

The Islands OF Purple-Haunted Putrescence



An old school weird science-fantasy
campaign setting and wilderness hex-crawl
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Caution: mature content!

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FOREWORD

When I was small, I remember looking out through the large window of my second-story bedroom. The picturesque view showed miles and miles of houses, hills, and fields. On one particular day – echoing over and over again in my mind, I’m quite sure – a notion came to me, “Years from now, I will conquer those lands by sorcery and sword.”

I’ve found a home in the Old School Renaissance. An outsider by nature, I don’t usually adhere to groups or rules or authorities. As a child, I never colored inside the lines. That worried my teachers. Today, some might believe me insane because I follow a different path: escapism. Rather than live content in this world, I’m creating another... a reality closer to what I consider ideal. Yes, my beliefs are not like others.

Fantasy roleplaying is escapism, but what is that exactly? What are we escaping from and how are we attempting to break out? Anyone can buy an authentic medieval sword at a gaming convention or Renaissance Faire but that’s not the same as living in an age of Dragons and Sorcery. I long to live in such an age...

Roleplaying games are my way of cheating mundane life. There’s no difference between remembering something that actually happened in real life and recalling an event that happened in our imagination, except what we tell ourselves after the fact, where we store the details, the places we consciously keep those memories. Filing an experience under “Reality” has a different taste than one filed under “Demonic Alienage.” However, I believe that’s only semantics, consensus reality, conforming to society, whatever you want to call it.

For me, I place most of my gaming reality on a pedestal high above my everyday reality. The former is stronger than the latter... better. That decision is up to me, and I consciously choose nameless monstrosities, flashing steel sheathed in gore, and faces appearing out of green flame rather than any of the mundane bullshit we all have to go through day in and day out.

I’m in the minority, of course. That’s ok. Perhaps it’s even a good thing. Too many gonzo subjectivists out there might collapse the status quo. If that sounds like *In the Mouth of Madness*, then we’re on the same page.

I hope this campaign book serves you well. It’s not the end-all, be-all of fantasy worlds; merely a familiar taste with hints of something else... something distinctively weird. Even if you know all the references and can name the origin of every monster, magic item, and encounter, I’m still counting on *The Islands of Purple-Haunted Putrescence* to fascinate you. If I’ve done that, then I’ve done all I set out to do. And if I haven’t, well maybe something about it or me will really piss you off. I’ll take that. Anything but average!

VS

Voyage to the Purple Islands

Zerrett waited in the Library of the Ancients for his master's return. As time passed, Zerrett's mind wandered back to his old life. He wondered what a swordsman of his stature was doing here, away from the battlefield. He remembered all the days of preparation, overturning wagon wheels until his body felt like a quivering newborn. It took him over a year of strength training to effectively wield his mighty Dwarven war-axe, Ivarrol. Perpetually black with blood and runes, faintly glowing like unhallowed doom as it hacked his foes into pieces. Zerrett had been killing the enemies of S'kyrn even before he was strong enough to hold Ivarrol over his head. It was a way of life.

Now, the warrior's axe leaned against a corner of his bedroom, collecting dust instead of gory crimson strands. Zerrett imagined the weapon restless, yearning... his soul the same – crying out for the once familiar sights and sounds of combat.

"What am I doing in a place like this?" He said to dust and shadows.

As Zerrett paced back and forth, a book fell from the decrepit stacks. It opened to an illustration of a Snake-Man slicing through a human's chest with a scimitar. The image fascinated him; Zerrett didn't expect to enjoy it so, but he did. The curving steel death ripped the man down his center. It made Zerrett long for the crusades of his youth.

Zerrett had only seen Snake-Men a handful of times, in drawings and in dreams. They were said to have lived aeons ago in subterranean cities. He'd been taught some of their history, part of an oral tradition passed down from his father. The serpentine folk were conquerors. They knew the exquisite beauty of slaughter just as they knew the dark secrets of sorcery.

"I see you've been reading." Said Master Lynd.

"No, it fell open to that page." Zerrett said, cradling the withered volume in his hands. "I was just admiring the artwork."

Master Lynd considered his charge for a moment. S'kyrn had fallen in the great war, just as the Dwarven kingdoms fell centuries ago. Though not technically a slave, Zerrett wasn't a free man. After the fall of S'kyrn, Zerrett's people were assigned to the Asgochians. It was a slow and painful process to reeducate the S'kyrnians. Many could not shake their ancestral bloodlust, Zerrett being a prime example.

"Thousands of years ago, the Snake-Men ruled this world, brutally. The heavens thick with Wyrms Riders..." Lynd's voice trailed off as he remembered something black and formless like the void.

"Ancient history." Zerrett said.

"Not according to the prophecy. Upon some accursed night of this very aeon, the Snake-Men threatened to return and assume their rightful place. Not just deep within the mountains and below the land but everywhere."

"If they return, we shall destroy them."

"Many will try. Of course, there will be a few who choose the opposite, those drawn to Chaos. Thankfully, the realm is in short supply of wizards."

"Some of my people call the Snake-Men fiction."

"I'm not surprised. Your kind are little more than barbarians from our perspective."

"What do you know of S'kyrn and its men... beyond what I've told you?"

"Do you know where the name of your country comes from? S'kyrn was the name of an emperor, a Snake-Man." Lynd noticed the young man silently scoff. "It's true."

"I doubt that."

"Nevertheless."

Zerrett placed the book back upon the stone shelf. "Do you believe in prophecy?"

"The Snake-Men did. But then, they believed in all sorts of strange and blasphemous things." The Asgochian studied the library's crumbling stacks until he found the right book. "Here it is... the purple islands."

"I've heard of them."

"And what have you heard?"

"Purple sand along the beaches, so dark they look almost black from a distance."

"What else?" Lynd inquired.

"Isn't that where the Snake-Men are from?"

"No, it's where the last of them died. We're setting sail for the islands tomorrow. I wanted to surprise you."

"Very well." Zerrett sighed.

"I thought you'd be more excited. After all, there's sure to be plenty of battle. A chance for you and that giant axe of yours to become reacquainted." His charge beamed with anticipation. Lynd returned the smile.



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INTRODUCTION

It's hard to imagine the impact of just a few words. Tell players that the land is green and lush, birds singing, and people laughing. They get a certain idea of the environment. Contrast that with a land of broken concrete and molten fire. Words trigger images in the mind while mental landscapes develop almost on their own. GMs have a lot of power because their words come first. They define the world. Players come up with assumptions, expectations, and theories based upon those GM definitions.

People only travel to the purple islands infrequently. It is this lack of tourism that gives it mystery. After all, every place is a bit weird once you first lay eyes on it. Those seeking adventure will find it. Those brought to the islands against their will should have their hands full.

While a GM could go for broke at the onset, he may want to show some restraint. Let's say that one GM tells players their characters approach an icy glacial landmass burning with magical fire as purple fish-head holograms ululate while gumdrops rain from the sky, exploding into a thousand prismatic Leprechauns.

Another way to go is to reply upon what players would normally expect from a mysterious island, and then every so often subvert their expectations with something bizarre. That's going to get a GM farther regarding the players' willful suspension of disbelief. The previous paragraph is not only too weird to properly imagine, it smacks of desperation. Don't try too hard. Go with subtlety until it's time to stop pulling your punches – at that point, hit them with everything you've got!

In the end, it doesn't matter exactly what the setting details are, as long as, they're intriguing and consistent. Fostering a certain mood, theme, and atmosphere is also important, assuming the GM is trying to achieve immersive storytelling rather than a convenient location for carnage.

Without further ado, let's get to the islands purple!

This is a land of jungle and stone bordered by eldritch beaches of violet-black sand. Ruins of cities, temples, and statues litter the landscape, interspersed with the cyclopean remains of godlike worms. Spawned by the Great Old Ones, these draconic leviathans covered with eyes and tentacles roamed the skies aeons ago, commanded by the infernal sorcery of Snake-Men. Millennia after their extinction, crystals began to form – an energy source for the pylons, able to open gateways to other dimensions.

Before and after, the islands were visited by beings from

beyond the stars. Their impact is still felt through the advanced technology they left behind. Amidst warlike machinery and alien devices walk gigantic reptiles, arachnids, and scorpions. Monkey-people live side-by-side with androids and sinister cultists.

When it rains, organic life mutates; afterwards, a hideous lavender mist chokes those foolish enough to wander the landscape. The iridescent corrosion of purple drifts overhead – a force of nature – it seizes humanoids in one of its thousand tentacles before inhaling them.

Beginning Notes

Just like the first module I published, *Liberation of the Demon Slayer*, there are some optional rules for the GM. These are specific to *The Islands of Purple-Haunted Putrescence*; however, there's no reason why such alternative suggestions from either book cannot be mixed and matched as the GM sees fit. Cherry pick as you will.

Nevertheless, the GM must be made aware that most of these are game changers! The faint of heart might have to wuss-out right about now before things get started, but those with hero's blood flowing through their veins can hack it, I'm quite sure. The optional rules will spice things up. After all, it's not enough to run around with laser pistols blasting the bejeezus out of reptoid ninja. The governing laws of fantasy physics must also, upon occasion, be subject to change.

VSD6

For years, I had players roll a variable amount of dice (2d6 for easy, 3d6 for average, 4d6 for difficult, etc.) trying to hit their character's ability score or lower. If they did, success. If they didn't, failure. Not very dynamic.

What I've created here - influenced by what must be over a hundred different d6 game mechanics - is a system of narrative leverage. Instead of pass/fail, there are interesting shades of grey that a competent GM can use to his advantage, improving the roleplaying experience for all.

The VSD6 system can be used any time an action is attempted outside of conventional combat maneuvers. That means if a character wants to use a skill, lift a portcullis, or kick the sorcerer's wand out of his hand before he blasts you again, this can be your go-to game mechanic...

Roll a dice pool of d6's. Only take note of the single highest number rolled, except in cases of critical success. The GM and relevant player(s) should calculate each dice pool together. Traditionally, the lion's share of calculation falls upon the GM's shoulders, but players are encouraged to negotiate their dice pool based upon prevailing conditions. Excessive whining, bitching, and complaining, however, may provoke a -1d6 penalty [cue Evil Laugh!].

If the highest number rolled is a 6, that means "complete success". A 5 means "mostly successful" or "success but with a minor complication or catch". A 4 means "partial or half success". A 3 means "mostly failure" or "failure but with a silver lining". A 2 means "unsuccessful", the attempt did not succeed. And a 1 means "Disaster!"; not only does the attempt fail but, additionally, something unexpectedly bad occurs. Multiple 6's means "critical or outstanding success!"

To put things in simple terms, let me present the system's essence: if a character should have an excellent chance of success, have the player roll 3d6; if a character should have a moderate chance of success, then 2d6 should be rolled; if a character only has a relatively small chance of success, then reduce the player's dice pool to 1d6. Characters with hardly any chance at all roll 2d6, taking the lower of the two results. That's it. However, if you want more - subtlety, nuance, intricacy, and options - everything that follows should suffice...

- If there are two 6's rolled in the dice pool that means a critical success: you make it look easy, accomplish it in record time, or do it with stylistic flourish. Three 6's means super-critical success: above and beyond expectations resulting in more than you thought possible. Four 6's means hyper-critical success: all of the aforementioned benefits, plus the next time you attempt the same action under similar conditions, you get an automatic 6 in your dice pool.
- Take 5! Characters with a dice pool of 4 or more can accept a result of 5 instead of rolling.
- 1d6 is standard. The average character attempting an ordinary action under normal circumstances without any special skill, training, background, experience, or aptitude will only have 1d6 to roll. Characters who find themselves with an empty dice pool (0d6) must work a little harder to at least have something to roll. Ingenuity!

[Optional rule #1] If the action is exceptionally innovative and well described, GMs may grant characters a 1d6 minimum dice pool to at least have a chance at success.

[Optional rule #2] A character with a zero dice pool may roll 2d6, discarding the greater of the two.

- If a character attempts something having relevant skill, training, background, and/or experience, then add a d6 to the dice pool.
- If the character has a relevant ability score of 7 or lower (well below average), then subtract a d6 from the pool. If he has a relevant ability score of 15 or higher (well above average), then add a d6.
- If someone (or something) aids the character, then add a d6... provided that aiding character has some skill, training, background, and/or experience relevant to the task at hand. Same goes for characters aided by an appropriate tool, device, or apparatus. Normally, these bonuses are not added together or "stacked", but the GM is the final arbiter in this matter.
- Awesomely imaginative/inventive actions that are outside the box and described by the player add a d6.
- Relatively easy actions add a d6.
- Subtract a d6 if there's an overwhelming force working against the character.
- Subtract a d6 if the attempted action is particularly challenging.
- Subtract a d6 if the character is in a debilitated state, handicapped in some way, or is suffering from a major wound.
- If the active character wishes to make a quick, fast, simple, or minor action (one that doesn't require its own roll) in addition to the one he's attempting in a single round, he must declare his intention before rolling his dice pool, as 1d6 should be taken away to allow for the extra, albeit brief, action. Quick actions might entail: drinking a readied potion, dodging a bullet, parrying a sword thrust, shouting for help, moving 5', or taking the safety off a handgun.

A standard action (standard in length of time and scope of tactics, yet effortless or reflexive to perform) should reduce an active character's dice pool by 2d6. This is no different than two quick actions in the same round. Standard actions might include swinging a sword, casting a spell, firing an arrow, firing a laser pistol, reading a scroll, or moving more than 5'.

Actions substantial enough to require a dice pool calculation

reduces a character's dice pool by 3d6 (also equal to a standard action and a quick action or three quick actions in the same round). The player may decide how to allocate his 3d6 reduction between both actions. For instance, a PC who wants to bullwhip a thug around the throat and throw a ruby the size of a monkey's head across a chasm in the same round might have dice pools of 3d6 and 4d6 respectively. The player could choose to reduce his whip action by 1d6 and his throw by 2d6 leaving him with dice pools of 2d6 for each.

- Characters can save up their dice for a rainy day! Simply keep a d6 or more of your dice pool in reserve until you really, really need it. However, a dice pool modified by reserved dice cannot be more than double the original dice pool. Furthermore, reserving dice cannot reduce the current dice pool below 1d6.

Let's say a PC is about to shoot a phaser at the mirrored surface of a black pylon in order to hit an enemy hiding for cover behind an Ancient Wyrms skeleton. Based on the GM's calculations, he has a dice pool of 4d6. However, the player feels that's overkill, so he decides to only roll 3d6 and keep 1d6 in reserve. Later in the session, the PC tries to figure out the symbols on a high-tech scrying device. He gets a 2d6 dice pool, but isn't really interested enough to give it his all. He decides to roll 1d6 and save 1d6. Finally, at session's end,

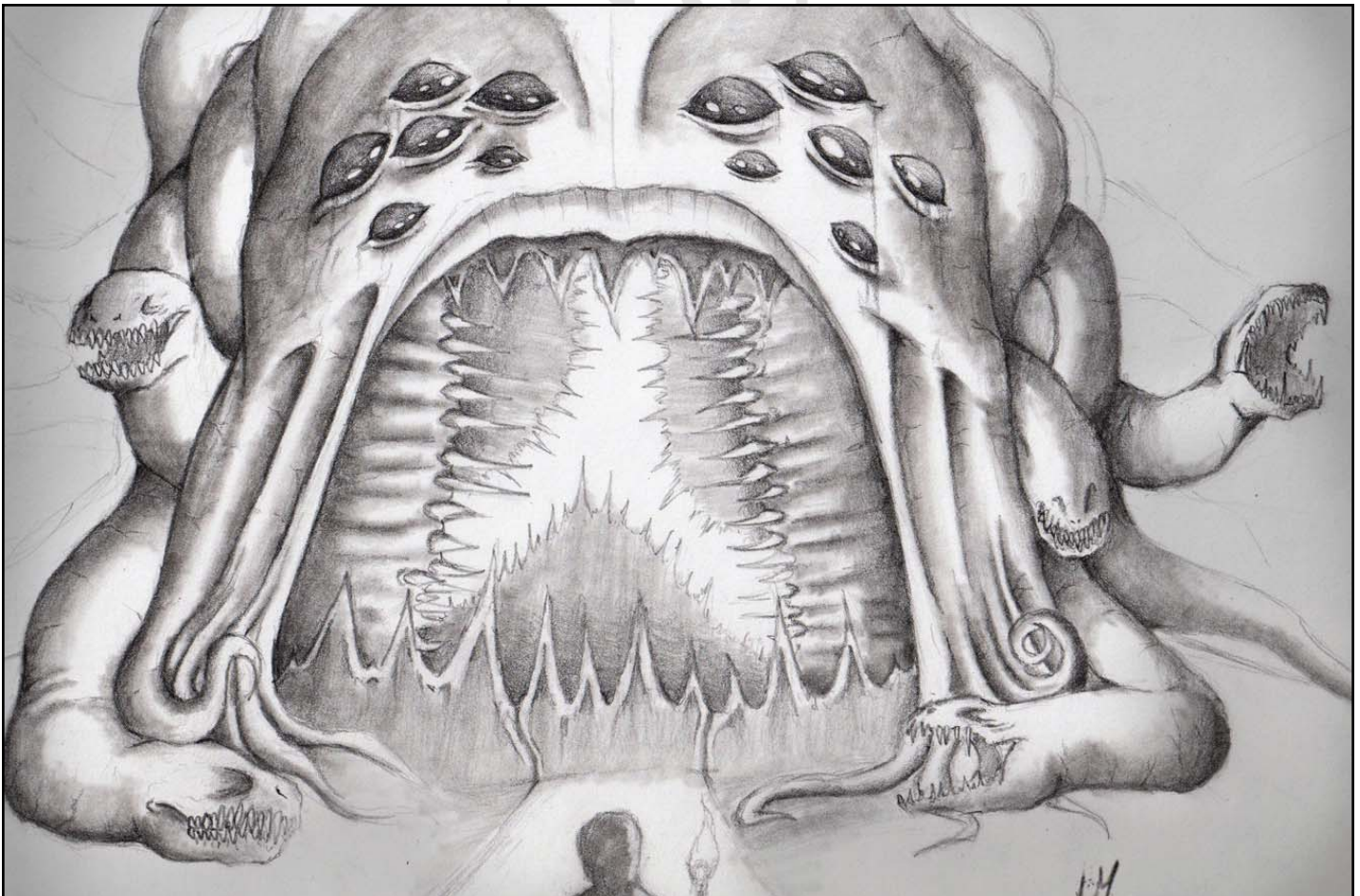
the PC attempts to hurl his sword into a cyclops' eye. In this case, the dice pool is set at 2d6, but the player wants to "cash in" that extra 2d6 for a total of 4d6 (giving him the option to "take 5").

If the player wanted to improve his character's last action to 5d6 (assuming he had enough dice in reserve), he wouldn't be able to because the original dice pool cannot exceed twice that amount. GMs should watch out for "juicing". Intentional or not, players might have their character attempt an inconsequential action just so dice can be saved for later. If the action attempted is relatively meaningless, then forego rolling; simply have the inconsequential action succeed. No dice pool, no opportunity for juicing.

Also, at the end of a session, any unused reserve dice are divided in half (round down) in expectation of the following session.

Small Edges for Grand Visions

All games have rules of one kind or another and some rules act as motivators. An incentive can work wonders and little rewards go a long way.



As GMs, we like to see players tell a story with their words, setting up their actions with vivid details... maybe even some internal dialog. The best kind of active participation in an RPG is the collaborative description between the GM and players. Everyone at the game table is witnessing a new reality unfold as they are immersed within it.

Taking what one person said and building on it is an important piece of the puzzle. When the GM says, "His hands turn green as he prepares a spell", the player could say a variety of things. "I put up my shield" is one response. "Just before he shoots something from his luminous fingers I raise my shield for protection" is another. Repeating one or two details from the last person speaking reinforces it, adding another layer of reality. If the whole table is using repetition along with adding their own tiny details, the game gets bigger, stronger, deeper, and more powerful.

If you give Mark a blank piece of paper and he hands you back an essay, drawing, or origami flamingo, then, in my opinion, he deserves a bonus. So, I propose giving players a +1 to most of their d20 rolls after they've taken the time and effort to briefly make their actions come to life. If players can repeat something that was previously said while adding their own two cents, that's even better! Here are a few examples...

- "Harrod is consumed with envy. He wants that artifact for himself. When the warrior's back is turned, I casually reach into my robes, draw out my lightning wand, and electrocute the hell out of my armored rival."
- "Starring into the beast's eyes, I give him the death-glare as learned from my father. Then I bury my axe in its head."
- "As I see the wizard casting his spell, I dive for cover beneath a piece of spaceship debris."

Perhaps...

When GMing, I frequently come across great questions. Players ask me the most insightful and intriguing things from the viewpoint of their characters. When confronted by one of these questions, I sometimes want to say "Hell yeah!" These questions are actually suggestions in disguise. But I know that I can't unequivocally say "yes" to every suggestion uttered, especially when multiple suggestions are diametrically opposed to each other.

Sure, many ideas thrown out into the ether were originally posed to benefit their own character rather than consideration of the larger campaign world, yet implementing them could

improve the session overall. Here are a few examples: "Is there something down in that well? Could the beast's paralyzing eyestalk be used to create a wand of paralysis? Do any of those mountains look volcanic?" For such questions, I use a standard 33% chance.

If there's a chance of something potentially cool, interesting, dangerous, or wacky occurring, then I roll the percentage dice. If it comes up 33 or lower, then whatever was suggested occurs or will eventually take place.

However, if it's more shades of gray than yes or no, you could adapt the VSd6 mechanic to determine how lucky and/or insightful a character is in a particular scene with 1d6 on a long shot, 2d6 as standard, and 3d6 if circumstances are likely or the GM is feeling generous.

New School Options for Old School Combat

Some GMs won't want to mess around with stuff like this. Others are happy porting whatever 3rd or 4th edition rules into their old school campaign wholesale. However, there might be a few in the middle who'd like a different version. Not watered down, but softened. I know that as a GM with strong OSR preferences, I don't want combat utterly dominated by such things as attacks of opportunity, flanking, and so forth.

If a combatant is moving through one or more enemies, or would normally incur some kind of opportunistic strike, only one such attack (per group/side, not per character) can be made in a round and that's at -4 to hit.

If multiple opponents are attacking a single target, each attacker gets a +1 bonus to hit and damage regarding that particular target. However, the bonus is negated if attackers have to contend with more than a single opponent. For example, three knights face two Trolls. Two of the knights would like to focus their energies on just one Troll. Unfortunately, they must defend against the attacks or possible attacks of both Trolls and so will not get the +1 bonus. If the combat persists until only a single Troll is left, then all three knights may gang up against the remaining monster. At that time, each knight would receive a +1 bonus to hit and damage until either the Troll was killed or a new distraction arose.

One-Shot Disclaimer

I have a confession to make: I hate being forced to do something; the more rigid and structured it is, the less I like

it. I'd much rather play by my own rules, forging a path as I go along. Unfortunately, just going with the flow and seeing what happens can lead to pointless meandering which can lead to unhappy players. And I hate unhappy players more than I hate following an adamant formula.

Campaigns can stretch out long enough to eventually make a circle, the end tying into the beginning so everything feels complete. Since session adventures don't have the luxury of time and without a sense of closure a one-shot can seem lacking. One-shots should have certain things in a certain order. I've tried winging it plenty of times and now realize the bullet must be bit and a structure should be followed.

Here is a basic outline I came up with. Feel free to play around with the format. The important thing is that you've thought about some kind of structure. Because we live in a media saturated society where storytelling assails us day in and day out, players have expectations. Subverting them can occasionally seem fresh and dynamic, but more often than not players will come away dissatisfied.

- Introduction - Set the scene. Where is this place, this world? What's going on?
- Get everyone together - Who are the individual characters and why are they here? How do they know each other? Do they have some place in the world?
- Bring the hammer down - Something bad happens or is about to happen. PCs must struggle to overcome.
- Explicitly or implicitly suggest a goal - At least the bad stuff has a light at the end of the tunnel, something to work towards. What is it? Doesn't have to be super-specific.
- Present a challenge or complication - Before they start marching towards their goal, there's some kind of development: A minor problem to sidestep, vanquish, or figure out.
- Give everyone a chance to explore - Let the PCs interact with the weirdness, give them room to breathe and run wild.
- Danger! - Get them back on track with an in-your-face threat.
- Discovery! - The PCs learn something new, one of the following: gives them a bigger piece of the islands puzzle, a way of dealing with multiple lesser but more immediate (individual) goals, or knowledge on obtaining their main goal.

- Roleplaying with the (somewhat) civilized inhabitants - After having to rely totally on themselves, the PCs finally make potential friends or allies. However, it could very easily end badly if everyone isn't careful.
- Journey interrupted by combat - The PCs set out for their specific destination. At least for now, this is their mission. Before reaching their objective, the PCs encounter foes that they must battle.
- Deal with the goal's chief obstacle - PCs must overcome whatever is preventing them from just walking in and taking what they desire most.
- Get what they came for or what the adventurers deserve - The chief obstacle is defeated. PCs can now get what they need... unless they don't. But even if their hopes are dashed, there should at least be a silver lining.
- Conclusion - Wrap it up. Give the PCs closure. Tie up loose ends. Relate to the players how their characters' actions will influence the world in some way.

Uniqueness Counts

Before the first session, each player should tell the GM something about his character that is not written anywhere on the character sheet. One thing that defines him other than his race, class, level, ability scores, etc. This should include one or more details about the PC. The point is that characters are more than the sum of their numbers and stats. If that one thing can apply to a situation during the game, then some kind of bonus should be conferred upon that character.

Even Darker Secrets

Those of you familiar with Liberation of the Demon Slayer will know about dark secrets. In exchange for an ability re-roll at character creation, PCs must roll upon the Dark Secrets table. The little extra bit of internal conflict or dramatic backstory gives players something to work with, plus rolling 3d6 in order six times (seven if you count fortune) usually turns up a couple of abysmal results in the neighborhood of 4, 5, or 6.

The following are darker secrets. These can get adventurers into more trouble than their predecessors and will surely affect the role of that character in a negative way (though it should be a great roleplaying opportunity). PCs who want two attribute re-rolls must take their chances on the Darker

Secrets table! GMs might want to warn players... the Darker Secrets table plays for keeps.

Darker Secrets Table	
Roll	Result
1	You frequently have apocalyptic visions (each day there's a 1 in 6 chance). This could be anything from stigmata to seeing mysterious rays of light to Devil marks upon certain individuals.
2	An alien thing has taken over your body. It has thoroughly replaced you. In time, you'll need to find a new host body.
3	It was decided that you should be the sacrificial lamb to restore the land to its former glory, but you ran away instead of accepting this great honor.
4	You butchered your entire family because of some terrible, unforgiveable grievance.
5	A prophecy states that a trusted companion will kill you.
6	Deep down, you have a special fondness for spiders and spider-like beings. You believe arachnids are a superior race compared to your own kind.
7	An insane mother who claimed to have knowledge of the future raised you to be a great military leader. When faced with an important decision, roll a d6. On a 1, you display an inferiority complex. On a 2, you turn into an egotistical megalomaniac.
8	You believe yourself to be a martyr, persecuted for your strange religious beliefs and will do anything to die in the name of your god or in service to his glorious cause.
9	You have an extreme death wish and will gladly sacrifice yourself when the outcome looks bleak.
10	You were raised by a father who belonged to the Purple Tongue, a sect of fanatics somewhere on the islands. Upon arrival, you must ritually sacrifice a humanoid within three days.
11	For whatever reason, you are certain that this life is not real – perhaps it's a dream, illusion, or computer simulation. This truth affects everything you do.
12	You're a serial killer who cannot get enough blood on his hands.
13	After losing your wife and children in a recent war, you want nothing more than to see the world burn. If you can help bring about the apocalypse, then you will.

14	You were convicted of rape (on multiple counts). After serving a small part of your sentence, you successfully escaped from prison. But how long until the royal guard catches up to you?
15	Your mother and father were brother and sister. Being a product of incest you're either physically sensitive [01 – 55%] or emotionally cruel [51 – 100%]... with 5% chance of both.
16	One of your hands is actually a slimy green tentacle with suckers on the underside.
17	You have webbed hands and feet, but you're capable of holding your breath underwater approximately three times longer than the average humanoid.
18	You're extremely nearsighted (which cannot be corrected by lenses or magic). You have a -4 to hit anything farther than 20' away.
19	You're extremely allergic to exotic foods. There's a 1 in 6 chance that you swell up when eating unfamiliar cuisine. Swelling subsides in about 6 hours.
20	You're an ooze-lover and can only become physically aroused by being in the presence of slime, gelatin, or ooze.

FLASHBACK

Sometimes, writing a couple of paragraphs of backstory isn't enough. Words on a page aren't the same as roleplaying a very short scene or vignette. At character creation, choose or randomly roll a backstory vignette for each PC.

The following are snippets from a character's past, something he's already gone through. It's not for determining if the PC lives or dies, but what shaped him months or years ago. As soon as a vignette is rolled or chosen, the GM describes the scene and waits for the player to describe his character's actions. If the player seems stumped, the GM could say, "What do you do?" at the end of each dramatic situation.

1. You see a pretty but slightly odd-looking young woman standing on a street corner. She's wearing a frilly white dress. Moments later, an older gentleman dressed in the tell-tale black robes of a wizard walks up and stands close behind her. The sorcerer places his thin bony hand upon her throat. The woman freezes in terror as his grip tightens.
2. You're late for an appointment at the Thieves' Guild. They want to question you about something that happened a couple of nights ago. Just before reaching

the wrought-iron gate leading to the Guild's entrance, you notice a seedy looking rogue throwing a body out of a Guild window into the alley below.

3. You were never on good terms with your stepfather, but tonight he's in a particularly dark and drunken mood. You accidentally spill a little wine on his cloak. Raising his fist in anger, your stepfather calls upon the Ancient Ones to take your soul. His eyes are filled with hatred.
4. Returning home from a short campaign in the western lands, sword and shield in hand, you discover your wife (or husband) in bed with your eldest sibling.
5. In the dead of night, you sought the wisdom of a demon – this demon is legendary as an oracle. Asking him about your fate, the demon begins insulting you. First, claiming that you're a bastard. Then, describing how disloyal and traitorous you are until he's practically frothing at the mouth with insults.
6. While writing a letter to a friend in the confines of a local temple, a wizard walks up to you. He asks to borrow your pen – but not the ink. [Even if the PC says no, he snatches it up anyways]. The wizard proceeds to creep up behind the high priest of this temple and stabs him in the eye with the borrowed pen. It goes all the way into the brain, killing the priest. At which point, the wizard vanishes.
7. You get separated from the rest of your raiding party. A beautiful woman appears to you deep in the forest. "Stay with me this night while your companions fight the Vorkons. I will make it worth your while." [If he spends the night with her, he finds the rest of the raiding party dead next morning. If he refuses, then he rejoins them, fights, and wins... but is permanently crippled in the battle.]
8. Your sister Venissa just gave birth to a baby boy. The first to visit her after the delivery, you notice the infant has a third eye – on the back of his left calf. Venissa hasn't noticed yet. This is a superstitious and god-fearing city. Such strange deformities have ruined greater families than yours.
9. Your family has lived in this house for many years. A year ago, your father died during an Orc raid on the town - not as a defender, but as a civilian casualty. Unfortunately, the crown doesn't compensate families for such things. Due to outstanding tax payments you're being forced to vacate the premises. Two town

guards and an administrator have just entered your home and said you have one hour to leave.

10. A fortnight ago, the City Fathers announced a contest – whoever could design a way into the ruins of Casillado would receive 100 gold pieces. You and your best friend were hard at work on the problem, as the money is much needed by both your families. Now, during a heated debate, you insulted him after he called you a thief and a liar. He draws a dagger from its sheath and crouches down, preparing for an attack.
11. In a dream you live a different life, some other time and place. You're dreaming at this very moment about worshiping some malevolent entity – its name unknown to you – but one of enormous power. In the dream, this entity whispers something you can hear with your mind, "Be my faithful servant of Chaos and thou shall be rewarded."
12. There's a young maiden, beautiful and virtuous, who was betrothed to you for a short while... before your family fell into disfavor. Since that reversal of fortune, she hasn't so much as given you a second glance. On a warm sunny day, you find yourself walking in the nearby woods. In a clearing, you see her conversing with some Demon or Devil. The infernal creature gives her something, placing a small object in her hand before vanishing in a puff of smoke.
13. You were just investigating the disturbance of burial sites and disappearance of corpses, but then as you knelt beside a freshly disturbed grave, the caretaker walked by. He believes you are the perpetrator and is moving towards you with a wicked looking dagger. Looks like he's going to take matters into his own hands.
14. A swordsman you admire strolls into town. Before he has time to reach the first tavern, the blade master ridicules one of your friends - a young man with a gimpy leg and speech impediment.
15. As your wife endures labor, you sit in the Fiery Phoenix. Across the bar, another man is doing the same. After a few minutes of overheard conversation, you realize he's waiting for the birth of his child with your woman!?!
16. A known member of the local assassin's guild taps you on the shoulder. He says, "I'm looking for a middle-aged, one-eyed man named Harrod. Know where I could find him?" The assassin just described your father.

17. A year ago, you were investigating the tomb of an ancient king. During your subterranean foray, you stumble upon a lone Snake-Man clothed in bilious green and gold robes clawing his way towards a stone sarcophagus.
18. For insulting Lord Thisstle's honor, your brother is about to duel a well known warrior. This is a fight to the death. While your brother is skilled with a sword, you're a slightly better swordsman - yet still not as good as the warrior your brother's about to face.
19. You're wandering around a magic shop in the cosmopolitan city of Jervlank when a baby wrapped in a purple blanket is pushed into your arms by a veiled woman. Her eyes briefly meet yours before she runs into a crowd, leaving you with the cooing infant.
20. Though it's not your true vocation, Father wants you to take up the sword, becoming a warrior like himself. That was never your calling. In fact, a sword feels odd in your soft, delicate sixteen year old hands. At dinner, Father tells you that a decision must be made: either start training to become a swordsman or leave home tomorrow morning.

MAGIC USE (PURPLE SPELLCASTING)

Not only is magic stronger on the islands, it's also unstable, radioactive, and addictive.

Magic is more powerful, if not more effective. This is because of all those weird crystals. Roll a d6 every time a spell is cast. Upon a result of 6 the spell effectively doubles in range, duration, area of effect, intensity, and damage. If a 1 is rolled, then a magical miscalculation or disastrous discharge occurred. Treat the spell as if it failed spectacularly – either it has the opposite effect or it affects the caster (unless the spell was intentionally cast upon himself, in which case, the spell affects one of his opponents). Of course, if the magic-user prefers to join the forces of darkness instead of epic failure, that's his choice [see the Radioactive section on the next page].

When a 3 is the result, roll on the following table. Rolls of 2, 4, and 5, have no appreciable effect upon the spell cast.

The Magic-User Rolled a Three

Roll	Result
1	The Purple Putrescence is summoned and will be floating overhead in 3d6 minutes.

2	Shadow version of the caster is separated from the original and on the loose; he worships Chaos, of course!
3	A dimensional gateway opens nearby.
4	The caster glimpses that which should not be and goes insane for 2d6 rounds
5	2d4 tiny crimson sub-species of imp or gremlin appear, serving the caster for 2d4 minutes.
6	The original spell is combined with another from the mage's spell book (caster's choice).
7	The spell drains the life out of the surrounding environment.
8	Spell casting attracts the attention of all magic-users within a 5-mile radius.
9	The caster develops some kind of mutation.
10	Spell is cast along with impressive display of sickly purple pyrotechnics.
11	A purple worm erupts from the ground, swallowing a random humanoid (within 30' of the mage) whole before descending back into the Nether-Realms.
12	The caster acquires a photographic memory for 1d4 hours.
13	Dark ethereal tones sound as the spell is cast.
14	The basic effect occurs, but in an opposing way. So, fire becomes ice, webbing becomes sticky slime, magic missiles draw tiny pieces of flesh out of the target, and identify turns a magic item into whatever the spell caster thinks it should be (within reason).
15	Caster is invisible for 1d4 rounds.
16	Purple tentacles explode out of the earth, wrestling each humanoid to the ground for 1d6 rounds (save to avoid).
17	The spell physically exhausts the caster, draining him of life. He takes 1d4 points of constitution damage (which he'll get back after 6 hours of rest).
18	Saps the energy of the adventuring party's most powerful magic item for 1d4 hours.
19	A tall, thin eyeless Demon Lord with scarlet flesh (named Surik Sezor) appears next to the caster in a cloud of smoke. He demands the magic-user become his disciple.
20	A nearby tree or bit of foliage turns into a beautiful, voluptuous woman with magenta skin tone and white hair [69% chance her left arm ends in a tentacle instead of a hand]. Her attitude to the caster is 1) scorn, 2) ambivalence, 3) fascination, or 4) devotion.

Additionally, magic-users are the only ones able to use magical devices without penalty. Wands, staves, amulets, bags, boots, rings, etc... pretty much everything magical except weapons and armor comes with a price for the non-magic user. Those who haven't studied sorcery must roll a d6 every time a magic item is used. On a result of 1, the item fails to work as it should.

