

SANCTUM SECORUM

Episode #32

Attack from Atlantis

COMPATIBLE WITH

**DCC
RPG**

Sanctum Secorum Podcast

Episode #32 Companion

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Sanctum Secorum's Super Number 1 Contest!!

Were you muttering under your breath about not having been at North Texas RPG Con in 2015? Were you even more pained when the Keepers of Mysteries began discussing the FREE release of *Super Number 1 Food Tower* by Matthew Goiffon? Did you shake your fists in the air and curse the stars e'er you were born that you would forever be prevented from enjoying this unique and highly limited oddity?

Well....about that. You know that the Sanctum Secorum is a library right? Do you know what libraries are filled with? Yup, all sorts of printed matter. Printed matter such as

Fifty Foot Pharaoh Zine Module No. 01 Super Number One Food Tower 2015 North Texas RPG Convention Edition

That's right, Sanctum Secorum is kicking off 2018 by giving you a chance to win some pretty rare DCC 3rd party swag! The author, Matthew Goiffon, has gifted a small number of these ultra-rare 'zines to Sanctum Secorum. Not only that, but he also provided enough of the pre-gen character sheets for every winner to have a sheet with 4 randomly-created characters!

So, what do you need to do to win one of these rarities? Simple: contribute a piece of content to our contest.

For the next six months, Sanctum Secorum will be running a series of themed content contests with a winner to be chosen at random. Submit something and you too could win.

It is pretty much that cut and dry...although contests are never quite that simple. CYA text follows – because without rules, we cannot have nice things.

RULES

1. **Content:** Entries must be your own original, previously unpublished, material.
2. **Permissions:** By entering, you grant Sanctum Media non-exclusive right to publish your entry on the Sanctum Secorum website/social media, in a future issue of the Sanctum Secorum 'zine, or any subsequent Sanctum 'zine compilation.
3. **Entry Eligibility:** Eligible entries must be complete and written for use with DCC RPG (or MCC RPG). Monsters must be statted; spells fully written up; etc.
4. **Geographic Eligibility:** The contest is open to participants worldwide in any location where the contest is legal.
5. **Entrant Eligibility:** The contest is open to all persons not currently hosting the Sanctum Secorum Podcast, but is open to 'zine contributors past and present. Entries by persons under the age of 18 must have parent's permission.
6. **Deadlines:** Entries for each month may be sent ANY TIME prior to the end of that month's contest, including in prior months. Entries must be received no later than midnight EST on the final day of the contest month.

7. **Entry Methods:** Submissions may be sent in two ways:
Emailed to: thehub@Sanctum.media
or
Mailed to: Sanctum Secorum Contest
4915 Rattlesnake Hammock Rd #139
Naples, FL 34113
8. **Monthly Contest Themes:** Each month of the contest has a different content theme. To be eligible, content must be received prior to the last day of its associated month.
~~January - Monsters - Completed!~~
February - Character Classes
March - Spells
April - Gonzo (Anything goes - get wild!)
May - Maps
June - Art
9. **Multiple Entries:** Multiple entries by a single entrant for a single month are allowed, but only one prize may be received per month.
10. **Bonus Entries:** In months 1-4, entries accompanied by original art will receive a second entry into the drawing. In months 5-6, entries accompanied by original stats/write-ups will receive a second entry into the drawing.
11. **Minimum Entry Requirement:** Should less than five entries from different individuals be received in a single month, no prize will be awarded and all eligible entries will roll into the next month and appropriate additional prize drawings will be made in the subsequent month.
12. **End of Contest:** Sanctum Media reserves the right to extend the contest by adding additional prizes to later months.
13. **Winning:** Winners will be chosen at random from the pool of eligible entries. Chances of winning vary by the number of entries.
14. **Prizes:** Grand Prize winners will receive one (1) copy of Super Number 1 Food Tower and one (1) page of randomly pre-generated characters for the adventure. Prizes will be delivered via US Post. One additional winner per month will receive a random item from the Sanctum Secorum's Prize Closet.
15. **Prize Limitation:** Only one "Grand Prize" per household. Repeat winners will automatically receive the random prize.
16. **No purchase necessary; void where prohibited by law.**

Character Classes

Ancient Hyperborean

The hyperboreans are an ancient, antediluvian race, who ruled the world back when the earliest men were still but mewling apes. Their civilization was brought low by a dimension-spanning curse, a creeping doom from beyond the lurid veils of reality. For the hyperboreans were wizard-kings, molding reality with forgotten magics, and con-sorting with all manner of daemons, elder entities and starbeasts from the Great Nether.

The Doom of Hyperborea was brought about by an astral pact, made not by a single wizard seeking power from extra-planar sources, but entered into by the race as a whole. In a shared dream-council every hyperborean, both living and dead, consigned to a contract with an unknown elder entity. They inextricably tied the fate of their vaunted species to the power and glory of this eldritch force, in trade for secrets and power unimaginable by mortal minds.

At first, the pact between the hyperboreans and the strange, unknowable astral creature brought weal and fortune to the already powerful race of magicians and mystics. But then something went wrong, as it is wont to do with such things.

The elder being from beyond was attacked from many directions by unknown assailants. As its existence and lifeforce waned, so did the Hyperborean Empire begin to lose its glory. Finally, after an era of turmoil and death, the Empire was no more. Not with a scream, but with a whisper went their earthly magnificence.

Men sometimes find the remains of their cities and ziggurats, *memento mori* from a bygone age. Statues depicting tall, handsome and shapely beings, with six digits on each hand and aquiline, sculpted facial features are dug up from quarries and discovered standing forlorn in the hidden places of the world.

