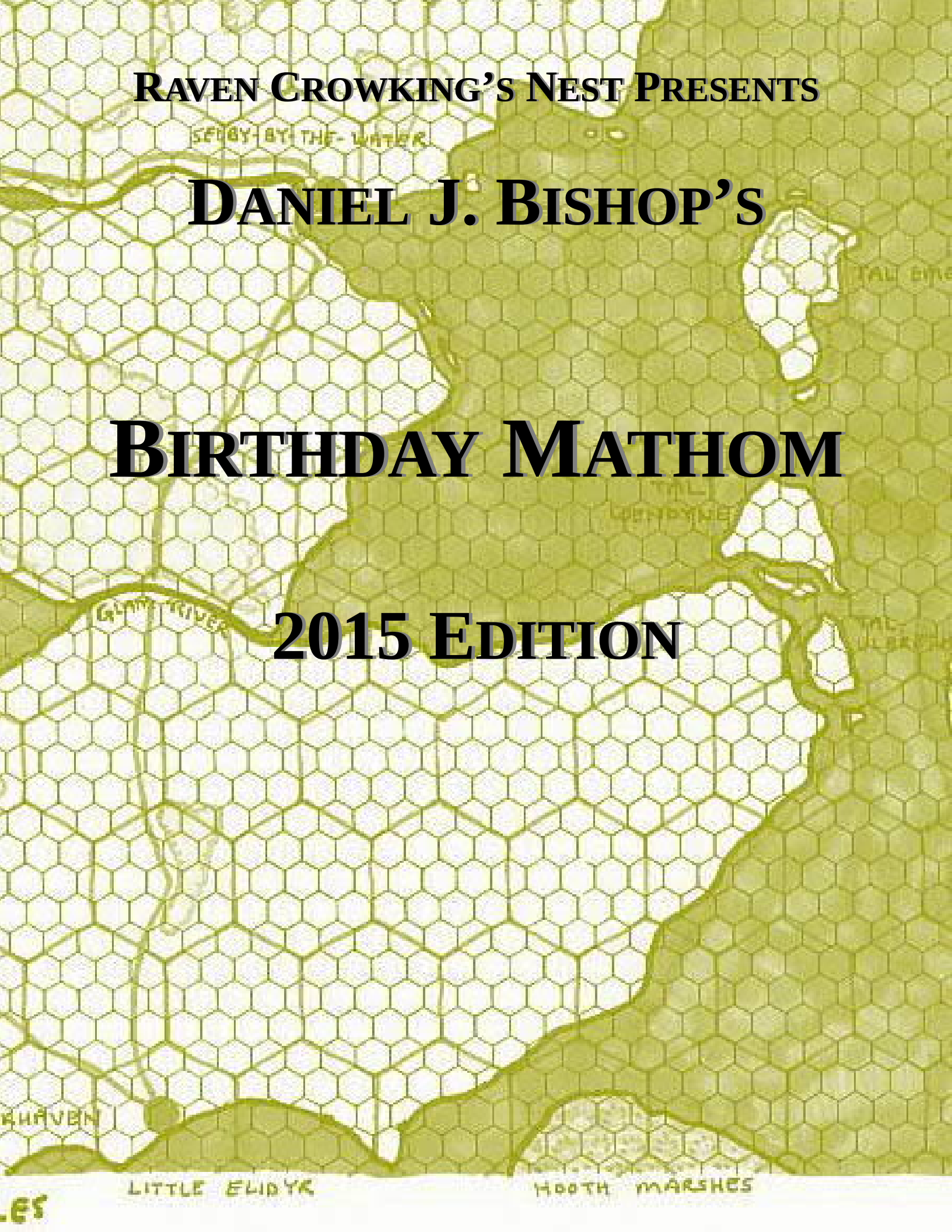




RAVEN CROWKING'S NEST PRESENTS

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DANIEL J. BISHOP'S

BIRTHDAY MATHOM

2015 EDITION

RAVEN

LITTLE ELIDYK

HOOTH MARSHES

Terrestrials on Barsoom

By Daniel J. Bishop

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Barsoom, as every *Dungeon Crawl Classics* player and Judge should know, is **Edgar Rice Burroughs'** fantastic version of Mars. Transferring PCs from a terrestrial orb to Barsoom is as easy as failing a saving throw in a cave, while Mars is appearing visibly through the open cave mouth, or having a TPK under the night sky. Instead of dying, the PCs feel drawn to the red planet, where their bodies (but not their armor, weapons, or other goods) appear unharmed.

Benefits

I knew that I was on Mars; not once did I question either my sanity or my wakefulness. I was not asleep, no need for pinching here; my inner consciousness told me as plainly that I was upon Mars as your conscious mind tells you that you are upon Earth. You do not question the fact; neither did I.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

PCs from Earth or Earth-like worlds gain the following advantages on Barsoom:

- ⇒ The PC can leap 10' per point of combined Strength and Agility bonus. No check is required. Thus, a character with an 18 Strength and Agility can leap 60' without a check. A character with an 18 Strength and an 8 Agility could leap 20' without a check. Such a leap uses either an Action Die or a move.
- ⇒ The character gains a +2 bonus to melee attack and damage rolls, and a +2 bonus to AC, as Earthly muscles are stronger and faster under the limited gravity of Barsoom.
- ⇒ All Earthly PCs on Barsoom may do lethal damage with unarmed attacks, if they so desire.
- ⇒ All native Barsoomians are telepathic to a limited degree, and project their thoughts. PCs can occasionally access these surface thoughts, as the Judge determines, and gain a +1d bonus to Initiative on the dice chain as a result.
- ⇒ Native Barsoomians cannot read the minds of terrestrial PCs, unless those PCs are also psychic. PCs might be psychic due to mutations (*Mutant Crawl Classics*, *Crawling Under a Broken Moon*), or due to psionics (*Crawljammer*, *The Wizardarium of Calabraxis*).

Adapting to Barsoom

Springing to my feet I received my first Martian surprise, for the effort, which on Earth would have brought me standing upright, carried me into the Martian air to the height of about three yards. I alighted softly upon the ground, however, without appreciable shock or jar. Now commenced a series of evolutions which even then seemed ludicrous in the extreme. I found that I must learn to walk all over again, as the muscular exertion which carried me easily and safely upon Earth played strange antics with me upon Mars.

Instead of progressing in a sane and dignified manner, my attempts to walk resulted in a variety of hops which took me clear of the ground a couple of feet at each step and landed me sprawling upon my face or back at the end of each second or third hop. My muscles, perfectly attuned and accustomed to the force of gravity on Earth, played the mischief with me in attempting for the first time to cope with the lesser gravitation and lower air pressure on Mars.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

PCs new to Barsoom undergo a period of adjustment, requiring 1d8 minus Intelligence modifier minutes of practical experimentation. During this period, the character has a -2d penalty on the dice chain to all actions using Strength or Agility, and Fumbles on any natural roll of 1-5.