Magic can be used to energize or fuel high-technology found on the islands.

Instability

Due to the enormous quantity and variety of crystals, the barrier between dimensions is paper-thin. Sorcery also has a degenerative effect on the islands' reality. So much, in fact, that nearly anything can stumble, shamle, or push its way through from practically anywhere – except the pylons because those are actively being blocked.

As sorcery is practiced on the islands, the islands warp into fever-dream strangeness. This gives GMs "permission" to do some crazy stuff like turn the jungle into a desert or have the purple mist creeping along the ground 24/7.

Dimensional gateways open all the time. Usually portals stay open no more than one hour, with a 1 in 6 chance of something coming through per hour. Roll on the table for a quick answer to the question: where does this portal lead?

Dimensional Gateway Table	
Roll	Result
1	White wonderland of ice and snow
2	Hot, arid, desert world of sand and suns
3	Floating upon the surface of an endless black ocean under a grey sky
4	Steaming rainforest jungle full of cannibals
5	Highly advanced civilization of reptilian humanoids
6	Earth in the middle-ages, within sight of a formidable stone castle
7	Alien world with a purple sky, yellow mist, and waking Old Ones
8	On the edge of a volcano preparing to erupt
9	Inside a cavern near a Dark Elf city
10	Within a drifting derelict spaceship
11	A world of loathsome and lurid hues like some Erol Otus painting
12	A bizarre dimension witnessing the Purple Putrescence's conception
13	The island's past – 1d6 x 1,000 years ago.
14	The island's future – 1d6 x 1,000 years from now.
15	Ninth circle of hell... hope you like fire
16	The Dreamlands, right beside the seventy steps of light slumber
17	A clearing within the enchanted woods
18	Entombed within the dead city of R'lyeh
19	Mysterious rock quarry, overcast sky, light mist on the ground, and the feeling that adventurers are being watched.
20	Earth in the early 21 st century.

Radioactive

Instead of accepting the natural 1's epic failure on a 1d6 of purple spell casting, the magic-user may elect to align himself with Chaos instead.

This alignment change can be immediate, or some kind of willpower check or save could be rolled when the first moral, ethical, or philosophical decision is met. The point is that, eventually, nearly all magic-users become corrupted by the islands' influence. It could be due to the crystals, the islands themselves, the Purple Putrescence, or something else.

Not only do wizards become Chaotic, they have a tendency to become twisted after prolonged exposure: hints of



insectoid, reptoid, or arachnoid traits. Sometimes they turn into tentacle-covered flesh dripping with ichor.

The GM, along with input from players, should feel free to come up with their own hideous mutation or taint of corruption as magic is continually cast. In fact, I suggest either using one of your existing RPG books that has a table of mutations or encourage everyone at the table to brainstorm a mutation for the session.

However, it's not just the body that's affected. The mind also becomes darkened by a deeper Chaos! After a certain amount of time (months or years, perhaps) magic-users become a twisted parody of the humanoid form devoted to the Ancient Ones.

GMs and players should ask themselves how much evil is sufficient and how much is too much. As a faithful worshiper of K'tulu, Yogsoggoth, Tsathag'kha, and so forth, one is an immoral fiend with no more thought to murder, torture, rape, or wanton destruction than a paladin stabbing an evil Goblin in the gut. This goes further than mere self-interest or egoism - the Ancient Ones are as hideously depraved as they are alien and unknowable.

THE ANCIENT WYRMS

This is an extinct species, save for one remaining egg in the Zygak-Xith temple. Ancient Wyrms resembled dragons, oceanic squids, and the giant worms of the southern deserts. In fact, they were a hybrid (tri-brid?) of each. They were as ferocious as they were coldly calculating. Most of the Ancient Wyrms were highly intelligent, able to enumerate fifth-dimensional astral-mathematics and corresponding coordinates as they traveled through time and space.

However, the Snake-Men of Skallos were somehow able to tame them by using magic. The mastery of these creatures allowed the Skallos Empire to flourish until all of Razira was conquered.

Today, their gigantic skeletal remains cover the islands, bones half-buried everywhere, reminding humanoids of a bygone age... a time when men lived in fear.

BENEATH THE ISLANDS

Elsewhere beneath the islands, deeper than any sane man should go... there are even weirder and more horrific things waiting! There's no reason why Razira shouldn't be hollow,

containing lost cities, ancient temples to malevolent, near-forgotten gods, bizarre entities who keep humanoid slaves, and secrets better left unrevealed.

CHRONOSIS

Traveling through time causes temporary disorientation. The farther one journeys, the greater one's memory lapse. For every 100 years of time travel, a humanoid experiences 1 minute of disorientation. Additionally, anything over 1,000 years and the subject will not even remember so much as his own name until the chronosis wears off.

FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE

I've seen a lot of battles on TV and in movie theaters. They're quick, bloody, and have turning points. When a man is wounded, the fight consumes him as this could be his last few moments of life. He realizes it's now or never. By the time he's been hacked to bits, the battle's practically over... a human abattoir and not much more.

First Blood – when a character takes his initial wound in combat his ordinary to-hit and damage rolls get the benefit of +2 for his next attack.

At Death's Door – when a character is down to less than a quarter of his total hit points a penalty of -2 is levied against his normal to-hit and damage rolls for the rest of the combat or until healed.

However, if the initial blow brings a humanoid to less than 25% of his full hit point total, then ignore any to-hit and damage benefit or penalty regarding that character for the rest of the battle.

Hit Point Recovery

Hit points are about more than recording major wounds, they're also a determination of vitality – how fatigued a character is. When adventurers rest for a full six hours, they recharge their level in hit points. So a 4th level warrior will wake up with 4 hit points of recovery while a 7th level wizard will get 7 hit points back.

The Monk Character Class

Hit Dice: D6

Armor Class Bonus: Half of the character's level (round down). So at 5th level, the monk will have a +2 bonus to his AC, and at 10th level he'll have a +5 AC bonus.

Weapon and Armor restrictions: No armor can be worn, and only simple weapons (club, staff, dagger, etc.) can be wielded proficiently.

Attack Bonus: Attacks as a thief or rogue.

Alignment: Any will do, as there are monks of unwavering discipline and focus who prefer Chaos just as others prefer Law or neutrality.



UNARMED ATTACK

Zero and 1st levels - 1d4

2nd level - 1d6

3rd level - 1d8

4th level - 1d10

5th level - 1d12

6th level - 2d6+1

7th level - 2d4 henceforth, monks get two attacks each round

8th level - 2d6 treat as if magical weapon

9th level - 2d8 with a 1 in 6 chance per attack of stunning opponent for 1d4 rounds

10th level - 2d10 with a 2 in 6 chance per attack of stunning his opponent for 1d4 rounds

Captivate Audience

Captivate audience is the monk's ability to grab a person's attention and hold onto it, secreting his influence here and there whenever possible.

At lower levels a monk can make a great toast, distract a would-be opponent, and single out an individual for praise or disapproval. At mid levels he's able to counsel bureaucrats, administrators, and minor officials, as well as, gain the confidence of thieves and black marketers. High-level monks find their way into the private chambers of kings.

Scanning the Brain for Weaknesses

The monk is trained to control his physical, emotional, and intellectual centers. He's so attuned to his own organic machine that it's an easy task for him to see the weaknesses in others – and use his stored-up conscious energy to deadly advantage. When it's kill or be killed, the monk has no qualms about exploiting that weakness.

Not necessarily a psionic ability but a form of spiritual discipline, in this campaign monks are able to explode an opponent's brain, causing the entire head to shatter like melon that's been smashed by a sledgehammer. This maneuver requires hyper-focus and is physically demanding, but it's as cool as those few moments in the film *Scanners* where the audience sees the technique in action.

Every round the monk concentrates his energy, focusing on nothing except being a scanner, he rolls a d4 while keeping a record of how many times the top number occurs. The instant a monk acquires three 4's, his target's brain explodes from the inside out. Every round of focus drains the monk of 1 constitution point, all of which can be regained after 6 hours of rest.

The target must be no farther than 30' away and within his sight (partial cover only).

FIGHTING MEN AND MAGIC SWORDS

There are island-specific changes to fighters and warriors as well. From here, I'll designate them as martial characters or classes.

Regarding magical swords, a critical hit occurs on a natural roll of either 19 or 20 if in the hands of a fighter or warrior class. Consult the following table for results in addition to the standard weapon damage rolled. However, a d12 is rolled for natural 20 while only a d8 should be rolled for natural 19. If participants are keenly aware of a magic sword's advanced critical range, then a natural 18 may garner a d6 roll on the Critical Hits table. GMs, descriptively narrate the attack as best you can!

If you don't know what "exploding" means, it's this: when you score the top number on a die, keep rolling and adding. For example, if you roll 2d4 (exploding) and results are 4 and 4, re-roll both. Then, let's say you get a 1 and a 4, re-roll that four again and you get a 3. Add it all together: $4 + 4 + 1 + 4 + 3 = 16$

Critical Hits Table	
Roll	Result
1	+1 damage
2	+1d4 damage
3	+1d6 damage
4	Sliced, stabbed, or bludgeoned; double damage
5	Main artery nicked; +1d4 every round until healed or given medical aid
6	Lacerated or bashed for an extra +2d6 damage
7	Deep cut or possible concussion; +2d4 exploding!
8	Fractured tibia, Sergeant! Triple damage!
9	Hemorrhaging blood; +1d12 damage with +1d6 every round until healed or given medical aid.
10	Broken bones; +3d6 exploding!
11	Part or all of a limb/appendage severed; +3d8 exploding!
12	Cut in twain or decapitated. This one's not getting up again... ever (unless it has more than 20 hit dice).

EGO OF THE SWORD

All magic swords that spend a good deal of time on the islands are intelligent! That means they have personalities, thoughts, emotions, ideas, and their very own agendas. There is even a 1 in 6 chance that an "ordinary" magic sword brought to the islands can become intelligent upon arrival. As soon as its wielder sets foot upon the shore, the GM should roll for each.

As mentioned, intelligent swords have egos. Every time the steel opposes its wielder, there's a struggle for power. However, this conflict should be roleplayed rather than determined by dice rolls and command-like spells. Given enough whining, bitching, complaining, crying, or shouting, a sword might eventually get its way. Empty threats are also entirely possible.

The following is a table for when a magic sword is brought to the islands, claimed as treasure, or traded for something of value. Roll once for each weapon's plus (but no more than 3 per sword). The more powerful a sword is, the more complex its personality. GMs must reconcile opposing personality traits as best they can.

Personality Traits and Idiosyncrasies	
Roll	Result
1-2	Irascible
3-4	Cowardly
5-6	Belligerent
7-8	Braggart
9-10	Condescending
11-12	Boring
13-14	Curious
15-16	Vengeful
17-18	Brave
19-20	Jovial
21-22	Foreign Speaking
23-24	Horny
25-26	Flaky
27-28	Questing
29-30	Bloodthirsty
31-32	Hateful
33-34	Depressing
35-36	Megalomaniacal
37-38	Xenophobic
39-40	Compassionate
41-42	Makes pop culture references
43-44	Has its own catch phrase
45-46	Feminine interests (fairies, rainbows, and unicorns)
47-48	Bookworm
49-50	One day believes it will become human
51-52	Likes to quote Nietzsche
53-54	Used to be wielded by Prince Alhazred
55-56	Full of self-loathing and doubt
57-58	Doubts its wielder
59-60	Cannot abide slavery
61-62	Secretly wants to be dominated
63-64	Expects to be worshiped as a god
65-66	Delights in the misfortune of others
67-68	Worships the Great Old Ones
69-70	Extremely rude to henchmen and hirelings
71-72	Is worried that no one likes "him"
73-74	Used to be wielded by a Demon Lord
75-76	Believes itself to be forged by Elves
77-78	Demands a crystal be magically embedded in itself
79-80	Snores loudly most nights
81-82	Loves to gamble

83-84	Photographic memory
85-86	Obsessed about journeying to hollow part of the world
87-88	Doesn't believe in evolution but the sky god Zarrakon
89-90	Pacifist
91-92	Paleontologist as a hobby – must dig for bones!
93-94	Enamored of Dark Elves
95-96	Will only be wielded by adventurer wearing purple
97-98	Wants to slay things in the most gruesome manner possible
99-100	Has the ability to tap into any kind of computer and reprogram it

ORIGIN OF A SWORD

At some point, a character might want to know where his magical sword comes from. Where was it forged? Who was its former master? How did it come into his possession? What does it know? All great questions, and many times they go unanswered because genius can't always come to us when we call. So, here's a table to help the poor GM out as some uppity PC is bound to ask his sword 20 questions eventually.

And yet... a magic sword has little to do – when not cutting into things – besides think to itself and chat with those around it. I have a feeling that intelligent swords won't usually give straight answers unless they feel like it. And why be straightforward when you can be obstreperous? Therefore, some of these will come across as riddles rather than an info dump of people and dates.

Sword Origins	
Roll	Result
1	Demons may be older than man, but we all play the same game, don't we? I was forged in fire and darkness, deep inside the world where Devils gazed upon me lovingly and with awe.
2	The skin tone of Dark Elves is so unnatural that Night Elves call them the Violet Folk. They may not have souls, but Dark Elves are cultured. When they kill, it's like a dance... a dance of death.
3	I was born where the ancient waters flow. The ocean was my home back before these purple islands arrived.
4	I've been wielded by one hero or villain or shade of gray after another. No one has gotten to know me too well. Always new hands and a new face, but I exist to slay my master's enemies. That's who I am.
5	A sorcerer named Zar'toro created me; he wove spells into my steel, making sure I would be able to face the coming war between Law and Chaos.
6	All I know is that thick red flow of life. It crashes upon me like waves of ecstasy. I shall not want so long as my name is felt upon their sullied flesh.
7	My destiny is all you need to know. Upon the starship Ellipsis I will hack and slash until everyone is a pile of gore-soaked limbs. That is where it shall end.
8	I've had one-hundred-and-eleven owners and none could fully master me. My blade is too rarified, my steel too enigmatic, my determination too daunting. So, if you're weak of will, you might as well just put me down right now, boy (or girl). Otherwise, you might be marching straight to your tomb.

THAT'S GOING TO LEAVE A SCAR!

Each time a character is brought down below zero hit points (assuming he's still alive), roll on the following table. These injuries will not fully heal, except in cases of a magic-user's wish or High Priest's (a 10th level cleric would also be acceptable) regeneration. If the GM prefers to use some kind of hit location in his game, he may choose an injury rather than randomly rolling for one.

Permanent Injury Table	
Roll	Result
1	Right foot mangled
2	Left foot mangled
3	Finger severed
4	Nervous system crippled - easily fatigued
5	Disfiguring facial scar
6	Cauliflower ear
7	Skin on head scalped off
8	Trick elbow
9	Limited right arm movement
10	Limited left arm movement
11	Bad back
12	Eye ripped away or poked out
13	Horribly burned
14	Deep scars on torso
15	Side of mouth slashed into a permanent half-smile
16	1d4 teeth knocked out
17	Effectively castrated
18	Spinal injury - can't walk
19	Either tongue cut off or voice box decimated - can't speak
20	Roll twice

ABOUT THE DUNGEONS

I chose to focus on wilderness exploration, transforming this book into a campaign guide instead of the 30-page scenario that I originally intended.

Unfortunately, I didn't have the time, energy, or creative juices left over to fill the dungeons and dungeon-like areas contained in the book. Rather than half-ass it, the maps are present for GMs to use and populate as they see fit. I might go back and give these maps the full treatment one day or come up with some kind of random d1000 dungeon filler table, but only the gods know for sure.

Hopefully, the Kickstarter backers are pleased. Their support made this book possible. Thanks!

Running Purple

From within a crumbling city, broken concrete and rusting metal all around me, I allowed myself to remember my friend and fellow adventurer - Alusian. He would have appreciated this view. The sky contains subtle shades of lavender, amber, and some hue like pallid jade. It mirrored the islands weird wealth of crystals. They glimmer within the bizarre rock formations, the standing stones, and ruins. I've seen those iridescent shards encrusting mountains and embedded deep underground where the Snake-Men used to rule. The crystals are cursed by the gods, Alusian used to say. What gods?

Of course, that was before he entered one of the black pylons.

HISTORY OF THE ISLANDS

20,000 years ago – The landmass now known as the purple islands was “discovered”, though many who have sailed those waters were adamant it mysteriously appeared where there was nothing before.

19,500 years ago – A hitherto unknown race of beings arrived. They had such an astounding grasp of time/space, quantum physics, and dimensional engineering that natives

of Razira (the name of this planet) considered them gods or messengers of the gods. Not only was their technology advanced, so was their morality. Instead of capitalizing upon their stature (conquering other lands, taking slaves, etc.), these beings were content to live in harmony with nature and study the universe.

19,000 years ago – The strangers constructed seven black pylons used for movement throughout time, space, and various planes of existence. They welcomed exotic beings onto the island; some of them fashioned the Face of God commemorating a great revolutionary.

18,000 years ago - Before this date, the islands were one; known in a few of the oldest history books as “the young continent” not only because of its size but due to its sudden appearance. The landmass broke apart into three islands because of some dimensional accident involving all seven pylons. [Don't cross the streams!] Only three pylons remain to this day.

17,800 years ago – The Snake-Men Empire of Skallos rose from the south. Snake-Men were (and still are) ambitious, regimented, cruel, and well-acquainted with sorcery. Riding upon Ancient Wyrms, they slowly conquered Razira in the name of their serpentine god Zygak-Xith. The only notable exception to their dominance was the islands.

17,500 years ago – The Wurm Riders of Skallos finally conquered the purple islands, killing many of the strangers and driving the rest out. Future generations refer to the strangers as “the lost race”. The islands are named Korus, Kelis, and Kravian after Emperor Skyrg's three children.

10,000 years ago – Humans, Elves, Dwarves, and various races banded together to fight their common enemy. The wizards pooled their knowledge and power in order to synthesize a red dust, poisonous to Ancient Wyrms. The Snake-Men of Skallos were eventually defeated after centuries of war.

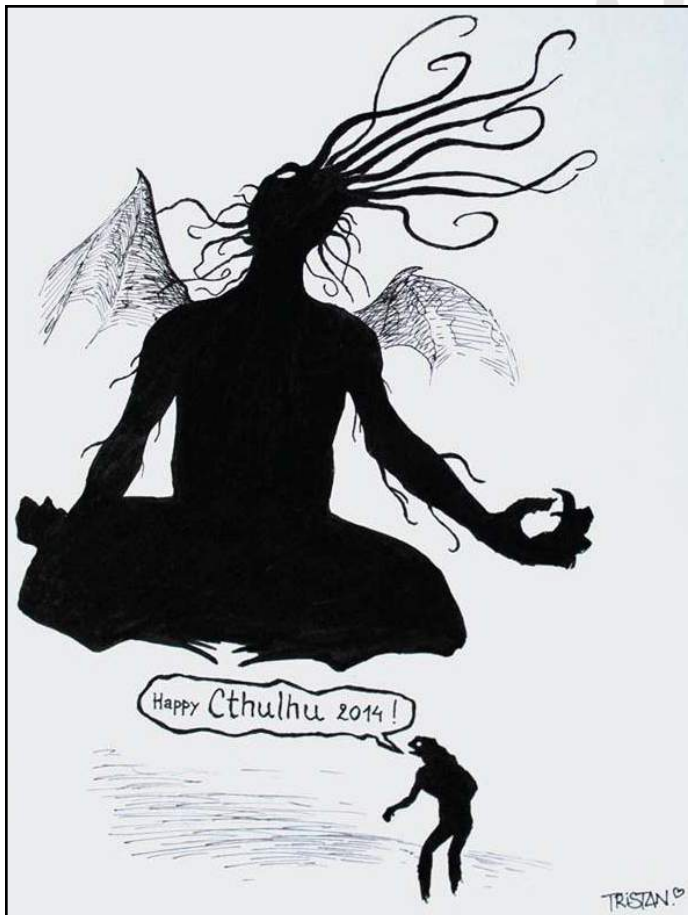
8,000 years ago - Control of the islands was given over to a powerful sorceress wise in the ways of seduction. They called her the Azure Witch, and she forbade the use of pylons.

7,775 years ago – The Purple Putrescence arrived and with it an alien warlord who ruled with an iron tentacle.

7,200 years ago – An islands-wide rebellion deposed the warlord, opening trade to nearby realms.

6,900 years ago – A giant meteor crashed into Korus. Most of the island's inhabitants are killed.

6,000 years ago – A supernatural plague swept through the



islands. The surrounding kingdoms decreed it unlawful to set foot upon them.

3,200 years ago – The crystals began to appear throughout the islands, creating a surge of new energy. This energy source allowed the black pylons to function again.

3,000 years ago – For the last 200 years, all kinds of things entered the islands – Snake-Men, alien beings, species from the future, dimensional creatures, and so forth. At this point, the nullifier device was constructed which prohibited anyone from arriving on the islands via the pylons.

2,500 years ago – The Tentacles from the Water was spawned. It started out small but quickly grew to its current size.

2,000 years ago – The giant super-computer was built by some unknown race of beings for an inexplicable purpose.

1,000 years ago – The civilized realms allowed the islands to be visited. However, wild stories and disappearing expeditions kept many from exploring them.

25 years ago – The King of the Western Lands wanted the purple islands as a colony. He offered 100 gold pieces per man to those resourceful enough to colonize the islands for one year in the name of King Merritz. So far, none have managed the feat.

10 years ago – The Southern Council of Wizards decreed the islands be used as a penal colony. Since then, boatloads of prisoners have been deposited each year.

PURPLE STONES

The islands aren't just pieces of land surrounded by water – they're alive! Collectively, the islands have a mind of their own and the will to manifest their desires. Those who do right by the islands usually find themselves in its good favor. Those who ignore the islands' agenda must rely on their wits and luck to survive.

Below is a list of possible goals. The GM is free to either choose or randomly roll at the campaign's start.

Regardless of the method, when a character acts in agreement with the islands' agenda, they get a purple stone [doesn't necessarily have to be a stone, could be a token, die, button, or whatever – but it should be purple]. When they act against the islands a purple stone is taken away.

A purple stone can be redeemed for just a plain old d6. That d6 can be used on its own or added to any other die roll the

player chooses, to hit, damage, 1 in 6 chance of something, etc. GMs might want to conceal the true nature of these purple stones. Incentive is great, but so is mystery. After a couple sessions, at least a few of the adventurers should pick up on the fact that doing a certain thing will be rewarded while doing the opposite is punished.

What do the Islands Want?

1. An abundance of magic items. Those who bring powerful and strange magic items to the islands are treated as benefactors. Acquiring an extremely potent relic or artifact for the islands gets 3 purple stones. Taking magic items away is incongruent with the islands' plans.
2. Chaos! Triumph of the will and rule by the strong. The islands want a Darwinian struggle – survival of the fittest. Those too weak or unfit should either be killed or made to serve. Live and let live is a punishable offence in the islands' eyes.
3. The islands want balance, order, and tranquility. When the balance of power is upset, the islands are unhappy. No one should dominate too much, even the Purple Putrescence. Toppling governments, committing genocide, and enslaving multiple races or tribes make the islands angry.
4. The islands wish the Ancient Ones' glorious return! Those elder forces must be released, starting with their spawn. Opening gates to the Ancient Ones is good. Stopping them from awakening is bad.
5. The islands believe that one day a super-being or messiah will come. He will either guide the universe towards a deep, lasting enlightenment or deliver the universe into the hands of its enemies, destroying it utterly.
6. The islands are as psychotic and broken as a computer with multiple conflicting personalities. Every day it's something different and frequently a handful of divergent goals will try processing themselves at once. Reward and punishment are totally subjective and determined at random. If this is the islands' state, the Purple Worshipers interject their own meaning and ideas... fertility and dominance over other cultures being prominent.

FUN THINGS TO DO ON THE ISLANDS

This book is essentially a wilderness hex crawl. It's meant to be a sandbox. However, it doesn't have to be.

For adventuring parties who prefer the comforting structure of a scenario rather than the do-whatever-you-want type of exploration, I've come up with some options. These are things that are happening right now on the islands – big things!

When implementing the optional scenario seeds that follow, GMs and players who work best with a particular goal in mind or against a specific threat won't have to flounder around waiting for the real adventure to begin.

Scenario Seeds	
Roll	Result
1	The Necromancer of Mount Courstul, Totas Mundi, is raising an army of undead to conquer the islands. His Doom Hawks and zombie hordes routinely scour Korus for succulent prey.
2	A council of wizards has convened within the shattered dome on Kelis. They decided to pool their magical resources and rule the islands as one voice. All other intelligent life on the islands will soon be enslaved.
3	A humanoid wearing tenebrous robes of the Dark Gods is preparing one of the black pylons. He has a channeler, as well as, detailed knowledge of how the pylons work. By the time the PCs hear of this or stumble upon him, the humanoid has opened a gate to Nyoggeth's domain. Terrifying black shapes stream out of the portal, strangling all non-believers in their shadow tentacles!
4	The adventurers come across a severed hand. It's small, hairless, pale, and soft – the hand of a child! Part of the palm is stained purple. If PCs have been on the islands for a while, they can easily guess the Purple Putrescence Worshipers are behind this. If they haven't, then a loquacious NPC tells the PCs what he saw in the middle of the night. Is the boy going to be sacrificed or might he become the tribe's next Arch-Acolyte?
5	Snake-Men have excavated an artifact buried far beneath the surface of Korus. It allows them to charm the majority of humanoids [save to avoid]. Those who oppose the Skallosians shall be skinned alive and used as spell components to summon Zygak-Xith!

6	The worshipers of Yogsoggoth are holding a Deep One princess hostage. The female Deep One was supposed to wed a spawn of K'tulu. The groom is angry and might just drown the entire island of Kravian into the ocean. What do the Disciples of Yogsoggoth hope to gain?
7	A robot army is taking over, controlled by one or more super-computers. They will either kill or enslave all organic life on the islands.
8	The sorcerer-vizier of an ambitious Queen has crafted an amethyst circlet allowing her communion with the Purple Putrescence. Queen Zynn is using The Thing That Rots From The Sky to destroy her enemies... which pretty much includes everyone who refuses to bow down before her.
9	Some high-tech device has accelerated Koshi evolution. They have become larger, more intelligent, and extremely aggressive. The Koshi are warring against the other humanoid tribes and settlements - killing, taking prisoners, plundering, etc. Perhaps destroying the power source will change the Koshi back to their smaller, simpler, and friendlier selves?
10	Roll twice and combine the results as best you can

PERSONAL CONNECTION TO THE ISLANDS

Why are you here? Few voyage to the purple-haunted islands for pleasure. Most that set foot upon the islands are never seen again. So, there must be a damned good reason for you to be aboard that ship!

For the very last playtest session of this book, I decided the PCs should be prisoners upon a ship, and that the purple islands were a penal colony – at least, according to one kingdom. Actually, not every PC was a prisoner. One was a guard upon that ship, eager to again set foot upon such an exotic and profitable port.

In order to keep prisoners in line, there was a magic collar that shocked the wearer if violent intentions or actions were expressed and prevented magic-users from practicing their art. The ship's wizard would dispel the collars once the prisoners had jumped off the ship and swam to shore. Breaking into the ship's armory was fun for the players and allowed adventurers to have something besides the clothes on their backs.

The following are suggestions, and can easily be modified to fit the GM's alterations. Feel free to have players pick one for their character, have one assigned by the GM, or roll randomly. If possible, a single ship might be best, logistically speaking. However, the islands are full of weird coincidences. So, why not have two or even three ships arriving on the same day and within a few miles of each other?

Connection to the Island Table	
Roll	Result
1	Stowaway – you needed to get away from the coastal city and snuck aboard a ship, not knowing it was destined for the purple-haunted islands. By the time you realized your misfortune, it was too late.
2	Years ago, your father left home, sailing to the purple islands in search of fame and fortune. Father promised to take you on his next voyage but never returned.
3	[Female, probably] Your fiancé joined a ship's crew, setting sail for the purple islands to make a proper name for himself and enough gold to start a family.
4	As an impressionable youth, one day you sought a fortune teller. She announced your fate would be blocked somehow until setting foot upon the purple islands.
5	An influential lord, Sir Cuthbert, commissioned an expedition into the unknown. Land and title shall be granted to every man who returns with a field journal full of discoveries, as well as, tangible evidence from the purple islands.
6	You're a slave. Your master is the captain of a seafaring vessel. Apparently, Captain Sturge is in debt up to his eyeballs... gambling. His only way out is a big score on the purple islands, either salvage, treasure, or fit slaves.
7	You're Captain Sturge's or Sir Cuthbert's nephew (or niece). The familial obligation leaves you little room for staying at home.
8	You had a startling dream the other night. It showed you unbelievably wondrous sights on the purple islands, and since then you've felt compelled to see for yourself.
9	You're a wealthy and privileged minor noble or aristocrat who's grown bored with life. To dispel your malaise, you've hired a ship to the purple islands.
10	You're a bounty hunter seeking a particularly slippery quarry. No less than three separate contacts overheard Count Dooval (or one of his many aliases) stating his final destination: the purple islands!

11	Your deity informed you via signs and portents that the purple islands need your presence.
12	You're a magic-user researching a new spell that requires certain components. The main ingredient cannot be found, though rumor has it the purple islands have an ample supply.
13	You're a raider coming to plunder the land and lay waste to those who oppose you.
14	Before dying, your grandfather gave you a deed to some land on the purple islands. It is yours by right, though you'll need to enforce the claim in person.
15	You were born on the islands... and into slavery. Your mother escaped from the islands' purple clutches with you at her breast. Upon reaching adulthood, your mother confessed that she bought passage and freedom at a great price. Your older sister was traded away so that you and your mother could be free.
16	You're from another world, but long to travel the stars again. You keep hearing rumors that long ago metallic ships fell from the skies onto the purple islands. There's a good chance that one of them might still be operational.
17	You're a bureaucrat but not a lowly one. No, you've been commissioned by the King to take a census of the purple islands and collect taxes. Lucky you!
18	That raiding vessel of barbarians and berserkers needed a thief, just in case there was any dungeon exploration involved.
19	You're on a father-and-son excursion to the purple islands. It's about time the two of you adventured together. Now's your chance.
20	You were diagnosed with a rare disease, some kind of malady that can only be cured by residency (or at least an extended stay) upon the purple islands.

RUMORS HAS IT

Each PC should get a single roll upon this table. These could be overheard stories, tales told in confidence, friend-of-a-friend eyewitness accounts, briefly mentioned in a gazetteer, or something half-remembered from a vivid dream.

To the right of each rumor, is an annotation of its veracity. Although, GMs are free to play around with the campaign's truth as much as they like.

Rumor Table	
Roll	Result
1	There is a blue-skinned Queen who rules over the land. [F]
2	There's only one island but it's broken into several pieces. [F]
3	There are a total of seven islands. [F]
4	A gargantuan purple Demon Lord sleeps just beneath the islands' surface... always on the verge of waking. [Mostly false]
5	An abundance of crystals can be found deep within the islands. [T]
6	There are mountains guarded by undead Pterodactyls. [T]
7	All the precious stones found on the purple islands are cursed. [F]
8	Snake-Men still exist somewhere on the islands, biding their time until mankind is too weak or preoccupied to resist their subjugation. [T]
9	The mountains are volcanic and erupt constantly, covering the islands in molten lava. [F]
10	At least one black pylon stands tall upon the islands; the true source of power. [Mostly true]
11	Crashed vessels from the stars contain weird items that seem magical but aren't. [T]
12	Each territory is ruled by a powerful wizard – they all serve the Dark Gods. [F]
13	A sanity-shattering beast that looks like a purple manta ray but with hundreds of tentacles and dozens of mouths roams the islands' skies. [T]
14	The face of god can clearly be seen upon the southernmost island. [T]
15	Men are constantly attacked by smooth, silver machine-men with hand-wands shooting red beams of destructive light. [T]
16	There's a mighty sword thrust into a stone altar, pulling it out will rain hellfire down upon all those who oppose the will of he who wields the sword. [F]
17	The purple islands are magically connected to the fabled world known as Carcosa. [F]
18	A glowing green sphere – who is the sum of all evil – is said to have spiritual powers and can even make one as god. [F]
19	There's a special thorn growing on certain plants. If this thorn penetrates the skin, it causes permanent paralysis. [F]
20	Anyone who stays on the islands for more than a week becomes host to a Kondaarian Demon. [F]

DURING THE NIGHT

Lots of weird things happen on the islands. Adding strangeness to the campaign world during the adventurers' slumber could be the icing on the cake. Roll on this table only once per week (within the game) if engaged in a long-term campaign. If this is a short-term game between one and three sessions, the GM should roll at least every other night.

While They Were Sleeping Table	
Roll	Result
1	A severed head is found in a PC's bedroll.
2-3	One of the PC's items has been stolen.
4-5	A new item has appeared; it's mixed in with a PC's pack of equipment.
6-7	Dreams of underwater creatures tearing the organs out of the PC whilst a fiery ebony face laughs.
8-9	A PC wakes up with an alien organism hugging his face.
10-11	Bite marks are discovered on a PC's neck... lycanthropy?
12-13	A PC's blanket has been replaced with a totally different blanket - it's midnight blue and full of constellations. Upon closer inspection, it's a cloak instead of a blanket.
14-15	The magic-user's spells have been unexpectedly forgotten for 1d6 hours.
16-17	A PC's memories have vanished. Not all of them, but significant and recent memories.
18-19	A letter was delivered into the middle of camp. It lies unopened addressed to "The Savior".
20-21	A PC wakes up next to a strange woman (1 in 6 chance she's dead).
22-23	One of the PCs goes on a moonlit stroll - sleepwalking.
24-25	A henchman, hireling, or NPC's brains were sucked out in the middle of the night.
26-27	Midnight showers - there's a sudden and heavy acid rainstorm in the middle of the night.
28-29	Everyone wakes to a terrible sound. One of the moons just exploded! It's cracked in half and now tidal waves, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions are about to ravage the entire planet.
30-31	A shooting star or meteor lands not too far away from the PC's camp.
32-33	A sleep spell was cast upon the PCs while they slept and now they awaken just as the next night is about to fall.

34-35	Some kind of demonic insect burrowed its way into a PC's abdomen and is gestating within him. Periodically, the unfortunate PC can "hear" the demon whispering horrible things in his mind.
36-37	The PCs wake up in a prison cell.
38-39	In the small hours, the PCs were transported to another world - Devil Lords ruling over their mortal slave-cattle in a realm of darkness.
40-41	The magic-user dreams of speaking to a primordial god. He awakes with a strange new spell.
42-43	A painted stick, shaft, or pole was driven into the ground nearby. It's a totem marking the adventurers as sacrifices by the Sect of the Crimson Tongue.
44-45	The dreaming god Nyoggethoth takes an interest in one of the sleeping adventurers, manifesting his dreams into reality.
46-47	Psionic fungus latches onto each one of the adventurers, the fungi demands that a dream-quest be performed or else they will use the PCs as hosts.
48-49	An adventurer dreams of an incredible magic item, upon waking he finds himself clutching it... though it's covered with what looks like black ichor.
50-51	The party awakens to the chittering of a thousand beach rats, their constant noise will eventually cause mind-immolation unless destroyed or PCs quickly leave the area.
52-53	During the night, it begins to rain deep blue goo.
54-55	In a dream, one of the adventurers figures out the secret of life: everyone suffers.
56-57	A great tribal chief died suddenly just before nightfall, a dozen tribesmen are on the warpath looking for a sacrifice in order to appease their god.
58-59	Time shifts! The adventurers find themselves 1d100 years either in the past or future.
60-61	PCs awaken to discover their consciousness has switched places. Randomly decide who went into whose body and switch character sheets.

62-63	A man with a burned face and sardonic grin enters a random adventurer's dream. He wears a tattered hat, dark green and orange-red sweater; his fingers are knives that tear through flesh. He chases the PC in the dream, finally cornering him and slashing the PC's stomach open. Upon waking, the victim can see the razor marks – 2d6 points of damage.
64-65	Some part of the Purple Putrescence enters the adventurers' consciousness during their sleep, it speaks in a deep, guttural voice – telling them death is easy but the agony of resisting its appetite will be untenable!
66-67	A Koshi's body is tossed near their camp during the night. Its brains have been scooped out.
68-69	One of the PCs realizes his current persona is merely a clever mask. He actually worships the Ancient Ones and has for over a decade. Now, the work of Dread K'tulu and Yogsoggoth shall begin anew!
70-71	A starship flies overhead. As it passes over the PCs, the ship breaks apart in a thunderous explosion. Debris falls extremely close to their campsite.
72-73	One PC is implanted with the knowledge of 1d4 languages spoken upon the islands.
74-75	An alien sorcerer arrives on the island via astral space. In exchange for either a blue, yellow, or green crystal, the sorcerer will teach a magic-user one of his spells.
76-77	The PCs are surrounded by dark red robed humanoids devoted to the Crimson Emperor. They must be sacrificed or else their god will cast them out of the Promised Land.
78-79	One of the PCs has to pee. As he walks to the edge of camp, he notices a figure skulking in the shadows (equal chances of being Lawful, Chaotic, or Neutral).
80-81	The PCs unwittingly camped near a weird energy source, each has a 1 in 6 chance of developing a mutation.
82-83	The adventurer's faces have been stolen, left in their place are the blank, expressionless masks of a mannequin.
84-85	A sorcerer cyborg wearing iridescent white robes begins his sacrificial ritual to Nyoggethoth about 40' away from the adventurer's camp.
86-87	A nuclear explosion goes off in the Zygak-Xith temple on the island of Kravian.