Still stranger, there are some delvers and adventurers who claim to have met living specimens of the race. Stories tell of hidden vaults, with rows of tall wizard-warriors standing in magical stasis, and fated encounters with wild, beautiful sorceresses, whose magic prowess confounds the limitations of the known arcane arts.

Hyperboreans are giants when compared to men and elves, standing a good 2 or 3 feet taller than the tallest members of either race. They have six fingers on their hands, with curved, slender thumbs on each side of their palms, and twelve toes to match. Their bodies are well-toned and muscular, having long since evolved beyond such trivialities as over-eating or disease. Their skin tone varies, from bright azures



Image A: A reconstructed statue of a hyperborean

to deep shades of ultramarine, and their hair colour is usually similarly outlandish. Their faces are handsome, almost birdlike, and their pale eyes burn with deep, charnel determination.

Hyperborean occupations: The details considering the culture of the Hyperborean Empire have been lost to time. We know very little, and even that is only approximation based on barely readable tablets and scrolls from antiquity. When defining the occupation for a hyperborean character, apply the following table:

D10	Table A: Ancient Hyperborean Occupations
1	<i>Slave:</i> It is known that the Hyperborean Empire employed a mass of slaves. Most of them were members of lesser, evolving races, but some were drawn from their own bloodstock. A hyperborean slave is most likely a heinous criminal of the race, and always rolls from the Scarred Hyperborean table (table C below) at character creation.
2	<i>Executioner:</i> The Hyperborean Empire was an engine of blood and flesh, and the weak were easily culled. Hyperborean executioners were the highest of the low: saved from a slave status only by pledging themselves to the unrelenting cause of the Empire. Hyperborean executioners gain an additional +1 to all melee attack rolls but must roll on the <i>Scarred Hyperborean</i> table (table C below) at character creation.
3	<i>Slavemaster:</i> The hyperborean slave engine would not run without the slavemasters. Feared by their peers, these individuals knew the art of violence better than anyone. Hyperborean slavemasters gain an additional +1 to all melee attacks.
4	<i>Labourer:</i> In addition to the masses of slaves, the Hyperborean Empire ran needed skilled labourers. A hyperborean labourer may roll at +1d on any skill check for manual labour.
5	<i>Artisan:</i> Hyperborean artisans are responsible for the history left behind by the vaunted empire. They are multi-talents, mastering all aspects of handicrafts, and rolling at +1d on any creative skill check.
6	<i>Noble:</i> Masters of negotiation, subjugation, and subterfuge, the hyperborean nobles' honeyed words brought mastery over all other races. They gain +1d on all social checks.
7	<i>Soldier:</i> The world has not seen the like of the army of the Hyperborean Empire. Even a simple soldier of that culture has a +1d on all tactical and morale checks made.
8	<i>Sage:</i> No sage of the current age can match the mastery of hyperborean memory. Sages of the race have +1d on all checks to recognize and recall ancient knowledge; double that if the information is strange to man.
9	<i>Warmaster:</i> Second only to the ruling class, the hyperborean warmasters were the pinnacle of the art of war, second to none. They have +1d to all tactical and morale checks and are at +1 to all combat attack rolls.
10	<i>Ruler:</i> Hyperborean rulers argued bargains with the hell-beasts of the Deep Nether and brought the Doom of Hyperborea upon the race with their dealings. Hyperborean rulers have all social checks increased by +2d, but their general fumble range is increased even further from the Doomed baseline (see <i>The Doom of Hyperborea</i> below; nobles fumble on rolls of 1-3).

Hit Die: d16 (0-level hyperboreans roll their hit points with 1d7 + Stamina modifier.)

Alignment: The morals and logic of the hyperboreans are alien to human standards, and remaining specimens of the race have likely been traumatized in more ways than a man's mind can understand. Hyperborean characters can be of any alignment, or in rare cases lack alignment entirely (judge's discretion, of course).

Weapons and Armor: Axes, maces, clubs, hammers and spears; swords and daggers, shortbow, longbow, and a variety of strange, exotic weapons such as chakrams, throwing swords, sword-clubs and so on (Judge's discretion). Hyperboreans often eschew wearing armor as it impairs their magical abilities but may wear any type of armor and use shields. (Note that most human sized armor does not fit due to the size difference between the races).

Ancient magics: Hyperboreans wielded arcane power before men had learned to speak. However, their approach to the Art was very different from what we see today.

- Hyperboreans may not spellburn when casting. They may use Luck as normal and spend Luck to re-use lost spells (burning a point of Luck per spell level to use a spell again).
- When spending Luck to increase a spell check result, hyperboreans count one point spent as two points towards their effect.
- Hyperboreans have access to both arcane and divine spell lists, but all of their magic behaves as if it were arcane.
- Failed divine spells are lost for the day, as the winds of magic misbehave; instead of burning a point of a physical stat these spells may be accessed again by burning a point of Luck.
- All natural rolls of 1 or 2 while casting are treated as a result of 1 on the spell table (see *The Doom of Hyperborea* below).
- For divine spells, use the following scheme for rolling botch effects: roll 1d6 modified by Luck, (0 or less) corruption, misfire and patron taint; (1-2) corruption; (3) patron taint (or corruption if no patron); (4+) misfire. Use generic corruption and misfire tables for the effects, with minor corruption used for level 1 spells, major corruption for levels 2-3, and greater corruption for levels 4-5.

Action Dice: Hyperborean characters may use their action dice for skill checks, casting spells, or combat rolls.

Large and rangy: Hyperboreans have long, well-formed limbs and strong bodies. Their movement speed is 35'.

Heightened hearing: Hyperboreans can hear even the faintest of whispers, and if they focus can discern even the mysterious hum of arcane energy around objects of power. They gain +5 to all hearing-based perception checks, have a blindsense of 10' even if completely sightless, and can hear arcane powers by focusing for a turn and succeeding in a DC 15 Intelligence check (treat effect as result 12 on *detect magic*; see DCC RPG core rulebook, p. 260).