The Judge may choose to be as lenient as Edgar Rice Burroughs was with John Carter, giving them a chance to adjust before a tribe of Green Barsoomians arrives. Or she may decide that the PCs arrive in the vicinity of a pride of banths.

Lots of fumbles, no armor, and no weapons (but a hell of a wallop with Earth-born fists!) might make for an amusing combat. If it ends in a TPK, the PCs can always wake up again on Earth, similarly to the way John Carter returns to his home world at the end of *A Princess of Mars*.

Denizens of Barsoom

By Daniel J. Bishop

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Apt

The apt was our most consistent and dangerous foe.

It is a huge, white-furred creature with six limbs, four of which, short and heavy, carry it swiftly over the snow and ice; while the other two, growing forward from its shoulders on either side of its long, powerful neck, terminate in white, hairless hands, with which it seizes and holds its prey.

Its head and mouth are more similar in appearance to those of a hippopotamus than to any other earthly animal, except that from the sides of the lower jawbone two mighty horns curve slightly downward toward the front.

Its two huge eyes inspired my greatest curiosity. They extend in two vast, oval patches from the center of the top of the cranium down either side of the head to below the roots of the horns, so that these weapons really grow out from the lower part of the eyes, which are composed of several thousand ocelli each.

This eye structure seemed remarkable in a beast whose haunts were upon a glaring field of ice and snow, and though I found upon minute examination of several that we killed that each ocellus is furnished with its own lid, and that the animal can at will close as many of the facets of his huge eyes as he chooses, yet I was positive that nature had thus equipped him because much of his life was to be spent in dark, subterranean recesses.

Shortly after this we came upon the hugest apt that we had seen. The creature stood fully eight feet at the shoulder, and was so sleek and clean and glossy that I could have sworn that he had but recently been groomed.

He stood head-on eyeing us as we approached him, for we had found it a waste of time to attempt to escape the perpetual bestial rage which seems to possess these demon creatures, who rove the dismal north attacking every living thing that comes within the scope of their far-seeing eyes.

Even when their bellies are full and they can eat no more, they kill purely for the pleasure which they derive from taking life....

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, Warlord of Mars

Apt: Init +3; Atk grab +4 melee (1d6 plus hold) or bite +2 melee (1d8+8); AC 16; HD 5d8+16; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SP infravision 60', far-seeing, half damage from cold, hold (opposed Strength check vs. +6 bonus to break free, held characters can be bit with a +2 bonus to the attack roll); SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +4; AL C.

These monsters of the far north can see potential prey from as far as a mile away, making encounters almost certain in the polar regions of Barsoom.

Encounters usually begin with a charge, following the rules on page 96 of the **DCC Core Rulebook**. An apt will typically use its Action Dice to grab first, and then bite any opponent it has succeeded in grabbing. It gains a +2 bonus to hit grabbed opponents with its bite.

A grabbed opponent may attempt to break free (opposed Strength against a +6 bonus), but the attempt uses an Action Die. Alternately, a grabbed opponent may attempt to attack, with a -1d penalty on the dice chain to both attack rolls and damage.

Once a month, they sleep for a full day and are docile if not attacked. Apts are sometimes tamed by the Okar, who use them as guard beasts.

Banth

The banth is a fierce beast of prey that roams the low hills surrounding the dead seas of ancient Mars. Like nearly all Martian animals it is almost hairless, having only a great bristly mane about its thick neck.

Its long, lithe body is supported by ten powerful legs, its enormous jaws are equipped, like those of the calot, or Martian hound, with several rows of long needle-like fangs; its mouth reaches to a point far back of its tiny ears, while its enormous, protruding eyes of green add the last touch of terror to its awful aspect.

As it crept toward me it lashed its powerful tail against its yellow sides, and when it saw that it was discovered it emitted the terrifying roar which often freezes its prey into momentary paralysis in the instant that it makes its spring.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, Gods of Mars

Banth: Init +4; Atk bite +5 melee (1d6+3); AC 13; HD 5d8+5; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP roar, leap, track, stealthy; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0; AL N.

The Barsoomian "lion" is a stealthy predator, which has a 1 in 6 chance of surprising prey (in addition to whatever standard chance the Judge uses). It has a fine sense of smell, used to detect and track potential prey. A banth has a 1 in 3 chance to roar before it leaps. Creatures hearing the roar must roll a DC 10 Will save or be unable to act for 1 round. A banth can leap 30' to attack a creature, granting a +2 bonus to both attack roll and damage.

Calot

In response to her call I obtained my first sight of a new Martian wonder. It waddled in on its ten short legs, and squatted down before the girl like an obedient puppy. The thing was about the size of a Shetland pony, but its head bore a slight resemblance to that of a frog, except that the jaws were equipped with three rows of long, sharp tusks.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

Calot: Init +4; Atk bite +2 melee (1d6); AC 12; HD 1d8; MV 80'; Act 1d20; SP ferocious bite, loyalty; SV Fort +1, Ref +10, Will +8; AL L.

Calots are fierce, intelligent animals that are the fastest living things on Barsoom. Despite the fact that they are noted for their loyalty, and used as "watchdogs" by Barsoomians, to be called a calot is a deadly insult, and wild calots can pose a serious threat to travellers.

A calot can clamp down on a successful bite attack, doing 1d5 damage each round until it is shaken free (opposed Strength vs. a +3 bonus; one free attempt per round). This hampers the bitten victim so that it takes a -1d penalty on the dice chain to Initiative and attack rolls, but if the opponent is larger than the calot, it can automatically inflict 1 point of damage each round by spending an Action Die to do so.

Because of their fierce loyalty, a calot gains a +2 bonus to attack rolls, and a +3 bonus to damage, when defending a creature it has bonded with.

First Born

The black pirates interested me immensely. I had heard vague rumors, little more than legends they were, during my former life on Mars ; but never had I seen them, nor talked with one who had.

They were popularly supposed to inhabit the lesser moon, from which they descended upon Barsoom at long intervals. Where they visited they wrought the most horrible atrocities, and when they left carried away with them firearms and ammunition, and young girls as prisoners. These latter, the rumor had it, they sacrificed to some terrible god in an orgy which ended in the eating of their victims.

I had an excellent opportunity to examine them as the strife occasionally brought now one and now another close to where I stood. They were large men, possibly six feet and over in height. Their features were clear cut and handsome in the extreme; their eyes were well set and large, though a slight narrowness lent them a crafty appearance; the iris, as well as I could determine by moonlight, was of extreme blackness, while the eyeball itself was quite white and clear. The physical structure of their bodies seemed identical with those of the therns, the red men, and my own. Only in the color of their skin did they differ materially from us; that is of the appearance of polished ebony, and odd as it may seem for a Southerner to say it, adds to rather than detracts from their marvelous beauty.

But if their bodies are divine, their hearts, apparently, are quite the reverse. Never did I witness such a malign lust for blood as these demons of the outer air evinced in their mad battle with the therns.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Gods of Mars*

First Born Warrior: Init +2; Atk short sword +5 melee (1d6+2) or radium pistol +3 ranged (2d6); AC 11; HD 3d8+3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP infravision 30'; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +4; AL L.

