assembled in a specific location. This is not actually true; they can assemble it anywhere, but its magic is only effective in one particular spot. Once the heap collect all the pieces, they will most likely return to Floom, perhaps to meet with Imzozo Hroop at the Grey Matter Boozaterium to accept their reward for delivering his packages, or maybe to show Daddy Hassafras what they found. Regardless of where they choose to go, here's a bit of info about the Prisokian Staff before we continue.

The Prisokian Staff: The Prisokian Staff is not a staff at all, it's a sign. When all the pieces are assembled correctly, with the "staff" attached to the "shield" on one side and the

helm" on the other and the epigraphs spelling the phrase "HELP WANTED INQUIRE WITHIN" across the surface of the "shield", the thing can be put to use. See, when it's placed in a very specific location on Keister Island (which will be determined in this Tale) it will cause the statues of Keister Island to reveal their true nature — that of the true staff of the Primordial Soup Kitchen (the cooks and waiters and such, see page 142).



A Not So Fond Return to Arms

Once the heap have all the pieces, whether they've assembled them or not, Grabmaster Norq will make his move. Unless a hero actually holds onto each piece with his own hands, Norq will be able to steal them. The heap will awaken one day to discover all the pieces are missing. In their place is a strange metal device. This is the Disenlargificator (see page 142). Norq felt bad for screwing the heap so he left them a gift. He is nowhere to be seen, having made a clean getaway, but he did leave a note and some very tiny footprints. It states:

I hope this helps in some SMALL way.

The Grey Matter Boozaterium

If the heap go to the Grey Matter Boozaterium in search of Imzozo Hroop, they will find him sitting alone at a table near the back of the place. Once they meet him, read this (modify the text if they did not deliver all the packages):

"Greetings Oith creatures, please have a seat. You have earned the gratitude of the Dementional Discotesticus, and for that you are rewarded thusly." Imzozo waves his hands a bit and a bunch of wooden tokens float gently to the table. "These are good for a free meal at any Grey Matter location. We now have franchises in New Oorlquar, Toast, Agog City, and Maankaas. Anyway, Uuulon Crepulos has summoned a horde of containimants and tasked them with the mapping of the statues of Keister Island. The Discotesticus would be most — huh, what's that?"

Suddenly the front door is smashed inward and a horrifyingly disgusting mass of warts and flesh and fist pounds its way into the room, followed closely by its uglier twin.

Two bad ass containimants, sent by Uuulon, have smashed their way inside. They were instructed to kill everyone, starting with the heap. Imzozo will help fight, but all of the other oofos and patrons in the place will flee.

Containimant, Bad Ass (2)(pg 79): The bad asses are relentless killing machines.



Make sure Imzozo gets hit at least once during the fight. He should be alive but badly hurt. When the fight ends he will reach into his pocket and hand the heap a small ovoid object. "This is the Primordial Soup Kitchen," he tells them, "Guard it well; it was given to you by a dying alien. ...useless without the staff" He then expires of bad ass inflicted pestilence.

What Uuulon Is Up To

Uuulon has received the pieces of the Prisokian Staff from Grabmaster Norq (unless the heap managed to prevent their theft) and has summoned a bunch of containimants to help him chart the statues of Keister Island. He has four different groups searching the island. Each group consists of one bad ass, one bruiser, one mensch, two wankers, and four wusses (see pages 78-79 for stats). Uuulon himself is traveling with one of these groups, in the company of Uuuly Creputhrall. If Pusghetti the Squigg still lives he is also traveling with Uuulon.

Unless the heap assembled the staff before Norq stole it, Uuulon has not yet assembled it. He does not yet realize its significance, only that it is somehow important.

It will take Uuulon and his minions 40+1d20 days to chart the location of all the statues. During that time the heap have a few options. They could try to find and follow Uuulon or a group of his minions in hopes the bad guys will lead them where they want to go. They could try to find Uuulon and steal the Prisokian Staff back from him. They could try to map the island themselves, which will take a very long time, or they could ask Gorminee the Goosed (if he still lives) for help, remembering he once tried to chart the island himself.

If they go after Uuulon or his minions they will find him in 3d10 days by asking around at various villages and such. If they try to chart the island themselves it will take 120+2d20 days (unless they split up, but either way Uuulon will finish first). If Gorminee still lives (or if they can convince He Who Smells Far to give them Gorminee's personal possessions) he will show them the map he made a while ago. The heap may be able to convince Hoomanitarian church, the Jemima's Witnesses, or the Dementional Discotesticus to help, which will cut down the excursion time significantly but would also require the heap to share the spoils of victory.

Gorminee's map shows the location of each of 40 statues. The statues are labeled by number, which each identical pair having the same number (bet you didn't know there were

identical pairs, did ya?). The secret location, the place where the assembled staff must be placed, is in the point where all the lines cross over each other when a line is drawn from one statue of an identical pair to the other (a bit up and to the right of the leftmost 19 on the map). If the heap make their own map, or steal maps from Uuulon's minions, they may arrive at the same conclusion.

The Spot Where It All Goes Down

Anyway, they'll eventually come to the ordained location, whether by following Uuulon or mapping the island themselves.

I'll set the scene. It's pretty unremarkable really. There's just a wide clearing in the boulder scrub with a few squat statues, eight actually, circling a small shallow mud puddle.

Unless they already killed Uuulon and his posse, continue reading:

Whether by coincidence or dramatic design, Uuulon Crepulos and his minions are lining up on the other side of the clearing, glaring at you with menacing leers.

Uuulon's current horde includes himself, Pusghetti the Squigg (unless he was killed previously), two bad asses, four bruisers, two mensches, two wankers, and Uuuly Creputhrall. After a suitable bad guy monologue, he directs his minions to attack. Uuulon and Pusghetti sort of hang back and cast spells, each protected by a bruiser, as their minions attack the heap. If the battle is going very badly for the heroes, have Grabmaster Norq and Mister Filthington show up to help them (along with Gorminee the Goosed, Fecus Fecus, or Daddy Hassafras, if you like).

Containimants (2 bad asses, 4 bruisers, 2 mensches, 2 wankers)(pg 78-79): The bad asses and bruisers attack directly, while the mensches try to rust weapons and the wankers hurl muck).

Uuulon Crepulos (pg 141): Uuulon will summon more containimants if the fight is going badly for him.

Pusghetti the Squigg (pg 141): Pusghetti loves hurling Blasts and Stuns.

Uuuly Creputhrall (pg 141): Uuuly is a killer, smashing with his axe and hurling rocks with abandon.



