

The Wampus Country
ARCANE ABECEDIARY



a collection of unusual and whimsical spells for classic fantasy games
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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD: An Alphabet of Spells

In my years as a DM and player, I had occasionally run into situations where new spells were desirable, and invented a handful; and occasionally players would come up with spells that would need tweaking and approval. But I'd certainly never sat down with the express purpose of writing a whole mess of new spells. And, to be honest, it's kind of a pain - mostly the back-end work of ensuring that the spells feel like they're the right level...and even then it's a bit subjective and campaign-specific.

The April A-to-Z Blogging Challenge is to blame. I had no strong desire to blog a different letter each day, but in the spirit of the thing, thought about doing some alphabet-inspired spells. Soliciting some spell-name suggestions, I set to work crafting a combination of useful and rather silly enchantments that carried the Wampus Country vibe; and found myself obsessed with using obscure words in the titles as I went on. So many strange words that sounded so wonderful...and twenty-six spells turned into seventy-eight. A shout-out on G+ procured a whole stack of donated artwork to go with the spells - some really marvelous work there. The contributed art definitely made me rethink where I was going with some of the spells, and that's a fun process, challenging the addled brain to go in new directions.

You will find this an odd collection of enchantments indeed, concerned primarily with the sorts of things which define life in Wampus Country - safe travel, witch-curses, drinking and smoking, whimsical transformations, and unusual animals. Oh, and running away from horrible death. It is my sincere hope that DMs & players may get some enjoyment from reading even the weirder entries, and that a handful of the more useful incantations might make their way to your game table, even if reflavoring or tweaking the spell level is necessary to remove the 'local color' of Wampus Country and suit your own campaign's tone and power levels.

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INTRODUCTION

by The Magnificent Montranto

Presented herein are an assortment of spells which I have lovingly collected over the past few years, all presented in my own inimitable style - with suitably alliterative titles and the sort of rarefied vocabulary which distinguishes a gentleman. Further, each spell is annotated with wise commentary from yours truly.

Over the last decade, I am pleased to have made a name for myself throughout the frontier as a wizard of taste and distinction. The keen-eyed amongst you will have noticed that I failed to mention 'great skill'. In the end, the fame of a sorceror is based not on his mastery of eldritch formulae, but on his ability to pull off a memorable caper. No one will remember the thousand magic missiles you threw, or the many times you locked a door with your mind, my friend. Your companions will remember - and thus, retell - the time you turned that bartender into a warthog, or transformed a barrel of rainwater into bourbon. Such is the nature of our existence, as sorcerors. Intelligence is appreciated only when applied, and when you surround yourself with all manner of rough men - frontiersmen, delvers, mercenaries - you must adapt to your audience.

I am known for my taste in suits, my ability to out-drink most ogres, and a rather infamous historical record when it comes to seduction. That being said, I'm also fine with being known as 'that wizard with the koala'. Fame is fame, my friends. And as wizards, we must wield our reputations as weapons. Not everyone is cut out for this line of work, of course. A wizard must be clever, quick-witted, manipulative, and constantly ready to run and hide. There is no shame in this last trait - let the weaponeers run in and die. We happy few are too valuable, too intelligent, and too well-dressed to suffer a fool's fate.

--The Magnificent Montranto



art by Melissa Richmond

A

ABSTERSIVE ABLIGURATION

aka “Celebratory Feast”, “Let’s Get Stuffed”

Themes: Healing, Conjuraton, Vice

Level: 4

Duration: see description

Range: 10 feet

By means of this impressive incantation, the caster produces a long table, chairs, plates, goblets, and utensils, and sufficient food to feed eight people. The accoutrements appear to be very fine indeed, and valuable - yet they will collapse into dust if taken far from the feast-table; the dinner table is covered in a tablecloth and runners depicting the wizard’s livery, if any, otherwise they will be of suitable color for the season and surroundings.

The food is of astonishing quality - choice cuts of steak, honeyed ham, roasted game-birds, clams, various starches, a choice of soups, fine breads and cheeses, wine and ale - and prepared in the latest fashion. Cigars, cigarettes, pipe tobacco, etc are likewise provided as part of the repast. Persons who sit at the table and indulge in the feast will be blessed by the spirits of Vice; there is a 50% chance of curses being removed, and a 25% chance of diseases being cured, including lycanthropy. Further, the feast causes a mild euphoria in those who eat of it for several hours afterward, as well as libidinal urges. A full night’s rest following the feast heals 1d4 hit points of damage for each party-guest.

This little spell is quite clever, and very impressive, and I’ve used it a number of times. But let me be quite clear for those readers who may be new to Wampus Country and the way things work around here: the Spirits of Vice are lesser demons. Do not kid yourself into thinking otherwise. When you cast the Abstersive Abligation, you are inviting them to feed on your pleasure - that’s their thing - and in exchange the lil’ devils are granting you some boons. Feed them enough, and they’ll start to like you. If they like you enough...they might make recommendations to their superiors. You know where this is going. Just be prepared. --MM

ALLIGATOR ARMY

aka “Gator Garrison”, “Company of Caiman”

Themes: Animal, Summoning

Level: 2

Duration: 1 turn plus 1 turn per caster level

Range: 30 feet

This spell summons several crocodilians, which arrive en masse in d3 rounds. Hit Dice of beasts equal to twice the caster’s level are summoned. Once summoned, the beasts may be commanded to attack the caster’s foes, menace bystanders, or guard a place or person. If the summoning wizard is already dead or unconscious when the gators arrive, they will attempt to defend the body for the duration of the spell.

Ordinary (2HD), Large (6HD), and Giant (15HD) Crocodiles are listed on page 68 of Labyrinth Lord. The sort of animals summoned, relative to the 2HD/level formula, may be randomly determined or selected by the caster, as the DM prefers. For example, a seventh-level magic-user would summon 14HD of gators - this could be two large and one ordinary, or seven ordinary, or one large and four ordinary.

The pedestrian amongst you will use this spell to summon forth alligators when you’re in the swamp, but I must say that’s terrifically boring. Summon the alligators when you are nowhere near the swamp if you’ve any gumption whatsoever. In the saloon, in the desert, in the middle of a dungeon. Use the alligators to chase a one-night-stand from your hotel room, I don’t care. Just demonstrate some style. The gators don’t care where you are or what the task might be, they’ll show up regardless - it might take a little longer sometimes, sure. I used this spell once when I was up in the Snowdeeps fighting yeti; by the time the alligators showed up the next day, I’d already been captured and seasoned for the cooking-pot. But damned if those gators didn’t fill their bellies with yeti, and I’m still here to tell the story. --MM

AMBEER ACCIPITER

aka “Tobacco Wings”, “Chaw-Hawk”

Themes: Plant, Shapeshift, Vice

Level: 2

Duration: 1d3 turns

Range: self

The caster invokes the spell, then stuffs his or her mouth full of chewing-tobacco to complete the spell. The following round, hawk-wings composed of dried tobacco-leaves sprout from his back, allowing a flight rate of 10’ per round. Although the transformation can last up to thirty minutes, the wings are immediately dispelled if the caster loses any of the chewing-tobacco from their mouth; in accordance with this restriction, no further spellcasting is likely while the wings

are in use, and a strong blow to the stomach or back may cause rapid discharge of the chaw.

I received this spell in trade from Gertelfratz the Lunger who, as you may know, is an expert in tobacco-themed magic. I must say I've never had occasion to use it, but the thought of stuffing my cheeks with tobacco like a chipmunk isn't terribly appealing. --MM

B

BACULUS OF THE BALATRON

aka "Clownstick", "Jester's Staff"

Themes: Conjuration, Curse, Luck

Level: 1

Duration: 4 hours

Range: immediate (conjures into caster's hand)

The magic-user conjures forth a baculus, a two-foot metal rod topped with the image of a jester or clown; the rod is typically barber-pole-striped, and the jester-head may have multiple belled ribbons dangling from it. The baculus may be used as a club for bashing (1d6 damage), but has three other powers of note. First, on command the baculus extends to become a ten-foot pole, or shrinks back down into a rod. Secondly, while the caster wields the baculus, he or she gains a +1 bonus to all saving throws. And finally, all enchantment and curse spells cast through the baculus are maximized, such that any random elements in the spell description (duration, for example) are automatically the full possible amount.

Terribly useful if you're the sort of mage who relies on charms and petty curses. I suspect this spell - and several other jester-related incantations I've heard of - may draw on some ancient entity, a fallen god perhaps. I learned this spell - the most basic of the clown-related enchantments - from a sorcerer who had gone whole-hog with the gimmick. Not only did he wield the baculus, he was dressed in garish colors and wore clown-like facepaint. I don't think he got much work, but you have to admire his commitment. --MM

BELDAM BAIZE

aka "Witch-Blanket"

Themes: Enchantment, (counter-)Curse

Level: 3

Duration: permanent

Range: immediate

Material component: a one-yard length of green cloth, sympathetic tie to a witch

This spell enchants a piece of green cloth as proof against the sorcery of a particular witch. To construct the *beldam baize*, the wizard must have possession of an item with a strong sympathetic tie to the witch in question, such as:

- * a piece of the witch's body (hair, fingernails, severed limb, blood, spittle)
- * the witch's familiar, captured
- * a person who has been recently (within 12 hours) cursed by the witch
- * anything else which suits the DM as sufficient

The wizard casts the *beldam baize* over the green cloth, while touching the sympathetic object; the ritual takes forty uninterrupted minutes. Once this ritual is complete, the enchanted cloth has the following abilities:

- * anyone wearing or touching the baize gains a +4 on saving throws versus any magic cast by the witch in question
- * possession of the baize increases accuracy of any divination spell cast against the witch, as well as allowing the witch's lair to count as a "known area" for teleportation
- * attacking the witch with the baize (by punching through it, choking her with it, etc) inflicts double damage; the baize counts as a magical weapon for the purposes of striking the witch, if necessary.

When the witch linked to the *beldam baize* is destroyed, the green cloth erupts into black flame for a moment, then falls to ash.

I don't do much in the way of witch-hunting - the old bags are far too useful - but if you want to make a name for yourself stalking striga, this is one way to do it. Friendly word of warning: witch-hunters don't have much of a life expectancy around here. This isn't about some crazy old wise-woman on the edge of town, my friend - striga have the very lifeblood of Wampus Country coursing through their veins. They are a big deal that can get you big dead.
--MM

BOMBASTIC BUBOES

aka “Explosive Disease”, “Curse of the Crimson Cysts”

Themes: Disease, Evocation, Curse

Level: 3

Duration: instant

Range: 50 feet

The target cursed by *bombastic buboes* must make a saving throw versus spells; a successful save negates the curse. Those who are affected, however, are in for a world of pain. The curse causes 2d6 damage as massive crimson cysts appear all over the victim’s skin; the following round, these cysts explode, causing another 1d6 damage to the victim, and spraying corrosive slime in all directions in a six-foot radius. Creatures splashed by the slime, which only damages living tissue, take 1d4+1 points of damage and have a 10% chance of contracting a disease.

Bombastic buboes only works on creatures composed of flesh, and thus will not affect golems, elementals, or the like; but it does function on both animals and plants, and even undead with flesh.

This is one of those enchantments that essentially marks you as a disgusting necromancer. That aside, it’s useful in certain circumstances, when the enemy is tightly packed and you don’t want to destroy everything in the damn room with a fireball. --MM

C

CALCEIFORM CALODAEMON

aka “My Lucky Shoes”, “Silver Skates”

Themes: Enchantment, Travel

Level: 1

Duration: 1 hour per level

Range: touch

The lesser travel-spirit conjured by this spell must be immediately bound into a pair of shoes, boots, ice-skates, or snow-shoes; it does not work on horseshoes. Once implanted into the footwear, the spirit provides a beneficent enchantment upon the wearer of the shoes for a number of hours equal to the caster’s level. Roll a d6 to determine the boon, adding +1 if the wizard wears a token or holy symbol of a god of travel:

1-2 the wearer is not fatigued by any amount of walking or running;

3-4 as above, plus the wearer’s overland speed (but not combat speed) is improved by 50%;

5-6 as above, plus the wearer’s chance of a dangerous random encounter is decreased by 25%.

When the spell expires, the travel-spirit departs the footwear.

It might seem unsafe, but lots of folks travel solo on occasion. Travel-related enchantments like this one come in real handy, even when you're with a group. Imagine hiking through the woods all day, and the henchmen are complaining about how badly their dogs are barking, but you're cool as a cucumber in your patent leather dress shoes, even after eight hours of walking and two different attacks by wild animals. --MM

CLAPPERDUDGEON'S CHALCENTERY

aka "Vagabond's Victuals"

Theme: Transformation, Travel

Level: 1

Duration: ten minutes

Range: self

Invoking certain ancient rhymes for protection against indigestion, the caster is now able to eat nearly anything - from spicy peppers to dirt and broken glass - for ten minutes, without any damage to the mouth, esophagus, stomach, etc. In addition, whatever detritus the magician consumes during this period bears the base nutritional value of a mediocre meal; a wizard can survive in the wilderness forever by eating sand, bark, and stones by use of this spell, but may eventually lose weight and suffer from certain vitamin deficiencies. Further, the magic-user is immune to any ingested poisons consumed during this session.