88-89	A comet sailed through the night sky during their slumber – the dead begin to walk and they are hungry for flesh!
90-91	The polarity reversed! From now on, ice is fire and fire is ice... until the PCs leave the islands.
92-93	One adventurer dreams of inhuman creatures breeding with nubile women as a congregation of obscene cultists watch, pleasuring themselves.
94-95	An enormous space station drops out of the sky, landing partially in the water but the majority upon the beach.
96-97	A hideous maggot-like mutation chews its way out of an adventurer's stomach, the creature's face kind of resembles that of the host. The victim takes 2d6 damage.
98-99	An adventurer's dreams are disturbed by incessant whispering as purple mist forms, its tendrils clinging to a giant column or pillar that terminates in the head of a humanoid squid.
100	The Greater Demon who sleeps within the planet awakens. The world only has a few hours before it shatters.

COIN OF THE REALM

Well, the islands aren't really a realm in the traditional sense... and the inhabitants don't use coins, gold or otherwise, as currency. Sure, there's gold lying around – adventurers and explorers bring it in, sometimes they make it out alive. But goods and services are not paid for with gold pieces. Instead, there's a variety of things humanoids use based upon the law of supply and demand: women, slaves, magic/high-tech items, shelter, knowledge, etc.

Just as Mars (Martians, presumably) needed women, so do the natives of Korus, Kelis, and Kravian. Human, Elf, and Half-Elf females are desired for many reasons, and that which is desired has value. Some women are treated as slaves, others as companions or cherished as religious objects, but an unlucky few are sacrificed to the Dark Gods for the purposes of summoning blasphemous entities – especially when the shadow moon is at its zenith.

Regarding trade, attractive and fit young adult females would fetch about 1,000 gold pieces. I went back and forth, but eventually decided against a game mechanic incentive such as this: for every suitable mate a humanoid has, he gets a temporary +1 to his constitution, provided that he spends time with this mate on a weekly basis (at least). Sex doesn't

necessarily have to take place either. Simple companionship, if not love, is enough to sustain the constitution bonus.

Next on the list are magic and advanced technology. The spell casting ability of wizards is highly sought after, just like enchanted swords and working helicopters. Most of the useful magic and high-tech items are already in the hands of powerful beings; however, there are a few miscellaneous bits of tech and glowing baubles just lying around waiting to be discovered.

Shelter is another form of currency. There are hundreds of places to hide for an hour or possibly a night, but for one reason or another you wouldn't want to live there. Fortunately, there are several places spread throughout the islands where one or more humanoids could actually settle down and be more or less comfortable. These include very small, usually abandoned, dungeons; ruins; natural caves; derelict spaceships; buildings; and subterranean tunnels dug by gigantic prehistoric Wyrms. However, the most prevalent form of protection would be nuclear fallout shelters constructed back when the Old Ones rained down destruction from the skies. Anyone attempting to spend more than a few days on the islands should attempt to find decent shelter or soon be overrun by wandering monsters and other horrors.

Knowledge is the last type of currency. Those who understand how things work are usually respected since ignorance abounds. Both superstition and rumor are easy to come by. Truth, on the other hand, is rare... some might say precious. Anything esoteric has some inherent value to the right person. Those who trade in secrets could eventually become as rich or powerful as kings.

SHERPA QUEST

Some adventuring parties will prioritize the acquisition of a reliable guide – a sherpa. That's a good idea. This expedition is full of danger, mystery, and gonzo strangeness – who knows what the PCs will encounter along their way.

This guide shouldn't be too hard to find, but convincing him to "join" the party might be tricky. Humanoid behavior being what it is, any guide who is manipulated, treated unfairly, or coerced into helping the adventurers traverse the islands will cut and run (or worse) at the first opportunity. "They who wrong the hand that guides them shall be delivered into it." is a popular saying among the more intelligent natives.

Assuming the party acquires a guide and builds some kind of rapport with him, there's a 3 in 6 chance that he knows

about the immediate vicinity (the hex where you found him and all adjacent hexes). There's a 2 in 6 chance that he knows about everything on the island where he was discovered (or where he's originally from if he's been traveling. There's a 1 in 6 chance that he has knowledge of people, places, and things found on all three islands.

Lastly, don't let the sherpa do all the work. As soon as the guide becomes indispensable, the GM should start planning for his exit. After all, if the sherpa does all the work, the adventurers won't have the chance to really explore this bizarre new realm the way it was meant to be explored... in fear!

NO BLASPHEMY, PLEASE

There are plenty of outsiders who come to the islands with a chip on their shoulder. They believe they know it all, that their god or goddess is more powerful than some unheard-of entity worshiped by a few isolated primitives.

Ha! Nothing could be further from the truth. The Dark Gods manifest when it suits their dread purpose, but blasphemy is not tolerated. Those with generally or casually profane the Dark Gods with their infidel tongue receive a two point penalty to all their saving throw rolls for the next 24 hours.

Profaning the name of an Old One is hazardous, especially in front of a head worshiper of that particular deity. In fact, defiling one of the Dark Gods in that lead cultist's presence is subject to immediate punishment: a purple wave of pulsing, ultra-telluric energy streaks down through the sky, striking the defiler down [8d6 damage, save for half].

Clerics, Priests, and Holy Men

Once per day, individuals who've devoted themselves to a higher power are allowed a Divine Intervention roll, able to interrupt the actions of another character.

There's a 13% chance of his god intervening. Success means the cleric's appeal has been heard. The priest's petition is given due consideration and favorable conditions prevail. This can manifest in a variety of ways. Here are a few examples: another's life can be saved, the cleric can enter a dangerous space unharmed, secret knowledge is bestowed upon him, or a bolt of lightning (3d8) strikes an enemy.

GMs take note, this goes for PCs and NPCs alike. When the chips are down, antagonistic cultists will petition their loathsome deities with Satanic prayer.

THE THING THAT ROTS FROM THE SKY

It could be the blasphemous union between Ancient Wyrms and Great Old One. Although, more than one sorcerer has reason to believe the unholy abomination was spawned betwixt Yogsoggoth and the mother of all purple jellies.

The Purple-Haunted Putrescence is a nebulous mass of tentacles, gaping orifices, and decay about one mile long by nearly two miles in wide. It's a semi-sentient being of dribbling, putrid, gelatinous filth drifting 40 – 50' above the islands like a malignant cloud of purple ooze, always seeking victims to devour. At times, it appears to be communicating with inhabitants or possibly observing the life it will one day consume. Worshipers call it The Thing That Rots From The Sky.

Even inattentive adventurers will notice the purple-stained hands of cultists who worship The Thing That Rots From The Sky. The purple stains come from squirming protoplasmic matter infrequently excreted from the putrescence itself. Cultists eagerly scoop up the translucent partial solid, its juice-secreting substance staining their bare hands. Some cultists drop the excrement in the Pit of Yuzklatan in hopes of spawning a new Thing That Rots From The Sky in the next aeon. Actually, it might be fun to have another purple putrescence being born... right now!

A few choose to imbibe the excretions. Most die; however, some live, becoming carriers of putrescent visions... prophets of the purple (2 in 6 chance). All purple prophets are subservient to the Arch-Acolyte.

The Purple Putrescence has 1,000 hitpoints. Those humanoid unfortunate enough to be under the thing as it passes have a 1 in 6 chance of being targeted by its purple eminence. Targets are grabbed by tentacles the girth of a redwood and deposited into one of the thing's waiting mouths.

Save versus Purple

Those foolish enough to attack the Purple Putrescence must save versus purple. A successful saving throw prevents the poor bastard from becoming purple! But even if the saving throw is successful, there's still a 1 in 6 chance of being grabbed by a tentacle and thrown into its maw.

For the ones who fail their save... prolonged but inescapable death! First, armor and clothing quickly disintegrate. Flesh scalds like a chemical burn. Then, the viscous purple slime starts digesting an arm or a leg; the limb is consumed as the eldritch ooze keeps feeding, transforming purpled body



parts into some kind of screeching thing with a mind and life of its own. As the obscene coloring fully absorbs its host, the man eventually becomes engulfed in absolute purple horror. He is totally jellified within a few minutes and soon after the slime shell hardens, creating a purple statue.

The rain eventually breaks purple statues down into mineral deposits which are picked up by Overlords in order to refine purple crystals.

Various Belief Systems Regarding the Purple-Haunted Putrescence

1. Aeons ago, the Purple-Haunted Putrescence was flushed out of a space craft, drifted through a radioactive nebula, and landed in some kind of primordial ooze.
2. It developed from a biological weapon, used on another planet to subdue a citizenry on the brink of revolution.
3. The Purple-Haunted Putrescence is indeed divine, though a lesser god compared with Yogsoggoth, K'tulu, Tsathag'kha, or Nyoggeth... but on par with Zygak-Xith.
4. This rotting monstrosity was conjured from the abyss by three sorcerers; they were promptly immolated as it shuddered and dripped from a gateway bathed in violet flame.

A Possible Surprise

This book is nothing if not suggestions to help the GM create his ideal campaign world. But know that the following is totally optional – feel free to disregard as you see fit.

The Purple Putrescence ingests people, but instead of devouring them, humanoids are tossed inside a vast aerial ship or vessel. Yes, the creature is alive, but it's also somewhat artificial and even mechanical in a squishy, organic, and alien kind of way.

Within the inner sanctum, the control tendrils can be manipulated to steer the Putrescence and even command it. However, this is the prevue of two competing humanoid tribes living within the thing. One indulges savagery and physical trials, the other favors intellectual contemplation and focusing the mind to the point of limited psionic powers. At the moment, this second group has jurisdiction over the inner sanctum. However, their religious beliefs forbid them from trying to control or operate their purple god.

BENEATH THE ISLANDS

There is a connection between the Putrescence and the islands, but there is also a mechanical and mystical under-system beneath which maintains the islands and gives them life. The islands are made up of a synthetic reality. It's real as anything the player characters might experience, filtered through their senses. The islands require the under-system to keep everything in order, and the under-system requires purple crystals as fuel.

The control station can be accessed from the central corner of each island. The tunnels leading to the actual controls / dungeon are several miles long. Within, adventurers will meet several Overlords, strange high-tech machinery, and other miscellaneous encounters.

See the map on page 84.

DREAM LANDS

The islands exist in a state of grace regarding the Dream Lands; neither wholly in the waking world nor the realms of purest fantasy. Those wanting to completely descend into the Dream Lands must venture deep within Mount Courstul where the Mi-go fly in and out of their honeycomb tunnels, mining the crystals they need to extend their lifespan.

Being so close to the Dream Lands, the islands have taken on a few dreaming properties. One of them is the intensification of fear... especially fear of the unknown!

The fear itself creates such a strong vibration it actually opens doorways to horror. The darkest of the dark worlds open themselves up to the islands like a nightmarish flower, allowing indescribably hideous things to crawl and squirm through slimy gateways leading straight to Korus, Kelis, and Kravian.

When cultists and sorcerers perform rituals at the Lake of Hali, monstrosities are summoned (85% of the time). Whatever abomination spews forth requires a saving throw from each character who lays eyes upon it. Those who fail either: 1) go into a catatonic state, 2) run away screaming, 3) faint and are unconscious for 2d6 minutes, or 4) will do anything they can to kill it utterly – no matter if they have to beat it to death with their bare hands while being ingested.

MUTANT RAIN

It occasionally rains on the islands, and when it does everyone attempts to find some kind of shelter, except for those who have natural protection or genetically adapted. The precipitation is highly mutagenic. Properties of precipitation cause the vegetation to flourish out of control and in strange ways.

It usually rains about once a week. Rainfall generally lasts between one to eight hours (1d8). For each hour that a humanoid or creature is exposed to the elements, there's a 1 in 6 chance of acquiring a new mutation. Also, unaccustomed skin gets a mild burn from the rain's mild acidity, causing 1 point of damage per hour.

The mutagenic rain serves a utilitarian purpose, too. It dissolves the purpled beings. Purple statues break down into mineral deposits which are gathered by the Overlords soon after the rain stops. These purple minerals are taken into the under-system and refined into purple crystals that fuel the islands.

PURPLE MIST

For some time [1d4 hours] after the rain stops, a purple mist clings to the ground making everything look bizarre and otherworldly.

However, it's not just eerie – it's alive! The pervasive purple mist rises and violet fog tendrils coalesce, attempting to choke unsuspecting humanoids that dare travel post-rainfall. There's a 1 in 6 chance per ten-minute interval that the purple mist attacks a PC. The targeted humanoid must roll a saving throw to avoid certain death.

CONTROL PANELS

Each island has several control panels. These flat, steel hexagons have a variety of purposes. They can be used for communication – telepathy with anyone touching another control panel. They are able to create a force field (5' from the panel). Also, control panels can interface with Master Control Network but cannot override the system.

A permanent illusion conceals every control panel. PCs should be allowed to roll 5d6; if the result is their wisdom score or below, they're able to see the control panel for what it is. After a PC has seen one or is aware of its existence, it can be discovered on a roll of 3d6.

BLACK PYLONS

The black pylons were created long ago to boost crystal signals and extend their vibrations beyond the superficial layers of reality. This allows the operator to locate hidden gateways throughout the universe.

There is one pylon on the surface of each island. They appear as a 13' tall shiny black trapezoid with 5' for both breadth and width at the base.

The inside is larger than the outside would indicate. The walls are black and smooth. At the interior's center is a trapezoidal pedestal holding a 3' wide concave disc. The disc contains several colorless crystals about the size of a man's fist. Unfortunately, they require non-dead crystals to function.

Because there's an infinite number of time/space/dimension combinations possible, a device called a channeler is required to sift and winnow through all the possibilities. Otherwise, individuals might be "channel surfing" for several weeks or months before finding the exact coordinates they need (1d100 weeks of constant searching).

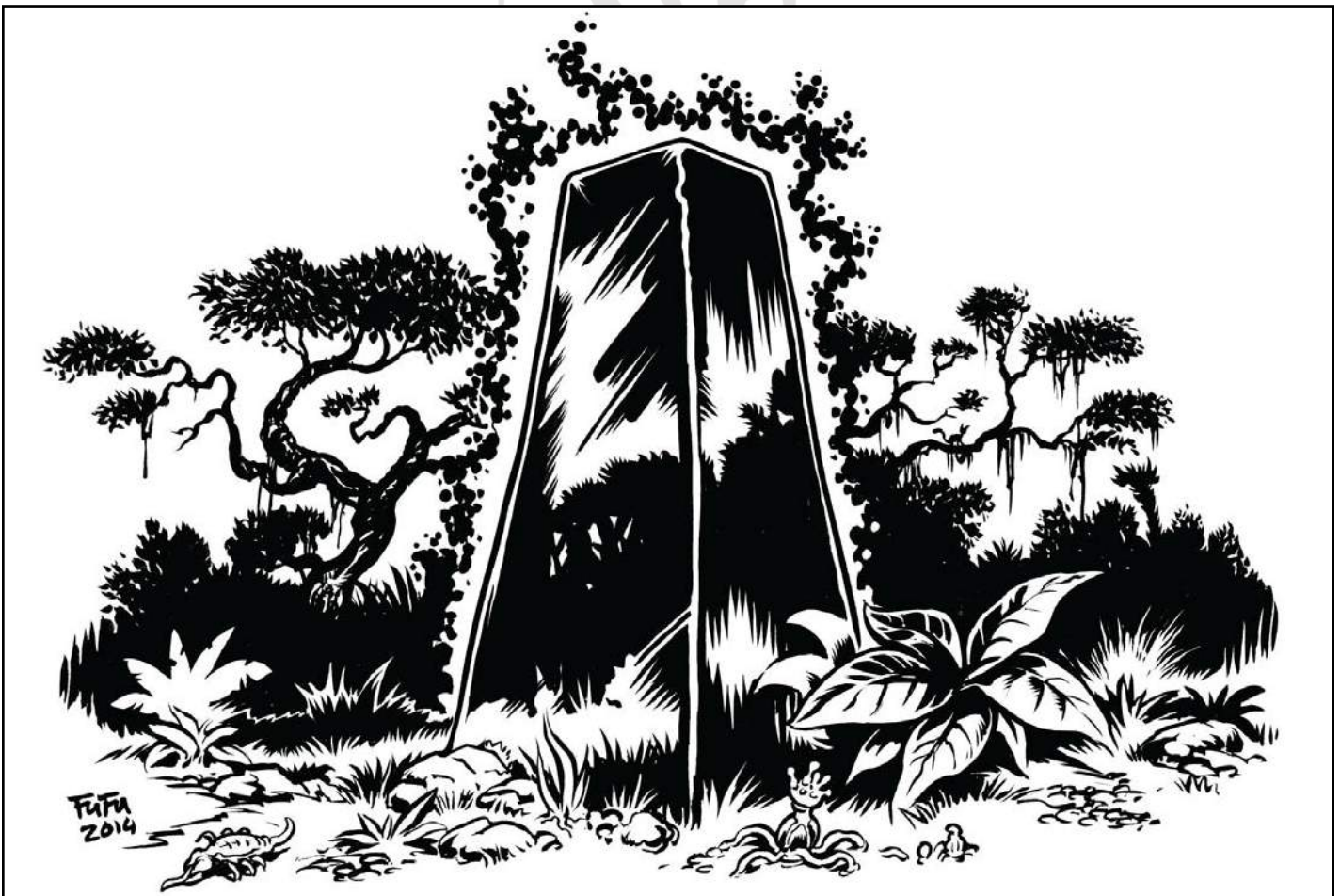
Luckily, a few channelers exist on the islands.

CRYSTALS, CRYSTALS, CRYSTALS

What are these mysterious crystals? The crystals formed when the bodies of Ancient Wyrms decayed. Absorbed into the stone and soil, nutrients fed mineral deposits and created unique crystalline formations thousands of years later. Usually fist-sized, though some are larger, crystals have well-defined, geometric shapes. They are light weight, semi-translucent, and easily found embedded in the rock of subterranean passages; although, there are a few standing stones and unnatural rock formations on the surface which also contain crystals. There's a 1 in 6 chance of a crystal exploding when it's dislodged (3d6 damage to the individual, save for half).

Crystals are not magic and do not detect as magical.

Upon discovering a crystal, GMs should roll a d8 in determining how much "glimmer" the crystal has. Glimmer is not unlike the charges of a wand. A crystal that is extremely bright and colorful has a full glimmer of eight. Each use (not including negative side effects like ability drain) deteriorates the crystal just a little until it finally becomes dull and inert. To clarify, even the negative side-effects are absent when a crystal is dead or glimmerless.



It takes about a year to recharge one glimmer, as long as, the crystal remains somewhere on the islands. The effects of crystals are cumulative. For instance, carrying two amber and three violet crystals means an individual will lose 2 points of constitution and 3 points of dexterity each day.

The advantages and disadvantages of possessing a crystal are temporary unless otherwise stated. A day after the crystal is left behind, given away, or used up, those anomalous effects dissipate. Additionally, dead crystals cannot open secret doors sprinkled throughout the various temples and dungeons on the islands.

Crystals cannot be cut, polished, or cleaved into smaller versions of themselves. If a crystal shatters, it completely turns into dozens or even a hundred tiny shards. Some refer to this state as crystal dust, and enterprising individuals have been able to synthesize crystal dust into a highly addictive, hallucinogenic drug. But for most, these shattered crystals are useless.

GMs who own Liberation of the Demon Slayer may allow colorful shapes to be used as crystals that never lose their glimmer.

Colorless Crystals: These crystals have been drained of energy. It would take hundreds of years, possibly thousands depending on size, of years for colorless crystals to regain their former hue and potency. Most of the time, this type of crystal is found within the black pylons.

Red Crystals: These crystals open doors in space. Red crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. Psionic power – Levitation once per day (lasts 1 turn). Touching a red and orange crystal together causes anything ice, frost, or cold-based to become fiery instead once per day (lasts 3 turns).

Side effects include strength loss to the individual carrying a red crystal (1 point per day).

Orange Crystals: These open doors in time and space; however, the gateways close as soon as the operator takes his hands off the crystals. Orange crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. Touching a red and orange crystal together causes anything ice, frost, or cold-based to become fiery instead once per day (lasts 3 turns). An orange crystal can boost the scanning powers of magic-users by 3 points per round.

Side effects include intelligence loss to the individual carrying an orange crystal (1 point per day).

Amber Crystals: These crystals allow the user to create their own dimension or plane of reality. Amber crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. Psionic power – Indomitable Will once per day (+1 to AC, lasts 1 turn). Touching an amber and rainbow crystal together opens up direct communication with Yogsoggoth – successful saving throw means He grants the subject's desire; unsuccessful means that subject's mind is forever scarred.

Side effects include constitution loss to the individual carrying an amber crystal (1 point per day).

Yellow Crystals: These crystals open doors in time. Yellow crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. Yellow crystals give the carrier immunity to poison. Snake-Men are granted a +1 to their intelligence for as long as they carry a yellow crystal. When yellow and purple crystals are touched together by a magic-user, they drain away his corruption.

Green Crystals: These crystals open doors in other dimensions and planes of reality. Green crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. Psionic power - Detect Surface Emotions usable once per day; individuals carrying both aqua and green crystals have a 33% chance per day of being hurled into an infernal dimension without egress. If a green and mauve crystal touch, then all technology in a 30' area has sufficient power to function (1 hour per day).

Side effects include fungoid skin mutation.

Blue Crystals: These crystals act like an anti-magic field (10' radius). Psionic power - Inflict Pain once per day (3d6 damage). Touching blue and indigo crystals together activates a temporary and impregnable force field (1 time a day, lasts 2d4 rounds).

Side effects include intelligence loss to the individual carrying a blue crystal (1 point per day).

Aqua Crystals: These crystals draw specific individuals or objects out of time and space. Aqua crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. Aqua crystals give carriers the ability to wield a magic sword, regardless of background and training; individuals carrying both aqua and green crystals have a 33% chance per day of being hurled into an infernal dimension without egress.

Aqua crystals sometimes interfere with the working of magical rings. There's a 1 in 6 chance of a massive explosion each time the wearer uses the ring while carrying an aqua crystal.

Indigo Crystals: These crystals open doors to other island pylons. Indigo crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. Touching blue and indigo crystals together activates a temporary and impregnable force field (1 time per day, lasts 2d4 rounds).

Purple Crystals: These crystals open doors to another universe. Purple crystals must be activated within a pylon in order to effectively use them. They also fuel the islands when fed to the under-system. Touching violet and purple crystals together will cause a massive explosion (9d6 damage). When yellow and purple crystals are touched together by a magic-user, they drain away his corruption.

Violet Crystals: These crystals recharge magic items, such as wands, rods, staves, etc. Psionic power – Firestarter once per day (lasts 1 turn); touching violet and purple crystals together will cause a massive explosion (9d6 damage).

Side effects include dexterity loss to everyone within 30' of the individual carrying a violet crystal (1 point per day).

Mauve Crystals: These crystals increase the potency of magic swords (10' radius). Add another plus to what the sword already has; naturally rolled 18's are also considered critical hits. Touching a mauve and dream crystal together allows the carrier to astral project himself once per day (up to one hour). If a green and mauve crystal touch, then all technology in a 30' area has sufficient power to function (1 hour per day).

Wands of Fireball, Paralysis, or Death Ray become wands of Demon Summoning when the magic-user is carrying a mauve crystal.

Black Crystals: These crystals open doors to what appears to be another time and place but is actually an entrance to the anti-matter version of that reality where explosive results occur upon contact. Save versus total annihilation. Psionic power – Thought Shield, individual carrying a black crystal is able keep others from reading his mind.

Side effects include charisma loss (1 point per day) to the carrier, except for Elves and infernal races.

Rainbow Crystals: These crystals can mimic any of the other crystals as the possessor wills. A rainbow crystal is sometimes called an "every crystal" or "all crystal". Touching an amber and rainbow crystal together opens up direct communication with Yogsoggoth – successful saving throw means He grants the subject's desire; unsuccessful means that subject's mind is forever scarred.

Side effects include the loss of power to an individual carrying a rainbow crystal (1 level every 3 days).

Dream Crystals: These crystals appear as some deviant mash-up of other colors or perhaps an alien hue outside the normal spectrum. Dream crystals allow one transport to the Dream Lands. They also extend the Mi-go lifespan.

Side effects include increased constitution for the individual carrying a dream crystal (1 point per day up to a maximum of 20). Touching a mauve and dream crystal together allows the carrier to astral project himself once per day (up to one hour).

ROLEPLAYING VERSUS KILL, KILL, KILL

If the GM and players prefer sessions that are more about negotiating treaties, gaining confidence, and forging alliances, then that should be determined up front, before play begins. If such is the case, PCs are encouraged to defeat humanoids by subduing them or besting them in combat. Once a humanoid antagonist is brought down to single digit hit points, he will be inclined to "give up the ship".

Certain humanoids are important to the islands, as they have particular destinies throughout the time-stream, not to mention secrets. Those secrets will be buried with them unless certain efforts are made. For this reason, most humanoids will take their esoteric knowledge to their grave if PCs are acting hostile, rude, or untrustworthy.

MAJOR FACTIONS

These are large, agenda-driven groups encountered on all three islands: Purple Worshipers, Overlords, Koshi, Children of Light, Snake-Men, and Disciples of Zygak-Xith.

While individuals and groups may be encountered once or twice as the GM or dice gods deem fit, major factions are likely to be faced multiple times simply because there's more of them – a lot more. The Dripping Crimson Tongue sect is about seven strong while the Disciples of Zygak-Xith number about 70. The former group's survival depends on staking a small claim of land/shelter and keeping close to it, while the latter has the numbers and power to move about the islands as they desire. Of course, the GM may decide to remove the Koshi from the major factions list and replace it with albino Ape-Men or Mi-go. That's up to him.

Adventuring parties who stay on the islands for a long period of time may or may not notice changes in the major factions. It's reasonable to assume that one group will not remain static from week to week and month to month. Change is the

islands' language and it speaks frequently.

Roll on the following table to determine what has happened since the PCs encountered a particular group. The first table is for faction, and the second is for change.

Faction Table	
Roll	Result
1	Purple worshipers
2	Overlords
3	Koshi
4	Children of Light
5	Snake-Men
6	Disciples of Zygak-Xith

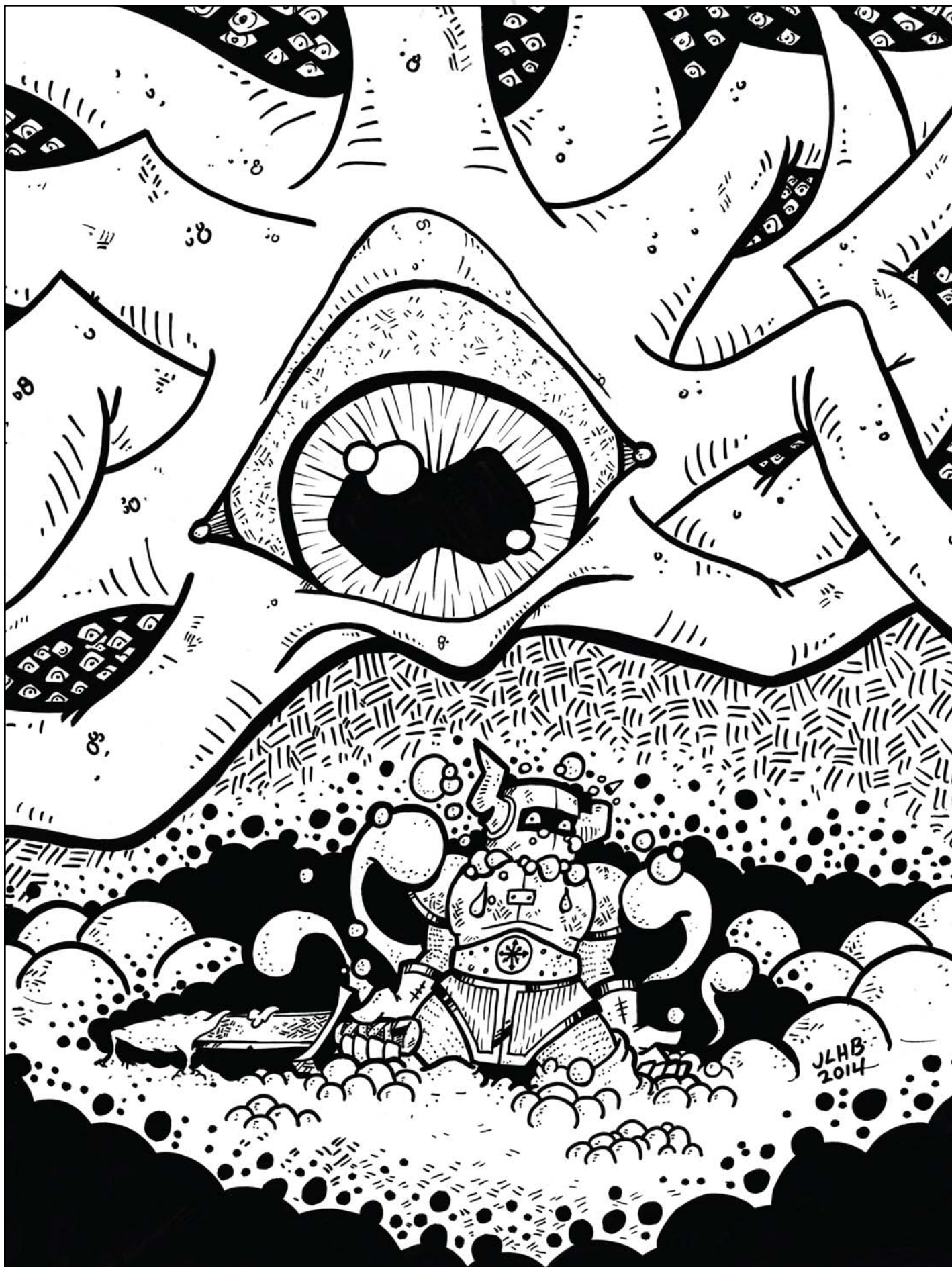
Changing State of Affairs Table	
Roll	Result
1	Their forces were just slaughtered
2	They faced a major setback.
3	Prisoner has escaped.
4	Leader wounded.
5	Victims of sabotage.
6	One or more machines have declared a jihad upon them.
7	All quiet on the western front.
8	Just made a useful discovery.
9	Stole, found, or built a new weapon.
10	Successfully sabotaged a rival's plans (roll on previous table for which rival).
11	Just killed a major foe.
12	Leader consolidated more power / crushed resistance even further.
13	Second in command was teleported to another dimension.
14	They discovered how to effectively use another type of crystal.
15	The Purple Putrescence spoke to one of their men.
16	The leader's favorite concubine / vessel just had a baby.
17	A sickness or plague is spreading throughout the faction.
18	The Purple Putrescence swallowed their leader.
19	One of their magic-users has become so tainted that he's completely alien.
20	Roll twice and weave both results together as best you can.

GOING NATIVE

There are (or can be) plenty of tribes, villages, and natives for adventurers to interact with. The ones specifically mentioned in this book, as well as, others which GMs may feel free to add.

For whatever reason (usually safety), PCs may decide to spend an extended period of time with one or more of these groups. Instead of discouraging lengthy stays with the local inhabitants, GMs should roll on the following table for each week they spent laying low. Specific incidents could be roleplayed or used as a background for future roleplaying opportunities. If the GM would rather expedite things, PCs should be given the option to flee into the night in order to avoid certain consequences.

Adventurer / Native Relations Table	
Roll	Result
1	No change
2	Non-negotiable marriage proposal (1d6 for attractiveness – 1 is ugly, 6 a knockout)
3	Heated argument with 2nd in command, weapons were drawn but no blood was shed
4	Random PC advises the leader with successful result
5	Most likely PC falls head over heels in love with a female native from a prominent family such as the leader's niece or 2nd in command's sister or daughter (30% chance she engineered the infatuation with local herbs or magic).
6	An attempt was made on random PC's life
7	A wizard appears, he presents the natives with a treasure map leading to a cache of high-tech relics. The PCs are forcibly recruited to seek it out.
8	2d4 natives become possessed by a strange machine found in the nearby ruins. The possessed try to kill all outsiders.
9	Water supply becomes tainted, 1d6 constitution damage to each adventurer which lasts for 1d4 days
10	The annual expedition to some remote or dangerous part of the island has arrived. PC's attendance on this expedition is mandatory.
11	The leader is insulted or offended by one of the PCs. How long before he is killed?
12	Roll twice – combine the results into a single narrative, if at all possible.



LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

The islands are only so big, and there are a lot of creatures, humanoids, robots, and other strangeness inhabiting them. Those in close proximity will have specific relationships. While some have been mentioned, most of these relationships are fluid, depending on whatever context is created through play. However, if the GM is ever stuck on how one group feels about another, he has the following table to roll on.

How Do We Feel About Our Neighbors? Table	
Roll	Result
1	We hates them, my precious!
2	We barely tolerate their presence.
3	We have a precarious alliance.
4	We're ambivalent and don't really care one way or the other.
5	We're useful to each other.
6	We consider them brothers.

PURPLE PUTRESCENCE WORSHIPERS

Purple Worshipers have found faith in the putrescent horror floating over the islands. They believe it's a god.

Appearance: All wear white tunics, togas, or robes liberally stained purple. The noble women (about 15% of the female population) wear all-purple hooded robes with slits for eyes (like a berka).

Numbers: Approximately 250.

Leadership: Arch-Acolyte Yiksha Saleece is the cult's spiritual leader. He's as old as he is cunning, having received revelations from the Thing generations ago when Yiksha was only a boy. A long-forgotten scribe set down those prophecies upon several scrolls. Since those early years, Yiksha Saleece is recognized as messiah of the Purple-Haunted Putrescence. He maintains supremacy because of his dread sorcery, chiefly the spell *This Night I Shall Purple Your Soul*.

Belief System: The prophecy of Yuzklatan, recorded upon purple juice-writ parchment and concealed within Yiksha's tent, speak of a time when The Thing That Rots From The Sky grows old and feeble, requiring an heir of its own ilk. When a purple spawn shall be created from small bits of the god itself, gathered at a time when it is healthy. In return for assisting the Thing's renewal, worshipers will eventually become part of this new, younger deity. The original, pre-translated word for this process of self-deification is "Yuzklatan".

A group of clerics have fortified themselves around Yiksha Saleece, calling themselves the Purple Priesthood. They are hedonists who practice human sacrifice and draw supernatural power from The Thing That Rots From The Sky.

Nature: They do whatever the Purple Putrescence tells them, and most of their information is taken from vague visions and ambiguous prophecies. It's little wonder that Purple Worshipers give into their base instincts more often than not. Every form of physical pleasure is pursued – unless it somehow goes against the Purple Priesthood.

Agenda: Purple Worshipers have a fair amount of power on the islands because of their numbers and collective devotion to their god. This power allows them the freedom to do as they please. Anything that gets in the way of their carnal appetites is "evil".

Tech Level: Simple weapons, mostly. Learning the intricacies of robotics, laser weaponry, and operating heavy machinery takes too much time away from eating, drinking, sleeping, and fornicating.

Currency: A few Worshipers make arts and crafts-style knick-knacks, almost always involving purple dye or employing the likeness of The Thing That Rots From The Sky. Women are also a premium commodity.

Special: They do not fear "the purple harvest", but neither do they actively seek it out. Strangers must pass The Test to see if they are clean enough to dwell among the Purple Worshipers. This test consists of standing upon a hilltop where a stone altar slouches, stained purple. A carved ivory horn rests upon the altar. Blowing into it will summon The Thing That Rots From The Sky within one hour. Those who stand perfectly still upon the hill as it passes overhead and are not taken by the god have proven their cleanliness.

OVERLORDS

Overlords manage the islands' under-system.

Appearance: Above ground, Overlords dress in black robes trying not to be seen, or at least inconspicuous.

Numbers: Approximately 100.

Leadership: There is no Overlord leader, unless it is Master Control Network who governs their daily routine. However, the oldest and wisest Overlord is named Pelota. Sometimes, he's referred to as the Senior Correspondent.

Belief System: They believe themselves to be the islands'

caretakers. Overlords are men of science and put their faith in technology – the primary manifestation being Master Control Network.

Nature: They are secretive, but also practical. Overlords want the islands to continue so that the planet Razira stays dormant.

Agenda: Some Overlords believe that no one being should become the all-powerful master of the islands. This group does what it can to retard a certain entity's control. Others, on the other hand, are more interested in learning about the black pylons or being entertained by the variety of species the islands collect.