The First Born of Barsoom believe themselves to be the descendants of the first sentient being born of the Tree of Life on Mars. They live in a subterranean city, upon a subsurface sea under the South Pole of Barsoom. They maintain a vast aerial fleet, which they use to regularly raid the Therns for slaves.

Green Barsoomian

They seemed mostly head, with little scrawny bodies, long necks and six legs, or, as I afterward learned, two legs and two arms, with an intermediary pair of limbs which could be used at will either as arms or legs. Their eyes were set at the extreme sides of their heads a trifle above the center and protruded in such a manner that they could be directed either forward or back and also independently of each other, thus permitting this queer animal to look in any direction, or in two directions at once, without the necessity of turning the head.

The ears, which were slightly above the eyes and closer together, were small, cup-shaped antennae, protruding not more than an inch on these young specimens. Their noses were but longitudinal slits in the center of their faces, midway between their mouths and ears.

There was no hair on their bodies, which were of a very light yellowish-green color. In the adults, as I was to learn quite soon, this color deepens to an olive green and is darker in the male than in the female. Further, the heads of the adults are not so out of proportion to their bodies as in the case of the young.

The iris of the eyes is blood red, as in Albinos, while the pupil is dark. The eyeball itself is very white, as are the teeth. These latter add a most ferocious appearance to an otherwise fearsome and terrible countenance, as the lower tusks curve upward to sharp points which end about where the eyes of earthly human beings are located. The whiteness of the teeth is not that of ivory, but of the snowiest and most gleaming of china. Against the dark background of their olive skins their tusks stand out in a most striking manner, making these weapons present a singularly formidable appearance.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

Green Barsoomian Warrior: Init +0; Atk great sword +4 melee (1d10) or bite +0 melee (1d3) or radium rifle +5 ranged (2d8); AC 10; HD 2d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; AL C.

Male green Barsoomians can reach heights of 15', with females being slightly smaller (12'). They are able to use large swords — effectively two-handed swords — with a single hand, and without a penalty to Initiative. Although they band together in large tribal hordes (such as the Tharks and the Warhoon), most green Barsoomians respect only strength, and smile or laugh only at the suffering of others.

These Martians are egg-layers, in common with most other Barsoomians, but they lay eggs in clutches, which they place in hidden incubators to hatch. They fear not only predators and other races of Mars, but even other groups of green Barsoomians, who will destroy their eggs and incubators if they find them. When the eggs hatch, the young are distributed among the females of the horde to raise. Normally, no one knows which adults are the actual parents of which hatchlings.

Green Barsoomians are nomadic, living at times in the ruins of earlier, more advanced Martians. They keep a number of domesticated animals, such as calots, thoats, and zitidar, but control them through the threat of violence rather than through compassion.

Hormad

Now it was that I saw what lent them their strange and unnatural appearance. They seemed the faulty efforts of a poor draftsman, come to life — animated caricatures of man. There was no symmetry of design about them. The left arm of one was scarce a foot long, while his right arm was so long that the hand dragged along the ground as he walked. Four-fifths of the face of one was above the eyes, while another had an equal proportion below the eyes. Eyes, noses, and mouths were usually misplaced; and were either too large or too small to harmonize with contiguous features.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Synthetic Men of Mars*

Hormad: Init -2; Atk short sword +0 melee (1d6); AC 9; HD 3d6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP hard to kill; SV Fort +8, Ref +0, Will -4; AL N.

Hormads are artificial men, ill-wrought in the vats of the ancient and brilliant red Barsoomian scientist Ras Thavas, called the Mastermind of Mars. Although misshapen, and not very intelligent, they are extremely difficult to kill — only an attack that causes damage equal to a hormad's hit points or more actually destroys the creature. All other damage is ignored.

Kaldane and Rykor

In the center of the chamber a headless body lay upon the floor — a body that had been partially devoured — while over and upon it crawled a half a dozen heads upon their short, spider legs, and they tore at the flesh of the woman with their chelae and carried the bits to their awful mouths. They were eating human flesh--eating it raw!

Tara of Helium gasped in horror and turning away covered her eyes with her palms.

Come!"said her captor. What is the matter?"

They are eating the flesh of the woman,"she whispered in tones of horror.

Why not?"he inquired. Did you suppose that we kept the rykor for labor alone? Ah, no. They are delicious when kept and fattened. Fortunate, too, are those that are bred for food, since they are never called upon to do aught but eat."

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Chessmen of Mars*

Kaldane: Init +1; Atk bite +0 melee (1d3); AC 12; HD 1d8-1; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP control rykor, hypnotic gaze; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +8; AL C.

Rykor: Init +0; Atk by weapon +0 melee (by weapon +2); AC 10; HD 2d6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will -10; AL N.

Kaldanes are disembodied heads with spider-like legs and mouthparts. Rykors are headless humanoid bodies, which a kaldane can mount and control, making it appear to be a single creature. Kaldanes are bluish-grey, become larger and bluer as they age. The eldest kaldanes have white and scarlet bands encircling the eyes and mouth, with a band of white and scarlet extending outward from each nostril, horizontally the width of the face. These are the leaders of a kaldane "people", and all of its "people" are born from the elder kaldane's asexually produced eggs.

All kaldane have the mental power needed to control any rykor within 10', enabling them to force the rykor to approach, lift the kaldane, and place it into the rykor's mouth (where a head would attack on a humanoid).

10% of kaldane can use this power on other humanoids, exerting a hypnotic gaze that requires a DC 10 Will save to resist. Elder kaldane can exert a hypnotic force requiring a DC 15, or even a DC 20, Will save to resist. About 10% of elder kaldane as so potent as to be able to control other kaldane psychically (DC 25).

Kangaroo Men

I turned in the direction she was pointing, to see a number of strange creatures coming toward us in prodigious leaps and bounds. That they were some species of human being was apparent, but there were variations which rendered them unlike any other animal on Mars. They had long, powerful legs, the knees of which were always flexed except immediately after the take-off of one of their prodigious leaps, and they had long, powerful tails; otherwise, they seemed quite human in conformation. As they came closer, I noted that they were entirely naked except for a simple harness which supported a shortsword on one side and a dagger on the other. Besides these weapons, each of them carried a spear in his right hand. They quickly surrounded us, remaining at a little distance from us, squatting down with their knees bent as they supported themselves on their broad, flat feet and their tails.

“Who are you, and what are you doing here?” demanded one of them, surprising me by the fact that he possessed speech.
- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Synthetic Men of Mars*

Kangaroo Man Warrior: Init +3; Atk spear +0 melee (1d8) or short sword +0 melee (1d6) or dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d6; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP leap; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will -2; AL N.

The boastful, but cowardly, “kangaroo men” of Gooli dwell in a tiny city in the Toonolian marshes. They collect shells and pretty stones as treasure, and are avaricious by nature. Kangaroo men have a marsupial-like pouch, wherein they deposit their eggs, and in which they protect their young.

They can easily leap 20' by using a move or an Action Die.