Most wizards who know this trick use it to survive in the wilds with nothing more than their spellbook; I, however, have a sense of style, and use it to win bar bets. Note that the spell does not necessarily protect you from your own gag reflex. --MM

CRAWLING COACH

aka "Creepy Express"

Themes: Animal/Vermin, Summoning, Travel

Level: 3

Duration: 12 hours

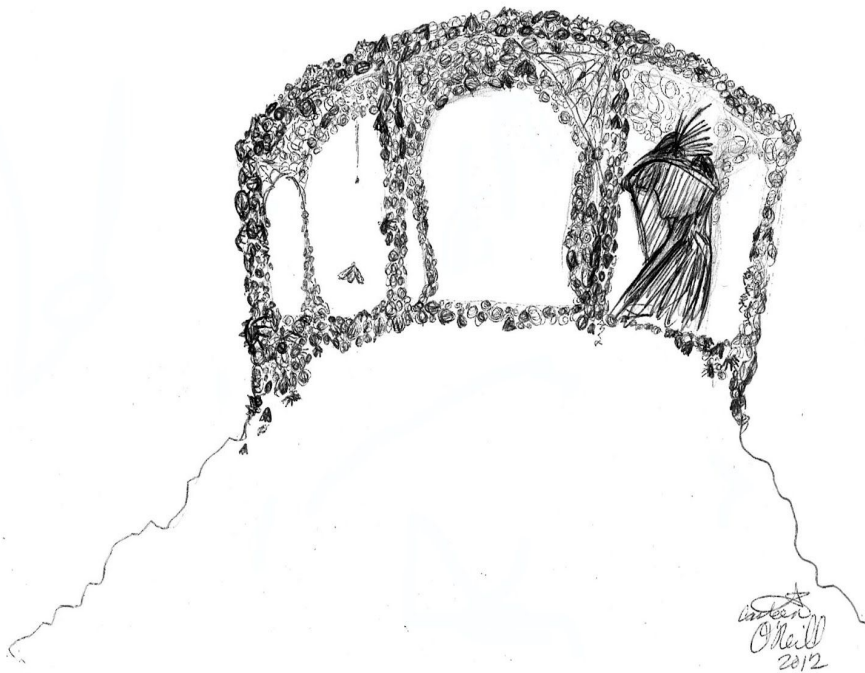
Range: 10 feet

Material Component: a living insect or arthropod

Whispering to the tiny creature in his hand, the mage summons forth all manner of crawling, scuttling insects and arthropods - beetles, ants, spiders, crustaceans, centipedes, and more - who pour out of every nook and cranny and erupt from the earth. In the space of 1d4+1 rounds, the creatures assemble themselves into a magnificent living carriage mounted atop 1d4+4 insect-like legs. The crawling coach is not intelligent, but responds to the wizard's commands, and can carry as much weight as a normal carriage, and move at similar speed; the coach is

particularly adept at traversing uneven terrain, and can even climb sheer surfaces, although it cannot hang upside-down. There is room within the carriage for four to six passengers, and two more can sit outside where a coachman normally would. The crawling coach cannot attack, but if engaged in combat, treat it as a massive creature with AC 5 and 50 hp. After twelve hours, the carriage collapses into a pile of beetles etc once again, who then bury themselves in the earth or find shadowy places in which to hide.

Absolutely disgusting. Don't get me wrong, I can see the use of the thing, and it can carry quite a bit of cargo and passengers, but don't forget that when you're riding in this thing you're essentially sitting on a seat made of living spiders and millipedes. Further, you can bet that anybody using this spell is going to be associated with nefarious forces - the white hats don't usually sculpt their accoutrements out of poisonous centipedes, y'know? --MM



C is for Crawling Coach
art by Casteen O'Neill

D

DAEDALIAN DEOPPILATION

aka “Obstacle-Be-Gone”, “Get Thee Hence”

Themes: Evocation, Travel

Level: 3

Duration: instant; see description

Range: 20 feet

Material component: a piece of ivory

With a broad, sweeping hand motion, the sorcerer animates an obstacle (or group of obstacles) in his path, which then hops out of the way. The object’s size must be less than a carriage; weight is immaterial. The spell will function equally well on a boulder, pile of rubbish or stones, or statue, but will not open doors or portals. The animated object does its level best to stand clear of the caster’s path, but lacks the ability to reduce its mass; a collection of smaller items can change shape somewhat, however. After the caster has passed by, the object will lumber or slide back into place the following round. This magical feat is effected by the wizard “loaning” the object 1d4+1 points of his INT for a time period which ends 4+2d6 rounds after the object returns to its original site. While this intelligence is on walkabout, the wizard is indeed duller, but does not lose spellcasting ability; any ability checks, however, will be affected. Caution must be taken when using the *daedalian deoppilation* - if either the caster or the animated object are stricken with a successful *dispel magic* during the intelligence transfer, it becomes permanent (and will impact spellcasting ability).

I’m not a fan of loaning any portion of my brain out to a rock. That being said, sometimes that’s what it takes. --MM

DECORTICATING DEFILADE

aka “Flaying-Circle”

Themes: Abjuration, Curse

Level: 7

Duration: 8 hours

Range: touch; see description

Material component: a two-inch-by-two-inch square of the caster’s skin, cut off and offered to the netherworld imps (consumed in the casting)

The wizard crafts from paint and chalk a warding-circle between twenty and fifty feet in diameter and, by means of this spell, binds into that circle the spirits of several hundred skin-eating imps from the netherworld. Once the spell is activated, any living creature which crosses from the outside to the inside will be instantly assailed by the invisible imps. Each round spent illicitly inside the warding-circle will cause 5d6 damage as hundreds of tiny claws and teeth rip at the violator’s skin (exposed or otherwise), flaying them; strips of skin can be

seen curling back and tearing off before disappearing into the otherwise-invisible maws of the skin-imps. Trespassers who survive the encounter will be dismayed to learn that once a skin-imp has tasted their flesh, it knows their form - and can sell that form to a number of other netherworld denizens, who may wear it as their own. Any person inside the circle at the time of casting is immune to the skin-imps unless they later step outside the circle; the casting wizard may dispel the circle at will, but may not turn it 'off' and 'on' again without recasting the ritual.

Downright nasty. I don't know when I would use this, but I don't usually have any truck with netherworld stuff. Too weird, too dark. This is precisely the sort of thing that an insane demon-worshipping vampire would scrawl around their coffin, y'know? --MM

DEVASTATING DENDRITE

aka "Claw of the Treant", "Woeful Wood"

Themes: Battle, Plant, Shapeshift

Level: 1

Duration: 3 rounds + 1 round/caster level

Range: self

Material component: a piece of green wood, not consumed in the casting

By means of this spell, the wizard transforms one of his or her arms into a massive wooden arm ending in wicked claws - it is as though the sorcerer has borrowed the arm of a treant or similar creature. While wielding the *devastating dendrite*, the wizard's AC improves by +1 (due to ability to parry) and he gains a 1d8 damage claw attack. In addition, so long as the shapeshift is in effect, the wizard is immune to all plant-based poisons. The claw does not prevent spellcasting.

Nothing wrong with a backup melee ability, I guess. Apprentices should not get overconfident and presume the dendrite allows them to wade in with seasoned soldiers. When you're older and know what you're doing, however, the shapeshift lasts longer and helps a bit with your defenses and options. --MM



E is for **E**benous **E**dentate

art by Jez Gordon

E

EBENEIOUS EDENTATE

aka “Anteater Assassin”, “Tongue of Doom”

Themes: Death, Evil, Shadow, Summoning

Level: 5

Duration: one night

Range: 1 mile per caster level (highest-level if multiple casters)

Material Component: the mummified corpse of an anteater, bathed in rose oil and human blood; the corpse is consumed in the casting

The *ebenous edentate* is an insidious summoning-spell used by dark magicians to slay with impunity. One to four wizards who know the spell perform the ritual, taking several hours, with each sorcerer’s power adding to the strength of the summoned creature; during the chanting, the magicians name up to three humanoid targets, all of whom are expected to be within range of the spell. If none of the targets are within range, the spell fails. When the ritual is complete, a dark spirit is conjured which seeks out the wizard’s named enemies. This assassin-force manifests as a shadowy, vaguely anteater-shaped cloud in the sky which drifts ever-closer to the victims. Once close enough, the *edentate* snakes forth a shadowy tongue of improbable length, winding it through chimneys, under doors, etc as necessary, until it can make contact with one of the designated targets. The tongue attacks as a fighter of level equal to the highest-level wizard involved in the ritual; if struck, the victim takes 3d6 damage and must save vs death magic, or die instantly as the *ebenous edentate* sucks his soul out of his body like a thick milkshake. The shadowy anteater will continue to attack until its targets are destroyed, giving chase if necessary. Victims slain by the creature cannot be raised or resurrected, but may be reincarnated if such magic is available. The *edentate*’s tongue cannot be directly destroyed, but attacking the floating body of the beast may have some efficacy - the construct has HD equal to the total levels of the wizards involved in its conjuration. The anteater is immune to enchantment and charm spells completely. As dawn breaks, the *edentate* fades into nothingness, and the corpse which was used to conjure it collapses into black dust. If the summoning-corpse is located and destroyed before dawn, the shadow-creature will also be destroyed.

As frightening as this spell is, what’s really scary, to me, is that there’s some sort of demon-lord or ancient god out there who apparently has a thing for anteaters. --MM

EMASCULATING EVOCATION

aka “All Dressed Up And Nowhere To Go”, “Ain’t She Purty”

Themes: Curse, Conjuraction

Level: 2

Duration: instant

Range: 20 feet

Material component: small piece of floral-print fabric and some fish scales

This curse conjures feminine clothing which appears ovetop of the target’s current clothing. The victim receives a saving throw versus spells, but if that save is failed, the target will be instantly clothed in ladylike garb, which may be determined by rolling on the table below.

- 1 sweet yellow sundress and straw hat
- 2 gingham dress with apron
- 3 ballgown, possibly with bustle and long gloves
- 4 brassiere/corset and bloomers
- 5 short skirt (often plaid) and a blouse tied beneath the bosom
- 6 white wedding gown, with long train and bouquet
- 7 saloon-girl outfit
- 8 french maid + fishnets

Appropriate facial make-up (lipstick, eyeshadow) sometimes appears on the victim’s face in the case of a particularly bad saving throw; if the target has hair of sufficient length, it will be drawn up in pigtails or a bun to match the outfit. The clothing transforms into dust after an hour, even if discarded. The victim need not be humanoid, as the *emasculating evocation* can affect any creature of HD equal to the caster’s level, but the psychological effect of the spell is designed to function on male humans, and in public.

I probably overuse this spell, I’ll be honest. --MM



E is for Emasculating Evocation
art by Melissa Richmond

EUONYMIC EPINCION

aka “Theme Song”, “Dun-dun-dun-DA-da!”

Themes: Battle, Charm, Enchantment, Travel

Level: 1

Duration: length of the song (see description)

Range: n/a

Material Component: none

After invoking the initial syllables of this spell, he sings, hums, or whistles a melody, either at normal volume or *sotto voce*. So long as the singing continues, the wizard gains a boon; no speech or spellcasting is possible while maintaining the song. If struck in combat while singing or humming, the wizard may have to pass some sort of check to avoid interrupting the spell (known to some sorcerors as “dropping a beat”).

When casting, the magic-user must select one of three effects:

- * Personal Theme - the wizard produces a tune which signifies power and style, which grants him a +1 Charisma (or reaction) bonus for the duration of the song and the round following. Creatures with 5HD or greater are immune to the effect. Alternately, the personal theme may be invoked to allow for a morale bonus in henchmen (again, +1) or a reroll of a fear-related saving throw, at the DM’s discretion.

- * Traveling-Song - the wizard hums a tune which eases travel, reducing fatigue by 20% and increasing overland speed for the caster and his companions (up to six) by 10%.

- * Caper/Escape Tune - this uptempo song assists with either stealth (+1 or +5% to appropriate rolls for the wizard and his companions (up to six)) or speed when running away from danger (+25% running speed).

A magician’s *euonymic epincion* is as individualized as a wizard mark; the inspiration for these themes bubbles up from the subconscious mind, perhaps planted there by sleeping godlings or the land-memories of the ancients. The three songs may be completely different melodies, or all variations on a theme; only the faceless forces of magic can comprehend the rhyme or reason. No two wizards have the same musical themes, nor can a wizard imitate the theme of another while incanting the *epincion*. Companions may sing along with the *epincion*, and although this does not increase the efficacy, it will prevent the spell being interrupted if the magician is forced to pause for a round.

Each sorceror has a theme - not everybody discovers theirs, and some wizards just won’t use the epincion in public. Why be embarrassed? We are wizards. We turn into animals and throw fire from our hands. If anybody deserves theme music, it’s us. You don’t need to hire some idiot with a guitar to follow you around. Just hum your theme song. If you’re doing it

right, it’s infectious, and you’ll be a better man for it. --MM



F is for Falcinorous Faldstool
art by Scrap Princess

F

FACINOROUS FALDSTOOL

aka “Dark Altar”, “Call Forth Nightmare-Beast”

Level: 4

Duration: 1 turn/level

Range: 30 feet

Material component: see description

Upon beginning the casting of the *facinorous faldstool*, a small plinth of black basalt rises from the ground, the eponymous dark altar. At this point the wizard begins the second part of the ritual, calling on the netherworld to provide him or her with a servitor. Inky smoke billows forth from the altar, and from the smoke steps a bizarre-looking creature of chaos and nightmare. The wizard may control the beast by concentration, as with a conjured elemental, and the dread monster will remain for one turn per level of the caster. The beast summoned will vary based on the sacrifice placed on the facinorous faldstool, as listed below; however, six options are provided for DMs who prefer to randomize such things. In all cases these denizens of the Midnight Sea are damaged only by +1 weapons or better, and they each boast a single attack of 4d8 damage. The hit points of each nightmare’s manifestation will vary depending on the summoning.

1- *Fraggatak the Mournful* (AC 2, HD 8) - a two headed eagle-thing which vomits forth maggots and weeps blood; its touch has a 25% chance of rusting like a rust monster, and it is summoned by a bone from a victim murdered by his or her spouse.

2 - *Suwerglom Six-Eyes* (AC 1, HD 10) - a tremendous spider wearing spiked armor; impaled upon the spikes are skulls and children. He is summoned by the skull of a woman who committed suicide because of barrenness.

3 - *Ir-Hul-Daar the Impossible* (AC 1, HD 8) - a cloud of wasps surrounding a large pair of disembodied lips; has a breath weapon (2d8 of acid) thrice per day. It is called forth by the offering of seven stillborn children.

4 - *Pzdj the Contemplatrix* (AC 3, HD 8) - a small blue monkey with golden eyes; her gaze is like that of a medusa, but rather than turning to stone, her foes become peppermint candy. She is summoned by the defiled hearts from a pair of twins.

5 - *Ummm Soul-Canker* (AC 4, HD 10) - a young moth-winged boy with spinning sawblades for a face; he is called from the netherworld by the sacrifice of a living black goat which has been fed nothing but the dirt from a priest's grave for three days and nights.