The Hat of Management

Once the battle is over, hopefully with the heap victorious and in possession of the Prisokian Staff, they are free to set things in motion. Under the mud puddle is a small stone pedestal with the same circumference as the base of the Prisokian Staff. When the staff is correctly assembled and placed on this stone read this:

Aaaaaah yeah, this is what it's all about. The toil and pain of the past months is about to pay off. As the sign is set in place nothing happens. After a minute or so nothing continues to happen. Then suddenly, and without warning, something happens. There's a thing materializing in the air right in front of you. It appears to be one of those funky white chef hats. The monogram says PSK.

As you gaze on, the squat statues surrounding the puddle begin to crumble. The bewildered forms of several oofos climb from the rubble, each wearing a white coat and a tall white hat. "Hi, we're here about the job," one of them says, pointing at the sign. "Who's the manager?"

Whoever puts on the hat is the new manager of the Primordial Soup Kitchen. The oofos will do whatever management asks of them (see page 142). Of course, at this point the Soup Kitchen is probably still tiny. The heap may use the disenlargificator to grow the PSK back to its normal size, or they can use it to shrink themselves to gain entry. If Grabmaster is still around he'll show them how to use it.

Over the course of the next few weeks and months more oofos will show up to beg employment as the statues of Keister Island crumble into dust.

That's pretty much the end. The heap are pretty bad ass about now. See page 142 for more about what might happen next.

THE END



PEEPS

This section lists an assortment of vital statistics and background information about many of the characters introduced in other sections of this book.

The first page (this one) deals with archetypal extras of each major species. If an extra deviates from this profile, the changes are described in that particular character's entry in the relevant Savage Tale.

Peeps are listed alphabetically by first name or title.

EXTRAS

Bodul (standard)

Just a common bodul, if any bodul can be called common.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Any) d8+2, Shooting d6, Stealth d6
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5
Hindrances: Any two
Edges: Clever, Proud Heritage, Two more
Gear: Decent clothing, a small weapon (Strength+1), 5d10 clams.

Cremefillian (standard)

Your average walking snack cake.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Knowledge d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6
Edges: Foul Taste, Tweenking, Spongy Flesh
Gear: Decent clothing, a small weapon (Strength+1), 5d10 clams.

Croach (standard)

A typical croach.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Knowledge d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6
Edges: Antennae, Crunchy Shell, Multiple Limbs, Gullet of Steel
Gear: Decent clothing, a small weapon (Strength+1), 5d10 clams.

Horc (standard)

Your run-of-the-mill mean old horc.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d4
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6
Edges: Butticker, Gurgitation, Slimy Bastard, Tough Ass MoFo
Gear: Decent clothing, a medium weapon (Strength+2), 5d10 clams.



Oofo (standard)

An emblematic oofo.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Any) d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5
Edges: Big Ass Eyes, Oddvision, Starry Wisdom
Gear: Decent clothing, a small weapon (Strength+1), 5d10 clams.

Pile (standard)

A representative pile.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Stealth d6, Throwing d8
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5
Edges: Dense & Chewy, Goo Flinging, Malleable, Burly Fellow
Gear: Crappy clothing, a medium weapon (Strength+2), 5d10 clams.

Smelf (standard)

A classic smelf.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d8
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5
Edges: Nasal Targeting, Nimble Little Guy, Nosebloating, Schnoz to be Reckoned With
Gear: Decent clothing, a small weapon (Strength+1), 5d10 clams.

Tizn't (standard)

Their's really no such thing as an average Tizn't, but here's one without any special abilities.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d6
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5
Edges: Hybrid, Object of Fascination
Gear: Decent clothing, a small weapon (Strength+1), 5d10 clams.

Werm (standard)

A normal, everyday werm.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d6
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6
Edges: Burrowing, Coiled Spring, Low Light Vision, Regeneration, Rubbery Skin
Gear: Decent clothing, a medium weapon (Strength+2), 5d10 clams.

Wild Cards

(unless otherwise noted)

Agreegulous Dangle

(elderly male horc)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10(+1), Gambling d12

Charisma: -1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Elderly

Edges: Butticker, Gurgitation, Slimy

Bastard, Tough Ass MoFo

Gear: Crappy clothing, stabbin' stick (Str +2), Prisokian Shield

Agreegulous is an unremarkable old horc. A former price-o-corn and soldier, he's now just a retired old sot who spends most of his time drinking and gambling in The Ded Smelf. Through a twist of fate, and unbeknownst to him, Agreegulous is the owner of the Prisokian Shield, which he uses as a tray to collect his gambling winnings.



Agreegulous Dangle sports the Prisokian Shield

Binky Boobookisser

(male croach chamberlain and nanny)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Knowledge (politics) d12, Persuasion d10

Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Oath of service to Vernix Lanugo

Edges: Antennae, Crunchy Shell, Multiple Limbs, Gullet of Steel

Gear: Pimpin' clothing

Binky is the chamberlain and nanny of Vernix Lanugo, the neotenously larval lord of Gargle Twice. He is polite, but persuasive.

Bowcrusher Sailtangler

(male horc pirate and ship captain)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Boating d12, Fighting d12, Guts d12, Knowledge (sailing) d12, Shooting d10, Throwing d10

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Overconfident

Edges: Alertness, Berserk, Butticker, Gurgitation, Pimp Slap, Slimy Bastard, Steady Hands, Tough Ass MoFo

Gear: Snazzy clothing, leather vest (decent armor, +2 torso), scimitar (Strength+2), 500 clams.

Bowcrusher is the captain of The Gavelbanger's Fist, a pirate vessel crewed entirely by horcs. He is boastful and arrogant, prone to tell extremely tall tales.

Daddy Hassafrass

(male bodul Hoomanitarian holy roller)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Healing d10, Holy Rolling d10, Notice d10

Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 8 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Stubborn

Edges: AB (Holy Rolling), Clever, Extra Limb (arm), Hoomanitarian, Multidextrous, Proud

Powers (20 PP): Greater Healing, Healing, Light

Gear: Decent clothing (priestly vestments), Scepter (Strength+2), Lettuce Copse Child (Hoomanrace artifact), 1000 clams.

Daddy Hassafrass is a Hoomanitarian minister. He leads a small congregation in Floom, where his powerful sermons and kind ways have earned him the love and respect of his flock. Stubborn and proud, Hassafrass believes everything that happens is the will of the Hoomanrace. His voice is proud and funky.