Lotharian

“We send out our deathless archers—deathless because they are lifeless, existing only in the imaginations of our enemies. It is really our giant minds that defend us, sending out legions of imaginary warriors to materialize before the mind's eye of the foe.

“They see them—they see their bows drawn back—they see their slender arrows speed with unerring precision toward their hearts. And they die—killed by the power of suggestion.”

“But the archers that are slain?” exclaimed Carthoris. “You call them deathless, and yet I saw their dead bodies piled high upon the battlefield. How may that be?”

“It is but to lend reality to the scene,” replied Jav. “We picture many of our own defenders killed that the Torquasians may not guess that there are really no flesh and blood creatures opposing them.

“Once that truth became implanted in their minds, it is the theory of many of us, no longer would they fall prey to the suggestion of the deadly arrows, for greater would be the suggestion of the truth, and the more powerful suggestion would prevail—it is law.”

“And the banths?” questioned Carthoris. “They, too, were but creatures of suggestion?”

“Some of them were real,” replied Jav. “Those that accompanied the archers in pursuit of the Torquasians were unreal. Like the archers, they never returned, but, having served their purpose, vanished with the bowmen when the rout of the enemy was assured.

“Those that remained about the field were real. Those we loosed as scavengers to devour the bodies of the dead of Torquas. This thing is demanded by the realists among us. I am a realist. Tario is an etherealist.

“The etherealists maintain that there is no such thing as matter—that all is mind. They say that none of us exists, except in the imagination of his fellows, other than as an intangible, invisible mentality.

“According to Tario, it is but necessary that we all unite in imagining that there are no dead Torquasians beneath our walls, and there will be none, nor any need of scavenging banths.”

“You, then, do not hold Tario's beliefs?” asked Carthoris.

“In part only,” replied the Lotharian. “I believe, in fact I know, that there are some truly ethereal creatures. Tario is one, I am convinced. He has no existence except in the imaginations of his people.

“Of course, it is the contention of all us realists that all etherealists are but figments of the imagination. They contend that no food is necessary, nor do they eat; but any one of the most rudimentary intelligence must realize that food is a necessity to creatures having actual existence.”

“Yes,” agreed Carthoris, “not having eaten to-day I can readily agree with you.”
- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Thuvia, Maid of Mars*

Lotharian: Init +0; Atk by weapon +2 melee (by weapon); AC 9; HD 1d4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP kill by suggestion, illusion, etherealists; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +6; AL L.

The inhabitants of Lothar are white Barsoomians with auburn hair. They are able to conjure phantoms with their minds, illusions which seem so real that it is difficult at times to determine who in Lothar actually exists, and who is an ethereal projection.

Among other illusions, Lotharians can create legions of bowmen or spearmen (+2 Init; AC 10; +4 to hit; 1d6 or 1d8 damage) and banths. These illusions are 5% likely to become “ethereals” — illusionary beings capable of self-determination, who do not know that they are illusions.

Malagor

About twenty birds were winging toward us. That in itself was sufficiently astonishing, since they were easily identifiable as malagors, a species long presumed to be extinct; but to add to the incredibility of the sight that met our eyes, a warrior bestrode each of the giant birds.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Synthetic Men of Mars*

Malagor: Init +0; Atk peck +2 melee (1d3); AC 8; HD 3d8; MV 10' or fly 60'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

These large birds are easily capable of carrying two full-grown red Barsoomians — they can carry more using nets. Malagor can fly for hours at about 60 miles an hour (400 haads a zode), covering up to 300 miles in a single day.

Okar

Directly before us we saw a half dozen men—fierce, black-bearded fellows, with skins the color of a ripe lemon.

“The yellow men of Barsoom!” ejaculated Thuvan Dihn, as though even now that he saw them he found it scarce possible to believe that the very race we expected to find hidden in this remote and inaccessible land did really exist.

We withdrew behind an adjacent boulder to watch the actions of the little party, which stood huddled at the foot of another huge rock, their backs toward us.

One of them was peering round the edge of the granite mass as though watching one who approached from the opposite side.

Presently the object of his scrutiny came within the range of my vision and I saw that it was another yellow man. All were clothed in magnificent furs—the six in the black and yellow striped hide of the orluk, while he who approached alone was resplendent in the pure white skin of an apt.

The yellow men were armed with two swords, and a short javelin was slung across the back of each, while from their left arms hung cuplike shields no larger than a dinner plate, the concave sides of which turned outward toward an antagonist.

They seemed puny and futile implements of safety against an even ordinary swordsman, but I was later to see the purpose of them and with what wondrous dexterity the yellow men manipulate them.

One of the swords which each of the warriors carried caught my immediate attention. I call it a sword, but really it was a sharp-edged blade with a complete hook at the far end.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Warlord of Mars*

Okar Warrior: Init +2; Atk hook-sword +2 melee (1d6 plus free attack) or sword +2 melee (1d7) or dagger +1 melee (1d4) or javelin +2 ranged (1d6); AC 11; HD 3d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP hook-sword; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +2; AL L.

Okars are trained to fight using a hook-sword in the left hand, which is further protected by a cup-shaped shield or buckler, and a sword in the right. This sword is somewhere between a long and short sword in size. If they succeed with a hook-sword attack, the opponent is drawn forward and off-balance, allowing an immediate free attack using the straight sword, with a +2 bonus to hit.

The Okars fled to Barsoom's North Pole region when the planet began to die, seeking to escape the carnage caused by the green Barsoomians. The game of *jetan* is supposed to be based upon their historic battles with the First Born.

The Okar train apts as guard beasts.

Orovar

“The inhabitants of Horz are, as far as we know, the sole remaining remnant of the once dominant race of Barsoom, the Orovars. A million years ago our ships ranged the five great oceans, which we ruled. The city of Horz was not only the capital of a great empire, it was the seat of learning and culture of the most glorious race of human beings a world has ever known. Our empire spread from pole to pole. There were other races on Barsoom, but they were few in numbers and negligible in importance. We looked upon them as inferior creatures. The Orovars owned Barsoom, which was divided among a score of powerful jeddaks. They were a happy, prosperous, contented people, the various nations seldom warring upon one another. Horz had enjoyed a thousand years of peace.

“They had reached the ultimate pinnacle of civilization and perfection when the first shadow of impending fate darkened their horizon — the seas began to recede, the atmosphere to grow more tenuous. What science had long predicted was coming to pass — a world was dying.

“For ages our cities followed the receding waters. Straits and bays, canals and lakes dried up. Prosperous seaports became deserted inland cities. Famine came. Hungry hordes made war upon the more fortunate. The growing hordes of wild green men overran what had once been fertile farm land, preying upon all.

“The atmosphere became so tenuous that it was difficult to breathe. Scientists were working upon an atmosphere plant, but before it was completed and in successful operation all but a few of the inhabitants of Barsoom had died. Only the hardiest survived — the green men, the red men, and a few Orovars; then life became merely a battle for the survival of the fittest.