6 - *Azibo Ploop Mazibo* (AC 2, HD 12) - a fetid pile of missing socks, within his gaping maw lies a portal to the netherworld itself (swallow whole attack). He is called from the Midnight Sea by the sacrifice of the foot of a dancer, the tongue of a singer, and the hand of a playwright.

7 - *The Amazing Fflurp* (AC 3, HD 12) - a massive, monstrous furry ogre with hypnotic eyes and claws of adamant, Fflurp responds to a sacrifice of scrap fabric taken from the clothing worn by five fell sorcerors as they died.

8 - *X the Mysterious* (AC 4, HD 11) - a glittering miasma of lavender gas which manifests lashing-tentacles and causes those struck to be overcome by great regret, X can be called forth by the offering of a coyote-skull packed with rancid bison-butter.

If the wizard's hold on the nightmare-beast is broken, the beast will turn on the caster and his companions without hesitation.

No no no. No. Don't even think about it. You think you're going to be some kind of badass, running around collecting ritual components and then summoning crazy nightmare critters? No. That's not badass, it's ridiculous. You're supposed to be exploring, and pulling one over on people, and getting paid. Don't go down this road, kid. --MM

FIMICOLOUD FAMULUS

aka "Dungbutler"

Themes: Animal, Conjuraton, Earth

Level: 2

Duration: 12 hours

Range: 10 feet

Material component: dung-heap, cow-pat, buffalo-chips, or similar

The sorcerer may conjure a *fimicoloud famulus* from the dung of any land-based animal (including humans); the round following casting, the dung animates and reshapes itself into a small humanoid form. The final shape of the famulus is dependent on the dung used (human stool creates a humanoid, the road-apples of a horse will make a centaur, cow-pats create a tiny minotaur, etc). Once summoned forth, the famulus will obey the wizard's verbal commands; it is not terribly intelligent, but can follow fairly complex instructions ("fill this pot in the river then hang it over the fire"; "go into that bar and rub yourself on the shoes of the posh-looking paladin"). Although the creature is obviously composed of dung, it does not leave streaks of itself on the things it touches, unless it wishes to do so. The famulus is incapable of defending itself effectively (AC 9, 1 hp) and cannot keep watch or speak. It can, however, continue to exist at great distance from the wizard, and thus may be used to deliver letters and the like. The famulus cannot cross running water of its own volition, it must be carried. When the spell expires, the construct returns to its original dung-heap shape.

If you can't think of something amusing to do with this spell, I can't help you. --MM

FURACIOUS FALCATE

aka "Thief's Blade"

Themes: Conjuration, Enchantment

Level: 2

Duration: 1 hour

Range: touch

Material component: bladed weapon, destination purse

The incantation of the *furacious falcate* ensorcells a bladed weapon such that with each successful strike, d3 coins of random type teleport from the target's purse to that of the wizard. If the blade is used to strike a target which carries no coins, the effect ends.

Who the hell are you stabbing that you think you aren't going to kill? I just don't get this spell. Maybe the wizard that crafted it had a recurring issue with wealthy, coin-laden opponents who always managed to get away? Maybe it's supposed to be a time-saver, or the sorcerer in question wanted to skim some gold without his party-mates knowing about it. --MM

G

GAMBRINOUS GLIRIFORM

aka “Blessing of Bounty”, “Rats Into Beer”

Themes: Animal, Vice

Level: 1

Duration: 5 minutes

Range: touch

To cast the *gambrinous gliriform*, the magic-user utters a paeon to the Vicelords (“*Who is the master of the society created for us?*” is a common opening) while holding both hands, palm-forward, at the temples. For the next five minutes, the caster has the ability to wring beer from rats, mice, and other rodents simply by twisting the animals, as one would a soggy towel; the creatures take no damage during this process, but may squeal in discomfort. A large rat will produce about half a mug of beer; mice generate significantly less. Particularly skilled magicians (INT check at -4) may turn field mice into shots of whiskey or bourbon, or lab mice into vodka. Once a rodent is squeezed, it may not be ‘harvested’ again for 24 hours, even if the spell is re-cast.

If you need evidence that the spirits of vice and their followers are just plain weird, this is it. I can think of only a few occasions which would merit turning rats into beer; perhaps you’re more creative than I am. I suppose if you master the whole mice-into-liquor aspect, you might have something vaguely flammable going on, but I’m not going to waste my weekends trying to increase the proof of a damn mouse. --MM

GLOSSAL GIRANDOLE

aka “Waterspout”

Themes: Water

Level: 1

Duration: 1 round + 1 round per caster level

Range: self (15 feet)

Once the glossal girandole is cast, the sorcerer may spit forth from their mouth a small torrent of water, as that from a fountain; the flow may be continuous, or in gobbets, as the caster prefers. The wizard retains the ability for several rounds, and can ‘shoot’ the water up to fifteen feet, aiming with an attack roll. Water produced is fresh, clean, and cool; if stored in a container, the water is approximately a half-gallon per round of production. If used to attack, the water itself does no damage, as the pressure is not great.

Sure, they whinge about it now, but your companions will drink this when you’re in the desert for a couple of days, I assure you. Also fun for knocking beer bottles off a fence, or for melting certain kinds of witch. --MM

GOODLY GOINGS

aka "Wanderer's Luck"

Themes: Luck, Travel

Level: 2

Duration: 6 hours

Range: self and companions (up to six)

Material component: any lucky charm (rabbit's foot, four-leaf clover) or a deck of cards

The sorcerer calls out to the Lost Gods of the Sixty-Sixth Path, or other godlings or devils which deal in travel, and asks for a safe and successful journey. For the next six hours, the wizard's party benefits from one of the following effects, as the caster chooses:

Goodly Goings: the expedition's chances of encountering a dangerous animal or natural disaster (etc) are reduced by half. (At the DM's discretion, reduce chance of a wandering monster encounter or similar)

Going for Goods: the expedition's chances of encountering a dangerous animal with either treasure or a saleable pelt is doubled. (At the DM's discretion, either increase chance of encounter, change nature of encounter, or increase treasure from encounter)

You need this spell. Most of the time you'll want to minimize risk when travelling, but there are occasions when you'll want to increase the chance of running into a herd of buffalo or some giant beavers ripe for the skinning. Note that you have to accompany the expedition, you can't be casting this on folks for money. Well, you could pretend to... --MM

H

HARENGIFORM HABILIMENTS

aka “Fishface”

Themes: Animal, Shapeshift, Water

Level: 1

Duration: 1 turn per level of the caster

Range: n/a

Material Component: none

The magic-user changes shape into a small fish, about six inches long, over the course of 1d3 rounds. Once in fish-form, the wizard can breathe only water (fresh, brackish, or salt makes no difference), has effectively 1 hp, a +6 bonus to AC due to size and speed in the water, and can swim adeptly, although he cannot speak. All equipment and magical items shift with the caster, becoming part of the fish-form; beneficent effects (a *ring of protection*, for example) continue. The mage may end the effect at any time prior to expiration of the spell, but shifting back always takes 1d3 rounds to regain full human form (and spellcasting ability).



H is for **H**arengiform **H**abiliments
art by Ashe Rhyder

A very basic shapeshift, commonly used by the Lakeborn. In the right circumstances it's a good escape-type spell, or can get you into small places. Also a functional disguise. Be careful, though, a magician wearing harengiform habiliments is extremely fragile, and you run the risk of being eaten by a real fish, heron, or osprey. --MM

HALOID HAVILDAR

aka "Salt-Soldier"

Themes: Conjuring, Earth

Level: 2

Duration: 1 hour + 1 turn/level of the caster

Range: 10 feet

Material Component: a handful of table-salt or rock-salt

Upon completion of the incantation, a vaguely humanoid warrior of earth and salt springs up from the ground. The havildar attacks as a fighter of one level lower than the magic-user, has an AC of 5, hp equivalent to the caster, and does 1d6 damage with its club-like weapon. The havildar is weak against liquid attacks; any water-based or acidic attack will do double damage to the automaton. The salt-soldier will defend the wizard against any attackers to the best of its ability, and can be ordered to take a place in a marching order, open a door, or scout down a hallway; however, the havildar must remain within thirty feet of the wizard at all times. At the end of the spell - or if the creature is destroyed - it collapses into a pile of rock salt. A mage may have only one havildar summoned at a time.

The havildar is a very basic elemental conjuration, and a useful defender when you don't have pals around. It's pretty stupid, though, and must be told what to do; he's mostly good for bashing equally-stupid opponents, or keeping foes away from you long enough for you to prepare something deliciously nasty. I've heard rumors there's a different version of this spell, known as "Sweet Lovin'", which uses rock candy to create a pleasure-companion. The very thought of it scares the hell out of me. --MM

HAMIROSTRATE HOXTER

aka “Flim-Flam-Flamingo”, “Pinkpockets”

Themes: Animal, Conjunction

Level: 1

Duration: 24 hours

Range: self (see description)

Material component: a flamingo feather, which is not consumed in the casting

This spell may be used to enchant a single garment or set of garments containing up to six integral pockets. Once enchanted by the hamirostrate hoxter, any person or creature - besides the caster - violating the pockets will be bitten by phantom flamingos, taking 1d3 points of damage. Phantom flamingos, as everyone knows, are vicious, spiteful creatures with a taste for fingers. In addition, the flamingos will ensure that items within the pockets will not fall out if jostled or held upside-down. There is no space-shifting involved in the spell - items in pockets will still be felt on a pat-down or seen if they are large enough to create a bulge, and the pockets do not increase in size in any way. Careful visual examination of the inside of a pocket (held open with tools, perhaps) will reveal multiple angry eyes in a swirl of pink feathers.

This is one of those basic enchantments that falls into the category of “just cast it every day”. Imagine the surprise on that pickpocket’s face when he pulls back his hand to find it’s missing a couple of fingers! You have to protect your material components, and you ought to protect whatever gemstones you’re carrying. Get yourself a suit-jacket and vest that add up to six pockets. --MM

I

IGNIPOTENT ICKER

aka “Fire-Eating Corn”

Themes: Fire, Water, Plant

Level: 1

Duration: permanent until object is used

Range: touch

The caster enchants a freshly-harvested ear of corn and invests it with potency against fires and heat. The enchanted ear, once tossed into a fire by the caster or any other person, will extinguish or reduce the fire. A single ear of corn, so enhanced, will completely extinguish a roaring bonfire, or temper a larger fire by a similar amount. The corn enchanted by this spell retains its enchantment until it is used, rotted, or eaten. If the corn is placed in a pot of boiling water, the water stops boiling (and the spell is exhausted). The spell does not retard the decaying process in the corn.

You know those spells which are a little specific, but the effects are permanent, so you might as well learn the spell? This is one of them. I keep an ignipotent icker in my saddle-bags pretty much at all times, simply because there's no reason not to - it will eventually come in handy, and when it does, I'll be glad I carried an extra ear of corn. Occasionally I fantasize about tricking a fire-breathing creature into eating the corn. --MM

IMMEABLE IMPASTO

aka “Sweet Escape”, “You Shall Not Pass”

Themes: Abjuration

Level: 3

Duration: 1 turn + 1 turn/level, or until destroyed

Range: 5 feet

Material component: specially-prepared paint (see description)

The wizard has previously prepared a pot of paint composed of pigments, sour milk, mint or anise, sugar or honey, and crushed gemstones (value no less than 50 gp). When creating the *immeable impasto*, the caster uses this paint to draw a line across the ground, up to thirty feet long. The following round, a wall springs up from the ground, to a height of twenty feet (or to

any ceiling which may exist). The wall itself is composed of a blend of hard candy and licorice, and has hit points equivalent to double the caster's normal maximum.

This spell appears to me to be a distillation of some of the natural candy-based abilities used by the likes of the Witch-Queen of Sugarplum Castle; some call the art sucromancy. While nowhere near the strength of a wall of eldritch energy, the wall-of-candy has its uses. It will discourage pursuit, certainly, and when things are bad enough you can eat the thing. --MM

INSIDIOUS INFLATION

aka "Balloonify", "Full of Hot Air"

Themes: Air, Curse, Transformation

Level: 5

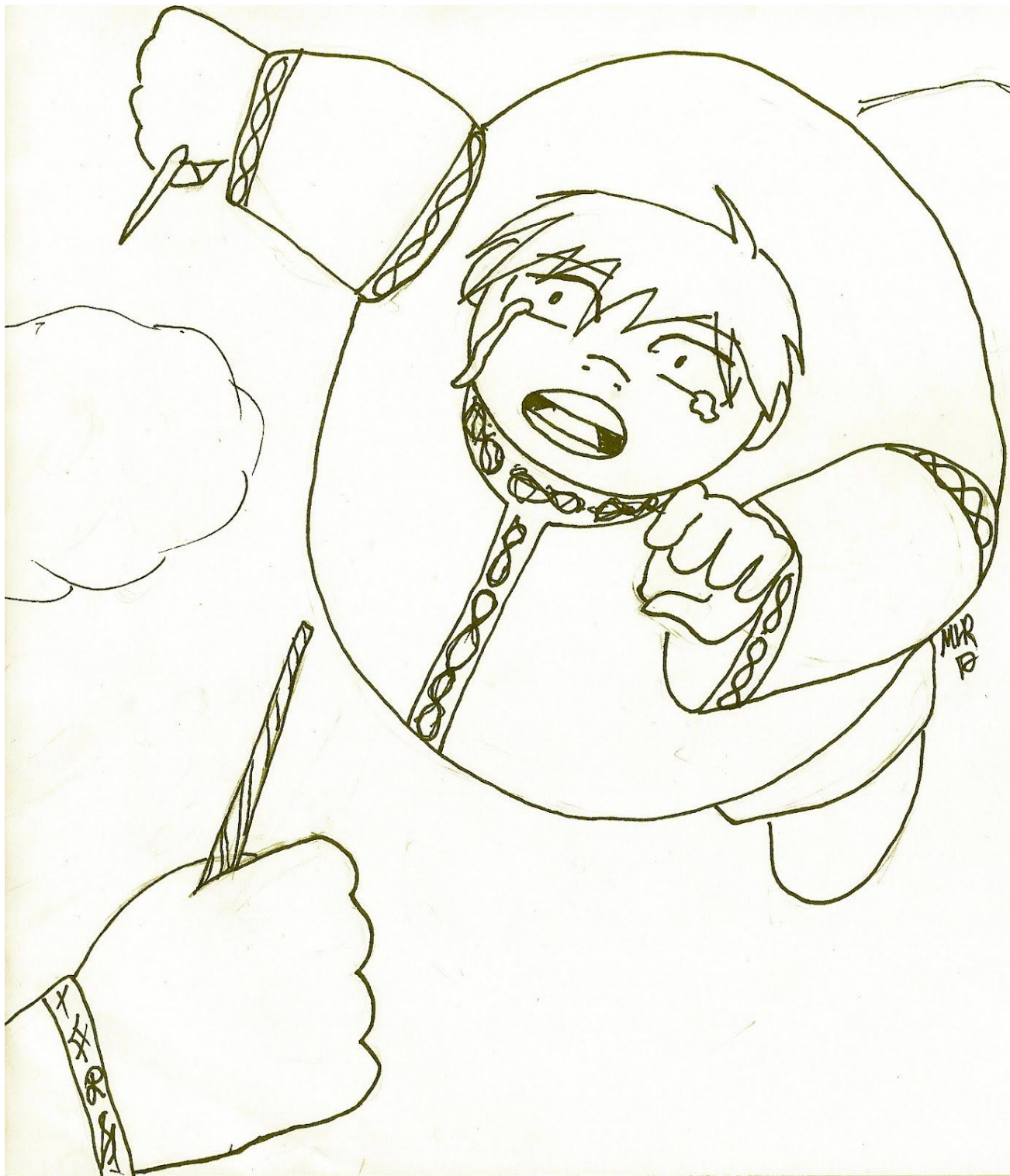
Duration: 24 hours plus 1 hour per level of the caster