Darkvision: Hyperborean vision is considerably more evolved than that of men, or even elves. They treat all light levels as daylight.

Evolved Body, Superior Mind: Hyperboreans are healthy of body and evolved beyond the younger races in the vaunted, antediluvian past. To represent this, roll 4d6 and drop the lowest when determining a hyperborean character's stats.

Hyperborean Determination: A hyperborean character may *push* any roll they make, exerting their trained iron will to change the course of events in their favour, or bringing doom upon themselves with their pride. A hyperborean character may opt to re-roll any failed check they make, but if the second roll still fails it is treated as a natural 1. Spell checks cause unimaginable chaos, attacks are fumbled, and skill checks are botched horribly.

The Weal of Hyperborea: Some of the astral and eldritch contracts made by the ancient race still feed its members power. Hyperborean characters regenerate Luck at a pace of one point per day.

The Doom of Hyperborea: The unknowable entity in charge of the hyperboreans' destiny still exists, in a limbo state of strange un-life beyond the stars. The Doom of Hyperborea manifests in the lives of all past, current and future members of the race, causing the following effects:

- Hyperborean characters to treat all natural rolls of 1 and 2 as fumbles. This affects spell check rolls as well.
- In combat, hyperboreans have a fumble die of d8 (or based on armor, whichever is higher).

The Scarred Remains of a Bygone Age: Any hyperborean found alive in this age of man is but a memory of a past world. It is very unlikely that they've survived this far without losing something in the process. The following table is made to help Judges bring down the power level of ancient hyperborean characters and add a little flavour to them in the process. Modify results by the character's Luck modifier. Roll multiple times if character creation warrants it.

D20	Table B: The Scarred Hyperborean
1 or less	<i>The Frail and the Old:</i> The hyperborean is ancient, even by the race's own, para-eternal standards. Disregard <i>Evolved Body</i> , <i>Superior Mind</i> and roll stats as normal, reduce HD to d10, and apply any other effects incumbent with old age that you see fit (judge's discretion).
2	<i>The Pacifist:</i> The character has seen too much death and destruction and has sworn a vow of nonviolence. They refuse to use weapons, and if they use weapons only inflict subdual damage according to the normal rules. Note that a hyperborean fist does d4 damage instead of the humane d3.
3	<i>The Consumed:</i> As part of the Doom of Hyperborea, many children were born unhealthy, as the unknowable entity from Beyond drew upon their lifeforce to extend its own. These unfortunate creatures are known as <i>the consumed</i> and have a HD of 1d8; their Fort save bonuses are similarly halved (round up).
4	<i>The Nihilist:</i> The hyperborean has seen too much to hold their sanity together and has fallen into the trap of unhealthy nihilism. They have no alignment and are anathema to worshipers to all gods.
5	<i>The Squib:</i> In the last days of the Hyperborean Empire, a generation was born without magical talent. The character is a squib and cannot cast spells or be targeted with beneficial magics; additionally, all <i>lay on hands</i> results only produce 1 die of healing.
6	<i>Waning Arcana:</i> The hyperborean is slowly losing contact with the winds of magic and cannot use Luck to increase spell results.
7	<i>The Scholar:</i> The character eschews all forms of divine magic: they cannot receive divine spells, or healing from a divine source.
8	<i>The Zealot:</i> The hyperborean has sold their soul to a specific deity, in order to survive. They eschew all magic beyond that given to them by their god and can only be healed by those of the same faith.
9	<i>The Malformed:</i> Toward the end, hyperboreans started to grow shorter and weaker. Roll the character's physical stats as normal, and they only move 30'.
10	<i>Earless:</i> The voluminous roar of their dying race deafened this hyperborean, and they cut their ears off in desperation. Ignore <i>Heightened hearing</i> above, as the character is deaf.
11	<i>Seen Too Much:</i> The character has sewn their eyes shut for some reason (player's narrative or judge's discretion) and they've permanently atrophied. They are blind but increase their natural blindsense to 30'.
12	<i>Broken Will:</i> The hyperborean's long years have taken their natural determination away. Ignore the <i>Hyperborean determination</i> rule above.
13	<i>Lost Connection:</i> The character has cut themselves from their hyperborean roots to protect themselves from the Doom. In the process. They've severed the good parts of the bargain, losing access to the <i>Weal of Hyperborea</i> .
14	<i>Doom Manifest:</i> The character carries the Doom of Hyperborea near to them. All rolls of 1-3 count as fumbles for them, and their natural fumble die is d10.
15	<i>Lost Limbs:</i> The hyperborean has been crippled at some point during their overlong existence (the limb lost should be defined by player or judge, effects stand regardless of replacement). Remove all secondary action dice from their advancement (tertiary dice are gained as normal).
16	<i>Will Never Speak:</i> The character is completely mute. They will not speak. Whether this is because of a tongue being cut out or a vow of silence, this hyperborean will not utter a word. (How this affects spellcasting is up to judge's discretion).

17	<i>The Weak:</i> The hyperborean's body is malformed and weak. They never gain any advancement bonuses to their Fort saves.
18	<i>The Slow:</i> The character's reflexes have dulled over their long life. They never gain any advancement bonuses to their Ref saves.
19	<i>The Tired:</i> The hyperborean will has dulled over the tide of endless years. They've lost their resistance, and never gain advancement bonuses to their Will save.
20 or more	<i>The Hope of Hyperborea:</i> The character is one of the last full hyperboreans born into this world. They start as a 0-level character: a youngling with only limited access to their racial heritage and can only level up after they complete a specific quest (judge's discretion, obviously).