Hassafrass is a major player in the plot to find the Primordial Soup Kitchen. He wants to use the PSK to bring about the return of the Hoomanrace.

Don Sushioka "Fat Sushi" Twinkugowa

(male cremefillian casino owner)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d12, Holy Rolling d10, Notice d10

Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Obese

Edges: AB (Holy Rolling), Foul Taste, Jemima's Witness, Tweenking, Spongy Flesh

Powers (20 PP): Bolt (extending fist), Fear, Invisibility, Stun

Gear: Pimpin' clothing, 10,000 clams.

Fat Sushi owns the Pair-o-dice casino in Toast. He has his hands in all sorts of shady dealings and illicit activities.

Doorq Snuzzleweener

(male tizn't chef and restaurateur)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12, Knowledge (cooking) d12, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Strengthwise d10, Throwing d12

Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Wide ass (-1 to Agility trait rolls)

Edges: Beak (Strength+1), Extra Limb

(prehensile tail), Hybrid, Multidexterity, Object of Fascination, Tentacles (+2 grapple), Two-Fisted, Quickdraw

Gear: Decent clothing, crappy armor (leather apron, +1 torso) 6 meat cleavers (Strength+2), 300 clams.

Friendly yet gruff, Doorq is the proprietor of The Chopping Block, a restaurant and bar in Floom. He closely guards his secret chili recipe. He has the head of a stork, the rump of a hippo, two octopus arms, and a prehensile monkey tail.

Eezle Gutgobbler

(male horc and prissy ham)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8 (+1 with rapier), Guts d8, Knowledge (Theater) d12, Persuasion d12, Throwing d8

Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Charismatic, Gurgitation, Sticky, Tough Ass MoFo, Trademark Weapon (rapier)

Gear: Pimpin' clothing, rapier (Strength+1), assorted jewelry (2000 clams), 1000 clams (in gullet)

Eezle is a snooty ham, but a very talented one. He must be pampered and flattered wherever he goes or he throws a hissy fit.

Fecus Fecus

(male worm containimator)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Contanimating d12, Fighting d8, Gambling d12, Repair d12

Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 9

Edges: AB (Containimator), Burrowing, Coiled Spring, Contanimaster, Low Light Vision, Regeneration, Rubbery Skin

Powers (35 PP): Contanimation, Bolt (caustic goo), Blast (flaming poo), Summon Contanimants (Legendary)

Gear: Pimpin' clothing, 2000 clams

As one of Floom's premier containimators Fecus is a respected and honored figure. He is the nemesis and rival of Uuulon Crepulos. Fecus can most often be found gambling with his buddies at The Chopping Block.

Ghin Soo Fluph

(male cremefillian samuricake)

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12(+2), Guts d12, Notice d12

Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8 (13)

Hindrances: Vow (serve Fat Sushi)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Danger Sense, Florentine, Foul Taste, Improved First Strike, Improved Block, Improved Dodge, Improved Sweep, Lucky, Tweenking, Spongy Flesh, Quick Draw, Trademark Weapon (Blade of Stiggothoth)

Gear: Pimpin' clothing (Armor +3), *Blade of Stiggothoth* (Str +4, +1 Fighting), *Dewrag of Protection* (Armor +2 to all locations), Prisokian Helm.

Ghin Soo Fluph is the personal bodyguard and enforcer of Don Sushioka "Fat Sushi" Twinkugowa, a gangsta and casino owner in Toast. He wears the Prisokian Helm, which was a gift from his master.

Fluph is fiercely loyal to his boss and would never even think of refusing an order. Although he wears the Prisokian Helm, he has no idea of its significance or value.



Gorminee the Goosed

(smell caster and obsessed adventurer)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d12, Knowledge (smellements) d12, Persuasion d10, Smellcasting d12

Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 7

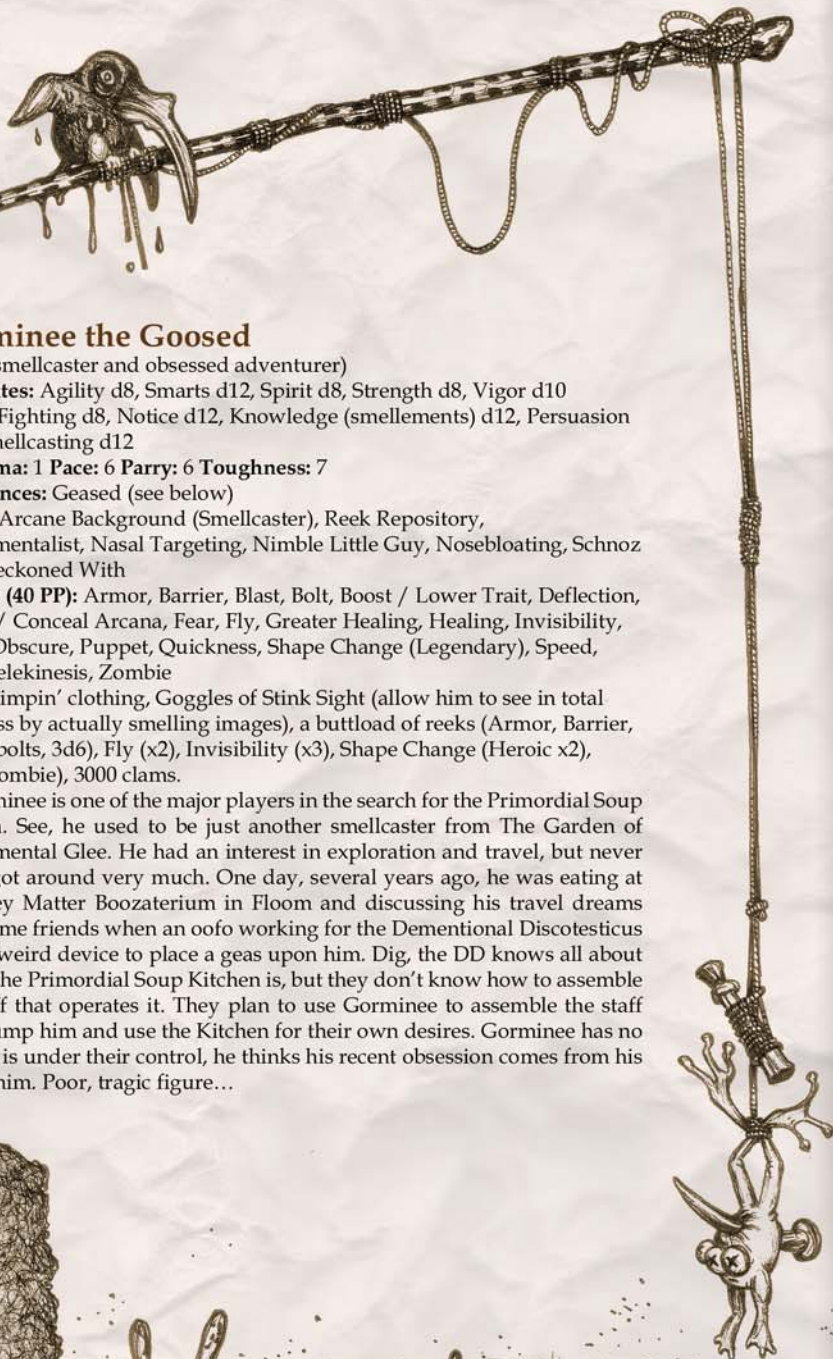
Hindrances: Geased (see below)