“The green men hunted us as we had hunted beasts of prey. They gave us no rest, they showed us no mercy. We were few; they were many. Horz became our last city of refuge, and our only hope of survival lay in preventing the outside world from knowing that we existed; therefore, for ages we have slain every stranger who came to Horz and saw an Orovar, that no man might go away and betray our presence to our enemies.

“Now you will understand that no matter how deeply we must regret the necessity, it is obvious that we cannot let you live.”
- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Llana of Cathol*

Orovar Warrior: Init +0; Atk by weapon +0 melee (by weapon); AC 10; HD 1d6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

The Orovar are white Barsoomians with yellow hair and blue eyes. They are perhaps ancestral to the therns, Lotharians, and Okar. If the First Born are to be believed, the white Martians share a common ancestor with the white apes of Barsoom.

Plant Man

Odd, grotesque shapes they were ; unlike anything that I had ever seen upon Mars, and yet, at a distance, most man-like in appearance. The larger specimens appeared to be about ten or twelve feet in height when they stood erect, and to be proportioned as to torso and lower extremities precisely as is earthly man.

Their arms, however, were very short, and from where I stood seemed as though fashioned much after the manner of an elephant's trunk, in that they moved in sinuous and snake-like undulations, as though entirely without bony structure, or if there were bones it seemed that they must be vertebral in nature.

As I watched them from behind the stem of a huge tree, one of the creatures moved slowly in my direction, engaged in the occupation that seemed to be the principal business of each of them, and which consisted in running their oddly shaped hands over the surface of the sward, for what purpose I could not determine.

As he approached quite close to me I obtained an excellent view of him,, and though I was later to become better acquainted with his kind, I may say that that single cursory examination of this awful travesty on Nature would have proved quite sufficient to my desires had I been a free agent. The fastest flier of the Heliumetic Navy could not quickly enough have carried me far from this hideous creature.

Its hairless body was a strange and ghoulish blue, except for a broad band of white which encircled its protruding, single eye ; an eye that was all dead white — pupil, iris, and ball.

Its nose was a ragged, inflamed, circular hole in the center of its blank face; a hole that resembled more closely nothing that I could think of other than a fresh bullet wound which has not yet commenced to bleed.

Below this repulsive orifice the face was quite blank to the chin, for the thing had no mouth that I could discover.

The head, with the exception of the face, was covered by a tangled mass of jet-black hair some eight or ten inches in length. Each hair was about the bigness of a large angleworm, and as the thing moved the muscles of its scalp this awful head covering seemed to writhe and wriggle and crawl about the fearsome face as though indeed each separate hair was endowed with independent life.

The body and the legs were as symmetrically-human as Nature could have fashioned them, and the feet, too, were human in shape, but of monstrous proportions. From heel to toe they were fully three feet long, and very flat and very broad.

As it came quite close to me I discovered that its strange movements, running its odd hands over the surface of the turf, were the result of its peculiar method of feeding, which consists in cropping off the tender vegetation with its razor-like talons and sucking it up from its two mouths, which lie one in the palm of each hand, through its arm-like throats.

In addition to the features which I have already described, the beast was equipped with a massive tail about six feet in length, quite round where it joined the body, but tapering to a flat, thin blade toward the end, which trailed at right angles to the ground.

By far the most remarkable feature of this most remarkable creature, however, were the two tiny replicas of it, each about six inches in length, which dangled, one on either side, from its armpits. They were suspended by a small stem which seemed to grow from the exact tops of their heads to where it connected them with the body of the adult.

Whether they were the young, or merely portions of a composite creature, I did not know.

As I had been scrutinizing this weird monstrosity the balance of the herd had fed quite close to me and I now saw that while many had the smaller specimens dangling from them, not all were thus equipped, and I further noted that the little ones varied in size from what appeared to be but tiny unopened buds an inch in diameter through various stages of development to the full-fledged and perfectly formed creature of ten to twelve inches in length.

Feeding with the herd were many of the little fellows not much larger than those which remained attached to their parents, and from the young of that size the herd graded up to the immense adults.

Fearsome looking as they were, I did not know whether to fear them or not, for they did not seem to be particularly well equipped for fighting, and I was on the point of stepping from my hiding place and revealing myself to them to note the effect upon them of the sight of a man when my rash resolve was, fortunately for me, nipped in the bud by a strange shrieking wail, which seemed to come from the direction of the bluffs at my right.

Naked and unarmed, as I was, my end would have been both speedy and horrible at the hands of these cruel creatures had I had time to put my resolve into execution, but at the moment of the shriek each member of the herd turned in the direction from which the sound seemed to come, and at the same instant every particular snake-like hair upon their heads rose stiffly perpendicular as if each had been a sentient organism looking or listening for the source or meaning of the wail. And indeed the latter proved to be the truth, for this strange growth upon the craniums of the plant men of Barsoom represents the thousand ears of these hideous creatures, the last remnant of the strange race which sprung from the original Tree of Life.

Instantly every eye turned toward one member of the herd, a large fellow who evidently was the leader. A strange purring sound issued from the mouth in the palm of one of his hands, and at the same time he started rapidly toward the bluff, followed by the entire herd.

Their speed and method of locomotion were both remarkable, springing as they did in great leaps of twenty or thirty feet, much after the manner of a kangaroo.

Plant Man: Init +1; Atk bite +0 melee (1d3 plus latch); AC 12; HD 1d8; MV 50'; Act 2d20; SP latch, blood drain, immune to fear-based attacks, leap; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +0; AL C.

The plant men of Barsoom attack using their clawed hands. A successful hit latches onto the victim, draining blood each round thereafter. Blood drain causes a temporary loss of 1d3 points of Strength, Agility, or Stamina (as determined by the victim), which can be recovered with 1 turn of rest.

Plant men are immune to fear-based attacks, and never need to check morale. They can leap 1d10+20' by using an Action Die or their move.

Red Barsoomian

And the sight which met my eyes was that of a slender, girlish figure, similar in every detail to the earthly women of my past life. She did not see me at first, but just as she was disappearing through the portal of the building which was to be her prison she turned, and her eyes met mine. Her face was oval and beautiful in the extreme, her every feature was finely chiseled and exquisite, her eyes large and lustrous and her head surmounted by a mass of coal black, waving hair, caught loosely into a strange yet becoming coiffure. Her skin was of a light reddish copper color, against which the crimson glow of her cheeks and the ruby of her beautifully molded lips shone with a strangely enhancing effect.

She was as destitute of clothes as the green Martians who accompanied her; indeed, save for her highly wrought ornaments she was entirely naked, nor could any apparel have enhanced the beauty of her perfect and symmetrical figure.

As her gaze rested on me her eyes opened wide in astonishment, and she made a little sign with her free hand; a sign which I did not, of course, understand. Just a moment we gazed upon each other, and then the look of hope and renewed courage which had glorified her face as she discovered me, faded into one of utter dejection, mingled with loathing and contempt. I realized I had not answered her signal, and ignorant as I was of Martian customs, I intuitively felt that she had made an appeal for succor and protection which my unfortunate ignorance had prevented me from answering. And then she was dragged out of my sight into the depths of the deserted edifice.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

These are the most common of the civilized Martian races. For statistics, consult the “Men and Magicians” section of the **DCC Core Rulebook**. Barsoomians do not have magic, but may have super-science or psychic abilities that seem magical to the average PC.