Languages: Hyperboreans speak their own language (Ancient Hyperborean) and all alignment tongues. A 1st level a hyperborean character gains one additional language per point of Intelligence modifier, use the Wizard column (see Language table, DCC RPG core rulebook, p. 441) with the following modifications: a result of 95 is Ferret (instead of Horse), and any duplicate rolls may be used to pick up Common instantly, after a turn of hearing it.

Table C: Ancient Hyperborean Advancement									
Level	Attack	Crit Die	Crit Table	Action Die	Fort	Ref	Will	Known Spells	Max Spell Level
1	+2	d10	II	d20+d10	1	1	1	4	1
2	+3	d10	II	d20+d12	2	2	2	5	2
3	+5	d12	III	d20+d14	2	2	2	6	2
4	+6	d14	III	d20+d16	3	3	3	7	3
5	+8	d16	IV	d20+d16	4	4	4	8	3
6	+8	d20	IV	d20+d20	4	4	4	9	4
7	+10	2d10	IV	d20+d20	5	5	5	10	4
8	+11	2d12	IV	d24+d20	5	5	5	11	5
9	+12	2d14	V	d24+d20+d14	6	6	6	12	5
10	+13	2d16	V	d30+d20+d16	6	6	6	13	5

Title: As most of their culture, the titles of the hyperboreans have been lost to time, and players (and judges!) are encouraged to come up with their own monikers for these superhuman characters.

Designer's notes: This is a distinctly unbalanced race: the hyperboreans are demigods among modern men, and have evolved far beyond human prowess and ability. The race was originally designed to be a quest reward for a player whose character focused on learning things about the hyperborean race.

All of this was more or less sparked from him spending time and resources to research the "strange-looking rock" his slave-turned-warrior started with: I told him it sort of resembled a hand with two thumbs, and built the plot from there as the campaign progressed, flying by the seat of my pants as I'm wont to do. The story culminated in a vision quest to save a member of the race, hidden away in stasis below a ziggurat in the far north. If he completed the quest, he'd gain a hyperborean as a playable character to his roster, in addition to discovering the secret history of the Hyperborean Empire.

Judges should be careful with introducing hyperborean characters to their campaigns, as they may feel overly powerful when compared to more mundane heroes. Alternately and additionally, consider using the Scarred Hyperborean table (Table B) to bring down the power level of hyperboreans found in the current day and age.

Finally, an awakened hyperborean wizard-lord would likely make a worthy adversary for a party of delvers. Maybe it's worth considering introducing one to your campaign as an opponent, instead of a playable character?

Fiction

The Blood-Drinking Box

Part 8

The Hunting Party Returns

Boulder Cliff loomed above as the crew exited Nekros' Sanctum. Nearly immediately the whole crew heard burdened footsteps toppling the loose stone of the nearby river bed. The crew found themselves face-to-face with eight, rotund, miniature humanoids. They appeared to be marching shoulder-to-shoulder, four deep carrying another average sized figure. That which was carried lay limp atop the eight sets of shoulders.

Upon first glance the small creatures seemed to be no threat, but that quickly changed when it was noted they bore clawed hands, spine-riddled bodies, and a row of needle-like teeth.

A voice filled the air, "Gorge on their flesh!"

The small creatures dropped the motionless form and ran headlong toward the crew with claws ready and roaring their intent.

Madis set the Box down, pulling his sword free.

A commanding voice came from somewhere ahead, "By all the powers of the gods above me, I cast thee down and be gone!"

One of the eight running creatures dropped unceremoniously to the ground.

Captain Gault stepped from behind a group of low hanging foliage, "I became worried when you did not arrive on schedule. I trust you've collected our new treasure, Elvee?" With the Captain were the newcomers, Ceann the Cleric and the gnome engineer, Glymir. Suddenly, the air around Gault filled with a few streaks of bright red light, and he casually placed a delicate set of eyeglasses on. The magical missiles were fired from the gnome spellslinger. The streaks raced wildly through the air and slammed into the chest of another running creature. Again, it fell dead unceremoniously to the ground.

Madis and Frila and Blacyn all yelled out their charge, renewed with vigor, and ran into the charging group. Once near, they traded blow and evade and blow and evade with two of the respective attackers.

Sevoi, dagger drawn, and Z, fists ready, empowered by the actions of their shipmates ran forward a few steps and took a defensive stance between the oncoming creatures and the Box.

Rappi and Elviodia surrounded the Box.

Serak drew his short-sword and waited until one got near. He attacked with a thrust that was easily avoided. He cursed in response.

Two of the thorny creatures made it to Rappi and Elviodia, trading blows when they got there. One struck the Halfling across the chest, driving Rappi back a step, and letting go a splash of blood into the air.

The last ran up to Sevoi and Z. While evading the warpriest's slash, it found the powerful fist of a talented brawler to drop it to the ground.

Madis and Frila and Blacyn all scored with their weaponry on the next coordinated attack and downed the two small monsters facing them.

Elzemon stayed invisible and watched the skirmish from a position very near Captain Gault. The quasit was not at all distressed at seeing the last of his opposition fall. He would soon be free of this infernal binding to roam the world and ruin as he saw fit. Mortal-kind was so delightfully stupid.

Captain Gault; however, was a man of many talents, and he had gained a few of those same talents in ways that did not include Golarion alone. He knew of the outsider's presence behind him, thanks to his Eyeglasses of True-seeing. He also knew of Nekros the Grotesque and this supposed sanctum at the foot of Boulder Cliff. He had been thinking over the proposition brought before him by Elvee. 'Collect Yarafad's Box, for Rhalabhast, who may not even know what to do with this Box, or what it has inside. This would be traded for an unbound imp.' Yet, recent events hinted to Gault, there very well may be no unbound imp...but a quasit that will be unbound soon.' On the wide belt he wore was a simple magical item known to hold great amounts, called by the regular population a 'bag of holding'. His however, was not a bag but a simple pouch built into his belt. It was this that he carefully reached into.