Tech Level: Advanced. Overlords have various high-tech weapons and armor.

Currency: Crystals are important to them. Individuals might seek out weaponry, magic, robot servants, or female company.

Special: Rather than attack, Overlords are more likely to talk any disagreements out. They've become accustomed to watching, and are generally reactive rather than active.

KOSHI

Appearance: The Koshi are primitive, sub-human savages native to the islands. The Koshi resemble monkeys but stand about 4' tall. They are covered in thick dark grey fur.

Numbers: They breed quickly and easily. At any one time, there a hundred Koshi wandering around the islands while over a thousand populate their village.

Leadership: The Koshi have elders who are respected for their wisdom; however, it is the military leaders who rule the tribe. D'nor is the biggest, strongest, and most powerful Koshi on the islands.

Belief System: They worship the moons. The Purple Putrescence is just another predator to be wary of. Koshi fear sorcery and will likely put any warlock, witch, or wizard they find to the burning pit within their village.

Nature: Generally, Koshi are inquisitive, mischievous, and mildly aggressive.

Agenda: Promoting the status quo is their primary objective. They want to keep living in their city, unmolested by outsiders. Yet, the Koshi are happy to trade magic items, high-tech gear, precious stones of extraordinary beauty, weapons, armor, and women in exchange for better-looking trinkets and/or

the destruction of an enormous savage beast that threatens their land (there's always one or more of those nearby).

Tech Level: Koshi eschew all but the most primitive weapons. They favor bone and sharpened wood over metal.

Currency: They have no currency. All they want is to live, eat, sleep, and fornicate with others of their kind.

Special: The Koshi are currently the only true natives. All other species originated from somewhere else. Whatever the islands' agenda is, the Koshi obey as best they can. Those who arrive at their village with a bunch of alien-looking bananas will be treated as honored guests.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT

Children of Light are made up of missionaries, those escaping religious persecution, zealots, and individuals trying to fill a spiritual void in their life. Most Children of Light are like lost lambs: gentle, compassionate, and easily led. Yet, there are quite a few wolves in sheep's clothing, hungry for power. These few have a lust for dominance and control.

Appearance: Children of Light are human; a few half-breeds have been admitted into the group but not in positions of authority. Members of this faction usually wear white robes.

Numbers: Approximately 300.

Leadership: The Children of Light has one leader, Archbishop MacFain, a large man with a ruddy complexion and ginger hair. MacFain has a warm and soothing voice, except when he's angry – then his eyes bulge, veins pop, and he shouts as loud as he can.

There is a small splinter-group called the Gnostics of Light. The Gnostics believe man was created with divine gifts that he never uses. The one true god created them; however, he does not love them. Instead, their creator-god derives pleasure (and perhaps even nourishment) from watching his children suffer. Gnostics of Light seek enlightenment through objective consciousness.

Belief System: They believe in "the one true god", a fatherly, vengeful protector who is jealous and wise and constantly demanding sacrifices from his children. This group also believes in the Lords of Light who they consider "angels". According to the Children of Light, the Lords of Light were cursed by Nyoggthoth (a powerful Demon Lord, not a god) who transformed god's angels into the aqua crystals found throughout the island.



The Gnostics of Light try to understand why they are here, what they're really supposed to be doing, and how progress can be made. They do not believe in angels, nor any divine property of aqua crystals; however, Gnostics are open-minded about the Lords of Light... possibly lesser gods devoted to Law.

Nature: About 80% are devoted but easily dominated sheep, 15% are power-mad control freaks, and the last 5% make up an esoteric school called the Gnostics of Light.

Agenda: Children of Light wish to live in peace. Unfortunately, that means the subjugation of all humanoid life on the islands. Frequent crusades are launched into "enemy territory" in order to "teach the word of god". Usually, this means slaying non-believers and scavenging supplies.

Gnostics would gladly slit the throats of their "childish brethren" if there weren't so many of them about. As it stands, Gnostics need the Children of Light as cannon fodder for the Final Crusade... a time in the not-too-distant future when "darkness falls over the islands".

Tech Level: Most use archaic weapons, except for the hierarchy who prefer lasers.

Currency: Sex is only for pro-creation, yet women are the forbidden fruit which keeps things interesting, provides drama, and distracts Children from the questionable morality of their one true god.

Special: There is a prophecy among both the Children and Gnostics of Light: that an individual will arrive, an emissary who represents the one true god with sword, as well as, salvation. He shall be known, as the prophecy goes, by his

understanding. If he knows the secret name of the devourer, then all must follow, for he is the messiah.

SNAKE-MEN

Snake-Men are the scaly, yellow-eyed humanoids who used to rule the entire planet. Over the last thousand years, they've been driven below ground. The Snake-Men currently reside within Mount Courstul and surrounding mountains, hatching a plan to enslave all other races.

Appearance: Vaguely shaped like a man, except for the large yellow (though sometimes bilious green or gold) eyes, reptilian skin and tail, serpentine head, forked tongue, etc. They generally wear robes of red.

Numbers: Approximately 500 Snake-Men still live.

Leadership: The one called Sahn'stah is the craftiest and most cunning. He rules by sorcery.

Belief System: Snake-Men believe themselves to be superior to other humanoids and will stop at nothing to subjugate all non-serpents.

Nature: Deceptive and intolerant of other races and cultures.

Agenda: A few Snake-Men are planning to control the Purple Putrescence using their sorcery; so far, no results. Others hope to trick the Children of Light into trusting them.

Tech Level: Even though this group understands technology, they prefer sorcery. However, there are a few brandishing laser pistols or using electronic force shields.

Currency: Their magic is fueled by humanoid sacrifice, so they value slaves above all else.

Special: Now that the Snake-Men are weaker than aeons ago, they fear the Ancient Wyrms they used to control.

DISCIPLES OF ZYGAK-XITH

Picking up the faith where the Snake-Men left off, the Disciples of Zygak-Xith, a multi-racial religious group whose members strive for self-deification. As Zygak-Xith is separate from all things, so his worshipers seek to distance themselves from consensual reality, maintaining an outer-consciousness of purity. Zygak-Xith is not dissimilar to Lucifer, a god of light or illumination, but also a fallen angel consumed by darkness.

Appearance: Disciples wear the crimson and black colors of their god, usually robes or tunics.

Numbers: They keep their numbers small, between 60 and 75.

Leadership: The Disciples of Zygak-Xith are led by the High Priest Rapelzinn. Rapelzinn is clearly of mixed heritage, but it's difficult to discern his true parentage. His nature is calm, cool, and collected; however, beneath the surface, the High Priest is an irrational and egotistical madman.

The High Priest always has a retinue of bodyguards with him. He also lays claim to the best high-tech gear and magic items that cultists find.

Belief System: They believe Zygak-Xith is the key to their spiritual awakening. As he broke away from the pantheon of lesser gods he was originally associated with, so do his disciples wish to become greater than they currently are.

Disciples also believe that one day the entire world will drown in blood and that blood shall turn to fire, burning heretics and immolating those who failed to live up to their potential.

Nature: Seemingly, Disciples care only for their own inner-workings. Yet, the struggle for perfection causes most of them to lash out at others. Disciples enjoy watching others in pain and distress. Some go so far as to enslave humanoids for the sole purpose of humiliating them.

Agenda: Some seek out answers to life's many questions, others look inward, examining themselves from new

perspectives. However, all of them obey High Priest Rapelzinn. His agenda is simply to amass power. Rapelzinn assumes the best way to maintain control is to convince others to join his cult. Potential recruits are brought to the Temple of Zygak-Xith and given a choice: become a Disciple or bloody sacrifice.

Tech Level: Most use medieval style weaponry, but they do own a few laser pistols and such.

Currency: Surprisingly, there are already a number of women in the Disciples of Zygak-Xith. Approximately 40% of the cult is made up of females. Plus, the Disciples already have shelter and a healthy store of magic items / advanced technology. Secrets are their chief trade.

Special: Disciples cannot stand to be ridiculed. Criticizing their belief-system is a sure way to disrupt their programming.

WANDERING MONSTER TABLE

The GM should check to see if there's a wandering monster periodically. I suggest a 1 in 6 chance every time the party moves to a new hex.

You'll notice there aren't entries for "treasure" listed. Most of the time, no treasure will be available. After all, these are wandering monsters, not monsters in their lair full of loot. However, if the battle has been particularly harrowing, I recommend coming up with some kind of tangible reward. If the campaign isn't going to go on long enough for the PCs to acquire the magic items in every encounter, the GM may want to dive into the new magic items at the back of the book, pick something out, and plant it on or near the monster's bloody corpse.



Wandering Monsters Table	
Roll	Result
1	[1d4] Doom Hawks HD: 11 HP: 70 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +6 #Attack: 3 Damage: 1d6+1, 1d6+1, 3d8 (claw, claw, bite) Special: Undead; bite causes zombification within 2d6 rounds (save to avoid)
2	[1d4] Purple “zombie” - these guys are easily taken down in one swing, but they’re purple within purple eyes are creepy and listless movements unsettling.
3	Ancient Wyrms slipped through a rift in time HD: 23 HP: 165 AC: 20 [-1] Attack Bonus: +15 #Attack: 3 Damage: 3d6, 3d6, 5d10 (claw, claw, bite) or 8d6 (breathes fire, save for half) Special: Can only be hurt by magic weapons.
4	[1d6] Mutant raiders HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (primitive weapons)
5	Xixosaurus HD: 15 HP: 105 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: 2d12 (bite) Special: Damage resistance 5 per hit.
6	[1d4] Pallid, lime-hued Shoggothians covered in eyes and tentacles HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 #Attacks: 4 Damage: 1d8x4 (tentacles) Special: As ooze.
7	Cyborg version of some creature, roll again! Metallic claws, laser eye, or stainless steel tail – all do an additional 2d6 damage.
8	There’s a dark blue Shoggoth residing in the belly of some creature or humanoid like a parasite. When killed, the Shoggoth bursts out and attacks the PCs. Roll again to see which monster hosts the dark blue obscenity... HD: 3 HP: 17 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +8 Damage: 2d6 Special: Always surprises opponents.
9	[1d4] Ape-Men with tentacles HD: 4 HP: 25 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +5 #Attack: 2 Damage: 2d4 (tentacles) Special: Resistant to magic.
10	[1d4] Hunter-Killer robots armed with lasers. HD: 7 HP: 48 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 3d6 (laser)
11	[1d4] Gorilla-gator HD: 10 HP: 70 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: 2d8 (bite) Special: On a natural 20 the Gorilla-gator chomps off a limb.

12	[1d6] Disciples of Zygak-Xith HD: 3 HP: 12 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d6 (primitive weapons) or 6d6 (rocket launcher) Special: Acquired their rocket launcher from a time traveling war profiteer.
13	[1d4] Snake-Men HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (primitive weapon) or spell
14	[2d4] Koshi HD: 2 HP: 9 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +0 Damage: 1d4 (monkey claws)
15	[1d6] Purple Putrescence worshipers HD: 3 HP: 18 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (primitive weapons)
16	[1d4] Mushroom-Men HD: 1 HP: 5 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d4 (fungi fists) Special: Suicidal spores (save or start killing yourself)
17	Jelly Magi - aquamarine cube of gelatinous sorcery HD: 10 HP: 65 Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: 2d12 (spell energy) Special: Treat as ooze
18	[1d4] Carnivorous plants HD: 3 HP: 17 AC: 10 [9] Attack Bonus: +5 #Attack: 3 Damage: 1d6 (thorns) Special: Hallucinogenic sap (save or hallucinate after being damaged by thorns).
19	Mutated Demon T-Rex HD: 18 HP: 140 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: 4d8 (bite)
20	Gargantuan Ethereal Arachnid (with tentacles) HD: 15 HP: 125 AC: 15 [4] #Attack: 5 Damage: 1d8+2 (tentacles) Special: 1 in 6 confirmed hits actually miss the target; +1 weapons or better to damage it.



MONSTER AND NPC SAVING THROW CHART

Monster and NPC saving throws are pretty simple, either consult the following chart or remember their save is always the number of hit-dice minus 20.

Hit Dice	Save
<1	20
1	19
2	18
3	17
4	16
5	15
6	14
7	13
8	12
9	11
10	10
11	9
12	8
13	7
14	6
15	5
16	4
17	3
18	2
19	1

IT'S A TRAP!

While I could have done stationary traps, it makes more sense for the anti-personnel and early warning systems of the purple islands to be constantly changing. Not only will the players not know what to expect traversing the landscape, such random elements can be a welcome surprise for the GM.

So, once the party enters a new hex, roll a d6 and consult the following table. If the result is a 1, 2, or 3, then roll a d4 for make up your own trap based on the type. These traps can be encountered anywhere within the hex. Individuals actively looking for traps should have some chance of discovering them before setting them off. Estimate how many adventurers in the party would be targeted, and ask for a saving throw to avoid it. If PCs have been spotted, then choose the most likely candidate – they will be ready for the party.

Trap Table		
Type of Trap		
1.	Primitive trap	pit (1d6 damage), sharpened wood spikes (2d6 damage), net, or paralyzing thorns (permanent paralysis).
2.	Technological	landmine (4d6 damage), red laser beams (2d6 damage), poison gas emitters, stun rays (unconscious for 1d4 hours).
3	Magical	Sleep spell, explosive runes (3d6 damage), acidic spray (2d6 damage), or teleportation (victim is transported 1d6 miles away).
4	Early Warning	empty metal canisters announcing their presence, video recording device, psychic klaxon sounding in a wizard's mind, light flashes on consol when intruders are trespassing.
5	NO TRAPS IN THAT HEX.	
6	NO TRAPS IN THAT HEX.	

LAST WORD ON CAMPAIGN CONSIDERATIONS

As for all the crystals... well, there are a lot of them. GMs planning on running shorter campaigns might want to exclude some colors or limit what they can do – especially all the side effects. You'll notice that precious few crystals are included in any treasure descriptions. GMs should add them as they see fit, according to their needs.

GMs who plan on just a few sessions might either want to cherry-pick encounters or, alternatively, they could use an entirely random approach. Simply go through all of the encounters and number them 1 to 100 (in purple colored pencil or marker, of course), excluding the ones that you're not too keen on or that don't fit (like a water encounter in the middle of an island) since there's probably around 120 or so.



Korus

This is the largest island, roughly 1,000 square miles. Korus' most notable feature is the mountain range at its center; most prominent being Mount Courstul. Although, some call the entire range the Courstul Mountains.

Within the mountains, adventurers will probably find Mi-go, Snake-Men, Totas Mundi the necromancer and his Doom Hawks, as well as, various unnatural creatures that hate the light.

One or more of the mountains may be volcanic. Usually, this fits in with the whole "lost world" aesthetic. But if the GM prefers non-volcanoes, that's fine, too.

During one early session, I described a face carved into the side of the mountain range decorated with ruby eyes – gemstones large enough to see from miles away. That drew them away from the comforting beach and into the waiting arms of the island's interior. GMs, if you can think of an enticement for the PCs, use it.

Kelis

Besides a few mountainous regions, Kelis has the Shattered Dome. Much of this island was built up over the ruins of previous civilizations. The jungle covers a good portion of the remnants.

Kravian

The southernmost island is notable for the Zygak-Xith temple and worshipers.

006

A TRIBE OF THREE

A trio of dark green hued humanoids creeps about malformed rocks and standing stones along the beach. One holds a net, while the others have spears. It looks as though they are hunting for something.

These Mermen are hungry and attempting to catch a wild boar. They are amphibious. These humanoid have iridescent scales of aquamarine and emerald. Sivra, Teev, and Ibsiv would be willing to do any underwater salvage the adventurers ask of them in exchange for 50% of the “treasure”.

Mermen

HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (spears)

Special: The leader, Sivra, is able to see a humanoid’s surface thoughts if he’s in physical contact with a subject. Teev has the net and he automatically entangles one humanoid who has a 2 in 6 chance of freeing himself every round after being netted.

Treasure: Sivra has a small squid-skin pouch containing 6 pearls, each worth about 50 gold pieces.

007

ANCIENT REMAINS

The bones from gigantic Wyrms skeletons are littered all over the islands. Before the adventurers is a prime example – a mostly intact rib cage next to the fractured skull of an Ancient Wurm. The size of its bones is staggering. Small totems, fetishes, and shrines have been left at their base; perhaps a local tribe comes here to worship those dead beings as gods.

Adventurers also see the remains of a purple humanoid statue. It looks as though some of it has dissolved - mostly the head, shoulders, and fingers.

008

The metallic remains of some kind of vessel. Some kind of glass dome and other bits of metal are above the water, covered in seaweed.

009

RECYCLE

There’s a large and complex-looking machine in this area. Painted onto each of its three sides is a curved arrow pointing to another curved arrow and another which leads back to the first. The prominent side has a sliding glass door with enough space for 3 occupants to walk into at once.

This machinery is for recycling – it absorbs the blood and flesh of those placed within its conservation cylinder, converts it into a nourishing pulp, and fertilizes the surrounding wasteland in an effort to grow plants from rock.

Those who walk inside will find the glass door closing, locking, and impenetrable. Everyone within takes 1d6 damage per round until dead. Their only hope is for someone on the outside to either disable the machine or quickly stop its current program via his knowledge of circuitry. Both will take approximately 1d4+1 rounds.

014

MEET THE ATHUMNS

Adventurers see a black whirlpool the size of a shield floating in mid-air. Six humanoids are poking at it with electric blue wands as if attempting to speed the whirlpool up. About 20’ away, transparent aqua-colored humanoids watch the humanoids intently.

A race of holograms - humanoid, aqua skin, white hair and eyes; psionic. They come from another dimension, a place called Athumn 3 (the first Athumn melted in a nuclear temporal displacement experiment, the second was sucked up into a black hole). The Athumns (or Athumnians) are trying to create an artificial black hole. Except, this time, not right on their back doorstep.

They’ve got about a half dozen humanoid slaves working on a 3’ swirling black vortex floating in mid-air. It’s just about to pick up some serious speed. The slaves are poking at it with bright blue illuminated wands - forced to do the Athumns’ bidding via pain-amplifying waves.

This holographic race will not be deterred from instructing slaves to create their black hole. Slaves who stop working are wracked with pain thanks to the Athumns’ advanced mental powers. The black hole will become mature enough to start inhaling damn near everything on the island in a matter of hours. This is a crucial moment for the event horizon’s birth.

The Athumn holograms cannot be hurt except by weapons that harm non-corporeal beings. And if such a weapon is used, one swing is all that’s needed to destroy an Athumn. The slaves might be ordered to attack the adventurers but instead they’ll try running away.

CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST

The adventurers find themselves staring at a field of impaled humanoid corpses. There must be about 40 or 50. The stench is almost unbearable. Dried blood is everywhere, and flies the size of gold coins are swarming around the dead. Perhaps this is a warning or marker of some kind...

In truth, this tribe was the victim of genocide. They crossed paths with the wrong sorcerer or warlord.

A TROUBLESOME TRIO

The party sees a narrow fissure in the ground, but large enough to crawl through.

The fissure leads to a 20' x 15' cavern tenanted by three humanoids peering into a strange ball of crystal. The humanoids are a female Dark Elf in chainmail armor; a robed wizard with white beard and tall hat; and a squid-headed being in black clothes of alien design.

All three are staring at a crystal sphere, albeit with a few rough edges and jutting crystalline structures – it's some kind of magical object crafted out of many fused crystals. The ball shows scenes of another place: five beings on some kind of journey.

The Dark Elf female is a strong and stubborn warrior. The wizard has megalomania and constantly whines about how unfair everything is (but only as it relates to himself). The Octopoid is silent and devious. Lost on the islands, this trio has banded together to conquer the "realm" and master its mysterious powers. They are all Chaotic, but will not attack unless provoked.

Dark Elf (Theeva)

HD: 10 HP: 90 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +10 #Attack: 2 Damage: 2d6+7

Special: She can cleave opponents, one after another. She also has 20% magic resistance.

Treasure: Theeva wears Dark Elven chainmail +3 and wields a gorgeous two-handed sword whose hilt, crosspiece, and blade are encrusted with finely cut frost amethyst stones – it's a +5 weapon (only a +1 in daylight) that can only be wielded by Elven blood. She also carries a small purple velvet pouch containing 7 black pearls worth about 100 gold pieces each.

Human Wizard (Bleestyn)

HD: 8 HP: 37 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d4 (dagger) or spell

Special: He can cast the usual spells of an 8th level magic-user plus Missile Deflection.

Treasure: Bleestyn carries an enchanted deck of cards with him. When the owner makes a large wager using the cards in a game of chance, he wins 5 out of 6 times. He also owns the crystal ball which can remotely view anything or anyone its master wishes for up to 1 minute per level each day.

Squid-Headed Humanoid (F'yln)

HD: 7 HP: 50 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 2d8 (mindblast) or 1d6+1 x 3 (short sword)

Special: He has psionic defenses, as well as, ESP and telepathy. He can also sneak up behind someone and stab him in the back for three times the usual damage.

Treasure: F'yln wears a ring which negates any kind of magical invisibility up to 30'; a small statuette of a unicorn with seven eyes which can transform into an actual, life-sized seven-eyed unicorn for up to one hour per day; and a +1 short sword with black pearl inlay that laughs maniacally after it has drawn blood from hiding in shadows and sneak-attacking someone.

AMAZING LARRY

Amazing Larry – a Native American Indian with a multi-colored spiked mohawk. Amazing Larry is a crystal worshiper and so he dyed his hair to match their hues. He's been on the islands for several years, but has no idea exactly how long. Amazing Larry has a special trick to fool the Hunter-Killer units and the machines that order them about. He simply says, "Input zero one zero zero one one one zero processing... respond please." After that, the cybernetic men turn in the opposite direction and march away.

Amazing Larry tells adventurers he learned it from watching a "master programmer" months ago. He has no interest in fighting, but might be persuaded to follow the PCs "just for kicks".

He also walks around with a walking stick made of amber. He doesn't know its magical - Amber Walking Stick [see back of book for details].



శ్రీ

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THE GIANT SPIDERS OF THAAR

Eight giant-sized spiders crawl around a light blue surface decorated with many circles and strange glyphs.

This is an old trans-mat station – a designated area for beaming humanoids from an orbiting ship to the planet's surface. It would take 1d4 hours to get the trans-mat working again.

These spiders grow to the size of a horse. Those paying attention might notice that some have vaguely humanoid features, almost bipedal. The Thaarians are intelligent and seek humanoid females to mate with. Their eugenic protocols demand it!

Thaarians won't attack unless threatened or in the pursuit of women. Also, they communicate via telepathy.

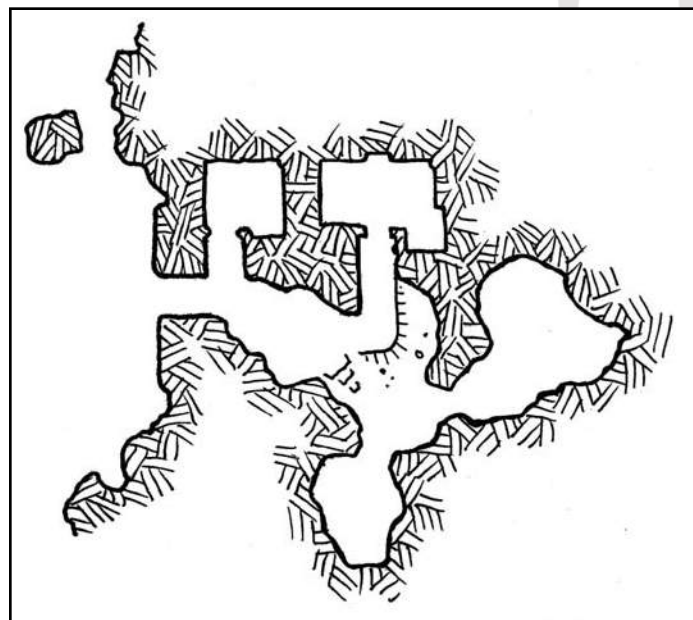
Spiders of Thaar [8]

HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: see below Damage: decay magic

Special: Rather than crude melee or ranged weapons, the Thaarians use sorcery to wither and decay their enemies. Humanoids need to save in order to only take half the chronological damage. Their spell affects all opponents within a 40' radius, adding 2d10 years per round.

The Thaarians also carry a blue and indigo crystal in order to create a force shield if necessary.

Treasure: There's a 50% chance these Thaarians have a human female back at their lair (nearby). If she exists, there's a 75% chance she's pregnant with a Spider of Thaar spawn. Otherwise, they have an Arnold-autographed DVD of Pumping Iron and a hardcover book (full color) on making Asian cuisine.



THE DREAM MACHINE

Within a poorly constructed, three-room dungeon, there lies a 3' tall, 2'x2' metallic box with levers, buttons, dials, and a long black cord ending in a three-pronged headset. Those brave enough to turn the machine on and attach the small suction cup modules to one's head enjoy sensations of colors, movement, and sound. Various fragmentary pictures appear before one's closed eyes.

This is a dream viewing machine. There's a 1 in 6 chance each time it's used that a viewer will experience a fellow adventurer's dream... maybe even his own. Such voyeuristic delights have little practical value in the short term; however, with time, one could use it for scrying the subconscious mind.

018

ENEMIES OF THE NETWORK

Adventurers see a Hunter-Killer patrol. Three cybernetic men patrol the area; they are part of an extermination unit.

They're programmed by a rival of Master Control Network called Nuvon-2600. Nuvon-2600 looks like a metallic suitcase with all kinds of gleaming buttons and lights. There's a 6" screen where a dim, green-hued face gives orders when not laughing maniacally.

Nuvon-2600 is positioned 50' away and has several Hunter-Killer units at its disposal. Being insane, the super-computer believes he will be the supreme master of the purple islands when the Overlords are dead because no one will be around to service Master Control Network.

Cybernetic Men [3]

HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 2d8 (plasma rays)

Special: Reflective armor – any type of laser or energy weapon (like plasma rays) bounce right off the Cyber-Men, unless a natural 20 is rolled which utterly destroys them.

Treasure: A calcified or crystallized purple cyst so dark it looks black unless in direct sunlight. The cyst resonates as both magic and Chaos. Priests and holy men touching it can feel a sentient evil presence trapped inside. If the PCs ever trigger an apocalypse on the islands, the Dark God within shall awaken and be free. Upon release, he will offer adventurers a chance to serve him on some other plane instead of probably being destroyed by the raging forces of the purple islands.

Nuvon-2600 had one of his Cyber-Men steal the purple cyst from the Overlords a year ago. The super-computer is unsure about its true nature and properties.

MANDROIDS

The adventurers come upon a large group of mandroids about to surgically disembowel a voluptuous, red-haired maiden chained to a standing stone embedded with several crystals.

These twisted creatures are mostly humanoid, except for the limbs and organs that needed replacing – the most striking has the lower half of a tank rather than legs. They are always seeking fresh meat and spare cybernetic parts to upgrade from their present condition. Many of them will be found holding one of the following: a clamp, wrench, surgical saw, laser scalpel, or vibro-tweezers.

Mandroids [7]

HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 1d8 (steel fists, feet, or skulls)

Special: The leader has an optical laser doing 3d6 damage – it's only usable three times per hour due to overheating. The second in command (half-man/half-tank) can run over opponents for 2d6... crushing their skull on a natural 20.

Treasure: 120 platinum credits from the planet Thaavn; bottle of Smoky Jon's BBQ sauce; robotic and cybernetic parts – including the leader's optic laser and the other's tank mechanism.

THE DROGS

Hairless, blue-skinned humanoids with unblinking red eyes, fish-fins for ears, and webbed hands and feet sit cross-legged within large bubbles flying high over the islands. Their expression is meditative, like they're having an out-of-body experience. The bubbles float from the south-east to the north-west.

Any kind of weapon or projectile just goes right through them as if they were ghosts or illusions. However, if a magic spell is cast, there's a 40% chance the bubble bursts, the blue-skinned humanoid falls 20' (taking 1d6 damage), and is generally confused for a minute or two. After disorientation, the humanoid attempts to communicate, though his (or her) fixed glare of red is unnerving.

Drogs [1d6]

HD: 2 HP: 10 AC: 10 [9] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d4 (hands)

Special: Drogs are not aggressive creatures and have no desire to fight. However, if their life is threatened, they will attempt to pummel their attacker. 20% of Drogs have the psionic ability known as empathy. Using this, Drogs can make themselves seem fascinating and valuable while increasing the compassion of others.

Treasure: 1 in 6 will carry a tiny rat-thing as a pet named Purple Jenkins.

019

POISON FRUIT

The adventurers notice flourishing vines that cling to the stone ruins of a once-glorious temple. They bloom all sorts of tropical colors. An intriguing fruit clings to them, a cross between a strawberry and a pear. The large berry gives off a pleasant fragrance.

This fruit soaks up the mild acidity of the rain like no other – making it toxic to humanoids. Those who eat a bite must roll a successful saving throw or die in 1d4 rounds.

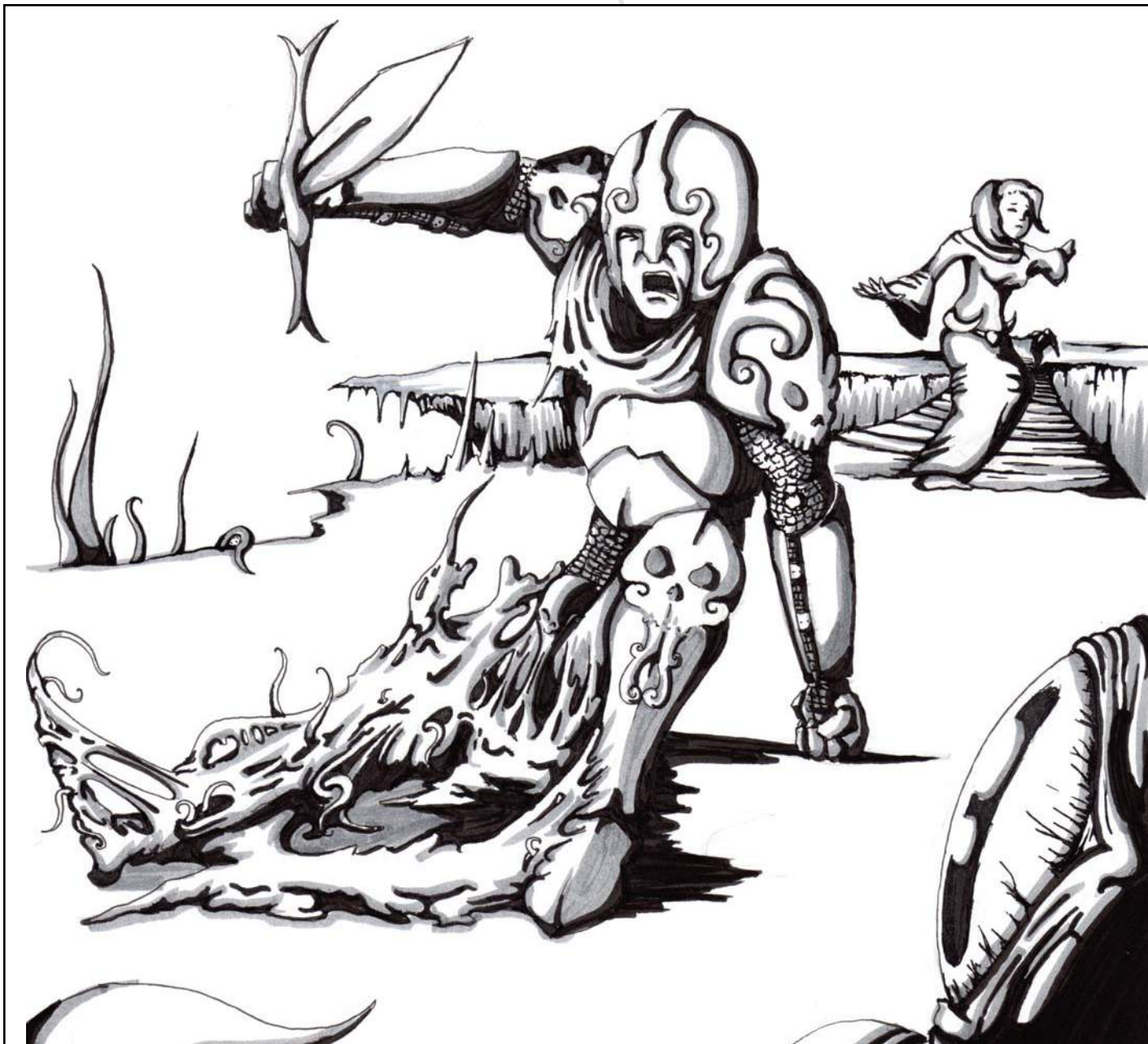
There is nothing particularly noteworthy about the fallen temple other than its cracked and chipped iconography – robed humanoids covering their faces with strange masks.

ROOM OF BLACK MIRRORS

The entrance of Ucaar's domain looks like a 7' tall diamond of empty black space.

Within his black mirrored room, Ucaar the wizard has the ability to become a separate consciousness-created entity in another universe. As this entity, he can communicate and interact with other consciousness-created entities from other planets in a similar fashion.

This wizard is constantly in the room, whiling away the hours in an astral matrix within his black mirrored room. If approached, Ucaar gazes at the adventurers with the reverent curiosity of an otherworldly being.



Ucaar (wizard)

HD: 7 HP: 42 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: variable (spell)

Special: If Ucaar is attacked, he will cast one of the following three spells: Corporeal – which will cause other consciousness-based entities to materialize and fight for him. Mind Blast – 4d6 to a single opponent. Gateway – taking him to another universe.

Treasure: Fragments of black mirror around the room that can be used to deflect blasts of energy; black reflective wizard robes. This room remains after Ucaar is destroyed; if left unguarded, there's a 30% chance each day that it will become occupied by some random monster.

TRANSPORTING MATTER

Crude matter transporter machinery mostly hidden from view, covered over by thick, fleshy maroon leaves. The matter transporter appears as dark grey metallic pods large enough to house a humanoid (those larger creatures can be accommodated if they crouch). Many tubes run to and from both pods; they are connected to a central operating console with several black levers, switches, and dials to manipulate.

Investigation reveals that one pod's interior is covered in translucent orange viscera. The other pod is empty. The tubes have enough length to extend each pod about 15' from the central console and 30' from one pod to the other. While the console only weighs 15 lbs., each pod is 225 lbs. A successful intelligence check will allow a PC to effectively teleport one

inanimate object to the second pod. Living creatures end up as splatter, unfortunately.

It would take about a week and a lot of high-tech spare parts in order to make the pods “wireless”... tubeless, actually. Twice that length of time could make the matter transporter effective for people to teleport, disintegrating in one pod and reintegrating in the other.

After several minutes of exploration and pondering, a vile denizen of the island attacks.

Huge Carnivorous Maggot

HD: 10 HP: 65 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +11 #Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d8+1 (tentacles)

Special: Resistant to cold. Once per combat, the creature can attempt to absorb an enemy's energy – a transference of hit points from a victim to itself (2d12), save for half.

Treasure: 5 frost opals worth approximately 200 gold pieces each; a wand of ice shards (1d12 charges remaining, 3d8 damage).

020

LITTLE GOLDEN GOD

This is a shrine devoted to a particularly explosive deity! A golden warhead the shape of a bullet and about 3' tall sits upon a stone altar. A glyph signifying the coming of Yogsoggoth has been etched into the warhead's surface. Additionally, anyone touching the nuclear device can feel a subtle vibration – it is pulsing with energy, awaiting Yogsoggoth's return!

It's currently being worshiped by a race of albino Ape-Men. They are extremely protective of their little golden god. The white-furred Ape-Men lope about the warhead, soaking up radiation and sensing the warhead's eldritch significance. They will only attack in self-defense.

One good hit (more than 3 points of damage) will explode the warhead doing 10d20 damage to everything within a 50' radius and 5d20 up to 100'. The resulting crater will be about 75' diameter.

Albino Ape-Men [8]

HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 2d8 (fists)

Special: 1 in 6 of these Ape-Men will have psionic powers,

able to lift a PC up and hurl him against some nearby standing stones for 2d6 damage with a 50% chance of being knocked unconscious. If the Ape-Men win the battle, they will tie up the adventurers and sacrifice one of them per day to their god, dribbling the life-blood upon Yogsoggoth's sigil.

Treasure: Jade necklace worth about 150 gold pieces; a juicer; several pieces of ripe alien-looking fruit; scimitar +1, +3 vs. wizards; and a finely made gold-colored cloak granting the wearer +1 to his charisma.

SHINING DEMON

There shines a shiny demon, Maultenac, with terrible and elongated claws standing at a crossroads between intersecting paths.

Maultenac demands that someone in the party performs “the greatest song in the world”. If the song or its performance isn't up to snuff, the shiny demon will attack. On the other hand, if he's pleased, then the entire party will be rewarded with a feast in their honor.