Edges: Arcane Background (Smellcaster), Reek Repository, Smellementalist, Nasal Targeting, Nimble Little Guy, Nosebloating, Schnoz to be Reckoned With

Powers (40 PP): Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost / Lower Trait, Deflection, Detect / Conceal Arcana, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Healing, Invisibility, Light, Obscure, Puppet, Quickness, Shape Change (Legendary), Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Zombie

Gear: Pimpin' clothing, Goggles of Stink Sight (allow him to see in total darkness by actually smelling images), a buttload of reeks (Armor, Barrier, Bolt (3 bolts, 3d6), Fly (x2), Invisibility (x3), Shape Change (Heroic x2), Stun, Zombie), 3000 clams.

Gorminee is one of the major players in the search for the Primordial Soup Kitchen. See, he used to be just another smellcaster from The Garden of Smellemental Glee. He had an interest in exploration and travel, but never really got around very much. One day, several years ago, he was eating at the Grey Matter Boozaterium in Floom and discussing his travel dreams with some friends when an oofo working for the Dementional Discotesticus used a weird device to place a geas upon him. Dig, the DD knows all about where the Primordial Soup Kitchen is, but they don't know how to assemble the staff that operates it. They plan to use Gorminee to assemble the staff then dump him and use the Kitchen for their own desires. Gorminee has no idea he is under their control, he thinks his recent obsession comes from his own whim. Poor, tragic figure...



Grabmaster Norq

(male bodul burglar)

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d12, Spirit d2, Strength d10, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d12, Gambling d12, Knowledge (Burglary) d12, Lockpicking d12, Notice d12+2, Persuasion d12, Repair d12, Stealth d12+2, Throwing d12+2
Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 7(10)
Hindrances: Overconfident
Edges: Acrobat, Ambidextrous, Clever, Improved Dodge, First Strike, Thief, Two-Fisted, Quick Draw
Gear: *Enchanted burglar's outfit* (Armor +3), lockpicks, crowbar, ten throwing blades (Strength +2, concealed), 3 reeks (Greater Healing, Invisibility, Teleport), *The Disenlargificator* (see below), **Bigger Bag** (magic pouch with almost infinite storage capacity), 2000 clams.

Grabmaster is Oith's supreme burglar. He is currently working under a commission from Uuulon Crepulos to steal the pieces of the Prisokian Staff from the heap. As insurance against doublecrossery from Uuulon, Norq stole some prosthetic arms of historical significance from the Cheenasium in Maankaas, planting evidence that implicates Uuulon, should he betray Grabmaster.

Norq's assistant, a contanimatronic minion named Mister Filthington, handles his business dealings.

The Disenlargificator: This strange oof artifact, stolen by Grabmaster Norq long ago, allows the user to shrink himself and others to an almost microscopic size. It looks something like a jackhammer with a bunch of funky lights and wires coming off of it (there's a picture and more information on page 142). The Primordial Soup Kitchen was once a victim of this device, which explains its current size.

Gristle Sans-an-arm

(shady male croach)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d10, Gambling d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d10, Stealth d12, Throwing d12
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 6(8)
Hindrances: Missing Limb (arm)
Edges: Adaptive, Antennae, Crunchy Shell, Dodge, Multiple Limbs, Marksman, Multidexterity, Gullet of Steel, Quick Draw
Gear: Decent clothing, leather coat (armor +2) assorted throwing knives (Strength+1), 200 clams

Gristle is a gambler, smuggler, booty hunter, and all around shady sort of guy.

Guy Goosevomit

(male cremefillian and terrible actor)

Attributes: Agid10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (Theater) d10, Persuasion d12
Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5



The Hole in the Head Gang. Someone really needs to give these guys a wedgie.

Hindrances: Bad Luck, Hatred, Vow (see below)

Edges: Charismatic, Cult Following, Foul Taste, Tweenking, Spongy Flesh

Gear: Crappy clothing, sword (Str+2, crappy materials), 5 clams.

After a slew of bad reviews, Guy has decided to end his life, but not before fulfilling a vow of vengeance against rival ham Eezle Gutgobbler. Once a proud ham, Guy is now the sad and lonely leader of a suicide cult.

Hater Wig Wig

(male cremefillian cult leader)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12, Holy Rolling d10, Notice d12, Persuasion d12+2
Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8 (10)
Hindrances: Vow (kill all boduls)
Edges: AB (Holy Roller), Foul Taste, Jemima's Witness, Tweenking, Spongy Flesh
Powers (40 PP): Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost / Lower Trait, Deflection, Fear, Fly, Invisibility, Obscure, Puppet, Quickness, Shape Change, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis
Gear: Pimpin' clothing (cult leader's robes), **Staff of Clobbering** (Str +2, +5 vs boduls), *Dewrag of Protection* (Armor +2 to all locations).

Hater is a nasty guy. As the leader of a Chocogator cult near Gargle Twice he is responsible for several attacks on Hoomanitarian caravans. He hates boduls with a passion and plots to kill them all.

He Who Smells Far

(male bodul smellcaster, Abbot of the Garden of Smellemental Glee)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d12, Healing d10, Knowledge (smells) d12+2, Notice d12, Persuasion d10+2, Smellcasting d12+2

Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bad Eyes (major), Hard of Hearing (major)

Edges: AB (Smellcaster), Charismatic, Clever, Enhanced Senses (smell only), Strange, Proud Heritage, Reek Repository(x4), Smellemental

Powers (60 PP): Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost / Lower Trait, Deflection, Detect / Conceal Arcana, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Healing, Invisibility, Light, Obscure, Puppet, Quickness, Shape Change, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Zombie

Gear: Pimpin' clothing (abbot's robes and jewels), *Schnoz Rod* (Strength+3, doubles PP for Smellcasting wielder), dozens of reeks (one for each Power he knows).