Range: 20 feet

Material component: a piece of rubber which has been exposed to the noonday sun on a mountain peak (not consumed in the casting)

The target of this attack is allowed a save versus spells to negate the effect. If the spell is successful, the victim begins to plump and swell as their body fills with magical lighter-than-air gas. Within 1d4 rounds, the victim will take flight - a slow, meandering float like that of a soap-bubble. As they are now lighter than air, the victim will eventually float out of sight, into the clouds. At the end of the effect, the victim slowly deflates, lowering themselves - often safely - down to the ground again. However, the lengthy duration of the curse usually insures that the victim lands a significant distance from where they started, blown on the trade-winds. While in balloon form, the victim is vulnerable - any sharp attack (an arrow, an angry avian, a lightning-strike) will do normal damage, but also pierce a cartoon-like hole in the victim's inflated body. "Air" will escape from within the body, causing the balloon-person to carom about, swirling and spinning in the air, and descending at an unsafe rate which may do normal falling damage based on altitude.

When you turn a rival into a balloon for a day, you leave their fate in the hands of ...well, fate. Maybe they'll get killed by a lightning strike or eaten by a giant bird, or blown out to sea. But maybe they'll live, unharmed. One thing's for sure - the rest of the rubes who just watched you turn some guy into a balloon won't mess with you for a while. I'm told there's a mass version of this spell which turns up to a hundred or so people into red balloons. --MM



I is for Insidious Inflation
art by Melissa Richmond

J

JACINTH JANICEPS

aka “The Watchman”

Theme: Summoning, Travel

Level: 2

Duration: 8 hours, or until dawn

Range: 20 feet

Material component: sixteen ounces of citrus juice or orange soda, poured on the ground

This spell summons forth a two-headed, orange-furred spirit creature which is charged with keeping watch over a small area (usually a campsite, but no bigger than a small cottage). The janiceps moves about quietly, looking all around and guarding the campsite without waking those under its charge, for eight hours or until it sees the sun rise, at which time it dissolves into a fine mist and disappears. The watchman has keen hearing, full infravision to 90 feet, and can pierce invisibility 20% of the time (+1% per caster level). If the janiceps detects a hostile presence, it quietly attempts to awaken the nearest person by tapping, shaking, or whispering “Oy!”; it cannot otherwise speak to describe the perceived threat. The beast will remain on watch following an interruption. If attacked directly, the janiceps will attempt to dodge and defend itself (AC 7), but cannot attack. The janiceps is immune to mind-affecting spells cast upon it (charm, fear, etc) but reads as neutral to any alignment-scanning magic.

I don't claim to know what the janiceps is, but he's easy to summon and does pretty good work. I've become convinced that there's only one of these guys out there - or at least, I keep summoning the same individual one over and over; we've heard him chortle under his breath at inside jokes which shouldn't make sense to him unless he's the same fuzzy orange guy I summoned weeks previous, who was witness to the original gag. I always use the same brand of orange soda for the spell, though, so it might have something to do with that. --MM

JOWTER'S JOOLA

aka "Fishbridge", "Fairlane"

Themes: Travel, Water

Level: 1

Duration: variable (see description)

Range: ten feet

Material component: a worm or piece of sausage

The dulcet tones of this spell cause fish and other riverine creatures to self-organize to form a bridge across a creek or small river no more than thirty feet across. Once the ancient words are spoken, it takes 1d3 rounds for enough local fauna to assemble; the bridge they form has no handrails, but is just barely wide enough for a carriage to cross. The fish-bridge can bear any reasonable weight short of a giant, and remains in existence long enough for it to be crossed at a leisurely pace; the bridge may be dismissed with but a thought on the part of the caster, so it is indeed possible to run across the joola, allow foes to set foot upon it, then cackle maniacally as they fall to their watery death amidst hundreds of confused trout. The joola, being composed of living fish, does not react well to fire and will be disrupted or partially destroyed by fire-based attacks, but it holds up fairly well to weapon attacks, and will retain its shape despite being stabbed by spears or peppered with arrows and bullets. If the incantation is cast over unusual water - stagnant swampwater, for example, or a watery pit in a dungeon - the spell will attempt to work by calling forth local denizens, but may produce suboptimal results (for example, if cast over a dungeon pit, you may end up with a bridge composed of ochre jelly - which is less than desirable).

The jowter's joola has saved my bacon more than once. It's a very useful spell, the only trouble being most of the time when it would come in handy, you don't have it memorized. But the time you do have it in your brain, and those angry barbarian horsemen take a tumble into gator-infested waters as you laugh at them from the opposite bank and tell them what you're going to do to their mothers? Priceless. --MM

JUMENTOUS JABOT

aka "Hunter's Ascot", "Buffalo Bow-tie"

Themes: Animal

Level: 1

Duration: 1 hour

Range: touch

Material Components: a strip of hide or pelt, not consumed in the casting; handful of dirt

The magic-user enchants a piece of animal-skin, tanned hide, or pelt by rubbing dirt on it and speaking the incantation. For the next hour, any person wearing the hide tucked into their collar will have their own natural scent replaced by that of the animal from which the hide was taken.

This is really useful for when your companions go hunting; send them hunting upwind of deer or bison. Creative applications abound - want to keep scavengers away from your camp? Smell like a pack of wolves. Even though the spell only lasts an hour, during that time you're going to get your predator-stink all over your campsite. Or confuse guard-dogs by smelling like another dog (some breeds are dumber than others, after all). One word of warning: be very careful using the jumentous jabot during any rutting season. --MM

K

KING KAVA'S KILLER KAZOO

aka "Buzzing Blast"

Themes: Animal, Evocation, Summoning

Level: 2

Duration: 1 round/level

Range: 30 feet

Material component: a kazoo smeared with giant-bee honey

Using the prepared kazoo, the wizard fires spurts of angry spirit-bees or wasps at his enemies. One spurt per round may be fired, up to thirty feet distant, attacking as though the wizard were one level higher; the spirit-bees are capable of chasing a moving target around a single 90-degree corner. The bees do 2d4+1 damage to their target, but refuse to attack insects of any sort (note that spiders and scorpions are not insects).

King Kava, the ruling shaman of the Cloud Rabbit barbarians, used to whip this one out all the time; he had a honeybee-totem-thing going on. This spell puts out some fair damage, but doesn't compare to the classics in the long haul, and the reliance on the kazoo is disheartening. But it can shoot around corners, so you'll find a use for it. --MM

KIRKBUZZER'S KEEDUG

aka "Mostly Invisible", "The Unknown Adventurer"

Themes: Enchantment, Illusion

Level: 1

Duration: see below

Range: touch

Material component: a burlap or paper sack

The wizard draws or paints a face on the sack, then places it over the head of the recipient of the spell, chanting ancient and obscure words. From that point on, the person wearing the sack over their head is mostly invisible; that is to say, they are invisible to normal sight so long as they are not directly being observed. While within a creature's peripheral vision, or helpfully hidden behind a plant or box, the sack-wearer is truly invisible, as per the *invisibility* spell (with the same activities breaking the spell). The sack does not protect against infravision, nor does it mask the wearer's scent or sound.

This spell is crap - but if you can't cast invisibility, suddenly that crap has a way of making itself very useful. I can remember entire capers being planned around the limitations of the kirkbuzzer's keedug. Man, those were the days. --MM

KEDOGONOUS KATABASIS

aka "Let's Get Outta Here", "Devil Take The Hindmost"

Themes: Battle, Travel

Level: 2

Duration: 3 rounds + 1 round per level

Range: self

Having cast the spell earlier in the day, the wizard may trigger it at any time so long as at the time of activation, the caster is engaged in combat and he or one of his fellows have taken damage (or been the victim of an effect such as hold person, etc). The katabasis cannot be triggered outside of combat, or even in combat until someone has been harmed. Once triggered, the wizard's running speed is doubled for three rounds (plus one round per level), so that he might hoof it away from the combat. If the wizard attempts to use his increased speed to continue to engage in combat in any way, the spell effect ends immediately.

Discretion is the better part of valor, my friends. Or, to put it less eloquently: if the sword-wielding jackasses want to stay and fight the otherworldly thing that just swallowed the thief and two henchmen, let them. Get out of there. You're too smart, too good-looking, and too valuable. You can always hire more soldiers. --MM

L

LANDLOUPER'S LEVIGATION

aka "Take A Load Off"

Themes: Alteration, Travel

Level: 2

Duration: 8 hours

Range: self or touch

The wizard passes his hands over a person or beast of burden, singing softly an ancient tune; at the completion of the spell, the subject's burden from encumbrance is halved. This spell does not allow the target to carry twice as much gear as their normal maximum; instead, the effects of the burden are halved, so that a person may be fully encumbered yet move (and fatigue) as though they are half-encumbered.

If you're the sort of person who doesn't pay attention to encumbrance, move on. But if you have a train of donkeys loaded up with stolen gold and want them moving as fast as possible? Consider this spell. --MM

LANIARY LAMBREQUIN

aka "Wolf's-Head"

Themes: Animal, Alteration, Battle

Level: 1

Duration: 1 round/level of the caster

Range: self

Material component: blood from a predatory animal (consumed)

The *laniary lambrequin* spell transforms the wizard's hat into an animated helmet shaped like the head of the predator whose blood was used as a material component. The spell enacts the following effects for its duration:

* the wizard's AC is improved by +1

* the animated head serves as an extra melee attack, attacking as a fighter of the same level as the caster and inflicting 2d4 damage with its jaws

As the effect ends, the predator-head shifts back into a normal hat.

You won't laugh at this spell once you've had your face bitten off by a top hat. --MM

LITHOPHAGOUS LORGNETTE

aka "See Through Stone"

Themes: Alteration, Earth

Level: 3

Duration: 6 hours

Range: touch

Material component: spectacles, monocle, opera-glasses, jeweler's-loupe or other lens

The wizard enchants a lens or set of lenses such that when worn, they allow a person to see clearly through stone and earth (but not metal). The lenses pierce up to twenty feet of stone, letting the wearer see through walls and under the ground.

If you're delving, you need a lorgnette like this. Keep in mind when you're wearing the thing that you see through everything composed of earth or stone - a stone golem or denizen of the elemental realms might be invisible to you... --MM

M

MACABRE MACKINAW

aka “Coat-of-Souls”

Themes: Enchantment, Necromancy

Level: 3

Duration: 1 hour + 10 minutes per level of the caster

Range: self

Material Component: caster must be standing in a graveyard or comparable area

Casting the macabre mackinaw calls forth the lingering spirits and soul-shards of the dead, which waft upward from the ground in a moaning miasma and coalesce around the wizard’s body, weaving themselves into a magical coat. Depending on the nature of the graveyard or necropolis in which the spell is cast, the mackinaw may be shorter, like a double-breasted peacoat, or longer like a duster. So long as the spell lasts and the coat is worn, the caster receives the following benefits:

- * the coat provides AC4 (this does not stack with other armor; only the better score applies)
- * immune to ghoul paralysis and mummy rot
- * 50% resistance to any level-draining attack from a wight, vampire, etc
- * caster can visually distinguish the undead from the living with no difficulty
- * less intelligent undead (skeletons, zombies, maybe some ghouls) will recognize the wearer as undead

If the coat is removed or targeted with a successful dispel, the effect ends. At the end (or disruption) of the spell, the macabre mackinaw tumbles away from the wizard’s torso like a cloud of smoke with the sound of a score of voices softly sobbing.

I don’t have much truck with necromancy, but I do enjoy spells that involve sartorial splendor, and the macabre mackinaw is one hell of a coat. It’s always been a longcoat for me, but I did see Hazel Brandywine cast it once, and the souls manifested as a ridiculously dramatic hooded opera cloak. No accounting for taste, I guess. --MM

MALACIAL MALEFACTION

aka “Softskin”, “Piercing Preparation”

Themes: Animal, Battle, Curse, Necromancy

Level: 1

Duration: 1 round + 1 round per level of the caster

Range: 60 feet

Material component: a sample (hair, blood, hide, scales, flesh) from a similar creature, a measure of water

Targeting an individual animal or beast, the sorcerer pours water on the hide (or dunks the hair sample in a vial of water) and pronounces the malacial malefaction; the following round, the target animal's natural AC is degraded by +3. DM's discretion will determine what portion of the animal's AC, if any, is provided by a thick, hairy, or scaly hide, and thus is subject to the spell. The malacial malefaction only functions on living, animal creatures - not on humanoids, plants, undead, constructs, etc. Spirit versions of animals may not be affected by this curse.