Naked dancing girls adorned with snakes shall writhe over celebrants as purple grapes are squeezed into awaiting mouths. A satyr begins serenading the performer as Maultenac tells stories of elder days when the Skalliosians teleported hither and yon, taking slaves as most men would take sips of fine ale.

When the celebration is concluded, Maultenac will bid the adventurers adieu. But before going, he tells them to be wary of machinery, computers, and science. “That be more Devil's work than a shining demon like myself.”

Demon

HD: 9 HP: 63 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +7 #Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d12 (claws)

Special: Maultenac is a lover of music, as well as, bardic tales. Those attempting to impress him with a song, ballad, or prose poem of epic battle will be met with favor.

Treasure: The Ring of Maultenac is fashioned of obsidian and ruby worth about 3,000 because it also summons the Demon once per day to the ring wearer.

WYRM TUNNELS

The party sees a large burrowed tunnel in the ground. Also, three purple statues shaped like humanoids are here. One statue is twisted back, another crouches in fear, the third putting up its arms as if to defend or block some kind of attack. The statues appear to be made of a hardened jelly or gelatinous substance.

These are purpled individuals who tried to fight the Purple Putrescence.

The tunnels were formed by the burrowing of giant, prehistoric wyrms. The Ancient Ones not only ruled the skies aeons ago but also the ground and everything beneath it. Today, various creatures use those tunnels as their lair. They also act as interconnecting passages between the islands and other subterranean realms.

At one of the tunnel mouths is a rather harmless android searching for his maker, a humanoid named Imar. The android was never programmed with a name. He is also absent any combat capabilities.

GREEN SLAVE GIRLS

Adventurers see a lizard-drawn caravan with cages in the back. They contain voluptuous women with green skin and very little clothing. A humanoid wearing silk drives the caravan, and upon seeing the party he commands the lizards to halt.

Vicious but extremely seductive green-skinned slave girls from Thaavn. Highly sought after, they are kept in cages by a swarthy, silk-clad sorcerer named Tilas. The sorcerer will only sell his nigh-irresistible slaves for 300 Xaxen each - glittering, hexagonal chips as hard as steel. "It is said that a native Thaavnian female is like an untamed wildcat behind closed doors. They will provide you with much pleasure, and may eventually be trained to ward off intruders and bite them like guard dogs."

All three green-skinned girls are voluptuous and alluring. Their eyes, like creamy jade, seem to stalk every man who gazes upon them like some predatory animal. Slavery is all these Thaavnians know, for they were kept in chains and cages long before Tilas acquired them.

Tilas will not put up a fight; however, he will not tell anyone the girls' command word without payment. The command word is spoken by the slave master. Without speaking the

word, the green slave girls will not recognize an individual's authority. Their master/slave conditioning can be broken, but it will take weeks of continual rehabilitation.

Slave Girls [3]

HD: 3 HP: 20 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6 (physical violence)

Special: On a natural 20, a victim's eye is gouged with claws. Medical attention is needed and use of that eye won't return for 2d4 days.

Treasure: None.

The sound of primitive drumming can be heard in the distance.

THREE BEDROOMS AND A TORTURE CHAMBER

An attempt at constructing a modest dungeon has been abandoned, now squatters call it home. A powerful sorcerer, Surek, lives there along with his female slave named Satara; a half-Koshi, half-Human servant named Torg; and a robot from the future called X111. The sorcerer has a collection of fine books, some of them arcane. He's also a sadist, frequently sending Torg out to find fresh victims for his many pain devices. Satara is a frequent inhabitant of Surek's torture chamber.

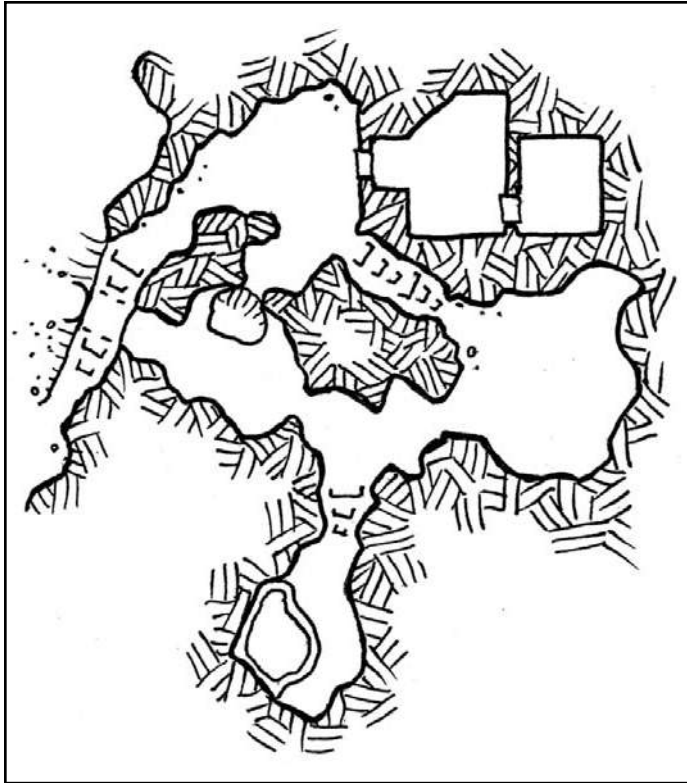
If combat occurs, Torg will fight with Surek, but not his slave nor robot.

The seven books of S'nah are bound in Ancient Wyrms flesh. These unique tomes chart the rise and fall of the Zanesh Empire from their paltry start on home world Zan Minor to nearly conquering the entire Glass Nebula. All seven are worth thousands of gold pieces to the right scholarly buyer.

Surek (sorcerer)

HD: 11 HP: 55 AC: 22 [-3] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d8+4 or special (longsword or spell)

Special: If it looks like Surek is almost vanquished, they might start helping the PCs. Surek knows pretty much every zero to 6th level spell possible. He is also likely to use his custom-made wand.



Treasure: Amulet of Invulnerability and Wand of Surek [see back of book for both]; the seven books of S'nah; and his robot X111 that calculates and crunches astro-navigational numbers.

Torg

HD: 4 HP: 27 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6+1 (poisoned short sword)

Special: Torg's short sword is coated in a carnivorous plant-venom that members of his tribe have learned to synthesize. Those who take damage must save or fall unconscious in 1d4 rounds and die without magical healing within the hour.

Treasure: Torg keeps a small leather pouch on him at all times, containing 3d4 curvaceous, semi-transparent stones of swirling bilious yellow-green. Various people also refer to these stones as "banana jade".

THE PURPLE HARLEQUINS OF MADNESS

Out of the corner of an adventurer's eye, he catches a glimpse of a humanoid wearing purple, sneaking around the jungle's foliage.

Years ago, colonists stumbled upon the remnants of a starship; its payload filled with violet-colored gas contained in tall, translucent cylinders. Once unleashed, the neurotoxin drove



all the colonists insane. To this day, they dress as harlequins in garish purple costumes (accented with green and gold), ritually murdering those who trespass into their territory.

Purple Harlequins [5]

HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +5 #Attack: 2 Damage: 5d4 (dagger with sneak attack)

Special: Because of their madness, Purple Harlequins always attack with alarming surprise and unexpected ferocity.

Treasure: Upon closer inspection, PCs notice that the harlequin costumes are made out of humanoid skin and dyed purple (probably from the Putrescence's excretions). One of them has a small (handheld) trapezoidal mirror. Another is carrying 7 marbles with various purple streaks and ribbons of color throughout.

023

The incessant drumming started, stopped, and has started again. It's been going on for awhile now. The rhythmic beat is unsettling.

SCRIBES OF CARCOSA

Beyond a tree full of fruit resembling a cross between a banana and an eggplant, the adventurers see a "monastery" created out of petrified wood and a purple-hued adobe material. Within, three monks busy themselves with scribing.

They scribe day in and day out. All of them are making copies of a large and impressive-looking tome titled *Wild Psalms for Carcosa and its Eldritch Commentaries*.

If interrupted, one of the monks will start preaching the madness from his personal perspective, telling PCs that "Lurking beneath this fragile veneer of reality is the most incomprehensible thing: a stage set behind a velvet curtain, pallid yellow spattered purple like blood... and upon that stage dance all the beings that believe, falsely, that they are alive. The book we're transcribing, in fact, contains stage notes for this sordid little play: *Wild Psalms for Carcosa!*"

If adventurers dare to skim its yellow-pulp pages, they see depraved illustrations of sodomy, sorcery, and bloodshed, as well as, a list of names. One of the PCs is mentioned briefly (roll randomly to determine who). As the distraction wanes, the monks turn their attention, once again, upon copying the text and pictures into fancy hardcover books with gold leaf, yellow/purple marble endpapers, and a yellow silk page marker.

The book is all they have, and these Carcosa monks are too enveloped in their own surreal malaise to care about killing or being killed – their suffering must be eaten by the Yellow King and for Him alone!

BLACK LIGHT CONVERTER

This is a device from another age, a high-tech machine able to take near-invisible rays and make them into a potent form of energy. This energy could fuel any mechanical device, robot, or starship. The black light converter is in good shape, too. Only a few adjustments need to be made in order to get it working.

However, once repaired and turned on, adventurers will soon discover there's a malevolent intelligence residing within the black light converter. This intelligent and evil force calls itself Nortlov. It seeks a host, replacing the victim's consciousness with itself.

There's an 80% chance of a random encounter.

SALVAGE

Adventurers see a reptilian ape with cybernetic implants collecting spare parts underneath the skeletal remains of an Ancient Wyrms.

Rients, the Ape-Lizard Cyborg from the planet Vaanth talks about the glittering c-beams used to navigate through other star systems. He's searching for the technology to restore the c-beam drive on his crashed spaceship and use it to communicate with the Vaanthians who must be searching for him.

Rients (Ape-Lizard Cyborg)

HD: 7 HP: 44 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: see below

Special: Rients has a disintegrator ray. It can only be fired once every 10 minutes (needs to recharge often since the weapon has a faulty battery). If he disintegrates one of the PCs, then he will tell them to surrender immediately before he destroys them all with another blast (even though this is impossible).

Treasure: He has the disintegrator ray; a phase-screwdriver; his crashed starship which needs a dozen hours or so of repair work before it's usable; and a sealed blister pack of 12 multi-vitamins.

THE RDC

Up ahead are the remains of several toppled stone monoliths. Alien vegetation has grown over the fallen towers, obscuring most of their bas-reliefs and carved glyphs. A man examines the ruins, sketching something down in a little notebook.

"I have dreamed about these ruined towers. They are very old... and cursed."

If the pictures or writing are touched by humanoid hands, the sky darkens within minutes – turning reddish-purple with streaks of green. Orange-blue lightning shreds the sky. A shiny white trapezoid rises from the ground every 30' throughout the island. Touching one of the trapezoids does 6d6 damage (electric shock, save for half), but also grants a vision of the far future or past when Razira is teeming with

terrible Demons, Devils, and the hideous gods they worship.

Navo was a highly respected member of the Robot Development Cartel. Physically, he is average height with brown hair, a small facial scar, and sardonic half-smile scowl. He's seeking asylum for "disarming the security measures" on his home planet. Navo is reluctant to mention his attempted theft of 350,000 zuleks.

"I'm constantly surprised those bureaucratic bootlickers on Quaamor are able to keep their pathetic federation from imploding with fanatical revolutionaries. I should know... I used to be one of them."

Navo is a computer and robotics expert, not a fighter. He has no combat capabilities, just a great understanding of machines.



WAITING FOR GODOT

Several humans in white robes sit at a metal table.

Six white-gowned human inmates who've just escaped from an insane asylum on Earth. Somehow, the seventh inmate, who will be returning shortly, was able to see a doorway to another world using his psychosis. The original six are each wearing bizarre, multi-colored and patterned crocheted hats. They're having a tea party with imaginary cups, sitting at a table which is actually the rusted hood of a car. If anyone asks, the seventh nut is named Godot. Or, at least, that's what the others call him.

"The Geneva Convention shall convene shortly, just as soon as the representative of Zimbabwe is finished draining his lizard. Would you care for a spot of tea, Bob?"

These lunatics don't have any fighting capability.

TIME TRAVEL NULLIFIER

Adventurers see a half dozen Koshi; although, they seem to be horribly mutated. They're surrounding a rectangular metallic-yellow box with several green and purple lights on one side. The opposite side houses a small transparent container full of blue liquid.

This is the time travel nullifier, a device that prevents the conquering forces of Skallos from invading the current era. The machine is about 5' long by 4' wide and deep.

Doing any more than 10 points of damage to the nullifier will destroy it. The PCs could also deactivate it after a couple of minutes of fiddling with buttons. That means Skallosian Snake-Men will be marching out of the pylons within the hour.

One of the lost race found a way to travel forward in time to several hundred years ago. He built the TTN before dying.



The TTN prevents not only Snake-Men from entering the present time-stream but anyone.

While dealing with the Koshi, there's a 60% of a random encounter.

Koshi Mutants [6]

HD: 4 HP: 22 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d6 (fists/feet)

Special: 1 in 6 of these mutated Koshi are able to transform into large blobs of purple jelly that do 2d12 damage and melts armor on a natural 20.

Treasure: Other than the Nullifier, there's a life force detector lying on the ground nearby (range 80').

025

A CORRIDOR BETWEEN UNIVERSES...

Shifting light, apocalyptic echoes, and shadow reflections of those approaching make this an eerie display. There are two gateways connected by a corridor. Coming into physical contact with it yields a variety of possible results...

Gateway Effect Table	
Roll	Result
1	Total annihilation!
2	Becomes a mutant.
3	Develops ESP.
4	Skin changes color to crystal nearby.
5	Animals fear him.
6	Transported to anti-matter universe.

60% chance of a random encounter.

026

SLIMY JADE

This is a nuclear fallout shelter containing a Slithering Jade Slime. In the light, this gelatinous entity is an unsettling creamy pale yellow-green that appears wet and shiny.

This bomb shelter also contains a crystalline safe holding the following: VHS tape labeled *Ninja Cheerleaders*, several used condoms, a case of Mingus Dew, and a cassette tape of Weird Al Yankovic's *Dare to be Stupid*.

Jade Slime

HD: 8 HP: 50 AC: 10 [9] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: special

Special: Being hit by the slime requires a saving throw or the victim will become a Jade Slime in 2d6 rounds. Can only be harmed by crystalline weapons and cold-based sorcery.

Treasure: See contents of bomb shelter above.

STICKY STRANDS OF COTTON CANDY

Adventurers notice a cotton candy machine with sticky pink strands of webbing like membranous organisms. The mechanism is on and vibrating while the pink organisms seem to take on a life of their own.

Unfortunately for the PCs, these sticky strands would love nothing better than to latch onto hapless victims and take over their minds. Those who fail a saving throw find their will conquered, unable to resist the cotton candies' ambition – constructing a nuclear device that will obliterate the entire island.

028

Crashed starship.

029

THE GURU

Adventurers come across a teacher of rare wisdom. He is short, vaguely Elven in features but with greenish skin. His name is Temard, and he's been living on the islands for only a few weeks though he speaks with deep wisdom as if he's been here for many years.

"Think of yourself as a machine created for one task, but finds itself programmed for something else entirely. The left hand does not know what the right is doing. On my world, it is not uncommon for humanoids to have up to seven hands."

"We are not the master of our fractured selves, but the servant."

"Is that purple monstrosity in the sky a god or do we simply treat it as such because of its immense power? But if it's not god, then what do the islands serve?"

Temard also has no interest in fighting. His goal is to investigate, explore, and meditate upon his discoveries. He also wears a ring whose bright orange gemstone is continually wreathed in blue-white fire. This magic item is named Flame Frost – upon touch, it freezes all types of fire into ice. Temard is willing to trade this for some other type of interesting item.

030

PERPLEXO

This is a large (3' tall, 2' wide and deep) floating baby doll's head coated in a sparkly purple crystalline material. It speaks in a deep voice, droning on and on about re-programming the islands beneath the surface. Occasionally, it mentions something about candy coming to life and eating the entire planet.

No one is quite sure if Perplexo is a machine, creature, minor god, magical projection, or figment of someone's deranged imagination. Nevertheless, it is here.

If attacked, it will raise a force shield preventing it from being harmed.

SURVEY TEAM

A group of human-looking men wearing orange and teal space suits standing in front of a starship that looks perfectly intact.

Humanoid survey team on the island. Their spaceship needs fuel, and the survey team believes they can create a synthetic substitute using specific minerals their ship detected on the islands.

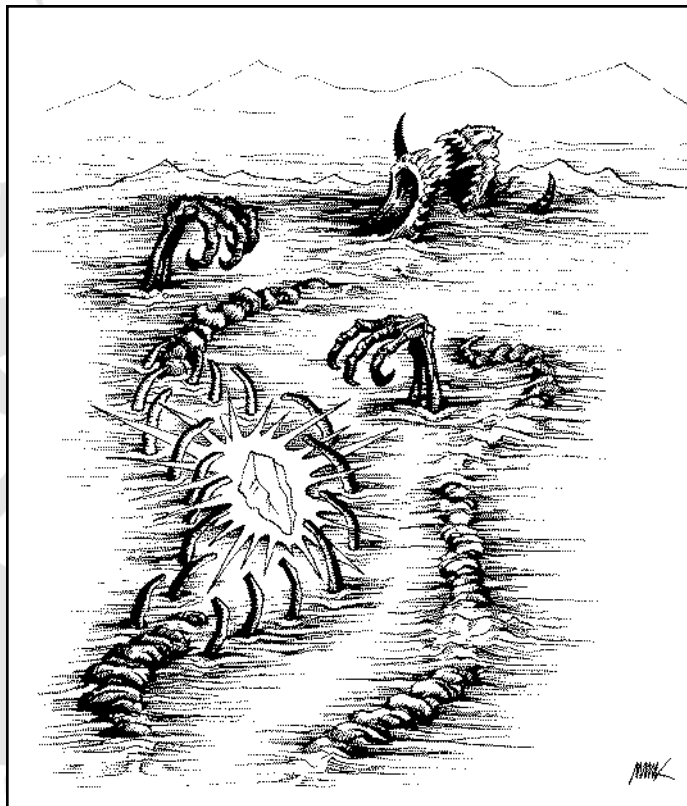
A member of the survey team, Raekvik, is a scientist convinced the crystals will do more than fuel their ship; he wants to use their power to become invincible back on their home world.

Survey Team [5]

HD: 3 HP: 14 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6 (laser)

Special: None.

Treasure: Their starship is usable as a base of operations, but without fuel it can't go anywhere. The laser cannons work just fine, though.



SOMETHING IN THE BONES

Ancient Wurm skeletal remains half-buried in the ground. Within the cyclopean rib-cage is a glowing green stone, probably a crystal.

Actually, it's a large, synthetic emerald-colored vulkyn stone containing the essence of a Mephistophelian fiend with crimson skin, black goatee, cloven hooves, and horns like a ram. Using any kind of magic or spell upon the vulkyn stone (such as Detect Magic) will release the infernal thing.

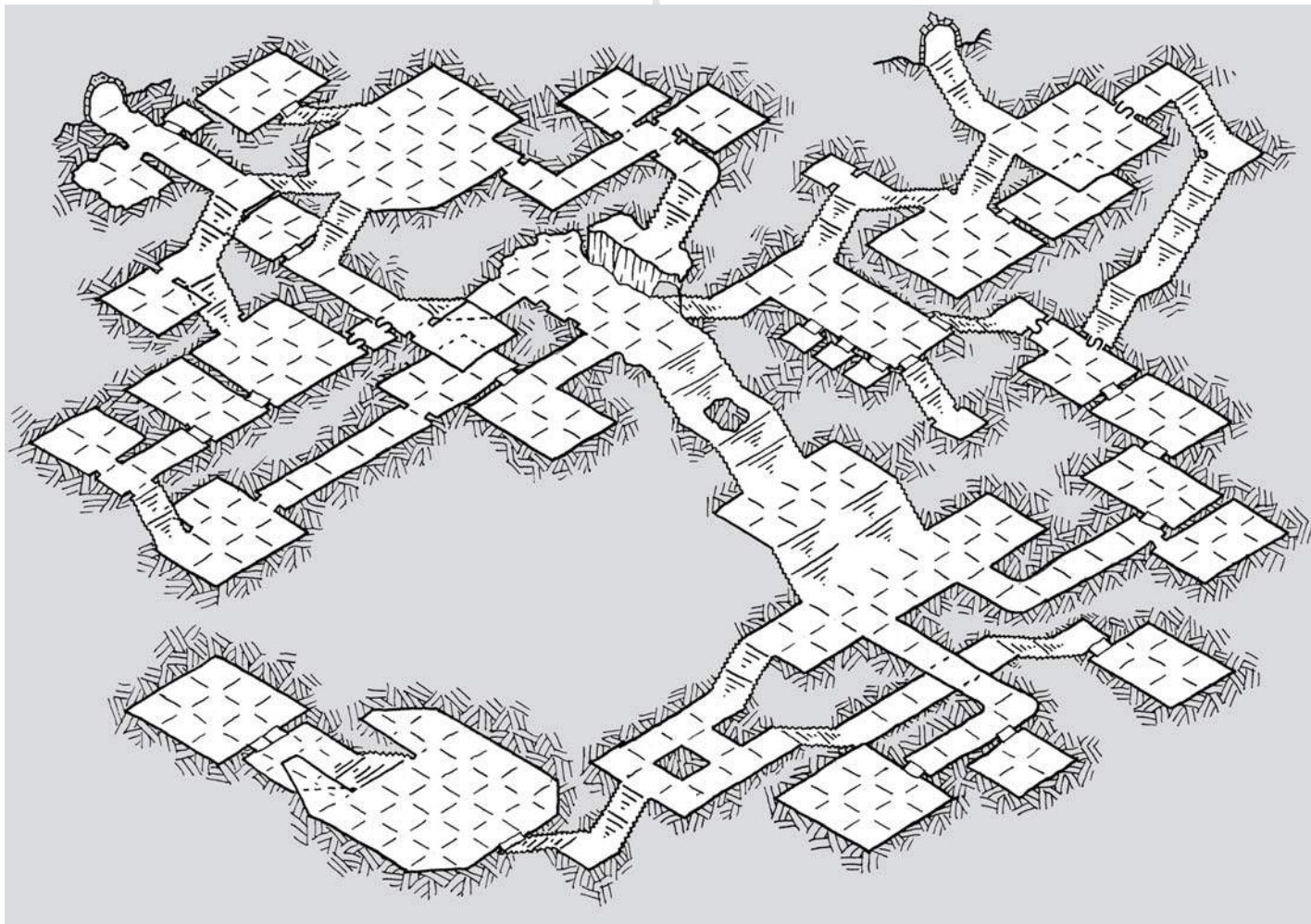
The Devil's name is Skartannis, and he was imprisoned in the green-hued stone over 700 years ago by a bitter rival. Skartannis seeks revenge. "Where is that idiotic fool, Vermeloch. I will have his heads for this!"

Skartannis (Devil)

HD: 8 HP: 48 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: see below

Special: The Devil spits an emerald-green gloop that dissolves flesh and metal, including magic. Those struck by the substance must roll a saving throw; if they fail, they take 3d6 damage. If they are successful, then their armor or weapon is dissolved instantaneously.

Treasure: The vulkyn stone is still there.



031

NECROMANCER OF MOUNT COURASTUL

The necromancer Totas Mundi resides in Mealy Maw Keep, a low but wide-mouthed cavern fortress guarded by his ghoulish skeletal Pterodactyls. The necromancer is obsessed about Princess Zabina. Zabina is currently imprisoned aboard a derelict starship which crashlanded years ago between the shattered dome city and the black pylon on Kelis. If questioned, he vaguely remembers dealing with the Dream-Weavers but describes them as loathsome bottom-feeders of the magical arts. However, his prized possession is the staff he swindled from them.

Mealy Maw Keep has several winding tunnels and dead-end caves. Everywhere, adventurers notice cobwebs, bones, and the stench of decay.

Undead Pterodactyls (Doom Hawks) [13]

HD: 11 HP: 77 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +6 #Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d6+1, 1d6+1, 3d8 (claw, claw, bite)

Special: Treat as undead in all respects. A successful bite attack causes zombification within 2d6 rounds unless a successful save is made.

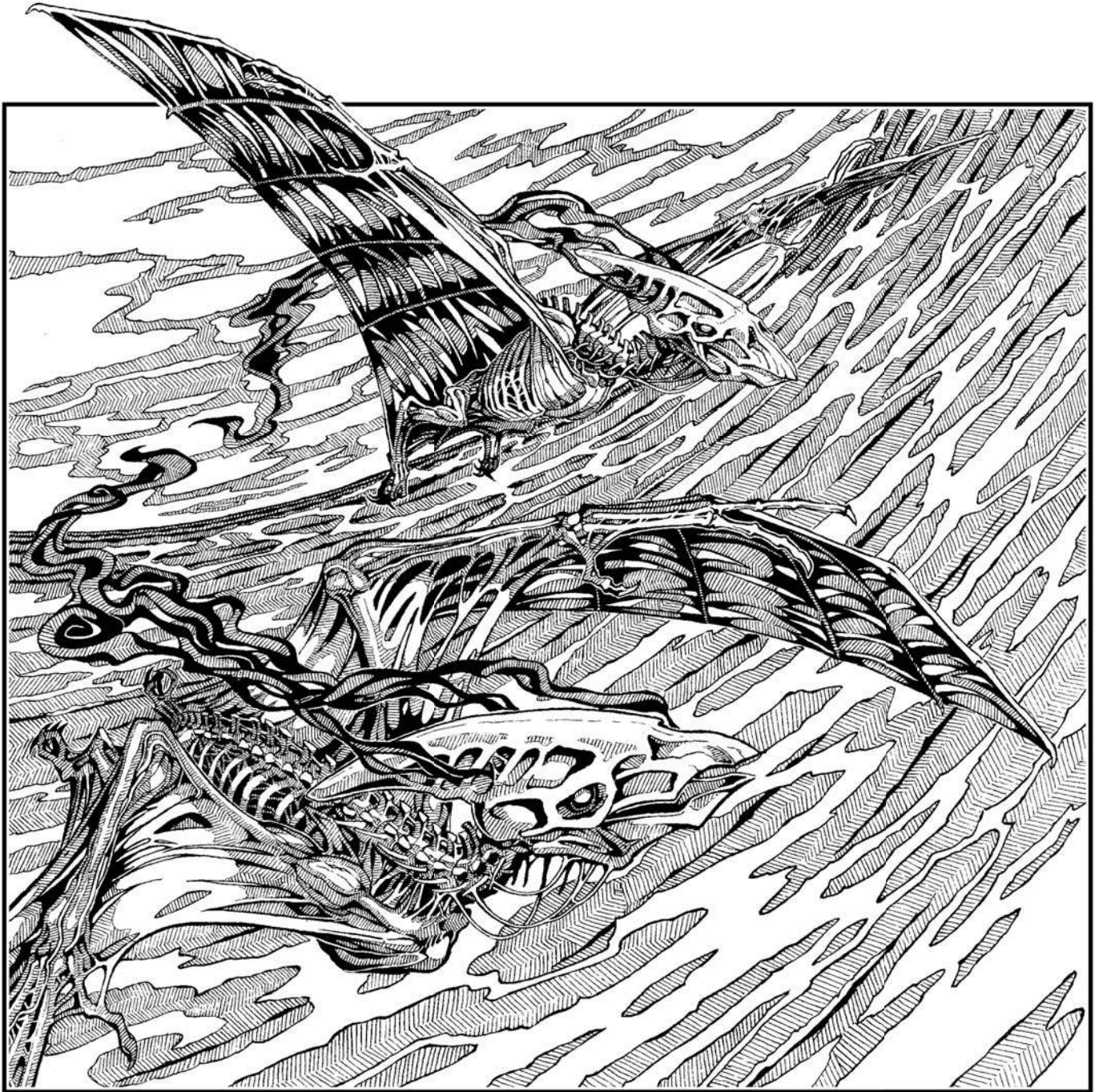
Treasure: None.

Totas Mundi (necromancer)

HD: 9 HP: 39 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: as per spell

Special: He knows every zero to 5th level necromantic spell. Mostly, he'll use his Staff of Pervasive Death to attack. His ring will also keep reanimating him back to full hit points within 1d4 rounds of his death.

Treasure: Ring of Reanimation; Staff of Pervasive Death; Spiked Club of Demnos; 180,000 gold pieces; hardcover *Thus Spake Zarathustra* by Nietzsche; and a well-preserved dragon skull.



032

SHE LIKES TO TAKE A BLOOD BATH

This mountainous region is ruled by a small community of Dark Elves. They are frequently aided by the Purple Worshipers because of their violet skin tone.

The Dark Elves are led by the High-Priestess Kaelsynda. She comes from a long line of priestesses serving the Old Ones in one way or another. By the thirteenth generation, Kaelsynda was rewarded with transformation – her lower half is that of a giant spider.

The High-Priestess is worshiped as a minor goddess by both the Dark Elves and Purple Worshipers, so she is quite content to remain on the islands. Kaelsynda would love to rise in power, though. She is also quite old – nearly a thousand years. Her unnatural longevity is aided by bathing in the blood of female humanoids.

Kaelsynda

HD: 12 HP: 80 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +10 #Attacks: 3 Damage: 2d6 x 2 (razor claws, save vs. paralysis) and 4d8 (violet flame)

Special: The High-Priestess not only has the gift of being

half-spider, she can also throw balls of violet-hued fire at her enemies.

Treasure: If found within her lair, Kaelsynda has a scroll parchment with purple geometric shapes written upon it. If studied for several hours, an adventurer of high intelligence will be able to use it to lift an impossibly heavy object into the air (with his mind) and move it as far as a mile before setting it back down. This can be done three times before it is exhausted and useless [ideal for salvaging those derelict starships along the coast].

Dark Elves [15]

HD: 4 HP: 27 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (scimitar) or as spell

Special: Dark Elves have no problem seeing in total darkness, but dislike adventuring in broad daylight. These Dark Elves can polymorph into large spiders (about 1' long) once per day, as well as, any usual Dark Elf abilities and powers the GM desires.

Treasure: Each one is carrying 3d20 gold pieces.

MUTANT MOSH PIT

A magenta flash of lightning, the smell of ozone, and low reverberation signal the chaotic shifting of dimensions. A rift opens up pouring humanoid skinhead mutants with bizarre facial tattoos. They carry vibro-chainsaws, plasma rifles, and laser swords. Hopped up on psycho-methamphetamines, these genetically scarred sons of bitches mean business. They kill first and take slaves later.

Such magenta lightning storms can occur anytime it rains or during the night when things are slow or going well for the adventurers.

Mutants [5]

HD: 4 HP: 23 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 2d6 (vibro-chainsaw), 3d8 (plasma rifle), 3d6 (laser sword)

Special: For every successful hit, there's a 1 in 6 chance that a PC's limb is severed.

Treasure: Vibro-chainsaw, plasma rifles [2], and laser swords [2]; meth; a jeweled bra worth approximately 1,800 gold pieces; 5-speed blender; and a few scraps of food and spare machine parts.



Adventurers can faintly make out the sound of rhythmic drumming. The “Devil drums” stir something in listeners, haunting them.

HILVUK’S CRUSADE

A very small crusade of humans in white tunics and shining platemail are looking to convert other humans and destroy anything non-human that appears threatening. They are the Children of Light on a holy mission. Their leader, Hilvuk, wields a strange kind of long-sword, it’s different than that of his men.

Upon meeting strangers, they say “Will I see you in the Promised Land?” To which the proper response is “Aye, where we shall kneel at the throne of our Lord.”

Human Crusaders [5]

HD: 5 HP: 45 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d8+3; 5d4+7 (swords)

Special: Once per day, Children of Light can heal themselves 1d8+5 hit points. The leader can and will attempt unusual maneuvers like disarming an opponent, tripping, and cleaving another opponent after felling the first.

Treasure: They wear full platemail armor and carry longswords; the leader wields Star Glaive [see back of book] which transforms into 5 separate throwing star-like glaives, cutting a target to ribbons, and then reforming back into its original sword shape. Beyond that, the crusaders carry 120 gold pieces, 300 zuleks, 250 krono-dollars, and 50 platinum credits.

THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

A runaway female slave is resting near the burned-out hull of a space cruiser. She is eyeing some nearby vegetation.

The plant life, maroon in color, is a dozen feet tall, clammy like warm flesh, its leaves are leathery as bat wings. Several white fruit-spheres grow upon its branches which are black at the tips. Natives call the tree a Thusilax and the spheres moon fruit. The woman knows this.



Unfortunately, for her, the space cruiser fuel leaked out several months ago mutating the vegetation into something sentient and vicious. In addition to being covered in thorns, the chlorophyll creature is also horny – it wants the woman for mating purposes.

Mutant Plant

HD: 12 HP: 76 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +4 #Attack: 4
Damage: 1d6+1 (thorny vines)

Special: Ignore bludgeoning damage.

Treasure: A few victims have left the following: jeweled chalice worth about 700 gold pieces; a silver and sapphire bracelet worth about 150 gold pieces; a helmet +1 of unknown alloy with imagery of a crouching, winged demon brandishing a wicked looking short sword... the demon is also snarling with horns like a ram.

STANDING STONES WITH RUNES

These particular standing stones have bizarre characters carved into them. Closer investigation reveals the carvings were made a long time ago – probably thousands of years ago. Also, spilled blood is apparent. Many humanoids come here regularly judging by the tracks.

50% of either a random encounter or humanoid encounter during the PC's investigation.

These are holy words that, when spoken upon the island, have powerful effects. People run in fear, water turns poisonous and black, the ground shakes and splits, dormant volcanoes erupt in molten lava, and the black pylons will pour forth the most vile and alien beings in existence, etc. These holy words are derived from the slaughter of innocents long ago; their sacrificial blood spilled into the ground as certain tones were uttered, connecting those words with that particular island forever.

Those with both intelligence and wisdom 15 or above have a 1 in 6 chance of deciphering the runes due to both its mathematical and esoteric nature, (2 in 6 if that PC has a special talent for ancient or arcane languages). If any natives see a humanoid speaking the runes, there's a 5 in 6 chance they'll treat him as a living god.

034

KOSHI VILLAGE

Seven times a day, for an hour at a time, the monkey-people beat upon a large, central drum. The primitive drum is large enough for up to 10 Koshi (7 or 8 regular sized humanoids) to play it at one time. The group drumming is a celebration, though adventurers hearing it from a distance will probably become increasingly anxious – as the beat is faster than the average heartbeat at rest.

Almost the entire hex makes up the Koshi settlement. There are small, makeshift shelters all over the place made from petrified wood; a mud, clay, sand, and water substance similar to adobe; and salvaged metal and plastics from crashed starships.

Those who come with an offering of non-poisonous fruit (especially plantains) are welcome. Otherwise, several minutes of chest-beating and aggressive male puffery ensues.

The Koshi are very willing to trade jewels for magic items, but they have no use for gold or standard humanoid currencies. The shaman is caretaker of all the enchanted weapons and high-tech gear. The leader is mostly left alone to enjoy his fill of females and food.

Honored guests – adventurers who have aided them in battle or given them large gemstones in exchange for friendship – are treated to a cold fruit soup made of various island fruits and vegetables. It tastes a bit like a piña colada and is called “coopa”.

Those who make enemies of the Koshi will probably regret it. They may be primitive savages, but they are shrewd warriors and will keep making life difficult for antagonists.

SOMETHING HORRIBLE CATCHES THE LIGHT

Up ahead, near a valley full of Ancient Wyrm bones and starship debris, adventurers see a flash of light for a moment... and then it's gone.

This is an odd creature – sentient cellophane wrapping that is roughly humanoid in size, crinkling and uncrinkling at odd intervals. It will wrap itself around a victim, suffocating him.

Iridescent Cellophane

HD: 4 HP: 28 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: see below

Special: It will latch onto the nearest person, attempting to suffocate him. This takes 6 rounds at which point mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is necessary to save his life.

Treasure: If the adventurers take their time to search the whole area, they find the remnants of a parachute and a flare gun with just the one flare loaded in it.

035

That demonic drumming is intermittent yet feels constant. What does it mean? Who's doing it? Will it never end?