He Who Smells Far is the abbot and leader of the monks of the Garden of Smellemental Glee. He is kind and studious, devoted to his cause and his people. Almost blind and nearly deaf, He Who Smells Far is nevertheless aware of all that goes on around him. His sense of smell is so sensitive that he can discern spoken words just by noticing the changes in breath stench as the words are spoken.

The Hole in the Head Gang

This small gang of bodul thugs delights in stealing lunch money from the nerdy wisenheimers of The Place of Pondering. They each wear a gigantic foam cowboy hat with a hole cut through it (except Aardvok).

Aardvok Burrowbrow

(bodul gang leader)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d10, Taunt d12
Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7
Hindrances: Funny looking
Edges: Charismatic, Clever, Compensating

for Something, Strange, Proud Heritage
Gear: Snazzy clothing, knuckle ring (Strength+1), spoon on a chain necklace (100 clams), 500 clams.

Aardvolk, a squat and chubby bodul with a cylindrical hole straight through his immense forehead, is the bad ass leader of the gang. He is arrogant, smug, and violent. If he is defeated the others will try to run away.

Jonk Strawberry

(female bodul thug)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d6

Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 5 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

Edges: Attractive, Berserk, Clever, Strange, Proud Heritage
Gear: Snazzy clothing, hair hooks (Strength+1), hat, bling bling necklace (50 clams), 25 clams.

Jonk is the doting girlfriend of Aardvolk Burrowbrow. In combat she swings her immense dreadlocks, festooned with fishhooks and chunks of glass, at her enemies.

Patton the Head

(male bodul hocus poker, the smart one)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Hocus Poking d10

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Vow (beat up nerds)
Edges: Clever, AB (Hocus Poker), Strange, Proud Heritage

Powers (10 PP): Bolt, Deflection, Stun
Gear: Snazzy clothing, sharpened spoon (Strength+1), hat, 50 clams.

Patton is something of an enigma among the gang. He is a total nerd, but he will never admit it. To make himself feel better he picks on other smart people at every opportunity.

Thunk

(male bodul, the big guy)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d10

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Illiterate

Edges: Brawny, Clever, First Strike, Strange, Proud Heritage

Gear: Snazzy clothing, spiked club (Strength+2, AP +1), hat, 25 clams.

Thunk is a big tough guy with no teeth.

Weenkle

(male bodul, the little guy)

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d6, Stealth d10

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 (10) **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Small

Edges: Clever, Strange, Proud Heritage, Tiny Little Guy, Two-Fisted

Gear: Snazzy clothing, two spiked chains (Strength+2, ignore shield), hat, 25 clams.

Weenkle is tiny and incredibly fast. He'll kill you three times before you hit the ground, or try to anyway.

Illuz the Gourd

(male worm chef and shady character)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Knowledge (cooking), Persuasion d10+2, Stealth d10, Tracking d10

Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Small

Edges: Burrowing, Coiled Spring, Giggity Gigger, Low Light Vision, Regeneration, Rubbery Skin

Gear: Crappy clothing, rolling pin (Strength+2), *magic shoes of butt-kicking* (Str+4), 250 clams.

Illuz sells chili in Floom. He is insanely jealous of the superior chili served at The Chopping Block and will do anything to learn the secret recipe.

Imzozo Hroop

(male oofu dementalist)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Dementalism d12, Fighting d8, Guts d12, Persuasion d10, Stealth d8,

Charisma: 1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8

Toughness: 7(10)

Hindrances: Vow (a Grey Matter Boozaterium in every city!)

Edges: AB (Dementalist), Big Ass Eyes, Oddvision, Starry Wisdom

Powers (40 PP): Armor, Bolt, Deflection, Fly, Mind Readin', Puppet, Stun, Telekinesis

Gear: Pimpin' clothing, *invisible armor* (armor +3), 2000 clams.

Imzozo is a member of the Dementional Discotesticus. He is trying to open a Grey Matter Boozaterium in every city on Oith.

Magnanimous Grape

(male worm pimp)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d12, Persuasion d12

Charisma: 2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 7

Edges: Burrowing, Coiled Spring, Low Light Vision, Pimp Slap, Regeneration, Rubbery Skin, Smooove

Gear: Pimpin' clothing, car antenna (Str +2, Hoomanrace artifact), 2000 clams

Magnanimous is the owner of The Split Hair in Doop. He is a smooth talker and shrewd businessworm.

Mister Filthington

(contanimatronic minion)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Persuasion d12

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 8

Edges: Improved Trademark Weapon (Bite)
Gear: Steel jaws (Strength+4, Fighting +2), two pincers (Str +2).

Mister Filthington handles the meetings and affairs of master burglar Grabmaster Norq. Although he was built by Uuulon Crepulos, Filthington is self-willed and no longer under the contanimator's control.

Omaguna Kikbuti

(badass savage horc)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12(+1), Shooting d10, Throwing d10

Charisma: -1 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 7(9)

Hindrances: Vengeful

Edges: Gurgitation, Sticky, Tough Ass MoFo, Trademark Weapon (stone hammer)

Gear: Funky mask, bone through the nose, gigantic stone hammer (Strength+4), stone armor (+2).

Omaguna is a thuggish horc of the Browneye tribe of Clorb's Wang. He is the tribe's resident butt-kicker among butt-kickers.

Othothoth Blech

(male worm sinmaster of Stan)

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Guts d12, Holy Rolling d12, Intimidation d10+1, Knowledge

(Stanism) d12+2, Notice d10, Persuasion d12+1, Stealth d12+1, Taunt d10+10

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty

Edges: AB (Holy Roller), Burrowing, Coiled Spring, First Strike, Great Luck, Hard to Kill, Harder to Kill, Low Light Vision, Regeneration, Rubbery Skin

Powers (40 PP): Armor, Blast, Bolt, Fear, Fly, Obscure, Puppet, Zombie

Gear: Snazzy clothing, *Staff of Stan*

(Strength+2, Bolt 10 PP), *Sword of Stan*

(Strength+4, AP 3, +2 Fighting), *scary ass mask* (Fear 10 PP, allows him to Teleport up to 50' away and simultaneously Teleport 3d4 scary ass muthas to his previous location 1/day), 1000 clams.