Need to kill a huge buffalo, a rhinoceros or snollygoster, or maybe you're hunting the Great Blue Mammoth? This is the curse to have at hand. The trick, of course, is having a piece of a similar creature to use as the focus of the spell. It's easy enough to procure bison meat or a giant beaver pelt, but I strongly suspect that some of the gigantic varmints running around Wampus Country are the last of their species...so you might have to get pretty close and in harm's way before you have the right tools to implement the malacial malefaction. --MM

MINIMIFIDIAN MARTEXT

aka “Priestbreaker”, “Curse of the Faithless”

Themes: Curse, Necromancy

Level: 3

Duration: permanent

Range: touch

Material component: a coin or circular medallion or token

The *minimifidian martext* ritual enchants a token or coin, investing it with whatever unholy spirits happen to be wandering by at the time of casting; at the end of the hour-long ritual, the talisman created is powerful indeed, if used correctly. The token, charged with negative energy, must be given to the ‘mark’ or otherwise planted upon their person. Any cleric carrying upon themselves the minimifidian martext, wittingly or otherwise, will find his ability to turn or command the undead reduced. When attempting to turn, disrupt, or command the undead, the victim must roll the 2d6 twice, and take the lesser roll (particularly bastardy DMs will do this for

them, of course). A *remove curse* effect cast on either the token or the cleric, while the token is carried, will break the curse, as will spending six hours in a properly-sanctified church or holy grove.

This one doesn't go in my traveling spellbook because I don't have much use for it, personally. It's obviously designed to screw with priests - perhaps with lethal results - and I greatly prefer humiliation to sabotage when I've a clergyman who needs comeuppance. --MM

N

NELIPOT NAPIFICATION

aka "The Halfling's Curse"

Themes: Curse, Plant

Level: 3

Duration: permanent, or until curse is lifted

Range: 30 feet

This curse, which is only effective against halflings, transforms the victim's head into a giant turnip. Upon failing a saving throw, the victim is rendered blind, deaf, and mute, but somehow breathes normally; the effect is permanent. The curse may be lifted by a *remove curse* spell, the will of the caster who laid the curse, or by the victim submerging their feet in a bucket full of red wine for six hours. In a realm where halflings have their own pantheon of deities, this curse may not function at all.

This terribly peculiar curse, and its proliferation amongst the witch-covens, may partially explain why so few halfling-folk are seen in Wampus Country. I strongly suspect variants of this spell exist, with similar parameters, for other intelligent species; chiefly because I was once told of a mighty dwarf warrior who had a pumpkin for a head. --MM

NEPHELAGINOUS NARGHILE

aka "Pop Smoke"

Themes: Air, Vice

Level: 2

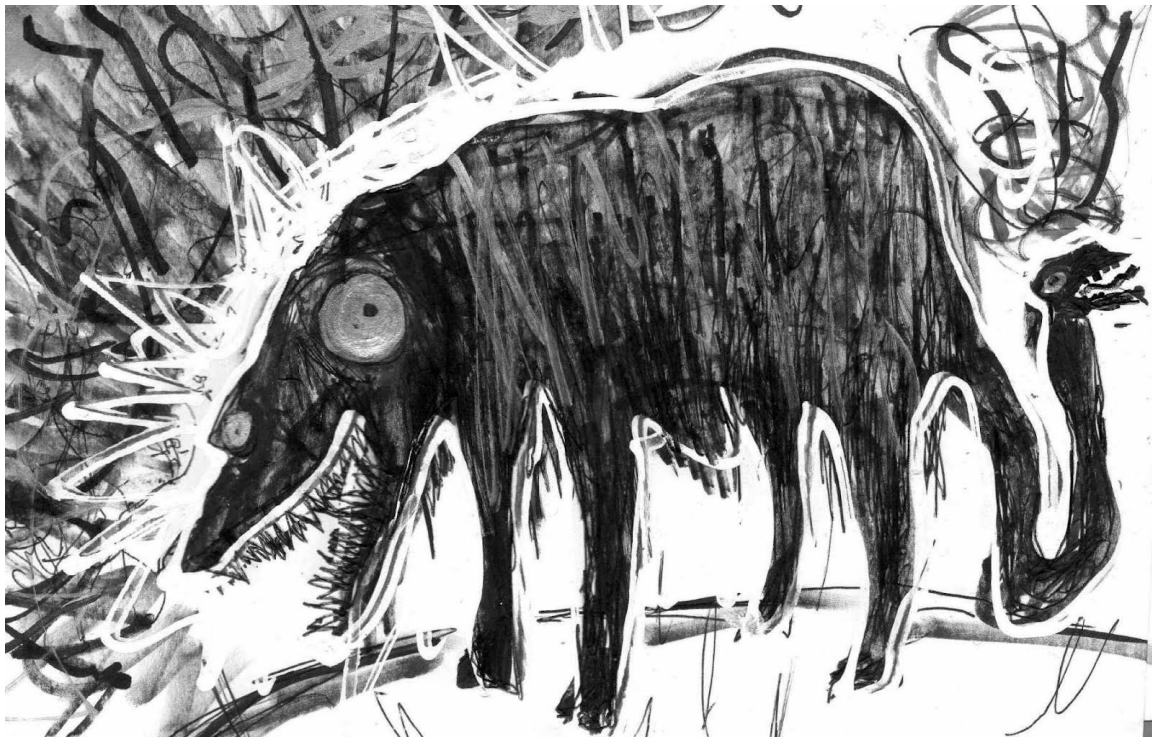
Duration: 4 rounds + 1 round/level

Range: 5 feet

Material component: lit smoking paraphenalia (cigarette, pipe, hookah) and a clamshell

Upon casting this spell, the caster's pipe or other source of smoke quickly produces an immense cloud of thick smoke (approximately 40 feet wide, 20 feet high, 20 feet wide) which moves centered on the caster's location for the duration, so long as the wizard continues smoking. Within the cloud, visibility is a mere two feet; from without, visibility is blocked entirely, including infravision (the cloud appears as a giant hot mass). Breathing within the smoke cloud is strangely unhampered; in fact, those inside the cloud gain a +1 bonus on all saving throws against poison and breath weapons while subsumed in the smoke.

If you need something obscured, this is the way to do it...especially if you think you're going to get breathed on by something. --MM



N is for Nimptopsical Nychthemeron
art by Scrap Princess

NIMPTOPSICAL NYCHTHEMERON

aka "The Spectacular Swerve"

Themes: Alteration, Vice

Level: 6

Duration: 24 hours

Range: 30 feet

When casting the *nimtopsical nychthemeron*, the wizard intones certain ancient phrases and gestures toward the target as though holding a shotglass, which is then tipped backward towards the mouth. If the victim fails their saving throw, over the next 1d6 rounds they become increasingly intoxicated as though they had consumed a great deal of alcohol. The target quickly passes ‘tipsy’ and arrives as ‘sloppy’, and remains in that state for the next twenty-four hours. This spell functions on all living creatures, not just humanoids, but only affects one creature with HD no greater than the caster’s level. If useful, the DM may roll on the table below for a creature’s given state of drunkenness (roll every ten minutes, or each round if you feel like it). Creatures with multiple heads should roll once for each head.

- 1 sloppy & sleepy
- 2 nauseated/tummy-trouble
- 3 confessional, friendly
- 4 uninhibited, libidinous
- 5 pensive, weepy, self-loathing
- 6 daredevil and stupid
- 7 musical and/or gregarious
- 8 belligerent and destructive

At the end of the twenty-four hours, the target is immediately alert and clear-headed - and remembers everything which it witnessed during the spell’s effect.

Time for one of Montranto’s useful rules: “Just because a spell works on monsters doesn’t mean you should use it on monsters.” Sure, you might get something spectacular as the ogre blubbers about how his father never said he was proud of him, but your little experiments could also end up with liquified ogre poop everywhere. You’re a magician, you’re supposed to use your noggin. Think, damn you! --MM

O

OBSCURE ONOMATOPAEIC OUTBURSTS

aka “Nonsense Curse”, “Gibbering Idiot”

Themes: Curse, Enchantment

Level: 4

Duration: one week

Range: 30 feet

This bizarre curse is particularly devastating to spellcasters. If the victim fails their saving throw, for the next week the only utterances they can manage are strange-sounding nonsense words which tumble forth from their lips at significant volume and in the silliest tone and accent possible. Indeed, even if the victim attempts to remain silence, the words will form a logjam in their mind, eventually spilling out in a torrent of gobbledygook. In most cases, the victim of the curse will spout nonsense which represents the sounds going on about them. For example, upon hearing sword upon shield, the victim might shout “Badda bang! Clang-a-dang-doodle!”; gunfire inspires “Dakka-brakka-boom-boom”; meeting a buxom young lady might elicit a “Ruby-booby-hoody-hoo!” As a strange side-effect, the victim may find they say things which are actually insightful observations or prophetic predictions while under the influence of the curse, suggesting that it is the spirits or gods who are taking control of their tongue. While the curse subsides naturally at the end of a week, it can also be broken by a *remove curse* or by writing down a dozen original dirty limericks.

You know what I really hate about witches? Crap like this. I've been on the receiving end of this spell more than once, and I have two self-published volumes of limericks to prove it. --MM

OBUMBRATE OSSIFRAGE

aka "Eye In The Sky"

Themes: Animal, Summoning

Level: 1

Duration: 10 minutes

Range: immediate; 1 mile radius

Material component: blood shed for the summoned bird

Holding out his arm, the wizard draws a dagger across it (1 hp damage) and summons a raptor-bird composed of shifting shadows and smoke. Once summoned, the bird may be dispatched to scout and spy anywhere within a one-mile radius of the caster, and the caster may see through the bird's eyes at will, either in the visible spectrum or as though the bird had 90-foot infravision. The raptor is a normal falcon or hawk in all ways save its bizarre appearance, but it is vulnerable to *dispel magic* and the like. An ossifrage summoned by daylight will resemble a hawk; those called at night are more owl-like.

Always useful, always always. Never hurts to be able to scout ahead, especially in darkness, and no reason you couldn't send this guy down a dungeon hallway, either. I'm convinced this is just the first spell in a sequence that leads to gigantic shadow birds that rain death from the sky, clawing and rending my enemies with their black beaks, tossing gibbets of brain-matter to and fro -- yeah, never mind all that. Next spell! --MM

ONYMOUS OCYPODIAN

aka "Take-a-Peek Crabs", "Pincers of Truth"

Themes: Animal, Divination

Level: 2

Duration: one question (about five minutes)

Range: 10 feet

Material components: small wooden hammer

The sorcerer, whilst located on a riverbank or beach, strikes himself on the temple with a wooden mallet and enters a trance for approximately an hour, after which he may ask a single question which can be answered with a person's name. Once the query is posed, small sand-crabs begin to crawl forth from the sand and arrange themselves in a line; the markings on their shells approximate the letters in the person's name, answering the question. The accuracy of the response is variable: 40% of the time the information is clear and accurate, 40% accurate but obscured or mysterious, and 20% of the time the answer is completely false and will lead to woe.

The crab-spirits are notoriously fickle and do not provide the best information. But sometimes it's all you've got, right? Do not use this spell to summon crabs and then eat them - I almost guarantee a giant damn crab will show up and give you the business. --MM



P is for **Parvipotent Pallination**
art by Casteen O'Neill

P

PARVIPOTENT PALLIMATION

aka “Duckfoot Damnation”, “Blue-Footed Boobie”

Themes: Curse, Transformation

Level: 3

Duration: 1d6 rounds; indefinite

Range: 30 feet

Material component: a duck feather

The victim of this curse receives a saving throw versus spells; if failed, the curse takes effect. The victim immediately loses 2 temporary points of both STR and CON for 1d6 rounds. In addition, his or her feet transform instantaneously into large duck feet, bursting comically from any mundane footwear worn (no hp damage). While the weakening effect of the curse fades quickly, the duck-feet do not. Victims will be stuck with duck-feet forever unless they either receive a *remove curse* or similar enchantment, or break the curse by eating nothing but bread for thirty days; the caster may, of course, end the curse with but a thought. The duck-feet make it impossible to wear normal shoes or boots, but do increase swimming speed by 20%.

Classic Wampus Country witchery right here. Duck feet. I mean, really. Is there anything funnier than duck feet? Okay, besides a donkey's head. And a pig's ass, I guess. Y'know, come to think of it, any barnyard-animal-body-part-transposition is pretty damn funny. --MM

PERNICIOUS POOKA PETITION

aka “Nightmare Bargain”

Themes: Faerie, Summoning

Level: 5

Duration: indeterminate; until bargain is complete

Range: 30 feet

Material component: a gallon of beer and a pound of candy or chocolate

By means of secret words and an enticing offering of beer and candy, the wizard summons into his presence one of the dark faeries of the Midnight Sea, the realm of nightmares. Animal-headed and dragging rusty chains, the pooka consumes the offering and is bound to listen to the wizard's offer for no less than five minutes. During that time, the sorcerer petitions the pooka with a single task, from the mundane (“find us a way inside that castle”) to the vague (“ruin the Throckmorton family forever”) to the arcane (“bring me the sound of cat's footfall and some crystallized spider-dreams”). Once presented with the task, the pooka will decide if it can

accomplish it, and if so, what it will charge for the job (usually either gold and precious stones, rarefied food and drink, dark sacrifices, or a counter-quest of some sort). The summoner then has five minutes to consider whether to seal the bargain, or rescind his petition, in which case the pooka disappears. If the bargain is agreed upon, the pooka vanishes in a puff of clove-scented smoke to go about its business; depending on the nature of the task, the pooka will complete it and return in minutes, hours, or days - and its payment had better be ready when it gets back. Cheating, misleading, or tricking the pernicious pooka will earn its enmity for eternity; the pooka will reappear at inopportune moments in the wizard's life to screw with him, never directly attacking, but popping in to cut a rope bridge, reveal a secret, or make off with a treasured possession.