Serak was struck by the creature facing off against him and he felt the poison of the monster's sting infect his reactions. 'No! What form of devilry is this?' He thrust out and sunk his dagger into the creature's chest. The monster fell and Serak fell with it. His legs failed to respond, and anger filled Serak. The rogue tried to push the dagger in deeper with no response from his arms, "Damn you," he tried to say, but could only huff his breath.

Elviodia's dagger bit hard into the shoulder of one of the beasts, and it screamed out stepping back, slashing wildly at the air, missing the elven marksman by the scant breadth of hair. Elviodia turned to find Rappi on the ground, unresponsive. The other beast thrust toward her.

Blacyn's warhammer fell hard against the monster's skull, with an audible crack.

Gault turned quickly finding the quasit nearby he spoke, "Hello Elzemon." From Gault's bottomless belt-pouch, the Captain drew small bolas decorated with silver dragon-effigy weights, and in one motion, hurled it toward the small demon. Though the demon only had a blink in time to respond, Elzemon still made vain attempts to evade. The bolas entrapped Elzemon against a tree limb. He growled in renewed anger. The crew of the Cinmora put final ends to the struggling creatures, while Gault walked calmly to Elzemon. "That crusty old mage Nekros was able to get himself a might crazed lil' demon, did he now?"

"He was a foolish mortal to have even dreamt of binding me." Elzemon roared at the merchant captain.

Gault continued, "Well Elzemon, I am not a mage, but I do indeed know how to bind you."

Elzemon responded by growling and cursing in his native abyssal tongue but was promptly silenced when Gault smashed the bowl-hand guard of his rapier into the demon several times, leaving the demon limp.

Elviodia arrived in front of Serak's view. She pulled him onto his back and looked his body over. She called out, "Serak is paralyzed, one gash in his stomach." She looked Serak in the eyes, "The poison should wear off in a few hours' time Serak. We'll get your wounds tended and get back to the ship."

Serak looked at the elven woman as long as he could, she had such beautiful eyes.

Blacyn was more concerned with the potential release of the diabolic forces within the Box. He walked to check the instrument, briefly stopping by Rappi and noticing the Halfling was also paralyzed by the same poison as Serak. "Aye, Rappi's got a blow to his shoulder. Not too bad."

Rappi looked about wildly, his usual worry setting in. Finding the Box reservoir nearly empty he pulled his studded gauntlet off and prepared to cut a gash in his hand.

"Blacyn, hold fast." Gault said as he walked into the clearing, following Ceann and Glymir. He carried Elzemon, bound and still connected to the tree branch. "Let the Box open, we will still deliver it with demonic cargo, but not with its current inhabitant."

He hefted the unconscious form of Elzemon.

Blacyn replied, "Captain, are you sure. I am not very moved to deliver evil unto the world?"

Captain Gault smiled, "If whatever is within the Box is truly evil, then you may indeed slaughter it."

Blacyn liked that answer and waited for Yarafad's Box to open.

After a short time, hissing issued from the creased panels of the Box, then a sucking sound as the Box popped open. The crew stood ready, weapons drawn. Nothing happened.

Madis moved forward, moved the cylinder halves with his sword finding a glass jar similar in color to the doors of the sanctum. The fighter gave the box a more thorough examination before lifting the jar. Within could be seen a faint figure moving about. "Okay, we got a jar o'something, or someone?"

Gault smiled he raised the demon up his own face and said, "Now to add our demonic visitor as its prize." He lowered Elzemon into the Box." Blacyn, would you please?" He motioned to the reservoir atop the Box.

The Box clamped shut and the sounds of several locks could be heard among the small enchanted mechanisms within the instant Blacyn's blood landed.

Road to Home

Z found the motionless figure the eight little monsters had dropped down by the river. It was a human man, dressed in fine robes of the cleric of Iomedea, and he had evidence of damage to his chest. She tended the man until the paralysis faded, as the creatures appear to employ the same poison as natural weaponry.

The unknown cleric sat up and looked about.

Z started, "Welcome to the land of the living. The name is Jinyisho, but everyone calls me Z. First off tell me your name, second why we shouldn't kill you?"

The man, clean shaven with a healthy head of brown hair answered haltingly, "Um, I am Valbris, Cleric of Iomedea...um, everyone?"

"Yes Valbris," she cocked her head toward the clearing near the falls, "my crew."

Seeing the others of the Cinmora around the Box, Valbris exclaimed in a gasp, "Pirates?"

Z brought her finger to her thin lips, "Don't say that too loud, cleric. The Captain prefers being called a merchant."

Valbris' eyes widened when he saw the strange device the crew stood around. "What, pray tell, is that?"

Z cleared her throat, "Valbris, listen clearly. I asked two things when you woke up. I only have one answer. If you can't give me the other answer then I'll tell you what that thing is as you die."

Valbris cleared his own throat nervously, "Um, I...my temple can offer treasure for my return?"

"Well, when you put it that way we do sound like pirates." Z answered with no notice of providing further explanation.

"Rescue," Valdis corrected. "For rescuing me the Temple of Iomedea will provide due reward."

"Better." Z answered. She stood and motioned Valbris to follow.

Serak and Rappi were still paralyzed as they were being lifted into the cart with Yarafad's Box. The others also had space to climb on as Glymir took the coachman's seat.