Sith

Imagine, if you can, a bald-faced hornet of your earthly experience grown to the size of a prize Hereford bull, and you will have some faint conception of the ferocious appearance and awesome formidability of the winged monster that bore down upon me.

Frightful jaws in front and mighty, poisoned sting behind made my relatively puny long-sword seem a pitiful weapon of defense indeed. Nor could I hope to escape the lightning-like movements or hide from those myriad facet eyes which covered three-fourths of the hideous head, permitting the creature to see in all directions at one and the same time.

Even my powerful and ferocious Woola was as helpless as a kitten before that frightful thing. But to flee were useless, even had it ever been to my liking to turn my back upon a danger; so I stood my ground, Woola snarling at my side, my only hope to die as I had always lived — fighting.

The creature was upon us now, and at the instant there seemed to me a single slight chance for victory. If I could but remove the terrible menace of certain death hidden in the poison sacs that fed the sting the struggle would be less unequal.

At the thought I called to Woola to leap upon the creature's head and hang there, and as his mighty jaws closed upon that fiendish face, and glistening fangs buried themselves in the bone and cartilage and lower part of one of the huge eyes, I dived beneath the great body as the creature rose, dragging Woola from the ground, that it might bring its sting beneath and pierce the body of the thing hanging to its head.

To put myself in the path of that poison-laden lance was to court instant death, but it was the only way; and as the thing shot lightning-like toward me I swung my long-sword in a terrific cut that severed the deadly member close to the gorgeously marked body.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Warlord of Mars*

Sith: Init +3; Atk bite +2 melee (1d5) or sting +3 melee (1d6 plus poison) or kick +0 melee (1d4 plus knockback); AC 17; HD 3d8+16; MV 10' or fly 30'; Act 2d20; SP poison (Fort DC 16 or die; 1d3 Stamina damage on successful save), knockback; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +4; AL N.

This gigantic insect of Barsoom is a deadly terror found within the Kaolian Forest. A kick from this creature can knock a creature 1d6+5' away, unless it makes a successful Strength check (DC 15).

Locals harvest the stings of sith to create light lances (1d6 damage, but each containing 1d3 doses of sith poison).

Thern

"Fools ! Fools !" it shrieked. "Thinkest thou to defeat the eternal laws of life and death? Wouldst cheat the mysterious Issus, Goddess of Death, of her just dues? Did not her mighty messenger, the ancient Iss, bear you upon her leaden bosom at your own behest to the Valley Dor ?

"Thinkest thou, O fools, that Issus wilt give up her own? Thinkest thou to escape from whence in all the countless ages but a single soul hast fled ?

"Go back the way thou earnest, to the merciful maws of the children of the Tree of Life or the gleaming fangs of the great white apes, for there lies speedy surcease from suffering; but insist in your rash purpose to thread the mazes of the Golden Cliffs of the Mountains of Otz, past the ramparts of the impregnable fortresses of the Holy Therns, and upon your way Death in its most frightful form will overtake you — a death so horrible that even the Holy Therns themselves, who conceived both Life and Death, avert their eyes from its fiendishness and close their ears against the hideous shrieks of its victims.

"Go back, O fools, the way thou earnest."

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Gods of Mars*

Holy Thern: Init -1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6) or charm (see below); AC 11; HD 1d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP charm 1/day; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +2; AL varies.

Therns are white-skinned Barsoomians whose yellow hair is, in fact, a wig, possibly in imitations of the Orovar, who they believe to be long extinct. The Therns control religion on Barsoom, although they themselves are suffered with contempt by the First Born.

A Holy Thern can attempt, through speech, to charm any non-First Born native Barsoomian. So deeply ingrained is the worship of Issus that, if the Barsoomian fails a DC 10 Will save, he is convinced to do as the Thern suggests, even if the suggestion is clearly suicidal.

Thoat

And his mount! How can earthly words describe it! It towered ten feet at the shoulder; had four legs on either side; a broad flat tail, larger at the tip than at the root, and which it held straight out behind while running; a gaping mouth which split its head from its snout to its long, massive neck.

Like its master, it was entirely devoid of hair, but was of a dark slate color and exceeding smooth and glossy. Its belly was white, and its legs shaded from the slate of its shoulders and hips to a vivid yellow at the feet. The feet themselves were heavily padded and nailless, which fact had also contributed to the noiselessness of their approach, and, in common with a multiplicity of legs, is a characteristic feature of the fauna of Mars. The highest type of man and one other animal, the only mammal existing on Mars, alone have well-formed nails, and there are absolutely no hoofed animals in existence there.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

Greater Thoat: Init +1; Atk kick +7 melee (1d6+3) or bite +5 melee (1d7); AC 15; HD 7d8; MV 50'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +4; AL N.

Lesser Thoat: Init +1; Atk kick +5 melee (1d4+3) or bite +2 melee (1d4); AC 14; HD 4d8; MV 60'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +2; AL N.

Thoats are common riding beasts on Barsoom. The greater thoat is larger, and is found among the green Barsoomians. The lesser thoat is smaller, and is commonly used by the red Barsoomians. They are controlled using telepathic commands.

Ulsio

The Martian rat is a fierce and unlovely thing. It is many-legged and hairless, its hide resembling that of a newborn mouse in repulsiveness. In size and weight it is comparable to a large Airedale terrier. Its eyes are small and close-set, and almost hidden in deep, fleshy apertures. But its most ferocious and repulsive feature is its jaws, the entire bony structure of which protrudes several inches beyond the flesh, revealing five sharp, spadelike teeth in the upper jaw and the same number of similar teeth in the lower, the whole suggesting the appearance of a rotting face from which much of the flesh has sloughed away.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *The Chessmen of Mars*

Ulsio: Init +4; Atk bite +2 melee (1d5 plus disease); AC 9; HD 1d6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP disease, infravision 60'; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +0; AL N.

These vermin roam catacombs, ruins, and the under-tunnels of Martian cities. Their bite can cause disease — Fort DC 5 or suffer 1d3 Stamina damage each day for 1d5 days.

White Ape

The thing, which more nearly resembled our earthly men than it did the Martians I had seen, held me pinioned to the ground with one huge foot, while it jabbered and gesticulated at some answering creature behind me. This other, which was evidently its mate, soon came toward us, bearing a mighty stone cudgel with which it evidently intended to brain me.

The creatures were about ten or fifteen feet tall, standing erect, and had, like the green Martians, an intermediary set of arms or legs, midway between their upper and lower limbs. Their eyes were close together and non-protruding; their ears were high set, but more laterally located than those of the Martians, while their snouts and teeth were strikingly like those of our African gorilla. Altogether they were not unlovely when viewed in comparison with the green Martians.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

White Ape: Init +3; Atk bite +5 melee (1d6+5) or slam +6 melee (1d8+5) or mighty stone cudgel +8 melee (1d6+5); AC 15; HD 6d8; MV 40' or climb 20'; Act 4d20; SP rend for additional 1d8 damage if more than 2 slam attacks hit same target in one round; SV Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +2; AL C.