Othothoth is the high priest (sinmaster) at the sin-o-gogue of Stan in New Oorlquar. He's into all sorts of vices and can be a really fun guy if you keep an open mind. He can also be a total bastard when he feels like it.

Penultimus Mongo

(male tizn't sea captain)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d10, Knowledge (sailing) d12, Notice d10, Swimming d12

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

Edges: Fish Breath, Hybrid, Object of Fascination, Tail (+4 Swimming)

Gear: Snazzy clothing, forked spear (Strength+2, AP 2), 500 clams.

Penultimus is the captain of The Pride of Maankaas, a merchant vessel owned by the Cheesemonger's Guild. He is a fair and just captain, respected by his sailors and feared by pirates. He has the body of a dolphin, the itty-bitty head of a mouse, the legs of a turtle, the tail of a manatee, and the arms of a baboon.

Peenostriil Pottymouth

(wealthy bodul slavelord)

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d10,

Ha ha, I tricked you. These two are out of alphabetical order.

Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7(9)
Skills: Fighting d10, Gambling d10, Notice d12, Persuasion d12, Taunt d10
Edges: Clever, Strange, Proud Heritage, Good Twin, Spit, Loogey Hawker
Gear: Pimpin' clothes, decent armor (+2), barbed flyswatter of doom (Strength+4), 1200 clams

Peenostiril is a cousin of the Gubernator of Ewg. He lives in the cave formerly owned by Yocephalus Greenspleen, which he is currently redecorating (sort of). Peenostiril's long goatee reaches the ground and he has three noses. Remember he has the Good Twin Edge, so if he dies he will be replaced by a much more helpful version of himself.

Pusghetti the Squigg

(squiggly mass extraordinaire)

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d12, Hokus Poking d10, Notice d12
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8
Edges: AB (Hocus Poker), Immunities (blunt weapons, electricity, poison, disease), Low Light Vision, Minions, Squiggle (Str +2)
Powers (40 PP): Blast (poison cloud), Invisibilty, Speed, Stun
Gear: Various treasures and minions

Pusghetti is an old cohort of Uuulon Crepulos. He has been charged with watching over the Prisokian Epigraphs until Uuulon needs them. He lairs with his minions in a fungus filled cavern on Clorb's Wang.

The Squigg is bold and powerful, but he prefers to let his minions handle the messy stuff.

Slimemold Smelf XII

(male smelf smellcaster and holy roller of the Fungish)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d10, Smellcasting d12
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5
Hindrances: Pacifist
Edges: AB (Smellcaster), Nasal Targeting, Nimble Little Guy, Nosebloating, Schnoz to be Reckoned With, Smellementalists.
Powers (30 PP): Lower Trait (turns target into a baby), Deflection, Detect / Conceal Arcana, Greater Healing, Healing, Obscure
Gear: Crappy clothing (rags, a moss beard and merkin)

Slimemold Smelf XII is a prisoner of Hater Wig Wig. He is responsible for the curse that keeps Vernix Lanugo a baby, but it was all just a practical joke that went wrong. Slimemold's really a good guy.

Smartypants Brainbulger

(Wandering Dweeb)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d12, Investigation d12, Knowledge (exploration) d12, Knowledge (monsters) d12, Knowledge



Peenostiril Pottymouth has a really long goatee.

(riddles) d12, Notice d10, Persuasion d12, taunt d12

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 7
Edges: Trickery

Gear: Bowtieleporter (magic bowtie that allows him to Teleport at will), sack o stuff (magic bag from which he can pull just about anything he needs to pull off a practical joke).

Smartypants is a crazy little dude that travels all around the Oith playing jokes and trying to meet interesting people. He wears nothing but a bowtie. My man is friendly and jovial, with a powerful sense of humor. He would make a great Slorgo worshipper.

Stomp-o-sore-ass

(contanimatronic minion of Fecus Fecus)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 4 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8(11)
Edges: Berserk
Gear: Good armor (+3), spikes (Strength+2), stomping feet (Strength+4).

Stomp-sore-ass is basically just a big mound of rusty metal spikes attached to two gigantic wooden feet. In combat he tries to knock his opponent over by ramming with his spikes and then stomp on them while they are down.

Uuulon Crepulos

(vile male cremefillian contanimator)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d12+2
Skills: Contanimation d10(+2), Fighting d10, Guts d12, Intimidation d10, Notice d12, Taunt d10
Charisma: -2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7
Toughness: 10(12)

Hindrances: Delusional

Edges: AB (Contanimating), Contanimaster, Foul Taste, Improved Arcane Resistance, Power Surge, Tweenking, Spongy Flesh
Powers (40 PP): Armor, Barrier, Blast, Bolt, Boost / Lower Trait, Contanimate, Fly, Obscure, Summon Contanimants (Legendary), Telekinesis, Zombie

Gear: Crappy clothing, decent armor (torso +2), Staff of Filth (Strength+3, +2 to Contanimating rolls), 3000 clams.

Crepulos is an evil and twisted villain. He is delusional and insane, believing that all beings are actually contanimants sent by rival contanimators to usurp his power.

Secreted deep within Uuulon's body is a magical suppository that allows him to summon and control a vast number of contanimants.

Uuulon is the boss of the Villainic Consortium, a group of bad guys with the ostensive goal of world domination. Once he learns of the plot to find the Primordial Soup Kitchen he offers to fund Gorminee the Goosed as a way to keep tabs on the progress. Uuulon's one of those recurring bad guys who keeps showing up and causing trouble.

Uuuly Creputhrall

(minion of Uuulon Crepulos)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d10, Throwing d12
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8(11)
Edges: Improved Sweep, Marksman
Gear: Good armor (+3), 30 rocks, 1000 clams.

Utterly lacking in personality, Uuuly is a killing machine. As the minion of Uuulon Crepulos, he does anything his master says. His left arm is an axe (Strength+2), and a hatch on his metal belly stores the rocks that he hurls at his master's enemies (Strength+1).

Uuulon has several uncontaminated Uuuly bodies hidden in various lairs throughout the Oith. When one is destroyed he simply contaminates another.

Vernix Lanugo

(larval croach and lord of Gargle Twice)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d8
Skills: Crying d8, Eating d8, Pooping d8
Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 2 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6
Hindrances: Cursed (see below)

Edges: Filthy Rich

Gear: Diaper, high chair throne, tons of other stuff in his mansion.

Lord Sir Vernix Lanugo is the Lord of Gargle Twice. He owes obeisance to Bernizedd the Enplumpinated of New Oorlquar, but runs the citadel with great autonomy. He has recently been cursed to retain a larval state even though he is over seventy. His recent projects include redecorating his mansion in a lovely ducky and bunny pattern and renaming all of his servants to better fit his infantile lifestyle.