The crew of the Cinmora made good time to Kerse. The poison had faded from the bodies of Serak and Rappi during the first half of the journey. Valbris was let off with Z and Blacyn at the steps of the Temple to Iomedea, but Captain Gault ordered the cart to drive on. Valbris was truthful in payment from the temple, and Z and Blacyn returned to the Cinmora 550 gold coin richer, claiming fifty gold pieces for each of the cleric's rescuers.

Elviodia, Madis and Frila were dropped off next at the beginning of the wharf district and they headed to The Rogue Wave on foot. Captain Gault left them with orders that the Cinmora sails once they set foot onboard.

Inside the Rogue Wave the atmosphere was much same as when they had departed days ago. The mage, Rhalabast was sitting in the same seat he was before, facing the tavern's only entrance. He did appear gracious upon seeing the three crew members enter the moderately crowded tavern; though he was a little bewildered at the notion that such a magical device had been brought before him. Apparently, Nekros was a rival of his, and he accepted Yarafad's Box, even if the details were not clear in the mage's own mind.

Elviodia signaled Madis to set the large covered item on the table, and the big man did exactly that. All eyes were on the mage as the elven first mate said, "Artifact procured, Rhalabast. Now, let's talk about payment?"

A grin crossed the mage's old features, "Of course," he lifted a cage standing about the same size as that of Yarafad's Box. Within the cage, possessing a set of beady red eyes that sat below a hooked set of smooth horns was a skinny imp. "Your unbound imp." he added.

Elviodia nodded with an enchanting smile, "Our business is done here."



Fin

Monsters

Blood Rats

Blood rats are hairless creatures with tough leather skin. They have large black orbs for eyes, and a circular lamprey-like mouth. Blood rats have a gland highly sought after by wizards, for it contains a secretion that is vital in the creation of the Vampirism potion (per the 3rd-level Wizard spell, *make potion*).



Blood Rats: Init +4; Atk bite +2 melee (1d4+1 plus blood drain); AC 14; HD 1d6+3; MV 30' or climb 20'; Act 1d20; SP blood drain (automatic 1d4 damage per round after bite); SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will -1; AL N.

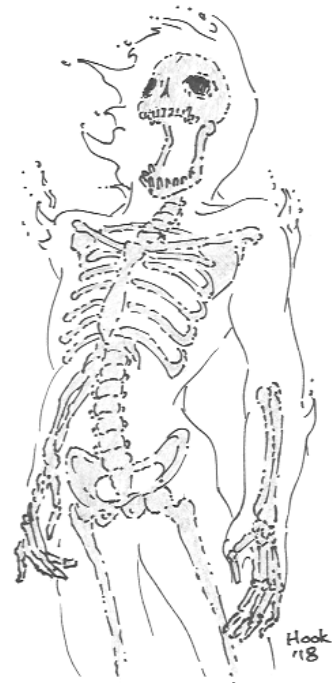
Potion	Min. DC	Special Ingredient	Effect
Vampirism	22	Blood rat gland	Imbiber gains the ability to heal lost hit points by drinking the life blood of another. Every two hit points drained from the victim heals one hit point for the imbiber. The imbiber gains vampire fangs for 2d4 turns.

Bone Ghost

Bone ghosts are created when a wizard, aspiring to become a lich in his afterlife, steals a bone from a recently-deceased individual and uses it in an arcane ritual. The wizard who took the bone may or may not have completed his transformation into a lich, but he still has possession of the dead man's bone. The spirit of the recently deceased whose bone is defiled is forever doomed to walk the earth as a bone ghost, unless his missing bone can be returned to him. Adventurers who are able to reunite a bone ghost with his missing bone are able to successfully lay a bone ghost to rest, earning XP for defeating the bone ghost and a +1 Luck bonus for restoring a bit of harmony in the universe.

Bone Ghost: Init +2; Atk chill touch +4 melee (1d4 plus 1d4 Strength loss) or soul stare (special); AC 10; HD 2d12+2; MV fly 40'; Act 1d20; SP soul stare (see below), un-dead traits, immune to non-magical weapons; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3; AL C.

Soul Stare: A bone ghost has the ability to look within a person and assault their soul directly. When a bone ghost attempts a soul stare, it can make no other attacks that round. The bone ghost does not need to lock eyes with its victim, for it is looking beyond the adventurer's mortal flesh. The selected victim of a soul stare must succeed at a DC 16 Will save or lose 1d10 Luck.



Gobloid (Goblin Mutant)

A gobloid is a goblin mutant created by the experiments of the twisted Baron Nahum Whitlock. By exposing ordinary goblins to the otherworldly rays of the Outre Stone while directing their transmutation and ensuring their obedience with ancient demonic rites, Whitlock hopes to create a monstrosity twisted army that he can unleash on his enemies. The gobloid is often so bloated and misshapen that in many cases it is hardly recognizable as having once been a lowly goblin. It is covered with sores and pustules oozing a dark greenish ichor along with small toothy mouths appearing in random locations all over its body. Most gobloids have an extra limb or two and usually at least one of their appendages have transformed into a slimy tentacle with sharp spines and multiple biting mouths. Gobloids are insanely aggressive and always hungry for flesh of any kind, which they devour with their many mouths. They attack on sight any living (edible) creature unless otherwise commanded by their master. In this constantly maddened state, gobloids have no concern for their own preservation and thus will never retreat or surrender.

Gobloid: Init +1; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3) or tentacle +2 melee (1d3 plus grab) or weapon +2 melee (as weapon); AC 11 (remnants of hide armor); HD 2d6+3; MV base 20', varies; Act 1d20+1d16; SP additional arms, tentacle grab, infravision 60'; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will 0; AL C.