The white apes of Barsoom are similar to the four-armed apemen described in the **DCC Core Rulebook**. They are found in the ruins of Martian cities, and in the Martian wilderness. The First Born claim that they have a common ancestor with the white Barsoomian races.

Zitidar

We made a most imposing and awe-inspiring spectacle as we strung out across the yellow landscape; the two hundred and fifty ornate and brightly colored chariots, preceded by an advance guard of some two hundred mounted warriors and chieftains riding five abreast and one hundred yards apart, and followed by a like number in the same formation, with a score or more of flankers on either side; the fifty extra mastodons, or heavy draught animals, known as zitidars, and the five or six hundred extra thoats of the warriors running loose within the hollow square formed by the surrounding warriors. The gleaming metal and jewels of the gorgeous ornaments of the men and women, duplicated in the trappings of the zitidars and thoats, and interspersed with the flashing colors of magnificent silks and furs and feathers, lent a barbaric splendor to the caravan which would have turned an East Indian potentate green with envy.

The enormous broad tires of the chariots and the padded feet of the animals brought forth no sound from the moss-covered sea bottom; and so we moved in utter silence, like some huge phantasmagoria, except when the stillness was broken by the guttural growling of a goaded zitidar, or the squealing of fighting thoats.

- Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*

Zitidar: Init +1; Atk gore + 8 melee (2d8+8) or kick +5 melee (2d5+4); AC 17; HD 10d8+10; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SV Fort +12, Ref +0, Will +6; AL N.

Edgar Rice Burroughs was a prolific author, who created the Mars series explored here, Tarzan, Venus, Caspek, Pellucidar, etc., etc., etc. The short version is: he was very creative.

Much of ERB's work is in the public domain, but not all the Martian novels are everywhere in the world, and there are trademark issues involved as well, to which providing these DCC statistics should not be construed as a challenge!

Some Creatures From the Moon!

By Daniel J. Bishop

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These creatures, from *The Revelation of Mulmo* (Dragon's Hoard Publishing) are Open Gaming Content. (Actually, some of the description of the Invisible Lunar Creature, and none of the description of the Fungal Wasp Swarm, is in Area T8, although it is referred to, so *caveat emptor*...although the intent was to have these OGC. The others are completely and utterly in the clear! Please use them!)

Invisible Lunar Creature

Invisible Lunar Creature: Init +0; Atk tentacle +3 melee (1d3 + venom) or claw +4 melee (1d8) or beak +6 melee (2d8+3); AC 10; HD 8d8; MV fly 10'; Act 8d20; SP invisibility, reach, venom; SV Fort -4, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

If this creature is wounded, it becomes visible. It's not quite a bee, and it's not quite a jellyfish, and it has aspects of an enormous lobster and an octopus. It attacks with thin tentacles, each of which terminates in a venom-laden stinger, crustacean-like claws, and, if a creature is close enough, its enormous beaked mouth. It is eight feet in diameter, and its body floats 15 feet above the floor. The cinnamon and honey scent in this room comes from the creature....on the moon, this is used to lure prey.

So long as the creature is invisible, any attack has a 50% miss chance and the creature gains a +4 bonus to its attacks. A creature has to target an attack where the creature is to even have a chance of success (although the Judge should have the players roll attacks and miss chance; success indicates that some of the creature's innumerable tentacles are severed – the 12-foot long tentacles, but not the creature, become visible).

The lunar venom is weak, requiring only a DC 7 Fort save. Those who fail are paralyzed for 2d6 minutes, minus any Stamina bonus, and adding any Stamina penalty. A character with an 18 Stamina would be paralyzed for 2d6–3 minutes (and therefore potentially not be paralyzed at all).

If the creature floats down to a mere 10 feet above the floor, it can attack with its claws. It does this when half the party is paralyzed. If PCs drop to the floor to trick the creature, it is not smart enough to know the difference. If no more than a single character remains standing, the creature will drop down far enough to use its beak.

The creature has thousands of thin tentacles, eight clawed arms, and one beak. Although it has eight action dice, it cannot use any arm or its beak more than once each round.

It never targets elves.

Tiny Moon Calf

Tiny Moon Calf: Init +0; Atk slam +2 melee (3d6+6); AC 8; HD 15d10; MV 20'; Act 1d24; SP accidental crush, most weapons do half damage, immune to cold and electricity; SV Fort +12, Ref -8, Will +0; AL N.

This is a pale blue-grey caterpillar-like creature 20 feet long, and tremendously strong. Each round it is alive, roll 1d5.

On a roll of 1, every nearby character must roll 1d20 and get a result equal to or under their Luck, or be accidentally crushed for 2d4 damage.

On a roll of 5, the creature destroys some nearby object (machinery in the original adventure).

Due to the creature's great size, any weapon that does not require two hands to use causes only half damage. It is immune to cold and electricity.

This is not an adult moon calf, and does not produce moon milk. Adults can reach up to 100 feet long.

Selenite

Selenite: Init +3; Atk moon calf goad +1 melee (1d6+1) or bite -2 melee (1); AC 12; HD 1d8; MV 30' or climb 30'; Act 2d20; SP +2 damage vs. elves and fey; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +4; AL L.

These creatures are insect-like humanoids with bluish-grey skin. They survive by herding moon calves, and drink their milk for sustenance.

They have four arms, and each has two long, sharp-pointed moon calf goads (similar to an elephant goad) made of lunar steel (+2 damage to elves).

They can understand and speak elvish and the common tongue and are highly intelligent. Without moon milk, they starve to death in 1d6+4 days.

Lunar People

Average Lunar Person: Init +0; Atk by weapon +0; AC 11; HD 1d4–1; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort –1, Ref +1, Will +1; AL L.

These delicate, mauve-skinned people appear to be very thin, very beautiful humans, but they hatch their young from eggs. 1 in 7 will arrive with a set of artificial wings (useless here).

If the judge desires, players may use these creatures to create a 0-level funnel group of lunar people.

To create lunar people characters, roll stats as normal, then examine Strength, Stamina, and Personality. If Strength or Stamina is higher than Personality, the higher score of the two is exchanged for Personality. Then, if Strength or Stamina is higher than Agility, the higher score of the two is exchanged for Agility. Finally, if Strength is higher than Stamina, swap the two scores. Lunar people arrive with no significant equipment, unless they have (useless) artificial wings. When rolling profession and birth auger, feel free to rename the results to better match the character's alien quality. If a demi-human profession is rolled, re-roll.

Lunar Centaur

Lunar Centaur: Init +1; Atk javelin +3 missile (1d6+2) or bite +0 melee (1d3+2); AC 14; HD 2d8; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +0; AL C.