Vernix's curse is the result of a prank gone wrong (sort of). Although it came upon him by accident, he rather enjoys being a baby and looks forward to living his life over again.

Vittle Varmint

(Magically animated food monster)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d12,

Strength d4 (base), Vigor d4 (base)

Skills: Fighting d4 (base)

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 4 (base)

Toughness: 6 (base)

Edges: Berserk, Improved Sweep

Gear: Chandelier (Str+3)

A horrid thing made of animated food and vomit, the size and power of the beast is determined by the amount of stuff from which it is created. The base size is ten yorts, but for each additional 10 yorts the creature gains a die in Strength, Vigor, and Fighting, with the usual changes made to Parry and Toughness.

Yocephalus Greenspleen

(bodul slave)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8,

Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Big Ass Feet, Clever, Strange, Proud Heritage

Gear: Loincloth, mining pick (Strength+2)

Yocephalus used to be the patriarch of the wealthy Greenspleen clan of Glowhio. After his family defaulted on a loan to the Gubernator all their assets were seized and he was sold into slavery. He currently works in a smolderstone mine owned by the Gubernator's cousin Peenostriil Pottymouth.

Zelviz

(croach tour guide and devout Jeezle Freak)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8,

Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (mining) d12 Notice d12

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Crunchy Shell, Gullet of Steel, Levitation (see below) Multiple Limbs

Gear: Snazzy clothing, staff (Strength +2)

Zelviz is a very religious Jeezle Freak and guide. He lives on the Incredibly Huge Monster™. He levitates, for some unexplained reason, a yort or so above the ground at all times.



The Disenlargificator is certainly a strange thing

SOME MORE INFO ABOUT

THE DISENLARGIFICATOR

A strange and complex artifact left by oofos who visited Oith gazillions of millennia ago, the Disenlargificator allows the user to shrink organisms and objects without otherwise harming them. It works by way of a complex series of buttons and dials, requiring a Smarts roll at -6 to operate correctly. Incorrect operation can have potentially disastrous results (see below).

This device was once in the control of the Dementional Discotesticus, but has since fallen into the hands of Grabmaster Norq, Oith's supreme burglar. Norq has figured out how to operate it and now utilizes it in his criminal escapades.

The Disenlargificator normally weighs 10 yorts (10 pounds) and is about the size of a scary ass mutha, although this can change (see below). The device has the following features:

Shrink: By aiming the Disenlargificator at any object or being within 5 yorts (5") and accessing the proper controls, the user can shrink the target to almost microscopic size (or any size in between). The physical characteristics of the target do not change (including Strength) and all equipment and clothing currently on the target also shrinks. A dial on the side allows the user to shrink the device itself, and the flexible nozzle allows the user to target himself.

Unshrink: By reversing the polarity (putting the batteries in backwards) the Disenlargificator can unshrink any target previously shrunk by the device. It has no power to enlarge objects or organism of normal size, nor can it grow a shrunk object past its original size.

Incorrect Operation: Improper usage of the Disenlargificator can have terrifying results. Once a successful usage of the device is accomplished, that user no longer needs to make a Smarts roll to correctly operate it. On a failed Smarts roll, roll a d10 and apply the result to this chart:

ROLL	RESULT
1-2	Shrinkage is permanent.
3-4	The target goes insane (at the Boss's discretion).
5	Only one part of the target is shrunk (an arm, leg, head, etc...).
6	The shrinkage only lasts for 2d4 minutes.
7	The target goes permanently blind or deaf.
8	The target does not shrink but becomes nearly weightless (Strength reduced to d4).
9	The target loses a limb or other important part (permanently).
10	The target is disintegrated (shrunk into nonexistence).

A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT

THE PRIMORDIAL SOUP KITCHEN

Once the heap gain access to the Primordial Soup Kitchen, and establish themselves as the new management, they can begin to uncover its secrets.

Establishing Management

Once the disparate pieces of the Prisokian Staff are assembled and set in place, the real staff of the Primordial Soup Kitchen will begin to arrive. They have been in hibernation for thousands of millennia within the statues of Keister Island. Once they emerge they will serve whoever wears the *Hat of Management*.

The Staff

The Primordial Soup Kitchen is an extremely complex and powerful artifact. A staff of fifty bus boys, waiters, cooks, bouncers and other employees will arrive over the course of the few weeks following the assembling of the Prisokian Staff in the preordained location. The first to arrive, emerging from the statues in the immediate vicinity, are one representative of each department. These beings are all standard oofos. They are nameless and have no memories or will other than the desire to serve whoever wears the Hat of Management. The heap may name them as they see fit.

Uncovering the Secrets

Each department within the Primordial Soup Kitchen is charged with a specific task. The oofos who maintain these departments have forgotten most of what they used to know, but over the course of a few weeks the knowledge will come back to them. The departments, and their assigned tasks, are as follows:

Kitchen Staff

The assortment of chefs, cooks, prep chefs, and mixologists are charged with the maintenance and cataloguing of the samples collected by the Research and Development staff. They are able to recombine these materials, as well as the ancient samples still aboard the Soup Kitchen, creating tizn'ts and other unique beings. Of course, since all the recipe books have been lost, the whole thing is pretty much a potluck.

Create Tizn'ts: The kitchen staff can create one tizn't every 2d4 days. The beings created are a random assortment of traits from the creatures of ancient Oith. It is possible to create more specific tizn'ts using newly collected materials. Created tizn'ts are unique, free-willed, organisms with no obligation to management.

Research & Development

These are the giggities and the giggity giggers. At any time there are 1000 giggities

roaming around collecting random traits from all the denizens of the Oith.

Control Giggities: The R&D staff can summon giggities from anywhere on Oith. The giggities will come as quickly as possible and follow any orders given to them.

Operations

These oofos are charged with the upkeep and maintenance of the kitchen itself.

Flight: The PSK can fly, at the control of the Operations staff, at a rate of 50" per round. It can't leave the Oith's atmosphere, but can travel underwater.

Décor: The Operations staff can quickly and efficiently change the color, pattern, and furnishing of the interior and exterior of the PSK just by pressing some buttons and jiggling a few switches. The configuration of exterior windows and interior walls can also be changed in this manner.

Defense: The outer hull of the PSK is made of a unique metal from beyond the stars. It has a Toughness of 50.