Be very careful when dealing with pookas or anything else from the nightmare realm. I could not be more serious. Do not think you can put one over on the pooka, either. It will mess with you til the end of time, even if you die. Do you want to spend your lichdom being screwed over by a pooka? --MM

PULICOSE PYX

aka "Flea Circus"

Themes: Animal, Curse

Level: 4

Duration: see description

Range: 30 feet

Material component: canine fur (consumed in the casting)

Muttering the words of this curse, the wizard rubs dog-hair between his fingers until it is magically sublimated. The target of the curse must be a single closable container - a saddlebag, coffer, bottle, change-purse, funerary urn, etc - smaller than a footlocker. The next 1d6 times the container is opened, a horde of (mundane) fleas will flood out, leaping about and biting furiously, as fleas do. The fleas do not inflict hit-point damage per se, but the myriad bites are certainly painful and annoying to both man and beast, and may be a vector for disease (DM's discretion, of course).

The gift that keeps on giving. You can use the pulicose pyx for pranks, or for trap-setting if you're clever - there's no expiration date. Worth noting that neither a sword-scabbard nor a bartender's arse-hole count as a 'closable container' for the purposes of this spell. Yeah, I was disappointed, too. --MM

Q

QUADRIVIAL QUIRT

aka “Horse-Sense”

Themes: Animal, Travel

Level: 3

Duration: 1 hour + 1 turn/caster level

Range: touch

Material component: a sugar-cube which is fed to the steed

The wizard writes the name of a person, place, or thing on a sugar-cube and feeds it to a horse as he speaks the words of the spell; from that moment, the horse has a pretty good idea where to find that target person, place, or thing. The steed may be ridden directly toward the target, with brief pauses, but if the horse is commanded to change direction (fleeing barbarian hordes, for example), the spell effect ends. The horse’s knowledge of the location in question is vague and half-remembered, and does not extend indoors in any way; if the target is within a subterranean cavern, the horse will stop at the cave entrance. Targets which are necessarily vague (“the woman I’m destined to marry”, etc) are subject to interpretation by the gods and spirits, who may not always lead the horse down the most direct path (in order to find the love of your life, the spirits may find it necessary that you get captured by cannibals, et al).

The quadrivial quirt is far safer when used to find something very specific that you know is within a reasonable distance. Don’t use it to try to find lost cities, ultimate power, that sort of thing - you’ll get what you wished for and not realize it until you’re being hacked up by giant demon-squirrels or something. --MM

QUANTUM QUAGMIRE

aka “Dangerous Doldrums”

Themes: Alteration, Curse, Time, Travel

Level: 6

Duration: a year and a day

Range: 120 feet, area of effect 60 x 60 foot area

Material component: a diamond which has been submerged in molasses at both high noon and midnight (consumed in the casting)

This ancient chant establishes a zone where time is in flux, causing a slowing effect on all creatures within the area, or later entering it. The effect is identical to a slow spell, halving movement and attack rates. Plants growing within the *quagmire* will be stunted to half-size, over time.

The Swamp Hermit has a ring of these cast around the outside of his tower. It’s horrible. Imagine having to trudge through that while he pelts you with lightning from his balcony. This incantation also sees use by witches - it’s great for messing with crops. --MM

QUATCH QUAGGA

aka “Paper Donkey”

Themes: Animal, Transformation, Travel

Level: 1

Duration: 4 hours

Range: 10 feet

Material component: a piece of paper or parchment

Intoning the mystical words, the caster folds a piece of paper into quarters, then sets it upon the ground. In mere moments (1 round), the paper unfolds itself into a full-sized donkey-like creature. The quatch quagga is very obviously a paper construct and will not be mistaken for a real animal by man or beast. Although the quagga refuses to be ridden, it will gladly bear the same weight in goods as a young, strong donkey or mule. The construct is not very bright, but will follow basic verbal commands (“follow”, “stop”, “wait”, etc) from its master. Combat is unkind to the paper donkey - it has AC9 and four hit points. The quagga is fearful of fire and will retreat from any open flame larger than a match. At the spell’s expiration, the quatch quagga explodes merrily into a cloud of confetti (destroying the page used to create it).

Sometimes you just need an extra donkey. There’s also a rumor that Duncan Doolittle, the self-styled ‘King of Caribou’, has a combat version of this spell he calls ‘Origamoose’. --MM

R

RAMIFEROUS RAPPAREE

aka “Killer Tree”, “Bark Worse Than Bite”

Themes: Battle, Summoning, Transformation, Plant

Level: 1

Duration: 1 turn

Range: 60 feet

Material component: brightly-colored paint (any color) prepared by the caster’s hand and containing drops of the caster’s blood

The sorcerer paints a face on a small tree, then sings the incantation; the following round, the tree animates as a small ambulatory treant-like creature (AC 8, hp 8, attacks and saves as F1, damage 1d4) which will fight at the caster’s command. One use of the spell will animate one tree per level of the caster, so long as all the trees to be affected have been painted with faces; the faces may be pre-painted, allowing a wizard to protect his or her territory easily. At the expiration of the spell, the trees revert, taking root wherever they stand if possible.

If you find yourself in a forest, surrounded by trees with happy-faces painted on them, run. A further note: the spell does not actually require that the tree be planted in the ground in permanent fashion; I once saw an enchanter up by Big Eagle Mountain who kept a nice little ornamental orange tree potted and strapped on top of his carriage, just in case. --MM

RED REN’S ROWDY RICKSHAW

aka “No Autographs”, “I Travel By Ogre”

Themes: Summoning, Travel

Level: 2

Duration: 20 minutes

Range: 10 feet

Material component: handkerchief (not consumed)

With a smirk and a flourish, the wizard waves a colored handkerchief, summoning a rickshaw (or pedi-cab) drawn by an ogre. The rickshaw is wooden and can carry up to two people, and the ogre clad as a footman in livery matching the color of the handkerchief used in the summoning. This ogre footman, who has regular ogre statistics, will serve for twenty minutes, always referring to the caster as “M’Lord” or “Boss”. Said ogre is belligerent toward passersby, shouting “make way”, “move it or lose it”, and the like and, on occasion, shoving pedestrians,

clotheslining old women, and kicking over perambulators as he passes; the footman has no compunctions about hurling raunchy insults or whistling at young ladies, all of whom are likely prostitutes to his mind. When the spell expires, the rickshaw and ogre vanish.

Let me tell you something about Red Ren. Fantastic wizard, first off. Always wore this very dashing crimson military-coat sort of outfit, and a musketeer hat. He liked being treated like a big man, and this spell was one way he managed it. And it was just one of his ogre-related incantations, too. I once saw him summon like a dozen ogres out of thin air so he could order them to put on a show of some tragic drama, costumes and all. They were really good, I cried my eyes out. --MM

RENIDIFY RAMPASTURE

aka “Bird’s Nest”, “Honeymoon Hut”

Themes: Animal, Conjuraton, Travel

Level: 2

Duration: see description

Range: 30 feet

Material component: suet

Casting this charm over a handful of suet summons forth myriad tweeting songbirds who flit around for half an hour collecting twigs and leaves, weaving these materials into a small one-room shelter. The construction is domed, reasonably rainproof, has 1d3 small window-like apertures and a single door, and can hold up to four sleeping persons of the usual size. Within the semispherical hut, the birds also assemble a small table and two stools; if available within a reasonable distance, the birds will also interweave flowers and stalks of fresh berries on the inside wall, such that inhabitants can merely reach up and pluck a few. The hut does not magically disappear, but will fall apart over the course of several days on its own; if assaulted, treat the habitat as a light wood.

The only downside to this incantation is that the resulting shelter isn’t big enough for the average expedition party; this can be a good thing if you’re trying to establish a culture wherein the axe-jockeys want very badly to please you throughout the day so they get a berth in the hut at night. Also works for romantic interludes. --MM

S

SAGITTAL SALTATION

aka “Whoops”, “Blossom of Bullets”, “Flying Arrows”

Theme: Battle

Level: 3

Duration: instant

Range: 60 feet

With a grand wave of his hand the wizard causes an opponent's ammunition to come to life long enough to scatter all over the place. The target receives a saving throw, but if failed, all arrows, bullets, javelins, sling-stones, etc either on the target's person or within arm's-length of them immediately animate and fling themselves hither and yon, out of reach. Quivers catapult arrows into the air, revolvers snap open and dump their cartridges (which then roll mischievously away, under rocks, into sewer grates, etc). The material of which the ammunition is made does not affect the spell, nor does enchantment of the weaponry, save for the fact that intelligent magical weapons of any sort are immune to the effect.

There aren't enough spells out there that combine disarming the foe with a little bit of humiliation, and that's why Sagittal Saltation is so perfect. Fair warning: it does work on giants with boulders, and you should be conscious of where that boulder might land. I miss my dog. --MM

SAPONACEOUS SOLIVIGANCE

aka “Clean Getaway”, “Bubble-Blink”

Themes: Conjuraction/Teleport, Travel

Level: 3

Duration: instant

Range: 15 feet

Material Component: a piece of soap made with tallow from a magical beast of some sort, which has had certain runes carved into it

The caster hurls the piece of soap at a nearby solid object; upon striking, a 20x20 foot mass of glistening soap bubbles appears instantly, blocking vision for all creatures within the area of effect (and those outside trying to peer within that area). The bubbles linger for 2d4 rounds; less

if exposed to fire or diligently popped by multiple creatures. Further, the point at which the soap struck the wall or tree opens briefly as a gateway to somewhere else - the caster (and potentially another creature, if they are aware of what is happening or led by the hand) may leap through the portal before it rapidly shuts the following round. Upon stepping through the bubble-gate, the caster materializes at a random location (with no guarantee of safety) which is at least five miles distant, but no more than thirty miles distant from the original location of casting. In addition, upon arrival, the caster will soon be approached by a supernatural being or spirit - he who answered the spell's call and fueled the effect - who will demand payment (in cash, quest, or whatever is appropriate). The caster is not compelled to make payment...but it is strongly recommended.

I learned this spell from Zom, the Witch's Son, and also an important lesson. See, Ol' Zom has used this means of escape so many times he's up to his neck in hock to about a dozen different spirits, faeries, minor devils, and elemental what-nots. I think he's probably cursed - he spends all his time fulfilling quests for those he owes, but manages to end up owing more along the way. Don't be like Zom, kids. --MM

SIMIOID SCIAMACHY

aka "Gorilla Warfare"

Themes: Animal, Battle, Conjunction

Level: 3

Duration: 1 hour

Range: 20 feet

The wizard conjures forth a shadowy, two-dimensional gorilla which must exist in a 'flat' state upon a wall or the ground. The gorilla cannot speak, but will begin conducting a training regimen and sparring-match with a single partner (need not be the caster). After an hour of simian training, the trainee gains a minor benefit from the workout (1-2 +1 to next saving throw incurred, 3-4 +1 to initiative for 1 hour, 5-6 +2 to hit on next strike). A person who trains with the shadow-gorilla thrice per week for a year's time, without fail, will gain a permanent boon (1-2 +1 STR, 3-4 +1 CON, 5-6 permanent +1 to one saving throw). Further, anyone who achieves the year's worth of shadowboxing will also gain a permanent +1 to hit and damage against gorillas, chimpanzees, and other apes (including giant varieties).

Deep within the City of Mazes, I found a platinum plate with this incantation inscribed upon it. That subterranean city is currently populated by degenerate carnivorous apes, but now I have to believe that there was once a grand gorilla civilization there, complete with artful sorcery like this. When other delvers tell you the apes were slaves to the ancients, don't believe 'em -- I'm pretty sure the apes themselves were the ancients. --MM

T

TALIONIC TELESTICH

aka “Blaze of Battle”, “Rhyme of Reversal”

Themes: Curse

Level: 3

Duration: 1 hour

Range: 20 feet

The wizard pronounces a two-line rhyme or couplet damning or cursing his target; the couplet must end with the name of the target (or a fairly specific approximation; “one-eyed red-haired bastard” or similar is sufficient), and the first line of the couplet must rhyme with the second. The target receives a save versus death magic; if failed, the curse takes effect and lasts one hour. Thenceforth, any wrong done to the caster by the victim will be reversed, by whatever means magically necessary. For example:

- * if the victim strikes the caster, the victim will take the damage instead
- * if the victim attempts to insult or sully the name of the caster, he will instead impugn himself or damage his own reputation
- * if the victim steals from the caster, equivalent value will return to the caster from the victim’s holdings.

These reversals need not be blatantly magical; for example, if the victim of the curse steals the caster’s horse, two of the victim’s horses might escape from their corral and wander into the caster’s barn. For that hour, the world is stacked against the victim each and every time they wrong the caster.

Everybody loves a good curse. Just be cautious - whatever spirits fuel this spell can be pretty liberal in their interpretations of ‘reversal’. As an example, I once cast the talionic telestich on a guy I suspected was sleeping with my girlfriend (I think it was “No one likes a creepy stalker / get thee hence, Fat Billy Walker”). Turns out he was. Also turns out Fat Billy’s wife - three towns away - magically became pregnant with a kid that was pretty obviously mine that same day. I’d never seen Mrs. Walker in my life. Because magic, that’s why. --MM

TIMMYNOGGY TOGGY

aka “Hide Golem”, “Pile of Pelts”

Themes: Animal, Transformation

Level: 2

Duration: 6 hours

Range: touch

Material component: pile of hides and pelts

The enchanter places his hands upon a pile of animal-skins, hides, pelts etc and summons forth the spirit of the *timmynoggy toggy*, a helpful lesser faerie. The pile of skins animates as a shambling, bashful hide golem that still greatly resembles a pile of pelts, yet manifests dextrous tentacles of leather and can somehow see, hear, and smell. The *timmynoggy toggy* cannot fight, and is dispelled if struck by a weapon (AC 9); but the hide golem is naturally helpful and possesses a number of excellent skills which it will gladly use to the caster's benefit. Each *timmynoggy toggy* is a serviceable cook, washer, and seamstress, and also possesses one skill particular to itself (roll d6: 1 animal husbandry, 2 wheelwright, 3 herb-gathering & flower-arranging, 4 therapeutic massage, 5 freshwater fishing, 6 sick banjo riffs); once it has completed any tasks given to it ("make dinner", "mend these socks"), the *timmynoggy toggy* will attempt to please its summoner by engaging in its 'hobby'. Demonstrations of affection may range from re-shoeing horses, to assembling corsages, to playing a medley of classic songs. When the six hours expire, the *timmynoggy toggy* tearfully embraces its summoner, then collapses back into a pile of pelts.