TECHNOMANCERS

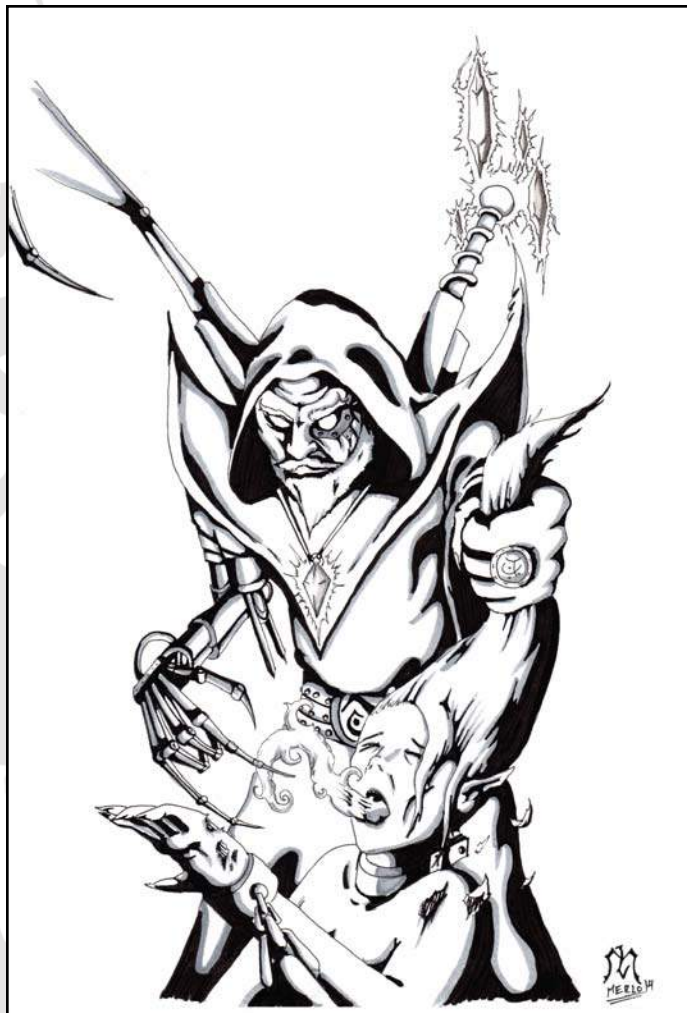
The adventurers find a huddle of metallic debris. Standing in front is a wizard in blue robes decorated in various geometric designs, letters, numbers, and strange symbols. The wizard's left arm seems to be completely mechanical. Before anything can happen, he says a word you don't recognize over his shoulder. A second later, four more wizards exit their metal home.

Fragments of a space station which crashed many years ago have become the abode of strange wizards – technomancers!

This small enclave of technomancers derives their magical power from high-tech machines and devices. Each technomancer has his own specialty equipment which boosts his magic, directing it in some unique form. The leader's device is nanotechnology, allowing him to magically rebuild damaged or broken machines. His lieutenant has a pocket microwave which allows him to cast spells that cook his opponents from the inside out. Next in line, Hera, has a portable refrigeration unit which allows her to blast enemies with extreme cold.

The leader is named Ibzen. The second in command goes by Zirj. Both of them, as well as, their handful of fellow technomancers, use their time to look for new technology. The enclave has become quite good at scavenging, especially with their magic to protect them.

Upon meeting strangers, the first thing to enter their minds is this: how can these people help me acquire a new mechanical device? Everything else is secondary. The secrets of fellow sorcerers are a consideration, but first and foremost is the high-tech they crave!



Technomancers [5]

HD: 6 HP: 22 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 2d6 (cybernetic enhancements)

Special: One has a laser eye, another has a retractable saw instead of a hand, the leader has a mechanical foot of blades for kicking, etc. Zirj's microwave heat-ray does 5d6 to 1d4 opponents each, save for half-damage. Hera's ice-ray does the same thing except with cold.

Treasure: Nano-bots for repairing machinery; a tiny microwave; portable freezer; ergonomic vibrating back massager; and a few more odds and ends. Plus, the cyber-gear which can be extracted from their flesh.

036

HAAKLYTH RUINS

What's left of the labyrinthine Haaklyth Monastery and its Sebaashti monks devoted to mastering the inner mind. Centuries ago, the monastery, full of monks, arrived on the

island. In-fighting between the various sects, each with subtle differences yet pronounced animosity caused the monastery to fall into decline. Scant years ago, one Sebaashti monk forced a sorcerer to conjure some great demon within the monastery's walls. That demon was improperly bound and destroyed most of the Sebaashti sanctuary.

Now, monks hide behind the smashed walls and crumbling ruins so they don't become food or plaything for whatever entity floats nearby.

Monks [6]

HD: 3 HP: 17 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d8 (unarmed)

Special: Only fail a save on a natural roll of 1, 2, or 3.

Treasure: There's a 1 in 6 chance per monk of owning a valuable book on (1) esotericism, (2) philosophy, (3) religion, or (4) demonology. Also, one of them owns the Amber Walking Stick [see back of book for details].

037

THE BOOK

Brown, furry Ape-Men with many green suckered tentacles wander this area, communicating in hostile grunts and chest pounding.

They live in a subterranean grotto which is lit in ghastly emerald green by an oversized tome of blasphemous lore known as the Necronomicon. The Ape-Men worship the book, and have also been mutated by its radioactive illumination.

Tentacled Ape-Men [7]

HD: 8 HP: 54 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +8 #Attack: 3 Damage: 1d8, 1d8, 3d6 (tentacle, tentacle, bite)

Special: On a natural 20, the tentacle squeezes so hard that the victim's head pops off and all the innards squirt out all over the remaining adventurers. Not good for morale. Two of these Ape-Men have disintegrator eye-beams usable once per day, save or be disintegrated. One Ape-Man can become incorporeal three times per day (only 1 in 6 chance of a successful hit being solid enough to yield damage).

Treasure: The legendary and accursed Necronomicon with which one could summon Dread K'tulu if wished, worth approximately 30,000 gold pieces to the right buyer; ring of

protection +3; a stone sarcophagus full of gemstones – about 2 dozen, each worth 1d4 x 100 gold pieces.

038

SORCERER OF THE PALLID MASK

The Gibbering Hierophant of Azathoth and his minions known as the devout. The Hierophant, who wears a mauve demon mask, burns non-believers with electric flame from his solar sword, a laser-powered weapon from another time and place.

The Hierophant wishes all to kneel before his mighty god Azathoth, He Who Re-Made the World. Those who refuse are met with swift "justice". His minions, the devout, also believe Azathoth remade the planet millions of years ago, according to the god's divine vision. The devout are willing to die for Azathoth's glory and place their full faith in The Hierophant.

Hierophant

HD: 9 HP: 52 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 2d12 (solar sword)

Special: The solar sword is extinguished when the wielder rolls a natural 1. Recharging it takes an hour plugged into a solar-powered battery pack. The Hierophant also knows the spells Festival and Stigmata [see New Spells towards back of the book]. If captured, the Hierophant will try to trick humanoids into blaspheming Azathoth, bringing forth the magenta and emerald lightning for 8d6 damage (save for half).

Treasure: Jeweled (un)holy symbol for Azathoth worth about 500 gold pieces (whoever possesses it always gets a +1 bonus to their saving throws); mauve demon mask; solar sword and battery pack; 3 fire opals, 5 rubies, 2 diamonds, and 9 black pearls altogether valued at about 10,000 gold pieces.

The Devout [4]

HD: 2 HP: 11 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d6 (mace)

Special: None.

Treasure: Each member of The Devout is carrying 2d20 zuleks.



CAR WRECK

Between masses of alien-looking plants, the adventurers see an opening to some kind of rock quarry.

Beyond the opening, they see twisted machine wreckage, actually a collision between an ice cream truck and a metallic purple Camaro. The tops of both cars are deteriorated and there are weeds growing up through the upholstery. These vehicles have been here for many years.

Inside the ice cream truck is a lot of old, melted treats, but one cabinet is locked. Within is a 12 gauge shotgun, 6 shells (4d6 damage), and a journal describing the author's struggle against brown-hooded Dwarves composed of compact corpses that bleed yellow and feast upon the living.

Inside the Camaro is a purple lighter along with a strange-looking pipe already packed with curious looking tobacco.

SUICIDE INVOKER

The Squamous Invoker of the Unspeakable Nigrescence and his blind and mute followers, the black vessels, eagerly anticipate their god's approach. The Invoker wishes himself and his followers to be extinguished in combat, their blood splattered upon the dimensionally unreliable ground.

Their deaths have a 1 in 6 chance (per person) of causing an island-wide earthquake. Essentially, the entire island will be shredded into 1d4 pieces with a mile of water separating each new mini-island. Of course, that kind of widespread destruction only invites Winged Worm Horrors from Beyond Space and Time. The Winged Worms attend the Unspeakable Nigrescence at the center of the lightless void. They're large and vicious with oval mouths full of sharp incisors dripping with black saliva. These eldritch creatures attack humanoids on sight.

The leader wields a magical and intelligent long sword named Vekonirant [see back of book for details].

Invoker

HD: 6 HP: 30 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d8+4 (long sword – does even more vs. Lawful clerics)

Special: The Invoker is likely to say, "Yes, kill me. Strike me down! My blood shall spill an ocean of ichor before this day is done." If he's down to single digit hit points, he will use Vekonirant's blackout power, attempting escape in the darkness.

Treasure: Besides his long sword and a small amorphous black idol, there's not much else he carries. The Invoker is expecting to die in battle... if not today, then tomorrow.

The Black Vessels [3]

HD: 3 HP: 14 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (short swords)

Special: None.

Treasure: One of them will be traveling with a starship helmet, a circuit board, and a few other spare part gizmos.

Winged Worm Horrors from Beyond Time and Space

HD: 7 HP: 42 Attack Bonus: +11 Damage: 1d12+3 (bite)

Special: 25% magic resistance. On a natural 20, humanoids are torn into several (dead) pieces!

Treasure: None.

Water.

CAVES WITH TONGUES

Nearby caves are decorated with skinned humanoid corpses and bloody tongues of indigenous lizards. These remains clearly mark the home of a particularly vile order of cultists.

Sect of the Dripping Crimson Tongue – an ultra-violent cult worshipping the Ancient Ones. At one time, these cultists were humanoid; they worshiped Zygak-Xith. Decades ago, their leader became enamored of deities darker... more infernal, particularly Nyoggthoth. The Dripping Crimson Tongue has been following the path of hedonistic torture, rape, and barbaric mutilation ever since.

Adventurers crossing the sect's path invariably regret it. They fight to the death wielding jagged blades covered in poison and vile sorcery taught to them by their red tentacled god. Their leader is named Shiv Usaal. Besides being the most powerful sorcerer, he also wields two powerful magic items: Eye of the Savant and the Cosmic Membrane Cloak [see back of the book for details].





Shiv Usaal (high priest)

HD: 9 HP: 40 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6+1 (bite or poisoned dagger)

Special: He always has initiative. Shiv Usaal knows the spell *Shrivel*, as well as, whatever common spells the GM feels like giving him. The poison of his blade paralyzes victims the round after they're cut for about an hour, save to avoid.

Treasure: Besides his magic items (damage transference and spawn summoning), Shiv Usaal has several bones and teeth he uses as charms, a shrunken head protecting a pouch of purple sand, and a mysterious white crystal which negates the power of all other crystals within a 30' radius.

Cultists (ultra-violent) [7]

HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (poisoned dagger)

Special: The poison of their blades paralyze victims the round after they're cut for about an hour, save to avoid.

Treasure: Each cultist has 1d6 banana jade stones which they believe are the calcified tears of their victims' gods.

043

Black Pylon – see page 32.

SOMETHING TRAPPED INSIDE

Adventurers see a small piece of black machinery plugged into a gigantic storage container (15' high x 10' wide x 25' deep). There's a control panel on the side, but there's no way of knowing what's in the container.

Giant Abomination – shape of a manta ray, stripes of a tiger, oozing pustules, nodes with a dozen eyes, and slimy tentacles of a thing that should not be.

Abomination

HD: 8 HP: 54 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +6 #Attack: 5 Damage: 1d6 (4 tentacles) and 1d12 (stinger)

Special: Its sting shrinks victims to half their normal size for one hour, save to ignore.

Treasure: Besides the abomination, there's a schematic for building some sort of patchwork humanoid monster, a deck of playing cards missing the Ace of Spades, and a latex frog mask.

044

LAKE OF HALI

This small body of water is crystal clear and beautiful, but cultists frequently come to worship and perform summoning rituals. Entities brought forth into this world are bound by sorcery and directed towards a cult's enemies.

FUNGOID CRUSTACEAN HARVEST

Mi-go harvesting dream crystals of unbearably extra-dimensional coloring so that it's difficult to look at them directly. Dream crystals increase the Mi-gos' longevity and so they fly in and out of the tunnels connecting the bowels of Mount Courstul to the Dream Lands.

Occasionally, Mi-go fly over the surface of Korus looking for food or humanoids worth experimenting on.

Mi-go [2d4]

HD: 7 HP: 37 AC: 19 [0] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6 or 3d8 (pincher claws or mind blast)

Special: The Mi-go have psionic powers like ESP, telepathy, and a crippling Mind Blast which can only be used once per day – this mental power cannot kill, only knock victims unconscious for 1d4 hours.

Treasure: There will be dream crystals all over the place, as well as, purple, indigo, and violet crystals – approximately 1d4 of each; ice cream maker.

045

MOUNTAIN MEN

Mountain-dwelling cultists that eschew technology. They believe a secret war is being waged by machines all over the islands. Because of this belief the cultists worship the Ancient Ones and spend the majority of their time practicing sorcery.

The cult leader is Faamsho. His focus is upon an iridescent black sphere which just barely fits in the palm of his hand. The sphere is made of some unknown mineral, extremely heavy and detects as magic. Unfortunately, Faamsho has no idea what it's for or how to activate it. For a detailed description of **The Iridescent Black Sphere** [see the magic item list at the book's end].



Cultists (mountain-dwelling)

HD: 4 HP: 25 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d6 (spear)

Special: Faamsho will increase gravity as the battle commences. Besides the normal list of spells, the mountain men have learned magic that deadens all technology within a 20' radius of the spell's target (lasts 10 minutes per level/HD).

Treasure: They have a community spell book with the Kill Tech spell included; 500 zuleks; strange idol to unknown god fashioned out of orange with gold-streaked travertine. There's also the leader's sphere. Years ago, the mountain men found the destroyed remains of some machine called a "computo-witch" that logically calculated analysis for female magic-users back when it still functioned. It wears an electronic pointy witch's hat.

046

That primitive drumming picks up again – the Devil's beat.

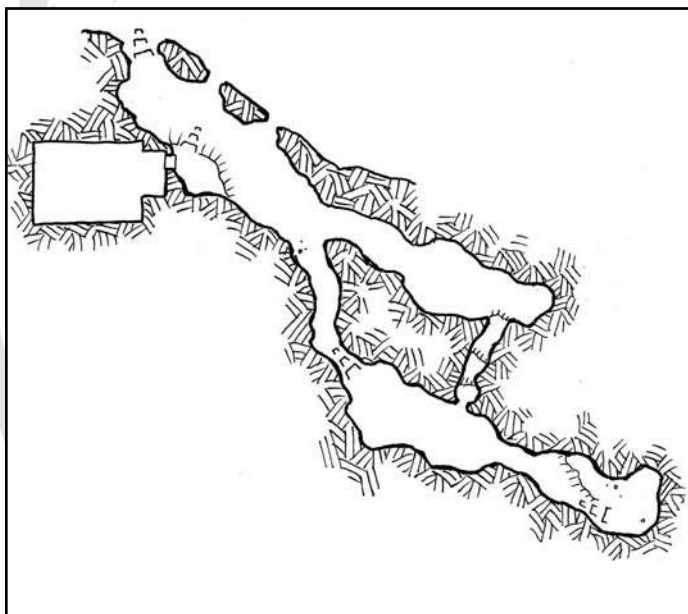
Children of Light settlement – see page 38.

047

It's as if the entire island was haunted by the endless sound of those demonic drums.

STATUE OF KALI

A 10' tall, cross-legged female statue with six arms, each holding a short sword. The six-armed woman has demonic features and a loathsome expression of hate. Across her lap is a 7' long smooth slab like a sacrificial altar. The statue



appears to be carved from a grayish-brown porous rock with purple flecks, unlike any the adventurers have ever seen.

A thousand years ago, a meteor fell. Soon after, explorers from one of the many dark dimensions carved the image of their bloodthirsty goddess. Her name has been forgotten; however, the rock that her image was chiseled from is still imbued with ultra-telluric properties. Blood spilled upon the statue's lap-altar can be spread all over a humanoid's body, granting more endurance (+1 to constitution for the next twelve hours or until the blood is washed off, whichever comes first). Weapons coated in the sacrificial blood are imbued with a +1 bonus to hit and damage in the name of Chaos for the next twelve hours.

Besides the Koshi, only the Time Traveler knows this statue's secrets.

Before the adventurers depart from this area, there's a 60% chance of a random encounter.

SORCERER SUPREME

Deep violet robed humanoid wearing an old-style spaceman helmet. Komdin the Supreme Sorcerer endeavors to implant his consciousness within a patchwork of various robots, cyborgs, and machines.

Komdin

HD: 11 HP: 75 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 3d10

Special: The Supreme Sorcerer will just energy blast those who seem hostile, save for half. If Komdin is destroyed, then his last spell will be automatically cast (he prepared for this years ago) – an explosion affecting everyone within a 40' area. Those within 20' will take 7d6 damage (save for half) and those between 21' – 40' will take 3d6 damage (save for half).

Treasure: Everything on Komdin's person will be destroyed by the blast – unless some sort of anti-magic device is used – in which case, he has a wand of magic missiles [1d12 charges remaining] and a pouch of 23 glittering hexagon chips. Aside from that, his robotic creation is the only valuable thing he owns. Enterprising adventurers might be able to use this vessel in some fashion.

048

Mermaids can be seen in the distance, dipping into the water once they've been spotted. They are apprehensive about strangers – especially land dwellers.

049

THE FACE OF GOD

An incredibly huge face has been carved from an expanse of rock at a 45-degree angle. It appears vaguely humanoid and ancient. The face is so large that it can only be appreciated from a distance. Those standing close would never guess it to be a face at all. Adventurers surmise it must have either taken decades to complete this work of art or advanced tools were used.

The face was created with high-tech laser tools; even then, it took several months to finish the job. The beings who fashioned it wanted something they could see from orbit.

Since its creation, island natives have come to the face seeking answers, blessings, or curses for their enemies. Many believe it to be the face of god; although only a handful actually worship the stone face itself. The vast majority see it as an abstract representation or personification of their preferred deity.

At any one time, there's a 2 in 6 chance that 1d4 humanoids have congregated at the Face of God for some purpose – most likely spiritual reflection.

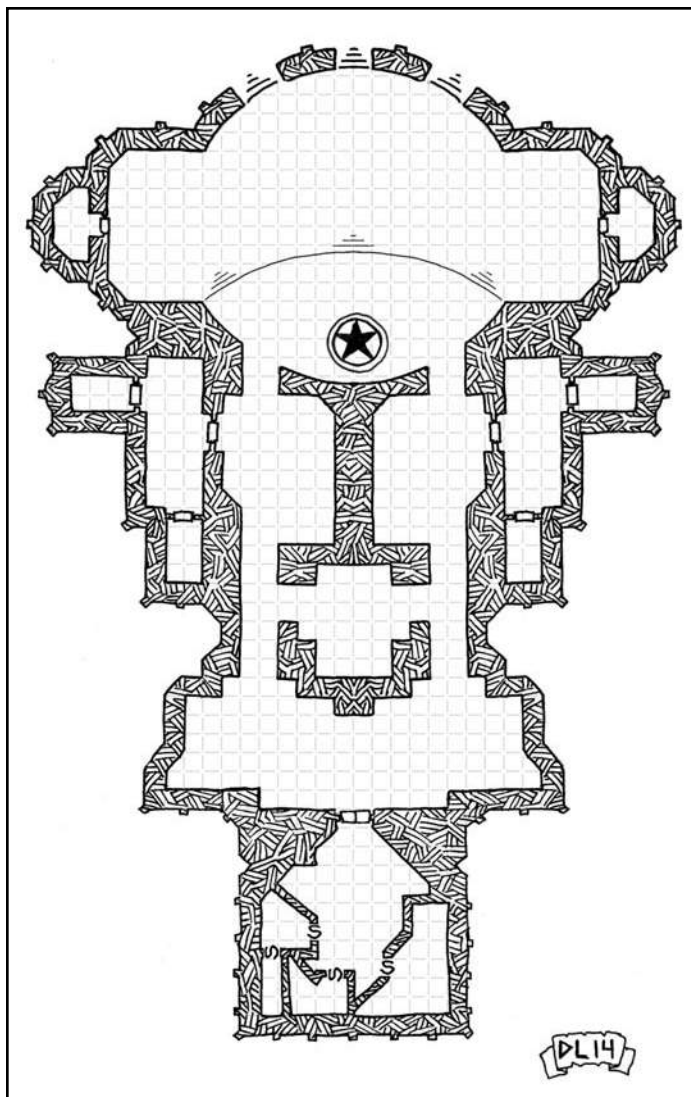
050

THE TEMPLE

Blaftalon Squinjek is the High Priest of Zygak-Xith

The worshipers of Zygak-Xith use force fields to keep intruders out of their temple.

Inside is the only known Ancient Wyrms egg. The priesthood believes that it symbolizes the resurrection of Zygak-Xith. With great heat and pressure, the egg will hatch. The best way of doing this is to drop it into the volcano on Korus.



051

Black Pylon – see page 32.

THE DARKEST TIMELINE

PCs stumble upon a scrying tablet of themselves (except one or two) screaming for help and lamenting their terrible fate just before dying, blood spatters across the screen, the sound of flesh and bone devoured, etc. Is this from the past, future, or a parallel dimension? The not-knowing should freak the players out.

052

Entrance to subterranean control station – see page 84.

PARALLEL UNIVERSE

A cloud of gold and pink dust pours out of a rocky outcropping carved in the image of a skull. The dust cloud is a magical field, transporting those coming in contact with it to a parallel universe. An evil version of a character will instantly replace the ordinary version, unless a character is already really evil, in which case a good version will appear. The major differences can be determined on the tables below.

Physically, the evil version has a(n)...

Roll	Result
1	goatee (whorish makeup if female)
2	facial scar
3	eye patch
4	tattoo
5	dark fashion sense - predominantly black
6	tribal piercing

And personality-wise / emotionally he or she has a(n)...

Roll	Result
1	sadistic streak
2	bad temper with a short fuse
3	an aversion to kindness
4	deviant sexual appetites
5	uncontrollable predatory instincts
6	no conscience

If the GM likes, he can present this same gold and pink cloud later in the campaign so the adventurers may change back into their former selves. Of course, that's entirely optional, and even if the choice is presented, that doesn't mean PCs will go for it.

053

TIME LOOP

A human scientist frozen in time, holding three crystals in his right hand: green, violet, and amber. An experiment with crystals gone wrong – Ezra touched green, violet, and amber crystals together which created a 1 second time loop. The chrono-cycle will last until all three crystals are no longer in proximity of each other.

The scientist Ezra was trying to break out of the islands' dimensional drag field when The Thing That Rots From The Sky came near, somehow altering his experiment. He

believes there's a connection between the purple monstrosity above and the mysterious force preventing most dimensional travelers from coming and going.

054

GIANT SUPER-COMPUTER

This thing is about 40' high and almost as wide and deep at its base. It resembles a squat, trapezoidal bank of buttons, diodes, and teal, orange, and dark grey metallic shielding which protects the thing's circuitry. On top sits an impenetrable translucent globe of light-emitting antennae. For defensive purposes, the computer has four mechanical tentacle arms (two on each side) that allow it to attack, grip, grasp, and manipulate objects.

Some use it as an oracle. They tell it their problems or ask it questions hoping to get a satisfactory response. Most of the time, it will answer with one of the following words or phrases...

Computer Answer Table	
Roll	Result
1	Not in your lifetime.
2	Yes.
3	No.
4	Perhaps.
5	Only by looking into the face of evil.
6	I am not programmed to answer such questions.
7	Come back tomorrow.
8	"42".
9	Use the crystals.
10	In a thousand years, none of this will matter.
11	You dare interrupt my computations with this drivel?
12	Seek out Perplexo – he can help you.



CARAVAN OF DEATH

Humans caged like animals; two men, three women. The humans, captured by Snake-Men, are traveling to the Necromancer Totas Mundi where they'll be experimented upon (eventually ending up as his undead servants).

Snake-Men [5]

HD: 5 HP: 29 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 1d6+1 (scimitar) or spell

Special: They are likely to cast magic fireballs and missiles, as well as, a cloud of sleeping vapors (save to avoid) from their scaly green fingers.

Treasure: 650 silver pieces; 80 platinum credits, an elongated "serpent pipe" for smoking hashish; two orange crystals; one amber crystal; and a scimitar +1 with Snake-Men runes – able to store a 1st – 3rd level spell; and the Eye of Arzra Kain [see back of book for details].

STRANGE STONES

Exotic rock formations or possibly standing stones arranged in some disharmonious pattern. The alien outcropping faintly gleams with various colors due to several embedded crystals.

This area is trapped with landmines just below the gravel-like soil. There's a 1 in 6 chance a character will step on a landmine each time he enters, exits, or crosses this area. Such mines do 3d6 damage (no save) to the character who stepped on it and 2d6 damage to everyone in a 20' radius (save for half-damage).

Just outside the danger zone, there's a 60% chance for a random encounter.

APE-MEN WITH TENTACLES

Bat-Winged Demonic Apes with suckered tentacles in place of arms soar through the leprous sky. In their tentacled clutches is a dark-green humanoid with iridescent scales, gills along his neck, webbed hands and feet, and other tell-tale signs that he's amphibious.

The things with wings are taking the Merman to their lair – a half destroyed naval vessel, a battle cruiser on the coast, beached long ago. They will either eat the Merman or sell him as a slave to some other group or tribe. The Merman is named Rill, and he is from another time and place. However, Rill is capable of breathing underwater and salvaging items from those derelict and mostly submerged star ships along the islands' periphery.

Tentacled Ape-Men [5]

HD: 5 HP: 33 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +5 #Attack: 3
Damage: 2d6 (tentacles) and 1d8 (bite)

Special: Their bite causes LSD-like hallucinations for 2d6 rounds, save to ignore. Tentacles secrete a strength draining mucus (1d4 strength damage per hit).

Treasure: Just the Merman their taking back to their lair.

Rill

HD: 2 HP: 11 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6
(fishy hands and feet)

Special: Ability to breathe underwater and expert swimmer.

Treasure: None.



THE EMPEROR'S GIFT

Insect-Men have captured a woman. It looks like they are taking her to some kind of small spacecraft.

A gift for the emperor - a beautiful slave girl captured on Rilus Major. She has a subtle mauve skin tone, long and luxurious white hair, and a muscular yet feminine body. Her captors are alien humanoids with four arms, insect mandibles instead of mouths, and long, pointy antennae – about 30 of them.

The Insectoids are about to take her to another planet. Their ship can hold a total of 6 humanoids. There's a 1 in 6 chance that a PC could pilot it without training.

Insectoids [4]

HD: 4 HP: 21 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d6
(fist) or see below

Special: The Insectoids cause fear with their antennae. Those who fail their saving throw are forced to run away in terror.

Treasure: 180 colorless marbles which this race uses as currency.

057 & 058

THE PURPLE EYE

From a distance, adventurers are able to see this awe-inspiring crater, a half mile in diameter. The air above and around it faintly glows with a hideous violet cloud of illumination. Within the crater, adventurers can see several strange machines and skeletons from a variety of humanoids and larger creatures.

Radiation poisoning in this area causes 1d6 damage per hour to those within 50' of the Purple Eye.

There's a water purification unit, personal force field generator (1 hour of 10 DR per day), and an armored gunnery vehicle with one broken tread and empty fuel tank (vehicle's gun does 5d6 damage). The vehicle's windshield wiper fluid has been transformed into a mutagen and, if consumed, will provide a humanoid with some strange mutation.

059, 060 & 061

Water.

062

SCIFI PORNO CASTING COUCH

A tall, thin, young woman with teased platinum hair wanders around a circle of standing stones towering over a well-used black leather couch. She is very pale with dark makeup around her eyes and bright red lipstick. Her clothes are sparkly silver spandex. The woman moves with a sensual cat-like grace, but seems confused by her surroundings.

"I really want to branch out into adult films. My career hit a wall after appearing in the scifi disco video "I lost my heart to a starship trooper". I'll do anything, and I mean anything, to get a part in this movie. I've seen *Star Wars* 7 times. Please let me audition for *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*!"

Samantha took a cab to Studio 54 on a casting call in the year 1979. The casting agent is looking for girls to be in an adult film about vacationers who get their fantasies fulfilled virtually by a computer. Samantha went looking for the director's office in hopes of persuading him to cast her as one of the "satisfiers", but accidentally got sucked into a wormhole to this island, along with the casting agent's couch.

Samantha has a legitimate passion for scifi and uninhibited sex. Though she's a free spirit, Samantha could eventually be talked into marriage if the right adventurer came along.

The contents of her purse: Ultra-lite Virginia Slim cigarettes; lighter; tube of Aqua Velvet icy hot personal lubricant; and 8-track of Black Sabbath's *Master of Reality*.

AN APOCALYPSE IS TRIGGERED ON THE ISLANDS...

The adventurers notice a control panel set into a stone wall, once the inner-sanctum of a temple devoted to some doomsday deity. Fiddling with the buttons may prove interesting...

1 in 6 chance (per attempt) that nuclear devices explode causing a chain reaction in the already unstable dimensional fabric of the islands. Magic literally becomes radiation, melting the minds of magic-users who aren't protected by the Helm of Prevention. Rifts open every 30' or so, Lovecraftian horrors ooze forth swallowing everything that doesn't go insane upon glimpsing its terrible form... or lack thereof.

063

SONS OF SATAN

Sons of Satan motorcycle gang from 20th century earth. Their favored weapon is a spiked chain. Having an unkempt beard and several tattoos of skulls, iron crosses, and prostitutes in lingerie is mandatory!

This biker gang, led by Black Willy, is always on some kind of mercenary mission for one of the islands' sorcerers. They carry out their assignments for "cold hard cash, cheap beer, and fine-ass broads built for pleasure AND speed. Got any Milwaukee's Best, hoss?"

The Sons of Satan have a disused sewer system for shelter. Deep within the sewer is a pit – the lair of a ferocious beast which the motorcycle gang has nicknamed Satan's Little Helper. The beast has a difficult time getting out of the pit. The sewer grate is the biggest impediment. However, if PCs keep attacking it from afar, Satan's Little Helper will become angry enough to break free.

Satan's Little Helper's treasure horde includes the Skull of Halja [see back of book].

Sons of Satan [9]

HD: 2 HP: 11 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 2d4 or 2d12 (spiked chain or gun)

Special: Black Willy has a Saturday Night Special with 4 bullets left. If fired at point-blank range, his ability to hit doubles. Even though they don't have much to live for, the Sons of Satan aren't eager to die. If it looks like they aren't going to live to fight another day, the survivors will surrender.

Treasure: Plenty of magazines: Cherry and High Society, mostly, with a few Hustlers thrown in for good measure. There's also the leader's gun.

Satan's Little Helper

HD: 13 HP: 83 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +10 #Attacks: 4 Damage: 2d10 (bite)

Special: This creature is really fast, so it will most likely win initiative. It's immune to magic and enchanted melee weapons! Its flesh is a strange iridescence that absorbs the personality from victims of its gruesome fangs – each successful bite attack also does 1d4 charisma drain in addition to normal damage. It also has thick, bilious yellow-green blood.

Treasure: Skull of Halja; almost a hundred beer cans; several beer bottles (mostly broken); hot dog rotisserie; and 13 large bloodstones worth approximately 75 gold pieces each. The creature loves how bloodstones taste.

064

Entrance to subterranean control station – see page 84.

CRYOGENIC HUMANS AND THE DEVIL

Just as the adventurers arrive in front of a ruined wall that's been painted with curious symbols, five humans stumble out of their shiny, black, smooth-shaped coffins. A demonic humanoid with dark red flesh, horns, and wearing black clothes and cloak stands nearby as white mist seeps out of the open coffins.

Several humans awaken from cryo-stasis, trying to find their bearings, their memories gone... possibly erased! However, each of them has a tiny cybernetic implant embedded in their

left wrist. Instilled upon their mind is a word: Shadowfall! But what does it mean?

The demonic humanoid tells PCs that he was ordered to awaken "the cold ones" by his master; though he will not reveal who that is.

CYBER-SORCERERS

Adventurers see the remains of a crashed jumbo-sized helicopter nestled between several alien-looking rock formations. Green and purple robed humanoids can be seen inside.

This cabal of cyber-sorcerers achieves their supernatural powers by tapping into cyberspace, an otherworldly astral or ethereal plane which is exceedingly difficult to find. Their magic allows them to manipulate things by re-coding the near-infinite amount of numbers which silently scroll beneath reality. Humanoids themselves are impossible to alter because of their consciousness, but everything else is (anything that doesn't have free will) is malleable. For instance, if a cyber-sorcerer wants to change the fruit on a tree, or the clothing he's wearing, or a magical weapon, he can... provided the neon pathways of cyberspace are open to him [a 1 in 6 chance they're blocked because of some localized interference].

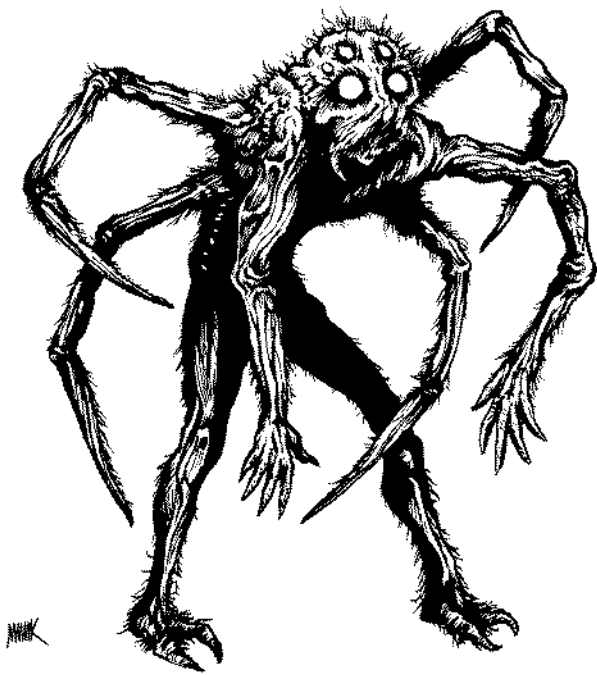
Currently, the cabal [5 members strong] is working on a scrying device to physically look into cyberspace. The cabal is neither friendly nor hostile. Their shelter is a large super-helicopter that crash-landed decades ago.

The cyber-sorcerer in charge is Thierer. He's the cabal head. Thierer is clothed in green and purple robes. He appears humanoid, though a black, curved faceplate hides his mesmerizing visage. The shielding also protects him from potentially deadly attacks. The other sorcerers are dressed in purple robes with green, embroidered random numbers trailing down. Theelik is the second most powerful and a potential rival to Thierer's leadership. Theelik would prefer to focus the cabal's energies on harnessing the power of cyberspace to operate the black pylons. A worthy goal, but Thierer is superstitious and afraid to tamper with them.

Cyber-Sorcerers [5]

HD: 10 HP: 50 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: as per spell or 1d4 (dagger)

Special: Thierer has eyes of madness which melt the sanity of those who gaze upon his abyss-black orbs and fail their saving throw (victim goes catatonic). Theelik and the others cast the usual spells plus *Call Meteor*, *Summon Obsidian Growths*, and *Napalm Shower* [see new spell section in back of book].



Treasure: Inside the helicopter remains they have food; medical supplies; and techno-magical gear including something called a Commodore 64 and a floppy diskette labeled *The Bard's Tale*.

065

Crashed space station in the water.

THE CLOUD OF VIOLET GAS

A ghostly violet cloud roams the wilderness and occasionally subterranean shelters. Those within it have an opportunity to communicate with the Purple Putrescence, mind-melding with an abomination of pure Chaos.

It was created decades ago by magic and serves no other purpose.

DREAM-WEAVERS

The adventurers see a small band of humanoid arachnids wearing purple robes. This race of Elf/Spider hybrids practices dream sorcery. They can see into dreams and alter what happens within them. The most advanced practitioners can destroy a subject by entering his dream and assassinating him without the victim's awareness.

The dream-weavers are prepared for hostility – they know how hideous their race appears to most humanoids. Yet, they refuse to engage in traditional combat unless absolutely necessary. If one or more of them are killed, the rest disappear into a thick cloud of black smoke... only to reappear later that night in the adventurer's dreams; saving throw to avoid being killed in a nightmare.

On the other hand, if befriended, dream-weavers will trade sorcerous services for any magic items the adventurers might be interested in parting with. They are also open to trading magic items, especially Arithaeldryn which is too large and heavy for the Dream-Weaver arch-mage to use. Additionally, this group of sorcerers is at war with the necromancer Totas Mundi of Mealy Maw Keep up in the mountains. Totas Mundi offered to change their appearance for a powerful magic staff [Staff of Pervasive Death]. The Dream-Weavers gave him the staff, and Totas Mundi failed to uphold his part of the bargain.

Dream-Weavers [7]

HD: 9 HP: 32 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +0 Damage: 1d4 or special (ceremonial dagger)

Special: Besides Dreamscape, the following spells can be cast in combat: Evoke Nightmare and Sleep Paralysis. The former summons a twisted, hideous shadow version of a PC to fight for the caster, save to avoid. The latter paralyzes a victim for 2d6 rounds unless a saving throw is made.