These creatures are as large as terrestrial centaurs, but they have hands instead of hooves, and can use any of their limbs as manipulators. When in combat, they can rise up on their hind legs and use four limbs to fight. These creatures usually carry 1d3 javelins each. Their teeth are sharp and their jaws can deliver powerful bites. Although they are able to speak, they are not particularly smart or wise. They eat the flesh of any beings they meet, and will even consume their own dead.

Graceful Wormfolk

Graceful Wormfolk: Init +4; Atk bite +2 melee (1d3); AC 14; HD 2d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP swallow whole, half damage from bludgeoning weapons; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +0; AL N.

These creatures appear like sylvan humanoids, but their bones are semi-elastic, allowing them to bend and weave in ways no human ever could. Instead of fingers and toes, they have manipulative tentacles. They are very beautiful, with pale orange skin, dark orange hair, large eyes, and smiling faces. In many ways they are physically the same as humans, and their nudity reveals this clearly. Females outnumber males 3 to 1. Their speech is a form of beautiful singing that is full of keenly felt and worshipful joy. When encountered, graceful wormfolk will make great efforts to communicate – singing, gesturing, bowing, and smiling.

And then, if the PCs offer no magical means to bridge the language barrier, the graceful wormfolk will determine that they are merely sentient-seeming animals, and attempt to devour them.

When attacking, the wormfolk's mouths gape open enormously due to their flexible bone structures. If a wormfolk rolls a natural "20" it swallows its target whole, distending horribly around the clearly visible form of the cocooned victim. Only if the victim has a tiny weapon, such as a dagger, in his hand can he do anything, and even then he attacks at -1d on the dice chain, and without the benefit of any Strength bonus. A Mighty Deed of 4+ can draw a sheathed weapon and attack.

A swallowed victim can only be cut out of a wormfolk once the swallower is dead. Even if communication is established, a wormfolk cannot voluntarily disgorge a meal. It's very embarrassing, and they would not have done it if they knew the victim was truly sentient, but there you have it. Nothing to do now but collect what gear passes through the wormfolk's digestive tract.

The swallowed victim automatically takes 1d4 damage each round from powerful digestive enzymes, continuing even after the wormfolk is dead, until he is cut out (requiring a full round). Worse, the swallowed victim takes damage equal to half any successful attack causes the wormfolk who swallowed him. On the other hand, once a wormfolk has swallowed a victim in this manner, it can no longer attack.

Fungus Creature

Fungus Creature: Init +0; Atk sting +1 melee (1d3); AC 12; HD 2d6; MV 20' or climb 10'; Act 3d20; SP infection; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

This creature appears to be a lumpy purple toadstool, 3 feet high, walking on nine spidery legs. Three long stings rise out of its "cap", each pointed in a different direction. Any creature stung must make a DC 13 Fort save or be infested. A purple patch grows after 1d3 hours. Thereafter, the infected character takes 1 point of Stamina damage and 1d3 points of Personality damage each day as the fungus spreads. If the character's Stamina reaches 0, he dies. If the character's Personality reaches 0, he lapses into a coma. In any event, after 5 days the character can produce a swarm of fungal wasps once per day, which is active for 1d6+1 rounds. The fungus can be cured as a disease during the first four days, but after this it requires direct divine intervention to cure.

Fungal Wasp Swarm: Init +5; Atk swarm (1d4-2); AC 9; HD 1d8; MV fly 40'; Act special; SP sting all targets in a 10 x 10 area, infection; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +0; AL N.

This is a swarm of thousands of misshapen violet-black wasps. It is immune to, or takes half damage from, non-area attacks, depending upon their nature and the evaluation of the Judge. The swarm automatically rolls for damage against any creature within its space (minimum 0). A creature taking no damage is at no risk of infection (otherwise Fort DC 10 avoids).

Parting Shots

By Daniel J. Bishop

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Ironroach Swarm

Ironroach swarm: Init +0; Atk bites +0 melee (1d6); AC 20; HD 3d8; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP swarm traits, gains bonus hp from *magic missiles*; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +0; AL N.

An individual ironroach is about an inch long, with a hard carapace made of rust-flaked iron. They feed on iron and steel, as well as on flesh and plant matter, which they use to build up their armoured carapaces. When they attack as a swarm, ironroaches are dangerous foes.

An ironroach swarm is a conglomerate of crawling ironroaches (they are too heavy to fly) that covers a roughly 5-foot diameter space. Multiple swarms may be encountered together to cover more space. Like all swarms, ironroaches are only vulnerable to area affecting attacks and magic. Ironroaches, however, are immune to *magic missiles*, which dissolve when they come into contact with the swarm, giving the swarm bonus hit points equal to the damage which the *magic missiles* would otherwise have done.

An ironroach swarm always attacks the most heavily armoured creature, seeking to devour its armour as well as its flesh. The swarm reduces the AC bonus of metal armour by 1 for every 1d4 weeks spent devouring it, so there is a chance to recover lost armour if a party does not wait too long. A body is devoured much more quickly, and is reduced to bones in a matter of 1d6 days.

Siren Bush

This shrub is able to hear, and can thus detect creatures within a range of about 200 feet. It can mimic sounds and cries of distress, but these sounds are actually telepathic, and, because the plant is not intelligent, there is a 25% chance that anything heard will include (or be) nonsensical.

These telepathic calls are intended to entice creatures to within a 30-foot range, where its pheromones can cause drowsiness and sleep. A creature within this radius must make a DC 10 Fort save or fall asleep. Creatures that fail this save cannot be awakened so long as they remain within the 30-foot radius, and it takes 1d6 minutes for them to wake them thereafter. Even a creature that succeeds in its saving throw is groggy, and all actions are decreased by one die down the dice chain (including attack rolls and initiative) for 1d6 minutes.

Awakened creatures are groggy for 2d6 minutes after waking up.

A siren bush has no actual attacks, and relies upon affected creatures dying of exposure and starvation for its fertilizer. It can uproot itself and move slowly on four short, thick root stems, but this form of locomotion is too slow to be seen by normal observation. At the most, a siren bush can move about 5 feet over the course of a week.

A siren bush can be destroyed by 25 points of damage delivered with a chopping weapon against AC 10.

Trusk

Trusk worker: Init -1; Atk by weapon +0 melee (by weapon); AC 9; HD 1d4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +0, Will -1; AL L.

Trusk warrior: Init +0; Atk by weapon +1 melee (by weapon); AC 10; HD 1d6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

Trusk Queen: Init -5; Atk bite +4 melee (1d8); AC 8; HD 4d8; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SV Fort +4, Ref -3, Will +6; AL L.

The trusk are a matriarchal humanoid species, averaging 4½ to 5 feet in height. These creatures appear to be human-like in most respects, but their pink skin is abnormally wrinkly, their front teeth seem elongated, and they do not favour clothing.

They live in networks of tunnels under the desert sands, as did the naked mole rats from which they were engineered, and have a culture of castes, with definite workers, warriors, and a queen. The queen is considerably larger, being 8-10 feet long, and being the mother of the entire colony. Although intelligent, the queen is quadrupedal, as were the trusk ancestors, attacking with sabre-like front teeth.

The trusk still worship the Upmoni, which uplifted them from being mere animals.

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