Additional arms: 1d3-1 (0 possible); each appendage, including the original four, has a 1/3 chance of being a spiny mouthed tentacle. For gobloids with one tentacle leg, their movement is cut in half to 10'. For gobloids with both legs transmuted into tentacles, their movement is cut by 75% to 5', but those tentacle legs may improve other movement options such as swimming or climbing, as per judge's discretion. Gobloids are typically armed with wickedly spiked and bladed weapons, usually caked with the gore of previous victims.

A gobloid with at least one tentacle will always attempt to latch on to an opponent and draw them in close (or draw themselves to the opponent) to bite them with its plethora of mouths. Upon a successful tentacle attack, the attack does 1d3 damage and, with a successful opposed Strength check (gobloid rolls 1d16+0) grabs the opponent. Until the victim frees themselves from the tentacle's grasp, on subsequent rounds they will suffer an automatic 1d3 biting damage in addition to being subject to the gobloid's two normal attacks. To get free of a tentacle's hold, the character must spend an action extricating themselves with a successful opposed Strength check (gobloid rolls 1d16+0) or some other situationally appropriate action as per judge's discretion.



Harringo

A harringo is the grotesque amalgamation of an old crone, a reptile, and an ostrich. This 12' tall beast has 7' long legs and a 3' long neck. The she-creature is covered in pale green scales and long black feathers on its head, wings, and back. Harringos are flightless birds, but they are swift runners; their incredibly strong legs also allow them to make amazing leaps. Harringos can use their breath weapon once a day; they typically use it on their prey once they have wounded it enough to hold it down on the ground with one foot. They then dip their heads down to vomit acid on their helpless prey, but this acid can be used as a true breath weapon if need be.

Harringo: Init +1; Atk kick +1 melee (1d6) or acid breath -2 missile fire (3d4/2d4/1d4); AC 12; HD 6d8; MV 50' or jump 20'; Act 1d20; SP breath weapon (cone, width 1d4x3', length 1d3x3', acid does 3d4 on the first round, then it automatically inflicts 2d4 the following round, and another 1d4 the round after that, DC 13 Fort save for half damage); SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +4; AL C.

Hydrandeatya (Carnivorous Plant, Giant)

Created in the conservatory of the warlock Baron Nahum Whitlock, the hydrandeatya is a once-normal flowering plant mutated by exposure to the entropic effects of the Outre Stone into a giant carnivorous abomination. This monstrosity stands 8-10' tall with 3-6 (1d4+2) blossoming "heads" filled with row upon row of razor sharp teeth and can shuffle about slowly on its root-like "feet". They have only a basic animal intelligence and no eyes, utilizing a combination of sensory abilities to locate their prey. Hydrandeatya will typically lie in wait, blending in with its surroundings, until a victim gets close enough for a surprise attack.

In combat, hydrandeatya can attack multiple targets in the same round, but will only attack a single target with at most two "heads" per round. Attacking a single target with more than two heads seems to somehow interfere with their sensory abilities. Once a victim has been brought down, either dead or paralyzed, the hydrandeatya will use its bite to dismember the body and "fertilize" the earth beneath its roots.



Any critical hit with an edged weapon against the hydrandeatya that does 5 or more hit points of damage will sever one "head". For warriors, any hit with a deed die result of 3 or more and resulting in 5 or more hit points of damage will sever one "head". Note that unless completely destroyed by fire (or other method as per judge's discretion) hydrandeatya will re-grow one head and gain 5 hp per day until it reaches its randomly-determined new statistics.

Hydrandeatya (High-drand-eet-yah): Init +0; Atk bite +3 melee (1d8); AC 14 (thick leathery integument); HD 1d6 per "head"; MV 10'; Act 1d20 per "head"; SP poison (DC 10 Fort save or paralysis for 1d4 rounds); SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +3; AL C.

Ichthyosaur, Mutant

"Swimming through the water, behind a smaller group of the bubble men, were ten huge creatures of unbelievable ugliness. They looked like a cross between a crocodile and an unusually ugly fish. Their huge heads were almost all mouth and teeth, and their bodies were covered with ugly grayish warts that glowed with a faint phosphorescence. They were over twenty feet long, dwarfing the men who led them on halters of some sort."

- Lester Del Rey, *Attack from Atlantis*



Ichthyosaur, Mutant: Init +6; Atk bite +8 melee (1d12) or tail +8 melee (1d20); AC 18; HD 6d12; MV 60' swim; Act 2d20; SP aquatic, water jet; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +3; AL N.

Aquatic: Unlike most aquatic creatures, which use gills, the lungs of these mutants have adapted to draw oxygen from the water and have developed an orifice beneath their ribs for discharging the water for additional propulsion.

Water Jet: Once per day the ichthyosaur may release a concentrated blast of water through its sub-thoracic vent. It may use this jet as an attack (1 target, DC 16 Reflex save or stunned 1d4 rounds) or for propulsion (additional 100' movement).

Korpuz, Messenger of Ahriman (January Contest – 2nd place)

Deities often use intermediaries to communicate directly with their worshipers and priests. Only the most fervent and powerful among a deity's clergy have any hope of interacting with their godhead. Korpuz is one of Ahriman's messengers. He is tasked with conveying his master's desires and answering his charges' prayers.

Korpuz, Messenger of Ahriman (type VI demon of Ahriman): Init +7; Atk horns +16 melee (4d10+8), smoke arms +16 melee (DC 16 Will or illusionary battle), claw +12 melee (2d8+6), or spell; AC 22; HD 15d12; MV 60' or fly 60'; Act 2d20; SP spells (+10 spell check: *lotus stare*, *bolt from the blue*, *turn to stone*, *affliction of the gods*), illusionary battle, vocal assault, molten dung, demon traits; SV Fort +16, Ref +12, Will +14; AL C.

Korpuz appears to mortals as a sphinx (human head with a lion body) comprised of dried dung. It stands 4' high at the shoulder with its great rotund bulk brushing the floor. From its head two great antelope horns protrude and its eyes are stark white with no pupils.