Treasure: Their purple wizard robes give them 5 points of damage resistance from magic. The leader has a Spatial Wurm of Holding [see back of book] containing a potion of strength, Wand of Purple Flame (8 charges) [back of book], and a two-handed sword forged by Elves with sorcerous black glyphs upon it – this mammoth and unwieldy bastard is named Arythaeldryn [back of book].

066

SWIRLING VORTEX OF BLACK AND GREEN

The Vortex: a swirling abyss of blackish green energy. There's a 1 in 6 chance of being annihilated. On a result of 2 and 3, adventurers are transported to another world. Rolling a 4, 5, or 6 opens communication with Nyoggeth who demands they commit some grisly act of butchery in exchange for intimate knowledge of the islands.

068

INSANE CLOWN POSSE

An actual posse of insane clowns. Polka dots, bright colors, big shoes, red nose, white face paint, etc. This band of clown-painted psychos escaped from some kind of urban hellscape from the future where Nyoggeth manifested in physical form and proceeded to decimate that entire world. Their teeth have been filed into sharp points to better facilitate their cannibal urges.

The clowns only want to terrorize others while sinking their jaws into tasty humanoid flesh. The leader wields the most lavishly appointed sword that adventurers have ever seen; nearly the entire thing is decorated with intricately carved gemstones. The blade is called **Zirkik the Lavish Longsword** [see the back of this book for details].

Clowns [6]

HD: 6 HP: 39 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: 1d6 + infection (bite) or 1d8+3 (magic sword)

Special: Those bitten must save or else be stricken with a kind of malaria – an hour before its symptomatic, then 1 point of constitution damage per hour unless cured by plants from the Xrezden Jungle on Kelis. The leader wields Zirkik.

Treasure: Besides the magic blade, these clowns have nothing of value except blood spattered balloons, oversized shoes, and multi-colored handkerchiefs.

069 & 070

Water.

071

Crashed starship.

072

Water.

067

THE STRANGER

While adventurers clearly see the slimy green tentacles a mile long writhing out of the water between Korus and Kelis, there's a sizeable area which seems relatively unmolested by them.

A man not elderly nor youthful, wearing neither rags nor elegant clothing walks in this general direction with purpose. He knows many things yet reveals almost nothing in his speech, save for his eagerness to find a certain kind of fruit growing from one of the strange, half-dead limbs stretching out from a petrified trunk.

However, if invited, this stranger will be more than happy to discuss the meaning of life with adventurers... for a time. After all, he's in a hurry to locate the perfect fruit, perhaps an apple, orange, or pomegranate.

"This is a test; we are being tested as I speak. Those who accept this truth are able to move past it... towards the Promised Land." The stranger will not engage in combat with anyone or anything on the islands.

THE OCTAGON

Decades ago, this area was just a common pit for slave fights. Now, it's been remodeled and updated, the edges reinforced with titanium blast shielding on all eight sides. Several flood lights bathe the make-shift arena in stark white illumination, all the better to see the gory details. The pit-fighting taking place here is regarded as an art form. Dozens of humanoids congregate nightly to watch gladiators fight to the death. There's only one rule: no magic within the octagon. Those breaking this rule will be swarmed by all the degenerate spectators and killed.

Adventurers who happen upon the octagon must fight if this is their first time as spectators. Thankfully, only one out of the group must face off against a veteran of this blood-soaked arena. If one does not volunteer, then one will be chosen by the ring-side degenerates who get their kicks from gawking at raw, no-rules brutality.

A mutant with seven eyes and loose, scabby skin is ready to take on all comers with his formidable axe.

Octagon opponent

HD: 8 HP: 46 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +7 Damage: 1d12 (two-handed battleaxe)

Special: He also has a dagger strapped to the inside of his left boot.

Treasure: 37 gold pieces; half a bottle of anti-radiation pills; pack of cigarettes.

NATIVES CALL HER ZATHRA

A cavernous grotto full of insanely large orange and teal feathers and shed lizard scales. Those entering have the feeling they are being watched.

Actually, this is the nest belonging to a gigantic prehistoric reptile-bird and her young; the giant reptilian bird has psionic powers. It commands all those who fail their saving throw, usually ordering them to remain stationary so her spawn can feed upon them.

Below the petrified branches, hay, dirt, bones, and dung comprising the nest is a scepter made of ebony boasting three small rubies of exquisite workmanship. It's the **Scepter of**

Vogema [see the new magic items in back of book].

Zathra (prehistoric reptile-bird)

HD: 15 HP: 100 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +12 Damage: 2d12 (flesh-rending beak)

Special: Her psionic attack is probably her best weapon initially.

Treasure: The scepter; an assortment of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds worth 12,000 gold pieces altogether.

Reptile-Bird Young [8]

HD: 3 HP: 12 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6 (beak)

Special: If any humanoid is stunned or commanded, these will be attacked first.

Treasure: None.

ULTRA-NET MUST BE SECURED!

A supreme mainframe called Ultra-Net guarded by robot servants. Ultra-Net is a large supercomputer painted white and resting upon the stone foundation of a ruined temple.

A dozen humanoid robots armed with plasma rifles are guarding Ultra-Net. They have sworn to protect Ultra-Net, shouting "Ultra-Net must be secured!" whenever humanoids trespass within a 50' radius of their precious super-computer.

Ultra-Net can be programmed to control other machines and is therefore extremely valuable.

Robots [12]

HD: 5 HP: 23 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 3d6 (plasma rifles)

Special: None.

Treasure: Snow cone machine; toaster; Gladius [see back of book].



Water.

THE ROLLERCOASTER CAR

The adventurers see an overgrown pile of vegetation with tiny bits of red underneath. After a minute or two of pulling vines, weeds, and all manner of creepy plant life off of it (possibly carnivorous), the PCs reveal an old rollercoaster car with a large white trident symbol on its front. How it got here or why it's here is anyone's guess.

THE LADY AMALTHYA

An albino beauty, tall, thin, and delicate, escorted by a wizard in black robes. The female is young with a wide-eyed innocence; her silver-violet hair is long and luxurious. The wizard is bald with a long white beard. He carries a wooden staff, gnarled and stained, almost black as if it came from a swamp.

The Lady Amalthya is looking for a prince, a noble suitor who will marry her curse away. The white-skinned girl is afflicted with a degenerative disease, sapping her strength and weakening her immune system. The wizard, Altrellick, is her guide and bodyguard.

Secretly, he wants to sell Amalthya to a race of giant spiders for their own breeding purposes. In fact, that's exactly where he's leading her. Altrellick will not want to stop and chat with the adventurers, even though the lady could do with a rest. After all, they've been walking for a whole half-hour! Anyone can see the wizard shouldn't be trusted. He has a dark and devilish air about him.

Altrellick

HD: 9 HP: 60 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 7d4 (magic shrapnel) or 9d6 (fireball)

Special: The wizard has a permanent Shield of Force spell cast upon him. He also casts Fireball or Shrapnel when threatened – 30' radius from where it's cast, save for half-damage.

Treasure: His swamp staff grants him a +3 bonus to saving throws (once per day); Potion of Insight - the humanoid that

drinks this potion is able to see things in a new way with greater understanding.

TENTACLES FROM THE WATER

Between the islands of Korus and Kelis is a submerged creature of enormous size and strength. Its green tentacles are a mile long and about 50' wide. If it could move about, the creature would give the Purple Putrescence a run for its money.

This tentacled thing is named Flahkaar, roughly translated from the Skallos Snake-Men as "Tentacles from the Water". It's been here for a thousand years, growing, maturing, and hindering travel from one island to the other. Some say that a supernatural chemical spill mutated undersea plant life to emulate some kind of Kraken. Others tell tales of summoning K'tulu that went horribly awry.

Like The Thing That Rots From The Sky, it cannot be destroyed – not even by a wish. Those foolish enough to stand and fight, should get a 1d6 roll every round of combat. When a 1 turns up, the adventurer is swatted, squeezed, or crushed to death.

ASSASSINATE THE SULTAN OF ZUKAN

Alien soldiers from another world, on a mission to "take out" an enemy combatant named Hizrif Muyon. They're wearing black and grey camouflage and carrying plasma rifles.

Hizrif Muyon, the Sultan of Zukan, is most likely not even on the islands, but these alien soldiers aren't from the intelligence portion of their planet's armed forces. They're grunts. Anything that gets between them and their mission will be destroyed.

Soldiers [5]

HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 3d8 (plasma rifles)

Special: None.

Treasure: Each of them is wearing power armor (+5 bonus to AC without impairment to casting magic); plasma rifles (d12 shots left) each with a spare power pack (20 shots); canteen full of water; and two days rations for every soldier.



080

SOMETHING IN THE SPHERES

A mutant humanoid stands guard next to a steel hatch in the ground.

The hatch is normally locked tight with computerized locking mechanism. A small group of mutants got their hands on the pass-code necessary to unlock it. All are inside (except the guard) exploring, looking for relics and artifacts.

Within, adventurers can see a dozen opaque spheres about 14" in diameter. The spheres are all grey and inert, save for one. That sphere glows with a golden illumination and speaks via telepathy.

"I am the consciousness known as Narsog. Thousands of years ago, our race was considered ancient. We ascended to the height of technological progress soon after these islands were born. Eventually, our evolutionary patterns began to fall just as they had risen. However, a few of us were determined to stymie the degeneration and so placed our consciousness within these receptacles. Now we search for host bodies to usurp. You have been selected. Consider it a great honor that we would allow our vast intellect to be housed by your primitive flesh. In a few moments, my brothers and sisters will awaken. Please be patient."

It will take 2d10 rounds for the 11 spheres to awaken. The GM may wish to randomly roll to see who among the adventurers and 3 mutants has been selected by Narsog. His consciousness will override that of the host, assuming a saving throw fails. The usurpation lasts 2d4 hours at which point another save is offered. If that, too, fails, the new consciousness is firmly established and will stay there unless the body is destroyed or some other ingenious method of ousting him (or her – some of the consciousnesses are female) is attempted.

Once possessed, Narsog and the others will set about conquering their old enemies who, they believe, might also be imprisoned in similar receptacles.

Water will damage a sphere to the point where its consciousness dies after being doused or submerged for more than a few seconds.

081

Purple statues just starting to dissolve in the rain. The beach is strewn with tiny mechanical and plastic parts. A blue and green zebra-striped lizard has just killed a warthog which it begins devouring.

082

A giant statue is half-buried in the sand – a robed woman wearing some kind of crown with one arm outstretched.

083

There's a wrecked pirate ship below the waters.

084

This is the start of an underwater kingdom to the north inhabited by mermaids and mermen.

085

An underwater volcano dwells here. It could blow at any time causing earthquakes, lava boiling the water before it turns to stone, and the exodus of all marine life in that area.

Pirates like to roam these shallow waters, blasting vulnerable natives and adventurers with cannon fire.

Entrance to the subterranean control station – see page 84.

MORBIUS' TOWER BY EVENING

The ruins of a small castle ahead, mostly just the main tower stands intact. Just as the adventurers reach the wood and iron door, lightning screams through the night sky.

A mutated Frankenstein-like patchwork of various creatures: a crab-claw hand, a furry insect torso, reptilian left arm, and something the color of pale flesh but squishy forms where a head should be, enclosed in a glass casing.

The creature lurches towards adventurers, reaching for them... but Morbius is searching for the head of some powerful monster or robot to encase his brain. Those who assist him will be welcomed into his humble abode.

Flesh Golem

HD: 7 HP: 40 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 3d6 (crab claw)

Special: Every third round, Morbius' reptilian arm can shoot paralyzing quills – paralysis lasts 2d6 rounds, save to avoid. He's also immune to everything that an ordinary golem or construct would be.

Treasure: In his travels, Morbius has acquired an idol of the Purple Putrescence (stolen from its worshipers years ago). His laboratory also has a variety of useful high-tech equipment.



LOVELY ILLUSIONS

Alien shapeshifters masquerading as beautiful women.

What appears to be a gaggle of comely young ladies are actually vaguely humanoid reptilian bugs with white squishy underbellies and gaping pink eyes. Their entire form is covered in nodules that ooze a florescent green liquid.

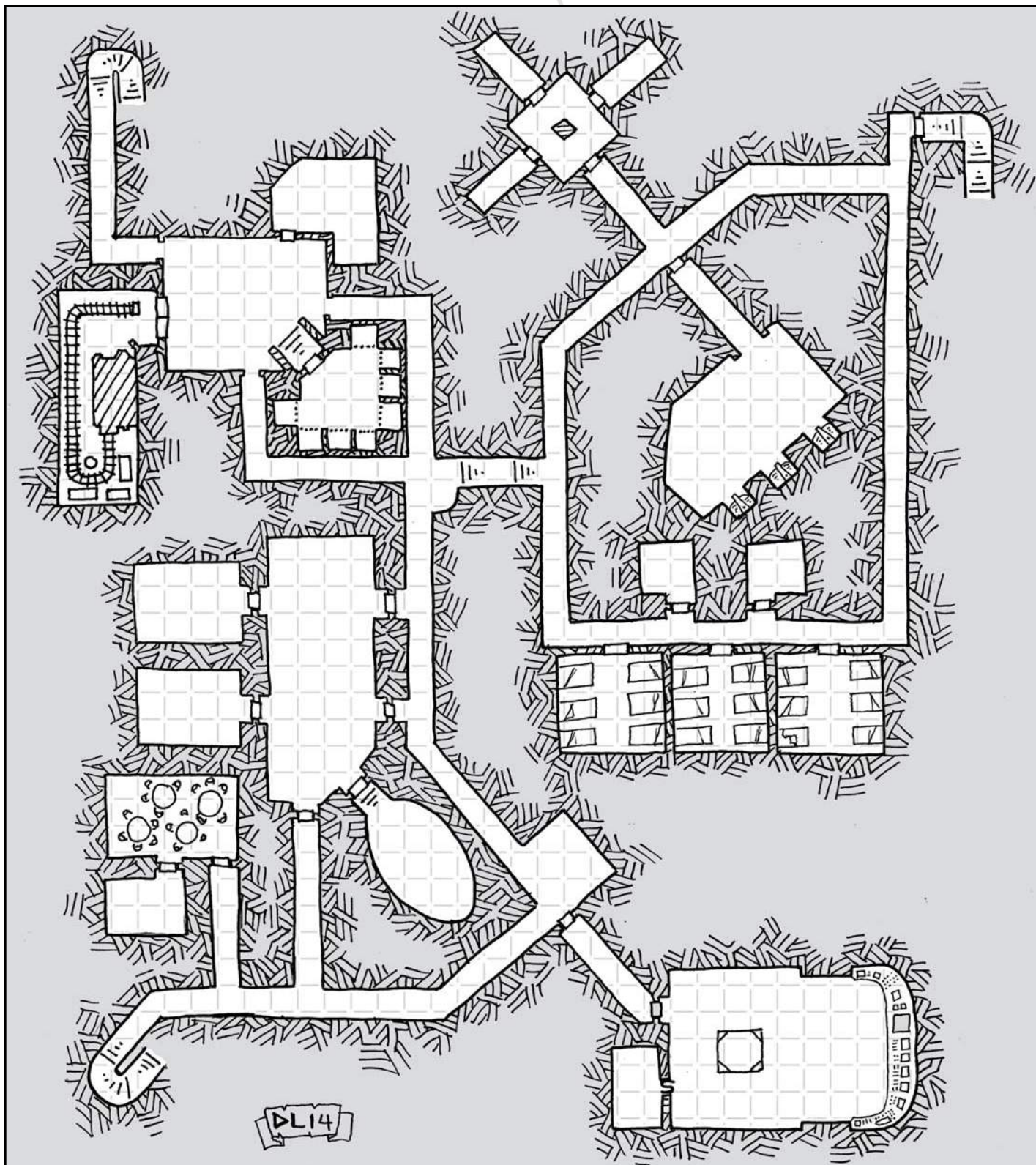
The ladies invite adventurers to sit with them, and then they either bash them in the head with a rock or strangle them with their finger tendrils. Humanoid brains are a delicacy to them.

Beautiful/Hideous Creatures [5]

HD: 4 HP: 28 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d8 (whatever's handy)

Special: They will have the element of surprise unless a PC specifically states he's attempting to disbelieve this illusion – in that case he gets a saving throw. If a humanoid is hit three rounds in a row, then his skull is cracked open and his brain will be slurped out on round four.

Treasure: A shield +1 adorned with Demons and forest nymphs cavorting merrily; 3lbs of protein powder (chocolate flavored); a bottle of green liqueur; and a ring of silver keys.



090

INSIDE THE WELL

Adventurers encounter a 15' diameter well of black water.

The Squid with a Human Face lives in a black pond ringed with stone blocks. The liquid is more like amniotic fluid than

water, and it is opaque - black as the void. The Squid with a Human Face only wants to squeeze, tear, and throttle the life out of any humanoid that comes into contact.

Anyone who wants to swim down to the bottom of the 30' well has a good chance of finding Haaklyth, the two-handed blade [see back of book].

Human-Faced Squid

HD: 11 HP: 69 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +8 #Attack: 5
Damage: 2d6 (4 tentacles) and 3d10 (bite)

Special: This thing's mouth is full of dagger-like teeth but it prefers to swallow its victim whole. If the damage from its bite reduces a humanoid's hit points to zero or lower, then he has been swallowed by The Squid with a Human Face and will be utterly dissolved by stomach acids in 1d4 rounds.

Treasure: The blade mentioned above is the only thing of value found in at the bottom of the well, save for a handful of gold coins and other exotic currencies.

THE FLAMES OF DAHKAAR

Neon fire vibrantly blazing like blue and orange waves of molten electricity. If immediately attacked, the fire will reciprocate. However, the absence of violence might precipitate friendly discourse.

Years ago, the members of an alien (but vaguely humanoid) race were cursed to live inside the flames of Dahkaar by a wizard who took offense over something trivial. The aliens' ignorance of the wizard's customs made no difference. The slight was repaid in vengeance.

The Dahkaarian flame prison can only be broken if a humanoid voluntarily sacrifices himself. This rite of immolation is short and sweet. As the willing victim burns, the imprisoned aliens need only say, "One thousand pardons to Theel'hytai the merciless." Upon release, the aliens will bow down in gratitude. A member of their humanoid orange and blue-skinned race will pledge his life to the liberators. He (or she) will travel with the party, doing their bidding gladly and honorably, for the rest of their days.

The following stats are for the humanoids while in their flame prison. If they are free, disregard the 2d6 of fire damage – they must take up arms like any other humanoid or fight with their hands and feet.

Flame Creatures [5]

HD: 5 HP: 30 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6 (fire)

Special: A wish would also release the humanoids from their Dahkaarian flame prison.

Treasure: They have information about the island.

091

CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST

The adventurers find themselves staring at a field of impaled humanoid corpses. There must be about 40 or 50. The stench is almost unbearable. Dried blood everywhere and flies the size of gold coins are swarming around the dead. Perhaps this is a warning or marker of some kind...

In truth, this tribe was the victim of genocide. They crossed paths with the wrong sorcerer or warlord.

SUDDEN PORTAL

A portal or dimensional gateway suddenly appears. Four mutant humanoids hurl themselves through looking for something to kill.

Mutants [4]

HD: 3 HP: 17 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 2d6 (laser pistols) and special

Special: These are mutants, so weird psionic powers are likely. One of them can spew dark green acidic slime causing 4d6 to 1d4 individuals within close proximity to each other, save for half-damage. Another mutant can blow himself up and then rise from his own ashes like a phoenix. 5d6 to anyone within 5' of him when he self-destructs (no save).

Treasure: The mutants are each carrying a laser pistol and 1d20 glittering hexagon chips. Besides the spheres, there are several partially completed androids with many left over spare parts. What's present could be cannibalized in order to



repair or rebuild any number of damaged systems that PCs come across.

092

THE WATER TOWER

There's a hybrid monster living in the roofless, non-functional water tower 50' above the ground.

Doom-Hawk Cyber-Scorpion Hybrid

HD: 10 HP: 72 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +8 Damage: 3d8 (cyber stinger acid)

Special: This monster should be treated as both robotic/cybernetic and undead. Its stinger tail is mechanical and releases a corrosive acid upon piercing the flesh of an enemy.

Treasure: The creature hordes mechanical parts. There is a large amount of spare parts and incomplete machines in its lair. Also, a ring of wishes (with one wish remaining).

ZOMBIE REDNECKS

A dozen humanoids with a fungoid pallor, dead eyes, and peeling strips of bloody skin shamble in your general direction. The leader is gibbering about something called moonshine and his precious still.

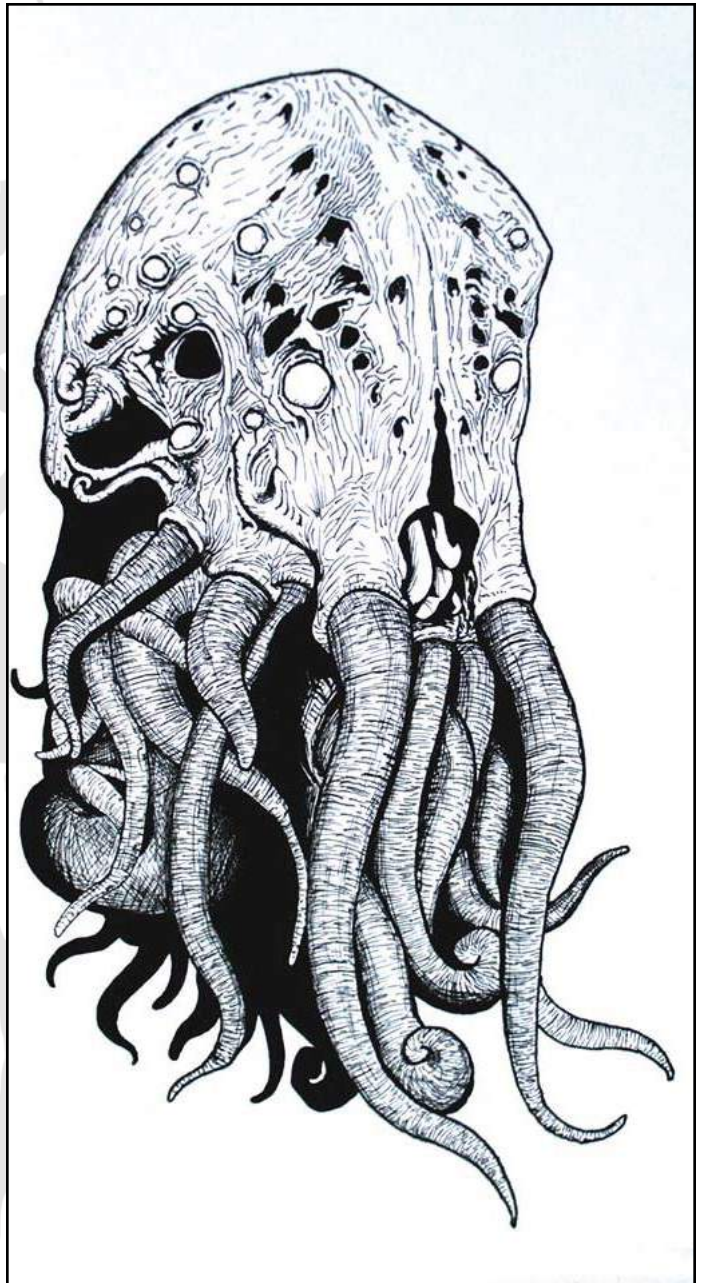
Besides fermenting their own clear alcohol, the redneck zombies are interested in getting their hands on some nice, warm flesh to eat.

Zombies [12]

HD: 1 HP: 6 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d6 (bite)

Special: Bitten victims must roll a successful saving throw or become infected with the zombie virus in 1d4 hours. If the limb is severed before infection spreads, the victim will not become a zombie. Randomly determine location of bite: 1) head, 2) torso, 3) right hand, 4) left hand, 5) right foot, 6) left foot, 7) right arm, 8) left arm, 9) right leg, and 10) left leg.

Treasure: One of them has a 9mm handgun in a holster with 7 remaining bullets (4d6 damage per shot); another wears the Nine Fingered Gloves of Silent Toil [see back of book for details].



093

THE EMPIRE OF LUST

Emperor Strigoia has many Half-Demon concubines and servants. The emperor wishes to acquire even more women for his considerably luxurious and well-endowed harem.

Strigoia's territory is marked by a 60' tall column covered in vines, moss, and lichen – at the top one can barely make out the face of a vaguely humanoid squid. Strange symbols have been carved into the lower portions of the column. This is a place for humanoid sacrifice; blood stains can be found all over its base.

Strigoia will use his exotic, swarthy chartreuse charm to coax females into joining his harem. As a gift, the emperor showers potential new recruits with jewelry. Those who go along with his advances are brought a colorless wine; this alcoholic substance lowers the threshold of resistance. It makes one care very little about their present circumstances.

Strigoia

HD: 6 HP: 40 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: transformation or 1d6+1 (short sword)

Special: The Emperor has a squid-god idol carved from a polished, brilliant green stone. Three times per day, he can transform a humanoid into an octopoidal mutant spawn the size of cat (save to avoid this fate).

Treasure: There's the small green idol; 4,500 platinum credits; and a cask of that colorless "roofie wine".

Imperial Guards [2d6]

HD: 2 HP: 12 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d6 (rapier)

Special: None.

Treasure: None.

FIRE-BREATHING ULOSAURUS

This dinosaur towers over adventurers about 30' in the air and is about twice as long. It has made a lair within the confines of a thousand-year-old ruined temple. A great swathe of broken ground stretches from one side of the fallen temple to the other, as if the island was trying to swallow this place of worship. Within the chasm are the remains of a black pylon.

Ulosaurus

HD: 15 HP: 111 AC: 23 [-4] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: 7d6 (fire) or 2d10 (stomp)

Special: The creature's hide is armored. It's mind is too small to affect with spells or psionics.

Treasure: Its treasure trove consists of: Zisahn the sunderer [see back of book]; gored platemail full of holes; broken crockery; a hilt without a blade; and a magic ring with a purple jewel – the wearer becomes resistant to all types of invisibility.

SOMETHING IN THE TREE

Exotic flowers bloom at the base of a gnarled black tree. Looking up, adventurers can see there's something glommed onto the trunk between two branches. It's about 5' tall, vaguely circular and covered in green slime.

This is the larval stage of some weird Frog-Man creature. Messing with this ichor-coated cocoon will only awaken the beast inside. Within 2d8 hours, it will rip its way through the cocoon and proceed to burrow its way to the Nether-Realms.

Frog-Man

HD: 4 HP: 20 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 3d6 (acidic goop)

Special: The creature spits out copious amounts of white slime which is highly acidic – everyone within 20' must roll a saving throw to avoid damage.

Treasure: A large moonstone can be found within the cocoon's muculent lining. If traveling within sight of the moon, the stone gives the bearer a +1 luck/fortune bonus.



A FORMER EXTERMINATOR

There's a small system of caves in this area. The interior of several caves are decorated with crude paintings, the pigment made from a mixture of animal blood and plant fluids, as well as, whatever substances drop from the Purple Putrescence.

One cave contains a mobile war-machine tipped over on its side, half-smashed with frayed wires sticking out.

Inside, adventurers can hear movement... something slimy and wet. A mutated green organism like a misshapen head with tentacles tries to free itself from its metallic prison; however, the wreckage doesn't budge. It remains pinned, flapping about noisily.

If freed, it will attack – surprising the PCs.

Green Organism

HD: 1 HP: 5 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d4 (bite)

Special: Killing or removing the creature without harming its victim will be tricky – there's a 50% chance the host will take as much damage as the parasite.

Treasure: Just the once mobile war-machine.

095

A small metal tower looms above the adventurers. This is a radio wave beacon continually broadcasting an endless series of numbers.

SMALL SETTLEMENT OF PURPLE WORSHIPERS

About a dozen humanoids (a mix of Humans, Demi-Humans, and mutant humanoids) congregate near a towering black sphinx half-sunk into the ground. The black sphinx is 25' tall x 40' long x 30' wide. Its humanoid face and lion body are suggestive, in places, of something both draconic and octopoid. Close observation reveals a blocky, geometric script surrounding the base of this ebony structure. It's not made of stone, but some other material – smooth, reflective, and harder than anything previously encountered... just like the pylons.

There is a crude stone altar built several yards from the rhombus (diamond-shaped) entrance. Upon this altar lay

three slimy purple egg sacs, each the size of a man's head. They squirm, though gripped in one hand by a human priest decorated with purple animal skins and feathers; his other hand shows a crystalline dagger or wand. Not sure if the priest is about to stab or devour one of the egg sacs as the PCs approach.

In actuality, he's about to slice the outer membrane of an egg sac in order to scoop up the dripping contents and eat it. He is hoping to receive the most disturbing visions, ushering in a nightmarish apocalypse - visions which only come from imbibing this type of excretion. GM's note: Egg sacs are different than excretions and will grow into 5' cube gelatinous, tentacled entities (purple, of course) in 1d4 days if allowed to live (not cut open and the insides scooped out).

The priest is Avindol. Besides exalting the Purple Putrescence, he seeks passage back to his home-world. Avindol believes that a version of his purple-hued god waits to be awakened on Sarrakis. The priest will assist anyone looking for a doorway to another world.

An entrance at the base of it leads to several dungeon-esque rooms within. In another age, this was a probably some kind of temple.

Avindol

HD: 5 HP: 27 AC: 14 [5] Damage: 3d6 (laser wand)

Special: Only those with strong will can become angry with this velvet-smooth tyrant. Avindol has one invisible "purple zombie" standing nearby to block any death-rays, arrows, or sword thrusts. Treat as 10 points of damage resistance (one time only).

Treasure: His laser wand has 9 charges at the battle's start, save for half-damage. Skeleton attire – put it on and you appear as a living skeleton, walking bones and skull; Purple Velvet Glove – people will take your abuse, criticism, demands, etc. graciously and with due consideration (save to ignore).

Purple Worshipers [12]

HD: 2 HP: 11 AC: 11 [8] Damage: 1d6 (variety of primitive weapons)

Special: None

Treasure: One of them, an Elf, has 135 gold pieces and will use that to bargain for his life.

096 & 097

Water.

098

Starship crashed in the water.

099

Water.

100

INITIATING PROTOCOL OMEGA!

Adventurers see a berserk robot flailing around, steam issuing from its circuitry. "Initiating protocol omega! Initiating protocol omega! Initiating protocol omega!"

A humanoid-shaped android has run amok, his programming fried by stray laser fire. However, this android is equipped with a self-destruct program. If it goes, roughly a third of the island will go with it.

Android

HD: 5 HP: 25 AC: 17 [2] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 2d6 (laser)

Special: PCs have 7 rounds to destroy this android because on the 8th round its self-destruct initiates. If that happens, about a 30-mile radius of the island will be totally obliterated.

Treasure: If the android is put down in a timely manner, its energy coils could be used as a power source instead of a nuclear device.

CYBER-SCORPION

As adventurers approach, a human has just been stung by a Cyber-Scorpion's metallic tail. Its red eye moves back and forth over a rectangular black background. The creature appears to be waiting for them to engage.

The human is dying but if the adventurers can get to him within 10 rounds, he'll reveal a secret about the islands: "The black pylons can be used to change things... for the better.

A Pylon engineer may intentionally slip from the current time-line to another similar dimension and then destroy the old before the new one slides away. See you in the Promised Land."

Cyber-Scorpion

HD: 11 HP: 73 AC: 22 [-3] Attack Bonus: +8 #Attack: 3 or 1 Damage: 1d12 (2 claws) and 3d10 (tail) or 4d8 (laser eye)

Special: None.

Treasure: Crystalline sword +3; Canteen of Ventriloquism [see back of book]; a particularly large and odd-shaped bloodstone worth approximately 300 gold pieces.

101

PURPLE WORSHIPERS

The leader, Sev, carries a gory-looking morning-star in one hand and a 6" transparent cube in the other. Floating within the cube is a small pulsating blue brain. The brain cube is



intelligent and can speak telepathically to any it wishes. It will tell adventurers, "I am the Great Provider of Alpha Blue Complex. Infidels must be exterminated! Whom do you worship? Infidels must be exterminated!"

Sev received several visions which he believes emanate directly from the Purple Putrescence that he and his people worship. Those visions showed pictures of humanoids contained in pods full of super-cold vapor, preserving their youth.

It won't take more than a half-hour of searching before the Purple Worshipers discover five cryo-chambers; each has a 5 in 6 chance of containing a living member of the Andromeda race – they appear human except for their purple skin tone, small horns on their head, and six-fingered hands. Being of a divine hue, it won't take long before the Purple Worshipers see the Andromedans as avatars of their gargantuan purple god.

The Andromedan people are confused at first, but soon recall their mission: to locate and destroy an enemy base populated with the malignancy known as Zetans. The Purple Worshipers need very little convincing that Zetans are opposed to the Purple Putrescence.

The Andromedans won't fight. They are too weak from their decades-long cryo-sleep.

Sev (acolyte)

HD: 7 HP: 47 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 2d4+3 (magical morning star)

Special: Sev wears power armor and wields a morning star +1. The brain cube can be used as a weapon – a sonic barrage will cause everyone to cover their ears for 1d4 rounds.

Treasure: Besides the power armor, weapon and cube, Sev is carrying around a heating element and energy coils – spare parts which might come in handy down the road.

Purple Worshipers [8]

HD: 5 HP: 35 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d4 (primitive weapons) and spell

Special: If most are killed, the survivors will begin chanting for The Thing That Rots From The Sky to come and aid them. One of these worshipers knows a couple of spells: This Night I Shall Purple Your Soul and Purple Zombification.

Treasure: Gumball machine full of multi-colored gumballs. The spell caster wears a shard of dark purple glass around his neck which grants him a daily purple stone [bonus d6],

although these purple stones do not accumulate and cannot be saved up for a rainy day.

102

Snake-Men From The Future

Several Snake-Men are resting here, trying to jog their memories. One of them is carrying a dark colored tablet.

These serpent people are taller and thinner than their ancestors. They are from the far future – 100,000 years to be exact. They do not know how they got here, but one of them believes a black pylon was somehow involved. Another surmises their collective amnesia is a side effect of traveling such a great distance into the past.

The tablet is made out of dark, smooth soapstone. In the light, there is a greenish cast to the material along with tiny crimson veins throughout. Wizards may have a chance to know this is a scrying tablet for remotely viewing nearby scenes, as well as, communicating with others carrying such a tablet. To work it, one must smear a small amount of fresh blood upon the tablet's surface.

They do not wish to fight, but will to survive. They will trade magic or high-tech items for their tablet.

Evolved Snake-Men [6]

HD: 3 HP: 15 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +2 Damage: 1d4 (claws)

Special: These Snake-Men know how to operate the black pylons.

Treasure: All they came back to the past with was the scrying tablet.

Operation: White Box

They appear human, but are wearing white space suits and have funny-looking eyebrows.

Operation: White Box is probably not what you're thinking. A team of terra-formers are eager to break the purple islands down into their barest essentials, stripping it of all resources and character until there's virtually nothing left but a white box for the subsequent terra-forming team to develop as they will.

These humanoids are open and honest about what they're trying to accomplish, amazed that anyone would put their

sentimental (and primitive) affections of an island over the accumulation of valuable resources.

Terra-Formers [5]

HD: 4 HP: 20 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +5 Damage: 2d6 (laser)

Special: None.

Treasure: Besides laser pistols, they have a machine for mineral analysis.

103

Black Pylon [see page 32].

SATELLITE OF DEATH

There's half of a starship ahead... the other half presumably destroyed.

A swarm of giant wasps are lapping at a glowing orange rivulet of iridium nitrous trickling from a cracked dilythium stabilizer.

Next to the starship debris is a cashed satellite flashing a bio-hazard symbol, a computerized voice stating that the satellite contains a deadly virus that must not be allowed to contaminate the eco-system. If the liquid inside the satellite is carelessly opened and allowed to spill all over the ground, a purple plague will be in full effect!

There are a few sub-human primitives - tall, hairless, with dark green skin - gathering nearby the satellite, but they won't come any closer until those alien wasps disperse.

Giant Wasps [7]

HD: 6 HP: 36 AC: 14 [5] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 2d6 (stinger)

Special: These stings bring death to victims who fail their saving throw, unless some serious herbal or clerical healing is given within 6 rounds.

Treasure: The starship's computer can be repaired within a few hours. Once online, it can create food and water, as well as, tell adventurers how many humanoids are within a 100' radius of the ship. There's also a mounted laser cannon which does 6d6 damage.

Without fixing the cracked stabilizer, the ship's dilythium



core will die within 3 days (1 in 6 chance it implodes, doing 4d20 damage to everything within a 30' radius and 2d20 to everything between 31' and 60').

Sub-Humans [4]

HD: 2 HP: 12 AC: 12 [7] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d6 (fists)

Special: None.

Treasure: They know the location of a human female they captured during last night's raid. She's tied up in a cave about 80' away.