Waitstaff: Ten waiters, waitresses, and bus-boys stand ready to do the bidding of management. They serve meals, clean the place, and generally do whatever is asked of them.

Bouncers

The PSK has a staff of 100 primordial goons at the command of management. Most of the goons are kept in big jars until needed.

Physical Features

The Primordial Soup Kitchen is shaped like a gigantic egg atop an incredibly high tower. The tower, which contains a sort of elevator-stairway kind of thing, can retract completely into the egg at the command of the Operations staff.

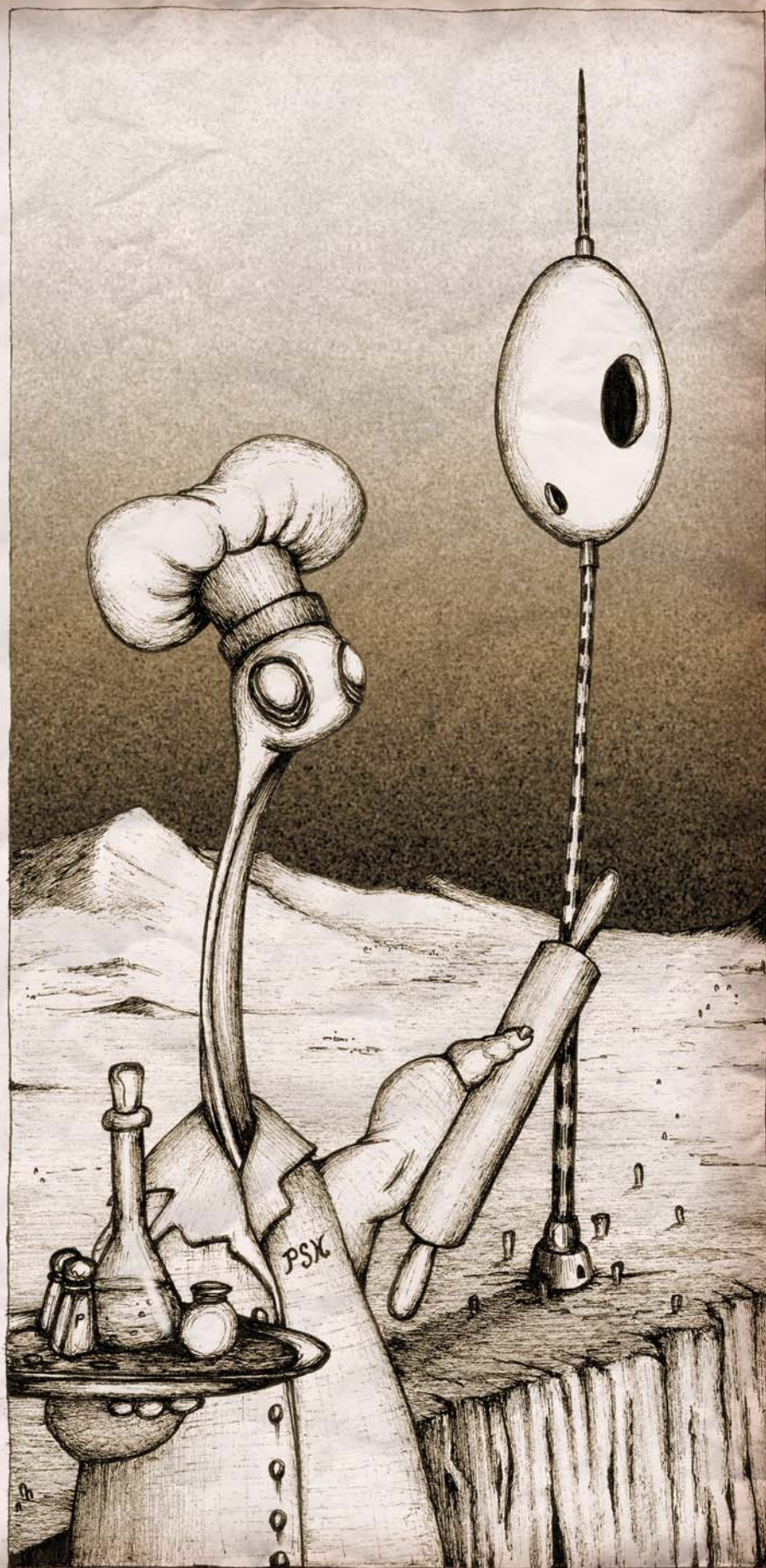
The interior of the PSK is made of the same strange metal as the hull, although the Operations staff can alter it to look like just about anything management wants. Strange lights and consoles full of buttons and blinking diodes are everywhere.

If you haven't figured it out yet, the PSK is a spaceship. It was stranded here eons ago. Over the ensuing millennia whatever fuel once powered its outer space flight has drained away, but it can still fly across the surface or beneath the waves.

What's Next?

The heap are free to maintain control of the PSK themselves, or hand it over to whatever special interest group they serve. If they decide to keep it, they can expect to be frequently visited by oofo pilgrims, homesick tizn'ts, religious fanatics, and just about every wisenheimer, oldster, explorer, and peddlemeister on the planet. Foreign armies and insidious villains will try to steal it, while cultists and extremists will want to worship it (and perhaps the heap as well).

THE END



I'm not willing to spend anymore time on this project. Goodnight.



The weather is here
Wish you were beautiful!

Greetings from Lovely
GLOWHIO

Hey! Don't forget to visit
the official Low Life website
at
www.MuthaOith.com

Dementional Discotesticus Hoomanrace Sighting Incident Report About The Author

Name: Andy Hopp
Alias: The weirdo Who Made This Book
Species: Hoomanrace (unconfirmed)
Home: Akron, Ohio
Home on the Range: www.andyhopp.com



The Author (allegedly)

Despite dozens of alleged sightings, the Dementional Discotesticus has been unable to confirm or deny the existence of this bizarre Hoomanracian. Reliable sources have reported spottings in and around various gaming cons and art shows. Plaster casts and scat samples taken in the vicinity of Akron, Ohio (where the subject supposedly habitates with wife Heather and daughter Iliana) indicate a gregarious and terrestrial lifestyle. Ancient records, dating to the time Before the Flush, describe the subject as the illustrator of dozens of tomes and amusements with which to entertain its peers among the primordial Hoomanrace. *Low Life* is the first work authored entirely by the subject, although its illustrations have appeared in numerous products.

For more information,
or to report a sighting, please contact
The Dementional Discotesticus
Office of Hoomanrace Affairs at:

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The end..?