It's very difficult to live a life of leisure in the wilderness without the ability to summon a pile-o-pelts to do the washing-up and make dinner. Oh, and I'm only going to say this once: just because the hide golem makes you dinner and rubs your feet, do not start to think of it as your wife. Better men than you have suffocated tragically because they didn't understand boundaries. DO NOT HAVE SEX WITH THE TIMMYNOGGY TOGGY. --MM

TROPOPHILOUS TRIPHIBIAN

aka “Appropriate Adaptation”, “Weird Little Thing”

Themes: Animal, Shapeshifting

Level: 2

Duration: 1 hour

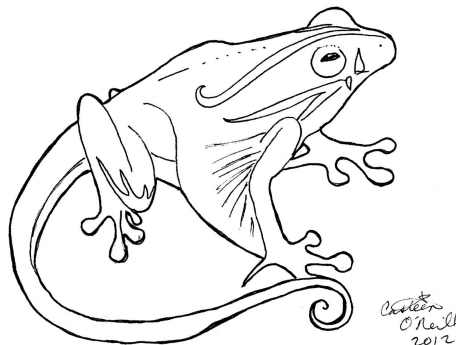
Range: self

The wizard communes with nature spirits and transforms himself into a shape suited to survive most environments - the tropophilous triphibian. Although no two triphibians look exactly alike, they all share these features:

- * housecat-sized
- * able to breathe air and fresh or salt water
- * 30-foot infravision
- * gain fully-functional wings (25%) or gliding-wings (75%)
- * lose the ability to speak or cast spells
- * natural AC of 7, retaining the caster’s normal hit points
- * gain a claw/claw/bite of 1d2/1d2/1d3
- * able to survive extreme heat and cold (but no change in resistance to damage-causing fire or ice, elemental magic, etc)
- * all clothing and equipment are incorporated into the shapeshift

After one hour, the sorcerer automatically shifts back to his or her normal form - even if in mid-air.

Potentially the most all-round useful shapeshift I know. You’re not gonna charge into combat like this, but it might get you out of a scrape or help you get somewhere unusual. I don’t know if the triphibians are just mish-mash flesh manifestations of some sort of spiritual ideal, or if they’re actual creatures that once roamed Wampus Country. -- MM



T is for Tropophilous Triphibian
art by Casteen O’Neill

U

USQUEBAUGH UKASE

aka “Spill It”

Themes: Charm/Enchantment, Curse, Vice

Level: 2

Duration: instant

Range: 10 feet

Material component: a piece of cactus soaked in whiskey

Upon failing their saving throw, the target of this spell immediately blurts out something they might only say if they lacked any inhibition. If used during the flow of a conversation, the response may be in-context. Typical exclamations might include “I’ve always loved you”, “I hired a man to kill you”, “Shut your ugly trap”, “You’re a useless idiot”, etc. The statement will be truthful, and the victim does not necessarily realize he has been compelled to speak.

There are a hundred uses for this spell, most of which are mischeivous or cruel. It’s pretty much the perfect spell, far as I’m concerned. --MM

UNDIGENOUS UTLESSE

aka “Puddle Passage”

Themes: Shapeshift, Travel, Water

Level: 2

Duration: 1 round

Range: self

The wizard quickly collapses into the form of a watery puddle for a single round, allowing passage under a door or between prison bars, reforming on the other side. If for some reason the wizard is preventing from solidifying at the end of the round, he will take 2d8 damage per round until he has the space to re-form. While in puddle form, the sorceror moves at his normal rate.

Classic escape or access trick. I used to have this one bound into a ring with charges - it was so useful I burned through the whole thing in a few months. --MM

URTICACEOUS UNGUICULATION

aka “Nettle-fingers”, “Fist-of-War”

Themes: Animal, Shapeshift, Water

Level: 2

Duration: 1 round/level

Range: self

The *urticaceous unguiculation* transforms the caster’s fingers into the stinging tentacles of jellyfish or sea-nettles, granting him a paralyzing touch. With each strike against a creature’s exposed flesh, the target must make a save versus paralyzation (at +1 due to the general mildness of the effect) or suffer the painful paralysis of a limb for 1d6 rounds. Multiple applications may (DM’s discretion) cause a victim to pass out. While shapeshifted, the caster is immune to paralyzation or stinging effects from similar (jellyfish-like) sources.

I know it doesn’t seem like much of a combat spell, but keep in mind that this little shapeshift is what the Lakeborn use to torture information out of you. And they’re very, very good at it. Be wary of the fish-men. --MM



U is for Urticaceous Unguiculation
art by Dave Minor

V

VAUNTIE VIATICUM

aka “Be Prepared”

Themes: Conjuration

Level: 3

Duration: permanent

Range: 20 feet

Material component: gems, money, or artwork worth 50gp or more (consumed in the casting)

Raising a few fingers in the air and chanting ancient vows, the wizard conjures forth an assortment of useful mundane equipment:

- * 8 torches
- * 1 hooded lantern and 6 white beeswax candles
- * 2 ten-foot poles
- * 2 empty backpacks
- * 4 empty small pouches OR 4 empty glass vials
- * 1 bag of glass marbles
- * 2 coils of 40’ of rope
- * 3 sets of flint and steel OR 2 boxes of strike-anywhere matches
- * 2 bedrolls
- * 1 towel
- * 1 cooking-pot, 4 tin bowls, 4 spoons
- * 8 man-days of iron rations (hardtack and jerky)

The equipment appears helter-skelter in a pile near the caster; it is all mundane equipment of mediocre quality and appearance.

When you need it, you need it. The day will come when you’re in the middle of nowhere, with absolutely nothing, and you won’t mind sacrificing a couple of precious stones. --MM

VELOCIOUS VESPERTINE VELLITATION

aka “I Like The Night Life”, “Death by Moonlight”

Themes: Alteration, Darkness/Night

Level: 1

Duration: 10 minutes

Range: 20 feet

Material component: a piece of cheese (consumed)

The wizard calls upon the spirits and consumes the piece of cheese; for the next ten minutes, he and his companions (up to six) all gain a +1 bonus to initiative, so long as it is nighttime and the moon is visible in the sky.

My brief research suggests that this spell comes to us from the followers of Weeweauk, the White Mouse. Whoever came up with it, it's a cheap way to get an edge in a fight you know is coming, if you're content to give up a spell to do it. --MM

VESPIAN'S VEXED VEHEMENCE

aka “No More Secrets”, “Blow the Doors Off”

Themes: Divination, Evocation, Travel

Level: 3

Duration: instant

Range: 50 foot radius from caster

With the utterance of the final syllable of Vespian's Vexed Vehemence, every door, visible or secret, within fifty feet of the caster flings open loudly, even if locked or barred in a mundane fashion. The spell does not affect magically-locked doors or hatches, unlike the knock spell.

Vespian once spent over a week trapped in a subterranean room because he was unable to find a secret door. Upon his improbable survival, he crafted this spell. It's a mixed blessing, to be sure - yes, it will open all the doors, including secret ones, but it will also open up pit traps and all kinds of crazy stuff you may not have anticipated. And each of those doors is going to make a hell of a racket as it slams open, so stealth is a thing of the past. --MM

W

WHISTERNEFET WARISON

aka “Humiliating Retribution”, “Slaptastic”

Themes: Battle, Conjuraton

Level: 1

Duration: instant

Range: 60 feet

Making a slight alteration of his facial expression - usually a frown, smirk, or raised eyebrow - the wizard briefly conjures forth an invisible hand of force which smacks the target across the face for 1d2 points of humiliating damage and leaves a pleasant hand-shaped pink mark for at least a turn. The wizard does not need to move his or her hands or body to enact the spell, only their face; line-of-sight to the target is required.

Take that, you son of a bitch! --MM

WONDROUS WASSAILING

aka “Ain’t No Party Like A Wampus Country Party”

Themes: Charm, Vice

Level: 4

Duration: til the break of dawn

Range: 30 ft radius

Material component: alcoholic beverage and a rock or link of chain

Invoking the lords of Vice and downing an alcoholic beverage while rubbing a rock in his pocket (alternately, removing a link from a chain), the wizard ensorcells the area around him - usually a saloon or campsite - such that any person in the area, or entering the area later, must save versus spells. Those who fail the save fall under the influence of the wondrous wassailing, to wit:

- * increased desire to imbibe alcohol
- * removal of lesser inhibitions and decreased judgment
- * marginal increase of libido
- * saves versus poison are at +2 bonus when made to resist actual injury from alcohol poisoning or similar; there is no bonus to resist the normal effects of drinking
- * marginal increase in musical talent

The spell’s alterations continue so long as the targets remain within the area of effect, or until dawn. If your campaign uses a ‘Carousing Mishaps Table’ or similar, note that the wondrous

wassailing should only increase the intensity of the carousing, not make it 'safer'.

This spell is ridiculous. In a good way. So, so good. --MM

WUNTEE WITZCHOURA

aka "Buffalo-Skin"

Themes: Animal, Shapeshifting

Level: 1

Duration: indefinite

Range: self or touch

Material component: a buffalo hide

Wrapping the buffalo hide around his shoulders, the wizard chants the rubric of the wuntee witzchoura and is instantly transformed into a normal buffalo. The sorcerer retains his intelligence, but loses the capacity to speak; all clothing and equipment transforms with him, and the wizard has his normal hit points and a new natural AC of 7 (if it wasn't magically better already). At the DM's discretion, the wizard may gain buffalo attack forms (hooves, horns), but the incantation is designed for disguise, not combat. He may remain in buffalo-form indefinitely, and can transform back at any time (also instantly), the buffalo hide dropping to the ground behind him as he 'stands up' out of nowhere. While shapeshifted, the wizard appears to be a normal buffalo to all mundane senses, but the deception may be revealed by magic.

This spell is meant for hiding yourself amongst a herd of buffalo to escape pursuers, or maybe for some hunting. It is most certainly not meant to be cast after an evening of tequila in order to play a cruel, lethal prank on a stuffy priest. On a totally unrelated note, bestiality is a hanging offense in some towns. That's all I have to say about that. --MM

X

XENARTHRAL XENIUM

aka “Visitor’s Valet”, “Friendly Footman”

Level: 1

Duration: 48 hours

Range: 10 feet

Material component: specially-prepared statue (see description)

By means of this spell, the sorcerer brings to life a small statue which then serves a friend or houseguest as a valet for 48 hours. The xenium cannot speak, but follows directions well, especially if they involve mundane, valet-like duties (polishing boots, assisting with dressing, ironing a suitjacket, making a bed); the construct is incapable of combat. The statue which is the focus of the spell must be made of clay - traditionally in the shape of an armadillo in footman’s garb - then glazed with certain herbal preparations and baked. The statue may be animated repeatedly. A wizard may ‘pre-cast’ this spell up to forty-eight hours before final activation; introducing the statue to a houseguest (“Mr. Raffles will be staying with us through Sunday”) completes the spell and animates the armadillo.

There was quite a fashion for these little guys a few years back; I knew wizards who had an armadillo statue in every guest room of their house. Best part is you can cast the spell on Thursday in expectation of a guest showing up Friday for dinner, and the duration of the animation doesn’t kick in til you show the guest their room and introduce the armadillo. Yes, you could use the armadillo yourself as a valet, as well, but the point was always to show off to houseguests. --MM

XOLOITZCUINTLI’S XENOLURE

aka “Known Unknown”, “Monster Magnetism”

Level: 2

Duration: 1 turn/level

Range: self

This charm makes the wizard into a living lure for an unknown beast. Concentrating on what is known about the mysterious creature he is hunting - victims, known habits, found pawprints or spoor, etc - the enchanter enters a trance lasting several rounds as he attunes himself to the mystery of the monster. The spell does not function if the wizard or any person within sixty feet knows the monster’s name or nature, as the magic is woven of the mystery itself. When the

wizard comes out of his trance, he is now a sorcerous attractor for the beast - perhaps he seems like food, or a mate - but in any case the unknown target creature immediately senses the wizard and will seek him out for the duration of the spell's effect.

Be well-armed or desperate when you use this spell. Highly dangerous to have a beast coming after you, made doubly so because the spell only worked in the first place because you don't really know anything useful about the damn monster. The wizard who traded me this spell said he got it from a wide-wandering sorcerer who learned the trick in the steamy jungles of Kax Ak, far to the south. I don't even want to think about what kind of nasty beasties lurk in that jungle. --MM

XYRESIC XYLEM

aka "Whittlesharp"

Themes: Battle, Plant, Travel

Level: 1

Duration: 1 turn

Range: touch

Cutting a leafy switch from a nearby tree or bush, the wizard enchants it so that brushing the switch across a blade sharpens and cleans the blade. The enchantment on the switch lasts one turn, allowing the sorcerer to maintain and sharpen multiple items (up to ten presuming they've all been laid out in a row). The metal items will lose their edge with normal wear.

One of those always-useful spells you don't think about when you're in town. When you're three weeks out from civilization, you'll be glad you had the xyresic xylem, and so will your companions. --MM

Y

YAWNING YAUD

aka “Horse-Nap”, “Goodnight Sweet Prance”

Themes: Animal, Charm/Enchantment, Travel

Level: 1

Duration: one night’s sleep

Range: touch

This simple little charm not only lulls a tame horse to sleep, but also guarantees that the steed receives a full night’s sound rest in only two hours. If the two hours of sleep are interrupted, the charm breaks, and the bonus rest is not gained.

Find me a version of this that works on people and we’ll talk. As it stands, it’s maybe only useful to express riders or people who own carriages (and are content to sleep in them while the underpaid coachman drives the freshly-rested horses for days at a time). --MM

YELLOW YARE YATAGHAN

aka “Blade of Fear”, “The Bling In Yellow”

Themes: Battle, Conjuraton, Fear

Level: 2

Duration: 2 rounds plus 1 round per level of the caster

Range: self

Material component: a drop of sweat

This nefarious incantation conjures to the wizard’s hand a wicked-looking, curved knife composed of a sickly-looking yellowish metal and decorated with myriad yellow and pale-green gemstones of unearthly origin. The knife may be used as a weapon, doing 1d6 points of damage and counting as a magical weapon (+1) for the purposes of bypassing sorcerous protections. Further, so long as the weapon is brandished, all opponents of the wizard within thirty feet are penalized -1 for all fear-related saving throws and morale checks. Any fear-causing spell cast while holding the *yellow yare yataghan* will have its effects maximized (subject to DM interpretation).