104

THE SHATTERED DOME

Beneath the transparent, though shattered, dome is a barely civilized barter town and respite from the island's horrors. Not so much a city as it is a hamlet on the verge of annihilation. The city was built a decade ago and has been destroyed twice. Today, it stands as a frail sanctuary for those who want more than mere survival.

The population of the dome city fluctuates between 50 and 75; although, it could comfortably hold up to 500 humanoids.

The leader is a young man named Kleft [7th level fighter]. Kleft's father, Tarsh, used to be the hamlet's leader, and one of the original builders, until he took watch one night and

never returned. Now, Kleft assumes the responsibility of keeping this shattered city alive.

Kleft has the **Helm of Rycevik** [see back of book for details].

105

WASP RIDERS

A special breed of Koshi ride the giant wasps; these monkey-people are shorter than the rest with blue fur.

Wasps with Koshi Riders [3]

HD: 8 HP: 54 AC: 16 [3] Attack Bonus: +6 Damage: 1d8 (Koshi lance) or 2d6 (wasp stinger)

Special: Stinger victims must save or take 1d4 constitution damage lasting for 1 hour.

Treasure: None.

WANDERING WOMEN

Voluptuous maidens recently deposited upon the island. They're walking around, wide-eyed.

Someone from another time and place is making good on his promise: in return for getting him off the islands, he will make a one-time payment of three beautiful women. Those who are supposed to collect this payment of flesh are either late or have already been killed (50/50 for either outcome).

106

OUTPOST 111

A small town, probably more of a hamlet, has built itself up around a century-old fortress, now mostly ruins. The entire area is known as Outpost 111. The humanoids of Outpost 111 have recently acquired a vast array of high technology in exchange for several attractive females sold to a wandering band of mercenaries.

This exchange was made a couple of months ago, but the mercenaries might still be nearby. The men and women of Outpost 111 have bio-weaponry, a brainwave amplifier, and nano-technology.

However, the strangest and most powerful piece of high-tech is a 10' tall cylinder of constantly swirling emerald green

liquid – this stuff is both conscious and evil. It has the powers of telekinesis and magical possession, range of 20' for both. The cylinder's caretaker's mind has already been dominated.

The cylinder is incredibly old (thousands of years) and can only be opened from the inside. The transparent "glass" has a force field surrounding it and cannot be harmed. Once free, 1d4 hours after the adventurers discover its existence, the entity will possess those who fail a saving throw, ordering them to kill all those who resist its eldritch and infernal will.

The only way to destroy the emerald contents is to bury it deep within the island where it cannot move objects with its willpower nor possess those who get too close.

Humanoids [3d6]

HD: 2 HP: 11 AC: 11 [8] Attack Bonus: +1 Damage: 1d6 (primitive weapon)

Special: None.

Treasure: Each humanoid has 1d12 metallic coins stamped with strange geometric markings. No one knows exactly what they are or where they're from, but this is what Outpost 111 uses for currency.

114

SPAWN OF THE SLUG-BEAST

A naked woman is being prepared for sacrifice by robed humanoid creatures. She is being shoved into a large black velvet sack just as the adventurers arrive.

They wear black robes because all light and color are painful to them. The creatures have several ceremonial daggers gripped in their black tentacles, ready to draw the female's lifeblood.

Spawn [7]

HD: 3 HP: 16 AC: 15 [4] Attack Bonus: +4 Damage: 1d4+1 (dagger)

Special: Those hit by a dagger must save or their consciousness is drawn into the magical weapon. A humanoid's mind/soul cannot be released unless the dagger is shattered.

Treasure: Each has such a dagger; the intended sacrifice; and a large black diamond worth about 3,000 gold pieces.



THE INSTITUTE

Two mature women in black hooded cloaks

Somewhere on the outer edge of Razira is a school for females with psionic potential known as The Institute. They have sent two middle-aged women to the islands. This small extraction team is poised to kidnap/rescue a young woman named Thaya. Thaya is a slave to the mutant cyborg Kartek. They live in a lavishly appointed fallout shelter deep underground, accessed by a hatch on the surface.

This convent for psychic women is on the verge of tapping into the unused parts of the human brain. Most of the women have visions, and recently they've seen a girl who might be able to harness the full power of her mind. The Institute will do anything to study and train Thaya.

Psionic Females [2]

HD: 6 HP: 36 AC: 20 [-1] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: 1d10+3 (mind punch)

Special: Functionally, the mind punch works just like a regular knuckle sandwich, except using psionic powers. Their armor is also psionic-based. Women from The Institute are also familiar with empathy, telepathy, and ESP.

Treasure: They are carrying a holo-crystal which briefly describes The Institute, psionic sisterhood, and Thaya.

Kartek (mutant cyborg)

HD: 9 HP: 60 AC: 18 [1] Attack Bonus: +10 Damage: 2d10 (electro buzz saw)

Special: Out of his right leg, an electro buzz saw deploys. This is Kartek's primary weapon.

Treasure: He has Thaya bound by a remote-controlled collar. In his quarters, Kartek has a treasure chest full of gemstones worth about 40,000 gold pieces.

PREMIUM NYBORG

Within a tall, thin ornate case of dark tempered glass is a stash of sparkling white powder. Inhaling it will give humanoids quite the buzz, allowing the mind to race, hemispheres of the

brain working in unison, making strange connections that allow for advanced mathematical computation like a human calculator. However, this effect only lasts about 30 minutes. Afterwards, an individual feels lethargic, losing 1d4 points of constitution which must be recovered at 1 point per six hours of rest.

There's a 40% chance of a random encounter.

PALE LIPS, WHITE EYES

The people with blanched lips and white eyes, gaunt and creepy; one feels there's something sinister going on inside their minds. These humanoids wander around, usually in a circle but occasionally adopting more adventurous patterns, muttering to themselves about "the star child" and how "he must be protected".

If asked a question, one of these humanoids will open his mouth to speak but all that will come out is some barely audible sound like slugs crawling through a tunnel of slime.

Within one hour of the PCs encountering this odd race, a baby is beamed to the surface of the planet, right smack in the middle of their wandering. Once the baby materializes, it takes a couple of minutes for the creepy humanoids to register that something has happened. At which time, one of them will scoop the infant up in his arms and walk to a hatch in the ground about 20' away, hidden by decades of overgrown vegetation. The rest of them follow, descending into the bowels of Razira where only god knows what awaits them.

The creepy humanoids will neither attack nor defend themselves. Carrying the baby down to the Nether-Realms is the only thing they care about. Eventually, they'll hand it off to one of the demonic creatures who live down there.

PSYCHIC WAR VETERAN

His name is Regori. A veteran of the Psychic Wars, he lives in a tele-substantial cube that monitors high-frequency transmissions from outer space. "I must destroy them just as they destroyed Theta Yellow Complex... my home. I'll show them no mercy. It doesn't matter what happens to me. I must have revenge!"

In the far future, his people fight a prolonged and terrible

conflict with The Institute, a convent of women with psionic abilities. “They’ve repressed sexual desire to the point of madness. Such physical and emotional denial has stimulated some unnatural function in their brains, giving them tremendous power.”

When Regori’s cube detects the right kind of signal, he has orders to detonate his monitoring station. The self-destruct button is near the main controls. The Psychic War vet awaits a message telling him that women from The Institute are close at hand.

Regori

HD: 5 HP: 38 AC: 21 [-2] Attack Bonus: +9 Damage: 3d8 (phaser pistol)

Special: Immune to psionics and psychic attacks.

Treasure: Besides the cube with a communication device, Regori has a citizen clearance badge for Theta Yellow Complex.

PARADISE

Before the adventurers lays a vast pile of untold riches. Everywhere the eye can see one finds chests of gold, gemstones, and beautiful half-naked virgins lying about.

This is, of course, an illusion.

A giant Psionic Scorpion with an exposed brain stands in the middle of this mirage. Its sting sucks the magic out of victims. The Scorpion is intelligent enough to target magic-users with its tail stinger. Its psionic ability causes opponents to visualize imaginary things. Describe the illusion PCs see, make secret saving throw rolls, but don’t count their success or failure unless PCs state they are attempting to disbelieve or see through an illusion... until they’re being attacked by the creature.

Psionic Scorpion

HD: 13 HP: 103 AC: 21 [-2] Attack Bonus: +12 #Attack: 3 Damage: 2d6 (claws) and 3d8 (tail)

Special: Illusions; magic-draining scorpion tail - magic-users struck lose their ability to cast spells for 1d4 hours.

Treasure: The monster’s hard shell segments can be used to make armor as effective as platemail but with the encumbrance and restrictions of chainmail. Its stinger venom can be synthesized into an illusion-based poison. There are

many bones in its lair along with a metal cylinder containing a scroll with Extinguish Flame written upon it and a Rod of Purple (1d100 charges) which temporarily changes animate and inanimate things purple for one week per charge. Roll 1d8 to see what random shade of purple occurs: 1) mauve, 2) lavender, 3) lilac, 4) royal (blue) purple, 5) amethyst, 6) violet, 7) deep purple, or 8) black-violet.

New Spells

The following are spells that some of the natives know. They can be learned by adventuring magic-users if the caster is kept alive at a rate of 1 day per spell level.

SECOND LEVEL SPELLS

This Night I Shall Purple Your Soul: Target becomes consumed with the idea of sacrificing himself to the Purple Putrescence the first chance he gets. The spell lasts 1 day per caster level. Save to avoid. When under the power of this spell a humanoid waves his arms, shouts, and does anything he can think of to attract the Purple Putrescence's attention. In such a case, there's a 2 in 6 chance he will become grabbed by one of its tentacles and promptly devoured.

Festival: Everyone within 50' radius of the caster becomes inebriated, sensually aroused, and appears to be wearing a mask or possibly an entire Marti Gras or harlequinesque costume. Save to avoid. Upon casting, there's a 1 in 6 chance that everyone affected is transported to Italy circa 1817 during the festival of Carnival.

Stigmata: The victim of this spell starts bleeding from the wrist or palm area and feet at a rate of 1d6 damage per round. No save. The only way to stop the hemorrhaging is to slay the caster.

Kill Tech: This spell deactivates all technology within a radius of 10' per caster level.

THIRD LEVEL SPELLS

Purple Zombification: This spell has nothing to do with the necromantic arts. It has more in common with Haitian voodoo/bokor mind control. Those who fail their saving throw fall into a death-like trance, obedient to the caster. Such "zombies" are good for manual labor or standing in place as guards or meat shields. This zombification state of mind control lasts for the number of days equal to the caster's level.

Invoke Nightmare: The caster summons an entity out of the victim's own nightmare. Use victim's current stats for the purposes of combat. Save to avoid. Spell lasts 2d6 rounds.

Sleep Paralysis: The victim is paralyzed for 2d6 rounds. Save to avoid.

Missile Deflection: This spell stops and redirects any missile weapon (magic and non-magic alike) targeted at the caster for as many rounds as the wizard's level. There's a 2 in 6 chance per missile that it's redirected towards the original shooter.

FOURTH LEVEL SPELLS

Dark Arrow Fire: A single arrow of black flame envelops the target doing 10d4 damage the first round, 9d4 damage the second round, 8d4 the third, etc. Save for half-damage.

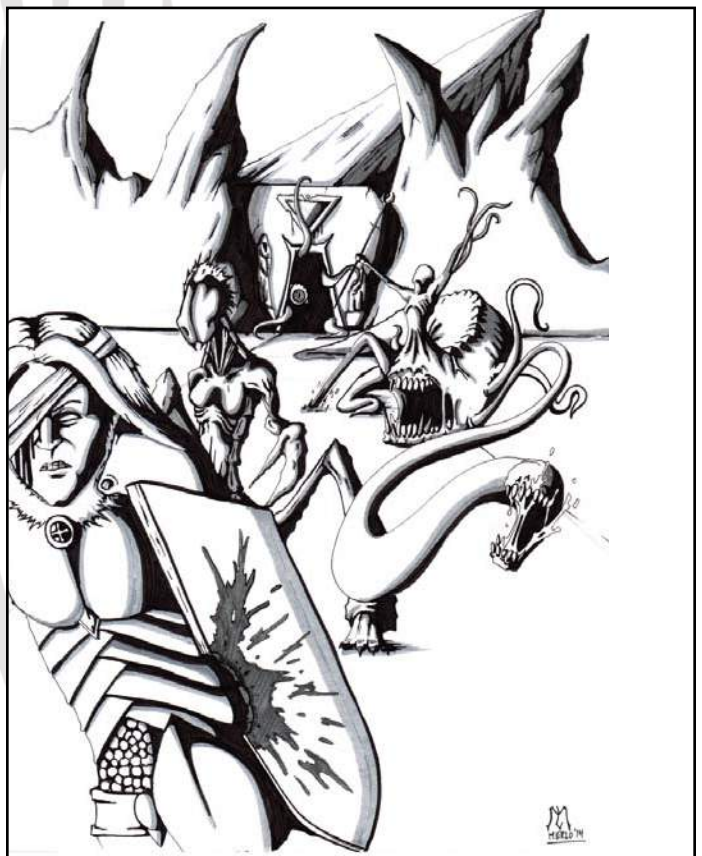
Dreamscape: The caster can enter a humanoid's dream and eventually (number of minutes – must be undisturbed – equal to caster's level) assassinate him, resulting in physical death. Save to avoid. This can only be attempted once per night.

Call Meteor: A meteor is pulled towards the caster which does 10d10 damage to everything within a 20' radius of the caster.

Summon Obsidian Growths: Shiny black worms burrow into the flesh of an individual targeted by the caster. The obsidian growths cause the victim's flesh to become obsidian (save to avoid) and his mind to be supplanted by an alien intelligence devoted to the Ancient Ones (save to avoid). Obsidian flesh has a damage resistance of 3. The change lasts 1 hour per caster level.

Napalm Shower: An area of 40' x 30' is saturated with a sticky, burning jelly that eats away at flesh. Everyone within the area of effect takes 3d6 damage for 6 rounds or until magically healed. No save possible.

Shrapnel: 7d4 damage in a 30' radius from target area, save for half-damage.



New Magic Items

STAFF OF PULSATING ORBS

The Staff of Pulsating Orbs... at least one scholar originates this magic item to a race of lizard-yeti sorcerers from Metatarsus 3. Also known as the Staff of Idyllic Illusion, this unique magic item is tall as an Elf, pale lime in hue, and crystalline in structure with various cleavages obtuse, acute, and spatially abhorrent, conforming to the alien perspective of Metatarsusians, or "Metas", as they're sometimes called.

Covering the bright, pallid, and vaguely luminous green crystal staff are dozens of marbled salmon and white, grape-sized spheres. They cling to the crystal staff as if nursing from their mother. As the staff's power is used, its little orbs pulse and chime together in unison before one of them detaches, falling to the ground and shriveling like a raisin.

Each orb allows the staff's master to evoke an individual's subconscious or essential self into holographic reality, replacing the original for a time. Simply, the idealized version of oneself* manifests for all to see and hear while the individual himself temporarily disappears into a nearby pocket dimension. The ideal is only an illusion and cannot, without some form of additional magical aid, become corporeal. Though insubstantial, the manifested essence appears solid and will generally fool those nearby, provided they don't physically interact with the hologram (calling for a saving throw to realize its illusory nature).

The subject of this power must be a humanoid and within 70' of the staff. The illusion lasts for a number of turns [10 rounds per turn] equal to the wielder's level.

Additionally, the pulsating orbs can be ingested. Each one provides a week's worth of sustenance. There's also a 1 in 6 chance (per orb eaten) of instantly being teleported to Metatarsus 3, appearing within a lizard-yeti settlement [perhaps just as their greatest sorcerer begins ritualizing the birth of a new god].

For the number of uses (orbs) remaining, roll 1d100 twice and take the average. Duration of illusion is equal to the wielder's level in rounds, after which, the hologram disappears and the subject returns.

* Due to the subjective nature of psychology, an individual's "ideal self" might resemble something... unanticipated. For instance, a person suffering from a deep-seated self-loathing might appear frail and pathetic. Alternatively, a cultist

worshipping the Great Old Ones would probably transform into something monstrous and grotesque.

HAAKLYTH

This two-handed sword is called Haaklyth. The blade is not metal but rather the unyielding will of a Sebaashti monk, ceaselessly chanting in his sparsely decorated cell within the labyrinthine Haaklyth Monastery. The Sebaashti monks count discipline as their chief aim, quickly followed by the creation of sacred objects through the act of conscious visualization. Some say there is sorcery afoot, others swear by Sebaashti devotion to mastering the mind's hidden potential.

To the casual onlooker, the sword looks like any other. Only the sensitive can detect traces of... something else: swirling particles, dark and light forces moving through, past each other, colliding, smashing, breaking down and rebuilding only to war against their adversaries once more, echoing the eternal conflict between law and chaos. One side of the crosspiece is adorned with an ivory fire-opal, the other a shadow garnet so deep and darkly red that it appears black.

Those who suffer Haaklyth's steel fury can feel the reverberation of good and evil just as sure as they see the blood flowing from their veins.

Scholars are divided on the point of longevity. If something happens to the monk, if his chanting stops... does the sword live on? Assuming the blade continues, would it mutate? Might its power be influenced by the one who wields it rather than a precarious sense of moral balance emanating from that labyrinth of harmony courting both angels and demons?

Adventurers of neutral alignment wield Haaklyth as a +3 weapon. Once per day, the blade will deflect damage dealt to its wielder equal to his level. It also grants a +3 bonus to saving throws vs. monks, psionics, and magic influencing free will.

Adventurers of lawful alignment wield the blade as a +1 weapon, +5 vs. humanoids and creatures of law. Lawful opponents struck with a natural 20 immediately change their alignment to chaos.

Similarly, those of chaotic alignment wield it as a +1 weapon, +5 vs. humanoids and creatures of chaos. Chaotic opponents struck with a natural 20 immediately change their alignment to law.

RING OF POSSIBILITIES

Centuries ago, a sorcerer by the name of Turax was trying to replicate the properties of an annihilation sphere. During his experiment, his true love slipped and fell; she was accidentally disintegrated by the magical field. Turax did not rest until he crafted a ring that would save her.

The Ring of Possibilities allows the wearer to enter a unique dimension or zone of black space intersected by grey lines. Referred to as “the possibility zone” by Turax himself, it contains everything that has ever been disintegrated, annihilated, or magically destroyed. While in the zone, anything can be accessed; however, only one thing (item, individual, creature, etc.) can be taken out of the zone at a time. So, if a dragon from another world is removed, nothing else can exit the zone (besides the ring wearer) until that dragon returns to the zone. Once it does, something else can leave the zone with the ring wearer. Note that this extraction limitation is for each individual wearer. Every ring wearer may find and remove his own object (person, etc.) without it affecting the removal of past or future objects by others who have or will wear the ring.

Physically, the ring is a semi-translucent, black, icosahedron stone of unknown origin set into a silver band. As with many cursed rings, the Ring of Possibilities cannot be removed once it's been put on, unless the finger is severed or the wearer is dead.

After Turax's death, it was handed down to his apprentice who promptly sold it to a Demon Prince for one million gold pieces. Scholars are unsure of its current whereabouts.

BROOCH OF BAD WISHES

Sometimes called the Brooch of Bad Ideas, this is a piece of decorative jewelry that grants wishes, one per day. However, the wishes granted always end up disastrous. If there isn't an easily exploitable downside or catch to the wish, then nothing happens. Those wishes doomed to failure immediately come to fruition.

The brooch appears as a three headed spider covered in black sapphire gemstones. It attaches to one's clothing by the pin located on the underside.

SCEPTER OF VOGEMA

An ebony scepter like a bejeweled wand, except with twice the gravitas. Each of the scepter's three rubies detach as its owner wills. The removable rubies are actually rare and enchanted bloodstones.

Each bloodstone will transform into a tiny Demon within 1d4 rounds. That Demon obeys the scepter's owner in all things. These bloodstone fiends are sometimes used as scouts or thieves, rarely as combatants since they can do no more than 1 point of damage per attack. If a Demon takes any damage, it automatically reverts back to a ruby. Besides that, the Demons can remain in that form for as long as their master wishes.

Additionally, the one wielding Vogema's Scepter becomes increasingly preoccupied with those sensual and sexual appetites normally repressed.

EYE OF THE SAVANT

This is an actual eyeball, magically preserved. The Eye of the Savant grants the owner with astonishing powers of deduction and calculation. Furthermore, once per day, the Eye allows him to see into the true nature of reality, beneath its ordinary façade. Witnessing such a revelation drives the viewer insane with the power of Chaos, comprehending an alien order to the universe. Those who are shown such sights can never be dominated, commanded, or controlled by magical or psionic means. Also, a bonus is granted to communing with the Ancient Ones and summoning their noxious spawn.

The owner always acts first, never surprised.



COSMIC MEMBRANE CLOAK

This blood-red garment allows its wearer to become one with the universe, enveloping him in a slimy film or residue impossible to wash off. At will, the cloak's owner can transfer up to 10 points of damage done to him to someone else within a 300' radius.

The damage transference is totally random. Each time damage is dealt, roll a d6. If the result is a 1, the damage is transferred to the owner's ally. If the result is a 6, the damage is transferred to the owner's opponent or one of his allies (roll randomly to see who the lucky target is). Otherwise, it strikes a humanoid wandering about nearby.

VEKONIRANT

This enchanted bastard sword exhibits a few Arabesque curves in its blade and gleaming gold runes on one side that reads, "Tumultuous".

Vekonirant only serves Chaotic masters. It thrusts and slashes darkly, swallowing the surrounding light. Everyone of non-Chaotic alignment within a 20' radius of the sword has a 1 in 6 chance of missing, even after a successful hit has been rolled (spell casting is unaffected).

Vekonirant is a +3 sword, +5 vs. clerics, priests, and holy warriors devoted to Lawful deities. Once per day, it can create a field of impenetrable darkness within a 20' radius. This magical darkness lasts 3d6 rounds.

Additionally, the sword is prone to snide remarks and ridicule when someone within earshot makes a stupid or ignorant comment.

THE IRIDESCENT BLACK SPHERE

There's a command word needed to activate this subtly gleaming and glittering black sphere about 4" in diameter and fashioned from a small meteorite that crashed on one of the islands centuries ago. A wizard carved out a mineral-rich hunk of that meteor and used the gravitational force of a dying star to compact it down, perfectly smooth.

The sphere can increase gravity in a 40' radius once per day for as many rounds as the wielder's level. When activated, gravitational forces are doubled causing everyone to move slower, sluggish. Melee weapons deal half the normal damage and ranged weapons have a 25% of missing their targets.

ZIRKIK, THE LAVISH LONGSWORD

A masterful blade expertly forged, encrusted with all manner of rare and precious jewels. It is worth a king's ransom, not only for its lavish appearance but its fell powers as well. Zirkik is also an intelligent blade who does not suffer fools gladly. With a condescending tone, the lavish longsword dispatches foes and yearns for more magic, more abilities, and more power! "Oh, you wouldn't understand. Not a creature simple as you. I'm on the cusp of true greatness, and one day I will demand a wielder worthy of my practically divine capabilities."

The egotistical steel is +3 and +5 vs. incorporeal entities and gelatinous foes.

Each time a natural 20 is rolled, the victim must make a saving throw or his soul is utterly destroyed (killing him in the process). If the soul is annihilated, Zirkik's wielder must also roll a saving throw or else succumb to a depraved darkness lusting for death and killing and bloodshed. This dark state lasts for 1d4 hours. The wielder's alignment also changes to Chaotic until his bloodlust passes.

SKULL OF HALJA

This is a miniature ivory humanoid skull with one ruby eye. Whoever pushes the ruby inwards releases a strange creature almost resembling a Demon but more human in appearance. The Djinn is named Halja. He has a well-manicured black beard, shaved head, and skin the color of ruby.

Halja begins bargaining with the one who released him. "Name a victim and I shall drag him to the underworld immediately where it will be tormented until the universe ends, but know that it means your soul shall become forfeit upon your death as well. Do you accept these terms?"

Even though Halja does the work, the character gets all the XP. With such an item, everything (except the Purple Putrescence and Tentacles from the Water) could be named and Halja would take it down to Hell.

Of course, the character who agrees to the bargain can never be resurrected and his soul eternally damned... unless a party of adventurers journeyed to Hell in order to free him.

ZISAHN THE SUNDERER

A magic sword forged by Dark Elves; when it misses the flesh of its target – though not if a natural 1 is rolled – there's a 33% chance of the enemy's weapon, shield or magic item (DM's choice) being ruined. If the victim has nothing extraneous that can be broken or destroyed, then a vital spot is struck dealing double damage.

+1, +3 vs. non-Elves

STAR GLAIVE

A magical longsword which breaks apart into 5 separate razor-edged throwing star glaives, shredding enemy flesh, and then returning together to form a sword again. The transformation is nearly automatic, only needing the slightest will of its wielder to complete the task.

This weapon has several sharp points coming off the main blade. If one looks closely, little black jigsaw lines can be seen all over the sword.

SPATIAL WYRM OF HOLDING

Essentially, this is a sort of bag of holding, except it resembles a coral and chartreuse scaled draconic squid-worm the size of a small dog. This magic item only holds a 10' x 10' x 10' cube of space and up to one ton of weight. Such Wyrms travel the hyperspace pathways, able to fold space-time. This one is dead, but retains a few vestigial properties.

WAND OF PURPLE FLAME

This magic wand shoots purple spheres of liquid fire, hitting one opponent per round. The sphere does 4d6 damage to the individual (save for half) and 2d6 splash damage to everyone within a 25' radius (save for half).

The purple flames, once the sphere has burst, flicker as if alive. In fact, the fire is a living, albeit magical, entity. 1d6 of the purple flame creatures begin attacking the wand-wielder's enemies.

Purple Flames

HD: 1 HP: 6 AC: 13 [6] Attack Bonus: +3 Damage: 1d4 (purple fire pitchforks)

Special: Can only be harmed by magic or magic weapons.

ARYTHAELDRYN

Arythaeldryn is a sword so massive that only a character with strength of 15 or better may wield it. Forged by Elves with Elvish glyphs of black sorcery slithering up and down its steel retelling the war between Elves and the Lords of Light, this behemoth of a two-handed blade has various powers...

It commands other magical swords, telling them what to do, when to use their powers, which enemy they can attack, etc. Arythaeldryn can only command one magic sword at a time and it must be within 30'.

Arythaeldryn has the power to dim any illumination to half of its ordinary brightness.

Finally, it's +3 two-handed sword, +5 vs. Lawful beings.

STAFF OF PERVASIVE DEATH

Three times per day this staff can send out life-draining vibrations in a cone up to 50' long. Everyone caught in this cone of death must roll a saving throw. Failure means that 2d6 constitution has been drained. A successful save results in only 1d6 constitution drain [1 or 2 con means the victim is unconscious, zero or less means death]. Each time a character is killed by the staff, it suddenly revitalizes the wand wielder for 2d6 hit points.

Once per day, the staff can automatically kill a humanoid, unless a successful saving throw is made.

SPIKED CLUB OF DEMNOS

Demnos is the name of a Half-Orc rogue, barbarian, and all around bastard. He was famous for killing his opponents with one strike, especially those who never saw it coming.

Being composed of a wide variety of prodigious steel spikes, the wielder must have a strength score of at least 15 to wield it. Those attacked with the Spiked Club of Demnos by surprise are outright killed on a natural 20 and critically wounded on a natural 19.



AMULET OF INVULNERABILITY

Hanging from a silver chain, the centerpiece of this amulet is a pallid ruby, appearing as a diamond with only a hint of red, surrounded by six smaller, traditional rubies. It was a gift to the warlord Asher Khan from an ambassador of planet Ovrashin.

The amulet effectively improves the wearer's armor class by a factor of 7. Contained within the pallid ruby is the essence or ghost of a powerful Demon.

WAND OF SUREK

This long and thin magical instrument looks like a white plastic stick, curved here and twisted there. Surek designed it himself based on an idea contained in his volumes of arcane lore.

One charge allows the wielder to disperse an array of spectral shocks that does (1d6)d6. To put it another way, xd6 damage where x is a value between 1 and 6 (roll individually for each being within a 30' radius of the wand). Additionally, a luminous blast of color disorients every humanoid for 1d4 rounds who fails his saving throw. The wand-wielder is exempt for both of these effects.

Two charges allow the wielder to shoot a ray that temporarily deactivates or nullifies the magic power of any item for 3d6 rounds.

Three charges allow the wielder to shoot a ray of petrification, save to avoid.

DAYNSGLYPH

Upon unsheathing this broad, heavy blade, someone must be slaughtered... even if that means the wielder himself must die. Daynsglyph has Elven runes of indignation carved all the way down, where blood seeps, cradled.

GLADIUS

This is a short sword with a sizeable azure topaz adorning the crosspiece. Once per day, Gladius can remotely view (visual only, no audio) an enemy of the wielder for up to 10 rounds. The angle of these pictures are usually wide enough to tell where an enemy is, what he's holding/wearing, and who (if anyone) he's talking to.

Otherwise, Gladius is a +1 short sword.

AMBER WALKING STICK

The walking stick is fashioned entirely from amber and glows when its magic is being used.

This item allows its owner to change little details in the environment as he walks. During a brief stroll (about 20 minutes), the walking stick's owner can alter the color of the sky, the shape of stones, as well as, the myths and legends of the island's native inhabitance.

The amber stick can be used once per day. However, when used upon the islands there's a 1 in 6 chance of opening a dimensional gateway – roll on the Wandering Monster Table to see what exits from the gate.

CANTEEN OF VENTRILOQUISM

When drinking water from the canteen, an individual can throw his voice and sound just as audible as he would if speaking normally.

EYE OF ARZRA KAIN

This is an amulet containing a humanoid eye which moves around looking at things that catch its attention. Those in its presence for any length of time (10 minutes or more) must make a saving throw or be thoroughly creeped out.

NECKLACE OF EARS

This magic item bestows heightened hearing to the wearer. Also grants a small bonus to any kind of fear or intimidation check.

NINE FINGERED GLOVES OF SILENT TOIL

This is a finely made pair of calfskin gloves (black). They are so sheer the wearer loses no sensitivity while conducting his thieving art. Wearing these gloves grants a 10% bonus to any and all thief skills. The owner need not be a thief, but must, unfortunately, have only 9 fingers. Specifically, the ring finger on the owner's left hand must be severed. Otherwise, the gloves are difficult to wear and offer no benefits.

HELM OF RYCEVIK

It's made out of copper, the patina making it appear rather green. Dragon wings stretch on either side with the sneering hiss of three serpent heads at its center.

This helmet allows the wearer to conceal his alignment.



Afterword

At least with this book I knew that I could do it. I wasn't at all sure of that with the first one, *Liberation of the Demon Slayer*. Writing is one thing, but crafting an RPG module or campaign world is another. There are so many little things to take into account. After all, this is not to simply be read and enjoyed... it's for a specific purpose – to play a game. The greatest game!

I playtested *Purple* (yes, I just call it *Purple* now) with my home gaming group back when it was a dozen ideas loosely strung together. Several sessions forged it into something workable.

Towards the writing's end, I ran it for a group of strangers at Gary Con. That was testing the sword in combat. The blood it spilled on that day was impressive, sure, but not quite good enough.

Then, I ran it one last time for some local gamers and a few “geeks” who hadn't played in years and years. My perspective changed during that session. It gave birth to the one-shot disclaimer, divine intervention, and many other things.

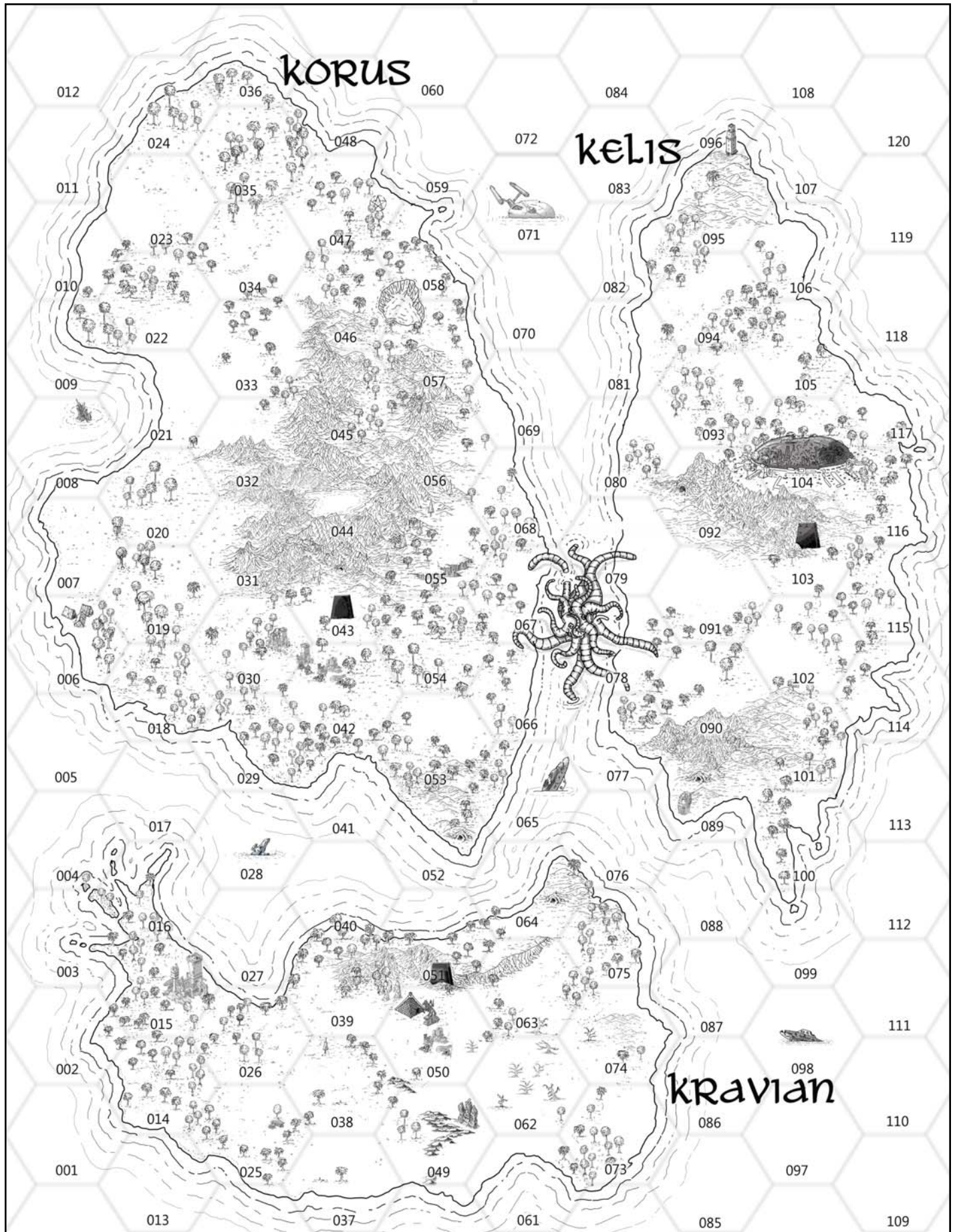
Back to the drawing board, back to the anvil with hammer and heat. On many a night I considered how this book would be used. I imagined the great battles and unexplored discoveries. I endeavored to improve on every good idea that popped into my head. Gods willing, it was enough.

I don't think any book of gaming is meant to be used in isolation. Please feel free to use *Purple* in conjunction with your other manuals, guides, references, rules, and compendiums. It won't get jealous. I promise. On the contrary, the more the merrier!

Besides that damnable color, I'm not sure if there's an overriding theme in the book. It's a collection of sci-fantasy strangeness, irreverently and haphazardly scattered upon a trinity of islands. What is the essence of the world? Escape? Perhaps... I think that's best left to the GM and players. They're the ones making *Purple* come to life.

Anyways, I'm too close to it now. Every time I think about being there, my mind fills with game mechanics and paragraph placement and if I've made things weird enough without going overboard. I can't see the forest because of all those purple fucking trees all over the place! Maybe in a couple of years I'll be able to see it as a fresh-faced noob, living in the lands of jungle and stone with a dark blade in my hand, ready to make a Devil's pact.

VS







“This adventure kinda makes me want to fist-pump and yell ‘hell, yeah.’ Very cool shit. It should be a success with people who aren’t immediately pissed off by it.”

~ **Mike Berkey**

At the heart of Purple is a gonzo science-fantasy hex crawl with a treasure trove of strange encounters, and this is where the adventure really shines. Time traveling snake-men, an alien spaceship, green slave girls, ultra-violent cults, and cyber-sorcerers are just a taste. Pop culture references and familiar tropes make each encounter seem fun and playable.

~ **Matthew Lowes**

“This thing is basically Return of the Son of Carcosa, with the implied trashy B-movie gloss on the concept of hexploring a highly random, chaotic hell-scape full of savage animals, strange cults, broken dishwashers and alien robots. Highly recommended for adventurers with access to a dimensional rift, who don’t mind a bit of radiation poisoning and rubbing shoulders with misogynistic mutants for a chance at scoring a sweet shrapnel-shooting magic sword, a handful of gold coin and a maxed-out credit card.”

~ **Eero Tuovinen**

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