Illusionary Battle: From its chest four arms of smoke writhe. As the arms move, a din of battle is heard as if it's taking place within the smoky tendrils. Those encircled in his smoky arms must make a DC 16 Will save or be mentally trapped in battlefield realm where the skies are filled with foul-smelling smoke and the cries of the dying. The ground is wet with unending bloodshed and littered with broken bodies and arms of the dead. For each round spent in Korpuz's arms, the victim suffers a permanent point of Personality damage. The victim may attempt to break free with a successful DC 16 Will save each subsequent round until they each 0 Personality – at which point they die.

Molten Dung: As it moves the outer skin cracks and superheated dung is ejected in splatterings that reach out up to 20' radius. There is a 20% chance of the molten dung striking anyone within the area of effect. If someone is struck, they must make a DC 17 Fort save or suffer major corruption.

Vocal Assault: Like its master Ahriman, Korpuz's voice is a harsh and jarring mental assault. Those that hear it are compelled to kneel in obeisance unless they make a DC 15 Will save.

Octobear (January Contest – 1st place)

Transmogripher and teratologist, Xultich, bred abominations in his laboratories. One of his earliest experiments was the arctic monstrosity, the octobear. The octobear has the head of an octopus and the body of a polar bear. Octobears have the tracking abilities and raw strength of a polar bear, plus the tentacle dexterity, ink cloud defense, and camouflage abilities of an octopus.

Octobear: Init +1; Atk grab +6 melee (DC 14 Ref save or grappled) or claw +4 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 3d8; MV 20' or swim 40'; Act 2d20; SP cold resistance, ink cloud, camouflage; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +6; AL C.

Camouflage: The octobear is covered in a thick layer of white fur, but the octobear is able to change the color and texture of its fur to match its surroundings. Because of this, octobears are able to hide in plain sight; a DC 18 Intelligence test is needed to spot a camouflaged octobear. If prey walks up next to a camouflaged octobear, the octobear always gains a surprise attack.

Ink Cloud: While in the water, the octobear can emit an ink cloud to cover its escape; the ink cloud cannot be used outside of the water. When it attacks, the octobear usually grabs its prey with its tentacles, and then rakes its defenseless prey with its claws.



Pummel Golem

Pummel golems appear as 8' tall statues of clay, stone, or metal manufacture, but apparently have been fashioned without arms.

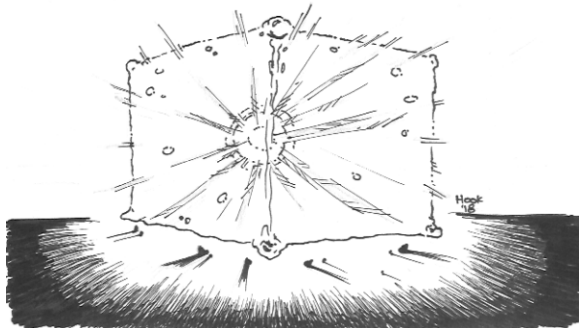
If found inert, there will be two short thick columns of similar substance found nearby. These columns are their arms which can also be disguised as architectural details or stacked upon their ends to appear as columns supporting the room.

Upon activation, a pummel golem pulls its colonnaded "arms" to itself and carries out whatever instructions they have been given by their creators (usually pulverizing something into a bloody paste with their massive pinions).

The arms can independently move with a flying speed of 40' and serve as the golem's primary attacks. When not being actively used, they hover near the automaton's shoulders. The arms can be attacked and destroyed. If the golem no longer has arms or is engaged in close combat, it will resort to stomping on its foes.

Pummel Golem: Init 0; Atk arms +8 melee (1d10+4) or stomp +3 melee (1d12+5); AC see below; HD see below; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SP variable stats dependent upon creation material; SV see below.

Material	AC	HD	Saves	Arm stats
Clay	10	6d8+6	Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +4	AC 12, hp 15 each
Stone	12	8d8+16	Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +4	AC 14, hp 20 each
Iron	14	10d8+30	Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +5	AC 16, hp 25 each



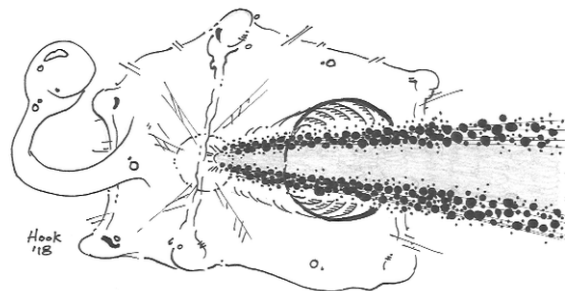
identify in the Underdark because of the bright light they emit.

During combat, one of the sun jelly's actions can be to open a funnel within itself in order to expose the creature's sun orb. When exposed, the sun orb shoots a heat ray in a straight line through the "gun barrel" the jelly just formed. The sun jelly cannot make more than one heat ray attack in a single combat round, and it cannot make a heat ray attack in consecutive combat rounds. There must be at least one combat round without a heat ray attack, so it can reform the funnel-barrel.

Sun Jelly

Sun Jelly: Init (always last); Atk pseudopod +4 melee (1d4), heat ray +3 missile fire (2d6); AC 10; HD 1d8 per 5' square; MV 5' or climb 5'; Act 1d20 per 5' square; SP half damage from slicing and piercing weapons; SV Fort +6, Ref -8, Will -6; AL N.

Related to the gelatinous cube, sun jellies are cube-shaped semi-transparent slime monsters. Sun jellies get their name because they each carry one 2' diameter sphere in the center of their gelatinous form that glows like a miniature sun. Sun jellies are easy to



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