Another very old spell I uncovered in the City of Mazes, no doubt related to the ancients or some forbidden cult. I wish I could tell you what sort of bizarre metal this thing is made of, but I can’t; I once showed the blade to a veteran blacksmith in the Snowdeeps, and he soiled his breeches and kicked me out. I get the jeebies just holding the thing myself. --MM

YESTREEN YDROMANCY

aka "Puddle of Regrets"

Themes: Divination, Vice

Level: 1

Duration: see description

Range: touch

The wizard touches a puddle of alcoholic beverage (extant or poured) and, staring into the liquid, gains a vision of something which occurred at this location the previous evening. Because the spell's magic is powered by the lords of Vice, the revelation in the puddle will always be something connected to excess, strong emotion, or conflict; the wizard has no say in what the vision will be, he is slave to whatever drew the attention of the Vicelords last night (usually a fight, messy break-up, lovemaking, gambling, bawdy jokes, etc). The vision may last several rounds yet encompass several minutes of activity, 'replayed' in the wizard's mind's-eye.

I know your type - you're already thinking you can use this spell and a bottle of beer to solve murders. Well, you can't. You're far more likely to see a bar brawl or somebody cheating at cards or something. Occasionally you'll get useful blackmail material, if that's your bag, or just general intelligence on whoever was around last night. The Vicelords are fickle, and they're always playing their own game - if they're allowing you to pierce the veil of time, remember that there's always something for them to gain by sharing the information. --MM

Z

ZEALOUS ZIGZAGGING

aka “The Artful Dodger”

Themes: Battle, Travel

Level: 2

Duration: 1 round/level

Range: self

Material component: snakeskin (dried or fresh)

With the recitation of an ancient chant and a sideways, crab-like dance, the wizard completes the spell and receives its protection. For the next several rounds (one round per level of the caster), the sorcerer’s AC is +4 versus ranged mundane attacks (arrows, sling stones, bullets, manticores spikes, etc). *Zealous Zigzagging* does not protect against melee attacks, large siege weaponry, spells, or the breath weapon of an enchanted creature. Throughout the duration of the spell, the wizard must be moving - running, fighting, dancing - and cannot stand still, lest the effect end.

The ol’ zigzag isn’t as good at some spells that protect from mundane missile weapons, but it’s easier to learn, and that’s the point. A great spell to have memorized if you think you’re going to need to run away from a posse and you’re not too keen on lead poisoning. --MM

ZIBELLINE ZOOLITH

aka “Bow Before The Death-Weasel”, “Marten-o-Bones”

Themes: Animal, Necromantic, Summoning

Level: 2

Duration: one battle

Range: 20 feet

Material component: a fresh, edible egg (chicken, duck, or goose), consumed in the casting

The wizard summons forth from the dark ether a hideous and dangerous inhabitant of the nether-realms - a giant undead weasel (size Medium, AC4, HD3, claw/claw/bite at 1d4/1d4/1d6). The skeletal stoat boasts ridiculous prehistoric sabreteeth, which it puts to good use in attacking the sorcerer’s foes as directed. The zibelline zoolith has all standard immunities and restrictions of skeletal undead, and remains until the end of a single battle before disappearing back into the Midnight Sea of nightmare.

The zoolith is widely thought to be representative of a certain class of unliving beast which dwells in the realms beyond human perception, lurking at the corners of sight, mocking our mortality with malevolent laughter. Also, it's a wicked huge weasel skeleton, so there's that.
--MM

ZYMURGIC ZEBRINE

aka "One For The Road"

Themes: Animal, Vice, Summoning, Travel

Level: 1

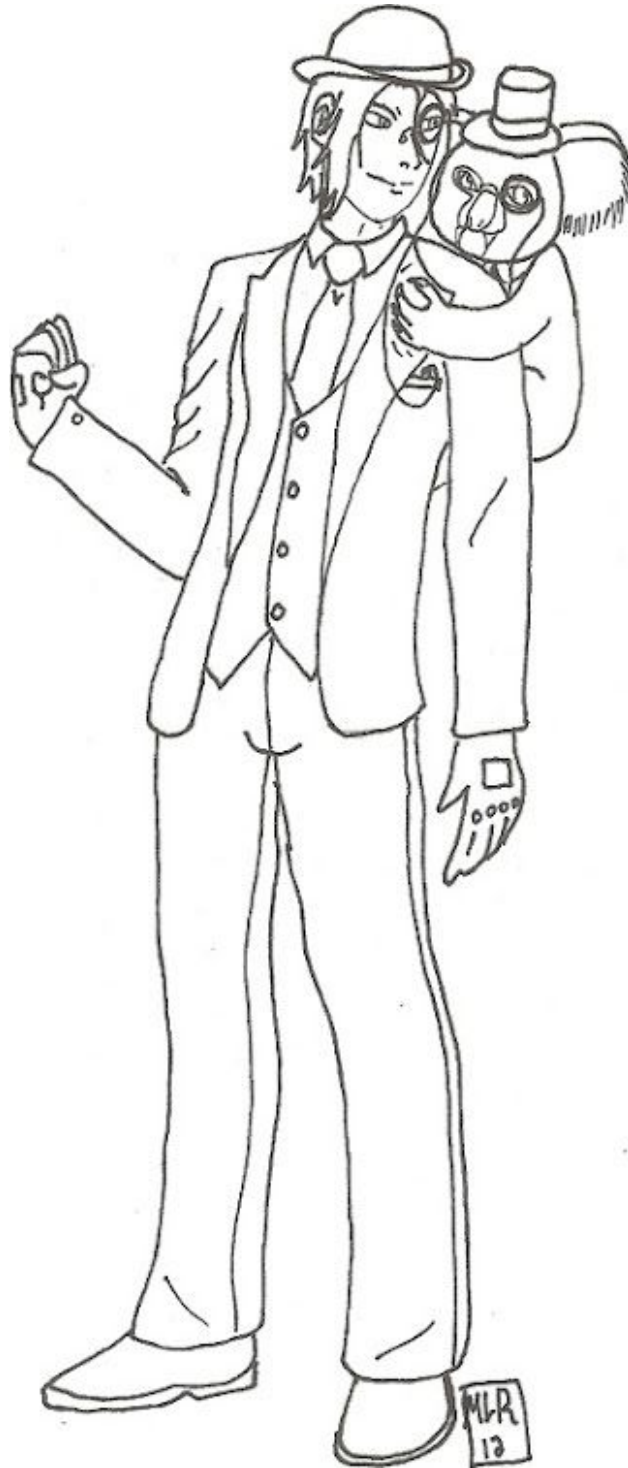
Duration: one hour

Range: immediate

Material component: bottle of wine or liquor, or multiple bottles of beer

The caster pours an entire bottle of wine or liquor, or several bottles of beer, upon the ground, then speaks the words of the incantation. The following round, an enchanted zebra (stats as a riding horse) is summoned forth from the puddle, obedient and ready to be ridden without a saddle. The mount's coat and disposition will vary based on the libation sacrificed - beer may produce a mellow, pleasantly-hops-colored zebra with khaki stripes; a burgundy wine may yield a haughty purple zebra. The zebra will continue to exist for an hour, or until caught in the rain. Attempts to cast this spell using nonalcoholic beverages (root beer, sarsaparilla, etc) will summon forth a malformed zebra-like monstrosity which will whinny, gasp, and flail for several rounds before expiring and melting back into liquid. At the DM's discretion, use of less than a full amount of alcohol may result in a successful conjuring with a limited duration.

This is a very handy conjuration to keep in the back of your skull for those times when you absolutely have to get out of town quickly. Always worth giving up a bottle of bourbon rather than get ventilated, right? I've never tried casting this spell using enchanted wine or a magic potion instead of beer - and frankly, the thought of trying frightens me. But eventually some idiot will give it a shot. --MM



The Magnificent Montranto
(and his familiar, Boysenberry)
art by Melissa Richmond

THE MAGNIFICENT MONTRANTO

9th-level magic-user

Noted accomplishments:

- * survived three delves into the City of Mazes
- * climbed to the top of Big Eagle Mountain
- * known associate of the Stump-Witch
- * published multiple treatises on magic, as well as volumes of dirty poetry
- * second place, last year's Wampus Country Drunken Olympics

Personality:

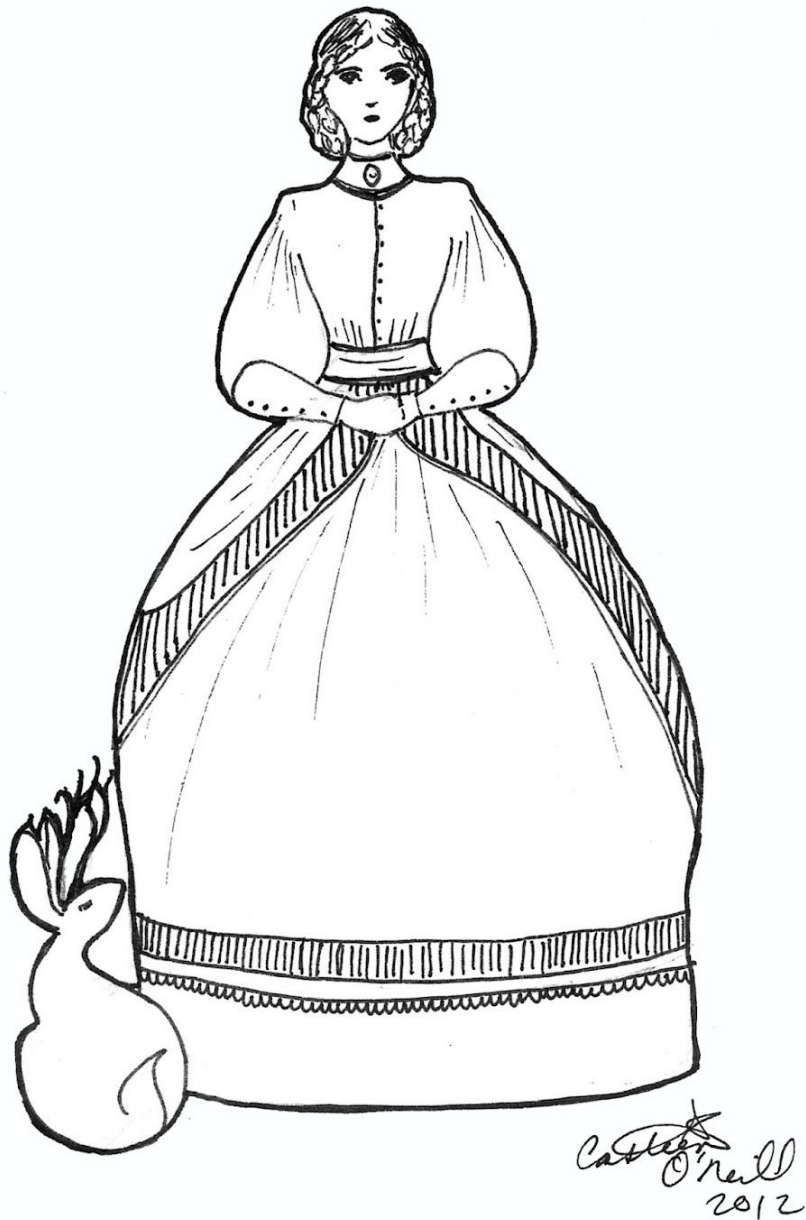
Montranto is affable, charming, clever, and devious. He has no qualms about lying, cheating, or stealing to achieve his ends, but rarely goes out of his way to be cruel to the innocent or uninvolved. Montranto is quick to swear revenge, however, on those who have wronged him. Generally speaking, he is primarily interested in booze and women, with the increase of his magical knowledge being a secondary hobby. Always for hire, yet too expensive for most. Montranto will gladly trade spells one-for-one in order to complete his collection.

Familiar:

Boysenberry, a koala. Koala familiars provide an unusual beneficial effect; so long as they are well-fed (and, in Boysenberry's case, nattily dressed), their masters heal at double the normal rate. Boysenberry wears a tiny top hat and an affected monocle, and eats with a fork.

Magic items of note:

Spectrum Suit. Montranto wears a three-piece suit (and matching bowler) of ironwool that have been enchanted with some sort of obscure rainbow magic. Each day at dawn, the suit (and hat) are a different color, always matching one another. The suit provides Montranto with +2 to all of his saving throws.



Miss Hazel Brandywine
(and her jackalope familiar, Marshmallow)
art by Casteen O'Neill

MISS HAZEL BRANDYWINE

6th-level magic-user

Noted Accomplishments:

- * survived a recent expedition into the City of Mazes
- * surveyed the catacombs beneath Cadaver Canyon
- * toast of River-Town high society
- * skilled apothecary with strong knowledge of potions and herbs

Personality:

Miss Hazel Brandywine is as beautiful, and as cold, as fine porcelain. Although pursued by any number of suitors, Hazel has rejected them all in favor of her continued magical study. She is aloof, priggish, and quick to correct grammatical variance in her companions. Recent events have set her on a dangerous path, as she has been infected by some sort of magical presence deep in the City of Mazes; as she uncovers details regarding her condition, she becomes more withdrawn and fearful, yet unwilling to seek assistance. Miss Brandywine typically carries a sawn-off coach-gun hidden in her bustle.

Familiar:

Marshmallow, a jackalope. Like all jackalope familiars, Marshmallow's presence allows Hazel to reroll her damage dice on one attack per day. Marshmallow himself is a loving familiar, but very protective of Hazel.

Magic Effects of note:

The Killing Sight. Since her return from the City of Mazes, Hazel has had a very strange effect on things around her. Her gaze curdles milk and causes plants to wither; she supposes that in some way she is stealing life energy, or advancing the timestream, by her focused gaze. The power seems to be activated by negative emotions. If Hazel learns to harness the power, she will gain a gaze attack that ages the target; years stolen from victims will prolong Hazel's youth.